

THE DEATH-CHILD.

She sits beneath the elder-tree And sings her song so sweet, And dreams of the burn that darksome Runs by her moon-white feet.

AN INTERESTING PLANT.

"J. B." of Fredericton, speaks of Mr. Cruikshank's Flowers. "J. B." of Fredericton, in a note to PROGRESS, says that Mr. Cruikshank's trumpet plant, in the centre of the mound in the old burial ground has excited considerable interest, especially during the carnival week among visitors from various parts of the province and dominion.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES.) HAMPTON. [Progress is for sale at Hampton station by T. G. Barnes and at Hampton village by Messrs. A. & W. Hicks.]

\$55.00-Now Listen-\$55.00.

YOU can furnish a Parlor for \$55 cash, and for Cash only, and you have only ten days to avail yourselves of this opportunity; remember this is no catch advertisement, but a genuine offer, a complete outfit for your Parlor for \$55, it will be on exhibition in my show window on and after August 14.

\$55.

A Walnut Parlor Suite, 6 or 7 Pieces, Upholstered in Embossed Mohair Plush in Crimson, with Gold Trimmings of Sultan Plush; 30 Yards of Tapestry Carpet; one Elegant Smyrna Rug, Reversible; one Imitation Walnut Centre Table; one Beautiful EMBROIDERED MANTLE DRAPERY; two pair of Lace Curtains; two Cornice Poles; two pair of Drapery Chains. All of the above delivered to any part of the city for

\$55.

N. B.—ONE OUTFIT ONLY SOLD TO EACH CUSTOMER.

HAROLD GILBERT, - - 54 King Street.

SMITH BROS.,

WHOLESALE

Dry Goods,

—AND—

Millinery,

GRANVILLE AND DUKE STS.,

HALIFAX, N. S.

FALL IMPORTATIONS

NOW ARRIVING.

SPECIAL LINES

—OF—

DRESS GOODS, EMB'D. ROBES, GLOVES, Hosiery and Millinery Novelties.

ICE

Cream Soda!

THE BEST DRINK IN TOWN.

CALL AT CROCKETT'S

For a Glass.

LADIES!

IF YOU WANT

A PURSE

Call and see what we are showing.

The stock includes all the NEWEST PATTERNS, and they are offered at prices that will insure ready purchasers.

Call and see whether you want one or not.

ALFRED MORRISEY, 104 KING STREET.

CAFE ROYAL, Domville Building,

Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets.

MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY

Pool Room in Connection.

WILLIAM CLARK, NEW NOVELS

IN CHEAP EDITIONS.

THE SEARCH FOR BASIL LYNDHURST—by Rosa N. Carey... Price 50c

A BOOKED PATH—by Mrs. Alexander... 50c

JEZEBEL'S FRIENDS—by Dora Russell... 50c

DONOVAN—by Edna Lyall... 25c

WE TWO—by Edna Lyall... 25c

THE DUCHESS OF ROSMERY LANE—by B. L. Farjeon... 50c

THROUGH LOVE TO LIFE—by Gillian Vase... 40c

For sale by J. A. McMILLAN, Booksellers and Stationers, 88 and 100 Prince Wm. street, St. John, N. B.

GROCERS.

ARMOUR'S Canned Meats!

LUNCH TONGUE, all sizes; OX TONGUE, all sizes; CORNED BEEF, all sizes; PRIME ROAST BEEF.

With a good assortment of SOUPS.

FOR SALE BY BONNELL & COWAN, 200 Union Street, St. John, N. B.

Watermelons, Strawberries, Green Peas,

New Potatoes, Fruits of all kinds.

SCOTT BROTHERS, 3 Waterloo Street, near Union.

W. ALEX. PORTER, Has for CARNIVAL WEEK a full supply of CHOICE FRUITS, CONFECTIONERY and NUTS, HAVANA CIGARS, etc., etc.

AT HIS STORES

Corner Union and Waterloo Streets, And Corner Mill and Pond Streets, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Flour and Feed Store.

Wheat, Flour, Buckwheat, RYE, CORN, OATS, BRAN, SHORTS,

From the best mills. Always on hand.

R. & F. S. FINLEY, Sydney Street.

Shorthand

LADIES and GENTLEMEN desirous of obtaining a thorough knowledge of Shorthand and Typewriting and an acquaintance with the duties of a business amanuensis, should enter for our evening courses—in session every evening (Saturdays excepted), 7 to 9. Apply to HARRY PEPPER, Conductor of Shorthand Department, St. John Business College and Shorthand Institute

STOVES, STOVE FITTINGS, TINWARE.

CHEAP AT J. HORNCastle & CO., Indian town.

GOODS SOLD ON EASY

Weekly Payments.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

F. A. JONES, 34 Dock Street.

DAVID CONNELL, Livery and Boarding Stables, Sydney St

Horses Boarded on reasonable terms.

Horses and Carriages on hire. Fine Fit-outs at short notice.

Mitchell's Cafe!

76 GERMAIN STREET.

DINNER SERVED from 12 m. to 3 p. m. REFRESHMENTS at all hours.

Most delicious ICE CREAM made to order. Ladies' Room, in particular, excellently fitted up.

Marked Down!

JAMES KELLY, TAILOR & CLOTHIER,

No. 5 Market Square,

HAVE made a SWEEPING REDUCTION in the large stock of

Ready-Made Clothing

HE HAS NOW ON HAND, and is bound to clear it out.

Call for BARGAINS—all can be suited in QUALITY and PRICE.

GENTS FURNISHING GOODS AT BOTTOM PRICES.

A GOOD WORK attended to with care. A custom fit guaranteed. A magnificent line of CLOTHS to select from.

British American Clothing House. ST. JOHN ACADEMY OF ART.

STUDIO BUILDING, 74 GERMAIN ST., SAINT JOHN, N. B.

THE SCHOOL-ROOMS are now open to Pupils from 10 until 5 every day in the week, except Saturday afternoon.

The aim of the School is to give Pupils a good training in

DRAWING AND PAINTING.

The course taught consists in— Drawing from Models and objects; the Antique; Life; Still Life.

Painting from Life. Lectures on PERSPECTIVE, including Parallel, Angular and Oblique Perspective; casting Shadows by gas light and sun light; Reflections in the mirror and water.

A specialty is made of Portraiture in this School. Pupils are taught to draw them in Charcoal and Crayon, and to Paint them in Pastel and Oil.

Principal—JOHN C. MILES, A. R. C. A. Assistant—FRED H. C. MILES

SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

In the Matter of the Maritime Bank of the Dominion of Canada (in Liquidation.)

ALL PERSONS AND CORPORATIONS, creditors of THE MARITIME BANK OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA, (in Liquidation), are hereby requested to present proofs of their claims, duly attested, to the Liquidators, at their office

Bayard Building, Prince William Street, St. John, N. B., within three months from this date.

Blank forms of proof may be had on application to the undersigned.

E. McLEOD, Liquidators of the JAS. G. TAYLOR, Maritime Bank of D. McLELLAN,) the D. of C. St. John, N. B., 24th July, 1889.

MOORE'S

Almond and Cucumber Cream, —FOR—

SOFTENING AND BEAUTIFYING THE SKIN.

It will cure Chapped Hands, Face and Lips. It cools the skin when hot, dry or painful from exposure to sun or wind, or heated by exercise. It removes Tan, Pimples, Scaly Eruptions and Blackheads, and keeps the complexion clear and brilliant.

An excellent application after shaving. PRICE 25 CENTS A BOTTLE. Sample bottles, 10 cents.

Prepared by G. A. MOORE, DRUGGIST, 199 Brussels St. cor. Richmond.

JAMES S. MAY, W. ROBERT MAY, JAMES S. MAY & SON, Merchant Tailors,

DOMVILLE BUILDING, P. O. Box 303. ST. JOHN, N. B. Stock always complete in the latest designs suitable for first-class trade. Prices subject to 10 per cent. discount for cash.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

Notes and Announcements.

Bliss Carman passed through the city this week, on his way to Windsor.

Rev. W. W. Campbell has brought out another book of poems, *Lake Lyrics*.

Mr. Edward Everett Hale is about to write the life of James Freeman Clarke.

"Max O'Rell" is going to publish another volume, *Jacques Bonhomme*, dealing with French peasant life. In an appendix to it, there will appear amusing extracts of letters, from unknown pens, received by the author at various times, and expressing opinions on his previous works.

Richard Henry Stoddard, who has so long given us lyrics of a sweetness unlike that of his contemporaries, is no more able to work. He cannot recognize his most intimate friends save by voice.

Mr. Jefferson Davis is dissatisfied with the amount he has received from the sales of his book, *The Rise and Fall of the Southern Confederacy*. He thinks the sales have been greater than they really have, and his publishers try to assure him that the demand for it is confined to the South. The question will be settled by arbitrators.

Le Bleu, an Alsatian Romance, is now in its second edition, the first having been sold out in less than a week. It is published by Brentano's, New York.

Mr. George Murray has two poems in the current issue of the *Dominion Illustrated*. In the same we find "The Isle of Song," by Arthur John Lockhart, and a delightful little poem by Tyng Raymond.

Lieut. Col. John Hunter Duvar, who has been of late blending the duties of poet with those of inspector of fisheries for Prince Edward Island, can now devote all his time to the former as he has been superannuated from the offices of the latter. We congratulate Col. Duvar.

The prospectus of the new juvenile monthly *Santa Claus* says that poetry is not wanted! Why should the children not be trained up to appreciate good poetry? This is surely a fault in the magazine at the very outset of its career.

Mr. William Aldis Wright, editor of *Fitzgerald's* letters, having thoughtlessly allowed a paragraph with regard to Mrs. Browning's death to be published, and having thereby wounded the feelings of Robert Browning and caused him to hurl forth some harsh invective against *Fitzgerald*, expresses his deep regret in a letter in the *Athenaeum*. It is a great pity that the paragraph ever was published, for it was merely an indulgence in epigram on the part of *Fitzgerald* and was written privately to a friend. There is seldom any truth in epigram though everyone finds himself using it constantly.

Belford's Magazine now comes out in an indigo cover, struck, no doubt, with the blues since Donn Piatt has retired from the editorship.

Ayer's Hair Vigor restores color and vitality to weak and gray hair. Through its healing and cleansing qualities, it prevents the accumulation of dandruff and cures all scalp diseases. The best hair-dressing ever made, and by far the most economical.—Adet.

THE TWELFTH OF AUGUST.

[Written in Victoria, Australia, where the time is 9 1/2 hours before English time.]

It's half-past six by us p. m., so you will soon be ending, Your way up to the leeward edge, with pointer and with gun, For 'tis the glorious twelfth today of honor never ending, And we have not forgotten it beneath an Austral sun.

It's not so many years ago since you and I together Were working on this very twelfth, the old Dumfriesshire moor, And treading with elastic step the fragrant, crackling heather, While "Dick" and "Ben," with noses down, were on the grouse's spoor.

How grand it seemed for one whose gun had laid a since February Upon the gun-rack, suddenly to see his pointer stop And stiffen out his tail, the while he stood erect and wary, And waited till you topped the ridge upon the brood to drop.

And grander still, on drawing near, to see the red grouse springing Before his well-trained nose, about as far as you could kill, And get both barrels on their heads, and shoot them cleanly, bringing A cock down right and left, stone-dead, with scarce a damaged quill!

And then the luncheon on the moor, with purple mountains sweeping Behind each other, wave on wave, as far as you can see, And little tufts of moss and fern between the boulders peeping, To mark the brooklet's lair, in case the ladies wanted tea.

Ethel had eyes as blue as were the August heavens above her, And hair as bright and sparkling as the bumpers of champagne With which we gave her Kentish fire. You could not help but love her, She was so dainty in her grace, and gracious in disdain.

Mary was Vesta—lit the fire—Ethel our Dian—fainter To shoot, and smile her sweetest thanks on any gentleman Who chose to give her up his gun for half an hour, and train her— Hippolyta the second and a modern Marian.

Dressed all in tweed, with kilted skirt and manly Norfolk jacket, And curious eyes would note below a real shooting boot, But so well shaped and tasteful that it seemed profane to black it, Laced tightly to the ankle of her arched and slender foot.

Is Ethel there with you, besieged by just as many lovers? Or has she cried "Peccavi!" to some fox and game bashaw, And been transferred from running wild to strictly-kept covers, Where "poaching" will be met with all the rigours of the law?

I long to walk with you once more in your grand August weather Upon the old Dumfriesshire moor, with pointer and with gun, And scent the fragrance of the breeze that roams o'er sea and heather—I almost long to see an adler coiled up in the sun Upon the warm, dry peat beside the edge of the brown water, Or a hedgehog, or a stoat, for it would look so like old times; And I'd like to show Miss Ethel, too, if by herself I caught her, That I have lips for something else besides repeating rhymes.

—Douglas Sladen, in *A Poetry of Exiles*.

Any child will take McLean's Vegetable Worm Syrup; it is not only exceedingly pleasant but is a sure remedy for all kinds of these pests. Look out for imitations. Get McLean's, the original and only genuine.—Adet.