

PROGRESS.

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PRICE THREE CENTS.

THEIR MOUTHS CLOSED.

NOT A HAPPY SEASON FOR THE BAPTIST SEMINARY.

Entanglement of the Faculty—An Investigation Held by the Board—What Conclusion was Arrived at—Will There Be a New Principal?

This hasn't been a very joyous season for the Union Baptist seminary at St. Martins. In fact, some of the ladies and gentlemen connected with that institution are yet in doubt if Christmas and New Years have come and gone.

That good text of the season, "Peace on earth, good will to all men," was not in force within the seminary walls. The house is divided against itself. The faculty is estranged.

This is most unfortunate. Some time ago, when PROGRESS revealed some of the hidden secrets of the place, and told its readers what had taken place within the stately and commodious structure, which is and should be the pride of all good Baptists, many shook their heads and refused to believe that anything of the kind ever transpired. It was too bad to be true. The editor of the *Messenger and Visitor* nearly lost his base in his indignation, and said and wrote things about PROGRESS which showed the disturbed state of his mind.

PROGRESS is sorry that the trouble is not ended. If rumors could be credited, the seminary could tell stories now that PROGRESS might hesitate to publish. It is a pity the truth cannot be told and give rumor a back seat. Despite the efforts of several newspaper men, the mouths of the faculty and the board of management are closed tight. Lock-jaw is about the only thing that would have a worse effect upon them. In fact, it is understood that while they have not imitated western moonlighters and sworn silence, the pledge of secrecy has been taken, and anything worth hearing is not to be heard.

This much is known. The esteemed members of the faculty are at sword's points. The preceptress, Miss Fannie F. Thomas, appears to have drawn upon her the wrath of three resident members of the faculty. The war has been raging for some time, and a few weeks ago the understanding was arrived at that the Christmas vacation would put an end to the fight and perhaps to some of the faculty.

It can well be understood, then, that the approach of the festive season was not hailed with any great joy. Students and teachers felt that a pall hung over them. Strange stories floated among them. No doubt they were exaggerated; no doubt what has reached the public is colored. It would have been far better had the real reason for the investigation been set forth and stopped idle rumors.

PROGRESS has no intention of publishing them. It would take too much space and, besides, some of them are not appropriate for family reading.

When a student is expelled, the reasons for the expulsion are usually given out. It is stated that one of the young men in the institution was expelled. Why? has not been stated.

The semi-authoritative statement has also appeared that three members of the faculty are against the preceptress in the present investigation. This is most unfair to the preceptress. If she is on trial the investigation should be conducted without the publication of any such opinion.

The lot of any member of the board is not a happy one. If the burden is shared equally by all it should be light enough, as it includes president Mont. McDonald; vice president, Wm. Peters; treasurer, John March; secretary A. A. Wilson; and directors Hon. Geo. E. Foster, E. McLeod, Q. C. Foster, McFarlane, M. D. David Vaughn, R. C. Elkin, Thomas L. Hay, A. C. Smith, John McGinty, Wm. Peters, James Paterson and all the ordained ministers of the Baptist and Free Baptist churches.

The people want to see the seminary grow and flourish. They want success to go hand in hand with it. Too much energy, too much money have been expended upon the institution to have any calamity befall it now. The managing board has a great work before it. Sentiment can have no place in its councils if the best results are to be had. The first need is a good head for the institution—a good principal. The man for the place must be above reproach in every particular; and, more, he must be well known among those who will support the institution. The implanting of a stranger was not a wise move. This has been proved by results.

All That Was Good For Them. The newboys didn't stand on ceremony Thursday in Trinity school room. In fact nobody isn't one of their virtues. When they departed they carried away all the turkey and plum pudding that was good for 'em.

Three Copies of New Novels Just Opened at Arthur's Bookstore.

MORE THAN THEY COULD STAND.

Three Stories Told by Prince Edward Island Men.

They were genial old men, known throughout "the tight little island" as fond of good company, good living and a good story. When Jones, Smith and Brown met there was fun for all their hearers. Each had the peculiarity of telling a good story upon every occasion when an appreciative audience could be found. Their stories were numerous.

Three of them are gems in their way. Amid clouds of smoke and chaff Jones remarked: "Talking about ice reminds me of when I used to go to school in Summerside. I lived in Charlottetown at the time and though Summerside was about 70 miles away I never was late. I came pretty near being tardy one morning, though. I overslept myself and when I got my skates on opposite my home I had just 20 minutes to get to that school house about 70 miles away. I got there just as 'Order' was called. Fast? Well, I guess I did go fast. There was a great gale after me and that was a great help. I had my pen behind my ear—we used quill pens then—and it fell to the ice and was off like a shot, propelled by the wind. I chased it for all I was worth but I didn't catch it. I went down an air hole, when within three miles of my destination, and I tell you, boys, I was going so fast that when, as good luck would have it, I popped up opposite our school house, I wasn't a bit wet. I'll never forget that skate."

The smoke was thicker, the silence was somewhat oppressive. Smith broke it: "Brown, weren't you at that circus that was here about 60 years ago—the one with the man and a ladder?"

Brown murmured an affirmative and Smith continued: "That fellow did the greatest trick I ever saw, and yet it was simple. He had a ladder 388 feet long, and he stood it on end and climbed to the top. When he got there he stood on his head, and then descended safely, balancing himself and the ladder all the time."

The air was heavy with smoke, and many minutes passed before the calm was disturbed.

"That circus came again," said Brown. "I don't think you were there, Smith, but the same fellow was back again. He had improved, and his ladder was longer. It was just 414 feet long. I remember the number from the two 4's. He balanced the ladder and climbed to the top—then he pulled it up after him."

Smith and Jones sprang to their feet and shouted, "Brown, that's a lie!"

Notes and Envelopes 5, 10 and 15 cents a Quire, at McArthur's Bookstore.

Red Ink and Water and Mr. Paul. Mr. Paul, the Millicote philosopher, is a most persevering mendicant. No rebuffs deter him. For some time he was a daily morning visitor in a city bank. His eyes would rest with an unsatisfied, longing expression upon the teller's bank notes. Mr. Paul's visits became monotonous, and one day a bottle which was adorned with a whiskey label but contained nothing but water discolored with red ink, was thrust into his basket and he was told to "git."

He did so—to a retired corner on the wharf, and there in the sun he examined his treasure. The color was fine, and with a deep sigh of satisfaction, Mr. Paul gave way to his habit. The policemen found him that night and had him carted to the station. The bottle was empty and all the evidence went to show that red ink and water were too much for Mr. Paul.

Surprised to See It in Print. Mr. James Prince, father of the fair and interesting plaintiff who wants \$15,000 damages from a fascinating Nova Scotian for breach of promise was surprised, so those who know him say, to see the facts of the suit so soon before the St. John public.

Miss Prince has returned from Halifax and is at her father's home on Sewell street. Mr. Prince can be let alone as a man who knows what he is about. He doesn't have much to say as a general thing, but his sentences are always to the point. He is one of the well-known *attaches* of the chamberlain's office, and when he calls upon a citizen his visit is usually brief. He generally gets what he is after. If, as is alleged, he is the misapprehension of the present suit, the Nova Scotian might do a worse act than compromise.

He Almost Got There. Score one for the much maligned Portland policeman. He put in "a timely appearance" the other night when a crowd of precocious young villains stopped the wagon of the mail collector, with intent to assault and probably rob him. The valiant officer contented himself by "shooing" them away and made no arrests. The horrible threat is made that they will be prosecuted "the next time."

Advertisements in "Progress."



SIR JOHN C. ALLEN, K. C. M. G.

Whatever may be the opinions as to the desirability of having titles of knighthood in this country, all are agreed that Chief Justice Allen is entitled to all the honors which his new dignity might lend him. Were it a matter of popular vote as to what man in the provinces most deserved distinction of such a nature, it is morally certain that the Chief Justice would have been selected by general consent. His life, as pictured in these columns not long ago, has been a pure and noble one. He has been equally distinguished as a good citizen, an able lawyer, an exemplary Christian

and an upright judge. He is a man who would be a bright and shining light on the bench of the highest courts of any country. His life and his acts have been beyond cavil. He has done his duty and detracted nothing from the lustre shed upon the bench by the able jurists who have preceded him. He has all the manly qualities which should distinguish the true knight. He has lived *sans peur et sans reproche*. His new honors can add nothing to his worth in the eyes of those who have so long known and admired him. May Sir John Campbell Allen long live to wear the title so worthily bestowed. S. J. S.

IS THIS RANK TREASON?

SOMETHING FOR THE FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY LADIES.

To Think Over—The Suggestions of a Correspondent, Who is Evidently Not in Sympathy With Past Efforts—Hints for Future Entertainments.

TO THE EDITORS OF PROGRESS:—The hearts of the good women of St. John are in the right place. Nobody doubts it. They are active in their efforts to do good. They are prodigal in the expenditure of their own time and energy. They want the people to second their efforts by being equally prodigal with their money.

Every once in a while these amiable ladies have an entertainment for the benefit of something. Sometimes the object of their charity is a church. Sometimes it is the Public Library.

It is to be noted with pain that these entertainments are not usually remarkably successful, from either an artistic or financial point of view. Sometimes, after weeks have been spent in the elaborate preparation of a wretched amateur "show," the committee is glad to escape without an actual deficit. Instances of actual loss have not been uncommon. The promoters of the enterprises have consoled themselves with the thought that they have had their fun and nobody has been hurt. Then they try it again, and with similar results.

In the absence of a censorship of amusements, there is nothing to prevent any number of well-meaning people making themselves as ridiculous as they please before the public. Nor is there anything to prevent their seeking notoriety by using the name of the Public Library. It should, however, be distinctly understood that the library committee is not a party to the sham.

The Public Library is not an object of charity. It is not a professional beggar, standing, hat in hand, for people to drop their 25 cent pieces. It is a most deserving institution, which merits more than it has got in the way of civic support, and it is unfair that the needed substantial grant is prevented by a number of amiable and meddlesome people. It needs to be saved from its friends.

Why? Does not every dollar help? In this case, no. The amounts realized from time to time by these trumpery affairs are so utterly insignificant that they amount to nothing. But having the appearance of being something, they block the way for the greatly desired aid from the city. It is believed that an additional grant might have been obtained ere this had the dear but officious creatures minded their own business.

There is good authority for saying that the majority of the Library committee has no sympathy with the misdirected efforts made in behalf of the institution. They would prefer to be let severely alone for the present. When they can afford it they will probably have less objection. At present they run too much risk of financial loss.

But the dear ladies need not lack for objects of charity. They can get up a benefit for the Bank of New Brunswick, which has just declared a semi-annual dividend of 6 per cent., and cannot possibly be injured by their zeal. Or they can get

up a show to buy non-congealing oil to be used on Trinity clock in cold weather. Either of these objects would give ambitious amateurs a chance to pose before the public, and either of them would be in much better taste than alleged benefits for the Public Library. A PATRON.

[There is plenty] of room for comment upon this somewhat sweeping contribution, but no time to make it this week.—Eds.]

Hardly Worth His Thanks.

There is a house-owner in this city who thought he was getting a Christmas box, the other day, and was very much disappointed when he found out what was in it. He has a tenant who owes seven months' rent and has never manifested any disposition to pay it. Christmas eve, however, he called on his landlord and tendering the compliments of the season, handed over an envelope that felt as though there was money inside.

"There it is, Mr. Blank," said the tenant, with the air of a man who was making himself square with the world. "I'm sorry I couldn't give it to you before."

"Thank you! Thank you!" said the landlord, effusively.

"Oh, don't mention it," the tenant rejoined. "It's your own property."

Then he got out of the way and the landlord, humming a tune to himself, set out to gladden his eyes with the \$60 he thought he held. They didn't gladden. The sole contents of the envelope was a lonesome \$5 bill.

Both Parties Were Reasonable.

There was some surprise in Harrie's works, Thursday, when the very terse announcement of a ten per cent. discount in wages for two months was made by Foreman McCallum.

That good but rather impetuous workman didn't take the trouble to explain as Mr. Robertson requested him to, that the proposed reduction was due to low contracts and the increased expenses of keeping the works going during the present season.

The result was that some hours were lost by a large number of men. Yesterday an amicable arrangement was reached and everything is going smoothly again. The men were reasonable; so was the employer, and an adjustment of difficulties was not hard. A committee from the workmen met Mr. Robertson and the question was settled on the basis of a five per cent. reduction all around for two months.

Adventurers Should Take a Hint.

Mr. Walter H. Harrison, who has acquired fame by his suit in respect to the Northern & Western railway bonds, is now in Baltimore. PROGRESS has received a circular concerning a useful little article, of which he is sole owner. It is a coin scale and counterfeit detector, and appears to be a valuable article for all who have to handle much specie.

It is a pity that Mr. Harrison was not provided with a larger scale, on the same principle, when he first encountered some of his New Brunswick friends. If he could have determined their moral weight and sincerity he might have been saved some unpleasant litigation. Something of the kind would fill a long-felt want.

THE CITY SOCIETY TALK.

FASHIONABLE EVENT AT MRS. CONSUL MURRAY'S.

Thursday Evening—Mrs. Tuck's At Home. Thursday Afternoon—Rumor and Gossip's Chat About Events of the Present and Future.

Madame Rumor ate her New Year dinner at the best hotel in the city. There she met her old friend, Mrs. Gossip, who said that she felt quite sure that Cupid had been lurking around the corridors, everything had such a happy and joyous appearance. Then Dame Rumor opened her heart and told of the late engagement that she thought would result in a wedding in a few weeks. In return for this bit of confidence, Gossip felt it her duty to tell of approaching marriage of one of our fair maidens, who went to the far West to keep house for her brother—who will doubtless return to St. John to find some one to take her place. After fully discussing these two items, the two friends found that they had come to the end of the menu, and retired to the parlor to talk over things in general. They touched on the gayeties, and wondered if this was going to be a dull season. No, Rumor had heard of a number of parties that were to be, and she hoped it was true that three of these delightful gatherings were to be at the residence of Judge King, Mr. J. H. Parks and Mr. H. D. Troop, for they were sure to be counted among the most enjoyable. Gossip agreed with her that it took an exceptionally clever and thoughtful hostess to make a party of any kind a complete success. The dressing has a good deal to do with the pleasing effect of a large gathering, but then, St. John girls always did dress well, although their feet might not always meet with Ouida's appreciation—but for this we must hold the weather responsible.

But just here the interesting conversation was interrupted by visitors who all sought to make the friends happy by contributing their items of news.

One told that Miss Maud Holman, from Prince Edward Island, would visit her friend Miss Turnbull, on Elliott row. She would be here but a short time, as she is on her way to Rochester, N. Y.

Then they all chatted about the Old Folks' concert for Monday evening, and one described Mrs. Barton Gandy's dress that is over 100 years old. Yes, and Rumor heard that the tortoise-shell comb to be worn with it was quite 100 years old, the whole costume having been worn by Mrs. Gandy's great-great-grandmother. They went on discussing other heirlooms, and Mrs. Gossip was sorry to leave, but she had yet to "take in" the curling club at the Lansdowne rink, where she knew she would be highly entertained. So she bade Rumor an affectionate adieu, promising to see her again on Friday, when they would have a chance to talk over the social events of the week.

Friday arrived not any too soon for these two busybodies, who were all excitement over the gayeties of Thursday.

Gossip declared she was quite sure that the entire "400" attended Mrs. Tuck's reception, which was supposed to continue from 4 o'clock until 7 in the evening, but with such an entertaining host and hostess it is hard to realize when "time's up."

In the evening U. S. Consul Murray's residence looked very brilliant, and all the debutantes were looking most charming. Rumor told Gossip she did try to decide on the belle but it was impossible. She could not help admiring the true American tact shown by Mrs. Murray and her daughter in making the young folks feel that they were having one of the pleasantest evenings in their life's history. Among the merry gathering she noticed the Misses E. Hall, Agnes Warner, Josie Troop, Nina Keator, B. Postwick, Jeanne de Bury, Jack Hazen, Carrie Seely, G. Cruikshanks, Edna Jones, Gertie Dever, Lizzie Furlong, Mary Travers, Florence Snider, Carrie Fairweather, Jennie Hall, Bessie McLellan, Lollie Harrison, and Messrs. H. Fairweather, Fred. Jones, C. Troop, Jack Warner, Stewart Fairweather, W. Fairweather, H. Hazen, A. Hazen, Mortimer Robinson, H. Puddington, G. Keator, H. Drury, Russel Sturdee, J. Keator, Fred. Temple, L. Hall, Gordon McLeod and H. Clinch.

Gossip and Rumor were just beginning to discuss some of the pretty dresses but they were actually rendered speechless for a few seconds by little Miss Report stating that Mr. Walter—Walter—oh! she forgot his other name—but any way he and the petite blonde were to be married about the 14th of this month. TATTLE.

Twenty-five hundred New Novels at McArthur's Bookstore, 80 King street.

An Original Phyllis.

Mr. Duval, from Hull, called at the residence of a gentleman in this city a few days ago. The owner was out and the instructions the apathetic domestic received was to say that Mr. Duval, from Hull, called. When her master returned he was informed that during his absence Mr. Devil, from Hell, had been there.

FREDERICTON'S BAD BOY

Writes Another Composition—He Describes The Newspapers.

Being's I didn't mention some things I seen round town in my last composition, now then I guess I'll just mention a few more things what ought to be wrote up.

There is five papers got out in Fredericton,—the *Farmer*, the *Capital*, the *Gleaner*, the *Reporter* and the *Royal Gazette*. The editor of the *Farmer* is a very fat man. He never raked or pitched any lay. But he knows how to rake in the boodle, and last summer he pitched for the *Titwillows* and put five of the Hiptongs out on leg byes. He cuts his hair often because it wont lay flat, but when he's writin' scathin' editorials it bristles all up till you'd think he was a Anarchist. Sister says the *Farmer* all likes Mr. Macnutt and takes the *Farmer* for bawdy and busbies. Andy Lipssett is the was editor of the *Farmer* and it makes Captain Cropley mad when he sees Andy come out with a column of infantry three days before he can fix banets in the *Capital*. Captain Cropley is editor of the *Capital*. He says the sword is mightier than the pen but mucilage licks them both. And I suppose the caplin licks the mucilage. All the articles in the *Capital* is wrote by the caplin but pa says he thinks the proof is read by the Bishop and the coadjutor. They don't sell *Capitals* on the streets now because the caplin says he cant print enough to meet the demand. If there is any flies on the *Capital* its because the mucilage holds em there.

Jim Crockett runs the *Gleaner* which Mr. Gregory writes the articles, sayin' he was really in hopes Mr. Gregory could be prevailed upon to run for mayor. Pa said it was no use for Gregory to hope for Gregory, cos Gregory was too obstinate to give in to such a man as Gregory. Gregory won't tackle Hazen. Pa says Gregory could beat the nigger footman, but ma says he'd better keep clear of the colored trash from this out altogether. Jim Crockett is one of our leadin' citizens. He is very popular with the boys. When Jim walks down front street with his hat shoved back, his bosom heavin' out, and his thumbs under his weskit, the common ones takes to the gutter till Jim gets past. Jim don't know how to write locals, but he can write affidavits swearin' to sellin' more *Gleaners* in London than the *London Times*. (I guess as *Proverbs* says he never heard of what happened to Ananias.) Pa says the *Gleaner* reminds him of the story of Kernel Davy Crockett and the coon. [Says the coon to the kernel, Is that you kernel? Yes, says he. Then, says the coon, I'll come down.] The coon is the government printin', only when Jim pints the gun at the coon he just grins at him and don't come down. And he's been pinton' it so long now that he's begun to get real hungry.

Mr. Pitts is the editor of the *Reporter*. Ma says Pitts is very funny, but he gets there just the same. You would think you was in the Ladies' academy, pa says, to see the passel of girls Pitts has got in that printin' place. Every girl, he says, takes two more girls to fix her mistakes. The *Temperance Journal* is run by Pitts, too. Ma says the *Journal's* receipt for wine sauce is the best she ever tried. She says there ain't many temperance men so liberal in their views as Pitts.

The *Royal Gazette* is a good paper, too. It scoops in things the other ones miss. Pa says there's one thing he always liked the *Gazette* for, and that is it never comes down to abusin' folks. There is nothin in it, he says, to hurt your feelings. There is more religion, he says, in them *Thankgivin'* pieces of Secretary McLellan than anything in the *Westyan*. They is right to the pint, he says, and has the ring of regular pious in 'em. But ma says the secretary must have fell from grace, cos he gets off the same old prayer each time, and signs his name to it so boastful like, as if his recipee for prayin' couldn't be tripped.

Our minister is a long man and preaches long sermons full of long words. He got sick last Sunday so he couldn't preach, bein' bilious. Sister says his liver must be "out of harmony with the eternal fitness of things and ought to be adjusted to the environments of his being" right away. I don't know what them long words mean but sister wrote 'em down for me and I just put 'em in for fun.

Pa says he feels bad about this hard-feelin' goin' on so long 'twixt Nelson Cliff and the assessors. He says they never will be good friends. The assessors, he says, seem sociable but Nelson is so distant towards 'em. And now he's started for Florida again just as the assessors was goin' to start for him. It's handy to have a brother on the board, too; it helps the family out all around. Nelson is a long man, and I guess his head is too long for the poor assessors. JIMMY SURVEY.

Fredericton, Jan. 1.

Cotton and Linen Sale.

The London House Retail has begun its annual sale of cottons, linsens and Hamburg Embroidery.

A MARINER OF ENGLAND

HIS WIDOW TELLS THE STORY OF HIS WONDERFUL EXPLOIT.

How He Recaptured His Ship from an Armed Frigate Crew and Sailed Her Across the Ocean Single-handed—The Stuff of Which British Sailors Are Made.

A bright, pleasant-faced woman, who has been on a visit to St. John, told Progress a remarkable story of adventure the other night. She is the wife of Mr. James Porteous, of Kingston, Kent county.

Before she became Mrs. Porteous, she was the widow of Captain William Wilson, of Liverpool, England, who died about nineteen years ago. He was the hero of one of the most gallant achievements ever performed by a British sailor on the high seas.

In the year 1861, Captain Wilson was in command of the *Emily St. Pierre*, a splendid ship of 1,000 tons, registered at the port of Liverpool, and owned by the Trenholms and others, of that town. He made a voyage to Calcutta, and from thence cleared for Charleston, S. C. He had a cargo of gunny bags, valued at \$30,000.

There were no ocean cables in those days. When Captain Wilson left Calcutta it was not known that the United States had blockaded the southern ports, and when he arrived off Charleston, in March, 1862, he was wholly unsuspecting of any danger to his ship. He was intensely surprised when he was brought to by the U. S. steamer *Edgar*, his papers demanded and his vessel seized as a blockade runner.

Lieut. Stone, with a second lieutenant, an engineer and a prize crew of fifteen men was put on board to take the ship to Philadelphia. Capt. Wilson was a very quiet man. His owners had hesitated about giving him such an important command, simply on that account. They did not know him.

Beneath that easy exterior was a will which would not be thwarted, and a courage which no peril could daunt. Wilson had come from Dumfriesshire, Scotland. He had in him all the stuff of which the bravest sons of Scotia have been made. The time was coming when he would show it.

His crew was taken from him and put on board the *Edgar*. He was allowed to remain and assist in navigating the vessel to Philadelphia. His cook and steward were also retained for the benefit of their services. The *Emily St. Pierre* was headed to the north.

With eighteen armed men in charge, she seemed pretty secure as a prize. Capt. Wilson did not think so. He was determined that she should not reach Philadelphia.

There were two ways of preventing this. One was to sink her, and the other to recapture. Capt. Wilson determined to try the latter plan first.

This seemed an extraordinary thing for three unarmed men to attempt. It was that it succeeded is more extraordinary still. Capt. Wilson, having formed his plan, began to put it in effect. His first work was to make a number of gags, in the seclusion of his stateroom. Then he arranged with the cook and steward to assist him in the further execution of his plan.

Lieut. Stone's watch on deck ended at 4 a. m. At that hour Capt. Wilson, who had had his watch below, came on deck and made some enquiries as to the vessel's course. At his suggestion the lieutenant went down into the cabin with him to take coffee and prick off the course on the chart. During the conversation across the table the captain looked the lieutenant square in the eye and said:

"This ship will never reach Philadelphia. At this moment the steward approached the lieutenant from behind and threw a sheet over his head. In another instant he was gagged, handcuffed and locked in his stateroom. Not a sound had been made to alarm the others.

The second lieutenant and engineer were next captured without resistance, as they lay in their berths. So far, all was well, but 15 sailors had to be secured before the victory was gained. Stratagem was necessary.

The lieutenant's watch had turned in, and the others had not been routed out. Capt. Wilson ran to the forecabin and shouted for four or five to come aft and lend a hand in getting a coil of rope up the after hatch for the lieutenant. Down the hatchway they went, and as they did the hatch was put down and they were trapped like rats in a cage.

In the meantime the three Britons had possessed themselves of the revolvers of the captured officers. The cook was stationed alongside the man at the wheel with directions to shoot him if he made a sound or motion to alarm his comrades. The rest of the watch had by this time begun to tumble out of the forecabin.

They had become alarmed in some way, and one of them made a rush at the steward with a knife. The steward raised his revolver and fired. The bullet went through the man's shoulder and disabled him. The others retreated to the forecabin, where they were locked up.

Capt. Wilson had captured the ship. He had complete possession, but it suddenly occurred to him that as his papers had been taken, he had no legal title. He concluded to get that also. Going below he demanded of Lieut. Stone the immediate return of the ship's papers. They were

MIDNIGHT MUSINGS.

There was a regular Sunday night crowd on Charlotte street Tuesday morning, shortly after midnight. It seemed as though half the town had gone to watch meeting, while the other half sat up and waited for them to come back.

What a very impressive service a watch night service is! All bow reverently as the moments quickly pass and the old year merges into the new. How heartily is the appropriate hymn sung by the congregation as the new year becomes a reality. One almost feels the change; or imagines he does. Not a few go home filled with new resolutions. How many will be kept? Too few, I am afraid.

If there is anything that makes a man feel like breaking his good resolutions for the year, it is to learn that the meeting was not run "on time;" that when he was silently waiting and watching the hour of midnight had already long passed. Yet I have known this to happen.

If anybody took Trinity chimes as an authority, it happened Monday night. The chimes were playing merrily while the people were going home from all the churches.

Persons going home through King square Tuesday morning, listened to the tail end of a very elaborate, not to say noisy, watchnight service. About 30 boys from the vicinity of the railway depot, it appears, congregated on the square and ushered in the New Year by marching around the walks singing with a will. "The Elegant Musketiers." That is as near as I could come to it. At any rate it is a very lively song, and was in the hands of a crowd that could sing it as loudly as one would want to hear.

Speaking of musical young men reminds me of an incident which occurred on the night when 1887 gave way to 1888. Everybody who attended service that night will remember how piercing cold it was. Well, a very eccentric musical club were desirous of doing the romantic, and shortly before midnight they were on the new foot bridge which crosses the I. C. R. yard. They intended singing, "I Stood on the Bridge at Midnight," when the hour arrived, but it was so cold that they couldn't sing a note and had to give up the idea.

Present indications point to a very decided change for the better in the moral nature of the people. I think, however, that a more accurate estimate could be taken about the 1st of May, when moving time comes and the stoves have to be taken down, or perhaps sooner, when all the clubs have had their annual "splash."

BROOKS.

HE LOST HIS APPETITE.

Johnny Mulcahey Discusses the New Year and Makes a Call. This is the new year! It's the time when everybody says what they ain't goin' to do things; any more'n then do 'em soon's they kin. Pa's swore'd off doin' everything 'cept 'cep'din' to business, strict. He says what he's goin' to turn over a new leaf, so he carried up two stuttles of coal without ma askin' him to. Next day, after it was carried up, pa said what he fargot to. I guess pa's a fake. Ma says she's goin' to turn over a new leaf, too, and she's goin' to prayer-meetin' more reglar, and give more time to missions. I guess they'll latter hold more meetin's if ma wants to break her record, fur she always goes, 'cause she says them and the sewin' circle's the only place where a wimmin can hear what's goin' on around her.

New Year's day's the one which everybody goes visitin' on, and gits their suppers on the instalment plan. Pa says visitin's gettin' played out, and he wouldn't be bothered with it now-a-days, 'cause the wimmin don't give nothin' but syrup an' cake. Pa says the cake the modern wimmin makes is so heavy what the syrup's not strong enough to wash it down, and it's hard on the indigesthun. They use water fur syrup.

Our minister dropped in to try ma's cake and syrup, and eat all what's on the plate. He said hers was the best he ever tasted, and I said chestnuts, cause Bill Johnson told me he said that to his mother, too. So ma she got red as a lobster and the minister said he didn't comphrynd, but ma told the minister to proceed helpin' himself as she wanted to give sum instructions to me. She hurted too, when she got me in the hall.

Bill and me went visitin' up to Jenn's, and then we went to Bill's girls. Jenn's mother was out, so she stood them up good, 'cause you know she's my girl. Bill's a sooner on syrup. I guess he's not goin' to turn out very good. We eat a nuffin' lot of cake, 'cause Jenn helped make it, and then she treated with her old fellar's cigars. There real dinkeys, they are an' don't smell half as bad as pa's. Ma said I was losin' my appyrite at supper, and what I should'n't go that at the New Years. But I guess she didn't know.

JOHNNY MULCAHEY.

Largest assortment of New Year Cards ever offered, at lowest prices. McArthur's Bookstore, King Street.

PEOPLE YOU HEAR TALK ABOUT.

Phineas Taylor Barnum, the unquenchable in his efforts to build a big name in New York. The old man has made lots of money out of his circus, but he can't help remembering that most of his fame grew up around the old museum, where the country cousins used to camp out.

New York has turned a cold shoulder on Miss Charlotte Crabtree at last. She is otherwise known as Lotta, and it is announced that she will soon retire from the stage and take up the management of a Boston theatre, which she owns, as a matter of business. She does not appear in New York this season, and will probably not go there again except on special occasions. All of Lotta's recent appearances in New York have been failures more or less pronounced, and it is now generally recognized by her managers that she is too old to be any longer acceptable to metropolitan audiences in juvenile roles. As her fortune is nearly a million dollars, she accepts the verdict with equanimity.

Mrs. Frances Kemble, or Fanny Kemble, as she is generally called, has just entered upon her 81st year. It is more than 60 years ago that she made her first appearance on the stage of Drury Lane as Juliet after only three weeks of preparation.

General Boulanger's one idol in life is said to be his mother. She was with him in 1859 during the ten months in which he was in danger from a wound received at Solferino, and which has never entirely healed. He spends every Sunday afternoon and evening with her and if away always sends her a telegram.

No man on either side of the ocean has had more sincere congratulations, during the holidays, than has Mr. Gladstone on attaining his 80th birthday. He is likely to have many more of them. His health is said to be excellent, and his mental and bodily vigor are unimpaired.

Two of his great secrets of health are exercise and sleep. Every one has heard of his pastime of chopping trees, but it is not generally known why he prefers that exercise to others. The reason that I have seen assigned is that it gives him a complete relief from thinking. If he were to ride or walk, or even if he were to saw wood, he would probably be thinking out something at the same time, and would thus only get a partial relief. In chopping down a big tree, as every one who has tried it knows, the job demands attention, and there is no chance to become absorbed in thought. The mind is relieved while the body is exercised. Next to boxing or punching the bag, it is one of the most complete recreations.

As for sleep, Mr. Gladstone never loses any. He can sleep when he wills to do so, no matter what is on his mind or where he is. A chair will suit his purpose as well as a bed, if the latter is not to be had. This has been and is a peculiarity of more than one famous man. Bonaparte could sleep anywhere. So can Ben. Butler. During the campaign of 1864 when Butler was stumping the country, he never allowed himself to suffer from insomnia. He would sit down in a depot waiting room, sometimes, clasp his hands over the top of his cane, lean his chin on them and sleep like an infant.

To return, a London correspondent says that Mr. Gladstone usually has three books in reading at the same time, and changes from one to the other, when his mind has reached the limit of absorption. He complains sometimes that his memory is no longer quite as good as it used to be, but, although that may be true, it is still twice as good as anybody else's, for Mr. Gladstone has an extraordinary faculty of not only remembering those things he ought to remember, but for forgetting those things it is useless for him to remember. His mind is so unencumbered with any unnecessary top-hammer, and he can always, so to speak, lay his hand upon anything the moment he wants it. This retentive memory was no doubt born with him, but it has been largely developed by the constant habit of taking pains. When he reads a book he does so pencil in hand, marking off on the margin those passages which he wishes to remember, querying those about which he is in doubt, and putting a cross opposite to those which he disputes. At the end of the volume he constructs a kind of index of his own which enables him to refer to those things he wishes to remember in the book.

George Augustus Sala, the well-known London journalist, began life as a caricaturist, but failed in his examination for the schools of the Royal Academy by drawing a foot with six toes. He has drawn crazier pen-pictures, since.

It is announced that Adirondack Murray has fixed his headquarters at Boston and will devote himself to the lecture platform. It is not likely that he will remain "fixed" there or anywhere else. He is not one of that kind.

Murray is a very remarkable man. He has made a good many mistakes, but he has always been quick to discover them. His first and greatest mistake was in trying to be a minister. He was only 22 when he left Yale college, and five years later he was called to Pa's street church, Boston. Of all the churches in New England, Park street, with its doctrines, was least fitted for the rifle-shooting, horse-trotting young pastor. Its rigid adherence to orthodox Congregational belief had brought on it the name of "Brimstone Corner." Murray's success was phenomenal while it lasted. He began to rival Beecher in his fame. For six years he asserted his remarkable individuality, and achieved extraordinary triumphs. With dogs, guns and horses he bade fair to sweep away the traditions and covenants of Brimstone Corner forever. At last it became a question of parting with all that was dear to orthodoxy or with Murray. The latter course was taken. Then he established a church of his own, in Music Hall, and started on the second mistake, of trying to run a paper. He left Boston about 1876, and since then he has lived a wandering life in England, Texas, Canada and the Adirondacks. He has never abandoned literary work, and some of the best fruits of his life are yet to come. He is only 48 now, and his wanderings have given him a vast wealth of material for future work.

Useful Xmas Presents FOR LADIES AND MISSES, ON VIEW IN OUR NEW SHOW ROOM.

- A BLACK SILK OR SATIN DRESS; A COLORED SILK OR SATIN DRESS; A NATURAL LYNX BOA; A NATURAL LYNX MUFF; A BALTIC SEAL MUFF; A BEAVER MUFF and COLLAR; A BALTIC SEAL COLLARETTE; A BEAVER OR NUTRIA COLLARETTE; THE NEW OSTRICH FEATHER BOA, in black and colors, is among the Latest Novelties, and is specially adapted for YOUNG LADIES' WEAR. A HANDSOME FUR-LINED CLOAK, or RUSSIAN ASTRACHAN SACQUE is a most desirable present for this season. With so much rain what is more useful than a RELIABLE WATERPROOF CLOAK; just received, the Russian, Princess, Edinboro' and Sling Sleeve—Latest Shapes and Colorings. A LADY'S SILK UMBRELLA is at all times a most acceptable present.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.



Coal Vases.

WE HAVE LEFT A FEW Brass Mounted, Hand-Painted, STYLISH COAL VASES, (WITH LININGS), Which we offer till 1st January at \$2.50 Each.

This is a GENUINE BARGAIN, and is to close out balance of this season's stock. WE HAVE ALSO A FINE STOCK OF Brass and Steel Fire Irons, with Stands to Match. All which we offer at REDUCED PRICES for the same time to clear.

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

FOR GOOD VALUE

Union and All-Wool Grey Flannels; Ladies' and Children's Wove Hosiery; Ladies' Vests; Black and Colored Cashmeres; Gloves; Jerseys and Jersey Coats, Embroidered Cloth Table Covers; Gent's Ribbed Shirts and Pants, etc., etc.

PITTS' General Dry Goods Store, 179 UNION STREET. 179

DR. SCOTT'S Electric Hair Curler.

LADIES who wish to quickly Bang, Crimp or Curl the Hair, by a new method, should have one of these new inventions. For sale by A. CHIPMAN SMITH & CO., Charlotte Street.

TWEED WATERPROOF COATS

With Sewed and Taped Seams. We are now showing the Latest London Styles in Gents' Tweed Rubber Coats, Made with above great improvements.

ESTEY, ALLWOOD & CO., 68 Prince Wm. Street.

The Cigar LITTLE KING.

TAYLOR & DOCKRILL, 84---King Street---84

T. J. McPHERSON, 181 UNION STREET, GROCER.

FRUITS A SPECIALTY. Havana and Domestic CIGARS.

I have a complete assortment now in stock, in boxes and half-boxes: 100,000 HAVANA and DOMESTICS. THOS. L. BOURKE, 11 and 12 Water Street.

SPENCER'S Standard Dancing Academy.

CLASSES for beginners will open on TUESDAY, October 29th, as follows: Afternoon, Ladies, Masters and Misses, at 2.30; Ladies and Gentlemen at 8 o'clock, in the evening. Pupils must make application for terms. A. L. SPENCER, Teacher, Donville Building.

BUSINESS MEN, CRUIKSHANK'S DINNERS

Are the Best AND CHEAPEST IN THE CITY. The best market affords always on hand P. A. CRUIKSHANK, 49 Germain Street, Opposite Market Building.

NEW FALL GOODS.

Just Received, a Large Stock of FALL GOODS For Overcoats, Pants, Suits, Etc., IN ALL THE NEWEST PATTERNS.

Call and see our Cloths. JAMES KELLY, CUSTOM TAILOR, 34 Dock Street.

GO TO Page, Smalley & Ferguson's

Gold and Silver Watches, Fine Gold Jewelry, Silver and Plated Goods, CLOCKS and BRONZES, Spectacles, Eye Glasses, Etc.

43 King Street. Take Care OF YOUR FACE AND HEAD

McINTYRE, AT THE ROYAL HOTEL BARBER SALOON, KEEPS THE BEST Face and Hair Washes IN THE CITY.

Sample bottles upon application. Don't fail to give them a trial. D. J. McINTYRE --- 36 King Street.

CAFE ROYAL, Domville Building,

Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets. MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY. Pool Room in Connection.

WILLIAM CLARK, JUST THE ARTICLE

Tea and Coffee, SWEET CREAM. CAN BE HAD EVERY DAY AT THE Oak Farm Dairy Butter Store, 15 CHARLOTTE STREET.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCY, 115 Sydney Street, opp. Victoria School.

MRS. H. M. DIXON, Stamping, Plinking and Fancy Work done to order.

Prusty an... While the... That sh... Mecks w... How h... It seems... Where th... The stu... When fr... Not on... What's... Or Ken... But Jenn... Are sel... Shall le... And his... To the... Till her... How h... As she... But when... For time... Like yo... That ing... Or Ken... Have pai... The sel... And patie... Down th... Under th... Stands... So turn... And Ken... THE... "Have yo... been doin' no... pickling and... kitchen was r... syrups, whic... neighbor, Min... door-way. T... and they we... delusion in re... all Carmel to... girls, but rat... tions had be... that there ha... time to leave... had grow st... thin, and the... necklaces res... "tell them ap... long time ha... which Charli... was the first... come from si... had begun to... then; he had... her more or le... ceased to spee... ever come of... gotten that th... Silsbee had... well." His a... regarded mere... he now... The Silsbee... the consuma... respect. He... a tree," as s... the comments... apt to be sum... conclusion tha... for him now... He was aw... brusque in m... Charissy's yo... out upon him... ing heart, and... ledged to he... "wa'n't one th... Dr. Knight, v... mannered, he... Now when M... church, with h... daughters, and... her a charm... sensible of a v... sense of loss... She had eve... ness against I... scorb'd both... Charlotte's gri... phecy in the e... at such times... of you, and th... Charlotte he... tented with h... sincere in sayi... it she could l... minister;" but... spoke of spint... It was only v... lissy had cease... problem of her... asked her to m... her limited exp... the simplest e... as apt to be th... a conclusion w... she had scarec... preferring all... tures: he had... in love with h... hand-pressing... might, alas! m... momentary feel... never felt sure... blame. He ha... companionship... genial. He ha... love or marria... palled by the f... made almost al... her life, was p... imagination. A... their acquainta... Lyman had tho... Widow Moore... road, whom he... Charissy was m... she harbored su... She flushed a... question—she... curiously at h... man's name, al... few people rem... been any reason... "If he hasn't... in' in the old P... see, when his f... that lot in his... wein' such a 'P... forth that it sh... long as twas us... It's six months... meetin'-house, 'o... tumble down, 'o... couldn't raise... they're so kind... ben worshippin'... kind of spunked... ward raisin' m... be put in his cl... left the meetin'... hear nothin' to

as Presents AND MISSES, MAKE THE ELEVATOR TO THE SECOND FLAT.

Coal Vases. WE HAVE LEFT A FEW Brass Mounted, Hand-Painted, STYLISH COAL VASES, (WITH LININGS), Which we offer till 1st January at Each.

to close out balance of this season's stock. A FINE STOCK OF Mens, with Stands to Match. 75 and 79 Prince Wm. Street.

NEW FALL GOODS. Just Received, a Large Stock of FALL GOODS For Overcoats, Pants, Suits, Etc., IN ALL THE NEWEST PATTERNS.

43 King Street. Take Care OF YOUR FACE AND HEAD. McINTYRE, AT THE ROYAL HOTEL BARBER SALOON, Face and Hair Washes IN THE CITY.

WILLIAM CLARK. JUST THE ARTICLE. Tea and Coffee, SWEET CREAM. CAN BE HAD EVERY DAY AT THE Dak Farm Dairy Butter Store, 19 CHARLOTTE STREET.

A COUNTRY SCHOOL.

Pretty and pale and tired She sits in her stiff-backed chair, While the blushing summer sun Shines in on her soft brown hair, And the tiny clock without, That she hears through the open door, Mocks with its murmur cool Hard bench and dusty floor.

THE 'PISCOPAL LOT.

"Have you heard what Lyman Silsbee's been doin' now?" The Porter girls were picking and preserving, and the great kitchen was redolent of spices and boiling syrups, when the pretty form of their neighbor, Miss Deacon, came in from the door-way.

The Silsbees were odd, and Lyman was the consummate flower of his race in this respect. He was "as close as the bark of a tree," "as set as the meetin'-house," and the comments of his rustic neighbors were apt to be summed up in the despairing conclusion that "there wa'n't no doin' for him now."

It was only within a few years that Charlissy had ceased to speculate on the great problem of her life—why Lyman had never asked her to marry him. Time and even her limited experience had taught her that the simplest explanation of such problems is apt to be the true one; she had come to a conclusion which even ten years before she had scarcely admitted as a possibility, preferring all sorts of mysterious conjectures: he had simply never been sufficiently in love with her.

"You ain't a twin sister, Aunt Nabby, nor you ain't the responsibilities of one, and if you had, your eyesight ain't what it was." With this somewhat mysterious remark, Charlotte retired behind a cloud of steam from her preserving-kettle, and showed a disinclination for further conversation.

hadn't give us in' it for meetin' purposes. Don't seem as if he would have done just as he has if he hadn't been so mad with Frank Hurd. Frank is one of the leadin' men amongst the 'Piscopals, you know. Well, we can't say nothin'; there's folks that ain't what they'd ought to be amongst all persuasions. They do say he has cheated Lyman out of two thousand dollars, and Lyman's paper-mill has got to suspend on account of it.

"I ain't thinkin' of offerin' to Lyman my money that's in the bank. There must be nigh upon two thousand dollars. I thought it might help him out of his business troubles, and then mebbe he wouldn't be so bitter 'n set 'bout the 'Piscopal lot."

"I don't know as I really expect I could, Charlotte," she said; "but it didn't seem to me as if 'twas no more'n friendly 'n neighborly to try."

"That's the end of about the worst foolhardiness I ever see!" said Charlotte, who would read novels and poetry, and never could learn the multiplication table. And Charlotte was one who, according to her own declaration, never knew what it was to flinch from duty.

"I don't know as I really expect I could, Charlotte," she said; "but it didn't seem to me as if 'twas no more'n friendly 'n neighborly to try."

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that if Lyman had any friends they'd ought to persuade him to come out. "Persuade him! He must be dreadful little acquainted with Lyman Silsbee," said Charlotte.

"I don't expect there's nobody in the world that has the least mite of influence over him," said Aunt Nabby, meditatively. Charlissy put sugar into the piccalilli, and almost put vinegar into the plums, and then she took Aunt Nabby's kindly advice to 'go upstairs and lay down a spell, for there wa'n't nothin' that brought out the human nater in folks like picklin' and preservin'."

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"What Would be Nice?" A PAIR OF FAIRALL & SMITH'S REMARKABLE 64c. Kid Gloves—Equal to "Josephine."

that way. I most wish 'I had brought the gloves. Before she had left home Charlissy had slipped into the pantry, Charlotte and Aunt Nabby being engaged meanwhile with old Solomon Hitchings, who was to mend an umbrella to pay for his supper.

"I don't know as I really expect I could, Charlotte," she said; "but it didn't seem to me as if 'twas no more'n friendly 'n neighborly to try."

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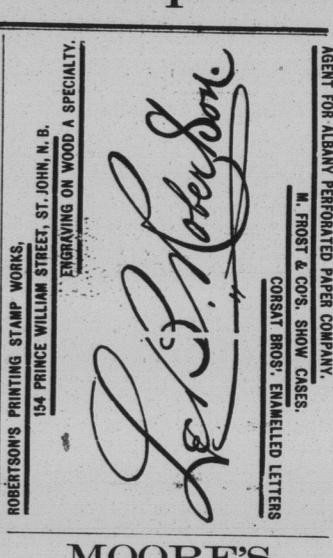
either, seem' I didn't speak when I'd ought to, and she must have expected it. Kind of curus that, so set as I be and always was, I should have been so backward and unsteady about courtin'.

"I don't know as I really expect I could, Charlotte," she said; "but it didn't seem to me as if 'twas no more'n friendly 'n neighborly to try."

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MOORE'S Almond and Cucumber Cream, SOFTENING AND BEAUTIFYING THE SKIN.

A NICE LOT OF PERFUMES, In Bulk, JUST RECEIVED AT T. A. CROCKETT'S, 162 Princess, Cor. Sydney Street.

THE PEERLESS FOUNTAIN PEN Has all the requisites of a PERFECT FOUNTAIN PEN.

ALFRED MORRISSEY, 104 King Street.

R. O'SHAUGHNESSY & CO., Manufacturers of and Dealers in Trunks, Bags & Valises, Fishing Tackle.

GENERAL AGENCY FOR THE Province of New Brunswick OF The Commercial Union Assurance Co. (Limited), OF LONDON, and Phoenix Insurance Co., of Brooklyn.

HORSE BLANKETS, For Fall and Winter. Surcingle, Halters, Etc., ROBB'S HARNESS SHOP, 204 Union Street.

S. R. POSTER & SON, MANUFACTURERS OF Cut Nails and Cut Spikes, Tacks, Brads, Finishing Nails, Shoe and Hungarian Nails, etc.

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, Editor.

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

ADVERTISING RATES will be given on application. 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 to our purpose will be returned if stamps are sent.

The composition and presswork of this paper are by union men.

EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher. Office: No. 21 Canterbury St. (Telegraph Building)

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JAN. 5.

CIRCULATION, 5,000.

THE IDEAL CABINET.

A Happy New Year to you, president-elect HARRISON!

There is no reason why it should not be. On the 4th of March next you will begin to rule a great people. For four years it will be your happy lot to occupy, rent free, a desirable family mansion situated in the most beautiful and most malarious city on the globe; to distribute offices with one hand, while you "shake" with the other; to kiss babies, hand out photographs, give dinners, review processions, sign documents; to be blessed, cursed, besought and bulldozed, and to supply material for the gossip and tittle-tattle of 60,000,000 people.

During these years you will live in the fierce light that beats about a throne. If you chance to put a button in the collection-plate, to scold the cook or kiss the housemaid, we shall all hear of it. Any mail, even now, is liable to bring us authentic information whether your night-shirts are marked with your initials or your full name. We have already learned that you shave every morning, that you wear false teeth, and that you labor under—or over—a lame leg, and we are reaching out for further details. Privacy will be impossible, in your case. Even if you would, you cannot bribe or "knock-out" the 10,000 editors who will write paragraphs about you. Even if you could, it wouldn't make any difference. How important it is, then, that you should begin right!

The choice of your cabinet will be your first stumbling block. The United States is running over with statesmen and every statesman feels himself entitled to an office. For each one that you placate you will make ten enemies. If you choose from the doubtful states, the neglected ones will be doubtful in 1892. If you don't restrict yourself to these, your council-chamber will have to be enlarged: for even in the insignificant state of Maine there are no less than four men who have been "mentioned"! What are you going to do about it?

We will tell you, Mr. HARRISON:—When you are inaugurated, provide yourself with a second-hand cabinet, so to speak: one that can be displaced. Let your first official act be to move for the annexation of Canada. Consume that and then appoint a cabinet as follows:—

Secretary of State—GOLDWIN SMITH.

Secretary of War—BENJAMIN BUTTERWORTH.

Secretary of the Navy—EDWARD LANTALUM.

Secretary of the Interior—J. W. LONGLEY.

Secretary of the Treasury—ERASTUS WIMAN.

Attorney-General—CHARLES E. KNAPP.

Postmaster-General—JOHN V. ELLIS.

By so doing you arouse no sectional animosities, while at the same time you compliment the newly-admitted states. What more could any patriot ask?

And assure yourself on one point, Mr. HARRISON: between the members of such a cabinet as that, there would be no friction. The lion and the lamb, Secretaries SMITH and LANTALUM, would lie together, and Secretary KNAPP would put his hand upon Secretary ELLIS's den. All would be banded as brothers, to pull together for one purpose. For Mr. Wiman would be secretary of the treasury—and he would leave the treasury door open.

A PHILANTHROPIST IN TROUBLE.

Mr. HENRY A. POST, of New York, has become involved in serious difficulties in Baltimore. These will involve his retirement from active business for a number of years.

Mr. Post is better known to the public, and especially to the people of New York, as HUNGRY JOE. The title is not a dignified one, nor is it at all expressive of Mr. Post's appearance. As a general thing, he dresses well and has a prosperous look. Nevertheless, the police, who do not represent the higher intelligence of New York, have fixed a nick-name upon him for purposes of their own, and Mr. Post has borne it as a philosopher should for many years. It has been the least of his troubles.

Mr. Post has been a speculator, quite as honest in his way as some of the men

around Wall street, a place which the detectives did not allow him to frequent. He has speculated, as they have, in human gullibility, and he has, as they have, relieved a great many fools of their surplus money. They have been respected as brokers, while he has been denounced as a confidence man.

He has associated with some very distinguished men. He induced OSCAR WILDE to part with some of the money which had been paid by fools in the leading cities of the continent, and he showed himself a man by telling the truth about it, whereas OSCAR lied to hide his folly. JOE taught a great many other fools to be wiser, and he was not accustomed to take any fool's money more than once. In this respect he was much more honest than the bucket shops.

Long immunity from prosecution by people who were ashamed of themselves, made JOE careless. About three years ago, failing to wheedle an Englishman by the usual methods, he so far forgot himself as to snatch a pocket book and run. From being a philosophic and artistic speculator he descended to the vulgar level of a common thief. It was an extraordinary and fatal mistake.

So JOE found when he was arrested, convicted and sent to prison for two years. He was released last year and went to Europe. It was thought that his mission was to popularize the bunco game among the effete monarchies of the old world, and that he would probably catch suckers who had pedigrees and wore coronets.

But he returned to America some months ago. His life seems to have been soured by his prison experience, and he had lost all heart for speculation. He has not been prominent before the public late until a week or two ago, when he was arrested in Baltimore for stealing \$5,000. Association with bad men had brutalized him. The skilful speculator had become an unskilful thief.

He has confessed, and has been sentenced to seclusion for the next nine years. More than that he has fallen so low as to "squel" on his accomplice, who is now in custody.

This ends Mr. Post's career of usefulness for the present. Even allowing for the usual commutation, he has long years of trouble before him. It is a pity that he has been so foolish. He had before him the opportunity for much useful work. He was greater than the Fool-Killer, because he did his work more often than that indolent benefactor of mankind. He was more fair than the bucket-shop man, because he did not aim to take all that a man had, and he was more honest than speculators in general, because he did not attempt to disguise his operations with the cloak of morality. He did humanity a great deal of good and taught his fellows some valuable lessons. If he could have been allowed to kill fools, as well as plunder them, his sphere of usefulness would have been greatly increased. He would have had a busy life, and future generations, in which the fittest will survive, would have honored him in bronze and marble. But he is gone. His career is cut short. Peace to him in his prison.

THE SAME OLD SQUABBLE. A Haytian revolution is composed in equal parts of vile smell, loud talk, bad rum and smoke. It is neither an inspiring nor an awful spectacle. There isn't enough blood in it. If the rival rulers would only imitate those courageous and self-sacrificing Kilkenny cats, what a deal of bother the world would be saved!

In accordance with precedent, LEGITIME and HIPPOLYTE are now engaged in making faces at each other. They scare children, but adults look on in contemptuous silence. If these two gentlemen would change their tactics, grasp each other by the throat and strike for the fifth rib—meanwhile inciting their respective armies to follow suit—all this would be changed. The nations would view the instructive scene with friendly interest, even with delight; both combatants would receive that which their souls yearn for, applause; and, finally, when the glorious end had come and nothing remained of the two armies but scattered teeth, patches of skin and fragments of wool, aristocrats and democrats all around the globe would join to perform the obsequies and raise the Te Deum.

A contest that has a principle back of it and brave men to engage in it ought never to be overlooked, however distant the battle ground; but decency demands that a "revolution" owning neither measure nor man should betake itself to Chaos and Old Night as soon as may be. It makes us tired. The Toronto Empire has completed its first year, and has good reason to be proud of what it has accomplished in that time. The Empire is one of the few really good Canadian papers. It is conducted with energy and intelligence, and its style of treating matters is such that it is read with interest wherever it goes. Most upper province papers are purely local and will not stand such a test. The Empire is as complete locally as any, but it appears to have a much wider scope in other matters.

In the issue of PROGRESS for Dec. 8, were printed 50 quotations which, though in common use, bear no internal evidence

of their authorship, and a year's subscription to this paper was offered to any reader who, previous to Jan. 1, without the aid of a dictionary of quotations, should "placé" them all. No one has succeeded in doing this. Mr. HERBERT TEMPLE, of Halifax, has, however, assigned the authorship of all but four (Nos. 1, 8, 20 and 50), and as he leads in the competition we take great pleasure in adding his name to our subscription list. Mr. TEMPLE is evidently the kind of man who will appreciate PROGRESS.

The latest train that leaves Fredericton under the new arrangement of the New Brunswick railway is one-half hour later than formerly. It carries no mail from the capital, however. Proper representation to the inspector should remedy this. Expedient business men cannot under the present system send an answer to a letter until next day, when the time of its arrival in St. John prevents its despatch to the Eastern parts of New Brunswick or Nova Scotia. So long as the railway thinks it worth while to run a train, surely the postal authorities might give the people all possible advantages to be derived from it.

The daily papers tell the truth. THOMSON, the Braintree murderer, beats the Wandering Jew all to pieces. Less than a fortnight ago, he was seen in Cape Breton, a week ago he was arrested in Nebraska, and now he is being hunted in Nova Scotia. A man who can get across the continent faster than the express trains ought to be pensioned rather than hanged.

The St. John Opera house company is now organized and at work. Let there be no shuffling. Thirteen thousand dollars of stock is subscribed and at least seven more is wanted. There should be no trouble in getting it. Energetic men are in the company and failure isn't in their calendar for 1892.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The report that at the production of Macbeth, by Mrs. Langtry, the ushers will be dressed in kilts is denied by the Lily herself. She professes to have heard nothing about it until she saw the story in the papers. Perhaps her manager can throw some light on the subject. It appears to have been an unqualified success as a free advertisement.

It is very doubtful whether Mrs. Langtry will be a success as Lady Macbeth, from an actor's point of view, though there is no question that she will have crowded houses, and that the production of the play will be something beyond the common. Extravagant expenditures have been made for scenery, dresses and general effects, and the cast will be a strong one. The play can hardly fail of success, but whether it can beat the New York record by a profitable run of seven weeks, as intended, remains to be seen.

Joe Jefferson's tour will end tonight, at Holyoke, Mass., but it is announced that he will appear again before the season is over.

Will A. Whitecar has become leading man for Maude Banks, in her tour of the minor circuits.

The latest, and apparently the worst thing in the dramatic world, is a play founded on the Whitechapel murders, to be brought out in Brooklyn by Marlande Clarke, an English actor who has had some success in Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. He will appear in the dual role of Jack the Ripper and a clergyman. It is announced that it will be an instructive psychological study. Possibly.

Henry Irving's Macbeth, as now given at the Lyceum, London, appears to be something worth seeing. It has some magnificent effects, one of which is the flight of sixty witches through the air and their vanishing amid unearthly shrieks. The banquet scene is said to be a triumph of stage splendor. Of course, Irving's Macbeth and Ellen Terry's Lady Macbeth are original in their way. The music is the work of Sir Arthur Sullivan.

The Best—and the Cheapest.

Business men and others who wish to procure engravings of any subject, in any style, at reasonable prices, will do well to consult PROGRESS. This paper has the exclusive agency in the maritime provinces for the Electro-Light Engraving company of New York, the largest concern of the kind in the world. Their truthful and beautiful cuts have become so familiar to the readers of this paper that to say anything in praise of the workmanship is not necessary. On the score of durability and cheapness, however, it should be borne in mind that the Electro-Light Engraving company's cuts are substantially made and metal-faced, and can be obtained for less money than injudicious buyers pay to amateurs, who hew out a piece of wood with a meat-axe or carving-knife and call it an "engraving."

He Was Well Supplied.

A popular church organist in town had not surprise parties, Christmas. He received ten silk handkerchiefs from as many members of the congregation. Now we know why the dry goods merchants seemed bent on emphasizing silk handkerchiefs in their "ads." Christmas week.

CANADIAN GEOGRAPHY.

And a New Year's Resolution—An Open Letter to a Friend in the States.

MY DEAR HARRY: I can't understand why the 1st of January should be especially sacred to good resolutions. I never met anybody who could tell me why. For my own part, I never "swore off" anything on that day—until this year. Last Tuesday, I recorded my first New Year resolution. It is as follows:—

I will never again attempt to explain, to man, woman or child, where and what St. John is.

During the last two years I have wasted a good deal of breath and ink in this effort. So often as I have invaded New England on occasional vacation journeys, friends new and old have prostrated me with such questions as: "St. John is in Nova Scotia, isn't it?" and, "How far are you from Toronto?" afterwards, in some cases, adding insult to injury by confessing that they weren't sure they had ever heard of the place. I have been informed by other friends, who thought they would comfort me by getting posted, that the curse of St. John was its French-Canadian population; and certain misguided persons have condoned, with me on the inconvenience of living among people who were dependent on the fisheries—following this up with the query, "Is there really such extreme destitution down there?" I have heard this city assigned to every province in the dominion, and I have seen its name spelled in five different ways. Other questions and allusions might be put in type, but they would be too grotesquely horrible for belief. Reason totters on her throne as I recall them. The examples I have given above will be enough. Wars have been waged on less provocation than this.

You will remember that so long as these misapprehensions were an air of novelty, I bore with the individuals who expressed them. When I was in Boston, I carried a pocket-map of the dominion and proved to several inquirers that St. John—my St. John—was not a next-door neighbor to Labrador. In New Haven I was nearly forced to make affidavit that my fellow-citizens had no very intimate trade connection with codfish. Probably you haven't forgotten that I demonstrated to you that St. John is not contiguous to Cape Breton and that it is in New Brunswick,—and to what effect? At this present moment, if you or your compatriots had occasion to come here, it would be a toss-up whether you took the New Brunswick railway, the Canada Pacific or the Allan line!

I have a London correspondent who addresses his epistles, "St. Johns, N. B., Newfoundland, North America." I receive a New York daily whose wrapper bears the legend, "St. John, N. B., Nova Scotia." I have sent my correct address to London, as often as six times, but it does no good; and even the persuasive eloquence of Jack Boden is powerless to instruct the hard-headed mailing-clerk of the Press. So I've done trying.

Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no lies. Reconstruct our geography to suit yourselves.

But I should like to be within hearing distance when you summon your friends and set about it! What stores of knowledge a man might heap up! While you wrestled with the conundrum whether the Bay Chaleur is off Toronto or Winnipeg; while you triumphantly assigned to Amherst its place as the capital of Nova Scotia; while you decided that Fredericton is in the Annapolis valley, and that Musquash is a suburb of Halifax: all this time, information would be in the atmosphere. You would be astonished to find how much you knew about Canada. Before your labors ended, you would have gotten together hundreds of facts that would be novel to Canadians themselves.

Don't ask me to help you, though. I have said my say. I have answered my last question and expressed my last opinion. It's all the same to me whether there is more fog in the Bay of Fundy than in your brain, or vice versa. Hitherto, I have responded to all your demands for information and you have calmly brushed me aside and gone on asserting that Canada is a limited monarchy, that the inhabitants subsist by hunting, fishing and trapping, and that the Canadian winter is fourteen months long. So be it. I can stand it—and so can Canada.

But, since you desire it, I will repeat my correct address. It is St. John, (not St. Johns, nor St. John's) New Brunswick, (not Nova Scotia, nor Prince Edward Island, nor Quebec, nor Ontario, nor Newfoundland, nor Manitoba, nor North-west Territories,) Dominion of Canada, North America, The World, Solar System. St. John, Jan. 4. LEON.

They Swore Off Together.

They loved each other and at Christmas time they exchanged all sorts of tokens of affection. When New Year's came there seemed nothing left but kisses to give. Both felt disappointed. She was the quicker-witted, however, and it didn't take her long to find a substitute for a present:—

"Suppose we exchange good resolutions, John?" she suggested. "If you'll stop using tobacco, I'll stop chewing tea!"

John consented. He is "tapering off" on cardamom seeds and cloves. She has banished her idol to the upper shelf and the girl and the canister never speak as they pass by. Man and maiden are better off.

BARNES & MURRAY, 17 CHARLOTTE STREET.

We would direct the attention of the Ladies to OUR CORSET DEPARTMENT.

Our special makes are Crompton's Coraline, Dr. Warner's Health, The Imperatrice, for Evening wear, The Diamond, white French woven and a remarkably Cheap Double Busk Corset, at 45c. Other makes in great variety.

BARNES & MURRAY. NEW CROCKERY STORE.

C. MASTERS, 94 King Street, - - - St. John, N. B.

RECEIVING NEW GOODS DAILY. Now showing full lines of NEW DESSERT, BREAKFAST, TEA, TOILETTE and PORRIDGE SETS, ROSE JARS, FIGURES; also, a large assortment of Hanging and Stand Lamps. Prices Low. C. MASTERS.

BIG DRIVE WALTER SCOTT'S. Balance of Winter Goods

Rousing Reductions! HOMESPUNS AND CLOTHS; DRESS GOODS, 8c. upwards;

Balance of ULSTER CLOTHS, very cheap; Men's and Boys' CARDIGANS, 85c. upwards; DRESS TWEEDS, 7c. upwards; CORSETS, 24c. upwards. THE BEST VALUE IN CITY.

ASTRACHAN GLOVES, Ladies' and Gents' Kid Faced; Silk Handkerchiefs and Scarfs; Knitted Wool Shawls. Cash! Cash!! Cash!!!

WALTER SCOTT, - - - 32 and 36 South side King Square. Confectionery and Christmas Novelties,

HUGH P. KERR'S. - - - Branch Store, KING STREET.

BARLEY SUGAR WHISTLES, VICTORIA CAKE, SEWING TOFS, ALMOND BAR, BANJOES, MARSHMELLOES, SINGING CANARIES, BIRDS and ANIMALS, TABLETS. TRY OUR SUPERIOR JAMS and JELLIES. And don't fail to get a LITTLE PIG for the Xmas tree; also, a 5lb. box of our XMAS MIXTURE for \$1.00. SOMETHING NICE.

Money Made by Buying your DRY GOODS KEDEY & CO'S., 77 King Street.

BARGAINS NEXT WEEK IN DRESS GOODS, CLOTH SUITINGS, ULSTER CLOTHS and TWEEDS; a full line in Men's and Boys' SHIRTS and DRAWERS, CARDIGAN JACKETS; LADIES' VESTS, FLANNELS, BLANKETS and WOOL GOODS. At prices that will make you buy. Call and see.

THE BELL CIGAR FACTORY ADVERTISE FACTS.

We made more Cigars than all Cigar Factories East of Quebec City during 1888. We paid more DUTY than all Cigar factories east Quebec city during 1888. We have imported more HAVANA TOBACCO than all Cigar factories east Quebec city during 1888. And still we do not ADVERTISE to give a CLEAR HAVANA CIGAR for 5c. Established April 21, 1884, we have doubled our production every year, and today we are making better Cigars than any other factory in the maritime provinces.

BELL & HIGGINS, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Family Washing Done Rough Dry 25 CENTS PER DOZEN.

UNGAR'S STEAM LAUNDRY - - - 32 Waterloo Street. P. S.—By this we mean Washing and Drying only.

SOCIAL EVENTS

And the H. Branswick club—St. J. Dorchester. For additional Eight pages. If the pleasures of what we then we shall There was a the ladies du a bright ide ing found the ceiving their raved them neckties and they have for hostess told 68 different o'clock. So arrived in coo aguous and r the groom an in the eveni lady entertain promptu card Dufferin. Se large, made t Mr. and M New Year at The tenden some decorati of the house, skill are calle frequently the freshments we and the floral the halls and where the spa three rooms, I pence with a ments to the found.—Bosto The most c tight-lacing is-gives you a reo girl courageou awful affliction most incurabl chronic, and th will dispel the London Society Among Mrs. the season is a crepe de chine, broided roses vor. A belt worn with it, o of the front ski of vegetable-gro the throat with and with hair c the same. Two carriage street, yesterd rose-colored st this is the late ladies to add he when seen out d matter how sal naturally be carriage reflect colored tint.—M Mr. and Mrs. passengers on M tom. They will York before the Mr. Geo. Cla St. John a pla friends in this ci cent hand shake The quadrille posed of about 6 day evening at the city. Garden str Mrs. Gosney's leton, met Miss yesterday, and to Duffee left on th with the intention there, and that D a few days with Christmas. Mrs. Gosney was hopei days. She want people had heard maidens hailing invading New Br the month, makin Rotheay. Miss thing of the kind damsels were so e that it would be i formation about R just here the win Report's hat and i she nearly collie

CELEBRATION. FREDERICTON, son, nearly over, a time of sorrow circle of friends Mrs. Fair and he an affectionate son the many friends Risten feel deeply their only child, a New Year's day and all the fast tr out. I think from very little calli evening the quilr skaters, and quite sport. A band a large number also a ville rink, which w for the first time t Another sport, much in favor amon winter, is coasting This certainly loo makes one wish he Mr. Fred Robi Gregory were mar Me. The bride wa niece, Miss Dunhan gory was to act as son has two weeks time he and his fati and receive calls i they will go to their out of town. The day or two in Fred guests of Mr. Rob point, across the riv Miss Vavasour ha a most enjoyable vial Hunt. Her friend, I reception in her hon a ladies' lunch. Sh of many other soc which took place the left for home. By-the-way, these somewhat unique in ment, and for the be

THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

"Wide Awake's" Christmas. The Christmas Wide Awake is so bright and beautiful that Santa Claus may be suspected to have written and illustrated it himself; at any rate, some of the private doings of Santa's household have got into the magazine. "Goody Santa Claus," by Katharine Lee Bates, with its dozen jolly pictures, is a regular fireside chronicle of "Father Christmas" and his folks. Margaret Sidney opens her new Peppers serial, which will run through the year, as will J. T. Trowbridge's serial, "The Adventures of David Vane and David Crane." Elizabeth Stuart Phelps (Mrs. Herbert Ward) contributes one of her best short stories, "The Toddlewhite Prize." John Strange Winter, the author of "Bootsie Baby," has a good story with a sweet lesson, entitled "Yum-Yum: A Pug." Mrs. General Fremont has a remarkable account, "How the Good News Came Out of the West." Mary E. Wilkins is represented by one of her best fantastic stories, "The Silver Hen." Mrs. M. F. Butts has a naive story, called "Mussentouchit." Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen opens the magazine with a splendid ballad of the North, "Inge, the Boy King," with a drawing by Howard Pyle. Mrs. Frances A. Humphrey furnishes a charming paper from Scotland, about "Pet Marjorie," the famous little girl whom Sir Walter Scott loved so dearly, and whom Dr. John Brown has immortalized. There are many other interesting features, the wonderful "Celestial Bear," and the new department of crisp miscellany "Men and Things."—Boston: D. Lothrop company. Price \$2.40 a year; 20 cents a number.

The January "Book Buyer." An engraved portrait and an interesting sketch of the literary career of Mary Mages Dodge, the author of "Hans Brinker" and other popular books, and the editor of "St. Nicholas," form the leading feature of the January Book Buyer. Mrs. Dodge is one of the most celebrated of American literary women, and the story of her life is very entertaining, especially that part which relates to the origin of "Hans Brinker," one of the most popular juvenile books ever written. Second only in interest to this paper is a full description of the home life of George Meredith, which is accompanied by an engraved portrait. The same number contains portraits of Walt Whitman and of the poet Whittier, whose 81st birthday was just celebrated. The Whittier portrait is from a photograph taken when the poet was ignorant of the fact that he was "sitting" and the pose of the head and the expression are considered uncommonly good. The other departments of the number are maintained at their usual standard. The bright Boston and London letters of Arlo Bates and J. Ashby-Sterry; the brief descriptive reviews of new books; the notes about forthcoming works; the illustrations from the newest books, and the department of questions and answers about literary topics, edited by Rosseter Johnson; these make up a number of more than ordinary interest. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price \$1 a year, 10 cents a number.

Notes and Announcements. Gen. Lew Wallace has had Ben Hur printed in raised types for the blind, and a steady demand for such copies has arisen. A workman went to the British Museum and called for a copy of "Omer," "A translation of the Greek?" asked the attendant. "I'm sure I don't know. I want to read whatever Mr. Gladstone reads," the enthusiast replied. There is an amusing London lawyer, whose name is Argles, and is familiar to the travellers on transatlantic steamships as a genial and amusing companion. This gentleman is authority for the statement that the Duchess is a Mrs. Argles, the widow of a cousin living in Dublin. The lady's name is now claimed to be Hungerford. Perhaps the Dublin widow has married again.—New York Sun.

Marshall de MacMahon has finished his memoirs, and they will be published simultaneously in Paris, London and Leipzig. He tells the story of the Italian campaign of 1859. It is said to insure accuracy the Marshall will send proofs of the Italian campaign to the Archduke, Albert of Austria, and those of the Franco-German War to Count Moltke and his staff at Berlin. He will also give an account of the monarchical intrigues after the fall of Thiers.

A Surprise For Old Grads. If some of the U. N. B. graduates who spent their happy days three years ago could visit the institution now and find a Y. M. C. association, instead of the dens and happy-go-easy fellows who owned them, surprise would have the better of them. The college world is moving fast, and the New Brunswick university is not going to fall behind in the race. It cost about \$500 to fit up the association room, and Fredrickton people can be congratulated upon their generous gift.

An Artist's Fun. Will Ritchie, the caricaturist, visited the country recently, and had no end of fun. He saw a country practitioner extracting a tooth, and the scene made such an impression upon him that he reproduced it. All the odd characters that came in his way suffered the same fate until his collection was quite a correct representation of all the eccentric geniuses in the village. Some of them took to it kindly, and some didn't, but no holiday turkey was spoiled on that account.

MUSIC, AT HOME AND ABROAD.

It is rather late in the day to say anything about the Messiah music at the Stone Church, last Thursday evening, but I should just like to add my humble note of appreciation of the general excellence of the whole musical part of the service. No-body could attend on such an evening and hear what was done and not come away with a better feeling pervading his whole being. The chorus of the Oratorio society sang with fine effect, and deserve the best thanks of all present for the work they did, especially as they were deprived of the aid of a conductor's baton, to which they have been so long accustomed.

Of the soloists, Mrs. G. H. Perley sang her numbers with that special, trained excellence for which she is so noted. Miss Hea was never heard to better effect than in her solo, "He shall feed his flock," infusing more sympathetic feeling than I think I ever heard her before. With Rev. J. M. Davenport's singing of oratorio the St. John public are now well acquainted, and he fully carried out the remark I once heard a professional manager make with regard to his singing, viz., that he had heard many voices in oratorio in the states and Canada, but never heard any one sing oratorio recitative in the peculiarly reverent and appreciative manner that the reverend gentleman does—added to his splendid handling of a particularly highly-trained voice. It was a treat to notice his careful management of the breath. Mr. Mayes acquitted himself as few amateurs could, though he was suffering from illness, which made him nervous.

I have seldom felt quite such enjoyment of anything musical as I did of the singing of the last hymn, "Now thank we all our God"—the first and third verses in unison, and the second in harmony. The volume of tone in the unison verses was very fine and true, and gave Mr. Morley a chance for some of his wonderful improvised accompaniments.

Of the organ playing, *cetera vis omnia dicit*, that it was great. An organist who was present told me that Mr. Morley played throughout the whole evening without a fault.

The society are to be congratulated on having been the recipient of such a letter as Rev. J. deSoyes sent them—himself a musical man and writing about what he thoroughly understands. The part about "adding the enclosed," etc., might have been followed by some of the rich men of the city, and was a worthy example.

The sympathy of the large congregation, at the Mission church, last Sunday evening, must have been great when Rev. J. M. Davenport was obliged to announce, that owing to the organ being thoroughly out of tune, the musical portion of the service would have to be curtailed. It was a great tax on the organist and choir, but they put the best face on a bad job and pulled through the service nobly—but no solos were able to be sung or voluntaries played.

The Bank Officers' association of Boston will early in February give an elaborate minstrel entertainment in Music Hall. For the past two years this association has given a minstrel entertainment of some small hall, and so successful have these been that the entertainment this year will be given on a more extensive scale. Every person who will take part in the performance, including all members of the "troupe" and the orchestra, are members of the association.

Benedick in the Boston Times, says: One of the ladies, by the way, made a clever little remark in my hearing the other day concerning Rubinstein's Ocean sympathy. She said she thought "it ought rather to be called the Land sympathy, because it is so dry."

FELIX. D. McArthur, Bookseller, 80 King Street, continues the marked down sale of Books, Plush Goods, Bibles, Albums, New Year Cards, etc.

Very Fine Indeed. Progress, an energetic and enterprising St. John paper, issued a special illustrated Christmas edition, which was very fine, indeed. A great many of the leading business houses of that city took advantage of it to advertise their houses, and a number of excellent engravings of commercial establishments adorn the pages of this number, which is highly creditable to the publishers, and especially valuable to the business men of St. John.—Summerside Journal.

Bargains in every line of New Year Cards, Booklets, etc., at McArthur's, 80 King Street.

The Sinclair Family. In reference to the sketch of the Sinclair family which appeared in Progress recently, Mrs. Isabella Robertson of Summerville, Mass., the only surviving daughter of John Sinclair, writes that her father was the first of the family to come to this country. He established himself in business at York point. Later on, Peter arrived from Scotland and the two brothers were partners in the blacksmithing business for some years.

D. McArthur, 80 King Street, will continue the marked down sale.

TAILOR-MADE GOWNS.

Cheeks to Be Worn All Through the Winter—Cloth Cloaks.

The dresses which are now in hand are varied styles. The Directorate coat had been carried out for a walking dress in terracotta tweed, richly braided with tubular braid, which appeared in a closely worked design on the front breadth and at the vest, with revers, cuffs, collars and pockets of real Astrakhan. This dress was made with a treble box-plait at the back. Checks promise to be worn all through the winter, and a good example was a fancy ground and red check, made with green velvet lapels, collar and cuffs, the bodice fastening with velvet buttons on one side of the front, and turning back with one small lapel. The skirt was arranged simply, and in such a way that the front fell in easy folds at the hem; an extra piece of the material was draped in sort of butterfly bow, giving some necessary fullness at the back of the waist. A novel introduction is a tiny interwoven stripe in a habit cloth, and this, of a dark green shade, had been made into a handsome gown, trimmed with green and gold braid laid on bands of tan cloth; plain tan cloth revers, with triple buttons and loops, were placed on the bodice; cuffs to match. A dark-brown diagonal cloth, for example, had a braided yoke, carried out in tinsel, brought down to the sleeve and ending in a point above the elbow. The front of the skirt was slightly draped, and also the back, the bodice being cut exactly as a habit. Green, however, appears to remain the favorite color, and a plain green-faced cloth had a rolled revers of fancy brown and gold galon, contrasting admirably with the tone of the material. Another cloth dress had a similar braiding, which crossed the bodice and disappeared in one end of the waist, the neck being filled in with a plastron. A duck-green striped faced cloth was made with a bow-plaited skirt, braided on the collar, cuffs and imitation flap pockets with braiding laid on tan cloth.

Cloth coats and jackets would appear to be worn in preference to any others. A handsome specimen was a long fawn cloth cloak of the double form, the fronts braided, as also the long-pointed sleeve pieces, which were slightly gathered at the shoulder and round the points at the back of the waist. A gray and black short jacket had a double row of edged with Astrakhan; a brown jacket was handsomely trimmed with steel and black, and a tan-colored one had a beaver collar and cuffs, and one tapering revers on the front. All these jackets were made much on the same model, with a close-fitting short basque. Another shape has a braided waistcoat, with a loose over-jacket, turned back, which revers of gray Astrakhan.—London Queen.

Don't Stuff a Cold. If you do you will, nine times out of ten, have a fever to starve.

A cold is a shock received by the myriad nerves that bristle near the surface of the human body. This shock is transmitted to the nerve centres, and then back to the mucous membranes, forcing a great amount of blood to those membranes, creating a more or less severe irritation and consequent rise in the temperature, followed by chills. Excess of food in the stomach still more increases the temperature, and, worst of all helps coil the secretions or natural outlets of the body. It is high time we broke away from an old notion which, like some others, has done more harm than good. For example, in years past how many poor fever sufferers, burning with an internal fire and thirst, were hurried to an untimely grave because not allowed cooling drinks or a bit of ice by the old time treatment of fevers, as foolish as the adage for colds. At last one cunning delirious patient got to a pump of cold water and drank his fill; determined not to leave until the well ran dry, he slacked the fever, recovered, and doctors learned a lesson. Experimenting with a severe cold is a dangerous custom, as most persons try one remedy only until some friend suggests another "sure cure," as Mark Twain so humorously describes. When slight hoarseness or tightness of the throat, or a redness of the skin, or a skin exposure or chill from wet, act promptly; a delay is dangerous. With children it may mean croup and strangulation; with adults, catarrh, bronchitis, perhaps pneumonia. If neglected, nothing can prevent the sneezing, red nose, and woe-begone look of a person with a cold. Scores of mothers would as soon go to bed without matches in the house, as without that old-fashioned remedy, Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, near at hand for croupy children. Used with a mild laxative, as described in a pamphlet which I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., will send free to anyone, Johnson's Liniment will cure a cold far quicker than any known remedy. A mild, nutritious diet, a gentle physic to open the secretions, and a bottle of that old Anodyne from your druggist, will conquer any cold. Johnson's Anodyne Liniment was originated by an old family physician more than 70 years ago.—Advt.

Deception Everywhere. The little girl, caught by the glitter of the shining bracelets on the visitor's fair arm, under the usual mummy glove, insisted on borrowing them. The wish was granted and she ran out of the room to show her new attractions to her grandma. Presently she came running back. "Well," said her mother, "did you show the bracelets to your grandmamma?" "Yes, ma." "And what did she say?" "She said they were plated."—Macon News.

A DIFFERENCE. In the sleigh there was only just room for us two, There was nobody else to forbid us— The mule of eight beat time to my heart— And some way or other I did it.

There was love in the air that we breathed; The white snow Watched with the sun's golden glory, Well-I spoke—and she gave me the mitten point blank! 'Tis the long and the short of the story, The wild ruck of happiness you do not know, You can't know it until you have tried it. What's that? Why, she gave me the mitten—that's true! But her dear little hand was inside it! —Yassar Miscellany.

"There are fish in the sea," said the maiden fair, "As good as ever was caught, so there!" And she jilted her beau and away went he, And she thought there were fish in the sea As good as ever were brought to land. They wouldn't come out at her command, And the beautiful maid grew pale and sad, And wished she had kept the one she had. —Bible Blade.

When John L. was sick, I'd train a champion would be; When John L. was well, The devil a champion was he. —San Francisco Examiner

HAROLD GILBERT. - - Announcements for the Holidays.

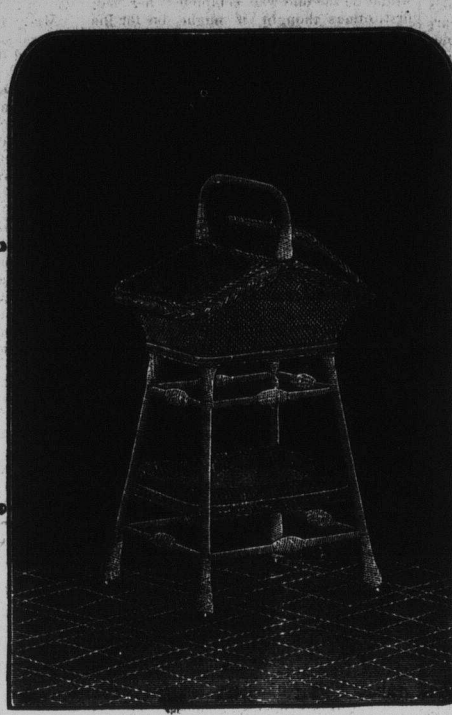
I am offering all the following goods at special prices for the HOLIDAY SEASON. Selections may be made at once and reserved until wanted. Those requiring CHAIRS, etc., cushioned or upholstered, should leave their orders early to insure prompt delivery.

Reed and Rattan Goods.

- GENTS' EASY CHAIRS; LADY'S " GENTS' ROCKERS; LADIES' do; MISSES' do; UPHILL do; SEWING CHAIRS; RECEPTION CHAIRS; WORK BASKETS; CENTRE TABLES

FURNITURE.

- LADIES' SECRETARIES; GENTS' do; STUDENTS' CHAIRS; CARPET ROCKERS; FANCY TABLES; CARD do; LOUNGES; PLATFORM ROCKERS; HALL STANDS; MANTLE MIRRORS.



Reed and Rattan Goods

ARE ALL in the newest finish and colorings, viz:

- CHERRY, ANTIQUE OAK, MAHOGANY, BRONZE, COPPER, RUSTY BRONZE, GILT, White and Gold, Blue and Gold, etc. etc.

MY NEW

Furniture Warerooms

are now nearly completed, and will be opened at an early date with a complete assortment of

Household Furniture.

HAROLD GILBERT, - - - Carpet and Furniture Warerooms,

54 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

London House, Hawarden Hotel, RETAIL.

Charlotte and Union Streets.

We offer Special Advantages to our Customers on

NEW YEAR'S GIFTS!

- The following are some of the leading lines: WHITE BLANKETS; CHINTZ and SATENE QUILTS; TAPESTRY COVERS; NEW JERSEY JACKETS; SILK UMBRELLAS; KNITTED WOOL GOODS; LINED KID GLOVES; MEN'S SCARFS; SILK HANKERCHIEFS; ALL-WOOL UNDERWEAR; NEW DRESS MATERIALS; JACKET CLOTHS—LATEST.

LONDON HOUSE, - - RETAIL.

ST. JOHN ACADEMY OF ART.

STUDIO BUILDING, 74 GERMAIN ST., SAINT JOHN, N. B.

THE SCHOOL-ROOMS are now open to Pupils from 10 until 5 every day in the week, except Saturday afternoon. The aim of the School is to give Pupils a good training in

DRAWING AND PAINTING.

The course taught consists in— Drawing from Models and Objects; the Antique; Life; Still Life. Lectures on PERSPECTIVE, including Parallel, Angular and Oblique Perspective; casting Shadows by gas light and sun light; Reflections in the mirror and water. A specialty is made of Portraiture in this School. Pupils are taught to draw them in Charcoal and Crayon, and to Paint them in Pastel and Oil.

Principal—JOHN C. MILES, A. R. C. A. Assistant—FRED H. C. MILES. SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

Fancy Soaps,

- APPLES, PEARS, WALNUTS, ORANGES, LEMONS AND STRAWBERRIES. Also, ROSES (Pale and Deep), MARGARETS, SUNFLOWER & DAHLIAS. 80 DOZEN JUST RECEIVED.

Will be sold low by the Dozen, or Box containing three cakes each.

CHRISTMAS CARDS and goods suitable for HOLIDAY PRESENTS now opening. Great reduction on former prices.

R. D. McARTHUR, MEDICAL HALL,

No. 50 Charlotte street, opp. King Square.

Best \$1 House in the Maritime Provinces. Belmont Hotel,

Cor. Prince Wm. and Duke Sts., ST. JOHN, N. B.

WM. CONWAY, - - Proprietor

Terms, \$1.00 per Day; Weekly Board \$4.00.

BELMONT HOTEL,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

The most convenient Hotel in the city. Directly opposite N. B. & Intercolonial Railway station. Passage taken to and from the depot free charge. Terms—\$1 to \$2.50 per day. J. SIME, Proprietor

VICTORIA HOTEL,

(FORMERLY WAVERLY), 81 to 87 King Street ST. JOHN, N. B.

D. W. McCORMICK, - - Proprietor.

ROYAL HOTEL,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

T. F. RAYMOND, Proprietor.

QUEEN HOTEL,

FREDERICTON, N. B.

J. A. EDWARDS - Proprietor.

FINE SAMPLE ROOM IN CONNECTION. Also, a First Class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

ELLIOTT'S HOTEL,

28 to 32 Germain Street, St. John, N. B.

MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

Terms - - \$1.00 Per Day. Tea, Bed and Breakfast, 75 Cents.

E. W. ELLIOTT, Proprietor.

Hotel Dufferin,

St. John, N. B.

FRED. A. JONES, Proprietor.

Patronize Home Manufacture.

CARL C. SCHMIDT,

Who was Manufacturing Jeweller for the Sheffield House and General Trade for many years, and who received his experience at some of the PRINCIPAL FACTORIES IN EUROPE, WILL BE FOUND AT 67 KING STREET.

A Large Stock of Jewelry always on hand. DIAMONDS and OTHER PRECIOUS STONES RESET at the shortest notice. WEDDING RINGS all sizes; all prices. Also: IMPORTER OF WATCHES and CLOCKS. All kinds of JEWELRY manufactured in the highest style of art. Orders promptly attended to. A large supply of MOONSTONES just received.

MISS B. E. BOWMAN,

of Boston, Teacher in Oils, Water Colors on every kind of Material.

ALSO—CHINA, LUSTRA and PLASTIC WGRK. Address: 4 WELLINGTON ROW, ST. JOHN, N. B.

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY.

Commencing December 31, 1888.

PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE INTER-COLONIAL RAILWAY STATION, ST. JOHN, at 7.00 a. m.—For McAdam Junction and St. Stephen. 12.40 a. m.—Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; for Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls and Edmundston. FULLMAN PARLOR CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR. 12.35 p. m.—Express for Fredericton and intermediate stations. 1.30 p. m.—Night Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle.

FULLMAN SLEEPING CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR. RETURNING TO ST. JOHN Bangor at 16.45 a. m., Parlor Car attached; 17.30 p. m., Sleeping Car attached. Anceboro at 11.15 a. m.; 12.00 noon. Woodstock at 10.20 a. m.; 12.40 p. m. Houlton at 11.15 a. m.; 12.40 p. m. St. Andrews at 12.20 a. m.; 1.45 a. m. Fredericton at 1.00 a. m.; 12.50, 13.40 p. m. Arriving in St. John at 7.45; 12.00 a. m.; 14.00, 17.15 p. m. LEAVE CAMBROSE FOR FAIRVILLE. 16.25 a. m.—Connecting with 8.40 a. m. train from St. John. 13.20 p. m.—Connecting with 3.35 p. m. train from St. John.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME Trains marked * run daily except Sunday. *Daily except Saturday. F. W. CRAM, Gen. Manager. H. D. McLEOD, Supt. Southern Division. A. J. HEATH, Gen. Pass. Agent, St. John, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway.

1888—Winter Arrangement—1889

ON and after MONDAY, November 29th, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN. Day Express..... 7.30 Accommodation..... 11.30 Express for Sussex..... 11.35 Express for Halifax and Quebec..... 18.00

A Sleeping Car will run daily on the 18.00 train to Halifax. On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Express, and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday a Sleeping Car will be attached at Moncton.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. Express from Halifax and Quebec..... 7.00 Express from Sussex..... 8.55 Accommodation..... 11.30 Day Express..... 19.20 All trains stop at Eastern Standard time.

D. FORTINGER, Chief Superintendent. RAILWAY OFFICE, Moncton, N. B., November 20, 1888.

TO TELEPHONE SUBSCRIBERS

AND OTHERS INTERESTED IN CHEAP TELEPHONES.

THE ST. JOHN TELEPHONE COMPANY are about opening a Telephone Exchange in this city, and are making arrangements, which will be completed in a very short time, for giving the public telephones at much less rates than have heretofore obtained in this city.

A Company also purpose starting a Factory in this city for the manufacture of Telephones and other electrical apparatus, thus starting a new industry. The ST. JOHN TELEPHONE COMPANY ask the public to wait until a representative of their company shall call upon them. This company is purely a local one, and we cordially solicit your support in our endeavor to introduce a new, better and cheaper Telephone than any yet offered the public.

ST. JOHN TELEPHONE CO. A representative of this Company will be at the office of The Provincial Oil Co., Robertson Place, where those wishing to subscribe may sign subscribers' list.

Flour and Feed Store.

Wheat, Flour, Buckwheat, RYE, CORN, OATS, BRAN, SHORTS.

From the best mills. Always on hand.

R. & F. S. FINLEY, Sydney Street.

ALL FROM G

Some of the home are Sunday prices not many become as not be doing actual Mr. Edson one corner looking old the darkest standing q After having time, the bounded out words, in 4 from the co "It is— to meet—y It was so lect his star stand that in the cor speech.

Parsons, who was fi chaining a h wagon and l ing weather, he backlid. very good th the stories with scriptur is asserted b sistant, wh sons' wife d from around he forbad it would do for water." down

In Norwich share of the legs and obje born naked, dedicated. had ordered t tions of some of antiquity, all objections prudes. Unl prudes heard were half way and fastened d directors, and promptly qua they emerged to the Miss N chisels and pl works of art moral purity o

An Ohio nev named Samuel west of Delpho his team could piled on his wruel manner. In the end of t would knock th man swung the brought it dow am was poor. struck his own out his own rig

A new indust from in Queen appears that f found to be monia they hav have been com States treasury. averaged \$35 a swindlers—Jv Newton and Jv cattle purchase and the exposed an cattle that had The inspectors find the herds in slaughter would farmer would g

The Boston G ings ago a studo nology in that cious fever, fell as on Tremont st awakened by so the head, and g discovered that t groping about robe. He heard nized as, those of door, he was adn fellow-students, for they supposed sick in a room si block. But kno clothed him, and then found a sol window of his sleep he had aris dow made by a the sidewalk. Th the roof, balanci made his way pa five houses, and he found a window lowered the sash in. At the time the delicious sleep it to the hall, when against a door and

Relic-hunting p been better repr that took place in the articles offer goods of Mrs. Del they came dring mansion, Ironfa fashioned pattern. mirrors of either the arts were present, folding bed, for ex a marble-topped cents.

Ex-Attorney Gen van is near in his never likes to stru he bought a se precedent. The ne form of an exaggera pretty conspicuous

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Selections may be made at once and upholstered, should leave

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Furniture Warerooms, N. B.

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13:35 p.m.—Express for Fredericton and intermediate stations.

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FULLMAN SLEEPING CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR.

RETURNING TO ST. JOHN FROM BANGOR at 10:45 a.m. Parlor Car attached; 17:30 p.m. Sleeping Car attached.

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Woodstock at 11:20 a.m.; 18:40 p.m.

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Arriving in St. John at 10:45; 10:00 a.m.; 14:00; 7:15 p.m.

LEAVE CARLETON FOR FAIRVILLE.

12:25 p.m.—Connecting with 8:40 a.m. train from St. John.

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EASTERN STANDARD TIME

Trains marked 1 run daily except Sunday. Daily except Saturday. Daily except Monday.

F. W. CHAM, Gen. Manager.

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All Expresses run by Eastern Standard time.

D. FORTINGHER, Chief Superintendent.

RAILWAY OFFICE, Moncton, N. B., November 20, 1888.

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Wheat, Flour, Buckwheat, RYE, CORN, OATS, BRAN, SHORTS.

From the best mills. Always on hand.

R. & F. S. FINLEY, Sydney Street.

ALL SORTS OF STORIES.

FROM GRAVE TO GAY, FROM LIVING TO SEVERE.

Some of Them Are Probable, Others Sound as Though the Funchasians Wrote Them, but All Are Worth Reading and Some Are Worth Moralizing.

Visitors at Mr. Edson's New Jersey home are—if you may believe the Boston Sunday Times—sometimes treated to surprises not wholly amusing. That the photograph is destined to be responsible for many practical jokes, when it shall have become as common as the telephone, cannot be doubted after reading of the following actual occurrence:

A young man recently spent the night at Mr. Edson's, and slept in a large room, in one corner of which was a very harmless-looking old-fashioned eight-day clock.

The darkness it loomed up like a sentinel standing guard over the visitor's slumbers. After having been fast asleep for some time, the visitor, hair on end, almost bounded out of bed upon hearing these words, in deep, emphatic tones, emanating from the corner of the room:

"It is—the hour—of twelve.—Prepare—to meet—your God."

It was some minutes before he could collect his scattered senses sufficiently to understand that it was only the eight-day clock in the corner making a little midnight speech.

Parsons, the Northampton slave-driver who was fined \$500, the other day, for chaining a half-clad Polish emigrant to his wagon and leaving him outdoors in freezing weather, was once a church deacon, but he backslid. That he did backslide was a very good thing for the church. Some of the stories told of him don't harmonize with scriptural injunctions worth a cent. It is asserted by the local undertaker and assistants, who were present, that when Parsons' wife died and the ice was removed from around the body, just before burial, he forbade its being "wasted," saying it would do for the Poles to "drink in their water," down in the field.

In Norwich, Conn., which has a good share of the Miss Nancy's who drape piano legs and object to babies because they are born naked, an art museum was recently dedicated. William Slater, its founder, had ordered from Europe faithful reproductions of some of the most celebrated statues of antiquity, valuable of course and not at all objectionable to anybody but prigs and prudish. Unhappily, though, the prigs and prudish heard of the statues before they were half way through the customs and fastened themselves on the backs of the directors, and as a result the statues were promptly quarantined on arrival. When they emerged they were one and all reduced to the Miss Nancy standard by means of chisels and plaster of Paris. Twenty-five works of art were tinkered thus and the moral purity of Norwich was preserved.

An Ohio newspaper tells how an ox-driver named Samuel Pooman, who his ox-driver west of Delphos, became enraged because his team could not pull the load he had piled on his wagon, and beat the oxen in a cruel manner. Finally he tied a large knot in the end of his whip and declared he would knock the animals' eyes out. Poor man swung the lash high in the air, and brought it down with all his power, but his aim was poor. He missed the animals, but struck his own head, and the knot knocked out his own right eye.

A new industry has just come to the front in Queens county, New York. It appears that whenever cattle have been found to be infected with pleuro-pneumonia they have been killed, and the owners have been compensated out of the United States treasury. The appraised value has averaged \$35 a head. It is alleged that swindlers have procured small farms near Newton and Jamaica, stocked them with cattle purchased at from \$20 to \$25 a head, and exposed among them the carcasses of cattle that had died of pleuro-pneumonia. The inspectors visiting these farms would find the herds infected. Appraisal and slaughter would follow, and the honest farmer would get his honest profit of \$10.

The Boston Globe says that a few evenings ago a student at the Institute of Technology in that city, who was ill with delirious fever, fell asleep in his room at a house on Tremont street. Suddenly he was awakened by something striking him on the head, and, greatly to his surprise, he discovered that there was a stranger in his room, groping about the hallways with a night robe. He heard voices, which he recognized as those of friends, and, rapping at a door, he was admitted to the room of two fellow-students. They were much surprised for they supposed that the visitor was lying sick in a room at houses away in the same block. He said that he had been going to sleep, but knew nothing more. They clothed him, and escorted him home. They then found a solution of the mystery. The window of his room was open. In his sleep he had arisen, and through the window made his escape to the roof, a mansard, edged by a tin gutter, six stories from the sidewalk. Thence along the edge of the roof, balancing himself skilfully, he made his way past the dormer windows of five houses, and paused at the sixth. Here he lowered the window open at the top. He lowered the window open at the top. He lowered the window open at the top. He lowered the window open at the top.

Relic-hunting patriots ought to have been better represented at an auction sale that took place in New York, last week. The articles offered were the household goods of Mrs. Delia T. S. Parnell, and they came straight from her father's historic mansion, Ironsides. They were of old-fashioned pattern, however, and few admirers of either the Parnells or the Stewarts were present, so prices were low. A folding bed, for example, brought \$1 and a marble-topped washstand went for 25 cents.

Ex-Attorney General Palmer of Pennsylvania is neat in his attire, as a rule, and never likes to attract attention, but the last time he bought a scarf-pin he went back on precedent. The new purchase was in the form of an exaggerated potato-bug. It was pretty conspicuous, of course, so much so

indeed that it became the talk of the town. One day a prominent German saloon keeper passed Mr. Palmer as the latter stood at his office door, looked out the corner of his eye at the scarf-pin, and smiled. Instantly the attorney, in a quick, sharp way, said:

"Well, Dutchy, what's the matter with you? What are you laughing at?"

"Oh, nothing, Mr. Palmer."

"Yes, you were. You were laughing at that scarf-pin. What's the matter with it?"

"I guess it's all right, Mr. Palmer."

"Well, look at it and see. Is there anything the matter with it? Examine it."

The German drew nigh, carefully scanned the pin, looked it over gravely, and was about to turn away when Mr. Palmer said:

"Well, what's the matter with that bug-scarf-pin? What do you think?"

"Well, Mr. Palmer," said the German, "I don't know but vat I think I never before saw so big a bug on so schmall a potato."

Neither the average printer nor the average Boniface is an adept linguist, so there is some excuse for the latest development in trusts. This is an organization of New York hotel men, who, inspired by the difficulty of getting the French in their bills of fare properly printed, have combined to have it done under competent supervision. There is an element of reform in the scheme, too, for the promoters say that they will in time endeavor to do away altogether with French names, except for meat sauce. It is a noble purpose.

Yankee ingenuity, proudly observes the New York Sun, has devised machinery for giving men exercise without their going to the trouble of taking long walks, riding horseback, boxing, fencing, or sitting down on the floor to pull weights up and down, or to make believe row. One of the features of a so-called sanitarium within a mile of the city hall is such an invention. The patients, who are mostly business men, get their exercise by putting first one foot and then the other in a sort of shoe that vibrates at the rate of what seems a million times a minute. A few minutes of that beats a 20-mile run for exercise. To get exercise for the upper part of the body, they must hold an arm that moves up and down inconceivably rapidly. Five minutes of that is better than engaging in a boxing match or a fencing bout for an hour or more.

Twenty-seven years ago an acorn lodged somehow in the mortar or between the stones of an Ohio court house spire, took root and sent out an oak shoot. Today a miniature oak grows on the spire, 90 feet from the ground. It draws life from the cement, the "skin of the rock," and the air, but principally from the air, as there is very little cement in the spire.

"This bein' married doesn't suit me, no-how. It's too confinin'." Give me a divorce and say no more about it," said Stephen Phifer, as he walked into the office of Justice B. M. Wright, at Medford, N. J. "Phifer is a well-known resident of the hill," says the Philadelphia Record, and the Squire had been called upon only two weeks before to marry him. He looked disconcerted when he presented himself to the Justice, and all over his face was a week's growth of sandy beard. As he sank heavily into the nearest chair he had the appearance of being thoroughly used up.

"Well," said the Squire, "what's the matter?"

Mr. Phifer heaved a sigh and looked more disconcerted than ever. "Squire," said he, "I can't take my name off that paper."

"You don't mean the marriage certificate, do you, Stephen?" asked the Squire quickly.

"That's it, exactly," said the visitor, with a dubious shake of his head. "I want it taken off or rubbed out."

The Squire, with a shake of his head, said: "I'm sorry, but I can't do that; I haven't the power."

"Don't say that, Squire," said Phifer. "You kin do it easy if you want to, and it would take a good deal off my mind. I'm willin' to give half that I won't get married no more."

But the Justice was unable to assist him, and he left, determined to have the nuptial knot severed at all hazards.

A middle-aged woman went to a prominent physician of San Diego, Cal., not long ago and asked him to amputate her two great toes. He examined them, assured her that there was nothing wrong with them, and said he wouldn't cut them off. She begged him to, saying that if they were off she could wear No. 2 shoes instead of 4s, as then. Her toes were her own, she said, to do what she pleased with, and she would give \$300 to have them off. The doctor refused, and the woman went in quest of some one with less conscience. A San Diego newspaper says that she found one who would do the job successfully, for two weeks later she went to San Francisco wearing the best pair of No. 2s that could be bought in San Diego.

Alexander James and Edith Smyth of Alpharetta, Ga., went to Squire Ludridge's office to get married. While they waited for the Squire to hunt up the book containing the formula, Alexander asked to be excused a moment, and hurrying out, mounted a horse and rode furiously away. As he was leaving the room he whispered to the groomsmen that he was ashamed to get married before so many persons. The groomsmen told the bride, who promptly said: "You help to bring me here, and now you must take his place." The young man said he was willing, and the ceremony was performed. At its conclusion the bride said: "When I make up my mind to do anything I never let anything stand in the way."

S. R. Roger and his brother left their homes near Hastings, Mich., about four years ago, and went to Brockbridge, Col., where they worked in a stamp mill. They got possession of two claims, the "Iron Mask" and the "Kewanee," and worked them during spare hours, putting considerable time and money into them. The claims had been worked previously for six years by a man who failed to find paying ore. Roger recently put a man in the lower one, and went to work himself. In less than half an hour, after digging about two feet, he struck gold and

silver bearing carbonate of silver, said to be the most valuable and easily worked in that State. The vein was followed to the surface, when it was found that all the previous year's work had been within eighteen inches of the vein. The Rogers brothers have been offered \$100,000 for the two mines.

An Indianapolis dispatch to the New York Sun says that Gen. Harrison opened his door, Friday, to admit a little girl who had observed coming up the path in front of the house with a bundle of papers under her arm. Taking the general's extended hand she inquired: "Is this President Harrison?"

"Not exactly President Harrison, little girl, but I am Mr. Harrison, if it is he you wish to see."

"Yes, I came to see General or President Harrison, and I know you are the generalman. I want you to help me win this prize."

With this the little girl handed the general the package of papers.

"You want me to help you win a prize? What kind of a prize is it?" asked the general, as he adjusted his glasses and examined the papers. "I didn't have to wait for an answer, for his eyes fell at once upon the words 'Secretary of State,' 'Secretary of the Treasury,' 'Secretary of War,' etc."

It was one of the numerous blanks circulated by several papers throughout the country offering a prize of \$100 to the person who would name the cabinet by a given date. After glancing over the paper the general returned it to the girl, saying that the prize offered was a competitive prize, and it would be unfair to the others for him to fill out a blank, adding: "Besides, my little friend, I could not help you to win the prize now, for I do not know nearly so much about this matter as the newspaper gentlemen do."

The little girl was very much disappointed, and it took some effort to make her understand that Gen. Harrison's refusal to fill out the blank arose from no unkindness toward her.

In a Cincinnati probate court, the other day, the examination of Emma C. Donovan, aged 21 years, alleged to be insane, elicited a singular story. She is the wife of Dennis Donovan, a railroad brakeman. He courted her for years, and against her will, for she loved another man. Finally, last September, he declared that he would kill himself if she didn't marry him. The three frightened her. She agreed to become his "wife in name only," and to this the love-crazed Donovan agreed. On Oct. 3 last they went to St. Michael's church to be married. When they had ascended the steps she repented of her decision, turning about and fled from the lower back to her father's house. He followed, and repeating his threats to take her life, again persuaded her to go with him to the church. This time the ceremony was performed, and Donovan furnished a nice little home for his wife, but she refused to go to it, and continued to refuse, remaining at her father's. Still devoted to the woman she loved, Dennis, in name only, was annoyed, and finally his visits became so distasteful to her that whenever he came she would go into hysterics. Hence the reason of her being the subject of an inquest of lunacy.

The Atlanta Constitution makes a gambling anecdote about two gentlemen who were once famous in their way. "Several years ago," he said, "the great gambler, Canada Bill was in Washington and the celebrated Beau Hickman. Together they planned one of the greatest schemes ever perpetrated in this country. Hickman would go to a certain Senator and tell him that he would borrow \$5,000 from him to pay the money, as the man was a crazy millionaire and would return it. Then Canada Bill, in the disguise of a wealthy looking citizen, would borrow the money and would call on him, 'I will see you at my room tomorrow. The victim on calling would receive \$15 or \$20. This soon got noised about and everybody was on the lookout for the crazy millionaire, anxious to double his money. Some gave Bill \$20 and even as high as \$200. Bill collected in this way about \$5,000. Of course he would call on his victim and back ceased. Then Hickman got in his work. He would go to the rural Senator and tell him he had been played for a sucker, and that he, Beau, must have about fifty to keep the thing quiet. Of course the victim would pony up rather than be exposed. In this way they gathered several thousands."

Two servants who were lauded up before a Chicago police justice, the other day, charged with creating a rumpus, indignantly denied having been drunk. They said that they had been under the influence of tea, which was somewhat responsible for their eccentric behavior.

"But," said the judge, "I never knew that any one could become really intoxicated from drinking tea."

"No more they can, yer honor," was the reply. "We ate it."

It is becoming quite a popular vice, this tea eating. Its victims are mostly found among the "help," who, having the household tea caddy always accessible, get accustomed to helping themselves from it, cup at a time, of the dry leaves. These they chew, extracting the alkaloid, which is a toxic agent of a most powerful description. Its first effect is an agreeable exhilaration. Ultimately, it induces sleeplessness and an abnormal condition of mind, with strange wishes and delirium.

London Truth to show the absurdities of the English bankruptcy law, quotes the following figures from a recent case, which certainly form a remarkable modern illustration of the old fable about the lawyer, his two clients and the oyster: "Debtor's estimate of assets, £1788 6s. 5d.; amount actually received by trustees, £28 3s. 6d.; costs of realization, £42 11s. 10d.; amount to debtor, £18; paid to preferential creditor, £13 10s.; balance, £14 1s. 8d." There were, moreover, "lawyer's claims against the £14 1s. 8d."

A pretty little fairy story is printed in the Chicago Tribune, on the authority of Mr. Jake Sullivan, the long-winded gentleman who is under agreement to fight Mr. John Lawrence Sullivan. "You see," said Kilrain, "I used to work in a rolling mill,

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R. W. W. FRINK, St. John, General Agent for New Brunswick.

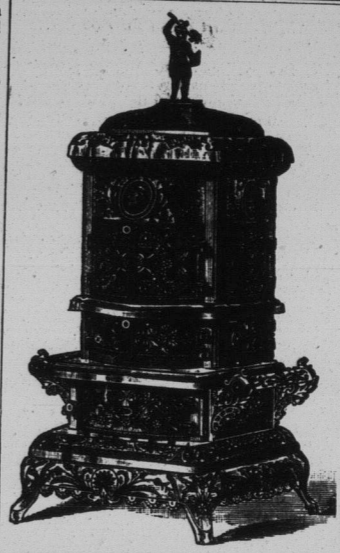
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Better than a Government Bond.

Suppose a special agent of the Treasury department should call upon you to-day, and say: "The Government would like to sell bonds for any amount between \$1,000 and \$100,000, and if it is not convenient for you to sell the bonds in full, we will allow you to pay for the bonds in After or twenty equal annual instalments."

And suppose, in addition to this, the Government, wishing to make this the most desirable investment of your money, stipulate, in the bonds, not only the full amount paid, and \$4,830.20 besides, and in addition, to pay you, from your family, and of the same time, to pay them from paying any further instalments!

Would you not at once close with such an offer? And yet this is, practically, what THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES does.

This may be a strange way of putting it, but strange as it may seem it is nevertheless true.

EXAMPLE.

Policy No. 73,973. Endowment, 15 years.

Issued July 29th, 1872, on the Life of S. C. L. Amount of Policy, \$10,000. Term, 15 years. Age, 40. Annual Premium, \$65.60.

If after making the first payment the policyholder had died, his representatives would have received \$10,000 in return for an outlay of only \$654.00.

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This is one of many policies showing what THE Equitable Society has actually accomplished.

THE EQUITABLE

exceeds every other life assurance company in the following important respects. It has— The Largest New Business. The Largest Existing Business. The Largest Surplus. The Largest Total Income.

The fact that THE Equitable has a larger surplus than any other Assurance Company is significant for it means

The Greatest Safety and the Largest Profit.

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The New York Press, FOR 1889.

DAILY. SUNDAY. WEEKLY.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Dr. A. A. Stockton, of St. John, Attorney General Blair and F. P. Thompson, of Fredericton were registered at the Brunswick, Saturday.

Miss Hennigar left town, Thursday to spend the New Year holidays with her sister, Mrs. W. H. Thorne, of St. John.

Miss Johnson, of Halifax, is in town, the guest of Mr. George Taylor, general freight agent of the I. C. R.

Mrs. W. H. Murray has returned from her long visit to her former home in St. John. She has been in very delicate health all winter, but I believe her native air has been of great benefit to her, and that she is very much stronger than when she left us.

Rev. T. W. Winfield preached his farewell sermon to a very large congregation last Sunday evening. Mr. Winfield intended departing for his new field of labor on New Year's day, but was detained by the illness of his little boy.

Miss Chipman went down to Dorchester, yesterday, to attend the wedding of Miss Chandler, daughter of Mr. George Chandler, of Dorchester.

Now, I must tell you about one of the most charming and also most unique parties that I ever attended, and which was given by Mr. and Mrs. George McSweeney at the Hotel Brunswick. The guests were invited to meet at the Brunswick at 7.30 o'clock, and after attending the concert given by the Wizard Oil company, to return and dance the old year out. Shortly after the hour named, about 30 young people had assembled in the large drawing room, formed into 15 couples, and started merrily off for the Opera house, where through the kindness of Dr. Ellis, seats had been reserved for the entire party.

After the concert, the drawing room and hall were cleared, the musicians took their places and dancing was entered into with great spirit. Shortly before 12 o'clock supper was served, so that the party should be at the table when the New Year came in; and it is the delightful originality of the supper and the supper table, that I wish to describe particularly.

The table extended almost the entire length of the dining-room, and was beautifully decorated with fruit and flowers, and before each guest's place was a small bouquet of choicest hothouse flowers, tea roses, "Marchal Neil" roses, crimson roses, jacinth, and other flowers, and a spray of hothouse greenery, and the familiar bovardia. Accompanying each bouquet, and folded into the napkin with it was a card bearing the hostess's wish for "A Happy New Year."

Near the centre of the table, on a stand embowered in evergreens, was a tiny silver clock, and as the hands indicated 12 o'clock, an electric bell rang, and at a signal from Mrs. McSweeney the guests rose to their feet, and Miss Ellis sang the first bars of the never-to-be-forgotten "Auld Lang Syne," the guests joining in, and all sang the grand old song with hands crossed and clasped in good Highland fashion. As the last notes died away, there was a moment's pause, then a general "Happy New Year" burst forth, and after universal hand-shakings, supper was resumed.

It's over. The year of trade is over. The merry whirl at Christmas ends the long-drawn work and worry of tedious '88. Our year has been a short one, let's review it.

Our spring trade was large—very large for beginners. In July, we inaugurated the principle in St. John of clearing out seasonal goods at the end of their season. We sold enormously at whatever things would bring—some without profit, some at a rate little short of the comical.

Having sold, we bought as freely, and gained a season. We sold what belonged to the hurrying summer, and bought what belonged to the coming fall. The hardness of selling made buying easy, and again we sold in a way to keep trade moving even until now.

What next? This week we are taking stock. With that ended, our new year begins. We've got to consider how to begin it. We do not know how prices are going to rule, nor how times are going to be; but we may count on money hard to get, and prices too low for profit. We may count on your finding out for yourselves where your advantage lies. Our tactics, then, will be, till spring comes with a trade of its own, to repeat our sales of last summer.

We are gathering trade for the future. We are keeping old goodwill and gaining new. We are changing our stock with every passing season. We are ready with latest goods for the better time a-coming, as ready as if we were making money. Our facilities are all in use and, therefore, ready for use; and, best of all, our habit of large success has all the tenacity and force that continuous long indulgence gives. We are going to keep on getting together the best in the world, selling for less than market rates whatever we can, and selling the news as the things are ready and the time is ripe.

HUNTER, HAMILTON & McKAY.

After supper, dancing continued until nearly 2 o'clock, when "St. Roger de Coverly" concluded a most delightful evening. Certainly, Mr. and Mrs. McSweeney thoroughly understand the art of entertaining and of making their guests enjoy themselves.

Miss McCurdy, of Chatham, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Butcher.

DORCHESTER DOTS. DORCHESTER, Jan. 3.—New Year's day was quietly kept here. I was glad to notice signs of the revival of the pleasant custom of making New Years calls—a custom which of late years has been almost a dead letter in Dorchester.

Several squads of four or five could be seen making their round of calls to the immense relief of the ladies of the place who always had refreshments in readiness in case there should be callers, but who have often had to put them away again untasted.

Christmas week brought us quite a number of visitors, but they are beginning to go away again.

Miss Nellie Robinson came up from St. John, Saturday, to visit Lady Smith at Woodlawn. She intends to remain a few days longer. Miss Phebe Chandler is staying with her at Woodlawn.

Mrs. Morris Robinson and Miss Robinson of your city have been visiting Mrs. Chandler at Maplehurst. Mrs. Robinson returned home today. Miss Robinson will follow her next week.

Miss Kerr, of Halifax, is spending the holidays with her cousin, Miss Nellie Chandler.

Trinity church was packed to the suffocation point, New Year's evening, the occasion being the marriage of Miss Grace Chandler, eldest daughter of Mr. Geo. W. Chandler, to Mr. T. Lee Peters, of Winnipeg. The service was read by Rev. G. J. D. Peters, rector of Bathurst, and brother of the groom, assisted by Rev. J. Roy Campbell, rector of Dorchester.

The popular bride looked exceedingly well in a pretty travelling dress of navy blue. After the service Mr. and Mrs. Peters drove at once to the depot, to take the night express for Quebec. A very large number of friends gathered at the train with the customary bundles of rice and old slippers.

Mr. and Mrs. Peters go to Winnipeg, stopping on the way for a few days at Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa and other Canadian cities. No one could be more missed than Mrs. Peters will be among her many Dorchester friends. After the departure of the train a large party of friends were entertained at the residence of the bride's parents and spent a delightful evening.

Miss Chipman, of Moncton, and for some years of Dorchester, spent New Year's day here, the guest of Mrs. Chandler, at Rocklyn. Presumably, she was attracted hither by the wedding of her friend.

Mr. R. W. Hewson was also here on the 1st, partly for the same reason.

The Misses Church, of Albert, have been visiting the Misses Backhouse for a few days.

Rev. George J. D. Peters, of Bathurst, spent Tuesday and Wednesday here, the guest of Mrs. Chandler, at Maplehurst.

Messrs. J. F. Allison and G. A. Thompson, of Sackville, were in town, Tuesday.

Miss J. C. Peters returned, Wednesday, to Newton, Mass., where she will spend the winter.

Mr. A. K. Neales, although given a farewell supper some time ago, was apparently unable to leave Dorchester until yesterday, when he started for Woodstock to take charge of the superior school there. He will doubtless drift back before very long.

Rev. C. F. and Mrs. Wiggins drove through from Sackville on Tuesday, returning the same evening.

Mr. H. C. Hanington is spending a day or two in St. John.

Mrs. Capt. Ritchie, of Halifax, is visiting Dorchester, the guest of Mrs. J. B. Forster, at the penitentiary.

I am sorry to hear that one of Dr. Church's charming twins is ill with scarletina. We have no more popular citizens than those twins, and every one is glad that the disease is only of a mild type.

Miss Hanington went to Moncton this morning, for a very short visit.

Those who love sleighing and tobogganing (and who of us does not) are impatiently wishing for snow. We have none at all, so far, and apparently no immediate prospect of any.

CHATHAM BRIEFS. CHATHAM, Jan. 3.—Mr. and Mrs. Archibald held the first of the series of those pleasant receptions, last Friday evening, followed by another at the residence of Mr. Samuel Benson on Monday evening.

Dr. Sproul has returned from his Christmas vacation.

Miss Minnie Morrison has returned from her visit to Sussex.

The ball given last night at the residence of Mr. T. F. Gillespie, was a complete success. Space will not permit me to describe the toilets of the ladies, nor could I do justice to them.

The ladies are all excited about the german to be given next Wednesday evening at the residence of Mrs. Paul Barnett.

The friends of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Seargent welcomed them home from their bridal tour, last evening. The reception was held at the residence of Mr. John Burchill Nelson.

and enjoyed by a large congregation. This was Miss Harrison's last appearance in public in St. Stephen, for the present, as with the year she closes her engagement in the Methodist choir. It is regretted that ill health compels Miss Harrison to spend the winter at her home in St. John and her friends trust to welcome her among them again ere long.

Mayor Chipman's many friends are glad to see him again about town.

The marriage knot of two of St. Stephen's most popular young people, Miss Fanny Sands and Mr. Jos. Meredith, was tied last evening in Christ church, Rev. O. S. Newnam officiating. The bride was attired in a tasty travelling costume of navy blue cloth and attended by Miss Nellie Smith of St. Stephen, while Mr. George J. Clarke ably supported the groom.

The ceremony was performed at 9 o'clock, and was witnessed by a large number of friends. Immediately after a reception was tendered to the bride and groom at the residence of Rev. O. S. Newnam. Mr. and Mrs. Meredith left by the night train for a few weeks in Boston, and on their return will reside in Calais.

The members of the town council were tendered a supper, New Year's evening, by one of their members Mr. J. T. Whitlock, at his residence in Water street.

Mr. J. M. Scovil, formerly of St. Stephen is at present in town.

Miss Margaret Todd is a guest at government house.

THE SHIRE TOWN OF KENT. RICHMOND, Jan. 2.—Lodge St. Andrew, No. 16, A. F. & A. M., installed their officers at high 12, on St. John's day, P. M. John Robertson acting as installing officer. Following are the officers for the ensuing year:

- J. M. Upham, W. M.; John J. Brine, J. P. M.; John Stevenson, Jr., S. W.; W. A. D. Stevens, J. W.; D. Campbell, P. M., Treas.; Thos. W. Bliss, Sec.; Rev. Dr. G. W. Chap.; Wm. H. McLeod, S. D.; James P. Cole, J. D.; Mr. C. S. S. S.; G. W. Robertson, J. S.; W. J. Smith (P. M.), D. of C.; Allan Haines, I. G.; Allan Haines, Tyler.

This lodge has been working for some years, and has a good roll of members. Its past masters are, according to seniority: Hutchinson, McDougall, Doherty, Phinney, Brown, Robertson, Haines, Palmer, McArthur, Taylor, Black, Ferguson, Smith and Brine. It meets on the first Monday, on or after full moon, and visiting brethren are always given a hearty welcome.

The social given in the Masonic hall, St. John's night, by the members of Lodge St. Andrew, was a magnificent affair. With about 120 guests to receive and accommodate, the task of entertaining with *clat* became formidable. It is no slight praise, therefore, to the committee—J. F. Brine, M. D., J. D. Phinney, W. D. Carter, W. A. D. Stevens and W. J. Smith—to say that they achieved a decided success, and that the *fete* was one which for the future is likely to be taken as the model of what such entertainments should be.

Robert Goldie, "the Paganini of the north," and Professor Basile Johnson, took charge of the musical department. Among those present were:

- Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Phinney, Judge and Mrs. Botford; Mr. and Mrs. B. Brine, Dr. and Mrs. Botford; Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Sayre, Mr. Hudson; Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Murray, Mr. John Graham, Jr.; Mr. and Mrs. J. Stevenson, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Black; Mrs. Bliss, Mr. and Mrs. Weeks; Mrs. McLaven, Mr. Hudson; Miss Jessie Hannah, Mr. Thos. McNeil; Mr. James Murray, Mr. David McAlmon; Mr. and Mrs. J. Smith, Mr. Andrew Glenross; Mr. R. Phinney, Mr. John Rusk; Mr. Arthur O'Leary, Mr. Caleb Richardson; Mr. G. McInerney, Mr. Samuel McInerney; Miss Phinney, Miss Annie Doherty; Mr. and Mrs. J. McAlmon, Miss Sayre; Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Smith, Mr. Samuel McAlmon; Mr. James Jardine, Miss Maggie McAlmon; Miss Nellie McAlmon, Mr. Andrew Loggie; Mr. Carman Bliss, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Loggie; Miss Cale, Miss Beatrice; Mr. and Mrs. Jas. P. Cole, Miss Crossdale; Mr. and Mrs. Allan Harris, Miss Maggie Harris; Mr. and Mrs. Allan Harris, Mr. John Carter; Miss Graham, Mr. John Graham; Mr. and Mrs. J. Robertson, Mr. John Rusk; Mr. Miller, Mr. Caleb Richardson; Mr. Arthur O'Leary, Mr. William McInerney; Miss Maud Doherty, Miss Ferguson; Miss Annie Ferguson, Miss Mudge; Mr. Wallace Mudge, Miss A. Doherty; Mrs. Curwin, Mr. Fred Ferguson; T. Works, M. D., Mr. Samuel Allanack; Mr. Thos. Dickinson, Jr., Mr. Wm. Dickinson; Miss Janie Dickinson.

Mr. Stanley White is visiting his parents. Mr. Frederick Sayre spent his Christmas holidays at his old home. His friends were glad to see him.

Mr. George Wilson is spending the holiday season with his father.

Mr. Robert Wathen, chief guard of the penitentiary spent the holiday season with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Wathen.

Mr. and Mrs. Masson are visiting Squire Ferguson, Kingston.

WOODSTOCK WHISPERINGS. WOODSTOCK, Jan. 2.—Mr. A. K. Neales, A. B., brother of Rev. Canon Neales, is engaged as principal of the Jacksonville schools.

J. R. Tompkins, B. A., of Florenceville, was in town this week.

Dr. H. M. Jewett, of Caribou, was in town today.

Dr. Owens, of Millville, was the guest of Mr. J. C. Cole, New Year's day.

Mr. George Hatt, of Fredericton, was the guest of his son-in-law, Dr. N. R. Colter, this week.

Dr. C. P. Connell, who has been dangerously ill, is now convalescent.

Rev. C. S. Saunders, of Florenceville, is in town.

Mr. B. J. Barnes, of Windsor, N. S., is making a short visit here.

Mr. Macklin, of Gibson, is visiting friends here.

Rev. Mr. Baird leaves for Shediac, Friday.

The social event of this week is the marriage of Mr. Samuel Ewart, of Boston, to Miss Alice, daughter of Mr. John King, on Thursday evening, in the Episcopal church. A large number of guests is invited, many of whom are residents of St. John and Sussex.

Miss Stevens, of St. Stephen, is the guest of Mrs. W. Wade.

COULDN'T FIND THE KEY.

Why "Buck" Moran became the Subject of the First Inquest of the Year.

Mr. Michael Moran, commonly known as "Buck," was found dead at the foot of Orange street, on New Year's day. His neck was broken. A coroner's inquest has established that fact, and also that he had been drunk for two or three days.

Policeman Perry gave some interesting evidence. About 11 o'clock, Monday night, he saw Moran staggering around Sydney street, and decided that he was drunk enough to be arrested. He did not arrest him, partly because he was a quiet, inoffensive fellow, but chiefly because he did not have the key of the Pitt street lock-up. He felt so impressed with a sense of duty, however, that he started on a hunt for the man who did have the key. When he returned, Moran had staggered out of sight, and nobody appears to have seen him until he was picked up dead the next day.

It can hardly be said that policeman Perry is to blame in the matter. His first impulse, not to arrest a man who was quietly the worse of liquor, does his heart credit. But when he felt that the poor fellow ought to be taken care of, as a matter of protection, it is unfortunate that he could not carry out his purpose. Had he done so, Moran's life would have been saved. But some one had the key of the lock-up in his pocket, and the unfortunate "Buck" staggered to his death.

Whether it is the custom of the police to refrain from arresting men when the lock-up is not open, is not stated, nor is it clear what would be done if a disorderly prisoner were taken to Pitt street and "the man with the key" was away. The whole matter looks queer and decidedly wrong.

Why cannot the police committee supply the lock-up with more than one key? Or if this demand appears extravagant, why can't the key be kept in some convenient place accessible to the patrolmen of the district? The principle of one key in a man's pocket, and that man not to be found, does not commend itself to the mind of the average citizen. Keys are cheap. There should be more of them.

Blown in by the Wind. "The great Rock Island route," otherwise known as the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific railway, sends out some handsome calendars by its live passenger agent, Mr. H. S. Philips of Montreal.

Calendars have also been received from Messrs. Barnes & Co., Emerson & Fisher and The Canadian Journal of Fabrics.

A Dangerous Catspaw, by David Christie Murray, just published in Bryce's Canadian series, is a novel that nobody will go to sleep over. It is full of incident and interest. For sale at McMillan's. Price, 25 cents.

Edna Lyall's remarkable novel, *Donovan*, is republished by D. Appleton & Co., in the Town and Country series. Those who did not procure it in the original form should make haste to possess it now. It is "a novel with a purpose," and with a plot also, one of the few modern works that will bear re-reading. For sale by Messrs. J. & A. McMillan. Price, 25 cents.

Something to Gossip. Hunter, Hamilton & McKay have returned to their old love—the columns of *PROGRESS*—and their welcome is none the less hearty for their temporary absence. Nearly every firm has its own views upon advertising and when and where to do it. The above mentioned firm had more than it could attend to during the holiday rush and propose to keep the ball rolling during the coming and usually dull season by talking to people in the people's paper, *PROGRESS*. And the best of it is that there isn't any question but they will get full value for their money. Can anyone guess who this puff is for?

More Useful Than Ever. The *Gripsack* for January will be issued on Monday, and a specially valuable number is promised. A new feature, which must commend itself to business men, is an express shippers' guide, showing the tariff on packages of all sizes between the various points in the maritime provinces and along the Lower St. Lawrence. This has been officially prepared, and is as absolutely correct as it is useful. Among the other leading features of the January *Gripsack* will be a fine portrait of Conductor Joe Edwards, with a sketch of his life.

He Should Blow a Bugle. Another Massachusetts state police officer has struck the town in the chase for the Braintree murderer. The alleged detective announces through the papers that he has a new "clue," which he quite freely discloses, and thinks he will capture Thompson in Nova Scotia. He gives the latter fair warning that he intends to prosecute his enquiries from Halifax. Perhaps he will, if Thompson is drunk or asleep when the alleged detective catches up to him.

Distanced All Competitors. Artist John C. Miles is beginning to find out just what honors the work of his school carried off at Toronto. The bronze medal awarded was for the best collective exhibit, and when it is considered that the competition was for all Canada, the victory is one of considerable import. The other prizes were for the best perspective and best model drawings respectively.

SKINNER'S Carpet Warerooms 58 KING STREET.

Turcoman and Chenille Curtains every imported to this city, and at prices that will astonish my customers. THE LOWEST PRICES EVER QUOTED.

A Beautiful Chenille Curtain for \$12 per pair; A Fine Turcoman Curtain for \$6.50 per pair. A. O. SKINNER. Boys' and Girls' Own Annuals; GIFT BOOKS; Photograph and Autograph Albums; POCKET BOOKS; CHURCH SERVICES.

T. H. HALL'S, 46 and 48 King Street. THE DAILY TELEGRAPH Steam Book & Job Printing Rooms. Corner of Church and Canterbury Streets, St. John. IS FULLY EQUIPPED WITH RAPID AND IMPROVED MACHINERY, And a Large and Varied Stock of PLAIN and ORNAMENTAL TYPE, to which recent additions have been made.

ALL KINDS OF PRINTING, INCLUDING BOOKS, MAGAZINES, REPORTS, PAMPHLETS, CATALOGUES, CIRCULARS, PRICE LISTS, DRAFTS, RECEIPTS, LAW CASES, NOTES, CHECKS, ORDERS, BILLS OF LADING, POSTERS, HANDBILLS, DODGERS, PROGRAMMES, BONDS, MORTGAGES, INSURANCE, BANK AND LEGAL FORMS, BUSINESS, VISITING, and WEDDING CARDS.

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