

## MONCTON HAS THE CAMP,

AND THEREFORE IS A TARGET FOR ARROWS OF ENVY.

There is no Connection Between the Yearning for an Hospital and the Advent of Strangers—Worse Things Than the Water, Base Ball, for Instance.

MONCTON, June 21.—Of course I may be prejudiced; I am willing to admit that still, setting aside all natural partiality for the particular spot of earth which is my home *pro tem*. I must say I think Moncton is having a rather hard time of it.

Success—so the copy books say—is ever a target for the arrows of envy, and because our poor little city had managed by rigid economy and strict attention to business, to get a little bit ahead, there are unkind people who start up and say that Moncton's success is getting to be a little monotonous, and that she should be satisfied, now, to go away round to the back of the field and sit in the shade somewhere, where she can fan herself and meditate over the many undesired blessings she now enjoys.

They say, these people, that the smoky city should be satisfied with the just celebrity she enjoys, and rest in peaceful contemplation of her eleven law firms, fifteen lawyers, eleven doctors, four dentists, six drug stores, and two undertakers; that she should cultivate a contented spirit and rejoice in the consciousness that in the matter of base ball clubs and typhoid fever, she stands unrivalled, having more fever to the square inch, and a base ball club that gets beaten oftener than many towns twice her size.

And all this rhodomontade, because Moncton stretched out yearning tentacles, like a cuttle fish, and slowly and silently grasped the military camp, folded it up, and put it gravely in her pocket, before anyone else had recognized what was going on.

Indeed, it pains me to relate that one brother journalist has allowed his feelings to so far carry him away that he flings at us the cruel taunt that our first preparation for the militia consisted in getting ready an hospital.

Really now, you know, my friend, I am surprised at you. I positively am, don'tcher know? If you ever read the papers, especially an excellent weekly known as St. John Progress, you must have seen that we have been at work upon that hospital ever since last March; but if you are really seeking information about the sudden activity in hospital circles, I can explain it, if you promise that it shan't go any further. The hospital committee are preparing a ward to receive "Blake's Omnibus Line," which has been laid up for some days past with a lame back, and it has been found impossible to obtain proper medical attendance for it at its home, on Church street.

Now, having given you so much information on this doubtful point, let me tell you—quite as a friend, you know—that to offer any of what the small boys term "slack" to a Monctonian on the subject of the Moncton water supply is about as safe a proceeding as treading on the tail of an Irishman's coat when that gentleman is disporting himself at Donnybrook fair, in full national regalia. For even as the ancient Romans fought and bled for their hearths and altars, so the modern dweller in the railway town is willing to fight, and perchance if need be, to bleed, in defence of his cherished kitchen tap. We will stand a good deal. We have borne the duty on strawberries without a murmur, and are meekly bending our necks to the bitter yoke of paying twenty-five cents a pound for salmon, so that it may be nearly all exported to our American cousins, who will get it for twenty; and we are contentedly eating lobsters very little larger than grasshoppers, because the largest ones go to the States, that Yankee gold may flow into Canadian coffers, and the Canadian farmer grow rich. But we draw the line at cheeky remarks about Moncton water, so be warned in time oh brother from the rural districts! lest peradventure we take off our coats, and expectorate upon our hands, for then it will be too late; your fate will be sealed, you will have passed into history! and the *Sussex Record* will be no more!

By a curious process of inductive science you imply a connection between the hospital preparations and the probable effect of Moncton water on our country's brave defenders. Don't do it again, please, because, to tell you the truth, the real danger to strangers visiting our town lies not in the water, not in fever germs and defunct fish supposed to lurk therein! No! the true terror of Moncton is the deadly base ballist who strews bloodshed and broken bones behind him in a ghastly train. Why, only last Friday a peaceful citizen came out in print and poured his woes into the sympathizing ear of the public, he having narrowly escaped death at the hands of some youths who were using Botsford street as a base ball ground. He was struck a violent blow in the chest and really hurt badly. So I would respectfully suggest that when our brave soldier boys come to Moncton, they come provided not with filters or quinine pills, but with stout breastplates lest they fall, not by the hands of the Philistines or their country's enemies, but die with their harness on their backs and their swords on their thighs, victims to the base ball craze.

GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

## THE THYCKKE FOGGE PAPERS.

Why Men Like to Bedeck and Bedizen Themselves in Gay Attire.

NO. XV.

Several of us met as usual on Wednesday evening, and found that our genial host and accomplished adviser had gone to the country for a few days, whether to lure the speckled troutlet from its liquid home, or on business cares intent we could not ascertain. Though absent in body the Senator was present in spirit, for on the Senator's desk lay an envelope addressed to First of Us, which was immediately taken possession of by that estimable member of our party. He opened the missive, hurriedly glanced over it, and then said:

"Boys, the Sage has broken out in a new spot, *squattez vous dans les chairs*, as we say at the Berlitz, and hearken to the words of our adviser, who writes thusly:

"My young friends it is borne in upon me that man, as a rule, is fond of what our American friends call fuss and feathers. In almost every species of animate thing the male is most noticeable, the most beautiful and where colors enter into his composition the most brilliant. Man alone reverses this order of things and our sister women carries off the palm for beauty, both of form and face, both of which she seeks to enhance by the charms of dress and otherwise. Man is left to go through the world clad in his plain tweeds, his sombre broadcloth and confined to a certain cut and shape of wearing apparel, and this I think is a reason for the tendency that men have to become members of secret societies, military organizations and the like, not so much because they want to know an infinite number of signs, grips and passwords, or become versed in the mysteries of the manual, but because the fact of such membership gives them opportunities to wear regalia of various kinds, chapeaux, swords, belts, and bedizen their broad chests with jewels of all sizes, shapes and colors.

"I saw a number of men parading on last Sunday, and it certainly must have been inordinate vanity that induced some of them to appear on the street garbed as they were, for they neither looked well nor marched well. I know how it is myself, for when I was High Munk-munk of the Irresponsible Order of All Fools, I never missed an opportunity to spread myself before an awe-struck public, in all the glory of full regalia, and probably would do so again if I had the chance. Many a time I have heard men growl over a fashion that compelled them to don the sombre black, only slightly relieved by the white shirt front, instead of being able to suit their individual tastes in colors, and envying more fortunate brethren who might be able to appear clad in the brilliant uniform of some corps.

"Women are in a measure to blame for this desire of the male creature to appear before the world in some fantastic garb, for what mother, wife, sister, or sweetheart is there that does not look with admiring eyes upon the loved form dressed in full regimental, and send him out into the muddy or dusty streets with words of praise and often flattery? There is a great amount of nonsense and humbug in this world and I see more and more of it every day. When I return from the rural districts I will give you my opinion on several things that have rather stirred me up lately. In the meantime accept my best wishes and take as few cigars as you can possibly do with."

First of us folded the letter up and assuming the arm chair of the Sage, set them up all round and Those of us who had homes to go to went there because every other place was closed.

## PREACHING TO THE DELINQUENTS

The Lines of the Rural Rector are not Always Cast in Pleasant Places.

PROGRESS does not believe in "begging sermons" as a rule, but the editor dropped into a church in one of the towns of Charlotte county, last Sunday, and heard one which the occasion seemed to justify. At the time of making the usual announcements, the rector took occasion to remind the congregation that his salary was two quarters in arrear, and that unless a portion of the amount was paid before July 1st, the church would be closed. It was all very well, he remarked, for people to say, "Yes, I will give, but I have not the money just now." Something would have to be done or the church would be closed. The order of evening prayer was rushed through with surprising haste, and the sermon which followed was from the text, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." The rector did not use the pulpit but paced excitedly to and fro at the lectern, while he thundered at the delinquent flock on the necessity of coming to time in church financial matters. The whole service occupied just one hour, and five minutes after the benediction the building was deserted. This was all right, probably. The parish is not a poor one and the people are able to pay. When they allow their rector only a small salary and don't even pay that, they can't expect him to give them anything like an impressive service, or to use the pulpit. They ought to be glad to get anything at all; and they will not, unless they pony up before next Tuesday.

A faded or gray beard may be colored a beautiful and natural brown or black, at will, by using Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

## WRITERS AND "STYLES."

SOME FURTHER SUGGESTIONS ON A LIVE TOPIC.

A Contributor who Thinks That Writers are Born, Not Made—Style Comes Unsought, and is Hard to Conquer—People who Can Write, but Not Talk.

I was very much struck by an article which appeared in PROGRESS last week, entitled "Style in Writing." So much struck, in fact, that I wanted to shake hands with its author; there was so much solid common sense in that short, half column of letter press, coupled with so much good advice. And after assimilating it thoroughly, I thought, perhaps, one or two ideas that it suggested to a young writer might not be amiss, because I agreed so thoroughly with the writer that I wanted to tell him so.

My own theory is that a writer is born, not made, and try as he will he cannot escape his destiny; sooner or later write he must. He may engage in the dry goods business, or he may bury his talents in a bank, but some day *caecoes scribendi* will seize him in its relentless grasp, and force him to pour out his long pent ideas through the medium of ink. And as Minerva sprang full armed from the brain of the War god, so that poet, essayist or journalist will walk out of his bank or dry goods shop a full fledged writer.

Of course, I may be mistaken, but I think you might catch any number of boys, or girls either, for that matter, in their plavtive youth and train them carefully for a literary career, only to find in the end that unless Dame Nature had intended them to write, they would never rise much above the cut and dried mediocrity of a college boy's prize essay, which, I think, is rarely distinguished by much originality of thought.

"Style," in writing seems to me another thing that comes "Like Dian's Kiss, unasked, unsought," and makes it a little hard, at times, to get away from one's self. Coleridge said once, that thought was like a wave of the sea, which took its shape from the waves which had preceded it. And so, I think, one's own thoughts unconsciously take their form from the ideas which preceded them in our mind, and thus crystallize into a particular style, which becomes habitual and characteristic; otherwise, we would be in danger of becoming copyists. Our very faults of style and composition seem to be ingrained in our nature, and almost too strong for us to conquer.

My brother scribe remarks that some people who have the gift of expressing themselves clearly and logically in conversation, are utterly at a loss to express themselves clearly on paper. True, oh Festus! and also true, that many others who find the greatest difficulty in making themselves understood at all, when spoken words are the medium of communication, possess a fluency of expression; wealth of imagery and tropical luxuriance of language, which might put the advance agent of a circus to everlasting shame.

My own chief fault in writing is loquacity, and so I serve as a shining illustration of my own theory. In conversation my descriptive powers are conspicuous only by their absence, and my tongue frequently refuses to perform its functions by tripping over itself. But the mere sight of a pen and a bottle of ink has the same effect on my brain as a spur has upon a balky horse, he stands not upon the order of his going, but goes, and so many adjectives rush to the point of that vicious little pen that I am kept busy killing them off one by one as a farmer kills potato bugs.

But yet, take it all in all, writing is not nearly such fun as people who know nothing about it seem to think. You must first catch your ideas and then cook them, but woe! is the fate of the writer who has not the knack of dishing up those same ideas in a manner to suit the public palate. What he finds great pleasure in writing, the aforesaid public may not take the slightest interest in reading. Was it not Sheridan who said:

You write with ease to show your breeding, But easy writing's curs'd hard reading."

Excuse the swear, please, and remember it is Sheridan's, and not mine. I don't swear myself, and I'm sorry Sheridan did, but I suppose it was one of the eccentricities of genius, a spot on the sun, so to speak. Yet—but no! in the words of Artemus, "Here let me paws!" I think I have said quite enough on this subject to amply convince my readers that loquacity is the chief literary fault of

[For Progress.]

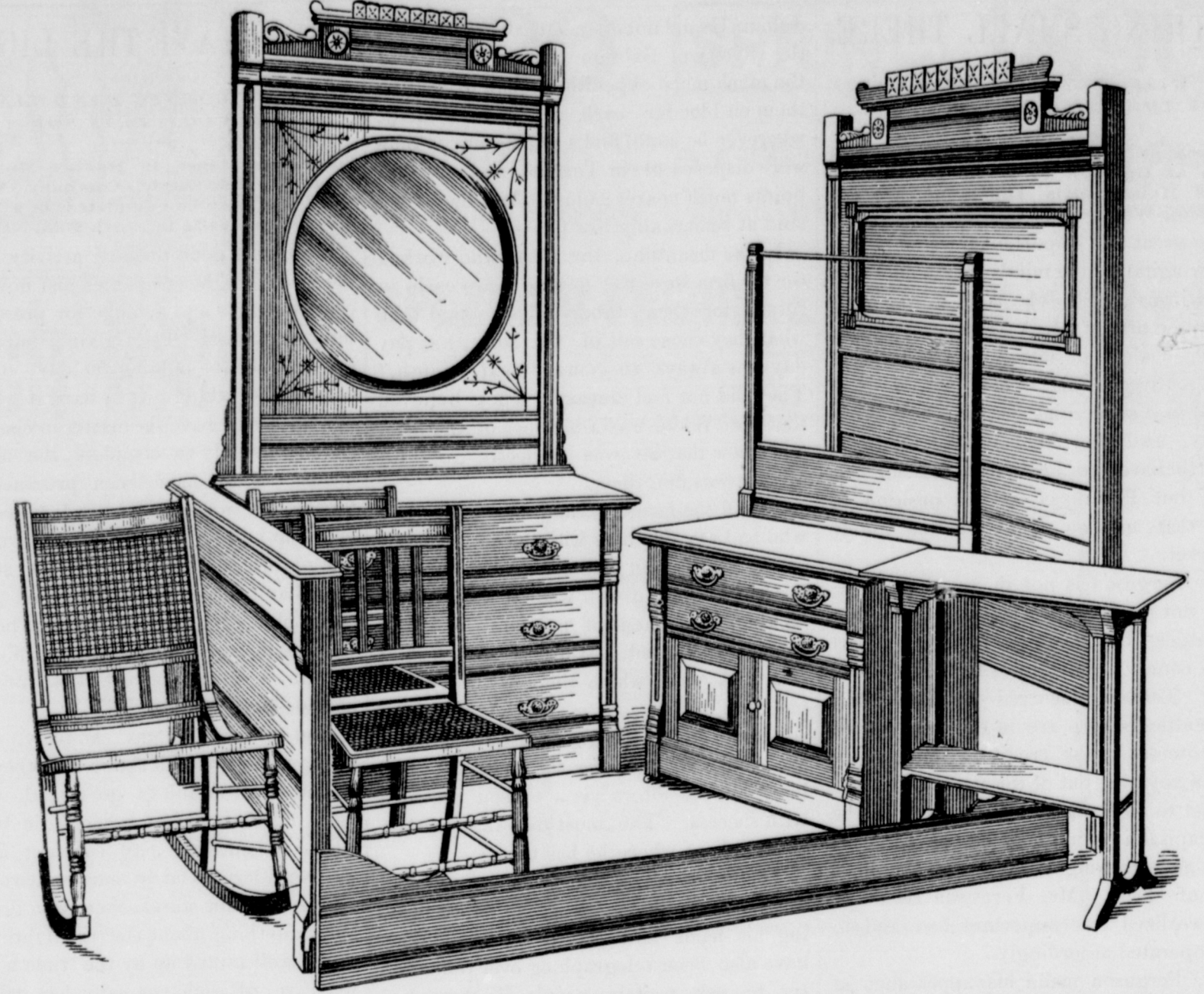
## HABIT.

He bowed, I bowed—and passed,  
When first we met;  
As to a stream grows fast  
The rivulet,  
Our friendship grew, and soon  
Hand reached to hand;  
Then for an hour at noon  
We'd chat and stand;  
Then arm in arm we went  
To work or play;  
Then soul with soul was blent  
In wondrous way;  
And now he has become  
A part of me,  
And I accept my doom,  
Nor would be free.  
Benton, N. B. MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT.

How well we remember grandmother's attic, so fragrant with medicinal roots and herbs! Poor old soul, how precious they seemed to her! And yet, one bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla would do more good than her whole collection of "yarbs."

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## STAMP COLLECTING.

What It Costs to Follow Up the Fad—An Uncle's Bequest.

A story is told of an elderly uncle who left to his nephew the entire contents of his house, which was very nearly all he had to leave. In the uncle's desk was found an enormous accumulation of papers, for he had had much correspondence with many corners of the world, and had carefully preserved every letter he had received. And, what is more, inside the fold of every letter was the envelope in which it had come. The nephew, who was an ingenious young gentleman, saw a small fortune in this seeming triviality. Many of the foreign and colonial stamps on the envelopes were of great value, and he sold them en bloc to a dealer in foreign stamps for several hundred pounds. Some of these very stamps may, perhaps, have found a place in the exhibition which lately opened in Vienna, says a London journal.

It clearly will not do to laugh at the stamp maniacs any more. Stamp collecting is no longer confined to schoolboys, but has come the amusement, and often the passion, of millionaires. For to make a collection with any approach to completeness is only possible to a millionaire—or his son-in-law. It is, we believe, a member of a French branch of the house of Rothschild who possesses the most complete collection. It seems rather a crazy thing to give £50 or £100 pounds for a postage stamp, but the man who does this is no worse than the book collector who gives a handful of sovereigns for an edition which is half an inch taller than one for which he would not give half a crown. We are all mad on some point, so by all means let us have free trade in manias.—*Boston Herald.*

## Mamma Whips.

Friend of the Family—I am afraid your little fellows don't always agree. You fight each other sometimes, don't you?  
Twins—Yeth, thir, thumtimth.  
Friend of the Family—Ah, thought so. Well, who whips?  
Twins—Mamma wiph.—*N. Y. Sun.*

## Prepared for Any Emergency.

"Dudeson is very particular about his dress. Why, what do you suppose he did when our ship ran into the iceberg?"  
"Put on a life preserver?"  
"No. His skates!"—*N. Y. Sun.*

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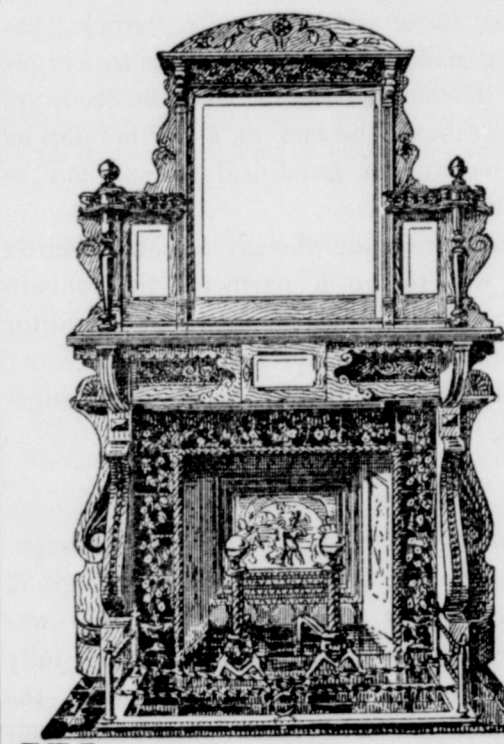
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