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ST. JOHN, N. B.

E. L. WHITTAKER,  
Resident Secretary.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

# PROGRESS.

TO 25,000 READERS.

VOL. I., NO. 35.

ST. JOHN, N. B. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1888.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

## COL. JAMES DOMVILLE.

HERE IS SOMETHING MORE TO  
PASTE IN YOUR SCRAP BOOK.

Don't be Afraid to Read It—It Ought to be  
Rough on You, but It is Not—"Progress"  
Continues to Keep Its Temper, and Vol-  
unteers Some Advice Worth Heeding.

The compliments of the season to you,  
Col. James Domville.

You didn't spend a very merry Christ-  
mas, but that was your own fault.

Progress treated you very well last  
week. It tried to deal with you as a  
gentleman, so far as it could consistently  
with a knowledge of your record.

It did not say that you were one, because  
it was hampered by facts. It did not say  
you were not one, because it believed the  
public could judge for itself.

You know as well as anybody how much  
it left unsaid which it might have said. If  
you do not, almost any middle-aged citizen  
of St. John can tell you.

Most men in your place would have felt  
profoundly grateful. They would have had  
enough to know when they were well  
off. You, apparently, had not.

You had committed a treacherous and  
unjustifiable assault on a man who had no  
ill-will against you and had not intended to  
do you any wrong. You were vain enough  
to think that you had done something  
smart. You believed some people who  
told you so. Progress did not descend to  
your level by resorting to abuse. You were  
treated as leniently as circumstances would  
permit.

It was hoped that the matter would end  
there. It did not. You wanted more  
blood, and you got it.

It came from your own nose. Samples  
of it, dried and admirably preserved, can  
be seen at the railway news stand.

Did you ever read *Vathek*?  
Probably not, but it is a very good  
story, and might have a moral for you. It  
shows how a man can be so infatuated that  
he persists in rushing to his own destruc-  
tion.

You were not thinking of *Vathek* last  
Monday afternoon.

If you had been, you would have made  
a more presentable appearance on Christ-  
mas day.

Do you remember what happened? As  
you seemed somewhat dazed when the by-  
standers rescued you, perhaps you do not  
Progress can tell you.

You entered the news-room, where Mr.  
Carter was. He was leaning over the  
counter, writing. He did not see you, and  
you knew it. You thought you would  
sneak up behind him and hit him.

Don't you think that was a nice thing for  
a man who calls himself colonel?

But you did not succeed. Mr. Carter  
happened to turn just as you attempted  
your valiant and prodigious feat. He was  
surprised and pained. You were equally  
surprised and much more pained when he  
avoided your blow and hit you on the nose.

Your nose bled, colonel, and bled freely.  
You did not like it. You can hardly be  
blamed for that, but you should have  
known when you had enough, and gone  
away.

Xenophon, who was a military man, be-  
came famous by a retreat. You might  
have done likewise.

Instead of that you returned to the  
charge. You tried to demolish Mr. Carter,  
but you even failed to hit him. In the  
meantime he landed another blow on your  
face.

Finding that your tactics did not avail  
you at arms-length, you prepared for a  
catch-as-catch-can wrestle. You made a  
wild and injudicious rush.

In doing so, you inserted your throat in  
Mr. Carter's grasp and he ran you back-  
ward until the show case checked your  
motion. Then he bent your head downward  
and backward until your body assumed the  
form of a segment of a circle. Then he hit  
you again.

While you were doubtless wishing for  
night or Blucher, you were rescued by some  
men who were near at hand. After that,  
probably, you were conveyed to the rear  
by an improvised ambulance corps.

You did not cover yourself with glory.  
But you covered some valuable stationery  
with blood, and broke the glass of a show  
case. The news agent says the damage is  
\$25.

You had better pay him for it.  
Now, colonel, what do you think of your-  
self? Don't you think we have had about  
enough of this fooling?

What's it all about, anyway?  
Progress, in aiming a blow at a public  
misdoer, happened to mention your name.  
You got mad about it. You objected to  
the publicity given to your affairs.

You have helped the matter a great deal,  
haven't you?  
Don't you know that if you had kept  
quiet only the readers of the original para-  
graph would have known anything about  
it? Don't you know that most of them  
would have forgotten about it by this  
time?

You are not now a person of such impor-  
tance that the public cares to remember  
your affairs.

But here is what you have done. You  
have given yourself more notoriety than has  
been given any St. John man since Pro-  
gress was started. Your friends who lied  
about the affair in the daily papers have  
telegraphed accounts, less flattering to you,  
all over Canada.

Everywhere that your name has gone,  
it has been linked with the bucket shop.

That's how you've mended matters, and  
you haven't scared Progress worth a cent.  
You never will.

You whine about meddling with your  
private affairs. Do you know what you  
are talking about? Apparently not.

Do you suppose that you and your pri-  
vate affairs are worth a straw to Progress,  
except so far as they have a bearing on  
matters of public interest. Do you sup-  
pose that, if they were, Progress has not  
material enough to dissect you morally in  
a way in which you never yet have been  
shown up? If you don't know this, your  
friends, such as are left you, ought to tell  
you of it.

But you are getting to be a little of a  
nuisance when you become a brawler and  
disorderly person. You must try to be-  
have yourself a little better in public.

This is a law-abiding country, and the  
publisher of Progress does not intend to  
be worried and interrupted by you, even  
if he does get the best of you.

It is time that you subside. The public  
have had enough of you, and you have had  
enough of Progress.

D. McArthur, 80 King Street, will con-  
stitute the marked down sale.

ONCE MORE, FOR THE CIGARS.

Rich Rewards For Those Who Can Knock  
Down the *Fahr's* Babbler.

Every evening, for this last week or so,  
a very pronounced smell of an burning  
straw has filled the air in the vicinity of the  
north-side of King square. Many people  
passing there have thought that some of  
the livery stables were on fire; but they  
were wrong. A "babble on the block"  
show is in operation in that part of the  
town. It is run on the "knock 'em down  
once you get one cigar" plan. Hence the  
smell. The place is generally well filled,  
mostly with small boys, and everybody  
smokes. The operator is called a *fakir*,  
because his patrons don't know anything  
else to call him. Yet the show is no fake.

Everybody has a chance to smell the cigars  
before he "pays his money and throws  
the balls." It is not a game of chance for  
the operator. He gives three shots for  
five cents and if one knocked down five  
men with the three balls, and got a cigar  
for every man, he couldn't possibly get  
more than three cents' worth.

Every juvenile base ball club in town  
has brought its pitcher forward to blaze at  
the babies. The club usually goes home  
sick. If the non-success of the pitcher  
doesn't make it so, the cigars do.

All the nationalities are represented on  
the "block," from a ghost to a negro. A  
very small specimen of the latter race, left  
his companions outside the door, the other  
evening, while he went in to try his hand  
to the extent of five cents. Somebody  
told him to hit the nigger." The diminutive  
African did so, and the crowd cheered  
itself hoarse. He knocked over another  
baby, and then went out and shared the  
cigars with his young friends. Then they  
all went away and got seasick. And he is  
only one of many.

Largest assortment of New Year Cards  
ever offered, at lowest prices. McArthur's  
Bookstore, King Street.

Terror in the Country.

No city resident can form any idea of  
the fear in the country of Thompson, the  
Brintree murderer. The report that he  
was loose in Kings county seemed to have  
reached every household, and women and  
children's faces blanched with fear at the  
mention of his name. An old lady and her  
grown up daughters, who had lived for  
years in an out of the way place, near  
Clifton, left their home and wouldn't re-  
turn on any consideration. Children re-  
fused to move outside the house after  
nightfall in certain sections, and when they  
did it was only upon the assurance that  
some one would meet them on their return.

A representative of Progress, driving to  
the city a few days ago, overtook a lady  
who said she had promised to meet her son,  
who feared meeting Thompson.

It is not unlikely that the Brintree  
assassin would be more scared than flattered  
by the sensation he created if he ever  
visited that vicinity.

Politics and Penitence.

The local politicians will spend Lent in  
Fredericton's next year. The assembly  
opens on the Thursday after Ash Wednes-  
day and it is not likely the legislators will  
make the session last until Easter which  
falls on April 21.

D. D. McArthur, Bookseller, 80 King  
Street, continues the marked down sale of  
Books, Fine Goods, Bibles, Albums, New  
Year Cards, etc.

## A VERY ODD BARGAIN.

A CHATHAM GIRL GIVES HERSELF  
FOR A CANARY.

The Letter of a Twelve Year Old Boy—A  
New Form of Grace—An Old Lady Who  
Knows When to Buy Christmas Presents  
—Odd and Curious Things.

This is a rapid age. We live, love, get  
rich and die faster than our grandfathers  
did and some of our boys and girls are  
ahead of their parents. Here is a letter—  
copied verbatim—written a few days ago  
by a young St. John man who has attained  
the mature age of twelve years, to a young  
lady aged ten:

My dear —: I was deeply grieved last  
evening upon calling at your house, to hear  
of your sudden illness, and to see by your  
mother's face that it was of so serious a  
nature.

I have been unable to close my eyes  
all night thinking of your suffering and try-  
ing to devise some means for your relief.  
I wish I were a physician, love, for then  
you would have the most devoted profes-  
sional attendance. Are you better today?  
I trust you are, and that you will soon be  
quite well again.

Every hour is a year while we are sepa-  
rated, and I know that you are ill.  
I am sure that you have every care and  
attention, yet I long to be of some use.  
Cannot I get you something, darling?

Will they let you have fruit, flowers,  
books, anything? Command me, and let  
me feel that I am of some use to you.  
Longing to see you again.

I am most lovingly  
T. G. H.

How Trinity Clock Kept Christmas.  
It got drunk and became disorderly.

A long series of disreputable adventures  
cultivated in a general "hurrah" and tear-  
up, Monday night. When it ended, with  
the barrel empty, the hands shook. They  
should have been shaken long ago.

The clock didn't know Christmas had  
come until the sexton happened along and  
told it. On one side it indicated 25 min-  
utes before 2; on another, 10 minutes past  
6; on a third, 12 minutes after 3, and on  
the fourth, half-past 10.

The clock will have to turn over a new  
leaf and settle down to business, or it will  
get itself dished. No man can rely on  
what any one set of hands tells him, and  
after he has consulted the four sides he  
doesn't know whether it is his dinner hour  
or time to go to bed.

Experiences Doct.

The landlady gave a china cup to the  
parlor boarder's little girl, yesterday noon.  
She set it on the mantel when she came in,  
and after she had called the boarder's at-  
tention and the two women had admired it  
for a few minutes, the talk drifted into a  
general discussion of Christmas gifts.

"I'll tell you the best way to buy," said  
the landlady, confidentially. "Wait till a  
day or two after Christmas, and you can  
find lots of pretty things, a little broken or  
soiled, that you can get for half-price."

Then the landlady took her departure,  
and the favorite boarder, a prey to dark  
suspicion, went over to the mantel and  
lifted the china cup. There was a hole in  
the bottom!

An Odd Bargain.

A Chatham gentleman who prides himself  
upon being somewhat eccentric capped the  
climax recently. He was to be married  
and the girl was esteemed lucky as he is  
the reputed owner of thousands in five  
figures. One of his possessions was a  
beautiful canary which couldn't be bought  
for money. Another young girl of the  
town walked into his place of business a  
few days ago and took occasion to praise  
the bird. This pleased its owner and he  
said, "Now, what will you give me for the  
bird?"

"Myself," was the ready reply.  
"It's a bargain," was his answer.  
They will be married January 9th.

A New Form of Grace.

An Episcopal clergyman not more than  
20 miles from this city is credited with a  
novel and original grace. At a children's  
festival he was called upon to ask a blessing.  
Standing at the head of the long table he  
looked at two score bowed heads and after  
a moment's silence said:

"Fire away and eat all you can."  
Some of the staid matrons were scandal-  
ized by the innovation but no formal com-  
plaint has been made.

Horse, Her, It, Beast—Which?

John McGinn's beast, with short cart  
attached, this afternoon backed over the  
wharf and fell into Lovitt's slip. The tide  
was nearly out at the time. As quickly as  
possible the horse was untied and towed to  
Lower Cove slip, where the beast was  
taken ashore. The men had quite a time  
towing her down, and when off Pettingall's  
wharf, the horse turned over on its side.  
The beast received no injury.—*St. John  
Globe, Thursday.*

Sixty Nine News Boys.

As Progress news boys rushed for their  
supply of papers last Saturday, their names  
were taken for the use of those who propose  
to give them a dinner New Years. There  
were just 69 of them. But that's nothing.  
To hear the King street merchants talk  
about the number of calls they have every  
Saturday, one would think there were  
1069.

## DON'T YOU THINK — ?

Words to Some of the St. Journalists Who  
Are Not Newspaper Men.

Don't you think you are a pretty lot?  
Don't you feel proud of the bright and  
racy style in which you present the news  
of the day—when you find it?

Don't you think you are worth just about  
the salaries you get?

Don't you know as much about "journal-  
ism" as you ever will know?

Don't you think that you are journalists,  
in fact, and that in this country there are  
more journalists than newspaper men?

Don't you feel proud of some of your  
number? Don't you think that the man  
who calls himself "the best all round jour-  
nalist" is a beauty?

Don't you think that he ought to be glad  
whenever a newspaper man is assaulted?  
Don't you know he doesn't want to feel  
lonely?

Don't you know that he once ran a  
blackmailing sheet, which decent citizens  
dared not take home to their families?

Don't you know that he used to threaten  
with exposure men and women whose ini-  
tials alone he printed? Don't you think he  
was a sneaking, contemptible blackguard,  
when he did this?

Don't you know that he once assailed  
the moral character of a man's wife in his  
blackmailing sheet, and that he was sound-  
ly and publicly horsewhipped by the in-  
censed husband?

Don't you know that though he was a  
good deal bigger than his assailant, he  
showed himself as big a coward as he was  
a blackguard? Don't you know that he  
had not the pluck to defend himself, but  
took his whipping as a dog would take it?

Don't you know that the universal ver-  
dict was, "Served him right?"

Don't you know that finally some decent  
citizens emptied the miserable contents of  
his office in the street, and that they would  
have pitched him out too, if he had not  
kept out of their way?

Don't you think he is a fine addition to  
your ranks?

Some of you can lie pretty near as well  
as he can, but you have your masters,  
and have not the control of a stock of type  
which has never been paid for? Don't you  
wish you were free?

Don't you think, before you aspire to be  
journalists, you had better put your heads  
in soap, and learn how to write a news  
item according to facts? Don't you think  
it would pay you, whether you are a hired  
police reporter or a hired editorial writer  
who never had the experience of a news-  
paper man?

Try this, also.

Don't you think that you have all got a  
good deal to learn, and that your educa-  
tion will be hastened after you rid your-  
selves of childish jealousy of Progress.

If you don't think so, Progress does.  
So does the level-headed public.

Bargains in every line of New Year Cards,  
Booklets, etc., at McArthur's, 80 King  
Street.

Hail, Hail, the Happy Day.

Ipsa, Ipsa, Ipsum. The happy day has  
come.

Rejoinder. He has finished his seven-mile  
long rejoinder. The last of his copy has  
been in type in the *Globe* office for several  
days, waiting for a chance to be shoved in-  
to the form.

Father Davenport will reply, but not at  
such remarkable length; but that will not  
end the light.

Mr. Ogilby has claimed the right to re-  
ply and will get it. But he must confine  
himself to one column of type.

Then Father Davenport will be allowed  
just one column for his reply. There, the  
*Globe* and the public hope, the matter will  
end.

This is good news. It is great news.  
Some people have thought the fight was to  
continue forever.

Hail, happy day—when it comes.

Among the prettiest calendars received  
this year are those sent out by the St.  
Croix Soap company, of St. Stephen. The  
lithographed portions are really works of  
art.

The Temperance and General Life Insur-  
ance company distributes a calendar through  
its agent, Mr. E. R. Machum.

The Royal Insurance company, repre-  
sented by Mr. J. Sidney Kaye, takes much  
pains with its advertising literature and  
the result is a handsome and convenient  
calendar and an almanac, which should be  
a welcome visitor anywhere.

Wide Awake's pocket calendar wishing  
that 1889 may be a Happy New Year, is  
convenient for reference and quite unique  
in its way.

Don't Get Left.

The winter arrangement of the New  
Brunswick railway goes into effect on Mon-  
day, the 1st inst. The principal changes  
in the time were first noted in Saturday's  
Progress. Travellers should look out,  
especially for the change in the departure  
time of the afternoon express for Frederic-  
ton and local points. It leaves at 4.10  
local time, or one hour and ten minutes  
earlier than the present arrangement.

## WARDEN FOSTER'S WAY.

IT SEEMS TO BE ONE CAPABLE OF  
SOME IMPROVEMENT.

A Big and Expensive Institution of Which  
the Public Know Nothing, but Suspects  
Much—Mysteries Not Yet Explained—  
Some Facts About the Fire.

What is the matter with the Maritime  
Penitentiary?

Nothing, perhaps, but there is an air of  
mystery about it which is apt to give rise  
to suspicion. The people would like more  
light on the subject. They pay for it.

But they can't get the information.  
When John B. Foster became warden he  
informed the employees that the first man  
that told an outsider a word of what went  
on in the prison would be at once dis-  
charged. All the political friends he had  
wouldn't save him, added the warden.

Considering that Mr. Foster was himself  
appointed purely through Nova Scotia in-  
fluence, and not because he had either ex-  
perience or special fitness, the latter part  
of his remarks was in exceedingly bad  
taste.

His words had their effect, however. It  
is hard to find out what goes on within the  
enclosure. Even former employees who  
are no longer under the warden's control  
refuse to talk. Even John E. Turnbull,  
who was treated rather shabbily, and who  
ought to come forward and explain, refuses  
to be interviewed by Progress.

Only, once in a while, something happens  
which nobody understands and which is  
never explained.

Once in a while a prisoner escapes.  
This may happen in any prison, and it  
happens fairly often at Dorchester. Some-  
times they catch the runaway. Sometimes  
they don't.

They never caught Bell, the burglar, who  
got away a year or so ago, nor has it ever  
been explained why he got away. The  
circumstances of his flight are rather inter-  
esting.

The warden, with a view of pleasing  
some of his friends at Dorchester corner,  
had devised a grand amateur variety show,  
in which the prisoners were to be the per-  
formers. Costumes were made for them  
in the prison tailor shop, and these cos-  
tumes, with other material, were kept in  
an unlocked cell. There was also a quan-  
tity of stout jean or duck, to which a  
prisoner so disposed could have access.

Bell was so disposed, and he took enough  
to make a belt twelve feet long. This he  
wound round his body, where its flatness  
prevented detection by any superficial ex-  
amination. In his intervals of spare time,  
while he and others had the liberty of the  
corridors, he investigated the lock of the  
tank-room door, on the fourth story, and  
made a key to fit it. Bell, though known  
to be skilful at a "break," had time and  
opportunity to do all this. He was so care-  
less about it that it became known he had  
a key, and the warden was told of it. Never-  
theless, the key was not found, nor does  
Bell appear to have been more closely  
watched.

One night, after rehearsal of the amateur  
minstrel troupe, Bell quietly walked up to  
the tank-room, unlocked the door with the  
key he had made, raised the window,  
descended from story to story by the belt  
he had carried, and escaped. All this  
must have taken time, but every other  
prisoner was locked in the cells before  
Bell's absence was noted. Then it was  
supposed that he had gone down to the  
kitchen to get something to eat, and an-  
other convict was sent down there to look  
after him. He took his time, and when at  
last he returned, it began to be suspected  
that Bell had escaped. The open door of  
the tank-room told the rest of the story.

It was then about 10 o'clock at night.  
One would have supposed that the alarm  
bell would have been rung and the cannon  
fired to notify the people in the surround-  
ing country to look out for an escaped  
prisoner. Nothing of the kind was done.  
Officials were sent out quietly, but natu-  
rally enough they didn't find Bell. He has  
not been found to this day.

But why bring up this case, which hap-  
pened some time ago?

Simply to show that there was then, as  
there is believed to be now, an absence of  
system in the management of a very im-  
portant public institution. The reasons for  
this belief are found in the recent deaths of  
Deputy Warden Keefe and Mrs. Keefe.

The deputy warden's apartments are in  
the front of the building. The entrance to  
the prison proper is beyond them. It  
would



IN BOHEMIA.

I came between the glad green hills
Whereon the summer sunshine lay.

FINDING THE "ALBIA."

"That it is! I've spent a month searching
I've more money than I could save in six.

As he spoke, he threw upon the counter
A bit of rock, looking sullenly at it.

"Oh, is it!" Ned Clark's voice mocked
The quiet words, and Ned Clark's ruddy

"I have nothing I wish to say," answered
The other. His fair unbearded face

"Yes, there is something I wish to do.
I wish to look for the ledge that rock came

"Oh! you'll strike, will you! That!" Ned
Clark threw out his fist with a force

"He was a boy and a young one, not having
yet reached his majority; but he had

They ran down his cheeks as he whispered:
"I'm a baby, and a girl. But how

For he was almost in despair. The light
from which his mother had rescued him

Study came easy to him; success was a
right. A college education, and then a

peers, nor lack what they had in abundance.
Just the boy to win boys' hearts and lead

Went on the spree with some other fellows,
full of money, but not so innocent as

Treated most curiously, yet she had laid
down her money and stated her mission.

These followed days of agony for George
one day when, between him and the despair

"Then, with the rashness of youth, he asserted
that if a future was possible for him,

No, he did not know this, nor what she
would feel, when far away from her

"The contempt the miners felt for his
"education and handsome face," he returned

"Mother! It was the thought of her that
kept him from despair, kept him from

"Here, lad; here's luck! Drink w' us
ter yer findin' the red ledge," he called

"He was plucky, starting out the next
morning, walking up the gulch, keeping up

"None could be found.
"Well, I try here, for it's nowhere else,"

"Thank you." He gratefully accepted
the courtesy.

"The men she continued in the perfect frankness
common to the West: "I say, of yer

"He picked it up with a cry of joy. He
had not felt so glad since, as "stroke,"

part, that the free, generous, wild West
George had been dreaming of began to

George Elmar, in his eastern-cut clothes,
with his college bag showing itself even

But they did not know this, and quickly
finding out a man, they concluded

He had had a companion to share his
hardship, he could have made light of them;

"I've found the ledge," he called out in
triumph, swinging his pick, and hitting at

"I proclaim thee 'Albia,' for my mother,"
he shouted the young fellow, half crazed

Then he built up the little piles of rocks
called "monuments," and "located" his

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"What Would be Nice"?

FAIRALL & SMITH'S
REMARKABLE 64c.
Kid Gloves—Equal to "Josephine."

his strength failed fast; yet, panting, exhausted,
on the ledge. The whole camp

"I'll reach that arrow today," he said.
"I'll reach it if it be only to die by it."

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GREAT
December Sale
MENS BOYS AND CHILDREN'S
SUITS,
Overcoats,
Ulsters,
Reefers, etc.

THE WHOLE
STOCK
TO BE
Sold out by Christmas.

COME AND GET BARGAINS.
Royal Clothing store,
47 KING STREET,
One Door above the Royal Hotel.

Fancy Soaps,
APPLS, PEARS, WALNUTS, ORANGES,
LEMONS AND STRAWBERRIES, ALSO,
ROSES (Pale and Deep), MARGARITTES,
SUNFLOWER & DAHLIAS.

Better than a Government Bond.
SUFFICE a special agent of the Treasury
Department should call upon you today, and say:

THE EQUITABLE
exceeds every other life assurance company in the
following important respects. It has—

THE GREATEST SAFETY AND THE LARGEST PROFIT.
CHAS. A. MACDONALD, Agent, St. John, N.B.
E. W. GALE, Agent, St. John, N.B.

MOORE'S
Almond and Cucumber Cream,
FOR
SOFTENING AND BEAUTIFYING THE SKIN.

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

THE PEERLESS FOUNTAIN PEN
Has all the requisites of a
PERFECT FOUNTAIN PEN.

ALFRED MORRISSEY,
104 King Street.
W. WATSON ALLEN. CLARENCE H. FERGUSON
ALLEN & FERGUSON,

R. O'SHAUGHNESSY & CO.,
Manufacturers of and Dealers in
Trunks, Bags & Valises,
AND
Fishing Tackle.

GENERAL AGENCY
Province of New Brunswick
OF
The Commercial Union Assurance Co.
(Limited), OF LONDON,

as Presents
AND MISSES,
W ROOM.
MAKE THE ELEVATOR TO THE SECOND FLAT.

Coal Vases.
WE HAVE LEFT A FEW
Brass Mounted,
Hand-Painted,
STYLISH
COAL VASES,

Each.
to close out balance of this season's stock.
A FINE STOCK OF
with Stands to Match.
CES for the same time to clear.

D VALUE
els; Ladies' and Children's Wove
and Colored Cashmeres;
rsey Coats, Embroidered
ers; Gent's Ribbed
nts, etc., etc.,

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

GO TO
Page, Smalley & Ferguson's,
Gold and Silver Watches,
Fine Gold Jewelry,
Silver and Plated Goods

43 King Street.
Take Care
OF YOUR FACE AND HEAD
MCINTYRE,

ROYAL HOTEL BARBER SALOON,
KEEPS THE BEST
Face and Hair Washes
IN THE CITY.

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

WILLIAM CLARK.
JUST THE ARTICLE
FOR—
Tea and Coffee,
SWEET CREAM.
CAN BE HAD EVERY DAY AT THE
Oak Farm Dairy Butter Store,

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

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher. WALTER L. SAWYER, Editor.

Subscription rates: \$1 a year, in advance; 50 cents for six months; 25 cents for three months; free by carrier or mail. Papers will be stopped promptly at the expiration of time paid for.

Advertisement rates will be given on application. 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 20 a. m. of that day.

News and opinions on any subject are always welcome, but all communications should be signed. Manuscripts unsolicited to our purpose will be returned if stamps are sent.

The composition and presswork of this paper are done by union men.

Office: No. 27 Canterbury St. (Telegraph Building).

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DEC. 29.

CIRCULATION, 5,000.

DON'T LOSE THE IDEA.

Some time ago we called attention to the visits of itinerant auctioneers who dropped on the public just before the holiday season with the refuse stock of larger cities and disposing of them at slaughter prices, took thousands of dollars in cash from our own legitimate trade.

At present there is no remedy for this. Legislation is required, and the interested merchants should lose no time in making up their minds to get it.

There is no valid argument against a reasonable, protective tax upon such goods. Merchants who pay taxes in the city, who are under heavy expenses the year around, have a right to protection from itinerant auctioneers who leave nothing in the city but a lot of shop-worn goods, five per cent. commission to the resident auctioneer, a nominal license fee and their hotel bill.

No one class of merchants is interested more than another. All kinds of goods have flooded the city in former years, and unless something is done will again. All should combine, and request their city representatives in the house of assembly to give them the necessary protection against competition which is in no sense fair.

THE QUESTION ANSWERS ITSELF.

The city of Toronto has twelve wards, named for the apostles. They are inhabited by 167,000 souls. Forty-six thousand of these souls are properly grateful that they live in a Christian land, and in an apostolic city. They go to church. The remaining three-fourths—121,000—stay at home.

Why? One reason for it may be found in the fact that a debt of \$1,251,457 rests upon the 145 places of worship.

You can't persuade the average man that there is anything Christian or apostolic about debt, even when it pertains to a church.

The church-goers, unhappily, appear to rest easy under it. The debt amounts to nearly \$13 a head and their annual contributions average \$5.40. At that rate the debt won't be paid very soon.

And while it remains to handicap the unnecessarily costly churches of which it is the visible symbol, no Christian needs ask, "Why can't we reach the masses?"

IN PLACE OF PROSPECTUS.

A prospectus, eh? We haven't any. We wrote one last week, but several provincial papers borrowed it to take the place of dead advertisements that they didn't dare run any longer. We are just as well pleased.

You know what we have done during the last eight months. And it satisfied you, did it? Very well.

We wasted little space in making promises when we began, and our columns are worth twice as much now as they were then. Talk isn't "cheap" with us; it's worth \$12 an inch.

Accordingly, this is our platform: During 1889 PROGRESS will not only continue to lead all other provincial papers, but it will try to excel itself. We can't do more than that.

Keep your eye on us, and see how we succeed.

CONCERNING CIRCULATION.

A paper just started in Boston "claims a monthly circulation of 22,500." We have never seen the paper. It is doubtless some advertising scheme. Nevertheless the statement has a moral.

Circulation, as regards advertisers, is of two kinds, good and worthless. A man may make a handbill out of boiler plate and give away 10,000 copies, but any business man knows that it is of less benefit to him than a live newspaper which sells no more than 1,000 copies. In the case of the handbill in question, the money is virtually thrown away.

No paper in St. John, except PROGRESS, dares to state its circulation in such a way that it could swear to it if necessary. The Globe and Telegraph are in fact the only papers which have anything like a respectable circulation, even as circulation has been regarded in this city in the past.

Considering that they have been established many more years than PROGRESS has existed months, that they claim to be newspapers, which PROGRESS does not, and that they are party papers, while PROGRESS seeks no such support, they have little of which to boast.

Of these two, the Globe prospers because it has never had, and has not now, any opposition which affects its patronage or circulation. It has been fortunate because of circumstances, and not because it has been or is run according to the modern idea of a newspaper. Were a live evening paper started in St. John, the Globe would either have to improve or go under. So far, there has been nothing to force it out of the old-fashioned rut.

The idea of a St. John daily was well expressed by the assertion of the advertising solicitor of the Sun, before the labor commission. He affirmed that a paper which used plate matter was considered a "live paper" here. Perhaps it is, but the public is being educated out of the idea. PROGRESS is the teacher.

It would be just as rational to say that a paper which used nearly all plate matter, and which gave away or peddled out by the month its edition of much less than 1,000 was a live paper. The merchants would know better. They would know that a man who offers to give them space in a daily for less than they pay in a weekly is canvassing under false pretences. They would refuse to accept his word as to circulation, and would ask that the edition be open to inspection as the editions of PROGRESS are. Then they would want to know what became of the papers. They would look to see how often they saw one in a store or house. If they were dry-goods merchants, they would listen to hear how many women were regular readers of the paper. They would question the news-boys as to their sales and their liability to be "stuck." In short, before throwing away one dollar on a doubtful medium they would make such inquiries from wholly independent sources. In the case of PROGRESS they are cordially invited to do so.

The question of the extent and character of a paper's circulation is an important one to merchants at this season, at all seasons. Advertising is a business transaction. A merchant should not be wheedled into throwing his money away, because it is begged as a charity. And he can throw it away very easily if he takes only the word of a "circulation liar."

EVERYBODY IS HAPPY.

Christmas is over and the merchants are happy. They had much to be thankful for; fine weather, the best of traveling, ready buyers, and many of them. There is not one who pretends to do a holiday trade who does not report an increased business.

They have had a much-needed rest this week. Sun and rain have been at work, and the snow has given place to ice and mud. And still we are happy.

Better trade and better thoughts of the future are abroad.

Wholesalers do not hesitate when saying that their sales have been better and steadier, and their bills more promptly met than for years. They feel that business is on a bed rock foundation, and the slow, but surely, growing walls are just as solid. Retailers are in the same healthy frame of mind. They find money more plentiful, and consequently they handle more of it. Many of them, too, are arriving at the belief that cash is their one safeguard. If the people would only realize it, it is also their safety.

The Empire, of Toronto, is a great paper. It spares no pains and expense to get news, and it employs and pays leading newspaper men as correspondents. S. D. SCOTT, editor-in-chief of the Sun, was and still is, for all that is known to the contrary, the St. John correspondent of the Empire. On Thursday, December 20, the St. John despatch to the Empire contained the following paragraph:

Lieut.-Col. DOMVILLE, ex-M. P. for Kings, presents some remarks and reflections about him which recently appeared in a society paper named PROGRESS, which is published in this city. He met CARTER, the publisher, on the street today, and demanded an explanation. The reply was not satisfactory, and the gallant colonel knocked the newspaper man down. The street being somewhat icy, DOMVILLE slipped, and when he returned to the charge CARTER had departed, taking with him a black eye.

We will not say that the correspondent colored, exaggerated or padded the story. We put it in simpler and plainer English: HE LIED.

The esteemed Globe relates the remarkable experience of a St. John man who, being afflicted with boils and given up by 39 doctors, was cured by a "seventh son of a seventh son." The latter's method of healing was to spit on his hands and rub the sores. It occurs to us that the annexation blister might be removed in the same way. Rub it hard, fellow citizens!

They are playing base ball in Cuba now, and the popular Sunday sport will, soon be bounding umpires instead of torturing bulls. It is a happy change—for the bulls.

Many happy returns of the day to the Rt.-Hon. WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE, born Dec. 29, 1809.

The paper or man who looks upon a Christmas presentation in the light of a political trick will never set the world on

Holiday Goods!

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

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

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



CHRISTMAS CARDS AND BOOKS.

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

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

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

ILLUSTRATED GIFT BOOKS.

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

STANDARD WORKS.

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

OUR PRICES ARE LOWER THAN THE LOWEST ON BOOKS.

SOME MORE OF THE SAME.

fire. If more of us were like Mr. ELLIS, and remembered those with whom we had daily contact during the year, the world would be better for it. And no doubt the boys of the ferry enjoyed their turkeys, and found no political flavor about them.

PEN AND PRESS.

The Horseman, Chicago, has 80 pages in its Christmas number and wears an illuminating cover. It is as good as it is beautiful. History does repeat itself, sometimes. An ass spoke in St. John, the other day; he dictated a letter to the Halifax Herald on "Gritism in New Brunswick Dead."

The Evangelical Churchman, (Toronto,) issued a Christmas number which did that excellent periodical credit. Seasonable articles by many prominent clergymen were among its features.

Many others besides newspaper men will be interested in the holiday special number of The Journalist, New York, an issue which is as attractive as the best literary and mechanical talent can make it. In addition to 48 pages of bright reading matter it gives a lithographic supplement containing portraits—and good ones—of 50 American editors. The paper is for sale by Mr. Morton L. Harrison.

Somewhat more than a year ago, a new candidate for public favor introduced itself to the people of New York and the country, under the name of The Press. Penny papers innumerable had been born and buried before The Press appeared and doleful prophecies were not wanting in its case. It has lived, however, and not by any adventitious aid, but because so good a paper could not help but succeed. It has the largest circulation of any Republican paper in America, and an examination of its prospectus, printed elsewhere, will show that there are good reasons why that should be so.

Dr. Stewart is Not a Candidate.

To the EDITORS OF PROGRESS: Will you kindly allow me to say in your columns that I am not a candidate for a professorship at Toronto university? I have never been a candidate for a professorship in any college. The attractions of a literary and journalistic life are too strong for me to withstand. My friend, Sir Daniel Wilson, president of the college, has had moreover a letter from me, in which I have very strongly urged upon him the claims of Prof. Chas. G. D. Roberts, M. A., for the chair of Language and Literature, in the university. Mr. Roberts' long and successful collegiate training admirably fits him for the place. Of his merits as a literary man I need say nothing to the readers of PROGRESS, who are familiar with his career in letters, and are as proud of him as I am. GEORGE STEWART, JR. Quebec, Dec. 21.

Compent Critics Say Good Words for "Progress" special Edition. PROGRESS—a live weekly paper for men and women,—is published in St. John, N. B. Though only in its first year, it has reached a very large circulation. It discusses society, literature, art, music and politics. The articles are well written, bright and crisp. Last Saturday PROGRESS published a grand holiday number of 24 pages of six columns each. The paper was illustrated, and the advertising patronage bestowed on it by the merchants of St. John was exceedingly liberal. In every way PROGRESS is creditable to editors, contributors and publishers.—Quebec Morning Chronicle.

We had a genuine surprise from St. John, N. B., this week, in the shape of a 24-page PROGRESS, filled with excellent engravings of St. John business houses, streets, etc., and with a vast amount of good reading. It was a surprise, because we had been led to believe that provincial merchants were slow in advertising; but we must confess that we have never seen, outside of the ten big cities of the United States, such progressiveness and evident energy.—British-American Citizen (Boston).

Canada is not far behind the United States in live, hustling newspapers. If PROGRESS, of St. John, N. B., can be taken as a criterion, PROGRESS is always interesting, but it outdoes itself in its splendid holiday number of 24 pages. Including special articles, spicy sketches and splendid illustrations it makes one of the finest newspapers it has ever been our fortune to see.—Portland, Me., Sunday Telegram.

The holiday number of the St. John PROGRESS is the best ever issued in the province. The enterprise shown by PROGRESS must doubtless be appreciated by the St. John people.—New Glasgow, N. S., Enterprise.

UNCLE JEFF'S HANKERINGS.

O, I lub de sweet potato and I lub de yaller corn, And I lub de smell de fappers on de griddle in de morn, I'm a huster for de hoe cake and I cotton to de coon, But my heart goes out for chicken with de risin' of de moon, O, I lub de babbie, bubble of de bobolinkum lay, And de cheery, chaffin, chatter of de chirpin' bird at play, De robin am a huster, too, but, O, de sweetest tune Is de chirpin' of de chicken at de risin' of de moon, O, I likes to swing de sickle in de stubble, yes I do, I'm a dandy on de buckswar, and de shovel and de hoe, But I's obliged to mention dat my name it is Mul-doon, When it comes to liftin' chickens in de risin' of de moon, O, de Lord He show ole Bruney where de fatten' sheeply foun, He show de lucifer de way to chase de rabbit down, And He show de fox his dinner, so I tink I'll ax Him soon Jess to show dis nig some chickens in de risin' of de moon, O, I's thankful for de blessings dat I every day obtain, I's mindful of de sunshine and de starshine and de rain, But my heart o'erflows to Hebben like de Allegash in June, After tuggin' home a chicken froo de risin' of de moon. B.R.D.

BARNES & MURRAY, 17 CHARLOTTE STREET.

25 PER CENT. REDUCTION!

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

STOCK OF FANCY GOODS,

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

BARNES & MURRAY.

N. B.—Third Dry Goods store from Union street.

NEW CROCKERY STORE.

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

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

Prices Low. C. MASTERS.

Tell Your Friends

THAT WALTER SCOTT

HAS THE FINEST ASSORTMENT

OF

Silk Handkerchiefs

EVER SHOWN IN ST. JOHN.

See Windows.

Prices 10 cents to \$1.50 Each.

Gents' Silk Scarfs, 10 cents upwards.

ONE PRICE. CASH ONLY.

WALTER SCOTT, 32 and 36 South side King Square.

Confectionery and Christmas Novelties,

—AT— HUGH P. KERR'S. - - Branch Store, KING STREET.

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

Money Made by Buying your DRY GOODS

—AT— KEDEY & CO'S., 77 King Street.

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

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



NEW PATTERNS IN CHEAP TEA AND DINNER SETS.

SOCIAL EVENTS. And the... We can... I fancy... little more... parties... the year... full, and... lar. The... procuring... the rink... to her ho... jolly danc... A quiet... to many... evening at... D. D., wh... married to... Minn. T... of cadet... trimmings... pink rose... supper Mr... the I. C. F... Boston an... a few day... Western h... their large... The Mis... wick and... educated... the young... in the city... Miss H... Harrison o... pected to... her cousin... east. Rev. Mr... Christmas... Master... Robert... Poughke... school. Hon. R... Geo. Boak... Halifax, ar... ing, to att... Boak. A dinner... and, Christ... ed as one... events of... about 7 o'... conversation... ing a deligh... Last even... tained a sm... home on M... The Half... out their list... year. The... annual mee... Thursday in... Dr. and M... been spend... with Mrs. R... "Fan-tan... going to be... circles in the... in order th... authentic lu... draws a han... Chinese mo... brass cov... out four coin... remain of th... number of co... two, or one... which determ... players who... the number... to the numb... ful, he is win... The ladies... Year's day... of the good... pleasant call... friends, Sor... gowns are re... be donned ev... visit us in full... OF FRIDERIC... a lovely, mild... cident, and... owner of a ho... tain one, en... were Christm... the churches... Cathedral and... pretty. Ther... ings through... Christmas tre... Mr. and M... a party tomor... dence, Frogg... Charlie. Mr. and M... John on Mon... friends in the... today. Mr. Goodri... Saturday from... spend his Chri... ents at the rec... Miss Dawso... E. I., is her... Jeanie Logan... Mr. Harry... vard college sp... Mr. Spencer... from New Yor... Mr. Biggs is a... of this city. Mr. Harry B... ton, to spend C... Mr. Will Cl... Dr. Cliff, of... friends. Mr. J. Fred... N. W. T., is v... Mr. Frazer C... Christmas at... Gregory. Mr. James... spending his bo... Mr. and Mrs... Fenety and Mes... city will spend... will be accompa... is at Miss Purle... take the steam... and then pro... Tallahassee, the... "Linden Hall"... absence. Christmas, O... tending manna... Mr. Arthur, who...

**MURRAY,**  
**TE STREET.**  
**REDUCTION!**  
 will be taken off the  
 of all our  
**FANCY GOODS,**  
 PRISING—  
 ants,  
 o. Frames, in several different styles;  
 Perfumery in Fancy Bottles, etc., etc.  
**S & MURRAY.**  
 re from Union street.  
**KERY STORE.**  
**STERS,**  
 - - St. John, N. B.  
**FAMILY.** Now showing full lines of  
**FAST, TEA, TOILETTE** and  
**E JARS, FIGURES;** also, a  
 angling and Stand Lamps.  
**C. MASTERS.**  
**r Friends**  
**AT**  
**R SCOTT**  
**AS**  
**ASSORTMENT**  
**OF**  
**kerchiefs**  
**N IN ST. JOHN.**  
 Windows.  
**to \$1.50 Each.**  
 , 10 cents upwards.  
**CASH ONLY.**  
**32 and 36 South side King Square.**  
**Christmas Novelties,**  
**AT**  
**R'S. - - Branch Store, KING STREET.**  
**WATCHES,**  
**CORNUCOPIES,**  
**NECKLACES,**  
**WEDDING CAKE ORNAMENTS,**  
**BUTTERFLY BASKETS,**  
**CHOCOLATE DROPS, in fancy boxes,**  
**BIRDS and ANIMALS, TABLETS,**  
**JAMS and JELLIES.**  
 or the Xmas tree; also, a 5lb. box of our  
 .00. SOMETHING NICE.  
**ing your DRY GOODS**  
**AT**  
**& CO'S.,**  
**g Street.**  
**EXT WEEK IN**  
**ULSTER CLOTHS and TWEEDS;** a full  
**DRAWERS, CARDIGAN JACKETS;**  
**S, BLANKETS and WOOL GOODS.**  
 Call and see.  
  
**Y STORE**  
**TEA AND DINNER SETS.**

**SOCIAL AND PERSONAL**

**EVENTS OF THE WEEK IN OUR SOCIETY CIRCLES**

And the Happenings Elsewhere in the  
 Brunswick-Colonial Falls-Woodville  
 Society, St. John, N. B., and  
 Newmarket, Dorchester and Chatham.

We cannot look for much social gaiety  
 during this holiday season, when families  
 are all enjoying their home pleasures, but  
 I fancy we can count on next week being a  
 little more lively. I hear of several skating  
 parties planned for a merry beginning of  
 the year. These parties are most deligh-  
 tful, and will, no doubt, become very popu-  
 lar. The entertainer arranges all details,  
 procuring the tickets, driving the parties to  
 the rink and after the skate they proceed  
 to her home for supper and sometimes a  
 jolly dance.

A quiet wedding that was rather a sur-  
 prise to many St. John friends, took place Thurs-  
 day evening at the residence of Rev. J. Bennett,  
 D. D., whose eldest daughter, Letitia, was  
 married to Major J. A. Boak, of St. Paul,  
 Minn. The bride wore a travelling costume  
 of cadet blue cloth with heavy military  
 trimmings and carried long bouquets of  
 pink roses and carnations. Shortly after  
 supper Mr. and Mrs. Boak were driven to  
 the I. C. R. station and took the train for  
 Boston and Montreal, where they will spend  
 a few days before proceeding to their  
 Western home, where the best wishes of  
 their large circle of friends will follow them.

The Misses Josie Troop, Bessie Bed-  
 dlewick and Lizzie Gilbert, who are being  
 educated at Bradford academy, are among  
 the young people spending their holidays  
 in the city.

Miss Harrison, daughter of Principal  
 Harrison of Fredericton university, is ex-  
 pected to arrive in the city today, to visit  
 her cousin, Miss McKeown, King street  
 east.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Saer spent their  
 Christmas in Halifax.  
 Master Perry Thompson, son of Mr.  
 Robert Thompson, will shortly leave for  
 Poughkeepsie, to attend the military  
 school.

Hon. R. Boak and wife, Mr. and Mrs.  
 Geo. Boak and Miss Louise Boak, all of  
 Halifax, arrived in the city Thursday morn-  
 ing, to attend the wedding of Mr. John  
 Boak.

A dinner party given by Dr. Wm. Bay-  
 ard, Christmas evening, will be remembered  
 as one of the most enjoyable social  
 events of this year. Dinner was served  
 about 7 o'clock, and it and the brilliant  
 conversation all tended to make the even-  
 ing a delightful success.

Last evening, Mrs. Fred Titus enter-  
 tained a small party of little folks at her  
 home on Main street.

The Half-hour Reading club are making  
 out their lists of books read during the past  
 year. The quarterly, which will also be the  
 annual meeting, will be held the second  
 Thursday in January.

Dr. and Mrs. Lawrence of Boston have  
 been spending their Christmas holidays  
 with Mrs. R. C. Skinner.

"Fan-tan," the great Chinese game is  
 going to be immensely popular in society  
 circles in the latter cities this winter and  
 in order that St. John may be fully in-  
 formed on the subject I give the following  
 authentic rules for playing it: The dealer  
 draws a handful of coins from a pile of  
 Chinese money and places it beneath a  
 brass cover. Then he proceeds to draw  
 out four coins at a time until less than four  
 remain of the centre handful. Whatever  
 number of coins remain, whether it be three,  
 two, or one, designates the score on a card  
 which determines the bet. If one of the  
 players who is betting has chanced to select  
 the number on the score which corresponds  
 to the number of coins left out of the hand-  
 ful, he is winner.

The ladies are all in a twitter over New  
 Year's day. They are expecting a revival  
 of the good old times when they received  
 pleasant calls from all their gentleman  
 friends. Some very bewitching reception  
 gowns are ready for the occasion and will  
 be donned even though the rain decides to  
 visit us in full force.

**CELESTIAL TALK.**

FREDERICTON, Dec. 26.—Christmas was  
 a lovely, mild day, and the sleighing ex-  
 cellent, and every one who was the happy  
 owner of a horse and sleigh or could ob-  
 tain one, enjoyed it to the utmost. There  
 were Christmas services held in nearly all  
 the churches, and the decorations in the  
 Cathedral and St. Ann's were exceedingly  
 pretty. There were many family gather-  
 ings throughout the city and a number of  
 Christmas trees.

Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Randolph will give  
 a party tomorrow evening at their resi-  
 dence, Frogmoro, for their youngest son  
 Charlie.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Richards went to St.  
 John on Monday to spend Christmas with  
 friends in that city; they returned home  
 today.

Mr. Goodridge Roberts came home on  
 Saturday from King's college, Windsor, to  
 spend his Christmas holidays with his par-  
 ents at the rectory.

Miss Dawson, from Charlottetown, P.  
 E. I., is here visiting her friend Miss  
 Jeannie Logan, on York street.

Mr. Harry Fenety is home from Har-  
 vard college spending his holidays.

Mr. Spencer Estey and Mr. Will Biggs,  
 from New York, are visiting friends here.  
 Mr. Biggs is a son of Mr. Charles Biggs,  
 of this city.

Mr. Harry Botsford is home from Bos-  
 ton, to spend Christmas with his parents.

Mr. Will Chestnut left this morning to  
 spend the winter in California.

Dr. Cliff, of Boston, is here visiting  
 friends.

Mr. J. Fred Hume, from Revelstoke,  
 N. W. T., is visiting his parents.

Mr. Fraser Gregory, of St. John, spent  
 Christmas at his father's, Mr. George  
 Gregory.

Mr. James Lemont, from Boston, is  
 spending his holidays with his parents.

Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Fenety, the Misses  
 Fenety and Messrs. Linden and Walter Fen-  
 ety will spend the winter in Florida. They  
 will be accompanied by Mrs. Millidge, who  
 is at Miss Purley's at present. The party  
 take the steamer from Boston to Savannah  
 and then proceed to their destination,  
 Tallahassee, the capital of Florida, by rail.  
 "Linden Hall" will be closed during their  
 absence.

STELLA.  
 Christmas Cards, Booklets, from a  
 leading manufacturer, 80 King street, Dr.  
 McArthur, wholesale and retail.

**MONCTON SOCIETY.**

MONCTON, Dec. 26.—Yesterday was a  
 more than usually quiet Christmas day. In  
 most of the churches the Christmas ser-  
 vices were held on Sunday so as to give  
 those members of the different churches who  
 wished to spend their holiday out of Mon-  
 cton a chance to do so with a clear con-  
 science. The music was of an exception-  
 ally high order, particularly in the  
 Methodist church, most of the music, es-  
 pecially the anthems, having been imported  
 for the occasion. At St. George's, also,  
 the music had been prepared with great  
 care, and as usual Miss Greta Peters' cor-  
 net accompaniment was a very special fea-  
 ture. The anthem was "Sir Arthur Salli-  
 van's setting of "It came upon the mid-  
 night clear," the solo being beautifully  
 sung by Mrs. Benedict.

The only evening services were in St.  
 Bernard's and in Church of England mis-  
 sion chapel. Father Cormier of St. Joseph's  
 college assisted Father Meahan in the  
 day's services. Apropos of St. Ber-  
 nard's, last Monday, has the tenth anni-  
 versary of the Rev. Father Meahan's ordi-  
 nation, and he wittily referred to it during  
 one of the services as his "tin wedding,"  
 and invited his congregation to give con-  
 tributions of "tin" to aid in the comple-  
 tion of the new church. It is all for the  
 church, with Father Meahan, never any-  
 thing for himself.

Such a large number of society people  
 spent their Christmas out of town that it  
 helped to make the day a dull one, and the  
 rain which set in after dinner imprisoned  
 those who had remained in Moncton in  
 their own mansions.

Mr. and Mrs. John McSweeney spent  
 Christmas in Westmorland.

Mr. Wallace, of the Bank of Montreal,  
 and Mr. Metzler, of the Bank of Nova  
 Scotia, spent their holiday in Halifax.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Wetmore spent  
 the day in St. John.

Mr. E. S. Jarvis, of the Bank of Mon-  
 treal, spent his holiday at his home, in St.  
 John.

Dr. O. F. H. Campbell, formerly of this  
 town, is back among his old friends, spend-  
 ing his Christmas vacation. The doctor  
 shows every sign of being in his usual  
 robust health and excellent spirits.

Mr. John Hickman, of Dorchester, was  
 in town, Friday.

Chief Superintendent Pottinger, his  
 private secretary, Mr. H. A. Price and  
 Mr. Thomas Williams, treasurer, of the I.  
 C. R., spent last Thursday in St. John.

Dr. P. R. Steeves, who has been ill for  
 nearly a year, died Monday morning, of  
 hemorrhage of the lungs. Dr. Steeves left  
 a young widow and one son.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Record, of Boston,  
 are in town, visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. B.  
 Record, at their residence on Main street.

I noted what Progress said last week,  
 an amateur theatrical performance, and  
 while agreeing very heartily with those  
 sentiments in most cases, I must make an  
 exception in favor of last Thursday's rep-  
 resentation of *Hazel Kirk*, or *The Miller's*  
*Daughter*, as it was called by Moncton's  
 amateurs. Indeed I shall be doing them  
 scant justice when I say that I have seen  
 very many professional companies who did  
 not act nearly so well. Mrs. Butcher's  
 interpretation of the title role, the charming  
 "Hazel Kirk" was beyond all praise, and  
 Miss Harley's "Dolly Dutton" was so  
 vigorously natural that one found it hard  
 to believe the had ever been anyone else  
 but the miller's lively niece. Mrs. Stavert  
 made a grave and dignified "Mercy," and  
 Mrs. J. R. Bruce ably supported the  
 difficult part of "Lady Carringford," her  
 daughter, a sprightly maiden of fourteen,  
 winning warm commendation as the parlor  
 maid "Gloria." The gentlemen's parts  
 were all so well taken that it is hard to  
 particularize. Mr. Paver, Mr. Butcher,  
 Dr. Murray and Mr. Stavert took the  
 principal parts.

Mr. Paver as "Dunstan Kirke," was  
 not Mr. Paver at all. He was the hot  
 tempered, hard-hearted, iron-willed miller.  
 Mr. Butcher covered himself with glory as  
 the ever-whimsical, outwardly silly, but in-  
 wardly sensible "Pittacus Green," and Dr.  
 Murray's appearance on the stage was in-  
 variably the signal for a round of applause,  
 his sorrows as "Squire Rodney" the re-  
 jected lover of Hazel, seeming to have en-  
 deared him to the audience, so well did he  
 portray his suffering. Mr. Stavert as  
 "Arthur Carringford" was so attractive a  
 representative of the English nobility that  
 one does not wonder at poor little Hazel  
 giving her heart to him. Among the minor  
 characters I can not help speaking of Mr.  
 Bowers, of the Merchants' Bank of Hal-  
 ifax, as "Barney O'Flynn." He was simply  
 inimitable, looking and acting the part to  
 perfection. Indeed, when one thinks of  
 the many dreary, mirthless imitations of  
 Irishmen one has been forced to listen to  
 on the professional stage, it is a relief to  
 listen to an amateur like Mr. Bowers. The  
 Opera house was filled, the orchestra played  
 delightfully and, I fancy, the shakels that  
 the entertainment realized were many.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Cotton came up  
 from Halifax for the performance, and  
 were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. H.  
 Beldome. Mrs. Cotton went on to St.  
 John next morning, Mr. Cotton returning  
 to Halifax by the night train.

Mrs. Harley and Miss Sargent, of New-  
 castle, also came down for the play, and  
 I regret to say that, on their return Satur-  
 day morning, they took Miss Harley with  
 them.

A great number of strangers paid our  
 amateurs the compliment of coming to  
 Moncton to see them act, amongst whom I  
 noticed particularly Mr. Wells, of Dor-  
 chester; Mr. Hawkins, of the Merchants'  
 bank of Halifax, an old member of the  
 club; Mr. M. G. Teed, of Dorchester, and  
 Mr. Neal of Fredericton.

Mr. Arthur Dickey, of Amherst, spent  
 last Thursday and Friday in Moncton,  
 visiting her mother, Mrs. K. B. Boggs, who  
 is spending the winter at the "Brun-  
 swick."

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Whitney returned  
 last week from Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. S. P. McKean gave a  
 large and very successful dance, last Friday  
 evening; the costumes of the ladies were  
 unusually fresh, and beautiful. I have not  
 time to describe them all, but a few of the  
 most noticeable were: Miss Harris who  
 wore a charming dress of red, cashmere,  
 cut décolleté; Mrs. Bruce who wore black  
 lace and silk; Miss Weldon whose gown  
 was a bright lovely pink, a combination of  
 satin and nun's-veiling, and fair "Iselt of  
 Ireland" who wore in pure white lace,  
 and looked more lovely than ever.

Mrs. P. S. Archibald returned from her  
 visit to Rockland, Maine, Saturday.

Miss Hanington of Dorchester, spent  
 some days in town, last week, the guest of  
 Mr. and Mrs. McLean.  
 Miss May Smith, of Salisbury, paid a  
 short visit to Moncton last week, the guest  
 of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Triton.  
 Mr. James Taylor, of the Short Line  
 railway, spent Monday in town. Mr. Tay-  
 lor was on his way to Springfield to spend  
 Christmas with his sister, Mrs. A. J. Cross-  
 well.

CICIL GWYNNE.  
 On the "The National," No. 23 Charlotte  
 Street, for *Opus Regium*.

**WOODSTOCK WHISPERS.**

WOODSTOCK, Dec. 26.—The usual plea-  
 sures of Christmas day were greatly en-  
 hanced in the one just passed by the enjoy-  
 able temperature. Sleighting was the pastime  
 par excellence.

Mr. B. E. Guy Smith, who has been for  
 about a year in a banking office in New  
 York, is home for the holidays.

Dr. Fred. Cotter, who is practicing at  
 Debec, paid his uncle, Dr. N. R. Cotter a  
 holiday visit.

Miss Ida Baird, who has been teaching  
 music the last three months at Vanceboro,  
 returned home last week.

Mr. Charles Appleby is spending his  
 college vacation at home.

Miss Mary L. Connell, who has been  
 visiting at Chatham for five months returned  
 home last week.

The many friends of Miss Ella Smith will  
 regret to hear that she has been confined to  
 her home for two weeks.

George Baker goes to Quebec this week  
 to attend the military school.

**TURNER & FINLAY,**  
 12 KING STREET  
 —AND—  
 11 CHARLOTTE STREET,  
 —WILL—  
 AS USUAL, BEGIN  
 —ON—  
**Wednesday, 2nd Jan.,**  
 and continue until the  
 18th instant,  
**A SALE**  
 —AT—  
**Special Prices**  
 TO CLOSE OUT BEFORE  
**STOCK-TAKING,**  
 The following lines:  
**Winter Dress Goods,**  
**Fur-Lined Mantles,**  
**Mantle Cloths,**  
**Cotton Prints,**  
**Shoulder Capes,**  
**Remnants of all kinds.**  
**The Sale.**  
 The why doesn't matter to you. The  
 saving does. You will do your best  
 friend a good turn to show what  
 you got from us for so  
**FEW DOLLARS.**  
**TURNER & FINLAY.**

**DORCHESTER DOTS.**  
 DORCHESTER, Dec. 27.—Christmas has  
 brought to Dorchester quite a number of  
 familiar faces, and this, surely, is not the  
 least pleasing feature of the festival.  
 Miss Peters, who has charge of one of  
 the Boston hospitals, is spending a short  
 holiday with Mrs. D. L. Hanington. Her  
 brother, Mr. Lee Peters, of the C. P. R.  
 offices, Winnipeg, is also spending his  
 vacation here, the guest of Mrs. G. W.  
 Chandler. He intends taking a bride from  
 among us, when he returns to his western  
 home.  
 Mr. R. W. Hanington returned, Christ-  
 mas, from his visit to Fredericton.  
 Mr. Charles Hickman, now engaged in  
 the study of French at St. Thomas, Que.,  
 and Mr. J. W. Y. Smith, of Bishop's  
 college, Lennoxville, are home for their  
 vacations.  
 Mr. W. R. Racey, for some time agent  
 of the Merchants' bank here, and now of  
 Bathurst, spent Christmas in Dorchester,  
 where he still seems to find some attraction.  
 Mr. Stanley Chandler, of Boston, is  
 making a short visit in Dorchester with  
 Mrs. Chandler, at "Rocklyn."  
 (Continued on Eighth Page.)

**Macaulay Brothers & Co.,**  
 61 and 63 KING STREET.  
 BALL, PARTY AND EVENING  
 DRESS FABRICS AND GARNITURES.  
 We are now prepared to show one of the Largest and Most Complete Stocks ever imported  
 into this City, and not to be excelled in Canada. Not only in Materials and Shades, but  
 in all the Trimmings, Laces, Fans, Gloves and Hosiery to match, which  
 go so far to make the Costume complete.  
 Maroon Cashmere,  
 Nuns' Veilings,  
 Pongee Silks,  
 Satin Marvelleaux,  
 CHINA SILKS,  
 Striped Mecklins,  
 Bordered Mecklins,  
 Grenadines,  
 Lace Flouncings.  
**MACAULAY BROS. & CO.**  
 English Cutlery.

**TURNER & FINLAY,**  
 12 KING STREET  
 —AND—  
 11 CHARLOTTE STREET,  
 —WILL—  
 AS USUAL, BEGIN  
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 The why doesn't matter to you. The  
 saving does. You will do your best  
 friend a good turn to show what  
 you got from us for so  
**FEW DOLLARS.**  
**TURNER & FINLAY.**

**CLIMAX RANGE**  
 Ranges and Cooking Stoves.  
 A FULL LINE OF THE ABOVE  
 INCLUDING THE  
**CLIMAX,**  
 the leading RANGE in the market. Every  
 one warranted.  
 COOKING STOVES—Wood and Coal;  
 HEATING STOVES—in great variety;  
 FRANKLINS, TIDES, RED CLOUDS,  
 MASCOYS, SILVER MOON, Etc.  
 C. E. BURNHAM & SONS, 83 and 85 Charlotte Street, - - - St. John, N. B.

**HENDERSON, BURNS & CO.**  
 A HANDSOME PRESENT  
 —IS A—  
**NICE PAIR OF OIL PAINTINGS.**  
 Useful and Ornamental.  
 The greatest ART CRITIC cannot fail to have his tastes satisfied by examining the  
 fine display of American and Canadian scenery, now on exhibition at  
**JENNINGS', - - - - 171 UNION STREET.**  
 Ten per cent. off for Cash on ALBUMS and OIL PAINTINGS.  
 P. S.—COME EARLY FOR BARGAINS.

**Parsons' Pills**  
 These pills were a won-  
 derful discovery. Un-  
 like any others, they  
 take them easily. The  
 most delicate women  
 use them. In fact all  
 ladies can obtain very  
 great benefits from the  
 use of Parsons' Pills.  
 One box sent post-  
 paid for 25 cents, or five  
 boxes for \$1 in stamps.  
 25 Pills in every box.  
 The circular around  
 each box explains the  
 symptoms. Also how to  
 cure a great variety of  
 diseases. The infor-  
 mation alone is worth  
 ten times the cost. A  
 handsome illustrated  
 pamphlet sent free con-  
 sists valuable infor-  
 mation. Send for it.  
 Dr. E. B. Johnson &  
 Co., 25 Custom House  
 Street, Boston, Mass.

**Make New Rich Blood!**  
 The circular around  
 each box explains the  
 symptoms. Also how to  
 cure a great variety of  
 diseases. The infor-  
 mation alone is worth  
 ten times the cost. A  
 handsome illustrated  
 pamphlet sent free con-  
 sists valuable infor-  
 mation. Send for it.  
 Dr. E. B. Johnson &  
 Co., 25 Custom House  
 Street, Boston, Mass.

**LAME HORSES.**  
 Do not give up your horse till you have  
 tried Fellows' Leeming's Essence. It will  
 cure Spavins, Ringbones, Curbs, Splints,  
 Sprains, Swellings and Stiff Joints. PRICE  
 50 CENTS.  
**Fellows' Leeming's Essence**  
 For Lameness in Horses, stands pre-emi-  
 nently above all preparations used by Hor-  
 men as a remedy for Splints, Spavins, Curbs,  
 Ringbone, Sidelone, Strains of the Back,  
 Sinews, Hock, Knee, Fetlock, Pastern and  
 Coffin Joints, etc. Every well regulated  
 stable should keep a supply of the essence  
 on hand.  
**INDIGESTION CURED.**  
**Fellows' Dyspepsia Bitters**  
 are a sure cure for Indigestion, Jaundice,  
 Bilious Complaints, Bad Breath, Sick Head-  
 ache, Heartburn, Acid Stomach, etc.  
**PRICE 25 CENTS.**  
**GRAND**  
**Millinery Sale**  
 —OF THE—  
**FINEST MILLINERY GOODS,**  
 —AND—  
 SALE WITHOUT RESERVE.  
 Trimmed and Untrimmed Bonnets and Hats  
 AT UNHEARD OF PRICES.  
 Those having not yet purchased would do  
 well to visit  
**MME. KANE'S Store,**  
 205 UNION STREET,  
 where they are certain to be suited.

**Shorthand**  
 Lessons by Mail.  
 COMPLETE COURSE.....\$5.00  
 PARTIAL COURSE..... 2.50  
 TEXT BOOKS INCLUDED.  
 Precisely the same course as that followed at this  
 Institute. Instructed by HARRY FEPPER,  
 Instructor of Shorthand Institute, St. John, N. B.  
**1888. FALL and WINTER 1888.**  
 Just Received per steamer "Danara"—  
**LATEST LONDON STYLES**  
**Stiff and Soft Felt Hats.**  
 CHILDREN'S PLUSH CAPS;  
 T. O'SHANTER CAPS;  
 HAVELOCK CAPS; ALMA CAPS;  
 CORDUROY in all colors.  
 Ladies' and Gent's CLOVE Caps in newest shapes.  
 Ladies' and Gent's GLOVES in Kid, Buck,  
 Fur, Woolen, etc.  
 Low Prices. **ROBT. C. BOURKE & CO.,**  
 61 Charlotte street.

**A. & J. HAY,**  
 76 King Street.  
 Spectacles, Watches, Clocks and Jewelry.  
 JEWELRY made to order and repaired.  
 WEDDING RINGS guaranteed 18 K. fine.  
**Dispensing of Prescriptions.**  
 Special Attention is Given to  
 this very important branch.  
 Medicines of Standardized Strength used.  
 By this means reliable articles will be supplied, and  
 in each case compounded by a competent person.  
**W. M. B. MOVEY,**  
 Dispensing Chemist, 188 Union Street.  
**ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS.**

THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

A Magazine for Thinking People. With the fourth volume of Lend a Hand, the Massachusetts Society for Promoting Good Citizenship assumes a share in the duty of conducting it.

Notes and Announcements. Mrs. Humphrey Ward may visit Mrs. Frederic Whitridge, of New York, a daughter of Matthew Arnold, sometime next February.

An elder of the Church of Scotland has a new contribution to Marie Stuart literature. His attention has been especially directed to the edict of Pope Pius IV., permitting her marriage to Bothwell.

The Athenaeum rashly asserts that the whole delightful array of female novelists has never yet, or if ever, rarely been able to distinguish a gentleman from that other person whom gentlemen have reproachfully spoken of from time immemorial as a "cad."

Another novel that will be launched with a sensational introduction to the public will be the second book of Mrs. Atherton, whose What Dreams May Come attracted attention last spring.

The following estimate of Walter Scott appears in Lord Stanhope's Notes of Conversation with the Duke of Wellington: "I thought him a very agreeable man, full of anecdote. On several occasions, though, when I met him he was talked down by Croker and Banks."

The late Lord Stanhope's Notes of Conversation with the Duke of Wellington, just published in England by John Murray, will be issued in this country by Longmans, Green & Co.

Somebody wrote to Mr. Gladstone, asking him to perform the same service for John Ward, Preacher, that he had done for Robert Estmere. The Grand Old Man declined, saying he never wrote an article except for a special purpose.

The St. John, N. B., "Progress" stands in the front rank of Canadian weeklies. There is about it a good, healthy atmosphere which is inspiring. It looks steadily on the bright side of things, and its readers are the better for perusing it.

MUSIC, AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Speaking of annoyances at public entertainments, the man who keeps time to a tune with his foot on the floor is one of the worst bores in existence. Yet the orchestra strike up a lively measure and slater, clatter goes his foot in 2-4, 3-4 or 4-4 time, usually about half a beat behind.

The above will appeal to many of us who have been annoyed in a similar manner, and who have had a whole evening's enjoyment spoiled by the would-be timeist friend.

In the Folio for January, just issued, is a portrait of the celebrated violinist Mme. Norman Neruda, and a full complement of dance and other music. Amongst the most noticeable articles are those on Corcelli, the celebrated composer and violinist, who was born in 1868 and died in 1913, aged 60 years; J. M. Tracey's "Some of the Noted Singers of Boston," and an anecdote of Ole Bull, called "How Little Leo Got His Violin."

The music at the several Episcopal and Roman Catholic churches on Christmas Day was from all accounts certainly above the average. Of course it is impossible for one to make a personal visit to each church, but after inquiries from various musical friends I can depend upon, I gather that there is a continued improvement in the different choirs.

At the time I am writing (Thursday morning) I have been told that the Wizard Oil company intend to give a sacred concert next Sunday evening at half-past eight in the Institute. This will enable the most of church-goers to attend their service and then go to hear something that I believe is very good.

What a difficult chorus "For unto us a child is born," is for those who are not very careful of the proper pronunciation of the words. I know that the music has something to do with it but I was astonished at the really marked way in which the first three words, For unto us, were run into one, as Foruntowus, with special accent on the run and the us, at the rehearsal of the Oratorio society on Wednesday evening last; also the word government—it was always pronounced government. Some may think this quibbling over a very small matter but I can assure them that the careful enunciation of those words would have a very marked difference on the effect of the chorus.

The reed stops for the Mission church organ arrived last Thursday and have been put in their places, and though not fully tuned as yet, give promise of being something very fine and far above the average. They have been a long time coming, but will evidently amply repay for the waiting. It will probably be in good order by tomorrow.

The "caneing" of Mr. Morley by his choir boys on Christmas morning was a very happy little incident, and those privileged to be present much enjoyed the specially kindly words with which the Rev. J. M. Davenport made the presentation.

"Pa, what are the stops of an organ for?" "They are for varying the tune of an instrument. One causes a flute tone, another a deep tone, and so on."

"The Messiah" was sung last Monday evening in Melrose town hall by the Salem Oratorio society, 175 voices, Carl Zerrahn, conductor, assisted by Elene Buffington Kehew, soprano; Gertrude Edmands, contralto; George J. Parker, tenor; D. M. Babcock, bass; and the Germania orchestra, 20 pieces, Richard Shuebruk, trumpet soloist.—Boston Times.

The main point to be watched by the leader of a brass band is the foot ensemble.—Ex.

Although not unexpected, the news of the death of Mr. Oliver Ditson brought a pang of sorrow to the hearts of thousands of people throughout the land, and especially to many in Boston, who had seen him start as a very young man in a small way, and by hard, persistent effort built up the business which had done not a little to

establish Boston as a musical centre. Oliver Ditson's name will be remembered long after those who have been more prominent in the city's public life will have been forgotten. He died peacefully, at his home in East Brookline street, on Friday, at the age of 77 years.—Boston Times.

A Western band leader named Benjamin Sharp recently failed. When a man will B-sharp when he ought to be flat, we know he couldn't B-sharp enough to run even a Peabody band.—Peabody Press.

RATS IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

A Frenchman is Willing to Exterminate the Pests. "Rats!" Those terrible four letters produced a scare in the White House long before the victory of the G. O. P. was announced.

This humorous historiette was eagerly read in France, all over, it seems, because the Courier publishes the following letter, which was received in the White House: "I have seen with a heart full of sorrow that the White House, the residence of your Excellence and your esteemed lady, is infested with those abominable 'rongeurs,' commonly called rats. I take the liberty of sending you a package of rough rats, which will in a short time deliberate you of the terrible plague. I have tested it. In case you desire it, I send a special man over there to superintend the cleaning process. I hope you will pay him his travelling expenses and a good salary. Hoping to receive a favorable answer, I remain your Excellency's most devoted servant. ALEX. ALLIER. Gannat, France, Dec. 10, 1888.

The enterprising Frenchman has not yet received an answer. It is supposed that Mr. Cleveland will refer the matter to Mr. Harrison.—New York Sun.

A Merciful Man. There is a horse in the town of Sprague, Conn., belonging to Allen Williams, that has to be put to bed to be shod. Mr. Williams has to carry a mattress and pillows to the shop where his horse is shod. The horse is thrown down and held on the mattress by straps across the body, and his owner insists on having the horse's head bolstered up in a comfortable position with two pillows while the work is being done.

He Beat the Record.

Police clerk, showing goods: "Here, lady, is something I would like to call your attention to. The very latest thing out." Mrs. Rounder: "If there is anything out later than my husband I guess I will take it, if only for a curiosity."

In a New Form.

Herr Von Blaiermutche.—"Vell, Miss Bessie, vot you tink ov mine blaying alreity?" Bessie (of Boston).—"Oh, there are no musce domestic on you, professor."

The Sun.

1889

And for the Democracy. The Sun believes that the campaign for the election of a Democratic president in 1892 should begin on or about the fourth of next March. The Sun will be on hand at the beginning and until the end of the most interesting and important political conflict since the war, doing its honest utmost, as ever, to secure the triumph of the Democratic party and the permanent supremacy of the principles held by Jefferson, Jackson and Tilden.

The great fact of the year is the return to absolute power of the common enemy of all good Democrats—the political organization for whose overthrow the Sun fought at the front for fifteen years, the memorable years of Grant and the Grand Hayes, and Garfield and Arthur.

It is the same old enemy that Democrats now confront, and he will be entrenched in the same strong position. It has been carried once by brave and hopeful fighting. Do you not believe with The Sun that the thing can be done again? Wait and see!

The hope of the Democracy is in the loyal efforts of a united press, cherishing no memories of past differences in non-essentials, forgetting everything but the lessons of experience, and that victory is a duty. Probably you know The Sun already as a newspaper which gets all the news and prints it in a comparatively interesting shape; which chronicles facts as they occur and tells the truth about men and events with absolute fearlessness, making the complete and most entertaining journal published anywhere on earth; and which sells its opinions only to its subscribers and purchasers at two cents a copy on Sunday's four corners. If you do not know The Sun, send for it and learn what a wonderful thing it is to be in the sunshine.

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54 KING STREET, St. John, N. B. In wishing all my customers A HAPPY NEW YEAR, I beg to remind them that I am fully prepared for the coming year's trade, to supply all the very Latest and Newest Things produced in my line. Soliciting from all a share of their patronage during the coming season. HAROLD GILBERT.

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C. P. CLARKE, 100 KING STREET. NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a meeting of "The Saint John Opera House Company" will be held at the office of ALFRED O. SKINNER, 65 King street, in the City of St. John, on Thursday, Third Day of January, 1889, at eight o'clock, p. m., for the purpose of organizing the said Company, the election of a Board of Directors thereof, and for the transaction of such other business relating to the affairs of the Company as shall come before the meeting.

Dated the 19th day of December, 1888. A. O. SKINNER, M. W. MAHER, A. R. BELL, P. A. MELVILLE, R. W. FRANK, Provisional Directors.

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NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY.

Commencing October 22, 1888.

PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE INTER COLONIAL RAILWAY Station, St. John, at 16.40 a. m.—Fast Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls and Edmundston.

FULLMAN PARLOR CAR ST. JOHN TO BOSTON. 18.50 a. m.—For Bangor and points west, Fredericton, St. Stephen, Houlton and Woodstock. 14.45 p. m.—Express for Fredericton and intermediate stations.

BOSTON AND POINTS WEST; also for St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle. 18.30 p. m.—Night Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle. 18.16 p. m. Arriving in St. John at 15.45; 19.10 a. m.; 18.00; 17.00 p. m.

RETURNING TO ST. JOHN FROM Bangor at 16.30 a. m., Parlor Car attached; 17.30 p. m. Sleeping Car attached. 11.30 a. m. from St. John to Bangor at 11.15; 11.30 a. m.; 12.00 p. m. Woodstock at 8.00; 11.40 a. m.; 18.20 p. m. Houlton at 16.40; 11.40 a. m.; 18.30 p. m. St. Andrews at 19.45 a. m.; 11.30; 19.45 p. m. St. Stephen at 18.30 a. m. Fredericton at 18.25; 18.25 p. m.; 18.16 p. m. Arriving in St. John at 15.45; 19.10 a. m.; 18.00; 17.00 p. m.

LEAVE CARLETON FOR FAIRVILLE. 18.00 a. m.—Connecting with 8.00 a. m. train from St. John. 14.30 p. m.—Connecting with 4.45 p. m. train from St. John.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME. Trains marked † run daily except Sunday. †Daily except Saturday. †Daily except Monday. J. W. CLEMM, Gen. Manager. H. D. MCLEOD, Supt. Southern Division. A. J. HEATH, Gen. Pass. Agent, St. John, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway.

1888--Winter Arrangement--1889

ON and after MONDAY, November 26th, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN. Day Express.....7 30 Accommodation.....11 20 Express for Sussex.....16 35 Express for Halifax and Quebec.....18 00 A Sleeping Car will run daily on the 18.00 train to Halifax.

On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Express, and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday a Sleeping Car will be attached at Moncton.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. Express from Halifax and Quebec.....7 00 Express from Sussex.....8 35 Accommodation.....13 20 Day Express.....19 20 All trains stop over by Eastern Standard time. D. FOTTINGER, Chief Superintendent.

RAILWAY OFFICE, Moncton, N. B., November 20, 1888.

TO TELEPHONE SUBSCRIBERS AND OTHERS INTERESTED IN CHEAP TELEPHONES.

THIS ST. JOHN TELEPHONE COMPANY are about opening a Telephone Exchange in this city and are making arrangements, which will be completed in a very short time, for giving the public telephones at much less rates than have heretofore obtained in this city.

A Company also propose starting a Factory in this city for the manufacture of Telephones and other electrical apparatus, thus starting a new industry. The ST. JOHN TELEPHONE COMPANY ask the public to wait until a representative of this company shall call upon them. This company is purely a local one, and we cordially solicit your support in our endeavor to introduce a new, better and cheaper Telephone than any yet offered the public.

ST. JOHN TELEPHONE CO. A representative of the Company will be at the office of The Provincial Bank, Robertson Place, where those wishing to subscribe may sign subscribers' list.

Flour and Feed Store.

Wheat, Flour, Buckwheat, RYE, CORN, OATS, BRAN, SHORTS. From the best mills. Always on hand. R. & F. S. FINLEY, Bydney Street.

Let us... Worry... Kise... It fare... Wear... We ha... Let us... Of the... Let us... While... Of the... While... To see... And th... Over th... Let us... Lists... And dr... Of our... Voyag... O'er th... Where... And on... Where... Than th... And no... The old... Lose al... Langou... Cruisin... Calm m... Worry... Kiss yo... It fare... —James W... GR... A North... One day... Carolinian... children ar... keeping sch... "Why, y... plied in con... the door he... In three or... break out o... weeds and... gathered... added to the... —not one le... years old... "You see... served to... stood beamin... "I do not... "I like 'em... "an idea of... "Fun three... sloppy." "What's... "A-goin'... 'em; turnin... driftin' int... sah, but it h... of the Nisbit... murder. Fro... haven't prod... skunk. In... line o' Nisbit... who had mor... "Yes, a m... as she held u... "That was... pioneer, as h... advanced on... "There was... he'd his Pres... as well as... lazy to vote f... onery that d... with him, an... he fell into a... ontil sumpdo... They wante... and lots of o... pter to Dav... got, and chaw... guzzle, and h... was rising to... "Yes, the... Nisbit. "And thar... pioneer, as he... both hands ov... pap, who mig... or preacher in... had his son... wanted to do... and drat his... sumpdo to y... storm! Durm... he hadn't no... "The pore... Nisbit. "And thar'... he changed kn... "Yes, I'm... lazy. I'm on... shuckless and... me. I hain't... mewls or mak... only good thin... the name of N... mud and draw... got ashamed... when you stop... if my name w... own it." "And so you... I hev. The... be silver-plat... banner of—of... the top of the... cum when the... down before e... "What is th... "It's bringin... suthin'. Yere... Absolam was... mark without a... "Absolam, y... "Adam." "Whar' did... "Garden of... "Who killed... "Cath." "Who slew... "David." "That'll do... an' work till... Absolam is to... he'un's mind... ground work... Jeff' was a y... the scratch and... "Who's the... State?" "The Presid... "How ar' Co... "Of Senate a... "Who's the... Carolina?" "The Gm'ne

Let us rest ourselves a bit. Worry?—wave your hand to it—Kiss your fingers, and smile. It farewell a little while.

—James Whitcomb Riley, in the Home Magazine.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A North Carolina Man's Scheme to Bring the Name of Nibbit to the Front.

One day I halted at the cabin of a North Carolinian named Nibbit, and I saw so many children around that I asked him if he was keeping school or running an orphan asylum.

"Why, yer's only half of 'em!" he replied in considerable surprise, and going to the door he uttered a long-drawn whoop.

In three or four minutes children began to break out of the woods and thickets and woods and briars and when they had gathered around the door and been added to those inside I counted seventeen—not one less—and the oldest was not 30 years old.

"You seem to be fond of children," I observed to the father and mother as they stood beaming down on their progeny.

"I dote on 'em," replied the mother. "I like 'em, and I'm kinder carryin' out an idea of my own," added the father.

"You three gineralshurs our family has bin sloppin'."

"What's that?"

"A-goin' to the dogs—nuthin' solid about 'em; turnin' away from eddication an' dritin' into whiskey and idleness. 'Deed, sah, but it ain't no very fur back that some of the Nibbits were hung by the neck for murder. Fur three gineralshurs back we haven't produced a Nibbit fitten to dodge a skunk or a snake."

"I'm moonin' about my particular line o' Nibbits. That may be other Nibbits who had money and brains."

"Yes, a mighty bad lot!" sighed the wife, as she held up her hands.

"That was my grandpap," continued the pioneer, as he accepted a plug of tobacco I advanced on the screen points of sympathy.

"There was my grand pap. He 'un might hev bin President of these United States just as well as not, but he was too turned lazy to vote for hisself. He was so mighty onery that dogs and cats wouldn't stay with him, an' so opposed to work that if he fell into a swamp he'd stay right there until somebody cum around to pull him out.

"They wanted him to be Gov'nor and sheriff and lots of other things, but doggone his pieter to Davy! he just wanted to set and set, and chaw and chaw, and guzzle and guzzle, and he was too onery to die till he was risin' to 90."

"Yes, the pore critter!" sighed Mrs. Nibbit.

"And that was my pap," continued the pioneer, as he lifted up one leg and got both hands over the knee. "That was my pap, who might hev bin the biggest lawyer or preacher in these Yunkited States if he hadn't bin so slashin' shuckles. All he wanted to do was to set and set and set, and drat his buttons if he wouldn't wait fur somebody to pull him in out of a rain-storm! Durn him, he knowed 'nuff, but he hadn't no hustle to him."

"The pore, onery soul!" sighed Mrs. Nibbit.

"And that's me," continued the man as he changed knees and spit into a wood-box. "Yes, that's me. I'm onery. I'm lazy. I'm on the squat. I'm so dog-gone shuckles and mean that I'ars won't eat me. I hain't got the ambushin to swap meels or make moonshine whiskey. The only good thing about me is the fedlin' that the name of Nibbit has been rolled in the mud and drawn through the muck till I've got ashamed of it. Yes, sah, stranger, when you stopped at the doah and asked if my name was Nibbit I war ashamed to own it."

"And so you've got a scheme?" I queried.

"I hev. The name of Nibbit has got to be silver-plated ag'in and perch aloft on the banner of—of—wall, she's got to roost near the top of the tree. The day has got to cum when the Nibbits kin war broadcast and plug hats, and when niggers will bow down before 'em to the dust of the air."

"What is the scheme, if I may ask?"

"It's bringin' up them children to know suthin'. Yere, Absolam, cum yere."

"Absolam was a boy of 15, and he toed the mark without any hesitation.

"Absolam, who was the first man?"

"Adam."

"What did he 'un hang out?"

"Garden of Eden."

"Who killed his brother?"

"Cain."

"Who slew Goliath?"

"David."

"That'll do. Go back to that 'tater patch, an' work till I call ye. Ye see, stranger, Absolam is to be a preacher. I'm bendin' his 'un mind for it, and givin' him the ground work." Jefferson, cum forth."

"Jeff was a year younger. He came to the scratch and was asked."

"Who's the highest man in the Yunkited States?"

"The President."

"How ar Congress composed?"

"Of Senate and House."

"Who's the highest man in No'th Carolina?"

"The Gun'ner."

"That'll do. Go an' dig roots till crabbins time. He kin be a statesman, stranger, an' he's gittin' it down purty fine. Cum yere, Thomas."

SAVED BY HIS BOOT HEEL.

It Grounded an Electric Wire Leading to a Charge of Dynamite.

Alderman-Oluff Duetz, who is a plumber when he isn't a politician, stood over a 40 pound charge of dynamite two nights ago while a man in a bomb-proof, a safe distance away, working an electric battery for ten minutes, trying to make the thing go off, and wondering why he couldn't.

It was only by singular good fortune that the plumbers did not lose a valued member and Ward Six an alderman of whom much is expected.

The alderman was doing some work at the new Stafford mill, and while waiting for his assistant to return with some necessary material he walked across the street to the ledge from which the building stone was being taken out. It was after dusk, and there was no one about, so the alderman went down into the ledge and was absorbed in contemplation of a fissure in the rock, when he noticed a man carefully crawling toward him on hands and knees.

It was the man who had tried to fire the blast and he was examining the wire to find out what the trouble was. When he discovered the alderman he staggered to his feet, and when he could command his tongue, told him his situation. The alderman nearly fainted from fright and hasn't quite recovered his equilibrium yet. It was found that his boot heel had rested directly on the wire, thus grounding it and preventing the blast from exploding.—Fall River Dispatch.

Tired of Trifling.

"Kin I have er man indicted for false pretenses?" asked a colored woman as she walked into the prosecuting attorney's office.

"If you have anything of a case you can."

"Well, I jes erbout reckon I has a fust-class case. You see, I mached my husband's ten years ago, an' at dat time he wad de mos' consumpsted lookin' niggah yoh eber did see. But Lawd bress yoh, fom dat time he 'gin ter fatten up, an' gitten healthier and healthier terly terday I'm furdur 'om injin' de 'vantages ob bein' his widdar dan eber I wex. He neibber did hab nuffin no how, 'ceptin' er shanty dat yoh dasn't blow yoh bref agin, an' two yaller dogs, an' I's done tired waitin' foh dem. I wish yoh'd please 'dite 'im, or leas'twards draw up some kin ob papafs foh to call his 'tention to de fac' dat somefuh hab got to be did."—Arkansas Traveller.

Fertils of Style.

They do things decorously when they can up in Winnipeg. A lord bishop from the eastern dominion visited one of the established church magnates there recently, and was treated with high ceremony. His grace was late at breakfast one morning, and the rector's wife, becoming uneasy, instructed her maid-of-all-work as follows:

"Go up to his grace's door, Bridget, and knock gently, and when the bishop answers say slowly and quietly, just as I do, 'My lord, breakfast waits.' The hostess listened and heard Bridget's clump, clump, clump upon the stairs. Then a brawny bang upon the bishop's door and the following:

Bishop (gently from inside)—"What is it?"

Bridget (loudly from outside)—"My God! Come to breakfast! It's a-waitin'!"

The Soul of the Party.

Bandmaster (new campaign band)—"Shentlemen, we haf an engagement to-night to play in von torchlight procession."

First cornet (in alarm)—"But dot band is only shust been organized. We haf not play together yet already."

"Dat macks nice ouse. You all blay vat you please. I haf one strong man on dot base drum."—Philadelphia Record.

Not Any Too Loud.

"Spieghehauser," said the leader of a little German band to the trombone player, "vat for you blay so loud?"

"Meigensteiner," returned the trombone, "I ven I don't blay so loud und drown de rest of dot music, ve lose money; so don't you forgot it."

He Swallowed His Money.

Tubley—"Well, my little man, what would you do with a ten-cent piece if I should give it to you?"

Freddie—"I would put it in the little brass ship that papa gave me for a bank."

Tubley—"That's right. You are papa's own boy. He puts his money into a schooner almost every night."—Burlington Free Press.

PRINCIPAL SHERATON.

A Brief Biography from the Paper He Formerly Edited.

James Paterson Sheraton, D.D., born Nov. 29, 1841, St. John, N. B., was the son of Robert Sheraton, merchant, and grandson of James Paterson, L.L.D., of the University of Glasgow, and for more than 50 years principal of the Grammar school in St. John; under whose care and training Dr. Sheraton spent most of his boyhood and youth. He entered the grammar school in his seventh year, where, with the exception of a short time, he remained until he matriculated in the University of New Brunswick. Previously to entering the university he enjoyed two special advantages. Dr. Paterson was an enthusiastic devotee of the physical sciences and a proficient in Oriental languages; in both of which departments his grandson received the advantage of his instruction. During his residence in the university Dr. Sheraton carried on his Hebrew studies with the venerable Bishop of Fredericton, who is an ardent student of the sacred tongue.

1861 Dr. Sheraton graduated in Arts with honors in Natural Sciences and in Classics, and was the Douglas gold medalist of that year. He spent the following two years partly in the University of King's College, Nova Scotia, and partly in private study under the direction of the bishop of Fredericton and of the late Rev. John Armstrong, a revered evangelical clergyman, in whose parsonage he worked for a short time as lay reader. In December, 1864, he was admitted to the deaconate, and in the following year he was ordained presbyter. He labored successfully in the parishes of Weldford and Shediac in northern New Brunswick. In the autumn of 1872 he went to the diocese of Huron by the invitation of the bishop, but for family reasons was obliged to return the following spring to New Brunswick, to the parish of Peterville, which had been offered to him, but declined in the previous summer. In 1873 he removed to the town of Pictou, N. S., to succeed the Rev. T. C. DesBarres, of Toronto, then rector of Pictou. In 1877, after repeated solicitations, he came to Toronto to take the principality of Wycliffe college. He also undertook the editorial supervision of the Evangelical Observer, which he retained for many years. The brilliancy of his style made the reputation of the paper, especially among scholars in Canada and the United States. In 1883 the University of Queen's conferred upon him the degree of D. D., honors course.—Evangelical Churchman.

One Way to Help on the Reform.

Four young fellows thought they would go out and "blow a cloud" between the acts at Macaulay's recently, and so they attempted an exit. A very large lady sat in the aisle seat, and the determined air with which she viewed the proposed step boded evil for the youngsters. They stepped all over the others in the row and reached the fat lady. "You can't get out here!" said she in so loud and determined a voice that the boys blushed deeply and returned to their seats much embarrassed. This ponderous lady is a reformer and she deserves a large following.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Cigarette.

Dr. W. L. Dudley, professor of chemistry at the Vanderbilt University at Nashville, has thoroughly investigated the question of the injurious qualities of cigarette smoking, and states on irrefutable evidence that the evil exists only when the smoke is inhaled, as it then absorbs carbonic oxide, and thus deoxidizes the blood and impairs its powers to build up the ever-wasting tissues of the body. He further states that a cigar, a pipe, or even a water pipe would prove equally injurious as the cigarette, if the smoke is inhaled. At that we have some sound common sense upon this well-thrashed subject.—Tobacco.

Laborious.

Little Ina, nearly five years of age, set out to visit school the other day as gay as a lark, but returned after the session with a rather careworn expression of countenance. When asked how she liked school, she said:

"I did not like it."

"Why not?"

"Oh, I had to work awful hard."

"What did you have to do?"

"I had to keep still like everything."—New York World.

The Advantages of Office.

"I'm a handler easier in ma mind noo," said one woman to another, as they stood chatting at the door step one summer evening. "ance oor jeans has been cleckit a ballin'." "Ah, hoo's that?" asked the neighbor, with pardonable curiosity. "Because I was aye feared that Jeems might fa' into the water if he got in, but since he was made a magistrate, a policeman aye brings him home."—Scotsman.

A Likely Nation.

Young Englishman (dining with the family)—"You have never been in England, have you, Bobby?"

Bobby—"No, sir; but I think the English must be nice people."

Young Englishman—"And why, Bobby?"

Bobby—"Because ma says they make such excellent servants."—Life.

A Wise Husband.

"Don't you think it extravagant, Henry, to pay \$50 for a diamond ring for your wife?"

"Not at all. You seem to forget how much I shall save on her glove bill."—Boston Transcript.

Purely Pickwickian.

It is only the man who doesn't believe in a hell who tells another man to go there.—Norristown Herald.

BEETHOVEN'S THIRD SYMPHONY.

Passion and pain, the onsets of despair, The pang of unattainable desire, And youth's delight in pleasure that expires, And sweet but dream of bliss that leads to air, Clashing in swift and storm, through which no peace.

Uplifted stays the destined death-stroke dire, Then through a mighty sorrowing, as through fire.

The soul burst pure years out into the air Of the dear earth and, with the gent of flowers And song of birds, the world of bliss he gains, Made cheerier with this drinking of God's wine, And turns with healing to the world of pain, And high above a sweet strong angel towers And Love makes life triumphant and divine.

—Richard Henry, in Scribner's Magazine.

LONDON ASSURANCE CORPORATION.

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The aggressive Republican Journal of the Metropolis.

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GREAT XMAS SALE

CANDY,

MURDOCH'S, 87 Charlotte Street.

Christmas Tree Ornaments

Mixtures, Flags, Cornucopias and Candy Fruit.

And all at Lowest Possible Prices.

Dried Fruits!

1 car DRIED APPLES—now due.

Valencia Raisins, Valencia Layer Raisins.

GILBERT BENT & SONS, SOUTH MARKET WHARF.

CHRISTMAS and SANTA CLAUS

Hold High Carnival

NINETY-NINE.

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

The Christmas Cards and Booklets surpass in elegance any previous display and will repay inspection. Call early, at

MORTON L. HARRISON'S, 90 KING STREET.

DAVID CONNELL, Livery and Boarding Stables, Sydney St.

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STOVES.

COLES & PARSONS.

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

"Art Countess," which for beauty and heating qualities cannot be excelled.

Persons wanting a first-class Stove would do well to call and examine our Stock before purchasing elsewhere.

COLES & PARSONS, - - 90 Charlotte Street.

Encourage Home Manufacture.

MARITIME VARNISH AND WHITE LEAD WORKS.

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

Office and Warehouse: ROBERTSON'S New Building, Corner Union and MILL Streets, St. John, N. B.

THE BELL CIGAR FACTORY

ADVERTISE FACTS.

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

We paid more DUTY than all Cigar factories east Quebec city during 1888.

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

And still we do not ADVERTISE to give a CLEAR HAVANA CIGAR for 5c.

Established April 21, 1884, we have doubled our production every year, and today we are making better Cigars than any other factory in the maritime provinces.

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

"Cleanliness Is Next To Godliness."

The American Steam Laundry,

LOCATED AT Nos. 52 and 54 Canterbury Street,

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

DOES THE BEST WORK.

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

GIVE US A TRIAL ORDER.

GODSOE, BROS. - - Proprietors.

Guns, Rifles, Revolvers.

July 28th--Opening Today:

4 Cases Single and Double Guns, Flobert Rifles, Revolvers, Breech Loading Double Guns, Etc.

CLARKE, KERR & THORNE, 60 and 62 Prince William Street.

Family Washing Done Rough Dry

25 CENTS PER DOZEN.

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

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

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY.

Commencing October 29, 1888.

PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE INTER-SEASONAL RAILWAY Station, St. John, at

16.40 a. m.—Fast Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Moncton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls and Edmundston.

FULLMAN PARLOR CAR ST. JOHN TO BOSTON.

18.30 a. m.—For Bangor and points west, Fredericton, St. Stephen, Moncton and Woodstock.

18.45 p. m.—Express for Fredericton and intermediate stations.

18.30 p. m.—Night Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for St. Stephen, Moncton, Woodstock, Presque Isle.

FULLMAN SLEEPING CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR.

RETURNING TO ST. JOHN FROM BANGOR at 16.30 a. m., Parlor Car attached; 17.30 p. m., Sleeping Car attached.

Woodstock at 11.15; 11.30 a. m.; 12.00 p. m. Moncton at 10.00; 11.40 a. m.; 18.20 p. m. St. Stephen at 18.35 a. m.; 11.30; 19.45 p. m. St. Andrews at 18.30 a. m. Fredericton at 18.35; 11.2 a. m.; 18.15 p. m. Arriving in St. John at 16.45; 19.10 a. m.; 17.00 p. m.

LEAVE CARLTON FOR FAIRVILLE.

18.00 a. m.—Connecting with 6.50 a. m. train from St. John.

18.30 p. m.—Connecting with 4.45 p. m. train from St. John.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME

Trains marked with asterisk run daily except Sunday. Daily except Saturday. Daily except Monday.

F. W. CRAM, Gen. Manager. H. D. McLEOD, Supt. Southern Division. J. W. HEATH, Gen. Pass. Agent, St. John, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway.

1888--Winter Arrangement--1889

ON and after MONDAY, November 26th, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

Day Express..... 7.30 Accommodation..... 11.20 Express for Sussex..... 16.55 Express for Halifax and Quebec..... 18.00 A Sleeping Car will run daily on the 18.00 train to Halifax.

On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Express, and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday a Sleeping Car will be attached at Montreal.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(Continued from Fifth Page.)

Messrs. J. Covert and R. W. Hewson, of Moncton, spent their Christmas in Dorchester. Mr. Covert the guest of Mrs. Hanington, and Mr. Hewson of Mrs. G. W. Chandler.

Mr. G. N. C. Hawkins, agent of the Merchants' bank, preferred Moncton to Dorchester on Christmas day. I know the reason, too.

Mr. F. C. Chandler, late of the Ship railway, is engaged in engineering on the Short Line, near Chipman, Queens county. Mr. Chandler is expected home for the New Year.

Dr. J. F. Teed, of Moncton, spent Christmas at his father's home here.

Mr. A. K. Neales, who has had charge of one of the departments of the Dorchester superior school, is about to leave Dorchester to take a school in Woodstock. During his short stay here Mr. Neales has made himself popular with every one whom he has met, both pupils and others. Last evening he was tendered a farewell supper at the Dorchester house by the young men of Dorchester. At 10 o'clock about 40 guests sat down to the feast prepared by Mr. Wallace for the occasion. Among those present were Hon. P. A. Landry, Hon. D. L. Hanington, H. R. Emmerson, M. P. P., Sheriff McQueen, Deputy Sheriff Wilson, Messrs. E. V. Tait, W. W. Wells, W. B. Chandler, A. J. Chapman, Thos. Colwell, P. Kinder, J. A. Lyons, W. D. Wilbur, G. N. C. Hawkins, A. N. Charters, H. C. Hanington, J. W. Y. Smith, R. W. Hanington, Chas. S. Hickman, J. R. Campbell, Dr. A. H. Chandler, A. B. Tait, W. Lawrence, B. B. Teed, M. Atkinson, S. Patterson, G. M. Fairweather, Stanley Chandler, Geo. J. Oulton and W. L. Dobson. Dr. Chandler presided, with Mr. Neales at his right. The health of the guest of the evening was proposed by the chairman in a happy speech, and was feelingly responded to by Mr. Neales. After this a number of toasts were drunk, with speeches from Hon. P. A. Landry, Hon. Mr. Hanington, Mr. Emmerson, and others. The party broke up shortly after midnight.

Dr. Fungley, Speaker of the House of Assembly, was in town yesterday.

Mr. W. Campbell has returned from King's college, Windsor, for his vacation.

BORDER JOTTINGS.

St. STEPHEN, Dec. 26.—Such a Christmas day! "My young remembrance cannot parallel a fellow to it," and, indeed, the oldest inhabitants would have some difficulty in recalling many such. The weather was perfect, the sleighing was perfect. In the morning service was held in the various churches. Trinity looked especially well in its festive garniture, the tasteful and elaborate trimmings bearing testimony to willing hands and ready skill. Christ church was also rejuvenated with a dress of Christmas green and appropriate services held. In the afternoon the streets were thronged with every description of turnout with an unusually large number of matched spans, and noticeable among the many fine horses was Mr. W. H. Todd's celebrated Lumps.

At the residence of Mr. Jas. Murchie a family party of 43 gathered for Christmas dinner. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Todd entertained a similar party, and in the evening gladdened the hearts of the children by a handsome Christmas tree.

Christmas has brought the absent ones who were fortunate enough to receive a few days rest, back to their homes.

Mr. Harry Webber is enjoying a few days stay among his friends. He returns to Boston tomorrow.

Mr. J. W. Grant of the firm of S. S. Sleeper & Co., Boston is spending a brief vacation at home.

Mr. Harry Moran, another St. Stephen boy who is doing well at the hub, is making a short stay among his friends.

Mr. Clewley Stevens, who left us a short time ago for Boston, is in town, and I am told is soon in company with another St. Stephen man, to commence business in the state of Ohio.

Saturday night last Miss Jennie Lyle left for Boston to spend a two weeks vacation.

Mrs. Mowatt of St. Andrews was in town last week.

Miss Bina Henry, at present a student at the U. N. B., is at home for the holidays.

Mr. Fred Andrews is in town, the guest of Mr. L. A. Mills.

Mr. George Anderson has been registered at the Queen for some days past.

The announcement has been received of the marriage of Miss Johanna Hill, sister of Hon. George Hill, to Albany, N. Y.

Rev. O. S. and Mrs. Newsham celebrated the 20th anniversary of their wedding day on Christmas day.

Mr. Grass, son of Dr. Grass, formerly of St. Stephen, is the guest of Mr. J. B. Robinson.

NEWCASTLE ECHOES.

NEWCASTLE, Dec. 26.—Christmas day passed off very quietly. The roads being so bad, very little driving was done. The rink opened in the evening, with the brass band in attendance, and the number of skaters and spectators was quite large. Among the strangers in town were: Capt. and Mrs. Babbitt, of St. John; Dr. and Mrs. Bishop, of Bathurst; Mrs. Stavert and Mrs. Butcher, and Mr. Pethick, of Moncton.

Mrs. J. Maltby, who has been residing in Winnipeg for the past six years, is in town, visiting her relatives.

Mr. McKenzie, of the Merchants' bank, spent Christmas at his home in Pictou.

CHATHAM BRIEFS.

CHATHAM, Dec. 26.—Miss Kate McLean of Epsom, formerly of Nappan, is on a visit to Mrs. D. Chennan.

Mr. B. H. M. Williams is spending his Christmas vacation in St. John.

Miss Minnie Morrison has gone on a visit to Sussex.

Dr. Sprout is visiting friends in Sussex.

Mrs. Charles Drew, of Sherbrooke is visiting her sister, Mr. Thos. Flanagan.

Mr. David Ward is visiting friends in Derby.

Obit. Wanted, Umbrella Repaired, at 249 Union street, Wm. Peters' Building.



ALL GOT SOMETHING.

SOME GOT PRESENTS AND SOME GOT LEFT.

But Nobody was Quite Neglected—Christmas Gifts That Were Made to Prominent Citizens—and Others That Ought to Be, "Progress" Thinks.

"What's the matter with Santa Claus?" "He's all right!"

He feels pretty tired, though. Monday was a hard night for sleighing, and the reindeers pulled Santa's load over a good many miles of bare ground. He got there just the same.

Santa Claus is a moral individual and he left a good part of his variety-shop in and around the churches. The ministers especially fared well. Rev. L. G. Macneil of St. Andrews got \$200 in gold. Rev. W. W. Brewer, of Centenary, received a roomful of gifts, including a substantial sum of money and a silver cup and saucer from his Workers' hand. Rev. W. O. Raymond, of St. Mary's, was remembered with a writing case from his choir, and from the Mission church choir Father Davenport received a substantial token. Rev. Thos. Marshall's library is larger than it was, thanks to the young people of the Carleton Methodist church. Rev. Dr. Macrae will henceforth wear new pulpit robes presented by St. Stephen's ladies society. A counterfeit presentment of himself, in crayon, came to Rev. J. A. Gordon from the people of his former charge, Leinster street church. Rev. John deSoyres carries a gold-headed stick, the gift of the boys' association of St. Mark's parish. Rev. B. F. Nobles of the Portland F. C. B. church wears an Astrachan coat, since Tuesday. Rev. Father Oates of St. Peter's looks at a new silver watch when he wants to know the time, and thinks of his Sunday school. Rev. William Lawson thanks many individual donors belonging to his Carmarthen street church. Members of St. David's gave Rev. George Bruce a Christmas box of \$150. Rev. Very Rev. Thos. Connolly, V. G., received an inkstand, Rev. Father Wyse a set of furs and Rev. Fathers Walsh and O'Donovan were both honored with valuable testimonials. Rev. Canon Brigtocke was presented with a purse of \$53 by the ladies' Bible class of Trinity church. Rev. G. O. Gates was given an easy chair.

All the presents to ministers? No, not half. Every clergyman in town was remembered, more or less liberally, though in the unmentioned cases the presentations were of a more private nature.

Nor were the choirs and Sunday school teachers left out in the cold. Centenary church choir had the pleasure of dividing \$300. Prof. Morley of the Mission church, was given a silver-headed malacca cane, and Mr. C. D. Smith, of the Portland F. C. B. church, a set of furs. Miss Jennie Stuart, organist of the Fairville Baptist church, received from the congregation a purse well filled with gold coins. Nearly every teacher in the two cities received something handsome or useful from his or her class.

Employees in many manufacturing establishments showed in gifts appreciation of their employers or superintendents. Mr. Thos. Collins, of Harris' machine shop, smokes a new meerschaum this obtained; and so does Mr. B. F. Holt of Hazelhurst's foundry. Foreman Sinclair, of the I. C. R. round house, was not forgotten. Mr. William Corker, of the Maritime saw works, got a seal cap and collar, meerschaum pipe and tobacco pouch. Mr. E. A.

Powers, printer, wears a finger ring that reminds him of his happy helpers. Mr. A. O. Skinner's employes gave him a silver service. Mr. G. F. Simonson's a fur cap, and Miss Duffy, who has charge of the dress-making department in Messrs. Macauley Bros. & Co., was made the recipient of a beautiful album from the ladies who work there.

Hotels are not manufacturing establishments, but they mustn't be omitted. Proprietor Raymond of the Royal received a gold-headed cane, proprietor McCormick of the Victoria a silver water pitcher, proprietress McCoskey of the New Victoria a diamond pin, and Miss Prince's boarders gave her a substantial purse. Mr. and Mrs. Elliott, of Elliott's hotel, Mr. and Mrs. Dickie, of the Queen, and Mrs. W. J. Parsill have also to thank their guests for many gifts.

On the other hand, turkeys were given their employes by the Bolt and Nut company, Haley Bros. & Co., John Kimball & Son, and Mr. J. E. Sayre, chief engineer Kerr gave a goose to each of the permanent men of the fire department, and Messrs. C. & E. Everett capped the climax by making each of their men happy with a \$5 gold piece. It ought to be added that Messrs. John Kimball & Son gave their foreman, Mr. Horatio Lawson, \$100.

Harrison's orchestra and invited guests met in its handsome rooms, Monday, and paralyzed Mr. Harrison by uncovering a fine crayon of himself, by Martin. He had reason to be proud of the compliment conveyed—and he was. So was Mr. C. H. Williams proud of the tur collar given him by the City Cornet band.

Aside from the classes mentioned above, many Christmas boxes deserving of notice were given and exchanged.

Capt. R. W. W. Frink, of the Salvage corps and Fire police, presented the driver, Wm. Taylor, with a pair of driving gloves, and Mr. John Bond presented the drivers of Portland S. F. E. Co., No. 2, and hose cart, with whips. Chas. Laird, messenger in the customs house, was presented by the clerks with a well filled purse. Friends of conductor Fred McLellan of the N. B. R. gave him a gold breast-pin.

Anything in the house wasn't too good for a visitor at the Queen, Fredericton, Tuesday. "Jack" Edwards has a gold-feruled meerschaum, and the entertaining hostess Marguerite and Faust, in Rogers' statuary. Both come from the grateful employees, who also presented an address, through their spokesman, clerk Nicholson.

"Fred" didn't fare badly, either. Twenty-five dollars in cash and a diamond pin are not looking for owners these days.

Editor Fraser of the Critic, Halifax, went to Kentville for his Christmas box, and now his friends are wishing him long life and happiness, etc., and the compliments of the season. Mr. Fraser was wise. Life is short, and his was an excellent idea to combine the congratulations of the season and the event.

Editor Macnutt, of the Fredericton Farmer, receives his visitors since Wednesday morning in an immense easy chair. It has all the modern improvements and will bounce bores on sight.

Did Progress say that everybody got a present? That, alas! is untrue. Some prominent citizens were altogether neglected by Santa Claus. They hung up their stockings but found nothing in them next morning—except the usual holes. Unhappy men!

There is still time, however, for their

friends to make up for the saint's delinquencies. New Year's day is almost here and that will be an appropriate season for gifts. Let then the slighted ones receive:

Chief of Police Marshall—A clew, painted red, with lantern attached.

The managers of the bucket shop—Some more suckers.

Clerk Lynam of the country market—A dynamite gun, (for loaders.)

Mr. John V. Ellis, M. P.—A lock of President Cleveland's hair.

Mr. R. F. Quigley—All of Father Davenport's ditto.

Lieut.-Col. James Domville—Less wind and more muscle.

Rev. H. S. Hartley, B. A.—A cake of ice.

The Poet Phillips—Ditto of soap.

The Evening Gazette—More dead advertisements, to "force an enlargement."

Messrs. Scott, Berry and Belding of the Sun, Armstrong of the Globe, and Jones of the Telegraph—Reporters' badges bearing the inscription, "I am something of a liar myself."

The Portland Council—Gags.

Trinity church corporation—Sand for its sidewalks.

The Amateur Minstrels—A new joke.

Alderman Lantlum—A coal contract, with a string tied to it.

The Telegraph job office—Some of the city printing that Ald. Robertson turns in to the Globe.

The Owens "art" institution—Picture of the last dollar of the Owens fund.

Mrs. Mahoney—More old clothes.

The Provincial Lunatic asylum and the Dorchester Penitentiary—Commissions of investigation.

The Board of Trade—More wind-power—enough to carry on the bay service.

SKINNER'S Carpet Warerooms 58 KING STREET.

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

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

A. O. SKINNER. COME AND SEE THEM.

The Finest Holiday Goods I have ever shown.

Something for Everyone in Search of a Handsome and Useful Christmas Present.

Fancy Goods, Numerous Gift Books, Holiday Souvenirs.

COME AND LOOK AT THEM.

ALFRED MORRISEY, 104 KING STREET. LONDON HOUSE, RETAIL.

Christmas Sale!

Special Prices During this Month.

FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS AND NEW YEAR PRESENTS we offer the best collection of

Plain and Combination Dress Materials.

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

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

Boys' and Girls' Own Annuals; GIFT BOOKS;

Photograph and Autograph Albums;

POCKET BOOKS;

CHURCH SERVICES.

A FULL ASSORTMENT AT

T. H. HALL'S, - - - - 46 and 48 King Street.

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH

Steam Book & Job Printing Rooms

Corner of Church and Canterbury Streets, St. John,

IS FULLY EQUIPPED WITH RAPID AND IMPROVED MACHINERY,

And a Large and Varied Stock of PLAIN and ORNAMENTAL TYPE, to which recent additions have been made.

The attention of the public is respectfully invited to our extensive facilities for doing

ALL KINDS OF PRINTING,

INCLUDING

BOOKS, MAGAZINES, REPORTS, PAMPHLETS, CATALOGUES, CIRCULARS, PRICE LISTS, DRAFTS, RECEIPTS, LAW CASES, NOTES, CHECKS, ORDERS, BILLS OF LADING, POSTERS, HANDBILLS, DODGERS, PROGRAMMES, BONDS, MORTGAGES, INSURANCE, BANK and LEGAL FORMS,

BUSINESS, VISITING, and WEDDING CARDS.

Orders by mail or otherwise promptly attended to. Estimates on all kinds of Printing will be promptly furnished.

HATS. HATS.

MANKS & CO.

Would ask the attention of buyers to their Stock of

Men's Fine Felt Hats,

OF LATEST STYLES.

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

57 - - - KING STREET. - - - 57.

ALFRED ISAACS.

69 and 71 King Street,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Choice HAVANA and DOMESTIC CIGARS.

A full assortment of CASE BRIAR and MEERSCHAUM PIPES constantly in stock at very low prices. Smoke MUNGO CIGARS.

When this you see, Remember me.

A. P. BARNHILL, Attorney, Solicitor, Notary, etc.

BEVERLY TOYS for Christmas, And-SKATES, too.

VOL THEIR NOT A Extr vestigati clusion New Fri This ha the Union In fact, s connected doubt if come and That go earth, goo force with is divided estranged. This is ago, when hidden sec readers wi stately an and shoul tists, man to believe transpire The edito nearly los said and which sho mind. PROGR end. I seminary c gress mig pty the tr rumor a b several ne faculty and closed tigh thing that them. In they have lighters and secrecy has hearing is This mu members o points. T Thomas, a the wrath o faculty. T some time, standing w vacation w perhaps to It can w approach o hailed with teachers fel Strange sto doubt they what has re would have reason for t and stoppe Progres them. It w besides, son for family r When a s for the expu is stated th institution w been stated. The semi appeared th faculty are a present vie to the prec investigation the publicat The lot of not a happy equally by it includes vice preside John March directors H Q. C. Foste Vaughn, R. C. Smith, J James Paten isters of th churches. The peopl and flourish hand in hand too much mo the instituti now. The work before place in its had. The fir institution— for the place every partic well known a the instituti stranger was been proved All Th Thursday in ceremony in they departed key and plum them. Three Cag 26th Dec 1900