

MUSICAL & THEATRICAL

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES. The regular correspondence has not reached...

St. Mary's church, Waterloo street, H. B. P. Betts, organist.

Among the Boston Play Houses. The Hollis street theatre has just finished...

The Boston comedy company, H. Price Webber, manager, finishes its season of ten days...

The Daniel's specialty company, at the Institute, is having continued success...

Sydney Chidley is now in Boston painting the scenery for B. F. Keith's new theatre...

The Columbia has sent the "Surrender" company away covered with glory and has received "Gloriana"...

"Our Boys" is now on at the Boston Museum, with Mary Hampton as Mary Melrose...

Last week I spoke of the Christmas number of the Dramatic News as being the finest ever sent out by that paper...

Leader Richardson's Dramatic News for 1892. It is a superb publication in every respect...

At the 20th CENTURY KANDY KITCHEN, 12 Charlotte Street, and at Our Branch Store "The BIJOU," 70 King Street.

Our 5lb. boxes at \$1.00 are without a rival anywhere. Santa Claus has promised to be at the "Kandy Kitchen," sometime before XMAS.

not Miss Emma Yuck, but Miss Emma Juch. Cyril Tyler, the wonderful boy soprano, will again be heard tomorrow night in a programme appropriate to the season of Noel.

"No bonnets allowed in any part of the house" is one of the rules of the new Theatre of Arts and Letters in New York.

Mr. William H. Crane is an early comer at the Hollis St. Theatre, and will be seen in his new play, "The American Minister."

Etelka Geroter has recovered her voice and will probably be heard in this country next season.

I hear that F. Marion Crawford, the novelist, is to give readings from his own works in St. John. His tour has so far, been very successful, and I have no doubt he will be heard and appreciated, by very many among you, who, so far, only know him through the printed page.

AMUSEMENTS. Opera House, - - St. John. A. O. SKINNER, - - President. The public are respectfully informed that the well-known and popular BOSTON COMEDY COMPANY, H. PRICE WEBBER, - - Manager will give a few performances in the above elegant Opera House, commencing Monday, Dec. 26, 1892.

For the Christmas Tree.

Kandy Toys, Kandy Canes Christmas Crackers, Beautiful Fancy Boxes, Baskets and every other kind of KANDY without end.

Santa Claus has promised to be at the "Kandy Kitchen," sometime before XMAS.

XMAS PRESENTS.

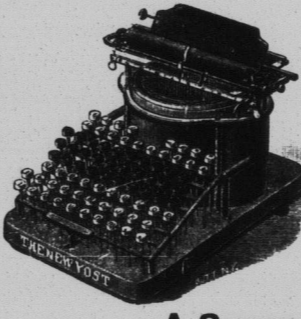
"SHEFFIELD CUTLERY" From all the best makers such as JOSEPH RODGERS & SONS, GEO. BUTLER & CO., GEO. WOODHEAD & SON, THOS. ELLIN & CO.

Pocket Knives from.....10 cents to \$5.00 each. Scissors from.....10 cents to \$1.25 per pair.

Ivory Handle and Dessert Knives from..... \$5.00 to \$15.00 per doz. Silver Plated Table and Dessert Knives from..... \$2.00 to \$7.00 per doz.

Our Stock Never was so Large and Varied as at Present. SOLID SILVERWARE. PLATED WARE. W. H. THORNE & CO., - - Market Square, St John.

Teach your Children to Spell, Punctuate and Compose.



They do not properly learn these arts at school, because the methods in vogue there excite no real interest in the subject.

A Suggestion from the Old Granite State. I have looked upon the work of a compositor as the best practice possible in the art of spelling, punctuation, capitalization, and formation of sentences.

Mr. Hall has solved the problem. To be an instructor in the use of the English language, at home and at school, is one of the great functions of the typewriter.

New Yost Writing Machine

is conspicuous for its complete adaptation to the purpose. The following are some of the points in which it is superior to its competitors.

IRA CORNWALL, General Agent for the Maritime Provinces, Chubb's Corner, St. John, N. B.

Mechanics' Institute Gala Week

Commencing Monday, Dec. 26th. PERFORMANCES. CHRISTMAS. There will be two performances given by the DANIELS.



SPECIALTY COMPANY on CHRISTMAS DAY. One in the afternoon, doors open at 2; performance at 2.30. Evening same as usual.

A Novel Every Week. The Publishers of CANADA, the cheapest, brightest and best of Canadian monthly papers, so count a year has made arrangements with a leading publishing house by which he is enabled to make

The offer of the Season. On receipt of \$1.25, he will send CANADA for one year, and 50 copies of the highest class, by the world's most noted authors, all postpaid.

A. & J. HAY, Diamonds, Fine Jewelry, American Watches, Fancy Clocks, Optical Goods, Etc. JEWELRY MADE TO ORDER AND REPAIRED. 70 KING STREET.



Great Reductions in MILLINERY. CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO., 77 King St.



See our Ladies Astrakan Sacques, Best Grades at Low Prices for all kinds of old SILVERWARE repaired and replated and made to look as good as new.

Gold and Silver Plating. W. BILMAN, 67 Germain St., St. John.

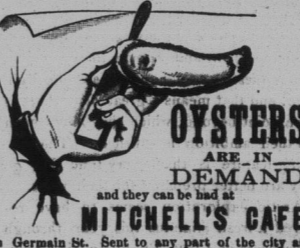
EXAMINE The Stock to be found at 43 - KING STREET - 43

RIGHT TO THE FRONT OF ALL COMPETITION WITH THE LARGEST STOCK WE HAVE EVER SHOWN.

A Full Line of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Sterling Silver, Clocks, Silver Plates, Bronzes, Opera Glasses, Canes, Eye Glasses, Umbrellas, Gold Pencils, &c.

New Goods Every DAY. Jewelry Made To ORDER.

FERGUSON & PAGE.



OYSTERS ARE IN DEMAND and they can be had at MITCHELL'S CAFE on Germain St. Sent to any part of the city as soon as ordered.

SCOTT BROS. HAVE A NICE ASSORTMENT OF Choice CHRISTMAS Groceries, CANNED GOODS, Etc.

XMAS MEATS! THOS. DEAR, 13 AND 14 CITY MARKET.

PROGRESS. EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR. Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from the Masonic Building, 55 and 57 Germain Street, St. John, N. B. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

SIXTEEN PAGES. AVERAGE CIRCULATION 12,220. HALIFAX BRANCH OFFICE: KNOWLES BUILDING, COR. GRANVILLE AND GEORGE STREETS. ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DEC. 24.

CHRISTMAS. To its readers, one and all, wherever they may be, PROGRESS wishes a Merry Christmas. There is little need to say more, though much might be said, of the season and its meaning.

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid.

And in this picture we find a story of infinite love, that God so loved the world that He sent His only begotten Son into the world, that whosoever believed on Him should not perish, but have eternal life.

place. No man's liberty, or possibly life, should be dependant on the passion, prejudice or mistaken ideas of a judge alone. Twelve good men and true must stand between the prisoner and the law, and every one of those twelve men must be convinced that the man is innocent or guilty.

The law requiring a unanimous verdict was, like most laws, grounded on common sense in the first place. It gave the accused the benefit of every doubt and allowed him the fullest opportunity to escape unless his guilt was clear beyond peradventure.

It is, indeed, a very difficult thing to do. In case after case that has come before the courts in this and other countries, where the questions of fact and law leave no room for doubt, eleven men have had no doubt whatever as to how they should decide.

As PROGRESS has understood in past conversations with Commander CHEVNE, there is as good ground to believe in the air currents on which he relies as on the water currents on which Dr. NANSSEN depends.

The proprietor of the New York Mail and Express was sued by a former business manager the other day, but the verdict of the jury was in favor of the defendant.

If every reader of PROGRESS would try to make at least one poor person the happier at this season what a vast amount of good would be done.

Whether the North pole will be of any value to man if it is ever reached is not a question that people are apt to consider in fitting out expeditions for the discovery of it.

Every once in a while something happens to set people talking about the jury system, and to cast discredit on that venerable and moss-backed bulwark of British liberty.

wick, Commander CHEVNE, R. N., was enthusiastic over a plan of reaching the pole by the aid of balloons. It yet remains to be tried, but Lieut. PEARY does not seem to have much faith in it.

As to the scheme of going by balloon from St. Peary's Bay to the Pole, all I can say is that until the secret of aerial navigation is discovered I do not see how such a plan can succeed.

About the same time that Lieut. PEARY will start a learned man from Norway, Dr. FRIDTJOF NANSSEN will go northward through the idea of pushing through the frozen wastes with a specially constructed vessel, the Fram he calls it, which will be proof against being crushed in the ice.

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CHRISTMAS IN BOSTON. SOME OF THE FREE SHOWS THAT THE PEOPLE ADMIRE.

The Crowds Are the Same as in St. John, Only There Are More of Them—The Window Dressers and Their Work—The Favorite Styles of Display.

BOSTON, Dec. 20.—It is Christmas time and all Boston is alive to the fact. The stores have put on their holiday dress and the people are out in thousands to look and wonder.

From early morning till late at night the streets are crowded, and in the stores, the clerks are making the greatest bustle of the year. It is the annual rush and everybody is making the most of it.

In one Washington street store thousands of white handkerchiefs of all kinds and sizes are worked into a pretty scene. A large bridge with steps leading up to it, and under the arches of which a river of sea green handkerchiefs flows.

Many other stores have handkerchief windows, which are set off with good effect. There are scenes in Arctic regions all in pure white handkerchiefs, and many other pretty views which have to be seen to be appreciated.

A farm scene with barn and fields, and everything usually found in the country, even the chickens in the garden, real live chicks too, for the little ones to tell stories about, everything in keeping and wonderfully life like, forms one of the window attractions on Washington street.

In the evenings the displays are even prettier, and the electric lights are worked into everything. In the store windows the small incandescents send their rays from unlooked for places, and make the shows look brighter than before.

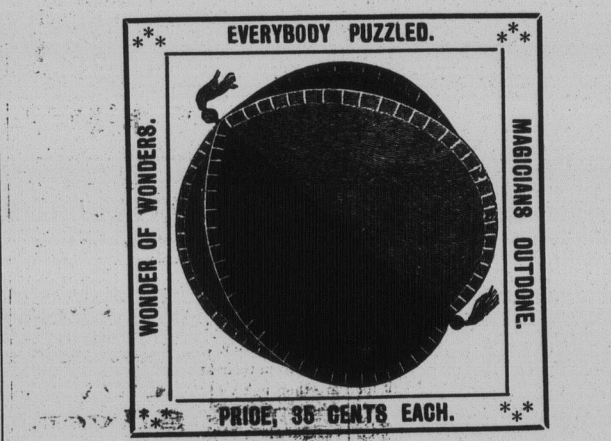
Long strings of red and white incandescent lamps reach from the eel to the ground. On the Tremont street side is a large star of white and red lights; and large letters, the firm name, and "Merry Christmas" blaze out brightly; and far up, to crown it all, a crescent and a star.

There is very little skating in Boston during the winter, but what street ponds do present a solid surface, the boys and girls make merry while it lasts.

PROGRESS is for sale in Boston at "King's Chapel News Stand," Corner of School and Tremont streets.

WHERE DOES CASH MEAN MONEY? AT HARDRESS CLARK'S GROCERY. Where's more good Groceries can be bought for \$1.00 than at any other store in town. Xmas Groceries for Cash. Fruits and Confectionery for Cash. Satisfaction Guaranteed for Cash. Quality and Cheapness for Cash.

LATEST JUST OUT NOVELTY. Wizard's Purse.



A MOST WONDERFUL PUZZLE. Made in Various Colors in Fine Morocco. More fun can be had with it than with a BARREL of MONKEYS. It defies, baffles and deceives the SHARPEST eye. It is a simple enough, but if you don't know the secret—Can you open it? You may say you can, but can you? You can fill this purse with money and with perfect safety and assurance offer anyone its contents, provided they will open it without cutting or ripping the purse in any manner.

Winter Musings. Solemn and sad the night comes down, The cold and wintry night— With his gusty winds blowing here and there The feathery snow through the frosty air.

Oh, the snow resembles the happy heart Ere 'tis tarnished with guilt or woe; But the cold, bitter wind is the stinging pain That seizes the heart and the maddened brain, And drags them in anguish low.

And the rich man lives in his castle grand, Mid pomp and regal state— And scorns the poor, who with outstretched hand Crave a morsel of food; with a stern command He drives them from his gate.

MR. LIVINGSTON'S CASE. What is Said and Thought About It by Some of the Papers. The appeal made by PROGRESS last week for some official recognition of the services of John Livingston in politics and journalism has been heartily endorsed by such of the citizens as have spoken on the subject and by a portion of the local press, which owes so much to his work in the past.

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

FROM ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS AND PAPERS AND

HALIFAX NOTES.

Progress is far on in Halifax at the following places:
Book Store, 24 George street
Clifford & Co., Barrington street
Andrews & Co., 111 Hollis street

I have received an account of the wedding of Miss Cooper-Coles, who, with her brother-in-law and sister, Sir Baldwin and Lady Walker, has been so long known in Halifax, for the past three years.

The lecture given last Friday evening by Professor Stockley, of Fredericton, under the auspices of St. Matthew's Guild, was most successful and pleasing.

Another nuptial wedding on the tapis is that of Miss F. Baker, of Yarmouth, and the Hon. W. Stopford, of London.

The lecture given last Friday evening by Professor Stockley, of Fredericton, under the auspices of St. Matthew's Guild, was most successful and pleasing.

Comparisons one knows are odious, but to the impartial student of entertainments offered by another similar association under the auspices of a different church do not begin to offer the instruction or amusement which does that of St. Matthew's Guild.

The committee which has taken up the private afternoon at the rink, has issued the usual circular to subscribers so that the fashionable and energetic among us will probably be waiting on skates soon after New Year's.

Invitations have been issued for several "Christmas dinners" on Monday evening next, while on Christmas night proper some of the people who border and ask a few stray and homesick people to share their Christmas fare.

I hear that among the volunteers for mission work in the North West secured by the bishop of Qu'Appelle during his late sojourn in England, is Reverend William Binney, eldest son of the late bishop of Nova Scotia.

In reference to clerical matters I hear that the Rev. W. B. King will pay a visit to his late parish during the month of January, in the course of which he will spend a few days at the houses of various friends.

Among the coming festivities are a ladies' dinner at the R. A. and E. mess on Christmas eve at which the guests will be the wives of officers, a dinner at Bellevue House, and a dance at the same on New Year's eve, which comes on Saturday will necessitate a painful departure of all guests at twelve o'clock.

On Tuesday evening Sir John Ross gave his usual weekly dinner with the average number of guests. The evening party took place at Bellevue last week was I hear a most delightful one.

The place left vacant by Captain Byrne, the stage-manager of the Amateur Dramatic club, who was engaged on Saturday last, has I understand, been filled by Captain Duffin, B. A. As this gentleman is also acting in the place, he has an onerous evening before him.

The officers of the Leicestershire regiment will I hear also have a dinner at their mess on Christmas Eve.

Hackmore's Coughs and Colds.

SCOVIL, FRASER & PAGE,

Advertisement for boys' overcoats and suits. Includes prices like \$2.90 for boys' overcoats and \$2.50 for boys' suits. Features a circular logo with 'ONE PRICE CLOTHING'.

The Standard Clothing House,

108 and 170 Granville Street, Halifax, N. S.

When You Want Furniture, Carpets,

or any kind of House Furnishings, write us for Prices. We can offer inducements that will be to your advantage, and a postal to us stating requirements will receive prompt attention.

NOVA SCOTIA FURNISHING COMPANY—Ltd., Successors to A. STEPHEN & SON, 101 and 103 BARRINGTON STREET.

Le Bon Marche.

Designers, Manufacturers and Importers of fine French Millinery Goods. Orders Solicited.

LE BON MARCHÉ, Halifax, N. S.

at one, as well as in society circles, where he is a general favorite, his absence will be greatly felt.

Mr. H. W. Trux, of Mass., was in town last week. Among the "Americans" in town recently were Dr. C. E. Buras and Mr. J. Townsend, who have been enjoying a few weeks hunting in the woods of Yarmouth.

Mr. E. Y. Rowland of Halifax, left here on Saturday evening for Boston. Miss Sadie Wilson is spending the winter in Barrington.

Mr. Thos. Sawyer, left on Wednesday for his home in New York. The social and Xmas tree in St. John's church, Messrs. Fisher, Grant, R. D. Rice, and Miss Annie Rice went up from New Glasgow to assist in the musical part of the entertainment.

The Methodist church is almost completed and will be quite an ornament to the corner on Temperance street. The opening service will be held on the first Sunday of the new year.

There was a very pleasant party at Mr. Harvey Graham's residence on Friday evening, dancing and cards filled in the time pleasantly, and a dainty supper at eleven completed the enjoyment of the evening.

Mr. Angus Crowell fell from a building on Saturday and badly fractured his leg. Miss Edna Forbes left for Yarmouth on Saturday to make a short visit among friends.

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41-2

Dollars will buy a pair of the New City "C" Boots,

Made of English Waterproof Calf, Calf Lined, Waterproof Tongue; Two Soles from Heel to Toe; Sewed by the Goodyear Process; every Pair warranted

GIVE VALUE FOR THE MONEY, COMFORT TO WEARER, A REGULAR CUSTOMER TO THE PARLOR SHOE STORE.

L. Higgins & Co., 83 BARRINGTON STREET, HALIFAX.

PUTNERS IS THE BEST TAKE NO OTHER EMULSION

Among visitors in Fred Dearborn, Mr. W. Wood.

Mr. R. D. Taylor, number of friends on his nephew, Harry Van der Meer, to be the amusement of everyone enjoyed them.

Mr. Ted Hunt and Mr. last week to seek the Miss Sara (Mrs. H. Hunt) of Ch. services in St. Mary's Lowe's absence.

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SPECIAL IMPORTATION FOR CHRISTMAS TRADE.

110 doz. China Silk Handkerchiefs purchased at a reduction of 40 per cent. from original prices.

As all classes of Silk goods are rapidly advancing, this is an exceptional opportunity to secure a profit producing line for the Christmas season.

Chenille Spot Veilings. A full stock of these Stylish and Pretty goods just received. A special lot of country Socks and Mitts.

SMITH BROTHERS, Wholesale Dry Goods & Millinery, Halifax, N. S.

ARE YOU WEARING THE LAURANCE GLASS?

Read the Following Testimonial: In July 1892 I purchased of Mr. B. Laurance a pair of Spectacles I am wearing at the present time. I have not incurred any extra expense in their repair during the time when purchased thirty years ago.

MR. J. GODFREY SMITH is Sole Agent for B. LAURANCE'S Genuine Anti-Cuttable Spectacles and Eye Glasses.

LONDON DRUG STORE, 147 Hollis St. Persons residing out of the city can be fitted by applying through post to the agent, J. Godfrey Smith.

Why don't you get clear of those Pimples? Powell's Pimple Pills will cure you. Price, 25 cts. At all Drug Stores.

NOVA SCOTIA NURSERY, Lookman St., HALIFAX, N. S. JAMES H. HARRIS, Manager.

Plants and Cut Flowers HOLIDAY GIFTS promptly despatched by mail or expressed to all parts of the Dominion. Safe arrival guaranteed. Address NOVA SCOTIA NURSERY, Lookman St., HALIFAX, N. S.

MOTT'S CHOCOLATES

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PASSBORD.

[Progress is for sale at Partridge Bookstore.] Dec. 21.—The social event last week was a party given by Mr. and Mrs. Young. The progressive nature of the evening was the...

HACKENSACK CURS COUGHS AND COLDS.

Dec. 20.—Miss Nellie McGivern entertained a few of her friends, on Friday evening. Miss Condie Crookill, who has been visiting Miss...

BRIDGETOWN.

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HACKENSACK CURS COUGHS AND COLDS.

[Progress is for sale at the Electric Book Store.] Dec. 21.—Rev. C. F. Lewis is absent on a little tour to Halifax.

BRIDGETOWN.

Dec. 20.—The Misses Alice Purdy and Effie Johnson who have been visiting Mrs. Evans, returned to their homes in Sackville last week.

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ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

[Progress is for sale in St. Stephen at the book store of Mr. T. S. Foster and James H. Hawthorne.] Dec. 21.—Mr. and Mrs. James L. Thompson, have invited some two hundred friends, to their residence on Friday evening, to help celebrate their silver wedding night.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

The international whist club, met at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. William B. King, on Friday evening of last week, and an exceedingly pleasant evening was enjoyed.

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Mr. and Mrs. Hazen Grimmer gave a very enjoyable whist and dancing party last Thursday evening, for the entertainment of her friends.

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FREDERICTON.

[Progress is for sale in Fredericton at the book store of Mr. T. S. Foster and James H. Hawthorne.] Dec. 21.—St. John Allen entertained a number of his prominent friends at dinner on Tuesday evening.

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Where to Buy Christmas Presents.

You will find our Stock one of the Best in the City from which to make your Christmas selections.

Ladies' Kid Gloves.

IMPORTED SPECIALLY FOR THE HOLIDAY TRADE.

Our 85 cent. and \$1.00 Kid Gloves are acknowledged to be the best in the city for the price.

Men's Lined Kid Gloves; Men's Buck Gloves; Men's Woolen Gloves; Men's Scarfs and Ties.

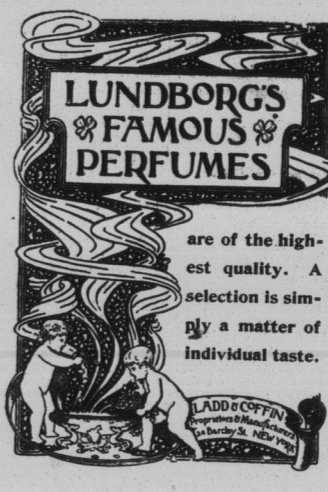
Silk Handkerchiefs.

Men's China Silk Handkerchiefs with and without Initials. We are showing a line of MEN'S CHINA SILK HANDKERCHIEFS (extra large size) at 70 cents each. Regular price \$1.10.

Ladies' China Silk Handkerchiefs from 15c. each; Ladies' Silk Umbrellas; Gents' Silk Umbrellas, &c.

S. C. PORTER,

11 Charlotte, Street, St. John, N. B.



are of the highest quality. A selection is simply a matter of individual taste.

Mr. W. E. Fair, of St. John, formerly of Moncton, paid a short visit here last week. Mrs. C. J. Butcher gave a most enjoyable little dance on Monday evening, entertaining about 25 of her friends.

HARCOURT.

Dec. 22.—Mrs. W. F. Brown of Richibucto was here yesterday the guest of Mrs. John Beattie and returned home today. Mr. M. I. Glenn, proprietor of the Central left for St. John by last evening's accommodation train.

MONCTON.

[Progress is for sale in Moncton at the Moncton Book Store, Main street, and on the streets of the city.] Dec. 21.—The King's Daughters held a fancy sale and five o'clock tea in the parlors of the Brunswick hotel, yesterday afternoon.

OVERFLOWING ORDER FILES

It is what we can truthfully say; not that it comes unexpectedly, but it bears out the fact that we are manufacturing under-standingly, giving our patrons what they have a right to expect and demand, and that is, quality, style and finish.

Measures the Appreciation

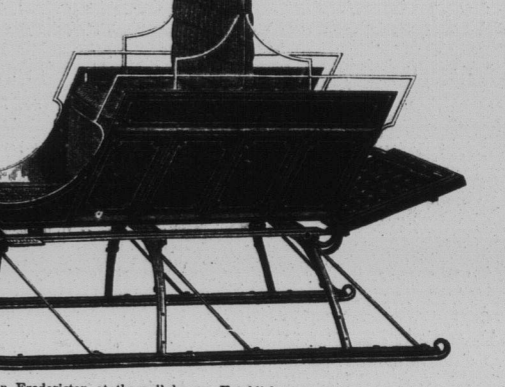
of absolute work of an incomparable product. Although our business this season has been very large and well advanced, we have still a very large and well assorted stock of seasonable goods for sale.

EMERSON & FISHER.

Our stock of seasonable goods is most complete and values were never more in favor of the buyer. We solicit inspection and comparison.

The Gladstone Sleigh.

Most Stylish and Best Vehicle in the Market.



Made in Fredericton at the well known Establishment of JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS, Manufacturers of Sleighs and Carriages. Write for Prices.

ESTABLISHED 1868. TELEPHONE 788.

MILLER BROTHERS.

CALL AND SEE OUR STOCK.

PIANOS, ORGANS AND SEWING MACHINES.

PIANOS AND ORGANS TUNED AND REPAIRED. SEWING MACHINES REPAIRED.

116 and 118 GRANVILLE ST., HALIFAX, N. S.

Four Diplomas taken on Stock shown at late Provincial Exhibition.

Wishing Our Customers A Merry Christmas.

We desire to call attention to the fact that we intend clearing out our stock of



Granite Ware Blue and White All White ENAMELLED WARES

to make room for new goods coming in first of the year, and to this end we have carefully marked down many lines and offer the balance of the lot at such prices as will effect a speedy clearance.

EMERSON & FISHER.

Our stock of seasonable goods is most complete and values were never more in favor of the buyer. We solicit inspection and comparison.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1892.

THE MIDNIGHT MASS.

A Story for the Season, Written Expressly for "Progress."

"Riverville!" shouted the conductor with that peculiar roll to the "er" which only the French-Canadian can give.

A few moments later the train had come to a standstill within the shelter of an unpromising depot.

There was the usual bustle among passengers, shouting of hackmen, ringing of bells, shrieking of engines, and general confusion incident to such a place.

Among the arrivals were the members of the Golden-Houde Dramatic Company, fresh from a successful metropolitan engagement, who had travelled hither to open the new theatre which a speculative citizen had erected and to which the 36,000 inhabitants of the place pointed with just pride.

At the Saint James Hotel, where they registered, letters from absent friends, kind messages from home and kindred, parcels containing season's gifts awaited many of them.

"Burton Renfrew!" announced the clerk as he threw on the desk a large envelope bearing in the left upper corner the firm's name—White, Caldecott & Taylor, counsellors-at-law, Milwaukee.

The leading juvenile nodded his head in acknowledgement, took the packet, scanned its subscription, put it in his pocket and retired to his room.

There, he did not appear to be at all anxious to fathom its contents. But a week before he had attended his father's funeral at Milwaukee and on such a night as this when every one was in the best of humor, when with more than usual zest the jest and joke went round, he had no eagerness to attend to legal matters from the office of the late Mr. Renfrew's solicitors.

With the most unconcerned deliberation he removed his shoes and outer clothing, shoved his feet into his slippers, filled and lit his pipe, read the evening paper, and then leisurely opened the packet. There was another envelope within. Messrs. White & Co., in a short note, advised that the enclosed had been found among his father's papers, and as it was sealed and addressed to him they forwarded it with all due haste.

He manifested a great deal more interest as he tore open the second envelope. It contained a lengthy document; in fact, an extended biographical sketch of the deceased's life. Again and again he read and re-read it. There was much in it to puzzle and perplex; much that was indefinite and inexplicable; much that was pregnant with suggestive enquiry and at the same time incapable of satisfactory answer. The tenth page had for him the greatest fascination; true, it was, like the rest, more or less unsatisfactory, but then it spoke of the one thing which with indescribable force appeals to the highest, noblest and best feelings of human nature, so delicately touches the tenderest chords that affection inspires, and only fails to find responsive heart-beats where degradation has usurped the proud prerogatives of manhood—God's ideal creation, the woman whose joy triumphed over pain and with love potential gave life to our being. At last, as if to relieve the strain upon his mind, he read aloud:

Of your mother you have repeatedly asked questions which have met with evasive answers, if not with down-right prevarication. Of how we met and were married, I have above written, and only this remains to be said:—For five years we lived together in the utmost peace and harmony. You were born, and we were as happy as happy could be. She was many years my junior and very handsome, and I was, I confess, saturated with that loathing disease, jealousy. During the regular theatrical season we were often separated, as her superior talent secured for her better engagements than I could command. Stories were told to me, the disparity in our ages was suggested, it was hinted that the wife's flirt, it was broadly intimated that the handsome young star she was supporting had greater claims upon her affections than I had; and I—God forgive me! I believed them. I met her and charged her with infidelity; her proud spirit rebelled at the accusation, she scorned to make defence, or offer proof of innocence, and we parted—parted never to meet again in this world.

The story was noised abroad, it was a fruitful subject for gossip among the prodigious and eventually found its way into the newspapers. She retired from the stage and went to Canada, where she belonged. I could never get any knowledge or trace of her from that day to this; though I am forced to admit that I never made diligent search. After twenty years of entanglement, I but last week learned the truth, learned to my accusations were false, damnable lies!—learned it from the lips of the man I thought had wronged me—learned it when it was too late to make reparation.

I omit names because it would do you no good to know them. Whether she be alive or not, I do not know, but this much I charge you—Leave no stone unturned to find out what became of her, and in case she still lives, tell her that if a soured life without hope, and without ambition, if the deep mortification of realizing and admitting that she was the aggrieved one, and I the sinner, if a condemnation that came in an hour of sickness, adversity and bodily ailment, and haunted

me with the awful benightedness of my crime be at all commensurate with the mis-deed, then, by the measure of my death-bed sufferings, she has been more than avenged.

"My poor mother; and this is the knowledge that comes to me after years of vain enquiry," muttered the reader as he abstractedly dropped the paper on the floor.

"Mother—mother—I know not the sound of your voice or the touch of your hand; no visions of infancy come to me bearing the burden of your advice, sympathy, or reproach; your name unspoken and your memory forbidden. Ah me, the world moves on and heeds not that another has been more sinned against than sinning, that man's blind prejudice has found one more victim, and peace has again been murdered to satiate folly.—Find her. Yes, I will find her!" he exclaimed as he jumped to his feet and struck the table with his clenched hand. Then, as with feverish haste he threw off his slippers and pulled on his shoes, "Canada; let me see, where is Canada?—By jove this is Canada!"

With hat on and coat buttoned up he appeared in the office.

"Mr. clerk, is Canada a large place?" he enquired of the functionary behind the desk.

"Well, I should say so," was the laconic reply.

"How large?"

"Bigger than the United States."

"Come, come; I am in no humor for jesting to-night."

A discussion in which the present took part had the effect of at least satisfying the inquirer that the country into which he had come to-day for the first time was, for his project, discouragingly vast and expansive.

Thus his hopes for immediately carrying out the duty entrusted to him were dashed to pieces.

He dropped into a chair in the reading room and began to think.

"Say, mister; be you one of the show folks?" was asked of him by a rustic who had come to town for the holidays.

"Yes," he mechanically replied.

"Is you the fellow what plays the bones?"

"No."

"Oh; I see, you're the tambourine man."

"No."

"Have ye a band?"

"No."

"Aint no good then; wont go."

Distracted by this unsought acquaintance, aggravated by his manner and matter, ill at ease he arose and rushed into the street.

The night was frosty but pleasant; heavy flakes of snow were falling and scattering in profusion over building, walk and pedestrian.

It was a regular, orthodox, Canadian Christmas eve. The shop windows were yet lighted and gave a pleasant and animated appearance to the city. Children breathlessly gazed at the wonders behind the half-frosted panes, friends stopped to extend to each other a cheery greeting, but Burton had no eyes or ears for all this.

With rapid steps he strode on meditating on the events that this night had unfolded unto him. How far he walked he did not know, but he began to feel tired; the snow had "balled" under his feet and locomotion was both difficult and dangerous. Turning a sharp corner he found himself in the midst of a throng of people all moving in one direction, and he went with the tide.

Shortly they stopped in front of a little brown stone church. For a moment he, too, stood, and then followed. Why he did not know. Some irresistible impulse as it were impelled him to seek refuge in that consolation in this temple of prayer.

Within, everything was gorgeous. Hundreds of lights shed their rays on festooned wall and decorated chancel while the thousand and more worshippers who humbly knelt in supplication to the Most High, had a soothing effect upon him.

They were waiting for the midnight mass.

Some kindly disposed person offered him a seat which he occupied with hardly a word of thanks. The organ struck up a march and priest, deacon and acolyte, resplendent in crimson and gold, filed on to the altar and the services commenced. The choir, strengthened for the occasion, filled the building with all the glorious harmony of Mozart's Twelfth; the notes and words of the Kyrie, Gloria and Credo rang out and reverberated through the arches of the building; surplised preacher from the pulpit told of a miraculous light that guided three wise men, the joy of a Virgin's maternity, and angels song over the hills once trod by the Royal David. But Burton heard not of all this; his mind had entered the regions of dream land—he was living a new life; scenes of childhood and the tender care of her he could not remember though he vainly tried to picture, of his own hopes, struggles and disappointments on the rough road that led to the histrionic greatness, of his father and the final days embittered by the knowledge of an unrighteous act, and back again to his mother passed and re-passed in panoramic view before him. So

wrapped was he in meditation that he did not even notice the solemn hush of the Elevation.

"Adeste fideles, Lati triumphantes, Venite, venite, in Bethleem."

sang a voice tremulous and low but which as it proceeded gathered steadiness, strength, and volume while it still retained all its sweetness and harmony. This was the first thing to summon him back from the realms of fancy and awake him to a realization of present surroundings. There was so much tenderness, feeling, and expression in the performance that it at once arrested his attention. Associated for the most part of his life with singers of the highest order, a musician himself of more than average ability, always vain enough to constitute himself a competent critic of anything in that line, he turned directly around in his seat and gazed with undisguised admiration at the unknown and divinely tuned songstress. But if the ease with which the most difficult notes were taken surprised him, judge of his astonishment when he beheld a lithe figure, clear cut, wonderfully beautiful, and expressive face, and golden tresses that seemed to form an oriole around the head of another Saint Cecilia. Until the last word was sung and the last note ceased to give back an echo from the pointed Gothic arches he did not take his eyes from off this vision of loveliness. The service was soon over and with the mind sculpturing feminine images that appealed to his romantic nature, his heart keeping time to hymnal music and his lips mechanically repeating some latin words his ears had caught he arose and departed.

Outside, he stopped and wondered in what direction he ought to go and then turning enquired of some one near, the way to the Saint James Hotel.

"I can show you; I go very near there myself." It was the voice; aye, and the person of the soloist.

"Then if you will permit a stranger to take the liberty of accompanying you," he managed to mutter, rejoiced at his good fortune.

"It will be a pleasure to me if it be a service to you."

"Thank you very much," he responded not knowing just what he ought to say.

His companion proved affable and pleasant and, somehow or another, under her influence he forgot all about his family troubles, grew talkative, told her who and what he was, and as a return for her kindness begged that he might be permitted to provide her with tickets for the next evening's performance.

"I am obliged to you," she said as they stood by the door of her residence, "but I could not accept without my mother's consent. You see I have no other relative."

"And I am sure that she could not resist your entreaties."

"I never knew of her to go to the theatre in my life, but, strange to say, for several days she talked of the opening of the new one on Christmas and actually spoke about going."

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

- Ladies' Fitted Bags,
- Ladies' Fitted Cases,
- Feather Fans,
- Gauze Fans,
- Satin Fans,
- Shopping Bags,
- Ladies' Silk Scarfs,
- Chiffon Bowls,
- Fancy Plaid Scarfs,
- Silk Bodice Fronts,
- Silk Swiss Belts,

- Silk Initial Handkerchiefs,
- Lawn Initial Handkerchiefs,
- Linen Initial Handkerchiefs,
- Emb'd. Silk Handkerchiefs,
- Emb'd. Linen Handkerchiefs,
- Emb'd. Chiffon Handkerchiefs,
- Emb'd. Crepe Handkerchiefs,
- Real Lace Handkerchiefs,
- Black Silk Fichues,
- Handsome Black Lace Scarfs,

- Satin Tea Cosies,
- Oriental Tea Cosies,
- Oriental Silk Ties,
- Gold Emb'd. Japanese Ties,
- Easel Silk Scarfs,
- Hand-painted Mantel Scarfs,
- Hand-painted Table Scarfs,
- Hand-painted Cushion Tops,
- Brass Mountings for Fancy Work,
- Fancy Silk Cushions,
- Fancy Cretonne Cushions.

FANCY WORK All kinds of the latest FANCY WORK

- Ladies' Silk Umbrellas,
- Fancy Scrap Baskets,
- Fitted Work Baskets,
- Fancy China Silks,
- Plain China Silks,
- Ladies' Gaiters,
- Childs Gaiters,

- Fancy Short Dress Sashes,
- All Colors in Angoran Yarn,
- Warm Gloves for Boys,
- Lined Kid Gloves for Boys,
- Buck Gloves for Boys,
- Warm Hose for Boys,
- Warm Hose for Girls,

- Ladies' Kid Gloves,
- Ladies' Call Gloves,
- Ladies' Chevrete Gloves,
- Ladies' Wool Gloves,
- Mittens for Boys,
- Mittens for Girls,
- Mittens for Ladies.

Black Dress Nets and Lace Flouncings at

Special Prices for Xmas.

Beautiful German and Irish Table Linens for Christmas presents, in Cloths, Napkins, D'Oyleys Table Centres, Table Strips. All these in Plain, Fringed and Hemstitch Ajour work.

Christmas Towels, - - - Fancy Towels, Christmas Towels.

Wool Goods in Shawls, Caps, Hoods, &c. Beautiful Colorings in Fancy Lawn Tennis Flannels for Blouses.

The largest assortment of most beautiful Silk Embroidered Handkerchiefs we have ever shown.

Manchester, Robertson & Allison, St. John.



Get Your BOY a Suit. \$4.00.

Get a good one, Scovil, Fraser & Co., Corner King and Germain Streets.

"I have never tasted Cocoa that I like so well."

Sir C. A. Cameron, M. D., President Royal College Surgeons, Ireland.

FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED

60 Prize Medals **COCOA**

awarded to the Firm.

Be Careful to ask for Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa.

For Sale by all reliable dealers.

This is, you see, a Christmas tree, one of the best type, tall and while, dear sir, it is not a tree, it is a made "fir" you. "It is true, you see upon this tree no presents rich and rare; yet please be kind, and bear in mind, in wish the gifts are there. We now wish all, the short and tall, young, middle-aged and grey, the poor, the rich, the white, the black as a pitch, "A Merry Christmas" Day.

E
This
big
one
to
is meant
for you to
profit by, in
fact, on every
bough you'll notice how a letter
one by one gives
out a name of Dry
Goods fame. The one
who in the coming year
will tackle late and
lure's great give Dry
Goods never dear. Bear
this in mind and you will find
success will be assured.
We nothing but the best will
buy, for fame is this secured,
and having bought the choicest
stock in all that word implies,
we have it displayed to increase
trade and then we advertise.
We're courteous to one and all who come inside our
store that they who purchase from
us once will soon come back or
more. We have on hand a stock so
choice, we know that we can sell,
elsewhere you'll never do better, we
don't you'll do as well. "It is that sell
the cheapest that always sell the most.
Who does not reckon in that way, reckons without his host.
Then quality will always sell the most.
hold us away. But now we'll greet that
time to await the merry Christmas day.
A Christmas gift from our choice stock—
"It is known to be far and wide—we'll
bring sweet solace and good cheer at this the Christmas
tide. So
from our
stock your
presents
take in many
a home 'till
peace create for
golden dreams
the key unlocks
when given as a Christmas Box.

GEORGE MCKAY.

"Well, then, that settles it; and if she will not think me too presumptuous I will call, pay my respects, and add my persuasion too."

"Very well."

"You will convey my regards to Mrs.—ah; Mrs.—"

"Frazer. My name is Lillian Frazer."

"Ah, yes; Mrs. Frazer, and apologize to her for my seeming intrusion, but I am a stranger who will be more than honored by making her acquaintance."

With pleasant adieus they parted.

If Burton Renfrew slept late that morning,—well it was because his dreams were not all as dark as he had anticipated on the previous evening.

Christmas day! A clear, bright, crisp day. True the thermometer registered fifteen below, and a keen frost bit the more exposed parts of the person, and catching the stranger across the nostrils made his breathing heavy and difficult; but then the native only laughed at that and called it a beautiful day.

The city wore a respectable, holiday attire, and good humor prevailed.

Old fashioned sleighs with the still old fashioned *habitant* and his numerous family passed and re-passed on all the thoroughfares; gay parties clad in blanket suits and daintily embroidered moccasins with snow shoes on, marched over the pure white mantle that covered the ground; down by the river's bank new skates were carrying their owners over and cutting fantastic figures on the glassy surfaces from which the snow had been diligently removed; horse and church bells commingled to make merry music for a merry day; the young proudly displayed old Santa Claus, gifts, and the old nodded happy smiles to those they knew, while all seemed to proclaim, "Peace on Earth and Good Will to Men."

The tickets for the new theatre's initial performance sold rapidly and well. But a few seats remained when Burton, whose face bore hardly a trace of the pain caused by last evening's disclosures, presented himself at the box office window and instead of requesting the usual courtesies, paid for two admissions.

Mrs. Frazer, a slight, sweet faced, well bred woman, received him with motherly warmth and accepted his invitation. It was many a long day, she explained, since she had seen a play, but to satisfy Lillian she would attend this one and in return begged that he would visit them, during his stay in the city, as often as his professional engagements would permit. He, himself, had a suspicion that it he came as often as time and inclination would allow, his welcome would soon be worn out.

Amid a good deal of enthusiasm the curtain ascended on the first act of *Richelieu*. The fame of the star who appeared in the title roll, had long since reached even such an out of the way place as Riverville, but the applause which greeted Burton's *Adrian de Mauprat* was certainly flattering to its recipient. Critics of more experience than the local ones might have thought it too robust, censured it for lack of finish, or condemned it for its want of detail, but not even the severest could have found fault with the tenderness of the love scenes. That he was guilty of a grave breach of stage ethics must be admitted for on more than one occasion, he allowed the eyes of the gallant Chevalier to wander over the sea of upturned faces, and then rest on the two seats, third row front, occupied by Lillian and her mother.

The fourth act had been reached, and de Mauprat was about to be consigned to the place, over which, "the clouds of heaven look darkest, o'er the domes of the Bastille," when that awful cry, "Fire!" pierced the air. People starting to their feet caught it up, and instinctively repeated it; wild men and hysterical women rushed, jumped, pulled, tore and trampled upon each other in their frantic efforts to escape from the building. *Richelieu* forgot the solemn dignity of church and state, and with stentorian voice cried out, "Sit down!" Baradas tried to make a speech, DeBerghien actually whistled a popular air, but their efforts were unavailing. To some extent, it may be claimed, they succeeded in restoring order, but the next moment gusts of black smoke filled the auditorium, flames terribly grand, shot up through the open spots left for the hot air radiators and ignited everything inflammable within their reach. Cries, groans and curses mingled with a hissing, licking, fantastic fiend that spat its vengeance upon them. Strong hearts grew faint, while weak ones took courage from their very desperation. Confusion reigned supreme. Julie might have been seen tenaciously clinging to the hated Louis, while Marion rushed across the house arm in arm with the most ragged stage hand.

Burton sprang from the platform and grasped Lillian.

"No, no; never mind me!" she cried. "Save my mother!"

Without stopping to reply he dropped her and took up the older lady who had fainted from sheer terror. The heat was becoming intense and the smoke suffocating; still, he managed to convey her to the footlights and lift her upon the stage. After he had assisted Lillian up he mounted it himself and again had Mrs. Frazer in his arms. Across the platform, out by the little entrance, down the rear stairs, along the corridor, through the property room, and into a dark narrow passage; on, on, on

he rushed never pausing until he reached the end when, to his horror, he discovered that it was barred by heavy boards nailed over the unfinished door way. Twice he essayed to break through the obstruction but without success.

He attempted to retrace his steps but the flames drove him back.

"My God! We have missed the way! We are lost!" he cried, and overcome by exertion and fatigue sunk with his burden, insensible upon the floor.

"Help! Help!" shouted the terrified Lillian who had stayed closely beside him all the time.

Warmer and warmer grew the atmosphere, nearer and nearer came the flames, denser and denser became the smoke, louder and louder the girl tried to cry for assistance as her voice grew weak and weaker. Her brain reeled, she struggled with an unseen enemy, her senses stole away, calmly and peacefully she was sinking to sleep—Crash! Bang! the fire ladders' axes tore down the strong barricade and the three were carried out to the fresh air and safety.

III.

Burton did not quickly return to consciousness. When he did, it was only momentarily; just long enough for him to discover that he was in a strange room, in a strange house, with the face of a friendly physician bending over him and whispering something he could not understand. Deeper into the pillow sunk his head as reason moved step by step further away from its throne and fever laid its deadly hand upon him. Seven long days and nights he lay there while his tongue, unbridled by thought, raved about his father, his mother, and the angelic singer of the midnight mass.

When the fight was over and a sound constitution and medical science had conquered the old doctor said: "Don't thank me, my boy; without the tender care of these two women you would never have pulled through."

He turned and beheld the smiling faces of Mrs. and Miss Frazer. He was convalescent. Every hour brought him renewed strength and vigor; it did more, it gave to him the company of Lillian. Day after day sped by and took its appointed place in the ranks of the past but what cared he; did not the next bring him the loving tenderness, the low rich voice, the bewitching beauty—all the delicious joy of the presence, grace, and beauty of the one woman of all in the world to him?

The Golden-Houde Company had secured another deMauprat and he was not sorry because it freed him from a contract he was too honorable to wilfully break, because—will we confess it?—it left him more time to toy with the arrow of Cupid and recline in the pleasant shade of the siren who had enchanted him.

He was feeling the fullness of the lines the poet wrote:—

"There's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream."

for the first time in his existence he had come to realize that indefinable something which attracts man to the fair sisterhood which is not there. In a word he was in love and he rejoiced, glorified and revelled in its ecstasy of fulfillment and promise. It might be a dream—then he prayed that the awakening would never come; it might be reality—then with all the intensity he could command he thanked the Fate that decreed for him such pleasant lines. At the same time he did not forget his mother or the expressed wish of his father. Oh, no; that was his shadow on the festival; the only cloud that flecked an azure sky. Other matters might claim a share of his attention but could not totally supplant that. He honestly longed to be once more strong and vigorous that he might prosecute a diligent search for her, his mother; for though to him she was not even a remembrance yet she was his mother with all that the name implied and made more sacred by what she had unjustly suffered.

At last the doctor consented. He might go out doors for a little while every day.

Then he announced his intended departure.

"Why you have no professional engagement; you might as well stay here until you are entirely recovered," urged Mrs. Frazer in the most pressing manner.

"I have a duty to perform; I must find my mother."

"Your mother? Ah, yes, remember you spoke much of her during your illness."

"I suppose I did. No doubt I talked at random and loosed family skeletons from their closets."

"Have you no knowledge of your mother's whereabouts?"

"None."

"I have no desire to be inquisitive; but did your father never tell you about her?"

"Madam, I haven't the strength to narrate to you what little I do know of her, how she was wronged, and what she has endured; but I owe so much to you and your daughter that I willingly make you a confidant of all my secrets. I will send at once to the Hotel for the papers that are in my trunk and you shall read for yourself all that I know."

"Your trunk is here; I had it removed before your comrades left the city."

"You have been more than kind to me and I can never repay you for it," he answered as he lifted the lid, took out his father's letter and handed it to her.

There were tears in her eyes as she

carefully perused it, and when finished laid it down with an audible sigh.

"That is the history of my parents, that is the poor, suffering mother I am intent upon finding if I have to search every inch of your country."

"Burton," it was the first time she had called him by his Christian name, "a mother would not be a mother if she would or could deny her own child. I knew you from the first, I knew you by your name, it was your presence in the cast that attracted me to the theatre on that awful day. You are my son!"

"Yes; she who lives by her pen, under the assumed name of Mrs. Frazer, is your mother, Sarah Renfrew!"

"Mother?"

"Son!"

They were clasped in each others embrace.

"Thank God, I have found you and so soon!" were the words he fervently uttered when he had recovered from his astonishment. "Now I can make some slight amends to you for the past. But," he added looking at Lillian, after a slight pause and somewhat embarrassed, "mother, I have also found a sister where I had hoped to find a—wife."

"That need not interfere. Lillian is only an adopted child and if her heart ever says 'Yes' she knows that she'll be more than ever my daughter."

Burton felt a small hand slide into his while two bashful eyes told the tale he so longed to hear; and now, as he writes this, after a lapse of many years, a pair of soft white arms steal round his neck and a loving voice admonishes:

"Ah! do not tell them you prayed at that midnight mass."

THE TRIALS OF AN EDITOR.

He is Held Responsible for Every Act in Every Department.

But I am fully aware of the fact that, on the other hand, there are some among our readers who are nursing sore little spots in their hearts toward the Journal, some member of its editorial staff—or, quite probably, toward myself. For I know only too well what a marvellously versatile person the responsible editor of a magazine is in the eyes of some. Every one cannot, of course, understand the necessary division of labor which connects itself with a widely-circulated periodical. There are some good people in this world who firmly believe that I set all the type in the Journal, keep the subscription list, write the wrappers, get all the advertisements, have absolute charge of every detail in the "premium" department, and in my odd moments of leisure edit the magazine. And so I have had much laid at my door. I have been abused in the approved and orthodox fashion because I did not acknowledge some good woman's subscription or attend to her first number being sent to her with what she believed was only "decent dispatch." I have been read all sorts of riotous because I did not personally change some address on the subscription list, when, truth to tell, I would scarcely know where to find the subscription list, to say nothing of any name upon it. Certain numbers have gone astray, and I have been held responsible for them, Mr. Wanamaker, doubtless, little conscious of the load of guilt, really belonging to him, which I have, without murmur or complaint, carried on my shoulders. So many subscriptions have been sent "personally" to me and never heard from, that sometimes I have wondered whether my belief in my own honesty was not really but a mere delusion. I have been accused of purloining manuscripts; of appropriating "ideas" by the score; of inserting unreliable advertisements in the magazine; of failing to reply to more letters than I have ever received; of saying one thing in print and doing another thing in person; of taking money for subscriptions and never furnishing a copy of the Journal; of promising a "premium" and never sending it—until, when any new accusation is hurled at me, I have been surprised to find that there really is anything left in the category of crime to that accuse me. So far as the veracity of my purloining genius is concerned, I should think I must be about the best all-round scoundrel in the world.—*Book in the Ladies Home Journal.*

Not a Champion.

It was agreed among a dozen of us in the passenger coach that the woman occupying a seat near the middle of the car with her husband was the homeliest female we had ever seen. She was ten years older than the man, was cross-eyed, had a hair lip, and was almost toothless, and her nose had been seemingly mashed flat. The man himself was at least common good-looking. Three or four of us in the front end of the car were sympathizing with him in a soft and gentle way when he rose up and came over to our aid and said:

"Gentlemen, you have been wondering if that woman is my wife. She is. You probably look upon her as the homeliest woman on the face of the earth. You are mistaken."

"Well," observed the Chicago man, "it isn't just the thing to criticize a man's wife before his face, but it—"

"Oh, you can speak your mind without offence," interrupted the man.

"Then I would remark that if she isn't the homeliest woman on this terrestrial globe I should like to see the other one."

"Very well; come into the next car back."

We followed him in, and there sat four females, ranging in age from 20 to 30, who discounted her by 30 per cent.

"They are five sisters, and I had my pick from the lot," quietly remarked the man. And now, if any of you have a drop of whiskey about you, dip a full flask, and told him he was welcome to every drop, and the bottles besides.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Politics Versus Science.

There are two subjects which are engrossing the conversational powers of the Dominion at present, and they are both worth discussing. One of them is the political situation, and the other is the new discovery of science, Rigby Waterproof Cloth.

The latter we think rather holds the floor, as the Ladies are participating. The goods are now on the market in Ladies' cloth as well as in Gentlemen's cloth and garments.

THINGS OF VALUE.

Silence is sometimes slander.

PELLEE ISLAND CLARRET for Dyspepsia is the same Grape Cure so famous in Europe.

GLASGOW, 17th December, 1891.

FOURTH QUARTERLY REPORT FOR 1891 ON ROBERT BROWN'S "FOUR CROWN" BLEND OF SCOTCH WHISKEY.

I have made a careful analysis of a sample of 10,000 gallons of Robert Brown's "Four Crown" Blend of Scotch Whiskey, taken by myself on the 9th inst., from the Blending Vat in the bonded stores, and I find it is a pure Whiskey of high quality and fine flavor, which has been well matured.

JOHN CLARK, Ph. D., F.C.S., F.I.C. Agent, E. G. SCOVILL, Teas and Wine, St. John, N. B.

The mantle of charity is sometimes cut entirely too short.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

I have used your MINARD'S LINIMENT successfully in a serious case of cramp in my family. I consider it a remedy no house should be without.

J. F. CUNNINGHAM.

Cape Island.

Modesty always charms because it gives brass all the advantage.

There's a Bridge of Sighs at Venice, At Montreal a Bridge of Size; But Putnam's Emulsion is the Bridge of Health Which all sick men should prize. No man has any show in this country unless he is related to the elect.

A TONIC

HORSFORD'S Acid Phosphate.

A preparation of the phosphates, that acts as a tonic and food to the exhausted system.

There is nothing like it; gives great satisfaction.

Trial bottle mailed on receipt of 25 cents in stamps. Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.

FOUNDED A. D. 1710. THE OLDEST PURELY FIRE OFFICE IN THE WORLD.

SUN INSURANCE CO. OF LONDON, ENGLAND.

IRA CORNWALL, Gen'l Agent for Maritime Provinces.

TURKISH DYES

EASY TO USE.

They are Fast. They are Beautiful. They are Brilliant.

SOAP WON'T FADE THEM.

Have YOU used them; if not, try and be convinced.

One Package equal to two of any other make.

Canada Branch: 481 St. Paul Street, Montreal. Send postal for Sample Card and Book of Instructions Sold in St. John by S. McDIARMID, and E. J. MAHONEY, Indianstown.

HUMPHREYS'

This PRECIOUS OINTMENT is the triumph of Scientific Medicine.

Nothing has ever been produced to equal or compare with it as a CURATIVE and HEALING APPLICATION. It has been used over 40 years, and always affords relief and always gives satisfaction.

For Piles—External or Internal, Blind or Bleeding; Fistula in Ano; Itching or Bleeding of the Rectum. The relief is immediate—the cure certain.

WITCH HAZEL OIL

For Burns, Scalds and Ulceration and Contraction from Burns. The relief is instant—the healing wonderful and unequalled.

For Boils, Hot Tumors, Ulcers, Fistulas, Old Sores, Itching Eruptions, Chafing or Scald Heat. It is infallible.

For Inflamed or Caked Breasts and Sore Nipples. It is invaluable.

Price, 50 Cents. Trial size, 25 Cents. Sold by Druggists, or sent post-paid on receipt of price. HUMPHREYS' MED. CO., 114 & 115 William St., NEW YORK.

CURES PILES.

ROBB ENGINEERING CO.—Ltd.

ROBB-ARMSTRONG ENGINE

Containing all the latest points of Standard American High Speed Engines and general improvements. Fly, Swifter's Straight-Line Governor and Valve; The Collin Throttle; Armstrong's Crosshead, Valve Gear and Oiling Devices.

Interchangeable Parts Perfect Alignment.

OFFICE and WORKS, - Amherst, N. S.

LACES.

The most delicate and coarsest are washed with **Surprise Soap** without in any way injuring thread or fabric.


HARD RUBBING AND POOR SOAP does the mischief.

That hard rubbing for garments with or without lace, cottons, linens, flannels, is entirely done away with, because of the peculiar qualities of **Surprise Soap**, and its remarkable cleansing properties.

The wash comes out snowy white and clean: the laces unworn—untorn.

Don't boil or scald the clothes. **READ** the directions on the wrapper.

Our Baby—Hello! Is that you, UNGAR? "Yes." Our Baby—Well, send for my parcel this afternoon. My clothes were sent to the other Laundry by mistake, and I haven't felt comfortable since. Hurry then please.



UNGAR seems to have arrived at a certain **PERFECTION** in Starched Work, which Baby recognizes although she has not learned to read yet.

BE SURE and send your Parcels to UNGAR'S Steam Laundry and Dye Works, Barrington street. They will be done right, if done at.

UNCAR'S.

People who go to Beth are shown a cave in the to be the very cave in born; and while it may place, it is, perhaps, near dreds of years men have every mark of tenderness for Jesus' sake. It is vilege nearest to Nazareth see the spot from a distant splendid church built upon a rocky part of the is had of the shepherds' g To reach this cave, the enter the beautiful church polished pavement floor marble pillars, with the upon thee from the richly A solemn monk, with white robe, would meet thee a low door in a side wall, which thou wouldst see a pavement, pointing thee through that door, thou marble steps leading down place cave, and he would to place thou hadst come to down thou wouldst hear sounding, and wouldst find underground, cut out of the white rock, with a floor veined with red, all built by thirty-two fragrant silver and sparkling crystal chains from the rock allowed to go out by night round, thou wouldst not of the white rock for marble which the walls and and for pictures made stones that are upon the wouldst not see that the size of a long, narrow long—had 2 yards wide, much—rather than a tall shaped guide would then place followed out in small hollow a number hung by gold chains, and see a magnificent star stones and jewels set in ting and sparkling under written in Latin round words— "JESUS WAS BORN HERE MARY. And thy guide would tell the very still in which he would then take thee across hollow in the opposite v of which more beautiful lighting up a pure-white shaped like a cradle, and that on this spot stood Mary laid Jesus. Before born two small fires that to go out, called incense which fills the cave with The monk would also

Mince Meat

Now Ready;

Also ROLL BACON, S. C. HAM, SAUSAGES.

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

The New World Typewriter.

Price \$15.00.

SPEED—30 WORDS A MINUTE. SIMPLE IN CONSTRUCTION. ALIGNMENT PERFECT. EASILY LEARNED. ALWAYS READY. WRITES 77 CHARACTERS.

Agents wanted in every town in the Maritime Provinces.

APPLY TO—

H. CHUBB & CO., Agents, St. John, N. B.

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COGNAC.

THE SECOND LARGEST SHIPPERS OF BRANDY FROM FRANCE.

THEIR BRANDIES ARE UNSURPASSED IN AGE AND QUALITY.

Ask your Wine Merchant for them.

Christmas

"And suddenly there was with of the heavenly host pra il. 13.

"HAT sudden blaze spreads 'o'er th' i waves of light th' angelic sign 'Glorv to God' from yonder Flows out the echoing lay be

Like circling widens Upon a clear blue Orb above the world Lingers and marks what school on forev

"Glorv to God on high, on ear And love towards man release!"

"I stay, before the To join that festal Lutes and mark what First stirred the th

"The and, 'the Saviour born in To whom for power and should come!"

"Is not, 'the Christ With th' d' adoring The choir of angels ca Nor yet their siller

"But where Thou dw No other thought Once daily we should How should I part Bethlehem must lose Thee grace The single heart to be Thy su

These, on the bosom Of a pure virgin in In quiet ever, and in Shepherds and star They, who have bow'd and And they, who follow Truth way.

The pastoral spirits Approach Thee, I For they in lowly thro Meet for Thy low High Heaven in mercy to dwell. Angels from Heaven will sto Thy cell.

Still, as the day com For Thee to be re By waken'd shepherds Abiding in the fi All through the wintry heavens In music and in light Thou da

O faint not ye for fear What though ye be a Reckless of what they Lie lost in wilful High Heaven in mercy to dwell. Still greets you with glad tidings

Think on th' eternal The Saviour left k Think on the word me To dwell with bea So shall ye tread untired His And in the darkness sing you

WHERE CHRIST

The Place Which Men H To Hono

People who go to Beth are shown a cave in the to be the very cave in born; and while it may place, it is, perhaps, near dreds of years men have every mark of tenderness for Jesus' sake. It is vilege nearest to Nazareth see the spot from a distant splendid church built upon a rocky part of the is had of the shepherds' g To reach this cave, the enter the beautiful church polished pavement floor marble pillars, with the upon thee from the richly A solemn monk, with white robe, would meet thee a low door in a side wall, which thou wouldst see a pavement, pointing thee through that door, thou marble steps leading down place cave, and he would to place thou hadst come to down thou wouldst hear sounding, and wouldst find underground, cut out of the white rock, with a floor veined with red, all built by thirty-two fragrant silver and sparkling crystal chains from the rock allowed to go out by night round, thou wouldst not of the white rock for marble which the walls and and for pictures made stones that are upon the wouldst not see that the size of a long, narrow long—had 2 yards wide, much—rather than a tall shaped guide would then place followed out in small hollow a number hung by gold chains, and see a magnificent star stones and jewels set in ting and sparkling under written in Latin round words— "JESUS WAS BORN HERE MARY. And thy guide would tell the very still in which he would then take thee across hollow in the opposite v of which more beautiful lighting up a pure-white shaped like a cradle, and that on this spot stood Mary laid Jesus. Before born two small fires that to go out, called incense which fills the cave with The monk would also



SUNDAY READING

Christmas Day.

"And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God."—St. Luke 11, 13.

WHAT sudden blaze of song Spreads o'er the 'expanse of heav'n? In waves of light it thrills along, Th' angelic signal given.

"Glory to God!" from yonder choir Flows out the echoing lay beyond the steeple choir;

Like circles widening round Upon a clear blue river, Orb after orb, the wondrous sound Is echoed on forever.

"Glory to God on high, on earth be peace, And love towards men of love—salvation and release."

"To play, before thou dare To join that festive throng, Listen and mark what gentle air First stirred the festal song;

'Tis not, "the Saviour born in David's home, To whom for power and health obedient worlds should come."

"'Tis not, "the Christ the Lord"— With its adoring look, The choir of angels caught the word, Nor yet their angels' host;

But when they heard the sign where Christ should be, In sudden light they shone and heavenly harmony.

"Wrapp'd in His swaddling bands, And in His manger laid, The hope and glory of all lands Is come to the world's aid;

No peaceful house upon His cradle smiled, Guests rudely went and came where slept the royal Child.

But where Thou dwellest, Lord, No other thought I hold, Once daily welcomed and adored, How should I part with Thee?

Bethlehem must lose Thee soon, but Thou wilt grace The single heart to be Thy sure abiding place.

Then, on the bosom laid Of a pure virgin mild, In quiet ever, and in shade, Shepherd and nurse may find;

They, who have low'd, unsought to Nature's sway, And they, who follow Truth along her star-paved way.

The pastoral spirits first Approach Thee, Babe divine, For they in lowly thoughts are nursed, Meet for Thy lowly shrine;

Sooner than they should miss where Thou dost dwell, Angels from Heaven will stoop to guide them to Thy cell.

Still, as the day comes round For Thee to be revealed, By woful shepherds Thou art found, Abiding in the fold;

All through the wintry heaven and chill night air, In music and in light Thou dwellest on their prayer.

O faint not ye for fear— What though your wandering sheep, Reckless of what they see and hear, Lie lost in wintry sleep?

High Heaven in mercy to your sad annoy Still greets you with glad tidings of immortal joy.

Think on th' eternal home, The Saviour left for you; Think on the Lord most true, who came To dwell with hearts untrue;

So shall ye tread untired His pastoral ways, And in the darkness sing your carol of high praise.

—Koble.

WHERE CHRIST WAS BORN.

The Place Which Men Have Been Delighted to Honor.

People who go to Bethlehem now-a-days are shown a cave in the rock, which is said to be the very cave in which Jesus was born;

and while it may not be the exact place, it is, perhaps, near it, and for hundreds of years men have surrounded it with every mark of tenderness and love, and all for Jesus' sake.

It is at the end of the village nearest to Nazareth, and people can see the spot from a distance, for there is a splendid church built over it, standing out upon a rocky part of the hill whence a view is had of the shepherds' grassy plains below.

parts and show thee other strange things, but thou'dst be more interested in seeing the men with foreign looks and strange, bright-hued dresses, who come down the marble steps and fall upon their faces before the silver star, or the marble manger, and with prayers and sighs kiss the pavement, for these men have travelled hundreds of miles to pray in that cave.

The committee expect to have some additional subscriptions for the ten million dollar fund ready to announce. Possibly the name of the donor of the last subscription of \$500,000 will be given out on that day.

The report of the Congregational Total Abstinence Association shows that out of 2,747 Congregational ministers in England and Wales, 2,069 are abstainers. In the colleges the proportion is still larger, 856 out of 386 students being teetotalers.

During the pontificate of Leo XIII. eighty-three cardinals have died, of whom fifty were Italians and thirty-three foreigners. He has appointed seventy-two cardinals, of whom forty-one were Italians and thirty-one foreigners.

It is rumored that the bishopric of Qu'Appelle will be filled with another scion of the British peerage. St. John's College, Qu'Appelle, which was founded by Bishop Anson, will be kept up by subscriptions until the arrival of the new bishop, who will decide whether it shall be maintained or permanently closed.

Latest dispatches from Africa state that there is really no cause for anxiety regarding affairs in Uganda. They say that though Captain Williams has left the country, a number of English officers still remain there, and that they will be abundantly able to protect the Christians until the arrival of Major Smith.

In regard to the rumors that J. G. Blaine has or would become a member of the Roman Catholic Church, James G. Blaine, Jr., says: "This rumor seems too absurd to need contradiction. It is absolutely devoid of truth. No member of this family is aware that my father has become a Catholic, and the entire story has no basis in fact."

From the recently published census list of 1890 regarding the various creeds in Germany, it is seen that there are in that country 31,026,810 protestants. The Roman and Greek Catholics, who come next in importance, are computed at only a little more than half that number.

NEWS AND NOTABILLIA.

Father Ignatius contradicts the rumor that he has joined the church of Rome. During the last ten years the number of Christians in Bengal has grown from 122,000 to 189,000.

The faculty of Yale Divinity School has issued a formal note of congratulation to Dr. Philip Schaff, of New York, upon the completion of half a century of his work as a theological teacher.

The committee expect to have some additional subscriptions for the ten million dollar fund ready to announce. Possibly the name of the donor of the last subscription of \$500,000 will be given out on that day.

Bishop Paret, of Baltimore, will have built for him a steamer, the interior of which will be fitted up as a chapel. This gospel steamer will take the bishop and his assistants to the oyster dredging grounds on Sunday, where services will be held.

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The Angels' Song.

It came upon the midnight clear, That glorious song of old, From angels bending near the earth, To touch their harps of gold.

"Peace to the earth, good-will to men, From heaven's all-gracious King!" The world in solemn stillness lay To hear the angels sing.

Still through the wondrous skies they come And still their heavenly music floats O'er all the weary world;

Above its sad and lowly plains They bend on hovering wing, And ever o'er its babel sounds The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife The world has suffered long; Beneath the angel strain have rolled Two thousand years of wrong;

And men at war with man have heard The love-song which they bring; Oh! hush the noise, ye men of strife, And hear the angels sing!

And ye beneath life's crushing load, Whose forms are bending low, Who toil along the climbing way, With painful steps and slow;

Look now: for glad and golden hours Come swiftly from the wing; Oh! rest beside the weary road, And hear the angels sing!

For lo! the days are hastening on, By prophet-bards foretold, When with the ever-circling years Comes round the age of gold;

When peace shall over all the earth Its ancient splendours fling, And the whole world send back the song Which now the angels sing.

Christ! Everywhere. Down the Christian centuries there has come floating a kind of hymn: the words are said to be by St. Patrick.

The sentiment may well be called the music to which the true Church militant has always marched.

Christ with me, Christ before me, Christ behind me, Christ within me, Christ beneath me, Christ above me, Christ at my right, Christ at my left,

Christ in the front, Christ in the rear, Christ in the midst of every man who thinks of me, Christ in the mouth of every man who speaks of me, Christ in every eye that sees me, Christ in every ear that hears me.

FOR FIFTY YEARS! MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used by Millions of Mothers for their children while teething for over fifty years. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.

"And the Child in the Arms of its Mother."

MRS. FRANK E. NADAU and CHILD.

A BRIGHT, HEALTHY BOY whose life was Saved by GRODER'S SYRUP.

A Mother Speaks to Mothers.

THE GRODER DYSPESIA CURE CO.

GENTLEMEN:—My child is the picture of health to-day because I heeded THE advice of a friend and tried your remedy.

My baby was cutting his teeth last spring, and like many other children at such a time, he became very sick and feverish.

We were so anxious about him that we called in two physicians, and did all in our power to relieve him.

But he would not get well, and I was so much worse that I was forced for his life. There seemed no help for him, and the doctors gave us no hope of his recovery.

It was then that a friend recommended your medicine, and we commenced its use. To our entire surprise THAT very small dose which we gave each hour brought quick and speedy relief.

Our boy rallied quickly and soon became himself again. Other mothers have children who suffer precisely as mine did. They should use your remedy and keep it constantly in the house. I would not think my children safe without it.

Very gratefully yours, MRS. FRANK E. NADAU, FAIRFIELD, MAINE.

PRICE \$1.00 PER BOTTLE. At All Druggists.

None Genuine unless bearing our Trade Mark, THE BEAVER. A printed Guarantee with each bottle. THE GRODER DYSPESIA CURE CO., Ltd. SAINT JOHN, N.B.

CHOCOLATES G.B.

THE FINEST IN THE LAND.

Nixey's Black Lead

Bright, Silvery, Quick Polish for Stoves and Grates. Easy to apply. Always bright and beautiful.

Heating Stoves.

50 SIZES AND STYLES TO SELECT FROM. ALL GOOD HEATERS. AND THE PRICES WILL SUIT YOU.

J. H. SELFRIDGE, 101 Charlotte St. (Opposite Hotel Dufferin).

Advertise in THE BEACON

12,000 COPIES of the "Beacon" distributed during the next three months among best class of Summer Travelers in Canada and U.S. Great chance for Hotel Men and Transportation Companies to Advertise.

Whiston's Commercial College.



We have the "New Yost" Typewriting machine (the latest on the market)—in use in our College now. We have also the Caligraph, Smith-Premier, and Remington machines.

Pupils are taught to write on all the machines so when they leave our College they can operate on the four leading Typewriters in the World.

S. E. WHISTON, PRINCIPAL, 95 BARRINGTON ST., HALIFAX.

St. Martins Seminary.

THIS School offers rare advantages for study and improvement. Its attractive location, healthful surroundings, and refined home-life are especially noticeable.

On the staff of instruction there are 15 teachers. All of these are specialists, and most of them have won honor and success abroad.

The courses of study are liberal and far-reaching. The Elocution Department is affiliated with the Boston School of Elocution.

There are thorough courses in English, Classics, Science and Mathematics. Students of Art, Music, Elocution, Gymnastics, shorthand, Typewriting and Telegraphy receive Diplomas on graduation.

The department of Etiquette and Social Manners is under competent direction. The privileges of Reading-room and Library, the excellent Lecture Courses, the monthly Concerts and Recitations, the Literary and Choral Societies, together with the religious services and the opportunities for physical culture, combine to exert an educative and helpful influence.

For Calendars and all information address—REV. AUSTEN K. deBLOIS, Ph. D., Principal.

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And you will receive by return mail the 24th Annual Circular of the College, (a book of 124 pages), just published, and a specimen of penmanship by the best penman in Canada.

ONTARIO BUSINESS COLLEGE is the most widely attended Business College in America.

40 Students from New Brunswick and Nova Scotia have been here in 1892.

THE JOHN BISHOP SCHOOL

We wish most heartily to thank the public for the very liberal patronage received during the year now closing—that for the last six months especially having nearly equalled our record during a like period in the history of the College.

Our Day and Evening CLASSES will re-open after Xmas Holidays on TUESDAY, Jan. 3rd, when we will be glad to see all who wish to take advantage of our present facilities for imparting the most thorough Business and SHORTHAND training obtainable in Canada.

Circulars and Specimens of Penmanship mailed to any address. KERR & PRINGLE, St. John, N. B.

London School of Art.

MISS MORLEY has much pleasure in announcing to those interested in CHINA Painting and Decoration,

that she has arranged with Miss WHITNEY to take over the work that she left in St. John, as well as her complete outfit for firing China.

Miss MORLEY will conduct her Art Classes at the Madras School, every Saturday morning. Applications of intending pupils should be addressed—296 King Street East.

ESTABLISHED, 1878. The St. John Academy of Art Now Open.

Drawing and Painting, Sketching from Nature, 65 Prince William Street. Sent Stamp for Circular, F. H. C. MILAN.

arsest are washed with out in any way injuring

es the mischief.

ments with or without nels, is entirely done of peculiar qualities of its remarkable cleans-

white and clean: the

READ the directions on the wrapper.

Hello! Is NGAR?

Well, send el this after- clothes were nt to the other undry by mis ke, and I haven't comfortable ce. Hurry en please.

have ar- RFE- Work, izes—al- learned

NGAR'S.

eat

C. HAM,

ION STREET, JOHN, N. B.

riter.

CONSTRUCTION. LEARNED. 7 CHARACTERS.

time Provinces.

St. John, N. B.

high

USED QUALITY.

mem.

"ASTRA" TALKS WITH GIRLS.

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

JUANITA, St. John.—The subject is rather a delicate one I confess, but still I shall be very happy to give you all the information in my power. Nothing is easier than to surmount the difficulty you speak of. Simply have the legend, "no presents received" engraved, or written at the foot of the invitations; this will not only be perfectly good form, but will be in accordance with one of the latest fashions which has been introduced in New York society, as an attempt to reform an abuse which has gradually grown out of an old and very sensible fashion. The custom of giving presents to a bride originated in Germany and Holland where it was considered a thoughtful and kindly thing to help the young couple, who were starting out for themselves, by giving them such useful gifts as feather pillows, feather beds, sheets, towels and table linen, or even a horse, a cow, a couple of sheep or some hens, but the gifts were nearly always confined to the relatives or very near friends of the bride and groom. It was a pretty and a very kindly custom for those who had "gathered gear" to share their abundance with the beginners, and it arose from the best of motives; but what the ancestors began the descendants carried to excess, and the wedding present nuisance is one which has been written and spoken about by so many able pens and tongues that there is little or nothing left to say upon the subject. Of course I am referring now to the large cities in the United States and perhaps in Canada, where an invitation to a wedding means the expenditure of at least \$25 unless one wishes to look very mean indeed amongst the other guests. I should be sorry indeed to be understood as condemning the fashion of bringing some little gift to the bride, by her friends. I am merely referring to the cold calculation frequently shown in the upper circles in the selection of guests, the bride's family deliberately picking out the wealthiest of their acquaintances to be honored with invitations, and calmly calculating upon the value of the presents expected.

To pass on to your question about silver weddings, the same habit soon prevailed, and many of the more sensitive society people actually dreaded to celebrate their tin, wooden, china or silver weddings, by as festivity whatever, fearing that it might appear as if they took that method of replenishing those household articles which constant use had worn out.

Thus it was that a few thoughtful people decided to attempt a reform, two or three years ago, and the result was that the words quoted above began to appear on the invitations to wedding anniversaries, with what result I am not prepared to say; but you may rest assured that it will be perfectly correct for you to use them. It is an understood thing that such an invitation has no meaning for those old and intimate friends who may wish to offer the bride and groom some little gift, and who are entitled to show their regard in that way. It is simply meant to show that presents are not expected, and will not be received from comparative strangers. The invitations should be on plain white paper, or cards, and if possible engraved in silver letters, and should bear the hostess' maiden name engraved below that of her husband; beneath this again is the date of the marriage. The bride and groom should stand together to receive their guests, just as they did 25 years before, and if it were possible have their bridesmaids and groomsmen beside them—but of course this is rarely practicable. The bride should avoid wearing a black dress, any other color being preferable, and the groom should of course wear evening dress. I hope these few hints will be of some service to you, and if I have neglected any details which you wish to know, write again and I will try to remedy the oversight.

HOPE, Fredericton.—I am glad you have not forgotten me, as I remember you very well, and you are very welcome back again. Do you know that you have given me rather a hard task, as it is so difficult to give advice without understanding the circumstances? But I will do the best I can, considering the very meagre light you have given me. It would be easier if you told me the cause of the coolness, and whether you had any cause for feeling offended. You know it is just possible there may have been some misunderstanding, and if so, what time could be better for hearing all differences than this season of general peace and goodwill? If you think you can do so, consistently send your friend a Christmas card, and that will open the way for an explanation, and a reconciliation. Let me know whether this advice is satisfactory, because you know I am only "groping" in the dark, like poor "Joe".

EVILINE, Richibucto.—I think it has been a perfect winter so far, and I only wish it would never be any colder; but I do not lay any such flattering unctious to my soul, for I am perfectly certain we shall catch it by and by, and that the thermometer will crawl down below zero and stay there till everything is congealed. I never skate. I consider "Donovan" by far the best of Edna Lyall's works, unless her latest venture, which I have not read, may have excelled it. I believe she has written one quite lately, but really I cannot think of the name, though I have seen it. Thank you very much for the good wishes, which

SEASONABLE RECEIPTS.

[Correspondents seeking information in this department should address their queries to "Editor Seasonable Receipts," Progress, St. John.]

S. A. C.—My authority for the statement that "there is no complete perception of taste unless the sense of smell have a share in the sensation" is Brillat-Savarin the "high priest of Gastronomy," but the fact can be easily proved by any one, for instance we all know that when the mucous membrane of the nostrils is irritated by a severe cold in the head, nearly all sense of taste is obliterated, and little or no flavor is perceived in anything that is swallowed, though the tongue retains its normal condition; if the nose is held when eating it will be found that the sense of taste is extremely dull and imperfect, hence the means of getting down the most nauseous medicine almost without perceiving it; connoisseurs of wine never sip a glass of port without first enjoying the "bouquet," and experts in tea tasting depend largely on the sense of smell, for their judgement. So, he who eats an orange in the way described, (see Dec. 3rd) is first agreeably struck by the odor which it yields as he puts it to his mouth; when in his mouth he experiences a sensation of freshness and acidity which induces him to continue, and when it is swallowed, an upward movement of the tongue causes the perfume to reach the olfactory again, and this completes the full taste due to the fruit. If the sense of smell is not an integral part of that of taste, it is at least a necessary assistant, and to intercept the smell is to, partly at least, paralyze the taste. I have often astonished my cooks by detecting the insufficiency or excess of a particular seasoning in soups and made dishes simply by the smell, and without tasting them at all.

Young cook writes "you stated last week that a cod should not be boiled whole. Will you please say why." Because the fish is so much thicker at the fore-part of the body than at the tail, that if cooked whole, the thin part would be boiled to rags before the thicker part was cooked.

An Oyster Supper. Here is a suggestion for a dainty little oyster supper and the way to cook it:—Raw oysters on the half shell, quarters of lemon and thin brown bread and butter. Fried oysters, scalloped oysters, rolled, fried brown bread, dressed celery, oysters a la poquette, puff paste cakes, oyster salad, olives, orange jelly, charlotte russe, chocolate, coffee.

Fried Oysters. For six persons provide four dozen large oysters drain them in a colander and season well with pepper and salt, if needed. Have ready a pint and a half of fine dry browned bread crumbs seasoned slightly with salt and pepper. Beat three eggs in a soup-plate, put a few of the crumbs on a large plate, and after rolling the oysters on this plate, one by one, lay them on a board that has been sprinkled lightly with crumbs, when all the oysters have been thus treated, dip them into the beaten egg, one at a time, and roll them in a quantity of crumbs, place them on a large platter, or on plates, but never on top of one another, let them stand for an hour or two in a cool place, when the time for frying comes, put a layer of oysters into the frying-basket, and plunge them into boiling fat so hot that blue smoke rises from the centre, cook for little over a minute; then drain on brown paper, or on a clean cloth. Keep them warm and cook the remainder of the oysters in the same way. Oysters prepared in this way are brown, crisp, juicy, plump and tender.

Scalloped Oysters. Take one quart (solid meat) of oyster drained as free as possible from liquid, three points of grated bread crumbs (white), a teaspoonful and a half of salt, one-third of a teaspoonful of pepper, and three generous tablespoonfuls of butter. Grate stale white bread, and measure it lightly; spread it in a large dripping-pan, and put it into a moderately heated oven to dry; keep it in the oven for about twenty minutes, stirring frequently; it should be only slightly browned. Now take a baking dish that will hold about two quarts—put a layer of oysters in the bottom, lifting them with a fork, that there may not be too much of the liquor; season with a portion of the pepper and salt, and spread a generous cupful of the crumbs over them. Now spread the remainder of the oysters, taking them up with a fork as before, sprinkle with the rest of the salt and pepper, spread the remainder of the crumbs, do with a tablespoonful of butter, and sprinkle a little of the oyster liquor. Bake in hot oven 20 to 30 minutes, or till of a nice brown color.

Oysters a la Poquette. Put a quart (solid meat) of oysters on the stove in a good-sized stew-pan, and as soon as they begin to boil skim carefully, and turn into a strainer, and when they have been well drained, set them aside. Put half a pint of the oyster liquor into a saucepan, on the fire, and when it begins to boil stir into it a heaping teaspoonful of flour mixed with three tablespoonfuls of cold water. Boil gently five minutes longer. Put a pint of cream into a double boiler, and when it is thoroughly hot, add the thickened oyster liquor. Season with salt, pepper, a slight grating of nutmeg and a grain of cayenne. Have at hand the yolks of four eggs, well beaten, and add to them half a cupful of cold cream. Now add to the cooking mixture the oysters, a tablespoonful of butter, and finally the egg mixture. Cook for three minutes, stirring all the time; then remove from the fire immediately, and serve. This is the mixture that, when served in a shell of puff paste, is called a vol-au-vent of oysters. Small puff paste cakes, cut out with the fancy cake or vegetable cutters, make a pretty border for this dish.

Oyster Salad. For a quart of oysters use a dressing made as follows:—Beat well four eggs,

ABOUT CHRISTMAS SLIPPERS.

[Correspondents seeking information in this department should address their queries to "Editor Seasonable Receipts," Progress, St. John.]

By the plan adopted for by of lots, each residence will contain an extensive amount of land, and the company's land for further improvement.

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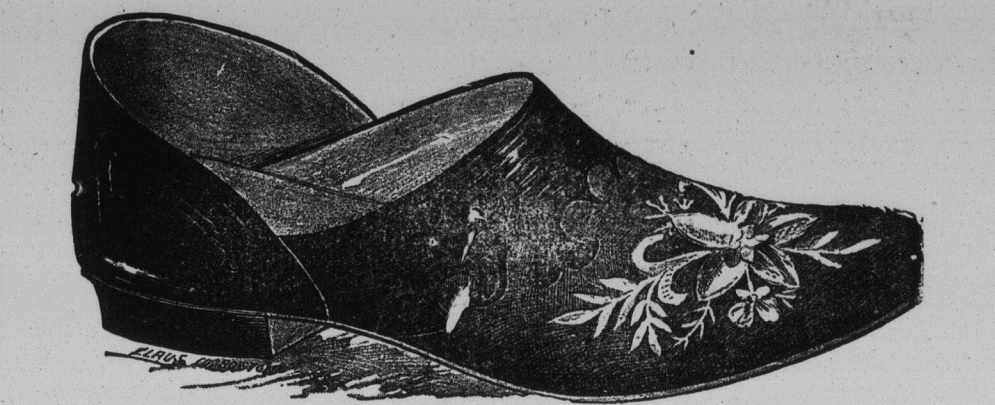
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ABOUT CHRISTMAS SLIPPERS.



You Should See Our Assortment of GENTLEMEN'S SLIPPERS IN VELVET, PLUSH AND FANCY LEATHERS. IT IS THE FINEST WE HAVE YET HAD. WATERBURY & RISING, 34 King, 212 Union Sts.

AMERICAN DYE WORKS COMPANY. Lace Curtains Cleaned & Dyed by a French Process. Office—South Side King Square, Works—Elm Street North End, St. John, New Brunswick.

add to them a gill each of cream and vinegar, one teaspoonful of mustard, one of celery seed, one of salt, one fifth of cayenne, and two tablespoonfuls of butter. Put all into a double-boiler, and cook till it is as thick as soft custard. It will take about five or six minutes. It must be stirred from the time it is put on the fire till it is taken off; and when that time comes, add two tablespoonfuls of powdered and sifted oyster crackers. Heat the oysters to the boiling-point quickly, in their own liquor. Drain them and add the dressing. Stir lightly, and set away in a cool place for an hour or more. This salad may be varied by leaving out the cracker and the celery seed, and at serving time add instead a pint of celery sliced thin.

Orange Jelly. Use the grated rind of two oranges and one pint of strained juice, a pint and a half of water, one pint of sugar, the juice of two lemons, one package of gelatine, and the whites of two eggs. Soak the gelatine for two hours in a half a pint of cold water. Grate the orange rind into a bowl, and pour the juice on it. Let this stand for about two hours. Beat the white of the eggs and stir them into the orange juice. Put all the ingredients into a stew pan and stir over the fire for ten minutes. When the liquid bubbles, draw back cover, and keep at the boiling-point for half an hour. Strain and mould.

Charlotte Russe. For two moulds, each holding one quart use three quarts of whipped cream, half a package of gelatine the yolks of four eggs, half a pint of milk, one gill of water, a small cupful of sugar, one teaspoonful of vanilla extract, and enough lady fingers or stale sponge cake to line the sides of the moulds. Soak the gelatine in the water for two hours, beat the sugar and yolk of the eggs together, and stir the milk into mixture. Put on the fire in the double boiler and cook for five minutes, stirring all the time, add the soaked gelatine and stir until this is dissolved. Take from the fire and cool, stirring frequently. Line the moulds with the cake, but if you desire to be certain that it will turn out without breaking, first line the moulds with wet bread, add the vanilla and place the basin in a pan of ice water, stir the custard until it begins to thicken; then add the whipped cream, about one third at a time, stir until the preparation is so thick that it can hardly be poured. Fill the moulds and set away in a cold place for an hour or more, do not turn out until just before serving time.

PERFUMES, Hair Brushes and Combs, Hand Mirrors, Cut and Ornamental Glass Bottles, Ladies' Purses and the finest assortment of Hair Ornaments in Canada. If you want Perfumes we have the best that are made. American Hair Store, 87 Charlotte Street, 3 Doors South of King. Seely's Perfumes 30 cts. per oz.

THE Oriental Waving Iron. A Perfect device for WAVING or CRIMPING the HAIR in the prevailing style. Easily and quickly operated. Made of polished steel and handsomely nickel-plated. Price, 50 Cents. Miss K. HENNESSY, 113 CHARLOTTE ST., - Opposite Hotel Dufferin.

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WORTH A GUINEA A BOX. BEECHAM'S PILLS (Tasteless - Effectual.) For Sick-Headache, Impaired Digestion, Liver Disorders and Female Ailments. Renowned all over the World. Covered with a Tasteless & Soluble Coating. Ask for Beecham's and take no others. Made at St. Helens, England. Wholesale Agents, Evans & Sons, Ltd., Montreal. For sale by all druggists.

Make No Mistake. If you want something nice in House Brackets, Mouldings, Balusters, Newel Posts, Doors, &c., send your orders to us and you will make no mistake. A. Christie, Wood Working Co., CITY ROAD.

THAT ADVERTISEMENT! IF YOU PUT IT IN CANADA It Will Pay! We guarantee a minimum circulation monthly, during 1893, of 5,000 copies; that means 15,000 readers; that, when served in a shell of puff paste, is called a vol-au-vent of oysters. Small puff paste cakes, cut out with the fancy cake or vegetable cutters, make a pretty border for this dish. MATTHEW R. KNIGHT, Hampton, New Brunswick.

1,000 STREET TREES, DOUBLE ROWS, LOTS 50 X 140. Architecture of buildings within the Park required to meet the approval of the Company. No fences permitted within the Park.

WOLFVILLE HIGHLANDS, A Residential Fruit-Park of Sixty Acres.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING

Out on the Island of St. Helena they have taken up the silk worm industry, and are pushing it with great energy. Lately 12,000 young mulberry plants were sent there from France.

Algeria is the greatest cork-producing country in the world, having 2,500,000 acres of cork forests, of which 300,000 are made to yield regular crops. The finest crop is obtained from that province.

About 1,500 tons of iron and brass wire are annually manufactured into pins in the United Kingdom. The greatest pin factory in the world is said to be the Newhall Works, Birmingham, which has an output of 10,000,000 pins per day.

A watch for the blind is among the newest inventions. A small peg is set in the middle of each figure. When the hour hand reaches a given hour the peg for that hour drops. The sightless owner, when he wants to know the time, finds which peg is down, and then counts back to twelve.

We are all anxious to discover a true weather indicator—one that is strictly up to date. Not many know of the following method: Go out and select the smallest cloud you can see; if it decreases and disappears, it shows a state of the air that is sure to be followed by fair weather; but if it increases, you may expect rain.

The coldest known spot on the earth's surface is on the Eastern slope, a shelving mountain that runs down to near the water's edge, on the Eastern bank of the Lena River, in Northeast Siberia. Dr. Wolkoff, director of the Russian meteorological service, gives the minimum temperature of the place as being 88 degrees below zero.

According to French divorce statistics, the most unhappy period of marriage is that extending from the fifth to the tenth year. After that the figures drop rapidly. Only 28 per cent. of couples seek divorce between their tenth and twentieth years of union. Only one pair in a hundred seek to cut the knot after the period over thirty and under forty years.

Never let a bird-cage hang in a room where the gas is slight, unless it is exceptionally well ventilated; the air near the ceiling is always the most impure at night. Set the cage on the ground, and you will find the bird's health improve. After the gas has been slight some time put your own head near the ceiling, and see how you would like to sleep in such an atmosphere.

An interesting statement has been published by a French army doctor to the effect that the regularity of the marching step in the army has a most deleterious effect upon the health of even the strongest soldiers. This regularity causes the indefinite repetition of a shock to the brain which does not occur in the ordinary irregular walk. As a preventive of this shock he has suggested the attachment of a rubber heel to all military boots, with which experiments are now being made in the French army, to the undoubted relief of the soldiers.

The most curious railway in the world, which is only in use during the winter, is that between Cronstadt and Oranienbaum, which is laid upon the ice. Its success has suggested the construction of a similar winter railway between the two important commercial centres, Kremenchug and Jekaterinoslav, which are united in summer by the steamboat traffic along the River Dnieper. This means of communication is closed in winter by the ice, and a long and costly roundabout journey has to be made between the two towns, though they do not lie far apart.

During the past six years the mean temperature of Paris has been about two degrees below the normal, and Great Britain, Belgium, Spain, Italy, Austria, and Germany have also been growing cold. The change seems to have been in progress in France for a long time, the growth of the vine having been forced far southward since the thirteenth century; and a similar cooling has been observed as far away as Rio Janeiro, where the mean temperature has been going down for years. In Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Russia, on the other hand, the last four years have been slightly warmer than the average.

It is well known that the clerical profession is remarkably good for the bodily as well as the spiritual health—in fact, the clergy enjoy the lowest death-rate of any class. The lawyers do worse. In Great Britain the comparative mortality of clergymen (taking 1,000 as the standard) is 556, while of lawyers it is 842. But the doctors, exposed as they are to disease, accidents, broken rest, and constant strain and anxiety, stand lower still. Their mortality is 1,122, which is equal to that of slate and stone quarrymen, whose occupation is ranked upon the unhealthiest of all trades. In fact, it appears that only one out of two qualified medical men is likely to survive beyond his sixtieth year.

Men of science will be greatly interested in the test shortly to be applied to the stability and weight-carrying power of the Menai Bridge. The 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers are about to march over it, probably about 800 strong. If they give an average of 200 lb. to each unit, we have thus a weight of, say, eighty tons, due to the military alone; but it is a low estimate to reckon two spectators for each soldier, and thus reach 240 tons. Unless specially cautioned, also, the soldiers and the crowd in sympathy with them will march in step giving rise to regular oscillation, which would almost make a pyramid shake. The experiment thus becomes of absorbing interest, since, if the bridge fails under the test, the regiment and the spectators will be precipitated into the Menai Straits.

Great Britain, has Mr. Goschen, Chancellor of the Exchequer, said in a speech five years ago, ninety-five persons who have an income of over \$250,000 a year. The largest fortune in personal property left in England from 1870 to 1880 was Baron L. N. de Rothschild's of \$13,500,000. In this time there were only thirteen men who left over \$5,000,000; fifty-six

who left over \$2,500,000 and 195 who left \$1,250,000. This, it is true, makes no account of real estate, and English fortunes are more largely in reality than those of any other country. In 1873 sixteen English landholders were estimated to have rent rolls outside of London of \$175,000 a year or more. Of these, three, the Duke of Northumberland, Earl Derby and Sir J. W. Ramsden, were credited with \$800,000 annually; three, the Dukes of Devonshire and Bedford and Sir Lawrence Peel, with \$600,000 and the rest with lesser sums.

"PROGRESS" PICKINGS.

A busy body—the earth.
A steady job—sitting for photographs.
There is no hayseed about the average grass widow.

The society bud is a beautiful specimen of haughty culture.
He—You seem to be very happy. Any thing on hand? She—Don't you see the ring?

He—Great minds run in the same channel, Miss Effie. Miss Effie (innocently)—How do you know?
"So you want to marry Emma—but she is my only daughter." "Oh, that's all right sir. I only want one."

Young Man—Does your sister play the piano, Bobby? Bobby—Play it! No; but she works it about seven hours a day.
"Do you suppose scientists will ever discover the missing link?" "They can't help it. I danced with two of the links last evening."

Customer—Haven't you made those trousers too short? Tailor—The trousers were all right; but—excuse me, sir—your legs are too long!

The young woman who marries a dissipated young man with the idea of reforming him is liable to have her hands full as well as her husband.
Maud—Did you accept Jack's letter offering to marry you? Cora—I did not Maud—Why not? He's awfully rich. Eva—It was manifolded.

New Constable—I examined the prisoner. Judge Duffy—Well, what did you find on him? New Constable—Only a black eye, your Honor.

Sportsman—Confound you, you've shot the dog. I thought you told me you could hold a gun. Pat—Sure, and so I can. It's the shot, sir, I couldn't hold.

The Bashful Lover—"Miss Emily, I—er—hem!" She (sweetly)—"Do you, Mr. Mammadear? Now wouldn't you like to join our sewing society?"

Hold up then hands, hoarsely whispered the highwayman to the Bostonian at midnight. Say those hands please, begged the Bostonian, as he hoisted them aloft.

Hungry Guest—What have you got to eat? New Waiter—We have some fine fried fish. "Is it ready?" "Oh, yes, it was cooked the day before yesterday."

At Southsea—She—Oh, James, how grand the sea is! How wonderful! I do so like to hear the roar of the ocean. He—So do I, Elizabeth; please keep quiet.

Gutterby—There are so many ciphers in society these days. Swinton—Possibly; but you know the proportion of ciphers in 400 is as two to one, and figures won't lie.

Customer—Look here, I haven't had these trousers a week, and they bag at the knees. Taylor—That is not my fault, sir; you shouldn't be so ardent in your proposals.

"Don't you believe Christmas cards are very appropriate as presents?" "I do. They are the best things out. Those you receive one year you can give away the next."

Doctor, what causes so much pneumonia just now? asked McGinnis of Dr. Fitzgerald. "The principal cause of pneumonia is getting the feet wet," replied Dr. Fitzgerald.

Percy Goosehead—I don't want to marry a bluestocking—some girl that knows more than I do. Evelyn Sparks—Why don't you say at once that you mean to remain a bachelor?

"How do you like your new place?" asked one servant girl addressing another. "Very well. The missis was pretty hard to manage at first, but she's gradually coming round."

They are now adapting electricity to farming. Perhaps the farmer may yet get away from mortgages and sit in peace on the top rail pressing the button, while electricity does the rest.

"What?" said the woman of the house, "More to eat? Why I gave you something this morning." "Yessum," said Bootless Bob, the tramp, "I have to eat. I'm no actor, mum."

Aged lover—You treat me as if I were a dog. Coquette—Oh, no, I don't. I like dogs. I pat them on the head, take them out walking, and I even let them kiss me. I don't treat you that way, do I?

Lord Braxfield, a Scotch judge, admitted the abilities of a criminal who was undoubtedly an accomplished murderer, for the judge said:—"Ye're a clever chiel, but ye'll be name the war of a hanging, my man!"

Mrs. Col. Yergler—Oh, you needn't talk, John. You was bound to have me. You can't say that I ever ran after you. Col. Yergler—Very true, Maria; and the rat-trap never runs after the mouse, but it gathers him in all the same.

An ostentatious miser had just bought a picture for six thousand five hundred francs. "I would ask you," he said to the dealer, "to make it six thousand. I am obliged to inform my wife of my purchase by telegram—it will make two thousands less!"

MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

Renan's name is to be given to a street in Paris.
Ouida has written altogether twenty-seven novels. They still enjoy a large sale and return large royalties to their author.

Archduke Franz Ferdinand, heir presumptive to the Austro-Hungarian throne, has started on a trip around the world.
Count Tolstoi's object in coming to this country next spring is to "live with the farmers and study their agricultural methods."

The Duke of Veragua, a descendant of Columbus, has been appointed president of the committee on Spanish Exhibit at the Chicago fair.

Edison, the electrician, is satisfied with cracked wheat and cream for lunch, and dines as plainly as if he was still a poor operator who had to count every quarter he expended.

The young King of Spain is not in vigorous health and his mother deemed it judicious not to let him participate freely in the festivities attending the visit to Madrid of the King and Queen of Portugal.

The Duke of Sutherland is the largest landowner in the United Kingdom. The duke possesses no less than 1,358,545 acres of land, all of which, save about 15,000 acres, are in Scotland, and his rent roll is more than \$700,000 a year.

M. Marinoni, who commenced life as a factory lad, is now chief owner of Le Petit Journal of Paris, France, circulating nearly 1,250,000 copies daily, and proprietor of several valuable patents, including the famous rotary printing machine that bears his name.

Gov. Russell, of Massachusetts, declined to approve a bill fixing his official compensation at \$8,000 per annum, but signed it when it was made to provide the higher salary for his successor. He is now about to become an \$8,000 Governor as his own successor.

Ex-Gov. Garcelon, of Maine, now 85 years old is a rather spry old gentleman and fond of horses. He may often be seen behind a spirited young animal in the street of Lewistown, and he handles the reins with skill. Twenty-three horses may be found in his stable.

Dr. Wayland, President of Brown University, is said to have been once addressed by a student of philosophy as follows: "Doctor, I don't believe I have any soul." "Possibly not, possibly not, young man," said the doctor; "you ought to know. I have one. Good-day, sir."

It is stated in Paris that M. de Lesseps knows nothing whatever about the Panama trial and the sensational circumstances attending the present investigation. His mind the report says, is so impaired by age that he is totally incapable of consecutive thought and he never even asks for a newspaper.

Sir John Bernard Burke, Ulster King of Arms, Registrar and Knight attendant on the Most Illustrious Order of St. Patrick who died in Dublin, last week, was the author of "Burke's Peerage," the genealogical and heraldic dictionary of the peerage and baronetage of Great Britain and Ireland.

Ida Lewis, the lighthouse heroine, still cares for the Lime Rock lighthouse, off Newport, R. I., where she lives alone with a gray cat and the sound of the waves for company. She has saved eighteen or twenty lives. Mrs. Maria White, of Copalis, in the State of Washington, has gained a similar name for courage. She went into the surf on a cold night in January and saved the lives of three sailors.

This story, now going the rounds, shows that Whittier, like other great men, was a victim of "bores," who besought all sorts of favors. His sister once said to a friend: "There has no idea how much time Greenleaf spends in trying to lose these people in the streets. Sometimes he comes home and says: 'Well, sister, I had hard work to lose him, but I have lost him. But I never lose a her. The women are more pertinacious than the men; and not these find them so, Maria?'"

Capt. Robert A. Annett, an American master mariner now in Liverpool, has been shipwrecked eight times in ten years. He lived like Robinson Crusoe on Morant Caes an island in midocean, for several months; was a member of the crew of the yacht Maria, which sailed from this port in November, 1887, to search for Pirate Morgan's treasure, and which was wrecked after eight months of a romantic cruise; and during the Buenos Ayres insurrection was taken prisoner by the insurgents and condemned to death.

Jay Gould abhorred all business dealings with women. This dates from an experience early in his career on the market. Two maiden aunts up in the country sent him their savings, \$500, to speculate for them in stocks. He did so and lost it. The money was strictly returned to them, and at no inconvenience to Mr. Gould. But this was not business; it seemed to open depths which might become deeper. He was frequently entreated afterward by women who were near to him, as by women outside, but his dealings thenceforth were with men.

Mr. Grant Allen tells us that his upward path from obscurity to a very modest modicum of success was anything but an easy one. "I had a ten years' hard struggle for bread, into the details of which I don't care to enter. It let me broken in health and spirit, with all the vitality and vivacity crushed out of me. I would say earnestly to the ingenious and aspiring: Brain for brain, in no market can you sell your abilities to such poor advantage. Don't take to literature if you've capital enough in hand to buy a good broom, and energy enough to annex a vacant garret."

The Khan of Khiva, Lyed Mahommed Rahim, is now paying a visit to the court of Europe. He has visited St. Petersburg and will visit Berlin, Vienna, London and Paris. The Khan is in his fifty-third year. He speaks several languages, including the Persian, Arabic and Russian, and his dress is that of a European, although his connections are those of an orthodox Mussulman. He travels in company of his mollah or priest and his own cook, as he eats no food but that prepared according to the rites of his religion. The Khan's annual income is about \$300,000 a year. His court is quite modern in its dress and observances and his harem contains about forty women.

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Makes the hair soft and glossy.
"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for nearly five years, and my hair is moist, glossy, and in an excellent state of preservation. I am forty years old, and have ridden the plains for twenty five years."—Wm. Henry Ott, alias "Mustang Bill," Newcastle, Wyo.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Prevents hair from falling out.
"A number of years ago, by recommendation of a friend, I began to use Ayer's Hair Vigor to stop the hair from falling out and prevent its turning gray. The first effects were most satisfactory. Occasional applications since have kept my hair thick and of a natural color."—H. E. Basham, McKinney, Texas.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Restores hair after fevers.
"Over a year ago I had a severe fever, and when I recovered my hair began to fall out, and what little remained turned gray. I tried various remedies, but without success, till at last I began to use Ayer's Hair Vigor, and now my hair is growing rapidly and is restored to its original color."—Mrs. A. Collins, Dighton, Mass.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Prevents hair from turning gray.
"My hair was rapidly turning gray and falling out; one bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor has remedied the trouble, and my hair is now its original color and fullness."—B. Oakes, Cleveland, O.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Prevents hair from turning gray.
"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for several years, and it has kept my hair from turning gray, and has restored it to its original color."—Mrs. A. Collins, Dighton, Mass.

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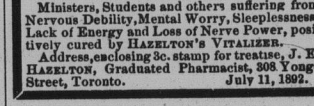
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MORE ABOUT MAN

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MORE ABOUT MANX FOLK

THE LITTLE ISLAND AND THE KIND OF PEOPLE FOUND THERE.

Manxmen and Their Wives, Their Homes and Belongings—Amplified Tempered by Thirty-Pictures of Manx Interiors—Characteristics and Customs.

Manxmen, indeed all save the proprietors of mountain farms, are also fishermen. In a population of less than 50,000 souls, including all town folk, it is estimated that at least one in every five derives his chief support from the harvests of the sea.

Within the Manx yeoman's home the picture is homely and pleasing. The house-place, living-room and kitchen combined, is on one side of a green painted door and short passage. On the other is a narrow slip of a parlor, for, as with the Staffordshire potters, the parlor is a hereditary and necessary dignity with the Manxmen.

It is, as usual with other places of dignity, the only place of discomfort in these kindly island homes. In the centre of this room will always be found a little square mahogany table. A family Bible rests upon it. A half dozen ancient mahogany chairs are adjusted against the walls with a view to their support.

But the comfort of the roomy old house-place and kitchen atones for all this. The stone hearth is deep and wide, and the feet of a great family might all have place upon it, with room for hide-and-seek for the little ones between the owner's chairs.

In some of these habitations, the chimney is so set back and outward into the garden that a genuine Scottish "ingleneuk," such as may be found in the olden weavers' village of Gartenside, near Melrose, is formed, with tiny, deep windows, splayed inwardly.

Others have at one side the Cornish "ung-carnar," or fuel receptacle. (There is always a recess for storing peat or wood, sometimes finished like an old-time chest, with a wide, long, deal cover. This provides a rude settle, upon which, when not occupied by some member of the family, will always be found that strange but ever-beloved animal, the tailless Manx cat.

In one corner, on the fireplace side of the room, will always be found the stately dresser, set high in the room upon its four crooked and slender legs. A wealth of gaudy crockery ware ornaments its capacious shelves, and one of its two deep drawers provides for the reception of the daily gathering of eggs, while the other is heaped to the edges with the weekly baking of barley clap-bread, still the staff of life in most of the countryside homes.

Between this and the dresser, as well as beneath the latter, is a row of huge casks and jars. The largest of these contains the dearest of blessings to the Manxman, his "guy" or pickled herring or "scadden." In another is his store of salted mutton or goose. In others are preserved fruits and vegetables. This region is sacred to the single supervision of the housewife, and woe to the Manx lad or lass in unlawful proximity. In the opposite corner is the family "corner-cup-board," the Mecca of all childish longings and eager glances. More than all else this receptacle stamps the Manxman as a bounteous liver.

Huge wooden chairs, and great-arm chairs which might have come down from King Orry's time, give the place an atmosphere of restfulness. Fitches of bacon, golden brown from their bronzing of peat smoke, hang temptingly from the rafters below the thatching. The tiny windows are shadowed with snowy muslin, and the light is mellowed and softened, as it filtered through a tracery of plants. The flames flicker blue above an abundance of glowing peat, changing the great fireplace anon from orange to purple; while, ticking comfortably and with a friendly and companionable sound, a huge eight day clock looks blandly down upon all.

There is a good deal of rain in Canada. The property of rain is to wet. It is vexatious. It is dangerous. Sometimes it is fatal.

In the city there is the friendly door or archway. In the country there are only the sky and fields. The rain has too much room. That is the trouble.

What a perverse thing life is. You have had your eye on that adjoining farm. The other fellow steps in and buys it.

There is a concert in the Town Hall. You have promised to take Miss Mossrose. The rain falls in torrents.

And here is a profound moral—the man who misses opportunity is forever lost.

We must have the heart and hand to dare at the right moment.

And you have not got a Melissa. Ah, says Miss Mossrose sweetly to your rival, "we have both got our melissas, and so we can defy both wind and rain."

And here is a profound moral—the man who misses opportunity is forever lost.

We must have the heart and hand to dare at the right moment.

And Melissa for the cold and rain. And that is about the whole of life.

A handsome Tweed overcoat with plenty of warmth. A perfect rain-proof garment, which can defy all the waters of Niagara, and yet as porous as ordinary cloth. That is Melissa.

Melissa, after the misery of the rubber coat, is a joy. The note it strikes is comfort. Solid, unmitigated, abiding comfort.

Be sure you get the real "Melissa." All genuine porous rain-proof cloths are stamped in wax with the Melissa trade-mark seal, and Melissa garments have the trade-mark label attached. None other genuine.

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A Christmas Present for YOU. In the window of the KANDY KITCHEN, 165 Barrington street, Halifax, is a Glass Vase (that has about three quarts) filled with candies known as Scotch Mixture, and beside it is an elegant CABINET UPRIGHT PIANO manufactured by D. W. Katz & Co., valued at \$600, also a 14 K. GOLD LADIES' BUSTY-ING CASE WATCH. Now the enterprising proprietor of the K.K. purposes giving the Piano to the one that guesses the exact or nearest to the number of candies in jar, contents to be counted by some committee the sealed said jar, and next best guesser to have the Watch.

A Guess Check is given free with every 10 cent purchase, two with 20 cents, etc. On receipt of One Dollar (\$1.00) a 5 pound box of their celebrated mixture consisting of Plain and Nut Taffy, Butter Cups, Butter Biscuits, Bon Bons, Chocolate Creams, etc., etc., all fresh and delicious, nicely packed in wax paper, and (except 40 cents per pound), will be shipped to your address with (10) ten guess checks, giving you ten chances to get the Piano or Watch. Present to be awarded Dec. 31st, 1892. Piano was bought at Miller Bros., Granville street, St. John, N. B.

Write your estimate on each half of guess check, keep one yourself, and mail the other to us.

FATAL! THAT IS A TRAGIC WORD! There is a good deal of rain in Canada. The property of rain is to wet. It is vexatious. It is dangerous. Sometimes it is fatal.

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What a perverse thing life is. You have had your eye on that adjoining farm. The other fellow steps in and buys it.

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Here is an Opportunity. Some time ago arrangements were made to give subscribers a large Webster Dictionary, at a low cost, so low as to make it ONE OF THE GREATEST OFFERS EVER MADE IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

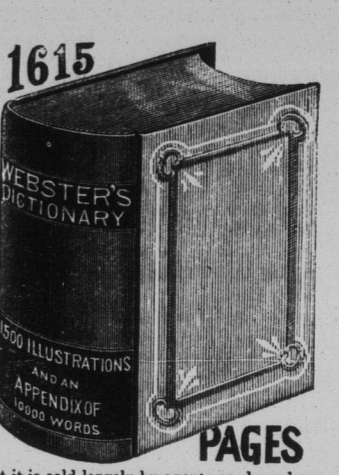
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THE STORY OF A SONG.

Perhaps the most popular song ever written was "Ever of Thee."

It is not untrue to state that no song ever had such a sale, and certainly no publisher ever reaped so much profit from a song as did Mr. Turner from the publication of "Ever of Thee."

It happened in this way: On a cold day in the January of 1850 the door of Mr. Turner's music shop, in the Poultry, London, was nervously opened, and a most unclean, ragged specimen of humanity dragged himself in.

One of the clerks said to him: "You get out of here."

Two ladies who happened to be in the shop noticed his woe begone look, and were about to offer him some money, when a Mr. T— (a clerk in the establishment) seeing the poor fellow shivering with cold and apparent hunger, pitied him and brought him into the workshop so that he might have a "warm up" by the stove.

A few minutes after, Mr. Turner, the proprietor, came in, and, seeing the ragged individual, asked what he wanted, and "who allowed him in?"

"I did," said Mr. T—; "the poor fellow looked so cold and miserable I couldn't send him out in this piercing wind without giving him a warm, and, besides, he says he has got some business with you."

"Business with me?"

"Yes, sir; I have a song I should like you to listen to."

Turner eyed him from head to foot, and then laughed outright.

The miserable looking object at the stove began to grow uneasy, and begged to be allowed to play the air of his song, which he then unlearned from his rags and handed to the music publisher. Turner looked at it and said:

"Who wrote this?"

"I did, sir," came from the rags.

"You! Well, I'll have it played over, and if it's any good I'll give you something for it."

"won't you let me have a drink? I want it please let me have a drink."

T— refused to stand the drink; he told Mr. Lawson that if he wanted a dinner he could have it, but drink he could not have.

"I was once rich, Mr. T—. You know what I am now. You were astonished to hear me play the piano so well. That little song has been the only companion from which I gained any comfort for the past twelve months.

T— interrupted him at this point and indicated that it was growing late.

"Please bear with me," rejoined his companion. "Let me tell you how and why I composed the little song. Two years ago I met a girl in Brighton. If God ever allowed one of his angels to come on earth she was that one. I adored her. She seemed to return the affection. I escorted her everywhere, was at her beck and call morning, noon and night, and it was currently believed that Miss Blank and I were engaged. I had to return to London on business, and when I went back to Brighton she was gone.

"Three months after I met her at a ball. She had just finished a waltz with a tall, good looking man, and was promenadeing the hall on his arm. She recognized me. But when I said, 'How do you do, Miss Blank?' she quickly replied:

"I'm well, Mr. Lawson, but I am surprised to hear you call me Miss Blank. When you left Brighton so suddenly I thought I should never see you again. You left no address, never called again, and—well, I am married."

"To whom?" I gasped.

"To Mr. Prize," she replied, pointing at the same time to the gentleman with whom she had been dancing.

"That ended my life. My Marie, my dream was gone. I left the hall, went to a low gambling place, and in drink and gambling endeavored to kill my grief. It lasted but a little time, for in four months I was penniless.

"Then came my trial. The men who played with me shunned me. My friends shut their doors, and a few days later my last sovereign was gone. I was utterly stranded, homeless and unhappy as it would be possible to make a human being. For nights I slept in the cabmen's coffee houses; then I was considered a nuisance, and some doormat served me for a bed. I pawned every trinket, decent suit of clothes—everything, and finally I spent three months in a work house under an assumed name.

"It was there the presence of Marie haunted me again. One day—Christmas day—we were at dinner. Several rich people came to distribute among us such gifts as tobacco, warm clothing, etc. I was hungry and didn't look at the visitors, when suddenly a voice I knew said to me, 'My good man! which would you prefer, some warm clothing or some pipes and tobacco?' I looked up. It was Marie. I rushed from the table out into the fields, and there I was found, hours after, insensible.

"In my bed, there in that workhouse hospital, I wrote the words of the song you heard me sing to-day. Then I got well, and sick of the life I left the place and became night watchman at some new building they were putting up in Aldersgate street. While there the music of my song came to me. I got a scrap of manuscript music paper and jotted it down, and for a time I was happy. My old friends often passed me at night, jolly and careless, little dreaming that James Lawson was the poor night watchman who answered their indolent questions.

unkept and unshaven, as unclean as it was five days ago.

Mr. Turner looked at him. He did not even speak to him. The smell of bad rum sufficiently told him all he wanted to know. He took a hall crown from his pocket, and handed it to Lawson, and turned on his heel. Addressing Mr. T—, he said: "If this man comes here again put him out."

The composer of "Ever of Thee" immediately left the shop, and Heaven knows what his fate has been. Certain it is that he never called at Turner's again.

Men, women and children of every colour and clime sing the song of the tramp, Lawson. And the composer and his sad life are forgotten and unrecognized in the dear old song, "Ever of Thee."

IN ROYALTY'S ROOMS.

Things Rich and Rare to be Seen at Windsor Castle.

The state dining-room at Windsor Castle is a very fine apartment in the Prince of Wales's Tower. It was redecorated shortly before the Jubilee in gold and white, after a very tasteful design chosen by Princess Beatrice. The furniture is of a Gothic pattern, and is said to have been designed by Welby Pugin. The doors are ornamented with most exquisite Chippendale work. In the centre of the North Window, which looks out on the North Terrace, the Home Park, and Eton College, is displayed a massive gold punch-bowl, which was designed by Flaxman for the Prince Regent. The ladle, which is a very fine piece of work, is made in the form of a trochus shell. The whole cost, 2,000 guineas. This room was destroyed by fire in 1893, and again by water in 1891. It is only used on grand occasions, when the Queen's party is over sixteen. When it is under that number the Queen prefers to dine in the oak room, which looks out on the inner quadrangle, and contains fine pictures of the Queen's four daughters-in-law. When the party is too large for the dining-room St. George's Hall is used.

The three drawing-rooms are connected with the dining-room, with the corridor, and with each other by folding doors, and all the doors are decorated with the same unique Chippendale work. The three drawing-rooms face the east and look down on the splendid East Terrace and gardens over the broad expanse of the Home Park towards Datchet, Old Windsor. The crimson drawing-room is next to the dining-room. It is decorated and upholstered in crimson satin brocade, which, together with the richness of the embellishments and the wealth of gilding with which it is adorned, gives this room a very gorgeous appearance. Superb carvings, the finest ormolu work, and the most exquisitely inlaid cabinets line the walls, and conspicuously placed in one of the windows is a large mahogany case, which, like the one in the grand drawing-room, was given to the Queen by the Tsar Nicholas of Russia.

The crimson drawing-room opens into the green, which is similarly decorated, and furnished in the richest satin brocade, but the prevailing colour, as might be expected, is green, by which I do not by any means mean *vert de Nil*, but green of a somewhat crumpled and rich texture, the colour of this room is the magnificent collection of Sevres china, which is said to be the finest in the world. This is another product of the extravagant tastes of George IV, and the sight of the innumerable lovely pieces, delicately moulded and coloured, is enough to make a collector mad with envy. However, as a rule, collectors do not have much time to examine very closely, for it is only on rare occasions, such as a State dinner-party, or by special favour, that her Majesty's subjects are admitted into the green drawing-room.

The white drawing-room is furnished in crimson and gold damask, with the walls decorated in an essentially French style. The walls of this room are hung with numerous portraits of the Royal family, while a number of exquisitely worked cabinets and a table beautifully inlaid with Florentine mosaic in the form of flowers and fruit are among the principal ornaments. It is in the white drawing-room that the Queen holds private investitures of the knights, orders, when a few Ministers are summoned from town in order to form a council for the occasion. Luncheon is held first in the dining-room. The Queen then proceeds by the corridor to the white drawing-room, while the company pass through the crimson and green rooms to the same destination.

The drawing-rooms were cleaned not very long ago, and the furniture rearranged, but otherwise they have been left untouched. The hangings and stuffs with which the chairs and sofas are covered might with advantage be altered, for though the very rich style is old-fashioned, belonging to the early period of her Majesty's reign, and shows only too clearly and somewhat painfully to the eye the advances that art has made since then. The Queen, however, is very conservative in her tastes, and she likes the old fashions. One of the

curiosities of this portion of the private apartments is Mozart's old harpsichord, which stands in one of the tall windows which overlook the private garden. It is a quaint, rather shabby-looking instrument with a double set of keys. These fine rooms are all connected by the grand corridor. It is very handsomely decorated, the ceiling in gold and cream and the walls in sage-green and gold. It is hung on one side with pictures of the events in this reign from Wilkie's "First Council" to Linton's "Marriage of the Duke of Albany." The other side is lined with portraits of statesmen, including Angeli's picture of Lord Beaconsfield. Among the numerous curiosities are some magnificent china, a bust of General Gordon, and his pocket Bible in a glass case.—Pall Mall Budget.

Average Life Growing Longer.

There is not much doubt, I think, in the minds of thinking people, that we are returning to the old order of lengthy lives. The average length of human life has so slightly increased that life insurance companies and statisticians and physiologists and moralists are beginning to recognize it in their calculations. Emperor William, departing a few years ago, an octogenarian; Oliver Wendell Holmes, alive and well, an octogenarian; Von Moltke, dying a year ago, an octogenarian; John Greenleaf Whittier, blessed soul, dying all too soon, and yet he was an octogenarian; William E. Gladstone, stepping to the throne of power, an octogenarian. The fact is, that life has been so prolonged that those who are in the fifties are in nerve, and muscle, and bone, and brain, about what those were who stood in the forties, and the sixties are as vigorous as once the fifties, and the seventies are as the sixties, and the eighties are now as were the seventies, and soon the centenarians will be as common as are now the septuagenarians. For ages, and until within a few short years, human life grew with a generous endowment of years. The time was when, according to Bible accounts, people five hundred years old were not a curiosity. I suppose that parents mourned over the untimely departure of their children dying three hundred years old. Yet lie, child, through the sins of the ages, got shorter and shorter, until in the time of Pliny there were only forty persons one hundred and thirty-five years old. Shorter and shorter became the average of human life, until the cradle and the grave were so near together that hardly had the race got out of the one than it fell into the other.

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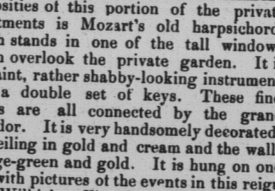
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Will give away FREE \$100.00 WORTH of Clothing, Gents' Furnishings, and a variety of Novelties on the first day of March, 1893. To give you a chance of getting a portion of the \$100.00 we invite you to come to our New Store opposite the Golden Ball Corner, and allow us to place your name and address on our register.

NEW ROYAL CLOTHING STORE, Opposite Golden Ball Corner. R. W. LEETCH, Prop., St. John, N. B.



RAILWAYS. Intercolonial Railway. After Oct. 17, Trains leave St. John, Standard Time, for Halifax and Campbellton, 7:00; for Halifax, 8:30; for Sussex, 10:00; for Point du Chene, Quebec and Montreal, 10:50.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. TOURIST SLEEPING CARS. West, from Windsor Street Station, MONTREAL, as follows: Every Tuesday at 9 p. m. to DETROIT and CHICAGO.

Every Wednesday at 8.15 p. m. to Seattle, Wash. and points on the Pacific Coast. Every Saturday at 11.45 a. m. Via the "SOO LINE" to Minneapolis and St. Paul.

WESTERN COUNTIES R.Y. Fall Arrangement. On and after Monday, 17th Oct., 1892, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8.30 a. m.; arrive at Annapolis at 12.10 p. m.; Passenger and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1.45 p. m.; arrive at Annapolis at 7.00 p. m.; Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 1.45 p. m.; arrive at Yarmouth 4.25 p. m.

LEAVE ANNAPOLIS—Express daily at 12.25 p. m.; Passenger and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 6.00 a. m.; arrive at Yarmouth 11.15 a. m.

LEAVE WEYMOUTH—Passenger and Freight Friday at 5.25 a. m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 11.15 a. m.

CONNECTIONS—At Annapolis with trains of the Windsor and Annapolis Railway. At Yarmouth with Steamers City of Montevideo, Boston every Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings. With Stage daily (Sunday excepted) to and from Barrington, Sibleburne and Liver. Pool.

Have You Shaved This Morning? If not, step right in to the Royal Barber Shop, 36 King street. The best workmen employed. RAZORS HONED TO ORDER. Face Washes Supplied for Home use. D. J. McINTYRE, Proprietor.

STEAMERS. INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. Two Trips a Week FOR BOSTON.

NTIL further notice the steamer of this company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston every Monday and Wednesday morning at 7.25 standard.

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From the Company's Pier, Reed's Point, St. John, every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday at 7.30 a. m. local time, for Digby and Annapolis. Returning same days.

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QUEEN HOTEL, HALIFAX, N. S. WE have much pleasure in calling the attention of Travellers and Tourists to the fact that the QUEEN HOTEL has established a reputation for the best table and cleanest bedrooms, and the most attentive and efficient of any hotel in the Maritime Provinces.

VOL. V. IS AN THE LAWYERS Do Not Know Not-Something rich Courts-The Case And the Men. Call it by what is very remarkable it has had several people have too newspapers which title of the "while the lawyer smooth and less point conspiracy case." people it has be the Weltons. The Welton broth interest to the St Randall would be people knew him as Welton, but they d other in the backg people talk about body knew the truth, liberty to say just w might be the cen hady, instead of ho age. In many ways, has either of the W general belief that he "headed" when he sta Rev. Sidney Welto gule in the matter petate his memory, mental brass—it be metal around the cou ence. He has had up to date. By th decision of twenty- men, in batches of Sidney escapes by to the Scotch verdict It can be readily going he had been difficult to secu acting pastor of a ch and conscientious ad on the jury. T side public concern Cephas B. Welton should go on record duction of "Hamlet" the person of the s Why they should be is something that m the court, the jury at now say understand In the face of the lawyers are said to b orders on the strengt to make in conducti PROGRESS, it is pos great deal less than should be told in di Dr. Randall and the V of the idea may be su gument that it Rev. S gully, Cephas B. W were a phibiscite take be quite innocent. The Messenger an been silent on the sub on calls for the aut regard to the Welto voicing its sympathy families, it takes th church owes a duty to all minor and person forehadened by Pro church's resignation. The most foolish done by the friends of Dr. Randall up to dat lution of a petition to judge, asking that a j given instead of a ter If the petitioners can ment and destroy it to do so. The lawyers in the of them, say they kno petition and would h had been consulto opinion that the Hono ter Peters has consi meria, and that any him one way or the o Had he a less judici might be reactionary that, under the circ simply viewed as imp The lawyers are not sentiment. They they have done what fore, so far as living history of this provi led for a writ of err In the resources of New York, a writ of almost, as a city cou John. It is, however, struction, and so anc and versatile writers Blackstone and Tidd over its history and p have little space to practical application. New Brunswick. In t volume of post-prandi

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