

PROGRESS.

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Subscribers who do not receive their paper Saturday morning are requested to communicate with the office.—Tel. 95.

PRACTICAL TEMPERANCE.

There is an interesting organization in HALIFAX called the 'Non-Treating-Club,' which has just been formed, and promises, according to the reports in the newspapers to have quite a large membership. Mr. GEO. E. FRYE has taken an active interest in the formation of the club, which it appears is but a branch of an organization that was started by Mr. MONETT in Chicago. This gentleman says in the course of a letter which he sent to Mr. FRYE that "the treating habit as every man of the world knows, is increasing rather than decreasing, and it is all rot—it is false friendship—it is responsible for the making of many drunkards. 'Have one with me,' is a phrase that many a man has used because of the desire not to appear small, and to conform to the usages of drinking men, and is frequently accepted more to avoid discussion and not to give offence, than because the beverage itself is desired. For instance, you and I go into a cafe with the intention of taking one drink, possibly two. We meet eight or ten of our mutual friends and they insist upon us joining them. We do so, and then you and I reciprocate, and every other man in the party insists upon 'everybody having one with him,' and the consequences are that each and every man in the crowd puts eight or ten drinks under his belt before we separate, and I will bet a new hat that there is not a man in the crowd but would prefer only one drink to that of eight or ten consecutive ones. This thing repeated several times a day, year in and year out, will not only ruin a man physically, but also financially. If such things are not foolish then I miss my guess. I enjoy a social drink as well as any man on earth, and I imagine the man does not who has spent more money in that direction than I—by this I mean on a corresponding income. I have seen so many good, bright young men throw away splendid opportunities, and all on account of trying to be a 'good fellow,' that it is really painful, and I do not believe there is a man on earth, whether he is a believer in total abstinence or not, who cannot call to mind a hundred such cases."

This is indeed practical temperance. The treating habit is the curse of drinking and the greatest credit possible should be given to the man who has sufficient courage to go among his friends, calls for whatever he wants and pays for it without regarding their presence.

GREAT IRISHMEN.

In one of the most readable articles we have recently seen that interesting publication, *Tit-Bits*, dwells upon the Britons who have ruled in foreign countries, and it will no doubt surprise many, who have followed the lives and fortunes of the great men of the Empire to learn that Ireland has furnished the greater number of men who have served the Empire of Great Britain and been most successful. In confirmation of this fact it is stated that within recent years, two men of Irish blood have filled the very highest positions in Austria and Spain. One of them was the premier and private friend of the Austrian Emperor, and his son, who is equally talented, and able to bear the brunt of diplomatic service, will in all probability be as great in the affairs of the Empire as his father.

One of the prime ministers of Spain was descended from "Redhugh O'DONNELL"; and the chief of the general staff of the Russian army was descended from an Irishman. Nearly everybody has heard of President MACMAHON of the French republic, and he was as truly Irish as is his name. And yet speaking of names, it is somewhat startling to know that there is a Count MURPHY among the Spanish courtiers, who

goes by the name, somewhat glorified it is true, of CONDE DE MORPHE.

These Irishmen, however, seem to have been associated with the affairs of foreign countries, while Sir ROBERT HART is working in the interests of the English Empire as a director of Chinese customs. For forty years he has been in the consular service of Great Britain in China, and he holds his position and has discharged his duties so resolutely and well, that his countrymen are not only proud of him, but the Chinese are thoroughly well satisfied with his acts.

This gives us a new idea of the ability and resources of men of Irish descent. Whether in war or peace they have always been to the front. The Duke of WELLINGTON, who conquered at Waterloo was an Irishman, and the greatest battle that since that time has thrilled the British nation was won by another general, Sir HERBERT KITCHENER, who is also called an Irishman.

WHAT A GOOD LAUGH DOES.

It tends to lengthen one's life. It conveys a new and direct stimulus to the vital forces. Dr. GREEN says that there is not one remotest corner or little inlet of the minute blood-vessels of the human body that does not feel some wavelet from the convulsions occasioned by good, hearty laughter. When one laughs the life principle of the central man is shaken to the innermost depths, sending new tides of life and strength to the surface. The blood moves more rapidly, and conveys a different impression to all the organs of the body as it visits them on the particular mystic journey, when a man is laughing, from what is done at other times.

The death of Mr. RALPH DISRAELI, brother of the late Earl of Beaconsfield, occurred recently at Oulton Hall, Leeds, where he had been on a visit to his son-in-law, Mr. CALVERLEY. Mr. DISRAELI, who was the second son of the author of 'The Curiosities of Literature,' ISAAC DISRAELI, was born in May, 1809, and was thus in his 61st year. Lord Lyndhurst gave him in 1841 the appointment of registrar in the Court of Chancery, which he held until he was appointed in 1875 Deputy Clerk of the Parliaments. From this post he retired in 1890, having completed half a century of public service. Mr. DISRAELI's son, CONINGSBY RALPH DISRAELI, M.P., succeeded to the Huguenot estates of his distinguished uncle, Lord BEACONSFIELD, and is now the only surviving male member of the DISRAELI family. Lord BEACONSFIELD's other brother, JAMES, who was a Commissioner of the Island Revenue, died 1868.

A dog which once belonged to the late GENERAL GORDON has been entrusted to the care of the DOVER GORDON BOY'S ORPHANAGE. The dog's name is Wang, and it is one of three Chow puppies which GENERAL GORDON brought with him from China when he returned to England prior to being sent to Khartoum. Before he left for Khartoum, GORDON gave the dog to GENERAL SIR JOHN ADEYE's daughter. The old dog, which is now deaf and lame, can be seen at the orphanage.

It is intended to make the GLADSTONE Library of the National Liberal club more worthy of the name it bears. The library is being secured by a separate trust deed and created a permanent memorial of Mr. GLADSTONE. With this object it is proposed to spend £4,000 in developing the library and to make it more valuable for the purpose of political and historical reference. £600 has been received in donations, and now a general appeal is made to members to subscribe.

Six oxen and fourteen pigs were roasted whole on spits in the streets at the Stratford-on-Avon Mop or Statute Fair. Excursion trains ran from London and the chief Midland towns, and the attendance was the largest on record. The fair dates back several centuries, its original purpose having been the hiring of farm and domestic servants.

Studying Book-keeping.

The general value of the study of book-keeping is greatly enhanced when it is taught by means of facsimile business transactions, or in accordance with the Laboratory Method in use at the Currie Business University of this city. The method introduces a large body of practical business instruction and practice not included in book-keeping as ordinarily taught in the business colleges.

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ARE NOT ON CUPID'S LIST.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

barrister-at-law, etc. etc., is in the opinion of a great many well qualified to judge, one of the very best all round catches on the Fredericton market. In appearance he is strikingly handsome and though this qualification would no doubt commend him to a great many, he has others in abundance. He enjoys a lucrative law practice, possesses more than ordinary ability as a lawyer, is fond of social life, rides a bicycle, owns a stylish horse and carriage, is an amateur photographer of ability, dresses well, makes two trips to the United States each year, and seems to generally make the most of life. In addition to all this Mr. Slipp is a member of the curling club a fair dancer and a good Free Baptist. Frequently so report says he has been exposed to the fire of that class of people known as match-makers, but has thus far so his intimate friends say, escaped without even a blemish.

Just here it might be opportune to deal with the case of another legal light, who in the opinion of a great many, possesses qualifications for matrimony, which few young men of his age in the city can discount. The individual in the writer's mind at present is Lieutenant Harry Fulton McLeod. Though young in years, as in his profession, Mr. McLeod is rapidly pushing his way to the front, and already enjoys a practice which many of his older legal brethren might envy. The son of an eminent Free Baptist divine, Mr. McLeod does not seem to have inherited his father's pious instincts to any marked degree, but as regards ability, and aggressiveness he is "a chip of the old block." He is a capital speaker and seems to take to politics and the fair sex as readily as a duck does to water. In the matter of good looks Harry is not at all wanting and as a dancer he is unsurpassed. He also knows how to sing, can do his share at flirting, is bright and intellectual, will resort to the manly art if provoked, is considerable of an athlete, strong and courageous, is an officer in the militia, an expert canoeist, and a close student of feminine nature. It will surprise many if the subject of this sketch does not before many more years rolls over his head shake off the yoke of single blessedness. Those in a position to know say he is just waiting for the right one to happen along.

There is still another lawyer in Fredericton who has successfully run the gauntlet of life up to the present time without attaching himself to a member of the opposite sex, and who would undoubtedly prove a mighty good catch for some one. The person referred to in this particular instance is Mr. James T. Sharkey. Mr. Sharkey is a typical bachelor in every sense of the word, and does not seem to care to be anything else. In addition to his law practice he is United States consular agent, a school trustee, a member of the Wilmot park board, a trustee of the Victoria hospital and an ex-alderman, etc. He is a college graduate and somewhere in the neighborhood of 35 years of age, is fairly good looking, of a genial and social disposition, fond of bicycling, canoeing and skating, owns a fancy horse and carriage, is a good conversationalist, can quote poetry and prose by the yard or hour, has good prospects for the future and in fact possesses all the qualifications necessary to make him a most desirable life companion for someone providing he can be captured, which seems to be a doubtful possibility.

Another promising young bachelor who makes his home in this city is Mr. Frank J. Sherman the efficient agent of the Merchants bank of Halifax. Mr. Sherman fills a position of responsibility enjoys a substantial income and is very popular in the community. He is right at home at any kind of a social function is well read and a good conversationalist, has plenty of literary ability, and is generally classed as one of the nicest looking and most easy going of the younger generation of bachelors.

The Chestnut brothers, William and Harry might be classified together. They are both young, and good looking and are partners with their father in a large and growing wholesale and retail hardware business. Both are enthusiastic sportsmen, and have traversed all the great hunting grounds, notably Florida, California and the Miramichi. They are part owners of a beautiful and delightfully located summer cottage at Springhill on the St. John river, known as Pine Bluff camp, which during the summer months is the scene of many festive gatherings, inaugurated by them. Either of them can propel a canoe as dexterously as an Indian warrior, ride a bicycle, handle a horse; in short they are past masters at any pastime likely to contribute to the enjoyment of others.

Any bright young lady in search of a young man who combines in his make up all the qualities usually found in an ideal

husband, should not pair Mr. Loring W. Bailey, jr. teller of the Bank of B. N. A. staff. Mr. Bailey is the son of a college professor, has good looks in abundance is a born financier, is fond of out doors sports is an expert in all kinds of lawn games, can interpret a base ball match and do lots of other things to make himself agreeable. He has plenty of ambition, is a tolerably safe investor with a leaning towards mining stock. Can trip the light fantastic as gracefully as the next one and somewhat of a play goer.

A young lady for whom music hath charms and who has reached that age when it is necessary to do a little looking around, would no doubt find her beau ideal in Prof. F. C. D. Bristowe, organist of Christ church cathedral. The term "delightful old bachelor," would fit the popular professor like a glove if it were not for the middle word which would have to be omitted in his case. The professor has been a pupil of some of the best masters of Europe and is without a doubt one of the most accomplished musicians in the province. In addition to leading the splendid choir of the cathedral he regularly instructs large private classes in the city. The blood of nobility is said to flow in his veins, in fact his presence can be detected by the experienced eye, in his carriage address and polite agreeable demeanor. On several occasions of late dame rumor has brought the professor before the public as a possible candidate for matrimony, but PROGRESS has the best of authority for making the statement that he is still uncaught.

No list of Fredericton's front row catches would be anything like complete, if it did not include the name of Mr. George Samuel Clarke, the gentlemanly and popular head salesman in Fred Edgecombe's dry goods establishment. The duties of Mr. Clarke's position, bring him into close contact with about all of the fashionable young ladies of the city, and that he has up to the present time failed to take advantage of his opportunities, is a matter for both surprise and regret. It may be inferred from this that Mr. Clarke is not as youthful as some of his contemporaries, and while this may be in a sense true, he is still young enough for matrimony, and were he to evince a desire to enter that blissful state, it is not likely that the provincial exchequer would be kept long waiting for the license fee. It is said of Mr. Clark that he receives by long odds the largest salary of any man in Fredericton. In religion he is a methodist, and closely identifies himself with the work of the church.

This hastily prepared article does not by any means include all the notable bachelors of Fredericton. There are still quite a number of good ones left whom PROGRESS will refer to in a future article.

HE PAID ALL THE BILLS.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

came to the hospital she hid on a cape a wrapper and skirt and for a covering, two or three quilts. She fainted once on the way over and twice after reaching the hospital. She was thoroughly chilled and said several times she was very cold. The most tender and devoted care was given to the suffering woman by the kindhearted officers. Adjutant Jost who through her connection with rescue work has had a wide practical experience in cases of this kind, saw at once that the woman's condition was most serious and asked Dr. Case to remain. He declined to do so saying that he did not care to take the case and besides he had other engagements which demanded immediate attention. He was then asked to call Dr. Walker on his way home, and this he did. Dr. Walker came very promptly and remained through the night with the dying woman. A few moments after his departure at five o'clock the woman expired. The earthly troubles of one more unfortunate were over, and the curtain had fallen forever on a tragedy in real life. Annie Snodgrass had died with her secret practically untold, and without positively establishing the identity of the partner of her guilt.

After Coroner Berryman had decided that an inquest was unnecessary the remains were prepared for burial. In the room to which she had been first taken lay the dead woman and her infant, and though numerous callers presented themselves at the hospital and asked to see the remains, the officers very properly declined to gratify any morbid curiosity in that direction.

In response to a summons from Adjutant Jost the young man referred to above came to the home on the morning following the woman's death. He seemed to feel his position very keenly and made vehement protestations of his innocence. It is known however that he agreed to pay the funeral and other expenses connected with the case. The man is only about twenty five or twenty six years of age, very good looking, and is employed on the railway.

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It was intended to bury the woman Wednesday afternoon but notwithstanding Coroner's Berryman's decision that an inquest was not necessary the officers of the hospital were most anxious that one should be held, and the blame for the woman's death placed where it properly belonged. Interment took place Thursday afternoon from the hospital. Dr. Steele officiated and those gathered in the room of death were greatly affected during the brief, sad ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Folkins accompanied by a young lady were the only attendants at the funeral.

THE EX-ALDERMAN MISSING.

He Escaped a Six Months Sentence by a Sud-en Exit.

HALIFAX Nov. 17.—One day quite recently H. F. Worrall a well known resident of this city was arrested. The proceedings against him were taken by Charles Smith of Smbro who transacted considerable business with Worrall some years ago. The prisoner secured his release soon after his arrest, and a day was set down for him to appear before Thomas Notting, barrister, who is a commissioner of the supreme court. When the day came Worrall appeared, and the proceedings went on in the office of the above named gentleman. The evidence offered by the plaintiff in the matter was overwhelming, and the commissioner found Worrall guilty and sentenced him to six months imprisonment in the county jail. The prisoner had his wits about him all the time, but he sat there unconcernedly and watched all that was going on. The commissioner was busy preparing the necessary papers for his commitment, and while everything was running along smoothly Worrall quietly picked up his hat and walked out the door. He was gone quite a time before anyone had become aware of his absence, but as soon as it was discovered there was a scene. Constables, sheriffs and police officers were hastily informed of what had transpired and several of them set out in search of the missing man. All the outgoing trains and steamers were watched closely, and a guard was placed over his house. For several days the search was kept up, but the much wanted Worrall was no where to be found and the officers gave him up. It was remarkable to them how he got out of the way, as they were after him pretty promptly, but he eluded them all, and now enjoys his freedom. It is presumed that he hid away in some place until the matter quieted down, and then slipped away unnoticed.

Worrall was at one time an alderman here for several years and at the end of his term contested for the mayoralty, but met with defeat. He was once a successful business man, but not with many reverses which soon brought him down, and placed him in his present position. It is very unlikely that he will show up, as he is one of those individuals who has a particular dislike for being in prison, and the fare that is allotted out to the inmates.

WHERE'S THAT KITTEN NOW?

How a Sausage Dealer Caused Some Merriment in Church.

A stray kitten and a sausage manufacturer are indeed somewhat of a suggestive combination, at least there must be something commonly funny about the relations between the two, for on Sunday last when a worthy deacon in Exmouth street church hustled up the aisle to the pulpit platform to eject a wandering feline, the congregation smiled, and finally when the reverend preacher grinned, they burst into a laugh. It was not because the cat was a cat that they were amused but it was because its captor was a butcher.

If he had been an ordinary every day victualler the case might have been different, but he was a sausage maker and a famous one at that. His characteristic impetuosity added more to the fun, as he grasped the poor little animal with an eager hand placed it securely under his arm and made for the door.