

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.

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 magistrates. 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 cold.

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 touching 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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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.

It was at the Institute in the afternoon that the great curious, everyday crowd was found; in the Institute where there was no restraint placed upon the audience, by sacred surroundings, by stained glass windows and cushioned pews; by the roaring of a great pipe organ heard no place else outside of a church; in the Institute, the home of all worldliness; where all kinds of doctrines had been preached and all kinds of meetings held; here was assembled the great crowd of the day, and it was composed entirely of men.

All sorts and conditions of men! Young men, old men, genteel looking men, and rough looking fellows; merchants, mechanics, professional men, laborers; good men, bad men and men who "would pass in a crowd;" but when the lecturer addressed them they were all so steeped in sin that in all that through no one expected to find one man who had any claim to salvation.

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. There were not enough people to fill the hall, but the awful possibility of being deprived of a seat after being on the ground so early in the day, made everyone feel uncomfortable.

So, when the doors were opened there was one grand rush; all the little groups forsook the street corners, took up positions in the rear of the long column that reached into the hall, and pushed. There were still vacant seats when the rush was over. But not for long. In a few moments every seat was occupied, and still the people came. A good forty minutes had to pass before the lecturer would appear, but there was lots of excitement to make the time pass quickly.

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, and awfully fond of each other never crosses their innocent minds.

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. Then the chairs on the platform began to fill up; the doors in the back scene were burst open, more chairs brought out, but still the crowd wasn't satisfied. Then scenes were pushed to one side, revealing the disordered back of the stage; the beauty of the place was gone. The wings now disappeared and people took their place, until there was only enough space left to give the Rev. Sam Small room to rant and roar on the front of the stage.

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 Rev. Samuel was giving his seat in the Salvation Army barracks to two young ladies who would otherwise have had to stand in the aisle. Yes, the reverend gentleman was in the democratic Salvation Army, and on the platform, too. He did not forget to say so at the Institute. So it would seem that he took in as many places last Sunday as a newspaper reporter does on the night about Christmas time when nearly every church

in town has a tea fight, the asylums distribute the burdens of Christmas trees, the Prohibitory and Evangelical alliances, and the anti-tobacco society hold meetings, and a number of lodges "elect the following officers for the ensuing term."

When the speaker arose there was quiet, and he was eagerly listened to to the end. But what sort of an impression he made would be hard to say. When he asked those who would like to lead better lives, to stand up, all did not jump to their feet. Perhaps they were afraid of losing their seats by the people who had been standing all afternoon dropping into them. But quite a number got up in a manner that showed they meant something; others got up because they did, and nearly everybody stood up because they thought everybody else was going to stand up. They followed the crowd, as they always have done; and if the crowd went in the opposite direction from that mentioned by Mr. Small, all these people would probably go there too, to avoid being lonesome. Some few in the audience didn't seem to care very much in which direction they went and kept their seats.

THE COUNTRY HONEYMOON.

How They Enjoy It in Spite of the Curious Gaze of the Public.

The newly married couple from the rural districts, who are on their wedding trip and don't care who knows it, are a type of humanity to be found every day in the week, and on any train. They are a boon and a blessing to the bored and weary passengers, who are longing for something to happen and who prick up their ears hopefully the moment the blushing twain make their appearance, sure of good things to follow, and a delightful freedom from *ennui* as long as that pair remain on the train.

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, and awfully fond of each other never crosses their innocent minds.

So they settle themselves complacently into a double seat, pile up their luggage, place their lunch basket within easy reach, and give themselves up to solid enjoyment. How those dear young people do love each other, and how undisguisedly they show it! With what relish do they exchange kisses! The bridegroom encircles the slender waist of his adored one with his manly arm, and she giggles and lays her hand on his shoulder in the most trusting manner, while all the passengers smile audibly, and some snicker outright; but don't imagine that those two happy souls care, not they; they are living in a land, like the Eden of old, inhabited by but two people. How trustfully she gazes up into his freckled face, and with what clumsy tenderness he strokes her hair, the train speeds on, and all of us to our appointed destination without much effort on our own part; some to our work; some to pleasure, and some to sorrow; some even to as dark a future as the gathering night into which the crowded train is rushing.

But for two very, ordinary young people, whose destiny at present seems to be to afford amusement for a car full of tired travellers; that train is speeding through a "Happy Valley," and its destination is a "House Beautiful," illuminated by the light that never was on land or sea, and never will be either, until it first gilds our own lives, and dazzles our eyes, till we see all things through it. GEOFFREY.

The Atlantic Monthly. 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. It is a sample number for the year, the readers of the Atlantic are to be congratulated. Besides Mr. Stockton's serial "The House of Martha," in which there is a delicious description of a battle between a pretty nun, whom the hero has engaged as an amanuensis, and a wasp. Short stories from such gifted pens as those of Rudyard Kipling, and Henry James; papers by Mr. Birge Harrison, Mr. William P. Andrews, John Fiske, and A. T. Mahon. Margaret Christine Whiting contributes a delightfully gossiping article about "The Wife of Mr. Secretary Peppy," with quotations from the immortal Samuel's diary. And Miss Sophia Kirk, in her pathetic little sketch, "Heimweh," gives a homelike picture of life in Germany, looked back upon by two expatriated Germans. And a member of the Contributors' club writes some good, common sense on the subject of English and American spelling. And Mr. H. C. Marvin gives some sound advice concerning "Carriage Horses and Cobs." Fannie F. D. Murfree has an instalment of her serial, "Felicia," and these, with some excellent minor articles and "Books of the Month," complete a most attractive number.

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. There is such a delightful freedom from restraint, a lack of accountability to anyone that is most attractive to the restrained and down trodden sex, accustomed as they are to the constant criticism of home life, the perpetual standing in the full sunlight of other people's opinions. Here, in the boarding house, the girl, or woman, who has gone out into the world to earn her living is responsible for but two things, her own respectability, and the punctual payment of her board. She is free from a thousand small worries and trammels that have borne her down with irresistible force at home, and amongst strangers she is likely to find her true level; she will be looked upon without prejudice or partiality; she will learn to depend upon herself, just as the swimmer who really wants to learn is tossed into the water and left to shift for himself, until he shows signs of sinking, when he is promptly brought up to the surface again by his watchful friends.

The girl who boards receives some practical lessons in punctuality that will be invaluable to her, from a business point of view. She learns to be on time always, and is soon cured of one of the worst of feminine small faults, that of dawdling, a fault that mars many an otherwise charming character. She learns the value of time, and instead of spending that beloved ten minutes more in bed, to which she clung so tenaciously at home, when she boards she soon learns to get up at the appointed time, and be ready to descend to the dining-room the moment the bell rings. She no longer loiters about town with "the girls" till a quarter past 6 o'clock and keep everybody waiting for their tea till they could willingly throttle her. She finds out—unless she is boarding with very exceptional people—that being late for any meal means either missing it altogether, or getting it in a cold and concrete state, far from appetizing, and the lesson is not lost. Ten chances to one, the man who marries a girl accustomed to life in a boarding-house will not make such a bad match as his friends are apt to think he will. It does not follow by any means that the girl in question has boarded all her life, and, therefore, knows nothing about house-keeping. On the contrary, she may be an accomplished housekeeper, and all the more inclined to appreciate the charms of home life, if her experience in boarding has not been very pleasant, and even if she should not be a first class cook, the fact that she never keeps her husband waiting for her, when they are going out together, till he is literally foaming with impatience will go a long way with that fortunate man towards condoning even so serious a hiatus in her education. The girl who boards acquires a self reliance, and independence, nothing else can give her. She learns to take care of herself in every sense of the word, and it she is the right sort of girl, the freedom of boarding house life will only make a woman of her.

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. It gives you a feeling of respectability, of having a character to sustain, and live up to that the most luxurious chamber at home never inspired. You can lie on the bed if you want to, or you can lean out of the window till you are in imminent risk of dashing out your brains on the sidewalk below, and it is no one's affair but your own. You are monarch of all you survey as long as your board is paid. You come and go when you like, and nobody makes any comments, always provided you don't overstep the magic boundary of 10.30 p.m. You can even give a party in a small way, provided you don't make too much noise, and your guests are strictly confined to the female sex. Oh, you can have lots of fun when you are boarding; and any mother who wants to teach her girls punctuality, the value of time, and better still, the value of self dependence cannot do better, in my estimation than let them board for a while; provided she can afford it, and the girls belong to the class who can take care of themselves and be trusted away from home.

A Conservatory of Music Talked Of. A Conservatory of Music is one of the new projects connected with the St. John Opera House. The directors of this institution have nothing to do with it, but they will be glad to see such an enterprise in the same building, if it can be started. Miss Hitchens, always energetic, who is giving the matter some attention, claims that she has the nucleus of an excellent conservatory, which will expand and fill the opera house. Others think the Opera House should assume the control of any conservatory; engage the teachers, and do all the business in connection therewith, and are sanguine enough to think such an undertaking would pay from the start.

is the GREATEST DYSPEPTIC CURE of the age. Test: K. D. C. COMPANY, New Glasgow, N.S., Canada.

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 its holiday edition for 1891. Widespread attention has been directed to it during the last eighteen months, although the medicine is now a little over three years before the public in the United States. What does it do? This is the all-important question, and the answer should be based upon facts resulting from actual tests; that is, any claim made for it as a healer of disease should be supported by the actual healing of many such cases of such diseases. No amount of theorizing will satisfy the public, they require hard, solid facts. From what can be seen and learned from a visit to the office of the Canadian company manufacturing this remedy for the Dominion, it seems they stand ready and are prepared to at any time meet the requirements. A solid mass of testimonials—many from some of the most prominent people of two continents—certainly ought to have some considerable corroborative weight regarding the manufacturer's claim, that no other single remedy has heretofore cured so many people of such a variety of diseases in so short a time.

The Remedy is At Hand. 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, because he must be suffering from indigestion, an if he is, there is a remedy at hand, so every one says, in Mrs. Waterbury's Dinner Pills, which have relieved thousands from the miseries of Indigestion, Liver Complaint, and all kindred ills. Numbers of testimonials both from this city and adjacent towns and villages attest their admirable qualities. For sale by the proprietor, No. 17 Richmond street, cor. Exmouth, St. John, and by all the principal druggists.

A New Departure. 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. Can she employ her time in a better way than by washing. Yes, there are lots of things she can do to greater advantage. Ungar does the whole business now, washing and ironing at 60 cents. per doz. Does it nice, too. The Rough Dry has been a success, so will this.—A.

No Prinking After Marriage. Adonis—There's one thing I couldn't stand, and that's a wife who would be eternally putting her hair up in curl papers. Matronly Friend—Have no fear, Mr. Adonis. Girls don't go to any such trouble after they get married.—New York Weekly.

A Suggestion. 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.

Mrs. Bingo—Than I wish you would order one to use nights.—Ez.

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

Vennard's SACHET POWDER. HELIOTROPE. VENNARD & COMPANY, New York.

AND ALL THE POPULAR SACHET POWDERS! FOR SALE BY F. E. CRAIBE & CO., Druggists and Apothecaries, 35 KING STREET.

SINCE LAST SEPTEMBER I have not spent one day without intense suffering, until I obtained a bottle of SCOTT'S CURE FOR RHEUMATISM. I have used part of my second bottle, and consider it the Greatest Cure for Rheumatism ever discovered. I would recommend anyone to try it who suffers as I did. I was unable to work, or even walk, and now enjoy better health than I have for years. Yours truly, E. B. GREEN. Price 50c. per bottle; Six bottles for \$2.50. For sale by all Druggists.

Prepared in Canada only by W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, King Street (West), St. John, N. B. Wholesale by T. B. BARKER & SONS, and S. McDIARMID.

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. We invite the attention of all close cash buyers.

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!

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.

A BALLAD. Adown the road the red... Are budding and blo... And the clean cool win... Over my forehead an... Life is a lightsome w... Youth is not such a w... 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... These 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... and as we grew ol... 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 ol... 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 Cy... stronger and deeper... At nineteen Edien... as the most spote... I almost worshipp... still young and n... had entered my hea... could not long avoi... suitors, and among... around her was one... tall, proud, aristoc... thorne Hall, which... of his wealth. I will not deny tha... of many of these f... suitors, and of Cyri... 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 c... "Oh, Jasper, com... It always seemed v... myself into thinkin... nation. I now know... uttered that very c... One day an accide... 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 an... so troublesome to m... cured by the use of Ayr... tended to in time, the... result in the loss of the h...

A BALLAD OF YOUTH.

Adown 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.

WAS 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.

My story ends here. I have already told
you that Ediena was my wife. I cannot explain
the mystery of my dream. I can only
write the question that I have asked
myself a thousand times:
'Was it a dream?—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.

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 started 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.
Plainly I 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 exclamation:
'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:
'Oh, 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 recovering
from a brief but severe illness. As she
clung to my hand and shed tears of joy,
she sobbed reproachfully:
'Oh, 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.'
'And Cyril Staythorne?' I asked.
'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 explain
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, are exercising
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
present 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
courteous" 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 unceremonious 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.
Itchy, crusty, 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 cures itching, humors,
fallible blood and skin purifiers, 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
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RUBBERS.
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—RADAM'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.

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 Tweed, \$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 Workington. 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.

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.
JAMES KELLY, GLOTHIER AND TAILOR,
NO. 5 MARKET SQUARE.
ESTABLISHED 1864. FIRE BRANCH.

CITIZENS'
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.
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General Agents.
130 BAYARD'S BUILDINGS, Prince Wm. Street.

ELECTRIC LIGHT!
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,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

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 gilt
frame. Remember this frame costs you nothing and
will make a nice Christmas Present.

ISAAC ERB,
13 CHARLOTTE STREET,
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23 CARLETON STREET, ST. JOHN.
SWANN & WELLDON,
Artists,
PHOTOGRAPHERS.
SITERS ASSURED SATISFACTION.
Pictures of every kind copied and finished
in EVERY Style. 11-11

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PROGRESS.

SUBSCRIPTIONS, \$1 a year, in advance; 25 cents for six months; 15 cents for three months; free by carrier or mail.

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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.

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.

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, fog, and drizzle, and everything un-Christmas like about the weather, the stores have managed to put on their holiday expression.

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.

THE WORK OF A MOMENT.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

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FREDERICTON'S BAD BOY.

Time 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 about 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. I say, 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 ben' 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.

Well, score we had the wedding, and there was dancin' and branchin' and walkin' and nashin' and bashin' 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 sinder-kate and hot!"

"And the rickled-dib," sez I? "Another sinder-kate," sez he. "And the spon-holder," 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 MUTTON. Mary had a little lamb, His mutton name was Billy; He tolled her into the school, And knocked the teacher silly.

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

"O, Billy, you have killed my lover," cried Mary, "and you sorry?" "The ram got mad at Mary then, And knocked her into glory."

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

FREDERICTON, NOV. 23. JIMMY SMITH.

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 voilà! Mais si la lourde teinte du toit, elle se cassera la jambe. Que faire? Notre homme, qui était ingénieux, lui attacha une longue corde au cou, en jette un bout dans la cheminée et descend rapidement. Assisôt que le chat, il trottait la corde autour de sa taille dans la cheminée, il se saisit tranquillement. 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 faire un gâteau. "C'est un gâteau," dit-il, avec impatience, "quand on cherche une cuillère, on trouve toujours des couteaux." "Eh bien!" s'écria la petite fille qui habitait sa poupe, "cherche un couteau et tu trouveras des cuillères."

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 scène du "Maitre de Forge" que M. Masson a recitée est celle où Mlle. Claire qui n'est pas encore mariée se marie du Duc de Bligny cause avec une de ses amies de ses fiançailles au duc. La prochaine reunion aura lieu chez Mlle. Hatheway's Rue Coburg. UNB ELEVÉ.

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?

Mr. Grant 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 extortion, and has used the charges for \$5,000 damages. The department is, certainly, in a very bad state.—Religious Intelligence.

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

THE QUEEN'S LAST TRIP TO EUROPE. The Queen's last "Free Trip to Europe" having excited such universal interest, the publisher of a popular magazine offer another and \$200 000 extra for the purchase of the papers containing the largest list of English words constructed from letters contained in the three words "QUEEN," "LAST," and "TRIP." Additional prizes, consisting of Silver Tea Sets, China Dinner Sets, Gold Watches, French Music Boxes, Portiers, Dressers, Desks, Stools, and many other useful and valuable articles will also be 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.

THE SCARCITY OF A TREAT IN THE HOUSE, and of apples in the market, may be inferred from the following, would you call it?—pun: Wife: Please, George, remember and bring me home something this evening, if it's nothing but a "Non-such" apple. Husband: I should be most happy to oblige you, my dear; but I assure you there are non-such to be had.

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 it would be what fond of a joke, looked over 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 electors. 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 offer another and \$200 000 extra for the purchase of the papers containing the largest list of English words constructed from letters contained in the three words "QUEEN," "LAST," and "TRIP." Additional prizes, consisting of Silver Tea Sets, China Dinner Sets, Gold Watches, French Music Boxes, Portiers, Dressers, Desks, Stools, and many other useful and valuable articles will also be awarded in point of merit.

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Advertisement for TURNER & CO. featuring "IDEA" and "BROWN WHEEL HOT AIR" with illustrations of a woman and a steam engine. Text includes "HAMILTON, ONT.", "JOBBER", "SHERATON & CLARKE", "60 Pr", "Kindly remember We have a ve FANCY G", "We invite you to call and", "IMPOR", "TUR", "Dry G", "12", "Owing to the continued illh", "IMM", "DR", "BOTH RETAIL", "NEW, GLEA AND WE HAVE", "IN THE FOLLOWING BLACK AND", "FUR-LINED", "Jacket and Mant", "Boys' WEAR", "BLAN", "SPECIAL RED", "This will be found as opportun", "TURNER & CO."

LOGAN'S IDEAL SOAP
MADE ONLY BY W. LOGAN ST. JOHN N.B.

Big Bong Bell,
The Bells have a story to tell,
Each Cherub pulls hard on his rope,
And loud voices they raise,
While singing the praise
OF LOGAN'S IDEAL SOAP.

BROWN BREAD FLOUR 5lb. WHEAT GRITS. Bags.

HOT AIR FURNACES
—WE ARE SOLE AGENTS FOR—

BURROW, STEWART & MILNE'S SUPERIOR JEWEL, SCIENTIFIC JEWEL, and ALASKA JEWEL. PORTABLE or BRICK SET.

CYLINDER STOVES, SELF-FEEDERS, FRANKLINS, RANGES, ETC.

HAMILTON, ONT.

SHERATON & SELFRIDGE, 38 KING STREET.

CLARKE, KERR & THORNE, 60 Prince William Street.

Kindly remember us when you are selecting your purchases. We have a very varied stock, at prices to suit all, of FANCY GOODS, CUTLERY, PLATED WARE.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT!

- CLOSING OF - TURNER AND FINLAY'S

Dry Goods Establishment, 12 KING STREET.

IMMENSE STOCK

DRY GOODS!

BOTH RETAIL AND WHOLESALE, AT UNHEARD OF LOW PRICES.

NEW, CLEAN, and FASHIONABLE GOODS!
AND WE HAVE MADE BONA-FIDE REDUCTIONS THROUGHOUT.

BLACK and COLORED DRESS MATERIALS, FRENCH ROBE DRESSES, FUR-LINED MANTLES! FUR SHOULDER CAPES!

SPECIAL REDUCTIONS IN ALL THE DEPARTMENTS.

SALE NOW IN PROGRESS! TURNER & FINLAY, - 12 KING STREET.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK IN NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

And the Happenings in Social Circles of Fredericton, Moncton, Woodstock, Dorchester, St. Stephen, Sussex, Amherst, Calais, Etc.

Last Thursday evening the Eclectic club met at the residence of Mrs. Holden, Charlotte street. There was a full attendance of members present, several of whom gave most interesting readings, while others furnished music.

Mr. Thomson, Q. C. of Halifax and Mrs. Thomson were at the Dufferin last week. They returned home on Wednesday.

Mr. J. Keator, of the Bank of Montreal, arrived from Montreal last week, and spent a few days with his relatives in the city.

Mrs. Neales, widow of the late Rev. Wm. Neales, of California, is in St. John, and will make her home with her mother, Mrs. Symonds, Peters street.

Another old and respected citizen, Mr. Osmond, passed away since last I wrote. His familiar face will be missed on the streets of St. John.

Mr. Kellie Jones is recovering slowly from his late accident, and has been most respectably among the Rev. Mr. Keator, the new curate for Trinity church, arrived in St. John this week. He will enter upon his new duties tomorrow. Mr. Keator has taken rooms at Mrs. Arthur Daniel's.

Mr. J. Carruthers, of Kingston, Ont., accompanied by his brother, Mr. W. Carruthers, spent a few days in the city this week, the guest of Mrs. Isaac Burpee, Mt. Pleasant.

Mrs. W. L. Busby went to Boston on Tuesday last to pay a short visit.

Cards of invitation have been issued by Mr. and Mrs. J. DeWolf Spurr for a reception on Tuesday next from 4 o'clock till six, and also for a large dance on Thursday evening next at half past eight o'clock. Mr. and Mrs. Spurr with their usual love of hospitality are giving their first home warming at their new residence, Germain street, and by having two entertainments the same week are giving pleasure to all their friends. The young people are looking forward with much interest to the one provided for them on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Murray returned home from their wedding tour last week. Mrs. Murray received her friends this week, when numbers called to offer congratulations. Mr. and Mrs. Murray are residing on Sydney street, in the residence formerly occupied by Mr. G. W. Whitney.

Mrs. Arthur P. Tippet went to the North Shore this week, to pay a short visit.

Mrs. W. H. Adams is confined to her residence, Coburg street, through illness.

On Wednesday evening, Miss Alice Tuck entertained about 30 of her young friends at a drive party, at her father's residence, Elliot row. Two prizes were awarded, which made the occasion the more interesting, the fortunate winners being Miss Nellie Cushing and Mr. J. McDonald. The former a large box of sweetmeats and the latter a handsome mouchoir case. After enjoying whilst for some time, and being refreshed with supper, the rooms were cleared for dancing, which was kept up until a late hour.

Miss Nellie Snider, who has spent the last few months in Boston, returns home today.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Carman and family will remove from Moncton next week to the city. They will reside on Summer street.

At the sale held in Trinity church school house last week, the handsome sum of \$480 was realized. Part of this will be given to the diocese of Algoma, part to the home for Indian boys, and the remainder to domestic missions.

ST. STEPHEN.

[Progress is for sale in St. Stephen at the book store of W. T. H. Fenety and by James H. Hawthorne.]

Nov. 28.—Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Street entertained last evening about twenty-four of their friends at a progressive euchre party, which was very much enjoyed by all present. The first prize, which was a handsome mirror, was won by Miss Winslow, while Mayor Allen was the happy winner of the baby prize.

The marriage of Mr. Maurice F. Macklin, of Gibson, and Miss Beatrice Cropley, sister of Mr. H. A. Cropley of this city, took place last Wednesday in Boston. The ceremony was performed in the church of St. John the Evangelist, by Rev. Mr. Hall. Mr. Macklin, of Charlottetown, a relative of the family, gave away the bride. Miss Wehli was the bridesmaid, and Robert A. Cropley the groom-man. Mr. and Mrs. Macklin arrived home on Thursday, in the afternoon. A reception was held at Mr. Macklin's residence at Gibson, which was attended by a large number of relatives and friends from both sides of the river. Among the guests were: Mrs. Robert Macklin, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Cropley, Miss Cropley, Mr. Macklin, Mr. C. W. Macklin, Mrs. P. Farlow, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Wisely, Mr. and Mrs. James D. Fowler, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Richards, Mrs. Macleod, Mrs. Thelma, Miss Cora and Mrs. Gertrude Macklin, Miss McFarlane, and Miss Hobbs. The health of the bride and groom was proposed by Mr. Fowler. The bride was the recipient of many handsome presents from friends in Boston, Moncton, and other places. Macklin spent some months in this city, and made many friends here during that time, who wish her much happiness in her new home.

Another one of these happy events is to take place this evening, at the residence of Mr. Linerick, 15-1/2 Albert street, when Mr. Stewart L. Morrison, son of Mr. John A. Morrison, Sr., will lead to the altar Miss Mary L. Morrison, daughter of Mr. Morrison and his young wife will live on George street, in the pretty little cottage lately occupied by Mr. Harry Macklin. This will make the third son of Mr. Morrison who has sacrificed on the matrimonial altar this year. A very quiet wedding took place last Wednesday evening at the residence of Mr. Nathaniel Cameron, York street, when Miss Cameron, his eldest daughter, was united in marriage to Mr. Samuel McFarlane, of New Brunswick. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Mowatt. Only the immediate relatives were present.

The Fredericton brass band will give a concert in the City Hall, Dec. 11th. Mr. Arthur Neville, the celebrated violinist, Mrs. Black, Miss Shenton and Miss Warden, of this city; Miss Warden, of St. John, and other leading singers will assist the band.

Mrs. and Mrs. Fraser left home on Saturday for the South, where they will spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Hamilton are spending a few days in Fredericton; they returned yesterday.

Mrs. Landry and two children have been spending a few days in Fredericton; they returned yesterday.

Mrs. Charles Gregory, of Amherst, N. S., is visiting her niece, Miss Byrne, on Brunswick street. A very pleasant social was held in the audit kitchen on Friday evening, when the University and Normal students of that church were entertained. There was a short musical programme followed by refreshments. Mr. A. Lindsay, of St. John, favored the audience with two songs, followed by two readings. Miss Bailey gave a violin solo, and responded to a hearty encore. Mr. Mowatt gave a reading.

Mrs. Bond and her children, and Miss Maggie Allen will accompany Mr. Bond to their new home in Toronto, on Monday. Miss Allen will spend the winter with Mr. Bond.

Mrs. C. F. Deacon, of Brookville, and her children, Mrs. Deacon's mother, Mrs. M. C. Campbell, and Postmaster Hayward will continue very ill. It is rumored that Fredericton is soon to lose three young ladies by marriage.

MACAULAY BROS. & CO.

61 and 63 KING STREET.
FANCY ARTICLES
IN HAND PAINTING.

Lace Trimmed and Cullioed Mountings, in great variety
They are beautiful goods for
Christmas Presents!

Most artistic in design and finish, being light in weight and well adapted for sending through post.

We have already sold a great many for England, all being American make, they are much appreciated for their novelty in the English cities.

Fine Blankets. DANIEL and ROBERTSON, London House Retail. Cor. Charlotte and Union Streets.

Comfortables and Quilts, Eider Down and Finest Canadian Makes.

See our Men's and Boy's New Double Sole Celebrated Woosocket

No. 1 PURE GUM BOOTS.

AMERICAN RUBBER STORE.
Only exclusive Rubber Store east of Boston.
6 Charlotte Street.

HOLIDAY GOODS.

An Assortment of CHOICE GOODS suitable for XMAS PRESENTS! are being daily opened at our establishment, and the public are invited to inspect our stock, which includes a choice assortment of the celebrated

BELLECK CHINA,

MANUFACTURED IN FERMANAGH, IRELAND.
C. FLOOD & SONS.

JUST RECEIVED

—A FURTHER SUPPLY OF—
READY-MADE SUITS and SUMMER OVERCOATS,

Men's, Youths', and Boys' Sizes, in new and fashionable designs.
Which will be sold at our usual low prices.

1000 Pairs of Pants, at cost; Great Reduction in Gent's fine Summer Underwear.

SPECIAL BARGAINS in TRUNKS and VALISES.

Clothing made to order in our usual first-class style.

CITY MARKET CLOTHING HALL, : : : 51 Charlotte Street.
T. YOUNGCLAUS, Proprietor.

DO you know we have opened a Dry Goods Store at 33 Charlotte Street, in the Furlong Building?

DO you know we want to make the acquaintance of every person who buys dry goods in the city?

DO you know we like the city and have come to stay?

DO you know our PRICES ARE LOW?

DO you know we would like you to call?

DO you know we have a nice line of real good furs?

DO you know we have a fine stock of Black Cashmeres at low prices?

DO you know we have a splendid stock of Corsets of all the best makes?

DO you know we have a fine line of Gents' Furnishings?
DO you be sure to call at 33 CHARLOTTE STREET.
H. C. CHARTERS.

DID YOU SEE THAT

the best Frame-Cutting Machine at the Exhibition was secured by
GORBELL ART STORE, : : 207 Union Street.

This Machine will do the work of two ordinary machines, and is the completest machine made.
This will HELP GORBELL to MAKE PICTURE FRAMES CHEAPER THAN EVER.

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

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...

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...

A correspondent informs us: "We are about to lose another literary acquaintance. I have today a letter from Mrs. (Sophie) Almon Hensley..."

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.

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.

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.

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.

Mrs. P. S. Archibald, who was the very quiet social world last evening, was a delightful and a most successful success.

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

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 court, which opened yesterday.

Mr. Giesner Kerr went to Sussex, Monday night, to spend a day with his mother and sister, who are staying there for the winter.

Mr. J. W. V. Smith spent Sunday and Monday in St. John. He seems to like to linger in that foggy city.

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DORCHESTER.

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

PROGRESS.

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 lottery 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 Purely Nervine. They are a Blood Purifier, and a Tonic. They are a Sanguiferous, and a Nutrient. They are a Stimulant, and a Restorative.

EVERY MAN

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

EVERY WOMAN

Who finds her system disordered, or her health impaired, should take these PILLS. They will cure all suppurations and irregularities, which inevitably result from neglected menstruation.

YOUNG MEN

Who find their systems disordered, or their health impaired, should take these PILLS. They will cure all suppurations and irregularities, which inevitably result from neglected menstruation.

YOUNG WOMEN

Who find their systems disordered, or their health impaired, should take these PILLS. They will cure all suppurations and irregularities, which inevitably result from neglected menstruation.

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.

EVERYBODY Likes

GRANBY RUBBERS.

NEURALGIA.

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

PRINTING

E. J. ARMSTRONG, STEAM BOOK AND JOB PRINTER, 85 Germain Street, St. John, N.B.

Half a Dollar a Week.

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

TO PAINTERS.

TRANSFER GRADING PAPERS, a perfect imitation of the natural woods, OAK, WOOD, HUNGARIAN ASH, now in stock. Price, \$1.00 per Roll.

NOW'S THE TIME

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

Don't Forget

D. J. JENNINGS, - - 167 UNION STREET.

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 CORSETS.

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

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!

DAVID MITCHELL, (successor to Mrs. WHEATLEY), has removed his Restaurant to the

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.

Be Thou Dry. "CANDEE"

Rubber BOOTS WITH DOUBLE THICK BALL.

Ordinary Rubber Boots always wear out first on the ball. The CANDEE Boots are double thick on the ball, and give

DOUBLE WEAR. Most economical Rubber Boots in the market. Lasts longer than any other boot and the PRICE NO HIGHER.

Call and examine a COMMON SENSE CANDEE DOUBLE THICK BALL.

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.

DAVID CONNELL, Librarian and Boarding Station, Sydney St.

Horses Boarded on reasonable terms. Repairs and Carriages on hire. Fine FISH-BOATS at short notice.

DAVID CONNELL,

Librarian and Boarding Station, Sydney St.

Horses Boarded on reasonable terms. Repairs and Carriages on hire. Fine FISH-BOATS at short notice.

WIRE, STEEL AND IRON-CUT NAILS,

And SPIKES, TACKS, BRADS, SHOE NAILS, HUNGARIAN NAILS, Etc. ST. JOHN, N. B.

EVERYBODY Likes

GRANBY RUBBERS.

GROCERS.

W. ALEX. PORT Grocer and Fruit Dealer

Family trade a speciality. LARGEST STOCK, BEST ASSORTMENT, cheapest all-round Grocery for first-class.

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 BLS. of selected No. 1 Oysters, for sale to No. 19 North Side King Street, J. D. T.

FANCY GOODS

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

THOMAS A. CROUCH

162 PRINCESS STREET, CORNER SAINT JOHN, N. B. SATCHEL POW

Ghypre, Violet, Mille Fleurs, Peau D'Esprit, Heliotrope, Jockey Club Bouquet, Rondeletia; Essence Bouquet, Heliotrope, THESE PERFUMES are equal in fragrance to any of the kind, and HALF THE PRICE.

PARKER SQUARE

MARKET SQUARE PADDOC

Essence White Rose, Jockey Club Bouquet, Rondeletia; Essence Bouquet, Heliotrope, 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 disrepair, and that the pressure under the thumb, showing the condition of the system, is not found in Pills of this kind.

RECIPIENT, BY THE process employed leaves the powder and porous condition of the system. A full assortment just received. 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 SOFTENING AND BEAUTIFYING

It will cure Chapped Hands, It cures the skin when it is exposed to sun or wind, or by the use of soap, and keeps the skin soft and supple. It is a most valuable remedy for the face, and is especially adapted for the use of the young.

An excellent application after the face has been washed with soap and water. Put up a special size to suit the requirements of the trade. Prepared by G. A. DROUGHER, 109 BRUNNEN STREET, LONDON.

ADVERTISE IN

Special Notice TO Ladies!



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

THE "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 not adulterated with Corn Syrup, in 2 lb. cans with movable top. For Sale by all Grocers.



550 BBLS. (now due) to arrive per Sch. Bess & Stella. Although very much superior to any other Oil imported, prices are made as low as any. Send for samples and price.

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? "I had no idea, I must confess, that a wife was going to be so costly a thing."

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 with her mother, Mrs. Main. Mrs. Mowatt has recently returned from Calcutta.

SACKVILLE.

(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.) Nov. 26.—Upwards of thirty young men assembled at the vicarage of Thursday evening last, where a pleasant hour or two was spent with music and games.

MUSQUASH.

Nov. 26.—A very pleasant dance was given last Thursday evening, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Belmont, as a farewell to her daughter, Miss Cora, who intends leaving soon to visit friends in East Clair, Wis.

WELDFORD STATION.

(Progress is for sale at Mrs. S. J. Livingston's grocery store, Weldford Station.) Nov. 26.—Mrs. John Curran, of New Mills, was at the Central on Monday.

Ferguson & Page

ARE RIGHT TO THE FRONT WITH THEIR FINE ASSORTMENT OF Holiday Goods Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Clocks, Silver Ware, Canes, Spectacles, Opera Glasses, And everything pertaining to the legal Jewelry business

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.

Mr. E. L. O'Brien, Inspector of Schools, Mr. Warren McDermott, and Mr. Philip Woods, of Richibucto, went to Bathurst by express train on Monday night and returned here this morning.

NEWCASTLE.

Nov. 26.—I am sorry to hear that Mr. Lyman Harley leaves for Billings, Montana, this evening. Mr. J. S. Call, for Denver, Col., on Monday last. He will be missed greatly.

CAMPBELLTON.

(Progress is for sale in Campbellton at the store of A. E. Alexander, wholesale and retail dealer in dry goods, groceries, boots and shoes, hardware, school books, stationery, furniture, carriages and machinery.)

A Young Father's Excitement.

The story is on a young Chicago father. The baby was his first, and he wanted to weigh it. "It's a boncer!" he exclaimed.

MARRIED.

REYNOLDS-SAVAGE—At St. Rose church, Fairville, Nov. 24th, by the Rev. Chas. Collins, P. P., Mr. M. Reynolds, of St. John, to Miss Sarah, daughter of Mr. James Savage, Milford.

Landry & Co. 52 KING STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B. DEALERS IN FIRST-CLASS PIANOS AND ORGANS.

Everybody Sells GRANBY RUBBERS. THE UNDERIGNED, 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.

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Full particulars required with usual fee for Entry and Advertisement in my Register. WM. H. BOYCE, Real Estate Agent, Fredericton.

LANDRY & CO. 52 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

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. Laboratory: 17 Richmond Street. Saint John, N. B.

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

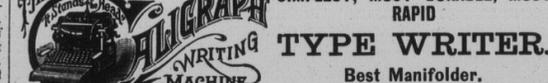
EASY C. E. REYNOLDS

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 Manifold. Adjustable. Portable. THE SHORTHAND REVIEW says: "While not professionally based one way or the other, we have good reason for saying that for manifolding as an ordinary work, the CALIGRAPH is unsurpassed."

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. Cream Chips! Cream Chips still in great demand.

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. REMEMBER THE PLACE—

Everybody Sells GRANBY RUBBERS.

THE UNDERIGNED, 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.

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VOL III. NOT T

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