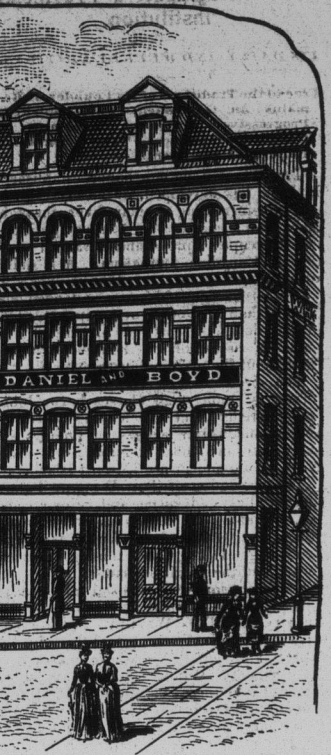


Wholesale,  
NDCHIRMAN'S HILL.



which after the great fire was rebuilt by us  
ents, has lately been divided for greater  
ants, and arranged on what is known as the  
are similar in style, texture and uses, are  
times in each separate department, are able  
and new factories springing up, each procuring  
customers in city and country, which are

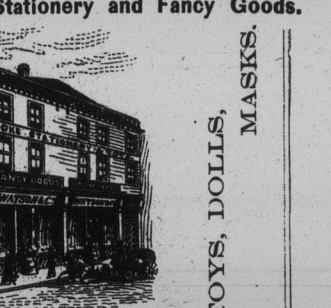
**DANIEL & BOYD.**

covers, Velvets, Plushes, Velvetens, Crapes,  
rimings, Flowers, Feathers, Hats, Shapes,  
s - Covers Grey and White Cottons, Sheetings,  
onades, Ducks, Drills, Hessians, Warps,  
y - Covers Umbrellas, Corsets, Collars,  
ils, Scarfs, Fur Capes, Ties, Gloves, Hosiery,  
ys in Silk, Linen, Cotton, Needles, Pins,  
Perfumery, etc., etc.  
s - Covers Overcoatings, Beavers, Pilots, Naps,  
s - Covers Cashmeres, Coburgs, French  
seys, Meltons, Shirtings, Gingham, Oxford  
s, Hollands, Canvas, Towellings, Tabling,  
Grey, Scarlet Flannels, etc., etc.  
s - Covers Ready-made Clothing, Shirts, Overalls,  
s, Hats, Clouds and Scarfs, Comfortables,  
s - Covers a great variety of made-up articles,  
business.

**2 and 4 Charlotte street,**

**ST. JOHN, N. B.**

**Stationery and Fancy Goods.**



**TOYS, DOLLS, MASKS.**

**Next To Godliness."**

**Steam Laundry,**

**ATED AT**

**Canterbury Street,**

**THE**

**Most Competent Help, the Most**

**therefore, Everybody says,**

**BEST WORK.**

**ARDS, Queen Street.**

**TRIAL ORDER.**

**OS. - Proprietors.**

**ND GERMAIN STREETS.**

**Perfumery and Book Binding.**

**A MERRY CHRISTMAS**

# PROGRESS.

**TO 25,000 READERS.**

**VOL. I., NO. 34.**

**ST. JOHN, N. B. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1888.**

**PRICE THREE CENTS.**

## COL. JAMES DOMVILLE.

**A MAN WHO IS NOT DULY THANKFUL FOR SMALL MERCIES.**

**He Mistakes a Friend for a Foe and Seeks More Notoriety than "Progress" Intends to Give Him at Present—He Should Not Make Such a Mistake a Second Time.**

"Col." James Domville, of Kings county, was in town on Thursday. It was his busy day, and when last seen by PROGRESS, he was busy picking himself up from the sidewalk. He had met the publisher of PROGRESS. Mr. Carter, with a heavy ulster buttoned up to his chin, a package in one hand and a glove in the other, was walking peaceably down Church street. As became the festive season, his heart was filled with thanksgiving for the success of the boom edition. The colonel, greatly envying the happy state and condition of the publisher, came up the street, accompanied by a friend.

"Good morning, colonel," said Mr. Carter, kindly. The gallant colonel had by this time gained the advantage of upper ground on the steep incline. He replied in his usual impetuous way:

"I don't want you to put my name in PROGRESS in connection with the bucket shop. It's damned impudence to interfere with my affairs."

"Wasn't it true, colonel?" asked Mr. Carter.

"What if it was," yelled the thrice rejected of Kings, accompanying his action by a sudden and treacherous blow at Mr. Carter's face. The blow hit its mark and in a fraction of a second later the publisher had knocked the colonel down. Then the illustrious James picked himself and his hat up and walked away. Mr. Carter pursued until he had gone and then quietly waived his way.

The article to which Col. Domville objected appeared last week. That portion which related to him was as follows:

The King street bucket shop has narrowly escaped some trouble with one of its victims. Very recently Lieut.-Col. James Domville, of Kings county, had a transaction in which he was "ripped." This meant a loss of about \$300. Colonel Domville contended that there was something wrong in the manipulation of the affair, and that the order was in Boston at a certain hour. If so he should not have lost. The colonel, with his usual impetuosity, started to bring suit against the concern. The matter was compromised, however, and an effort was made to hush up the affair.

When Col. Domville loses again, as he is sure to do, he may take more determined action. He is the right kind of a man to make matters lively when he gets fairly started.

The adventures of the colonel in the bucket shop were a matter of common notoriety. He had proposed to make them still more notorious by putting the matter in the courts. It was a legitimate piece of news. Any animus which PROGRESS had was against the fleecers, and not against the poor dupes who were fleeced.

Col. Domville was one of the dupes. He differed from the others, because he "kicked" and brought himself before the public.

He seems anxious to keep before the public. He has resorted to the coward's argument, a blow, and he aimed that blow in a treacherous, cowardly way. His act was more worthy of a bully than of one who parades himself as a "colonel."

He can have all the notoriety he desires. Had it been the intention of PROGRESS to wound the colonel, it would have expressed itself plainly to that effect. If it had sought to interfere with his private affairs it had a rich field for exploration. Had it even dealt with him in matters in which the public have had an interest, it could have found more than enough to say.

Few men as well known to the public are as assailable as James Domville. He has lived in a succession of glass houses for more than a quarter of a century. In every phase of an erratic and miserably ended career he has laid himself open to criticism. He should be the last of all men to court an exposure of his record.

It is because his career as a public man is miserably ended, and because of the entreaties of former friends who now give him pity rather than friendship, that PROGRESS is disposed to deal mildly with this matter. It has no more malice against him than it had a week ago, and it had then absolutely none.

Had it been otherwise, it might have put the matter in quite another light. In view of Col. Domville's former business relations, it might have asked if there were not other sources to which he might legitimately apply \$300, instead of giving it to gamblers, but it did not say so.

It might have gone back to the time when James Domville first flashed like a meteor on St. John, and given an account of his ripe greatness and fall, but it did not do so.

It might have shown in detail how James Domville made himself a name by enterprises for which he made the public pay. How he was daring because he played with stakes which were not his own,

## A WINTER TIME TABLE.

**PEOPLE WHO GO WEST CAN HAVE NOB SLEEP.**

**Before They Start—Fredericton People Will Enjoy the News Three Hours Later and St. John Can Wait Another Hour in the Afternoon For the Westerns.**

In a still more legitimate sense the absolutely public career of James Domville might have been traced, with perhaps, some facts never yet made public. It might have been shown what a splendid opportunity he had to represent a constituency, and how beyond securing a few public works, he utterly failed. It might have pictured some nights in the House of Commons which the member for Kings would fain forget, and it might have told why he is not a member for Kings today. It might make him wish he had never aspired to be Minister of Militia, and it might have explained, as he never has, why he was ejected from the ranks of his party. It might have presented him as the piteous spectacle he was, coming to the ground between the Grit and Tory stools in 1882. It might have shown how and why those who still believed in him at the time have since abandoned him to his fate, and how he stands today, by his own fault, with scarcely a corporal's guard in the broad county of Kings. All this would have been a sad story, the story of a man's fall from prominence to obscurity. Fully told it would be a story with a moral.

But as James Domville is practically dead as a public man, PROGRESS is content to let him remain in the obscurity which he professes to court. But he should avoid the bucket shop, and learn not to mistake his few friends for some of his very numerous foes.

**D. McArthur, 80 King street, has extra good value in Photograph Albums, Xmas Cards, Bibles and many lines of Fancy Goods.**

## CUSTOMS IR-REGULATIONS.

**They Often Make a Man—and His Pursue—Feel Very Tired.**

**(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.)**

Boston, Dec. 18.—As a provocative of angry passions and unbridled profanity, the customs regulations between this country and the maritime provinces take first place among all others. The agonizing entanglement of red tape in which people at both ends of the line find themselves, on account of these tariff complications, have all too frequent illustration. A friend of mine recently sent a photograph album from this city to a relative of his near Digby, as a wedding present. The affair was worth five or six dollars, but when it reached the astute customs authorities at Digby, they put their wise heads together and promptly appraised it at \$18, and demanded just half that sum as duty. Of course the prospective owner of the album refused to pay that amount, and a deadlock ensued. After considerable correspondence had passed between the sender and her majesty's customs collectors, the latter finally backed down, and allowed the album to enter by the payment of a nominal duty. It is not long since a young man from Boston, who was spending his vacation in Digby, came near getting euchred out of his entire laundry through the same absurd customs ir-regulations. Having failed to get it ready in time for him to take with him, his laundryman had sent it down by express, but it took a whole dictionary full of arguments, threats and entreaties before he could convince the custom house guardians that the articles had previously done service.

It is just as bad at this end, if not "more so." A week or two ago a Nova Scotian farmer sent a small box of apples to a Boston friend, just as samples of what he could grow down his way. The apples were entered "free" at the Boston custom house, but it would have been far better for the recipient if a duty of one dollar per apple had been charged, for before he got them cleared from their entanglement of red tape he had lost two hours of valuable time, run the gauntlet of seven different officials, each of whom either signed a new paper or extracted some money from him, and finally wound up by paying an additional fee for freight and expressage. Next time he wants a Nova Scotia apple he will go to Nova Scotia for it. It is cheaper in the end.

**THOMAS F. ANDERSON.**

**Christmas Cards, Booklets, from all leading manufacturers. 80 King street, D. McArthur, wholesale and retail.**

**To Suit the Occasion.**

Two ladies in a well known and popular city store chatted upon the goods displayed in several establishments.

"Do you know," said one, "I don't think this stock approaches So-and-So's. There is something wanting to make it complete."

"I think it very nice," said her companion. A minute later the courteous attendant appeared on the scene, and turning to him the critical lady gushingly remarked:

"What a lot of real charming things you have. I have not seen anything so nice anywhere!"

## FREDERICTON'S BAD BOY.

**Writes a Little Composition and Tells What He Saw Around Town.**

**Being I have got to write a composition or else be kept in after school with teacher, now then I don't know what to write about. I have wrote up the sheep, the cow and the horse which is useful animals with four legs, excepting our horse which has a ring spavin, and Uncle Dick's cow which has dried up this time for certain, so he says. So I guess I will just mention some things which I seen around town.**

Fredericton has nearly 7,000 inhabitants, but none of them is of much account except what ma calls on and calls on ma. So ma says. But pa says some of the other don't pay their bills like the others do, so I guess I will count 'em all in. All, exceptin' Nelson Cliff, who lives in Fredericton and Florida both, but maybe he pays taxes in both places. The most respectable people in town is the 'Piscopals; then the Methodists, then the Kirk, then the Baptists and the Free Baptists. But if the Methodists could only dance they would push the 'Piscopals hard. Ma don't like the Catholics, but pa says they pays their bill the best of any, and that makes ma mad. When the Methodists get respectable enough they joins the 'Piscopals, and the 'Piscopals are glad to have them come, and elects them wardens and vestries. And the Baptists do, too, but not so often. But the Kirks they sticks by themselves, because they is mostly Scotch, and the Scotch is very proud and obstinate.

My Sunday-school teacher is very good to me. She loves me and tells me that I must be good, and not stuck up and proud. But Billy Jones, who sells PROGRESS, is in our class, too, and his mother takes in washin'. So of course my teacher don't speak to Billy's mother when she meets her, and she don't know Billy either when she passes him on Front street. And Billy can't see why she don't love him on weekdays, too, but I can—because Billy isn't respectable.

There is a military corps in Fredericton. They wears red coats, swords and brass in their heels. They nearly all wears their pants buttoned up, so they can surround the enemy. They is very respectable, that is, the officers, and they gets the common ones to tend their horses and do chores for them. But pa says a sojer don't make near as topey a footman as a nigger. Ma says the officers are just lovely—they are so brave. But pa says they don't pay him either, and they ain't very well educated, exceptin' lawn tennis, which they like better than fighting. But the Kernel of the corps must be a very brave man: he composed a piece of music which his sister said made her blood run cold.

There is two kinds of people in town, the Tories and the Grits. One is patriots and the other is traitors. Patriots means officers; traitors is the chaps outside. The patriots says they will die for their country and the others wants them to. One side always tells the truth and the other nothing but lies, but pa is on the fence; he says one pays their bills as well as the other. There is another kind, which is mostly out of town, they call the "sturdy yeomans," the "horney anners" and the "boney handed sons of toil." They love their country too. Pa says they cost \$2 a head, election times. But the respectable ones comes higher.

Then there is the Normalites. Pa says when a boy is too lazy to thrash oats, or a girl too bashful to milk, they is sent to town to learn to teach the young idea how to scoot. I don't know what that means except it jiggling.

There is wires and poles goin' up all over town, which has two electric light companies, two telephones and two telegraphs. Pa says if the Mayor only had a footman you would think you was in London.

But I guess I will stop now because I am getting sleepy and the sojer and our hired girl is talking so loud in the kitchen. I am afraid she isn't very respectable.

**JIMMY SMITH.**

**FREDERICTON, Dec. 15.**

## They Went All Right.

Hundreds of persons in this city bought PROGRESS last week to send to their friends. Very many of them were decorated with a one cent stamp and mailed. They forgot the fact that PROGRESS was three times its usual size and required a two cent stamp to pass through the mail. With their usual courtesy the post office officials informed PROGRESS of the fact, and the additional postage was furnished cheerfully, that nobody might be disappointed. Up to this morning PROGRESS takes pleasure in doing this, but hopes this will be a warning against similar errors when other large editions are published.

Christmas Masts. The Royal Branch, a new and pretty Christmas service, will be given by the Sunday-school in Queen square church, next Wednesday evening. Admission is free.

The National, E. J. Wilkins, Proprietor No. 29 Charlotte street, has the best cigars, the best coffee, the best class of customers and is the best place to spend an evening.

## THEY CRIED FOR MORE.

**THE GREAT SALE OF "PROGRESS" LAST SATURDAY.**

**Twenty Thousand Copies Could Have Been Disposed of—The Work of the Tireless Circulators, the Newsboys—How the Boom Went Outside.**

How did PROGRESS go, Saturday? If that question was asked those connected with this journal once this week it was asked a hundred times.

There is only one answer: Splendidly. Every copy of the 15,000 edition was sold. Early Saturday afternoon there were no papers for sale in this office and the refusals became so numerous that it was necessary to close the doors at an early hour. All that remained of the 15,000 copies were a few less than 300 that were reserved for the use of the office and to supply important demands for the completion of files.

Since then the requests have been so numerous, and many of them coupled with such persuasive reasons, that barely sufficient for file use alone have been reserved. But ask the newsboys how the papers went—those tireless and competent circulators who make money by selling PROGRESS in all kinds of weather and under all conditions. Earlier than the sun they appeared on the scene. They came in scores. Each with all the money he owned or could borrow. Each confident in his ability to double his capital before noon. So they did. Many of them quadrupled it before they had been out an hour.

It was no easy task to give the necessary and prompt attention demanded by the surging, clamorous crowd of boys who wanted PROGRESS. When they went, two thousand papers went with them. That was the first call upon the huge bank of the holiday edition.

It was a great and glorious day for the newsboys. PROGRESS wishes they could have secured all the papers they wanted and made their Christmas boxes larger than they were.

No sooner were the boys away in part than PROGRESS' delivery carriage came to the door and took the first load of papers to the city newsdealers. King and Charlotte streets newsdealers had so increased their already large orders that all the papers that could be stacked into the conveyance but sufficed to supply their orders alone. Another load was required for the smaller stores on the outskirts of the city, and still another for Portland.

Meanwhile, in the office the sales were so large and rapid that by noon the street sales had reached 5,000 copies, and the newsboys had paid \$100 over the counter. Their profit on the sale was \$50 in any case, but judging from their unanimous comment, that many a 5-cent piece given them required no change, because their customers would not take it, they must have made a greater harvest.

This was in contrast to the train newsboys, who, acting under instructions, they said, began to charge five cents for the paper. Buyers did not object to the extra two cents, but as the marked price was three cents they objected, and rightly, to paying more. Their objections had the desired effect, and the papers were sold at the usual price afterward.

Some idea of the sale outside the city can be gained from the demands of almost every newsdealer for a further supply. It mattered not that the boom was for St. John. Persons outside were just as eager for the papers as citizens.

This cannot be closed without a few words concerning the work of the post office. Their energies were taxed to the utmost, Friday evening, when the largest English mail that ever went out of the St. John office was despatched. PROGRESS contributed largely to the bulk. It was printed in part early in the morning and those merchants who desired procured papers to send out by the English mail. It speaks volumes for the newspaper department and its management that everything was got off in time, though the heaviest portions were not received until the last minute.

A word of thanks, too, for the cordial recognition extended by those contemporaries who did not suffer jealousy to warp their perception of merit. Here are their Christmas greetings:

PROGRESS, which is showing great and increasing energy and enterprise, quite astonished our citizens with a very large and illustrated edition of 24 pages, on Saturday last. A goodly number of the leading business houses took advantage of this issue as a means of communicating with their customers, near and far, and to give to those at a distance views of St. John's many handsome commercial establishments. The engravings were admirably executed, and the special edition was in all its features most creditable to all connected with it.—St. John Telegraph.

PROGRESS made another progressive step last week, when it came out with 24 pages and gave fine illustrations of many of the leading business houses of St. John. It is worthy its name.—Woodstock Press.

The holiday number of PROGRESS is ahead of anything yet seen in newspaper.

## enterprise in the maritime provinces. It

consists of 24 pages, fully and finely illustrated, descriptive of St. John, its business and its merchants. Special articles are given to various important topics. The edition, 15,000, beats the record. PROGRESS thoroughly merits its name.—The Grippeck, St. John.

PROGRESS, of St. John, issued a 24-page sheet last Saturday, containing a number of excellent illustrations and an abundance of matter tending to boom the commercial center of this province. It was a splendid number.—Albert Maple Leaf.

St. John PROGRESS has issued a splendid special number booming that city. A large number of cuts of business houses are presented and the reading matter is excellent.—Halifax Mail.

PROGRESS, St. John, issued a very creditable 24 page commercial number last week. The illustrations are a good feature and the sketches of leading business houses were more than usually readable.—Moncton Times.

The St. John weekly PROGRESS on Saturday last appeared as a 24 page commercial number. It contained a large number of views of prominent business houses, and was on the whole the best advertising boom St. John has had for many years.—Moncton Transcript.

PROGRESS issued a very fine holiday edition last Saturday. It is certainly a creditable enterprise, and shows St. John's business &c., to good advantage. The paper is 24 pages, and has numerous illustrations of business and public buildings, streets, &c.—Religious Intelligencer, Fredericton.

The holiday number of the St. John PROGRESS is a capital production. It contains about 50 engravings of the principal buildings in St. John, while the descriptions of the various business places are interesting reading, which is something unusual. PROGRESS has displayed great enterprise in issuing this number, and any person who has visited St. John, or has friends living there, should not fail to obtain a copy.—Halifax Recorder.

The special edition of PROGRESS, issued last week, was creditable alike to the publishers and to those St. John merchants who contributed to make it a success.—St. Croix Courier.

Honoring its Fiftieth Year. St. Luke's church, Portland, will celebrate its jubilee next Sunday. Special services will be held morning, afternoon and evening, and these will be of a most interesting character. In the morning, the pastor, Rev. L. G. Stevens, will preach an historical sermon. In the afternoon, Rev. W. B. Armstrong, who was curate under the late Canon Harrison, will address the children. In the evening, Canon Briggstocke, successor to Dr. Gray, who first started church services in Portland, will preach an appropriate sermon. Special hymns and music will be part of each of the services. Another interesting event will be a parish festival, in the school-room, Wednesday evening. Sir Leonard Tilley, the former vestry clerk and for many years one of the active Sunday-school workers, will be present and make a short address. Carols, recitations, quartettes, etc., will help to add to the pleasure of the occasion.

Christmas Shows. Two of the handsomest shop windows in town are those of Messrs. Barnes & Murray Charlotte street. In one window a ball game is represented, in the other a curling match, and both are "too cute for anything."

The Bell cigar factory has "got there" again—this time into Messrs. Taylor & Dockrill's window, where two active workmen are employed in making cigars. Mr. A. O. Skinner's yule-tide scene is novel and beautiful. The only improvement that PROGRESS can suggest is that he should charge an admission to see it.

Partridge island light-house—in miniature—has moved, for this occasion only, into Messrs. George Robertson & Co's window, where it attracts much notice. Beverley, the irrepressible, is at the front, as usual. Everybody will go to see his window, so there's no need to describe it.

Charles Was No Fool. "Hon." C. L. Richards is vindicated from the charge that there was anything crooked about the note purporting to be signed by one James W. Smith, and given to Harold Gilbert on account. It will be remembered that Mr. Smith refused to pay the note, and claimed that he did not make it.

It will also be remembered that PROGRESS did Mr. Richards the justice to say that he was no fool, and that the note was all right. It claimed that Mr. Smith was mistaken, or had forgotten.

Mr. Smith's memory has been refreshed by the prospect of a lawsuit. He has paid the note, not cheerfully as becomes this festive season, but with manifest regret.

He has, however, a right of action against Mr. Richards—when that gentleman returns. In the sweet bye and bye, bye and bye.

Original and Unique. Macanlay Bros. & Co. have surprised the town with their window, this week. They have been fully described. They are certainly original and unique.

CHRISTMAS WINDOWS. SOME OF THE SIGHTS IN BOSTON, JUST NOW.

Novel and Attractive Combinations of Every-day Articles, in the Windows of the Dry-Goods Palaces—Human Nature as Seen at Holiday Time.

Boston, Dec. 20.—Christmas is drawing near, and Christmas shopping, with its motley crowd, pushing, crowding, buying and sight-seeing is with us once more. Everyone looks at the Christmas windows, and many of them are well worth seeing. Thinking the readers of PROGRESS might find a word or two about our store windows interesting, I have bravely endured elbowing and pinched toes that I might take a few notes, and report for their benefit. Not only is there much that is pretty and tempting to be seen, one has also a chance to study more than one side of human nature, at this joyous holiday season. Besides the philanthropic, the kind-hearted, generous and noble, there are many funny people afloat, just now, and snatches of overheard conversations, if not edifying, are certainly very amusing.

But first, the windows. Two of R. H. White's windows are closed. Something a little extra, no doubt, is in preparation, for "the last minute" before Christmas. Of the remaining five, there is in one a library scene. A copper-colored portiere is in the background; the floor is of polished wood, with rugs here and there; at one side there is an open fireplace, with handsome carved-wood mantelpiece. An elegant library stand-lamp stands near a table, on which are strewn writing materials and periodicals, with paper cutter alongside. Opposite the fireplace, at one side, an inlaid antique bookstand is seen. Handsome volumes are on the lower shelves, and ornaments, bric-a-brac, etc., on the upper. The representation is altogether most complete. The next window is devoted entirely to bric-a-brac, art bronzes, handsome plush goods, albums, folios and autograph books. The fourth window displays handkerchiefs. A theatrical stage and two opera boxes are represented in this. A large doll is seated in each box. They are dressed fashionably, have opera glasses, fans, etc., and are viewing another doll that is gayly decked and walking a tight rope across the stage. The opera boxes, proscenium arch and stage itself are made entirely of every variety of handkerchiefs. The sixth and seventh windows temptingly display gentlemen's furnishing goods, with elegant dressing gowns, slippers, etc. A number of shivering dudes stood looking with longing eyes, here. One of them, when he espied a cane among the exhibit, that was several inches larger in circumference than the one he carried, looked so exceedingly unhappy, sighed so deeply, as he looked from his cane to the one in the window, that my heart quite melted toward him. Sad scenes are ever, thus, mingled with the festive.

A peep at Jordan & Marsh's windows is a treat. They are wider than White's and admit of a more "extended view," so to speak, in the getting up of holiday scenes. One or two of their windows are also closed, probably to be opened Saturday, arranged in a specially attractive way. Of those now ready, one contains elegant antique furniture, hall chairs, library tables, stands for statuary, all very beautiful. Another is dressed with goods for ladies' street costumes, including a large assortment of ladies' canes, which are "all the rage," just now. They resemble a mountaineer's staff more than an ordinary walking-stick as they are fully four feet in height, having a cord with tassels, or ribbon, tied about midway. These long canes are very useful and convenient. For instance a lady can tap a car conductor, or cab-driver, on the shoulder, with much less exertion than the lifting of her hand to beckon would involve, and I have seen refractory dogs soon subdued, and rendered obedient, by the skilled use of one of these canes. Then they are such handy, convenient things in a crowd—much better than closed umbrellas carried under one's arm, for the canes, being longer, reach further, and seldom fail to poke into every one, the annoyance caused thereby lending a pleasant little excitement to the owner of the cane.

The windows of T. D. Whitney & Co's handkerchief store, on Temple place, are about the best arranged of any in Boston this year. I cannot describe any of them so as to do them justice, and Whitney's, especially, defy description. The right hand window is arranged as follows: An article shaped like a Turkish lamp, is made out of cedar-down bed comforters of delicate tints, silk coverings. At each point a cord with a large ball is attached. Satin and velvet sofa pillows, and plush pillows of all shades, are strewn on the floor of the window. The other (the window at the left of the entrance) is decorated entirely with handkerchiefs, with the exception of a lounge, or seat, which is draped with handsome white and gold brocade. An immense umbrella, made of handkerchiefs, is suspended in the centre of the window. (The umbrella is apropos of our recent rainy season.) Pyramids of handkerchiefs artistically arranged are scattered here and there, and, springing up, in all directions, are field daisies, about two feet and a half in circumference, the petals of which are made of white linen, and the centres of rich gold silk handkerchiefs. Every two or

three hours a Japanese lady, in elegant attire, seats herself upon the lounge described above, and faces the interested crowd on the side-walk. She swings a gowron fan slowly to and fro, and gazes pensively around. Sometimes in a bashful moment she covers her face with the fan, or again in a different mood smiles and coquettes with some "swell" who happens to gaze rather pointedly.

Knowing that this Japanese lady is one of Whitney's male employees, gotten up for

THEY HAVE SUCCEEDED BECAUSE THEY HAD ABILITY AND ENERGY.

More New Brunswickers Who Are on the Way to Glad Fame and Fortune in New York City—Personal Notes and Descriptions.

NEW YORK, Dec. 18.—While I had the pleasure in my last letter of writing a few notes concerning some New Brunswickers

assuming it is Comack. If, however, he is only comfortably rounded off, the chances are a thousand to one that he is pointing out to you W. B. Sanston, formerly of your city, for Bum Sanston might be Comack's younger brother, so far as appearances are concerned. Mr. Sanston is a popular member of the Exchange. If you miss him at the Exchange, you may find him up in the corridors of the Windsor with Roswell P. Flower—the inimitable Roswell, whose barrel was tapped by the



HOW SANTA CLAUS COMES.

the occasion, I found it quite amusing to hear the different comments made by the spectators. One very knowing woman, with an arm full of bundles, said: "She comes from Chelsea. I know that girl well. I bet she wishes she could wear such handsome toggery all the time." An elderly lady very deliberately got out her "spees" and after a long, serious gaze remarked, sotto voce: "She must be a very vain girl, and very bold!" But about the best thing I saw was when a gentleman, too elegant to be one of the curious common crowd, as he passed from an upstairs office just glanced by the bright Japanese one of the sweetest smiles, and, ye gods—a wink! The gentleman started, horrified—blushed and said, "What impudence!" staggered to his coupe and was rapidly driven off.

While looking about me I overheard the conundrum: "Where did Moses get his first suit of clothes?" I was so afraid I might never know the answer that I breathlessly pursued the couple, and was rewarded by hearing the reply, "At Jordan Marshes." Pretty good, eh?

Some of the readers of PROGRESS may not have purchased their Christmas gifts yet, and I should like to tell them of a list I overheard an Irish-American woman read to another on the horse car the other day; it might possibly suggest some new remembrances, useful as well as ornamental. I give it just as I heard it: "A coal hod for Mary Ann; package of toothpicks for Mike; tobacco for the ould man, and a jewsharp for Tommy." Agan, while in a bookstore recently I heard a person ask for "Little Emily," by "David Copperfield." A giddy, gayly dressed miss picked up a 30 cent edition of the first series of Emerson's Essays and exclaimed, "How cheap! Have you ever read them, Muriel? They're awfully nice!" What a Christmas present the overhearing of such a "criticism" would have been to the genial and fun-loving Emerson himself!

IN THE FRONT RANK.

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

Special Low Prices during the Holiday Season. All Goods at cut rates to clear, at McArthur's, 80 King Street.

who are reaping the rich rewards of life in this great metropolis, yet I desire by no means to be a party to infusing false hopes into the minds of those who may have an ambition to enter the lists in New York. I was simply writing history which the men themselves have made. Success does not grow in the streets here any more than it flourishes elsewhere. It has to be cared for and nourished, and reaped in good season before a rival may garner it in. The same care, the same vigilance and industry may harvest it elsewhere equally well. The only real advantage which this city affords to the young man who comes as the architect of his own fortune is that it, in common with all large cities, present greater equities to him than do smaller ones. In the latter a man's abilities are almost invariably sunk either in his individuality or in the circumstances surrounding him. In this city, the individual is lost and his talents, whether they be of the head or the hand, are what have sentimental and substantial values.

I shall continue a note or two on a few more New Brunswickers who have entered the gilded salon of success.

I need not picture to you ex-congressman "Jack" Adams. He is a brother of your ex-surveyor-general—a Newcastle man—and has retained all the characteristics of the northern New Brunswicker. He is one of our famous politicians, and can be found any night up in the Hoffman, where the leading Democrats talk their plans, over the dishes set up by the noted Ed. Stokes. Adams' successful defences of Henry S. Ives, the phenomenal boy-finance, have placed him in the very front of the legal profession. Jack Adams has made and lost fortunes in politics, for his money always backed his opinion. He was one of the plungers on Cleveland in the last election, and but for the money he won by the defeat of Mayor Hewitt would have been a heavy loser. As it was, he came out nearly even. The same open, daring manner, and clear, incisive manner of speech which made his brother popular in New Brunswick has made him noted here.

Many a visitor from your city, visits the Babel of Wall street—the Stock Exchange—and yet never thinks of looking down from the gallery into the excited group of dealers on the floor below, for the purpose of seeing if he can recognize a familiar face. And yet he might. Almost anybody who may chance to be near one in the visitors' rooms can point out Addison Comack, the great stock bear. If the man pointed out should be decidedly round and blonde, you may be safe in

Democrats, in the recent campaign, for a cold \$100,000.

Con. Holland, formerly of Portland, is one of the city's guardians at present. He is an engineer on the East Side fire boat, and looks superb in his uniform of blue, studded with white buttons.

James Scholes, another Portland man, is a superintendent for one of the largest builders in the city. Like all master mechanics, he is in great demand, and enjoys not merely the best work, but also the best pay, that the town affords.

William Gilfoyle has also demonstrated the superiority of the down-east tradesman. He lives in Harlem, where the bulk of his work lies. He superintends the entire brick and stone work of a mammoth contracting firm, on which he has gained quite a reputation.

Joseph McManus, late of Fort Howe, Portland, is managing the large trucking stables of his uncle, Mr. Caragher, and is the picture of health and contentment. Mr. Caragher is one of the best known men on the Boulevard, and he and Joe quite frequently are seen behind a spanking team of nut brown bays.

William Ruddock, the famous boat-builder, has been permanently located here, for some time past, on the corner of 129th street and Lexington avenue, in this city. The trade which he has established for himself is simply enormous. Day and night his workshop is open and book filled with orders. His brother, Frank Ruddock, is assisting him. Of course, I need not tell any St. John people who the Ruddocks are.

A Habit of the Human Mind.

Herrmann, the magician, was standing with some friends at a New York hotel recently, when Marshall P. Wilder started to do a trick which hinged on a certain number. He turned to Alfred Claggott and asked him to think of a number between one and ten.

"Wait a minute," said Mr. Herrmann, "and I will put down the number that you select."

He took a pencil and scribbled the number on the back of a menu card. Mr. Claggott sat in a deep thought for a moment, and finally said:

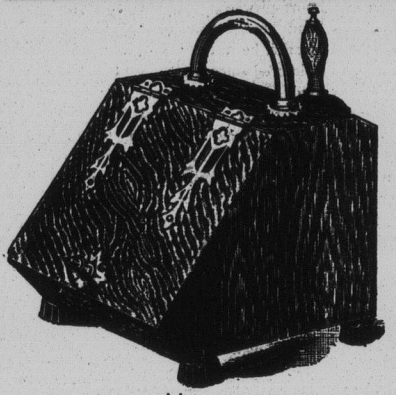
"Seven."

Herrmann turned the menu over, and there was the figure seven on the back of the card. "It is not a trick," he said quietly. "You will find that every man will choose seven under the same circumstances." Mr. Claggott turned to an adjoining table where Colonel Oehlrich sat and put the question to him. The colonel yelled seven in a loud and burly voice. Then Ed. Stokes and E. G. Gilmore came in in rapid succession, and both chose the same number. Townsend Percy and Tom Burnside, of the London Savage club, also selected the same numeral, and for the succeeding half hour no one broke the record. "There is no explanation of it," said Mr. Herrmann in conclusion, as he rose to go to dinner. "It is the habit of the human mind—nothing more."

Useful Xmas Presents FOR LADIES AND MISSES, ON VIEW IN OUR NEW SHOW ROOM.

- A BLACK SILK OR SATIN DRESS; A COLORED SILK OR SATIN DRESS; A NATURAL LYNX BOA; A NATURAL LYNX MUFF; A BALTIC SEAL MUFF; A BEAVER MUFF AND COLLAR; A BALTIC SEAL COLLARETTE; A BEAVER OR NUTRIA COLLARETTE; THE NEW OSTRICH FEATHER BOA, in black and colors, is among the Latest Novelties, and is specially adapted for YOUNG LADIES' WEAR. A HANDSOME FUR-LINED CLOAK, or RUSSIAN ASTRACHAN SACQUE is a most desirable present for this season. With so much rain what is more useful than a RELIABLE WATERPROOF CLOAK; just received, the Russian, Princess, Edinboro' and Sling Sleeve—Latest Shapes and Colorings. A LADY'S SILK UMBRELLA is at all times a most acceptable present.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.



Coal Vases.

WE HAVE LEFT A FEW Brass Mounted, Hand-Painted, STYLISH COAL VASES, (WITH LININGS),

Which we offer till 1st January at \$2.50 Each.

This is a GENUINE BARGAIN, and is to close out balance of this season's stock.

WE HAVE ALSO A FINE STOCK OF Brass and Steel Fire Irons, with Stands to Match. All which we offer at REDUCED PRICES for the same time to clear.

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

FOR GOOD VALUE

Union and All-Wool Grey Flannels; Ladies' and Children's Wove Hosiery; Ladies' Vests; Black and Colored Cashmeres; Gloves; Jerseys and Jersey Coats, Embroidered Cloth Table Covers; Gent's Ribbed Shirts and Pants, etc., etc.,

PITTS' General Dry Goods Store, 179 UNION STREET. 179

DR. SCOTT'S Electric Hair Curler.

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

For sale by A. CHIPMAN SMITH & CO., Charlotte Street.

TWEED WATERPROOF COATS With Sewed and Taped Seams.

We are now showing the Latest London Styles in Gents' Tweed Rubber Coats, Made with above great improvements.

ALSO—A Full Line of LADIES LONDON CLOAKS in newest styles. ESTEY, ALLWOOD & CO., 68 Prince Wm. Street.

The Cigar LITTLE KING.

TAYLOR & DOCKRILL, 84---King Street---84

T. J. McPHERSON, 181 UNION STREET, GROCER.

FRUITS A SPECIALTY. Havana and Domestic CIGARS.

I have a complete assortment now in stock, in boxes and half-boxes: 100,000 HAVANA and DOMESTICS. THOS. L. BOURKE, 11 and 12 Water Street.

SPENCER'S Standard Dancing Academy.

CLASSES for beginners will open on TUESDAY, October 20th, as follows: Afternoon, Ladies, Masters and Misses, at 3.30; Ladies and Gentlemen at 8 o'clock, in the evening. Pupils must make application for terms. A. L. SPENCER, Teacher, Donville Building.

BUSINESS MEN, CRUIKSHANK'S DINNERS Are the Best AND CHEAPEST IN THE CITY.

The best the market affords always on hand P. A. CRUIKSHANK, 49 Gorman Street, Opposite Market Building.

NEW FALL GOODS

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

Call and see our Cloths. JAMES KELLY, CUSTOM TAILOR, 34 Dock Street.

GO TO Page, Smalley & Ferguson's

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

43 King Street. Take Care OF YOUR FACE AND HEAD

McINTYRE, ROYAL HOTEL BARBER SALOON,

KEEPS THE BEST Face and Hair Washes IN THE CITY. Sample bottles upon application. Don't fail to give them a trial. D. J. McINTYRE - - - 36 King Street.

CAFE ROYAL, Donville Building, Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets.

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

WILLIAM CLARK, JUST THE ARTICLE

FOR Tea and Coffee. SWEET CREAM. CAN BE HAD EVERY DAY AT THE Oak Farm Dairy Butter Store, 12 CHARLOTTE STREET.

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

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

No shepherds... Oh earth! the death's co... Thy tears, thy... Thy heart... So long the dar... spread ab... furious tal... incarnate... Melt, melt, oh... bonds shi... When Spring... The Angel-vio... ray... The Angel-song... to-day... Morn on the ep... frouns we... The holy chimes... solemn br... And the winter... bright gre... When thro' the... freshness... Frail monitors!... Of a lustrous sun... wintry shi... Of the waving... everlasting... Beyond the last... City's tow... Let the wild win... be joy and... Let happy house... Christmas... One welcome ple... hearts and... To all we love in... isles!"... The Christmas h... ful kindred... Kind eyes with... the vacant... And if too faith... loved, the... Look up—the Sh... one waits t... Wake thy ten... foods of ty... Up to the crystal... raise... Till heavenward... the illumina... Where the Chu... round the... THE MES... Do you hear th... In the hush of... While the east... Of the fair Ch... Oh, hush! while... "Peace, Peace,"... Good will unt... Oh, hush! in yo... Find answer... Do you know h... Wake the peo... For each note... Bids our hear... Oh, list to their... The filled with... Of Bethlehem... Down, down thr... It sounds from... Long ago, "neath... When the cart... Waited shepher... O'er their flock... When led in the... Came angels wit... "Fear not," w... "Behold, we hav... Good news fro... Need I tell you... Oh, most won... In its song of go... In its light and... You know how... That Jesus wa... You know how... That first Chris... And today let th... Thrill the earth... On this day that... Let all hearts... Oh, sweetest, oh... Ring, bells, for... That merrily co... Ring, bells, till th... And no one is... IN TI... Tonight, as on all... I think the moon... Silvers the gray... That on the Mo... And, while as sm... On some remote... The great blow... in the Garden of... And wide across... Once trodden... How tenderly the... With twinkling d... What strange, re... Through the ced... And how, in chis... The dew of Herm... Surely tonight so... About the Holy... Of the Presence... Surely the quiv... Shall break in on... Each glory on th... The Lord will wa... By the dark shore... Oh, to be there, th... And see the hea... As when they ope... And let great ap... With eager, trem... Some mighty men... With trailing gar... Touches the hem... GO... While to Beth... Tell me now... Tell me why it... Quitted his c... "From the... Peace, wh... Is the brig... Wherefore fro... Came he on... All his pomp a... Might his cour... "From the... Peace, wh... Is the brig... Why did he, th... Mortal pilgri... He who fashion... Boundless... "From the... Peace, wh... Is the brig... THE CRADE... In a manger, on... My "new-born... Though the child... Yet its helples... But that Power w... Out of chaos' ray... And around our... Rolling suns and... Brighter day... Choose that by th... Mightier force at... Should new heav... Only thirty year... And those almos... Words that cannot... From that humbl... Let a message... Through the com... And the world as...

THE SEASON'S POETRY.

A CANADIAN CHRISTMAS CAROL.

No shepherd in the fields to-night, no flock upon the fold, Tho' the shivering forest branches moan the north blast fierce and cold, But gloriously the white stars gleam as on that holy eve, When the herald angels' chorus swelled through the soft Judean leaves.

Men who saw this infant son In the streets of Nazareth, Trust Lived to mourn his early loss, When he died upon the cross; Lived to witness his resurrection, Drank, defeated, bitter woes; Till the blood ran, bright and deep, Down Messiah's bloody side; Till the Roman eagles soared Where the storm of battle roared; Till the smoke of sacrifice Had forever ceased to rise; When the temple stones by scope, Scattered lay, all overturned.

—Chas. H. D. D.

"The Larches" never lacked for an abundance of the old and precious brands, and Guy having been educated to drink as a gentleman, was not given to excess.

"The Larches" never lacked for an abundance of the old and precious brands, and Guy having been educated to drink as a gentleman, was not given to excess. No, he had fled because the young heart in the old body yearned for "a good time," away from the stately ceremonial of the ancient house of Grandison. He longed to be a boy again if only for a brief hour. He honestly intended to return to the family dinner.

—Chas. H. D. D.

"What Would be Nice"? A PAIR OF FAIRALL & SMITH'S REMARKABLE 64c. Kid Gloves—Equal to "Josephine."

object was seen making a rapid course over the snow, several hundred feet away. Seraphina rose in the sleigh and shouted: "Brother Guy, brother Guy! Come back, brother Guy." "He can't hear you," said Gregory. "Let me call him."

KILBY.

GREAT December Sale MENS BOYS AND CHILDREN'S SUITS, Overcoats, Ulsters, Reefers, etc. Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods, 75 cts. on the Dollar. THE WHOLE STOCK Sold out by Christmas.

WM. J. FRASER.

Better than a Government Bond. SUPPOSE a special agent of the Treasury department should call upon you to-day, and say: "The Government would like to sell you bonds for any amount between \$1,000 and \$100,000, and if it is not convenient for you to make the investment at once, we will allow you to pay for the bonds in fifteen or twenty equal annual instalments."

EXAMPLE.

THE EQUITABLE exceeds every other life assurance company in the following important respects. It has—The Largest New Business, The Largest Amount of Outstanding Assurance, The Largest Surplus, The Largest Total Income.

MOORE'S

Almond and Cucumber Cream, SOFTENING AND BEAUTIFYING THE SKIN.

It will cure Chapped Hands, Face and Lips. It cools the skin when hot, dry or painful from exposure to sun or wind, or heated by exercise.

Prepared by G. A. MOORE, DRUGGIST, 109 Brussels St. cor. Richmond.

A NICE LOT OF PERFUMES,

In Bulk, JUST RECEIVED AT T. A. CROCKETT'S,

162 Princess, Cor. Sydney Street. THE PERFLESS FOUNTAIN PEN

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

FOR SALE BY ALFRED MORRISSEY, 104 King Street.

W. WATSON ALLEN, CLARENCE H. FERGUSON, ALLEN & FERGUSON, Barristers-at-Law, Solicitors, Notaries Public, Etc.

Pugsley's Building, Rooms 14, 15 and 16 Cor. Prince William and Princess streets.

Trunks Retail at Wholesale Prices R. O'SHAUGHNESSY & CO., Manufacturers of and Dealers in

Trunks, Bags & Valises, Fishing Tackle. 83 Germain Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.

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

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

THE MESSAGE OF THE BELLS.

Do you hear the bells chime o'er the snow, In the hush of the dawning, While the white stars gleam in the glow Of the fair Christmas morning? Oh, hush! while you hear their clear ringing, "Peace, Peace," is the word they are bringing, Good will unto men.

IN THE HOLY LAND.

Tonight, as on all Christmas eves, I think the moon in Palestine Sifts the grayly-drooping leaves That on the Mount of Olives shine; And, white as snows lie in the light On some remote and sacred height, The great blown-open flowers must be In the Garden of Gethsemane.

GOD WITH US.

While to Bethlehem we are going, Tell me now, to cheer the road, Tell me why this lovely Infant Quitted his divine abode? From that world to bring to this Peace; which of all earthly blisses Is the brightest, purest bliss?

THE CRADLE AND THE CROSS.

In a manger, on the hay, Mary's new-born infant lay; Though the child was fair and sweet, Yet his helplessness complete. But that Power which called the light Out of chaos' restless night, And around our heads made world, Rolling suns and systems hurled, Those that through the ages shine, Brighter daybreaks should arise; Mightier force should be arrayed, Should new heavens and earth create; Only those silent lips shall say, And those silent lips shall say, From that humble village inn, Lo! a universe shall begin, From the cradle to the cross, And the world at length control.

HIS HEART WAS YOUNG,

AND HE WANTED TO BE A BOY AGAIN AT CHRISTMAS TIME.

How Old Guy Grandison Stole Away from the House of Grandison, and How Sister Seraphina Found Him—Brother Guy's Remark to Brother Gregory.

Christmas had come at Half Acre, as it had come to all the rest of the world. Wilban's tavern, the centre of life on court days, election days and holidays, was the magnet toward which every team that entered the village square was drawn.

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NOTICE.

A COMPLETE STOCK OF STANFORD WORKS, BOYS' BOOKS, GIRLS' BOOKS, CHILDREN'S BOOKS, CHRISTMAS CARDS, BOOKLETS, WRITING DESKS, PORTFOLIOS, ALBUMS, BRASS GOODS, TILE WARE, etc. J. & A. McMILLAN, 98 and 100 Prince Wm. Street, - - St. John, N. B.

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CHOICE NEW GOODS

Gloves and Hosiery; LADIES' VESTS; Scotch Underwear; Silk Handkerchiefs; MEN'S SCARFS; OPERA SHAWLS; DRESS FABRICS.

London House,

RETAIL. Charlotte and Union Streets.

Fancy Soaps,

APPLES, PEARS, WALNUTS, ORANGES, LEMONS AND STRAWBERRIES. Also, ROSES (Pale and Deep), MARGARITTS, SUNFLOWER & DAHLIAS.

80 DOZEN JUST RECEIVED.

Will be sold low by the Dozen, or Box containing three cakes each.

R. D. McARTHUR,

MEDICAL HALL, No. 26 Charlotte Street, opp. King Square.

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Oysters.

65 bbls. Hand-Picked P. E. I. Oysters; 10 kegs Pickled Pigs' Feet; Spiced Lambs' Tongues.

J. ALLAN TURNER'S,

No. 3 North Side King Square. OYSTERS delivered on the half shell. Orders for hotels and families promptly attended to and shelled to order.

BEVERLY

TOYS for Christmas, AND SKATES, too.

MISS B. E. BOWMAN,

of Boston, Teacher in Oils, Water Colors on every kind of Material. Also—CHINA, LUSTREA and PLASTIC WGRK. Address: 4 WELLINGTON ROW, ST. JOHN, N. B.

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as Presents AND MISSES.

WOMEN. TAKE THE ELEVATOR TO THE SECOND FLAT. DRESS: A NATURAL LYNX MUFF; MUFF; A BEAVER MUFF and COLLAR; REAL COLLARETTE; VEIL OR NUTRIA COLLARETTE; in black and colors, is among the Latest for YOUNG LADIES' WEAR. or RUSSIAN ASTRACHAN SAOQUE is a RELIABLE WATERPROOF CLOAK; Edinboro' and Sling Sleeve—Latest Shapes

Coal Vases.

WE HAVE LEFT A FEW Brass Mounted, Hand-Painted, STYLISH COAL VASES, (WITH LININGS), Which we offer till 1st January at Each.

NEW FALL GOODS

Just Received, a Large Stock of FALL GOODS For Overcoats, Pants, Suits, Etc., IN ALL THE NEWEST PATTERNS. Call and see our Cloths. JAMES KELLY, CUSTOM TAILOR, 24 Dock Street.

GO TO

Page, Smalley & Ferguson's, Gold and Silver Watches, Fine Gold Jewelry, Silver and Plated Goods, CLOCKS and BRONZES, Spectacles, Eye Glasses, Etc.

43 King Street.

Take Care OF YOUR FACE AND HEAD

McINTYRE, ROYAL HOTEL BARBER SALOON, Face and Hair Washes IN THE CITY. Sample bottles upon application. Don't fail to give them a trial. D. J. McINTYRE - - - 36 King Street.

CAFE ROYAL,

Domville Building, Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets. MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY. Pool Room in Connection.

WILLIAM CLARK.

JUST THE ARTICLE. Tea and Coffee. SWEET CREAM. CAN BE HAD EVERY DAY AT THE Oak Farm Dairy Butter Store, 13 CHARLOTTE STREET.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCY,

115 Sydney Street, opp. Victoria School. MRS. H. M. DIXON, Stamping, Pinking and Fancy Work done to order.

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, Editor.

EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DEC. 22.

CIRCULATION, 5,000.

SOMETHING SEASONABLE.

While conveying a Christmas greeting to its friends and subscribers, Progress, the people's paper, would be derelict in duty if it neglected any of the people.

To all the inmates of the Dorchester penitentiary. There are worse men and women outside than any to be found within that hospitable structure.

To the dwellers in the provincial lunatic asylum. They are not the only crazy people in the province. Men who have not seen the inside of the institution—yet—sometimes attempt to push locomotives off the track, or pull down the sun, or muzzle a newspaper.

To all who inhabit the country poorhouse. They have not sounded the depths of impenitency. None of them ever had to steal time in order to start an evening daily, nor was every one obliged to keep one going on a capital of wind.

To the criminals, the lunatics and the paupers then, Progress wishes "A Merry Christmas,"—thereby heaping coals of fire on the heads of its enemies; for every one of these belongs to one or other class.

THE PERIL OF PREEPER.

The case of WILLIAM PREEPER, now under sentence of death in Halifax, seems to be a satire on trial by jury, even in criminal cases. PREEPER was convicted of the murder of PETER DOYLE, but DOYLE's wife, against whom the evidence was about the same, was acquitted.

It appears to be the sentiment of the people of Halifax that he should not die. They claim that he was convicted on wholly circumstantial evidence, that the jury strongly recommended him to mercy, that it is believed DOYLE came to his death by accident, that the evidence at the trial was unreliable, and that Mrs. DOYLE was acquitted. They embody these claims in a petition for clemency.

These points raise a strong presumption that the condemned man is innocent. This seems to have been the opinion of the jury, which recommended to mercy. Why so? If he were guilty, he deserved the penalty of the law. If not guilty, why should he be punished at all? There were apparently such reasonable doubts as should have resulted in acquittal.

It would seem that the jury has bungled the matter, and has given the crown, rather than the accused, the benefit of the doubt. It may not be too late to save PREEPER's life, but he will not owe his escape to the existing judicial system.

IS IT AS IT SHOULD BE?

It appears that at the time of the recent fatality at Dorchester penitentiary, when the services of a physician were instantly and urgently required, the medical superintendent was absent. It is alleged that he is frequently absent, and that though paid a large salary as a servant of the government, he carries on a practice in the county of Cumberland. This is not as it should be.

who are as fit for the position as he is, would be glad to take his salary and give their whole time to the "official" duties for which they are paid.

It does not speak well for the penitentiary that such news as reaches the world from it is almost always of a nature to reflect on the officials. Only a few months ago it was announced that visitors were charged 25 cents a head to see "the show."

Everything connected with an institution of the kind should be free from suspicion of any kind. It is a public work for which the people, first and last, have paid a pretty round figure. Its management should be in a position to defy criticism. It may be in that position now, but appearances are against it.

A QUESTION OF RIGHT.

What a woeful waste of time and money is committed by the people who take part in amateur theatricals and by those who encourage them!

No one pretends that the participants receive any benefit from memorizing, for example, a modern comedy. No one would dare to assert that any but cynics get the value of the money they pay to hear whipped-syllabus speeches delivered in an awe-stricken monotone, and to see a number of people disport themselves more or less gracefully upon the stage.

Yet we all go—and the law permits us. If our gifted friends who chafe at the narrow bounds of their regular occupations should try to practice medicine as amateurs, or announce themselves amateur lawyers, the courts would have something to say. The actors and the public have no protection but the incompetence of their imitators. It strikes us that this is hardly fair.

If an amateur doctor kills a man, the quack is liable to be hanged. Should the amateur actor who murders Shakespeare go unscathed—and be rewarded for the crime?

If clerk LYNAM is unable to preserve order and decency in the country market, let Chief MARSHALL try his hand. If he can't or won't, then Progress will lead an invading force armed with shovels, garden hose and disinfectants and reinforced with a brigade of dump carts.

The loafers and tramps have established their winter headquarters in the market, to the financial loss of the merchants and the disgust of patrons; and the unsavory wretches have got to be cleared out. If they were poor men, out of work and seeking a place to keep warm, Progress wouldn't have a word to say—for such men would be quiet and civil; the truth is, however, that they are drunken, disreputable hoodlums and bummers, who herd together to spit, swear, insult ladies and gentlemen and tell dirty stories. There is no room for such in the market—or anywhere else where decent people have to resort. Away with them!

A complaint having reached the editors of Progress that a paragraph published in the Chatham correspondence some time ago stating that Mr. Davidson, of the Bank of Montreal, had purchased the Morrison mills and intended to carry on a large business there, was untrue, prompt inquiry was made of the correspondent. He replies as follows:

"Yours duly to hand and contents noted. In reply would state that the item referred to by you was a rumor gotten up by some of the boys in Chatham as a joke on Mr. Davidson, of the Bank of Montreal. I did not understand it as such until after the paper was published."

Progress knows none of the parties mentioned in the paragraph, but nevertheless is regretful that any of them should consider himself injured by it.

The city papers that noted the "scrimmage" on Church street, Thursday, showed their animus and jealousy by unfairness and untruthfulness. Not one of them saw the affair and they had not the decency to get both sides of the story. Not one of them has the courage of its opinions at any time. There is no fear that any of the intelligent staffs will ever have occasion to defend themselves from more than a political attack. Fearlessness is required for the expression of truth and truth is not their forte. The success of Progress is not a popular theme with them, but then, considering who they are, that should not be expected.

Hitherto Progress has been for sale in two places in Newcastle: by Mr. HENRY WYSE and JOHNSON BROS. Mr. Wyse's supply has been cut off. He is too funny for Progress. Accompanied by his own name he sent some items to Progress, December 8. One of them was unfit for publication in a society column. Mr. Wyse has claimed since that it was a joke. We fail to see it in that light.

She Need Not Have Been Troubled.

"I hate this snow," declared one lady to another yesterday. "It spoils my hat." "That needn't disturb you," said her companion, "because Mme. Kane is selling a perfect collection of beauties at great sacrifice. I have made it one of my Christmas depots. I am better satisfied with making a useful gift than any other kind, and I know they are appreciated. So if your hat is spoiled, get another at Mme. Kane's, Union street."—Adel.

Holiday Goods!

C. FLOOD & SONS, 31 and 33 KING STREET.

OUR ASSORTMENT OF ELEGANT GOODS SUITABLE FOR Christmas and New Year Presents

excels anything heretofore offered by us. A visit of inspection is solicited.



CHRISTMAS CARDS AND BOOKS.

In this department our variety this season is large, and embraces all the leading publishers in CHRISTMAS CARDS and BOOKLETS, and our prices will be found low, as ALL THE STOCK MUST BE SOLD.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

As usual on our counters will be found all the new and interesting CHILDREN'S BOOKS of the season, in colors, etc., principal among which is the "BOYS' and GIRLS' OWN ANNUAL"; "ZIG-ZAGS," in the Antipodes; "THREE VASSAR GIRLS IN FRANCE"; "CHATTER-BOX"; "WIDE-AWAKE STORIES"; "FANSY"; "LITTLE MEN AND WOMEN"; "BARES OF THE YEAR"; "HISTORY OF THE NEW TESTAMENT," in words of one syllable; "BABYLAND"; "THE NURSERY," and hundreds of other different books for children to select from. Our price on Children's Books has always been lower than elsewhere, and we still continue to give our usual HOLIDAY DISCOUNT.

ILLUSTRATED GIFT BOOKS.

We think you will find the choicest assortment of suitable GIFT BOOKS at our store for your convenience, and will mention a FEW OF THE LEADING ONES: "MILES STANDISH," illustrated by leading artists; "TENNYSON'S FAIRY LILLIAN," illustrated; "SEA VISTAS IN MANY COUNTRIES," illustrated by Susie Barstow Skelding; "BITS OF DISTANT LAND AND SEA," illustrated; "MODERN ART AND ARTISTS," by Millard Maquelle, and others which it is impossible to enumerate.

STANDARD WORKS.

Dickens, 15 volumes, cloth, illustrated, \$8.70; Thackeray, 11 volumes, cloth, illustrated, \$8.50; Scott, 12 volumes, cloth, illustrated, \$8.70; Carlyle, Ruskin, Shakespeare, Washington Irving, at equally low prices. This lot is a special lot bought below regular rates, and must be cleared out. All the STANDARD POETS, in different bindings, including the Seal Russian Persian padded, that we sell at \$1.75; also, a complete assortment of BIBLES, PRAYER and HYMN BOOKS, published by the Oxford University Press.

OUR PRICES ARE LOWER THAN THE LOWEST ON BOOKS.

HE OWNED THE LETTER.

Johnny Mulcahey is an invalid and finds it a pleasant occupation.

I gess Mr. Taylor did own that letter, 'cause he cot me in a dark alleyway an' sed what he's no fule if my old people wur. He hurt my feelins too on the place were the patch is wet yer cant see when my cotes on, an' beef stake didn't do my I no good. taylor's darn fule 'cause everybody'll no its his when they sea me. I hurt my rist too when I fell down and cant rise. So bill johnson's rist in this. Ick dickatin like George and Mr. Townsend and Mr. Jones does. Bill aint mutch of a spellur, so look out.

Chrisis is cumin' an' ev'ry an' pa's happy as lords. There out onto any nite and I me glad. Meinbill stas in. We're jis sick of raisins an' currans. We no were there keepin' all the kake this yere, and wot ma's got made so fur is gude. Bill's a competent Judge. Ma says what her piserves is spollin', but I gess it was the bloo mold what we got down in the sellar and put on so's we woudn't git found out. Ma says what she's goin' to count oranges when she bys them again, so's she wont git only 10 fur a dozen. The oranges is gude this yere, that's the resin there goin' ter be so skarse. If ma keeps on thinkin' wot the frute man cant count ours'll be skarcer.

Its gude fun bein' an invalid when yure parants is out ev'ry nite. Bill'n me has found out a gude deel. Pa's sigars is dandys, only they make considerable of a smell when we smoke 3 a piece. Pa says there's sumthin' the matter with the floo of our chimley an' he's goin ter have the massins cum round tomorrer.

Bill wont be let speke to me any more. His parants says what ime lerrin' him had, 'cause he drunk awl the brandy what they had to put in the kake an' got full. He kicket up a awful time fur a young fellar. I don't see what they blamed me fur, 'cause Bill didn't no the brandy's there quick anuff to invite me over.

JOHNNY MULCAHEY.

Per BILL J.

An Early Morning Joke.

A good story comes to Progress of a popular gentleman who sought his couch at an early hour in the morning, recently. He was on a secluded street, and was laden with four huge turkeys. Presently the sound of laughter and well known voices approached him. There was no time to get away, and no alloy was convenient. He was discovered, surrounded and arrested on the spot. A mock investigation of his burden followed. Explanations were demanded, and before the gentleman could go he was required to give bail for his appearance next year.

THE CAROL OF THE BELLS.

I. LAST QUARTER.

The night is chill, and dumb, and dead, A Cross beams dimly o'er my bed, No sound on the enfolding air But echoes faint of whispered prayer.

But now a murmur soft, and clear,— Like waking angels' voices,—I hear; And round my chamber window floats A mingled beat of toneful notes.

II. MIDNIGHT.

Toll! Man is lost! Toll! God is crost! Toll! Sin hath burst! Toll! Man accurst. Toll! Angels weep. Toll! Devils creep! Toll! Is there hope?

Toll! Who shall cope? Toll! Seed of man, Toll! Sin shall ban. Toll! Christ is born! Toll! Hail the morn!

III. THE PEAL.

Hark! Hark! That music swift and loud On midnight tempest's flying cloud— Sound fast on sound; fierce melody, Brimful of wild, o'ermost ring glee.

IV. CHANGES.

Crying loudly, sighing lowly, On the iron chill of night; Throbbing quickly, sobbing slowly Through the snow-mist dim and white; Bells are ringing, Tidings bringing, Of a Saviour's birth: Angels winging, Blessings flinging, O'er the earth.

V. (TUNE—"White Shepherds Watched their Flocks.")

White, 'neath the moon, the white drifts grow, The white, wild fields along; White bent the trees beneath the snow Like priests at evensong.

White on the wings, and o'er the crest Of seraph-heads mid; And white upon her white, meek breast, Blest Mary's stainless child! G. J. D. PETERS.

Bathurst, N. B.

Go to "The National," No. 23 Charlotte Street, for Oyster Suppers.

BARNES & MURRAY,

17 CHARLOTTE STREET.

25 PER CENT. REDUCTION!

The above Reduction will be taken off the Price of all our

STOCK OF FANCY GOODS,

China Dolls and Elephants, Brass Plaques, Photo. Frames, in several different styles; Match Holders, Perfumery in Fancy Bottles, etc., etc.

BARNES & MURRAY, N. B.—Third Dry Goods store from Union street.

NEW CROCKERY STORE.

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

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

Prices Low. C. MASTERS.

Tell Your Friends

THAT WALTER SCOTT

HAS THE FINEST ASSORTMENT

Silk Handkerchiefs

EVER SHOWN IN ST. JOHN. See Windows.

Prices 10 cents to \$1.50 Each.

Gents' Silk Scarfs, 10 cents upwards.

ONE PRICE. CASH ONLY. WALTER SCOTT, - - - 32 and 36 South side King Square.

Confectionery and Christmas Novelties, HUGH P. KERR'S, - - - Branch Store, KING STREET.

BARLEY SUGAR WHISTLES, VICTORIA CAKE, SPINNING TOYS, ALMOND BAR, BANJOES, MARSHMELLOES, SINGING CANARIES, BIRDS and ANIMALS, TABLETS. TRY OUR SUPERIOR JAMS and JELLIES. And don't fail to get a LITTLE FIG for the Xmas tree; also, a 5lb. box of our XMAS MIXTURE for \$1.00. SOMETHING NICE.

Money Made by Buying your DRY GOODS

AT KEDEY & CO'S., 77 King Street.

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

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



NEW PATTERNS IN CHEAP TEA AND DINNER SETS.

SOCIAL

And the H. Brunswick club... Socially, The young Christmas... about half congregated... store, exhibiting... advice of a mysterious... of the committee... and appropriate... Mr. and Mrs. house on a... Miss Alice... city, after a... in Portland... Progress... the latest... are spread... at each. A... gentlemen... made the... room to go... dies vote the... nate enough... nal and the... egotism, etc... Miss Adie... train last... Massachusetts... will probab... and caring... friends regret... a time, but... noble undert... Mrs. Jam... Halifax, to... parents... Mr. and... spending the... Mr. J. Bo... rived in the... evening for... Mr. Hazen... days with his... Members... club are look... of the slide... also will... Some of the... at these slide... beautiful, wit... from their co... ance. A number... quadrille club... different men... Wednesday... by Mr. and... and enjoyed... spacious din... Carleton's... son of Mr... been bidding... last week for... the winter... Miss Burn... Olive, Guild... The many... be sorry to le... them shortly... Mr. J. V... Thursday to... The princ... habitants of... been practis... Providing... popular fall... charitably dis... three families... the winter... needy families... extended since... joyous Christ... new year from... FREDERICK... little news to... one is far too... and its festivi... any kind of ar... weddings, 1 th... the present... which will tak... tween Christm... which Frederic... the contract... Robinson; and... of this city... ing a few men... land, and will... dence. The S... herst, N. S.,... home for the... leaves Frederic... to be present... Mr. W. A... the university... been studying... week for Min... ally make his... visiting friends... Mr. Nelson... ter quarters in... The univers... holidays and... good bye to the... Mrs. Sewell... Springhill on... Capt. George... the same day... in town today... at the Barkor... Mrs. George... St. John last... Miss Haning... who are attend... will leave for... week to spend... Fredericton... agitated of late... gentleman rece... city and one of... There is a r... tin wedding, to... end of the town... If it comes... about it next... Mr. and Mrs... ried in St. Joh... friends in the... St. John Mond... Miss Nellie... from Mount Ho... mas holidays... Mr. Ned Su... Fredericton this... Queen. Dr. Andrew... to fill an appoi... Mr. John H... of Mrs. A. S. M.

MURRAY, THE STREET.

REDUCTION!

will be taken off the of all our FANCY GOODS, BRASS, FRAMES, in several different styles; Perfumery in Fancy Bottles, etc., etc.

MURRAY, from Union street.

EVERY STORE.

STERS, St. John, N. B.

Now showing full lines of TEA, TOILETTE and FIGURES; also, a large assortment of hanging and Stand Lamps.

C. MASTERS.

Friends

SCOTT

ASSORTMENT

Handkerchiefs

IN ST. JOHN.

to \$1.50 Each.

10 cents upwards.

CASH ONLY.

2 and 36 South side King Square.

Christmas Novelties,

R'S. - Branch Store, KING STREET.

WATCHES, CORNUCOPIES, NECKLACES, WEDDING CAKE ORNAMENTS, BUTTERFLY BASKETS, CHOCOLATE DROPS, in fancy boxes, BIRDS and ANIMALS, TABLETS, JAMS AND JELLIES, the Xmas tree; also, a 5lb. box of our SOMETHING NICE.

ing your DRY GOODS

& CO'S., g Street.

EXT WEEK IN ULSTER CLOTHS and TWEEDS; a full DRAWERS, CARDIGAN JACKETS, BLANKETS and WOOL GOODS.

Call and see.

ADAR'S CASSWARE, Y STORE

TEA AND DINNER SETS.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK IN CITY SOCIETY CIRCLES

And the Happenings Elsewhere in New Brunswick-Colonial Talk-Moncton Society-St. Stephen's Christmas, Woodstock, Elizabeth and Orléans News.

Socially, this week has been very quiet. The young people are all busy with their Christmas shopping. It's amusing to watch about half a dozen of our lovely maidens congregated in a corner of some popular store, exhibiting, or asking the opinion or advice of each other regarding their many mysterious parcels. Judging from some of the contents of these parcels, the fair investors have made exceedingly pretty and appropriate purchases.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Morrissey have taken a house on Orange street, where they will reside.

Miss Alice Devober has returned to the city, after a lengthy visit among her friends in Portland, Me.

Progressive teas now claim attention as the latest social fad. Four or five tables are spread and two and two couples seated at each. At the end of every course the gentlemen "progress." When they have made the round they retire to another room to gossip or smoke-while the ladies vote the prizes to the one who is fortunate enough to have proved the most original and the one who displayed the least egotism, etc.

Miss Ada Jones left by the evening train last Monday for Boston, to enter the Massachusetts general hospital, where she will probably devote two years to study and caring for the sick. Her legion of friends regret parting with her for so long a time, but wish her every success in her noble undertaking.

Mrs. James Jack leaves this evening for Halifax, to spend Christmas with her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Rudock have been spending the week in Boston.

Mr. J. Boak, of St. Paul, Minn., arrived in the city yesterday, and leaves this evening for Halifax.

Mr. Hazen Drury is spending the holidays with his parents, on Coburg street.

Members of the Keewatin Toboggan club are looking forward to the opening of the slide, next week. The Keewatin club will shortly have a merry opening. Some of the blanket costumes to be worn at these slides are exceedingly artistic and beautiful, without in any way detracting from their comfortable and warm appearance.

A number of young folks have formed a quadrille club, to meet at the homes of the different members during the winter. Last Wednesday evening they were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Jones at the Dufferin, and enjoyed a very delightful dance in the spacious dining hall.

Carleton's rumor says that Mr. E. Dunn, son of Mr. E. J. Dunn, who has been bidding his friends here farewell, left last week for California, where he spends the winter.

Miss Burnham is visiting Mrs. Herbert Olive, Guilford street.

The rumor says that Mr. W. A. Kerr will be sorry to learn that he intends deserting them shortly, to seek a home in Minnesota.

Mr. J. V. Ellis, jr. came home last Thursday to spend his vacation.

The principal amusement of the inhabitants of Carleton for the last week has been practicing the Indian file.

Providing for the poor has become a popular fad among society people and many charitable disposed ladies have two and three families under their supervision for the winter. To these kind ladies, the needy families and the world in general are extended sincere wishes for a bright and joyous Christmas and prosperous and glad new year from THE TATTLER.

CELESTIAL TALK.

FREDERICTON, Dec. 19.-I have very little news to tell you in this letter as every one is far too busy preparing for Christmas and its festivities to think of entering into any kind of amusements this week, and the weddings, I think, are about all over for the present, with the exception of one which will take place in Portland, Me., between Christmas and New Years, and in which Frederictonians will feel an interest, the contracting parties being Mr. Fred Borden, and Miss George Gregory, both of this city. Miss Gregory has been spending a few months with her brother in Portland, and will be married from his residence. The happy couple will go to Amherst, N. S., where they will make their home for the present. Miss Janie Gregory leaves Fredericton tomorrow for Portland to be present at her sister's wedding.

Mr. W. A. Kerr, who graduated from the university in 1887, and who has since been studying law in St. John, leaves next week for Minneapolis, where he will probably make his home. He is at present visiting friends in this city.

Mr. Nelson Cliff will leave for his winter quarters in Florida tomorrow.

The university closed today for the holidays and the dear girls will have to say good bye to the students for a few weeks.

Mrs. Sewell receives at her home at Springhill on Tuesday of each week. Mrs. Capt. George Munnell also receives on the same day. Mr. and Mrs. Sewell were in town today and will remain for the night at the Barker house.

Mrs. George F. Gregory returned from St. John last week.

Miss Hanington and Miss Johnstone, who are attending the Normal school here, will leave for their homes in St. John this week to spend the Christmas holidays.

Fredericton society has been greatly agitated of late over the engagement of a gentleman recently settled in the Celestial city and one of St. John's fair daughters. There is a rumor floating around of a tin wedding, to take place at the lower end of the town, some evening this week. If it comes off I will tell you more about it next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Cookson, who were married in St. John last week, have been visiting friends in this city. They returned to St. John Monday morning.

Miss Nellie Randolph is expected home from Mount Holyoke to spend the Christmas holidays.

Mr. Ned Smith, of St. John, was in Fredericton this week. He stayed at the Queen.

Dr. Andrew Archer has gone to Ottawa to fill an appointment.

Mr. John H. Small, of St. John, brother of Mrs. A. S. Murray, of this city, is to be

the manager of the C. P. R. telegraph office in Fredericton.

The curling rink is very soon to be opened for skaters one evening in each week but I have heard nothing of the toboggan slide being opened this winter.

MONCTON SOCIETY.

MONCTON, Dec. 19.-"A prophet shall not be without honor, save in his own country," and those unfortunate souls who presided at snowed Christmas with the usual accompaniment of the probable overcrowding of the cemeteries thrown in, are feeling very small indeed, for unless something unusual in the way of rain should occur, we have certainly enough snow to last for at least a week, and after that—the delay.

The work of Christmas decorations is progressing very favorably in all the churches. St. George's has always been noted for its elaborate Christmas garniture, and we trust that this year it will be nearly as possible come up to its traditions of former grandeur. Of course each year we witness the tireless energy and artistic taste of the former organist, Mr. Rankin, and think regretfully of him in his far away home, with a sigh of envy for the fortunate Saratogans who have secured his services; but we could not expect to keep him for ever. Blessings will take their flight in this world, and there are still willing, if less skilful, hands to help in the work; but I am sorry to say that our sex are very apt to render themselves conspicuous by their absence, most of them having pressing business which demands their entire attention, just now, and keeps them away from St. George's school-house every evening.

I must speak of one bright exception to the above rule, in the person of Mr. E. S. Jarvis, of the bank of Montreal, of whom the ladies speak most gratefully, for his frequent attendance, and kind assistance at the school house. Many fair fingers have been saved from the task of cutting their own spruce twigs, for wreaths, and various work has been done with the tack hammer, proving that the age of chivalry has not passed away.

Mrs. S. F. McKean, and Miss Addie McKean paid a visit to St. John last week. Dr. De Bortman, of the St. Martins and Central railways, has been spending some days in town during the past week. The doctor is an immense favorite with all those who have the pleasure of his acquaintance, and his welcome to Moncton is always a warm one.

Mr. Jas. Taylor, C. E., of the Short Line railway, paid a short visit to Moncton, Thursday.

Mrs. James Dickey, and Mrs. Dr. Bliss, of Amherst, spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. John McSweeney, last week.

I regret to say that Mr. Edward Allen, of the firm of Allen & Chapman, met with a very severe accident last week, when he slipped on the icy sidewalk, and fell, fracturing his ankle in two places. The injury is especially serious, as the bone was not only broken, but splintered, and Mr. Allen's age adds to the gravity of the accident.

Mrs. Harris and Mr. Jack Harris returned from Boston last Thursday, and the former looks so more than usually charming, after her long visit, that we can almost forgive her for remaining away such a length of time.

Mr. Arthur Charters of Dorchester, was in town Saturday.

Miss McLeod, of Charlottetown, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Charles Thompson.

Mr. Edgar Wilson, of Dorchester, paid a visit to Moncton, Monday.

Mr. L. B. Archibald, of Truro, was in town Tuesday.

Mr. Stanley Chandler, eldest son of Dr. A. H. Chandler, of Dorchester, who has made his home in Boston for some years past, has come back to spend Christmas among his relatives at Dorchester. Mr. Chandler was in Moncton Tuesday, and seems little changed by his residence in the states.

I see that Mr. F. M. Cotton, former manager of the Bank of Montreal here, but now of Halifax, has been made treasurer of the Halifax Dramatic club. Mr. Cotton was a zealous member of the Moncton Dramatic club, and the Haligonians are fortunate in securing him as a member.

Speaking of dramatic clubs reminds me that tomorrow night the "theatrical season" opens in Moncton, with *Hedra Kirke*, and that next week I shall be able to tell you all about it. There is a great deal of interest manifested in the play and the seats in the Opera house are selling rapidly. The proceeds—after the debt on the scenery and properties of the club is paid off—are to go to St. George's church; so I trust that the receipts may be large.

Mr. Cotton feels such an interest in his old club that he is coming up to witness the performance.

Mr. Will Harris, who has been attending Mount Allison college for the past term, is at home for his Christmas vacation.

Miss Holden of Summerside is visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Harris.

Mrs. Thompson, of Newcastle, paid a short visit to her daughter, Mrs. Stavert, last week. Mrs. Thompson was on her return from a visit to Truro, and left for her home, Monday.

I fear that our Christmas will be somewhat dull, in Moncton, so many of our society friends will be absent. Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Borden will spend Christmas at Sackville, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Borden, of Sackville academy.

Mr. and Mrs. Stavert, and Mr. and Mrs. Butcher, will spend their holidays at Newcastle with Mr. and Mrs. Thompson.

Mrs. J. V. Cooke will remain in Boston, instead of returning for Christmas, as her friends hoped she might.

Misses Maggie and Lucy Whitney are at home from Sackville academy for their holidays.

BORDER JOTTINGS.

ST. STEPHEN'S, Dec. 19.-The excellent sleighing has quite changed the aspect of our streets, and the horses are now compelled to pay up for their forced vacation. The remark has often been made by strangers, and I am confident in saying that not a place of its size in any province can boast of more fast horses or stylish turnouts than St. Stephen, or, I might add, people who know better how to enjoy them.

Miss Keith of Portland is spending the Christmas season with her sister, Mrs. Chas. Eaton of Milltown.

Rev. Mr. Barry of Milltown made a trip to Woodstock last week, remaining over Sunday.

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

Mr. James Meredith is spending some time in town.

Mr. John Thomas of St. John is the guest of Mr. Clifford Thompson.

Mr. and Mrs. Hazen Grimmer spend Christmas at St. Andrews, the guests of Mr. Chas. Gove.

Sir Leonard and Lady Tilley are to spend Christmas at St. Stephen, the guests of Mrs. J. Chipman, and on their return will be accompanied by Miss Margaret Todd who is to visit at Government House.

The Misses Cullinan return from St. John Saturday next.

Although every one declares themselves to be just as busy as busy can be, yet a party always seems to bring time for its enjoyment, and the invitations for Friday evening next, at Mr. George King's, will doubtless bring all the recluses to light.

I noticed, the other day, in the studio of Mr. W. H. Edwards a most admirable crayon portrait of Dr. Todd, which has come from the pencil of Mr. Chester V. Chesley, of Boston, now in town. It is a true and pleasing likeness, most artistic in finish, and has won most favorable comment from all who have seen it.

The usual number of absentees are gathering home for the Christmas vacation. Among those expected this week, or who have already arrived, are Miss Annie Donness and Miss Sullivan, from St. John; Miss Bertha Taylor, and Arthur and Fred Murchie, from St. John, and Mr. Harry DeWolfe, from Walkville.

D. McArthur, Bookbinder, 80 King street, has the best value and best assortment in Booklets and Christmas Cards ever shown in this City.

TURNER & FINLAY, 12 KING STREET.

Here's the price-best thing we've ever done in MEN'S HANDKERCHIEFS, 25c. to \$1.75.



Over 2,400 pure fine Silk Handkerchiefs, may be fifty styles, and not one loud, for sale under the dome.

The 95c. ULSTERING in stripes is simply a most decided BARGAIN. New Cloakings, all in full feather. Beavers, Astrakhans, Stripes, Plaids, at \$1.60 to \$4.

Habit Cloths, Beaver Finish, \$1.60 yard, for Children, in Navy, Terra Cotta, Hussar Blue, Cardinal.

Our Boys' Suits. Styles: CLYDES, EARL, NORFOLD, SULTAN, MARINE, THAMES. Prices, \$1.50 a Suit to \$7.00.

THE SHIRE TOWN OF KENT. RICHBUCKTO, Dec. 20.-Mr. John McMillan, teacher of the advanced department, leaves this week for New Mills, where he has accepted a lucrative position. Although Mr. McMillan has only been here a short time he has made many friends. Mr. George Wathen will likely be appointed to the position made vacant by the resignation of Mr. McMillan. He is a competent and efficient teacher.

Mr. John Harrison, principal of the Grammar school, will spend his Christmas holidays at his home in Oromocto.

Mr. F. Lazarus of London, England, will visit our town on or about January 5. While here he will be the guest of Mr. Percival Booth.

Mrs. Sarah Forster, now of Dorchester, has been summoned home on account of the serious illness of her father, Mr. James Forster.

Mr. Archy Irving has returned home from the Pictou academy, where he has been taking a special course, and will spend the holiday season in Buctouche.

Miss McKinn and Miss Bella McKinn will leave for Moncton this week to permanently reside there.

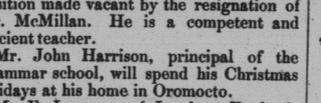
Colonel Mordant Samuel, of Manchester, England, will visit Richibucto this winter.

The many friends of Mr. James N. Forster will be pleased to learn that he has so far recovered as to be able to sit up.

LILLA.

MACAULAY BROS. & CO., 61 and 63 KING STREET.

English Cutlery.



IVORY HANDLED TABLE AND DESERT KNIVES in new Household Rolls. Best makes of Steel Blades. Finest of Ivory handles.

"XYLONITE" HANDLED CUTLERY. Ivory imitated so closely as to deceive the sharpest eye.

Largest stock of Cutlery in the city. Prices low. Inspection invited.

T. McAVITY & SONS, 13 King Street, - - - St. John, N. B.

Christmas Presents.

For Ladies. DAVENPORTS, DESKS, WORK BASKETS, SEWING TABLES, MUSING CABINETS, FANCY TABLES, CARPET ROCKERS, RATTAN ROCKERS, OTTOMANS, FOOT RESTS.

For Gentlemen. BLACKING CASES, SLIPPER STOOLS, FOOT RESTS, EASY CHAIRS, RATTAN CHAIRS, QUAKER CHAIRS, BOOK RACKS, CARPET ROCKERS.

For Children. GALLOPING HORSES, WAGONS, CARTS, WHEELBARROWS, SNOW SHOVELS, SLEIGHS, BOARD SLEDS, FRAMES, DESKS, TABLES, CHAIRS, DOLLS' CARRIAGES, CRADLES, BUREAUS.

Macaulay Brothers & Co.

DEPARTMENTS ON FIRST FLOOR: RIBBONS AND LACES, HOSIERY AND GLOVES; Dress and Mantle Trimmings, Yarns; BLACK AND COLORED DRESS GOODS; Silks and Satins, Cloths, Flannels; Table Linens, Cottons, Muslins, Prints, Sheetings; ART AND FANCY GOODS; Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods.

DEPARTMENTS ON SECOND FLOOR: VELVETS, VELVETEENS, PLUSHES, CRAPES; MANTLES AND JACKETS, LADIES' WATERPROOF COATS; LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S WOOL AND COTTON UNDERCLOTHING; CORSETS, WOOL GOODS, BLANKETS, CURTAINS, SHAWLS.

MILLINERY ROOM: BRIGGS' TRANSFER PAPER PATTERNS. MACAULAY'S BAZAAR PAPER PATTERNS.

MACAULAY BROS. & CO., 61 and 63 KING STREET.

English Cutlery.

LAME HORSES.

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

Fellows' Leeming's Essence

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

INDIGESTION CURED. Fellows' Dyspepsia Bitters

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

PRICE 25 CENTS. GRAND Millinery Sale

OF THE FINEST MILLINERY GOODS, AND SALE WITHOUT RESERVE. Trimmed and Untrimmed Bonnets and Hats AT UNHEARD OF PRICES. Those having not yet purchased would do well to visit

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

Shorthand Lessons by Mail.

COMPLETE COURSE.....\$5.00 PARTIAL COURSE..... 2.50 TEXT BOOKS INCLUDED. Precisely the same course as that followed at this Institute. J. HARRY FEPPER, Conductor of Shorthand Institute, St. John, N. B.

1888. FALL and WINTER 1888. LATEST LONDON STYLES

Just Received per steamer "Danana" - STIFF and SOFT FELT HATS. CHILDREN'S PLUSH CAPS; T. O'BANISTER CAPS; HAVELOCK CAPS; ALMA CAPS; CORDEUROY in all colors. Ladies' and Gent's CLOTH Caps in newest shapes. Ladies' and Gent's GLOVES in Kid, Buck, Fur, Woolen, etc.

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

A. & J. HAY, 76 King Street. Spectacles, Watches, Clocks and Jewelry. JEWELRY made to order and repaired. WEDDING RINGS guaranteed 18 K. fine.

Dispensing of Prescriptions. Special Attention is Given to this very important branch. Medicines of Standardized Strength used. By this means reliable articles will be supplied, and in each case compounded by a competent person. Prices low.

WM. B. McVEY, Dispensing Chemist, 128 Union Street. ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS.

HENDERSON, BURNS & CO. A HANDSOME PRESENT

IS A NICE PAIR of OIL PAINTINGS. Useful and Ornamental.

The greatest ART CRITIC cannot fail to have his tastes satisfied by examining the fine display of American and Canadian scenery, now on exhibition at JENNINGS', 171 UNION STREET.

Ten per cent. off for Cash on ALBUMS and OIL PAINTINGS. P. S. - COME EARLY FOR BARGAINS.

JOHNSON'S FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.

Course Diptheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Pneumonia, Rheumatism, Bleeding at the Lungs, Hoarseness, Influenza, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Chronic Diarrhoea, Kidney Troubles, and Spinal Diseases. We will send free, to all who send their names, a illustrated Pamphlet. All who buy or order direct from us, and request it, shall receive a certificate that the money shall be refunded if not abundantly satisfied. Retail price, 25c. 6 bottles, \$1.50. Express prepaid to any part of the United States or Canada. J. B. JOHNSON & CO., P. O. Box 1118, Boston, Mass.

ANODYNE LINIMENT

THE MOST WONDERFUL FAMILY REMEDY EVER KNOWN.



MALONE'S CHRISTMAS

Mr. Michael Malone was by occupation a porter. He himself could not have told you anything more definite than "Puddin' Mr. Calhoun's imply."

Malone was at the beck and call of the Calhoun family, as well as of those at the store. Was something to be repaired about Mr. Calhoun's house, that gentleman, before leaving for his place of business, would invariably remark: "Well, I'll send up Malone." It was the same when coal had to be put in, or the back yard cleaned, or the carpets shaken. Malone did everything with a smile. He was on good terms with everybody, from Mrs. Calhoun to the girl in the kitchen. He knew all about the Calhoun family, from the time their ancestors landed to the present. He knew all their business, too, for what he didn't hear from Mr. or Mrs. Calhoun's own lips, the girl in the kitchen told him.

Mrs. Malone knew all about the Calhouns and their business also. Everything Malone heard during the day was told to Kathleen at the supper table that very evening, while all the little Malones listened with wondering eyes and open mouths. But they had strict injunctions that "if ever ye repeat anything that ye hears at home, ye'll get scalded in good stiole, so ye will."

Malone was a family man, with as many children as a man who had been married as long as he had could possibly have kept within the bounds of common decency. He wasn't very old, but he was settled and contented. Kathleen was as "nate as a pin," and so were the youngsters when they left home in the morning. Not so, to be sure, when they came in for the night; but Kathleen consoled herself with the thought that the neighbors could see it wasn't her fault if the children waded in the mud and slush, and her children were no worse than their playmates, and she prided herself that they were cleaner in the mornings than any of them, if little Michael was wearing Master Calhoun's jacket, made over, and one of the twins displayed the abbreviated trousers belonging to the same suit. For although Kathleen could make Malone's \$8 a week go pretty far, it was hard to keep the children as she would like to see them.

Christmas was drawing near. Things were being run on close lines at the Malone mansion, so that as much of a spread as possible could be made when the joyous season did come round. The little Malones were saving up. Their eyes were open for all odd jobs the wealthier people on the street wanted done, and every little Malone felt happier every time he dropped his cent into his own particular tin box and shook it up to see if the other ones were there.

Malone and his wife sat up late every night after the children had gone to bed; each busy with needle and knife. Shavings, pieces of cloth and odds and ends were close at hand and the bright faces of the happy couple told what they were engaged in. Then, just four days before Christmas, Malone got off for the afternoon and went out to the woods with a hatchet. He did this every year, and he always went four days before Christmas. He cut his Christmas tree, and also his hand. The wound was, of course, nothing serious, for he always did the same thing, as he invariably told Kathleen when he came home. And to see Malone walk proudly home with his Christmas tree in one hand and the hatchet in the other would have gladdened the heart of anyone.

Then Malone sawed off the end of a deal and borrowed an auger from the carpenter, who lived across the hall; and when the tree was placed in the block and lifted on to the table in the best room, where it would be trimmed by Santa Claus, the happy father looked as proud as a king, while Kathleen with beaming face stood in the door holding the baby; and what else could the little Malones do but cheer!

Malone and his wife went to town nearly every night, and the children never cried, for they had a vague suspicion of what the excursions meant. Mysterious little bundles were secreted in hidden drawers, and the little Malones told each other what they hoped Santa Claus would bring them. Mr. and Mrs. Malone listened. They sighed sometimes, because they could not give the children many of the things they wished for, but on the next evening their purchases were made as much as possible in compliance with the desires of the little ones.

At last all the money was spent. Everything that was needed to make Christmas, as the Malones knew it, was provided for; all but the turkey. But that didn't cost them a thought, as Mr. Calhoun always presented Malone with one every Christmas eve that he had been in his employ, and that was a good many years.

Malone was at the store all the day preceding Christmas. Mr. Calhoun was cross. Things bothered him of which Malone knew nothing, and when the latter unfortunately let a box drop on his employer's foot, although Mr. Calhoun did not say much he was exceedingly cool. Malone apologized as only an Irishman could, yet he felt sick at heart, for he imagined that he was the cause of his employer's ill temper. During the afternoon Malone was always on hand in a moment when anything was to be done. A more faithful servant could not be found. At last the store was closed, and Malone

started for home. He had failed to receive his turkey.

It was with a sad heart that Malone ascended the stairs of the house in which he lived. He almost broke down as he entered the door, and the children cast eager glances at his hands for a sight of the turkey they expected him to bring; for the first look at the turkey was almost as good to the little Malones as the eating. Then as he saw the disappointed looks on the faces of the children his heart sank within him. His wife read his feelings by his looks and spared him the pain of questioning. But little Mike was not so thoughtful.

"Dad," he said, "where's the turkey?" "Mr. Calhoun didn't give me wan," said Malone, in a voice that sounded more like that of a disappointed child than a strong man.

"It's all right," said his wife as cheerfully as possible, "we'll get a turkey; but I don't think it would hurt us much to go without fowl for one Christmas, anyway."

This last suggestion cast a gloom over the little Malones. No turkey on Christmas day! They were not very rich, but everybody had a turkey at Christmas. Their looks made Malone more down-hearted than ever.

"Mr. Calhoun's mean," said little Mike indignantly.

His mother quickly silenced him. Malone was thinking how he could give the children a Christmas dinner. Husband and wife went into another room.

"Did he say anything?" asked Kathleen, who took the matter as much to heart as her husband, and was at a loss how to get him to speak.

"No!" answered Malone, "but what's wuss nor all, I think I have offended him."

"Well, Michael, we will do what can, but we mustn't let the children see us down-hearted."

They went in to the children again. The little Malones were gathered around a chair, and had the contents of all their savings banks spread out before them, while the eldest of the group was reckoning the total.

"We've got 'nough to get a turkey!" little Patrick announced.

"A hundred and thirty-three cents all together," added the bustling Michael, jr. "So we'd sooner have a turkey nor anything else."

It was decided that the children should have their way and buy a turkey; and when the family returned home that night Malone carried one by his side.

All the little Malones were up bright and early Christmas morning, admiring their stockings and seeing how the toys worked. The disappointment of the previous day was forgotten by the children, and although Malone and his wife were still troubled over the supposition that Mr. Calhoun was displeased with his porter, they beamed with joy at seeing their little ones so happy. All was excitement and bustle in the Malone household until an interruption came: "Does Mr. Calhoun live here?"

Malone went to the door. "Merry Christmas! Here's a turkey from Mr. Calhoun. We couldn't deliver the bird last night, we were so rushed, and he told me to give you this envelope too, when I was coming," and the butcher's boy went off whistling.

Malone was mystified, but perfectly happy. The envelope which the boy had given him, contained a crisp ten dollar bill, and not a word accompanied it. The little Malones danced with glee. "Two turkeys!" they shouted. "Whatcher bring to do with 'em, dad?"

"Eat one New Year's," said the brilliant Mikey.

"No, we'll save one till next Christmas, fur perhaps Mr. Calhoun might furgit agin," said one of the twins. BROOKS.

IPSE—TWEEDELEEE. A Contribution to the Great Controversy, Alleged to be by the Poet Phillips.

TO THE EDITORS OF PROGRESS: In a moment of high inspiration, which came upon me shortly after a number of generous citizens had made me up the sum of eight cents, I struck off the following dramatic verses concerning the great theological entanglement in St. John, and as I observe that PROGRESS takes some interest in me, give it the first offer of this fruit of my genius. The price is 24 cents—three eights. PHILLIPS.

CANTO I. (Enter QUINLEY—with a huge club.)

I smell the blood of an Englishman! Be he vicar or be he priest Upon his flesh and blood I'll feast, And I'll grind up his bones to make my bread.

CANTO II. (Mr. DAVENPORT appears—with a scapling knife.)

For after your scalp I'll surely be; Ye Jesuits, now have a care, Your sophistries shall be laid bare; Exposed shall be all your most hollow cant; I'm a truly Catholic Protestant.

CANTO III. (Chorus of General Public.)

There's just the difference—don't you see? If ever, in decades to come, You reach the end and final sum, If any one should be there to see, He'd find just the difference 'twixt 'em and see.

THREE BRITISH BEAUTIES.

The Countess of Dudley, Lady Colin Campbell and Mrs. Gordon-Baillie.

Long residence in England has given me the positive conviction that, although the English talk admiringly of "French cuisine" and "foreign beauties," they have but a superficial liking for both, and prefer British cookery and British beauties to everything else of its kind in the world. At the same time it must not be supposed that the blonde is the only type of British beauty. The yellow-haired, blue-eyed race are of the Anglo-Saxon descent, and of course form a numerous element in the mass of British female beauties, but the Norman strain is also deep and wide, and deriving from the French nobility which came over to England with William the Conqueror, it shows itself particularly among the aristocracy of England. To this cause is to be attributed the number of exquisite beauties of the peerage who have dark hair, dark eyes and even the dark complexion of Frenchwomen; now in course of time modified by the peculiar manner and passionate expression which render their charms quite as thoroughly English in their nature as are those of Anglo-Saxon women. In this class of beauties stand the peerless and unapproachable Countess of Dudley, and longo intervallo, that fascinating personage, Lady Colin Campbell. Both are slender, dark-eyed, dark-haired and of pale complexion. Lady Dudley was a Miss Montcrieff, of Scotland; Lady Colin was a Miss Booth, of Ireland. It is not impossible that both sprang originally from the Norman stock.

Irish beauties are generally supposed to have dark hair and blue eyes. This is a bewitching conjunction, certainly, and one frequently seen in Ireland, but it is not the only type of loveliness extant there. Red-haired beauties with dark eyes are numerous in Ireland; and when these charms are wedded to a complexion of pure lily and rose they are really irresistible; at least so the London male public of "Peg Woffington's" time must have thought, for that fascinating actress was of this striking type. Scotch beauties follow the Scotch type of red hair, blue eyes and florid complexion—the type of the Duke of Argyll.

These are the facial characteristics, from which, however, many noted beauties differ. The Countess of Dudley has been already mentioned for her radiant loveliness of the dark type. Another instance which may be named is that of that now notorious person, Mrs. Gordon-Baillie, who has just been sentenced to five years' penal servitude in England for passing worthless checks and in other ways defrauding the public. This woman, it has been discovered, was the illegitimate daughter of Scotch peasants, and yet for aristocratic bearing, for dark-eyed, dark-haired beauty she is the equal of the noble Dukes herself. I have seen the self-styled Mrs. Gordon-Baillie frequently, and she was mingling with the world as a person of position, and never looked upon her without feeling a glow of admiration for her beauty. Her form was absolutely faultless, although she was really a Greek statue. She never knew hypocrisy or the reverse, and she would obtain instantaneously at least a hundred thousand converts to her system. It is a pity she did not put this plan into execution, for she would certainly have earned honest money by it, which might have saved her from the irretrievable degradation into which she has now fallen. —Olive Logan in Philadelphia Times.

Falmam Qui Meruit Ferat. The Arts and Crafts Exhibition society of London, of which William Morris and Walter Crane are leading members, are carrying out, in the main successfully, their scheme to give the actual producers of artistic lamps, potteries, wall papers and draperies, the credit and benefit which belongs to the executor as well as the designer. The name of every workman engaged in the production of any article is printed in the society's catalogue. Some leading firms, oblivious of the ancient Roman and present Christian doctrine—

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LONDON ASSURANCE CORPORATION.

Incorporated by Royal Charter, A. D. 1720.

Cash Assets, - - - Over Sixteen Million Dollars.

E. L. PHILIPS, SUB-AGENT.

R. W. W. FRINK, St. John, General Agent for New Brunswick.

The New York Press, FOR 1889.

DAILY, SUNDAY, WEEKLY.

The aggressive Republican Journal of the Metropolis. A NEWSPAPER FOR THE MASSES.

Founded December 1st, 1887. Circulation, November 1st, 1888, 107,106. Circulation, November 7th, 1888, 254,840.

LARGEST DAILY CIRCULATION OF ANY REPUBLICAN PAPER IN AMERICA.

THE PRESS is the organ of no faction; pulls no wires; has no animosities to average.

The Most Remarkable Newspaper Success in New York.

THE NEW YORK PRESS is now a NATIONAL NEWSPAPER, rapidly growing in favor with Republicans of every State in the Union.

Cheap news, vulgar sensations and trash find no place in the columns of THE PRESS. It is an expensive paper, published at the lowest price American Currency permits.

THE DAILY PRESS has the brightest Editorial page in New York. It sparkles with points.

THE SUNDAY PRESS is a splendid sixteen-page paper, covering every current topic of interest.

THE WEEKLY PRESS contains all the good things of the Daily and Sunday editions, with special features suited to a Weekly publication. For those who cannot afford THE DAILY PRESS or are prevented by distance from early receiving it, THE WEEKLY PRESS is a splendid substitute.

THE PRESS. Within the reach of all. The best and cheapest Newspaper published in America.

Daily and Sunday Press, one year, - \$4.00. " " " " " " 6 months, - 2.00. " " " " " " 3 months, - .35. Weekly Press, one year, - 1.00.

Send for THE PRESS Circular with full particulars and list of excellent premiums. Samples free. Agents wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions. Address, The New York Press Co. Limited, 26 & 28 North William St., New York.

Advertisement for THE BELL CIGAR FACTORY, featuring a signature and text: 'We made more Cigars than all Cigar Factories East of Quebec City during 1888.' Includes details about their products and agents.

Advertisement for GREAT XMAS SALE OF CANDY, featuring MURDOCH'S, 87 Charlotte Street, and Christmas Tree Ornaments.

Advertisement for Lard and Cheese, featuring 500 PACKAGES and GILBERT BENT & SONS, SOUTH MARKET WHARF.

Advertisement for CHRISTMAS and SANTA CLAUS, featuring Hold High Carnival and NINETY-NINE.

Advertisement for DAVID CONNELL, Livery and Boarding Stables, Sydney St.

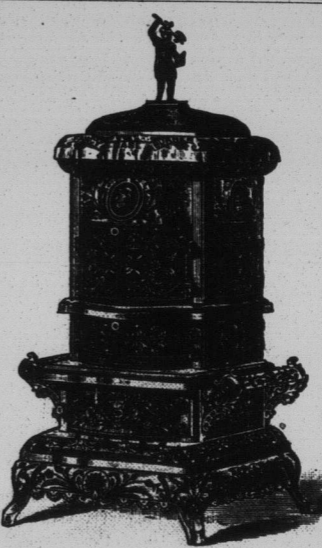
Advertisement for UNGAR'S STEAM LAUNDRY, featuring 25 CENTS PER DOZEN and 32 Waterloo Street.

STOVES.

COLES & PARSONS.

We have just received another shipment of our famous Self-Feeding Stoves,

"Art Countess,"



STOVES.

COLES & PARSONS.

We have just received another shipment of our famous Self-Feeding Stoves,

"Art Countess,"

which for beauty and heating qualities cannot be excelled. Persons wanting a first-class Stove would do well to call and examine our Stock before purchasing elsewhere.

COLES & PARSONS, - - 90 Charlotte Street.

Encourage Home Manufacture.

MARITIME VARNISH AND WHITE LEAD WORKS.

JAMES ROBERTSON, Manufacturer of all kinds of VARNISHES and JAPANS, WHITE LEAD, COLORED and LIQUID PAINTS and PUTTY.

FACTORY—CORNER OF CHARLOTTE AND SHEFFIELD STREETS. Office and Warehouse: ROBERTSON'S New Building, Corner Union and MILL Streets.

St. John, N. B. WILLIAM GREIG, Manager.

THE BELL CIGAR FACTORY ADVERTISE FACTS.

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

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

And still we do not ADVERTISE to give a CLEAR HAVANA CIGAR for 5c. Established April 21, 1884, we have doubled our production every year, and today we are making better Cigars than any other factory in the maritime provinces.

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

"Cleanliness Is Next to Godliness."

The American Steam Laundry, LOCATED AT Nos. 52 and 54 Canterbury Street,

HAS THE Latest Improved Machinery, the Most Competent Help, the Most Efficient Supervision, and, therefore, Everybody says, DOES THE BEST WORK.

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

GIVE US A TRIAL ORDER.

GODSOE BROS. - Proprietors.

Mixtures, Flags, Cornucopies and Candy Fruit. And all at Lowest Possible Prices.

Lard. Cheese.

500 PACKAGES. FOR SALE BY GILBERT BENT & SONS, SOUTH MARKET WHARF.

CHRISTMAS and SANTA CLAUS. Hold High Carnival.

NINETY-NINE. Here is where you will find a beautiful STOCK OF BOOKS for all ages, in the choicest bindings and very cheap.

The Christmas Cards and Booklets surpass in elegance any previous display and will repay inspection. Call early, at MORTON L. HARRISON'S, 99 KING STREET.

DAVID CONNELL, Livery and Boarding Stables, Sydney St.

Family Washing Done Rough Dry. 25 CENTS PER DOZEN.

UNGAR'S STEAM LAUNDRY - - - 32 Waterloo Street.

P. S.—By this we mean Washing and Drying only.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

CALAIN CHAT.

CALAIN Dec. 17.—The social season is at last in full swing, and every evening, the past week, there have been dinners, receptions and dances, with a few teas and luncheons thrown in for the afternoons.

Mrs. Martha Downes' whist party, on Tuesday evening, was a charming success. About 22 ladies were present. The first prize, a silver candlestick and thermos, mounted on silver, were won by Mrs. Mitchell, wife of Hon. James Mitchell, of St. Stephen, and Miss Kate Washburn, of Colais. The progressive prizes, consisting of a Japanese vase and fancy paper knife, were won by Mrs. Sarah Purinton and Miss Carrie Washburn.

AN ENTHUSIASTIC LADY

Mr. A. A. Harper, of Minneapolis, is in town this week. Mr. H. B. Garden, a former resident of this county, visited his old home last week. He had been absent over 20 years. Rev. A. J. Murray has gone to Fredericton, to be present at the ordination of the priest at the cathedral, next Sunday.

Miss Edith Jordan, who has been pursuing her studies at the Victoria school, St. John, has returned home for a few weeks' visit.

CHATHAM BRIEFS.

CHATHAM, Dec. 19.—Miss Jennie Devaux, of Bathurst, and Miss Jennie Fitzpatrick, of Campbellton, are visiting their friend, Miss Angie Henry. Miss Louisa Duffy has gone to Fredericton to spend her Christmas vacation.

TALKS OF WHAT SHE SAW AND ADMIRING IN FLOOD'S.

"I went into Flood's, yesterday," said a lady to PROGRESS. "Do you wonder that I am here? Well, I am surprised myself, but then, after looking and admiring for hours and buying all I was able to, and, I am afraid, much more, I thought of others equally eager to see the beautiful things and regretfully departed. "I do think," she continued, "that St. John people are fortunate. They have with them an establishment which cannot fail to supply every gift wish of the festive season. And what a hold Flood's has on the city at this season. Every [one] asks me, 'Have you been to Flood's?' and I

AFTER FORTY YEARS.

Some of the Sinclair Family Learn Some Facts About Themselves.

There was great excitement among the good folk of the Green of Invermay, Perthshire, Scotland, one day in the year 1818. Peter Sinclair, a stout young blacksmith, 18 years old, had decided to leave the "auld hame" for Canada.

It was a long and weary journey in those days. The voyage in a sailing vessel might take from one to three months. Little was known of Canada by the good people of Invermay, save that it was a cold country, where the Indians abounded, and where some of the adventurous Scots had already established settlements.

So Peter Sinclair bade his friends goodbye, and in due time reached St. John, New Brunswick. He appears to have liked the country, for, two years later, in 1820, his brother John, also a blacksmith, followed him to the new land. They appear to have corresponded with their relatives for some years, but after a time the letters ceased. The old folks were passing away, the young ones formed new ties. The Sinclairs of the old land and the Sinclairs of the new land bade fair to drift apart forever.

All correspondence ceased 40 years ago. John died in 1845, and 30 years later Peter was gathered to his fathers at a ripe old age.

Both of the brothers were married and their families grew up ignorant of the existence of their relatives in Scotland. Their relatives were equally ignorant of them.

Very recently, however, circumstances arose in Scotland which made it necessary to learn if any trace could be found of Peter and John, or their issue, if any. A letter to this effect reached Detective Joseph Sharp last Wednesday week.

Detective Sharp is not a man to lose time in any case, and he started on the case at once. By Wednesday night he had learned more about the Sinclair family than the members of it had known for the last forty years.

Sinclair is not an uncommon name, but only three of the number whose names are found in the directory are connected with the family in question. These are William Sinclair, who follows his ancestor's calling of a blacksmith, and lives at 176 King street, Margaret Elizabeth, who lives on Crown street and David who lives on Stanley street, Portland. THE SURVIVING CHILDREN OF PETER.

These are the surviving children of Peter. John, a stone cutter, Peter, a machinist, another Peter and another Margaret are dead. The present Margaret was born the night the first Margaret died, and the name of the dead child was given to her.

William Sinclair was very much surprised to hear that he had relatives in Scotland. He had supposed they were all dead years ago. They had written to his father and uncle long, long ago, begging them not to stay and "die among the savages," but as the young men did not return time and distance began to separate the branches of the family forever.

Only one of the children of John Sinclair is living. This is Isabelle, who married Mr. Robertson, a tailor, and now lives in Boston. Her sisters, Jane and Margaret, are dead.

John Sinclair, who lives at New Lodge, Stannan, Scotland, will be very glad to hear that he has three cousins living, and that "the savages" are not likely to trouble them.

And Detective Sharpe by his prompt and satisfactory solution of the problem has shown that the grass did not grow under his feet this time any more than in the recovery of the missing Knight lad.

Blown in by the Wind. Handsome and convenient blotting pads and calendars, with imitation porcelain covers, are sent out with Messrs. W. H. Thorne & Co.'s annual price list.

Two very handsome show-cards came from Messrs. Hunter, Hamilton & McKay. One of them represents "The Two Orphans." As Joe Knowles would say, we don't orphan see more attractive ones.

The useful calendar of the Etna Insurance company has been received from the St. John agents, Messrs. Geo. E. Fairweather & Son.

BOVINE LIQUID FOOD.

A condensed raw food extract of BEEF and MUTTON. Retained by the weakest stomach. Palatable to the taste.

Prepared from the recipe of the late Prof. J. P. Bush, of Boston, Mass., for the cure and relief of

DYSPEPSIA, Mental and Physical Exhaustion, Weakened Energy, Consumption, Indigestion, Etc.

Universally recommended and prescribed by physicians of all schools. Its action will harmonize with such stimulants as are necessary to take.

It is the best food known, furnishing sustenance to both brain and body. INVIGORATING, STRENGTHENING, HEALTHFUL, STIMULATING.

Put up in 6 and 12 oz. bottles, at 60 cts. and \$1.00, and sold by all druggists throughout the world.



CHRISTMAS MORNING.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Woods entertained the Round Table club, Wednesday evening, at one of the pleasantest meetings yet held. An elaborate supper was served at 12, followed by dancing.

Miss MacNichol's rush whist party, Thursday evening, was a most delightful one, it being one of those social affairs in which many of our St. Stephen friends participated. The design for choosing partners was very unique and original.

Candy canes tied with various colored ribbons were passed to each of the guests and the gentleman selected the lady carrying the cane of the color corresponding to his.

Mrs. Hazen Grimmer, of St. Stephen, was the fortunate lady this time and bore away a handsome silver bon-bon dish, and her partner, Mr. Harry Graham, a very pretty instance. After a sumptuous repast, some fine music added the crowning feature of the evening.

The Browning club will meet with Miss Helen Foster, Friday evening, many new members having been added recently, among whom are Mr. Charles King, formerly of Johns Hopkins university, Baltimore, and Mr. Burton McAllister, of the famous Munroe School of oratory.

One of our latest acquisitions in social and business circles will pass the holidays at his home in St. John. "Merry Christmas, Jack!"

Miss Emma King will soon leave us for Athens, Georgia, where she will remain for some months with friends.

Miss Kate Washburn is visiting friends on Marlboro street, Boston. I regret to learn that Mrs. E. C. Gates is confined to the house with pneumonia.

Invitations have been issued for a musicale to be given at the residence of Mrs. E. T. Lee, Jan. 2.

There are rumors of several dancing parties and numerous merry makings during the holidays. A crystal wedding is also soon to be enjoyed, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Cole being the most interested couple in the affair.

Miss Clara Barnard left town Saturday morning for sunny Italy, where she will spend the winter months.

Hon. L. G. Downes and daughter took their departure for Boston, Monday morning, for a short visit.

WOODSTOCK WHISPERINGS.

Woodstock, Dec. 20.—Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Fisher intend going to Boston next week for an extended visit.

Miss May Connell, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. G. E. Fisher, has returned to her home at Woodstock.

Mr. William Murray has accepted a situation with his brother, C. E. Murray, of Woodstock, and leaves tomorrow.

Mr. P. McGarrigle was presented by the pupils of school No. 9, of which he has been principal for the last two years, with a handsome dressing case on his retirement from that position. He carries with him the best wishes of the entire community.

Chief Justice Allan was in town last Sunday, the guest of Mr. F. E. Winslow. Mr. Charles Seargent and bride have returned from their wedding tour.

Beautiful Books.

Among the many beautiful gift books that adorn Mr. Alfred Morrisey's counter are two worthy of special mention. When Europe Illustrated was shown PROGRESS and the representative was asked what it was worth, "I should say five dollars," was the reply. "One dollar and a half," was the astonishing rejoinder. With that information PROGRESS can say that there is no such book in the market for the money. Though standing there but a few minutes, in that time Mr. Morrisey sold three of them. The public is evidently of the same opinion. The illustrations of Europe Illustrated are good, giving a splendid idea of many of those grand old scenes and places so often read about.

Another choice gift book is a beautiful illustrated representation of Marching Through Georgia. Ticknor & Co. could have sent out no more popular holiday book. Every verse of that well known and ringing song is accompanied by a finally executed scene by that thief of nature, Chas. Copeland. Every engraving is beautifully worked out and the book throughout does great credit to the publishers and the artists. Mr. Morrisey has the book for sale and disposes of it for \$1.50.

Well Qualified to Teach.

Miss Lizzie B. Homer has returned to St. John from Dresden, where she has been perfecting herself in instrumental music, under the instruction of some of the best teachers in Europe. She will remain in this city, and will be prepared to receive pupils immediately after the holidays.

Children's Books, Annuals and Bound Books, all kinds, at the Reduced Rates during the Holiday Season, at D. McArthur's, 80 King Street.

return the compliment. And if you have not, go at once, or else be out of fashion's route.

"My visit was a charming one. I like pretty things—who does not?—and the two or three hours spent there were of the keenest pleasure. And then when my eyes wearied of the bright and fanciful goods I rested them upon my companion gitt-seekers, and watched their movements and criticized their tastes.

"But who could err in such a collection? I know I could 'go it blind' as the saying goes and delight every friend I have in the world. Down stairs and up stairs the same elegance and variety are to be found.

"Books! Why, libraries could be selected here. Pictures! Why, galleries could be fitted outright. Ornaments! Words fail me; and how to finish without speaking of the beautiful Royal Worcester and Dresden ware up stairs! I confess that it was a revelation to me.

"I could remain and enumerate things for an hour but then I saw as complete a list as I could give in Messrs. Flood's advertisement in PROGRESS.

"But before I go: Drop into Flood's and tell all your friends to do the same."

PEN AND PRESS.

The eight-page holiday number of the Albert Maple Leaf is a creditable production, good to look at and pleasant to read.

The Portland, Maine, Sunday Telegram, which is to that city what PROGRESS is to St. John, was a day behind this paper in time, on the issue of its holiday edition, but neck-and-neck with it for excellence of matter and manner. The Telegram is the best Sunday paper ever printed in Maine, and when, as in this instance, it makes a special effort, the result rejoices the eye and delights the soul.

The prospectus of that sterling daily, the New York Sun, appears elsewhere in this number of PROGRESS. The Sun gives all the news and in such form that the busiest man can find time to read it and take pleasure in the reading. Almost every other paper in the country patterns after it or steals from it and people who want to make sure of "getting the best" periodical literature should see that it visits them every day.

D. McArthur, 80 King street, is selling Ladies' Purse, Albums, Bibles, Church Services, etc. Miscellaneous Stock of all kinds at Special Reductions during the Holiday Season.

SKINNER'S Carpet Warerooms 58 KING STREET.

I have just received from the manufacturers the finest lot of Turcoman and Chenille Curtains ever imported to this city, and at prices that will astonish my customers. THE LOWEST PRICES EVER QUOTED.

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

A. O. SKINNER. COME AND SEE THEM.

The Finest Holiday Goods I have ever shown. Something for Everyone in Search of a Handsome and Useful Christmas Present.

Fancy Goods, Numerous Gift Books, Holiday Souvenirs. COME AND LOOK AT THEM.

ALFRED MORRISEY, 104 KING STREET.

LONDON HOUSE, RETAIL.

Christmas Sale! Special Prices During this Month.

FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS AND NEW YEAR PRESENTS we offer the best collection of Plain and Combination Dress Materials.

NOVELTIES IN LADIES' WINTER OVERCOATINGS, WRAPS, FUR CAPES and BOAS, HOSIERY and GLOVES, RIBBONS and LACES.

London House, - - - - Retail. CHARLOTTE AND UNION STREETS.

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

A FULL ASSORTMENT AT T. H. HALL'S, - - - 46 and 48 King Street

HATS. HATS. MANKS & CO.

Would ask the attention of buyers to their Stock of Men's Fine Felt Hats, OF LATEST STYLES.

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

ALFRED ISAACS. 69 and 71 King Street,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Choice HAVANA and DOMESTIC CIGARS.

You Will save Money BY CALLING AT 167 Union Street FOR YOUR BOOTS and SHOES,

Fancy Slippers bottomed and custom work promptly attended to. PRICES LOWER THAN THE LOWEST. S. H. SPILLER.

DELICIOUS HOT COFFEE

Rowntree's Elect Cocoa, SERVED FROM CHASE & SANBORN'S FAMOUS COFFEE URN.

GEORGE ROBERTSON & CO'S, Up-Town Store - - 50 KING STREET.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

You can get your Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry Repaired IN FIRST CLASS ORDER

MARTIN'S JEWELRY STORE, 167 Union Street.

IMPERIAL Fire Insurance Comp'y.

HEAD OFFICE, - - 1 OLD BROAD STREET, LONDON, G. B.

MARITIME PROVINCES BRANCH: Omcees, - - 59 Prince William Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.

E. L. WHITTAKER, Resident Secretary.

VOL. I COL. JA HERE IS A PASTE I Don't be Afraid Rough on You Continue to untense Some The compli Col. James De You didn't mas, but that v Progress t week. It trie gentleman, so with a knowled It did not say it was hamper you were not o public could ju You know as it left unsaid w you do not, aln of St. John can Most men in profoundly grat wit enough to l off. You, appa You had com unjustifiable ass ill-will against y do you any wro to think that smart. You b told you so. P your level by re treated as lenier permit. It was hoped there, It did blood, and you I came from of it, dried and be seen at the r Did you ever r Probably not, story, and might shows how a mar he persists in rus tion. You were not Monday afternoo If you had bee a more presentab mas day. Do you remem you seemed some standers rescued Progress can tel You entered th Carter was. He counter, writing, you knew it. Y sneak up behind I Don't you think a man who calls h But you did no happened to turn your valiant and surprised and pain avoided your blow Your nose bled, e You did not lik blamed for that, known when you away. Xenophon, who came famous by have done likewise Instead of that charge. You tried but you even faild meantime he lande face. Finding that you at arms-length catch-as-catch-can wild and injudicious In doing so, you Mr. Carter's gras ward until the sh motion. Then he backward until form of a segment o you again. While you were night or Blucher, wh men who were nea probably, you were by an improvised an You did not cover But you covered s with blood, and bro case. The news ag \$25. You had better pa Now, colonel, wh self? Don't you thi enough of this foolin What's it all abou Progress, in aimi nuisance, happened r You got mad about the publicity given t You have helped t haven't you? Don't you know th quiet only the readen grab would have kn if? Don't you kno would have forgott time?