

PROGRESS.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS.

HE CAN SAVE HIMSELF

BY WALKING THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW PATH.

Mr. Clark's Greetings to Mr. Marshall—The Owner of the Coat Talks—Mr. Joseph McNeill Heard From—The Troublesome Captain's Fall.

It was only a few weeks ago that PROGRESS described a Saturday night in St. John with rum; last Saturday night was a night without rum.

It made a great difference. So great a difference, in fact, that a description of it can hardly be written. It is a difficult task to talk about nothing, and there was nothing going on about the bars last Saturday night.

The cause of it all may be conjectured. Some say it was on account of the exposures made in PROGRESS; others say that he chief inspector awoke from his trance and passed the word to "shut up." There may be some truth in both ideas. PROGRESS is in a position to know that the orders sent out from headquarters to "close until ten," and closed until ten the bars were.

After that—? Without a doubt, a blank. Many of the faces usually found on the streets, pacing to and fro, entering here and there, jovial, jolly, free-and-easy, thinking of nothing but so-called pleasure, were absent. They were home Saturday night with their week's earnings in their pockets!

Sunday morning the three days' suspension of Capt. Rawlings went into effect. This is the third or fourth time the troublesome captain has been relieved from police duty for a season. The occasions are pointed out elsewhere. The favor of his superior officer, seems to have descended upon Rawlings to a remarkable degree. He is the one man on the force who gained an exception to the chief's oft-repeated rule, "I suspend but once, the next time I discharge." This is a very good rule in its way, but it should be applied equally. If it is applied to some of the former members of the force, it is worth repeating again and again in those "ten minute lectures," it surely should apply to Rawlings.

The charges against the man were sufficient to warrant his prompt discharge. They were more than sufficient when his former record is taken into consideration. That he was not discharged and only received the nominal suspension is no surprise to those who know the ins and outs of police affairs. Is it not too much to say that the chief of police is in no position to discharge officers of his force who need looking after; he is in their power, and they are perfectly well aware of the fact.

This is not a pleasant state of things for any citizen with an interest in his city to contemplate. It is not a pleasant topic for PROGRESS to give so much space to, but there ought to be a change for the better in this department of the city service; there must be a change for the better. Not one tenth of the charges that might be made have been made. The daily newspapers (some of them at least) are in possession of facts that must show them the necessity for improvement. They have chosen to be quiet for political or other reasons. To the morning journals at least the safety of a political friend has always been of greater importance than the interests of the city. Naturally enough, too, they dislike following the lead of another newspaper, one that comes out but once a week. For these reasons they are quiet. Yet some of the most damning facts are known to them.

It is pleasant to record the fact that the law was observed last Saturday night until ten o'clock. Let us give the chief of police credit for that even if the intimation was accompanied by the warning "PROGRESS may be around tonight." Do not be alarmed. PROGRESS has done its duty and does not propose to keep a staff for the purpose of watching the bars. Neither has it the inclination. Ordinary slighting of the law is not likely to bring about exposure by a newspaper. But such open and flagrant violation should be condemned by the press.

The personal charges against Mr. Clark made here and there and everywhere, talked about by scores of people, discussed at every corner, could not fail to reach his ears. They did not surprise him—he knew something about them before—but he was at a loss to know how they got out. He even went so far as to say that he would give \$200 to find out who put PROGRESS on to all these things. He need not spend so much money. The people who give PROGRESS the facts are not ashamed to give them to the chief of police. But it is quite dangerous for the patrolmen to open their mouths. The two poor fellows who caught their chief scolding around the block and standing in a doorway on Germain street and mentioned the fact were threatened the roll call following the issue of PROGRESS. "Only two of you could have told this story," shouted the

chief "and I will remember it." One of the turnkeys in the jail was complained of as one who gave information to PROGRESS but the chief was laughed at for his pains. No new accusation comes out however but what he blames ex-chief Marshall for. Mr. Marshall, no doubt, takes an interest in police affairs—it is but natural that he should from his long connection with the force, but that he goes around seeking out and circulating charges against the present chief is absurd. He was therefore greatly astonished when, a few days ago, Mr. Clark met him on the street, and stepping in front of him said, "Did you say I was drunk?" Before he had finished his sentence Mr. Marshall turned and left him without a reply. Later Clark met him again and called to him as he passed, "You will have a chance to tell all you know in the supreme court." "All," everybody knows, would fill several issues of PROGRESS.

The board of public safety has been given authority to inquire into the enforcement of the liquor law and certain other matters in connection with the force. The council was prompt in its action, and the public safety committee should be equally thorough.

All the charges made have been brought forward in the public interest. It is a significant fact that there is no man seeking an office who is pushing the charges. PROGRESS has no other opinion than that the majority of the people would be only too glad to see Mr. Clark retain his position if he walks a straight path. A plain warning may be given him. There is sufficient evidence in black and white, supported by reliable witnesses, to warrant the appointment of a commission by the government to enquire into his conduct. No one desires to push matters to such an end, and Mr. Clark has the remedy in his own hands. If he desires any further assurance on this point, PROGRESS will give it to him privately or publicly.

"TIGHT AS A DRUM"

Are the Words a Halifax Paper Applies to St. John's Bars.

The Halifax Mail, in its St. John letter, contains a reference to St. John's bars last Saturday night. Here it is:

The chief of police is in trouble again, and the common council is after his scalp. A few weeks ago a newspaper man walked around Saturday night and found all the principal bars, with four or five exceptions, wide open and doing a rushing business. They are supposed to be closed at 7 o'clock. He was after a story and he got it, five or six columns, descriptive of the bars, and the policemen paced backwards and forwards in front of their doors. The publication of the facts in PROGRESS created a sensation which has not subsided yet. The paper suppressed no names, but gave the leading hotels the benefit of a free advertisement as well as the others. Two of the hotels have, as a consequence, withdrawn their patronage from the fearless newspaper and were, I understand, meditating dire revenge upon publisher Carter and his interests. The latter kept up the bombardment, however, and last Saturday night there was not a hotel or any other licensed bar open. I do not believe such an agreeable condition of things can be permanent under the present inspection, but still it is a great victory for any newspaper to compel the liquor interest to observe its wishes even for a night.

But had the liquor boycott been put into operation only half of the dealers would have joined in it. I saw Mr. Carter a few days ago and asked him if there was any truth in the hotel keepers' boycott. "I heard something about it" was his reply, "and two of my largest advertisers have told me that they were asked to withdraw their patronage. They do not intend to do so, and so far as I can gather, there does not appear any further inclination to fight it out on such a basis."

"How would such a fight end?" I asked. "In the victory of right, I believe," he replied, "and in such an increase to the circulation of PROGRESS that it would be kept alive comfortably without a single advertisement. But," he continued, "there won't be any fight. The council has taken up the violation of the law and PROGRESS's work should be fairly well completed in that direction. It is the duty of a newspaper, I think, to point out the wrong doer or the law breaker and not to keep him covered. That becomes tiresome and unpleasant."

The idea that Mr. Carter intended to convey when speaking was that he did not believe in a newspaper prosecuting offenders after pointing out their wrong doing.

Mr. McNeill is Heard From.

Mr. Joseph McNeill sent PROGRESS a letter last week, which arrived too late, after the press was at work. In it he says: "I received your letter this evening (Friday, December 11th); was not in Richibucto before, so that accounts for my delay in answering. I received a telegram from chief of police Clark containing these words, 'Not caring, don't know, body in charge of brother.' I have not the telegram at present, but will take my oath those were the words in it."

Now, Mr. Clark, it is in order for you to produce copies of all the telegrams you sent. PROGRESS will give them the same prominence as this one.

"Progress" Calendar Gallery.

Some of those who have kindly sent PROGRESS calendars are making for a notice of them. Wait a while. PROGRESS is making a "calendar gallery" from their collection and when it is complete there is a good article in it—if nobody appropriates this idea.

GIBSON VS. SNOWBALL.

THE LUMBER AND RAILWAY MAGNATES PARTED.

And Mr. Snowball Takes Mr. Gibson's Place as Manager of Their Railway—An Interesting Squabble and How the Senator is Making Out.

The news from the interior for a week past has been exciting. It amounts to this:

That Count Alexis von Gibsonoff has thrown up the sponge as manager of the Canada Eastern railway.

That Senator Jabez B. Snowball has assumed the reins of power.

That the officials of the road with singular unanimity have thrown up their positions.

That they have been folded in the fatherly arms of the out to the tune of "Bless you my children."

That the Fredericton and St. Marys Bridge company, in other words Mr. Gibson and Mr. Temple, are at loggerheads with the Canada Eastern Railway company, in other words Mr. Gibson and Mr. Snowball.

That Fredericton is side-tracked and all orders as well as all supplies for the road will hereafter be issued from the senatorial headquarters at Chatham.

Are we to have a total eclipse of the hot Gibson sun, by the sallow Snowball moon? Is the long, flowing beard of the Nashua colossus to be profanely plucked to stuff the Senatorial pillow? If so, why so?

In the beginning Mr. Gibson and Mr. Snowball pulled off their coats one day and started in to build a railway. Mr. Snowball threw in the Chatham branch, already constructed, at a valuation of \$200,000, and built the road from Chatham Junction to Doaktown. Mr. Gibson built the remaining and more difficult portion of the line, from Doaktown to Gibson.

Perhaps it was a hazardous experiment, Mr. Gibson has contracted the habit, somewhat, of having his own peculiar way. Mr. Snowball is a genial, affable, benign and polished personage, but strange to say, he has fallen into precisely the same habit. Of course, Mr. Gibson growled at times, and Mr. Snowball whined at times. But taking all into account, things went along surprisingly smooth.

When the road was completed a large and respectable meeting of the Board of Directors was held. Mr. Gibson felt large and Mr. Snowball felt respectable. So Mr. Snowball was elected manager by Mr. Gibson, and Mr. Gibson was elected to the highly ornamental, but less important office of president, by Mr. Snowball.

The world wagged on a year or so in respectful silence, and then Mr. Gibson concluded that he would like to manage the road. So Mr. Snowball elected Mr. Gibson manager and Mr. Gibson elected Mr. Snowball president.

For several years more the world has been rolling humbly along with Mr. Gibson as manager of the road, while Mr. Snowball has filled the role of president and inspector. It was lucky that Mr. Snowball inspected the road, because it had a most abnormal propensity for changing its identity. When he inspected it first it was the Miramichi Valley Railway. He inspected it again, and presto! it was the Northern and Western Railway. The next time he inspected the road it was the Canada Eastern Railway. At the last inspection it was the leasehold property of the New Brunswick Railway Leasing and Trafficking Company (Limited).

But all this time it appears that Mr. Snowball had been growing more and more dissatisfied. Of late, especially, Mr. Snowball has been manifesting an alarming tendency of wanting to know, you know. He has expressed the view that more frequent and regular meetings of the directors should be held. In his tours of inspection he has deemed it advisable to criticize warmly the way in which the officials of the road discharged their duties. He has even had the unparalleled audacity to criticize Mr. Gibson.

About a week ago a meeting of the Board of Directors was held. There was no lack of a quorum. The count and the senator met and expressed their views with force and freedom.

Now, Count Alexis von Gibsonoff is a man of impulse. Those who have had dealings with him politically have learned this sometimes in a costly way. In local politics he first supported Mr. Fraser, then Mr. Blair, and then Mr. Gregory. In the Dominion field he has been Liberal freetrader, Commercial-unionist, Mugwump, and old-flag Conservative in turn. On this particular occasion Mr. Gibson felt an impulse to throw up the sponge and let Mr. Snowball steer the hog himself. And he did it.

What followed, perhaps, did not surprise Mr. Gibson, but it must have rather surprised Mr. Snowball. When Mr. Gibson threw up the sponge Superintendent Thomas Hobson threw his little sponge up too. And so did Auditor Waycott, and Treasurer Wetmore and Mechanical Super-

intendent Philip A. Logan, and one or two of the train-men on the line. All these patriotic gentlemen have been loyally looked after by Mr. Gibson. They have been pensioned. Mr. Hobson has been made outside manager, whatever that is, at the cotton and saw mills: Mr. Waycott has been made book-keeper at the general store; Mr. Wetmore has been translated to the cotton mill office, and Mr. Logan will find scope for his genius in the repairing shop connected with the cotton mill.

The senator may have been surprised, but he was not scared. He smiled as a father might smile at the pranks of a wayward child and then went right ahead as though he had had faith in the capacity of the world to move along without Mr. Gibson's aid at all. He replaced Mr. Hobson with Mr. Watters, Mr. Logan with Mr. Alcorn, Mr. Waycott with Mr. Shaw and Mr. Wetmore by a gentleman with the suggestive and euphonious name of McAloon.

The little row with the Fredericton Bridge company is simple enough. Mr. Snowball went to Mr. Temple and wanted a reduction in the tolls for crossing the bridge. The road had paid \$1,500 a year originally for this service, but latterly had pooled in about \$3,000. Later advices from the capital are to the effect that peace has been proclaimed and that the cars will continue to cross the bridge.

The senatorial manager has a wide field of usefulness before him. Among other things he might explain to the public why the train which leaves Fredericton at 11 o'clock and occupies seven long hours in reaching Chatham, makes no stop en route for either dinner or supper. He might say why the train from Chatham to Fredericton is run with a like disregard to the claims of nature. He might explain also why, since his appointment, the first-named train connects at Chatham junction with neither day nor night express, north or south, on the Intercolonial. Is this designed to force all passengers to run into Chatham over the senator's branch in preference to hanging round hungry, weary and cold, during the long night-hours at the junction?

In the meantime it appears that Mr. Gibson is determined, if he cannot run the road successfully himself, he will not allow the Senator to do so. He has adopted the singular plan of boycotting his own road, by having all his freight hauled from Fredericton by teams to Marsville.

And still the world is staggering aimlessly along.

ANOTHER MINISTER SPEAKS.

A Falling Off in the Interest of Young Workers.

The rector of St. Paul's church had some remarks to make last Sunday that were not of a pleasant nature. He deplored the lack of interest manifested by the young people of the church in regard to church decorations. A few years ago St. Paul's had enough enthusiastic young people to form a society of church workers that was hardly equalled in the city. Long before Christmas the work of decorating the church was begun, and during the holiday season it was one of the most beautifully decorated edifices in the city. The rector referred to this, and called attention to the fact that this year only five or six young people had shown any activity in the way of church decoration.

"The fact is," said one of the congregation to PROGRESS, this week, "the young people are drifting away from the church, though for what reason I cannot say, unless it is the fact that the older members of the congregation do not give the young people an opportunity to take an interest in the work of the church. I believe there has been some dissatisfaction expressed in regard to the use that is being made of the chimes which were put in recently. They were purchased at considerable cost, but as yet very little use has been made of them. On Sunday, the sexton manipulates them, but his knowledge of chimes and harmony is not very extensive, and the result is not what the people who contributed toward them hoped for."

"After all," he continued, "the success of a church, or any other institution depends upon the young people, and when they are shut out, or the older, and more influential men show an indifference in regard to their wishes, the church is going to suffer by it."

One of Santa Claus' Places.

Little boys and girls who are counting on Santa Claus bringing them a sled, have been hovering around Everett & Miller's selecting what they would like. The firm has a good stock to choose from, and many of the boys and girls' parents find it desirable to patronize them at all times, and especially at this season.

An Attractive Shop Interior.

Speaking of advertisements elsewhere PROGRESS should have mentioned that of Mr. Coughlan who shows an interior view of his jewelry store. Mr. Coughlan has many beautiful things in stock among the most attractive of which is the Tetsumaware which is well worth inspection.

FOSTER HAD HIS SAY.

BUT THE CROWD WAS NOT ENTHUSIASTIC OVER IT.

The Finance Minister Speaks Against Odds at the Institute—Others Speak also and are Hushed out into the Street—Applause that was not Encouraging.

Although the meeting at the Institute Tuesday evening was not a great success by any means, it must be admitted that Hon. Mr. Foster did wonderfully well under the circumstances. There was none of that enthusiasm which encourages a speaker, but on the contrary there was apathy enough, aside from the disturbance, to discourage a less experienced man. The institute was crowded to the doors, but the number of people who thought it worth while to applaud the speaker's best efforts was remarkably small. When Mr. Hazen compared the meeting to one of those held during the last campaign, he must have forgotten the applause on the two occasions.

Tuesday night the crowd went to the institute simply out of curiosity. They did not know what to expect. Nothing would have surprised anybody. Nevertheless the way Mr. Foster skipped over matters that were of vital interest to every man in the hall, was very disappointing.

When Mr. Everitt sat down after introducing the finance minister, there was every evidence of a repetition of the Boston hall riot of some years ago. Mr. Foster's speech was prepared. The first sentence of it was intimately connected with the second sentence, and unless he began at the beginning he could not speak at all. The first part of Mr. Foster's speech received more attention than any other part of it. He repeated the first sentence four or five times. But as there was another orator in the dress circle who attracted as much attention as the minister of finance, the latter had to repeat while the other went right ahead, until Capt. Jenkins landed him on the sidewalk.

The captain of the northern division took a very important part in the meeting, performing several feats with would-be orators that were more interesting than anything Mr. Foster said.

But all this had its effect on the speaker of the evening. It took him nearly an hour to get over it, but when he had disposed of the scandals at Ottawa to his own satisfaction, and got deep into the "uniform tariff" argument, Mr. Foster was at his best. Even then he could not awaken enthusiasm, the only time that anything like what is termed in the reports "great applause" was heard being when he quoted the Opposition watchword "turn the rascals out." Then there was some good-natured enthusiasm, but not the applause one hears in the heat of a campaign. Neither was it applause that caused the speaker to feel satisfied with himself. That particular article was sadly lacking. Notwithstanding all this Mr. Foster accomplished what would have been an impossibility to many a speaker. He held the audience until a late hour and said all he had to say—and nothing more.

From One Who Was There.

"Observer" writes an interesting letter to PROGRESS about an "after hour" incident, correcting some things and throwing light on others. That part of his letter which refers to the paragraph in question is published:

In the paragraph in your issue of the 9th December, headed "Glad it was after hours," there are a few errors I would wish to correct. It was stated that the victim's hair was singed before he discovered the trick that was being played upon him; such was not the case. And, secondly, I feel sure that the jokers could have raised a little more than 25 cents, as one of them not long ago bought a government steamer, the copper bolts of which, I understand, cost more than the place where the affair occurred. However, I think it is about time the nuisance referred to was stopped, as this was the fourth gentleman's coat which has been burned to my knowledge in the same house "after hours." The last victim, I believe, did not intend to inform the authorities of the affair until it was denied that it ever took place there. To aggravate the matter the manager attempted to fill up the burned holes in the last coat with a blacking brush, laughing at the time. The case mentioned was given to the police, but withdrawn when the manager paid \$5 to repair the overcoat.

The Captain Didn't Know.

Capt. Rawlings was somewhat ill at ease when he met a south end alderman of an inquiring turn of mind recently. The alderman had heard of a visit that the captain had made to a bar-room with the chief of police, on which occasion the head of the department was seen wiping off his mustache as he was coming out. The alderman wanted to know what made the chief's mustache moist, and asked Capt. Rawlings what they had had to drink.

"I didn't have anything," said the captain.

"Didn't the chief?"

"Of course he wouldn't let me see him drinking," said the captain.

"Well, don't you know that he had something while you were in there?" was asked.

"I can't say," was the reply, "the chief went behind some cases and I don't know what he was doing while there."

TURNUED HIS BACK TO HER.

The Way the Chief of Police Received An Anxious Mother.

There are people to whom a summons to the police court is almost as great a shock as the news of a death of a relative. Yet the most law abiding citizens are liable to be brought into court in one way or another, from no fault of their own. This sometimes happens by accident, and frequently by coming in contact in some unaccountable way with people to whom the police court has no terrors, but is on the contrary a most desirable place to settle even the smallest differences.

Some of the officers of the court and police department have apparently become so well acquainted with the law, its ways, and the people it deals with, that they accept all comers on a common basis. This seems to be especially so in the office of the chief of police. Many of those who call upon him respecting their cases are treated as though they were criminals not worthy his consideration. The sex of the visitor makes no difference. He seems to think that in his capacity of chief of police it would be very much out of place to be courteous at all times.

A woman who had her first—and what she hopes will be her last—police court experience, last week, has not a very exalted opinion of the chief of police. Although her thirteen year old son was before the police magistrate for assault, and she had to undergo the excitement of a trial, it was nothing compared to the reception she received from the chief in his private office where she went to ask him what her boy was wanted for. She knew nothing of the affair—it arose out of child's play and was dismissed by the magistrate—her first intimation of it being from a north end policeman, who called upon her with the information, that "Chief Clark wanted the boy to chastise him severely." That was all he knew about it. The message had come over the telephone. There was no warrant, or anything to show what the boy had done.

The boy's father was very sick, and needed constant attendance, yet the mother had to leave him and accompany the boy. She found the chief of police in his private office looking over some papers. The woman asked him if there was a charge against her boy. Without looking up the chief answered in a way that startled his visitor:

"Yes, there's a charge, and a very serious charge."

"What is it? Who could make a charge against him?" asked the astonished mother.

"Who could make it?" repeated the chief, gruffly, without looking up, "anybody could make it. I don't want you any way; I want the boy," and he continued to sort over his papers, without giving the woman the least satisfaction.

"I don't want you, I want the boy," he said again. The woman was both astonished and indignant, but could get no satisfaction. She was forced to appeal to him as the boy's mother, and claim it as her right to look after his interests, and was compelled to ask the chief if he would not consider it his duty to do the same, before he would condescend to give her any information whatever.

"It was the first time I ever was in the police building," said the lady to PROGRESS this week, "and I have nothing to say about the examination before the magistrate, but I never received such discourteous treatment from anyone as I experienced in the office of the chief of police. I felt bad enough about having to appear in the police court, although it was through no fault of my own, but I expected that I would receive gentlemanly treatment, which I cannot say about my reception from the chief of police."

New Instruments for the Fusiliers.

The Fusiliers band has been working hard since its reorganization, and its young members are rapidly becoming musicians. They have been under difficulties, however, in the way of instruments, those now in use having been considered unfit for use by members of the old band. The officers of the battalion have decided to make improvement in this direction, and have already subscribed about \$1,000 for the purchase of new instruments.

Have You Been There Yet?

It would take more space than even PROGRESS can spare to describe C. Flood & Sons' store. Such a thing will not be attempted. Those who saw it last year can hardly understand how it excels this year. But it does. There are more goods—a greater variety of them, and they are perfectly displayed. To those who love to look at pretty things, at rich goods and at the latest novelties, a walk through Flood's would be unalloyed pleasure.

Bound to Make It Popular.

The Victoria skating rink opens this year under circumstances which should make it as popular as it ever was. It will be under new management, a number of well-known, energetic and popular young men having become interested.

JOKERS AT LANERGAN'S.

PRICE WEBBER CONTINUES HIS TALKS ABOUT OLD DAYS.

Popular Plays at the Old Lyceum and Who Took Part in Them—The Irrepressible Property Man has his little joke with a Furious Actor.

I said in my last article I would refer to the dramas written by Mr. J. B. Buckstone, some of which have always had a strong hold on the patrons of the theatre, and two of which—the Flowers of the Forest and the Green Bushes—are still favorites.

It should be understood that Mr. Buckstone wrote principally for the Haymarket theatre, London, and suited the pieces to the capacities and peculiarities of the stock company occupying that noted house; consequently it is very hard for an ordinary troupe to be able to give a perfect performance.

The comedies, parts, too, were arranged to suit the eccentricities of Messrs. Wright and Bedford; and, as one was very tall and thin, and the other short and fat, the effect was ludicrous in the extreme.

It is a matter of fact that the language used by all the different characters in the above plays is more in keeping with each than any others in the English language, being simply perfect, and the late Mr. LanerGAN was just the manager who could appreciate this fact; therefore he always gave the plays an admirable cast.

The first "Cynthia" I remember at the Lyceum was Miss Lucille Western, and she certainly was a most fascinating woman. Here is the cast of the Flowers of the Forest, when she was at the Lyceum, as near as I can remember:

Capt. Hugh Lavrock.....J. Taylor Alfred.....J. W. LanerGAN Chas. John.....J. Wallace

Miss Western's appearance as the Queen of the Gypsies was magnificent, and undoubtedly helped her a great deal. Mr. Whalley was a great favorite in St. John, and at that time was the leading man at the Bowers theatre, New York, and was Mr. LanerGAN's principal actor for several seasons.

The Green Bushes; or a Hundred Years Ago, was placed on the boards of the Lyceum during the same engagement of Miss Western, and interpreted as follows:

Miss Western.....J. W. LanerGAN C. O'Rourke.....W. H. Whalley George O'Rourke.....J. Taylor Wild Murtash.....J. Wallace

The Green Bushes is different from the Flowers of the Forest, having a great many difficult mechanical effects, notably the boat set in the first act and the raft floating on the Mississippi river in the second. I met the stage carpenter of Mr. LanerGAN's theatre while playing in Amherst, last week.

Mr. Fred Durman, now employed in the new St. John Opera house, and we were speaking of how Mr. LanerGAN never spared expense in having his stage set correctly, and the Green Bushes naturally came in as a case in point.

Many of the old theatre-goers will recall with pleasure the laughable comedy of the Serious Family, but, perhaps, are not aware that it was written by Mr. Buckstone. It abounds in pure fun,—bright, crisp and sparkling. What a packed house it always drew at the Lyceum, and what a fine "Capt. Murphy Maguire" Mr. LanerGAN was. The last time I saw it played under his management, it had the following cast:

Charles Torrens.....N. T. Davenport Aminalah Sleek.....J. H. Fuller Capt. Murphy Maguire.....J. W. LanerGAN Frank Vincent.....W. H. Davers

Who can forget Mr. Fuller's "Aminalah Sleek"—the hypocritical, lawning Pharisee,—and the look he cast upon "Enna Torrens" when she says she is going to do as he, and his remark to her: "Child of polka-mania! Cellarius infant!"

It was something to remember while memory lasts. H. PRICE WEBBER.

CANADA! A Monthly Magazine for Canadians at Home and Abroad. SECOND YEAR OF PUBLICATION. CONTENTS OF JANUARY NUMBER. Early Canadian History. The Lesson of a Weed. The Pirate of Labrador. Captain Joe and Jennie. Will Carleton's Song. The Story of Evangeline. Foot Cumberland. Montreal and French Canada. CANADIAN MESSAGES. CANADIAN MARK. OUR OWN POETS. HOME TOPICS. THE EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO: EDITORIAL NOTES. TERMS: One Dollar a year, 3 copies to one address.

NEWS NOTES FROM THE HUB.

What a New Brunswicker Sees and Hears in Boston. Boston, Dec. 16.—Business is in a quiet state. The failure of the Maverick bank made bad work among business men. Its effects will be seriously felt for some time to come.

The Case of Brother Stewart. The Charge, the Evidence and the Acquittal of the Commodore. The rumor that brother J. L. Stewart, commodore of the Miramichi Wharfing and Diving club and editor of the Graphic is about to be married, causes, naturally, intense excitement wherever the Commodore is known.

HER LAST CALL. "Hello, Central!" the angel cries. "Hello!" the telephone replies. In tones somewhat unsteady.

Exhibit number 3 was found in the possession of a Newcastle charmer. There is a flavor of the brine about it that fastens its authorship beyond dispute upon the commodore.

Exhibit number 4 was received by a Fredericton lady from an unknown source. But Editor Stewart was in the city at the time, and though he denies writing it, we fear that the conclusion is unavoidable that the commodore's muse had broken loose on one more.

Exhibit number 5 is perhaps the most serious of all. In fact it borders on the damning. It bears internal evidence of being written without a doubt the production of the Commodore. We are not rash enough to say that our brother is altogether guilty. But may this not have been after all,

to St. John some years ago, and the good reception and attention bestowed upon him by the St. John folk.

On board the Cumberland recently I had shake of the hand from W. M. B. Hammond well known to many St. John and provincial people.

It does not appear to me, however, that the charge against brother Stewart is proved. To the legal mind the evidence is weak. In fact there would seem to be no evidence at all, but for the Commodore's fatal and unaccountably uncontrollable habit of writing poetry.

The documentary exhibits are five in number. They would make out a clear case, possibly, if they had all been inflicted by the Commodore on the same lady. But when we find that they have been distributed among five separate and wholly distinct ladies, what are we to conclude? Would it not be a violent inference to say that the Commodore was purposing to chaste the sea of matrimony in love's first shallop with a crew of five?

Let us weigh the evidence. The first exhibit was written by the editor in the autograph album of a girl from the wild and wilful west. It reads as follows:

clever device on the part of Editor Stewart to boom his circulation?

If you did but love me, sweet, I'd lay the World at your little feet. Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon your verdict? We have. Then what do you find? We find him not guilty, with a strong recommendation to mercy. BILDAD.

Still in Its Infancy. On Monday morning the Halifax Creamery Co. made us a present of four glass jars of milk, each holding one imperial quart of a splendid quality of the lactal fluid. The staff of The Critic took kindly to the contents of the jars, and only one was left to set for cream.—Halifax Critic, Vol. viii., No. 50.

No, We are Working for Love. St. John Progress came to us last week as a twenty page paper, which we presume may be taken as a sign of prosperity.—Halifax Critic.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS. Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 35 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

ENVELOPES. 50 GOOD WHITE envelopes, 100 GOOD WHITE envelopes, 200 GOOD WHITE envelopes, 500 GOOD WHITE envelopes, 1000 GOOD WHITE envelopes.

SLEIGH ROBES. SLEIGH ROBES.

ONTARIO BUSINESS COLLEGE. Belleville Ont. Most widely attended business college in America. Students from N. B., N. S., and P. E. I. constantly in attendance. Send for the 23rd annual circular. Address, ROBERTSON & JOHNSON, Belleville, Ont. dec12Jan16

AGENTS WANTED FOR OUR splendid approval sheets of stamps at 40 per cent commission. 75 stamps all different, including Victoria, India, Barbados, etc. 15 cents. Address TAYLOR & FAIRWEATHER, P. O. Box 496, St. John, N. B. dec12Jan16

BARGAIN. A SPECIAL LINE of Tweeds, all wool, dark colors, will be made up for \$14.00 a suit.—A. GILMOUR, Tailor, 73 Germaine Street.

EVERY ONE IN NEED OF INFORMATION on the subject of advertising will do well to obtain a copy of "Book for Advertisers," 268 pages, price one dollar. Mailed, postage paid, on receipt of price. Contains a careful compilation from the American Newspaper Directory of all the best papers and class journals, gives the circulation of every one, and a good deal of information about rates and other matters pertaining to the business of advertising.—Address ROBERTSON & JOHNSON, BELLEVILLE, ONT. dec12Jan16

ADVERTISING. IF YOU WISH TO ADVERTISE, write to G. F. ROWELL & CO., No. 10 Spruce street, New York.

FOR SALE. HALLETT, DAVIS & CO. Square Piano, 7 1/2 octave; four round corners. Cost \$500.00, only a short time in use; must be sold; price, \$250.00.—C. FLOOD & SONS, 31 and 33 King street. aug 1

COSTUMES. WIGS, WHISKERS.—A. L. SPENCER, Balmoral Hotel, 10 King street, N. B., has the largest and best assortment of the above in the Maritime Provinces, which can be hired for Parties, Carnivals, Matrons, Concerts, etc., at right prices. dec27

LAMP BURNER.—LAMBERTSON'S safety Lamp Burner, Lamp burner, which I have been selling four years, is the most paying, and most satisfactory article for agents to handle. Send 40 cents for pretty sample Burner, descriptive circular, and testimonials.—A. L. SPENCER, Wholesale and Retail Agent for Maritime Provinces, Balmoral Hotel 10 King st., St. John, N. B. dec27

BOARDING. A FEW PERMANENT or Transient Boarders can be accommodated in a large and pleasant room, in that very centrally located house, 78 Sidney street.—Mrs. McILWAIN. May 5

CANNED Salmon. Lobsters. Oysters. Corn. Tomatoes. Peas. Beans. Peaches. 1400 Cases. In lots of 25 Cases, at manufacturers' prices. JOSEPH FINLEY, 65, 67, and 69 Dick St.

Xmas Presents. NOTHING CAN BE MORE SUITABLE THAN A SUIT OF CLOTHING, A REEFER, OVERCOAT OR ULSTER. For a Xmas Present for your Father, Brother, Son or Friend. We have a splendid selection of these garments, and our Prices are the Lowest in the City.

SCOVIL, FRASER & CO. Oak Hall.—COR. KING AND GERMAIN STREETS.—Oak Hall. A Sled Given With Every Boy's Suit, Overcoat or Reeper.

Christmas Presents, 1891! Our Assortment of the following lines was never better than this year.

Children's Rockers, Table Chairs, Baby Sleighs, Framers and Sleds, Black Board Desks, Wheel Barrows, Girl's Tricycles, Boys' Velocipedes, Doll's Cradles, Bedsteads, Carriages and Bureaus. Gentlemen's Hacking Cases at 1.75, 2.75 and 3.50. Gentlemen's Easy Chairs, Fancy Plush Rockers in great variety, Ladies' Desks and Music Racks.

Call and see the stock or send for prices. C. E. BURNHAM & SON, St. John, N. B.

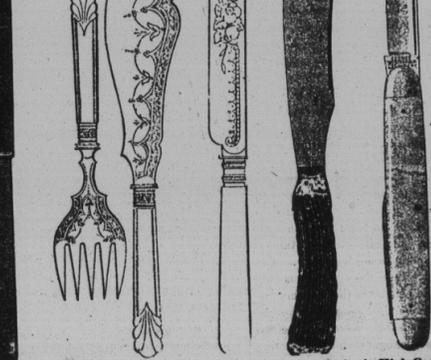
CHRISTMAS TINWARE. OUR STOCK comprises everything that Housekeepers require to lighten their labor and make housekeeping a pleasure, as well as many useful items calculated to please it used as Christmas Presents. We name a few examples:

A HANDSOME COAL VASE. We have them at from \$2.25 to \$10.00 each.

A Set of Brass Fire Irons and Stand, \$3.00 to \$9.00 Set. Brass Coffee Filter. Table Gong on Stand. Set Handsome Dish Covers. Granite Tea or Coffee Pot, DECORATED.

EMERSON & FISHER, 75 to 79 PRINCE WM. STREET. Stoves, Tinware and Housefurnishing Hardware.

CUTLERY and PLATED WARE. The very Latest Styles in High Grade Goods.



A Large Assortment of Table and Pocket Cutlery and Silver Plated Ware. AT HOLIDAY PRICES. T. McAVITY & SONS, 13 and 15 King St., St. John.

MUSIC. TALK OF THE TOWN. Hi Henry's minstrel at the Opera house crowded houses showed that this for as popular as ever in ranks among the programme was of omniscient contour; he gave that was ever given the stage costumes first part were cost question whether it an impression as a minstrel circle. For my own negro minstrel show plenty of burnt cork faces that are in kee- ance of the stage. ed men in the Hi- ery speaking. part of coloreds, clo- whatever, except to- ness of the circle. lishing fun of the o- some, especially th- and none of them. The entertainment pressed on more a minstrel entertainm- fore, it was all of a- ley brothers, song- most artistic perfor- needed practice. Tom Mack was ver- sing; nevertheless, he got enough of him- was a big feature; equals, while his di- was "well worth th- audience, some of- the canines being a-

I expect something however, when the strels make their a is always the grea- show, and in that- amature exco- which is everything- judging by the num- men who are capa- fun to satisfy anybo-

Christmas week- ber's Boston Com- attitude. Webber- show for the mone- houses than any- John. He has be- throughout the p- from the accounts- has a better compa- ever had before.

A grand milita- possibilities for the vicinity of New Y- tableaux is spok- week. Both of th- prove popular enou- house.

DON'T FORGET. There will be no I- With Christmas- housewife begins- dinner. Who, sa- not think of a Chr- the ladies, who re- lent housekeepers- everything, and th- They hardly need- proprietor of one- and complete gro- them through P- Porter would fail- his store was not- But why talk abou- self.

If you are on the Messrs. Bonnell an- your attention. struck the writer as- all the money's w- paper space. Yet- they are, where- the excellence of- If you do not get- street it will occu- Progress to call- While carrying a- this firm present- household specialt- petites at this spe- "Selected rainin- Robertson dwells- plum pudding or- pudding suggests r- in trade of Santa- pudding. Well, m- in abundance, to- did assortment of- I think there is- man's vocabulary- writing about groo- ners, but Mr. Ho- meat hardly- same head. M- most branch of h- portant at Christ- in mind of the m- line which eventua- main business. H- and fowl are alwa- excellent meat st- A good many pe- the market next w-

MUSICAL & THEATRICAL

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Hi Henry's minstrels were the attraction at the Opera house this week and the crowded houses on the first two evenings showed that this form of entertainment is as popular as ever in St. John. Hi Henry's ranks among the best. Everything on the programme was of a high order, and if the omnipresent contortionist did make his appearance, he gave the best performance that was ever given in St. John. Although the stage costumes and decorations in the first part were costly and brilliant, it is a question whether they made as favorable an impression as an old time burnt cork minstrel circle would have done. For my own part I prefer a negro minstrel show pure and simple, with plenty of burnt cork, dress suits and melodies that are in keeping with the appearance of the stage. There were only two end men in the Hi Henry company, properly speaking, the other four taking the part of colored clowns, served no purpose whatever, except to add to the grotesqueness of the circle. There was not the old-fashioned fun of the most part good, but the jokes, especially the comic ones, were old, and none of them will be remembered. The entertainment, taken as a whole impressed me more as a variety show than a minstrel entertainment, but, as I said before, it was all of a high order. The Rowley brothers, song and dance team gave a most artistic performance, but the juggler needed practice in his "hat act." Tom Mack was very funny, but he couldn't sing; nevertheless the audience couldn't get enough of him. Hi Henry, himself, was a big feature; as a comedian he has few equals, while his display of diamonds alone was "well worth the price of admission." The dog circus was a revelation to the audience, some of the tricks performed by the canines being almost incredible.

I expect something more to my liking, however, when the St. John Amateur Minstrels make their appearance. The circle is always the great feature of a minstrel show, and in that part of programme, the amateurs excel. They have numbers, which is everything, good vocalists, and judging by their last performances, end men who are capable of making enough fun to satisfy anybody.

Christmas week sees H. Price Webber's Boston Comedy company at the institute. Webber always gives a good show for the money, and can draw bigger houses than any manager who visits St. John. He has been having great success throughout the province, and judging from the accounts in the outside papers, he has a better company this year than he has ever had before.

A grand military show is one of the possibilities for the opera house in the vicinity of New Year's, and a series of tableaux is spoken of for Christmas week. Both of these entertainments will prove popular enough to crowd the opera house.

DON'T FORGET YOUR DINNER.

There will be no Danger if you read this Carefully. With Christmas not a week off, the busy housewife begins to think of the festive dinner. Who, save the dyspeptic, does not think of a Christmas dinner? Many of the ladies, who read PROGRESS, are excellent housekeepers. They want the best of everything, and they get it, it is true. They hardly need to be reminded that the proprietor of one of the most attractive and complete groceries in town, speaks to them through PROGRESS. W. Alex. Porter would fail of his usual enterprise if his store was not a Christmas store house. But why talk about it, go and see for yourself.

If you are on the other side of the street Messrs. Bonnell and Cowan will command your attention. This firm has always struck the writer as being too busy to take all the money's worth out of their newspaper space. Yet everybody knows who they are, where they are, and of the excellence of their family groceries. If you do not get away from Charlotte street it will occur to you as a reader of PROGRESS to call at Armstrong Bros. While carrying a full line of all groceries this firm presents an unusual array of household specialties suited to whetted appetites at this special season.

"Selected raisins" is one note Mr. Geo. Robertson dwells upon. Raisins suggest plum pudding or rather thoughts of plum pudding suggests raisins—a fruit that in it plays an important part in the stock in trade of Santa Claus, the desert and the pudding. Well, Mr. Robertson has them in abundance, to say nothing of his splendid assortment of groceries. I think there is a limit to a newspaper man's vocabulary even when hungry and writing about groceries and Christmas dinners, but Mr. Hopkins and his mince meat hardly comes under the same head. Mr. Hopkins' mince meat branch of his business becomes important at Christmas times. It puts one in mind of the man who took up a side line which eventually became the popular main business. However, Christmas beef and fowls are always to the front in this excellent meat store.

A good many people will walk through the market next week with an idea which

will embrace a sight of Dean's Christmas beef and Dean's turkeys, etc. This stall is one of the sights for market-goers. Very many of them forget everybody else when the prize beef from the Westmorland marshes meets their eye, or the fat young gobbler, the satisfying goose, the tender chicken or the other edible fowls of the air and beasts of the field, the goodness and flavor of which Mr. Dean will always be happy to touch upon.

Poems in Foot Wear.

Everyone knows more about his own business than anybody else, no matter whether it is sometimes hard to believe it or not, and for this reason a merchant's advice is always good in the selection of a Christmas present, if the buyer has determined to buy in his particular line. For instance, this week Messrs. Waterbury & Rising are advertising gentlemen's Christmas slippers. Of course they have ladies' slippers also in stock, for they make a desirable present for either sex. These slippers are selected especially for the Christmas trade, and most of them are perfect poems in foot wear. This firm is making special offers to Christmas buyers in all kinds of boots and shoes, and at the Union street store bargains are the rule. All who have been reading the firm's announcements know the reason.

Where Everything is "Good."

Messrs. A. & J. Hay's store on King street is always a popular resort during the Christmas holidays, for there people can quietly select a pretty and suitable present in the way of jewelry. Many people are afraid to buy jewelry, because there is so much cheap and trashy stuff on the market that only experts can tell from the genuine. Those who buy at Hay's, however, know what they are getting and are never afraid of anything "turning."

Mr. Bruce's "Morning Thoughts."

Messrs. McMillan sent PROGRESS a copy of Rev. George Bruce's *Morning Thoughts* bound in a delicate white and attractive cover of Morocco pattern suggestive of the season. This little volume has won the approval of the critics and may be considered as a very appropriate gift. Price 35 cents for the holidays.

Acknowledgment.

I wish to convey thanks to Wm. P. Starr, sub-agent at the Accident Insurance Co. of Canada, for the prompt settlement of my claim for accident insurance against the company. THOS. E. DYER. St. John, Dec. 14, 1891.

A Question to Be Answered.

What to get for the children? That is the question. Who can answer? Well, Mr. Bruckoff can do so as well as anybody. PROGRESS knows of. Call upon him and see.

Any Old Letters.

Have you old letters or stamps dated before 1869. See H. L. Harts advertisement.

MILLER BROS.' EXHIBIT.

It contained the Best Pianos and Organs and was Admired.

At the recent exhibition, says the Halifax Mail, Miller Bros. (Granville street) occupied a large space (nearly the whole of the south end gallery), and their show presented a fine appearance. It was all enclosed by a nice neat railing (of turned bannisters) and the place raised about eight inches, while all was covered by a nice carpet, the walls and ceiling being nicely papered, and suspended from the ceiling were three electric lights, and their whole place tastefully and richly draped and some nice paintings hung. They showed fifteen fine organs and pianos. The Karn organ in church and parlor styles, some of which are very fine in both appearance and tone, ranging in price from \$75 to \$450. Also some fine Karn pianos in mahogany, walnut and rosewood finish. The Evan Bros. piano in mahogany, walnut and rosewood finish; both of those makes of pianos are becoming very popular. Prices of pianos shown ranged from \$350 to \$600. Occasionally some very nice organs could be heard from their department. They also showed in a separate booth ten of the celebrated Raymond sewing machines in different style of oak and walnut. Among them was a very fine cabinet machine, which attracted much attention, it being so simple to open and close and to operate; and when closed having the appearance of a writing desk. This machine has become of late years a general favorite with the public. This firm deserves credit for going to the trouble and expense they did in making so fine an exhibit. They received three diplomas on their organs and pianos. The highest award given, no prizes were offered. They have now been in business over twenty years and during that time have worked up a very large business in the lower provinces, which territory they control.

The monthly concerts at the school for the blind have been resumed. The first of these took place on Wednesday afternoon in the assembly hall of the institution. The visitors were conducted to different parts of the buildings, and were loud in their praises of the arrangement of the music rooms. Through the plate glass doors of each of these rooms a pupil could be seen practising upon one of the new Evans Bros. or Karn pianos recently put in by Miller Bros. of the city, who are the sole agents. Their pianofortes are particularly fine in tone and are giving every satisfaction. MILLER BROS., Granville street, at the recent exhibition, received three diplomas on their organ and piano exhibition.

Christmas Presents!



SEE OUR STOCK BEFORE MAKING YOUR PURCHASES.
DIAMONDS, In Rings, Bracelets, Brooches, Shells, Earrings, etc.
WATCHES, Gold and Silver—a great variety, in American and Swiss makes.
JEWELRY, You will find the Best Stock that has ever been offered in Saint John.
SOLID SILVER, In Gorham Manufacturing Co. Goods, and other Fine Makes.
SILVER PLATED GOODS, From Wilcox Silver Plate Co., Reid & Barton, Meriden Britannia Co., French and American—a great variety.



Gold Pens, Pencils, Canes, Umbrellas, Spectacles, Eye Glasses, Opera Glasses, &c.
FERGUSON & PAGE, - 43 KING STREET.

Reliable and Enterprising.
It seems to be as natural to look for gifts in a jewelry store as it is to seek your butcher for a Christmas turkey. The thought of a jeweler more readily than the American rubber store on Charlotte street brings to the minds of the people in this city the name of Ferguson & Page. Their stock is second to none at all times and during the holidays includes many beautiful and novel things not to be found elsewhere. The people expect to find the best of everything there and are not disappointed. Their reliability increases their patronage especially at this season. It is a pleasure to enter a store so compact and complete and containing everything that can be thought of in the line of elegant Christmas gifts in gold and silver. Their attractive announcement on page three is worthy looking at.

The Weather and Something Else.
There were several reasons this week why people should think of a rubber store, and in consequence of good advertising none comes to the mind more readily than the American rubber store on Charlotte street. The reasons were, snow (over-boots), rain (mackintoshes) slush (rubber boots) and "goloshes", ice (creepers). With such weather and under such circumstances a man who seeks to avoid doctors and undertakers must interview the rubber store. Then this is the holiday season, when sensible people are looking after the wants instead of the luxuries of their friends. What in the line of rubber goods would not suit some of your friends?

A Weighty Gift.
Every one will agree that a kitchen range as a Christmas present is a trifle weighty, and yet Sheraton & Selfridge say they have sold them for that purpose. They were not left at the door for the morning of December 25, but were delivered and put up and the Christmas dinner cooked in them. Surely that must be a trying time on a stove. But if not a range, there are so many things useful at all times in S. & S.'s establishment that PROGRESS would not attempt to catalogue them. They speak about many things in their advertisement; they show all of them in their store.

Have You any Money.
Even when money is scarce as some people say it is, frequently there are people who have plenty and to spare. They cannot get satisfactory interest in the bank and good local investments are scarce. It is at such a time that it will pay them to read the financial announcement of the Imperial Trusts company on the ninth page. It will interest those who have money to invest. The explanations are ample and anyone who wants more information than is given there can obtain it from the agent of the Imperial Trusts company in this city, Mr. H. C. Tilley.

Both Pretty and New.
There is fashion in jewelry as well as in everything else, and in making a Christmas present one of the things that must be considered is whether one is buying "the very latest" or not. To do this it is always best to buy from the man who is always on the lookout for novelties. Carl C. Schmidt has always had this end in view, and this season has a fine display of everything that is pretty and new in the way of jewelry.

A Good Place to Go.
A store that always looks well, but especially so at this time, is that of Mr. O. H. Warwick. The window display is always worth a second glance, and the man or woman who cannot discover something attractive and fancy striking there, is indeed hard to please. Crockery and glass ware are generally for use and enter largely in Christmas presentations. Mr. Warwick's in that case is a good store to visit.

"Everything."
"What you got for Christmas, Mr. McArthur," asked PROGRESS. "Everything" was the ready response. "Everything" in the line of books he meant, and surely that is the case. One wonders how so much that is good, so much that is reasonable in price, so much that is popular can be concentrated and shown in so compact a store. It is a satisfying place to go and buy in and that is saying a good deal.

A Good Advertiser.
Speaking of the attractiveness of advertisers, a gentleman mentioned those of W. Tremaine Gard, which are always timely and catchy. That in PROGRESS is more than appropriate, it is beautiful as well and should catch the eye of every reader.

A Remedy For Weak Eyes.
Have any of your friends weak eyes and do any of them wear glasses? If they do remember them in connection with the optician D. Harris in your rounds.



EVERY HUMOR OF THE SKIN AND SCALP of infancy and childhood, whether torturing, disgusting, itching, burning, scaly, crusty, pimply, or blotchy, with loss of hair, and every impurity of the blood, whether simple, scrofulous, or hereditary, is speedily, permanently, and economically cured by the CUTICURA REMEDY, consisting of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood and Skin Purifier and greatest of Humor Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. Parents save your children years of mental and physical suffering. Begin now. Delays are dangerous. Cures made in childhood are permanent.
Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA 50c.; SOAP, 35c.; RESOLVENT, \$1.50. Prepared by FOSTER DRUG and Chemical Corporation, Boston, Mass.
Send for "How to Cure Skin and Blood Diseases."
Baby's Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP.
Kidney pains, backache, and muscular rheumatism relieved in one minute by the celebrated CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. 30c.

COLONIAL HOUSE, PHILLIPS SQUARE, MONTREAL.

We have at present the finest Stock of

Christmas GOODS

ever shown in Canada.

Everything in the shape of Holiday Gifts to suit all tastes, all ages, and all purses.

Our collection of Toys, mechanical and otherwise, Dolls and Dolls, Furniture, Dolls, Dinner and Tea Sets, Drums and Toy Musical Instruments, Engines, Locomotives, Skates, Small Chairs, Games of every description, Books, Cards, Pictures, and in fact everything to suit the young people, is unequalled in the Dominion.

See our Christmas Catalogue. (Free on application.)

N. B.—Mail orders promptly and carefully attended to.

HENRY MORGAN & CO., COLONIAL HOUSE, Montreal.

HAROLD GILBERT

REMINDS YOU THAT IF YOU HAVE DECIDED TO BUY A

Piece of Furniture, A Handsome Rug,

A PAIR OF PORTIERES,

OR A CARPET SWEEPER,

AS A Christmas Present

(And these articles make a suitable present for almost anyone).

He is now showing a complete and beautiful assortment of these goods, and the consideration of PRICES WILL NOT STAND in the way of pleasing you.

HAROLD GILBERT, 54 KING STREET.

Rubber Boots and Shoes. HEADQUARTERS! **Rubber Goods**

A HOT WATER BOTTLES, \$1.00 up, best quality. Ladies and Gent's Waterproof Clothing. Misses' wool lined buckle Overboots, high cut. 3.75 each. Men's American and Canadian Overboots. Ladies' wool lined button Overboots. Childs' wool lined Rubbers, 45 cents.

FRANK S. ALLWOOD, 179 UNION STREET. Ice Creepers. Cheap Sale of Xmas Toys and Fancy Goods. Splendid assortment of Rubber Combs.

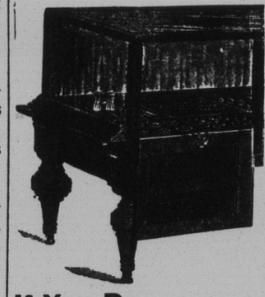
FOR XMAS, 1891, AT **W. ALEX. PORTER'S.**

Imperial Cabinets Dehesa and Layer RAISINS, Valencia and Valencia Layers; New Currants; Citron, Orange and Lemon Peels; Flavoring Extracts and Syrups all kinds. SHELLED ALMONDS, FROSTING SUGAR. **DUNN'S PURE LARD, HAMS AND BACON,** WITH A FULL STOCK OF FINE GROCERIES AND FRUITS, CANNED VEGETABLES AND FRUITS, JAMS AND JELLIES. P. S.—Now is the Time to Buy; we have a Large Stock and Prices Low. **COR. UNION AND WATERLOO STREETS, AND COR. MILL AND UNION STREETS.**



A MAGNIFICENT DISPLAY of Trimmed and Untrimmed Hats, Toques and Bonnets. The Latest French, English and American Styles. Headquarters for all kinds of Ladies', Misses and Children's Corset and Corset Waists. CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO., 77 KING STREET, St. John, N. B.

DO YOU MAKE PRESENTS?



JEWELRY. You will be hard to please indeed if you have not something to suit you.

A. & J. HAY, - 76 KING ST. **A Xmas Gift!** WEBSTERS' DICTIONARY **Progress for \$3.95**

Victoria Skating Rink.

This Rink will be opened for the season, on Tuesday evening the Twenty-second inst.

Tickets at the following rates may be had at Alfred Morrissey's Book Store, King street; Chas. E. Shor's Drug Store, 31 and 32 Garden street; Robt. B. Travis' Drug Store, Orange corner, Main street; G. G. Davis' Grocery, 13 Main street; W. C. Edmunds Allan's Drug Store, King street, Carleton, and at the Secretary's office, 16 Ritchie's Building, Princess street:

GENTLEMEN'S TICKETS, \$3.00
LADIES, " 2.00
CHILDREN'S, " 2.00

A Band will be in attendance on Tuesday and Friday evenings, and Saturday afternoons. STREET RAILWAY TICKETS will be furnished holders of season tickets for the Victoria Rink at reduced rates. A. W. ADAMS, ROBERT R. RITCHIE, SECRETARIES.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE! ST. JOHN.

Boston Comedy Company

H. PRICE WEBBER, MANAGER. Will open for a few performances, on **FRIDAY, (Christmas) Dec. 25th, 1891,** The Favorite Actress, **EDWINA GREY,** Supported by the above popular Company. PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES: Admission 25c.; Reserved Seats, 50c. Matinee 25c. to all parts of the Hall. Doors open at 7.15; Overture at 8 o'clock, evening. Matinee, doors open at 2 o'clock, commencing at 2.30. Change of Programme every Performance.

XMAS CANTATA

St. David's Junior Choir, (50 Young Voices.) "Bright Hours at Carrollville." Tuesday, Dec. 29, in St. David's S. School. Admission—Adults, 25c., Children, 10c. Tickets for sale at F. Chisholm's store Charlotte St.

Going Like Hot Cakes! FOR \$2 you can get DICKENS' Complete Works (12 vols) and St. Andrews BEACON for One Year. Everybody who has got Works delighted with them. GOLD WATCH will be given to person sending in LARGEST NUMBER NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS—(1 each.) to BEACON, up to January 12, 1892. **R. E. ARMSTRONG,** Publisher, St. Andrews, N. B.

200 XMAS GIFTS

PROGRESS will have that many WEBSTERS for Subscribers, at \$3.95. NEXT TO THE BIBLE!

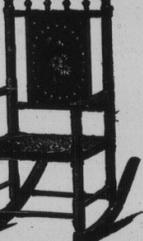
JOSEPH FINLEY, 65, 67, and 69 DUND ST.

ts. ING, STER, ther, ve a and City.

& CO. Oak Hall.

1891!

or better than this



John, N. B. ARE.

Sweepers, PATTERNS. TABLE MATS, FINE STOCK. Knife Cleaner. COVERS IN CASE, GOOD VARIETY. SASSORS IN CASE. WATER KETTLES, or Without Stand.

WM. STREET. ware.

WARE



in High Grade Goods

t., St. John.

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, Editor. Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from the Main Building, 33 King Street, St. John, N.B.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

CIRCULATION, - - 11,150

HALIFAX BRANCH OFFICE: KNOWLES BUILDING, COR. GRANVILLE AND GEORGE STREETS.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DEC. 19.

WILL YOU HELP US.

If every teacher in the maritime provinces responds to our offer made in the teachers paper, The Review, and in the best papers of the country, PROGRESS would soon have the names and post office addresses of 80,000 families which would receive a specimen copy of this paper.

Always see before you buy and always know what you are paying for are very good rules to observe in any business. They apply with equal force to newspaper subscriptions. We believe that there are thousands of families in Canada and thousands of Canadians away from home who do not know PROGRESS.

We have about eleven or twelve thousand people who take PROGRESS now. Arguing from the usual basis, 60,000 people read it. If we count the copies sent away week after week and read again, how many more readers would it add to the above numbers? We will not attempt to answer that question. It is too much for us.

But each and every one of you who get PROGRESS, all of you who read it, have some friends. Don't you think some of them, no matter where they are, would like a copy of PROGRESS? We ask for their names and their address. If you have not time to write them out—how many minutes would it take you?—ask some one about you to help us in this respect. Send them on a postal card—send them in a letter. Think what a pleasant surprise for your friends and we trust it will be also a pleasure to you to know you are lending a helping hand to PROGRESS. Never mind how few the number you send—one—five—ten—a thousand will be welcome.

THE PEOPLE CAN JUDGE.

It is a matter for sincere regret that RAWLINGS was not summarily dismissed from the protective force of the city when found guilty by his chief of insulting and abusing a citizen on the public streets. The fact that the citizen happened to be an Alderman and chairman of the very committee which has partial charge of the police force does not in our opinion aggravate the offense. Every man has the same right to protection—protection from abuse, assault, robbery, incendiarism, etc., and he expects to get that safety from the protective force of the city. What must we think then when the very men who are supposed to guard the people, to keep the law, are among those who seek to break the peace and satisfy private enmities by public abuse of the object of them?

What can we think of a man who will overlook such conduct on the part of a subordinate, even when strongly brought to his attention, until forced to act by the representatives of the people and a newspaper?

And in the face of all this what must we think of three days suspension as punishment for so serious an offence?

Let us for a moment take up RAWLINGS' recent record. We will not go back to the union of the cities. Since that time—He has been tried for perjury; He has been tried, found guilty and fined for abusive language to a subordinate;

He has been suspended by his chief for abusive and blasphemous language;

He has been suspended for drinking at a public bar while on duty;

He has been suspended for abusing a citizen on the public streets. Is this complete? Do we need to say more? Is this man fit to be on the police force?

These are questions which every citizen has a right to ask, questions that should be asked and answered. We do not put them forward with any feeling toward the man. We consider him only in the light of an officer and believe that as such he is a disgrace to the police force and a disgrace to the city.

A NATIONAL FOLLY.

Readers of American newspapers, particularly those in sympathy with the republican party, can hardly fail to have been impressed with the great stress laid upon the manner in which any line of national policy is likely to affect England, and upon the English comments upon American affairs. England is the bete noir of republicans. The election of MCKINLEY in Ohio was hailed as a triumph over England; but we have not observed that FLUVERS' election in New York, has been characterized as an English victory. The disrepute into which Uncle Sam has fallen in Chili, is laid at England's door. The overturn in Brazil is an English device to defeat BLAINE's reciprocity scheme. The fact that the Sandwich Islands object to being coddled by the WASHINGTON Government is attributed to JOHN BULL. High protection is applauded, principally because it is supposed to hurt England. The American consumers will have to pay \$15,000,000 more for their tin this year than they would have paid except for the MCKINLEY bill, and the papers all advance as a compensating thought that the Welsh tin miners are suffering. Or all national tomfoolery this autograph bears the palm. Recently the Democratic papers have begun to make sport of this failing of their rivals; but it is not altogether a matter for pleasure, because there is danger that Mr. BLAINE, who is the past master of this English bug-a-boo business, may push things a little too far, and strained relations with England may result.

MEN AND THINGS.

The alleged determination of Kaiser William to have a commission of experts examine him touching his sanity, is one of the most extraordinary freaks of this extraordinary young man. Fancy a collection of specialists meeting at a man's own request to do such a thing. Suppose they judge him to be insane and so report, what then? Will he be equal to the logic of the case and surrender the sceptre, or will he set up a new standard of sanity? Unless the story is a new French canard, it is no joking matter, for a man who can do such a thing may be expected to do anything.

There is a good text here if one were disposed to preach a sermon. Whether he be sound in mind or no, the Kaiser is not sound in body. Nor was his father before him. His grandfather was a rugged man, and his maternal grandmother, the Queen, is certainly a strong woman. But there have been bad streaks in the blood on both sides of the house, which has cropped out in many ways, and there are lunatics not far removed in point of blood from the head of the Hohenzollerns. Too much last living, too much intermarrying will bear its legitimate fruit of impaired physical and mental powers. 'I will visit the sins of the fathers upon the children' was laid before the thunders of Sinai.

Our own royal family are rather a poor lot, physically and mentally. They are not, apparently at least, good average people. Of course they are hampered by their position to some extent, but not one of them has shown a capacity to do anything useful out of the merest routine. Possibly this is just as well, for the United Kingdom has no need of a vigorous sovereign. In fact one would be rather an embarrassment. Respectable mediocrity adorns the throne of a limited monarchy about as well as anything.

As every one knows the Czar is said to be crazy, and he has enough to make him so, if any man ever had. With dynamite, revolution and famine, the ambition of his officers urging him to war, and the numerous et cetera inseparable from Czarism, he would need a brain of adamant to keep from going crazy.

A crazy czar, a kaiser who has doubts about his own sanity, a crazy German princeling or two, a baby king in Spain, a little girl queen in Holland, a king paid to keep out of his kingdom, as in the case of Servia—the business is getting into disrepute. If the ghost of CHARLEMAGNE, or of CÆSAR, or some of the other worthies we all can recall, ever "revisits these glimpses of the moon," how disgusted it must be with the modern representatives of king-craft. The business is pretty near done.

Mr. JOSEPH MCKINLEY's letter published elsewhere in this paper, is very explicit and straightforward, and calls for an explanation from the chief of police. We do not wish to hasten the charge of sending such a telegram upon Mr. CLARK, but MCKINLEY says that he did and is willing to

swear to his statement. We are not in a position to ask for or get copies of the telegrams from the telegraph offices, but the man who sent the telegrams, the chief of police, can get them. If he will produce those copies the truth or the untruth of MCKINLEY's statement will be shown. If he will not produce them, what must we conclude?

The Mail and Express of New York city is an old and powerful newspaper, with a circulation among the thinking and wealthy people. Sensationalism is not a branch of its journalistic business, and yet it speaks the truth at times, and puts it plainly. Here is a paragraph relative to police supervision in that great city:

Arrests without evidence to sustain the cases are stale. The conviction of poor and friendless people on doubtful evidence, while the wealthy gambler, green goods man, pool seller, policy seller and dice keeper are allowed to go at large, reveling in their ill gotten gains, will not be penalized. Superintendent MERRAT, you ought and you shall stop these crimes, or you may expect disgrace.

Do you see the point, Chief CLARK?

C. N. SKINNER, M. P., makes the statement that he will not sit in the house of commons again, and that he will go out of politics so quick that we will never know he was in them. Before you do either, Mr. SKINNER, accept a suggestion. Do something for the people ere you disappear in the gubernatorial mansion or rest upon the ermined bench. Get a hard and fast copyright upon your stock phrases—"the rocking-horse," "the greatest annexation power," and such. Don't let them lie around loose. Take them with you, and the blessings of the weary will follow you.

Outing, in a recent number, accuses the University Monthly of plagiarism, and proves the charge. It is bad enough for a daily newspaper to scissor a paragraph and forget the credit, but for a monthly, and a university monthly at that!—what are we coming to? Here's scope for spare "extension" energy.

Mr. JOHN VALENTINE ELLIS and Mr. WILLIAM HENRY THORNE are paying their compliments to one another. This is a good time of the year for such pleasantries. Here's the season's compliments to both of you, gentlemen. May you in 1892 devote less of your time to each other and more to your newspapers.

The correspondent of the Halifax Mail, whose letter we quote from elsewhere, is rather inclined to think that the agreeable condition of Saturday night closed bars in this city will not continue. That all depends upon circumstances. We shall see what we shall see.

FOR SALE—Words. For terms and other information apply to GEO. E. FOSTER, Minister of Finance.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

Song of the Snow Flakes. Down from the misty heights above. We come swirling fast; And soon 'er all the landscape, Our marble white we cast.

And first we fall so gently, So gently flake by flake, You wouldn't think it possible A snow-drift we could make.

But soon it grows monotonous, Just falling one by one, And though we're only snow-flakes, We dearly love some fun.

So we challenge the North Wind To catch us if he dare! Then up and down we frolic And creep in everywhere.

We hark the poor man's cottage high, We sift in through the cracks; The old wood whistles at our heels, And colder still we wax.

The rich man turns his collar up, But down his neck we creep; We iact upon his lashes And in his pockets deep.

We keep the snow-plough busy From morning until night; While to see the shovels flying Just fill us with delight.

We cover deep the frozen pond On which the skaters glide; We bid them get their snow-shoes There are drifts on every side!

But gently, now, and reverently, With a low wailing sound, We lay our purest winding-sheet, On the lonely burying ground.

We wrap each hallowed resting place In a robe of purest white; In a crown of the lily tree-tops With snow wreaths glittering white.

The chuckle of the boisterous wind, 'Has sunk into a moan; With sighing breath he piles us high On each gray lettered stone.

Fit emblems of life's transient dream, Which soon must fade away We nestle, cold and lifeless, O'er the cold and lifeless clay.

So down from the misty height above We come swirling fast; Full well we know our time is brief Soon snow flakes will be past.

The Illustrated Advertisement. PROGRESS has printed more really handsome advertisements this season than at any time in its history. Many of them would adorn a magazine. Mr. Ungar always has an "ad" worth turning to, but for the past few weeks such firms as T. McAvity & Sons, Alfred Morissey, Ferguson & Page, C. Flood & Sons have shown the value of the illustrated advertisement, Messrs McAvity with supply of electros could keep it up the whole year and give something new each day. The world is moving and the advertiser is keeping pace.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Collected from the Progress.

To THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: Your paragraph in regard to small differences in the Mission church of St. John Baptist is, I think, capable of a wrong interpretation by the public. I did not hear Mr. Gear's remarks, but I believe I am right in assuming that they were not intended to apply to the congregation. That body is not composed of wealthy people, and not a few of the number are poor; but in few churches, probably, do the members give more freely in proportion to their means. It must be remembered that the church is supported by voluntary contributions.

At the services attended wholly or chiefly by the stated attendants the average of the offerings has always been good. The early celebration at Easter gives a proof of this. It has long been noted, however, that the larger the proportion of strangers at Sunday evening, for instance, the smaller is the average of the offering. It is then that the one-cent a head result is found.

In justice to the congregation it is well that this fact should be understood.

LAROUS.

Indemnity of Members in Nova Scotia.

To THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: In response to the invitation of your representative, I recently gave PROGRESS an expression of opinion upon the advisability of increasing the salaries of members of the New Brunswick Government, any portion of which he was at liberty to publish, or to consign to the waste basket as will. Certain statements of fact made in that interview have since been called in question in PROGRESS, by a correspondent writing over the signature of "Fred. T. Congdon." Save to re-affirm the strict accuracy of my statements it is not necessary to enter upon any length of discussion of the issues raised by him. First, because those issues are not of public interest outside of this province, where Mr. Congdon is not known. Secondly, because no unsupported accusations of the character preferred by him are ever deemed to be of any importance in this province, where Mr. Congdon and his relations with our provincial executive are known. Mr. Congdon's equivocal denials are based on a referred to an article within his recollection. But as only eternity itself would suffice to intone Mr. Congdon upon the infinite series of subjects that never were within his recollection, I must respectfully decline to enter upon such a task in the short space of time allotted to the life of man on this terrestrial sphere. It, however, he is really yearning for information on this subject, I can only refer him to the files of the Halifax Chronicle, in which he should consult the editorials of April 17, May 13, 28, August 4, Nov. 25 of 1879; April 12, 1880; March 8, 1881; and others of the same purport, which appeared during the term of Mr. Fielding's editorial management. The statement that "not unrequently the Herald will one day refer to the statements in the editorial columns of the Chronicle as the language of a certain person, and again refer to the same statements as the language of another person," is an utterly gratuitous falsehood, for which I can conceive of no possible explanation or excuse.

CHARLES H. CAHAN, Halifax, N. S., Dec. 14, 1891.

Good Pure Fiction.

A bright, chatty writer in the Free Press talks about books in this fashion: I don't see how anyone can condemn good, pure fiction. How restless, after the day's work is over, to sit down and read a few chapters in a serial or a few short stories. One's brain does not always feel capable of solid reading. I have spent many hours upon novels and I don't consider them waste. Someone asked for the names of a few good novels. I think East Lyns and John Halifax, Gentleman, are two of the best novels I have ever read. Uncle Tom's Cabin should be read by every one. George Eliot's Middlemarch is good, but you who like stories to end happily do not read her Mill on the Floss. I have just finished reading Vanity Fair, which is splendid. I like J. O. Cooper's works very much. Put Yourself in His Place is one of the best of novels and with a moral that every one can see. Dickens' and Scott's works need no comment. The Vicar of Wakefield and Scottish Chiefs are both highly interesting.

Four of the books mentioned above can be had with six others equally good by sending 50 cents to PROGRESS in addition to the regular subscription price. Read the offer.

Really This is Too Bad.

Outing finds, month by month, its leading features recognized as a mine of information, pleasure and instruction, from which editors everywhere draw nuggets for the edification of their readers. Outing has not only no objection to this, but has ever announced the pleasure it gives the proprietary to observe the use so freely made of its pages. It asks in return only that credit in each case be given to Outing whenever extracts are made from its pages. We note, therefore, with regret, the increasing unprincipledness of a certain class of editors who repay our liberality by stealing bodily whole articles from Outing without giving any credit whatever. While imitation is "the sincerest form of flattery," such use is unpardonable piracy, and unlawful too, and Outing will be compelled to invoke the law for its protection against such thievery as that of the University Monthly of Fredericton, N. B., which indexes as one of its literary contributions and prints in the issue of October as its own the article "Canoeing on the Miramichi" from Outing for September, without any reference to the source from which it was obtained.—Outing.

His Annual Display.

There is always a display of fancy goods at Crockett's drug store, on Princess street, during the holiday season, but this year the proprietor has excelled himself in the way of goods suitable for Christmas presents. It is impossible to print a catalogue of goods in a notice of this kind, but the best advice is to take a walk round that way and see what "Tom" has.

C. FLOOD & SONS 31 and 33 KING STREET, Are Showing the Largest Display of Appropriate CHRISTMAS Presents Ever Shown in St. John.

We mention a few articles that we think would make Choice and Acceptable Christmas Presents. For LADIES: MANICURE SETS, DRESSING CASES, Glove and Handkerchief Cases, in Silver and Plush. CARD CASES, IN LEATHER. CARD CASES AND POCKET BOOKS, COMBINED. WORK BASKETS, Work Companions and Jewel Cases.

FOR GENTLEMEN We have a very Choice Assortment to Useful and Appropriate Gifts, such as: SMOKERS' SETS, Gold and Silver Headed WALKING STICKS, Sets of Books, Collar and Cuff Boxes, Shaving Sets in Silver and Plush, Dressing Cases, Gentlemen's Card Cases, Cigar Cases, Choice Editions of all the Poets. CHILDREN'S BOOKS, XMAS BOOKLETS, TOYS, GAMES. Our ART ROOM has been all hung with Choice New PASTELS, ETCHINGS, ENGRAVINGS, ETC., and a visit would amply repay you.

1891—Christmas Novelties!—1891 WE ARE SHOWING AN ELEGANT LINE OF Ladies' Dressing Cases, in Oak, Manicure Setts, Celluloid Setts, with or without Cases, GENTS' DRESSING CASES, IN LEATHER; SHAVING SETTS, IN OAK. ALSO, A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF PERFUMES From the following Celebrated Makers, viz: LUNDBORG, RICKSECKER, SEELY, ATKINSON, LUBIN, RIMMEL, GORNEK, CROWN CO., ETC., put up in Attractive Cases for XMAS PRESENTS.

F. E. CRAIBE & CO., Druggists and Apothecaries, - - 35 King Street. Popular Prices THE FOLLOWING GOODS AT SPECIAL REDUCTION, TO CLEAR: Ladies' and Gent's Pocket Books, Card Cases, Odor Cases, Manicure Sets, Work Boxes, Glove and Handkerchief Boxes, Writing Desks, Bibles, Prayer-Books, Toilet Sets, Booklets, Photograph Albums, and Miscellaneous Books of all kinds. LOWEST PRICES IN ST. JOHN. DOUGLAS McARTHUR, Bookseller, - - - 80 King street.

Oxford Bibles! These Bibles exhibit the perfection of Book-making. Nothing could be more appropriate for a CHRISTMAS Present. PLEASE EXAMINE THEM AT McMILLAN'S BOOKSTORE, 98 and 100 Prince William Street.

W Takes L 1891 Children's Copper Keystones Tinware at our usual SHER 38 KING P. S.—We will PERSON. A USEFUL XMAS PRESENT FOR YOUR PASTOR. We also sell the 'HERMIT' typewriter, the best machine made. ARTHUR DOL The Li Street, if feet comf walk, and at LOWEST Ladies' Gen Just look Storm R G. B. H INDIGESTION FELL Dyspepsia Fellows' Dys are highly reo Bill'ousness, He pation, indigest Heartburn, Bad of Appetite, J Stomach, Liver any disease ar digestion. PRICE 25

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

For Additional Society News See Pages and Columns 1 and 2.

HALIFAX NOTES. Knowles' Book Store, 24 George street. C. C. Houston & Co., 111 Hollis street.

PROGRAMS for sale in Halifax at the following places: Dec. 16.—The lot of a society correspondent is not always an enviable one; it entails a great deal of boredom in attending functions one would rather shun.

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NOVA SCOTIA FURNISHING CO., LTD. A. STEPHEN & SON, The Leading House in the Maritime Provinces. FURNITURE AND CARPETS. FLOOR OIL CLOTHS, LINOLEUMS, CURTAINS. COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS.

RECEIVED Ex S. S. Carthaginian: WOOLENS. MANTLINGS. JACKETINGS. ULSTERINGS. FLANNELS. SCOTCH SHAWLS. WOOL WRAPS. LINENS. HANDKERCHIEFS. TABLES. TOWELLINGS. TOWELS. CANNAS. COTTONS. HONEYCOMB QUILTS. ALHAMBRA. LININGS. MUSLINS. PATCHES. MILLINERY. FELT AND STRAW HATS. PLUSHES. VELVETS. VELVETEENS. SILKS.

NASAL BALM NEVER FAILS. CURES GOLD AND HEAD AND CATARRH. Among the Elegant XMAS PRESENTS. KNOWLES' BOOKSTORE, HALIFAX.

SMITH BROS. Granite and Duke Streets, HALIFAX, N. S. SAVE YOUR DEAR LITTLE ONES. DIPHTHERIA. Plush Goods. Leather Photo Cases, all prices; Glass and Brass Photo Frames.

MOORE'S CHOCOLATES & COCOAS. MILLIONS OF PEOPLE. Nova Scotia Nursery. LOCKMAN STREET, HALIFAX, N. S.

CHRYSANTHEMUM! FREE EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL FLOWER OF JAPAN NOW ON. Finest Show ever seen in the Dominion. Full Line of Winter-blooming Plants. HERBERT HARRIS, HALIFAX NURSERY.

Queen Hotel, HALIFAX, N. S. WE have much pleasure in calling the attention of Travellers and Tourist to the fact that the QUEEN has established a reputation for furnishing the best and cleanest bedrooms, and the best table and attention of any hotel in the Dominion.

APOTHECARIES HALL, 7 to 9 George Street, HALIFAX, N. S. A SPLENDID LOT OF XMAS GOODS TO HAND NOW. Pure Drugs, Medicines, Spices, Essences, Fine Perfumery, Sponges, Brushes, Combs, Trusses, Supporters and Elastic Stockings always in stock.

AMHERST. PROGRAMS for sale at Amherst, by George Brooks, at the Western Union Telegraph office. Dec. 16.—Dr. and Mrs. Debon left on Friday for Bermuda, via New York, to spend the winter, Miss Page accompanied them, with the same end in view.

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XMAS PRESENTS FOR LADIES! Fur Lined Cloaks. The New Victoria Shape. Is the Latest and Most Comfortable Shape of Covered Blk. Broche, Cloth Lined, Squared-back Linings, with double and Opposum Collar and Fur Edgings. 360 - - at \$29.00. 365 - - " 35.00. 800 - - " 45.00. 900 - - " 55.00. 400 - - " 32.50. 450 - - " 39.00. 700 - - " 50.00.

MANGHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON. DO YOU WANT A FIRST-CLASS RAZOR? FULLY GUARANTEED to be the best on the market. Can be exchanged if not satisfactory. HALIFAX, N. S.

The Mutual Life OF NEW YORK. Is the Oldest Company in America. Established in 1843. STAY ON BEST COMPANY in the World. Has now OVER One Hundred and Fifty Millions of Cash Assets.

ROBERTSON'S PILLS. IS THE BEST TAKE NO OTHER. BENSDORP'S ROYAL DUTCH COCOA. AMSTERDAM, HOLLAND. Highest Award at the International Health Exhibit, London, 1884.

Classes Are Being Formed in French Whiston's Halifax Commercial College. TEACHER—PROFESSOR BALVAL, who stands in the FRONT RANK as a teacher of French. Classes are in session day and evening. Terms very moderate.

HALIFAX Business College. 119 Hollis Street, Halifax, N. S. BUSINESS EDUCATION, BOOK-KEEPING, ARITHMETIC, PENMANSHIP, Typewriting, Business Practice.

TO MAKE MONEY FAST Pueblo, Colorado, BUILDING LOTS. PUEBLO is a city of 40,000 population. Four years ago it contained only 12,000 people. TEN RAILROADS CENTRE THERE. NOW IS THE TIME TO INVEST. YOU LOSE BY DELAY.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Mrs. Gass and Mrs. E. W. Gass, with her three children, are expected to arrive here from Colorado in a few days, they will go to Mrs. T. Wakelind's, Princess street.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Carter are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a little stranger.

The first dance of the German McKinlay assembly is held on Thursday. I understand about 120 are expected to be present, and as the committee have been most indefatigable in their efforts a most enjoyable evening may be expected. I hope to be able to send a list of guests and their dresses, (some of which are going to be "wavy") next week.

The friends of Miss Mary Thorne are glad to see her able to go out again.

As many people in this city have pleasant recollections of Miss Jennie Graves, who formerly resided here, the following announcement may be found in traveling, "At Belmont, Mass., on the 10th inst. E. N. Crawford, of the firm of J. A. Crawford & Sons, Manufacturers, of Nashua, N.H., and proprietors of the Highland Stock Farm, Belmont, to Miss Jennie H. A. Graves, formerly of St. John."

On that we are going to lose four of our most popular families, before the bank appears, and some will cross the briny ocean and others will take their flight to our sister country. Or Dr.

Miss Wetmore, of Dorchester, is visiting Mrs. Spurr, of Germantown.

Miss Emma McLinn has joined the German street baptist church choir.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Harting, of Arlington Heights, Mass., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Harding.

The many friends of Mr. Rudlock will be sorry to learn he is still confined to the house with rheumatism.

Mr. W. J. Parks leaves Monday morning for a trip to Halifax.

Miss Ethel Estey's friends are glad to welcome her back to St. John after a two months' visit to Fredericton.

Mrs. Enoch Chestnut has gone to Boston for the winter.

A thank-offering Christmas festival was held Thursday in the German street baptist church. A sumptuous repast was provided for the children and an entertainment of music and dialogues was given. The ladies in charge were Mrs. Simms, Mrs. Satter, Mrs. Bowman, Mrs. Cross, Mrs. Hays, Mrs. Peatman.

Mr. Rupert and Master Fred Blair spent Sunday in the city.

Mr. T. P. Regan is visiting friends in Boston.

Master Harry Blackadar, of Halifax, is visiting his aunt, Mrs. Geo. Knodell, Elliot Row.

I hear rumors of an engagement of the daughter of one of our leading physicians and an American scientist.

Miss F. Seely, who has been visiting Mrs. Fairweather, Rockland Road, has returned to her home in Norton.

Mr. Rutchie, of Halifax, paid a visit to the city this week.

Miss Daisy Outram is home for her Christmas vacation.

Last Tuesday evening Mr. and Mrs. John L. Harrington received at their new home, No. 316 West street, about 200 guests being present. Mr. and Mrs. Harrington were married Nov. 25, at the bride's home in Norton, N. B. Mr. Harrington is foreman in our water department, and has been connected with the city works for the past eighteen years. He was pleasantly remembered by his associates at City Hall by the presentation of a hat tree, and a beautiful tablecloth from the members of the water board and employees in the water office. Among many other gifts were a china teaset, several pictures, a centre lamp, besides a silver service of eight pieces from the Four and Twenty club. The groom presented the bride with a handsome watch and chain. The parlor was prettily decorated with potted plants, and Mr. John O'Brien remembered the couple with a large basket of cut flowers. Messrs. Blake, Henderson, Locke and Tarbell, fellow members with the groom in the Economy club, assisted during the reception. Among the guests were his honor, the mayor, Councilman Cheney, Mr. Francis L. Pratt, Mr. Hiram Newson, Mr. Walter Harding, Rev. Charles Olmstead, Rev. George A. Tewksbury and Deacon Edward Kendall. Mr. B. Jones furnished the refreshments. The bride wore white silk trimmed with down.—Cambridge Tribune.

St. John—West End.

Miss Nellie White has recovered sufficiently from her late illness to be out this week.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. W. Brittain on the advent of a little stranger.

Mrs. Nice, who has been spending some time in Philadelphia, has returned and is at present at South Bay.

Mrs. Dr. Walker is expected next week from Halifax. She will spend Christmas at her home at South Bay.

The whist club which I spoke of last week has been organized. The first meeting was held at the residence of Mrs. J. V. Ellis Wednesday evening last, but in the future they will be held every Monday evening at the different members' houses. This week Mrs. Allan and Mrs. Robinson were the intending players all winter and at the end of the season prizes will be awarded to the lady and gentleman making the most points. Among the members are Miss Edith Peters, Miss Nellie White, Miss Annie Ellis, Misses Clark, Miss Flossie Hayes, Miss Alice Tilton, Misses Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Coster, Mr. and Mrs. Rudman Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Clark, Messrs. C. B. Allan, J. Tilton, J. E. Cowan, Frank Egan, Donald Clark, F. Beatty, Dr. Kenny, Dr. Traver.

Miss Hatlie and Mr. Walter Olive are expected here from Seattle today.

Miss Beatrice will be at home on Monday.

Mrs. Arthur Clark is expected here.

Mr. A. L. Bonnell met with quite a serious accident on Saturday last, while driving with his little daughter to his home at Sutton. His horse was attacked by a dog of Dr. James Walker, and was severely bitten on the leg. The horse took fright and threw Mr. Bonnell out of the carriage and dragged him quite a distance. Medical aid was summoned and it was found that Mr. Bonnell fractured his spine and also injured internally. The accident happening just now, seems to be particularly sad as Mr. Bonnell has been here for a long time, and was just beginning to get out again. The little girl escaped unhurt. West End.

I hear a rumor of an interesting event to take place shortly, in which a young lady from the East Side, and one of our prominent West End officials will be the principal actors.

Mrs. Pittman, wife of Capt. Pittman of the ship Alert, had one of her arms broken in two places by fall in her house.

Mr. Harry Cahalan spent a few days here last week.

Mr. and Mrs. P. J. O'Keefe are boarding at the Western House.

Rev. T. S. Lavery of St. George was here last week.

The choir of the Presbyterian church gave a very enjoyable concert in the basement of their church on Monday evening of this week.

A very successful bazaar was held last week in the Blue Rock Baptist mission room.

Mr. M. F. Mounsey spent Sunday here with his family.

St. John—North.

Mrs. J. P. McInerney, Douglas who has been quite ill is much improved.

Mrs. Barnhill left on Monday for East Boston where she will be the guest of her daughter Mrs. Ferris.

Mrs. Frank Rowan left on Thursday evening, last for Everett, Mass., where she will reside.

WELSH, HUNTER & HAMILTON.

Christmas Holidays Annual Sale!

Our Sale continues till the 24th inst. We are giving a pretty pocket Mirror to every Lady buying a pair of Corsets.

We are offering at a very great reduction in price, a beautiful lot of Stamped Linen Goods.

Owing to the lateness of the season, we are offering at cost 2 pieces of Sealette of a very fine quality.

We have placed on our counter a few pieces of Cashmere, (very fine), in Cardinal, Garnet, Myrtle and Terra Cotta, usual price 55 cents, sale price 37 1/2 cents per yard.

—THE CELEBRATED— "MARGARITE," "PERRINS," and other well-known makes of Kid Glove!

Also a large variety of Fancy Articles suitable for Christmas Presents.

97 King Street.

PROGRAMME for sale in Fredericton at the book store of W. T. H. Feeney and by James H. Hallowell.

Dec. 18.—Now that the snow has arrived it really begins to look like Christmas, and as all the city schools closed today it will probably begin to feel like it, too. And the entertainment to be given tomorrow night in the city hall, for the girls' mission band, will certainly add to the spirit of the times, and there will be a rooster brigade and dancing by 14 daintily dressed little ones, and numerous other features of a laughable character.

The university closes on Friday for the Christmas holidays.

Mr. Alexander Haining, chief clerk in the establishment of Lemont & Sons, was married last Wednesday to Miss Janet Mitchell. They are now receiving the congratulations of their friends.

Mr. Samuel Watts, of McAdam, was in town on Monday.

Mr. Daniel McQueen has been spending a few days in the city.

Mr. Jas. S. Neil arrived home from St. John this morning.

Mr. Bernard Baxter, of the University, goes home tomorrow for the holidays.

The French clubs have abandoned their meetings till after the new year.

I have heard of two engagements this week, both in military circles: the young ladies are both Frederictonians, the gentlemen are officers, one in Halifax, the other in Kingston, Ontario.

Miss Mabel Hunter left on Monday for Halifax, to visit her sister Mrs. Fraser.

Mr. Chas. Everett left on Friday for St. John to visit his sister Mrs. D. Hooper.

Judge and Mrs. Steadman left for California on Monday to spend the winter there for the benefit of the judge's health, which I am sorry to say has been very poor for some time past.

Mr. Henry Estey, of the People's bank, went to Boston on Friday for special medical treatment.

It is rumored that the Hon. F. Rands, Mr. and the Misses Randolph leave the first of the New Year for an extended tour of two years through England and Germany.

Mr. Geo. F. Gregory went to St. John today for a short visit.

Rev. Canon Brigstocke, of St. John, visited the city last week.

Mr. L. W. Johnston came home on Saturday to remain till after the holidays.

Hon. Mr. Williams paid a visit to the colonial city this week.

Mr. John R. Dunn, of St. John, has been at the Queen Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. E. Duffy are receiving the congratulations of their friends on their recent domestic event, a son.

Dance royal, of an ex alderman and apostle of Tabu Cal is soon to lead in the bazaar affair, one of Fredericton's charming young ladies, Miss Maudie, is preparing a pleasant surprise for him.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Richards gave a very pleasant family dinner at their residence on King street, on Saturday evening.

Mr. J. C. Vavasseur, of the south, on Thursday, to spend the winter there.

Miss Bohm, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Lynch, here, returned to her home in Bath, on Monday.

Mr. Geo. F. Gregory returned home on Friday, from Bathurst.

Mr. A. F. Vanwart and son (Chester), paid a brief visit to St. John, Thursday.

We had three weddings here last Thursday evening and all Frederictonians.

Dr. Linn, one of our regular dentists, has been visiting Blackville, for a few days.

After ten days absence St. John, Mr. Z. R. Everett returned home Monday.

Miss Mabel Powry is at home again, after quite a long visit to St. John.

Miss Hayward returned home from St. John on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Tremaine Gard are here, the guests of Mrs. Gard's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Mitchell.

Mr. John Gilman, of Bangor, is in the city, the guest of Mr. H. B. Balfour.

Mr. Charles Everett went to St. John on Tuesday morning to attend the meeting of the presbytery.

Rev. William McDonald, of Amherst, has accepted the call to St. Paul's church, Fredericton, and will be inducted into his charge on Dec. 30.

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CHRISTMAS!

A GOLD MEDAL CARPET SWEEPER

Makes an acceptable Xmas Present. A Splendid Stock of Fancy and Useful Chairs, Tables, Cabinets, Just opened for the Holiday Season.

A. O. SKINNER.

ALWAYS INSURE your property in the PHOENIX Insurance Company of HARTFORD, CONN.

WHY? Because of its STRENGTH, LOSS-PAYING POWER, and RECORD FOR FAIR AND HONORABLE DEALING.

Statement January 1st, 1891. Cash Capital.....\$2,000,000.00 Reserve for Unadjusted Losses..... 288,831.17 Reserve for Re-Insurance..... 1,815,968.88 NET SURPLUS..... 4,104,800.05

TOTAL ASSETS.....\$5,624,814.73

D. W. C. SKILLTON, President. J. H. MITCHELL, Vice President. G. H. B. BUELL, Secretary. CHAS. E. GALLAGHER, Adm. Vice-President. CANADIAN BRANCH HEAD OFFICE, MONTREAL. GERALD E. HART, General Manager. Full Deposit with the Dominion Government.

KNOWLTON & GILBERT, Agents, 123 Prince William Street, St. John, N. B.

BANNER CHOP. HALL & FAIRWEATHER.

A JUDICIOUS DEALER WRITES FOLLOWING:-

"And 6 half chests of the Banner Chop Tea. I am not in much of a hurry to get it as I have 10 half chests of it on hand now but wish to secure quite a supply while it is to be had, as it is a special good tea. I get nothing that suits my customers like it."

NEWCASTLE.

Dec. 16.—We had a reminder of pleasure to come in the shape of a very pleasant little party given by Mrs. Geo. Stables, last Thursday evening in honor of her sister, Miss Ella McAllister who is visiting her, but whom I am sorry to say leaves for her home in the West, soon after Christmas.

Mr. Adams' genial face is missed very much by his many friends, who hope his health will be benefited by his winter's sojourn in the South.

Mr. McLean of the Merchants Bank of Halifax, and Mr. R. E. Call moved to Chatham on Friday last, but finding Dec. 11 almost too late for pleasure trips by water, returned by rail.

Mr. W. M. Hall of Montreal, spent Sunday in town. On Friday next, those who have not yet procured their Christmas presents, will have an opportunity by attending the sale held in St. James' Sunday school-room. This should be a success, as the children have worked hard under the direction of Misses Aiken and Call.

On Saturday night the Toboggan slide was partly burned and the Club house, with several toboggans left there since last winter, totally destroyed. This will be a great loss to us, as we depend so much on this sport for our winter's recreation. It is to be hoped some of our enterprising young men will have it rebuilt.

WESTFOLD.

Dec. 15.—Miss Georgina Finley went to St. John on Wednesday and returned on Thursday.

Mrs. J. W. Niswain was in the city on Saturday. Miss Bertha Lingley returned to St. John on Monday after spending a few days with friends here.

Mr. F. Beverly made a flying trip here on Wednesday.

Mrs. C. Duplisse went to St. John on Friday and returned on Saturday.

Miss May Lingley returned to her home on Wednesday after an extended visit to friends in South Franchman and Boston.

Mr. O. Belyea went to the city on Thursday. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Thompson entertained a few of their friends on Saturday evening.

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ARE YOU IN IT? Full many a gem of purest ray serene The dark, unadorned, and simple, Full many a flower is born to blush unseen, And waste its fragrance on the desert air.

BIRTHDAY RINGS, FRIENDSHIP RINGS, KEEPSAKE RINGS, ENGAGEMENT RINGS, WEDDING RINGS, BABY AND PET RINGS, Plain Gold, Chased Gold, or Set with or without DIAMONDS, RUBIES, SAPPHIRES, PEARLS, or Other Precious Gems.

Also a Beautiful Selection of Fine GOLD and SILVER WATCHES, BRACELETS, NECKLACES, BROOCHES, and other forms of jewelry, and a Fine Line of CLOCKS and SILVERWARE.

READY FOR THE CHRISTMAS TRADE, OR ANY OTHER ANNIVERSARY.

W. TREMAYNE GARD Manufacturing Jeweler.

97 KING STREET.

Orders from out of the City Promptly Attended to.

pressive sermon at the evening service in the cathedral, and appeared to possess a most noble and enterprising spirit, as he has done for many years. All trust that his lordship's health and strength may be preserved for many happy returns of the day.

Mr. Hughie, of the British Bank, St. John is here again, and is to be seen at the house with a severe sore throat.

Lady Allen, who has been quite seriously ill, is able to be about again.

Mr. Bridges leaves for Philadelphia next week, to spend his Christmas vacation.

Miss Rose has returned from St. John, and leaves for Chatham next Wednesday, to visit her friends there.

We understand that in common with other Canadian Institutes of learning, an invitation has been extended to the University of New Brunswick, to send a delegate to the centennial of the Dublin Convention, which will be held in St. John.

Mr. E. H. McLaughlin, of St. John, was at the Queen Hotel last week.

Mr. Pughie, solicitor general, was also in town a few days ago.

Mr. Hughes, of the British Bank, St. John is here again, and is to be seen at the house with a severe sore throat.

Lady Allen, who has been quite seriously ill, is able to be about again.

Mr. Bridges leaves for Philadelphia next week, to spend his Christmas vacation.

Miss Rose has returned

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1891.

THE THIN MAN'S STORY

OF CHRISTMAS AT METHUEN, N.B. MRS. CROMPTON'S

How a "Time for Everything, and Everything in its Time," Came near Intervening with the Festivities—Alberton and the Children.

"There's nothing like system," said the stout gentleman, with the jovial countenance, as he lighted a cigar and laid back in his chair until his neck gradually sank into a series of wrinkles, which took the starch out of his shirt collar.

"Too much system is as bad as none at all," remarked the thin man in the corner, whose efforts to convert his cigar into smoke made his cheeks resemble the flap of a ship's sails in an uncertain breeze.

"I'll tell you a story," said the thin man soberly, and everybody looked surprised. "Story telling is not in my line, I know," he continued, "and this one is somewhat of a love story; nevertheless it is true."

"I was boarding with a family named Crompton," he began, "Mr. and Mrs. Crompton, and four children. For some time I was the only boarder they had and notwithstanding the children I managed to get along very well."

"There was more system about the Crompton family than there is in the registry office, and that institution is generally admired as the most systematic piece of legal machinery in existence today."

"I was boarding with a family named Crompton," he began, "Mr. and Mrs. Crompton, and four children. For some time I was the only boarder they had and notwithstanding the children I managed to get along very well."

man. I could never see it myself, but of course my opinion in such matters don't count. "Well, as I was saying the children were looking forward to Christmas with the greatest pleasure. They told all their little plans to Alberton, and he helped them out in everything. Anyone who was not acquainted with the household would have taken him for the head of it. The children saw very little of their father. In fact no one took much stock in him for he only appeared at meal hour, and it was generally believed that he divided the rest of his time between an office where he didn't appear to anybody in particular, and received a salary in accordance with his position—and a neighboring barroom, where his opinions on the political questions of the day were always received with applause.

"You'll have to excuse me, gentlemen," said the thin man apologetically, "it is a kind of rambling, because you know story telling is not in my line. However to return to the young folks and their Christmas."

"One day Alberton came into my room to smoke a cigar. We were having a quiet talk when we heard a knock at the door. I opened it, and imagine my surprise to see the four young Cromptons standing in the hall with tears in their eyes. Alberton was up in a minute and had the youngsters in."

"What is the matter?" he asked. "The eldest of them looked bashfully from under his eye-brows, but couldn't speak. Alberton soon set them at ease, however, and they told their trouble."

"I never mind, children," said he, "we'll have a good Christmas, and a good Christmas dinner, and there will be no washing either. You just go down stairs again, and say nothing about it."

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Equitable Mortgage Co. DEBENTURES, MATURING OCT. 1st, 1891.

Interest 5 Per Cent. Per Annum Payable Half-Yearly.

The Imperial Trusts Company of Canada offers for sale a special issue of Debentures of the Equitable Mortgage Company, amounting to \$100,000. These securities are in denominations of \$500, \$300, \$250, and \$1,000. The principal and interest are payable in gold at the office of the Imperial Trusts Company, in Toronto, and by arrangement will be paid elsewhere in the Dominion.

CONDITIONS OF DEBENTURES. The debentures, which are in the usual form, give the company the option, under certain conditions, of redeeming them five years after date or at the maturity of any coupon or interest.

CERTIFICATE OF TRUSTEES. The Imperial Trusts Company of Canada hereby certifies that the within debenture is one of a series of similar debentures numbered consecutively, which are to amount to the total sum of One Hundred Thousand Dollars.

The business is that of loaning on first mortgages upon improved farm property in the United States, principally in the Southern States.

A few months ago authority was obtained to increase the capital to \$1,000,000. The capital paid up in cash is now \$200,000, and the surplus \$800,000.

LIABILITIES. Capital authorized, \$1,000,000.00. Paid up (in cash), \$200,000.00. Surplus, \$800,000.00. Undivided profits, \$90,396.67. Guaranty fund, \$4,638.47. Debentures outstanding, \$902,340.00.

Having examined the books of the Equitable Mortgage Company, I hereby certify that the foregoing accounts and statements are in conformity with the true state of the affairs of the company.

FREE FROM ODOR—No rubber—Porous, admitting of ventilation and yet Perfectly Rain Repellent. These are the special features of the now well known and popular "Heptonette" Rain-proof Cloaks, equally suited for walking, driving, for travelling Cloaks.

What more useful Xmas Present for a Lady than one of these serviceable garments. Every Genuine Heptonette Cloak has a woven Label of white letters on a red ground attached to the waist-band of which the following is an exact fac-simile.



A large Stock imported specially for the Xmas Trade. If ordering, give the Bust measure and the full length in the Back, not including Collar.

Sizes is Stock, 54 to 62 inches. A light Fancy Mixed small check in Cape Style, at \$6.25. A Navy Blue Cape Style Cloak, in two qualities, \$5.20 and \$7.25. A Black Cape Style Cloak, at \$6.90.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.

The Wonder of the Age!

ALE and BEEF, PEPTONIZED.

This Letter was Unsolicited.

Read what Mr. Harold Leslie, Tenor with the Adelaide Randall Opera Company says concerning Ale and Beef.

HALIFAX, N. S., 26th July, 1891.

MESSRS. CANADA P. B. & A. Co. Gentlemen.—I have used Peptonized Ale and Beef, and have received so much benefit from it that I feel it my duty to let others know of the wonderful virtues of this combination.

After being worn out both physically and mentally on account of over-work in my profession, I used a few bottles of your Peptonized Ale and Beef, and the results were far beyond my highest expectations. It agreed with my stomach admirably, helped my digestion, and gave me renewed strength and vigor, making me feel like a new individual altogether.

Yours truly, HAROLD LESLIE, Adelaide Randall Opera Co.

Twenty-five Cents for Pint Bottle. FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Therewith, and we believe that the above accounts fully and fairly represent the position of the Company in the month of July, 1891.

THE IMPERIAL TRUSTS CO.'Y, 134 PRINCE Wm. St., ST. JOHN, N. B.

HOW DOLLY IS MADE. The Birth and "Bringing Up" of the Companion and Friend of a Little Girl.

It is an open secret that Santa Claus brings the greater part of his vast stock of Christmas toys from Europe, Germany being his favorite collecting grounds. But he encourages American industry in a few directions, notably in cheap mechanical toys.

For the real wax doll, a more expensive article, the moulds for the head are made in three parts—one back and two fronts. The mould is filled with melted wax, which is allowed to remain for a minute or two, and then all that has not hardened is poured out. This leaves a hollow wax head about a quarter of an inch thick, which is a quarter of an inch of papier mache.

Company of RD. GANN. Vice-President. FICE, MONTREAL. Government. N. B.

ATHEN. prices. best. to. Gen.

always some- store, as streets in PROG- the advertisers his customers as times this is nishing. Nearly iving presents, and good sub- s'ids' store is a sion. tenets of the e in to make a d a mosque in les with which hich were very med with flights ranch surprise at amand against modern edict- pious Algerian the question. living birds."

the strong people in run health derive ductively proves makes the weak e a stimulant, on which there ater weariness t naturally way eeling th blood, and, nerve, mental fit from Hood's general debility. e me an excel- MT. Savage, Md. ut tely fagged but sick and mis- could hardly k one bottle of ed me. There REGOLLE, Editor t me to good tually fit tired and worn need a trial of THE MOTHERS, MASS. Hood's Bar- anything else s. Prepared only s, Lowell, Mass. Dollar

SCOTTY'S FAITH.

A Christmas Story.

"Whew! What a night!" muttered the guard of a Sixth Avenue train, as he threw open the gates at Thirty-third street. "I'll bet there ain't a passenger gets on. No sensible man, woman or child would be out at this time of night in a storm, and Christmas Eve, too."

He was about to close the gates again and seek the protection of the interior of his car when a small form emerged through the blinding storm and passed inside. It was the form of a very small and very ragged boy, with a small bundle of evening papers under his arm. He had protected them, apparently, for a time by covering them with a piece of brown wrapping-paper, but they were wet through and through now, and valueless, even though it were earlier than midnight. He was a very tired and sleepy little fellow, and he was sound asleep almost as soon as he touched the cane seat of the car.

"He hasn't been long in the business," said the guard to himself, with a pitying smile. "Most of 'em gets along without any sleep at all, as far as I can see."

The boy, beyond his extreme youth and the absence of the characteristic tough facial expression of the New York gamins, was merely a conventional specimen of the array of boys who make a living—Heaven knows what kind of a living!—by selling the daily papers. Of all the inhabitants of the great metropolis their life is probably the most mysterious and by no means the least interesting. Most of them are homeless and practically all of them are dependent upon the sale of newspapers for their daily food. One wonders how they ever get money enough to buy clothes, if indeed they ever buy any, what they do for medical attendance in time of sickness, how and why they ever drifted into such a life, and what becomes of them when they leave it.

The youngster who sat asleep in the car of the Sixth Avenue L train on this Christmas Eve was undoubtedly a beginner at the business. An old overcoat that he wore and on which there still remained a single button showed by its patches that he had once been cared for by a woman. His rough shoes, carelessly laced, were still guileless of holes and above them one could see that he wore a pair of fairly warm stockings. Indeed one would have hazarded the guess that he was the son of some poor workingwoman, a widow, probably, and that she had died some months before and left her poor little penniless boy to win his own right to existence.

As the train pulled up at Park Place the knowing guard gave him a hearty shake and shouted in his ear:

"Say, kid, you want to get off here, don't you?"

The boy yawned, opened his eyes, grabbed his wet papers, and with a comical sigh prepared to get out.

"Do you live at the Newsboys' Lodging House?" asked the guard.

"Nope," he answered.

"Where?" asked the guard.

"I'm partners with Blinks," replied the boy.

"Who's Blinks?" asked the guard; but the sleepy boy was on the platform by this time, and he did not hear the answer. Descending the steps of the station, he struck off in the heavy falling snow for Newspaper Row. He was just opposite the post-office, when he heard, some yards away, the peculiar falsetto "You-hou!" by which boys signal to each other. He answered it by a similar call, and made in the direction of the sound he had heard. At the corner of Park Row he met the other boy, who was standing under a street-lamp, with his back to the storm.

"Hello, Scotty!" said the latter.

"Hello, Blinks!" said the little boy (for the other was, perhaps, four or five years the elder).

"Wot's the luck?"

"Not much, Blinks—de storm was too bad."

"How muck chink yer got, Scotty?"

"Only seventeen cents, Blinks."

"Deys no coffee and doughnuts to-night, then, Scotty, and no breakfast to-morrow till we earn it, for I'm busted."

"Oh, Blinks," said Scotty. "And dis is Christmas Eve."

"Dat's all do luckier. To-morrow we gets a big dinner fur nothin', don't we? dat's de only good Christmas is to us, anyway."

But there were a couple of big tears in Scotty's eyes. He made no reply, but put his hand affectionately in the great, rough, and I regret to say dirty hand of Blinks, and walked on with him. The fact was that this was the first Christmas since the death of his mother, and, poor though she was, she had always been able to make Christmas a happy day for her little boy, and one to be thought of weeks before it came, and remembered weeks after it had passed. The fact was too that Scotty was in the newsboy vernacular, "a sissy boy," or, in other words, a little bit effeminate, and had been known to cry on several occasions before. It was a knowledge of this effeminacy that had caused the Blinks protectorate, as it were. A protectorate it was that was recognized all over town, for Master Blinks had administered several thrashings on Scotty's account, and held himself ready for an indefinite increase in the number, should it become necessary to administer them.

The two boys walked a short way down the street and turned into Theatre Alley. It was evidently a familiar locality to them, for they made almost unconsciously for the red glare that came from the engine-room of one of the great office-buildings not far from the intersection of the Theatre Alley and Ann street. Here they suddenly disappeared from view. A close observer might have discovered, had he been watching them, that they had crawled into one of the air-shafts of the office-building, and would not have been wrong if he had supposed that they had made it their habitual sleeping place. It was not an uncomfortable place for a couple of gamins either. But next to the engine-room, it was always quite warm enough, there was plenty of ventilation, and what most commended it to the boys, there was no one to say when they should come in and when they should leave. If the engineers or a stray policeman should happen to notice them, in all probability they would be left undisturbed, for these

watchers of the night are by no means heedless. And then the shrouding of the engine and the rumble of the presses in the basement of the building were a not unpleasant lullaby after one got used to it.

Blinks had no sooner gained his accustomed place alongside the warm wall than he began to go to sleep, but it was not so with Scotty. The smaller boy could not forget even in misery the fact that it was Christmas Eve. He sighed a little and perhaps he cried. Gray-haired boys have done that when they thought of their mothers—so it would not have been at all effeminate. At any rate, just as Blinks was about to dream of a happy land, where every one always won at "crans," Scotty put his hand confidently in Blinks' and asked:

"Blinksy, do you believe there is a Santa Claus?"

"Naw!" responded Blinks, sleepily. "Course dey ain't. I don't believe in none o' dem things. You won't eider when you know as much as I do."

"Mudder said dere wuz," continued Scotty.

"Aw! de wimmen likes to make de kids believe der is," growled Blinks. "But taint so just de same."

"It 'ud be awfully nice if it wuz so," said the smaller boy, with a great sigh.

"I wouldn't do us no good," said the larger, very cynically. "Ye don't suppose he'd be snooping around in Theatre Alley looking fur kids, do yer?" Sides, he only giv kids playthings and candy, and dey wouldn't do us no good. Wot we wants, Scotty, is chink, and we wants it badly."

Here Blinks, having settled the question beyond doubt, turned over and went promptly to sleep. But Scotty—Well, Scotty couldn't sleep for a long time.

The presses were just beginning to whir in the press-room of the great Daily Universe, and the night editor, copy readers and foreman were redoubting their efforts to get the papers out on time. The race with time that occurs three hundred and sixty-five nights in every year in every newspaper office in the land, when Mr. Sackett, the somewhat intellectual-looking sporting editor of the aforesaid Universe, cocked his feet up on the desk in front of him, squinted through his eye-glasses in the direction of the telegraph editor, and asked the latter:

"What the deuce are you doing with so many bundles, Mack?"

"Christmas presents for the children," replied the telegraph editor. "They've got to be happy one day in the year, you know, if their father is a newspaper man."

"It is Christmas, isn't it?" continued the sporting editor. "I haven't given or received a Christmas present in ten years, I guess. I suppose you think I'm degrading?"

"I never think any man is deteriorating who can show up as much money as that," replied the other, glancing at a great pile of crumpled bills—ones, fives, tens, and even twenties—that the sporting editor was smoothing out and piling up in what he would have called a "homogeneous mass."

"Yes, I'm not poor tonight," said Sackett, in a slightly self-satisfied tone of voice. "I guess I could afford to give a few modest presents, but the deuce of it is I haven't any one to give them to."

"Get married," said the telegraph editor, walking out of the room with his bundles.

"Not on your naturalization papers," responded the happy Mr. Sackett.

Then he continued his operations in finance. It did not take him long, and, folding up the roll of bills, he took his stylish hat (which he had won at cards) on an election bet—he always won), and, saying: "Good night," walked out.

Mr. Sackett was blessed not only with a happy disposition, but likewise with a very healthy appetite. So, when he walked out of the office, he wended his way down Ann street to an all-night restaurant where he leisurely discussed a *Canape Lorezo* and a bottle of ale. Then he lit a fragrant imperial, took a couple of critical whiffs, to let the proprietor know that he knew what a good cigar was, but upon his coat, and started for the Third Avenue L station.

It was a singular coincidence that his cigar should go out directly in front of the air-shaft that sheltered the disconsolate Scotty and the sleepy Blinks. Mr. Sackett made a few remarks that were not intended for publication, leaned over into the shaft a little to get out of the wind and lit a match. As he raised the match to his cigar, his eyes rested on something that made him pause, and smile. It was a boy's worsted stocking hanging empty on the projecting end of a bolt on the side of the shaft. Mr. Sackett's match went out, but he lit another silently, and leaning still further over into the shaft, he saw, in the faint light that the match gave, the sleeping forms of two boys at the bottom—the smaller with his arm thrown around the other's neck and a little bare leg smuggled close up to the warm wall.

"Poor little devils!" exclaimed Mr. Sackett. Then his second match went out. It was several minutes before he lit a third match, but when he did, an observer might have noticed that his face wore an unusually self-satisfied expression even for him. And he did not look half as cynical and worldly as he usually tried to look, as he walked on to the station.

It was very early in the morning when Blinks shook Scotty and told him to wake up.

"Where's your stocking?" he asked, almost roughly.

At the sound of the word "stocking," Scotty was wide awake. He looked eagerly up. There it was, hanging at the top of the shaft where he had hung it the night before, after he was certain that Blinks was sound asleep; but, alas! it looked even leaner and emptier than it did when he hung it up. It was half covered with ice, too, and there was a long icicle hanging from the end of a shoe-string, which he had tied up a great hole in the toe.

"Well, you are a sissy!" said Blinks,

contemptuously, climbing up and throwing the cold stocking down into Scotty's lap. Scotty said not a word. He couldn't have said a word for his life's sake; for he was biting his quivering lip till it hurt worse than the pain he had. He had trouble getting the string untied from his stocking, too; for there was a flood of tears in his eyes that almost blinded him.

"Hurry up," said Blinks, roughly.

Scotty managed to pull on the stocking at last, though; and, lo, as he did so, his little cold foot showed out of the hole in the toe—a beautiful new five-dollar bill!

The tears ceased. The chiding of the manly Blinks ceased, also. And four of the most astonished eyes that were ever seen in the heads of small boys looked at the wonderful sight.

"Hully Gosh!" said Blinks, finally, catching his breath for a moment.

"I knowed it, Blinksy—I knowed it!" said the little boy, with a look of triumph.

"Scotty," said Blinks, after another pause, in which he had made sure, by personal examination, that the bill was an actual five, and not the creature of a Christmas delirium, "how d'ye s'pose he knowed we wanted money?"

"God must 'a' told him, Blinksy," answered Scotty.

ELECTRICITY WITHOUT STEAM.

Edison Believes It Is Possible and Has Been Making Experiments.

Thomas A. Edison has spoken his mind, touching energy, as follows:

"Of course there is a source of energy. Nature is a perpetual motion machine, and perpetual motion implies a sustaining and impelling force.

"When I was in Berlin I met Du Bois Reymond, and he was talking of the finger, I said to him, 'What is that?' What moves that finger?' He said he did not know; that investigators have for twenty-years been trying to find out. If anybody could tell him what wagged his finger, the problem of life would be solved.

"There are many forms of energy resulting from the combustion of coal under a boiler. Some of these forms we know something about in a practical way, but there may be many others we don't know anything about.

"Perhaps electricity will itself be superseeded in time who knows? Now a beef-steak in the human stomach is equivalent to coal under a boiler. By oxidation it excites energy that does work, but what form of energy is it? It is not a steam pressure. It acts through the nerve cells, perform work that can be measured in units. The vibration produced by electricity, but the actual nature of this force which produces this work—which makes effectual the mandate of the will—is unknown.

"It is not magnetism; it doesn't attract iron. It is not electricity—at least not such a form of electricity as we are familiar with. There is something necessary and guarded, because so many different forms of electricity are known to science that it would be rash to say positively that we shall not classify vital energy as a form of electrical energy. We cannot argue anything from difference in speed.

"Nature loves to travel as fast as electricity, once it gets started. The apparent slowness may be in the brain. It may take an appreciable time for the brain to set the force going.

"I made an experiment with a frog's leg that indicates something of the kind. I took a leg that was susceptible to galvanic current. The vibration produced by a note as high as a piccolo. While the leg was alive it responded to the electrical current; when it was dead it would not respond. After the frog's leg had been lying in the laboratory three days I couldn't make it squeal. The experiment was conclusive as to this point. The vital force of the nerves of the leg was capable of acting with speed enough to induce the vibration of the diaphragm necessary to produce sound.

"Certainly this rate of speed is much greater than physiologists appear to allow, and it seems reasonable that there is a close affinity between vital energy and electricity. I do not say they are identical; on the contrary, I say they are very like. If one could learn to make vital energy directly without fuel, that is, without beefsteak in the stomach, and in such a manner that the human system could appropriate it, the elixir of life would no longer be a dream of alchemy. But we have not yet learned to make electricity directly, without the aid of fuel and steam.

"I believe this is possible; indeed, I have been experimenting in this direction for some time past. But until we can learn to make electricity, like nature, out of disturbed air, I am afraid the more delicate task of manufacturing vital energy so that it can be bottled and sold at the family grocery store will have to be deferred.

"Electricity, by the way, is properly termed a form of energy, and not a fluid. As for the other which speculative science supposes to exist, I don't know anything about it. Nobody has discovered anything of the kind. In order to make their theories hold together, they have, it seems to me, created the ether. But the ether imagined by them is unthinkable to me. I don't say I disagree with them, because I don't pretend to have any theories of that kind and am not competent to dispute with speculative scientists. All I can say is, my mind is unable to accept the theory. For other, they say, it is rigid as steel and as soft as butter. I can't catch on to that idea.

"I believe that there are only two things in the universe—matter and energy. Matter I can understand to be intelligent, for man himself I regard as so much matter. Energy I know can take various forms and manifest itself in different ways. I can understand also that it works not only upon, but through, matter. What this matter, what this energy, I do not know.

"However, it is possible that it is simple matter and energy, and that any desire to know too much about the whole question should be diagnosed as a disease; such a disease as German doctors are said to have discovered among the students of their universities—the disease of asking questions."—*American Engineer.*

Can You Eat

Heartily, with relish, and without distress afterward? If not, we recommend you to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and see if it does not give you an appetite and so invigorates the stomach and bowels that the food is properly digested and all its nutriment assimilated.

A DRAMATIC EPISODE.

The German Kaiser's Last Interview with Bismarck—An Exciting Scene.

A Swiss paper has received the following interesting particulars on the subject of Prince Bismarck's resignation from a man who is alleged to be initiated into Berlin court secrets as no other has been, and whose information has always proved correct.

On Saturday, March 15, 1890, toward 8 o'clock in the morning, while the Prince was still in bed, he was informed that the Emperor was waiting to see him in Count Herbert Bismarck's apartments in the office of the Secretary of State.

When the Prince entered the room the Emperor received him with the following words, spoken in a tone of the most vehement reproach: "You a short time ago forbade the Ministers to make reports directly to me, but I absolutely wish that my Ministers present themselves personally to me." "Your Majesty," answered the prince, "by virtue of the law I alone am authorized and charged to make direct reports to your Majesty; this is absolutely necessary if the proceedings of the government are to have a firm and united character. If within the last few weeks some Ministers have got into the way of making reports to your Majesty it is in opposition to the law, which gives this right alone to the Chancellor of your Majesty. But as soon as your Majesty orders me I will yield to your wishes and propose a change in the law." "Also in the workmen's question," continued William II., still in an excited tone, "my plans meet with your persistent opposition. I look to the measures which I consider useful being carried out thoroughly."

"I do not oppose the improvements which your majesty thinks of introducing," was the reply. "My years of experience tell me that some of them need certain modifications which are absolutely necessary, and I shall have the honor of submitting them to your majesty."

"No, no; no modifications," interrupted the Emperor; "I wish my orders to be carried out just as I give them."

The severity of this expression of his will at last exhausted the prince's calmness. "I think I can perceive that my services are not fortunate enough to please your majesty," he said, "and that some thoughts exist of getting rid of me." The emperor here made a confirmatory gesture with his hand; if it was done unknowingly it was not less significant. "In that case there is nothing else for me to do but to hand your majesty my resignation. I would only like to beg your majesty to let me remain in office till May, so that I may personally defend the military bill in the Reichstag. I fear my successor would find it difficult to break the opposition in parliament and carry the bill."

While the chancellor was speaking the emperor shook his head several times and said at last, "No, no." The prince bowed without saying a word and waited for a sign from the emperor to withdraw. After a few painful moments of silence the emperor said, still most excitedly: "There is still a word to be said about your mysterious negotiations with Dr. Windthorst. I know you receive him in your house, and I forbid these meetings." But now the chancellor, who the whole time had kept his temper with the greatest trouble, broke out and said: "I know quite well that for some time I have been surrounded by spies and talebearers, who watch every step I take. It is true, and again I say it is true, that I have invited Dr. Windthorst in order to discuss things with him. But it is not only my right, it is my duty to have communication with skilled politicians, whether they be members of parliament or not, and nobody, not even your majesty, will be able to prevent me from doing so." After these words, spoken in the greatest excitement, the emperor dismissed the chancellor with a simple movement of the head.

THINGS OF VALUE.

All womankind should strive to be kind women.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, effective, but do not cause pain or gripe. Be sure to get Hood's.

The hard rubs of the world are what make a man bright.

Fellow Dyspepsia Bitters is highly recommended for Indigestion, Headache, Biliousness, etc.

The true test of a great man is, can he keep his mouth shut?

The best remedy for Summer Complaints is Fellow Speedy Relief. Speedy in result as well as in name.

A man who will not get scared on some occasions lacks good sense.

"Mother, what shall I do for this dreadful cough?" "Take Putnam's Emulsion, my dear, it always helps our family."

The world's sweetest songs are those a mother sings over the cradle.

If you would save trouble in the kitchen and enjoy a delicious Vegetable Soup, get try K-R Vegetable Soup packages; 10 quarts for a sister.

It there were a trifle in every woman how few women could go astray.

Royal Belfast Ginger Ale and Wilmot Spa Water have as their base the Wilmot Mineral Spring Waters, hence they are wholesome, health producing as well as delicious. Try them.

A woman can win a man's love without trying, but she can't keep it that way.

Changeable weather, producing cold in the head and catarrh, is responsible for one-half the misery Canadians endure. Nasal Balm at once relieves cold in the head and will cure the worst case of catarrh.

The girl with a "made up" mouth is apt to give the impression that she is a "made up" girl.

Like Othello, the Chinaman's occupation's gone; no use for Ling Sing now. You can do your own washing and take a delight in it. You can wash and clean and scour, and the whole process will be a joy to you. "Lesseire Phenix" does it. It is a washing solvent, but it has no relation to the wretched washing powders which makes your clothes yellow and your hands hard; "Lesseire Phenix" saves time, labor, and soap. No more soda. No more ashes. Try it with your flannels. Try it with cottons. Try it with your tin and brass and silverware. This is the astonishing fact. The greatest boon in the wash that has ever been introduced. And yet it will clean and scour and brighten anything in the house. Ask your grocer.

SURPRISE

MAKES white clothes whiter.
MAKES coloured goods brighter.
MAKES flannel softer

SURPRISE

SAVES boiling or scalding the clothes.
SAVES that hard rubbing of clothes.
SAVES the worry and nuisance of that steam about the house on wash day.

SURPRISE SOAP is economical. **READ** the directions on the wrapper.



COLD COMFORT.

Just think of Ice Cream this weather. It sends the chills all over us. Every woman feels a chill come over when she thinks of washing clothes this weather. We don't blame her.

But she need not do it!
WHY?
Because we do winter washing for lots of people, and can do it for you too. There's no way better or easier than our way. Try it once and be satisfied.

BE SURE and send your laundry to Unger's Steam Laundry, St. John (Waterloo street); Telephone 55. Or Halifax: 62 and 64 Granville street. It'll be done right, if done at

UNGAR'S.

It'll not Bother You

To pick out a Suit of our stock. We've anything and everything you want. A special lot of very handsome Tweed Suitings; will make up beautifully.

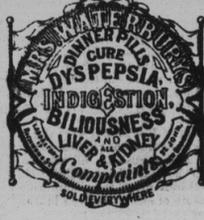
THOS. YOUNGCLAUS,

CHARLOTTE STREET.

English Sausage Shop and Meat Store.

OUR MINCE MEAT
ALL READY.
PAILS, CANS AND BY THE HUNDRED.
SAUSAGES AND CHICAGO BOLOGNAS.
Wholesale and Retail.
186 Union St., - John Hopkins.

MRS. WATERBURY'S CELEBRATED DINNER PILLS



Are sold and recommended by the following druggists in this city, who are reliable.

BARKER, T. B. & SON, McCARTY, R. W.
CRAIG, F. E. & CO., McDIARMID, S.
CLARKE, G. F., MANSFORD, E. J.
COOPER, E. E., MOORE, G. A.
CHRISTIE, WM., PADDOCK, M. V.
McARTHUR, R. D., PARKER BROS.
SMITH, A. C. & CO.

The world has discovered. Old people. People of the unity of the able to us a sin with the race thro' all essential life same as were our curies now gone as well for maxin nineteenth century nearly three There is nothing ful as money. M lever which move It is a force belo Without it. O themselves, can place of wealth. is impotent with mendous earthl has it ought to be needs a good righty to use it. Old Testament. Now, as if the dispensation—I be in greater da reasons for this ven as a class for men" is a task cule, save of con power, than othe other men do, to say of himself day of prosperit hand and the mien me this world Lord God.

More Omnip A man with many respects b least, in compar less means, endo nipotence. One comes to feel a do occasionally tion. When a mand respectf ence of most e not much to be spoiled. Being other men his s This accounts f has to say about nowhere denounc There is no man sight than the talents that he sacred respectf isters it for God It is divinely or, many friend life are not with He who lives at he is rich, must of thought and under the sun w is "riches kept their hurt." W power. It is tr but this is true has comfort. I science, he is at the many appea If a man of con rics how among so as to use Go

A man whose wealth mathematical c the nature of by those who h that if Adam ha year had by \$1 have had one o New York Cro this, that, hav individual in the any one's hurt.

When we find ought to stop l for his existenc how much he modest, unassu he did not corr was an honoro enormous weal to crush it, is from us all.

But, in speal apt to make the old very rich year we raise who were ver now with the s only well to de The Bible esti ferent from th man wealthy w thing left aft necessities of us who are all among the poo conserved wea for the wise trust. We are upon whom res obligation of as our blessed o have them with No money

When one g much left by h mean to shun s severely allo read in a new vious to his co lines to his co



SERMON.

The Rich and the Poor.

BY REV. DR. GEORGE R. VAN DE WATER.

"Wealth maketh many friends; but the poor is separated from his neighbor."—Proverbs, xix., 4.

The world has not changed much since Solomon's day. New worlds have been discovered. Old ones have been explored. People have come more together. Civilization has greatly advanced. But after all, things remain in principle very much the same as they were at the beginning. The one thing which convinces us of the unity of the race, and makes reasonable to us a single providential dealing with the race through all the ages, is that in all essential features we are today the same as were our forefathers in the "centuries now gone." Material possessions do as well for maxims with Americans in the nineteenth century as they did for Israelites nearly three thousands years ago.

Wealth Maketh Many Friends.

There is nothing upon earth so powerful as money. Material possessions are the lever which moves all things in the world. It is a force before which everything bows. Without it it is hardly possible to have contentment. Other things, great in themselves, cannot seem to take the place of wealth. Even well-deserved honor is impotent without it. Wealth is a tremendous earthly power. The man who has it ought to feel it, and to realize that he needs a good deal of grace to know how rightly to use it. In the Bible, both in the Old Testament and New, strongest in the New, as if the danger were greater in this dispensation—I find no class of men said to be in greater danger than "rich men." The reasons for this special designation of rich men as a class for whom "working out salvation" is a task at once perilous and difficult, are manifold. Wealth is such a mighty power, that one possessing it feels not as other men do, his dependence. He comes to day of himself, as the Israelites in their day of prosperity said of themselves, "My hand hath made me this wealth," and so to forget the Lord God.

More Omnipotent than His Fellow.

A man with wealth possessed find in many respects he is, if not omnipotent, at least, in comparison with his fellow-men of less means, endowed with a degree of omnipotence. One who never wants soon comes to feel a superiority over men who do occasionally feel the pinch of deprivation. When a man feels he can command respect—the voice, the vote, the influence of most everybody he meets—it is not much to be wondered at that he is spoiled. Being more easily spoiled than other men his salvation is more difficult. This accounts for everything the gospel has to say about rich men. The gospel nowhere denounces them nor their riches. There is no man more honorable in God's sight than the rich man, who, having more talents than his brethren, feeling the sacred responsibility of his holy trust, ministers for God's glory and man's benefit. It is divinely ordained that "wealth maketh many friends." The pleasures of this life are not without their burdens of care. He who lives at all in the fear of God, if he be rich, must have many anxious hours of thought and worry about the sore evils under the sun which the wise man tells us is "riches kept by the owners thereof to their hurt." We have said rich men have power. It is true, without an exception, has comfort. If he is a man of no conscience, he is at least annoyed greatly by the many appeals made upon his conscience. If a man of conscience, he is greatly worried how among them all to discriminate so as to use God's trust.

A Good Example.

The man who died, not many years ago, whose wealth was so fabulously great that mathematical computation of it partakes of the nature of hyperbole, of which it is said that if Adam had lived until now, and each year laid by \$10,000, he would not to-day have had one-fourth of the sum left by the New York Census—is to be praised for this, that, having more power than any individual in the world, he never used it to any one's hurt.

When we find a rich man of this kind we ought to stop long enough to thank God for his existence. That he did not know how much he did is true. That he was a modest, unassuming, domestic man, that he did not corrupt the society of which he was an honored member, that he used his enormous wealth to build up business, not to crush it, is an encomium he deserves from us all.

But, in speaking of wealth, we are very apt to make the mistake of supposing that only very rich men are wealthy. Every year we raise the standard, so that men who were very rich a hundred years ago now with the same amount of wealth are only well to do and tolerably comfortable. The Bible estimate of wealth is rather different from this. It seems to account that man wealthy who, free from debt, has anything left after making provision for actual necessities of life. In this sense many of us who are all too ready to count ourselves among the poor are really in God's sight considered wealthy, and held accountable for the wise administration of a sacred trust. We are among those, I consider, upon whom rests the solemn and binding obligation of assisting those poor of whom our blessed Lord has said: "Ye shall have them with you always."

No Money, No Friends, Say Some.

When one gets really poor he is pretty much left by his brethren. They may not mean to shun him, but they let him pretty severely alone. I was shocked recently to read in a newspaper of a father who, previous to committing suicide, wrote these lines to his son: "Avoid your father's

vices, which are many. Emulate his virtues, which are few. Do not be penurious but be saving, for without your purse you'll have no friends." This is a dying man's estimate of the power of wealth. Almost every day I hear living men's estimate of its power. From the lips of those who have been unfortunate and are just beginning to feel poverty's pinch almost invariably comes the plaint, "Since I've lost my money I seem to have lost my friends." Much of this result I am constrained to say is due to their pride, in not making known their condition until it is desperate, or to their too hasty conclusion that so it is, but with all my explanations I am also constrained to say Solomon is right. "Wealth maketh many friends, but the poor is separated from his neighbor." This we say is the natural condition, the carnal consequence. It is not what should be, but what is.

Make the Crooked Things Straight.

To cure or to remedy this earthly state of things God sent His Son, gave His gospel, founded His church, and is keeping you and me here on earth for a time. This separation of a man from his neighbor because of the man's poverty is one of the "crooked things." He has put us here and the gospel here to make straight. This is why "the poor shall always be with us." They are the material we Christians are to work upon. To these we are to let our light shine. When these cease to be with us our work is done, the judgment is set and heaven is begun. It is the office of Christianity to make men as brethren. It is the devilish work of earth to separate men, and by nothing is this work so promoted as by the inequality of earthly possessions. We see its baneful operation within the church as without it. The devil has been shrewd enough to make Christians adopt his principles, and even in the house of God mark as honorable the man with goodly apparel, the ring on his finger, and something at least less than honorable the man who is poor, and whose apparel threadbare, and whose ring is the mark of the grime of honest toil. It is so—we may as well face it. In the church today for the most part "wealth maketh many friends, but the poor is separated from his neighbor."

Churches Should Not Follow After the Rich.

We are all of us more or less influenced by this carnal, selfish, worldly principle, and in every department of life it is true "wealth maketh many friends, but the poor man is separated from his neighbor." It is a reproach to us, that except where parishes are endowed they move up town with the money, and the souls of the poor in the down-town districts of our cities are left to destruction. I heard a layman say this last week, "That church will find it difficult to get a rector." "Why?" I said. "Because," he answered, "though there are more people living about there than ever, as a class they are tenement house people; the rich have moved away." Once in a generation, when ministers rise to rebuke worldliness of his order, by voluntary submission to poverty, chastity and obedience to ecclesiastical rule, those for whom wealth had made many friends, instead of letting the good brother alone, which is all he asks, set upon him as if the very stability of our religion depended upon keeping it away from the poor. I would first emphasize the fact that the poor are here by Divine intention. We are to regard them as plagues or pests. We are not to help them, to get rid of them, but to regard them as of value to us, and they are of great value to us. The poor help to save our souls. If it were not for them our hearts would long ago have become hard as rocks. One evidence Jesus gave of His Messiahship was "the poor have the glad tidings preached to them." Preaching "glad tidings" to the poor has ever since been a distinctive feature of Christian work. This is one of the many ways we Epiphany Christ to the world. Then next I would impress upon your earnest consideration the thought that the object of our helping the poor is chiefly to treat them as brethren.

The Personal Element in Charity.

We are not to relieve them only, but help them. Christians cannot dispense charity at arm's length. The good Samaritan bound up the wounds, pouring oil upon them, and set the poor fellow on the ass and started him on his way to the inn before he said a word about money. That ought to teach us the great importance of the personal element in our charities. We are to minister to the poor because they are brethren, not supplicants. Teaching them thus to love their brethren, they come to love their God. There is many a Christian man, I believe, who would be infinitely more holy and catch glimpses of spiritual joy which he knows nothing about, were he personally to engage in some charitable work—go himself and visit the poor, and by his word and counsel as well as by his hard dollars, the poorest part of him, help a brother to realize that the office of religion is to counteract the worldly influence which makes a "poor man separated from his neighbor."

Help Them to Help Themselves.

And lastly, I would insist that giving to the poor is not enough to fulfil our Christian duty toward them. Giving is the easiest way to get rid of the poor, but Christ does not design us to be rid of the poor. A wise discrimination in the administration of charities is the day's great need. Helping the poor to help themselves is the most Christlike thing you can do for them. Keeping money away from them is often more charitable than giving to them. Peter conferred a wonderful blessing upon the impotent brother at the gate of the temple, though he gave him no alms. "Silver and gold I have none," he said to the one who solicited only money; "such as I have give I thee," and he gave him, then and there, something better than money—health and strength to go and get money. Restoration rather than amelioration should be our aim in dispensing charities, or if amelioration, this in order to restoration. Except in cases of aged and infirm pensioners upon the

For a Christmas Present there is positively nothing you can offer a lady more acceptable or useful than a Pair of KID GLOVES—unless (upon the same principle) you prefer to give her a half-dozen pairs, assorted colors—put up in a neat little CHRISTMAS BOX.

Christmas Gloves sent by Post.

communion alms, I should say, from not a limited experience in parochial charities, that "giving money" has not done the good that personal influence and help of another kind have done. I regard more as charity, in its Christian sense, sending young girls to sew, having social meetings and amusements for the mothers and the workwomen, distributing clothing and providing employment, visiting the sick and seeing that justice is done the oppressed, than any dispensing of money merely as such.

Don't Give Indiscriminately.

Where money is given, it should be after personal investigation, then, as remedial, not final. What lastly we need to remind you of in this connection is this: That our religion is not ended when we build churches and attend them, or church charity foundations and support them, or hear about the poor elsewhere, and give to them. The world is to be bettered and saved by individuals helping individuals. I know a family in this church supported by the two women members of it, hemming handkerchiefs for a big firm of this city for three cents a dozen. What they need is not money nearly half so much as sympathy of Christian friends, fellow-communicants, who will bestir themselves to procure for these work which will be decently remunerative to provide a suitable support. I have myself thought persons who even our charity institutions begun in love, and continued in love, are not accomplishing what they ought, because they too much divorce the personal element in charity. How much better would it be, were it possible to interest some of the little ones of say half a dozen families in our parish and have them provide the support of a single orphan; and, rather than have our aged pensioners receive systematically each month so much money from the general purse, how much better could we do it to have our own parochial aged home where members of our household could individually minister to them in their last and leafy days.

Machinery is Religion.

Machinery is a good thing. It saves time, energy, and is a conservation of force. But machinery after all is a blind working of blind energies, in which no personal element enters. Machinery in religious life is to be avoided. It is of use only as it helps to concentrate energy. Beyond this it is, *per se*, more hurtful than beneficial. I should consider, were I to stand in the parish hall every afternoon next week, and give to every poor man calling a dollar, I should be committing a great crime. Such indiscriminate giving would foster vice rather than encourage virtue. And I consider when you, to get rid of a beggar, when knowing nothing of his condition or himself, give him money, you are taking the chance of doing that man, and others, may be dependent upon him a very great injury. The personal work of laboring among souls is the only work of charity which Christ takes any account of. The best thing you can do for a poor man is to make him your brother. The world separates him from his neighbor. Christ makes him his neighbor. The Bible does not say give money to him that asketh, but Tobit says: "Never turn thy face from any poor man, and then the face of the Lord shall never be turned away from thee." In the eyes of God we are all paupers, and all as one. Only in the sight of the world (which in a short time shall vanish away), "wealth maketh many friends, but the poor is separated from his neighbor." The truth is: "Of one blood God hath made all the nations that dwell on the face of the earth."

Customs Relating to Death.

Many of the curious practices associated with the dead are quite as singular as those relating to the marriage state.

One of the least known is a usage called "Sin-eating," which was carried on by a class of people who followed this profession systematically. Among the Lansdowne MSS., in the British Museum, are statements in Aubrey's handwriting to this purport:—"In the county of Hereford was an old custom at funerals to hire poor people who were to take upon them the sins of the deceased. When the corpse was brought out and laid on the bier, a loaf of bread, a bowl of beer, and 6d in money was given to the sin-eater, in consideration whereof he took upon himself all the sins of the defunct, and freed him or her from walking after they were dead." Aubrey adds this custom is used to this day (A. D. 1686) in North Wales.

Among the simple fashions of early times was that of carrying garlands before the bodies of unmarried girls, and then hanging them up in the church as a memento of the departed one. Probably the wreaths and other floral offerings which are now sent without limit upon the death of any one, old or young, is the survival of this sentiment.

Burial in some form or other is the most common manner of disposing of the dead, but in Thibet the corpse is cut to pieces and thrown into the lakes to feed the fishes, or exposed on hill-tops to eagles and other birds of prey; or, on the Himalayan slopes the people of Sikim burn the body and scatter the dust upon the ground, not collecting it, as is usual in other cremating countries.

Hebrews Abolish the Sunday Service.

Though few persons, perhaps, are aware of the fact, the majority of Jewish congregations in New York have abolished the Sunday service. Rabbi Kaufman Kohler, of the Temple Beth-El, one of the largest and most influential Jewish congregations in the city, said recently: "We have dispensed with our Sunday services, only holding a school for the children on that day. We have not made any fuss or show in the change. It has been done quietly and generally. We find it more agreeable, more productive of good, to hold our Friday evening meetings at 8 o'clock, and to observe Saturday as the Sabbath.

CHRISTMAS GLOVES!

For a Christmas Present there is positively nothing you can offer a lady more acceptable or useful than a Pair of KID GLOVES—unless (upon the same principle) you prefer to give her a half-dozen pairs, assorted colors—put up in a neat little CHRISTMAS BOX.

W. H. FAIRALL, DRY GOODS IMPORTER, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

THINGS OF VALUE.

There never was a great man unless through divine inspiration.—Cicero.

To purify Your blood Take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Most of that which is known as "the cussedness of men" is simply human nature.

Unique—K. D. C. is not advertised to cure all "the ills that flesh is heir to," but is specially prepared for the cure of dyspepsia or indigestion. Cure guaranteed. Try it!

The self educated are marked by stubborn peculiarities.—Isaac Disraeli. Theatre goers! Attention! The Greatest Play of the Age—"The World Do Move," and Dyspepsia is moving out of it, chased by the King of Dyspepsia Cures—K. D. C.

He who comes up to his own idea of greatness must always have had a very low standard of it in his own mind.—Hazlitt.

K. D. C.—The Dyspeptic's Life! Why? Because it makes life worth living. A free sample package mailed to any address. K. D. C. Company, New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.

The first ingredient in conversation is truth, the next good sense, the third good humour and the fourth wit.—Sir William Temple.

The Dyspeptic's Hope—K. D. C. Why? Because it cures when all other remedies fail. A free sample package mailed to any address. K. D. C. Company, New Glasgow, N. S.

Historics make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep; logic and rhetoric, able to contend.—Bacon, Essay on Studies.

Can dyspepsia be cured? Yes; K. D. C. is "a positive cure," "a safe cure," "a complete cure," "a marvellous cure," "the best cure," "a thorough cure," and "a guaranteed cure."

This world is so crowded that you can't pat one man on the back without stepping on another man's toes when you do it.

If in the next three years the sale of K. D. C. increases in the same ratio as in the past year the sale for 1893 will amount to over \$1,000,000, worth, a convincing proof of its great merit.

The fashionable mother who can't find time to get acquainted with her own daughters, in her haste to get them wealthy husbands, has plenty of time after they come home to live with papa.

Grayness, baldness, dandruff, and all diseases of the scalp, and falling of the hair can be cured by using Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

There is only one reason why a woman should be afraid of a man. There are a hundred reasons why a man should be afraid of a woman, and as many more why a woman should fear another woman.

Mental worry, over work, and excesses are the fruitful causes of insanity. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are an unfailing remedy, building anew the blood and restoring wasted energies. Good for man and woman.

The great moments of life are but moments like the others. Your doom is spoken in a word or two. A single look from the eyes, a mere pressure of the hand may decide it; or of the lips, though they cannot speak.—Thackeray. The remedial virtues of the Wilmot Spa Water is not unknown to me, and I have already had occasion to recommend them to some of my patients. T. TRENEMAN, M. D. Halifax, N. S.

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A Silver Medal. Will be given for most improvement in "Business Writing" new system. Special offer 30 lessons by mail \$2. SNELL'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, Windsor, N.S.

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SOME RARE BARGAINS THIS WEEK AT THE Trustees' Sale OF TURNER & FINLAY'S STOCK.

As we have only a very few weeks now in which to dispose of the balance of the Stock we will offer RARE BARGAINS this and the following weeks. Our Stock of

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is still large, notwithstanding the great demand we have had for them the past week, and at the prices we offering them they are certainly the Greatest Values ever offered in St. John

Jacket and Mantle Cloths,

IN BLACKS AND COLORED, AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES TO CLOSE OUT.

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Ten Special Lots. Prices from 10c. to 30c. per yard, former prices from 25c. to 70c.

WE HAVE MARKED THE ENTIRE STOCK OF

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Real Laces,

All Widths, in Black and White AT ABOUT HALF PRICE.

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Wait

Till our traveller comes round, with his samples of Fall Suitings. WAIT till you see his goods—new goods; wait till you see his prices—low prices. Then wait no longer, but BUY WHAT YOU WANT, and it will be Guaranteed Satisfactory in fit and finish, by

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HOT WATER HEATING!

NOW is the time to prepare for comfort in your dwellings next winter. Heat your house with a Hot Water Apparatus; in point of economy, simplicity, cleanliness, and ventilation it is infinitely superior to any other mode of heating.

SPECIFICATIONS AND PRICES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION. ALL WORK WARRANTED TO GIVE ENTIRE SATISFACTION.

THOS. CAMPBELL, PLUMBER, HOT WATER AND STEAM FITTER, 79 Germain Street, St. John, N. B.

Selected Raisins!

We have had selected in Malaga—for our Christmas trade—some of the finest RAISINS Spain produces, viz:

IMPERIAL LONDON LAYERS, IMPERIAL CABINETS, CONNOISSEUR CLUSTERS, EXTRA DESSERT AND IMPERIAL RAISINS.

Just landed, and we think the choicest lot of fruit this city has ever seen. For sale by

Geo. Robertson & Co., - - - 50 KING STREET. P. S.—We are rapidly stocking up all kinds of Christmas Groceries.—G. R. & Co.

FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

Plated Ware, in great variety; Cutlery, Tin and Japaned Ware, Brass and Iron Hooks, Nails and Tacks, Mixed Paints, Varnish, and large variety of Sundries, required by Housekeepers.

AT THE OLD STAND.

CLARKE, KERR & THORNE, - - 60 and 62 Prince Wm. Street.

Kerr CREAM CHIPS AND OPERA CREAMS.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING

There are a thousand blossoms to every bushel of apples.

The annual silver product of the world is about 90,000,000 ounces.

Only one couple in 11,500 live to celebrate their diamond wedding.

The growth of the nails of the right hand is more rapid than that of the left.

The negroes in the United States now pay taxes on \$264,000,000 worth of property.

Recent calculations upon the pace of the sun place it at about forty miles per second.

From 1859 to 1890 Colorado produced \$300,000,000 worth of gold, silver, copper and lead.

In Turkey alcoholic diseases are rare, but diseases from tobacco are extremely plentiful.

There are 20,000,000 dogs in the United States and it costs \$200,000 per annum to keep them.

More than half a million dollars' worth of gold is used every year for the purpose of filling teeth.

Horseflesh is used as human food in Denmark, Sweden, and Switzerland and also in several parts of Italy.

Vienna is Wien to its own citizens; while the country of which it is the capital is not Austria, but Oesterreich.

A steam roller in Vienna is worked with perfectly smokeless fuel called masutte, composed of the liquid residuum of petroleum refineries.

Etc. and &c. are both abbreviations of the Latin words *et cetera*, meaning "and the rest," "and so forth," "and so on," or "and the like."

The character £ for pounds sterling is merely a capital L with a mark drawn across it, and represents the corresponding Latin word *Libra*—pounds.

The Grecian mother, before putting her child in its cradle, turns three times around before the fire, while singing her favorite song, to ward off evil spirits.

The Union Jack consists of three united crosses—that of St. George for England, the saltire of St. Andrew for Scotland, and the cross of St. Patrick for Ireland.

Consumption and the tubercular diseases in general, while not entirely unknown among the Jews, are admitted by all authorities to be extremely rare.

Lobsters often travel in regiments, seeking new feeding grounds. Their migrating armies are always led by the biggest and strongest ones, while the maimed and weakly struggle along behind.

It is not generally known that M. Pasteur is an "unlicensed practitioner," and cannot even put a lancet into a man's arm. He has to keep a surgeon to do this for him, in order to comply with the law.

"Without phosphorus, no thought," is a German saying; and the consumption of that essential ingredient of the brain increases in proportion to the amount of labor which the organ is required to perform.

It has been computed that between 36,000,000 and 37,000,000 babies are born into the world each year, or about seventy per cent. of the population of the world would extend around the world unbroken.

In ancient times, when all the planets and constellations were regarded as gods, it was customary for the founders of cities to place them under certain tutelary deities, who were really none other than those constellations personified.

The importance of the brain as a working organ is shown by the amount of blood it receives, which is proportionately greater than that of any other part of the body. One-fifth of the blood goes to the brain, though its average weight is only one-fourth of the weight of the body.

A French Royalist journal gives the number of the dukes in France as 62. Of these 30 date from the old monarchy, 17 from the first empire, 9 from the restoration, 2 from Louis Philippe and 4 from the second empire. The oldest duke is Duc de Mortemart, who was born in 1794, and the youngest the Duc de Guiche, who was born in 1879.

In 1860 there were published in New York 19 daily papers, besides 42 weeklies, semi-weeklies and monthly periodicals. During the 25 years ending with 1885, 1,491 new papers were started in New York, including 60 dailies and 611 weeklies. Of these papers 1,105 died before the end of the 25 years, leaving a percentage of about 33 per cent. surviving. This is a remarkably heavy mortality. Among the weeklies 460 died, 55 of them in less than a year and 108 in less than two years.

Professor Huxley's food table tells how many grains per day each average man of 154 pound weight should consume of solid food. Of lean beefsteak he should have 5,000 grains; bread, 6,000 grains; milk, 7,000 grains; potatoes, 3,000 grains; butter, 600 grains, and water, 22,000 grains. A man of the weight mentioned above will have 68 pounds of muscles and their appendages; his bones will weigh 34 pounds; skin, 10½ pounds; fat, 28 pounds; brain, 3 pounds; thoracic viscera, 3½ pounds; abdominal viscera, 11 pounds; blood, 7 pounds.

The word "honey-moon" is traceable to Teutonic origin. Among the Teutons was a favorite drink, called "methogin." It was made of mead and honey, and was like that of the European countries. These honeyed drinks were used more especially

at marriage festivals, which were kept up among the nobility one lunar month, the festive board being well supplied with methogin. "Hionhmoon" signified the moon or month of the marriage festival. Alaric, the Goth, celebrated by Southey's poem, died on his wedding night from too free indulgence in the honeyed drink.

"PROGRESS' FICKINGS.

"I have lost my heart," he whispered, gazing at her lovely eyes; But the maiden coldly answered: "Why don't you advertise?"

Why is it said that the doctor pays visits, when every one knows that it is the visits which pay the doctor?—Baltimore American.

Stage manager—"Well, how do you expect to raise the wind?" Hard-up actor—"By puffs in the papers."—New York Journal.

Forgetful.—Guest—"Waiter, you forget yourself." Waiter (grumpily)—"Well, that is because you never remember me."—New York Herald.

He (very tenderly)—"Darling, you are the only girl I ever loved." She (coquetishly)—"Oh, pah! You can imagine how much fun you have missed."—Judge.

Merritt—"I thought the old man would have come down handsomely. Wasn't your wife his favorite daughter?" Penfield—"She was before she married me."—Life.

"Did you see father, Harry?" she asked. "Yes; I told him I had been courting you and—" "Well, what did he do?" "He set aside the decree of the court."—Washington Star.

Scene: A family boarding house. Time: Sunday evening. "You are not eating any chicken, M. Lemachin!" "No, madame, thanks; I never work on Sundays."—Masque de Fer.

Still in the Ring—"Are you still engaged?" asked the old friar, who had not seen the dear girl for some time. "Oh, yes," she answered, "but it's to another man."—Harper's Bazar.

Sly Dog—"I had to jump on Sue with both feet," said Miss Scadds. "That wouldn't hurt her," replied young Hunker. "Your feet are so small." Now she smiles on him.—Philadelphia Press.

Mr. Sinter (examining some accounts on his desk)—"I think I prefer the courting to the wedding days. Then there was alternate billing and cooing, now it seems about all 'biling.'"—Boston Courier.

She—"Who's that swell young man over there?" He—"Oh, that's Maltby, and he's a corker." She—"I beg your pardon?" He—"A corker, don't you know? Works in a beer bottling establishment."

Two years after marriage. She what a pleasure it is Henry, to read over our old love letters." He—"Yes, positively amusing." She (softly)—"And to think that I once loved this brute!"

Jacques Bonhomme—"I care not for 20 honoures of society, though my father was one of ze chevaliers of France." William Reilly—"I agree wid yez, an' me fayther was one of shovelers of de Sixty Ward."

"Are you the master of this house?" asked a stranger, addressing the young married man. "No," said the young man, with a deep sigh, "my wife has just taken the master up stairs to nurse him."

Miss Elder—"Now, Mr. Dolley, you are surely not one of those who think that a woman can not keep a secret." Dolley—"Certainly not, Miss Elder. Quite the contrary. I never heard of your giving your age away."

Goslin (quoting)—"All the world loves a lover." Dolley—"I'm not so sure about that. I, for one, hate young Hunker."

"What's the matter with Hunker?" "Well, he's in love with Miss Scadds, and she seems to prefer his attentions to mine."

"Just see how the chickens mind the old hen, Robby?" said Mrs. Norris to her son. "Watch them run to her when she calls them." "I suppose she sat on them when they were little," remarked the infant phenomenon, reflectively.—Kate Field's Washington.

Young lady—"The musical conservatory is in this building, isn't it?" Janitor—"No, mum; the musical conservatory is about two blocks down street. Young lady (doubtfully)—"I was sure I heard pupils practicing vocal exercises. Are you sure the musical conservatory is not here?" Janitor—"Yes, mum. Notin' here but dentists' offices, mum."—New York Weekly.

Deaf and dumb beggar (unexpectedly receiving a quarter): "Oh, thankee, thankee!" Benevolent passer: "Eh? What does this mean, sir? You can talk!" Beggar (in confusion): "Yes, sir. Ye see, sir, I'm only holdin' this corner for th' poor deaf and dumb man what belongs here." Benevolent passer (quickly): "Where is he?" Beggar (in worse confusion): "He's—he's gone to the park 't' hear the music."—Good News.

Judge—You are charged with stealing a chicken from Col. Smith's coop. Are you guilty or not guilty? Prisoner—"Not guilty, yo' honor." Judge—"Didn't you steal the colonel's chickens?" Prisoner—"Nebbah, sah." Judge—"Well, what were you doing in his hen-house at midnight?" Prisoner—"Jes a prospectin' for a fat goose I t'ought wuz dar, sah. But I nebbeh tuch hit, sah. It wuzn't dar when I called for hit, sah, so he'p me goodness, boss."

Bearded stranger—"Madam, you may not recognize me, but years ago, when but a child, I lived next door, and one day in my childish romps I lost a button from my coat. I had no mother, as you know, and shall I ever forget, madam, that you took me in and sewed another button on for me. Ah, madam (brushing away a tear), through all these years I have treasured that little button as a sacred relic, and here it is." Kind lady—"Well, my good man, what can I do for you now?" Bearded stranger—"All I need is another coat."—Clothier and Furnisher.

MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

Mrs. Charles Stewart Parnell sends a new wreath to her husband's grave every week.

Queen Victoria's crown, kept with other royal regalia under strong guard at the old tower, is worth \$600,000.

The Prince of Wales has the finest collection of tobacco pipes in the world. It includes every variety of pipe from the humble corn cob to elegantly carved silver bowls.

J. Montgomery Sears, of Boston, pays \$200,000 a year in city taxes. As most of his property is in real estate, he can't dodge the collector as so many Bostonians do on one pretext or another.

The wife of Russell Sage is a philanthropist of the practical description. She is in the early sixties, but her years despite a very busy life, sit lightly upon her. She is about the medium height, rather slightly built, and her manners are gracious and charming. Her hair is grey and so are her eyes. She dresses in deep mourning out of respect to the memory of her mother. She wears no jewelry, it is a simple gold pin clasped at the throat is excepted.

A very warm friend and favorite of the little King of Spain is Count Morphi, who was the private secretary of his father, and continues to act in the same capacity to the queen regent. Count Morphi, whose name is evidently a Spanish corruption of the familiar Hibernian patronymic of Murphy, is married to an Austrian lady, and is one of the most talented amateur musicians of the present day. He is an elderly man, and is thoroughly devoted to the wife and children of his former master.

General Booth's daughter, "La Marechante," who is in command of the Salvation Army in France and Switzerland, and is now proselyting in this country, is a tall, slender, and very graceful girl with a fresh English face, to which the blue bonnet of her order lends an additional attractiveness. She possesses an indomitable spirit, and is shown by the influence she exerted over the rough *canaille* of Paris who attended her meetings. Altogether, she is a most picturesque character for the nineteenth century—a Joan of Arc in time of peace.

Harriet Beecher Stowe, the gifted authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," now 80 years of age, is said to be failing rapidly. She has failed very much of late, and her mind is so clouded that she cannot talk consecutively on any subject. She is not confined to her room, but her friends act as a physician's care, but her friends are apprehensive that the end is not far off. A great many letters still come to her, but these she does not see. She is constantly under surveillance. Her last days are made as pleasant as wealth and kind friends can make them, but she seems to know nothing of what is going on about her, and, indeed, is almost as helpless as a child.

This is how Sir Edwin Arnold entered journalism thirty years ago: He had returned to England from India, where he had had a lucrative office, and was stopping at a south coast resort. One day he read in the *Athenaeum* a criticism of one of his literary efforts, and while reading the periodical he stumbled upon an advertisement: "Wanted—A new leader writer for a new liberal daily newspaper." He sent his application. An offer came, and his wife, who objected to returning to India, where she had lost a son, urged him to accept. He did so. His salary was \$2,500 a year, and before three months had passed it was increased to \$5,000, and so he stayed in journalism.

Miss Ada Rehan, the popular actress, rose from the ranks as a little Irish girl intensely thankful to play in pantomimes and finally to get a line to say, and an uncommon Hibernian patronymic. She talks very frankly and unfeigningly to her friends of the old days of struggle and hardship, and she has been an ideal daughter in filial devotion and care for her parents. Miss Rehan's father died some time ago and an intimate friend told her that never on the stage had the actress done anything so grandly pathetic as when she fell in the pose of heart-broken grief in which she and her knees beside her father's coffin and buried her head against the outstretched arms with which she clasped it in a passion of tears.

There is one story of Jenny Lind which I always recall with entire confidence in its truth, because it ought to be true, says a writer. After her return from her American triumph she was in Italy and went one day from Florence to the Convent of Vallombrosa, to which the young Milton went on his travels. When she came to the chapel of monks, with courteous and unassuming Hibernian patronymic. She could enter. She smiled as she said: "Perhaps if you knew who I am you would let me in." "And who might the gracious lady be?" asked the monks. But when she said: "I am Jenny Lind," every head bowed and the doors were flung wide open. Then when she seated herself at the organ and sang where Milton had sat and played, I can imagine the heavenly visions that floated before the minds of the monks and that they crossed themselves reverently as they listened and believed that St. Cecilia had descended.

Commodore Vanderbilt spent the last days of his life in a great big old house that stood in that aristocratic portion of New York City, Washington Square, and he had married for a second wife a sweet young woman of a will over which there could be no disagreeing when he should have passed away. When the will was completed it was submitted to several brilliant and high-priced legal lights, among whom was William M. Everts, and they all pronounced the document unimpeachable. But the will remained a subject of uneasiness to the commodore, and one day he was told of a young lawyer who had been in the office of the Register of Wills for some years, and who was something of an expert in the matter of wills. "Send a copy of mine and a small fee!" it was done. And the young man in going over the paper found a flaw, and reported it to the commodore, and who was well agreed that the point was well taken. The breach was healed, and there was no legal controversy over the Vanderbilt millions.

"German Syrup"

We have selected two or three lines from letters freshly received from parents who have given German Syrup to their children in the emergencies of Croup. You will credit these, because they come from good, substantial people, happy in finding what so many families lack—a medicine containing no evil drug, which mother can administer with confidence to the little ones in their most critical hours, safe and sure that it will carry them through.

En. L. WILLIAMS, of Mrs. JAS. W. KIRK, Alma, Neb. I give it Daughters' College, to my children when Harrodsburg, Ky. I troubled with Croup have depended upon and never saw another. It is attacks of Croup preparation act like with my little daughter. It is simply miter, and find it an invaluable remedy.

Fully one-half of our customers are mothers who use Boschee's German Syrup among their children. A medicine to be successful with the little folks must be a treatment for the sudden and terrible foes of childhood, whooping cough, croup, diphtheria and the dangerous inflammations of delicate throats and lungs. @

DR. H. P. TRAVERS, DENTIST, Corner Princess and Sydney Streets.

JOHN L. CARLETON, BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office: 73½ Prince Wm. Street (over D. C. Clinch, Banker), Saint John, N. B.

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HARRIS G. FENETY, L.L.B., BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office: Pugsley's New Building, St. John, N. B. Money to loan on Real Estate.

H. B. EDMOND, M. D., (P. S. B., LONDON, ENGL.) Specialist in the treatment of CANCERS, DIARRHEA, No. 3 MARKET SQUARE, HULL, ENGLAND.

CANCERS removed without the use of the KNIFE, loss of blood or pain. Old Sores and Ulcers permanently healed. \$2-Write for particulars. ESTABLISHED 1886.

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, EASTPORT. I have had Rheumatism for five years. I found nothing to give satisfactory relief until I used Scott's Cure for Rheumatism, and it has proved a perfect cure.—Yours truly, Mrs. ELIZABETH McCARTHY.

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST, King Street (West), St. John, N. B. Price 50c. per bottle; Six bottles for \$2.50.

WHOLESALE by Messrs. T. B. Barker & Sons, and S. McDonald, St. John, N. B.; Messrs. Brown & Webb, Simon Bros. & Co., Forsyth, Seattle & Co., Halifax, N. S.; Messrs. Kerry, Watson & Co., Montreal, P. Q.; T. Millburn & Co., Lyman Bros. & Co., Toronto; London Drug Co., London, Ont.

MY SLIDING GLASS COFFINS ARE SOMETHING NEW. THOSE REQUIRING SPECTACLES Consult D. HARRIS. ENGLISH OPTICIAN. 53 Main Street, St. John, N. B. NEAR MARKET.

THE TOILET GEM Philoderma FOR CHAPPED HANDS, COLD SORES, SORE LIPS ETC. Sold by Druggists; 25 cts.

ESTEY'S EMULSION OF Cod Liver Oil Old and young take it for Coughs, Colds, Consumption, and all Lung diseases.

HERBINE BITTERS Cures Sick Headache Purifies the Blood HERBINE BITTERS Cures Indigestion HERBINE BITTERS The Ladies' Friend HERBINE BITTERS Cures Dyspepsia HERBINE BITTERS For Biliousness

Large Bottles, Small Doses. Price only 25c. For sale all over Canada. Address all orders to 481 St. Paul Street, Montreal.

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To the Canada Sugar Refining Company. Gentlemen—I have taken and tested a sample of your "EXTRA GRANULATED" Sugar, and find that it yielded 90.25% per cent of pure sugar. It is practically as pure and good a sugar as can be manufactured. Yrs truly G. P. GIRDWOOD.

INSURANCE FIRE PLATE GLASS INSURED AGAINST BREAKAGE R. W. FRANK, 78 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B. ACCIDENT INSURANCE STEAM BOILER INSPECTION INSURANCE.

CONFECTIONERY, &c. WHITE'S CONFECTIONERY, GANON'S CONFECTIONERY, TESTER'S CONFECTIONERY. Myles' Syrup. Nuts, Grapes, Oranges, Dates, Figs, Etc.

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HUNDREDS of young men have qualified themselves for honorable lucrative positions by attending the evening classes. Terms only one-half those for day classes. Circulars mailed to any address. ODD FELLOWS' HALL, S. KERR, Principal.

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QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B. J. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor. Fine sample room in connection. Also, a first-class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

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Cod Asthma, D

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EAGAR'S Phospholeine!

PRONOUNCED FOS-FO-LEEN.

A COMBINATION OF

Cod Liver Oil Cream with Hypophosphites,

THE ONLY PERFECT EMULSION FOR THE CURE OF

CONSUMPTION, PARALYSIS, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS,

Asthma, Dyspepsia, Scrofula, Salt Rheum and other Skin and Blood Diseases, Rickets, Anæmia, Loss of Flesh, Wasting, both in Adults and Children, Nervous Prostration.

INVALUABLE AS A TONIC TO BRACE UP THE SYSTEM WHEN IT IS IN THE STATE KNOWN AS BELOW PAR, BROUGHT ON BY MENTAL ANXIETY, OVER BRAIN WORK, OVERNURSING OF MOTHERS, AND OTHER EXCESSES, WHICH, IF NOT RELIEVED, END IN DIPHTHERIA, LOW FORM OF FEVER, CONSUMPTION, &C.

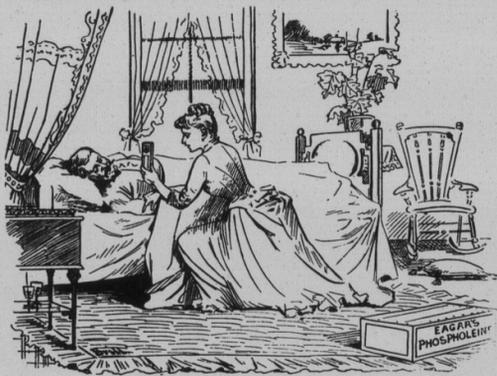
ECONOMICAL IN USE.

One teaspoonful of PHOSPHOLEINE being equal in nutritive and blood making value to ten times its bulk of Cod Liver Oil, it will prove to be the CHEAPEST preparation in use. PHOSPHOLEINE is the only preparation that we know of which has effected actual cures in bona fide cases of Consumption, Scrofula and other wasting diseases. IT IS SO PLEASANT that some mothers have to put it out of the reach of their children to prevent them from drinking a whole bottle.

RECOMMENDED BY LEADING PHYSICIANS. CHEAPEST AND BEST EMULSION IN THE MARKET. INVALUABLE IN CONSUMPTION, WASTING AND SCROFULOUS DISEASES. ITS VALUE ESTABLISHED BY EXPERIENCE.

CONSUMPTION.

The first symptoms of this terrible disease which carries off one third of our population, is a STEADY, PERSISTENT LOSS OF WEIGHT. This is soon followed by a Hectic flush, loss of strength, cough, deposit of tubercle, in the lungs, and so on to the last stages. So insidious is its advance that the patient is thoroughly in its grasp before he thinks of doing anything for it. In the early stages, and as a preventive, EAGAR'S PHOSPHOLEINE has proved itself a specific, bringing the patient up after a few doses. In the advanced stages, if the rules of health and diet are observed, this remedy soon shows its power by relieving the symptoms and enabling the patient to regain health and strength gradually and surely. At the last stages when both lungs are largely affected by tubercle and the patient emaciated and weak, this remedy will relieve the suffering and prolong the life of the patient. In all cases when there is hereditary taint and tendency to consumption in a family, they should carefully watch, and on the first sign of losing weight, take Eagar's Phospholeine, and I have no hesitation in stating that the disease will never develop in those who do so.



PHOSPHOLEINE HAS RESCUED YOU FROM THE JAWS OF DEATH.

The value of EAGAR'S PHOSPHOLEINE must not be estimated by the many Emulsions in the market. EAGAR'S PHOSPHOLEINE only requires to be tried to prove its superiority to all other Emulsions.

RECOMMENDED BY THE FOLLOWING LEADING PHYSICIANS:

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- HENRY D. RUGGLES, M. D., Weymouth.
- G. M. DUNCAN, M. D., Bathurst.

PARALYSIS.

This is often the result of nervous debility, and in such cases half the smallest dose, gradually increased to the smallest dose and persisted in for some time, will if the cause be not kept up, effect a cure.

PRICE 50cts. per Bottle

Containing 60 DOSES.

CHRONIC BRONCHITIS.

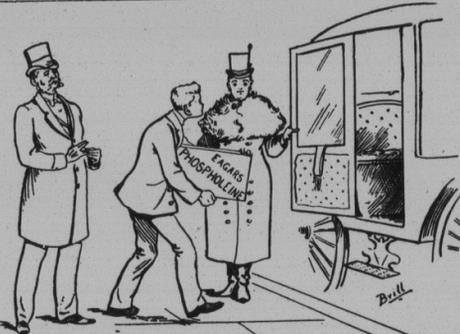
This disease is often mistaken for consumption of the Lungs. It is an inflammation of the lining membrane of the Bronchial tubes, and may end in consumption if there is hereditary taint, or if the occupation or mode of life is such as would lower the vital force. The smallest dose of PHOSPHOLEINE taken according to direction will prove a cure for this trouble.

ASTHMA.

This distressing complaint is a complication of nervous with pulmonary affection, and one in which EAGAR'S PHOSPHOLEINE will be found exactly the preparation to effect a cure, the Oil Cream acting on the pulmonary and the Phosphorus on the nerve centres, producing relief and cure quickly.

AS A NUTRIENT TONIC,

Phosphorus, which is one of the principal constituents of EAGAR'S PHOSPHOLEINE is the only remedy which has given satisfactory results in the case of Defective Nerve Power, Mental and Muscular Debility, induced by overwork, worry, early indiscretion, etc. It is also recommended in all diseases attended with diminution of the vital force, Softening of the Brain, Melancholy, Facial Neuralgia, Sciatica, and all cases involving both the cerebral and spinal centres. It will also prove of value in restoring the strength in the convalescence following fevers, Diphtheria and other serious illness.



This is the invalid who is shown in bed above.

"I WOULD NOT BE WITHOUT IT IF IT COST TEN DOLLARS A BOTTLE."

FOR SALE BY ALL WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS.

Office and Laboratory:—181 and 183 Lower Water Street, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

PRICE 50 CENTS PER BOTTLE CONTAINING 60 DOSES.

ANÆMIA.

Hypophosphites being the greatest Bloodmakers in the materia medica Eagar's Phospholeine will prove of value in diseases arising from poverty of the blood.

AS A STIMULANT.

Eagar's Phospholeine affords great relief when the system is fatigued, jaded or worn by grief, anxiety, despondency, etc. It should be taken only as required and half doses.

TEETHING OF CHILDREN,

and in cases of rickets, and for thin, sad, peevish children without appetite or strength. Phospholeine will prove of great benefit

DEFECTIVE NUTRITION.

in children and adults, Eagar's Phospholeine has proved itself a specific, including assimilation.

CARBUNCLES, BOILS, ETC.

Eagar's Phospholeine will prove of value in that state of the system of which boils, etc., is the result.

UTERINE DISTURBANCES.

Eagar's Phospholeine will prove exceedingly useful in all those troubles peculiar to women, which occur about the time of first and last changes in life.

PRICE 50 cts. per Bottle
CONTAINING 60 DOSES.

CATARRH.

EAGAR'S PHOSPHOLEINE should be taken on the first symptoms of Catarrh, and a lotion consisting of one teaspoonful of salt dissolved in a tumbler of water applied to nasal cavity with a nasal Douché.

SCROFULA OR KING'S EVIL,

SALT RHEUM, AND ALL SKIN DISEASES.—These diseases can be cured, even when hereditary, by the judicious use of Phosphorus in a readily assimilable form as in EAGAR'S PHOSPHOLEINE, which is a specific for Salt Rheum and all Eruptions and Skin Diseases, which arise from defective nutrition and impure state of the blood.

DYSPEPSIA and INDIGESTION

are complaints that not only render existence miserable, but if neglected, are sure to result seriously. EAGAR'S PHOSPHOLEINE exerts an immediate influence on the nutritive functions, producing an appetite and enabling the system to assimilate the food, thereby effecting a cure naturally. Take it once a day, in the morning, and a junket from Eagar's Wine of Rennet after dinner.

Chronic Colds and Coughs.

The PHOSPHOLEINE has proved invaluable in all Cases of old Coughs and Colds.

STUDENTS

And those who endure heavy Brain work should take EAGAR'S PHOSPHOLEINE on the first symptoms of overwork, indicated by loss of weight.

Don't delay, but on the first sign of Weakness, Loss of Weight, Debility or Loss of Appetite, fortify the system by taking nourishing food and EAGAR'S PHOSPHOLEINE.

LITTLE QUEEN.

"Little Queen," said the handsomest old lady alive to her granddaughter, whose pet name seemed the most appropriate that could have been given her. "I have dismissed Patrick. He has been robbing the dairy, ungrateful wretch. Dolmer discovered it, and begs that he shall go today. Is it not dreadful?"

"It is, indeed, grandma. Patrick is as honest as man can be." "But Dolmer, child, Dolmer says—" "We have had no peace since that man was engaged," cried Queen, in a temper. "You are deceived by him. He is a horrible and wicked creature. I am sure. Look at his puffed face, his tiger-like eyes. The hideous wretch is, I have no doubt, an escaped convict. I hate him!"

"What coarse language, dear. Dolmer is a very well-mannered man-servant, and so eager for my interests. You think too much of beauty." "Pat is not beautiful," laughed Queen. "But look at his honest gray eyes and good big mouth, grandma. Dismiss Dolmer and keep Patrick."

The two sat in a lovely room in one of the handsomest villas on the Hudson. Behind the sofa on which they had placed themselves, a tall Indian screen of rare beauty had been placed to ward off the draughts, which the old lady feared, as most old ladies do.

On this occasion it answered a double purpose, for behind it crouched a slender, dark-skinned man in a servant's jacket, who was listening intently to the conversation of the two ladies.

"Dolmer is a good man. He prays and reads his Bible a great deal," said the lady. "Always in public," said the girl. "And the Benevolent Society speaks so highly of him," said the grandmother. "What do they know of him?" asked Queen. "Guilt is stamped on his face; he wants honest Patrick out of the way; he is a member of the dangerous class, I am sure. Grandma, I am afraid for you. Send him away."

The old lady tossed her head. "I am more competent to judge than you are, at your age, little Queen," she said. "Suppose he has sinned and is repentant, shall we not be merciful to him? I believe he is truly good, poor thing, and so attentive. Besides, I manage my own home, little Queen. I am not quite childish."

"Very well, grandma," sighed the girl. She passed out into the hall. Patrick stood there, with his face flushed and his hair tousled. "The devil, savin' your prudence, is 'aves-droppin' to your remarks," he said. "No doubt, Pat," said Queen. "Had I my way, he should go and you should stay."

"Thank ye, miss," said Pat. "You'd never believe poor Patrick would rob the dairy, miss, an' stale butter an' eggs an' things—Pat that is so grateful he'd die for the old lady and both of ye?" "Indeed, I do not," said the girl. "I have tried to get grandma to alter her decision. However, I know where to find you, Pat; and I think you will come back before long. I will expose Dolmer, if I can."

Pat bowed, and went sadly and slowly toward his garret to get his little blue chest, and Bertha moved away. As she did so, a cruel face peeped from behind a pantry-door, and two dark brows met in a scowl over eyes that were hardly human. The man who had listened behind the screen listened again. It was Dolmer. "So you are my enemy?" he said. "Very well, young lady. All is fair in war."

There was a little supper-party at the villa that night. A dozen of the most elegant people of the neighbourhood had been invited. Bertha, in her pale-pink silk dress, with rosebuds in her black hair, was beautiful enough, but at the last moment, the old lady, anxious to atone for her passing ill-temper, added a touch to her toilet.

"Come here, child," said she. "You shall wear my long-promised diamonds to-night. I have taken them from the safe on purpose. You know I never put them on now. You are just the style for diamonds." She placed the stars in her hair, drew the golden drops from her ears and substituted little cascades of diamonds, fastened a necklace about her neck and bracelets on her arms. The girl looked like an empress with all this wonderful splendor added to her beauty.

than ever in the light of the myriad wax candles. The scent of many blossoms filled the house. When good-nights were said, the protestations of having had "a very pleasant evening" were heartfelt; and, surely, if admiration from men and friendly speech from women could content one, Queen should have been happy. Alas! her heart felt heavy as lead. She seemed to feel a strange premonition of evil. That night, for the first time she remembered that her grandmother, so handsome yet and full of life and spirit, was really old; that in all probability she must soon lose her. Perhaps it was this she thought. It was enough.

She followed the old lady to her room, and was loath to leave her; but all was so pleasant there, so guarded, so comfortable, and then the waiting-maid always slept in the small room adjoining, that she had no excuse for asking to stay.

With her diamonds still about her and her face growing more and more serious, she stole softly up the stairs. Dolmer was locking doors and extinguishing candles with a painful air. He looked at her as she passed. His eyes and his dark skin, with its yellow scars, made her think of a tiger.

She hurried to her room and locked the door. She had never done this before. She did not know why she did it now. The house she had known even since she was born felt unsafe to her.

She had a mind to go back and beg to stay with her grandmother, after all, but dreaded the stars and passages, now dark and silent. At last she knelt down and prayed, felt comforted, and arising, began to warm.

She removed the diamonds, laid them in their rich old cases, and placed them in her bureau. She had not the courage to go to the safe with them—she, who had often boasted that she did not know what fear meant. She threw her pretty dress across a chair, attired herself for the night and slipped into bed, leaving the night-lamp burning. It was a curious little thing, from which a white moon face, set in a sea of blue, looked at one with its almond eyes, when the lamp was lighted.

It usually had a jolly expression; now it seemed to give her glances of warning. Yet she might have fallen asleep even there, but for a new and horrible thing that happened.

We all know that the coughing or even hard breathing of any individual is a very distinctive sound, alike in no two people. Patrick, the dismissed servant, had a peculiar way of catching his breath when fatigued.

Suddenly in the silence, this sound struck on Queen's ear. Was it imagination? No, she heard it again. At once she was assured that Patrick was concealed in her room behind the curtains of an alcove. It could be for no other purpose than that of their. Dolmer had been right, an honest guardian of her aunt's interests; Patrick, a wretch who deceived his benefactress.

She tried to think of some means of escape from the room. Should she rise to cross it, Patrick, powerful and alert, could stop her with a finger. She might bring about her own murder. Perhaps to feign sleep was the best and safest thing to do.

At least grandma was safe for the present. Patrick must know the diamonds were in her room. Again that sudden catch of the strong man's breath. Queen almost fainted.

Suddenly another sound struck her ear. A step upon the roof of the porch, which was below her window. The shutters opened; a dark head protruded into the room, a lithe figure followed. Dolmer, himself, a pistol in his hand.

"Can this be true?" thought the girl. "This man I suspected has proved my guardian angel; he has come to save me from Patrick." In her relief she sat up in bed, and clasping her hands, cried: "Dolmer—good—kind Dolmer!" But his answer was an oath. A hand struck her, not heavily, but sharp, on the shoulder, and Dolmer's voice hissed in her ear.

"MARK SWAIN" ON PRINCES.

The English and the American Idea of their Rulers. A prince is not to us what he is to a European, of course. We have not been taught to regard him as a god, and so one good look at him is likely to so nearly appease our curiosity as to make him an object of no great interest next time. We want a treatise on. But it is not so with the European. I am quite sure of it. The same old one will answer; he never stales.

Eighteen years ago I was in London, and I called at an Englishman's house on a bleak and foggy and dismal December afternoon to visit his wife and married daughter by appointment. I waited half an hour and then they arrived, frozen. They explained that they had been delayed by an unlooked-for circumstance; while passing in the neighborhood of Marlborough House they saw a crowd gathering, and were told that the Prince of Wales was about to drive out, so they stopped to get a sight of him. They had waited a half hour on the sidewalk, freezing with the crowd, but were disappointed at last—the prince had changed his mind. I said, with a good deal of surprise:

"It is possible that you two have lived in London all your life and have never seen the Prince of Wales?" Apparently it was their turn to be surprised, for they exclaimed: "What an idea! Why, we have seen him hundreds of times. They had seen him hundreds of times, yet they had waited half an hour in the gloom and the bitter cold, in the midst of a jam of patients from the same asylum on the chance of seeing him again. It was a stupefying statement, but one is obliged to believe the English, even when they say a thing like that. I found myself around for a remark, and got out this one:

"I can't understand it at all. If I had never seen Gen. Grant, I doubt if I would do that even to get a sight of him," with a slight emphasis on the last word. Their blank faces showed that they wondered where the parallel came in. Then they said bluntly: "Of course not. He is only a president."

It is doubtless a fact that a prince is a permanent interest, an interest not subject to deterioration. The general who was never defeated, the general who never held a council of war, the only general who ever commanded a connected battle front twice hundred miles long, the smith who welded together the broken parts of a great republic and re-established it where it is quite likely to outlast all the monarchies present and to come, was really a person of no social consequences to these people. To them, with their training, my general was only a man after all, while their prince was clearly more than that, a being of a wholly unfamiliar construction and constitution, a being of no more blood and kinship with men than are the serene eternal lights of the firmament with the poor dull little candles of commerce that splutter and die and leave nothing behind but a pinch of ashes and a stink.

Parting is such Sweet Pain. It was 5 o'clock p. m., and George Montgomery had been spending the afternoon with sweet Lillian Luray. "Good-by, darling," he said fondly, as they stood in the darkened vestibule. "Good-by, George," she murmured, nestling her head in the time-honored place. "Good-by."

"In an evening parting, dearest, there is the image of death," he whispered, holding her close and kissing her passionately, "and we may never meet again." "Oh, George, darling," she said, clinging to him almost fiercely. "Who knows, my own, what may happen between this hour and when we meet again?"

"Mizpah," she breathed, and threw her arms about him convulsively. "Yes, darling," he spoke tremulously, "let us keep that word as our shield and armor." "And it came to pass as he had spoken— Eyes Press.

Every Man to His Trade. The old adage "every man to his trade," has a sharp value and something of the Anglo-Saxon ring, but in the subdivision of labor incident to civilization every mother becomes a nurse. She decides whether the little one is sick and immediately consults her mother which gives, at the outset an amount of knowledge at which many arrive only after years of experience. It is needless to state whose Mentor or Medicines she has in her possession.

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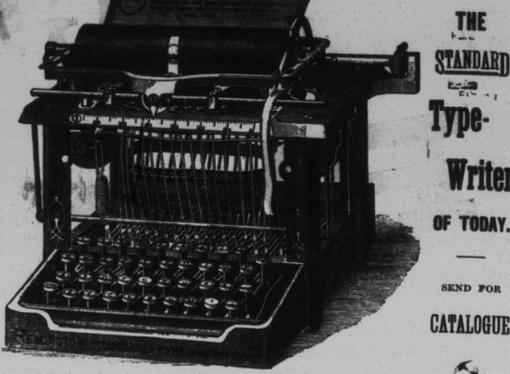
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VOL. IV THE AN THE TOWN AND A The Weather Holiday and Expre Same-Seeing What did Sa That's the qu terday in innu will be repeat busy morn'g or cl the streets all look like a full lively, it was Nobody realize in the postoff employes of a panies. The crowd all the rived in the mo people were top thing was topy more anxious t than t' Maybey until the cle procession. The P. O. c of the busine crowd all a lot of peo sees there, the man with what he is after about giving t to pay the f people who did cels contained, or any large enough experienced m The custom office is an int People who go have the most cost of thing could be boug gested by the customs depart reason to com could have Christmas pre price. The clerks however, and varied assort in town. But the beauty, or thing, Parcel speculated upon ried off with w ally there are things that con not worth the or so the own be collected the parcel is such a case th telling the tru But duty i are of no use whom they are vating experi more toward n policy than al Ottawa. Unit concerns send to people in the way intereste The books s works of art in the customs c little in them the duty and it is address chances are the office and Quer thing partment. Some peopl of the report of they forget th tariff and fin minute the pa ter. But the "A few r asylums would op" the cu a they have ven dition since It was in the been opene came in yest the attention had arriv open, and their conten the people w presents, had In the exp same. A bo to one of the receipt for ing message office had n would have planned every Up town