

GOOD MAN GONE WRONG.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS BELIEVES IN GENEROSITY.

And gives the "Young 'uns" Some Points About the Profession—It was More Blessed to Give to "The Minister Chap" than to Receive.

"Look a here young fellow," said the experienced tramp, "you don't want to be too greedy. If you do, mark my words for it young 'un, you'll get collied every time."

Having thus delivered himself the experienced tramp placed his feet on the stove and his clay pipe in his mouth, and silently puffed away, while the younger members of the party looked on with evident admiration.

"As I said afore," remarked his highness, removing the pipe from his mouth and casting a glance upon it that plainly said, "ye're jest as dirty and experienced as yere proprietor, ain't you old pal."

"Therefore it has allas been my motto, that a judicious extravagance is very necessary to the ensurance of the safety of yer humble servant, and as what is the use of operatin' without safety, let us have safety, says I."

"I remember once upon a time, when my parls was with me tooth and nail in them sentiments, although I must say that I were formerly much like the man on the annexation question—very much alone, but as I said afore, they swung around to my motto in this way—"

As his royal highness gave every evidence of being on the point of giving one of his startling narratives of his active days in the tramping and pilfering business, the younger members of the party drew around, and prepared themselves for what the tea meeting reporter is pleased to call "a most enjoyable evening."

"The time as I referred to," said his highness, "was one summer when we was down up the country districts in purty good style, when one day we struck onto a lot of them minister chaps what were holdin' a convention or sumthin' o' that sort. Me an' Jim Snaker was out in a field examin' the spoons as we had appropriated—jest as Henery were examin' his spoons when he found there were only eleven—when one of these minister chaps come along and sit down on tother side of the fence and opened a yeller satchel what he had an' commenced to eat. He had a glass of this honey you know, but he hadn't no spoon and Jim thort what it was a highbious sin for a feller o' his standin' to be a eatin' of a sitcher like with his fingers, and then lickin' of them off. I spose he come there so's nobody would see him. Anyhow Jim wanted to present him with a spoon, but I objected to his doin' it publicly. You see that would have been injudicious. So, says I, 'James'—I allas said James when it was necessary to convince the said person—'James,' I said, 'if thou dost a good act do not parade it before men's eyes. He modest James, for all praise is due to him who bestoweth and the receiver knoweth not from whenst it come.'

"So the minister chap never knew what we was there at all, don't yer see, and when he wasn't looking we examined his yaller valve for a minute and Jim put in his soveiner spoon, and I give the feller a butter cooler. We've flush them times you know and could afford to give all our friends a weddin' present if they'd only take advantage of it. Well, as I said, we made the feller presents, as it were, 'cause we kinder liked his looks, and as there was a detective in the village next day we thought it judicious to change our location. The detective didn't seem to mind us, and we noticed some excitement down by the station, but as I never was bothered with that kind of curiosity as killed the cat, we didn't linger on that account.

"Another thing I want to tell you, Henery, and that is, allas read the newspapers—I allas do, and I never regret it. If it hadn't been for the newspapers we mightn't never heard of the minister chap again. Here is a bit what I discovered about a week arterwards," and his royal highness took what might have been a cartridge wad from his vest pocket, but when unfolded proved to be a very dirty newspaper clipping. It read as follows:

ANOTHER GOOD MAN GONE WRONG. Rev. James Hitchell, of Roundbury has been arrested and is at present in the county jail charged with having stolen goods in his possession. The arrest was a surprise to all as Mr. Hitchell has been looked upon as one of the most able and devoted church workers in the province, and was respected by all denominations.

However, it must be admitted that the circumstances are very much against him. He was discovered leaving the house where he was boarding, at Summerville, before daylight in the morning. In the darkness he mistook Mr. Jones' bedroom for the front porch, awaking Mr. Jones who instantly seized the intruder, and demanded an explanation. It so happened that a detective who was in Summerville investigating the Barnham robbery, was also staying at the house, and he took the prisoner in charge. In his valise were found a spoon and a butter cooler which have since been identified as the property of the Barnham.

"No Jim and kinder took a likin' to the feller, and writ a note saying as he didn't know nothin' about it, but we did, and what if they looked in a tree is Barn-

ham's wood they'd git the other eleven spoons, but that's all we could afford to give up.

"You see, young 'un, we could afford to do that 'cause the detective what we saw there was a sharp one, and Jim knew him to his sorrow on a former occasion. No, he didn't collar us 'cause you see he wanted to throw us off our guard, but he watched us just the same, and if he hadn't fetched the minister chap, he'd arrested us sure, afore we could get away. So, as I said afore, Henery, it is sometimes much better to give nor to receive.

"I heard what the minister chap was let go."

A GRATEFUL GOOSE.

Rescued from Death She in Turn Saves Her Rescuer.

In 1838 a rebellion broke out in our Canadian possessions, and two battalions of the Guards were sent to assist in quelling it. Near these Guards was a farmhouse which suffered much from the ravages of a fox. One night while on duty a guard observed a fox chasing a goose.

His first idea was to have a shot at the fox, but this would have alarmed the guard and brought punishment on him for giving a false alarm. He was compelled, therefore, to remain a silent spectator to the scene. In its despair the poor bird ran its head and neck between the legs of the soldier in its endeavor to reach refuge, and at the same moment the fox made a grab at the goose, but too late, for ere he could get a feather between his teeth the bayonet of the sentinel had passed through his body.

The goose could never be prevailed upon to quit the post, but walked up and down with each sentry that was placed there until the battalion left Canada, when the goose was brought away with it as a regimental pet. The most remarkable thing in connection with the story is that the goose in turn actually saved its preserver's life.

It so happened that he was on that particular spot again about two months afterward when an attempt was made to surprise and kill the unwary sentinel. It was winter time, and although it was a moonlight night, the moon was hid ever and anon by the clouds. In these moments of darkness a sharp observer might have noticed several men who, unobserved by the drowsy sentinel, were endeavoring to approach the post where he stood. Suddenly he thought he heard a strange, rustling sound, and, flinging his musket to his shoulder, he shouted: "Who goes there?"

Not a sound save the echo of his own voice in the distance. Several minutes elapsed, during which the soldier marched up and down his beat, followed by the goose, until, deeming his alarm unwarranted, he stood at ease. This was the enemy's opportunity, and they were not long in trying to profit by it. Closer and closer they stole toward the post, the snow completely deadening the sound of their footsteps. But just as two of their number were preparing, with uplifted knife, to spring upon him, the bird rose suddenly on its wings and swept round the sentry box with tremendous force, flapping its wings right in the faces of the would be assassins.

They were astounded and rushed blindly forward, but the sentry, aroused to his danger, bayoneted one and shot the other as he was running away. Meanwhile the others approached to the assistance of their colleagues, but the bird repeated its tactics and enabled the sentry to keep them at bay until the guard, whom the firing of the musket had alarmed, came upon the scene and made them fly for their lives. When this incident became known the old Jacob was the hero of the garrison, and the officers subscribed for and purchased him a golden collar, which the bird afterward wore until the day of his death.

SUGGESTIONS FOR A TIE.

This is the "Double Fold," attained simply by folding the long end of the four-hand twice instead of once around the shorter, as is usually the method. The knot of the scarf is thus made richer and fuller looking, and may be massed with the hand in clever indentations to show the quality of the fabric to its best advantage. Moreover, it indicates that the scarf is a self-tied one, and the extra length required shows that the material is not skimmed. The little deviation upon the second cross of the long end may be achieved by making the first cross slant slightly downward and the second straight across; or, if a more pronounced effect is desired, slightly upward. Above all, the necessity of the scarf pin with this type of scarf, that has been disputed by the ultraconservatives, is made more apparent, and its position at the intersection, beyond reproach.—Clothing and Furnishes.

Wonders of the English Language.

The construction of the English language must appear most formidable to a foreigner. One of them looking at a picture of a number of vessels said: "See what a flock of ships!" He was told that a fleet of ships was called a fleet, and that a fleet of sheep was called a flock.

And it was added for his guidance in mastering the intricacies of our language that a flock of girls is called a bevy, that a bevy of wolves is called a pack, and a pack of thieves is called a gang, and a gang of angels is called a host, and a host of porpoises is called a shoal, and a shoal of buffaloes is called a herd, and a herd of children is called a troop, and a troop of partridges is called a covey, and a covey of bears is called a galaxy, and a galaxy of ruffians is called a horde, and a horde of rubbish is called a heap, and a heap of oxen is called a drove, and a drove of blackguards is called a mob, and a mob of worshippers is called a congregation, and a congregation of engineers is called a corps, and a corps of robbers is called a band, and a band of locusts is called a swarm, and a swarm of people is called a crowd.

THE MEN AND THE THINGS.

From a recent number of PROGRESS we clip the following able and fearless editorial on "Men and Things."

We presume that by "men" they mean the honest hard working laborer and farmer, who are the foundation stones of the country, and by "things" the royal and aristocratic parasites who latten on their labor, and assume an authority over them which they do not rightfully possess. The day has gone by when the common people must prostrate themselves before the feet of royal drones and bear their burdens without a murmur. Although there are some even here in New Brunswick, who are friendly, and perhaps the best people on the face of the earth; there are here as elsewhere all classes; from those who would get up out of their beds to accommodate you, to those who would slam the door in your face, or set the dog on you, while again, you will find another class who while not denying you shelter, will treat you like a dog while in their house. I give this month an instance of the latter kind, to be followed up in future numbers by sketches from memory both grave and gay which I hope will interest my readers.

Coming along late in the fall, the evening rainy, I arrived about dark at the residence of Deacon (the name is given in full) at what is called "The Branch" a few miles beyond Fredericton Junction. The road was thinly settled, and being tired and wet, I was fully a mile distant. The request was pretty well drenched with rain and decided to try for lodgings at the house which was only a mile distant. The request was granted, and after spending the evening quite pleasantly with the lady and her boy of fifteen, the rest of the family being absent at the F. C. B. convention then in session at Blissville, she informed me that she had a dirty old horse-blanket, which had probably lain in the manure for six months, as it stunk strong enough to have knocked a bull down, and I don't touch it. There was a hole in it big enough to put my head and shoulders through; she spread it out on the floor and then went and brought a heap of rusty, dusty mat rags which she placed at the head of the pillow, and she said: "There's your bed."

I said nothing and going to another corner of the room put it under my head and lay till morning. In the morning she inquired of me how I had slept, and I answered her that I slept about as well I could expect under the circumstances. Before breakfast I heard her asking Michael W.—of Nashwaak, one of the delegates, if he would be willing to take breakfast along with me. His answer was, "Lord bless your soul, woman! Why not?" that man's been to my house lots of times. After breakfast and a sincere prayer for my conversion I started to go, but as it still continued to rain the lady informed me that it would cost me very little more to stop until after dinner, by which time the weather might clear off, and to do her justice she did not over charge me. With dinner time came the deacon and several ministers and delegates, who had managed to get across the swollen stream and flooded flats, and of course not being permitted to eat with them I waited and took my dinner alone, after which I resumed my journey, realizing that if ever I had another night to spend in that house I would bring along my own bed.

THE CAMEL AND ITS WAYS.

The "Ship of the Desert" as a Feeder and a Beast of Burden. It has been debated amongst naturalists whether the camel has been actually proved to exist in a wild state. It has been asserted that wild camels have been known in the deserts of Central Asia, but were these originally wild? or were they simply animals that had strayed and become lost during tribal raids, or in the Mongolian migrations of the early ages?

There are two distinct species of camels—the Bactrian, with two humps, and the Arabian, or ordinary camel, with only one. The camels in the deserts north of the Himalayas, which are reported as wild, have only one hump; this does not favor the assumption of their origin. There is no domestic animal that would so easily accommodate itself to the change to wild state as the camel, should it be lost through straying in search of food, or through the destruction of its owner. It will eat almost anything in the shape of grass or bush. Nothing is too coarse or prickly for its impenetrable mouth and tongue.

A couple of years ago a travelling menagerie came near my home in South Devon, and the camels were turned out to graze in a meadow hired for the occasion. Like most Devonian fields, the grass was full of vigorous thistles. I knew what the camels would do; I therefore watched them. They caught a couple of thistles in preference to the herbage. A camel that has been lost would discover food of some kind upon the barren

surface of most deserts; and should it be within reach of water, it would resign itself immediately to its new conditions. If the camel is not required to labor, it will exist upon very little, but that "little" must be provided. It appears to be a generally accepted belief that the camel, because it has been poetically termed the "ship of the desert," requires neither sleep, nor food, nor water; that it will carry any weight; and that, when loaded, a couple of soldiers may mount upon its back without increasing the burden. It does not matter in the least whether the saddle fits, or whether it is properly stuffed, or whether the hungry animal has eaten the stuffing from its own saddle when unloaded for the night.

In this manner the camels are generally neglected in our military expeditions. When it is considered that the success or failure of every expedition must depend upon the transport, it is astonishing that the organization of the camel corps should be so lamentably neglected. In the last Afghan campaign 61,000 camels actually died from starvation and over-work. The country has not yet recovered from this terrible mortality. The few weeks between Korti and Metamma in the Soudan expedition were sufficient to disable all the transport animals.—Wild Beasts and their Ways.

A Diplomat's Grace.

Lord Dufferin will probably make a popular Ambassador in Paris. He is by no means a heaven born statesman, and there is some exaggeration in the praise which he is bestowed. He is essentially an Irishman, clever, adaptable, pleasant and resourceful, with a very full share of blarney and an eye not quite blind to his own advancement. In India he persuaded the Indians, in Canada the Canadians, in Russia the Russians, in Italy the Italians and in Turkey the Turks, that each was the special object of his love and admiration. He will now persuade the French that he has always loved them above all other nations. In fact he is an excellent diplomatist.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 35 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

VIOLIN STRINGS. No Violin can sound well with poor strings. On receipt of ONE Dollar we will mail a set of the best strings ever imported here—perfectly graded. Or any one string on receipt of 25 cents. Ordinary good strings for 15 cents each. Strings for Guitars and Banjos at same rates. LAMBEY & CO., 22 King St., St. John, N.B. Jan. 12th

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ONTARIO BUSINESS COLLEGE. Belleville Ont. Most widely attended business college in America Students from N. B., N. S., and P. E. I. constantly in attendance. For prospectus and annual circular. Address, ROBINSON & JOHNSON, Belleville, Ont. Dec. 12th/91

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EVERY ONE IN NEED OF INFORMATION on the subject of advertising will do well to refer to the Standard Directory of 288 pages, price one dollar. Mailed, postage paid, on receipt of five cents. Contains a carefully compiled list of the Standard Directory of all the best papers and class journals; gives the circulation and rates of every paper; also contains information about rates and other matters pertaining to the business of advertising.—Address, BOWELL'S ADVERTISING BUREAU, 10 Spruce Street, N.Y.

ADVERTISING. IF YOU WISH TO ADVERTISE, at any time, write to GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., No. 10 Spruce Street, New York.

FOR SALE. HALLETT, DAVIS & CO. Square Place, 7 1/2 octaves; four feet long, and cost \$200.00. Only a short time in use; must be sold; price, \$250.00.—C. FLOOD & SONS, 31 and 33 King Street. May 1

BOARDING. A FEW PERMANENT or commodious and pleasant rooms, in that very centrally located house, 78 Sidney Street.—Mrs. McILWAIN. May 7

SMALL TOWNS LIKE BUTTOUCHE, Norton, Marysville, Chipman, Harvey, Vanboro, Upper Woodstock, Frasque Isle, Carleton, Fort Fairfield, Weymouth, and scores of other places should each have a boy willing to make money. He can do it easily by selling FROST'S Splendid profit and little work. Address for information, Circular Department PROGRESS, St. John, N.B.

FRIENDS OF PROGRESS who know of bright honest boys who would not object to making money for their parents, or keeping their parents, by two or three hours work every Saturday, where PROGRESS is not for sale at present, can learn of something to their advantage, by writing to FROST'S "Circular Department," St. John, N.B.

FIVE LINES IN THIS COLUMN cost 25 cents. If you have anything to sell that any person wants, you cannot do better than say so here.

EVERY WEEK THERE ARE BRIGHT boys in towns and villages where we have no agencies, sending to secure the right to sell FROST'S. There are scores of such places where the people would be glad to take FROST'S every week, if any boy could be found who would deliver it, and collect the money. There is enjoyment in it for them, and money for the boys.

ENERGETIC CANVASSERS, men or women, who would like to work in this city or suburbs, and have a chance for the right people to make money easily. For further particulars address O. K., Drawer 21, St. John, N. B. Oct. 10th

Girl's Own Annual, Boy's Own Annual, AND THE OTHER YEARLY VOLUMES NOW READY.

BUY them early, so as to be sure of them for Christmas presents, as dealers are often sold out when you think of them.

FOR SALE BY J. & A. McMILLAN, Booksellers Stationers, Etc. 98 and 100 Prince Wm. Street, St. John, N.B.

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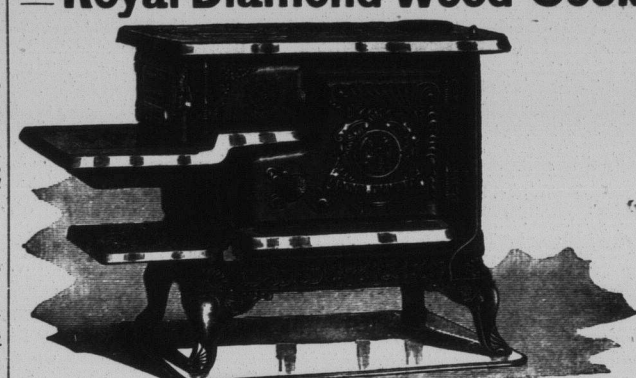
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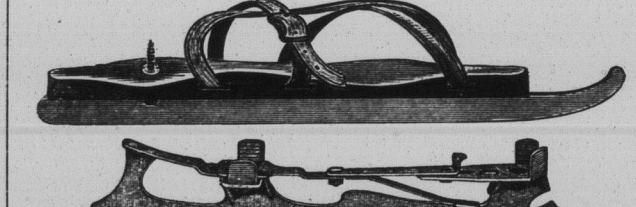
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Pronounced by the Government Chief Analytical Chemist, superior to all other Whiskies imported into Canada. See page 21 of the Official Report of the Inland Revenue Department issued Dec. 31st, 1891.

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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 Whiskies detestable. It is also entirely free from fusel oil. The slight color it has is obtained from lying in bond, and from a proportion 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.

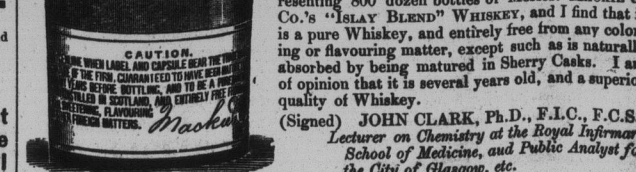
CITY ANALYST'S LABORATORY, 138 BATH STREET, GLASGOW, 30th, Sept. 1880.

Report of Analysis of a sample of Messrs. MACKIE & CO.'S "ISLAY BLEND" 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 in several years old, and a superior quality of Whiskey.

(Signed) JOHN CLARK, Ph.D., F.L.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. WILLIAM BELL, - St. John, N. B., SOLE AGENT FOR NEW BRUNSWICK.



MUSIC. IN MUSICAL. The event in the musical world...

The event in the musical world our interest and attention highly successful performance, given by the orchestra of the St. John's...

There has been a full list of concerts and other New York only one I have heard of is of the St. Mary's church...

Why do not our organists hearing some organ music on Sunday mornings?...

May I venture to offer a name to the Y. M. C. A. excellent institution, and warmest sympathy and good wishes to the young men who could give up their privileges...

The San Francisco makes a very complimentary Miss Mary Nannery, three seasons leading where she is a great favorite...

One night in Denver, the writer was bidden to what the board was given charming women, and the natives of the Denver...

The writer sat on the person, our host, Mr. Eng during the postprandial served that gentleman's grave expression as he turned thoughtful gaze upon her...

They resembled the wings at the chemist's! Next night the excess of his enthusiasm writes a very large paper box. It came during a quiet had a string tied to it. Mr. one end of the string, obliged the writer did not dala did not deter the gentlemaning other presentations du