

ALL IN KNOWING HOW.

AND "GEOFF" DIDN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT WHITEWASHING.

The Ceiling a Hard Place to Whitewash, but it was Easy to Fresco the Walls and the Parquet—Whitewash that Persisted in Running down the Handle of the Brush.

There is no doubt that amateur work to be a success, must be done well; otherwise it is sure to suffer when subjected to the crucial test of comparison with professional work of the same order. This is especially true of whitewashing.

There is something very deceptive about whitewashing, like editing a paper or raking a fire, it looks so easy, until you try it, and then it turns out to be so very hard.

You watch a professional white-washer pursuing his daily avocation, and you will be impressed with the graceful abandon and easy confidence with which he sets to work. It seems easier for him to whitewash than not, and as you watch him plunge his brush into the creamy mass in his bucket, flit it airily on the edge of the same to remove superfluous drops and then apply it to the ceiling with long, even strokes that leave a trail of alabaster whiteness behind, and you burn to distinguish yourself in the whitewashing line also. At least I know I did, and then trouble began. I began to figure up what we spent annually in keeping our ceilings clean and resolved to get a little wholesome exercise and at the same time practice economy.

The first outlay of a dollar and a half for the brush, seemed large, but I reflected that the one brush would probably last a lifetime, and as the amount of whitening which the obliging clerk in the brush store informed me would be amply sufficient for two ceilings only cost six cents, I concluded that I could afford to be lavish about the brush. It afterwards turned out that the whitening I had purchased would have been sufficient to whitewash the entire interior of a large hotel, but it was cheap at any rate and what is left over will do to clean silver for the next five years.

I carried my purchases home in triumph and could scarcely wait until the next day to begin work. I was determined not to neglect any precaution that would insure success, so I soaked my brush in cold water, the night before, to soften it, and immediately after dinner I set to work.

I had often noticed a streaky appearance about home lamplight ceilings, and I decided that it was caused by the whitewash being too thin, so I made it reasonably thick and then I stirred it well and set to work. Somehow it was not nearly so easy as it looked! In the first place, the whitewash showed an alarming tendency to leave the brush the moment I raised it, and pour in an unbroken stream down my arm, and I am firmly convinced that if I had held the arm up long enough I should have been drowned, but I was only too thankful to rest by lowering it, and the next time I lifted it the brush was perfectly dry, and a few ridges on the ceiling which obstinately refused to be stroked out by repeated applications of the brush carefully moistened with thin whitewash. Every time I scrambled down from the table on which I was mounted, to get a fresh supply, I had to stir up the mixture with a stick, because the solid portion would sink to the bottom, and a clear and useless liquid rise to the top; then by the time I had laboriously clambered up again, the place I had been working on was quite dry, and the more I tried to smooth it and weld the different strokes of the brush together in such perfect harmony that the joinings would not show, the thicker the deposit and the more distinct the beginning and ending of each "sweep of the brush" as artists say became. The harder I worked the more the brush leaked, but still I persevered. I persevered until there was nothing in that room large enough to hold a drop of whitewash that was not white, the floor, the paper, the windows, the furniture, myself, even the pup, everything in fact—except the ceiling—that was far from being as white as I could have wished, but what the ceiling lacked the floor fully atoned for. The whitewash was so thick upon it that if you stood still for a moment you stuck fast. I suppose it could scarcely be considered a success except as an experiment, and a sort of warning to abstain from such attempts in future, because I had rheumatism in my neck for three days afterwards, and the entire suit of clothes I wore during the exercises had to be burned, but still it taught us a very valuable lesson, in one way, whenever I look up at that ceiling which resembles a picture by the old masters, it is so full of lights and shadows, I register a fresh resolution never to step out of my sphere again, or attempt anything which I am not sure is my especial forte, also to employ professional labor in preference to amateur when I wish to save money. GEOFF.

Music for the Doctors.

The New Brunswick Medical society meet here next week and a grand complimentary concert is to be tendered them Tuesday evening in the opera house. Mr. Morton Harrison has the matter in hand which ensures its success from a musical standpoint. At this writing his programme is not complete, but popular talent will not be wanting. Something in the nature of a musical surprise is very probable if Mr. Harrison's mission when he left Progress office proves successful.

It Is Welcomed Every Year.

McAlpine's St. John Directory for 1892 is quite up to the mark in all respects, and appears to have been very carefully compiled. It compares favorably with its predecessors in every way, and is well got up by the printer, publisher and binder. It is one of the books that no man who undertakes to do business can afford to do without. Published by D. McAlpine & Sons, printed by G. W. Day, and bound at McMillan's.

Visiting the Warship.

A large number of people have visited the warship in the harbor this week, and today and tomorrow will be the visiting days. A steam launch leaves North or South wharf regularly during visiting hours, and gives tickets which are good for the return passage. This will be appreciated by those who have paid to get on a warship, looked in vain for the boat they went in, then paid again to regain shore.

CASUAL OBSERVATIONS.

Little Things of Interest with Crisp and Timely Comments.

Somebody has said that a matrimonial boom in summer is an indication of a hard winter. I do not know whether this applies to the community, or only the young married people who are experiencing their first winter of married life, and will not attempt to prove or disprove the truth of the prediction. But a boom in the matrimonial market is undoubtedly evidence of prosperity on the part of the young men of the city, especially when the marriages are well affairs like the majority of those which have taken place this summer.

The efforts of fond parents, charming brides and happy bridegrooms to make a good impression on the public, would furnish material for good sized book. Stories more or less true are told that do not appear in the newspaper accounts of the happy event, and many of this season's crop are truly remarkable. In many cases a marriageable daughter proves to be an expensive luxury, so to speak, and an effort is made to make the day she leaves the parental roof one to be remembered.

I heard of an instance recently where a wedding day will be remembered every six months at least. The marriage was a swell affair; much of the bride's trousseau was imported, the guests included the best people of a certain "set," the presents were "numerous and costly." The wedding was a grand success so far as the impression made on the general public went. The main object was attained. People talked about it. But to accomplish all this the bride's father had to put a mortgage on his house.

Another wedding received considerable prominence in the newspapers, but there was an indefiniteness in one part of the account that mystified some who read it. The family were evidently anxious to impress upon the public the fact that all the requirements of fashion had been complied with, and gave the reporters full particulars. "You might say that the newly married couple left on their bridal tour immediately after the ceremony," suggested a relative. "Where are they going?" was asked. "Oh, that is not known," was the reply.

The reporter involuntarily looked up stairs to see if the happy couple were looking at him over the balustrade.

In a city like St. John there is always a large part of the population with an uncomfortable amount of spare time to fill in on fine summer evenings. There are few places where people who have to work during the day can find amusement, and a walk in the suburbs or a "tour around the block" is about the only pleasure within the reach of many. We have no park where working people can imagine themselves in the country for a few hours, and the days of open-air band concerts are apparently over. The squares are looking very pretty but no one could think of spending an hour in any one of them. That St. John people would appreciate anything in the way of a pleasure ground is evident to everyone who takes a walk up town or down to the depot on a Sunday evening. The streets are crowded with strollers until long after the churches are out, and the number of people who seem to take a special delight in seeing the western train leave the station is a constant source of surprise to strangers. The people have no place else to go. They cannot stay in the house on a fine evening, and are at loss how to put in the time. Tuesday evening the depot was crowded and Mill street was almost impassable until near midnight. There is not much pleasure in seeing a lot of tired and sun burnt excursionists coming home, and nobody expected to see a procession, but the fact that a larger train than usual was expected furnished an excuse for going to the depot, and hundreds went. Many people who would not stroll aimlessly along the streets, do not hesitate to take a walk in the evening if they have some particular place to go, and it takes very little to draw a crowd. The passenger list of the New York boat is not usually a very large one, but the number of people who go down on the wharf to see her coming in is increasing every week, while the Boston boats on their arrival are usually greeted with what I once heard a sarcastic American term, "Half the population." Why not give the people band concerts, if we cannot have a park?

Did you ever notice a woman when she wants to take a street car? Car drivers have become notorious everywhere for their inability to see a prospective passenger, and when they do notice one, the way they studiously ignore his or her presence is annoying to say the least. A woman cannot run up and grasp the handles while the car is going, like most men do, but she can give a pantomime show for the benefit of the general public, that is appreciated by everyone but the driver. He evidently enjoys it, in a quiet way, for an attempt to assure the woman, by word, look or motion that her anxiety is totally uncalled for, is something unheard of. He lets her wave her hand, or parol, and walk on the track in a vain endeavor to make him notice her, then when she least expects it he suddenly stops the car, and she gets on board with all possible haste for fear he will start up again before she is seated. Then she gets her breath to enable her to give another pantomime show before the sidewalk is reached again. Before she is within a block of her destination her hand is on the bell strap, while she gazes nervously out of the window, and finally pulls the strap before the car is within 50 yards of the place at which she wants to get off. A woman places no trust whatever in a car driver.

Brooks.

Diamonds Falling from the Sky.

Meteoritic bodies amongst which some diamonds have been found have fallen in immense quantities. On November 27th, 1872, such a shower fell that competent observers counted singly eight or ten thousand in the course of two hours. The stones in which the presence of diamonds have been revealed are both small and large. In 1803, 2,000 small red-hot stones fell in Normandy, while one is still shown at Copenhagen which was found in Greenland, weighing 49,000 lbs.

HITS FROM "BUTLER'S JOURNAL."

No Money but Lots of Fun.

Volume third of the Journal begins with this issue, and we start on the new volume with new hope and courage for the future. We have not made any money out of it, but we have had lots of fun—have made many friends and some enemies. We purpose to go on in the same course. To our friends we extend our heartfelt thanks, to our enemies our respect, but if they are of that narrow, hidebound class who will stop a paper the minute they see something in it that does not agree with some of their pet ideas, giving the editor no credit for these portions of the paper that have interested them, we don't want their names down on our books.

We have received a much larger support than we expected at the start and often from those to whom we would not naturally look for encouragement, while some of those who agreed the strongest with our opinions have gone back on us. It seemed strange to us, however, that any one among our numerous friends would let the small sum of 35 cents stand between them and the Journal, but that they would all subscribe, as they have always expressed a desire to help us along. But some, while still professing friendship, hang back for the first named cause, while some (we grieve to say it, but it is true) are too mean, and think more of the subscription price than any amount of friendship.

Congratulations.

Our warmest congratulations go out to Peter Farrell and his fair young bride. May the sunshine of life ever illumine their pathway and may their future troubles be only "little ones."

The Record Busted.

A hen of the Brahma persuasion belonging to John Stickney, Gordon Vale, York Co., has busted the record by laying an egg that measures 6 1/4 inches around and 7 1/2 lengthwise and weighs 4 ounces.

The Fellow from Marysville.

A fellow from Marysville was sent to buy some buff Cochins eggs from a poultry raiser at Gibson, for another party at Marysville. He bought the eggs, brought them home and set them under his own hen, then purchased some eggs at the Marysville store of the common barnyard fowl, and palmed them off on the man as Buff Cochins. Imagine the latter's surprise and indignation when the hen in the allotted space of time, hatched out a dozen of the common dung-hill variety, while the clever trickster was in possession of a dozen fine Buff Cochins chickens. That fellow will make his way through the world.

The Editor Attends Sunday School.

The road being rough and the people poor I did not call on many families, and coming back to Mr. Hayes' remained over Sunday. The time was very pleasantly spent, and never in all my travels have I met with kinder or more agreeable people. I attended the Sunday school. There was one teacher, six pupils and the superintendent, the latter gentleman sitting at the desk in his shirt sleeves, while the teacher sang a hymn and the children amused themselves firing books at one another.

A Tony Town.

One does not need to live long here to find out the fact that this is a very "tony" town. Most people who have houses to rent will look at you with disdain and flee from you as they would from the small pox if your coat is not of the regulation cut and you don't wear diamond shirt studs, but when you learn the prices it is your turn to be scared. We have hunted around for the past three weeks without securing a place and have been told more lies than would sink a ship.

Concerts Across the Bay.

A pleasant outing tour is contemplated by Harrison's orchestra next week. They start Wednesday morning for Windsor and that evening will have an opportunity to delight the citizens of that town with their selections. It is possible that Miss Fiddgeon's sweet voice may be an added attraction, while Mr. Horace Cole has already promised his assistance. Mr. Clayton Wilde also goes along, while Mrs. Higgins and Mrs. Harrison will enjoy a vacation with their husbands and chaperone the party. Kentville will be visited Thursday night and Annapolis Friday evening. Progress can assure its readers in all of these towns that the combination has plenty of talent.

The Excursion to Gagetown.

The loyalist excursion to Gagetown, July 19, promises to be a grand affair, and the size of the crowd will be governed only by the capacity of the May Queen. Extensive preparations are being made, and the names of the people from whom tickets can be secured are not usually connected with an enterprise of this kind. Here are some of them: Allen O. Earle, T. W. Peters, Rev. W. O. Raymond, Dr. A. A. Stockton, C. A. Everett, Dr. W. S. Harding, J. A. Belyea, H. C. Tilley, Geo. W. Jones, Philip Palmer, Harry DeForest, D. H. Waterbury, I. Allen Jack, Ira Cornwall.

A Brute.

A disagreeable husband once misquoted to the effect "that a thing of beauty is a (jaw) forever." A Rigby coat or mantle is a thing of beauty and a joy forever, and an effectual producer of good temper. Ill health and good temper cannot go together, and the most prevalent breeder of ill health is a cold. With the old fashioned and unsightly rubber coat a damp, clammy feeling with attendant chill and cold was almost inevitable. With a Rigby garment it is an impossibility, because Rigby is warm, light, porous and perfectly waterproof. P.—I.—Please Investigate.

Economical.

Miss Redbud—"You wouldn't think I was economical, would you, Mr. Tutter? But I am." Mr. Tutter—"What do you call economical, Miss Redbud?" Miss Redbud—"Well, I saved \$5 on my last gown by getting pa to pay cash for it."

The Difference.

She—Mrs. Brown, who married a poor man whom she loved, and Mrs. Smith, who married a rich man whom she did not love, are both widows in mourning! He—"But, oh! What a difference in the mourning!"

THE HUNTER'S FATE.

From "Nehilakin."

No sound, no light as the far chitkadee calling, the stillness started. Soft he trod, And crouching, crept like panther to its prey, With steady stealth, until a sudden spring Unsheathed its fangs from velvet. Still intent Scanning the snow with undiverted eyes For track or trace where went the flying deer. Meanwhile in shadow of the hoary trees Near, curious-huddled, where Nehilakin Hid by scabb'd bole and dark of drooping boughs, 'Neath a gaunt hemlock waited warily.

Ardent, the moon, endangeoned, rent apart Her cloudy-darled prison, with free face To look upon the beautiful things in motion; She lit an open space all paved with snow, She lit the graceful, clust'ring shapes that came, Antler'd, arch-neck'd, with lustre rounded eyes, Near, curious-huddled, where Nehilakin Hid by scabb'd bole and dark of drooping boughs, 'Neath a gaunt hemlock waited warily.

Covert, he saw, conspicuous in the glow Of the full heightening moon, a monster stag. Never such marvel met a hunter's eye! Foremost, superior of his timorous mates, With beaming front majestic; statue-ruck, As his huge frame were granite, standing there, As lightly devised, a creature of delight! How nobly fashioned! Of what port superb! His brow, high-banch'd, seemed amorous of the stars, Where coolly thronged they sit; his glossy breast Of graceful amplitude, instinct with power.

Stung near to madness, with a fierce delight Of what he saw, the hunter bent his bow; Planted a veno'd barb upon the stag's side, And faced the lordly quarry. Started not The stag, by man surprised, nor fled, nor shied, Nor turned a look of wonder, nor showed fear; But hid himself in dreadless majesty. Gazing with mild reproach upon his slayer, Something divine there seemed in him revealed; And his presence something strangely human; Never looked beast so god-like; never bearing In gentleness assured, so meekly chaste, So fit to bear what evil may befall; As martyrs meet their fate; as maidens walk, Fearless of lurking snares, the lustful earth, Bewick their guide celestially affird.

His nostrils level, straightway did he swoon, With waning sense, and with blue-blinded eye, And agonizing throes unutterable. His outstretched hand clutched a lean shank; his hand Itself clinging fingers lost, and grew Instantly hoarse and hoary; his smooth skin Hairy and shag'd became, and his high brow Was low and narrow now, o'ertopped with horn; While strangely seemed a long protruded face To grow upon him, bestially inclined. Then, while on his pan'd sense and mistied Rang mockery of laughter, deep withdrawal Amid far glades, reaching and retreating, Bitterly to his altered self he came, And sprang, a wounded stag—a man no more.

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

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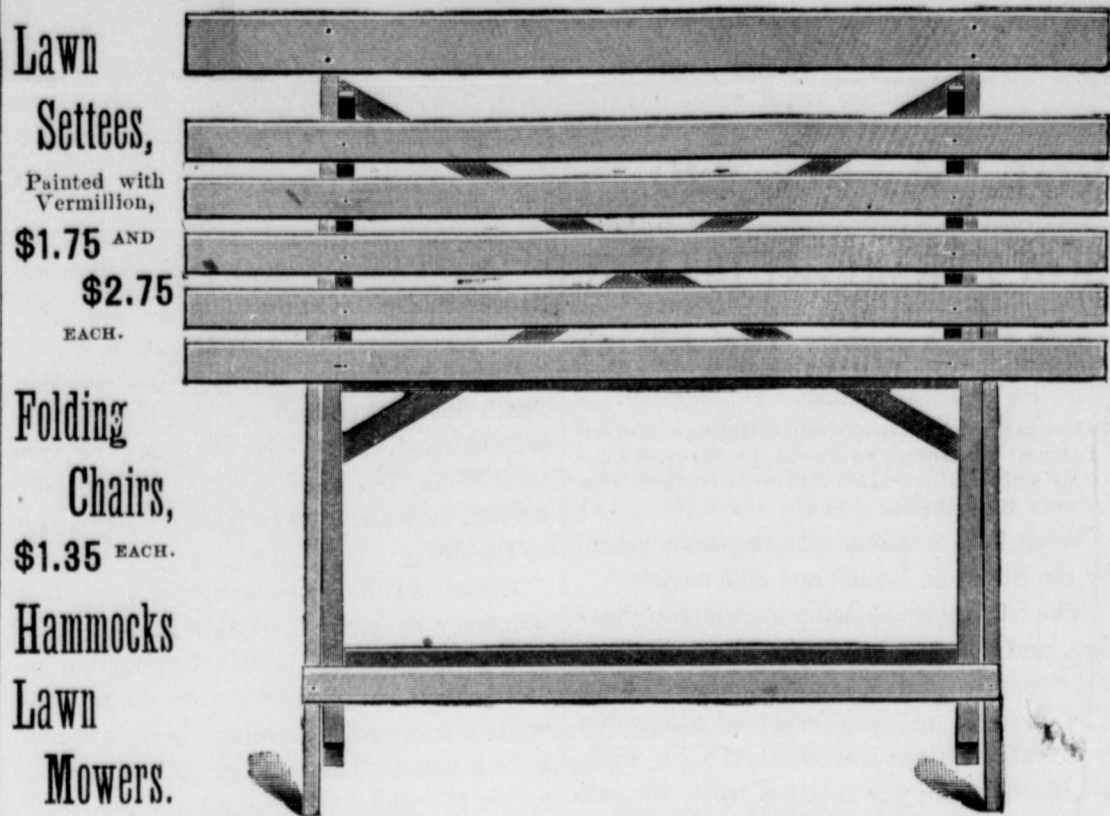
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STAMPS WANTED. USED before completion of a collection, I also want pairs and blocks, on and off envelopes for my collection. Actually the highest prices paid. Particularly want some New Brunswick 7 1/2c. provisional (rate to Great Britain). Send list of what you have for sale. Sheets of stamps sent on approval to collectors. H. L. HARR, 71, Göttingen street, Halifax, N.S. June 11.

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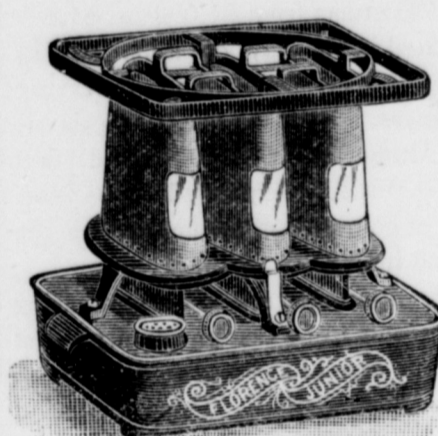
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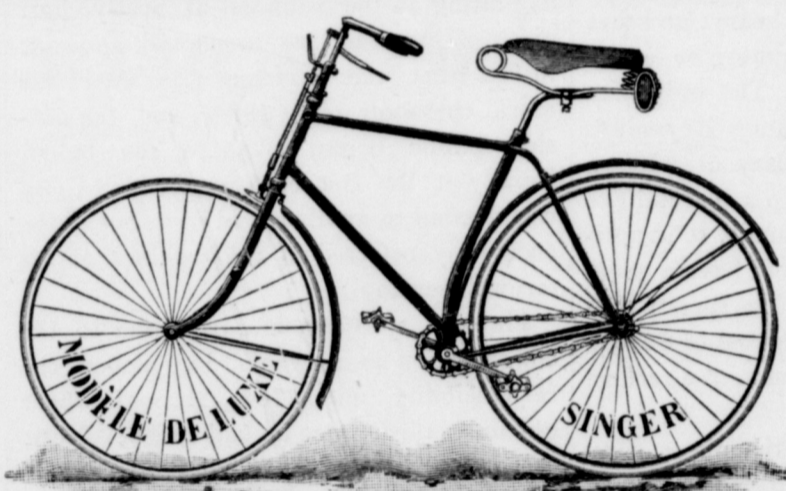
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Mr. Jack Kirkpatrick led the field from scratch at the Moncton Bicycle race, on the 12th July, on his

Modele de Luxe Singer, PNEUMATIC TIRES, winning another gold medal. Six entries, four started. At Annapolis on July 1st, the same rider with the same wheel won the race, and secured the gold medal. The first Century for the Maritime Provinces was ridden by Mr. F. H. L. Ruel, on a Modele de Luxe Singer with Dunlop Pneumatic tires winning the gold Century Bar. Over 60 wheels sold so far. Another lot of Pneumatics on the way. You make no mistake in buying a Singer.

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