

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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DOES IT PAY TO KILL MEN?

The execution of CARLYLE HARRIS, at Sing Sing, New York, last Monday, for the poisoning of his wife two years ago, brings to an end a case that has attracted an unusual amount of attention. HARRIS was not a common, everyday murderer, it was indeed a murderer of any kind, but was educated, clever and of good family. The crime of which he was convicted was the poisoning of his wife, known in her lifetime as HELEN POTTS, and if he was guilty, the circumstances were such as to preclude any sympathy for him. He fully deserved his fate.

HARRIS was a medical student in New York, and became acquainted with Miss POTTS in the summer of 1889. In February, 1890, the two were secretly married, and the girl continued to bear her maiden name. Later, she was sent to a boarding school, where she died in February, 1891, with every indication of morphine poisoning. HARRIS had been prescribing for her.

After her death, it transpired that HARRIS was in love with an heiress, and hence the death of the woman to whom he was legally married would remove the obstacle in the way of his making a better match. Later, the body was exhumed and a sufficient quantity of morphine more than sufficient to have caused death was found. She had been in the best of spirits up to the day of her death, and there was no ground for a theory of suicide. The only medicine she had taken was that prescribed by HARRIS.

When the result of the autopsy was made known, HARRIS offered to surrender himself, but was not arrested until the grand jury found a true bill of wilful murder against him. He was tried in January, 1892, and was sentenced to die in March of that year. An appeal was taken, and since then there have been powerful efforts to secure a new trial, but without avail. From the first to the last, HARRIS has persistently asserted his innocence, and when two others escaped from prison, a week or two ago, he refused to go with them. His last words prior to his execution were, "I desire to say I am absolutely innocent."

An effort was made during and after the trial to show that Miss POTTS had been in the habit of taking morphine pills, but the most careful and patient sifting of the evidence failed to support this theory. On the contrary, the girl, while conscious shortly before her death, spoke distinctly of the medicine given by HARRIS, and the confidence she had that he would not give her anything that would hurt her. The commissioner to whom was referred the evidence to report upon, when an application was made for executive clemency, could come to no other conclusion than that the deceased had taken morphine medicinally prescribed for her, and died from the effects of it, and not otherwise.

The amount of attention which the courts have given the case, make it probable that HARRIS was unquestionably guilty. One can readily understand how an innocent person can be condemned on circumstantial evidence in a hasty trial, or where he has neither money nor friends to aid in his defence, but where every detail has been so thoroughly gone over by the aid of the best criminal lawyers in the country, it can hardly be thought that the verdict was not warranted. On the other hand, HARRIS has acted the role of an innocent man from the outset. He was sent into eternity either with a lie on his lips or a victim of judicial murder.

Assuming that HARRIS was guilty, his crime was one which cannot be justified or excused on any ground. There are many cases of what the law classes as murder in which there is some ground for sympathy. A man may be driven to do a murderous deed by this or that impulse, but where one treacherously poisons a woman who trusts him, with mere cupidity as a motive, his offence cannot be condoned. It seems to be one of the instances in which capital punishment seems no more than right, if it

ever can be right. Yet in the case of HARRIS, even, it is questionable if life imprisonment would not have as fully served the ends of justice, and were he merely the victim of circumstantial evidence the error of the court which convicted him might be rectified, could his innocence be established at any future time. It is doubtful if it "pays" to hang a man under any circumstances.

That is to say, the excessive penalty instead of having the effect of punishing crime, really permits many whose guilt may not be of the deepest dye, to go unpunished. Juries will readily convict a man of crimes punishable by imprisonment, but they will often fail to do so when the effect of their conviction will be to cause life to be forfeited.

A leading New York paper recently pointed out that crime in that city had wonderfully decreased of late years, with the single exception of the crime of murder, where the penalty was the most severe. The prompt arrest, conviction and punishment of burglars, thieves and the like had produced the desired effect, but murderers had not been punished on the same proportion, because men were too reluctant to condemn their fellows to death. People abhor a murderer and detest his crime, but they are loth to say the word which will seal his doom. Were there a less severe punishment, fewer murderers would escape, and more actual justice would be done. As it is now, the proportion of men who are executed, or even convicted, is small in proportion to the number of murders. That this is largely due to the existence of the death penalty cannot be denied. Justice is defeated because men are becoming more and more averse to capital punishment. It therefore "does not pay" to kill a man, even under the sanction of the law.

This is a purely commercial way of looking at the matter, apart from the abstract right or wrong of capital punishment, but the figures would seem to show that it is a reasonable way of considering the question. Men who are wise are not prone to follow that which does not pay them. Why should not the state take the same kind of a view of matters?

UNJUST TO THE POETS.

It has been the custom of PROGRESS to refer to the New York Sun as a usually well informed paper, the statements of which as to matters of fact may be taken as fairly correct. Once in a while, however, the Sun seems to go wrong, and to say things which have apparently emanated from a brain filled with distorted imaginings. It did so the other day on the question of the living poets.

In answer to the question, how many living poets are there in the world at the winding up of the nineteenth century, the reply is, "about a million." That estimate may be correct, and had the statement ended there, it would have been difficult to prove anything to the contrary. The Sun, however, made the mistake of attempting to apportion this million to different portions of the globe. It did so after this fashion.

We allow one hundred thousand for this country, thirty thousand for England and Ireland, a half dozen for Canada, a hundred for Africa (excluding the Barbary States and Egypt), forty or fifty thousand for South America, where capricious poets flourish like mites in an old cheese, a hundred thousand for the Powers of the Triple Alliance, seventy-five thousand for France, as many for Spain, half as many for Portugal, twenty for Russia, as many for Turkey, a big lot for the Scandinavian countries, six hundred for Iceland, a baker's dozen for Australia, a small squad for Mexico, and the rest for Asia, which contains more than one half of the human race.

Halt a dozen for Canada, indeed! Does this particular writer for the Sun read PROGRESS, and has he studied its columns week by week since the five dollar a month competition began? Evidently not, or he would have seen that more than half a dozen living Canadian poets were represented in each issue, and that in the aggregate, since the competition began, there have been several dozen, to say nothing of many more dozens who have sent contributions which have not yet appeared. We protest against the United States being credited with a hundred thousand as against a pitiful half a dozen for Canada. In this, our own Canadian home, poets are almost as plentiful as justices of the peace or officers in the volunteer militia, and it would not be difficult to find half a dozen in St. John in half an hour any day. Does not the Sun know that the songs of our poets are sent all over the world in connection with the advertisement of a superior kind of soap made in this province, and does it not know that there are contributors to PROGRESS who can reel off poetry as fast as a dog can trot? If the Sun does not know these things it ought to know them, for they are solid and incontrovertible facts.

Half a dozen poets, indeed, for five millions of people. There must be more nearly half a million. In the city of St. John alone there are dozens of men who can write poetry any day of the week, and do it a good deal faster than some of the men who have a world-wide reputation. There are dozens who used to write poetry, but do not do so now, simply because they have not the time. There is no money in it for them and we are a practical business people who have enough to do to think about the advantages of St. John as a winter port and manufacturing site, without mooning over verses. But when the occasion comes, our poets will be to the front, and their verses will be poured out on an astonished world

faster than the newspapers can be induced to print them. Then we will see what becomes of the Sun's apportionment.

What if the winter was cold and we had a "backward spring," the summer is a certainty to such of us as may be spared to see it. In view of this it is really a duty for every dweller in a city who has the slightest facilities for a garden to have one; and there are few who have not the chance if they will only use it. It is not necessary to have an acre of land to do this. For the ordinary citizen the measurement of the land may be by yards or feet, and not many of them at that. The excellence of flower gardens is very often in inverse ratio to their area, because where there is but a little to be looked after it will be the more cared for and valued. Odd corners in backyards may be made beauty spots, and where they cannot be had, there may at least be a chance for a choice assortment of flowers in a window garden. Even one lone flower in a pot is better than nothing. Flowers are one of the mediums through which God appeals to men to lift up their hearts to something beyond the care and selfishness of this life, and they are among the most potent of educators. The boy who has been taught to love flowers has been advanced a long way on the road to a self-respecting and God-fearing manhood. By all means cultivate flowers, and encourage the children to do so.

The assertion that "stone walls do not a prison make" seems to have special significance in the case of the Dowager Duchess of Sutherland, recently imprisoned in England for contempt of court in destroying a document. Her grace was sent to Holloway jail and conducted to her "cell," an apartment twenty-five feet long by fifteen feet wide. This room, according to one of the papers, "had been fitted up in very comfortable style by a firm of furniture dealers, the furniture having arrived in two vans early in the afternoon. The chairs are covered in blue plush. The apartment is further brightened by tapestry hangings, and the floor is carpeted. In one corner is a brass bedstead and toilet suite, and a bright tender and firebricks add to the cheerful appearance of the room. Additional comforts were presumably contained in a number of trunks conveyed in a small waggone, which, however, was kept outside until long after her Grace had been received into the prison." The prison rules were relaxed in her favor in other ways, so that so far as consideration for her comfort was concerned, she could not have been treated with more deference if she had been a resident of Moncton charged with manslaughter.

It would seem that the art of putting men to death under process of law has been brought to what is very near perfection, by the science of electricity. The execution of CARLYLE HARRIS, at Sing Sing, N. Y., this week was free from any of the dreadful scenes that attended the earlier experiments in electrocution. The condemned man is believed to have been killed instantly, and without pain. The first shock completed the work, though the current was kept on for a minute and a quarter. At the end of that time not a trace of life could be detected, nor was there anything to indicate that HARRIS had felt the shock that so quickly sent him out of the world. When it is considered that in the most successful cases of hanging the beating of the heart continues for a number of minutes, the new method appears to be much the more decent and humane.

The small boy who delights to "snatch a fearful joy" by crawling under the canvas and seeing the circus free of charge, will regret that his lot has not been cast in Chicago. The youth of that city appear to be having an exhilarating time in climbing the fences around the exhibition grounds and telling the expositulating but powerless sentinels to go and chase themselves. Friends of the small boy everywhere will regret to learn that the number of acrobatic dead-heads has become so large that the management has decided to reinforce the barrier by the application of barbed wire. It may be, indeed, that the ingenuity and persistence of the small boy will surmount even this obstacle, even though after accomplishing the feat his trousers will be in a shocking state of dilapidation.

The second of the letters of "NOEL PILGRIM," the special commissioner of PROGRESS at the World's Fair, appears in this issue, and gives a condensed and graphic view of the great show and its surroundings. These letters will be of increasing interest as the exhibition continues, and being written by a gentleman well known to readers of PROGRESS in the past, and in every way qualified to do justice to the subject, they must command special attention from a wide circle of readers.

It seemed peculiarly fitting that Thursday, the day on which was commemorated the Ascension of our LORD, should be one of the brightest and most glorious days of the season. Coming, as it did, after so long a period of chilly weather, it seemed like the earnest of another of our beautiful summers, which, perhaps, in our proneness to murmur at other seasons, we value all too little.

There seems to be a consensus of opinion that there is "a backward spring" this year.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

At Eventime. They walked together, hand in hand, Across the sands at eventime; The gentle wind blew on the land, Across the sands at eventime. The waves were ripples on the beach, And whispering secrets of the sea; The setting sun sank in the west, Far o'er the waves as eye could see. Two hearts were childish love, And childish innocence entwined, Two happy children going home Across the sands, at eventime. They strolled along the pebbly beach, Across the sands at eventime; They now were youth and maiden gown, Each spake to each in tender tone, Sweet earnest words, at eventime. Ah! 'twere his life, when love is young, Hand clasped in hand, so warm and light; They watched the sunset glory bright, Fade o'er the sands at eventime. Across the sands at eventime, They bore him to his quiet grave; They laid him in the church-yard green, Where gentle winds, the wild flowers wave. She watched alone, the setting sun Sink in the west, and pass from sight; Tinge all the waves with crimson glow, And, slowly fading, leaves the night. And now she waits beside the shore, And watches for the coming time, When o'er her life's sands, time's setting sun, Shall throw its light at eventime. PETER PAUL.

In the "Grey Hours" The sun is sinking in the glowing west, The robin sings upon the elm tree, The blackbird homeward flies unto her nest, With heart overflowing with sweet melody. While I sit brooding in the twilight lone, Can it be true, that "man was made to mourn?" Shall we not cease to grieve till at God's throne We stand? And, till that time, can grief be borne? Not by our strength alone, can that be done, But only by that strength lent from above, The help that comes to us from God's own Son, Can we triumph over trials proved. Then let us cast our burdens all on Him, And, like the birds, sing, and drive out all care, Then, though sometimes with tears our eyes are dim, Our trials will not be so hard to bear. KEAT HODDYRE.

May, 1893.

BOOKS AND REVIEWS.

"Donahoe's Magazine" appears to improve with each issue, and the May number has a fine table of contents, including several very fully illustrated articles. "Through the World's Fair in an Hour," by Commissioner E. C. Hovey, is very timely and has a number of admirable engravings. Among other features this month are: "The Sacrifice of the Shop Girl," by Mary B. O'Sullivan; "The Catholic in Politics," by Thomas C. Quinn; "The Sisters in the Civil War," by Charles S. O'Neill; "Thirty Years of Ireland's Battle," by Hon. John F. Finerty; "In American Studios," illustrated, by Henry Austin; "The Knights of Columbus," illustrated, by Thomas W. Cummings; "Suppressing Dangerous Books," by Rev. Charles Warren Currier; "Round About Plattsburgh," illustrated, by Bayard Bradford, and a discussion, "Should Married Women Work?" In fiction there are contributions by James Realf, Jr., and Jessie M. Burgoyne, while there are poems by George Russell Jackson, Eugene Davis, Mary Therese West, Katherine E. Conway, Rev. A. B. O'Neill, C. S. C., Godfrey Egremont, Arlo Bates, Rev. Mortimer Edward Twomey, Cora Stuart Wheeler and John S. Browning. St. John readers will be interested in a paper on "A Famous Controversy," by Rev. T. C. McGoldrick, on which reference is made to the "Ipse, Ipsa, Ipsum" discussion between Rev. J. M. Davenport and Dr. Quigley. A high tribute is paid to the labors of the latter gentleman. Donahoe's Magazine Co., publishers, Boston.

The initial paper of "The Cosmopolitan" for May is entitled "In the Footsteps of Dickens," by Harger Ragan, and is finely illustrated with engravings of some of the places the world will ever associate with the great author and his books. The contribution of Camille Flammarion's "Omega, the Last Days of the World" is remarkable and thrilling. W. D. Howells has a story "The traveller from Altruria," and Mr. S. Merwin discusses "The Pedagogical Value of the Novel." Among the splendidly illustrated papers are "Prison Life at Belle Isle," "Lumbering in the Northwest," "The Spoil of the Puma," "Herrick Ibsen's Poems" and "American Society in Paris." This is a specially good number of "The Cosmopolitan," and contains a very varied table of contents. For sale by all news-dealers; price 25 cents.

"Worthington's Magazine" always has some good short stories, and the May number is no exception to the rule. Among them are "Old Bowman" "A Wild Rose in the Patent Office" and "The Rocking Chair," the latter being sufficiently graphic to satisfy anybody. The illustrated papers have a large number of engravings; that on "Some Women Artists of New York City," is sure to interest all lovers of art; while "A Summer in Hoch Tyrol" gives a bright glimpse of life in that part of Europe. There is a very readable paper on "Charles Lamb and his letters," and a fine variety of useful and entertaining things in the Departments, which are a feature of its publication. Worthington & Co., Hartford, Conn., \$2.50 a year; 25 cents a number.

"In a Promised Land" is the title of a novel by M. A. Bengough, published by Harper Brothers and for sale at J. & A. McMillan & Co's, St. John. It is one of the Franklin Square Library, and contains a good deal of reading for 50 cents.

IN AN OLD GRAVEYARD.

Curious Epitaphs in a New Brunswick City of the Dead. The "graveyard" has long become a thing of the past, and in its place we have the fashionable cemetery. Imposing and gorgeous red and grey granite pillars have taken the place of the plain marble slab with the device of a weeping willow, a broken link, an anchor, or a cross. It is not in an ironical or cynical view that we assert fashion has changed with respect to tombstones. Go through a new cemetery and then wander around the graveyard for a century or half a century ago and you will find what was the correct thing in the past, is not at all "comme il faut" now. We erect a large and artistic monument and simply inscribe thereon the name of the departed, considering it unnecessary to give his pedigree or enlarge, in stone, upon his virtues. Not so with our ancestors. It was more the custom in those days to roam on a quiet Sunday afternoon around the city of the dead, and it was a poor tombstone which did not give some information about him it commemorated, or have some startling advice for the careless living. The quaint verses inscribed upon many a stone, preached salutary sermons, no doubt, to those who read them; to the irreverent twentieth century curiosity hunter they interest, because they amuse. Sometimes the inscription does not convey the intended meaning. For instance:— In Frederick a sorrowing husband of a past God erected a stone: "To the departed memory Of my dear wife." He did not mean that the memory of his dear wife had departed, but such is the impression left upon the graveyard wanderer of today. I was strolling through a very old graveyard of this province, where there are buried many persons who deceased in the first few years of the century. Upon one stone erected to the memory of three children is this startling poetic effusion:— "Weep not for us, parents dear, We are not dead, but sleeping here; As we are now, so you must be, Prepare for death and follow us."

The poetic license is here somewhat taken advantage of, at the expense of the Queen's English. The following epitaph, not far from that already quoted conveys one of those warnings I have said these stones were in the habit of crying out: "Stay, stranger stay, behold thy certain doom; Nor health, nor friends can shield thee from the tomb. Could friend or prophet, wife or children save, I had not sunk into an early grave. But now my widow mourns her prospects dim, And three loved children weep their parent dead, Thus, speaks the dead, ye living lend an ear, Repent, believe, to meet thy God prepare."

Upon the tombstone of a child is this verse: "Here lies a flower of innocence Which unto us was given But when the Lord He thought it fit, He planted it in Heaven." A weeping willow droops in melancholy abandon over this quotation, forming a fit inscription: "How loved, how valued once avails thee not To whom related, or by whom begot, A heap of dust alone remains of thee 'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be."

In another part of the yard I came across a bit of verse evidently conveying to the departed the sentiments of a sorrowing widower. It reads: "Stay for me there, I will not fail, To meet thee in that hallowed vale Each minute is a short decree, And every hour a step toward thee." One Oliver Junk, who according to the slab over his grave, "in his day was truthful and just," thus warns his survivors: "O, sons of men, with anxious care Thy heart and ways explore, Return from paths of vice to God, Return and sin no more."

Two little ones have this happy announcement to make through the medium of their headstone: "Safe, have we reached That happy shore, We are now at home To die no more." A firm belief in the doctrine of the resurrection of the body is implied in this, which is written upon a stone: "My flesh shall slumber in the ground, Till the last trumpet's joyful sound, Then burst the chains with sweet surprise And in my Saviour's image rise."

Perhaps as quaint an inscription as any which I have already quoted is the following: "Farewell my wife and children dear, 'Tis my remains lie under here. I hope in glory to arise, And meet you at the great Assize." It will be noticed that most of the poetry surmounts the graves of children. Very laconic, but none the less expressive are those four words which appear on one stone commemorating two little ones: "O, how we loved them!"

The inscriptions which I have given in this article are to be found in two graveyards in a quiet town with high aspirations, not a hundred miles from St. John. A friend tells me of a most remarkable verse which he read. It is too good to allow to pass while on this exhilarating subject: "A little child, a box of paints, She sucked the brush, and joined the saints, I will not, however, be responsible for the above, being found in a New Brunswick churchyard.

Surprise Soap in Town. "Surprise Soap" and its handsome wagon and team took its share of attention this week on the streets. The wagon is made the shape of a cake of Surprise soap and makes a good appearance, no doubt proving quite as effective as the usual advertisements of that nature. The wagon and team started on its trip through the country Thursday.

At the Commercial College. The following students passed their final examinations at Whiston's Commercial College this week, and were awarded diplomas: J. L. Sutherland, River John; Miss M. L. McLachlin, Halifax; Wilks B. Ross, Truro; Leonard D. McKenzie, Truro; Monson J. Wardrope, Milford; Edward Crease, Halifax; Joseph F. Smith, Halifax.

WOMAN'S POSITION IN FRANCE.

Though Admitted to Medical Schools, Her Career is Still a Fettered One. Some interesting details recently published of the women in France, show that though the French medical schools have long been open to women, and although they are allowed to practise and hold medical appointments, they have not as yet obtained any of the higher posts in the hospitals, except one woman, who holds a midwife's certificate, and is at the head of the Paris Maternity Hospital, an institution that receives 8,000 patients a year. Mme. Sarrantes is one of the officials connected with the Grand Opera, and the woman's department of the Charenton Asylum for the insane is under feminine direction. A woman in France is not allowed to witness a will. If married, she cannot pursue her calling without the consent of her husband, who has the right to her fees. Women have long been employed as bookkeepers and railway clerks, as guards at crossings, and a few have been made station masters. The commercial talent of French women is well known, but when the disabilities of marriage are considered it is not to be wondered at that the most successful women are widows and spinsters. Mme. Cliquot, the famous wine grower, has as one of her partners her great-granddaughter, the Duchess D'Uzes.

The Shop-girl's Lot. The shop-girl is an important factor in business life, an essential part of the running gear of every large establishment. Beyond this involuntary recognition of her use as a bit of flesh and blood machinery the public she serves evinces no interest, asks no questions as to her present needs or ultimate fate. She is merely a human something, as easily replaced as a broken lever or a worn-out cog. Her personality as a woman; her homelife, its sacrifices and trials; her few pleasures and many cares; her limited income and unlimited longings for everything dainty, womanly and beautiful; and, above all, the development of her soul as the dominating influence of her daily-life amid untoward circumstances, arouse no interest and excite no sympathy in the selfish mass, who regard their God even from no higher standpoint than as the necessary motive power, keeping the world rotating for their sole benefit.

And yet what a heroine the girl is! what a practical embodiment of the Christian virtues! Her cheerful endurance is a most pathetic protest against the injustice of her lot, her triumph over the many temptations daily besetting her the most acceptable prayer ever offered by creature to Creator. —Mary B. O'Sullivan, in Donahoe's Magazine for May.

A Quaint Idea. A new and novel delivery wagon, in the shape of a shoe, of Messrs. Waterbury & Rising, appeared on the streets this week bright and fresh from the work and paint shop of Messrs. Price & Shaw. Those who have visited Boston will perhaps remember something similar sent out by a great shoe concern, and the adoption of the idea in this province will prove an effective advertisement for Messrs. Waterbury & Rising. The work reflects credit on Price & Shaw who have proved their ability to adapt themselves to the ideas and wishes of their customers.

In His New Studio. The Photograph Studio, 85 Germain St. after a thorough renovating and refurbishing has been re-opened by Mr. C. F. Givan, who tells PROGRESS that he has the largest photographic instruments in the Maritime Provinces, and is especially prepared for large groups as well as everything pertaining to photography. All the latest novelties in photography may be procured there, including mantellas and the new enamelled photos now becoming so popular.

Prize Winners of Gold Watches. The following parties in St. John were each winners of Gold Watches in the last competition of the Ladies' Home Monthly. This journal has another competition on their advertising which appears in to-day's issue of this paper: T. J. Dunlop, 25 Castle Street; E. Branscombe, 26 City Road; L. Steeves, Box 482; B. B. Warlock, 79 Winter Street; Mrs. Johnson, 27 Brussels Street; F. Rutherford, 293 Germain Street.

Mr. Snell's Advertising. Almost as regularly as PROGRESS is issued the advertisements of S. G. Snell, of Windsor, are changed. All of them are attractive in their style, and yet they are, perhaps, the plainest of any of the announcements in the paper. Mr. Snell is advertising a new system of short-hand in this issue which will probably pay any and all, who are thinking of learning stenography, to investigate.

The Clifton on the Route. The popular steamer Clifton has been on the route again since the ice left the Kennebecasis and very busy for the season. She is in as good shape and condition as ever, with the same courteous officers and crew. On the 24th the first excursion will be run to Hampton.

A Handsome Store. Mr. Mitchell, who is becoming known through his advertising as "Mitchell, the Shoe Dealer," has a very attractive store on Charlotte Street. He has had it repainted and fitted especially for the business and it cannot fail either to attract or please the people.

Recently the French courts have decided that a young man born in France of a French mother and an English father must serve his time in the French army.