

## CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 35 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

**"WHAT'S WORTH DOING,"** is worth doing well. Watches and jewelry repairs in the most reliable. Every article warranted to prove satisfactory. —W. TREMAINE GARD, No. 81 King St.

**MARRIED** MAN wanted. To move to Great Salmon Mills. Age 30 to 40 years. Accustomed to store and book-keeping and the handling of men, and to make himself generally useful. A man from the country preferred, that is not afraid of work. Engagement for a term of years. The best of references required. —Enquire personally to C. M. BOSTWICK & Co., St. John, N. B.

**RAISE THE FLAG!** the latest patriotic song. Sung all over the world. Beautifully got up, a favorite—send 10¢ stamps for a copy. —H. V. MORAN & Co., St. John, N. B.

**STEAMER AND WOOD-BOAT** for sale. "Steamer Quiddy," 30 tons, well built and finished, with cabin, side wheels, light draft tug or Passenger Boat. Wood-boat Schooner, 70 tons. —C. M. BOSTWICK & Co., 7 and 9 Water Street, St. John, N. B.

**PEN AND PENCIL STAMP,** a beauty; does the work as done by no other. It is nickel-plated; opens like magic by a clever spring, and closes like a lead pencil to carry in the pocket; is always ready for use, and marks anything—lines beautifully—sends stamps to H. V. MORAN & Co., St. John, N. B.

**PROPERTY** FOR SALE, situated on Paradise Row, near Harris foundry, and owned by Mrs. LANE, comprising large factory house, and house in rear. For terms and particulars apply on the premises.

**MY OWN** CANADIAN HOME, a beautiful copy; printed on the best white manilla paper, litho-graph frontispiece. Two minutes walk from 2nd St. and receive a copy. —H. V. MORAN & Co., box 21, St. John, N. B.

**A CHANCE!** for Printing Office Out-Job Press, about 50 tons assorted Type, Cases, &c., complete. A fine chance to start business for little money. \$200 buys all. Will sell press or type separate. Address, P. O. Box 78, St. John, N. B.

**LESSONS IN COMMON ENG-** The Progress school, separate classes for ladies and children. Backward pupils can receive strictly confidential instruction. Address, "A. B.," Progress Office, St. John, N. B.

**COUNTRY RESIDENCE,** situated at Rousesau—20 minutes walk from station—For Sale, or to let for the summer. Just the place to spend a summer holiday. Two minutes walk from Kennebec; plenty of ground. House in good repair; barns attached. Apply, for particulars, at Progress Office.

**FRIENDS OF PROGRESS** who know that Progress is not an object to making some money for themselves, or keeping their parents, by two or three hundred every Saturday, in such towns and villages in the Maritime provinces, where Progress is not for sale at present, can learn of something to their advantage, by writing to "Progress," "Circulation Department," St. John, N. B.

**SEATING** FOR SALE, Cheap. Parties looking for seating for new halls or public buildings, of any kind, can get the best in this line by applying to TAYLOR & DOCKRILL, St. John, N. B.

**STARTLING,** isn't it, that you can insert an advertisement in this paper for the small sum of twenty-five cents. Try it, and watch the returns.

**A SLOOP RIGGED SAIL BOAT,** 20 feet keel, is offered for sale. See it at once. Address, J. FRASER GIBSON, Portland Post-office, North End, St. John, N. B. (mar21).

**A HUSTLER** WANTED, to sell our Fountain Pen in this City. It sells at sight. It's away beyond any for the money. Details at 365—Inquire at Progress Office between 12 and 1, Saturday or Monday. —H. V. MORAN & Co.

**WANTED** A FEMALE with team and route already established, to sell STABLE GOODS in the country. Good references, or security for goods; terms liberal. None but a hustler need apply. Address, "Deacon," PROGRESS OFFICE.

**BOYS** WANTED in every locality in N. B. and N. S., from 12 to 15 years of age. No fortune, but good wages. For school hours. KeyChains; sell well. Retail for 25¢, send 25¢ for sample. —H. V. MORAN & Co., Box 21, St. John, N. B.

**TO LET.** Two separate SELF-CONTAINED FLATS in terrace, Richmond street; respectable, compact, comfortable, containing six rooms each, also pantries, clothes presses, w.c., etc., etc. Good yard. Moderate rent. Please enquire of E. H. LESTER, 17 Richmond street.

**TO LET.** THE DRY GOODS STORE, formerly occupied by Mr. W. C. Allen, King Street (West End).—Apply to ROBT. TURNER, 12 King Street, City.

## GREAT ANNUAL

## EASTER AUCTION SALE

—AT—  
**Gorbell Art Store,**  
OPERA HOUSE BLOCK, 207 UNION ST.

Sales commence at Half-past Seven MONDAY, TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY NIGHTS.

## MONDAY NIGHT.

Mantel Mirrors, Pier Glasses, Store Mirrors and Barber Glasses, Mantel Ornaments, in Bronze and Bisque.

## TUESDAY NIGHT.

Framed Engravings, Paintings, Etchings and Olegraphs, and a nice lot of Cabinet Frames.

## WEDNESDAY NIGHT.

Music Racks, Easels, Wall Brackets, Book Shelves and Novelties.

G. W. GEROW,  
Auctioneer.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use and Cheapest.  
**CATARRH**  
Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 5¢.  
E. T. Hazell, Warren, Pa., U. S. A.

**GRAND MILLINERY OPENING**  
—AT THE—  
**American Millinery Store, 149 Union St.**  
LATEST NEW YORK STYLES.

HAVE opened Untrimmed Hats, and all the latest novelties. Will give notice of the opening of Trimmings Millinery later.  
MRS. E. B. CARROLL.

**DR. F. S. WILSON,**  
SPECIALIST. DISEASES OF WOMEN.  
165 Princess Street, St. John, N. B.  
At home 9.30 a.m. to 12 a.m. daily.  
(Sunday excepted).

## SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Mrs. Eaton of Calais is visiting Miss Blanche Glaser at Lincoln.  
Mrs. Millidge is visiting Mrs. Fenety at Linden hall.  
Lady Tilley is receiving her friends every Tuesday afternoon, at Miss Allen's. STRELA.

## Celeste's Fredericton Talks.

MARCH 24.—All's quiet on the Potomac, but I hear of several "events" patiently waiting for the passage of Lent. How jolly it will be to have a good dance once more, after so many weeks of quietness. What news about the ball in the parliament buildings, my honorable friends? The members ought to take pity on us, poor girls, and give that long promised ball, if only as a recompense for abolishing government house. The young ladies are making use of the Lenten quietness to prepare their wardrobes for the summer campaign, and "those chaffs" are an interesting topic of conversation. How the fingers would fly, and the tongues, too, on receipt of the longed for bit of pasteboard!

This winter we have had almost every variety of concert, with all sorts and conditions of drills. Next time we are called upon to do anything for sweet charity's sake, do let us try a dog show by way of variety. There are plenty pretty terriers in town, both Scotch, skye and black and tan, who would grace a cushion from mere force of habit; there are numerous pugs with every conceivable curvature of tail; and some great mastiffs who would give dignity to the affair. These, with the various bachelorettes, would make a good-sized show. A booby prize might be offered for the homeliest nondescript exhibited, and then no dog in town would have any occasion to feel slighted at not receiving an invitation to take part.

Now that the streets are in such very bad condition one is forced to take to the bridge for a promenade. At this time the views from the bridge are particularly pretty, for the ice is flooded with water in which the arches of the railway viaducts and every building along the shore are distinctly reflected. Workmen are making the chips fly from the bridge pier, preparing for the possible ice-jam.

Few daring drivers will make use of the ice, but the majority cross on the bridge; a change to which the horses no doubt have very serious objections. One would almost need a magnifying glass to find the snow on the bridge, and it requires four strong horses to drag across a load of wood.

The horsemen about town are obliged to drive on the back streets and choose the early morning for a spin. By the way, did everyone see such an ambitious John as "Mr. Kasey"? He rode a one-horse, single sleigh, then a pair, then a tandem, and finally a four-in-hand.

During the past week we have heard about the revenue, and the revenue, about the deficit and the deficit. From the members one is as likely to hear "English as is spoke" as the purest of English. It has been called a "free and easy." Various honorable members reached the stage next the direct without any particular regard to the parliamentary form of response.

If all the members of the house the one most to be pitied is the speaker, Mr. White. No matter how warm the room may be he is swathed in the voluminous folds of that black silk gown. No matter how long the session ethnically requires him to keep on his feet, he is not allowed to put the foot on the motion. Small wonder he is becoming quite bald! The chair is very high-backed, so he has no chance to rest his head on his back. It is not a little so to rest his head on his power of striking attitude to rest his weary bones. There he is up on a slightly raised dais all by himself, and some one to talk to, no one to punch when a joke strikes him. His only relief is to put the house into committee, retire to his private room, and have a little tune up his system. Verily the speaker's lot is not a happy one!

It is currently reported around town that Mr. McQueen, the eligible young member from Westmorland, is fast taking the position so long and acceptably held by Mr. Parks, in the affections of the "gilded" gallery. Mr. McQueen possesses many advantages over his predecessor in being stationed at the extreme rear of the government ranks, where he can obtain a clear sweep of the better land. Fair speechless messages wing their way across to the angelic occupants. But be careful, girls. Cupid's darts seldom fall far from the mark. He is a very much interested, for we do not want any green-eyed monster stirring up dissensions in this gallery.

The members of the government seem to be themselves in the position of the small boys in school who were always put on the front seats to be under the teacher's eye. They behave very well on the whole, although Mr. Tweed seems to be sent home pretty often for his seat is frequently vacant. Just as being made monitor had a sobering effect on the small boy so becoming a member of the government has dampened the Surveyor General's ardor. He has no chance now to play tricks against the teacher, but must behave himself as a member of the government.

The following is discharged during a sharp skirmish. Mr. Blair demands "the chair!" the chair! "the chair!" Mr. White comes forward and orders "order!" while Mr. Hannington still stands his ground "I'm not to be chaired."

Mr. Wilson is half-fellow-well-met on the floor of the house as everywhere else. From the time he begins to speak, little ripples of laughter break over the faces of the listeners, and every now and then rather force and break into a hearty laugh. He never fails to provoke a running fire of pleasant chaffing from members on both sides. It is not only his voice and words that are witty, but his legs and his excellent mimicry of former speakers. Many are the stories told of Mr. Wilson's stumping tours, when the faculty of contending happily with the memory of a jolly song sung with right good will, won his way into the hearts of the voters. Mr. Wilson would have made his fortune on the comic opera stage.

This is the way the Globe is read by different members. Mr. Alward turns quickly to the latest news and the telegrams in the afternoon column. Mr. Phinney as quickly opens to the editorial. Mr. Murray conscientiously wades through the first page looking inside, while Dr. Stockton, Mr. Lewis and Mr. Atkinson cast their eyes over the first page as the paper comes to their folded. Can it be the little text in the upper right hand corner that these gentlemen make their first concern?

Mr. Hannington may be assured that when he succeeds in getting his little majority of one down below he will have a good working majority up in the ladies' gallery to support him. Some of the ladies' confessions to opposition sympathies even though their husbands are government supporters. "Sympathies" are as far as the ladies can go, now-a-days. Oh, Mr. Emerson, why did you leave us?

Mr. McKeown acts on the advice "With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come." But even this daring correspondent would never attribute to him any sympathy with the remainder of the thought. "And let my liver rather heat with wine, than my heart cool with mortifying groans." Mr. McKeown sends a joke afar off, and by the time the point arrives he throws back his head, opens his mouth wide, screws up his eyes, and enjoys heartily. At fifty he will have a strongly wrinkled face, with many little wrinkles at the outer corners of the eyes, recording how much he has enjoyed the jokes of an appreciative half century.

There is a spirit of good fellowship among the members. Some of them get to be great cronies, but the most amorous pair in the whole house are Mr. Wilson and Mr. McKeown. Mr. Wilson settles down in his chair, rests his shoulders against the back, sits on the end of his spine, crosses his legs and looks the picture of contentment. Then Mr. McKeown lovingly lays his head on Mr. Wilson's broad shoulders and looks up into the eyes bent to meet his. It is really quite affecting! They laugh and talk and have a pleasant little tete-a-tete all unconscious of beholders. CELESTE.

## CHARLOTTETOWN.

MARCH 23.—The irregularity of our mails during the past week has been aggravating to say the least of it, and the amount of wondering I have done as to whether my letter reached its destination in time for the hands of the printer, was by no means small. No one seemed to be able to tell when the boats left Cape Traverse, but from Monday until Friday the bulletin in the post office told the same old story: "No foreign mail," which meant there had been no crossing from Cape Tormentine. In my uncertainty I began to picture clouds gathering upon the editor's brow when the items were not forthcoming and to be very sensible indeed, lest he take me to task for what was really not my fault. Ah, well! "Twas ever thus," so I must only accept the situation gracefully and hope for better things.

We have had a perfect round of concerts and socials since I wrote you, and still there are more to follow. On the evening of St. Patrick's day the Society of St. Vincent gave a grand concert in the gymnasium. Many prominent ladies and gentlemen

No Housekeeper who has once used the Kerr Vegetable Soup Packet, will ever again worry over the litter of preparing whole vegetables for soup.

## EASTER WEEK.

**WELSH, HUNTER & HAMILTON.**  
97 King Street.

**FOR THE LADIES:**  
Gossamers, Umbrellas, Sunshades, Kid Gloves, Silk and Taffeta Gloves.

In style, quality, and price, these goods are unsurpassed.

**FOR GENTLEMEN:**  
A Superb lot of Scarfs and Ties.  
Just received for Easter week.

We invite you to call and see these goods.

took part in the programme, which was excellently carried out. Encores were given. Mrs. Reddin's song, "In the Chimney Corner," brought out the beauties of that lady's voice, while Mrs. Blake never sang more sweetly than on this occasion. Miss Bennett's harp solo was splendidly played and well received, as was Peter Doyle's piano solo, "Kilmore's Song." "Never Forget You're Irish," by Master Harry Anderson, with tableau of Ireland, was considered by many the gem of the evening. Mr. Taitou, Mr. Blake and Mrs. Blake were given in fine style, and he was obliged to respond to a double encore. His accompaniments were warmly praised, and to his efforts is due the success which attended the entertainment. Among those present were the Lieut. Governor and Mrs. Carvell, Miss Hanford, Col. Irving, Chief Justice and Mrs. Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. John Matheson, Dr. and Mrs. Conroy, Mr. and Mrs. Blake and Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Davis.

Another concert took place on the same night, and was given by the Literary Association in St. James' Hall. The building was crowded to its utmost capacity, and the best of order reigned. The first piece was an instrumental duet, beautifully played by Miss Vere Hyndman and Mr. Earle. The following were the pieces, lasting two readings by Rev. James Caruthers. I cannot give a better account of the affair, than by telling you of what I heard a fair one say to her escort as they walked home. I was early out of the crowded hall, the night was pleasant, so I buttoned up my coat, and pushing my gloves into my pockets, strolled leisurely along. Just behind me, evidently in no hurry to reach their destination, came the couple above mentioned. The fair one said the floor was not so clean as it should be. "How nice the fresh air is after that heated place!" I can see why people make such a night life of it, but I never seem to have any judgment about such things! Dear! dear! I'm cold! What a beautiful play Mr. Earle is, I could sit and listen to him for hours. He seems to play from his very soul and the expression with which he played those accompaniments tonight was divine, simply perfect. I do not believe I could find a certainly not in the provinces; and his daughter sings beautifully. Of course he trained her voice; she's such a sweet girl and quite a little prettily. I think she's lovely, far away over all the others. Mrs. E. H. Norton sings nicely, and she looked awfully sweet in her cream costume, but then I've heard her sing before, and I'm sure the song does not suit her voice. If people would only choose songs which we know! Now Mr. Beer's song, "Thou art like his voice." Miss Kate Hyndman did very nicely too, in that pretty thing "Let me dream again."

She was dressed in a fair one's dress, and I could see how the front was made, for there was an ugly old post in my way. I never could see what they wanted those posters for, any—either used or not. "Oh, yes! I always admire Mrs. E. H. Norton's dress. She was dressed beautifully—black silk and lace, sang beautifully, played beautifully, and she is always perfectly possessed. I like to hear Mr. Beer sing, if he would only open his eyes, but perhaps that has nothing to do with his voice. He sang "Excelsior" very well, though, and with a great deal of expression. Mr. Caruthers always reads well, and I'm awfully glad we have him. I do not believe I could find a certainly not in the provinces; and his daughter sings beautifully. Of course he trained her voice; she's such a sweet girl and quite a little prettily. I think she's lovely, far away over all the others. Mrs. E. H. Norton sings nicely, and she looked awfully sweet in her cream costume, but then I've heard her sing before, and I'm sure the song does not suit her voice. If people would only choose songs which we know! Now Mr. Beer's song, "Thou art like his voice." Miss Kate Hyndman did very nicely too, in that pretty thing "Let me dream again."

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Mr. C. C. Carlyle was here on Saturday. Mrs. William Graham, of Montmorency, will leave by express train tonight for Minneapolis, and expects to be absent from home about six weeks. Mr. Wm. D. Johnson, of the Buctouche and Moncton railway, left here on Monday for Boston, where he purposes residing permanently.

Mr. S. B. Patterson, editor of the *Zeeuw*, Richibucto, was at the Eureka last evening, and proceeded home by mail stage this morning. Mayor Sumner, of Moncton, was in town yesterday.

Mr. William Miller and family, who have been living at "Harcourt place" for the winter, will remove to their old residence at Montmorency next week. Capt. Horace W. Craigie was in town yesterday. Rev. Mr. Hooper's family expect to leave for Moncton tomorrow. The delay in moving was occasioned by the illness of their youngest child.

Mrs. M. T. Glenn, wife of the proprietor of the Central, is still in a critical state. Mrs. Dr. Keith is convalescent, after a very serious illness. Mr. James W. Morton, of Kent Junction, spent Sunday in town, the guest of Mrs. W. F. Brown. Mr. Alexander McNaughton, travelling auditor of the I. C. railway, was in town today. Mr. J. W. Miller of Millerton was at the Central on Monday.

Dr. R. Nicholson of Newcastle was in town today. The following persons compose the brass band recently organized at Wolford station: Thomas Bustard, solo b-flat cornet; Robert Sullivan, do.; E. G. Geddes, 1st b-sharp cornet; D. McLean, do.; G. G. Geddes, 2nd b-sharp cornet; 1st alto; Herbert M. Buckley, 2nd alto; Thomas McLean, 1st tenor; John Wellwood, 2nd tenor; S. M. Dunn, tenor trombone; Wm. Bustard, e-flat bass; J. W. Miller, solo alto trombone. The club met for practice every Monday evening, and give promise of speedily becoming more than amateurs in their special role. Mr. J. W. Miller, who is a musician of no mean order, is in instructor. COM.

**Purify** the blood. The importance of keeping the blood in a pure condition is universally known, and yet there are very few people who have perfectly pure blood. The taint of scrofula, salt rheum, or other foul humor is hereditary and transmitted for generations, causing untold sufferings, and we also accumulate poison and germs of disease from the air we breathe, the food we eat, or the water we drink. There is nothing more conclusively proven than the positive power of Hood's Sarsaparilla to purify the blood. This medicine, when fairly expel every trace of scrofula or removes which causes catarrh, neutralizes the acidity and cures rheumatism, drives out the germs of malaria, blood poisoning, etc. It also vitalizes and enriches the blood, thus overcoming that tired feeling, and building up the whole system. In its preparation, its medicinal merit, and the wonderful cures it accomplishes, Hood's Sarsaparilla is peculiar to itself. Thousands testify to its success, and the best advertising Hood's Sarsaparilla receives is the hearty endorsement of its army of friends. Every testimonial we publish, and every statement we make on behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla may be relied upon as strictly true in every respect.

If you need a good blood purifier or building up medicine, be sure to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Further information and statements of cures sent free to all who address us as below.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**