

OFFICIALLY COMPILED.

THE SOFT SNAP OF A PROVINCIAL DIRECTORY PUBLISHER.

He Enlists the Aid of a Postal Official, and Thereby Saves the Expense of Carriers—The Country Pays for the Postage, Paper, Envelopes and Labor.

An esteemed correspondent, at Cacabac, wants PROGRESS to explain how directories are made—that is, how all the names are obtained.

The enquiry is a very proper one. Not one person in a thousand of those who consult a directory ever gives a thought to the vast amount of labor, and the expense, necessary for the preparation of such a useful book. In the city directory, for instance, every name, street and number, must be as correct as careful enquiry can make them, and a host of precautions must be taken to prevent duplications and contradictions. If a directory is not correct, it is misleading, and the publisher of such a book would necessarily suffer in reputation and in a loss of public confidence.

There is a certain publisher in a certain province who is a veteran in the business, and knows just how to go to work to secure the best results. He is a very careful man, and tries to make his books as correct as possible in every particular. This is not always an easy matter. Various kinds of men are employed to procure the names, and some of them are apt to work more with a view to their pay than with a zeal to be accurate at any cost. Such men, if not watched, may put a "p" in Thomson, or omit an "d" from the end of Clarke, spell Smyth with an "i," turn "De Vere" into Dever, and begin "deJenkins" with an obtrusive and offensive capital "D."

Mistakes as serious as this have happened in the best regulated directories. Sometime ago, but on what particular day and date deponent saith not, the publisher in question decided upon the publication of a provincial directory containing an alphabetical directory of each county, and a separate directory of the cities and principal towns, with an appendix of useful information. Concurrently with the resolve, his face is believed to have worn a more than usually contented smile.

A brilliant idea had occurred to him. Before his eye rose a vision of a provincial directory which would be in its way as correct as an Ottawa blue-book. He would no longer be at the mercy of canvassers of whose fidelity he was not assured, but would have the work officially compiled by sworn employees of the government. He would enlist the co-operation of every postmaster in that particular province.

The country postmaster, as a rule, is neither overworked nor overpaid. He has an intimate knowledge of his neighbors, their affairs, and the spelling of their names. Moreover, after the daily and weekly mail has arrived and he has read all the postal cards, he has an abundance of spare time. He delights to fill out lists for quack medicine men to use for circulars, or for newspapers to utilize for sample copies. Besides, for a salary of from \$10 to \$50 a year he fills out more department blanks in a week than a civil service employe has to do for ten times the money.

There were 1,000 or more postmasters in the province in question, and the problem with the publisher was how to obtain their co-operation with the least trouble and at the smallest expense. The sending of a circular to each one, and the return postage at letter rates would cost only some \$60 or \$70, but under such a system there was no certainty that even the majority of them would respond. If he undertook to pay them all by the job, he could not offer them less than \$1 a piece, which would mean \$1,000, while if he offered say two cents a name, some rural officials might send not only the entire population of men, women and children, but might supplement the list by copying the inscriptions in the village graveyard.

To send his own canvassers around the country might cost as much as \$2,000. The wise publisher hit upon a much better plan, by which he would not only save postage, paper, time and trouble, but would have an accurate and virtually official list. All this, he found, could be done by dealing with one man, who for a fixed and definite sum would undertake to have the work satisfactorily and promptly performed.

That man was found in the person of an obliging post-office official. This official, realizing the importance of accuracy in such a publication, and readily seeing that the directory speculation was wholly in the interests of the public, was very willing to co-operate with the publisher. It would, of course, be out of the question for a man in his position to accept any remuneration for doing what was so clearly a duty to his country, but as the young man in his office would have to do a great deal of extra work in the matter, it would only be right that they should have something in the way of reward.

That is the way he put it. The publisher was quite willing to pay for the knowledge he wanted, and agreed to pay a sum, said to be about \$800, to the genial official. Two of the clerks under the official's control were assigned to the work. They made cyclostyle—or some other style—copies of a circular from the official to the postmasters throughout the province, excepting possibly, some of the larger towns, calling on them officially for certain information regarding their neighborhood and its people. With each circular was enclosed an envelope for reply, bearing on its face the magical words "On Her Majesty's Service—Free," while the same inscription decorated the envelopes in which the circulars were sent. Enclosed, also, were the blank forms, to be filled up and returned without delay. Having passed from the publisher's hands to those of the postal service the preparation of the directory became an official transaction, and of course the circulars, etc., were written on the paper of the department.

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CHRISTMAS IS COMING,

BUT "PROGRESS" HAS TAKEN TIME BY THE FORELOCK.

Something About the Paper That is Issued To-Day, and the Men who Helped to Make It—Not a "Boom" Edition, but Quite as Interesting.

Today PROGRESS completes the 85th week of its existence, and is glad to announce that it is not only alive, but in the most vigorous health.

It might be said that it is also "alive and kicking"—when there are any abuses to be kicked against. When there are not it is as peaceable and well disposed as any paper in America. Just now, whatever may be hidden in public affairs, there is not much on the surface that is radically wrong, and so PROGRESS is inclined, as becomes the season, to live in peace with the world. Last year, at the holiday season, a mammoth edition of PROGRESS was issued, showing the importance of St. John as a business centre, and giving a very good idea of the operations of the leading business houses. The people appreciated such a paper, and so did the newspapers, though some of them had not the courage to say so. Since then, however, PROGRESS having shown what a "boom" edition was, the idea has been imitated by a number of the dailies, with more or less success, until 24-page papers are no longer a novelty in this part of the world. They were unheard of until PROGRESS led the way.

This year, another view of the matter has been taken. Christmas is a very busy season, but it is not one in which people want to read articles on the business and resources of the country. They want something more in keeping with the spirit of the holidays, and this has been given them in the matter which fills the greater portion of this issue.

It will be found worth reading. All the stories have been written especially for this number, and several of them, with special local bearing are narratives of actual adventure. The readers can judge which they like best, for there is a variety of styles, and all of them are good. It is only to be regretted that, in one or two instances, the extreme modesty of the authors has led them to write under assumed names. They should not shrink from publicity when they have done such really good work.

The edition of 20 pages that PROGRESS gives to its readers today is second only in size to its magnificent "boom" issue of last year. That paper had 24 pages filled with local engravings and descriptions of business houses and firms. The holiday number today is composed of quite different material. The illustrations and stories were obtained from the best engraving firm in the business and the best writers in the maritime provinces. Both of these features were selected with the special idea of a purely holiday number worth buying and worth reading. The paper used in this edition is better than the ordinary, and the presswork is ahead of any done in the newspaper line in not only the maritime provinces, but in Canada. This is not any more the credit of the splendid new press of PROGRESS than of the painstaking and excellent foreman, James Porter, and the pressman, James Byrne. With too little time at his disposal, and the regular edition to handle as well, Mr. Porter's arrangement of the advertisements and illustrations would do credit to any printer.

Apert from the merit of the stories, of which we have spoken before, the advertisements form an important part of today's issue, at least to the publisher, who but for such generous patronage would find little comfort in a 20 page illustrated edition at even five cents. The average reader will find the special business announcements in this issue of genuine interest. A firm like W. C. Pitfield & Co. takes a full page to tell their friends that they have done well the past season and are ready

BYGONE DAYS RECALLED

AN OLD TIMER'S REMINISCENCES OF PEOPLE AND EVENTS.

The Fortune Hunting Craze that Struck St. John Years Ago—The Finding of Pearls and Discovery of Coal Mines—Saided Digging Gangs.

A generation or two ago there was a craze for getting suddenly rich by the discovery of a mine of some kind. Everybody knew that we had an abundance of rock, granite, lime stone, albertite, manganese, if not auredated deposits such as they had over the way.

Yes, there were pearls discovered in those days, so a good many persons believed; but somehow or other I never saw but one, and that one was trotted out and did duty about one year, by being exhibited in a certain St. John jewelry store, and served as a capital advertisement for said establishment.

You go to church some morning arrayed in respectability as in a garment, and also in a high shirt collar and a tall and shiny hat, little dreaming that it is the last Sunday you will sally forth in manly meditation fancy free.

As mining was all the rage at the time to which reference is now being made, it was discovered by no less a person than one of the newspaper reporters that a most valuable coal deposit existed near Flemming & Humbert's foundry, near where now stands our railway freight houses, and the coal was of the best quality.

Need I say more? Of course not. You are not more than usually susceptible, but before that evening is over you are quite certain that if all the angels have not got hazel eyes and golden hair, they ought to have, that's all.

AN OLD TIMER.

A SUBJECT FOR PITY.

The Valuable Lesson in Geography Which Astonished a Southern Gentleman.

Not long ago, a friend of mine, who was a native of Nova Scotia, was taking a trip up the Hudson, on one of the river steamers. During the voyage, he made the acquaintance of a South Carolinian, who proved to be a most entertaining companion.

"It's up beside Nova Zembla." "For heaven sake," said the Southerner, "how do you live there?" "Oh, we live in the bears' dens in winter and the Indians dig us out in the Spring," was the reply.

FALLING IN LOVE.

Mr. Strange Describes What It is Like When one has got There.

I don't think there is anything in the whole plan of nature that is such a puzzle to me as this falling in love! There is an awful mystery about it, well calculated to cause the boldest heart to quake, because you never know what is going to happen to you.

We go forth in the morning cheerfully, bravely. We belong to ourselves, and we don't love anyone else as well, but we little know what my happen to us ere we clamber once more into our little white bed, perchance to toss restlessly where we erstwhile snoped in peace till the brazen tongue of the second breakfast bell drew us like a magnet from our couch.

"Whether her hair be raven, or golden, Whether her eyes be hazel or blue I know that my heart will cherish that color, Some day as the loveliest hue."

You go to church some morning arrayed in respectability as in a garment, and also in a high shirt collar and a tall and shiny hat, little dreaming that it is the last Sunday you will sally forth in manly meditation fancy free.

Having thus cleansed your conscience and shriven your soul, you settle yourself and begin to take notice.

And just one seat in front she sits, you know it is she from a certain indefinite feeling in the left centre of your waistcoat. She is a stranger in town, a visitor. And you leave that church carrying in your mind only one distinct impression; and that is a picture of a head of soft brown hair surmounted by a navy blue bonnet—navy blue goes so well with brown hair—a shell like ear undisfigured by the barbaric ear-ring, and a delicious vision of creamy cheeks, half hidden by the detestable monstrosity which has gained an undeserved popularity this winter, the fur ruff, and which makes the fairest of Eve's daughters resemble—pardon the thought—an old fashioned "Jack in the box."

You array yourself for conquest in a general way. Of course you expect to make an impression, you would not be human and a man if you didn't, but nothing is farther from your intention than being impressed yourself. If the dear girls will insist on loving you how can you help it? It is the fault of nature for making you so irresistible, and you have scarcely been in the room five minutes before your hostess introduces you to her niece from Montreal.

Need I say more? Of course not. You are not more than usually susceptible, but before that evening is over you are quite certain that if all the angels have not got hazel eyes and golden hair, they ought to have, that's all.

AN OLD TIMER.

LINES

Written after looking at some views in the suburbs of St. John, N. B., in the Dominion Illustrated.

I know how fair the sunny mornings rise O'er those dear distant hills— I know how deeply blue the arching skies, What peace the landscape fills.

When evening's beauteous lights their tints unveil, And softly shines afar, In tender radiance, o'er hill and dale The lovers' twilight star!

I know how fresh and free the strong air blow Up from the' encircling sea! Ah me! ah me! the years that come and go, They bring no more to me.

The dreams that nestled round my heart the while I walked these pleasant ways, And looked, while wrapped in youth's gay morning smile, Through her transporting haze!

These all have flown—but does it look the same To other eyes than mine? Do others mark the well known glories flame At morn and vesper time?

Do feet that bound the heart's music still Frequent each lovely spot? Then, then—my star, shine on o'er dale and hill, Shine on, and miss me not! *Morgan J. Wills.*

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT

SUITABLE FOR ANY AGE, of EITHER SEX, and AT ANY DESIRED PRICE, can be had at



98 and 100 Prince William Street, ST. JOHN, N. B. BEAUTIFY YOUR HOMES!



A Coat of Paint will cover a multitude of Faults.

HOUSE OWNERS will get rents sooner for it. Housewives will be happier for living in harmony—of color. And when you decide to have the exterior and interior of your homes neat and handsome, get estimates of cost from A. G. STAPLES, Plain and Decorative Painter, 175 Charlotte street. He will do the work as well and as reasonable as any other.

Ladies who read this should remember that a room has to be made ready with the painter's skill and brush before it is fit for elegant furniture. Have one beautiful room, at least, in your house. Give it over to the painter for a little while and you will not regret it. Mr. STAPLES makes a specialty of interior decoration. Call on him and get his ideas.

JOHNNY MULCAHEY AND BILL

Have a Hard Time Raising Money for The Christmas Holidays.

This is a hokey lookin' Christmas as far's its got, 'cause a feller wouldn't know what it was comin' so soon only somebody tore the slips of the calendar. Just as soon's a feller gets his sled irons bright all the snow goes off and then they gits rusty again. Pa says he thinks he'll move over to the North End and then he'll buy me a bote go's I kin sail along the streets till the snow comes. I don't think I'd like ter be a northernder much.

Me and Bill's been trying to be good friends with everybody, 'cause its dooced hard gettin' any money for Christmas, but when we try to get good friends everybody says there's somethin' in the wind. I don't think the maiden ladies across the street will have us to go any more errands, 'cause when we went fer their bakin' sugar we bought it from a honest grocery man and put the sand in ourselves, so we didn't haveter buy so much as they told us to, and when we went fer the woman-downstairs' vinegar she said its the weakest vinegar she ever saw, so I guess she won't have us any more either. A young feller can't make no money, no how.

I guess we'd a been bankrupts if we didn't have that cat show, on'y we'd a made more money outa a nigger minstrel, but we couldn't git none of the fellars to be actors, 'cause they said what me and Bill kep all the gait recets last time, and what we put stuff in the blackin' what wouldn't let it come of there's faces again. Any-

24th Annual Sale

AT REDUCED PRICES. Commencing Monday, December 2nd, 1889.

Handsome English Walking Jackets; Mantles, Cloaks, Ulsters and Dolmans; Children's Coats; Infant's Cloaks; Dressing Gowns, Bath Gowns and Dressing Jackets; Infant's and Children's House Dresses.

Liberal Reductions in Prices for the XMAS HOLIDAYS.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.

The Enterprise Meat Cutter!

BEST IN THE WORLD.

No Kitchen Complete without One. Makes the HARDEST LABOR of the Kitchen easy.

8 SIZES.

EMERSON & FISHER, 75 to 79 Prince Wm. St.

CHRISTMAS TINWARE

AND HOUSEHOLD HARDWARE, in great variety and at right prices.

All Housekeepers should pay our Store a visit before the HOLIDAYS.

THE NEW CROCKERY STORE

94 KING STREET.

China Tea Sets.

I have just received and am now showing the FINEST assortment of CHINA TEA SETS ever offered in this City.

Prices as Low as ever. C. MASTERS.

COLONIAL BOOK STORE!

We beg to announce to the public that in addition to our KING STREET STORE, we have secured the premises on MARKET SQUARE, known as the SHEFFIELD HOUSE, for the approaching

HOLIDAY SEASON,

where we have opened a LARGE STOCK OF HOLIDAY GOODS, including BOOKS of every description, BIBLES, PRAYER BOOKS, HYMN BOOKS, Albums, Desks, Booklets, Christmas Cards, and FANCY GOODS of all kinds.

T. H. HALL.

XMAS IS COMING!

Nothing can be more appreciated for a CHRISTMAS PRESENT than a good Overcoat, Suit or Pair of Pants.

THE CITY MARKET CLOTHING HALL

is the spot where you will see one of the FINEST STOCKS OF CLOTHING to select from in the City.

All goods are MARKED DOWN LOW FOR CASH during the HOLIDAY SEASON.

A fine assortment of NECKWEAR, all styles and prices; SILK HANDKERCHIEFS in abundance; UNDERWEAR, in Scotch and Canadian wear; A full stock of SHIRTS, COLLARS, CUFFS, BRACES, GLOVES, etc.

A fine line of TWEEDS, consisting of English, Scotch and Irish Tweeds. All work got up in FIRST-CLASS STYLE and SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

T. YOUNG & CLAUSS,

City Market Clothing Hall, - - - - 51 CHARLOTTE STREET.

KERR'S Confectionery.

New and Specialty Fine CHOCOLATES, CREAMS & CARMELS CARNIVAL MIXTURE.

Cream Chips, over 7,000 packages sold within the last few months.

ASSORTED FRUIT AND LIME FRUIT TABLETS.

70 KING STREET, 28 DOCK STREET, Opposite VICTORIA HOTEL, Opposite BARRY & McLAUGHLAN'S.

CLARKE, KERR & THORNE,

60 Prince William Street.

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

We invite you to call and see our stock. 60 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

GET YOUR Pictures Framed

GORBELL ART STORE, 207 Union Street.

Finest English and American Studies Rented at reasonable rates. Mantel Mirrors and Fire Screens made at short notice.

Annual Sale

AT LOW PRICES.
December 2nd, 1889.

Children's Gowns and Dressing Jackets;
Children's House Dresses.
The XMAS HOLIDAYS.

ERTSON & ALLISON.
The Meat Cutter!
BEST IN THE WORLD.

Kitchen Complete without One.
Does the HARDEST LABOR of the
Kitchen easy.

8 SIZES.
75 to 79 Prince Wm. St.
S TINWARE
OLD HARDWARE,
and at right prices.

Store a visit before the HOLIDAYS.
CKERY STORE
STREET.

Tea Sets.
Showing the FINEST assortment
ever offered in this City.
C. MASTERS.
BOOK STORE!

In addition to our KING STREET STORE,
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ODS of all kinds.

T. H. HALL.
COMING!

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- 51 CHARLOTTE STREET.

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LATES, CREAMS & CARAMELS
MIXTURE.
over 7,000 packages sold within
the last few months.

28 DOCK STREET,
Opposite BARRY & McLAUGHLAN'S.

R & THORNE,
William Street.

selecting your HOLIDAY GIFTS.
at prices to suit all,
ERY, PLATED WARE.

60 PRINCE WIDLIAM STREET.
s Framed
E, 207 Union Street.

BEAUTIFUL LAND OF THE DEAD.

By the hut of the peasant where poverty weeds,
And night to the towers of the king,
Close, close to the cradle where infancy sleeps,
And joy loves to linger and sing,
Lies a garden of light full of heaven's perfume,
Where never a shadow is shed,
And the rose and the lily achieve in bloom—
'Tis the beautiful land of the dead.

Each moment of life a messenger comes
And beckons man to the way;
Through the heart joys of women and rolling of
drums,
The army of mortals obey.
Few lips that have kissed not a motionless brow,
A face from each forehead has fled,
But we know that our loved ones are watching us
now
In the beautiful land of the dead.

Not a charm that we knew 'ere the boundary was
crossed,
And we stood in the valley alone;
Not a trait that we prize in our darlings is lost,
They have faded and lover's glow;
As the lilies burst in the shadows of night
Into bondage as daybreak is shed,
So they bask in the glow by the pillar of light,
In the beautiful land of the dead.

O, the dead, our dead, our beautiful dead!
Are close to the heart of eternity wed;
When the last deed is done and the last word is
said,
We will meet in the beautiful land of the dead.

—Anon.

THE BLIZZARD'S WORK.

The new house was at best but a modest
little structure, but Mayne viewed the placing
of each shingle and the driving of each nail
with profound satisfaction. In the
sparsely settled neighborhood, where "dug
outs" and "shacks" predominated, a
"frame" house, even though small and
unpretending, was a structure of no mean
importance. When it became known that
Jack Mayne intended to plaster the "front
room," it was pretty thoroughly agreed
that reckless extravagance characterized
Mayne's house building.

Except in the fashioning of the skeleton
of the house and the framing of the door
and window casings, the young settler had
done most of the work himself, perhaps
not exactly as a master mechanic would
have done it, but in a way that gratified
himself exceedingly.

Just now, as he hammered away, lathing
the little "front room," he whistled so
loudly that the tune reached Dock and
Jenny, the sturdy mouse-colored mules.
For a moment they ceased the pleasant
operation of stuffing themselves with
"roughness" at the fodder stack, and
answered with unusual, braying cry.

Every now and then Mayne would pause
in his nailings to caress the head of Jaggs,
the gray cat, who, enthroned upon an in-
verted nail keg, solemnly watched the
placing of each shingle and nail.

"Jaggs," Mayne said, as the cat purred
with grave content beneath the grateful
stroking, "we've gone through trials, you
and I, Jaggs, but there is a brighter day
just before us."

The cat uttered a satisfied hum as if of
assent.

Then Mayne sat himself down on the
window sill and thought, "The world is
not a boy dealt kindly with Jack Mayne.
As a boy he had been obliged to make his
way unaided, and the fruits of his continued
struggles had nearly all been disappoint-
ments."

Then Bessie Hamlin came into his life—
little Bessie, who was certain there
was no one in this world who could compare
with Jack Mayne.

But Mayne had not a dollar to share with
the girl, and Bessie was powerless, living
on her salary as a school teacher. So no-
where before them could they see a prospect
that they could take each other for better
or for worse without the worse largely pre-
dominating.

Then Jack Mayne departed for the west,
resolved on the border to take a home for
Bessie.

For nearly two years the struggle was no
easy one, and often Mayne was only kept
from complete discouragement by the
thoughts of little Bessie Hamlin.

Especially bitter was the struggle of the
first year. Planted by inexperienced
hands the sod corn turned out badly. A
fire guard, neglected through ignorance
of its necessity, allowed a prairie fire to de-
stroy several rods of fence and a haystack.
Sleeping in a dugout, which leaked owing
to the builder's ignorance of the science of
constructing such dwellings, gave him the
ague which nearly shook his life out before
he got rid of it. His one cow, bought on
time, partook too freely of buckeyes and
died. Finally, the unexpected appearance
of a cyclone necessitated the purchase of
material and the erection of a new stable.
And so it went on till Mayne was nigh to
give up in despair.

Now there was a change.

Since the ground was no longer sod, and the
yield of corn was bountiful, and that of
grain not a whit behind. More sod had
been broken and produced an abundance of
fodder. The sturdy, mouse-colored mules
had been bought instead of hired, as be-
fore. Last of all, the dugout was being
discarded for the new house. In another
year or two Jack Mayne would pass
through his season of trial and be one of
the many border farmers on the high road
to prosperity.

The day had been lowering ever since its
dawn, and there was a chill in the air that
would have rendered continued inaction in
the windowless and doorless house rather
uncomfortable. But Mayne, busy with
his work and happy thoughts, did not even
notice the weather. He hammered away
never heeding the lowering skies or the
faint chill in the air. Then, as he ceased
his work and sat on the sill of the sashless
window, his thoughts went swiftly back
to little Bessie Hamlin in the Eastern home.

"The money I sent ought to have reached
her by this time," he mused, "and in a
few days I'll get a letter telling me when
to expect her. Then I'll post Preacher
Hicks when to be on hand, and I'll send
out a general invitation for the neighbors to
be present at the wedding. After the sup-
per old man Byers with his fiddle will
begin operations, and we'll give them such
a jollification as they have not had for
many a long day. I'll go over to Adams-
ville on Bill Henderson's mail backboard
and meet Bessie."

A smart burst of wind with an unaccus-
tomed keenness whirled around the corner
with a dismal little whistle and sent a
detached tumble weed rolling off across

the prairie. Other tumble-weeds went
thundering away before the gusts that fol-
lowed every now and then.

"The backboard's pretty small for three
of us," Mayne went on half aloud, "but
then Bessie is not very big and I can hold
her on my lap."

The puff of wind that rounded the corner
just then ended in a wall as snarling al-
most of the cry of a tiny lost child.

"Jaggs, the cat, descended from his nail
keg and scudded away to the "dugout."
The mules ceased to devour the fodder,
and after a glance at the northwestern sky
shuffled off to the stable.

"Only a few more days now," Mayne
mused. "Only a few more. Then Bessie
will be my wife, and we will make this
new house the happiest in the country—yes,
in the whole state! Poor girl, her part
through life has not been a pleasant one,
but God helping me it shall be in the
future!"

There was a stronger and more icy gust
of wind. Then a sudden it seemed as
if the light of day was blotted out by a
dull hissing rush the blizzard came, and
with its impenetrable wall of powdered
snow, driven along at race-horse speed,
seemed to efface every particle of light and
warmth. The air was deathly cold almost
in an instant, and through the windowless
and doorless house the wind roared with
the speed of a hurricane, driving the his-
sing snow clear through the rooms, half
filling them.

Mayne made his way to the open door.
The snow was speeding by and the dark-
ness was so impenetrable that he could not
see the door frame at either side as he
grasped it. Already he felt half numbed
and his blood seemed turning to ice. He felt
that he must make a heroic struggle
for life or perish of the awful, deadly cold.

He ventured from the door, only to be
whirled from his feet by the force of the
blast. As he struggled blindly to his feet
he felt that it would be death to attempt
to reach the dugout. It was only by feeling
his way about in the darkness of the blind-
ing wall of snow that Mayne was able to
discover the doorway he had left. His
veins seemed clogged with ice. His ex-
tremities lost their painful, freezing sensa-
tion. It seemed as if a red-hot dagger were
being thrust again and again into his
heart. He felt that death was near if the
awful cold did not speedily moderate.

Then he forgot himself and thought only
of Bessie. There in the darkness he dug
down in the snow beneath the window sill
where he knew the tool box to be, and ex-
tracting an awl he thrust his arm down
through the snow again and slowly
scratched some word on the floor. Demon
fingers seemed clucking at his heart, and
little spurts of colored light were shooting
before his sight. His head reared up with-
in that his and rush of the blizzard
were shut out from his hearing.

A voice seemed roaring in his ears that
Bessie, his Bessie, was dying in the snow.
Hardly conscious now of anything but the
idea that Bessie was in deadly peril, he
stumbled and fell, slowly rose, and then
fell again.

Bill Henderson, the mail carrier had just
finished tying the rusty pup securely on
to the backboard, when the landlord of the
little hotel opposite the post-office appeared
at his door.

"Oh, Bill!" he called.

"Bill answered with a sonorous "Wall!"

"Come over a minute 'fore you start."

"All right!"

Then Bill untied the little hog-backed
Texas ponies, and as they started to dash
away flung himself with acrobatic ease on
to the seat of the backboard. Executing a
half circle he brought the almost broken
ponies to a halt before the little hotel. The
landlord appeared on the porch, bearing a
neat traveling bag and followed by a girlish
figure. At sight of her Bill Henderson
doffed his broad-brim hat with as much
alacrity as if the lady had expressed an im-
perative desire to behold his uncombed
top of hair.

"Howdy, ma'am!" he roared with a polite
grin.

"You carry passengers, I believe," spoke
the girl's musical voice.

"You bet—I mean yes ma'am!" Bill
stammered.

In a few moments it was arranged that
the girl should take passage on the mail
carrier's backboard.

Soon, with a loud Gid dap! and a loud-
er pop of the blacksnake whip, the team of
half-wild mustangs were started. Down
the street and around the corner they
galloped, Bill grinning delightedly and the
girl clinging to the side of the seat with
all the power of her small hands.

Presently Bill noticed this, and he pulled
up the team so sharply that the girl was
nearly unseated and the mustangs kicked
up the dust at a great rate.

"Beg your pardon, ma'am," Bill said.
"Don't 'low yer own to this yere sort uv
drivin'."

"I 'confess I am not," the girl answered,
rather faintly, although she smiled, as if to
show that she had not been afraid.

"That's what I 'lowed," roared Bill, de-
lighted at his acumen in discovering the
girl's inexperience.

"You are certain you know where Jack
Mayne lives?" the girl asked presently.

"You bet yer life—I mean certain I do.
Know his claim like a book."

A red ray of intelligence presently illu-
minated Bill's face.

"Air you the one?" he asked, abruptly.
"What one? came the girl's puzzled
counter question.

"Why, that gal—I mean the lady—
Mayne's ben expectin'?" Told me yistday
to keep an eye open for a lady what would
come over in a few days. 'Lowed he'd
come over with me an' meet her. If your
one yer sorter givin' him a s'prise, 'low
hain't you?"

"Yes, I am the one," the girl answered,
pensively, "and I am giving him a surprise.
I hope it will be a pleasant one."

"You bet hit—I mean course hit will!"
roared Bill, with a great grin. "Pleasant?"
Wall, I reckon! 'Wen he was a tellin' me
'bout yer comin' his face lit up with a
happy sort uv a light that told me more
than his words did 'bout you. He didn't
say so, but I 'low that'll be a weddin' over
that-a-way soon, eh?"

Bill, delighted at his own powers of pre-
ception, grinned hugely and smote his
knee with a sounding whack.

There was a soft light in the girl's eyes
and a little flush on her cheek as she
answered quietly:

"Perhaps."

Delighted at having an appreciative list-
ener, Bill talked on in a steady vocal

stream till the rapidity of his words kept
time to the rapid hoof beats of the ponies.
The sole subject of his conversation was
Jack Mayne, his struggles and the dawn of
his prosperity.

"Poor Jack!" the girl said softly, "How
long and how bravely he has waited and
worked!"

"Yes," answered Bill, "An', if I don't
miss my figger, somebody else has waited
an' worked, too, somebody not nigh so
strong an' able to fight the world as Mayne!"

It would have been better if Bill Hender-
son had paid more attention to the horizon,
and less to the girl at his side.

A jack rabbit darted by toward the south-
east with prodigious leaps. A gopher sat
erect on the little mound at the entrance of
his burrow and gazed for a moment off to
the north-west and then appeared head
foremost in his underground retreat. To
the northwest, where the earth and sky
seemed to meet, a narrow white line was
visible. The ponies snuffed the air critically,
and then dashed away as if urged on by
a blow. Arouned, Bill Henderson looked
at the coming storm with a certain pre-
sented. The white line, whether an longer,
extended a little above the horizon now,
and even as he looked Bill could see it in-
creasing in size. Urged on now by blows,
the little mustangs fairly flew along the
prairie road.

Up rose the clouds, a black mass
above and angry white below.

"Blizzard!" Bill answered through his
clenched teeth in reply to the girl's look
of anxious inquiry. "Got to git to Hi John-
son's 'fore hit gits us!"

Hi Johnson's claim shanty seemed little
more than a speck in the distance. The
wind came in sharp, icy puffs, and at each
the mustangs leaped forward with all the vigor
of their sturdy bodies.

Perhaps the girl realized but little of her
danger, for beyond a slight paleness she
showed no symptoms of terror.

The blizzard was upon them. The next moment
the world in an instant was a white sea,
the ponies swerved abruptly from the road.
The wheels on the side toward the storm
struck the hillock of a badger's burrow,
bounced up, and the hurricane overturned
the light backboard in an instant. The
light backboard was dashed away, dragging
the vehicle with them. The girl uttered no
sound as her head struck the earth, and
Bill Henderson, bending over her in the
darkness, found that the blow had rendered
her insensible. Taking the slight figure in
his arms, Bill dashed forward through the
storm. If he could but keep the proper
direction there was a chance that he might
reach Hi Johnson's claim. The storm
clogged his footsteps, and more than once
he fell only to rise and struggle onward.
The awful cold seemed piercing his body
like a knife.

Then he stumbled headlong into a little
gully, and for a moment lay still with a
queer ringing in his head. The next moment
he struggled to his feet in spite of the
pain in his ankle that caused him to groan
aloud. In spite of it all he again lifted the
unconscious girl in his arms and struggled
forward, only to fall in the gully again.

Half frozen and with a sprained ankle,
her weight was more than she could bear.
At that point the gully made an abrupt
curve and the waters in freshet time had
washed against the bank till it had been
worn away at its base and a little overhang-
ing roof of sod was left. Beneath this the
snow had drifted but little, and here in the
sheltered place, Bill Henderson laid the un-
conscious girl. Then he stumbled away in the
storm for Hi Johnson's cabin and the help
that was there.

Half an hour later he staggered against
Hi Johnson's door, and when it was opened
fell into the room and lay still on the floor.
What speedily restored him to something
like consciousness was the hot story.

In spite of the darkness and the deadly
cold a little band of searchers, consisting of
Hi Johnson, his two sturdy sons and Bill
Henderson, set out to hunt for the girl who
lay beneath the overhanging side of the
gully.

Next morning after the force of the storm
was past, and as far as the eye could reach
the prairie was one vast sea of white, they
found her—dead. The pure white snow
was all about her like a counterpane tucked
by a mother's loving hands.

The searchers found Jack Mayne's body
a few rods from the new house. When
they laid him out, stiff and stark, on the
bed in the dugout, Jaggs, the cat, curled
softly against the cold hand that for a little
while hung over the side of the bed and
that had never before failed to respond to
the pet's caresses.

The dead girl was laid beside her lover.
Bill Henderson's eyes were dim with tears
as he said gently:

"Poor things! They waited so long for
each other, but their waitin' is over now."

When the warm Chinook wind had melted
the snow in the new house, there was
plainly visible, where Jack Mayne had
scratched it on the floor, the word:

—Saturday Night.

A Point in Boston Etiquette

It is always well to be instructed in
matters of social etiquette, and the remark
which Mrs. A., one of the leaders of
Boston society was overheard making to a
young friend recently is admirably instruc-
tive.

"Do you know Mr. S.?" somebody
asked the young lady, speaking of a man
just then the fashion of the moment.

"Oh, yes," she replied. "I have known
him for years."

"My dear," Mrs. A. said, the moment
she had an opportunity of speaking to the
other side, "on one occasion I have
known Mr. S. for years. Nobody could
have known him before last winter, for he
wasn't taken up till then."—Boston Courier.

Try it and see.

A man may be in possession of various
talents and capable of enacting wonderful
and noble deeds, but there is one thing
which is an utter impossibility for him to
do, and that is, he can't wink and work his
ears at the same time. Nothing but the
much slandered although intellectual mule
has the gift to perform this marvellous act.
—Ez.

SAID TO BE TRUE.

Why a Baptist Minister Refused to
Baptize the Ladies.

The following is a true story, and is well
worth printing: Two young ladies of this
city were desirous of joining one of the
prominent Episcopal churches, but as
they had been taught that immersion was
the true form of baptism, they wished, on
joining themselves to the church, to be
baptized in that manner. They stated
their wishes to the pastor, and he expressed
himself entirely willing to administer the
ordinance in that form, but as there were
no conveniences in the church edifice for the
purpose, it would be necessary to go out-
side—to the frog pond on the Common, or
the Century lakelet in the Public Garden.
They looked upon this proposal with
horror. They could not think of it, could
not think of making such a spectacle of
themselves.

"Then," said the general pastor, "you
had better go to a Baptist church for the
purpose, and after baptism, if you desire
it, you will be received into the Episco-
palian fold."

The ladies were delighted with the sug-
gestion, and as soon as convenient, called
upon a prominent Baptist pastor and made
known their wish to be baptized.

"Certainly," replied the pastor, "but
there are certain preliminaries to be gone
through before baptism, certain prepara-
tions to be made. It is a solemn ordi-
nance, one not to be lightly submitted to,
and, by the way, it appears to me strange
that you have not previously consulted me,
that the preparations so necessary—"

"Oh! we are already prepared," said the
young ladies.

"Already prepared?"

"Yes; we do not intend to become
members of your church; we only want to
be baptized, as we believe immersion to be
the proper form of baptism. We are
going to join the Episcopal church."

"Oh! that's it," said the pastor, "and
then permit me to inform you, my dear
young ladies, that we do not wash Episco-
palian sheep here."—Boston Courier.

PSYCHOLOGY RAFFLED.

The Power of the Human Eye Not Always
to be Relied Upon.

"Did you ever try the power of magne-
tism as expressed through the eye?" asked
a friend of mine at the theatre recently.

"It's interesting," I've been developing the
faculty of late and have great fun over it.
Last week as I sat over there on the side
aisle of the parquette circle I saw several
rows of chairs ahead of me a young lady of
my acquaintance. She was sitting so that
she would have to turn clear around to look
at me, and I thought it a good chance to
test my power. I called the attention of
my companion to her and said: "Now watch
me make her look around." Then I con-
centrated my gaze on the back of her bon-
net and my mind on the idea of controlling
her action. By and by she began to look
around the house rather nervously, glance
everywhere, and then she turned clear
around and looked straight into my eyes.
I met her afterward and told her about it,
and she told me that she didn't know what
caused her to do so unusual a thing. Now
there's an acquaintance of mine down there
in the parquette—that man slouched down
in his seat with gray hair and a bald spot—
see me make him look around."

My friend knitted his brows and looked
at the talk spot intently for five minutes
without making it wince. Then he frowned
ominously and his gaze grew more pierc-
ing. Still no effect. After fifteen minutes
of this he gave it up, saying the man never
had a mind anyway, and the clothes of
performance the usher went down and
awakened the man with the bald spot. He
had been asleep—Chicago Times.

What About Fat Missionaries?

Professor Carl Lummholtz, whose *Among
Cannibals* is just reissued, has been delivering
lectures in Boston recently. While in Lon-
don he was "interviewed" by the *Pall Mall
Gazette*. This is what he said about the
preferences of the Cannibals for different
kinds of human flesh: "I gathered that
white man was no food—too salty. China-
man was not so hot, but he had a little
had a tender vegetable flavor about him,
like a milder cauliflower. But of all varieties
there was nothing so sweet as a native baby
—so sweet, so juicy, so fat, so tender.
Old men and women were naturally tough
and sinewy. And the favorite parts were
the thigh and flesh of the hand."—Ez.

Judging by Him.

Guest (angrily)—Look-a-here, landlord,
I'm heartily sick of the way you do busi-
ness here. Didn't you ever have a gentle-
man stop with you before?

Landlord (gazing at him searchingly)—
Hum! Is you a gentleman?

Guest (more angrily)—Of course!
Landlord (decidedly)—Then I never
did.—N. Y. Sun.

Public Notice.

ALL PERSONS HAVING ACCOUNTS against
the City of Saint John are requested to hand
the same in to the Common Clerk, at his office, on or
before TUESDAY, the 15th instant.

By order,
T. W. PETERS,
Chairman of the Treasury Department.
St. John, N. B., 4th December, 1889.

THE PARLOR PISTOL!

The Hit of the Century.
Perfectly Harmless in every way—A
child can use one as well as a
grown-up person.

THE MOST FASCINATING PASTIME
ONE CAN ENGAGE IN.

CALL AND SEE THEM.

SOLD AT 50 and 75 CENTS,
With Rubber-tipped Arrow and Target.

Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of 75 cents.

D. J. JENNINGS, Sole Agent for
107 UNION STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.
P. S.—Special discount to the trade.

ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS.

How to Cure Skin & Scalp DISEASES with the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

THE MOST DISTRESSING FORMS OF SKIN
and scalp diseases, with loss of hair, from
inflammation, are speedily, economically and
permanently cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES,
when all other remedies and methods fail.

CUTICURA, an exquisite skin Beautifier, and CUTICURA
externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new
Blood Purifier, internally, cure eruptions of skin
and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

CUTICURA, \$1.00. Prepared by the FORTES
30c; RESOLVENT, \$1.00. Prepared by the FORTES
30c; DERM. and CHEMICAL CORPORATION, BOSTON, MASS.
Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

—Fimples, blackheads, chapped and dry skin, etc.,
prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Relief in one minute, for all pains and
weakness. CUTICURA Anti-Fatn FLASKER,
the only pain-killing plaster. 30c.

A Bolted Door

May keep out tramps and burglars, but
not Asthma, Bronchitis, Colds, Coughs,
and Croup. The best protection against
these unwelcome intruders is Ayer's
Cherry Pectoral. With a bottle of this
far-famed preparation at hand, Throat
and Lung Troubles may be checked and
serious Disease averted.

Thomas G. Edwards, M. D., Blanco,
Texas, certifies: "Of the many prepara-
tions before the public for the cure of
colds, coughs, bronchitis, and kindred
diseases, there are none, within the
range of my experience and observation,
so reliable as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral."

John Meyer, Florence, W. Va., says:
"I have used all your medicines, and
keep them constantly in my house. I
think Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved my
life some years ago."

D. M. Bryant, M. D., Chocoma Falls,
Mass., writes: "Ayer's Cherry Pectoral
has proved remarkably good in croup,
ordinary colds, and whooping cough,
and is invaluable as a family medicine."

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c; six bottles, \$1.50.

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

LADIES' SEAL AND ASTRACAN SACQUES.
THORNE BROS.
KING STREET.
1889. Xmas. 1889.
IF YOU WANT A
NICE CHRISTMAS PRESENT
DO NOT FAIL TO CALL AT
95 King Street,
and make your selection from a large and
varied stock. Amongst these
may be found:
A set of FRUIT KNIVES, in case;
A set of TEASPOONS, in case;
A set of NAPKIN RINGS, in case;
A HAND PAINTED PLAQUE;
A Gentleman's DRESSING CASE.
A LADY'S PLUSH SATCHEL;
A pair of BUSQUE FIGURES;
A pair of OIL PAINTINGS;
A LEMON ADE SET;
A pair of VASES, etc., etc., etc.
A large stock of TOYS, DOLLS, HORSES, etc.,
for the children.
REMEMBER—95 KING STREET.
A. W. D. KNAPP.



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Relief in one minute, for all pains and
weakness. CUTICURA Anti-Fatn FLASKER,
the only pain-killing plaster. 30c.

RAILWAYS.

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY.

"ALL RAIL LINE" TO BOSTON, &c.
"THE SHORT LINE" TO MONTREAL, &c.
Commencing October 27, 1889.

PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE INTER-
COLONIAL RAILWAY STATION, ST. JOHN, AT
6.40 a. m.—Fast Express for Bangor, Portland,
Boston, etc.; Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews,
Houlton, Woodstock and points north.
FULLMAN PARLOR CAR SET JOHN TO BOSTON,
17.00 a. m.—Accommodation for St. Stephen and
intermediate points.
3.00 p. m.—Fast Express for Houlton and Wood-
stock, and via "Short Line," for Montreal, Ot-
tawa, Toronto and the West.
CANADIAN PACIFIC SLEEPING CAR TO MONTREAL,
RETURNING TO ST. JOHN FROM
14.45 p. m.—Express for Fredericton and inter-
mediate stations.
18.45 p. m.—Night Express for Bangor, Portland,
Boston and points west; also for St. Stephen, Houl-
ton, Woodstock, Presque Bay and
FULLMAN SLEEPING CAR SET JOHN TO BANGOR
RETURNING TO ST. JOHN FROM
Montreal, 18.30 p. m. Can. Pac. Sleeping Car at-
tached.
Bangor at 16.00 a. m. Parlor Car attached. 12.20,
7.30 p. m. Sleeping Car attached.
Fredericton at 11.15, 10.55 a. m.; 12.10, 15.15 p. m.
Woodstock at 16.00, 11.00 a. m.; 1.30, 18.20
p. m.
Houlton at 16.00, 11.05 a. m.; 12.15, 18.30 p. m.
St. Stephen at 19.20, 11.50 a. m.; 13.15, 11.20 p. m.
St. Andrews at 19.45 a. m.
Fredericton at 16.20, 11.20 a. m.; 13.20 p. m.
Arriving in St. John at 75.15, 19.05 a. m.; 12.10,
17.10, 11.20 p. m.

LEAVE CALETON FOR FAIRVILLE
16.00 a. m. for Fairville.
14.30 p. m.—Connecting with 4.45 p. m. train from
St. John.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

Trains marked * run daily except Sunday. Daily
except Saturday. Daily except Monday.

F. W. GRANT, Gen. Manager.
A. J. HEATH, Gen. Pass. Agent.

SHORE LINE RAILWAY!

St. Stephen and St. John.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

ON and after THURSDAY, Oct. 3, Trains will
run daily (Sunday excepted), as follows:
LEAVE St. John at

PROGRESS.

W. K. REYNOLDS, 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. One Inch, One Year, \$15 00. One Inch, Six Months, 8 00. One Inch, Three Months, 5 00. One Inch, Two Months, 4 00. One Inch, One Month, 3 00.

The edition of PROGRESS is now so large that it is necessary to put the inside pages to press on THURSDAY, and no changes of advertisements will be received later than 10 a. m. of that day. 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 for our purpose will be returned if stamps are sent.

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

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DEC. 14.

CIRCULATION, 12,000.

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

THE DANGER OF THE AGE.

Dynamite appears to be gracefully retiring from the public view as a menace to life, property and government. It recognizes that it has a successful rival in electricity, which seems to become more and more dangerous as its scientific and commercial uses become better known.

It is to be feared that the world has even now but a vague idea of its tremendous possibilities as an agent of death and destruction.

What we do know is that so far, when applied to the peaceful employments of everyday life it has the power of carrying mischief not only where it ought to go and is supposed to go, but over a very wide area besides. The men who get killed are not usually those who come in direct contact with electric light wires, but who touch some other kind of a wire, or a metal fixture, it may be miles away from the location of the leak.

Boston has just paid several million dollars to learn the lesson that what are believed to be perfectly harmless wires may, by a cross with arc light wires, start a fire with which one of the best organized departments in America can scarcely cope.

Suppose there had been a number of them? Suppose, for example, a heavy rain, followed by snow and freezing weather. Let the hundreds of webs of all kinds of wires be crusted with ice so as to finally break some of them, or bring them in contact one with another by their own weight.

Almost anything. The deadly current may be carried wherever the wires of all kinds go. It may kill telephone talkers, telegraph operators, and enter the stores and houses to burn them, as happened in Boston. If, as is likely, the fire alarm wires are in the trouble, the instruments will be burned out, and while half a dozen big fires have started in as many sections of the city, not a correct alarm can be given.

It would not be difficult to imagine New York city itself going to destruction under such circumstances.

It remains to be seen what remedy will be adopted. The plainest one seems to be the abolition, wherever practicable, of the deadly high tension wires and the substitution of others less dangerous and equally efficient. The mere burying of wires does not rob them of their danger.

Under certain conditions their power for doing wholesale damage would be infinitely increased by such a course. The deadly wire is deadly wherever it goes. The wire itself must be made harmless.

Either the people of the country know too much about science, or they know much too little.

IT IS WORTH TRYING.

The prompt response which the story of JAMES SHACKELTON drew from the public last week, shows that the people of St. John are very ready to assist the poor and suffering.

There are undoubtedly many among us who are worthy of the attention of the charitable, during the winter months. They may not be suffering for lack of food, such as it is, they may have enough fuel to prevent them from actual freezing, and this being known their circumstances attract no attention. Nevertheless, to many such, aid would be very welcome.

Such people may not solicit help. They may, indeed, seek to fight the hard battle of existence in such a way that their real circumstances cannot be known. They can be found only by searching, and aid to them must be given, sometimes, with a studied effort to avoid hurting their feelings.

There are all grades of the poor, but they are always with us. If we look for them we may find them. If each person who has enough and to spare were to make an effort to find at least one poor neighbor or family whose Christmas season might be made brighter by timely aid, a vast amount of real good could be done, in a very quiet way. Those who gave would be no less happier than those who received. It would be the true spirit of Christmas.

Perhaps some of the readers of PROGRESS will make an effort to carry out this idea. It is worth trying.

A WORD ABOUT LOTTERIES.

What is the use of having a law against lotteries, if it is not enforced? Nearly every provincial paper, at this season, contains the result of a drawing at this place or that, and not an effort is made to stop the infraction of the law. It matters not what the object of the drawing may be.

A lottery is a lottery, whether conducted by saints or sinners, and should be so regarded. Last year, in a spasm of virtuous indignation, a bill was introduced into the local legislature, directly aimed at the business of the Louisiana State Lottery in New Brunswick.

Solicitor-general RITCHIE was the father of it, and it was intended to add to the already stringent provisions of the Dominion act. The Louisiana lottery is believed to be at least as honestly conducted as most of the domestic affairs, but no attempt is made to interfere with the latter.

Indeed, close upon the heels of Mr. RITCHIE's bill a private lottery, endorsed by city officials, was openly advertised in one of the daily papers. PROGRESS called the attention of the authorities to the fact, with the result that the advertisement was withdrawn and the affair suppressed. It may find it necessary to take the same course again in some particular case.

It may be that the law against lotteries is not a wise one, and that the people should be free to do as they please with their money, without the restrictions of a paternal government. In that case, the law should be abolished. It is a pity to have it remain on the statute book and be openly disregarded.

It would be all right here. A writ for \$2,500 has been issued against Ald. O'DONNELL, of Halifax, with a view to unseating him. The allegation is that he rented a barn to the corporation, previous to his election, and having a contract with the city, was not eligible to his seat in the council.

The people of St. John are disposed to be more lenient. They allow at least two aldermen who have contracts with the city to hold their seats, despite the fact that the contracts were obtained by transparently sham tenders.

If Ald. O'DONNELL is unseated, he should come to St. John and be elected in Victoria or Brooks wards.

GOOD FOR A YEAR.

Seasonable Publications Which Will Mark the Flight of Time in 1890.

Barnes's Almanac, for 1890, filled with the usual amount of statistical information and general intelligence, has shown its welcome face. It is one of the things which no well regulated family, store or office can do without.

The Queen Insurance company, C. E. L. Jarvis, agent, is to the front with a finely colored calendar on extra heavy board, the figures having the merit of being clear and distinct for reference. The Queen also supplies a handsome blotter, which will be appreciated by ladies and others.

The feature of the calendar of the Travellers' Life and Accident Insurance company, M. & T. B. Robinson, agents, is a fine photo-gravure picture of President Harrison and his cabinet. It is not only novel but artistic and attractive.

The calendar of the Eastern Assurance Co., J. M. Robinson, agent, is brilliant with the colors of the orient, while a moose's head shows the connection of the east with the west.

There is Another Week.

A glance at the columns of PROGRESS will discover more holiday "ads" than in any other paper in the city. It is quite evident that the merchants know which is the best retail medium. Those who want to push trade next week will find it to their advantage to patronize next Saturday's issue which will be the last for Christmas. There will be three clear purchasing days after the paper comes out, with Sunday between.

Back Numbers to be Had at the Office.

Special efforts have been made to obtain a few complete sets of the papers containing the articles on the coming of the Loyalists which began in No. 81 of PROGRESS. From 20 to 25 complete sets can now be supplied to any persons who may want them. The continuous demand has been somewhat unexpected, but a part of it can now be supplied.

Do You Want to Travel.

For the Christmas and New Year's holidays, the New Brunswick railway will issue excursion tickets at all ticket stations to local points on N. B. system; also to Boston and return (including an admission to the Maritime exhibition), and to Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, and points in Ontario. Particulars can be obtained from New Brunswick ticket agents.

All the Boys Know It.

The December Grippeack contains some of the best and worst jokes that Joe Knowles has ever perpetrated. There is besides a great deal of lively condensed information about hotels, commercial travellers, and travel in general. It is a very good number, and every man "on the road" should have it.

Celebrates Its Majority.

The majority number of the Moncton Times is a number which speaks well for the enterprise of the proprietors. The illustrations of the town and portraits of its prominent residents are numerous and truthful, while there is a great deal of valuable information, historical, statistical and descriptive of Moncton and its surroundings. The Times is to be congratulated on the success of its effort.

Booklets and Christmas Cards, lowest prices, at McArthur's Bookstore, 80 King Street.



GOLDEN EAGLE FLOUR.

SUNDRY HITS AND HINTS.

It is a Christmas duty to make some other heart glad. It is well to "remember the poor," but it better to help them.

Don't forget your creditors in the distribution of holiday favors.

Only ten more days for the children to count until Christmas eve.

The sudden and ominous lull in local politics may mean something, or it may not.

"The electric octopus" is the name the New York Press gives the overhead wire system.

Halifax bids fair to become the wickedest city in America, if it keeps on at its present pace.

It is not every directory publisher who can have his work compiled at government expense.

Whether there is to be a general election or not is one of those things that no fellow can find out.

The greatest novelty of the season is the fact that Fredericton is trying to enforce the Scott Act.

A policeman on the ferry boat Saturday night is the right man in the right place. More power to his elbow.

Thanks to the suggestions of PROGRESS on Saturday, several of the clergy denounced the ghost fly last Sunday.

The thermometer has fallen several degrees on the St. Croix this week, and the Courier man has begun to cool down.

What St. John needs is to have its streets lighted every night of the year—Sundays and moonlight nights included.

There is nothing small about a cold wave 1,900 miles wide, which was reported on the way from the North Pole yesterday.

The citizens will spend a merrier Christmas than if they could peer into futurity and see the figures on next year's tax-bills.

The man who reads the stories in this issue will be convinced that there is a good deal of literary talent in the Maritime Provinces.

The Department of Agriculture has the reprehensible habit of saluting business firms as "agents," in its official communications to them.

A Chinaman, who appears to have a faith that would remove mountains, has undertaken to make a living by running a laundry at Eastport.

The gentlemen who have to serve on the jury in the murder case would probably get mad if any well-meaning friend congratulated them.

Whatever the aldermen may think of the dock question, they won't have their salaries docked, to build a fence around the Old Burial Ground.

A. Close, of St. John's, P. Q., has been trying to recover \$1,800 paid by mistake to A. Close, of St. John, N. B. He succeeded in securing \$725 of it. It was "A Close shave."

In his recent lecture before the law courts, Mr. C. N. Skinner denied that the legal profession has deteriorated in St. John of recent years. Nobody thinks it has—in quantity.

Judging from the number of men who were excused on account of "old age and other infirmities," the jury for the November circuit must have been summoned from a Home for the Aged.

So, after all, nobody has copyrighted the pure and simple words of John Milton. The law only applies to special editions, in which publishers attempt to "gold redden gold" by comments of their own.

"As deadly as any kind of poison within the knowledge of the most experienced chemist," is a New York doctor's opinion of the electric wire. It looks as though Gotham was getting excited over the matter.

There are 118 lawyers in St. John, or about one to every 60 voters. And not more than half the voters have anything to do with law, this leaves about an average of 30 citizens for the support of each lawyer.

The broad and generous West is ever prompt to aid the East. The sufferers by the great fire in Lynn have received from the citizens of Aurora, Ill., a donation of maps, showing sites for shoe factories.

The Telegraph editorially remarks that the wire by which the last victim was killed in New York "was of the variety named 'undertaker's wire,' of copper," etc. Well, that is a good name for it, under the circumstances, but "underwriters" is the word that has been used in the past.

Mr. George H. Steadman, who is out as a candidate for the legislature, in Albert county, says that "there is a great gulf stream of principle running through our people, though apparently chilled by aggressive icebergs of selfishness." Yes, and sometimes ambitious politicians get shipwrecked in that gulf stream.

We don't always understand our neighbors. In the attempts to secure a jury in the murder case, it was found that men who never were heard to say or do anything rash before had expressed most violent opinions and had most deep rooted prejudices as to the facts of that particular case. And there were a lot of them that way.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

The Shackleton Case.

To the EDITOR OF PROGRESS: I was very much surprised on reading in your issue of Dec. 7 of Mr. J. Shackleton, Sand Cove. I should have said nothing if he and others had not been wrongfully represented.

I am glad to say that I never saw him on "his bed of sickness," but, on the contrary, have heard him say that he had been able to walk as far as Mr. R. Thomson's and Mr. J. Manchester's, fully a mile, and has been able to walk out daily. I do not think Mr. Shackleton has as yet wanted for the necessities of life, and at many times had had those nourishments requisite for a sick man, as Mr. Thomson, who is well known as a gentleman to a large number of PROGRESS readers, has been a frequent visitor to Mr. Shackleton's, and has taken every interest in him; also nearly all the well-to-do residents of Manawagonish Road have come to his assistance.

I know that Rev. S. H. Rice, pastor of the Methodist church, has been to call on Mr. Shackleton, who has said "that Mr. Rice called as a minister, and left as a gentleman and a friend of the afflicted." If Miss Cain did call on Mr. Rice and was refused assistance, it was only because Mr. Shackleton's eldest son was at work at Mr. Manchester's, where Mr. Rice is living, and has the opportunity of knowing daily his condition. In my opinion, Mr. Rice is the last person who would refuse to give to the needy.

If any kind friends wish to assist this afflicted man I would recommend that they do so either to Mr. Shackleton or his old employer, Mr. Thomson, Manawagonish Road. While it is his duty and only a christian act of any young lady to assist the suffering, there need not be any misrepresentations for the case as it is had enough. Mr. S. is a very respectable man and well known. About three years ago he lost his wife, and was left with four little children. For the past 15 months he has not been able to work, and I feel sure he would be glad to see any kind friend who may think it worth their while to call on him.

If you would in justice to parties concerned publish this you will oblige.

JOHN BOSENE.

Fully Explained.

To the EDITOR OF PROGRESS: I fully recognize the justice of a complaint made in your columns last week, by a correspondent signing himself a "Member of the Club." I regret extremely that in making up the list of subscribers to professional fund the names of the following gentlemen were accidentally omitted, viz., Messrs. G. W. Jones, Percy B. Evans, H. V. Cooper and D. D. Robertson.

W. S. BARKER, Secy St. John A. Club. St. John, Dec. 11.

"Progress" Readers are Not Gullible.

"Progress" thought it had among its many readers anyone who was likely to be deceived by counterfeit money circulars, it would explain the swindle. It is not probable there is need for anything of the kind. The circulars continue to come to respectable citizens, but only people who are outside of the reach of the press are likely to be deceived by them in this part of the world.

AT HER DEATH.

While sunk the sun below the western rim And shades of night fell on the eastern zone, She passed away from earth so peacefully, As loving kindred sang the dying hymn; And, as we gazed with eyelids wet and dim Upon her face, all the bright memory Of glad days, that were no more to be, But filled the cup of sorrow to the brim: Ah! by the love and goodness of thy life, O'er thy wish fair deeds, our faith fixed on the cross.

May we not greet thee on that other shore, Farewell dear mother, over now the strife, Thine absence will be but a transient loss—Soon shall we be united evermore.

A. H. CHANDLER. Rockly, Dec. 5.

JUST THINK OF IT.

WE ARE CLEARING A LINE OF

Wool Dress Plaids, at 19 cts.

FORMER PRICE 30 CENTS.

Just the thing for Children's wear. The patterns are new this season, and have only to be seen to be appreciated. The quantity is limited. So come early.

BARNES & MURRAY.

A Well-Known and Thoroughly First-Class Article is always Desirable Stock.

THE JEWEL RANGE,

The New Model Range,

And the PRIZE RANGE,

Are Goods of which this may truthfully be said. However, every one sold sell many more, for the user will advise their friends to buy no other. Thus to present profit is added future gain, and, what is of more value, the reputation of furnishing Reliable Goods.

The exact reverse of this proposition is true of cheap and poorly constructed goods. They are dear at any price.

Call and examine our Stock.

SHERATON & SELFRIDGE, 38 King Street, (Opposite the ROYAL HOTEL.)

P. S.—JOBBER PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

A CHOICE XMAS PRESENT FOR YOUR MINISTER.

Read what a Leading Merchant says:

I have now been using the "Caligraph" purchased from you for one year, during which time it has never been out of order, nor cost a cent in any way. I can write much faster than with a pen, with much less exertion, and giving better results. I am fully satisfied with the choice I made in buying a "Caligraph" after having examined all the leading machines in the market.

D. GRAHAM WHIDDEN, Antigonish.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE. ARTHUR P. TIPPET & CO., Sole Agents.

PROGRESS ENGRAVING BUREAU

FOR THE HOLIDAYS, AT W. H. BELL'S, 25 KING ST.

Instruments sold on Installments. Pianos and Organs to hire. Please call and examine before purchasing. W. H. BELL, 25 KING STREET.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

By some accident, the tail end of my last week's letter failed to connect in the form with the part that duly appeared, and like the celebrated Mr. Bings in the song, it was cut off before its time, if not in the midst of its sins. However, it did not make much difference, since the missing link but told of the worst production of The Private Secretary I have ever had the misfortune to witness.

The version used was vastly inferior to Mr. Gillette's, in addition to which it had been so much an extent that the part of Squire Marsland was omitted altogether. Mr. Wood, like many another good man, has a fid, and his fid is the belief that he can act the buff, old, liver-diseased East Indian, and that people like to see him in the character. So they do—in cross-road country towns, but not in a city like this, where his inartistic and, I am sorry to have to add, really vulgar efforts only help to awaken pleasant memories of the magnificent performances of M. A. Kennedy in the same role.

THANKSGIVING.

Creation's Lord! To all Thy creatures good! O'gilt the Giver! From whose liberal hand Shower countless blessings on this wide-spread land

To garner plenty stores, and daily food— Whose potent arm doth keep from sword and flood A people, riot, and worthy proved, to stand Where others falter—at Thy just command— To Thee low-bowed, this growing nationhood!

Father of mercies! Guide our feet aright! Save us from faction, low-pursuit, offence— From every blot which stains our nation's page— Bestow a fuller sense, that not our might, But Thou, and Thy all ruling Providence Hath gotten us this glorious heritage!

Maccan, N.S., Dec. 10. HENRY H. PITTMAN.

JUST RECEIVED.

A NEW supply of ASPINWALL'S ENAMEL, ready for use, for painting new or renovating old Furniture of every description, Tables, Stools, Wicker Chairs, Brackets, Bird Cages, and other articles too numerous to mention.

Who brings me occupation new, In precious time of green and blue, And countless shades of varied hue? My ASPINALL.

When signs of age my chairs betray, Who is it wipes each stain away, And renders them as bright as day? My ASPINALL.

When to Bazaars my thoughts I turn, And for some novel trifles yearn, From whom fresh secrets may I learn? My ASPINALL.

For sale by J. & A. MACMILLAN, Saint John, N.B.

MISS ANNIE A. SUTHERLAND

IS NOW PREPARED TO RECEIVE PUPILS FOR INSTRUCTION IN VIOLIN AND PIANO.

For particulars inquire at No. 8 BUSINESS STREET.

TO LET.

A PLEASANTLY SITUATED and convenient Upper Flat, containing seven rooms, besides bathroom, hall, woodhouse, etc., on the corner of Sewell and Coburg streets. Apply to MRS. G. WHITE, on the premises.

SOCIETY.

Food Chests.

There are at present their ha...

While the people are...

At the society of...

Mr. B. Hallifax...

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ANK OF IT.

ING A LINE OF aids, at 19 cts. 30 CENTS.

Children's wear. The season, and have only dated. The quantity is y.

MURRAY.

Thoroughly First-Class Desirable Stock.

ANGE, el Range, PRIZE RANGE,

truthfully be said. However, for the user will advise their present profit is added future, the reputation of furnishing

proposition is true of cheap and are dear at any price.

IDGE, 38 King Street, ROYAL HOTEL.) ENDED TO.

A CHOICE XMAS PRESENT FOR YOUR MINISTER.

Read what a Leading Merchant says:

"I purchased from you for one year, during cost a cent in any way. I can write much, and giving better results. I am fully 'Caligraph' after having examined all the D. GRAHAM WHIDDEN, Antigonish.

MR P. TIPPET & CO., Sole Agents.

GRAVING BUREAU... Building... GRAVED... St John, N.B.

DUCTION PRICE OF SEWING MACHINES, HOLIDAYS, 'S, 25 King St.

THANKSGIVING. Creation's Lord! To all Thy creatures good! Of gifts the Giver! From whose liberal hand Shower countless blessings on this wide-spread land

Who brings me occupation new, In precious tints of green and blue, And countless shades of varied hue? MY ASPINALL.

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When to Bazaris my thoughts I turn, And for some novel trifles yearn, From whom fresh secrets may I learn? MY ASPINALL.

For sale by J. A. McMillan, Saint John, N. B.

MISS ANNIE A. SUTHERLAND

VIOLIN AND PIANO.

TO LET.

A PLEASANTLY SITUATED and convenient

WHITE, on the premises.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK IN NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

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

There is very little going on in the gay world just at present. Everyone, both young and old, has their hands full preparing for the Christmas season.

The work of Christmas decorations for many of the churches has begun already. Meetings have been held at the different school houses, this week, and will continue, as usual, up to a late hour on Christmas eve.

Mr. Boles DeVeer, who has been stationed in Halifax for some months, is now in the city, filling a position in the Halifax Banking Co.

The young daughter of Mr. Thomas Stead, who has been dangerously ill with pneumonia, is, I am glad to hear, recovering.

At the sale last week, held at the residence of Mrs. George Mathew, for Home missions, the nice little sum of \$80 was realized.

The following marriage notice will be of interest to St. John people, as the lady is so well known in society circles:

MARRIED.—On November the 19th, at Christ Church, Lancaster Gate, London, by the Rev. E. J. Mohrworth, M. A., the Rev. Alfred Smith, second son of the late Alfred Smith, Esq., of the Gleasons, Rochester, to Emily Shortland, second daughter of the late Edwin Bayard, Esq., of St. John, N.B.

Though the marriage took place far away from Miss Bayard's native place, a great number of her near relatives were present at the ceremony, including her mother, Mrs. Bayard, her sister, Mrs. L. L. Bevan, and several aunts and cousins, who formally lived in St. John.

The wedding dinner, took place at the palatial residence of her aunt, Mrs. Frederick Wiggin, and two of her cousins acted as bridesmaids. I understand the wedding gifts were most numerous and costly, including a great number from her old friends in St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith, after their wedding tour, will reside in London for the winter months.

Another event of interest took place at Winnipeg on the 10th inst., when Miss Clara Mad Underhill was united in marriage with Mr. C. O. Wickenden, formerly of this city, but now residing at Vancouver, B. C. The ceremony was performed by Rev. E. S. W. Pentecost.

Miss Underhill will be missed by many friends, especially those connected with her in Sunday-school works in St. Paul's, Valley church, who, with others, wish her every happiness in her new home.

I am sorry to see the house of Mr. Vaughan, Mecklenburg street, placarded for scarlet fever. Several cases are reported this week.

Mr. H. J. A. Godard is at present in the city. He has been residing at Portland, Me., for the last few months.

Miss Smith, Sheldale, is the guest of Mrs. Charles Macdonald, King street E.

Miss Julia Kelly, Calais, was in the city this week.

Mrs. Thomas Patton is confined to her house (Elliott row) through illness.

A very successful fancy sale, in connection with St. Paul's (Valley) church, took place at the residence of Mrs. Wm. DeVeer, on Wednesday.

Mr. Arthur Tremaine went to New York early this week.

Late English letters give the intelligence of the ill health of Mr. James I. Fellows, who has been ordered by his medical attendant to leave England for change of air.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph H. Scammell have left their residence, Lancaster, for the winter months, and have taken apartments at the Victoria Hotel.

Mr. A. A. Bartlett, of Charlottetown, P. E. I., was in the city this week.

Mrs. J. B. Smith spent a few days in Dorchester this week, where she went to attend the funeral of her relative, Mrs. Chandler.

Miss Lillian and Miss Ethel Hazen left by the C. P. R. on Tuesday last for Montreal, where they will spend the winter.

Mr. Robert Humphrey and bride, Halifax, spent a few days in this city this week.

Mr. Forbes Torrance, of Montreal, was in St. John this week.

Mrs. John March is quite ill with an attack of slow fever. Her friends hope that she may have a speedy recovery.

St. John—North End.

HALIFAX.

Dec. 12.—Mr. Robert Humphrey, head clerk of the Canada Atlantic Steamship Co., was married last Thursday morning to Miss Francis G. Elliott, the daughter of Mr. F. C. Elliott, of Dartmouth. The marriage took place at Christ church, Dorchester.

The bride looked very charming in a travelling costume. The gifts which were presented to her, were of a most valuable character. The bridegroom, who accompanied her as bridesmaid, wore a pretty brown costume. Mr. Humphrey's best man was Mr. Harry Chipman.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. T. C. Melier, rector of Christ church. The young couple will board for a short tour, and on their return will board for a short tour, and on their return will board for a short tour.

Mr. G. Anderson has returned from visiting her sister at Woodstock, N. B.

Mr. S. E. Barker and wife were at the Halifax for a few days last week.

Capt. Dawson and his wife leave for England on Saturday next. The captain will be much missed. He is one of the most kindly and popular men in the garrison, and always ready to lend his aid at the various church entertainments and conversations.

Capt. and Mrs. Bollean have returned from their wedding tour, which extended over a period of several months. They will be warmly welcomed back to Halifax.

His Lordship Bishop Jones has arrived from Newfoundland, en route for Bermuda, where he, with his wife and children, will spend the winter. Canon Brock, of Kentville, N. S., is to preach in St. Luke's cathedral on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Zebby, of New York, are registered at the Halifax. Mr. Zebby is one of the many wealthy Americans who take a deep interest in the advancement and consequent growth of the maritime provinces.

Every one is charmed to hear that Mrs. McDowell (Fanny Reeves) is coming to town. She will be here before Xmas and owing to her appearance the company will stay much longer than was originally intended.

Miss Arthur is to have a benefit on Saturday night, to be held at the W. & A. Hall, with a couple of weeks ago. Several ladies are interesting themselves on Miss Arthur's behalf and doubtless will be successful.

The general public have lost their hearts to Miss Arthur, her acting attracts chiefly on account of its thorough naturalness.

Mrs. G. C. Wiggins, of Windsor, has been in town staying at the Waverley.

Mr. and Mrs. David McKee, of Sydney, C. B., are also staying at the Waverley.

Mr. McKee, with her little child, intends spending the winter in Fleton.

Mrs. and Miss Grant intend to go to Alwood in a short time, and will probably spend the winter in England.

Mr. and Mrs. Ackworth, with Miss Booth, are at present the guests of His Lordship the Bishop and Mrs. Courtney.

Canon Brock will visit Bishopsthorpe during his stay in town.

The event of the week was the sale of work at the Church of England Institute on Tuesday, in aid of

TURNER & FINLAY, 12 KING STREET. SANTA CLAUS Holds the Door Ajar.

He will keep on doing it each week day till CHRISTMAS. So says the Sun, and further than that you have to see PROGRESS for our specialties that you will find on page 15.

We are all children, especially at Christmas; that's why last week's PROGRESS had the cut of the genuine Santa Claus, and this week's the amiable bachelors or staid matrons of say 2000 A. D., their Santa Claus represented in above-out.

There is nothing whatever in the condition of the market to put DRESS GOODS, FUR-LINED MANTLES, BOY'S CLOTHING, and many other goods at prices that do not pay.

Our desire is to increase sales by conforming to the great trade law of the age, the law that commands concentration of trading power for the reduction of cost.

Of course you'll be buying Holiday Books. BUT HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW OF THEM? How much can you find out of even ONE book by half-a-minute fingering at a crowded counter?

Precious little. That is a great reason why you should select early, before the rush is too great to prevent a careful selection; that will enable you to know the drift and scope of every book. BOOKS for big folks or little folks—all's one. The pith of the book, the merit of it, the size of it. Nothing left for you to guess at; NOT EVEN THE FAIR PRICE.

CHRISTMAS CARDS, BOOKLETS and NOVELTIES are all in sight. The picking will never be easier. CALENDARS, too—Dickens, Thackeray, Tennyson, Eliot. Each with a thought for every day in the year.

And CHRISTMAS PRESENTS in endless variety. ALFRED MORRISEY, 104 KING ST.

the C. W. M. A. The rooms were transformed completely. The lecture hall made a charming supper room, and here also was found sweet in abundance. Home made candy had reached such a stage of excellence in Halifax that 60 cts. a pound can readily be obtained for it.

FREDERICTON.

(Progress is for sale in Fredericton at the bookstore of W. T. H. Feney and by James H. Haver.

Dec. 11.—The church hall was well filled this evening with an appreciative audience, to witness the exceedingly attractive tableaux presented by the Girl's Mission band, under the capable management of Mrs. John Black.

The first tableau shown here since the memorable ones from Lalla Rookie, two years ago. There were about 25 who took part, and among these were some of Fredericton's very prettiest young girls and handsome gentlemen, and beautiful little children, each and all doing their part to perfection.

I should like to give a full description of each tableau, but I will content myself by picking out a few, which I thought the most striking. "Angels' Whispers" was represented by three beautiful angels, in the persons of Miss Harrison, Miss Botsford and Miss Whippley, watching over a little bed where two beautiful children were sleeping.

"The Reaper and the Flower" made two very touching pictures. The first showed a young widow with a sweet little child saying its evening prayer at her knee, and a second little one asleep in a crib, while at the background was the form of an angel with arms outstretched towards the child.

The second scene showed the angel ascending with the two children, while the stricken mother is on her knees, with her clasped hands outstretched towards the departing children. Miss Besse Hunt made a very attractive looking young widow, while Miss Harrison looked beautiful, as the angel.

"Progress of Music," "The Roman Girls at the shrine of St. Agnes," and "Faith Peace and Glory" were exceedingly pretty pictures.

This week is rich in public entertainments. Tomorrow will stay much longer than was originally intended. Miss Arthur is to have a benefit on Saturday night, to be held at the W. & A. Hall, with a couple of weeks ago.

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The many friends of Mr. John Babbitt were much shocked to hear of his sudden death, yesterday morning. Although he had been in poor health for some time, his death was unexpected. Mr. Babbitt was a favorite with everyone. He had a bright, genial disposition, and will be much missed. He will be buried tomorrow afternoon at Forest Hill cemetery, beside his wife, who was drowned at Spring Hill eight years ago. He leaves a son and daughter.

Mr. Thomas Morris, an aged and respected citizen of Fredericton, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Burrell, St. John, Saturday, after an illness of several years. Mr. Morris was a native of London, and lived in this city for the past thirty-five years. The funeral took place yesterday, from the residence of his son, Mr. H. Morris, Brunswick street.

Miss Ann Gregory will be home next week for the Christmas vacation, after which she will take a school at Burton.

Macaulay Brothers & Co. 61 and 63 KING STREET. IMPORTANT NOTICE TO THOSE WHO CONTEMPLATE THE PURCHASE OF BLACK OR COLORED DRESS SILK.

We have made a large purchase, direct from the makers, of BLACK FAILLE FRANCAISE SILKS, and as they have just been opened in time for Christmas trade, we have decided to place this lot on sale at 20 per centum below their regular value, or that much less than ever sold in this city. Black Faille Francaise make the Most Elegant and Durable Silk Dress of any Silk Material in use.

FAILLE FRANCAISE IN ALL COLORS. A full stock still on hand of those wonderful pure ALL-SILK MERVEILLEUX at 75 cents per yard, as advertised by us last week.

MACAULAY BROS. & CO. No Child's Happiness Complete Great Bargains UNLESS PROVIDED WITH ONE OF OUR XMAS STOCKINGS!

DANIEL and ROBERTSON, HATS AND BONNETS London House Retail, Cor. Charlotte and Union Streets.

P. S.—These Stockings are made of Fancy Printed Cottons, with Strap for hanging over Bedstead, and gotten up specially for the little folks—besides being a decided novelty. They will be found very interesting to the children. AN AMERICAN PATENT.

77 KING STREET. TO ARRIVE! 10 CASES TOYS, FANCY GOODS, NOVELTIES, FOR THE Coming Holiday Season.

This year, as in the past, our Stock will be Fresh and New, and Prices Low. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

WATSON & CO., Cor. Charlotte and Union streets.

New Brunswick Railway TICKET OFFICE. EXCURSION RETURN TICKETS FOR THE HOLIDAY SEASON TO Boston, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, AND ALL POINTS IN ONTARIO.

Via the New Brunswick Railway and Canada Pacific Short Line. THROUGH TICKETS AT THE LOWEST RATES TO All Points WEST AND SOUTH, Via Portland, Boston or Montreal.

Call or write for information, maps and time-tables. G. A. FREEZE, Ticket Agent.

OFFICE: Corner Mill and Union Streets, ST. JOHN, N. B. PROGRESS SAYS SO! And it is sure to be true, that F. BEVERLY HAS THE Largest and Best Assortment OF TOYS to be found in the city. SKATES bought from F. BEVERLY can be exchanged Christmas morning from 10 to 12, if sizes do not suit.

DAVID CONNELL, Livery and Boarding Stables, Sydney St. Horses Boarded on reasonable terms. Repairs and Carriages on hire. Fine Fit-outs at short notice.

WANTED—A purchaser for a good Violin in best of order, played upon four years, also Nice Fluted "C" Cornet. Address: PORTLAND P. O. Box, 246, St. John, N. B.

F. E. HOLMAN, 48 KING STREET.

Christmas Novelties in Rubber. We have the largest stock of RUBBER COMBS in St. John at the lowest prices. Call and see. DOLLS and TOYS, elegant assortment of RUBBER OVERSHOES of all kinds—best quality manufactured at lowest prices. American Rubber Store, 65 Charlotte St.

Xmas Novelties! OPENING DAILY AT C. FLOOD & SONS, 81 and 88 KING STREET. The Largest and Choicest Assortment ever Imported to the City.

BAIRD'S BALSAM OF HOREHOUND! ALLAYS all irritation. By its Tonic properties it strengthens the muscles of the THROAT and gives tone and vigor to the organs of speech. There is no remedy more effectual for COUGHS, CROUP, HOARSENESS, and all affections of the THROAT and LUNGS than BAIRD'S BALSAM OF HOREHOUND. Purely Vegetable. Sold everywhere. 25 cents.

GLASS and PUTTY. MoCAW, STEVENSON & ORR'S PATENT "GLAZIER" DECORATION. A Perfect Substitute for Stained Glass. New Designs in Window Shades and Wall Papers.

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THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

Emerson's Essays. New Edition. First and Second series in one volume. Cloth, \$1; Riverside Paper series, 50 cents.

There is perhaps no book that one would more gladly see put within the reach of a larger circle of readers than Emerson's Essays. This is that work of a master mind which Matthew Arnold considered the most important contribution to English literature in the century; and it was one of his wise flashes of insight to set the Concord poet and sage beside Marcus Aurelius, not as a master of styles, nor as an expounder of any new and consistent philosophy, but as "the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit." It is here that Emerson has, and must ever have, his just station in the enduring republic of letters. With the Roman Emperor, with Epictetus, and the almost Christian Seneca, America has given one supreme and spotless name to be forever associated and beloved by multitudes of cheerless toilers. Yet he differs from all of these. The burden of time is not so heavy on him. He does not feel the weight of sin, nor the grime of toiling generations. He is of the morning, the healthy bringer of fresh light and air. To this age, dispirited and jaded as it is by too long-continued and curious thought, he has brought back joy from nature. Berry and bird-note served him well enough in all his needs. It is thus his particular glory that he offered solace which is in the reach of all. He taught us to use what before lay idle all about us, common and despised.

We are not to look to him for the solution of any of the riddles of life. He had no fixed and inter-dependent scheme of philosophy. He himself says that if the fates were to offer him his choice of gifts would say, "Give me contentment." He lives by intuition, takes the light as it comes to him. "Into every intelligence there is a door which is never closed, through which the Creator passes." This is the fundamental note of Emerson's faith, so that one may say he has the first essential quality of a poet; he speaks from within. Logic and expediency are for all of us; we can draw our own conclusions well enough, given the premises. But we look for higher wisdom than this in the poet. If he is not truly inspired, if he does not utter truths which we feel to be "beyond the reaches of our souls" and yet at once endorse as valid for ourselves—as something we have long striven to formulate without success until the coming of this seer and sayer of things—then he is not truly a poet, but only a maker of rhymes, a juggler and a charlatan. There are other qualities, indeed, which go to produce admirable poetry, some of these Emerson was without. But this first and most important gift of insight he possessed in greater abundance and purity than any other man that America has brought forth. He is always sincere, and you may trust him to the end. 'Tis he who—

Went like a migrant angel through the world, Wearing the benediction of a smile.

There is a strange and delightful revelation prepared for any boy or girl in the teens or the twenties who has never turned the leaves of this book. Turn them now, and how the old familiar sentences catch the eye and tingle at the heart!

"Trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron string. . . . Life only avails, not the having lived. . . . It is alike your interest and mine, and all men's; however long we dwell in lies, to live in truth."

When a man lives with God, his voice shall be as sweet as the murmur of the brook and the nestle of the corn. . . . God offers to every mind its choice between truth and repose. Take which you please—you can never have both.

"A friend, never strike sail to a fear! Come into port greatly, or sail with God the seas. Not in vain you live, for every passing eye is cheered and refined by the vision."

A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines. With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with his shadow on the wall. Speak what you think now in hard words, and tomorrow speak what tomorrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said today. 'Ah, so you will be sure to be misunderstood.' Is it so bad then to be misunderstood? Pythagoras was misunderstood and Socrates, and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh. To be great is to be misunderstood."

So one might go on quoting at random. For when one has been a disciple it is hard not to be an apostle also. How precious the early mornings used to be when these sentences came crisp and new as if fallen from the June sky itself, borne down the wind with clover-scent and bird-calls. All the world looked different.

The exhilaration, the confident uplift to the spirit—this is the great boon of transcendentalism as the Concord teacher gives it to us. There is no more to say in a paper like this, which must be merely a finger post by the roadside pointing to where a pot of gold lies buried.

Only it is impossible not to be glad that the directors of the Riverside Press have issued this work in a new and cheaper form, and placed it within the power of any man who buys books at all to secure for his own modest shelves this priceless treasure of wisdom and solace and encouragement not of the world.

W. B. C.

Among the very many beautiful books suitable for holiday presentation to be found at the store of Alfred Morissey is one entitled *Needles and Pins*, an elegant juvenile publication from an English house. The illustrations are all that could be asked for and the letter press is especially appropriate for little ones. This is but one

of many useful and choice gifts to be found on Mr. Morissey's shelves. Price \$1.50. The latest in Harper's Franklin Square library is *Kit and Kitty* from the pen of R. D. Blackmore, the author of *Spring-haven*, *Lorna Doone*, and *Mary Anorby*. The book was received too late for extended review this week, but if quantity is any inducement to the average reader *Kit and Kitty* should have a large and ready sale. Any book by the author of *Lorna Doone* should be worth 35 cents. For sale by Alfred Morissey.

A Life's Remorse is the suggestive title of one of the "Duchess" latest efforts. It lacks the life and interest of many of the "Duchess" books at the beginning, but grows better toward the last. The plot is a curious one and might be the foundation for a better story. An imprudent but innocent young man is suspected of murder and chased by a London mob. To save himself he runs unseen into the library of a citizen, who happens to have been one of his pursuers, and who entering soon afterward discovers and advances upon him with the avowed purpose of handing him over to the law. In the struggle that followed the citizen is strangled and the young man now thoroughly horror-stricken at the deed which was, as it were, forced upon him, flees from the scene of the crime, which remains an impenetrable mystery. Ten years later, after wandering over the whole globe, he returns, as much a prey to remorse as ever, to settle down and live at his country seat in England. He falls in love with and becomes engaged to a young girl, who afterwards proves to be the daughter of the man he murdered. Upon this discovery he does the best thing under the circumstances—poisons himself, and settles the bulk of his immense fortune upon his fiancée, who, by the way, was not in love with him nearly so much as she was with a young captain whom she married a year afterward. Published in the "Red Letter Series," and for sale by McMillan's. Price 30 cents.

Notes and Announcements.

The publishers of that first-class musical magazine, the *Folio*, announce that it will change its size and price at the beginning of its next year. The price will be reduced to \$1 and a few pages will be taken from the monthly.

Prof. C. G. D. Roberts is a contributor to all the Canadian holiday papers. He has illustrated poems in *Saturday Night*, the *Globe* and *Star*, and a story in the *Globe*. Roberts is doing more and better work than any other Canadian writer today. His story in this issue of *PROGRESS* is a gem in its way.

PROGRESS has an unpublished poem of Hunter Duvall's, which it proposes to delight its literary friends with some day in the near future. "Dolly Deering's Christmas," a short story by this writer, that appears in today's *PROGRESS*, has a charming simplicity and directness, which must attract every reader of the paper.

Mrs. Burnett's two juvenile books, *Little Lord Fauntleroy Sara* and *Crece*, are wonderfully popular. The sales this year have exceeded each month the record for 1888. Last December no fewer than 15,000 copies of *Fauntleroy* were sold; and the Scribners say that everything points even a greater sale this month.

Margaret Deland's suggestive paper on "Christmas Giving," and Edward Bellamy's review of Mrs. Deland's last book, *Florida Days*, are among the interesting features of the Christmas Book-Buyer.

Nice for the Ladies.

I have an idea that if Dame Nature had sent me into the world in the guise of a young lady instead of that of a "big horrid man," I would have done quantities of fancy work. As it is I love to watch the nimble fingers of my lady friends creating pretty trifles, and in this way I sometimes pick up an idea for *PROGRESS*.

Here is the latest; and perhaps it may be of use to your lady readers in getting their Christmas presents ready. The popular sachet powder of the house, the *ne plus ultra* of elegance, is a preparation of orris root, known as violet orris, it never loses its fragrance, lasting for years; and unlike all other sachet powder, it is not to be sprinkled over the article to be perfumed, but kept in an envelope and laid in the bureau drawer or handkerchief case.

A very pretty idea for a small Christmas present is a case, cut in the shape of an envelope made of cream colored cloth, the edges bound with violet ribbon, a cluster of violets either painted or embroidered on the outside, and a single violet placed where the seal would go. The envelope containing the sachet powder is slipped inside.

Progress Engraving Bureau.
Do you want an attractive advertisement reproduced? Write to *PROGRESS* and you will get prices at once. Send the "copy" and the engraving will be made at once. If you want an idea of the excellence of the work look at the large soap advertisement on the seventh page. The work is better and the price lower than that of any other engravings in the country. Write for samples and prices.—*Advt.*

Any child will take McLean's Vegetable Worm Syrup; it is not only exceedingly pleasant but is a sure remedy for all kinds of these pests. Look out for imitations. Get McLean's, the original and only genuine.—*Advt.*

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES.)

DORCHESTER.

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

Dec. 11.—Mrs. Alex. Robb gave a small card party Thursday evening, in honor of Mrs. E. G. Smith, of Sheldia, who is visiting her, and a very pleasant evening was spent, among the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. Allen W. Chapman, Mrs. M. B. Palmer, Mrs. Loverson, Miss Sarah Gouffroy, Miss Nellie Palmer, Miss Wells, Mr. A. G. Chapman, Mr. C. S. Hickman.

The following evening Mrs. M. B. Palmer gave a very pleasant little card party and dance. Among the guests present were: Mrs. E. G. Smith, Mrs. H. W. Palmer, Mrs. David Chapman, Miss Wells, Miss Loverson, Miss Bewie Chapman, Mrs. Nellie Palmer, Mrs. Alex. Robb, Sherie McQueen, Mr. David Chapman, Mr. C. S. Hickman, Mr. A. G. Chapman and Mr. M. B. Fowler.

Miss Hay returned from Amherst Saturday evening, having had a very nice time indeed. Miss Loverson returned to Amherst Saturday evening, and will be glad to have friends at the station to see her safely off.

Mr. and Mrs. Lynds returned home from their wedding tour last Wednesday evening. They have spent a very pleasant honeymoon visiting Mr. Lynds' friends in different parts of Nova Scotia. Congratulations!

The funeral of Mrs. E. B. Chandler took place from her cottage on Friday afternoon, and was very largely attended both by residents and friends from other places. Among them were: Senator B. J. Macdonald, Mr. J. G. Smith, Judge Botsford and Mr. R. W. Hewson of Moncton. The remains were borne from the house to the church by three of the late Mrs. Chandler's sons, and were laid near those of her late husband, the late Governor Chandler.

Mr. G. J. Hickman went down to St. John Tuesday. Mrs. A. J. Hickman went to St. John, to spend a couple of weeks with her sister, Mrs. Capt. Upham. Mr. Hickman, of course, will come back in time for Christmas.

Mr. William Backhouse is reported to be gradually improving. Mr. G. T. Wallace spent Saturday and Sunday in Hillsborough, visiting old friends.

Mr. Harvey Atkinson, of Moncton, was registered at the Hotel Richmond on Friday. Messrs. Geo. F. Wallace and C. S. Hickman took the Quebec express last evening en route for Sussex, to attend a large stock sale.

SACKVILLE.

[*PROGRESS* is for sale in Sackville at C. H. Moore's bookstore.]

Dec. 11.—Mr. and Mrs. Bedford Dixon had a "small and early" on Tuesday evening, at which they entertained some dozen or so juveniles. The Miss Folles enjoyed themselves hugely, like Oliver Twist, wanted "more" of the same kind.

Mr. Shoen has removed his family from Cape Tormentine, and intends living in the house belonging to the estate of the late Harmon Humphrey. Mr. Shoen has made numerous friends here in his flying visits all of whom will be glad to have him here for the winter.

A number from Sackville attended the funeral of Mrs. Phoebe Chandler in Dorchester last Friday. Among whom I noticed, Senator Botsford, who in spite of ill health, looked as hearty as a bear.

Mr. J. Fred Allison went to Amherst Saturday. Mrs. Tupper is visiting her sister, Mrs. Thomas Easton.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Fawcett are receiving congratulations. It is a little daughter this time. A collection was taken up to meet the needs of a severe attack of Bronchitis.

It was with a feeling of solid satisfaction that the congregation of the Methodist church gathered themselves in the new seats Sunday evening. Nearly all had given according to their means, and as they gazed on the new seats with their handsome backs and generally renovated appearance of the sacred edifice, they must have thought the money well spent. A collection was taken up to meet the needs of a severe attack of Bronchitis.

The friends of Mr. Charles Scott will regret to hear that since his arrival in a Boston hospital the doctors have been unable to do much for his relief. Mr. Scott has been diagnosed his case, and they agree in thinking some time and study will be required before they can decide what to do with his head.

Mrs. Thomas Chapman leaves Sackville this week to visit her friends in the States.

Mr. Thomas S. Kirkpatrick gave an oyster supper to his friends, at the Brunswick house, Saturday evening.

Mr. William Ogden went to St. John on Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Fawcett have returned from their visit to St. John.

Mr. Robinson, of Moncton, was in town last week.

AMHERST, N. S.

[*PROGRESS* is for sale in Amherst at G. G. Bird's bookstore.]

Dec. 14.—Mr. W. H. Johnston and Mrs. Johnston, of Halifax, have been in town for a few days, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Tupper.

Dr. Osborne Tupper was apprised by telegram on Thursday morning of the death of Mrs. Robbins of Yarmouth, and immediately started for town, after a long illness of some months. Mrs. Tupper has been with her mother during the greater part of her illness.

Mr. E. E. Foster, of Halifax, was in town last week, and attended the dinner given to the Grand Master of Masons at the Lundy Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Ketchum, of St. John, were in town Saturday for New York, to sail for England, where they will remain for the winter. Their general hospitality will be greatly missed during the winter months.

Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Smith made a short visit to Parbro last week. Senator Dickey, Rev. V. E. and Mrs. Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Ketchum, Mrs. Pipes, Mr. Parker, and Mrs. G. G. Tupper, were in town on Friday to attend the funeral of the late Mrs. Chandler.

Miss Fines, of Farnborough, has been in town visiting Mr. and Mrs. Medley Townsend.

Mr. T. Irvine Mitchell and bride arrived in town on Tuesday evening. Mrs. Mitchell, mother of the groom, is very seriously ill.

Mr. J. Medley Townsend, who has been attending Supreme court at Lunenburg, returned home on Saturday.

Mr. Whelan, C. E., at the Tidnish dock, spent Sunday in town, the guest of the engineers, at their quarters.

Miss Lizette Hill, who has accepted the position of organist in Christ Church, was in town on Sunday last, and I heard many eulogiums passed upon the smoothness and precision of her playing.

Mrs. Smith, of St. John, spent Saturday and Sunday at the vicarage.

Capt. Fletcher, of Londonderry, was in town this week. Mrs. Goodspeed, of St. John, was in town this week. She expects to leave for Halifax on Saturday, for a visit, and will spend the winter in Bermuda.

Miss Lucy Fowler is visiting her friends in town, and will leave shortly to spend the winter in Hamilton, Bermuda, with her sister, Mrs. James.

Mr. Arthur Parker, of Moncton, was in town this week, the guest of his uncle, Mr. Thomas Dunlap.

Mr. Allen Butler, of Montreal, was in town this week.

HAMPTON.

[*PROGRESS* is for sale at Hampton station by T. G. Barnes, and Geo. E. Frost, and at Hampton village by Messrs. A. & W. Hicks.]

Dec. 4.—Mr. A. A. Bartlett, of Charlottetown, P. E. I., spent Sunday here visiting his mother and sisters.

Miss Currie is visiting her sister, Mrs. G. E. Frost.

Mr. W. C. Whittaker, of the P. O. department, St. John, was in town on Saturday evening, having visited Upland during the day.

The young folk took advantage of the good skating and moonlight nights last week, and crowded the river to enjoy the sport. The boys who ventured too soon escaped without a ducking.

Mr. Lorenzo H. Laughan and Mr. Fred J. Hall, of St. John, are among the visitors in town today.

Mrs. Noah M. Barnes has been ill as her home, "Iinden Heights," for the past few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Thomson, of Robbsey, made a brief visit to Hampton yesterday.

Mr. J. G. Colver, of St. John, who has been making a short visit here, left for home on Tuesday.

Mrs. James W. Smith and Mrs. Wm. Langstaff, of St. John, were in town yesterday.

Mr. Wm. T. Scribner, proprietor of the Hotel Vendome, has been laid up for two or three weeks, and is still confined to his room.

Mrs. J. G. Colver White made a short visit to Sussex last week.

Mr. E. C. Ekin, of St. John, was in town last week.

Mr. Horatio Pickett is recovering from a severe cold.

Mrs. S. Hayward, of the village, paid a brief visit to the city today.

WHY YOU SHOULD PATRONIZE

Harold Gilbert

for CARPETS and HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.

BECAUSE He was the first to make war on high prices and exorbitant profits.

A LOOK WILL QUICKLY CONVINCING YOU.

THAT there is no place in the Maritime Provinces where better values can be obtained in House Furnishing Goods than at HAROLD GILBERT'S, 54 King Street.

THAT the most complete assortment of reliably made Chamber suites, many choice designs, at prices to meet every requirement, may be found at HAROLD GILBERT'S, 54 King Street.

THAT you can buy at HAROLD GILBERT'S all Wool two-ply Carpeting at 75c. per yard, and the very best extra super imported Wool Carpet at \$1.10 per yard.

THAT HAROLD GILBERT'S Stock of Parlor suits comprises all the newest designs, splendid value for your money; positively at prices lower than the quality should warrant.

THAT you can buy at HAROLD GILBERT'S an extra fine Brussels Carpet at \$1.10 per yard, and the very best at \$1.25; cheaper qualities from 75c. per yard.

THAT you can always find at HAROLD GILBERT'S a handsome selection of the most reliable makes of Carpetings of all kinds, from the cheapest Hemp to the finest Wiltons and Axminsters.

THAT No. 54 King Street, is without doubt the place to look for Winter Draperies and Portieres. Prices from \$1.75 to \$35.00 per pair.

THAT HAROLD GILBERT'S Stock of Tapestry Carpets contains all the best makes, at all prices, from 30c. to 90c. per yard.

THAT HAROLD GILBERT'S Stock of Rattan Furniture is the most complete and attractive ever shown in the Maritime Provinces.

You are cordially invited to call and examine my Stock and note the prices, resting assured that courteous and careful attention will be given, whether you desire to purchase or not.

HAROLD GILBERT, - - 54 King Street.

PHYSICIANS

Who have used the various Emulsions of COD LIVER OIL with which the market is flooded, and after prescribing ESTEY'S COD LIVER OIL CREAM, unhesitatingly pronounce it the finest preparation of the kind they ever used. Being made with Glycerine instead of sugar or other Saccharine matter in any form, renders it far less liable to fermentative changes in the stomach, and prevents and overcomes the flatulency, and eructation so often occasioned by the plain Cod Liver Oil.

From Dr. J. F. BRINE, Richibucto, N. B.:

I have prescribed your Cod Liver Oil Cream extensively during the past three years, and am prepared to state that no other preparation of the kind has met with equal acceptance at the hands of my patients. It is easily taken and pleasing to the stomach. Children like it, and it does not decompose in warm weather, a most important desideratum.

Price 50 cts. Six bottles \$2.50. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Prepared only by E. M. ESTEY, Manufacturing Pharmacist, Moncton, N. B.

Assorting Season!

SEASONABLE GOODS IN STOCK.

- MANTLE AND ULSTER CLOTHS; BEAVER AND CURL CLOTHS; MELTONS, FLANNELS, BLANKETS; UNDERWEAR, CLOUDS, SHAWLS; FANCY WOOL GOODS; CASHMERE, MERINOS; GLOVES, HOSIERY; RIBBONS, VELVETS, WINGS; COTTONS AND SMALLWARES

ALSO:

A Number of Clearing Lines very Low.

TO ARRIVE:

NEW SHAPES, BLK. PLUSHES

SMITH BROS.,

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

CHRISTMAS IS COMING!

JEWELRY IS WANTED.

I HAVE now on hand a large and well assorted stock of all the LATEST DESIGNS in FASHIONABLE JEWELRY.

Also, a varied assortment of DIAMOND WORK. All kinds of PRECIOUS STONES set in stock.

JEWELRY in any design manufactured in the highest style of art, by

CARL C. SCHMIDT, MANUFACTURER OF JEWELRY, 67 KING STREET.

Beef, Veal, Lamb, Mutton.

DEAN'S SAUSAGES, Season from September to April.

POULTRY, HAM, BACON AND LARD, VEGETABLES.

THOS. DEAN,

13 and 14 City Market.

GROCERS.

Christmas Groceries, &c.

W. ALEX. PORTER'S,

NEW VALENTIA, Valencia Layer and London Layer Raisins, New Currants, Prunes, Figs, Dates, New Citron, Orange and Lemon Peels, Flavouring Extracts and Syrups of all kinds; choice Confectionery, Nuts, Fruits, etc., with a complete line of staple and fancy Groceries.

Corner Union and Waterloo Streets, And Corner Mill and Pond Streets,

BONNELL & CRAWFORD,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Fine Groceries

AND FRUITS.

Teas and Sugars a specialty.

200 UNION STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

BONNELL'S EXTRA LIME.

Flour and Feed Store.

Wheat, Flour, Buckwheat, RYE, CORN, OATS, BRAN, SHORTS,

From the best mills. Always on hand.

R. & F. S. FINLEY, Sydney Street.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND OYSTERS.

Receiving daily choice P. E. I. Oysters, Large and Fat.

Shelled to order, and delivered to any part of the City, at 19 N. S. King Square.

J. D. TURNER.

CHRISTMAS, 1889.

WE extend to our customers and the public a cordial request to examine our stock, with the view of deciding as to whether we can fill their requirements.

We believe that we can.

J. & A. McMILLAN,

Booksellers, Stationers, etc., 98 and 100 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

JAMES S. MAY, W. ROBERT MAY,

JAMES S. MAY & SON,

Merchant Tailors,

DOMVILLE BUILDING, P. O. Box 303. 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.

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. TONEY, Barrister-at-Law, General Agent. Sub-Agent. BARNHILL'S BUILDING, ST. JOHN, N. B.

S. R. FOSTER & SON,

MANUFACTURERS OF STEEL and IRON-OUT NAILS, And SPIKES, TACKS, BRADS, SHON NAILS, HUNGARIAN NAILS, Etc. ST. JOHN, N. B.

FREDERICTON PARK ASSOCIATION,

Fredericton, N. B.

COLT STAKES.

Foals of 1888 to be Trotted in 1890.

Foals of 1889 to be Trotted in 1891.

THE Directors of the above Association would announce the opening of the following

COLT STAKES,

to be trotted for on their Track.

Stakes will be open to Colts, either trotters or pacers, that have been bred in the Provinces of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia or Prince Edward Island.

The whole amount of entrance money and add money will be divided—60 per cent. to the winner, 30 per cent. to second, and 10 per cent. to third.

Stake

THE STRANGE NARRATIVE

Of Walter Bates, Esquire, Subject of the King,

FORMERLY OF NEW ENGLAND

Sometime High Sheriff of the County of Kings,

BIOGRAPHER OF THE NOTORIOUS HENRY MORE SMITH.

In These Chronicles, Now Given to the World for the First Time, is Told the Tale of the Loyalists, and Their Amazing Trials Amid the Enemies of His Majesty in the Colonies.

At the meeting held on the 5th day of July, 1787, to arrange with the Rev. James Scovil about his coming to reside with us, Messrs. Silas Raymond, Elias Scribner and John London did in the presence of said meeting, give each of them, severally, one acre of land of the adjoining corners of their respective lots to the said church free and clear from all incumbrances for ever, as a privilege to build a Church House thereon. At the same meeting it was voted to build a Church on the hill upon the land given by Silas Raymond, Elias Scribner and John London.

Later in the season a subscription paper was drawn up as follows:

KINGSTON, December 5th, 1783. We, the subscribers, impressed with a full and vigorous sense of the importance of religion, and the strong obligation, we as Christians are under to pay all due homage, adoration and obedience to Almighty God the common Father and benevolent Governor of the Universe, in whom we live and move and have our being—and upon whom all our hopes depend both for time and eternity; and being fully persuaded that a due performance of the duties of religion in His house of prayer are the most likely and effectual methods of cultivating and keeping alive a proper sense of religion, according to the laws of the Gospel among us, do for the best good of ourselves and our children for ever, covenant and agree to pay to the Church Warden and Vestry of the Parish of Kingston, in Kings County, or their order, such sum or sums as shall be by us affixed to our names, in labor, money, or other articles as we shall sign—which sum or sums signed by us shall be appropriated and applied in the most prudent and effectual manner for the erection of a House of the Honor and for the Public Worship of Almighty God according to the usage of the Church of England, in the Parish of Kingston aforesaid upon the square or plot of ground near the house of the Rev. James Scovil.

The subscription paper was returned in a few weeks with seventy-two signers—total amount subscribed £134, 15s. 0d.

In February it was agreed to build the Church 50 feet in length and 38 in breadth under the direction of the vestry, and it was further agreed to allow fifteen shillings a thousand for eighteen inch shingles and three shillings a day for common labour.

On Saturday the 27th day of June, 1789, the frame was raised in perfect harmony and in good order, and by united exertion was so far advanced that on the 5th day of November it was dedicated to the service of Almighty God by the Rev. James Scovil by the name of TRINITY CHURCH.

On examining the records in the clerk's books, I found no mention of the consecration of Trinity Church. I cannot omit giving my statement of the same from my own recollections and such statements as I find in my possession however imperfect they may be found by those who may have more and better information.

This then is a brief sketch from the address delivered by the Rev. James Scovil on the occasion of the consecration of Trinity Church in Kingston, N. B.

"MY CHRISTIAN BROTHERS: We have now witnessed a ceremony which in all probability we as a Parish shall never witness again. This is but one of the solemn considerations which is brought into view by an event like this.

We have now begun a temple dedicated for the worship of God in which temple by God's grace our children and their posterity are made partakers of a rich inheritance. Wherein the precious tidings of Christ and His cross shall meet sanctuary. Where we trust the Divine presence shall abide after we are gathered unto our fathers.

But why need there be any religious ceremony on this enterprise of our building? Because, 'except the Lord build the house their labor is but lost that build it.' We therefore now as it were in a mystical sense baptize our church in its infancy by the name of Trinity Church, and with the sign of the Cross in token hereafter it shall be a monument and a witness of the faith of Christ crucified.

In the name of God we have erected it and we today offer this token of our devotion to Him who is the way, the truth, and the life.

Here we may believe that God's promises will be fulfilled and blessings will be abundantly bestowed. May the permanent blessing of heaven rest upon the solemn transactions of this day, and may this Parish of Kingston ever be the means of extending pure and undefiled religion. In this and all our undertakings may the Lord bless us and keep us, the Lord make His face to shine upon us and be gracious unto us, the Lord lift up the light of His countenance upon us and give us peace both now and ever. Amen."

It was decided to furnish the church with pews and seats. In July following we received a donation from government of four hundred pounds. Voted that two-thirds be applied on the church and one-third for the parsonage, but afterwards fifty pounds was appropriated to the use of the church at Oak Point, in Long Reach, and it was voted likewise that the inhabitants on the Kanabekabous should have an equal amount for the building of a church on that river, near James Hoyt's.

The seats and pews were rented in 1796 for twenty-one pounds twelve shillings, but the amount diminished year by year.

Objection was made that since there was not pews for all many did not like to intrude into the seats of others. Others claimed that all pews ought to be free. The vestry then proposed a subscription, which succeeded, and the pews and seats all remained free.

In 1803, the Rev. James Scovil being infirm and unable to hold Divine service on all occasions, it was proposed to employ his son, Elias, who was then ordained, to assist his father, and to secure forty pounds a year, to be paid half-yearly. He officiated one-half of his time in Kingston, one-fourth in Hampton and one-fourth in Springfield. The former place to raise twenty pounds and the others ten each.

We continued to make improvements in the church from time to time. In the spring 1808 the sum of one hundred and three pounds was subscribed by forty nine persons for the purpose of erecting a steeple with an end gallery and completing necessary repairs on condition the sale of pews be revoked, and they be free in the future. On June 15, the steeple was framed and raised in good order without any accident happening to any one.

It was not until 1810 that a stove was procured for the church when fourteen pounds fourteen shillings was raised for erecting a stove and completing the same with pipe.

The following year it was voted that the chancel be built square with a Venetian window at the end. In September 1813 was

received a bell weighing 129 lbs. generously presented by some gentlemen of Saint John's as a gift to the church. It was voted that the sum of two pounds ten shillings a year shall be allowed for tending the stove of the church and ringing the bell. On December 19th, 1808, it pleased God to take to himself our worthy and revered rector, in the seventy-sixth year of his age, and fiftieth year of his ministry, of which twenty years he was rector of Kingston.

In the last years of his life he suffered with a long and painful disease, which continued day by day to increase until he entered his rest.

He was cheerful in common conversation, and instructive in the strength of his reasoning. As a minister he was an ornament to his profession—a worthy example for his congregation. The duties of religion he inculcated by example as well as precept. The life he recommended to his congregation he lived before them. His friendly intercourse with his people continued to the last unquenched by sickness, pain and old age. He was gentle without weakness, dignified without pride, strict without severity. Good cause have his children to remember the kind counsel and pleasant companionship of such a father. Happy, too, are we that his successor in the church is of the same family.

On Sunday, July 29, 1809, the Right Rev. Charles Inglis, Bishop of Nova Scotia, visited our church and confirmed 257 persons.



CHARLES INGLIS, D. D.

"Rev. Charles Inglis, D. D., was the last Rector of New York under the Crown. In a letter dated New York, Oct. 31, 1776, he describes at length the trials and difficulties experienced by himself and his brethren in the ministry. 'Some,' he writes, 'have been carried prisoners by armed mobs—detained in close confinement for several weeks and much insulted. Some have been flung into jails, by committees, for frivolous suspicions of plots. Some have been pulled out of the reading desk because they prayed for the King. Others have had their houses plundered and their desks broken open under pretence of containing treasonable papers. Soon after Washington's arrival in New York, he attended our church, but on Sunday morning before divine service began, one of the rebel generals called at my house and left word that General Washington would be at church and would be glad if the violent prayers for the King and royal family were omitted. This message, as you may suppose, I disregarded. The conduct of the messenger, I since learned, was not authorized by Washington. . . . One Sunday when I was officiating and had proceeded some length in the service a company of about 100 armed rebels marched into the church, with drums beating and files playing, their guns loaded and bayonets fixed. The congregation was thrown into the utmost terror and several women fainted excepting a massacre was intended. It was expected that when the prayers for the King and the royal family were read I should certainly be

fred at, as menaces to that purpose had been frequently flung out. The matter, however, passed over without an accident, though I was afterwards assured that something hostile and violent was intended, but He that stills the raging of the sea and the madness of the people over ruled their purpose whatever it was.

A fine equestrian statue of the King was pulled down and totally demolished. All the Kings arms, even those on signs of taverns were destroyed. The committee sent me a message which I esteemed a favor to have the Kings arms taken down in the church or else the mob would do it. I immediately complied."

The royal arms here referred to were until recently supposed to be the same now in Trinity church, St. John, N. B., but this has lately been shown by Mr. J. W. Lawrence to be a mistake. In February, 1776, Dr. Inglis wrote an answer to a pamphlet by Tom Paine, entitled "Common Sense." The first impression was seized by the "Sons of Liberty" and burnt. A second edition was printed at Philadelphia, and a copy is now in possession of Mr. Jonas Howe, of this city. For some time after the publication of the reply to "Common Sense" Dr. Inglis was exposed to great danger. At the evacuation in 1783 he came to Halifax. On August 12, 1787, he was consecrated at Lambeth, and became thereby the first Bishop in the colonies of Great Britain.

A STEAM HEATED DISCUSSION.

How the Montonians Act When They Propose to Buy a Fire Engine.

The celebrated steam engine contest has come to an end at last, and not a moment too soon. Had the battle continued much longer, I tremble to think what would have become of the mayor and town council, for, according to one of our local papers, that body had reached such hitherto un-sounded depths of corruption, that had they sunk any lower the body of the whole social system must have fallen out to let them through. Why, it is really a terrible thing to buy a new steam engine! The amount of brain power and of printer's ink that has been lavished on that demure looking little steamer, not to speak at all of the "slack" that the opposing forces have hurled at each other's heads, makes one positively ache to think of.

Many a citizen, whose character has hitherto been considered as much above reproach as Caesar's wife should have been—but, alas! was not—has been through the fiery ordeal of the steamer unpleasantness, and come out branded by the opposition party as an unblushing falsifier. Many a pair of friends, who loved each other even as David loved Jonathan, pass each other now without speaking. And all because one was in favor of an "Amoskeag" and the other of a "Ronald." The very engines themselves seemed to bark defiance at each other, as they stood side by side, and tried which could throw the highest stream.



BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

can always make themselves more beautiful by devoting a little attention and intelligence to the duty which every woman owes to herself.

WISE WOMEN know this, and profit by the knowledge, which is the reason that

THE RECAMIER TOILET PREPARATIONS have won such enormous popularity and are regarded with such favor by the most famous beauties of the day on both continents, who unanimously testify that once having used these invaluable and incomparable essentials of the toilet and the home they would never be without them, especially as their

ABSOLUTE FREEDOM FROM ALL POISONOUS INGREDIENTS is guaranteed by the most distinguished and honorable medical and scientific testimony, based on elaborate and costly analysis of all the preparations.

FROM MME. ADELINA PATTI-NICOLINI. "CRAIG-Y-NOS CASTLE, Oct. 13, 1887.

"MY DEAR MRS. AYER.—There never has been anything equal in merit to the Recamier Preparations, my skin is so immensely improved by their use. I need not dread old age while these magic inventions of yours exist. I use Cream, Balm, and Lotion every day of my life, and could not exist comfortably without them. Recamier Soap is also perfect. I shall never use any other. It far surpasses all toilet soaps. I hear that the Princess of Wales is delighted with the Recamier Preparations. I am convinced your Recamier Preparations are the greatest boon ever invented. I could not comfortably endure a day without them.

"ADELINA PATTI-NICOLINI. "I use the Recamiers religiously, and believe them ESSENTIAL to the toilet of every woman who desire a fair skin.

"LILLIE LANGTRY."

What the Recamier Preparations are and why they are to be Used.

Recamier Cream, which is the first of these world-famous preparations, is made from the recipe by Julie Recamier. It is not a cosmetic, but an emollient to be applied at night just before retiring, and to be removed in the morning by bathing freely. It will remove tan and sunburn, pimples, red spots and blotches, and make your face and hands as smooth, as white and as soft as an infant's.

Recamier Balm is a beautifier, pure and simple. It is not a whitewash, and unlike most liquids Recamier Balm is exceedingly beneficial and is absolutely imperishable except in the delicate freshness and youthfulness which it imparts to the skin.

Recamier Lotion will remove freckles and moth patches; is soothing and efficacious for any irritation of the cuticle, and is the most delightful of washes for removing the dust from the face after travelling, and is also invaluable to gentlemen to be used after shaving.

Recamier Powder is in three shades, white, flesh and cream. It is the finest powder ever manufactured, and is delightful in the nursery, for gentlemen after shaving and for the toilet generally.

Recamier Soap is a perfectly pure, guaranteed free from animal fat. This soap contains many of the healing ingredients used in compounding Recamier Cream and Lotion.

The Recamier Toilet Preparations are positively free from all poisonous ingredients, and contain neither lead, bismuth, nor arsenic. The following certificate is from the eminent Scientist and Professor of Chemistry, Thomas B. Stillman, of the Stevens' Institute of Technology:

40 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, Jan. 1887. MRS. H. H. AYER: DEAR MADAM.—Samples of your Recamier Preparations have been analyzed by me. I find that there is nothing in them that will harm the most delicate skin, and which is not authorized by the French Pharmacopoeia as safe and beneficial in preparation of this character.

Respectfully yours, THOMAS B. STILLMAN, M. Sc., Ph. D. If your druggist does not keep the Recamier Preparations, refuse substitutes. Let him order for you, or order yourself from the Canadian office of the Recamier Manufacturing Company, 374 and 376 St. Paul street, Montreal. For sale in Canada at our regular New York prices: Recamier Cream, \$1.50; Recamier Balm, \$1.50; Recamier Moth and Freckle Lotion, \$1.50; Recamier Soap, scented, 50c., unscented, 25c.; Recamier Powder, large boxes, \$1.00; small boxes, 50c.

OLD SILVER WARE.

DO YOU WANT IT PLATED? DO YOU WANT IT BRIGHT, NEW AND CLEAN? If you do, take it to HILLMAN, THE PLATER, Who has removed from Union to Germain street, where he has every facility for replating or repolishing Silver Ware of all kinds. Every article should shine at this season of the year.

WM. HILLMAN, 87 Germain Street.

\$100.00 AWARD FOR THE BEST WHITE CROSS GRANULATED SOAP.

White Cross Granulated Soap. A remarkable Powder.

MARINE INSURANCE.

The North Queensland Insurance Co., Limited, OF SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.

CAPITAL, - - - \$500,000.

Hulls, Cargoes and Freights insured at lowest current rates. Sterling Certificates issued payable at any of the Company's numerous Agencies throughout the world.

LONDON BRANCH, - - 16 Cornhill, London, E. C. McILWRAITH, McEACHARN & CO., Managers.

Head office for the Dominion of Canada: 76 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, - - SAINT JOHN, N. B. WHITTAKER & CO'Y., Chief Agents.

N. B.—All claims paid at our office as soon as proved without reference to the Head Office.

Just Lovely!

"Rich and Rare were the Gems she wore."

HAVING lately added to my already fine stock some very different styles than ever seen in the city before, I would cordially invite intending purchasers to call and inspect before purchasing elsewhere.

All Goods marked in Plain Figures and as Low as the Lowest for same qualities.

FINE GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, Jewelry,

Solid, Sterling and Fine-Plated SILVERWARE; CLOCKS, BRONZE GOODS AND STATUARY; GOLD SPECTACLES, EYE-GLASSES, READERS; OPERA GLASSES AND PATENT HOLDERS; GOLD AND SILVER-HEADED CANES, etc.

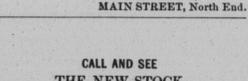
Together with a splendid lot of DIAMONDS and other precious gems, set or can be set to order in any style to suit purchaser.

W. TREMAINE GARD, SILVERSMITH AND JEWELLER, 81 KING STREET, under Victoria Hotel.

AMERICAN SHOE STORE

WINTER IS HERE

And Ladies will want OVERSHOES for the snow; strong, stout BOOTS for skating, and RUBBERS for the slush.



BOOTS and SHOES in every style for the public; for Men and Boys, for Ladies and Children. My goods cannot be equalled in the North End. I keep the most extensive and best assorted stock, and can give my customers the best prices.

Gentlemen's and Ladies' Slippers—the very thing for Xmas Gifts—a specialty. Give us a call.

WM. SEARLE, MAIN STREET, North End.

CALL AND SEE THE NEW STOCK

WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVER GOODS, CLOCKS, Etc.

FERGUSON & PAGE, 43 KING STREET.

A. & J. HAY, DEALERS IN

Diamonds, Fine Jewelry, American Watches, French Clocks, Optical Goods, Etc.

JEWELRY MADE TO ORDER and REPAIRED

76 KING STREET.

JACK FROST IS HERE

and you want Clothing,

GOOD WINTER CLOTHING!

COME TO

JAMES KELLY'S FOR IT.

Strong, Durable and Cheap, the best Clothing to be Had in the City.

Custom work a specialty. Come and see KELLY and if he cannot suit you with READY-MADE GOODS he can take your MEASURE FOR AN OUTFIT.

JAMES KELLY, - - Tailor and Clothier, 5 Market Square.

NEW Dry Goods Store,

EAST END, Waterloo, near Union Street.

ON MONDAY, 20th ult., we commenced selling from the different departments, in which we hold an over stock, at such Low Prices as will, as soon as possible, reduce our stock.

TOWELS, TABLE LINENS, FLANNEL BLANKETS, JERSEYS, JERSEY COATS, TWEEDS, COATINGS, ULSTERINGS, WATERPROOFS, etc

T. PATTON & CO.

CHRISTMAS GOODS.

JUST RECEIVED: A FULL LINE OF

Plush and Leather Goods

with Oxysilver, Silver and Celluloid Fittings.

DRSSING CASES, ODOUR CASES, MANICURE SETS, COLLAR and CUFF BOXES; WORK BOXES in every variety, at

THOS. A. CROCKETTS, 162 Princess St.

A nice lot of PERFUMES in Fancy Boxes, suitable for CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Plush Goods

IN LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S TOILET CASES, ODOUR CASES, Manicure Sets, etc.

CUT GLASS TOILET BOTTLES, Choice Perfumery, Etc.

Intending purchasers will do well to examine our stock of the above goods before purchasing elsewhere.

PARKER BROS., - Market Sq. R. D. M'ARTHUR.

READ FROM CENTRE LETTER C. SDRACAMTSMASCARD DRACAMTSMASCARD RACAMTSMASCARD ACAMTSMASCARD CSAMTSMASCARD SAMTSMASCARD CSAMTSMASCARD RACAMTSMASCARD DRACAMTSMASCARD SDRACAMTSMASCARD

Just received, a small but choice assortment. Prices very low for QUALITY and STYLE.

MEDICAL HALL, No. 59 Charlotte St. - Opp. King Square.

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FROM Cabinet to Life Size in Photography India Ink, Crayon and Pastel,

BY Scholl

23 CARLETON STREET Near Mechanics' Institute.

Shorthand

LADIES and GENTLEMEN desirous of obtaining a thorough knowledge of Shorthand and type-writing and an acquaintance with the duties of a business amanuensis, should enter for our evening course—in session every evening (Saturdays excepted), 7 to 9. Apply to

J. H. HAY PEPPER, Conductor of Shorthand Department, St. John Business College and Shorthand Institute

CAFE ROYAL,

Domville Building, Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets.

MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY

Pool Room in Connection.

WILLIAM CLARK, DR. J. D. MAHER, DENTAL ROOMS, City Building, Main Street, North End.

Gas, Ether, Chloroform and Cocaine administered

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PIANO AND ORGAN TUNER, FREDERICTON, N. B.

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BARRISTER, Etc. 3 Pugsley's Building, - - St. John, N. B.

BUSINESS MEN,

CRUIKSHANK'S DINNERS Are the Best

AND CHEAPEST IN THE CITY. The best market affords always on hand

P. A. CRUIKSHANK, 46 Germain Street, Opposite Market Building.

Gilbert

FISHING GOODS.

war on high prices and exorbitant profits.

CONVINCE YOU.

THAT you can buy at HAROLD GILBERT'S all Wool two-ply Carpeting at 75c. per yard, and the very best extra super. imported Wool Carpet at \$1.10 per yard.

THAT you can always find at HAROLD GILBERT'S a handsome selection of the most reliable makes of Carpets of all kinds, from the cheapest Hemp to the finest Wiltons and Axminsters.

THAT HAROLD GILBERT'S Stock of Rattan Furniture is the most complete and attractive ever shown in the Maritime Provinces.

and note the prices, resting assured you desire to purchase or not.

54 King Street.

FREDERICTON PARK ASSOCIATION, Fredericton, N. B.

COLT STAKES. Foals of 1888 to be Trotted in 1890.

Foals of 1889 to be Trotted in 1891.

THE Directors of the above Association would announce the opening of the following

COLT STAKES, to be trotted for on their Track.

Stakes will be open to Colts, either trotters or pacers, that have been bred in the Provinces of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia or Prince Edward Island.

The whole amount of entrance money and added money will be divided—50 per cent. to the winner, 30 per cent. to second, and 10 per cent. to third.

Stake No. 3. Open to Foals of 1888, mile heats, two in three harness; to be trotted at the

FALL MEETING of the Association in 1890.

Entrance, \$15.00 each, to be paid as follows: \$5.00 to be paid with nomination on or before 1st January, 1890.

\$5.00, second payment, to be made on or before 1st July, 1890.

\$5.00, balance, on evening before the race.

\$50.00 will be added to the entrance money, by the Association, and \$25.00 additional will be given if the winner beats 2.54, the present track record for two-year-olds.

Stake No. 4. Open to Foals of 1889, mile heats, two in three harness; to be trotted at the

FALL MEETING of the Association in 1891.

Entrance, \$15.00 each, to be paid as follows: \$5.00 to be paid with nomination on or before 1st January, 1891.

\$5.00, second payment, on or before 1st July, 1891.

\$5.00, balance, on evening before the race.

\$50.00 will be added to the entrance money, by the Association, and \$25.00 additional will be given if the winner beats the best previous record on the Track for same class.

General Conditions.

All nominations must give name and description of foal, and breeding of foal named, and also the names and addresses of the breeder and owner.

Races will be governed by the Rules of the National Trotting Association.

A Cold distending the field will receive first money only.

Board of Directors. F. P. THOMPSON, President. D. F. GEORGE, Vice-President. J. A. EDWARDS, M. TERNANT, J. M. WILEY, HARRY BECKWITH, W. P. FLEWELLING, Sec'y. Fredericton, N. B., Nov., 1889.

REMARKS.

The Directors think it advisable to continue these Colts races. While there is no money in it directly for the Association, the Directors think that it is more encouraging to breeders.

With the numerous well bred Sires now in the Lower Provinces, these stakes should be well patronized, and as they are limited to colts bred in the Lower Provinces, there will be no chance for parties to import colts with the special intention of winning these stakes.

The Directors trust that the breeders throughout New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and P. E. Island, will help to make these Colts Stakes a success.

All entries received will be widely advertised, and complete lists of entries will be sent to each person naming a colt.

All communications should be addressed to W. P. FLEWELLING, Secretary.

P. O. Box 73, Fredericton, N

The Stock for Stockings

Drop in and see the stock which for stockings we've prepared. All our prices are low and for every pair we've cared. No finer stock you'll find if you search the country through. All is dainty and refined and the newest of the new. We've a gift for everyone, right in reach of any purse, gifts for father and for son, gifts for baby and for nurse, gifts for mothers, aunts and cousins, gifts for little girls and boys, gifts in dozens upon dozens, such as every child enjoys. Such a choice of goods we offer. Such variety we show. And no merrily giving a coffee, but will own the price is low. And to sell the goods with no delay we've cut the profits fine—Once see our stock and you will say, we lead in every line. So come along and see the show; 'twill make you stretch your eyes. There is no other place where you can buy stockings at a price.

HUNTER, HAMILTON & McKAY, 97 KING STREET.

DON'T YOU KNOW? YOU WILL KNOW!

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL (CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

MONCTON. [Progress is for sale in Moncton at the book stores of W. W. Black and W. H. Murray, Main street.] Dec. 11.—The latest agitation amongst our young people is for an ice rink. We have nearly everything else, but strange to say we have no rink of any kind, and thus the ubiquitous and festive small boy transforms every sidewalk in the town into an open rink of his own, a sort of pocket borough, which he triumphantly represents entirely to his own satisfaction and the serious detriment of the unfortunate pedestrian; and the regret of his future welfare in a brighter world where there is no such thing as ice—because of the cursory remarks he is tempted to utter, and the serious annoyance, for the sidewalks are almost impassable, where there is the least bit of ice, and only last week, Mrs. May, while on her way to the department of the I. C. R. met with a painful accident which might have had grave results. She slipped on the icy sidewalk and fell, striking on the back of her head and inflicting so deep a cut that she was rendered unconscious for a time. The funeral of the late Seymour Miliken took place last Friday, from his parents residence on St. George St. The body was not taken to the church, the solemn burial service of the church of England being read at the house by the Rev. J. H. Talbot. The ball roomers will have young friends of the deceased, and consisted of J. M. Knight, A. E. Holbeck, Fred Givan, W. Cowling, A. L. Robinson, and F. Jones. A number of Moncton people went down to Dorchester on Friday morning to attend the funeral of the late Mrs. Chandler. Amongst others I noticed Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Hewson, Mrs. J. L. Harris, and her son Mr. Joseph Harris, Judge Botsford and Mr. T. F. Williams. The many friends of Mr. Arthur Charters made during his stay in Moncton were glad to see him amongst them again last week, and regretted the sad reason for his present visit. Mr. Charters was a close friend of Mr. Seymour Miliken's, and came to town to be present at his funeral. Mrs. E. M. Estey gave another of her delightful parties last Friday evening. The raison d'être was drive whilst, but the impromptu dance after 10 o'clock turned out—like the postscript to a lady's letter—to be a very important part of the entertainment. Many of the ladies' dresses were well worth describing, did not the limited space of the Christmas edition warn me to be brief, and the coveted distinction of "being the belle" was unanimously conferred upon Mrs. C. F. Hanington, who looked, as she always does, charming. I hear that a very popular official of the Western Union Telegraph company, and a valued citizen of Moncton, is thinking of leaving us. I refer to Mr. George B. Willett, who has been offered an excellent position on the C. P. R. at Vancouver, but who, I believe, has not yet decided to accept it. Mr. and Mrs. Willett would be greatly missed from Moncton society, and I trust the balance may incline in our favor. Mrs. C. T. Purdy, Moncton's latest acquisition in the way of brides, is receiving this week at her home on Church street. Mrs. Purdy is assisted by her friend Miss Edith Peters, of St. John, who is visiting her. Mrs. Hazen, who has been spending some weeks with Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Harris, returned yesterday to her home in Sussex, greatly to the regret of her many friends in Moncton. Miss White, of Ormoco, is spending a few days in town, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Mowat, Highfield street. Mr. J. L. Harris is spending some days in Ottawa on business. Rev. Mr. Dienstadt, of St. John, former pastor of the Methodist church here, held services in Moncton last Sunday. Mr. Campbell being at Salisbury, Mr. Dienstadt's old congregation were delighted to see him again. Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Hanington moved into their new house last Thursday, and are going through the unpleasant process known as "settling." Hon. D. L. Hanington, of Dorchester, paid a short visit to Moncton on Friday. The West End Whist club met last night at the

house of Mrs. Allison Cushing, on Bedford street, and somehow or other I have managed to lose eight of the Bread and Butter's this week, but one thing is certain, wherever they met, those gay young people enjoyed themselves thoroughly. A number of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Groves, of Weldon street, decided, last week, that a surprise party was a good and cheerful thing, and acting upon the decision they surprised Mr. and Mrs. Groves, on Friday evening, and had a delightful time, chasing the glowing hours with flying feet till after midnight. I don't mean to imply that they danced all night, merely that the hours flew, not the feet of the guests. I have heard of a new engagement in town lately, and it is of so recent a date that I can only wish I could tell about it, but I can't, for as yet it has not been announced. Both the lovers have, passed the first month by many years, and the wedding is to take place in the spring. So the readers of Progress will have to hold their curiosity in check as best they can. Talking about Progress reminds me that Moncton people are looking eagerly forward to the appearance of the Christmas number, and I only hope there will be enough to go round. Yesterday I chanced to be in a downtown book store when a young lady came in hurriedly and said, "I want to ask you to be sure and save me six copies of Progress on Saturday; and I thought I had better come in last time and secure them or there would be no left." Last week I sent a copy of Progress to a lady friend in the Southern states, and by return mail she said, "I will send you my subscription next week for a year of Progress, if you will kindly make it pass it on to the publisher." Progress always gets there somehow, but this first copy my friend had ever seen. Mr. A. E. Milliken, of Port Henry, New York, is in town, and I believe intends spending Christmas among his old friends. CECIL GWYNNE.

ST. STEPHEN. [Progress is for sale in St. Stephen at the book stores of C. H. Smith & Co. and G. S. Wall.] Dec. 11.—Mr. C. H. Clerk is making a business trip to Boston. Mrs. W. F. Todd and Miss Winnifred Todd arrived home from Boston, after a delightful visit of ten days. Miss Carrie Veasey has been granted a few months' absence by the school committee, and intends to spend it abroad. Mayor Grimmer made a brief visit to Canterbury on Monday last. Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Boies are spending a week in Hamilton, Me. Mrs. Main entertained several of her friends at tea on Tuesday evening. Mrs. Frank Todd returned from Boston last Friday. Mr. Harry Paine made a brief visit in town the latter part of last week. Mrs. W. B. Wetmore returned from St. John on Wednesday last. Mr. and Miss Kerr, of Toronto, spent last week in town, the guests of Mrs. John Black. Mr. John K. Thompson is spending a few days in St. John. Those who enjoy skating are delighted to know that the skating rink managers have decided to open the rink to the public at Christmas, if the weather is cold enough to make good. A novelty in the way of suppers was a rainbow supper, given last week by the ladies of the Congregational church, Calais. Miss Alice Stevens went to Woodstock on Monday where she will visit friends during the winter. Mrs. Waterbury is spending a few days in Saint Andrews with her sister, Mrs. G. D. Grimmer. Miss Bella McElroy returned from Boston last week, after an enjoyable visit of six weeks. Mrs. A. H. Thompson is now in Georgia, where she intends to spend the winter. Mr. H. G. Coura is visiting in Calais, the guest of his brother, Mr. George A. Curran. Mr. Frank Bixby is rapidly recovering from his recent illness. His friends hope to see him about town before Christmas. Mr. and Mrs. John D. Chipman are enjoying a visit in Boston. Rev. Ralph Hunt, who at one time was pastor of the Baptist church here, but of Jamaica Plain, Mass., has been obliged to give up his parish work for the winter months, and at present is seeking strength in the holy land of Georgia. It is a great favorite here among all denominations, and has many friends who hope to see him in the spring restored to his usual health and spirits. Mr. Thomas Faulkner, of Canterbury, is making a short stay in town. Mr. James Topping is suffering from a severe cold. His physician has ordered him South to escape the winter weather.

SUSSEX. Dec. 11.—Mr. E. A. Charters is spending a few days in Boston, Mass. Miss Susan Evans has returned from quite a lengthened visit to her home in Fredericton. Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Henshaw returned to Hampton, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Trites. Mr. Herbert W. White, of Bloomfield, spent Saturday in Sussex. Dr. A. A. Stockton, of St. John, was here on Saturday. Mr. Willis, of Petitcodiac, has been visiting at Mrs. Medley's for a few days. Mr. G. Ward Meredith, of Fredericton, was in this place on Monday. A large assembly was present at the first of the series of dances, which was held in Odell's hall on Thursday evening, and a very pleasant time was spent by all present. The Upper Corner troupe is billed to play at Newtown on Saturday evening, and as this consists altogether of home talent, doubtless a large number will be present. Mr. George Frost, of your city, was here on Monday, and I also noticed Mr. G. G. Jones, of Petitcodiac, in this village. Miss Trites, of Moncton, is in Sussex, and I hear will spend the winter with her brother here, Mr. J. S. Trites. Rev. C. Willis, of Petitcodiac, was in this place yesterday. Mr. Alex. Robertson has quite recovered from her recent illness. I noticed a great many strangers in Sussex yesterday and today from many parts of the province, to attend the estate sale of the late Mr. Hugh Macdonald. Amongst those from your city I noticed Mr. L. Almon, Col. Jas. Donville, Messrs. George Carvill, G. R. Pugsley, Capt. Brannen and many others. Mr. Joseph McPherson, of St. John, spent Monday in Sussex. Mr. R. Roach, of St. John, is here today. PATRICK.

CHATHAM. Dec. 11.—Miss May Muirhead gave a number of her young friends a very enjoyable evening last week, at her home, Sunnyside. Music and dancing were the features of the evening, after which a rich and dainty repast was spread. The W. C. T. U. intends having a pumpkin pie social next week. A limited number of relatives and friends assembled on Monday evening, at the residence of Mrs. Blair, to say farewell to her eldest daughter, Miss Mary, who left for San Francisco, to be married to Dr. Mitchell. The presents were numerous. Before leaving for the train an elaborate luncheon was served. Mr. George Watt has quite a large display of painted cards, pictures, china, etc., the work of Miss Habely, who recently returned from Egypt. Mr. Harry Muirhead's friends were glad to hear of his safe arrival in England. His trip will be short, owing to the illness of Mrs. Muirhead. A dance is to be given under the auspices of the Truro band tomorrow evening. Amongst the visitors to town this week I noticed Hon. R. Hutchinson, of St. John; Mr. S. B. Paterson, of Richibucto, and Mr. J. S. Simpson, representing J. W. Gorham & Co., Halifax. Mr. Simpson has become quite a favorite with a great many people here. X. Y. Z.

TRURO, N. S. [Progress is for sale in Truro at Mr. G. O. Fulton's.] Dec. 12.—Rev. Thomas Gunning, of St. Andrew's, leaves in January for Palestine and Egypt. The Misses V. and G. Cullen and their brother, Mr. J. L. Cullen, gave two dancing parties since last writing, the first on Friday evening, which was a success in every way, delightful music being discoursed by Mr. Murray, of New Glasgow, who is a rare violinist, the rhythm of his music being an instructor in itself. The second party took place on Monday evening, and was a success. Mrs. J. J. Snook is confined to the house with an attack of inflammation. The "Pedangalo" Waltz club was entertained last Friday evening by Dr. and Miss W. S. Muir. Mr. C. D. Webber, former editor of the Truro Blade, was married at Halifax on Wednesday last, to Miss K. Thomas. Immediately after the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Webber left for Jacksonville, Florida, where their future home will be. The young ladies of St. Andrews gave a tea and fancy sale on Thursday evening at the Baptist church, evening at 8 o'clock, the fair second in the ceremony being Miss Ella Zupper, formerly of Messrs. Cummings' staff. Mr. and Mrs. Leck held a reception at their home on Elm street after the ceremony. The amateur dramatics, who will give an entertainment, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., during the holidays held a rehearsal at "Scrivens" Manor last night. P.S.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT Established 1810. -UNLIKE ANY OTHER.- Positively Cures Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Colds, Tonsillitis, Hoarseness, Coughs, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, Rheumatism, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhoea, Erysipelas, Neuritis, Toothache, Nervous Headache, Sciatica, Lame Back, Soreness in Body or Limbs, Blisters, Joints and Strains. AS MUCH FOR INTERNAL AS FOR EXTERNAL USE. It is marvelous how many different complaints it will cure. Its strong points lie in the fact that it acts quickly, healing all Cuts, Burns and Bruises like Magic. Relieving all manner of Cramps and Chills. ORIGINATED BY AN OLD FAMILY PHYSICIAN. All who buy direct from us, and request it, shall receive a certificate that the money shall be refunded if not satisfied. Retail price by mail 25 cts.; bottles, 50 cts. Express and duty provided to our parts of United States or Canada. Valuable pamphlet sent free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass. GENERATION AFTER GENERATION HAVE USED AND BLESSED IT.

\$100 AWARD WITH 5 Cent "WHITE CROSS" PACKAGE GRANULATED SOAP. To the person sending us the most certificates \$50.00 To the person sending us second highest number 25.00 To the person sending us third highest number 10.00 To the person sending us fourth highest number 5.00 To the next ten persons, \$1.00 each. There is one certificate in each 5 cent package. See them. Money will be awarded Sept. 1, 1900. Send certificate to us on or before that date. St. Croix Soap Mfg. Co., St. Stephen, N. B. A pure, dry Soap in fine powder with remarkable cleansing powers. All grocers are authorized to refund purchase money if not entirely satisfactory.

Golden Eagle Flour

WOODSTOCK, N. B. [Progress is for sale in Woodstock at Everett's Bookstore.] Dec. 7.—Miss Bradley, St. Andrews, sister of Rev. Fr. Bradley is in town, the guest of Mrs. F. Gillin. Dr. Smith returned Monday from a trip to New York. Mr. Smith accompanied him, but will remain till after Christmas. Miss Stephens, of St. Stephen, is visiting her friend Mrs. W. Wade. Mrs. Matilda Armstrong and Miss Ellis of Bathurst, are visiting Miss Maud Henderson. They will remain over Christmas. Mr. Frank Phillips, brother of our station agent, H. N. Phillips, has returned from the N. W. T. after an absence of ten years, and is visiting his friends here. David Munro, of the Bank of Nova Scotia, paid his old home a flying visit the first of the week and returned Tuesday. Mrs. E. Henderson, of Annapolis, left Monday for Wyoming Territory where she will visit her daughter, Mrs. A. B. Fisher. Mr. William Carr spent a few days at Presque Isle, Me., last week. Miss Minnie Moore paid St. John a flying visit on Thursday last week. Misses Minnie and Lizzie Sharp have gone to New York, where they will pursue their musical studies. Mrs. G. T. Hartley, of Upper Woodstock tripped and fell, while in the house, a week ago, breaking one bone near the wrist. The ladies of the Freebriary church are to be congratulated upon the success crowning their efforts at the supper under their auspices, in Cole's hall, last Thursday evening. Everything was in first-class order, and a handsome sum was realized. Mr. L. M. Harley is in town, and leaves soon for New York. Mr. Geo. F. Gregory and Mr. W. T. Whitehead, of Fredericton, are in town. Mr. Geo. Anderson spent last week in town. Oo. R. U. BATHURST. [Progress is for sale in Bathurst at A. C. Smith & Co's store.] Dec. 11.—Mr. W. S. Loggie, Dr. Benson, of Chatham, were in town during the week. Mr. K. F. Burns, M. P., and his daughter, Miss Minnie, leave tomorrow for Halifax, whence they will sail for England. This is Miss Burns' first trip across the ocean, and her friends hope it may prove very enjoyable. Miss Kate Hurley, of Halifax, who has been visiting Miss Burns, will return home tomorrow. Rev. Theo. Allard and Rev. S. Donnet were in town on Monday; also Mr. Philip J. McNally, of Shippagan. Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Meahan are home, and are living in the house lately occupied by Mrs. W. Napier. Miss McMillan, of Arichat, N. S., is their guest. Hon. Robert Young spent Saturday and Sunday in Bathurst. The buffalo on exhibition at the "Valer" farm is just now the centre of attraction. Those who drove out to inspect it on Sunday give very graphic descriptions of it. Tom Brown.

CHRISTMAS, 1889.

AT SKINNER'S CARPET WAREHOUSES YOU CAN BUY A handsome pair of Turcooman Chenille Curtains, at \$3.50 and 4.00 Beautiful Chenille Curtains, at \$9.00 per pair. A SPLENDID STOCK OF NEW RUGS, in Smyrna, Kyber and Tanjore, in all the New Colorings and Designs.

JUST OPENED FOR THE XMAS SEASON: Fancy Chairs, Tables, Cabinets, Bookcases, etc.

A. O. SKINNER. SHARP'S BALSAM

Favorably known for upwards of forty years; it has become a household name. No family should be without it. It is simple and very effectual. In cases of Croup and Whooping Cough it is marvellous what has been accomplished by it.

It is in use the sufferer finds instant relief. How anxiously the mother watches over the child when suffering from these dreadful diseases, and would not she give anything if only the dear little one could be relieved. Be advised of HOREHOUND ANISE SEED.

and keep constantly on hand in a convenient place a bottle of this Balsam. T. B. BARKER & SONS, Wholesale Agents, - - - CONNOR & DINSMORE, Proprietors. SAINT JOHN, N. B.

RUBBER GOODS.



We call general attention to our large stock of RUBBER BOOTS and SHOES, being one of the finest in Canada. Outside orders, either Wholesale or Retail, receive especial attention.

Also: Fine quality of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Rubber Clothing. ESTEY, ALLWOOD & CO., Dealers in Mill Supplies and Rubber Goods, 68 Prince Wm. Street, St. John.

Pears' Soap. I have found it matchless for the hands and complexion. Since using Pears' Soap I have discarded all others. For preserving the complexion, keeping the skin soft, free from redness and roughness, and the hands in nice condition. The best for the complexion. A "balm for the skin." The most economical; it wears to thinness of a wafer. Pears' Soap is sold in every City in the World.

YARMOUTH. Dec. 9.—Miss Annie Robertson returned home from St. John, Saturday, where she has been attending an art school for several months. Mrs. B. B. Law entertained a number of her young friends, at her residence at Apple-tree Hill, Thursday week. Although it was a very disagreeable evening, a number of the young men from town were able to be present, and spent a very enjoyable evening. Messrs. Bishop and Fitzpatrick were in town Sunday. The young people are in a quandary to know if the rink is to be opened for skating this winter. I don't see why it couldn't be, as it would probably be a success, owing to dearth of other attractions. Thursday afternoon the Congregational church was the scene of a quiet wedding. Miss Annie Starratt and Mr. John Journey were the leading characters. The bride was attired in a most becoming brown traveling dress. The happy couple left by train immediately after the ceremony for Weymouth, where they intend to reside. The many friends of Mrs. A. C. Bobbins, will learn with regret of her death, which took place at her residence, Thursday Dec. 5. The funeral on Sunday was largely attended. Rev. Canon Partridge, of Halifax, delivered an interesting lecture on "Home Missions" in the Forest street school house Friday evening, Dec. 6. RICHIBUCTO. Dec. 11.—Mr. J. H. Belandier, of St. John, was in town on Tuesday last. Dr. L. Botsford, of Moncton, was in town last week, the guest of Mr. D. and Mrs. Fryer. Mr. Peter McCann, of St. John, spent Sunday in town. Mr. Clifford Atkinson, of Kouchibouguac, was in town on Saturday. Mr. E. B. Paterson, of the Review spent a few days in Campbellton last week. Mr. E. P. Romeri, of Moncton, was in town last Friday. Mr. W. A. McLaren visited Buctouche and Moncton last week. Mr. Geo. McLeod, of St. John, is in town this week. Messrs. Geo. Y. Cruikshank, assistant inspector of the railway, and Mr. J. D. and Mrs. Fryer, of the post office department, left on Monday for St. John. ROYALS. KINGSTON, KENT CO. Dec. 11.—Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Abbott have returned from their wedding trip, and are occupying rooms at the Royal hotel. Mr. J. McKeon who has had charge of the Merchants bank during Mr. Abbott's absence, left by train yesterday morning. Mr. Wm. Bratt has returned from a short visit to St. John. Mrs. Ritchie, of Dalhousie, and Mrs. W. W. Doherty, of Campbellton, who have been spending some time with their father, Mr. A. Girvan, left for their homes this morning. Mr. Rick, Kinross, of Moncton, spent Sunday in town. Miss Maimie Cameron, who has been ill for some time, is now on the fair road to recovery. Mr. J. W. Kirkland has returned from Moncton. PICKLES. MARYSVILLE. Dec. 11.—Miss Fannie Mottram, daughter of the superintendent of the mill room in the cotton mill, died very suddenly on Sunday evening. Rev. Dr. Spurgeon held service at the house on Monday evening. Her remains were taken to Lewiston, Maine, much sympathy is felt for the bereaved family. Miss Jane Robinson, niece of Mr. Alex. Gibson Sr., fell while skating on Wednesday evening, breaking her arm and dislocating her wrist. Mr. Sam'l Butler also met with a slight accident while skating on Thursday evening. Miss Hattie Goodspeed is visiting her friend, Miss Gracie Fisher. Miss Miles spent Sunday at her home in Ormoco. Rumors of engagements and weddings still fill the air, but when spoken of publicly every one looks "oh, so innocent!" Mr. General Clark's babe died on Sunday and was buried on Tuesday.

CAN BUY Chenille Curtains, at \$3.50 and 4.00, at \$9.00 per pair.

SEND STOCK OF Cyber and Tanjore, in all the New and Designs.

FOR THE XMAS SEASON: Cabinets, Bookcases, etc.

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of forty years; it has become a household name.

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ant relief. How anxiously the mother watches these dreadful diseases, and would not she give could be relieved. Be advised of

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venient place a bottle of this Balsam.

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RICHMOND.

Dec. 11.—Mr. J. H. Belderman, of St. John, was in town on Tuesday last.

Dr. J. Bostford, of Moncton, was in town last week, the guest of Mr. D. and Mrs. Persey.

Mr. Peter McCann, of St. John, spent Sunday in town.

Mr. Clifford Atkinson, of Kouchibouguac, was in town on Saturday.

Mr. S. B. Paterson of the Restee spent a few days in Campbellton last week.

Mr. E. E. Konert, of Montreal, was in town last Friday.

Mr. W. A. McLaren visited Buctouche and Moncton last week.

Mr. Geo. McLeod, of St. John, is in town this week.

Messrs. Geo. Y. Cruikshank, assistant inspector of the savings bank, and W. H. Taylor, of the post office department, left on Monday for St. John.

KINGSTON, KENT CO.

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Mr. Rich. Kinnean, of Moncton, spent Sunday in town.

Miss Matine Cameron, who has been ill for some time, is now on the fair road to recovery.

Mr. J. W. Kirkland has returned from Moncton.

MARYSVILLE.

Dec. 11.—Miss Fannie Mottram, daughter of the superintendent of the male room in the cotton mill, died very suddenly on Sunday evening. Rev. Dr. Sprague held service at the house on Monday evening. Her remains were taken to Lewiston, Maine.

Much sympathy is felt for the bereaved family.

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A CANADIAN SUNSET.

Over the snow clad hills the amber glory fades, Leaving a world of grey, The bright, cold, Sapphire of the northern sky, Has slowly passed away.

Up from beyond the ridge of frozen pines, A glow of crimson spreads; Dying a world of yellow, with the rosy flush, A dawn in summer sheds.

While far away, the fleecy softness of the scattered clouds, Seems bathed in floods of light. A parting promise from the drowsy sun Bidding the world good night.

Beyond the range of earthly vision dim He wins his silent way, To rise on other lands, in summer beauty glowing: A harbinger of day.

"Good night" we say, and watch our friends departing, To reach a fairer clime, Good night to us, then Good morning, Beyond the shores of time.

GEOFFREY CURRIER STRANGE.

DOLLY DEERING'S CHRISTMAS

A SIMPLE STORY.

BY HUNTER DUVAL.

It was the first day of November and a very uncomfortable first of November it was. People's noses were red. Cold raw fog hung on whiskers and beards as dew drops hang on a spider's web. The trees, all but leafless, loomed through the fog like smears. Curs that ran out to bark at you carried their tails slantingly, the fog having soaked out their usual insolent curl, for it is a curious fact in dogology that the meaner the cur, biped or quadruped, the tighter does he curl his tale. Hens with their feathers all ruffled the wrong way moped under fences, like played-out politicians dragged by party storms. Ducks were making a great do in puddles, and like other quacks, were getting along swimmingly. Some of the more devout school boys, on the foundation of that truly christian King Henry VIII. for ten poor scholars, surreptitiously read in their prayer books the supplication for fine weather, for their bonfire on Guy Fawkes, his day, the 5th, "the glorious fifth November which let us all remember."

Nobody blessed the weather, or they blessed it the wrong way, as Giles Deering stamped along from the sale by auction of the estate of Puddleford Granges on which he and a half a dozen others were small tenant farmers. It was a pretty estate of five or six hundred acres, just large enough to have enabled the late proprietor to expend six times his income in keeping up the pretences that modern civilization demands. The estate was now on the market, with the quondam owner in that debtor's prison unfavorably known to Little Dorrit's father as the Marshalsea.

Giles Deering was one of a race that is now as extinct as the Pelagi. He wore top boots. That fact alone is sufficient to relegate him into a period of somewhat remote antiquity. In person, portly, face rubicund, shoulders round, limbs herculean. His breeches (pardon the expression,) plenteous in width and of a stiff ridge and furrow fabric, called corduroy, stopped short where they met his boots. In a side pocket of this integument, known as the fob, he carried a stout silver watch, three inches in diameter by two inches thick in the centre, that had belonged to his grandfather, and to which was appended a steel chain on which were hung a crooked sixpence and a cornelian seal. When he wanted to know what o'clock it was, he hauled on the chain with both hands and the timepiece came out with a plop like a cork out of a bottle. Stand-up linen collars of great height and cruelly nearly cut his ears off. A waistcoat with two huge flaps like modern rucksacks covered his expansive chest and reached to his thighs. Over all was a royal blue broadcloth coat cut square in the tails, with six bright brass buttons in front, the size of half dollars, and two on the small of his back, so that the view of his gable end was quite picturesque, especially when surmounted by his billycock hat—the term "billycock," I infer, being derived from a mixture of sweet william and a cock of hay. Such was the personnel of the father of dear Dolly Deering. Mrs. Giles Deering was so plump and comfortable in person that she might be called a personage. And then as to her daughter—O dear! Words fail me to describe sweet Dolly. When she fitted about in the orchard the young men could hardly make up their minds whether it would be nicer to bite a red-checked apple or Dolly's red cheeks. I know which I would have preferred. She was indeed a duck and a darling and a delightful and a Dolly, and that is all that need be said.

Dolly had many admirers, what pretty girl has not? It is quite right for a pretty girl to have hosts of admirers, but it is best to have only one true lover. I mean only one at a time. Where there are two or more they are apt to clash. Dolly had a lover. Alack! William Shakespeare, how dismally correct you were when you said that the course of true love never did run smooth. Sam'l Freeman was Dolly's only one. But Samuel Freeman was poor. Why is it, O great ruler of Love's Universe! why is it that almost all true lovers are poor? This does not seem in accordance with the fitness of things. Yet such was the case with Freeman. It almost makes me a

manichean to see how things go wrong. He was a well-built youth, and could have spent a good deal of money without winking, but he had none to spend. He was school master and catechist for Henry VIII's ten poor scholars, and had no resources but his annual dole, which amounted, all told, in modern sterling, to seven pound ten, equal to \$37.50 per annum, which in Tudor days had been paid in bonnet pieces. The most sanguine temperament could scarcely expect that sum to provide luxuries for the household of children Dolly would be sure to bring him. Lovers' quarrels ensued. Dolly, poor thing, did nothing but cry. It would have mollified the heart of a whinstone to see the pearly tears running down her damask cheek and dropping off the point of her pretty little nose into the buttermilk as she mournfully churned the day's cream. Mrs. Deering, like the sensible mother she was, put her foot down, (she wore number nines,) and vowed stoutly that no young man should have a daughter of hers unless he could show a clear income of not less than fifty dollars a year.

What would you have? Fate is cruel.

refrain of "east-indy-companie, east-indy-companie." She came to the conclusion that all young men are hateful, especially those that wanted to take her to the fair and buy candies for her. She told her mother she would never marry, a remark at which that astute woman quietly smiled. I think at this time Dolly grew prettier every day. The too ruddy rose of her cheek toned down and there seemed a deeper depth in the darkness of her eyes. But her dreams were troubled. She seemed in her slumbers to see her Samuel in the uniform of a Bheed daycote (whatever that may be) with a tremendous sword in his hand, cutting down whole companies of British troops of the line. At other times she would dream of him as in the magnificient dress of a rajah, and near him, seated lovingly on a divan, a lady surpassingly beautiful, with Kohinoors in her hair and emeralds all over her scarlet jacket, and with voluminous skyblue silk trousers, but, shocking to relate, no stockings, and tiny slippers of dead gold turned up at the toes. Then Dolly would wake with a shudder, and console herself with the reflection that dreams always came true by contraries.

more! whereupon the Squire gie him a cut with his hunting whip and the auctioneer heaved a ink bottle at Billy and told him to 'get out o' that!' 'Ninety-six hundred says a dandified kind of a chap that nobody seemed to know, that was smoking one o' your newfangled cigars 'Ninety-six hundred' says he. 'And fifty' says Lawyer Scratch. 'And fifty more' says the dandified chap. Lawyer looked bitter glum and bid no more. 'At ninety seven, seven seven, seven, seven,' says the auctioneer, 'seven, seven, at ninety and seven, no more bids? at seven? seven? going, no advance on seven? go-o-o-ing at seven, last offer, seven? Gone!' It had gone to the dandified chap, who handed a paper to the auctioneer, and walked away smoking. Then it came out that the stranger was a lawyer man from London. I asked the buyer's name and he told me 'On Commission.' 'That's what he said it was.' 'On Commission?' said Dolly, wondering. 'It can't be a man's name. What does it mean?' 'Dang'd if I know,' said Giles Deering. Three weeks, four weeks, five weeks passed, and no sign of the new squire.

was, but I know a good deal was done with cotton wool and whalebone, and stay laces, and sheet lead, and powder of pearls, and rouge des roses, and savon dental, and racine de voilette, and cold cream, and lavender water, and glycerine, and fixatine, and other mysteries of beauty's armory that it would be profane even to guess at. All was, at length, ready, and the invitations had been gloated over, and the dresses tried on, and the rinning about with mouths full of pins was over by the time it was Christmas eve, and the shining arc of the lady-moon, in her last quarter, smiled down through a serene sky betokening a clear and frosty kindly Christmas morning.

Now it happened on that Christmas eve our darling Dolly felt disinclined to rest. She was thinking of her absent Samuel in the East India Company's service, and the more she thought of him the more did the remembrance of the beautiful foreign lady in the skyblue silk trousers, that she associated with him in her dreams, become hateful to her. She drew on a hood and went out to indulge her sorrows in the snow-crusted garden.



HANGING UP THE MISTLETOE.

It is a very true sentiment, beautifully expressed by Mr. Swinburne of London, that

A little sorrow, a little pleasure, Fate metes us from the dusty measure That holds the date of all of us. We are born with travail and strong crying, And from the birth-day to the dying, The likeness of our life is thus.

The end of it was that Sam Freeman disappeared one night, and not till a week afterwards did he send word, by the carrier, that he had enlisted in the service of the Honorable East India Company.

There ensued a weary and a settled melancholy after the first burst of grief. The sweet voice of Giles's daughter was no more heard liting "linkum come leddy" and "my love he is a comely lad," and the like, as she drove her cow, Moolie, to the pasture, giving it a gentle cut now and then with a little hazel switch across its ill-angled flank, more in kindness than in anger. The hum of her spinning wheel reeled off no longer a joyous "burr-whirr and around-a" but fell into a monotonous

All this, except the dreams and the determination never to marry, was past and gone four years before the evening when her father, Giles Deering, came home from attending the sale of the estate on which he was a tenant. That worthy man arrived at his ain fireside, pulled off his blue coat, and took a handful of tobacco out of one of the flaps of his waistcoat, filled and lighted his churchwarden pipe, a yard long, and sitting down in his shirt sleeves, smoked gravely.

"Tell us about it father," cried Mrs. D., "was the estate sold?" "Aye, worse luck," replied Giles, "we have gotten a new master now. Lawyer Scratch put up an offer of eight thousand pound—eight thousand pound—seems a deal o' money don't it? Squire Briggs bid five hundred more, a thousand more, a hundred more to that, and then Billy Ogpen, Lee's hired man, who had six quarts o' beer or thereabouts inside of him, roars out, 'and five pence ha' penny

The public mind had already settled that Mr. O. Commission—for this they supposed was his name—was one of "your fly-away chaps" who would live in London and never come near Puddleford Granges. At length a cheery rumor circulated that a brewer's drag, laden with beer from a near town, had been seen to drive through Grangehouse gate. Mrs. Bundles, the housekeeper, who was sold with the furniture, confirmed the rumor, and added that the new squire was coming down to give a Christmas feast in which all the neighbours were to share. Everybody rejoiced and thought it was very kind of Squire Commission. Then what an outburst of clean straying and putting of hair in papers, and trying over half-forgotten steps of reels and contra dances, and making up of caps and bonnets, and ironing of ribbons, and hunting up of gloves, and letting out of tucks, and turning of skirts, and consideration of breadths. I am not so learned in ladies' toilet as I once

Dolly wept with her handkerchief to her eyes as she paced slowly up and down the little walk, among the gaunt walkingstick-like stems of dead sunflowers and holyhocks. Gently a hand was laid upon her shoulder and a well remembered voice whispered "Dolly, dear!" With a smothered scream she started and found her own true lover bending over her with love in his eyes. "Sa-sa-muel!" she stammered out, and the dream-lady in the skyblue trousers vanished forever.

This simple story may be an idyl, but it is not a romance. There is no mystery in it. There is no mystery in anything. I darsay the Eleusian mysteries, if we only knew, were mere cider-cellar business, and the mysterious namblings of Edmon's telephone. When Sam Freeman left his native village he sought out his deceased father's brother, his only relative, and found him with a canvas apron on, behind a counter in an obscure lane in London

where he carried on a small cheesemongery business. His respectable uncle gave him half a sovereign and told him to go to the devil. Sam at first thought he would go, but, being no fool, he made enquiry in the lane and found that the stingy uncle was worth twenty thousand pounds if worth a penny. Our hero, therefore, made a respectable solicitor acquainted with the circumstances, and left with him a probable address: "Full Private Samuel Freeman, Bengal Infantry, India, or elsewhere." Then he went and enlisted.

It gives me pleasure to relate that the cheesemonger died within three years and Sam inherited as heir. It was for him the estate of Puddleford Granges had been bought "on commission." Dolly did not know this, but here was Samuel, her own true lover, standing with her by the garden gate. Long time the lovers talked, talked in fact till the hoarse old clock on Henry VIII's foundation reluctantly counted out twelve time-beats and made it Christmas morning. It was time to part. Professors of ethics have not yet decided whether it is better to trust one's sweetheart all in all, or not at all. It mainly depends on who the sweetheart is. The new squire of the Grange took a middle course and told her that he lived at Grange house and was the butler. Dolly, although wondering at the great rise in life from a school master to a butler, said nothing but rejoiced in his success. Then, with many caresses, they parted, he assuring her that she should have a good place at the feast.

Christmas morning broke clear, crisp and bracing, as it ought to do, and in due time the bells called all good christians to the worship so well becoming that most august of days. Everybody had on their very best. The village church glowed like a parterre of the most pronounced flowers, peonies, sunflowers, tiger lilies and marigolds, with intervening expanses of white waistcoat, while overhead rippled a surf of artificial grass and nodding plumes of dried sprays and birds. The rector, Rev. Athanasius Stole, read the beautiful service, not neglecting to take up the offertory, which, if I remember aright, was on that occasion, for that most successful of all missions, the conversion of the Jews; and then the congregation dismissing, streamed in a gay and straggling procession towards the Grange mansion.

When Dolly and her parents were received by the servants and shown into the room where all the company were already seated at a long table, the dear child did not know (vulgarily speaking) whether she stood on her head or her heels. For, places being found lower down for her parents, she was escorted and placed directly under the mistletoe—next to two vacant chairs at the head of the table, facing the whole company. She could do nothing but blush, and secretly look round for the butler.

At length a door opened and the rector, actually the rector! advanced, leading by the hand—O heavens!—Dolly's Samuel, and pronounced in a pulpit tone: "My christian friends, let me present to you the new Squire of the manor, Mr. Samuel Freeman." The shock was so great that every one preserved a profound silence, except one man who sneezed, but afterwards apologized. Dolly was so frightened that she thought she would have fainted and fallen under the table. The general astonishment suddenly broke into a hubbub of congratulation, while the new squire and the rector slid into the two vacant seats and the latter said grace. The dinner was proceeded with, but so upset was dear Dolly that she does not remember to this day what she ate, except an odious-looking bulb like a black potato that the new squire told her was snufflers, or truffiles, or some word to that effect.

A vast quantity of solids having been put out of sight, came the order for unlimited beer. Gracefully rising in his place of honor at the head of the table, next to Dolly—only think, next to Dolly!—her own Samuel, with a froth-tipped pot of beer in his hand, drank the health of all the company, then threw himself into an oration, as follows: "Friends," said he, after draining the pot and inserting his right hand fingers between the buttons of his buff vest, "I have called you together on this merry Christmas on an important occasion. An important occasion. Fill your mugs. I have been a schoolmaster on the foundation of the devout King Henry the Eighth, originator of the Great and Glorious English Protestant Reformation. Let us drink to the pious memory of Henry VIII. Empty your mugs and fill again. By the blessing of providence and the death of an uncle I have risen to be one of the wealthy of the land. A plutocracy is one of the brightest jewels in the British crown. Don't let your mugs stand empty. But what is a plutocracy, and what is the estate of Puddleford, and what is Henry the eighth, and what is a home, and what is beer without a wife's? Friends! I have determined to take a wife, and she is here present!" (At this juncture there was an universal flutter and some of the unmarried girls gave little squeaks as if there were a mouse somewhere.) "And this is the wife!" continued he in stentorian tones, in the most barefaced manner he could command, "Dolly a rousing kiss before the w

pany—while she, poor soul

modestly put up her hands and murmur "please don't." "We will be married on New Year's day," he bravely resumed, "and before next Christmas—eh? Dolly?" (Here Dolly blushed a violent rosy red.) "At all events I invite all here present to the christening. Keep your mugs going my friends." With this splendid piece of oratory Squire Freeman sat down amid ringing cheers, but it was observed that all the women, without exception, looked glum, and threw spiteful glances at Dolly Deering.

When his astonishment had subsided, Giles felt it incumbent on him as a parent to thut this new lord of Barleigh for his matrimonial intentions towards the village maid. After mopping his head with a turkey-red handkerchief, he slowly rose and stared wildly around until his moistened gaze fell on the man who wanted to make Dolly the lady of the land. In a hesitating, and sepulchral tone of voice he managed to stammer out: "I say, Sam—mean to say, New Squire—my feelings as a father—O dang it!" and the worthy man fell into his seat with a flop that caused the chair to utter a complaining groan. After the first shock, surprise faded into jollity, all round.

What a merry Christmas was that! How the young folks danced and played kiss-in-the-corner, and how the old folks danced too, and how Giles Deering in "the Hay-makers' jig" took standing leaps of such amazing attitude that when he lit again he nearly knocked the house down, and how the whole night passed quickly in harmless mirth, and how the function concluded with Sir Roger de Coverley by the whole strength of the company, just as the morning sun of December 20th ruddied the eastern sky, what need to tell?

The Squire's wedding took place, as announced, on New Year's day; and I as a faithful chronicler, can lay my hand on my heart and say that the future of that constant couple may be best described in the words of that charming old French love story "Aucassin and Nicolette":

Many years this loving pair,
Lied a life of fond delight,
Samuel had his full share,
Dolly she was happy quite,
So my simple story ends just so,
—That's all I know.

FROM DUSK TO DAWN.

When snows have shut the world, and night goes by
Sandalled with loitering sleep, musing nor sad
Beside my embers through the twilight hours
I keep a holy solitude for thought;
Then smile to leave so fair a dream, and go
Where climbs my winding stair up through the
dusk,
To see the great red sun make all my room
One ruddy corner in the halls of dawn.

Fredericton, N. B. BLISS CARMAN.

THE ACTOR'S CHILD.

BY JOHN L. CARLETON.

It was Christmas Eve, 1849. I remember it well, indeed I shall never forget it. Snow had fallen all the previous night and all that day, and had "drifted through the forest, round the village." It was still falling when at seven in the evening I passed hurriedly along the crowded streets and by-ways to my lodgings. The lighted windows with their innumerable attractions which the frost vainly tried to hide from view, the pleasant greetings of meeting friends, the chirpy call of the newsboy as he announced his paper wares, the exclamations of the children as they gazed upon some coveted toy had no interest for me; in truth they grated harshly on my over taxed and at that moment over sensitive feelings. Footsore, fatigued, disheartened, I sought my apartments, removed my outer garments, dropped into a chair and commenced a detailed review of my life.

Here I was, John Barrington, at the age of thirty; a physician of five years standing without reputation. Oh, yes, I had lots of patients, but not three of them able to pay for the services they required and these three not wanting me often enough to keep the wolf from the door. My landlady, good old soul, had hinted at dinner time that my last quarters' rent was long overdue, creditors had favored me with very threatening letters, and duns innumerable visited me daily—which was the more provoking from the fact that the amounts due were trifling. With an empty pocket-book it is as hard to pay one dollar as it is ten. At any rate this was my philosophy at the time. My clothes were seedy, my laboratory small, and my library insufficient. What was I to do? I had no one to whom I could turn for assistance. My father, after giving me a good education and advising me to settle here, took suddenly ill and died leaving his widow with an income barely large enough to support her, and me to paddle my own canoe.

How long I remained in this meditative mood I cannot tell for sleep, "nature's soft nurse" stole o'er me and I was soon oblivious to all wrongs and hardships.

A ring at the bell! A quick, sharp, sudden ring awoke me. Cold and benumbed I arose to my feet. I had had no fire in the room for two days for my credit was no longer good with the dealer. Another ring! Surely it could not be a constable with a civil process at that hour and on that day? Oh, no, it could not be. Timidly I approached the door and opened it. A lady, comfortably clad in furs, entered.

"I desire to see Doctor Barrington," she said.

"I am at your service, madame."
"Then hasten at once to this address," handing me a card. "Do all you can for the person. My name is also on the card."

Taking a bill from her portmanteau she tendered it to me but from some odd notion, pride I suppose, I at first refused to accept it.

"Oh, yes; take it," she continued. "I am a stranger to you; it will recompense you for your trouble until we meet again; which will be shortly."

With this remark, she bowed herself out with a queenly grace, and I stood dumb founded at the sight of the first five dollars I had seen in a month. Hastily depositing it in my safest pocket, I moved closer under the light to discover the name of my friendly visitor, as well as the place where evidently I was to find a sufferer awaiting my service.

too poor to pay for the benefit of the knowledge even if they have it.

Of course I guessed what this unexpected visit and still more unexpected fee meant. Mrs. Fitzallen was one of those few persons who in their plenitude do not forget their less fortunate fellow beings, and in the very slums to which her charity led her she had found an object worthy of her kindly attention.

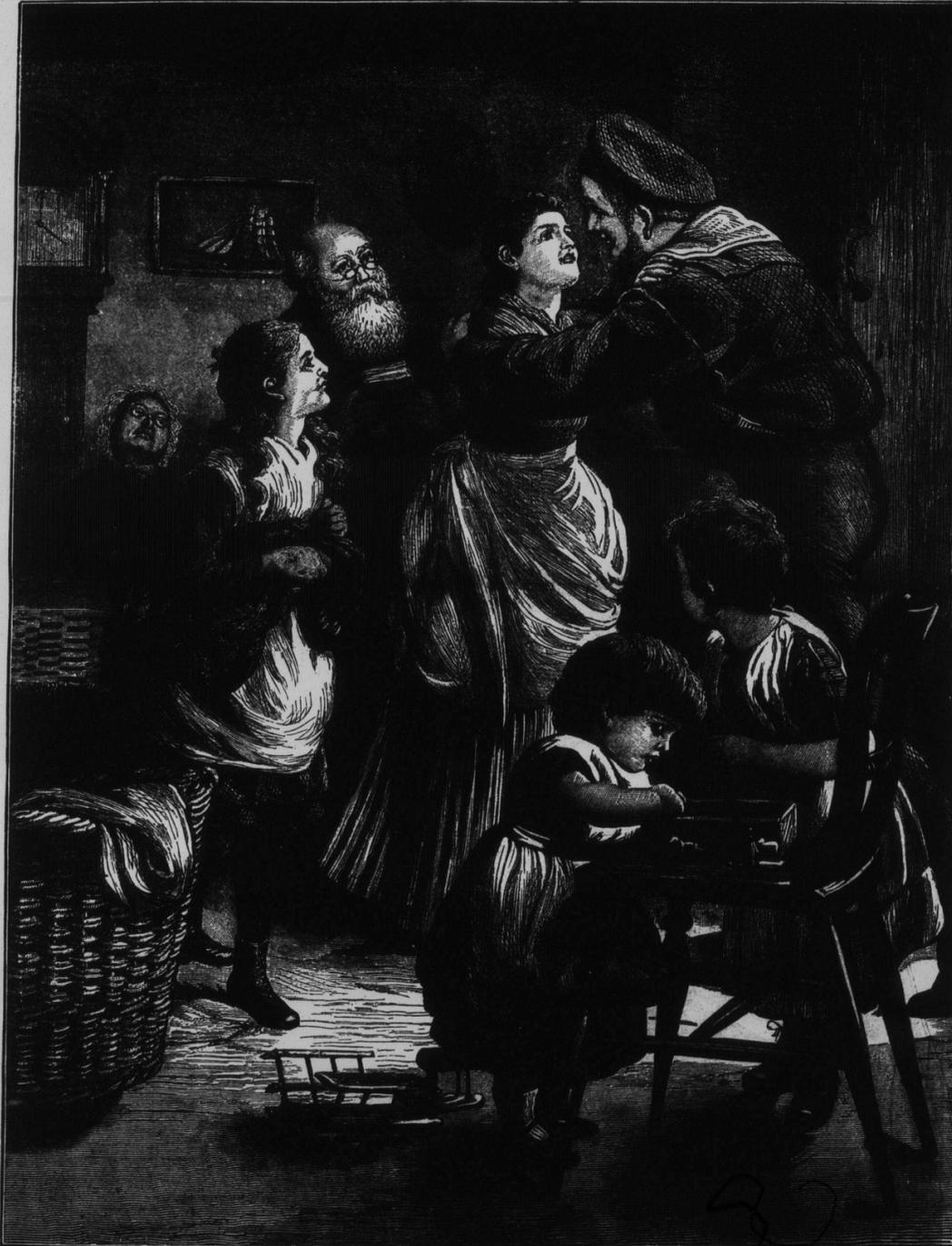
But I had no time to moralize. The message was urgent. I buttoned up my overcoat, with its fringed sleeves and pockets and polished surface, closely around my throat, and for the second time that night faced the storm.

In a miserable attic room, used as a kitchen, dining, and bed room, of the five story building, No. 29 Parkhouse Lane, I found the object of my mission. She was lying on a mattress tossing and moaning with pain. It required no skill and very

around the neck of the mother, call her the most endearing names, kiss her, and end it all in a wild, heartrending scene of tears and grief.

During the few hours I remained in the place I heard from the woman the history of her life. It was the old story of the maiden's love incurring the censure of an obstinate parent. When eighteen years of age, she, the daughter of a rich English country gentleman, had married a good looking young actor whose acquaintance she had formed in her native place. Disowned and disinherited was the penalty. Together they went to Australia, where their only child was born, and where they spent ten very happy years. Bidding adieu to the land of the Southern Cross, they started for the American Eldorado, where the husband hoped his art would secure for him permanent and profitable employment; but his pre-disposed constitution succumbed to an attack of ship fever

the sun high up in the heavens was dancing merrily over the streets decked in a robe of white, as if to perpetuate and remind one of the immaculate babe once born in a stable, when accompanied by my little charge I again reached my lodgings. My landlady scowled and looked glum when I presented the girl with the information that I intended to keep her for a few days until I could succeed in getting her into a nice family; but her features relaxed when out of my vest pocket I produced my much cherished five dollar bill and handed it to her as a gift. Dear old body; I could not blame her; my account was already large enough in all conscience. During the succeeding few hours I had time to carefully examine my ward and consider what I should do with her. She was twelve years of age; of good size and well proportioned; a tender, shrinking disposition; clear cut, intelligent features; large lustrous eyes, with long lashes, and a wreat-



HOME FOR CHRISTMAS.

On one side of the card was neatly printed:

MRS. ARTHUR FITZALLEN.

I had heard the name often, she was the wife of a leading and wealthy broker.

On the other side was scrawled in lead pencil:

MRS. MAUVILLE,
29 Parkhouse Lane, 5th Story.

Parkhouse Lane was a place with which, in those days, most young physicians were well acquainted. It was a short, narrow street, situated in the lonely part of the city, near the water, and abounded with poverty, misery, crime; in a word, with the very class of people to whom the struggling professional man must look for work—the people are too ignorant to know the difference between mediocrity and talent, or

little discernment to tell that her Christmas would not be spent in this world. The only other occupant of the apartment was a little girl, who when I entered retired to the corner behind the stove and endeavored to warm herself over a fire that would not burn for want of a proper draught—for the charity that sent me thither also had sent fuel and nourishment. Gently as possible I imparted to the sufferer the knowledge that she would never see another sunrise. To the inevitable she submitted but the future of her child troubled her much.

"My child; my child," she would sob, in the midst of her most solemn vows of resignation to the divine decree, "what will become of you, my darling Beatrice, when your mother is no longer here to protect you from the cold, cruel, and selfish world?"

At this the Beatrice would emerge from her hiding place, steal to the side of the dying woman, and throwing her arms

and there was one more widow to work and toil for one more orphan. From her father's family she had never heard. Now as she approached the moment of dissolution her one distracting thought was the future of her child. Fainter and fainter fell her voice, heavy and more labored became her breathing, weaker and weaker she grew, but every now and then she would muster strength enough to cry from out the very depths of anguish: "My God; my God! Spare me; spare me for the sake of my child!"

Touched by her simple story and to bring to her ease of mind I said: "Madam, do not distract yourself; have no fear; I will see that your child is provided for."

"Thank God!" She exclaimed rising on her elbow as if to pronounce a benediction. There was a pause, a struggle, a gasp, a fall, and the soul of Gertrude Mauville had gone out into the great unknown.

Christmas morning had opened brightly,

of golden tresses which fell down upon and over her shoulders—such a face that with a little more maturity a Raphael or Murillo might have envied for a Madonna. As yet she had not recovered from the sadness consequent upon her bereavement; indeed it was months before a smile chased away the clouds from her sad face.

That afternoon we buried her mother, but Beatrice did not return to her cold and cheerless home of the night before.

But this day was also memorable for me. An old gentleman of means going to church fell on the slippery sidewalk and broke his leg. I was called upon to attend him, for which I received my first large and adequate fee.

The next few days brought me more wealthy and influential patrons and a consequent enlargement of my exchequer. From the moment that the actor's child came under my protection propitious Fate seemed to shower gifts upon me. Was she a mascot?

Christmas morning had opened brightly,

USEFUL CHRISTMAS PRESENTS FOR LADIES.

- A Black or Colored Silk Dress;
- A Fur-Lined Cloak, a Seal Sague;
- A Set of Fine Furs;
- A Muff, Boa or Collarette;
- A Reliable Waterproof Cloak;
- A Good Umbrella.

Manchester, Robertson, & Allison,

Offer their entire stock of DRESS SILKS and FURS at reduced prices for

December only.

- GROS ROYALE, in Black and Colors—the Silk of the season;
- FAILLE FRANCAIS, in Blk. and Colors. This fabre has a soft, heavy, lustrous cord and will not cut in wear;
- The MASCOT, SANS EGAL and BENGALINE SILKS are among the most fashionable Silks made; the new colors for evening wear;
- BENGALINE, SATIN SURAH, PONGEE and FEY SILKS; CRAPE SABLE in White, Cream and Pink;
- The NEW RUSSIAN and CAVDENISH FUR-LINED CLOAKS, Seal Walking Jackets and Sagues;
- MUFFS, BOAS, COLLARETTES, in New Shapes and leading Furs.

Also, just received for Xmas trade: English and Scotch Reliable Waterproof Cloaks,

And a large variety of LADIES' SILK UMBRELLAS, NOVELTY HANDLES.

Ah, you may laugh if you please, but the more and more I thought of it, the more convinced I became that somehow or another—by some unexplainable design of providence—my professional success and increasing pocket-book were due to her, mayhap an angel I was entertaining unaware. I cannot explain to you how in the short space of a few weeks that child had entwined herself around my heart, grown into my existence, and became almost a part of myself. My rooms, hitherto left to the carelessness of servants began to assume a new and cheery aspect; every ring at the bell was answered by her, and all visitors detained until I was at liberty to attend them. When at night I returned from my calls the fire was burning brightly, a cup of warm coffee awaited me, my slippers ready for immediate use, and my pipe filled. And her childish prattle—how it amused? nay, often instructed, for there is much wisdom in the mouths of babes and sucklings. Had she been a blood relative of mine she could not have thought as much of me or I more of her.

At last Mrs. Fitzallen came to take her away; she had secured a splendid home for her. Would I let her go? Yes; I had no right to detain her. True I had paid all my bills and had a few dollars left but hard times might soon come again and then I would suffer her misery as well as my own. No; no, I would not part with her; she was mine; I had promised her mother—well, not to keep her; but—but I must give her up. With a pain in my heart I called her into the room and explained what the kind lady had done for her. Looking from myself to Mrs. Fitzallen, and back again at me, her large sorrowful eyes rapidly filling with tears which in the next moment burst forth with the most passionate grief, was more than I could stand. No! I would not let her go! Thanking Mrs. Fitzallen for her kindness I claimed that I had a prior right and had determined to keep her. Hearing this, the child rushed upon me, threw her arms around my neck, and kissed me as if I were her own father. And such we then mutually determined should be our relationship thenceforth.

Three years of unalloyed prosperity and contentment during which my Beatrice grew larger, stronger, and more beautiful every day. Three years in which every succeeding day discovered to me new traits in my ward's character of the most admirable kind: devotion to myself, interest in everything good and noble, charitable to others. At first people talked about the quixotic notion of the young doctor adopting the pauper's child; but of this she did not know and I did not care. Even my dear old mother found out in some way her antecedents and wrote me a sharp letter condemning my action and praying that I

Christmas Sale

DRESS MATERIALS.

M. R. & A. have made their special reduction in the Dress Department and are now showing an especially attractive lot of Dress Material in the Dress Goods Room, first floor. A Woolen Dress is one of the most useful gifts a lady can secure during the Holiday season. We will mention a few of the many makes displayed in this Department:

- FRENCH CASHMERE;
- FRENCH HENRIETTA, Silk warp;
- FRENCH DRAP DE ALMA
- FRENCH SERGE;
- FRENCH MERINO;
- FRENCH CASHMERE COUPE;
- AMAZON CLOTH;
- BROAD CLOTH.

ROBE DRESSES—The line of Robe Dresses open for inspection is far in advance of any previous year. Space will not allow us to mention the large variety of shades and designs. We can supply any shade or style, in all qualities.

COMBINATION COSTUMES;
HANDKE. COSTUMES;
BORDERED COSTUMES.

DRESS LENGTHS—The side counter in our Dress Room is filled with our usual assortment of Dress Lengths for the Christmas trade. These are in both Plain and Fancy Suitings.

A Handsome Lot of Embd. Costumes FOR EVENING WEAR.

TEA GOWNS, in Saxony Wool Flannels; also, a large variety of Tea Gowns in Striped and Figured.

WOOL PLAIDS, double and single width. Any person wishing Black Dress Materials will find this Department stocked with an endless variety of Fabrics.

REMNANTS of Black and Colored Dress Materials at special low prices during this month.

N. B.—In our Dress Goods Room there will also be found a splendid assortment of Wool Goods:

- SHAWLS, FASCINATORS;
- JACKETS, CLOAKS, HOODS;
- CAPS AND WOOL SKIRTS.

Manchester, Robertson & Allison.

would have nothing to do with those "horrid actor folks." You know how people will talk about a people of whom they know nothing except what they see in the papers, which oftentimes for sensation and gain magnify and distort every reprehensible act in the public and private lives of the most humble person who happens to claim a membership, no matter how insignificant, in the noble theatrical profession.

But the next year was the year of the cholera; a year of ruin and desolation to many in the land. It meant for the men of my calling a tremendous amount of labor and, proud I am to say it, they responded nobly. There was no thought of recompense, no hope of gain, nothing for us but the desire to serve our fellow men as hour after hour we went down into the valley and shadow of death. I soon realized how easily I might carry the disease from some stricken patient to my faithful little Beatrice at home, so I sent her to reside for the time with a friend in the country.

The fight was bitter while it lasted. The unmerciful tyrant of destruction after many months of usurpation, during which it defied our utmost skill, began to draw in its claws from the first twinges of Jack Frost and totter at the chill blasts of winter. Then there was a feeling of general security and rejoicing at the promised rest when one day I crawled to my room my head throbbing, a fierce gripping and quick spasms in my legs and arms, followed by distressing vomiting. The fiend had breathed its pestilence into me and for the many victims I had snatched from his unrelenting grasp he was about to have revenge. I had the cholera.

I do not know how many days or weeks passed before I again returned to consciousness, but when I did there was my golden haired Beatrice tenderly bathing my aching temples and addressing me with the endearing terms that grew and budded like flowers from her gentle nature. I afterwards learned that to her country retreat came one day the word that I was stricken with the dread disease, and as her friends refused to allow her to come to me, she stole away in the darkness of the night and when everybody else had deserted the house and money could not procure help, when people made a wide circuit lest their garments might trail in the outer margin of the poison, and the florid poster of the Board of Health attached to the door proclaimed that any who dared to enter could not hope to leave for many months unless they went out in a coffin, she had braved it all to minister unto me.

"If it had not been for that little angel who day and night unceasingly watched and waited upon you, you could not have

survived," said the brother physician who attended me.

The three years passed quickly. Almost every mail brought me news of her rapid advancement. Hearing that a number of her American class-mates were about to finish their education by a years sight-seeing on the continent I insisted that she should accompany them. To this she reluctantly consented as she said I had already done too much for her. And now she was coming home. The steamer had arrived at New York a few days before and I might expect her at any moment. There was a rattle of coach's wheels upon the pavement, the door flew open, a peal of merry laughter, and I extended my arms to receive my little Beatrice. But no; it was not my little Beatrice but one of the fairest visions of beauty my eyes had ever

O God! how my brain swam, my blood chilled, and my heart quickened, broke and bled! In that one moment I discovered what weeks had not revealed to me; that the fire of man's purest passion had been slowly but surely burning before the shrine of affection and needed but a prod to start it into active, maddening life. Like the honeysuckle it had grown unnoticed and uncared for; silently its creeping tendrils had stolen up the trunk and stopped in its passage to kiss every branch until the sturdy oak was forever entwined and imprisoned in its strong yet tender clasp. Yes I was in love with my adopted child—a child no longer, but a pure and noble woman. Oh, what I would have given then if she had never returned home; if she had died; if I could only think of her as the simple prattling girl of five years ago. But I recollected myself, gathered my shattered senses and replied as best I could: "By all means. I have but one desire; to see her happy." He left me to interview her while I threw myself on the

detested it. And yet we could not stay as we were; she a perfect picture of beautiful womanhood, I, a somewhat staid old bachelor. Our positions grew daily more and more delicate. Still I would enjoy the feast while it lasted and secretly hoped it would last forever. The epd came sooner than I expected. The postman had just delivered *The New York Herald* containing full particulars of the yellow fever epidemic in the State of Louisiana; told of the want of nurses and narrated a pitiable story of a theatrical company, whose members contracted the disease, dying for want of attention as every one was too busy to care for them.

On board of a steamer on the broad Mississippi, looking listlessly from side to side, a stranger handed me a paper to peruse. I took, gazed at one column and then another, but I did not read it; my mind was elsewhere—Eh! What's that? In horror I gazed upon the leaded head lines: "Beatrice Mauville; the devoted nurse of the fever-stricken, who was arrested for robbery, still denies her guilt!" I dropped the paper, jumped to my feet, tore recklessly up and down the deck, regardless of the on-lookers, who evidently thought me crazy, shrieking at the top of my voice: "It's a lie! a most damnable lie!"

"Why so?"
"Because I love another."
"Who?"
"You have no right to ask, still I will tell you: the man who brought comfort to my mother's death-bed, who reared and educated me better than any father ever could, the man who may never know or care for that love or think it ought but a child's, but to whose memory I have devoted my life."

Horace Vinton, for it was he, laughed; a bitter, sneering laugh. "A pretty object indeed for a maiden's adoration! Dr. Barrington! The person who answered a letter explaining your misfortune with the simple words: 'I have finished with the brazen hussy forever.'"

She was about to reply but I could stand no more. As if it were a feather I tossed open the ponderous door and rushed in. "You're a liar and a scoundrel!" I vehemently exclaimed at the same time planting my clenched fist full in his face and a second afterwards he was lying in the corner with blood gushing from his nose and mouth.

That night a trusted messenger started for New Orleans to secure the services of the best counsel and detectives that money could procure.

Before breakfast the next morning a messenger presented a challenge to fight a duel, signed "Horace Vinton." I was not a coward, cared little for my life, but I was neither a swordsman nor much acquainted with the use of fire arms; besides I realized that if I were out of the way—and the chances were strongly in favor of such a result—Beatrice would be at the mercy of my opponent. Taking a pencil from my pocket I wrote on the back of the challenge these words and then returned it to the messenger:

"Gentlemen only fight with gentlemen, therefore I decline to meet you. I might remind you though that we whip our slaves and kick our curs; should you desire to be kicked it will afford me the greatest of satisfaction to oblige you. John Barrington."

In the old fashioned dining-room of the the old fashioned southern hotel—three quarters French and one quarter American—I made the acquaintance of a young English army officer, Captain Frank Beresford, who was using his leave of absence seeing our part of the world. He was one of those easy going fellows whom nothing seemed to disturb; whose face never betrayed the emotions of the inner man, who might and would have charged the frowning heights of Sebastopol with as little concern as if it were a wicket he was bowling on Eton play grounds. Somehow this man guessed that I had a secret—I suppose my manner betrayed it—won my confidence, and heard my story.

"Hem; too bad," was his only answer when I had finished.

Excepting for the short time that I was allowed to see Beatrice the day passed slowly—oh, so slowly. Returning to the hotel office late in the evening I walked into the arms of Horace Vinton and a number of his friends.

"Did you write that?" he demanded excitedly waving the returned challenge over my head.

"I did."

"Do you see that mark?" he enquired pointing to his face which bore traces of our encounter of yesterday.

"I do."

"Will you give me the satisfaction due a gentleman?"

"I was not aware that you were one." Here the crowd began to murmur and grow impatient. My patience was getting critical. I turned and attempted to address them but they only jeered and swore at me.

"Make him fight," cried one; a sentiment that the rest applauded.

"For the last time will you meet me?" Vinton fairly shrieked.

"For the last time no!" I shouted my self-possession disappearing and anger getting the better of me.

"Then die like a coward!" he cried jumping back a few paces and drawing a revolver.

I saw the steel glint as he raised the



CHRISTMAS WITH BRUIN.—SEE PAGE 18.

feasted upon. With astonishment and admiration I gazed at her; she was a woman. I felt the change and a great void came into my heart for I knew that she could never be to me the same Beatrice as of old. If I had been her parent it would have been different, but I was not. She felt it too and blushed.

The greatest claim made for
White Cross
GRANULATED SOAP
is its value in the Household. It stands on its merits.

sofa and gushing tears lent their aid to relieve my great sorrow.

The next morning, at breakfast, she told me of her visitor's kindness to her while in Europe, his attentions upon the passage home—oh, the misery and anguish of the words—of his proposal for her hand and her refusal because she did not love him. I could have jumped with joy for was she not still mine? Might I not still listen to the music of her voice, watch her afar off even as the prophet of old viewed the promised land, worship her in the secret recesses of my own soul? My step was light that day and my heart was gay. "Strange while I laugh'd I shudder'd," something kept whispering: it is a pleasant dream of anticipation and like it will have a bitter ending. More than once I stopped before the glass and flattered myself that I was still handsome and notwithstanding my thirty-eight years not a bit too old to marry a girl of twenty. Marry? Away the thought! Was my manliness deserting me? I would not dare broach the subject to her for fear gratitude might induce her to sacrifice herself to my desire however much she

To you, my more than father, I have been a burden all my life; your kindness I can never forget or repay; but it is time that I should do something for myself."

For a long time after she left there came letters regularly describing what she saw and what she was doing. Then they stopped. Week followed week without a word. What could it mean? My messages of inquiry received no reply. I started for New Orleans to seek my lost love; it was Evangelina reyesed. But I could find no trace of her. At the hospitals where she had been they knew nothing

Would this slow, stupid steamer never reach its destination? Thank God there it is. I jumped on the dilapidated wharf and drove to the prison. "You must have a permit before we can admit you," kindly said the gaoler, but I only damned him and the gaol and everyone in it—except my Beatrice. I found the warden; he took pity on me and gave me a pass; I returned and was admitted.

"Cell 20, at the end of the corridor," said the turn-key, "the door is open; Mr. Vinton is with the prisoner."

"You swear falsely," it was her familiar voice, "you know that I never took an article belonging to you or anyone else, but even the gallows will not make me submit to your unmanly request."

"Listen to me," argued he, "I love you; you know I have always loved you; say that you will be my wife and I'll withdraw the charge and you will leave here to be happy with me."

WHITE CROSS
GRANULATED SOAP
IS GUARANTEED.

weapon to position, heard the click of the hammer as it was lifted; there was a snap, a flash, a whizz—and I was unharmed. At the moment he was about to fire my English acquaintance had stepped across the threshold and taking in the situation at a glance had seized the weapon, turned it towards the ceiling, and then, after it had discharged, snatched it from Vinton's hand with the careless remark:

"I beg your pardon, but that kind of amusement is slightly dangerous."

At this the attitude of the crowd became very threatening. I seized a chair, raised it over my head, and stepped to the side of my savior.

"Stand back gentlemen, there are still four loaded chambers," was all that Beresford said but there was a determination in his tone and manner that was unmistakable.

"What right," demanded Vinton, who had by this time recovered himself, "have you to interfere?"

"I always stick up for the under dog in the fight, you know," was the quiet reply.

"That coward refused to fight me. I sent him a paper challenge and he answered it with an insult."

"May be you'd accept me as a substitute," said Beresford.

"It is no affair of yours."

"Whose affair is it now?" asked my friend quickly slapping Vinton on the face. Vinton's color rose and fell, his eyes flashed fire, his breast heaved with anger, and his southern blood boiled.

"Enough sir," he hissed, "it is yours first, his afterwards!"

"Very well," replied the still imperturbable Englishman, "to-morrow at sunrise. Good night, gentlemen," and taking me by the arm we left the room.

For hours that night I tossed upon my pillow for sleep would not come to me. Towards morning though I fell into a heavy doze from which I did not wake until well on in the day. Ashamed of myself to think that I had slept while another was fighting for me; mayhap, dangerously wounded or dead, I hastily dressed and came down stairs. The first person I met was Captain Beresford with his left arm in a sling and smoking a cigar. In answer to my anxious enquiry as to the result of the combat he pointed to his arm: "Bullet in there; 'twas meant for the heart but I fooled him. Deserves credit for his clever shot however."

"But Vinton?"

"Dead, poor fellow. I only intended to disable him but some how or another my pistol carried higher than I thought it would."

"I am truly sorry for that."

"Yes, it is regrettable; wasn't such a bad fellow after all; but dreadfully strong headed and hot tempered."

"I wish it had been otherwise."

"So do I. Oh perhaps I ought to tell you that he lived long enough to confess that the stolen watch and money yarn was a concoction of his own to force your lady friend to marry him."

I waited to hear no more. Off to the prison I rushed where I found the authorities, who had just received instructions, about so discharge Beatrice.

That night, accompanied by our new friend, we started for Canada.

Every day of our homeward journey brought us nearer and nearer to actual northern winter. Beatrice was a trifle paler after her hardships but still as beautiful as of yore. Our preparations were hasty, for on Christmas morning amid the ringing of bells, the good will of men, and the joy of the christian world Beatrice Mauville became in truth and reality Beatrice Barrington.

Captain Beresford, who assisted me at the altar, strange to say turned out to be my wife's cousin, a son of a brother of Beatrice's mother. This he knew when I first told him my story, but I did not because I never knew the mother's maiden name.

Ah, the joyful years we spent together. One after one came the tots to gladden our hearts and comfort our declining years. All was sunshine 'till the falling of the leaves last autumn when the light of my life went out leaving darkness behind. She sickened and—but, my children, you know the rest.

This was the story the old man told us, his grandchildren, on the nine and thirtieth anniversary of that Christmas' eve upon which fate directed his footsteps to the tenement house in Parkhouse Lane. And as the whitened hairs of the venerable narrator reverently fell over the forehead plowed and furrowed by the tracing finger of honest duty we knew that like the fire before which he sat the embers were hardly warm—the shadows falling—and the time not distant when his spirit would cross to those golden sands, laved by the waters of eternity, where in spotless robes of immortality the actor's child patiently awaits his coming.

White Cross

GRANULATED SOAP,
For washing dishes, scrubbing, cleaning
marbles, paints, pots and pans; removing
grease stains, and for fast
house-cleaning time.

THE BOUNTY OF BLOMIDON.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

Ile aux Abeilles is a long narrow strip of land across the water from Blomidon. No longer an island, since the spade of the Acadian fenced its eastern and southern borders from the tide, it forms a bulwark to protect the green meadows of Grand Pre against the currents of Minas. Nestled behind the benignant shelter of Abeilles; the Acadian village heard hardly a whisper of the winds, which, chasing each other up from the fogs and the iron coasts of Fundy, would ever and anon

calm weather, which ever seemed to find congenial abiding place about the Acadian villages, the grey larches hung over the red bluffs of Abeilles to see themselves mirrored in a stillness as glassy as that of a forest-pool.

One evening when the tide was at the full, the sun was setting in red and amber beyond the mighty brow of Blomidon, who seemed to wrap himself in a mist of glowing purple for the splendid ceremony, a little girl stood waiting beside the landing place where a small creek wound itself into the heart of Abeilles. The girl was a daughter of the Acadians, Therese Marin by name. She leaned her arms on a bit of grey snake-fence which ran down

to reach his journey's end. Batiste Le Blanc surged vigorously on his long and clumsy oars, for the wind had gone down and he had furled his idle sail.

Therese saw that the boat rode high and light, and a shade of disappointment fell upon her face, soon dissipated, however, by the eager grunting of the young man as he beached his craft and sprang to her side. Hand in hand the two lovers presently returned to the boat, which Batiste made fast to a rock beside the landing place. Then they seated themselves on the grassy edge of the bank, and Therese, with a cloud of direction gathering in her mild eyes, watched the cranes that flew over her head in a long line

don't know where the fish are keeping themselves?"

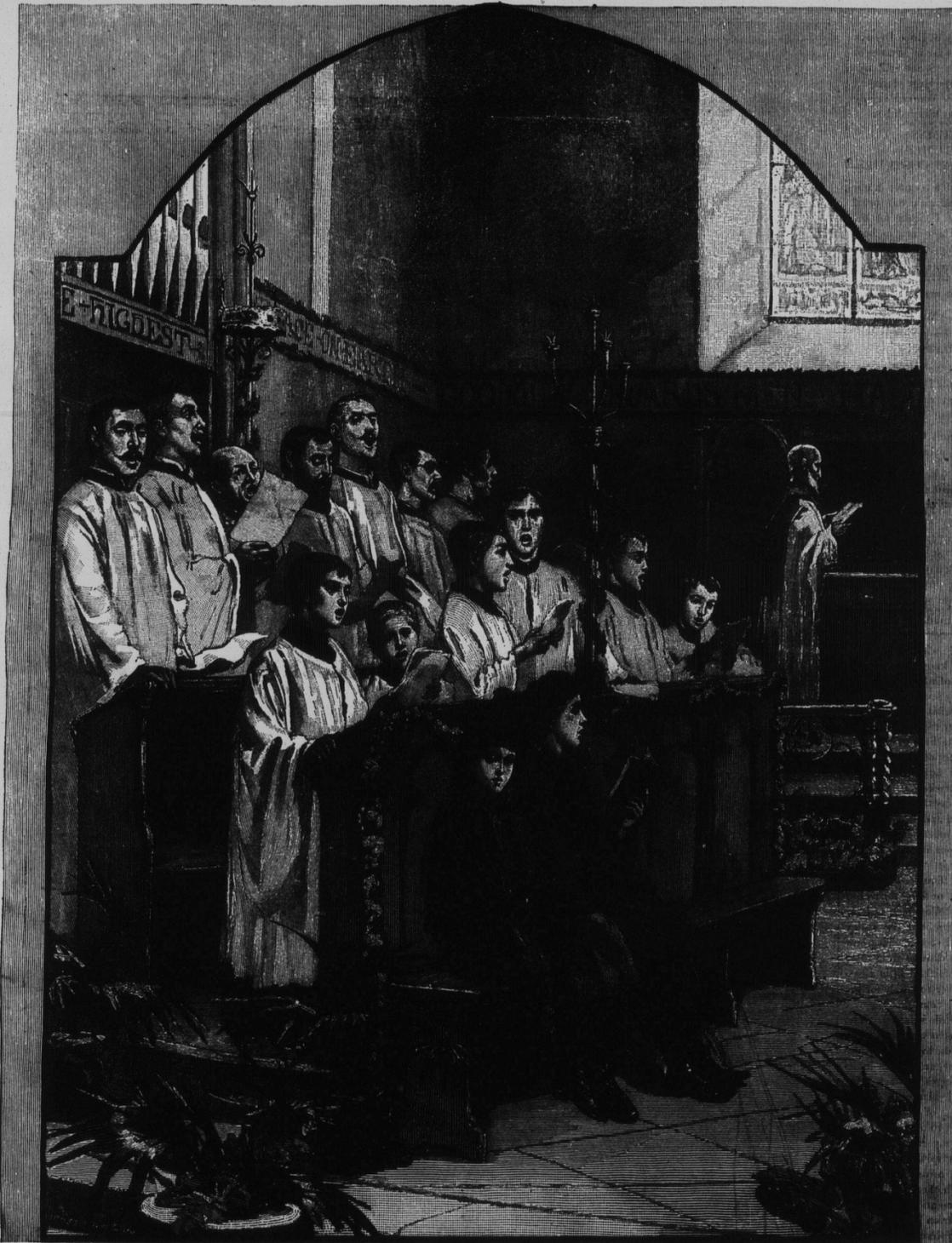
"Oh, dear friend, dear," broke out the girl, speaking in her quaint, broad Breton dialect, "if the saints don't help us I know not what will become of me! My father says I must not talk to you any more. He is going to marry me to old Erosete, over in Grand Pre!"

Batiste sprang up, his eyes blazing. "You will come with me this very night, Therese. We will make a home for ourselves in the valley of the great St. Jean, where the anger of the Abbe shall not reach me. Some of my people have already gone thither. We will go out with the next tide!"

heart may soften toward us; or perhaps good fortune may come to you, and then all will be well. But I shall not see you every day, Batiste, but the peril of old Erosete should be brought more near." The young man sat down again. "He has the best farm in all Grand Pre, and the most gold in his strong box," he said gloomily.

"You forget, dear friend, to mention his youth and beauty, and his great amiability," rejoined Therese in grave mockery. "Of course, any sensible Acadian girl would be sure to prefer him to you, would she not?"

The girl rose to her feet, and stood looking at her lover.



SINGING THE CHRISTMAS ANTHEM.

raise fierce insurrection in the Minas waters about the foot of Blomidon.

Though most of the Acadian peasants dwelt in quiet Grand Pre, beyond the grassy miles reclaimed from the sea, a few hardier spirits had their homes on the quondam island, where their ears had the all but ceaseless music of three leagues of driving surf. The seaward shore of Abeilles, fringed above its low red ramparts with a hoary growth of larch, sloped off so gently to deep water that the big waves, rolling over from Blomidon before every sou' wester, would break into foam with a slow crash which yet far out from the beach, and all the intervening space would become a hissing cauldron. But in

and broke off at the water's edge. A little higher up the beach, upon her left, was a weather-beaten raised platform, used at certain seasons for drying fish. The girl was pretty, with the dark yet quiet beauty, patient rather than impetuous, which we are so fortunate as to find even yet in a few of the descendants of her race. Her quaint linen cap was off, and the flush of the sunset was warm in her eyes and rich hair. She was slim enough to make her rough, blue-grey, short skirted gown, with the red kerchief folded across its bodice, look graceful and in keeping. She was altogether attractive enough to make the young fisherman, in the best of a few hundred yards from shore, very eager

toward Blomidon. Her lover watched Therese.

"I wish it would be no sin for us to fly away, like those cranes!" The girl said, in a low voice. Batiste would gladly have carried her off on the instant, but such a step was one which he had already urged, with all his eloquence, and all in vain. Not knowing exactly what to say, therefore, he sighed sympathetically, and held his tongue. Presently he remarked mournfully, "no luck this time, Therese. Drifted the whole tide, and never got a thing, except that little salmon under the thwart,—you didn't see it,—which I'm going to take up to your mother! None of the other boats got anything, either. I

The girl half smiled at him through her tears, and her lover caught her to his lips, thinking her won. But she said quietly.

"Not yet, at least! Rather than obey my father in this thing, tho' I have obeyed him in all others, I will go with you. Dear friend, you know I will have no man but you. Only, now, I cannot leave my mother, when all her children are gone but me. Let us wait. Perhaps my father's

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GRANULATED SOAP.

"Good night," she said, presently. "I must get home ere father misses me."

Batiste sprang up, seizing her hand as she turned loiteringly away.

"I can go with you, as far as the edge of the wood, can I not?" he begged; and he went, not waiting for permission.

Just before reaching the turn of the path leading out upon the cleared land, Therese stopped.

"Here you must leave me, Batiste," she said. "Remember, either prudence or Erosete!"

In a moment more she freed herself from his arms, and sped down the dusky path, out of his sight.

(Continued on page 14.)

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W. C. PITFIELD & CO.,

IMPORTERS OF AND JOBBERS IN

BRITISH, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS,

30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42



and 44 Canterbury Street,

beg to announce that though our purchases for Fall were UNUSALLY LARGE, and the sales showed such an increased percentage over last year, buyers might be led to suppose that our stock is not fully assorted and complete.

Such however is not the case. Our stock at all times is full and thoroughly assorted with such goods as are required for the **DRY GOODS TRADE** of the **MARITIME PROVINCES**.

Should you require to sort up your stock for Fall or Winter, we are in a position to execute all orders promptly. Our Fall Importations of **BRITISH and FOREIGN DRY GOODS**, consisted of

477 PACKAGES,

And our Domestic Manufactures of

835 PACKAGES.

We have already made large contracts with the Leading Manufacturers in England, France and Germany for Spring and Summer Goods. Our orders were placed before the very considerable advance in prices which has recently taken place. Our Spring purchases of **DOMESTIC GOODS** will also be found unusually large and attractive. Having made our contracts early with the Leading Manufacturers in Canada, we will offer a very large and attractive stock at **Prices as Low as any House in the Dominion.**

We would draw special attention to the values we offer in **PRINTS**, having made one purchase of over 10,000 pieces, which we are selling at prices which the Goods cannot be duplicated for.

We thank our patrons for their favors in the past and solicit a continuance of them, and, to any who are not already our customers, we cordially invite an inspection of our Stock and premises when in the City, or an examination of our samples in the hands of our Travellers now on the road.

TERMS LIBERAL.

W. C. PITFIELD & CO., St. John, N. B.

(Continued from page 13.)

The dilemma in which our Acadian lovers found themselves requires some explanation. Batiste Le Blanc was one of those Shubenacadie settlers who had incurred the dangerous hostility of Abbe Le Loutre by refusing to join in raiding the English settlement. Batiste had some years before, while yet but a boy, taken along with his father the Conditional oath of allegiance to King George; and this oath he refused to violate at the behest of Le Loutre. Thereupon the Abbe's converted Indians, a sorry flock, burnt down the young man's house and barns, ruined his standing crops, and threatened his life if he would not leave the neighborhood.

Batiste succeeded in rescuing his cattle, which he drove to the French camp at Chignecto, and sold at a sacrifice. With the money in his pocket he made his way to Grand Pre, where he bought a plot of ground, and a single ox to help him till it. He had been at Grand Pre now three years, and had supplemented the small returns of his farm by building a boat and going into the fisheries of Minas Basin and the Bay of Fundy. But not yet had he been able to do more than build himself a rough shed, which served him as barn and dwelling in one. A sort of shadow, a premonition of approaching disasters, seemed to check prosperity in the Grand Pre region; and for a year or two the fisheries had been a failure.

Batiste was gaining ground, by dint of severest industry and economy; for he had been for a year or more the lover of Therese Marin. But his progress did not satisfy Therese's father, who wished to make the best bargain possible out of the beauty of his daughter. For a time he tolerated the young man, but at last a suitor had appeared who was entirely to his taste. Monsieur Erosete was the wealthiest man in the village, a widower with but one child, and that a girl grown up and married. Erosete would give Therese a home of comparative luxury, and her father, who was truly fond of her in his way, didn't understand how she could wish any happier fate. When he saw her ill-content with the fate he offered her, it occurred to him at once that some romantic folly with young Le Blanc was the obstacle to his designs. He determined to put a stop to that, and if necessary, for the good of the girl herself, to marry her to the old man out of hand. Therese, not without the aid of her mother's counsel, perceived the danger, and called to her aid that most faithful ally of her sex, dissimulation. She veiled her scorn of old Erosete, whereupon her father became reconciled to a little delay, such as Therese protested would be nothing more than seemly.

"The wedding shall be at New Year's" announced Marin; and Therese replied by that silence which is supposed to mean consent.

Meanwhile the lovers meetings were few and far between, there being so much at stake. Batiste with the energy at half-despair, devoted himself to the fishing, which yet remained unfruitful; while Therese kept her wits at work till she was well-nigh distracted, seeking to unravel the coils which were slowly drawing tighter about her happiness. The thought of going into exile, and forsaking the mother who was absorbed in her, was like a knife in her heart. Yet, she thought, surely her mother would bid her do it rather than see her marry the old miser. One day, wearied out with the vain labor of her thought, she discreetly sounded her mother on the subject; but the result was so disappointing that she fled away through the larches to the shore, where she could weep her heart out and call forth no question.

Two or three fishing-boats were just coming in, dropping their red sails as they entered the little creek; and far out, toward the heights of Charivari, Therese could just make out another sail, not making for shore. This, her heart told her, was the sail of her lover's boat, and a wave of anxious fear went over her, for a storm was threatening. Presently, when all the fishermen had left the landing but one, a grizzled, kindly-faced old man whom Therese knew and trusted, the girl hastened over to the creek and asked if there had been any that tide.

"Better than none," replied the old man. "The shad are beginning to come in, but they're mighty slow about it. I've got a matter of half a hundred here, may be, and the other lads took in a few."

"Where is Batiste," queried the girl in consequence.

"Oh, the lad wouldn't come in, all I could say!" answered the old fisherman, regretfully. "And its going to be a dirty night, I'm thinking. He was that pleased, at getting a few fish, that he vowed he'd drift out the next tide, hoping to catch the first big run. I told him there was a storm brewing, but he wouldn't listen. That's him now, yonder to Charivari!"

"Is it?" said Therese, as if she hadn't known it for the last half hour.

As Therese turned homeward her heart was heavy with new care. Already the wind was freshening fitfully, sobbing in the gray, weird larches; and ere she reached her door it grew dark suddenly. By the

DIRT

destroyer. It is remarkable how WHITE CROSS GRANULATED SOAP destroys the dirt without injury to the clothing.



EDITH'S CHRISTMAS.

time supper was over it was blowing a gale, and the doors and windows rattled fiercely. Soon, unable any longer to conceal her tortures, Therese crept off to her room under the low roof, and trembling at the fury of the tempest and the throbbing roar of the waves beyond the larch-wood.

Meanwhile, what of Batiste. Elated with the poor, half-success of his day's fishing, he had refused to see the signs of

approaching storm. Beyond Blomidon the clouds hung low, and of an ominous blue-black, and across them the sun at setting scored a dagger of fierce orange. Overhead the sky wore a tinge of yellow-green, and at dusk the water was everywhere covered with little whitecaps, which seemed to spring up capriciously, and all independently of each other. Batiste looked proudly at his halt barrel of fish, and dreamed of a mighty haul the next drift. He paid out his net in high spirits, nor heeded the jumping of his boat. When the net was all out, however, and he sat down in the bow to take breath, he realized that the situation was not all that could be desired.

It was about this time that the storm deepened suddenly, and that Therese crept off to bed. The gale drove down the Basin, and at first the heights of Charivari broke the force of it. Batiste began pulling in the net, fearful of being swamped. Before half this task was done, he had drifted out of shelter, and the boat, dragged down by the weight of net over her stern, was on the point of foundering. There was nothing for it but to cut loose all his hopes. A few strokes with the keen fisherman's blade severed the ropes, and then Batiste sat down, not greatly caring whether he ever got to shore again or not. At this moment the crest of a wave, whipped off by the wind, smote him in the face, and reawoke his manhood. He found the boat filling rapidly; and seizing the oars, he strove bravely to keep her head before the wind.

Finding himself successful in this his hope of life returned, and with it a rush of sanguine expectations. In the awful gloom, the tumult, and the cruel half-stealthy paralyzing of the waves, his mind grew phenomenally clear. He seemed to see many things that he could do to earn money, and that in time to demand Therese before the New Year. He would sell his farm, or borrow money on it, and buy up all the fish his neighbors could catch. These he would take in his boat and sell direct to the various military posts. He had observed the enormous profits made by middlemen engaged in such trade and he saw that he could give the Acadians better prices and yet make a handsome penny that very season. All this passed through his mind as he sat there battling for his life, when suddenly his dream was broken by deepening thunder.

The noise in a few minutes resolved itself into the crash and roar of breakers. Batiste could not see more than twenty paces ahead of his boat, but presently, as the giant voices swelled louder and louder in his ear, he knew that he was being driven right on Blomidon. He thought of changing his course to one side or the other, but saw that the least attempt to do so would cause the boat to founder. The gloom thickened ahead of him, as if a mountain were rushing to overwhelm him, and along the base of the approaching terror he marked the darting gleams of the shattered and flying surf. This, after all, was to be the end of his dreams! His fate was surely now upon him, not to be averted. But he set his face and nerved his

heart to meet it, and kept his boat steady as she drove right out into the towering mass before him.

A great wave carried the boat in upon its crest. Batiste never knew just how it happened, but after the shock, the crash with which his boat went to splinters beneath him, he found himself gasping and half-strangled in a crevice of the rocks. Another wave went over him, but he kept his desperate hold. As it receded he struggled to a higher point, and the next wave only struck him with its crest. A moment more and he was above the breakers' reach; and finding a crevice deep enough to protect him from the wind he crouched down and tried to balance his misery with the good fortune of his marvellous escape.

After a time, worn out he slept; and he slept till the east was aflame with dawn. Opening his eyes he lay for a time unstarting, too cramped to move, but thrilled through his impressionable nature by the desolate splendor of the scene. Presently his attention was caught by a vivid violet gleam

in the face of the rock a few feet above his head. Finding the glory a steady one, he struggled at last to his feet, and reached up the cliff to the source of that ethereal radiance. What he found,—and the consciousness of its value set his heart beating like a trip-hammer,—was a huge, deep-colored, flawless amethyst, so lightly embedded that his trembling fingers plucked it forth without an effort.

Need I add that Therese's father was soon brought to see that Batiste would make a much more desirable son-in-law than the old Erosete; and that the wedding which on *le jour des Abeilles* at New Year seemed entirely to the satisfaction of Therese! As for the amethyst, after bestowing the benediction of Blomidon upon our Acadian lovers, it found its way to France, and became illustrious among the crown jewels.

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GRANULATED SOAP.
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BROKEN GODS.

Just another idol
Fallen from its place,
One more hollow sound behind
An old familiar face!
Comrade mine, I thought to twin
Our hearts for evermore,
And lo! another idol
Broken on the floor.
Kinsfolk reared from childhood
In one mother's ways,
School friends more than brothers loved
In heart-open days,
Lovers dear as kinsfolk ne'er
Are themselves no more;
What, must all the idols
Shatter on the floor?
Lo! another idol!
Set it up on high!
Never heed the broken gods,
Leave them where they lie!
On it shower love's every flower,
Make it all—your all,
Feed it with your heart's blood
And—some day it will fall.

"Loved you not these false gods
Broken on the floor?"
"I would fain have worshipped them
All for evermore."
"I loved well, 'twas they who fell."
"Comrade, let them lie,
And when you love another,
Shrine it high of high!"
—Douglas Sladen in Frank Leslie's Monthly.

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EDITH'S CHRISTMAS.

THE PROFESSOR'S STORY.

BY GREGORY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

I am a musician! Nay more, I am in my modest way a composer. Many of my compositions have been published, and some have attained a popularity which has proved to be more than passing, so that my friends, and I rejoice to say that I have many friends now in this strange country—are good enough to think that some day I shall be a great man. I hope so. I have dreamed of it since I was a child. Mozart! and Beethoven! they have almost been my Gods. I think I used to say my prayers to them when I was a little lad, and if a few, just a very few, leaves

then some one would have to turn it into English before the greater number of people could read it, and though I have learned to speak the English very well, they tell me in these three years, I know that I can write it but stiffly, and that my words sound quaint, for I have still to be careful about many of the long words, so I choose the simplest language I can find, lest I should spoil the sense by using terms I do not quite grasp the right meaning of. For the rest I will do the best I can. I was born in a small town on the Rhine. I will not put down the name of the town, for all my people live there still—my father was the chief magistrate, what is called here the mayor, and we were important people in the town. I was the youngest of

mother would find me and carry me off to bed again. By and by I went to school, and the master complained that the copies he set me were defaced with bars of music scrawled over them, and that instead of learning my lessons I drummed on my desk as if it were a piano, and when he stood me beside him for punishment I played symphonies on the back of his chair. My father said: "The boy is a fool, and will never do us any credit." My mother answered: "Not so Wilhelm! our youngest son is a genius, and we will yet be proud of him." So it was settled that I would make music my principal study, and if my progress was such as to justify my adopting

hard study. The organ was my chief aim, and I studied organ composition eagerly, but I loved the violin dearly too. At last I graduated. I won my diploma and not only that, but I carried away the gold medal, and with it the good wishes of all the professors. "You have done well Max, my son," said the old principal, "and we expect great things of you. The conservatoire is your mother, and every success of yours will reflect an added glory upon her. You leave us to-morrow, and after your three years of service are over your career will begin—a glorious career! I hope and believe!" "After your three years of service are over," The words kept ringing in my ears, over and over again, like a death knell.

high hopes: left to receive my diploma to take the honors I had justly won. Alas! if I had forgotten I knew but too well that the military authorities had not; that my name and age were preserved with fatal care (at the war office, and if I failed to report before the morrow had passed I would receive a sharp reminder in the shape of a visit from a *gens d'arme* and a tender inquiry as to my health, nothing but illness being excepted as an excuse for a failure to report. Both my brothers had entered the army from choice, so it was scarcely to be wondered at that the conscription had passed out of my mind, absorbed as I was in my studies. It seemed a monstrous injustice that I in every way unfitted for the army

My father and mother! Ah! to leave them without a farewell word! could I do it? Well, better so. My father was one of the municipal authorities. Better that he should not know; better that he should mourn his son as dead, rather than be suspected of having assisted him to escape. I would go that night, when all was quiet, and my goal should be the great Republic across the water, where all men were free, and none lacked for work. I could scarcely wait for the night. I packed up the few belongings I could dare to take, in a small bundle. That and my beloved violin formed my only luggage. Long I debated about the violin, but at last I decided that life without my chosen companion would not be worth living. So I took it.

I counted over my small store of money. Not much; for was it not the end of the autumn term at the Conservatoire, the 1st of December, and my allowance was nearly all spent. Well, I had my watch and my little diamond pin, both valuable; so I could not starve.

At last the great building was wrapped in slumber, and with a beating heart and a strange choking in my throat, I stole out from the place where I had been so happy to face the world alone. All that night I walked. I dare not travel by the railway, for fear of being recognized, and till I was some distance away I must keep out of sight by daylight, so I rested in a barn among the hay till the next night. It was very cold, and I suffered terribly from hunger, but I slept a good deal; and at nightfall, knowing I must be 20 miles from Leipzig, I ventured into the farmhouse near the barn, and asked for supper and a bed. It was nothing new to the farmer and his wife. A student, too poor to travel by train, walking home by easy stages, was too common a sight to cause remark, and the next morning the farmer took me with him in his farm wagon to the nearest market town.

There I took train and reached the frontier in safety. I stepped hurriedly from the carriage, only eager to pass the boundary line and stand on Bavarian soil, the first step towards freedom. The train stood waiting. All was bustle and activity, and I struggled into the crowd to get my ticket.

"Passports! Gentlemen, show your passports!" shouted an official. My heart sank with a thud that I could actually feel. Here was a difficulty that I had overlooked, an obstacle that was insurmountable, and I grew faint and sick with the shock.

However, freedom looked all the more enchanting, now that it seemed slipping from my grasp, and I would not give it up without a struggle.

Each man drew out a package of papers, and I did the same, hoping against hope, that by some happy chance I might pass with the others. The first thing my eyes lighted on was a huge official seal, and my heart bounded with joy. It was my certificate of baptism, which I had forgotten to take out of my pocket, where I had placed it for reference on the day I graduated.

It was indeed a happy accident. I was in the centre of the crowd. Others were jostling me in their haste to present their passports and secure their places. The official was worried and harassed; he took my paper hurriedly, half opened it, glanced at the seal, and then, thank Heaven, stamped it and handed it back to me.

Once more I was safe; only to reach the nearest seaport now, and beyond lay the land of promise. I reached it safely, and after selling my watch and pin I had just enough money to take me to New York by steamer, and third class at that; but what did classes matter to me. I was on my way to a land where there were no class-distinctions, and it was well to get used to it. I landed at New York with just two marks in my pocket, but I had a stout heart, and I was young.

It all seemed very strange to me. There was so much noise, and every one seemed in such a hurry, and jostled their neighbors so rudely.

I got into every one's way, somehow, and though I could not understand anything that was said, I felt sure that a great many of the rough men swore at me; so I made my way as well as I could away from the docks and up towards the city. I could not even ask my way, for I thought that no one would understand me, and I felt terribly forlorn.

I did not know enough to look for some one who could speak German. It seemed to me that I must be the only German in that great city, where every one was in such a hurry.

I was growing very tired, and longing for a place to rest, when I saw a German name over the door of a small restaurant. So I went in at once, and asked in my own language for some dinner. The man behind the counter looked at me a moment, and then called another man, who spoke to me in German, and asked what I would have.

I ordered my dinner first, and then asked him where he thought I could get work.

"What can you do?" he asked. "I can play," I answered. "I am a musician."

He looked me over coolly for a moment,



BROKEN GODS.
 Just another idol
 Fallen from its place,
 One more hollow found behind
 An old familiar face!
 Comrade mine, I thought to twine
 Our hearts for evermore,
 And lo! another idol
 Broken on the floor.
 Kinfolk reared from childhood
 In one mother's ways,
 School friends more than brothers loved
 In heart-open days,
 Lovers dear as kinsfolk ne'er
 Are themselves no more;
 What, meet all the idols
 Shatter on the floor?
 Lo! another idol!
 Set it up on high!
 Never heed the broken gods,
 Leave them where they lie!
 On it shower love's every flower,
 Make it all—your all,
 Feed it with your heart's blood
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from their crowns of laurel should rest upon my brow, I ask no more of life. I shall be content! It was very strange the way I came to be in this country where I have found a place for myself and so many kind people. Yes! it was strange; and sometimes I have thought I would try to write it all down, and perhaps one day after I am dead, if I leave any work behind me that will live, the world might care to know how Max Rosenthien came to live in this great republic; and how great were the hardships he went through to get here where every man is free. I cannot write it in my own language for

the boys, and from the time I could sit alone I was always at the piano. Music was the first language I learned. Before I could speak plainly I could play, and I believe I learned to talk by singing. As I grew older it was the same. To learn my letters was a bitter task, but I learned my notes without being taught. I asked my sister to show them to me, and I never forgot them. Sometimes I lay awake in my little white bed and thought and thought. It was always music that I thought, and by and by I would steal down stairs to the piano and try to play, all that was in my mind, till my

it a profession, I should be sent in time, to the conservatoire at Leipzig. My progress did justify it, and I entered on my four years course, with very much the feeling of one who was going to Heaven unexpectedly. I would not make a great singer, they told me, for my voice, to my great disappointment, had developed into a baritone, instead of the golden tenor I had hoped for. So a first place in the rank of singers was denied me. A *primo tenor*! that had been my dream—a star of the operatic stage—and I felt the disappointment keenly. Take a second place I never would. So I devoted all my energies to

Heavens! How blind I had been; how could I have forgotten it? How dreamed that I could escape the doom of all my countrymen—the conscription? "Each male over the age of twenty-one shall serve in the army not less than three years," so said the constitution, and I should be twenty-one to-morrow! There was no hope for me. I was not a cripple. I was tall and strong and glowing with health. My mother was not a widow and even if she had been I was not her only son. I paced up and down my little room like a caged tiger; the little room I had left but a few short hours ago with such

should be forced by tyrannical law to sacrifice all my prospects in life for a three years service in a body where I should be only a useless supernumerary. Suddenly a thought occurred to me, I would not submit to it. I would run away, yes! sooner than give up my hopes of a musical career I would bid farewell to my beloved Fatherland and seek a home in some country where young men were free to follow their own inclinations and not forced to serve as slaves. I was very young, a hot-headed boy, and to resolve was to act. There was no time to be lost. Tomorrow would be too late.



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How can they help it? Who has not had the uncomfortable feeling from use of shrunken flannels? Ugh! Who is to blame for this? The Soap most undoubtedly. It is the rubbing of flannels that causes the fibres to cling closer together and "shrink." Then, the less rubbing the less "shrink." But flannels, as well as all clothing, must be clean. To avoid shrinking and have the clothes clean, use a Soap which has lathering and cleansing properties beyond the common. (Most satisfactory results are obtained with SURPRISE SOAP by following directions on the wrapper.)

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Do you know why Cottons wear out so quickly and will not hold together? It is not the fault of the Cotton (Cottons are even better than they used to be), but the fault of the Soap employed in washing. A great many imperfectly made Soaps full of free alkali, which is death to the fibre of Cotton, are for sale and used. This is why Cottons rot. See to it that your clothes are washed with a Soap that has been thoroughly tested and proven—a Soap with a reputation.

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are affected. When goods (be it clothing or anything that is washable) are spoilt in the wash do not be too ready to blame it to carelessness, but look to the Soap. More goods are ruined by use of poor, imperfectly made Soaps than by any other means. People are not careful enough by half. Look to it.

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and then he asked, with a scornful smile: "Anything else?" "Yes," I said proudly, "I can sing." "You can, can you?" he responded. "Well, I think, young man, you will be some time in New York before you will earn a dinner by playing and singing, unless you get a hand organ and a monkey to help you. You look like an Italian, anyway, though you do speak German so well. We've got no place in New York for boys with long white hands, who can't do anything but play and sing."

"Where can I go to get work then?" I asked. "I don't know where you'd get it, I'm sure," he said. "But you had better try to get to Philadelphia. There are lots of Germans there, and they might help you."

So he wrote the name "Philadelphia," down in English characters for me and refused to take anything for my dinner because he said my two marks would go but a short way towards taking me to my journey's end.

Then I thought I would sell my coat it was much warmer than it would have been in Germany at the same time of year so I would scarcely miss it, and if I looked very strange in my shirt sleeves I could not help it. I must have some more money so I found a shop that looked as if old clothes might be bought there, and made the shopman understand that I wanted to sell my coat. He offered me less than half what it was worth, but I took it and made the best of my way back to the railway station. I went up to the ticket window and showed the paper to the youth who was selling the tickets and then gave him all the money I had; he shook his head and said something and I made out that it was not enough. We both talked without knowing what each other said, but at last he gave me a ticket and I guessed that it must be just as far as the money would take me.

So, I took my place once more and soon, very soon, it seemed to me the guard took my ticket. Shortly after that we passed a station and once more the guard came into the carriage and made me understand that he wanted more money, I answered by shaking my head and turning my pockets inside out. Then he went away, and when we reached another station he made me get out. I think he was sorry, but he could not help it.

It was growing dark now and I had no prospect of my supper, so I went into the waiting room at the station and lay down on one of the benches where they let me stay all night. Very early in the morning I was wakened by the sound of a train coming in. I started up and seeing that it was going in the direction I wanted, I got into a second class car, and when the guard came for my ticket I turned my pockets out again. This one was not so kind. He stopped the train and put me off, so I walked on till I came to another station and there I did the same thing and with the same result.

All day till afternoon I was getting on trains and being put off, and once I stole an apple from the boy who sold them and was put off sooner.

Late in the afternoon I got into a car where there were a number of young men

and when I turned out my pockets as usual to show that I had neither money nor ticket one of them laughed and pointed to my violin case. He said something to the guard and I understood that they wanted me to play for them. The one who had laughed gave some money to the guard and signed to me to play. So I played for a long time and then one took off his hat and held it out to the others and they all dropped coins in it and gave them to me. I took them thankfully, for had I not earned them? and then I showed my piece of paper with "Philadelphia" written on it and the one who had been kindest nodded and said "all right."

When the train stopped next he signed to me to come and I knew we had reached Philadelphia. He took me to a small tavern and managed to make me understand that my money would pay for supper and a bed.

Let me say here that I hope what I had really did pay for the supper I ate, for I think I managed to put that days three meals into one. It was late when I woke next morning and the breakfast was long over, so I paid what I owed and had a small silver coin left.

Then I started out to make my fortune. First I bought a small loaf of bread, and went into one of the open squares to eat it. A great many people turned to look at the tall youth in his shirt sleeves carrying a bundle and a violin case, but I did not heed them. I sat down and took my loaf out of the paper in which it was wrapped, and then I started, for the paper was printed in German.

I felt almost as if I were at home again, and as I ate I read it. The very first thing I saw was an advertisement for young men to paint houses, and the address was given.

I had never painted any houses myself, but I had seen men doing it, and it looked very easy. So, by showing the address as I went, I found the place, and to my delight, the man proved to be a German.

I told him I had lately come over, and wanted work, and though he looked very suspiciously at my slender white hands, he said he was very short of men, so he would give me a trial. "You can go out with the others this afternoon," he said, "and work half a day. Tomorrow will be Christmas Day, so there will be no work till the day after. Christmas Day! and at home. No matter. All that was past now—all days were alike to me, and surely the blessed Christ Child was as near me here as in my own country, even now He might be bringing me gifts I knew not of."

So I went out with the men when they returned from dinner, and climbed up on the scaffolding, striving to conceal the tremors I felt, grasping my paint brush very hard, and watching my fellows as I worked, so as to imitate them as well as possible.

The work we were at that day was painting the outside of a large handsome house in the outskirts of the city, strange to say it was a wooden house, in this city where nearly all were built of brick or stone. I learned afterwards that the owner suffered from rheumatism, and thought all stone houses were damp, but then I thought it strange that where there seemed so much



CHRISTMAS EVE.

wealth the house should not be more substantial.

As my work brought me opposite a window I could not help glancing through it into the room beyond; it was an upstairs drawing room, furnished with most exquisite taste, and near the window, close enough to set all my pulses throbbing, was a grand piano standing open, and with the music in the rack, as if someone had just been playing.

I nearly dropped my brush. I had not seen a piano since the day—years ago it seemed—when I left the Conservatoire. The quick tears rushed to my eyes at the sight; my fingers absolutely ached to touch the soft ivory keys, and it was with a strong effort that I went on with my work.

That night the man they called the "boss" took me home with him to his own boarding house, and lent me an old coat. He was very kind and said I would soon be able to buy a new one.

In the evening he took me out to see the shops in their holiday dress, and they were very beautiful. Everything spoke of the holy season, and in spite of myself my eyes would fill with tears of homesickness.

It was a beautiful city, so clean, and after New York so quiet, and the shops were all so beautifully decorated with evergreens.

The next morning the Christmas bells were ringing when I woke, and all the world seemed full of happiness and cheer. Someone wished me "A Merry Christmas" as I went down stairs, and I answered with a Christmas wish in German, and though neither of us understood the other words we knew the meaning was a kind one.

After breakfast I strolled out by myself. I could not go to church because even if I had known where to go I was too shabby,

and at the first sound of the organ I think I should have sobbed aloud with loneliness and the yearning for home.

I could always find my way well in a strange place, so I turned my steps towards the house where I had worked the day before, for somehow that piano drew me as a magnet.

The whole place was very quiet; evidently the family were all at church. There was not even a servant to be seen about.

I glanced up at the scaffolding where I had been working, and my heart bounded as I saw the window thrown wide open to let in the soft morning air, for the day was more like spring than winter. That open window decided my fate in life. I climbed up the scaffolding carefully and looked in. No one was near and the piano was still open. One moment I hesitated, and then the instinct which was stronger than life itself triumphed, and I stepped in.

I sat down at the piano, touching the keys silently at first with lingering loving touches, then I lost all prudence and began to play. After that I forgot everything. I was no longer a penniless exile painting houses for my bread. I was at home again. I was Max Rosenthiem the gold medalist of the Leipzig Conservatoire with a bright career before him, a golden future stretching out before his boyish eyes.

How long I played I know not. My very soul seemed to be poured out in the music, and I could feel my own tears dropping softly on my hands. At last I began to sing in a low tone, I thought when a slight sound attracted my attention. I looked up and standing in the doorway was a lady listening quietly.

I sprang to my feet and dashed towards the window, but the lady was quicker than I, she signed to me to go on playing, not to be frightened, and then she spoke to me.

I answered in German, and she smiled reassuringly pointed to the piano and left the room, returning immediately with a stout German woman, who was her cook.

I told this woman my story, and she in turn related it to her mistress. I had kept

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Prepared by G. A. MOORE, 100 BRUSSELS ST. ST. JOHN'S, N. B.

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BONDEAU. Since Christ was born in Bethlehem, True man, of royal David's stem, And yet in every act did show A beauty not of earth, divine, On all men sets a diadem Which Ho, THE MAN, hath brought to them Who will but touch His garments here; And men have drunk of Heaven's wine Since Christ was born.

His words, scorned of Jerusalem, Are sweet to us—"not to condemn," He came, and blots each envious line And makes us one, and with one sign, Of love; for love is earth's best gem Since Christ was born.

MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT. Benton, N. B.

HELD CAPTIVE BY WOLVES.

BY FRANK H. RISTEEN.

It will be just twenty years ago this Christmas Eve that I had the most thrilling adventure of my life. My cousin Tom—you know Tom Halleck don't you, and the big-bored, big-hearted fellow he is, just the same then as now, tender as a woman in his sympathy and brave as a lion in the hours of danger! Well, Tom and I were out deer-hunting that memorable December day—a new experience for me—close to where the Quebec line crosses the north-east angle of Township Number Nine, following the tracks of a big buck that the boys on the survey had started up the night before. It was a cold, still and sunny day. Mile after mile we tramped along, our snowshoes sinking quite deeply in the light, powdery snow, our rifles feeling heavier every hour we travelled and our hopes of venison for supper—for we intended to camp wherever nightfall found us—growing fainter as the shadows of the forest grew longer and darker across our path. Much of this country on the upper St. John had years before been burnt over by forest fires and was now quite thickly wooded with birch and ash. At times we crossed extensive bogs or barrens, on which no trees save scrubby spruce would grow. To the right of our route was a low range of hills, the sides of which were rocky and almost void of any kind of vegetation that could be seen above snow level. The snow seemed to rest on everything as a mantle of silence—such silence as only those who have penetrated into the heart of our great forest wilds in winter can ever know or feel.

Tom had brought old Scott, the deer-hound, along, but for whose vigilance the trail, which was much obscured in places by the drifted snow would have been lost beyond recovery. The scent, however, was still too faint to arouse within him much of his old time energy; it was evident that for some reason the deer had travelled at great speed since he started across the Portage the night before.

Just before sundown we were making our way tired and rather dispirited with our fruitless chase through a heavy clump of white birches to a little knoll on which we had decided to camp, with the intention of renewing the hunt next day. We had nearly reached it, when the hound raised his nose and uttered a short sharp bark, followed by a long dismal whine—a sure sign Tom said, of danger. We had not gone a rod when a beautiful doe leaped over a fallen tree a short distance in front of us and fell into a slight hollow beyond as a bullet from Tom's rifle pierced its side.

Scarce had the echoes of the report died away when a sound broke out upon the frosty air which once heard is surely never forgotten, the hoarse hungry howling of a pack of Canada wolves, apparently but a few rods away. Tom rushed to a tree and I for another, leaving our rifles at the foot and poor Scott to his fate. We had not more than reached the lower branches when the grey devils mounted the slope of the knoll and crashed through the underbrush beneath us. Under the tree which Tom had climbed the faithful hound stood at his post and was instantly seized by the foremost of the wolves. He fought gamely for life, but his broken teeth were no match for the long fangs of his enemy. In a moment the gallant old fellow fell lifeless on the snow. Then Tom fired two shots in quick succession from his revolver and stretched his grim foe beside him.

At this time the remainder of the pack, were devouring the deer which Tom had shot, and which lay about forty yards away just beyond the fallen log over which it had taken its last gallant leap. From the readiness with which the snarling pack had found the carcass we concluded that they had been pursuing the doe for hours perhaps before it came upon our view. Tom bitterly lamented his hasty shot and seemed heart-broken at the loss of his dog.

And now ensued an experience which no words of mine can adequately describe. To say that we were treed by wolves conveys to the reader, I am sure, no conception of the thrilling situation in which we found ourselves. Another moment and the snarling, snapping and tearing in the hollow ceased, the bones of the deer were stripped of every particle of flesh, and the now doubly fierce and ravenous horde rushed rapidly towards us. The sight they presented as they bounded through the light snow, over fallen trees and through the underbrush, many of them falling and trampling over each other in their haste to reach us was one which I at least will never be able to efface from my mind. I even fancied at the last rays of the setting sun brought his features clearly into view that Tom's face turned a deathly pallor. I am morally certain that mine did. There were about thirty wolves in the savage pack that now surged like a tide around us, and in an instant the hound as well as the big fellow that Tom had slain were torn into fragments by their voracious jaws. I had read of the avidity with which wolves, especially when they have just had the scent or taste of blood, will devour their prey or even one of their own number that has fallen, but no effort of the mind can really grasp the greedy rage and fury with which the onslaught in this instance at least was made. My head fairly reeled with the sickening sight and the thought of death by the teeth of such terrible brutes as these was indeed a thought of horror.

They began at once to turn their attention to us. Around the foot of the trees in which we sat they circled, leaping sometimes several feet from the ground, clashing

never be able to efface from my mind. I thought of how she would bear, if ever she knew at all, the news of a brother's and a lover's awful fate. Not until now—so rapid had been the succession of events—did it occur to us that we might, perhaps recover the guns which we had dropped in our hurried rush for safety. Mine was a smooth-bore. Tom's a Henry rifle that had seen service in the recent great rebellion. So great had been the tramping of the wolves below us that the smooth-bore was almost buried in the snow; its stock to this day bears the marks of where one of our assailants tried his teeth upon it. It was the work of a moment to tear our handkerchiefs into shreds, cut a couple of forked twigs, and then the tedious process of fishing up our weapons began. Twice the wolves, suspicious of our actions, dashed in upon us, and we had to desist from our efforts. All the while the air seemed to be getting colder and it was only by constantly rubbing his hands together and beating his feet against the trunk of the tree that Tom was able to keep from freezing. My suffer-

could hardly load our weapons. The wolves were now more wary of showing themselves, but their vigorous howls still attested the solemn fact that they held us in durance vile. Then the idea occurred to me that perhaps we could decoy them into range. I made as if to descend the tree. The wolves rushed forward as before. Ere they could retire, the rifle had laid two of their number dead upon the snow. Thrice we repeated this operation, with the same result. Again I slid part way down the trunk, when, O horror! my chilled and stiffened fingers lost their hold, and I fell headlong to the ground. That moment I thought to be my last. I was up quickly, however, with rifle in hand, when, to my surprise, Tom, noble fellow, determined that we should either do or die together, with a ringing shout jumped into the snow beside me. For an instant, as if astonished at this change of front, the wolves faltered in their onward charge, and during that interval we fired our revolvers as fast as we could pull trigger. Again they came

thought of how she would bear, if ever she knew at all, the news of a brother's and a lover's awful fate. Not until now—so rapid had been the succession of events—did it occur to us that we might, perhaps recover the guns which we had dropped in our hurried rush for safety. Mine was a smooth-bore. Tom's a Henry rifle that had seen service in the recent great rebellion. So great had been the tramping of the wolves below us that the smooth-bore was almost buried in the snow; its stock to this day bears the marks of where one of our assailants tried his teeth upon it. It was the work of a moment to tear our handkerchiefs into shreds, cut a couple of forked twigs, and then the tedious process of fishing up our weapons began. Twice the wolves, suspicious of our actions, dashed in upon us, and we had to desist from our efforts. All the while the air seemed to be getting colder and it was only by constantly rubbing his hands together and beating his feet against the trunk of the tree that Tom was able to keep from freezing. My suffer-

UNHAPPY AND HAPPY.

The four-year-old son and heir of the respectable and well to do Mulberry's leaped over the edge of a tub half-filled with deep blue water, which struck the romantic little fellow as bearing a striking resemblance to the deep blue sea, and vainly attempted to make miniature masts in a clothes pin kept above water, which they stubbornly refused to do, for just as soon as the chubby little hand let go its hold the masts suddenly dive towards the bottom of the tub. A few feet behind him was a heap of clothes waiting to be rubbed on the wash board. To the left of him was a clothes basket and to the right a water pail, while a broom stood against the wall. Indeed the floor of the room presented much the appearance of a hilly country, and reminded one of a landscape which required careful steps. In the middle of the room Mrs. Mulberry herself stood before a wash tub, her arms up to the elbows in thick white soap suds, as she laboriously rubbed piece after piece of linen and woollen underwear over the board. Now and again she cast glances at the heaps of soiled clothes about her and sighed as she wondered if "ever would get done."

The little Mulberry couldn't understand why the masts in his boat would not stay above water as well as under, and as he persistently tried to solve the problem, he leaned more and more over the side of the tub. But he leaned over too far; there was a splash, a spluttering and the Mulberry family bid fair to become extinct with the present generation.

The good woman's arms bounded out of the suds, sending the soap and water in every direction, and with a scream she leaped over a water pail to save the child. Excited and alarmed, she hurriedly caught the spluttering boy and lifted him from the water, when he instantly set up a roar that made the people in the adjoining houses wonder. A few of them, indeed, sent their own little boys around to inquire if anything serious had happened, while Mrs. Mulberry's favorite neighbor and particular friend came in herself.

"It's impossible to watch children and do your work, especially on wash day," explained Mrs. Mulberry, after the excitement attending the rescue had subsided. "They will be splashing in the water, no matter what you do, unless one locks them in another room, and goodness knows what they might do there, when you ain't watching them." Then looking about her in an apologizing way: "Well, isn't this place in a frightful state? I sometimes think I'll never get it set to rights again, and then to think that a person has got to iron all those things afterwards—it's enough to make one weep."

"Oh, the ironing is nothing; I never mind that," said her friend; "and as for your house Mrs. Mulberry, show me anybody's that looks better on wash-day." "Yes, that's so, and I really don't mind ironing; John never grumbles about that, but he is always in bad humor on wash day, and if I say anything, he says, why don't I get a woman to help me; but bless me, it would take me half my time watching her, and my girl seems only in the road on wash-day. So, to tell the truth, I would sooner do the work myself than be bothered with either of them."

"Just so, just so," assented the neighbor; "and when we have a spell of bad weather and two week's washing gets before you, well it sometimes makes me feel discouraged," and with the hope that the weather would keep fine and that Master Mulberry would be more careful in future, the well-wishing friend departed.

"Well! well, well," said Mr. Mulberry, crossly as he scanned the dinner table, with his brow wrinkled up tight and a scowl about his mouth, "if I'd known it was going to be like this, I wouldn't have come home to dinner, you may be sure. Steam! steam! steam! Why, it's all through the house; and then a man's got to eat a cold dinner in the midst of it."

"Well, you know John, this is wash day."

"Yes, wash day! how many wash days are there in a week?"

"Only one, John, and it can't very well be helped," said the good woman kindly; "and when the stove is full of boilers and pots, it's hard to cook a dinner."

"Yes, I suppose so," grunted her husband. "What's the matter with the boy, he looks like something that would be in a potato field? Is that wash day, too, or are you going to dress him like that in future?"

"Poor Jack! he fell in the tub, and I had to put those clothes on him till I get a chance to clean him up." "Oh! that's it, is it? Well, I hope you won't let anybody else see a Mulberry dressed in that fashion, that's all."

The dinner was eaten in silence. "Do you think you'll be through by supper time?" said Mr. Mulberry, sarcastically, as he put on his overcoat preparatory to leaving; "because if you don't, I rather think I'll wait till you get through."

"Oh, yes, I'll surely be through by then," said the patient and forbearing little woman, kindly; "but I'll have my ironing to do tonight."

"I don't mind that at all," said her lord, softening a little. Then he left the house.

Two months afterward Mrs. Mulberry stood in the kitchen looking neat and clean, with a shining white apron before her, and merrily humming a tune as she ran the smoothing iron over piece after piece of white linen. Mr. Mulberry strode in from an adjoining room, and shoving his hands far down into his trousers pockets, he stood watching his wife as she quietly went on with her work. Suddenly he said, and his smile broadened:

"Well, my dear; this has been wash-day, has it not? I didn't think I could ever feel happy while such a thing as washing had to be done, but you seem to have solved the difficulty some way."

"I'm sure I never used to like to see wash day coming round," said the little woman looking up with a quiet smile; "but just think what a mistake a person will make for want of thinking. There I had been working myself to death all those years, when I could get my washing done at Ungar's Laundry for 25 cents a dozen, and have it taken away and brought back into the bargain, and all I have to do is the ironing, which is something I never heard a woman grumble at yet."

"Or a man either," added Mr. Mulberry with a little chuckle.



THE FIRST BABY'S FIRST CHRISTMAS.

their jaws together and giving vent to cries that were awful in the mad, brute fierceness they expressed. The tree in which Tom was perched was straight and free of limbs for a distance of perhaps twelve feet above the ground. The one in which I sat was leaning somewhat, and formed a fork about seven feet up. Into this fork the wolves tried to leap. One grey monster got his forepaws fairly into the angle, and tried to reach the branch to which I was clinging, but I had dragged one of my snowshoes with me in my hasty ascent, and with this I beat him off, and he fell among his howling comrades below. Another, and still another lodged in the fork; some of them were so wedged in as to be quite helpless when they reached there; others I belabored with the snow-shoe until they tumbled to the ground. Tom in the meantime kept up a constant fire with his revolver, but it was now quite dark, and his hands were so cold that he did little execution. For almost an hour this terrible struggle continued, and once I came near losing my balance and falling right into their midst. Then

We spoke to each other of those who had hoped we might be home tonight—the home we little thought to see again, and of the forms that were gathered we knew that every hour about the blazing Christmas hearth. They were thinking of us no doubt, those loved ones, little fearing that the places now vacant in the circle would never be filled again. Their might be checked a little as they missed us tonight, but as yet no shadow of our doom had crossed the threshold. In the years that were to come each Christmas Eve must to every member of that group a time of sadness and sorrow. There were eyes in that household, perhaps, resting on that same white Christmas moon that we now gazed upon, and though its face seemed cold and chilling as the grave, it was a bond of sympathy between us. What would we not give to be with them now? What would we not give for the least reflection of the warmth that glowed from the big open fire-place so far, so far away? One of the brightest and the dearest of that group was soon to be Tom Halleck's wedded wife and I groaned within me as I

ings were not so severe, but we both felt that unless we could somehow raise the siege we would certainly perish from the bitter cold before morning. At last my cousin's voice announced that he had succeeded in hooking up his rifle; the smooth-bore was also recovered, and we opened a rattling fire on the enemy. We found that the work of driving them off was not an easy one. As soon as a wolf would drop he would be set upon by his comrades and torn to pieces in an instant. Then they would fall back out of range, only to return whenever we stopped firing, to their station on the outer edge of the birches. At one time we thought of sliding down—so bitter was the cold—in order that one of us might build a fire while the other kept the pack at bay with his rifle. But at the first move we made the wolves came boldly forward, and we saw how fatal such an experiment would be. There was nothing for it but to take advantage of every chance that offered to thin them out. This we did pretty successfully. At least a dozen were shot in the next half hour, though our hands were so benumbed we

forward, but in a cowed and hesitating manner, and when within a dozen paces of us turned about and fled. We were too cold just then to return thanks to Providence for our deliverance, but we felt them all the same, and our hearts as well as our half-frozen limbs glowed with warmth and gladness, when a few moments later we stood beside a rousing fire of birch bark and spruce boughs which sent the sparks flying by myriads out into the frosty air. We neither saw nor heard more of the wolves that night and in the morning started for the camp, carrying on our toboggan four handsome wolfskins as tokens of our prowess and our peril. Two of them adorn the threshold of my study to-day; Tom has the other two, but neither Tom nor I require a sight of them to polish up our recollections of that awful Christmas eve in the birches on the upper St. John, just twenty years ago

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CHRISTMAS WITH BRUIN.

BY ROBERT G. LARSON.

"Well, sir, I nearly lost my old friend for good, today," exclaimed Roy Hartley, after gazing into the fire for some minutes, his elbows resting on his knees and his face in his hands.

His companions looked up at the man who had broken the silence, which had been getting rather monotonous, although the boys were tired from tramping through the woods all day. Jack Forbes and Tom Allen were stretched out on blankets trying to read, but from the restless way in which they shifted about every little while, it was evident that they could not fix their minds on what they were reading. The other occupant of the camp, Fred Wilkes, sat opposite the speaker, and poked the fire now and again with a piece of wood.

"Yes, it was a wonder it didn't go to bottom," said Wilkes, without raising his head; then looking up, "but it was mighty lucky that bush was there."

"What's that?" asked Forbes, raising himself on his elbow and throwing the book to one side.

"Roy's gun," said Wilkes. "He dropped it over the ledge today, and it fell on a bush fifty feet below, where we found it as good as ever, not even scratched. If it hadn't caught on the bush, it would have gone to the bottom of the lake, and that would have been the last of it."

"And I was more than glad to get it all right, too," added Hartley, "for I wouldn't like to lose that rifle, I assure you."

"Where did you ever get it?" said Allen, as though he had been trying to answer the question himself, and had given it up. "You've had that rifle as long as I remember."

"Christmas present," said Roy, and a smile spread over his face. "From my Uncle Joe—a habit of his—presented everybody with a gun—thought because he was fond of shooting everybody else must be, too—wasn't far out, neither, in regard to our family."

"Was he much of a shot himself?" asked Allen, curiously.

"He was a crack shot—the best I ever saw. He's out in Winnipeg now. By the way, do you want to hear a story?"

"Of course," exclaimed all three at once.

"Let's have it."

"Well it is about the Christmas eve on which that gun was bought," said Roy, sitting upright as he spoke. Then, clasping his hands and resting the wrists on his legs, he again gazed thoughtfully into the fire, as though transported to another place and once more viewing the incidents he was about to relate, he continued: "My uncle was staying with us at that time and on Christmas eve he, with my father, drove into town to do the annual Santa Claus performance for the youngsters. I will never forget that night. It was simply

beautiful. Clear, cold, the stars shining like diamonds, fairly bursting it seemed to me; the moon, round and full, made it light as day, spreading its rays over the snow covered country. I had been out in the woods looking after snares I had set, and walking slowly along the road gazing at the snow covered hills and clearings, and the trees here and there decked with the frozen snow, I thought the scene almost too grand to leave. While thus musing a horse and sleigh drove up, the occupants proving to be my father and uncle, who were returning from the city with presents for everybody. I got into the sleigh, and as we drove along made a general inspection of those of the purchases which were not done up in paper or at the bottom of the heap, so to speak. Among them was that rifle." The speaker turned his eyes from the fire to where the weapon stood and his companions did the same, exhibiting a curiosity that one will sometimes take in the most common places—things that we are almost tired of looking at. Continuing, he said:

"I felt pleased when they told me the rifle was to be mine, and picked it up to have a look at it. It tickled my uncle all to pieces to see me interested in it, and seeming to forget all about the cold night air, and the long drive they had had, he began showing me how to put the cartridges in and take them out, for it was the first rifle I ever saw, my former experience being limited to a shot gun."

"About two miles from the farm was a log cabin, sitting back off the road, and

that my uncle would take such a risk as to fire at a bear when he had a human being in his paws. But it takes longer to talk than to do.

"Crack! He had fired. My father's face was white as marble, as we ran up the slight incline. Bruin was on the ground with a bullet in his shoulder, and when we reached the spot, Mrs. Sim was using the axe on his bearship's head. The old man himself was unable to move. He didn't seem to have a bit of breath in his body when we carried him to the cabin. But he soon came round again, and then we went out to haul in the bear, which was given to old Sim. We told him to claim a bounty from the government, and then had to spend half an hour explaining what a bounty was."

"Lor, Marsa!" exclaimed the old woman, "we jes' thinkin' wat we couldna haf no turkey fo' Christmas, and lor, my, ain't bar meat jes' es good. Hope de ole man ain't got all his ap'tice squeezed out, though."

"Ole Sim could talk pretty well by this time, and it was fun listening to his account of how he heard the pigs squealing, and how the old woman said it was only the little ones kicking up their didos; and then what it felt like to be hugged by a bear. He said it wasn't half so nice as when the old woman hugged him when she said she'd be his for ever and ever. And then the old woman poked him in the ribs a couple of times. Suddenly, Mrs. Sim turned round to the squad of woolly-headed youngsters who stood gaping at us, and



THE LITTLE MISSIONARY.

behind it was a thick wood. The ground in front of the cabin was soft and muddy in summer, while to the west it was hilly and barren. At that time a colored family lived there, the woolly head of it, being generally known as Old Sim. While we were driving along the road opposite this place, my father and I were watching Joe with the greatest interest as he explained everything about the gun. Suddenly my father looked up and exclaimed:

"Heavens! look at the bear!"

"All three of us looked towards the hill. Half way up it was a large bear walking away on his hind legs, with one of Old Sim's pigs. Some distance behind him, Ole Sim himself was running with an axe in his hand. At the cabin I saw Mrs. Sim and some of the little Sims watching the scene with wide opened mouths and eyes."

"The plucky old darkey never lessened his pace, and with the axe raised above his head he approached the bear; but when within a few feet of him bruin dropped the pig and turning round caught hold of old Sim round the arms and hugged him. The cries of the old darkey were nothing compared with those his wife when she saw this part of the proceedings. We all thought Old Sim would be squeezed to death before we could get to him."

"My uncle viewed the whole transaction without saying a word, but when the bear caught hold of Sim, what was my surprise to see him lift the rifle to his shoulder."

"Stop, man!" exclaimed my father. "Don't shoot; you'll kill the darkey."

"Joe did not say a word. I knew the rifle had a bullet in it, but never imagined

running her eye over them, exclaimed: "Lan' sakes, where's Sicly!" Nobody knew. Mrs. Sim made a rush for the door, but it opened before she reached it. There stood Sicly herself, her woolly head done up in brown paper, a grin on her coal black face, her toes almost touching each other and her heels about a foot apart, and in her arms was a little pig.

"Where's you bin?" asked her mother.

"Chasin' the pig," said Sicly, "the leetle fool done gone run away whenever the b'ar dropped 'im, an' I'se bin chasin' him ever since."

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A TRUE STORY.

BY "NOEL PILGRIM."

How little is the romance of our country written. Poets have arisen among us of no mean or meagre genius. We have our painters too who have flourished into fame under a royal lady's leading and protection. But the novelist and dramatist are yet to come, and raise our national life and characteristics out of the contempt, and inattention in which they lie. It may be said we are too young for belles-lettres, our origin and beginning are not yet sufficiently within the mists and shadow of the past for us to possess a folk-lore, much less a settler romance. But if short, our story so far has not been a tame and uneventful one. Its heroes have not been weak or prosaic, nor its heroines lack-adaisical or unlovable. The brain and hand are only wanting to collect, digest, set in order, and give to a waiting people the chronicles of the brave, grand, sweet, sad, bitter, violent days that are gone. Surely such events as the American Rebellion, the Loyalist movement, the thrilling and tragic scenes of early French settling, the national struggles and changes, the political strifes and crises,—should be full of inspiration food and variety for the imagination and the judgment.

When the wise king wished to cast the magnificent brazen vessels for the temple he chose for the casting of them a district of despised clay ground in his dominions. That which hitherto had been looked on with contempt and scorn if regarded at all, was found in time fit for useful and holy purposes. So at the right time from our adolescence among peoples, our inexperience in things, our crudeness in culture, our insipidity in arts, our distrust in self, shall be made manifest the purpose of our calling as a nation.

And we may fairly say all life will furnish scenes and characters for the art of fiction, which is becoming such a power in the reading world. Our first mental inquiry on beholding any picture is as to its truth. It may be a grand Alpine panorama which makes us catch our breath, or only a rush grown brook, stirring a sense of tears within. But if it be true to what it represents it is a great help to us, and we feel a sense of improvement and gratitude.

Among our inland vales and along sea-encircled shores, are the homes of a peasantry, whole personality has many aspects, much originality, noble and interesting qualities, novel and entertaining characteristics. Some day a Dickens or a Hugo, or an Eliot shall be born among them perhaps, who shall do them justice,

or at least we may behold the work wrought in Acadian lands, that has been accomplished in a neighboring country by Howells, Cable and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Far be it from the writer to attempt to vie with such eminent ones as the above in this simple tale. He just offers it as an experience of his life among a lowly yet pure and true people. It brings back to him a roll of breaking icy surf upon a boulder-strewn shore, and a sonorous answer from dark pine woods above; where cold and loneliness, and fierce tempests could not chill the glow of loving hearts, which were happy in the ways of simplicity and duty in the cabins all along among the rocky nooks.

The shores of Nova Scotia present every variety of coast scenery. In some places we find the utmost grandeur of cliff and crag. Who that has sailed upon the basin of Minas has failed to be impressed with the castellated and battlemented towers of Blomidon, the island heights of Parrsboro, the elegant lines of Cape Split, and the strange abruptness of Isle of Hawke, lying there when I saw it last—black against the glorious evening light—like some wave washed fortress or Sanctuary.

Or again we find regions of sand stone with recurring rounded dunes gleaming in a most peculiar way when seen from ship-board. Then again there is the "barren" coast, where rock and clay, and tree and pool are flung together chaotically, and men must set things to rights, ere they can put a foot down.

The homes of the fisher folk rise and fall with the coasts that are their life. But they rarely fail along those long wavering, winding, changing, billow-sculptured ramparts. We behold them from passing decks, clinging far up where scarce a tree will brave the decaying, blasting salt winds, and lying low down where white waves seem to break over their thresholds. It must be so. Semi-amphibious, watching and searching over those whitened harvest fields day after day, yet fluttering in like worn sea birds, at night for roost and rest, they yet wrest from the rugged marge in scant uncertain harvests the vegetable food they need. The sum of their joys is never great, but who shall tell the sum of their sorrows. Toil, waiting, chance, blight, famine, these are the heritage of those who "go down to the sea in ships," and therefore of those who wait and watch for them at home. And then there is that awful lowering, merciless fate of the sea, shadowed in the short sudden smile of the men, and the wistful absent gaze of the women.

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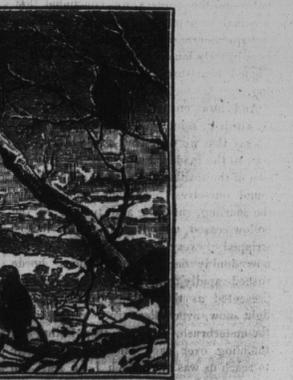
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upon lot succeeding lot, just wherever huge rocks and boulders leave room. Sometimes the shed or barn has one entire wall rock, and occasionally the high tides will make of one homestead a little splintered island. It would not be easy to describe the delightful variety, the almost grotesque diversity, the abandon of nature, all about these cottage homes of the fisher people of Churchover. Up above the settlement was a heavily wooded pine and spruce forest. For miles along this road no house could be seen, but every few furlongs little roads branched into the woods, denoting the dwellings. On the very top of the hill, among the tallest pines stood the church, hence the name given to the district. Here for long years a pioneer priest had taught the Christian faith, and exemplified it by holy and devoted life. Accustomed to the elevating influence of the Church of England liturgy, and forms of prayer from childhood, these people were pure and refined, and respectable beyond the common standard. Well do I recall that crowd of stalwart men standing on a bright Sunday morning in the burst of brilliant light where the heavy woods suddenly broke into the clearings.

Among other families were one named Palmer. The man, formerly a sea-captain, was one of the kindest hearted, most honest, genial, hospitable men I have ever met. His wife was a helpmate for him, a shrewd plain-spoken, humor-loving motherly soul, taking greatly to young people and loving their society. Their house was a perfect marvel of quaintness and picturesque as regards formation and situation. It was on a little hill at the foot of another higher hill, and it was perfectly embosomed in apple boughs, and guarded by hedges of sweet brier and golden rod, and fire weed.

The two Palmers were well advanced in life and had no children. But they welcomed to their wide hearts other destitute orphaned ones, to whom they gave all the care they would have showed upon those heaven had denied them. They had "reared" to use a local phrase, several boys and girls, and seen them settle down in neighboring homes of their own. When I knew them they had a young girl of seventeen in their care. This girl was one of a number sent from England by one of those philanthropic women who find homes for the friendless and helpless in these new countries. One could not desire to see a more interesting and trim maiden than Bess. Her complexion was a clear brown with a rose touch on the cheeks, and a streak of almost scarlet upon the nether lip. Soft brown hair with reddish gleams in the sunlight, covered a merry little head. Her figure was softly rounded with indications of strength and suppleness, in the easy and prompt movements of arms and shoulders. With all this Bess had a pair of large, soul-full, limpid grey eyes, with pathetic light in them that formed a fascinating contrast to the liveliness of her movements, and her constant cheery smile. As may be supposed both from her charms and from the fact of her being a stranger, Bess was much sought after by the lads of the settlement.

But it became evident that Bess had made her choice. About half a mile south, upon a small headland, dwelt a family named Munro. Robert, familiarly known as "Bub" was the second son, among four, all almost giants in stature. Six feet in his socks, lithely, yet gracefully formed, with a splendid head, perfectly formed features, blue eyes and yellow curling hair, he was one to win the heart of any woman. And he and Bess went both straight forward into love. Everyone saw how matters must be. "Bub" suddenly developed a taste for clearing land. He then invested his savings in a new boat, and finally he shamefacedly went about and invited the neighbors to a "frolic," which was for no other purpose than to raise a house frame.

"Bub" went off to the banks for the first "catch," with great pangs in his honest heart, leaving a disconsolate sweetheart behind. He returned, however, safely, and in late summer when the sweet brier was a mass of pink, and the golden rod wrapped the hillside in cloth of gold, Robert and Bess stood at the altar in the little church and were made one till death should them part by the old rector, who though unfit for active duty, was always in demand for weddings, the young folks refusing to be married by any but Dr. Brown. They were a handsome pair as they stood reverently side by side, and in quiet hearty tones made to each other their vows. And then they went out through the throng of crowding friends and neighbors along the woodpath, the incense of the pines breathing about them and robins carolling their evening songs above to the new cottage, the smoke wreath above whose chimney told the sweet, wonderful, thrilling fact of another heart, kindled among the homes of earth.

Christmas came on and foremost in the church greening were Robert and Bess in that exquisite leisure and perfection of companionship which adorns the first months of married life. Their faces shone out among the rest, as they sang the old hymns on Christmas morning, with a realized happiness and a sober peace.

With opening spring the men began to leave for the banks upon the first fishing voyage of the season. Many go upon American vessels which call at the ports and fill up the roll of hands wanted. A Gloucester schooner had come in in the afternoon of an early April day, and Munro had engaged to sail in her. Bess with a heavy heart got ready his clothes, such heavy shirts and socks that he should need in that cold early season. Robert had picked up the bundle and gone on board with it, saying, that as the weather was rough the vessel would not sail until next day. His wife, anxious to put off the hard moment of the first separation from her young husband welcomed their respite. But it happened that about two hours after the gale ceased, and the wind set in from a favorable quarter, so that the captain ordered the anchor weighed, and the ship off. There was no time for return, and Munro must lose his trip or else go without returning to bid farewell to his wife. And as a poet of the sea wrote "since men must work, and women must weep," poor Munro was obliged to join in the cheery voices that sang "Heave ho!" and set the very sails that bore him off, stricken at heart from his unloved, unloved wife, left alone for weary months certainly and perhaps forever.

Bess had lingered about, struggling with tears and forebodings, such as the most hopeful will have at such times—till, expecting her husband shortly she had lain down upon her bed. Tired and worn she slept till daylight, and the brilliant sun was streaming across the cottage floor. She opened her eyes looked hurriedly about her, and running to the window saw where last night the schooner had lain at anchor, only empty, sparkling waves. In a moment she realized the truth. With one wild moan she rushed

out of the house down to the shore. There was the little blue boat with "Bess" in white letters along the bow, painted a year ago by lover hands. There was the fall of stone steps where they had so often met, after the two days short fishing their glad eyes and well coming voices meeting along ere the shore was won. There were his paraphernalia of fish curing, everything associated with their mutual labors, even to a suit of old overalls which yesterday he had worn at some task. But the harbor was wide and bare, with neither mast nor sail upon its glittering expanse. Stunned, shocked, stupefied, she sank down for a few moments, then starting up rushed off through the woods and fields, over stiles and fences to the home of her foster parents, the Palmers. She burst into the kitchen frightening the old lady out of breath and speech, threw her arms around her and cried in a broken hearted voice.

"Oh mother, 'Bob! Bob!'"

Finding voice after a few seconds the woman managed to gasp out. "My soul! child what's the matter, adding, 'You've most scared the life out of me.' But what's the matter? What about Bob?"

"Oh, mother he's gone, he's gone! 'Gone where?' then with the common dread, 'you don't mean anything has happened to him!'"

"Oh! he's gone!" wailed the girl, gone without saying "good bye!" without a word to me," and then in broken tones, Bess told to her listener the story of her trouble.

Considerably relieved, the good dame strove to comfort her, while freely sympathizing with her in her disappointment and agony of mind.

"Why Bess, my girl don't take on so. It had to be so. The schooner had to go with the turn of the wind. Let it be just the same as if he had come back."

But fresh tears and cries were the only response.

"Oh! but it's the first time, and I've looked to it so. I could not see how to bear it! But I thought if I could have remembered his arm around me and heard his voice say: 'Bess be brave,' I could have borne it. But just those careless words about being back in a couple of hours, and that run down the hill without one look back! Oh! Oh! my heart will break, I cannot bear it! I cannot!"

She sobbed heavily for a few moments. Then she started up again, "I know how it will be, I shall never see him again! He will be lost! I've felt it, and last week I dreamt it! He will be drowned without every saying 'good-bye' to me! Oh Rob! Rob! my own dear lad!"

And from that day she changed. All her buoyancy by spirits, her gladness, her laughter left her. Drearily with heavy eyes and listless step she went about her work. She would have days of roaming and restlessness wandering along the shore and about the hills. From apathy she would break into wild fits of weeping and lamentation.

Now no news can be had from the fishermen while they are at the banks, so Munro's wife was left without the consolation of a letter or message. Men are frequently lost and their friends can know nothing of it for weeks or months.

Sometimes the news is telegraphed from the first port of call, but frequently a ship entering harbor with flag at half-mast, is the first token of some home stricken, some family bereaved.

month after Munro's departure, I picked up my daily paper, and among the telegrams read to my horror the following:

"Schooner Moonlight, of Gloucester, calling at Louisburg reports loss on the banks of Robert Munro, of Churchover, N. S. He was separated from the fleet by a sudden squall, and his dory was found floating bottom upward three days afterward. Deceased leaves a wife."

I stood stood staring at the dreadful tidings, the fulfillment of the poor woman's now proven not idle fears and dreams. She must be told. It would never do to have her straining eyes see that dreadful token at the mast head of the returning vessel.

It was time for the bark to be close at hand. To harness my horse was the work of a few moments, and in two hours I was at the Palmers. Bess was there, having sought the hillside for better watching for the looked for vessel. I think she read the awful truth from my face and few

words were needed, ere she fell in a dead faint upon the floor. Leaving her in the care of her friends I sadly departed homeward, and as I wound up the steep road, I saw among tapering pine tops a moving spar, with the long red streamer floating on the wind, and below a flag at half mast high.

In July a little one was born in the home of the Palmers, and in this new life was the young widow's only solace.

And even this joy could only in small measure break the force of the ever present, ever bitter grief.

"Oh! if he had only said good-bye to me! If he had only kissed me once as he went, I could have anything, even this. But oh it is so hard, so dreadful to think of."

The infant was duly baptised with his father's name Robert, the old pastor's hands trembling with a special feeling, and his voice with even tenderer tones than usual, as he handed back to the weeping mother her fatherless child.

One day in the autumn I had occasion to go to the church among the pines. As opened the door which was never locked,

there was no need for locks and keys in that peaceful spot, I was surprised to see Bess kneeling in the place she and her husband had always occupied in the church. She rose hastily, and coming to me said, "Oh sir, I have found some peace at last. Last night I saw my dear man in a dream. And he said the very words I wished he might have said. I saw the very look of his eyes, and heard his own voice as he said, 'Bess, dear girl, keep a brave heart!' And, dear sir, as I awoke such a sweet feeling of peace and comfort came to me! And it stays, and I think I shall never lose it. But I mourn sometimes that he should never have seen his little child. And do you know sir," here her voice fell "I did not tell him of my hope, I was bashful and backward like, and I could not bring myself to it. And now I wish I had thought perhaps it is better as he would have had more trouble at the last," and here the poor creature's voice was choked, and my own eyes filled in sympathy.

So Bess Munro took new heart from that day. Life began to have some interest for her. She was not forsaken. Many were the gifts and kindness she received on all hands. Her winter's fuel was hauled and cut, her small cellar filled, her house banked and repaired. She grew very fond of the church, and never missed a service, bringing her babe, a wonderfully good little fellow with her. She assumed the care of the sanctuary, dusting and cleaning it, and keeping two branches of sweetbrier berries, and late artemisias fresh upon the altar. At length Christmas came round. The young folk were together again among heaps of fragrant cedar, fir and hemlock, and foremost in the work was Bess Munro. All the afternoon of Christmas eve we had worked, but the workers had gone off for tea to return later their careless voices and cheery laughter echoing, and growing fainter in the distance. I, the curate, elected to stay and Bess offered to wait and help, saying she had some tea in a little can, and would heat some for me on the stove.

She had laid her child in a head of feathery, deep green hemlock, where hidden from sight he slept soundly. I was wreathing a support of the chancel-arch when I heard a strange sound between a gasp and a cry. I look round and saw Bess standing in a strained, trance attitude with hands half raised looking toward the door. The door was closed, and no one was to be seen, but immediately in front of it was a heavy arch of fir which brought the portal into relief. I heard the woman's voice in awed, faint dreaming tones say, "What is it! I feel, I feel, as if—as if—oh! what is it!" There was a moment's silence and then the door slowly moved. It closed and a man's form stood in the framed passage. There was but one man who looked like that, with that blue gleam of the eyes, and ruddy glow upon the cheek. Robert Munro, or else a very sturdily wholesome wraith of him stood and peered into the gloom of the church ren-

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dered deeper by the heavy green wreathings. The woman stood in tranced stillness, scarcely breathing, one brown hand half stretched out, and listlessly grasping at an upstretching bough end. Her eyes never moved from their fixed gaze upon that loved and grievously lamented face.

Suddenly she broke out in soft murmuring tones. "Oh! 'tis he. 'Tis his spirit come to say 'Good bye.' Ah! I have wished it. Was it wrong? oh! forgive me! oh! Rob! Rob! oh! not, not 'Good bye!'"

As she thus spoke the spell was broken and she moved forward, so that the man in the door way caught full sight of her. There was a rush of muffled footsteps over the ting strewn floor, and Robert Munro's arms were round his wife and she was clinging to him weeping, laughing, not knowing whether she was awake or dreaming, enchanted or sober, mad or sane, but just living unquestioningly the rapture of the moment.

As soon as I might I stepped forward and warmly wrung the hand of the wanderer, while his wife stood dumbly by with the rapt look still upon her face. "Come Bess, where has thy tongue gone, my girl? It is I, myself, and no ghost or wandering spirit."

But still Bess seemed unable to speak, but simply clasped her husband's great hand and stroked it in a quiet dreamy fashion.

Just then a soft pleasant murmuring sound stirred the stillness, a baby's cry. The man looked bewildered. But the sound roused Bess. The blood leaped to her cheek and brow in a sudden rosy flood. She glided from her husband's side to the hemlock heap, stooped tenderly down and came trembling and blushing back to his side.

Lifting up the white bundle she laid upon the brood breast of the amazed father the little dimpled rosy babe which looked up smiling into his face and caught with playing tiny hands at his yellow curls and beard. I silently went down the aisle, and stepped out into the starry frosty night, leaving the greatly blessed pair to their sacred unspeakable joy.

Munro had been picked up by a Portuguese sailing vessel in a half dying condition. The captain carried him to southern Europe. There small-pox had broken out on board and the vessel was in quarantine for four months. After that Munro took passage on an American vessel working his way and arriving just in time to keep a truly happy Christmas with his faithful and inconsolable wife.

The golden crown flower of our maritime lands, still year by year glorifies the grey rocks and fading fields, and the sweet brier sheds its sweetness, always sweeter after rain.

And in the true hearts of Robert Munro and his wife Bess their is the unfading gold of true and loyal tried love and tenderness, while their home joys are sweeter and fairer for the storm that fell once upon them, but instead of crushing and ruining them refreshed and renewed them to more exquisite fragrance.

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT COMETH.

We long to do great things, so we neglect Oft times to do the little things we can— The common daily duties, while we plan Some grand and high effect.

Our eyes are on the future, so we fail To heed the little stumbling blocks along our way, That fret our own and neighbors' feet; we say: What do small deeds avail?

We dream of coming years that shall be fair With fruitful harvests, though we sow no seed Of toil and self-denial, prayer and kindly deed— And time goes unawares.

O dreamer, wake and work! thy place is best For these; the passing hour alone is thine; Do what thou canst do, and no more repine; Work, and so soon thy rest!

—Christian at Work.



A ST. JOHN BOY'S SUCCESS.

If all the enterprising, go-ahead young men who have left St. John in the last 20 years to seek their fortunes elsewhere had remained in their native place and brought the same originality, the same energy and labor to their assistance as they have away from home, this city would be a different place today. But while we were sorry to lose them, nothing gives us greater pleasure than to hear of their success abroad, to know that fickle fortune has smiled upon them, and appears willing to yield her choicest gifts at their demand.

Among those who thought that there were better places than St. John thirteen years ago was E. M. Estey, who at that time was a clerk in the then well-known drugstore of John Chaloner. He had a decided leaning toward medicine, and his studies before then with Dr. John Berryman stood him in excellent stead in the drugstore. He went to Boston, and after two years of real practical work there in the laboratory, decided to finish his medical studies at Harvard, when ill-health forced him to return to his native province.

Shortly after his return, a good position offering in Charlottetown, P. E. Island, Mr. Estey went there, and was for some time manager in S. W. Dood's drugstore. In 1876 he determined to embark for himself in the rapidly rising town of Moncton, and from then until now he has carried on a steadily increasing and successful drug business in that place.

He soon found that there was as much room for originality, for thought and for enterprise in the drug business as in any other vocation. He was not long in finding out that there was a demand for goods not easily supplied in this market, and he began to think how the difficulty could be overcome. The result of his thinking was the introduction soon afterward of Cod Liver Oil Cream and Philoderma in the market. In addition to these excellent preparations Estey's Iron Tonic made its appearance about the same time and its reputation stands as it was won on its own merits.

From the start Cod Liver Oil Cream was a great success. The unpalatable and disagreeable oil had for a long time been the dread of the invalid, and the new preparation sold rapidly. The Cream was a pleasant emulsion which retained all the merits of the oil and none of its unpleasantness. It took Mr. Estey two years to get the combination, but persistent and careful experimenting was at last rewarded by a discovery which he and his friends believe will prove a boon to the health of suffering invalids and a financial benefit to himself.

Philoderma is the oldest and many say the best toilet preparation on the market. It was introduced at a time when there was a great need for a genuine preventive for chapped hands and roughened skin. The sale has been tremendous since the start and so long as it has no active or equal competitor for the same money, there is no doubt that it will increase in popular favor.

The Iron and Quinine Tonic is a valuable remedy for Indigestion, Low Spirits, Dyspepsia, General Debility, etc. It has a very large sale—and the numerous testimonials received attest to its virtues. Mr. Estey is a man possessed of remark-

able pluck and perseverance—is not easily discouraged and his vocabulary does not contain the word despair. Against crushing odds he bravely met and overcome the business adversity which in 1886 threatened to overwhelm him. His business of late years has steadily increased and prosperity again crowns his efforts. Only a short time ago he made an addition to his laboratory which will enable him to more nearly supply the demand for his goods. He is able to run his machinery by an electric motor, the power to run which is received day or night over the same wire that carries the electricity to the railway switches.

During the month of October Mr. Estey sold more Cod Liver Oil Cream and Philoderma than in the previous months. He has gone into the manufacture with greater energy than ever and proposes to show the Dominion what a Monctonian can do in the manufacturing medicine business. He deserves the success he is meeting with.

LADIES! Useful Christmas Present!

ARE YOU IN NEED OF AN **Ulster, Cloak, or Jacket?**

IF SO, YOU CAN BUY ONE

READY-MADE

—AT A—

LARGE REDUCTION IN PRICE

—FROM—

Manchester, Robertson & Allison.

ALL NEW FASHIONABLE GARMENTS

Reduced for Xmas sale sale, including JACKETS, from \$2.00 and upwards; BLACK EMBROIDERED JACKETS; COLOR'D EMBROIDERED JACKETS; FRENCH CLOAKS, RUSSIAN CIRCULARS; DOLMANS AND ULSTERS.

CHILDREN'S COATS, 1 to 6 years of age, at Liberal Reductions.

M. R. & A. have an immense variety of

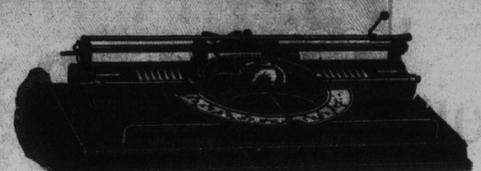
Black, Self-Colored and Fancy Tweed, Cheviot and Beaver Cloths, TO MAKE UP FROM.

The value of these Cloths cannot be surpassed, as they are purchased DIRECT FROM THE MAKERS, and sold on the principle of QUICK SALES and SMALL PROFITS.

A USEFUL AND HANDSOME XMAS PRESENT

is a length of cloth sufficient to make an ULSTER or JACKET.

Manchester, Robertson & Allison.



THE WORLD TYPE WRITER.

SUITABLE for the Clergyman's study, the office desk, the Stenographer's table, or the Lady's boudoir. It is practicable, durable, simple, and a child can learn to work it rapidly. It is portable, weighing only 3 1/2 lbs. Price \$10. Sent free by express to any part of the Provinces.

H. CHUBB & CO. Agents for Maritime Provinces.

ACCIDENTS OF TRAVEL, SPORT, or BUSINESS, ALL AROUND THE GLOBE,

ARE INSURED AGAINST by **THE TRAVELERS OF HARTFORD, CONN.**

The largest and strongest accident company in the world. Its accident policies cost but \$5 per year for \$1,000 insurance, with \$5 weekly indemnity, to professional and business men. Larger sums at proportionate rates. No extra charge for European travel and residence.

ALL JUST CLAIMS PAID WITHOUT DELAY OR DISCOUNT. **Something New.**

THE TEN PREMIUM ACCIDENT POLICY; THE TEN PREMIUM TWENTY-YEAR TERM ACCIDENT POLICY; THE TEN PREMIUM ACCIDENT ENDOWMENT POLICY.

Ask for rates, they are SURPRISINGLY LOW.

M. & T. B. ROBINSON, Agents, 103 Prince Wm. St., St. John, N. B.

The Following Goods Just Opened are offered at the very Lowest Prices for Cash only, at

PITTS' DRY GOODS STORE, 179 UNION STREET 179.

GREY FLANNELS, from 12cts. per yard; WHITE AND UNBLEACHED SWANSDOWNS; CRAYONS AND TURKEY FURNITURE COTTONS; TICKINGS, COLORED CANTON FLANNELS; BLACK AND WHITE and MEDIUM GREY CAMBRICS; FANCY REVERSIBLE ENGLISH CAMBRICS; DRESS GOODS, CORSETS, RIBBONS; LADIES' and CHILDREN'S CASHMERE HOSIERY; also, HEAVY MAKE ALL-WOOL HOSE; BLACK AND COLORED MITTS, etc., etc.

Other Goods to arrive in a few days will be announced when opened.

Special Lot of Plated Forks, etc.

WE offer a special lot of BEST ENGLISH SPOONS AND FORKS, in PRINCE OF WALES, LILY AND BEADED PATTERNS. These goods we guarantee best quality, but wishing to clear out the line will sell at COST PRICE.

CLARKE, KERR & THORNE, 60 and 62 Prince William Street.

CHRISTMAS CONFECTIONERY.

The undersigned has the Largest Assortment of Fancy Xmas Tree Novelties; also, a large variety of Choice Confectionery.

Don't Fail to get a 5lb. Box of our Special Mixture, \$1. CREAM CHIPS, 20c. per lb.

- Barley Sugar Toys.
- Cassaques.
- Bon Bons.
- Sugar Hearts.
- Fancy Baskets.
- Fancy Chocolate Boxes.
- Cadby's Chocolates.
- Rowntree Chocolates.
- Cream Chips.
- Sugar Whistles.
- Hollow Sugar Toys.



- Tablets.
- Pigs.
- Cats.
- Dogs.
- Prize Packages.
- Cream Chips.
- Cornopies.
- Fruit Cakes.
- Ambrosial Jelly.
- Assorted Jams and Jellies.
- Christmas Tree Packets.
- Chocolate Drops.

CREAM

KERR,

CONFECTIONER,

74 KING and 28 DOCK STREET.

CHIPS.