

PROGRESS.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS.

MR. FOSTER GETS THERE

AND FRED. W. BLIZZARD LOSES HIS POSITION.

To Make Room for a King's County Man George M. Ryan—The Facts of the Case—A Gross Injustice—Indignant Conservatism—Our Menk M.P.'s.

Geo. M. Ryan has been appointed chief railway mail clerk, at a salary of \$1,500 per annum; Mr. Fred. W. Blizzard will retain a first class clerkship at \$960 per annum.

To many of the people who read PROGRESS every week, the short sentence printed above, may not have much significance, but behind it there is a tale of such injustice that it is a wonder it has not been given to the public before.

Fred. W. Blizzard, of the railway mail service, is not a stranger in this town, nor, indeed, in the province. He has lived his 47 years of life in this city, and spent 26 of it working in the mail service. He started at the foot of the ladder, and by persevering, faithful toil, succeeded in reaching the top. Today he is hurled from his position for no reason whatever and another man, whom he has trained to the work, learned all he knows, placed over him.

It should be stated that Mr. Ryan, the man who has been appointed over Mr. Blizzard, is an intimate friend of the minister of finance, Mr. Geo. E. Foster. He was a boy when the man of "words and weakness" did chores on the next farm. They made mud pies together—probably; went to school together, PROGRESS is informed, and were just as intimate as two boys on adjoining farms could well be. Mr. Ryan is, therefore, a native of Kings county, Mr. Foster's constituency. He comes from the same section as Mr. C. E. Black, who, many people already know, is such a friend of the government that he can resign from the post office service when it suits him, go home and look after his farm and crops, and secure his appointment again when his agricultural interests no longer engaged his attention. Several excellent clerks in the St. John office were passed over to make room for Mr. Black, a favorite of Mr. Foster, who, in return finds the post office pleasant, convenient and profitable quarters in which to spend the cold and windy winter.

For some years Mr. Ryan has been a mail clerk, running on the trains, and receiving a fair remuneration for plenty of work. It is hardly to be expected that with such friends as post office inspector Stephen J. King and the minister of finance, his old playmate, that he would be content with a mail car, and so he began to work the wires of interest and friendship to secure the position of his chief, Mr. Blizzard, who, strange to say, was chief railway mail clerk and yet was not. His name appeared on the pay sheet every month as "chief railway mail clerk," and he received between \$1,300 and \$1,400 a year, and yet he had never been actually appointed to the position since he assumed it in 1884.

This is how it happened. Mr. Blizzard may be called the father of the present railway mail service. He was sent to Ontario to learn the workings of the service and the first mail car was built under his supervision. He was the first clerk to go on the road, and the efficient and reliable service of today is the result of his work and teaching. In 1875 he qualified under the act of 1868 for the position of chief railway mail clerk and was appointed at a salary of \$800 a year. His appointment was made without a word of solicitation on his part—it seemed to be, what it really was, a recognition of good and efficient service. This appointment was afterwards, through political influence, cancelled by the government.

But, although Mr. Blizzard's appointment was cancelled no other man was appointed. His friends made such a protest that the position was never filled. In 1884 Sir Leonard Tilley induced Mr. Blizzard to accept the appointment of acting chief railway mail clerk. At first Mr. Blizzard refused to accept it as "acting" and only consented on the promise that it would be made right. Sir Leonard, however, became governor soon afterwards and the matter remained *in statu quo*.

It remained that way for years. No person was anxious to remove Mr. Blizzard or interfere with the existing arrangement until Mr. Foster began to look around for suitable positions for his friends. Then it began to be rumored that Mr. Blizzard was never appointed to the position he was filling, that it was vacant and that Mr. Ryan would soon fill it. Mr. Blizzard heard the rumor and, naturally enough, began to ask that the appointment so long promised him be made. He and his friends were met with the startling objection that he had not qualified for the position and could not be appointed. Mark the point well. A man who had been filling the office, doing its work well and faithfully for many years was not qualified to be appointed!

But Mr. Blizzard claimed that he was qualified by his examination under the act of 1868, and that moreover he had been appointed in 1875 under that qualification. The claim was then set up by those interested in ousting him that he had never been appointed; and the department told him that he would have to produce that appointment before that contention of his would be admitted. It is said that it was well known that Mr. Blizzard could not produce the appointment because, like many other documents, it had been destroyed in the fire. Mr. Blizzard was "flooded" so to speak, but providence seemed to be on his side, for one day in a heap of rubbish in the postoffice cellar he came across an old letter book in which were preserved the copies of many important letters. Among them was one from Inspector McMillan cancelling his appointment. That, of course, was sufficient proof of the appointment, and the opponents of Mr. Blizzard and the finance minister were "flooded" in their turn, and he was not molested, though it is equally true that the appointment was not made.

This state of things was unsatisfactory, both to Mr. Blizzard and his friends, and when the general elections came on, the latter refused to lift a finger to assist their party unless justice was done at once. Mr. Foster was waited upon in the Royal Hotel by a number of prominent young liberal conservatives. Mr. Hazen was present. They put the question squarely to the minister of finance. So you intend to do justice to Mr. Blizzard and appoint him? Mr. Foster could not make any promises, but "would do all he could in the matter" afterward. That answer was not satisfactory and he was pressed for something more definite until Mr. Hazen broke in with the remark that he did not think they could expect the minister to say more. The delegation retired, unsatisfied. They resolved not to work for their candidates until a positive assurance was given them. Mr. Foster was telegraphed for, this time by Mr. McLeod. He came and Mr. McLeod interviewed him on the subject and the next day Mr. Blizzard and his friends received the following assurance from Mr. McLeod: "I guarantee you that, after the election, the Blizzard matter will be settled to your satisfaction and that Mr. Blizzard will be appointed."

Then the boys took off their coats, worked like Trojans and elected their men—three of them.

The election over nothing was done about the matter. No move was made by Mr. McLeod to carry out his pledge. He did nothing, but Mr. Foster did. He had the old matter of Mr. Blizzard's qualification placed in the hands of the minister of justice. No person knows what statements were made to that official. Mr. Blizzard was not given an opportunity to defend himself, but, hearing that the matter had been brought up again and this time carried out of the post office department, his friends asked Mr. Hazen to interfere. Mr. Hazen asked Minister Thompson to hold his decision until he could see him, and received the answer that the other party (Mr. Foster) had pressed for a decision and that he had given it—against Mr. Blizzard.

The undue haste cannot be explained. The matter had been standing for years and a few days more delay as requested by Mr. Hazen might well have been granted. This is the way Mr. Hazen and Mr. McLeod, in whose hands the matter was more particularly, allowed themselves to be trumped upon by Mr. Foster.

No words that PROGRESS can use will express the keen indignation felt by the conservatives, and especially the young conservatives, at this injustice. No other topic has been discussed among them since the news arrived. It is felt all the more because Mr. Blizzard was reduced to the ranks the day before Christmas—the one time in all the year he should enjoy.

Perhaps no fact could be more significant than the silence of the conservative journals on the matter. Not a word has been said either in support of the appointment or in condemnation of it. That is the penalty of serving two masters. It would not do to condemn Mr. Foster's appointment, and the St. John public would quickly withdraw support from any newspaper that upheld it.

PROGRESS is not bound by any such ties. It is free to express its honest opinion of this business, and it proposes to do so. This is not the end of it. Messrs. Hazen and McLeod will realize this statement before they are through with it. The post office inspector, who, for good reasons of his own, favored Mr. Ryan will not relish a ventilation of post office affairs, past and present. It will be interesting to know why King's county and York county men have such a "pull" in the St. John office. The examination of the clerks and the reasons why men of superior intelligence fail to pass frequently, while others, the "ducces" of the service, find no difficulty in coming off with flying colors—will furnish an interesting and entertaining article.

By all means let us throw some light into the postoffice department; let us inquire into the system of money orders—how it was worked and is worked, and the reasons for the change; into the payment of postmasters, how they used to be paid and are paid, and the reasons for the change. All of which will prove interesting and profitable, worthy of the attention of PROGRESS in a future issue.

THEY ARE AFTER FACTS.

THE SAFETY COMMITTEE STARTING THE INVESTIGATION.

The Chief Made a Statement and Denied the Charges—"Progress" is Prepared to Prove Them, if Necessary—"Was Not Drunk and Does Not Drink."

The Committee of Public Safety, acting under special authority from the common council, met Wednesday to consider the charges made by PROGRESS against the police force and the chief inspector, relative to the carrying out of the liquor license law.

They invited the editor of PROGRESS to be present, and the chief of police was there to make a statement.

The inquiry was of an informal and preliminary character; the committee seeking for information, apparently, to guide them in future investigations—a sort of clearing away of the under brush, as it were. The committee was not long at work before it gave Mr. Clark an opportunity to make a statement. He did so and kept them listening for nearly an hour while he spoke of his record as chief of police. It is to the credit of the committee that the members were patient and attentive. The chief inspector took occasion to deny all that he could. He was not aware that the liquor law was being broken, and he had at all times done his best to enforce it.

When the chief had made his statement, Mr. Carter, the editor of PROGRESS, was asked to appear. Chairman Chesley made a brief statement of the object of the investigation, and said that he had asked representatives of PROGRESS (which made the charges) to be present and give them what assistance they could.

Since a portion of what transpired at the committee meeting has already been given to the public in the daily press, those questions and answers which may properly be printed will be given below.

Mr. Carter said that he was the editor and proprietor of PROGRESS and knew all about the articles referred to. The charges made in them concerning the violation of the liquor law were true in every particular. He did not think it was necessary, but if it became necessary to prove the articles he was prepared to produce affidavits to prove them.

"I think you stated," said a committee man "that policemen paced backwards and forwards before these saloons, knowing what was going on and made no effort to enforce the law. How did you know that?"

"By personal observation" was the reply "as well as by the statements of others upon whose word I can place reliance. It was a fact that on some streets where policemen passed bars every few minutes; persons, in groups and small crowds, passed in and out of them Saturday night in full view of the officers, who, if they possessed common sense, could not be ignorant of what was going on."

"Do you mean that in the case of the hotels—"

"Just wait one minute," the witness interrupted. "The hotels cannot be included in such an assertion. It would be absurd for me or anyone else to say that because a person or a crowd entered a hotel after 7 o'clock it was for the purpose of drinking. I take it for granted that a great many people pass in and out of a hotel who do not touch liquor. When speaking of places where liquor is sold after hours with policemen pacing to and fro before their doors, I was not referring to hotels."

"But do not these places to which you do refer carry on other business beside liquor selling?"

"Some of them may, but there are others which do not. In any event, the police are well aware what the crowds that pass in and out are after."

"What led to this exposure? Do you think this violation of the law has been going on long?"

"It was, no doubt, going on quietly, but during the past few months even ordinary precautions were disregarded. Liquor was sold almost as openly Saturday night as any other time during the week. These facts and other evidence that was in our possession led us to believe that the law was violated with the knowledge of the police. The suggestion was made to me as editor of the paper that we should prove what everybody was talking about—the violation of the law. When the plan was outlined I approved of it and representatives of the paper proceeded to obtain the evidence printed in PROGRESS and on which the charges were based. We believed that the violation of the law was wrong—but a greater wrong with the knowledge of the police and that it was the duty and privilege of PROGRESS as a newspaper to expose that wrong and call the attention of the proper authorities to the facts. That is as far as we proposed to go. It is no part of a newspaper's duty to prosecute offenders when there is an officer—in this case the inspector—appointed and paid for that work."

At this point several of the aldermen

took occasion to agree with this view of the case, and one of them asked whether it would not be easier for a representative of PROGRESS to gain admittance into a saloon after hours than it would be for a policeman."

"In this case," was the reply, "the gentleman directly connected with PROGRESS who was detailed to be one of the party that visited the bars, is not a frequenter of bars and does not touch liquor. There was no difficulty for anyone to gain admittance, and I do not think that any policeman who wished admittance would fail, especially as he is armed with authority to demand entrance."

There were many other questions proposed and which it would be unfair to publish. The chief of police was present all the time and was given every opportunity to explain what he could explain. One point may be referred to. When asked why he did not take action upon the exposures made in PROGRESS he stated that he was acting under the advice of the recorder of the city. The chairman of the committee explained its powers in this matter. They were to obtain all the evidence they could, and if it showed that the charges made through PROGRESS and otherwise were correct their report would be made to the council to that effect, and that body might ask the proper authorities to appoint a commission with power to summon witnesses and take evidence under oath. "This committee," he said, "at the most, can only request the presence of witnesses but cannot compel them to attend or to give evidence. If we find that the facts we can get at will warrant further inquiry then our duty is plain."

Another interesting statement gained by an impulsive alderman from the chief was to the effect that he had not been drunk and did not drink!

THE PRESIDENT'S HAT.

An Unintentional Joke on the Teachers Institute.

At the recent meeting of the teachers institute in this city, president James Barry discovered after the first session that in place of a new and expensive hat some one had substituted an old, faded, battered and unlined piece of head gear.

Mr. Barry was indignant and as soon as he had called the afternoon session of the institute to order, he called the attention of the intelligent audience to the "evils of substitution" and the joke practiced upon their president and chairman's hat. His remarks were made in a semi-jocular vein that was amusing and there was considerable laughter. But no one returned the hat and president Barry walked through the streets with the battered crown.

The next morning the assembled teachers were "lectured" again, this time more seriously, upon the gravity of the situation, and the fact that the hat had not been returned. Mr. Barry was serious this time, and a trifle annoyed. His appeal for his hat was somewhat touching, and when he remarked "my hat cost \$3.25, and this one" holding up the time served Oxford, "this one isn't worth 25 cents," a few of the assembled teachers took the matter in their own hands, and when the institute was about adjourning a brand new shining hat, fresh from the hatter was placed upon the chairman's desk.

The president saw that the joke had been turned upon him, and he turned it off pleasantly. The sequel to the joke is the funniest part of the whole affair. It appears that the evening before the institute met there was a meeting of the Irish Literary and Benevolent Society, of which Mr. Barry and Mr. Richard O'Brien are both prominent members. In the hurry of departure Mr. O'Brien picked up Mr. Barry's new hat instead of his own "evening knock about." Mr. Barry did not notice the change that evening, and taken up with the duties of president of the institute next morning, failed to perceive the difference until after the adjournment of the first session.

Independence for You.

Some one tells the story in St. John that there is plenty of teaming on the road between Fredericton and Marysville. The Northern & Western (or is it Canada Eastern?) has up to a short time ago taken most of the freight to Marysville, but when the management changed the cotton factory began to ship goods from Fredericton, hauling them three miles to do so, and to receive freight at Fredericton and haul it to Marysville. It may be that the rates have changed. Mr. Gibson usually knows his own business, but it illustrates how independent a great manufactory may be of a railroad that runs by his door, and especially when a great part of that road is his own property.

On the West Side.

H. Price Weber never neglects the west side when he visits St. John. Monday and Tuesday he appears in the City Hall with two favorite hills, *Kathleen Macounnen* and *Ten Nights in a Barroom*. Wednesday evening the company opens in the City Hall, Fredericton.

THE NEWSBOYS HAPPY.

THEY HAD PLENTY OF CANDY AND KNEW WHAT TO DO WITH IT.

The Little Hustlers Get an Agreeable Surprise Saturday Morning, and Make St. John a Picnic Ground—Business Suspended While the Candy Lasted.

PROGRESS newsboys got a surprise last Saturday morning when they came for their papers, and there was more than the usual excitement among the little hustlers as they clamored for their bundles before day-break. They knew they were going to get something in the way of a Christmas box, but there was considerable speculation as to what it was to be. They were ready for anything, however, and when neat boxes of candy were distributed among them by the score, each face looked brighter. Every boy got a box, from the larger youths who are able to push to the front and never "get left," to the smaller ones who are not tall enough to lean on the counter.

The names of the boys who sell the paper regularly were all taken the Saturday before, as it would have been unfair to them to distribute the boxes indiscriminately and give outsiders the same as the little hustlers who work for PROGRESS summer and winter; but the names taken did not include all the newsboys by any means. Nearly every other one of them had a younger brother whom he boldly brought to the front with the explanation:

"This is me brother, and he helps me. Acorse I buy all the papers, but he sells too, and you orter give him one."

If the statement was questioned, the boy with the younger brother invariably affirmed:

"Oh, yes, he is, you can ask any of the fellows. Don't he look like me, anyhow?" There were always a dozen or so other newsboys willing to make oath to the identity of the little brother.

But few questions were asked. Every boy got a box, although at times it seemed as if every youngster in town sold PROGRESS. The two large cases of candy soon disappeared and more was ordered, and still they came. None of the boys, however, made more than one visit with candy in view.

On the streets the newsboys looked particularly happy. Business was suspended for a while and here and there a boy could be seen getting on a doorstep with his papers on his knees making the candy disappear as quickly as he would like to be able to dispose of his papers.

German street was strewn with paper boxes, for operations seemed to begin the moment the sidewalk was reached. The crowd of newsboys who do business at the post office made that building resemble a Sunday school when the Christmas tree is stripped, but the boys everywhere looked happy and enjoyed the treat.

And that was all PROGRESS wanted.

On the Profit Sharing Plan.

Messrs. T. S. Simms & Co. have concluded to try the co-operative plan with their employees, and will divide the profits of 1892 with them. The plan was outlined by Mr. Simms at a gathering of his employees in Washington's New Year's eve, where pleasure and business were very happily combined. Mr. Simms thinks that employees who are interested in the business can, by united, interested effort, make it much more profitable. He will make it an object to his employees to increase the profits as much as possible by saving, excellence of work, and attention to every detail. Necessarily the plan provides for the protection of the business capital, for interest wear and tear, etc. It is a new idea for St. John, but it has been tried successfully in other places, and should succeed here, especially in such a well-ordered establishment as that of T. S. Simms & Co.

Very Cheap Brass.

Mr. McCann, a junkman, etc., got a lot of brass cheap some time ago. He got it too cheap some say, inasmuch as it has been valued at \$40 or thereabouts, and he got it for 60 cents. Three energetic lads, not too honest, thought it would be a good idea to take some brass from a mill in Indian town to the junkman. Before they did so, they broke it up. Mr. McCann gave them 60 cents for it. The owner of the mill found out who the energetic boys were, and their parents had to pay \$13.60 each for the brass. It is said that they propose to make the junkman pay its value.

Is This Cause and Effect?

The following free "ad" appeared in PROGRESS of December 19:

For SALE—Words. For terms and other information apply to Geo. E. Foster, Minister of Finance.

The only answer to date reads as follows:

Ottawa, Dec. 20th, '91.

Proprietor PROGRESS, St. John.

You are hereby notified to discontinue sending your paper to the Department of Finance from December 21, 1891.

ACCOMMODATE THE PUBLIC.

The Post Office Should Bend a Little in the Holidays.

An apology is due many of the subscribers and agents of this paper for some delay in the delivery of PROGRESS last week. At the same time it should be said that it was not the fault of any of the employees of PROGRESS, many of whom worked from early morning until late at night Christmas day in order that the paper should be in the usual places at the usual time.

Unfortunately for us the post office was closed, and all of PROGRESS mail up to a very late hour in the afternoon had to be carted to the station, where it was taken on the trains through the courtesy of the mail clerks in charge.

The closing of the post office was no fault of the clerks. They are acting under orders, and, of course, had to obey them; but it is a strange thing that, with the full knowledge that PROGRESS is printed and mailed on Friday, the courtesy of some notice of the fact should not have been extended to it. But for the courtesy of the mail clerks on the trains, PROGRESS would have sustained serious financial loss, to say nothing of the consequential damage.

In this connection a suggestion may be made to the postoffice authorities. During the holiday season everybody is rushed—everybody keeps open a little later than usual for the convenience of their customers. The postoffice has more patrons than any establishment in the city. Why should it not keep open an hour or two later Christmas eve and such occasions for the accommodation of those who wish to mail parcels. There is no place where large parcels can be mailed except the postoffice, and large parcels are the rule in the holiday season.

Again, the staff of custom house officers in the postoffice department of that institution, while working night and day, could not handle the parcels in time. The staff was increased, but not sufficiently, and many people were forced to wait days for parcels which their notifications called for earlier.

Since the above was written PROGRESS is informed that while the usual entrances for the public were closed the private entrance for carriers and clerks was open and that clerks were within. But private entrances are not supposed to be hunted up by the public.

The Fusileers Take the Stage.

The Fusileers had number of new attractions on their programme Tuesday evening at the Opera House, and with the exception of a few tiresome intermissions, the audience got more than was looked for. The concert was military throughout, but the bayonet exercise by Capt. Magee's company was somewhat of a surprise. Aside from a little nervousness when the company first made its appearance, the men gave a great performance, handling the rifles with such ease, that the audience was wont to forget how much they were likely to weigh. The scene was a very pretty one. Capt. Magee's company is composed of young men who take an interest in military drill, and have an officer who spends considerable time among them. The bayonet exercise was taken up last winter, the members of the company opening a club room and giving some time to the drill. Tuesday night, however, was their first public appearance, and the performance showed that they had been highly successful in their efforts.

Had there been a few more soldiers on the stage to make a continuous line of march, or made it unnecessary for the men to run themselves out of breath "behind the scenes," the spectacular part of the programme would have been a grand success. Nevertheless the tableaux were well carried out. The man with the newspaper and dog, and cat, his family, the younger members of which seemed more interested in the audience than the passing regiment; the smiling piece of goodness in the balcony; the band in the distance; the soldiers; the sleeping drummer; the vision; the return of the regiment, and falling snow—all were shown with good effect, but would have been much better had the "waits" not been so long.

He Knew All About It.

A teacher in St. James's church Sunday school tried to teach his class something about Christmas, and why it was observed. The little ones were fresh from the feast of Friday, and all the good things, and what they came from were uppermost in their minds. "Now who can tell me" began the teacher, "who was born on Christmas day." There was a moment's silence, then the smallest boy in the class broke in, "I know."

"Who?"

"Santa Claus."

A Welcome Addition.

Mr. W. K. Reynolds, a well known newspaper man and vigorous, trenchant writer joins the editorial staff of PROGRESS Monday.

THEY MADE THEIR MARK

SOME PROMINENT MEN WHO WERE STUDENTS AT DALHOUSIE.

All Hold High Places in Politics, Law, Literature and Art. List that Any Institution should be Proud of—Something About Bygone Days at the College.

Seven cities, we are told, disputed for the honor of being accounted Homer's birthplace. We have it on his own authority that a larger number would have claimed the honor of being the Deputy Minister of Justice's birthplace had he not, once for all, settled the question by announcing at a late Alumni dinner that he was born in Aberdeen, Scotland.

He graduated from Dalhousie in 1857, and like all the members of that class except two he was plucked in second year mathematics; it would have been the single stain upon his character had he made a third exception. In 1865 he commenced the study of law in the office of the late Hon. John Sanfield Macdonald, then Premier of Ontario, at Cornwall, and in November, 1872, he was called to the bar of Ontario, being admitted to the bar of Nova Scotia in May, 1873.

Mr. Sedgewick was made a Q. C. in 1880, Mr. Sedgewick was made a Q. C. in 1885 by the Dominion government, and in 1885 he was appointed recorder of the city of Halifax. He was the lecturer on equity in the Dalhousie Law School from its establishment till his appointment as deputy minister of justice in February, 1885.

Among Dalhousians it is esteemed not so much for his many brilliant successes in his chosen profession—and they were many and brilliant—as for the good services he has done Dalhousie. Ever since graduation he has been closely identified with every movement that looked toward Dalhousie's welfare—always interesting himself in the doings of the boys ("his boys" he always called the law students); so much so that the writer remembers that it was an invariable custom, a few years ago, when we students were in a cheering, perhaps I should say cheering, mood to give "three for Bob Sedgewick."

College. We may further state that Mr. Newcombe has always been warmly interested in College affairs, and has lately been added to the Law School staff as lecturer in Insurance, an appointment that gives eminent satisfaction.

A. H. MCKAY, B. A. B. SC. F. S. SC. R. R. S. C. S. H. DEPT. OF EDUCATION, NOVA SCOTIA.

Principal A. H. McKay is one of Dalhousie's most distinguished sons. We still find it more natural to speak of him as "Principal McKay," although his recent well-merited elevation to the chief seat in educational matters in the Province has, we suppose, made that title obsolete. What impresses one most about the new his college days he was a mathematician, in proof of which see the college calendars. When later he entered the broad field of Natural Science, he became distinguished as a botanist; then as a microscopist and biologist, and to the success of his researches in the sciences he let the *Spongilla MacKayi* and kindred witnesses bear testimony. He has besides won a reputation as a mineralogist, as a geologist, as a zoologist, and as a spelling reformer. While accomplishing all this, his chief energies have been devoted to the educational work of the institutions with which his name has been connected—first, and for many years, the Pictou Academy, and latterly the Halifax Academy, and his success in these institutions has placed him in the front rank of education workers. To have attempted so many things is not remarkable, but to have achieved success that commands the attention of the specialist in so many, he speaks rare versatility, coupled with unflinching industry. These qualities fit Mr. McKay in a eminent degree for the responsible position he now occupies. He is still a young man, and the end of his work is not yet.

CHARLES HAZLIT CAHAN, B. A., LL. B., M. P., LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION N. S. HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY.

Charles Hazlit Cahan belongs to the class of '86. To have belonged to that class would have satisfied the ambition of many men; to have been chief of its opponents, that all but a few, Mr. Cahan has done; but he has nevertheless since graduation amused himself by winning distinction in various minor spheres of human activity—in politics, for example. From the editorial chair of the Halifax Herald he dispenses daily bread to one half of the politicians of Nova Scotia. He is member for Shelburne and leader of Her Majesty's small but select and loyal opposition in the local legislature, their eloquent champion during political campaigns in the Lyceum and elsewhere, and in political circles generally he is regarded as the "rising hope" of the conservative party.

MRS. GRACE DEAN McLEOD ROGERS. Place aux dames! Another Dalhousian of a much later time than those of whom we have been writing has this year sprung into prominence. We refer to Miss Grace Dean McLeod, lately become Mrs. H. W. Rogers, the famous authoress of "Stories of the Land of Evangeline." Mrs. Rogers is by education and by marriage a Dalhousian. To her college paper her maiden efforts in story were contributed, and these are reprinted in her published volumes. In the "Stories of the Land of Evangeline" Mrs. Rogers has entered upon a new field in fiction—a field fertile and destined to be fruitful which she hopes may live long to cultivate. Her book has already been reviewed in Progress columns, and is now too well known to need further commendations. Let it suffice to say that Mrs. Rogers is a triumph in the species of fiction she has attempted, and will yet give us Nova Scotians great reason to be proud of her.

J. MACDONALD OXLEY, B. A., LL. B. Prominent in a literary way is also another Dalhousian, J. Macdonald Oxley. Among the many civil servants at Ottawa, who have not allowed their energies to abate by reason of their appointment to remote positions, Mr. Oxley is one of the foremost. There it not a first class magazine on this continent which has not, time and again, contained articles from his pen. But his attention has not been confined to magazine work which at best is ephemeral. On the contrary he has written a number of boy's books, which critics confidently believe will live.

There are many other prominent Dalhousians of whom, did space permit, we should make mention. There is Howard Murray, Principal of Halifax Academy, whose college courses, both cis-atlantic and trans-atlantic, were meteor-like in their brilliancy; there is Danny Murray—may the god's forgive us for calling a grave and reverend professor Danny—who ended his most successful post-graduate course at Johns Hopkins to accept the Professorship in Mathematics in the University of New York; there is John Waddell, appointed to fill the place of the late Prof. Bayne in Kingston Military College, when death took that lamented Dalhousian; there is Walter Thorburn, now occupying an exalted position in the India civil service; there is W. R. Fraser, a member of the most excellent class of '82 (sufficient glory for an ordinary man), now professor of Latin in the state university of Nebraska; there is A. G. Laird, who, while at Dalhousie, could kick higher than any man in the college, now professor of Greek in the Leland Stanford, Jr., University; there is William Cameron, M. P. for Pictou, the wittiest man in the Nova Scotia house of assembly; there is John W. Bethune, now M. P. for Victoria for a second term, one of the corporals' guard of conservatives in the local legislature, and a host of others, Romans all of them. But even the most meagre account of prominent Dalhousians would be conspicuously incomplete that contained no reference to the number of men in the Church, chiefly in the Presbyterian branch of it, whose literary training was obtained at Dalhousie. In any such account H. F. Adams, now Professor in the Jesuit College at Montreal should be mentioned, so should Anderson Rogers, the introducer of that far famed song Katoozim to college circles, now the silver-tongued pastor of the Presbyterian congregation of the University town of Windsor; so should Ephraim Scott, lately translated to the Editorial chair of the Presbyterian Record by the unanimous vote of the Grand Assembly; so, too, should Hugh M. D. Scott Professor in the Western Theological Seminary at Chicago, one of the ablest

theologians in America. But what shall we more say? For time will fail us to tell of Jordan, Carr, Miller, and the other Dalhousie men who are doing God's work in the ministry of His church.

We have only written of prominent Dalhousians who are still with us; but ah! how should we have liked to lay a spring of alter the graves of a number of once prominent Dalhousians who have passed to the majority. How we should have liked to write of the brilliant and gifted Robert Shaw, who, throughout his life, felt the influence of a malignant star, and in the weary struggle early fell; of Prof. Bayne & McKenzie who, with Prof. McGregor "are linked together in Dalhousie minds like the precious pearls in a Uio," and whose untimely deaths are but additional examples of "science's self destroying premature departure, to be at rest just after the publication of a volume of essays removed from the world a fund of scholarly refined christian manhood; of R. R. J. Emerson, the poet and author, whom ill-health marked for her own and made it impossible that he should become well-known to the public, but o'er whose early grave the knowing Muses, whose child he was, must have wept. These men in their day were more or less prominent—they played no mean part in the battle of life but they have "gone before to unknown and silent shores," bequeathing to us hallowed and inspiring memories.

But we have forgotten G. G. Patterson, M. A., L. L. B., altho' he is by no means "down among the dead men." No man is more alive to the interests of his Alma Mater than this rising young New Glasgow student when reading his "History of Dalhousie College" will ask who he is and old Dalhousians will answer with another question: "What do you not know of Pat the celebrated hall-back, the leader of his Alma Mater in their rackets? Pat is a level of foot ball and does not think twice of running down to Halifax to see the Dalhousie boys play the Wanderers. There will not be one who knew him at college but will vote him a "prince of good fellows."

The Profits of Monte Carlo. The half yearly meeting of the shareholders of the gambling company of Monte Carlo was held recently. To be able to vote a shareholder must own at least 200 new shares of 500 francs original value, or \$20,000 worth of stock, and the management is therefore in few hands.

The actual working expenses in salaries to the immense staff of croupiers, police and detectives, to the theatrical troupe, the orchestra of the casino and the like, amount to considerably over \$1,000,000 a year. The balance is devoted to the expenses of the municipal government of the city, which is bound by its contract to pay.

HALIFAX COMMERCIAL COLLEGE

Which open September 1st, 1891, with one student, has now in attendance at the day and evening classes the following:

- NAMES. ADDRESS. W. E. McAlpine, Louisburg. W. C. Cannan, Spry. W. O. Farquharson, Halifax. M. A. Shaffner, Truro. L. M. A. Cox, do. Guy Hanson, do. George W. Mitchell, do. W. L. Nelson, Yarmouth. D. D. McEerrow, do. John Lilley, do. Aubrey Fuller, Truro. James Eaton, Halifax. Annie L. Burke, Ingohish. Bertie B. Best, Grafton. F. J. Driscoll, Elmisdale. Harold Falconer, Truro. Vincent O. Toole, Louisburg. Lulu Newcombe, Port Williams. Gilbert Smith, Nictaux Falls. Malcolm S. Parker, do. Melville Wier, Hubbard's Cove. Harry R. Cross, Halifax. Chas. B. Hills, do. George Howe, do. Phillip J. Howe, do. Thos. J. Anderson, do. Chas. Carrington, do. F. J. Driscoll, do. Mabel Whitton, do. George J. Huestis, do. Frank De Freytas, do. J. S. Waddell, do. John A. Taylor, do. A. W. Keith, do. George Burgess, do. Truman Parks, do. F. B. Caldwell, do. Henry M. Evans, do. Minnie E. Durant, do. A. McFarridge, do. Philip Edwards, do. W. J. O'Connell, do. L. A. Gastonguay, do. O. Donpierre, do. John Fry, do. Minnie Oakes, Truro. Edith M. Keyes, Milford. Miss C. A. James, Halifax. Minnie Doran, do. Ada Dunn, do. Minnie Hunter, do. Maud Inglis, do. Vicky Adams, do. G. M. Wood, do. Miss M. C. A. James, do. John Flavin, do. Alf. Dimond, do. C. H. Bayne, do. Miss M. J. McLeod, do. Reginald Wallace, do. Percy Simmonds, do. G. Hutchinson, do. Miss Kennedy, do. George Blackmore, do. Robert Stanford, do. S. D. McCormac, do. J. Morrissey, do. W. J. Clancy, do. Ada Sergeant, do. C. Bars, do. R. B. Simonds, do.

For the Holiday Season. Mince Meat, Apples, Extracts, Raisins, Currants, Pure Spices, Canned Fruits and Vegetables, Monsoon and Ram Lab Indian Tea, Christie's Biscuits, etc., from J. S. Armstrong & Bro., 32 Charlotte St., next Y. M. C. A.

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

FOR \$1.60. We will furnish one copy each of "Teacher," "Manual," and "Reference" all most dark copies, will be sent by express, with a complete course of instruction with correction of exercises. This offer presents a remarkable opportunity for the acquisition of a practical knowledge of the best system of shorthand extant. Write for further particulars if you require them. Was of representative of good quality. Good in every town and district. Address—SHORTHAND INSTITUTE, St. John, N. B. dec. 18.

TYPE-WRITER PAPERS. Specially prepared for the purpose, made, put up in neat boxes of 500 sheets. Printed or plain. Catalogue of latest music free. LAMBERT & CO., 52 King Street, St. John, N. B. Dec 21

POPULAR SONGS.—HE ain't in it; Maggie Murphy's House; Peter's Song; The New Year; Annie Rooney's Sister; The five mailed on receipt of 25 cents in stamps. New Fallers now have the knowing Muses, whose child he was, must have wept. These men in their day were more or less prominent

ONTARIO BUSINESS COLLEGE. Belleville Ont. Most widely attended business college in America. Students from N. B., N. S., and P. E. I. constantly in attendance. Send for our annual circular. Address, ROBINSON & JOHNSON, Belleville, Ont. dec 18/91

BARGAIN. A SPECIAL LINE of Tweeds—All wool, dark colors, will be made up for \$14.0 a suit.—A. GILMORE, Tailor, 72 Gormain Street.

EVERY ONE IN NEED OF INFORMATION on the subject of advertising will do well to obtain a copy of "Book for Advertisers," 308 pages, price one dollar. Mailed, postage paid, on receipt of price. Contains a careful compilation of the rates and other matters pertaining to the business of advertising.—Address: ROWELL & CO., Publishers, 10 Spruce Street, N. Y.

ADVERTISING. IF YOU WISH TO ADVERTISE in the VERDIE, apply to the office where, at anytime, write to GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., No. 10 Spruce Street, New York.

FOR SALE. HALLET, DAVIS & CO. 1000 Square Piano, 7 1/2 octave; four right to sell. Price, \$250.00.—C. FLOOD & SONS, 31 and 33 King Street.

BOARDING. A FEW PERMANENT or commodious with large and pleasant rooms, in a very central location, house, 78 Sidney Street, Mrs. McLEOD.

SMALL TOWNS LIKE BUCTOUCHE, Hopewell, Salisbury, Norton, Maryville, Chipman, Harvey, Vanceboro, Upper Woodstock, Presque Isle, and other places should each have a boy willing to make money. He can do it easily by selling Progress. Splendid profit and little work. Address for information, Circular Department Progress St. John N. B.

FRIENDS OF PROGRESS who keep bright honest boys who would not object to some money for themselves, or helping their parents, by two or three hours work every Saturday, in such towns and villages in the Maritime provinces where Progress is not for sale at present, can learn how to do it, if any boy could be found who would deliver it, and collect the money. There is energy in it for them, and money for the boys.

FIVE LINE IN THIS COLUMN cost 25 cents each for one insertion—\$1 for one month. If there is anything to sell that you want, you cannot do better than say so here.

EVERY WEEK THERE ARE BRIGHT boys in towns and villages where we have no agents. There are scores of small places where the people would be glad to take Progress, if any boy could be found who would deliver it, and collect the money. There is energy in it for them, and money for the boys.

ENERGETIC CANNASERS, men or women, who want to make money, for the right people to make money easily. For further particulars address O. K., Drawer 21, St. John, N. B. Oct. 1891

HARD COAL!

To arrive from New York, per schr, Lyra and Wendell Burpee: 350 Tons Best Quality Anthracite. In Broken Size and Chestnut Sizes. IN YARDS:—Reserve (the best Cape Breton Coal), Old Mine Sydney, Caledonia, and all sizes Hard Coal.

Morrison & Lawlor. Corner Union and Smyth Streets.

DOES IT PAY

To neglect a Cough or Cold? Think what it may lead to. Experience has proved to hundreds that HACKMORE is the best remedy for the cure of Coughs, Colds and Hoarseness. It is put up in 25 and 50c. bottles, and sold everywhere.

A. & J. HAY,

DEALERS IN—Diamonds, Fine Jewelry, American Watches, Fancy Clocks, Optical Goods, Etc., JEWELRY MADE TO ORDER and REPAIRED 76 KING STREET.

THE N. Y. SUN

Has Secured During 1892: W. D. Howells, H. Rider Haggard, George Meredith, Norman Lockyer, Andrew Lang, Conan Doyle, St. George Mivart, Mark Twain, Rudyard Kipling, J. Chandler Harris, R. Louis Stevenson, William Black, W. Clark Russell, Mary E. Wilkins, Frances Hodgson Burnett, and many other distinguished Writers.

THE SUNDAY SUN

is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world. Price 5c. a copy. By mail \$2 a year. Address THE SUN, New York.

CANNED Salmon. Lobsters. Oysters. Corn. Tomatoes. Peas. Beans. Peaches. 1400 Cases

In lots of 25 Cases, at manufacturers' prices.

JOSEPH FINLEY, 65, 67, and 69 Duct St.

Extensive Alterations

About to be made, make it necessary for us to reduce our stock about one half during January. We have marked our stock down to cost, and in some cases less than cost, in RED FIGURES.

Thus for the next 30 days

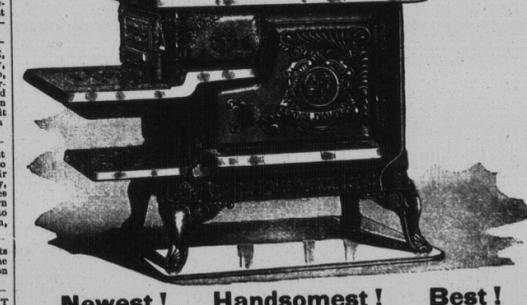
CLOTHING

will be sold at prices never so low before.

SCOVIL, FRASER & CO.

Oak Hall.—COR. KING AND GERMAIN STREETS.—Oak Hall.

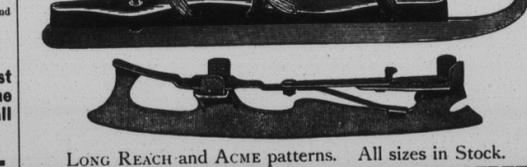
The Royal Diamond Wood-Cook



Newest! Handsomest! Best! Has all the latest improvements, and works like a charm. The sales of this Stove during 1891 has proven its wonderful popularity. If you require a new Stove and wish to burn wood, come and see it or write for circular.

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

SKATES! SKATES!



LONG REACH and ACME patterns. All sizes in Stock. T. McAVITY & SONS, 13 and 15 KING STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

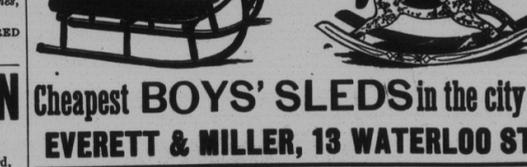
2 1/2 lb. Mince Meat. 5 lb. CANS.

TWO TONS LARD, In Cakes and Pails.

CHICAGO BEEF, Sausages and Bolognas.

John Hopkins, - 186 Union St. Telephone 133.

Cheapest BOYS' SLEDs in the city at EVERETT & MILLER, 13 WATERLOO ST.



This Table \$5.50.

Is quartered Oak and Walnut, finely finished, well made, and pretty. Will sell for \$5.50. Then we've other different styles of make, some very pretty styles in both Oak and Walnut, at \$4.75, \$5.00, \$5.25, \$5.50, \$6.00, \$6.50. Cheap Centre Tables from \$2.75 up. Rattan Chairs from \$3.00 to \$10.00.

C. E. REYNOLDS, 101 Charlotte St.



IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The principal feature of the last few days in musical world has been the Christmas music in the various churches. The grandest and most interesting was the celebration of the 800th anniversary of the opening of Trinity Church, held on Christmas afternoon. The choir, of whom nearly 500 were present, consisted of members of the choir of Trinity, the Mission Church, St. Paul's, St. James', St. John's, and St. Jude's, numbering in all nearly 100 voices; the service was conducted by Mr. E. Percy Street, organist, and mainly of members of the Trinity choir, and by the organ at which Mr. A. F. M. Custance, or grand of the Mission church, presided. The music was all well rendered, the best, and perhaps the middle part of the anthem which was somewhat weakly, and the solo which was somewhat weakly, lacked precision and smoothness. The fine organ has never been better to better advantage than on Christmas day, and the orchestra, which played better than in the "Athalia" march. The greatest credit is due to Mr. Street for the success of his hard work.

The Christmas services at the various churches were very bright and interesting. At St. Paul's, St. James' and St. John's, the Christmas music was very good. At St. Paul's, the Christmas music was very good. At St. James', the Christmas music was very good. At St. John's, the Christmas music was very good.

The December meeting of the Musical Club was held at the house of Mrs. J. M. Street, on Tuesday evening, and was a most successful one. The programme was an interesting and varied one, and the performance was of a high order. The vocal solo, "The Star in the East," by Mrs. J. M. Street, was particularly well rendered. The instrumental solo, "The Star in the East," by Mrs. J. M. Street, was particularly well rendered.

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society in the minds of many. Let them show their capabilities and give concerts on their own account and there is no doubt but that their efforts will be warmly appreciated. The St. John music, however, are somewhat to blame for the lack of first-rate concerts. The promoters can never be absolutely sure that their great effort in securing professional assistance will be repaid them. It has frequently happened that really magnificent concerts have been a financial failure. People want the best that can be got, and yet object to paying accordingly. We all hate the "cheap and nasty," and quite naturally we cry out for what is sterling merit. But we should always remember that for a good article we must pay a good price. There is also one more deterrent element in musical circles here, and that is the unkind and uncharitable criticism so frequently indulged in, both publicly and privately. Criticism is undoubtedly necessary and advisable; but it is a dangerous weapon and should be used with care and tact, for the purpose of praising the good and improving the bad; but not to gratify any sort of personal spite. So, then, let our musical friends make up their minds to combine and work amiably together—"Union is strength."

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Price Webber and his Boston Comedy company turned the tide of amusement seekers in the direction of the Institute this week, and big houses have been the rule. Christmas day the Institute wasn't large enough. Long before the curtain went up at the matinee the hall was crowded and late comers, unable to get past the door, went direct to Smith's drug store to secure seats for the evening performance. The result was that there was even a larger crowd to see the Little Detective. It was a great day for Webber, the receipts being over \$600. Saturday night, although it was stormy enough to make home the most desirable place, saw another large audience, when Ten Nights in a Barroom was put on. In this piece Edwina Grey was at her best, although she only appeared in two acts. She took the part of a Yankee girl from the "rural districts" and gave an artistic performance of the character. Mr. Bennett as "Joe Morgan" also did some good work especially in the scene where the drunkard's little daughter lies dying. Price Webber kept the audience in roars of laughter all evening, and when he rung in some local songs as only H. Price Webber can, the roof was in imminent danger of "going up."

FUN AT LANERGAN'S.

Incidents that furnished amusement at the Old Lyceum. In the cast of the play of Jessie Brown, which was published in Progress a few months ago, the character of "Achmet" was mentioned as being performed by an actor named Benk. In connection with this gentleman, a rather funny thing happened the night the piece was played at the Lyceum, which came near having a fatal termination. At that time the stage manager for Mr. Laneragan was Mr. J. H. Browne, and he had an impediment in his speech; but like the most of stuttering people, he could sing without the defect being noticed. In Jessie Brown the character of "Achmet" is drawn up from the stage, by a rope being tied around his neck, and at a given signal the body disappears from the sight of the audience. It is a very striking and powerful scene. In this case, the rope was not fastened correctly around the iron collar used to prevent the actor from suffocation, and the members of Mr. Laneragan's company himself included, were surprised to see Mr. Browne, his eyes starting out of his head, and his hair flying standing on end, rush over to him, exclaiming: "M-m-m-m-m-m-y-g-o-o-d!" His stuttering prevented him getting any further, until Mr. Laneragan said, kindly: "Sing it, Mr. Browne." Mr. Browne complied, and in a melodious voice he sang: "My goodness, boys, Bock is hung, No doubt about it, the rope has slipped!"

MUSIC IN ST. JOHN.

How often one hears the remark made, "What a pity it is that there is no more good music in St. John." And it certainly does seem to be a thousand pities that in a city of this size there should be so little really good music. To be sure there is music of sorts, and that in large doses, especially at this time of the year. But this very fact only serves to point out to the real cause of the absence of good music, and that is the want of combination among our local musicians. It is a perfectly evident fact that there is no lack of talent amongst us. Go where we will, to our churches, to our concert or other entertainments, we cannot but see in all of them clear evidences of individual excellence. In our churches we hear good singing, the result of careful practice; we hear organists play who are undoubtedly capable performers as real musicians. At our concerts we hear most creditable performances, both vocal and instrumental, while our various bands and orchestras contain many fine performers. Thus it is perfectly clear that we really have got amongst us the materials with which to produce a grand music festival, ought to be produced. How come it, then, that this desirable result is not brought about? Because there is too much narrow-minded prejudice and individual jealousy among our musicians, both amateur and professional. There is a tendency to a plea of privacy and personal motives in those who may be attempting to do a better thing. It is a higher standard in the musical community of our city. There are, to be sure, evidences of a wish to advance, which is shown by the excellent work done by the Oratorio Society, which without question is the best of its kind in the city. An other excellent institution is the Philharmonic club, in which young performers may take part and learn to play, and which is doing a noble work. The St. John with what it wants so sorely, namely, a complete and classical music festival. At present this society is decidedly incomplete, but it is a society of popular concerts, which shall embrace good standard music, such as may please the lovers of popular and classical music alike. They all succeed in their efforts, which, if judiciously managed, cannot but result in a happy result. Oratorio music, to which they have, so far, been almost entirely devoted, is grand and fine, but by no means satisfactory to all ears; and moreover, the fact that the Philharmonic Club always accompanies the Oratorio Society tends to make them subservient to that

A Source of Bank-Notes.

A source of what may be called accidental revenue, falling to those of the provincial banks that have the right to issue their own notes, arises from the occasional destruction or loss of the notes issued. One of the provincial banks had not only achieved a large windfall of this sort several years ago by a strange hallucination on the part of an eccentric customer. A shareholder who wished to benefit the bank in which he was interested deposited in the ordinary way several thousand pounds. The money lay in the banker's hands at interest for some time. On a particular day he withdrew the full amount in the notes of the bank. On reaching home he was seen by one of his household (who was apparently too much astonished to interfere) placing the bundle of bank-notes on the fire, expediting their destruction by putting the poker through them into the flame.

On being asked by interested relations what he meant by such a proceeding, he gave this curious reason in justification—that a bank made profits when its notes were destroyed. Now, he was a share holder of the bank whose notes he had most effectually destroyed, and of course, his dividends would be so much increased by the transaction. It was naturally not quite an easy matter to convince the bank officials of the truth of so improbable a story, and the affair was made more difficult from the fact that in the North the number of notes issued by the banks are not preserved, as is invariably the case in the issue of Bank of England notes. Before the necessary guarantees could be accepted, the bank in question had at great inconvenience and cost, to call in all its outstanding £100 notes.—English paper.

"Run Chaps, and No Mistake!"

An instance of a reporter's temerity and tact was afforded at a tolerably recent railway disaster at Penistone. It was essential that he should get particulars of the accident without delay. But on his way to the footboard, leapt upon the line, and began the perilous walk to the place where the accident had occurred. It was a daring bit of pedestrianism, but he did it without mishap, traversing a tunnel, in going through which he was nearly whirled off his feet by a train. Emerging from the tunnel, his progress was barred by a policeman, who told him he had no business on the line. "I'm a reporter, and I wish to get the scene of the accident," replied the newspaper man. "Well, you won't get this way," remarked the officer, severely. "But I've walked a long way down the line—I've just come through that tunnel," continued the reporter. "What I come through that tunnel! God bless my soul! It is a wonder you weren't cut to pieces! You can go on," said the amazed officer; and then muttered, "Them reporters is run chaps, and no mistake!"—Newspaper Reporting, by John Penfold.

Moncton's New Hotel.

The new Royal hotel at Moncton, N.B., will be opened early in January. It is a handsome three story building heated by hot air, lighted by electricity, with hot and cold water throughout. The hotel which will accommodate 150 guests is being furnished in elegant style, and no effort will be spared to make the Royal take rank amongst the best hotels of the lower provinces.

Attractive Announcement.

Mr. Chas. K. Cameron has an attractive illustration for PROGRESS readers every week, and especially those interested in millinery. This week he draws attention to his crepe millinery, and he tells PROGRESS that his stock in this line is always complete, and that he is always well prepared for emergency orders.

A Mail Order from Afar.

As an evidence of how an advertisement will strike persons and how far they will send for what they want, Mr. E. G. Armstrong has a letter from Big House, Pennsylvania, with the advertisement from PROGRESS attached and cash enclosed for a printing order.

A Good Institution.

The Halifax Ladies' College is well known throughout the Maritime Provinces. Many young ladies have graduated from it, and can speak of it in high terms. Parents of all denominations do not hesitate to send their daughters there, confident in the excellence of the instruction and training.

There have appeared from time to time in PROGRESS, during the past year, accounts of remarkable cures in various parts of the dominion. In each case the circumstances connected therewith had been investigated by well-known newspapers, and there could be no doubt as to the entire reliability of the accounts given. Perhaps the case that attracted most attention was that of Mr. John Marshall, of Hamilton. This was not, perhaps, because his case was any more remarkable than some others, but because it was attended by some other peculiar circumstances that served to emphasize it in the minds of the public, as for instance the fact that he had been pronounced absolutely incurable by half a score of clever physicians, and was actually paid the \$1,000 disability claim allowed by the Royal Templars of Temperance. Elsewhere in the issue we give the particulars of a cure in Cape Breton, which is quite as remarkable as that of Mr. Marshall. The particulars of the case are taken from the Halifax Herald, but they are also vouched for by Mr. Richardson, the editor and proprietor of the Island Reporter, Sidney, C. B., who says that not in a single particular is the story overdrawn. We fancy we hear some reader say, "Oh, pshaw! this doesn't interest me." But it does. The story is told elsewhere in worth reading, and we will guarantee before you are through with it you will be thoroughly interested.—Advt.

HILLABORO.

Dec. 23.—A very pleasant wedding was celebrated last Saturday evening at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. E. L. Blake, at Hillboro, when his eldest daughter, Miss Ina Blake, was united in marriage to Mr. O. K. Blakney, of Hillboro. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Barrie pastor of the Methodist church, assisted by Rev. Mr. Cornwall, pastor of the Valley Baptist church. About 7-30 the bride followed by her bridesmaid, Miss Maggie Steves, entered the room leaning on the arm of her father, robed in a handsome tan colored cashmere and satin trimmed with old gold passementerie, and looked exceedingly pretty. The bridesmaid wore a very pretty costume of cream sun's veiling and silk lace.

After Mr. and Mrs. Blakney had received the congratulations of the friends present who numbered about 30, the party repaired to the dining room where a most delicious supper was served. The groom was supported by Mr. James Price. This pleasant wedding broke up about midnight.

The bride was the recipient of a number of pretty presents. Among them were: A handsome bedroom suit from the bride's party; Fancy rocker, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Blake. Glass toilet set, Mr. Elias Duffy. Glass tea set, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Blakney. Glass water set, Mr. Robert Locke. Silver hot water cooler and cake plate, Mr. William Laurence. Glass preserve dish and two china cake plates, Mr. Moss Steves. Glass water pitcher, Mr. Moss Steves. Fancy brass lamp, Mr. Howard McKinnon. Pair lamp, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Blakney. Glass pitcher, Miss Flora Smith. Fancy soap dish, Miss Maggie McKinnon. Hair dish, Miss Lizzie Tarris. Four dozen silver spoons, Miss Philena Blake. Gold dessert spoon, Miss Minnie Blake. Bone fruit dish and plate, Mrs. William Steves. Tricornered cup and saucer, Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Thompson. Card basket, Mr. Clarence Spencer. Two ivory cups and saucers and plates, Mr. and Mrs. Forsyth. Preserve dish, Miss Eliza Nicholson. Table set, Mr. and Mrs. O'Neil. Glass tea set, Mr. and Mrs. W. Price. Glass porridge set, Rev. Mr. Cornwall. Set patent hatpins, Mr. Chas. E. Mullins. Glass cheese dish, Mr. John W. Deane. Glass berry set, Mr. Benj. Burke. Fancy soap dish, Miss Maggie McKinnon. Pickle dish, Master Troop and little Miss Lizzie McKay.

Dec. 30.—Quite a few visitors have been exchanging their comments at the prospect of having Mr. C. W. Welton, from the city, Mr. W. Duffly and wife, of Moncton, Mr. Job McFarlane, contractor for the new bridge at Sackville, of Dover, Dr. O. Calkin, of Sackville. The Almshouse Helen and Josie Gross, of Wolfart, are leaving Miss Mary O'Connell and friends. Miss Annie King is visiting her mother, and officiating in telegraphing her mother, and King, during her absence visiting friends at Amherst. Mr. Willard Crossman has gone to Boston for a few weeks vacation. One of our enterprising young merchants contemplates a brief trip to Antwerp. The W. C. T. U. are preparing for more than an annual concert, and will secure the superior vocal talents of Messrs. Whitfield and Walter John, of Dawsonville. It is said to anticipate a whole lot of performers. Miss Lucretia Steves left home this morning for Boston. Dr. Murray, of Albert, was in the village today. Mr. Geo. E. Day, of Sheffield, is visiting Hillboro, the guest of Mrs. E. M. L. Randall. STELLA.

HAVELOCK.

Dec. 30.—Quite a number of our teachers and students in different sections of the province have returned to spend their vacation: C. H. Percy, A. Ryden and Silas W. Thorne, of the N. B. seminary, have for a time left their books to enjoy freedom from study. Mr. Walter S. Keith and Miss Beesie Thorne, of the Normal school, are spending their vacation with their parents. Miss Odessa Price is spending her vacation at home. Miss Minnie Price, who has been absent for the past few months, arrived home Saturday night. A concert will be given at Havelock on the new hall, under the management of the I. O. G. T. consisting of dialogues, recitations and music, &c. These charge given the hall, and appropriate notices of Christmas greetings adorned the walls. Congratulations are in order at H. A. Keith's, the stranger is a boy. Also at Mr. I. A. Torne's, a little girl. Mr. Warren McLeod, of Acadia college, arrived last night. Mr. Herbert Sharpe, of the northern division, is in town. Mr. and Mrs. J. Guion spent Christmas in Sackville. Mr. Howard Keith is spending his holidays with his sister at Ivy Cottage. Rev. B. N. Hughes and Mr. Silas W. Thorne occupied the baptist pulpit last Sabbath morning and evening. Rev. Mr. Thompson, the Methodist. Mr. B. F. Forbes and Miss Blanche, the guests of Mrs. E. A. Keith. Mr. M. M. McLeod and daughter are visiting friends here. Miss Ethel Keith is visiting friends in Moncton.

A PRIZE MOTHER-IN-LAW.

The young lady remarked—"That gentleman's mother is my mother's mother-in-law." What relation was the young lady to the gentleman? The QUEEN will give a Mason & Hirsch fine toned up watch, the first prize, and the above problem correctly. An elegant gold watch for the second correct answer; a China dinner set for the third correct answer, and many other valuable prizes, all of which will be announced in the January issue of THE QUEEN. Valuable special prizes will be given for the first correct answers for each of the following problems. The prizes are to attract attention to our popular family magazine each person answering must enclose four stamps for sample number containing full particulars. THE QUEEN is the most successful publication in Canada. By sending today you may secure a handsome prize at address, THE CANADIAN QUEEN, Toronto, Canada.—Advt. Jan. 22.

A Quarter of a Million Dollars.

A paper in Canada whose annual subscription is only one dollar has a quarter of a million dollars invested to produce it. That paper is The Family Herald and Weekly Star, Montreal, which is a great newspaper success, and which is comfortably settled in magnificent new buildings, with new presses and equipments costing two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and paid for, and free from all incumbrances. The Family Herald is in a strong financial position.

EVERY SKIN SCALP DISEASE CURED BY CUTICURA.

EVERY SKIN SCALP DISEASE, whether torturing, disfiguring, humbling, itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, pimply, or blotchy, with loss of hair, from pimples to the most distressing eczema, and every humor of the blood, whether simple, scrofula, hereditary, is speedily, permanently, and economically cured by the CUTICURA. CUTICURA SOAP, the greatest Skin Cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA KIDNEY-CURE, the new Blood and Skin Purifier and greatest of Humour Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. This is strong language, but the thousands of grateful testimonials from fancy to age attest their wonderful, unfailing and incomparable efficacy. Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 75c.; SOAP, 50c.; KIDNEY-CURE, \$1.50. Prepared by the PORTMAN DYEING AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, BOSTON, MASS. Send for "How to Cure Skin and Blood Diseases."

Do Not Miss It!

Admission—Orchestra Chairs and Balcony 50 cents; Gallery, 25 cents. Tickets for sale at the Opera House Music Store, Union Street.

ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS.

HAROLD GILBERT

Reminds you that if you have decided to Buy a Piece of Furniture, a Handsome Rug, A PAIR OF PORTIERES, or a CARPET SWEEPER,

New Year's Present

(And these articles make a suitable present for almost anyone). He is now showing a complete and beautiful assortment of these goods, and the consideration of Prices will not stand in the way of pleasing you.

HAROLD GILBERT, 54 King St.

Rubber Boots. A Happy New Year Rubber Boots. Friends & Customers. Rubber Boots. TO ALL OUR

A SPECIAL SALE OF RUBBER BOOTS AT PRESENT, at Prices which are very Low. OVERSHOES and RUBBERS of all kinds. LADIES' CLOTH SURFACE CAPE CLOAKS, \$2.00. GENTS' TWEED CAPE COATS, SEWED SEAMS, \$9.50

FRANK S. ALLWOOD, 179 UNION STREET.

We make a specialty of Repairing Rubber Goods. Headquarters for Rubber Goods.

FOR NEW YEAR'S 1892, W. ALEX. PORTER'S.

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

COR. UNION AND WATERLOO STREETS, and COR. MILL AND UNION STREETS.

Going Like Hot Cakes! For \$2.00 Complete Works (12 vols) and St. Andrews BEACON for One Year. Everybody who has got Works delighted with them. GOLD WATCH will be given to person sending in LARGEST NUMBER NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS—(one dollar each), to BEACON, up to Jan. 12, 1892. R. E. ARMSTRONG, Publisher. St. Andrews, N. B.



Victoria Skating Rink.

Have You Bought Your TICKET? Tickets at the following rates may be had at Alfred Morris' Book Store, King street; Chas. K. Short's Drug Store, 51 and 52 Garden street; Robt. B. Travis' Drug Store, Orange corner, Main street; G. G. Davis' Grocery, 13 Main street; W. C. Rudman Allan's Drug Store, King street, Carlton, and at the Secretary's office, 16 Ritchie's Building, Princess street.

GENTLEMEN'S TICKETS, \$3.00 LADIES, " 2.00 CHILDREN'S, " 2.00 A Band will be in attendance on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, and Saturday afternoon. STREET RAILWAY TICKETS will be furnished holders of season tickets for the Victoria Rink at reduced rates. A. W. ADAMS, ROBERT R. RITCHIE, Dec 19 41 PRESIDENT. 86c/y.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE!

ST. JOHN. Boston Comedy Company H. PRICE WEBBER, MANAGER. Will open for a few performances, on FRIDAY, (Christmas) Dec. 25th, 1891, The Favorite Actress, EDWINA GREY, Supported by the above popular company. PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES: Admission 25c., Reserved Seats, Matinee 25c. to all parts of the Hall. Doors open at 7:15; Overture at 8 o'clock, evening. Matinee, doors open at 2 o'clock, commencing at 2:30. Change of Programme every Performance.

OPERA HOUSE, TRINITY CHURCH.

THE THIRD LECTURE UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE YOUNG MEN'S ASSOCIATION, Will be delivered in the SCHOOL HOUSE, THURSDAY, Jan'y 14th, 1892, BY REV. H. W. LITTLE. Subject: The Battle of Life; Fighting to Win. Admission 10 cts. Tickets for sale at the door, or at the stores of J. & A. McMillan, C. F. Clarke, and Geo. H. McKay.

JAMES McDADE, 51 and 53 Mill Street,

has now on hand a large assortment of STOVES AND RANGES, INCLUDING THE Palace Range, Hall Stoves and Franklins; And is prepared to put in Hot Air Furnaces where required. All sorts of House and Kitchen Towels, and Mill and Ship Supplies, in that line, on hand. Estimates from Work in town or country attended to promptly and at reasonable rates. Jan 6

"Face Paints" FOR PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

Vaseline Face Paints, Odorless & Harmless. R. W. McCARTY, Druggist, 188 Union Street.

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

Progress is a station paper, published every Saturday, from the Atlantic Building, 88 Germain street, St. John, N. B.

The subscription price of Progress is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

Removal of Subscriptions.—At least one clear week is required by us, after receiving your subscription, to change the date of expiration, which appears opposite your name on the paper.

Discontinuance.—Except in very few localities which are easily reached, Progress will be stopped at the time paid for. Discontinuance can only be made by paying arrears at the rate of five cents per copy.

Letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply.

Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

Liberal Communications will be given to agents for subscriptions. Good men, with references, can secure territory by writing to the publisher.

Remittances should always be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter.

EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher and Proprietor.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

CIRCULATION, - - 11,150

HALIFAX BRANCH OFFICE; KNOWLES BUILDING, GEORGE STREETS.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JAN. 2.

ONE DIFFERENCE IN PEOPLE.

A good name is said, on pretty high authority, to be better than great riches, to which may be added that it is often as hard to get and as hard to keep.

The stories of the great feasts of antiquity are associated in the minds of many with knives, clean napery, etc.

Another curious thing may be mentioned. At a Long Island experimental station some seeds were planted in the cleanest sea sand available.

Take almost any fact in physics and follow it out in all its details. You will find before you get far that our boasted science compared to the realm of the unknown, is not much more complete than the ideas that a child playing at the edge of the surf can form of the ocean.

A story is told of an old lady who said she was disgusted to hear two men discuss why the stars were bright, when everyone knew the reason was: "because they are."

A LESSON IN GEOGRAPHY.

Russia is bounded on the north by the Arctic Ocean, on the east by the Pacific Ocean, on the south by China, England (by virtue of India), Afghanistan and Persia, on the west by Turkey, Roumania, Austria, Germany and Scandinavia.

It is not pleasant to read paragraphs "running down" the city or the country even if most of the statements in them are correct, but it is absurd to exaggerate in the opposite direction and describe a prosperity which does not exist.

On the future page of this paper is a good portrait of Her Royal Highness, the Princess of Wales.

from the poles towards the equator; hence the geographical fact that our earth is somewhat flattened at the poles.

In all attempts to forecast the future relations of Russia to the other European nations, it must be kept in mind that the Czar is the ruler of a barbarian people.

Only one solution of the problem, which Russian aggressiveness presents, is possible. The nations must unite, overthrow the Czar's military power, and deprive him of much of his recently acquired territory.

From the earliest period in the history of mankind down to the beginning of the 16th century mankind ate with the fingers, and the great majority of them do so yet.

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To Correspondents.

A STUDENT, Fredericton.—It would be better for you to send such a letter to the Record, devoted to the interests of teachers. We get many letters that we do not publish, and yours is one of them.

While the Hampton matter is sub judice it would perhaps be unfair for Progress to comment as it would like to, but the evidence given bears out the statements made in this paper.

The athletic club proposes to surprise the people on the evenings of January 7 and 8, by appearing as minstrels in the Opera house. There will be fun, and plenty of it.

PROGRESSIVE HUMOR.

And They Were All Open Too. Murphy—Did you see "Ten nights in a barroom" last Saturday night?

McIntyre—No, but I saw ten barrooms on the same evening.

The Outsider. Lady (at the door, to hard looking character)—Are those men over at the corner figures of yours?

"What did you do to them?" "I was caught with a back saw in me hand, mum, and they said that was evidence enough of a desire to work to convict me."

Came Near Being a Watch Meeting. St. John man (Wednesday morning)—I feel dull; didn't get much sleep last night.

Everything Lovely. First Twin (six years old)—Say, Jimmie, popper's not got 'er be home tonight, and we'll have a jolly light when we go to bed.

Tiny wasa Well Fed Dog. "What made your friend blubber when I said I was afraid to let Tin out of doop since the cold weather set in?"

The Last Resort. St. John Youngster—Say, Jim, mommer won't give us no cake unless we go to give Sis the whole loaf.

And to Keep them Clear of "Rocks." Coastman (to city visitor)—And what might your son be doing now, Mrs. Town?

Looking Forward. Father—Johnny, why do you object to having your mother cut your hair? My mother always cut my hair when I was a boy.

An Experienced Domestic. Mrs. Fisher—Bridget, did you let the lamps to-day?

At Ottawa. New M. P.—Who's that man over there? Old Stayer—That's one of the members for St. John.

FEN, PRESS AND ADVERTISING. The Folio, Boston's musical monthly, begins the new year by making a decided improvement in its appearance.

The January number of Canada comes to hand in enlarged form, and gives further evidence of its popularity as a magazine.

An Interesting Business Announcement. In another column of PROGRESS will be found an interesting business announcement by one of the most enterprising and prosperous business houses in the city, W. C. Pitfield & Co.

THE Bible contains 3,666,480 letters 810,697 words, 31,175 verses, 1,189 chapters, and 66 books.

That success may wait upon and follow them, and all others who show the same energy and the same faith in the best New Year's wish PROGRESS can extend to them.

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POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

The Joys of Youth. I remember, I remember My boyhood's happy days, My home beneath the willow, My father's tender gaze.

I remember, I remember My elder brother dear, My handsome, blue-eyed brother— His voice of joyous cheer.

I remember, I remember The room where I was born— The last to lose the twilight, The first to greet the morn.

I remember, I remember The dear old mossy well, With its weather-beaten bucket And its cracked rose and fell.

I remember, I remember Upon that sacred cradle still I bawled—and bawled—and bawled.

A Joyful Welcome. Hark! hark! ye clangor of cannon and bell— The shouts of the people that mingle and swell Till a volume of music in majesty swells O'er the face of all nature and ruffles the deeps!

Have you a telegraph office in St. John? If so, can you get waited on in less time than fifteen minutes, standing in a dark, cold hall as we have in CAMPBELLTON.

Another Room Now. TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: In a former issue of your paper you have a photograph of a room in King's College, Windsor, and under the photograph are the words "The Haliburton Club Room."

THE ROOM in question was used as the club room when the engraving was made.

A Hint to Correspondents. During the last few months PROGRESS has found its way, and made the acquaintance of hundreds of new readers in places throughout the provinces where hitherto it was only seen by a few subscribers.

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MONOTON.

Progress is for sale in Monoton at the book store of W. W. Black and W. H. Murray, Main street.

Dec. 30.—There was such a number of people out of town on Christmas day that it seemed more than ever like a very quiet Sunday, and those who remained in town ate, drank and were merry in the decorously mournful manner which seems appropriate to the season.

There were services in St. Bernard's, St. George's, St. Paul's and the Central Methodist churches on Christmas with special music.

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BRIDGETOWN.

Dec. 30.—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Harvey, of Pitt Road, is visiting Mrs. H. C. mother, Mrs. C. Fitz Randolph.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Fitz Randolph went to Fort William last week to visit their daughter Mrs. Newcombe.

After holding divine service in St. James church Christmas morning, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham went to spend the day with Mr. Howe, rector of Annapolis.

Miss Pryor, who had been on a somewhat extended visit to her sister, Mrs. Duff, of Halifax, has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Jones are in town, the guests of Mrs. James Feltner.

Mr. H. S. Walker left for Halifax last week to spend Christmas with his parents.

Mr. Charles Strong, one of our popular young townsmen, has gone to spend a few days, in his former home Dartmouth.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Jones, of Weymouth, are in town, the guests of Mrs. James Feltner.

Mr. A. W. Foster, who for some time past has been studying law in Annapolis, will spend the holiday season in town.

Mr. W. G. Harris is in town.

Master Willie Beckwith, who for the past term has been at the Sackville college, is home for the holidays.

Prof. H. W. Smith, assisted by Messrs. Freeman, King and Ancient, of the school of agriculture, Truro, addressed a large audience in the court house on Friday and Saturday last.

Mr. H. C. Harris is in town.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Nichols' dinner party on Christmas day ended among the guests Mr. and Mrs. Elwell Lowell and Miss Fannie Lowell.

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WASH IDE

Wash every thoroughly anything it thing as well WELL.

Takes Little Labor

ASK Your Gro you did a You'll get attitude; you

1892-New

Children's Toys, Granite Copper Kettles, Fancy N Keystone Whips, Crumb P Tinware of every description at our usual low prices.

SHERATON 38 KING STREET, P. S.—We will allow a discount of 10 PER CENT.

A USEFUL HOLIDAY PRESENT FOR YOUR PASTOR.

We also sell the "MERRIT" typewriter, the Best \$15.00

ARTHUR P. TIPP

POPULAR

THE FOLLOWING GOODS AT 8 Ladies' and Gent's Pocket Books, Work Boxes, Glove and Handkerchiefs, Books, Toilet Sets, Booklets, Photographs of all kinds. LOW

DOUGLAS Bookseller, - -

INDIGESTION CURED! FELLOWS' DYSPEPSIA BITTERS

Fellows' Dyspepsia Bitters are highly recommended for Billiousness, Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Dizziness, Heartburn, Bad Breath, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, Sour Stomach, Liver Complaint, or any disease arising from bad digestion.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

WASH WITH IDEAL SOAP.

Wash everything. It cleans easily and thoroughly. Makes a complete job of anything it touches. It washes one thing as well as another, and does it WELL.

Takes Little Labor and Time.

ASK Your Grocer for it. If he offers you a substitute, tell him you did not come to him for advice but for Ideal Soap. You'll get it if you ask for it that way. There's no substitute; you'll say so after using it.

1892-New Year's-1892



Children's Toys, Granite and Agate T Popt, Brass and Copper Kettles, Fancy Night Lamps, Tile T Pot Stands, Keystone Whips, Crumb Pans and Brushes, Fancy Whisks, Tinware of every description. All of which we are offering at our usual low prices.

SHERATON & SELFRIDGE,

38 KING STREET, Opp. Royal Hotel.

P. S.—We will allow a discount of 10 per cent. on Heating Stoves for balance of season.

A USEFUL HOLIDAY PRESENT FOR YOUR PASTOR.

81 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.



REV. J. A. McLEAN says—
"I like my Caligraph better every day."
REV. C. G. McCULLY—
"I would purchase a machine every year if needful, rather than be without it."
REV. O. S. NEWNHAM—
"It is much easier to compose than when writing with a pen. I should be really sorry to have to do without it."

ARTHUR P. TIPPET & CO., General Agents.

Popular Prices

THE FOLLOWING GOODS AT SPECIAL REDUCTION, TO CLEAR: Ladies' and Gent's Pocket Books, Card Cases, Odor Cases, Manicure Sets, Work Boxes, Glove and Handkerchief Boxes, Writing Desks, Bibles, Prayer Books, Toilet Sets, Booklets, Photograph Albums, and Miscellaneous Books of all kinds. LOWEST PRICES IN ST. JOHN.

DOUGLAS McARTHUR, Bookseller, - - - 80 King street.

PROGRESS ENGRAVING BUREAU
PORTRAIT, BUILDINGS, ADVERTISEMENTS, Masonic Building, AND CATALOGUE WORKS, German's, St. John, N.B.
DRAWN, DESIGNED & ENGRAVED.
SAMPLES & PRICES FURNISHED CHEERFULLY.

INDIGESTION CURED!
FELLOWS' DYSPEPSIA BITTERS



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PRICE 25 CENTS.

Lame Horses.



FELLOWS' LEEMING'S ESSENCE
—CURES—
Spavins, Ringbones, Curbs, Splints, Sprains, Swellings, Bruises, Siles and Stiff Joints in Horses.

Numerous testimonials certify to the wonderful efficacy of this great remedy; and every day brings fresh testimony from horsemen in all parts of the country, proving that FELLOWS' LEEMING'S ESSENCE is without a rival in all cases of Lameness in Horses for which it is prescribed.

PRICE 50 CENTS.



St. John—South End.
Last week a juvenile party was given by Mrs. Arthur P. Tippet for the friends of her little ones and which the young people present enjoyed to the utmost.
Mr. and Mrs. Carr Allen, Miss Nellie Wetmore, Mr. J. Wetmore, and Miss Jeanie Winslow came down from Fredericton this week to attend the ball on Monday last.
Mr. Fred McMillan arrived from Aspen, Colorado, last week to spend Christmas and New Year's with his relatives in the city. Mr. McMillan has been absent from St. John for some years and his friends in St. John gave him a warm welcome.
The Misses Kidd, resident teachers of the Windsor church school, are spending their Christmas holidays in St. John.
Mr. Fred Damsel and Mr. Ernest Turnbull left for a trip to the West Indies on Tuesday last.
Mr. J. McDonald, of the Bank of Montreal, who has been so ill with typhoid fever, was sufficiently recovered to leave his home on Wednesday last, where he will remain for some weeks to recruit.
Great interest was taken in the events of this week was the ball given by Mrs. Holden and Mrs. Harrison at the assembly rooms on Monday last, and which came off with enormous success. Everything that taste and outlay could accomplish was done to ensure the enjoyment of the guests, and made it in every way one of the brightest entertainments given in St. John for some time. Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. Holden received the guests, assisted by Miss Lottie Harrison and Miss Louise Holden in one of the smaller rooms, which was prettily furnished and most tastefully decorated with garlands, etc., and afterwards served as a sitting out room between dances. There was a large number of married people as well as young people present. It is not easy to note costumes in so large a throng, so I will not attempt to do so. Suffice it to say everyone took particular pains in their costumes and there were many most elegant gowns worn.
Rev. Dr. Ambrose, rector of Digby, N. S., spent this week in the city, the guest of his son, Mr. Willis Ambrose, Queen street.
Miss Florence Shafford, who has been visiting her brother, Mr. J. D. Shafford, returned to her home, Halifax, on Wednesday last.
Miss Annie and Master Charles Lawton entertained a few of their young friends on Thursday evening at their father's residence, King street.
Trinity church has had a very handsome addition to its furnishings, in the shape of brass tablets, in honor of the past and present rectors. These tablets are placed at intervals in the screen work at the west end of the church, four on either side of the door, below the coat of arms, and are in the form of shields of various designs. The lettering is black with red capitals and figures, and is set in a border of artistic borders, each shield bearing the name of one rector, with a suitable inscription. There is also a very beautiful brass tablet with antique bordering and lettering, which is to hang on the right plaster, in honor of the loyalists.
Mr. Arthur Boyd, of the Bank of Montreal, Moncton, spent Christmas with his relatives.
The Rev. Mr. McDonald was presented last week with a sum of money by his congregation.
Mr. F. A. Jones, of his employes, a pair of gold eye glasses, with gold chain and fastener set with pearls.
Mrs. A. H. Beddome, of Moncton, and her daughters are here, the guests of Mrs. Ring. Mr. Beddome spent Christmas in town with his family.
The friends of Mr. James McNeill are glad to hear that he is recovering from his late serious illness.
John L. Thomas, who now resides in New York, is here visiting his relatives.
Miss Julia A. Gordon, organist of the church of the Messiah, has been presented by some ladies of the congregation with a handsome and valuable dressing case, as a mark of their esteem.
Mr. Fred Starr, son of Mr. F. Starr, is making a visit to St. John.
Mrs. E. W. Henshaw left on Monday for Bermuda, where I regret to hear she will be obliged to remain until the spring. Mr. Henshaw accompanied his wife as far as Halifax, where she took passage in the steamer *Tyngsboro*.
Rev. L. G. and Mrs. McKelvey returned at Christmas a large number of valuable presents, both useful and ornamental, from the members of their church, also two hundred dollars from the ladies of the congregation presented Mrs. McKelvey with a beautiful quilt of red down.
Dr. E. H. Levesque, M. D., spent Monday in St. John, en route to Ottawa.
I hear that Miss Kitty Warner intends leaving shortly for Ohio, where she will make a visit to her relatives.
Rev. B. Cooley, of St. Paul's church, has left the city, and is now living at the Carville house, Waterloo street.
Prof. Horsman, bandmaster of the Artillery, was presented on Christmas eve, by his associates, with a 120 gold piece and an address.
Hon. A. G. Blair was in town on Monday.
The conductor spent part of this week in St. John, having come down from Fredericton to be present at the centennial anniversary services in Trinity church. He also preached at St. Paul's church, on Sunday evening.
Miss B. Hart has gone to Chicago to be present at her cousin's wedding, and expects to start on four or five weeks.
Messrs. James Melbolland and Hugh Moran, of the Red Granite Works, were each presented by their workmen with a handsome umbrella, and gold headed, black ebony cane.
The Ecclectic Reading Club which met this week, at the residence of Mrs. John C. Allison, Coburg street, selected for that occasion Italian subjects, relating to the "Life and Times Lorenzo the Magnificent."
I hear that Mr. Drake, proprietor of the Carville House, served his guests with a most recherche dinner on Christmas day. Many toasts were given, and all appreciated his efforts to render their Christmas as homelike as possible.
Mr. Harry Scoville, son of Mr. E. G. Scoville, left last Saturday for Nebraska, where he has obtained a lucrative position.
Mrs. H. A. Nicholson was here last week, on her way from New York to Halifax, where she will spend the winter with her mother.
Dr. Inch, superintendent of education, is in town.
Mr. M. Fowler, of the Hotel Stanley, was presented by his guests last week with a beautiful large mirror.
Dr. J. F. Higgins, of Acadia College, is visiting the city.
Mr. F. Rogers, principal of the Fredericton model school, is also here.
Mr. H. H. McLean left Monday afternoon for a trip to Quebec.
Mrs. Dickie, of the Queen hotel, was presented by the married ladies who live there with a large brass ornamental easel and two easy chairs, as a souvenir of the holiday season.
Mr. G. Sidney Smith has given to St. Paul's (Valley) church two very neat oak frames, which are placed on the wall at each side of the chancel to display the different numbers of the hymns. The evergreen decorations in this church are very pretty this year, and reflect much credit on the assistant clergyman, Rev. Mr. Cooley, for his taste and skill in designing them.
I hear that Miss Fales has been appointed matron of the Davenport school for boys.
Mr. F. S. McNutt has gone on a business trip to the principal cities in Ontario.
Rev. W. J. Stewart and his wife were presented by their congregation during Christmas week with handsome chairs.
The friends of Judge Tuck are congratulating him upon a telegram which he received on Christmas day, telling him of the birth of his first grand-child.
Mr. Samuel Blaine received a handsome meerschaum pipe from the other clerics in the establishment of Messrs. J. & A. McMillan's.
The Sunday school children of St. James', St. Luke's, or John's (Stone), and Elmwood street churches, have all been treated to a Christmas tree and feast in their respective Sunday school rooms this week.
The friends of Miss Margaret Ewing Peters, daughter of D. Ting Peters, formerly of Glenora, St. John, will be interested to hear of her marriage at Newton, Mass., to Francis Fletcher, of Gravesend, England.
Mr. C. W. Weldon, Q. C., is at Fredericton this week.
The Misses McVey are spending the holiday season with friends in Boston.
Among the strangers in town this week are Hon. L. J. Tweedie, H. A. Powell, M. P., and James Bourke, M. P., of Halifax.
Rev. Geo. Bruce went to Fredericton this week to be present at the induction of Rev. Willard McDonald as pastor of St. Paul's presbyterian church.
Mr. Harry Thompson, who has been on a visit here, on Thursday night for his home in Mississauga, Ontario.
The sudden death of Mr. Charles Romann at Hillside Cottage, was a great shock to his wife and relatives, although he has been in ill health for

MACAULAY BROS. & CO. 61 AND 63 KING STREET.

You can find the Greatest Assortment

MEN'S Furnishing Goods HOLIDAY PRESENTS

TO SELECT FROM FOR MEN AND BOYS, AT MACAULAY BROS. & CO. Useful Holiday Presents!

Our Celebrated London Mackintoshes in all wool surface, perfectly odorless. All Wool surface. Ladies' Cloth Waterproof Cloaks in handsome new patterns and styles.



See our Misses' Waterproofs—Special Low Prices. Our stock of Overshoes for Ladies and Gentlemen is larger, and better value than ever before. Best American Cork Soles, all sizes, only 10 cents a pair.

AMERICAN RUBBER STORE, 65 Charlotte Street. HEADQUARTERS RUBBER GOODS.

Peri, Vesta, NEW SILVER MOON, TROPIC, ORIENT FRANKLINS
—AND—
Other First-Class Heating Stoves, at
Kitchen Furnishing DEPOT,
90 CHARLOTTE ST.,
COLES, PARSONS & SHARP.

The MOST PERFECT PIANO MADE
Römisch PIANO
PLAYED AND ENDORSED BY THE WORLD'S MOST EMINENT MUSICIANS AND PRONOUNCED BY THEM "THE MOST PERFECT PIANO MADE"
C. Flood & Sons,
St. John, N. B.
AGENTS FOR THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

Don't Pass The Little Shoe Store at the head of King Street, if you are looking for anything to make the feet comfortable. Come right in, it will save you a walk, and you will find what you want right here, at the LOWEST PRICE.

Ladies' Overshoes make a nice Present. GENTLEMEN'S SLIPPERS. (We have all the latest Styles.) Just look in the window and see a few of the Styles we have.
Storm Rubbers, Marvel Rubbers.
G. B. HALLET, 180 KING STREET.

RECEPTIONS, DANCES, ETC.

White, Cream, Pale Blue, Pink, Nile Green, Heliotrope and Black
42 inch Russia Dress Net, Good Quality
This is a decided novelty and specially nice for evening wear.

Black Lace Flouncings and Allovers, wide Laces
SAMPLES TO ANY ADDRESS ON APPLICATION.

Daniel & Robertson, London House Retail,
CORNER CHARLOTTE AND UNION STREETS, ST. JOHN, N. B.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

FOR ANNUAL SOCIETY NEWS SEE PAGES AND SEVENTH PAGE.

HALIFAX NOTES.

PROGRAMS for sale in Halifax at the following places:

- Excelsior Book Store, 24 George street; C. C. Moxon & Co., 111 Hollis street; Lawson's Station, 111 Hollis street; Huxley & Mylles, 111 Hollis street; ...

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Her only bridesmaid, Miss Hilda Stairs, was dressed in gray crepe...

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The bride's travelling dress was quite lovely, low-cut, and of a rich color...

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

RECEIVED Ex S. S. Carthaginian: WOOLENS. MANTLINGS. JACKETINGS. ULSERINGES. FLANNELS. SCOTCH SHAWLS. WOOL SWAPS. LINENS. HANDEKCHIEFS. TABLINGES. TOWELLINGS. TOWELS. CANVAS. COTTONS. HONEYCOMB QUILTS. ALHAMBRA. LININGS. MUSLINS. PATCHES.

SMITH BROS. Granville and Duke Streets, HALIFAX, N. S. SAVE YOUR DEAR LITTLE ONES FROM DIPHThERIA, MANOLEATE!

NASA BALM. It is certain and speedy cure for Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, etc.

WHY Will the Weak fade away and die when they can get Health AND Strength BY USING ALE AND BEEF PEPTONIZED. Price, 25 cts. per bottle.

HALIFAX Ladies' College CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC. DEPARTMENTS will reopen PREPARATORY 8th January, 1892. ART CLASS will be formed as follows: (1) PAINTING IN OIL OR WATER COLOURS...

PARROTS. [PROGRAMS for sale at Parrot Bookstore.] Dec. 29.—Mrs. Frank Young went to Amherst yesterday and returned today.

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For Ladies' Driving, Walking or Travelling Cloaks "HEPTONETTE" CLOTHS By the Yard; 63 Inches Wide. No Rubber Free from Odor, Porous admitting of Ventilation yet Perfectly Rain-Repellent!

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON. The Mutual Life OF NEW YORK, Is the Oldest Company in America. Established in 1843.

ROBERTSON'S EMULSION OF PURE FISH LIVER OIL. IS THE BEST TAKE NO OTHER.

BENDSORP'S ROYAL DUTCH COCOA AMSTERDAM, HOLLAND. Highest Award at the International Health Exhibit, London, 1884.

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

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

MOTHS CHOCOLATES & COCOAS. HERBERT HARRIS, HALIFAX NURSERY.

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"JONES OF ASIA."

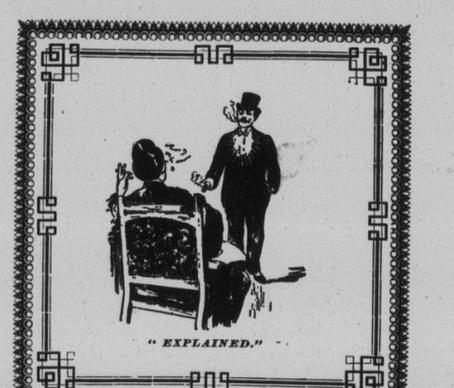
He was well known on the Madras side, was old Colonel Jones, commonly called "Jones of Asia." When he gave out at mess one night that he was about to send in his papers on the strength of that new bonus just offered by a wily government...

"chortle" in his joy by the hour. Surely the voyage would never come to an end; how the young 'uns must be counting the days! To be really going home—was it true? To be one's own master, and able to snap one's fingers at General Orders!

Old Jones of Asia seemed as if he never would stop waiting up and down and talking in aggressively sardonic, cheerless tones. "Did anybody think there'd be any letters for anybody at Port Said?"

But it was useless, and perhaps silence is better. "Say good-bye to all for me." Outside the girls were wrangling on the stairs over some ball gloves that one sister had stolen from the other. They were just off to a dance. They had not even thought to bid him "Good-night."

Makes White Goods Whiter, Colored Goods Brighter. SURPRISE SOAP On Wash Day Cleans Everything. Your Grocer Sells It.



JONES: Great Scott, Johnson! What a blaze of diamonds! Where did you get the cluster and what did you pay? JOHNSON: Why, my dear boy, these are not diamonds you see; it's simply a well done up shirt front. Nothing the matter with it, is there! Ungar does them up for me and that's the way they always look.

BE SURE and send your laundry to UNGAR'S Steam Laundry, St. John Granville street. It'll be done right, it done so. UNCAR'S.

It'll not Bother You To pick out a Suit of our stock We've anything and everything you want. A special lot of very handsome Tweed Suitings; will make up beautifully. THOS. YOUNGCLAUS, CHARLOTTE STREET.

Ladies' Furs, SEAL GAMRENTS, Shoulder Capes, Etc. THORNE BROS., - 93 KING ST. MRS. WATERBURY'S CELEBRATED DINNER PILLS

Again, the kingdom of heaven is at hand, seeking and he had found one pearl of great price that he had sold all that he had, and he went and bought it. A merchant endeavored to make a profit. Whether in grain, he does not know, but he knows that he has made a profit.



SERMON.

A Great Bargain.

By Rev. C. H. SPOONER.

"Again, the kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchant-man, seeking goodly pearls: Who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it."—Matthew 13: 45, 46.

A merchant endeavors to trade so as to make a profit. Whether he deals in pearls or in grain, he does not hope to obtain riches by labor. He leaves that to those who earn their bread by the sweat of their face. He tries to get his by the sweat of his brain. He is dependent not so much upon labor as upon knowledge, upon skill, upon the advantage which superior acquaintance with the article which he deals in gives to him. Now, this merchantman is, at the very commencement, in some measure a picture of the seeker after Christ. Christ and His salvation are not to be earned; they are not to be procured as the result of labor. But Christ is to be had by knowledge. What saith the scripture? "By his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many;" that is, through their knowing Christ they become justified.

I shall not, however, enlarge upon this analogy, but proceed at once to speak of the merchant in this parable; for here we have a fit emblem of many who lay hold on Christ and find Him to be their all in all. Let us watch this merchant while he is doing four things: first, seeking; then, finding; then, selling out; and, fourthly, buying again.

I. Then, we shall watch him while He is Seeking. "The kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchantman seeking goodly pearls." It is different from the man we read of just now who, by accident, discovered a treasure while he was in the field. He was looking for something else, and came upon the treasure. That is the man whom God saves, though he was heretofore indifferent and careless. This is a person of a nobler sort. He is of a higher grade of mind—of altogether different mental constitution. He is seeking goodly pearls—something good, not exactly seeking the one pearl of great price, for at first he does not know about it; but, still, he is seeking pearls; and he comes upon one pearl in his seeking.

Now, notice about him, as a seeker, that he has his mind aroused and engaged. He is thinking about something—thinking about pearls. His heart is occupied with his business. His energies are thrown into it. All his thoughts are in the direction of precious stones. Oh that we could wake men up to exercise the faculty of thinking, and then to direct, to regulate, and control their thoughts! But thinking is an occupation that a great many persons altogether dislike. Oh that men were wise, that they were thoughtful!

An Object in Life. Equally evident is it that he had a fixed, definite object. He had given himself to pearl-hunting, and the one pearl of great price was the one object of his life. If you had met him, and said, "What are you seeking?" he would have answered in a moment, "I am seeking good pearls: have you any to sell me?" He would have been sure to have the answer ready to hand. But ask many a man whom you meet with, "Sir, what are you living for?" he would, perhaps, tell you what his trade or what his profession might be; but if you pressed him with the question, "What is the main object of life?" he would not like to say that he was living only to enjoy himself—seeking his own pleasure.

An Active Search. The merchant was seeking goodly pearls. He did not open a shop, and say, "Pearls bought here if anybody likes to bring them;" but he went forth in quest of them. How far he travelled I do not know; but the Oriental trader frequently goes immense distances. You may meet at Niimi-Novgorod, in the south of Russia, with traders who have been all round the globe seeking what they want—men who do not always travel by railway, but who will walk any distance to obtain the very article on which they have set their minds, and in which they deal. Distance seems with them to be no object. Ah, and when a man has got a noble object before him, and says, "Before I die, I will accomplish something that shall be right and true and beneficial to my fellow-men," he will face hardships that would baffle his fellows. I pray God that he may have the perseverance to carry that out, and that he may say, "If there is anything to be done that is good and true, I will do it at any hazard, for I am seeking goodly pearls."

Moderate Expectations. Evidently this merchant went into the business with comparatively moderate expectations. He was seeking pearls. If anybody had said, "Would you like to find a big pearl?" he would have said, "That I would, infinitely better than to find a number of little ones." He hardly looked for it, and therefore he did not seek it; but, still, he was ready enough to have it if it came in this way. And so, my dear friends, I am speaking of a class of persons—and I hope there may be representatives of them here—who want everything they care get that is good and true. You want to be temperate in all things; you want to have an unspiced character. I recollect that was my own desire, when first I thought of the life that lay beyond me. Before I knew the Lord I used to think, "O that I might be kept from dishonesty, that I might be preserved from falsehood, that I might be kept from a malicious spirit, that I might be bright-hearted and true." Those were the pearls that I wanted. I did not know just then that I could find something that would include all these minor pearls and a good deal more.

SUNDAY READING

He was buying pearls everywhere. He was hard after pearls; and so it came to pass that he lit upon a pearl that he never hoped to see. It was more than he expected. Ah, I pray God that some here, whose hearts are honestly seeking after that which is right, may find Christ, who has in him more of the spirit of temperance, uprightness, truth, philanthropy, than will be found anywhere else.

Certainly this man was in the way of finding a fine pearl if anybody was. He was seeking goodly pearls, not the one pearl; but he was in the pearl line, and so he was likely to discover the best pearl if anybody discovered it. "Being in the way, the Lord met with him," says one of old. Oh, if thou hast desires after that which is right and true and good, I trust that the Lord Jesus will manifest himself to you, and that you will say, "This is the very thing I sought. I have longed after it, and here it is!"

So this man found all in one. What the value of that pearl was I do not know. The estimate of its value is not given. We only know that he thought it worth all that he had; and he went away and sold all that he had; and he might buy it. And he evidently thought it worth all the other pearls he had ever been seeking for, because if he spent his all upon that one pearl it would be clear that he must have abandoned henceforth the searching after smaller pearls, since he had no capital left. Well, when a man finds Christ I cannot tell you how much he values Him, but this I know, that all the world besides seems nothing to a christian when he has once found his Lord and Master. "Oh what a Christ have I!" saith he. But he cannot tell how dear—how inconceivably precious—the Christ of God is to his soul.

Concerning this find we must mark next that the man having found it, was resolved that he would have it. Having found the pearl of great price, he did not question whether he should buy it or not. If he had not gone out honestly to seek pearls he would have demurred at the price, but being intent upon pearl finding, he no sooner found this than he said, "I must have that. I can let the little pearls go if you like, but

I must have that." And it is grand when the Lord brings the mind to this. "I see that in Christ there is everything I want—pardon for my sin, cleansing for my nature, grace to maintain my character and to make me perfectly fit for heaven. There is all in Christ that I want, and I must have him. I must have him. It comes to this—at any price—whatever it may cost me, I must and I will have him." Now, although the parable does not say it in so many words, it is perfectly clear that the person with whom he was dealing was willing to sell. When you had found one pearl of great price he bought it, which he could not have done if the other had not been ready to sell it. Albeit the Lord in his mercy does not sell his grace, but gives it freely, the manner in which he disposes of it is here described under the figure of selling. If you want Christ, you must have him, if you are willing to come to the terms which God lays down. Of this I shall have to speak presently. If you desire this pearl of great price, there is no reason in the world why that pearl should not be yours to-night.

III. Having thus described the seeker, we must go on to describe him Selling Out. He sold out all that he had. It had taken him a long time to get it together, and I have no doubt he had much pleasure in the accumulation, but now he has great pleasure in selling. "Buy my farm," he says to one man. "Come buy it." "I don't know that I want to buy farms," says the other. "It is nought: it is nought." "Nevertheless, let us come to terms. I want money, and I must have money," and away went the furniture down in the house, one article after another. They must all go, clear them all out. Away they shall go at the best price he must fetch, but go they must, for he must have the pearl. Well now, Jesus Christ is to be had, but there is a great deal that a man must give up if he is ever to call Christ his own.

"What then," says one, "what am I to give up?" "Well, there must be a selling off tonight of a whole mass of old prejudices. Sometimes when the truth is that it is in Jesus comes to a man's mind he repels it, because it is so different from what he has learnt ever since he was a child; and the notion is that you had better follow the religion of your parents. But it is a great mercy when a man says, "Now, I understand that Jesus the Son of God has died in the room and place and stead of sinners that believe in him and I am simply to believe in him and I shall be saved. I will do it. It is contrary to what I have always been told. I have been led to think that it was my good works which would save me. I have heard that the grace was in the sacrament, but at length I perceive that God teaches in his word that salvation is by faith in Jesus Christ, and I will have it. I will sell my prejudices off. Away they shall go."

What is Sold. Next to that you must sell off your righteousness. It will not fetch much, but I dearest you think it is a fine thing. Hitherto you have been very good, and your own esteem of yourself is that as touching the commandments—"all these have I kept from my youth up." And what with a good deal of church-going, or attendance at the meeting-house, and a few extra prayers on a Christmas-day and on Good Friday, and just a little dose of sacraments, you feel yourself in tolerably good case. Now, friend, that old moth-eaten righteousness of yours that you are so proud of you must sell off and get rid of it, for no man can be saved by the righteousness of Christ while he puts any trust in his own. Sell it all off, every rag of it.

Ay, and there are some men that will have to give up a good deal of what they call pleasure, sinful pleasure. Come, can you sell all that off? That mixing in loose company, anything approaching to lewdness, anything that has to do with the gratification of the vile passions of the flesh—come, for Christ's sake, can you give it up? These things must be sold if we are to have the pearl.

Popularity. And, then, sometimes, in some cases men have to give up a good deal of the honors and the satisfaction of life that arise from the esteem of their fellow-creatures. Has it come to this, "If I become a christian they will ridicule me." Well now, can you not put up with a little obloquy for Christ? "But if I am an earnest christian then I shall have to encounter all sorts of slander." Very well, can you put the whole lot of it into the bargain and say, "I sell it all off; let it all go, that I may have the pearl."

"Well, you have taken enough surely." Yes, but this pearl hunter sold all that he had, and you have got a little left. You have got some prospects. If you become a christian your old uncle will cut you out of his will. Infinitely better to that if you shall go to hear the Gospel at such and such a place you are likely to be turned out of your situation. "But we must live," says somebody. This is not at all clear to my mind. I do know that we must die, but as "must living" I do not feel quite so certain about. Infinitely better to die than ever to do a dishonorable thing. If Jesus Christ be our Master, we must be content to let the fairest prospect go, and all things that seem to tell for our success in this life must be secondary in our account. The merchant sold all that he had.

I think I see you draw back. "This—is too hard a line." Very well, if you do not want to buy the pearl, you see—that is to say, if you do not want to make your fortune—for that buying of the pearl was the making of the man's fortune—if you do not think the pearl is worth it, pray do not have it. God forbid you should refuse, but if you do not want it then say so.

IV. Now, the last thing is The Buying. He had sold all that he had, and then he says the shewels over—pays them over that he may have the pearl, and he gets the pearl. It was a considerable purchase—a deliberate bargain. He did not see the pearl and then in a hurry go and sell his goods and guess at the value of it. No, but he had looked at it, for he was a seeker of pearls. And so he thought it worth all that he had, and he was willing to pay for it. He did not want much thinking over. Oh, if a soul did but know Christ, he would not think twice before he would have him. If men were not such tools—if they had but light from heaven to see the value of my Lord and Master, instead of our standing here and having to beg and persuade and find out new words of commendation, methinks they would only say, "Tell us about him. We will have him. What does he ask of use? What can we do for him?"

And it was an immediate purchase. He did not go home and say, "I shall think about this." No, but he knew that pearl, and he said, "If I let that slip through my fingers I shall never see the like of it again. If anybody else gets that bargain, then I shall have lost the one opportunity of my life." And so he does but take time enough to go and sell his farm off, and the little land he had, and the little money he had, and he gets quickly with his money. So, dear friends, he that cometh to Christ might well deliberate about it, but the end of his deliberation ought to be this. "If he is to be had, let me have him."

And, oh, what an enriching purchase it was which the man made! He has ever given up anything for Christ I am sure that the Lord Jesus Christ has made you very ample amends. Some years ago a person rather eccentrically advertised for persons who had been losers by obedience to the divine command—that if any one who had lost anything through love to Christ would apply to him he would make it up. The odd advertisement appeared for some months the one of our religious periodicals. But the oddest thing is that nobody ever answered it. I should have thought that somebody would have tried and made out a case; but nobody did. They cannot make out such a case; they are

No Losers by Christ. "But," say some, "the martyrs were, were they not?" Well, they are not up there, ask them. There is no losing when you deal with him. This was a purchase he never regretted. He never wished to have it undone. With his pearl of immense worth he was a rich man, worthy to be the rival of princes, and he felt that it was enough. Oh, blessed can rejoice and bless and magnify the Lord. Let me, however, just put in one word of caveat. Take care, dear merchant brothers, that when you buy a pearl you buy a good one—that it is the pearl of great price, because I have known noble spirits whom I have admired and felt ready to weep over; men that had been so long in the pursuit of it, that which seemed to them perfectly true, and have made a sacrifice of all that they have for it, and yet

They Have Been Deceived. Mind that you get Christ and his truth as you find it revealed in Scripture, and revealed a second time in your own heart by the Holy Ghost, for whatever is short of Christ is a cheat and will deceive you. "Hearken to me, ye that follow after righteousness, ye that seek the Lord." The voice of Jesus is heard in this parable of the kingdom describing and directing the seekers. Such persons comprise no small fraction of an assembly like the present one. I am sure some of you have seen the pearl you want sparkling before your eyes. I wonder how many of you have resolved to sell all you have to buy it. But who among you all have actually made the pearl your own, and rejoice in

its possession? That such of you will go on your way rejoicing there is no doubt; but will you not return and give glory to God? Shall we have the happiness of greeting you here in the fellowship of the kingdom of his grace? The Lord grant it may be so for Jesus' sake. Amen.

A SUCCESSFUL SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The Superintendent of Dr. Talmage's School Has Something to Say. Dr. Talmage's Sunday school is one of the most attractive places for visitors on Sunday in the City of Churches. It is one of the largest Sunday schools in the country. Children from all parts of Brooklyn attend it, and it requires a pretty active man for superintendent. Dr. Talmage has had much difficulty in finding the man for the place, but he has succeeded admirably in the person of Mr. Louis Klopsch, the proprietor of the Christian Herald. Mr. Klopsch has the reputation of being the most successful Sunday school superintendent in the country. He loves the children, and has a peculiar power of drawing them toward him and of ingratiating himself in their trust. Mr. Klopsch explained his methods to me the other day.

"One teacher, who is a very earnest and consecrated man, will take a Sunday school or class and make a fizzle of it," he said. "Another, who to all appearances is more easy-going, will take that same charge and triumphantly succeed. Why? The former goes to the pastor and says: 'I want to do something for the Lord. I'm willing to do anything. If necessary I'll take a Sunday school class.' The latter goes in because he loves the Lord and he loves the children, and his great object is to bring his two best friends together, to introduce the one to the other. And he succeeds. I believe in system. There should be a stated length of time for the opening services, for the study of the lesson and for the close, which must include a terse and stirring review. I believe in singing, in the liberal use of short choruses. Sing whenever there is a period of embarrassment or an awkward pause, and by the time the singing is over quiet and order will have been restored.

"Teach the children scripture and have the most memorable scriptural passages. For example, open for one quarter with the twenty-third psalm. At the end of the quarter every child in the school will know it. Then take the first psalm, occasionally following it up with the twenty-third. Next quarter take the Proverbs of Wisdom; here and there use the creed; work the ten commandments and always use the Lord's Prayer.

"Nothing will build up a school quicker than encouragement. If you have a visitor take him up to the desk and you will find that unconsciously the school will behave admirably. Thank the school publicly in the presence of the visitor, and you will never again have trouble in the way of department.

"In talking to the children remember that you may give them less information by saying too much than by saying too little. Children are like bottles with little narrow necks. Pour a gallon of water into a narrow-necked bottle, hurriedly, and it will take in but a few drops. Take a pint of water and pour it in gradually, and if the bottle be large enough, it will receive the whole pint.

"Talk to your children singly, in a manner easily understood by them, adapted to their ability to receive. Make yourself as one of them, and you will arouse and interest them. A pompous old man once arose on the platform of a Sunday school and asked: 'Now, children, what is the ostensible mission of a Sunday school?' After awhile a little girl in the rear of the room raised her hand and said: 'Yes, sir.' This showed how much she understood his words.

"There should be a tact understanding between the superintendent and the teachers. I believe a superintendent must be somewhat of an autocrat. Once clothed with power, he should wield it, and the teachers must recognize his authority.

"Above all, love your scholars. You may simulate affection for a time, but that will not answer. Children instinctively take to the one who loves them. When you meet them, ask them about their day school connections, their progress, their parents, their home, their Sunday school lessons. Make each child feel that you love it individually, and not as part of a crowd.

"Make no distinction between good looks and plain looks. The child is not responsible. Don't let dress make any difference, unless it be to increase your affection for those who are poorly clad. They need your love more than any others. I have seen many a child, upon whose head I have laid my hand, look up into my eyes, with its own full tears, at this unexpected mark of affection and kindly interest. This makes your Sunday school a heaven to them, and they would rather be in it than at home.

"I believe that the requisites of a Sunday school teacher are: Consecration to the work, love for the children and a distinct understanding of what you want to accomplish, and then to take the short cut to get at it. I believe that many Sunday schools are failures because the teachers are too prolix, and the scholars don't know what they are driving at.

"Don't drive your children to salvation. Lead them gently on. When they learn to love you and trust you, they will unconsciously love and trust your God."

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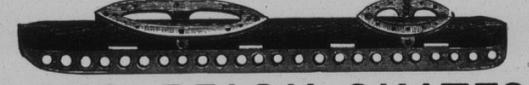
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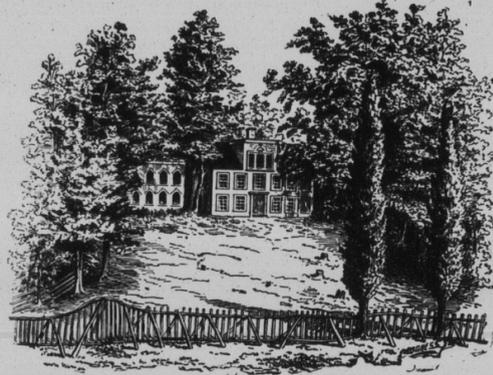
RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS

JOSEPH HOWE AND HIS TIMES.

And Incidental References to Some of His Prominent Public Contemporaries.

By "Historicus," Fredericton, N. B.

The Prince's Lodge.—Continued. Our engraving represents the Prince's Lodge as it appeared in 1820—it is taken from the picture in the possession of a lady residing in Halifax, and is said to be good—the building gives evidence of decay, the grounds are somewhat rugged, and the front paling requires props to keep it up.



THE PRINCE'S LODGE.

something of that sort. The dust of Alexander, says Shakespeare, might be traced to a bung-hole; here we have a slight illustration of the conceit, viz: in the Band Stand of Royalty being turned into the ignoble purposes of a stable.

In 1828, I visited for the last time this old Lodge, and published in Halifax at a later date my impressions of what I then saw, which might be repeated here to the readers of Progress, as follows:—

As a boy, I used frequently, with other boys, to go up to the Basin in a sail-boat and visit the Lodge, which at that time was left in charge of the bats and owls—for it seemed to have no regular care-taker.

The walls of the dining room were papered with old-fashioned landscape scenes, representing the English chase, in which deer, foxes, horses and riders, green fields, hedge-rows, trees, streams, and high barred gates, formed the picture. At this time the paper was hanging in tatters upon the walls, the doors being open, creating upon their rusty hinges, and the sides of the building in a state of decay.

The Lodge stood about one hundred and fifty feet from the road—in front of which grew Lombardy poplars, tall and conical, overtopping all the other trees of the forest; and skirting the road to the full width of the property was a paling fence with the scattered remains of what was once a well kept hawthorn hedge, after the English style.

The grounds about and in rear of the dwelling gave evidence of having in their prime been well cared for. The formation of the beds in the garden was still visible. The walks or paths through the umbrageous forest were in a good state of preservation. I have frequently gambolled away a summer afternoon with other boys, winding through those sequestered and deserted avenues—once running into another way back into the dense forest. I suppose there must have been over a mile of these walks, if placed in continuation.

There was an artificial lake a few hundred yards in rear of the dwelling—on one side of which was a wooded Chinese temple, which afforded a cover and shelter to the sportsman, who might throw his line out of the door or window, in his angling propensities, upon a hot summer day.

nant of the glory of its days, and suffer it not to perish! As you approach the Lodge from town there stood in the midst of the woods what was called "the Hermit's Cell." I have frequently been at that place. The story runs that there was a soldier belonging to one of the regiments, who took it into his head to live the life of a recluse; and the Prince indulging his vagary, provided him a place in the tent and lived solitary where he pitched his tent and lived solitary and alone; and here he was found dead, after a separation from the world of three years and upwards.

"Judge" Haliburton in one of his books thus remarks about the Lodge in its decay in 1828:—

It is impossible to visit this spot without the most melancholy feelings. The tottering fence, the prostrate gates, the ruined grottos, the long and winding avenues, cut out of the forest, overgrown by rank grass and occasional shrubs, and the silence and desolation that pervaded everything around, all bespeak a rapid and premature decay, recall to mind the untimely fate of its noble and lamented owner, and tell of fleeting pleasures, and the transitory nature of earthly things.



THE ROUND HOUSE.

ture of earthly things. I stopped at a small inn in the neighborhood for the purpose of strolling over it for the last time ere I left the country, and for the indulgence of those moralizing musings which at times harmonize with our nerves, and awaken what may be called the pleasurable sensations of melancholy.

A modern wooden ruin is of itself the least interesting, and, at the same time, the most depressing object imaginable. The massive structure of antiquity that are everywhere to be met with in Europe, exhibit the remains of great strength, and though injured and de-faced by the slow and almost imperceptible agency of time, promise thus to continue mutilated for ages to come. The Prince was the King's son—to say nothing of the lavish expenditure of money for which he had six times as much as the King's son, and he was shipped on board the Princess Amelia, and she was cast away on Sable Island and all was lost together with every soul, numbering 200 persons.

The day of his Royal Highness' departure was one of great sorrow among the inhabitants,—I suppose it was a somewhat sentimental sorrow, enhanced no doubt by the high rank of the Prince—the King's son—to say nothing of the lavish expenditure of money for which he had six times as much as the King's son, and he was shipped on board the Princess Amelia, and she was cast away on Sable Island and all was lost together with every soul, numbering 200 persons.

no beauty, but looks deformed, green, and repulsive. Even the faded colors of a painted wooden house, the tarnished gilding of its decorations, the corroded iron of its fastenings, and its crumbling materials, all indicate recent use and temporary habitation. It is but a short time since this mansion was tenanted by its royal master, and in that brief space how great has been the devastation of the elements! A few years more, and all trace of it will have disappeared for ever. Its very site will soon become a matter of doubt. The forest is fast reclaiming its own, and the lawns and ornamented gardens, annually sown with seeds scattered by the winds from the surrounding woods, are relapsing into a state of nature, and exhibiting in detached patches a young growth of such trees as are common to the country.

As I approached the house I noticed that the windows were broken out, or shut up with rough boards to exclude the rain and snow; the doors supported by wooden props instead of hinges, which hung loosely on the panels; and that long luxuriant clover grew in the caves, which had been originally designed to conduct the water from the roof, but becoming choked with dust and decayed leaves, had afforded sufficient food for the nourishment of coarse grasses. The portico, like the house, had been formed of wood, and the flat surface of the top, imbibing and retaining moisture, presented a mass of vegetable matter from which had sprung up a young and vigorous birch-tree, whose strength and freshness seemed to mock the helpless weakness that nourished it. I had no desire to enter the apartments; and, indeed, the aged gentleman, whose occupation was to watch over the place, and to prevent its premature destruction by the plunder of its fixtures and more durable materials, informed me that the floors were unsafe. Altogether, the scene was one of a most depressing kind.

A small brook, which had by a skilful hand been led over several precipitous descents, performed its feats alone and unobserved, and seemed to murmur out its complaints, as it hurried over its rocky channel to mingle with the sea; while the wind, sighing through the umbrageous wood, appeared to assume a louder and more melancholy wail, as it swept through the long vacant passages and deserted saloons, and escaped in plaintive tones from the broken casements. The offices, as well as the ornamental buildings, had shared the same fate as the house. The roofs of all had fallen in, and mouldered into dust; the doors, sashes, and floors, had disappeared; and the walls only, which were in part built of stone, remained to attest the existence and use. The grounds exhibited similar effects of neglect, in a climate where the living wood grows so rapidly, and the dead decays so soon, as in Nova Scotia. An arbor, which had been constructed of lattice-work, for the support of a flowering vine, had fallen, and was covered with vegetation; while its roof alone remained, supported aloft by limbs of trees that, growing up near it, had become entangled in its net-work. A Chinese temple, once a favorite retreat of its owner, as if in conscious pride of the preference, had offered a more successful resistance to the weather, and appeared in tolerable preservation; while one small surviving bell, of the numerous ones that once ornamented it, gave out its solitary and melancholy tinkling as it waved in the wind. How sad was its mimic knell over pleasures that were fled for ever!

[There is not a vestige remaining (1891) of all the old resorts to indicate where pleasure once held high carnival; even the once deeply cut fish pond, I am told is scarcely traceable. The whole landscape is as aboriginal in appearance as if it had never been cultivated, much less office a picture of rural grandeur and the highest landscape gardening, directed by artistic hands.

Departure of the Duke of Kent from the Province.

In 1800 his Royal Highness left for England. Just previous to sailing he laid the corner stone of the old Masonic Hall



THE ROUND HOUSE.

on Pleasant street, and was presented with 500 guineas by the inhabitants for the purchase of a star, and an Address in the old Court House. Such of his furniture which was not sold in Halifax (several pieces of which the writer of this possesses) was shipped on board the Princess Amelia, and she was cast away on Sable Island and all was lost together with every soul, numbering 200 persons.

The day of his Royal Highness' departure was one of great sorrow among the inhabitants,—I suppose it was a somewhat sentimental sorrow, enhanced no doubt by the high rank of the Prince—the King's son—to say nothing of the lavish expenditure of money for which he had six times as much as the King's son, and he was shipped on board the Princess Amelia, and she was cast away on Sable Island and all was lost together with every soul, numbering 200 persons.

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FOR JANUARY, 1892. MONTHLY PRIZE COMPETITION. \$1,000 in Cash will be paid in prizes to the successful Competitors in this Competition. The following prizes will be paid to persons sending in largest list of words constructed from letters contained in the three words "PROVINCE OF ONTARIO." First Cash Prize \$400, Second Cash Prize 250, Third Cash Prize 150, Fourth Cash Prize 50, Fifteen Cash Prizes \$10 each 150, Total in Cash \$1,000. RULES: To place all competitors residing near and at a distance on an equal footing, no list will be received bearing postmark earlier than Dec. 31st, nor later than Jan. 31st. No letter can be used in the construction of any word more times than it is contained in the three words "PROVINCE OF ONTARIO."

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AT AN AFTERNOON TEA. These are all pretty and elegant of having two M. Costumes. At a well afternoon tea some of the prettiest gowns were worn by the hostess correspondent of PROGRESS. Following description of them: Hostess number one, on blondes who have usual dove and the temper of a tea-gown in the first illustration dull blue silk plush lined with the softest rich cream sufronts falling over very vest of light, pale blue China of which creamy antique l about the throat. Enormous of the same lace came front, narrowing to a point waist and falling in a deep back and over the shoulders girl who poured tea—one of most promising buds was gowned—or would have been glowing brunette coloring



into like the gray cloth and velvet that was a mirror of style. was cut princess and seamless the velvet side-forms that were into deep skirts. Gray silk coat all the seams. The lapping for deep rener outlined with a line the narrowest possible edge. A cravat of jonquil yellow crepe under the young woman's chin and took away all hardness scheme of color. Without it fur and gray color might have been. Indeed, though it is impossible to have too much fur, you easily make a muss of your gowns. do not understand the right the right place. Cloth and fur match or harmonize. That is why moulton so favorite trimming with tailors. It can be dyed almost any and is soft and becoming in them. Nobody could doubt that after the young woman whose counter-sentiment appears in the third figure guests left their wraps in the vestibule floated in a fiery angel, in bicent very elaborately applique with dash velvet, all up the skirt, as whose feet was a border of moulton quite deep. It had sleeves and upper spangled crimson velvet. For they were hidden under a deep moulton, with yoke and collar plique matching the skirt—and long pleats of the cloth falling quiet foot. Other gowns were of the broad and new. Still others of Bengal pale, delicate shades sitting very close, but stylish world without

AT AN AFTERNOON TEA.

THE NEW YEAR BRINGS PRETTIER GOWNS THAN EVER.

Costumes Worn by Hostesses and Guests—They Are All Pretty and Attractive—The Signer of Having Too Much Fur on One's Costume.

At a swell afternoon tea given recently, some of the prettiest gowns of the season were worn by the hostess and guests. A correspondent of PROGRESS gives the following description of them:

Hostess number one, one of those many blondes who have usually the eyes of a dove and the temper of a mule, wore the



tea-gown in the first illustration. It is of dull blue silk plush lined throughout with the softest rich cream surah, the loose fronts falling over very graceful folds of light, pale blue China crepe, inside of which creamy antique lace came high about the throat. Enormously full jabots of the same lace came down each front, narrowing to a point below the waist and falling in a deep cape at the back and over the shoulders. The pretty girl who poured tea—one of the season's most promising buds was all sombrely gowned—or would have been had not her glowing brunette coloring warmed into



into life the gray cloth and velvet costume that was a miracle of style. The back was cut princess and seams till it reached the velvet side-forms that were prolonged into deep skirts. Gray silk cord outlined all the seams. The lapping front had one deeper crease outlined with a line of sable, the narrowest possible edge. A wonderful cravat of jonquil yellow crepe came close under the young woman's gimped chin, and took away all harshness from her scheme of color. Without it the brown fur and gray color might have lacked harmony. Indeed, though it is impossible this season to have too much fur, you can very easily make a muss of your garments if



you do not understand the right thing for the right place. Cloth and fur must either match or harmonize. That is what makes moulton so favorite trimming with the best tailors. It can be dyed almost any shade, and is soft and becoming in them all. Nobody could doubt that after seeing the young woman whose counterfeit presentment appears in the third figure, most guests left their wraps in the vestibule. She floated in a fiery angel, in biscuit cloth very elaborately applique with daisy brown velvet, all up the street, as whose feet were a border of moulton quite ten inches deep. It had sleeves and upper waist of spangled crimson velvet. For the nonce they were hidden under a deep cape of moulton, with yoke and collar of applique matching the skirt—and in front long pleats of the cloth falling quite to the foot.

Other gowns were of the brocades, old and new. Still others of Bengaline, in pale, delicate shades sitting very trim and close, but stylish world without end.

ASTRA'S TALKS WITH GIRLS.

(Correspondents seeking information in this department should address their queries to "Astra," Progress, St. John.

I hope that by the time you read these lines, girls, you will have spent a very happy New Year's day, that you will have had plenty of callers, and looked your best in your reception costumes, and that you will have made a good beginning upon the inevitable journey which nearly all girls think they should start out upon the New Year by beginning, and which, speaking in the light of experience, they so soon give up.

By the way, I believe I said a few words to you last week about making good resolutions, and keeping them. Well, since then I have made one resolution myself which I am going to try and keep; and as you are all concerned in it, I will tell you what it is. In future I am not going to answer any letters which come to me written on both sides of the paper! It is a rule in all newspaper offices that communications written on both sides of the paper should be ignored, and as I have spoken upon this subject times without number, and very few of my correspondents have taken any notice of my remarks, I am obliged at last to take strong measures. I have been very long suffering in this respect, but the end of my patience has been reached at last. Don't think that I am growing crusty, girls. If you would only write straight along, first one page and then the next, I could stand it, but I confess that I have neither time nor patience to read the first page of a girl's letter and then go hunting around all over the paper to see where the connection is going to be made, and have traffic suspended until I finally discover that the second page is written at the very end of the page numbered. Why won't girls use their note paper in the same sensible fashion that men do?

WILFUL MISS.—Thank you so much for the pretty card you sent me, the only one I received from any of the girls who write, and I appreciate it all the more for being a sort of aloe blossom. You and "Lucille" certainly stand out alone, don't you? But as I did not expect anything, the surprise is all the more pleasant.

L. A. St. John.—Do you know that I could not make out the first word of your signature? It was the only doubtful word in your letter, but I think the name must have been an odd one, for though it was clearly written, I could not make it into any name I had ever heard. So you don't like St. John? Well, you know, I don't consider the St. John girls friendly to strangers, myself, but still, I have been assured, by very charming St. John girls whom I have met, that I am mistaken. Perhaps, before the winter is over you may have changed your opinion altogether. They do seem to have a delightful time of it though and not much to do, but look charming, in which they succeed perfectly. Thank you very much for the kind things you say about me and my column. I should like very much to be considered, even in a small way, "The Girl's Friend." If you think you have a natural gift for the stage, and your people are willing for you to make a trial, you might make a beginning when you return to New York by going to some of the many training schools for actresses and trying what the teachers think of your capabilities. Of course you understand that you would have years of hard work before you are able to do more than earn much money. Another thing, you ask me to answer you plainly, and you must not be offended, my dear child, if I tell you, in your own interest, that I think you should go to school for a year or two longer before you think of adopting any profession. You know an actress must have, at least, a fair education, if she hopes to succeed, and your letter is faulty both in composition and spelling. Forgive me for saying so. I would not hurt your feelings for the world; but I should not prove myself a friend if I did not tell you exactly what I thought. You did not give me any trouble at all, and I thank you very much for your good wishes. Write to me again. I shall be glad to hear from you.

MIDGET, St. John.—I should think the girl in question exceedingly ill bred, and I believe I should really feel sorry for her, because she did not know better. No; very many girls go to school when they are much older, especially if ill health or any other reason has kept them away during their earlier years. I am sorry to say that I do not know of any cure for quinsy, but I will hunt one up, and let you know. I should think anyone who could exist without food for a fortnight must have been very ill. No, I never included the study of medicine amongst my varied accomplishments, but I have always made a practice of eating whenever I was hungry and I am very often hungry at bed time. I cannot hold myself up as an example of its being a healthy custom, for I have night-mare terribly—and often runs the entire household by my shrieks, but I have no intention of giving it up, all the same. I am sorry that your gentleman friend missed the pleasure of meeting Geoffrey. Many thanks for your kind wishes.

CARLOTTA, Moncton.—My dear child you must not be disappointed because I have not published your verses. I really think them very wonderful for a girl fifteen, but you see at fifteen one can scarcely expect to understand the many things which must be learned before she can hope to write real poetry. You know it must not only be musical, and have a rhyme about it, but it must also be correct as to the number of long and short syllables each line contains, and it must also scan properly and contain the requisite sequence of ideas, so it shall not seem jerky or disconnected. I do not want to discourage you, and I think that as you do so well now you will be able, if you really study the subject, and devote attention to it, to write real poetry some day and see it in print.

LITTLE DORRIT.—St. John.—I am very sorry, my little friend, that you will not get your answer until it will be too late to be of much use to you. I love you for the sake of your name, and I do not like to disappoint you, but there were so many letters in before yours that I am lucky in being able to answer it even this week. (1) No, I really think that a young man who inflicts his presence on a young lady till that hour of the night deserves anything, and I do not think I would blame you if you asked him whether

he would like tea or coffee for breakfast. (2) It would be a very extraordinary thing to do, and I can scarcely imagine any young man supposing a girl to do it; ladies are supposed to remain at home all New Year's day. (3) Pearls are made of the tears of drowned people, the old superstition says, and so they are supposed to be unlucky, but you know it is only a superstition. (4) Indeed I do not think it silly at all. I have known plenty of married people who religiously hung their stockings up every Christmas, and I think it a lovely old custom. Keep it up as long as you can. (5) Unless you are very intimate at the house, I think I play but the one piece of music, and then go on playing if I was asked to continue. (6) Both your writings are very good. Thank you for your Christmas wishes.

MARIE, Portland.—You are quite mistaken about my being surprised to get a letter from Maine. I get letters from much more distant points than the Forest city. I am very glad to hear from you, however, and will give you my opinion with pleasure. I do not see how you can think of other than that the gentleman you speak of entertains a sincere and respectful admiration for you. No gentleman would show the interest he must certainly feel in you, if he did not. The only thing that puzzles me is his not seeking an introduction to you, as I suppose, from your description that he is an eligible young man. Surely you must have friends in common, through whom he might obtain an introduction easily enough. He may be very diffident and retiring, but yet he might make your acquaintance in some way, and I am rather surprised that he does not do so. Perhaps you are right, and I am of the opinion, but still I incline to my first opinion. Of course there is nothing you can do, but do what you can, and remember this, my dear, the more quiet, and unassuming you are, the more he will admire you, men are strange creatures, and they have a way of studying a girl they fancy to find out if she is all they thought she was. Perhaps it is that very quietude that has attracted his attention, and he will seek an introduction, at the very first opportunity. You have interested me sometimes ago whether I am right or not, so be sure you write and let me know; and may you have a very happy New Year.

BLUE EYES, Moncton.—The meaning of the name Josephine, is "increase," or "increasing." Not as pretty as the meanings of some names, such as Sarah, "a princess," or Margaret, "a pearl," is it? A correspondent asked me some time ago whether, or not, it was necessary to answer an invitation to an At Home, and as I never saw the answer in print, I have come to the conclusion that it got mislaid in some way, and in the office so I will repeat it, and I hope she will be able to find it this time, as I cannot hunt her up by name just now. It depends a great deal on the kind of invitation you receive. If a lady friend merely sends you her card with the information printed upon it that she is at home on such a day of the week, an answer is unnecessary. But if you receive a card containing the announcement that Mrs. John Smith and Misses Smith are at home on Thursday, the 15th of February, at 8.30 o'clock, and the word "Dancing" is at the right-hand side, there will probably be also the letters R. S. V. P. at the bottom of the card, and even if they are not, a reply is necessary. This is about the main impression to give you, because you must know that the etiquette of At Homes is rather complicated and puzzling at first. ASTRA.

Under the Sea. The world under the ocean is not only a world of mystery, but one of twilight and of night. M. Fol, a Belgian scientist, found that at a depth of about 100 feet it was difficult to discover the small animals he was in search of. When the sun had begun to decline in the afternoon darkness would suddenly envelope him when he was in thirty-five or forty feet of water, and rising to the surface under the impression that night had actually begun, he would be astonished to find himself emerging into brilliant sunshine.

At considerable depths he found that it was ordinarily impossible to see a rock at a distance greater than about twenty-five feet. Under the best circumstances, with very clear water and an unclouded sun overhead, a rock might be perceived eighty or ninety feet away.

He observed that the animals living on and near the bottom would, when alarmed, flee with great celerity for a distance of a few yards and then stop, believing that they had got beyond the sight of pursuers.

One of the practical conclusions drawn from Mr. Fol's experiences is that it will not be possible for submarine vessels to move rapidly at any considerable depth, owing to the imminent danger of collision with obstacles that are not visible beyond a very narrow range. But those depths are not the less interesting because they are buried in almost impenetrable shadow.

Now, Girls! Here is some good advice from a man to the girl that wants to be married, if there is such a girl in these days, when solicited economy has overshadowed household economy and concubines are more than kisses: "If I were a girl on the lookout for a husband I should play the game by adroitly flattering my contemplated victim, listening with rapt attention when he spoke, and generally seeking to create the impression that I thought him in wisdom and charm not inferior to the angels. At the same time I should endeavor to bring home to him the fact that in me he would find a person with a heavenly temper, brimming over with domestic affection. I should care to be becomingly dressed, but my get-up would look as if it cost nothing. In my movements I should cultivate grace. My likes and dislikes would be those of my victim. In the present day a man rarely deliberates on contemplating marriage. The fly has to be very adroitly thrown to catch him. Men are just as vain as women, and it is by keeping this fact well in mind that a girl gets a husband."

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SEE A FEW OF THE MANY TESTIMONIALS: Opinions of some Distinguished Guests on the "Myrtle Bank" Hotel. From the Hon. Killiers Stuart, King's House, Jamaica.—Having been staying on several occasions at the Myrtle Bank Hotel, I have found it well appointed, and the Staff most obliging. The Hotel is well situated, the verandahs have the benefit of the sea-breeze and command very interesting views. I found the beds especially comfortable. From Arthur Harvey, Esq., Toronto, Canada.—I have spent some weeks in Jamaica, every hour of which has been delightful, and much of the pleasure has been due to the excellent accommodations of the Myrtle Bank Hotel. The rooms, the cuisine, and the civility received at your hands, call for this acknowledgment. From the Hon. Thos. J. Clayton, Thurston, Penna.—We have spent ten days at Jamaica, making the Myrtle Bank Hotel our headquarters. We have found it the best Hotel on the Island. We can recommend this Hotel to our countrymen as an agreeable resting place. From John M. Oakley, of Pittsburg, Pa.—On leaving your hospitable house, the "Myrtle Bank," after two weeks' stay, we wish to say to our countrymen, through you, that we have found your location favored by the sea-breeze as cool as the mountains of Jamaica to stay at this Hotel. From Rear-Admiral Seymour, R. N.—For the four weeks I have lived in your Hotel, I have been struck with the civility of the Staff to guests and visitors. I wish the undertaking every success. I advise any one visiting Kingston to stay at Myrtle Bank. From Hon. T. A. and Lady Brassey.—The Hotel is about the best planned I have seen in the Tropics. The broad verandahs and passages entirely open to the air make it deliciously cool. The bed rooms could not be more comfortable. From Senator Warner Miller, U. S. A.—I desire to express my appreciation of your Hotel. I have found it a most delightful place and have enjoyed my visit to Kingston. Your Hotel furnished me with perfect accommodation. From Cleveland Moffett, Correspondent of the "New York Herald"—It gives me pleasure to state that during the ten days I have passed in your pleasant Hotel, I have been treated with the greatest courtesy and attention. No trouble spared in the interests of the guests. The Hotel is certainly well managed. From John C. Kline (Sept. 3rd, 1891), Correspondent "New York World"—During the stay of myself and wife at Myrtle Bank we have received every attention. The accommodations are most excellent, the beds could not be better, and a table

JAMAICA can be reached via Steamer Alpha from Halifax, sailing twice a month, \$75 for return passage; or via Steamers of the Boston Fruit Company, sailing from Boston twice a week, \$50 for return passage. For further particulars address: HERBERT A. CUNHA, MANAGER MYRTLE BANK HOTEL CO., Kingston, Jamaica.

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THINGS WORTH KNOWING

Greek marriages are usually celebrated on a Sunday.

Nearly a quarter of all cases of insanity are hereditary.

The floating population of the Thames numbers 300,000 souls.

The Jewish population of Russia is estimated at about 5,000,000.

It has been computed that the 38,000 square miles of Iceland, only 15,000 are pasture land.

During the reign of Edward I. of England rum was sold only as a medicine in apothecaries' shops.

There are now 27,786 Irishmen in the British army. In 1860 there were 60,000 and in 1870 44,000.

Romanian mothers tie red ribbons around the ankles of their children to preserve them from harm, while Estonian mothers attach bits of asafetida to the necks of their offspring.

The railroads in the United States employ an army of 689,912, of which 133,380 are "trainmen," 31,896 "switchmen," "flagmen" and "watchmen," and 522,436 are classified as "other workmen."

Britain has 31 ironclads, 69 cruisers (some of them more effective than battleships), 15 torpedo and despatch cruisers, 150 torpedo-boats (these include the new ships under the naval defence scheme).

The Hindoos have a coconut festival every year at the end of August to mark the beginning of the end of the monsoon. During the festival athletic contests take place and wandering minstrels recite their tales and poems.

Electric roads cost less than cable or horse car roads. The average cost of the electric roads a mile, including equipment and roadway is \$146,697, while the horse car and cable roads, cost respectively \$71,387 and \$350,326.

The chances for loss of life in railroad accidents in the United States are one person killed for every ten million carried. Statisticians claim that more people are killed every year by falling out of windows than there are in railroad accidents.

A locomotive was constructed by George Stephenson in 1814, and travelled at the rate of six miles an hour. This does not appear to have been the first. In 1811 Mr. Blinksop, of Leeds, constructed a locomotive, for which he took out a patent. His engines began running on the railway extending from the Middleton Collieries to Leeds, a distance of about three miles and a half, on the 12th of August, 1812.

Few people know the real color of gold, as the metal is seldom seen except heavily alloyed, which renders it redder in color than when in its pure state. The gold found in the Ural Mountains is the reddest of all in its natural state; Australian gold is redder than that of California, while gold obtained from the placers is redder than that obtained from the quartz. What causes these different colors in one of the mysteries of metallurgy.

The aggregate amount paid in wages to diamond workers in Holland is about \$5,000,000 a year, and it is estimated that 10,000 persons are employed in this industry. Two million dollars worth of these precious stones go direct from Holland to the United States every year, and the same amount is also shipped to London and Paris. Experienced calculators estimate the value of diamonds received annually in America at fully \$5,000,000.

There are about 30,000 locomotives in the United States, being one to every five miles of railroad, and 1,109,000 cars of all kinds, of which 27,000 are passenger coaches. The locomotives cost 450,000,000 dollars, the cars 800,000,000 dollars, making the approximate cost of the rolling stock 1,500,000,000 dollars. Each year a freight engine hauls 35,000 tons, and a passenger engine pulls 60,000 passengers. These railways employ 725,000 persons, nearly all men, who provide a living for nearly 3,000,000 people, or about 1-20th of the whole population.

If we sum up the encouragements to hope, founded on the success of christian work, the figures are as follows: Three centuries after Christ there were 5,000,000 christians. Eight centuries after Christ there were 30,000,000 christians. Ten centuries after Christ there were 50,000,000 christians. Fifteen centuries after Christ there were 100,000,000 christians. Eighteen centuries after Christ there were 174,000,000 christians. Now there are 450,000,000. The followers of the three religions—Confucianism, Buddhism and Taoism, all combined, are less in number than the christians alone. Including the latest division of Africa among the European powers, about four-fifths of the land of the world is under christian control.

The cost of British royalty is about \$5,000,000 a year. In addition to the maintenance of palaces and the building of royal yachts the incomes voted to the family are enormous. The Prince of Wales has over \$500,000 and the princess \$50,000 a year. The younger sons of the Queen have been voted \$125,000, the daughters \$30,000 each, the Duke of Cambridge, the Queen's cousin, \$60,000, and his two sisters \$25,000 and \$15,000 respectively, and \$500,000 was voted to the Empress Frederick of Germany when she was married. The Lord Chamberlain, Lord Steward, and Master of Buck Hounds get \$28,500 per year each, seven Lords in waiting get \$3,500 each for five weeks each year "in attendance." The Ladies of the Bedchamber have \$2,500 a year each.

The custom of celebrating wedding anniversaries with peculiar gifts dates back to the medieval Germans, among whom, if a married couple lived to celebrate the 25th

anniversary of their wedding, the wife was presented by her friends and neighbors with a silver wreath, partly in congratulation of the good fortune that had prolonged the lives of the couple for so many years, and partly in recognition of the fact that they must have known a fairly harmonious existence. On the celebration of the 50th the wife received a wreath of gold. Thus these anniversaries came to be known as the silver wedding day and the golden wedding day. The custom has been enlarged upon until now we have the cotton, which is the first anniversary; paper, second; leather, third; wooden, fifth; woolen, seventh; tin, tenth; silk and fine linen, twelfth; crystal, fifteenth; china, twentieth; silver, twenty-fifth; pearl, thirtieth; ruby, fortieth; golden, fiftieth, and the diamond wedding on the seventy-fifth anniversary.

"PROGRESS" PICKINGS.

"Hoffy's met with a dreadfully distressing accident." "Dear me!" "Yes, Spwained his cain." "Howwible!" "Yes." "They tell me you are a happy father." "Yes." "Are you setting up the cigars?" "No. I'm sitting up nights."—Kate Field's Washington.

"Hands wanted on boys' trousers" is the daily advertisement in the newspapers. "Twas ever thus from childhood's hour."—Texas Sittings.

"Who do you suppose originated the expression, 'As full as a goat'?" "Oh, some fellow who had been working the can."—New York Herald.

Her Mother—I saw him kiss you. I am terribly shocked. I did not suppose he would dare to do such a thing. Herself—Nor I. In fact I bet him he didn't dare.

Waiter (to departing guest)—Sir, do you know, you remind me strongly of the Spaniards at the capture of Granada? Guest—How's that? Waiter—You give no quarter.

Cumso—Mrs. Bobbit is a regular after dinner caller. Mrs. Cumso—Indeed! She invariably comes just before dinner. Cumso—That's what I say. Dinner is hers after.

"Forgive me for kissing you; the perfume of that rose in your hair intoxicated me, and I did not know—" She—"Isn't it funny! That's an artificial rose, you know."—Life.

"Is this a fast train?" asked the traveling man of the conductor. "Of course it is," was the reply. "I thought so. Would you mind my getting out to see what it is fast to?"—N. Y. Sun.

Charlie (who has stayed late)—"Oh, Miss DeFreeze, I've an idea! Miss DeFreeze—Well, an idea is not much good unless you carry it out." He took the hat and his hat.—Yonkers Statesman.

"Are you pretty well acquainted with your mother tongue, my boy?" asked the school teacher of the new scholar. "Yes, sir," answered the lad, timidly. "ma jays me a good deal, sir."—The Critic.

Shocked at the Evidence.—Judge—"Well, officer, who is this person and what is she charged with?"—Officer—"Sure, it's the 'Magnetic Girl,' your honor, and she's charged with electricity."—Puck.

"I must pause and reflect," she said in response to the gentleman's marriage proposal. "Ah my dear Miss Marie," he said with beautiful courtesy, "one so bright as you does not need to pause to reflect." He got her, of course.

"Making a long story short.—Husband—"What a splendid dinner you have tonight." Wife (complacently)—"Yes, dear, I thought it would please you." Husband—"What kind of a dress are you thinking of getting?"—Life.

Phrenologist—"Your bump of imagination is abnormally large, sir. You should write poetry." Visitor—"I do write poetry. Only yesterday I took a poem to an editor, and that bump you are feeling is where he hit me. Don't bear on it so hard."—Tit-Bits.

Clarissa—And he proposed to you? Ethel—Yes, so you see, you were wrong when you said he had declared that he wouldn't marry the best woman in the world. C.—I don't see how I was wrong. His saying that was no reason why he shouldn't marry you.

"Why, Edwin," exclaimed the tearful bride. "You certainly told me before we were married that you would gladly give me all the pin money I wanted." "Yes," said Edwin, gloomily; "I know I did; but I didn't suppose you meant diamond pins."—Somerville Journal.

"A fast horse is he?" "Trots like a stroke of greased lightning." "Well, that's fast enough. What do you call him?" "What Ma Says." "What Ma Says?" That's a strange name. Why do you call him that?" "Because what ma says goes."—Cape Cod Item.

"I don't feel right about going in there," said Chilson Feever, in front of a physician's house. "Pshaw! He's one of the best doctors in the city," replied Coffin Cole. "I know; but look at his sign—'9 to 10.'" "Well," "Well, I don't take any such chances as that."

Uncle William was talking with Lucy, his best little niece, about Christmas. He wished to know her mind upon a certain highly interesting subject, but preferred to get at it indirectly. "Now, Lucy," said he, in a casual manner, "if I were going to buy a doll for a little girl, what kind of a one do you think she would like?" "Oh, Uncle William," answered Lucy, with undisguised interest, "there is nothing like twins."

The Teacher—There is one of my brightest boys sitting over there on that rock writing, while his companions are wasting their time in idle play. No doubt he is writing his lessons out for tomorrow. Here, Jimmy, let me see what you are writing. Jimmy—Nim! I don't want to read it. This is what she read: "Please excuse my son James from school today, as he is needed at home."

HERN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

Colonel Gordon of Missouri has a beard six feet in length, which he combs down when allowed to flow at full length.

The Earl of Dudley is perhaps the most interesting man to the insurance companies in England. His life is insured for \$6,000,000.

The Polish Count Graborki is a fireman on a Pan Handle locomotive. He is a manly and well-educated young fellow, with an excellent record of service in the German army, and he is thoroughly content with his situation.

The physicians of Pope Leo XIII. are announced as expressing the opinion that their patient cannot live much longer than six months. Then the time approaches when the Vatican may have a new policy toward the Quirinal.

Mrs. Russell Sage has proven herself a plucky woman than her husband was a man by choking a wretch who got into her house to demand \$2,500 to prevent him from shooting Mr. Sage. When she had choked him she thrust him out in the street.

The day of youthful prodigies is evidently not over. In Berlin the 12-year old cellist, Jean Gerardy, who created a great sensation in London, is said to have recently with signal success. In Milan, on the other hand, a little girl of the same age, Bianca Panteo, has caused quite a stir in musical circles by her remarkable performance on the violin. She will be heard in Austria and Germany during the coming months.

The Queen has several great grandchildren, including the five little sons of the Princess William and the grandchildren of Princess Alice of Lesse, but the birth of a daughter to the Duchess of Fife is of more immediate interest to the English people, because thereby they have now four generations of royalty upon British soil. Lady Alexander Duff, though denied the style of Princess, is third in descent from Her Majesty and some day will be the grand-daughter of a king.

There is a great controversy going on in London now as to who is the most beautiful woman in society. There are Lady Dudley and the Princess of Wales, who defy the flight of time and reign queens of beauty forever. The Duchess of Leinster and her sisters bear away the palms from hosts of lesser beauties, but above them all, when the history of the period is written will be recorded, the name of Lady Brooke. There is something inconceivably victorious in the beauty of her pale features, her glowing splendid eyes, the piquant charm of her upturned chin, and the haughty languorous grace of her smile.

Among the many reminiscences related of the ex-Empress Eugenie in the days of her glory are several which indicate the impulsively generous heart of the unhappy woman who wanders about the streets of Paris unknown and unnoticed where once she reigned in state. It is said that one morning at breakfast a general related to the emperor the misfortunes of a brother officer, who "because he had not fifteen thousand francs must be dishonored." "While the emperor questioned further particulars of the story the empress flew to her room, and returning with a package of bank notes, said: "Take them, general, and never tell me his name." Even now she does not know the name of the man she befriended.

I recall one occasion, when a case of most atrocious wickedness had transpired, and had occasioned much excitement, that the next Sabbath Mr. Beecher fearlessly alluded to it, and in the most severe terms writes Mr. Beecher. The offender was not known to him, and the people feared his church was greatly excited at the report of his rebuke, and after service gathered about him exceedingly alarmed. "Why, Mr. Beecher, you risk your life by speaking of _____ in those terms! By tomorrow he will have been told of what you have said, and we fear will make trouble, even if he does not resort to violence. It was not wise for you to have expressed your opinion so freely." "I do not fear him. It was wise for me to do my duty as I see it. It would have been useless for me to have said what I did had I not hoped and intended that he should have known it." Monday morning, as usual, Mr. Beecher went to the office, and to do so must pass the large hotel around which there was always many idle people loitering, and where, if this man intended mischief, he would probably be pressed after with a pistol. "Mr. Beecher, were you alluding to me in your remarks yesterday morning?" "I was." "Take it back, or I'll shoot you!" Mr. Beecher looked him sternly in the face for a moment and said: "Shoot away!" and walked on. The man followed him some rods with the pistol aimed at him, and then, as it chanced to face the people on the hotel steps, turned down another street and walked away. Mr. Beecher often met and passed him after that, but no other word ever passed between them.

Nothing the Matter with Toronto. Toronto is most probably the strictest Sabbatarian city in America, and very few cities in any part of the world are more rigid. All business suspended on Sunday, all stores are closed. It is even forbidden to sell newspapers or soda water; no street cars are allowed to run, and any kind of transportation is difficult to get. But a great many of the less truly good Torontonians have been objecting strongly to the rigidity of things. Queen's park is a beautiful place, but it is quite a long way out of town, and, as no street cars are allowed to run, many thousands of citizens are deprived of the enjoyment of the park, simply because they cannot walk the great distance. The street car question has been made a political issue, and it is probable it will be decided at the polls at the coming municipal elections.—N. Y. Sun.

"German Syrup"

The majority of well-read physicians now believe that Consumption is a germ disease. In other words, instead of being in the constitution itself it is caused by innumerable small creatures living in the lungs having no business there and eating them away as caterpillars do the leaves of trees.

The germ of this disease is coughed up in those parts of the lungs which have been gnawed off and destroyed. These little bacilli, as the germs are called, are too small to be seen with the naked eye, but they are very much alive just the same, and enter the body in our food, in the air we breathe, and through the pores of the skin. Thence they get into the blood and finally arrive at the lungs where they fasten and increase with frightful rapidity. Then German Syrup comes in, loosens them, kills them, expels them, heals the places they leave, and so nourish and soothe that, in a short time consumptives become germ-proof and well.

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, EASTPORT.

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

Scott's Cure FOR RHEUMATISM is the greatest discovery of the age for the immediate relief of RHEUMATISM. Applied to a bruised surface, it will instantly relieve pain and allay inflammation. Scott's Cure is a preparation that no household should be without.

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Dear Sir,—Enclosed find phosphone: it was not received EVEN MORE THAN YOU RE **M. F. Eagar.**

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Dear Sir,—I have used your Phospholeine in many cases for which it is recommended, and am well pleased with the way in which it acts. In a case of the most obstinate Chronic Bronchitis (the disease had baffled the usual treatment in such cases) your Phospholeine acted like a charm, and I ascribe the recovery entirely to the use of it. From my experience of it I feel justified in saying that it is an important remedial agent in all cases of Wasting Diseases, and I can heartily recommend it to the notice of the profession and public as a remedy of real merit.
M. F. Eagar.

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HEALTH INSTITUTE, 272 Jarvis Street, Toronto.
Dear Sir,—Enclosed find P. O. order for amount due for last gross of your Phospholeine; it was not received for a month after being shipped by you. I find it all and even more than you recommend it to be.
M. F. Eagar.

E. A. TEFPT, M. D.
Dear Sir,—Nearly out of your Phospholeine. Please send another gross as soon as possible.
M. F. Eagar.

YARMOUTH, N. S., July 30th, 1882.
Dear Sir,—It gives me great pleasure to state that I have been prescribing your "Phospholeine" or "Cod Liver Cream" during the last two years, and the longer I use it the more gratified I am with the results.
H. L. KELLY, M. D.

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M. F. Eagar, Esq., Halifax, N. S.
Dear Sir,—I am very highly pleased with the action of your Phospholeine. It has been used in this Hospital in Pulmonary and other wasting Diseases with success, and being so palatable, is a splendid substitute for the Crude Cod Liver Oil. Will you kindly let me know the lowest wholesale rate for a quantity for Hospital use?
Yours truly,
Toronto, Nov. 30, 1880.

(Signed) C. O'REILLY, M. D., C. M., Superintendent.
I have often prescribed Eagar's Phospholeine, and as it has been invariably beneficial in the cases under my own observation, I have great pleasure in recording my testimony in its favor. Being a perfect emulsion it is easy of digestion, without producing nausea, which is of the very greatest importance in the class of Wasting Diseases it is especially designed to benefit. I have frequently seen it retained by the stomach when almost every other similar preparation has been tried and rejected.
R. ADLINGTON, M. D. (Edin.), M. R. C. S., England.
Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario, &c.
Bedford, N. S., May 15, 1880.

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Dear Sir,—It is with pleasure that I can recommend your Phospholeine. In every case it has met my expectations, and is the **FINEST PREPARATION OF THE KIND THAT I HAVE EVER USED.** Some of my patients come to like the taste, and none call it unpleasant, which is very greatly in its favor. Enclosed, please find Post Office Order for \$36.00, to balance my account to date, and oblige me by sending another gross.
Yours very truly,
E. A. TEFPT, M. D.

SECOND CERTIFICATE FROM DR. SLAYTER.
Since giving you my last certificate I have had many opportunities of further testing your Phospholeine, and of comparing its action with the Emulsions and preparations of oil in the market. I may state that I BELIEVE IT TO BE THE BEST PREPARATION NOW OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC, the drugs and oils used being of the finest quality, while the facilities and machinery used for mixing them are of the most perfect kind. I have no hesitation in stating that where oil is indicated, Eagar's Cream (Phospholeine) will be found to be EVERYTHING THAT IS CLAIMED FOR IT BY ITS PROPRIETOR.
W. B. SLAYTER, M. D., &c., &c., &c.
Halifax, January, 1881.

BATHURST VILLAGE, N. B.
Dear Sir,—Your Phospholeine has given me entire satisfaction, my patients too like it better than any other Emulsion. Its results are sometimes surprising, especially in wasting Diseases of children. Forward to me, per I. C. R., two doz. Phospholeine, & two doz. Wine of Rennet, enclosed find \$36.00, and oblige,
Yours truly,
G. M. DUNCAN, M. D.

Dr. Purdy, of Moncton, N. B., writes:—"I have tried Eagar's Phospholeine in many cases for which it is recommended with satisfactory results. I had a patient whose stomach absolutely refused to retain any preparation of Cod Liver Oil which I could devise, but so soon as EAGAR'S PHOSPHOLEINE was administered no further trouble was experienced. I feel justified in saying that it is an important remedial agent in all cases of Wasting Diseases where nerve element and vital force requires nutrition."
FROM REV. DR. HILL.

HALIFAX, N. S., June 25, 1883.
Dear Sir,—I feel it is duty to you that I should say publicly what I have said privately very many times, namely, that I firmly believe your PHOSPHOLEINE was the means of restoring a near relative of mine to ordinary health. The patient was apparently in the last stages of Consumption, but with the concurrence of skilled physicians your PHOSPHOLEINE was tried, and, I am happy to say, with results that I certainly did not anticipate. My friend is today in the enjoyment of excellent health.
Believe me, yours very truly,
GEORGE W. HILL, D. C. L., Rector St. Paul's.



PARTIES WHO HAVE BEEN CURED, GOING ON THEIR WAY REJOICING.

PLYMOUTH, PENOBSCOT, MAINE, C.
Nov. 26, 1883.
Mr. M. F. Eagar.
Dear Sir,—While away from home hauling bark last winter I caught a severe cold which settled on my lungs. I was a stout, rugged man, never was sick hardly a day in my life, but this cold got the better of me; I could not get rid of it under the usual treatment. I began to grow worse, coughed a great deal and became very weak, so that I had to give up work. I was so hoarse I could not speak aloud. I consulted several physicians. I took their medicine but received no benefit, but gradually grew worse. The last physician consulted said I could not live. About this time my attention was called to the Phospholeine by your agent in this place, who induced me to try a bottle, which I did with marked results. To tell the truth, I had but little faith in it, I have tried so many medicines without relief. Before I had finished taking one bottle I began to feel better and to gain in health and strength. After taking a few bottles I was able to work in the hayfield, and have since been steadily improving; my hoarseness is nearly all gone and I have gained nearly 25 lbs in weight.
Please accept this as a grateful testimonial from one who has received great benefit from your valuable medicine.
Very truly yours,
PARKER HOLT.

FROM REV. H. J. WINTERBOURNE.
HALIFAX, September 11, 1882.
Dear Sir,—I have great pleasure in bearing testimony to the excellency of your "Phospholeine." It has been most beneficial to me at different times when suffering from debility, etc. I may add that it is pleasant to the taste, which, of course, is a great advantage. I can confidently recommend it as a really good preparation for building up the system.
Yours very truly,
(Signed) H. J. WINTERBOURNE,
Rector of St. Mark's and St. John's Parish.

TUBERCULOUS DEGENERATION OF THE LUNG.
Dear Sir,—Last summer I was troubled with a cough, and my physician says unmistakable symptoms of consumption, including debility and loss of flesh. I lost 30 pounds in weight in a few weeks. My physician, who examined me, advised me to use your Phospholeine, and I am happy to be able to inform you that it has produced a complete cure, and I have regained from 124 to 154 pounds in weight, and am now enjoying good health. I drove 65 miles at night across Cape Breton during a snow storm in December without suffering from it in the least.
I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,
E. R. HARRINGTON.



THREE DOCTORS IN CONSULTATION.
WELL GENTLEMEN I CAN ASSURE YOU THAT NO PREPARATION HAS EVER GIVEN SUCH SATISFACTORY RESULTS AS I HAVE OBTAINED FROM PHOSPHOLEINE.

TRAIN DESPATCHER AT VANCEBORO'.
M. F. Eagar, Esq.
Dear Sir,—My wife, Laura A. Finson, was taken ill early this year and suffered severely with a bad cough, accompanied by expectoration of mucus containing blood and great weakness of the chest, general prostration and clammy night sweats, and continued to grow worse until I was recommended to procure for her some bottles of your Phospholeine, and Wine of Rennet. This I did, and after using about five bottles of the Phospholeine, taking a teaspoonful at a time in a wine glass of milk, increased afterwards to a table-spoonful, and shortly after each dose a teaspoonful of your Wine of Rennet, she became thoroughly well, her improvement commencing after the first half bottle had been taken. She can now superintend her household duties without any inconvenience, eats and sleeps well, and every symptom of consumption has vanished. I have to thank your medicine for her restoration to health.
WALTER R. FINSON,
Vanceboro', Maine, U. S.
The statement of facts contained in the above certificate is in all respects accurate. I feel assured that I owe my cure to your medicines.
September, 1882. LAURA A. FINSON.

RIGHT LUNG CONSOLIDATED, ONLY SIX YEARS OLD.
ASHDALE, HANTS CO., Nov. 13, 1880.
Mr. M. F. Eagar, Halifax, N. S.
Dear Sir,—Last winter my son, aged six years, caught the whooping cough. The disease settled on his lungs, and for some time we almost despaired of his life. Our doctor advised me to give him your Phospholeine, and under its use he completely recovered.
Yours truly,
LEWIS DIMOCK.

PLYMOUTH, MAINE, Nov. 26, 1883.
Dear Sir,—At the time I first sent you for the Phospholeine in June, 1882, I had a cold that I contracted in March. I coughed considerably and was reduced in weight. I tried several cough medicines without much benefit, my cough had become chronic, I commenced taking the Phospholeine and received immediate relief and soon commenced to gain in flesh. After taking four (4) bottles I felt like a new man, had gained 20 lbs. in weight and have not felt so well for several years, and have enjoyed very good health since. One thing more I wish to mention, for several years past I have been troubled with a numbness in the two middle fingers of each hand, sometimes the pain was quite severe, extending to the elbow. I consulted a physician who gave me some medicine that afforded only temporary relief. I am happy to say since taking the Phospholeine I have not had a recurrence of the trouble.
Very truly yours,
CLARENDON BUTMAN.

OLDHAM GOLD MINES.
Dear Sir,—I have been suffering from pain in my lungs and chest for past three months, with hard cough, loss of appetite, unable to work; obtained no relief from Emulsions and other medicine which I have taken; received treatment from leading physicians without benefit, but growing worse and weaker, I was advised by Mr. Baker of this place to try Eagar's Phospholeine. I got a bottle, and the first dose my appetite improved and returned, pains left my lungs and chest, and I am now as well as ever. I consider that I owe the restoration of my health to Eagar's Phospholeine.
I am, dear sir, yours truly,
W. C. MORRISON, Practical Engineer.

PRICE 50 cts. per Bottle
CONTAINING 60 DOSES.

SCROFULA AND SALT RHEUM.
Dear Mr. Eagar,—I have much pleasure in giving you a record of the effect produced by the use of your Cod Liver Oil Cream. The following cases have come under my particular attention while visiting the sick and poor: A Case of Hereditary Scrofula.—The patient had tried most of the blood purifying remedies and Sarsaparillas in use, but for the past 19 years obtained no relief. After taking three bottles of your Cream (Phospholeine) his flesh became smooth and healthy, and he is now completely cured. A case of severe cough in the last stages of Consumption.—The cough was eased, and patient regained flesh and strength. This case is past curing, and the patient was pronounced so by the physicians; but had she obtained of your medicine sooner, would no doubt have been cured. A case in which the patient had given up the use of alcohol.—The craving was cured, and the patient was regaining health and strength. A case of loss of flesh, great weakness, and indisposition for exertion of any kind, has been restored to health and strength by using your Cream (Phospholeine). I have also recommended it to many who have been suffering from Dyspepsia, loss of strength and flesh, and in every case it has effected a cure. I have derived much benefit from the use of it myself.
I remain, yours &c.,
E. C. NEWBERRY.

CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS.
Dear Mr. Eagar,—I caught a severe cold the first of this winter, and having suffered from Congestion of the Lungs, I became somewhat alarmed. I tried the usual remedies, but they did not seem to relieve me, and not being able to take Cod Liver Oil, I thought I would try your Phospholeine, which I found very pleasant to take, and with good results, as in a few days my cold and cough left me, and I felt very much better. I can cheerfully recommend it to any person whose lungs are affected in any way.
I remain, yours respectfully,
Halifax, June 20, 1879. S. H. SUGATT.

NERVOUS AND PHYSICAL PROSTRATION.
Eagar's Cod Liver Oil Cream, with Hypophosphites Phospholeine.—Mr. Blum, who lives on the Rosebank Farm, says: "You can publish the fact that Eagar's Phospholeine has effected a complete cure of my wife. Her cough is gone, distress in the chest removed, and health, strength and flesh is regained, and she has not yet finished the fourth bottle." He says it is the best medicine that he has ever seen.
COLD IN THE CHEST.
M. F. Eagar, Esq., Chemist, &c. HALIFAX, March 16, 1880.
Dear Sir,—Having been attacked by a bad cold, which settled on my chest as no other cold had ever done with me before, I was induced from the many favorable reports I had heard of it, to try Eagar's Phospholeine, and am glad to say that it has completely cured me. I may say that it is a remarkably pleasant medicine to take.
Yours truly,
ALEX. S. BAYER.

- For Sale by the following Wholesale Druggists:
- | | | | | | |
|---------------------------------------|---------------------------------|----------------------------------|-------------------------------|----------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| Campbellton, N. B., A. McG. McDONALD. | Hartland, N. B., W. E. TRIBLE. | Berwick, N. S., J. M. PATTERSON. | Halifax, N. S., BUCKLEY BROS. | Halifax, N. S., J. G. SMITH. | New Glasgow, N. S., G. B. SUTHERLAND. |
| Moncton, " CHAS. T. NEVENS. | Sackville, " H. FAWCET. | Aylesford, " T. R. HARRIS. | " " BROWN BROS. & Co. | Hantsport, " F. PEARTY. | " " R. D. STILES. |
| St. Stephen, " W. H. CLARK. | Amherst, N. S., R. C. FULLER. | Chatham, " WALTER LAWRENCE. | " " HATTIE & MYLINS. | Horsing Landing, " F. W. COBURN. | Pictou, " DR. J. W. COVE. |
| Woodstock, " H. PAXTON BAIRD. | " " E. M. LOCKWOOD. | Dartmouth, " W. H. STREYENS. | " " C. HUGGAR. | Kentville, " R. S. MASTERS. | Stellarton, " GRANT BROS. |
| St. John, " A. CHIP. SMITH. | Annapolis, " A. B. QUINQUELAN. | " " W. A. DIAMOND. | " " IARWIN & SON. | " " Est. of C. F. COCHRAN. | Waterville, " J. E. BATTON. |
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| Fredericton, " C. McCREEDOR. | Bridgewater, " C. T. G. TAYLOR. | Halifax, " APOTH. HALL. | " " S. MARINE. | Yarmouth, " J. A. CRAIG. | And all Druggists. |
| " " Geo. C. HUNT. | " " And all Druggists. | " " A. H. BUCKLEY. | " " T. M. POWER. | " " And all Druggists. | Wolfville, " G. V. RAND. |
- Also by all dealers. Don't be induced to take substitutes, and if any reader should not be able to secure it in their district write to 181 and 193 Lower Water St., Halifax, N. S.

