



MUSIC

As most of our church choirs sang but little music on Good Friday, probably not more than a hymn tune or so, and some very simple Gloria after the psalms, it is hardly worth my while to give any lists. I will pass on to speak of St. John Stainer's "Crucifixion," which was sung by the choir of St. John's church on the evening of Good Friday. The work itself is of a very devotional and descriptive character, and was very appropriate to the solemn occasion. It was preceded by a shortened form of evening prayer, introducing hymn 172, the 88th psalm and Nunc Dimittis 381, Junie. Mr. Thos. Daniel, Mr. A. H. Lindsay and Mr. A. Burnham were the soloists. The choruses were the best part of the work. The "Procession to Calvary" was very well sung; there is a chord in it which occurs first in the third bar, third line, on page 11, and which brings to a climax the sentence "Flung wide the Gates," which was extremely effective. I am sorry to say though, in another place, just before the last name, where there is, or should be, a very staccato effect on the word gates, one voice held that note and totally destroyed the character of the passage. From the top of page 16, (Tempo, mod. pomposo) is supposed to be taken in strict time to the end of the page, and was so practiced. But the choir thought it would get in a little time work on its own account in the shape of a ritard which was not a success. The rest went evenly, and the time was good. "The Mystery of the Devine Humiliation," was next sung to a soft, pathetic tune which suited the words perfectly. "The Litany of the Passion," was another beautiful hymn, the closing passage of which is written for voices in unison. The hymn "Mystery of Intercession" hardly went so well as those preceding it, although the tune is equally fine. Had the short choruses for the tenors and basses had just about three times as much work bestowed upon them, they might have been worth listening to. The same remark applies equally to both Mr. Daniel's and Mr. Lindsay's recitative work. It was very rough and uneven, and sometimes quite unintelligible to persons seated half way down in the church. Even good readers as both these gentlemen undoubtedly are, should not trust too much to their powers in this respect. Mr. Burnham did justice to the work instructed to him, and showed evidence of careful rehearsal. "The Adoration of the Crucified" was another beautiful chorus which received careful singing. Perhaps the chorus "The Appeal of the Crucified" was the most successfully rendered number. It needs such very careful handling and on that account it was rehearsed very thoroughly and showed the effect of the work bestowed upon it, justice being done to the beautiful setting of the pathetic words. There was but one more chorus after this chorus, and like the ones preceding, it went very well. The quartette, "God so Loves me," was most artistically sung by Mrs. W. S. Carter, Miss McInnis, Mr. A. H. Lindsay and Mr. Daniel, and I have heard some very complimentary remarks concerning it since, from people who were present. For Mr. Daniel's solo work I can only repeat what I have said before, that in oratorio work, as a general rule, he lacks expression, and in this case he failed to bring out clearly the devotional character of the words and music he was singing. Mr. Lindsay did a little better in this respect in his solo, "King ever Glorious," but in the duet, "So Thou Lifest Thy Divine Petition," his voice was almost lost in Mr. Daniel's powerful bass. Taken as a whole the Crucifixion, although not by any means faultless when sung on Friday evening, reflects great credit on the organist and choir. The daily papers are so much alike and of me in their notices of the Easter music of the different churches that I do not intend to compete with them at all. In St. John's the most interesting feature to wait after evening service for the purpose of formally bidding adieu to Mr. Thomas Daniel. He spoke very highly of Mr. Daniel, and wished him, in the name of the choir every success in the life he was taking up, and I am sure all Mr. Daniel's many friends in St. John will cordially echo the wish. This week has been quite filled up for our musical people. On Monday evening Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Ewing gave a very enjoyable musicale, at their residence, Princess street. There was also a very fair attendance at the Oratorio practice, where for the first time for many months our general secretary, Mr. Alfred Porter, was missing. I believe it is a gripe he has claimed him another victim, and venture a hope to the effect that the attack will not prove very serious. On Tuesday morning I received a letter on behalf of the performers taking part in Mr. Daniel's recitative, requesting me to give them a "fair little try" in the evening. Let me assure my unknown correspondents that I never allow "jealousy" to influence my criticisms in the smallest degree, although he or she evidently holds a different opinion. By the way, could not decipher the signature, which looked like an A. followed by either a lot of L's or S's, so I conclude the note was intended for me. I am glad to know that "St. David's" is able to explain the way the "Urgency quartette" came into existence to the satisfaction of himself and his friends, but I must say I think such "jokes" are in rather bad taste, and their motives are apt to be misunderstood, and in this case she said "joke" was relished by none so little as by the "Emergency quartette," who were justly indignant at the time. Since writing the above I attended Tuesday evening's big concert and was most gratified to see a large audience as a proof of the esteem Mr. Daniel has won from our people in his short stay of two years in St. John. Musically and financially the concert was a great success, the opening piece, "Courtship" by Thayer, was sung excellently by the Emergency Quartette. The introduction of a bit of the "Wedding March" in the festive lines "Courtship" was a very fetching. The Emergency quartette went up the aisle and came through the door" was very fetching. The Emergency quartette was well received, and gave a little "bit" about a boy, a new teacher, a "kiss," which quite brought down the house. Mr. Harry Daniels, of Boston, made his first appearance before a St. John audience, although he has had the pleasure of hearing him when he visited the city last summer, and sang at two or three musicales. Mr. Daniel, who is the possessor of a light tenor voice, is very high in register, and adapted most perfectly to the style of song effects, sang "Love's Sorrows" by H. R. Shelly, in a most finished manner, and with a distinct enunciation of every word, which was most pleasing. He was obliged to respond to an encore, and gave Birch's "I am Waiting." I don't know when I have heard Miss Quinton sing as well as in her selection "Fiddle and I" by Goodhue. It suited her very well and being recalled she gave a dainty little ballad entitled "Margery Brown." The instrumental trio, "Scherzo" by Weber, by Miss Flossie Bowden, Mr. Wm. Bowden, Jr., and Mr. W. A. Ewing, went smoothly and was admirably well. Mr. G. S. Mayes was in good voice, and sang Scott Gatty's "True till Death" remarkably well. Miss Goddard and Mr. Ford gave the musical people in the audience a treat by their rendition of Hayden's "Surprise Symphony." It was exquisitely played. No doubt the band played fairly well, but it is very conducive to headache to have them so near to one, and for that reason I did not appreciate its performance very highly. Miss Alice Hea sang a fine song by Blumenthal, "Sunshine and Rain," which she gave with a good deal of expression. She was followed by Mr. H. Daniels in two selections (a) "Fair and Sweet," by Nevin, and (b) "Were I a Mighty Monarch," by W. Johnson. Both were delightfully sung and the audience insisted on Mr. Daniels favoring them once more, but he did not catch the name of the song he sang, and forgot to make inquiries. Mr. D. J. Gallagher gave a cornet solo, but what it was I am unable to say. I simply do not pretend to know anything about the cornet as a solo instrument. Mr. Mayes and Mr. Titus were pleasing in the duet, "I Pescatori." Mr. Daniel was received with numbers of applause when he appeared on the stage to sing for probably the last time in St. John. "Out on the Deep" is one of Mr. Daniels' most effective songs and he did it full justice. Of course he received an encore and responded by singing Mr. J. S. Ford's setting of "The Moon shines Bright," which he gave in an equally fine manner. The quartette sang "Good Night," by Dudley Buck, as a finale. It is a very pretty thing, and received careful treatment by the singers. A pleasing incident of the evening was the presentation of Miss Sara

Patton, the elocutionist, of a basket of flowers by some friends in the audience, who thoroughly appreciated her reading. The accompanists were Miss Goddard, Mr. J. S. Ford and Mr. W. A. Ewing, and all deserve praise for their clever work. When will people learn good manners enough to stay in their places until concerts are over? It would be a good plan to have a pause before the last number, so that people who come to listen may not be disturbed by others going out while it is going on. Of the other entertainments for this week I will not have a chance of saying much. Mrs. Bowden and Miss Flossie Bowden entertained a number of the performers and friends after the concert Tuesday evening. Mrs. D. L. Hutchinson gave a musicale on Tuesday evening for her sister Miss Clara Quinton. The emergency quartette, and Mr. Harry Daniels, while among the guests. At the Church of England Institute sale there were solos by Miss Idella Fowler, Mr. Ludlow Robinson, and a quartette, song by Miss Halliday, Miss Smith, Mr. E. McMichael and Mr. A. H. Smith. Here is a new idea for singing shows, etc., which appeared in the New York Herald, I think. It has been christened the "Anthropophom." A large frame work is erected and covered with white calico. Across this five strips of black material are representing the lines of the musical staff, these being about eight inches apart. The sign of the clef is then added and lines to indicate the stem of notes. There are holes in this strip placed at various distances and through these places until the faces of the performers. The female performers stand on a raised platform behind the framework, and the males stand on the floor. A musical instrument is played and each performer has to follow as his turn comes. The chief difficulty I should fancy would be to keep one's face straight, but a pretty chorus sung by a lot of young folks in this novel way, would be, I imagine, quite an attraction at one of the "dime show" affairs which are occasionally given with us. Although I was unable to attend the grand concert given by the German Artists' Trio, on Thursday in Holy week, I have been furnished with an account of it by a thoroughly competent judge, which runs as follows: "A decidedly successful concert was given by the German Artists' Trio in the institute. It is seldom that the people of St. John have the opportunity of hearing such music—a fact to be deplored. The trio were, with one or two exceptions, given with much refinement and finish. Particularly impressive was the 'Adagio' of Beethoven's and that delightful 'Andante' from Mendelssohn's most popular trio. The 'Gipsy Rondo' was not so satisfactory. Probably the performers were in a hurry to finish the programme. Anyhow, the race between the violin and piano resulted in a victory for the latter. I was somewhat disappointed in Mrs. Harrison, the middle and lower register of her voice being thin. Some of the notes were good, but there was a tendency to force them out of tune, especially so in 'Lo! hear the gentle lark.' Tours 'The New Kingdom' was by far the best selection Mrs. Harrison gave, and she sang it with the vigor and demand, which was earned. Mr. Mayes and Titus did admirable work. The piano solos by Frau Marianna Doering, Braner, added considerably to the evening's enjoyment. Perhaps the best bit of work during the whole evening was the solo, 'Herr Ernst Doering' completely captivated his hearers. The full broad tones, the soft expressive melody, the delicate bowing in most exacting chromatic passages, and above all, the true artistic appreciation of the music performed stamped him at once an artist. At the conclusion an overwhelming outburst of applause greeted his efforts, and nothing less than a second performance would satisfy the enthusiastic audience. Accompanist Miss Goddard acquitted herself admirably." TABBET.

POPULAR SONGS.

Many of the Old-familiar Words Recalled and Talked About. I cannot sing the old songs. I wouldn't if I could. They have had their day. They are with the snows of yesterday. Though there is this difference, that if one is interested and industrious he may recover some trace of these played-out "populars." The other day in Boston I explored a private cemetery wherein a thousand of them are stowed away. Here are some of the discovered bones: Fifteen or twenty years ago, our comic songs were staid, as a rule, from the London music halls. "Captain Jenks," "Champagne Charlie," "The Captain With His Whiskers" and similar discards appeared to us distressingly funny at that period. And along with these, on the sentimental side, flourished "Mollie Darling"—that harpy perennial which bids fair to outlive the mocking-bird—and those other posies of a "Silver Threads Among the Gold" and "Neath the Maple by the Mill." Anything was good enough for us, then. It an imported "joke" was distinctly labelled, we were bound to laugh at it. We have grown. I grant that our taste for the sentimental has not refined very much, though Gilbert and Sullivan's work should have inspired us to open a deeper and truer vein: but the world, character had "motto" and "topical," comic songs. Look back over the last ten years with me and see if it isn't so. Ned Harrigan and Dave Brahm organized the reform. Harrigan is a true realist and his methods blossoms in his songs. They are not elegant, they are not even grammatical always, but they are rarely truthful. If you know New York—that part of it which is not sacred to the 400, Shantytown at one end and the Bowery at the other—you know that Harrigan has measured characters and gauged ambitions and possibilities as no other American song-writer ever did. Take, for example, "Little Widow Dunn," "The Skids are Out Today," "Miss Brady's Pianoforte," "Mary Kelly's Heart," and "The Schenango Corps." Every one of these presents some phase of humble life in a great city, as a lump of amber holds an insect. They are rays of the soul. Indeed, all the best work in this line is that, in even true of the much-abused McGinty, which carries at least one bit of real American humor, worthy of the unapproachable Artemus Ward himself, in the line—"And he must be very wet, for they haven't found him yet." Let us say, then, that every popular "comic" (I detest that word, but it seems to carry a fuller idea than any other) has won its popularity by virtue of having a more or less general experience back of it. The expectant joys of parentage, as in "Baby's Got a Tooth"; the rash and impetuous stomach of childhood, as in "Listen to My Tale of Woe"; the searching popular eye which detects any eccentricity of costume and asks, "Where did You Get that Hat?"; the adventures of the "boys," inspiring "Razze-Dazze," "Near It," "I Went with Him," and a hundred more; the woes of the bankrupt, crystallized in "I Owe Ten Dollars to O'Grady," "I Had but Fifty Cents," and most attractively in Billy Emerson's ballad, "Did He Get There," which tells us how: "He took his girl to the show one night, He brought her home from the seat; She brought along her appetite, She was well prepared to eat; She thought of the oyster stew and wine She'd down when the show was out; He showed her past every restaurant, But alas! he failed to shout. Did she get there? She never got there; Though she thought she had him pat, The poor jay had but thirty cents, And she couldn't get there on that." Then of course the sorrows of the unhappily married have to be sung—though to be unhappily married is not a general experience, I hope. Flynn, the father of "McGinty," told us last year how "I'll never sleep a wink until I murder Paddy Shea!" And a year or two before that the great American couple doubled itself over a rollicking song which bore this refrain: "She'd lick him, she'd kick him, she'd never let him be; She'd hit him, she'd mash him until he couldn't see; Robertson's combined Linen Marker and Card Printer. 50cts. complete. 52"

McCarty wasn't hearty, but she's got a different party— She might have licked McCarty, but she can't lick me!" The common things, the every-day doings we are all familiar with, touch us more closely than any number of abstract ideas that a song could convey. "Grandfather's Clock," "The Old Wooden Rocker," "The Empty Cradle," "The Letter That Never Came," "Only a Picture of Her Boy," "When Mother Puts the Little Ones to Bed"—all of this sort—are builded on a very firm foundation. These and their like are not very enduring; a new song buries them after they have enjoyed a year or two of popularity; but if they had literary and musical merit equal to the worth of the conception, they would endure—as long at least, as Tom Moore's ballads, which are for the most part, in the last analysis, falsetto snivels married to a waltz step or an Irish jig. There is another interesting thought in connection with this question of popularity: that the supply always meets the demand. This is not such a delphic sentence as it seems. Consider how, twenty or thirty years ago, we had few or no "mother" songs. Perhaps Elizabeth Akers Allen's "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother"—as sweet and sincere a lyric as belongs to modern literature—set the fashion: I won't undertake to speak positively on that point anyway. Of late years, he's a slow "vocalist" who hasn't made an addition to the long list. Everything pertaining to mother's past, present and future, has been sung about: her grey hairs, her little old red shawl, her grave, her triumphant resurrection. "Take me back to Home and Mother," "Take This Letter to My Mother," "Dreaming of Home and Mother," "Always Take Mother's Advice," "You'll Never Miss Your Mother Till She's Gone," "A Mother's Appeal to Her Boy." There were fifty-seven of these mother songs in the great heap of a thousand that I alluded to above. The old man doesn't seem to be in it. There are very few songs about him. In this same collection of a thousand songs, I found twenty-two about "baby," seven about the "old cabin," (sometimes log, sometimes wood, indifferently located on the hill, in the dell and by the stream); eight about hair, ranging from the Silver Threads aforementioned to the whiskers that the wind blew through; and twenty-five about money. Nine one-fifth of all were specially designed to tickle the sympathies of our fellow citizens of Irish extraction. Fifty or more were "nigger" songs, gross burlesques of the character of the colored people. (Who ever saw anything like a "minstrel" in real life?) There were a few Scotch ballads and more German atrocities; but most of the thousand, as I have hinted above, would appeal to an audience gathered anywhere between Halifax and Denver. To make a successful song, humorous or serious, take a theme that touches everybody—falling down the cellar stairs, father's dinner pail, the cats on the back yard fence, or what not; tell your story in direct and vigorous English, using no word of more than two syllables; wed it to a melody that is easy to whistle and hard to forget, and there you are! You can sell the product outright for \$10, or you can hold the copyright, and collect \$2000 in six months, like a certain Bostonian of my acquaintance. "I heard a simple Irish ballad the other day, that impressed me as coming close to what a singable song should be. The author, whoever he is, told a pretty story straightforwardly, and stopped when he got through; and the composer set it to music that was equally unpretentious, but which stays by one who hears. This may be an old song for all I know, and perhaps I expose my ignorance by copying it; but, judging by the difficulty I had to get the words, it isn't so widely known as it ought to be. Here it is: The Old Plaid Shawl. Not far from Kilmara, in the merry month of May, When the birds were singing cheerily, there came across my way, As if from out the sky above an angel chanced to fall, A little Irish *cattin* in an old plaid shawl. She tripped along right jovially, a basket on her arm, And oh! her face, and oh! her grace the soul of saint would charm; Her brown hair rippled o'er her brow, but greatest charm of all, Was her modest blue eyes beaming 'neath her old plaid shawl. I courteously saluted her: "God save you, Miss," says I; "God save you kindly, sir," said she, and shyly passed me by. "Of went my heart along with her, a captive in her thrall, Imprisoned in the corner of her old plaid shawl. Enchanted with her beauty rare, I gazed in pure delight Till round an angle of the road she vanished from my sight; But ever since I sighing say, as I that some recall: 'The grace of God about you and your old plaid shawl!'" I've heard of highway robbers that, with pistols and with knives, Make trembling travellers yield them up their money or their lives— But think me that handed out my heart and head and all To a simple little *cattin* in an old plaid shawl! Oh! graceful little mantillas that the signorinas wear, And tasteful are the bonnets of Parisian ladies fair, But never cloak, or hood, or robe, in palace, bower or hall, Clad half such witching beauty as that old plaid shawl. Oh! some men sigh for riches, and some men live for fame, And some old history's pages hope to win a glorious name; My aims are not ambitious and my wishes are but small— You might wrap them all together in an old plaid shawl. I'll seek her all through Galway and I'll seek her all through Clare, I'll search for a tale or tidings of my traveller wherever. For peace of mind I'll never find until my own I call That little Irish *cattin* in her old plaid shawl. If I'm any judge, that's genuine! WALTER L. SAWYER.

This Tells the Truth. Messrs. C. E. Burnham & Sons have been advertising their bicycles in Progress for two weeks. They are fully satisfied with it. It is always hard to trace results, but when they get an order for an \$85 machine, with PROGRESS quoted, they were not at a loss to answer the question: "Does advertising in Progress pay?" **Something Worth Having.** Seven per cent. consols, par and interest, guaranteed by \$148,000,000 and upward, being the assets of The Mutual Life Insurance company of New York. This company has no stockholders to claim any part of the profits. The assets and surplus all belong to the insured. The consol policy recently announced by The Mutual Life Insurance company of New York combines more advantages with fewer restrictions than any investment insurance contract ever offered. It consolidates insurance, endowment, investment, annual income. No other company offers this policy. Apply to Robert Marshall, Special Agent, 99 Prince William street, St. John, by letter or otherwise.—A. **The Shamrocks' Grand Bazaar.** The Opera house begins its career as an amusement resort Monday evening when the Shamrock A. A. club opens its grand bazaar. Preparations have been going on for some time, and the halls have been handsomely decorated and made as attractive as experienced hands could make them, while the electric light people have been busy putting in an innumerable number of lights which greatly add to the attractiveness of the decorations. All the best features of former bazaars will be repeated this year and many new ones. The proceeds will go toward improving the athletic grounds. **Address, Robertson's Stamp Works, P. O. Box 78, St. John, N. B.**

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JUSTICE BY ROTATION. Law and Equity in Whiskerville Served Out. Captain Marryat's three-cornered duel has secured his fame, though everything else he wrote should perish. No one who reads that tragic tale will dispute the eminent propriety of Mr. Easy firing into Mr. Biggs, nor of Mr. Biggs firing into Mr. Easthupp, nor of Mr. Easthupp firing into Mr. Easy. A knotty problem of etiquette was solved by this happy expedient. There is a certain back parish in York county where it would not be supposed that knotty problems of etiquette would arise. There are three justices of the peace in that parish, whom one would scarcely select as fitting exponents of etiquette, or ought else for that matter, save and except an all pervading "cussedness." The back parish thus alluded to may without extreme impropriety be termed Whiskerville. For there is one thing in Whiskerville that never succumbs to flood or frost or heat or blight, and that is its crop of whiskers. And as to these three worthies, who hold the scales of justice in Whiskerville, the world need only know them as Maggs, Jaggs and Baggs. On Monday last Mr. Maggs, suspecting a neighbor of stealing a promising bull-pup of his, indulged in language of a forcible description. On Tuesday Mr. Jaggs, in the effort to eke out an honest living, was so unfortunate as to be informed upon for selling liquor of an inferior but very rejuvenating character. On Wednesday, Mr. Baggs, being interfered with in the course of a hog frolic, took occasion to strike a boy on the head with a club. On Thursday Mr. Maggs was arraigned before Mr. Jaggs and Mr. Baggs, and fined \$2 and costs for abusive language. On Friday Mr. Jaggs was arraigned before Mr. Maggs and Mr. Baggs, and fined \$50 for violating the Scott act. On Saturday, owing to a funeral at Whiskerville, the court did not sit, but on the ensuing Monday, Mr. Baggs was arraigned before Mr. Maggs and Mr. Jaggs, and fined \$4 and costs for assault and battery. Since then the turbid tide of life in Whiskerville has sparkled in the sun with all its wonted serenity. BILDAD. **He Couldn't Get the Dog.** Quite an interesting scene took place on Rocky Hill the other afternoon. A young law student was suddenly seen to emerge from Barnhill's building and begin making frantic efforts to catch an apparently peaceable and contented looking collie dog. The animal resented his overtures—the student got excited and soon a little circle gathered and volunteered advised as to the best mode of effecting a capture. Presently the owner came along and explanations followed in which the student claimed the animal as his property, which he had lost over a year ago. The owner offered to prove the dog was not a year old, and otherwise established a clear title, whereas the student went his way, but with an injured and unsatisfied look as of one who has been deprived of his just and legal rights. **It Should Draw a Crowd.** At the Institute, Tuesday evening the Dramatic club of the Young Men's Society of St. Joseph will put on Mr. J. J. Power's Irish drama, *Michael Davitt or the Land of the People*. The play is said to contain many good situations, and is illustrative of the trials of the great Irish patriot in upholding his country's cause. The members of the club have been hard at work on the piece for some time, and as many of them have taken part in theatricals before, they feel confident that the show will surpass all former efforts. **Mr. Beck Hall—Good afternoon, Miss Annex, going for a walk? I hope I may accompany you? Miss Annex—Yes, Dr. Sargent says that we must always walk with some object, and I suppose you will answer the purpose.—Harvard Lampoon.** Mr. Bilton (on the second story)—Why have you put that top step of the stairs above the level of the floor? Architect—I thought you wanted all modern improvements. That's the step a fellow always reaches for when he gets to the top of the stairs in the dark.—Puck.

ASSESSORS' NOTICE. THE Board of Assessors of Taxes for the City of St. John, in the present year, hereby require all persons liable to be rated, forthwith to furnish to the Assessors. True Statements of all their Real Estate, Personal Estate and Income. and hereby give notice that Blank Forms, on which statements may be furnished under the City Assessment Law, can be obtained at the office of the Assessors, and that such statements must be perfected under notice and as required by this law, and the Assessors within THIRTY DAYS from the date of this notice. Dated this first day of April, A. D. 1891. WM. F. BENTLEY, Chairman, Assessors of UTAH DRAKE, RICHARD FARMER, Taxes. Extracts from "The Saint John City Assessment 1889." "Sec. 118.—The Assessors shall ascertain as nearly as possible, the particulars of the real estate, the personal estate, and the income of any person who has not brought in a statement in accordance with their notice and as required by this law, and shall make an estimate thereof, at the true value and amount, to the best of their information and belief; and such estimate shall be conclusive upon all persons who have not filed their statements in due time, unless they can show a reasonable excuse for the omission." "Sec. 138.—No person shall have a statement unless he has filed with the Assessors the statement, under oath, within the time hereinbefore required; nor shall the Common Council in any such case sustain an appeal from the judgment of the Assessors, unless they shall be satisfied that there was good cause why the statement was not filed in due time, as herein provided." **HUMORS OF THE BLOOD, SKIN AND SCALP,** whether itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, pimply, blotchy, or copper-colored, with loss of hair, either simple, scrofulous, hereditary, or contagious, are speedily, permanently, economically, and infallibly cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood and Skin Purifier and greatest of Humour Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. CUTICURA REMEDIES are the only infallible blood and skin purifiers, and daily effect more great cures of blood and skin diseases than all other remedies combined. Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 75c.; SOAP, 35c.; RESOLVENT, \$1.50. Prepared by the Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston, Mass. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases." **Humors of the Blood, Skin and Scalp Gured by Cuticura** Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP. Backache, kidney pains, weakness, and rheumatism relieved in one minute by the celebrated CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. 30c.

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