

Greeting:

This morning we make our bow to the public in as pretentious a manner as becomes our ambition.

We do not feel because we have installed ourselves in the line of King street merchants that we have grown inches taller or feet broader in the eyes of the people of St. John.

We say at the outset that we do not expect favor or friendship, or admiration to bring us patronage, but we will simply rely on the merits and value of the goods which we sell, to bring in trade.

For many years the principal of our firm and a large proportion of our staff have been connected with the dry goods trade of St. John. This is enough about ourselves. We will now say something about our goods.

We have taken pains to select goods suitable, durable, saleable, and stylish. Our next effort was to secure them at prices that would enable us to sell at lower prices than the established firms. This we did by paying cash for them.

We are not blind to the fact that we, as new-comers, have got to offer some special inducement to the people to get their patronage, the inducement will be in value, what you cannot get from the firms which have a foothold.

Our goods are all new and are cullings of the most desirable goods from the British market and fashion centres. Our stock embraces everything that can be found in a first-class dry goods store, adding also that of a gents' furnishing establishment. Our store at 97 King street, formerly occupied by Welsh, Hunter & Hamilton, has been extended and now runs through to Market street, making one of the deepest stores on the street.

We have spared neither pains nor expense in fitting it to the convenience of the trade.

FRED. A. DYKEMAN & CO.

LOOKING FOR LICENSES.

MOVING DAY IN MASSACHUSETTS AROUND THE BARROOMS.

How the Proprietors Have to Hustle—The Chase for Black and Red Chromos—What the Aldermen Get Out of It—It is a Purely Political Game.

LOWELL, May 2.—Bar-room politics are not unknown in St. John, but a politician from any part of the province would get an eye opener if he happened to strike a Massachusetts town or city about the first of May.

On that date the moving is confined mostly to the bar-rooms. The people move all the year round, whenever they feel like it, and are entirely indifferent to the fact that a certain day in the springtime, pretty sure to be wet and muddy affords grand opportunity to smash and shatter, scratch and bespatter the household goods, that are carefully dusted and tenderly handled on the other 364 days in the year.

Here the bar-rooms move—some of them. Every man who runs a bar-room is a politician. Whether he gets a license or not, all depends on the work he does on election day, and the honesty of the alderman who has pledged himself in order to get elected. Few men can get elected unless they make a deal with the liquor gang. Few men serve more than one year at the board.

Reason: There are never enough licenses to go around—and the sore heads do their level best on the next election day.

According to law, each city should grant one license to every 1000 of population. At the last census, Lowell had 77,000, which makes 77 licenses. After the next census, ten more will be added.

One of these black and red chromos is worth \$1,500. Yet several hundred people put in applications for them every April. Each man thinks he has a dead sure thing.

Granting the licenses is one of the biggest events of the year. Each alderman has so many licenses, which he can give to whom he pleases; there are a few privileged places; then the fight comes to see who shall get the best of the few that remain to be granted.

The aldermen are besieged with applicants and influential friends. They lay for them at street corners, meet them at their homes, dodge them in city hall, and make promises for temporary relief.

Meetings are held which last long into the night; there is speculation and rumors of boodlism; secret sessions and tours of inspection—for the license committee must inspect the premises of every applicant. Then the law provides—that every dealer shall be a victualer, that he must be able to furnish a good meal to any one who calls for it, and serve it in style. About the first of May the number of restaurants—and good ones at that,—in Massachusetts, would accommodate all the visitors to the World's Fair.

And the cigars! Every alderman gets enough in that week of inspection to last him the balance of the year.

The day the licenses are granted excitement is at high pitch.

Here in Lowell the fight between the Republican and Democratic alderman was bitter, and 200 nearly applicants couldn't go to sleep for a week.

Early one morning, the City Messenger was instructed to call a meeting of the council for the afternoon, and the news spread all over town.

In the afternoon the city hall was crowded. About three o'clock the aldermen met. A squad of 12 policemen headed by the chief, stood guard over them, and in a few minutes orders were given to clear the hall. Everybody had to get out—nearly all the city officials shared the fate of the crowd, and those who stayed in had business to do of greatest importance.

All afternoon the street in front of city hall was crowded and a squad of police kept everybody moving. Another squad was distributed all over the building. The aldermen were in executive session, fighting over the licenses.

The crowd waited, waited patiently, but

at six o'clock went home to supper. In the evening it gathered again, growing larger and larger hour after hour.

The aldermen in the mayor's office took off their coats to it, and some turned up their trousers. They smoked cigars until they couldn't see each other across the room and finally had to adjourn to another part of the building.

Meanwhile the crowd outside grew larger; bets were made on the chances of applicants, and the applicants themselves excitedly discussed the situation and watched the windows of city hall.

Downstairs in the overseers of the poor office, a dozen reporters played cards and smoked cigars all afternoon and evening, waiting for the board to come in, and every time one of them went out he was surrounded by the crowd, eager for news.

All city business was paralyzed, the liquor question ruled the day, and the entire city hall was given over to it.

And so the evening wore on. Midnight came, and no news from the aldermen. The crowd still waited, now jumbled up against the street door, anxious to get a first chance in. When the theatres closed more people had come.

So it was at one o'clock; no change at two; three o'clock came, and with it the aldermen. They had completed the hardest night's work of the year, and upon the result their chances for re-election.

The street door opened, the crowd rushed in, and breathlessly waited for the list of fortunate ones to be read. Then there was rejoicing and swearing, and threats of vengeance, in the midst of which the aldermen slid out to coaches at the street door and were driven home.

The licenses had been awarded. It is purely a political game. The character of an applicant is not taken into consideration at all, men who have been in the business all their lives, and made it as respectable as it is possible for the liquor business to be, are thrown down, simply because they have lost their pull.

Nervy hustlers from out of town come in with wads of money and somehow or other they get what they want and new bar-rooms bloom out after the first of May.

Nobody trusts the liquor dealers. They are faithful to nobody, party, friends and everybody else is thrown down, to get a license. The wholesalers own the board and see that their best customers are looked out for.

It all goes to show the wonderful influence and importance of the liquor traffic, and should furnish temperance cranks with material for all time to come.

Boston has placed its licenses in the hands of a commission, and in a few years all Massachusetts will have done the same.

R. G. LARSEN.

To La Chine Rapids. To THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS.—The verses appended are by Miss Menard, an American lady who takes a great interest in Canadian literature, and who has written some very lovely verse on Canadian topics. These I clipped from a Montreal paper. Would you mind reproducing them in PROGRESS and greatly oblige.

ONE OF YOUR READERS.

Thou Mantion of cloud and foam: Stern sovereign of the river home; With what wild power thou holdest still, Subservient to thy fickle will, The flood's mad spirit and the strength And fury of the tide's blue length.

Thou it is who doth loose or bind The portals of the caverned wind, And down the pastures of the deep Dost drive like flocks of frightened sheep, The milk white mist that homeward bring At eve, their eyes for fostering.

The storm makes music in thine ear, Who billesome, void of mortal fear, Dost taunt the lightning swift, and mock The booming of the thunder shock Until thy pauses in their glee Shake all the caverns of the sea, And thrill beneath their rock ribbed sands, The reaches of the distant strands.

Yet on a silent, sombre day, Close wrapp'd in vapors chill and gray, In solemn mood, with mist-like breath Thou raisest from forgotten death, Dim taint the lightning swift, and mock The booming of the thunder shock Until thy pauses in their glee Shake all the caverns of the sea, And thrill beneath their rock ribbed sands, The reaches of the distant strands.

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Ab, sorcerer of this vast sea! Wild-breasted, voiceful mystery, 'Tis God alone can "scape thy spell, And only He thy might shall quell.

—Josette Gertrude Menard.

WHAT PEOPLE READ.

Authors Whose Books are Now Sought in Public Libraries.

Fashions change in books as in bonnets, and the rise and fall of popular writers follow the mode as the tide follows the moon, says the N. Y. Sun. Have you read so and so? queries one woman of another at a tea, or questions the girl of her young man, and straightway he or she who is questioned, reads the book and is ready to inquire of some one else. Rider Haggard, who only a few years ago was all the vogue, is no longer in great demand, judging from the library lists. Robert Louis Stevenson has met nearly the same fate. Bellamy's "Looking Backward" has apparently sent him to the rear. Mrs. Humphrey Ward has gone to rest with "David Greive." Kipling, the erratic, may tell what "belongs to another story" without exciting any great interest, and Mary J. Holmes, Mrs. Southworth, Ouida, and Agnes Fleming are little read.

The prolific and versatile Balzac is greatly read by men, for men are more faithful in their literary loves than women, less given to dipping indiscriminately into the field of books and more inclined to read along well-defined lines. But it is Barrie and Hardy, Marion Crawford, Mary Wilkins, Amelie Rives, Jerome K. Jerome, Blanche Willis Howard, William Black, Frank Stockton, Walter Besant, Ibsen, George Meredith, Pierre Loti, and Dumas, beside the standard writers like Dickens, Scott, &c. Lew Wallace is another favorite, and in one comparatively small library there are twenty-five copies of "Ben Hur" to meet the demand. Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" was greatly read during the winter, owing to the cheap editions published.

Mr. Dean on Native Beef.

To THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS.—In the Daily Telegraph of Tuesday I noticed interviews with a traveller, a hotel proprietor and some of the butchers of St. John, in regard to New Brunswick beef. Now, sir, I wish to state from my nearly twenty year's experience, that the supply of good meat is quite ample for the demand of all, who wish to pay a reasonable price. It is obtainable at all seasons of the year; that is, if the principal wholesale dealers, among whom are H. J. McDonald, are engaged to furnish good beef and allow them a living profit.

I would like to know at what hotel the traveller in question is resting. It would enable me to explain more to the point. At some good houses in St. John, I think I could insure good meat at a small premium, and consider it a good risk. There are some of the buyers for hotels, who look to the victualler first for the list of beef they require, and look elsewhere to traders and others, for whatever else they require in the same line. Surely the men referred to, do not imagine, for a moment, they are getting the choicest meat for their guests. If they are, then, I can only say, the dealer is not doing justice to his trade or himself.

It would appear from the Telegraph that there are only two dealers in St. John who keep good meat, and only at Easter. The fact is, there are lots of meat markets where there is equally good meat kept at all seasons of the year. I contend we have as good live stock, and feeders in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick and are willing to deal at as small a margin as it can be done elsewhere. The next ramble the Telegraph reporter takes, I hope he will meet some who will speak more truthfully of our farmers and market.

THOMAS DEAN, 13 and 14 City Market.

Says the Story is True.

To THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS.—The story referred to in your paper of the 29th ult. as "a libel on the railways of New Brunswick," was true in part, as passengers were cautioned by a printed notice hung up in the cars that it was well to get out and walk over a certain bridge on the Salisbury and Harvey railroad, and also that if they remained in the car while crossing said bridge they did so at their own risk.

Yours truly, A. C. TRAVELER.

An Economical Trip.

Two girls who went to Europe by themselves last year and saw something of Ireland, of Wales, much of the beauty of rural England, spent two weeks in London, three in Paris, went through to Genoa, did some Alpine climbing and saw the prettiest Swiss towns, went to Germany, down the Rhine, and to Brussels and Amsterdam,

spent just \$350, including every expense. Their trip lasted three months, and included fifty places. They always went to a hotel, had all they wanted, and saw everything they desired. And yet all tradition agrees that women are extravagant.—[Ex.]

The Ocean Tramp.

In the English Illustrated Magazine Mr. Herbert Russell gives a careful description of the various classes of "Cargo Steamships." Of the "Ocean Tramp" he says:—"A commonplace looking steamboat, leisurely steaming the tide, with a long dark trail of smoke shadowing her wake, and a glistening white bilcock of foam churning up under her stern. She may be a vessel of any size, build, or rig, for the term is quite a generic one; but she is usually the shoddy of the ship-yard, constructed by contract at a cost of something like £7 or £8 per ton, engines included. There will be many a blind rivet-hole and cracked plate underlying the bright slate and salmon-colored paint upon her sides. The skipper, who is probably a reluctant holder of three sixty-fourths in the venture, whilst he uneasily paces the bridge is troubled by the strongest misgivings as to how she will behave in the first gale of wind he may encounter; nor is his confidence greatly increased by some common discovery as that the steam steering-gear will not act, or the engineer's report of a very ugly flaw just noticed by him in the main shaft. Yet the hardship is that there is a vessel expected by her proprietor to keep good time in her voyages. Let the weather be what it will, the ocean tramp must never cease thrusting ahead. The melancholy refrain of her master's thought is for ever "prompt dispatch." The jerry-built engines may break down, or refuse to propel the craft head-on to a violent gale; the cargo may shift; whilst driving at full speed through a blinding fog the ship may come into collision; but all these risks the unfortunate master of the ocean tramp dare not pause to weigh. He knows that his means of livelihood, and indeed often enough his very life itself, hangs by the merest thread."

Send for anything you want, try it, then exchange it or have your money back if you want it.

Best Business Pens, doz. 15 cts. Oblique Penholder, each 15 cts. 2 Sheets of Written Copies, with instructions, 20 cts. Set of Business or Fancy Capitals, 20 cts. Vest Pocket Speller, 30 and 60 cts. Business Correspondence, 60 cts. We pay the postage. Send promptly. Snell's Business College, - Windsor, N. S.

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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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EGGS FOR SETTING. Black Lang-shan (Kerry strain) \$2.00 per 12; Blue Andalusians from five imported strains, splendid layers, \$1.25 per 12. Houdan's imported birds, \$1.25 per 12. Indian Game Fowls (Sharp's strain) for sale, and Houdan's from trained birds of long distance record. P. L. PRICE, Kentville, N. S. 6-5-31\*

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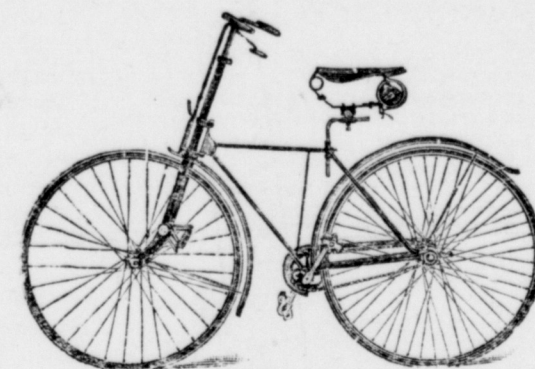
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FRAZEE'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, 110 Hollis St., Halifax is in session day and evening. Best place to learn Bookkeeping, Business, etc., also Stenography and Typewriting. Send for our circular. J. C. F. FRAZEE, Principal. 119 tf.

BOARDING. A FEW PERMANENT or TRANSIENT Boarders can be accommodated with large and pleasant rooms, in that very centrally located house, 78 Sidney street. - Mrs. McLENSIE. May 2

Brantford 1893 Bicycles

with G and J PNEUMATIC TIRES are the best. TROTTER SULKIES with G and J Pneumatic Tires.



W. H. THORNE & CO., Market Square, St. John.

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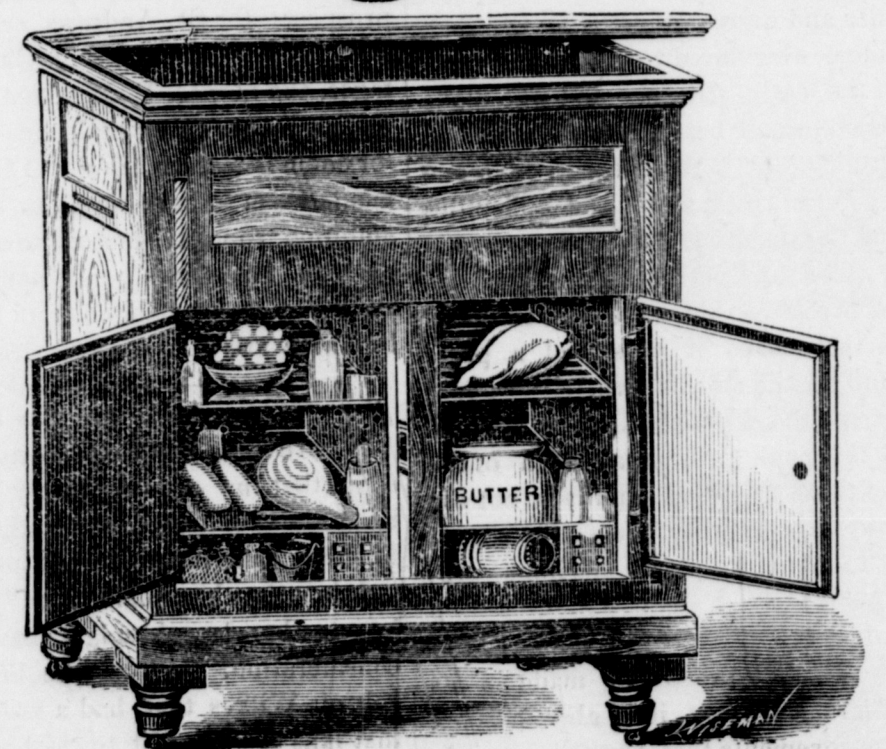
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Call and see us; or, if you are too busy drop us a line, or telephone and we will call and see you. BICYCLE ACADEMY Growing in Popularity.

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Samples now on the floor. Prices from \$9.00 up. Call early. EMERSON & FISHER,

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Get a 'Pearl' Filter and affix it to the faucet from which you take your drinking water, and you may take a drink in the dark and know that the water is pure. The usual flow is uninterrupted, so the general supply faucet may be used without inconvenience. Faucets without any screw threads on them may be fitted with the filters by simply reversing them. Price—Nickel plated, \$1; with Glass body, \$1.75 each. Ad-justable thread connection, 35c. each. Mailed to any Address on receipt of Price.

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