

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAR. 24.

HOW EASTER SPEAKS TO US.

Tomorrow will be a great day among all classes of christians, whether they mark it by special outward observance or simply remember the stupendous miracle which it commemorates. With some the accessories of music and flowers will emphasize the festival, while with others who believe that all days are memorial of the Resurrection, the simple service of prayer and praise will be heard as on other Sundays of the year. In whatever way the occasion may be noted, in the mind of every devout christian will dwell with renewed strength the thought of Him "who for us men and for our salvation came down from Heaven. * * * And was made man. * * * Was crucified for us also. * * * He suffered and was buried."

In whatever form this idea is expressed, in whatever language the story of the Passion has been told, one may strive earnestly and yet fail in a true conception of the great sacrifice by which the redemption of fallen man was wrought. The gross human mind can but feebly comprehend the Divine love, and the tongue of mortal can not express the depth of the wondrous mystery.

Yet all hearts may bound with joy and be indeed lifted up at the sharp antithesis when the plaint of darkness and death is followed by the Alleluia of the resurrection to the life eternal. "And the third day He rose again according to the scripture; He ascended into Heaven. * * * And He shall come again with glory to judge both the quick and the dead; Whose kingdom shall have no end." We may not realize the glorious significance of the triumph of light over darkness and of life over death, but we can, and from our several points of view we must join in all humanity's grand chorus of thanksgiving and praise at Eastertide.

Easter has its lessons for each of us in our own lives, even though we may not rise to a high spiritual conception of its teaching for mankind. It bids us look forward, and not backward, to see the summer before us and not the winter that is gone. It fills us with hope, and cheers us on our journey for another year, and even though our worldly hopes end not in fruition, and our trust in human affairs be vainly placed, we will be the better for having hoped and trusted rather than having remained in passive distrust. In a higher sense than that of mere worldly aspiration,—in the highest sense, the hope in the life to come—the teaching of Easter is the emphasizing of the greatest thing in the world that is, the fitting of our souls for the world that is to come.

IT IS A GOOD TICKET.

Taken as a whole, the ticket selected by the Tax Reduction Association is a good one. Two or three of the names on it are not conspicuously strong, but it would be too much to expect that a ticket without a weak point would be chosen. Considering some of the rumors that have been current the ticket is much better than a good many were led to believe it would be, even though the final improvement of it was deferred until after the executive had presented its list of names.

It is quite safe to say that no ticket to compare with it in strength is likely to be formed, or that any ticket has any chance of defeating it, as a whole. Individuals in opposition may stand a chance of election in some instances, though, at the best it seems at present only a chance. Supposing that even six men opposed to the principles of tax reform are elected, there would still be a more than sufficient working majority to defeat any further schemes of jobbery which might be attempted in the future as they have been in the past. It is not at all likely, however, that as many as six of the ticket will be defeated, and it may be that all will be elected. If they are, the city will have by all odds the best council it has known for many years.

The choice of some of the best men of the present council as candidates is a wise

step. It would, indeed, have been a great mistake to have undertaken to elect a wholly new council, and such a course would have been injurious, if not fatal, to the success of a majority of the ticket. Aldermen McCARTHY, SLAW, SEATON, LOCKHART, BAXTER and O'BRIEN have good records, and their position on important questions has been such as to entitle them to confidence. In the opinion of some, others of the council might have been added or rather taken the places given to some of the new candidates. Not a few, for instance, would have been glad to see the name of Ald. BLIZARD as one of the aldermen at large.

Until it is known what other candidates will be in the field, it is difficult to predict the majorities in any ward. It may be assumed pretty safely that both the Carleton men will be elected with little trouble when the whole city has a voice in the matter, through there may be a hard fight in the North End, which voted against the adoption of the amended charter. Some of the most objectionable members of the council are from North End, the legacy of the old Portland council, and the friends of reform will need to leave nothing to chance in the contest.

The outlook is good for the friends of tax reform, but it will not do to assume that all is safe even in those wards where there will be the faintest show of opposition. The time from now until the election is none too long, and every day should be devoted to seeing that new ground is gained in this or that locality.

The city needs reform, and now is the time to strike for it.

POISONING THE WELLS.

In a recently published sermon of a popular American preacher is a strong denunciation of undraped figures in painting and sculpture. He takes the ground that the exhibition of the nude in art is depraving to the mind, and even goes so far as to assert that much of the irreligion of the present day is due to the moral state of people who appreciate art in the form mentioned.

It must be inferred that this undoubtedly conscientious man has the misfortune to have a naturally gross nature which cannot rise above the animal to the artistic, and that in his limited knowledge of humanity, he assumes that the rest of the world is like him. It is likely enough he is not aware that the statuary and paintings to which he objects are designed from living models, or he would be still more painfully shocked. It would seem incredible to him that a maiden with any claim to decency should disrobe to be gazed at by a man and have her physical perfections perpetuated in marble or given to the world on canvas. He would not believe that, as a matter of fact, the female models in great cities live exceptionally good lives, and that, as between the artist and the model the suggestion of impropriety is the last to be considered. The declaimer against undraped figures would not believe this, because his nature is not pure enough to comprehend it, and if he is a good living man he is so in spite of his gross conception and his lack of a realization that "to the pure all things are pure."

Every once in a while this or that body of men in New England cities make a display of their own impurity and ignorance by a tumult over some piece of statuary that seems to them "improper" and prejudicial to public morality. It happened in Boston not long ago, over a figure in front of the public library building, and it is liable to happen again until the nation gets more civilized and better versed in the ethics of morality. All this time, however, the newspapers are filled with the often actually indecent details of social scandals, and still worse the participants of those scandals continue to be welcomed in so-called good society, their offences condoned and their sins against the Divine and human law glossed over as "the way of the world."

There can be, and very frequently is, more suggestiveness in a draped figure than in one that is undraped. Man is made in the image of his Maker, and in the nude figures in sculpture and painting, the ordinary clean mind can find only purity in the contemplation of the ideals of art. The pure wells of the mind are not poisoned by sources such as these.

That these wells are poisoned day by day in these times is beyond question, but the danger is not from recognized art. It is chiefly from bad books, which are not denounced as bad. There are some classes of books which the law does not permit to be sold, but even they are not the most dangerous because they have but a limited area of circulation, and that largely among those who seek such literature because they themselves are already tainted with villainy. The most dangerous of all books are some of the modern realistic novels, which are found in professedly christian homes to be read by old and young alike. They are by popular authors and they draw attractive pictures of sin in social life, and oftentimes extenuate offences for which in God's law no condonement is possible. Perhaps they point a moral to some minds, and perhaps they make virtue triumph over vice in their conclusions, but they paint pictures which should not be painted, and give specious reasoning which young readers may adopt in

preference to the reasoning on the other side. There is no excuse for the existence of some of these books, nor is there an excuse for parents who permit them in their households, either through ignorance of their nature or indifference as to their results. These are the sources from which the wells of young thought are tainted with poison.

Let the sculpture and the painting be encouraged, even though the carnal mind be shocked by the exhibition of undraped figures; but beware of the realistic society novel which is poisoned from beginning to end.

Mr. POWELL stated in the House, Wednesday that the Board of Health report of 110 pages cost \$596. Since the report was published in the job printing department of this paper, Mr. POWELL will permit us to say that the report contained more than 160 pages, a large proportion of which were tabular; that it was condensed by the use of smaller type than usual; that by special order a portion of it was printed upon a special quality of paper and that the charge for the same was based upon the sum paid to Mr. H. H. PITTS, now his esteemed colleague in the opposition, who had printed the report in previous years.

Mr. H. H. Pitts the member for York is an unblushing liar. This statement would be inexcusable if the facts did not warrant it but Mr. Pitts has taken advantage of his privilege as a member of the house to make statements concerning the Daily Record, in which the publisher of that paper is interested, which do not contain an iota of truth. But that paper is able to take its own part and will doubtless do so.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

Who are the most famous writers and artists of both continents? THE COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE is endeavouring to answer this inquiry by printing a list from month to month—in its contents pages. This magazine claims that notwithstanding its extraordinary reduction in price, it is bringing the most famous writers and artists of Europe and America to interest its readers, and in proof of this claim, submits the following list of contributors for the five months ending with February: Valdes, Howells, Paul Heyse, Françoise Sarcey, Robert Grant, John J. Ingalls, Lyman Abbott, Frederick Masson, Agnes Repplier, J. G. Whittier, (posthumous) Walter Besant Mark Twain, St. George Mivart, Paul Bourget, Louis Chandler Moulton, Flammarion, Tissandier, F. Sherman, Adam Badeau, Capt. King, Arthur Sherburne Hardy, George Ebers, De Maupassant, Sir Edwin Arnold, Spielhagen, Andrew Lang, Berthelot, H. H. Boyesen, Hopkinson Smith, Lyman J. Gage, Dan'l C. Gilman, Franz Non Lenbach, Thomas A. Janvier. And for artists who have illustrated during the same time: Vierge, Reinhart, Marold, F. D. Small, Dan Beard, Jose Cabrinet, Oliver Herford, Remington, Hamilton Gibson, Otto Becher, H. S. Mowbray, Otto Guillonet, F. G. Attwood, Hopkinson Smith, Geo. W. Edwards, Paul de Longpré, Habert Dys, F. H. Schell. How this is done for \$1.50 a year, the editors of The Cosmopolitan alone know.

The Vote Showed It.

Ex-alderman Stackhouse expected to be nominated for Brooks ward, but he was not, though he had been recommended to the executive committee, of which he was a member, by the nominating committee, of which he was also a member, and his name was on the ticket submitted. Ald. Baxter was chosen in his place by a vote of 51 to 15, or more than three to one.

Mr. Stackhouse was apparently much exercised over what PROGRESS had said of his attempted grab of wharf property, and started to read the article to the meeting, but was suppressed. They had all read PROGRESS and they approved, by their vote to believe it, though Mr. Stackhouse asserted that the statement about him was absolutely false and did not contain one word of truth. The vote showed which side of the story the public are inclined to accept.

A New Furniture Store.

The large number of people who always relied upon Harold Gilbert to supply them with their house furniture will be glad to know that the stand that he occupied has been taken by another firm who will be able to supply them with anything they want in the same line. A. L. Rawlin's Son is the name of the new concern. Mr. Rawlin is not unknown in the furniture business, since he was with Mr. Gilbert, and is thoroughly acquainted with the wants of the people of this city. His stock is well selected; it is entirely new and cannot fail to please anyone who inspects it. The prices are very reasonable indeed. Mr. Rawlin believes in the principle of quick sales and small profits.

A New Seed Potato.

Many of the readers of PROGRESS are interested in gardening and farming and are, naturally, looking for what will give them the best returns. The Freeman potato has been a tremendous success in the states where it has been almost impossible to secure seeds except at very high prices. The yield is enormous and the quality so good that it is said to equal that of any table potato in these markets. John H. King, of Studholm, King's Co., offers the seed for sale in the advertising columns of this paper.

SOME MONEY IN IDEAS.

A Chance for the Readers of "Progress." With a Tendency to Write.

Two chances to earn prizes are offered to the readers of PROGRESS in the interval between now and the first of May. They are prizes for which a large number will be able to compete, without any great exertion, and without the necessity of being endowed with such extraordinary genius as a poet is supposed to have.

The first of these prizes will be of five dollars in cash to be awarded to the writer of the best and brightest letter on any current topic. The test of merit will be the fullest expression of idea in the most comprehensive form, and the length of any letter must not exceed 300 words.

The other prize of Five Dollars will be for the best original story of personal adventure, based on actual occurrences or otherwise, in which the best narrative is told in the clearest and briefest form consistent with the presentation of the event in a way to interest readers everywhere. The length of each story may be from 800 to 1,500 words, but it should not in any case exceed the latter limit. A short graphic story will have preference over one which is padded with needless description.

A selection of the best letters and stories for the respective competitions will be published in PROGRESS from week to week, so that the public may be enabled to judge of their merit.

In every instance a nom de guerre must be signed. In this special instance the real name of the writer need not be sent, as the matter submitted will be judged purely on its merits. The writer should, however, send the real name and address in a separate sealed envelope, on the outside of which the nom de guerre is written. Every story or letter should be plainly marked "story competition" or "letter competition," as the case may be.

The competition is open to all readers of PROGRESS, some of whom will doubtless be heard from for the next issue.

A Handsome Easter Show.

There is no stall in the country market that presents such a neat and attractive appearance at all times as that of Mr. Thomas Dean. PROGRESS has noted before the improvements that he has placed upon it, and all those who are accustomed to pass through this busy buying and selling place have noted and admired the changes that Mr. Dean has made. But at this time the Easter season, as well as at Christmas and other festive days in the year, Mr. Dean always makes it a point to present an assortment that cannot be excelled or equaled elsewhere in the city. This year among the special purchases that he has made are some eight Ontario beeves, that each tip the scale at more than 800 pounds. In some way he also learned of early spring lamb, and the only one for sale was purchased by him. Mr. John Chaloner, of Kingston, supplied him with his Easter veal, and a beauty it is, and so on through the list. It would take more space than PROGRESS can spare to enumerate or describe everything. It will pay anybody to call at this stall and look at its contents.

Starting Out for Himself.

Mr. Harold Climo announces in PROGRESS this week that he has occupied the old stand in the McLaughlin building on Germain street. He has started out for himself and with new cameras and lenses, and a splendid assortment of new scenery and accessories, all of which are American, he proposes to be able to do, from the very start, work that will thoroughly satisfy all who patronize him. Mr. Climo has many friends, and his skill as an artist is beyond question. That he will meet with the full measure of success that is due him is the wish of all his friends.

More About Local Talent.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS:—I writer signing himself "Down with local talent" (translated for him) has been permitted in the columns of the Globe to needlessly wound the feelings of many musical people in our midst. He takes exceptions to local concerts of all kinds and especially to local oratorio. He makes it known that he was present at a recent concert given by the Oratorio Society and mourned the expenditure of the magnificent sum of twenty-five cents. Is the writer of the effusion in question aware that large deficits have nearly always attended the concerts given by the important talent of the society. He no doubt, did not subtract any from said deficits but, if present, only added to them. The important talent, it may be observed, has usually had the advantage of orchestral accompaniment—the local talent has had it very seldom. We have, in the opinion of those competent to judge, much promising local talent in musical lines in St. John and our people in encouraging such do honor to themselves and justice to our amateurs. These efforts have ever been commended in the past by the Globe, which certainly has profited by them. We have among us foreign talent, some of which, without overshadowing us, is a decided acquisition and to some of which, after the talent is deducted, little remains that is desirable. In view of the fact that several concerts are in prospect at the present time, one of which is to be given by exclusively foreign talent it would seem that "Down with local talent" may be the advance agent of the foreigners. Throw out the despised local talent and what becomes of the audience? "Local talent palls upon our ears." "We protest against local talent." I would suggest that the bright young men in the Globe post these quotations over the office door and that the writer of such twaddle attend the next minstrel performance that comes to town. It may come up to his standard. AD NAUSEAM. St. John, March 22.

Give the Choristers Credit.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS:—In your issue of the 17th, reference was kindly made to Sir John Stainers Crucifixion at St. Luke's cathedral. In justice to my colleagues of St. Luke's kindly allow me to correct the statement "assisted by some well known voices;" as the choristers themselves were responsible for the entire work; neither had assistance been solicited from anyone. FRANK GATWARD, Organist and Choirmaster. Lorne House Halifax, March 20.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

Madisco Beach. What? three times over the seas you say, From the Northland you love best; To the dreamy haze of Italy's skies, And the balmy lies of the west? In the sweet spice breath of the Indian groves, You may touch your gay guitar; But a summer night on Madisco beach, Is fairer than these by far. For here where I linger again today Is a footstep in the sand, And a face of the old true love and hope; Comes back from another land. One voice by the white surf speaks to me, It is ever within my reach, And the shape of a friendly hand I clasp, On the sands of Madisco beach. Oh broad blue waters and sunny wind, Oh deep toned Bay Chalmers! In the light of my longing spirit's dream, I visit your waves once more. Your surges my sad heart ever soothe, Like voices I would not still; And the old songs sweet of the true hearts gone, The temples of memory fill, Oh where are they all of the cheerful throng, In the days we have fondly known; The faces and voices that linger yet, Though the years have forever flown. They gather around us and sadly say, Life's lesson the billows teach; Oh heart be true till we meet again, On the sands of Madisco beach. Cyprus Goide.

Thine Everlasting Rest. He stood 'neath the convent's white-arched portal, An infinite yearning in his eyes, Thinking of one by whom others were shadows, As vague and unreal as seemed their two lives. That one shall be taken and the other left, We learn as we climb life's rugged path, But the man found it hard to be reconciled, There in the glow of the aftermath. His story was hushed in a convent secluded, From the questioning eyes of his fellow-men, With the cowl and flowing robes of monkhood, He lived secure from all others' ken.

Her's was forever ended in the world, To reach its completion with God as guide, For 'twas only one year from her wedding day, When our blessed Lord called her to His loving side. God had but lent his dear wife to him, Then taken her back to His kingdom again, Leaving her husband stricken, afflicted, A man of sorrows, among other men.

He had known as perfect a happiness, As comes in this "hour of time and place," When what most he prized was taken from him, And never again would he see her face. Never again? Ah, God, Thou hast promised To those that live nobly, that they will be blest, That they will again clasp their loved ones in heaven, And then,—oh, then—Thine everlasting Rest. PAUL.

Requiescat in Pace. 'Tis a quiet grave on a hillside green In a churchyard crowded and old, Where she sleeps alone, in her dreamless rest, A dead white rose on her dead cold breast, Clasped in her fingers cold. She was laid to rest long years ago By hands that loved her well, And hot tears fell o'er her lifeless hand, Sorrowful hearts for the early dead And hearts beat sad to her passing bell. The world moves on and the friends she loved Have older grown with each passing year; Have changed in heart and druided away, And no one comes to her grave today To think of her gently, to drop a tear. The house where her early days were spent Is changed in shape and built anew; And other flowers nod their slender heads From mounds that replace the old-fashioned bed. Where in other summers her snowdrops grew. For the world goes on and her life is done; Finished, sealed and laid away; In her quiet, forgotten grave she'll rest With the dead white rose on her dead cold breast, Till the dawn of the brighter day. RACHEL MAYBE.

FREED. Between the grey night and the dawn, A Poet, city killed, has gone. His eyes were dimmed by candle light, His face was grey and his hands thin. Last night he fled, the cry and din— The damned is hidden from his sight. He walked the meadow lands this morn, He saw the shadows grow, and heard The flutings of the yellow bird, And the young wing among the corn; He counted clouds along the hills, And green fields set among the trees. He loved the murmur of the bees And learnt the wisdom of the rills. To-night—the fair moon in his eyes He turned his face to God, and said, "How can this be when I am dead," And God made answer, "This is Paradise." G. E. THEODORE ROBERTS.

Where? Show me the way to the world "Forget," Over the lapse of time, After despair, and beyond regret, Into a realm sublime. Where is the world that I long to reach, Where "Now" is the only theme? Never a sigh for the "Time to come," Or "By-gones" misty dream. Oh! for the land where hearts may rest, And these weary longings cease, Never a care or hopeless wish— But infinite rest and peace.

Ah! to that world I fain would go, While its shadows over me creep; I know that a rest for a tired heart Is found in the realm of "Sleep." EDELWEISS.

The Early House-Fly. His dull, discordant buzz salutes mine ear; He circles round; he perches on my nose; I madly clutch at him, but off he goes, 'Tho' not to far; again he ventures near, And nearer still; why doth the pest come here To mar my comfort and increase my woes So early in the Spring? but I suppose He comes of his curs'd kith the pioneer. I've seen his kith; I've heard them loudly strum Their buzzing lyres; and oft' my brow did feel Their tickling spurs; for which he now must die. And as once more I hear his hateful hum, A knock-out blow at him I fiercely deal; But he is knocked out? no, he was "too fly." St. John March, 1894.

The Traveler—Why did you eat the missionary and let the convict go? The Cannibal King—Well, we know a thing or two, we do. The missionary was a man of the greatest tenderness, while the convict was as tough as they make 'em. See?

A LIST OF NEW "ADVTs."

Latest Announcements of Those who Patronize "Progress." Below will be found a list of the new advertisements in this issue of PROGRESS. Each name will be found under the page on which his "advt." appears. The list is a long one but it will be none the less interesting and valuable on account of that busy men and women like to have some index of this sort to glance over and if they see there something to interest them they will surely turn up the page and read the advertisement. For such as these this index is intended. Thus it will make every advertisement in PROGRESS more valuable, it will show the people at a glance what an array of good customers PROGRESS has. There are something over fifteen columns of new advertisements in this issue—some of them entirely new contracts—and many of them "changes." This gives an idea of how sharply the business columns of the paper are looked after and of the work and expense of presenting such an array of handsome and tasty typographical display each week.

SECOND PAGE. S. G. SNELL, Actual Business Taught. T. McAVITY & SONS, "Marty" Rat Trap. ARTHUR P. TIPPETT & Co., Condensed Milk. LE BARON ROBERTSON, Linen Markers. " " " " Photo Outfits. " " " " Stamps, &c., &c. " " " " Enamel Signs. " " " " Photo Goods. MARITIME SUPPLY Co., Agents Wanted. EMERSON & FISHER, Cook Stove.

THIRD PAGE. ARTHUR P. TIPPETT & Co., Quadrant Cycles. CHASE & SANDHORN, Java and Mocha Coffee. CHAS. K. CAMERON & Co., Millinery.

FIFTH PAGE. DANIEL & ROBERTSON, Dress Goods. J. H. CONSOLEY, Successful Photography. MORLEY & HAYDON, Window Decoration. A. GILMOUR, Spring Clothing. AMERICAN RUBBER STORE, Rubber Goods. HADDESS CLARKE, Tea. S. C. PORTER, White Lace Curtains.

SIXTH PAGE. MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON, Lace Curtains. BROWN & WEBB, Pattner's Emulsion. S. GREENFIELD SON & Co., Priestley's Cravenettes.

SEVENTH PAGE. K. D. C. Co., Testimonial. J. T. LOGAN, Soaps. N. C. POLSON & Co., Painless Corn Extractor. R. H. B. TENSANT, Men's Furnishings. GRODIER MED. Co., Dyspepsia Cure.

EIGHTH PAGE. J. GUSTAVE LAVIOLETTE, Syrup of Turpentine. A. L. RAWLINS' SON, Furniture. W. TREMAINE GARD, Jewellery. C. I. HOOD & Co., Sarsaparilla. JOHN H. KING, The Freeman Potato. H. CLIMO, Photos.

NINTH PAGE. MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON, Custom Cloak Making.

TENTH PAGE. ST. CROIX SOAP Co., Surprise Soap. UNGAR'S LAUNDRY, A Way to Save Money. HAWKER MEDICINE Co., Testimonial. BROWN & WEBB, Testimonial.

ELEVENTH PAGE. DR. J. C. AYER & Co., Sarsaparilla. J. W. MACKEDIE & Co., Melissa Waterproof. CANADA FEATHERBONE Co., Corsets.

TWELFTH PAGE. PAIN'S CELEBRATED COMPOUND, Testimonial.

THIRTEENTH PAGE. CORTICELLI SILK Co., Silk and Twist. W. BAKER & Co., Breakfast Cocoa. DOMINION CORSET Co., Corsets.

FOURTEENTH PAGE. J. W. BRAYLEY, Herbine Bitters. KERRY, WATSON & Co., Martin's Cardinal Food. SKODA DISCOVERY Co., Skoda's Discovery. SCOTT & BOWNE, Scott's Emulsion. RUMFORD CHEMICAL WORKS, Acid Phosphate. CHOCOLATE MENIER Co., Chocolate.

FIFTEENTH PAGE. SOUTH AMERICAN MED. Co., Nervine Tonic. LEVER BROS., Sunlight Soap. DR. J. C. AYER & Co., Hair Vigor. HEMPHREY'S MED. Co., Humphrey's Specifics.

SIXTEENTH PAGE. C. P. R., Trans-Pacific Steamships.

STRANGE SIGHTS IN CITY LIFE.

Where the Police Were Vigilant. A dead cat near Lordly's factory on Paradise row is reported by the police.—Sun.

Where the Police Were Negligent. A carcass of a cat has decorated Mill street for the past few weeks, and now that the warm weather is coming perhaps it would be better to have it removed.—Telegraph.

Important, if True. The police report a dangerous hole in the plank sidewalk on Douglas avenue.—Sun.

Defective Sidewalks Again. A valuable dog, the property of Mr. Wm. Dalton, of Indiantown, fell from a sidewalk, yesterday, and broke one of his legs.—Telegraph.

Likely to Be a Candidate. Ward street was much improved yesterday by the addition of two cinder crossings. They were put down by the request and under the supervision of Ald. Knox, who also secured a new mooring post at the head of the slip.

Spring and Summer Millinery. Mr. Charles K. Cameron has received his new styles of spring and summer millinery in time for his Easter opening, which will take place on March 29th, 30th, and 31st. His announcement elsewhere will be interesting to many of the readers of PROGRESS.

Will be Welcomed by Rounders. An inventor has patented a device for illuminating keyholes which promises to be a boon to persons out late at night. A recess in the door frame holds a tiny incandescent lamp, which is lighted by a push button. The light is sufficient not only to illuminate the keyhole but to permit the late comer to select readily the proper key from his bunch.