

# PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1894.

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## THE PREMIER'S HOME.

### HOW HE WAS KNOWN AND APPRECIATED IN HALIFAX.

An Old Colleague Talks about Him—In a Temperance Lodge and at School—His Law Partner and How He Succeeded—Fulfilling Himself Together.

HALIFAX, Dec. 20.—There is real sorrow in Halifax over the untimely death of Sir John Thompson. The regret is felt by liberals and conservatives alike, for was not Johnny Thompson a Halifax boy whom everybody knew, and whom thousands admired? He had been closely identified with many of our societies and institutions, and rose from the ranks of the people to the pinnacle of fame, and then died in the castle, and almost in the very presence of his sovereign.

Party feelings run high in Halifax, but when a politician dies all rancor is gone instantly. An instance of this occurred in the city council on Tuesday night, when Ald. Wallace moved a resolution expressive of the corporation's high sense of the dead statesman's worth, dwelling upon the fact that our city had lost its most talented son and our country its most distinguished statesman, one who had risen to the highest possible position in the gift of the nation. The resolution was adopted and the city hall will be draped in mourning.

Yet, when Sir John was here some months ago an effort was made to have the city council express its appreciation of Sir John. He was in Halifax as premier of Canada, and he came a native of Halifax. The very same Alderman Wallace was to have moved congratulatory resolutions, and everybody expected he would, but partisan feeling was too much for him or for his friends, and the resolutions never came out of the alderman's pocket. Nothing can be said now that could not with equal truth be uttered then. 'Twas ever thus. We wait till our friends are dead to say our best things of them. It is better to say good things after friends depart than not at all; but it is best that kind and true praise should be uttered when it can do some real good to others than to friends of the dead.

The state funeral which will take place next week will be the grandest and most solemn pageant ever witnessed in Halifax. Those who see it will never forget the burial of the Right Hon. Sir John Thompson, as those who saw the interment of Governor "Joe" Howe will ever remember that great funeral procession and obsequies, etc., at the grave of the father of his province. The military, the church, the state, and the people, will leave nothing undone to honor our noble dead next week.

Great preparations are going on for the funeral of Sir John Thompson, which people expect will take place on January 2nd. Louis Coste, of Ottawa, is here taking charge of the preparations and is being assisted by Mr. Dodwell, of Halifax. Mr. Coste registered at the Halifax on Monday.

There will be an immense crowd here from all the cities of Canada. The city will be honored by the presence of all the leading dignitaries of the fair Dominion. The hotel will be crowded and Mr. Sheraton says that the Queen has had a large number of applications for rooms already.

Everywhere people are talking of the late premier and of the imposing funeral that will be. Even the bell boys in the hotels were heard talking it over between calls.

### AN INNER VIEW.

John Thompson as Viewed by a Friend.

This morning I had a very pleasant talk with the deceased premier's late colleague in the provincial house, Mr. S. H. Holmes, now prothonotary of the supreme court.

Mr. Holmes' recollections of him cover only the period when they were associated in local politics. He had not known him until they met in an election campaign in Antigonish in 1877.

His memory of him was very pleasing, and the qualities which he saw in him were of the best. Every one knows that he was a hard working and industrious man, that he was a man of few words, that he was not one who was always discoursing on the floors of the house, and that his speeches always told, whether aggressive or defensive of his policy.

It was of his personal and social attributes that Mr. Holmes spoke. He was a man who combined reserve and cordiality in right proportion. Among those who knew him best he was most genial; his laugh was pleasant, his appreciation of humor was keen and he could also tell a good story himself.

But yet he was a man of great reserve. To the outsider it would not appear that he was a man of emotions. He was, the difference being that he suppressed his feelings. It would have been better if he had allowed them to find vent.

About his youth Mr. Holmes knew

only what he heard from others. He understood that the boy John Thompson was a studious, steady, ambitious, sincere youth. He had a field laid out before him and so he did not stray into the byways and forbidden paths into which young men are apt to wander. He was in fine exemplar youth and became an exemplary man.

While I sat talking with Mr. Holmes another gentleman who was there took in with a remark that he knew Sir John when he was a boy of fourteen or fifteen. "At that age the boy John joined Chebucto division, S. of T., and I sat with him," said the speaker, "for ten years. Both he and his father were members."

"If I remember rightly," he said, "I think that the division provided his gown when he was called to the bar."

### Sir John's Legal Partner.

Having seen his political partner I started to find his legal partner, but here I discovered an obstacle. His partner was Mr. Joseph Coombs, who is now in London. Mr. Coombs left Halifax under a cloud. He left a number of obligations behind. Despite the example of rectitude set before him by the late premier, he seemed to have gotten into bad habits, ending in his going to the country.

But he appears to be an example of a man who having gone to pieces pulls himself together again. He is now doing well in London and some time ago sent for a statement of his liabilities. This was sent to him and he is now liquidating them. Some say that he has cleaned them all off.

### MR. KEARNEY COMES TO TOWN.

And he Calls Upon "Progress" For a Chat About his Identity.

Mr. B. F. Kearney called at PROGRESS office this week. He carried an open copy of PROGRESS in one hand and rather an ugly look upon his face. He was after satisfaction and he went about the matter like the angry man that he was. A good many people think that Mr. Kearney should look and feel happy; he has the oat contract for the city of St. John in which he has lived only about three months. According to his statement to PROGRESS he came to this city about the last of August of this year and he has paid a \$20 license for doing business.

But what he objects to was the statement that he had been engaged in an oat transaction with a man named Stirling from Prince Edward Island and that the latter thought he had been sharp.

Generally speaking this is not serious language but it appears that this time PROGRESS like a good many other people got this particular Mr. B. F. Kearney mixed up with a Mr. Robt. Kearney who had the transaction with Mr. Stirling. Inquiry revealed the fact that Robert is a brother of B. F.'s, and that they are both engaged in the oat business. They seem to resemble each other in a wonderful degree and if they are both as sharp as they look, no doubt they will succeed in their own particular fashion. But still it is well to note as PROGRESS has done that Robert Kearney who had the oat transaction with Mr. Stirling is not the B. F. Kearney who has oat transactions with the city, or some say with A. C. Smith & Co.

Referring to this Mr. Kearney was quite explicit and plain. He did not think it was the business of the public where he got the oats he supplied the city with. He could buy them from A. C. Smith & Co., if he liked and it was nobody's business. Mr. Kearney did not go so far as to say that he did buy his oats from A. C. Smith & Co., or that he was going to do so but he was independent and very broad-minded. He took the view that he could come into town for a few months, pay a paltry license and underbid responsible citizens for a civic contract. These citizens had contributed to the revenue of the city for years and will do so again for years, probably, but according to his view they are not entitled to any consideration on that ground. This may be true, though PROGRESS does not share this view of it. The city should set a good example and patronize its tax-paying citizens and not any produce pedler who qualifies to do business by paying a paltry license. There is plenty of room for inquiry into such matters as these—plenty of evils to be remedied that will be warmly welcomed. And while any such investigation is going on let the coal contract for the ferry be looked into thoroughly, how it was given, on what grounds and whether there was any consideration of any kind whatever.

### More Care for the Future.

Mr. Chamberlain Sandall's statement about executions for taxes and the charges for them seems to have aroused a number of people whose experience has been that they have paid the fee without seeing or hearing from the marshal. All of them agree that the Chamberlain is not aware of this and that he must take the word of his marshals, some of whom can afford to be more careful, at least in the future.

Progress agrees with him in one particular—there should be a rigid investigation into the case—a free and public investigation—to show who was to blame; how the accident occurred and what methods can be adopted to prevent similar ones in the future.

Talk about the ring and corruption in New York," writes the correspondent; "Comparatively speaking, St. John is

## SHE WOULD NOT SING.

### THE LEADING SOPRANO IN THE MINSTRELS RETIRES.

For a Curious Reason—She Gave her Reasons to the Manager and Was Allowed to Go—Another Talented Lady Takes her Place in the Cast.

Quite a little breeze of excitement and possibly other emotions were aroused in amateur minstrel and musical circles last week. The provoking cause of this flutter of excitement was the action of the young lady selected to sing the principal role in "The Pirates of Penzance," then and now under rehearsal by the St. John amateur minstrels. The story as learned is that the young lady refused to on the occasion of a recent rehearsal entered the hall and laying down the music she had been studying, announced to the management that she had decided to give up her part and resign her position. This was rather in the nature of a bombshell and dismay prevailed the breasts of all. Astonished! That word fairly expresses the emotions of the manager. That courteous gentleman suggested reconsideration, but the young lady was implacable. What was the matter? What had gone wrong? Had any one offended her? If so it must have been wholly unintentional and as the male members of the company were all gentlemen, the offender would cheerfully apologize as soon as he knew wherein he had offended. The manager inquired the cause of this action and to his utter amazement learned that the lady objected to the personality of the gentleman who had been selected by the club to sing the opposite leading solo. What had he done? Surely there must be some mistake! "The young man," said the manager, "is very popular with all the members. He is a modest gentlemanly young fellow a good singer and spoken well of by all who knew him." The lady eventually stated her objection, which was contained in the startling announcement, that "he is Catholic." That the manager did not faint on hearing this can only be accounted for in the fact that he has an iron constitution. He was not a little bit rattled, 'tis true, but he drew himself together again, as it were, and advised the lady to consider well what she was doing, but she replied that she had considered it. The manager remarked, "Why, you played a part with A. R. before," but he was completely overwhelmed when he received the answer, "Yes, but he (Mr. —) was in a different set." The objectionable young man on learning the facts, generously proposed to retire, but to the credit of the club, he it said, this proposition was promptly and positively negatived. He could not go. The outcome of the matter is that the objecting lady has been permitted to retire, and another young lady with much musical ability has been secured in her stead. It is a matter of regret that such an episode as this should occur, but it is just as well in view of all the interests that are and might be involved that the facts should be known by the public.

### THERE IS ROOM TO INVESTIGATE.

Were These Settlements Suggested and by Whom—Who is to Blame?

PROGRESS has a letter from a good citizen that contains such grave reflections upon portions of the city government and such suggestive statements that it is worth reproducing in part.

Most of the people will agree with the correspondent that the taxes are too heavy but whether the majority will unite with him in saying that the money is squandered is another question.

This gentleman refers particularly to one or two cases that have been "settled" of late. He speaks of the Beatty cases and thinks that the suit of I. O. Beatty against the corporation was settled hurriedly and without proper consideration. It will be remembered that the claim of Mr. Beatty was for injury at the ferry floats and it was settled after the decision of the court in the Silver case when the city had to pay between \$4,000 and \$5,000. Mr. Beatty's case came along just afterwards and whether the aldermen took an extraordinary fit of caution and hesitated to risk adding costs to damages or were advised from inner circles to pay the claim is not known. At any rate the claim was settled for \$800 and the costs came to some \$400 in addition.

This indignant citizen claims that it was a shame to pay so much money for so small an affair and call for an investigation to show what there was in the accident and by whose advice it was settled.

PROGRESS agrees with him in one particular—there should be a rigid investigation into the case—a free and public investigation—to show who was to blame; how the accident occurred and what methods can be adopted to prevent similar ones in the future.

Talk about the ring and corruption in New York," writes the correspondent; "Comparatively speaking, St. John is

### Who Was He?

One of the most prominent and popular men in St. John met two ladies and a little girl on the street the other evening.

"Don't you think he looks like William Cullen Bryant?" said one lady, after the prominent citizen had passed into the night.

"I don't know," said the other lady. "I never saw William Cullen Bryant. He always reminds me," continued the lady, "of Moses."

"I never saw Moses," said her companion.

The other lady seemed to enjoy the joke as much as the maker thereof. Just then the little girl, whose thoughts, as those of all little girls at this time, were with the season, turned to the ladies and asked, "Ma, is that nice man Santa Claus?"

The question which will be left to the reader to decide is, who was the prominent and popular citizen?

### The Season for Furs.

Furs are what everybody needs at the present time of year. There is no Christmas present that it will cause anyone to think of you more warmly during the winter than something in the fur line. Messrs. Thorne Bros., as may be seen by an advertisement in another column, are specialists in furs, and will help you to a Merry Christmas and a merry winter.

Large assortment of Fur and Hides, Lowest Prices, 99 King Street.

just as corrupt. I verily believe we have as such corruption rings and cliques proportionally in St. John and especially in that part of it called Charlottan as they have in New York.

Then he goes on and calls for a Lexow commission, for a body of men who will do their work in the light of day. This is the opinion of many citizens. An investigating committee should throw its meetings open to the public. PROGRESS is, something like a good many people who supported the T. R. A., waiting anxiously to hear what the committee has done. This paper was always of the opinion that action should have been taken as the inquiry into each department was completed. Eight months of the aldermanic year have passed and not only has there been no action but not even a report. This is not satisfactory to the people. The committee satisfy those who speak with them that they have worked hard—the mayor speaks freely to all who wish to talk over the matter—but nothing has been done save inquiring. When the report and its suggestions come in there will be enough to discuss to keep the matter open until the elections come on in May.

But there was another statement in the letter that will bear inquiring into. The writer says that Mr. Geo. W. Beatty was arrested for taxes due upon property in his wife's name or something of that sort that the warrant was served by Constable Smith who put him in jail. The willingness of Mr. Beatty to go in is also discussed but it occurs to us that Mr. Smith would be a better witness upon that point than any other. But Mr. Beatty should not have been arrested and he knew it. His suit for damages was settled quietly and the public did not know much about it.

Now who was responsible for this? The blame must rest somewhere and it is only right that it should be placed upon the shoulders of the right man.

Mayor Robertson, here is some more work for a good investigation, but let it be open to the press and the public.

### AN EVENT FOR THE BOYS.

Upon Mr. Calvert's Invitation They all Assembled at the Wedding.

The event of the week among the boys was the marriage of Miss Calvert and Mr. Dickey. Seldom indeed is any couple honored with the presence of so many young men when starting out on the matrimonial voyage. The event has been looked forward to for some time and the father of the bride has not been at all backward in issuing invitations. In fact the list grew so large that those who proposed to attend concluded that the residence of Mr. Calvert would be inadequate in point of room to present the addresses. So Spencer's hall was engaged and the elegy upon "Time" delivered. The point of the address was neatly turned and included so many of "Charles" friends that PROGRESS cannot find room for them. The wedding coachman was the renowned William Warner and the fact that his horses seemed somewhat gay and restive was not so great a compliment to the quantity and quality of the oats they get as to the bubbling spirits of the crowd. The looseness and general uncertainty of the harness, the lightning change of drivers, the flight of luggage, all bore testimony to the good will and energy of those assembled to see them off. Then the scene at the house!

That cannot be described. The only incident to damp the enjoyment of the occasion was the seizure of a fair-sized keg—contents unknown—for the rent of the hall hired for the reception.

Where the Brave Fire-laddies Sleep and Enjoy Themselves.

Last summer everybody in St. John—and a good many from all over the country, saw what a grand outdoor exhibition the firemen could give. Anyone wanting to see what a grand inside one they can furnish would do well to visit some of the firemen's quarters.

Take No. 1 Fire Company. Their room is a thing of beauty, and is probably destined to be a joy for a long time, if not forever. This room was furnished by means of funds from their tournament in the Singer rink. The beautiful oak chairs and walnut tables, and the fine pictures on the walls, present a combination pleasing to the eye. The pictures represent scenes in the great battles of the English nation, but singularly enough, there are no pictures of battles with what is known in newspaper parlance as "the devouring element." There is one picture, however, whose presence is eminently fitting. That is a handsome portrait of their late brother-fireman, "Joe" Duffell. Mr. David Dearness is the popular foreman of No. 1.

No. 3 company also has beautiful quarters. Here is to be found the handsome room of Mr. Wilson, superintendent of the fire alarms. Besides many other curiosities, he has a beautiful cabinet of fireman's badges, one at least from every state in the Union. The rooms that the strange corps occupy are splendidly furnished, a handsome piano being one of the fittings. The men's bedroom has the only sliding-pole in the city. No wonder No. 3 is generally sharp on time. The days of the firemen's childhood, when they used to slide down the banners, are vividly recalled when they slide down to the engine. The batteries for the fire alarms are stored in the upper floor. Mr. Oliver Thompson is the genial foreman.

The other fire-companies in town have good comfortable quarters. When the companies follow the example of No. 1, and get up a tournament, they will be well patronized, for St. John realizes the importance of her fire-defenders, and also that the companies are all composed of jolly good fellows. PROGRESS will describe some of the other rooms before long.

Some Things That Will Make an Investigation of Considerable Interest.

An additional to the article about the hospital in Halifax printed upon the ninth page of PROGRESS this week says that the charges are not all on one side, for it now appears that the superintendent is in trouble on account of some patient whose case is to be brought to the attention of the government. Interesting statements are also before the government regarding the management of the lady superintendent. It is charged that some time before the present difficulty occurred it was known that shortcomings, fictitious or real, were being eagerly watched for by the hospital authorities, and there is talk of conspiracy and that sort of thing. The government will have its hands full to investigate and satisfactorily settle these charges and suspensions, and the counter charges.

The suspension of the house surgeon and nurse was not the first attempt under that unofficial rule. A young lady from St. John's, Nfld., who joined the nurse's staff on the authority of a prominent politician, positively and rightly refused to do the peculiar work demanded of her. Then the lady superintendent suspended her. She refused to leave or even to consider herself suspended and went about her work as if nothing had happened. And nothing has happened. Eventually "nothing will happen" in regard to the others.

### AS A LETTER WRITER.

Mr. Percy Lear Contributes a Letter to the Halifax Press.

One of the "features" in a recent issue of the Halifax newspapers, was a letter from Percy J. A. Lear. He sent it to all the newspapers that have come to the desk of PROGRESS, and, presumably, has not slighted any of them except PROGRESS itself, which, however, will reproduce it for the benefit of all concerned.

Such a notice appeared in city newspapers, viz., at the Lear vs. Carter case had been discontinued. Such statements, I learn, produced an erroneous impression. The facts shortly are, that I was under the firm conviction, both from information received, and as a result of business transactions with the St. John, N. B., newspaper called PROGRESS, that Franklin B. Carter was one of the proprietors, and finding him in this city connected with the sale and distribution of said paper, and on business connected therewith, I at once caused a writ to be issued against him, claiming damages for the "slandering" and malicious libels published in former issues, and he was arrested on a capias issued in the suit. (When F. B. Carter was examined under oath on the charge of perjury he made against me, he swore he was not a partner or proprietor of the sheet he represented, but was only agent and bookkeeper, though a brother of the real owner, whom he stated on oath was Edward B. Carter. Under these circumstances, inasmuch as the gist of my action was the fact of his joint ownership, I was advised to and did discontinue that suit.)

This discontinuance has no effect or relation whatever to the other proceedings I have taken and intend taking, all of which will be carried out to the bitter end.

Yours respectfully,  
PERCY J. A. LEAR.  
Halifax, N. S., Dec. 19th, 1894.

## WE ALL LIKED THIS MAN

### REGISTRAR McLELLAN PASSES TO HIS LONG REST

After a Brief Illness from Erysipelas—He was Popular with all Men, and did Much for His County in the Legislature—His Special Qualities.

It will be difficult for those who were accustomed to hear the cheery greeting of Registrar David McLellan almost every day, to realize that he is dead and that they have exchanged the last word with him.

Perhaps there was no man in the united city more popular than he was, better known among all classes of people and with fewer enemies. Indeed, it would be a difficult matter to associate the latter word with him. If it can be said of any man that he had no enemies it might truly be said of the late registrar.

He was comparatively speaking a young man, younger than most of the people, who did not know him intimately, imagined. He was four years short of threescore and just as active and energetic as when he used to run and win elections.

The people of this city and country knew Mr. McLellan best as a representa-



and as a merchant. Lately he has had the position of registrar of deeds and probate. But as a representative he was popular to a greater degree, perhaps than any politician St. John has known—well liked by his opponents who voted against him with regret. Many indeed voted for the man for the time being putting principle aside, and felt better for it. No one has ever ventured the assertion that he was not a good representative. He did all for his county and his province that any man could and in many parts of rural St. John the effect of his work is seen. He was as popular among the members of the house of assembly as among his constituents and in this way he was a tower of strength to his government in its earlier days.

A good and shrewd merchant Mr. McLellan made a good provincial secretary. He was largely instrumental in the attempt to improve the stock of the province. In this and all other matters that he took in hand he was practical.

But apart from his political popularity who did not appreciate him as a man, as a companion? Who could resist the droll incidents he could relate and the happy accounts of his personal experiences?

Always full of life and energy he never failed to find the time for a pleasant chat with old friends. He was ever ready with help for them if they needed it, and when he was able no one had occasion to make a second request of him.

THE FIREMEN'S QUARTERS.

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Halifax, N. S., Dec. 19th, 1894.

OLD CHRISTMAS CARDS.

THESE AND OLD MEMORIES CONNECTED WITH THEM.

What a little picture of two snow-shoes crossed, surrounded with summer flowers, with the verdure of spring in the background.

Did you ever open the drawer in which you have been storing the Christmas cards you cherished most, for the past eight or ten years? I did the other day. I wanted more room for lots of things and I thought it foolish to keep so much valuable space lying idle.

I have heard too much about the influence of a sudden waft of perfume, or a bar of music, in recalling some long forgotten scene, but I cannot imagine any melody, or perfume as potent as the sight of a bit of writing in some well known hand to bring back in a sudden flash of memory the scenes of other days.

I could not believe that a few pieces of printed pastboard could move me, as those old cards moved me. How I laughed over some, and cried over others, and what a perfect diary of past events they were with their little descriptive lines of writing on the back sometimes a little verse, or a word of reference to some event in which the sender and recipient had taken part, and the date; which seems so far off now.

The Christmas cards of ten years ago were not as artistic as they are now, nor half as pretty, but they served their purpose and gave just as much pleasure I am sure, as they look today.

Here is a crude little picture of two snow shoes crossed, appropriately surrounded with summer flowers, and with a landscape of smiling verdure for a background; but a line written across the back tells me that the shoes are a memento of a snow-shoeing party we had been at the week before, and the lad who sent it was my partner "on the tramp."

There are more cards in the drawer, but they are left undisturbed, and all but that one go back to their places. How many changes in ten short years, and how many vacant places left! I have sorted enough cards for one day somehow I don't care about having any more space, so I close the drawer with a curious feeling of having stood beside a grave.

St. Crispin's Day. A pleasant story is told of the Emperor Charles V. One night he strolled into a cobbler's shop to get his boots mended.

It happened to be the festival of St. Crispin. The cobbler was making merry with his friends and declared that no work could be done on that day for any man, even though he were Charles himself, but the stranger was cordially invited to join in the merrymaking.

Here to the health of Charles V. said the cobbler. "Do you love him?" asked the emperor. "Love him?" said the cobbler. "I do. I love his long nose which will enough, but I should love him more if he taxed us less."

They finished St. Crispin's day very pleasantly. Upon the morrow the emperor sent for the cobbler to the palace and greatly surprised him by thanking him for his hospitality of the previous evening, asking him what reward he would like best.

A Curious Theatre. A theatre that will probably rank as one of the most unique buildings in the world is in course of construction at Buenos Ayres. Seating five thousand persons, it has the largest capacity of any building of its kind.

According to a correspondent of the New York Observer, a Christian church in some parts of Japan cannot be established without the consent of the property owners in the neighborhood; in fact a church has the same status as a saloon has in a highly moral American village.

In Thuringia, Germany, there is a whole district which is dependent for its support on the manufacture of artificial eyes—hands, wires, and children all working together.

IS CHRISTMAS VULGARIZED?

So late a thoughtful woman in the street the other day. Christmas has become dreadfully vulgarized in these days, a thoughtful looking woman was overheard saying to another in the street recently, and we imagined she went on thus: How little we hear of the simple souvenirs, expressing friendly sentiments, a considerate watchfulness of individual tastes, and the dainty workmanship of industrious hands through many weeks and evenings, which were in vogue a quarter of a century ago!

Gentle, old-fashioned creatures, be not too pessimistic. There are worthy people, worthy deeds done, and much worthy thinking going on even in these so called degenerate times. The current is strong in the stream of city life, and scum and impurities float upon the surface. It is the superficial observer who assumes that the depths are, also impure, and who generalizes disheartenedly because of his own inconsiderable contact with life.

"Christmas comes but once a year." The old saying is repeated infinitely, and with infinitely varied meaning. What a pity that it comes not oftener, or that its spirit of generosity, friendly regard and tolerant feeling could not be changed from an annually a perpetually blooming plant. To make Christmas sentiments so common might, perhaps, be deemed by sensitive exclusives to vulgarize them. Vulgarly is not a generally commendable quality, but it often does something in and for the world, while exclusiveness does nothing but carp and tell us what ought not to be done.

Let us not be vulgar if we can help it, but, oh, let us do something, and feel ourselves a real part of the world we live in!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. Something About the Popular Author who Died Last Week.

By the death of Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson Britain loses one of her greatest romance writers. "Treasure Island," which brought him into notice, was held by many of the best read men and soundest critics to be the greatest book of its kind since "Robinson Crusoe," and its popularity for a time was very great. It does not seem to have maintained its hold upon the reading public, however, as its great predecessor has done, and is not much talked of. This may be because the work of Mr. Rider Haggard, somewhat in the same line, exceeds in imaginative power and weird impressiveness Mr. Stevenson's work, and the younger writer has eclipsed the elder.

These two writers had no rival in their own line. Mr. Rudyard Kipling's work is of a different kind. The spirit of romance so all-pervading in Stevenson's and Haggard's works are replaced in his by realism made impressive by great imaginative power. Mr. Kipling has had no predecessors. Mr. Stevenson's style was by far the finest and clearest of the three, and his influence in this matter upon writers has probably been greater than that of either Mr. Haggard or Mr. Kipling, though they have had more obvious imitators.

THE GAME OF SNAPDRAGON. Players Must Be Quick and Not Mind Burned Fingers.

Few "Christmas gambols" exist in their original form. But the old game modified to suit modern tastes as well as the new ones are just as full of fun and are entered into by the young folks nowadays with as much zest as were the rougher gambols over which in old England the "Lord of Misrule" presided. Although the authority of this sort was generally acknowledged at Christmas merrymakings 200 or 300 years ago, and made things very lively, such disorders finally crept into his burlesque reign that he was suppressed.

One of the most quiet and genial of the gambols over which he was master has been handed down under the name of "Snapdragon." Raisins are put into a large bowl, covered with spirit, which is ignited, the fire in the room is extinguished, and each one attempts in turn to grasp a raisin, a feat requiring some skill and courage.

Saving Money. That doesn't mean buying anything, just because the price is low. Cheapness means honest value, as to clothes, fit, finish and style, when clothes are the subject. When we say "cheap" we mean a low price, offset by all that bestness of clothes means. We import all our cloths, and make the first saving that way—then, we get the best workmen—they cost more but do more and do it better—that's another saving—we buy for cash and save there—all this means the best thing in clothes and the least possible cost. Don't you want to buy right?

GILMOUR, Tailor. Delaying Sunset. A British admiral experienced a peculiar privilege recently, affording thereby one illustration to the question often presented to the curious as to what might happen should the senior officer of a ship or fleet choose, when "eight bells" or "sunset" is reported to him, to withhold his "Make it so, please," by officially delaying sunset for over an hour.

It was during the trial of Admiral Fairfax some time ago. By the admiralty regulations court-martial may not sit after sunset. The trial was almost over when sunset was reported on this day, and the admiral, being anxious to conclude the matter, officially put the sun back, or ordered that it stand still. In consequence all the ships in Devonport kept their ensigns flying until after it was quite dark.

He Paints the Town Red. The Hack Writer (preparing a biography of eminent modern men)—How shall I handle this man? I've got to praise him, and they say he drinks like a fish, and doesn't pay his debts. The Publisher—That's easy. Just say he has "the artistic temperament."

How can we reasonably expect our scholars to do as much in 3 months as in other schools in 6 months? Here is a hint, we do our book-keeping in shorthand. I teach shorthand by mail for \$10. Guarantee success. SNEEL'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, TRURO, N. S. SNEEL'S BUS. COLLEGE, TRURO, N. S.

HOLIDAY GOODS. XMAS, 1894.



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AS YEARS GO BY the public is realizing more and more the merit of our "Dyspeptic" For dyspepsia, indigestion, headache, biliousness, constipation, etc., its curative effects are magical. Try Fry's "Dyspeptic."

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NO GOOD HOUSEKEEPER will be without one of our New Fatigue Rubbers. Needs a pound of Fatigue in less than 10 minutes. Wonderful seller and money maker for Agents from now till after Christmas. Sample sent by mail, 10c; 2 for 20c. Terms and Circulars free. Albert O. Specialty Co., 44 Bloor Street, Toronto, Ont.

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A USEFUL XMAS PRESENT

"The Little Helpmate," by E. M. Tree, steward of the Union Club, St. John, N. B.; late of St. James' Club, Montreal. It contains a great deal of household information NOT GENERALLY KNOWN, also the whole method of the wonderful GENERAL CLEANING Agent known as "Charles W. Weldon." Charles W. Weldon, Esq., Q. C., says of it: "The large Axminster rug in my dining room, is so large and heavy that it cannot be handled or shaken as an ordinary carpet, but under your process it has been thoroughly cleaned to the foundation and the colors renewed bright and clear." SENT YOU FOR 50 cents CASH or STAMPS. N. W. J. HAYDON, 84 Princess St.

Musical and Dramatic.

IF MUSICAL CIRCULES.

Following the custom inaugurated last year, Progress wrote to all the choir leaders the first of this week requesting them to be kind enough to give it the Christmas music in preparation for their respective services. The leaders kindly complied with the request, and here is the list:

CATHEDRAL OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION. Grand Pontifical High Mass at 9 p. m., followed by the Festival Benediction. Soloists: Millard's Mass in F. Organist: Adolphe Fildes. Low Masses at 7 1/2 and 8 1/2 a. m. Soloists: High Mass at 11 o'clock. Soloist: Maxey's Mass. Organist: Adolphe Fildes. Grand Pontifical Vespers at 3 1/2 p. m. Festivals: Gregorian, Magnificat: Mozart, O Salutaris; Novello, Te Deum Ergo: Lassalle.

CHRISTMAS CHURCH. Anthems: "Kissed me".....Gennod. "The silver lamp".....Barney. "In the beginning was the word".....Allen. "How beautiful upon the mountains".....Hamilton Clarke. These anthems have been prepared for Sunday next, and for Christmas day.

GENERAL STREET BAPTIST CHURCH. "Adagio Fildes." "And there were shepherds," by Harrison Millard. "While the stars are gleaming bright," by A. W. Newcomb.

ST. JOHN'S. Whitaker's Kyrie and Gloria. Schumann's Cryo and Agnus Dei. Organist Solo, (Solo).....Miss Nellie Kerwin. Processional—Angels we have heard on high. Evening Service, Special music.

ST. ANTHONY'S CHURCH. Service music for Sunday preceding Xmas day Dec. 23rd 1894. No service on Christmas day.

Pastoral.....Corelli Anthem—"Nasareth".....Gennod Christmas Offertorium.....Lousens Organist: (Christmas March).....Washbrook (Pastoral).....Koschlich (Carol Fantasy).....Koschlich Anthem—"Let us Now Praise".....Hoykins Carols and Xmas Hymns.....Hoykins Fantasy—"Hark the Herald".....Mendelssohn-Frost

HOLY TRINITY CHURCH (VALLEY). High mass at 10 a. m.—Millard's Mass in Bb; Organist, Adolphe Fildes. Vespers at 7 1/2 p. m. Festivals:.....Gregorian O Holy Night.....Mercedante O Schuler's.....Braga (With viola obligato).....Mozart Te Deum Ergo (quartette).....Schubert Gloria to God.....Schubert

TRINITY CHURCH. 8 a. m. Holy Communion—Service—Woodward in Eb. Pro. "Hark the herald angels sing." Sec. Nunc Dimittis. 11 a. m. Pro. Hymn, 85. Psalms xlv. xlv. lxxxv. Te Deum, Knox in C. Anthem, "Behold I bring good tidings."—A. E. Clare. Hymn 76.

BUSSELLS STREET BAPTIST CHURCH. The anthems to be sung, in Brussels St. Church, on the 23rd are: "Glory to God in the highest".....Greene. "Brightest and best".....Dressler. "Hail thou long expected Jesus".....Mozart. "Hail to the Lord's anointed".....Mendelssohn. The first two are for the morning service, the last for the evening.

Tones and Under-tones. Jefferson D'Angelis, the comedian of Della Fox's company, will be at the head of a company of his own next season. Miss Marie Dumas of the Carl Rosa opera company is winning much success abroad. Her real name is Maud Stark-weather.

The clarinet playing of Mr. Leon Fourtan of the Symphony orchestra, Boston is said to be "above criticism" to indicate its superlative excellence. Comic opera supplied through Della Fox's company in "The Little Trooper" will be the bill of fare at the Hollis theatre, Boston, until the end of this month.

There are five weeks of opera in store for patrons of the Tremont theatre, Boston, towards the end of January. DeWolf Hopper and the Bostonians will respectively supply the entertainment. It is reported that Belle Cole, formerly of Brooklyn and now quite a swell singer and society woman in London, has had an offer of \$35,000 to make a musical tour of Australia. Her expenses are to be paid, too.

"Lohengrin" was the opera given in the New York last Saturday night, and its best production of some years back with Neilson, Campanini and other singers of note did not surpass the latest production. The DeReszkes as Lohengrin and the king scored another success. Jacobowaki says he is 36 years old and that he was born in London. His parents were Viennese, of Polish extraction. He studied in Vienna and Paris and wrote an opera at the age of 15. Since then he has written seven operas, "Erminie" being the most popular. His royalties on "Erminie" in America alone amount to \$80,000.

Lulu Glasser, the prima donna on the stage and Lulu Glasser of the stage are two very different people. Few who meet in the street the trim, rather quiet girl in her teens, with her light brown hair parted and combed straight back from her face and simply knotted behind, would look twice or recognize in the oval face with its faint tint of color, the lively, animated, fascinating face of Francis Wilson's clever little sourette. The curling brown wig that she wears and the fetching stage smile are her disguise for the theatre.

TALK OF THE THEATRE. Salvini is studying Hamlet. J. K. Emmett's new wife is Emily Lytton, who is a California girl. M. B. Curtis—"Sam'l of Posen" will close his tour almost immediately. Mme. Rhea is said to be rehearsing a comedy entitled "The Parisians." It is by Sardou. E. H. Sothern for next season will have

a dramatization of Arthur Hope's "The Prisoner of Zenda."

Joe Jefferson and Wm. H. Crane are said to be about the neatest off-hand speakers among the actors.

Augustin Daly was recently presented with the "lectara" medal at a reception given in New York for that purpose.

The souvenir to be given at the 75th performance of "In Old Kentucky" by the Boston theatre on 26th inst. will cost \$750.

Grace Hawthorne has finished a volume of reminiscences which she has called "Theatrical Thoughts" and dedicated to Henry Irving.

For Miss Robertson, the English actor, has been offered the position of leading man in Modjeska's company for her tour in America next season.

Mme. Duse has fallen in love with Yvonne's "She Wolf," a play not yet published, but of which the English and American rights have already been disposed.

"In Old Kentucky" will yield a profit of nearly \$100,000, this season and Jacob Litt who owns it paid \$150,000 for a theatre in Minneapolis recently.

During her engagement at the Hollis theatre, Boston, it is probable Julia Marlowe Tabor will put on "The School for Scandal" and appear in the role of Lady Teazle.

"Hearts of Oak" will probably be revived by James A. Hearn, its author (?) This is said to be a version by Hearn of an old English play entitled "The Mariner's Compass."

There is a new play by John L. Carleton of this city in active rehearsal by several of our talented amateurs. It will probably be produced in the early spring. The author will be in the cast, of course.

Rachel Noah, is the fortunate possessor of a brooch which was once owned by the great Mrs. Siddons. It was presented to Miss Noah's mother by Fanny Kemble, who was a niece of the tragedienne.

Jane Coombs, who is remembered in this city, was recently playing against herself in the town of West Plains, Mo. There are two theatres there and Miss Coombs occupied each theatre one night. The manager billed her copiously and the business was large.

Daniel Frohman says that during the last seven years, he has produced at the Lyceum theatre twelve original American plays by native authors and thirteen foreign pieces by nine authors. He has paid \$203,000 in royalties to the authors of these plays, and of that amount \$118,000 has gone to American writers.

"Price" Webber at the opera house Christmas afternoon and evening. The bill of fare provided is "The Sailor's Return" for the matinee and "Fanchon the Cricket," in the evening, with Miss Edwina Grey in the title role. The shadow dance and the May Pole dance will be given. "Price" will be welcomed by full houses.

Miss Rehan's wigs are a study. She wears them with as much grace, with an occasional exception, as she would wear her real hair, and no one who has not seen the buxon star's own locks would wager anything that the wigs were bogus. Miss Rehan has pretty brown, almost reddish hair, but it is not often seen. Wigs are so much more easily put on and changed than the natural hair.

Among The Boston Play Houses. The Christmas season is once more upon us, the general feeling of Christmas jollity and good feeling is in the air, the presents are bought and almost in the eve of being distributed, the shops are full of rushing, scrambling, eager buyers, and the theatres are offering bright and attractive pieces suitable to the holiday season for the pleasure of their patrons.

Since I last wrote you "The Gaiety Girl" has been and danced and gone away, taking with her fragments of the hearts of Boston's jeunesse doree, not to speak of Harvard's ditto.

The show is a bright, pleasing and attractive, has no plot and no need of one, simply good fun, clean and wholesome, prettily set, beautifully costumed, fairly well acted and sung, with a strong chorus and principals sufficiently able for the not over burdensome vocal and dramatic demand of the piece. The dancing of Cissy Fitzgerald was the main attraction, and you can tell all your friends the young lady can dance; she is pretty, shapely and graceful, very much more graceful than any dancer I have seen in a long while, and she thoroughly understands her art, for such dancing as she is rustress of is an art.

Eleanor Majo has just finished her two weeks engagement at the Tremont, in the new comic opera "Princess Bonnie." The pieces are not as good as the author's previous effort, "The Little Tycoon," but it is pleasing and achieved a fair measure of success. The star has a good voice of mezzo-soprano quality, particularly strong in the lower register, and with proper care and attention she would become one of our leading singers, except that I hear she is very delicate and I would not be surprised

MEDICAL MEN.

Are interested in the Discovery of a Remedy for Bright's Disease. Tomorrow, Dec. 17—Medical men are on the alert just now when the subject of kidney disease comes up for discussion. Diabetes has always been looked upon as a sure death by the profession, but lately the doctors have had their eyes opened to the possibility of a cure by Dr. E. A. Ross, of Portland, Ore. He has stated in writing that he was cured of this disease after being pronounced "in extremis" by six medical brethren, and his cure was effected by means of Dodd's Kidney Pills. This remedy has attracted much attention from the medical profession because of its success in the cure of kidney disease, and many physicians are to-day prescribing it in affections of these organs.

The Christmas Stocking. A jolly device to take the place of the tree is a big stocking with its top held open by a circle of wire. The stocking is made of striped calico or any available stuff and must be big enough to hold all the gifts, which are to be done up stoutly in paste-board and paper. Each is tied with twine, and a long end is left. A tag is fastened to each string bearing the name of the one for whom the package is destined. Then all the packages are put into the stocking. When it is time for the distribution, each must find a string with his or her name on it and take hold. At a given signal all pull at once. It is suggested that the fun will be increased if it be the rule that no one can get a gift except by pulling at the string, and that no one must use the hands to disentangle strings. It would perhaps be better to put in only one gift for each person at one time. Then when all have got their packages, a second batch is arranged; then third and so on. A big horn of plenty, suspended so the gifts can be easily drawn out by strings, is as light variation of this suggestion. If preferred, in either case the string may be pulled one by one by a single person who has been chosen giftmaster.

At the Museum Roland Reed is making his audiences laugh over the funny lines and situations in his new piece "The Politician." It certainly is very funny and is a happy skit at the various methods pursued by the general run of politicians. Miss Isadore Rush, who plays the part of an advanced woman, has seemingly solved the pocket problem, which has been and still is a worry to women. She has two in her dress just about in the same place as a man's trousers pockets and they are not only attractive but, to the average male mind, useful. How the dickens a woman ever finds anything—but this is not a fashion article.

Bowdoin Square has been giving week stands of more or less attractive prices, and next week their second big production of the season opens. It is Sutton Vane's Humanity and will be staged in splendid style. It is melodrama and there are of course many opportunities for realistic bits of stage work, one of them being a broadsword duel on horseback.

Castle Square Theatre has rung the curtain down on "Capt. Paul" and probably the piece will be shelved. The play was undeniably weak and only the setting and the strong company saved it from collapse some time ago. Mr. Rose made a mistake in putting on his own play. In opening a new theatre in a part of a city removed from the other theatres he should have put on the very strongest attraction he could obtain in order to give the house a good start.

Louise Beaudet comes next week in her opera "Jacinta," and I hope the little lady will do well for she is a very charming singer.

At the Columbia Miss Burroughs has been playing her initial stellar engagement in Boston. Her main stay was "The Profligate," one of Finero's instructive, up-to-date, with-a-moral play. The idea is that no man with a Past (large P., please) has a right to marry a pure and good woman. Between ourselves, now, if this idea were to become a law and were rigidly carried out what a lot, oh! what a lot of bachelors and maids there would be. Be this as it may the play is a strong one and on the whole, well played. Miss Burroughs is charming and I like her work very much. She is conscientious, gets into the spirit of the part, and gives one a thoroughly good idea of the characters she essays. Louis Massen (her husband) simply cannot act, but he does the best he can and he always looks well. The leading man, John Kellard, I never did care much for and I like him less in this part than any I have seen him in; he does not seem to have grasped the idea of the character at all. Miss Burroughs played "Judah," the last three nights of this week and repeated her former success as Vashli.

The Amazons follow next week with Miss Johnstone Bennett as the Lady Noeline, and although it may be foolhardy to say so, I am satisfied she will be very much better in the part than was Miss Georgie Cayvan.

"Shore Acres" comes to the Boston theatre December 31st, and our old friend and favorite actor, Mr. George Fawcett, tells me I ought to make it a point to see it. By the way another St. John favorite, John Bunny, is with Roland Reed.

"The New Boy" will soon be seen at the Columbia with James Powers in the title role. Just think of the sacrifice, they have gone and covered the walls of the poor old Tremont House with theatrical posters. Sydney Grundy has a new play, "Slave of the Ring" which will shortly be seen in London. If it is as good as "Sowing the Wind" it will be a success.

Fanny Davenport, who is the American exponent of Sardou's pieces, has made a tremendous hit at Gismonds, which is also the latest success of the divine Sara.

"Progress" is on sale in Boston at the King's Chapel news stand, corner of School and Tremont streets.

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The Favorite Actress EDWINA GREY, in the principal roles.

Admission 25c. Reserved Seats 35c. Doors open at 7:15; overture at 8 o'clock. Tickets for sale at Murphy's Music Store.

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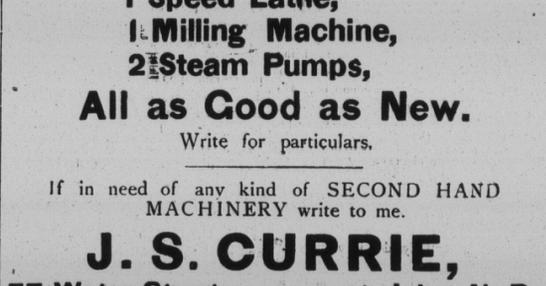
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**American Dye Works Co., Works: Elm Street, North End.**  
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**1894. XMAS 1894.**  
**Tinware and Brass Goods for Xmas.**



**SHERATON & WHITTAKER,**  
 38 King St. Telephone 358.

**Only 3 Days to Christmas**  
 and many are still face to face with that perplexing question

**What Shall I Buy For a Present?**

We are ready, willing and anxious to solve it for you easily, and at a small expenditure of time and money. Here you will find

**Dress Materials.**  
 Ladies' Jackets.  
 Ribbons.  
 Chin Silks.  
 Stamped Linen Goods, &c., &c.

**S. C. PORTER, 11 Charlotte Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.**

**Social and Personal.**

**St. John—North End.**  
 Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Thompson spent a few days in Moncton this week.  
 Miss Susie Blythe, of Boston, who has been spending her winter weeks at her old home on Douglas avenue, left this week for London, Ontario, where she expects to reside during the winter.  
 Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Fisher, of New York, are making a visit to friends in the city.  
 Miss Mary Hara, who has been making a five month's visit to New York, has returned home.  
 Miss Genevieve Landry has returned home after a pleasant visit to friends in Boston.  
 Mrs. Hubbard Miles, of Gibson, who has been visiting friends in the city, has returned home.  
 Miss Minnie Drake has returned from Sussex, where she has been spending some weeks with friends.  
 Miss Millidge, of this city, is visiting friends at Sussex.  
 Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Whittaker, who have been spending some time in Boston, returned to the city this week.  
 Mr. J. A. Fenwick, of Berwick, Kings county, left on Tuesday afternoon for Minneapolis, where she will spend some months with friends.  
 Mr. George M. Ryan left on Tuesday for a three months' visit to Georgia, whither he is going for the benefit of his health.  
 Miss Nettie Miles, of Gibson, has returned home after spending a short time very pleasantly with her cousin, Miss Cherie Niles, Douglas avenue.  
 Mrs. Charles E. Day and her little daughter, Miss Bets, who have been spending the past week at Pleasant Point, the guest of Mrs. William Rivers, have returned to their home at Parrsboro.  
 Miss Alice Esling left last week for New York, where she will pursue her studies in music during the Christmas vacation.  
 Miss Alice Isaac left on Friday last to spend the winter in Montreal, Boston and New York.  
 Rev. William Penna, who has been spending a few days in Amherst, returned home this week.  
 Mrs. L. G. Kirk, of New York, is making a visit to friends in the city.  
 Mr. Henry Pease, of Hampton, has returned home after a visit to his daughter in the city.  
 On Wednesday afternoon of the 19th a number of the inmates of the Asylum for the Insane, assembled at her residence to witness the marriage of her daughter, Miss Annie Blanche, to Mr. Andrew S. Boyd, of the government works at Moncton. The bride was attired in a pretty travelling suit of blue serge, with hat to match, and a bouquet of roses. She was attended by her sister, Miss H. Moore, and Mr. Fred Heavenor was groomsmen. After the ceremony a collation was served, and the health of the newly married couple drunk amid much enthusiasm. Mr. and Mrs. Boyd left on the afternoon train for their future home at Moncton, followed by the best wishes and hearty congratulations of their many friends. Many handsome and useful presents were received by the bride.  
 Mr. and Mrs. T. T. Landry celebrated the 15th anniversary of their marriage on the 5th inst. Every one enjoyed themselves thoroughly, and departed at the close of the evening wishing that Mr. and Mrs. Landry might live to enjoy their golden wedding.  
 Miss Louise Perley, of Andover, spent several days in the city this week, the guest of Mrs. W. A. McLaughlin. Miss Perley was returning from Windsor, where she has been attending the church school for girls.  
 At the close of the reception which was held at the Y. M. C. A. rooms on Wednesday evening, Mr. W. S. Fisher, president, on behalf of the directors and members, presented Mr. E. Perkins with a handsome breast pin, as a token of remembrance.  
 Mr. Perkins leaves shortly for Glasgow, Scotland, to reside in future.  
 There was a pleasant gathering in the school room of the Free Baptist church, west end, on Wednesday evening, the occasion being the twenty-fifth anniversary of the wedding day of Rev. George A. and Mrs. Hartley. Mr. James S. Clark, as chairman, read an appropriate address, expressing the satisfaction of the church and congregation with the services which Mr. Hartley had rendered and with the sympathy which he had always extended to them in bereavement and trouble, at the same time expressing the wish that Mr. and Mrs. Hartley would yet remain with them many years, and that many years of future happiness were yet in store for them. Mr. Clark also presented Mr. and Mrs. Hartley with a handsome silver water pitcher, with the following inscription, "Presented to Rev. G. A. Hartley, by Carleton F. C. Baptist church and congregation, 1869-1894." This gift was accompanied by a well-filled purse. Other addresses were made by Rev. J. H. Hughes, Rev. C. U. Paisley, J. D. Hazen, M. P. Rev. J. W. Clarke, Mr. James Wilson, Rev. W. J. Halse, Rev. J. A. Cowey, Rev. E. Hickson, Rev. Mr. Schurman and Rev. J. W. Manning. Mr. Hartley replied, thanking his friends for their good wishes, sympathy and gifts. Congratulations by the friends of the pastor and his wife were the order of the evening, after which the ladies of the congregation served refreshments.  
 Miss Livingstone and Miss Pauline Livingstone left on Wednesday for New York, to visit their brother for some months.  
 Miss Fannie Chantler left yesterday to spend Christmas with her friends in Dorchester. Miss Chantler's many friends will be glad to learn that she has recovered from her illness.  
 Mrs. A. E. Holstead and Miss Edith Holstead, of Moncton, spent several days in the city this week.  
 There was a quiet wedding at the residence of Mr. D. V. Roberts, Douglas avenue, on Thursday morning, the principals being Miss Carrie Jordan

**St. John—North End.**  
 Mr. Andrew Miles, of Woodstock, spent part of last week in town.  
 Mr. Kimball Scamell returned from McGill university last week, to spend his holidays at his home here.  
 Mr. Norman McLeod spent Wednesday with friends in town, on his way from Acadia college to Fredericton.  
 Mr. Will Irvine, of High street is confined to the house through illness.  
 Master George Hilyard, of the R-theisy collegiate school, is spending his holidays at home.  
 Mr. Charles McDonald has been in New York for the past week.  
 Mr. Peter Gordon returned from Wolfville on Wednesday.  
 Mr. Will Jonah, of Eastport, was in town this week.  
 Miss Agnes and Miss Pauline Livingstone left on Wednesday night for New York, where they will visit their brother, Mr. Collin Livingstone. Miss Agnes expects to remain all winter.  
 It was with sincere regret that the announcement of the death of Mr. David McLellan was received on Wednesday morning. Mr. McLellan was as widely known throughout the province as in St. John for his genial disposition, and his many friends mourned his death with sympathy for the bereaved family.  
**FREDERICTON.**  
 [Proceedings in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fenwick and J. H. Hawthorne.]  
 DEC. 19.—The death angel has visited so many homes lately and so many hearts are sad that the happy Christmas brings more of sadness than of gladness to the most of us. Since my last time of writing we have had two of the largest funerals ever seen in Fredericton. The death of Mr. Geo. B. Cooper, after only a few days' illness, was a great shock to his many friends. The funeral took place on Thursday afternoon and was a very large one, all the factories in the city closing for the afternoon that their employees might attend. The floral tributes were most beautiful, consisting of a sleigh, from employees; pillow, from Jno. Edgecombe & Sons; casket from Mr. A. S. Murray and F. B. Edgecombe; anchor, from J. Fred Cooper, Kansas City; wreath and stickle, from J. W. McCready; cut flowers, from S. H. McKee, Miss Everitt, Mr. Duncan, Mr. Bebbington.  
 The funeral of the late Mr. John B. Grieves took place on Friday from his late residence and was a most impressive one, and was of such unusual length that it extended all the way from the city hall to the Waverly hotel. Mr. Grieves having been sergeant-at-arms in the Assembly for the past ten years, the government offices were all closed out of respect to his memory. The services at the house and grave were conducted by the Rev. Willard MacDonald, assisted by Rev. Geo. Payson, and at the grave the burial service of the Masons was read by Mr. J. H. Black. The floral offerings were a broken column, from Masonic lodge, No. 35, Orange lodge, St. George's cross, Walker lodge, "the gates ajar," a sheaf of wheat, from Mrs. McAllister, wreath, from Mr. Nelson Campbell, wreath of ivy, Mr. B. H. Hinton, anchor, Mr. F. B. Colman, harp with a broken cord, from Mr. R. Sullivan, (St. John), wreath of carnations and roses, from employees of Waverly hotel, pillow, Curlew club, cross of roses and chrysanthums, from his wife.  
 Mr. Geo. Frazz, who was so badly injured by an accident from a runaway team on Thursday last, still lies in a comatose condition at Victoria hospital.

**St. John—North End.**  
 Miss Mary Grosvenor, of Southampton, is visiting Mrs. Vavasour.  
 Mr. Charles Lee, of St. John, is the guest of Mr. J. Henry Poir.  
 Miss Baxter, of Perth Centre, is visiting Miss Edith Gregory.  
 Mr. Albert Edgecombe entertained a number of friends on Friday evening.  
 Miss Addie George expects to leave early in the New Year for a long visit to relatives in the United States.  
 Mrs. Arthur Edgecombe, of St. John, and son Allison, are here for the holidays.  
 Dr. McNally, of Millville, who has been so very ill of diphtheria, is feeling much better, and has issued very pretty invitations, in the form of a baby's shoe for the "Xmas at the kindergarten."  
**GRAND MANAN.**  
 Dec. 17.—Mrs. E. H. Watt returned home on Wednesday, after spending the last week in St. John and Eastport.  
 Mrs. G. P. Newton spent a few days in St. John last week.  
 Mrs. E. Brown and Mrs. Barnham have arrived home from their pleasant trip to Boston.  
 Mr. H. M. Jack and son Master Keith return today to St. Andrews.  
 Miss Mabel McDonald spent a few days in Eastport, last week.  
**Book Store.**  
 Daniel & Robertson, Cor. Charlotte and Union Sts.

**CARLE'S HANDY FIRE LIGHTER**  
 Must be once used to be fully appreciated.  
 Telephone your hardware man to send you one on trial. If you think it is a cheap and sure method of lighting your fires send it back.  
**John R. Carle**  
 169 Main Street, St. John.  
 Agents wanted everywhere.

**HEADQUARTERS for SANTA CLAUS.**  
 At **The BAZAAR,** 91 Charlotte Street.  
 (Nearly Opposite Dufferin Hotel)  
 Call and inspect our stock of TOYS, DOLLS, GAMES, CHRISTMAS CARDS and CELLULOID CALENDARS to select from. We have a large stock and it must be disposed of by January 1st. We have decided to sell at a small advance over cost.  
 Come and secure BARGAINS at once and avoid the rush.  
 Will go as far as the **Bazaar** 50c. as \$1.00 elsewhere.

**THE BEST Christmas Up to Date.**  
 Are you coming in for your share?  
 Whatever you want may be, we can meet them with beautiful and appropriate selections.  
**A. & J. HAY'S,** 76 King St.

**Holman & Duffell's**  
 and see their choice line of.....  
**FANCY GOODS FOR XMAS.**  
 Picture Framing to Order. 48 King St.

**TOILET WATERS. HAIR GOODS.**  
**PERFUMES.**  
 Hand Mirrors, Brushes and Combs, Hair Pin Boxes, Solid Silver and Shell Hair Pins, Cut Glass and Fancy Bottles, various other Toilet Articles.  
**American Hair Store,**  
 87 Charlotte Street, - 22 Prince Street, Halifax, N. S.

**VISIT**  
**J. H. Connolly's Modern Studio**  
 when in want of anything in Artistic Portraiture. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.  
 Don't Forget 75 Charlotte Street, the Address, (over War cell)

**Not a trashed thing in the whole of our display of JAPANESE FANCY GOODS**  
**FOR XMAS.**  
 Especially selected with a view to usefulness and appearance. We will have additional help the next 10 days and assure prompt attention to wants of customers.  
**Daniel & Robertson, Cor. Charlotte and Union Sts.**

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(From Associated Country News and Press and other sources.)

HALIFAX NOTES.

Prognosis is for sale in Halifax of the following... [List of names and addresses]

On Monday afternoon Mrs. F. Jones gave a pleasant skating party at Williams' Lake. The ice was in perfect condition, and the guests thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

There was another skating party to have been given on Wednesday afternoon by the King's team, but owing to the unfavorable weather it had to be postponed until some future occasion.

The many friends of Mr. F. B. Best, of this city, sympathize with him in the loss of his mother, whose death occurred at Amherst on Saturday last.

Mr. Charles Woolnough leaves this week for the West Indies, in hopes that the warm climate may be beneficial to his health.

Mrs. Redden, of this city, is staying with her mother, Mrs. John Keith, at Lunenburg. Her mother, Mrs. Montgomery Moore is ill at Montreal, and will not be able to return to the city before the New Year.

Mrs. John Taylor leaves this week for Jamaica, where she will visit her daughter. Mrs. Wickwire entertained her friends at an afternoon tea on Thursday. In the evening dancing was indulged in by the young people.

Rev. T. C. Mellor, formerly of Christ's church Dartmouth, and who has been spending some time in the city, left this week for Guysboro. As a token of their esteem his friends in this city presented him with a handsome fur coat and cap, accompanied by an address wishing him every success and happiness in his future life.

The dinner which was to have been given on January 27, at St. John's masonic lodge, will be postponed a week on account of the death of St. John Thompson.

Rev. J. S. Black, of Montreal, spent last Sunday in the city, and occupied the pulpit of St. Andrew's church. The funeral of the late Rev. J. F. Smith took place on Sunday afternoon. The services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Wilkinson and Rev. Mr. Bagdikian.

In St. Andrew's church on Friday evening last there was an enjoyable concert given. The house was well filled and an excellent programme was rendered. Among those who took part were, Mr. E. Norman, Miss Bligh, Mrs. H. B. Hagarty, Mr. Wilson, Mr. H. B. Hagarty, Mr. S. Crawford, Miss McNeil, and Mr. Cunningham, assisted by the Academy of Music orchestra.

Mrs. J. C. McMahon gave a large "at home" on Friday afternoon at her residence, 84 Hollis street, from 4.30 to seven o'clock. About two hundred guests were present. The funeral of the late James A. M. Carroll, took place from his late residence, Grafton street on Friday afternoon, and was very largely attended.

St. Patrick's H. C. T. A. & B. society, of which the deceased was a member, preceded the hearse. Mr. Carroll was also a member of St. Mary's Young Men society, which society also attended in full membership. The recital of the Doering-Brauer Conservatory of Music on Saturday evening at St. Luke's was a great success. An excellent programme was carried out, unexceptionally good work being done by the performers.

Among those who took part were: Miss Maud Shelling, Miss Doyle, Miss Minnie O'Brien, Miss Clara Deans, Miss Ada Hoyt, Miss Basile Cullip, Miss Florrie Jahn, Master Frank Woodbury, Miss Alice Coy, the Misses Lawler, Mr. Stephen, Miss Sophie Lewis, Mr. Alex. Hubner, Master Heinrich Schultze, Herr and Frau Doering, Miss Tozer, and others.

TRURO. [Prognosis is for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Falton and D. H. Smith & Co.] Dec 18.—Mr. Johnson Patrick, of the Dominion Coal company, Glace Bay, C. B., who has been visiting friends in Cumberland in town a few days last week a guest of his cousin, Miss Mattie Jones.

Quite a number of students are home from the different colleges, for the Xmas recess. Among them Miss Helen Robbins from the Presbyterian college, Halifax, Miss Marion Longworth and the Misses Archibald, from Sackville, N. B., Mr. Harry Kaulbach and Master Luther MacDonald and Walter Muir from Windsor and Master Jack Muir, from the collegiate school at Rothesay, N. B.

The Cribbage club met last night at Ashton house. The dance last Thursday evening, at the Misses McKeay's hall, Ingle street, was the most pleasant and successful of the kind. It was gotten up by Messrs. Williams and Hornsby, whose very capable arrangements made it the pronounced success that it was. Miss Ada Crowe furnished the music, which was in her usual brilliant and artistic style. The chaperons of the evening were: Mrs. Martin Dickie and Mrs. D. B. Cummings. Mrs. Dickie received in a very rich toilette of brown velvet, with bodice and bouffant sleeves, of pink silk. Mrs. Cummings golden brown plish, bodice and sleeves of pink silk. Mrs. E. H. Gouley, black satin green velvet sleeve, Mrs. E. H. Wilson, black satin and garnet velvet. Miss Yorton, cream cashmere, very pretty. Miss Snook, pink silk white gauze overdress. Miss Wiswell, Nile green and black. Miss Francis Yull, black satin, with sleeves of very light green velvet; Miss Mabel McKenzie, very pretty gown of Nile green crepe. Among others present were—Mrs. Henry Blair, Mrs. Geo. Blair (Boston), Mrs. H. W. Crowe, Miss John Crowe, Miss Roman, the Misses McNaughton, Misses Prince and McLean, Misses McLeod, Dr. F. S. Yorton, Messrs. B. E. Gouley, W. W. Crowe, W. D. Bowers, Horatory, Williams, Putman, W. Crowe, J. Crowe, L. Crowe, B. Graham, E. Falton, E. Corbett. It was regretted by all that some of the lovely presence usually met with at these reunions were unavoidably absent, the dread intelligence of the calamity of Sir John Thompson's death having plunged some of our first families into a grief, that will for the present admit of no indulgence, in functions of a social character.

Mrs. Fred Prince and master Harry, are expected home from their prolonged journey in the West, on Saturday next. The death of Mr. Elizabeth Tooper, warden for this county, which occurred at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Lorenzo Ellis, Queen street, yesterday morning, is a matter of also regret to an extremely large circle of personal friends.

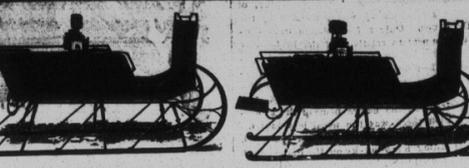
Mrs. Kempton Stewart, New Glasgow, was in town for a day or two this week. Mrs. A. J. Walker is in St. John's, where she was summoned because of the sudden and very serious illness of her sister, Mrs. Ralph Eaton. Don't Forget.

This to remove corns, warts, bunions in a few days, all that is required is to apply the ointment. Extractor—Bare, safe, painless. Putnam's, Corn Extractor makes corns, warts, bunions, hard, soft, thick and painlessly on hard and soft corns.

All the World over

JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF

Is used as a Strength-Giving Food For Invalids, Convalescents and Dyspeptics. In Domestic Cookery for making Soups and Gravies. For Athletes when Training.



COMFORT. STYLE.

BOTH ARE SECURED IN THE Cladstone Sleigh, SHOWN ABOVE. Silver Mountings, Cloth Trimmings. Seats easily changed from one position to the other.

PRICE & SHAW,

222 to 228 Main St., St. John, N. B.

NEW GLASGOW.

[Prognosis is for sale in New Glasgow by A. O. Prichard and H. Henderson.] Dec. 19.—Mr. Howe of the bank of Nova Scotia is off on a four weeks' visit to Liverpool.

Mr. Willard Thompson, of Sydney, is in town for a short visit. Mr. H. Sutherland returned from Sherbrooke on Friday. An unexpected event took place at the residence of Mr. D. McDonald, Marsh street, Wednesday, when Miss Jet was united in marriage to Mr. Truro Moriarty, secretary of the Y. M. C. A. Truro. They left on the "twelve" train for Truro, which will be their home. Congratulations to the happy couple.

Invitations are out today for an "at home" to be given in Bell's hall, Friday night, by "the boys." A big time is expected. Mr. H. K. Fitzpatrick, M. A., read a paper on "Some Things that seem strange" in James church hall on Thursday evening under the auspices of the "Ministry Aid" society. The lecture was very interesting and merited a much larger attendance.

Mr. W. Hart, of Guysboro, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. Sutherland, left yesterday for Halifax, where he will spend a few weeks at his home. The school given in the new St. Andrew's hall Friday was a marked success and passed off very pleasantly. The entertainment all through was good, especially the coffee and cake, which was as usual in great demand.

Messrs. Wendell Graham and James Meikle, who are attending Acadia Villa boarding school, will return home Saturday to spend their Christmas holidays. Mr. George E. McDonald, who has been in Cape Breton for the past few weeks, returned home Friday. Mr. Sedgewick, of Manogodobol, who has been visiting for a few weeks with his sister, Mrs. M. F. Layton, returned home on Friday, accompanied by Master Garret.

Mrs. Des Jardins entertained friends with tea Thursday. Mr. Jas. Eastwood returned from Ontario last week. The cantata "David the Shepherd Boy" to be given by the "Philharmonic society" Thursday night, is creating so small amount of excitement this week, so much indeed, that parties have been entailed and a crowded house is expected. They will no doubt look charming. Much praise is due to Mr. Clarke for his excellent management and to Mrs. Clarke for the making of all the costumes. The children of the Baptist church Sunday school had their annual Christmas entertainment. It took the form of a tree this year which was just loaded with good things which "Santa Claus" distributed among the children, each of the children were told to bring a portion of anything in the line of eatables

ANNAPOLIS. [Prognosis is for sale in Annapolis by Geo. K. Thompson & Co., and by A. E. Atlee, at the Royal Drug Store.] Dec. 19.—Mrs. West returned last week from Boston where she has been visiting friends for some time. Mr. West also arrived on Wednesday, after a short trip to the "Hub."

Miss Susie Cunningham entertained a number of her friends on Monday. The party consisted of young ladies only, who brought their Christmas wafers and spent a very lively evening. Miss Mary Brittain's friends welcome her home

from Boston, where she has been for the past two months. Mrs. Owen has returned from a short visit to the West. The recent lecture of the course arranged for the winter months by the students of King's College was given in Convocation hall on Thursday evening by Rev. Dyon Hagan of Halifax. The subject of the lecture was "Secrets of Success," and was very much enjoyed by all who were present. The students are to be congratulated on the enterprise they have shown in arranging these lectures, all of which promise to be very good.

A confirmation service was held by Bishop Courtney at Christ church on Sunday morning. While he was in Windsor, Bishop Courtney was the guest of Miss Meehan, at Edgarton. Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hensley on the arrival of a little daughter. Miss Nora Blanchard has gone to Moncton to spend the Christmas holidays with her friend, Miss Beulah Archibald, who has been attending the Church School at Windsor.

Mrs. Faulkner of Londonderry, is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Carver. Judge Hanington and Warden Foster, of Dorchester, were in town last week attending a meeting of the board of governors of King's college. Mr. Garvey and Miss Ray Garvey are the guests of Mrs. Anbrey Blanchard. Mr. George Geldert, who has been in Lunenburg for several weeks closing his business there, is home again.

Mr. Davidson, cashier of the Southern California railway company, and wife were in Windsor last week on their wedding trip, the guests of Mrs. J. Woodworth. Mr. Davidson was the ticket agent in the Windsor and Annapolis railway office here some time ago. The managers of the rink are making preparations to have it opened on Christmas day.

Some time ago Messrs. Bancroft and Bailey opened a bicycle academy, which is something quite new for the city. A number of ladies are learning to ride and no doubt in the spring the membership of the Women's cycling club will be materially increased. Some of the young men of the town have formed a quadrille club which meets every alternate Friday evening. This will be very much appreciated as Miss Giliska's dancing class which was attended by a great many has been closed.

Miss Susan Smith, of Margaret's Bay, is in town the guest of Rev. D. H. Barry. Mrs. Gill's friends are very glad to hear of her improvement in health. Her sister, Miss Dimock, is spending the winter with her in New York. During Miss Dimock's absence, Mr. Vernon Elyle has taken her place as organist of Christ church. Mrs. Sutherland and Mr. Arthur Sutherland are in Halifax, and Mr. Arthur Sutherland is the house for several weeks with a sprained ankle, is able to get out again on Christmas day. Miss George Wilson, who has been confined to the house for several weeks, is in Halifax for a few days last week. Mrs. Redden, of Halifax, and Mrs. Wesley Dimock, of Lunenburg, are visiting their mother, Mrs. John Keith, who has been very seriously ill, but, we are glad to hear, is slowly recovering.

SPECIALY IMPORTED

FOR

Christmas Gifts.

We have just opened

120 dozen Ladies' Flannellets

NIGHTGOWNS.

in three sizes: Slender, Women's and Out-Size.

Plain Pink at \$1.25

Fancy Stripe " 1.25

Fancy Stripe, with Silk Embroidery, 1.40

Guaranteed perfect fitting and full lengths. Made from English Shaker Flannels.

Manchester Robertsons Allison

DIGBY. [Prognosis is for sale in Digby by Mrs. Morse.] Dec. 20.—Mr. Green, has arrived home from P. E. I. Mrs. Green met him in Halifax.

Miss Emma Dakin has gone to Boston. Miss Henrietta Dakin, who has been the guest of Miss Oakes for some time, has gone to New York. Rev. Mr. Bryant went to Berwick to take charge of a parish for a few months. Mr. David Wade, of Boston, is here and will remain this winter. Mrs. G. D. Turbull with her child is visiting her mother Mrs. Tins.

The death occurred here on Wednesday morning at the residence of her brother H. G. Turbull, of Miss Annie Turbull, the deceased young lady was well known and esteemed by a large circle of friends and acquaintances, and had been ill for some time with consumption. BAIN VERTE.

Dec. 18.—Mr. and Mrs. J. Walter Allison, of Halifax, were visiting Miss Prescott last week. A banquet social was held in Chatham on Saturday evening was a decided success, proceeds for Rev. Mr. Anselm. The mission band had a fancy sale and refreshments on Thursday. Mr. MacKellie, agent of the British and Foreign Bible society addressed a large meeting in the Methodist church on Tuesday evening.

Mr. M. C. Goodwin went to Sackville last week to attend the funeral of the late Mrs. Edward Chapelle. Mrs. Carey, of Cape Tormentine, was visiting friends in Bala Verre last week. Messrs. Ferguson and Knight, of St. John, were in town last week. Mr. Stephen Goodwin arrived home from Ohio last week, to spend with Mrs. Goodwin. Miss Emma Ross, daughter of the late Esford Ross, passed peacefully to rest on Dec. 7, after a lingering illness of ten years, which she bore with christian patience. She was a general favorite with all the funeral services, which were largely attended, only a small part of those present could gain admission to the service, but many were in for a last glance of the face of their loved one. CASSE.

To complete our regular correspondence from all the towns in New Brunswick we invite applications from Bathurst, Chatham, Newcastle, Kingston, Kent, Sussex, Pictouville, St. George, Hampton Station. MEMRAMOOC. Dec. 17.—The many friends of Mrs. S. C. Charleton, or, will hear with regret of her death, which took place on Sunday last. The remains were conveyed to Dorchester cemetery, whither they were followed by a large number of relatives and friends of the deceased. The family have the sympathy of the community in their sad affliction.

Mrs. Mattie Jones, of Truro, spent last week here, the guest of her cousin, Mrs. Patrick. Messrs. J. and D. Patrick, of Maconn, were in town this week on business. Miss M. Coffey, of Shediac, is visiting her cousin, Mrs. T. Landry. Miss Winnie McManus has been confined to the house for some time with a sprained ankle. Mrs. Lena Doherty, of Dorchester, spent Sunday with Miss Sherry. Mrs. P. McGowan went to Dorchester on Saturday to visit friends.

Miss Sherry is spending a few months with relatives at Niagara Falls. She expects to visit Boston and Lynn before her return. Mr. J. P. Sherry has moved into his new store and it presents a very fine appearance. Miss Theresa McManus spent last Sunday with her mother, Mrs. McCrea. Dr. Doherty and family have moved to Fairville, St. John, where he proposes practicing in the future. PRINCEVILLE. [Prognosis is for sale in Springhill by Daniel A. Fraser.] Dec. 19.—The many friends of Dr. Byers will be glad to hear that he is improving.

Mrs. E. H. Parsons, who has been quite ill for the past week, is able to get out again. Mr. B. O. Christie left on Monday for Truro. Master Arthur Wilson is still confined to the house. Miss Anselm is on Friday for her home in Londonderry. Mrs. Maggie Fuller arrived home on Friday accompanied by her friend, Miss Mabel Lock. Mr. J. A. Cochran spent Tuesday in town.

A most enjoyable evening was spent on the 14th inst., at the residence of Mrs. E. J. Fuller, Main street, when Miss Lillis entertained a few of her friends. Among those present were Misses Alloway, Les, Abbott, Crossdale, Hayward, Messrs. Murray, Wylie, H. Murray, Alloway and McKinnon. Dancing was kept up till the wee sma' hours. I bear remembrance of several dances to be given after Xmas. NERVOUS PROSTRATION—NERVOUS DEBILITY. Mrs. Martha Bessant's home treatment for above troubles now so prevalent among men and women of active brain, has been a medicine of known value for the past thirty years. It quickly and permanently restores all the faculties, to their full vigor, and the eyes are brightened with the clearness and free of constitutional strength and physical well being, and even where an advanced age has been reached a new life is begun. Pamphlet mailed in sealed envelope, free by the Martha Bessant Co., Yorkville, Canada.

THE LARGEST CATERING ESTABLISHMENT IN CANADA. HARRY WEBB'S CHRISTMAS CAKES. Of finest quality, covered with almond icing and hand-somely decorated, shipped by express to all parts of the Dominion. Five pounds and upwards, price 40c. per pound. HARRY WEBB TORONTO.

Ask for the BACHELOR CIGAR. IT IS THE FINEST 10c Havana CIGAR IN THE DOMINION.

A. ISAACS, - 72 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET. N. B. Sole manufacturer for the genuine "SMALL QUEEN"

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SPECIALY IMPORTED

FOR

Christmas Gifts.

We have just opened

120 dozen Ladies' Flannellets

NIGHTGOWNS.

in three sizes: Slender, Women's and Out-Size.

Plain Pink at \$1.25

Fancy Stripe " 1.25

Fancy Stripe, with Silk Embroidery, 1.40

Guaranteed perfect fitting and full lengths. Made from English Shaker Flannels.

Manchester Robertsons Allison

DIGBY. [Prognosis is for sale in Digby by Mrs. Morse.] Dec. 20.—Mr. Green, has arrived home from P. E. I. Mrs. Green met him in Halifax.

Miss Emma Dakin has gone to Boston. Miss Henrietta Dakin, who has been the guest of Miss Oakes for some time, has gone to New York. Rev. Mr. Bryant went to Berwick to take charge of a parish for a few months. Mr. David Wade, of Boston, is here and will remain this winter. Mrs. G. D. Turbull with her child is visiting her mother Mrs. Tins.

The death occurred here on Wednesday morning at the residence of her brother H. G. Turbull, of Miss Annie Turbull, the deceased young lady was well known and esteemed by a large circle of friends and acquaintances, and had been ill for some time with consumption. BAIN VERTE.

Dec. 18.—Mr. and Mrs. J. Walter Allison, of Halifax, were visiting Miss Prescott last week. A banquet social was held in Chatham on Saturday evening was a decided success, proceeds for Rev. Mr. Anselm. The mission band had a fancy sale and refreshments on Thursday. Mr. MacKellie, agent of the British and Foreign Bible society addressed a large meeting in the Methodist church on Tuesday evening.

Mr. M. C. Goodwin went to Sackville last week to attend the funeral of the late Mrs. Edward Chapelle. Mrs. Carey, of Cape Tormentine, was visiting friends in Bala Verre last week. Messrs. Ferguson and Knight, of St. John, were in town last week. Mr. Stephen Goodwin arrived home from Ohio last week, to spend with Mrs. Goodwin. Miss Emma Ross, daughter of the late Esford Ross, passed peacefully to rest on Dec. 7, after a lingering illness of ten years, which she bore with christian patience. She was a general favorite with all the funeral services, which were largely attended, only a small part of those present could gain admission to the service, but many were in for a last glance of the face of their loved one. CASSE.

To complete our regular correspondence from all the towns in New Brunswick we invite applications from Bathurst, Chatham, Newcastle, Kingston, Kent, Sussex, Pictouville, St. George, Hampton Station. MEMRAMOOC. Dec. 17.—The many friends of Mrs. S. C. Charleton, or, will hear with regret of her death, which took place on Sunday last. The remains were conveyed to Dorchester cemetery, whither they were followed by a large number of relatives and friends of the deceased. The family have the sympathy of the community in their sad affliction.

Mrs. Mattie Jones, of Truro, spent last week here, the guest of her cousin, Mrs. Patrick. Messrs. J. and D. Patrick, of Maconn, were in town this week on business. Miss M. Coffey, of Shediac, is visiting her cousin, Mrs. T. Landry. Miss Winnie McManus has been confined to the house for some time with a sprained ankle. Mrs. Lena Doherty, of Dorchester, spent Sunday with Miss Sherry. Mrs. P. McGowan went to Dorchester on Saturday to visit friends.

Miss Sherry is spending a few months with relatives at Niagara Falls. She expects to visit Boston and Lynn before her return. Mr. J. P. Sherry has moved into his new store and it presents a very fine appearance. Miss Theresa McManus spent last Sunday with her mother, Mrs. McCrea. Dr. Doherty and family have moved to Fairville, St. John, where he proposes practicing in the future. PRINCEVILLE. [Prognosis is for sale in Springhill by Daniel A. Fraser.] Dec. 19.—The many friends of Dr. Byers will be glad to hear that he is improving.

Mrs. E. H. Parsons, who has been quite ill for the past week, is able to get out again. Mr. B. O. Christie left on Monday for Truro. Master Arthur Wilson is still confined to the house. Miss Anselm is on Friday for her home in Londonderry. Mrs. Maggie Fuller arrived home on Friday accompanied by her friend, Miss Mabel Lock. Mr. J. A. Cochran spent Tuesday in town.

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A. ISAACS, - 72 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET. N. B. Sole manufacturer for the genuine "SMALL QUEEN"



One case Silk Handk'f, part of a big drive, fully 25 per cent. under value. Jap. Initial and choice Brocade designs.

SMITH BROS.,

Wholesale Dry Goods and Millinery. HALIFAX, N. S.

WHAT SHALL WE EAT?

In order to have something light, nutritious, easily digested, delicious and attractive to the taste by all means try EAGAR'S WINE OF RENNET.

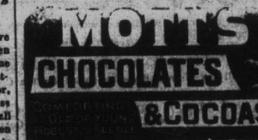
This old established and reliable preparation will enable your cook to serve you with eight or ten delicious dessert dishes, which can be made in a few minutes at a cost of a few cents, and make your table the envy of all your neighbors.

EAGAR'S WINE OF RENNET, with recipes, can be had at all leading grocers or druggists. Price 25 cents. Don't accept substitutes or imitations.

Murphy Gold Cure

INSTITUTE

FOR the treatment of ALCOHOLISM, the MORPHINE and TOBACCO habits. References to leading physicians and public men in St. John and all parts of the Dominion. Indorsed by the Legislatures of Nova Scotia and Quebec. Correspondence confidential. MOUNT PLEASANT - ST. JOHN, N. B. CARROLL RYAN, Manager.



MOTT'S CHOCOLATES & COCOAS

Dr. Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine

USED WITH GREAT SUCCESS FOR Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Loss of Voice, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough, Croup, &c., &c.

Always Ask For It

From your Druggist or Grocer, who can procure it from any wholesale house or direct from the proprietor, J. GUSTAVE LAVOLETTE, M. D.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

[Progress is for sale in St. Stephen by Master Ralph Trainor, and the best stores of G. S. Wall and J. Vroom & Co. in Calais at O. F. Treat's.] Dec. 18.—The new Presbyterian church was opened last Thursday evening with a sacred concert. The audience was large and very attentive, indicating no doubt their high appreciation of the efforts of those who took part.

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Photography.

SUPERIOR WORKMANSHIP, REFINED FINISH and moderate prices, combine to make these PHOTOS the most satisfactory in St. John today.

HAROLD CLIMO,

25 Germain Street.

Warford, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Hoyt, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. March, Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Harrington, Mr. and Mrs. R. LeB. Tweedie, Mrs. Joseph Barnes, Mrs. G. G. Goss, Miss L. O. O'Connell, Miss E. Ritchie, Miss M. Barron, Miss M. Cross, Dr. W. Moore, H. E. Fowler, G. H. Frost, W. A. Hicks and S. F. Peters. The King party were won by Miss Mabel Frost and J. G. Hoyt and Dr. Warford and Miss O'Connell were awarded the booby prizes.

To complete our regular correspondence from all the towns in New Brunswick we invite applications from Bathurst, Chatham, Newcastle, Kingston, Kent, Sussex, Pictou, St. George, Hampton Station.

Dec. 18.—Messrs. N. A. Hanson and H. Murche, of St. John were at the Byron on Thursday and Friday 18th and 19th.

Dec. 18.—The young people of Newcastle are looking forward to the bread and butter party to be held in the temperance hall on Friday, Dec. 21. It is so long since we had anything of the kind that it will certainly be well attended.

Dec. 18.—The St. John quartet club gave a concert on Thursday evening in the Atlantic house. They have about sixty members, and a very pleasant evening was spent.

Dec. 18.—The concert held here on Oct. 26th last which met with a full house, was repeated last Friday evening in the Public Hall at Annapolis ridge but owing to the inclemency of the weather and the revival being held in the vicinity the performers were only greeted with a slim house.

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MAGNET SOAP.

This SOAP contains no adulteration or excesses of alkali to irritate the most delicate of skins. For this reason it is also best for Clothes, Linens, Fine Lawns, Cambrics, Laces and Embroideries. For sale by grocers everywhere.

J. T. Logan,

MANUFACTURER; 20 GERMAIN STREET, ST. JOHN, N. S.

"77" COLDS

DR. HUMPHREY'S SPECIFIC FOR COLDS. Dr. A. Conan Doyle, the creator of Sherlock Holmes, at the Lotus Club dinner said: "That on the first day of my arrival I required for the highest building. I ascended it in an elevator at least they assured me it was an elevator. I thought at first I had wandered into the dynamite gun."

MINARD'S LINIMENT

FOR BRONCHITIS, La Grippe, Etc. "I obtained immediate relief in a case of bronchitis, caught while in camp at Sussex, by the application of your Minard's Liniment."

W.C. RUDMAN ALLAN'S 35 KING STREET?

Gift Packages of Perfumery, MANICURE SETS, JEWEL CASES, DRESSING CASES, and other useful presents at—

T. A. CROCKETT'S DRUG STORE

ts. Size. \$1.25, 1.25, 1.40, de from. 2's, part per cent. initial and. ROS, Military. N. S. E RAT? something digested, ive to the E. RENNET. ed and re- will enable you with dessert made in st of a few rtable the neighbors. RENNET, had at all druggists don't accept ions. dCure. COLISM, the MOR. se and public m. olution. of Nova Scotia and. F. JOHN, N. B. YAN, Manager.



**MORE BOSTON REFORM.**

**RELIGIOUS PEOPLE ATTACK THE SUNDAY CONCERT.**

They go before the Police Commissioner and report, but do not want their names printed. A shaking up in Boston Police Circles—Lively Times Expected.

Boston, Dec. 17.—The chief products of the United States, just at present are independent politicians and half a dozen varieties of reformers. Every well informed person knows what is going on in New York; how the Lexow committee has been going higher and higher with no idea of stopping at a police captain who has paid \$15,000 for his appointment.

Here in Boston reform is also in the air; everybody believes there is a good deal of rottenness at the city hall and in the police department and several well organized societies are insinuating to such an extent that has made the people curious as to just what the outcome of it all is going to be.

There have been a number of investigations and one or two are still in progress, but so far no action has been taken which would give any indication of how matters are going to be.

The public institutions have been undergoing an investigation for some months, and a very bad condition of affairs has been made public in connection with the poor houses and penal institutions.

A week or so ago a number of very religious gentlemen had the board of police commissioners investigate the Sunday concert given at the different theatres, with the view of having the licenses revoked. This investigation was of a decidedly interesting character, for the Sunday concerts given in the Boston theatres are not at all like those given by Sunday school children, and the recital of what was said and done as interpreted by the very religious gentlemen who went before the police commissioners was of even greater interest than the original performances.

There is no way of telling where this mania for investigation is going to stop. Take this Sunday concert question for instance. It is difficult to understand the necessity for having 20 or 30 very religious gentlemen, ministers and theological students, who did not want their names printed, go before the police commissioner and tell them what they saw. These gentlemen were such poor actors and singers that it would be simply impossible for them to give anything like a good idea of what went on at the concert. There was nothing whatever to prevent the commissioners themselves from taking all the shows themselves, and there is no doubt that even if they had to go in disguise in order to be sure that the programme would not be out on account of their presence the results would have been very much more satisfactory.

But that would have been cheating the public out of an investigation.

The investigation into charges preferred against two police officers alleged to have taken money from the proprietor of a fast house and from barbers who wanted to do a Sunday business, has proved of the greatest interest on account of the testimony given by the witnesses for the prosecution, who, in their anxiety to convict the men, differed from each other, and some of them told a different story every time they were called. The case has not been decided at the time of writing, but the decision is looked forward to with a great deal of interest. If it is against the officers it will mean a great deal.

Although it is generally believed that the police have been receiving protection money from law breakers, it has been a hard matter up to the present time to get any of those who have paid money to come forward and admit it.

If the present case goes against the officers, it is expected that the decision will start the ball rolling and others will be encouraged to come forward and tell all they know.

Since Gen. Martin has been made chairman of the police board some months ago, there has been quite a shaking up in police circles. A determined effort has been made to the city of questionable honesty and the police say that they do not know of one in Boston at the present time. Whether it is so or not, it is a fact that a great deal has been done, and that there has been a decidedly large exodus of a certain class of people.

Gen. Martin rather likes investigations and so far he has lost no time in getting at the bottom of everything that has been reported to him. He has been very busy.

Boston has almost as many reform societies as it has street lamps, and every one of them is dead anxious to rid the city of some evil or another. Now that they have somebody who is anxious to listen to them they have become exceedingly active.

The recent municipal election was somewhat of a setback to one class of reformers, for Mr. Curtis, who was elected mayor, had been the counsel for the board of public institutions and it was claimed that owing to this fact his election as mayor would place him in a rather uncomfortable position

in regard to the investigations, which are not yet at an end.

When elected, however, Mr. Curtis retired from his position as counsel for the commissioners, and things are going on much the same as before.

Curtis is a republican and his election is looked upon as a very decisive blow against ring rule in Boston, for everybody here is aware of the fact that Gen. Peabody, the democratic candidate who attended the North end dances, was nominated by the select three or four who control the democratic machine.

The shake-ups and changes continue to come, and some very interesting times are expected in the near future.

R. G. LARSEN.

**THE ROOT OF EVIL WAS THERE.**

**A Cool Thief Carries off the Contributions After Praising the Preacher.**

The first presbyterian church, Germantown, was crowded with a fashionable congregation Sunday morning when the Rev. Dr. Charles Wood preached on "The Love of Money is the Root of All Evil." At the conclusion of the service some one stole the contributions, which amounted to about \$300. All the congregation had not left the church when the fact that the money was missing was discovered by Treasurer Samuel Dennison. He immediately informed Dr. Wood, who was conversing with several persons. A search was made immediately by those present. It was thought that possibly the bag which contained it had been mislaid. It could not be found, and the conclusion was reached that it had been carried off by a thief.

There was a special collection Sunday for the Sunday school in connection with that which it has been customary to take up every Sunday. After the money was received in the contribution boxes it was dumped into a little bag as had been the practice, and Treasurer Dennison took charge of it. Mr. Dennison has been in the habit of depositing the money in a corner of a pew until the service ended and when leaving the church taking it with him. On this occasion he did not, unfortunately, deviate from what had been his method of attending his duties for years. The money was carefully laid in a corner of the pew by Mr. Dennison, and while the congregation was leaving after the service was finished he joined in conversation for only a few minutes with several persons. When he went to the pew the money was gone.

While Pastor Wood was talking with several of the parishioners, a man who was a stranger, and who is supposed to have been the thief, stopped up and complimented him on his oratory. "For years," said the stranger, "I have heard repeatedly of the fashionable character of your congregation, of your eloquence as a minister, and of the magnificence of your edifice. I am now convinced, after attending service today, that nothing I have heard about this church has been magnified."

Dr. Wood patted the stranger on the back in his customary friendly manner and said he would be glad to have the pleasure of numbering him among his congregation.

The man's face beamed with smiles at the reception accorded him by the popular pastor, and after repeating very briefly again his impression of the church, he bowed to those standing close to him and walked out. Several of those who were near the minister remarked that they had never seen the man before.

It was after he had left the edifice that Treasurer Dennison informed Pastor Wood that the money was missing. In order to overtake the stranger, who was suspected of being the thief, a courier was dispatched immediately to the Fourteenth district station house. Special Policeman Cairns was detailed on the case and ordered to make an investigation at once, and within one-half hour a description of the man was forwarded to the Central Station. A squad of police was sent in search of the man to the several stations on the Pennsylvania and the Philadelphia and Reading railroads, but no trace of him could be found.

**THE CARTRIDGES WERE BLANK.**

And that is why the Colonel's Fame as a Sportsman was Short-Lived.

Colonel Z—, a gentleman with a reputation of being a crack shot, was recently included in a shooting party staying at the mansion of a well known M. P.

The gallant colonel was an early riser, and on two or three occasions he brought in a respectable "bag" before the host or the other members of the party had risen from their beds. This was the more annoying when it was considered that the colonel, when accompanied by the other guests, missed almost every bird he fired at. Some of the guests decried the colonel's conduct as ungentlemanly, and prepared a little trap for him.

The gamekeeper was instructed by his employer to provide the early sportsman with blank cartridges only for his next expedition, which was arranged for the following morning.

The rest of the party rose earlier than usual to witness the return of the gameless colonel, who duly arrived carrying—five brace of partridges.

"Ha! ha!" he laughed. "Lazy sportsmen again. I've had rare fun this morning."

"So it seems," remarked the host dryly. "How you managed to shoot five brace of birds with blank cartridges, however, I can't understand."

The gallant colonel was fairly caught and left the hall that day. After his departure his dealings with the underkeeper leaked out, the latter being forgiven in the general satisfaction.

**A NURSE ON A STRIKE.**

**SHE OBJECTS TO THE LADY SUPERINTENDENT'S ORDER.**

And is Suspended, as was the House Surgeon.—The Victoria General Hospital Authorities do not Think That the Order was a Wise one, However.

HALIFAX, December 20.—The Victoria general hospital, of this city, is one of the noblest charities of the country, and a triumphant evidence of our christian civilization. It is a grand philanthropy and, though maintained by the provincial government, is none the less a credit to the people, who eventually pay for its support and efficiency. Though the main object of this letter is to enable the public to see one defect in its management, and thereby secure improvement, yet the Nova Scotia Victoria general hospital is an admirably conducted institution. The unfortunate patient who is fortunate enough to be taken to it for treatment is sure of as careful treatment as could be secured anywhere outside of a very wealthy home.

The staff of physicians and surgeons is made up of an enthusiastic body of men, whose very rivalries often tend to make their work more successful. The medical board consists of the best doctors in Halifax. Dr. A. F. Reid, the medical superintendent, and his resident staff, could hardly be improved upon, and the corps of nurses is a company of ladies of culture and genuine refinement.

This is all true, yet it is regrettable that there seems to have from time to time, been more want of harmony, or actual hostility, between members of the medical staff and those directly concerned in the management of the hospital than has been seen in any other philanthropic institution in this city—and we have many of them.

The latest clash has been between Miss Elliott, the lady superintendent, and her nurses, and in consequence of that difficulty, the medical superintendent also has come in conflict with the house surgeon of the hospital. As a result, one of the nurses, a most estimable young lady, and the house surgeon, have been suspended for a week. Miss Elliott has occupied her position for but a comparatively brief period. She studied the profession in the United States. When appointed lady superintendent of the hospital there had been some little dissatisfaction not long before in the department. It seems Miss Elliott determined on a rather vigorous policy, and an strict discipline. These were perfectly right if at all reasonable and justifiable, but it does seem as if some of the lady superintendent's rulings and orders went quite too far. The medical board of the hospital has failed to see eye to eye with Miss Elliott in regard to the order which gave rise to the present trouble. They could neither see the wisdom of the order nor assent to the regularity of its promulgation.

Miss Elliott gave instructions that in future the lady nurses should perform certain duties, though no record can be found authenticating the "order." A few days passed before an occasion arose for the enforcement of the obnoxious rule, the evidence of which was only unofficially known. The first nurse who was asked to carry out the new instructions refused to obey, as would any other of the lady nurses. The house surgeon, quietly sympathizing with the nurse, and seeing the utterly outrageous character of the order, tried to have the work done by some others in the hospital whose duty it plainly was. This came to the knowledge of the lady superintendent. She personally asked the nurse if she refused to carry out the order. The answer was decidedly in the affirmative, even at the cost of resignation, and the young lady was suspended. The house surgeon then came in for his share of attention. He was reported by Dr. Reid to Hon. C. E. Church, commissioner of public works, in whose department is vested the control of the hospital, and next day he joined the nurse in the suspended list. The charge was not given in writing until after the suspension.

The charge to Mr. Church was originally made verbally, and amounted in effect to a complaint of insubordination. The medical superintendent doubtless felt that in reporting the house surgeon he was doing his duty, and possibly there was no other course open to him. He is a kind-hearted man who would err on the side of leniency rather than the reverse. It is difficult to find a reasonable excuse for apparently very arbitrary order issued by the lady superintendent, and her attempted enforcement of it.

The medical board could find no satisfactory reason for it. They held a meeting and, while expressing no opinion upon the wisdom or unwisdom of the suspension, because orders must be enforced and discipline must be maintained, yet they were unanimously opposed to the order itself. Miss Elliott was asked to tell of any other hospital where such orders were given, or to inform the board whether she had herself been called upon elsewhere to obey

**A SUGGESTION!**

ARE YOU LOOKING FOR A DESIRABLE PRESENT FOR YOUR

**Mother, Wife, Sister or Friend?**

If so we would recommend you to call and see our stock of

**"HEPTONETTE" Rain-Proof Cloaks**

in Black, Navy and Fancies, including some exceedingly choice designs and qualities with SILK LINED CAPES, trimmed narrow braids.

Capes are detachable and can be worn as a separate garment.

*Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John*

them. It appears she was unable to do either the one or the other.

The question of the suspension was not considered for several days by the local government because of the absence from the city of Premier Fielding, but there was no reason to doubt the matter would be dealt with in a sensible and reasonable way.

**EVOLUTION OF A PAPER.**

A "Progress" Contributor Finds Old Copies of the New York "Herald."

On my desk as I write lie two numbers of the same newspaper; one dated May 6, 1835, the other, December 6, 1894. They are both copies of the New York Herald.

The first is a modest sheet of four pages, printed in an attic and published from a cellar, and bearing upon its face the impression of small and tentative beginning. The second is large and multipaged, a voluminous record of the world's happenings; published from a palatial office, and itself a powerful factor in forming the opinions and educating the public mind of two continents. Between these two issues intervenes a period of fifty-nine years,—a spare of time replete with meaning in the world's history. Thrones have fallen and dynasties have been wiped out since that May day in '35; and the American people, not unlike this tiny paper in the weakness of their infancy, have waxed strong and grown powerful, and exert to-day among the nations an influence in quality and degree much like that which the veteran Herald of to-day does in newspaperdom.

The history of the New York Herald is the history of the American enterprise and progress during more than half a century. The tale of its growth from the acorn of 1835 to the giant journalistic oak of 1894 is the story of American success. A glance at its initial number will but exemplify this fact. "Morning Herald, Wednesday morning, May 6, 1835. Price One cent," such is the heading of the time-worn sheet before me. On the left hand upper corner of the first page, we read, "Published by James Gordon Bennett & Co., Office, No. 20 Wall street, basement story," and elsewhere we also read that the paper is printed at "34 Ann street, 3rd story."

From a basement to the present quarters of the New York Herald is indeed a transition. The first page, which is devoted to general reading, contains a biographical sketch of an impostor of that day, known as Matthias the prophet. The view we get of this strange personage—who by the way was no better or no worse than any other of the many religious charlatans given to the world by the empire state—is not an unpleasant one. As the editor remarks, "A philosophical view of thought and feeling runs through the memoir." A short paragraph or two treating of "April Fashions"—most unfashionable fashions to our modern taste—completes this first page.

The salutatory on the second or editorial page is short, crisp and pointed. It breathes of self-reliance and intelligent hopefulness. In this latter respect it ought fairly to be called prophetic. Fair Ophelia's words, "We know what we are, but know not what we may be," are quoted as a promise of greater things,—a promise, we need not say, that has been fully realized. In defining the Herald's platform we can discern the independent Scotchman, wary and cautious. "In debates of this kind," says the editor, "many talk of principle—political principle party principle—as a sort of steel trap to catch the public. We mean to be perfectly understood, and therefore openly disclaim all steel-traps—all principle as it is called—all party politics. Our only guide shall be good practical common sense, applicable to the business and bosoms of men engaged in every-day life." How refreshingly independent such talk is when compared with the insincere palaver of some would-be influential newspaper in our day.

In the same column with the editorial is the latest news from Europe, dated the 8th of April. Note this, ye children of the telegraph and telephone, in our fathers' day, fifty-nine years ago, in the babyhood of the New York Herald, it took four

weeks for news to travel from London to New York. Today the same paper is issued simultaneously on both continents and both issues are in the main identical. The principal items of English news refers to the defeat of the Wallingford-Peel government on the Irish tithes question. In those days, as now, the Irish question was the bete-noir of the English government. A note-worthy incident also in this antique calendar of news is that a British ship-of-war compelled a Russian squadron of three vessels of war to return up the Dardanelles to the Black Sea.

Among the items of domestic views a balloon ascension at Cincinnati is recorded. Then follows a series of editorials remarks headed, "Empire State." From these we can glean much that is of interest. For example, we learn that in 1830 the population of New York city was 202,957. To-day it must be eight times that number, that in those days it cost \$1,500,000 to run the city government, what it costs to-day only Tammany can tell; and that there were only 100 miles of railroad in all New York state,—a mere decimal fraction of the railroad mileage in that state today.

On the same page we have some theatrical chat, and an anecdote of a worthy woman whose cerebral equipoise was not well established. This good lady invariably insisted on being corked up every Monday morning. The corking was done by pretending to drop a cork down her throat.

Advertisements occupy a page and a half the remainder of the paper being given to odds and ends. The curative properties of a porous plaster are lauded in the first ad. on which the eye rests, thus showing that the patent-medicine men was abroad in '35. This one's claims of its plaster are of the same modest calibre as those of the ordinary man of his class in our own day. Quacks there were too in those days, as witness the unselfish note of warning that "a genuine M. D. of Philadelphia" gives against "puffing nominal doctors." From the same advertising columns we also learn that in 1835 a farm of thirty acres was for sale in Brooklyn, "just within one minute and a half of the new south ferry," and that Washington square marked the extreme borders of civilization in New York city.

Altogether, the first issue of the Herald was not marked by extraordinary precociousness of talent! A common-place, rudimentary journal, differing in little—and that little to its disadvantage—from any similar tentative experiment in journalism in some village or western town in our day. The New York Herald is not a literary paper to-day; it has simply kept up the promise of its youth. Hard-headed Scottish common sense was among its earlier endowments, and explains in a degree its eventual success.

**Some Tower Bridge Statistics.**

A return has been issued of the most serious accidents which occurred during the construction of the Tower bridge over the Thames. The total number was 29, the first occurring on the 2nd of November, 1886, and the last on July 3, 1894. Of these, 10 were fatal, the death verdict in 9 cases being "Accidental death," and in the other instances "Deceased's negligence." The number of men employed at any one time in the construction of the bridge varied between 76 in July, 1886, and 849 in December, 1892. The average for the whole period extending from June, 1886, to July, 1894, was 432.

**A Lofly Ideal.**

"I am perfectly willing to work, mum," said the tramp, "but the difficulty is in finding labour congenial to my tastes." "What do you think you would like to do?" inquired the compassionate woman. "I think I'd like to be a bank president, mum. Do you know where I could get a job of that sort?"

Mr. Scripps—"My dear, I don't see how you had that counterfeit bill passed on you." Mrs. Scripps—"Well, you don't let me see enough real money to enable me to tell the difference."

Times: Blanche—"Do you think, Mr. Waters, that hanging is a pleasant death?" Waters—"Well, indeed, it is generally allowed that there is nothing so painful as suspense."

**Men Talk**

**About Women**

and women talk about men. But everybody is talking about UNGAR'S dyeing and cleaning work. These hard times all possible value must be got out of clothes, and the only way to do it is to have UNGAR dye them as soon as they show signs of wear.

**UNGAR'S LAUNDRY and DYE WORKS.**

St. John, N. B., Halifax, N. S.

WE PAY EXPRESSAGE ONE WAY.

**FORTIFY YOUR SYSTEM**

**PNEUMONIA and LA CRIPPE**

**ROYAL EMULSION**

For Chest, Lung and Bronchial Troubles it has never been equalled.

**A WELL-KNOWN CANADIAN PHYSICIAN STATES:**

I cheerfully recommend the Royal Emulsion; I have suffered from a yearly attack of Bronchitis but this year, for the first time, I have escaped and I attribute it to the use of ROYAL EMULSION.

Sold by all Druggists, 50c. and \$1.00.

Wallace Dawson, CHEMIST, Montreal.

**WORRY**

that's what kills a man.

It Wears the Brain. Weakens the Nerves. Impairs the Digestive Organs.

**HAWKER'S Nerve and Stomach TONIC**

Is a certain invigorator for the victim of worry, overstrain of mind or body, or EXCESSES of any nature. It restores Nervous Energy, relieves Brain fatigue, aids Digestion, restores lost Appetite, promotes sound, refreshing Sleep, and is a perfect Blood and Flesh Builder.

All Druggists sell it. 25c. a Bottle. 50c. per Doz. 50c. per Doz. 50c. per Doz.

Mfd. only by Hawker's Medicine Co., Ltd., St. John, N. B.

**ST. JOHN Conservatory of Music**

AND VOCALION.

141 Queen West St. FALL TERM opens Sept. 18th.

TEACHING MUSIC: M. S. WILSON, Organist, Pianist and Vocalist; Mrs. R. A. FLEMING, Vocalist and Pianist; Miss Alice FLEMING, Vocalist and Pianist.

For full particulars apply to the Conservatory, 141 Queen West St., St. John, N. B.



# Sunday Reading.

## THAT CHRISTMAS DAY.

A Little Story of the Season for the Children to Read.

Figgie and Dot were twins, four years of age, staid, grave little creatures. They had been down to take "muzzy" to the village school, where she daily taught forty girls, and as they trudged home, Piggy—as became his son—protected Dot by holding her hand closely in her own.

It was the first week of December, and Dot, whose tongue seldom had any rest, was chattering about Christmas and its joys, describing an ideal doll and a box of candies she would like to have.

Figgie was silent, because he had understood his "muzzy" when she had told them on Sunday that, as she had lost all her money, as well as they had lost a father during the year, she could not give any presents, nor would Santa Claus visit them; she could barely get warm clothes and food enough for her darlings.

Dot had heard all this, and felt a sort of anger against her dear "dad," who was so happy in Heaven, while her "muzzy" often cried and was sad; still she expected Santa Claus.

Near their home they met Mr. Sutton, the clergyman, with a white-haired gentleman; they stopped the children, Mr. Sutton saying, "These are her youngest—the twins." The old gentleman talked to them and Dot, being of a communicative disposition, told him how soon it would be Christmas, and even described the doll she wanted. Here Piggy solemnly said, "She can't really have it; dad is dead, and 'muzzy' is too poor to give us Christmas treats; not even Santa Claus will come this year."

The gentleman asked Figgie what she wanted. "I want things for 'muzzy'—books, and furs, and nice things; and I ask God for them when I'm in bed," said Figgie, breathlessly.

"She will have them, dear, and dollie will come, and Santa Claus also," said the gentleman.

"Are you Dod?" asked Dot, solemnly; whereat Figgie got red and scolded her. Mr. Sutton asked what Dot meant, found they asked God at night for what they wanted, and as the gentleman said they would have them, Dot thought he must be God.

The gentlemen exchanged a look, smiled on poor Dot, and told her to keep on asking God for all she wanted.

That night, as the twins knelt at their mother's side, she was somewhat startled at the Christmas gifts which they peremptorily asked for. She thought it best to say nothing at that solemn moment; but as she tucked up her darlings, her questions brought from Figgie the account of the "beautiful old gentleman, Dot thought was God." Accustomed to hearing romances from her little ones, the wise mother kissed her pets, and hurried off to the others without a word.

Christmas Eve came with its holidays and snow. The window of the little cottage, where "muzzy" and her children lived, shone rosy with lamplight, and through the uncurtained window one could see the prettily decorated room, the simple tea-table, the five sweet children, the sun-haired mother, and even hear the ripple of boyish laughter at some remark of hers.

A knock at the door brought the eldest boy to open it, when in came Mr. Sutton and Santa Claus! Into the sitting-room they went, Santa in blanket, toque and snow-shoes and carrying two big sacks.

Mr. Sutton laughingly said he had come to show Santa Claus their home; then out of the sacks, in two heaps, came groceries, furs, dresses, books, toys and dolls. Amid shrieks of joy and laughter from the children, as they examined their gifts, the three elders disappeared. But shortly after in came the radiant mother all alone, weeping and laughing; then what fun they had, what games and songs, what a supper, too.

Christmas morning! Never had the children had such a breakfast; Dot and Figgie whispered solemnly to each other that God had forgotten nothing.

Another knock, and the tall, white-haired gentleman entered. Catching the mother in his arms, he kissed her under the mistle-toe-bough; and then with one swoop he gathered the five wondering children within his arms and knees, kissing them and saying he was "muzzy's" uncle, home to live with him and be happy.

Then, indeed, was there "peace on earth" in that cottage on Christmas Day.

that money can buy"; or, "I must spend at least five dollars on this friend, she never gives less than that for my gift, though I really cannot afford it this year." This person would consider it an insult to send a friend a five dollar bill as a return gift, and yet this is exactly the spirit in which her gift is made. Your rich friend will value—

if she be a true friend—any little token you send her, because of the giver, if she knows you are grateful to her for her rich and beautiful gift, for real gratitude is something her money cannot buy. If the Sunday schools of wealthy churches whose members have a surfeit of Christmas gifts at home, would only have a tree or a festival not for themselves, but for the poor—

let the children give it themselves—and hand out the gifts, not simply give the funds—they will all enjoy it, and realize that it is indeed more blessed to give than to receive.

## A SAD CHRISTMAS EVE.

Why a Little Girl was Glad she had Stayed Home.

"Mamie, you must remain at home to-night; mother is not well, and I dare not leave her alone."

"Oh, papa! it is the children's party at the Mission Hall this evening, I could not be absent."

"I cannot help that, my dear, your sick mother needs you; remember, duty, like charity, should begin at home."

Mamie perfectly understood the uselessness of disputing her father's decision, but she rebelled against any arrangement that interfered with the work she engaged in.

Mamie was in her seventeenth year, and an ardent enthusiast in all church work and benevolent enterprises. To do her justice, the girl had heartily endeavored to make the children's gathering a success. The little ones loved her, and her sweet smile seemed to spread happiness wherever she moved—except in her own home.

The invalid mother could not bear to exact any sacrifice from her eldest daughter; she preferred hours of solitude to watching Mamie's sullen face when requested to remain at home. Not that Mamie did not love her mother; indeed, neither of the younger children were so demonstrative in their evidences of affection, after which Mrs. Raymond would sigh as heedless Mamie would hurry away on some errand of mercy or outside usefulness.

Mamie is not a singular character by any means. Who has not known girls who would go miles out of their way to serve a stranger, or send assistance to people in foreign lands, while close beside them existed cases of extreme misery and distress?

Within the home circle, there are those unto whom is due tender services and unmeasured love; yet, for such, sacrifices are often counted dear, and kindness and affection are doled out in grudging morsels.

Mamie, who delighted in works of public benevolence, shrank from the unromantic, every-day duties of filial obligation.

Most reluctantly the girl entered the invalid's chamber, but her morose expression quickly changed to one of alarm. Surely that ghastly face upon the pillow was not her mother's! In a moment her sympathy was aroused; tenderly she sought to restore the drooping woman; and when her mother's eyes looked into hers again, Mamie uttered a prayer of devout thankfulness.

That Christmas eve! Will Mamie ever forget it! Through the long years 'twixt then and now, she looks back with gratitude to the stern command that bade her relinquish pleasure for duty, for on that night they conversed as mother and daughter had never done before. Heart to heart, they realized how much each needed the other's love. It was then the daughter learned that her mother's days were numbered; soon, none knew how soon, her burden of suffering must be laid down.

With words of consolation did that dying woman soothe her weeping child. With her good night kiss Mamie prayed for her mother's blessing; and, when on the morrow Mr. Raymond told his children that during the solemn hours of the night God had called their mother, amidst her passionate mourning, Mamie vowed that hereafter "home should ever be first" and she kept her vow.

## The Birthplace of the Saviour.

Bethlehem-to-day is a very picturesque hill town. Thirty years ago visitors estimated its population at 8,000, but now Baedeker puts it down at 8,000. It has shared the activity and the progress which have visited the entire region. "The houses are uniformly of stone," says Mr. Charles A. Dana, in some recent notes of a visit to Palestine, "and when we sought to approach the great church of the nativity we found the principal streets torn up in the process of laying down sewers, and were obliged to get down and go on foot. The church is a vast and complicated pile of buildings, the Latins and the Armenians having constructed chapels and monasteries about the original edifice, which is in the hands of the orthodox Greek communion. Here, as in Jerusalem, a guard of Turkish soldiers constantly attends in the entrance of the church to keep the disagreeing sort of Christians out of violent quarrels with each other. The church dates back to the

first half of the fourth century. The architecture of the interior is simple, severe and most impressive, but some of the attached chapels are crowded with crucifixes, lamps of gold and silver, pictures and tapestries that bewilder the eye with their variety and splendor."

## THE POOR'S CHRISTMAS.

We should all try to Make it Pleasant for Them.

The merry Christmas chimes will soon be heard throughout our great Dominion, and vast numbers will turn their thoughts to the time when the Saviour of men was born—the time when the angelic hosts proclaimed "Good tidings of great joy," followed by a grand chorus of voices, "Glory be to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

Soon our colleges, seminaries and public schools will be closed for a time, and young men, young women and children will have a period of relaxation and time to arrange for holiday fun and amusements in their homes and elsewhere.

Soon broken families will be united for a season, and there will be rejoicings and merry-making. Everyone—from the children to the hoary-headed grandparents—will be filled with kindly thoughts and feelings, and not only to those near and dear to them, but to the poor and friendless as well.

It has often occurred to us that the poor, destitute, friendless and the widows and orphans, all of whom may be found within easy reach of our bright and happy homes, do not receive that attention care and aid that should be extended by those who have enough and to spare of the good things of this life.

This failure to relieve the wants and necessities of others, and to cause joy to flow at a season when all souls should be happy, is not always due to indifference, hardness of heart or an uncharitable disposition. Our failures in this direction are too often the result of want of thought, forgetfulness and a too deep and almost selfish fascination and interest in what concerns the enjoyments and pleasures of our friends and our own firesides.

The truth is, there are thousands of men and women who are ever ready to assist in the needy, and who delight, especially at this season, to have their attention called to work of a charitable nature.

We think it may be safely affirmed that our Canadian people, who are in a position to assist their less fortunate brothers and sisters, are as large-hearted and generous as any in the world, and that it only requires quiet and gentle admonition to arouse their noble and generous feelings toward those in need.

## The Origin of Christmas Carols.

The word carol is supposed to be a compound of the Saxon words cantan, to sing, and rola, an interjection of joy. The ancient burthen of the song was "Rola, Rola, Tol de Rola," which is not unusual, even at this time, in common low songs, or in songs of a burlesque kind. The custom of singing an hymn on the morning of the nativity of Jesus Christ, is of very old standing in the Christian Church, and the carol is supposed to be an imitation of the "Glory be to God on high, etc." which was sung by the angels, as they hovered over the fields of Bethlehem, in the morning of the nativity. The carol, it appears, however, was not only in practice on Christmas day, but on the days appropriated to the honor of saints, as St. Stephen's day, St. Andrew's day, Childermas, etc. It was customary also, according to Tertullian (who lived about the year 200), "among the Christians, at their feasts, to bring those who were able to sing into the midst, and make them sing a song in honor of God, either taken out of the Holy Scriptures, or of their own composition."

## Christmas and Christmas Boxes.

This took its name from the word mitto, I send. This mitto was a kind of remembrance or rather dictator which said, "send gifts, offerings, etc., to the priests, that they may intercede for you"; hence it was called Christmas: thus far the etymology of the word is indisputable, and every one who has attended to the minutiae of Sacred History must know the fact as here related. The origin of the boxes was: Whenever a ship sailed from any of those ports under the authority of the See of Rome, a certain Saint was always named, unto whose protection its safety was committed; and, in the ship there was a box, and into that box every poor person put something, in order to induce the priests to pray to that Saint for the safe return of the ship.

## A Female Missionary.

How Mrs. Raymond discovered the "missing link," set Marion to work selling bibles in St. Giles, and in so doing founded, unwittingly, the London Bible and Domestic Female Mission—this story has become classic in the history of home missions, and needs no retelling. The work so remarkably originated in 1857 has taken deep root, and goes on vigorously today, although the beloved founder has passed to her reward. There are now 126 bible-women visiting from house to house among the London poor, while, in addition, there are eighty bible-women nurses trained to minister to the sick and injured, and to teach poor women how to nurse. Moreover, there are eleven visiting superintendent and nurse pioneers giving their whole

time to organizing districts, seeking out fresh cases, conducting mothers' meetings, and lending effective aid to the whole work. Thus, with some central agents, there are 280 earnest Christian women devoting to carrying the gospel into poor homes, and winning for it an entrance by those kindly and loving offices a true woman knows so well how to render. Moreover, each district has a lady superintendent, who takes the oversight, and seeks to make poor women feel that someone cares for them.

## Messages of Help for the Week.

"Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men! For he satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness." Psalm 107: 8, 9.

"As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live: turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die?" Ezekiel 33: 11.

"I planted thee a noble vine, wholly a right seed: how then art thou turned into a degenerate plant of a strange vine unto me? For though thou wash thee with nitre, and take thee much soap, yet thine iniquity is marked before me." Jeremiah 2: 21.

"It is high time to awake out of sleep: for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed." Romans 13: 11.

"It behoved him to be made like unto his brethren, that he might be a merciful and faithful high priest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people. For in that he himself hath suffered being tempted, he is able to succour them that are tempted." Hebrews 2: 17.

"Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." Ephesians 5: 14.

"Meditate upon these things." 1 Timothy 4: 15.

## A Cruel Answer.

### A Montreal Lady Plainly Told That There Was No Hope for Her.

Discharged from the Hospital as Incurable.

### A STRIKING PROOF OF THE VALUE OF PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND.

### Bright's Disease Banished and a Life Saved.

"Paine's Celery Compound saved my life, and I will always greatly remember the fact." Mrs. P. Kelly, No. 68 William street, Montreal, made the above statement with a wonderful degree of thankfulness and joy, after being cured of a most dangerous disease that had firmly laid hold on her, and defied the best efforts of physicians.

Suffering from Bright's disease, Mrs. Kelly was taken to the hospital in order to secure the most approved treatment known to the medical faculty. After spending some time in hospital, Mrs. Kelly became worse, and the physicians plainly told her that she was incurable, and she was discharged—sent home to die.

When hope had almost fled, when the body was weak and frail, and life almost extinguished, Mrs. Kelly heard the glad news of Paine's Celery Compound—was told what it had done for others who had been pronounced incurable, and she at once determined to try its powers.

After using three bottles of the life-giving Compound, Mrs. Kelly felt that there was a wondrous power to infuse new life. The medicine was continued from day to day, until a perfect cure was effected.

Mrs. Kelly, now as strong as she ever was in life, wishes to direct the attention of other sufferers to the medicine that cured her. She writes as follows:—"I am an officer that I shall be conferring good upon my fellow creatures by informing them of what Paine's Celery Compound has done for me in the past."

"Two and a half years ago I had a severe pain in my left side, which became serious and alarming. I was informed afterwards by my doctor that I had Bright's disease, indeed this was generally acknowledged by all who knew me."

## BUY CHOCOLATES



## Genuine Jenkins' Valves, Common Globe Valves.

GUARANTEED TIGHT. Wrought Iron Pipe and Fittings. Packings of all kinds; Waste and Oils. GET MY PRICES.

J. S. CURRIE, Mill, Steamboat and Railway Supplies. ST. JOHN, N. B.

**BONNELL'S GROCERY** APPLIES. Have just received 50 BBLs. NO. GRAVENSTEIN APPLES. For Sale at Bonnell's Grocery. McLean's Block, 200 Union St., St. John, N. B.

## WORK STARTS AT THE FOUNDATION.

Does Not Give Temporary Relief, But is an Assured System Builder.

## Indigestion and All Nervous Disorders Lastingly Cured

Mr. W. F. Bolger, of Renfrew, Ont., Cured by South American Nervine When Everything Else Had Failed.

## MR. W. F. BOLGER, RENFREW, ONT.



Many of the remedies now administered are simply appetizers. They are a stimulant for the time being. They give temporary strength possibly, but are not system-builders. The constitution that has become run down through trouble, overwork, disease, or from whatever cause, cannot become itself again except where the system of building-up is begun at the foundation.

Here it is that marvelous results come from the use of South American Nervine Tonic. Starting from the established scientific fact that the life and healthfulness of every part and organ of the body has its origin in the nerve centers, which are located in the base of the brain, this great discovery, South American Nervine, acts at once upon the nerve centers. It does not serve simply as a soothing draught, or a temporary stimulant to the injured and diseased organ. It gives the needed strength at the nerve centers, and this done, the whole system is toned and built up.

Evidence on this point might be presented by the volume. The subjects of such a cure are found all over this fair Dominion. Mr. W. F. Bolger, of Renfrew, Ont., tells us in a letter over his own signature, and dated May 10, that he has been troubled with indigestion of a most aggravated character. Terrible weakness, as well as agonizing suffering followed. South American Nervine was brought under his notice, and he decided on giving it a trial. The result in his own words is this: "I found very great relief from the first couple of bottles; my appetite came back and I soon became strong. I can honestly say that I consider South American Nervine a remarkable medicine. It cured me of my suffering, which seemed insupportable, and had baffled all former methods and efforts."

Language cannot be too strongly put, save when used in setting forth the merits of this remarkable scientific remedy. It has cured many of the most desperate cases of indigestion and nervous disease in the Dominion.

For sale by Chas. McGregor, 37 Charlotte St.; Hama J. Dick, 145 Charlotte St.; Clinton Brown & Co., Cor. Sidney and Union; A. J. Mahoney, 35 Main St.; A. C. Smith & Co., 41 Charlotte St.

ERUPTION... BLEETOMING... Years-Now P... by B. B. B.

CHRISTMAS IN MANY LANDS. NOW THE FESTIVAL IS OBSERVED IN VARIOUS COUNTRIES.

In Canada, England, Ireland, the United States, Russia and France—The Scotch Keep New Year's Day—The "Blindfold Betrothal."

In Canada Christmas has always preserved the characteristics of the festival as it is regarded in the mother country and especially in England.

Christmas day is the greatest holiday of the year in England. Some of the old-time jollification when 'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale, 'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale.

In late years may have been to some extent modified, but from the members of the House of Commons, who adjourn long enough to satisfactorily enjoy themselves, to the youngsters who look forward to the Christmas tree as they look forward to nothing else in the world, the country commemorates the day with a thoroughness which defies comparison.

North of the Tweed the most popular holiday is not Christmas, but emphatically New Year's day. The religious history of Scotland is self-explanatory of the decline of Christmas festivities in the country.

However, as it is said there are more Scotchmen in London than the whole population of Edinburgh numbers, they in some measure make up for the neglect of the world's greatest day in their native land.

The early Scotch reformers were entirely successful in their declared intention of putting an end to the "heathenish" observances of Christmas day in common with several other days which their zeal frowned upon.

In the United States Christmas comes next in popular appreciation to Thanksgiving. But this much is to be said for the republic, that Christmas is growing in the recognition of its people year after year.

The "blindfold betrothal" is an institute of the Russian Christmas. It is a fête held in the chief landowner's house of the district.

Communication in Financial Circles. Once in a great while one of the thirty odd bank clerks who are daily delegated to render into this Providence Clearing House the accounts of their respective banks makes an error in his "figures."

uted interest, so to speak, as the minutes are piled up by the clock, each young gentleman of the thirty odd is on pins and needles until the fellow who is to blame is discovered.

TWO RIVAL BAD MEN. An Anti-Franchise Event That Resulted in the Demise of One of Them. The man who told the story between the puffs of his cigar was from Texas.

A happy-go-lucky, ready-witted Irishman is in the employ of Murrell Dobbins, the builder. He is a genius, but with an industrious, trustworthy fellow, and Mr. Dobbins thinks the world of him.

When the rain and winds are blowing I do not heed, I do not care, With a Rigby coat out I am going, I'm dressed for weather, wet or fair.

Two men were seated at a small table near the front door waiting for their sandwiches and coffee, when they were approached by a shabby stranger who touched his hat and said:

Excuse me, said the seedy man, sidling up to the well-dressed citizen, "If I don't mistake you, you are going into the saloon to buy a drink or a cigar or something?"

Walking in a Circle. One hears so much of travellers losing their way in the Australian "bush," that the following, from a colonial writer, is not without interest.

Business children of both sexes begin to smoke almost as soon as they can speak.

HOW TO CHOOSE A SPONGE. Don't Buy One of the Bright Yellow Kind and Look out for Discoloration.

Although the difference between a good and a bad sponge is very marked, few people seem able to appreciate it. The first requisite of a good sponge is that it should be dark in color.

The sponges are then trodden under foot in running water until the flesh is all washed away, leaving the skeleton, which is the sponge as we know it.

They Came in Very Handy When he Wanted a Holiday. A happy-go-lucky, ready-witted Irishman is in the employ of Murrell Dobbins, the builder.

When the rain and winds are blowing I do not heed, I do not care, With a Rigby coat out I am going, I'm dressed for weather, wet or fair.

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skin, tinted a rarely beautiful golden-green, was valued, uncut, at over three hundred pounds. A flawless green pearl is very rare.

Everybody knows that the word mac (pronounced in Gaelic machk) means son, so that for example, MacDonald literally means the son of Donald.

Righteous Indignation. Mrs. Youngma—I'm so boiling over with righteous indignation I don't know what to do.

When the rain and winds are blowing I do not heed, I do not care, With a Rigby coat out I am going, I'm dressed for weather, wet or fair.

Two men were seated at a small table near the front door waiting for their sandwiches and coffee, when they were approached by a shabby stranger who touched his hat and said:

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Business children of both sexes begin to smoke almost as soon as they can speak.



Does your Wife Do her own Washing? If she does, see that the wash is made Easy and Clean by getting her SUNLIGHT SOAP, which does away with the terrors of wash-day.



YES, I Tell you Children will grow up to have a clear and healthy skin if they use BABY'S OWN SOAP, and don't you forget it and get some cheap substitute.

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MONTREAL. WE respectfully beg to notify dealers in Window Shades, Laces, Fringes, Poles, Pole Trimmings, etc., that we have taken full possession of the Macfarlane Shade Co's. works, and any orders for goods from samples previously shown by that concern will receive our prompt attention and shipment if addressed directly to us.

MENZIE, TURNER & CO., Manufacturers, Toronto, Ont. COLONIAL HOUSE MONTREAL CHRISTMAS CATALOGUES.

OUR Annual catalogue of goods suitable for Holiday Gifts is now ready and will be mailed to any address on application. It is a neatly got-up book of 140 pages, profusely illustrated, and contains items of interest from every department of our large and varied stock.

HENRY MORGAN & CO., - Montreal.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. TWO TRIPS A WEEK FOR BOSTON. UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE the steamer of this company will leave St. John for Boston, Portland and Boston every Monday and Thursday morning at 7.00 (standard) returning will leave Boston at 8.00 (standard) for St. John, Portland and Boston every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at noon.

1894. SEASON 1894. ST. JOHN, GRAND LAKE and SALMON RIVER. THE reliable steamer "MAY QUEEN," C. V. BLANCK, Master, having recently been thoroughly overhauled, per full entirely rebuilt, strictly under Dominion inspection, will, until further notice, run between the above-named places, leaving St. John, Monday, every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY morning at 7 o'clock, local time.

DOMINION EXPRESS COMPANY, (Via C. P. R. Short Line) Forward Goods, Valuables and Money to all parts of Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba, Northwest Territories, British Columbia, China and Japan. Best connections with England, Ireland, Scotland and all parts of the world.

# WOMAN and HER WORK.

Christmas will be here so soon, girls, that there is no use in my talking to you about Christmas presents this week, because you would not have time to follow any further suggestions I might offer you, and by the time you read *PROGRESS* next



VISITING AND MORNING GOWNS.

The gown on the left is of gray cloth with plaits and a draped upper skirt. There are three white cloth gold-embroidered bellows on the waist, a girle of the same and three upstanding cuffs. The gown on the right is pale pink cashmere, trimmed with ribbon and a broadened silk collar and falls to the elbow sleeves.

I hope you will have all your pretty things finished and put away in the lower drawer of your bureau with the key safely turned against intrusion; and that you will be resting after your labor with that delightful feeling of inward tranquillity which the consciousness of work well performed never fails to bring. Don't I wish I had my work all done or even half of it, and could sit down and let a pleasant glow of self satisfaction steal gently over my troubled senses, instead of "that tired feeling" which clutches me in its relentless grasp whenever I stop for a moment to think of all I have to do! It is not so much the things I ought not to have done which worry me; but those I have left undone rise up and haunt me all the time.

Just one word about your fancy work, girls. No matter how carefully you may have worked, it is almost impossible to keep a piece of fancy work of any size quite clean; your fine linen doilies and centre pieces, your pretty duck and

then iron on the wrong side, using a very thick and soft ironing cloth to make the work stand out. Never trust such delicate work to a servant or washewoman, however careful; do it yourselves, and I think you will be pleased with the result.

I have been preaching a little Christmas sermon to my garden of girls for so long that I am sure they would miss something now if I were to neglect it, so I want to remind them again this year that there are so many in the world to whom Christmas means little more than another holiday in the year, just one more day on which they cannot work, and therefore get no pay! We who earn our own living often answer laughingly, when some friend tells us that we need a rest. "If I do not work, I shall not eat, so it is only a choice between working to death and starving to death." But do we realize that there are many to whom that answer applies in sober earnest; who instead of looking forward to the great festival of the year, merely



WIDOW'S COSTUME AND WALKING GOWN.

The side plaited gown on the right is of old rose cloth, with Marse and garniture of myrtle velvet bound with gray fur. The widow's costume is of undress cloth and English crepe, set in the sides in deep plaits. The veil reaches the bottom of the dress.

butcher's lunch because his glove cases are sure to be slightly off color if you have used white instead of tinted flannels, and even if they look clean, you have no idea what an improvement washing will be to them. Kensington work, when "done," on any washing fabric and in washing "talks," is a different thing after it has been laun-

well that there are numbers of girls who have the best possible will to help those who are in need, but who have so little to spend that they are obliged to do without many things they really want, but still we none of us quite so poor that we cannot help a little if we only know how and give some thought to the subject.

For instance there are very few of us who have not a regular collection of Christmas cards and booklets, the treasure trove of many years, admired rapturously when first received, and then put carefully away until the next Christmas, when they were taken out again, compared with the present season's crop, used for decorations during the holiday season and then put away again and forgotten except at house-cleaning time. Why, there are bushels of Christmas annuals, booklets and cards cumbering the shelves of closets, and filling up trunks and bureau drawers, and they are preserved merely because they are pretty and it seems a shame to destroy them; or perhaps because of a feeling that it should be discourteous to those who sent them not to treasure the little messengers of kindness they sent us long ago.

When the Christmas souvenirs come to us from dear friends, it is quite right to keep them. I have some myself that nothing could buy; but there are such numbers sent as a mere matter of friendly remembrance by acquaintances, that it seems a pity not to make some use of them when they would be such a boon to many poor children, who never owned a pretty book in their lives. Sort out your old time treasures, girls! Take the lovely copy of "Hark, The Herald Angels Sing" which some acquaintance sent you four or five years ago, scratch out your name written on the fly leaf, never mind if the erasure shows plainly, there is nothing to be ashamed of in giving away something which is your own—and either waste a slip of paper over it, or write the name of some poor girl or little child in its place; be sure that it will give more pleasure to its



WET WEATHER SUITS.

These pictures represent different ways of making up waterproofed material. There is a snug or blouse waist and a three piece skirt hanging in full plaits in the back. There is a wide pointed girle of the same and a short military cape with a hood. This may be lined or not, as preferred.

second possessor than it can possibly have given you when it was new and fresh. Then take the "Graphic," with which you were so pleased last year, and if you have kept the supplement pictures, iron them out, roll them up with the paper and give a day's pleasure to some poor boy or girl who will not stop to ask whether it is this year's "Graphic" or not! And treat the old Christmas cards in the same way. Don't let them waste their beauty without doing the good they are capable of! Erase your name write another over the spot where it once was, and you can make a family of poor children happy in the belief that each one has a whole present for himself with his name written on it.

Do you think it sounds rather mean to use one's Christmas souvenirs again like warmed over meat? I cannot agree with you if you do, it is a common practice in large cities to send them to hospitals, and I am sure that I would far prefer knowing that the booklet I spent a dollar on for my friend, had given a double amount of pleasure by being used twice than think it was lying forgotten in her cupboard. We have the pretty things first, and extract all the enjoyment we can from them, therefore when they have become an old story to us why should we not try to pass the pleasure on to some who have less of it in their lives than we?

It was not a very long sermon this time, nor a very "preachy sermon" as the very small boy said, but I hope you will think it over, girls, and try even in the smallest

We are continually talking about shoes in our stores, 61 King and 212 Union Street. This time of year the Talking is largely about Overshoes, Rubbers, Felt Slippers, (of which we have a great variety), Warm Lined Button Boots, Skating Balmorals, Moccasins and Snowshoes.

Our stock is complete in all of these lines, and it will be a pleasure to show them or any other lines of Shoes we have in stock.

## WATERBURY & RISING.

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Lace Making, Embroidery AND NEEDLEWORK

WITH Irish Flax Threads.



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Can secure the latest information about Lace Making, Embroidery and Needlework by sending 10c. in stamps for Barbour's Prize Needlework Series No. 3, just published; 110 pages profusely illustrated with sketches of work and full of practical suggestions. For sale by all first class Dry Goods houses, or it will be mailed to you on receipt of 10c. in stamps by

That all your Linen Thread carries this Trade Mark.



Thos. Samuel & Son, Sole Agents for Canada.

Hold Everywhere.

For every purpose it is the best.

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YOU CAN SAVE TIME BY USING THE DUPLOGRAPHER, THE RAPID PRINTER...

A Duplographer having the following points of excellence:— Never requires washing or re-inking and is used without rollers or stencils. Gives 100 to 150 copies from one writing with our SPECIAL Duplicating Ink, and 75 to 100 copies with our ordinary ink. 50 to 75 copies from the typewriter using the common copying ribbon or card. To save delay each printer has two (2) or more plates for copying. The simplicity and ease with which copies of Lists, Circulars, Price Lists, Reports, Plans, Drawings, Specifications, Music, &c., can be reproduced in various colors at one operation should recommend its general use and adoption. The only Copying device having an ink-absorbing pad. After using the case is closed and ink will settle through the plate and is absorbed by the pad beneath.

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unless to make the most humble apology. If you feel that you can trust yourself to do so with calm dignity, and without losing your temper, I should tell him quietly that you await his explanation and unless he can give a good reason for his conduct, you regret your not being able to receive him as a friend any longer. But if you would prefer not to discuss the subject with him, you can show your displeasure by avoiding him as much as possible. Be engaged whenever he asks you for a dance at a party, or to see you home of an evening, and whenever he calls be polite to him for a few minutes, and then leave the room on some excuse or other, and do not return till he has gone—that is of course if there are other members of the family left to entertain him. A good snub is often the making of a forward, spoiled young man, and he showed such extraordinary ill breeding that he needs a lesson in manners.

KLING—I regret that I cannot return your stamp, as I never answer letters privately, but I hope the little information I can give you on the subject will be of use. Your letter was dated the 10th, but I only received it on the 15th, so the delay in answering is not my fault. The best publications I know of are "Kumby's Monthly Magazine," "Wood-

man's Magazine," and "Heirly's Story." I cannot give you the correct address of any of them, but I think the first two if not all, are published in Boston. Any bookseller will be able to tell you. Why not try Ditson, or Boston, or Sackling of Toronto? I am afraid this is very meagre information, but as I have none of the periodicals at hand, I cannot be very positive as to the locality in which they are published. ASTRA.

The giraffe has a tongue almost 18 in. long.

### THE SAME MAN, Well Dressed.

Give a much higher place to the customer of your shirts, than when they were not well dressed.

### Newest Designs, Latest Patterns.

A. B. SANFORD, 54 Grenville Street, (Just above south of St. James).

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KNIVES FORKS AND SPOONS STAMPED 1847. ROGERS BROS. ARE GENUINE AND GUARANTEED BY MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO. THE LARGEST SILVER PLATE MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD.

HUMPHREYS' Witch Hazel Oil as a CURATIVE and HEALING APPLICATION. It has been used 40 years and always affords relief and always gives satisfaction.

TEABERRY FOR THE TEETH & BREATH. SHILOH'S CURE. A DOSE OF THE GREAT TAKE THE BEST COUGH CURE.

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DAVID CONNELL, LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLES. 45-47 WATERLOO STREET. Horses Boarded on reasonable terms.

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CHRISTMAS PRESENTS. The Giving of Them is an Art of Considerable Importance. The giving of Christmas presents is really a fine art. To know what to give means the possession of tact, thoughtfulness of others, and an entire elimination of self.

UP ALL NIGHT. With that COUGH, if you do not want to repeat the experience, buy a bottle of the OLD STANDARD REMEDY Gray's Syrup of Red Spruce Gum. The best Cough Cure in the world. Sold everywhere 25 cts. a bottle.

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With the Naval Reserve. "When we off on the ship for practice during the summer," said my friend, "we get lots of fun out of life. While on watch we go around among the sailors and get acquainted, and talk of matters nautical."

Why Slang is Popular. "Charley," said young Mrs. Torkins "what does the phrase 'talking through your hat' mean?"

Unbelief in Santa Claus. After Deacon Smithers had finished his call on the pastor the latter's little daughter said: "Papa, didn't the deacon say he didn't believe in Santa Claus?"

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INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT THE POPULAR YULE-TIDE PLANT. The hardest explanation of all to give concerning the mistletoe is to assign some reason why youths and maidens should be privileged to kiss each other under it. This may not be an exactly proper statement of the case since the kissing is of course supposed to be done by the youth, the maiden simply yielding no more than her passive consent when caught beneath the bough.

THE MISTLETOE. The origin of the mistletoe, even in these days of scientific research, is generally acknowledged to be mysterious. The scientists playfully speak of it as a plant of the capricious order, and they surmise that its primitive ancestor must have been a honeysuckle. But there is no family resemblance whatever between the two, and the botanists, like the small boy with the conundrum, prefer to give it up.

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AN ALL-ROUND CHRISTMAS DINNER. Bronco Pete - "Whar's th' turkey?" Alkali Ike - "I set him outside to cool, an' th' cat et him."

UNBELIEF IN SANTA CLAUS. After Deacon Smithers had finished his call on the pastor the latter's little daughter said: "Papa, didn't the deacon say he didn't believe in Santa Claus?"

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A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

"I don't know how, Nanny," said Phoebe Uptrope, "but I think Mr. Waterburn is going to give us Saturday afternoon for a holiday."

the counter and twisted a stem of ferns around them. "I— for myself?" "Yes. Why not?"

said he knew you girls. He's coming here to-morrow to eat his Christmas dinner. I invited him."

CHRISTMAS GIVING. A few Sentable Words by a Woman on the Subject. Liberality and charity, remarks a practical western woman, are especially beautiful in the Christmas time, when every earnest heart is full of gratitude toward the Great Giver.

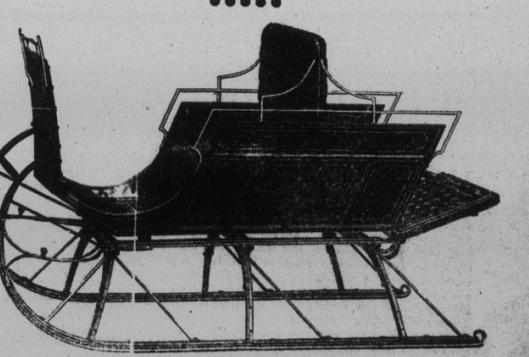
Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. EVERY OTHER SHOULD HAVE IT IN THE HOUSE. It is marvelous how many different complaints it will cure.

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HAMILTON'S DELICIOUS Caramels. As a Flesh Restorer, Puttner's Emulsion has no equal.

Barlow took a wax-white cluster from

John slapped his knees. "That was the name," said he. "He

Right in Style.—Mr. Highball—"Where is that Book of Etiquette and Complete Letter-Writer?"

As a Flesh Restorer, Puttner's Emulsion has no equal, giving substance and tone to the wasted muscles.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

They had parted—after two happy years, into which had been woven fond hopes and dreams of a fair home, somewhere in the happy future, to which Arnold Grey would take his bride. Now the difficulties that once lay across his path had vanished, and with a prosperous career before him in a foreign land, he had hoped that Miriam Allen, for whose dear sake he had striven to obtain the appointment, would consent to share his exile—bright, sunny-hearted Miriam, whose sweet face and gentle ways had won the heart of other men besides Arnold Grey.

But since that promise was given, death had entered the old homestead and summoned the gentle mother hence—away from the little children who clung pitonously around her, for whom she would linger yet a little longer—away from the faithful husband, who could not realize what home would be without his Mary.

As her lover told of the future he wished she would share, Miriam thought of her lonely father, whose heart was stricken by the sudden blow; of the young brothers and sisters who missed their mother sorely; the choice lay between Arnold and her mother's home. One must be forsaken, and her heart pleaded passionately for him unto whom she had given her love and faith; but duty conquered, and her choice was made. Kindly, but resolutely, Miriam gave Arnold Grey his freedom. She would not come to him for years, and so she would not hold him bound.

With stern, set face, Arnold Grey strode angrily over the dry underwood, as he struck across the forest toward Lyndhurst Road. With confidence shaken in a woman's promise, he would trust no more.

"How could she prefer those teasing, tiresome children to him? Of course she did not love him, it was clear as daylight." He could not understand that Miriam suffered more than he; nor knew how anxiously she watched him until his form was hidden by the leafy forest trees. Then turning homeward Miriam resolved to face the dark and lonely future bravely, nor suffer the dear, kind father to feel what a sacrifice his daughter had made.

Pine Farm was situated close to Canterbury Glen, in the New Forest, England. In this glen may be found the stone that marks the spot where Sir Walter Tyrrel shot an English king; whether by accident the arrow missed its mark and struck the fatal blow, or whether as the agent of a Norman conspiracy Tyrrel committed a daring assassination, the New Forester cares but little, as he introduces strangers to "Rufus Stone." Here, in this quiet and lonely spot, Miriam Allen was destined to pass her youth, sacrificing her fondest hopes for the sake of others.

But the woman who watches over the welfare of a young family has little time for repining over the "might have been," and Farmer Allen, as he observed his eldest daughter busy with preparations for the morrow—the first Christmas when "mother's chair" would be vacant—little dreamed that under her assumed gaiety Miriam concealed an aching heart.

It was in the quiet midnight hour, when across the forest stole the music of Christmas bells, that the young girl crept away to her chamber, and wondered how many years would pass before Arnold and she might meet again.

Fifteen years, with their long record of changes, had passed away, bringing to some homes new faces and fresh joys, and leaving to others only lonely firesides and vacant chairs with perhaps a green mound in the churchyard which he vacated—little Miriam concealed an aching heart.

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able hostess was "only a farmer's daughter."

Upon the table in her sister's room was a box containing a lovely evening dress of black lace, with the various necessary trifles to complete a fashionable outfit. It was intended as a Christmas present for "dear Miriam," who, touched by her sister's consideration, felt disposed to another petty pride, and wear the elegant garment just to please her friends, when she chanced to overhear a conversation between Clara and a visitor, in which Mrs. Moore declared, "I should die of mortification if my sister appeared in dowdy style, or our new friend should suppose my people to be commonplace."

These words, intended for another's ear, reached Miriam beyond expression. With quivering lips she turned aside, feeling how little she was wanted in her sister's home. So agitated was she that, unable to remain indoors, Miriam dressed and started for a long walk. It was an unusually fine Christmas Eve, and the shop windows were gay with Christmas decorations.

Passing along High Holborn and down Oxford street, Miriam turned into New Bond street, determined to spend an hour in the Dore Gallery. A passionate admirer of pictures, among that lovely collection of works of art, Miriam forgot her troubles. At last she stood before the great artist's final masterpiece—the picture that had been poetically described as the "Swan song of Gustave Dore"—"The Vale of Tears."

Miriam felt fascinated by its descriptive beauty and sadness, and sitting down upon a lounge before the picture, she feasted on its grandeur. It has been termed a "rendering in color" of the verse "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The picture is a large one. The background is a shadowy valley, representing "the vale of tears," and at the entrance to it stands the Saviour bearing a cross, with the light of love and hope about Him. All around are various figures, representing the "weary and heavy laden,"—from a royal personage to the lowliest of earth; from a maiden with cross in hand to the most wretched of the world's weary ones. Among the crowd are seen the manacled, the infirm, and the suffering. A dying mother lifts her babe as towards Him who blessed the little children. All human misery seems depicted here; even the pariah, the leper, is not forgotten; and though all there lies a path that leads to rest.

For a long time Miriam remained before that wonderful picture—the final effort of the great Alsatian—lost in contemplation of its beauty and its lesson. Before that record of human woe and weariness, what was her sorrow? Where there found rest and peace, there too might she find Miriam returned to her sister's house with gentler feelings, determined to subdue her pride, and while visiting her friends to study every plan that might promote their pleasure.

It was a dainty little lady who made her appearance among the company that evening—the dear, the pariah, the leper, is not forgotten; and though all there lies a path that leads to rest.

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SOME CHRISTMAS REMARKS.

By That Most Cheerful of Philosophers Robert J. Burdette.

Truly there comes a time, writes Robert J. Burdette in the December Ladies' Home Journal, when one must make a great deal of noise in his mirth lest the neighbors think he doth not enjoy his holiday. Then, when he catcheth in his merriment, they smile most and say, "How ill grey hairs become a fond jester!" This also is vanity. But truly, we have already far too many plays now, wherefore the strain is great upon the human heart and funnybone. Holidays do not build up a nation. Rest is not the great demand of life. Recreation is not the nurse of strong character. The laziest man ever takes the longest vacation, the more worthless the nation, the lower in scale of human excellence the people, the more holidays doth the calendar of the country proclaim.

The question before women is this: Should woman, by which term we include all men—being, weary, worn out, refreshed, exhausted, weary, worn out, use up and pulled down after a holiday? Is it right or reasonable that she—including him as storehouse—should have that "tired feeling," which not even six bottles can cure. Is it—do we demand an answer from the gentlemen of the Opposition—is it to be expected that they should not make merry thereon should desire to die when the rising bell rings on the morning of January second, December twenty-sixth, and the day after Thanksgiving? Seriously, Mrs. Speaker, it is not time for us to consider the advisability of abolishing all holidays save Saturday? That is so common and hollow a cry that we need not live in frantic efforts to observe it. We might compromise on a few play-days. January first might still be kept sacred to Saint Goodness O'Leations, with the reading of a short service on the first page of the Book of Common Prayer; and Christmas, of course, the sweetest and holiest of all the holidays, Thanksgiving Day, by all means, let us keep that for the calendar for sweet grandma's sake—that is her day. And that is enough. Three holidays a year, as we observe holidays, will impose all the strain on the mind, the tax on the nerves, the worry and care and fret and labor we can stand. We Americans take ours "madly." There is little, or almost no rest in our holidays; there is still less in our vacations. Here and there may be found people who know how to take things easily. And most gravely do we suspect they have learned wisdom of the ease-loving tramp.

But the rest of us! And the Angel of the Household—who thinks and plans and does for every other man a play-day until she learned to use at least an hour and a half of herself. She is not yet fit for holidays. Every one she takes draws somewhere a new wrinkle on her patient face. Everybody says to her, "it's too bad," and she pities, sympathetic as accent on the "too" means, let us let us type a poor, weak thing—"it's too bad you have so much to do on a holiday!" Sounds very tender and gentle, and sympathetic. But that is exactly what we said to her last Christmas, and the Christmas before that, and the one just after she was married. Oh, you see, I have watched all sorts of her "enjoying" all manner of holidays.

I have seen her at the county fair; yes, I have perceived her there with her family on the rainy day—there is always one rainy day at the county fair—wandering about, discolored, dripping, and finding nothing; the children hanging in her dress and whining for this and that, and begging to be taken home; and the other children bringing her heart out of her by trying to run over themselves with racing silks, or getting kicked into kingdom come by spirited colts, much-be-ribboned, which was expressed only when at last she crept into bed, said the first part of "Now I lay me, and fell asleep."

Why, oh, sisters, why can you not learn that there are two or three hundred ways of suicide, each one far easier than working one's self to death? Some men there are—not many, but some—quite as foolish as women. Only a few weeks ago a man was fishing for ducks in the bay, and he had drowned himself because he could not find work. Think of it; and forty per cent of the women in America with more work on their hands, hearts and brains than they could hold do, were, at the very moment of his drowning, no doubt, lying awake contriving plans whereby they might add to their labors, multiply their cares, increase their weariness, and double their worries, by inviting a household of company, and economizing for the same by discharging the solitary servant in advance. A man may drown himself because he has no work, but he wouldn't keep himself alive a minute longer "if he were told that he could have all the work of six men could do, at nothing a day and 'find himself.' A man hasn't much sense being a man he can get along with very small amount of that commodity—but you don't catch him, when he has a minute for a breathing spell, going about looking for ducks in the bay, and he would drown himself because he could not find work. For the sake of my kindred, something to do. He has too much sense for that. Once upon a time—back in the seventies—I was one of the clerks of the Board of Health in a Western city during a cholera epidemic. Always we looked and made ready for a sudden increase in the number of deaths, and new cases on Monday morning. It never failed, because Sunday was a day of rest. People released from the safeguard of regular habits, steady, healthful labor, rushed wildly about the city and out on the hills, and into the suburbs all day Sunday, gorge and gizzling and vomiting. If anybody died, it was because of a cold, or a fever, or to heaven that we begrudged the poor

laboring-man's his own holiday, and didn't want him to enjoy himself.

All through the sunny hours of the "sweet day" named "enjoyed" themselves. Then certain of them, when night was come, lay down and curled up, and squirmed, and howled for a few brief hours and on Monday morning we issued a permit which gave the howler a nice quiet place in which to enjoy the long, silent years of the first holiday he ever observed quietly.

And finally, sisters—well, what's the use of talking? Much do I fear that you will go on doing about as your mothers did before you. That's the discouraging thing to "us reformers" and prophets. You will sit up late o' nights and work your fingers to the bone, then about three o'clock Christmas morning go to bed and cry yourself to sleep, because you could not find time to make one half the things you set out to do. God bless you, what would Christmas be without you? And without your home-made gifts, the work of loving and hurried and much-cumbered hands? The day would be so much the better for all of us though, giver and receiver, if the hands that work were cumulated. And the things you can't finish—bless you—for the unfinished gift that you send with the beseeching apology for its incompleteness. Is there any flower so beautiful as the half-opened rose? Isn't there a lifetime of study in the incompleteness, and the friendship symbolized in the uncompletion, because these things will never come to perfection in this world of promise? These gifts will be finished in the world where Christmas comes, not once a year as it does here, but all the year and every year. This very life is an incomplete and imperfect one. There is no new way of loving your friends then; there is no new way of being happy and making happy. And so we wish one another 'A Merry Christmas' in the same old way, with Tiny Tim's benediction—"God bless us, every one!"

The Czarina's Confessor. M. Janskychev, the Russian priest who was sent to Darmstadt to conduct the coronation of the Princess Alix, the bride of the Czarowitz of Russia, performed the same office for the present zarina. He has been the confessor of the imperial family for many years.

BORN. Sussex, Dec. 13, to the wife of C. E. Hazen, a son. St. John, Dec. 15, to the wife of B. T. Leavitt, a son. Truro, Dec. 14, to the wife of E. E. McNeill, a son. Amherst, Dec. 14, to the wife of Albert Carr, a son. Wolville, N. S., to the wife of William Falletta, a son. Amherst, Dec. 10, to the wife of Joseph Cutbert, a son. Moncton, Dec. 13, to the wife of Frank Robinson, a son. Halifax, Dec. 11, to the wife of Simon LeBlanc, a son. Mount Denison, Dec. 8, to the wife of W. Love, a son. Grandville, Dec. 4, to the wife of Minard Graves, a son. Springfield, Dec. 7, to the wife of A. W. Foster, a son. Notre Dame, Dec. 10, to the wife of John Carroll, a son. St. John, Dec. 7, to the wife of Avar Anderson, a son. Albert, Dec. 12, to the wife of H. V. Brewster, a son. Fort Lawrence, Dec. 10, to the wife of Henry Blois, a son. Barrington, Dec. 9, to the wife of Eubena Sautford, a daughter. Moncton, Dec. 14, to the wife of Dennis J. LeBlanc, a son. Halifax, Dec. 13, to the wife of Major Hodgson, a daughter. Truro, Dec. 4, to the wife of Angus McDonald, a daughter. Halifax, Dec. 15, to the wife of George E. Porter, a daughter. Nappan, Dec. 5, to the wife of Alexander Smith, a daughter. Bloomington, Dec. 7, to the wife of James Dixon, a daughter. Strathmore, C. B. Dec. 8, to the wife of A. Campbell, a son. St. John, Dec. 10, to the wife of Frank Carren, two daughters. Fredericton, Dec. 11, to the wife of William Gibson, a daughter. Burton, Dec. 5, to the wife of Dr. J. A. Fyzant, a daughter. Pictou, Dec. 6, to the wife of Captain C. H. McLeod, a daughter. Karadale, Dec. 4, to the wife of Stanley Farnsworth, a daughter. Buctonche, Dec. 9, to the wife of Chief McLaughlin, a daughter. Westmorland Point, Dec. 6, to the wife of Martin Carter, a son. Centerville, Dec. 3, to the wife of Clarence N. Scott, a son. Mink Cove, N. S., Dec. 12, to the wife of E. A. Gidney, a son. Parker's Cove, Nov. 29, to the wife of William Apt, a son. Halifax, Dec. 12, to the wife of Surgeon Captain J. B. Moir, a son. Bridgetown, Dec. 5, to the wife of Edward Backus, a daughter. Spryhill Mines, Dec. 7, to the wife of Archibald W. Foster, a son. Torbay, Dec. 12, to the wife of George Crowe, a daughter. Yarmouth, Nov. 29, to the wife of Charles E. McClinton, a daughter. Sydney, C. B., Dec. 27, to the wife of Richard W. Menzies, a daughter. South Brookfield, Dec. 6, to the wife of Avery Meek, a son. New Richmond, Dec. 4, to the wife of Rev. George F. Kinsman, a daughter. Upper Stewiacke, N. S., Dec. 10, to the wife of Frank Johnson, a daughter.

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