

PROGRESS.

If You Have Houses To Let
Advertise in PROGRESS.
This paper goes to the Family and
is read from the first to the
last column.

If You Want Engraving Done
GET FIGURES FROM
"PROGRESS" ENGRAVING BUREAU.
Promptness, Satisfaction and
Reasonable Prices.

VOL. II, NO. 91

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1890.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

MONEY WAS NOT SCARCE.

THE SINEWS OF WAR WHICH DID
GOOD SERVICE IN THE FIGHT.

It was not for want of funds that the Government candidates were left in the race. The Opposition men were poorer, but they got there just the same.

Who paid the piper? In other words, where did the money come from in the St. John election? That there was money, and plenty of it, is freely admitted by both parties. Both sides had it, but one side had a good deal more than the other. The government workers are said to have handled about \$20,000, while the opposition men had only about \$8,000.

This was not that the former were twice as corrupt as the latter, but that they were better financiers, and had better facilities for collaring the cash. It is understood that when they were seeking to secure a certain candidate, last summer, they assured him that they were prepared to spend \$10,000 in the city and county of St. John. When it came to the pinch, they did twice as well as that.

Yet it is safe to say that the \$8,000 raised by the opposition represented twice as much hustling as was required to raise the \$20,000 by the other side. But they got there, just the same, when the ballots were counted.

A good many people, who don't know much about such things, have an idea that the government candidates had the provincial treasury to draw upon. It is well that they should be promptly disabused of such a belief. Even if there were public money which could be got at for such a purpose, no man would dare to so apply it. It would be an illegal, high-handed and dishonest act, and PROGRESS is sure that no man in the Provincial government would be a party to such a thing, even if he had the chance and were assured that it would be so covered up that it could never be detected.

No. The money on both sides was secured by subscriptions from among the faithful and well-to-do of each party. Some of it came from men who did not live in the city. For instance, a pious, very temperate man of rather economical tendencies in his personal expenditures, arrived at the Royal from an outside county one day. He is a man who is "well fixed," and has a very high credit on the books of the mercantile agencies. He is a strong conservative and a warm friend of the opposition. He stayed at the Royal, where his enthusiasm for the cause grew so warm that he not only gave his check for a very generous donation, but set up the wine with a liberal hand, just like "one of the boys."

Some large sums were given on the government side. The candidates themselves are said to have done the right thing by chipping in, according to their respective abilities, until they raised a purse of \$5,000. Some gave more than others, but most of them gave less.

Safely piled away in the vault of the Bank of New Brunswick is said to be a promissory note for \$4,000, bearing certain cabalistic marks and initials, made by the discount clerk. The men whose names are on it voted for the government, and are perfectly good for the amount. The notary will never make a dollar out of a protest of that note.

How was the money used? For election purposes, which term, like charity, "covers a multitude of sins." Some of it went for horse-hire, some for advertising and printing and some to buy crackers and cheese for the polling booths. These are small items, of course. The rest of the money was expended for sundries "where it would do most good."

There was plenty of "stuff" floating around on election day. The banks reported a big run on them for bills of small denominations, and dollar bills were most scarce of all at the tellers' desks. Yet dollar bills have been plenty outside of the banks ever since Monday. It has been easy enough to get tens and twenties exchanged for ones at any of the liquor stores. Well, the money was spent, and nobody on either side is kicking because it was used. There is just that much more in circulation. It will do good to somebody. Which is about the only consolation that remains for the government men who "chipped in."

"Progress" Beat Them All. According to the critic of the Dominion Illustrated, the Christmas edition of PROGRESS bore the palm from every paper in Canada for the merit of the stories written for it by Canadian writers. It says: "The Christmas stories (of the various leading journals) were for the most part admirable. On the whole, we give the prize to the Master of Hernewood (J. Hunter Duvar) for the best of them. 'Dollie Deering's Christmas' has the true ring of Merrie England, and its geniality is irresistible. In the chauntology of fiction, Prof. Roberts takes the palm, in 'The Bounty of Blomidon.'"

MEN WHO DIDN'T VOTE.

And Men Who Began to Vote One Way and Ended by Voting Another.

There were some absent-minded men who wanted to vote, last Monday, but didn't. They would be carefully instructed outside that their names were so-and-so, but by the time they reached the ballot box they would totally forget the names that had been given them. Then they would walk out very sheepishly indeed.

Others would be given a ballot, and in their nervousness would put it in a pocket and be unable to find it when wanted. One of these entered one of the Dufferin ward polling places, and stood stupidly while the returning officer waited for his government ballot. At this juncture an opposition hustler stepped behind him, slipped another kind of a ballot in his hand. He voted it at once, to the intense disgust of Mr. John Kelly, who was too late to prevent the trick being played.

The government representative in Kings ward challenged a man, who immediately retired. As he went, he threw his folded ballot on the floor. After he went out, it was picked up and found to be the straight government ticket. The representative felt inclined to kick himself.

Another man, challenged by the government, took the oath. Then he threw away the straight government ticket he had held in his hand, picked up an opposition one and voted it.

In another instance a man challenged by the opposition got "rattled," mislaid his government ballot, and in his confusion voted an opposition one, quite contrary to his intention.

The polls were pretty well watched on both sides, and a good many nice little games were spoiled on both sides. The man who voted twice in the same place was pretty hard to find, and the men who wanted to vote and did not vote were enough in number to have turned the scale in many an election of the past.

WANT TO FORM A LEAGUE.

The Lacrosse Players of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick Mean Business.

When the Cagna-waga Indians were here last summer the people of St. John had a revelation as to the beauties of Lacrosse as an athletic sport. It captured the crowd—and there were then predictions that base-ball had at last found a rival for popular favor. Since then the number of Lacrosse "cranks" has increased very rapidly, and as there is a proportionate increase in Nova Scotia, a League for the two provinces is proposed. The projectors of the scheme have strong hopes of success, and as H. H. Allingham, of the C. P. R. Telegraph office, is one of them, the hope is not likely to be a vain one. The only objection which anyone can urge against Lacrosse is that in their opinion it is too rough to be pleasant, but this is only because they have not seen it properly played. There can be roughness in it, just as there is in base ball, but there is no need of it when gentlemen play as gentlemen should. Besides, it is purely Canadian. "Every lover of Canada and her institutions," says a famous player, "should endeavor to forward the interest of our national game by advocating the giving of medals or trophies for competition between the clubs consisting of the younger of our athletes and thus perpetuate the grandest game ever played, and a grander than which, for giving health and strength, fleetness of foot, cunning of hand, sharpness of eye, and curbing of the demon temper, never was known."

A Fair List of Entries.

PROGRESS has received the list of entries for the colt stake to be trotted in Fredericton in 1890, and 1891, foals of 1888 being entered for the former and of 1889 for the latter. There are twelve entries of 1888 foals, and fifteen of 1889 colts. The list was received too late to be published in full with the pedigrees, which to horsemen are of great interest. But one thing is certain; the entries show the keen interest of horsemen in the stakes and the best colts are entered. It is safe to say that the future speed of the province will be found in this list.

The Cansasser Was Too Fresh.

Rev. A. E. Ingraham, a Baptist missionary, did not intend to vote a straight opposition ticket on Monday. He had concluded to scratch his ballot and put on one or two government men. When one of the Wellington ward hustlers approached him with an offer of money in consideration of his vote for the government, he changed his mind. Indignant at the insult, he voted squarely for every man on the opposition side. The hustler was a little too fresh that time.

Always Ready for Customers.

Ice creepers and overshoes have been at a premium this week, and the American Rubber store has been busy. This establishment has something for all kinds of weather, no matter whether a snow or a rain storm, or whether the streets are muddy or icy.

"THE PACE THAT KILLS."

THE MACHINE IS GOING AHEAD WITH ALL STEAM ON.

A Suggestion That the Common Council May Pause to Consider—If It Does Not, the People Will Have to Take a Hand and Work for Retrenchment.

Whither are we drifting in civic affairs? Are we simply going in debt in proportion to our means, or are we rushing along in the dark with the throttle wide open and no headlight? The machine is going, and going fast, but is it going at a safe speed, and where is it likely to bring up?

These are questions which it is worth while for the citizens to ask. Certain expenditures, heavy enough in all conscience, must be made for streets, etc. There is no avoiding it. It is one of the consequences of union. The figures which would have frightened the taxpayers a year or two ago are contemplated very calmly now. A proposition involving hundreds of thousands provokes less comment than one requiring one thousand would have brought out a few years ago. The people appear to have an idea that some civic Aladdin has found a cave full of gold back of Fort Howe, and that the only question is as to what particular ward or section will get the biggest share of it.

And that appears to be the idea of some of the representatives from the wards.

"I have been a pretty close attendant at the meetings of the common council since the act of Union," said a gentleman to PROGRESS a few days ago, "and I cannot help remarking the change that has come over the new board. Instead of the quiet business methods that were always in order under the old council there seems to be nothing but talk, and I observe that our Portland friends do more than their share of it. To my mind they run the board and are fast running the city into debt. Unless I am greatly mistaken there will be some startling comparisons when the chamberlain publishes his report next year. The old and reliable members of the board seem to have lost all the caution that characterized their business in the past and are permitting the new members to have full swing. Some of them are possessed of considerable imprudence and carelessness so far as the city's interests are concerned. I believe that union is a good thing, but the people must make up their minds that they must be saving for a few years and especially avoid premature and unnecessary expenditure in the direction of public works. Taxes are already heavy enough, but mark my words, if economy does not soon become the watchword of the council you will find that they have run up on you in spite of yourself."

These are things for the people to consider. The money does not come out of a cave, but out of their pockets. They pay the piper, whether they dance or not.

There is too much sectionalism, too much grabbing, or attempting to grab, for this or that "End." The members in some cases, appear to be there for what they can get for themselves and their constituents, whether the city goes in debt or not.

They are not all that way. There are as good men at this board as ever sat in any St. John council, and they should be kept there. There are others who should never have been placed in positions where their folly or greed is likely to add to the already heavy debt. It is not hard to find them.

Now is the time to begin to think about it, and to prepare clean citizens' tickets for wards which are now either wholly or in part misrepresented. It is a matter of dollars and cents to every man who pays taxes. Do not repeat the mistakes of last year. There are good men in every ward, who can and will help to manage the city's affairs with economy. They should be picked out now, and elected when the time comes.

That is the way the city can save money. And it is the only way.

And the Darkies They Did Hustle.

A political hustler has arisen among the ranks of the colored fraternity in the person of the tonsorial artist, Daniel McIntyre. He was one of the opponents of John Connor in Stanley ward, and the lively way the darks did hustle put to shame many of their white brothers. There was a vile and untraceable rumor flying around that each vote was worth \$4, but PROGRESS could not arrive at any facts that would warrant the conclusion that more than \$3.75 was asked or given for any one ballot.

Why He Keeps Away.

There is a young and enterprising resident of Dukes ward who has not been home since election day. On that morning he rose early and voted his father's name for the government. When the parent stepped up, an hour or two later, with an opposition ballot in his hand, he found himself circumvented, and started to look for his son. He has not found him yet, and the young man is not in any hurry to seek the paternal roof.

"BOSS" KELLY'S WARD.

How Hard It Was to Hold His Ground in Dufferin.

"Boss" John Kelly stood on his old stamping ground and fought the hardest fight of his life. He had splendid campaigners against him and they lost no opportunities. "Tom" Crockett had many a bout with him, and Kelly found many of his old tricks go back on him in his hour of need. Another lively and aggressive fighter was Douglas McArthur, who knows every man in the ward as well as his sentiments.

For instance it was known that in Portland many of those on the list were under age and there was much swearing in consequence. When Kelly would bring in a young voter who hadn't managed to coax the hair on his upper lip yet there was a questioning look on the faces of the opposition watch dogs. Then "I challenge that man" would startle the group.

"What for," would inquire Mr. Kelly. "On qualification grounds. He is not 21."

"I was 21 last August—the 29th of the month," boldly said the voter.

"Just swear to that, and you can vote after you have taken the bribery oath, too."

"I won't swear," said the voter, and he walked out.

Such scenes as this were repeated in every polling booth, and the cross-firing was exciting at times. There was, however, much good nature and much fun.

WHERE WAS THE MAGISTRATE?

He Went to Fredericton With Premier Blair and Was Not Ill With La Grippe.

Some paper noted the fact that the Ex-Solicitor General and present Police Magistrate, R. J. Ritchie, was ill on Saturday and Monday, and that Siting Magistrate Thomas R. Jones occupied the magisterial chair on those occasions. The latter part of the item was correct, but Mr. Ritchie was not in bed with grippe as many people supposed. On the contrary, the special train that took Premier Blair to Fredericton at midnight, after his great speech here, had another passenger on board, and he looked remarkably like Mr. Ritchie. He went to help the attorney general in York, and reports say did most effective work. The Catholics of Fredericton were no uncertain quantity when Mr. Ritchie moved among them. 'Twas a pleasant little vacation and the police magistrate found some pleasure in giving his political hand practice. In fact all that darkened his hour of victory in York was the gloomy news from St. John.

Mr. Ellis Did Not Wait for Returns.

Mr. John V. Ellis did not wait long enough to take part in the Berryman hall meeting. A few minutes after the polls closed he boarded the Montreal train for Ottawa. It was not a very lively campaign for Mr. Ellis. He had not the heart to score such good political friends as Stockton and Alward too deeply, and he could not have been in entire sympathy with a director of the Sun as a government candidate. Again there was Mr. Pugsley and the Gazoo asking for his endorsement and the recognition of the Globe. On the other hand his business partner, Ald. T. N. Robertson, was heart and soul in sympathy with the opposition, and voted on that side. Mr. O'Brien was, of course, on the other side, but with such conflicting propertor's opinions, no wonder the shafts of the paper were not so well aimed or sent into the ranks of the enemy with the same force as before.

A Short Fight With Congestion.

That honest, hard working, faithful fellow Will Everett is dead. He fell in the harness of drudgery—the life of a morning newspaper man in St. John. Already exhausted, he spent election day going from poll to poll in the wet, and that night was taken from the office in a coach to his death bed. Everett was the first rapid and accurate shorthand writer in New Brunswick, and many of the experts today owe their skill to his kind teaching. He was always ready to help a man along, and it was his ready assistance that gave him his change of employment in a newspaper office. Like most of his fellow-workers Everett's work yielded him no more than a comfortable living. His life was insured in the Equitable.

Men Who Won and Lost.

The men who bet on everything from a dog fight to an election won and lost money Monday. PROGRESS heard of several large sums being wagered evenly on government and opposition. One man obtained two to one on a bet that the opposition would carry six seats. He won, though he would have sold his chances cheap at 3.45 Monday afternoon. Another wagered in every fashion on the government and lost \$296 while he won \$5.

But the gamblers knew no more than anybody, and were as much surprised as the defeated candidates.

CRUMBS.—Your matter should reach here Thursday afternoon when possible.

IT WAS A VERY WET DAY,

AND A VERY COLD ONE FOR SIX OF THE LOCAL CANDIDATES.

How the Fight Was Fought and the Tidings of Victory Received by the Opposition—The Calm and Philosophical Resignation of the Defeated Candidates.

It was not very inviting weather, Monday, but it was a very inviting day, for all that. All kinds of people were invited to step up and vote for one side or the other. They were gathered, like the guests at the scripture wedding, from the highways and bye-ways. If they did not feel like walking, they could be driven in state, and in some cases they got a day's wages, at least, for work which they did or were to do in a minute.

All day long the rain came down in showers and nasty drizzle. It was not a demonstrative rain. It fell silently and effectively, but there was nothing uncertain about it. It got there, and everybody felt it.

And all the time the rain was dropping, there was another shower, as quiet in its way, but infinitely more surprising in its effects. It was a shower of ballots over the city and county of St. John, under which, when night came, lay buried the government tickets. It rested but lightly in Kings and Sydney wards, Simonds and Lancaster, but it piled up in huge drifts at St. Martins, and in all the city wards, including those in which the government candidates lived and where some of them in the past had felt themselves invincible. The Provincial Secretary, in his own ward, was 72 behind his lowest opponent and over 700 behind him in the whole county. Grand Worthy Patriarch Thorne, whom it had been supposed would carry the Methodist vote, ran nearly 150 behind his lowest opponent in his own ward, Queens, the great temperance ward and the ward of the Centenary church.

Mr. Quinton was the only one of the government candidates who secured a majority for his ticket in his own polling district.

It was a Waterloo for the government ticket. The candidates fought to the last, and fought well, but grit and tory combined against them, and the citizens meant business. The fire had been smouldering for eight months, but when it burst out it cleared away everything that stood in its path.

It was one of the elections in which the newspapers exerted very little influence. The people knew what they wanted, and it mattered not to them what the papers said. The news items published by the press when B. Lester Peters was dismissed from office and Robert J. Ritchie appointed in his stead had done their work long before the campaign literature was begun.

The Sun was the only daily paper in favor of the opposition, and it did not make itself very tired by its exertions. The Telegraph, on the contrary worked very hard, but it is doubtful if it succeeded in changing a single vote by its appeals. The Globe showed even less activity than the Sun. It was very temperate in its tone, so much so as to give the impression that the editor wished to do no more than the prefatory duty which party allegiance demanded of him.

The only paper which can claim to have had any marked effect on the contest was the Evening Gazoo. This was not due to anything that it said, for nobody had paid any attention to its words of late, but to the infamous course it pursued in allowing itself to be bribed into deserting its friends in the hour of need on the eve of battle. Its sordid treachery aroused so much indignation that hundreds worked all the harder in their effort to rebuke the meanest act ever committed by a St. John newspaper. The treason of the Gazoo was a great thing for the opposition.

It is quite safe to say that in no local election since the days of Confederation has there been so much real earnestness displayed. The workers on the opposition side felt that they had a principle to sustain, and it was for the ticket that they worked. Life-long tories never worked harder for Tilley than they did for their old grit adversaries, Alward and Stockton. In the same sense life-long, grits labored day and night to elect the rest of the candidates who were conservatives. The wolf dwelt with the lamb, and the leopard lay down with the kid. And they got there.

From first to last the tickets were stuck to by the opposition workers. They favored no one man more than another. They were all good enough men for them, and so would have been almost any other six men, after the heaven began to work. Mr. McKeown's friends did a little more for him than they did for the others, and the boy candidate led the poll. This was not unexpected. It had been predicted from the first. None of the other candidates are jealous of him. Each of them got all the votes he wanted, and a good many more than he or his most sanguine friends had expected.

Take it all in all, it was a great election. The most sanguine of the war-horses of the

THE SCENE IN BERRYMAN'S HALL.

How the Crowd Welcomed the Returns and What the Candidates Did.

Berryman's hall, the "wigwam" of the government party, was a lively place about 4.30 o'clock—just before the returns came in. Crowds that had worked and watched for the favorites all the day long wended their way to headquarters with anxious faces and feeling just as uncomfortable bodily as mentally—for dripping wet garments and the cold shivers are not the most comfortable things in the world. But the excitement soon warmed them. John L. Carleton stood upon the platform in slouch hat and knee rubber boots pulling at an election cigar and looking as fierce as he can look, ready to pounce upon any new comer with returns or rumors of them. Cheer after cheer rang through the hall as the non resident and Sydney and Simonds votes were announced. Then there was a pause, and Dr. Dan came out of some inner apartment and smiled at the bulletin board and at the crowd.

"Say something, Dan," sang out an acquaintance. "Wait," was the significant reply.

Charles Wesley Weldon climbed up the two flights of stairs and puffed as he paddled his course through the crowd. There were cheers and other welcomes, and C. W.'s glasses beamed affectionately on this side and that. He shook Candidate Carvill by the hand, cheered him up considerably, and then glanced at the mass from the platform.

Carvill appeared as nonchalant and unconcerned as it in his counting room. He smoked a good cigar and kept the candidate Henry J. Thorne company. In fact, all the candidates seemed to seek comfort in fragrant Havannas. John H. Parks entered with a smoking weed; and the secretary looked tired, but careless, and evidently enjoyed his cigar. The executive chairman, John McMillan, loomed above the crowd, with his light-colored ulster flung over his shoulders, and his cheery voice rang through the room as he sang out, "Well run, Sturdee." Mr. Sturdee was the chairman's pet candidate, and he was pleased to find his man running so well in the fast company. General chairman A. O. Skinner faced the platform nervously while the returns came in, but his cheery smile did not desert him even when Victoria ward was brought in by Ald. Busby. On the contrary, the solicitor-general rather went back on his reputation. He lost his smile, and couldn't find it until the news came in that Mr. Geo. F. Gregory was thrice defeated in York.

McLellan's most bitter opponent would have admired the way he stood defeat. He was as calm and cool as if he was at an agricultural fair, and seemed pleased that the crowd gave him such a magnificent reception. Just here it may not be amiss to give a calculation said to have been made by the Secretary when the writs were issued. He gave the opposition sixteen throughout the province, and six of them came from St. John. His fight was consequently against his own conclusion which were correct in every instance even in Kent, where he conceded the election of Phinney, who was left at home.

The opposition could not have fought against a fairer leader or a more generous one. Before the campaign grew too warm he and Stockton agreed to believe nothing that he heard the other side said of him until it was corroborated by either of them. They had several conferences of this nature and the Secretary would inquire: "Stockton did you say so and so about me."

And if Stockton's reply was negative that settled it, and if affirmative they argued it out then and there.

But to return to Berryman's hall. Secretary R. R. Ritchie got very weary of putting down majorities for the opposition and retired, and just as soon as the crowd was satisfied what the result was it began to disperse also. Among it was Mr. Quigley, who smiling owned up to the fact that he wasn't a mascot.

The words of the immortal Humphrey Price Webber had come true. "The government has monkeyed with the buzz saw, and the buzz saw will get there." Rather enigmatical, but then Webber is privileged.

AT OPPOSITION HEAD QUARTERS.

How the First News of the Great Victory Was Received.

The first word from any poll reached Opposition headquarters at 4.25, and it was the first note of victory as well. It was only a small return—the city non-resident vote, but as it showed a majority of a dozen or so in favor of Alward and Smith, the crowd cheered lustily. Towards 5 o'clock the figures began to come in faster, and the majorities for the opposition began to mount. The spirits of the crowd mounted faster, and they cheered and

roared whenever the bell of the telephone told that another return was coming. Every polling place sent news to swell the enthusiasm. Even those which gave the government a majority caused rejoicing, because the majority was less than the opposition canvassers had allowed. Kings and Sydney wards did nothing like what had been expected, and they were cheered almost as heartily as Queens, Stanley and other wards, in which yeomen's service had been done by the voters and workers.

Everybody cheered every announcement. Mel. McLeod undertook to announce the returns as they came in, and several dozen in the audience undertook to mark them down with pencil and paper. They succeeded very fairly at first, but after a time they abandoned it in despair. They could not get the figures. The crowd was too excited to let Mr. McLeod give them in full. The moment he would appear a mighty roar would arise, hushing for an instant until it was clear which way the general result was, and then roaring louder than ever. It was impossible to keep a



H. A. McKEOWN.

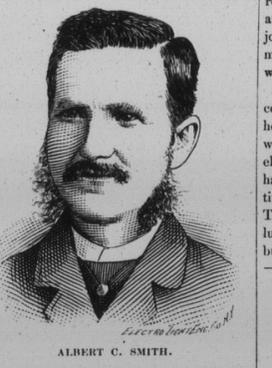
had done justice to the man, or the sentiment, before them at that particular moment, and then they took breath for a minute or two until something occurred to call them up again.

When the "boy candidate" modestly stepped to the front, the roar was like that of a mighty and jubilant army. James Kelly rushed forward, seized McKeown by the waist and helped to boost him on top of the table. Then there was more cheering, and indeed the hurrah was so constant that the speaker did not have to say much. The crowd did not want speeches. They were bent on a jubilation.

And so in the case of the other candidates. They cheered Stockton because he had come out so well when every effort had been used to defeat him. They cheered Alward because he led the city ticket, and Smith because Carleton had stood by him, despite of the "million-dollar" cry. Shaw got an ovation because he had fought the fight faithfully and well, while Rourke, had been present, would have been doubly cheered for the good work done in St. Martins.

Chairman John A. Chesley did not look like the disappointed man that some of the government papers had asserted that he was at the outset. He was as happy as if he had been a candidate himself, and when rousing cheers were given him for his zeal and devotion from first to last, every body joined with a will. He had been the right man in the right place, and had done his work well.

When all had cheered to their hearts' content, and most of them until they were weary, and needed a rest. Perhaps the election had not made them as tired as it had made their opponents, but they were tired enough for all practical purposes. They began to feel it as the excitement lulled. It had been a great day for them, but it was over. Nobody was sorry for it.



ALBERT C. SMITH.

newspapers stood on the sidewalk imploring everybody to buy the *Evening Gazoo*. Nobody wanted it. "Come along Danny," said one of the urchins, you'll never sell a *Gazoo* to that crowd." And he didn't. The crowd had no further use for it.

UNTIL THEY WERE HOARSE.

How the Victors Celebrated Their Victory in the Institute Hall.

The non-appreciative gentlemen who attended the first opposition rally at the Institute, when they sat in the gallery and hissed, had pressing engagements elsewhere Monday evening. They were visiting their sick and burying their dead. It was not their night for trying to hiss louder than the people of St. John could cheer. Somebody said they were looking for McGinty, and that they knew where he was to be found. They had mistaken his identity until the votes were counted.

There was no room in the Institute for any but opposition voters, and not near room enough for them. The building filled with marvellous rapidity, and even standing room was at a premium long before 8 o'clock came. Every man in the crowd was loaded with enthusiasm, and for an hour or so everybody did his best to express it. Mere applause was out of the

question. Three cheers and a tiger was about the smallest thing permissible, but as a rule nobody kept any count of how many cheers were given. They just stood up and hurrahed until they thought they



H. A. McKEOWN.

had done justice to the man, or the sentiment, before them at that particular moment, and then they took breath for a minute or two until something occurred to call them up again.

When the "boy candidate" modestly stepped to the front, the roar was like that of a mighty and jubilant army. James Kelly rushed forward, seized McKeown by the waist and helped to boost him on top of the table. Then there was more cheering, and indeed the hurrah was so constant that the speaker did not have to say much. The crowd did not want speeches. They were bent on a jubilation.

And so in the case of the other candidates.

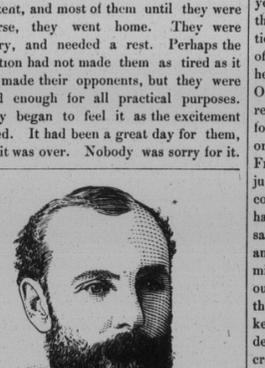


A. A. STOCKTON.

They cheered Stockton because he had come out so well when every effort had been used to defeat him. They cheered Alward because he led the city ticket, and Smith because Carleton had stood by him, despite of the "million-dollar" cry. Shaw got an ovation because he had fought the fight faithfully and well, while Rourke, had been present, would have been doubly cheered for the good work done in St. Martins.

Chairman John A. Chesley did not look like the disappointed man that some of the government papers had asserted that he was at the outset. He was as happy as if he had been a candidate himself, and when rousing cheers were given him for his zeal and devotion from first to last, every body joined with a will. He had been the right man in the right place, and had done his work well.

When all had cheered to their hearts' content, and most of them until they were weary, and needed a rest. Perhaps the election had not made them as tired as it had made their opponents, but they were tired enough for all practical purposes. They began to feel it as the excitement lulled. It had been a great day for them, but it was over. Nobody was sorry for it.



JAMES ROURKE.

Mr. James Kelly was in Musquash. "Jimmy" Kelly stood in Musquash. He wielded a mighty influence among the brothers, who knew Kelly better than they did any of the candidates. At a little supper after the fight when some of the hardest workers gathered with a favorite member elect to talk over the incidents of the day, Kelly told a funny yarn of how his affection had increased for a venerable relative who had arisen from a sick bed and coached it to the polls in order to enter his protest by his ballot. "And I don't think," says Kelly, "that the old gentleman would have cared if he had dropped off the next minute so long as he polled his vote."

BYGONE DAYS RECALLED

AN OLD TIMER'S REMINISCENCES OF PEOPLE AND EVENTS.

How Elections were Run in the Olden Time—The Days of the Family Compact—A Ghost that Was Interested in the Political Situation, and Vanished in Disgrace.

Under the old dispensation a general election occupied fourteen days. This was afterwards changed to seven days. It was all open voting. The "free and independent electors" went to the polls in *man fashion*, "none daring to make them afraid." Theory and practice, however, seldom went together. The candidates in the respective counties understood the first principles of elections in those days. Each party kept what was called open houses, i. e., as many as he could afford—where the bibulous could imbibe and the hungry find "refreshments" to his heart's content—all for nothing. This open house was open from the opening to the closing of the poll—and the landlord, always a great pot-house politician, did a thriving business—at the expense of his patron, who mostly stood the scorching—for there were then no party issues—it was a conglomerate party, known as the "Family Compact" party, although there were diversities of opinions among the disappointed and zealous adherents, who might have been overlooked in the dispensation of the patronage. But storm as much as they liked, return whom the constituents pleased, the old folks held on in spite of all comers. Their salaries were in proportion to their privileges—all powerful to rule and to spend. There were no temperance societies in those days. The "Washingtonians" had just launched their skiff. The father of the late Henry Ward Beecher, Rev. Lyman Beecher, was one of the first adventurers to man the teetotal life-boat, and he plied his oars with considerable dexterity in stemming the current and facing the gales of opposition, then more formidable than now, and yet he contended bravely. The liquor flowed from a thousand taps in every part of the province, and the readers of *PROGRESS* may imagine what was the condition of things where everybody had only to open his mouth, and have it filled over and over again, costing nothing to himself—the rows and the broken heads (there was no police force then), and the demoralization generally. And yet whatever we may think now of those times, there were persons of influence high in office to denounce all who attempted to bring about a reformation—for was it not after the English practice, and perform every thing that was English must be strictly perfect? Then, as regards the public offices, were they not inherent in the descendants of the Loyalists (I mean the lucky Loyalists) by divine right, and by decree of his anointed the good King George the Third! Of course we all thought alike, or some of us tried to think alike in those days, rather than incur the displeasure of our superiors. However, Responsible Government finally put an end to all that state of things. Now, to use a vulgarism, every political tub stands upon its own bottom—and I have seen some pretty curious looking tubs trying to stand, and barely managing to preserve their equilibrium.

But what I am trying to get at is to illustrate my subject by narrating a spiritualist story, which will tend to show the prejudices of some of our forefathers in their political leanings and social observances. Of later years, as we all know, very plain people in their bringing up, have, through their abilities and merits, managed to fill the first offices in the Government and have been held in the highest respect by the country. On the occasion to which I am about to refer, a very respectable gentleman, about forty years ago, occupied a dwelling which once belonged to one of the grandees of Fredericton. Said gentleman one night just after supper was reclining upon his couch in the drawing room, half asleep and half awake when he saw or imagined he saw a blue vapour arise just in front of him, and the shadow of a human form in the midst of it. He thought at first of singing out, but the ghost, having found voice by this time, threatened him that if he didn't keep quiet and be still, he would be the death of him. Our friend, always a discreet man, considered it the better part of valor to pretend to be dead already. But he could not put off his ghostship in that way; especially as he had come upon business. He wanted to know in the first place what right he had in that house—a house he (the ghost) had built for its own use when in the flesh; and in which he passed his happiest days, and what right had such a plebeian to trespass within its hallowed precincts?

The gentleman, by this time pretty well scared, answered that he had hired the house and been living there for several years, and besides he paid his rent regularly.

Humph! said the ghost, with an awful sigh. Tell me, who fills the office of Surveyor General now?

Reply—Mr. Fitzdoodle.

Ghost—What! Fitzdoodle that farmed in Westmorland? Good gracious—you don't mean that miserable fellow?

Reply—The same, O ghost!

Ghost—Who's Attorney General—the situation once filled by my friend Charles I. Peters?

Reply—Hon. Mr. Snodgrass to be sure

a young man who rose from the ranks and holds more law in his head than all the old folks from the landing of the loyalists rolled into one.

Ghost—Thunder! What! that young monkey was a boy once, and studied with Phipps, and couldn't tell his right hand from his left—and now you say he's Attorney General?

Reply—Precisely—and there is no better lawyer in the Dominion for arguing that black is white, or white is black, according so circumstances, or which side he's on.

Ghost—Answer me one question more, for it's getting late and I must be off. Tell me who is now Provincial Secretary?

Reply—Why young Esculapius, that bright young fellow brought up in St. John, always pleasant and agreeable, and who never misses the main chance—

Ghost—Enough—say no more. He Provincial Secretary—for Heavens sake let me go.

And so his vapourship vanished through the floor as suddenly as he appeared.

Our friend was so overcome that he did not eat any breakfast for a month afterwards.

That ghost will never come back, for since his corporeal essence Responsible Government has been established and old things have been swept away, and we now live in another political world.

AN OLD TIMER.

How She Identified It.

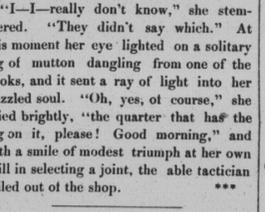
A young lady friend of mine, who has been reared in the lap of affluence, and being the youngest of the youngest of the family, has never known what housekeeping cares were, was paying a visit not long ago in a family where all the girls were thorough housekeepers. One morning the little guest was starting off for an early walk into the village when one of the young hostesses called after her, "By the way Mollie, would you mind calling at the butcher's as you go past, and asking him to send up a nice quarter of lamb in time for dinner?" Mollie promised, and arriving at the butcher's, she delivered her message *verbatim*, "A nice quarter of lamb in time for dinner, please."

"Yes'm, was it a fore or hind quarter you wanted?"

Alas for Mollie! this was a pitfall she had never anticipated. She gazed helplessly around the shop in search of inspiration, but found none.

"I—I—really don't know," she stammered. "They didn't say which." At this moment her eye lighted on a solitary leg of mutton dangling from one of the hooks, and it sent a ray of light into her puzzled soul. "Oh, yes, of course," she cried brightly, "the quarter that has the leg on it, please! Good morning," and with a smile of modest triumph at her own skill in selecting a joint, the able tactician sailed out of the shop.

Do you want an attractive advertisement reproduced? Write to *PROGRESS* and you will get prices at once. Send the "copy" and the engraving will be made at once. The work is better and the price lower than that of any other engravings in the country. Write for samples and prices.—*Advt.*



NOTHING IS KNOWN TO SCIENCE AT ALL comparable to the CUTICURA REMEDIES in their marvellous properties of cleansing, purifying and beautifying the skin, and in curing torturing, disgusting, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 75c.; RESOLVENT, \$1.50; SOAP, 50c. Prepared by the FOSTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston, Mass. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

22 Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin—25c. skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP. —25c. Dull Aches, Pains and Weakness instantly relieved by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster, 50c.

\$100 WELL INVESTED

In Stocks, Grain or Petroleum will bring splendid profits. The stock markets offer unusual opportunities just now to the conservative investor and speculator. Buy and sell stocks as you would do any other business, with intelligence and discrimination, and you will make money. Buy used as margin controls 100 shares. You can buy and sell (equal to \$1 per share) margin, or as much more marginal percentage as you desire. We charge no interest, make immediate settlements, furnish latest information, and give customers the benefit of private wires to New York and Chicago.

Write or telegraph your orders for any of the leading active New York stocks, grain or oil. If you are not posted on speculation, write for our explanatory pamphlet (free by mail). References to the best business houses in this city.

C. S. WILLIAMS & CO.,
28 CONGRESS STREET,
26 Congress Sq., 66 Devonshire Street, and Quincy House.
BOSTON, Mass., U. S. A.

WRINGERS
Best American Make.
WARRANTED SOLID SOFT RUBBER ROLLS. For sale on Easy Weekly Payments.
F. A. JONES, 34 Dock street.

Notice to the Public. JUST THROUGH STOCK-TAKING.

My immense stock of WINTER CLOTHING at a great sacrifice sale, consisting of ULSTERS, OVERCOATS, REEFERS, SUITS, COATS, PANTS, VESTS, etc. 500 pairs All-Wool SCOTCH TWEED PANTS, worth \$4.00, will be sold at \$2.25 to clear. The balance of WINTER UNDERWEAR at greatly reduced price. A fine line of OVERCOATINGS, SUITINGS and PANTINGS, which we will make up in First-class style; low for Cash. SALE FOR 30 DAYS ONLY.

T. YOUNG-CLAUS,
Wholesale and Retail - - - - - 51 CHARLOTTE STREET
THIS OUT REPRESENTS OUR

New Hard Coal Charter Oak Range.



THE most perfect Cooking Stove we have ever offered. We invite all who think of making a change in their cooking apparatus in the near future, to inspect it carefully, as we feel satisfied that it is

NEARER PERFECTION
than any Stove in the market. It is chaste in design; fine in finish, and as an operator has no equal.

We fit it either with or without Warming Closet, Top Shelf, Water Front, etc; also, with extra large Fire Box for wood burning, and, last but not least, in common with all CHARTER OAKS it is fitted with the WONDERFUL WIRE GAUZE DOOR,

the advantages of which for Roasting and Baking are now so well and favorably known. We guarantee every one we sell to be all we claim for it in every respect, and commend it to those who appreciate Home industry, as a production of which we are justly proud.

EMERSON & FISHER, 75 to 79 Prince Wm. St.
P. S.—We can furnish references from many parties using above range.

THE NEW CROCKERY STORE, 94 KING STREET.

China Tea Sets. I have just received and am now showing the FINEST assortment of CHINA TEA SETS ever offered in this City. Prices as Low as ever.

C. MASTERS.

KERR'S Confectionery.

New and Specially Fine CHOCOLATES, CREAMS & CARAMELS CARNIVAL MIXTURE. Cream Chips, over 7,000 packages sold within the last few months. ASSORTED FRUIT AND LIME FRUIT TABLETS.

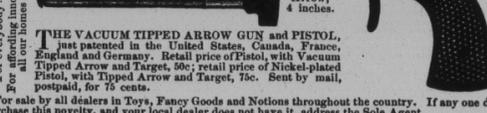
70 KING STREET, 28 DOCK STREET,
Opposite VICTORIA HOTEL. Opposite BARRY & McLAUGHLAN'S.

CLARKE, KERR & THORNE, 60 Prince William Street.

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

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

THE HARMLESS PISTOL.



THE VACUUM TIPPED ARROW GUN and PISTOL, just patented in the United States, Canada, France, England and Germany. Retail price of Pistol, with Vacuum Tipped Arrow and Target, 50c; retail price of Nickel-plated Pistol, with Tipped Arrow and Target, 75c. Sent by mail, postpaid, for 75 cents.

For sale by all dealers in Toys, Fancy Goods and Notions throughout the country. If any one desires to purchase this novelty, and your local dealer does not have it, address the Sole Agent.

D. J. JENNINGS, Wholesale and Retail, 167 Union Street, St. John, N. B.

Granby Rubbers! Granby Overshoes!

Sure to give perfect satisfaction, in style, finish and durability. Warm, Comfortable, Durable, Perfect in Fit!

ASK FOR 1899 GOODS.

The Following Goods Just Opened

are offered at the very Lowest Prices for Cash only, at **PITTS' DRY GOODS STORE,** 179 UNION STREET 179.

GREY FLANNELS, from 12c. to 25c. per yard; WHITE AND UNBLEACHED SWANSDOWNS; CRETONNES AND TURKEY FURNITURE COTTONS; TICKINGS, COLORED CANTON FLANNELS; BLACK AND WHITE and MEDIUM GREY CAMBRICS; FANCY REVERSIBLE ENGLISH CAMBRICS; DRESS GOODS, COSETS, HIBBONS; LADIES' and CHILDREN'S CASHMERE HOSE; also, HEAVY MAKE ALL-WOOL ROSE, BLACK AND COLORED MITTS, etc., etc.

Other Goods to arrive in a few days will be announced when opened.

Slowly on all attainment or—
The day dies out far in the
Leaving the earth, its golden
To miss an hour away, the
Dark earth—the heavens y
glow;
Brightness above, and ju
below.

Hushed is the world of toil.
A wealth of healing ailments
Or sounds more still than silk
Beneath that far "fidelity of
And softly abides the evening
Whose day lies spent, a chry
Even regret, in this calm air
Bears little of its wonted air
One long drawn breath of so
Precludes a sad, sweet sigh
Then peace. Night registers
But what was I that I should

A FIVE DOLLAR

[The reason for the p
lowlow unpretending sto
the letter which accompan
It is hard for a "good-
resist such a plea.—Ed.]

TO THE EDITOR OF *PROG*
whether you will think this s
or not. The incident of
It happened to a little girl, a
She was telling me of it, and
story about it. My friend wa
idea, so I commenced the s
I embellished it a little, and
I wished, we consulted about
and we both decided on *PRO*
because I said the editor was
because I always thought *P*
new writers.

The week before Christma
rather severe cold, but not
hended. On Friday I had be
was recovering rapidly; so I
the story until she was thro
following day, Saturday, I
shocked to hear that she ha
and unexpectedly. She was
just completed her sixteenth
of her death so shocked me
not bear to look at the sto
friend had her heart so set on
as if it were almost a duty

Olivia Greville was has
one wet, muddy mornin
It had rained all night and
was a little pool of water,
not take time to pick h
Miss Atkins expected he
o'clock sharp, and the chi
sounded the quarter past
sighed, as she hastened al
hard to be poor—dressma
some work, and Miss A
steadily, and the pay is so
shall get scolded for being
Miss Atkins' dressmakin
was reached by three sigh
these Olly ran hastily; r
waterproof and entered
Her timid "Good Morning
was met with a frigid stare
"So you have come, M
did not think you were com
twenty-two minutes past ei
Olivia faltered out som
Miss Atkins did not deign
"You will please bear
Greville," she went on in
greecable voice, "that if th
you will be dismissed."

Olivia forced back the i
that were to her lips, for p
ton was, the trifle she got
her mother, and it would
obtain another situation s
The morning passed slo
Atkins constantly fault-f
especially hard on Olivia
every piece of work she did

It was nearly dinner ho
Atkins discovered that she
silk of a peculiar colour m
can get it on your way bac
Miss Greville," she said, "s
smaller than a five dollar
craft of it and do not lose
Olivia took the money and
deep pocket of her waterp
the dinner hour came she
large store of Brown & Co.
silk and placed her hand i
The money was gone!
Yes, gone! In vain did
pocket inside out, and look
In vain did Mr. Brown, and
the family, join in the search
thing off the counter. The
not be found; Olivia was i
could never face Miss A
the money, and she knew th
could not give her enough to
loss.

"I must have dropped it on
she gasped, as she left the s
to retrace her steps, looking
her.

Her agitation had attracte
of a young man who had be
another part of the store. A
went up to Mr. Brown and
had happened. "Poor litt
exclaimed, commiseratingly
Brown had told him. Pray
introduction and I will help
it. He followed Mr. Brown
store and they were soon sta
Olivia. "Olivia, my dear, let
Mr. Eugene Sherwood. He
your accident, and wishes to
Eugene this is Miss Greville.

Poor Olivia could only bow
she seemed so agitated and
seemed impossible that she c
money in that busy street. S
hastily. "Oh, what shall I do

Public. K-TAKING.

CLOTHING at sisting of

TS, VESTS, etc.

TS, worth \$4.00, will

reduced price.

GS and PANTINGS, ow for Cash.

ATS, CHARLOTTE STREET

OUR

nk Range.

ooking Stove we have

We invite all who think of

their cooking apparatus in

inspect it carefully, as we

PERFECTION

the market. It is chaste in

in finish, and as an

r has no equal.

with or without Warming

Water Front, etc.; also, with

Box for wood burning, and,

is fitted with the

OR,

well and favorably known.

very respect, and commend

which we are justly proud.

Prince Wm. St.

above range.

Y STORE, NET.

Sets.

FINEST assortment in

this City.

MASTERS.

onery.

AMS & CARMELS

00 packages sold within

the last few months.

TABLETS.

K STREET, BARRY & McLAUGHLAN'S.

THORNE, Street.

ing your purchases.

to suit all, of ED WARE.

CE WILLIAM STREET.

PISTOL.

country. If any one desires to

sole Agent.

Street, St. John, N. B.

by shoes!

Perfect in Fit!

st Opened only, at

S STORE, MEET 179,

RICS; B; MERE HOSEY; also, HOSE; FLORED MITTS, etc., etc.

and when opened.

SUBJECT. Slowly on all attainment or defeat... The Atlantic.

A FIVE DOLLAR BILL.

[The reason for the publication of the following unpretending story will be found in the letter which accompanies the manuscript. It is hard for a "good-natured" editor to resist such a plea.—Ed. PROGRESS.]

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: I do not know whether you will think this story worthy of publication or not. The incident of the five dollar bill... The Atlantic.

The week before Christmas my friend took a rather severe cold, but nothing serious was apprehended. On Friday I had been to see her, and she was recovering rapidly; so I decided not to send in the story until she was thoroughly well, but on the following day, Saturday, I was unexpectedly shocked to hear that she had died quite suddenly and unexpectedly. She was a dear little girl, and just completed her sixteenth year. The suddenness of her death so shocked me that for awhile I could not bear to look at the story, but my poor little friend had her heart set on its publication that I feel as if it were almost a duty for me to send it.

Olivia Greville was hastening to her work one wet, muddy morning in November. It had rained all night and at every crossing was a little pool of water, but Olivia could not take time to pick her footsteps, for Miss Atkins expected her girls at eight o'clock sharp, and the chimes had already sounded the quarter past. "O dear," she sighed, as she hastened along. "It is so hard to be poor—dressingmaking is such tiresome work, and Miss Atkins scolds so steadily, and the pay is so small—I know I shall get scolded for being late."

Miss Atkins' dressmaking establishment was reached by three flights of stairs. Up these Olivia ran hastily, removed her wet waterproof and entered the workroom. Her timid "Good Morning, Miss Atkins," was met with a frigid stare. "So you have come, Miss Greville. I did not think you were coming today. It is twenty-two minutes past eight."

Olivia faltered out some excuse which Miss Atkins did not deign to notice. "You will please bear in mind Miss Greville," she went on in her harsh disagreeable voice, "that if this happens again you will be dismissed."

Olivia forced back the indignant words that were to her lips, for poor as her position was, the trifle she got weekly helped her mother, and it would be difficult to obtain another situation so late in the fall. The morning passed slowly with Miss Atkins constantly fault-finding. She was especially hard on Olivia, objecting to every piece of work she did. It was nearly dinner hour when Miss Atkins discovered that she needed some silk of a peculiar colour matched. "You can get it on your way back from dinner, Miss Greville," she said. "I have nothing smaller than a five dollar bill, so be very careful of it and do not lose your change. Olivia took the money and placed it in the deep pocket of her waterproof. When the dinner hour came she hastened to the large store of Brown & Co., matched the silk and placed her hand in her pocket. The money was gone!

Yes, gone! In vain did Olivia turn her pocket inside out, and look on the floor. In vain did Mr. Brown, and old friend of the family, join in the search and lift everything off the counter. The money could not be found; Olivia was in despair. She could never face Miss Atkins without the money, and she knew that her mother could not give her enough to make up the loss. "I must have dropped it on my way here," she gasped, as she left the shop and began to retrace her steps, looking carefully about her. Her agitation had attracted the attention of a young man who had been standing in another part of the store. As she left he went up to Mr. Brown and asked him what had happened. "Poor little thing," he exclaimed, commiseratingly, when Mr. Brown had told him. Pray give me an introduction and I will help her to look for it. He followed Mr. Brown out of the store and they were soon standing beside Olivia. "Olivia, my dear, let me introduce Mr. Eugene Sherwood. He has heard of your accident, and wishes to assist you. Eugene this is Miss Greville.

Poor Olivia could only bow confusedly. She seemed so agitated and nervous, for it seemed impossible that she could find the money in that busy street. She walked on hastily. "Oh, what shall I do," she cried, with difficulty restraining her tears. She had forgotten all about Mr. Sherwood until she suddenly heard him exclaim aloud. She turned hastily, and O, happy sight! he was holding up a bill.

"You passed it unnoticed," he said smiling, as she ran back. "O, I am so glad," she cried, as he placed the five dollar bill in her hand, "and so grateful to you," she added impulsively. "O, you have nothing to be thankful for, Miss Greville," Mr. Sherwood said earnestly. "I assure you it has given me great pleasure to help," and he certainly did look pleased as he gazed into her bright little face, to which the pretty color had returned. "And now, Miss Greville, will you permit me to walk home with you. You have no umbrellas and it may rain again." Now the rain had ceased and the sun was breaking out from behind the clouds, and it must have taken a very downcast mind to imagine it would rain again that day, though Mr. Sherwood was not usually of a gloomy nature. However, Olivia did not grieve any more—probably she had not noticed the sun—she walked home together.

Olivia and Mr. Sherwood met several times after that. Somehow or other it seemed to Olivia that Mr. Sherwood always happened to be passing Miss Atkins' at the hour that she left to go home. After a while when he had become a regular visitor at her little home she grew to expect him and to feel disappointed if she did not see him; though without stopping to analyze her feelings. One day about two months after their first meeting, Olivia was buttoning on her waterproof. It happened that this was the first rainy day since the memorable one on which she had lost the money, so the sight of her waterproof reminded her of the circumstance. "It was odd," she reflected, "to drop it out of such a deep pocket. Mechanically, she pulled the pocket inside out and noticed at the bottom there was a pleat laid over in it. To smooth this out it was necessary to pull it rather hard. To her utter surprise and astonishment she found folded up tightly, a five dollar bill! Olivia dropped into a chair and sat gazing at the note. What could it mean? She had found what she supposed was her money and yet there it had been in her pocket all the time. "It is most extraordinary," she exclaimed at length. "Some one must have dropped a five dollar bill at the same time that I thought I had lost mine, what a strange coincidence."

On examining the pocket it was evident that the rubber had melted—she remembered that the gossamer had been hanging near the stove, so the crease had been fixed in it and she had not noticed it at the time. "I must tell Mr. Sherwood and ask him what I shall do about it," she told her mother, before she left. "Indeed," she added laughing, "it belongs to him, for it was he who found it."

It was after six when she saw Mr. Sherwood, he was waiting for her as usual and as he came up and offered his arm, she took it with a little confident gesture, and after a few greetings told him the wonderful story of the bill. "Don't you think it was the strangest thing you ever heard of," Mr. Sherwood, she concluded. He did not answer her directly, and as she looked up, surprised at his silence, he said hurriedly, "Miss Greville, I have to ask your pardon for a little deception I practised on you, Olivia dear little Oly! forgive me, but you looked so distressed and I pitied you so much that I only pretended to pick up that bill. Yes," he went on in answer to her look of astonishment, "I thought it would be hopeless to look for it in the street, so I made believe to find it when I really had taken it from my pocket. You will forgive me Olivia? "Oh, Mr. Sherwood," she murmured in slightly tremulous tones, "there is nothing to forgive."

They were walking through the square now with no one in sight. Sherwood bent down and said earnestly, "Olivia, I said I pitied you, I know I loved you from the moment I first saw your face. I have loved you ever since. Tell me, dear, may I have the privilege of loving and caring for you always?" For all answers she placed her hands in his as she raised her eyes to his face, and Eugene Sherwood drew her to his heart. PAULINE GRIFFITHS.

with difficulty restraining her tears. She had forgotten all about Mr. Sherwood until she suddenly heard him exclaim aloud. She turned hastily, and O, happy sight! he was holding up a bill.

"You passed it unnoticed," he said smiling, as she ran back. "O, I am so glad," she cried, as he placed the five dollar bill in her hand, "and so grateful to you," she added impulsively. "O, you have nothing to be thankful for, Miss Greville," Mr. Sherwood said earnestly. "I assure you it has given me great pleasure to help," and he certainly did look pleased as he gazed into her bright little face, to which the pretty color had returned. "And now, Miss Greville, will you permit me to walk home with you. You have no umbrellas and it may rain again."

Now the rain had ceased and the sun was breaking out from behind the clouds, and it must have taken a very downcast mind to imagine it would rain again that day, though Mr. Sherwood was not usually of a gloomy nature. However, Olivia did not grieve any more—probably she had not noticed the sun—she walked home together.

Olivia and Mr. Sherwood met several times after that. Somehow or other it seemed to Olivia that Mr. Sherwood always happened to be passing Miss Atkins' at the hour that she left to go home. After a while when he had become a regular visitor at her little home she grew to expect him and to feel disappointed if she did not see him; though without stopping to analyze her feelings. One day about two months after their first meeting, Olivia was buttoning on her waterproof. It happened that this was the first rainy day since the memorable one on which she had lost the money, so the sight of her waterproof reminded her of the circumstance. "It was odd," she reflected, "to drop it out of such a deep pocket. Mechanically, she pulled the pocket inside out and noticed at the bottom there was a pleat laid over in it. To smooth this out it was necessary to pull it rather hard. To her utter surprise and astonishment she found folded up tightly, a five dollar bill! Olivia dropped into a chair and sat gazing at the note. What could it mean? She had found what she supposed was her money and yet there it had been in her pocket all the time. "It is most extraordinary," she exclaimed at length. "Some one must have dropped a five dollar bill at the same time that I thought I had lost mine, what a strange coincidence."

On examining the pocket it was evident that the rubber had melted—she remembered that the gossamer had been hanging near the stove, so the crease had been fixed in it and she had not noticed it at the time. "I must tell Mr. Sherwood and ask him what I shall do about it," she told her mother, before she left. "Indeed," she added laughing, "it belongs to him, for it was he who found it."

It was after six when she saw Mr. Sherwood, he was waiting for her as usual and as he came up and offered his arm, she took it with a little confident gesture, and after a few greetings told him the wonderful story of the bill. "Don't you think it was the strangest thing you ever heard of," Mr. Sherwood, she concluded. He did not answer her directly, and as she looked up, surprised at his silence, he said hurriedly, "Miss Greville, I have to ask your pardon for a little deception I practised on you, Olivia dear little Oly! forgive me, but you looked so distressed and I pitied you so much that I only pretended to pick up that bill. Yes," he went on in answer to her look of astonishment, "I thought it would be hopeless to look for it in the street, so I made believe to find it when I really had taken it from my pocket. You will forgive me Olivia? "Oh, Mr. Sherwood," she murmured in slightly tremulous tones, "there is nothing to forgive."

They were walking through the square now with no one in sight. Sherwood bent down and said earnestly, "Olivia, I said I pitied you, I know I loved you from the moment I first saw your face. I have loved you ever since. Tell me, dear, may I have the privilege of loving and caring for you always?" For all answers she placed her hands in his as she raised her eyes to his face, and Eugene Sherwood drew her to his heart. PAULINE GRIFFITHS.

An Unpleasant Piece of Jewelry. The latest odd thing in jewelry is a bracelet of gold wire with a toad from an inch to an inch and a half long in the attitude of hopping along one side of it. The gold of the toad is treated so as to have a greenish cast, and the effect is very startling and unpleasant, but the bracelet sells rapidly.—New York Sun.

He Had Waited a Long Time. Young Bride (pouting)—Here we have only been married two days, Clarence, and you are scolding me already. Husband—I know, my dear; but just think how long I've been waiting for the chance!—Ex.

He Accepted the Proxy. Husband—Where is my wife, Anna? Maid—She's just gone up stairs, sir. Husband—Well, just give her this kiss, dear—I have to catch a train in five minutes, and can't wait.—Ex.

Leading physicians recommend Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Old and young take it with perfect safety. It cleanses the blood, strengthens the nerves, and vitalizes the system. Popular experience has long placed this medicine at the head of tonic alternatives.—Advt.

ANNUAL Linen and Cotton Sale.

AS HAS BEEN OUR CUSTOM IN PREVIOUS years (after Stock Taking) to offer great inducements in our Linen and Cotton Departments, we now instead placing on our several counters in the above mentioned Departments, viz: Bleached Linen Damask, Cream Damask, Tabling, Bleached Damask Cloths, Turkey Damask Tabling, Bleached Damask Napkins, Bleached Linen Sheetting, Bleached Damask D'Oyleys, Bleached Flannel Linen. Hemming free of charge.

TOWELS. TOWELS. TOWELS.

Our Towels are selected personally from the Largest Manufacturing Houses in Belfast; therefore we guarantee satisfaction.

WHITE COTTONS.

Bleached Cotton Sheetings, 54 to 100 inches in width; Bleached Flannel Cottons, 38 to 54 inches in width; Tray Cloth, Sideboard Strips, Sideboard Damask, Genesee Damask Cloths, Fancy Damask Sets.

Bleached Damask Sets, with open work borders and fringed; Pillow Shams, Sheet Shams, [with open work border, Honey Comb and Marcella Quilts, Linen Crumb Cloths, Stair Linen.

N. B.—Sheets, Cloths, Napkins, Towels, Pillow Slips.

Hemming Free of Charge for One Month.

Manchester, Robertson & Allison.

"CAW-CAW" CROAKED THE CROW.

It was the 20th of May in the environs of Quebec, and the flowers had come. Dog tooth, violets and columbines were growing by the roadside and merigolds were blooming in the marshes, while the Gommibones and many rose-colored flowers that should give berries in the fall. Ladies' slippers fringed the margins of the swamps and far into the forest the breath of spring had started graceful ferns, velvety mosses, and white wax like lilies into life again. The trees had commenced to bud as if to look at the first gifts from nature's cornucopia at their feet, while pinnacles of pine, spruce and hemlock stood as if in salutation at the bridal offerings which the sun had scattered about them. The trunks of the long winter was over, and the lakes and rivers and woods had uncovered their faces, and the waters were kissed by the south winds and little ripples rose as if in laughter. It was the time when the crows followed the ploughman in the fields, and when the grubs and worms which had been turned over by the shears, and when "Caw-caw" croaked the crows.

And on this 20th of May, old Francois Lapointe, the Sexton of the church at Silley, was gathering wild flowers along the edges of the graveyard. He wanted to make a wreath to place on the wooden cross on which were inscribed the names of all his kith and kin, for his wife and four children were buried there, and "as for relatives," he used to say, "I have none."

And as Francois was bending to his task, the cure was passing, and turning to Francois he said: "Good morning, Francois." "Good morning, mon pere," the Sexton replied.

"For your own plot, I suppose," the cure asked, looking at the flower Francois held in one hand. "Yes, mon pere," Francois answered. "Then add a little cypress; it means death and mourning," the cure said. "I will, mon pere," the Sexton answered, and "caw-caw" croaked a crow.

And then the cure passed on, and Francois looked at the shining plumage of the bird that was strutting about the graveyard, and that had croaked as he was speaking. "It looks like the same one," he thought Francois, "and I wonder who it wants this time? Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!"

"Caw-caw" croaked the crow. Now, Francois was not as superstitious as the average French-Canadian of his class. The cure had laughed and reasoned with him out of the most of his ghostly follies. If he saw a "Will-o'-the-Wisp" he would not place two sticks across each other on the road to prevent the "tormentors" from following him, because Francois knew, or supposed he knew, all about "Will" and his meanderings. Nor did he believe much in ghosts, for, as he often said, "If there are any ghosts they should be around graveyards, and I should have seen them."

But there was one superstition that defied all his cure's power to destroy in Francois' mind, and that was that had as much an awe-inspiring effect on the old Sexton as it ever had on any of his more youthful neighbors. Practical and prosaic as the old man was in his general character, yet he never could be reasoned out of the belief that there was not an evil spirit abroad, and that that spirit did not assume different shapes, but generally that of a wolf. He would tell you that he had seen it himself, and that thousands of others had seen it, and that he was sure of its existence, just as sure as "he was of his own! And unfortunately for Francois' peace of mind, a crow had perched on the wooden cross he called his own, just one month preceding the death of his wife and each of his children, and Francois saw it, and, as drops of water wear the stone, so did this re-appearance of the crow wear away whatever shadow of doubt existed in his mind about the *loup garou*. And now he was here in the flesh once more, but again as a crow, and because of sweat stood upon his forehead when the bird perched on one of the arms of the cross, and then looking at the agitated Sexton, croaked "caw-caw" again.

He was a weak old man, but he tried to be brave. There was a short, sharp struggle between superstition and decaying manhood, and then manhood triumphed when, stepping forward, Francois flung the flowers he held in his hand at the bird's head!

"Caw-caw" croaked the crow. "Mon Dieu, mon Dieu," the Sexton pitiously prayed, stepping back to the railing. "Mon Dieu, mon Dieu," he repeated, holding up his hands half in supplication

and half in fear. And then his lips moved as if in prayer, his old frame trembled, his hands shook, and then flinging his *loup garou* on the ground he knelt and begged for mercy.

"Caw-caw" croaked the crow. And just then the cure was passing again and he found Francois in a faint. "Mon Dieu," the Sexton groaned again when he came to his senses. "What has happened, Francois?" the cure asked.

"It has come again, mon pere; it has come again," the old man said. "What has come?" asked the cure. "The *loup garou*—the crow—mon Dieu, mon Dieu."

"Nonsense," said the cure. "No, no, mon pere; look at the cross; it has picked another mark on the board—first one for my wife, then one for each of my children, and now one for myself," the Sexton replied, betraying all the fear of a man who is suddenly called on to meet his doom. "Go and look," he added, and the cure smiled and looked, and sure enough there were six marks, five old ones and one just newly made, and about two inches long and made as if with a rough nail and "tallied" on the cross. And late in the night the cure reasoned and quoted scripture and smiled, but all to no avail, the old man was satisfied that he had seen "it" again, and it was time for him to attend to those duties which all good Catholics, when on the point of death, believe essential, when possible, for the peace of their souls.

Of course the incident became the talk of the neighborhood, and the cure found it necessary, on Sunday, to preach a sermon on "Superstitions," and it had its effect in allaying uneasiness in many weak minds, while the strong ones yet there were people to ridicule. But yet there were people who refused to agree even with the cure, as they said the question was not one of faith or morals, and they declined to believe that the cloudlets could not be made to skip playfully, on a calm evening, by repeating an air or song out of doors; and they were "sure" that there was danger in enjoying oneself when the celestial spirits were dressing the fair tresses of the Aurora Borealis; that they "knew" the *loup garou* to be an historical and living fact; that it was certain that birds had carried trees into the clouds, and so on through a long list of many of the myths which have been known to tradition through all the ages, and when old Francois left the church that day, and saw the violets and the columbines along the roadside he thought of the graveyard, and looking at the wooden cross upon which his family lay, he once more saw a crow perched upon one of its arms, and he heard it creak—"Caw-caw; caw-caw," and he again took it as a signal of his doom.

The citadel in Quebec has been described by many pens. Lever, Dickens, Trollope, Sala, Dilke, Henry Ward Beecher, and many others have written of its geometrical lines which in the distance, look clear cut against the sky. But, perhaps the finest description ever given of the lofty eminence on which it stands was when the pilot of Jacques-Cartier exclaimed, as he saw it first time, "Que belle?" ("What a peak?") That tells the situation almost in a word. For historical interest and scenic beauty combined there is no spot on this continent to compare with the views from "Queen's Bastion," and on this bastion, one day about the middle of June, a young soldier, dressed in the blue uniform of the Canadian Regiment of Artillery, was on duty. He was a French-Canadian, as were about half the men of the battery to which he belonged, and on the muster roll he answered to the name of Jean Beauchamp. He had been in the service some time, for the medal he wore was given to him for the campaign he passed through in the Canadian North-West, against Riel and his followers, in 1885. He evidently liked soldiering too, for he had the swagger, gait and bearing of a man who took pride in his uniform, and that is one of the best tests of the soldierly spirit in any land. He stood well with the officers of his battery, but for some reason he would never accept promotion. And this day in June he had again been offered the stripes, and as he paced his beat on the bastion he thought—"shall I accept it" when.

"Caw-caw" croaked a crow, and looking towards the flag staff he saw the black plumes of the bird perched upon its truck. And Jean Beauchamp thought he had never seen so owl looking crow before. Feathers like horns protruded above its eyes, and its body appeared bloated. And then it opened its beak and flapped its wings and peered at the staring soldier beneath it. Again it gave little bounds from its perch, and moved its feet as if it wished to tear him.

"It's mad," said Jean. "Caw-caw," croaked the crow, with unnatural rapidity and anger, as Jean thought. "It would make a good shot," thought Jean. "Caw-caw," croaked the crow, but this time it almost spat its croaking from its swollen throat.

And then Jean fancied he could see froth dripping from its bill and its feathers as if numbing the appearance of bristles, as with its beak, it fiercely struck the stump of the flag staff six strong and rapid strokes. And then Jean Beauchamp was sure that the bird was mad.

"A mad crow," he said, and he almost laughed. Then down it came with a swoop, the feathers on its neck ruffled, and the bird looking mad indeed. Jean's side-arms were out in an instant, and the flashing sheen of his sword-bayonet glittered for a few seconds in the sun, when stepping back he fell, and the last thing he remembered was hearing, "Caw-caw—caw-caw," uttered with mocking regularity, as the crow flew lazily away.

The next day when Jean opened his eyes he was in the hospital, and then he found the doctor bending over him, and he felt a dull, blinding pain in his head, and when he was strong enough to hear the news he was told that the crow would crowd from his mind the more important question of his recovery. Man is constituted so, and do what he may, small troubles will, like the blue devils in *Don Giovanni*, thrust up their heads. And then the superstitions of his youth forced themselves back on the sick soldier's memory. He lived it all over again, and the myth of his childhood were gaining a foot on his fears, when—he died.

The old sexton was in the graveyard at

Silley's again. The dreaded month had passed and he was still alive and for his years hearty. And once again he was gathering wild flowers from the edges of the graveyard and this time there was a carnival of flora to choose from. There were pigeon berries, rosette bells, ragwort, pitcher plants, forget-me-nots, and many sweet scented flowers that gave a subtle influence to the air and induced soft languor to the old man's senses. Tressed vines and gracefully trained creepers wound through the lattice fence which surrounded the "God's acre" in which he labored, and all about him the oaks, maples, elms, beeches, spruce and hemlock, nodded under the pressure of the summer breeze, while festoons hung from their branches and many of their trunks were mantled with Canadian ivy. The waters of the St. Lawrence were rippling on the shore a few yards away and the crows "caw-caw'd" over the fields. And the old sexton worked on until he had finished his task when he hung on the arm of a cross on which were painted the words—

Jean Beauchamp Died June 20th, 1887, Aged 38 years.

"Yes," said the Sexton, as he placed the wreath on its resting place. "Yes, poor Jean, I had forgotten you. But we all thought you were dead. You left us, and we told the story about you until we were told the *loup garou* and your fall. That time it came for you, my brother's child, and the next will be for me—peace to your ashes."

"Caw-caw," croaked a crow.—M. W. KIRKMAN.

The Lady

Who has fine Hair, and desires to preserve its color, abundance, and lustre, should use Ayer's Hair Vigor as a dressing. It keeps the scalp clean and cool, and is by far the most exquisite toilet preparation in the market.

B. M. Johnson, M. D., Thomas Hill, Mo., says: "I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor in my family for a number of years, and regard it as the best hair preparation I have used. It keeps the scalp clean, the hair soft and lively, and preserves the original color. My wife has used it for a long time with most satisfactory results."

Mrs. S. A. Rock, of Anderson, Texas, writes: "At the age of 34, in Monroe, La., I had a severe attack of swamp, or malarial, fever. After I got well my hair commenced coming out, and so continued until it had well nigh all gone. I used several kinds of hair restorers, but they did no good. A friend gave me a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor. Before finishing the first bottle my hair began to grow, and by the time I used three bottles, I had a fine head of hair."

Ayer's Hair Vigor, PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

INSURANCE FIRE PLATE GLASS INSURANCE S.W.W. FRANK 78 PRINCE WILLIAM ST. JOHN'S STEAM BOILER INSPECTION INSURANCE ACCIDENT

THE ATLANTIC FOR 1890. SIDNEY, A New Serial Novel by MARGARET DELAND, Author of John Ward, Preacher, OVER THE TEACUPS.

A Series of Papers by OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, FELICIA, A Serial by a New Writer, MISS FANNY MURFREE, Sister to "Charles Egbert Craddock," SOME FORGOTTEN

POLITICAL CELEBRITIES, A Series of Papers by FRANK GAYLORD COOK, Also Stories, Poems, Travel Sketches, Essays, Papers on Education, Politics, Art, etc., by the best American Writers. TERMS: \$4.00 a year in advance, postage free; 35 cents a number. With life-size portrait of Hawthorne, Emerson, Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, Lowell, or Holmes, \$5.00; each additional portrait, \$1.00.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., 4 Park street, Boston, Mass. MOORE'S Almond and Cucumber Cream, FOR SOFTENING AND BEAUTIFYING THE SKIN.

It will cure Chapped Hands, Face and Lips. It cures the skin when hot, dry or painful from exposure to sun or wind, headed by chaps, eruptions, it removes Tan, Pimples, Scaly Eruptions and Blackheads, and keeps the complexion clear and brilliant. An excellent application after shaving. PRICE 25 CENTS A BOTTLE. Sample bottles, 10 cents. Prepared by G. A. MOORE, DRUGGIST, 100 Brussele St. cor. Richmond.

ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS.

RAILWAYS.

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY.

"ALL RAIL LINE" TO BOSTON, &c. "THE SHORT LINE" TO MONTREAL, &c.

Commencing December 30, 1889. PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE INTER-COLONIAL RAILWAY STATION, St. John, at 10.40 a. m.—Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.; Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Heston and Woodstock.

FULLAN PARLOR CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR. 11.20 a. m.—Express for Fredericton and intermediate points.

4.10 p. m.—Fast Express for Fredericton, etc., via "Short Line," for Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and the West.

CANADIAN PACIFIC SLEEPING CAR TO MONTREAL. 12.45 p. m.—Night Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for St. Stephen, Heston, Woodstock, Pique Lake.

FULLAN SLEEPING CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR. RETURNING TO ST. JOHN FROM Montreal, 17.35 p. m. Can. Pac. Sleeping Car attached.

Bangor at 16.00 a. m. Parlor Car attached. 7.30 p. m. Sleeping Car attached.

Vancouver at 11.15, 11.20, 11.45 a. m.; 11.25 p. m.

Woodstock at 10.15, 11.05 a. m.; 10.00 p. m.

Heston at 10.25 a. m.; 10.30 p. m.

St. Andrew at 10.35 a. m.; 10.40 p. m.

PROGRESS.

W. K. REYNOLDS, Editor.

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

Advertising rates: One inch, One Year, \$15.00; One inch, Six Months, \$8.00; One inch, Three Months, \$5.00; One inch, Two Months, \$4.00; One inch, One Month, \$3.00.

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

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.

EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher and Proprietor, Office: Masonic Building, Gormain Street.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JAN. 25.

CIRCULATION, 6,200.

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

ONE RESULT OF THE ELECTION.

There is a good deal of significance for the future in the result of the recent St. John elections, when viewed from a party standpoint. The fight was, it is true, one in which dominion issues did not enter. The opposing forces did not rank as grays and conservatives, and even the tickets were very much mixed in their political complexion.

Yet, while the opposition workers and voters included many men who have been and always will be grays, they worked for what was looked upon as the conservative side. The ticket was a conservative ticket, with ALWARD and STOCKTON on it. The government ranks, on the contrary, were almost purely gray, and were so regarded. It was their boast that they held the solid Catholic vote, and that in St. John the Catholics are two-thirds of the grit party.

The defeat of the government candidates, if not a conservative triumph, was at least so looked upon by many of the voters. A large number of young men voted for the first time. The great majority of them favored the opposition. Without previous political affiliations, they espoused a side, and that side was the conservative one. They have united with the party, and in most cases will adhere to it in the future.

It is true that the list voted upon in the recent election is not the list which will do duty in the Dominion contest, but a great many who voted on Monday for the first time will also have votes in the next election for the commons. All of them will come to the front in a little while, and, having gained full confidence in the strength of their party, will be zealous in its cause for the future.

DR. PAXTON AND THE CREED.

The proposed revision of the Westminster creed, by the presbytery of New York, is meeting with a vigorous opposition among some of the divines who are firm in the ancient faith. The debatable point is the "doctrine of preterition," which asserts that God has forfeited some souls—the majority of souls, indeed—to eternal damnation. This belief, so eminently cheering to those who consider that they themselves are forfeited, is cherished and venerated by many as a foundation stone, which, if removed, would cause the entire theological structure to topple. Nevertheless, the report of the committee on revision recommends that it be stricken from the creed, to meet the requirements of the nineteenth century.

Against this there is a vigorous protest. The theologians want CALVIN'S GOD or none, as Mr. PENTECOST would put it. The latter free-lance in his Twentieth Century, not long ago, declared that he admired Calvinism, because it is brave and honest. "Calvinism stands manfully up to the rack and squarely declares that God did make the devil, and light the fires of hell." And again: "If he chooses to make some men to be saved for his glory, and others to be damned for his glory, nobody has any right to object." This appears to be the view taken by the opponents of revision. They consider that the faith of their fathers is a good enough faith for them. If they are to accept it at all, they must accept it as it is and has been. There is no half-way house for them.

One of the most vigorous opponents of revision is Rev. Dr. PAXTON, a gentleman of great learning and exceeding great faith. He holds that the Westminster creed is "the great breakwater against the wave of rationalism." He is quoted as making the following remarks: "If you begin to revise you don't know where you will stop," he said. "The great question is, whether or not one can answer it." It reminded him of the dog at the railway station. "Where's that dog going?" was asked of the baggage-master. "I don't know," he replied; "the dog don't know."

no one knows. He has eaten his tag." The presbytery was about to eat its tag. Then Dr. Paxton published out howlingly it was to preserve in the creed the statement of God's election of the saved and omit all mention of the damned. It was the same as saying that God forfeited some things and did not forfeit others. The very word "election" signifies choice, and if some are chosen there must be others who are passed by. It was the old content between Calvinists and Arminians about salvation by debt or salvation by grace. Jesus Christ was a Calvinist, so were Paul and Peter and John and Jude. Are you going to revise their opinions? The speaker quoted several New Testament passages to prove the doctrine that certain men were predestinated to hell fire. He was not ashamed, he said, to preach the doctrine of foreordination.

The learned doctor does not leave any room for misunderstanding in regard to his sentiments. He not only swallows the creed, but implies that CHRIST would accept it on earth today. This is taking about as positive ground as is possible, even for a doctor of divinity. If Dr. PAXTON had lived when the creed was formulated, and had had a voice in it, that remarkable document would have been even more terrifying than the liberal minded Presbyterian considers it today. It would have been so framed that it would have been a bold man indeed, who, having been educated under it, would have dared to suggest its revision.

But it is probable that Scotland would have produced even more atheists than she has already given to the world.

"ESQ." AS A TITLE.

The following absurd advice is given in all seriousness by the New York Mail and Express, "which ought to know better": It often happens that men and women who ought to know better, in addressing an envelope to a man who is a social equal, address it to Mr. A. B. Smith, No. 632 Fifth street, when they should address it to A. B. Smith, Esq. The only time when an envelope can be addressed to Mr. Smith or Mr. Brown is where the person addressed is a small tradesman.

Such words are snobbish, un-English and un-American. The title "Esq." is a Yankeeism which no gentleman is anxious to have affixed to his name in preference to the simple and dignified "Mr." The latter is the higher and by all odds the more desirable form of address among social equals. In this country "Esq." belongs legally to men whose fathers have toiled as mechanics and farmers to enable them to live lazy lives as lawyers, and to illiterate countrymen who have voted for the local government, and been made justices of the peace. Its use among "small tradesmen" and others has become so common, however, that its original meaning is well nigh forgotten. It is the favorite address of the ignorant and vulgar. No gentlemen hankers after it, and no properly edited newspaper applies it to any one. If a man has no title, address letters to him as "Mr.," if you think it necessary. Many people do not use even that, but delight in the republican simplicity of "A. B. SMITH."

This is well enough in purely business letters, but perhaps social usage will continue to retain "Mr.," with the idea that a prefix makes the address less harsh and abrupt.

HERE'S TO THE "GAZOO."

Without attempting to defend its treachery in the elections, the Evening GAZOO of Saturday, made a vile personal attack on those connected with PROGRESS. If the assurances of many personal friends are to be believed, that attack did the GAZOO infinitely more harm than it did those who were assailed. It would be a very easy matter to retaliate in kind—there is an abundance of material—but PROGRESS declines to descend to the level of such blackguards. The public, who know them, know what they are, and that is enough.

It is enough, too, for the public to know that the GAZOO turned traitor and sought to betray its friends for a paltry money bribe. It was not the fault of its editor or his hired man that the deliberately planned treachery miscarried. It should be known that the element which the opposition fought owns the paper, body and bones, today, and this should be remembered by those who have aided the sheet by subscriptions and advertisements in the past. The GAZOO has nothing to say in defence of the government now. It wants to curry favor with the people whose throats it tried to cut, but it will fail. Every man who voted for the opposition should remember that if the paper had had its way the splendid victory would have been turned to defeat.

It will also try to delude people into the idea that its views did not change on the magistracy question. This is false. The friends of B. LESTER PETERS should remember that it went out of its way to sneer at and insult him, to hint at things which it dared not assert, and to ridicule the sympathy for him which found such an expression at the polls on Monday.

It has returned to what it thinks is a popular card by abusing Mr. JOHN V. ELLIS. Mr. ELLIS may not be enthusiastic in regard to British institutions, but he is at least a gentleman socially, which his assailant is not, and his acts, good or bad, have the merit of consistency. He never sold himself and sought to betray his party on the eve of battle, and when it is considered that the present abuse of him is at the dictation of the North End Catholic faction which hates him, its true inwardness will be understood. "The traitor Ellis" has no force as a phrase now. "The traitor" Hannay suits the people better, because it has the force of truth.



I AM SELLING CANNED TOMATOES Very Low.

W. FRANK HATHEWAY, 17 and 18 South Wharf.

SUNDRY HITS AND HINTS.

Is Clark or Quinton to be chief? McGinty was found on Monday. Did you ever get left, Mr. Boozie. Wanted—a Provincial Secretary.

"Gazoo for a cent"—a very bad scent now-a-days. It is a great winter for people who are too lazy to shovel snow.

The grip did good service in furnishing material for campaign jokes. There has been a good deal of tall lying done by politicians this winter.

When we are to hear something more about electric lights for the city? The ward organizations now effected ought to make a good showing in the civic elections.

Some of the bills rendered in the McDonald case are big enough for a city ten times the size of St. John.

What about the city candidate who had a supper all ready, under the impression that he would be elected? It is astonishing what a number of men who were marked "doubtful" voted for the opposition, as they now say they did.

Anti-pyrine is said to be as dangerous in its way as cocaine. Is there any blessing which has not its accompanying curse? The lovers of music who do not attend the Messiah, at the Institute, Tuesday evening, will be those who have the "grip."

Mr. Bourke took such a cold Monday that he was very hoarse on Tuesday. And Monday wasn't such a cold day for him, either.

What are all the opposition triumphs when compared with the great moral victory which the Telegraph professes to enjoy so much? Mr. Thorne thinks that a good many men supposed to be in the cemetery voted against him—a sort of a dead march to the polls, as it were.

Doesn't the Telegraph draw a little on its imagination when it terms the result of eight months' deliberation "the snap verdict of an excited moment." By the irony of fate the writer, who so fond of calling the editor of the Globe a "traitor," now bears the title for himself. And everybody says he deserves it.

It must have been long and forever be a cause of regret to Mr. Boozie that on the day the government bought him over he was not too much under the influence of the grip to complete the contract.

Considering the apparent difficulties ahead of Mr. Blair in regard to the filling of portfolios, some one's unkind enough to say that there will be a job for the undertaker rather than the cabinet-maker.

Monday was a great day for Thad. Stevens. He started to get into the legislature many years ago. The road has been a long and rocky one. He is almost as proud as he was when the baby arrived.

Albert county is one of the places where nobody can be sure of the result of an election until the returning officer makes his declaration. Even then it does not follow that the man whom the people want is declared elected.

Deaf people don't always prefer to get killed by walking on railway tracks. A deaf woman undertook to scrub the floor at the bottom of an elevator in the parliament buildings, Ottawa. That she was not crushed flat when the elevator descended was due rather to a happy accident than any fault of her own.

Changed in Name Only.

This is the season when those young ladies and gentlemen who are always seeking to improve themselves have some spare time for reading and study. If they do not know how to read French there is a splendid opportunity to learn it now. The Berlitz method which was introduced and has been taught with such success by M. Legros is even more popular than it has been, new members being added to the classes every week. The same method is used but the name of the school has been changed to the Ingres-Coutellier schools.

Plenty to Buy Good Meat.

"The meat business is rushing," said Mr. Frodsham yesterday. "I keep the best meats and poultry that can be had for money, and I find that there are plenty of people to call at my store, 216 Union street, and buy what I have."—Advt.

Divided the Honors.

The Sunday before election, Candidate Thorne passed the contribution box on one side of the Centenary church and Candidate Stockton on the other. They divided the honors that day, but the next day the honors were all on one side.

Painting in Oils and Colors.

Those interested in learning how to paint will be pleased to see Miss Bowman's announcement elsewhere. This lady's classes are always large, and her pupils have nothing but words of praise for her methods.

STYLISH & SERVICEABLE.

These terms apply to our SPRING TWEEDS, for Gent's and Boys' wear. The prices are 45c., 60c., 70c. and 95c., for all wool. Cheap, are they not?

BARNES & MURRAY, 17 CHARLOTTE STREET.

1889. NEW YEAR'S. 1890.



CHILDREN'S TRAYS; BRASS AND COPPER TEA KETTLES; CAKE COOLERS; "KEYSTONE" WHIPS; GRANITE AND AGATE TEA POTS; NIGHT LAMPS; NURSERY LAMPS; CAKE PANS, CAKE BOXES; SELF-WRINGING MOPS; And all the LATEST NOVELTIES in our line.

Which we are offering at our usual Low Prices—the lowest in the market.

SHERATON & SELFRIDGE, - 38 KING STREET. TELEPHONE, No. 358.

A choice NEW YEAR'S PRESENT FOR YOUR MINISTER. W. H. Fry, Official Stenographer writes: My machine has been in continual use since August, 1885, and this is a specimen of my work: Manifolding Eight Copies with a soft roller. I have made on this machine during the Cady trial, with a hard roller, from Ten to Twelve Copies. I pin my faith to the Caligraph. This is the best manifold machine in the market, in addition to its other points of superiority.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE. ARTHUR P. TIPPET & CO., Sole Agents.



A HUNDRED DAYS TO COME. Sounds very improbable. But a Reliable Correspondent says that it Actually Happened.

Where, where will be the gay GAZOO, A hundred days to come? Its readers, even now so few. A hundred days to come? The brazen cheek, The mighty gall, The tongue that lied At boodle's call; Where, where will be the whole concern, That flouted the Canon's cowl to earn, A hundred days to come? Who'll recollect the trainer sheet, A hundred days to come? Who'll sing its name out on the street, A hundred days to come? The boys who sell It for a cent Will be on other Business bent; Who, who among the ranks of wen, Will buy or even read it then, A hundred days to come? The gay GAZOO in death shall sleep, A hundred days to come; No living soul for it will weep, A hundred days to come; But Boozie will live In silence sad, And Hannay-nigh-ahs Be as mad.

As when he saw, and saw too late, His hopes wrecked with the boiler-plate— A hundred days to come.

QUATRAINS.

Forever. The word once spoken is spoken forever; The deed once done is undone never; If evil, its shadow in Heaven appeareth; If good, its blessing Hell's torment cheereth.

Preachers and Prophets.

The world is full of preachers, They darken all the land; But the prophets and the teachers, I count them on my hand.

A Jealous Muse.

The jealous muse exerts Warm homage and heart-heat; All that thy soul abstracts Obscures thy faculty.

Duty First, Glory Second.

Each noble heart agrees In virtue's category, Glory is more than ease, And duty more than glory.

The sceptic is a weakling; trust him not To stand to any cause, or great or small. Courage and honor are of faith begot; And he who doubts a point endangereth all.

Strive, then, Pray! All things are given to labor and to prayer; Sit not with folded arms and ask of Heaven; But strive, then ask; no brain nor muscle spare; And Heaven will bless thee for that thou hast striven.

Benton, N. B. MATTHEW HENRY KNIGHT.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

And the Happenings in the City.

Last evening a large reception residence of Mrs. W. W. Ham Cards of invitation had been guests to be present between the 10.30. Mrs. Turnbull assisted Miss Madge and Miss Grace Truquette, and a very pleasant three during which a handsome suit. Some very pretty costumes were present, most of them wearing match.

I am sorry to hear Miss Beattie very ill at Toronto. Mrs. C. W. C. F. R., on Monday, for that city. Mr. Oliver Stone, formerly of Regina, arrived in the city last of his old friends have seen him laid up with a gripe soon after.

Among the many afflicted with are Mr. Hurd Peters, Mr. W. C. MacLaren, Miss Wheeler, Mrs. Florence Snider, Mr. H. H. G. Sturdee, Mrs. Thomas Walker, Mr. Rev. A. J. Gollmer, Miss Helen deSoyre.

Death has entered the home known citizens this week. Mr. T. passed away on Wednesday last, Gormain street. Although in fall the last few years, his death was at the last, being only confined to two days from some severe affliction. Mr. Adams was the eldest son of Adams, hardware merchant, of the his 41st year. His wife (daughter Fellows) and five children an Adams was one of the most popular the city, and before his health failed cut figure in society circles, and a energetic members of the St. John Club, who, in a body, attended his day.

The death of the little daughter Symonds, which took place on Friday was most unexpected, the child being scant from diphtheria, from which some weeks, but prostration, with this disease set in, from which Mr. and Mrs. Symonds have the of many friends in their first year.

The music loving people are to the performance of the Mendelssohn given in the Mechanics' Institute society on Tuesday next. A proposed novelty in the way of a land is called "the dress album" as appreciated in St. John. The plan leaves of which samples of events are given in the columns of each of these entries is to insert which the dress from which it was worn.

Miss Katie Burpee returned last to New York. A practice for the opera Dora Tuesday evening at the residence Burpee, Orange street.

Miss Bertha MacLaren, an accomplished brother, Mr. David MacLaren, of left by the C. P. R. on Monday for their sister, Mrs. Wilson. Mr. John MacLaren has spent in Ottawa on business.

Mr. Thomson, of Halifax, spent in city. The young people's quadrille association residence of Mrs. W. B. Robinson, Thursday evening.

Mr. C. W. Watson left for Ottawa. Mrs. A. B. Sherman, of Halifax, relatives in the city. Mr. and Mrs. J. De Wolfe Spurr from Ottawa.

St. John—North End. Miss Florrie Tapley, of Marysville spending the winter here with her Mr. and Mrs. John Tapley.

I noticed Mr. Arthur Sorrell, who siles at present in Boston—here this Miss Jordan, our popular who is confined to the house through illness.

St. John—West End. Mr. John V. Ellis, M. P., left afternoon for Ottawa, to attend parliament. Mrs. Logan, of Fredericton, is the Joseph Clark, on King street, Mr. William Olive, of St. Stephen few days with his father, Mr. J. Maynar.

Miss Moberly, of Halifax, is in Mrs. Joseph Clark, on King street. Mrs. J. T. Steeves, and Miss S. cester, have returned home after pleasant visit to Boston and Hartford. Dr. White has quite recovered from illness.

Mrs. Thurmott has returned from bringing her son Thomas with her. Postmaster Reed is confined to the severe illness. Mr. John Ring is in the duties of the office during his absence. Mrs. J. W. McDuffie is suffering of a gripe.

Among those who have been homes with the influenza, but are not again, I notice Miss Nellie White Ellis, and Mrs. Joseph Clark.

HALIFAX.

JAN. 22.—News has reached us of Miss Maud Cochrane, of Maitland, George Eason, and aunt of Mrs. G. to Mr. W. J. Jemison, of New Brunswick, money was performed at the Episcopaland, by Rev. W. Charles Wilson, the bride, assisted by Rev. George M. of Maitland. Miss Maggie Cochrane Jemison were bridesmaids. There union of the Cochrane family, sisters all meeting under the old roof.

Miss Nellie Almon has returned from Montreal, looking all the better for it. Mrs. W. Humphrey went to Maitland at Miss Cochrane's wedding, returned to town.

Little Dorothy Twining died very Saturday last. Always a delicate child she was unable to shake off a severe congestion of the lungs after an short duration. Much sympathy is her parents who are quite prostrate. One of the aged residents of the city away too, Mrs. Ritchie, sister of Mrs. Ritchie was a sweet, gentle old lady who knew her.

Dalhousie has lost a faithful friend whose death occurred last week. The Misses W. gave a large five at their residence on Saturday last. Miss Graham, of Antigonish, is visiting in St. John. Mrs. C. F. Fraser leaves in the Halifax to Boston. The concert at Orpheus hall on Tuesday was most successful. Miss Lane loved a trip to the States. Mrs. C. week for a trip to the States. Mrs. C. week in St. John. Mrs. C. F. Fraser leaves in the Halifax to Boston. The concert at Orpheus hall on Tuesday was most successful. Miss Lane loved a trip to the States. Mrs. C. week for a trip to the States. Mrs. C. week in St. John. Mrs. C. F. Fraser leaves in the Halifax to Boston.

ICEABLE.

BRING TWEEDS,

The prices are

and 95c.,

Why not?

MURRAY,

1890.

38 KING STREET.

W. W. BOSTWICK

1890.

38 KING STREET.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK IN NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

And the Happenings in Social Circles of Fredericton, Moncton, Woodstock, Dorchester, St. Stephen, Sussex, Amherst, and other places.

Last evening a large reception was held at the residence of Mrs. W. W. Barnhill, Elliot street. Cards of invitation had been issued to nearly 100 guests to be present between the hours of 7:30 and 10:30. Mrs. Turnbull assisted by her daughters, Miss Madge and Miss Grace Turnbull, received the guests, and a very pleasant three hours were spent during which a handsome supper was provided. Some very pretty costumes were worn by the ladies present, most of them wearing dainty bonnets to match.

I am sorry to hear Miss Bessie Bostwick is still very ill at Toronto. Mrs. C. W. Bostwick left by the C. P. R., on Monday, for that city.

Mr. Oliver Stone, formerly of St. John, now of Regina, arrived in the city last week, but very few of his old friends have seen him as yet, having been laid up with the grippe soon after his arrival here.

Among the many afflicted with the grippe this week are Mr. Hurd Peters, Mr. Wardrope, Mrs. Murray MacLaren, Miss Wheeler, Mrs. McGrath, Miss Florence Selder, Mr. H. H. Godard, Mr. H. L. Sturges, Mrs. Thomas Walker, Mrs. E. I. Symonds, Rev. A. J. Gohmer, Miss Helen Perkins, and Mrs. deSoyres.

Death has entered the homes of several well-known citizens this week. Mr. Thomas S. Adams passed away on Wednesday last, at his residence, Germain street. Although falling ill during the last few years, his death was somewhat sudden at the last, being only confined to his bed for one or two days from some severe affection of the brain. Mr. Adams was the eldest son of the late Wm. H. Adams, hardware merchant, of this city, and was in his 54th year. His wife (daughter of Mr. James I. Follens) and five children survive him. Mr. Adams was one of the most popular young men of the city, and before his health failed was a prominent figure in society circles, and one of the most energetic members of the St. John Cricket and Athletic club, who, in a body, attended his funeral yesterday.

The death of the little daughter of Mr. E. I. Symonds, which took place on Friday last week was most unexpected, the child being quite convalescent from diphtheria, from which it had suffered for some weeks, but prostration, which often follows disease set in, from which she never rallied. Mr. and Mrs. Symonds have the sincere sympathy of many friends in this their first sorrow.

The music loving people are looking forward to the performance of the *Messiah* which is to be given in the Mechanics' Institute by the Oratorio society on Tuesday next.

A proposed novelty in the way of albums in England is called "the dress album" and may be equally appreciated in St. John. The plan is a book, upon the leaves of which samples of every dress worn by its owner is gummed in chronological order. Under each of these entries is to be inscribed the date on which the dress from which it was taken was first worn.

Miss Katie Burpee returned last week from a trip to New York.

A practice for the opera *Dorothy* was held on Tuesday evening at the residence of Mrs. Fred Burpee, Orange street.

Miss Bertha MacLaren, accompanied by her brother, Mr. David MacLaren, of Liverpool Eng., left by the C. P. R. on Monday for Toronto to visit their sister, Mrs. Wilson.

Mr. John MacLaren has spent the last week at Ottawa on business.

Mr. Thompson, of Halifax, spent this week in the city.

The young people's quadrille assembly met at the residence of Mrs. W. B. Robinson, Main street, on Thursday evening.

Mr. C. W. Weldon left for Ottawa early this week. Mrs. A. B. Sutherland, of Halifax, is visiting her relatives in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. J. De Wolfe Spurr have returned from Ottawa.

St. John—North End.

Miss Florrie Tapley, of Marysville, N. B., is spending the winter here with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. John Tapley.

I noticed Mr. Arthur Sorrell—whom I believe resides at present in Boston—here this week.

Miss Jordan, our popular and obliging librarian, is confined to the house through illness.

St. John—West End.

Mr. John V. Ellis, M. P., left on last Monday afternoon for Ottawa, to attend parliament.

Mrs. Logan, of Fredericton, is the guest of Mrs. George Clark, on King street.

Mr. William Olive, of St. Stephen, is spending a few days with his father, Mr. James Olive, ex-mayor.

Miss Mohr, of Halifax, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Joseph Clark, on King street.

Mrs. J. T. Steeves, and Miss Steeves, of Lan caster, have returned home after a short but pleasant visit to Boston and Hartford.

Dr. White has quite recovered from his late illness.

Mr. Thurnott has returned from New York, bringing her son Thomas with her.

Postmaster Reed is confined to the house with a severe illness. Mr. John Ring is discharging the duties of the office during his absence.

Mrs. J. W. McDuffie is suffering with an attack of the grippe.

Among those who have been confined to their homes with the influenza, but are now able to be out again, I notice Miss Nellie White, Mrs. John V. Ellis, and Mrs. Joseph Clark.

PETERS MOTE.

HALIFAX.

JAN. 22.—News has reached us of the wedding of Miss Maud Cochrane, of Malind, sister of Mrs. George Esson, and aunt of Mrs. Geoffrey Morrow, to Mr. W. J. Jemison, of New Glasgow. The ceremony was performed at the Episcopal church, Malind, by Rev. W. Charles Wilson, brother-in-law of the bride, assisted by Rev. George Marshall, rector of Malind. Miss Maggie Cochrane and Miss Lily Jemison were bridesmaids. There was quite a reunion of the Cochrane family, sisters and brothers all meeting under the old roof.

Miss Nellie Almon has returned from her visit to Montreal, looking all the better for the change.

Mrs. W. Humphrey went to Malind to be present at Miss Cochrane's wedding. She was not returned to town.

Little Dorothy Twining died very suddenly on Saturday last. Always a delicate child, the little one was unable to shake off a severe cold and died of congestion of the lungs after an illness of very short duration. Much sympathy is expressed for her parents who are quite prostrated with grief.

One of the aged residents of the city has passed away too, Mrs. Ritchie, sister of Mrs. Albion. Mrs. Ritchie was a sweet, gentle old lady beloved by all who knew her.

Dalhousie has lost a faithful friend in D. Lyall whose death occurred last week.

The Misses White gave a large five o'clock tea at their residence on Bland street, Saturday last.

Miss Graham, of Antigonish, is visiting at Judge Graham's.

Mrs. Patch, of Liverpool, N. S., with Miss Shaw, of London, Eng., have been staying at the Waverly for the past week.

Miss Stephens, of St. Stephen, N. B., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Turner.

Mr. and Mrs. Cotton purpose leaving town next week for a trip to the States. Mrs. Cotton will spend a week in St. John.

Mr. C. F. Fraser leaves in the *Halifax* for a brief visit to Boston.

The concert at Orpheus hall on Tuesday evening was a most successful one. Miss Lamie's songs and Mrs. Kilgus's violin solos were numbers enjoyed. Miss Lema wore a becoming dress of pale pink crepe with pearl ornaments and roses.

CRIMES.

Out at Sea.

FREDERICTON.

[Progress is for sale in Fredericton at the book store of W. T. H. Fenety and by James H. Hawthorne.]

JAN. 22.—Socially, Fredericton has been very quiet this last week, the only little bit of party being indulged in being a tea wedding given by the friends of Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Leggie at their residence, church street, last evening.

The children's parties came to rather a sudden standstill, as so many of the young people fell victims to the grippe. At Miss Mary Moran's party last Wednesday evening, the young hostess herself was taken ill and several of her guests. Nevertheless, a delightful evening was spent by those who were well, everything being done by Mr. and Mrs. Moran for the enjoyment of their young guests.

I hear that Master Bert Wiley is going to venture to have his party some evening the last of this week.

If the *Celestiality* has been quiet socially, politically it has been very lively; but now that the all important question is settled, perhaps we may have some parties to calve the drooping spirits of the defeated ones.

Mr. and Mrs. D. McLehlan, of St. John, are in the city. They are registered at the Queen.

Mrs. A. G. Beckwith has returned home from New York, where she has been spending a couple of months.

Mr. George Y. Dibblee left this afternoon for Montreal.

Miss Jennie Winslow is suffering from a severe cold.

Miss Roberts is also confined to the house from the same cause.

Mrs. Ella Randolph has been confined to the house for a week, suffering from an attack of bronchitis.

The Currier's rink was open to skaters last Friday evening, the first and I understand the only evening during the winter.

Hon. Dr. Pugsley is in town, staying at the Queen. Hon. James Mitchell is also here.

Mr. J. Douglas Hazen, from St. John, was in the city on Monday.

It is proposed to give a concert in the University library about the 6th of February, to raise funds to purchase a piano for the use of the students, who, with some of the best musical talent of the city, will furnish an excellent programme.

Rev. Mr. Little, who recently came out from England, and has made many friends in Fredericton, has received an unanimous call to the rectorship of the parishes of Sussex and St. John.

At St. Dunstan's church at 10 a. m. today, a wedding was celebrated, the marriage of Miss Mary A. Martin, daughter of Mrs. Martin, St. John street, to Mr. James V. Chiselm, of Montreal. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. C. McDevitt, assisted by Rev. Father Chastillon.

The bride was attended by Miss Janie McGrath, and Mr. Chiselm had the support of Mr. D. F. Martin, brother of the bride.

Mrs. Wetmore, wife of Judge E. L. Wetmore, of the Northwest, is here visiting her friends.

STELLA.

MONCTON.

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

JAN. 22.—To write a society letter this week without touching upon politics would be impossible, as Monday's excitement has not yet cooled down.

Of course the successful candidates are jubilant, as are also their supporters; while the slain—from a political point of view—lay the flattering unctuous to their souls that matter will occasionally triumph over mild, and that we "live to fight another day." Very general pleasure is expressed at Mr. Stevens' success; in fact the result of the election is generally satisfactory. Everyone is glad to see Mr. Hanington still in the place he has so ably filled for many years, while the clever young barrister from Sackville who has come bodily to the front in spite of his "youth and inexperience," at least of the devious ways and crooked byways of the political arena, and pulled so large a vote in the face of some opposition will, I doubt not, be warmly welcomed when he takes the seat in the House of Assembly.

Mr. Stevens' enthusiastic townsmen kindled a fire not of driftwood, but of well-tarred barrels, and burnt incense in his honor, which, if not exactly sweet smelling, like the incense of old, was at least very powerful. The sunset band also surrounded the newly elected M. P. E. and a large number of the independent electors drank his health in a most copious and whole-hearted manner.

Now that the political horizon shows signs of clearing, I hope to have some interesting society news to impart. I have heard rumors of one or two parties in the near future, but nothing definite as yet. Lent will descend upon us this year with such unexpected suddenness, that we shall have to hustle if we expect to get in the usual amount of gaiety before the penitential season; but there has been so much illness in town this winter that I fancy things will remain very quiet until after Easter.

Miss Weldon left on Thursday, to spend the remainder of the winter in St. John, and Miss Thompson has also returned to St. John, where she is visiting her grandmother, Mrs. Osgood.

Mrs. C. F. Hanington still lingers in Ottawa, the charms of the gay Canadian capital outweighing those of the railway hub, but I believe she is expected home this week.

Mr. Jean Bruce departed on Friday for Halifax, to climb the lofty heights, if not exactly of Mount Parmanus, at least of the hill of knowledge, via the Halifax Ladies' college, and to return till the June roses are abundant, strictly speaking the July roses. There have been an unusual number of deaths in our town during the last week, chiefly caused by pneumonia following upon grippes. Yesterday there were no less than three funerals.

Among the victims was Mrs. Alexander Robertson, caretaker of the I. C. R. general offices, who died on Sunday morning of pneumonia, after a week's illness. Mrs. Robertson was a woman with a varied history. A native of Aberdeen, Scotland, she was the daughter of an officer in H. M. navy, Mrs. Robertson came out to Canada with her husband, the late Alexander Robertson, some thirty years ago. They afterwards returned to Scotland, but had learned to love the free air of Canada so well that they once more crossed the ocean and made their home on this side. Being left a widow some years ago, Mrs. Robertson was thrown upon her own resources. She was for some years housekeeper of the Victoria hotel in St. John, where she was remembered kindly by many people. She afterwards came to Moncton and accepted the position of janitor of the general offices, which she filled until her death. Her funeral was very largely attended, and nearly all the officials of the I. C. R., paying a last tribute of respect to one whose place it will be difficult to fill.

Another very sad death was that of Mr. Arthur Armstrong, I. C. R. conductor. Mr. Armstrong was a former resident of Moncton, but had been living lately at Campbellton. He was unfortunately killed and his death is generally regretted. It was caused by pneumonia, after grippes.

Miss Hyde, of France, who has been visiting Mrs. T. V. Cooke, returned to her home on Friday. I understand, on reliable authority, that this charming young lady left a track of devastation behind her in more than one masculine heart, which can only be obliterated by her speedy return.

Mrs. Allison and Miss Helen Smith, of St. John, are spending a fortnight in town, visiting Mrs. Allison's sister, Mrs. A. H. Beddoe.

Mr. Cover, of the engineer's office, I. C. R., left town on Saturday to attend the funeral of his cousin, Mr. Perry Hamilton of St. John.

Mrs. David Dickson paid a short visit to Shediac last week, spending from Thursday to Saturday with her friends, Mr. G. W. Wainwright and Mrs. Wainwright. The East End Whist club spent a very delightful evening yesterday, at the home of Mrs. A. H. Beddoe in town.

I believe the Bread and Butter club has wisely decided that fortnightly meetings will give a greater zest to their enjoyment than weekly ones. Every thing, even the joys of bread and butter, suffers from too great frequency, and the joys of anticipation will be enhanced by having a fortnight instead of only a week to look forward to each meeting.

Hon. D. L. Hanington spent Sunday in town.

The children of St. George's Mission school, on Vulcan street, were given their annual treat last Thursday evening. The first exercise on the programme consisted of a thorough furnishing of the inner boy and girl with all the good things which their friends had so generously provided, after which prizes and presents were distributed.

Mr. J. H. Wran, who is in charge of Mr. J. H. Wran, is doing a great deal of good, and is a credit to those who labor patiently and unassumingly for the welfare of their poorer brethren. During the evening Miss Haines was presented with a handsome beaver collar by the teachers and children.

Mr. Bliss, of Winnipeg, is spending a few days in Moncton, the guest of Judge Botsford. Mr. Bliss is a well-known lawyer.

Wanted.

SUBSCRIPTION AGENTS FOR PROGRESS IN Houlton, St. George's Kingston (Kent), Richibucto, Marysville. Liberal commissions given. Apply to EDWARD S. CARTER for sample copies and terms.

SOCIETY CORRESPONDENTS in St. Andrews and Newcastle. Society ladies who have some leisure hours will find it to their advantage to write to "Society Editor" PROGRESS, St. John.

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

Out at Sea.

FREDERICTON.

[Progress is for sale in Fredericton at the book store of W. T. H. Fenety and by James H. Hawthorne.]

JAN. 22.—Socially, Fredericton has been very quiet this last week, the only little bit of party being indulged in being a tea wedding given by the friends of Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Leggie at their residence, church street, last evening.

The children's parties came to rather a sudden standstill, as so many of the young people fell victims to the grippe. At Miss Mary Moran's party last Wednesday evening, the young hostess herself was taken ill and several of her guests. Nevertheless, a delightful evening was spent by those who were well, everything being done by Mr. and Mrs. Moran for the enjoyment of their young guests.

I hear that Master Bert Wiley is going to venture to have his party some evening the last of this week.

If the *Celestiality* has been quiet socially, politically it has been very lively; but now that the all important question is settled, perhaps we may have some parties to calve the drooping spirits of the defeated ones.

Mr. and Mrs. D. McLehlan, of St. John, are in the city. They are registered at the Queen.

Mrs. A. G. Beckwith has returned home from New York, where she has been spending a couple of months.

Mr. George Y. Dibblee left this afternoon for Montreal.

Miss Jennie Winslow is suffering from a severe cold.

Miss Roberts is also confined to the house from the same cause.

Mrs. Ella Randolph has been confined to the house for a week, suffering from an attack of bronchitis.

The Currier's rink was open to skaters last Friday evening, the first and I understand the only evening during the winter.

Hon. Dr. Pugsley is in town, staying at the Queen. Hon. James Mitchell is also here.

Mr. J. Douglas Hazen, from St. John, was in the city on Monday.

It is proposed to give a concert in the University library about the 6th of February, to raise funds to purchase a piano for the use of the students, who, with some of the best musical talent of the city, will furnish an excellent programme.

Rev. Mr. Little, who recently came out from England, and has made many friends in Fredericton, has received an unanimous call to the rectorship of the parishes of Sussex and St. John.

At St. Dunstan's church at 10 a. m. today, a wedding was celebrated, the marriage of Miss Mary A. Martin, daughter of Mrs. Martin, St. John street, to Mr. James V. Chiselm, of Montreal. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. C. McDevitt, assisted by Rev. Father Chastillon.

The bride was attended by Miss Janie McGrath, and Mr. Chiselm had the support of Mr. D. F. Martin, brother of the bride.

Mrs. Wetmore, wife of Judge E. L. Wetmore, of the Northwest, is here visiting her friends.

STELLA.

MONCTON.

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

JAN. 22.—To write a society letter this week without touching upon politics would be impossible, as Monday's excitement has not yet cooled down.

Of course the successful candidates are jubilant, as are also their supporters; while the slain—from a political point of view—lay the flattering unctuous to their souls that matter will occasionally triumph over mild, and that we "live to fight another day." Very general pleasure is expressed at Mr. Stevens' success; in fact the result of the election is generally satisfactory. Everyone is glad to see Mr. Hanington still in the place he has so ably filled for many years, while the clever young barrister from Sackville who has come bodily to the front in spite of his "youth and inexperience," at least of the devious ways and crooked byways of the political arena, and pulled so large a vote in the face of some opposition will, I doubt not, be warmly welcomed when he takes the seat in the House of Assembly.

Mr. Stevens' enthusiastic townsmen kindled a fire not of driftwood, but of well-tarred barrels, and burnt incense in his honor, which, if not exactly sweet smelling, like the incense of old, was at least very powerful. The sunset band also surrounded the newly elected M. P. E. and a large number of the independent electors drank his health in a most copious and whole-hearted manner.

Now that the political horizon shows signs of clearing, I hope to have some interesting society news to impart. I have heard rumors of one or two parties in the near future, but nothing definite as yet. Lent will descend upon us this year with such unexpected suddenness, that we shall have to hustle if we expect to get in the usual amount of gaiety before the penitential season; but there has been so much illness in town this winter that I fancy things will remain very quiet until after Easter.

Miss Weldon left on Thursday, to spend the remainder of the winter in St. John, and Miss Thompson has also returned to St. John, where she is visiting her grandmother, Mrs. Osgood.

Mrs. C. F. Hanington still lingers in Ottawa, the charms of the gay Canadian capital outweighing those of the railway hub, but I believe she is expected home this week.

Mr. Jean Bruce departed on Friday for Halifax, to climb the lofty heights, if not exactly of Mount Parmanus, at least of the hill of knowledge, via the Halifax Ladies' college, and to return till the June roses are abundant, strictly speaking the July roses. There have been an unusual number of deaths in our town during the last week, chiefly caused by pneumonia following upon grippes. Yesterday there were no less than three funerals.

Among the victims was Mrs. Alexander Robertson, caretaker of the I. C. R. general offices, who died on Sunday morning of pneumonia, after a week's illness. Mrs. Robertson was a woman with a varied history. A native of Aberdeen, Scotland, she was the daughter of an officer in H. M. navy, Mrs. Robertson came out to Canada with her husband, the late Alexander Robertson, some thirty years ago. They afterwards returned to Scotland, but had learned to love the free air of Canada so well that they once more crossed the ocean and made their home on this side. Being left a widow some years ago, Mrs. Robertson was thrown upon her own resources. She was for some years housekeeper of the Victoria hotel in St. John, where she was remembered kindly by many people. She afterwards came to Moncton and accepted the position of janitor of the general offices, which she filled until her death. Her funeral was very largely attended, and nearly all the officials of the I. C. R., paying a last tribute of respect to one whose place it will be difficult to fill.

Another very sad death was that of Mr. Arthur Armstrong, I. C. R. conductor. Mr. Armstrong was a former resident of Moncton, but had been living lately at Campbellton. He was unfortunately killed and his death is generally regretted. It was caused by pneumonia, after grippes.

Miss Hyde, of France, who has been visiting Mrs. T. V. Cooke, returned to her home on Friday. I understand, on reliable authority, that this charming young lady left a track of devastation behind her in more than one masculine heart, which can only be obliterated by her speedy return.

Mrs. Allison and Miss Helen Smith, of St. John, are spending a fortnight in town, visiting Mrs. Allison's sister, Mrs. A. H. Beddoe.

Mr. Cover, of the engineer's office, I. C. R., left town on Saturday to attend the funeral of his cousin, Mr. Perry Hamilton of St. John.

Mrs. David Dickson paid a short visit to Shediac last week, spending from Thursday to Saturday with her friends, Mr. G. W. Wainwright and Mrs. Wainwright. The East End Whist club spent a very delightful evening yesterday, at the home of Mrs. A. H. Beddoe in town.

I believe the Bread and Butter club has wisely decided that fortnightly meetings will give a greater zest to their enjoyment than weekly ones. Every thing, even the joys of bread and butter, suffers from too great frequency, and the joys of anticipation will be enhanced by having a fortnight instead of only a week to look forward to each meeting.

Hon. D. L. Hanington spent Sunday in town.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A GOLD PEN.

From Stenographic Notes, Taken in a Laid Interval, by Casey Tap.

I am a poor, broken-down, forgotten Gold Pen. The sands of my life have about run out, and naught is left for me but a low and narrow bed in the dust heap of oblivion. Once I was as young and cheerful as you, dear friend who may read these memoirs, and life held before my youthful gaze many a hopeful prospect and rosy picture, but now—now all is over. Knowing full well that the days of my usefulness are past, I am content to sit me down and, with the events of my career stretching in panoramic procession before my failing vision, to calmly await my doom.

I was born in the bowels of the earth, ages upon ages ago, beyond the memory of weak, mortal man. I first saw the light of day in the presence of three weary, starving men—men who had left their homes, their wives, their children and their friends to follow the worship of their idol, Mammon. In the form of dust I lived five years, passing from hand to hand—now in the possession of some flashy-dressed and bear-eyed bar-tender, tomorrow augmenting the slender board of an itinerant expounder of the gospel of our blessed Redeemer—and so on.

Then I found myself in a large city. Lethy edifices reared their noble fronts towards the heavens, mile upon mile the marts of commerce spread their dazzling displays, and the hum, and rush and roar of metropolitan life pervaded all, 'e'en as does the brooding silence o'erspread the lifeless tracts and arid sandy wastes of Africa and Frederickton. 'Twas in the midst of all this bustle that I assumed my present form. I was packed into a box, with many of my fellows, and sent to a town, miles and miles from the big city. It was in this calm, semi-rural retreat that I met my master. Full well do I remember that day. It seems, after all, but yesterday. I was lying in a glass show case when a pretty and neatly-dressed young lady entered the store, and blushing charmingly said, "I intend making a birthday present to a young-er—that-er—that is—a well, you know—a friend—a gentleman friend, and—I would like very much to have your assistance in selecting a gift." My owner then showed her many pretty trinkets—gold toothpicks that would loosen the teeth of a hand saw, red-granite cuff buttons from the Eagle Rock quarry, scarf pins, etc., etc. until at last his eye rested upon the tray wherein I reposed.

"A gold pen," said he, "would make a very acceptable present. I should judge. Here's a holder, see? Everything complete. Usual price is five dollars 'n' half, but seeing that it's you, Miss Wilkins, I will let it go at five-forty-five. Shall I wrap it up for you?" After some hesitation, the young lady purchased me, and at about 11:59 that evening I was presented to the young man with whom I was destined to spend all my after days. The ensuing three or four days I was kept very busy indeed, and innumerable scraps of paper were crumpled in my master's hand after receiving some such legend as "Miss Wilkins," "Mary Wilkins," "Tubal O. Zero," "M. W. T. O. Z." "The dew is onto the lea-dew-lea-lea—the dew is on the dew-onto," etc., etc. Then I settled down to the realities of this life. Often I would lie in my master's writing desk for a week at a time, and again, I would be in constant use for three or four days without food or drink. My master was seeking the lunatic asylum via the poetry route. Twice every year, I remember, he would receive huge piles of letters, and would sit down and make me answer them. Most of the replies would read as follows: "Mr. Shiers, Dear Sir—Your favor of 1st received. As I cannot at present liquidate the small obligation which you speak, I beg you will kindly excuse my credit a few weeks. Yours truly, Tubal O. Zero." (Note by stenographer—but, never mind.) One time he took me in hand and made me work about two whole days writing a screed of some kind for a humorous paper. I narrowly watched his features during the ordeal, and could see in his countenance evidences of the varying emotions which were lacerating his young soul. One moment a broad smile would diffuse itself over his features, and then he would suddenly stop writing and resume a look of hopeless despair. Twice or thrice he threw me down with what I took to be uncalled for earnestness, and lighting a Reims De Sewer, walked around the room with his arms thrust deep into his pan-trousers pockets. At the end of forty-eight hours he tossed me recklessly into his writing desk, exclaiming, "Well, that's all over, thank Heaven!" he buttoned the incubation up in his breast pocket and went out.

About three weeks later, he came in from the post-office with a packet. As he opened it and disclosed the contents to view, I noticed a frowning shade of gloom gather upon his brow, 'like beetling clouds o'er summer sea.' Accompanying the enclosure was a short printed note: "We return your MSS., 'The Mother-in-Law,' not because it lacks literary merit, but we are receiving from our regular contributors vast quantities of MSS., daily. Try some local paper. Yours, Ed. Ho-Haw." That happened ten years ago this month, but it comes up before my fading vision as though it were but yesterday, or night before last, at the furthest. Seizing the printed form, my master thrust it into his mouth and chewed it for about four minutes, when with a violent "wugh!" he expelled it towards the cat lying lazily upon the hearth-rug before the blazing kerosene stove. Then, grabbing the pile of manuscript, he viciously tore it into innumerable shreds, and cast it into the waste-basket, muttering something about Nye and Shakespeare being treated just the same

way when they began to write for the papers. Thus my weary life dragged along for five more years, till my master obtained a position as private secretary to a leading statesman of our poor, suffering country, and it was in this service that my usefulness ceased.

My master had written a letter to a man in Whybakkk, reintering for the seven-hundred-and-sixty-fourth time—a promise to obtain for him a position as official floor-sweeper-extraordinary of the Whybakkk custom-house. The man at last grew moody and sank into a gloomy train of thought, and determined to interview the Hon. Mr. Absorbent in person. He arrived one day when my master was alone, his master having adjourned sine die from his arduous duties to a neighboring beer garden to discuss Ireland's woes through a straw. Showing a letter under my master's nose, the man from Whybakkk exclaimed: "Did you write that letter? Tell me who wrote it?" "I—that is—er—er—certainly—I wrote it—at the request—you know—"

"No, I don't know nothing 'erout it. Come here till I fold you up my string, manly bosom!" he shrieked. "O, come—O, do!" "What happened then I hardly know, I was flung rudely from my master's hand and landed in an open grate near by. Next day the janitor saw me shining in the ashes and rescued me, but alas! my days of usefulness were gone. I had become so twisted and deformed during the process, that I was destined to figure only as a monument of past greatness. What became of my master, you inquire? Well, I never did—know—for certain—but—but—I—I have—heard—"

Note by Stenographer—At this point the voice of his nibe, the Gold Pen, became so weak that I could not catch his words, and I turned towards him. His existence, filled with weary, thankless toil, had indeed ended, and the Gold Pen was no more.

THE REMAINS ARRIVED. And they were found to be in a most admirable State of Preservation. I wonder if PROGRESS can stand another story of the barber I have already mentioned? Because I have just thought of one that is worth repeating—so here goes. A good many years ago, this versatile gentleman was travelling in the United States, but whether it was for his health or merely in quest of suitable employment for a man of large mind and larger personality, is a point upon which history is silent. A well-known writer has immortalized himself by saying that "travelling, like history, merely proves the extent to which two men can differ from each other—and both from the truth!" So probably our friend was merely taking a sort of modified grand tour, for the purpose of broadening his ideas, and thus extending his capacity for romance in relating his exploits. But "honi soit qui mal y pense!" He says he was fighting—and incidentally—bleeding for the abolition of slavery and other little abuses, which occasioned the great civil war, which was in reality such a singularly unavailing conflict between our cousins across the border.

Our tonsorial friend cast the weight of his influence and the might of his strong right arm in with the fortunes of the North, which, though the fact has hitherto been unpublished, no doubt accounts in a large degree for the successful issue of the struggle, as far as the Northern army was concerned. However that may be, certain it is that the war came to an end at last, and though war is lucrative enough in its way, we all know that it does not make millionaires of all private soldiers, and I regret to say that our barber had not the foresight displayed by the immortal Artemus, who enlisted as colonel of the war hero regiment, so at the end of the war he found himself, in the vulgar but expressive language of the small boy, "busted, and a long way from home!" And under these trying circumstances his heart turned, like that of the prodigal of old, to his ancestral halls in the rocky fastnesses of Butternut Ridge, where the corn and oil failed not and the butternuts made soft music on the white teeth of his father's swine, "as they slipped through their jaws when they were greasy dull," but how to get back he knew not. He could not beg, and to die he was far too much of a gentleman. But adversity develops the intellect to a marvellous degree, and at last a bright idea struck him and he acted upon it. He dispatched a telegram to his devoted father which ran somewhat after this manner: To—son—M. died here today; send money for funeral expenses, and also instructions with regard to forwarding remains.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

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

DORCHESTER.

[Progress is for sale in Dorchester at George M. Fairweather's store.]
JAN. 22.—Miss Hamilton, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. E. W. Godfrey, went to St. John Saturday morning.
Mr. R. B. Reed returned home from Cape Breton Wednesday evening. "Bill" says that he had a jolly time altogether, and that the girls down there were something fine.
There were no services in Trinity church Sunday, owing to the absence of the rector, who is ill in bed with his grippe.
Messrs. E. W. Hamilton and C. S. Hickman spent Thursday in Memramcook.
Mr. and Mrs. V. Godfrey went to St. John Saturday to attend the funeral of their nephew, Percy H. Hamilton.
Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton have the heart felt sympathy of all their old friends in their bereavement.
Hon. D. L. Hamilton returned home from his election campaign yesterday morning.
Mrs. David Chapman went over to Amherst, Saturday, to see her daughter-in-law, who is quite ill.
Miss Godfrey left for Moncton Tuesday morning, where she expects to spend the winter.
Mr. J. W. Y. Smith returned to Bishop's college, Lennoxville, Saturday morning, where he will graduate next June.
Mr. Gilbert Dobson has so far recovered from a severe attack of grippe that he will be able to resume his studies at Altona university, Saskatchewan. Mr. Dobson will take the degree of B. A. in the autumn.
Miss Dibble is again visiting her sister, Mrs. Geo. W. Chandler.
The friends of Mrs. Arthur Armstrong in this place, regret to hear of the sudden death of the deceased.
Mrs. H. J. McGrath spent Saturday in Sackville.
Mr. A. D. Richard spent the greater part of last week in this place, en route for St. John.
Miss Sadie Foster had a young lady friend visiting her.
Today Mr. J. W. Hickman took advantage of the splendid roads and had his beautifully matched span of bays, Vio and Fairy, out.
Miss Loverson is coming to Dorchester very soon to make her friend, Miss Sarah Godfrey, a visit.

SUSSEX.

[Progress is for sale in Sussex by R. D. Bost and S. H. White & Co.]
JAN. 22.—An interesting event will take place at the residence of Mr. W. H. White this evening, when his daughter, Miss Laura, will be married to Mr. Clarence Spooner, editor of the "Advertiser."
Rev. Mr. Little, late of Lunenburg, Eng., preached in Trinity church on Sunday evening, and has received a unanimous call to become rector of the church.
Rev. Mr. Botolph, late curate of Trinity, having resigned his charge, goes to Pettaudic to assist the rector.
Miss Beattie Hazen left on Friday to take a course as a skilled doctor in hospital, Boston, Mass.
Several of our people are suffering from influenza, among them Miss Judge, of W. U. Telegraph, and Mr. Samuel Keith, of the I. C. R.
Mr. C. T. Phipps, of Woodstock, is visiting friends in Sussex.
Mr. Wm. Morton, well known to many in Kings county, died at his residence, Pombouqui, yesterday morning.
Mr. Herbert Fairweather, of Moncton, is in Sussex.
Mr. C. H. Fairweather, of this place, has been at Lunenburg in constant attendance upon his father, who is very ill.
Miss Lizzie Robertson has been quite ill.
Miss Hallett has returned from her visit to Hampton.
Dr. Deacon, of Milltown, N. B., is in Sussex today.
Mr. L. B. Tweedie, of Hampton, was in this village yesterday.

TRURO, N. S.

[Progress is for sale in Truro at Mr. G. O. Fulton's.]
JAN. 22.—The death of Mr. J. F. Blanchard, who was so universally and widely respected, is much regretted.
Rev. Thomas Cumming, pastor of St. Andrew's church, accompanied by his brother, the Rev. Robt. Cumming, sailed on Saturday, from Halifax, in the "Sarnia," to be absent several months, on a tour of Palestine and the further East.
Capt. Hill, of the "Halifax," spent Sunday here, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Hanson.
Mrs. Newcomb, from Kings county, is visiting her brother, Principal B. Calkin, and Mrs. Calkin, at Fern Hill.
Mrs. Elbridge Smith is in River Philip, attended the obsequies of her father, Mr. C. C. Smith.
The Rev. Mr. Murray, from Pictou, occupied the pulpit of St. Andrew's last Sunday.
Messrs. H. Muir, M. D., Richard Craig, and J. G. Coleman are candidates for the mayoralty.
Mr. J. John R. Coleman has returned from his home in Graham, Kings Co., where he has been for about two weeks on sick leave.
Miss Lulu Wareham gave two recitals in the Y. M. C. A. this week to appreciative audiences.
Mr. C. C. Cummings, left last week for England.

AMHERST, N. S.

[Progress is for sale in Amherst at G. B. Bird's Bookstore.]
JAN. 22.—Mrs. A. S. Towse, of Parrsboro, was in town last week.
Mrs. David Chapman was summoned from Dorchester last Friday to the bedside of Mrs. A. A. Chapman, who was dangerously ill with bronchitis. Since then she has rallied.
Mr. John Brown returned to Halifax on Monday.
Col. Stewart, of Halifax, is in town this week.
Mr. and Mrs. Boggs are in town this week.
Mr. C. A. Black expects to sail from Halifax in Canada on Saturday, for London, where he intends to take a medical course this winter.
Mrs. Black and company have left.
Miss Addie Purdy expects to leave for Germany this week.
Mr. Alex. Wilson has returned to Pugwash, after spending some days in town.
Mrs. W. D. Main had a very pleasant party on Wednesday evening.

WOODSTOCK, N. B.

[Progress is for sale in Woodstock at Everett's Bookstore.]
JAN. 21.—Messrs. Bert Holyoke and Frank Griffith gave a small party in Cole's hall on the 16th. It was altogether a most enjoyable affair.
Dancing and cards were indulged in till 1 o'clock.
Mrs. Smith is home again after a lengthy visit to New York and Montreal.
Miss Desjardis is visiting Mrs. Holyoke.
Mr. Cadman also spent a few days with her.
Mrs. Brantley, of Montreal, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Smith.
Mr. R. B. Jones was suddenly called to Digby, to attend her father, who is not expected to live.
Mr. R. B. Jones returned on Monday after a short illness, of congestion of the lungs.
La grippe has descended on Woodstock with one fell swoop, and many are its victims.

RICHIBUCTO.

JAN. 22.—The Snow Shoe club had a tramp last Saturday evening, after which refreshments were served at the Union hotel.
Mr. H. A. Harding, of St. John, was in town on Friday last.
Mr. Warren McDermott returned to Walford, last week.
Mr. E. L. O'Brien, inspector of schools, arrived last Saturday.
Miss Maud Grierson arrived here on Monday from Dorchester, having been called home by the death of her mother.
Mr. Wilnot Brown, of St. Stephen, reached here on Monday. Rumor says Mr. Brown will assume charge of the K. N. Ry., the former superintendent having been missing for the last month.
Judge Rossford, of Moncton, is in town, the guest of Mr. Allan and Mrs. Hains.

SACKVILLE.

[Progress is for sale in Sackville at C. H. Moore's Bookstore.]
JAN. 22.—Mr. Murray spent Sunday in Dorchester.
Mr. Charles Pawcett went to Halifax on Saturday.
Mr. Ayer went to St. John on Friday.
Mr. W. Y. Smith, of Dorchester, spent a day in town last week.
Warden Foster and wife were in town last week.
Capt. Frank Atkinson is home for the winter.

HAROLD GILBERT. SPRING, 1890. For months I have been prepared for an immense Spring trade, and my intention is to make my stock the most attractive in price, variety, and value, of any that has preceded it. To do this I plainly understand that I must offer only FIRST-CLASS GOODS made by the most RELIABLE MANUFACTURERS, and at prices that will SPEAK MORE FORCIBLY than any comments I can make.

HAROLD GILBERT, 54 King Street. BEDROOM FURNITURE, first floor main building; Brussels, Wilton and Axminster Carpets, 2nd floor from main building; Wool, Union, and Hemp Carpets, Mattings and Art Squares, 2nd floor back main building; Tapestry Carpets, Rugs and Door Mats, first floor new building in rear. OILCLOTHS and LINOLEUMS, in basement—patterns shown in rear of first floor, main building. Curtains, Curtain Poles and Draperies, second floor of new building. Parlor Suits, second floor, new building. Rattan Furniture, Baby Carriages, Fancy Tables, etc., first floor, new building.

"MY PATIENTS Have Always Been Benefitted by ITS USE." MONCTON, Dec. 6, 1887. E. M. ESTEY, Pharmacist: Dear Sir,—For the past two or three years I have prescribed your Cod Liver Oil Cream in my practice, and have much pleasure in stating that my patients have always been benefited by its use. I consider it the best and most palatable preparation of its kind. Children will readily take it when refusing other Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil. Yours very truly, L. N. BOUTIQUE, M. D.

Assorting Season! SEASONABLE GOODS in STOCK. MANTLE AND ULSTER CLOTHS; BEAVER AND CURL CLOTHS; MELTONS, FLANNELS, BLANKETS; UNDERWEAR, CLOTHS, SHAWLS; FANCY WOOL GOODS; CASHMERE, MERINOS; GLOVES, HOSIERY; RIBBONS, VELVETS, WINGS; COTTONS AND SMALLWARES.

SMITH BROS., Wholesale Dry Goods and Millinery, HALIFAX, N. S. FLORENCE SILK MITTENS. The ENGRAVING shows latest style Mittens made from FLORENCE KNITTING SILK, lined throughout, wrist and back with silk. They make a most durable and fashionable article for Ladies' Wear. Sent by any address on receipt of \$2. Colored—black, navy blue, and brown. Three other patterns, \$1.75, \$1.65, and \$1.50 each.

DAVID CONNELL, Livery and Boarding Stables, Sydney St. Horses Boarded on reasonable terms. Horses and Carriages on hire. First-class at short notice.

GROCERIES. New Year's Groceries. W. ALEX. PORTER'S. NEW VALENCIA, Valencia Layer and London Layer Raisins, New Currants, Prunes, Figs, Dates, New Citrus, Orange and Lemon Peels, Flavouring Extracts and Syrups of all kinds; choice Confectionery, Nuts, Fruits, etc., with a complete line of staple and fancy Groceries. Corner Union and Waterloo Streets, and Corner Mill and Pond Streets.

BONNELL & COWAN, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Fine Groceries AND FRUITS. Teas and Sugars a specialty. 200 UNION STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B. BONNELL'S EXTRA LIME. Flour and Feed Store. Wheat, Flour, Buckwheat, RYE, CORN, OATS, BRAN, SHORTS. From the best mills. Always on hand. R. & F. S. FINLEY, Sydney Street.

OYSTERS FOR CHRISTMAS WEEK. Shelled to order and sent to any part of the City, at 40, 50 and 60 cents per quart. At No. 19 North Side King Square. J. D. TURNER. NEW YEAR'S GOODS. A FULL LINE OF Plush and Leather Goods with Oxidized, Silver and Celluloid Fittings. DRESSING CASES, ODOUR CASES; MANICURE SETS, COLLAR and CUFF BOXES; WORK BOXES in every variety, at THOS. A. CROCKETT'S, 162 Princess St. Also a nice lot of PERFUMES, in Fancy Boxes, suitable for PRESENTS. JAMES S. MAY, W. ROBERT MAY. JAMES S. MAY & SON, Merchant Tailors, DOMVILLE BUILDING, P. O. Box 308. ST. JOHN, N. B. Stock always complete in the latest designs suitable for first-class trade. Prices subject to 10 per cent. discount for cash.

GENERAL AGENCY FOR THE Province of New Brunswick OF The Commercial Union Assurance Co. (Limited), OF LONDON, and Phoenix Insurance Co., of Brooklyn, A. C. FAIRWEATHER, CHAS. J. TONNEY, Barrister-at-Law, General Agent. Sub-Agent. BARNHILL'S BUILDING, ST. JOHN, N. B. S. R. FOSTER & SON, MANUFACTURERS OF STEEL and IRON-CUT NAILS, And SPIKES, TACKS, BRADS, SHOE NAILS, HUNGARIAN NAILS, Etc. ST. JOHN, N. B.

THE DELMONICO DINING PARLORS, Corner Germain and Church Streets. Seats Reserved for Ladies. THE DELMONICO OYSTER CAVE, and BUSINESS MEN'S LUNCH COUNTERS, Entrance Church street. Always the best the market affords, and everything in season. Oysters, Clams, Lobsters, Crabs, Chickens, Quail, Pigeon, Duck, Steaks and Chops. Open from 9 a. m. to 1 a. m. Sundays, 5 p. m. till midnight. W. A. SHERPAD, Manager.

IT PAYS ADVERTISERS TO KEEP POSTED. pays for a book of more than 200 pages devoted to Newspaper Advertising, and containing information valuable alike to experienced and intending advertisers. GEO. P. ROWELL & CO'S Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce St., New York.

Shorthands LADIES and GENTLEMEN desirous of obtaining a thorough knowledge of Shorthand and Type-writing and an acquaintance with the duties of a business amanuensis, should enter for our evening courses—in session every evening (Saturdays excepted), 7 to 9. Apply to J. HARLEY PEPPER, Conductor of Shorthand Department, St. John Business College and Shorthand Institute. A. & J. HAY, DEALERS IN—Diamonds, Fine Jewelry, American Watches, French Clocks, Optical Goods, Etc. JEWELRY MADE TO ORDER and REPAIRED. 76 KING STREET.

SWEET GIRL'S GOWN. What Rosalinda Wear, or Ought to Wear, in New York Society. It was about the sweet rosalinda that I started out to write. I been extremely natty, this year, too, you would say off hand, that of them could be had for \$10, most—nothing but tulle and a few. But I have made some inquiries, that \$150 or \$200 was the very low for one. The flowers must be of the French make, and often spray all is pulled to pieces by the dressmaker for the sake of a certain few of the it may contain. White flowers are the ones usual—hyacinths, fine daisies and small. Lillies of the valley have been very popular, for they are so graceful into their proper positions without handling. The most seraphic gown seen was worn by a blonde. would have looked pretty in anything of those blue eyed pink and white complexion beauties who do not of expression to brighten their. They are real dreams to look dress was of white tulle over a. The back breadths were tucked

SWEET GIRL'S GOWNS.

What Rosebuds Wear, or Ought to Wear, in New York Society.

It was about the sweet rosebud's gowns that I started out to write. They have been extremely natty, this year, so much so, you would say off hand, that any one of them could be had for \$10, or \$11 at most—nothing but tulle and a few flowers!

The flowers must be of the very finest French make, and often spray after spray is pulled to pieces by the dressmaker just for the sake of a certain few of the flowers it may contain.

White flowers are the ones usually chosen—hyacinths, fine daisies and small roses. Lilies of the valley have been even more popular, for they are so graceful and fall into their proper positions without much handling.

The most seraphic gowns I have seen was worn by a blonde. The girl would have looked pretty in anything—one of those blue eyed pink and white complexioned beauties who do not need a bit of expression to heighten their charms.

They are real dreams to look at. Her dress was of white tulle over a silk skirt. The back breadths were tucked to the

are removed if this flower has been used, and other flowers employed in their stead. The bridal air of the gown is destroyed as much as possible.

Young married ladies have everything to choose from for the material and fashion of their evening gowns. There are no other women in the whole range of society who may use such unlimited liberty in the selection of their toilets.

Where much decoration is desired a debutante's dress has its front studded with flowers. This effect has been tried in rose leaves, with a most charming result. As the airiest of fabrics are considered the most suitable, tulle has been the universal favorite.

Straw color is the fashionable tint for gloves. This shade has entirely superseded the light shades of tan that have

Harvard Canadian Club.

Just before the holidays the Canadians who are now at the University were brought together by the invitation of Mr. Montague Chamberlain. A resolution to form a Harvard Canadian club was unanimously passed, and a committee was named to prepare a constitution during the recess.

The aims of the club are these: To promote good-fellowship among Canadian students at present in residence; to welcome incoming students from the provinces; and to make the advantages of Harvard better known throughout the whole Dominion.

Out at Sea.

Put Them in a Pillow.

The latest device of girlhood is a fancy for stuffing pillows with their old love letters. There is one thing about the contents of these pillows that can be depended upon with a marked degree of certainty—they are sure to be soft.

For Cholera, Cholera Infantum, Summer Complaint, Cramps and Pains in the Bowels, there is no remedy that can be more relied upon than Kendrick's Mixture, for children or adults.—Advt.

The Press

(NEW YORK) FOR 1890. DAILY. SUNDAY. WEEKLY. The Aggressive Republican Journal of the Metropolis. A NEWSPAPER FOR THE MASSES.

Founded December 1st, 1887. LARGEST DAILY CIRCULATION OF ANY REPUBLICAN PAPER IN AMERICA.

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

The most remarkable Newspaper Success in New York. The Press is now a National Newspaper, rapidly growing in favor with Republicans of every State in the Union.

THE PRESS has the brightest Editorial page in New York. It sparkles with points. THE PRESS SUNDAY EDITION is a splendid sixteen page paper, covering every current topic of interest.

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

Send for THE PRESS Circular with full particulars and list of excellent premiums.

Address, THE PRESS, New York.

SAINT JOHN Academy of Art.

STUDIO BUILDING: 74 GERMAIN ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.

The aim of the school is to give pupils a good training in

DRAWING AND PAINTING. Pupils can commence at any time—week, month, or by the year.

PRINCIPAL—JOHN C. MILES, A.R.C.A. ASSISTANT—FRED H. C. MILES.

Send for circular.

JACK FROST IS HERE

and you want Clothing.

GOOD WINTER CLOTHING!

COME TO

JAMES KELLY'S

Strong, Durable and Cheap, the best Clothing to be Had in the City.

Custom work a specialty. Come and see KELLY and if he cannot suit you with READY-MADE GOODS he can take your MEASURE FOR AN OUTFIT.

JAMES KELLY, - Tailor and Clothier, 5 Market Square.

New DRY GOODS STORE,

EAST END CITY, WATERLOO, NEAR UNION.

Great Reduction of Prices During Dec., in all the leading departments.

SPECIAL DRESS MATERIALS; ULSTERINGS, TWEEDS, COATINGS; Wool Goods, Cloth Jackets, Waterproofs, etc.

T. PATTON & CO.

Plush Goods

IN LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S TOILET CASES, ODOR CASES, Manicure Sets, etc.

CUT GLASS TOILET BOTTLES,

Choice Perfumery, Etc.

Intending purchasers will do well to examine our stock of the above goods before purchasing elsewhere.

PARKER BROS., - Market Sq.

CAFE ROYAL,

Domville Building, Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets

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

WILLIAM CLARK.

GERARD G. RUEL,

(LL. B. Harvard.) BARRISTER, Etc.

3 Pugsley's Building, - St. John, N. B.

THE GREAT EUROPEAN DYE



Unsurpassed for Richness and Beauty of Coloring. They are the ONLY DYES that WILL NOT WASH OUT!

There is nothing like them for Strength, Coloring or Fastness.

ONE Package EQUALS TWO of any other Dye in the market. If you doubt it, try it! Your money will be refunded if you are not convinced after a trial.

Four colors are made in Turkish Dyes, embracing all new shades, and others are added as soon as they become fashionable. They are warranted to dye more goods and do it better than any other Dye.

Same Price as inferior Dye, 10 cts. Canada Branch: 61 St. Paul Street, Montreal.

Sold in St. John by S. McDAIRMID, and E. J. MAHONEY, Indianapolis.

PORTRAITS

FROM Cabinet to Life Size in Photography India Ink, Crayon and Pastel.



23 CARLETON STREET Near Mechanics' Institute.

The Sun.

FOR 1890.

Some people agree with THE SUN'S opinions about men and things, and some people don't; but everybody likes to get hold of the newspaper which is never dull and never afraid to speak its mind.

Democrats know that for twenty years THE SUN has fought in the front line for Democratic principles, never wavering or weakening in its loyalty to the true interests of the party it serves with fearless intelligence and disinterested vigor.

Eighteen hundred and ninety is the year that will probably determine the result of the Presidential election of 1892, and perhaps the fortunes of the Democracy for the rest of the century.

Daily, per month, \$ 50

Daily, per year, 6.00

Sunday, per year, 2.00

Daily and Sunday, per year, 8.00

Daily and Sunday, per month, .70

Weekly Sun, one year, 1.00

Address THE SUN, New York.

OLD SILVER WARE.

DO YOU WANT IT PLATED? DO YOU WANT IT BRIGHT, NEW AND CLEAN?

If you do, take it to

HILLMAN, THE PLATER,

Who has removed from Union to Germain Street, where he has every facility for replating or repairing Silver Ware of all kinds.

Every article should shine at this season of the year

WM. HILLMAN, 87 Germain Street.

FOR 1890.

McMILLAN'S ALMANAC; WHITAKER'S ALMANAC; The Boudoir Calendar; The Fenelon Calendar;

THE CALENDAR OF THE SEASONS; The Calendar of the Birds; The Humphrey Calendar; The Desk Calendar Pad.

Also—a complete stock of POCKET DIARIES, for 1890.

J. & A. McMILLAN,

98 and 100 Prince William Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.

DR. J. D. MAHER,

DENTAL ROOMS, City Building, Main Street, North End.

J. M. LEMONT,

PIANO AND ORGAN TUNER, FREDERICTON, N. B.

BUSINESS MEN,

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

The best market affords always on hand P. A. CRUIKSHANK, 46 Germain Street, Opposite Market Building.

DR. SCOTT'S

Electric Hair Curler.

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

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



A ROMAN BEAUTY.

waist, and the front was plain except about a quarter of a yard from the edge. From this point there was a beautiful fringe of lilies of the valley, surrounded by their leaves. The bodice was low, and all the ornament the beautiful white throat boasted was a row of pearls. Lilies of the valley decorated the bodice, surplice fashion, and the sleeves were two fluffy puffs of illusion.

All the sleeves made on the bodices of debutantes' dresses are really sleeves; they are not mere shoulder straps or bands. As the material used for the dresses is almost invariably of tulle, there must be a foundation of silk or satin for the sleeves, and it is noticeable that the entire top of the arm is covered. While white tulle is most frequently used, colors are approved by many, but always of the palest shades. There is never any edging or frilling of lace around the throat. To be on the safe side the tulle must form the outline of the neck, trying though this may sometimes be.

Several debutantes have had their dresses trimmed with swansdown, and the result was not unsuccessfull.

Young married ladies have used fur considerably on evening dresses. One of the toilets in which Mrs. Cleveland has appeared this season had a border of Russian sable, and the same fur outlined her white throat. Brides never wear their wedding dresses to balls exactly as they were originally made. All the orange blossoms

been so long in vogue. White satin slippers are usually worn by debutantes, although if the dress is of another color the slippers match it in exact shade.

Girls are not wearing such long gloves this year as last. Whereas formerly it was not consistent with the dictates of fashion to exhibit more than an inch or two of flesh between the glove and the sleeve, and that very near the shoulder, this year gloves hardly reach the elbow. Not much more of the arm is shown, however, for, as already remarked, the sleeve is made longer.

The debutante's evening toilet is incomplete without a handsome opera cloak, one that will envelope her from nose to ankles and keep her from the damp and cold. The cloak that best answers every purpose is made of white plush, softly wadded, and lined with a silk in the tint most admired by the wearer. The sleeves are large, and around the neck and down the front there is a border of lamb's wool, which imparts an extra touch of warmth and comfort.—N. Y. Press.

He Deserved His Fate.

G.—"How do you spell your name?" H.—"H-a-s-w-e-l-l."

G.—"You could spell it as well without the 'H,' couldn't you?" (The funeral will be a plain one.)—Philadelphia Inquirer.

How Barnum Outwitted the Canadians.

"Do you know why P. T. Barnum is unpopular in Canada?" asked a theatrical agent last night. "I will tell you. There is a heavy duty on posters in Canada, and the showman who takes a large quantity of printed matter into the Dominion is under an enormous expense. Barnum determined to avoid the exaction. He planned a Canadian tour for 1886, and two years before he sent tons of posters to Canada and neglected to pay the duty. The stuff laid in the custom house without being called for, and at last the officials decided to advertise it for sale at auction. Barnum sent an agent to the sale to buy up the show bills, and he did so at a bargain. The secret leaked out, and that's the reason the patriotic citizens of Canada are down on Barnum."—Rochester Post Express.

A Smart Lawyer.

A sharp fellow once asked a lawyer this question: "If a peacock belonging to your neighbor came into your garden and laid an egg there, whom would the egg belong to by law?" The lawyer answered that it would belong to the owner of the peacock. The other then replied: "Have you ever heard of a peacock laying an egg?"—Ex.

A Useful English Invention.

A very useful invention, tending to lessen the possibility of accidents in factories, is now being extensively adopted in England. The breaking of a glass, which is adjusted against the wall of every room in the mill, will at once stop the engine, an electric current being established between the room and the throttle valve of the engine, shutting off the steam in an instant. By this means the engine was stopped at one of the mills recently in a few seconds, and a young girl, whose clothes had become entangled in an upright shaft, was released uninjured.

Pimples, pustules, rash, eczema, all humors and all diseases of the skin, piles, ulcers, sores and wounds, chapped hands, roughness of the skin, are quickly healed and cured by the use of Baird's French Ointment. Sold by all dealers.—Advt.

No Pleasure in It.

First Boy—No, my mother never whips me. It don't do her any good. Second Boy—How's that? "Why, she's deaf, you know, and she can't hear me yell."—N. Y. Sun.

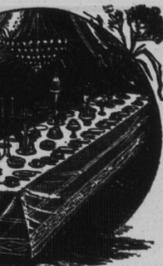
The beautiful glossy shoes, so much admired in hair, can be secured by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. There is nothing better than this preparation for strengthening the scalp and keeping it free from dandruff and itching eruptions.—Advt.

RT.

M FURNITURE, first floor; Brussels, Wilton and Axminster floor from main building; and Hemp Carpets, Matt-Squares, 2nd floor back main building in rear. Carpets, Rugs and Door mats shown in rear of first building. Curtains, Curtain

ing Street.

MONICO DINING PARLORS, main and Church Street. Reserved for Ladies.



OYSTER CAVE, and MEN'S LUNCH COUNTERS, on Church street. Market affords, and everything fresh, Clams, Lobsters, Crabs, Squid, Pigeon, Duck, and Chops.

PAYS ADVERTISERS. ADVERTISING BUREAU, 110 N. B. ST. NEW YORK.



of more than 200 to Newspaper Advertisers. Containing information alike to experienced advertisers.



Subscription to a Journal on its own interests without.

month and containing information alike to experienced advertisers.

WELL & CO'S Advertising Bureau, 110 N. B. ST., New York.

than MEN desirous of obtaining a full and complete knowledge of Shortland and its surroundings with the duties should enter for our every evening (Saturday) at 10 P.M.

HAY, 110 N. B. ST., New York.

American Watches, Optical Goods, Etc.

REPAIRED and REPAIRED.

STREET.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

YARMOUTH.

[Progress is for sale in Yarmouth at the store of E. I. Vickers and Harris & Horsfall.]

JAN. 21.—Mr. R. H. Ross left for Halifax yesterday, and goes into the P. O. inspector's office for a few months, when it is hoped he will be able to resume work in his old position, as postal clerk on the Western Counties railway.

Miss Mary Brown, who has been residing in this town the past three years, left for Boston Saturday evening. She leaves many sore hearts behind, for undoubtedly she was a great favorite among the young folk of the town.

Mr. James L. Crosby paid a flying visit to Montreal last week, and returned with Mr. Lester, a friend from South St. Marie.

Mr. E. F. Clements left Saturday evening for Boston on business.

Miss Prue Wood, of Spring Hill, is visiting Miss Sarah Lovitt, of Salem.

Mr. Allison, organist at Holy Trinity, made a short visit home last week.

Miss Julia Moody presided at the organ. She is a skilful musician.

The rink has opened, but there has been very little skating so far. The young people would like to get the worth of their tickets in some way. Will the committee allow causes out there.

Rev. E. J. McCarthy has been ill and confined to his house this week.

Mr. A. Cameron, principal of the academy, was laid up the past week.

Mr. Kempton, of the Milton school, has been unable to teach the last few days.

Mr. William Moody, Collector of customs, who has been very sick the last two weeks, is able to be out and about again.

BATHURST.

[Progress is for sale in Bathurst at A. C. Smith & Co's store.]

JAN. 22.—A very successful carnival was held in the skating rink last evening. The Moncton band furnished excellent music. The ice was in splendid condition, and every detail of the management perfect.

There were some very pretty costumes. Miss Josie Burns as "Liberty," took the ladies' prize, the gentleman's prize being won by Mr. G. Dudley, of the Merchants' bank, who, as a "Clown," was irresistibly comic.

I have not been able to obtain a list of the skaters, but must mention Mrs. Dudley, who looked lovely as a "Sisive Peasant." Mr. W. F. Pepper made a capital "Negro."

Miss G. Cameron, artist, of Quebec, has been giving lessons in decorative and china painting, and her pupils pronounce her an excellent teacher.

She intends visiting Newcastle and some other New Brunswick towns before returning home.

It speaks well for Miss Laura McLean's popularity as a teacher that her pupils are all so delighted to see her home again. All her friends are pleased to see her so much improved by her visit to Boston.

The curlers' social takes place tonight, and a good time is anticipated.

How He Looks.

There is something unmistakable about a victim of la grippe, writes a correspondent who has been there. In the first place, his knees are always so weak, and in the second, he invariably has a conscious, not to say defiant, look, as though he were saying, "I just wish you had it, that's all."

He wears his cap well down over his ears, and his coat collar turned up to meet it, and if he should chance to be a lady, his head is wrapped securely up in a cloud, and two or three folds of fur boa veil his charms from the rude gaze of the multitude.

In either case the victim is sure to wear a stout cane, and lean heavily upon it as he staggers along. Perhaps you don't see any fun in the description. Well, never mind. Other people will see lots of fun in your appearance the first time you go out. So it does not matter, as long as there is fun somewhere.

Out at Sea.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT. Established 1810. -UNLIKE ANY OTHER.- AS MUCH FOR INTERNAL AS FOR EXTERNAL USE.

\$100 AWARD WITH 5 Cent "WHITE CROSS" GRANULATED SOAP. To the person sending us the most certificates \$50.00

I AM SELLING CHOICE, FAT SHELburne HERRING very Low. W. FRANK HATHEWAY, 17 and 18 South Wharf.

A. O. SKINNER WISHES HIS PATRONS A HAPPY NEW YEAR, and would inform them that his Stock for the coming Season of 1890, will be One of the Largest and Best Ever Imported TO THIS CITY.

A. G. STAPLES Plain & Decorative Painter. 175 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B.

GLASS and PUTTY. McCAW, STEVENSON & ORR'S PATENT "GLAZIER" DECORATION. A Perfect Substitute for Stained Glass.

MONDAY, January 27. The above is an important date for you in connection with HUNTER, HAMILTON & M'KAY, 97 KING STREET.

DON'T YOU KNOW? YOU WILL KNOW! VICTORIA Skating Rink!

THIS RINK IS NOW OPEN FOR THE Season, and the Ice in Excellent Condition. Tickets at the following rates, may be had at the Secretary's office, 16 Ritchie's Building Prince Street, between the hours of 2 and 5 p. m., on and after TUESDAY, the seventeenth instant.

PROVINCIAL TOUR OF THE BOSTON COMEDY COMPANY! H. PRICE WEBBER, Manager. SUPPORTING THE FAVORITE ACTRESS EDWINA GRAY!

MISS B. BOWMAN, Teacher in Oil, Water Colors; Also, China Painting. CLASSES are being formed in the above, and as only a limited number will be taken Miss Bowman would suggest that those wishing to avail themselves of the few vacancies that remain should call at 4 WELLINGTON ROW.



PARIS EXPOSITION, 1889.—PEARS' obtained the only GOLD MEDAL awarded solely for Toilet Soap in competition with all the world. Highest possible distinction.

Never did, although we gave him every chance. Just a week from the time he was hung we found out that he was an honest, honorable farmer, living about 40 miles below us.

Did It Strike You This Way? T. Bailey Aldrich, who is a recent victim of the grip, compares the sensation to that of "a misfit skull, that is too tight across the forehead and that pinches behind the ears."

John McCullough's Voice in a Phonograph. One of the treasures of the Edison Phonograph Works at Orange is a cylinder that was impressed with the voice of the late John McCullough, the actor, who died in a madhouse.

She Did Not Appreciate It. "Not many men know how to behave when they give a minister his fee for marrying them," said Rev. Robert Collyer a few nights ago.

Wisdom in Short Sentences. The way to get rich with a rush is to go slow. Many a man knows a dollar by sight who does not know its value.

YAWAS! CORSET. GUARANTEE. If, after wearing this CORSET TEN DAYS, the purchaser does not find it the most PERFECT FITTING, comfortable and satisfactory Corset ever worn it may be returned, and the price paid for it will be refunded.

When you look at some people the first thing you think of is a club. Don't try to drown your troubles in a cup; troubles are great swimmers. The first time a man is called Baldy the thought of a fight comes into his head.

Out at Sea. Ned—Mamma told me not to take any preserves out of the closet and I'm not going to do it; but if you want to go out in the back yard and call Kitty, Jack, I don't think any harm will be done.—Judge.

DOWLING BROS. ACCESSORY TO THE FACT. Illustration of a man in a suit and a woman in a dress.

If You Have... VOL. II, NO... PEOPLE SHOULD... THE COMMON SENSE... POWER TO SPEND... A Better Plan Needed to... In Advance of New... Expenditure of Money... Auditor Question Settled... The council, with the... Messrs. Jack, Connor, V... Christie, I. E. Smith, Shaw... Nase, is of opinion that a... permanent auditor. The... have voted the same way, ... anything to say about it... What is a permanent au... According to the expla... advocates of the idea, it... spends his time in auditing... the city, not on one fell swo... the custom, but little by... month, every week, or ev... year, it is seen fit. In... counts are in a perpetual s... and the various books, as... from time to time, are han... regular custodians. If the... were all right, the system m... they were not, it might no... well. They could go back o... by simply changing the fig... had gone over, so that unles... accounts were re-audited at... year, the changes would not... The appointment of a perm... meant simply the creation o... at the cost of about \$1,500... salary of the auditor himself... less than \$1,000, while at cer... would require assistants, at a... \$500. Progress would be very... the gentleman whose name... as auditor placed in a first-... which his abilities merit... grounds, however, it is of op... council followed the course w... in the interests of the public... of the accounts, now costs ab... year. If it is "a farce," as o... alleged, it is because the b... men are not appointed. The s... right if it is carried out the way... tends that it should be. That... carried out would be no reason... \$1,000 a year to the public bur... There was nothing to prevent... creating the new office; h... so disposed, at its last meeti... is nothing to prevent the bo... bare majority of a quorum of th... from creating one or a dozen... and voting the expenditure of... it pleases at any of its sessions... But there ought to be some... vent it. It is all very well for the peop... confidence in the wisdom and e... the council. The public may s... a portion of the board, but th... might be in a minority at some... session in which some particu... piece of work was perpetrated... body knows what some of the o... do if they had a chance. Everybody thinks that the co... well in giving Mr. Leary a lif... dock scheme. But supposing it... been right, and through the... influence of the capitalist the... been voted away with the same... what would the people have h... about it? In that instance, ev... went with a rush. With a man... Leary's seductive tongue, the s... probably, would have happen... case. Some of the council und... knew what they were about, ... majority seem to have voted fir... sidered the matter afterwards. Th... big chances. The next man th... along may be just as smart as M... and a good deal less honest. What is urgently needed, and th... first important step in the way... is a regulation which will give... chance to say how their money... spent. No new offices should be... or new financial obligations over... amount incurred without at least... notice of the intention of the council... would give the citizens a fair warni... a chance for them to express throu... aldermen, their opinions on the w... proposed to spend their money. This is the parliamentary way of... things. It is the right way. The... should be even more in touch w... council than with parliament... pockets are more directly and h... affected by its actions. Let the people have a right to say... their money shall be spent. He Has the News Room. Mr. Joseph S. Knowles has purch... the news room from Mr. C. H. F... and intends to boom it for all it is... New publications will be added, and... latest jokes will be thrown in wi... charge. The Grippe will go on jus... same. OUT AT SEA—At the Merchant's I... tute, Monday and Tuesday evenings... 20th and 21st. Magnificent scenic ef...