

PROGRESS.

VOL. I., NO. 38.

ST. JOHN, N. B. SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1889.

PRICE THREE CENTS

If you have Houses, Flats or Apartments to Let, advertise in "Progress." It will hereafter make a special feature of this class of advertising, for which the character of its circulation ensures the best results. Give it a trial and satisfy yourself.

Notices of Houses, Flats or Apartments to Let, not to exceed Three Lines, about 25 words, in length, will be printed in "Progress" for 10 cents each insertion. More than three and less than ten lines, 25 cents. Patronize the peoples' paper.

ABOUT THE BLACK BEAN.

BLACK BALLING OFTEN UNFAIR AND UNJUST.

A Well-Known Club Man Talks of Its Disadvantages and Comes to the Conclusion That Nothing Can Replace It—Can Anyone Solve the Problem?

The deadly black ball—its advantages and disadvantages, has had considerable canvassing of late. Opinion is divided, and well it may be.

It all arose out of a very simple and excusable error. Three popular young men of the town were proposed for membership in a well known club. Their friend, who introduced their names, had neglected to fortify himself with the ages of his proteges, and, in the belief that they were not yet 21, several black beans found their way into the ballot box.

At the next meeting it was explained that the young gentlemen, had plenty of age and lots of muscle and they were proposed again and elected without a dissenting voice.

Hence the discussion about the black ball.

If a man is black balled by a club it is wonderful how fast the evil news spreads. No sooner does the club adjourn than the fact is seemingly in the mouth of everyone in the city. No matter how secret the ballot is supposed to be the members do not consider the odious fact private and tell it to whom and where they please.

The character thus given an applicant for membership to a club is in many cases misleading and unjust. If he happens to have an influential enemy in good standing his labor might have been saved for his pains. He won't be elected. And yet he may be more popular than his opponent.

The question is best considered in the language of a well known club man, who said to PROGRESS, "Well, what can be done about it. The black ball is often unjust, often unfair; it affords an opportunity to mean men to vent their spite upon an applicant who may be opposed in any way to them. Once applied it is in fact a black mark against a man, which he cannot, perhaps, erase in years. Outsiders often attach too much importance to black balling. They think the subject guilty of some great social misdemeanor, whereas in many cases he is only distasteful to a few members. And yet what are we to do without the black ball. Will you or I get up in a club when a man's name is proposed and say that in our opinion he is unfit to become a member of our society? I guess not. In the first place, while you may not value his friendship, you don't want to make a sworn enemy of him and all his friends; in the next you are treading on dangerous ground when you say that a member's friend is unfit to take his place in the club.

All things considered then, I am afraid, and I say it with reluctance, that nothing can take the place of the Black Bean."

If you have rooms "to let," remember that every house-hunting woman reads "Progress." Only 10 cents.

Blessings Brighter as they Take their Flight. Water was at a premium in the city, Sunday morning. One of the mains bursted and cut off the supply on the higher levels for several hours.

The scarcity of the article brought it at once into great demand. Citizens who hadn't drank any water for years felt a sudden craving for the beverage, and people who were waiting for warmer weather to wash themselves shed great tears when they found that their faucets were dry.

Fortunately, no fire broke out while the drought lasted.

More fortunately still, Joe Knowles of The Grippe didn't happen to meet Mr. Gilbert Murdoch. If he had, he would have asked, "Water you giving us, Mr. Murdoch?"—and then there would have been bloodshed.

Good Envelopes 5 cents a package, at McArthur's, 80 King street.

They Were all on Hand. Messrs. Hunter, Hamilton & McKay tested the value of advertising, last Saturday, by announcing in PROGRESS that date that they had some calendars for the children who would call at their store at a certain hour. The children all read PROGRESS and they filled the sidewalk and blocked the street. The calendars gave out before the crowd did.

He Ought to Know. St. John's pet ball player, Frank White, was very much surprised to read in the Globe, the other night, that he didn't intend to play ball next summer. "That's news to me," said Frank. "If I'm alive, you'll find me on the field as usual."

If you spend more help, ask for it in "Progress." Only 10 cents.

For an Idle Hour. Colonel Quasitch (V. O.) is the title of H. Rider Haggard's latest novel. It is a very readable story, the scene of which is laid not in Africa but in England. Popular prices, for sale at McMillan's.

BONES AS IN BONES.

"Talk Not of Bones Till Thou Hast Seen the Bones of Warlike Men."

It was with some surprise, as well as a vague and restless feeling of alarm, that PROGRESS observed the effect produced by its harmless and innocent reference, last week, to the commercial value of the bones of the late Messrs. A. T. Stewart and Christopher Columbus. PROGRESS truthfully, as it thought, remarked that the highest priced bones in the world were those of Christopher Columbus. But the paper was hardly an hour old before two literary bombshells were thrown into the building, exploding with stunning effect, causing the staff to huddle their own bones away to a spot of safety, and the bones of Columbus gave place to the bones of better men.

One of the bombshells was badly shattered, and only a few fragments of it could be pieced together. It said that the statement of PROGRESS was "a malignant, spiteful and venomous reflection upon bones which are certainly more valuable and of a greater historic renown than any bones which C. Columbus could possibly produce."

And here is one pretty large fragment that narrowly missed braining the fighting editor:

The bones of Columbus might do for buttons or to ornament a minstrel circle, they might do, sir, for soap or for soap, but to name the bones of a low woodboat deck-hand like Columbus against bones, sir, to the neglect of bones, sir, and to the discredit of bones which I will name that illumine the pages of history with a phosphorescent glow, is an insult that smells to Heaven!

And a number of little pieces of the bomb which shattered the mucilage bottle contained the following gems:

I refer, sir, to the bones of those dauntless heroes of a hundred fights, the ancestors of Captain Cropley, of Fredericton.

From Greenland's icy mountains From India's coral strand, They call us to contemplate Their virtues grim and grand.

Does he know or does he care, this contemptible scribbler, this abject alien from a foreign soil,—does he ever stop to think, this lying, mendacious scoundrel, this servile, toadying mendicant who prowls with Pecksniff, reverence among the tombs of the dead while he secretly plays on the hallowed feelings of the living, that the bones of the valorous clan of Cropley whiten as with the frosts of Autumn the sacred and furrowed fields of Waterloo, of Badajoz, of Oudenarde, of Malplaquet, of Bunker Hill, of Onegoag, of Foliook and Beckagomic?

Let him know that the avenger is on his track, that the sleuth-hound of remorseless Fate is pausing for a spring.

Let him know that the insulted honor of a race that has watered with its blood the desert sands of Egypt and the dark coulees of Batoche is reaching for his worthless scalp.

To the numerous rods which Captain Cropley has in pickle for PROGRESS, a longer and deadlier rod has been added with which to scourge the back of Calumny and tattoo the seat of Neglect!

These are all the pieces of the first bomb that could be found. The second bomb did not fully explode, as the poet's fuse was too long for his powder. Here it is entire:

THE GALLANT CROPLEY BONES. Now, limber up your kettle-drums and toot the loud trombones, To celebrate the triumphs of the gallant Cropley bones; Bright through the mist of morning gleams their glory from afar, The grim remains of those incarnate demigods of war.

They lie beneath the waving grass on many a forgotten field, Whence Wellington and Bonaparte in fear and panic reeled; They glimmer green and ghastly from the battle-grounds of Spain, Where in the breach of Badajoz the roses bloom again.

Upon the plains of Abraham they glisten in the sun, And where Ticonderoga's horrid fight was lost and won; They fell like autumn leaves upon the brink of Bunker Hill, When Putnam's parting order broke the silence dread and still.

They dropped like shaves before the scythe on bleak Cornua's shore, They fertilized the arid wastes of Egypt o'er and o'er; The Black Hole of Calcutta, too, is sacred to the greens Of Cropley by the score who there deposited their bones.

Upon the heights of Inkerman, there stand, O horrid sight! A dozen bone-mills, I am told, that grind by day and night, And for these thirty summers they have never ceased to grind Upon the Cropley bone-yard which the Allies left behind.

Then limber up your kettle-drums and loose the loud trombones, To celebrate the glory of the gallant Cropley bones; Talk not of Chris. Columbus nor of A. T. Stewart, when The face of earth is littered with the bones of Cropley men.

Good Note Paper 5 and 10 cent a quire, at McArthur's, 80 King street.

Playing to Good Purpose. The LaTour club minstrels, of Portland, have made a good beginning. As a result of their first entertainment, they handed \$25 in gold to Mrs. Otty H. Bagenall, the wife of the I. C. B. brakeman who was killed not long ago.

WHAT ABOUT PORTLAND?

IT IS TIME FOR THE CITIZENS TO WAKE UP AND WORK.

If Anything is to be Done It Must be Done by the People—The Combination Must Go, and a New Order of Things Instituted—It is Time that Work was Begun.

One, two, three, four, five, and ever so many more black sheep.

That is the way matters are in the city of Portland. Nobody pretends to say that there is anything but mismanagement or worse in the civic departments.

An apology is due to bona fide black sheep for dragging them into this unsavory and disreputable connection. Black sheep are as nature made them, and for many purposes they are as useful members of the animal world as their white fellows. They cannot help their blackness.

But the blackness of the members of the Portland city government is more than skin deep. They seem to be had all the way through.

Nobody was surprised at the recent disclosures regarding police magistrate Tapley. The fountain of justice appears to be a very muddy pool.

Nobody would be surprised to find anything wrong in any of the departments. They seem to be run for the purposes of jobbery by men whose chief motive appears to be greed.

It was an evil day for Portland when the Cheley ring possessed itself of the control of matters. It was unfortunate for the people and will be unfortunate for the Cheleys and their retainers.

It goes without saying that they have been elected for the last time.

Yet these men have simply availed themselves of opportunities which a lax and wretched system left open to them. They did not originate the bad state of affairs. It was there when they came. They had not the moral courage to attempt reform. It was easier to take things as they found them. Naturally they have made matters much worse than they were.

It will be a little use to send the present combination about its business, if men of the same stamp and calibre are chosen in their stead. The whole civic machine needs to be taken apart and new works put in.

Men are wanted in the council who have some interest at stake in the city. Fellows who by means of some shysterish secure what is simply a colorable qualification are not wanted. Business men are needed, not hucksters and third rate attorneys.

It is time for the electors to begin to think of what shall be done at the next election. It is time they had their eyes on good men for candidates. True, with the reputation the council now has, it may be difficult to get decent citizens to offer, but if it is understood that the turn-out is to be complete, and that a new order of things is in store for next year, the right kind of men can be found.

Wake up, citizens of Portland. Your case is a bad one, a dangerous one, but it is not beyond remedy. That remedy lies with yourselves. If you fail to restore the respectability of the city, you will have only yourselves to blame.

Portland is the worst governed city in Canada. It is time that the stigma should be removed.

Umbrellas Repaired, 242 Union Street. IN THE FRONT RANK.

The St. John, N. B., "Progress" stands in the front rank of Canadian weeklies. There is about it a good, healthy atmosphere which is inspiring. It looks steadily on the bright side of things, and its readers are the better for perusing it. Its news and sketches and social gossip are served up in a racy, piquant style, its editorials are short and sensible, and the printed page is a model of typographical excellence. It is a new, non-political and with apparently good staying powers.—Toronto Empire

Of Interest to Ladies. Messrs. Macaulay Bros. & Co. ought to be happy. So should their customers. The day before the 30 per cent advance in silks the firm happily called for a large order and its acceptance enables them to place the best goods on the counter at the former low prices. There is an unusual demand for silks this winter and Macaulay Bros. & Co. think they have made a happy strike.

Too Fine to Do Business. "Such fine weather as we've been having isn't the best for business," said a merchant, Thursday. "It's so unusual at this time of the year that people improve it in amusements. Today, now, it's wet, so they'll have to stay in the house, and they'll remember the things they wanted to buy."

She Had Reformed. There's one woman in St. John who must have made a New Year resolution to stop pinching her feet," said a fashionable shoemaker, yesterday. "She came in this morning and told me what she wanted, and I reached for a pair of No. 8s. 'Put those up!' she said; 'I'm going to wear 6s after this!'"

A VALUABLE WORK.

Contents of the "Jubilee Souvenir" of St. Luke's Church, Portland.

A handsomely bound and printed Jubilee Souvenir of St. Luke's church, Portland, will shortly be published. It will contain a dozen or more cabinet size illustrations by the photogravure process.

Among the portraits will be those of the Reverend Dr. Gray, father and son, rectors of Trinity church, St. John, and closely connected with the early history of the Church of England in Portland; Messrs. James Simonds and Hon. Charles Simonds, father and son, the latter a church warden and for 35 years, either as member or speaker, connected with the New Brunswick House of Assembly; Rev. Canon Harrison, for nearly 40 years rector of St. Luke's; Sir Leonard Tilley, for 15 years its efficient vestry clerk, and Rev. Harrison Tilley, his son, curate of St. Luke's, and whose early death at the age of 33, was far and wide lamented. The Souvenir will also contain the inaugural sermon preached at the opening of new St. Luke's by Rev. Prof. Steenstra, D. D., of the Theological Seminary, Cambridge, Mass.—a most eloquent and masterly defence of the being and continuity of the Christian church, and itself alone worth the subscription price of the book, \$1. The number of copies of the book to be issued is strictly limited to the number of subscribers. All, outside of St. Luke's regular congregation, who desire to possess a copy of the Souvenir are requested to leave their name and address at Messrs. J. & A. McMillan's, before Feb. 2.

If you want a flat, insert your need in "Progress," for only 10 cents.

New Features in Art Education. A new department, for which there is abundant room, will be added to the Academy of Art, next Saturday, when Mr. F. H. C. Miles will give the first lessons to a children's class in drawing, the members of which will receive instruction at half the regular price. The method of teaching will be that which has always shown such striking results in the cases of other pupils at this institution. Mr. Miles, it should be remembered, introduced it in Canada, and there are nowhere to be found more capable instructors than himself and his son. Parents should see to it that those of their children who have a taste for art should not miss this opportunity.

Another improvement in the academy is the employment of a lady assistant. She will relieve the Messrs. Miles of some of the work which is almost overtaxing their strength, and give them time to do many things for the general benefit.

Dural's Repair Shop, 242 Union Street. The Best of Reasons.

"What are you going to do, my dear Sue," asked Grace, "if you recover the twenty thousand in your breach-of-promise suit?"

"I guess," replied her friend, "the best thing I can do is to try and marry my lawyer."

"Because he is to have half I get, and it would be an awful lot of money to let go out of one's hands."—Puck.

She Should Have Said It. PROGRESS hears of a fashionably dressed woman, who, boarding a street car, was politely offered a seat by a gentleman and accepted it in a way that gave the passengers the impression that she was entitled to the whole car. The gentleman looked at her a moment and then asked, "What did you say, madam?" "I didn't speak," she replied. "Oh, beg pardon," said the gentleman; "I thought you said 'thanks.'"

An Insulted Man. "Gus De Smith is very angry at you. He says you insulted him at the railroad depot the other day," remarked Hostetter McGinnis to Gilbooy.

"Yes, and I'll insult him worse still if I can lay my hands on him. The miserable scoundrel saw me going off with my mother-in-law on one arm and my wife on the other, and he asked me if I was going on a pleasure trip."—Texas Siftings.

We Congratulate Mr. Hoare. HALIFAX, Jan. 15.—You ask me to notify you by post card when I want an increase. You will see by tonight's Echo that I have had one recently.

A. M. HOARE, Manager Knowles' Bookstore.

Nothing Serious. Brown (meeting Jones on the street):—"What's up, Jones? You look unusually happy to-day. What's the luck?" Jones:—"My wife's sick."

Brown:—"Wife sick? Why, that should make you anything but happy."

Jones:—"Oh, but it's a boy!" They adjourn for refreshments.

PLANS FOR TURFITES.

A STRONG PLEA FOR A MARITIME ASSOCIATION.

Nova Scotia will join with New Brunswick in the effort—a meeting in St. John next month—Don't Want Any Clashing of Dates—Some Other Good Suggestions.

HALIFAX, N. S., Jan. 15.—Owners of trotters throughout the provinces will be more than pleased to learn of the movement which is on foot to establish a Maritime Province trotting circuit. Last year there was a general clashing of dates; Halifax announced a stallion race to be trotted Sept. 20; the New Brunswick tracks formed a circuit extending from Sept. 12 to Oct. 4; and Truro claimed Sept. 25, 26 and 27 for the dates of its meeting. The Nova Scotia and New Brunswick tracks were thus holding meetings on the same days, but it was impossible for either to succeed. The managers of the New Brunswick tracks had held a meeting and settled arrangements, while Truro could not hold its meeting with the same prospects of success, at any other time as during exhibition week, and the best day for Halifax was some time during the week before the Truro meeting, and besides this, the date of the big stallion race had been fixed early in the season, and posters had been sent broadcast throughout the provinces. The result of the meetings being held on the same day was that both parties suffered; horsemen who were trotting their horses in Nova Scotia were despondent because they could not compete in the New Brunswick races, while it was the same, with the position reversed with those who took part in the circuit.

The managers of the Halifax track are anxious there should be no clashing of dates this season, and they are about communicating with the representatives of the various tracks in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, proposing that a meeting be held, in February or March, at some central place (probably St. John) for the purpose of arranging a circuit. The dates of the various meetings would then be agreed upon, which in itself would be a great boon to horsemen, who, even before they put their animals in training, would be aware of the prospects for the fall meetings, and not, as in former years, have only a few weeks' notice.

Halifax people have not yet been educated to trotting, having been accustomed to running races, but there are some persons in the city who have the trotting interests at heart, and if they are successful in this move, will receive the congratulations of all horsemen.

There are many subjects to be considered at a meeting such as the one proposed. Of course the chief idea is to arrange dates, and to have the meetings all advertised on one poster, and distributed far and near, with each track to do its own local advertising, but among the other subjects worth thinking over are the amounts of the purses. It should be expressly stipulated that no track should offer a purse for a class race for a less amount than \$125, and perhaps it would be even better to fix a tariff for the four principal classes, the purses to be not less than \$125 for 3 minute class, \$150 for 2.50 class, \$175 for 2.40 class and \$200 for free for all, or whatever classes may be agreed upon in the vicinity of those mentioned. Such a tariff is worthy of thought or there will be some tracks offering extremely small purses, and deriving benefit from the large sums "hung out" by other tracks.

Still another subject will be the clause of the conditions in force on the New Brunswick circuit last year in regard to a horse starting in the circuit being eligible to enter the same classes throughout the remainder of the circuit. In my opinion, this rule is not of a very satisfactory nature. Supposing the circuit was to include (as it probably will) Halifax, Truro, New Glasgow, Pictou, Amherst, Moncton, St. John, Fredericton, Woodstock, St. Stephen and Houlton, and a horse was to start at Halifax in the 3 minute class, who could trot close to 2.30, and he was allowed to appear in the same class "along the line," the race in the cities in the latter part of the circuit would dwindle into a farce. Such a supposition is likely to become a possibility. Two years ago, Rampart won the three minute class at Halifax at 2.36 1/2, and was slowed up from the distance flag, and last year Telephone won that class here, and there was no doubt in the minds of all present, that he would have gone close to .30 had he been pushed. The classing of entries should be arranged so that horses would compete in the same class at two or three meetings and then those which have made records would be forced into "faster" classes, thus giving the slower animals a chance.

Another question will be whether it will be advisable to have a free for all, and make the fastest class somewhere between 2.25 and 2.30. Last fall, DeBarry, 2.19 1/2, came on the New Brunswick circuit, and the free for all races, for which the largest purses are always offered, and which are always expected to be the attraction, lost all interest, as was a foregone conclusion.

Some of our own horses have gone close on .30 this season, and it would be timely to consider what this fast class should be styled.

All tracks in the circuit should become members of the National Trotting association. Halifax, Fredericton, St. John and St. Stephen are members of this association, which is a terror to evil-doers, and which is a great protection to those who do right, and gives the public more confidence in the races.

Horsemen should consider the subjects mentioned above, and give their views to the secretaries of the various tracks, so they might know, when the proposed meeting is held, how to make arrangements suitable to the majority of horsemen.

SHAMUS. If you want board, recollect that all people who take boarders also take "Progress." A want only 10 cents.

Joseph Howard gives evidence that he has written himself out. His "column" in the New York Press, devoted to himself and the puffing of people and drinks, is pretty weak reading. Dry rot appears to be Howard's maldy.

Though the writer of the Murchison letter was not a Moncton man, it would seem that a recent citizen of that place materially assisted in defeating Cleveland. C. Bruce McDougall is classed as one of the "influential writers" on the Democratic side. A few more such influential writers might have made the choice of Harrison practically unanimous.

The Summerside Pioneer man appears to be having a high old time. The almanac says that the full moon occurred on the 17th, but the editor remarks that "this month has two full moons: one occurred on the 1st and the other happens along on the 31st." The next paragraph is explanatory—perhaps: "Two drunks were perambulating the streets on Thursday afternoon, but policeman Hardy walked them in."

To say that the Clipper Annual for 1889 is as valuable as usual may not sound like very high praise, but in this case it is equivalent to the statement that the book couldn't be improved upon. No sportsman, actor or musician can be happy without it, and to a well-regulated newspaper office it is as indispensable as the pencil and the paste—New York: The Frank Queen Publishing Co., Ltd. Price 15 cents.

New Books, at McArthur's, 80 King St. The Surprise Was Complete. "We had a surprise party up to our house, 't'other night," said a man from Hoyt Station, who had wandered into the country market, Thursday. "The minister's all hands come. When they opened the door an' busted in without knockin', I was at the sink with my eyes full o' soap, th' ole woman was settin' on the floor, cuttin' her corns with my razor, an' 'Lizey was spankin' the baby. We was surprised, I bet ye!"

One of Our Boys. M. J. McLaughlin, of Dover, N. H., an umpire of the Maine State league, is spoken of as a young man of exceptional qualifications for work in a bigger league. He bears an excellent reputation for sobriety, honesty, capability and undaunted courage. He has many admirers in New England, who endorse him for a place on the staff of some of the larger leagues.—The Sporting Life, Philadelphia.

D. McArthur, Bookseller, 80 King Street, continues the marked down sale of Books, Posh Goods, Bibles, Albums, etc.

Now, Wallace, Sit Still. Wallace Ross, the faking fourth-class oarsman, says he doesn't class a ball player who slings whiskey all night as an athlete. Too bad, too bad! One thing can be said for the ball players, however. Even the lusher could give the average professional oarsman points in professional integrity. They always give us honest sport.—The Sporting Life, Philadelphia.

An Apt Pupil. "Willie, did you go to Sunday-school today?" asked the aunt of a youth of rather precocious tendencies. "Yes'm."

"And what was the lesson about?" "Some about 'Two Kings.'"

"And what about them?" "Why—er—'auntie, they beat two queens.'—Merchant Traveler.

Domestic, Chessmen, Games, etc., at McArthur's Bookstore.

Every Evidence of It. Miss Guileless (gazing fondly at her father through the dining-room door)—"Dear me! How did pa look! To look at him, Mr. Boulder, you would never suspect him to be full of spirit, would you?"

Mr. Boulder (critically)—"Well, no; not exactly full yet, but he will be very shortly."—Punch.

Advertisements your wants in "Progress." Three lines will cost you only 10 cents.

NER'S Parerrooms STREET.

Chenille Curtains \$12 per pair; Roman Curtain for \$6.50 per pair.

KINNER. Own Annuals; Autograph Albums;

HATS. 46 and 48 King Street.

S & CO. of buyers to their Stock; Felt Hats, 57.

CIGAR FACTORY SES FACTS. an all Cigar Factories East of y during 1888.

HIGGINS, JOHN, N. B. TELEGRAPH

Printing Rooms Canterbury Streets, St. John, EQUIPPED WITH IMPROVED MACHINERY, AND ORNAMENTAL TYPE, to which ones have been made.

Done Rough Dry PER DOZEN. 32 Waterloo Street

1888. FALL and WINTER 1888. Just Received per steamer "Damara"—LATEST LONDON STYLES

Stiff and Soft Felt Hats CHILDREN'S FLUSH CAPS; T. OSBANTON CAPS; ALMA CAPS; HAYLOCK CAPS; ALMA CAPS; CORDUROY in all colors.

Shortland LADIES and GENTLEMEN desirous of obtaining a thorough knowledge of Shortland's type-writing, and an acquaintance with the business arrangements, should enter for our evening course—in session every evening (excepted), 7 to 9. Apply to H. HARRY PEPPER, Conductor of Shortland Department, St. John Business College and Shortland Institute.

Trimmed and Untrimmed Bonnets and Hats AT UNHEARD OF PRICES. These having not yet purchased would well to visit.

MME. KANE'S Store 205 UNION STREET, where they are certain to be suited. ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS

IT WILL BE WELCOMED.

A NEW BOOK ON JUDGE HALIBURTON.

Superior Qualifications of the Biographer, Mr. F. Blake Crofton—Some of the Reasons Why the Work Needed to be Done—Provincial and Foreign Appreciations.

The title of this article might seem to imply that works on the subject of the Clockmaker were common. In so far as it does so it is a misnomer. Excepting a paragraph in the Encyclopedia Britannica, a confused and misleading table in Morgan's Bibliotheca Canadensis fugitive allusions in contemporary literature and, within the last four years, newspaper reports of lectures, definite information about Judge Haliburton is very scarce. Probably no man who has made his mark in the literature of his country so strong and sure as Haliburton has gained less than he from the labors of editor, critic and biographer.

The late Joseph Howe, speaking at the Shakespeare tercentenary in Halifax, in 1864, commenting in his pointed way upon the early recognition of genius, remarked of Robert Burns, that, years after the poet had passed away and, and his loquacious life and sharpness of speech (and his enemies withal) were mostly forgotten,



JUDGE HALIBURTON.

Scotland awoke to the fact that she had produced a great poet and patriot. With all due respect to the orator, however, the truth is that Burns was exceptionally favored in this respect. It was his luck to arouse in most of the eminent men of his time whom he met a lively curiosity as to his career, as well as keen and heart-felt admiration of his varied powers; and there were not wanting generous-minded memoirists, who, as soon as the breath was out of Burns' body, and the fear of his calling upon them for assistance, in the way of money or otherwise, was thus provisionally forever removed, hastened voluminously and in minutest detail to inform the world what a fine fellow and a great genius he was. In fact, Burns' position among the world's authors was as well ascertained, and his services to "Auld Scotia," were as thoroughly acknowledged within five years after his death as they will ever be. Lockhart, writing a few years later, commentarily remarked that the number of things which had been said about Burns by men of his own order of talent would fill a volume.

The words of Howe are, at all events, singularly appropriate as applied to his friend Tom Haliburton, the bon vivant, wit and whole-souled fellow whom Howe celebrates in some of his happiest lyrical strains. Haliburton has been dead well on to a quarter of a century without anything like so much as a passable memoir of him being prepared by any of those who knew him and among whom he moved. He had no literary executor, no clique to battle for his opinions, no friend even to collect and edit his scattered works, which have been left to make their own way. The books have had to hustle for themselves, the opinions to be used by those who could understand and appreciate them. Now at length, although Mr. Crofton modestly disclaims the toil and honors of a biographer, we have to announce the appearance within a few weeks of a competent study of Haliburton. The Haliburton club, of Windsor, N. S., have arranged with Mr. F. Blake Crofton, provincial librarian, to publish his Study of Haliburton, The Man and Writer, which work engaged the attention of the Nova Scotia Historical Society on two evenings last winter with great acceptance. This is no off-hand performance, but a carefully matured estimate of Haliburton's work. Nearly four years ago, when I made Mr. Crofton's acquaintance, he had already outlined his essay and was making diligent inquiries about this subject. The Haliburton club deems itself fortunate in having secured for the initial number of a contemplated series of original works bearing on Canadian letters, the services of an accomplished critic and author. The acquisition of this gentleman as an active member of the club is the more important from his having received his education and training abroad. He is thus freed from a possible charge of local vanity in having secured a high opinion of his subject.

Knowledge and appreciation of Haliburton's work is, however, much more frequently to be met with in Europe than on this side of the water. Five or six years ago, one day whilst I was walking down past the plaster quarries in Windsor, in company with a clever and learned professor of King's college, he wagged his head in the direction of Clifton cottage and asked whether anybody knew anything about that man that used to live up there. He got to know something about the judge, though, and afterwards said that Haliburton's career was the most interesting chapter in the history of Nova Scotia.

In pleasing contrast to such negligence, common enough amongst otherwise educated provincials, was the degree of information possessed by a divinity professor, of Oxford, whose company I enjoyed in the autumn of 1885, whilst travelling in the cars from Cologne to Brussels. This gentleman showed a remarkable degree of acquaintance with Haliburton, whose works, he said, were in his library, and whom he remembered seeing at Oxford when the doctor's degree was conferred upon the judge. The Oxford professor knew King's college, Windsor, merely by the token that Haliburton had there been educated.

The Haliburton club was started early in 1884. The name of Haliburton was chosen

SOLOMON IN HIS GLORY

WAS NOT ARRAYED LIKE ONE OF THESE DUDES.

The Englishman and His American "Old Chapple" Compare Notes on Fashions and Tell Each Other About the Last Sweet Thing in Stockings.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

BOSTON, Jan. 16.—The parlor of the Dudalette club, might seem bare and unpicturesque to some visitors, but it proves inviting to its dude members, and when it is remembered that they are not exactly moneyed men, and bear a great strain on their incomes to keep up appearances, it will be seen that they cannot contribute so largely toward their club as their natural fondness for things luxurious would otherwise lead them to do. The furnishings approach to elegance, however, and the members have not allowed themselves to be discouraged because the fund is small, or because of the strange fact that upholsterers and others never seem anxious to sell except for cash.

Picture a room about 14x20 feet, with painted floor, and in the centre of the floor a rug about 2x3 1/2 feet. A large, square table stands at one end of the room. At the other there is a full length mirror, not "plate" of course, but one that reflects nicely and stands constant use. Ten or a dozen "easy" chairs are scattered here and there. You see the room as it is.

I had dropped in on a recent evening and was looking about me, when two fashionable gentlemen seated themselves on either side of the square table and settled down for a smoke and chat. One was a native, a Boston dude, the other his guest "just out" from London. When their conversation turned to "fashions" of the present day, as it soon did, it struck me I might hear something worth repeating to other fashionables, so I remained, and soon became interested. I regret that I am unable to imitate the tones and pronunciation for the benefit of any who have never been charmed by hearing dudes talk.

"Is it true," asked the American, "that you indulge in frilled and tucked shirt-fronts again, old fella?"

"Ha, ha!" laughed the Englishman. "Not exactly, ye' know. 'Plain bosoms,' as you Americans call them, are always a 'standby' with us. They are worn with one stud or three. Our tailors favor one stud, but, ye' know, the Prince of Wales is an 'old fogey' and horribly stubborn (mamma's own boy, ye' know, ha! ha!)." and he simply will not forsake the conventional three studs. Considering his position, we are forced, ye' know, to accept him as guiding star in fashions—can't very well help it, don't ye' know—so, generally, plain fronts and three studs are worn. But, lately, quite a lot of us fellows feel that we must have a change—we are beastly tired, ye' know, of the same old fashions—so we wear, occasionally, pleated shirts. They are quite the thing; 32 small pleats. Awfully pretty."

"Must be! I shall get some."

"What is the latest fad here, deah boy?"

"Egad! nothing startling. We wear your loose style of pants, and slightly baggy overcoats; and for evening 'get up' we wear 'plain bosoms' and three studs, but only one on other occasions. Instead of plain vests we have a rage just now for waistcoats of silk or of satin, embroidered. I think you'd admire them."

"Why, yaas; I'm sure I should!"

"We wear soft cambric bows for evening dress, instead of your stiff English ties."

"Yaas? That's a good idea; more graceful."

"Speaking of embroidery, we Americans are very fond of that sort of thing. Gay initials and monograms on one's handkerchiefs are quite the thing. Then we are very fussy about the mode of dressing our feet. Slate-blue, old-gold striped, and the new terra cotta are the latest shades in hose, and our boots and shoes are poems, really."

The English dude thought he'd like to see the hosiery, boots and shoes, down town next day. Then he asked: "Have you that line of braid down the leg of evening pants, yet?"

"Yes, some of our best tailors suggest it—and also a collarless coat, which is, I believe, English."

"Oh, be jove, yaas? but they will only answer for big duffers. Men of slight build" [and here he gazed admiringly in the mirror] "can never wear them—too trying ye' know, with neither collar nor lappels."

The Boston gentleman had arisen, and with under jaw dropped and mouth open, in that bright, intelligent way common among dudes, surveyed his attenuated but graceful form in the glass, and then remarked: "Oh, duncedly trying. Makes a fellow's chest look weak."

"Have you heard of our new driving coat? No? It is perfectly lovely! And the best of it, costs like the dickens, so those beastly dry goods cads can't afford even an imitation." Then the Englishman proceeded to describe it minutely, as follows: "It is double-breasted, warmly lined and has light rows of stitching around the edge of the garment. The fronts are double stitched; the sleeves have eight rows to match the edges; the collar is velvet, edged with cloth, and it and four outside pockets are also stitched."

"Must be awfully nice thing. We have something new in driving-gloves; double

finger tips; such a protection to manicured finger nails."

"They must be, indeed," said the English dude. "How are you in canes and umbrellas out here?"

"Oh, be jove! we have something sweet. Here's mine, by the bye," and he produced a silk umbrella with a handle of such convenient size that he held it nicely with both hands. "Our canes are quite as lovely."

"Really! you Americans are quite up to us. On the whole, Mr. Rattlepate, our fashions compare very well, don't they? ha! ha!"

"Yes, dear fella. Ah-h, let us wine together now, eh?" and they withdrew from Dudalette club parlor. FRANK.

IN MEMORY OF FRANK MILLER.

The Beautiful Rood Screen Placed in St. George's Church, Bathurst.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

BATHURST, Jan. 16.—St. George's church has been adorned and beautified by a new rood screen which was placed in position and dedicated Christmas eve.

This feature in the architectural and ritual furnishing of churches is a good old English one, and may be seen in most of the cathedrals and in many ancient parish churches. In this province some creditable specimens are to be found. Perhaps the finest one is that in St. Anne's church, Fredericton, built by the present metropolitan on his first coming to this diocese, as his own chapel, there being no cathedral. It is of English oak, and is very richly ornamented. The symbolic meaning of the screen is the passage of death, which separates the church militant from the church triumphant and expectant; through which the souls of the faithful pass to the nearer presence of their Lord and His higher worship. A screen of very superior plan and of much effectiveness, can be seen at the Mission church. It was designed by Black of Boston. There are also screens at St. Andrew's, Newcastle, and St. Andrew's, Petitcodiac.

In the present case the screen has been given as a memorial. It will bear a brass, engraved plate with the inscription:

To the Glory of God; And in Loving Memory of FRANK J. MILLER. Obiit Dec. 10th, 1881, Aet. 21 years. Jesu Merce.

In the shocking railway disaster at Carquet bridge, Frank Miller, chairman, met with sudden death. His brother and sister have given, upon the first anniversary, this memorial, to the church where he worshipped. It is made of black ash, polished. There are side bays, and central arch, or gable. On each side is a parapet as high as the choir seats, of tongued and grooved vertically-boarded panels, surmounted by an open trizee of quatrefoils and trefoil ridged battlements. In the central space are gates of the same pattern. From this lower part rise heavy, turned and carved posts, supporting heavy top beams much ornamented. Under these at each side are four small arches notched, and pierced in the corners with long, narrow, lancet-like openings. The arch over the central space is wider and higher, and is set in gabled beams, from the centre of which rises the rood, five feet high, of heavy, plain design. The work was done by Messrs. Ross & McPherson, of Sussex, who are becoming well known for their skill in doing church work in the wooden line. Most of the handsome work, in the way of pulpits, altars, reredoses, etc., has been done by them. By-the-by, the Mission church screen was of their workmanship. Their work is well done, of properly dried lumber, and of reasonable price. St. George's church has now one of the most beautiful and perfect interiors in the diocese.

Blown in by the Wind.

The Glasgow and London calendar, Thomas Vanwart, Portland, agent, and the London and Lancashire, from the same gentleman, are on Progress' desk. Also some prominent blotters from proprietor McSweeney of the Brunswick house, Moncton. The London Assurance sends out a very neat pocket diary and calendar, through Mr. R. W. W. Frink, and the same gentleman has some fine office calendars from the first-class Canadian companies which he represents.

No Decrease to be Found.

A well-known gentleman, who has figured in his official and private capacity before the public, doesn't buy Progress any more. He borrows it, and reads it from the first to the eighth page. That's what he says, and his boast will probably continue as long as his friends continue to lend him the paper. Meanwhile the circulation hasn't decreased.

There Was no Money in Him.

"He smoked my ten cent cigars," said a druggist, speaking of a recent exoduster, "until they got too poor for him, and then he went somewhere else where they sold two for a quarter. I lost his trade, you see, but I didn't shed a single tear over it."—And the druggist winked a wink of dark and mysterious significance.

Doing a Splendid Work.

Progress spares no expense in procuring portraits of the historic characters and prominent men of the maritime provinces and is doing a splendid work in writing up maritime men, cities and industries.—Halifax Herald.

Evening Dress Wear.

NOW SHOWING:

THE LATEST COLORINGS in NEW FABRICS for SEASON 1889.

PONGEE SILKS, SATIN DUCHESS, SATIN MERVEILLEUX, PLUSHES, MOIRE FRANCAIS;

TINSEL SPOT NETS, CHENILLE SPOT NETS, POINT D'ESPRI NETS, spots and stripes;

SEVENTY-TWO inch PLAIN NETS, in the new shades;

WHITE BEADED NETS, BLACK BEADED NETS;

WHITE BEADED LACE, WHITE and GOLD DRESS FRONTS;

COLORS and WHITE MECHLIN;

BLACK, WHITE and CREAM FLOUNCINGS and ALLOVERS;

BLACK SILK GRENADEINE, Stripes and Checks;

NOVELTIES IN HOSIERY, GLOVES, RIBBONS and LACES.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.

DO YOU WANT A NEW RANGE,

—OR—

Cook Stove?

If so, we invite your attention to our Stock, which comprises

THE LATEST AND BEST IN THE MARKET.

We guarantee all the Goods we sell to be as represented, and

OUR PRICES ARE LOW.

We solicit comparison of values from all interested in securing the best goods at the LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

EMERSON & FISHER, Stoves and Kitchen Hardware,

75 and 79 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

STOVE REPAIRING AND JOBBING attended to promptly by competent men.

FOR GOOD VALUE

IN

Union and All-Wool Grey Flannels; Ladies' and Children's Wove

Hosiery; Ladies' Vests; Black and Colored Cashmeres;

Gloves; Jerseys and Jersey Coats, Embroidered

Cloth Table Covers; Gent's Ribbed

Shirts and Pants, etc., etc.,

—GO TO—

PITTS' General Dry Goods Store,

179 UNION STREET. 179

DR. SCOTT'S

Electric Hair Curler.

LADIES who wish to quickly Bang, Crimp or Curl the Hair, by a new method, should have one of these new inventions.

For sale by

A. CHIPMAN SMITH & CO., Charlotte Street.

TWEED

WATERPROOF COATS

With Sewed and Taped Seams:

We are now showing the Latest London Styles in

Gents' Tweed Rubber Coats,

Made with above great improvements.

ALSO—A Full Line of LADIES LONDON CLOAKS in newest styles.

ESTEY, ALLWOOD & CO., 68 Prince Wm. Street.

The Cigar

LITTLE KING.

TAYLOR & DOCKRILL,

84 --- King Street --- 84

T. J. McPHERSON,

181 UNION STREET,

GROCER.

FRUITS A SPECIALTY.

Havana and Domestic CIGARS.

I have a complete assortment now in stock, in boxes and half-boxes: 100,000 HAVANA and DOMESTICS.

THOS. L. BOURKE, 11 and 12 Water Street.

SPENCER'S

Standard Dancing Academy.

CLASSES for beginners will open on TUESDAY, October 26th, as follows: Afternoon, Ladies, Masters and Misses, at 2:30; Ladies and Gentlemen at 8 o'clock, in the evening. Pupils must make application for terms. A. L. SPENCER, Teacher, Donville Building.

BUSINESS MEN,

CRUIKSHANK'S DINNERS

Are the Best

AND CHEAPEST IN THE CITY.

The best the market affords always on hand

P. A. CRUIKSHANK, 40 GERMALN STREET, Opposite Market Building.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCY,

115 Sydney Street, opp. Victoria School.

MRS. H. M. DIXON, Stamping, Pinking and Fancy Work done to order.

Opposite Market Building.

NEW FALL GOODS.

Just Received, a Large Stock of

FALL GOODS

For Overcoats, Pants, Suits, Etc.,

IN ALL THE NEWEST PATTERNS.

Call and see our Cloths.

JAMES KELLY, CUSTOM TAILOR, 34 Dock Street.

GO TO

Page, Smalley & Ferguson's,

Gold and Silver Watches,

Fine Gold Jewelry,

Silver and Plated Goods

CLOCKS and BRONZES,

Spectacles, Eye Glasses, Etc.

43 King Street.

Take Care

OF YOUR FACE AND HEAD

McINTYRE,

AT THE

ROYAL HOTEL BARBER SALOON,

KEEPS THE BEST

Face and Hair Washes

IN THE CITY.

Sample bottles upon application. Don't fail to give them a trial.

D. J. McINTYRE - - - 36 King Street.

CAFE ROYAL,

Domville Building,

Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets.

MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS.

DINNER A SPECIALTY.

Pool Room in Connection.

WILLIAM CLARK.

JUST THE ARTICLE

—FOR—

Tea and Coffee.

SWEET CREAM.

CAN BE HAD EVERY DAY AT THE

Oak Farm Dairy Butter Store,

19 CHARLOTTE STREET.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCY,

115 Sydney Street, opp. Victoria School.

MRS. H. M. DIXON, Stamping, Pinking and Fancy Work done to order.

Opposite Market Building.

THE... Now best... The best... For every... Some day... Why we... A dream of... Across the... A vision of... But we sh... Up roars th... Long rest... Henceforth... But we sh... And when t... Bewick's... Their trib... For we sh... In vain for... The hom... The watch... For we sh... —Charles G... HIS... 'Tis Ev... The spea... years old... making o... confessed w... It was th... mer's day... with its o... and sendi... upland lay... yet busy r... Mark an... spend ur... spot, the... while half... was the... beating its... upon the gr... This after... the air had... the upland... present des... suddenly we... alone upon... some wild f... She had... ever behel... singular e... hazel eye... winsome ri... and soft... resting up... worth of... Her dress... lously clea... poverty bec... Mark and... the child, a... 'Who ar... To which... garding us... 'Tis Ev... 'And wh... For reply... dimpled ar... her rose-bu... tion of her... built, hand... than four-... glad love o... upon his; n... passed on, h... tossed her l... striding on... being twice... curly hair... 'Evan Ro... Who was... too young... her brother... scarcely hav... heart?' ye... beamed in t... My curios... evening or... dinner, I sa... 'Pray, M... Routh?' She regar... then replied... 'One of the... hand.' 'And who... Evan Routh... Mrs. Fen... looked grave... 'Ah, I un... Winnie.' 'Yes,' sai... asking what... Routh. 'Just no... orphan,' s... like this... A Evan Routh... Fred Piers... find in the... will and va... many lives... Evan Routh... us that he... had as good... king's sailo... jilted Evan R... 'It was a... the poor you... repented it... loved her as... 'Well, ma... to take ma... man was a... the two went... gale and d... washed ash... She was too... but her infant

Dress Wear.

HOWING: NEW FABRICS for SEASON 1889, SATIN MERVEILLEUX, FLUSHES, SPOT NETS, POINT D'ESPRIT NETS, in the new shades; GRADED NETS; and GOLD DRESS FRONTS;

INGS AND ALLOVERS; Checks; GLOVES, RIBBONS and LACES. PERTSON & ALLISON.

A NEW RANGE,

Cook Stove?

If so, we invite your attention to our Stock, which comprises

BEST IN THE MARKET.

Goods we sell to be priced, and PRICES ARE LOW.

Stoves and Kitchen Hardware, WILLIAM STREET.

VALUE

Ladies' and Children's Wove and Colored Cashmeres; Jersey Coats, Embroidered; Gent's Ribbed; etc., etc.,

General Dry Goods Store, STREET. 179

NEW FALL GOODS.

Just Received, a Large Stock of FALL GOODS For Overcoats, Pants, Suits, Etc., IN ALL THE NEWEST PATTERNS.

JAMES KELLY, CUSTOM TAILOR, 24 Dock Street.

Page, Smalley & Ferguson's,

Gold and Silver Watches, Fine Gold Jewelry, Silver and Plated Goods, CLOCKS and BRONZES, Spectacles, Eye Glasses, Etc.

43 King Street.

Take Care OF YOUR FACE AND HEAD

McINTYRE, ROYAL HOTEL BARBER SALOON, KEEPS THE BEST

Face and Hair Washes IN THE CITY.

CAFE ROYAL,

Domville Building, Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets.

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

WILLIAM CLARK, JUST THE ARTICLE

Tea and Coffee, SWEET CREAM.

Oak Farm Dairy Butter Store, 13 CHARLOTTE STREET.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCY, 115 Sydney Street, opp. Victoria School.

MRS. H. M. DIXON, Stamping, Fitting and Fancy Work done to order.

THE KEEPERS OF THE PASS.

Now hear the branchy barriers up; No more for us shall pass. The plow-logs on the happy hearth, For we shall not return.

For us no morrow's dawn shall break; Our sons and wives shall learn; Some day from lips of flying scot Why we shall not return.

A dream of children's laughter comes Across the father's slack, A vision of familiar street— But we shall not go back.

Up roars the painted storm once more; Long rest we soon shall earn. Henceforth the city safe may sleep— But we shall not return.

And when our last has fallen in blood Betwixt these waters black, Their rite shall no more last for war— For we shall not turn back.

In vain for us the town shall wait, The home-dear faces yearn, The watchers in the steeple watch— For we shall not return.

—Charles G. D. Roberts, in Trinity University Review.

HIS SWEETHEART.

"I see Evan Routh's sweetheart." The speaker was a child of about five years old, seated on a high haycock, and making one of the prettiest pictures we

It was the declining afternoon of a summer's day. The sun, flaring as it appeared with its own heat, was nearing the horizon, and sending its slanting rays upon the large upland hayfield, where the haymakers were yet busy raking and tossing the hay.

Mark and I had come to Lylworth to spend our honeymoon. It was a lovely spot, the inland scenery being romantic, while half a mile off from where we lodged was the sea, flowing over golden sands, and beating itself at times, during high winds, upon the broad brown cliffs.

This afternoon the sweet odor that filled the air had attracted us to the hayfield on the upland, and we were entering a part at present deserted by the haymakers, when suddenly we had come upon a child perched alone upon a haycock, playing with some wild flowers in her lap.

She had one of the sweetest faces I had ever beheld—childlike, and yet with a singular earnestness in her large, clear, hazel eyes; nut-brown golden hair formed wavy ringlets about her white forehead and soft, dimpled throat; while lightly resting upon it was a carelessly made wreath of "fairy" grass and wild flowers. Her dress was of the plainest, but scrupulously clean, and with a taste that made its poverty becoming.

Mark and I had been both struck with the child, and Mark had said, "Who are you, little one?" To which she had answered, gravely regarding us: "I see Evan Routh's sweetheart."

"And who is Evan Routh?" I inquired. For reply she extended both her little dimpled arms, giving a cry of delight with her rose-bud lips, "looking in the direction of her gaze, we saw a bronzed, well-built, handsome young fellow of not more than four-and-twenty approaching. The glad love on the child's face was reflected upon his; making a half inclination as he passed us, he approached the little mite, tossed her lightly on his shoulder, and went striding on across the field, one baby arm being twined round his head of dark, crisp, curly hair.

"Evan Routh's sweetheart." Who was he? Who was she? Was he too young to be her father? Could he be her brother? In either case she would scarcely have termed herself "sweetheart"; yet what a strong affection had beamed in the faces of both!

My curiosity was aroused, and when that evening our landlady was removing the dinner, I said: "Pray, Mrs. Fennith, who is Evan Routh?" She regarded me with a little surprise, then replied: "One of the fishers, ma'am, down in the hamlet."

"We all said it would 'a' been a mercy had it died too, for there was no money, and not a relation left to it—nor a friend in the world." We were wrong there, however. Evan Routh, for his great love for the girl who had so cruelly jilted him, took the infant, and paid a woman to bring it up. Now it lives with him in the cottage as if it was his own little daughter, and he just spoils her."

"I suppose," said Mark, "the conclusion will be that Evan Routh will marry her when she is old enough."

"Dear no, sir, he'll be too wise; why, he's 20 years older than she. She's her mother's daughter in more than face I don't doubt, and when she gets lovers will like a younger, sprightlier man than he'll be able to get."

When we left Lylworth we were so delighted with it that we declared our holiday outing should be spent there next year. But, as is often the case, many things intervened; we were attracted elsewhere, and it was not until fifteen years later that our children having been invited for the summer holidays to a friend's, Mark and I resolved, as we were alone, to spend our wedding-day anniversary, and—outing at Lylworth. We found our former apartments obtainable, and one of my first queries of our landlady was of Evan Routh and Evan Routh's sweetheart.

"Is he married?" I asked. "Married! Dear! Ma'am, he'll never be married. He loved once; he'll never again."

"And Winnie? Is she still as pretty?" "Is she married?" "She's just beautiful, ma'am! Her mother was nothing to her; for she is so sweet and good and true. Married? Oh, no; she's had lovers enough for any girl to pick from, but she refuses them all."

"Why?" "Mrs. Fennith paused, then said: "Well, ma'am, I believe she loves no one in this world like Evan Routh, though he be 20 years older."

"And he?" "She's all in all to him. We all know that. She's just like the breath of his life, only he feels he's too old; and that she should have a younger man. He's given her every chance to get one; but— Well, I fancy, ma'am, your good husband was right, and that may be a match between them after all, though he is old enough to 'a' been her father."

The next day I saw Winnie. She was beautiful indeed, with none of the sweetest, purest of expressions. Of course she did not recognize me, but I resolved to make her acquaintance on the morrow.

That evening, however, a sudden and fearful tempest broke over Lylworth. No one could sleep. Those who were in bed got up, again and dressed. Mark and I went down to the shore, for the sea was a sight to behold.

Among the crowd I saw Evan Routh, and Winnie leaning on his arm, while he protected her from the fierce wind. Bronzed, weather-beaten, and handsome, he looked certainly more like her father. They didn't look lovers.

Suddenly, through the gloom and under driving wrack, there appeared an object which made every woman utter a cry, and every man sharply draw his breath. It was a ship—a doomed ship—being driven on to the rocks.

Soon she showed signals of distress, seeking help from the shore. One man alone answered the appeal—Evan Routh.

Striding forward, facing round to the others, he cried: "Ladies, who's ready of you to go with me to try to save yonder ship? Think, mates, there may be women and children on board!"

There was silence. "What?" he cried. "Is there not a man among you? Am I to go by myself?" "No; not if I can be of any use."

I uttered a cry, for the speaker was Mark. "Thank you, sir," replied Evan Routh. "You've got the courage, but not the skill. You're not used to the sea, so would be in the way. But you've shamed these fellows into pluck."

Three or four had stepped forward, and soon they began to run the boat down, though an old fisher remarked: "It's just foolhardy madness; no boat could live in such a sea."

My fears allayed respecting Mark, I looked at Winnie; she stood like a statue, her hands clasped, her head slightly inclined forward, her beautiful features rigid as stone, her lips tightened, her eyes dilated; they were fixed on Evan Routh.

farther down the beach some fishers drew out one and uttered no cry. Mark could not stay me; I felt excited, and I listened to the spot. Oh, heaven! there he lay—handsome, calm, as in sleep—the man who had so bravely risked his life for others—Evan Routh—dead!

The men in their hearts' deep sympathy could utter no sound. But somehow the truth was divined, and others formed a ring around. Abruptly there was a movement, a whisper: "Keep the poor lass back." "Keep her back? Would it have been possible?"

Winnie had guessed who lay there. Her hair loose, and tossed by the wind; her head bowed; her features stony; but now rigid with grief, an agony that could utter no sound!—she broke her way through, and looked upon the body.

One low, appalling cry, piercing every heart, broke from her lips. She sank on her knees, then dropped over the dead fisher, her face on his wet breast, her arms about him tight—tight!

Then—silence! Was she weeping? Was her sorrow too deep for tears? Had she found temporary relief from misery to unconsciousness? A space was waited. Then a woman, stooping to her, stooping, gently raised her, saying: "Come, dear lass! take comfort. The Lord's will be done! If man ever went to glory, he has, for he died trying to save others."

The girl made no resistance, uttered no word. "Pretty! my wife and sprang to light a light. As I called her name she suddenly awoke and called out: 'What is that bright light in your room?' I lit the gas and searched; there had been no light burning in either room. Everything was undisturbed."

"My wife left on the early train. I attended to my work as usual. At noon, when I reached home, the servant who answers the door informed me that a man had been to my office to see about a certificate for a young lady who had died suddenly early that morning from a hemorrhage of the lungs. She died about 1 o'clock; the figure I saw about 4 o'clock. There was little resemblance between the two that I noticed except height and figure. It was very clear—the figure or apparition—at first, but rapidly faded. My wife remarked the light before I had spoken anything except her name."

"I inclose my wife's statement as requested. The parents of the young lady who died are ignorant and superstitious, and I can get no statement out of them."

The letter of Mrs. S. is as follows: "On the morning of Sept. 4, I was suddenly awakened out of a sound sleep by my husband's calling to me from an adjoining room. Before I answered him I was struck with the fact, although the green shade to his window was drawn down, his room seemed flooded by a soft, yellow light. The first thing I said was: 'What is that light?' He replied he didn't know. I then got up and went into his room, which was still quite light. The light faded away in a moment or two. The shade was down all the time. When I went back to my room I saw that it was a few moments after 4."

"My husband seemed greatly perplexed and said: 'How strange! I thought surely there was a woman in my room.' I said: 'Did you think so?' He said: 'At first, of course, I thought so, but when I rubbed my eyes I saw it was not.' He said, moreover, that the figure never seemed to look directly at him, but toward the wall behind his bed, and that the figure seemed clothed in white or something very light. That was all he said, except that he, when he knew the girl was dead and I asked him if the figure at all resembled her, he said: 'Yes, it did look like her, only older.'"

Cruel Treachery. "Ethel," said Lionel Bertram Jones, as he dropped the slip of bread in the plate with a noise that set the canary in the gilt cage overhead chirping merrily, "Ethel, I have something to say to you."

"They had been married only four weeks, and the time had not yet arrived when she did all the saying. "Do you remember the day on which I proposed to you?"

"Yes," she replied. "I will never forget it." "Do you remember," he went on, as he abstractedly drilled a hole in the loaf with the point of a carving knife, "how, when I rang the bell to come to the door with your fingers sticky with dough, and said you thought it was your little brother who wanted to get in?"

"Yes." "How could I? What?" she responded, as a guilty look crept into her face. "How could you make me the victim of such a bluff?"—Merchant Traveler.

A Vassar Dialogue. Senior—Why have you left off chewing gum, Millie? Junior (with an anxious smile)—Just swallowed it.—Burlington Free Press.

THE HAPPY DANCE. Is this the girl I knew, So proud, so lonely? Who thrilled me through and through, If she spoke only? So fair, so fine was she, So far away from me— Now her eyes shine for me— Shine for me only.

Is this the face I knew, Its secret keeping? Are these the eyes too blue (I thought) for weeping? Dim are the eyes I see— When she looks up at me— 'Tis a wear her weeping.

But last night the fiddles played A tune that never before Any fiddle in mortal hands had played As we went over the floor, I bent and spoke a word; And never an answer came, But a blush that was hid in her heart had heard, And lit in a sudden flame. It lit a sudden flame— That lit her lover's life— Sweep higher, O fiddle-bows, higher and higher! She is to be my wife!

KID GLOVES—Equal to Josephine.

"Yes, it seems unreasonable," BUT IT IS QUITE TRUE, THAT WE French Kid Glove for 64c. ARE SHOWING A 4-Button which, in point of actual wearing value, we guarantee equal to any "JOSEPHINE" GLOVE ever made.

The secret is in the fact that we are the Selling Agents for the Makers (there being no between profits.) It comes direct from the tables of the Manufacturer to our counters, and is sold on a simple COMMISSION PROFIT.

We will send them PREPAID to any address, and if not satisfactory they may be returned at our expense, and we will refund the money by first return post.

FAIRALL & SMITH.

LeB. ROBERTSON, General Agent for Albany Perforated Paper Company. M. FROST & CO., Show Cases. CAESAR BROS., Enamelled Letters. 154 Prince William Street, St. John, N. B.

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY.

Commencing January 7, 1889. PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE INTER-COLONIAL RAILWAY STATION, ST. JOHN, at 12.30 p. m.—Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; for Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Hamilton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls and Edmundston.

MOORE'S Almond and Cucumber Cream, SOFTENING AND BEAUTIFYING THE SKIN. It will cure Chapped Hands, Face and Lips. It cools the skin when hot, dry or painful from exposure to sun or wind, or heated by exercise.

A NICE LOT OF PERFUMES, In Bulk, JUST RECEIVED AT T. A. CROCKETT'S, 162 Princess, Cor. Sydney Street.

THE PEERLESS FOUNTAIN PEN. Has all the requisites of a PERFECT FOUNTAIN PEN. A FINE FLOW OF INK. ALWAYS READY TO WRITE.

ALFRED MORRISEY, 104 King Street. BARRISTERS-AT-LAW, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES PUBLIC, ETC. Pugsley's Building, Rooms 14, 15 and 16 Cor. Prince William and Princess streets.

R. O'SHAUGHNESSY & CO., Manufacturers of and Dealers in Trunks, Bags & Valises, Fishing Tackle. 83 Germain Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.

GENERAL AGENCY FOR THE Province of New Brunswick OF The Commercial Union Assurance Co. (Limited), OF LONDON, and Phoenix Insurance Co., of Brooklyn.

A. C. FAIRWEATHER, CHAS. J. TOWNEY, Barristers-at-Law, General Agent. Sub-Agent. BARNHILL'S BUILDING, ST. JOHN, N. B.

HORSE BLANKETS, For Fall and Winter. Surcingle, Halters, Etc., ROBB'S HARNESS SHOP, 204 Union Street.

S. B. FOSTER & SON, MANUFACTURERS OF Cut Nails and Cut Spikes, Tacks, Brads Finishing Nails, Shoe and Hungarian Nails, etc. Office, Warehouse and Manufactory: GEORGES STREET, St. John, N. B.

BEST Violin Strings, PERSONALLY SELECTED For Sale Cheap.

MORTON L. HARRISON, No. 99 KING STREET. LIBRARY always in stock.

Flour and Feed Store. Wheat, Flour, Buckwheat, RYE, CORN, OATS, BEAN, SHORTS, From the best mills. Always on hand.

R. & F. S. FINLEY, Attorney, Solicitor, Notary, etc. OFFICES: COR. PRINCE AND PRINCE Wm. STREETS, ST. JOHN, N. B.

ST. JOHN TELEPHONE CO. A representative of the Company will be at the office of the Provincial Oil Co., Robertson Place, where those wishing to subscribe may sign subscribers' list.

ST. JOHN TELEPHONE CO. A representative of the Company will be at the office of the Provincial Oil Co., Robertson Place, where those wishing to subscribe may sign subscribers' list.

PROGRESS

EDWARD S. CARTER, Editor. WALTER L. SAWYER, Editor.

SUBSCRIPTIONS, \$1 a year, in advance; 50 cents for six months; 25 cents for three months; free by carrier or mail. Papers will be stopped promptly at the expiration of time paid for.

ADVERTISING RATES will be given on application. The edition of PROGRESS is now so large that it is necessary to put the inside pages to press on Thursday, and no changes of advertisements will be received later than 10 a. m. of that day. Advertisers will forward their own interests by sending their copy as much earlier than this as possible.

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

The composition and presswork of this paper are done by union men.

EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher. Office: No. 27 Canterbury St. (Telegraph Building)

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

CIRCULATION, 5,000.

SOMETHING FOR THE FUTURE.

In a short time PROGRESS will begin the publication of an interesting series of sketches of maritime business men and their success. Each sketch will be illustrated in some way.

We have found that few features of PROGRESS have as strong a hold upon the public as our illustrations. So far they have not covered a wide range, but have been mainly limited to leading gentlemen of the professions.

It is just as difficult for a commercial man to make a success of life and his business as it is for a professional. In many cases the latter has the advantage, and with less brains and less energy makes a mark in the world, while his unfortunate and unsuccessful commercial brother just manages to exist.

It is important, in our judgment, that the rising commercial generation should have the greater consideration. It is our aim to place before them and the people the best examples of commercial success. It may be that sometimes our judgment will be at fault—whose is not?—but in the main we feel confident of succeeding in the undertaking.

And in conclusion, though perhaps the statement is unnecessary, let us remark that we propose to make our own selections. Money won't buy a place in the series, if a man is not worthy of the honor, and if he is he can keep his money in his pocket. We are doing this not for anything else but to increase the popularity of PROGRESS, and in doing so we will give its tens of thousands of readers the best paper they can get.

LET HER SIMMER.

A very interesting and pithy letter has reached us anent Mayor THORNE and civic politics. There is one great fault with it—the writer forgot to sign his name, therefore it does not appear.

As yet, the civic political pot gives no sign of boiling over. It is keeping a pretty even heat and to heap more coal upon the fire might be an injudicious proceeding.

There is no doubt that Mayor HENRY J. THORNE is in the field. And more than that, ladies and gentlemen, until a better man comes forward for your votes he is the candidate.

Warden and Alderman THOMAS WILLIAM PETERS is the only gentleman who is spoken of in connection with the opposition. The people who talk about him may be wholly unauthorized to speak of Alderman PETERS as a candidate. PROGRESS has no information to give upon the subject and advises those who would stir the fire to "Let Her Simmer."

THE PATIENT HAS RECOVERED.

Those who have had the pleasure and the opportunity to feel the business pulse of the city lately find that it is strong and regular.

There isn't any fever about it. It doesn't lack vigor. The patient has recovered.

This is the stock-taking season, and every merchant whose eyes are clear can see right before him the very agreeable fact that the year 1888 was a good one for business.

There is every prospect, that 1889 will be far ahead of it in every respect. The people move with the times, and the times with the people. A thousand and one little things point plainly to success in the future.

St. John is just beginning to get there.

SHOULD BE ABOLISHED.

Why should lawyers be privileged from arrest on mesne process?

It seems that they are, though most people have been under the impression that the privilege was abolished long ago. It still exists, but it should not.

There is a theoretical reason for the privilege, as there is for much else that is non-sensical in law. The presumption is that an attorney's clients will suffer if he is placed under arrest.

As a matter of fact, it is not so. Lawyers who are any good for their clients are not of the class who are likely to be restrained of their liberty. Attorneys who get into trouble because they are in debt

or misbehave themselves are not of the kind for people to intrust with valuable interests.

A physician has tenfold more reason to claim immunity from arrest than an attorney has. No such privilege is given him. The lawyers make laws for themselves first, and other professions afterwards.

It is time the privilege was abolished. It is one of which an honorable man would hesitate to avail himself. It should not exist to be used by others in seeking to evade the consequences of their acts.

Our correspondent, "Terpischore," who writes so entertainingly of social happenings, will be criticised in some quarters for her defence of the custom of offering wine at New Year's receptions. Her's is the society view. The other side of the question was once presented in the words, "It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak." That is the Christian view, and it is the one which we approve. However, opinion is free.

In the municipal council meeting, Tuesday, "Councillor KNOX" moved that the warden be empowered to secure some appliance by which it might be possible to open the main door of the court house. We never thought that the alderman from Prince ward would turn out to be a dynamiter.

MACAULAY'S New Zealander will never have a chance to view the ruins of London, until Britain's coal supply gives out. Thus holds Prof. WALLACE BROAD of St. Stephen. There is comfort in the thought that, after the coal is exhausted, he won't view the ruins very long; he will freeze to death.

Mr. H. PERCY SCOTT, M. A., of Windsor, N. S., has some true and pleasant words to say, elsewhere in this issue, of the late Judge HALBURTON and his biographer, Mr. CROFTON. Our readers will not be slow to recognize the merit of the essay, as well as the engraving which accompanies it.

No man dares to get drunk in Portland, since he has learned that after the rum-sellers take his money the magistrate will gobble his watch. He is afraid that the police will carry it a little further and confiscate his clothes.

Fredericton needs all the Young Men's Christian associations it has room for. While it continues to fight for the Short Line railway, it breaks the ninth commandment into little bits. The Short Line is our "goods."

Grave-robbing is becoming altogether too prevalent in Mississippi. The late JEFFERSON DAVIS was serenaded in Vicksburg, the other night.

The fools are not all dead yet, but since the Electric Sugar Refining company burst a good many of them are wishing they were.

We tender to the goose bone the assurance of our distinguished consideration. It has told the truth about the weather, so far.

TABLET TALKS.

[With apologies to Mr. W. S. Gilbert.]

A more enlightened magistrate never did in the world exist.

To nobody second.

I'm certainly reckoned

A true philanthropist.

It is my very human endeavor

To make, to some extent,

Each evil liver

A running river

Of harmless merriment.

My object all sublime

I shall achieve in time—

To let the punishment fit the crime—

The punishment fit the crime—

And make each prisoner pent

Unwillingly repent

A source of innocent merriment.

Of innocent merriment!

All quarrelsome people who want to wrangle

And hammer and bore

Are chained up together

By very short tether

With the aldermen from ward four.

The highway robber, whom all men flee from—

Who scans the policeman's frown—

Is placed at the order

Of both the recorder

And Mr. Roadmaster Brown.

The loafers who "kill time" on the corner

Are satisfied for their pains,

For time slips by them

When my men spy them

Amid gobbles their witches and chains.

The rascally fraud who sues his debtor

Is bound to come to his oats

When I decree that

He shall agree that

He'll take police-court notes.

The harmless drunkard who longs for whiskey

Shall start at the river

And pickle his liver

In Indian town's bad stuff.

The fiend incarnate who wants to murder

Shall use both his sound and sight

While aldermen hammer

The English grammar.

'Most any Monday night.

The man who gets too full of liquor

And threatens to "wipe the street"

With innocent parties—

I feel his heart is

Much harder than his feet;

So I take the shoes and the stockings off him

And I drive him from dry ground,

To cross on his hands,

Until he's reformed—or drowned.

My object all sublime

I shall achieve in time—

To let the punishment fit the crime—

The punishment fit the crime—

And make each prisoner pent

Unwillingly repent

A source of innocent merriment.

Of innocent merriment!

Advertising Pays—in "Progress"

"PROGRESS"

Is a Good Paper to Advertise in:

BECAUSE it voices the sentiments of enterprising Canadians, is tied to no party, believes in "business" rather than politics, and esteems the good of the people to be the highest law.

BECAUSE every woman reads it. It is the only paper in the Lower Provinces that makes a feature of Society news, devoting nearly a page every week to the social happenings of all the important places in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

BECAUSE every book-buyer, musician, theatre-goer, and sportsman reads it. Its motto is, "Criticism by the Competent," and every department is conducted by a specialist.

BECAUSE everybody who receives it reads every word. PROGRESS spends more money for original contributions than all the other papers in the Lower Provinces combined; has printed 125 original engravings during the last eight months, and is always adding new features to keep the public interested.

BECAUSE it states its circulation in plain figures every week, and guarantees them to be true.

BECAUSE, the paper being cut, and not more than three columns of advertisements printed on any page, every advertiser is sure of "good position."

BECAUSE it is printed on heavy white paper, tastefully displayed and made-up, and is, altogether,

THE BEST AND HANDSOMEST PAPER IN CANADA.

The Guaranteed Weekly Circulation is 5,000 Copies, and extra orders, attracted by the special features for which PROGRESS is noted, usually bring it far above that figure. From May to December, 1888, advertisers gained, in this way, a circulation of 44,000 Copies more than their contracts called for—for which, it should be noted, no extra charge was made.

EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher, No. 27 CANTERBURY STREET, "Telegraph" Building, ST. JOHN, N. B.

THE MIND AND THE BODY

WHY NOT EXERCISE THE ONE AS WELL AS THE OTHER?

Mr. Carter Troop Asserts That There Is No Reason for Supposing that Solomon would Have Approved of Cultivating the Muscle at the Expense of the Brain.

The Honorable P. T. Barnum once remarked to the present writer that people must be amused, and recognizing that fact he did his best to amuse them. And we all know that Mr. Barnum's best is something pretty good. But there are many who do not recognize as clearly as Mr. Barnum does the necessity of amusement, nor are they careful to make provision for the mind's entertainment.

Now, the mind must be entertained if we wish to keep it supple and bright, and to that end it were well if, in choosing amusements, we occasionally chose those bearing some relationship to the mental parts of man. An intellectual pleasure is one of the most precious things in life, and well worth the great cost it sometimes necessitates.

Goethe somewhere remarks that he made it a rule to view some great painting, to hear some grand music, and to read some fine poem every day of his life. It is the privilege of all to be able to read a fine poem every day, but to view a great painting or to listen to grand music is not a privilege of daily occurrence, not by any means. That there is not sufficient entertainment for the mind in ordinary Canadian life is a fact but half-consciously recognized by the many, and those to whom the want is a reality only sigh about it, perhaps, or attribute the short-comings of their country, or, if their means afford it, seek gratification in other lands, doing everything, in short, except making an effort to remedy the evil. Were the same efforts made to further intellectual amusements that are made to further those of a muscular description, the life of the people would soon be appreciably enriched. In amusements in which muscle plays a conspicuous part Canadian life is by no means poor, and they absorb the attention of the youth of both sexes, for mademoiselle, be it understood, sets great store by the man of big biceps. He is named with significant respect in every circle. With the great Hebrew King and author our maidens agree in thinking that the glory of a young man is his strength. And they are quite right, of course. Still, the glorification of strength may be carried a little too far. There is no reason for supposing that Solomon would have approved of cultivating the muscle at the expense of the brain.

A writer in an English magazine, in attempting to defend certain amusements

eminently characteristic of our lower nature, once appealed to his readers to remember human beings were animals, and that the animal must receive due allowance and consideration. But we find that the animal in us is quite capable of taking care of itself; it rarely gets the worst of the compromise which is ever going on between the two natures, and does not often stand in need of championship. No, there is hardly anyone who will be prepared to say that the animal has not fair play amongst us, nor that the well-turned limbs and powerful biceps of the animal do not receive their full share of appreciation; and we provide plenty of amusement for the animal, and do all we can to make him sound in mind and limb. Now let us take equal pains and interest in entertaining the mind.

Fortunately there is an abundance of good books. We can read the best of what has been written in the past, and is being written in the present; we can know the classics of the world and the best modern books, which if they are not exactly classics, are yet the most accurate expression of the best thought of the day,—we can do this and it is much, very much. But books are not enough. The man who reads much must talk much, else he will grow dull. So the art of conversation must receive due attention, and mind must come in active contact with mind. Few people know how to amuse themselves by means of conversation, yet some of the happiest and most stimulating moments of one's life are often spent in the period after supper in the private society of well educated men. The brains of all present are then, as M. Taine says, in a state of agitation and effervescence. But unhappily the character of social entertainments now-a-days is not calculated to give an impetus to the art of conversation. Any lady who would be courageous enough to introduce an imitation of the French salon in Canadian life would confer a blessing upon us, which the more intellectual members of society would not be slow to appreciate. The fashion once set by one having authority in social matters, the success of the salon would be assured. We are satisfied that the art of conversation could be developed in Canada to the same extent that it has been developed in France. It is true the environment is not so stimulating; we suspect, indeed, that the life of the people, even those who dwell in the chief cities, is duller, more narrow, and more unexciting than in analogous places in Great Britain. In Italy there are the opera and love-making; in Germany, philosophy and music; in France, art and the drama, but in Canada there is little yet that intellectually characterizes

Four Special Lines. Four Special Lines. Four Special Lines. Four Special Lines. Four Special Lines.

Dress Goods at 10 cts., formerly 15 cts.; Remnants Dress-Stuffs at selling prices; Remnants Ulsterings at one-third discount; 30 Brass Plaques at 15 cts., were 40 cts.

BARNES & MURRAY, 17 Charlotte Street. 17 Charlotte Street, BARNES & MURRAY.

WE PAY THE CAR FARE. WE PAY THE CAR FARE.

NEW CROCKERY STORE.

C. MASTERS, 94 King Street, - - - St. John, N. B.

RECEIVING NEW GOODS DAILY. Now showing full lines of NEW DESSERT, BREAKFAST, TEA, TOILETTE and PORRIDGE SETS, ROSE JARS, FIGURES; also, a large assortment of Hanging and Stand Lamps. Prices Low. C. MASTERS.

CORSETS.

Try our Justly Celebrated Glove-Fitting Corsets.

Prices Right! Shape Perfect!

Best Materials, Superior Workmanship, Largest Assortment, Durability Guaranteed.

Your special attention is called to our HERRINGBONE CORSET, combining, as it does, all the features of a Perfect Corset.

TRY THEM AND HAVE PERFECT COMFORT.

WALTER SCOTT, 32 and 36 King Square.

Confectionery and Christmas Novelties,

HUGH P. KERR'S, - - Branch Store, KING STREET.

BARLEY SUGAR WHISTLES, VICTORIA CAKE, SPINNING TOPS, ALMOND BAR, BANJOES, MARSHMELLOES, SINGING CANARIES, TRY OUR SUPERIOR JAMS AND JELLIES.

Watches, Cornucopies, Necklaces, Wedding Cake Ornaments, Butterfly Baskets, Chocolate Drops, in fancy boxes, Birds and Animals, Tablets.

And don't fail to get a LITTLE PIC for the Xmas tree; also, a 5lb. box of our XMAS MIXTURE for \$1.00. SOMETHING NICE.

Money Made by Buying your DRY GOODS

KEDEY & CO'S., 77 King Street. BARGAINS NEXT WEEK IN DRESS GOODS, CLOTH SUITINGS, ULSTER CLOTHS and TWEEDS; a full line in Men's and Boys' SHIRTS and DRAWERS, CARDIGAN JACKETS; LADIES' VESTS, FLANNELS, BLANKETS and WOOL GOODS.

At prices that will make you buy. Call and see.

country. There is no reason, however, why this should always be the case. Our surroundings are not altogether wanting in mental exhilaration as it is, and it remains with ourselves to bring about an improvement. Of music and painting we cannot now stop to speak; but before we bring these random remarks to a close, we wish to say one word on behalf of private theatricals. The intellectual stimulus to be found in this delightful amusement, the benefit it does in the way of elocution, and bearing, and manners, and the bringing together of bright young men and graceful maidens united in one common object—all these things tend to make private theatricals the best, or at least one of the very best, of social amusements. It draws out latent ability of the most varied kind, and awakens thoughts and aspirations which might never have been awakened had it not been for the study which theatricals necessitates.—Carter Troop, in Trinity University Review.

SOCL

And the Frederick Sackville Richibito. The v things exemplify days, by pected at of our s the look festivals bably as and sect spect som Whist pa of the cl On the Mr. and small car street eas On the George E their frie Union s Between among DeBury, Judge an Sidney S Coster, M Mr. and E. Vroom aid and new carried of Count D Mrs. Bu the booby Vroom. The supp the dinn quots of a threw a About 1 delighted freely ex host and h Mrs. C party for ing. In Tue James a most enj dence, He Despite the young behindhand On We Mrs. Wat ball on th Miss Flor in society, present, a after 2 o' new gown seemed l tainment. portant ac uncommo Watters a one of the people hav Among the Dr and Mrs Mr and Mrs Miss A Blah Miss Katie J Miss Berket Miss Waltha Mr and Mrs Mr and Mrs Dr and Mrs Mr and Mrs Mr and Mrs Mrs E P Whit Dr and Mrs Miss Emma Miss B Cool Miss F King Miss Maclan Miss G Skinn Miss M Fairw Miss N Troop Miss Froude Miss McMill Miss Froude Miss Warner The Misses C The Misses B The Misses J The Misses J The Misses J Mr C Skimmer Mr E Shurt Mr C Macdu Mr J Warner Mr J Macdu Mr R K Jones Mr L A Jack Mr Thorne, Mr H Kimes Mr P Vroom Mr S Parks, Mr G Macd, Mr S Gilbert, Mr W Lawton Mr E Turbul Mr C J Coster Mr A O Fairw Mr Kirkwood Mr Edwards, Mr Macrae, Mr Miller, Mr O H Sharp Mr E Stander Mr F W Danie Mr Romans, Mr J Hegun, Mr C Troop, Mr E Hamill, Mr F Fairwe Mr E Ella, Mr S Fairwe Dr Steeves. A gentler calls, New evening that ber of hous dozen ladies visitors was glad to hear can trust the like gentlemen that can be heard of no himself, and they can thus ance, while abstinence blamed, I at faults of me and it one o has to be bo the offender. The scarle been so prev does not see to leave that Arthur? M James Ruel also Mrs. daughter, I Miss Hurd C The question Are they doct they should

Four Special Lines.
Four Special Lines.
Four Special Lines.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.
EVENTS OF THE WEEK IN ST. JOHN AND HALIFAX.

And the Happenings in Social Circles of Fredericton, St. Stephen, Woodstock, Sackville, Chatham, Newcastle and Richibucto.

The verification of the old adage, "All things come to those who wait," has been exemplified last week and the past few days, by the many festivities and long-expected after-Christmas gaieties which most of our society sections have been long on the lookout for.

On the evening of Thursday, the 10th, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Macdonald gave a small card party at their residence, King street east.

On the following evening, Mr. and Mrs. George F. Smith entertained a number of their friends at their handsome house on Union street to a "drive whist" party. Between 30 and 40 guests were present, among whom were Count and Mme. DeBury, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Weldon, Judge and Mrs. Tuck, Mr. and Mrs. G. Sidney Smith, Mr. and Mrs. George C. Coster, Mr. and Mrs. G. Herbert Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Busby, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Vroom, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Macdonald and many others.

My readers will be sorry to hear of the serious illness of Rev. Canon Walker, who resides with his son, Dr. Thos. Walker.

Rev. Wm. Walker was in town last week, and preached Sunday morning last at St. Paul's church, Portland, and at the Mission chapel in the evening.

Mr. William Berton has been seriously ill for the past five weeks.

On Thursday evening last Mrs. Howard Troop, Orange street, gave a large and brilliant dance for young people, which was most enjoyable. The details I shall endeavor to describe more fully next week.

Invitations have been issued for a dance to be given Thursday, Jan. 24, by Mrs. John H. Parks, Portland.

Mr. Temple is busily engaged in beating up recruits for some more tableaux to be given early next month for the benefit of the Free Public library.

As it is very difficult to hear all that is going on in the gay world, as well as arrivals in town, etc., I am going to ask the patrons of PROGRESS if they will send any items of society news addressed to me, care of PROGRESS, which will be treated as strictly confidential. TERPISCHORE.

Amidst the week's festivities, little folks were not forgotten and on Thursday Judge and Mrs. Watters helped their children to entertain a number of young friends, who passed such a delightful evening as only happy children can.

Master Boyer Smith also entertained his young friends at a jolly euchre party, Monday evening.

The gentlemen have no idea of being outdone in the gay world, and a number of very recherche whist parties have already been enjoyed and others are anticipated.

Those who were fortunate enough to be present at Judge King's, last evening, pronounce it one of the pleasantest.

Mrs. Nellie, daughter of the late Wm. Jack, left last Tuesday for Boston, where she will enter the training school for nurses at the Massachusetts General hospital.

Mrs. Frith, sister of Mr. Heber Arnold, is here from the North West.

The Hall Hour Reading club held their annual meeting last evening at the residence of Mrs. R. W. Crookshank.

Miss Nicholson read very instructive and pleasing essays.

The first rehearsal of the tableaux for the Free Public library entertainment will take place this evening at the Institute.

The Rothesay ladies are to have an entertainment next Tuesday evening for the benefit of their new hall. A special train is to be provided for those who go from the city, and, judging from the sale of tickets, there will be a good number.

Mrs. Carleton Allen, of Fredericton, was in the city this week, the guest of her sister, Mrs. Dr. Holden.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Adams, who were visiting in this city, have returned to their home in Boston. Quite a number of friends assembled at the station, bidding them farewell amid showers of rice.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Temple and family have moved from King street east to Wheeler's, Waterloo street.

Mrs. Thomas Temple, Miss Temple and Mrs. Hilyard, of Fredericton, spent a few days in the city this week. Miss Temple and Mrs. Hilyard were at Senator Dever's.

Mr. Roberts, of the Law school, spent his vacation in St. John.

Miss Cochran, niece of Mrs. Harry Johnson, will soon leave for the old country, there to be married to a Mr. Smith.

A certain young Halifax lawyer, a great ladies' man by the way, visits New Brunswick frequently, and seems to admire certain Fredericton ladies very much. I hope Cupid may soon score a triumph in his case.

Mr. G. Herbert Lee, of St. John, lectured before the Church of England institute in this city last evening. I hope to hear Mr. Lee again. His lecture was a treat.

against the spread of this dreadful disease? I know of several cases where the members of families who were feasting and laughing at a merry supper, theatre and other public places without using any disinfectants, or troubling themselves in any way to prevent infection.

Despite the mild weather, last week, the skating has been very good on Lily lake and on Saturday last a party of gentlemen from the Bank of Montreal had some most enjoyable ice-boating on the Kennebecasis, both ice and wind being perfect for the sport on that day.

At an early hour, last Tuesday morning, quite a congregation gathered in St. John's church to witness the marriage of Mr. Walter Purdy and Miss Bertha Mills, daughter of Mr. William Mills, of Portland. No one but the immediate relatives of the contracting parties were present as guests.

The bride was attired in a brown travelling dress, with bonnet to match. The newly married couple left by the 9.15 train for a short tour through the States.

I am sorry to learn that Maj. J. J. Tucker has been confined to the house for a fortnight with rheumatism. I am sure many of the major's friends must have missed his bright and jovial face.

Mr. and Mrs. S. T. King and Miss King leave, Monday, for Boston, where they intend remaining until April.

Mr. and Mrs. F. T. C. Burpee and Miss Burpee have returned from New York, where they spent Christmas.

Colonel and Mrs. Mansell and Captain Henning were in town last week. I also saw Capt. James W. Sears, who is visiting his family previous to joining his regiment (the South Staffordshire) at Gibraltar.

Mrs. E. I. Simonds and family are boarding at Mrs. Gillespie's, Chippans hall.

Mrs. J. DeWolfe MacDonald from Pictou, is visiting her mother, Mrs. William Beverley Robinson, Main street.

Mr. J. Smith, son of the late Albert Smith, spent a few days in town last week. (George C. Coster, who has been in Halifax for the past few days, returns home this week.)

My readers will be sorry to hear of the serious illness of Rev. Canon Walker, who resides with his son, Dr. Thos. Walker.

Rev. Wm. Walker was in town last week, and preached Sunday morning last at St. Paul's church, Portland, and at the Mission chapel in the evening.

Mr. William Berton has been seriously ill for the past five weeks.

On Thursday evening last Mrs. Howard Troop, Orange street, gave a large and brilliant dance for young people, which was most enjoyable. The details I shall endeavor to describe more fully next week.

Invitations have been issued for a dance to be given Thursday, Jan. 24, by Mrs. John H. Parks, Portland.

Mr. Temple is busily engaged in beating up recruits for some more tableaux to be given early next month for the benefit of the Free Public library.

As it is very difficult to hear all that is going on in the gay world, as well as arrivals in town, etc., I am going to ask the patrons of PROGRESS if they will send any items of society news addressed to me, care of PROGRESS, which will be treated as strictly confidential. TERPISCHORE.

Amidst the week's festivities, little folks were not forgotten and on Thursday Judge and Mrs. Watters helped their children to entertain a number of young friends, who passed such a delightful evening as only happy children can.

Master Boyer Smith also entertained his young friends at a jolly euchre party, Monday evening.

The gentlemen have no idea of being outdone in the gay world, and a number of very recherche whist parties have already been enjoyed and others are anticipated.

Those who were fortunate enough to be present at Judge King's, last evening, pronounce it one of the pleasantest.

Mrs. Nellie, daughter of the late Wm. Jack, left last Tuesday for Boston, where she will enter the training school for nurses at the Massachusetts General hospital.

Mrs. Frith, sister of Mr. Heber Arnold, is here from the North West.

The Hall Hour Reading club held their annual meeting last evening at the residence of Mrs. R. W. Crookshank.

Miss Nicholson read very instructive and pleasing essays.

The first rehearsal of the tableaux for the Free Public library entertainment will take place this evening at the Institute.

The Rothesay ladies are to have an entertainment next Tuesday evening for the benefit of their new hall. A special train is to be provided for those who go from the city, and, judging from the sale of tickets, there will be a good number.

Mrs. Carleton Allen, of Fredericton, was in the city this week, the guest of her sister, Mrs. Dr. Holden.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Adams, who were visiting in this city, have returned to their home in Boston. Quite a number of friends assembled at the station, bidding them farewell amid showers of rice.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Temple and family have moved from King street east to Wheeler's, Waterloo street.

Mrs. Thomas Temple, Miss Temple and Mrs. Hilyard, of Fredericton, spent a few days in the city this week. Miss Temple and Mrs. Hilyard were at Senator Dever's.

Mr. Roberts, of the Law school, spent his vacation in St. John.

Miss Cochran, niece of Mrs. Harry Johnson, will soon leave for the old country, there to be married to a Mr. Smith.

A certain young Halifax lawyer, a great ladies' man by the way, visits New Brunswick frequently, and seems to admire certain Fredericton ladies very much. I hope Cupid may soon score a triumph in his case.

Mr. G. Herbert Lee, of St. John, lectured before the Church of England institute in this city last evening. I hope to hear Mr. Lee again. His lecture was a treat.

It is announced that Prof. Seth's mother and sisters propose returning to Scotland, via New York, after the closing of Dalhousie college; a very large circle of friends will regret their departure. Mrs. Seth and the young ladies, by their true ladylike instincts have endeared themselves to everyone who has met them. I think I know of one or two at least whose regret will be poignant.

A number of walking parties have been indulged in at the south end lately. The magnificent evenings seem to be particularly adapted for such enjoyment.

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

and I don't like to say it, considering there are so many other pretty faces in the line, but I will simply hint to PROGRESS that Miss Gervie still looks as handsome as ever in the front row of the gallery at St. Luke's on Sundays.

Miss McMillan, from Antigonish, has returned to the college. Her eldest sister, who has been visiting here for some time, has returned home. The picture of the latter, done in bronzie, in Notman's window, is very much admired.

Capt. J. Bremner, late of the Infantry school at Fredericton, who is now in Halifax, will soon make a visit to Fredericton. Many will be pleased to see him in the Celestial city, especially members of the LaFontaine club. Capt. Bremner sustained some injury while the cavalry corps of Winnipeg, to which he belongs, was on duty for the purpose of suppressing the late anticipated riot in connection with the railway crossing case in Manitoba, and is now here on sick leave.

Mr. Hanbur, the only living honorary member of the LaFontaine club, of Fredericton, was lately in Halifax, but has gone to the old country. Mr. Ashton, of Halifax, no doubt misses his friend.

I have not heard that any Halifaxians have been invited to the ball at Fredericton on the 21st inst. Mr. Botsford of the Merchants' bank, may, however, be able to attend.

The Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia leaves at once for the south (Florida, I have heard), for the benefit of his health. This looks like a damper thrown on any balls at government house this winter, and society has been expecting some gaieties there. Some prospective debutantes may

be disappointed.

Colonel and Mrs. Mansell and Captain Henning were in town last week. I also saw Capt. James W. Sears, who is visiting his family previous to joining his regiment (the South Staffordshire) at Gibraltar.

Mrs. E. I. Simonds and family are boarding at Mrs. Gillespie's, Chippans hall.

Mrs. J. DeWolfe MacDonald from Pictou, is visiting her mother, Mrs. William Beverley Robinson, Main street.

Mr. J. Smith, son of the late Albert Smith, spent a few days in town last week. (George C. Coster, who has been in Halifax for the past few days, returns home this week.)

My readers will be sorry to hear of the serious illness of Rev. Canon Walker, who resides with his son, Dr. Thos. Walker.

Rev. Wm. Walker was in town last week, and preached Sunday morning last at St. Paul's church, Portland, and at the Mission chapel in the evening.

Mr. William Berton has been seriously ill for the past five weeks.

On Thursday evening last Mrs. Howard Troop, Orange street, gave a large and brilliant dance for young people, which was most enjoyable. The details I shall endeavor to describe more fully next week.

Invitations have been issued for a dance to be given Thursday, Jan. 24, by Mrs. John H. Parks, Portland.

Mr. Temple is busily engaged in beating up recruits for some more tableaux to be given early next month for the benefit of the Free Public library.

As it is very difficult to hear all that is going on in the gay world, as well as arrivals in town, etc., I am going to ask the patrons of PROGRESS if they will send any items of society news addressed to me, care of PROGRESS, which will be treated as strictly confidential. TERPISCHORE.

Amidst the week's festivities, little folks were not forgotten and on Thursday Judge and Mrs. Watters helped their children to entertain a number of young friends, who passed such a delightful evening as only happy children can.

Master Boyer Smith also entertained his young friends at a jolly euchre party, Monday evening.

The gentlemen have no idea of being outdone in the gay world, and a number of very recherche whist parties have already been enjoyed and others are anticipated.

Those who were fortunate enough to be present at Judge King's, last evening, pronounce it one of the pleasantest.

Mrs. Nellie, daughter of the late Wm. Jack, left last Tuesday for Boston, where she will enter the training school for nurses at the Massachusetts General hospital.

Mrs. Frith, sister of Mr. Heber Arnold, is here from the North West.

The Hall Hour Reading club held their annual meeting last evening at the residence of Mrs. R. W. Crookshank.

Miss Nicholson read very instructive and pleasing essays.

The first rehearsal of the tableaux for the Free Public library entertainment will take place this evening at the Institute.

The Rothesay ladies are to have an entertainment next Tuesday evening for the benefit of their new hall. A special train is to be provided for those who go from the city, and, judging from the sale of tickets, there will be a good number.

Mrs. Carleton Allen, of Fredericton, was in the city this week, the guest of her sister, Mrs. Dr. Holden.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Adams, who were visiting in this city, have returned to their home in Boston. Quite a number of friends assembled at the station, bidding them farewell amid showers of rice.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Temple and family have moved from King street east to Wheeler's, Waterloo street.

Mrs. Thomas Temple, Miss Temple and Mrs. Hilyard, of Fredericton, spent a few days in the city this week. Miss Temple and Mrs. Hilyard were at Senator Dever's.

Mr. Roberts, of the Law school, spent his vacation in St. John.

Miss Cochran, niece of Mrs. Harry Johnson, will soon leave for the old country, there to be married to a Mr. Smith.

A certain young Halifax lawyer, a great ladies' man by the way, visits New Brunswick frequently, and seems to admire certain Fredericton ladies very much. I hope Cupid may soon score a triumph in his case.

Mr. G. Herbert Lee, of St. John, lectured before the Church of England institute in this city last evening. I hope to hear Mr. Lee again. His lecture was a treat.

It is announced that Prof. Seth's mother and sisters propose returning to Scotland, via New York, after the closing of Dalhousie college; a very large circle of friends will regret their departure. Mrs. Seth and the young ladies, by their true ladylike instincts have endeared themselves to everyone who has met them. I think I know of one or two at least whose regret will be poignant.

A number of walking parties have been indulged in at the south end lately. The magnificent evenings seem to be particularly adapted for such enjoyment.

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

Macaulay Brothers & Co.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Owing to the unprecedented demand for EVENING SILK during the past two weeks, and looking forward to a still greater demand during this and next month, we, therefore, on THURSDAY last, sent forward Cable orders for

All New Shades in Faille Francaise, All New Shades in Satin Merveilleux, All New Shades in China Silk and Black Faille Francaise.

Since our Cable for above lines was sent and accepted, we have had Cable Advices of an Enormous Advance on the SILK MARKETS, viz., 30 PER CENT.

This advance we have saved in the above lots, and they, together with our present large and complete stock, will be sold at the same prices as before the advance. We would advise all who contemplate the purchase of SILK DRESSES to buy now as the advance will in all probability hold for the present year.

MACAULAY BROS. & CO., - - - - 61 and 63 King Street, St. John, N. B.

TURNER & FINLAY,

12 KING STREET.

BLACK SILKS.

It's a rare happening in the Silk business when a regular line of well-established goods can be had under price.

Raw Silk has lately gone up 15 to 20 per cent. Of course that will drag the whole Silk market to higher prices. Some sorts already feel the lift, hasn't touched our Black Jaubert's Persian, Satin de Lyon, Bonnets' Gro Grain, Merveilleux, or Brocade Silks and Merveilleux. We tipped those prices the other way a little time back; still hold them there.

You can save 20c. to 50c. a yard over recent prices on a thoroughly reliable Black Silk.

Silks that are warranted to wear, that will not slip, rich finish, lustrous. The kind you can make a glove-fitting dress of and be sure that it will stay glove-fitting.

At the prices they're worth loving by for another season. The big heap is fast melting away. The match isn't likely soon to be had again.

EVERING AND STREET SILKS.

We are now showing an elegant collection of the New Shades in

TERRA-COTTA, MOSS GREEN, OLD ROSE, RESEDA, SERPENT, MYRTLE, NAVY, RUBY, STEM GREEN, In Colored Faille Francaise Silks, at \$2.15. Special novelties in Brocade Merveilleux, at \$2.40.

To open in a few days: One case colored Pongee, Satin, Duchesse and Merveilleux—Shot, Check, Stripe, Beresford Stripe—70c. to \$1.80 yd.

not like the present outlook. The absence of His Honor may, however, not interfere with any contemplated festivities. Mrs. McLellan will prove a most enjoyable hostess under any circumstances.

Mr. Roberts, of the Law school, spent his vacation in St. John.

Miss Cochran, niece of Mrs. Harry Johnson, will soon leave for the old country, there to be married to a Mr. Smith.

A certain young Halifax lawyer, a great ladies' man by the way, visits New Brunswick frequently, and seems to admire certain Fredericton ladies very much. I hope Cupid may soon score a triumph in his case.

Mr. G. Herbert Lee, of St. John, lectured before the Church of England institute in this city last evening. I hope to hear Mr. Lee again. His lecture was a treat.

It is announced that Prof. Seth's mother and sisters propose returning to Scotland, via New York, after the closing of Dalhousie college; a very large circle of friends will regret their departure. Mrs. Seth and the young ladies, by their true ladylike instincts have endeared themselves to everyone who has met them. I think I know of one or two at least whose regret will be poignant.

A number of walking parties have been indulged in at the south end lately. The magnificent evenings seem to be particularly adapted for such enjoyment.

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

Electro-Plated Graniteware.



COMPRISING: TEA AND COFFEE POTS, BUTTER COOLERS, PUDDING DISHES, STEW PANS, FARINA KETTLES, And other Articles.

Graniteware is acknowledged to be the most wholesome and pure ware yet introduced for ordinary table and kitchen use.

Our stock of CUTLERY should be examined by intending purchasers; ours is the best and largest assortment ever shown in St. John.

T. MAVITY & SONS, - - - - 13 King Street.

"Cleanliness Is Next To Godliness."

The American Steam Laundry,

LOCATED AT Nos. 52 and 54 Canterbury Street,

HAS THE Latest Improved Machinery, the Most Efficient Supervision, and, therefore, Everybody says,

DOES THE BEST WORK.

Fredericton Agency: C. L. RICHARDS, Queen Street.

GIVE US A TRIAL ORDER.

GODSOE BROS. - Proprietors.

Guns, Rifles, Revolvers.

July 28th--Opening Today: 4 Cases Single and Double Guns, Flobert Rifles, Revolvers, Breech Loading Double Guns, Etc.

CLARKE, KERR & THORNE,

60 and 62 Prince William Street.

EVERYBODY

IS TAKING STOCK OF THE Very Low Prices of Books, Stationery, Fancy Goods, Toys, etc.,

NOW SELLING AT

JENNINGS', 171 Union Street.

JOHNSON'S FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.

Cures Diphtheria, Croup, Antrax, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Puerperia, Rheumatism, Bleeding at the Lungs, Hoarseness, Influenza, Stomachic Cough, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Chronic Diarrhoea, Kidney Troubles, and Spinal Diseases. We will send free, postage, to all who send their names, an illustrated pamphlet containing full directions for its use. All who buy of order direct from us, and request it, shall receive a certificate that the money shall be refunded if not abundantly satisfied. Retail price, 25 cts.; 6 bottles, \$1.50. Express prepaid to any part of the United States or Canada. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., P. O. Box 3118, Boston, Mass.

ANODYNE LINIMENT

THE MOST WONDERFUL FAMILY REMEDY EVER KNOWN.

LAME HORSES.

Do not give up your horse till you have tried Fellows' Leaming's Essence. It will cure Spavins, Ringbones, Curbs, Splints, Sprains, Swellings and Stiff Joints. PRICE 50 CENTS.

Fellows' Leaming's Essence

For Lameness in Horses, stands pre-eminently above all preparations used by Horsemen as a remedy for Splints, Spavin, Curbs, Ringbone, Sidebone, Strains of the Back, Snewes, Hock, Knee, Fetlock, Pastern and Coffin Joints, etc. Every well regulated stable should keep a supply of the essence on hand.

INDIGESTION CURED.

Fellows' Dyspepsia Bitters are a sure cure for Indigestion, Jaundice, Bilious Complaints, Bad Breath, Sick Headache, Heartburn, Acid Stomach, etc.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

PETER SCHMIDT, MANUFACTURING JEWELLER,

who had charge of the department for the manufacture of Jewelry in the SHEFFIELD HOUSE from 1874 until the closing in 1887 (reference Richard Thompson), has

OPENED A STORE

161 Union Street,

WHERE HE WILL ATTEND TO THE Repairing & Manufacture of Fine Jewelry.

The custom of the former patrons of the SHEFFIELD HOUSE, and of the general public, is respectfully solicited.

1888. FALL and WINTER 1888.

Just received per steamer "Danara" LATEST LONDON STYLES

Stiff and Soft Felt Hats.

CHILDREN'S PLUSH CAPS; T. O'HANTEE CAPS; HAVLOCK CAPS; ALMA CAPS; CORDUROY in all colors; Ladies' and Gent's CLOTH CAPS in newest shapes; Ladies' and Gent's GLOVES in Kid, Buck, Fur, Woolen, etc.

Low Prices. ROBT. C. BOURKE & CO., 61 Charlotte street.

Shorthand

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

A. & J. HAY,

76 King Street. Spectacles, Watches, Clocks and Jewelry.

JEWELRY made to order and repaired. WEDDING RINGS guaranteed 18 K. size.

Dispensing of Prescriptions.

Special Attention is Given to this very important branch.

Medicines of Standardized Strength used. By this means reliable articles, will be supplied, and in each case accompanied by a complete prescription. Price low.

W. M. B. McVEY, Dispensing Chemist, 135 Union Street.

Four Special Lines.
Four Special Lines.
Four Special Lines.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

The January "Wide Awake." The January number is the second beautiful holiday issue of Wide Awake for the season. It opens with a charming social novelty for the winter evenings, a violin recitation entitled "The Cricket Fiddler." The words for recitation are by Clara Doty Bates, the music with each verse for the violin is by Julius Eichberg, and the funny little orchestral crickets are by L. J. Bridgman. The opening story, full of the Christmas-tide spirit, is by Heskiah Butterworth, entitled "Good Luck." Another Christmas story, "Such a Little Thing," is by the popular English writer, Mrs. L. B. Walford. Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont has a sketch of early California, called "My Grizzly Bear." The serial stories are very readable, as one might expect from the reputation of the authors, J. T. Trowbridge and Margaret Sidney. "The Legend of William Tell," "Fire Building," "A Queer Bundle of Sticks," "The Orloff" and "Minty-Malvina's Santa Claus" are titles of other attractive prose articles, and there are poems by Mrs. Whiton-Stone, Margaret Eyttinge, Faith Lee and others.—Boston: D. Lothrop Co. Price, \$2.40 a year; 20 cents a number.

"Das Kapital." Students of political economy will be interested to know that Capital—a book that has been somewhat irreverently termed, "The Socialists' Bible" and "The Gospel According to Karl Marx"—has just been issued in a new edition, under the editorship of Frederick Engels. The translators, Samuel Moore and Dr. Edward Aveling, have happily been mindful of the example set them by the French translator, and the result is that Marx's robust thought is here expressed for the first time in readable English. For that matter, the old London edition, in two volumes, which sold for \$7, will be found inferior in every other respect to this new one, which contains nearly 900 pages, is printed from large type on heavy paper, and is sold for \$3.—New York: The Labor News Co., No. 25 East Fourth street.

"Lend a Hand Monthly." With the January number of Dr. Hale's excellent magazine, certain mechanical improvements begin to be effected, and the editorial field is broadened by the co-operation of the Massachusetts Society for the Promotion of Good Citizenship. The leading article deals with "The State and the Citizen." Mr. Kercheval's serial is continued, and Miss Kalfrey's story, "Bread and Cake," is concluded. Rev. J. H. Crooker writes interestingly of "The Origin of Scientific Charity in Hamburg." There is a striking statement of "The Old South Work in the West," and the departments give much cheering news of the systematic advance in humanitarian work.—Boston: J. Stillman Smith & Co. Price, \$2 a year, 20 cents a number.

"The Collector." With the January number, The Writer makes a promising beginning of its third volume. "Writing for Young People," by Wolstan Dixey, "Mental Dyspepsia," by S. A. Adams and "Shorthand in Composition," by H. M. Hoke are its best features, but other articles are instructive and interesting and the departments are, as usual, helpful. The Writer deserves well of every man who has to do with literature and its low price brings it within the reach of all.—Boston: P. O. Box 1905. Price, \$1 a year, 10 cents a number.

Notes and Announcements. Miss Sallie MacLean's Cape Cod Folks is in its 25th edition. There is a movement on foot to raise a memorial to Christopher Marlowe in his native city of Canterbury. Roberts Bros. will soon issue a new book by Philip Gilbert Hamerton, made up of articles in the Portfolio, the magazine he edits. It will contain a portrait of Hamerton by M. Manerac, a French etcher. Miss Oliver Schreiner, as the readers of The Story of an African Farm will not be surprised to know, is an admirer and, to some extent, a disciple of Mary Wollstonecraft, whose biography she has written. The Open Door is the title of Miss Blanche Willis Howard's new novel which is to be published shortly by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. It is said that the price paid for the copyright by the publishers was \$3,000 in cash, and 15 per cent royalty on the sales.

There is to be a new series, entitled English Men of Action. Mr. Marion Crawford is to write for it the life of Sir John Hawleywood, the English military adventurer, who was the leader of a band of outlaws that entered Italy about 1860, and who was hired by the Florentines to fight in their interests. George Meredith's home at Box Hill, according to a writer in the Boston Advertiser, is a modest establishment of five or six rooms, presided over by his daughter. Here simplicity and hospitality go hand in

hand. Mr. Meredith himself occupies, for the most part, a cottage in the rear, which insures him greater retirement.

There is to be a new volume of stories by Sydney Lusk. Cassell will publish it. M. Guy de Maupassant is in Algeria writing a new novel. Strong as Death is its title. The Saturday Review says, apropos of the Beecher biographies: "His writings that of dissenting tea parties, his sentiment was that of the pawling, sprawling order, which is almost repulsive to a healthy mind." But Mr. Beecher's courage in identifying himself with unpopular causes is recognized.

Current Literature is authority for the statement that "Rider Haggard wrote She in six weeks at a time when he was busy as a reporter for the London Times. It paid him, it is said, \$50,000," and that "James Payn, the well-known English novelist, has turned out in 30 years over 100 volumes, mainly fiction."

In Oscar Wilde's article on London models he tells of one beautiful girl who married an ice cream man. The artist who employed her sent her a beautiful wedding present. In return the grateful girl wrote back: "Never eat green ice!" Another, coming to a new employer was asked what she posed for. "Anything you like, sir. Landscape, if necessary."

A Hartford dispatch says that Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe continues to improve in health and spirits, and is physically and mentally quite as well as before her very serious illness of last summer. She is about the house every day and ventures out in pleasant weather. She has recently written several letters and her intellect seems to be as keen and bright as it was a dozen years ago.

Mr. Daniel Greenleaf Thompson, the new president of the Nineteenth Century club and author of the Problem of Evil, is about to publish shortly, through Longmans, Green & Co., an inquiry into the fundamental principles of social ethics and a discussion of the trend of social evolution. Social Progress is to be the title of the work, the outcome of which appears to be that Mr. Thompson believes that social progress can only be attained through the perfection of social liberty.

TALK OF THE THEATRE. Just as Mrs. James G. Blaine, jr., is preparing to make a New York debut as Beatrice in Much Ado About Nothing, comes the news that Mr. J. G. B., jr. has effected his first appearance in a new role at Waterville, Me. He has gone into the Maine Central railway repair shops as an apprentice.

The young woman who took the ill-advised step of attaching herself to the scion of the house of Blaine retired from the stage to wed him. It was a grave responsibility that she assumed, for she had to marry the whole family. The tombstone over the grave of her affection bears the legend, "Died of too much mother-in-law."

I imagine that she will be able to take up her career at the prosperous point where she dropped it, for she has beauty and brains and, as Mr. Sparkler would say, there is no bogged nonsense about her. I hope her guardian husband will succeed in his new role, of Bread-winner, for if he doesn't he may starve. He can't live on his father's reputation: that isn't such a succulent morsel as some people fancy.

Messrs. Abbey and Schoeffel couldn't have found a better site for their new Boston theatre than the corner of Tremont and Mason streets will be. A new theatre couldn't find better managers than these. They have shown Raymond, Florence, Bernhard, Irving, Patti, Coquelin and Hading to the theatre-goers of the United States: and they have done better service still, in showing the rest of the world what American managers can do, when their watchword is "Hustle."

I saw it noted, the other day, that the fire-fend and Kate Claxton had dissolved partnership. I congratulate her. For years after the Brooklyn theatre "horror"—as it was piteously called—that unfortunate woman bore the smell of smoke upon her garments. Conflagrations seemed to attend upon her as regularly as though they were a part of the show. When she was advertised to play, a good many fools, who didn't believe in cremation, stayed away from the theatre. Other fools went, however, and if a gas-jet blazed too high or an actor lighted a cigarette and forgot to stamp out the match, they did yeoman service in stirring up a panic. All this did the fools no harm, but it hurt business.

In course of time, Miss Claxton herself began to think she was hoodooed, and then, for a while, she led a very hard life. Somewhere about 1875, I remember, she was playing an engagement at the old Portland Museum, when, one evening, the fire bells rang. The fire was a half-mile away, but distances are variable when people are excited, and the call-boy whom the actress sent out to investigate, rushed in upon her with the story that it was in the next block. She uttered an inarticulate cry of despair and terror, sank into a chair and burst into tears.

I am glad that a better day has dawned for the winsome actress. It was only the

irony of fate that caused her persecution; for there have been tears enough shed over her impersonation of Louise in The Two Orphans, to drown out the fire that swept St. John.

I have taken a good deal of pains to keep track of the criticisms of Mrs. James Potter's production of Antony and Cleopatra, and I find sweet satisfaction in the conclusion to which they lead me. The "society star"—what a world of meanings that covers!—appeared before the "best people" in the first city in America. Posing there against a historic background, what do you suppose she put forward as the feature of her presentation? You could never guess. It was a lavish display of her person and her clothing! And beyond a few whispered suggestions of indecency, only two of the critics of the "great dailies" had a word to say.

The truth is that a New York audience has no concern for art, and with the exception of the Sun and Tribune men, the New York critics have no knowledge of it. On the other hand, a Boston audience freezes the actor or actress who has not a carefully-conceived, closely-studied impersonation to offer, and a Boston critic never hesitates to rend the wretched women of the Potter school. With certain modifications, I might say the same of other of our smaller American cities. In these places, theatre-going is an intellectual amusement. In New York it is socially "the thing" to be seen at certain houses, regardless of who or what holds the stage. That's the difference.

Some of our country cousins still cling to the idea that New York announces the verdict for the whole country, on a theatrical effort. It doesn't. It couldn't. It starved Booth when he tried to show it the ideal Julius Caesar and it pays its last cent to drink in Ned Hanigan's sloop. It hadn't years ago, it hasn't today, the brains to recognize unperfected merit or the intellectual honesty to stand by it.

If any of the first-nighters at that performance of Antony and Cleopatra had been true lovers of the mighty master who wrote the play—not in collaboration with Mr. Kylie Bellew, either,—they would have made an effort to preserve the eternal fitness of things. They would have fought for the introduction of a real barge in the barge scene, and after the play was over they would have rowed the star down to Ward's island. That's where the other lunatics live.

In the meantime, let us all be thankful that Shakespeare is dead. LEON.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

Facts, Submitted Without Comment to the Evangelical Alliance.

Last Sunday was a delightful day. The air was clear, cold and bracing. Anybody comfortably clad could not but enjoy the invigorating atmosphere. It was a glorious day for open-air skating. Hundreds of people thought so.

Late Sunday dinners were hardly eaten before parties of two and three, and sometimes as many as half a dozen, were seen walking briskly in the direction of Lily lake. They were bent on pleasure. Anybody in doubt as to their intentions had but to look at their hands or under their arms. All carried skates. The skates were not done up in paper or tucked beneath coats. This mode of carrying skates has apparently gone out of fashion.

Early in the afternoon the lake was dotted with skaters. In the middle of the afternoon the lake was black with them. There were bunches here and there, and fast skaters attracted attention as they scudded by in places where the road was clear.

On one part of the lake a rink was formed, around which the festive juniors went like the wind. They were racing. The friends of the competitors cheered, and everybody enjoyed himself.

It was a merry carnival, one worth seeing. A great many people thought so, for they availed themselves of the opportunity. Crowds walked the banks and gazed at the skaters. When the Sunday schools were out the crowd of spectators was noticeably increased. A large number of the fair sex viewed the merry-makers, but the number of these who took part with them was remarkably small.

Reluctantly, at length, the spectators turned their backs on the scene and walked briskly toward the city, for the air was getting cold. Groups of skaters fastened to the shore, and with half frozen fingers unloosed their skates and danced to keep their feet warm. The crowd on the ice grew smaller, and at supper time the place was almost deserted.

Thus ended a glorious Sunday afternoon.

Many Will Mourn Him. Death ended, Monday night, the long sickness of Mr. Edward McAleer, of Sydney street, than whom few citizens were more widely or more favorably known among local business men. Mr. McAleer was one of the "old school" of thorough, conscientious mechanics, and his straightforwardness, integrity and kindly nature earned him sincere respect and liking.

Go to "The National," No. 29 Charlotte Street, for Oyster Suppers.

ENLARGED.

I HAVE recently added to my already spacious showrooms a large new building in rear, for the accommodation of my law departments, composed as follows, making the most complete CARPET AND FURNISHING WAREHOUSE IN THE PROVINCES.

DEPARTMENTS.

CARPETS. Wilton and Brussels, Tapestry and Wools, Union and Hems, Mattings and Mats, Squares and Rugs, Linoleums, Oilcloths, Curtains, Portieres, Cornice Poles.

FURNITURE. Bedroom and Parlor, Dining Room, Library and Sitting Room, Rattan Furniture, Reed and Rattan Baby Carriages, Mantel Mirrors, Hall Stands, Fancy Tables.

HAROLD GILBERT, 54 King Street, --- St. John, N. B.

A COMING BERNHARDT.

Mary Ann Ragan's Dramatic Powers, as Shown in the Rehearsal.

"Were yez to the rah-hursal, Mary Ann?" asked Mrs. Ragan, as her daughter came home one evening. "I was that same." "An' did yez have a nice time?" "Illigant, but o'im afraid it will be a long time before the club'll be in trim to play Moik Beth, as they've started out to."

"Phwat's the trouble wid 'em?" "Well, Patsy Flynn is goin' to play Moike and Dennis Dolan, the ghoost, says that phwativer moight be said agin Moike Beth he won't knock-kneed, and nayther did he shquint. That led to a little misunderstanding, doorin' which Patsy broke two av the swords and Dennis got several dints in his tin clothes."

"An' how do the ladies get along?" "Beautiful, barrin' the black eye, that Katie Ginnity got for saying that Bridget Donnelly naden't make up a bit, when she went as one of the widges. O'im Lady Moike Beth meself, and if I do say it, it's moighty illigant I look when I come out in a robe de nweet and say, 'out damned spot.' That's whin the awence is parlyzed."

"Yis," said Mrs. Ragan, "it's very fine, though I can't help saying that when it sounds loike swearing. But av course it's in the play."

And the old lady bestowed a proud look on her daughter and went to bed.—Merchant Traveller.

A Woman's Queer Occupation.

Mrs. Mary Hall, a middle-aged lady of Pasadena, Cal., who passed through the city last night, has probably the most singular calling of any person in America. She makes a business of accompanying the bodies of persons who die in Southern California to their homes in the east, and according to her own story, has found it very lucrative. "I have been at the business about two years," said she, "and I find that it is not ungenial, and pays better than anything else that I can do. How much do I get for a trip? Different prices; generally from \$3 to \$5 per day, my railroad fare and travelling expenses. You see, the class of people who come to California in search of health generally put off their visits too long. After a patient has been here about five weeks he generally dies or gets strong again. The change is so great in the climate that it soon makes itself felt. Now it costs double first-class express rates to send a body from California to the Missouri River, which amounts to about \$300; consequently it is cheaper to hire me, pay my expenses and feel sure that the corpse will go to the grave. The number of invalids who go to California is increasing every year, and my business is growing better.—Kansas City Times.

JOHN McCULLOUGH.

Read at the Unveiling of the Statue in Philadelphia.

How different now, old friend, the meeting! Thy form, thy face, thy look, thy smile, But where is now the kindly greeting, The voice of cheer, the heart of flame? There in the grandeur, calm and splendid—God's grace on that imperial hour—Thou standest, grief and trouble ended, And we are nothing to thee now.

Yet once again the air is cloven With joyous tumult of acclaim; Once more the golden wreaths are woven Of love and honor for thy name; And round thee here, with tender longing, As of old they did in days of old, The comrades of thy soul come thronging, Who never knew thee stern or cold.

There's no high impulse, no revealing In all the glorious world of art, There's no sweet thought or noble feeling That throbbeth not in thy many heart; There's no strong flight of aspiration, No reverent dream of balms divine, No pulse, no thrill, no proud gladness Of God-like power that was not thine.

So stand forever, joyless, painless, Supreme alike o'er smiles and tears, Thy true man's image, strong and stainless, Unchanged through all the changing years! While fame's blue crystal o'er thee bendeth, And rest and glory round thee bendeth, Adorn and bless thy hallowed urn.—William Winter.

Three Big Twos.

SEE as fine a variety of patterns in Hamburgs as could be desired, go to the "London House Retail," and your desire can be gratified, as our Hamburgs are the best that we have ever placed before the public.

BUY Table Damasks, Napkins and d'Oyleys in all the best makes, go to the "London House Retail," where you can get the newest designs, and save much trouble and expense by having them Hemmed Free of Charge.

SEE the leading patterns in Ginghams and Seersuckers of this season's manufacture, and to get them at the right prices, come to the "London House Retail," where you will find that we consider it no trouble to show our goods, or give any information about them that may be required. The store, where all these things are to be found, is on the corner of

Charlotte and Union Streets, ST. JOHN ACADEMY OF ART. STUDIO BUILDING, 74 GERMAIN ST., SAINT JOHN, N. B.

THE SCHOOL-ROOMS are now open to Pupils from 10 until 5 every day in the week; except Saturday afternoon. The aim of the School is to give Pupils a good training.

DRAWING AND PAINTING. The course taught consists in: Drawing from Models and objects; the Antique; Life; Still Life.

Lectures on PERSPECTIVE, including Parallel, Angular and Oblique Perspective; casting Shadows by gas light and sun light; Reflections in the mirror and water. A specialty is made of Portraiture in this School. Pupils are taught to draw them in Charcoal and Crayon, and to Paint them in Pastel and Oil.

Principal—JOHN C. MILES, A. R. C. A. Assistant—FRED H. C. MILES. SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

Wizard Oil!

I HAVE THIS DAY RECEIVED A SUPPLY OF WIZARD OIL.

The properties of the above famous preparation need no comment.

R. D. McARTHUR, MEDICAL HALL, No. 55 Charlotte street, opp. King Square.

ELEGANT AND ATTRACTIVE GOODS FOR PRESENTS.

PERFUMES in great variety; TOILET BOTTLES, ODOUR CASES; CELLULOID HAIR BRUSHES; MIRRORS, etc., with and without cases; MANICURE SETS; Plain and Mounted WALKING STICKS; VINAIGRETTES; SMELLING BOTTLES; SHAVING MIRRORS and FRITTORS.

With other Articles Suitable for CHRISTMAS SEASON, all of which are offered at moderate prices. C. P. CLARKE, 100 KING STREET.

ELLIOTT'S HOTEL,

28 to 32 Germain Street, St. John, N. B. MODERN IMPROVEMENTS. Terms - - \$1.00 Per Day. Tea, Bed and Breakfast, 75 Cents. E. W. ELLIOTT, Proprietor.

Hotel Dufferin,

St. John, N. B.

FRED. A. JONES, Proprietor.

Best \$1 House in the Maritime Provinces. Hawarden Hotel, Cor. Prince Wm. and Duke Sts., ST. JOHN, N. B.

WM. CONWAY, Proprietor.

Terms, \$1.00 per Day; Weekly Board \$4.00. BELMONT HOTEL, ST. JOHN, N. B.

The most convenient Hotel in the city. Directly opposite N. B. & Intercolonial Railway station. Baggage taken to and from the depot free of charge. Terms—\$1 to \$2.50 per day. J. SIMS, Proprietor.

VICTORIA HOTEL,

(FORMERLY WAVERLY), 81 to 87 King Street ST. JOHN, N. B.

D. W. McCORMICK, Proprietor.

ROYAL HOTEL, ST. JOHN, N. B.

T. F. RAYMOND, Proprietor.

QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B.

J. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

FINE SAMPLE ROOM IN CONNECTION. Also, a First Class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

Another Supply of the

HANDY REFERENCE ATLAS

OF THE WORLD.

By JOHN BARTHOLOMEW, F. R. G. S.

With Complete Index and Geographical Statistics.

In the present work, the special aim has been to provide the public with an Atlas which for all general purposes is practically complete and reliable while at the same time in such a convenient and handy form, that it may be kept on a writing table or desk for ready consultation.

For sale by J. & A. McMILLAN, St. John, N. B.

At the Washerwomen's

ANNUAL CONVENTION lately held in St. John, it was moved, seconded and unanimously carried that they buy from and get all their Wringers repaired at

BEVERLY'S

on Germain street. The man who sells on the installment plan.

MISS B. E. BOWMAN,

of Boston,

Teacher in Oils, Water Colors on every kind of Material.

Also—CHINA, LUSTRA and PLASTIC WORK.

Address 4 WELLINGTON ROW, ST. JOHN, N. B.

ALL FROM G. Some of the... Moral. James... first Mrs. coat of tar... rubbing of... after the c... George... part of La... woods near... chop stove... an old, bo... lled her... discovered... filled with... Spanish m... years old... such a qu... mystery... lucky find... For a fe... took up th... the other m... of wool, a... sulphurous... words. Payton E... ord man, p... prosecute l... acquaintanc... ton walked... ance of a p... lady aside... dress the c... "Say, lo... yon pushin... Her fat m... der, in its... Stark's up... with a dull... This mem... closed up b... arm once n... Payton wa... blue smoke... mouth. Th... tied to a le... prepared to... policemen a... and the bat... "I was sh... accident a... ndow by a... William S... porter, "be... I have ben... burg, suffer... fell overboa... ton, and le... mouth of a... broken in tv... and stood o... my neck in... break of the... sunset. I w... building in... smoke, and... prisonment... times, twice... highwayman... gas explosio... escaped lyn... through mis... I am over 50... of my right... stand, all m... no insuranc... ern town; a... whom I w... assures me I... from rheuma... cheerfully, "some obstac... believe that... A certain... for the secon... politician dist... Democrat... personal op... the Republic... was consider... tried to dissu... and he used... renomination... His wife w... she received... renomination... and some fri... grounds they... Washington... handed it to... feeling badly... obliged to spe... sless contest... change your l... is for his elect... —those are... was a laugh o... the shoe was... gotten by the... a telegram fr... after the elect... by three. The official... only two ma... owing to the... horseback w... spection one o... Mrs. Alice... whistler has... in two contin... Commercial-G... pleasure of a... other day. M... home in the p... the parlor flo... gown of stripe... from a la Dire... red India silk... was not o... worth studyin... ete of the Jun... of physical pr... often rests up... civilities were... "Now, Mrs... small throat... our big Music... "It isn't a... and it sometime... particularly de... I can hold on... where the bra... Look here!" Mrs. Shaw u... her gown and... bodies, disloc... throat and a... white as alaba...

ALL SORTS OF STORIES.

FROM GRAVE TO GAY, FROM LIVERY TO SEVERE.

Some of them are... James Bailey, of Iowa, married his second wife two days after the death of the first Mrs. Bailey...

George France, a farmer in the southern part of Laporte county, Ind., went into the woods near his residence a few days ago to chop stove wood...

For a few minutes a veritable cyclone took up its abode in a Chicago police court, the other morning and it left little bunches of wool, a pop bottle, and little gusts of sulphurous fumes from the blue swears...

Payton Randolph, a sturdy-looking colored man, as black as carbon, appeared to prosecute Laura Johnson, a woman of his acquaintance, for disorderly conduct...

"Say, look heah, you black debil, who's yoh pushing? Take dat."

Her fist shot out straight from her shoulder, in its passage taking from Officer Stark's upper lip several hairs, and landed with a dull thud on Payton's left optic...

"I was shipwrecked, baked in a railroad accident and fired out of a foundry window by a boiler explosion," recently said William S. Mudie, to a New York reporter...

A highly peculiar robbery was reported to the Louisville police last Saturday. Mrs. Jane Ross, a wealthy widow who resides in Jefferson county, some distance from the city...

There are boys in the neighborhood, and these began a work of destruction by breaking the windows with stones. Then somebody tore down and carried away the front fence...

When the owner came in to see how her property was getting along, after she had recovered from the shock she made inquiries of some of the neighbors, and learned what had become of her house...

When the owner came in to see how her property was getting along, after she had recovered from the shock she made inquiries of some of the neighbors, and learned what had become of her house...

When the owner came in to see how her property was getting along, after she had recovered from the shock she made inquiries of some of the neighbors, and learned what had become of her house...

When the owner came in to see how her property was getting along, after she had recovered from the shock she made inquiries of some of the neighbors, and learned what had become of her house...

When the owner came in to see how her property was getting along, after she had recovered from the shock she made inquiries of some of the neighbors, and learned what had become of her house...

When the owner came in to see how her property was getting along, after she had recovered from the shock she made inquiries of some of the neighbors, and learned what had become of her house...

When the owner came in to see how her property was getting along, after she had recovered from the shock she made inquiries of some of the neighbors, and learned what had become of her house...

When the owner came in to see how her property was getting along, after she had recovered from the shock she made inquiries of some of the neighbors, and learned what had become of her house...

When the owner came in to see how her property was getting along, after she had recovered from the shock she made inquiries of some of the neighbors, and learned what had become of her house...

When the owner came in to see how her property was getting along, after she had recovered from the shock she made inquiries of some of the neighbors, and learned what had become of her house...

When the owner came in to see how her property was getting along, after she had recovered from the shock she made inquiries of some of the neighbors, and learned what had become of her house...

When the owner came in to see how her property was getting along, after she had recovered from the shock she made inquiries of some of the neighbors, and learned what had become of her house...

When the owner came in to see how her property was getting along, after she had recovered from the shock she made inquiries of some of the neighbors, and learned what had become of her house...

When the owner came in to see how her property was getting along, after she had recovered from the shock she made inquiries of some of the neighbors, and learned what had become of her house...

When the owner came in to see how her property was getting along, after she had recovered from the shock she made inquiries of some of the neighbors, and learned what had become of her house...

When the owner came in to see how her property was getting along, after she had recovered from the shock she made inquiries of some of the neighbors, and learned what had become of her house...

When the owner came in to see how her property was getting along, after she had recovered from the shock she made inquiries of some of the neighbors, and learned what had become of her house...

length of her figure from chin to belt is unusual, and stowed away under her back...

Witty Remarks Made by Some People of that Nationality.

Dr. Scott, of Greenock, used to tell of a sailor who came to be married, but when asked if he would take the woman to be his wife, looked blank and said: "I would like to know first what you are going to say to me."

In those days people that felt sleepy during the sermon used, as now in Germany, to shake off drowsiness by standing up, but poor human nature made this at times an occasion of display.

At Old Monkland a man who had on a rather gaudy vest stood up more than once and threw back his coat, apparently to let his vest be seen.

It was to Mr. Bower that the grave digger once said: "Trade's very dull the noo. I haena buried a leevin' cratur for three weeks."

When his people sent a deputation requesting him to tell them more in his sermons about renouncing their own righteousness, he tartly replied: "It is the first time I heard that you had any righteousness to renounce."

Mr. Thom of Govan maintained a great warfare against the Glasgow magistrates. One day, while he was standing with the provost at the provost's residence, he was sternly driven away by begging, and was sternly driven away by the provost, who had himself risen from nothing.

One of the magistrates saw him one day riding a good horse, and said: "You're better than your master, Mr. Thom, for he rode an ass." Mr. Thom retorted: "We would be willing enough to ride on asses, too, but they are not to be had nowadays. They've made them all magistrates."

A quartly carved sideboard held an array of bright pewter pots and dishes, and wooden and earthen bowls; a stout oak table went up and down the room, and a carved oak chair stood by the chimney.

There were a dozen or more of the men I had seen coming along the street sitting there, some eating and all drinking; their cases bowed against the wall, their quivers hung on pegs in the paneling, and in a corner of the room I saw half a dozen bill hooks that looked made more for wading than for hedge shearing, with ash handles some seven feet long.

There were a dozen or more of the men I had seen coming along the street sitting there, some eating and all drinking; their cases bowed against the wall, their quivers hung on pegs in the paneling, and in a corner of the room I saw half a dozen bill hooks that looked made more for wading than for hedge shearing, with ash handles some seven feet long.

There were a dozen or more of the men I had seen coming along the street sitting there, some eating and all drinking; their cases bowed against the wall, their quivers hung on pegs in the paneling, and in a corner of the room I saw half a dozen bill hooks that looked made more for wading than for hedge shearing, with ash handles some seven feet long.

There were a dozen or more of the men I had seen coming along the street sitting there, some eating and all drinking; their cases bowed against the wall, their quivers hung on pegs in the paneling, and in a corner of the room I saw half a dozen bill hooks that looked made more for wading than for hedge shearing, with ash handles some seven feet long.

There were a dozen or more of the men I had seen coming along the street sitting there, some eating and all drinking; their cases bowed against the wall, their quivers hung on pegs in the paneling, and in a corner of the room I saw half a dozen bill hooks that looked made more for wading than for hedge shearing, with ash handles some seven feet long.

There were a dozen or more of the men I had seen coming along the street sitting there, some eating and all drinking; their cases bowed against the wall, their quivers hung on pegs in the paneling, and in a corner of the room I saw half a dozen bill hooks that looked made more for wading than for hedge shearing, with ash handles some seven feet long.

There were a dozen or more of the men I had seen coming along the street sitting there, some eating and all drinking; their cases bowed against the wall, their quivers hung on pegs in the paneling, and in a corner of the room I saw half a dozen bill hooks that looked made more for wading than for hedge shearing, with ash handles some seven feet long.

There were a dozen or more of the men I had seen coming along the street sitting there, some eating and all drinking; their cases bowed against the wall, their quivers hung on pegs in the paneling, and in a corner of the room I saw half a dozen bill hooks that looked made more for wading than for hedge shearing, with ash handles some seven feet long.

There were a dozen or more of the men I had seen coming along the street sitting there, some eating and all drinking; their cases bowed against the wall, their quivers hung on pegs in the paneling, and in a corner of the room I saw half a dozen bill hooks that looked made more for wading than for hedge shearing, with ash handles some seven feet long.

There were a dozen or more of the men I had seen coming along the street sitting there, some eating and all drinking; their cases bowed against the wall, their quivers hung on pegs in the paneling, and in a corner of the room I saw half a dozen bill hooks that looked made more for wading than for hedge shearing, with ash handles some seven feet long.

There were a dozen or more of the men I had seen coming along the street sitting there, some eating and all drinking; their cases bowed against the wall, their quivers hung on pegs in the paneling, and in a corner of the room I saw half a dozen bill hooks that looked made more for wading than for hedge shearing, with ash handles some seven feet long.

There were a dozen or more of the men I had seen coming along the street sitting there, some eating and all drinking; their cases bowed against the wall, their quivers hung on pegs in the paneling, and in a corner of the room I saw half a dozen bill hooks that looked made more for wading than for hedge shearing, with ash handles some seven feet long.

There were a dozen or more of the men I had seen coming along the street sitting there, some eating and all drinking; their cases bowed against the wall, their quivers hung on pegs in the paneling, and in a corner of the room I saw half a dozen bill hooks that looked made more for wading than for hedge shearing, with ash handles some seven feet long.

There were a dozen or more of the men I had seen coming along the street sitting there, some eating and all drinking; their cases bowed against the wall, their quivers hung on pegs in the paneling, and in a corner of the room I saw half a dozen bill hooks that looked made more for wading than for hedge shearing, with ash handles some seven feet long.

There were a dozen or more of the men I had seen coming along the street sitting there, some eating and all drinking; their cases bowed against the wall, their quivers hung on pegs in the paneling, and in a corner of the room I saw half a dozen bill hooks that looked made more for wading than for hedge shearing, with ash handles some seven feet long.

There were a dozen or more of the men I had seen coming along the street sitting there, some eating and all drinking; their cases bowed against the wall, their quivers hung on pegs in the paneling, and in a corner of the room I saw half a dozen bill hooks that looked made more for wading than for hedge shearing, with ash handles some seven feet long.

There were a dozen or more of the men I had seen coming along the street sitting there, some eating and all drinking; their cases bowed against the wall, their quivers hung on pegs in the paneling, and in a corner of the room I saw half a dozen bill hooks that looked made more for wading than for hedge shearing, with ash handles some seven feet long.

There were a dozen or more of the men I had seen coming along the street sitting there, some eating and all drinking; their cases bowed against the wall, their quivers hung on pegs in the paneling, and in a corner of the room I saw half a dozen bill hooks that looked made more for wading than for hedge shearing, with ash handles some seven feet long.

There were a dozen or more of the men I had seen coming along the street sitting there, some eating and all drinking; their cases bowed against the wall, their quivers hung on pegs in the paneling, and in a corner of the room I saw half a dozen bill hooks that looked made more for wading than for hedge shearing, with ash handles some seven feet long.

SPECIMENS OF SCOTCH HUMOR.

Witty Remarks Made by Some People of that Nationality.

Dr. Scott, of Greenock, used to tell of a sailor who came to be married, but when asked if he would take the woman to be his wife, looked blank and said: "I would like to know first what you are going to say to me."

In those days people that felt sleepy during the sermon used, as now in Germany, to shake off drowsiness by standing up, but poor human nature made this at times an occasion of display.

At Old Monkland a man who had on a rather gaudy vest stood up more than once and threw back his coat, apparently to let his vest be seen.

It was to Mr. Bower that the grave digger once said: "Trade's very dull the noo. I haena buried a leevin' cratur for three weeks."

When his people sent a deputation requesting him to tell them more in his sermons about renouncing their own righteousness, he tartly replied: "It is the first time I heard that you had any righteousness to renounce."

Mr. Thom of Govan maintained a great warfare against the Glasgow magistrates. One day, while he was standing with the provost at the provost's residence, he was sternly driven away by begging, and was sternly driven away by the provost, who had himself risen from nothing.

One of the magistrates saw him one day riding a good horse, and said: "You're better than your master, Mr. Thom, for he rode an ass." Mr. Thom retorted: "We would be willing enough to ride on asses, too, but they are not to be had nowadays. They've made them all magistrates."

A quartly carved sideboard held an array of bright pewter pots and dishes, and wooden and earthen bowls; a stout oak table went up and down the room, and a carved oak chair stood by the chimney.

There were a dozen or more of the men I had seen coming along the street sitting there, some eating and all drinking; their cases bowed against the wall, their quivers hung on pegs in the paneling, and in a corner of the room I saw half a dozen bill hooks that looked made more for wading than for hedge shearing, with ash handles some seven feet long.

There were a dozen or more of the men I had seen coming along the street sitting there, some eating and all drinking; their cases bowed against the wall, their quivers hung on pegs in the paneling, and in a corner of the room I saw half a dozen bill hooks that looked made more for wading than for hedge shearing, with ash handles some seven feet long.

There were a dozen or more of the men I had seen coming along the street sitting there, some eating and all drinking; their cases bowed against the wall, their quivers hung on pegs in the paneling, and in a corner of the room I saw half a dozen bill hooks that looked made more for wading than for hedge shearing, with ash handles some seven feet long.

There were a dozen or more of the men I had seen coming along the street sitting there, some eating and all drinking; their cases bowed against the wall, their quivers hung on pegs in the paneling, and in a corner of the room I saw half a dozen bill hooks that looked made more for wading than for hedge shearing, with ash handles some seven feet long.

There were a dozen or more of the men I had seen coming along the street sitting there, some eating and all drinking; their cases bowed against the wall, their quivers hung on pegs in the paneling, and in a corner of the room I saw half a dozen bill hooks that looked made more for wading than for hedge shearing, with ash handles some seven feet long.

There were a dozen or more of the men I had seen coming along the street sitting there, some eating and all drinking; their cases bowed against the wall, their quivers hung on pegs in the paneling, and in a corner of the room I saw half a dozen bill hooks that looked made more for wading than for hedge shearing, with ash handles some seven feet long.

There were a dozen or more of the men I had seen coming along the street sitting there, some eating and all drinking; their cases bowed against the wall, their quivers hung on pegs in the paneling, and in a corner of the room I saw half a dozen bill hooks that looked made more for wading than for hedge shearing, with ash handles some seven feet long.

There were a dozen or more of the men I had seen coming along the street sitting there, some eating and all drinking; their cases bowed against the wall, their quivers hung on pegs in the paneling, and in a corner of the room I saw half a dozen bill hooks that looked made more for wading than for hedge shearing, with ash handles some seven feet long.

There were a dozen or more of the men I had seen coming along the street sitting there, some eating and all drinking; their cases bowed against the wall, their quivers hung on pegs in the paneling, and in a corner of the room I saw half a dozen bill hooks that looked made more for wading than for hedge shearing, with ash handles some seven feet long.

There were a dozen or more of the men I had seen coming along the street sitting there, some eating and all drinking; their cases bowed against the wall, their quivers hung on pegs in the paneling, and in a corner of the room I saw half a dozen bill hooks that looked made more for wading than for hedge shearing, with ash handles some seven feet long.

There were a dozen or more of the men I had seen coming along the street sitting there, some eating and all drinking; their cases bowed against the wall, their quivers hung on pegs in the paneling, and in a corner of the room I saw half a dozen bill hooks that looked made more for wading than for hedge shearing, with ash handles some seven feet long.

There were a dozen or more of the men I had seen coming along the street sitting there, some eating and all drinking; their cases bowed against the wall, their quivers hung on pegs in the paneling, and in a corner of the room I saw half a dozen bill hooks that looked made more for wading than for hedge shearing, with ash handles some seven feet long.

There were a dozen or more of the men I had seen coming along the street sitting there, some eating and all drinking; their cases bowed against the wall, their quivers hung on pegs in the paneling, and in a corner of the room I saw half a dozen bill hooks that looked made more for wading than for hedge shearing, with ash handles some seven feet long.

There were a dozen or more of the men I had seen coming along the street sitting there, some eating and all drinking; their cases bowed against the wall, their quivers hung on pegs in the paneling, and in a corner of the room I saw half a dozen bill hooks that looked made more for wading than for hedge shearing, with ash handles some seven feet long.

There were a dozen or more of the men I had seen coming along the street sitting there, some eating and all drinking; their cases bowed against the wall, their quivers hung on pegs in the paneling, and in a corner of the room I saw half a dozen bill hooks that looked made more for wading than for hedge shearing, with ash handles some seven feet long.

There were a dozen or more of the men I had seen coming along the street sitting there, some eating and all drinking; their cases bowed against the wall, their quivers hung on pegs in the paneling, and in a corner of the room I saw half a dozen bill hooks that looked made more for wading than for hedge shearing, with ash handles some seven feet long.

There were a dozen or more of the men I had seen coming along the street sitting there, some eating and all drinking; their cases bowed against the wall, their quivers hung on pegs in the paneling, and in a corner of the room I saw half a dozen bill hooks that looked made more for wading than for hedge shearing, with ash handles some seven feet long.

There were a dozen or more of the men I had seen coming along the street sitting there, some eating and all drinking; their cases bowed against the wall, their quivers hung on pegs in the paneling, and in a corner of the room I saw half a dozen bill hooks that looked made more for wading than for hedge shearing, with ash handles some seven feet long.

There were a dozen or more of the men I had seen coming along the street sitting there, some eating and all drinking; their cases bowed against the wall, their quivers hung on pegs in the paneling, and in a corner of the room I saw half a dozen bill hooks that looked made more for wading than for hedge shearing, with ash handles some seven feet long.

LONDON ASSURANCE CORPORATION.

Incorporated by Royal Charter, A. D. 1720.

Cash Assets, Over Sixteen Million Dollars.

E. L. PHILPS, SUB-AGENT. R. W. W. FRINK, St. John, General Agent for New Brunswick.

Y.M. MIKE KELLY, I. AM.

The Boston Ball Player—and Edward—Puts His Tongue in Train.

"No, gentlemen, not any grape for me; I am done with booze," and as the great and only "Kel," the pet of the Boston ball-players, uttered these words he smiled condescendingly on a crowd of admirers that filled his elegantly appointed cafe on Sixth avenue and Thirty-first street.

"I am now in hard training at Wood's gymnasium," he continued, "getting myself in perfect condition for the season's work, and can't afford to drink, anyway."

"Isn't this a little early to train?" inquired a reporter for The Sporting Times. "Yes," said Kel, "it is a bit early, and most of these common ball-players do not take the trouble to train at all, but I am out this year for the pennant, and I am going to start in feeling like a two-year-old."

"Who will captain the Boston?" "Who will captain them? That's good, old sport! Who? Mr. Kelly will be captain, of course. Thought you knew that. Some doubt about it, you say? Not a bit on earth. I've got an iron-clad contract that says Michael J. Kelly shall be captain, and you bet he will hold the management to it."

"How about Morrill?" "Oh, Johnny Morrill is a nice fellow, and all that, but he can't play ball with the Boston this year. Just put it down in large italic letters that he will not play there, or else I do not. I'm not sore on Morrill, but we do not need him, and I guess we'll not run the team on a charitable basis, at least not for this season. His friends have backed me up until I am sick and tired, and now I'll take an inning. I saw we couldn't win last season, so I said to the directors that Morrill was a nice fellow and would make a good captain; that I didn't want it. So he got it then and got left at the end of the season."

"Now, we've got Brouther, Richardson, Bennet, Ganzel and a smashing good team, and I will just take them out and walk off with the pennant and that will end it. See there, old chap? Bennet and Ganzel will do most of the catching, while I will cover right and go behind the bat when necessary, and I'll play every game if I don't get sick or hurt. Oh, but we've got a batting team—every man a star, and the papa of them all is right here. Every time I hit the ball out of the lot it will go."

"I see Buck Ewing is soon expected in New York. Well, I'll give him a warm reception. Now there's a gentleman and a ball-player and he is the man that won the flag for the Giants."

"How high do you rate Ewing as a player?" "Greatest on earth—bar one, and my excessive modesty prevents me from mentioning the name of the latter. But Buck is all right. Just see the praise he got from his work last season. He only played in one game more than I did, yet he is handed to the skies, while those stiff in mind stand in my way. Now, you see why I am sore on them. But yet they don't hurt 'Kel,' with the people—they can't do that, my boy."

"And when I go down to Boston with an elegant high dicer, a seal-skin ulster, a ninety-dollar pair of pants and an \$800 diamond stud in my shirt, in of right, old man—why, these same ducks will be the first to come around and want to shake my hand. Will I do it? Well, I guess not. Oh, no; not as long as 'the king' knows how to carry his dignity, and you bet he never loses that. And if the directors do not stand up to the agreement with me, I'll not come to the first Pullman for New York and saunter up to the hotel and will be with the boys until the robins nest again."

"Tra-la, old sport, and don't forget to say that Kel will be captain of the Boston and that my friend Johnny Morrill will not play with that team, anyway. I mean no flies on me if I do consent to go on the stage occasionally for \$500 or \$1,000 a week."—New York Sporting Times.

Before and After. A Gentleman (to barber)—Have you one of these nickel weighing machines in the place? Barber—Yes, sah, right 'de' in de corner. Gentleman—Weighs himself. Barber—Hab a shave, sah? Gentleman—No, I want to take a bath. Barber (to boy)—Alexander, git a bath ready fur dis gentleman. (After the gentleman has removed from the bath-room.) Everything all right, sah? Gentleman—Oh, yes. Barber—Does yo' want'er weigh yo'self agin, sah?—The Epoch.

Not Portable Property. Mrs. Hobson (to caller)—Oh, by the way, Mrs. Van Blunt, did you know that my husband left the bank and is spending a few days in Canada. Mrs. Van Blunt—Why, no; that is a surprise to me. And so he really left the bank? Mrs. Hobson—Yes. Mrs. Van Blunt—Too heavy, I suppose. —New York Sun.

They Sang It After All. A former Maine minister, now settled in the West, tells a good story of his experience with a choir in this State, who had frequent quavels. One Sabbath the minister gave them a good lesson. "They were in their places all right on this particular morning," he says, "but they had informed me that they would not sing a note until Brother—, one of their number, was reduced to the pew." "This I absolutely refused to do, and gave out as the opening hymn: 'Let those refuse to sing Who never knew our God, But children of the heavenly King May speak their joys abroad.' "They sang the hymn, and I was never again troubled by their striking. The lesson proved effectual."—Lexington Journal.

A Common Experience. Wife—John, I suppose you have some money saved up, haven't you? John—Not a cent. Wife—Why, John! It is a year since you stopped drinking and you have waked like a slave every day since. "That's true." "Where is your money, then?" "The money I saved by swearing off I had to loan to old friends who didn't swear off."—Omaha World.

THE MATTER OF The Maritime Bank of Canada (in Liquidation).

A SECOND DIVIDEND of Thirty Cents on the Dollar will be paid at the office of the Liquidators, Bayard Building, Prince William street, and after MONDAY, 24th inst., to the holders of notes issued for circulation by the above named bank.

E. McLEOD, J. G. TAYLOR, DAVID McLELLAN, Liquidators of the Maritime Bank of the Dominion of Canada. St. John, N. B., 4th January, 1889.

Dried Fruits! 1 car DRIED APPLES—now due. Currants, Valencia Raisins, Valencia Layer Raisins. LOW RATES ON ABOVE.

GILBERT BENT & SONS, SOUTH MARKET WHARF. THE LATEST SOCIALIST PUBLICATIONS.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE TO The New York Labor News Co., 50 EAST FOURTH STREET, New York City.

THE NEW YORK PRESS, FOR 1889. DAILY. SUNDAY. WEEKLY. The aggressive Republican Journal of the Metropolis.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE MASSES. Founded December 1st, 1887. Circulation, November 1st, 1888.....107,105 Circulation, November 7th, 1888.....254,840

LARGEST DAILY CIRCULATION OF ANY REPUBLICAN PAPER IN AMERICA. THE PRESS is the organ of no faction; pulls no wires; has no animosities to avenge. The Most Remarkable Newspaper Success in New York.

THE NEW YORK PRESS is now a NATIONAL NEWSPAPER, rapidly growing in favor with Republicans of every State in the Union. Cheap news, vulgar sensations and trash find no place in the columns of THE PRESS. It is an expensive paper, published at the lowest price American currency permits.

THE DAILY Press has the brightest Editorial page in New York. It sparkles with points. THE SUNDAY Press is a splendid sixteen-page paper, covering every current topic of interest. THE WEEKLY Press contains all the good things of the Daily and Sunday editions, with special features suited to a Weekly publication. For those who cannot afford THE DAILY Press, or are prevented by distance from early receiving it, THE WEEKLY Press is a splendid substitute.

Send for List of Press Circulation with full particulars and text of excellent premiums. Samples free. Agents wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions. Address: The New York Press Co. Limited, 26 & 28 North William St., New York.

JAMES S. MAY, W. ROBERT MAY, JAMES S. MAY & SON, Merchant Tailors, 84 Prince William Street, P. O. Box 393. ST. JOHN, N. B.

Stock always complete in the latest designs suitable for first-class trade. Prices subject to 10 per cent. discount for cash. Oysters. —IN STORE— 65 bbls. Hand-Picked P. E. I. Oysters; 10 kegs Pickled Pigs' Feet; "Spiced Lamb's Tongues. —FOR SALE LOW AS— J. ALLAN TURNER'S, No. 3 North side King square.

OYSTER Sellers on the half shell. Orders for hotels and families promptly attended to and shelled to order. DAVID CONNELL, Livestock and Boarding Stables, Sydney St. Horses Boarded on reasonable terms. Appointments and Carriages on hire. Five Fits—on short notice.

Another Supply of the HANDY REFERENCE ATLAS OF THE WORLD, By JOHN BARTHOLOMEW, F. R. G. S. With Complete Index and Geographical Statistics. In the present work, the special aim has been to provide the public with an Atlas which for all general purposes is practically complete and reliable, while at the same time in such a convenient and handy form, that it may be kept on a writing-table or desk for ready consultation.

For sale by J. & A. McMILLAN, St. John, N. B. At the Washerwomen's ANNUAL CONVENTION lately held in St. John, it was moved, seconded and unanimously carried that they buy from and get all their Wingers repaired at

BEVERLY'S on German street. The man who sells on the installment plan. MISS B. E. BOWMAN, of Boston, Teacher in Oils, Water Colors in every kind of Material.

ALSO—CHINA, LUSTRA and PLASTIC WORK. Address: 4 WELLINGTON ROW, ST. JOHN, N. B.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

I missed the garrison club concert last evening. No doubt it was good. The night was lovely, a glorious moon and the air cool enough to be bracing. I suppose it was the same old story. The officers saw the ladies home, and then there were "parties such as you wish the life-out-of young hearts and choking sighs." Ah, well! I suppose all this follows as a natural consequence. It is the same everywhere. Mrs. F. H. Mathers and her little daughter are visiting friends in St. John. The theatricals at General Sir John Ross are set down for the 24th inst. The event will be marked by unusual brilliancy. Of course, a dance will be included in the programme. WELBY.

FREDERICTON.

"Progress" is for sale in Fredericton at the bookstores of W. T. H. Fenety and James H. Macdonald.

JANUARY 16.—Nearly every one who can skate, I think, has been enjoying the fine ice and charming moonlight evenings on the river during the last week. The schools of the city were given a half holiday yesterday for this amusement, and the young folks seemed to appreciate it to the utmost.

Mr. and Mrs. Byron Winslow give a very large party, this evening, for their son, Master Wentworth. There are about 70 invitations, and a delightful evening is anticipated.

Mr. and Mrs. John Edgcombe gave a party Monday evening for Miss Daisy Beverly. About 30 guests were present, and a very pleasant evening was enjoyed. What was the principal amusement, and Miss Beverly gave a recitation which was very much liked.

A number of curlers and their friends went to Killarney tonight to curl on the lake by moonlight, after which Mr. F. B. Coleman will entertain them at supper at the Killarney house.

Mr. G. E. Fenety and party left Tuesday morning for Tallahassee, Florida, where they will remain until the last of April or first of May. Some time will be spent in New York and the party will return to Fredericton about the first of June.

The children's party at Mrs. Sewell's, last Friday evening, was a very pleasant affair. About 20 children and eight "grown-ups" went up from town in a big sleigh.

Mrs. Marsh had a small lunch party at the Barker house, Saturday.

Mrs. Judge Fraser gave a ladies' lunch, last Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Melville Jack has organized a skating club of about 30 members, who will go to the rink Friday evenings and skate until 10 o'clock, after which they will repair to the home of a different member each week and partake of a light supper, and also indulge in dancing. These evenings are looked forward to with keen pleasure.

Mrs. Campbell proposes to give a ball soon after the one at government house.

Mr. Forrester and Miss Temple are to be married the 30th of this month. Miss Ada Dever, of St. John, is to be bridesmaid and a well known bank clerk of St. John

will act as best man. Miss Dever will be the guest of Mrs. Sewell until after the government house ball.

Another wedding will take place the first of next month. The contracting parties are a prominent young lawyer of this city and one of Maryville's fair daughters.

Tomorrow evening Mr. and Mrs. David Hart give a large party for their young daughter and son, Miss Ethel and Master Fred. Mrs. Hart gives one of these parties every year and it is always looked forward to with great delight by the little folks.

Miss Janey Gregory returned home, Saturday, from her trip to Portland and Boston. She spent a few very pleasant days in Cambridge with her friend Mrs. Ganong, formerly Miss Carman, of this city.

Miss Janey Roberts left home Tuesday morning for Cambridge, in company with Mr. Fenety and his family. Miss Roberts expects to remain eight or ten weeks in Cambridge, when she will return by steamer via Yarmouth, to Windsor, where she will remain with her brother, Prof. Roberts, until after the end of King's college.

Mr. Goodridge Roberts left here Monday morning for Windsor, N. S., to resume his studies at King's college. He was accompanied by Master Lloyd, Prof. Roberts' second son, who has been for some months with his grandparents at the rectory.

Miss Ida McLeod, daughter of Dr. McLeod left Monday morning for Wolfville, where she is attending the academy.

Miss Madam S. Scamman went to St. John Monday and returned today.

Mr. Stopford left home Saturday for Amherst, N. S., where he has taken a situation in connection with the railway which is building there.

Hon. and Mrs. T. R. Jones, of St. John's are at the Queen. They and the Misses Jones will be here during the session of parliament and will board at Mrs. Tippet's, Waterloo row.

Dr. L. G. DeBertram, of New York, has been here for a few days. He is registered at the Barker.

Chief Commissioner Ryan visited the Victoria hospital, Monday, in company with Dr. McLean.

Mr. T. B. Winslow, of the public works department, received a telegram today announcing the death of Mr. Abernethy, Mrs. Winslow's father, at his home at Bull's Creek, below Woodstock, at 2 o'clock this morning. Mrs. Winslow went to Woodstock last week to visit her parents, her mother also being very ill.

It is thought that Mr. Burton C. Foster, at present of the Collegiate school staff, will be Mr. Parkin's successor.

Miss Madeline Fisher, eldest daughter of Mr. Fred Fisher, has gone to Augusta, Me., to attend St. Catherine's hall school. Col. John Robinson is quite ill.

Mrs. E. C. Glasgow, of Carleton, St. John, is visiting her niece, Mrs. Joseph Walker.

The Queen hotel is filled with guests, most of whom are delegates to the Farmers' association. Among the most prominent are Dr. Twitchell, Judge Stevens, Hon. A. Harrison, P. C. Black, of Windsor, Hon. T. R. Jones, H. B. Hall, W. W. Hubbard and W. F. Best.

At the recent examination at Harvard for admission to the Suffolk county bar, Mr. Jas. W. Bailey, son of Dr. Bailey of the University, passed a good examination and was admitted. STELLA

MONCTON.

"Progress" is for sale in Moncton, at the bookstores of W. H. Murray and W. W. Black, Main street.

JANUARY 16.—I regret very much that my communication failed to reach PROGRESS last week, and can only say that the fault lies entirely between the mails and those who have charge of them. My manuscript was posted at the usual time and place. I can also say that it was not by any means the first important letter that has been posted at Moncton station in ample time for the night mail to St. John, and which has taken a trip to Montreal before reaching its destination, and a great many of us are thirsting for information as to the reason therefor. Of course it is a comparatively unimportant matter that the readers of PROGRESS should have to go without their Moncton letter for once, but it would have been just the same if that letter's delay had involved the loss of thousands.

However, I must call to my aid the old and time worn, but always exasperating proverb that "it is no use crying over spilled milk," and my best to make up for lost time.

Since my last letter appeared, we have sustained a very serious loss, more, perhaps, to the business interests of the town than to society, in the general sense, in the death of Mr. Edward Allan, of the firm of Allan & Chapman, who died very suddenly last week. Mr. Allan, who was an elderly gentleman, met with a severe accident some weeks ago by slipping on the icy sidewalk, but he was recovering rapidly and his sudden death from paralysis of the heart was a great shock to his friends. He was a man of most benevolent nature and although he mixed little in society he was a great favorite, especially with young people, and his loss will be greatly felt.

Mr. Benedict, United States consul for Moncton, who has been in Washington for the past two months, returned last week. I am sorry to say that we have lost from our midst Mr. B. J. Metzler, of the Bank of Nova Scotia, who was cruelly ordered off to St. John last week. We shall miss Mr. Metzler more than I can express, and we feel that St. John's gain is indeed our loss.

The Rev. Mr. Hurley entered upon his pastorate of St. Paul's Reformed Episcopal Church, in Moncton, last Sunday. Mr. Hurley was for some years engaged in mission work in New Zealand, but he is lately from Princeton college, New Jersey. He preached to good congregations both morning and evening, and created a very favorable impression among his hearers.

Rev. Dr. Richard, of Sackville, was in town Wednesday.

Mrs. Davis, of Halifax, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Fred Proctor.

Rev. Mr. Duran, of Halifax, spent some days in Moncton last week, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Harris.

Miss McLean, of St. John, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. George C. Peters, of Alma street.

Mr. H. A. Powell, of Sackville, was registered at the Brunswick, Thursday.

Rev. T. W. Winsfield left Moncton last week for his new sphere of labor in Ottawa. Mrs. Winsfield will remain for a few weeks

longer, until their little boy, who has been very ill, is strong enough to travel.

I am very sorry to say that Mrs. H. A. Whitney is still confined to her room by a serious affection of the knee joint. Even her trip to Boston seems to have been of little benefit to her, and her hosts of friends sadly miss her cheery presence among them.

Mr. and Mrs. George Peters gave a large and most delightful dance, last Thursday evening, at their home on Alma street. The party was understood to be the "coming-out" dance of Miss Florence Peters and her cousin, Miss Anna Crossdale, and a very charming affair it was from first to last. Three rooms on the lower floor were devoted to dancing; so, large as the party was, there was no uncomfortable crowding. Up stairs there was a reception and card room, where those who did not care to dance could find a cozy refuge. The music, which was furnished by the Parlor orchestra, was simply divine, and too much can scarcely be said in praise of the unselfishness of the Misses Florence and Greta Peters, who sacrificed themselves for their guests, so uncomplainingly, and gave up nearly all the dance, the one to wish the magic hour, and the other to play the—in her hands at least—equally magic cornet.

I am afraid I am getting to be a terrible nuisance to my lady friends, I ask them so many questions about their own and their neighbors' dress, but they are always most kind in giving me information, and the following is the result of my inquiries: Mrs. George McSweeney wore a very elegant and simple made, dress of palest pink brocade, the corsage cut low, and with charming little short sleeves, instead of the usual utter absence of sleeve, which has been the fashion for so long. Tan colored mousquetaire gloves reaching to the elbow completed the costume.

Mrs. C. J. Butcher wore a very fresh and charming gown of pink India muslin and lace, with wide pink sash also.

Mrs. Byers wore a dress of black lace, entirely covered with jet embroidery. There were no flowers worn to mar the effect of this beautiful costume. Only long loops of, canary-colored ribbon gave the needed touch of color, and the effect was charming in the extreme.

Mrs. W. E. Staver wore cream-colored lace, trimmed with pearl embroidery, and was generally voted the belle of the ball.

Miss McLean, of St. John, who is visiting Mrs. Peters, looked like a snow maiden, in a dress of purest white India silk.

Miss Crosskill wore cream-colored lace over pink silk.

Miss Peters was charming, in black lace, cut low, and with short sleeves.

Miss Ethel Robt wore white lace, over cardinal satin, with cardinal sash and bodice.

Miss Maggie McKean wore a dress of Nile green silk.

Miss Agnes McSweeney wore pale blue net, over pale blue satin.

Miss McKenzie of Truro, who is visiting Mrs. F. W. Sumner, wore peacock blue canopied with bodice and sash of watered silk, in the same shade.

Miss Marr wore a very elaborate costume, of white satin with flounces of white Spanish lace, each flounce headed with a row of pearl beads. The draperies were of black Spanish lace, and the bodice was trimmed with the same, relieved by silver tinsel and crimson roses.

Miss Holstead, who is a stately brunette, looked very handsome in a dress of pure white net.

The two debutantes, Miss Florence Peters and Miss Crossdale, wore cream-colored cashmere, Miss Peters with crimson sash and flowers, Miss Crossdale edged with pearls and unrelieved by any color.

Mr. C. F. Hanington, of the Central railway, and Mr. Arthur Charters, of Dorchester, were both in town Thursday, having come up for the party.

And still there are more parties to follow. Mrs. William Elliott, of Botsford street, issued cards last week for a very large party, which is being looked forward to with the very brightest anticipations, and I have heard rumors of two or three others.

Mr. W. Woodworth, of the Sackville Post, was in town Saturday.

I am glad to see that Miss Minnie Galt is back again, even if it should only be for a visit. Miss Galt is staying with her sister-in-law, Mrs. John Galt, of Weldon street.

Mrs. P. S. Archibald paid a brief visit to St. John, Monday.

Mr. W. J. Gilbert, of Dorchester, was in town, Saturday.

I regret to say that we are soon to lose Mrs. and the Misses Haldane from our circle. They intend leaving shortly for Detroit, where they will make their future home.

Mr. P. S. Archibald, chief engineer of the I. C. R., with Messrs. McKenzie and Selig, of the engineering staff, left Sunday night, for Halifax in a car attached to a freight special.

Mrs. R. A. Borden left town, yesterday afternoon, for Sussex, where she will spend a week with her mother.

Last Monday evening, a gay party of young people, composed of the members of the Brunswick club and others, between 60 and 70 in all, organized a skating party on Humphrey's mill pond, two miles out of town. Some drove and some walked, and all had a most delightful evening, coming home tired, but happy, shortly after 11 o'clock.

Mr. R. B. Jack, of the chief engineer's office, I. C. R., left town last night for a fortnight's trip to the upper provinces. Mr. Jack intends visiting Montreal, Ottawa, Quebec and other cities, but Kingston, of whose military college he is a cadet, will be his objective point.

Miss McCurdy, of Chatham, who has been visiting Mrs. C. J. Butcher, returned to her home last week.

Mrs. J. H. Beddome left town this morning for Halifax. Mrs. Beddome will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Cotton.

I think you will have to get out a 15,000 edition of PROGRESS every week, if the balance between supply and demand is to be preserved at all. Last week, I met a friend coming out of Murray's book store, and as we walked down the street together she said: "I have been trying to get a PROGRESS to send to a friend in Florida, but there was not one left. There never is after Saturday."

Miss Clarke, of Halifax, who has been spending some months with her sister, Mrs. F. W. Proctor, returned home this morning, to the great regret of her many friends.

I see that the Amateur Dramatic club are in harness once more, and expect to present *Blow for Blow* in February.

Mr. Josiah Wood, M. P., of Sackville, and Senator Foirier, of Shediac, are registered at the Brunswick, this morning.

Judge Botsford is at Richibucto, attending the Kent county court.

Mr. J. L. Harris, who has been spending a few days in Ottawa, returned yesterday. CECIL GWYNNE.

BATHURST.

"Progress" is for sale in Bathurst at A. C. Smith & Co.'s store.

JANUARY 15.—The event of the past week was the marriage of Miss Janie Fitzpatrick of this town, and Mr. George W. Cooke of Amherst. The ceremony was performed by Rev. T. F. Barry, in the basement of the new Roman Catholic church, Tuesday evening. The bride looked charming in a neat travelling costume of grey cloth, and was attended by Miss Quigley of Newcastle. Mr. W. R. Racey of the Merchants bank of Halifax supported the groom. Mr. and Mrs. Cooke left on the evening express for a tour to New York.

Mr. Fred Sutherland has returned from St. John, looking much improved by his visit.

Miss Nellie Carman has gone to Halifax, where she will attend the academy until the summer vacation.

Mr. Gus Sutherland has gone to visit friends in Boston. During his absence, Mr. Fred Sutherland will have charge of the business.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Kive, of Caraquet, were in town during the week.

Mr. Walter H. Buck, formerly of this town, but now of Campbellton, has been spending a few days among his old friends.

Mrs. Thomas Abies, of Shippagan, is visiting her mother, Mrs. J. T. Carter.

Mr. Bernie Wyse, of Chatham, was in town, Tuesday.

Miss Belle F. Young has gone to visit friends in Lorne, Mass.

The Misses Burns and Miss Mollie White will return to Halifax, Saturday to resume their studies at Mount St. Vincent.

Mr. W. Pepper has become a member of the Bathurst Curlers' club. TOM BROWN.

WOODSTOCK.

"Progress" is for sale in Woodstock at Everett's bookstore.

JANUARY 16.—Mrs. and Miss Anderson, Halifax, are the guests of Mrs. Charles Connell.

Mr. and Mrs. Allan Dibble returned last week from a very enjoyable visit to New York.

Mrs. John Stewart, who has been visiting friends in Boston for some time, returned last week.

Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Winslow, of Fredericton, made a short visit here last week.

Miss Alice Goodspeed, of Nashua, is visiting friends here.

Mr. J. T. Knight, manager of the Merchants' bank, has returned from his holiday trip.

Mayor R. B. Ketchum and Mrs. Ketchum returned Tuesday to their home in Houlton, after a few days visit here.

Mr. J. S. McLaren, of St. John, was in town yesterday.

Mr. Geo. M. Ryan, of the postal service on the I. C. R., made a flying visit to Woodstock last week.

This evening there is a large party at the residence of Rev. Canon Neales.

Mrs. Charles Miles, of Andover, is visiting her sister, Mrs. B. H. Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Birmingham and two sons, of San Francisco, are in town.

Mr. William Alexander and wife have returned from their bridal tour and located in Woodstock.

Mr. R. E. Guy Smith has returned from a short visit to St. John.

Mr. W. Beer, of Charlottetown, is visiting Woodstock friends this week.

NEWCASTLE.

"Progress" is for sale in Newcastle at Johnson Bros. bookstore and by Bertie Russell.

JANUARY 16.—The river is like a mirror and the skaters are enjoying life. A number of young ladies have skated to Chatham.

Miss McCurdy has returned from a visit to Moncton. Miss M. McCurdy is expected at "Hill top" soon.

Mrs. Mayo is visiting at the Bridge.

Mr. Park has changed his course from the "Pines" to Pleasant street.

The little entertainment given by St. James' church choir to complete the sum required for a new organ was quite a success. The programme was headed with an address by Rev. Mr. Aitken and then came songs, tableaux and a drama, *Cinderella*. The singing was very good. Mrs. Sutherland has a beautiful voice and the hearty encore showed the appreciation of the audience. The tableaux were badly managed, the prettiest one, "Better Bide a Wee" being ruined by the curtain dropping before the light was turned on. The drama was the best of the programme. The recitation by Mrs. O. Nicholson was heartily applauded and, everything taken into consideration the entertainment was quite a success as the sum cleared was somewhere in the vicinity of \$100. In the hall I noticed several from Chatham, among whom were the Misses Snowball, Murray, Anderson, Muirhead, MacDougall, and others. Hon. P. A. Landry was in the audience. BUTTONS.

ST. STEPHEN.

"Progress" is for sale in St. Stephen at the bookstores of C. H. Smith & Co. and G. S. Wall.

JANUARY 16.—Rev. W. W. Campbell, rector of Trinity, is in New York at present, and it is said, is soon to issue a new volume of poems. St. Stephen people are fortunate in having in their midst the gifted

SKINNER'S Carpet Warerooms 58 KING STREET.

I have just received from the manufacturers the finest lot of

Turcoman and Chenille Curtains

ever imported to this city, and at prices that will astonish my customers. THE LOWEST PRICES EVER QUOTED.

A Beautiful Chenille Curtain for \$12 per pair; A Fine Turcoman Curtain for \$6.50 per pair.

A. O. SKINNER.

Boys' and Girls' Own Annuals; GIFT BOOKS; Photograph and Autograph Albums; POCKET BOOKS; CHURCH SERVICES.

A FULL ASSORTMENT AT

T. H. HALL'S, . . . 46 and 48 King Street. HATS. HATS.

MANKS & CO.

Would ask the attention of buyers to their Stock of

Men's Fine Felt Hats, OF LATEST STYLES.

BOYS' SCHOOL AND DRESS HATS, in Straw, Cloth and Felt—all grades; CHILDREN'S Fine and Low Grades of STRAW SAILOR HATS, MIDDY CAPS, Etc., Etc., And a Full Assortment of ALL GOODS IN THEIR LINE.

57 . . . KING STREET . . . 57.

THE BELL CIGAR FACTORY ADVERTISES FACTS.

We made more Cigars than all Cigar Factories East of Quebec City during 1888.

We paid more DUTY than all Cigar factories east Quebec city during 1888.

We have imported more HAVANA TOBACCO than all Cigar factories east Quebec city during 1888.

And still we do not ADVERTISE to give a CLEAR HAVANA CIGAR for 5c.

Established April 21, 1884, we have doubled our production every year, and today we are making better Cigars than any other factory in the maritime provinces.

BELL & HIGGINS, ST. JOHN, N. B.

DANGER!

People having FEATHER BEDS and PILLOWS do not seem to realize the DANGER there is in using them without being cleaned, especially in times of an epidemic, as feathers retain all the exhalations and poisonous matters exuding from the person, and by so doing spread sickness through the family. Our STEAM CLEANING PROCESS eliminates all poisonous matters and leaves the feathers in a better condition than new. Leave orders at

UNGAR'S STEAM LAUNDRY.

COLLEGIATE SCHOOL, Windsor, N. S. FOUNDED 1788. A. D.

Lent Term will begin Saturday, Jan. 19.

Boys intending to come into residence must apply early.

Full particulars on application to the Head Master. ARNOLDUS MILLER, M. A., Windsor, N. S., Jan. 6, 1889. Head Master.

author of the weird and beautiful lake poems which have made Mr. Campbell's name so widely known.

Miss Mary Crocker, a former resident of St. Stephen, who has spent the last twelve years in California and Nevada, is spending a few weeks among her old friends.

Mr. James Street, of Montreal, was registered at the Queen last week.

Rev. Mr. Dienstadt, of St. John, will spend next Sunday in St. Stephen.

Mr. Melvin Grimmer has been summoned from his home, in California, by the dangerous illness of his father, Mr. Wm. Uplam Bliss. Appropriate toasts were very pleasantly spent. LELLA.

Mr. Clifford Thompson has returned to Boston.

Mr. William Hughes left, yesterday morning, for San Francisco, where he purposes settling.

Mr. Arch. C. Boyd, a former St. Stephen boy, who has distinguished himself at Dartmouth, was in town last week. He returned to Hanover, Wednesday.

SACKVILLE.

"Progress" is for sale in Sackville at Charles Moore's bookstore.

JANUARY 16.—Society is at present very dull, not having as yet recovered from the severe strain it experienced during the holiday season.

Miss Allie Estabrooks left us last week to spend the winter in Boston with her friend, Mrs. Bedford Read.

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Kinnear are at present in Dorchester. Mr. Kinnear is attending the circuit court.

Mrs. Fulton McDougall has returned from Pictou, where she has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dawson.

Post office Inspector King paid us a flying visit last Saturday.

Misses Ethel Ogden and Mamie Bell left Tuesday for St. John, to attend the Owens Art school. DIXIE.

RICHIBUCTO.

JANUARY 16.—After the adjournment of the municipal council, Saturday, represent-

IT HAS COME!

Not a "cheap sale," but the inauguration of that policy whose principle demands that a season's goods must be cleared out at the end of their season.

We shall use but one means to effect our purpose, and that is to reduce to a literal half-price all goods which we wish to clear.

We will not make a general reduction, but begin with three lines:

All colored Dress Goods, Ulster Cloths and Dress and Mantle Trimmings.

These reductions take effect on Monday, January 14. Other lines will be reduced "as the things are ready and the time is ripe."

The Bargain counter will be renewed every week.

There will be but two rules to govern this sale, viz: Half-price goods cannot be charged, neither can they be laid aside without a deposit. Both rules unexceptional.

HUNTER, HAMILTON & MCKAY.

VOL.

THEY I

MESSRS. OTHER

How the C

Itself an

Portland-

Citizens 3

Police M

was very a

ago. He t

libel. He

doubtless,