# PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER,.....EDITOR

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Publisher and Proprietor.

### SIXTEEN PAGES.

## ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 23.

THE RIGHT TO SHOOT.

A man is confined in the penitentiary tor stealing. He attempts to escape; the guard shoots him and he dies. Is this murder? A prisoner resists the police, and attempts t o escape; the policeman shoots him and he dies. Is the homicide justifiable? Two men robbed a store in Kings county. A law officer in Fredericton attempted to arrest them; they fired at him and ran away; he returned the fire but missed them. If he had been a better shot and had killed one of them, would he have been a murderer? Strikers attempt to take charge of works. PINKEREON'S men are called in; they shoot and kill some of the rioters. Is this murder?

These are questions which are not quite sight. The law does not impose the death penalty for an attempted escape from prison, and if it did, it would only authorize the infliction of the penalty after trial. Death is not the punishment for resisting the police, nor for shooting at a man; nor for running away from officers of the law, nor for forcibly taking possession of another's property. If a man attempts to enter my house against my will, I may resist him to the death, unless he comes armed with certain process of law. "My house is my castle." Here are my wife and my children. The law of England is majestic in this, that it declares a man's home to be sacred from intrusion, as long as those within it respect the laws of the land. There is one spot in which, be it ever so humble, or be he ever so lowly he is king, more absolute than the monarch on his throne. The sanctity of the home may be preserved at any cost; but the workshop possesses no such sacredness whether it be the cobbler's shop by the roadside or the factory of the millionaire corporation.

These questions possess great interest now-a-days, when strikes are frequent, when capital is arrayed against labor, and the employment of private "detectives," as they are called, is becoming quite usual. Men have a right to strike—that is, a legal right. They have no right to interfere with workmen who will not join them in striking; but they ought not to be shot for interfering. What then?-shall strikers be at liberty to work their own sweet will? By no means. Let the strong arm of the law be invoked against them. Let the community act by its regularly constituted officers and methods. "The riot act was read before the people would disperse," we sometimes see the papers state. Why should the people disperse after the riot act has been read? Because the state has through its officers commanded them to disperse, and this command may, under the law, be enforced by every means available. The same argument that is used to justify PINKERTONISM—that is, the employment of private citizens, armed and ordered to shoot men who resist them-will equally justify lynch law. The state cannot afford to allow private individuals to be, at one and the same time, accusers, judges and executioners, and this is what is done when the indiscriminate right of shooting is allowed, as it is in some localities.

MEN AND THINGS. "Wake up, Mr. President, wake up," shouted a half dozen small boys as President Harrison's private car drew up at already contains those of such distinguished the station in Chehalis, State of Washington, and they emphasized their demand by rapping vigorously on the car windows. The president had sent word that he did not wish to be disturbed between Portland nd Tacoma, but young America was irrepressible. Sleep was out of the question, the president got up, came to the rear of the car and bowed his acknowledgements. President Harrison looks old, and as if the cares of office were a heavy burden.

hundred bills in four years, but to that we must first let in the light upon it. This This gives us a little idea of how much im- the press and other popular educators. perialism is engrafted upon the republican- The light is being let in upon the dark ism of our neighbors. We would hardly places, and these are not always at the tolerate the idea in Canada, and it cer- bottom of the social labyrinth. It is said tainly would not be tolerated in England, that the diminution of crime which follows that one man or woman should have such the thorough lighting of the criminal quarabsolute control over legislation. True, ters in cities is very marked. As old as congress can pass an act over the presi- our era is the saying that men' love darkdent's veto; but in Russia "imperialism is ness rather than light, because their deeds tempered by assassination."

can system of government was explained, try possessing educational advantages, had made so little progress in civilization as to a man for more than four years at a time a titled scoundrel is detected in his "In China." he said-but why take the light of public opinion is gaining in intentrouble of telling what Chinamen think sity, that no rank is a shield against its about anything. Their skins are yellow, searching rays, and no position so exalted their eyes slant into their noses, and they as to be beyond its reach. It is folly to wear pigtails—how can it be possible that sigh for the good old days that never were. they can be right and a white man wrong? Our fathers sighed for them, and so did The thing is absurd on the face of it.

are divided and sub-divided into sects and some overhanging rock. Capt. VERNEY the unusual, that corruption, boodling, with tapping him with their fans and calltrickery, dishonesty, and humbug are the ling him a naughty fellow. And he would only means by which a so-called have been more popular than ever. enlightened christian nation can be ruled. We tell ourselves that our religion is a law of love: but we stand outside our neighbors' churches lest we should soil our godliness by going in. We can unite in Rowell & Co., the publishers of the American condemning the followers of BUDDHA, Mo-HAMMED or CONFUSCIUS, but we cannot unite in an effort to bring them up to our added that in a publication called Book for Adverstandard, for fear that they should join tisers, Rowell directs the attention of advertisers to the best papers to patronize. Progress also figures some other church than ours. "Agree in this book. among yourselves as to what is right," said so easy to answer as may appear at first a learned Hindoo to a missionary, "and then come to us and we will hear you."

> Dr. TALMAGE says a good many good things, and a good many things that are not so good. He contributes a letter to the New York Observer in which he describes heaven as a place where angels walk up and down paths two and two, with flowers and fountains on each side of the way. The difference between a lazy soul languishing in flowery bowers, while angels fan him with their wings, and another soul on a divan, smoking delicious tobacco by the light of the black eyes of houris, is in words, not in principle. Yet the one is the christian heaven, ac- peeler's hornpipe. Recollecting that nocturnal quickcording to TALMAGE and his kind; the steps in a less fashionable part of the metropolis other the Mahommedan heaven, according to the same sort of authorities. What authority has anyone to anticipate a future of indolence in the midst of a universe of ceaseless activity? Better far the Nirvana, the eternal rest, the absolute extinction for which all good Buddhists pray.

> We do not know what the future has in store for us. If it be eternal, conscious ndividuality in perfect harmony with the laws of God, which are not simply the edicts of the Hebraic code, but the laws by leurs intérêts actuels à l'idée de Loyauté à un roi which all things exist, we may be assured that it will not be a life of eternal, uninterrupted laziness, spent in contemplation nos aieux, mais cela ne nous empêche pas d'admirer of either angels with wings or hourie without them. BRET HARTE may not have been very reverent, and possibly not absolutely orthodox, but he was very likely not far astray from the facts, when he made one of his picturesque heroes say, in accounting for the rescue of "Little Breeches:"

\* \* \* \* \* "Angels, may be, Fer I think that savin' a leetle child, And keepin' him fer his own, Is a blamed sight better business Than to be loafin' around the throne."

### THE WORLD MOVES.

Capt. VERNEY, M. P. for Buckinghamshire, has pleaded guilty to certain offences of what are commonly called a social character, for which he will receive a definite sentence in the way of imprisonment, and an indefinite sentence in loss of position and a wrecked career. The times are improving. Certainly it is a disgraceful state of things that men in prominent, social, and political positions commit such crimes. On the other hand it is not so very long ago that the idea of punishing one of the upper classes for disregard of the purity of women belonging to any lower grade would have excited no small amount of ridicule. VERNEY'S name is another added to the list which persons as Col. VALENTINE BAKER, Sir CHARLES DILKE and CHARLES STEWART PARNELL. It does not follow, because we find no such instances in the history of the early part of the century that such offences were less common then than now. The fact only shows that public opinion is getting upon a higher plane as regards social virtue.

Every now and then some moralist laments the laxity of morals in the upper

President CLEVELAND vetoed nearly classes of society in England, forgetting three hundred bills which had passed con- the fiercer light which beats, not only upgress. What would we think if the Queen on the throne, but upon every grade in the should refuse her assent, not to three social scale. If we would cleanse a cavern number in the course of a long reign? is what is being done for society today by are evil, and it is true in more senses than one. It is as true of mere physical illum-A Chinese scholar to whom the Ameri- ination, and of the light of exposure to public criticism, as of the moral or spirexpressed his astonishment that any coun- itual life in regard to which the words were first spoken.

Therefore, instead of shaking our heads not to be able to entrust the government and crying out how bad the world is, every time, and then only with a few hundred villainy and gets his deserts, we ought to other men to pronounce upon his acts. congratulate ourselves that the piercing their fathers, and so on back to those ancestors of ours, who, armed with a club It is quite true that we agree among and attired only in their shamelessness, ourselves upon nothing, except that other | fought with the cave bear for the bones of nations have no rights in particular. We his prey and a right to a shelter under parties. We tell ourselves that party is another unsavory milestone on the route government is an absolute necessity, which of social progress. Had he lived a century is only saying at the best, that compromise ago, his fair contemporaries at court, if of principles is essential to good govern- they considered his "indiscretions" worth a ment, and at the worst, but by no means | thought, would have contented themselves

### PEN, PRESS AND ADVERTISING.

Speaking about facts and circulation Progress advertisers will be interested to know that Geo. P. Newspaper Directory, state that but one paper in nineteen have furnished such straight out statements of circulation as Progress. It may also be

### LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

The Hop of the Cop. TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS:

When shall we three dance again, Where Duke street intersects Germain.

We had, of course, heard of the fishers' hornpipe and the sailors' hornpipe, but the existence of a policeman's hornpipe was not even suspected until the hour of twenty minutes past three a few mornings ago, when the peaceful slumber of merchant princes, insurance agents, and family doctors was all broken up by a noise that sounded as if a host of horses, one mile long and four feet wide, had taken possession of the asphalt sidewalk. Excited residents jumped out of beds, and out of windows popped their heads. What do you imagine was the spectacle that met their moon-lighted, halfbewildered, and astonished gaze? Nothing less than three knights of the billet, or rather three Billies of the night doing the heavy, double soled fantastic to the tune of Capt. Rawlings' reei, or the were vigorously protested against not long ago, it occurred to an eye-witness that the evil on Avenue Five should be nipped in the bud, so, raising the window and lowering his voice in a stentorian tone of extra sub-base, he thundered forth, "Move on!" Did they move? Did they get? Mighty lively, you bet. Paste this in your log book, Capt. Rawlings. St. John, May 20.

### NOUVELLES FRANCAISES.

Le Debarquement des Loyalistes.

Nous nous sommes rappele au souvenir cette semaine un événement très important dans notre histoire, c'est à dire le debarquement dans ce port de nos ancêtres, ces gens fidéles qui ont sacrifié tous qui leur semblait digne d'être ainsi honoré. Quelques-uns de nous, peut-être ne tiennent phus à ces idées de gouvernement qui inspiraient les coeurs de leur héroisme et d'en regretter le manque dans ces

Nous ne croyons plus, peut-être à la nécessité pour avoir des rois ni des familles royales, et nous arriverons un jour, on l'espére, à avoir au Canada un gouvernement du peuple, pour le peuple et par le peuple, mais ce jour arrivé, nous n'allons pas oublier, nous ici à St. John, qui nous sommes les descendants de gens braves que étaient prêts à mourir pour leurs convictions si cela avait fallu.

Aussi. vu cette origine si honorable, faut-il nous montrer dignes de de tels péres, et faire notre possible pour rendre la ville qu'ils ont fondée des plus belles et les habitants en des plus intelligents et cul-

Il a fallo longtremps, plus de cent ans, pour produire le St. John d'aujourd'hui, mais Rome nétait pas batie en uu jour, aussi ne fauit-il pas désespérer. Quelqu'nn a dit que chaque Anglais est âgé de mille ans, nous sommes un peu plus jeunes, quand nous aurons mille ans notre civilisation sera sans nte aussi avancée que celle de l'Europe, mais il ne faut pas attendre ces mille ans avant de com-mencer. Tâchons de faire quelque chose pour orner notre ville, pour établir quelques institutions d'in-struction, quelques centres de civilisation et de raf-finement. Nous a'vons pas de musées ni de jardins d'uno sorte quelconque. Est ce quil nous manque cet esprit public qui considére la ville natale comme un autre chez-soi qu'on aime ainsi que le foyer de

Ce n'est pas que nous n'aimons pas notre ville, mais il faut l'aimen comme un Bostonien aime sa ville, par example. Pour ce dernier Boston, qui à son avis est le vrai "moyeu de l'univers" posséde olus d'attractions que toute autre ville au monde Nous de vous inspirer à nos jeunes gens une telle affection pour St. John afin qu'ils restent ici, qu'ils fassent fout ce qu'ils peuvent pour faire de la ville un monument digne de ces fondateurs dont nous honorons la mémoire chaque an. Voilà la vraie loyalty, celle dont nous avons besoin à present.

UNE ELEVE.

### Our New Summer Resort.

To introduce this charming spot, and the accommodations there provided, to the public, Mr. Tree has arranged for a grand opening on Saturday, May 30. Although it will probably be too early for bathing, there are other attractions that will repay a visit. All lovers of pure air and fine scenery should encourage the enterprise by being present there next Saturday afternoon. Music from three to five p. m.

Why not have long selected Cane in you Chairs: Lasts longer, cheaper. Duval, 242 Union street.

A Bright and Brainy Boy.

The accompanying portrait is from a photograph of one of Progress' bright and active young agents, George Douglass, of Amherst. Master Douglas is about thirteen or tourteen years old, attends



school regularly, and handles Progress Saturday mornings. He makes more money by doing this than many an older boy gets in a shop his first year, and simply shows what any active, brainy lad can do when he makes up his mind.

## HALF A DOZEN RHYMES.

In Beauty's Satchel.

Two oranges, a spool of thread, Three handkerchiefs, a box of candy; Two letters, saved to be re-read; A button hook, to have it handy: A novel she ought not to see, Some hooks and eyes, her tiny purse, Her Cæsar, that to-morrow she With stumbing efforts will rehearse, Two nickels g ued by tutti-frutti, A rosebud which a paper wraps; A tract to teach her moral duty, Another, which her fortune maps; With this array, and more beside, Was her small handbag overladen, And, still, for more, and more she sighed. This blushing, charming high school maiden.

# A Little More.

"Man wants but little here below," As we have heard before; But when he gets that little, lo! He wants a little more.

#### Not an Atheist.

Oh no, no atheist is he, Nor walks he in the atheist's ways; He is a self-made man, you see, And loudly sounds his maker's praise.

#### May Basket.

The lads were hanging baskets, Baskets filled with posies, Snow-drops and daffodils Roses white and red, Jonquils and daffodils, Hyacinths and roses: went into the country-side For violets instead.

The baskets were of osier, Osier dyed in crimson, Sweet grass and vernal grass. Tied with ribbons fine, No silk had I Nor yet the woven willow-work. A girdle of the ragged birch Bound up those flowers of mine.

Dark lay the landscape; The lads were hanging baskets, One to every maid they know, The stately and the small. By my sister's lattice hung my basket; Hung it to my sister Prue The sweetest lass of all!

#### Her Tulips and Her Two Lips. "Are you fond of tulips?" the maiden asked,

"I scarcely know," the youth replied, As he gazed on the stately flowers that basked In the midday sunshine's golden pride

"'Tis true the'e two lips that I admire, But sweeter they are than these tulips be; They glow with a richer and rarer fire, And like red roses they seem to me.'

### Hard to Suit.

Oh, who's the man that comes in late; And strolls about awhile, And right in the midst of the thrilling scene, Goes stumbling down the aisle; And laughs aloud when others weep, And scowls when others smile

And who's the man that bellows forth, So every one can hear, "Well this's about the rummest seat, I've had in a dismal year! For when I go to see a show I want to be somewhere near."

And who's the man who sits and yawns Throughout the livelong play;
And says: "What a bore the whole thing is!
I wish I'd stayed away. The acting is bad enough to turn A child of seven gray."

And who's this man? You very well know; If a play you've been to see; For he's always there, and he's always mad, Whatever way things may be. And he kicks one long perennial kick-The man who gets in free.

### A Chance for the Right Man.

A gentleman with a comprehensive knowledge of the business and industries of the Maritime Provinces, and of the business people, with enough abilty to put his thoughts and opinions on paper, can secure employment for a few hours each week, which will not interfere with his regular employment, and materially add to his income, by addressing "F." PROGRESS office.

### WINDSOR, N. S.

May 20 .- Last Saturday afternoon was not as fine as it might have been for Miss Forsyth's Maying party. The rain came down quite heavily toward the latter part of the afternoon, and of the maidens who made up the party, some were wise, and some were foolish, and all realized the truth of the proverb, "Quand il fait beau, porte ton manteau, quand il pleut fait ce que tu veux." We were all very sorry to hear of the painful

accident that Mr. Edward Dimock met with on the steamer on the way to Norfolk, Va. He fell, breaking the thigh bone. When last heard from he was doing as well as could be expected. Mrs. Dimock was with him, and Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Dimock reached Norfolk yesterday. On Thursday evening Mr. Christie gave a dance.

I hear of another to come of next week, and several Dr. Willets went to his place at Grand Pre on on Saturday morning.

Rev. Archdeacon Jones went to Lunenburg on Saturday, to take the Sunday services there. Rev. Mr. Hasselm, of Lunenburg, officiated at Christ church, Windsor.

Miss Locke is visiting her sister, Mrs. Clarence We are all glad to see Mr. Harry King back Mr. Hammond, who has been for some time at the university of Leipsig, Germany, is expected in Windsor this summer.

Linen Note Paper—25c for five quires, at McArthur's, 80 King street.

I hear that Mr. Herbert Hensley and Prof. Wil-

son have written a novel in New York, which will be published this spring. Mr. Hensley formerly lived in Windsor. Prof. Wilson at one time occupied a chair in Kings college.

Why the merry month of May has been selected for the desolation of family hearths, I do not know, but the process has been going on among us. Mr. Woodworth has moved to Clifton house, hallowed by the memory of "Sam Slick." I hope that the wraith of the departed piper, from whom the pond inside the gate takes its name, will not haunt him as he goes through the grim avenue of ghostly trees some dark night. The trees are still gaunt and skeleton-like, not yet having put on their summer leavery, but bye and bye they will be less gruesome. Mr. Hobart, who has been residing at Clifton, has bought Mr. L. K. Bennett's house.

I hear that a bachelors retreat, after the fashion of the defunct vagabondia will soon be set up in the

house formerly occupied by Mrs. Hensley. Some of the gentlemen pining for the privilege of putting their heels unrebuked on their own mantel shelf have rented the house, and will keep bachelors hall and smoke in unmolested comfort in the best drawing room. By the way will they have a best drawing room? And will they have a day as the other people on the hill have; and will they give their friends tea and cake; and will they take week about to pour out the tea? There are a great many other questions I should like to ask, but I have always thought it was rather an indication of a weak mind to ask questions without any prospect of an answer,

to ask questions without any prospect of an analysis of forbear.

Dr. Moody's new house is getting along slowly, but I hope surely. The doctor and his family expect to move in some time in June. The house will be quite an addition to the appearance of the street on which it stands; but why will people cut their shingles in fancy patterns? It suggests so vividly the sugar edifices one sees in the confectioner's windows in cities, and detracts so enormously from the appearance of solidity that, I think, should be a ature of a building supposed to be proof against

wind and weather.
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Curry and Miss Lawson returned last week from Bermuda, and the doors of Gerrish hall are once more opened. This residence was greatly improved last spring by the addition of a wide verandah along the front and one side and plate glass windows. Who in Windsor does not remember the delightful ball given by Mr. and Mrs. Curry last June after these improvements, were made? When the broad verandah was closed in with flags and the gorgeously colored Chinese lanterns shed a soft glow over inviting seats and sequestered nooks.

Dr. Ryan was called away to New Brunswick last week by the illness of his mother.
Mr. H. D. Ruggles was in Kentville on Wednes

Next week will be court week in Windsor, so we may expect the rain to rain every day quite impartially on the just and on the unjust.

### CHARLOTTETOWN.

[Progress is for sale in Charlottetown at T. L Chappelle's bookstore and by S. Gray.]

May 26 .- Nothing was further from my thoughts than deserting you last week PROGRESS, but cir cumstances over which I had no control prevented me writing you and deprived me of a very great pleasure. You may not think so, but there is a great amount of fun in gathering items for you: all the little happenings of every day life; all the greater events of the week; the small gathering there, the large party here; interlaced, so to speak, with the usual "sweet nothings," go towards making a tout ensemble which pleases this one, enrages that one, and is fun for you and me! Just bear in mind you are ever uppermost in my thoughts-my dream by night, my vision by day-and when I am silent, 'tis because "stern duty calls," and moments of leisure are few and far between. May is always a busy month, but next week I hope to tell you of our city council, our new athletic association, our dear little "Morning Star" correspondent, and the doings at government house.

Mayflowers have been very abundant, and on morning."-New York Herald. Saturday last a large number of young people vis isted Southport and returned with large bunches of

the beautiful blossoms. Mr. H. D. McLeod, of St. John, paid us a flying Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Carvell's many friends are glad to know they have quite recovered from la grippe. Mrs. Ben Heartz gave a small but very delight-

ful card party last week.

Dr. Collins, of Vernon River, was in the city on Mrs. Haws left us some days ago for Virginia, where, we trust, her visit may be all that heart could wish.

Mr. R. N. Doherty, of Kingston, Kent, spent a few days in the city last week.

Dr. Bagnell is suffering from a severe attack of la Dr. Jenkins has returned from Ottawa.

Miss Maggie Scott left in the Carroll on Thurs-

day, for Boston, followed by the best wishes of her In the leafy month of June, St. Peter's church is to be the scene of an interesting ceremony, when a prominent clergyman will lead to the altar a very charming and popular young lady from Spring park.

The second methodist church will also be the scene of a happy event, in which a rising young merchant of this city, and a well known, interesting

young lady will be made one. Miss Hamlyn, who has been spending the winter months in Charlottetown, the guest of her brother, returned to England last week, much to our regret. Mr. R. R. Fitzgerald, who has been seriously ill

with la grippe, is able to be out again.

Miss Hanford has quite recovered from that much dreaded disease, and continues to cheer us by her

Hon. Judge Kelly returned to Summerside on Friday much improved in health. Speaking of Summerside reminds me of the sudden and much lamented death of Hon. John Lefurgey, whose friends in this city extend the warmest sympathy to the bereaved family.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hodgson, of Malpecque, have been visiting friends in Charlottetown.

arrivals at hotel Davies.

Mrs. John Macgowen has been suffering with rheumatism, but we all hope she may soon be herelf again. Mr. J. Hunter Duvar, of Alberton, is among the guests at hotel Davies.

Dr. F. P. Ford, of Souris, is visiting friends in the

Mr. J. S. McLaren, of St. John, is among the late

Mr. Theo. L. Chappelle has returned from a trip Miss Haviland's many friends are glad to know she has almost recovered from la grippe.

Mrs. Robert Hyndman passed peacefully away on Sunday morning at the ripe old age of 87. She was much beloved up a large circle of friends, and

her death is deeply regretted.

Mrs. Weeks and Miss Fannie Weeks returned on Friday last from an extended trip to Florida and the United States, Mrs. Weeks' health being much His worship, the Mayor and Mrs. Haviland are

among those who are entertaining la grippe.

Mrs. Bolton, of Ottawa, is a guest at Hotel Davies and intends spending the summer months in Char-Mr. Ewen Stewart, of Georgetown, is in the city. Sheriff Macdonald, of Souris, was among the guests at Hotel Davies on Friday.

It is pleasant to know we are soon to have Dr. and Mrs. Taylor at home once more. They have been in Europe all winter, and a hearty welcome awaits them upon their return. Congratulations are in order to the Hon. A. A. McDonald upon his appointment to the senate of

Senator Haythorne's sudden death is deeply regretted. It took place in Ottawa since I wrote you.

Mr. John Anderson, of Kensington, is at Hotel Rev. Dr. Doyle, of Vernon River, is visiting St.

Where is "Selah?" It is a long time since he, or she (which is it?) has given us a breeze, and a few bright words would not be amiss just now. Even "Rex" has subsided, and in their places twinkles a little "Morning Star!" Long may it shine, say we!

I would like to ask "Cecil Gwynne," the clever correspondent for Moncton, and the equally clever writer for Dorchester, if the sidewalk competition is confined to their province or open to the dominion? Charlottetown has always flattered herself that in that one particular she could beat the world, and is anxious to enter.

An apology is due a well-known lady of "the upper ten" in this city. Someone told me she was the author of these writings, and the idea was so amusing to me, that, for the moment, I neglected defending her, and now, I believe, the report is broadcast Half the fun in writing is to hide one's identity, though it should not be to the annoyance of the fair sex. I am told the lady in question is highly indignant at the charge brought against her, and I humbly ask her pardon for what was certainly a lack of gallantry on my part. Try again, boys! But don't circulate any report until you know the truth of it. It is dangerous, very, at times. "Jack" is with you every day, not only ready but willing to be captured and brought to justice rather than any lady should suffer for his

### ST. GEORGE.

[PROGRESS is for sale in St. George at T. O'Brien's

May 21 .- Mr. Saunders, of the Messenger and Visitor, St. John, was here last week, the guest of Rev. C. E. Pineo.

Open Evenings. Duval, 242 Union street

Miss Maude Clinch will leave next week for Boston. We all wish her a pleasant trip and hope to see her soon again.

Mr. J. E. Elgar, St. Stephen, was with us a few days this week. The many friends that Miss Poole made during her stay among us over a year ago, will be pleased

to hear that she intends returning about the first of June to organize a class in music. Rev. R. E. Smith went to St. John last week to attend the C. of E. S. S. convention.

Dr. H. I. Taylor has rented an office on Main street, under Park hotel, and it is being fitted up in

Rev. C. E. Pineo spent a few days in St. Stephen ast week. Mr. GeorgelLudgate, one of our promising young

men who left us a few weeks ago for California, has reached there in safety and is much pleased with his new home.

his new home.

Two pretty little cottages are being built on "Wetmore hi!!" for Mr. Harry Meating and Mr. Chas. Epps, which will certainly add to the beauty of the town. Mr. Meating expects to occupy his new home in June, while Mr. Epp's cottage will not be ready till later in the summer.

Mr. Jas. Watt has returned from his visit to the Sulphus Springs, and his trionds are pleased to know Sulphur Springs, and his friends are pleased to know he is greatly benefited in health.

Mr. Edward Russel, who has been confined to his home for some time by a severe attack of influenza, was able yesterday to take a short drive.

#### PROGRESS PICKINGS.

"There is music in the heir," said the young husband, reaching for the paregoric bottle.-Harvard Lampoon.

"Man wants but little here below." That's all quite true, and yet,

I'd like to see the man that won't Take all that he can get. -[Life. Jinks-"Have you got quarters for a dollar, old man?" Winks-"My vest pocket is rather crowded, but pass it over

and I'll try to make room for it."-Life. "Why, Mr. Ardent, how ungallant of you, to say you thought I was thirty-two!" Well, it certainly struck me that you were somewhere near the freezing point."

S. S. Teacher-Don't you think it very strange that the lions didn't eat Daniel? S. S. Scholar-No, sir; not since I saw that picture of him in my Sunday-school

book.—[Life. "Convict this man of being a gambler?" said the Texas judge. "I won't hear out. He's an infant at cards! Why, I beat him out of \$120 last night, when I was pretty

drunk, too."-Ex. Mr. Sealove (at his seashore cottage)-'My dear, please tell our daughter to sing something less doleful." Mrs. Sealove-"That is not our daughter, my love. That

is the foghorn."-Ex. Tenderfoot (who has just purchased a horse)-Is it the custom here in the West to throw in a halter when a man takes a horse? Old resident-Well, it depends on how he takes him .- Life.

St. Peter -"The base ball season has opened in America." Michael-"How do you know?" St. Peter-"The shade of an umpire arrived here in sections this

Gazzam-"It is a wonder that love letters written by girls don't all go to the dead letter office." Mrs. Gazzam-I'd like to know why." Mr. Gazzam-"Because they are miss directed."-Free Press.

"Will you walk into my parlor?" said the spider to "Well, hardly," said the insect as he winked the other eye.
"Your parlor has an entrance, but of exits it is shy;
So I'll stay outside in safety and remain a little fly."

Old Gent-"So you want to marry my

daughter?" Young Gent-"I had hopes, sir." Old Gent-"Ugh. And what do you propose to marry her on?" Young Gent-"On the 15th of next June, sir."-[Free Press. "Charlie is learning to play the cornet," said young Mrs. Toker. 'How do you know?" 'I heard him tell Jack Dashton

he had been on a little toot. I think it is so considerate of him not to practice around the house."-Ex. Mr. White-liver (from the city)-"I havn't nerve enough to wring a chicken's neck." Miss Haystaque (with ineffable

scorn)-"Of course you haven't. You haven't got enough to ring a girl's finger, either Give me the hen!"—Free Press. "One of the features of the evening was the beautifully decorated jag presented to Col. Brimm," was the way it went into the paper, and the reporter is looking for some

way of spelling out the letter u when he

wants to write the word "jug."-Washing-Edith-"You can't imagine how Mr. Bulfinch complimented your singing." Ethel—"Did he, though?" Edith—"Yes, he said 'twas simply heavenly." Ethel— "Really?" Edith—"Well, just the same thing; he said 'twas simply unearthly."-

Rousing himself at last, and screwing up his courage, he said: "Jennie, I must say it. I suppose you have been expecting something coming all this evening-"No," she said, with a sleepy yawn, "but I have been looking for something going for quite a while."—New York Press.

Dinguss-"Hello, Shadbolt! Got-!" Shadbolt-"Haven't got a cent this time, Dinguss-not a cent." "Mighty sorry, Shadbolt-mighty sorry. If you had change for a twenty I could pay you that tenner I owe you. See you some other time. Morning, Shadbolt." — Chicago

Mrs. Barnschoot (relating experiences in India) - "And I was there alone in the bungalow, and the tiger was wandering around the verandah, endeavoring to make his way in." Mrs. Robinson-"And weren't you afraid, dear?" Mrs. B .- "Oh, no! Capt. Barnschoot had told me that it was a man-eating tiger; so, of course, I was not in the least alarmed."-Ex.

"And, fellow-countrymen," continued the political orator, "this is the party of the people! This is the true, honorable party! Where, I ask you, where are dishonesty, corruption, fraud, rottenness, blackguardism, and the scum of politics to be found ?" "Hear, hear, hear, hear!" cried an enthusiastic man. "No, sir, not by any means!" said the orator. "There is none of it here. It's all in the other party! Throw the traitor out!" And he was thrown.—Ex.

### The "Smith-Premier Machine."

The "Smith-Premier" typewriter advertisement appears on he sixth page, with a neat engraving of the machine, and particulars for people who think of using this valuable help in correspondence.

Suddenly at Kingston, Kings Co., Charlotte, wife of Daivd Jones, in the 49th year of her age.