

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ST. JOHN, N. B. SATURDAY AUGUST 3.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

It is to be feared that some of the respected members of the Society for the Promotion of the Dis Observance of the Lord's Day, felt like dancing with joy last Sunday when they saw the rain coming down so as to prevent any Sunday excursions. Perhaps they regarded it in the light of a special providence, and an endorsement of their protest against people who have been shut up all the week going out of town on Sunday. It is to be hoped it was nothing of the kind, otherwise we may look for wet Sundays during the rest of the summer, and there have already been quite as many as the country seemed to need.

Had the weather been fine last Sunday, it would have been a great day for excursions. The gentlemen of the society with the tremendous title had been advertising the outings pretty well themselves, and one enterprising captain had put out hand-bills advertising a steamer with a brass band warranted to play only sacred music. The rain spoiled everything in that direction, but it is equally true that though the public stayed in the city, the fact was not evident from the attendance at the morning services in the churches.

The evening was fine, but it was then too late for excursions up the river or down the harbor. Between six and seven o'clock, however, the electric cars, which ran all day Sunday, were crowded with people on their way to church. A good many of them went to a strictly orthodox presbyterian church where special musical attractions had been advertised, and it cost them considerably less than if they had taken seats in a steamer to hear sacred music by a brass band. Besides, the music was better, and there was a sermon into the bargain. The crowd did not go to hear the sermon, but the music, for the church was crowded to the doors, whereas, at ordinary times, there is an abundant opportunity for a choice of seats, even by late comers. It was in this particular church, not so many years ago, that a vigorous opposition was made to the introduction of an organ, the sound of such an instrument being regarded as unseemly, it not actually a desecration of the sanctuary.

Times have changed in this respect. They have changed, too, in many other ways. The public opinion in regard to so many things was wrong, but if it is public opinion the minority opposed to it have undertaken a mighty task in striving to reverse it. Still harder will be their task if they proceed to stronger measures to compel the majority to think and act as they do. If they are in the right, however it will at least be a satisfaction to them to know that they have tried to do what they considered their duty.

DOGS WILL BE DOGS.

When the Horticultural Society undertook to make beautiful the waste places of the public squares, much was said in praise of the system by which flowers in the parks of such cities as Boston and New York were preserved from molestation. Just what that system was did not appear, but the presumption was that dogs in great American cities were either kept at home or were educated, like the people, into a due respect for flowers and flower beds. This seems to have been a mistaken idea. The dogs of New York can be as bad as the dogs of St. John, and in some cases worse.

The other morning, when the man in charge of the city hall park, in New York, went to have a look at his geranium beds and at the water lilies and rare plants in the fountains his soul was filled with bitterness. The fountain looked as though it had been struck by a waterspout and the lilies and water plants were broken to pieces. A number of stray dogs had been on an early morning bathing excursion, and had taken all the enjoyment possible out of the occasion. They had used the beautiful beds of geraniums and heliotropes as towels with which to dry themselves,

and the place appears to have looked much as the Old Burial Ground did on that memorable Sunday, a year or two ago, when some joker gave a crowd of children permission to carry away all the plants they wanted. In the New York instance, so much destruction was wrought that two large wagons loads of plants and a dozen gardeners were needed to repair the damage. The matter is to be investigated, with special reference to the whereabouts of the sparrow-cops, or park policemen, at the time the dogs were around.

Dogs will be dogs, whether in St. John or New York.

SHOULD THE PRINCE RETURN.

To-day is the anniversary of the most notable society event in the history of St. John, the visit of the Prince of Wales in 1860. Thirty-five years have passed and left their mark in the history of the city and its people; the old familiar places of that time have nearly all vanished, and are known to the present generation only through the traditions of the old-timers. Many of the latter have gone, as well, and should the Prince return today he would find little to remind him of what he saw when he was but a youth, travelling over the world to see those who were likely to be his future subjects. He would doubtless get as cordial a welcome now as he did then, but it would be of a different kind. The times have changed and we have changed with them.

Should the Prince return now, he would be surprised at many things, if he has a good memory. In his travels through Great Britain and the continent, he finds the general appearance of places and people much the same as when he was a boy. Here he would find that half a lifetime has changed everything. When he landed at Reed's Point wharf that bright morning in August, for instance, he was received by a mayor who was averse to long speeches and who in his long and honored civic career never undertook to pose as an orator. The chances are there would be a valiant attempt made to greet him with an oration nowadays. His carriage passed up Prince William street, then largely composed of wooden buildings, and he was saluted by lines of volunteer firemen and independent companies of volunteer militia, both of which species of organization are only memories at this day. He was lodged at the old CHIPMAN house, which remains, but a large portion of the grounds has gone to make room for new streets and houses. The old time glory of the place has departed.

Much more that was dear to the people of those times has gone. A large part of it went in the big fire, and the rest disappeared before the march of modern improvement. There was not a paved street in the city at that time, nor an asphalt sidewalk. Where there were sidewalks of any kind other than gravel, they were of deal, laid down by the owners of the abutting properties. Stone buildings were uncommon and those of brick were nearly as rare. There were no such hotels as are to be found now, nor stores of the pretensions of those of to-day, though some houses did a very large business. There were no railways leading into the city, and only a portion of what is now the Intercolonial was built to the eastward. When the Prince went to Fredericton he went by rail as far as Rothesay, and finished the journey by steamer. Travel between here and the United States was done by steamer on certain days of the week and by stage coach at other times. Those accommodations were quite sufficient for the limited number who travelled. What is now the North end was a village, and a dirty one at that. Mount Pleasant was almost a wilderness and Winter street was a sawdust road. Carleton was well, it was Carleton—chiefly notable for its lumber and fish, and with streets of the most wretched description, while Fairville consisted of only a few houses. There has been a wonderful growth all around.

There has been a great development in other ways. When the Prince was here in 1860, there were no large society circles in St. John. There were, it is true, some old-time mansions where hospitalities were extended to guests in the old time style, and where men high in military and civil life were entertained at times, but these houses were limited in number, because there were only a certain number of old families to own them. Some of these families still have representatives here, but others are known no more. Should the Prince return now and look over the list of those who are in the society of to-day he would be amazed at the progress the city has made in this respect, so remarkable has been the growth and developments of the social circles. It has grown in a proportion equal to the growth of travel by rail and steamer, and is quite as cosmopolitan in its character. Should the Prince study up the growth of society in St. John with the aid of the business directories issued from time to time since 1860, he would be able to write a most interesting work on the origin of the species. So would anybody else, for that matter.

All in all, St. John has made great strides since that eventful day thirty-five years ago. It has not the shipping and lumber trade it had then, but a great many new branches of industry have been developed which were not possible in those times. There is more style to the houses

and the people than there was then, the sanitary state of the city is incomparably better, and there is vastly more enterprise shown and encouraged than was dreamed of then. It may be there should have been a greater growth, but it must also be remembered that this feeling is due to the fact that people realize the public needs more clearly. In those days they were content to do as their fathers had done. In these they are ambitious to do better. This spirit of progress cannot but lead to good results, even though all that is sought may not be attained as soon as desired. St. John is advancing in many ways, and must continue to do so. As it stands today, compared with the city of a generation ago, it has much to which it can point with pride, even should the Prince return.

Word has been received of McCALLUM, the sailor who started to cross the Atlantic in a nineteen foot boat. A steamer which arrived at New York, a few days ago, spoke him when he was about a third of the way across. He has still a big part of the proposed journey ahead of him, and the forty days limit for the voyage expired ten days ago.

WROTE A LETTER IN RHYME.

Some old verses by the Well Remembered William End, of Bathurst. The following letter in rhyme was written by Hon. William End, of Bathurst more than 30 years ago, and is now published by special request. Mr. End was a barrister, and for many years represented Gloucester in the provincial legislature. It is about twenty years since he lost his life while trying to save some papers from his office which had taken fire in the night. After the fire, the discovery was made that after Mr. End had gone into the building somebody had fastened the door on the outside, so that he could not escape. The motive of the incendiary and murderer was revenge, due to Mr. End having done his duty as a magistrate. The scoundrel remained in the country for months afterwards, and could have been easily arrested, had not the administration of the law in Gloucester at that time, been of the most inefficient character.

Fishing in the Nepsisquit in 1864.

This day arrived your honor's letter And plainly I can do better an answer, I'll do the very best, I can, Sir, That you'll come safe, I pray most fervent, I'm proud to be your humble servant, I'll hire my worthy brother, Joe, Will stop the holes in my canoe; And him and me, I think, will do, All your commands we will obey, For you're a cash man—no store pay— "At Carleton by the Friday's stage I'll wait there, though it were an age. Your honor asks me as to fish, There's plenty as your honor could wish; Some Yankees have gone up—my eye! Like you, and Captain Coventry And how they'd growl, and squirm, and matter, To see the throw of Major Butler. God put it into generous hearts To be so partial to these parts, I don't know what poor souls would do, But for such generous men as you, Of my own skill I need not tell, Your honor knows me very well And Joe can do all kinds of work. Mon Dieu! How will turn down your pork. We both are longing for your traps,—and Ram, For what we crib, when you come here Supplies us nearly all the year. And now, your honor won't refuse To hear a little bit of news. "The government here leased the river;" I can't believe it, —or the giver O' all the good that here below, That made the crystal waters flow, And taught the balmy winds to blow, Whose sunbeams shine, and rains descend, On all alike — on top and foot, And who ordains the "powers that rule" Never would let them play the fool, For gold to sell the common right Of catching fish, by day and night, Freely enjoyed by all mankind Since Adam's day, —time out of mind In lawful time, —at any rate, With artificial fly — or bait — I never can believe such stories, Tainted by the wicked trades, Men's rights will never be swept away. The liberals have gained the day!!! In words of want of confidence Would surely follow the offence. Methan would show he had a tongue, And Lord deliver them from Young! In breeding pools and shallow waters, There, I admit, the question alters, But Indians will be always spearing, I gave old Prank, last night a hearing. (The brute was angry, but that he should prepare canoe outfit and an assistant, Jack, being one of the literate must need answer in poetry as being more respectful than mere prose: The above is a true copy of the epistle written on this occasion, and has been communicated to none, but Jack's bosom friends among the number being the writer, who has full permission to publish it.

THE LATE RICHARD SEELY.

By the death of Mr. Richard Seely, clerk to the board of public works, the city loses one of its most faithful and hard-working officials. Mr. Seely entered the public service about fifteen years ago, in the office of the water and sewerage commissioners, and when the Union Act created the new department his duties were very greatly increased, with no corresponding increase in his remuneration. The amount of work he was called upon to do in recent years was more than should have been imposed on any one man, but he did it, and did it well. Thoroughly conversant with all the duties of his office his system was complete, and worthy of more general recognition than it received. A year or so ago, a faction of the common council, ignorant of the work Mr. Seely performed, reduced his salary twenty-five per cent. This gross act of injustice was not remedied until the present year, and even then the present council, while admitting its predecessor's blunder, made only a partial reparation. Mr. Seely was a good citizen in every sense of the word, faithful in the performance of all his duties, and thoroughly conscientious in all he undertook to do. His life was a singularly upright one, and was most sincere in his friendships. His loss will be greatly felt by all who knew him.

THE TIDE IS COMING IN.

Somehow, love, our boat sails lighter Smoother, faster on the bay— Somehow, love, the sun shines brighter Softer, warmer thro' the spray— Somehow, love, the sky is clearer, God and man seem nearer kin— Somehow, even you are clearer When the tide is coming in! " 'Tis the spring of life unending At the sources of motion, dear, 'Tis the stream of hope ascending From the depths of ocean dear " 'Tis the heart of nature beaming, Where the throbs of life begin, "Earth and heaven gladly meeting, When the tide is coming in! " Somehow, love, your eyes are brighter, Softer, warmer thro' the spray, And your laughter ripples lighter O'er the whitewaves of the bay; In our path no thine of sadness, In our way no thine of sin, For our hearts are filled with gladness When the tide is coming in. —Minneapolis Journal.

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WHO IS THE ST. JOHN MAN.

A Middleton, N. S., correspondent says that two revenue officers succeeded in finding a "moon shine" still near Lily Lake, at that village, and at the same time unearthed a puncheon of fire water that had never paid revenue. Rumor says a St. John man was at the head of the concern. It is also reported that another "still" is now in working order and, judging from the amount of drunkness the report might be true. There seems to be more work yet for revenue men in Middleton and if a Scott Act Inspector paid a visit it would do no great harm.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

In the Old Pine Woods. In the old pine woods this swooning day, The trance of a faint July; The brook flows to the salt sea bay, And the clover scent floats by, With languid breath the green ferns wave, And the red will roses weep, The brook, the bright moss loves to lave, In its musical retreat. The art of twilight older far, Than the grand old masters found; Its veil of blue with a diamond star, Spreads forth on a gray, dark ground. A shower fringes a western cloud, A far or thirsty land, Singing with merry mirth endowed, And led by an unseen hand. I lay and rest, and the purple sea, Under the sun's last gleam; Brings thoughts of the beautiful back to me In the light of a lover's dream. Out of the daisied meadows call, Sweet voices still mine to know; A robin whistles up from the wall, Heart songs of the long ago. A fair foot face and a daisy chain, And a dainty dimpled hand; Ah, such as I never shall clasp again. I see in the dream light stand. The daisy chain of that dear old time, Was broken but still I know; That sweet one now in a fairer clime Has a home in my heart below. Oh fragrant fields of this sweet July, Oh breath of the perfumed night; You may whisper beside me as here I lie, And ever be my delight. But the dimpled hand, the voice long hushed, To a land where no flowers fade; Will linger here, the best and last, In the old pine's fragrant shade. —CYPRUS GOLDB.

LISTEN, OH LAND!

Listen, Oh Land! To the angry of fame: What august eye hath scanned Thy broad states, nobly manned? What tips have spoken thy name, Canada! Wake, and arise! Shake thy limbs and be free! Behold the shadows appear Of a race in high career! For an unwrought destiny, Canada! Listen, O Shores! O mountains and plain and sea! O people who here abide! What marvels are prophesied, What hopes are cherished of thee, Canada! Listen, O Land! Rise, and the word fulfill! Let destiny strike the hour For thy life tree to flame and flower For the height of thy noblest will, Canada! PASTOR FELIX.

TO THE FIRE-FLY.

In childhood's days, when first I saw Thy jeweled lamp a flame, I wondered, with a dreamy awe, Whence such a glory came. But soon my happy dream was wrecked, For I am gravely told That thou wert but an insect, decked With filmy wings of gold. Let science with her lens define The secret of the light, The child-day fancies that were mine, Come back to me to night, No ray of sun, nor moon, nor star Nor phosphor torch, nor nought That human skill can make or mar, Has thy charmed being caught. A self-sufficient light thou art, A summer joy, a vital part Of the eternal whole. Then let me dream my first sweet dream— Content to name thy name— And watch, at dewy eve, thy gleam— Thy jeweled lamp of flame. —MAGGIE STUART.

MONTEAL, JULY, 1895.

WHEN THE TIDE IS COMING IN.

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TALKS BY A LOUNGER.

The question of Sabbath desecration is very prominently before the public both in New York and St. John, which goes to show that St. John is very much up to date. In New York the new police commissioner, Theodore Roosevelt, is opening a campaign against Sunday liquor selling and he intends to enforce observance of the law. In fact he proposes to continue and bring to a conclusion the agitation for police reform that Dr. Parkhurst set on foot. Corruption and blackmail will not be allowed to flourish and police purity is his watchword. He is putting the same wholeheartedness and earnestness into his work that he displayed as a rancher and hunter in the west and in his various other spheres.

Chief Clark is now striving to emulate commissioner Roosevelt, the difference being that he is confining his attention to the cigar shops and soda water fountains. He, however, does not seem to be receiving the plaudits of the public in the same degree that commissioner Roosevelt is and in fact the comment that is heard is usually other than favorable. If the chief is bidding for popular approval he took the wrong course.

And then beside the terrible temptation of Sunday cigars and Sunday sodas that had to be removed from the path of people then was the equally terrible one of Sunday excursions that had to be agitated against. The ministers took this up and the result is that one of the Sunday boats has stopped running. Capt. Porter, however, did not back down but on his posters invited the clergymen to come to his excursion last Sunday. The captain grew poetic in his poster and informed the public that the weeping willows on the green, shady islets of the shining river would raise up their hands in adoration of their creator. His idea was to convey the thought that this excursion was to be a fitting one for Sunday and would be conducted in a worshipful spirit. The heavens, however, were not propitious to the captain, for it rained so hard Sunday, that the excursion did not go.

The agitation against Sunday excursions, Sunday bicycle riding and other quiet Sunday amusements has not reached New York, which goes to show that St. John is ahead of New York. A circumstance which I noticed the other Sunday is an interesting commentary upon Sabbath amusements as they are thought of in New York. There is a Brooklyn clergyman summing on the river and he was out yachting that Sunday. He doesn't see wrong in it, though no doubt our clergymen here would say that he should be at work in the slams of his city. But the rightness of his Sunday yachting is a matter for his own conscience.

But wouldn't it be much better if instead of fighting Sunday cigars, Sunday sodas and a Sunday on the river, real Sabbath evils were combated. Speaking of the river, do you know that you have neighbors all around you who never saw the St. John river. The agent of the steamers told me that the time of the big freshet, when people were flocking to Indiantown by the hundred to see it, he heard people remark that they were never at Indiantown before. Thus do people pass by the enjoyments that meet their own door.

St. John people do not seem to regard the little happiness of life enough, though they are improving in this respect, as the increase in the number of excursions, the fitting of river, seaside and lakeside resorts, and the agitation for early closing go to show. What is the good of working all the time? we are here for happiness. My philosophy is epicurean carpe diem—enjoy the day. Close up the places of business at six, have a Saturday half holiday, give the clerks a chance to breathe the open air, to spend their Sundays in the country, to enjoy sweet repose.

One would think that the street cars would do a big business on Sunday with a people seeking the green fields and woods, but they don't I am told that they do not do more than half of their week day business. Of course there are not the numbers in the morning going to and returning from work but there should be enough during the afternoon to make up.

Work is governed by logical principles, but people do not appear to consider logical principles in hours of ease. They want enjoyment but they frequently follow the wrong plan to get it. They have a vacation of a week or two, so they scrape all their spare cash together months ahead. Then they rush off somewhere, hustle around want to see everything, fool over guide books and maps, fix up an iron-bound itinerary (and they're bound to stick to them,) use up all their money and get home dead broke and take a year to recuperate financially and physically from their holiday trip. The other day a hotel man was telling me that last summer he at one time had four watches in his safe that young men had left there as security for their board. They had been through Nova Scotia and had blown in all their money. When they got home they redeemed their time pieces.

The proper way to enjoy a vacation is to take it moderately. Don't plan too much ahead, travel when you feel like it, stop when you take the notion and stay there an hour or a week just as you happen to feel,

and give yourself up to laziness and sweet contentment long-drawn-out. It is the same way with a wheeling tour. Just drit, let inclination guide you and the more fickle your inclination is the more you'll enjoy it.

Sometimes I am led to think that public opinion is very capricious and pompous and withal very ignorant mortal. Especially am I led to think so in reference to civic affairs. She is made up of a small morsel of information clothed with gossip and prejudice. A very little knowledge about civic matters goes a long way with people, and only one out of a hundred persons vote intelligently. If any one can discover any logic or reason in the last two civic elections I should like to meet him. A council was elected because they promised to make reforms and to economize. They were elected with a great flourish. They did what they were elected for and there tax bills were reduced, but the people punished them for doing what they were ordered to do and returned their opponents at the last election.

This is their fickleness now for an instance of their ignorance. The late Richard Seely was one of the best officials the city ever had. He worked early and late to perform his duties. He poured over his books until midnight. They were perfectly kept and he was indispensable to the board of works department as having the best knowledge of the whole system of management. He was rewarded by having his salary reduced from \$1000 to \$750. That was the blow that perhaps hastened the end of his days.

I have been much around the city hall and public offices and it struck me that none of the civic officers are overpaid, comparing their duties, knowledge and responsibility with those of other employees. They haven't their nose to the grindstone all the time but from the mayor down they are busy men. —LOUNGER.

MIDDLETON'S WATER SUPPLY.

Excitement High Because of the Tapping of Lily Lake Recently.

Much excitement has been caused in this town by the actoin of the Middleton water supply company, in tapping a body of water called Lily Lake in order to fill their reservoir, says a Middleton, N. S., correspondent.

About a month ago, the court decided that the town could force a sale, and arbitrators were appointed: Mr. Foss, a civil engineer residing in Bridgewater, Mr. Ross, an engineer from Cape Breton. Mr. Foss is arbitrator for the town, Mr. Ross for the company and a third was to be appointed by the court. According to the law these arbitrators can give the estimate no lower than the cost of construction, but they may award something for the idea.

Lily Lake is situated about a mile above the reservoir, and the company holding that the town wished the arbitrators when they came to find an empty reservoir, decided to tap the lake in order to remedy this. Dr. Andrews of the board of health, most strenuously objected on the grounds that it would be detrimental to the public health, because the company would not go to the expense of piping but merely lead the water down through the cow pastures and woods in the bed of a dry stream to a dam above the reservoir. On Sunday evening two prominent and excited citizens undertook to clear away this dam and were promptly arrested by Sheriff Morse, on a warrant taken out by John Irvin, the company's treasurer. Each side claim to have the better legal advice. The case rests now with a justice of the peace at Bridgetown. The town people seem to be unanimous in their efforts to keep out the lake water, but for all that they have been drinking it for nearly a week.

"Creme de la creme" (Reina Victoria extra) cigars 10cts.

Rothsay College For Girls.

Rev. G. O. E. Lloyd, the rector of Rothesay, who has made such a signal success of the Rothesay College for Boys, is in a fair way from present appearances to be equally fortunate with his college for girls, which he has established in connection with the first named institution, and yet the connection exists only because both colleges will be under the same competent management and, to a certain extent, have the same teachers. Of course each college will have its own particular staff but instruction in certain subjects will be given by some of the masters in both institutions. The gift of beautiful Kinghurst has enabled Mr. Lloyd to provide a model and attractive home for the young ladies who will seek instruction in the Rothesay college for girls. This spot is one of the most beautiful in the province and in assuming control of an institution for girls the utmost care has been taken by the management to secure the best principal possible and to surround the college with the best ability in every sense of the word.

The School at Netherwood.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Simeon Armstrong the director and principal of a school for girls at Rothesay have issued a small catalogue descriptive of the advantages to be had by students at "Netherwood." This is Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong's introduction of the School to the public under their management. The term opens September 4th.

"La Fayette" (Reina Victoria) cigars 5cts