

IT WILL BE WELCOMED.

A NEW BOOK ON JUDGE HALIBURTON.

Superior Qualifications of the Biographer, Mr. F. Blake Crofton—Some of the Reasons Why the Work Needed to be Done—Provincial and Foreign Appreciation.

The title of this article might seem to imply that works on the subject of the *Clockmaker* were common. In so far as it does so it is a misnomer. Excepting a paragraph in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, a confused and misleading table in Morgan's *Bibliotheca Canadensis* fugitive allusions in contemporary literature and, within the last four years, newspaper reports of lectures, definite information about Judge Haliburton is very scarce. Probably no man who has made his mark in the literature of his country so strong and sure as Haliburton has gained less than he from the labors of editor, critic and biographer.

The late Joseph Howe, speaking at the Shakespeare tercentenary in Halifax, in 1864, commenting in his pointed way upon the tardy recognition of genius, remarked of Robert Burns, that, years after the poet had passed away and, and his looseness of life and sharpness of speech (and his enemies withal) were mostly forgotten,



JUDGE HALIBURTON.

Scotland awoke to the fact that she had produced a great poet and patriot. With all due respect to the orator, however, the truth is that Burns was exceptionally favored in this respect. It was his luck to arouse in most of the eminent men of his time whom he met a lively curiosity as to his career, as well as keen and heart-felt admiration of his varied powers; and there were not wanting generous-minded memoirists, who, as soon as the breath was out of Burns' body, and the fear of his calling upon them for assistance, in the way of money or otherwise, was thus provisionally forever removed, hastened voluminously and in minutest detail to inform the world what a fine fellow and a great genius he was. In fact, Burns' position among the world's authors was as well ascertained, and his services to "Auld Scotia," were as thoroughly acknowledged within five years after his death as they will ever be. Lockhart, writing a few years later, commentarily remarked that the number of things which had been said about Burns by men of his own order of talent would fill a volume.

The words of Howe are, at all events, singularly appropriate as applied to his friend Tom Haliburton, the bon vivant, wit and whole-souled fellow whom Howe celebrates in some of his happiest lyrical strains. Haliburton has been dead well on to a quarter of a century without anything like so much as a passable memoir of him being prepared by any of those who knew him and among whom he moved. He had no literary executor, no clique to battle for his opinions, no friend even to collect and edit his scattered works, which have been left to make their own way. The books have had to hustle for themselves, the opinions to be used by those who could understand and appreciate them. Now at length, although Mr. Crofton modestly disclaims the toil and honors of a biographer, we have to announce the appearance within a few weeks of a competent study of Haliburton. The Haliburton club, of Windsor, N. S., have arranged with Mr. F. Blake Crofton, provincial librarian, to publish his *Study of Haliburton, The Man and Writer*, which work engaged the attention of the Nova Scotia Historical society on two evenings last winter with great acceptance. This is no off-hand performance, but a carefully matured estimate of Haliburton's work. Nearly four years ago, when I made Mr. Crofton's acquaintance, he had already outlined his essay and was making diligent inquiries about this subject. The Haliburton club deems itself fortunate in having secured for the initial number of a contemplated series of original works bearing on Canadian letters, the services of an accomplished critic and author. The acquisition of this gentleman as an active member of the club is the more important from his having received his education and training abroad. He is thus freed from a possible charge of local vanity in having secured a high opinion of his subject.

Knowledge and appreciation of Haliburton's work is, however, much more frequently to be met with in Europe than on this side of the water. Five or six years ago, one day whilst I was walking down past the plaster quarries in Windsor, in company with a clever and learned professor of King's college, he wagged his head in the direction of Clifton cottage and asked whether anybody knew anything about that man that used to live up there. He got to know something about the judge, though, and afterwards said that Haliburton's career was the most interesting chapter in the history of Nova Scotia.

In pleasing contrast to such negligence, common enough amongst otherwise educated provincials, was the degree of information possessed by a divinity professor, of Oxford, whose company I enjoyed in the autumn of 1885, whilst travelling in the cars from Cologne to Brussels. This gentleman showed a remarkable degree of acquaintance with Haliburton, whose works, he said, were in his library, and whom he remembered seeing at Oxford when the doctor's degree was conferred upon the judge. The Oxford professor knew King's college, Windsor, merely by the token that Haliburton had there been educated.

The Haliburton club was started early in 1884. The name of Haliburton was chosen

SOLOMON IN HIS GLORY

WAS NOT ABAYED LIKE ONE OF THESE DUDES.

The Englishman and His American "Old Chaps" Compare Notes on Fashions and Tell Each Other About the Last Sweet Thing in Stockings.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

BOSTON, Jan. 16.—The parlor of the Dudelette club, might seem bare and unpicturesque to some visitors, but it proves inviting to its dude members, and when it is remembered that they are not exactly moneyed men, and bear a great strain on their incomes to keep up appearances, it will be seen that they cannot contribute so largely toward their club as their natural fondness for things luxurious would otherwise lead them to do. The furnishings approach to elegance, however, and the members have not allowed themselves to be discouraged because the fund is small, or because of the strange fact that upholsterers and others never seem anxious to sell except for cash.

Picture a room about 14x20 feet, with painted floor, and in the centre of the floor a rug about 2x3½ feet. A large, square table stands at one end of the room. At the other there is a full length mirror, not "plate" of course, but one that reflects nicely and stands constant use. Ten or a dozen "easy" chairs are scattered here and there. You see the room as it is.

I had dropped in on a recent evening and was looking about me, when two fashionable gentlemen seated themselves on either side of the square table and settled down for a smoke and chat. One was a native, a Boston dude, the other his guest "just out" from London. When their conversation turned to "fashions" of the present day, as it soon did, it struck me I might hear something worth repeating to other fashionables, so I remained, and soon became interested. I regret that I am unable to imitate the tones and pronunciation for the benefit of any who have never been charmed by hearing dudes talk.

"Is it true," asked the American, "that you indulge in frilled and tucked shirt-fronts again, old fella?"

"Ha, ha!" laughed the Englishman. "Not exactly, ye' know. 'Plain bosoms,' as you Americans call them, are always 'standby' with us. They are worn with one stud or three. Our tailors favor one stud, but, ye' know, the Prince of Wales is an 'old fogey' and horribly stubborn (mamma's own boy, ye' know, ha! ha!), and he simply will not forsake the conventional three studs. Considering his position, we are forced, ye' know, to accept him as guiding star in fashions—can't very well help it, don't ye' know—so, generally, plain fronts and three studs are worn. But, lately, quite a lot of us fellows feel that we must have a change—we are beastly tired, ye' know, of the same old fashions—so we wear, occasionally, *pleated* shirts. They are pretty the thing; 32 small pleats. Awfully pretty."

"Must be! I shall get some."

"What is the latest fad here, deah boy?"

"Egad! nothing startling. We wear your loose style of pants, and slightly baggy overcoats; and for evening 'get up' we wear 'plain bosoms' and three studs, but only one on other occasions. Instead of plain vests we have a rage just now for waistcoats of silk or of satin, embroidered. I think you'd admire them."

"Why, yaas; I'm sure I should!"

"We wear soft cambric bows for evening dress, instead of your stiff English ties."

"Yaas? That's a good idea; more graceful."

"Speaking of embroidery, we Americans are very fond of that sort of thing. Gay initials and monograms on one's handkerchiefs are quite the thing. Then we are very fussy about the mode of dressing our feet. Slate-blue, old-gold striped, and the new terra cotta are the latest shades in hose, and our boots and shoes are poems, really."

The English dude thought he'd like to see the hosiery, boots and shoes, down town next day. Then he asked: "Have you that line of braid down the leg of evening pants, yet?"

"Yes, some of our best tailors suggest it—and also a collarless coat, which is, I believe, English."

"Oh, be jove, yaas? but they will only answer for big duffers. Men of slight build" (and here he gazed admiringly in the mirror) "can never wear them—too trying ye' know, with neither collar nor lapels."

The Boston gentleman had arisen, and with under jaw dropped and mouth open, in that bright, intelligent way common among dudes, surveyed his attenuated but graceful form in the glass, and then remarked: "Oh, ducedly trying. Makes a fellow's chest look weak."

"Have you heard of our new driving coat? No? It is perfectly lovely! And the best of it, is, costs like the dickens, so those beastly dry goods cads can't afford even an imitation." Then the Englishman proceeded to describe it minutely, as follows: "It is double-breasted, warmly lined and has light rows of stitching around the edge of the garment. The fronts are double stitched; the sleeves have eight rows to match the edges; the collar is velvet, edged with cloth, and it and four outside pockets are also stitched."

"Must be awfully nice thing. We have something new in driving-gloves; double

finger tips; such a protection to manicured finger nails."

"They must be, indeed," said the English dude. "How are you in canes and umbrellas out here?"

"Oh, be jove! we have something sweet. Here's mine, by the bye," and he produced a silk umbrella with a handle of such convenient size that he held it nicely with both hands. "Our canes are quite as lovely."

"Really! you Americans are quite up to us. On the whole, Mr. Rattlepate, our fashions compare very well, don't they? ha! ha!"

"Yes, dear fella. Ah-h, let us wine together now, eh?" and they withdrew from Dudelette club parlor.

FRANK.

IN MEMORY OF FRANK MILLER.

The Beautiful Rood Screen Placed in St. George's Church, Bathurst.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

BATHURST, Jan. 16.—St. George's church has been adorned and beautified by a new rood screen which was placed in position and dedicated Christmas eve.

This feature in the architectural and ritual furnishing of churches is a good old English one, and may be seen in most of the cathedrals and in many ancient parish churches. In this province some creditable specimens are to be found. Perhaps the finest one is that in St. Anne's church, Fredericton, built by the present metropolitan on his first coming to this diocese, as his own chapel, there being no cathedral. It is of English oak, and is very richly ornamented. The symbolic meaning of the screen is the passage of death, which separates the church militant from the church triumphant and expectant; through which the souls of the faithful pass to the nearer presence of their Lord and His higher worship. A screen of very superior plan and of much effectiveness, can be seen at the Mission church. It was designed by Black of Boston. There are also screens at St. Andrew's, Newcastle, and St. Andrew's, Petitcodiac.

In the present case the screen has been given as a memorial. It will bear a brass, engraved plate with the inscription:

To the Glory of God;
And in Loving Memory of
FRANK J. MILLER.
Obit Dec. 19th, 1881, Aged 21 years.
Jesu Merces.

In the shocking railway disaster at Carquet bridge, Frank Miller, chairman, met with sudden death. His brother and sister have given, upon the first anniversary, this memorial, to the church where he worshipped. It is made of black ash, polished. There are side bays, and central arch, or gable. On each side is a parapet as high as the choir seats, of tongued and grooved vertically-boarded panels, surmounted by an open frieze of quatrefoils and trefoil ridged battlements. In the central space are gates of the same pattern. From this lower part rise heavy, turned and carved posts, supporting heavy top beams much ornamented. Under these at each side are four small arches notched, and pierced in the corners with long, narrow, lancet-like openings. The arch over the central space is wider and higher, and is set in gabled beams, from the centre of which rises the rood, five feet high, of heavy, plain design.

The work was done by Messrs. Ross & McPherson, of Sussex, who are becoming well known for their skill in doing church work in the wooden line. Most of the handsome work, in the way of pulpits, altars, reredoses, etc., has been done by them. By-the-by, the Mission church screen was of their workmanship. Their work is well done, of properly dried lumber, and of reasonable price.

St. George's church has now one of the most beautiful and perfect interiors in the diocese.

Blown in by the Wind.

The Glasgow and London calendar, Thomas Vanwart, Portland, agent, and the London and Lancashire, from the same gentleman, are on *PROGRESS*' desk. Also some prominent blotters from proprietor McSweeney of the Brunswick house, Moncton. The London Assurance sends out a very neat pocket diary and calendar, through Mr. R. W. W. Frink, and the same gentleman has some fine office calendars from the first-class Canadian companies which he represents.

No Decrease to be Found.

A well-known gentleman, who has figured in his official and private capacity before the public, doesn't buy *PROGRESS* any more. He borrows it, and reads it from the first to the eighth page. That's what he says, and his boast will probably continue as long as his friends continue to lend him the paper. Meanwhile the circulation hasn't decreased.

There Was no Money in Him.

"He smoked my ten cent cigars," said a druggist, speaking of a recent exoduster, "until they got too poor for him, and then he went somewhere else where they sold two for a quarter. I lost his trade, you see, but I didn't shed a single tear over it."

—And the druggist winked a wink of dark and mysterious significance.

Doing a Splendid Work.

PROGRESS spares no expense in procuring portraits of the historic characters and prominent men of the maritime provinces and is doing a splendid work in writing up maritime men, cities and industries.—*Halifax Herald*.

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WHITE BEADED LACE, WHITE and GOLD DRESS FRONTS;

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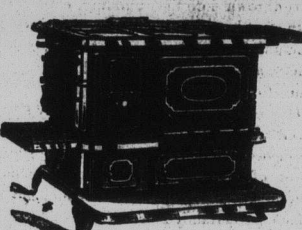
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