

COVAY WILL BE TRIED

ON FIVE SEPARATE AND SERIOUS CHARGES.

The information lodged by William Weatherhead, who is represented by Mr. Forbes—Testimony under oath will be taken now, without doubt.

GIVE HIM A HEARING.

Some of the Aldermen say the Chief did not state facts about Weatherhead.

John Weatherhead is still doing duty as a policeman. Capt Rawlings is also doing duty—as inspector of the southern division.

Sergt. Kilpatrick is in charge of the northern division, although it is quite generally stated that John McGrath, who got tired of doing patrol duty, and left the force some time ago, will be appointed.

The chief has given his reasons for discharging John Weatherhead, and those who have only heard his side of the story probably feel that he was justified in his action.

There is a general feeling that he should be. A number of the aldermen who were at the meeting, say that they know, personally, that the chief stated what was not in accordance with the facts; and that in regard to charges that the chief said Weatherhead made against him, the aldermen claim that Weatherhead did not make the charges.

COMING TO THE SURFACE. The Facts of Certain Transactions in Police Circles Cropping Out.

Little by little some things are cropping out which are not altogether creditable to the police powers. The people will remember with what wonderful alacrity the chief and his aids sallied out after the Norton desperadoes, how they followed them into the wilds of the outlying counties and permitted them to escape after all.

But not satisfied with that, a bill was presented for extra services, which is understood to have been paid by the local government. The chief did not know what to do with the money when he got it and consulted some of the city officials about it.

The police committee, in their search for other information, ran across this and immediately asked the local government representatives in the city about the matter. They not only got no information, but were met with a polite and suave refusal.

Can Capt. Rawlings Do No Wrong? Although Capt. Rawlings has had some very serious charges made against him, has been fined by the magistrate in one

case, and failed to prove that any of the others were not true, he has never been suspended for a day on account of them, but, on the contrary is held in greater esteem by the chief. And now the unpleasant fact has forced itself upon the chief that the captain has been frequenting barrooms and drinking whiskey while on duty, during "his time."

MRS. DUMONT WANTS JUSTICE.

Her Seized Liquor was Tampered With, She Says, and Not Returned.

A French woman, named Dumont, who keeps a store across the Marsh bridge, has been making some inquiries this week. She wants to know more about the liquor law and the way it is carried out by the police.

Some time ago her place was raided, and a quantity of liquor was taken to the police station. It remained there while the police endeavored to make a case against her. In this they were not successful, and, according to law, the liquor had to be returned—what was left of it.

When the officers took it from her house the woman made a list of all the stuff, but when it was returned she came to the conclusion that they had brought back the wrong lot. She claims that most of the bottles containing the best liquor she had was not among those returned to her, and that what she did receive contained more water than liquor.

When liquor is taken to the police station, it is placed in a room down stairs, and kept there, under lock and key. There are two keys; Capt. Rawlings has one and Chief Clarke the other.

A New Wrinkle. Do you ever get a post-office order? If you are among the lucky ones, the post master has something of interest to say, provided you send the order to be cashed by any other than yourself.

Next week's PROGRESS, while not a specially prepared Christmas number, will be one in the best acceptance of the term. The reading matter and illustrations will be appropriate to the season.

The old Rat Arrived too Late. A St. John man made a startling discovery this week. It was a nest of thirteen infantile rats, all too young to get away.

Cause and Effect. "Great Moral Show," last Saturday, seemed to have the desired effect. The doors closed that night for good, and Monday the "young man with brains" was advertising for capital.

Remarkable Fairness. In another column will be found a letter from a grateful widow whose husband died suddenly. A few days before he took out an application for an insurance policy of \$5,000 in the Provident Savings Life Assurance Society.

EVENTS IN CITY LIFE.

HAPPENINGS SAD AND OTHERWISE TALKED ABOUT.

Mrs. G. S. Miller's Sudden and Sad Death—Her Fiance Arrives in Time to Say Farewell—The Transfer of the "Telegraph" and Other Local Topics.

The coming of death in this city in more than one instance this week was curiously sad. The same day a strong and active man was stricken, a young and popular lady in the person of Mrs. Geo. S. Miller passed to her rest.

Not quite six weeks ago she arrived in town from New York state, where she had been staying for more than a year, for a short visit to her mother and sister and friends. Though she had written that she expected to come sometime in the fall and winter, her coming was unexpected and of course a greater surprise and delight to all of them.

One of the saddest phases of the case was that she was engaged to a young physician in the States, and expected to be married to him in a short time. While she was seriously ill her friends did not think it necessary to summon him until a few days before her death.

THE SALE OF THE "TELEGRAPH." The Paper Has Passed Into the Hands of a Company.

About as interesting a bit of political and newspaper news as the talkers have gumbled over for some time is the sale of the Daily and Weekly Telegraph. There is no doubt that the paper has really changed hands and that before long the new owners will assume control.

San Francisco, Sept. 16th, 1890. DEAR SIR—I here by give you notice that your regard was during on hand from the other day and you have been asking about the money in which I am about to be we are ought to remit to you long ago as our business are very dull and the money it is short and I will remit to you some of money at the date of October 1st of next, hoping that you will wait in time without hearing your self.

San Francisco, Sept. 27, '90. DEAR SIR—We would like that you will be kind enough to make up of our statement since we are deal with you or at the beginning to 1890 and would like to know how the last business are been getting on please you might be fixed it up as soon as possible with out detain or hearing you own business inconvenient & satisfactory.

The addition of a designer and wood engraver to the engraving department of PROGRESS has met with unusual favor and success. Although the orders have come in rapidly for this season of the year, the combination of a designer and prompt and excellent photo engraving enables the work to be pushed much more rapidly to its completion.

Among the passengers on the City of Monticello, Wednesday evening, was a large gang of Italians, and everyone of them had as much luggage and broken English as he could possibly get along with.

The snow is here, and the active boys want their sleds. Messrs. Scovil, Frayer & Co. have undertaken to supply the want. They have board sleds, and clipper sleds, which they propose to give away to every boy who buys a suit, an overcoat, or a reefer at their store.

Old Boy "Did you know that Hairless's wife was thinking of getting a divorce last week?" "No! What grounds did she have?" "Fotnd some Lyceum tickets in his pockets."

The mild weather this week should have made the attendance at the Institute very much larger than it was. During the cold spell one's feet were numb with the cold long before the show was over, and this made as great an impression on many in the audience as the play did.

TRouble over a Pastor's Call.

The Dictum of a County Councillor and How He Expressed It.

The Baptist church at St. Martins is without a regular spiritual guide at present, for, up to date, the efforts of the congregation to obtain another minister have not been successful.

The councillor responded in an exceedingly vigorous and unexpected fashion, in language which would not have been suitable even for the council chamber, much less in a church.

As may be imagined, the meeting adjourned without agreeing upon any call, and a more recent report says that six prominent members, who contributed \$200 to the minister's salary, have withdrawn from the church.

SOME CHINESE ENGLISH.

Two Sample Letters Beautifully Written by Chinese Bookkeepers.

A gentleman in Santa Cruz, writing to a friend in this city, sends him some samples of Chinese English. The letters and the enclosures speak for themselves:

DEAR SIR—I enclose copies of two out of a large number of letters, received by this firm from a Chinese firm in San Francisco, and most beautifully written by their Chinese book-keeper, who probably learned to write by copy books, as his writing is a perfect fac simile of the copper-plate copy books, for your edification. You might show them to PROGRESS, which would, no doubt, publish them as samples of "English as she is writ."

(CONT.)

DEAR SIR—I here by give you notice that your regard was during on hand from the other day and you have been asking about the money in which I am about to be we are ought to remit to you long ago as our business are very dull and the money it is short and I will remit to you some of money at the date of October 1st of next, hoping that you will wait in time without hearing your self.

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IN HIS YOUNG MANHOOD

WILLIAM B. CARVILL, PASSES SUDDENLy TO HIS REST.

His Sickness and His Death—Scenes in the Last Hours—The Suddenness of It—His Public and his Private Life—A Glowing Tribute.

Sadder news could not have spread through the city late Tuesday evening, and been given to the public Wednesday morning, than the death of William B. Carvill.

To think of him in any other way than the vigorous man in the prime of his young manhood, or the active athlete who knew no weariness in the field of manly sport, was indeed a hard task, but the stern and depressing fact was that he was no more.

Only a week before the citizens paid their last tribute to his memory by attending his funeral in such numbers, Mr. Carvill returned from a business trip to Montreal. Before he left on that last trip he complained a little of pain in his limbs, which he attributed to a slight attack of muscular rheumatism.

As may be imagined, the meeting adjourned without agreeing upon any call, and a more recent report says that six prominent members, who contributed \$200 to the minister's salary, have withdrawn from the church.



W. B. CARVILL.

He returned a week ago, Thursday, apparently in his usual good health. Even the slight muscular pains he had complained of troubled him no longer, and his step was as springy and elastic as ever it was. When he arose Friday morning he took breakfast as usual, and going down stairs to the office of the hotel, he said to Mr. McCoskery—the proprietor, and also his intimate friend—that he did not feel so bright as usual, and he guessed he would not go to the office. Still all that day he was about the house, between his room and the gentlemen's parlor.

Before doing so, however, he had a call from Dr. Dan Berryman who did not think that he was suffering from more than a slight indisposition. Saturday was much the same kind of a day with him up to 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when he remarked to Mr. McCoskery, that he thought he would lie down. He went to his room and remained there. His main trouble appeared to be a lack of appetite. A few oysters were all that he could eat, and he did not appear to be able to digest those.

He remained in his room Sunday, sitting around and chatting and smoking as usual with his brothers and friends. Even Monday he indulged in a smoke again, but still could eat nothing. Such fasting had made him weak, and he remained in bed all day.

Up to this time none of those about him imagined that there was any serious trouble. The physician expressed no fear, and on Tuesday noon he pronounced him decidedly better and told his brother George that he would be all right in a few days.

Mr. McCoskery kept him company all that afternoon and says he was in unusual good spirits, talking and laughing on every topic. When he left him to go to his supper he said, "Don't forget to come up after supper, Lu."

A few minutes passed and while Mr. McCoskery was still at the table, Frank Carvill rushed in hastily and exclaimed, "For God's sake come up stairs, quick; I think Will is dying." They returned as quickly as possible and saw at once that the danger was imminent. Dr. Dan and Dr. John Berryman were summoned and when they arrived a few minutes later they saw that there was no hope. The blood was gushing from his mouth in streams and there was no possibility of stopping such fearful hemorrhage.

All this time Mr. Carvill retained full consciousness and bore up bravely under intense suffering. His three stunned and agonized brothers, his helpless friends the Messrs. McCoskery and their mother and

sister surrounded the bed and waited the end. All the courage of the man shone forth in those swiftly passing moments. His was the calmest mind in the room—his the clearest brain. While consciousness remained he received the last rites of his church, and then with wonderful thoughtfulness he asked that an old and intimate friend and housekeeper, Miss Strange, be sent for. As quickly as a coach could drive to Waterloo street and return his request was granted, but before she arrived he had passed peacefully away without a pain or a struggle.

No one can imagine the pitiful grief of the bereaved brothers and sisters when they realized that their brother, their pride and hope, had been taken from them. One of his sisters, Mrs. Winslow, came from Chatham at once but the two others were farther away, one in Toronto and one in Paris.

The immense funeral testifying to the general respect for the departed has been fully described and needs no further reference. To speak of Mr. Carvill as a man and as a citizen and do him justice is a task too difficult to be attempted. He was young—only 31—and yet he had gained the regard of all who knew him personally and the respect of those who knew him only by reputation. And a fair, clean reputation it was. He was more popular than nine tenths of his fellows and less conscious of the fact than any of them.

Again and again he has been honored by his fellow members of the Athletic club of which he had held the vice-presidency for years. More than that, he was no figure head officer. He loved sport for its sake and never was happier than when guarding his wickets or driving the cricket ball as he was well able to do. Football too claimed his attention and his activity and strength made him an important addition to the team.

In public life he was regarded as one of the men of the future. A supporter of the local administration he was one of its standard bearers in the city and county at the last election and his vote was something of which any young man could be proud. Later than this he was appointed a school trustee and he gave to that office the same careful attention as he did to his own successful business. He was also the French consul for this port.

In private life he was even more highly esteemed. Those who were privileged with his intimate acquaintanceship valued it highly. One of his best and nearest friends on the eve of his departure from the city some time ago paid a glowing tribute to Mr. Carvill's worth. "No one knows" he said "how kind and generous he is or the extent of his charity."

What better words could be said of any man.

An English Opinion. This is what a lady in London, Eng., has to say about PROGRESS: I always look forward with much pleasure to receiving that spiky little paper, PROGRESS, which tells me so much of dear friends in St. John, Halifax and Amherst, and many other places in the great Dominion.

Biblical's Philosophy. Regret is often but the hostage that weakness pays to fate. To hate the sin and not the sinner—this is more than half of true religion. Trust all men in small things; in great things only those whom thou hast proved. Kindness may not suffice for Heaven, but it maketh thee fit to live on earth.

The successful man is he who is able to do some one thing better than most men can do. He who seeketh soft walketh in a circle. When he findeth it, he is not finding proof. Be not jealous minded. Whosoever is worthy of thy jealousy is not worthy of thy love. Gallantry toward youth and beauty is much; toward age and plumage, 'tis heretic.

Troubles are the parasites of the mind. Hath not every tree its enemy, and every dog his flea? Blessed is he that hideth judgment on his neighbor—that sitteth in the seat of judgment where none may question him. Of the goods of this world, happiness is the best. Of what value are wealth and power if contentment be lacking? Glory resteth on men's tongues, and vaniseth away; goodness abideth in their hearts and liveth ever.

No man hath greatness without knowing it; but the greatest is he that showeth least that he knoweth it. Conscience is not infallible; only, whatsoever we think to be right that it urgeth us to do. A world of staves, except the aim be noble, is not worth the sacrifice of an atom of contentment. The sins of men are many, but there are three that no man may pardon: avarice, ingratitude and cruelty.

"I am alive. What does that mean?" This is the true problem of existence. How few there be that answer it! There are many kinds of greatness, and he who buildeth a good bridge is greater than he who writeth bad poetry thereon. He that giveth to the poor to vaunt himself, deceiveth some, but it profiteth not his soul in this world or the next. Offend not thy friend in anything. For, verily, thy friend will count all thy good deeds as naught against that one thing in which thou hast offended.

He that chiveth a sorrow is like him that weepeth at a fire in his house, but doeth naught till all his goods be consumed. The wise man knoweth himself and is content. The foolish man who seeketh to persuade others that he is wise, only deceiveth himself. The glutton is to be brave, but the greatest bravery is that of him who feareth much, yet doeth his duty well. The thoughts of the mind are as sparks that spring forth and die, but the warmth of the heart for its fellow, bringeth cheer and gladness.

Advertisement for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, mentioning its benefits for various ailments like kidney and stomach complaints.

THE OTHER SIDE OF IT. SOME PEOPLE AS BAD AS THE BOARDING HOUSE KEEPER.

Which Would Include the Boarder who Monopolizes the Parlor, the Man who Breaks the Mirror, and the Woman who Puts Her Feet in the Oven.

So many and varied have been the criticisms directed against boarding houses and boarding house keepers, that it has seemed to me lately the time was ripe for a few remarks from the other side.

I have done some boarding in my day and have had generous opportunities for observing the manners and customs of the genus boarder, as well as that of the boarding house keeper, so I consider myself rather well qualified to discuss the subject. I dare say I may have committed all the sins I am going to speak of myself, but if I have, I am sorry for it, and after I have once seen them laid out in cold type, I am certain immediate reformation will be the result.

To begin with the average boarder who engages a room and a seat at the table in some private boarding house carries away with him the impression, as soon as the bargain is sealed, that he has hired that entire house from attic to cellar, and he proceeds to act upon that impression with promptitude. The idea that his own room is meant for anything except to go to bed in, at the very last moment, never seems to cross his mind. Neither does he ever dream that his society forced upon the unwilling people with whom he makes his home, can ever be otherwise than an unadulterated boon, something to be most grateful for. It never seems to come into the mind of the man who boards that people—even boarding house keepers—may possibly wish to enjoy a little family life, that they like to feel the evening, at least, is their own, to exchange ideas, talk on private matters, discuss family plans, and enjoy that privacy almost impossible during the day. What can be more utterly obnoxious than to have the society of strangers who have no more right in that same parlor than the boarding house keeper has to entertain her company in the boarder's home. It is an awkward position for the victim—the boarding mistress. It she be a lady, as frequently happens, the rules of good breeding prevent her from either locking her parlor door, placing a placard bearing the legend, "Private Parlor" on the outside of it, or requesting her boarders to sit in their own rooms. Hospitality has been one of the first lessons instilled into the mind from her earliest youth, and she would rather suffer untold inconvenience in silence, than do a rude thing; and so the boarders go on placidly from inch to ell. They bring their friends to their boarding house, to dinner or tea, and not satisfied with their receiving a cordial welcome at the table, they proceed to entertain them in the family parlor and thereby exclude the members of the household, from their private sitting room, because they must either endure the enforced society of someone they care nothing about, or abandon the territory altogether to the usurper and take sanctuary elsewhere. They usually choose the latter alternative.

Even when the boarder goes out to spend the evening he never considers it too late to intrude upon the family seclusion when he returns. It may be so late that he would not presume to enter any other house in town at that hour, but if the hapless people with whom he resides are up, that means he may force his unwelcome presence upon them; so he enters, serene in his own boundless self-esteem, and settles calmly down, in the very bosom of the family circle. Little does it matter to him that he is very likely interrupting some domestic tale a tale between people who cherished the presumptuous hope that they had an undisturbed evening before them, and that at least till bed-time, they could call the time their own. Even the profound and uncomfortable silence which descends upon the inmates like a pall fails to impress him with a sense of being de trop as "Tom Dossiter" would say—with the accent on the op, and he remains in serene possession of the field even after the rest of the household have retired.

Have I spoken too strongly, fellow boarders and boarderesses—if I may coin a word? Well, I think it is all true, and I could say much more. I have left out entirely the boarder who spills a bottle of ink on his new bed-room carpet, and quietly covers the place up with a mat, the other who breaks a piece out of his mirror, and sticks a card over the hole; and still the other, who breaks a piece of choice china in the drawing-room, gathers up the pieces, throws them away, and never says a word about it. I have also passed over with this-down lightness, the lady who wants to do her own washing in the bath tub, and the other who has a weakness for sitting by the kitchen stove, with her feet in the oven, while the mistress of the house is trying to bake pastry for dinner. I might speak of the old gentleman who insists upon having all the doors and windows tightly shut in the midst of summer, and who goes about shutting them surreptitiously, when he thinks himself unobserved. But no, on these points my lips are sealed, and I shall say no more, for the memory of the bottle of ink I spilled on the immaculate toilet-cover of my bureau the

other day rises up in judgment against me, and checks my eloquence in mid stream. Perhaps it is just as well; but still, if I have succeeded in making you think at all on this subject, I shall lay the flattering unction to my soul, that I have not lived altogether in vain. FIDALIS.

WOODSTOCK'S BAD BOY. He Visits Woodstock and Describes Some Leading Features. Pa and Ma was up to Woodstock last week, so they took me along too. You must allers be soshable to your connections Jimmy, sez she, and dont be too stuck up now your in the rooral deestricks, sez she, coz it aint genteel, and we used to be rooral ourselves. So, I tho't I would menshun a few of the leadin' features uv this town.

Woodstock is a sooberb uv Houltou and the leadin' sooberb uv Woodstock is Nooberg Junkshun. We only stopped at Nooberg Junkshun two hours, so acorse we hadn't time to take in all the attractshuns. When we was comin' back we stopped three hours more. I guess Nooberg is noted for bein' stopped at.

Woodstock is situated in the temperence zone on a side hill. It is a grate place for cows, fer a cow milked on a side-hill is like a tea-kettle, when you tip it up it will give more milk. It is chiefly noted fer bein' the residence of Peter Fisher, who was of sooperior extrackshun, bein' extracted in Fredericton. It has a populashun uv about 2000, mostly lokel preechers. It is bounden on the south by Connel's foundry, on the east by Bull's island, on the west by the Ballyvard, and on the north by Jim Simerson's post-offiss.

There is more religin in Woodstock, I guess, than enny place I ever seen. They all knows wot they knows, but nobuddy knows wot the other feller knows. Some is converted, some is reformed, some is renood, some is generated, some is holdin' fast, some is backslid, and some has a second blessin' conceled about thare person. Pa sez some uv 'em is anointed with the ile of gladness, wich is very popular in Woodstock, coz it pays no dooty.

The most respectal people in the town is the Piscopals, ma sez, wich is never convicted uv ennythin in particlar, and never backslides. Then comes the Methodists, wich would be very respectal, ma sez, if it wasn't fer hollerin'. Thare is sever' kinds uv Bapists, some havin' two blessins and some only one, and some bein' Hardshell, pure and simpl. Acorse when 'em uv 'em gets respectal enuff, they goes over to the Piscopals; but the Piscopals in Woodstock, ma sez, ain't quite so respectal as the Piscopals in Fredericton.

The leadin' industry uv Woodstock is pancakes, fer 'em pious eats oofal. The homely girl is all rite it she only knows how to fry 'em. Its chief exports was hay and oats and emm-grants; its leadin' imports was lawyers from Fredericton, and gospil pounders from the world at large. It keeps the Scot Act on hand in likwid form.

It has two newspapers, the Press, wich pitches into the Sentinel, and the Sentinel wich pitches into the Press. The editors uv wich is Brutler Holyoke and Bruther Watts, both uv wich has backslid numerus and varous. Bruther Watts is on the fence mostly, but he is a troo friend of Mr. Blare now. The poetry in his deth notices is soothin' to the corps to the last degree.

Woodstock is noted fer its horses. Swoppin' horses, pa sez, is the main intelctual persoot uv the town. A man wot don't own a horse in Woodstock is excluden from the leadin' circles uv sassiety. He is backslid and prayed fer in solemn tones. But every feller wot has a horse sez the anomel is worth more'n a thousand dollars, and the other feller's horse is no good, owin' to spavins and ringbones and spring holts and splinters and windfalls, and a breed wich was mongrel and dubrus.

The leadin' preecher in the town is a long man wich uses long words, and knows more about the Apossel Paul than Paul knowed himself. He owns a trotter too coz he sez, bein' in Woodstock, it is necessary to adjust hisself to his invinments, wotever that means, and bring hisself into harmuny with the eternal fitness ov things.

Woodstock is situated on the right-hand side of the St. John river and the left-hand side of the Meduxnekeg. It has a brillant future before it if it ain't burnt down.

So, I'm tired now, coz we come down by the Lingerin' Deth Express for Gibson. It's warin' on a feller's nerves to travel so rappid. Ma alers sez I got my powerful intellex from her and the least pa could do was to gimme a constistashun.

JIMMY SMITH. Fredericton, December 8.

The Newest Thing in Room Decoration. The very newest thing in the house decorative line, is Whangbee and Bamboo work, of which Manchester, Robertson & Allison have a large assortment. The Whangbee brackets are in every shape and form, and exceedingly pretty and delicate in appearance. They are rally strong, and the very things ladies all want to decorate. The Bamboo decoration has a charm all its own. Both it and the Whangbee must be seen to be thoroughly understood and appreciated. A visit to the second floor of Manchester, Robertson & Allison's will find them.

Oh, I know a maiden fair Who inflates the winter air With a wondrous wealth of melody a dozen times a day. She can whistle, she can sing, She can play on everything; On at least a dozen instruments I've heard this maiden play.

She can snap the light guitar, Till its notes are heard afar. She can plunk the giddy banjo till its tired in the face; She can raise a mighty din On the merry mandolin. She can pick the lightsome zither with precision and with grace.

The piano she can thump Till it makes the neighbors jump. While the j-waharp and harmonicas, they simply make her smile. When she tucks the viola Up beneath her dimpled chin, All the blackest kind of music she can polih off in style.

She can play the twangin' harp, Knows each little fat and slarp; She can play the great church organ so it sets your brain a-wahlin'. And this maiden, who is she? Whv, that's plain enough to see, She is nothing more than simply just the average Boston girl.

—Boston Courier.

PLANS FOR THE FUTURE. MR. H. G. KETCHUM TALKS OF THE SHIP RAILWAY.

Another Line of Steamers to St. John Running Over the Isthmus to Prince Edward Island—Pressure Excursions Planned for Next Summer.

Progress had the pleasure a few days ago of listening to Mr. H. G. C. Ketchum talk about the ship railway, and his plans for making it a success. Mr. Ketchum's enthusiasm is catching, and he talks of the railway and its future with an assuring confidence that must dispel any doubt in the minds of his audience.

He expects the railway to be opened next summer, and that the expected revolution in the course of navigation will begin at the outset. The change is expected to be gradual but certain. In order to make business at once, and show the advantage of such a railway, Mr. Ketchum talked of a line of daily steamers between St. John and Prince Edward Island, which he said would have to be run by the ship railway company. He also spoke of lines running from Pictou and other points along the Nova Scotia coast to this city, and showed that such a step would cause a complete revolution in the maritime province carriage business between these points. The steamers between St. John and P. E. Island would have to be swift enough to go up the bay with one tide, and return in the same way. The time between this city and the island would be much shorter than at present, and the cost certainly much less. He dwelt incidentally upon the great advantage such a line would be to the shippers on the island, because the steamers could have a reasonable through rate between their ports and Boston, and be under no charge as at present of transporting their freight across the city to the International steamers.

A natural objection is the floating ice in winter and spring about the head of the bay which would make it necessary to forego part of the trip for some months in winter. But on the Straits side navigation would only be closed about one month—a much shorter time than at present—and the steamers could connect directly with the Intercolonial railway while ice prevented navigation in the upper parts of the Bay.

Further than this Mr. Ketchum has an idea for next summer which should prove very popular. There is a good deal of curious interest all over the continent in the Ship railway and thousands would take advantage of a trip over it. Mr. Ketchum's idea is to run daily excursions from St. John and Halifax to Prince Edward Island. The tourist would go to the Ship railway by the Intercolonial and step upon a pleasure steamer which would be there in waiting for the passengers who would then enjoy the novel passage to the sea in a steamer on rails. The straits would be crossed in an hour or so and some time could be spent on the island before starting on the return trip. Music and other accessories would be provided to make the steamer trip as enjoyable as possible.

One of the Liveliest Spots in Town. The corner of King and Germain streets has been one of the liveliest spots in town during the last few years. In summer George Moffat furnished music all day long, with the assistance, occasionally, of the old man with the street piano; and in the evenings, it was a favorite spot for all the wandering minstrels, including the German bands, harpers and "organists." They may have selected that particular spot on account of the crowd that the stereopticon views used to attract, but they settled there all the same. The crowd seemed to go instinctively, and now that many of these have departed for the winter, there is still a great attraction that has made a greater impression on the people who congregate there than all the others put together. This is Oak Hall Clothing house, and the crowd still visit this establishment. It is recognized as the best place to buy ready-made clothing in the city; and by the fact that their custom department has been rushed with work during a season of the year when the majority of tailors were doing little or nothing speaks volumes.

A BOSTON GIRL WORTH LOVING. Oh, I know a maiden fair Who inflates the winter air With a wondrous wealth of melody a dozen times a day. She can whistle, she can sing, She can play on everything; On at least a dozen instruments I've heard this maiden play.

She can snap the light guitar, Till its notes are heard afar. She can plunk the giddy banjo till its tired in the face; She can raise a mighty din On the merry mandolin. She can pick the lightsome zither with precision and with grace.

The piano she can thump Till it makes the neighbors jump. While the j-waharp and harmonicas, they simply make her smile. When she tucks the viola Up beneath her dimpled chin, All the blackest kind of music she can polih off in style.

She can play the twangin' harp, Knows each little fat and slarp; She can play the great church organ so it sets your brain a-wahlin'. And this maiden, who is she? Whv, that's plain enough to see, She is nothing more than simply just the average Boston girl.

—Boston Courier.

Oh, the meeting In his hands Where His life And His ever And His never When we try There He ever And to listen Presence of Tender grace But far sweeter Of the Savio Angels in their There will sh And our ranso In all heaven's Of that life— Will be this— In the great —Celta An

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In the New and Larger Store. One of the most attractive stores on Union street, is that now occupied by Mme. Kane, in the Opera house building. The increased accommodation will enable Mme. Kane to show the ladies her stock with even greater effect than before. During the six years she has been doing business in St. John, her customers have become so numerous, as to make the change necessary.

Where it is Easy to Buy. Douglas McArthur comes to the front in a new line about this time of the year. The book and newspaper end of his business gives way, to a large extent, to a magnificent display of fancy goods, in plush and other attractive forms. His store is crowded all the time, and the genial proprietor manages to suit everybody and make them feel perfectly at ease.

Go and See Him. R. D. McArthur, of Medical Hall, Charlotte street, has an interesting announcement to make next week in his advertising space. In the meantime he has an elegant display of goods suitable for Christmas presents, at his store, which he is selling very low to cash customers.

What the Season Brings. Mr. C. E. L. Jarvis sends another calendar this week, one that leaves no doubt as to the object of its being issued. It is that of the Queen Insurance company, and the illustration of an engine and fireman dashing along to a fire is really good.

He Says it Cured Him. What Microbe Killer can do in the way of curing dyspepsia is graphically told by a St. John man, in the advertisement in another column. Read it.

A Prudent Man. When she opened the door she found a man on the steps whose lips were blue with cold, and before he had time to ask for cold clothes or a bite to eat exclaimed: "Why, you poor fellow! You are almost frozen!" "Yes, yes," he gasped. "The first thing to do is to come in and get warm."

Yes, but right here I would like to ask a question. Do you mean that I shall sit by a stove and absorb artificial heat, or will you place an axe in my hand and tell me to warm myself up by exercise? As he swung into the kitchen, it is probable that she had reference to an easy job. —Free Press.

The Beast! What do you base your application for divorce upon, madam?" asked Mr. Brier. "Cruelty," sobbed the woman. "He came h—home the other n—ight, and w—when I told him my c—c—cat was daddudead he l—l—laughed."

A bright family and cheerful home depends to a great extent on the cook and cooking, but for her to accomplish this she must have the best materials, and especially at this season of the year, such as apples, dried fruit, pure spices, cider, lard, mince meat, etc., etc., and the place to get them is at 32 Charlotte street, from J. S. Armstrong & Bro.

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HOEGG'S TOMATOES. THE FINEST BRAND IN THE MARKET. There are CHEAPER Brands, but these are acknowledged the BEST. ASK FOR THEM AT YOUR GROCER'S. NEXT WEEK WE WILL TELL YOU WHERE THEY CAN BE HAD WHOLESALE.

WM. J. FRASER. SNOWY, RAINY, CHILLY, WINDY WEATHER. WM. J. FRASER.

Can make you feel comfortable in all kinds of weather. Our Ulsters for snow; our Mackintoshes for rain; our Cape Overcoats for wind, and our Leather and Rubber-lined Ulsters for the coldest weather.

WM. J. FRASER. SKATES FREE For Boys who buy Goods from us. WM. J. FRASER. Only One Door above Royal Hotel.

COAL VASES, FIRE IRONS, NURSERY and FIRE GUARDS, ASH BARRELS and SIFTERS, STOVE BOARDS, Mica, and all sorts of Seasonable Goods. PRICES VERY LOW. EMERSON & FISHER, 75 to 79 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

P. S.—Special Cash Sale of Heating and Cook Stoves during December, to reduce Stock, previous to the New Year. Come early.

FOR HOUSEKEEPERS! PRESTOLINE! THE MOST EFFECTIVE POLISHER YET INTRODUCED. BRILLIANT POLISH! FREE FROM ACID OR GRIT! NO LABOR! JUST TRY IT ONCE on Brass Faucets, Copper Bells, Brass Signs, Fire Irons, Yonders, Cast-iron Stoves, Stair Rods, Door Hinges and Knobs, Gong Bells, Name Plates, Military Trappings, Harness and Collar Trimmings, Musical Instruments, Bicycles, Brass Furniture, and you will be surprised and more than satisfied with the result! A Liquid Polisher for all uses. Sample Cans, 15c. each. T. McAVITY & SONS, 13 and 15 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Warm Enough! That's what you can say if you have one of the ART COUNTESS Hall Stoves in your house; the NEW SILVER MOON is as good, all say that have them. They heat well; burn little coal, and look well. The nickel-plated trimmings make them an ornament to any house. COLES, PARSONS and SHARP have them always in Stock; all sizes. 90 Charlotte St.

Oh, the meeting In his hands Where His life And His ever And His never When we try There He ever And to listen Presence of Tender grace But far sweeter Of the Savio Angels in their There will sh And our ranso In all heaven's Of that life— Will be this— In the great —Celta An

TOES. ET. acknowledged. COOKERS. HAD WHOLESALE.

WM. J. FRASER.

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WM. J. FRASER.

AL VASES, RE IRONS, NURSERY and E GUARDS, I BARRELS and SIFTERS, VE BOARDS, ble Goods.

LLIAM STREET.

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PERS! LINE!

ET INTRODUCED. FROM ACID OR GRIT!

Copper Boilers, Brass Signs, Stair Rods, Door Hinges and Spings, Harness and Carriage Furniture, and you will see the result!

ple Cans, 15c. each.

T, ST. JOHN, N. B.

gh!

say if you COUNTLESS house; the is as good, They heat and look ted trim- ornament PARSONS always in harlotte St.

MEETING THE MASTER.

Oh, the meeting with the Master In his humble house below, Where His living words are spoken, And His saving mercies flow!

And we never fail to find Him When we truly seek Him there; There He ever waits to greet us, And to listen to our prayer.

Presence of our friends we welcome, Tender grasp of hands we prize, But far sweeter is the smiling Of the Saviour's gentle eyes.

Oh, the meeting with the Master In his royal courts above! Oh, the endless, boundless welcome Of his gracious Kingly love!

Angels in their spotless beauty There will share with us their joy, And our ransomed friends shall join us In all heaven's blest employ.

But the best, the crowning glory Of that life to you and me Will be this—that loving favor "In the great King's eyes we see."

—Celia M. Reynolds in the Watchman.

A RACE WITH A MOOSE.

The winter of 1882-83 was unusually severe in the region about Moosehead Lake, in the Maine woods. It was in the autumn of that year that a friend and myself had been advised by our physician to take three or four months' leave from college, and to endeavor, amid the balsam forests of northern Maine, to regain our health, which had been impaired by severe study.

George Benton and I had some knowledge of woodcraft, and were not unwilling to exchange the dry lectures and the damp east winds of Cambridge for the out-door sports of a winter in the woods.

During October we established a snug camp on one of the smaller streams that flow into Moosehead from the north. We had taken two men with us to prepare our camp, and had brought two boat-loads of provisions and equipments.

We spent the first month in building a warm log shanty, which we roofed securely with bark, and when, in its one room and upon its rough floor, we had put up our large wood-stove, when we had arranged our provisions on the shelves, and made some rough benches, tables and stools, we were quite satisfied with our home. One of our men was now sent back to civilization, leaving Jim Collins, a famous woodsman of that region, to act as guide, cook and man-of-all-work.

For the first month or two our larder was well supplied with game. George and I brought in large bags of ruffed and Canada grouse from the beech ridges, or varied the bill of fare with a brace of wood ducks from the river, and at one time George came upon a fine buck, and brought him down with a charge of shot.

In the middle of November the snow fell steadily, for several days, and when the sun shone once more, the snow lay four feet deep on a level in the woods. It seemed as if an arctic winter had suddenly settled down. It was bitterly cold, and all the streams were covered with ice; there seemed to be no life, no creature remaining in the woods. For more than a month there was no abatement of the cold. We got no game or fresh meat of any kind, and grew thoroughly tired of corned beef and salt pork.

A few days before Christmas George and I decided to make a great effort to procure a Christmas dinner. After a sufficient breakfast upon our tinned fare, we started out on our snow-shoes, George following the river down to a cedar swamp near by, hoping for a shot at a hare, while I climbed into the hills back of the shanty, thinking I might find a straggler, or possibly fall in with larger game.

There was a slight crust on the snow, and I walked along easily. After I had gone some distance, a grouse started out from a fallen tree-top, and sailed down into a ravine. I marked the spot carefully, and followed the bird. It had flown into a large, compactly growing clump of spruce trees in the deepest part of the ravine.

Descending to the thicket, I pushed the spruce branches quietly aside, and peered into the midst of the clump, where I expected to find the bird. There was no bird in sight, but I saw something which made my heart beat faster. In a little open space in the midst of the thicket, the snow had been beaten down as hard as any barn-yard.

Evidently I had come upon a place where the deer had been "yarding." I looked about, but no animal was in sight. Possibly, after eating at the moss and herbs to be found here, they had gone elsewhere. I stepped down into the "yard" to make a closer examination. As I did so a shrill snarl sounded from behind some low firs at one side of the open space, and in a moment a mouse stepped majestically into sight, shaking the snow from his shaggy shoulders.

We were both taken by surprise, and for an instant each stood still, staring at the other. The animal was a large bull moose, old and solitary; evidently he was half-starved, and the great bones showing clearly beneath the skin made him an unsightly object. The old fellow cut short my inspection by another snort, and, lowering his head, prepared to charge upon me.

Raising my shot-gun, I fired a charge of buckshot. The great beast came to his knees, and, as he fell, I fired the remaining barrel, which was loaded with bird shot.

At first I thought I had killed him, but as the smoke cleared away I saw the moose rise to his feet, and rush forward with all the fury of a mad bull. Fortunately, like a bull, he could not turn quickly. Leaping to one side, I escaped his rush, and, before he could recover himself, had jumped out of the yard upon the snow crust.

In my scramble I dropped the gun, and it lay below me on the hard snow. I had no time to stop to get it, for as soon as the moose could turn he sprang into the deep snow. There was no notion of flight expressed in those little eyes that gleamed at me so wickedly; half-starved, wounded and desperate, the animal meant mischief.

The correctness of the maxim, "nothing succeeds like success," is well exemplified in Ayer's Sarsaparilla. The most successful combinations of alteratives and tonics, it always succeeds in curing diseases of the blood, and hence its wonderful popularity.—Advt.

CARPET SWEEPERS.



THE LATEST OF THE BISSELL'S Solid ONLY BY US. All the latest improvements at various prices. Wholesale and Retail.

Manchester, Robertson, and Allison.

Now that we were out of the "yard," my snowshoes gave me a great advantage; I ran lightly on the crust, while the moose plunged deeply in with every leap. I had a start of about twenty yards, and could hear the brute grunting with rage as he plowed along behind me.

We kept on for several minutes, when, looking over my shoulder, I saw with dismay that the animal, in spite of my advantage, was gaining on me. He had settled down into an easy lope, which was taking him through the snow at terrible pace.

He would have overtaken me presently, but just before he was upon me I jumped behind a large spruce, and dodging around it, ran off again at right angles. In this way I gained about ten yards. If I had not been encumbered with snow-shoes, which were tightly bound upon my feet, I might have sprung into some small tree and escaped in that way. Again and again my pursuer gained on me, and I got out of the way just in time by dodging behind some trees.

The animal's wound was evidently having its effect, and he was not jumping with so much vigor; but this advantage was counterbalanced by the fact that I, too, was becoming winded. The unceasing and unusual effort of telling on me, and my breath was nearly gone.

The great brute's long upper lip was stretched out as if to seize me. What would I not have given for my shot-gun, or for a weapon of any kind! Unarmed as I was, I could have but little hope at close quarters against the broad horns and sharp hoofs of the moose. I was now running along a high ridge which, on one side, fell off in an almost perpendicular descent. The moose was not a dozen yards behind me; there were no trees within reach, and things were looking very alarming.

While I was thinking the matter over, approaching a crisis, a little red squirrel darted over the snow in front of me. Running to the edge of the ridge, the squirrel ran out on a spruce that hung over the precipice, and sitting up on his haunches, began to chatter and scold. The tree on which the squirrel took refuge, and which I had not noticed before, stretched in a nearly horizontal direction from the top of the ridge.

It flashed upon me that here was a means of escape. Without pausing to weigh the matter, but running out on the trunk, I flung myself as far as possible among the branches. The moose was close at my heels, and was able to stop just in time to save himself from falling headlong into the ravine. Standing on the edge, he pawed the snow and belched with rage.

I lay panting among the spruce branches until I had somewhat recovered my breath, and then looked about me. The tree in which I lay was, in its thickest part, about a foot in diameter. The wind had partially uprooted it, and as it fell into the ravine the top had lodged in the branches of another tree, thus supporting it in a horizontal position. The squirrel had retired in a panic to the most distant part of the tree, and I could hear him chattering excitedly.

I now felt comparatively safe. Taking off my snow-shoes, I hung them on a branch and proceeded to make myself as comfortable as possible. In spite of the mid-day sun it was bitterly cold, and I began to wonder how long it would be before the siege was raised.

The moose continued to paw the snow about the roots of the tree. To see me sitting there, not ten feet away, yet out of his reach, was becoming too great a tax upon his excited temper; and, going back a few yards, he made ready for a run and jump.

Seeing his intention I tried, but in vain, to scramble out of reach. On he came, antlers lowered and eyes flashing; but as he reached the tree his hoofs slipped from the rounded surface and his leap lost half its force. Yet as he plunged through the branches at my side, he came so near that one antler caught the sleeve of my leather hunting jacket and, ripping it off, made an ugly wound on my arm.

Down the animal crashed, full forty feet, to the bottom of the ravine. Pushing the branches aside I looked down. The great beast lay quite still.

It took me but a few moments to creep back to the roots of the spruce, put on my

The harsh, drastic purgatives, once deemed so indispensable, have given place to milder and more fully prepared laxatives; hence the great and growing demand for Ayer's Pile, Physic and Sarsaparilla. Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold everywhere. Beware of cheap imitations. Price, 25 cents per bottle. Sent by mail on receipt of price.

snowshoes, and, by a circuitous route, to reach the bottom of the ravine. The moose lay on his side, motionless; the fall had broken his neck.

I went back to the shanty, and found that Robert Bruce had no greater cause to thank his mouse spider than I this little rodent; and to this day I cherish a kindly feeling towards all red squirrels.—Youth's Companion.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

"A Free Tour Around the World." The absorbing topic of the day is the Home Fascinator Pub. Co.'s grand offer of a Free Tour Around the World to the person sending them the largest number of English words of not less than four letters constructed from letters contained in the sentence "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."

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CHRISTMAS PRESENTS!

BEFORE YOU BUY A CHRISTMAS PRESENT, CALL AT W. H. THORNE & CO.'S STORES.

And see for yourselves the wonderful collection of USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL GOODS.

"Forbe's" New Skate, "Acme" Skates, "Raymond's" Extension Skates, A lot of "Whelpley's" Old Style at 50c. pair.

A MAGNIFICENT ASSORTMENT OF Solid Silver and Electro-Plated Ware; SLEDS, CARTS, TOOL BOXES, JIG SAWS.

NEW PATENT MACHINES For Mincing Meat; for Stuffing Sausages; for Pitting Raisins; for Sharpening Knives; for Slicing and Coring Apples.

COOKING UTENSILS: SOUP DIGESTERS, VEGETABLE BOILERS, EGG BOILERS, FRY PANS. ALSO, LAMPS, CLOCKS, CARVERS, IVORY KNIVES.

—RADAM'S— MICROBE KILLER

was introduced into the Maritime Provinces only last July. The great reputation it had attained in the the United States and Upper Canada, where it had effected many miracu-

lous cures, assisted materially in introducing it here. Before it could be got in St. John there were many individuals who sent to New York for it. It has had a wonderful sale in the Lower Provinces, and its great reputation is entirely owing to the remedial qualities it contains, being such as to CURE ALL KNOWN DISEASES. The price is \$3.00 per wine gal.

All Orders addressed to C. H. PENDLETON, General Agent for N. B., N. S., and P. E. I., ADELAIDE ROAD, NORTH END, SAINT JOHN, N. B. AGENTS WANTED.

DEAR SIR,—A friend and myself got a jar of your "Microbe Killer" between us, and my share was in a bottle in the house. One night I had a bad attack of dyspepsia and my wife wanted me try the "Microbe Killer."

"Microbe Killer." I can fully recommend "Microbe Killer" to any one troubled with chronic dyspepsia.—Sincerely yours, GEORGE B. CHOWWELL.

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

You want to be earning something; you are thinking of business—what business? No matter, there is work enough to do if you can do it. A primer, which is sent free, will help you find out. SNELL'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, WINDSOR, N. S.

People often come in the Spring time saying: "How much can I learn in a few weeks? I am going West soon; can you fit me for such a situation? I might have been with you all winter, but did not think of it till now."

For these people, Spring is not the best time for entering the College. NOW is the best time. S. KERR, Principal, Oddfellows' Hall.

Ask to see the mammoth stock of Skates we are giving away to purchasers of Boots and Woollens, or you can buy them at the nominal prices of 15c. and 25c. for wood top, worth 32c. and 50c.; Solid Steel Skates for 65c. and 75c., worth \$1.00 and \$1.25. Our Spring Stock of Boots and Shoes will arrive January 1st, and in the interval we will give slaughter prices on the old stock to make room for the New. Don't be haphazard in asking for a special cut rate on Boots, Shoes, Cloths, and Clothing. We are determined to clear every old Boot and Shoe out of our store during the month of December, and if you don't get Bargains, it's because you will not come and ask for them. We have only space for a few pointers.

Women's Oil Proof Skating Boots for \$1.50, regular price \$2.00; Women's Oil Proof Skating Boots for \$2.25, regular price \$2.75; Women's Fine Dongola Button Boots, full lined, for \$1.50, worth \$2.00; Women's American Kid Button Boots, with heavy sole, \$1.25, regular price \$1.75; Men's Oil Proof Skating Boots, only \$1.25, regular price \$1.75; Men's Spring Heel and Common Sense Heavy School Boots, only \$1.10; Children's Spring Heel Button Boots, in grained leather, 50c.; Infants' Ankle Ties and Button Boots, 25c., 40c., and up; A large stock of Men's Boots in Balsamor, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.85 up; A large stock of Over-shoes, cheaper than the cheapest; A large stock of P. E. Island Woollen Tweeds and Yarns, which we are slaughtering, to clear for importations. Special Discounts for the Workman during the holiday season.

20th CENTURY STORE, Opposite Barnes & Murray, and near the Big Market. TRYON WOOLEN MFG. CO., Proprietors. J. A. REID, Manager. ESTABLISHED 1864. FIRE BRANCH.

CITIZENS' INSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA. Head Office, MONTREAL. FUNDS AVAILABLE for PROTECTION OF POLICY HOLDERS Exceed \$1,187,157.

The Glasgow and London Insurance Co. having reinsured its entire Canadian business in the Citizens, all policy holders are hereby notified that their policies will be exchanged without cost on application to us, and we will settle all claims accruing under policies now in force in the Glasgow and London.

MACDONALD & KNOWLTON, General Agents. 130 BAYARD'S BUILDINGS, Prince Wm. Street.

Academy of Art. STUDIO BUILDING: 74 GERMAIN ST. ST. JOHN, N. B. The aim of the school is to give pupils a good training in DRAWING AND PAINTING. Pupils can commence at any time—week, month, or by the year. PRINCIPAL—JOHN C. MILES, A.R.C.A. ASSISTANT—FRED H. C. MILES. Send for circular.

XMAS PRESENTS. A Fine assortment of Plush Goods, in Albums, Toilet Sets, Work Boxes, Jewel Boxes, Manicure Sets, Shaving Sets, etc. 50cts. a Week. F. A. JONES, : 34 Dock Street.

PROGRESS.

Subscriptions, \$1 a year, in advance; 50 cents for six months; 25 cents for three months; free by carrier or mail.

NET ADVERTISING RATES. One Inch, One Year, \$15 00; One Inch, Six Months, \$8 00; One Inch, Three Months, \$4 00; One Inch, One Month, \$2 00.

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

EDWARD S. CARTEL, Editor and Proprietor, Office: Masonic Building, Germain Street.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DEC. 13.

CIRCULATION, 9,000.

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

We will give our readers a feast of good and reasonable things in letter press next Saturday. Among the contributions will be a "Christmas Ghost Story" by Col. HUNTER DUVAL, and "Jerry's Christmas" by a young lady of this city.

THE BROKER. If there is one thing above another that modern trade conditions have brought forward and most completely developed it is the city broker.

Then the broker always knows so much. He can usually tell just about when, what, and how much of it to buy, and, sometimes, if his advice is not taken, he gets angry.

Great indeed is the broker. And it is so easy to be one, too. It only takes a rubber stamp and a post-office box—and, on a pinch, the latter can be done away with.

Mr. E. H. WILMOT, of Fredericton, is very indignant at the university students, and perhaps justly so. He is one of the oldest and richest graduates of the institution.

by the imprudent conduct of the students who could not refrain from playing Hallowe'en pranks upon Mr. WILMOT. Deeply incensed and irritated, this gentleman has written a characteristic letter to the college organ and the Fredericton press.

MEETINGS of the common council are held at the call of the mayor, and the first intimation some of the aldermen have of the meeting is a stereotyped notice to be present at such a date.

PEN AND PRESS. Mr. Belding, late of the Sun, was not allowed to go to Montreal without substantial remuneration from his office associates and his friends.

The Christmas number of the Dominion Illustrated is rather a disappointment to those who thought it was the thought that it would compare favorably with the holiday issues of the Star and Globe.

Another interesting publication—for farmers—is Secretary of Agriculture Lugin's Crop Bulletin for November. Mr. Lugin's notes is not chattering and encouraging as might be but that is not his fault.

NOUVELLES FRANCAISES. M. A. W. Masters, better known as "Capt." and the "Equitable Hunter," was calling upon his old friends this week, Progress among them.

Simple Question. Entre deux qui doit saluer le premier? Le mieux eleve.

Sur le Boulevard. Mon pauvre ami, excusez-moi, je ne savais rien. Et depuis quelle époque êtes-vous donc veuf?

Reponse immoblie. Il y a rien. Rien... c'est desolant.

Le comte repiqua: "Monsieur Dumas, je tiens note de votre refus d'unir nos travaux littéraires. Libre à vous de ne pas comprendre les vos intérêts, mais ne vous permettez plus à l'avenir de m'appeler un cheval."

Le reunion française aura lieu cette semaine chez Mlle. Kaye, 10 Rue Peel.

The Stay. "The best of all, God is with us."—John Wesley. I have one comfort, only one—That I have God to lean upon!

His guardian hands my steps attend, Though deeps arise, or floods descend; Though prisoned in the blank-wild night, Or walking darkly without light;

With this sure word I can control, The motions of my trembling soul: So, my firm purpose well endures, Amid a thousand weights and lures, To do, with constancy sincere, The will of Him who placed me here.

NEW Christmas Books, and Every Good of all kinds—lowest prices, at McArthur's Bookstore, 80 King Street.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Maud Cre was presented on Friday and Saturday evenings of last week. It is rather a weak drama of the usual Irish sensational style, and served as a medium to show the singing and dancing qualities of the company which in some instances are ahead of their acting abilities.

By-the-way I wonder if all Irish peasant girls go round generally with their dresses no lower than their knees. It is a pretty style from the male point of view, and would be a very popular one too if introduced generally.

The acting all round was inferior, the only good work in the piece being done in the third act, in the scene between Will Webster and his sister, at the end of which Walter Moberly makes his appearance.

The World occupied the Institute stage on Thursday and Friday nights, and will be produced at the matinee this afternoon and tonight.

The performance of this melo-drama was the best, taking it all round, that the Lyttel company has done since their season opened. The scenic effects were not up to the mark, the difference in the size of the steamer as she lay at the pier at Cape Town, and the appearance of her deck at sea being very marked, and there was a shifting sunset effect in the first act that was rather startling.

The acting was better on the whole than I have seen during this engagement, Mr. Edwards being very well suited to his part of the persecuted baronet. Mr. Murray, as usual, did the heavy villain, Mr. Lyttel repeated his former success as the Jew, and the other male members of the cast did their duty and doubled parts manfully.

PROSCENIUM. Preparing For Christmas. Many Christmas things, besides plum-cake and mince-meat, are made long before Christmas. We can speak positively for periodicals, some of which are in course of preparation all the year, and the number for 192 is actually entered upon before the number for '91 has been distributed.

Even the flowers that bloom on Christmas tables are gathered many days before the happy morning. Some of them are put away in layers between flannel in dark drawers, while others are placed in cold rooms or refrigerators. In this way it is made possible for the florists to supply a large part of the demand for flowers Christmas day.

We now require a million or two of young evergreens for Christmas-trees, and these, too, are cut and stored away in good time, the choppers often going into the woods soon after the first of November.

As for Christmas presents, they give employment to many important trades, the work upon which is continuous from the first of January to the last of December.

As for Christmas presents, they give employment to many important trades, the work upon which is continuous from the first of January to the last of December. Some knowing grandmothers and ingenious aunts to say nothing of uncles and grandfathers, are on the lookout all the year for Christmas surprises, which they hide away in unathomable recesses, sometimes forgotten by themselves.—Youths Companion.

POEM WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

The Cruise of the "Sarah Jane." And a right smart craft was she; The skipper his name was Whiskers; And a bad old man was he.

He dammed the sea, he dammed the shore, On cloudy days or clear; His hat was ancient, and his pants Came up beneath his ear.

For fifty years he'd dammed his luck And dammed the flies—and fleas; For fifty years those pants had borne The battle and the breeze.

The "hoses" shivered at his roar, And madly onward sprang; He dammed most everything that moved, But couldn't dam his tongue.

From Stupoke Lake to Pokok He plowed the stormy main, And swung the sweep along the deep Aboard the Sarah Jane.

And when no cargo came aboard Of hay, or beef, or lambs, He'd haul the sweep from stern to bow With miscellaneous damps.

The day was wending to its close, The wind was driving fast, The Sarah Jane flew like a bird Before the raging blast.

She went at such a tearing gait Before the roaring wind, That soon the horses on the tow Were treading fat behind.

In vain did Whiskers howl and swear, In vain he dammed the team, The horses soon fell off the bank And raced along mid-stream.

And still the Sarah swept along The current before and wide— The horses now gave up the ghost And floated in the tide.

Still fast and faster flew the Jane, Like comet o'er the blue, And yet the louder Whiskers roared The faster yet she flew.

He dammed the wind, he dammed the flood, He dammed the Sarah Jane, He dammed the mast and dammed the team, And dammed his luck again.

O sirs, it was an awsome sight To see that flying craft, As Whiskers raked her with his oaths Broadside and fore and aft.

His hair and beard in tatters flew, His pants were split in twain, His knees were smitten in the grasp Of that fierce hurricane.

Not until now did Whiskers' eye Towards the tiller turn, When lo! there stood a gruesome shape Betwixt him and the stern.

It had two horns, it had a tail, Its eyes were fire-brands, It had a fierce and mocking smile, And a belows in its hands.

From out that bellows fast and free There came so strong a gale As never smote the sea before, Or bellied out a sail.

O! never, since he swung the sweep, Had Whiskers quailed before, O! never had such fearsome form Been seen on sea or shore.

"What are you, fend and whither bound?" Cried Whiskers, as they flew, "You're bound for hell," the fend replied, "And fifty years o'erdue!"

At that bold Whiskers shrieked with fear, And leaped into the tide— And rose to find it but a dream— "Thanks be to heaven," he cried.

And yet doth Whiskers ply the sweep, Upon sailing morn and eve, And yet he stands upon the poop Aboard the Sarah Jane.

But now, as pass the sunny days, Instead of dreadful damps, He times the swinging of his sweep To Hardshell Baptist psalms.

—BLDAD.

Fancy Goods, Christmas Cards, Booklets, and all New Goods, at lowest prices.—McArthur's Bookstore, 80 King Street.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Practices and rehearsals are still in order, but there is very little else going on to record. Everyone seems too busy getting their Christmas work off, to give anything very startling in the musical line.

The choir of Trinity is rehearsing a new anthem by Wm. T. Best, White Shepherds Watched. I think I have already given the anthem at St. John's.

No. 1, an afraid I would take too large salaries to induce good musicians to stay here, who have been accustomed to hearing everything that is going on in a big city, and we would not want second class ones.

By the Boston Times I see that Agnes Huntington has made a decided hit in Paul Jones, opera in music by Piquette, which is being played in the Hollis street theatre.

There is a charming selection played between the first and second acts in The Swallow, at the Lyttelton, entitled "The Seaman's Serenade," by H. E. Barney.

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8th, entitled "The Bands of America." It takes in professional bands, semi-professional bands, government bands, amateur bands, their constitution and occupation.

I had such a funny letter from Mr. Neville, the violinist, regarding the comments made on his recital. He says: "Do you know that Bach should never be left out in an article on any concert or recital, when his name figures as a composer?"

Also, Wieniawski, the famous Russian composer, these were my best efforts they escaped your memory. Having had the honor of playing the Romanza in G for a pupil of Joachim, (a favorite one) the time and rhythm ought to be correct.

In regard to Zephorino you should know that separate pieces are all of the first technical rank, and was the most difficult piece played. You kindly neglected to state that the technical recital was with unusual favor.

What an army of absolutely perfect players we should see if all adopted the excellent program plan, "I played before a pupil of so and so," whose reputation, but not assumed, is unquestioned, therefore my ability as a performer is beyond dispute.

As it happens I have heard the great Joachim play the piece with precision to violin playing that I have seen turn his head from the instrument. I always thought that precision to violin playing the violin, and not shrink from it. Another peculiarity was the spasmodic jerk of the body when any difficult passage was attempted.

Where All is New and Bright. One of the new stores that is attracting the attention of Christmas buyers, is that of the American Novelty Company, at the head of King street.

How They Do Business. MLLTOWN, ST. STEPHEN, N. B., President of the Home Life Assurance Society of New York.

Dear Sir— Accept my sincere thanks for your check of (\$5,000) five thousand dollars, which was handed to me today by your agent, Mr. Alex. Machin.

Yours very truly, (Sgd) ELIZA R. MANN.

Children's Trays, Brass and Copper Granite and

Which we are of SHEBRATON & S Telephone No. 333.

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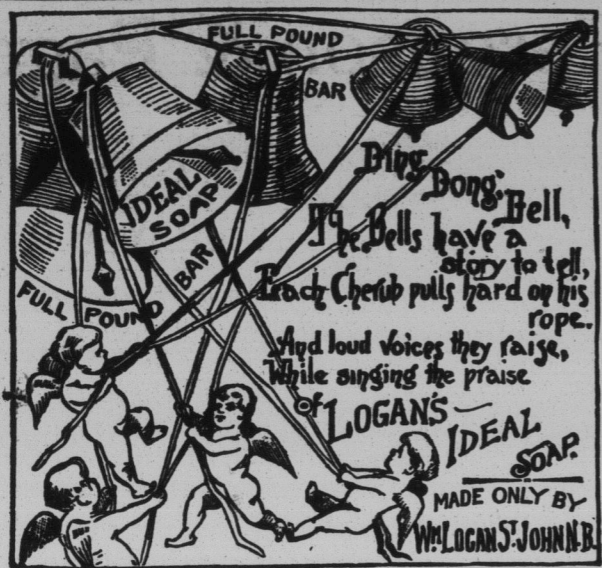
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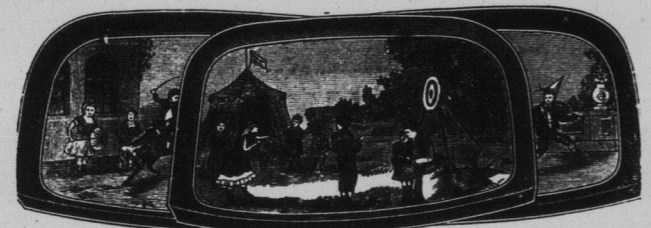
CLARK 60 P Kindly remember We have a FANCY

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BOSTON BROWN BREAD.—Two pints of Brown Bread Flour, 1 cup of molasses, 3/4 cup sour milk, 1 1/2 teaspoons soda, 1 1/2 pints cold water; put on stove over cold water, gradually bring to boil; steam for four hours and place in the oven to brown over. All steam cooked breads are the better for the above method of steaming. Add a little corn meal if wanted.

1890. CHRISTMAS. 1890.



Children's Trays, Brass and Copper Tea Kettles, Granite and Agate Tea Pots, Cake Coolers, Keystone Whisks, Germain Cake Cutters, Butter Squirts, Electric Call Bells.

Which we are offering at our usual LOW PRICES—the lowest in the market.

SHERATON & SELFRIDGE, 38 KING STREET. Telephone No. 358.

CLARKE, KERR & THORNE, 60 Prince William Street.

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

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

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT!

CLOSING OF Turner & Finlay's DRY GOODS ESTABLISHMENT, No. 12 KING STREET,

Owing to the continued ill-health of our Mr. Turner.

A STATEMENT.

We have been asked by many people if we were ACTUALLY GOING OUT OF BUSINESS IN ST. JOHN. If, after our sale, we would open again or "move to other quarters," etc? If our sale was bona-fide? If it was a "take" or sensational manner of getting up a sale, as is the practice of some other dry goods firms.

ONCE FOR ALL, we hereby state that we are going out of business in St. John. We will not remove to any other building or continue business here. Such tremendous reductions in prices have been made in our Dress Goods, Flannels, Cloths, Cottons, Laces, Underclothing, Fur-lined Mantles, Boys' Clothing, Cape Overcoats, Kid Gloves, Prints, Real Laces, Hosiery, Gloves, Silk Handkerchiefs, Ribbons, Ladies' Rubber Mantles—in fact all and every department of goods as will close out every class we have, and you all know that no better goods were ever put on sale in St. John.

ONE of the most gratifying things to us about this Great Clearance Sale is the manner in which the people are endorsing it. We see that they are taking our statements at par. It is not so much that they believe their own eyes when they see the offerings, but their quick responses exhibit a confidence of which we are proud.

SANTA CLAUS HAS JUST ARRIVED, AND WILL MAKE HIS APPEARANCE AT KERR'S, 70 King Street, TODAY. He has brought with him many new Novelties, and will be surrounded with hosts of sweet things. DELICIOUS SWEETENED POP CORN, PHILADELPHIA CARMELS, FANCY SUGAR TOYS, FINE CHOCOLATE THRODS, CREAM AND ALMOND CARMELS, BARLEY SUGAR TOYS. OUR SPECIAL 5lb. CHRISTMAS BOX, \$1.00—JUST FINE. And by all means don't forget to get a lb. of our DELICIOUS CREAM CHIPS, 20 CENTS.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK IN NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

And the Happenings in Social Circles of Fredericton, Moncton, Woodstock, Dorchester, St. Stephen, Sussex, Amherst, Chatham, Etc. The Misses Fowles, of Fredericton, who have been visiting Mrs. Robinson, Broad street, returned home this week. Mr. Fred H. Tippet has returned to the city from Montreal. Mrs. T. B. Millidge has gone to Moncton to spend the winter. Capt. Sears returned this week from a visit to Toronto. He will join his regiment in Ireland the first of next month. I understand the residence on Orange street, owned by Mr. Donald McKenzie, and at present occupied by Miss Wheeler, has been purchased by Mr. J. Chubb. Rev. J. M. Davenport will lecture at the 4 o'clock service in Trinity church tomorrow afternoon. This will be the first time since coming to St. John that Mr. Davenport has occupied the pulpit in this church. Mr. T. S. DeBrisay, of Bathurst, spent a few days in St. John this week, the guest of Mr. C. A. MacDonald, King street.

Sir Leonard and Lady Tilley returned home the first of the week from a few weeks visit to Toronto. Miss Sarah Nicholson spent this week in Amherst, the guest of Mrs. Henry Ketchum. Mr. A. P. Tippet left on Thursday last for Liverpool, England, to visit his brother there. He will also take a trip to the Mediterranean before his return home. Miss Katie Bayard has so far recovered from her late severe illness that she is spending this week at Gen. Warner's, Mt. Pleasant. The friends of Miss F. Murray will be sorry to hear that the lost purse advertised for in this week's papers was her property, and contained upwards of \$50, and has not been recovered so far. Mr. J. Shatford, Hubbard's Cove, spent this week in the city, the guest of his son, Mr. J. D. Shatford, Sydney street.

FREDERICTON.

The news of Mrs. George S. Miller's death was a rude shock to all of her friends and they are legion. There was not one of them I am sure but counted it a sad hour when they learned that the bright and vivacious woman had gone so early to her rest. For the past year and a half Mrs. Miller has been absent from New Brunswick, the guest, sometimes of her uncle in New York city and her brother, Elmer. Her visit home—as she still termed New Brunswick—was looked forward to eagerly by her and her friends. I chanced to be a passenger by the same train that brought her on her journey east some home some weeks ago, and even now I can picture her manifest delight in anticipation of meeting her friends. Her home was a surprise to her mother and sister who thought expecting her did not know when she would arrive. Two days after her arrival she was taken ill and died Tuesday, the very day after she was expected to return to Elmer. Her short life was one of checked joy and sadness, even in her dark days of sorrow she never lost her admirer her unfailing cheerfulness and at other times these were infected by her catchy brightness.

ST. JOHN—WEST END.

Mr. Rich, of California, who has been visiting at Mr. Andre Cushing's, on Lancaster Heights, left for home last week. Rev. John A. Clark, accompanied by his little son, Percy, left last week for Vermont, New Hampshire, to take charge of the Methodist church there during the winter months. Mrs. Frank Steison has returned from her visit to New York. Mrs. James Hunter, of Fredericton, is spending a few days with Mrs. T. Sims, on Prince street. On Friday evening Mrs. John F. Ellis gave a very enjoyable party for her daughter, Miss Annie Ellis. A large number were present, who indulged in dancing until a late hour. Mrs. Walter Allan's children are quite ill with the chicken-pox. Indeed, this disease seems to be quite prevalent at the West End, for I hear that Miss Mabel Olive is also confined to the house with it. Mr. Arthur Clark has returned from his trip to Yarmouth, N. S. Mr. E. G. Dunn, of Lancaster Heights, who has been in Boston for some weeks, is expected to return home on Saturday. Miss Laura Peters is still in Boston, visiting her friend, Mr. Knudick. On Wednesday evening the Kingsville band gave a very fine concert in St. Rose's hall, Fairville; the proceeds to be donated to the sufferers on the South Bay explosion. Mrs. Gregory, who injured herself so severely some weeks ago, is improving.

ST. JOHN—NORTH END.

The Armstrongs held series of assemblies opened at Temple's hall, on Friday evening, with a grand ball. The assemblies are always looked forward to with pleasure by a number of our young people. The committee of which T. E. G. Armstrong is chairman, and J. Walter Holly, secretary, are to be congratulated for the manner in which everything was conducted; everyone thoroughly enjoying themselves. Dancing commenced at 8 p.m., and broke up at 1.30 a.m. There was an intermission at 12 a.m., when refreshments were passed around. The programme consisted of fifteen dances, but several extras were called. The party was kindly and ably championed by Mr. Charles Miller and Mrs. Geo. Y. Davis. Some of the guests and costumes were as follows: Mrs. E. Robertson, pale pink silk, silver fringe; Miss B. Shaw, cream dress, trimmings, delicate pink; Miss J. Travis, white cashmere; Miss A. Murray, black lace, orange trimmings; Miss C. Holly, pink satin, black velvet, white lace; Miss G. Holly, pale blue silk and black lace; Miss N. Holly, dainty blue satin; Miss A. Armstrong, silk green bengaline; Miss M. Shaw, black satin and lace with blue trimmings; Miss T. Shaw, cream figured bengaline, copper colored ribbons; Miss Fleming, white and red striped bengaline; Miss B. Peters, of Hampton, white china silk; Miss Buddock, pale blue bengaline; Miss J. Tapley, red satin, striped over-dress; Miss M. Tapley, white satin, gold fringe;

DORCHESTER.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Dorchester at George M. Fairweather's store.] Dec. 10.—Did anyone ever see such very remarkable weather? It is like the old Mark Twain story of a day in London. Within twenty-four hours, last week, the mercury climbed fifty-six degrees, only to fall from its dizzy height in a little more than a day, and it has been keeping a more even since. I have heard of an unusual method of forecasting a storm, which your readers may find useful in this uncertain season. To dream of a ponderous whale Erect on the tip of his tail. Is the sign of a storm. If the weather be warm, Unless it should happen to fall. I think Wiggins must have used this way of prognostication. By the way, where is that prophet of famous memory? He seems to have followed me lately.

Miss Ferguson, black lace, scarlet trimmings; Mrs. R. Wacey, olive green satin, long train; Miss Butler, black lace, pink trimmings; Miss Mary Tapley, blue satin, white lace over-dress; Miss A. Tapley, pink, with spotted muslin over-dress; Miss A. Farmer, black lace, yellow trimmings; Miss Gregory, black fish net, trimmings scarlet; Miss F. Butler, white lace, yellow trimmings; Miss F. F. Butler, white lace and ribbon; Miss Barker, heliotrope corded silk, white feathers; Miss Peters, blue silk, white lace over-dress; Miss J. Peters, rose colored, china silk; Miss Baxter, green bengaline and brocade; Miss Bell, blue dress, trimmed with black ostrich feathers; Miss Scivers, of Brooklyn, black fish-net, blue trimmings. The graduians invited were Messrs. Holly, Armstrong, Knibb, Faine, Dr. Addy, F. Peters, McDonald, Tapley, Wisley, McNeill, Fleming, Nease, Eagles, Knowlton, Dr. Maher, McLellan, Merritt, Farmer, Page, Hobson, Robertson, Miller, Fraser, Dunbrack, Courtney, Barnes, McParlane, Harbour Morris-on, Travis, Linton, Ferguson, Sullivan, Peters, Rowan and many others. Over two hundred invitations were issued. The next reunion takes place Dec. 19th, when even a larger number may possibly be present. Mrs. Hillyard celebrated her birthday on Monday last. In the evening a family reunion took place at home. Miss Bertha Chesley goes shortly to take a position as nurse in the city hospital. Miss Chesley is a popular young lady. Miss Marie de Bury is attending the Sacred Heart Convent.

The news of Mrs. George S. Miller's death was a rude shock to all of her friends and they are legion. There was not one of them I am sure but counted it a sad hour when they learned that the bright and vivacious woman had gone so early to her rest. For the past year and a half Mrs. Miller has been absent from New Brunswick, the guest, sometimes of her uncle in New York city and her brother, Elmer. Her visit home—as she still termed New Brunswick—was looked forward to eagerly by her and her friends. I chanced to be a passenger by the same train that brought her on her journey east some home some weeks ago, and even now I can picture her manifest delight in anticipation of meeting her friends. Her home was a surprise to her mother and sister who thought expecting her did not know when she would arrive. Two days after her arrival she was taken ill and died Tuesday, the very day after she was expected to return to Elmer. Her short life was one of checked joy and sadness, even in her dark days of sorrow she never lost her admirer her unfailing cheerfulness and at other times these were infected by her catchy brightness.

Dec. 10.—The only excitement for this week was held in the church last evening and this evening. This has been a splendid success in every particular. On entering the hall one's first impression was that they had suddenly been transplanted to some Oriental city. Gaily decked booths greeted the eye on every side, containing all sorts of tempting wares and presided over by beautiful young ladies in unique and charming costumes. On the right, as you went in, was a zippy tent, with tripod, fire and candle on front of the door, here fortunes and soap were dispensed. Mrs. George Allen making an admirable fortune teller, while Miss Barnard, Miss Ida Allen and Bessie Babbitt made charming Romney maids. Their costumes were rich and handsome; they also sold tinware. On the opposite side was a Japanese booth in charge of Mrs. T. C. Allen, Mrs. Hacy, Messrs. Wetmore and Hainford. These ladies all looked well in the costume of Yum Yum. Next came the lavender booth, where the ladies were Miss Beauford, and Miss Sherman. The costumes of these young ladies were lavender and black; opposite this was the yellow booth: ice cream and luncheon. Beautiful attendants in yellow and lavender presided over this, viz: Miss Bailey, Miss Beauford, and Miss Whitley. The fancy goods booth was pink, in charge of Misses Bella Wetmore, Lelia Botsford, and Mira Sherman. The costumes of these young ladies were lavender and black; opposite this was the yellow booth: ice cream and luncheon. Beautiful attendants in yellow and lavender presided over this, viz: Miss Bailey, Miss Beauford, and Miss Whitley. The fancy goods booth was pink, in charge of Misses Bella Wetmore, Lelia Botsford, and Mira Sherman. The costumes of these young ladies were lavender and black; opposite this was the yellow booth: ice cream and luncheon. Beautiful attendants in yellow and lavender presided over this, viz: Miss Bailey, Miss Beauford, and Miss Whitley. 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LITERARY NOTES.

When and Where to Write. I saw in the Writer for this month, a quotation from some author of renown, advising all others who would occupy the same proud position "never to write until they felt ready to burst." This may be excellent advice for some over-bold young souls. There are those who are too ready to "hang their verses in the wind," forgetful of the fact that they are already composed largely of that element, but it cannot apply to all.

How about the birds of old? Did not many of them write, not purely from an impelling sense of something noble to be said, but because of a keen and bitter consciousness that the wolf was at the door and must be kept at bay by the point of the pen? Milton, Jonson, and hosts of others, whose names are household words, wrote in want and distress, to gain not a s'one, but bread, and I fancy, never thinking whether they had reached the proper state of bottled up enthusiasm or no. Longfellow writes of these:

Whet through long days of labor And nights devoid of ease Produced the songs that linger in our hearts, and he must have known whereof he spoke. If these are the greater lights, what are we to say of the lesser? How can we spare those fugitive lines in newspaper and magazine, so often full of strength and beauty, though, perhaps, destined to be soon forgotten. We surely need them everyone, if they may, but for a moment, lighten the burden we all must carry—

From the rising of the moon To the just now. Our dogmatic authority should remember that no rule can have an universal application. So far from feeling "ready to burst," many toilers of the pen are dependent on an absurd degree upon some trifling outward circumstance for inspiration. A friend of mine who writes a good deal—and might do much more were he more eager to scale the heights—placed his confidence in a certain ink-tined tired-looking board. He has told me he can never do really good work unless writing upon that board. It has been his cherished companion for years, and when stress of circumstances compels their separation his mere return to be wooed, and he is as naught. My own very low-and-far-between efforts would be even more feeble than they are if I tried to write in any spot other than a little attic room where everything seems to have grown up with me. The window looks out upon the sunset and upon a great spruce tree that seems to me much more sympathetic than many a human friend. When everything is wrong, and the times are out of joint it murmurs softly, "Don't be silly! Why not take a stroll and storm alike serenely as I do? It will all be the same a hundred years hence." Yes, let those who can, rise superior to their surroundings, but give me my accustomed spot, far from the madding crowd—and my tree.

But let us return to our sheep and advise those timid young spirits who would write the message they feel in their hearts to strike boldly out into the sea of literature, not waiting for a very uncomfortable moment that may never come.

One of "Bob" Burdette's GEMS. I turn over the leaves of an old notebook, the pages of which I filled half a score of years ago. On one page I find this note:

"My books are all wrinkled and filled with crumbs of paper and smoke leaves, with here and there a forgotten forest leaf clinging to the printed one. Ah, well, sometime I may kiss the wrinkled pages of my choicest book while I think of the dear, white hands that laid the maple leaves in history or lexicon, and thank God that the page is wrinkled and the engraving discolored." And now, whenever I turn to that page in the notebook, you know, my boy, how glad I am that I wrote about the leaves as I did? There was no shadow of fear or dread over my little home, then. There was no reason why I should feel so tenderly toward the leaves and stems that stained and wrinkled my books, and ever kept me from using them a week at a time, was there? Ah, indeed there was! Indeed there was! Because love is better than books, my boy. Because your books, my son, though you crowd and smudge, measure of the world upon your shelves, can never creep into your heart as your wife will some day, when you find the girl whom the gods have created shall crown your home. Because we should always hold the hearts that love us nearer to us than the petty annoyances and little ills of this life. Because the quick, hasty word you speak in ill temper or ungentleness today, my boy, leaves a sting in your heart to rankle half a century away. Because today, if I could, I would burn up every book there is in all this world just to feel the little hands that laid those leaves in the pages, where I said they must not go, and clasp themselves about my neck for one hour. Hold your tongue and your pen, my boy. Every time you are tempted to say an ungentle word, or write an unkind word, or say a mean, ungracious thing about anybody, just stop. Look ahead twenty-five years, and think how it may come back to you then!

Sensational Preachers.

The Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby entertains a poor opinion of sensational preachers. He says: "There are some who in their efforts to spread the Gospel use every device and every trick to attract their work. Some people say of such persons: 'Oh, yes, their methods are objectionable, but just as what good they do. Look at the big congregations they have and the many converts they make.' That may be true, but that does not make the so-called sensational preachers above blame. God may choose to do good through them, but that does not justify their methods. The Lord may speak by means of Balaam's ass. Then look at the bad effect such men have on those outside the fold of the church. Christ's whole cause is brought into disrepute in the eyes of the non-religious."

Go and do likewise. If your whiskers are grizzly and unbecoming use Buckingham's Dye and they will look as when you were younger—Adel.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

[FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS SEE FIFTH AND SEVENTH PAGES.]

MONCTON.

[Progress is for sale in Moncton at the book-stores of W. W. Black and W. H. Murray, Main street.]

Dec. 10.—Social matters are undeniably looking up. Many of our wandering lambs have returned from the distant pastures which looked so dreary when seen through the haze of the winter mists, but which, perchance contained no wrecker's hand, or more insidious springs than that same paddock spread forth to the appreciative eyes of wanderers from other climes. The fact is, "they all come gaudy in," now that Christmas is so near.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Harris returned on Saturday from their visit to Philadelphia, having enjoyed their trip thoroughly.

Indeed last Saturday witnessed a regular meeting of the returning squarons.

Mrs. Thomas F. Williams returned from her long visit to Washington, Philadelphia and Baltimore, looking all the better for her long pleasure trip.

Mrs. Helen M. Jones, who has spent the last six weeks at the Royal military school at Fredericton, has returned to Moncton last week, prepared to meet the youth of Moncton as to the best methods of doing likewise.

Mr. H. C. Hastings, who has spent the last six weeks at the Royal military school at Fredericton, has returned to Moncton last week, prepared to meet the youth of Moncton as to the best methods of doing likewise.

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ST. STEPHEN.

[Progress is for sale in St. Stephen at the book-stores of C. H. Smith & Co., and G. S. Wall and H. M. Webber.]

ST. STEPHEN.

Dec. 11.—There is really nothing of interest to write. St. Stephen seems to grow drier every day. It is not for the wheat club, the younger portion of our society people would pine for amusements.

The whist club met last evening at Hathorne hall, Stevens as hostess, and her efforts to make the last meeting of the whist club for 1890 pleasant, were most successful, and will long be remembered, for at no previous meeting have the guests enjoyed themselves so much. The prizes were hotly contested, but at the last, two ladies, Mrs. Cameron and Miss Cora Alcar, were declared the fortunate winners, while Mrs. Walter Inches, and Mrs. Wilson Broad were pleased to accept the "loony" prize. The next meeting of the club will be on the first Tuesday evening in the next year.

Mrs. Henry Todd, accompanied by Miss Margaret Todd, are spending a few days in St. John. Mr. Benjamin Hanson and Mrs. Hamilton of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, were registered at the Queen hotel this week.

Mr. Marks Mill, who has spent the last six months in New-Bundall, arrived here yesterday and will remain during the winter. His many friends gladly welcome him back.

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Mme. KANE, Will hold a CHEAP SALE OF BONNETS from now until Xmas at New Store.

My many customers will be pleased to know that I have made big reductions on all my goods.

THE NEW STORE, OPERA HOUSE BLOCK, UNION STREET.

ARE NOT A PAINFUL AFFECTION. They are a BRONCHITIS, TOXIC and RECONSTRUCTION, as they cure all pulmonary troubles, especially those which the Blood, curing all diseases coming from POOR and WASTED BLOOD, or from VITIALIZED HUMORS in the Blood, and also invigorate and BUILD UP the BLOOD and SYSTEM, when broken down by overwork, mental worry, disease, excess and indiscretion. They restore LOST VIGOR and restore all WEAKNESSES and SUPPRESSIONS.

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE.

EVERY MAN should take them. They cure all physical weaknesses, such as indigestion, nervousness, and all ailments of the stomach and bowels. They will cure the results of youthful bad habits, and strengthen the system.

EVERY WOMAN should take them. They cure all ailments of the female system, such as irregularities, and all ailments of the reproductive system.

YOUNG MEN should take them. They cure all ailments of the male system, such as weakness, and all ailments of the reproductive system.

YOUNG WOMEN should take them. They cure all ailments of the female system, such as weakness, and all ailments of the reproductive system.

For sale by all druggists, or will be sent upon receipt of price (50c. per box), by addressing THE DR. WILLIAMS' MED. CO., Brockville, Ont.

THE OBJECT of this ADVERTISEMENT is to IMPRESS ON YOUR mind the FACT that Estey's Cod Liver Oil Cream!

is the best Medicine you can take, if you are troubled with a Cough or Cold. For Whooping Cough, it is almost an infallible remedy. It is pleasant as milk, and for Consumption, the Best Medicine, Westing Diseases. It is far more efficacious than the plain Cod Liver Oil.

A. & J. HAY.

is PREPARED ONLY BY E. M. ESTEY, Pharmacist.

A CASE FULL OF CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

For your friends. Watches, Rings, Charms, Necklaces; English solid silver goods, in leather cases; White Onyx Clocks, and all kinds of Jewelry,

A. & J. HAY, 76 KING STREET.

Ladies' and Gents' FINE WIGS, at the AMERICAN HAIR STORE, CHARLOTTE STREET. Up one flight.



GENERAL CLEARANCE SALE!

MRS. L. B. CARROLL Intends selling her entire stock of WINTER MILLINERY, at the purpose relating to United States, after the spring season. Ladies desiring to purchase at a special sale of this stock will call early. Special sale of this stock will be on Thursday and Friday, 149 Union Street, and 123 Main Street, Inlandtown.

Ferguson & Page

ARE RIGHT TO THE FRONT WITH THEIR FINE ASSORTMENT OF Holiday Goods

Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Clocks, Silver Ware, Canes, Spectacles, Opera Glasses,

And everything pertaining to the legal Jewelry business

If we have not the article in Jewelry to suit you, we are in a position to manufacture it for you.

43 King Street.

LOOKING FOR SOMETHING FOR XMAS.

What shall I give my wife, mother, sister, aunt? Oh! what shall I do? Do? Go to

C. E. REYNOLDS'

101 CHARLOTTE STREET, AND GET A NICE PIECE OF FURNITURE.

It will be appreciated more than anything else.

Reynolds has a variety to choose from, and can make any special article wanted in the Furniture line.

Ask for them. Ask for what? Granby Rubbers. Why? Because they are the best. They fit well. They wear like iron. Everybody wears them.

Ask for them. Ask for what? Granby Rubbers. Why? Because they are the best. They fit well. They wear like iron. Everybody wears them.

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GORBELL'S ART STORE,

REMOVED TO THE NEW STORE. OPERA HOUSE BLOCK, 207 UNION STREET. Clearing Out Sale in order to display Xmas Goods.

Be Thou Dry. "CANDEE" Sugar Refining Co.

Rubber BOOTS WITH DOUBLE THICK BALL. CANDEE RUBBER BOOTS GIVE DOUBLE WEAR ON THE BALL. GREATEST IMPROVEMENT EVER MADE IN RUBBER BOOTS. TWO YEARS TEST.



Redpath Golden Syrup. We are now putting up, expressly for family use, the finest quality of PURE SUGAR SYRUP in 2 lb. cans with moveable top. For Sale by all Grocers.

CRINKLED TISSUE PAPERS.

These Papers are put up in Rolls of 20 1/2 inches wide, and 10 feet in length. Nothing has ever been produced which affords such satisfactory results for Paper Work as the CRINKLED TISSUE PAPER.

FOR SALE BY J. & A. McMILLAN, BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONERS, 98 and 100 PRINCE WM. STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

NOTICE TO FARMERS.

THE UNDERSIGNED, who intends proceeding to England as Special Emigration Agent, on behalf of the New Brunswick Government, to the advantage of the Province before English farmers who may purpose emigrating, will receive applications until Dec. 30th, from Owners of Farms who may want to sell.

W. ALEX. Grocer and Family trade

LARGEST STOCK, BEHOLDING CHEAPEST ALL-ROUND Grocer Union and Water Street

BONNELL'S Wholesale and Retail

Fine Groceries AND FLOUR Teas and Sugars 200 UNION STREET, BONNELL'S EXT.

R. & F. S. 12 & 16 SYDNEY

Flour and OATS, FEED, BREAD, CHOICE FAMILIES AND PROVISIONS

OYSTERS!

1,500 BBL. of OYSTERS No. 19 North Street

FANCY

Dressing Cases, Men's Suits, Work Boxes, Odor Buses, Collar & Cuff Boxes.

THOMAS A. 162 PRINCESS STREET

PLUSH IN LADIES' Dressing Cases, Handkerchief Boxes, A FINE ASSORTMENT from the leading Choice Lot of Cut Christmas presents; late well to call on Parker Bros.

PADD Essence White

Jockey Club Rondeletia Essence Heliotrop

THE UP JO

BY examining the process of the ready to be crushed and pressed under the thumb nail, not found in the RECIPIENT

R. D. Mc

Medical Hall, 90 Charlotte

ENGLISH A

Hair: B In Celluloid, Ivory, and the Military Brushes (the Dressing Cases), (the Collar Boxes), Gold and Perfu

S. McDI 49 KING

MOC Almond and Softening and Be

It will cure Chapped

It cures the skin when exposed to sun or wind, and removes the "freckles," Blackheads, and keeps the skin soft and fair.

Full particulars required with usual fee for Entry and Advertisement in my Register.

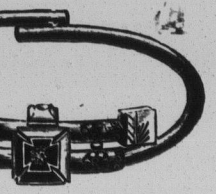
WM. H. BOYCE, Real Estate Agent, Fredericton

11-29-91

Page

THE FRONT WITH THE ASSORTMENT OF Toy Goods

Watches, Jewelry, Silver Ware, Canes, Pens, Opera Glasses,



Stock

Street.

FOR XMAS.

Oh! what shall

OLDS'

STREET,

FURNITURE.

anything else.

to choose any special Furniture

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February, 1890.

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of the comfort derived from

J. R. McLAHLEN.

STORE,

ION STREET.

y Xmas Goods.

E CANADA

Refining Co.

Montreal, (Limited)

Redpath

GOLDEN SYRUP

2 LBS NET

now putting up, expressly

the finest quality of

SUGAR SYRUP

erated with Corn Syrup,

GROCERS.

W. ALEX. PORTER, Grocer and Fruit Dealer.

Family trade a specialty.

LARGEST STOCK, BEST ASSORTMENT and cheapest all-round grocery for first-class goods.

W. ALEX. PORTER, Corner Union and Waterloo, and corner Mill and Pond streets.

BONNELL & COWAN, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Fine Groceries AND FRUITS.

Teas and Sugars a specialty. 200 UNION STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

BONNELL'S EXTRA LINE.

R. & F. S. FINLEY, 12 & 16 SYDNEY STREET,

Flour and Grain Store.

OATS, FEED, BRAN and MEAL, CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.

OYSTERS! OYSTERS! In stock.

1,500 BBL'S of Choice P. E. I. and North Shore Oysters—all fresh raked. Wholesale and Retail.

No. 19 North Side King Square, J. D. TURNER.

DRUGGISTS.

I have just opened a full line of FANCY GOODS

All New designs, in Dressing Cases, Smokers' Sets, Manicure Sets, Handkerchiefs and Work Boxes, Glove Boxes, Odor Boxes, Shaving Sets, Collar & Cuff Boxes, Napkin Rings, in cases.

THOMAS A. CROCKETT, 162 PRINCESS STREET, COR. SYDNEY, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

PLUSH GOODS IN LADIES' AND GENTS'

Dressing Cases, Manicure Sets, Glove and Handkerchief Boxes, Odor Cases, etc.;

ALSO, A FINE ASSORTMENT OF PERFUMES from the leading Perfumers, and a Choice Lot of Cut Glass Toilet Bottles.

The above goods have been selected especially for Christmas presents; intending purchasers will do well to call and inspect them. For sale low, at

PARKER BROS. - Market Square.

PADDOCK'S

Essence White Rose; Jockey Club Bouquet; Rondeletia;

Essence Bouquet; Heliotrope, Patchouly.

THESE PERFUMES are equal in strength and fragrance to many of the imported ones, and HALF THE PRICE.

THE UP JOHN PILLS!

BY examining the physical condition of these Pills it will be observed that most of them can readily be crushed and reduced to a powder by pressure under the thumb, showing a diaphanous condition, not found in Pills of other make. Made

RECIPIENT, BY PRESSURE, the process employed leaves the Pills in a dry powder, and porous condition, which does not change by age. A full assortment of different kinds just received.

Full particulars given by R. D. MCARTHUR, Medical Hall, 59 Charlotte Street, opp. King Square

ENGLISH AND FRENCH Hair: Brushes!

In Celluloid, Ivory, Silver, Rosewood, Olive, and Cherry Barks. Military Brushes (fine value); Ladies' and Gents' Dressing Cases; Great Shaving Sets; Cuff and Collar Boxes; Gold Braided Can-ys; Sachet Powders.

Perfumery to suit the most fastidious. All at my usual reasonable prices.

S. McDIARMID, 49 KING STREET.

MOORE'S Almond and Cucumber Cream,

SOFTENING AND BEAUTIFYING THE SKIN.

It will cure Chapped Hands, Face and Lips. It cools the skin when hot, dry or painful from exposure to sun or wind, or heated by exercise. It removes Tan, Pimples, Scaly Eruptions and Blackheads, and keeps the complexion clear and brilliant.

An excellent application after shaving. PREPARED BY G. A. MOORE, DRUGGIST, 109 BRUNNEN ST. COR. RICHMOND.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

The Miser's Hatred of the Word Christmas His Thoughts and a Present.

"David Brewer shut the door of his shop with a bang. 'Not a cent to be made tomorrow,' he said, fumbling with the lock, for he was an old man, 'all for this nonsense over Christmas! Bah! How I hate the sound of the word!'

As he turned the corner, the street was filled with people hurrying along, with bundles in their arms and smiles on their faces, and the sight only added to his exasperation.

A little girl, with a shawl over her head stopped before him, and held up some bunches of herbs. 'Please buy one, mister. Only five cents a bunch! We ain't nothin' to eat in the house, and tomorrow's Christmas.'

The man looked at her, but said not a word. 'They'd come handy when you're sick,' she said, gently, moving away.

of herbs she had. His mother used to give him penny-royal and catnip tea. He wondered if that girl really had nothing to eat. What did that Irish woman say about his being an old man? He wished she had held her tongue about dying!

Yes, he was getting old—so his thoughts kept running on. Seventy years, and 'very one of them a year of selfishness and greed. Perhaps he would buy a bunch of herbs, if he saw that girl again tomorrow.

In the early morning he crept out of bed, and into his clothes. He looked weak and ill as he slowly made his way down the stairs, stopping to thrust a slip of paper under the Irish woman's door. It held a ten-dollar bill, and on it were the words, 'A Christmas present for the sick woman below.'

It was the one meagre offering of atonement and regret for long years of selfishness—the witness of a greedy soul, convicted by conscience and appalled at the thought of death, to its apprehension of

walking her up and down for the last quarter of an hour. It's thirty pounds in my pocket if they kill her, but I've no luck. [The government allowed thirty pounds to an officer if his horse was killed in battle.]

At that moment a bullet struck the colonel's sword-belt, and slipping on a buckle, made the round of his portly waist, slightly grazing the skin. The colonel shrugged his shoulders and unfastened his belt.

'Captain, you may be right,' he said; 'it is sater on the other side: those fellows are capable of missing the mare and treating me to another shot higher up. Only a foot lower and the mare would have had it, and I should have received thirty pounds. Provoking, 'pon my honor!'

The mare was not hit during the whole campaign. On his return to Hannover, the colonel sold her, much to his disgust, for eight pound's. She ended her days between the shafts of a four-wheeler.—Youths Companion.

THOSE REQUIRING SPECTACLES

Consult D. HARRIS ENGLISH OPTICIAN, 53 Armain St., St. John, N. B.

Given Away!

DURING the month of December I will give to every one sitting for 1 dozen Cabinet Photos, for \$3.00, one extra, framed in a large 8 x 10 gilt frame. Remember this frame costs you nothing and will make a nice Christmas Present.

ISAAC ERB, 13 CHARLOTTE STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

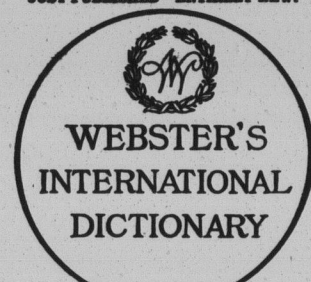
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Either one will make a useful and durable gift—a household treasure. I have on hand the largest and best assortment of these goods in the City for you to select from.

Please call and examine, and save your money. W. H. BELL, 25 KING STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

THE NEW WEBSTER JUST PUBLISHED—ENTIRELY NEW.



The Authentic "Unabridged," comprising the issues of 1864, '75 and '84, copyrighted property of the undersigned, is now Thoroughly Revised and Enlarged, and bears the name of Webster's International Dictionary. Editorial work upon this revision has been in progress for over 10 years. Not less than One Hundred paid editorial laborers have been engaged upon it. Over \$300,000 expended in its preparation before the first copy was printed. Critical comparison with any other Dictionary is invited. GET THE BEST. G. & C. MERRIAM & CO., Publishers, Springfield, Mass., U. S. A. Sold by all Booksellers. Illustrated pamphlet free.



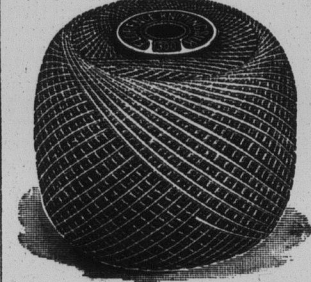
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All kinds of Small Musical Instruments, STRINGS, Etc.

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FLORENCE KNITTING SILK.

This is now much used for fringe and for tassels, as its "soft finish" renders it superior to other silk for this purpose. It will not unravel and become frayed in wear. These elegant costumes seen in the show rooms of our leading merchants are often beautifully "feather stitched" by hand. Examination shows that the work is done with No. 300 Florence Knitting Silk, thus securing beauty, durability and economy. Every enterprising dealer sells it, but if your dealer does not have it in stock, send the price (50c. per ounce—58c. per ball) in postage stamp to Corvelli Silk Co., St. Johns, Que., and you will receive it by return post.

EVERYBODY has a Cough, or a Cold with their Throat or Lungs, at this season of the year.

ANYBODY can have it cured for 25 CENTS, with a bottle of

MRS. WARD'S

Cough Syrup.

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For Sale by all Druggists.

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ST. JOHN, N. B.

ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS



PLOTTERS.

"Drat the brats and their Christmas!" he muttered, fiercely. "What do they mean, croaking 'sick' to me?"

It was a long distance to his house, and he felt tired and chilled as he tumbled up the steep stairs. At the head of the second landing a door opened, and a woman thrust out her head.

"A fine evening to ye, Mr. Brewer! Would ye mind stepping into me room a bit till I spake to ye? It's niver a stitch av work 'av the widely downstairs done this two weeks, and three small children to niver a cent to pay the rint fur the month—that's eight dollars."

"Moike and me 'av made out to scrape together five dollars, and I've made bow'd to ask ye fur the other three, being as ye're a single man and have no childer. We'd be makin' her a fine Christmas present."

"Not one cent will I give!" said David. "Shure, y'll think it over the night. Three dollars would not be much for ye."

"Three dollars is three hundred cents to me, and I don't mean to part with none of them," he answered as she started up the stairs.

"It's little good yer money'll do ye when yer cometer be dead," she called after him. "Shure, ye're an old man. Ye'd feel a bit asier in yer mind thin, a-thinkin' ye'd helped a body in trouble. Happen now 'twould be a big av treasure laid up fur ye in the next world. What ye give to the poor ye're lendin' to the Lord, and it's His own blessed Christmas day tomorrow."

The moon was shining through the little skylight as the old man crept it to bed. Somehow its pale light reminded him of the white face of the child with the shawl over her head. He wondered what kind

of the truth of the Divine declaration that we must all render an account to God for the deeds done in the body.

NO SALE. A German Colonel Who Was Anxious to get Rid of his Charge.

A wise commander may pardon the recklessness of young soldiers, full of animal spirits, and ambitious to distinguish themselves by deeds of daring. But he will frown upon the veteran whose wantonness of courage makes him foolhardy, when duty does not oblige him to expose himself.

Baron Malorie tells of a Waterloo veteran, a Colonel Volger, who did a very foolish thing in the first Holstein campaign.

On the day to follow the storming of Duppel, he was on duty in the trenches. The gallant Dances who defended Duppel shot so accurately that no Prussian dared look over the earthworks. Suddenly, to the astonishment of his officers, Colonel Volger was seen riding his old gray mare up and down in front of the earthworks, and a shower of bullets.

Thinking he had gone to inspect the outposts, no one ventured to make a remark. But when he passed for the third time the place where the officers had congregated behind the breastworks, the senior captain stepped out and called the colonel's attention to his needless exposure, and entreated him not to court death in this reckless manner. The colonel grinned, thanked the captain for his warning, and then explained his conduct.

"There's no danger," said he: "they are a parcel of dull-fellers; can't shoot a bit; they miss even my old mare, though I've treated them to a splendid target. The mare is done for; that's the reason I have been

PROFESSIONAL.

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C. W. C. TABOR, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, & C., 14 PUGSLEY'S BUILDINGS, ST. JOHN.

REMOVAL. JOHN L. CARLETON HAS REMOVED his Law Office to No. 72 1/2 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET (over office of D. C. Garbar, Broker), St. John, N. B.

DR. H. P. TRAVERS, DENTIST, Cor. Princess and Sydney Sts.

J. M. LEMONT, PIANO AND ORGAN TUNER, FREDERICTON, N. B.

Photography.

THE FINEST EFFECTS OF ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHY That has ever appeared in St. John was seen at the recent exhibition, and those were produced by

CLIMO. This was the verdict by all who saw these skillfully wrought portraits.

COPIES, GROUPS, AND LARGE PANELS AT VERY LOW RATES.

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SWANN & WELDON, Artists, PHOTOGRAPHERS.

SITERS ASSURED SATISFACTION. Pictures of every kind copied and finished in EVERY style.

ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.
(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Kingdon has endeared herself to all by her bright and charming manner, and we hope it may not be her last visit by a great many. Her husband had promised to fill Mr. Talbot's vacant place, so he and Mrs. Kingdon went to Moncton on Saturday. County court adjourned on Thursday, after quite a long session, as courts now go. Have people grown less inclined to scratch each other's eyes, in a litigious sense, or why is it that so many of the lesser courts meet but to adjourn? The prospect may be pleasing when considered from a moral standpoint, but from the ambitious young lawyer's point of view it is depressing in the extreme. Judge Landry seems likely to prove the right man in the right place, I think, and, by the way, I have heard nothing further of that proposed move to Moncton, which we are content to have remain in statu quo.

Things, social, have reached a very low ebb, but we are expecting better days when the holidays arrive. Mr. C. S. Hickman's friends will gladly welcome him again, and I have heard of several expected visitors to arrive before Christmas. I believe there is to be a concert given in Robb's hall, between Christmas and New Year. It is being gotten up by Mrs. Robb and Mrs. Palmer, who are always indefatigable in their efforts, and deserve much credit for attempting anything of the sort in the present decrease of "some talent." The proceeds are to be devoted to church purposes. Mrs. Huntington invited a few friends to tea on Friday evening, to meet the bishop and his bride, and, I believe, that those who were fortunate enough to be there enjoyed the evening immensely. Several of the Dorchester people went to Sackville last Wednesday, to attend the funeral of the late Mr. Henry Allison, who, of course, had many friends here. The Rev. J. Roy Campbell conducted the service, and returned by evening train, with Messrs. Geo. W. Chandler, Judge Unton, S. Edgar Wilson and Miss Chandler.

Miss Godfrey is spending a week or two with Mrs. W. C. Milner, in Sackville. Mr. A. W. Chapman went to Amherst on Friday, to attend the funeral of his little niece. Mr. and Mrs. David Chapman have the sincere sympathy of their Dorchester friends in their sorrow. Messrs. David Grant and R. W. Hewson were in town on Saturday. The latter receives the congratulations of his friends with evident pleasure, and is quite convinced of the truth of the ancient saw, "good things are done up in small parcels."

Mr. H. C. Huntington spent Sunday with his family. His recent military course has apparently agreed with him. Mrs. Huntington and Miss Blanche went to St. John on Monday, to be gone until Friday, I believe. There are whippersnappers of a very small and select club, formed for the purpose of investigating the elusive traits of poker. Four of our jeunesse dorée comprise this interesting combination. It is a "five cent limit."

Miss Force, who has been visiting her sister, returned home on Monday. Dr. W. W. Goodwin's many friends were delighted to see him last Thursday. He has made Base Verte his home since leaving Dorchester. Mrs. Campbell had a small tea party at the rectory last evening. I think it was exclusively feminine. I see that Dorchester is to be entertained Thursday night by a performance of *Ten Nights in a Barroom*. Unfortunately it is a mouldy chestnut here, having been given by professional and amateur, until we know just the right place to laugh or weep. The Boston Idealists are to give it, and they have the additional attraction of a brass band; nevertheless I fear their profits will be small.

AMHERST. [Progress is for sale at Amherst, by George Douglas, at the Western Union Telegraph office.] Dec. 11.—Much sympathy is felt for Mr. and Mrs. D. T. Chapman in the loss of the youngest child, a bright little girl of nearly two years, after an illness of only 24 hours. Mr. and Mrs. David, and Mr. Allen Chapman, of Dorchester, were in attendance at the funeral, which took place on Saturday.

Miss Nicholson, of St. John, is at present visiting Mrs. Ketchum. Miss Milner, of Sackville, was in town this week. Mr. and Mrs. Ketchum entertained a select number at dinner on Saturday evening. The social event of this week has been the delightful party on Wednesday evening, given by Dr. and Mrs. Courtney Rice, to celebrate the tenth anniversary of their marriage. If many hearty good wishes for many happy returns of the day is

EVERY LADY who desires to have a GOOD COMPLEXION and NICE SOFT WHITE HANDS, should use Estey's Fragrant Philodermia. It positively removes TAN, SUNBURN and FRECKLES. Sold by all Druggists.

Special Notice TO Ladies!

We have a beautiful assortment of Ladies' Kid Gloves, at prices to suit all. — THE — "MARGARITE," A Glove made especially for our trade we can recommend as fully equal to the Josephine and at a less price.

RIBBONS, a great variety. Call and See our Display of FANCY GOODS for HOLIDAY PRESENTS. We have an excellent assortment of Ladies' and Children's UNDERWEAR.

97 King Street.

Fine Furs for Xmas Presents!

We are continually adding to our Choice Stock of Ladies' Furs, in JACKETS, CAPES, COLLARS, COLLARETTES, BOAS, in various styles; MUFFS, Etc. A full range of Greenland Seal Capes now ready. A FEW ODD LINES IN NEW FURS, SELLING VERY LOW, FOR EXAMPLE: Bear Boas, \$3.25 each; Bear Muffs, \$2.75, \$3.25 do.; Wolf Boas, \$1.75 do. LADIES' SUPERIOR FUR-LINED CLOAKS, In all the Newest Shapes for the present season; black and fashionable colors. A NOVELTY THIS SEASON! Satin-Lined and Wadded Cloaks, same effect as the Fur-Lined Garments, at much lower prices.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.

Sparkle, Shine, Glitter.

All kinds of Dishes and Glassware are cleaned so easily and so clean with WHITE CROSS GRANULATED SOAP. Put up in 5c. packages, and large 1lb. packages. Wash the Dishes and all the Glassware, and have these Sparkle! Shine! Glitter!

BROWN BREAD FLOUR. Price per Bag, 25cts.



DAPHNE.

CHRISTMAS, 1890.

Skinner's Carpet Warerooms.

NOTHING WILL LIGHTEN LABOR IN THE HOUSEHOLD LIKE A Gold Medal Carpet Sweeper.

IF YOU HAVE ONE, WHY BUY A HANDSOME HEARTH RUG,

—OR— A CHENILLE PORTIERE, As these make Handsome and Useful Christmas Presents

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SOVEREIGN BAKING POWDER.

The ROYAL of St. JOHN, Says: "Having given Sovereign Baking Powder a thorough test in our baking, we find it equal to best American powders in leavening strength, and biscuits made with it do not dry out so quickly." (Signed) THEOS. F. RAYMOND.

Imperial Company's Extracts, CRYSTALLINE SALT

IN CARTONS.

Candied Peels; Spices; Condensed Mincemeat, in packages; Golden Syrup, in 2lb. tins; Licorice Notions.

STEPHENS & FIGGURES, 61 DOCK STREET.

—JUST RECEIVED—

—A FURTHER SUPPLY OF—

READY-MADE SUITS and SUMMER OVERCOATS,

—IN—

Men's, Youths', and Boys' Sizes, in new and fashionable designs. Which will be sold at our usual low prices.

1000 Pairs of Pants, at cost; Great Reduction in Gent's fine Summer Underwear.

SPECIAL BARGAINS in TRUNKS and VALISES.

Clothing made to order in our usual first-class style.

CITY MARKET CLOTHING HALL, 51 Charlotte Street. T. YOUNGCLAUS, Proprietor.

GROCERIES

BOTTOM PRICES.

73 SYDNEY STREET. 73

HARDRESS CLARK.

GREAT HOLIDAY SALE

—OF— XMAS CARDS, BOOKS, and FANCY GOODS.

GENUINE REDUCTIONS! MANY LINES AT LESS THAN HALF-PRICE. Inspection Invited. Whole of the Stock must be Cleared Out.

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80 KING STREET.

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Tailor-Made Clothing,

OVERCOATS, ULSTERS, ETC. In finest material.

UNDERWEAR OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS. Latest Designs.

COLLARS, CUFFS, TIES. Latest Designs.

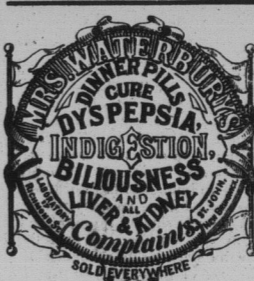
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Persons of a Full Habit, who are subject to headache, dizziness, and ringing in the ears, arising from too great a flow of blood to the head, should never be without them, as many dangerous symptoms will be entirely carried off by their timely use.

For Females, from the peculiar affections that attend them when they are arriving at maturity, and also at the decline, or "change of life," these Pills are truly excellent, removing all obstructions, depression of spirits, dullness of sight, nervous affections, hitches, pimples, and sallowness of the skin, and give a healthy bloom to the complexion.

What may seem almost incredible is the astonishing rapidity with which they cure diseases hitherto considered incurable.

Numbers of our first-class families keep them constantly on hand for the various ills of life, and rely on them implicitly. They are sold with the understanding that they exceed their recommendation, and are the best household medicine extant.



WIVES VERS

HOW ARE LIKE SHI LOW THEIR

How a Man is Induced and What Keeps Him True of It He Finds Him.

The man who belongs has lots of fun, but he pleasant not only for for lots of other families a woman, I would rather erable old maid than bled away, than married I married a man in the and freedom from the contracted that pernicious wards, I should most cause for divorce, and if in getting a jury of my deliberate upon the case be pretty sure of my womance told me that sheep, where one went morally sure to fol very complimentary true.

We don't go to place to, or because we are there, we go simply because we do, and if they fit ment in it why should try anyway. So with first I firmly believe that more contented and home, but he gets an i that the fellows will thi declines to be proposed the club, when some j suggested it, and then he feels he has to go out the boys who have tak

Then he finds that disapproves, not only of but of clubs in general he must assert himself pendency of character despicable than a hen-p his wife must learn the the family, entitled to own actions, and arbi Once he has asserted his pleases, he will drop degrees, and only go seldom.

But somehow it take his wife of his absolute imagined; she has opi very different ones, to happens to be that her married man in the ev quently her conversation By and by, however, plain of his absence, f that she has become so she no longer misses pursuits, and alas! o has learned to provide ment without reference has friends in to spend goes out herself, an old home quiet of the has rather a gay time, take it into his head evening, he would let water in his own house

She is thoroughly co that remonstrance is h opium habit, the custo of his time at the club of morbid appetite, an give it up. He would do with himself if he h go to now, and his wi if he stayed at home, for it but to keep righ mestic life becomes a and two people who o each other's society, apart, that if they ar other's society unexpe two, they find they h an, constrained at

I don't take a sanct matter. I am not a C. A., or the S. P. W. C. T. U. I don't masons, or the Odd Good Templars. I am man or a member of have no initials alter look for a kite with a handle attached to No, I cannot possibly on style, but neither club. I never felt th the first place, and in not think I could stan or play poker well eno I don't think it was m vined the above men had much more weig much credit to mysel we all have our indivi that I think I shou Dickens' immortal lan

"Take and down

Try It

It is telling on a w away at an old wash they are worn out h How simple it wou your wife send her la winter and let him do the facts broadside, obseaper and better t her washing. Send Steam Laundry.—Ad

WIVES VERSUS CLUBS.

How a Man is Induced to Join a Club and What Keeps Him There—When He Tires of It He Finds His Wife Tired of Him.

The man who belongs to a club doubtless has lots of fun, but he makes things unpleasant not only for his own family but for lots of other families besides. If I were a woman, I would rather be the most miserable old maid that ever dried up and blew away, than marry a club man, and if I married a man in the state of innocence and freedom from the club habit, and he contracted that pernicious weakness afterwards, I should most certainly make it cause for divorce, and if I could only succeed in getting a jury of my peers—women—to deliberate upon the case I think I should be pretty sure of my verdict. A clever woman once told me that men were like sheep, where one went the others were morally sure to follow! It is not very complimentary but I believe it's true.

We don't go to places because we want to, or because we are sure of having fun there, we go simply because the other fellows do, and if they find so much enjoyment in it why should not we? So we'll try anyway. So with the club man: at first I firmly believe that he would be far more contented and happy in his own home, but he gets an idea into his head that the fellows will think him mean if he declines to be proposed as a member of the club, when some jolly bachelor friend suggested it, and then after he is elected he feels he has to go out of compliment to the boys who have taken such a kind interest in his election.

Then he finds that his wife distinctly disapproves, not only of his particular club, but of clubs in general, and he feels that he must assert himself and show his independence of character; nothing is more despicable than a hen-pecked husband, and his wife must learn that he is the head of the family, entitled to the only judge of his own actions, and arbiter of his own fate. Once he has asserted his right to do as he pleases, he will drop out of the club by degrees, and only go once a week, or even seldom.

But somehow it takes longer to convince his wife of his absolute supremacy than he imagined; she has opinions of her own—very different ones, too—and one of them happens to be that home is the place for a married man in the evenings, and consequently her conversion is a slow process. By and by, however, she ceases to complain of his absence, for the simple reason that she has become so accustomed to it that she no longer misses him. She has other pursuits, and alas! other interests; she has learned to provide for her own amusement without reference to him at all. She has friends in to spend the evening, or she goes out herself, and in place of the old home quiet of the anti-club days, she has rather a gay time, so that if he should take it into his head to stay in for an evening, he would feel like a fish out of water in his own house.

She is thoroughly convinced by this time that remembrance is hopeless, but, like the opium habit, the custom of spending most of his time at the club has become a sort of morbid appetite, and he finds he can't give it up. He would not know what to do with himself if he had not the club to go to now, and his wife would be surprised if he stayed at home, so there is nothing for it but to keep right on. And so domestic life becomes a thing of the past, and two people who once were happy in each other's society, drift so hopelessly apart, that if they are thrown into each other's society unexpectedly for an hour or two, they find they have nothing to say, and are constrained and embarrassed.

I don't take a sanctimonious view of the matter. I am not a member of the Y. M. C. A., or the S. P. C. A., or even the W. C. T. U. I don't belong to the Freemasons, or the Oddfellows, or even the Good Templars. I am not even an Orangeman or a member of the S. P. C. K. I have no initials after my name to make it look like a kite with a long tail, nor have I a handle attached to it to take hold of. No, I cannot possibly be accused of putting on style, but neither did I ever belong to a club. I never felt that I could afford it, in the first place, and in the second, I did not think I could stand the mental strain, or play poker well enough. So I refrained. I don't think it was my virtue! I am convinced the above mentioned considerations had much more weight, so I don't take much credit to myself for self-abnegation; we all have our individual tastes. If it did, I think I should feel so ashamed of myself, that I think I should—in the words of Dickens' immortal landlord—

"Take and drown myself in a pail."

It is telling on a woman to be rubbing away at an old washboard, and many times they are worn out before the board is. How simple it would be for you to let your wife send her laundry to Ungar's this winter and let him do it for her. Look at the facts broadly, and know that it is cheaper and better to let him rough dry her washing. Send next week to Ungar's Steam Laundry.—Advt.

WHAT HIS FINGER COST.

A Cool Two Thousand Lost by a Bruised Digit.

Wall, ya-as, naybor, that was a purty narrer 'scape, fer fac'; but I got a story as kin beat your'n all holler, I reckon. See here! look at this finger. Don't see anything wrong 'th it? Wall, ther ain't nuthin' the matter 'th it now; but friend, six months ago that same finger cost me two thousand dollars; Yesir-ee—a fac'! two thousand dollars sick as vasserlene in August.

It was jess' this way. You see, I never did take any consid'able stock in these yer blame lot'ry schemes—'cause I get the noozpapers onct in erwhile, an' the kinder put me on my gaird—an' I 'member readin' in a porty-book onct how a couple o' chaps—I think ther name was Injin Dick an' 'nother pilgrim called Nye—how these chaps, b'gosh! was 'berguiled by the same;—so I was kinder steerin' clare o' all such games. Wall, one day the pas' summer, a kind o' agent cum to our neck o' woods, an' hed in his possession a hull raft o' dockymens o' some sort or ruther about a blame lot'ry he was a commershill towerist fer. It 'pears the thing was drawed ev'ry two months, an' ev'ry time yer tried the game you hed to send the chap a dollar bill wrapped up in one o' them envelopes that Jim Burns sells. Jim keeps our post-offis at Waybak, an' runs a kind o' giner'l store—mos' ev'rything a person wants—needles, an' molassis, an' shoe-strings, an' axe-helves, an' clo'es-pins, an' hoss-bitters, an'—but, es I was remarkin' before I begun to 'rev'ry,' es the noozpaper feller calls it, you send this genial feller a dollar ev'ry two months an' then he's to trust in the Lord an' let nacher take her course. Wall, when he fust cum, I was fer tarrin' an' feather'n the sharp an' runnin' out o' our pa'tickler bailiwick, but S'repty—S'repty's my ole woomin—S'repty, she sez, 'Look-a-her, Josh Wilkins! this ole farm ain't a-payin' grub, an' I'm blamed ef I see wot we're to do ef sumthin' don't turn up lively. Let's try this lot'ry business jes' onct. I've got that dollar you give me a-Crismus afore John's folks was here a-visitin'. Who knows—we may draw the two thousand dollars?' Wall, I didn't know wot to say, but I tole S'repty I'd consider; 'cause, you see, I wanted to kind o' dead-lock the ole woomin's jaw, 'cause she kin match a stove-polish agent, or a noble patriot fer talkin'. Wall, that night I was talkin' to Jim Burns, an' he was chock full o' this lot'ry game, an' afore nine o'clock cum, he had me well nigh dat to get hold o' S'repty's dollar an' send it to the swin'ler. Jim sed fer me to send fust—Jim's a sly one, min' I'm tellin' you—an' he would send in two months, nex' time the thing was drawed. 'It's a whack!' sez I, an' went home. Wall, nex' day I was workin' the ole mare a clear'n sum land a little bit back o' the barn, an' the lines got kitched under ole Dolly's foot—Dolly's the ole mare, rec'lect—an' I was reachin' down to clear 'em, an' she jammed this finger agin a rock an' hurt it so's it swelled up like a councillor an' I had to cum in an' get S'repty to doctor the thing an' dress it. Wall, that night I see Jim, an' sez to him, 'Jim,' sez I, 'you'll hev to send your dollar to the lot'ry fust, fer my writin' han's got a impediment.' You see, naybor, S'repty, she can't do any orthographe'n, at all, 'cause the blessed boon o' eddercashion has been denied her—tho' ef I do say it myself, she kin cast buckwheat cakes an' darn socks agin any earthly angel ther ever flapped a wing. 'Nough sed,' sez Jim, 'an' you kin send nex' time.' Wall, Jim, he writ a letter an' wrapped his dollar'n sent it to the chap's edress what he left away an' we heard nothin', 'cept a ticket, from the lot'ry, an' I begin to think maybe my lame hand hed saved me from makin' the bitter remark, 'Good-bye, One Dollar!'" when one day a letter cum to Jim fer him to take his blame' ticket to a bank an' they'd get him his two thousand dollars! You see, ef I hed sent my dollar insted o' Jim his'n, why I hed surrounded them two thousand dollars myself, sure es hay-rakes! Wall, Jim, he bought a fine farm about twenty-miled from our place an' put his George, his oldest boy, on it, an' he's makin' lots o' money sellin' his perdue, min' I'm a-tellin' you, well, the night after the money cum to Jim, S'repty an' me sed nuthin' at all but went siently out to the barn, an' dissolved about a pile o' pine edgin's on Dolly's hin'er-parts.—An' Jim? Oh, he's home to Whaybak yet. He sez his boy's well-fixed an' he don't care about himself until he gets so ole ther he can't lick post-stamps or measure out fact'ry cotton. Eh? No, thank you! Never use s'gars, you know, but ef you hev any chewin'—No? Wall, no harm done I hope,—an' say, ef you're goin' to run this yer story o' mine into the noozpapers, you might state es Jim Burns' number on his lot'ry ticket was the same as that in the porty-book I was tellin' you 'bout—'7-2-9-8-4 was his hand.'—Wall, I mus' get on my car. So long! CASEY TAP.

The Obliging Chaperon. Some chaperons are old and cross and some are young and meek, and some see every glance and hear each word the young folks speak. But chaperons the girls like best—so debutantes all say—Are those who at the proper time will look the other way.—Chicago Evening Post.

THE COLD WATER CURE.

HYDROPATH ENTHUSIAST'S CURE FOR THE MEASLES.

Simple, but Exceedingly Vigorous—Nothing but a Sheet and a Tub and Its Contents—The Writer's Rough Experience of the Treatment.

The enthusiast, pure and simple, is not only a trying companion, but a good person to avoid. He represents a sort of a materialized whirlwind if he is a man, and if she is a woman—'faugh a ballagh!'—which is good Irish, and means "Clear the way."

I once knew an enthusiast of the gentler sex who became converted to homeopathy in the most complete and violent manner. Her family simply lived on pellets and the very water in the glasses on the dinner table had a peculiar milky look which the family never pretended to notice. They knew in their secret hearts that each glass contained the regulation allowance of either acconite or mix somica but it was not considered etiquette to wound the feelings of the house mother by seeming to observe her little artifice, and as experience had taught them that her drugs never killed, and in fact seldom had any effect on their constitutions, they accepted the situation with equanimity, and said nothing. But in the fullness of time the homeopathy lost its charm, and the enthusiast sought fresh excitement and found it in the principle of hydrophaty. Then the trouble began to brew and the last state of the family was worse than the first, because cold water treatment was something that could not be taken in blisful unconscionness, like homeopathic medicine. It was too heroic by many degrees, and as kind fate would have it an early opportunity offered for the exercise of her new found skill in an attack of measles which descended upon the household in the nick of time; and the way those children suffered in the cause of science and hydrophaty was enough to draw tears from a police magistrate. I was one of those myself so I ought to know, and one special feature of the performance is imprinted on my mind so indelibly that I think it must have acted as a sort of a mental tattoo.

The victim was disrobed in full view of the instruments of torture, which consisted of a tub of ice water in which reposed a harmless looking sheet, just an ordinary looking sheet, solid cotton, and two yards wide, "Only that and nothing more."

When all was in readiness for the sacrifice, the lamb—I mean the kid—was laid out on the bed, the sheet was wrung out of the ice water, and the victim's shrieking and shrieking form was wrapped in it, the arms were placed close to the sides, and the patient rolled over and over, until the sheet was wound round him as closely as the silk round a cocoon. He was then rolled in blankets, the room darkened, and he was left to his fate, which—in my experience, at least—was worse than death. He was supposed to get into a glow of heat, and if he was so lost to all sense of what was expected of him, as not to do so, why that was his own lookout, and by no means to be blamed upon the treatment. I did not get warm, for one, and I know just how it feels. It is impossible to move hand or foot and he lies there, and grows colder and colder, till a merciful unconsciousness sets in, and he falls into a sort of stupor, in which his only definite impression is that he is in his coffin, and wishes most sincerely the funeral was over. Somehow or other I lived through it, though, and even got over the measles.

Do you want to hear anything more about enthusiasts? Well, I don't feel like writin' any more about them. The chill of that icy sheet seems to be crawling up my spinal column even now, and it has dampened all my enthusiasm, and congealed my ideas. GEOFF.

The Champion Salvation Drummer. There is a drummer belonging to one of the numerous bands of the Salvation Army in London, who has a great and brilliant future before him. He is the most energetic young man in the business. I saw him passing up the street the other day with his band, and the only thing that had any resemblance to the way his arms flew about was a Dutch windmill in a storm. He looked like a man with at least ten arms, and as many drumsticks, yet with all his flourishes he contrived to hit the drum at the right time in every instance. Sometimes he held his good right hand over the drum, and with his supple wrist managed to make the business end of the drumstick hit each side of the drum at almost the same time. After doing this for a little while he would break out into his muscular fireworks, again eliciting the greatest admiration from the crowd who looked on. It is he that is good at converting people as he is at beating a drum—that young man must be a boon to Gen. Booth.—London Letter.

A Common Sense Judgment. The New York court of appeals has decided that lot owners are not responsible to municipalities for damages secured against them by injured persons on account of defective sidewalks. The decision is based upon the ground that a municipality has the power to compel owners of property to keep their sidewalks in good repair, and in the event of their failure to make the repairs and recover the cost from the owners. If, therefore, a municipality fail to exercise this power it is responsible for all damages, and cannot fall back for relief upon the owner of the neglected property. The decision clashes with that of some other judges, but there is a good deal of common sense about it.

We Have Plenty of 'em! STORM COATS FOR SLEIGHING! PEA JACKETS FOR SKATING! OVERCOATS FOR WALKING! The Winter Season is now upon us, and we are fully prepared to supply our patrons with THOROUGHLY RELIABLE GOODS, made up in the best possible manner. As the season is so late, we are anxious to reduce our Immense Stock, and prices are marked exceedingly low to enable us to attain our object speedily. Actions Speak Louder Than Words, And we ask an inspection of our stock and comparison of prices, and we guarantee satisfaction in every case, believing our stock to be unapproachable in Quality and Extent. The Fit and Style of our Overcoats are such that they have become the STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE in the trade of today. These goods are perfectly new, and are offered at remarkably low prices. CALL AND INSPECT THE STOCK OF OAK HALL, THE LEADING CLOTHING HOUSE IN ST JOHN, Cor. King and Germain Streets. SCOVIL, FRASER & CO.

A LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

A College Escapade Related—Eccentric Ends in Scarf Pins.

NEW YORK, Dec. 10.—The season here is well begun, even the most fashionable among the society leaders have returned almost to the limits of a general conflagration. Just as Jack was landing at Auckland the last splinter went up in smoke, and the disgusted professors were let in. The prayer must have been nearly an hour long, and as the teachers filed in, Nesbit closed with a quotation from St. Mark which refers to those who, "seeking a sign, shall find it not."

Young New Yorkers have a "fad" just now in the shape of eccentric scarf-pins. No one is content with an ordinary pin; it must have had a history. For instance, Leonard Grover, the playwright and author of *Our Boarding House*, wears a pin made of three suicide bullets. One caused the death of a young lawyer in Meriden, Conn., another killed one of the Walworths, and the third shut off the breath of a girl in Kansas City. The Walworth bullet passed through the body of its victim, while the other two are more or less battered. Another well-known young man wears the rattle of a rattlesnake at his neck, and the prince of dudes, Cito Onativia, wears three pink pearls on a circle of gold, the effect being very rich. Henry S. Ives, the young Napoleon of finance, wears a pin which looks like a sign board; on it is the inscription, "8-x-27," but what these cabalistic signs mean Mr. Ives does not tell.

Unconscious Creed Revision. Rev. Newman Smyth, D. D., in an article in the *Christian Union*, writes: "It has often been said that the great creeds of the church were born rather than made. They were not so much products of theological workshops as issues of the Christian life and thought of an age. Hence, we are naturally suspicious of new-made creeds, and somewhat reluctant to adopt a confession which bears on it the marks of the hands by which it has been manufactured. We remember how long that simplest and ecumenical creed, the Apostles', was in growing. The new creed which seems to be predestined for the Presbyterian church, in the good purpose of God, will surely come to pass in its day; but when it is formed, it will be found not to comprehend merely the results of different theological endeavors, but to bring rather to some simpler and clearer expression the truth of the Spirit which has been quietly and virtually working in that church since the Westminster Assembly adjourned. Because we believe in the Holy Ghost, we must expect to see new creeds in their season among the fruits of the Spirit. But it often takes long years to ripen on the tree of life. The law of this: first, some new and true development of the life of the church in response to its providential environment, by which the type of Christian character is gradually modified and fitted to new and better conditions of existence, and then a reflection of this advancement of the Christian life in the traditional forms of belief. The creedal forms adjust themselves slowly but surely to the vital changes in the Christian type of character."

From there he went to Asia, to Africa, then to South America, and so on, until he was drifting among the islands which dot the Southern seas. Meanwhile, the rest of us turned stokers, and crowded the signs into the fireplace, where they roared and leaped almost to the limits of a general conflagration. Just as Jack was landing at Auckland the last splinter went up in smoke, and the disgusted professors were let in. The prayer must have been nearly an hour long, and as the teachers filed in, Nesbit closed with a quotation from St. Mark which refers to those who, "seeking a sign, shall find it not."

THE FASCINATING WIDOW.

Her Chances are the Best—Why a Man Should Hesitate Before Venturing.

Somebody, who doubtless knew what he was talking about, has said that for every chance of marriage the fairest maiden has, the blooming young widow has at least five. I do not know why this should be so! I do not think I should like to marry a widow myself, it would savor too much of going deliberately to a second-hand shop and buying an article there, which could be purchased across the way, "bran new" for the same price.

I should be selfish, but I am very sure I should have a decided objection to placing myself at open disadvantage with so unsatisfactory a rival as a dead man, a ghost! too intangible to be met in open warfare, and yet perpetually sitting, a silent and uninvited guest at all domestic feasts.

During the honeymoon, he might be laid for a time, but over his grave I would feel sure was written the fateful word *Resurgam* and that at the very first difference of opinion, the departed one would be resurrected for my confusion, and final extinction; and the helpless living, by the life-like vigor that Amelie Rives infused into her vivid pen when she wrote *The Quick, or the Dead*, but even she quailed, when it came a depicting the married life of the lovers, so she did not let them get married at all. She grew faint hearted and separated them. The ghost of Barbara's dead husband rose up before her once too often, and she sacrificed the living lover, for the memory of the dead. Wise Barbara! to do it in such good time, and spare the living lover so much in the days to come. Why the cheerful custom in vogue amongst the ancient Egyptians of keeping a skeleton at their festive boards, has not to be mentioned in the same breath with what a man would have to endure, who was perpetually confronted with the past master, so to speak—of his adored wife's heart.

Far down in my inner consciousness I have always doubted the ability of the rightly constituted mind to love truly and earnestly twice. I hold to a conservative belief that there are just two things in this world which will not warm over, and they are pancakes and affections. Of the two, I really think pancakes would come through the trying ordeal best. I don't say there are not cases where the last love is the best; doubtless such instances are common, but still there is a curious jealousy implanted in the masculine breast which makes the average man prefer to be the first. First in war, first in peace, and first in the heart of his wife. He does not want to be a sort of composite photograph on her heart, an impression through which the former picture imprinted there, shines too plainly to be ever entirely effaced.

If I were a woman I am sure I should not care to marry a widower, and being a man, I want to be some girl's first love, or at any rate, since that is well nigh impossible in these flirtatious days, I want at least to be her first husband, and have the inside track if any wife ever gets to be a widower. GEOFFREY.

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Wyer's Sarsaparilla the Best Medicine... Leading Physicians... Sarsaparilla has won its reputation of valuable service to the human system...

BANK OF MONTREAL. CAPITAL, \$12,000,000. REST, \$6,000,000. A Savings Department has been opened in connection with this Branch. Interest allowed at current rates.

E. C. JONES, MANAGER, SAINT JOHN BRANCH. THE CITY FUEL CO. Are prepared to receive orders for HARD or SOFT WOOD FUEL.

ELECTRIC LIGHT! THE CALKIN ELECTRIC LIGHT CO. ARE now prepared to enter into Contracts with their Customers for either the ARC or INCANDESCENT, at Rates as low as it is possible to produce the same with satisfactory results.

WEDDING INVITATIONS AND WEDDING CARDS. I HAVE in stock a splendid assortment of the latest and most fashionable designs in Wedding Invitations and Wedding Cards, with Envelopes to match.

JAMES S. MAY & SON, Merchant Tailors, DOMVILLE BUILDING, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

WEDDING CARDS. I HAVE in stock a splendid assortment of the latest and most fashionable designs in Wedding Invitations and Wedding Cards, with Envelopes to match.

PRINTING. OF EVERY DESCRIPTION. Add keep in stock a large assortment of Papers for the various grades of printing.

E. J. ARMSTRONG, BOOK AND JOB PRINTER, 85 GERMAIN STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

1890 WINTER 1891. It is now time you procured your OVERSHOES, RUBBERS, RUBBER BOOTS, GOOD, STRONG, AND CHEAP.

Frank S. Alwood's, NEURALGIA. Cromier's Neuralgia Pills. A never-failing remedy for Neuralgia and Headache.

DAVID CONNELL, Livory and Boarding Stables, Sydney St. Horses Boarded on reasonable terms.

SAINT JOHN DYE WORKS, 84 PRINCESS STREET. Ladies' and Gents' Ware Cleaned or Dyed at short notice.

RECEIVED INTO STOCK: Ex S.S. Gothenburg City. Col'd. and Blk. Plushes. New Birds.

Col'd. and Blk. Plushes. New Birds. "Velvets, Fancy Feathers. Colored Satins. Col'd. Osprey. Fancy & Plain Ribbons. Millinery Ornaments.

Smith Bros. Hat and Bonnet Frames and Felt Hats. Granville and Duke Streets, HALIFAX, N. S.

DELICATE PALE FACED WOMEN. Can restore the bloom of health to the sallow cheek, replace melancholy with vivaciousness of youth, and renovate the whole system...

THE GREAT EUROPEAN DYE. Unequalled for Richness and Beauty of Coloring. They are the only dyes that WILL NOT WASH OUT!

WIDE AWAKE beginning with the Holiday Number, 1891 is permanently over 100 Pages.

Mrs. BURTON HARRISON, whose story of "The Anglonianka" has been the sensation of the season in The Century, has written for Wide Awake a story called "Diamonds and Toys."

MARGARET SIDNEY'S new serial, "Five Little Peppers Grow Up," will tell more about Polly and Jasper and David and Joel and Phemie and others, as it runs through the year.

THE BEST OF SHORT STORIES from thousands offered and solicited the past year. THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS, a facsimile reproduction of Felicia Hemans' famous poem.

DAVID CONNELL, Livory and Boarding Stables, Sydney St. Horses Boarded on reasonable terms.

"ASTRA" TALKS WITH GIRLS. (Correspondents seeking information in this department should address their queries to "Astra.")

COMPLAINT, St. John.—I am afraid you have no redress in such a case as you mention. You know it is your manifest duty to count your change before you leave the shop.

ADELAIDE, Carleton.—It is the very worst business imaginable to engage in conversation while a musician is either playing or singing.

H. S. C., St. John.—I am sorry that I cannot place the quotation you ask about, just now, but I will look it up and let you know next week.

HILDA, St. John.—I am afraid, my dear girl, that I do not know of a sure remedy for freckles. You know they lie beneath the first skin and are terribly hard to get out.

KITTEN, Toronto.—What a delightful name, Kitten! It goes straight to my heart, for, for my part, I, of course, know—love kittens beyond everything.

JOHANNY'S DREAM. This is the size of Johann's dream, with which he makes the rounds, when merry holidays have come:

FATHER—There is a gentleman in the parlor for you. DAUGHTER—Who is he? FATHER—I don't know, but he's a gentleman, for he offered me an imported cigar.

JOHNSON'S LINIMENT. UNLIKE ANY OTHER. For INTERNAL or EXTERNAL USE. Originated by an Old Family Physician in 1810.

THE PHENIX INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD. ESTABLISHED 1864. I solicit a share of your Insurance for this first-class Company.

PISO'S CURE FOR THE BEST CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. GOLDEN WHEEL FORTUNE TELLER. Dictionary of Dreams, Guide to Filtration, Lover's Telegraph.

CHILDREN OF WOMEN'S WORK. He Thinks They Ought to Get as Good Salaries as Men for the Same Work.

George W. Childs, the noted Philadelphia editor and philanthropist, has this to say about women and their work.

"I think a sentiment is beginning to crystallize in favor of giving women the same rights as men. I am at all times an earnest advocate for woman, and think she should have the same salary as man, when doing the same kind of work.

"The reason they are not paid as much, is that there are so many women that are willing to work for a smaller salary. Take typewriting, for instance. There are so many women who do typewriting, the supply is greater than the demand, and the result is that they work for small salaries.

"Women are advancing rapidly, and I am glad to see it. They should have an equal chance with men. The other day I employed a chemist—a woman—and pay her \$1,500 a year, the same price I would pay a man. I make no difference in the salaries paid on my paper.

"It is not right to poke fun at women; they deserve and should have our deepest admiration and respect. I always tell the women writers on my paper to stick up for their sex. It is almost impossible to predict the future chances of success for women.

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PISO'S CURE FOR THE BEST CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. GOLDEN WHEEL FORTUNE TELLER. Dictionary of Dreams, Guide to Filtration, Lover's Telegraph.

STEAMERS. International Steamship Co. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. TWO TRIPS A WEEK FOR BOSTON.

ON and after NOV. 3, the Steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston, every MONDAY, and THURSDAY morning, 7:30 standard.

WEYMOUTH S. S. COMPANY. S. S. "WEYMOUTH," Capt. Chas. Leary. STEAMER "Weymouth" leaves WEYMOUTH every Tuesday, for St. John, returning leaves (New York S. S. Co.'s Wharf), every Wednesday, at 8 p.m. for Weymouth.

UNION ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF LONDON. Instituted in the reign of Queen Anne, A. D. 1714. CANADIAN BRANCH: T. L. MORRISSEY, Resident Manager.

INSURANCE. FIRE. PLATE GLASS. INSURED AGAINST BREAKAGE. R. W. FRANK, 78 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

NOTICE. MR. R. W. FRANK having resigned the Agency of the BRITISH AMERICA ASSURANCE CO. Messrs. MACDONALD & KNOWLTON have been appointed General Agents, and all Policyholders are requested to renew their policies through them.

BRITISH AMERICA ASSURANCE CO. Y. ESTABLISHED A. D. 1833. Cash Capital, \$500,000. Assets, \$1,250,000.

MACDONALD & KNOWLTON, GENERAL AGENTS, 132 PRINCE WM. STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

MANCHESTER FIRE ASSURANCE CO. OF ENGLAND. CAPITAL, \$7,500,000. ESTABLISHED 1824.

D. R. JACK, GENERAL AGENT, 70 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET. FIRE INSURANCE! 36 Years of uninterrupted Success.

THE PHENIX INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD. ESTABLISHED 1864. I solicit a share of your Insurance for this first-class Company.

RAILWAYS. CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY (New Brunswick Division). "ALL RAIL LINE" TO BOSTON, &c.

"THE SHORT LINE" TO MONTREAL, &c. Commencing Oct. 13, 1890. PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE SAINT JOHN STATION, at 16:30 a.m.—Flying Yankee for Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.; Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Woodstock and points North.

RETURNING TO ST. JOHN FROM Montreal, at 17:45 p.m. Sleeping Car attached. Bangor at 18:45 a.m. Palor Car attached; 7:30 p.m. Sleeping Car attached.

INTERCONTINENTAL RAILWAY. 1890—Winter Arrangement—1891. ON and after MONDAY, 24th NOV., 1890, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN. Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton, 7:10 a.m. Accommodation for Point du Chene, 10:40 a.m. Fast Express for Halifax, 12:30 p.m. Express for Halifax, 12:30 p.m. Fast Express for Quebec and Montreal, 12:45 p.m.

SHORE LINE RAILWAY. ST. JOHN, ST. GEORGE and ST. STEPHEN. Further notice: Trains will leave St. John, (East) at 2 p.m. West Side, 2:30 p.m. Arriving in St. Stephen at 6:50 p.m. Leave St. Stephen at 7:45 a.m. Arriving in St. John at 12:10 p.m. Freight received and delivered at Montreal's Water Street, Eastern Standard Time.

HOTELS. HOTEL STANLEY, ST. JOHN, N. B. Terms, \$1.50. J. M. FOWLER, Proprietor.

BELMONT HOUSE, ST. JOHN, N. B. The most convenient Hotel in the city. Directly opposite N. B. & Intercolonial Railway station. Baggage taken—\$1 to \$2.50 per day.

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CANADIAN AND LITERARY NOTES.

We will this week occupy the allotted space with the translation of an article in Le Canadien, furnished by J. M. LeMoine, F. R. S. C., of Quebec. It is of interest as giving the French-Canadian voice and view respecting things national and literary.

Wherefore? An important fact which the impartial observer will not be slow to recognize, but which seems to me to be ignored, is that our French-Canadian literateurs have for some years allowed themselves to be outstripped by their brothers of English descent, and appreciated as writers of merit by the literary and critical press of the United States.

It greatly concerns us to study the causes of this—for they are many—and the means we ought to take to make ourselves better known to the thoughtless people of the neighboring republic. I shall today canvass only the principal causes; and if I take up again a pen laid aside for so many years, it is for the purpose of defending the beautiful language of Racine and the French-Canadians, to which I belong by birth, against the attacks of foreigners, and both European and American, who do not cease insulting us, in the chair of the professor, the press, and the political arena; it is also to recall our literary people to the recognition of what they owe both to the traditions of our glorious past, and to the memory of famous writers who have preceded them.

Not a Democrat.

Rev. Bro. D— was always known as a staunch Republican; but he was one whom all parties must needs regard respectfully, for his honest and plainheartedness which were proverbial. Being, by accident, in a Democratic convention, the chairman gave him an unexpected and flattering introduction: "Bro. D—, I see, is with us; I am glad to see him here, and feel honored by his presence. I am happy to present to the convention a minister, who for piety and eloquence, has no superior in our State."

Too Soft.

When Elder D— was in charge of the Camp Meeting at E—, he was annoyed by the appearance on the ground of a crank vendor of heterodoxy, who persisted in haranguing such groups as he could call around between the regular services.

Since Folly never fails of a following, his crankship was well attended. Suddenly Elder D— made one of the listeners; and having heard as much as he desired, he cut into the remarks, by the proposal,—"Let us pray." Kneeling down, he made the preacher his subject, and closed with the petition,—"Lord, do but make this man's heart as soft as his head, Amen!" Rising, he went his way, and the major part of the assembled followed him. The crank was not afterward seen on the encampment.

A Few Clams.

Good brother M—y, one of whose ministerial endowments was a powerful camp meeting voice, tells the following story: "When I was appointed to O—, I found one name far down the list on the pastor's visiting book, against which was written 'Queer Stuck!' When I came to know the man so characterized, I judged the epithet to be well applied. After I had become somewhat familiar with him, I happened one day at his house, just at the dinner hour. He lived near the shore, and was in rather poor circumstances. It chanced that his good wife had a clam chowder provided—a dish of which I am always ready for my share. When we were seated at the table my host was proceeding with all alacrity to dip in it, regardless of preliminaries. His wife, much more thoughtful and devout, made piteous attempts to catch his eye, without speaking; and at last succeeded, so far as to convey some notion of a blessing to be asked. Somewhat disconcerted, and, as I thought, a little nettled, he dropped the ladle suddenly into the dish as it had been hot, and muttered, not ill-naturedly: 'Humph! I wouldn't be so much like the crows, to holler over a few clams!'"

Swallowed his Nickel.

Our little fellow, who having been sent to the store, returned, grasping his Adam's apple, and weeping bitterly, has found his counter part. "Why did you swallow it, Omie? 'I had to wait so long, I forgot I put it in my mouth."

The Youth's Companion gives us the misadventure of a little brother on a Boston street car.

He was just in the middle of a lively attempt to pick up a bit of paper with his left hand twisted under his right leg, when the conductor came along for the fares. The small boy sat up suddenly, and at once began to gasp and choke in a manner really alarming. The conductor looked at him as if he expected him to go into a fit. Instead of that, however, the little fellow recovered himself a little, and stammered out: "You'll have to charge my fare to my father, mister, please. I've swallowed my nickel."

Poor boy! It is not the first time something got into the wrong box.

Sentiment Pays No Bills.

Gas would be no better and no cheaper if the city were its own gas company. Water would not be worse or dearer if private enterprise exercised the powers now vested in a public department.

Bungling and favoritism keep the unearned increment away from the people as truly as private greed does. Money that in theory good management is to secure for the people, in practice would be frittered away in fool schemes or wasted in wages paid to more or less useless office-holders.

Good theories often work out badly. The city in dealing with a property that may cost one, two or three million dollars need not be true to any barren idea of consistency. Expediency is the best guide in business affairs, and the city ought not to allow sentiment to interfere with plans for selling the franchise to the highest bidder, remembering always that the people's right to cheap fares and transfers and the employer's right to shorten hours are first considered.—Toronto Telegram.

Before all things let us be Canadians!

Here is advice which, if followed by our literateurs and journalists, will be certain to rehabilitate them as French-Canadians in the eyes of their English and American brothers.

Let us work! There is in literature "a breath which dilates the mind, rejoices the soul and perumes the life." Let us leave on one side questions of race. Let us be proud to call ourselves Canadians, and Canadians simply. Let us preserve our language, as we have preserved it until now, and teach our brothers of the English language, wherever they may be, that there is a people in Canada, who possess in their own right a literature, culture and religion with a glorious past, and with a future bright as the morning, attractive as the flowers of May.

SHORT RITS AND ANECDOTES.

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THE PRESENT POSING CRAZE.

How it can be done—The Costume Needed For the Act.

The pose palustre is the present craze with those who entertain extravagantly. It is a form of amusement that deverts both old and young and is so simple in its accoutrements that it is within the reach of any young woman of artistic tastes who delights in gathering occasional congenial company. To present statue pose a temporary stage is erected in the parlor or the drawing-room and is hung severely in folds of black tulle or drawn in slightly at the waist with a knotted white cord. The wig must be white and the hair caught in a genuine Psyche knot at the back.

Much attention is given by the poser to the dress and make up, which are quite as important in producing effects as attitudes. Of course it is taken for granted that the poser is Delsharian and accomplished in all life, supple turns of the body and facial expressions. If the poser be of feminine gender her costume must be a gown of white cashmere or a cheese cloth, cut in Parthena-like fashion, falling close to the body and drawn in slightly at the waist with a knotted white cord. The wig must be white and the hair caught in a genuine Psyche knot at the back.

Or it a more simple and classic gown is preferred, take two linen sheets, sew the sides together within a half yard of the wide hem at the top. Through this hem run a tape shirring string, sufficient to fit tightly over the chest. Slip the arms through the side openings, arrange the gathers in folds, and confine waist loosely with a white cotton cord. This long skirt will allow graceful draping around the feet, especially if the poser is on a pedestal or over elevation. The hair is coiled flat on the top of the head, and completely covered with a tight fitting cap of cotton flannel. The cap is made in five sections, and finished with an inch broad braided made of three strands of the flannel. Neck, arms and face must be whitened and the toilet is complete. A man must wear a Roman toga, white tights and buskins and a white wig.

There are a number of pretty poses that may be done by two persons, namely, "Paul and Virginia," "The Storm" and "Cupid and Psyche," "The Dying Gladiator," "Galatea," "The Quoit Thrower," "Ajax Defying the Lightning" and "Mercury" are all suitable subjects for one person, or if groupings are desired, "Apollo Wooing Psyche," "Faith, Hope and Charity," "Clio Recording History," "The Nine Muses" and "Diana at the Chase" all make interesting subjects.

Soft, low music accompanies the posing, changing from the grave to gay according to the illustration. Faithful representations of Rogers' statuary are produced by dressing the subjects in brown linen. The subdued light against the dark background gives the linen the exact coloring of the famous ware.

Expansion of the Brooklyn Bridge.

If you should cross the Brooklyn bridge one of these cold nights, and return on a warm, sunny afternoon, you would have about three feet further to walk on coming back. That is to say, the expansion and contraction of the entire length of the structure ranges some three feet. To provide for this there are three sliding connections, one for each span—otherwise the continual stretching and shortening of the whole would soon break it in two. If you will examine one of these sliding connections on a sudden change of temperature, you can almost see the wonderful operation of nature, just as you can see the minute hand of time-piece move, by close observation. The breaks in the roadway will show you where the connections are. These are formed by overlapping, so as to cause one part of the road to slide upon the other, and the "T" rail of the car track has a similar provision. Perhaps you will remember when you see that it is the key of the iron bridge problem which bothered bridge builders, and the solving of which alone made such immense spans possible.—New York Letter.

A Piece of Filling.

Pittsburg boasts of a man who slapped the Prince of Wales in the face. He lives on the South Side, and for many years has worked for the Monongahela water company as a laboring boss. The circumstances of the adventure, as told by himself, are as follows: "In my early life I was a soldier in the British army, and once my regiment was reviewed by Queen Victoria, who held by the hand the youthful Prince of Wales. When the mother's back was turned the boy playfully expeccated on my red coat, and I resented the insult to the British flag by slapping him in the face with my open palm. He told his mother, and very soon the Colonel heard of it and came dancing along to wreak vengeance on the man who dare lift his hand to a son of the Queen.

"The Queen sought me out and graciously inquired what my name was. 'William Dickson, sergeant, your Majesty, said I, and she commended my sense of propriety in administering a timely rebuke to the heir apparent of the English throne, and recommended me for promotion which never came.'—Phila. Record.

Fashions in House Painting.

There are regular fashions in house painting which change as regularly, though not so often, as those of feminine dress. Just now the fashionable color is yellow, and if you go to an suburban neighborhood you will find more than half of the new houses painted to match the cat's paw. The most correct style seems to be to paint the window frames, cornices and gables a deeper shade of yellow or orange, but olive green, dark brown or even black are sometimes used. The effect is cheerful, if not always restful to the eye, and yellow is a prevailing tone in a landscape is infinitely preferable to the dominance of rusty frame house used to endure. Nor was the aesthetic craze for all sorts of combinations of sad sage greens, which struck the country four or five years ago, altogether a joyful thing. It has died away, and while yellow today is the fashionable color, there will paint their houses to please themselves, and the landscape is diversified and cheered by eruptions of flame and carmine on roof and walls.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

RICHER THAN CROESUS.

America boasts the Biggest Private Fortunes of the World.

Who is the richest man in the world? It is now pretty well settled that the late William H. Vanderbilt at his death was entitled to that distinction. The settlement of his estate, which has now about been completed, shows that he was worth not less than \$160,000,000. Since the division of his estate, John D. Rockefeller of the Standard Oil Company, and William Waldorf Astor have been in a race for the head of the list of richest men, each being quoted at \$125,000,000, and Jay Gould a close third with now more than \$100,000,000.

The wealth of the Duke of Westminster, whose fortune is the greatest in Europe, is at a careful estimate £10,000,000 or \$50,000,000, and it is the accumulation of a long ancestry. Most of the American fortunes are the accumulation of a single generation. The aggregate wealth of the Rothschilds reaches nearly \$1,000,000,000, but it is distributed among so many, that no individual Rothschild is worth over \$40,000,000.

There are thousands of Americans who are worth over \$1,000,000, and at least four who are worth more than \$70,000,000, and there are 35 who are worth \$10,000,000 and more.

A list of Americans who are worth \$5,000,000 or more would contain the following:

Table listing names and wealth amounts: John D. Rockefeller (\$125,000,000), Wm. Waldorf Astor (\$125,000,000), Jay Gould (\$100,000,000), Cornelius Vanderbilt (\$80,000,000), Wm. K. Vanderbilt (\$75,000,000), Collis H. Huntington (\$60,000,000), Russell Sage (\$50,000,000), John I. Blair (\$50,000,000), Wm. Rockefeller (\$50,000,000), Leland Stanford (\$50,000,000), Mrs. Hetty Green (\$50,000,000), Wm. Astor (\$50,000,000), Darius O. Mills (\$50,000,000), Philip D. Armour (\$50,000,000), Mrs. Mark Hopkins (\$50,000,000), Charles Crocker estate (\$50,000,000), Henry Hilton (\$50,000,000), E. S. Hargis estate (\$50,000,000), George Westinghouse, Jr. (\$50,000,000), Andrew Carnegie (\$50,000,000), J. Pierpont Morgan (\$50,000,000), Oliver H. Payne (\$50,000,000), Frederick W. Vanderbilt (\$50,000,000), George W. Vanderbilt (\$50,000,000), Mrs. Elliott F. Shepard (\$50,000,000), Mrs. William D. Sloan (\$50,000,000), Mrs. Hamilton McK. Twombly (\$50,000,000), Mrs. W. Seward Webb (\$50,000,000), George M. Pullman (\$50,000,000), John W. Mackay (\$50,000,000), Robert Goetzl (\$50,000,000), Gustavus Franklin Franklin (\$50,000,000), Percy B. Fyne (\$50,000,000), Mrs. Moses Taylor (\$50,000,000).

Mrs. Hetty Green is the richest woman in America, or, for that matter, in the world, is the daughter of a New Bedford whaler in the days when whaling was a highly lucrative business. He left her \$9,000,000, and an aunt subsequently left her about as much more. By her own business ability she has increased her inheritance to \$39,000,000. She has for a long time been the principal owner of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, and when occasion required has stepped in to show her authority in its affairs. She is not at all given to the vanities of her sex. Her attire is of the plainest character. It is related of her that she once brought \$5,000,000 in securities in a sack to deposit with her bankers in Wall street. She got into a street car, set the sack down beside her and rode along as unconcerned as if she were merely going with her knitting for an afternoon's visit.—N. Y. Letter.

The First Doctors.

The title of Doctor was invented in the twelfth century, at the first establishment of the Universities. The first person on whom it was conferred was Imercius, a learned Professor of Law at the University of Bologna. William Gordonio was the first person upon whom the title of Doctor of Medicine was bestowed. He received it from the College of Asti, in 1329. Since that time it has ever been the great aim of all true and honest physicians to relieve pain and suffering. It is really wonderful when we contemplate the almost miraculous strides that have been made, not only in the treatment of diseases, but in the science of Surgery as well.

Our physicians of today are highly educated men and with few exceptions are just and honorable. It has been asserted by some, that their great life object is money, and that the wealth of their patients is only a secondary consideration. This we know from extended experience to be false and libellous; wrong to those men in other professions were as honorable, noble and tender-hearted.

Physicians however, like some other mortals are liable to err; then are not infallible, and at times adhere too rigidly to old doctrines, formulas and remedies. Physicians too often govern themselves by the opinions of old medical authorities, for the treatment of certain diseases, when common sense and good judgment should be their light and guide.

This is especially the cause in the treatment of many forms of nervous disease, which are now so prevalent amongst our Canadian people. Overwork of brain and body, sleeplessness, unrest, dizziness, headache, languor and worry, have brought on dreaded and dangerous nerve disorders, and in the cure of these our doctors are working, many of them in vain.

That they are working honestly in the majority of cases with the light they have, we will not deny; but alas! they work in the dark and suffer in nine cases out of ten allow the poor sufferer to go down to the grave.

Other physicians who do not rely upon useless antiquated drugs and medicines, are calling to their aid that scientific and wonderful preparation, Paine's Celery Compound; and though its use in their practice, are meeting with grand success. Hundreds of physicians on this Continent are daily prescribing it for Chronic cases of Dyspepsia and Indigestion as well as for Liver and Kidney troubles.

A word to all who suffer from any of the many nervous diseases, or who are suffering from imperfect circulation of blood should be sufficient. If your physician does not recommend you Paine's Celery Compound, have the will and courage to remedy it yourself. It is nature's true restorer and has been the great restorer of thousands of poor helpless sufferers in our Dominion. It has never yet failed in its great work of building up broken-down nervous organisms, and giving strength, vigor and new life to the whole body.—Advt.

PRESENTS mean a good deal to some people at this time of the year. Something for mother, sister, daughter, or my young man, or my best girl. You'll have no trouble in selecting something suitable and nice if you go to W. TREMAINE GARD'S, - - KING STREET. His stock of Jewelry is complete; articles too numerous to mention. But see for yourself.

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GEORGE ROBERTSON, GUESS! GUESS!! GUESS!!! RAG DOLLS. RAG DOLLS. Everybody Guess on the weight of the Large Prize Doll, now on Exhibition in Jennings' Window. Purchasers of a 20c. Rag Doll have one guess; Buyers of a 40c. Doll, two guesses; those of 60c. Doll, three guesses. THE BEST DOLL IN THE MARKET FOR CHILDREN. D. J. JENNINGS, - - 167 UNION STREET.

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TO PAINTERS. TRANSFER GRAINING PAPERS, a perfect imitation of the natural woods, OAK, WOOD, HUNGARIAN ASH, now in stock. Price, \$1.00 per Roll. Full instructions given. F. E. HOLMAN, - - - 48 KING STREET.

The Humor of Woodburn, the Duty, and the Spectators. The investigation well under way held under oath, room crowded, prisoners' bench stability. Men one could not tell which was the self against the flat as the clock brought to get brought large room petition with it.

All were there of those inside object in view, and a few did not an alderman. the case that he see some of the such notoriety for the defence Mrs. Woodburn to her place or n He thought it a If Mrs. Wood woman Mr. C prove her to be, the alderman's n might make to never seen him b

Other alderm stayed away. T however, during Connor and Ald to seats on the day afternoon, in write his autogra The sergeant a the great attracti tracted someba client when he with the "leadin in all sensationl the crowd, and th the performance double team of v jokes and the la side.

Then there wa nity and glory of for the prosecut clerk's desk; the taste for the merr Rawlings with h to obey the orde down stairs, and who opened and cording to the ter All day long th spectators to ga speeders were no But while the t stand, the interes Sergt. Covay br side of the witne by placing his fac seat in the back o had not been pres of those presen, tention. There were officers were bei ter, and rouse hi was a long wait his chair, the offe friends, the offic themselves, and went down stairs, the "stuff" was l

The papers had a very bad m bably a very good people who had case. Sergt. Cov ory, as he was Mr. Forbes. An lings, with the as spectacles, which by subordinat When he swore whole truth and m crowd smiled; placed his arms o up through his s pected to Capt. I ence, there was a by a quiet spell a attitudes. It was

Then there we committal book ars calling to the name of Otto Ba by Sergt. Covay writing there, i cessful. How m about captains an men, and night about the workin general! And h know, but was wish to be qui lowed the exami was food for refle

During the afternoon, the sp