DEATH FROM DUTY'S CALL

A YOUNG AND BRAVE SOLDIER FALLS IN LIFE'S BATTLE.

Goodridge B. Roberts Dies Suddenly at Wolfville From a Relapse of Grippe Brought on by Over Exertion in Obeying the Call of Duty.

To PROGRESS, in common with many people in this city, the news of Goodridge B. Roberts' death came with a shock. Once a member of the staff of this journal, the sad news came with greater sadness for, during the few months of his sojourn in this city he made warm friends not only among his associate workers, but those whom he met. With him it was not hard for acquaintanceship to grow into friendship.

The same ability shown in his collegiate course, characterized his work for PROGRESS. He was careful and conscientious in all that he did. Much of his work was in the line of literary for which his clear and keen judgment was especially adapted. He was always willing to please when he could do so with justice to himself and the author.

He left literary work to study for the ministry and it was in the path of duty that he contracted the cold that led to a relapse of grippe and his death.

Death came suddenly to him. His illness took a serious turn Wednesday morning. Twenty-four hours later he died, with his brother and the lady to whom he was engaged by his bedside and his parents hastening to him. Outside of these provinces Goodridge B. Roberts was known as the editor of *Younger Canadian Poets*, and much bright literary work that found its way nto the best reviews and magazines. He was one of the editors of the excellent college monthly published at Kings college, and only last week there appeared in these columns an account of a Haliburton club anniversary meeting at which he was the brightest present.

The grief of his parents and relatives can well be passed over. He was something more than a son and a brother to them. Just a month from the day he left home after his Christmas vacation he returned—a corpse.

The general esteem in which he was held in Fredericton was shown by the very large number of people who attended the funeral ceremonies.

In the morning the Coadjutor Bishop made special reference to his death in his sermon in St. Ann's church in these words:

Some such thoughts as these, dear brethren, it may be, have been passing through our minds of late in the scourge of sickness that has been afflicting the world, young and old, prince and peasant, all alike have suffered; some of every age, of every rank, of every calling, have been summoned away, and we have been called upon to test the reality of our faith. But it comes more nearly home to ourselves when one is taken from our very midst in the first years of manhood, when we were looking forward to a successful life in this world. But we may feel, thank God, that he was one who had taken the text to heart, and made its faith his own. When there had been given to him by Almighty God talents which would have advanced him to a position in whatever line he had chosen, when the time for choice came, and he had arrived at the full years of discretion, he deliberately chose the service of God, and offered himself as a candidate for Holy Orders. How blessed are they who, when they have health and strength, *elect* to follow the blessed service! God. To them there is the glorious promise of the XCI Psalm, Whosoever while he still has the power of choice does determine to dwell under the defence of the Most High, he, when night cometh shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. This, we may believe, was the blessed lot of our dear brother who has so lately been called away from us to his rest. To him the night has come for awhile, but still he is safe and sure in his repose; for it is God's night, and he shall abide by night under the shadow of the Almighty.

Transient shadow will it be, for it is God's shadow. By devout attention to duty, by careful devotion, by earnest study, he was endeavoring to prepare himself for the ministry of God in this world, and in part preparation he was wont to perform the office of lay reader. On Sunday last he executed his office, today he is laid to rest. God has called his servant to execute his office elsewhere, nearer Himself.

"I Have Set God Always Before Me."

For the sorrowing dear ones, who have watched the development and growth, and were looking forward with pride to advancement in this world, to the loving circle, where there is a present void, I will not ask your sympathy, for I know it has been given and is flowing freely, spontaneously, and heartily. I do not ask your prayers, for I feel sure they have been, and will be offered for them. For they have our respect and affection.

For ourselves we cannot but feel that the passing of our brother within the veil is a call to us to test our faith. For if we would reach the fulness of joy which is prepared for them that love God we must learn to walk in the path of life here, the path that all the beloved of God have trodden. We must learn to be able to say, "I have set God always before me," at all times, and in all places, day by day, reading and meditating on God's Word, remembering always the presence of God with us and about us. If so, when trial and trouble, temptation and weariness, sickness and insensibility come upon us, our God will not forget us, since we in our health and strength did not forget Him.

"O Lord we beseech Thee to keep Thy Church and household continually in Thy true religion, that they who do lean only upon the hope of Thy Heavenly Grace, may evermore be defended by Thy Mighty power. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Rev. Mr. Alexander, sub-dean of the cathedral, spoke feelingly in his morning discourse on the same topic as follows:

How, my Brethren, is much that is happening about us exemplifying all we have been saying. With the records before us, day by day, of the ravages which disease and death are making everywhere, the truth of our text has been brought still more nearly and sadly home to us in the spectacle of a young life suddenly cut short—a life which but a few days ago was full of vigor, of hope, of brightest promise. The removal from amongst us of our dear young friend, in the very morning of his days, and when, as we should consider his stay with us might have been so usefully prolonged, teaches us, I say, if anything can, the truth of all that we have been considering—the uncertainty and precariousness of a life upon which we are only too prone to base fond hopes and expectations. Alas! we have but to visit the place of the dead to find the mark of the uncertainty of life inscribed upon every tomb. There the records speak but one language, tell us but one tale oft told, of men coming up, and, like flowers being cut down—speak to us the truth of the text; of life which like a vapor passeth away—shew to us fair plants nipped it may be, in the very bud—or shedding their leaves and dying in the noonday—others, possibly, standing through the season, but vanishing at last. In no age or condition any security: often as now, while old age stands by and survives, the young and the promising passing away, and being seen no more. That dear young life that God has but now betaken to himself, was one, we thank Him upon which we may reflect with unmixed pleasure and assured hope of the peace into which it has passed. I speak today as one who knew him well; as one who has watched in him from almost infancy, the expanding of life's graces, and life's powers; as one who can bear testimony to the simple piety and goodness of his character.—Upon the mind of Goodridge Roberts the spirit of our holy faith early impressed itself; as a boy he was religious; and by that term I mean that he had the wisdom to see, and the courage to confess that apart from God and the keeping of His commandments there could be no true life—no true manliness—no true working out of the end for which God had placed him in the world—as he grew older the love of holy things was seen to possess him more and more strongly, and to determine the bent that his life was at length to take.—I have been assured by his father that upon the selection of the profession of the ministry, no pressure of others was ever brought to bear—he entered upon it of his own free will and never regretted the choice that he had made.—Gratifying indeed it is to know that the last act of his day of strength was the reverent conducting, by desire, of public worship in the parish church of the village in Nova Scotia in which he died.

While we regard his death as one of the inscrutable providences of God which on this side of the grave, we shall never clearly understand; while our hearts go out in tenderest sympathy with the sorrow of those near and dear to him who will specially bewail his loss; while, from our human standpoint, we feel how great a deprivation to the church he had already served so well, will be the loss of one so talented, so full of devotion to her interests, and true of heart; while we bow with humble, yet cheerful submission to the will of God respecting him, let us rest assured of the wisdom, goodness, and mercy that have underlain this as every other afflictive dispensation of His Providence—whether it was that in God's sight, in a short life, our dear young friend had fulfilled a long one (for old age standeth not, we are told, in length of years, but in wisdom) or whether God saw that in a constitution never too robust, there was insufficient power for life's labor, and so mercifully removed him to a sphere of holy industry in which the frail body would no longer press down the aspirations of the soul, we cannot tell—there let us leave it—comforted and content in the thought that while the body rests in the quiet of the grave, the soul, for Christ's sake, liveth with God for evermore.—May our loving remembrances of him incite us to seek, with him, to live, with an ever increasing earnestness, to the glory of God and the good of His church; and to the attainment of that eternal life which is with Christ in God, for this He saith, is life eternal; to know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent.

WHEN WHIPPING WAS COMMON.

How Petty Thieving was Punished Seventy Years Ago.

Seventy years ago, whipping was a common punishment for many classes of offences in this province. At the general sessions for the city and county of St. John, in September, 1820, the following were among the sentences:

Jefferson Bonaparte Fisher, petit larceny, 39 lashes; Monday, 18th September.

Thomas Perry, grand larceny, to be whipped three times. First, on Monday, 18th September; 2nd, first Monday in November, and last on Monday before the expiration of six months' imprisonment.

William Peters, 39 lashes, three times, on same days as Perry.

Robert Belamy, three times, on same days as above.

Edward Clancey, 39 lashes, on 18th September.

Anthony Robert Johnstone, stealing three kegs of gunpowder, to be publicly whipped at the end of North Market wharf.

Edward Powers, stealing a watch and 8s in money, one month, hard labor, and twice publicly whipped, 39 lashes.

At the circuit court held the same month, Judge Saunders passed the following sentences:

William Easthorn, for grand larcency, six months' imprisonment, and to be three times publicly whipped during that time, to receive 39 lashes at each punishment.

The old files of St. John papers contain many such announcements. The usual punishment for larceny of articles valued at less than 20s was 39 lashes, while, as in Easthorn's case, it was much more severe for grand larceny. Men now living can remember when it was quite a common thing to see a batch of both men and women whipped on the street in the vicinity of the jail. The usual place was near the south-west corner of the old burial ground, where there was a lamp post to which the victims were fastened. The jailor of those days saved himself work by making the women prisoners flog the men and then flogging the women himself. The punishment was never very severe, and the public used to take about the same interest in the matters as is now taken in the Monday morning sessions of the police court. In some instances, where the offenders were notoriously bad characters, they were allowed a certain number of days in which to get out of the city.

A CANADIAN VICTORY.

A London Paper Recalls a Forgotten Chapter in Canadian History.

Most people forget the splendid defence of Canada, made early in the century, by the handful of Canadians—225,000, total population of Lower Canada, and 75,000 in Upper Canada—against the eight millions of the United States.

When England was involved in the struggle with Napoleon, its commerce ruined by the "Berlin Decrees" and the "Orders in Council," its army and navy engaged in Spain and the Baltic, the States thought it a favorable opportunity for annexing Canada, and, in spite of all concessions, declared war.

The Americans thought the war would be a mere promenade, and on July 12th, 1812, General Hull from Detroit issued a proclamation offering peace and liberty to Canada if it submitted, slavery and destruction if it did not.

On August 16th this same general, with 2,500 troops and 37 guns, surrendered Detroit to the English General Brook, with 40 regulars, 250 Canadian volunteers, 700 Indians and 5 guns.

Two months later, the Americans failed in an attack on Queenstown, near Toronto (then called York, or Little York), when one of their generals, with 900 men, surrendered, after a terrible slaughter, to a Canadian force, mainly militia and volunteers, not so numerous as the prisoners.

The war went on with alternate successes and defeats by land and sea, the only great and signal defeat on the English side taking place when the veterans released from Spain had come to the rescue of the Colonists, and the English General was in command of the fleet.

What dimensions the war might have ultimately assumed, we may judge from the fact that the Canadians, after losing a whole fleet, had just launched a 100-gun man-of-war on Lake Ontario, when peace was made on the *status quo ante bellum* in 1885.—*London Spectator.*

A Strange Ceremony.

Of one of the lairds of Urquhart, who lived in Cromarty in the beginning of the sixteenth century, a curious anecdote is told. Having attained the extreme verge of human life, he began to consider himself as already dead, and by an exercise of imagination began to derive comfort from the daily repetition of a kind of ceremony. Every evening about sunset, being brought out in his couch to the base of a tower of the castle, he was raised by pulleys slowly and gently to the battlements; and the ascent he deemed emblematical of the resurrection. To use the language of an English tourist, who visited Scotland about a century later, "The declining age of the venerable laird of Urquhart, for he had now reached the utmost limit of life, invited him to contemplate mortality and to cruciate himself by fancying his cradle his sepulchre; therein, therefore, he lodged night after night, and was hauled up by pulleys to the roof of his house, approaching as near as the summits of its highest pinnacles would let him to the beautiful battlements and suburbs of heaven."

"The best dollar's worth of Literary Matter to be had in Canada."—Calgary Daily Herald.

"CANADA"

—FOR—

MARCH

Will Contain:

Seven original Poems, by S. H. Sabine, Samuel M. Baylis, Irene Elder Morton, Rev. Duncan Anderson, Alex. Heron, Rev. Wm. Thompson and Ida H. Wilson.

Fairly Caught: a story by Mrs. S. A. Curzon, concluded.
Chief Justice J. Sewell, by J. M. LeMoine, F. R. S. C.
Reminiscences of Restigouche, by H. L. G.
In Old Nova Scotia: a story, by Andre Mennert.
The Proscribed Languages by Pastor Felix.
Newfoundland Sealing, by F. E. J. L.
A Winter Fire, by G. E. Theodore Roberts.
Montcalm and French Canada.

WITH THE USUAL DEPARTMENTS:

CANADIANA.
OUR OWN POETS.
SCIENCE NOTES.
HOME TOPICS.
OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR; SAMPLE COPY FREE.

The Cosmopolitan Magazine

—AND—

CANADA.

The Best and Cheapest Combination!

The COSMOPOLITAN is the most brilliant, the cheapest and best of American magazines, giving as it does for a year's subscription ($3) 1536 pages of reading matter by the ablest authors in the world, together with over 1300 illustrations by the cleverest artists.

If you take only one magazine, it should be CANADA. The original and selected matter in its pages during 1892 will be the very best obtainable, and, though not so large and expensive, it will compare favourably with the best of the English and American magazines.

The COSMOPOLITAN for one year costs $3.00
CANADA for one year costs - - 1.00

Having made a **Special Contract** with the Publishers of the COSMOPOLITAN, we are in a position to offer

BOTH MACAZINES FOR $3.00.

Send only Three Dollars to us and you can have the best American magazine and the best Canadian magazine twelve times in the year, and this small sum will give you a whole year's profitable enjoyment.

If you are not acquainted with the COSMOPOLITAN, write to the Cosmopolitan Publishing Co., Madison Square, New York, for a FREE sample copy.

SELECTIONS FROM CLUBBING LIST:

Canada and Dominion Illustrated Monthly	$2 10
Canada and Grip	2 60
Canada and Methodist Magazine	2 60
Canada and Progress	2 50
Canada and Scottish Canadian	2 00
Canada and the Week	3.25
Canada and the Daily Witness	3.00
Canada and the Weekly Witness	1.50
Canada and Harper's Magazine	4.00
Canada and Harper's Young People	2 50

Remittances should be made by P. O. Order or Register Letter. Money Order Office, Woodstock. Stamps taken.

MATTHEW R. KNIGHT, Benton, New Brunswick.

Liquor Selling in Norway.

In Norway the city government fixes the number of liquor licenses "required to meet the reasonable conveniences of the public," but all licenses are granted as a monopoly for five years to a single company, or society, as they call it, which is organized for the sole purpose of doing all the retail liquor business in the city where it exists.

This society has a board of management, a part of which is chosen by the shareholders, and the remainder is chosen or appointed by the city.

The dividends on the stock of the company are limited by law to 5 per cent., and all the surplus, instead of going into the city treasury, as in the "Gothenberg system," which is said to encourage city governments to grant more licenses than the good of the community requires, must under the Norwegian system be applied to deserving charities or other objects of public utility, excluding all which receive any pecuniary aid, however small, from the city.

NOTICE.

WE have this day formed a Co-partnership for the purpose of carrying on the

WHOLESALE HARDWARE BUSINESS

in this city, under the name and style of

Kerr & Robertson.

Signed the 1st day of February, 1892.

WILLIAM KERR,
JOHN M. ROBERTSON.

Having secured the premises *No. 47 DOCK STREET*, we hope to open for business about 15th inst.

KERR & ROBERTSON.

A DRESS for $3.00

A BEAUTIFTUL CLOTH SERGE DRESS for the above sum seems rediculous, but ladies will find the same to be a fact by sending their address to the ENGLISH MANUFACTURING CO., P.O. BOX 588, MONTREAL, who will immediately send samples, post free. All orders sent C.O.D. with privileges of examination.

CANNED
Salmon.
Lobsters.
Oysters.
Corn.
Tomatoes.
Peas.
Beans.
Peaches.
1400 Cases

In lots of 25 Cases, at manufacturers' prices.

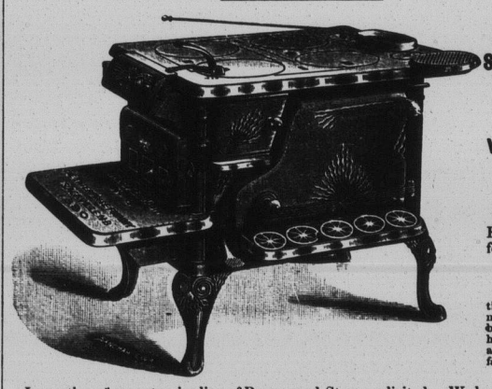
JOSEPH FINLEY,
65, 67, and 69 Dock St.

WHOEVER

Presents this at Oak Hall, corner King and Germain Streets, will get a hearty welcome and a cordial invitation to look at our immense Stock of

CLOTHING.

The Perfection Coal Cook!



SENSIBLE!
SERVICEABLE!
CHEAP!

Works Like a Charm.

Economical in Fuel and a perfect Baker.

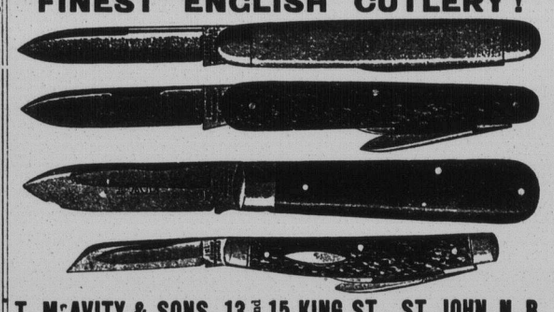
Since the introduction of this Stove many hundreds have been sold, and we have yet to learn of a case where it has failed to please.

Inspection of our extensive line of Ranges and Stoves solicited. We have something for every want, and at the right prices. Our new Hard Coal "Charter Oak" still leads the list as the very best. We want every one interested to look it over, and solicit comparison.

EMERSON & FISHER, 75 to 79 Prince Wm. Street.

Pocket and Table Cutlery.

FINEST ENGLISH CUTLERY!



T. McAVITY & SONS, 13 and 15 KING ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.

Always ask for Islay Blend.

TAKE NO OTHER!

SOLD BY ALL THE LEADING
Retail and Who'esale dealers everywhere.

Pronounced by the Government Chief Analyst Macfarlane, superior to all other Whiskies imported into Canada. See page 21 of the Official Report of the Inland Revenue Department issued Dec. 31st. 1891,

REPORT ON "THE ISLAY BLEND" WHISKEY.

Registered by request of Messrs. MACKIE & CO., Lagavulin and Laphroaig, Island of Islay, Argyishire, Scotland.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL, LONDON.

I have carefully analyzed and tested the above Whiskey, and am of the opinion that it is a very High Class Brand, of very delicate flavor, and mellow throughout; there is an entire absence of any artificial sweetening, or any other matter which render the majority of Whiskey deleterious. It is also entirely free from fusel oil. The slight color it has is obtained from lying in bond, and from a porportion of the Whiskey being matured in sherry casks. I can safely recommend it for medicinal purposes as being a reliable and thoroughly genuine article.

(Signed)
ALFRED ROBINSON, M,B., M.R.C.S., Eng., Etc.

CITY ANALYST'S LABORATORY,
138 BATH STREET,
GLASGOW, 30th, Sept. 1880.

Report of Analysis of a sample of Messrs. MACKIE & Co.'s "ISLAY BLEND" of Whiskey, received on the 24th inst.

I have made a careful analysis of a sample representing 800 dozen bottles of Messrs. MACKIE & Co.'s "ISLAY BLEND" WHISKEY, and I find that it is a pure Whiskey, and entirely free from any coloring or flavouring matter, except such as is naturally absorbed by being matured in Sherry Casks. I am of opinion that it is several years old, and a superior quality of Whiskey.

(Signed) JOHN CLARK, Ph.D., F.I.C., F.C.S.,
Lecturer on Chemistry at the Royal Infirmary School of Medicine, and Public Analyst for the City of Glasgow, etc.

IMPORT ORDERS SOLICITED BY

T. WM. BELL, St. John, N. B.

SOLE AGENT FOR NEW BRUNSWICK.