



IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The absence of any musical entertainments this week makes it a difficult task to write an interesting column on musical matters, and there is really no outside news that would be interesting to the readers of this paper.

An orchestra has been formed by several young men, in connection with the Y. M. C. A., which promises to be a successful undertaking. About sixteen young men have joined it, and have engaged Mr. J. M. White as instructor.

I would respectfully suggest to the choir of St. Andrew's church, whom I have heard lately that they pay a little more attention to the equalization of the parts. That is to say, let the tenors and basses take matters a little easier, and not try to sing the ladies' voices. In fact, I thought the singing all through, was too loud. Take it easier, and pay more attention to time and expression; and also remember that anthems are not always improved by leaving out the bass solos.

The minstrel entertainments comes rather late for me to notice it this week. I heard their band on the street once, and I can't say that I would like to hear it again, unless it was some distance away.

I was much interested in the adventure of Freddy Hornsby, the little English street singer, and I am rejoiced to think that he has fallen into such good hands. He is sure of a good home, so long as he remains with Father Davenport. I heard the lad singing on the street, and was very much struck with his beautiful voice. He will be a decided acquisition to the mission church choir.

The death of Mrs. Samuel Girvan leaves a sad blank in our musical circles. In addition to her rich soprano voice, her bright, cheerful disposition, made her a universal favorite. She took an active interest in all musical matters, being a prominent member of the Oratorio society and the Choral club; the members of the latter organization having particular reason to remember her as a most obliging hostess.

She also sang for a number of years in St. Andrew's church choir, giving her services gratuitously, and taking a deep interest in the promotion of the higher class of sacred music. TARBET.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The crush at the Institute Wednesday night was a good illustration of the effect a brass band will have, in inducing people to go to a show. No one had any idea of what they were going to see in the way of a performance, and there have been many better bands heard in St. John. Nevertheless it was a fight for seats, and Atkinson and Cooke's minstrels got a great reception. The show was a good one in many respects, but by all odds the star of the company, from a "nigger minstrel" point of view, was Mr. Fox. Hart's silence and fun and juggling was above the average, and as a ventriloquist Mr. Alex. Wilson is far ahead of any thing ever seen here. A number of new jokes, and some old songs, with two exceptions badly sung, were features of the circle. The great feature of the show, however, and one that might be imitated with advantage by most companies, was the way in which the acts were brought on. One followed the other in rapid succession, and there was not the slightest intermission from the time the curtain went up until it dropped again, two hours afterwards. Such stage management is a novelty in St. John.

SOME WOMEN'S CLUBS

That are Attracting Attention in the Great Metropolis.

NEW YORK, April 28.—If you live in New York and aim to be and be known as a progressive woman, you must belong to at least one woman's club, and many belong to three or four.

From stately Sorosis, at which some of the brightest women of New York hold "high converse" once every month on the higher education and emancipation of woman and kindred topics, brightened up with chat about new books, new pictures, new operas and new plays, down to Bridget's Thursday evening reunions, at which cake and coffee, a fiddle, and her best young man are the prominent features, every woman one meets belongs to a club.

Next to Sorosis in point of importance comes the Women's Press club, which includes nearly every woman in Gotham who writes for love (of writing) or money.

Then we have the Working Girl's club, a monster organization presided over by Miss Grace Dodge, the Annie Besant of New York. The two daughters of Bishop Potter are also closely identified with it.

It admits to membership every working woman above the level of domestic, and own houses in different parts of the city, in each of which lodgings a restaurant, library and reading rooms are maintained for the benefit of those members who reside in that quarter. Those of the girls who wish are instructed in type-writing, stenography, book-keeping, dress-making, and millinery, and 25 cents a month are all the dues exacted from them. The amount of good that it has done is simply incalculable, and it has undoubtedly been the means of saving many a poor working girl from suicide or degradation, between which they are often obliged to choose.

The Daughters of the Revolution club was organized about two months ago in Washington, with branches in New York and Boston. To be a "daughter" you must, like the Laird of Cockburn's spouse, be of "high degree," and able to present incontestable proofs of a "lang pedigree"—it must at any rate be "lang" enough to reach back to the revolutionary war. The avowed object of this club is "to inculcate patriotism," but its real object is to snub the newly-fledged millionaires, who with their greater wealth are outshining and pushing to the wall the old knickerbocker and revolutionary stock. The latter are

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FROM THE SISTER TOWN.

TALK ON MANY SUBJECTS FROM SCOTIA'S CAPITAL.

Brightening Up the Streets—Carpenters and Painters at Work—Newsboys and Their Methods—The School for the Blind—A Modern Hotel.

HALIFAX, April 27.—I am always glad to note the approach of Friday, and better pleased when the noon hour has passed, the paper on the press and the tension relaxed. But a newspaper man must always be ready, and, if necessary, on the move. Thus it is that I found myself in Halifax, midnight, Friday instead of St. John. There is considerable satisfaction now a days in being able to start for any point east or west just when it suits you—for example a person can start for Halifax on any one of three trains and make a pleasant and swift trip. I prefer the afternoon C. P. R.—there is more steady go in it, and less stopping at small stations, beside you only lose an hour or two of the business day and that, in these times of bustle, rush and competition counts for something.

A fine spring morning like last Saturday brings out just as many real and fancy butterflies here as in St. John—more, I think, for vegetation has somewhat the start of us. But the sunshine had an equally happy effect upon business and there was a great deal more bustle and life upon the streets of the military city than the average New Brunswick imagines. Passing up and down the principal streets and even into the heart of the town I could not fail to note the sight and sound of the carpenter who; I imagine, outnumbered to a great degree his brother workman—the mason. Signs of improvement, renovation, rebuilding and modernizing were visible in many places; workmen busy making, as one gentleman remarked, "the coffins of old fogysm."

I was not sent here to make comparisons, nor do I intend to trespass upon forbidden ground, but this I must say that the area of the business portion of Halifax is much larger than I had been led to think it was. My surprise was complete when, after walking what I thought a good mile and a half from the business centre, I came upon a number of stores which would compare favorably in their line with any I have seen in the provinces.

One of the first friends I met was PROGRESS. Hardly had I passed the hotel door after an early breakfast, before a meek and enduring newsboy suggested its purchase. The newsboys here are not the shouters you have in St. John, nor so numerous. It is a strange fact, too, that they do not handle the morning papers—that field appears to be the special property of several old newsboys, or men rather, who announce their coming on a tin horn, much the same as a fresh fish vendor. It was a surprise to me to learn this, for newsboys in St. John drive a good trade in morning papers, to the mutual benefit of the papers and the "kids." The evening papers, on the contrary, are energetically handled, and the boys are as thick as bees. But I am forgetting the boy with PROGRESS. I bought his last copy, and he informed me they were "going fine." This was pleasant news to me for exactly three years before that morning, about the same hour, I sold the first copy of the paper. It seemed a curious coincidence that on its third birthday I should visit PROGRESS' branch office in this city and find it on the streets. I found the manager for PROGRESS full of the brightest hopes for the success of the paper here. He informed me that both the street and the news stands sales were increasing rapidly—in fact that they were three times what they were a month ago. He also told me a curious story about newsboy methods. They differ from those in St. John, where a boy—no matter what his financial credit or references may be—cannot get a paper without paying the cash for it. Here, on the contrary, a boy who is known at all can get all the papers he wants at the office without paying a cent for them. He sells what he pleases and if he is honest he takes the rest back and pays for what he has sold. If, on the contrary, his youthful training has been neglected he does not appear at the publication office again but pockets the proceeds. It was a new wrinkle for the boys who wanted PROGRESS to deposit the cash before they got it but the "new wrinkle" is I understand quite popular with some of the publishers, if not all of the boys, and the result may be that they will adopt some plan similar to it.

But enough of newspapers and "shop." The hearty invitation of Mr. C. F. Fraser, editor of the Critic and superintendent of the School for the Blind led me in the direction of that institution Saturday evening. Mr. Fraser is a wonderful example of the educated blind. I do not propose to enlarge upon his success as a business man and an editor, neither will I enter into any details of what he has done for the blind of these provinces and Newfoundland. I would like to tell the story as he told it to me but I could not in this space—perhaps in the very near future these columns will contain more interesting and accurate information on the institution than anything I could write. But I was amazed at the perfect indifference with which every blind person in the building regarded his or her affliction. In one room I entered, a number of bright looking young women sat sewing and knitting, and their talk and laughter were as unconstrained and joyous as that of any family getting this paper. They worked rapidly upon fine patterns which I have often wondered how any one with the best sight could form successfully—and yet here these blind people had no hesitation and no mistakes. If anything could have surprised one further, it was the perfect freedom with which Mr. Fraser moved about the institution which has recently been almost doubled in size. He

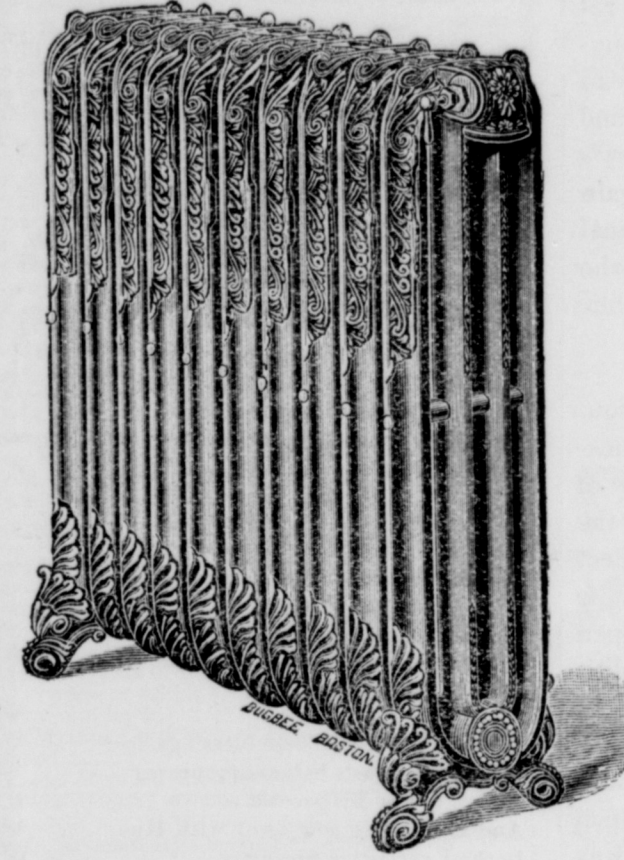
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was not content with showing me the principal rooms but led me into every nook and corner of the entire building. Up and down stairs, along corridors and into dormitories, always lighting the gas with never an error. I came away thoroughly impressed with the value of an education for the blind who have no cause for despair with such an institution in the maritime provinces. I cannot close this letter without a word about Halifax hotel accommodation. There are two first class houses here, but I have only to speak of the "Queen" where I registered in common with nine tenths of the New Brunswickers. And no wonder—most of them know the manager, the same genial, generous Sheraton whom everybody knew in St. John. I found him when I entered the house, as I think, every guest does. He is the all pervading spirit that puts 120 guests at perfect ease and complete comfort. Those who were well acquainted with the old hotel and have seen in its present transfigured shape can give a much better idea of the improvement than I can. The present dining room is a very large one, and yet each day it seems as full of guests as it can well be. Such an immense patronage has encouraged the company, and just now they are considering plans for a much larger hotel which will cost somewhere about \$200,000. It is a magnificent structure on paper, and I doubt not that when erected it will be even more handsome and imposing. Of course the accommodation for guests will be largely increased, but I may venture the assertion that while Mr. Sheraton is manager, and Mr. Murray, chief clerk, there will be none too much room for the patronage that will crowd upon them.

The Way She Managed it.

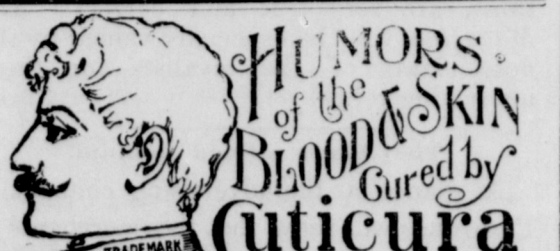
"Well, with cleaning and moving, and everything out of place and upset I haven't done a bit of washing for two weeks," said one woman to another one day this week," so you can just imagine the work I have ahead of me together with setting the house to rights.

"Thank goodness," said the other, "that I am not like you, for indeed I couldn't commence to do a days washing after all this cleaning."

"You hire a girl I suppose! Well I'd rather do it myself, than watch one."

"Oh no I don't, I just send my washing to Ungars, and they do it so reasonably, and with so little trouble that I wouldn't think of having them done in any other way."—Adet.

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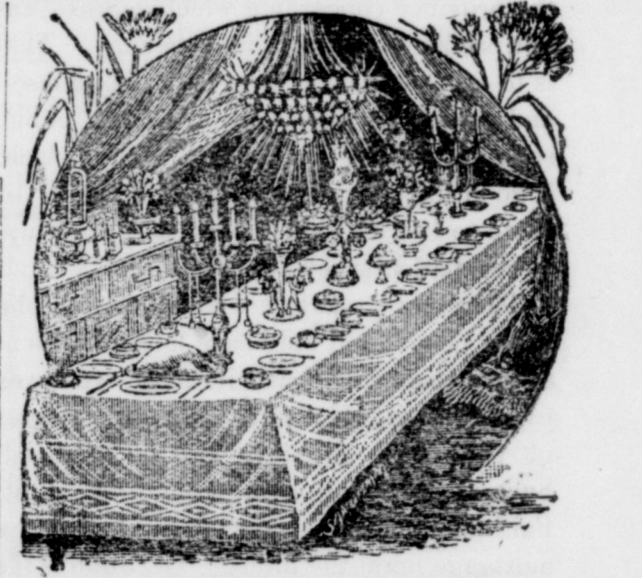
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ASSESSORS' NOTICE.

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 oath, and filed in the office of the Assessors within THIRTY DAYS from the date of this notice.

WM. F. BUNTING, Chairman. JOHN WILSON, Assessor. URIAH DRAPER, Assessor. RICH'D FARMER, Assessor. Dated this first day of April, A. D. 1891.



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LADIES, ATTENTION! THE Subscriber wishes to inform his lady customers, and the public generally, that he is now ready to fill their orders for Ice Cream, in any quantity desired. Vanilla, Lemon, Strawberry, Pineapple, Ginger, Chocolate, Coffee, Almond, Pistachio, Tutti Frutti, etc. Prompt attention given to all orders sent to the Lorne Restaurant, 105 Charlotte Street. T. C. WASHINGTON, PROPRIETOR.

Dissolution of Partnership.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, under the name and style of TURNER & FINLAY, was on the TWENTY FIRST day of March last, dissolved by lapse of time.

ROBERT TURNER, ANDREW FINLAY. St. John, N. B., 2nd April, 1891.

TRUSTEES' NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that ROBERT TURNER, of the City of St. John, Dry Goods merchant, has this day assigned all his estate to us, in trust for the benefit of his creditors. The trust deed now lies at the office of E. & R. McLeod & Ewing, Barristers, Ritchie's building, Princess Street, Saint John, and all creditors wishing to participate in the trusts of the said deed are required to execute the same within three months from the date hereof.

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