

PROGRESS.

VOL. III., NO. 135.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1890.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

REDUCED!

Honest John Weatherhead the Victim.

SENT BACK TO THE RANKS

Without a Fault and Without a Reason.

MORE OF THE CHIEF'S FINANCIAL TRANSACTIONS.

The Truthful Rawlings Divides with John Woods—He Wants His Son's Rival Arrested—His Drink at Nixon's—Where the Bottles and Ale Kegs Went To.

When officer John Weatherhead, of the city police, went on his vacation last week, he was one of the two inspectors of the force, in charge of the Northern division, and next to the chief himself in command. When he returned, Wednesday morning, and reported at the office of his chief for duty, he learned, to his utter amazement, that he was reduced in rank to an ordinary patrolman. True to his discipline and his duty, he bowed to the order, threw aside his stripes and authority, and took his place in the ranks. Today he is nothing more than any other patrolman of the force.

His vacation was short, because he had enjoyed a portion of his regular holidays sometime before, but to the best of his knowledge, he behaved himself as every good citizen should while away from duty. When Chief Clarke granted him his leave he was in good standing on the force, with no charge against him. So far as he or any other person knows there is no charge against him up to this present moment, and yet he has lost all the honor and advancement he has striven year after year to attain. He began as a patrolman, and has always been recognized as one of the very best of officers. His merit won him the appointment of sergeant, and even greater honor, for when the cities were united, and there were two captains of police to be appointed, John Weatherhead's right to one of those positions was not questioned.

Soon after Clarke was appointed chief he gave Weatherhead charge of the most troublesome division—old Portland—relying upon the ability of the man to bring order out of disorder in that district. Even his enemies will admit that Weatherhead was successful. The North End has been a more orderly place under him than it ever was. He proved so infinitely superior to Rawlings, so much more acceptable to officers and men, that a splendid division and order were the results.

In the meantime the turbulent, mischief making and truthful Inspector Rawlings was getting in his finest touches in his southern division. There disorder followed order. Dismissals and resignations followed each other in rapid succession and no wide awake citizen needs to be told now in what a miserable condition the southern section of the force is in today. Rawlings, the officer next to the chief, has been fined for abusive language, he has been charged with perjury yet still retained in his position. His companion Inspector, John Weatherhead, in direct contrast, has not been found fault with; he has done his simple plain duty and—been reduced to the ranks.

The indignation of the people was very marked when the report of this manifest injustice spread Wednesday morning and the question: What has this man done to be treated in this fashion? was to be heard on every hand. No one could answer it. Even Clarke himself, though he knew he was robbing an honest man of promotion won by hard years of service, had no reason to give. It was the more remarkable that Weatherhead has just returned from his vacation and reported to his chief when sentence was passed upon him.

No, but while John Weatherhead had done nothing, his brother, William Weatherhead, had. While John Weatherhead was enjoying his vacation, his brother had sued Chief Clarke for \$5,000 damages for dismissing him from the force without sufficient reason. Is there any connection between the two acts? Was Chief Clarke prompted by revenge, or what motive did he have?

He considered Captain Weatherhead, only a few days before, the most reliable officer on the police force. He made that statement to the writer and to others. He even went so far as to point out his only

fault which was, "he talked too much." Great Caesar! Chief Clarke to accuse any man of talking too much!

But this is only on a par with his statement to William Weatherhead, whom he said he was unjust to, when he suspended him for being off his beat, and would promote as soon as he got the chance. He did—he dismissed him, which is the only promotion worth anything now-a-days on the force. He dismissed him Wednesday though on the previous Friday, when crossing the ferry with an officer he repeated the statement that William Weatherhead was one of the best and smartest men on the force. Has the man lost his senses?

Perhaps he has. It was only a few months ago, when he first donned that dandy combination uniform, that PROGRESS poked some fun at, that he gravely informed the writer that his rank as chief of police was equal in military circles to that of a colonel! Therefore he was entitled to wear the uniform. There is a very general impression at the present that he won't wear it out.

Nothing, since the disclosure of the Covay bribery business, has so roused the people as PROGRESS' statements last week about the bills sent out of the chief's office to private citizens and tax-payers for police protection from officers employed by the city, on duty and being paid by the corporation at the time.

The half of this disgraceful business has not been told. The money-grabbing game has gone further than any one imagines. It is well known that the Institute people always have one or two policemen in the hall when performances are going on. Those policemen were, as a general rule, selected from those of the force not on duty, and they were paid one dollar each for the service. That was all right, but when Clarke was made chief he took the matter out of the hands of the men and asked the Institute managers \$1.50 a night or the services of any man he chose to send them. They refused point blank to agree to such an arrangement, and employed other protection at the old price.

More than this, when that Frog Boy show was being held on King square, early in the summer, the manager asked Clarke for a policeman in the afternoons when they had their matinees. Clarke detailed officer Seth Thorne, a newly appointed man, to look after the Frog show, in addition to doing King square duty. Thorne was on the square six days, and Saturday Chief Clarke gave him a bill of \$9 to collect for protection to the Frog show. The show had a license, but the bill was paid, and Clarke remarked to Thorne that, of course, that money belonged to the city and he must hand it over. Thorne paid him the money. Has it been paid to the city?

More than this, Chief Clarke. The liquor seized by the officers was brought to the station in bottles and jugs and kegs. The law says that the vessels which contain the liquor shall be destroyed as well as the liquor. Were they destroyed? Were not fifteen dozen sold to a well-known wholesale dealer in town? Were there not nine dozen of lager bottles, three dozen of pop bottles, one and a half dozen of whiskey bottles, and one and a half dozen of ale bottles? Were not those bottles carried out of the police station by an officer, at the command of the chief, and sold for between two and three dollars? That money was handed to the chief. What became of it?

How much did the jugs bring? About \$3.50, did they not? That money was handed to the chief. Where did it go?

Did not a city ale brewer go to the police office and demand the ale kegs, saying that they belonged to him. Did not you, Chief Clarke, dispute his right to them, and finally settle the matter by taking a certain sum of money for them. Where did that money go?

These are questions that the police committee may ask "Mr. Chief" next Wednesday when he appears before the public safety committee. PROGRESS trusts that he will be able to give satisfactory replies.

Some of them would have been asked this week, but when the committee was called together the chief was away at South Bay and could not be summoned before them. So the Covay matter, at this hour (Friday morning), appears to be the only police question that will come up before the council at its meeting Friday afternoon.

In the meantime the biggest kind of a tempest is brewing over the chief's treatment of John Weatherhead. The *Globe* says that it is a tempest in a teapot, and a very small one at that. The *Globe* will find that its teapot won't hold this tempest. If Weatherhead is not given British justice and fair play, if Clarke will not assign satisfactory reasons to the common council for his action, it will be for the citizens to act. Even the *Globe* is not unfair enough to see Weatherhead reduced without some adequate cause being assigned for it.

The people are thoroughly roused. They might pass over the flagrant purchasing of

certain officers and take no action upon the chief investigating force; they might even stand the retaining such a man as Rawlings upon the force, though he has the chance every day of giving evidence against citizens, but they will not stand silently when, for apparently nothing else than an offset to the \$5,000 damage suit, a good officer loses the promotion he has worked years to attain and is reduced to the ranks.

TAKES ALL HE CAN GET.

One of the Probable Reasons why Capt. Rawlings is not "Reduced."

Policemen do not receive enormous salaries, and were there no little "extras" that they can earn outside of the hours when they are doing duty for the city, some of the men might find it hard to make both ends meet. They are welcome to all they can earn when not in the employ of the city. But for a tax-payer to be assessed for police protection, and then have to pay an exorbitant sum every time he really needs an officer, is unreasonable. If, however, there is a scarcity of police, and men who are off duty have to be called upon, it is but right that he should receive remuneration for his services.

And every man should be given an equal chance to add to his regular income.

This has not been the case when Chief Clarke or Capt. Rawlings have had anything to say in the matter.

As a rule, they seem to have assigned the men on regular duty to do the special work.

It is an old trick of Capt. Rawlings'. If he did not do it, he might have found it hard to claim his share of the spoils. And the captain is not backward in taking all he can get.

Here is a case in point: When the Wizard Oil company opened in Union hall, some time ago, John Woods, who was then one of Capt. Rawlings' finest, was doing day duty. This left him free to do what he pleased at night. It pleased him to keep order for the company at \$1 a night, and to receive \$6 on Saturday to add to his regular income.

The following week he was to go on night duty in another part of the town. It wasn't pleasant for him to think that he would have to lose another \$6, especially when the managers of the show told him that they would like to employ him again. He told them he would get a good man to take his place, but would see the captain first.

He saw Captain Rawlings. The captain saw something too—in the distance. He told Woods it would be all right; he would arrange for him to do night duty on Main street, and he could drop in and look after the show until it was out. Woods dropped in every night at 7 o'clock, and stayed there until the show was over. He received another \$6 on Saturday night. Then he saw the captain, and gave him \$3.

Capt. Rawlings took it and said nothing.

HE WOULD ELECT THEM.

Boss Kelly's Idea of the Police Magistracy, Chief of Police and Recordership.

When Boss John Kelly talks he usually says something. That is more than can be said for some of his companions in the council who beat all about the bush and come to no conclusion in the end. Kelly met PROGRESS a few days ago and after a few pleasantries had been exchanged over the last bow this paper made to him he began to talk about police chiefs and magistracies. He believes in the American system of electing the principal city officers at the same time the mayor and aldermen are chosen.

There is no doubt that such a system would fit Boss Kelly right down to the ground. He would be in his element then with elections on the cards all the time. It would not be hard to imagine party lines introduced into city politics then with two tickets for mayor and aldermen, chief of police, police magistrate and judge of the city court and the recorder in the field. Many persons would prefer such a change to the present system under which the best men do not offer but simply look on.

PROGRESS would modify Kelly's idea a little: combine the elections for mayor and alderman, and appoint the chief of police, magistrates and recorder every year.

A gentleman standing near suggested that it would not be wise to have such positions of trust dependent upon the caprice of the people. "The caprice of the people" is good, but since the people do the paying they can afford to be capricious if they please. If the aldermen did not carry out their wishes, private life will be their portion, while the same can be said of the important city officers—if they do their duty they will not be disturbed, while any neglect of duty would be their latch key to retirement.

Fancy Goods, Christmas Card, Booklets, and all New Goods, at lowest prices.—McArthur's Bookstore, 80 King street.

HIS CONNECTION WITH IT.

Professor Hunter's Story of a Box Within a Box, and What he Claims to Do.

When Prof. Hunter entered PROGRESS Monday morning, it was quite evident that he had made up his mind beforehand as to what he was going to say, if he had not spent Sunday in rehearsing his oration. He did not beat about the bush, but was very much to the point. He was probably under the impression that he was before an investigating committee, for he expressed a desire to swear to everything he said, and would probably have done so if he had been allowed to go on.

The object of his visit was to disagree with some of the statements made about him last Saturday. He told of his connection with the Trites case in a way that could not be misunderstood. Mr. Trites had heard of his wonderful gifts for looking into the future and offered him a sum of money if he would tell him what he wanted to know. The professor said: "No! I will not take your money. If I tell you the truth and you want to give me anything for it, why I will take it. I told him he had a large square box in his store, and that inside of that box was another box; and inside of that box was another tin box; and that that tin box contained a sum of money. You think there was more money in it than there really was. You think there was over \$200 in that box; but there was not. There was not more than \$190 in it, may be a little more or a little less, but nothing above a nine. Mr. Trites told me I was right. 'Now,' said he, 'tell me who stole the money.' 'Ah!' said I, 'now you ask me too much. I cannot tell you who stole the money.' And that is all I said to Mr. Trites."

Prof. Hunter said he had not been in Mr. Trites' store for two years past, when he bought a fig of tobacco there. He stated further that he was not a fakir. He waxed very warm on this point and said: "If what I say does not come true I do not want any money. I don't claim to be able to tell everything, but I do claim that I can tell a man which side of the road he was born on, and in which direction his parents went to draw water."

The professor terminated his visit with the request that a newsboy be sent to his place early Saturday morning, as he always wanted to buy early, and avoid getting left.

Truthful Rawlings in Two Lights.

One of the very best officers on the force up to the hour he resigned—because he would not work under Rawlings—tells a story about that apostle of truth that would discharge him from the force in any other city.

Rawlings' son worked on the I. C. R. as a fireman. He was in Moncton while Sam Richey, another fireman, was in the St. John yard. Influence brought about a change and Rawlings' son came to St. John while Richey was sent to Moncton. Richey's friends got to work and Rawlings, jr. went to Moncton again.

This aroused the truthful Inspector and he spoke thus to the officer: "Keep your eye on Sam Richey; he drinks a good deal I understand and I want you to look him up if you can. He got my son Dick fired out of the St. John yard." The only reply he got from the officer was that he had known Richey as a temperate not as a drinking man.

Another story that shows Rawlings in same light as he tried to put Richey comes from the same source. This officer was on duty on the Haymarket square during the Carnival torchlight procession when Rawlings rode out to the sidewalk had a glass of ale handed out to him at Nixon's, drank it hastily and galloped forward again.

Let the Girls in Out of the Cold.

A good citizen inquires of PROGRESS why it is that the doors of the Victoria school building are locked every morning at sharp 9 o'clock, with the result that if one of his girls are late, even a minute, she must remain, rain or shine, calm or wind, snow or sleet, upon the doorstep or the sidewalk until those within have finished their morning devotions, which must not be disturbed. The citizen goes further and says that his daughters have instructions to return home when they find the doors of the building locked. No doubt the proper person to give information upon this point is Mr. John March, or perhaps Principal Hay's jurisdiction may extend so far. Certainly whoever is responsible for such a regulation should be ashamed of it. Strong men would refuse to stand out in the cold and rain these mornings, while tender girls should not suffer such exposure at all. It is far better that devotions should be interrupted and a little disorder reign for a few minutes in the hall than a score of girls should stand the chance of getting severely colds.

A New Store. The new store at 94 King street has an interesting announcement on the eighth page in this issue. Read it.

THE WORK OF A MOMENT.

HOW A QUIET COMMUNITY WAS FLOODED WITH PEOPLE.

Scenes and Incidents about South Bay, on the Day and Evening of the 25th of November. After the Explosion—Among the Dying and the Dead.

South Bay is the next platform beyond Fairville. It is one of those places along the C. P. K. with nothing about it to attract the attention of passengers on the express trains, which shoot past it as if there was no such place on the time table. But South Bay had a mill, but for which, in all probability, there would be no such name on the railway time guide. All the people roundabout have worked in the mill at some time or other, many of them now being employed in the other mills near at hand.

Besides the mill, there is a railway platform and a bridge, houses perched on the tops of little hills, and at this season of the year more red mud than many places with a larger area and population can boast of. It was the mill that made the village, and has now made the name of that quiet little community known over the length and breadth of the land.

John Allingham, its assistant engineer, rushed into the engine-room between nine and ten o'clock Tuesday morning. The pumps were in motion, and he noticed that the water was flowing back from the boilers. Some people differ from Mr. Allingham on this point, and say that there was very little water in the boilers at the time. While his hand was yet on the little wheel that was to stop the pumps, there was an awful roar, the building shook, the steady motion of the engines behind him, with their huge wheels reaching almost to the lofty ceiling, and the clacking of broad belts, that connected with the machinery in the mill, all gave way to one great shock—the machinery stopped, portions of the mill, long, heavy boilers, boards, iron, men and children flew through the air in all directions.

In that brief moment five persons were killed, many were scalded or badly bruised, some received marks that they will carry to the grave, and others, injuries from which they died; while a score of people escaped death, how or why they will never understand, but simply say, "Miraculous."

Down in the engine room amid the massive machinery, with his hand on the valve, and the six great boilers on the other side of the wall from him, was the man on whose action this great catastrophe probably occurred. He heard the roar, and looking around the small and crowded engine room instantly thought of means to escape. To his left, as he stood at the pumps, was a door leading out from the mill by way of a plank gangway. He moved in this direction. The door led to the open air, that was all he thought of. When he reached it he could not get out. For which he is thankful today. Had he gone out of that door, Allingham would probably have been among the killed. But a flying piece of timber struck him, knocked him across the room, over the huge wheels of the engine, and when he had sufficiently recovered himself, crawled through a hole in the opposite wall and escaped; his clothes drenched with water, and with a slight injury to his head.

It all happened in a minute. People for miles around heard the shock and hurried to the mill. Men, women, and children whose fathers, husbands, brothers and friends had left home for their work in the morning, rushed about here and there, with the awful uncertainty of meeting their dear ones living or dead upon them. Nothing was known for sure. Women wept and men turned pale; a friend suddenly making his appearance alive and uninjured gave a pang of joy, but caused no merriment. Others found their dear ones dead or dying. The news spread! It was carried everywhere, by train, by telegraph, by telephone, by word of mouth. Reports differed, but on one point they all agreed, that the accident was a terrible one, and that some lives had been lost.

People flocked to the place from all points, and by every means, and soon South Bay presented a scene that the people will never forget. That quiet country village, where everybody knew his neighbor, and where a stranger was an object of remark, was now being flooded with strangers. But the villagers thought naught of them. Those of the millmen who had come out of the accident unharmed, instantly set to work to rescue their fellows.

The great crowds of curious and inquisitive people, who came in teams, by rail, along the roads, and made one long black line along the railway track, caused no comment. It seemed as though everybody for miles around dropped everything and turned their footsteps in the direction of South Bay. All day long the crowds came and went, viewed the ruins, and perhaps caught a glimpse of the unfortunate millmen. But when night fell they turned their footsteps homeward, and quiet reigned.

When the Fredericton evening express drew up at South Bay siding, all the passengers cast curious glances from the platform and windows. The news agent had sold all his papers, and on the way up nearly every person in the car was deeply absorbed in the long accounts of the accident, the scene of which they were soon to pass. From the cars nothing could be seen. Through the darkness loomed the tall chimney of the mill which had been the centre of so much confusion some hours before, but in the darkness, the building looked much the same as it did every day.

The train rolled away. On the platform a few men who had left their homes with the hope of getting an evening paper, looked disappointed and turned to go back again. Then the place was almost deserted. The life, excitement and confusion of day had given way to the quiet and darkness of the night, and one would find it almost impossible to believe that it had been the scene of such a terrible accident.

In some of the houses lights shone from the windows, others were dark. Up the road a man with a lantern picked his way through mud, and passed pools of dirty water. Near the railway track a few men talked in whispers about the accident. The elder Baird, they said, was down in the oil room, left there in a box, and not fit to look upon. His son was also dead, but had been taken to Mr. Smith's house, across the bridge, where he boarded. The little Currie boy, who was killed while getting a plug of tobacco for one of the men, lived upstairs in that large house on the hill, and downstairs Mr. Kelley's little boy lay badly scalded. Poor Hayes! helives up the road beyond the Temperance hall. They thought he might be dead even then.

Down among the ruin of the mills, men moved about with lanterns, but there was little to be seen, except where the boilers had stood, and where the elder Baird had been found and some of his brains still lay, to the horror of those who ventured a look at them. All was confusion, and to make one's way was difficult; everything was piled up in such chaotic heaps, the huge chimney alone remaining intact. The men stopped to look at it and wonder how it ever escaped, for the boiler must have come within an inch of it on its way up the hill. Yet the chimney stood.

Supper over, one by one, men from the houses round about, sauntered in the direction of the mill; strong, healthy millmen, some of them without coat or vest, although the night was cold and damp. Gathered in little knots near the wreck they told with awful seriousness of their adventures during the day; compared notes, and spoke of what might have been, all with a toning reference to their dead fellow workmen. And when it was discovered that one little fellow, a stranger, who listened to the stories of the men with opened eyes and wonder, was a relative of one of the killed, no words were too soft to address him with. Here were men, living and well, standing in the cool evening with their hands thrust down into their pockets, talking in whispers of men who had worked alongside of them that morning, but were now—dead. It did not do to let the flow of conversation cease; what their thoughts were, only they knew. The raw air did not cause a shudder, but the thought of how near they were to the men who were now dead, seemed to make them uneasy, and give expression to wonder that they ever escaped alive.

One man told how he, the moment he heard the shock, leaped through a window, so frightened that he did not know what he did, and ran as he never went before until he reached the bridge. But it was all over then. Another, a young man, said he had just left the boilers and had not resumed his work when the explosion occurred. And thus they talked in hushed tones.

As the time wore on, more people arrived; teams were drawn up and tied to the neighboring fences, while their occupants groped through the ruins and asked questions. Across the bridge, a little group of people stood before the door of Mr. Smith's house. Upstairs in a small room, James Baird, a strong, able lad of eighteen years, lay dead, his face discolored from the effects of steam and water. In other rooms the friends of the deceased had been assembled and gave vent to their grief. The dead boy was a son of the man who lay in the oil room up the road. They belonged to Pisarino, and the father had been a fisherman from his boyhood up to within a few weeks when he came to work in the mill. Those who told this dwelt upon his short stay among them, and how strange it was that he should have left his old calling to meet his death thus. Then some one referred to poor Lynch, who had gone to work only that morning, and who was taking another man's place when he was killed. He was to have been married next week and the bans had been twice called in the church in connection with the event. Even Mr. Smith had an experience to tell, of how he might have been among the

(Continued on Fourth page.)

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P. YARMOUTH, N. B.

THE CROWD OF THE DAY.

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN AT THE INSTITUTE.

Including Rev. Mr. Small and the Old Gentleman with the Red Handkerchief—Things Heard and Seen Apart from the Sermon and Collection.

Four sermons in one day, and all listened to by crowded houses. This is the record of Rev. Sam Small, of Georgia, last Sunday.

Long before the hour announced for the meeting to begin, little groups began to form around the street corners in the vicinity of the Institute, and a large crowd surged against the doors.

The two happy souls are fully aware of the sensation they create and rather enjoy it than otherwise, it seems so natural to them that everyone should regard them with an envious eye, and that they should attempt to conceal the fact that they are a bride and groom.

Still the crowds continued to surge into the hall from all directions. The galleries had reached that state of crowdedness when the more enthusiastic are found in the vicinity of the ceiling, and those who had seats in the dress circle could hear, but not see.

But he had not yet appeared. While those who composed the audience were getting into position, in much the same manner as sardines do at Eastport previous to shipment, and the young men from the christian association were singing "Onward Christian Soldiers," and a number of other hymns in rapid succession.

The Atlantic Monthly for December comes to hand in brighter guise than ever, containing as it does even more than its usual bright and varied assortment of literary attractions.

THE GREAT NUMBER OF CURES EFFECTED BY MONTHS WITH OUR GUARANTEE SENT TO ANY ADDRESS.

WHAT GIRLS CAN LEARN

BY LIVING IN A BOARDING HOUSE FOR A TIME.

They are apt to be cured of dawdling and loitering on the streets after tea hour—the spirit of independence and strong ownership upon them.

There is a free and easy irresponsibility about boarding that appeals irresistibly to the Bohemian nature, especially when the said nature is enclosed in the form of a woman.

The girl who boards receives some practical lessons in punctuality that will be invaluable to her, from a business point of view.

It gets easier and easier for the house wife to do her work. As time rolls on new ideas are introduced that are good, and are taken advantage of by the enterprising woman.

Mr. Bingo—I have just been to the circus and seen that fellow walk the tight rope. Anyone could do that with the balancing pole he carries.

There is a delightful feeling of ownership, in being the mistress of even one small room, which is yours absolutely, because you have earned the money to pay for it.

AND ALL THE POPULAR SACKET POWDERS!

THE GREAT NUMBER OF CURES EFFECTED BY MONTHS WITH OUR GUARANTEE SENT TO ANY ADDRESS.

A Tribute From a Known Source.

A few words regarding the Wm. Radam Microbe Killer Remedy will not be amiss in these columns, says Grip in his holiday edition for 1891.

It is not very easy to be happy in this world, but about the shortest and best route to that common goal is to be healthy, and if one gets up every morning with a dull headache and a feeling as if he had not been to bed at all, or at least asleep, he can not be healthy.

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THE GREAT NUMBER OF CURES EFFECTED BY MONTHS WITH OUR GUARANTEE SENT TO ANY ADDRESS.

HOEGG'S TOMATOES.

THE FINEST BRAND IN THE MARKET.

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

ASK FOR THEM AT YOUR GROCER'S.

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

All It Wants

now to make your boy happy in one of FRASER'S CAPE OVERCOATS.

All You Want

to satisfy you that FRASER has what he wants, is to look in and see the variety of style and finish of these Overcoats.

All He Wants

beside the Overcoat is a pair of the best hardened No. 7 Steel Lansdowne or Imperial Club Skates. A pair of these Skates go with every Overcoat, Reefer, or Suit.

W. J. FRASER, Only one door above Royal Hotel.

OUR NEW FRANKLIN!

THE CORONET, THREE SIZES. A POWERFUL HEATER! VERY HANDSOME! MODERATE IN PRICE!

SEE IT!

P.S.—Our Stock of Stoves of every description has never been more complete and prices are very favorable.

EMERSON & FISHER, 75 to 79 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

FOR HOUSEKEEPERS!

PRESTOLINE!

THE MOST EFFECTIVE POLISHER YET INTRODUCED. BRILLIANT POLISH! FREE FROM ACID OR GRIT! NO LABOR!

JUST TRY IT ONCE ON Brass Faucets, Copper Boilers, Brass Signs, Fire Irons, Fenders, Candlesticks, Lamp, Chair Rods, Door Hinges and Knobs, Gong Bells, Name Plates, Military Trappings, Harness and Carriage Trimmings, Musical Instruments, Bicycles, Brass Furniture, and you will be surprised and more than satisfied with the result!

A Liquid Polisher for all uses. Sample Cans, 15c. each.

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

HOUSE-HINTS HOLD HELP YOU.

One hint about Stoves—a good one. Get the stove that requires the least trouble; burns the least coal; cooks the best, and never gets out of order.

COLES, PARSONS & SHARP have that kind of a stove.

The "PERI" is a good cheap stove for a hall or room.



COLES, PARSONS & SHARP have that kind of a stove. The "PERI" is a good cheap stove for a hall or room.

Adown the road the red... Are budding and blo... And the clean cool win... Over my forehead an... Life is a lightness we... Youth is not such a we... Woeless than depriv... Death, that art lurk... My steed is fresh; the... I am not old nor wea... The past was good, as... For is there much I... With thou not slumbe... To harvest grain so... O lean and longing s... Death, thou art lurk... May I shall pray the... The end of me, and t... There hast no soul for... The sweeping blade... From lane's turn I... "Stand!" and as grass... Strike, then, thy blad... Death, thou art lurk... Only, strike sure, if str... When I forget thy de... Seize them suddenly, t... Death, thou art lurk...

AS IT A I am about to writ... great mystery of my... story to many peopl... tion, they all look... Many shook their h... acted as if they w... demented. There i... is now sitting near... writing, that believ... Indeed, Ediena, my... full well that the st... write is true.

I cannot tell whe... I loved Ediena W... vealed to me. We... and as we grew o... brother and sister... the world to me, a... her, her own sweet... hundred times. Our... shared together. A... children, we romped... many a time we w... childish grief. As... our affection for... stronger and deeper... At nineteen Ediena... as the most spotes... I almost worships... still young and n... had entered my hea... could not long avo... suitors, and among... around her was one... tall, proud, aristoc... thorne Hall, which... of his wealth. I... will not deny that... of many of these f... suitors, and of Cyril... lar. Most beautif... ally a trifle inclin... ena Wyldmere was... but that she loved m... as ever, but never h... clarification of my p... enjoyed the attentio... by those who had b... charms of grace an... I was poor, a carp... fact alone in the e... qualified me as a son... was a carpenter's s... caused the calling t... that it was ninete... parents were on the... match" for their d... with favor on Cyril... too wise to come th... Ediena to have not... the poor carpenter's... they did everything t... us and to install St... I shall never forg... and despair that s... saw Ediena pass, a... thorne's handsome... thorne himself by... describe our next m... was to blame for m... know, but I then t... caused for what I d... uttered, and for the... in anger.

The next day I... England town, wher... my life had been sp... bore me away out i... going anywhere, th... from the hateful sp... whom I thought fa... forever. I sought and obt... great city, the crowd... rush of which seem... unnatural to me. I... home had Ediena... impossible to do so... tear her image from... sweet face was almi... Sternly I fought ag... seemed to be draw... Many a night did I... upright in the dark... with her plaintive cr... "Oh, Jasper, com... It always seemed... myself into thinkin... nation. I now know... uttered that very cr... One day an accid... I was passing along... repairs were being... when a falling board... I was picked up and... but when I recovere... not seem deranged... events and people, b... the name of a singl... They told me that I... jured and that doubl... memory would serv... growing better phys... improved mentally... could not recall na... my home, Ediena, C... thing, but I could n... single place or pers... times I seemed on t... Finally I had so fa... informed that on th... to be discharged fr...

All those heating and it... so troublesome to man... cured by the use of Ayr... tended to in time, the... result in the loss of the h...

A BALLAD OF YOUTH.

A dawn the road the red rose bushes
Are budding and blooming here and there,
And the clean cool wind, it laughs and pushes
Over my forehead and through my hair.

AS IT A DREAM?

I am about to write the story of the one
great mystery of my life. I have told the
story to many people, but, with one exception,
they all thought me incredulous.

I cannot tell when the knowledge that
I loved Ediena Wyldemere was first
revealed to me. We were children together,
and as we grew older we seemed like
brother and sister.

At nineteen Ediena was as fair and pure
as the most spotless thing under the sun.
I almost worshipped her then, but I was
still young and my thoughts of marriage
had entered my head.

I will not deny that I soon grew jealous
of many of these fawning and flattering
suits, and of Cyril Staythorne in particular.
Most beautiful young ladies are naturally
trifling inclined to be flirts, and Ediena
Wyldemere was no exception.

I was poor, a carpenter's son, and this
fact alone in the eyes of her parents
disqualified me as a son in law. Our Saviour
was a carpenter's son, but this fact has not
caused the calling to be deemed more lofty
than it was nineteen years ago.

I shall never forget the feeling of rage
and despair that seized me as one day I
saw Ediena pass, seated in Cyril Staythorne's
handsome carriage, with Staythorne
describe our next meeting. How much I
was to blame for what followed I now
know, but I then thought that I had just
cause for what I did.

The next day I left the quiet New
England town where twenty-one years of
my life had been spent. A passenger train
bore me away out into the world. I was
going anywhere, that I might get away
from the hateful spot with the one from
whom I thought fate had separated me forever.

I sought and obtained employment in a
great city, the crowded streets and hurrying
rush of it, which seemed, very strange and
unnatural to me. I tried to forget my old
home and Ediena, but I soon found it
impossible to do so. Strive as I might to
tear her image from my bosom, her fair,
sweet face was almost always before me.

It always seemed very real but I imagined
myself to be thinking that it was all imagination.
I now know that many times she
uttered that very cry.
One day an accident happened to me.
I was passing along beneath the spot where
repairs were being made on a building
when a falling board struck me senseless.
I was picked up and carried to a hospital,
but when I recovered consciousness I did
not seem deranged. I could remember
events and people, but I could not recall
the name of a single person whom I knew.

For several days I lay there gradually
growing better physically, but in no way
improved mentally. Try as I might, I
could not recall names. I remembered
my home, Ediena, Cyril Staythorne, every-
thing, but I could not speak the name of a
single place or person, although scores of
times I seemed up on the point of doing so.
Finally I had so far recovered that I was
informed that on the following day I was
to be discharged from the hospital. The

All these hearing and itching humors of the scalp,
so troublesome to many persons, are effectively
cured by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. If not at-
tended to in time, these diseases are very liable to
result in the loss of the hair.—Advt.

Special Value in Jacket and Ulster Cloths.

Manchester, Robertson, and Allison.

last night of my stay in the hospital arrived,
and at a very early hour I sought my couch
and was soon fast asleep.
I am not naturally a dreamer, but am a
very sound sleeper. It did not seem that I
dreamed that night, but suddenly found
myself in a familiar spot. It was night,
and a thunder storm was rapidly coming
on. The black heavens were seamed with
fire, and deep thunder roared like an
enraged monster. I was standing on an
old bridge which spanned a winding stream
not far from my boyhood home. Suddenly
a flash of lightning showed me Ediena
hurrying along the bridge.

Startled and amazed that she should be
there at such a time, I was about to make
my presence known, when another flash
showed a second person on the bridge,
who I plainly saw his dark moustache, evenly
handsome face, and plainly I heard Ediena's
cry of surprise and fear as he confronted
her midway on the trestle. Then through
the darkness floated his triumphant ex-
clamation:
"Ah-ah! Ediena Wyldemere, I have you
now! Twice I have asked you to be my
wife only to meet with refusal and scorn.
Tonight I swear you shall consent to
marry me, or you meet your death in the
waters of the Crooked river!"

Then came another flash of light that
showed my darling struggling in his life
clasp. To my ears came a cry that stirred
every drop of blood in my veins:
"O, Jasper! Save me! save me!"
In an instant I leaped forward and tore
her from his arms: at the same time I
dealt him a terrible blow that sent him
reeling against the railings of the bridge.
The rotten guard gave way, and flinging
up his arms, with a look of unutterable
horror upon his face plainly revealed by
the vivid glare, he uttered one wild cry
and plunged downward into the dark
water. Ediena uttered one wild, joyful
cry.

"Jasper! Jasper!"
Then she sank unconscious at my feet.
From that moment I knew no more until I
awoke in the morning to find myself in the
hospital. And in the morning my memory
was fully restored to its natural condition.

Was Ediena in trouble? Did she need my
protection?
As a final result, one night I boarded a
swift train and in the morning I stood by
my darling's bedside. She was just recover-
ing from a brief but severe illness. As she
clung to my hand and shed tears of joy,
she sobbed reproachfully:
"O, Jasper! Why did you leave me
there on that bridge after rescuing me
from Cyril Staythorne's hands?"
"O, Jasper! Why did you leave me
there on that bridge after rescuing me
from Cyril Staythorne's hands?"
"O, Jasper! Why did you leave me
there on that bridge after rescuing me
from Cyril Staythorne's hands?"

"What do you mean?" I hoarsely
gasped, scarcely able to credit my ears.
Then she described a scene just as I had
witnessed and taken part in my dream.
She finally said:
"I was over to Mabel Gray's, where I
intended to spend the night, when the
thunderstorm came up. I don't know why
I did it, but I resolved to return home, and
I started out despite the protests of both
Mabel and her mother. I met Staythorne
on the bridge. He seized me in his
vile grasp, and I called for help. Then
you came and snatched me from his hands,
at the same time hurling him off the
bridge. I caught one glimpse of your
face as it was revealed by the lightning,
and then I fainted. When I recovered
consciousness, it was raining and I was
alone on the bridge."
"O, Jasper! Why did you leave me
there on that bridge after rescuing me
from Cyril Staythorne's hands?"

"Was found the following day floating,
a corpse on Crooked River."
My story ends here. I have already told
you that Ediena was my wife. I cannot ex-
plain the mystery of my dream. I can
only write the question that I have asked
myself a thousand times:
"Was it a dream?—Ez.

Anyway to Make It Easy.
Mrs. Maguire—If it's true you are guilty,
me bye, phy don't ye confess an' mebbe it
will go asier wid ye?
Her Son—Arrah, mother, it would only
be the worse for me.
Mrs. Maguire—Then, begorra, phy don't
yez confess that it was somebody else that
did it?—Ez.

Weakness of sight is frequently the result of
general debility. When the blood is impoverished
every organ and sense suffers. As an effective,
powerful, and economical tonic-alterative, Ayer's
Sarsaparilla may be relied on every time.—Advt.

Women and Superstition.

Many housewives mark their loaves of
bread with a cross before putting them in
the oven. One explanation given for this
custom is that "it prevents the bread turn-
ing out heavy." Some, again, maintain
that the sign of the cross "keeps the bread
from growing mouldy."

We find that even in this glorious land
of freedom, liberty and education, there
exists superstition in various forms. It is
with regret and pain that we assert, that
women are as a rule, more superstitious
than men. There are reasons why this is
so; but no reason can be given why it
should continue to remain so. Probably
the strongest reason that can be given why
woman is more superstitious than man, is,
because her mind is more easily impressed
than man's, and when once impressed with
a belief, it is difficult to eradicate it; this
belief is often transmitted to her children.

It is for this reason, this false reasoning
which partakes of the superstitious, that
many women go on through life suffering
greatly but silently from some ailment or
disease, and vainly trying to cure them-
selves with some of the old fashioned
remedies used by grandmothers, and long
ago declared by medical authorities to be
useless and often dangerous.

"It is undeniable fact," says a well
known lady writer on habits of women and
household economy, "that thousands of
women in Canada are continually in a state
of mental excitement and worry from
household cares; some who are devotees
of fashion, and society leaders, also ex-
ercising brains and nerves to such a degree,
that they bring illness upon themselves in
various forms: sometimes insomnia and
irritability; sometimes nervous excitement
and hysteria, and thus their existence is
made miserable to themselves and all
around them. We know that many of
these women resort to such drugs as opium,
chloral and cocaine for relief, others follow-
ing superstition will use old fashioned
drugs and pills.

Women of our country! there are thou-
sands of your sisters who have suffered
equally as much as you have, and have
been released from the bondage of disease
by the use of Paine's Celery Compound.
It is the remedy par excellence for your
sex under all circumstances. Paine's
Celery Compound gives new life, vivacity,
and fresh faces, in exchange for your pre-
sent condition of looking old, worn-out,
languid and tired of life. Use it for
yourself and daughters, and the world
will delight itself more in you.—Advt.

An Ample Explanation.

A good illustration of "the retort
courtous" was given to Count Herbert
Bismarck, the rough and rude son of
Prince Bismarck, on the occasion of the
German Emperor's visit to Rome. At
the railway station Count Herbert pushed
rudely against an Italian dignitary, who
was watching the proceedings. The
dignitary, greatly incensed, remonstrated
forcibly against such unbecoming treat-
ment, whereupon Count Herbert turned
round haughtily and said: "I don't think
you know who I am. I am Count Her-
bert Bismarck." "That," replied the
Italian, bowing politely, "is an excuse
is insufficient, but as an explanation it is
ample."—Ez.

Excusable Profanity.

Managing Editor—William, go into the
next room and see who is swearing. Such
language cannot be used in this office.
William—Please, sir, it's Mr. Jones.
He filled his fountain pen with muclage by
mistake, sir.—Ez.

HUMORS OF THE BLOOD, SKIN AND SCALP.
Cured by CUTICURA.

HUMORS OF THE BLOOD, SKIN AND
SCALP: Itch, scald, pimply, blotchy, or copper-colored,
with loss of hair, either simple, scrofulous, heredi-
tary, or constitutional, are speedily, permanently,
economically, and infallibly cured by the CUTICURA
Remedies, consisting of CUTICURA, the great Skin
Cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier
and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new
Blood and Skin Purifier and greatest of Humors
Remedies, when the best physicians and all other
remedies fail. CUTICURA is the only safe, reliable
blood and skin purifier, and daily effect
more great cures of blood and skin diseases than all
other remedies combined. Price, CUTICURA, 75c.; SOAP,
50c.; RESOLVENT, \$1.00. Prepared by the Potter
Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston, Mass.
Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Furunculosis, blackheads, chapped and oily
skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.
Backache, kidney pain, weakness, and
rheumatism relieved in one minute by the cele-
brated CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLEASTER. 50c.

DYSPEPTICURE not only aids
Digestion and cures indigestion,
but positively does cure the
most serious and long standing
cases of Chronic Dyspepsia.

DYSPEPTICURE BY MAIL.
(Large size only.)
Dyspepticure will be sent by mail to those who
cannot yet procure it in their own vicinity. Many
letters have been received from distant parts of
Canada and United States enquiring how Dyspep-
ticure can be obtained. Many letters have come from
nearer places that either have no handy store or
where the remedy is not yet well known. To meet
these demands and at the same time make Dyspep-
ticure quickly known in places where, under ordi-
nary circumstances, it might not reach for some con-
siderable time, the large (\$1.00) size will be sent by
mail without any extra express to the user. The
Post Office is everywhere, so none who wish the
remedy need be without it. Upon receipt of \$1.00
by Registered Letter, Office order, a large
bottle of Dyspepticure (special mailing style) will
be forwarded, postage prepaid, to any address.
CHARLES K. SHORT,
St. John, N. B.

Every Druggist and General Dealer in Canada
should sell Dyspepticure, as it is strongly demanded
from all directions. Wherever introduced it soon
becomes a household name. The following Who-
lesale Houses handle Dyspepticure: T. B. Barker &
Sons, and S. Macdonald & Co., Montreal;
Wright, Wilson, Bros. & Co., Halifax; Kerry,
Watson & Co., Montreal.

Everybody Asks for
GRANBY
RUBBERS.

ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS

ADAM'S MICROBE KILLER
was introduced into the Maritime Provinces only last July. The great re-
putation it had attained in the the United States and Upper Canada, where
it had effected many mirac-
ulous cures, assisted materially in introducing
it here. Before it could be got in St. John
there were many individuals who sent to New
York for it. It has had a wonderful sale in the
Lower Provinces, and its great reputation is
entirely owing to the remedial qualities it con-
tains, being such as to CURE ALL KNOWN
DISEASES. The price is \$3.00 per wine gal.
All Orders addressed to
C. H. PENDLETON,
General Agent for N. B., N. S., and P. E. I.,
ADELAIDE ROAD, NORTH END,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
AGENTS WANTED.

INSTRUCTION.

Shorthand
LADIES and GENTLEMEN desirous of obtain-
ing a thorough knowledge of Shorthand and
Type-writing and an acquaintance with the duties
of a business amanuensis, should enter for our evening
course—in session every evening (Saturdays
excepted), 7 to 9. Apply to
J. HARRY PEPPER,
Conductor of Shorthand Department,
St. John Business College and Shorthand Institute

A few months in a good
school, is worth years in a poor
one. A suggestion may not
be out of place.
SNELL'S BUSINESS COLLEGE.
WINDSOR, N. S.

SAINT JOHN
Academy of Art.
STUDIO BUILDING: 74 GERMAIN ST.
ST. JOHN, N. B.
The aim of the school is to give pupils a
good training in
DRAWING AND PAINTING.
Pupils can commence at any time—week,
month, or by the year.
PRINCIPAL—JOHN C. MILES, A.R.C.A.
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Send for circular.

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(LL. B. Harvard.)
BARRISTER, ETC.
3 Pugsley's Building, - - St. John, N. B.
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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, & CO.,
14 PUGSLEY'S BUILDINGS,
ST. JOHN.
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JOHN L. CARLETON
HAS REMOVED HIS LAW OFFICE TO NO. 72 1/2
PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, (over office of
D. C. CLINCH, Broker), St. John, N. B.

DR. H. P. TRAVERS,
DENTIST,
Cor. Princess and Sydney Sts.
J. M. LEMONT,
PIANO AND ORGAN TUNER,
FREDRICKTON, N. B.

ONE THOUSAND REWARD
to any live person who will discover a merchant prepared to
lower our price record. Read this remarkable offering.
We are dividing the profits with our patrons.

Mens' very heavy tap-soled solid leather Bal. Boots for \$1.50, this boot is considered cheap at \$2; Youth's
very heavy tap-soled Bal. Boots for 90c., from 10 to 15, worth \$1.25; Boys' very heavy double soled solid
leather Bal. Boots, only \$1.00; Mens' very heavy working Bal. Boots, only \$1.25; Mens' very heavy solid
leather Brogans for 80c.; Infants' Button Boots and Slippers, 25c.; Children's very heavy solid leather
wired Boots, only 50c.; Misses' spring-heeled button grained Boots, \$1.00; Children's ditto, 50c.; Boys'
very heavy Bal. Boots, 5 to 10, with laces, 90c.; Boys' Bal. Boots, from 11 to 5 inclusive, only 75c.; Boys'
Suits, from P. E. Island Tweeds, \$3.50; Mens' very heavy P. E. Island Tweed Trousers, only \$1.50; Mens'
ditto Vests, only \$1.25; Boys' P. E. Island Tweed Suits, to measure, \$4.00; Mens' P. E. Island Tweed
Suits, made by a scientific cutter, only \$12.00 and \$13.00, worth \$18.00; P. E. I. Blankets, \$4.75 per pair,
worth \$6.00; Womens' very fine Kid Boots, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.85; Mens' Leg Boots, \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.25 and
up; Very heavy all-wool Tweeds, 50c., 55c., 75c., and up.
Special discounts every Saturday and Monday for the Workingmen. We do better than we advertise.

POPULAR 20th CENTURY STORE, 12 CHARLOTTE STREET.
TRYON WOOLEN MFG. CO., of P. E. I., Proprietors. J. A. REID, Manager.

MY AIM
Is to give satisfaction in quality
and price, and this I am pre-
pared to do in
Tailor-Made Clothing,

OVERCOATS, UNDERWEAR, COLLARS, CUFFS,
ULSTERS, ETC. OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS. TIES,
Latest Designs.
CLOTHES MADE TO ORDER AT SHORTEST NOTICE.
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ESTABLISHED 1864. FIRE BRANCH.

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INSURANCE COMPANY
OF CANADA.
Head Office, - - MONTREAL.
FUNDS AVAILABLE FOR PROTECTION OF POLICY HOLDERS
Exceed \$1,187,157.

The Glasgow and London Insurance Co. having reinsured
its entire Canadian business in the Citizens, all policy holders
are hereby notified that their policies will be exchanged without
cost on application to us, and we will settle all claims accruing
under policies now in force in the Glasgow and London.
MACDONALD & KNOWLTON,
General Agents.
130 BAYARD'S BUILDINGS, Prince Wm. Street.

ELECTRIC LIGHT!
THE CALKIN ELECTRIC LIGHT CO.
ARE now prepared to enter into Contracts
with their Customers for either the
ARC or INCANDESCENT,
At Rates as low as it is possible to produce
the same with satisfactory results.
We believe our System to be the best at
present in the market, and we guarantee
satisfaction.
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Electrical Expert, Contractor
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Complete Electric Lighting Plants; Motors of all
sizes; Incandescent Wiring.
JAMES S. MAY. W. ROBERT MAY.
JAMES S. MAY & SON,
Merchant Tailors,
DOMVILLE BUILDING,
P. O. Box 308. ST. JOHN, N. B.
Stock always complete in the latest de-
signs suitable for first-class trade.
Prices subject to 10 per cent. discount
on cash.

Photography.
THE FINEST EFFECTS OF
ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHY
That has ever appeared in St. John was seen at the
recent exhibition, and those were produced by
CLIMO.
This was the verdict by all who saw these skillfully
wrought portraits.
COPIES, GROUPS, AND LARGE PANELS
AT VERY LOW RATES.
85 GERMAN STREET,
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Given Away!
DURING the month of December I will give to
every one sitting for 1 dozen Cabinet Photos,
for \$3.00, one extra, framed in a large 8 1/2 x 10 gilt
frame. Remember this frame costs you nothing and
will make a nice Christmas Present.

ISAAC ERB,
13 CHARLOTTE STREET,
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PROGRESS.

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One Inch, One Year, \$15.00; One Inch, Six Months, \$8.00; One Inch, Three Months, \$5.00; One Inch, Two Months, \$4.00; One Inch, One Month, \$3.00.

The edition of PROGRESS is now so large that it is necessary to put the inside pages to press on THURSDAY, and no changes of advertisements will be received later than 10 a.m. of that day.

EDWARD S. CARTEL, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Masonic Building, German Street.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOV. 29.

CIRCULATION, 9,000.

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

A TIME TO ACT.

The time has arrived for the people to wake up and express their strongest disapproval of the recent acts of the chief of police. His last abusive use of power is sufficient to arouse every citizen. Though he is not dependent upon the people for his position, and can snap his fingers at their objections and remonstrances, he will find that he has gone too far.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING.

There begins in the air that indefinable feeling in the air that means Christmas. In spite of gloomy skies and sloppy sidewalks, of rain, and fog, and drizzle, and everything un-Christmas like about the weather, the stores have managed to put on their holiday expression, and the most attractive goods are displayed with the customary holiday prices attached.

The world is full of such cases, where unenvied tongues have slain the innocent, and our own city is not by any means free from them. So it behooves us to look to our ways, that we be not held responsible before a tribunal, from whose decisions there is no appeal, for the moral life of a fellow-creature slain by our hand, as surely as if it held the poniard, and before which it will be useless to plead, "I only repeated what I heard."

find something that should not be there, and if she failed to find the substance, she took the shadow, which perhaps existed only in her own evil heart, clothed it with the flesh of own imagination, and exhibited it in strictest confidence to her friends?

SHAKESPEARE knew what he was saying, when he told us that He that steals my purse, steals trash; But he who filches from me my good name, Steals that which does not enrich him, And which makes me poor, indeed.

And surely he spoke the wisdom of the ages when he said that "A woman may be chaste as ice, and pure as snow, and yet she shall not escape calumny."

She may be an angel of all the virtues, and yet may have been "talked about," and that is enough. Who stops to ask what was said, and whether it was true or not? Who wants to hear her story, or to hear her explanation of the suspicious circumstance upon which her arraignment rests? No one. Who is generous enough, high minded enough, to rise up in her defence, and ask what are the proofs against her: to say "I don't want to hear what they say," I want to hear what you know, I want facts, not suspicions, and till you prove this woman guilty, I say she is innocent. Alas, none but CHRIST himself could find courage to say, "Neither do I accuse thee."

Why are our women and sisters so much more ready to believe the evil than the good? Would that we took one half the trouble to search out the good, that we take to grub up the evil. But the trouble lies in this, we are so afraid of soiling our own immaculate robes, that we fear to venture the least defence of the accused, lest, perhaps, people might say we were like her ourselves. Birds of a feather flock together, and we would not be so ready to excuse her unless our own natures especially fitted us for entering into her feelings. So we hold up our hands in holy horror, listen to the slander, and say, "How dreadful!" So it grows and gathers till it finally overwhelms the victim in its black flood, and she sinks beneath its waters never again to rise in this world.

And while all this is going on, what is the object of this turmoil doing? What can she do? Nothing. She is sitting at home, eating her heart out in silence, utterly helpless, absolutely defenceless, unable to speak for herself, and with no one to speak for her; innocent, perhaps, and with no way of proving it, or it may be guilty of some trifling act of imprudence for which she is condemned, unheard; compelled to endure the coldness and scorn of her sometime friends—a criminal who was never even given a trial.

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WHERE IS HIS BANK ACCOUNT?

Rev. H. W. Little Unconcerned—Thirty Cents on the Dollar Unsecured.

The cool and easy methods of that wonderful ministerial financier, Rev. H. W. Little, of Sussex, are surprising, even those who while shocked at his course, still held that he was the victim of circumstances. He does not seem disturbed by the disgrace he has brought on his order and his parish, but moves along in much the same fashion as of old, owing and unconcerned. The Moncton Times puts it in this fashion:

Rev. Mr. Little, the Sussex clergyman who managed to get into debt in a few months after arriving in this country from England to the extent of \$3,000 and recently assigned for the benefit of his creditors, offers 20 cents on the dollar, unsecured. He was in the enjoyment of a fair salary but furnished his house on an elaborate scale, and otherwise lived beyond his means.

His parishioners do not care to talk about the affair. Progress had a long conversation with one of them recently and his verdict was that but little of the whole truth appeared in these columns when the disclosure of the affair was printed. He could not understand the seeming unconcern of Mr. Little while many of his creditors had to hard a struggle to be able to suffer any such loss. The storekeepers were not alone his victims for one carriage manufactured contributed to his stock of assets. A farmer who lived out of Sussex supplied the minister's house with some products of his diary and naturally wished for his pay. In response Mr. Little wrote him a note without remittance but promised to send him a check in a few days. A good many people would like to know where he keeps his bank account.

A Well Known Wood Engraver.

That well known designer and engraver, Mr. J. E. Fraser, who has been out of the city for some months, has returned and accepted a permanent engagement with Proceus Engraving Bureau. Mr. Fraser is a first class wood engraver and a designer of marked ability. Those who appreciated his excellent work while in this city will be pleased to know that he has returned.

The Show at McCann's Lyceum.

McCann's Lyceum has been crowded almost every night lately, and is growing more popular with both the young and old "boys." It is not every day that an artist like Lavender comes to town, and although there is very little change in his programme the audience cannot get enough of him. Hughes, who does colored specialties, is another good one. Although he does not sing naughty songs like Queenie Hetherington, but work of a more artistic nature, he is popular with the crowd.

THE WORK OF A MOMENT.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

victims, had he listened to the entreaties of his friends a few days before. They wanted him to leave his present employment and go to work in Jewett's mill, at the machine where Lynch was killed.

Indeed, one heard such stories as these everywhere; all told in whispers, and eagerly listened to; everything that had any bearing on the case was recalled. The undertaker was to take the bodies of the Bairs, father and son, to Pisarino that night, and around that house, more than any other, the people assembled.

Across the bridge again, and up on a hill from the mill, little Bert Curry, eight years of age, lay in pure white shrouds, in a room in his father's house—dead. The little fellow was a deaf mute, and counted all the millmen among his friends. That morning he was around as usual, and was on an errand for one of them when the accident occurred. Now he was dead!

The little upturned face appeared as if in sleep, with a peaceful expression, that even the blue marks caused by the steam did not mar. When the cover was lifted, the small hand lying by his side with the loose flesh hanging to it, gave a faint idea of the awful manner in which the boy had met his death.

Down stairs in the same house was a different scene. Another little fellow lay on a bed and looked at the people about him. He was little Herbert Kelly, and it had been reported that he was killed. The expression on his mother's face, as she said, "No! my boy is living," cannot be described. He was badly injured, but still lived. Only twelve years of age, and the eldest of a large family, he had been at work in the mill, and was carried home badly scalded. Everything had been done for him, and at this time he was able to smile and say that he suffered no pain.

His little brothers and sisters, even the baby, were at his bedside, thankful to see him alive; among them being the little playmate of Bert Curry. They said the two were almost inseparable—until now.

Far up the road, where the Hayes family live, was the saddest scene of all. One of the household, Richard Hayes, a colored lad of twenty years, lay on a couch, still living, but worse than dead. In the room with him were his mother and a large number of friends; and above the whispered words was heard the groans of the dying man.

And thus it was everywhere about South Bay. Many of the killed and injured lived some miles away and had been taken home, but the place was so plunged in grief that everyone was affected, all given to reflection. Of the many men in the mill it could not be understood how so many escaped; and in all the conversation both of the men Jewett's and other mills there was a tone and a timidity when the boilers were referred to that one could not understand. It was above the boilers that the men used to put in their time when not busily engaged; they seemed to have an attraction that an outsider could not understand, and the men shuddered as they realized how, every day, they had been in danger of their lives.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

I Will Inform Thee, PA. XXXII. Who can recount the mercies, free To each, to every soul, in kindness sent, The many dangers, we escape and flee, The blessings we enjoy, the comforts lent.

Who can fore-warn us of approaching night, When low the lamp of life shall dimly burn, And the imprisoned soul shall seek in flight, The sphere unknown, from whence none may return.

A Beautiful Store.

Two of the most attractive windows in the city are those of C. Flood & Sons, on King street, and the early bird, in the shape of a Christmas purchaser, will do well to call and inspect the endless variety of charming novelties to be found in their establishment. The Messrs. Flood are very large importers from Germany, England, and France, and their stock of rare china is alone well worth a visit. Amongst their specialties in this line are the world-famous Belleek, or egg shell china, which is only made in Fermanagh, Ireland. The curious filigree Hungarian ware, the celebrated Telemacher, or German china, the English pointings—which comes between the Dresden and Worcester, for rarity and value—and the Royal Worcester, and dainty Dresden, themselves in every shape and design. Besides the china, which first attracts the eye, there are beautiful things, innumerable, to be seen on every side. Dressing cases of all kinds in oxidized silver and ivory, from the large square family affair containing every imaginable luxury and necessary, down to the tiny one for baby, which includes even a rattle and a ring for possible teeth. Pictures, both framed and unframed, in soft sepia and mezzotint; lamps, from the stateliest piano lamp to the smallest toy; statuary silverware, stamped wood, and embossed leather work, from Vienna. Pictures and photo frames in oxidized silver; dainty card cases and purses; silverware in endless variety, and Christmas books and cards in bewildering profusion.

The People Will Wake Up Then.

A large city real estate owner is taking rather a gloomy view of future city taxation. He predicts an advance next year in the rate to such an extent that it will be nearer \$2 to the \$100 than \$1.50.

How to Acquire It.

Correspondence Editor—Here's a fellow wants to know how he can acquire a flow of language. What shall I say to him? Sir Editor—Ask him if he ever tried stepping on a tack with his bare foot.—Washington Critic.

No Year of Cold.

Visitor—Isn't your mother afraid, Willie, of catching cold in those slippers? Willie—Hub, I guess you don't know them slippers. Ma uses 'em to warm the whole family with.—American Grocer.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Really, this week, I scarcely know what to write about, for, although all the musical devotees are kept so busy as ever, as far as practicing is concerned, there has been no unusual, as yet, for the public to listen to the results, and the principal concerts, recitals, etc., have taken place too late to have any notice in my letter. Almost all our choirs are commencing work on their Christmas music, and the Oratorio did quite a good deal with The Messiah, and Athalia, on Monday evening. There are a good many new members, among the trebles, especially.

The other evening I had a card shown me, announcing a drawing room concert, to be held at the Banquet hall, Hotel Vendome, Boston, on Wednesday evening, Dec. 3rd. The proceeds were to be devoted to private charities, and the following artists to assist: Mrs. E. Humphrey Allen, Miss Gertrude Edmonds, Mr. Timothee Adamowski, Mr. Eugene de Danckwardt, Mr. Ernest Perabo, Mr. Anton Heikking, Mr. Max Zach. The cards of admission cost \$1.00.

People in musical circles will remember Mr. Fred McLean, a brother of Mrs. W. S. Carter. I saw a programme of a concert given recently by the Orpheus Club, of London, Conn., of which he is conductor. The club was assisted by Mrs. Jennie Patrick Walker and other eminent artists. Among the selections sung was Dudley Buck's "King Olaf's Christmas."

It was my other day that I heard that Mr. Wm. Christie had gone to San Francisco for his health, and to see if the warm climate would benefit his voice.

Mr. W. A. Ewing, organist of St. James' church, is hearing some good music, I hope, in New York. Mr. W. Earle, who was so well known in our musical societies as Miss Edith Simpson, is now in the city, visiting her mother and sisters, at their home on Sewell street.

Among the Christmas music to be sung in St. John's church are three very fine anthems, "There Were Shepherds," by Chas. Vincent; "Like Silver Lambs," by Barby, and "The Angel Gabriel," by the city, visiting her mother and sisters, at their home on Sewell street.

Miss Lizzie Smith, formerly of Trinity choir, is, I believe, about to join that of St. John's church.

I can only apologize for the shortness of my letter by pleading lack of material. The editor of the Progress, especially Mr. McConnell, deserves great praise for their enterprise in publishing such a number.

The advance announcement for the Youth's Campaign during the coming year is at hand, and gives promise of a rich treat for the fortunate young folks whose names are brightened by that excellent paper next year. In addition to articles from the pens of Messrs. Walter Besant, Justin McCarthy, Archbishop Farrar, Dr. Lyman Abbott, Sir Morrell Mackenzie, and Lord Coleridge, there will be serial stories by Herbert Ward, C. A. Stephens, Capt. C. A. Curtis, Palmer F. Johnson, and Charles G. Lumsden. In addition to these, there will be a series of papers from the pens of some of our best writers, and the qualities required, the wages to be expected, and the qualities required, the wages to be expected, and the qualities required.

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The Marquis of Lorne will be making an attractive sketch of life among the Highland chieftains, and drawings by the Hon. Right Hon. the Princess Louise. Many other admirable features will combine to render attractive this most excellent paper.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Mr. Grant's Relations to the Misses Nicholson.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: How is it that even the St. John papers notably yourselves, speak of Major Grant as being the brother of the mother of the Misses Nicholson with whom he is now at law? He is a Scotch gentleman who came to the city in the military service of the Imperial government; in the civil branch of the Royal Engineer Department, and married a sister of the late John W. Nicholson, who is now in Europe, and has been a year past. Mr. Nicholson married an Irish lady named Talbot, of an excellent family. Her brother, a man of brilliant talents, had come out to Canada, and at a very early age had been elected a member of the Provincial Parliament before Confederation. He and Mr. Nicholson went home to be married together, but he, being anxious to be present at the meeting of parliament, sailed with his bride in the ill-fated Hungarian and perished, which Mr. Nicholson escaped by being reluctantly detained on business till the next steamer. Mr. Grant, therefore, is only the uncle of these ladies by marriage, while, of course, his son is their cousin, and was the "chief mourner," &c. A READER.

How It Strikes an Outsider.

The police department of St. John evidently needs a thorough overhauling. Some of the men, one of them a separate, are charged with being frequenters of houses of ill-fame, and with receiving bribes from law breakers; one of the inspectors, Capt. Rawlings, has been fined for abusive language to some of the men, was also charged with perjury, but escaped. The chief of police had a kind of investigation of the charges of bribe-taking, but gave no decision as to their guilt or innocence, simply passing the evidence over to the public safety committee. A few days ago he summarily dismissed policeman William Weatherhead; the man returned to hand the charges of ill-fame and prostitution, and has used the charges for \$5,000 damages. The department is, certainly, in a very bad state.—Religious Intelligencer.

New Christmas Books, and Merry Goods of all kinds—lowest prices, at McArthur's Bookstore, 80 King street.

FREDERICTON'S BAD BOY.

His Pa and Ma Have a Golden Wedding—Facts About Mary and her Lamb.

Times is dull now and the lecture is over, and the crops is all in, and our house is banked, and the water-tax is paid, and there don't seem to be much around this town which hankers after venturing. A fellow with a powerful intellect in this place is like a man with wings—a fellow—the fellow has a soft time, but it is slow pay for the man.

But, my land, I guess we've been and done it now. I guess were holdin' our end up now, hamenly speakin', were it or ter be. For Pa and Ma was married agin last week, and give a golden wedding. My land, but I never sposed we had so many friends before. It took me and sister more'n a day to write out all the invites.

"Are you goin' to run a 'lection," sez I to Pa, wen I saw the list? Are you on the eve of depositions yourself upon the noble by ney ones, sez I to him? Hav you been called upon by the sufferin' multitudes, sez I, to throw yourself in the breeches in the cause of home and duty? Is it possible, sez I, there's that many votes in the county? Ain't any 'em on the other side, sez I?"

Well, you orter heard Pa half that—were did I see him more pleaser than he was then. "Lord bless you, Jimmy, sez he, them ain't a list of the electors, sez he; them's the invited gents, sez he; we're goin' to have a golden wedding!"

"What ter," sez I? "To hold our end up in the leadin' circles were it or ter be," sez Ma, in solemn tones a-boomin' on the scene.

"Will they all come? Kin they all get in," sez I? With that Pa luffed till his whisker caved in, and I that Ma was goin' into the stables, and there was dancin' and branched and wallis and nashin' and hushin' and crashin'!"

Pa's face was beamin' with honest pride done up in build form, and Ma reposed in state. But you orter seen the presents we got—everything was gold—and then I knowed why it was we sent so many invites to come to the golden wedding, "O, who's that luvly pitcher," sez I, when the Irish jig was over?

"Hush!" sez one of the gents, "the times was dull, Jimmy. So there was ten of 'em formed a syndicate and hot it!"

"And the rickled-dib," sez I? "Another syndicate," sez he. "And the spon-herd," sez I? "Six of us clipped in a dollar apiece for that," sez he.

"And the tea-service," sez I? "Well, sez he, that was by a joint-stock concern up-town, called the Temperary Impemqueus Golden Wedding Company (Limited). Fact is, sez he, it was a jacked-up, and they dedicated the proceeds to your dotting parents."

So I thot I'd wind up this little piece of mine with a real poem which I composed myself: MARY'S MITTON.

Mary had a little ram, He's mid-in name was Billy; He tolled-her into the school, And knocked the teacher silly.

The children luffed to see the ram, They didn't know the teacher had A handkerchief for Mary.

"O, Billy, you have killed my lover," Cried Mary, "ain't you sorry?" They got mad at Mary then, And knocked her into glory.

They buried Mary in the grave Beside her darling lover; The ram has had an interview With Billy's grinning drover.

NOUVELLES FRANCAISES.

Des Anecdotes.

Un Irlandais possédait une petite maison et une vache. Sur sa maison, il avait un toit plat tout couvert de gazon. Sa vache avait mangé tous les fosses d'alentour. L'Irlandais se dit: "Ma vache meurt de faim, pourquoi ne la nourris-je pas sur mon toit?" Il le fit. Ly vache n'eut rien de plus à faire? Notre homme, qui était ingénieux, lui attaché une longue corde au cou, en jette un bout dans la cheminée et descend rapidement. Assisôt que la vache eut mangé le gazon, elle se trouva dans la maison. "Maintenant je suis tranquille!" Cinq minutes plus tard, il était sur le toit et sa bête a terre.

Madame Robert, ma tante, a un petit garçon et une petite fille. Un soir que j'étais chez elle, le petit garçon cherchait à se cacher et n'en trouvait pas. "C'est enroulé," dit-il, avec impatience, "quand on cherche une fille, on trouve toujours des coiffeuses." "Eh bien!" s'écria la petite fille qui habitait sa poupe, "cherche un coiffeur et tu trouveras des coiffeuses."

A reunion française samedi soir on s'est bien amusé. Outre le programme régulier on a chanté le Je-ne-sais-quoi et passé une soirée très agréable. M. P. raconte ses expériences de la fève jaune à Panama et ses expériences d'ont mis bien en demeure de parler de cette maladie puisqu'il en a été atteint lui-même.

La scene du "Maitre de Forge" que M. Masson a recitée est celle où Mlle. Claire qui n'est pas encore mariée se marie du Duo de Bilguy cause avec une de ses amies de ses fiançailles au due. La prochaine reunion aura lieu chez Mlle. Hatheway's Rue Coburg. UN ELRYE.

ECHOES OF THE LIBEL TRIAL.

Two or three likely and amusing stories are told of the recent Steadman-Sun trial, both of which hinge upon Mr. C. N. Skinner's weak point. His examination of one witness was somewhat particular, and with his question for metaphor, Mr. Skinner varied the question, which referred to some voter's politics, by asking the witness whether he was on the dark or the light side. Before the witness could reply, the chief justice, who presided, and inquired what kind of a joke, looked at his glasses and inquired mildly, "Which is the dark side and which is the light?" The member for St. John joined in the hearty laugh that followed.

When Mr. Curry, Jr., was on the stand, Mr. Vanwart was trying to find out just how much he knew about the politics of the electorates. Mr. Curry was quite blunt and precise—for was he not on his oath—but as he proceeded the suits on Mr. Skinner's face grew broader, and finally he leaned over to the lawyer nearest him and said, with a laugh, "What a d— of a time Curry would have defaming my politics!"

The Queen Pays All Expenses. The Queen's last "Free Trip to Europe" having excited such universal interest, the publisher of a popular magazine offered another and \$200,000 for the purpose of a grand tour of the world. The largest list of English words constructed from letters contained in the three words "QUEEN," "TRIP," and "TOUR." Additional prizes, consisting of Silver Tea Sets, China Dinner Sets, Gold Watches, French Music Boxes, Portiers, and Dressers, were awarded, and many other useful and valuable articles were also awarded in point of merit.

Every one sending a list of not less than twenty words will receive a present. Send four stamps for complete rules. Illustrated catalogue of prizes, and sample number of the Queen.—Address, Canadian Queen, Toronto, Canada.

My "Den."

All people, I hold, of literary proclivities should have a "den," whether said proclivities be pronounced and prominent, or, as in the case of the pale historian at present helping build up the fortunes of Mr. Jos. Gilliot, they be merely by the baselines of a dream of a diseased imagination. So, I have a "den." It is situated away up in the attic of the house, under the roof, where in summer time the bold eagle bears his raly tattoo upon the shingles, and holds one spell-bound in the contemplation of the vast alchemy of Nature, and also some slight mistvings as to the exact location of one's umbrella and rubbers. The western side of the room runs out into a dormer about five feet in width, but the encroachment of the opposite wall. Two windowed dormer lead out from the dormer upon the spacious gravelled roof of the attic and of the house.

This makes the "den" very pleasant in summer, and somewhat mitigated in shading in winter. I have for it—but to resume. In winter the winds howl most dismally around this dormer, and about January, if you be blessed with a lively poetic fancy, you can hear the purr of the polar bear as he rubs their backs against the north pole. I'd give the warm end of an tele. I have repeatedly heard this after an apple-dicer debacle and two-and-a-half-douglath satiation.

Around the room are hung some framed photographs of people pure or less elevated upon the pinnacle of literary success. Right above me, I write, bears the features of the "regal Badette," if you will allow me to see the expression of a man whose name has fallen through the trap-door of my memory. The next object of interest that meet the eye in the den is a small, but very valuable, and a diseased telescope, that has grown a sun-burned face in January, if you be blessed with a lively poetic fancy. William Nye, the genius "uplus" of our time, has a portrait of his name in O'Pake. William Nye, the genius "uplus" of our time, has a portrait of his name in O'Pake.

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CANADIAN AND LITERARY NOTES.

A "Society of Canadian Literature" has existed in Montreal, for more than a year, now; the objects of which are...

Among the best, and least costly of the American Magazines is The Cosmopolitan, which is now in its ninth volume, and excels in beauty of illustration and of letter press.

The Land We Live In is an illustrated monthly Canadian Sporting Journal, published by D. Thomas & Co., Sherbrooke, P. Q.

We are gratified to learn from our friend, Mrs. Sarah A. Curzon, the gifted and patriotic author of "Laura Secord, and other Poems," that time and the soothing influence of a christian faith, have in some measure assuaged her grief for her gallant son, who died at her home in Toronto but a few weeks ago.

A correspondent informs us: "We are about to lose another literary acquaintance. I have today a letter from Mrs. (Sophie Almon) Hensley, saying (to my regret) she and her husband and child, Stella, are about taking up their residence in New York city."

The publishers of the Dominion Illustrated promise a Christmas number that shall take the golden crown, and be "a thing of beauty" and "a joy forever."

We welcome the prospect of a Canadian monthly, to make its appearance with the commencement of the new year. It is to be called Canada, and is devoted to Canadian men, matters, history and literature."

A correspondent remarks upon the capriciousness of our literary liking and criticism:

The favorite poet of the hour with our Canadian critics changes about as often as the fashion of a lady's bonnet. At one time—not long since—Sangster and Alexander McLachlan were the bright particular stars in our poetical firmament.

Very true. Have I not the Canadian papers now, in which McLachlan was feted, lauded, rewarded? Was the debt all paid that day, and an act of oblivion passed? Sangster, broken in nerve and mind, sits and thinks himself forgotten. His boat may drift, but he has no longer heart to lit an oar or spread a sail.

Men and women prematurely gray and whose hair was falling, are enthusiastic in praising Hall's Renewer for restoring the color and preventing baldness.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

[FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES.]

MONCTON.

[Progress is for sale in Moncton at the book-stores of W. W. Black and W. H. Murray, Main street.]

Nov. 26.—The excitement of last week was of course the "Old Folk Concert," and to say that it was an unqualified success is to express the truth, all too faintly. The opera house was crowded to the doors, and even after chairs had been placed in the aisle, numbers had to be refused admittance.

Nov. 26.—The excitement of last week was of course the "Old Folk Concert," and to say that it was an unqualified success is to express the truth, all too faintly.

Mrs. T. F. Williams is in Philadelphia, visiting her sister and son. Miss Harris is still in Boston, and Mrs. C. Harris is in Philadelphia.

The Right Rev. Bishop Fallows, of the Reformed Episcopal Church, administered the night of confirmation to ten candidates in St. Paul's church on Sunday morning.

Mr. McKay, the new secretary of the Y. M. C. A., arrived in town last week, and has taken up his permanent abode in it.

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Kinnear are in town, Mr. Kinnear being interested in County courts, which opened yesterday.

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DORCHESTER.

[Progress is for sale in Dorchester at George M. Fairweather's store.]

PROGRESS IS FOR SALE.

Nov. 26.—The Seven Labors of Hercules were but child's play compared to the toil of trying to write "society items" in Dorchester in its present form.

There must be something very attractive about that muddy city, and I think it clearly proves the truth of the saying "the people make the place."

There is a prospect of a break in the monotony just now, as the Trinity church guild propose holding a literary sale and tea meeting in Robb's hall this evening.

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By All Odds

The most generally useful medicine is Ayer's Pills. As a remedy for the various diseases of the stomach, liver, and bowels, these Pills have no equal.

Ayer's Pills

"In the summer of 1861 I was sent to the Annapolis hospital, suffering with chronic diarrhoea. While there, I became so reduced in strength that I could not get out of bed."

The Best

I have ever used for headaches, and they act like a charm in relieving any disagreeable sensation in the stomach after eating."

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines.

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE. ARE NOT A Purgative Medicine. They are a Blood Purifier, Strengthening and Tonic.

EVERY MAN

Who finds his mental faculties dull and failing, or whose physical powers flagging, should take these PILLS. They will restore his lost energies, both physical and mental.

EVERY WOMAN

Who finds her mental faculties dull and failing, or whose physical powers flagging, should take these PILLS. They will restore her lost energies, both physical and mental.

THE OBJECT of this

ADVERTISEMENT is to IMPRESS on YOUR mind the FACT that

Estey's Cod Liver Oil Cream!

is the best Medicine you can take, if you are troubled with a Cough or Cold. For Whooping Cough it is almost an infallible remedy.

It is pleasant as milk, and good for Consumption, Throat Affections, Wasting Diseases, etc.

It is prepared only by E. M. ESTEY, Pharmacist.

And is sold by all Druggists for 50c. a bottle, or six bottles for \$2.50.

WEDDING INVITATIONS

AND WEDDING CARDS.

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

Special care is taken in printing the above class of work, in a neat and artistic manner.

Orders from all parts of the Province will receive immediate attention.

I have every facility for doing— PRINTING

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, And keep in stock a large assortment of Papers for the various grades of printing.

E. J. ARMSTRONG, STEAM BOOK AND JOB PRINTER, 85 Germain Street, ST. JOHN, N.B.

Half a Dollar a Week. Lounges, Tables, Chairs, Rockers, Writing-desks, Clocks, Pictures, Mirrors, Hanging Lamps.

F. A. JONES, : : 34 Dock Street.

TO PAINTERS.

TRANSFER GRADING PAPERS, a perfect imitation of the natural woods, OAK, WALNUT, MAHOGANY, CHERRY, ROSEWOOD, HUNGARIAN ASH, now in stock. Price, \$1.00 per Roll. Full instructions given.

F. E. HOLMAN, - - - 48 KING STREET. NOW'S THE TIME

TO GET— PICTURES FRAMED, And JENNINGS' on Union Street, is the best and cheapest place.

Don't Forget D. J. JENNINGS, - - 167 UNION STREET.

THE NORTH AMERICAN LIFE

Has made the greatest progress in this country during the same period of its history.

Immediate Protection. Absolute Security. FOR INVESTMENT POLICIES TAKE

The North American Life.

MESSRS. VROOM & ARNOLD, Agents, - - ST. JOHN, N. B. T. B. LAVERS, PROVINCIAL MANAGER.

LADIES INCREASE YOUR COMFORT BY WEARING FEATHERBONE

TRY A SAMPLE PAIR. SOLD EVERYWHERE. MADE UP BY CANADA FEATHERBONE CO. LONDON, O.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON, AGENTS FOR NEW BRUNSWICK.

CAFÉ ROYAL, Domville Building, Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets.

MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY. Pool Room in Connection.

WILLIAM CLARK, MITCHELL'S CAFÉ!

OYSTERS - - - Old Patterson Stand, Opposite the Country Market.

Ice Cream. and has fitted up a First-class, respectable Restaurant, where any one can get a good HOT DINNER from 12 to 3 o'clock, and FRUIT, PASTRY and ICE CREAM at all hours.

47 GERMAIN STREET, : : ST. JOHN, N. B. SAINT JOHN Oyster House,

NO. 5 KING SQUARE, NORTH SIDE. How to Kill an Oyster. Don't drown him deep in vinegar. Or season him at all. Don't cover up his shining form. With pepper, like a pall. But gently lift him from his shell. And freely hold your breath. Then with your tongue and teeth Just tickle him to death.

1,000 Bbls. Fresh Raked P. E. I. OYSTERS. The cheapest and best place in the city to buy Oysters.

C. H. JACKSON. Everybody Likes GRANBY RUBBERS.

NEURALGIA. Cronier's Neuralgia Pills. A never-failing remedy for Neuralgia and Headache.

For sale by A. CHIPMAN SMITH & CO., Charlotte Street.

A. & J. HAY, DEALERS IN Diamonds, Fine Jewelry, American Watches, French Clocks, Optical Goods, Etc.

JEWELRY MADE TO ORDER and REPAIRED 76 KING STREET.

S. B. FOSTER & SON, MANUFACTURERS OF WIRE, STEEL AND IRON-CUT NAILS, AND SPIKES, TACKS, BRADS, SHOE NAILS, HUNGARIAN NAILS, Etc.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

ESTEY'S RUBBER BOOTS. WITH DOUBLE THICK BALL. GIVE DOUBLE WEAR ON THE BOTTOM. GREATEST IMPROVEMENT IN RUBBER BOOTS. TWO YEARS' TEST.

FOR SALE BY ESTEY & CO., 68 Prince William Street, St. John, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Rubber Goods of all kinds.

A BARGAIN! SPECIAL LOT OF ENVELOPES, At \$1.00 per Thousand.

J. & A. McMILLAN, BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONERS, 98 and 100 PRINCE WM. STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

DEAFNESS, ITS CAUSES AND CURE. Scientifically treated by an artist of world-wide reputation. Deafness eradicated and entirely cured. From 20 to 30 years' standing, after all other treatments have failed. How the difficulty is reached, and the cause removed, fully explained in circular, with affidavits and testimonials of cures from prominent people, mailed free.

MR. A. FOUNTAINE, 34 West 14th St., N. Y.

DAVID CONNELL, Livory and Boarding Station, Sydney St. Horses Boarded on reasonable terms. Rep. Horses and Carriages on hire. Fine Fit-outs at short notice.

ADVERTISE IN

GROCERS.

W. ALEX. PORT Grocer and Fruit Dealer. Family trade a speciality.

LARGEST STOCK, BEST ASSORTMENT, cheapest all-round Grocery for first-class families. W. ALEX. PORT, Corner Union and Waterloo, Corner Poad streets.

BONNELL & CO. Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Fire Groceries AND FRUITS.

Teas and Sugars a speciality. 200 UNION STREET, : : ST. JOHN. BONNELL'S EXTRA LIME.

R. & F. S. FINN 12 & 16 SYDNEY STREET. Flour and Grain

OATS, FEED, BRAN and CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND. In stock this day. 1,253 Bbls. of selected No. 1 Oysters, for sale to J. D. King & Co., Nov. 20, 1890.

DRUGGISTS. I have just opened a full line of FANCY GOODS.

All new designs, Dressing Cases, Smokers' Manicure Sets, Handkerchiefs, Wash Caps, Glove Work Boxes, Shampooing Collar & Cuff Boxes, Napkins, etc.

THOMAS A. CROOK, 162 PRINCESS STREET, CORNER ST. JOHN, N. B. SATCHET POWDER, Ghypre, Violet, Mille Fleurs, Peau D'Esprit, Heliotrope, etc.

And several other choice Scented Soaps, Ball and try them. PARKER SQUARE MARKET SQUARE. PADDOCK, Essence White Rose, Jockey Club Bouquet, Rondeletia; Essence Bouquet, Heliotrope, etc.

THESE PERFUMES are equal in fragrance to any of the kind, and HALF THE PRICE.

THE UP JOHN. BY examining the physical condition of the body, it will be observed that the system is generally in a state of debility, and the pressure under the thumb, showing a weak pulse, is a sure sign of the disease, not found in Pills of any other make.

RECIPIENT, BY THE process employed leaves the system in a state of debility, and the pressure under the thumb, showing a weak pulse, is a sure sign of the disease, not found in Pills of any other make.

Full particulars given by R. D. McARDY, Medical Hall, 59 Charlotte Street.

C. C. CHALON Croup. A SAFE AND RELIABLE THIS MUCH DREADED. Price, 25c. per Bottle. Manufactured by S. McDIARMID, Wholesale and Retail, 49 KING STREET.

MOOR Almond and Cocoa. FOR SOFTENING AND BEAUTIFYING THE SKIN. It will cure Chapped Hands, It cures the skin when it is exposed to sun or wind, or by the use of soap, or by the use of any other means. It cures the skin when it is exposed to sun or wind, or by the use of soap, or by the use of any other means.

An excellent application after the use of any other means. Prepared by G. A. DROUGHER, 109 BRUNSWICK STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

ERS. KING STREET. TIME MED, cheapest place. ON STREET. N LIFE. g the same period. ute Security. KE an : Life. ST. JOHN, N. B. RE MORE DURABLE RE MORE GRACEFUL RE MORE STYLISH RSETS. NE: LONDON. O. TY SALE. Public Auction, at Chubb's on the corner of Prince William St. in the City of Saint John, on 29th day of December next, at the 10 o'clock noon, pursuant to a decree of the Supreme Court in Equity, made between W. Watson Allen, Plaintiff, and John R. Armstrong, Defendant, and by the approval of the undersigned, the mortgaged premises described in the said case, and other parties apply for sale of September, A. D. 1890. HUGH McLEAN, Referee in Equity. HANINGTON, Auctioneer. ou Dry. NDEE" CANDEE RUBBER BOOTS GIVE DOUBLE WEAR ON THE BOTTOM. GREATEST IMPROVEMENT EVER MADE IN RUBBER BOOTS. TWO YEARS TEST. A MONSIEUR'S THICK BALL. FOR SALE BY Prince William Street, St. John, N. B. Dealers in Rubber Goods of all kinds. RGAN! AL LOT OF PLOPES, er Thousand. McMILLAN, S AND STATIONERS, W. W. STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B. FNESS, ES AND CURE. by a surer of world-wide eradicated and entirely cured, standing after all other treatments. How the difficulty is reached, fully explained in circulars, testimonials of cures from non-pretentious, called for. FREE, 24 West 14th St., N. Y. CONNELL, Riding Stables, Sydney St. on reasonable terms. rages on hire. Fine Fit-overs.

GROCERS. W. ALEX. PORTER, Grocer and Fruit Dealer. Family trade a specialty.

LARGEST STOCK, BEST ASSORTMENT and cheapest all-round Grocery for first-class goods. W. ALEX. PORTER, Corner Union and Waterloo, and corner Mill and Food streets.

BONNELL & COWAN, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Fine Groceries AND FRUITS. Teas and Sugars a specialty. 200 UNION STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B. BONNELL'S EXTRA LIME.

R. & F. S. FINLEY, 12 & 16 SYDNEY STREET, Flour and Grain Store. OATS, FEED, BRAN AND MEAL, CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND OYSTERS In stock this day. 1,253 BBLs of selected No. 1 P. E. I. Oysters, for sale low at No. 19 North Side King Square, J. D. TURNER. Nov. 20, 1890.

DRUGGISTS. I have just opened a full line of FANCY GOODS All New designs, in Dressing Cases, Smokers' Sets, Men's Sets, Handkerchiefs and Work Boxes, Glove Boxes, Odor Boxes, Shaving Sets, Collar & Cuff Boxes, Napkin Rings, in cases.

THOMAS A. CROCKETT, 162 PRINCESS STREET, COR. SYDNEY, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

SATCHET POWDERS, Ghyre, Violet, Mille Fleurs, Peau D'Espanne, Heliotrope, Jockey Club.

PARKER BROS. MARKET SQUARE. PADDOCK'S Essence White Rose; Jockey Club Bouquet; Rondeletia; Essence Bouquet; Heliotrope, Patchouly.

THESE PERFUMES are equal in strength and fragrance to many of the imported ones, and HALF THE PRICE.

THE UP JOHN PILLS! BY examining the physical condition of these Pills it will be observed that most of them can readily be crushed and reduced to a powder by pressure under the thumb, showing a pliable condition, not found in Pills of other make. Made RECIPIENT, BY PRESSURE, the process employed leaves the Pills in a dry powder and porous condition, which does not harden before. A full assortment of different kinds just received.

R. D. McARTHUR, Medical Hall, 59 Charlotte Street, opp. King Square

C. C. C. CHALONER'S Croup Cure A SAFE AND RELIABLE REMEDY FOR THIS MUCH DREADED DISEASE. Price, 25c. per bottle. Manufactured by S. McDIARMID, Wholesale and Retail Druggist, 49 KING STREET. MOORE'S Almond and Cucumber Cream, SOFTENING AND BEAUTIFYING THE SKIN. It will cure Chapped Hands, Face and Lips. It cools the skin when hot, dry or painful from exposure to sun or wind, or heated by exercise. It removes Tan, Eliminates Scaly Eruptions and Blackheads, and keeps the complexion clear and brilliant. An excellent application after shaving. PRICE 25 AND 50 CENTS A BOTTLE. I put up a special size to send by mail, which I will forward to any address on receipt of 50 cents. Prepared by G. A. MOORE, DRUGGIST, 109 BRASSARD ST., COR. RICHMOND. ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS.

RECEIVED INTO STOCK: Ex S.S. Gothenburg City

Col'd and Blk. Pushes. New Birds. " " Velvets. Fancy Feathers. Colored Satins. Col'd Osprey. Fancy & Plain Ribbons. Millinery Ornaments. Felt Hats. Frillings.

S.S. "Halifax" AMERICAN Hat and Bonnet Frames and Felt Hats.

Smith Bros. Granville and Duke Streets, HALIFAX, N. S.

DELICATE PALE FACED WOMEN Can restore the bloom of health to the sallow cheek, replace melancholy with vivaciousness of youth, and renovate the whole system, by the use of Hemington's Quinine Wine and Iron, and Tonic Dinner Pills, used according to the directions. Beware of imitations, always get Hemington's, the original and genuine. For sale by all Druggists, in Canada.

THE GREAT EUROPEAN DYE TURKISH DYES Unequalled for Richness and Beauty of Color. They are the ONLY DYES that WILL NOT WASH OUT! WILL NOT ADE OUT! There is nothing like them for Strength, Coloring and Durability. USE PACKAGE EQUALS TWO OZ. OF OTHER DYES IN THE MARKET. If you doubt it, try it! Your money will be refunded if you are not convinced after a trial. Fifty-four colors are made in "Turkish" Dyes, embracing all the shades and tones as used in the most fashionable. They are warranted to do more goods and do it better than any other Dyes.

Same Price as Inferior Dyes, 10c per lb. Canada Branch: 41 St. Paul Street, Montreal. Sold in St. John by S. McDIARMID, and E. J. MAHONEY, Indiantown.

Ladies' and Gents' FINE WIGS, at the AMERICAN HAIR STORE, CHARLOTTE STREET. Up one flight.

WILL NOT PUT MONEY IN BOXES. MRS. L. B. CARROLL Invites her customers, and the public generally, to the inspection of her large stock of FUR: PHLT: HATS, and Bonnets at 147 Union Street. Also cheap sale of Trimmings at Branch Store, Indiantown.

"CHRISTMAS BOX," Full of Wonderful Things. 15 Portraits of Actresses and Pretty Girls, The Golden Wheel Fortune Teller, Dictionary of Dreams, Guide to Filtration, Lovers' Telegraph, Magic Age Table, Magic Square, 200 Selections for Autograph Albums, 75 Money Making Secrets, 20 Popular Songs, 54 Tricks in Magic, 84 Conundrums, The Dead and Dumb Alphabet, Morse Telegraph Alphabet, Calendar for the current year, and Books and Novelties. ALL sent to you by mail, FREE, for only 5 cents, silver, for postage, A. W. KINNEY, S. J. P., YARMOUTH, N. S.

Everybody Wears GRANBY RUBBERS. 1890 WINTER 1891 It is now time you procured your OVERSHOES, RUBBERS, RUBBER BOOTS, And everything pertaining to footwear, as our first Snow Storm has appeared, and the place to get them GOOD, STRONG, AND CHEAP, is at Frank S. Alwood's, 17 UNION STREET. P.S.—Gymnasium Shoes, in all sizes. Balsamor Hotel. See advt.

"ASTRA" TALKS WITH GIRLS. (Correspondents seeking information in this department should address their queries to "ASTRA," Progress, St. John.)

EVILYN, St. John.—I must tell you the truth, my dear girl, since you ask me. You did very wrong to accept the ring, and if you will take good advice you will return it at once. Tell your friend that you acted thoughtlessly, but on thinking the matter over, you feel you must return it, and I am sure that not only will you be benefited, but his respect for you will be increased. A girl should never accept a ring from a man unless she means to marry him, and believe me he knows she ought not quite as well to do, and though I admit that thought not to put her to the test, by offering it to her I think it is natural that she should fall a little in his estimation, by her readiness to accept presents. It is such an easy matter to let your gentleman friend understand plainly, that you never accept presents from him, that the embargo does not apply to a pretty bound book, or a box of chocolate almonds, at Christmas, a bouquet of roses, in spring or a sheet of music at any time, any one of which things a lady may accept with perfect propriety from her old friends of the opposite sex, as I have already said in this column.

ANXIOUS ONE, Boston.—I think I said at the outset girls, that you were not to ask your possessors, and now you drop down upon me unsuspecting head with a question like that. Well fortunately I have taken painting lessons and studied art a little, so I think I am equal to the occasion. A Chioscaro is an Italian word and is a technical term used in art studies to describe the clearness, or atmosphere, of a landscape, when you say the picture was crude, but the Chioscaro was good; you mean that there was a certain clearness, or perhaps a mellow glow of sunlight about it that made it a faithful copy of nature. It is pronounced thus, Che-oh-scuro. And I hope I have succeeded in making it clear to you.

MARK, Lower Horton.—No, certainly not, the host should never precede his guests to the dining room. At a large dinner party it is customary to place a number of envelopes in the gentleman's dressing room, addressed to the different guests; each envelope contains the name of the lady he is expected to entertain in to dinner; should there be any guests who are strangers to each other, the host or hostess sees to each other, and introduces, and thus all confusion is prevented. Where a few intimate friends are asked to an informal little dinner, the host would merely turn to one of the gentlemen and say, "Robinson, kindly take Mrs. Smith in, and we will follow." Mrs. Smith, of course, being at the drawing room door, till his guests had all preceded him, and bring up the rear of the little procession in good time to seat himself at the foot of the table as soon as his guests had all taken their places.

JOPIAMA, Woodstock.—Your name looks very Japanese, Jophama, but your writing is distinctly English. Yes, I shall always be most happy to talk to the boys, and answer any questions they ask me, when they write as nice a note as you did. I have no desire to exclude them—bless them—from my column, but shall always extend them a hearty welcome, when they make their appearance in it.

(a) "Blue blood" is supposed to flow exclusively in the veins of the nobility, the upper ten thousand. I really am not prepared to say whether Ward McAllister and his four hundred have a monopoly of it in the United States or not, but I believe the Loyalists and bank clerks are supposed to possess the largest stock of it in Canada—only they talk of it as "blue blood," I think it is often very blue and thin, indeed like London milk, you know. My own idea of blue blood is that it flows in the veins of anyone who is "Worthy to bear the grand old name 'A gentleman,'" whether he be a prince, peasant, or a Methodist minister; no denomination can have a monopoly of it.

(b) Most certainly, only second in sacredness to the marriage bond, but stop and think for a moment, Jophama, suppose you were engaged to a girl, yourself, and she found that you were not quite what she thought you; that you chattered too much, or that you were drunk, and she found she did not love you as well as she once did; would you wish her to marry you under those circumstances, merely from a sense of honor? Would you not prefer that she should tell you she had changed and ask you to release her, rather than live the life of misery which would be yours, with a wife who did not love you, and had married you merely because she would not break her word. I am sure I should, if I were a man.

(c) No! I can't explain it. I have often wondered about it myself, and I give it up. Religious (?) parents who object to dancing and sanction kissing games, are quite beyond my comprehension. I have no sympathy with them, and I think they are troubled with a sort of moral obliquity of vision which makes them take distorted views of everything. Nothing can be so harmless, graceful and charming, than dancing, while if I were a man, I really don't believe I should care to marry a girl who had been in the habit of indulging in "kissing games," and being kissed promiscuously by all her male acquaintances.

A COUNTRY GIRL, Amherst.—I don't think you are a country girl at all, or you would never ask me such a question. I am perfectly ashamed of you, "Is there any harm in encouraging the attentions of a married man," you ask. What does your own common sense tell you, if your conscience does not speak? What good can come of a flirtation with a married man, and then the wickeder part of it? and how do you suppose it is going to effect your position with other young men, men of the class termed eligible? do you suppose they are going to respect a girl who cannot respect herself sufficiently to keep from poaching on the preserves of other, and trying to release her attention of another woman's husband? How would it seem if you were to marry a girl, if she were to tell you that she had been in the habit of indulging in "kissing games," and being kissed promiscuously by all her male acquaintances. "Scat! 'Country Girl' go away! I have no patience to talk to you, I really begin to think you are a man in disguise!" ASTRA.

Women Save More Than Men. A very observant gentleman declares that women are much more economical than men, and when thrown on their own resources and exertions will save a little out of a small income where a man would give up or commit suicide. Husbands who have such wives, have a treasure on earth. We see every day the man with a comparatively small income throw away some article of clothing half worn, or somewhat faded, which could be re-dyed and made to look new again at a trifling expense. Women in the same position of life, will take a dress to pieces, and re-color it with Diamond Dyes at a cost of ten cents, making it look new and stylish.

Economical housewives to-day in this way save their husbands many dollars every year. Diamond Dyes have found a place in thousands of homes in the Dominion, and have invariably given satisfaction wherever used. Ladies who have used them for years declare they would use no other make, at any price. Some have tried inferior package dyes from curiosity and have thrown them aside as useless and worthless.—Advt.

The Fitness of Things. The following advertisement appeared not long ago in a newspaper in Paris: "A lady having a pet dog whose hair is of a rich mahogany color desires to engage a footman in white to match."—Ex.

Unavoidably Postponed. It was a bloodthirsty country editor who announced to his readers that "A number of deaths are unavoidably postponed."—Picaune.

JOHNSON'S LINIMENT UNLIKE ANY OTHER. For INTERNAL or EXTERNAL USE. Originated by an Old Family Physician in 1810. GENERATION AFTER GENERATION HAVE USED AND BLESSED IT. THINK OF IT. In my 40th year I was in one family. Dr. J. S. Johnson & Co. It is sixty years since I first learned of this now celebrated remedy from Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Nervousness, Asthma, Cholera, Malaria, Lumbago, Sciatica, Sore Throat, Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness, Soreness in Body or Limbs, Lame Back, Stiffness of Joints, Headache, Toothache, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, and all other ailments. It is a household necessity. It is sold in all cases in bottles of one, two, and four ounces. Price, 50 cents per bottle. Sole Importers, L. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Could a Remedy WITHOUT REAL MERIT Have Survived for Eighty Years? Dropped on Sugar, Children Lose It. Every Traveler should have a bottle of it in his pocket. EVERY SUFFERER FROM Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Nervousness, Asthma, Cholera, Malaria, Lumbago, Sciatica, Sore Throat, Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness, Soreness in Body or Limbs, Lame Back, Stiffness of Joints, Headache, Toothache, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, and all other ailments. It is a household necessity. It is sold in all cases in bottles of one, two, and four ounces. Price, 50 cents per bottle. Sole Importers, L. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

EVERY MOTHER should have a bottle of it in her pocket. It is a household necessity. It is sold in all cases in bottles of one, two, and four ounces. Price, 50 cents per bottle. Sole Importers, L. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

THE BEST CURE FOR THE BEST COUGH MEDICINE. GOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE. CONSUMPTION.

BANK OF MONTREAL. CAPITAL, \$12,000,000 REST, \$6,000,000 A Savings Department has been opened in connection with this Branch. Interest allowed at current rates.

E. C. JONES, MANAGER, SAINT JOHN BRANCH. 11-22-6

THE City Fuel Co. Are prepared to receive orders for HARD or SOFT WOOD FUEL, Sawn, Split, and delivered at residence. HARD WOOD, \$2.40 per Load. SOFT " " " \$1.50 " " " Factory: 62 CITY ROAD, Adjoining McLean's Foundry. Telephone. 11-22-6

A SUCCESS! McCANN'S LYCEUM THEATRE! EVERY NIGHT! COME AND SEE US! We Try to Please. We Will Please You. Admission, 10c.; Reserved Seats, 20c. Matinees, Wednesdays and Saturdays. SPECIAL.—HUGHS and FARRON, Sketch Team and Dancers. SAINT JOHN DYE WORKS, 84 PRINCESS STREET. Ladies' and Gents' Ware Cleaned or Dyed at short notice. Feather Dyeing a Specialty. C. E. BRACKETT, Prop.

STEAMERS. STMR. "CLIFTON" WILL leave HAMPTON, on her regular trips, every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, at 5.30 a. m., and Indiantown at 3 p. m.

STMR. "BELLISLE" FOR HATFIELD'S POINT, and Intermediate Stops, for about 20 miles on St. John River and 12 miles on BELLEFLEUR BAY. Leaving INDIANTOWN TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY at 12.30. Return alternate days, starting at 7 a. m. Tickets SATURDAY, good to return MONDAY, at ONE FARE.

International Steamship Co. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. TWO TRIPS A WEEK FOR BOSTON

ON and after NOV. 3, the Steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston, every MONDAY, and RETURNING will leave Boston same days at 8.00 a. m., standard, and Portland at 5.50 p. m. for Eastport and Saint John. Freight received daily up to 5 p. m. C. E. LAECHLER, Agent.

WEYMOUTH S. S. COMPANY Limited. S. S. "WEYMOUTH," Capt. Chas. Leary.

STEAMER "Weymouth" leaves WEYMOUTH every Tuesday, for St. John. Returning, leaves St. John for Weymouth, every Wednesday. Leaves Weymouth every Friday for Yarmouth. Returning leaves Yarmouth, every Saturday, at 2 p. m. Will call at Westport and Meteghan, when passengers or freight offer. C. BURRILL, Pres. and Manager. H. S. HOYT, Secy. Agent, St. John—FRANK ROWAN. Nov. 1, 1890.

INSURANCE. Union Assurance Society OF LONDON. Instituted in the reign of Queen Anne, A. D. 1714. CANADIAN BRANCH: T. L. MORRISSEY, Resident Manager, 35 St. Francis Xavier Street, Montreal. Subscribed Capital, £450,000 Capital paid up, £180,000 Total invested funds exceed, £2,150,000 Annual Income, £250,000

THE undersigned, having been appointed General Agent for the Province of New Brunswick for the above OLD ENGLISH COMPANY, is prepared to accept FIRE RISKS upon property of every description at current rates of premium.

J. E. B. DICKSON, General Agent, Office: BARNHILL'S BUILDING, PRINCESS STREET ST. JOHN, N. B. 11-22-4

INSURANCE FIRE PLATE GLASS INSURED AGAINST BREAKAGE RIMM FRANK 78 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET SAINT JOHN N.B. STEAM BOILER INSPECTION INSURANCE. ACCIDENT NOTICE. M. R. W. W. FRANK having resigned the Agency of the BRITISH AMERICA ASSURANCE Co., Messrs. MACDONALD & KNOWLTON have been appointed General Agents, and all Policy holders are requested to renew their policies through them. E. L. PHILIPS, Special Agent for Maritime Provinces. JOHN MORISON, Governor.

British America Assurance Co'y, ESTABLISHED A. D. 1833. Cash Capital, \$500,000.00 Assets, \$1,250,000.00 We solicit for this old, reliable Home Company a share of your Fire Insurance.

MACDONALD & KNOWLTON, GENERAL AGENTS, 132 PRINCE W. STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B. 11-10-61.

MANCHESTER FIRE ASSURANCE CO. OF ENGLAND. CAPITAL, \$7,500,000. ESTABLISHED 1824. D. R. JACK, GENERAL AGENT, 70 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET. FIRE INSURANCE! 36 Years of uninterrupted Success.

THE PHENIX INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD. ESTABLISHED 1854. I solicit a share of your Insurance for this first-class Company. FRED. J. G. KNOWLTON, General Agent, 46 Princess Street, St. John, N. B.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY (New Brunswick Division).

"ALL RAIL LINE" TO BOSTON, &c. "THE SHORT LINE" TO MONTREAL, &c. Commencing Oct. 15, 1890. PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE SAINT JOHN STATION, at 10.30 a. m.—Flying Yankee for Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.; Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Halifax, Woodstock and points North.

SUPPER PARLOR CAR ST. JOHN TO BOSTON. 17.35 p. m.—Accommodation for Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.; Fredericton, St. Stephen, Halifax and Woodstock. 14.40 p. m.—Express for Fredericton and intermediate points.

2.45 p. m.—Night Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; for Halifax, Woodstock, St. Stephen, Freque, etc.

FULLY ANCHORED CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR. 10.45 p. m.—Fast Express, via "Short Line," for Moncton, Miramichi, Toronto and the West.

CANADIAN PACIFIC SLEEPING CAR TO MONTREAL. RETURNING TO ST. JOHN FROM Montreal, at 17.45 p. m. Sleeping Car attached. Bangor at 15.45 a. m. Parlor Car attached; 7.30 p. m. Sleeping Car attached. Montreal at 11.10, 11.25 a. m.; 12.45 p. m. Woodstock at 10.10, 11.40 a. m.; 8.30 p. m. Halifax at 10.10, 11.35 a. m.; 8.30 p. m. St. Stephen at 17.45, 11.15 a. m.; 19.50 p. m. St. Andrews at 16.35 a. m. Fredericton at 16.20, 10.20 a. m.; 13.15 p. m. Arriving in St. John at 2.40, 19.05 a. m.; 17.00, 17.00 p. m.

LEAVE CARLETON FOR FAIRVILLE. 18.00 a. m., 13.00—For Fairville. EASTERN STANDARD TIME. Trains marked * run daily; † except Sunday. † Daily except Saturday. For Tickets, Sleeping Car Berths, Time Tables, and all information, apply at the CITY TICKET OFFICE, CHURCH'S CORNER, or at the Station.

Intercolonial Railway. 1890—Winter Arrangement—1891

ON and after MONDAY, 24th NOV., 1890, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton, 1.10 Express for Point du Chene, 1.30 Accommodation for Point du Chene, 1.40 Day Express for Halifax, 1.50 Express for Quebec and Montreal, 1.55

A Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7.10 o'clock and Halifax at 7.15 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John at 10.35 and take Sleeping Car at Montreal.

The Train leaving St. John for Quebec and Montreal on Saturday at 10.35 o'clock will run to destination, arriving at Montreal at 10.35 Sunday evening.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. Express from Sussex, 8.50 Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted), 9.25 Accommodation from Point du Chene, 12.45 Day Express from Halifax, 12.50 Express from Halifax, 12.55

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal are lighted by electricity and heated by steam from the locomotive. All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent. RAILWAY OFFICE, Moncton, N. B., 20th Nov., 1890.

Shore Line Railway. ST. JOHN, ST. GEORGE and ST. STEPHEN. Until further notice Trains will leave St. John (East) at 2 p. m. West Side, 2.30 p. m. Arriving in St. Stephen at 6.50 p. m. Leave St. Stephen at 7.45 a. m. Arriving in St. John at 12.10 p. m. Freight received and delivered at Moulson's, Water Street. Eastern Standard Time. FRANK J. McPEAKE, Superintendent. Oct. 4, 1890.

HOTELS. HOTEL STANLEY, ST. JOHN, N. B. J. M. FOWLER, Proprietor. Terms, \$1.50. BELMONT HOUSE, ST. JOHN, N. B. The most convenient Hotel in the city. Directly opposite N. B. & Intercolonial Railway station. Baggage taken to and from the depot free of charge. Terms—\$1 to \$2.50 per day. J. SIME, 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.

VICTORIA HOTEL, ST. JOHN, N. B. D. W. McCORMICK, Proprietor.

ROYAL HOTEL, ST. JOHN, N. B. T. F. RAYMOND, Proprietor.

ELLIOTT'S HOTEL, 25 to 32 GERMAIN STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B. Modern Improvements. Terms, \$1.00 per day Tea, Bed and Breakfast, 75 cts. W. E. ELLIOTT, Proprietor.

HOTEL DUFFERIN, ST. JOHN, N. B. FRED A. JONES, Proprietor.

WILLARD'S HOTEL, WASHINGTON, D. C. The most famous and well-known Hotel in the City. Special rates by the month. The cuisine equaled by none. Homelike and convenient to all public buildings. Send two stamps for guide to—O. G. STAPLES, Proprietor.

BALMORAL HOTEL, NO. 10 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B. Is now open to the Public. NO better location in the city, only 4 minutes' walk from the L. C. B. Depot and Intercolonial Station. Most desirable Facing Market Square. Remember this building is on the corner of King and Prince William Streets. NO BIG FEELS—best food fare at moderate prices. Call on us and satisfy yourself that we will try to make our best home. Don't forget No. 10 "Blue Sign." Permanent and Transient Boarders accommodated at low rates. A. L. SPENCER, Manager.

Special Notice TO Ladies!



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

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

RIBBONS, a great variety.

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

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

97 King Street. EVERY LADY

who desires to have a GOOD COMPLEXION and NICE SOFT WHITE HANDS, should Use Estey's Fragrant Philoderma.

THE CANADA Sugar Refining Co. Montreal. (Limited)



We are now putting up, expressly for family use, the finest quality of PURE SUGAR SYRUP



HIGH-CLASS OIL 550 BBLs. (now due) to arrive per Sch. Boss & Stella.

J. D. SHATFORD. Would Be Put Out. "I hope to pay my board regularly, Mrs. Hasbigh," said young Counterskip.

The Fatal Three. A Messenger Boy's Diary—Monday, hired; Tuesday, tired; Wednesday, fired.

Costly, but Lasting. "What is the matter, dear boy? You are hardly a year married, and look so troubled?"

"What is the matter, dear boy? You are hardly a year married, and look so troubled?"

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.) Mrs. Mowatt, wife of Captain Harry Mowatt, of the ship Timandra, arrived here last week, and intends to remain during the winter.

SAKVILLE. [Progress is for sale in Sackville at C. H. Moore's bookstore.]

Nov. 26.—It was reported on Wednesday morning that the hand of death had visited the sunny little home on the hill-side, and taken Mr. G. J. Trauman in its iron grasp.

AMHERST. [Progress is for sale at Amherst, by George Douglas, at the Western Union Telegraph office.]

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Ferguson & Page



ARE RIGHT TO THE FRONT WITH THEIR FINE ASSORTMENT OF Holiday Goods Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Clocks, Silver Ware, Canes, Spectacles, Opera Glasses,

43 King Street.

Do You? "White Cross" Granulated Soap does make things clean and sweet: pots, pans, sinks, marble, brass, glass-ware, windows. For washing dishes it can't be beat.

BROWN BREAD FLOUR 5lb. WHEAT GRITS. Bags.

NEWCASTLE. Nov. 26.—I am sorry to hear that Mr. Lyman Harley leaves for Billings, Montana, this evening.

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Skinner's Carpet Warerooms.

Just opened, a large lot of

SMYRNA RUGS,

A fine Rug for \$3.00, former price \$4.00. A large Rug, only \$4.00, " " \$5.00.

A. O. SKINNER.

MRS. WATERBURY'S DINNER PILLS

DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, AND ALL KIDNEY and LIVER COMPLAINTS.

Chair makes a nice present, or a nice Rocker is appreciated at Christmas.

EASY C. E. REYNOLDS

has a nice line of these Goods at 101 Charlotte Street.

GROCERIES

BOTTOM PRICES. 73 SYDNEY STREET. 73

HARDRESS CLARK. SIMPLEST, MOST DURABLE, MOST RAPID

TYPE WRITER.

Best Manufacturer. Adjustable. Portable.

ARTHUR P. TIPPET & CO., General Agents, ST. JOHN, N. B.

GO TO KERR'S COOL ICE-CREAM PARLORS

DELICIOUS ICE CREAM. ALSO CHOICE ASSORTMENT OF FIRST-CLASS CONFECTIONERY.

94 KING STREET. 94

THE BEST OF EVERYTHING FOR CHRISTMAS

Right to the front we place our new holiday stock; complete in assortment; splendid in quality; and overflowing with genuine bargains.

THE NEW! THE NOVEL! THE BEAUTIFUL!

EVERYBODY IS DELIGHTED WITH OUR HOLIDAY STOCK—SEE IT!

American Novelty Company,

94 KING STREET. W. A. STEWART, Manager.

NOTICE TO FARMERS.

THE UNDERSIGNED, who intends proceeding to England as Special Emigration Agent, on behalf of the New Brunswick Government, to lay the advantages of the Province before English farmers who may purpose emigrating, will receive applications until Dec. 30th, from

Owners of Farms who may want to sell. Full particulars required with usual fee for Entry and Advertisement in my Register.

W. M. H. BOYCE, Real Estate Agent, Fredericton. ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS

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