

PROGRESS.

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PRICE THREE CENTS.

THE WAY A RAID IS MADE

SERGEANT HASTINGS MAKES AN UNEXPECTED EVENING CALL

At Mrs. Woodburn's—He Finds Two Newspaper Men Interviewing Her, and That is All—Description of the Search Through House and Barn.

The snow blew in drifts on Sheffield street Monday night, and the policemen at the corner stood close to the buildings, while the snow formed a bank at their feet. Here and there a woman with bare head and a shawl thrown over her, darted out of one house and disappeared into another, or stopped to jest with men who came out of one of the shops. The street was quiet, but the lights shone from the windows in a way that would lead one to believe that it might be lively enough within.

And it probably was. But at Mrs. Woodburn's, about half way up the street everything seemed quiet, when two newspaper men stopped before the door and asked the girl who answered their knock, if they could see the mistress of the establishment. They could. She was in the kitchen, and after this woman of so much recent notoriety had unlocked the door and led the way through the hall the visitors were in there too. And they were the only occupants of the room—that remarkable room, that people have heard so much about, but few are willing to admit having been in. The reporters and Mrs. Woodburn had it all to themselves. There is nothing very remarkable about Mrs. Woodburn's kitchen, which is a small square room with very little in it, except the stove, a table, rocking chair, and a number of stools. At one time there was a door on the south wall of it, leading into the bar, but now a partition of unpainted boards, with a wicket in it, makes communication with it impossible except when the wicket is opened. Up in the corner, near this door is a little bell, and before many minutes had passed the occupants were privileged to hear it ring. It has a very sharp sound, but other noises in the bar somewhat detracted from the interest in it which might have been manifested by the visitors had it broken the silence alone. Its noise, however, was nothing compared with that of the pounding of four policemen at the front of the house, and then the tread of heavy feet in the bar. They made considerable noise, so much in fact that they interrupted an interesting interview in the kitchen, an interview that might have proved as interesting to the owners of the feet as it was to the newspaper men, and may prove of some importance to a number of their associates in the police business at a later date.

However, the officers knew nothing about that at the time, for it was evident that there was something going on in the bar, especially when the well-known voice of Sergeant Hastings was heard. It was quite plain that the interruption was going to be of some duration, for Mrs. Woodburn arose from her rocking chair, and left the room, while her visitors sat on their stools, toyed with their hats and awaited developments. There was rather a startling crash in the closet, and the appearance in the kitchen soon afterwards of blue coats and brass buttons enough to carry away a brewery. The owners of the room, however, were evidently of the opinion that they would not have that pleasant duty to perform, and wore a hopeless look, which Mrs. Woodburn, from her rocking chair, regarded with indifference. But they had come to search, and search they did in the most unlooked for places, and with the greatest diligence. Officer Caples was assigned to the position of lamp-bearer, and officer Thorne kept an eye on the reporters, who were in no danger of getting out into the cold world yet awhile, even if they were not anxious to see all the movements of a raid. But the experience, without being connected with it in any unprofessional way, was worth having, and Officer Thorne's duty was an easy one to perform. Much more so than that of his brother officer, who was left outside, exposed to the wind and snow, which seemed to be having an exciting time on that particular evening, and was making life as unpleasant as possible for those out of doors.

But the sergeant conducted the raid like a veteran. He had evidently heard of the closet in the kitchen before, and when he and officer Caples got in, there wasn't much room in that apartment for anybody else. There was a hole in the floor of the closet, but the sergeant in his eagerness did not fall into it. It was covered by a board. When the board was lifted, the sergeant had some evidence to give before the magistrate. But the finding of some broken bottles, and getting a whiff of what he thought might possibly be ale was not of half the importance, as the finding of two newspaper men in the kitchen. That was a find!

Of course one may expect to find reporters anywhere, when they represent a paper that does not get its news from one

source alone. In the opinion of a large portion of the public, there is very little difference in Mrs. Woodburn's little square room, and one a bit smaller on King street east, where several St. John newspapers get all their information, and are either too indolent or afraid to get it anywhere else, for fear they might make it unpleasant for their friends and landlords.

However, the closet was easily disposed of, although the broken bottles did appear wet. Mrs. Woodburn remarked that Capt. Rawlings saw broken bottles there too. The sergeant and torch bearer Caples, went upstairs to explore the rest of the house, while the newspaper men and Officer Thorne played blind man's buff in the hall, and discussed the weather.

The arrival of the explorers put an end to the conversation, and an adjournment was made to the kitchen, where after due consideration it was thought advisable by the sergeant and officers, Mrs. Woodburn, and the two newspaper men, that a visit should be made to the barn, as it would be an unheard of proceeding to depart from the established rule in such cases and leave a visit to the barn out of the programme entirely. So it was decided to go, and the sergeant led the way. But there were difficulties that he had not anticipated. No sooner had he opened the door which led to the yard, when a big, black dog, which had been lying curled up on the other side of it, looked up at him and growled. It was a growl that meant business, and the sergeant thought a moment before going any further. He was probably debating in his mind which of the other officers would make the better leader, but finally decided that Mrs. Woodburn should lead the way. And she did.

Up a short flight of stairs, through an outhouse, filled with all sorts of rubbish, and bottles of different kinds, which the sergeant thought worthy of inspection, and out in the open air went the procession, in Indian file. The barn is at the far end of the yard, and here the procession broke up, while Mrs. Woodburn unlocked the door.

It is no wonder that the police always visit the barn, especially if they are interested in horseflesh, for the proprietress evidently takes great pleasure in exhibiting her horses and cattle. The party saw the fleet Helena, and Helena's colt, and several other fine looking animals, which Mrs. Woodburn handled with wonderful ease and familiarity. And in one corner of the barn a huge bull, which had an apparent dislike for all mankind, and policemen in particular, roared and kicked his bed around at a great rate. But the officers were equally good at tossing hay about, and probably thought that horses living in that locality must be naturally bad and might, perhaps, have a bottle of ale or whiskey concealed about the stalls. For, according to the liquor license act, the presence of liquor, in no matter how small a quantity, is sufficient to secure a conviction. However, the horses were evidently like the newspaper men, and unlike some of the police force—strictly temperate.

But the exploration did not stop here. There was a loft to the barn, and there was hay in the loft, and although common hay is not near as interesting as fine looking horses, all hands went up the narrow stairs, which were uncomfortably near the noisy bull's territory.

There was very little of interest upstairs, and the search was rather discouraging, but Mrs. Woodburn endeavored to make the officers as happy as possible, by turning their attention to holes and crevices in the roof of the barn, which could only be reached with a step ladder, and hinting at the probable results if they could only get up there. But the officers did not try. They contented themselves with going down stairs again, and being very careful when they reached the bottom and the territory of the frantic bull.

As might be expected, all policemen do not conduct a raid in exactly the same way, and Mrs. Woodburn remarked this fact quite frequently during the proceedings, taking occasion to make some comparisons between the work of the searchers and that of other delegations that had conducted operations with the aid of a pitch fork.

The search ended in the barn, but the bottles in the outhouse received some attention on the way through to the kitchen. The officers went away empty handed, but having heard the crash in the closet, Sergt. Hastings thought he smelled ale, and saw broken bottles, and Mrs. Woodburn had remarked to a reporter that "they wouldn't find her \$20 this time." This was enough, so the magistrate said, to make her \$20 poorer on Thursday afternoon.

He Lost a Hat.

In the confusion at the fire on Douglas road, Thursday afternoon, Chief Kerr had his silk hat staved in. It was one of the results of the temporary disorganization which seemed to have come over the department.

EVENTS IN CITY LIFE.

A CORRESPONDENT WHO REPLYS TO "X'S" ASSERTION.

A Chance for The Latter to Lose \$100—Mr. Humphrey Price Webber Downs the Long Distance Telephone—Other Items of Interest.

There has been so much said at one time and another of the inferiority of some Canadian manufactures that it is a genuine pleasure for PROGRESS to print a defence of any one line from a gentleman whom all will agree knows whereof he speaks. The following speaks for and explains itself.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: A correspondent, "X," in Thursday evening's *Globe*, offers to bet \$100 that national policy hosiery "will not keep together one week." The writer, who prefers to speak over his own signature, would like to know how much "X" knows about hosiery and where he obtained his information. While thoroughly opposed to the national policy I am still in favor of every industry that is beneficial and will give employment to our own people. Having, for twenty odd years, been a buyer of hosiery I simply make the statement that the little industry of my friends, Messrs. Dodds & Joly, of Yarmouth, will misprove in every particular "X's" assertion, and I request him to place his \$100 in your hands when, for a test I will provide a dozen pairs of their hosiery for distribution among PROGRESS newsboys, and if they are worn out by the end of one week he will not be called upon to forfeit his money, but, if they are not, the cash can be divided between the two orphan asylums. I have bought many thousand dozens of Messrs. Dodds & Joly's hosiery and have never in one instance had a complaint, but, instead, much appreciation of them. The only reason that I have in noticing "X's" statement is my knowledge of the intrinsic value, worth and durability of the goods made by my friends in Yarmouth whose product is equally suitable for infants, girls and boys, ladies and gentlemen, as well as the cyclist and the tobogganist. The only fault with them is that they cannot produce enough for the legitimate demand.

We owe to the National Policy, the best made shirtings in the world for the workman—the shaker flannels, gingham, fine grey cottons and other goods, produced by the Gibson and St. Croix mills. Our white cottons, made in Hochelaga are only equalled by the United States. Grey cottons made by the Windsor mill, for honest wear and weight, are nowhere equalled in Britain. We owe to the N. P. the best and purest flannels produced anywhere in the world, which can be had in any store in the city. For blankets, excepting some exceedingly fine qualities by such makers as Gilberts—which are well paid for—they are not surpassed, excepting in the United States, and certainly not in Britain. ROBERT TURNER.

The Telephone Went Under.

PROGRESS had a somewhat strange experience Friday morning, which was nothing more than a surprising feat of the long distance telephone. The words came as clear and distinct from the celestial city as from the Royal hotel. There is but one explanation of it—Price Webber was at the other end of the line, and when he began to talk the balky telephone gave in. It wasn't any to try and stop that voice, which proceeded in something after the following fashion:

"Say, PROGRESS, are you there?"
"Yes, All Here."
"Good morning!"
"How are you?"
"Fine. It's Webber who's talking."
"Yes, we knew your melodious twang."
"Oh, you did. Well, we played *British Born* under Col. Maunsell's patronage to the biggest house, last night, that has been in the City hall for three years. How's that? We have had a mighty fine business. The mercury is low though. Good day."

Morton and His Combination Giong.

Federictonians can look for a treat in the orchestra line next Friday evening when Harrison's orchestra will appear in the City hall to assist at a concert for St. Paul's church. Mr. Wm. Ewing the organist of St. James and Mr. Strand the violi player will accompany the orchestra.

Good Acting, Singing and Dancing.

The Bijou still continues to gain its popularity. Good singing, splendid dancing and tumbling with amusing and well acted farces thrown in will always draw a good audience. It makes no difference whether it storms or not the houses are above the average.

The Dogs Were Not Forgotten.

The distribution of the contents of one family Christmas tree proved of more than ordinary interest. Three dainty morsels were labelled "Leery S.," "Chip D.," and "Lyon F.," and the owners of the names enjoyed their share of the spoils. They were dogs representing the different branches of the family.

ELATED OVER SIXTEEN PAGES.

How the Announcement was Received—What a Provincial Merchant Writes.

PROGRESS could not have asked for a more cordial reception of its enlargement announcement. Subscribers and advertisers and all other friends and patrons of the paper have gone out of their way to congratulate PROGRESS and those connected with it upon this very tangible evidence of prosperity. From all three provinces the good wishes have come as well as offers of assistance in the line of contributions. One provincial merchant, who has from time to time patronized PROGRESS' advertising columns, writes from his city in this fashion:

"That is what I have been waiting for—sixteen pages. How is that for the maritime provinces? Nothing short of Toronto or Boston can equal that. I want to see PROGRESS bigger and better than any of them. Keep right on and I predict a circulation of at least 25,000 copies for you before you are five years old. You can call upon me for a good 'ad.' when you are ready to start."

Such encouragement as this is apt to make even the most doubtful somewhat enthusiastic. The circulation of PROGRESS is bound to go even more to the front than it has already, but 25,000 sixteen page papers would satisfy even us. But what would the post office clerks say to such an edition?

The first sixteen page paper will probably be published about the middle of February by which time every preparation will be made to carry the paper along as easily as the present issue of eight pages.

Why This Apathy?

There has been very little sport of any kind going on this winter, outside of the curling rinks, and it is mostly the "old uns" that are found there. Both the skating rinks are open but aside from the monotonous merry-go-round performance, there seems to be nothing on the tapis like there used to be in former years. Sped skaters are apparently scarce, and fancy and trick skating is almost forgotten. A number of enthusiasts are, however, making efforts to organize a polo team and revive the interest in that sport, which proved quite an attraction at the rinks some four or five years ago. Why don't the rink managers encourage such sport! Or are there not enough good skaters in town to make a tournament interesting! Between polo and speed skating there should be plenty of amusement this winter, if the boys take hold.

The Coroner and the Judge.

Coroner Robinson has paid the fine imposed upon him for being absent from court, where his services were required as a jurymen. And he evidently wants everybody to feel assured that he has paid it, especially the judge who fined him. The coroner was driving along Prince William street last Saturday, when he saw the judge on the sidewalk. He eased up and shouted loud enough to be heard on all parts of the street: "Hi, judge, I paid that \$40, but I hope you'll put it where it won't get burned up!"

It Made Business Good.

Business was good in the snow-shovelling line Wednesday morning and the artists were out almost on time with the corporation snow plows. The vacant lots and unattended stores are as big an eye sore to the snow shovelling fraternity as they are to the police. Both are decidedly of the opinion that the sidewalk should be shovelled off.

The Cartoon Competition.

Monday morning's mail brought three replies to PROGRESS for the cartoon competition, and all the week there have been sketches of one sort and another floating into this office. Most of them are done in pencil, they are preferred in ink. Remember that the contest closes on the 15th inst., and that the prize is \$10.

He's In With Them.

A chewing gum manufacturer is working along the same lines as the anti-tobacco association. On everyone of his printed wrappers is the inscription, "this gum is used by many as a substitute for tobacco." If anti-gum associations do not spring up everywhere, the work of the anti-tobaccoists may not be in vain.

We Are After Information, Too.

A Memramcook subscriber to PROGRESS wants to know how it is that he does not get his paper until Monday. That is a pretty reasonable request, considering that the paper is sent to the St. John post office, Friday night. Are there any other subscribers who have the same complaint?

Nothing Small About Him.

Rev. Samuel Small registered at the Victoria, this week, as "Rev. Samuel Small, United States of America." For a small man, he hails from a mighty big place.

Three of a Kind.

Miss A. J. Henry, Miss Gertie Murphy, and Mr. J. E. Stocker guessed nearest to the weight of the doll in D. J. Jennings window. They all guessed the same weight.

JUDGE PALMER IS BUSY.

HE IS RUNNING TWO MILLS AND A JUDGESHIP.

And Boasts That He is Making Money for the Former—The Reasons Why This Should be So—He Has Absolute Power and Consults no Person.

Judge Palmer has a good deal on his hands now, in the shape of commercial as well as legal business, and yet he seems to be doing remarkably well under the load. At present he is the absolute master and boss of the two mills known as the St. John and New Brunswick Cotton Mills. It was only a few weeks ago that the parties mainly interested—those who stood in the gap with the chance of losing a good deal of hard cash in the near future over the inability of the mills to pay expenses, came to the conclusion that the affairs of the estate had better be settled by a friendly suit at law. That was easily done and the matter was speedily brought before Mr. Justice Palmer, in the Equity Court. It may be that the judge was not surprised at this, for not more than many months ago the same estate was before him in a different way. At any rate he found himself in the position of arbiter again, and this time of many heavy interests. The smartest lawyers in the city stood before him. Theirs, however, was the easiest position since the friendly nature of the suit disposed them amicably towards one another.

They have an indistinct idea of what happened, though they are not quite certain of any fact except one, and that is that Mr. Justice Palmer is virtually the sole manager of the two mills, and that he runs them as he pleases and takes little trouble to consult anyone about the business.

It is a fact, however, that since Judge Palmer took charge of the business that it has shown a marked improvement. He is somewhat elated over this fact, and takes a pride in keeping a close watch on the prices of raw and manufactured cotton.

Every check is signed by his honor, and all orders pass through his hands. Of course he has able assistants, but even they do nothing without his orders.

A gentleman who knows something about the business laughed when he was told that the judge said he was making money out of the business. "If he doesn't make money now," he said, "he never will. Since the mills have fallen into his hands, raw cotton has fallen in price, and there has been such a good and steady demand for goods, that all the stock in the warehouses, valued at some \$140,000, has been cleaned out. Before that time, there was little or no demand, and money had to be borrowed on the goods, and the interest with storage and insurance charges were pretty big items. Everything has turned around since—an arrangement has been made with the bank to carry it along, and there is all the money that is necessary. That may explain why the judge is making money."

In the meantime one of the orders for raw cotton amounts to the neat little sum of \$20,000. One of the lawyers interested makes the statement that the judge can do as he pleases and keep control of the business as long as he likes. There is nothing in it for him but simply the satisfaction of bringing order out of chaos.

The Value of a Return Ticket.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS:—I have a return ticket on the New Brunswick railway—now the C. P. R.—which is over a month old. I am told that I cannot return upon it now. Can you tell me if that is true? I was under the impression that a return ticket once sold was good for six years in spite of anything to the contrary printed upon it.

A TRAVELLER.

[Your ticket is worth just the amount above single fare that you paid for it. Say, for example, it is between St. John and Fredericton, and cost you \$3. The single fare is \$2, and your ticket is worth \$1. You can get that for it at the ticket office or at the general offices of the railway. The railway will not accept it for the return passage, but will give one dollar for it.—THE EDITOR.]

Who Owns The Money?

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: I heard the assertion made today that a man who picks up lost money in my store outside of the counters has as much right to it as I have unless I can prove that it was lost by me or one of my clerks, I do not believe it. What do you think about it? INQUIRER.

Moncton, Jan. 5, 1891.

[Your query is one for a lawyer. To us it sounds reasonable that money found upon your premises belongs to you—at least until the owner can be found. Still that may not be good law. We have heard the same assertion made as you mention and while we have not inquired into the accuracy of the opinion, certainly we would be very loth to believe that we had not a prior claim to any ten dollar bill that leans against the outside edge of our counter. But perhaps some lawyer will give us his opinion.—THE EDITOR.]

Advertise in "Progress." It pays.

A HUCKSTER FROM FORT HOWE.

He Makes Life a Burden to the Deputy Clerk of the Market.

Competition in the country market sometimes assumes such proportions as to make the life of the deputy clerk a burden to him. When people bring in their goods, he is supposed to abide by his decision. But some of them do not. One of these perverse characters is a young fellow named Quinn from Fort Howe. He is in the huckster line, and according to Mr. Lynam's idea, should display his wares with the others in that particular industry, in the side aisle. Mr. Quinn thinks he should sell them where ever he pleases, and prefers the middle aisle. And it was there he made his display, much to the annoyance of Mr. Lynam, whom Quinn seemed to hold in utter contempt. He would not deign to listen to him. The collector, although a younger man, was also beneath his notice until he caught hold of him Tuesday and created a scene. This seemed to have little effect in changing Quinn's idea as to where he should do business, for, Wednesday morning, he was located in the middle aisle as usual. And all Mr. Lynam could say wouldn't move him, not even a recital of the law on the point in question. So the deputy clerk was forced to take extreme measures. He paid a visit to the magistrate. When he returned to the market Quinn had shifted his position, and was found among the other hucksters. But he was too late. An officer appeared and he was taken before the magistrate, who gave him a lecture and an idea of what might happen in the future if he persisted in getting out of his class. Quinn went back to business, and spent the rest of the morning in moving a collection of goose wings from the side to the middle aisle, to the bewilderment of Mr. Lynam.

A STANDING FALSEHOOD.

The Published Announcements of the Sailing of the "Valencia" a Myth.

It has been some months since the *Valencia*, of the New York Steamship Line, ceased to make regular or irregular trips. As soon as this fact was established, PROGRESS and one other city paper, the *Globe*, removed the advertisement from their columns. The other three dailies, and some of the provincial papers as well, still print it, and announce in every issue that the steamer *Valencia* will sail from her wharf in this city for New York "Every Friday afternoon, at 3 o'clock (Eastern standard time)."

It is not right to print such an announcement regularly, when there is not an atom of truth in it. The N. Y. S. S. Company, it is quite true, holds a city wharf and is paying the rent for the same, but it has no office or agent in this city. A representative from New York came here sometime ago and obtained the accounts against the concern, and while he could give no satisfactory reply as to whether the steamer would resume her trips again or not, he seemed anxious that the announcements should continue to appear. Reputable newspapers who look after their advertisements as carefully as they do after their letter press, will not print such a standing lie. There are many residents of the province who go to New York via St. John, and what must they think when they reach this city and find that the New York S. S. Company is a myth.

Want Papers for Nothing.

"Have you got last night's paper?" said a man who entered the bookstore with as much importance as it was possible for one man to carry unaided.

"Yes, sir," said the dealer.
"Well, you might let me have one, if you don't want it—and I'll take one of this morning's, too." He threw down a five-cent piece, and got one cent in return. The man looked at the dealer, said nothing and went out. It was quite plain that he expected to get the back number for nothing, and those in the store remarked it.
"Do you often have such customers?" was asked the dealer.

"Yes; lots of them, but they always have to pay. They seem to think that a paper is not worth anything after the day it is published, but forget that we have to pay for every one we don't return at the end of the month. Oh, yes! if we gave papers away like that some people would put off reading the news until the next day."

Mr. Melville was Voted Out.

The Opera House Company elected the old directors at its last meeting with the exception of Mr. P. A. Melville. Mr. H. J. Thorne was elected in his stead, and Mr. W. S. Barker was chosen to fill the place of Mr. W. C. Pitfield, who resigned last year.

Interview the Manager.

The injustice of which a correspondent signed "Square" complains, is more likely to be remedied by a private interview with the manager of the theatre, than by rushing into print. Besides "Square" evidently has forgotten to sign his name.

THE CARAMEL GIRL.

A NEW SPECIES OF THE "LOVELY WOMAN"

A Description of Her Passage Along the City Street, and What Happened Her—Unable to Express Her Thanks on Account of a Caramel.

We hear a great deal about the different kinds of girl which have been diffused over this arid waste of heart hunger, called the earth, by a beneficent Providence, to occupy the attention of mankind, keep him from getting lazy or lonesome, and help him to get into all the mischief possible.

However, I was not going to enlarge on her peculiarities—merely to tell a little story about her.

I was strolling wearily homeward the other afternoon, when I encountered a vision of loveliness which speedily chased every thought of tiredness out of my mind, as the sun chases you know the rest, and I forget. She was a caramel girl.

It was a deceptive sort of day, a gentle rain came silently down, and just as silently froze after it got down, so that the whole face of nature was one damp and polished sheet of ice, and every small hillock was enamelled with slipperiness to a frightful extent.

Both little feet flew from under her in a slanting direction, her teeth shut with a snap, and the reckless energy with which she cast those precious parcels from her, in all directions, was a sight to make the pitying angels weep.

That is Where They Get Left.

"Yes, sir," said a King street merchant this week, "these peddlers will ruin all kinds of business. The town is just full of them. They are going from house to house on every street, and selling for nothing. And why not? They can afford to do it. It doesn't take much to keep such people. They live on almost nothing, and have no expenses. Just think how we could sell goods if we had no rent to pay, no clerks, no gas bill, no fuel, and a hundred other incidentals! Why, we could sell things as cheap again. Yet, we have to compete with these travelling peddlers, who are not citizens, and have nothing to hinder them. Why it's outrageous!"

"Don't they buy the goods in the city?"

"No, they don't even do that. They buy them as cheap as we do, and sell them for very little more."

"And you cannot compete with them?"

"Compete with them! No, certainly not. There isn't a man in town who could commence to compete with those people."

"Oh, yes there is. I know a man on this street who sells goods as low as it is possible for anyone to sell them. And his goods are of the best, too, although it's hard to understand how he does it."

"Impossible! Who is it?"

"Wm. J. Fraser of the Royal Clothing Store."

"I'll admit that they couldn't compete with him."—A.

The Old Story.

The great question with the woman is how to get along without a girl. You often go to your friend's house and one of the principal topics is the girl question.

The GREAT NUMBER OF CURES EFFECTED BY MONIALS with our guarantee sent to any address.

THE TIP-TILTED NOSE AGAIN.

"Geoffrey's" Answer to "Cheops'" Criticism of Fug-Nosed Girls.

And so my friend "Cheops" differs with me on the all important subject of the dear girl with the heavenward turning nose! Well, he does it in such a very pleasant way that it is almost a pleasure to have him disagree with me.

Suppose that hardened little sinner whose iniquities he cites did get engaged three or four deep, it only goes to strengthen my theory, and prove how utterly irresistible she was to our sex, and what a sweet, tender heart she had, since she seems to have been incapable of inflicting pain on anybody by refusing him, or even hurting his feelings by letting him know that she intended marrying some one else, instead of him.

Dear little soul! how she shrank from inflicting pain!

And how she must have suffered in secret!

By the way though, "Cheops," a thought dawns upon me—perhaps you were one of the hapless three, yourself? If so, let us shake hands across the chasm, and figuratively fall upon each other's necks—I was in love with a girl of that description myself once, so I know how it feels, and I have been in love with the whole clan ever since.

You say, "Cheops," with a touching frankness, that when you "heard she had given up both her former lovers, and married a third, you gave her up."

Now really, I can't see that there was so much magnanimity in that! What else could you do, but give her up, since she had married someone else? It seems to me awfully like the young man who was boasting to a friend of how very near he came to marrying a certain young lady.

"Well!" said the friend. "And why didn't you marry her? What happened?"

"Oh, it was entirely my own doing," responded the disappointed one. "My parents were dead against the match! So were her's, for that matter; but I would not have minded that in the least only I found out that the girl, herself, was dead against it, too. So I just let the whole thing drop."

Now "Cheops!" I did not say that every girl with a turned-up nose was an angel, I only said that most of them were huggable, and lovable, and yours must have been too, else she would never have got the chance to be engaged six times; it was very naughty of her I know, but then just think what a temptation it must have been to the poor little soul to make six men happy, if only for a little while! She was only a little too diffusive, that was all, and lacked the power of concentration. I agree with you down to the very ground about that same power of concentration, and I hope my girl will possess it to a large extent, one member of the family really ought to do so, for—quite between ourselves you know—my own nose turns up awfully, and you speak more truth than you know of, when you say that I shall have my hands full in looking after those ten supposititious daughters. If they resemble the guileless "Geoffrey" in any one respect I shall indeed have my life work pretty well cut out for me, without taking their noses into account at all. I think I shall use the remedy suggested by Carlyle for bringing up boys and "Keep them under a barrel till they are twenty-five." Would't you? GEOFFREY.

Jack (on his knees)—Oh, Etcel, say the word—what on earth are you doing with that camera?

Ethel—Don't move, Jack; I want to show you something funny.—N. Y. Sun.

Jack—What on earth are you doing with that camera?

Ethel—Don't move, Jack; I want to show you something funny.—N. Y. Sun.

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Ethel—Don't move, Jack; I want to show you something funny.—N. Y. Sun.

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ABOUT RESTLESS PEOPLE.

Johnny Mulcahey Tells of Several Little Things Tending to Restlessness.

Fa ain't broke out yet on his New Year's resolves and ma says what these are happy times. We're a happy family now and some lecturer order come along and see us. Fa was near a backslider, though, when he sat down on our maltese cat which I put on his arm chair just afore he sit down to rest his weary limbs as he said. Gosh, didn't he jump. Ma thort he'd go right inter the burnin' coals in the grate, but his forehead struck on the fender which made such a catastrophe impossible, and ma caught hold of him and they both went down on the floor like a earthquake.

I heard the people down-stairs askin' each other what kinder people the Mulcaheys was, anyhow, 'cause they're always makin' a hullabaloo, and what you'd never know when to expect the house to fall down when we're in it. They said what they couldn't understand how some people was so restless. I guess they'd be restless

What the Season Brings.

Mr. T. B. Robinson sends three calendars, this week, of the Insurance companies represented by him.

Hall & Fairweather issue a calendar that is at once unique and attractive.

The Intercolonial railway issues a large calendar containing a view of the new bridge at Bras d'Or, C. B.

A Good Combination.

Mr. F. E. Holman has associated Mr. James Duffell with him in partnership, and the firm of Holman & Duffell has made its bow to the public.

A Royal Quilt.

A prize competition of especial interest to every lady who does fancy work, is just announced by THE CANADIAN QUEEN.

A Fool.

The man of woman who allows their feet to get wet, when they can prevent it, it is not only uncomfortable, but dangerous.

The Lyttel Boy.

Sometimes there been a lyttel boy That wold not reme and play, And helples like that little toke Ben always in the way.

And then a morder felt her heart How that it ben her fair, I weep; She kissed eche day till she ben gray The shoon he use to wear;

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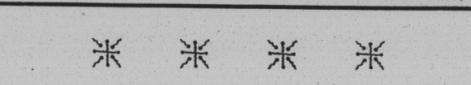
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HOEGG'S TOMATOES

are as good if not better than any other.

HOEGG'S TOMATOES

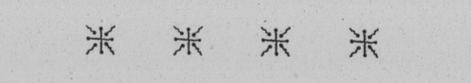
can be had at all the best Retail Grocers.



FOR BOYS.

Your boy's clothes—a big item in the end if you have many boys. Some boys are easy on clothes, some hard, but for all that poor clothes won't last as long as good ones on anybody.

Now a suit of boys' clothes bought from the OAK HALL CLOTHING HOUSE will last well into the summer from now. What more can a mother ask. Try the OAK HALL the next time your boy wants a suit.



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

EMERSON & FISHER, 75 to 79 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET. P. S.—Special Cash Sale of Heating and Cook Stoves during December, to reduce Stock, previous to the New Year. Come early.

SILVER-PLATED WARE FOR TABLE USE,

—COMPRISING THE— LATEST PATTERNS OF Useful Articles,

Celery Dishes, Bon Bon Dishes, Individual Salts and Peppers, Cake Baskets, Fruit Dishes, &c.

FINE QUALITY. LOW PRICES. T. MCAVITY & SONS, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

GURNEY STANDARD RANGE

is liked by all who have them in their houses.

GURNEY STANDARD RANGE

is the joy of women, and the comfort of men.

GURNEY STANDARD RANGE

Cooks well! Looks well! Heats well!

GURNEY STANDARD RANGE

is the cheapest family stove used at the present time.

GURNEY STANDARD RANGE

Try one, when next you want a Stove.

COLES, PARSONS & SHARP,

90 CHARLOTTE STREET.

PROGRESS ENGRAVING BUREAU. BUILDINGS, ADVERTISEMENTS, AND ORNAMENTAL WORK. DRAWN, DESIGNED & ENGRAVED. St. John, N.B.

PICTURE FRAMES

Having secured the services of one of the best gliders and moulders in the United States we are prepared to execute all orders in the Gold, Antique, Florentine, Bronze and Combination patterns—these frames being made without joined corners, the newest and latest patterns—receiving our careful attention. Also in our Framing Department, we employ none but skilled workmen, patrons frames of the finest woods used, including Cypress, Chestnut, Mahogany, Sycamore, Hard Tulip, Bridge Maple, Oak, and all native woods. All orders will receive the prompt attention of E. B. Green, Manager, Green's Art Store, 207 Union Street, Opera House Block.

The best remedy for colds and coughs at present, is, undoubtedly, Ask your druggist for Ayer's Almanac, w



RECONCILED.

Rabbi Andrew—Well, little man, what can I do for you? Carleton Co.—Please sir, my bridge is broke. I want a new bridge like you gave to York. Rabbi Andrew—But you have been a bad little boy. You made faces at me last winter. Carleton—'Coz you scolded me and kicked my little dog, Marcus! You gimme a new bridge and I won't make no more faces at you. Rabbi Andrew—Well, my little man, you shall have your bridge.

ing-pain! And how she must have suffered in secret! I suppose she was really afraid the other lover would poison himself.

By the way though, "Cheops," a thought dawns upon me—perhaps you were one of the hapless three, yourself? If so, let us shake hands across the chasm, and figuratively fall upon each other's necks—I was in love with a girl of that description myself once, so I know how it feels, and I have been in love with the whole clan ever since.

You say, "Cheops," with a touching frankness, that when you "heard she had given up both her former lovers, and married a third, you gave her up."

Now really, I can't see that there was so much magnanimity in that! What else could you do, but give her up, since she had married someone else? It seems to me awfully like the young man who was boasting to a friend of how very near he came to marrying a certain young lady.

"Well!" said the friend. "And why didn't you marry her? What happened?"

"Oh, it was entirely my own doing," responded the disappointed one. "My parents were dead against the match! So were her's, for that matter; but I would not have minded that in the least only I found out that the girl, herself, was dead against it, too. So I just let the whole thing drop."

Now "Cheops!" I did not say that every girl with a turned-up nose was an angel, I only said that most of them were huggable, and lovable, and yours must have been too, else she would never have got the chance to be engaged six times; it was very naughty of her I know, but then just think what a temptation it must have been to the poor little soul to make six men happy, if only for a little while! She was only a little too diffusive, that was all, and lacked the power of concentration. I agree with you down to the very ground about that same power of concentration, and I hope my girl will possess it to a large extent, one member of the family really ought to do so, for—quite between ourselves you know—my own nose turns up awfully, and you speak more truth than you know of, when you say that I shall have my hands full in looking after those ten supposititious daughters. If they resemble the guileless "Geoffrey" in any one respect I shall indeed have my life work pretty well cut out for me, without taking their noses into account at all. I think I shall use the remedy suggested by Carlyle for bringing up boys and "Keep them under a barrel till they are twenty-five." Would't you? GEOFFREY.

Jack (on his knees)—Oh, Etcel, say the word—what on earth are you doing with that camera?

Ethel—Don't move, Jack; I want to show you something funny.—N. Y. Sun.

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Jack—What on earth are you doing with that camera?

MATOES good better other. MATOES had the Grocers.

clothes—a big item you have many boys. You save on clothes, some of the poor clothes won't be on anybody. From the OAK HALL well into the summer ask. Try the OAK suit.

COAL VASES, FIRE IRONS, NURSERY and FIRE GUARDS, WASH BARRELS and SIFTERS, COVE BOARDS, Reasonable Goods. WILLIAM STREET. Cook Stoves during the New Year.

TABLE USE, LATEST PATTERNS of Useful Articles.

RANGE RANGE RANGE RANGE RANGE SHARP

BUREAU Mason Building Germain St. St. John, N.B.

We would say: The best and most reliable in the United States, Florence, Bronze and Cast-iron. The newest and latest patterns—employ none but skilled workmen, in St. John, N.B. We can give you the most complete list of goods, and give the prompt attention of S. B. to your orders.

PARSED. Once more my hand will clasp your hand; Year loved voice I shall hear once more; But we shall never see the land, The pleasant land we knew of yore; Never, on any summer day, Hear the low music of its streams, Or wander down the leafy way That leadeth to the land of dreams. Still, borne upon the scented air, The songs of birds rise clear and sweet, As when I gathered roses there, And heaped their glories at your feet; And still the golden pathway lies As eye across the western sea, And lovers dream beneath those skies, Which shine no more for you and me. No more, ah, nevermore! and yet They seem so near, those summer days, When hope was like a jewel set Teaching down Time's misty way, I sometimes dream that morning's light Will bring them back to us once more, And that 'tis but one long dark night Since we two parted by the shore. We parted with soft words and low, And "Farewell till tomorrow" said; From sea and sky, and sunset's glow A golden halo round you shed; Then as you went, I heard you sing, "Haste thee, sweetest, 'neath the tree, How could we dream that life would bring Not any morrow there for us?" We parted; and that last farewell Its shadow on our life-path cast; And Time's relentless barriers fell Between us and our happy past; And now we meet when cares and tears Have dulled the parting and the pain, But never can the weary years Bring back our golden dreams again. —From the Domestic Monthly.

FORTY MINUTES LATE. "The most fearful accident that ever happens on a locomotive?" echoed the engineer, looking round at me. The brave man was a member of my parish, and I was sitting at his tea-table. After a moment's thought, he pushed back his chair, for the frugal meal was finished, and he looked hard at his wife. It was a curious gaze of his honest eyes, and the lady met his glances with an almost pathetic entreaty: "Do not tell it!" written on her kind face. "She don't like to think of it," he resumed, laughing, at the same time she shook back the long hair that fell in waves over the left side of her head, uncovering a blushing scar, and revealing that he had been dismembered of an ear. "But I am not so bad a looking fellow, after all," he said. In fact, he was singularly fine looking. "It is one of those memories," his wife interrupted, rising, "that one fears to recall. But, thank God, it will be no more likely to occur again for the telling of it, and he may tell it while I put the boy to bed, upstairs."

"It was one of those accidents that nothing can prevent," resumed the engineer. "No foresight can guard against the hidden flaw which the best of steel sometimes hides in its own false heart. The best crank or shaft ever forged will sometimes break on a steamer in mid-ocean. So of a connecting-rod on a pair of drivers. Now I think the thing I am going to tell you is the most terrific accident that can happen on a locomotive, because it is the worst I ever experienced. It worked the most havoc and scared me more than any other I ever went through. I cannot get over the dread of it even now, and probably never shall. Still another man might single out another as the worst."

"My friend still runs, as he did that almost fatal day, the fastest train that speeds between two large cities. At one end of its flight, the train is obliged to traverse a long tunnel. Millions of people pass through that tunnel yearly in perfect safety. But if they knew the hairbreadth escapes of the first few years, and especially during its construction, even now they might not always sit so comfortably; but the best of appliances have somewhat lessened the dangers. "When we were ready to leave the depot at —, the new general manager of the division came along down the platform with the agent, and was introduced to me. I pulled off my greasy cap, and was about to get down, when he said: 'Never mind; that he was going to run in with us. Of course, I offered him his choice of seats, as you wouldn't to your own father; for whoever rides in the cab, he must take a stand up or the fireman's box, if the fellow is good-natured enough to offer it. A big officer, like the manager, was different, however, and I gave him anything. To tell the truth, I was relieved to know his errand was only to ride; for this English gentleman, a business man of our big owner, had been turning up lots of good men. He seemed to think we Americans couldn't make fast time, and he forgot that our machines and cars are heavier, our roads not so straight as the English. "We are forty minutes late," he said, as he straddled in front of his fire box and consulted his watch. "This occurs about every day, my man, more or less, and it's about time the blamed practice was stopped."

"Traffic is heavy in October, sir," I said, trying to smile my prettiest. "Can you drive this machine in on time?" he kind of growled at me. "I gave him a real Yankee stare back for a moment, and then my blood was up. That was ten years ago, before I had any wife and babies. It is wife, babies, ten years and a ditch or two that takes the devil out of a locomotive engineer. At first a man knows no fear, but any of the aforementioned things kind of tempts him down. He can't keep his pluck up as at first, do what he will. My wife, by the way, was expecting me to come round with the minister to be spliced a week from that very day. She had sent out some wedding cards—rather showy for humble folks to do. The wedding had to be deferred," and he tried to smile as he referred to that incident, though it was evident that the remembered tragedy was beginning to overshadow his own manly face, as it had his wife's before she left us. "Well, pastor, I just frowned on the Englishman, and said: 'If you'll choose which seat you'll take, and let my fireman get in some of his work, we'll show you what the Sagamore can do when she is mad.'"

The best anodyne and expectorant, for the cure of colds and coughs and all throat, lung, and bronchial trouble, is, undoubtedly, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Ask your druggist for it, and at the same time, for Ayer's Almanac, which is free to all.—Advt.

RAIN-PROOF CLOAKS.

Free from odor and porous, thereby giving free ventilation, and making it much more healthy to wear an

"Imperial," "Cravenette," or "Heptonette," Waterproof.

Thousands of these garments in use in England and America, giving perfect satisfaction. We have all three makes in black and colors; 52in. to 62in.

Manchester, Robertson, and Allison.

"I will take the stoker's box," he said; that's English for 'fireman,' you know. And he climbed up, rolling a cigarette and lighting it with a funny kind of foreign machine in his hand. "I started her easy, felt my cars all get hold. It was before the days of solid trains and couplers. We pulled ten cars. We had a run of seventy-four miles—schedule time, two hours. I was to run it in one hour and twenty minutes. There were to be three slow-ups and one dead halt at a drawer. That would give most of the miles in about sixty seconds. I often do that for a mile or two; every fast train does every day. But seventy-four such miles are mighty trying on a machine, now I tell you, before ye get half through; and night on to the end you don't know what minute the poor old creature may break her heart on you. I looked the Sagamore over as I took her out of the shop.—I was always do that with my own eyes; but if I had known what we were to try on, I'd given those connecting-rods more attention. We used to wedge them on the wheels; you have seen the steel keys? Nowadays they are fastened in the shops so the men can't wedge them too tight, every station every day. It is this new way of fastening that causes the ringing noise that you hear as the big drive-wheels pass you. Did you never notice?"

"Well, I soon began to feel of her mind. She was not long in making that fireman's box too uneasy for my general manager. He danced like a toy man. Then he closed the window ahead. Then he shut the one at his side, and braced his legs. Then he let the windows alone, though they rattled open, and he lost his hat, which the fireman caught on the baggage-car brake; but Mr. Manager could not let go his clutch on the seat to replace his hat. The hat was all cool-dust, anyway, so it was put into the cool-chest. Now we were just flying. I never took my eyes off the iron, but out of the corners of my eyes I saw how distressed he was. He undertook to holler something, but I paid no attention; the fireman showed in the sprinklings fine; he knew exactly how firing is half the battle in a big run. Well, we were going so well that I was afterward told the paymaster's car, which we were pulling home, could not keep the dinner dishes on the table! No, sir! Twice, going round on the every day, the boys had been swept on the floor. If we had had dining-cars in those days, wouldn't the soup have been spilled?"

"I should have thought your conductor might have interfered," I suggested. "I expected he would," was the reply. "But as time went on, and our rate grew simply fearful on the passengers, I knew well enough the conductor had been scolded as well as the rest of us. No; he told me afterward that he simply sat down and said his prayers. But to go on; I said that we had made up twenty-eight minutes, then thirty, then thirty-three—being only seven minutes behind. But there we hung. She could not increase her lead, do my best. "I knew then that we should soon begin to lose again, for she was heating. Whether the boxes were lugging on the cars or engine I could not be sure. Then, too, it might have been the curves; at all events we were lugging and losing. We fell off I struck the tunnel. It was a heavy rail and a straight track there, and I pulled her clean out for one more spurt, live or die, as we dashed into the steam and darkness of that long hole. In there you can't see anything but signals. The Sagamore answered me for just one plunge. But the next instant, crash! God help me! The whole side of the cab was flying in splinters. I knew that that meant. I jumped from my seat in front of the fire box. There, under my seat, was the general manager. He had been mercifully knocked in instead of out, but he was senseless. My drivers held their rod yet, but I knew the strain could not last long without snapping that rod, too, as I could not find the throttle to shut her off. It was so queer about that throttle, I turned round and round trying to find it; I kept turning to the left. I thought I had an extra eye just over my ear, and my other two eyes were blind. That new eye showed me a beautiful clear light, but not the throttle. Round and round that fearful steam hammer, the broken rod, kept

With his thumb, a boy is said to have saved the Netherlands from inundation. Many people have been saved from the invasion of disease by a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine imparts tone to the system and strengthens every organ and fibre of the body.—Advt.

crashing and tearing out the shreds of the cab on that side. Then the other one twisted, which threw old Sagamore plump up there, dark as pitch all about, and finally still. Now, the curious thing about it all is that with my new eye over my ear I actually read the time by my watch, and we were only seven minutes late. Yes, sir, we had made up thirty-three minutes in the seventy-four miles, slow-ups and stops included; and a minute more would have brought us to the station. I just yelled: 'How's that, old English?' and my new eye seemed to go out in darkness. The new eye was the result of a fearful gash on the side of the head, from the effects of which the possibility lingered on the borders of death for weeks. That postponed the wedding. The peculiar effect of that blow on the head the writer cannot explain, but the fact that he read his watch correctly is substantiated by the conductor of the train, of whom I asked information. "Where were many injured?" I added, in the pause that followed his conclusion. "Don't ask me—yes. Thank God, I'm alive! Now, Mollie," addressing his wife, who just entered, "I've told that story for the last time, except in my prayers."—Ez.

Is Life Worth Living? The great frequency with which pale, sallow and enfeebled girls are met nowadays is cause for genuine alarm. The young girls of the present generation are not the healthy, robust, rosy lassies, their mothers and grandmothers were before them. Their complexion is pale and sallow or waxen in appearance, and they are the victims of heart palpitation, ringing noises in the head, cold heads and feet, often fainting spells, racking headaches, back-aches, shortness of breath, and other distressing symptoms. All these betoken chlorosis or anaemia, and in other words a watery or impoverished condition of the blood, which is thus unable to perform its normal functions, and unless speedily enriched with those natural remedies which give richness and redness to the blood corpuscles, organic disease and an early grave is the inevitable result. It is not the prospect sufficient to cause the gravest alarm? Mothers are your daughters suffering from any of the symptoms indicated above, or from any of the irregularities incident to a critical period in their lives? If they are, as you value their lives do not delay in procuring a remedy that will save them. Delays in such cases are not only dangerous, but positively criminal. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is a remedy compounded especially to meet such cases. These pills are not a patent medicine, but does every day. They are in fact a never-failing blood-purifier, and a most powerful and restorative agent, and they are especially rich in those constituents which stimulate the blood and give it that rich, red color necessary to preserve health and life. They are in all cases a never-failing blood-purifier and nerve tonic, acting upon the system in a natural manner and restoring health and strength to all who suffer from a watery or depraved condition of the blood or from any of those weaknesses peculiar to females. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent by mail on receipt of price (50 cents a box) by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.—Advt.

They Swear When They Don't Know It. Some one has been looking up the origin of some of the peculiar white oaths that people use, and the result is interesting. The oath "by jimi!" is not classic in appearance, but it is clearly a corruption of the Latin "geminii" or "twins," as applied to the demigods, Castor and Pollux. What does my lady mean when she sighs, "Oh, dear!" She is really saying, "madame, who says 'Mon dieu,' with Gallic vivacity. When the man of the world ejaculates 'the deuce!' he imagines that he is talking English. Oh, no. He is talking Latin again and evoking the devil, designated in the word "diabus." When our rural friends gasp "gosh!" with astonishment, they are simply giving a sibilant ending to the otherwise hard sounding name of the Deity. When the gushing schoolgirl twitters "Goodness gracious," it she would think a moment and reverse the words she would never use them again lightly. A little study of the true meaning of words might save a great deal of unintentional profanity.—Boston Advertiser.

A Literary Coincidence. Those who delight in puzzling over curious coincidences, says the January Book Buyer, will find an interesting subject in three of the December magazines. For the Christmas numbers of Scribner, Harper, and The Century contain each a story in which a person with the unusual name of Sparlock figures. In George A. Hubbard's story, "As the Sparks Fly Upward," in Scribner, this person is a man, while in James A. Allen's "Flute and Violin," in Harper, and in "A Conscript's Christmas," by Joel Chandler Harris, in The Century, the name is given to a woman. In the little pen-and-ink portrait sketches of the Widow Sparlock and of Mrs. Sparlock in the two latter magazines the faces bear no resemblance to each other, but this fact does not make it any the less odd that three authors in widely separated parts of the country should have applied this unfamiliar name to characters in their stories.

DYSPEPTICURE THE SPECIFIC FOR DYSPEPSIA. Dyspepticure aids Digestion. Dyspepticure cures Indigestion. The most serious and long-standing cases of Dyspepsia positively cured by Dyspepticure. Price per bottle 75c and 40c (large bottles four times as small). Prepared by Charles K. Short, St. John, N.B. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

RADAM'S MICROBE KILLER

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

Shorthand INSTRUCTION. LADIES and GENTLEMEN desirous of obtaining a thorough knowledge of shorthand and type-writing and an acquaintance with the duties of a business amanuensis, should enter for our evening course—in session every evening (Saturday excepted), 7 to 9. Apply to HARRY PEPPER, Conductor of Shorthand Department, St. John Business College and Shorthand Institute. There are two ways to go into business. One is to blunder into it; others do it, why not you? The other way is by a little business schooling. It saves time and mistakes—but primer tells more, free. SNELL'S BUSINESS COLLEGE. WINDSOR, N. S.

THE ST. JOHN BUSINESS COLLEGE SHORTHAND INSTITUTE. All our Departments: BUSINESS, TELEGRAPHY, SHORTHAND, and TYPE-WRITING, WILL RE-OPEN AFTER XMAS HOLIDAYS, ON Monday, Jan. 5th. S. KEER, PRINCIPAL, Old-Fellows' Hall.

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THOSE REQUIRING SPECTACLES Consult D. HARRIS, ENGLISH OPTICIAN, 53 Germain St., St. John, N. B. NEAR MARKET. PROFESSIONAL.

J. E. HETHERINGTON, M. D., Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon, 72 SYDNEY STREET, COR. PRINCESS STREET Telephone 481. ST. JOHN, N. B. GERARD G. RUEL, (LL. B. Harvard.) BARRISTER, ETC. 3 Pugsley's Building, - - St. John, N. B.

REMOVAL. JOHN L. CARLETON REMOVED his Law Offices to No. 73 1/2 ADVICE WILLIAM STREET, (over office of D. C. CLINGS, Broker), St. John, N. B. DR. H. P. TRAVERS, DENTIST, Cor. Princess and Sydney Sts. J. M. LEMONT, PIANO AND ORGAN TUNER, FREDERICTON, N. B. JANUARY ENGAGEMENTS. Piano Tuning orders for the first half of January, may be left at the places named: MONROE, Moore's Book Store. MONROE, Moore's Music Store. AMHERST, Max Stone's.

MY AIM Is to give satisfaction in quality and price, and this I am prepared to do in Tailor-Made Clothing, OVERCOATS, ULSTERS, ETC. UNDERWEAR OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS. COLLARS, CUFFS, TIES, Latest Designs. CLOTHES MADE TO ORDER AT SHORTEST NOTICE. JAMES KELLY, CLOTHIER AND TAILOR, NO. 5 MARKET SQUARE.

A SUPPORTING GOSPEL! Give to the Workingman his Boots, Shoes, Blankets, Tweeds, Clothing, and Yarns, at cost. OUR FIRST GREAT ANNUAL REDUCTION SALE. Opened January 1st, and will continue up to about the 15th February. We are giving A Genuine 20% Discount. On all goods, without distinction of person, whether they ask for it or not. The extraordinary Cut Rate prices made by us during the past ten months should be a sufficient guarantee that we always do so to our advantage. We are making room for a very large Spring stock, to arrive in February, and the old stock on hand must be sold even if we lose on it.

Popular 20th Century Store, OPPOSITE BARNES & MURRAY'S, 12 CHARLOTTE ST. THYON WOOLEN MFG. CO., Proprietors. J. A. REID, Manager. JUST RECEIVED A FURTHER SUPPLY OF READY-MADE SUITS—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 15 Charlotte Street. T. YOUNGCLAUS, Proprietor.

Photography. THE FINEST EFFECTS OF ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHY That has ever appeared in St. John was seen at a recent exhibition, and those were produced by CLIMO. 'Tis was the verdict by all who saw them—skillfully wrought portraits. COPIES, GROUPS, AND LARGE PANELS AT VERY LOW RATES. 85 GERMAN STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

23 CARLETON STREET, ST. JOHN. SWANN & WELLDON Artists, PHOTOGRAPHERS. SITTERS ASSURED SATISFACTION. Pictures of every kind copied and finished in EVERY Style. Given Away! DURING the month of December I will give to every one sitting for 1 dozen Cabinet Photos, for \$2.00, one extra, framed in a large 5 x 10 gilt frame. Remember this frame costs you nothing and will make a nice Christmas Present.

ISAAC ERB, 13 CHARLOTTE STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B. ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS. THE CALKIN ELECTRIC LIGHT CO. ARE now prepared to enter into Contracts with their Customers for either the ARC or INCANDESCENT, at Rates as low as it is possible to produce the same with satisfactory results. We believe our System to be the best at present in the market, and we guarantee satisfaction. GEO. F. CALKIN, Manager. Room 2, Pugsley Building. A. R. BLISS, 9 CANTERBURY STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B. Electrical Expert, Contractor and Manufacturer. Complete Electric Lighting Plants; Motors of all sizes; Incandescent Wiring. 1 CARLOAD ABOVE HIGH-CLASS OIL 550 BBLs. (now due) to arrive per Sch. Boss & Stella. Although very much superior to any other Oil in port, prices are made as low as they can be. Send for samples and prices. J. D. SHATFORD, JR.

PROGRESS.

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

NET ADVERTISING RATES. One Inch, One Year, \$15.00; One Inch, Six Months, \$8.00; One Inch, Three Months, \$5.00; One Inch, Two Months, \$4.00; One Inch, One Month, \$2.00.

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

News and opinions on any subject are always welcome, but all communications should be signed. Manuscripts unsolicited to our purpose will be returned if stamps are sent.

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

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JAN. 10.

CIRCULATION, 9,000.

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

LEARNING THE BUSINESS.

There is a time in the life of nearly every boy when the question arises, 'What am I going to do to earn my own living?' And it is generally the cause of considerable anxiety on the part of both the boy and his parents.

It is a boy anxious to learn a trade, he is met with discouragement on every hand. He is told that the trades are overcrowded, and that, even with the greatest advantages in his favor, he has a long time to serve before receiving a journeyman's wages.

Although this system of changing about from place to place has been pretty generally condemned, and justly too, the employer is much to blame. If the boy's claims were given a little attention it might be better for all concerned.

There is always a demand for good workmen, and year after year they are becoming scarcer. It is true that many of the trades are overcrowded, but not with the right kind of men.

English papers are discussing, with all seriousness, the question: 'Should a woman ask the hand of a man in marriage?' It is said that the discussion of this momentous question was begun in a woman's paper, and so far it seems to have been confined to the wisdom of the would-be sterner sex.

Mr. Hutchison is eleven years older than Mr. John Howe was when he was removed from the postmaster's office to make place for Mr. Ellis.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

There is, without doubt, no play extant, and no character in dramatic literature equal to the play and character of Hamlet. He, the master mind of all the centuries, has left his impress deep upon this wonderful creation of his brain, and actors have acted the part, and critics have criticised their acting until one would say, that surely all has been said that could be said, and yet every new actor and every new critic presents some new reading or some new criticism that arouses discussion anew, and sends actor, critic, spectator, and student back to that fountain whence flowed this diamond stream.

The Opera House company has had another annual meeting and the public another statement of its affairs. We are bound to say that they might be in a more prosperous condition, but at the same time it cannot be asserted that they are in as bad a state as those of other projects that have been proposed to fight determined opposition and prejudice.

It was somewhat amusing, this week, to note the eagerness with which a part of the daily press and the departmental heads of the police endeavored to fix the stigma of associating with Mrs. WOODBURN upon two representatives of PROGRESS. It was not their fault that they were not successful.

PEN AND PRESS.

Many of our readers will, by this time, have seen the initial number of the new literary and patriotic journal, Canada, edited by Rev. Matthew Richey Knight, and have noticed that it is not only fair to the eye, but congenial to the mind.

On the whole I was more than pleased with Mr. Mantell's rendition of this great part, and am more than satisfied that as time rolls on and occasions for playing the part offer he will rapidly improve, and I look to him among the younger actors of the day to take the place of the great Shakespearean exponent who we all regret to think has reached, and even, sad though it is to say, passed the zenith of his powers, and 'give the world assurance' of a Hamlet whom it will be a pleasure and a profit to see and hear.

Denying His Identity.

The recent death in Canada of the mother of Charles M. Sterling, who was executed at Youngstown, Ohio, for the murder of Lizzie Grombacher, has unveiled the facts concerning an incident that occurred shortly before his execution.

Two Wrongs Make One Right.

Mr. George Hutchinson, who is in charge of the Meteorological Observatory here, has been notified by the marine department of the intention to superannuate him.

Reliable Agents Wanted.

The Cosmopolitan Life Association, head office, Toronto, is appointing reliable agents all over Canada. The Cosmopolitan has made a step in the right direction. It furnishes reliable life insurance at a cost within reach of every provident Canadian.

Balmoral Hotel. See advt.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Truly, if a poor rehearsal points to a good performance, the Oratorio Society had cause for rejoicing last Monday evening, for I don't think a practice could possibly have been very worse than that one was.

In the whole city, one could hardly have found a more appropriate place than Trinity church, to sing the Messiah. In its imposing appearance, beautiful decorations and fine organs, it seems to be just the place wherein to celebrate the Oratorio Society's Christmas music.

As for the choruses, well, they were not so steady as they might have been. I think, what the orchestra could not see Mr. Morley very well, and in consequence tried to follow the organ. And as the chorus and conductor generally were pretty fairly together, and the organ and orchestra usually, a little ahead or behind, the result was always a happy one.

ANECDOTES FRANCAIS.

Les réunions, allemande et française, ont recommencé la semaine passée. La première a eu lieu vendredi soir, mais, malgré le mauvais temps, il y avait un grand nombre de monde.

What a Cigarette Did.

And it all came from a half burned cigarette! It is said that not a night in the year passes without a fire in some one of our city theatres.

One of the Many Reasons.

'The Indian Agents,' said a well-informed woman who has spent much of her life in the far West, 'when they do not steal, distribute supplies to the tribes in a most reckless fashion.'

Which is the Longer?

Just look for a moment at these two horizontal lines and tell which is the longer: —————

Our friend Snap Judgment will say, 'The lower one, of course.' But it is S. J. who only measures the two he may open his eyes.—Phil. Record.

SOCIETY IN GUNVILLE.

Personal and Social Events in the Leading Circles. We was glad to grasp the hand of Nebemiah Whelan, Esquire, J. P., and express our heartfelt condolence. It is twice this time. Mr. Whelan is doing as well as could be expected.

Some friends, in human shape, stole our grindstone this week. We are glad our farm isn't on a side hill or they'd steal that, the d—d scoundrels. Miss Penelope Harris is stopping at her Uncle Adolph's, for a few days. Penelope's appetite is good. She displayed a heavenly ankle as she skipped over the snow-bank in our front yard yesterday.

Lower Gunville next.

There is a talk of a wedding in high life down in Lower Gunville next. The father of the intended bride was in today, and borrowed a nutmeg grater and a valise for the bride's trousseau. It will be something gorgeous.

Novelles Françaises.

Les réunions, allemande et française, ont recommencé la semaine passée. La première a eu lieu vendredi soir, mais, malgré le mauvais temps, il y avait un grand nombre de monde.

Canadians as Soldiers.

Speaking of the Canadians, Maj. Edmond Malet remarked that they made the best soldiers physically that he ever saw.

THE LIVERPOOL INSURANCE CO.

ASSETS DEC. 31, 1889. ASSETS IN CANADA, \$1,000,000. FIRE, LIGHT, THE.

USE FERRY'S

BECAUSE THEY ARE THE BEST. D. M. FERRY & CO. ILLUSTRATED, DESCRIPTIVE AND PRACTICAL SEED ANNUAL.

PERSONAL AND SOCIAL EVENTS IN THE LEADING CIRCLES.

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Advertisement for 'The Liverpool Insurance Co.' and 'Ferry's Seed Annual'. Includes text: 'ASSETS DEC. 31, 1889. ASSETS IN CANADA, \$1,000,000. FIRE, LIGHT, THE.' and 'USE FERRY'S BECAUSE THEY ARE THE BEST. D. M. FERRY & CO. ILLUSTRATED, DESCRIPTIVE AND PRACTICAL SEED ANNUAL.'

TEERS.

48 KING STREET.

PRODUCER

TAKE-MEDICAL

ION.

PRICE 50 CTS

WORTHY OF CONFIDENCE.

CORSETS.

THEY ARE MORE DURABLE

INSURANCE.

INSURANCE.

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INSURANCE.

INSURANCE.

GROCERS. For Xmas and New Year At W. ALEX. PORTER'S.

CONFECTIONERY, &c. WHITE'S CONFECTIONERY, GANONG'S CONFECTIONERY, TESTER'S CONFECTIONERY.

Myles' Syrup. Nuts, Grapes, Oranges, Dates, Figs, Etc.

BONNELL & COWAN, 200 UNION STREET, ST. JOHN N. B.

R. & F. S. FINLEY, 12 & 16 SYDNEY STREET, Flour and Grain Store.

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

OYSTERS! OYSTERS! 1,500 BLS. of Choice P. E. I. and North Shore Oysters—all fresh raked.

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

NEW HOLIDAY GOODS! COME and SEE. Just opened, for the Holiday Season, a large assortment.

R. D. MCARTHUR, 49 CHARLOTTE STREET, OPP. KING SQUARE, ST. JOHN, DEC. 20, '90.

S. McDIARMID, Wholesale and Retail Druggist, 49 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

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

THE NEW WEBSTER. JUST PUBLISHED—ENTIRELY NEW.

WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY. The Authentic "Unabridged," comprising the senses of 160, 75 and 76, copyrighted property.

S. B. FOSTER & SON, MANUFACTURERS OF WIRE, STEEL AND IRON-CUT NAILS.

WHOLESALE DRY GOODS.

THE ENTIRE STOCK OF LADIES' FANCY FELTS

AND STRAW HATS Offered for 30 Days

25% Discount.

SMITH BROS. Granville and Duke Streets, HALIFAX, N. S.

TURKISH DYES EASY TO USE.

They are Fast. They are Beautiful. They are Brilliant.

SOAP WON'T FADE THEM. Have YOU used them; if not, try and be convinced.

Be Thou Dry. "CANDEE"

Rubber BOOTS DOUBLE THICK BALL. CANDEE RUBBER BOOTS GIVE DOUBLE WEAR.

Do You Wear Granby Rubbers and Over-shoes?

Every Body Else Does.

SAINT JOHN DYE WORKS, 84 PRINCESS STREET.

Ladies' and Gents' Ware Cleaned or Dyed at short notice.

30 overcomes the marks of age, all who have gray beads should use Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

"ASTRA'S" TALKS WITH GIRLS.

BARBARA, Fredericton.—Don't do anything at all, what could you possibly do beyond receiving the young man's attentions in a perfectly natural and easy manner?

So be warned, Barbara, and give that dear young man plenty of rope, and I shall be glad to hear what effect my advice produces—always supposing you take it.

If I remember aright, I promised "Hilda" of St. John, that I would hunt up some recipes for freckles as soon as I had time.

A very highly recommended lotion, said to be infallible, is made of five grains of corrosive sublimate, two ounces of alcohol, and four ounces of water.

There, "Hilda," I hope you will find something amongst all these remedies, which will render your skin as soft and fair, as that of the fairy Pearlina.

SUBSCRIBER, St. John.—Do not go to the party alone with your gentleman friend! It would be the worst taste in the world.

THEY RICH have found that they are made strong and braced up by their department of work, and that Paine's Celery Compound gives great elasticity to overtaxed nerves.

UNLIKE ANY OTHER. JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT. Originated by an Old Family Physician in 1810.

Have Survived for Eighty Years! Dropped on Sugar, Children Love It. EVERY TRAVELER should have a bottle of it in his satchel.

CANADA TO THE FRONT.

Not Behind the Rest of the World in the race for the Discovery of the Benefits of Mankind.

The civilized world has recently been deeply agitated over the announcement that Dr. Koch, an eminent German physician, had discovered a lymph for the cure of consumption.

There is no case of cold in the head which will not instantly relieve and permanently cure. Do not, for an instant neglect a cold in the head, for by its prompt treatment, you will prevent its developing into catarrh.

THE YOUNG, who have any nervous tendencies, find that they are made strong and braced up by their department of work, and that Paine's Celery Compound gives great elasticity to overtaxed nerves.

Unsympathetic lady (to tramp)—Why are you tramping about in this way? Why don't you go to work?

LADIES' and GENTS' WIGS, at the AMERICAN HAIR STORE, CHARLOTTE STREET. Up one flight.

Crinkled Tissue Papers. These Papers are put up in Rolls of 20 1/2 inches wide, and 18 feet in length.

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

STEAMERS.

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

ON and after NOV. 3, the Steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Boston, Portland and New York, every MONDAY and THURSDAY morning, 7.30, standard.



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

PIANOS AND ORGANS, SHEET MUSIC, MUSIC BOOKS, &c. All kinds of Small Musical Instruments, STRINGS, ETC.

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

THE CANADA SUGAR REFINING CO. (LIMITED) MONTREAL

Redbath PARIS LUMPS



We are now putting up, for family use, the finest quality of PURE LOAF SUGAR, in neat paper boxes.

LADIES' and MISSES' OVERSHOES, RUBBER BOOTS, WOOL-LINED, (All Sizes).

Ladies' CLOAKS, Gents' COATS, RUBBERS, 40c. and up; STRAP RUBBERS, XMAS PRESENTS!

FRANK S. ALLWOOD, 17 UNION STREET. P.S.—We keep everything in the Rubber line and also keep the PRICES RIGHT.

FERGUSON & PAGE. Have a large and Well Assorted Stock of all Goods pertaining to the Legal Jewelry Business.

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

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RAILWAYS.

Intercolonial Railway. 1890—Winter Arrangement—1891

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

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN. Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton... 7.10 Accommodation for Point du Chene... 12.30

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. Express from Sussex... 8.30 Fast Express from Montreal and Quebec... 9.30

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY (New Brunswick Division). "ALL RAIL LINE" TO BOSTON, &c.

Passenger Trains will leave SAINT JOHN STATION, at 10.30 a.m.—Flying Yankee for Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.

RETURNING TO ST. JOHN FROM Montreal, at 7.45 p.m., Sleeping Car attached. Bangor at 15.45 a.m., Parlor Car attached; 7.30 p.m., Sleeping Car attached.

Shore Line Railway. ST. JOHN, ST. GEORGE and ST. STEPHEN. Until further notice Trains will leave St. John (Bangor) at 2 p.m. West Side, 2.30 p.m.

HOTELS. HOTEL STANLEY, ST. JOHN, N. B. Terms, \$1.50.

BELMONT HOUSE, ST. JOHN, N. B. The most convenient Hotel in the city. Directly opposite N. B. & Intercolonial Railway station.

QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B. J. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

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

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

ELLIOTT'S HOTEL, 28 to 32 GERMAIN STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B. Modern Improvements. Terms, \$1.00 per day.

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

WILLARD'S HOTEL, WASHINGTON, D. C. The most famous and well-known Hotel in the City.

BALMORAL HOTEL, NO. 10 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B. Is now open to the Public.

No better location in the city, only 4 minutes walk from the I. C. R. Depot and International Steamboat Landing.

A. L. SPENCER, Manager.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.



We wish our many friends and customers a very Happy New Year. We thank them for their liberal patronage, and respectfully solicit a continuance of it through the coming year.

Our Stock of Seasonable Goods is large and varied, and our prices will be found satisfactory to purchasers.

Ulster and Mantle Cloths, Dress Goods, Ladies' and Children's Underwear, Flannels, Swansdown, Shaker, Gloves, Hosiery, Clouds, Hoods, Fascinators, Mufflers, Children's Muffs, Ruffs, Etc.

97 King Street. EVERY LADY

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

It positively removes TAN, SUNBURN and FRECKLES. Sold by all Druggists.

WANTED. BOYS AND GIRLS to take orders for our Special line of Photographs in their own neighborhoods.

J. McCune, Agent. 97 King Street, St. John, N.B.

Bijou Theatre, FORMERLY THE LYCEUM.

A GREAT SUCCESS! Crowded to the Doors Nightly!

A NEW SHOW For week commencing Monday, Jan. 12.

ENGAGEMENT OF EDGAR AND CURRAN SPECIALTY CO.

10 PEOPLE 10 Don't forget our Friday Amateur Nights. A host of Volunteers.

Fun for Everybody. Popular Prices.

NEW SHOW. NEW FACES EVERY WEEK.

BOSTON COMEDY COY. H. PRICE WEBBER, - MANAGER.

Supporting the Favorite Actress, EDWINA GREY.

THIS COMPANY WILL OPEN FRIDAY EVENING, IN CITY HALL, FREDERICTON

CHANGE OF PROGRAMME NIGHTLY.

GENERAL CLEARANCE SALE! MRS. L. B. CARROLL

Intends selling her entire stock of WINTER MILLINERY, as she purposes returning to United States, after the spring season.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

New Year's day in town with his mother at her home on Steadman street.

The many friends of Mr. Albert Macalary, who has been so very ill, and has spent most of the autumn under treatment at the John hospital, are glad to see him in town again.

Miss Ruggles, of Weymouth, N. S., has been spending some time in Moncton with her sister, Mrs. G. S. Weeks.

Mr. W. C. Ross returned, on Saturday, from his fortnight's visit to his home in Montreal.

Dr. Somers is receiving warmest sympathy from his many friends in the sorrow he met with last Monday evening, when his office was almost entirely destroyed by fire.

Mr. Samuel Hunter celebrated New Year's eve by entertaining some 20 of his friends at supper at his restaurant, where they saw the Old Year out and the New Year in, amid songs, speeches, and musical entertainment.

New Year's eve was marked by one or two pleasant events in the form of presentations.

W. F. Humphrey, manager of Humphrey's woollen mills, received a very handsome memento from the employees of the mill, in the person of Wier presented by the Rev. J. M. Robinson, pastor of St. John's Presbyterian church, on the occasion of the congregation, with a valuable American coat.

The presentation took place at the close of the prayer meeting on New Year's eve, and Wier has been an officer of the church for over 30 years, and is the founder of the Sunday school here; he was greatly pleased and surprised at such an evidence of affection and esteem.

The many friends of Mrs. Woodman will regret to hear that she met with a very severe accident last week during the slippery walking, falling on the ice and fracturing her shoulder.

The Salvation Army celebrated New Year's eve after a fashion of their own, by holding a parade, on the main street, where they seemed to enjoy thoroughly. They had the entire territory to themselves, and could revel in freedom.

Amongst the many New Year's presentations which have taken place in our town during the last week, one which is worthy of mention seems to have escaped the public notice, perhaps on account of the extreme modesty of the recipient.

Miss Alice Boardman, a young lady, was presented last week by her fellow clerks, with an illuminated address, accompanied by a valuable medal, bearing a suitable inscription. The latter was in response work, and of a particularly choice design. Mr. Cowan was the donor, and he was, in price, and deeply gratified at the touching evidence of the esteem in which he is held by his associates, and their generous manner of bestowing it.

CECIL GWYNNE.

ST. STEPHEN. [PROGRESS is for sale in St. Stephen at the bookstore of C. H. Smith & Co., and G. S. Wall and H. M. Webber.]

JAN. 7.—The handsome residence of Mr. W. D. Murchie, on Church street, Calais, was a blaze of light on New Year's evening, it being the occasion of a reception given by Miss Mabel Murchie. Some 50 guests were present.

The entertainment was of a most excellent character, and the large drawing rooms are so well adapted for it, and that fashionable art amusements of table d'hôte were served up in a most lively and entertaining manner.

Miss Murchie had very properly invited her guests to dance. Miss Murchie had very properly invited her guests to dance. Miss Murchie had very properly invited her guests to dance.

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CUTICURA.

Cold, raw winds of winter fan to fury itching, burning, and scaly humors and diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood. No pen can describe their severity, no language can exaggerate the suffering of those afflicted, especially of little babies, whose tender skins are literally on fire.

Winter is the best time to effect a permanent cure. CUTICURA Remedies are the greatest skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies of modern times, are absolutely pure, and agreeable to the most sensitive, and may be used from the youngest infant and most delicate invalid with gratifying and unflinching success.

CUTICURA, the great skin cure, instantly allays the most intense itching, burning, and inflammation, permits rest and sleep, heals raw and irritated surfaces, cleanses the scalp of crusts and scales, and restores the hair.

CUTICURA SOAP, the only medicated toilet soap, is indispensable in cleansing diseased surfaces. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood and skin purifier and greatest of humor remedies, cleanses the blood of all impurities, and thus removes the cause. Hence, the CUTICURA Remedies cure every humor of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, from pimples to scrofula, from infancy to age, when the best physicians fail.

"How TO CURE DISEASES OF THE SKIN AND BLOOD" mailed free to any address, 64 pages, 300 Diseases, 30 Illustrations, 100 Testimonials. A book of prices and value to every subscriber. CUTICURA REMEDIES sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 75c.; CUTICURA SOAP, 35c.; CUTICURA RESOLVENT, \$1.00. Prepared by POTTER DUGG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston.

Pimply Skin, red, rough hands, painful finger-ends and shapeliness nails are prevented by Cuticura Soap, incomparably the greatest of skin cures, and the only one that cures the scalp of dandruff and itching, and restores the hair.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Clere, on New Year's eve gave a very elegant card party. The guests invited were: Hon. James Mitchell and Mrs. Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Grimmer, Mr. E. G. Young, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Grimmer, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hill, Mrs. Melvin, Miss Mary Abbott, Miss Louie Meigs, Miss Thomas, Miss Annie and Addie Trimmer, and Miss Mabel Clarke. Mr. Bolton, accompanied by his wife, remained for the evening, and they were very much pleased with their part in the most charming manner.

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NEW YEAR, 1891. Skinner's Carpet Warerooms.

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

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

A CHENILLE PORTIERE, As these make Handsome and Useful Seasonable Presents.

A. O. SKINNER.

DISHES, DISH CLOTHS, POTS, PANS, PAINTS.

SO CLEAN, SWEET, EASY.

"WHITE CROSS" Granulated Soap does it.

A pure soap in fine powder. All kinds of cleansing done quickly, without injury to hands or fabric of cloth, or to anything used upon. 5cts. will buy a package which will give you many dollars worth of satisfaction.

BATHURST. [PROGRESS is for sale in Bathurst at A. C. Smith & Co's store.]

JAN. 7.—Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Cowperthwaite were very agreeably surprised, on New Year's day, by a visit from their friends, Mr. Barthelemy, and Mr. and Mrs. Johnston, of Dalhousie. The gentlemen spent the day only, but Mrs. Johnston remained Mrs. Cowperthwaite's guests till Saturday.

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WOODSTOCK.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Woodstock at Everett's Bookstore.]

JAN. 8.—Mr. A. D. Holyoke has returned from a short visit to Fredericton.

Mr. and Mrs. G. V. Dibblee are spending a few weeks in Fredericton with her aunt, Mrs. G. H. Lagin.

Miss Eliza Smith has returned from Chatham, where she has been spending her vacation with Mrs. G. Fisher.

Mr. George Smith and Miss Lou Smith have gone to New York.

Mr. Geo. Manzer has returned from Fredericton after a very pleasant visit.

Miss Lily Jordan has gone to Victoria Corner to take charge of the school there.

Miss Lucy Leighton left last Monday to attend the Ladies' Institute at St. Martins.