PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN, N B., SATURDAY, MAR. 14.

FRUITS OF PROHIBITION.

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The people who would like to see St. John made a city where no lieenses are granted will find a whole sermon in the remarks made by the mayor of Portland, Maine, in his inaugural this week. Mayor BAXTER, having now entered on his fourth term, may be supposed to know what he is talking about, and his statements are the result of his experience. When he says that Portland, under prohibition, has four hundred saloons, that an increaso of the police force is necessary and that public opinion seems opposed to the enforcement of the law, he is saying what must be accepted as the truth.

Portland is about the size of St. John, and the Maine law has been tried there for many years, with NEAL Dow in person to urge its enforcement. Yet Portland has now five times as many saloons as St. John and the mayor, a man chosen by the people four years in succession, declares prohibition to be a failure. It would be an equal failure, or a worse one, if attempted in this city, and yet there are

sistant impressed her favorably. She replied to the advertisement, an interview followed, and both mistress and maid liked the appearance of each other. An engagement was made. This was a year ago, and employer and employed [are still mutually satisfied.

In her new situation the girl has been treated more as a governess than a servant. She has had a good room, the privilege of receiving friends in the parlor and has been treated with consideration in all other ways. For her part, she has done all that can be done to lighten the labors and take the care of the household from her employers shoulders. The housework is done not as a hireling would do it, but as if the girl. was in her own home and had a pride in having everything as near perfection as circumstances would permit. The servant girl problem has been solved in the happiest way.

This, of course, is an exceptional case,

but it shows the possibility of a condition

of things greatly to be desired. With employers who will recognize the employed as more than mere servants and with a clase of girls who will bring honesty, intelligence

and refinement as part of their equipment, there is no reason why the new domestic should not be a mere useful acquisition to social life then the new womon. There are great possibilities abead.

SQUEEZING A SQUEEZER.

The courts of New York have been queezing RUSSELL SAGE pretty hard for the last four years, and are not through with him yet. He is a tough subject, however, being an adept in the squeezing business himself, and he intends to continue to fight as long as his money will give him a fighting chance. He hates to part with money at the best of times, and that is what one court after another has said he must do, while he vigorously insists that he will not. The fight in quesis in the celebrated bomb-throwing suit. In December, 1891, a crank named NORCROSS, or rather one who called himself by that name, called at SAGE's office and discharged an explosive bomb at the man of millions. SAGE had no time to rething by seizing a clerk named LAIDLAW, who, while they might like to see prohibiputting him in front of him and thus using tion throughout the whole country are him as a shield. In the general economy of things this was doubtless just the right thing to do. SAGE was a man worth millions, who controlled the destinies of a large number of people and his death would be a loss to the world of finance. LAIDLAW, on the contrary, was merely a clerk on a salary, and might never be anything else. New York, and indeed the world, has a surplus of men of this kind and when they die nobody misses them except their immediate relatives. In comparison with SAGE's saftey the question of LAIDLAW'S life was not to be considered, and if he had been an old time retainer, he would have felt proud to suffer, or even to die, that a greater man than he was When the bomb exploded, SAGE received comparatively little injury, thanks to the human shield which interposed between him and danger. LAIDLAW, however. was badly broken up. Far from being adventure gave him, he considered that SAGE ought to pay him a handsome compensation, and failing to get what he wanted, he brought an action for damages. The defence was that he got injured simply by being in the way, and that SAGE did not use him for a shield as was alleged. At the first trial, in June, 1892, LAID-LAW'S comp'aint was dismissed, but he secured a new trial and in 1894 he got a verdict for \$25,000. This verdict was reversed and a third trial, in 1895, resulted in a disagreement. The fourth trial took place last June, and LAIDLAW succeeded in getting a verdict for \$40,000. and instead of only the ignorant and stupid | An appeal from this was taken by SAGE. but the verdict has just been affirmed, with costs, which now amount to about This does not settle the matter, howeve for there is a higher court of appeals in which a final fight is to be made. SAGE will escape from the verdict if money can win the fight, but if he fails he will have about \$50,000 to pay, or double the sum awarded to LAIDLAW in the first instance. The outcome of the appeal will will be awaited with considerable interest.

of being employed as a companionable as- It is no wonder that Judge RITCHIE and Judge TOWNSHEND have felt it their duty to speak out and declare that if such a course is permitted to continue the man cannot get a fair trial. They further intimate that the papers which have aided in trying to condemn the man in advance should be taught a wholesome lesson, as the law certainly can take cognizance of their course.

> The aldermen whose term will soon draw to a close have good reason to feel satisfied with their administration of civic affairs during the past twelve months. They have done their work quietly and well, and not only is the state of the civic finances good, but the outlook is equally good. At the meeting of the council on THURSDAY, Ald McGOLDRICK spoke of the good work done by the council during the last two years. One of his fellow aldermen asked him if he did not give any credit to the work done by councils in previous years, and then it was agreed that all councils had probably tried to do as well as they could. The fact remains, however, that the council of the last two years has been a wonderful improvement on the boards of previous years. With the reduction in the number of the aldermen and the system of election by the people at large, the undesirable element has been weeded out and will not easily get back again. The present council is a business board in which brawling and jobbing do not come to the front, and even the sectionalism is becoming more and more obliterated each year, as a natural result of the abolition of ward elections.

Judge Vanwart at the opening of the circuit court a few days ago congratulated the grand jury upon the absence of a criminal docket. This is not an unusual event in our courts in these later days and it is some of the best evidence that St. John is an orderly, quiet city in spite of the licensed saloons. It is only when there is a crusade against licenses that the supporters of that system begin to compare the present condition of affairs with that which existed in the past. Let the police make the comparison and the showing would indeed be a startling one treat, but it is claimed he did the next best The best advocates of temperance,

VERSESOF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Angel of Betesda's Waters. Angel of Bethesda's waters,

PROGRESS, SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1896.

As our lives all calmly glide; Still the flowing stream is troubled, Dark night storms uplift the tide. In the midst of earth joys hallowed, Where dear homes a heaven be; Thou dost ever onward lead us, Through deep shadows ere we see, Angel of Bethesda's waters, Happiness that is to be.

What though lives long used to pleasure, Into darkest anguish move: Must we not in troubled waters. Find true health restoring love. Oft' the sweet green leaves of mercy, Dip far down in sorrow's stream. Oft' the bitter night of parting, Lead us where love's day stars gleam Angel of Bethesda's waters. Shining through this passing dream.

O white lilies green pad sheltered, Perfume wrapped in slumber calm; Snow white as the white robed spirit, Coming winged with heavenly balm, When its spreading wings disturb you. Trouble all your slumbers round; Fain wou'd we step in beside you, Stand with you on holy ground, Angel of Bethesda's waters, Grace in us from thee be found.

Through life's flowers comes this augel, Comes through roses white and red: Comes among the world's bright gardens, With God's glory over spread. Gather's them and takes them weeping. Through a troubled sea of pain: Leads them far away forever, Far across life's stormy main. Angel of Bethesda's waters, Here they ne'er return again.

Argel from far lands perennial, Incensed with celestial grace; Where beside love's crystal river Sharon's rose uplifts its face, Bring my soul its fragrance blessed : While in tears for thee I wait; Wait beside the troubled waters, Waiting cre it be too late, Angel of Bethesda's fountain, Euffering in love's estate. CYPRUS GOLDE

Rose Dell, Feb. 1896.

The Pride of Portland. (A Memorial of Willis)

Tides running swift in storms and calms. Past rocky headlands, ledges lone, And nowhere stayed with softer charms Than where the fl od's caressing arms Round Falmouth Neck are thrown.

Munjoy stands gazing down the bay. off on the ocean's open breast, For coming light keeps look out aye, ALd Bramhall sees it fade away Behind Chocorus's crest.

So was it when was young and fair The century now worn and old, When Destiny led gently there To life's bright bounds a favored pair

WAIFING FOR HIS SHOES.

Names of Some of the Men Who May Succeed Judge Johnson.

HALIFAX, March 12 .- For a long time the eves of a section of the bar in this city have been turned to the Halifax county court judgeship. They have been turned thitherward in more ways than one, but the aspect of their glances, which will now be noted, is that which asks this question "When Judge Johnston retires who will

be called to the bench?

The excellence of the service rendered by Judge Johnston is apparent from the fact that at its annual meeting the Nova Scotia barristers society requested that his salary be increased from \$2,400 to \$3,000 per annum. This resolution was waved by Recorder Maccoy, and passed unanimously. A body of lawyers like the Nova Scotia barristers, or such of them as reside in Halifax, would never think of taking such action unless they were heart and soul full of approval of the way the learned judge discharges his duties. Never! At least such is the way poor benighted laymen look at the situation.

Judge Johnson was appointed in 1877. at the institution of the Nova Scotia county court system, and in the natural course of events he will soon retire. If he serves couple of years more he will receive superannuation allowance amounting to about two-thirds of his salary. As already stated, for a long time the eyes of many lawyers have been turned towards the court of the county judge, - the eyes of lawyers who would like to be judges, even county coart judges at a salary of \$2,400 and travelling expenses. not to speak of the \$3,000 which the bar so magnanimously petitiened for.

The Halifax members of the bar are divided into three classes in regard to this succession which must come in the not distant future, and which has been considered from the "distant past." First there are those who would not take the position if it were offered them; secondly, those who would be glad to get it and who think they have a chance; and thirdly those v ho have not the ghost of a chance, apart from political considerations, for a lawyer to get the appointment now must be a conservative. Such men as R. L. Borden, Q. C., C. S. Harrington, Q. C., J. A. Chisholm and Hector MacInnes would not accept the position for they are better off as they are. There are nine liberal-conservative lawyers, however, who would gladly accept the appointment when the time comes to make it. They are J. M. Chisholm, B. H. Eston, E. D. King, W. F. Parker, F. P. Bligh, W. W. McLellan, H. W. C. Boak, Wallace Mc-Donald, and F. J. Tremaine. One thing is pretty sure, and that is that if the present government make the appointment the name of the lucky man will be found in the list just printed. One name, above all others in this list, which has been mentioned in connection with the position is that of F. J. Tremaine. He is the senior candidate, so far as length of popularly supposed candidacy is concerned. Another strong name, which has lately came to the front is that of Wallace McDonald. latter is a young man The of good parts and with connections in which would make him a formidable rival to any other competitor for the position. He is a son of the chief justice of Nova Scotia and a brother-in-law of Sir Hibbert Tupper. There are other conservative lawyers in this city, but they can hardly be said to have entered for the race for the prospective vacancy on the county court bench. The number of liberal lawyers who would like the position is legion but it it remains a contest among the conservatives Wallace McDonald should stand a pretty good chance of coming in first.

raw potatoes. I threw the turnip and

strawberry poultices to the dogs and tried the potatoes, and to-day as I write my 'erstwhile beautiful "receivers" have swollen up to about the dimensions of a canvasback ham. They are the shade of the red, red rose, and as tender as an eighty-cent valentine. The poet sings : "Last night, my darling, as you slept," but he evidently did not mean me. Perhaps you never tried to go to sleep accompanied by two redhot ears-so warm that the sand fraught. simoon of Sahara's was 'es was a Nansen expedition, in comparsion? You can sleep

all right, while lying prone on your back, but every time you reel to port or starboard during the dreary night-watch you give vent to a prince of wails, while Mr. Frost, the canse of all the trouble mockingly snaps his fingers near your window. A friend of mine, who is a humorist on a church paper. says that my ears make me look like Boss Platt of New York, and that this Plattform is a little in front of the stoop of my shoulders. I am thinking out a scheme to obtain some repose tonight. I shall screw a large hook into the ceiling over the head of the bed, and hang therefrom a flarge, long trunk-strap into which I can slip my head and neck, at the usual elevation, and can then turn and twist throughout my troubled dreams without touching my ears against the pillow, which I shall file away on the top of my book-shelves. As I believe this plan to be a good thing I shall vigorously push it along. Yours, fors ear to come. CASEY TAP.

LATIN PRONOUNCIATION.

.

So Many Kinds of It that There Should Be Some Agreement Reached.

The effect to bring about a uniform pronunciation of Latin by Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Germans is interesting, and if the thing is done it may be of practical value. We shall then know how to pronounce the C. and discover whether we should say Sesar, or Tzesar, or Kesar; or, Sisero, Tzicero, Kikero, or Keikero. The agitation has brought out this story, which is running through the French papers: At the Berlin Congress the Russians and

the English were discussing at every session the Ottoman frontier, and the debate reached a point where war seemed probable. One day as Count Schouwaloff was speaking, Lord Beaconsfield, who understood French, but did not speak it.

men who, for the sake of riding their own hobby would like to see the same mischievous experiment tried in this place. We do not want prohibition, or anything designed to be equivalent to it, especially when the burden of increased taxation is to be forced upon the people.

The probibition idea in a city like St. John should be fought down from the outset, and the true friend of temperance, law and order, should be in the front in the fight against it. A community such as this should be regulated by reason, and not by impulses in which the consideration of the eventual cost is wholly left out of the qnestion.

SOLVING A PROBLEM.

In dealing with the question of domestic | might be saved. help, the contention of PROGRESS has been that the vocation of a servant should be raised above its present level and that the domestic should be a woman qualified to be a housekeeper and not a mere drudge. Her position in assisting her employer satisfied with the fame which should be one similar to that of a trained nurse in a household where there is sickness, for there is no reason why refinement and intelligence should not be brought into requisition in waiting on those who are well, as much as it is in waiting on those who are not well. To this end, it has been suggested that there should be training schools from which the best class of domestics could be graduated, and thus a new line of employment might be opened to many who now work in factories and stores at scanty pay and under unpleasant conditions. Let the vocation of a domestic be freed from its old time idea of servitude, seeking this class of employment, a bright. well informed and in every way reliable class of helpers would be created, and dc- \$3,500 more. mestic service for girls would be considered as desirable an occupation as any other in which skilled manual labor is an element.

A Chicago woman has been trying an experiment which seems to bear out the theory that good girls can be induced to go into service if they are sure that the employers will treat them with that consideration which their character merits. In other words, domestic helpers can be procured who are far above the traditional idea of the mere hireling servant, and if there were graduated there would always be a supply where now the procuring of an occasional one is merely a matter of rare good luck. The lady in question had experienced the usual trials of endeavoring to get a girl who would suit her, and had about given to her.

This was to give up the search for a fax to investigate the case, seems to have The Maple. Rough on the Tramp. servant and try to get a companion. She not only formed a theory and adjusted the Wants to Know Why. minutes afterward froze his own nose two O, twice the maple blushes, blushes rosy, rosy red; she blushes in the Spring tim The dark cell in the city jail at Phœnix TO THE EDITOR PROGRESS: How is it times in rapid succession) advised a poultice accordingly advertised for "a nice com- facts to fit it, but he appears to have gone When aroused from Winter's sleep, Arix, seems to be an unusually unpleasent She finds herself all naked that the flag belonging to the post office of grated turnips. [Query: Did he conpacionable young lady to do general around with his mouth open to tell everysort of place. A lazy tramp prisoner was And the gaping world a-peep,-O, then the maple blushes, blushes rosy, rosy red. housework (no washing) for a family of body what he thought. The treatment of was not hoisted last Tuesday the day on vert his nose into a turn-up? (sic)] .-placed in it the other day, and the fact was two; must be refined and quiet." This ad- WHEELER has been shamefully unfair from which that faithful servant Mr. Hill was Well, I tried the turnips. Then another noted in a local paper that he would not Once again the maple blushes, blushes rosy, rosy get the chance to loaf he might except. vertisement met the eye of a girl who was the first. The man may be guilty, but if buried? Surely it is not because he was friend suggested preserved strawberries. she blushes in the Autumn, because of the spikes driven upward She blushes in the Autumn, When she lays her robes aside For the long, long sleep of Winter, And finds naught 'neath which to hide, O, then the maple blushes, blushes rosy, rosy red. —James Edwin Campbell, "Echoes from The Cabin and Elsewhere." making scanty wages in a necktie factory. he is let it be shown in the proper way. only a common letter carrier. What ex-I tried the strawberries on one ear and through the floor, which preclude a pris-She was a girl who, under ordinary cir- As yet there is no evidence against him planation has P. O. Inspector King or left the turnips on the other; a third friend left the turnips on the other; a third friend oner from sitting down. There is room said the other two remedies were exploded for the occupant to stand up between the cumstances, would never have dreamed of which may not be rebutted, but the peo- Postmaster Hanington to give in this matmyths long ago. His remedy was grated | spikes with some degree of comfort. housework as an occupation, but the idea | ple have already virtually condemed him. I ter. J USTICE.

The judges of the supreme court in Nova Scotia have awakened to a realization of schools from which these helpers could be the fact that the newspapers have already tried and condemmed PETFR WHEELER | The something in this instance is seals, and for the Bear River murder. In no case of recent years, in this part of the American continent, has there been so much comment unfavorable to the accused, and every sort of a rumor calculated to injure his charup in despair when a happy idea occurred acter has been eagerly seized upon and printed. POWER, the man sent from Hali-

stronger daily in their opposition to a change of the law in St. John. They do not agree with the gentleman who declares "he wants to drive the business into the slums." That is a mistake. Keep the business where the restrictions can be carried into effect, and the slums clear of those dens which breed crime of every descrip-

The business men of the city are not likely to accept the increased rate of the insurance companies with calmness. Though it applies only to a few buildings and firms at present still there is no doubt that it will spread and the increased rate become more general. The burdens upon business are heavy enough now without such an additional imposition, without, apparently any sufficient reason.

tion.

It would seem on good sci entific authority that even the time-honored belief that a ring around the moon betokens bad weather has no good foundation. A series of observations has shown that the lunar halo preceded bad weather in on'y thirtyfour out of sixty-one instances, so that a ring around the moon is as apt to mean sunshine as rain.

The proposition introduced into the legislature to give the control of the liquor licenses into the hands of the municipalities cannot be discussed intelligently until the full text of the bill is learned. If the inten ion is to apply the proceeds of the licenses for provincial purposes there will no doubt be much opposition to the measure.

The report that Mrs. MAYBRICK was to be released from prison appears to have been premature. The English Home Secretary has not found the evidence submitted sufficient to convince him that she is being punished for a crime of which she is innocent.

The sum of \$50,000 has been recommended to the Massachusetts legislature as an appropriation for a statue of BENJAMIN F. BUTLER, and this despite the protest of a few narrow minded people who will never torgive him for being an enemy of shams.

After the long series of sad tidings from the island colony, it is a relief to hear from Newfoundland that something is plentiful. an abundance of them means much to the people around the coast.

Halitax can congratulate itself on having a new fire department which appears to be considerably more expensive than the department of St. John, though the latter seems equal to all the demands upon it.

With gifts of price untold.

How eagerly with listening ear The world was waiting for a song Som poet's full-toned voice to hear Ring out its gladness loud and clear,-So had it waited long

These sang, as minstrels sang of old, "The perfect world by Adam trod;" One bard, the Golden Legend told, One took his theme from age of gold;-With song they fared abroad.

One wailed the grief of Israel's king, Dark woes of parricidal strife The other, gently comforting Poor human hearts, did sottly sing 'the world's sweet Psalm of Life

Munjoy still greets the morning gray, Still Bramhall watches late and long; The fair town seated by the bay Holds in her heart of hearts today Her gitted sons of song.

- Isaac Bassett Choate In Home Journal.

Children of Yesterday. Children of yesterday. Heirs of tomorrow, What are you weaving-Labor or sorrow? Look to your looms again; Faster and faster Fly the great shuttles Prepared by the Master. Life's in the loom, Room for it-room!

Children of yesterday, Heirs of tomorrow, Lighten the labor And sweeten the sorrow. Naw-While the shuttles fly Faster and faster, Up and be at it-At work with the master, He stands at your loom, Room for him-room!

Children of yesterday, Heirs of tomorrow Look at your fabric Of labor and sor ow, Seamy and dark With despair and disaster. Turn it-and low. The design of the Master! The Lora's at the loo Room for him-room -Mary A. Rathbury.

By the Fireside.

I care not how, in reckless rout, The rude winds blow the leaves about; Nor how, in summer vales serene, They toss the white above the green I have here, where no cold winds be, A kindly cot that covereth me. And one whose smile can cheer and charm In the strong circle of mine arm; Vain is the winter's icy art; While her dear love doth warm my heart

Within the lights and shadows shed On sweet, wee forms tucked up in bed; Hath glory such a luring gleams As children smiling in their dreams? Oh, world of waste and wintry snow, Give me but this-my fireside's glow, A corner in the storm and strife With leve of wee ones and of wife, And I shall yield all other art For just that love that warms my heart ! -Atlanta Constitution

At Lauds.

'Tis sweet to wake before the dawn, When all the cocks are crowing, And from my window on the lawn, To watch the veil of night withdrawn

And feel the fresh wind blowing The murmur of the falls I hear, Its ni.ht long vigil keeping; And softly now, as if in fear To rouse their neighbors slumbering near, The trees wake from their sleeping.

Dear Lord, such wondrous thoughts of Thee My raptured soul are filling, That, like a bird upon the tree, With sweet but wordless minstrelsy

My inmost heart is thrilling. —Frederick George Scott. In "My Lattice, And Other Poems.

EARS KEPT ON TAP.

Various Useful Remedies Suggested for Frost Touched Ears

My Dear PROGRESS--You may not be aware of the fact, but I sometimes give way to the wild yearnings within me and take to poet-I mean, verse-writing. It is with the intention of inditing a few impassioned quatrains that I take up the pen today, but my ears forbid. Not that I write solely by ear. I have written to my tailor several times by note, substantially endorsed .- But here are the facts : If you

remember, last Monday was somewhat chilly in the reception it gave some of our best citizens. Well, as I have been recently going into a rapid decline (not from lack of merit, but from unavailability), I took a little pasear of about five hundred yards on the morning in question, with the result that I froze the upper halves of my pink shell-like aurics. A vigorous rubbing with snow at the hands of kind friends to whom I am indebted for-but that is another story-soon brought the circulation back. Then a few remedies were recommended. One friend (who sixty

rose up suddenly and, interrupting the Russian plenipotentiary, shouted ; "Quesai keseuss belleve !"

Bismarck, who presided, opened his enormous eyes and gazed all around the assembly in the most profound astonishment. Prince Gortschakoff was dumfounded, while the English plenipotentiaries Lord Salisbury and Lord Olo Russell, nodded their assent, and seemed to understand the mysterious words perfectly. But the effect of the quesai keseuss belleve was such that Count Schouwaloff lost the thread of his discourse, and Bismarck, completely puzzled, closed the session.

In the evening at dinner, at Bismarck's residence, old Gertschakoff slapped Beaconsfield on the shoulder and smilingly asked him what was the meaning of the three English words which he had shouted out during the session.

"They were not English," replied Beaconsfield, "but latin."

Everybody came around to listen, and his lordship repeated his terrible words. and it was discovered that they meant quasi casus belli

Beaconsfield considered that Schouwaloff's proposals amounted to a cause for war. The story furnishes a good example of the necessity of making Latinists come to an agreement in the matter of pronunciation.

Celored Clothes for Men.

It is reported that certain New York merchant tailors have recently been again conferring over the question of putting colored goods for evening dress on the market. The question has been hanging fire for two years, and now, it is said, the tailors are determined to test the mind of the public. The colors for the new cloth will be plum shade. There are subdued shades of plum and dahlia colored cloth that are pleasing to the eye, and would be a decided relief from the conventional black. The new dress coat will probably have a velvet collar. The waistcoat will be silk faced and will probably have four buttons, and the trousers will have a stripe or two down each leg. While this dress innovation would be welcomed by a great many men, there is considerable opposition to the movement, and the men who have influence enough to bring the change about shrink from the notoriety they would thus obtain.

She Will be Missed.

Miss Annie Russell, of PROGRESS composing room, left this week for Brooklyn, N. Y., when she will pursue her vocation. Miss Russell, who belongs to Chatham, has been connected with PROGRESS for more than three years, and was one of the most skilled and faithful employees of the office. There can be no doubt of her success whereever she may go. Before leaving St. John, the employees of the office in the presentation of a handsome ring and a suitable address expressed their esteem for her as a friend and fellow worker.