PROGRESS. SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1891.

IMPROVED THE SERVICE STATUS OF THE STATUS OF TH

the profits of the employer, and therefore he cannot afford to lose time in making good workmen out of his apprentices.

While the present system of "learning the business" lasts, the only hope for good workmen in the future is in their dropping from the clouds, "ready made."

NONSENSICAL DISCUSSIONS

English papers are discussing, with all sness, the question: Should a woman ask the hand of a man in marriage? It is said that the discussion of this momentous and so far it seems to have been co to the wisdom of the would-be sterner sex. They probably know all about it. thing is liable to be discussed now-a-days. Nothing is too trivial or one-sided to escape the most serious discussion from the press of the country, and in this respect the papers published by and for omen are to the front on every occasion. women are to the front on every occasion. In the future we may expect to hear of somebody protesting against the undesirability of white snow, or black coal, or advancing reasons, showing how much showing reasons. advancing reasons showing how much within reach of every provident Canadian. more beneficial it would be to mankind if Applications for territory should be made the world were square. Nothing is surationce.—A.

In the meantime, the women will con. Balmeral Hotel. See advt.

tent themselves with looking into the great

An Unexpected But Welcome Tribute.

Edward S. Carter, editor and proprietor of ProORRS-8, a live Canadian weekly newspaper in the
Masome Building, St. John, N. B., has made a
phenomenal success of his journal. Starting, nearly
three years ago with less than 500 subscribers, the
paper has grown so rapidly that its circulation is
now almost 10,000 copies a week. Proorisss is a
monument to the indomitable energy and perseverance of its founders who believed that ultimate
success and victory would eventually crown their
efforts.—New York American Shipbuilder.

Mr. George Hutchinson, who is in charge of the Miteorological Observatory here, has been notified by the marine department of the intention to super annuate hun. Mr. Hutchinson is in the townsy-fisted and seems to be good for twenty jears more—Globe.

Mr. Hutchison is cleven years older than Mr. John Howe was when he was removed from the postmastership to make place for Mr. Ellis. Mr. Howe, who is very little older than Mr. Hutchinson, was superannuated fourteen years ago, when he was good for a long period of service.—Sun.

Reliable Agents Wanted. The Cosmopolitan Life Association, hea

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The recent death in Canada of the mother of Charles M. Sterling, who was executed at Youngstown. Ohio, for the murder of Lizzie Grombacher, has unveiled the tacts concerning an incident that occurred shortly before his execution.

Sterling's mother came to Youngstown from Maxwell, Canada; and though he had left home when but a lad, with maternal intuitions she at once recognized him When brought to his cell, however, Sterling, without the quiver of a muscle, said to her:

"You are ristaken, madam: I am not

said to her:
"You are mistaken, madam; I am not

"You are mistaken, madam; I am not your son."

She implored him to recognize her, but he retused, and she returned home half convinced that she was mistaken.

To his counsel, Sterling said:
"She is my mother, but I could not break her heart by telling her that her son would be hung.

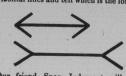
"Keep it secret till she dies."
Her death caused his attorney, W. S. Anderson, to break the seal of silence. "It was," he said, "the most dramatic scene I ever witnessed. I have seen all the tragedians of the past quarter of a century, but none that compared to the principals on that occasion. The mother, every line in her face showing the most intense suffering, and her heart nearly broken, while the son, knowing that the truth would kill her, stood like a statue, his face showing the pallor of death, assuring her that she was mistaken. Such intensity of action was never produced on any stage. It could not be."—Cincinnatie

The new work which the Oratorio Society take up on Monday, is *The Lay of the Bell*, by Romberg, founded on an Englash translation of Schiller's beautiful poem.

ST. John, N. B. Jan. 8, 1891.

To the Editor of Prooress.—Apropos of the recent Oratorio in Trinity, the Globe remarks to-night "the tenors were very weak." It is but fair to the "popular tenor" reporter of that paper (whose name appeared on the society's active member list), to say that he was not among the chorus, but as we

Which is the Langue Just look for a moment at these two



Our friend Snap Judgment will say, "The lower one, of course!" But it S. J. will only measure the two he may open his eyes.—Phil. Record.

He Had Been There Before. Portland Police Judge—Come, you'd better plead guilty. You'll get off easier. Patsy the Tramp—Aw, I'm dead onter yer. You wants to go to dinner, don't yer? —West Shore.

M. N. dont la belle-mere est fort acariatre, se promene avec elle et un de ses amis; ce dernier, qui donnait le bras a la dame, fait un faux pas et manque de la faire tomber. M. X. s'approche alors et se penchant a l'oreille de son ami, "merci de 'intention" lui dit-il, en lui serrant la main.

Une repartié un peu dure: Deux connaissances flanent sur les boulevards en causant de choses et d'autres.—Sais-tu que serait mon reve, mon cher?
. . ce serait d'aussister a une piece qu'on siffle. Eh! ce n'est pas difficile, faites-en une.

Une grande reunion de tous les eleves, allemands, irancais, et espagnols a cu lieu veudredi soir chez Mune. McLaren, 76 Rue Charlotte. UNE ELEVE. La soiree a Calais.

School" de la ville de Calais (Maine) ont offert le 2 Jauvier a leurs parents, a leurs amis ainsi qu'aux habitants de la ville.

Nous ne cacherons pas qu'en notre qualite de Parisien, forcement uu peu blase, nous avions en nous rendant a cette soiree l'esprit un peu enciln a une condescendance legeerment ironique, et bien, nous devons avouer que nous avons reclement ete stupfait et enthousiasme du l'entrain et du brio avec lesquels les jeunes eleves des deux sexes ont interprete un des plus spirituelles et des plus joyeness

prete un des plus spirituelles et des plus joyeuses comedies d'Howei, "The Elevator." Ces jeunes gens ont montre un veritable taient uni a une grande modestie, on ne saurait trop les louer du naturel et de la gaiete avec lesquels ils ont

interprete ce peit chef-d'œuvre.
On doit certainement complimenter les zeles professeurs de la "Iligh School" d'avoir su enseigner a leurs jeunes eleves des notions aussi justes et aussi vraies de l'art si difficie de jouer la comedie.
Citer les plus marquants parmi ces jeunes artistes, cela serait les citer tous, cependant nous ne saurions donner trop d'eloges au sympathique principal de

What A Cigarette Did.

And it all came from a half burned cigarette! It is said that not a night in the year passes without a fire in some one of our city theatres. Experience shows that as a rule fires come from trifling causes. Some months ago, when McCaull was playing in Palmer's theatre, a dude lighted a cigarette in the lobby and threw the still burning match against a portiere. McCaull was personally on hand. Quickly he pulled the blazing material to the ground, stamped out the fire, and kicked the dudinto the street, Within a week what might have been a serious conflagration was quenched in its early endeavor in one of our most conspicuous theatres. Later in the week the Fitth Avenue Theatre was burned and damage done to property generally, which in an easy estimate touches a half million dollars.—Howards comment on the Fitth Avenue Theatre fire.

One of The Many Reasons.

"The Indian agents," said a well-informed woman who has spent much of her life in the far West, "when they do not steal, distribute supplies to the tribes in a most reckless tashion. I remember on one occasion a consignment of white telt hats was to be distributed to a tribe near our station, and the agent, instead of seeing that each member of the tribe received a hat, handed over a pile of a dozen to one of the chiefs, who supposing they formed one highly ornate hat, the tops fitting closely into each other, gave them to his favorite squaw, who, in turn, placed the whole dozen upon the head of her oldest boy. The effect was ludicrous enough, but when we consider that eleven sufficing red men we to through the winter with bare heads in consequence, the joke was not altogether so laughable as the agent seemed to think."



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