

## PROGRESS.

SUBSCRIPTIONS, \$1 a year, in advance; 50 cents for six months; 25 cents for three months; free by carrier or mail.

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The edition of PROGRESS is now so large that it is necessary to put the inside pages to press on THURSDAY, and no changes of advertisements will be received later than 10 a. m. of that day. Advertisers will forward their own interests by sending their copy as much earlier than this as possible.

News and opinions on any subject are always welcome, but all communications should be sent. Manuscripts unsolicited to our purpose will be returned if stamps are sent.

EDWARD S. CARTER,  
Editor and Proprietor,  
Office: Masonic Building, Germain Street.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DEC. 13.

CIRCULATION, 9,000.

THIS PAPER GOES TO PRESS EVERY FRIDAY AT TWELVE O'CLOCK.

We will give our readers a feast of good and reasonable things in letter press next Saturday. Among the contributions will be a "Christmas Ghost Story" by Col. HUNTER DUVAL, and "Jerry's Christmas" by a young lady of this city. We do not put this issue forward as a holiday attempt but simply in the line of our usual work. It would be difficult, perhaps an impossible, task in the hurry and rush of printing the large edition of PROGRESS every week to give the attention necessary to the publication of a satisfactory Christmas number. While it was under consideration the people themselves took the matter out of our hands and by their generous and spontaneous patronage forced us to enlarge the paper. A special Christmas number was then certainly out of the question. We make this explanation because very many of our friends have sent in requests for "the Christmas number" to be forwarded to them. While thanking them for their kind recollection—which must be regarded as complimentary to our previous efforts—we must at the same time tell them that our facilities, which we thought last year would be ample for a long time, will not permit us to undertake much extra work. With us the year 1890 has been more successful than we could have hoped for. Much of this is due to the energetic, painstaking and interested efforts of the staff, but more to the people who have supported us in every undertaking. With their aid the growth of the paper has been unexampled in these provinces.

## THE BROKER.

If there is one thing above another that modern trade conditions have brought forward and most completely developed it is the city broker. He is now to be found everywhere, offering all sorts and kinds of goods. There is nothing he cannot sell, or at least try to sell. With the merchant he fills, so to speak, "a long felt want." He takes up what little of his time there is left when the commercial traveller gets through with him. At doing this he is a success, especially that species of him that drops leisurely into one's office and begins talking about the weather, or some equally foreign topic, as if he was the only man who had been in or was expected in that day.

Then the broker always knows so much. He can usually tell just about when, what, and how much of it to buy, and, sometimes, if his advice is not taken, he gets angry. This seems unavoidable; particularly if the merchant has a sort of indefinite idea that he should run his own business.

Great indeed is the broker. And it is so easy to be one, too. It only takes a rubber stamp and a post-office box—and, on a pinch, the latter can be done away with. It takes no capital and the returns are sure—what there is of them.

There are various other steps in the upward and onward career of a broker which cannot be here enumerated. One thing, however, should be done—as soon as possible he should get a type-writer and a clerk—quite a small boy will do—and dictate all his letters. By adopting these and other precautions, and working hard, some brokers, in the course of time, get so they can make a living. There are no rich ones. When they do get rich they stop being brokers.

Mr. E. H. WILMOT, of Fredericton, is very indignant at the university students, and perhaps justly so. He is one of the oldest and richest graduates of the institution, and from the fact that he was for 40 years connected with it in the official capacity of registrar, and since his resignation and retirement has taken a great interest in the students and their sports and exercises. There was a natural hope among those closely interested in the college that he would remember it in a substantial fashion. That hope has been sadly shattered

by the imprudent conduct of the students who could not refrain from playing Hallowe'en pranks upon Mr. WILMOT. Deeply incensed and irritated, this gentleman has written a characteristic letter to the college organ and the Fredericton press, the publication of which reflects no credit upon either the author or the students. The latter should remember that if they must observe Hallowe'en in their own fashion there are plenty of younger and more amiable people than Mr. WILMOT to practice upon; and if the ex-registrar's memory is not defective he should take a backward glance at his own collegiate days and make ample allowance for the absence of judgment and the presence of mischief among all students on Hallowe'en.

MEETINGS of the common council are held at the call of the mayor, and the first intimation some of the aldermen have of the meeting is a stereotyped notice to be present at such a date. This method—or lack of method—has many disadvantages. An alderman, who is unaware that anything is "on the tapis," may be out of town, or have engagements for that date that cannot very well be broken, whereas if the meetings were held at stated periods he could make his arrangements accordingly.

## PEN AND PRESS.

Mr. Belting, late of the *Sun*, was not allowed to go to Montreal without substantial remuneration from his office associates and his friends. The *Yankee's* Christmas number is as beautiful as it is good. This paper is always leading the advance guard of the weekly publications, and never retreats from its position. The death of T. Albert Fallis, of the *Globe*, composing staff removed a bright and promising young man from the newspaper field. Mr. Fallis was an expert compositor and a valued and for a time a frequent contributor to the columns of PROGRESS. There was a bright cheerfulness about his matter that made it always welcome. He was only 23 years old and his death adds another to the long list of consumption's victims.

The Christmas number of the *Dominion Illustrated* is rather a disappointment to those who bought it with the thought that it would compare favorably with the holiday issues of the *Sun* and *Globe*. There is a good deal of Douglas Sladen about it. His long delayed and much talked of poem—by courtesy—Lester, the Loyalist, finds a place in its pages. It will puzzle the average Loyalist who has sufficient courage to read it. Some of the illustrations are good, but many are only fair, and two of them, at least, have appeared in former numbers of the paper.

The *Farmer*, of Fredericton, comes to us this week in six page form with plenty of evidence of the enterprise of the *Capital*, and a "fat take" for the publisher who has without doubt taken full advantage of the fact that Christmas comes but once a year.

Another interesting publication—for farmers—is Secretary of Agriculture Lugin's *Crop Bulletin* for November. Mr. Lugin's news is not chattering and encouraging as it might be but that is not his fault. The report is valuable and timely.

## PERTINENT PERSONALS.

Mr. A. W. Masters, better known as "Capt." and the "Equitable Hunter," was calling upon his old friends this week, PROGRESS among them. He is looking vigorous and, judging from the figures in his note book, has been vigorous since last January. Up to Thursday of this year's work amounted to \$301,000 which is about \$50,000 greater than last year. To do this Mr. Masters has had to do some travelling, about 5,000 miles. During the winter he will make his annual trip to Newfoundland, when Mrs. Masters will be the guest of Mrs. John G. Robbins, of Yarmouth, in which town it is probable the and her husband will locate permanently for the future.

Manager Pichan, of the Canada Railway News Co., in this city, is making an extended trip to the upper provinces. During his absence, Mr. Frank Curran, whose popularity with travellers seems to increase with his years of service, has charge of the agency.

## NOUVELLES FRANCAISES.

Bebe mange une glace.  
La trouves-tu bonne? lui demande sa mere.  
Oui repond Bebe, elle est bonne, mais je l'aimerais mieux chaude.

## Simple Question.

Entre deux qui doit saluer le premier?  
Le mieux eleve.

## Sur le Boulevard.

Mou pauvre ami, excusez-moi, je ne savais rien.  
Et depuis quelle epoque etes-vous donc veuf?  
L'autre d'un ton penetre:—depuis la mort de ma pauvre femme.

Mlle. Nini vient chaque matin au bureau de poste reclamation une lettre aux initiales Z . . . T . . .  
Reponse immoblie.  
Il y a rien.  
Rien . . . c'est desolant.  
If faut que ça finisse, gromgna l'employe de la poste restante . . . je vous en enverrai une pour demain.

"Un jour A. Dumas recut la lettre suivante signee d'un comte francais. 'Monsieur, j'ai l'honneur de vous proposer de nous associer pour la composition d'un drame. Votre nom figure dans le catalogue de nos auteurs. Vous composerez seul le drame et je ferai seul les depenses de la premiere representation. Vous aurez tous les benefices, car je ne travaille que pour la gloire.'

M. A. Dumas repondit: 'Monsieur, je n'ai pas l'habitude d'accepter ensemble a ma volonte un cheval et un singe. Je regrette donc de ne pouvoir accepter votre aimable proposition.'

Le comte repliqua: 'Monsieur Dumas, je tiens note de votre refus d'unir nos travaux litteraires. Libre a vous de ne pas comprendre vos interets, mais ne vous permettez plus l'aveu de m'empêcher un cheval.'

La reunion française aura lieu cette semaine chez Mlle. Kaye, 10 Rue Peel.

## The Stay.

"The best of all, God is with us."—John Wesley.  
I have one comfort, only one—  
That I have God to lean upon:  
I feel the human arm give way;  
The kindred presence cannot stay;  
Were not his gracious spirit known,  
How soon my soul must stand alone!  
His guardian hands my steps attend,  
Though deeps arise, or floods descend;  
Though prisoned in the blank-wild night,  
Or walking darkly without light;  
With this sure word I can control,  
The motions of my trembling soul:  
So, my firm purpose well endures,  
Amid a thousand weights and lures,  
To do, with constanty sincere,  
The will of Him who placed me here.

## Pastor Felix.

New Christmas Books, and Every Good of all kinds—lowest price, at McArthur's Bookstore, 80 King Street.

## TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Mum Oree was presented on Friday and Saturday evenings of last week. It is rather a weak drama of the usual Irish sensational style, and served as a medium to show the singing and dancing qualities of the company which in some instances are ahead of their acting abilities. It is supposed to be customary in Irish plays to make an attempt at a brogue but the majority of the cast of *Mum Oree* were above such a trifling consideration as that and gave them lines in unmistakable English "as she spoke" in the great United States. Mr. Lytell was very funny as Barney and his songs and dances were highly appreciated. Miss Celeste is rather a clever little soubrette and did her part as Peggy very nicely.

By-the-way I wonder if all Irish peasant girls go around generally with their dresses no lower than their knees. It is a pretty style from the male point of view, and would be a very popular one too if introduced generally.

Only a fair house was assembled at the raising of the curtain on Monday night last, when the *Great Metropolis* was played by the Lytell company. On this occasion the title of the piece might have been changed to "The Unfamiliar Lines, or the Rattled Prompter," for it was simply unpardonable the way in which a number of the company reached round the stage after their lines.

The main incident of the play was spoiled by the property man forgetting to fire the pistol, and the scenic effects were a long way short of what was promised, although a morning paper announced that they were very fine.

The acting all round was inferior, the only good work in the piece being done in the third act, in the scene between Will Webster and his sister, at the end of which Walter Mobray makes his appearance.

The effect of this scene was somewhat marred, to my mind, by both Mr. Edwards and Miss Goode letting themselves rant a little, but they secured a curtain call.

The plot of the *Great Metropolis* is weak and the dialogue flat enough, but in a large city where the same audience would not see it twice, I can imagine it would draw on account of the opportunities for scenic effects.

The world occupied the Institute stage on Thursday and Friday nights, and will be produced at the matinee this afternoon and tonight.

The performance of this melo-drama was the best, taking it all round, that the Lytell company has done since their season opened. The scenic effects were not up to the mark, the difference in the size of the steamer as she lay at the pier at Cape Town, and the appearance of her deck at sea being very marked, and there was a shifting sunset effect in the first act that was rather startling. The raft scene was, however, very well managed, and reflected credit on the staying powers of the stage hands.

The acting was better on the whole than I have seen during this engagement, Mr. Edwards being very well suited to his part of the persecuted baronet, Mr. Murray, as usual, did the heavy villain, Mr. Lytell repeated his former success as the Jew, and the other male members of the cast did their duty and doubled parts manfully. The ladies were the weak part, Miss Goode evidently having an idea that a loud tone of voice and rather extravagant gestures denote all kinds of human passion, and Miss Edwards was not strong as Mary Blythe. Miss Celeste made a pretty boy and played her little bit acceptably.

The Institute will be vacated on Monday night by the Lytell company in order that the Laurier-Davies Combination may have a chance, but they will re-open on Tuesday night with Hoodman Blind.

## PROSCENIUM.

Preparing For Christmas.  
Many Christmas things, besides plum-cake and mince-meat, are made long before Christmas. We can speak positively for periodicals, some of which are in course of preparation all the year, and the number for 1891 is already entered upon before the number for '91 has been distributed. Much of the work done upon Christmas numbers and Christmas books is executed in the hottest days of July and August, when the people who are going to buy them are in the country.

Even the flowers that bloom on Christmas tables are gathered many days before the happy morning. Some of them are put away in layers between flannel in dark drawers, while others are placed in cold rooms or refrigerators. In this way it is made possible for the florists to supply a large part of the demand for flowers Christmas day.

We now require a million or two of young evergreens for Christmas-trees, and these, too, are cut and stored away in good time, the choppers often going into the woods soon after the first of November. A fall of snow in November or December greatly increases the difficulty, because the snow is apt to melt and freeze, rendering the branches too brittle for transportation. The woodmen therefore like to get their work forward, and pile their trees in the woods alongside of the road, where they will keep fresh and green for six weeks.

As for Christmas presents, they give employment to many important trades, the work upon which is continuous from the first of January to the last of December. Some knowing grandmothers and ingenious aunts to say nothing of uncles and grandfathers, are on the lookout all the year for Christmas surprises, which they hide away in unobtainable recesses, sometimes forgotten by themselves.—*Youths Companion*.

## POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

The Cruise of the "Sarah Jane."  
It was the tow-boat Sarah Jane,  
And a right smart craft was she;  
The skipper his name was John,  
And a bad old man was he.

He dammed the sea, he dammed the shore,  
On cloudy days or clear;  
His hat was ancient, and his pants  
Came up beneath his ear.

For fifty years he'd dammed his luck  
And dammed the flies—and fleas;  
For fifty years those pants had borne  
The battle and the breeze.

The "hosses" shivered at his roar,  
And moanly onward sprang;  
He dammed most everything that moved,  
But couldn't dam his tongue.



From Snopoke Lake to Pokioik  
He plowed the stormy main,  
And swung the sweep along the deep  
Aboard the Sarah Jane.

And when no cargo came aboard  
Of hay, or beef, or lambs,  
He'd load the scow from stern to bow  
With miscellaneous damps.

The day was wending to its close,  
The wind was driving fast,  
The Sarah Jane flew like a bird  
Before the raging blast.

She went at such a tearing gait  
Before the roaring wind,  
That soon the horses on the tow  
Were tearing far behind.

In vain did Whiskers howl and swear,  
By Plaque, by Plaque, which is being played in the Hollis street theatre. The *Times* goes on to say that "the opera is bright, pleasant and agreeable in its lines and at all times tuneful in its music." There is a charming selection played between the first and second acts in *The Boatman*, at the Boston, entitled "The Boatman's Serenade," by H. E. Barney. The solo air is played by Mr. Thompson. Here are the names of four perfectly new songs published by H. B. Stevens & Co., Boston. "The Flower," "Serenade," "Sing Low Lullaby" and "The Golden Star," a Christmas song.

All are by Chas. F. Scott. I will not recommend them for I have not heard them at all, but they are spoken of by the *Times* as being "scintillating songs." I have before me a copy of Mr. James Ford's new autumn *Book of Songs* dedicated to the Rev. J. Desrochers, M. A., Rector of St. John's church, and published by Novello, Ewer & Co. It is a finely written anthem with solos for soprano and mezzo soprano. The work opens with the mezzo soprano solo followed by chorus work, then a quartette in six-eight tempo. A fine soprano solo, an almost unaccompanied quartette and then more chorus work until the final. There are some very effective bits through the work, notably on page 9 where it leads up to a change of key in a succession of unexpected chords in the accompaniment. I should say in looking it over that it would be difficult to sing, but the St. John's church choir, with Mr. Ford as leader is equal to some pretty tough work. Mr. Ford's anthem will be sung sometime during the latter part of the winter, I think, perhaps not until Good Friday.

By the *American Musician* I see that Miss Nita Carritte, soprano, has been engaged by Manager Augustus Harris, of London, for three years. In a letter from "A. Krask," Halifax, I am requested to write a little more of our bands and orchestras. Well, if our bands would come a little more to the front perhaps I might, but they very rarely give concerts, and the weather is decidedly too cold for street parades. I cannot help wondering which military band, "A Krask" heard at the exhibition. Could it have been the Kingsville cornet? Apropos of bands, there is a very good article in the *American Musician* for November

O sir, it was an awesome sight  
To see that flying craft,  
As Whiskers raked her with his oaths  
Broadside and fore and aft.

His hair and beard in tatters flew,  
His pants were split in twain,  
His knees were smitten in the grasp  
Of that fierce hurricane.

Not until now did Whiskers' eye  
Towards the tiller turn,  
When lo! there stood a gruesome shape  
Betwixt him and the stern.



It had two horns, it had a tail,  
Its eyes were fire-brands,  
It had a fierce and mocking smile,  
And a belows in its hands.

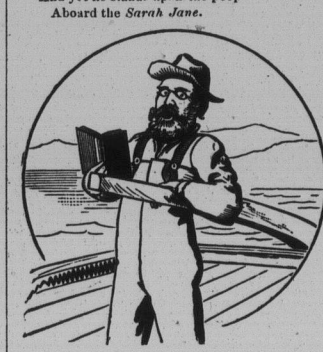
From out that bellows fast and free  
There came so strong a gale  
As never smote the sea before,  
Or bellied out a sail.

O! never, since he swung the sweep,  
Had Whiskers quailed before,  
O! never had such fearsome form  
Been seen on sea or shore.

"What are you, fend and whither bound?"  
Cried Whiskers, as they flew,  
"You're bound for hell," the fend replied,  
"And fifty years of erdus!"

At that bold Whiskers shrieked with fear,  
And leaped into the tide—  
And rose to find that a dream—  
"Thanks be to heaven," he cried.

And yet doth Whiskers ply the sweep,  
Upon that sea of foam,  
And yet he stands upon the poop  
Aboard the Sarah Jane.



But now, as pass the sunny days,  
Instead of dread-damp damps,  
He times the swinging of his sweep  
To Hardshell Baptist psalms.

—BLDAD.  
Fancy Goods, Christmas Cards, Booklets, and all New Goods, at lowest prices.—McArthur's Bookstore, 80 King Street.

## IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Practices and rehearsals are still in order, but there is very little else going on to record. Everyone seems too busy getting their Christmas work off, to give anything very startling in the musical line. After Christmas, however, there will be several things to look forward to, notably, Saint Sae's *Noel*, which will be given in St. John's church on the 31st of December (New Year's Eve), and the *Messiah* in Trinity church on the 7th of January. For the first time, in my recollection, tickets will be sold for admittance to the church.

While I think of it, I would be very glad if any of the organists of our city churches would send me lists of their Christmas music, sometime during next week.

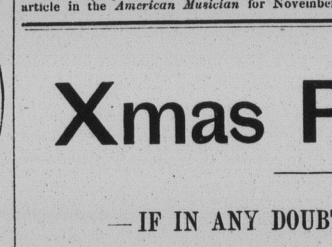
The choir of Trinity is rehearsing a nice anthem by Wm. T. Best, *While Shepherds Watched*. I think I have already given the anthem at St. John's. At St. Andrew's, I believe they intend singing *It Came Upon the Midnight Clear*. I really have forgotten who the composer is. By the way, I hear that Dr. Lockhart is singing for a short time with the St. Andrew's choir; it must be for a very short while though, for Dr. Lockhart intends making his home in Montreal, and will leave here some time in January.

The talk about a conservatory of music in connection with the new opera house seems to have died out; at least, I have not heard anything more of it. If Miss Hitchens wishes to take it up, by all means let her. I should advise the Ontario society to have nothing to do with it. In some ways it would be very nice to have a first-class school of music in the city, but really, I don't think we, as a people, are musical enough to support it. I know that there is a lack of good teachers for stringed instruments here, but there are not enough people who would care to learn to play them to make it pay to bring thoroughly good masters here; and, anyway, those who can afford to get a good musical education would prefer to get it in a large city where they can have the advantage of hearing all the better class of music which is being constantly performed around them, and is almost an education in itself. With us, only about a dozen or so people in the city, pretend to get a living out of music. The rest are only semi-professionals, that is, in our bands, choral societies, orchestras, etc. The members only have their evenings to devote to the work. No, I am afraid it would take two large salaries to induce good musicians to stay here, who have been accustomed to hearing everything that is going on in a big city, and we would not want second class ones. I think we had better continue sending our young people to Boston and New York yet awhile, and not into a conservatory here which is almost sure not to pay.

By the *Boston Times* I see that Agnes Huntington has made a decided hit in *Paul Jones*, opera bouffe, by Plaque, which is being played in the Hollis street theatre. The *Times* goes on to say that "the opera is bright, pleasant and agreeable in its lines and at all times tuneful in its music." There is a charming selection played between the first and second acts in *The Boatman*, at the Boston, entitled "The Boatman's Serenade," by H. E. Barney. The solo air is played by Mr. Thompson. Here are the names of four perfectly new songs published by H. B. Stevens & Co., Boston. "The Flower," "Serenade," "Sing Low Lullaby" and "The Golden Star," a Christmas song.

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8th, entitled "The Bands of America." It takes in professional bands, semi-professional bands, government bands, amateur bands; their constitution and occupation.

I had such a funny letter from Mr. Neville, the violinist, regarding the comments made on his recital. He says: "Do you know that Bach should never be left out in an article on any concert or recital, when his name figures as a composer? Also, Wieniawski, the famous Russian composer, is worthy of your kind consideration. Possibly as these were my best efforts they escaped your memory. Having had the honor of playing the *Romanian in G* for a pupil of Joachim, (a favorite only) the time and rhythm ought to be correct. In regard to *Zepheira* you should know that accurate pieces are all of the first technical rank, and was the most difficult piece played. You kindly neglected to state that the audience recoiled at its unusual *fuer*. The Brahms-Jochims was not up to my standard, also, parts of the Haydn, as you truly remark." Mr. Neville is laboring under a big delusion when he imagines Bach and Wieniawski were overlooked when reviewing the programme. One was not supposed to be commenting upon the various numbers with respect to their value as compositions. Thanks, very much for the information that Bach and Wieniawski are considered good composers. Fortunately for them they were not tortured by the mode in which their recitals were performed, for neither of the recitalists were present, although I should not have been surprised to see Bach restored to life, enter the room with outstretched arms, among depicting his music, and giving vent to his feelings by quoting the well known line in the prayer-book ending with "deliver us!" I presume the pupil of Joachim "the favorite one" to whom Mr. Neville refers—is an excellent player, though I cannot see the interest. Most likely he could play Beethoven's *Romanian in G*, anyhow. Does it of necessity follow that because Mr. Neville has played in his presence that he played correctly? What an army of absolutely perfect players we should meet, if all adopted the blessedly ignorant phrase, "I played before a pupil of so and so," whose reputation as a great artist is a question, and therefore my ability as a performer is beyond dispute." As it happens I have heard the great Joachim play the piece to which reference was made. Beethoven's *Romanian in G*, shall I make a comparison, Mr. Neville? I think that what was said in my letter relating to Sarasate's *Zepheira*. It was the best attempt at that style of composition, but not a success. It was a successful success. Now that I have the opportunity, a word or two shall be said as to Mr. Neville's position. He is the first person with any pretensions to violin playing that I have seen turn his head from the instrument. I always thought it was proper to lean towards the violin, and not shrink from it. Another peculiarity was the spasmodic jerk of the body when any difficult piece was attempted. Be natural, Mr. Neville. Some people might run away with the idea you were doing something wonderful. You cannot deceive all. "I said to think you are deceiving yourself."

TAKERS.  
A Christmas Concert.  
Under the auspices of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, will be held in the school-room of the Congregational church, Union Street, on Thursday evening next, 18th inst., Mr. A. J. Heath presiding. Admission 25 cents. The following is the programme:

Christmas anthem. . . . . Choir.  
Piano solo. . . . . Miss Marie Haydon.  
Reading. . . . . Miss Eva Brown.  
Duet. . . . . Mr. Barbour and Miss Fowler.  
Violin solo. . . . . Miss Mabel Gibbs.  
Solo. . . . . Mrs. C. T. Gregory.  
Reading. . . . . Mrs. Frank Roberts.  
Cornet solo. . . . . Mr. John M. Jenkins.  
Duet. . . . . Mrs. C. T. Gregory and Mr. Gregory.  
Reading. . . . . Mr. J. Woodrow.  
Solo. . . . . Miss Eva Eliot.  
Closing chorus. . . . .

Where All is New and Bright.  
One of the new stores that is attracting the attention of Christmas buyers, is that of the American Novelty Company, at the head of King street. A large and newly selected stock, well displayed, offers many advantages, and the novelty company has all these. Everything in the line of fancy goods can be found there, and toys of all descriptions for the children.

How They Do Business.  
MILTON, ST. STEPHEN, N. B.,  
November 25th, 1890.  
SHEPARD HOBBS, Esq.,  
President  
Provident Savings Life Assurance Society of New York.

Dear Sir,—  
Accept my sincere thanks for your check of (\$5,000) five thousand dollars, which was handed to me today by your agent, Mr. Alex. Macbeth, as payment in full of my claim under policy number 35,260, on the life of my late husband, who was accidentally drowned a few days after having made application to your Company, and before the policy arrived.

Yours very truly,  
(Sgd) ELIZA R. MANN.

McMILLAN'S BOOKSTORE.

60 P

Kindly remember  
We have a  
FANCY

We invite you to call at  
IMPORT

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