

# PROGRESS.

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## AND IT IS ALL ON OATH.

LIVELY TIMES AT THE POLICE COURT THIS WEEK.

The Humor of Mr. Carleton and Mrs. Woodburn, the Trials of the Sergeant on Duty, and the Uneasiness of Some of the Spectators.

The investigation into the Covay matter well under way at last. And it is being held under oath. Every day sees the court room crowded, and the railing behind the prisoners' bench is winning its spurs for stability. Men pressed against it until one could not tell which was the railing, or which was the man; others braced themselves against the wall until they were as flat as the clock itself, and some in their chairs favored to get a glimpse of the witnesses brought large round faces into active competition with it.

All were there out of curiosity. Some of those inside the railing had no other object in view. The majority enjoyed it, and a few did not. One of the latter was an alderman. He had no connection with the case that he knew of and went there to see some of the people who have gained such notoriety lately. When the counsel for the defence pointed him out and asked Mrs. Woodburn whether he had been down to her place or not, he was very indignant. He thought it a very risky question to ask. If Mrs. Woodburn was the kind of a woman Mr. Carleton was endeavoring to prove her to be, there were great doubts in the alderman's mind as to what answer she might make to the query. But she had never seen him before.

Other aldermen were glad that they stayed away. There were several present, however, during the proceedings. Ald. Connor and Ald. Morrison were escorted to seats on the prisoner's bench Wednesday afternoon, in time to see Sergt. Covay write his affidavit.

The sergeant and Mrs. Woodburn were the great attractions, but Mr. Carleton detracted somewhat from the interest in his client when he entered into competition with the "leading lady." Like the star in all sensational dramas her lines caught the crowd, and the only difference between the performance and that of the usual double team of variety artists was that the jokes and the laughing were rather on one side.

Then there was the chief in all the dignity and glory of his uniform, the counsel for the prosecution with his elbows on the clerk's desk; the magistrate, with his distaste for the merriment of the crowd; Capt. Rawlings with his books and his inability to obey the orders of the court and stay down stairs, and the sergeant on duty, who opened and closed the windows, according to the temperature of the room.

All day long these were objects for the spectators to gaze upon when the proceedings were not particularly interesting. But while the "leading lady" was on the stand, the interest never lessened, and when Sergt. Covay braced himself against one side of the witness box, elevated his knee by placing his foot on the apology for a seat in the back of it, and told a story that had not been heard before, by the majority of those present, he absorbed all the attention. There were times, however, when the investigation flagged. While officers were being sent to find Officer Baxter, and rouse him out of his bed, there was a long wait. The magistrate vacated his chair, the counsel hobbled with their friends, the officers of the court stretched themselves, and the humorous reporters went down stairs, as they said, to where the "stuff" was kept by the genial captives.

The papers said that Mrs. Woodburn had a very bad memory. Which was probably a very good thing for a great many people who had nothing to do with the case. Sergt. Covay had an excellent memory, as he was repeatedly reminded by Mr. Forbes. And so had Captain Rawlings, with the assistance of his books and spectacles, which were procured for him by a subordinate, Detective Ring.

When he swore to state the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, the crowd smiled; and when Mr. Forbes placed his arms on the clerk's desk, looked up through his spectacles, and calmly objected to Capt. Rawlings' books as evidence, there was a rustling underfoot, followed by a quiet spell and some curious listening attitudes. It was all very interesting.

Then there were long searches in the committal book by Mr. Forbes for the name of Otto Bailey, and longer searches by Sergt. Covay to find some of his handwriting there, in which he was unsuccessful. How much Mr. Carleton knew about captains and sergeants, and patrolmen, and night duty and day duty, and about the workings of the police force in general! And how Mr. Forbes did not know, but was very anxious to learn, and wished to be quite clear on before he allowed the examination to go on. All this was food for reflection for the crowd.

During the intervals on Wednesday afternoon, the spectators had plenty to

think about, and comment upon. And they probably did. The evidence was entirely different from any given previously, and that great jury, the public, was plainly drawing inferences.

And the crowd smiled. It was a habit that crowd had. And no one could blame it. Since the investigation began, its education in that particular line was better than that of the famous "Mary Ann." Mr. Carleton's humor was of such a high order! and when he combined his talents with those of Mrs. Woodburn at the beginning of the case, the crowd cultivated a sense of the ridiculous that caused Sergt. Owens some uneasiness, more especially when it looked as though he would have the painful and arduous duty to perform of driving the public down stairs and out into the street, so that the court and its officers might enjoy the lesson all by themselves. A little thought on the amount of noise so much of the public was capable of making on its way down stairs, might have caused the sergeant to wear a more wearied look. Some reflection as to the opinion of the public in regard to its being ejected for giving vent to feelings over which it had no control—but were governed entirely by the humor of the counsel for the defence, and Mrs. Woodburn, or the court itself, which allowed them to exercise that humor with so much freedom—might have turned some attention to another quarter.

But the smiles on Wednesday afternoon did not rise higher than the clock. In fact they did not break the silence, but were probably very deep. Whether Officer Birchall or Sergt. Covay, or both of them, had wings on a certain night in June was another matter that was hard for the public to digest.

But the Chief was not there. He had gone to Fredericton to bring home a prisoner that the celestial "bobbies" had captured, but whom the chief had "traced." As a "tracer" the chief is without a peer in the business, and were a few Fredericton policemen located in this city, his fine talents in this line might not make it necessary for criminals to go to the capital to get arrested, which several have done lately. A number who did not go to Fredericton are still at large. The chief "traced" them until they were lost on the horizon.

## ACCOUNTS WILL DIFFER.

A Citizen Comments on the Two Stories of Sears' Capture.

A well-known citizen who has followed the police business pretty thoroughly, sends PROGRESS the following extracts and comments. They speak for themselves:—

FREDERICTON, Dec. 17.—Chief of police Clark and the proprietor of Elliott's hotel, John, arrived on this morning's train in search of John Sears, who had stolen some watches and other articles from Elliott's hotel in that city some time ago. Detective Roberts, who had been made aware of the theft at the time, had his man spotted and was only awaiting instructions from St. John to arrest him. On learning of Clark's mission, Detective Roberts immediately took charge of the thief, and he will be taken to St. John by this afternoon's train.

Another account after some information about the movements in St. John has this to say in a Fredericton dispatch:

FREDERICTON, Dec. 17.—On arriving here the chief went directly to Col. Mansell, who with Major Gordon very kindly lent their services. Sergt. Vandine of the Fredericton police was also made acquainted with the facts. In an hour and a half after the chief's arrival he had his man. The latter had traded the gold watch taken from the Elliott hotel, for a silver watch which was traced to a soldier in the Infantry School Corps, who on learning of the circumstances surrendered the ill-gotten plunder. The result is the chief now has three watches besides a small sum of money and a new razor, all taken from the prisoner. He will take the prisoner down to St. John by this afternoon's train.

A well known citizen of the United States, the proprietor of a leading newspaper, allows none of the staff, from the editor-in-chief down to the devil, to reveal their identity in connection with any article or item that appears in its columns, on the principle that he pays the staff to build up the paper, and the hands have no more right to pocket the glory than they have to pocket the type. The result is that all hands feel they are working for a common cause, and they pull together to that end.

When Chief Clarke was on the other side of the line in pursuit of American ideas, preparatory to taking over the seals of office, he should have interviewed the gentleman referred to. Had he done so, all the credit reflected, reflecting, and to be reflected upon the St. John police force would be diffused over the whole, and not focused upon one spot in the middle.

## The Only One Left.

In Rev. George Schofield's address at the recent deaconry meeting the reverend gentleman alluded to the great changes which had taken place in the personnel of the deaconry since he first joined it, stating that there was not a single member of it now living but himself of those who composed it as that time, and in alluding to his own failing strength and infirmities touchingly implied a probable farewell.

More Successful Than Ever. Those who have not had an opportunity and the pleasure of a visit to Miss Bowman's Art display in Climo's Building on German street, will be glad to know that her rooms will be open up to Christmas. Miss Bowman's art sale this year has been even more successful than ever.

## THEY WILL TAKE NO RISK

THE CENTENNIAL STEAM BOILERS MUST BE ATTENDED

By the Janitor and Not by His Wife—Will there be Night Schools Again—One who Objects to the Pupils as an Advertising Medium.

There is a suspicion of trouble ahead over the way the steam heating boilers are run in the Centennial school. Those who take an interest in these matters will remember the forced resignation of janitor Dormen, some time ago, and the consequent change. Dorman had been janitor of the Centennial building, and took even more than a janitor's interest in what was going on about him. This eventually made his position too uncomfortable; but while he was there, the boiler was attended too sharply, and there were no complaints on that score.

It appears that this much cannot be said at the present time. The man who is supposed to attend to this boiler, has been employed by Secretary March in his workshop—or rather, that of the school board, and while he was absent from the Centennial building, his wife attended to the boilers.

In consequence of this fact there were some parents who objected and protested that it was not right to run the slightest risk. The complaint went to the ears of the school trustees, individually at least, and they were of an inquiring turn of mind. The feeling was that the parents are right. There should not be even the possibility of an accident in such a building. The results would be too horrible. If there is a janitor employed and it is a part of his duty to look after the boiler and see that the building is properly heated the secretary has no business taking him away from his duty.

Progress is also informed by one of the trustees that the insurance people are looking into the matter and that it is quite probable that the boiler will undergo an inspection at an early date.

## No Advertising in the Schools.

A correspondent is quite indignant over what he terms "the use of the school children for advertising." Progress prints the letter for what it is worth. Readers can draw their own conclusion:

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: Will you kindly inform your readers what new regulation has been made by the school trustees whereby the schools are made the vehicles of disseminating information about programmes of concerts, schools, anti-tobacco societies, etc. People think their children are protected by the teachers, but this is a mistake, any person who has a fall or society or private class can go into the public school, and take up valuable time by the project, and press upon young minds their theory, even bestowing advertisements gratis. Can you imagine to what end this use may lead? Please print the new regulation. ANTI-NOBSENSE.

## Why Not Open Them?

The night schools have not been reopened this winter, and some of the people who took advantage of them last year, have been asking the reason. Although the arrangement by which all the schools were transferred to the Odd Fellows building on Union street, greatly decreased the attendance, it is claimed that the classes were fairly well attended. Under the former system, of having the schools in different parts of the city, they were more than ordinarily successful, and it is asked why this arrangement is not brought into effect again. Last winter, people living in Indian town and other remote points of the city, and who wished to study, found it inconvenient to make the trip to Union street every night, but wanted to take advantage of the night schools, just the same.

## In No Wise Unbecoming.

Among the welcome visitors to PROGRESS office this week were Councillor Fowkes and Mr. Michael Kelly, of St. Martins. Both of these gentlemen had read the last issue of PROGRESS, and appeared to be somewhat amused and a little grieved at the account of the slight business difference in the Baptist congregation of their town. It appears that they were present at the business meeting of the congregation to which reference was made and they deny in a somewhat emphatic fashion that such expressions as "Toney Folks" or "Us Middlers" were used in the discussion. While they admitted that there were strong differences of opinion in regard to the selection of a pastor, yet Mr. Fowkes stated and Mr. Kelly backed him up in his assertion that his language was in no wise unbecoming a member of the church.

## The Wine Came Back Short.

Hanington & Wilson are acting on behalf of Mrs. Dumont in her endeavors to find out where the remainder of her liquor is. She claims that over \$127 worth was seized, and what came back was short to the extent of \$50. Twelve bottles of wine were seized and only two returned, and the rest of the stuff, she says is not like that which was seized. Mrs. Dumont's solicitors will bring the matter before the police authorities and take action to recover the liquor.

Ulcerated Inguinal Nails treated without pain. Prof. Seymour, 21 Sydney street.

## ST. MARTIN'S PHENOMENON.

A Blind Man Who is Better Informed than Those Who Can See.

Mr. Michael Kelly lives in the village of St. Martins, and is to fame unknown, and yet in his way, is a prodigy of the greatest dimensions. He has been blind since a very early age, and never enjoyed the advantage of a common school education, yet he is one of the best informed men in the Dominion on all subjects. The people of St. Martins can all spell, in fact its reputation in that respect has gone abroad. Spelling matches there have ceased, owing to Webster no longer furnishing any difficulties. At all of these famous contests the words have been given by Mr. Kelly. Mr. Kelly next turned his attention to lightning calculations, and soon impressed a large number of the pupils of the public school into a voluntary class. He will stand twenty or thirty on the floor, and propound as many questions, which are solved with a rapidity and accuracy that would take your breath away. At the conclusion he can tell exactly the number each one has solved correctly, and never makes a mistake.

He knows the name and history of every member of the Dominion Parliament, from Confederation to the present time, and can give the candidates and majority in every election held since. His knowledge of political history is so extensive and correct that politicians are wont to steer clear of him, especially those of the Skinner type. This extensive and varied knowledge has been gained through the kindness of the citizens of St. Martins and others. He has a regular army of readers, who take turns to enlighten him, and such is his power of retention, that he remembers nearly all that he hears. Mr. Kelly carries on a general grocery business, is a good citizen, and enjoys the respect of the whole community in which he lives.

## His Interpretation of It.

First tough (on the wharf)—"O! I'll smash your mouth."  
Second tough (a smaller one)—"It'll cost you \$20 to do it."  
"How's that?"  
"I'll bring you before the magistrate."  
"Well, it won't cost twenty dollars then. O! I'll get off for ten dollars."  
"How can you?"  
"Aisey enuff. Don't you see, O! I'll hire a lawyer for you and a lawyer for meself, at Joive dollars apiece. Then they kin both begin fightin' each other, and the magistrate will dismiss the case. See!"

## What the Season Brings.

There is nothing gaudy about the calendar of the Maine Central Railway, which PROGRESS received from Col. Wood this week. Yet it is one of the prettiest of the season, and the view of Bar Harbor, which is its principal feature, gives an excellent idea of that place.

A handsome lithograph of Henry M. Stanley comes from Messrs. Manchester, Robertson & Allison this week. An excellent picture of the great explorer is artistically surrounded by scenes in Africa and attractive designs.

A large dog, a small boy and a baby, do much to make the calendar of the Provident Savings Life Assurance Society, one of the prettiest yet received. McKewen & Keestead are the agents in this city.

## Inexpensive and Suitable.

Very many of the ladies of this city and indeed of the province, will remember how eagerly the Exhibition chairs, manufactured by Messrs. A. J. Lordly & Sons, were sought for at the recent fair. Mr. Lordly found the demand almost too great to be supplied, and some idea of its popularity may be imagined when it is stated that the sale since that time has continued to be very large. Ladies who are seeking pretty things to decorate for Christmas will find it difficult to get anything so well suited to their purpose and so inexpensive as the "Exhibition Chair."

## Nice Things in Furniture.

That enterprising young furniture merchant, Mr. Chas. E. Reynolds, has not forgotten that novelties in his line are especially sought for during the holiday season. Christmas gifts in furniture are usually about as suitable as any that are purchased. It would be hard to find a more appropriate or more suitable gift for an old lady or gentleman than an easy chair. Those who intend making such a gift cannot do better than look through Mr. Reynolds' stock. He will be found opposite the Dufferin.

## Rubber Boots For a Quarter.

Among the holiday novelties on the counters of the American Rubber Store is a lot of 2,000 pairs of dolls' rubber boots, which are as unique as they are inexpensive. The Messrs. Mullin have found a great sale for these goods already and they expect to get rid of every pair during the holiday season, at the low price of a quarter of a dollar.

Corns, Curus, Curus extracted without pain. Prof. Seymour, 21 Sydney street.

## NOT ON THE PLATFORM.

THE SEEDERS ON THE LOCAL ISSUE STILL HANG OFF.

They were Not on the Platform at the Liberal Meeting, but Sat in the Audience—Who were Present—How the Dinner Went Off.

It is a curious fact that the Liberal Party at the last Dominion election times and the Lansdowne rink or some other equally spacious place had been secured for his oratorical effort, his audience might have compared favorably with that which greeted the Macdonald-Foster-Tupper-Thomson combination.

But he did not come, when there was a crowd in town; his party had to be content with the small compass of the Institute and the result was that not more than 1200 people, seated, standing and on the platform greeted the first appearance of the new—to this part of the Dominion at least—liberal leader.

For more than one reason the meeting was full of interest to politicians of every class in the city. Everybody knew that since the last dominion contest there had been a serious break in the ranks of the local reformers who were unfortunately enough to collide and separate on a local issue.

A good many persons were curious to see whether the seeders would return to their allegiance, so far as Dominion politics went, and take the same prominent part as of yore.

They were not left in doubt very long. As the Institute filled, it was amazing and instructive to watch the audience file to vacant seats, and make themselves comfortable.

In doing this, they were assisted by such young and active members of the party as Mr. John L. Carleton, and the junior Dr. Travers, who constituted themselves a reception committee of two, and flanked the main entrance. Farther down the aisle other active and stalwart young liberals such as Mr. Jas. McMillan and Mr. C. F. Harrison conducted such wandering lambs and good office holders as Mr. D. H. Hall to a good seat, where they could listen and mark and learn.

Before two thirds of the audience were seated the smiling countenance of Alfred Augustus Stockton could be discerned in a side seat. He stroked his whiskers in a slow complacent fashion and appeared quite as comfortable among the masses as he used to be upon the stage. His colleague and fellow kicker, Mr. H. A. McKeown sat upon his left with a cool obliviousness to his surroundings and an expectant smile upon his countenance.

That master of preparative peroration and thunderous invective Dr. Silas Alward filled one of the chairs in the last row of the swamp. He gazed longingly upon that platform from which for so many years and so frequently he had sounded the liberal trumpet for the gathering of the clans.

In close proximity to the senior and the junior members for the county police magistrate Ritchie and that distinguished local litterateur Mr. R. F. Quigley were interested spectators of the proceedings while quite near the platform sat his no less distinguished opponent in letters Rev. Father Davenport.

From the same section the expressive eyes of the former member for Queen's beamed over his spectacles upon the crowd and upon the speakers. More to the rear could be found such good conservatives and party men as Howard D. McLeod and Robert Irvine, who chanced to listen in company. Again that leader of Orange and temperance bodies and withal successful office holder, Major Andrew J. Armstrong could be found if sought, while Alderman Thomas William Peters looked as placid and cool as the evening in his variegated cape overcoat. There were other aldermen present; the bland and smooth visage of the boss of Stanley ward looked over the audience from a seat near the door. In front of him sat that representative of affluence Mr. Simeon Jones, while to the left Ald. W. Watson Allen was company for that good authority upon fish, flesh and fowl, Mr. J. DeWolfe Spurr.

All this time the only occupant of the chair platform were two good Methodist and Baptist ministers, who moved about from one corner to another with a seeming fondness for the ground they trod upon. It is not every man of the cloth who can perch upon the Institute platform when he wills, and perchance these broadcloth politicians were seizing this opportunity to get used to the stage for future occasions. They were not long alone, for President Keeffe, of the Shamrocks, and Dr. McInerney were the first of the "invited platform" to present themselves for inspection. Then came the representatives of the daily press—in force. The rest of the town must have been very quiet, for it took the entire reporter staff in addition to a skilled stenographer, the editor-in-chief, and the business manager to represent one morning daily.

Mr. Laurier is a fine looking man. He is somewhat taller than Sir John Macdonald, with the same clean shaven face. His features are more regular, however, than the premier's, but his long black locks are drawn back in much the same fashion as those of the Conservative leader. In fact a mere cursory glance shows a striking similarity between the two men.

Maritime people had, no doubt, an exaggerated idea of the eloquence of the Liberal leader, and the audience expected too much from him. His speech was that of a statesman rather than an orator.

The speech of the evening was made by Arthur Hill Gilmour of Charlotte. Without it, the meeting would have been incomplete and unsatisfactory; with it, it was a howling success.

The delegates visit wound up with a dinner, which is best described in the words of a correspondent, who was one of the guests. He writes:—

Tuesday evening put the finishing touches on the liberal delegates' visit, when forty guests met at the Union club to partake of the finest banquet ever laid in the city, to drink the best wines the club cellars could furnish, and to welcome the tried leader of a great political party. It was a great event and grandly celebrated, every thing was lovely and everybody was full of good humor and pleased with himself and his neighbor. The plan of the dinner was not just such as would commend itself to the promoters of a recent feast given by a national society, inasmuch as the wine sparkled and was flanked by the war horse from Charlotte, and the eminent Q. C. was supported by the Island's gifted son, so that a glance around the festive board showed that the might and strength of the party were on deck and getting away with the winds in a style that make me think that some of them had not had a square meal for a week, and the way the wine appeared! how dry it must have made the stomachs of the guests were present. They come high, but we must have them, these tip-toppers, and I know that the guests of the evening were more than pleased with their reception in our city.

## THE HALF NOT TOLD.

A Large Space, but Not Enough to Tell of All That Can be Seen.

When Messrs. Sheraton & Selfridge began business on King street, eighteen months ago, they had all those qualifications that make success a certainty. Long experience, a practical knowledge of the stove and tin trade, and good business ability. Each partner, perhaps, did not possess all these qualifications, but what one did not know the other did, and hard work and strict attention to business have accomplished wonders in a short time. The large advertisement in another part of the paper says nothing about a part of their business that has grown steadily, and has kept them busy ever since the cold weather set in. Furnace work takes up a great deal of their time, about fifteen having been put in by Sheraton & Selfridge during the last few months. The new furnaces in the Institute building were put in by them, and at present they are doing this work in the new Sunday school of St. John's church.

Everybody is on the lookout for Christmas goods, and that is all the merchants want to call attention to. Sheraton & Selfridge enumerate a good many articles today, but the best way to do is to visit their store on King street, and have a look around. They have everything in the way of house furnishing hardware. People who are always looking for pure water, and Moncton people particularly, should see the English charcoal water filters that this firm has in stock; and English coal hods, just out. But it would be a task to enumerate all they have in stock, so PROGRESS' advice is simply to read their advertisement, then make them a visit. Mr. Sheraton is generally on hand, and is an excellent pilot.

## It Must Have Been Just as Good.

Two or three old friends and patrons of PROGRESS were not satisfied with the excellence of the late Mr. Carvill's picture printed in the issue of last week, and have asked why it was not as faithful as the one that was printed at the time of the election. They will be surprised to learn that it must have been exactly as good, for it was printed from the same plate, which, however, was made from a portrait taken some time ago.

## A Suggestion.

Messrs. Estey & Co., have a large number of rubber toys in stock for Christmas in addition to their usual complete assortment of other goods. They suggest that everybody should have a pair of their new overboots for the holiday.

## PUBLIC NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS guilty of theft, murder, assault, embezzlement, or any crime whatever, which has been committed in the city and county of St. John, and who wish to be brought to justice or lodged in the King street east police station, are hereby requested to proceed to Fredericton, immediately after the crime has been committed. We will not guarantee that the desire of such persons, for arrest, shall be gratified if they remain in the city of St. John after the crime has been committed. This notice is final. (Signed) CHARLES W. WALKER, Colonel of Police. Dec. 18, '90.

Good deal to...  
B STREET...  
LEET!  
TY CO...  
AFF...  
ruits...  
Quinces, Red and...  
Mirabelle Plums...  
TSON...  
UESS!!!  
DOLLS...  
Prize Doll, now...  
40c. Doll, two guesses...  
CHILDREN...  
ON STREET...  
N LIFE...  
ate Security...  
an: Life...  
ST. JOHN, N. B...  
RE MORE DURABLE...  
RE MORE GRACEFUL...  
RE MORE STYLISH...  
RSETS...  
ANY OTHER CORSET...  
THE MARKET...  
C. LONDON, O...  
BUREAU...  
Building...  
ST DURABLE, MOST...  
RAPID...  
WRITER...  
Manifold...  
Portable...  
General Agents...  
ST. JOHN, N. B...  
ERS...  
of the natural woods, OAK, LAHOGANY, CHERRY, ROSE...  
48 KING STREET.



PHONOGRAPH IN COURT.

BILDAD MAKES AN EXPERIMENT WITH QUEER RESULTS.

The Transmitter, the Vibrator, the Funnel and the Hoop-pipe—The Jury and the Diminished Judge.

I told him I did not want to buy the machine—I did not want it at all. But the agent was an agent of that homeless and motherless brand, whose barber is adversity and whose tailor is neglect, and, as the sun shone on his pallid brow and on his low-necked pants, and on his eyes that rested on mine as those of a spring call might rest upon its executioner, 'twas hard indeed to cast him forth upon the cold and jagged world.

He said there was nothing this side of the grave that a court reporter needed like a phonograph. He said I was not born for toil. Toil was degrading to a man whom Nature had moulded for command. Toi was my bete noir. Toil was seeping up my nature which was jocund and juicy into a Sahara waste of mental desuetude.

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Elouquence and truth are seldom found under the same hat, but, I think, now that I ought to have thought of that before. I think now that I should have known that the same man who was born to command could not be born to make a monkey of himself for agents.

The thing looked queer and eerie-like, I thought, as I lugged it into the court-room next morning. The funnel stuck out and brooded over the scene like the exhaust pipe of John McPherson's sausage-mill. It had a crank which revolved in a slow and threatening manner, and a dial that glared upon the prisoner. A joint of hose was coiled up on the box which contained the battery, with a tentacle to hook onto the flexible lobe of the transcriber.

There was about a peck of spools reclining to starboard of the thing which I was supposed to feed into it, to keep the vibrator happy. The crier was awe-struck, the jury gazed at me in abject reverence, and the prisoner threatened to make a confession.

Every time it fired out a spool, I fired in another. All day long the funnel gurgled and choked, and the vibrator hummed away, and all day long the jury gazed upon it with eyes that threatened to leave their heads. Not a word did they hear of the evidence. They found the prisoner "Not Guilty," though the evidence was strong enough to kill a horse.

I had the apparatus carted home on a truck, the vibrator buzzing away on the last spool for over two blocks and a half. When it was portashed up into my den I assimilated a few viands, then hauled out the hose, strapped myself onto the phonograph on one side and the typewriter on the other, and pulled out the plug. I have never been able to call to mind that our family was remarkable for deafness, but that agent must have thought so. Of all the growls and howls, and grunts and grinds, and groans and moans that ever came from hog, dog, or frog, that vibrator when it bumped itself up was the worst.

It had been corked up and was now unloading on my tympanum every blessed noise that had occurred in the court room all that day. I heard the sneezing of the judge, the wheezing tones of the crier, the snoring of the constable, the roaring of the lawyers, the barking of the judge's dog, the banging of the door, the coughing of the consumptive jurymen—it was snort, crash, buzz and bang, as though all Inferno had broken

from its moorings! Do you blame me that I keep a gun for agents? Then listen to this which is only a diluted sample of the stuff that poured from the hose-pipe of that machine and percolated through my labrador auricle during the awful hours of that night.

"My learned friend—buzz, boom, crash—Now Yeronner I object—my learned friend—my learned friend—crash, rattle, bang—Well, I think my learned friend—Pardon me a moment, now pardon me—Well, Yeronner my learned friend—Order, order, bow—wow—wow—My learned friend—squeak, squeak, squeak—my learned friend did not make his objection—but pardon me



THEIR FIRST SMOKE.

if you please I did object—Now surely my learned friend—barg—my learned friend—boom—Gentlemen—buzz, boom, bang—this is really—creak, creak, bang—out-rageous—sneeze—If I am obliged to listen—bow, wow, wow—to such balderdash—crash—Mr. Sheriff—yessir—really we must have order in the court—ha, ha, ha!—please put that red-headed man out immediately—buzz, crash—or tell him to keep quiet—rattle, bang, buzz, boom—Order in the Court—I say order!"

And so it went on and never have I heard a clock tick since that night that it did not say—"My learned friend—my learned friend—my learned friend—my learned friend!" And I am very anxious to see my learned friend, the agent.

A Pleasant Resort. There is no keener pleasure for a great many people, residents and non-residents, at this season of the year, than a look through the well-known establishment of Messrs. J. & A. McMillan. Progress will not attempt to go into any details in regard to the handsome holiday volumes which have been imported, especially for this season's trade. The facts that there is a market for such books, and that any house is sufficiently enterprising to run the necessary risk of purchasing such expensive volumes, are in themselves a great credit to the city.

Any person passing by the Colonial Book Store, on the corner of King and Germain streets, will note that it presents an unusually busy aspect just now. They will be, perhaps, surprised to learn that but half, if as much as half, of the store is visible. In order to accommodate the additional rush at this season, Mr. Hall found it necessary to trespass upon what is, during the rest of the year, his wholesale department. He has fitted it up in an admirable fashion for the display of holiday goods and his numerous visitors find ample opportunity to walk about and inspect his stock at their leisure.

A Wonderfully Cheap Book. Among the attractive holiday books in Mr. Alfred Morrissey's store is one entitled "The World's Worship in Stone." It is handsomely bound and splendidly illustrated. The greatest structures of stone in the world are pictured in its pages. To look over it is quite an education in itself. The descriptive letter press is all that is necessary to complete the interest for the reader. Mr. Morrissey calls the book a "Leader," and sells it for the wonderfully low price of \$1.50. It certainly is remarkable value for the money.

the use of K. D. C. is convincing proof that this is the GREATEST DYSPEPSIA CURE of the age. For sample package send three cent stamp to K. D. C. COMPANY, New Glasgow, N.S., Canada

A SMALL BOY'S ANTICS.

THE YOUNG LADIES BLUSHED AND THE GENTLEMEN FELT QUEER.

He Played Soldier in Church With a Cane for a Horse, and Attracted More Attention Than the Minister—The Guardians Painful Duty.

Church is a solemn sort of place, and one does not, as a rule, go there to be amused; but, at the same time, a thing which would not call forth even a momentary smile if it were to be served out to us at an opera bouffe will call forth storms of merriment in church. Therefore, the mother who contributes her little cherub

to the general amusement fund for inattentive Christians, by sending him to church before he has learned that repose of manner which should stamp the caste of Vere de Vere, but does not always do so—considers a benefit on the congregation which calls for more recognition than it generally receives.

There was a young gentleman attended divine service at our church last Sunday evening, who had not yet celebrated his fourth birthday, but so strong was his individuality that before he had been in church fifteen minutes the attention of the congregation was evenly divided between him and the clergyman. In half an hour the clergyman was utterly distanced, and the congregation were beginning to be rather impatient with him for interrupting the entertainment. The new favorite was a handsome fellow, with big blue eyes, fair hair, and an amount of aplomb which would have made the fortune of the leading soubrette in an opera company.

He was in charge of two young ladies—that is to say, he was taking charge of them—and he made them feel their bondage bitterly. According to Hoyle, he should have been an undressed kid, and slumbering peacefully in his crib long before, but he defied nursery etiquette, as Ajax defied the lightning, and he came out of the conflict rather better than Ajax did. First he promenade upon the seat of the pew, varying the performance by an occasional effort to climb over into the pew behind him; then he spied a stout cane, which a young gentleman sitting directly in front of him, had thoughtlessly provided for his entertainment, and crawled under the seat to secure it in spite of strenuous opposition on the part of his guardians. Once possessed of a weapon, the real picnic began simultaneously with the sermon. And from that moment till the curtain fell upon the final act of the drama, the life of the former owner of that cane was a burden.

The way that cherub manipulated his prize would have delighted a graduate of Kingston Royal Military College. He shouldered arms, presented arms, grounded arms, and finally passed to sword exercise, during which he swung sabres with such vigor that he several times narrowly escaped spattering the walls of the sacred edifice with the brains of the silent hero who sat calmly in front and made no sign.

At last, standing drill became irksome, and the young cadet pined for a wider field. So he started for the middle aisle in order to practice field exercise, and have a cavalry parade with a cane for a horse. The elder of his guardians heartlessly restrained him, and a wrestling match ensued, in which London prize ring rules obtained, and both combatants left the ring in disorder. "I will go," said the would-be soldier. "I will, I will. Let me go!" And his panting and crestfallen antagonist did let him go. She divorced him from the aisle, and escorted him down the aisle, amid the regretful glances of the spectators, her pretty face flushed with annoyance, and her lip compressed with a silent resolution that the next time she brought that bird to church he would not only be much older, but much less enthusiastic about military tactics. Stangely enough, as the door closed behind his sturdy little form, the clergyman, who had been exhorting his congregation to seek for peace, during all these war-like demonstrations, wound up a sentence, with these words— "And thus, my friends, we shall have

peace!" And the young man who had supplied the armory, was heard to remark afterwards, "I would not go through that again for a fortune. I tell you, the Lord has gone to church with me every Sunday since I have been here! but the hero of Paradise Lost sat behind me to-night!" GEOFF.

Kill Two Birds With One Stone.

The fine winter weather of the past week has been thoroughly enjoyed by all who were prepared for it. But there were some who could not take advantage of the snow as they might wish, and others to whom the cold snap was anything but welcome. The snow was fortunately too crisp for snow-balling and the small boys missed one of their favorite pastimes, but it made the hills excellent for coasting, and hundreds of them got their hand sleds out and enjoyed their lives thoroughly. But the boy without a sled was "not in it." And if he is without a good warm overcoat or reefer his case is a great deal worse with the thermometer at zero, and the other boys warm with the excitement of coasting. A good warm overcoat or reefer and a hand sled would make such a boy happy. But his parents might be able to get one of those articles, and not the other. A sensible person would buy the coat. If they bought it at Oak Hall they would kill two birds with one stone, for this establishment is giving away sleds to their customers. They have the choice of either a board sled or a clipper. When you are passing the corner of King and Germain streets, drop into Oak Hall or look at the display in the window. A coat is necessary and a sled is a "luxury." What better present could you make to your young friends?

Some Qualifications.

Experience has a good deal to do with success in business. Something is learned every year, and perhaps every day. Mme. Kane has been pleasing the ladies of St. John with her millinery for six years, and today her business is larger than ever. But her experience is not confined only to St. John. She has done business in New York, where she located for five years. In her handsome store, in the new Opera House building, she is at present offering remarkable inducements to Christmas buyers.

Try It and See.

It is telling on a woman to be rubbing away at an old washboard, and many times they are worn out before the board is. How simple it would be for you to let your wife send her laundry to Ungar's this winter and let him do it for her. Look at the facts broadside, and know that it is cheaper and better to let him rough dry her washing. Send next week's to Ungar's Steam Laundry.—Advt.

A bright family and cheerful home depends to a great extent on the cook and cooking, but for her to accomplish this she must have the best materials, and especially at this season of the year, such as apples, dried fruit, pure spices, cider, lard, mince meat, etc., etc., and the place to get them is at 32 Charlotte street, from J. S. Armstrong & Bro.

HOEGG'S TOMATOES.

THE FINEST BRAND IN THE MARKET.

There are CHEAPER Brands, but these are acknowledged the BEST.

ASK FOR THEM AT YOUR GROCER'S.

NEXT WEEK WE WILL TELL YOU WHERE THEY CAN BE HAD WHOLESALE.

Wanted, this cold weather, good warm clothes for your boys. A Reefer is good for a boy to rough it in. He can get more wear out of one of FRASER'S Reefers than out of any other coat made. A Cape Overcoat for your boy looks well, wears well, feels well. Does your boy skate. If he doesn't, he ought to. FRASER gives a pair of the best quality Skates to boys who trade with him.

W. J. FRASER, ROYAL CLOTHING STORE, ONLY ONE DOOR ABOVE THE ROYAL HOTEL.

COAL VASES, FIRE IRONS, NURSERY and FIRE GUARDS, ASH BARRELS and SIFTERS, STOVE BOARDS, Mica, and all sorts of Seasonable Goods. PRICES VERY LOW.

EMERSON & FISHER, 75 to 79 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

P. S.—Special Cash Sale of Heating and Cook Stoves during December, to reduce Stock, previous to the New Year. Come early.

WHAT SHALL I GIVE?

Is a question which, at this season of the year, interests everybody. Don't let it trouble you; we can help you out. We are showing hundreds of useful articles in CUTLERY, TABLEWARE, SILVERPLATE AND SOLID SILVERWARE, which are always well received, and from their very usefulness, revive memories of the giver every day. In this way a present succeeds in its mission. Just as a hint: "Low Prices."

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

Warm Enough!

That's what you can say if you have one of the ART COUNTESS Hall Stoves in your house; the NEW SILVER MOON is as good, all say that have them. They heat well; burn little coal, and look well. The nickle-plated trimmings make them an ornament to any house. COLES, PARSONS and SHARP have them always in Stock; all sizes. 90 Charlotte St.

Since last September I have not spent one day without intense suffering, until I obtained a bottle of SCOTT'S CURE FOR RHEUMATISM. I have used part of my second bottle, and consider it the Greatest Cure for Rheumatism ever discovered. I would recommend anyone to try it who suffers as I did. I was unable to work, or even walk, and now enjoy better health than I have for years. Yours truly, E. B. GREEN.

Price 50c. per bottle; Six bottles for \$2.50. For sale by all Druggists.

Prepared in Canada only by W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, King Street (West), St. John, N. B.

Wholesale by T. B. BAKER & SONS, and S. McDIARMID.

A CHRISTIAN.

By Phil.

"And all they that things which were told Lake II. 18.

It is a wonder why in all the ages when as year by year has of the birth of sprung up again now, when, on an ing, the shepherds tale, there is no does not feel any For it declares that while everything seemed to promise shepherds, watching fields near the old hem, were startled the sky suddenly fi words which were when one heard the them, told the she for the world had the City of Davu starting up, went t that what the ange and, and that the best expected, any world was waiting. His mother's arms herds told along the the early traveller They opened the awakened them wi They spoke to th chance, strangers they commonly v to speak, and p the tale of this everywhere the m wondered.

Can we tell at all wonder? Can at all into that win Beth-lem, and rec the people's faces? We must remem kinds of wonder, which is perfectly was not in the hea could not be have is the wonder whos the fact that wh anticipation, or h own mind has form kind of wonder has wonderfulness of th is that it is not in some un-expected- pation which has b ledged in your hea some foreign city, from a dark corner grotesque figure w peculiar life, and dreamed of from a have ever had. Y the wonder of entir as you walk on, yo friend whom you l while his familiar mind, he I there be foreign stream—the of that stream of st ing down to meet y is the wonder of r you here?" you cry which he has met y ing in answer to y that seems to you

Which kind of story of the shepher tell? The Gospo The waiting Jewi women—nay, the seen peering into some light is com Simeon, Anna, He —every man and is ready for the wo wonder which com their dreams and cannot doubt that which came into th whom the shepher "Can it be that th dreamed of has re this which has seen ing in the world ha Has God really com possible that now a in Beth-lem, the more wonderful came and told the broken and the st wonder of the long ted, half-despaired in human life, at la I said that the morning in the w away. Men have birth of Jesus. T And it is true als the same stor that first day of C is so marvellous the world would which makes the of the Nativity lo licif, and given it, mythologies and f that something of its perpetual wor finds man waiting the wonder which which makes the by kind which ma marvellous event.

Of the two kind spoke, these are a encies. The won nition in it dispos disbelieve if he can has recognition in it if he possible, event. It is becau herds has seemed much in their ow they have clung to refused to let. I g I want to bear a ing as the story Here we are, all and pleasures, sor sorts of life and would seem to lea events as those of it that those ev all of us, and will send pretty pictur a thousand legends historic elements dead, labelled an curiosities of the quarian. But this session of the des

Did you ever buy a gifts as to his poin None so with Ayer's B of it at the start. It give is a fair and pers



A CHRISTMAS SERMON.

By Phillips Brooks.

"And all they that heard it wondered at those things which were told by the shepherds."

It is a wonder which has never died away.

In all the ages which have come between,

as year by year has brought back the story

of the birth of Christ the wonder has

sprung up again as fresh as ever. And

now, when, on another Christmas morn-

ing, the shepherds come again to tell their

tale, there is no listening Christian who

does not feel anew how wonderful it is.

For it declares that, on a winter night,

while everything was still and nothing

seemed to promise any marvel, some sleep-

ing shepherds, watching their sheep in the

fields near the old Jewish town of Beth-

lehem, were startled and amazed by seeing

the sky suddenly filled with angels, who, in

words which were so rich and strange, and

when one heard them he never again forgot

them, told the shepherds that a Saviour

for the world had been born that night in

the City of David; and the shepherds,

starting up, went to Bethlehem and found

that what the angels had said to them was

true, and that the Messiah whom the Jews

had expected, and the Lord for whom the

world was waiting, was even then lying in

His mother's arms in a poor lodging of the

town. This was the story which the shep-

herds told along the streets. They stopped

the early traveller and made him listen.

They opened their friends' doors, and

awakened them with the strange tidings.

They spoke to men whom they met by

chance, strangers and men to whom they

commonly would not have dared to

speak, and poured into their ears the

tale of this wonderful night. And

everywhere the men to whom they told it

wondered.

Can we tell at all what the nature of their

wonder was? Can we put ourselves back

at all into that winter morning long ago

at Bethlehem, and read the feeling that is

in the people's faces?

We must remember that there are two

kinds of wonder. There is the wonder

which is perfectly amazed that which

was not in the least anticipated, that which

could not have been foreseen. And there

is the wonder whose surprise comes from

the fact that what occurs meets some

anticipation, or hope, or dream that your

own mind has formed before. This second

kind of wonder has recognition in it. The

wonderfulness of the thing which happens

is that it is not totally unanticipated, but

in some unexpected way fulfils the antici-

ipation which has been waiting half-acknow-

ledged in your heart. You are walking in

some foreign city, and in an instant, out

from a dark corner starts some brilliant or

grotesque figure which belongs to that city's

peculiar life, and which you have never

dreamed of from any experience which you

have ever had. You start back, then, with

the wonder of entire unpreparedness. But,

as you walk on, your thoughts run on some

thing from whom you have left at home, and

while his familiar picture is before your

mind, lo! there he stands before you in the

foreign street—there he comes in the midst

of that stream of strange life which is pour-

ing down to meet you. Your wonder, then,

is the wonder of recognition. "How came

you here?" you cry. It is the strange way

in which he has met your thought of him,

coming in answer to your dreams and wishes,

that seems to you to be wonderful.

Which kind of wonder was it that the

story of the shepherds excited? Can we

tell? The Gospel does not say. "How came

the waiting Jewish race—the men and

women—say, the whole world which is

seen peering into the darkness, sure that

some light is coming—Zacharias, Mary,

Simon, Anna, Herod, Peter and Andrew

—every man and woman of whom we read

is ready for the wonder of recognition, the

wonder which comes with the fulfillment of

their dreams and hopes and fears. We

cannot doubt that this was the wonder

which came into the faces of the men to

whom the shepherds told their tidings.

"Can it be that this which we have so long

revered of has really come? How came

this which has seemed the one thing lack-

ing in the world has really been supplied?

Has God really come among men, and is it

possible that now and here, this morning

and in Bethlehem, it is all true?" Vastly

more wonderful than all that the shepherds

came and told them that their King had

broken and the stars had fallen was this

wonder of the long-imagined, long-expected,

half-despaired-of manifestation of God

in human life, at last come true.

I said that the wonder of that winter

morning in Bethlehem had never died

away. Men have always wondered at the

birth of Jesus. They are wondering still.

And it is true also that their wonder is

of the same sort as the old wonder of

that first day of Christendom. Indeed, it

is so marvelous that we may be sure that

the world would have dropped the story

of the Nativity long ago out of its be-

lief, and given it up to the company of

mythologies and fairy tales, if it were not

that something of recognition mingled in

its perpetual wonder. It is because it

finds man waiting for the thing it tells

that the wonder which it excites is of the

kind which makes the soul receive, and not

of the kind which makes the soul reject, the

marvellous event.

Of the two kinds of wonder of which I

spoke, these are always the different ten-

dencies. The wonder which has no recog-

nition in it disposes the wondering man to

disbelieve it he can; but the wonder which

has recognition in it makes men inclined,

if it be possible, to believe the strange

event. It is because the story of the shep-

herds has seemed to men to answer to so

much in their own hearts and hopes that

they have clung to it most strongly, and

refused to let it go for all its strangeness.

I want to bear a little in mind this morn-

ing as the story comes back to us again.

Here we are, all wrapped up in our cares

and pleasures, some of us committed to

sorts of life and ways of thinking which

would seem to leave no place for any such

events as those of Christmas Day. Why is

it that those events hold the world, hold

all of us, and will not let us go? A thou-

sand pretty pictures die and are forgotten;

a thousand legends are dissected into their

historic elements and laid away, dry and

dead, labelled and catalogued among the

curiosities of the myth-seeker and the anti-

quarian. But this record remains the pos-

session of the deepest faith and the most

did you ever buy a horse and not have some

misgivings as to his points till they were fully

tested? Not so with Ayer's Sarsaparilla; you may

use it at the start. It Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, in the

plinking of a cold, would guard against this danger.

—Advt.

CARPET SWEEPERS.



THE LATEST OF THE BISSELL'S

Manchester, Robertson, and Allison.

earnest thought of man. The shepherd

part of us, the simple soul of our race,

repeats it to the intellect, and the intellect

receives it and wonders what it means, but

wonders with a sure and certain sense that

it means something, that in it there is some

clue and key to the deepest desires and

profoundest guesses of the heart and brain

of man.

Here is the real phenomenon of Christ-

ianity. The record of Christ has held the

world's faith, because it answered the

world's soul. Remember, that does not

abolish the necessity for the historic truth

of the story of the Nativity. The world's

soul must not dream its dreams and then

write its stories to match them. That is

mere mythology, and sooner or later the

historic sense of men finds that out, and

sends the un-believed story to dwell in the

shadowy realm of parables and myths.

But when the story is first true, the power

of it and the permanency of it come with

its acceptance by the human soul as the

fulfillment of its wishes and the interpre-

tation of its dreams. Without such accep-

tance, the proved truth of the story could

never rescue it from death and burial

among the exhausted facts of the history of

man.

What are the dreams and hopes, then, in

the heart of man which the Incarnation

satisfies? I think that we can easily group

them into two classes, and speak, first,

about the meaning of the world, and then

about the character of man.

1. Think, first, about the meaning of the

world. I do not know how clearly any two

men think alike about this puzzling, fasci-

nating mystery of human life; but it does

seem as if there must be some most general

conceptions which will be common, in their

most general statements, to very many sen-

sitive and thinking men who live under the

same conditions. And one of these con-

ceptions, one that the whole history of man

has always seemed to play around and

illustrate, is the conviction that this world

is, somehow or other, the scene of hindered

intentions. Do you not know what I mean?

To conceive of the world as a mere lifeless

thing, which had no intention underneath

its moving processes—men have always

found that impossible on any large scale.

A few men here and there, sometimes, in

some places, have believed it, but the mass

of men have always found it impossible,

and they always will. On the other hand,

the effort to persuade themselves that the

world was all right; that every plan was

moving just as it was meant to move; that

all the appearance of disorder and hinder-

ance had its source and explanation in the

various interests for which we care. For-

ever trembling on the borders of a rich-

ness which it never reaches, and yet which

we are sure that it will reach some

day; just ready, always, to open into

a luxuriant blossom from which some-

thing forever holds it back, and yet

of which it never can despair—tell me,

is not that the record of your social

life? Learning, always just going to put

a sceptre into man's hands to rule the earth,

yet always just withholding it! Govern-

ment, always just going to glorify the world

with peace and happiness, but always stop-

ping its chariot wheels at some unseen

obstacle! Everywhere, in the little and

the greater view of it, this is the world;

the scene of hindered intentions—of in-

terentions certainly, and no less certainly of

hinderance.

And now, suppose that through that

world there runs the story of the Incarna-

tion. Think what it is. The God, who

made the world is there; the very divine

Nearly all colds are slight, at first, but their

tendency is to lower the system till the sufferer

becomes a ready victim to any prevalent disease.

The Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, in the plinking of a

cold, would guard against this danger.

—Advt.

in mind and soul which, with intentions that

in such a sight—the sight of the Incarna-

He who looks abroad upon the world

great religious conceptions—all the views

the Gospel to a crowd of savages, the

And now once more comes Christmas

It seems to me that that is the noblest

And then, a humble independence—a

And that a hope which never flags, a

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS!

BEFORE YOU BUY A CHRISTMAS PRESENT, CALL AT W. H. THORNE & CO.'S STORES,

And see for yourselves the wonderful collection of USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL GOODS.

'Forbe's' New Skate, 'Acme' Skates, 'Raymond's' Extension Skates, A lot of 'Whelpley's' Old Style at 50c. pair.

A MAGNIFICENT ASSORTMENT OF Solid Silver and Electro-Plated Ware; SLEDS, CARTS, TOOL BOXES, JIG SAWS.

NEW PATENT MACHINES COOKING UTENSILS: BAKE DISHES, JELLY MOULDS, TEA POTS, BROILERS, PATTY PANS.

W. H. THORNE & CO.

RADAM'S MICROBE KILLER

was introduced into the Maritime Provinces only last July. The great reputation it had attained in the the United States and Upper Canada, where

it had effected many miracu- lous cures, assisted materially in introducing it here. Before it could be got in St. John

there were many individuals who sent to New York for it. It has had a wonderful sale in the Lower Provinces, and its great reputation is



PROGRESS.

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

NET ADVERTISING RATES. One Inch, One Year, \$15 00. One Inch, Six Months, 8 00. One Inch, Three Months, 5 00. One Inch, Two Months, 4 00. One Inch, One Month, 3 00.

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.

News and opinions on any subject are always welcome, but all communications should be signed. Manuscripts unsolicited or for no purpose will be returned if stamps are sent.

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

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DEC. 20. CIRCULATION, 9,000.

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

May every reader of PROGRESS, and all who do not read it, have a JOYOUS CHRISTMAS.

THE POLICE INVESTIGATION.

Whatever is the result of the investigation now going on before the police magistrate, there can be but one opinion in regard to its good effect upon the protective force of the city.

On Tuesday evening last the "Old Musical Club" met at Mrs. Gen. Matthews' residence. There was a very good attendance, and besides the members of the club, quite a number of Mr. and Mrs. Matthews' friends were present.

The Philharmonic Society of Montreal are about to give the Messiah, and it would be quite a pity to have the orchestra as perfect as possible. The trumpet parts will fall to master hands, as Mr. Kitchin, of the Boston Symphony, has kindly allowed Mr. E. Laurican to accept this engagement.

It is not our place at the present moment to forecast the result of the inquiry, but we will say this, that whether COVAY is found guilty, or whether, through any freak, evidence or technicality of law, he is declared innocent, the people, with their knowledge of past facts and present circumstances, will have but one conclusion—and that will be the correct one.

One of the possible results of the political meeting of the week is the formation of a young mens liberal club. Those who are interested in the welfare of that party, appear to be of the opinion that there are a large number of young men in this city, who have not allied themselves with either side, and it might reasonably be expected that such a club would gather in a considerable portion of them.

NOUVELLES FRANÇAISES.

Il est bien évident que Noël se rapproche, car tout le monde—toute le monde féminin—occupe des affaires importantes dont on ne trouve pas d'explication excepte dans le mot magique—"Noël."

Tous les intérêts ordinaires de la vie sont dans un état de suspension, personne n'est jamais on est fatigué, on est tout à fait désorganisé. Pour cette raison on a remis pour le présent les lettres françaises et allemandes, car il y en a aussi de cette dernière espèce, et celle de vendredi soir chez Mme. MacLaren est de plus charmantes possibilités.

Among the interesting articles promised for PROGRESS next Saturday will be one by an Old Liberal on liberal political meetings of the past and present.

We are favored by the author, J. F. Herbin, with a type-written copy of his poem, entitled "Canada." It traces the natural features of our country, and the development of her people, and exalts in the prospect of national greatness.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The Laurier-Davies combination occupied the Institute last Monday evening, and as the show was a free one, of course there was a full house.

On Tuesday the ladies who believe in the suppression of home comforts, and the men who never could learn to smoke had a high old time and gave an entertainment which was fairly well patronized.

I see that the Palace Theatre opened its doors on Thursday evening with that most grown antique Uccle Tom's Cabin. I was unable to attend, but I have no doubt the performance was equal to the usual run of entertainments given at this house.

POESIES.

This week everything in connection with the Charlotte street theatre has been changed. The name has been changed from the Lyceum to the Bijou; the management has passed from McCann to Hayden; the stables are gone, the blondes are no more, and an entire new company takes their place.

How It Is Done In Fredericton. Fredericton, Dec. 17.—The ups and downs of a local manager in the dramatic line at the Capital is not always a delightful one, and the many obstacles and rebuffs which he often has to contend with are counted by the score.

POEM WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

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BOSTON BREAD Flour, 1 cup of soda, 1 1/2 pints gradually bring the oven to broil better for the meal if wanted 1890.



Children's Trays, Brass and Copper Granite and Marble

Which we are of SHERATON & S Telephone No. 338.

CLARK 60 P Kindly remember We have a FANCY

WANTED. BOYS and GIRLS to take orders for our Special Line of Photographs in their own neighborhood. Send for sample and terms: Sunbeam Photo Co., 73 Westchester Street, Boston. Posters, \$1.25 per doz.; 13 Best Cabinet Photos and gilt frame, \$5.00. Any pending sending picture, we will copy and return. Cash with order. BOSTON PHOTO AND COPYING CO., 98 Kine Street, St. John, N. B.

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HAS JUST DELICIOUS SWEET PHILADELPHIA BARLEY SUGAR OUR SPECIAL DELI

Xmas Presents!

— IF IN ANY DOUBT, PLEASE CALL AT —

McMILLAN'S BOOKSTORE.

You will be sure to find something, especially in

Books, Christmas Booklets, and Christmas Cards,

TO SUIT EVERY TASTE AND AGE.

98 and 100 Prince Wm. Street.



**LOGAN'S IDEAL SOAP**  
MADE ONLY BY W. LOGAN & SONS

Big Bong Bell,  
The bells have a story to tell,  
That cherub pulls hard on his rope,  
And loud voices they raise,  
While singing the praise  
of LOGAN'S IDEAL SOAP.

**BOSTON BROWN BREAD.**—Two pints of Brown Bread Flour, 1 cup of molasses, 3/4 cup sour milk, 1 1/2 teaspoons soda, 1 1/2 pints cold water; put on stove over cold water, gradually bring to boil; steam for four hours and place in the oven to brown over. All steam cooked breads are the better for the above method of steaming. Add a little corn meal if wanted.

1890. CHRISTMAS. 1890.

Children's Trays, Keystone Whisks, Brass and Copper Tea Kettles, German Cake Cutters, Granite and Agate Tea Pots, Butter Squirts, Cake Coolers, Electric Call Bells.

Which we are offering at our usual LOW PRICES—the lowest in the market.

**SHERATON & SELFRIDGE, 38 KING STREET.**  
Telephone No. 358.

**CLARKE, KERR & THORNE,**  
60 Prince William Street.  
Kindly remember us when you are selecting your purchases. We have a very varied stock, at prices to suit all, of FANCY GOODS, CUTLERY, PLATED WARE.

We invite you to call and see our stock. 60 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET

**IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT!**  
CLOSING OF  
**Turner & Finlay's**  
DRY GOODS ESTABLISHMENT,  
No. 12 KING STREET,  
Owing to the continued ill-health of our Mr. Turner.

**A STATEMENT.**  
We have been asked by many people if we were ACTUALLY GOING OUT OF BUSINESS IN ST. JOHN. If, after our sale, we would open up again or "move to other quarters," etc.? If our sale was bona-fide? If it was a "fake" or sensational manner of getting up a sale, as is the practice of some other dry goods firms.

**ONCE FOR ALL,** we hereby state that we are going out of business in St. John. We will not remove to any other building or continue business here. Such tremendous reductions in prices have been made in our Dress Goods, Flannels, Cloths, Cottons, Laces, Underclothing, Fur-lined Mantles, Boys' Clothing, Cape Overcoats, Kid Gloves, Prints, Real Laces, Hosiery, Gloves, Silk Handkerchiefs, Ribbons, Ladies' Rubber Mantles—in fact all and every department of goods as will close out every class we have, and you all know that no better goods were ever put on sale in St. John.

**ONE** of the most gratifying things to us about this Great Clearance Sale is the manner in which the people are endorsing it. We see that they are taking our statements at par. It is not so much that they believe their own eyes when they see the offerings, but their quick responses exhibit a confidence of which we are proud.

**SANTA CLAUS**  
HAS JUST ARRIVED, AND WILL MAKE HIS APPEARANCE AT  
**KERR'S, 70 King Street,**  
TODAY.  
He has brought with him many new Novelties, and will be surrounded with hosts of sweet things. DELICIOUS SWEETENED POP CORN, FANCY SUGAR TOYS, PHILADELPHIA CARAMELS, FINE CHOCOLATE GOODS, BARLEY SUGAR TOYS, CREAM AND ALMOND CARAMELS.

**OUR SPECIAL 51¢ CHRISTMAS BOX, \$1.00—JUST FINE.**  
And by all means don't forget to get a lb. of our DELICIOUS CREAM CHIPS, 20 CENTS.

**SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.**

**EVENTS OF THE WEEK IN NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.**

**And the Happenings in Social Circles of Fredericton, Moncton, Woodstock, Dorchester, St. Stephen, Sussex, Amherst, Calais, Etc.**  
Mrs. and Miss Todd, St. Stephen, spent last week in the city.  
Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Hamilton returned to St. John this week. They have taken rooms at the Carville House, Waterloo street.

Hon. Wilfred Laurier, while in St. John this week, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Welton, Kingsquare.  
Miss Louise Holden, who has been attending the Ladies' College, Halifax, arrived home this week to spend her vacation.  
Mr. and Mrs. Costa of Barbados are in the city. They are at the Royal.

Much sympathy is felt for Mr. James Dunn and family, whose handsome and comfortable residence, Crownville, was totally destroyed by fire on Tuesday morning last. It was a severe shock to Mr. Dunn, who has been an able aviator for some time. He and Mrs. Dunn are staying in town with their daughter, Mrs. MacIntyre, Coburg street. The Misses Dunn are the guests of Mrs. Robert Thomson, Sydney street.

Mr. G. Herbert street has been confined to his residence, King street east, through illness, this week.  
The services in connection with the funeral of St. John, held on Tuesday last, at the Mission Chapel, Rev. J. M. Davenport entertained a number of the clergy at breakfast and dinner. The dinner was a quiet though enjoyable affair, as became a clerical gathering. Among those entertained were Rev. J. M. Davenport, Rev. J. G. Stevens, Rev. Mr. James, Rev. Mr. Eatough, Rev. Mr. Mathers and others.

I have heard several of my personal friends speak in most complimentary terms of the service given at the Union Club on Wednesday evening last. The appearance of the table, the floral decorations were such as never have been seen before in a banquet hall in this city. Immovably in front of the chairman's seat, was an immense mound of Marcella Nell and tea roses, surrounded by foliage while in front of nearly every guest, were small bouquets of choice flowers. The fruit dishes were completely round the table. This effect heightened by the electric light, flashing on the colored glasses and silver appointments of the table, completed a scene which while greatly admired by all present, reflected credit on the host, Rev. J. M. Davenport. The different courses were in thorough keeping, and well served, and the cooking everything that could be desired.

The quiet little village of Robesay was all astir on Wednesday evening last, and St. Paul's church filled with interested spectators to witness the marriage of Miss Catherine Parks, youngest daughter of the late Mrs. Parks and Mr. G. C. T. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. George G. Lyall. The young ladies of Robesay with whom the young couple are great favorites, had decorated the church for the occasion. About 600 persons were present, and a pleasant time was spent in receiving the guests by the bride and groom. The bride and groom left for their home at Robesay, Nova Scotia, where they will spend their honeymoon.

On Thursday afternoon, Mrs. John Allan entertained a large number of her friends at a reception from 4 to 7 o'clock, at her residence, 711 Main street. During the evening, Mrs. Allan was assisted in receiving her guests by her daughter, who, together with several of the young ladies present, assisted in passing round light refreshments. A very enjoyable party was enjoyed, and it was seven o'clock before the party broke up. Among those present were Mrs. and Miss Warner, Mrs. G. K. McLeod, Miss Murray, Mrs. James Murray, Miss Kate Murray, Mrs. Bayard, Miss Ada Bayard, Mrs. L. L. Harrison, Mrs. E. T. Sturges, Mrs. Charles Holden, Mrs. C. A. Macdonald, the Misses Robertson, Mrs. W. Pugsley, Mrs. G. Pugsley, Miss Albion (Halifax), the Misses Hanford, the Misses Jarvis, Miss Gertrude Dever, Mrs. G. Scam, Miss Annie Scam, Mrs. D. J. Stebbins, the Misses Seely, Mrs. J. MacLaren, the Misses MacLaren, Mrs. W. L. Egan, Mrs. Malin McEwen, Miss Hall (Robesay), Mrs. John Armstrong, Mrs. W. R. Robinson, Miss Neale Robinson, the Misses Turnbull, Mrs. Herbert Street, the Misses Sullivan, Mrs. and the Misses Troup, Mrs. Howard McLeod, Mrs. George McLeod, Mrs. Herbert King, Mrs. and Miss A. Tox, Mrs. Gilchrist, the Misses Nicholson, Miss Furbush, Mrs. John Boyd, Miss Jack, Mrs. E. L. Reynolds, Mrs. Herbert, Mrs. G. C. Starr, Miss Katie Smith, Mrs. Robert Thomson, Mrs. James Stratton, Mrs. DeBoyne, Mrs. G. C. Foster, Miss Jackie Logan, Miss Martin Jack, Mrs. G. A. Hamilton, Mrs. Carter, Miss Jones (England), Mrs. and Miss Walker, Mrs. Evelyn, Miss Vroom, Miss Dubernet, Mrs. C. Smith, Mrs. H. Cruikshank, Mrs. W. Vassie, Mrs. Douglas Hazen, Miss Larr, Miss Herbert, Miss, Mrs. E. Allison, the Misses DeVeber, Miss Hamilton, Mrs. C. H. Fairweather, Mrs. and Miss Fiddington, Mrs. and Miss Davidson.

I am sorry to see the residence of Mr. George F. Smith planned for several years, but understand his two children have only a slight attack.  
Miss Flower, of Boston, is the guest of her sister, Mr. T. W. Bell, Germain street.  
On Thursday last Col. Darrell Jago, late of the Royal Artillery, died at the residence of Mrs. Mills, Coburg street. Mr. Jago has been a great sufferer for many months with cancer. He was only 61 years of age, and leaves a widow who is the daughter of the late Wm. Mills.

Mrs. George Davidson, who has been seriously ill, is but slightly improved. She has hitherto been kindly nursed by ladies belonging to the Mission Chapel. Her mother arrived in St. John this week from Quebec to assist in attending upon her.

Miss Murray left on Monday for Sackville to spend Christmas with her uncle, Senator Bonfield, and his wife. The latter we are sorry to hear is quite an invalid.  
Mr. and Mrs. James Stratton intend moving to their pretty, new residence, on Garden street, directly after Christmas. Their numerous friends will, I am sure, not only wish them a Happy New Year, but that each succeeding year may bring prosperity and much happiness.

Miss Blanche Drury, who has been in England for some months with her sister, Mrs. Curtis, has quite recently been on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Jago at their beautiful residence "Saxons Court," London. During her visit her host and hostess gave several most pleasant entertainments.  
Miss Elsie Matthew left on Friday for New York to spend Christmas among her relatives and friends.  
Mrs. J. C. Allison, who has been visiting her brother, Dr. King, at Arlington Heights, Boston, returned home on Tuesday.  
Mr. George Sessions, of New York, is in the city, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. James Murray, Princess street.

Messrs. Bowyer Smith, H. Puddington, L. Tilley and Stuart, Fairweather, who have been studying at Dalhousie College, returned home on Friday to spend their Christmas holidays.  
We regret to hear that Miss Maud Brock is quite sick with a gripple, but hope soon to see her about again.  
Miss Carrie Fairweather entertained a few of her young friends at a cozy party, after which, they returned to the residence of Dr. G. G. Fairweather, Bevel street and partook of a light supper.

I hear that Dr. J. J. Davidson and family, who have formerly spent their summers at Robesay, intend taking up their residence there permanently.  
Dr. and Mrs. Wm. Starr, are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son.  
Miss Edith Robertson returned from Toronto on Thursday last, having had to leave school before the breaking up, on account of ill health.  
Dr. J. S. Rosson left last week for St. Louis, Mo., to spend Christmas with his wife and little daughter. He expects them to return with him early in the new year.

I have heard of one or two family gatherings to take place at Christmas. It is quite refreshing to hear of such an old home custom being revived, in former times such parties were the rule, not the exception.  
St. John—West End.  
Dec. 18.—Mrs. Hanson of Lepreau is visiting Mrs. G. Maye.  
Mr. Albert Wetmore's little daughter, who has been spending a few months with her grand-parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Wetmore, has returned to her home.  
Mrs. G. H. Clark's friends will be pleased to know that she is steadily improving from her recent illness and is able to be about the house again.  
Mrs. Russell, who has been with Mrs. Walker during the illness of her children, has returned to her home.  
The workers of St. Jude's and St. George's con-

gregations have commenced preparations for Christmas decorations.  
Mr. Wetmore has returned from Clifton much improved in health.  
The Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Sampson are expected to walk around her room, and seems in better spirits since her return from New York. A number of young men have hired the skating rink and are about to re-open it. May it prove true.  
Mrs. Polly, who has been visiting Mrs. Adam Glasgow, has gone to the city to visit her daughter.  
Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Clifton of Mesquah were at the West End last week, en route to Randolph.  
Much sympathy is felt for the Rev. J. A. and Mrs. Ford, in the illness of their only child.  
Mrs. G. Brown returned on Saturday from Halifax and will spend the winter with her sister, Mrs. Robert Allan, Prince street.

Miss Laura Peters returned to West End on Wednesday after a very pleasant visit to Boston.  
Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Wetmore leave the first of the week for Boston, where they will spend the holiday season with their son. We will miss them very much, especially with our church decorations.  
Master Robert Brown, son of Mr. D. Brown of the C. P. R., who has been dangerously ill with diphtheria, is getting better, the disease having left his throat entirely. The lad is still so very weak, that he cannot leave his bed.  
The following young ladies and gentlemen are expected home today for the holiday season: Miss Linn Barrett, from the Normal school at Fredericton; Miss Hatlie and Master H. Olive, from Sackville; W. O. Taylor, from Harvard; Messrs. Scamwell and Ellis from Montreal.  
Mr. Peters, who is in Ontario, at school, will not come home this winter.  
Mr. Charles Tilly, Jr., gave a dance to a number of his friends on Monday evening. Was Ender.

It was with the deepest regret that our residents at the West End received the sad news of the death of Mrs. Mace of Altonville Springs, Florida. Mrs. Mace was the widow of the late Mr. John A. Mace, and she died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Mace, in the city of St. John. Her husband was many years ago at the West End, where Mr. Mace and his family formed a circle of friendship. During the last few years, Mrs. Mace, with her daughters, has made her home during the winter months in Florida. Miss Annie Mace, who has been living in St. John, but who left Monday week to spend the winter with her family, met at the station with the sad intelligence of her mother's death. The whole family have many who sympathize with them in their great bereavement.

Mrs. Gertrude Collins, with her little daughter, is now boarding for a few weeks at the Barton house, on Elliot Row, at the East End. P. T. Mors.

**FREDERICTON.**  
[Pronounced] for sale in Fredericton at the bookstore of W. H. Fenwick and by James H. Harcourt.  
Dec. 18.—Society news is very much at a discount just now. Everyone is quite too busy preparing for the holidays, and the festive season that comes with them, to think of present amusement. But judging from various rumors floating around, I feel safe in predicting a fair share of gaily after Xmas. With the editor's permission, I should like to appeal to the society readers of Progress in this city. I am sure all are interested in reading the society news, and it would be a great help to the correspondent, however diligent she may be, to hear all that is going on.

The concert given by the Fredericton Brass Band in the City hall last Thursday evening, was very well attended. The most pleasing, yet rather sad feature of the exercises at the school, was the farwelled address and gift presentation to Miss Gregory, who leaves on Monday for St. John, where she will spend Xmas, after which she will go to Virginia, where she will remain until February, when, rumor says, she will return to New Brunswick, a happy bride. The address was signed in behalf of the school by a committee of teachers and scholars. It was accompanied by a very handsome silver tea-service, which was handed to Miss Gregory by all the boys of the 3rd class. Miss Gregory replied in a few fitting remarks, and was very much affected. Dr. Harrison, Principal, made a few remarks. They all expressed their regret at losing such a valuable teacher. Miss Gregory will not only be missed in the school, but a teacher in the church Sunday school, but by a very large circle of friends, by whom she is universally beloved, and who will wish her much happiness in her future home.

Mrs. Harry Beckwith is entertaining a few friends at her home this evening. Mrs. Larkin and Miss Maud Beckwith intend lighting the hearts of their Sunday school children, by giving them a supper and Christmas tree at Mrs. Beckwith's residence next Tuesday evening.  
The wives of the officers of the I. S. C. will have a Christmas tree for the children of the soldiers some evening early next week, in the drill hall.  
Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Vanwart have returned home from England, after a very enjoyable trip.  
Capt. Campbell returned today from a moose hunting expedition. I have not heard what success he had. He will leave Fredericton the 23rd of this week to rejoin his regiment.  
Dr. Roberts and family, who have been spending some weeks with friends here, will leave on Friday for their home in Jamaica. Mr. Roberts is a brother to Canon Roberts.

Miss Maud Beckwith and Miss Mina Fisher will go to Augusta, to attend school at St. Catharines after the New Year.  
Mrs. John Morgan, nee Miss Porter, is her from Truro, N. S., visiting her mother.  
The Misses Fowle have returned from St. John, where they have been visiting friends.  
The skating rink will be opened for skaters to-morrow evening.  
Mr. and Mrs. Fred Fisher are going down South after Xmas, to spend the winter.  
Miss Alice Tippet has a class in nursing, several of our young ladies are taking lessons in this very interesting and useful profession. She will be in the Massachusetts hospital after the New Year, and will remain until after Xmas.  
Miss Edith Scamwell is going home to spend her Christmas with her family.  
Prof. Duff will leave, on Saturday, for St. John, St. Stephen, where he will spend the holidays.  
Dr. Rankin, of Woodstock, has been spending a few days with friends here; he returned home on Monday.  
Mr. George Day, who is attending the university, will leave on Saturday for Sheffield, and Yarmouth, where he will spend the holidays.

**CAMPBELLTON.**  
[Pronounced] for sale in Campbellton at the store of A. E. Alexander, wholesale and retail hardware, dry goods, groceries, boots and shoes, stationery, school books, stationery, furniture, carriages and machinery.

**MACAULAY BROS & CO.**  
61 and 63 KING STREET.

One of the most Useful and Elegant Christmas Gift for a lady is

**A SILK UMBRELLA.**

The Special Stock imported by us with a view to the season's trade is the  
**FINEST LOT OF UMBRELLAS EVER SHOWN IN THE CITY.**  
Beautiful Mountings in oxidized silver, sterling silver, gold; and natural Wood Sticks. Many of these Umbrellas are finished with patent stud, or tip, to each rib.  
All Black Umbrellas, that is the silk, stick, and mountings, all of a dull black, for mourning.  
All the above Umbrellas are adapted for rain or sunshades.  
MACAULAY BROS. & CO.

**Our Stock will be found an excellent one to make selections of Xmas Gifts from.**

Where such a large variety of Goods can be had, shopping is made much easier.

**DANIEL & ROBERTSON,**  
London House Retail.

**Useful Xmas Gifts.**

USE GOOD JUDGMENT, AND SELECT SOMETHING USEFUL AND DURABLE.  
**Gent's Jersey Arctics**  
**Ladies' "Gaiters,**  
**RUBBER BOOTS,**  
**Leather Jackets, Etc.**

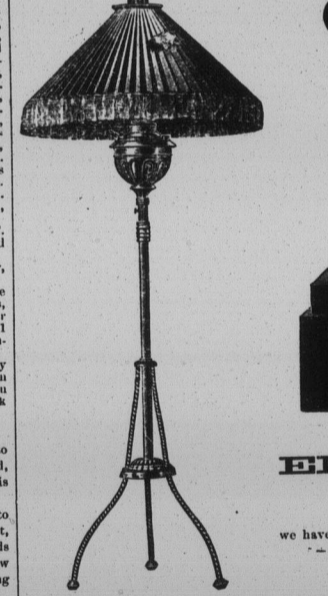
We have made a **SPECIAL LOW PRICE** on Boy's Rubber Coats and Boots when bought together.

**Rubber Dolls and Toys, in great variety.**  
Four years ago we introduced above Cut. Comment not necessary.

**American Rubber Store,**  
65 CHARLOTTE STREET.  
OPP. KING SQUARE.

**OUR RUBBER BOOTS**  
GIVE DOUBLE WEAR ON THE BOTTOM  
GREATEST IMPROVEMENT EVER MADE IN RUBBER BOOTS  
TWO YEARS TEST.  
A COMMON SENSE IDEA  
DOUBLE THICK BALL.

**XMAS PRESENTS**  
French, German, & American Clocks,  
IN GREAT VARIETY,  
PRICES LOW.



**ELEGANT HOLIDAY GOODS**  
Surpasses all previous efforts, and in addition to our usual large assortment of CHINA, BRONZES, AND ART GOODS we have a very choice and personally selected stock of SOLID SILVER in Staple and Fancy pieces for Table; also a large new assortment of QUADRUPLE SILVER PLATE.

**C. FLOOD & SONS.**

**COLONIAL BOOKSTORE.**

**HEADQUARTERS FOR XMAS CARDS AND BOOKLETS.**  
Our Assortment of Designs are wonderful—English, German, and American. Come and See them.  
**FANCY GOODS OF ALL KINDS.**  
Ladies' and Gent's Dressing Cases, in Leather; Plush and Ox-ford Card Cases; Pocket Books; Purses; Collar and Cuff Boxes; Gloves and Handkerchief Cases; Photo Albums; Lap Tablets, Writing Desks; Ink Stands, etc.

We invite you to call and inspect our Stock. You will find our Prices right.

**T. H. HALL.**

**CHRISTMAS IS COMING!**  
Now is the time to select your presents. There is nothing more acceptable to a lady than a

**NICE SET OF FURS,**

and at 88 Charlotte Street you can get them very low in price, and of excellent quality; also Cashmeres, for Dresses; Kid Gloves, Silk Handkerchiefs, Embroidered Table Covers, and Table Scarfs and Ties; Mantle and Ulster Cloths; Wool Boas and Muffs for the Children; and Silk Mufflers, Cashmere Mufflers, Silk Handkerchiefs, Ties, Braces, Gloves and Mitts, for the Gentlemen.

Such Articles make the nicest present one can give to one's friends. All at 33 CHARLOTTE STREET.  
H. C. CHARTERS











Special Notice

Ladies!



We have a beautiful assortment of Ladies' Kid Gloves, at prices to suit all.

"MARGARITE,"

A Glove made especially for our trade we can recommend as fully equal to the Josephine and at a less price.

RIBBONS,

a great variety.

Call and See our Display of FANCY GOODS for HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

We have an excellent assortment of Ladies' and Children's UNDERWEAR.

97 King Street.

Sparkle, Shine, Glitter.

All kinds of Dishes and Glassware are cleaned so easily and so clean with WHITE CROSS GRANULATED SOAP. Put up in 5c. pkges, and large 1lb. pkges. Wash the Dishes and all the Glassware, and have these Sparkle! Shine! Glitter!

EVERY LADY

who desires to have a GOOD COMPLEXION and NICE SOFT WHITE HANDS, should Use Estey's Fragrant Philoderma. It positively removes TAN, SUNBURN and FRECKLES. Sold by all Druggists.

BROWN BREAD FLOUR.

Price per Bag, 25cts.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

MONCTON.

[Progress is for sale in Moncton at the book-store of W. W. Black and W. H. Murray, Main street.] Dec. 17th.—The long expected and warmly welcomed fall of snow last Friday, made merry the heart of the man who owned a horse in Moncton, and his name is legion, because in our young city of civilization. Lots of people in tolerably good circumstances cannot afford to indulge in a dog, and it is no disgrace at all; but to be unable to maintain a horse is a confession of such abject poverty that the alms-house must be starting the person, who has not got one, closely in the face. I don't keep a horse myself. To return to the snow, however, it transformed the entire town into a race course, with Main street as the track for excellence. Indeed, last Sunday Main street would have been a di'gram to a 15-man town. It was crowded with teams racing up and down at frantic speed, their drivers shouting, swearing, fighting, till the scene was a perfect pandemonium, and a respectable and God-fearing resident of St. John, who is now making his home in Moncton, felt called upon to write to the daily papers and enter a protest, asking if there was no way to put a stop to such disgraceful proceedings. Well may the stranger and pilgrim who finds a brief resting place for the sole of his foot in Moncton, be surprised at our little ways.

Mr. H. T. Stevens' many friends will be glad to hear that he is recovering from his recent severe illness. I understand Mr. Stevens has some idea of spending the winter in the south, the severity of the Canadian climate being too great for him to endure in his present feeble state of health. Miss Wright, of St. John, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Daniel, returned home on Thursday. A dispatch from Oshawa notes the arrival of the Rev. J. H. Talbot and family, late of Moncton, and announces that he has entered upon his duties as rector of St. George's church, Oshawa. Just at present we are sheep without a shepherd, but the Rev. Mr. Waters, of St. John, took pity upon us last Sunday, and gave us two services. I believe we are an easy generation to think as far as spiritual matters are concerned, and very much inclined to take our time, and not by any means inclined to seek very much about the choice of a new rector. We are an easy generation to think as far as spiritual matters are concerned, and very much inclined to take our time, and not by any means inclined to seek very much about the choice of a new rector. I am sorry to say that the amateur dramatic club is still in a quiescent state. It does not seem to have awakened yet from its summer sleep, but of course the new year is full of possibilities, and the Land of Egypt is running over with corn. Mr. Josiah Wood, M.P., was in town on Friday, and left by the night train for Montreal. I am happy to say that Mr. James McAllister has sufficiently recovered from his late illness to be able to get about again. Mrs. George Chandler, of Dorchester, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. B. W. Henson, for some weeks past, returned home on Thursday. Miss Harris returned, last Saturday, from her long visit to New York, and Boston, and it is needless to say that her friends are delighted to see her again. The Misses Addie and Maggie McKee left town on Friday last for New York, where they intend spending some weeks with their sister, Mrs. T. F. Williamson. Mrs. Joseph A. Harris returned last week from a visit to her home in Boston. The approach of Christmas seems to gather all the wanderers home, by degrees. Mr. G. A. Vye returned, on Thursday, from Nova Scotia, having closed his work on the Antigonish waterworks for the winter. Judge and Mrs. Landry, of Dorchester, are registered at the Brunswick; but whether this means a near prospect of their taking up their residence among us soon, or not, I cannot say. I only hope that it may be so. The Rev. J. M. Robinson left town yesterday for Truro, where he will spend two or three days. The indications at present point toward a very quiet winter from a social point of view. I do not hear either of parties or seasons, but perhaps after the holiday season is over, matters may improve. I am sorry to say that the amateur dramatic club is still in a quiescent state. It does not seem to have awakened yet from its summer sleep, but of course the new year is full of possibilities, and the Land of Egypt is running over with corn. Mr. Josiah Wood, M.P., was in town on Friday, and left by the night train for Montreal. I am happy to say that Mr. James McAllister has sufficiently recovered from his late illness to be able to get about again. Mrs. George Chandler, of Dorchester, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. B. W. Henson, for some weeks past, returned home on Thursday. Miss Harris returned, last Saturday, from her long visit to New York, and Boston, and it is needless to say that her friends are delighted to see her again.

on account of ill-health. He will remain until after the Xmas holidays. Mr. E. B. Buckfield started for England via Halifax, on Saturday. Miss Mary Geddes left this morning for Acorn, South Carolina, where she will remain for the winter. Mr. Albert Geddes will accompany her as far as New York. Mr. James Smith returned on Monday after five weeks' absence in Sussex, where he was quite ill. He is now convalescing. Rev. E. B. Hooper was presented with a valuable Arabian coat by his parishioners last week—a kind reminder of this festive season to a worthy and popular clergyman. There was a surprise party at Dr. Keith's on Wednesday evening of last week. Music of a high order and first-class refreshments held full sway. At Mr. George Bailey's, on Monday afternoon, there was a juvenile party celebrating the anniversary of Miss Irene's birth, and an enjoyable celebration it was. Danies have struck this town in full force. Dr. R. P. Dubery, of Moncton, arrived at the Bureau on Monday evening, and today Dr. G. J. Sprout of Chatham reached the Central and will operate at Harcourt Place, where he has secured rooms. Mr. Charles Cumming and Mr. Walter Cumming are expected this evening from King's College, Windsor, N. S., to spend their holidays. Mr. James M. Kennedy has been in town for a few days, having returned from his summer resort, Kingston. He will spend the remainder of the winter at Adamsville. Mrs. Dunstan Stevenson and Mr. Frank Curran, of Moncton, were at the Central on Monday on their way to St. Nicholas River to visit their mother who was seriously ill. They reached the old home town ere their aged parent had departed this life. Mrs. Curran's funeral will take place tomorrow, Thursday. Dr. Nicholson, of Newcastle, is in town this afternoon. Mr. Dunstan Stevenson, of Moncton, was at the Central today. A concert in which the elite of the town will take part is billed for the first evening of the New Year in the Public Hall here. Mr. J. Neale Washen went to Kingston today, to attend a meeting of the Traders' Institute. Miss Minnie Buckley is expected home from Fredericton on Saturday. PARRSBOUR. [Progress is for sale in Parrsboro at A. C. Berryman's bookstore.] Dec. 16.—Rev. S. Gibbons and Mrs. Gibbons have returned from New York. Dr. Townsend made a flying visit to the States last week, returning Saturday. Mr. J. Midgley Townsend came down with him from Amherst and returned on Monday. Miss Townsend also returned from her visit to Amherst and Spring Hill. Rev. C. Saddington, from New Brunswick, arrived here last Thursday and has entered upon his duties as curate. Mr. Charles Young, of Calab, has been spending several days in Parrsboro, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Young. Miss Parsons, of Montreal, and Miss Strickland, of Amherst, are the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Townsend. Advertis in "Progress." It pays.

CHRISTMAS, 1890.

Skinner's Carpet Warerooms.

NOTHING WILL LIGHTEN LABOR IN THE HOUSEHOLD LIKE A Gold Medal Carpet Sweeper.

IF YOU HAVE ONE, WHY BUY A HANDSOME HEARTH RUG,

OR, A CHENILLE PORTIERE,

As these make Handsome and Useful Christmas Presents

A. O. SKINNER.



Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED Cocoa.

Half a Tea-spoonful is sufficient to make a Cup of most delicious Cocoa.

FOR SALE BY ALL RELIABLE DEALERS.

JERRY'S C...

"Merry Christmas merry as can be, even an' Jim out'n a j... gan's mother's in the in the lock-up,—but ness, Jerry—" And the next morn sounded with "Pao Paogness! twelve p air! There, that c if... W-h-e-y- you! Jm now, righ down the little coo to shelter both ears heading into the cr In and out, throu dodged the little m avoiding a collision man, again bendi a projecting elbow, pervasively causi of some loving coup Up Main street ran Jerry, till the when suddenly his troubled look fitted In by the iron ga covered a tiny, mi bright light streami vealed the poorly- its deformity, and its silent appeal the looking out of the its look of pain a look, God help the longs to the deforma As Jerry paused expectant light fla and the thin lips pa "Hallo, Joe; ho "Bad ex can be don't go tonight; I stop. I came in b an"—with a wistful "Help him, J strong," whispered ear. "It's that pesky mattered Jerry, ha eoon-ship over "There, I knowe voice counselled: Jerry; Joe is noth long, lonely road get over it quickl The wind blew driving both boys The deformed chik the eager light in placed by a piteou still, no word of e lips. Every boy of ni Jerry wavered, str listened once more out for yourself, m "I hope your sh try down by the s And he fairly ran tear-bright eyes at "Merry Christ passer-by to a frie "It ain't half e- tered Jerry. "Th es much." "Go back, Jerr they'll fairly bla in his right ear. "Go ahead, Jerr self," resounded i "Joe is deforma Jerry," whispered deep down in his "Three on 'em whimpered Jerry, as it apologizing t to be a hog jst sez he's jastp "Go back, Je voice. "Be a hog, Jerr "Think of the l the graveyards wi just like ghosts— tonight: Christm What boy of t tempter? Little marsh, a mile and two graveyards, r of... adding to calle...ome, we're young life; the tr trick of moving al one broken colum its seeming effort ther-worn railing "You can't be boy. "Their liv about whose chur ms take a hand; an' help Joe." "Help Joe," e For answer, t another block, t fire hydrant, tur his steps, exclai itaginary foe, " Lanigan was ly actin' hog " The lights wer and the frosty air "Gusher," qu by the Slip. "Here Joe, k warm up at a pe out yer stock— "Just an accid of delight runni Hunger and cold have a friend d

Advertisement for SHERATON & SELFRIDGE, featuring various household appliances like Brass Kettles, Potato Mashers, Night Lamps, and Coal Hods, with detailed descriptions and prices.

38 KING STREET, OPPOSITE ROYAL HOTEL.



S, 1890.

Warerooms.

HOUSEHOLD LIKE A

Sweeper.

ORTH RUG,

ORTIERE,

Christmas Presents

NER.

Fry's

CONCENTRATED

Cocoa.

Tea-spoonful is sufficient

a Cup of most delicious

Cocoa.

SALE BY ALL RELIABLE

DEALERS.

eral will take place tomorrow, There

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JERRY'S CHRISTMAS.

"Merry Christmas! an' so 'tis jest ez merry ez can be, even if Marm is laid up an' Jim out'n a job; why Larry Lanigan's mother's in the hospital, an' his dad's in the lock-up,—but you're forgittin' business, Jerry."

And the next moment the frosty air resounded with "Proogness! twelve pages! Proogness! twelve pages! Here you are, air! There, that clears me out, an' now for the next. W-h-e-w, how cold it is. It's you, you, you, right ear," and jerking down the little coon-skin cap that refused to shelter both ears at once, Jerry plunged headlong into the crowds of passers-by.

In and out, through the shifting throng, dodged the little news-boy; now cleverly avoiding a collision with a stout old gentleman, again bending double to pass under a projecting elbow, or with true, boyish persistence causing a temporary separation of some loving couple.

Up Main street and across the square ran Jerry, till the market was reached, when suddenly his pace slackened, and a troubled look flitted over his ruddy face.

In by the iron gates, under the archway, covered a tiny, misshapen creature; the bright light streaming into the recess, revealed the poorly-clad figure, so pitiful in its deformity, and even more eloquent in its silent appeal than were the gray eyes looking out of the white, childish face, with its look of pain and premature age—a look, God help them, that peculiarly belongs to the deformed.

As Jerry paused before the recess, an expectant light flashed into the gray eyes, and the thin lips parted in a smile.

"Hullo, Joe; how's yer luck?"

"Bad ez can be, Jerry. The Gusher don't go tonight; folks seem too busy to stop. I came in here to warm up a bit, an'—with a wistful smile—"I lost a five."

"Help him, Jerry; you're hale and strong," whispered a voice in Jerry's right ear.

"It's that pesky coon-skin cap ticklin'," muttered Jerry, hastily adjusting the ragged coon-skin over the unprotected ear.

"There, I knowed it was," as another voice counselled: "Look out for yourself, Jerry; Joe is nothing to you; you have a long, lonely road ahead, my boy; better get over it quickly."

The wind blew sharply into the recess, driving both boys back to the iron gates. The deformed child shivered with cold, and the eager light in his gray eyes was replaced by a piteous, pleading expression; still, no word of entreaty fell from his thin lips.

Every boy of nine can't be a hero; poor Jerry wavered, struggling hard with self; listened once more to the tempter's "Look out for yourself, my lad," and fell.

"I hope you'll luck 'll change, Joe; try down by the slip. I'm off, old fellow." And he fairly ran to get away from the tear-bright eyes and quivering lips.

"Merry Christmas," shouted a burly passer-by to a friend over the way.

"It ain't half ez merry ez it was," muttered Jerry. "The lights ain't flarin' half ez much."

"Go back, Jerry; give Joe a hand, and they'll fairly blaze," whispered the voice in his right ear.

"Go ahead, Jerry; let Joe shift for himself," resounded in his left ear.

"Joe is deformed, and hungry, and cold, Jerry," whispered a new voice, a tiny one, deep down in his heart.

"Three on 'em at me, an' two agin me," whimpered Jerry. "It ain't fair." Then, as if apologizing to the tiny voice, "I want to be a hog jest this once. Larry Lanigan sez hogs is happiest."

"Go back, Jerry," pleaded the tiny voice.

"Be a hog, Jerry," advised the tempter. "Think of the lonely road, my boy, and the graveyards with their tall monuments just like ghosts—they'll be all on the go tonight: Christmas eve, you know."

ah well, it hurt sorely. No wonder the gray eyes shone as he repeated, "jest an accident, Jerry."

"Why didn't you shout it, you muff? an' accident allers sells."

Jerry didn't know how to be cynical, and spoke merely from his knowledge of trade.

Gusker by itself 's flat, but, "raising his strong, young voice: Gusker; all about the accident, there, "disposing of two copies." "I knowed it would."

"Then, roughly, to hide his real feeling, "No, this is a one handed game. Be off, Joe, will you, you're stoppin' trade. Gusker!"

For the next half hour the sharp cry rang up and down the street. The coon-skin cap was shifted often, but the troublesome voices were no longer heard.

"What a merry Christmas, Jerry!" rang in both ears, and was echoed by the tiny voice down in the warm, young heart.

"Hooray, there goes the last paper; an' I'm glad to see its heels."

"Jerry's imagination was lively and gave heels to the Gusker as readily as it set the monuments moving."

"An' now for Joe. I wonder if crusty Tim let him come within half a mile of—hullo! blest if he ain't sittin' on the three-legged stool, an' his old boots right on the roaster," pausing in wide-eyed wonder. Even the most daring of Jerry's newspaper friends never ventured nearer than the curb-stone—Tim's temper was too well known. But the big, jolly-looking man helping Joe to peanuts was not crusty Tim!

"Well, I never," muttered Jerry. "They're ez thick ez thieves." Then, stepping up softly and laying his hand gently on Joe's shoulder, a mild substitute for the resounding slap which he generally greeted his other friends, "Here you are, old man! all sold out; there, shut up will you!" as Joe tried to thank him.

"Any feller 'd have done the same, I ain't quite a hog." Then, turning to the big man, "Say Mister, what's wrong with crusty Tim?"

As the honest, brown eyes were raised to his, the man dropped the measure he was filling, and drawing the boy to him, gazed long and earnestly at the wondering, up-turned face.

"He must be Maggie's boy; that's her face over again," muttered the stranger. Then, eagerly, "What's your name, boy?"

Jeremiah Jenkins on Sunday, sir, an' plain Jerry week-days."

"And your parents? Where are they livin'?"

How the big man's voice trembled! "Dad's in Heaven, an' mam's out the Marsh," was Jerry's concise answer.

"But," returning to his own question, still unopened, "What's wrong with crusty Tim, sir?"

"He twisted his ankle on a cobble stone an' had to be driven home. The poor old chap worried so over the Christmas trade, that I offered to run the stand till he could send some one."

"Is he your dad, or brother mebbe?" ventured Joe.

"No relation," laughed the big man. "Do I look like him?"

Jim, tell your brother 'bout the stroke of luck's come our way."

Mis' Dacre's been here. Marm's to get knittin' from the Women's Exchange, an' I'm goin' on next week as driver of Campbell's express," explained Jim, briefly.

"Yes," said marm, drawing the coon-skin off Jerry's tousled head, and striving to brush the stubby hair in the right direction, "it's all true, my boy. Mis' Dacre paid me in advance for the first dozen. Jim'll have stiddy work: so you needn't sell any more at night. I'm very thankful to the Lord fer all his favors, but more'n all fer givin' me sich boys."

"Pshaw, marm!" began Jim.

"Don't, marm," pleaded Jerry. "Jim deserves it all, but yer little boy come near turnin' hog tonight."

Then marm heard all about Jerry's struggle with self, and signified approval by patting the tousled head buried in her check apron.

"Big an' jolly-looking," mused marm. "Jim would have looked like that. Sakes alive, children, who or what's that?"

"Rat-tat-tat! what a rousing summons it was, to be sure! No wonder both boys ran to the door; Jerry threw it open, and in stepped crusty Tim's friend in need."

How his eyes glowed as they rested on the quiet little woman in the old rocker; with a quick swinging step he crossed the floor, holding out his arms to marm.

"Found at last, Maggie!"

"Jim, oh Jim!"

And there was the big man actually kissing marm, not once but many times, while her thin arms clung round his neck, and the sobbing "Jim, oh Jim!" added to the boys' surprise.

"Marm won't want us any more," muttered Jerry. "Mebbe it's a stepfather like Tony Watson got. I wonder who the duffer is."

As in answer, marm raised her head from the stranger's shoulder, and explained, "It's yer uncle, boys, yer own uncle Jim, an' my twin brother."

Impulsive Jerry's welcome was almost as warm as marm's, and James junior atoned for his rash judgment by extending a hearty welcome to his burly uncle.

"But there, marm—supper's spilin'; set in uncle Jim—here, this cup has a handle; fall to Jerry, you'd order be sharper."

But no one proved "sharp set," excitement had destroyed appetite, and then there was so much to tell. Despite Jim's courteous efforts to make the meal a success, uncle Jim soon lifted the old rocker, with marm in it, back to the warm corner, and drew his own chair close to it.

"An' now Maggie, let's hear your story first."

"You heard about, John?" began marm with an odd break in her quiet voice.

"Yes, the little lad told me tonight. What a struggle you must have had, my poor girl."

"I didn't mind that, Jim, 'twas the loss ez made me sore. I was selfish an' pinin' fer him, even when I knowed that he'd never be well more that I prayed ez he might be spared; but the Lord was good to him an' denied me. Then little John was called, an' I just wanted to go too, but there were the other two lookin' to me, so I struggled on, an' after a while comfort came in work. But I couldn't thole workin' where everythin' reminded me of John, so I just moved round till I settled here. I made out well with fine iron an' sewin' till my health give out; sense then, the boys had all on their shoulders—only fer 'em, I'd have starved or gone on the town."

"An' you never told me, Maggie—"

"I did write, Jim. I was heart-hungry, cravin' you in my trouble, but all my letters came back, so I gave you up fer dead. You musn't take it so to heart, Jim—it's all over now, thank the Lord. I'm gettin' stronger, an' work'll be plenty."

"Not fer you, my girl—you'll never work another stroke 'cept fer yer own folks. I've enough an' to spare—it's madenin' to think ez you ever knowed want. When I left home ill-luck follered on my heels. Other fellers prospered, but I kept givin' down. I promised solemn never to write home till I had good news, an' years passed 'fore it came. I worked in a mine an' saved, but the savin's were small. I was jest about givin' up when my luck turned, an' everythin' I teched prospered. I went West, an' stocked land fer cattle raisin'. It was hard work, but there was money in it. Still I wa'n't content; I was heart-hungry. So I wrote to John—not knowin' ez you'd lost him—askin' him to come out with you an' the children to make a home out'n the ranch. When my letter come back I started out to find you, an' failed. Still I wouldn't give up. Every year I came, an' allers returned as I went. I struck this town jest by chance, the train stoppin' over for an hour. While I was wanderin' about killin' time, an old man fell and was shook pretty bad. I felt so cut up over my own disappointment that I came near turnin' hog."

Here Jerry became so excited that he wiped a plate on his coat sleeve. "But the poor beggar groaned so over his luck that I turned to an' gave him a hand—an' mebbe I wa'n't rewarded. 'Fore I was there ten minutes the oddest little chap showed up, an' begged fer a chance to get warm—not ez he said a word. Oh, no; he jest looked I an' thanked me ez polite ez if the rickety old stool was a throne. You should have

heard him talk about his friend Jerry. I was gettin' anxious to see such a wonderful chum, when along comes this young man," laying his hand on Jerry's shoulder. "An' the minute I looked at him my heart gave a great jump, an' sez I to myself, 'Jim, yer hunt's ended—an' that's all, Maggie, 'cept that he'll start ez soon ez yer fit to travel. You an' the boys'll make a great change in the folk—it's a sore thing, my girl, to have no folks—"

"Uncle Jim,"—how the brown eyes shone!—"Joe has no folks."

"Plea number 1; well, what next, Jerry?"

"Couldn't you make room fer Joe?" he boldly.

"Well," with a pretence of considering the matter, "I might take on a few more acres, an' build another wing to the ranch, yer friend is such a huge feller. What do you say, Maggie? would you be willin' to look after Jerry's giant?"

"Both willin' an' glad, Jim; he's a darlin' chile; an' so softly that no one heard, "I'm feared it won't be long before he's called where there allers runs for one more."

"That's settled then. Joe turns rancher, an' now boys be off to bed; yet mother an' I ain't begun to talk yet, but," as the sound of sleigh-bells was heard, "first give me a hand with that express."

Never before had such parcels been left at the old house on the marsh!

A fur-lined cloak and the gayest of bonnets for marm made the little widow wonder, "If I couldn't wear that out west without showin' disrespect to John."

A real gun and a box of tools for Jim, a wonderful sled with steel-shod runners for Jerry, skates for both boys, and books filled with delightful fireside stories that must have been bought for Joe. And then such an array of eatables! beginning with a great fat turkey, and ending in heaps of oranges, candy, and grapes. No wonder that Jerry looked bewildered, and that sated Jim forgot himself to the extent of trying on marm's gay bonnet; while marm, herself, was trying to "reason" with Jim for spending so much money, but always broke down into a happy, sobbing, "Oh, Jim!"

"An' now, boys, be off in earnest. We have work ahead to-morrow; we'll go after Joe first thing, and I'll have my three boys rigged out from top to toe—an' boys, take yer uncle's advice—if ever yer feel like turnin' hog, don't do it: allers be what the Lord made you."

Was it any wonder after that, that Jim dreamt of whole droves of hogs building a railway out west with his kit of tools? or that Jerry saw marm and uncle Jim dancing, while a chime of bells, all rough and hairy like his coon-skin cap, rang out: "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!"

M. B. ST. JOHN.

A Ruined Effect.

"There was an annoying hitch in the great ocean scene in my play last night," said Bronson Hoyt with a sad smile.

"When the hero jumped off the raft to save the heroine he got off in the wrong place, and one of the waves kicked him in the stomach. It seemed to knock all the sense out of him, for he got right up and walked ashore."

"What did the heroine do?"

A CHRISTMAS GHOST STORY.

I. PREPARATORY.

Climate has much to do with vehicular travelling, consequently it was not a sleigh but a postchaise fitted with a brake to prevent "sluicing" that drove up with a grinding noise one Christmas eve to the porch of that respectable English inn the "Swan-with-two-necks."

From it descended a young man clad, not in a buffalo robe as he would have been in the more bracing air of Canada, but in an outer garment composed of a succession of diminishing capes, on the principle of the petticoats that, I am given to understand, are worn by the women in Flanders. The cape-clad young man strode into the one public room of the inn and imperiously called for the landlord by the pet name of Old Tunbally. A waiter having divested him of his superabundant frieze the stranger stood forth a fine agile young fellow, with a merry but somewhat reckless expression of countenance. The landlord waddled into the room with as much agility as roundly would permit, and, after having gazed dubiously at his visitor for a time, exclaimed, "Bless my soul! Master Charles!"

Another person, a little elderly man, in a suit of old-fashioned black, was in the room, seated at a table with a modest modicum of some potable before him. To this sole guest of the house our stranger strode, and, exclaiming "hillo! Pother!"

"What are you drinking? Hey! landlord! waiter! another for the doctor, and one for me. And, waiter! tell my fellow to put up the chaise and fetch in my traps."

"What?" exclaimed the landlord, who waited in person, "Christmas eve, and you not go up to the hall, Master Charles! What will Sir Nokes and My Lady say?"

"Bot her the Hall!" cried the irreverent young man, "and now doctor I had the advantage of you, hey? took me for a foreign count or a lanz cruzado or something, ha? Four years' travel cannot surely have changed me so much." "Ah! Charles, Charles, you are not changed at all," replied the worthy practitioner, recognizing him, "you are the same light-hearted, reckless boy. I saw you brought into the world, and if you don't mend your manners I will see you out of it."

"No you won't," said Charles, "for I'll pitch your medicines out of the window. And now let us sit down, old friend. I want to have a long talk with you about how matters have gone in my absence. And especially about,—you know whom. Is she as lovely as ever, and is she married yet?"

Charles Nicely, only son of Sir Nokes and Lady Nicely, was heir to the Nicely Hall that he affected to despise. The Nicelys were a nice family and well connected. They were related to the Dundeheds and the Mildews, also the Pumpgoggles, and could trace a hazy collateral with the Grundy-Malaprops. One of the women of the house (Selina Anastasia, you may remember) married into the peerage in the person of Nugent, Baron Mouldiwarp. Another espoused Rev. Aaron Wunkle, afterwards Lord Bishop o

Chasable, and it was ever a thorn in the flesh to the estimable Salina, as wife, that her husband was not allowed to take precedence next after the Prince of Wales and that she herself was officially styled Missis Wunkle, instead of Your Ladyship. Altogether the Nicelys were people of condition. Of course they lived in a hall, Nicely Hall, and almost equally of course the hall, having been in old times an abbey, was reputed to be haunted. Those monks of old must have been a bad lot to be so often condemned to revisit the glimpses of the moon, or perhaps when alive they were so fond of their cloisters that they cannot tear themselves away now they are dead. I live in a haunted house myself and have never seen anything, but then my house was never an abbey.

Nicely Hall was pleasantly situated on the margin of a lake. The lake was not as is this Ontario of ours. It was, in fact, a mere mere. On looking to the left you did not see the Thousand Isles, those little pieces cut out of the table of Arcadia, with many a greenwood bosque in them, and many a miniature vale of Tempus. So delightful are these eyots on a freshwater sea that they, true insula fortunata, will be the favorite haunt of the coming Canadian poet's muse. Indeed, one enthusiastic youth, not long escaped from college, with glorious poetic fervor not yet stilled in him, did write a Pastoral of the Isles, (earliest in date of Canadian pastorals,) which he intended to be a mixture of "Adwria Zozari" of Theocritus and Tasso's "Aminta" with a dash of Allan Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd." In it he peopled one of those lovely water-girdled spots with brightest forms of classic idyl; shepherds and nymphs, with sly fauns peeping at the white limbs of the maids as they dabbled in the sunny wavelets within easy swimming distance of the beach. Till one day, a coarse-minded, practical man, owner of the Isle, came with a band of choppers to hew down the trees, and burn down the brush with fire. Whereupon the fine beings transplanted from the Golden Age, daughters of the gods, with nymphs for mothers, and begotten under Idumean palms: Chloris, Daphne, Egle, and the rest, with Greek names, soft as satin, sweet as honey of Hymettus, and that flow on the lips, smooth as—as melted butter, fled with a wail of ai, ai, towards the setting sun—I do not know where—perhaps to Assiniboia, where Eos conveyed Nicholas Flood Davin. Yes! the fine creatures, the tricky spirits, the imported Ontarides fled before misallied civilization, and it would be as vain to look for them now as for last year's bank cashiers. Yet, our poetic friend's eulogus was a noble one—so idyllic as to be almost fatuous—but was declined with thanks by a hard-hearted editor, which so affected the poet that he neglected his shirt collars, and applied to political friends for an appointment as private trooper in the mounted police.

The Hall, as I have said, stood grey and ancestral on the margin of a mere not wider than many a Canadian river, leaving the great St. Lawrence out of account. Survivors of the lake school of poetry, if any survive, would have become Wordsworthian about this pocket piece of water, embosomed as it was among low wooded hills of altitude to match, and with dells stretching inland with little havens for punts at the end of cultivated fields. As in face of the girl-child may be seen in little the varying ex-

CONDENSED MEAT. Knives and Iron Pudding. Cake Cutters, Moulds, Boards and Knives. Useful and Mental Articles.



pressions of the natured beauty, so the tiny mere imitated the moods of a great lake or of the ocean. Shadows of clouds drifted on it like rats. When glints of sun straggled through its marginal willows its face became reticulated with a fine network of lace as if Arachne herself had done the weaving with alternate lights and shadows for threads. When Eurus, with his rage modified by being filtered through trees, struck the miniature sea it raised little billows that would not have shipwrecked a pearl nautilus. It was a place on summer days for wildrose petals to float like the boats of water fays, until when autumn came the crimsoned maple leaves fell and gleamed on the surface like patches of blood. In winter it lay quiescent amid its leafless trees. Mists shrouded it, and the undines, if any there were, retired into their caves.

To return to Charles and Dr. Pother in the common room of the Swan-with-two-necks. From the worthy doctor, Charles learned that his father Sir Nokes Nicely was bluff as ever, and My Lady as finical; that second-cousin Lucy was the belle of the county and still unmarried, although young Tooms followed her like her shadow. Also, that it was rumored the family ghost was about again, and that the rector (Rev. Cleophas Bang), on being begged to allay it, had stated this kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting. The landlord, moreover, informed the young man that a carriage had come from the hall three times in the course of the day to meet him, until it had at length been decided that with his usual carelessness he had missed the train. Whereupon young Nicely shrew on his coat of many capes, and with a malicious expression of countenance set out to walk to the hall. "Doctor," said he solemnly as he left, "dost remember the words of our greatest dramatist in reference to Hamlet's father?"

Be it a spirit of health or goblin Dee Dee's, I'll cross it though it b-b-blast me. [Exit.]

Setting off at a brisk walk he speedily reached his destination. Entering by a private door and avoiding the side where the servants were carousing in honor of Christmas, he made his way to the pantry of Meggot the butler, where he found that functionary, in rather a hazy condition, regaling himself with a special bottle of wine and surrounded by unwashed plates from the dinner table. Checking Meggot's amazement and sternly commanding him not to announce his arrival to the family, Charles demanded the keys of the haunted corridor. This was an unused passage leading by closed doors past the main apartments and running the length of the house, but the fears of the servants had caused it to be locked up and disused. No one believed more firmly than the butler himself that there was something "behind the arras", although he had lived there from boy to man and had never heard anything. Very reluctantly he gave the keys to his young master, who, taking a lamp in his hand, remarked, "Now I am off to bed," and disappeared in the haunted corridor. Meggot looked after him dully, and murmured, "Same as ever is Master Charles. Never had no steadiness. And never will have none, I'm afear'd."

II. THE GHOST STORY.

Dinner was over in the long, low dining-room of Nicely Hall. In old times the apartment had been the refectory of the monks, where they had held many a jovial carouse, else tradition belies them. But never in monkish times, even in the absence of the abbott had so innocently gay a social party sat around, and risen from the hospitable board. There were some of the Dunderheads there, good people who always tempered the too high spirits of the young folks with an agreeable shade of dullness, also two or three lively Mildew girls, longing to change their surname for a less suggestive one. Some of the Pumpkins would have been there, but Jimina had a headache and could not come. I must not omit to mention three or four nice old maids belonging to county families, all of whom, it was apparent to the eye, were wholebone in their stays, even if it had not been betrayed by creaking when they moved; or one or two poor relations thrown in for make-weight; a due proportion of average fair ones, intelligent or stupid as the case might be; and one sprightly widow who was there in virtue of having made a runaway match with a dis-solute far-off scion of the baronial house of Mondiwarp. As to the men, why should I tire my pen by describing the kind of persons we meet at our club every day? Besides the guests were the genial host, Sir Nokes Nicely and his narrow wife, Lady Nicely, and that darling half-niece Lucy, with her school-girl sister Fan, whose frock only reached to her knees; and cousin Geoff, who at fifteen labored under the delusion that he was a man. Cousin Lucy, be it whispered, confessed to her heart that her wild half-cousin Charles was very dear to her, and, if angels can be cross (can they?) she was cross because he did not put in an appearance. Most of the other girls shared her disappointment. "It was so like thoughtless Charles to miss the train." So they all said.

In the early part of this pleasant day, the gay houseparty had rambled about; and, among other amusements, had assisted the rustics in practicing a new Christmas Carol, the work of a local poet:—

The Star shone down on the village green,  
He, ho, ho, ho,  
And O, it was a lovely star,  
As three gay kings came from afar  
In gowns of buff, and blue, and green,  
Ho, ho, ho,  
And every king did bring with her  
Red gold and frankincense and myrrh,  
He, ho, ho, (and so on for a dozen stanzas.)

And now in the evening they had music, with a carpet dance or so, and a few games of blindman's buff and hunt the slipper, until near midnight when all were seated in a semi-circle around the wide open fire. Then it was that Buddie Bligh demanded a Ghost Story. The proposal was received with acclamation, and bald-headed Mr. Peeper, a noted raconteur, kindly consented to state the legend of the Ghost of Nicely in which they sat. This gentleman was peculiarly qualified for narrator, inasmuch as he was afflicted with "The Society for the Unghosting of Haunted Premises"—of which Lord Tenyson is a member,—and on one occasion had been very nearly scared out of his wits by a cat-fight in a London slum where he was watching for a reappearance of the Cock Lane ghost.

"Sir Nokes, My Lady, Ladies and Gentlemen," he began, (and with a glance more than paternal at the younger fair ones) "and you, My Dears. Once upon a time—"

"Was it very long ago, Sir?" asked that forward mixx, Cissie Meggs.

"Ever so long. It was in the days of bluff King Hal,—you have all read about him in your compendiums,—how he cut off seven of his wives' heads—"

"How horrid," said Buddie.

"Wasn't it?" resumed Mr. Peeper.

"Well, he not only quarrelled with his unfortunate wives but he had a row with the monks and seized all their abbey and gave one of them to an eagle-eyed hawk-beaked follower of his,—your common ancestor, Miss Lucy,—one Funnidos de Nosesley, since corrupted into Nicely—"

"How kind of him!" sneered sharp-tongued Miss Brake, a rival of Lucy's. "I'm sure I quite love Henry the Eighth, but he didn't give us one, you see. It was real mean of him."

"Now, Sir Funnidos de Nosesley, or Nicely, had a companion-in-arms, one Brian Dunsunmer that he had been kind to,—had sold him horses, occasionally endorsed accommodation kites for him, and had frequently given him sucks out of his canteen on the field of battle. In fact they were quite Corsican Brothers with an ideal friendship for each other, like as Damon had for,—er,—for the other gentlemen whose name at this moment has escaped me. Yet this Brian was a very scheming man. Sir Funnidos found that his trusted friend was coming too much after Miss Nicely—"

Here Elderly Povelope Thitsey was heard to murmur, "how shocking! what depravity. We live under a better dispensation."

"—too much after Miss Nicely. Or it might have been the dowager Lady Nicely he was after," resumed Mr. Peeper.

"at all events it was one of the family, and, of course, the head of such a house as this could not for a moment entertain the thought of giving his daughter, or even his mother, to a man who had nothing but a lieutenant's pay—"

"Certainly not!" exclaimed Sir Nokes Nicely with great decision.

"Things went on in this way for some time, notwithstanding that the house-servants were instructed always to say, 'not at home' when Dunsunmer called, and it was hinted to two stalwart guards that if they kicked him next time he came it would be ahale-crown in their pocket. He would persist in dropping in every morning to ask how the ladies were? This exasperated Sir Funnidos so much that he one day drew his rapier and ran his former friend through the midriff. The unfortunate man had just time to breathe forth, 'look here! Funnidos, I wouldn't have thought it of you.' Then his body rolled down the area steps, even as the decapitated head of the doge Marino Falleri rolled down the Giants' stairs. "Thus did Brian Dunsunmer give up the ghost."

A shudder here ran through the assembly. Jessie Lambton and Phemie Miles sobbed audibly. More than one of the old maids wiped their poor eyes. I am sorry to say that some of the young men, especially Tom Millard, sniggered. Sir Nokes, as the head of the house, drew from his coat-pocket a very large yellow bandana, and blew his nose violently in deprecation of the inexcusable act of his ancestor.

"But no," continued Mr. Peeper, gravely, "the murdered man did not give up the ghost—he merely died. Sir Funnidos had great trouble in disposing of the corpse of his friend. There was no railway, nor parcel post, in those days to send it away by, and he did not care to bury it. So he dragged it into the corridor that runs just outside these apartments, and locking the door gave the key to the butler with orders, never to part with it. But here comes the dreadful mystery! Sometimes at midnight—just about this hour, by the way—Brian is heard in the passage, a scratching and groaning—Good gracious! What's that?"

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although certainly democratic, but was a genuine exclamation of surprise and enquiry. I put it candidly to the sweeter sex that has the finer sensibility, if any sudden cry coming unexpectedly when nerves are at tension, does not make the frame shudder and the blood run cold? So it was now. Mr. Peeper's ear, accustomed to the doings of ghosts, had heard a rustling on the wall that he could attribute to no known physical cause. He brought his right forefinger near his ear, and tipped his head on one side as believers do when trying to catch a message from the spirit world. Every ear was, like his, on the rack. Then was plainly heard a scratching on the wall on the side of the closed passage. It might have been a rat. But no! the scratching became louder and fiercer until it grew as loud as if some wild animal, such as a tiger, were clawing its way through the partition. By this time the bravest heart stood still, and faces were very pale. Sir Nokes seized the poker and threw himself into a warlike attitude, like Ajax defying the lightning. Words fail to depict the awesomeness of the moment, but when with the scratching came three prolonged diabolical groans, the scene became wildly hysterical. "Ring the butler's bell! Ring everybody's bell!" shouted Sir Nokes, and every bell was rung like an alarm. Only a minute or two had elapsed, when a crowd of frightened servants came rushing in, headed by Meggot, the butler, with his usually red face pale to a ghastly whiteness, and carrying in his trembling hands a bell-mouthed blunderbuss which he pointed so directly at Sir Nokes, that had it gone off, the consequences would have been fatal. Young Tom Millard, well flurried than the rest, struck up the barrel of the piece, with a terrific explosion ensued, and the chandelier fell shattered in a shower of glass, leaving the company in total darkness. Then arose shrieks upon shrieks that might have been heard at the distance of a measured mile. The same Tom who had struck up the blunderbuss, followed for lights, which when brought, disclosed a series of tableaux that, to say the least, were fetching. Meggot was found on his knees, partly from the recoil of his piece, and partly from a vague idea that he wanted remission of his sins. One group of two little young damsels twined around a youth of the Y. M. C. A., was eminently classic, and suggestive of the laocoon. And there, in the centre of the stricken groups, stood Charles Nicely, feeling he had gone too far, but putting a bold face on it. For he was the ghost of the corridor. Had it not been that the prodigal had just returned from a four years' absence, his father might have been justly incensed, but he was forgiven, more or less willingly by everybody, and speedily fell into his proper place of hero of the evening, relating tales of his travels.

And of the cannibals that each other eat, And anthropophagi, and men whose heads Do grow between their shoulders.

It was observed that the returned heir made all due haste to range alongside his half-cousin Lucy, with whom he held a long conversation in a low earnest tone. Now it happened that the boy Geoff, who fancied himself in love with Lucy, got behind the window curtain and overheard Charlie say something about "ineffable love."

What Lucy's reply was the eavesdropper did not catch, but the precocious lad went to a sidetable where lay a copy of Webster's Unabridged of the period in which he looked up the word "ineffable" and found it to mean "incapable of being expressed un-akale, unutterable." As soon as the young Romeo got a chance he drew the object of his boyish passion aside and whispered, "O Lucy! do you think you could love me like that?"

"Like what?"

"Ineffable, you know,—unspeakable, unutterable,—for, Lucy dear, I have loved you for years."

"How many years?"

"Ever so many."

"Silly boy! you were not born then."

"Wasn't I though!" retorted Geoff, justly galled by the asperion, "you just look in the family bible and see if I wasn't? But, I say Lucy, if you cannot love me inappreciably,—ineffably, I mean,—do you think your sister Fan would?"

"You had better try her," replied Lucy, "she is simple enough for anything."

Were this history to roll on a few years till her frocks were longer it would be seen that Fan was simple enough.

There is a moral attached to this story. And that is that Christmas ghosts are always good ghosts that do their spiriting kindly in aid of mirth and harmless jollity. When the veriest misanthrope of a modern Timon looks back through his long stretch of years, he must admit to his own heart that there hangs a pleasant and peaceful remembrance of many Christmases, from the one when his mother gave him his first gift of a penny toy, to the present one in the year ninety, when he buys for his grandson a \$200 bicycle, and for that pet of a grand-daughter (so like Lucy), a \$500 bracelet. Blessings on all Christmases say we! And there is another moral, too, and that is, that if a bad boy will only reform and repent and do well, the time may come for him to have a dear Lucy of his own, even as Charles had to carve his Christmas pudding for him.

HUNTER DUVAR.

GLASS HOUSES AND GYMNASIUMS turn out tumbler—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Man always like to have his innings; but he also enjoys his outings.—Puck.

Primus—"Does he loot his wife's bills?" Secundus—"I've seen him kick at them."

—EPOCH

You can generally get a point on insect life by making yourself familiar with the bee.—Texas Siftings.

A girl should remain under her mother's wing, particularly if she is a little chic.—Richmond Recorder.

The farmer is guileless, ho-ho! ha-ha! And turkey brings twenty cents a pound. While shot costs only six.—Ex.

Susie—"I haven't a cent of money to spend. Sallie—Neither have I. Let's go shopping.—Minneapolis Journal.

"Hark! Somebody is playing a delightful bit from Wagner." "Oh, that's only James shovelling coal into the furnace.—Ex.

Mr. Ringo—"My dear, why did you get two brushes for this bottle of muckage?" Mr. Ringo—"I got one to dip in the ink-well.—Puck.

It is a man serves him faithfully six days in the week the devil doesn't care much whether he goes to church on Sunday or not.—N. Y. Herald.

Smiley—"Now, remember, I don't want a very large picture." Photographer—"All right, sir. Then please close your mouth.—Boston Traveler.

Set Right—"Do you belong to the church?" "Inquired the clergyman of the janitor." "No," replied the janitor; "the church belongs to me.—N. Y. Sun.

More than she asked for.—Mrs. Spooner—"Will you love me just as much, darling, when I am old?" Mr. Spooner—"More, Lydia; you won't be so silly then!"—Puck.

"What a pretty girl Jimson's typewriter must be," mused Watts. "I never saw such an outrageous lot of misspelled words in a business letter before in all my days."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Solicitous Daughter—Old Gentleman (at head of stairs)—"Sally, ain't it time to go to bed?" Sally—"Yes, father, dear, don't put it off another minute, your health, you know, is not robust."—Lily.

The newspapers are forever speaking of "the blushing bride." Well, when you reflect upon the kind of husband not a few of the brides marry, you cannot wonder that they should blush.—Boston Transcript.

"How does it happen that Dr. Worlidy performs the marriage ceremony for so many old maids?" "Oh, he always asks them in an audible tone if they are of age, and they all like him."—New York Herald.

An Unexpected Answer.—Mrs. Bob Taylor—"Bob, what did you mean by talking in your sleep last night about clips and three of a kind?" B. Taylor—"Why, we'd been playing poker at the club all the evening.—Ex.

The force of heredity.—"A large—'You confess to having stolen the money, do you? Well, have you any exonerating circumstances to offer?' Culpit—"Yes, your honor, my grandfather was an alderman."—St. Joseph News.

Part little joke.—Mike—"Phwat wages do you gettin' now, Pat?" Pat—"One hundred dollars." Mike—"Phwat? One hundred dollars a month?" Pat—"One hundred dollars for one hundred days."—New York Weekly.

Foggs—"I have never yet been able to stand up to a New Year's resolution." Boggs—"I am proud to say my pledge for 1890 has been kept sacredly." Foggs—"What was it, pray?" Boggs—"I quit quitting."—Harper's Bazar.

Old Brown (bringing out the strap)—"Do you know why I'm going to whip you, my son?" Little Johnny—"Cause I'm small." "If I was as big as that man next door who called you a liar, last night, you wouldn't put a finger on me."—Puck.

Editor of the Bazo—Does it pay to advertise in my paper? Well, I should say it does. Look at Smith, the grocer, for instance. He advertised for a boy last week, and the very next day Mrs. Smith had two—both of them boys!—Ex.

The Pastor—"Gentlemen, you have heard the subject under discussion. What are your views?" Deacon Upriff—"I've nothing to say." Deacon Cudback—"Nor I." Deacon Lumworth—"Nor I." Deacon Grimes (absent-mindedly)—"Let's make it a jack-pot."—Ex.

This is a very young ladies of the congregation had in mind 37 pairs of slippers for the minister for Christmas. But one young lady made known her intention. And when the day arrived young Mr. Thumper received one pair of slippers and 36 dressing-gowns.—Ex.

Distracted woman (at the police station)—"Oh, sir, I have lost my poor old father! This morning he wandered away, and I fear for his safety, as he is totally deaf. Police sergeant—In that case, madam, we will soon find him. He is walking on the railway track.—Ex.

Met half way.—James (to Mr. Montmoragony, who has called upon Mrs. Bentonsund)—"Mrs. Bentonsund has sent me down to say that she is not at home, sir." Mr. Montmoragony, having swallowed his gri-t)—"Say to Mrs. Bentonsund that I didn't call."—Puck.

All's Fair in Love—He—"You consider engagements binding, you say?" She—"Yes." He—"And yet you confess that you were engaged to two men at the same time. How can that be possible?" She—"The engagements were binding on them, but not on me.—Munsey's Weekly.

Miss Igenue (just from school)—"Cousin Tom, won't you tell me what the mistletoe is hung under the chandelier at Christmas time for?" Cousin Tom (politely)—"Certainty; just step over here, and I'll show you. Now you see that large dull-green leaf just above your head!—No, not that one—just a little to this side"—and then she knew!—Ex.

Rather tangled.—But it goes—"I say, Blotton, me boy, do me a favor!" "What is it now, Jack?" Let me have the loan of that 'fiver' again I paid you last night. Brown wants to lend it to young Chumly, so as Chumly can pay the 'V' he owes me. I'll make it O. K. with you tomorrow evening.—Does it go, old fel?"—Smith, Gray & Co's Monthly.

Mr. Wildwest—"I suppose it's all right, but I can't help feeling that this continual presence of a chaperone is a reflection on my character. Miss Two Seasons—O nonsense! It's lots more fun this way. Out west you are on your honor, while here you shift the entire responsibility for your conduct upon the chaperone; she'll be asleep in a moment.—Life.

PROGRESS PICKINGS.

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BRONCHITIS

Is an inflammation of the bronchial tubes—the air-passages leading into the lungs. Few other complaints are so prevalent, or call for more prompt and energetic action. As neglect or delay may result seriously, effective remedies should always be at hand. Apply at once a mustard poultice to the upper part of the chest, and, for internal treatment, take frequent doses of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

C. O. Lepper, Druggist, Fort Wayne, Ind., writes: "My little sister, four years of age, was so ill from bronchitis that we had almost given up hope of her recovery. Our family physician, a skillful man and of large experience, pronounced it useless to give her any more medicine, saying he had done all it was possible to do, and we must prepare for the worst. As a last resort, we determined to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and I can truly say, with most happy results. After taking a few doses she seemed to breathe easier, and, within a week, was out of danger. We continued giving the Pectoral until satisfied she was entirely well. This indisputable evidence of the great merit of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has given me unbounded confidence in the preparation, and I recommend it to my customers, knowing it cannot disappoint them."

Young Children,

so that the medicine is known among them as "the consolers of the afflicted."—James Rufus Vidal, San Cristobel, San Domingo. "A short time ago, I was taken with a severe attack of bronchitis. The remedies ordinarily used in such cases failed to give me relief. Almost in despair, ever finding anything to cure me, I bought a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was helped from the first dose. I had not finished one bottle before the disease left me, and my throat and lungs were as sound as ever."—Geo. B. Hunter, Altoona, Pa.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

DELICATE PALE FACED WOMEN

Can restore the bloom of health to the sallow cheek, replace melancholy with vivaciousness of youth, and renovate the whole system, by the use of *Henningson's Glycerine Wine and Iron, and Tonic Dietetic Pills*, used according to the directions. Beware of imitations, always get HENNINGSON'S, the original and genuine. For sale by all Druggists, in Canada.

HERBINE BITTERS

Cures Sick Headache

HERBINE BITTERS Purifies the Blood

HERBINE BITTERS Cures Indigestion

HERBINE BITTERS The Ladies' Friend

HERBINE BITTERS Cures Dyspepsia

HERBINE BITTERS For Biliousness

Large Bottles, Small Doses. Price only 25c. For sale all over Canada. Address all orders to 481 St. Paul Street, Montreal.

WEDDING INVITATIONS

—AND— WEDDING CARDS.

I HAVE IN STOCK a splendid assortment of the latest and most fashionable designs in Wedding Invitations and Wedding Cards, with Envelopes to match.

Special care is taken in printing the above class of work, in a neat and artistic manner. Orders from all parts of the Provinces will receive immediate attention.

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MISS SINGLETON.

A Christmas Story.

"This coffee smells good," said Miss Singleton. "But smells is oncomon decriptive. Jest last night as ever was, says I, to Sarah Jane, 'Sarah Jane,' says I, 'things don't taste as they smelt.' Says I, 'or as the good Lord intended 'em to taste. He made the sand for the ostriches.' Says I, 'but we poor feeble critters gits it in sugar an' spice an' meal' an' land knows what all, an' we has to swallow it whether or no. Them's my very self-same words, Mr. Spinwell, an' I don't take none on 'em back."

"Twa'n't 'twa'n't sugar at all! 'Twas jest coarse yellow sand!" "Yes! An' the one marked 'Coffee'— what was that? A mess o' dried-up moss an' peas an' beans an' land knows what!" "Oh!" said Mrs. Spinwell. "An' waxing more and more vehement in voice and gesture, 'the one marked 'Butter' was jest a big hunk o' taller, an' rancid taller at that! Well, the fourth one was marked 'Soap'; an' 'twixt you an' me, Miss Spinwell, I calculated, give it to Miss Rogers, seeing as she gave me that handsome gray alpaca last Christmas, though I always suspected as she sicked it up at one o' them big bargain sales down to the city. But I thought 'twould be a delicate hint as well as a nice present, seeing as folks says she uses up all her soap-grace for her shortenin' 'stead o' lard, an' I never mistrusted there'd be any such thing as a present."

ALL START ALIKE! All declare when Xmas is thought of, that we will not buy any presents this year. But you will, when you see W. TREMAINE GARD'S STOCK OF HOLIDAY GOODS! you cannot help buying. You see just what you want at the right price. BEAUTIFUL GOODS! What a chance to get a present for your friend.

94 KING STREET! We have a large and varied stock from which to select your CHRISTMAS PRESENTS! Including Celluloid Dressing Cases, Persian Silver Cases, Shaving Sets, Manicure Sets, Work Boxes, Collar and Cuff Boxes, Handbags, Albums, Framed Pictures and Mirrors; also, Children's Books, Toys, Dolls, Games, etc.

AMERICAN NOVELTY CO. 94 KING STREET. 94 WILH LAEFF Preserved Fruits, IN GLASS JARS, TWO SIZES. Red and White Strawberries, Red and White Quinces, Red and White Pears, Mixed Fruits, Greengage and Mirabelle Plums. VERY TASTY.

GEORGE ROBERTSON, GUESS! GUESS!! GUESS!!! RAG DOLLS. RAG DOLLS. Everybody Guess on the weight of the Large Prize Doll, now on Exhibition in Jennings' Window. Purchasers of a 20c. Rag Doll have one guess; Buyers of a 40c. Doll, two guesses; those of 60c. Doll, three guesses.

LADIES INCREASE YOUR COMFORT BY WEARING FEATHERBONE CORSETS. THEY ARE MORE DURABLE, THEY ARE MORE GRACEFUL, THEY ARE MORE STYLISH. TRY A SAMPLE PAIR. SOLD EVERYWHERE. MADE ONLY BY CANADA FEATHERBONE CO. LONDON, O.

"The Foot that made the Print in the Snow." DID YOU EVER SEE THIS BEFORE? OF COURSE YOU DID. YOU COULDN'T MISS IT. The people of Canada devote the whole winter to making this impression in the snow. You see it everywhere. It is the heel of the GRANBY, the most popular Rubber and Overshoe that has ever been introduced. Everybody wears them. Every dealer sells them.

GREAT HOLIDAY SALE OF XMAS CARDS, BOOKS, and FANCY GOODS. GENUINE REDUCTIONS! MANY LINES AT LESS THAN HALF-PRICE. Inspection Invited. Whole of the Stock must be Cleared Out. D. M'ARTHUR, BOOKSELLER, 80 KING STREET.

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