

# PROGRESS.

1891.

Rooms.

Sweeper.

RUG,

TIERE,

Reasonable Presents.

NER.

Soap does it. Ends of cleansing hands or fabric of Socks. Will buy 5 Dollars worth of

FLOUR,

Friends are glad to know

Rink was opened on Christmas

is spending a few weeks in

er aunt, Mrs. C. H. Lugin.

Presque Isle, is the guest of Mrs.

has returned from Chatham, where

ith and Miss Lou Smith have gone

er has returned from Fredericton

and has gone to Victoria Corner to

left last Monday to attend

at St. Martins.

is visiting her sister, Mrs.

Miss Ann Brown, Miss Helen

Smith, Miss Lou Smith, Miss

Ellen, Miss Josie Moore, Miss

Corie Smith, Miss Jordan, Miss

Fannie Sharpe, Miss Walker,

Miss Beardsley, Miss Clara Carr,

Smith (Houston), Mr. Allan

Smith, Mr. Guy Smith, Mr. Harry

anson, Mr. Brown, Mr. Wilson,

Mr. G. F. Dibble, Mr. Frank

Smith, Mr. Kerr, Mr. Harris,

George Smith, Mr. I. W. Murphy,

Rankin, Mr. Rankin, Mr. Frank

Brown, Mr. A. B. Connell, Miss

Miss Minnie Connell. **Wa Two.**

**PARRBORO.**

for sale in Parrboro at A. C.

store.

at Mrs. H. H. Archibald, of Spring

meadows in Parrboro, with Mr. and

Miss left on Monday last for Halifax.

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VOL III, NO. 142.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1891.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

## WILL ACCEPT NO CREED.

REV. DR. MACDOUGALL SAYS HE MAY JOIN THE UNITARIANS.

The Presbytery's action does not affect his standing—something about the Little Congregation of which he is Pastor—How it was Brought Together.

The Presbytery was on its mettle this week in dealing with Rev. Dr. MacDougall. Nobody has received such rough handling at the hands of a religious body for many a day. Yet that gentleman does not seem to be disturbed, in the least. In fact, he seems rather pleased to find that his case has been finally dealt with, and he is free to go his own way.

This is the way he seemed to look at it Thursday evening when a representative of Progress called upon him. The doctor was about to dine, but probably had his appetite sharpened by an interesting conversation about the action of the Presbytery and the prospects for the little congregation which meets in Union Hall every Sunday.

"The action of the Presbytery has been more amusing than anything else," said the doctor smiling. "It reminds me somewhat of the boy who lost his first sweetheart, and tried to console himself by telling his friends that it was he who gave her the mitten."

He does not look upon the Presbytery's action as affecting his standing as a minister. To depose him, a charge would have to be made and dealt with; but he has merely been declared no longer a minister of the Presbyterian church. So there is nothing to prevent him from performing all the ceremonies of marriage, baptism, etc., in connection with his work.

"You see," said the doctor, "if I had preached while in the Presbyterian church as I have during the past year, they might have been able to make a charge against me, but I swung myself clear of them before I gave expression to my views."

"Did I have these views in regard to the Trinity and original sin while in the presbytery? Well, yes, I did, but my mind is slow, and it took some time for them to develop. However, I never referred to these doctrines during the time I was pastor of Calvin church, except on one or two occasions, when I spoke of them as I do now. But even before I entered the theological college my mind bent in this direction, and while there I discussed these questions, in class and out of it, with Dr. McKnight. I remember on one occasion having asked him if I could be a consistent member of the Presbyterian church and still hold these views. The answer he gave me was, that there were a number of ministers in the Presbyterian church who thought as I did."

"But the more I pursued my private studies these opinions forced themselves upon me, and while pastor of Calvin church I began to feel that I could not remain long in the presbytery, and hold the views, I did. I discussed the matter with my family, and must admit that the prospect for me, if I severed my connection with the Presbyterian church, did not look very encouraging."

"But the opportunity presented itself in a most unexpected way, and ever since my mind has felt a good deal easier. Of one thing I am certain," said Mr. MacDougall, emphatically, "I shall never connect myself with any church that has a creed. At present my congregation does not contemplate a union with any religious body, and I will not urge them to do so, but for my own part I may possibly join the Unitarian church."

"We have had correspondence with members of that body ever since we began holding services, and within the last three weeks I have received an order from the American Unitarian association for \$400, for the Church of the Messiah, but I have not yet notified them that I will accept it. Our affairs are moving along most satisfactorily, from every point of view, and exceed all my expectations. When we began to hold services in Union hall we had only twelve or thirteen families; now I have 75 or 80 on my list, and of that number about 55 contribute regularly."

Dr. MacDougall talked about the affairs of his church with the greatest freedom. There was nothing to conceal, he said, and they had every reason to be satisfied with what had been accomplished. When asked how the congregation first came to be organized, he smiled pleasantly and said:

"Well, now, that brings us to another matter. Perhaps it would surprise you to learn that the first intimation of it was embodied in a joke. It happened in this way:

"You know, after I resigned from the pastorate of Calvin church, it was announced that I would go to the North-west, and I had fully determined to do this. But some of my friends wanted me to stay in St. John, and one evening after prayer meeting referred to the matter.

"But what can I do if I stay in St. John?" I asked when they urged me to remain.

"You can come over to the North end and preach to us" said one of my friends who lives over here.

"Of course, I regarded the matter as a joke, and said; 'where can I preach in the north end; in the police station?' There the matter dropped for the time being.

"But they, apparently, did not remain inactive. Many of them were dissatisfied, and intended leaving Calvin church. And just here I have been put in a wrong light, when it was said that I induced some of these people to leave Calvin church. On the contrary, I was making arrangements to leave for the Northwest. In fact, on the day that I decided to remain here, I was prepared to leave the city by the 2 o'clock train. Shortly after noon, on that day, however, I met one of my present congregation, and he urged me to stay, saying that there would not be much difficulty in organizing a church in the North End. He had consulted with a number of families who were favorable to this, and knew whereof he spoke, so I told him I would remain.

"We set to work immediately after that, and you know the result.

"What are the prospects for the future?" repeated the doctor after the reporter's interruption. "That reminds me of an amusing thing on the part of the presbytery. From the beginning that body seemed to know a great deal more about the future of our church, than I ever pretended to know, and you see how far they have been right in their predictions.

"However, in regard to our plans for the future, I cannot say anything very definite, but I feel sure that within two or three years we will hold services in a church of brick or stone. In fact you need not be surprised if you see us begin operations next spring. There was some talk about this, among the congregation last year, but I advised them to wait awhile. I do not think we would have much trouble in getting the financial aid necessary. We have a number of influential persons in the congregation who have already contributed liberally—you must remember that the church is free, and supported by voluntary contribution—and it is such persons who advance the building idea. The congregation is growing larger all the time, and we have people from all denominations; Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, and a number who did not attend church for years, before we began to hold services."

Dr. MacDougall never tires of talking about his church and ideas, and on Thursday evening he gave PROGRESS the impression that he was as entertaining before dinner as most men are in an after dinner speech.

## "A VERY FLAT AFFAIR."

Why the Carnival was so Characterized and Not Mentioned at All.

When an unfavorable notice of any kind appears in the daily papers one has only to look in the advertising columns to learn the cause, and for one of the daily papers to say that an entertainment was not up to the standard is of such a rare occurrence that it never fails to cause remark. An amusing illustration of this occurred this week in connection with the carnival in the Palace rink, which shows how much reliance the public can place in the criticisms of the daily press.

Although the carnival was somewhat better than any held recently, and was successful from a financial standpoint, one of the morning papers referred to it as a "very flat affair," while the other, being probably under the impression that all items of news should appear in the advertising columns, did not mention it at all.

An advertisement of the carnival had not appeared in either of the papers.

There was a reason for this. The managers of the rink are also interested in theatricals, but for reasons best known to themselves, are not friendly with the "local managers" who run the Institute shows. This gets them at a disadvantage as far as getting reading notices published in the morning papers is concerned. Their advertisements occupied as much space as those of the Institute attractions, but when they handed in an advance notice, it was invariably cut down to a few lines, while the Institute companies were puffed up to the extent of half a column, or whatever space the "local manager" wished.

They decided not to advertise in the morning papers, which is probably the cause of their attractions being "very flat affairs."

She Might, If She Walked.

"How long will it be before the train leaves for Montreal?" asked a woman at the depot, Tuesday evening.

"About three hours, madam," said the official.

"What I wanted to find out was, whether I'd have time to go to Indiantown and back. Do you think I could without missing the train?"

"No, ma'am, I don't—Not if you take the street cars."

## THEY WANT MORE LIGHT.

THE NORTH ENDERS ASK FOR THIRTY ELECTRICS.

They Have 40 Now which Cost \$4,100 a Year—Where will They Place Them—An Expensive Scheme to Catch Votes which The People will Pay For in The End.

The aldermanic elections are a good way off, yet already there are some vote-catching schemes afloat. That which Progress exposes this morning is of such a questionable character and involves the expenditure of so much money, which goes to increase the bonded debt, and such an annual cost that it is extremely improbable that even the people, whose votes it is designed to catch, will look upon it with any kind of favor.

Those who have read PROGRESS know something about the trickery and jobbery connected with the erection of the present electric light station in the North End. It was the expose of this business and other bare-faced transactions that would not bear the light of day, that brought about union.

Another such scheme is in contemplation now. The two opposing factions of the North End have joined hands and are working with might and main to have a large electric light station erected in their section, to add thirty lights to their present number, and to run the 50 additional lamps that will probably be placed north of Union street in the city proper.

There are 40 lights now in the North End—where they are and how effective they are, are questions which it does not do to inquire into too closely but it must puzzle even the generous open handed aldermen to decide where they can locate 30 more electrics unless they intend to hang one over each of their doors.

This demand is not an old one. It has come to the front recently with the united backing of the North end aldermen. Messrs. Connor, Chesley and Kelly are working together and the Leary scheme has stepped to the rear for the present. When it was decided to light a portion of St. John proper by electric light, and the contract was awarded, it was thought that the North End would only need three or four additional lights, some of which were for the Straight shore. That appears to have been a mistake. They want 30 though they do not state where they are to be placed.

The 40 lights at present going in the North End, cost the city over \$4,100, which means more than \$100 each. Mr. Calkin has contracted to light the city proper for \$75 a light per year, but the North End people propose to add 30 more lights to their circuit, and 50 more to illuminate that part of the city north of Union street, which all in all would make 120 lights. Supposing that they do the work in the same economical (?) way as at present, such an arrangement would cost the city more than \$12,000 every year.

An interesting fact, however, that might be noticed in this connection is the difference in candle power between the lights now run from the North End station. The former is of 2000 candle power, and the latter, 1200.

The cost of the new station and the new plant, for that is what the North Enders want, would be the least \$14,000, which would be spent for another building, engines, boilers and electric plant. Then besides, the positions have to be filled, and the salaries fixed after that.

Such a scheme as this should not be proposed, much less considered, but it will be found that unless the South and West Ends combine against it, that it will be carried.

The Prize Cartoon Next Week.

PROGRESS cartoon competition closed on Thursday. There were more than a score of drawings of one kind and another submitted, some of them happily conceived and fairly well drawn and others not so good in either particular.

The prize cartoon will be engraved and printed at an early day probably next Saturday. The idea is, no doubt, more original than any of those submitted but the detail work is not up to the mark.

There were political and civic and social cartoons submitted. With possibly one exception, the political drawings all lacked the one essential, well caricatured faces. To be popular a caricature must be taken in at a glance, and the faces so true that there will be no necessity to label them.

Real caricature talent is a very scarce article in this section. There are no Bengoughs roaming about out of a job in the knowledge of the writer, and if any of the readers of PROGRESS know otherwise, there is a "sit" for the wandering artist in this office.

They Never Notice Anything.

"Did you notice the high tide, as you passed the square?" asked one man of another, Monday, at noon.

"Why? was it higher than usual? I didn't notice it."

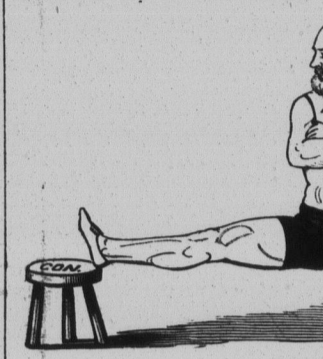
"Humph! you'd make a good alderman."

## WHAT OUR FRIENDS THINK.

Encouraging Comments From Subscribers and New Contracts From Advertisers.

As the news of the enlarged PROGRESS speeds, the comments are flowing into this office from all quarters. There has not been one that is not encouraging—not one but has urged us to go ahead with the bigger and better PROGRESS. Perhaps the announcement accounts in some measure for the very large amount of good and new advertising contracts that have been "given to the paper since the new year."

This is a season when local advertising is usually as dull as business, but with PROGRESS it has been very different. A single



AN ANXIOUS MOMENT.

"The Government is neither Liberal nor Conservative, and I confess to you that between the two stools there would seem to be some danger of its coming to the ground."—Mr. Blair's Woodstock Speech.

glance at its pages will bear out this statement. Here are a few of the letters which have been received during the past few days:

He Wants More of It.

To the Editor of PROGRESS: I read PROGRESS every Saturday, and look for it like my dinner. Am glad that you are going to increase the size, as a 48 page paper of your stamp would be more than acceptable. I hope who ever will be the prize offered for the cartoon will give a good picture. I suppose you will see it in the paper on the 2nd. Wishing you all success and hoping that you will make such a competition regular. G. E. R. Halifax, Jan. 15, '91.

Interested in Sixteen Pages.

To the Editor of PROGRESS: I must express my thanks for your promptness in forwarding my paper as I receive it invariably every Thursday morning, although I am "away down in Maine." Another thing I am glad to see is the number of Canadian issues, it is a great pleasure when far away from home (St. John) to get news, and at present there can be no doubt but that your news will be more varied and extensive in your 16 page edition as also more popular and widely circulated. Wishing you success. V. P. B. Vezina South Brewer, Me., Jan. 16.

Here is Some Genuine Appreciation.

To the Editor of PROGRESS: I am receiving my PROGRESS regularly every week and I must thank you for placing before my readers, away in distant lands, a paper that is always full of interest to those who have left many friends at home. I had with delight the morning I receive my PROGRESS, and I never leave it until I have read it through. I take great interest in the Hampton news, having spent the greater part of my young life at that place, and I only wish your correspondent would make the reports longer. Perhaps I want too much, but if you only knew what pleasure we have in reading the same, you would be just like me, asking for more. I send you by this mail a book which will give you a good description of this flourishing city, which will very shortly rival Denver. There are a number of Canadian here, but very few from the Provinces. We intend forming a "Canadian Club" next month, so that we will have a place where we can enjoy ourselves like we do at home. I trust you will receive the book safely, and that you will be interested in it. If there is anything out here you would like to have to put in your paper, just let me know, and I will see that you get it. H. B. J. Pueblo, Colo. Jan. 7, 1891.

E. S.—I don't think you know me, but I was very well acquainted with your former partner, Sawyer, Ned Harrison or Morton can tell you who I am. H. B. J.

A Long Distance Walker.

There were three of them. One was a tobacconist, one a tonsorial artist, and the other a railroad man, yet all occupied the same sleigh as they drove out the road one day last week. But they came in one at a time, and the barber walked all the way from the Ben Lombard house. The trio had been out farther than that, but stopped on the way in. The tobacconist, however, made his stay of short duration, and while the other two were in the hotel, picked up the reins and when his companions got ready to leave, was nowhere in sight. The railroad man took in the situation philosophically, but the barber had an engagement in town that night, and could not stop over at Loch Lomond for any consideration, and, as the railroad man was content to wait until he got a chance to drive in, the tonsorial artist walked the distance alone in the dark of the evening. He did not see any bears.

She Was a Flyer.

The female sex showed its superiority to an extraordinary degree, at Lily Lake, Wednesday afternoon. One of the fastest skaters on the ice was a woman, and when she chose to exert herself, everybody else stood and looked on in admiration.

A Great Team.

The Bijou had a great attraction this week in the three "India rubber men," Morton, Veno and Mack. It was the finest combination of the kind seen here for many a day.

## NOT FOR THE PUBLIC

THE ROBBERY IN THE W.O. ASYLUM KEPT QUIET.

Reporters are Nuisances when Asking for Information—Mr. Mathers and Detective Ring Hunting for The Culprit, Who has Gone West.

All was excitement in the Wiggins' Male Orphan Asylum, Monday. Rev. Mr. Mathers, the principal, had made a discovery. It was a most important discovery, but one that did not tend to benefit either Mr. Mathers or the institution. From this it may be inferred that a gold mine was not discovered in the front garden, although it

## IT WAS A GREAT MEETING.

The Affairs of the District Orange Lodge Pass Into New Hands.

The District Orange Lodge held a meeting this week, and there has been considerable talk among the Orangemen ever since. It was a meeting full of surprises and disappointments, yet the majority of those present seemed greatly pleased with the result. A new board of officers was elected. Not one of the old officials was returned to office, and the affairs of the lodge passed into new hands. In the opinion of some it was about time they did. The old officials, it is alleged, had been running the machine to suit themselves, and their ideas were not in accordance with those of the majority of the members. They held meetings when it suited them, and always had a favorable majority; passed resolutions, and it is said, made financial arrangements that were not within their jurisdiction, and in regard to which many of the Orangemen knew nothing. A number of them became inquisitive, but could not learn enough about the affairs of the lodge to satisfy their curiosity. The number of interested Orangemen grew, and at the meeting for the election of officers drew near the men who held office began to hustle for re-election. They had held office so long that this had become almost unnecessary, but things had evidently taken a turn. In fact they had come to such a point that re-election was impossible. And now the affairs of the lodge will be conducted in a different manner.

## A GREAT REDUCTION.

The Magistrate Fined the Barber \$20, and the Chief Released Him for \$5.

If a man can save \$12 by keeping a

transaction to himself, he is not likely to talk about it no matter how amusing it may be. And that is the reason why a very interesting little story has been kept from the public since last October. Near the end of that month Prof. Henderson was before the magistrate for drunkenness and beating his wife. He was fined \$20 or two months in jail, and not having the necessary amount of money on hand was escorted into the latter institution. He is quite popular, however, with the boys around town, for various reasons, and when they heard of his whereabouts, there was no difficulty in raising \$20 to secure his release. A "committee of one," waited upon the chief of police with the \$20 in his pocket, and inquired for the barber. He was in jail and likely to be there as the chief thought a term would do him good. But the delegate demanded his release, saying that he was prepared to pay the fine, and would not go away without him. Such a declaration had its effect on the chief.

"How much do you want?" asked the delegate.

"Eight dollars!" was the answer. The delegate was surprised but paid the money without saying anything. The chief made out an order and the prisoner was released.

## It Was Made for a Present.

One of the three partners in a well known Charlotte street firm was made the subject of a practical joke during the holiday season, and the affair has not died out yet. Nor is it likely to. The junior partner numbered among his most valued presents a vest of more than ordinary attractiveness, which always hung in the office while he was at work. At Christmas the other members of the firm decided to make one of their friends, who spends considerable time in the establishment, a present, and were considering what it should be when they noticed the vest. It gave them an idea. They wrapped it up and addressed it to their friend, who has been wearing it ever since. The junior partner has got over the effects of the surprise he got when he first saw his vest on somebody else, and enjoys the joke.

## The Change Has Not Taken Place.

The Telegraph has not changed hands yet, and those in charge say they do not know exactly when it will. The new owners are said to be three in number, none of them acquainted with the ways of newspaperism. Some improvements to the building are spoken of, chief among which is the abolition of the oil lamp and the introduction of a ventilator. The life of the job office department connected with the paper will probably be snuffed out by the new owners—which does not indicate a sound belief in a change of dominion government.

## Over \$900 Subscribed.

The friends of the late Dr. Brydson Jack will be glad to learn that over \$900 have been subscribed to found his memorial scholarship. Some hundreds have been collected, and there does not seem to be much reasonable doubt but that the Jack memorial scholarship will be offered to the students of the university next year.

## The Boys Will Play "Hockey."

Hockey is now likely to be popular at the rinks, this winter. A club has been formed at the Victoria, and the prospects are good for the organization of several more in other parts of the town.

PRESSENTS. Sets of Fine Goods, in Albums, Note Books, Jewel Boxes, Manicure Sets, Shaving Sets, etc.

34 Dock Street.

### THE WISHBONE CLUB.

A COLORED ORGANIZATION WITH A FUTURE.

Its Aims, Objects and Achievements—Some Weighty Questions Seriously Considered and Settled in a Way the Council Should Take Note Of.

"As we had been called here to bring us together, I move that Mr. Swipple take de chair, and oviciate."

"I's proud ob de honor you has labished oh me, and I will do de very best I can, to bring dis yer ida to a climax. Now den, you's been called togedder for de come to de'clusion to make a club for de better cultivashun ob de moral senses, and de expansion ob de intellectual calabres ob de colored human race—Sam Jones, I heard you wink at dat girl dar, and I want no more such interruptions—as I was saying, dis is a step in de opposite direction from de udder way, and I hope you'll all profit by de new departure and improve your common senses. De first thing we's got to do, is to make up a name for dis ere society. As Mr. Joco is a man ob fine learning, greater den enny ob de rest ob us, I take de right to ask him to gib us a name."

Mr. Jumbo—"I move dat we call it de mental reservashun club."

Chairman—"Mr. Jumbo, I want yer to understand dat we don't want, and we spurn de idea of indulging in plagium, by taking de name ob another club. Der is a mental reservashun club up in de police building, which am a whole team at reservashuns, so you get take de gum out ob your mouf and sit down. Mr. Joco is a man ob educashun and will gib us a 'spectable name."

Mr. Joco—"Mr. President, I feel much highly flattered by de unctuous encomiums, dat you have so labishly spread over me. I feel very funny in dis situation, but I will do de best I can to meet de requirements ob de case. Mr. President, De objection you put up against mental reservation as a name for dis society was de ablest I ever heard, and defines de greatness ob your intelct. Though you delivered yours in a rawling style, it had de right ring in it; it was racy and rich—he ought to know better den to chaw dat way inside assembly."

President—"You mean Jumbo, does you not?"

Mr. Joco—"Certainly sir. Did you think I expressed myself ambiguously?"

President—"No offence, Mr. Joco, I will tell you tomorrow, when I find out what dat last word means. Go on with your dissertation, sir."

Mr. Joco—"De name I suggest sir, is *De Order of the Wishbone*, and hopes it will be adopted; so I will now resume my chair."

President—"Gentlemen, you's heard de question, all in favor will hold up der right hand. It's a vote. De next meeting will be for de election ob officers, and other affairs, after that we will engage in a discussion on some other question dat you will select this night."

Mr. Smart—"I move dat de debate next night be a sermon on de despesnashun ob justice."

President—"Billy Smart, you must hab been up getting geography lessons at de police office lately, you must be more careful how you talk, for de new chiet is after dis race ob ours."

Mr. Spikes—"I, golly, Mr. President, he can't catch up to Billy Bowlegs in de race, anyhow."

President—"Squat down Bro. Spikes and take yer big feet off de stove and let de heat out round de room."

Mr. Joco—"Mr. President, I am very much inspired by de unanimous manner in which de name I mentioned was received and carried. I cannot tell you how funny I feel. You can depend upon me for some highly intellectual papers on subjects of interest from time to time. I will also use my ability to instruct you all in matters pertaining to education, wid a treatis 'assionally on de principles of grammar. I will also take in de moral aspects ob society, and lay down general principles ob political economy, in which I will lay open some funny things about politicians."

Uncle Ned—"Mr. President, I say dat Joco is playing plagium, Mr. President, he says de word 'funny.' Now den, dat is what Alderman Kelly said about de police committee's report, when dey said Rawlings and Covay ought to be hangid."

President—"See here, Simpkin, you am very dull ob compr'hensun. De committee said dey ought to be suspended."

Simpkin—"Well, ain't dat de same thing?"

President—"No, you chump, de one means to hung by de neck, and de other to suspend by de trousers buttons."

Simpkins—"Golly, den dey ment gal-looses all de same, and I don't see no difference—unless dey ment to hung de empty whiskey bottles by de neck. I calls a crow. Mr. President, why did Mr. Smith, de director of public works, cut down de lectric pole at his corner?"

President—"I wants you to know dat dis is no ministerial trouf; but I'll admit de question dis time, and ask Joco to answer it."

Joco—"Because he said, one chip off de old block was nuff dar."

President—"Dar now, you made two ob de ladies faint. Dis meetings adjorn'd."

THE GREAT NUMBER OF CURES EFFECTED BY MONTHS WITH OUR GUARANTEE SENT TO ANY ADDRESS.

### THEY HAD A "SLAYIN" PARTY.

Johnny Mulcahey Keeps the Monotony Down by Main Force.

We'd a slayin' party this week, all of us fellars and de girls, too, and we had a bully time. Pa was there, too, 'cause he helped defray expenses, and also ma, 'cause she said it would be better to have some grown people along. Pa said he warn't no grown person, but a downright boy, and fuller fun. He wasn't halt so full of it though, when he jumped out to get one of de girls' tippets which fell off, and I got de driver to make de horses go like Maud Est's. Gosh, yer orter seen pa runnin' and hollerin' fur us to stop, but he ain't nowhere on a mile run, although it was a good long mile. He's in a state of exauhtion when he got aboard again, and he ask me if I'ae anxious to be a orphin, 'cause he couldn't live without wind, and when I told him to go up on de driver's seat if he wanted wind, he said, de boys now-a-days was fresher nor sea breezes. So I guess he's sorry he's one."

The tellar what drove de horses said what he'd be blamed if he'd ever drive a slay what had me aboard again, 'cause I'ae de noisiest young cuss he ever seen, just because I blowed a tin horn in his ear and frightened him orf de seat. Pa said what a orful thing it would be if de horses run away with so many precious souls aboard, and de driver said what if they tied me on behind they'd be a good deal safer."

Anyhow, de slay got upset in de ditch. It wouldn't a been if they wasn't so down on me cause I'ae a young tellar, and it topped over on de side what ma and pa and de driver was on too, and I had a bully chance to fall on de driver and blow de horn in his ear. Pa said he must be a inexperienced hand, but I guess he didn't know what I tied a piece a cord onto de horses' head, and steered them in when de driver's turned round talkin' to Pa."

What's de use of having a slayin' party if you don't have some excitement to make de blood warm, instead a sittin' under buffalos and lookin' at de stars and seenery. But I guess they all saw stars enough when de slay upset, and some of de big fellars what was talkin' poetry with their girls didn't know what it was goin' to happen in time to enjoy it, so they were more'n mad, and one fellar give me a punch in de ribs when he thort no one's looking. Anyhow, I didn't say nothing, but I guess he's sorry for it, when I tied de cord what I had on de horses on his buffalo and pulled it off when he's squeezein' his girl's hand, and exposed them to de public view, and everybody laughed."

I let pa have a blow of my horn just to keep him in good humor, but I filled it up with some salt what I got out of Bill's grocery store, for a emergency, just before I gave it to him and pa didn't hater use de horn to frighten de horses, 'cause he made enough noise with his mouf when de salt got down. Bill got tired blowin' his horn, too, and put a ounce of pepper in it afore he let de fellar who punched me have a blow, but de fellar didn't know. 'cause he's too hot inside, when de pepper got down to waste any of his wind on de wintry air. Bill says what de slayin party would been flatter nor a benefit concert if it hadn't been for me.

JOHNNY MULCAHEY.

### THE RETROUSSE NOSE.

"Cheops" Ends The Discussion and The Question Still in Doubt. I am almost afraid to try again, "Geoffrey," lest de editor should put his iron heel upon our well-meant efforts to elucidate de question of de much-discussed nose. I cling to my theory with a grasp dat is mild, but very firm. You know it is not necessary to cite a dozen precedents in support of one's case, and because I only gave one instance it does not follow dat dere are no more. Alas! No; dere name is legion."

Besides, did I not admit de many charms of dat fascinating class of girls? only suggesting dat de average man might prefer dat his ownest were about ninty-nine per cent less huggable."

I have heard of girls who could look into your eyes and say dat no man had ever kissed them, but I should not dream of believing it, would you? Still dere is a diffusiveness about a maiden who has been engaged eight or nine times dat does not appeal to my idea of correctness. How would you like, "Geoffrey," to feel, as you gathered her to your manly breast, and pressed fervent kisses upon her pouting lips, dat you were enjoying a *rechauffe* as it were, of what other men had left?"

But as your own nose, you say, has a soaring tendency, my convincing logic may fall to bear conviction to your mind; I can only hope it may not."

Apropos of Carlyle's advice, don't you think twenty-five a little too old for de barrel removing? I should take mine out at about sixteen, de girls at least. Perhaps de boys might be better for two years' more retirement. CHROPS.

### What the Season Brings.

Geo. E. Fairweather, agent of de London and Lancashire fire insurance company sends two calendars this week, one of them containing memorandum blanks, which greatly add to its usefulness."

de use of K. D. C. is convincing proof dat dis is de GREATEST DYSPLEPSIA CURE of de age. Testi- K. D. C. COMPANY, New Glasgow, N.S., Canada.

### FAKE "WORD CONTESTS."

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE SCHEMES OUT AT LAST.

How It Originated and Prospered—People who have been "gulled" by Wonderful Promises—What the Presents are Like—One Sharper Caught.

A good many people have made up their minds during de past week or so dat they have worked at dere last "word contest." They have found bottom and lost dere money. It may interest dem now dat they have arrived at dere conclusin to know just how dere somewhat celebrated "word contests," which have been run to earth by two or dere Upper Canadian papers, originated."

More den a year ago, a Toronto man with less capital den brains, started dat monthly scrap book called by courtesy "a fashion magazine," de *Canadian Queen* after its truly great and original namesake, de *Queen*, of London, England. The venture was not an unsullterated success, and de proprietor was very quizzical about de future when he struck in Montreal last spring. He was on a business trip and combined it with pleasure by calling on a brother publisher who had just formed a company to start another "magazine" in Montreal. "How do you propose to make it go," asked de Toronto man. Without much hesitation his friend replied, "I am going to start a word contest" and he outlined his plan. Perhaps he was surprised, a very short time afterward to see almost every paper containing "a reader," which appeared in *Progress* at de time, announcing de "Queen's free trip to Europe" to de subscriber who sent in de most words constructed from de letters in "God Save de Queen." The wind was fairly taken out of his sails, and de *Queen's* "Word Contest" became de rage. Thousands of subscriptions flowed into its office, and de monthly sheet became even worse in a literary sense den ever. The immense success of de first contest, which was won by a Toronto man, led de publisher to attempt it on an even larger scale, and since dat time flaring advertisements have kept de people on de *qui vive* regarding de wonderful gifts dat were being given away daily. Most people thought de affair was genuine until a short time ago, when, according to dere announcement dat every competitor who sent in a list of words over a certain number, or something to dat effect, would get a prize, notices were sent out to all those who sent in lists and dollars dat they had received prizes, which upon receipt of 25 cents, *for postage and packing*, would be forwarded immediately. They came in de shape of lead spoons and butter knives, with a shining plating resembling silver, done up in small paper boxes, with a *two cent stamp upon them for postage*. The "presents" cost probably ten or fifteen cents, not any more. Very few of de duped care to talk about de sell, but *Progress* has had one of de "presents" sent in to it for inspection, and any person can see it."

In de meantime dere "lit'rary ventures" have sprung up here and dere in Toronto and Montreal and propose to gull de people in de same way. They offer ponies, houses, a free education, etc., etc., to de end. Some of de Toronto publishers have not been slow in condemning such methods, but in spite of dere warnings de schemes have prospered. One sharper tried on de same scheme and sent a flaming advertisement to all de newspapers for insertion for 30 days, to be paid for at de expiration of dat time, in which he stated dat in order to get a circulation at once he was willing to make great sacrifices, and would give away a solid gold case watch to every one, who would subscribe a dollar for de *Cosmopolitan Advertiser*. He got a good many dollars, though it can hardly be credited, before de police discovered de scheme. Dere was no *Cosmopolitan Advertiser*, and no "Mr. Armand" as he styled himself, but de man who took his letters from de post office box was caught. This may serve as a warning to maritime people who are working on "Word Contests" and any other similar scheme. *Progress's* advice to dem is to look carefully over de papers and decide to subscribe or not upon dere merits."

### The Magistrate Took a Back Seat.

There was a trial in a Magistrate's court in Richibucto, last week, attended with some excitement. The plaintiff was a prominent citizen of Kingston, and one who putteh out his money to usury. The defendant was from de town of Buetouche, and had his son, who is studying de legal profession in Moncton, as counsel. During his cross-examination of de plaintiff, he asked him several questions as to his honesty, and at last denounced him in rather strong terms as a robber. This brought de magistrate to his feet, and with all de dignity of his office he told de Moncton counsel dat if he repeated dat again he would commit him for contempt of court. The Moncton man wasn't going to be put down so easily. He dar'd de magistrate to carry out his threat, and after some hot words, de magistrate took a back seat. But de Moncton man lost de case, just de same."

### Is the Greatest Dyspepsia Cure of the Age.

Testi- K. D. C. COMPANY, New Glasgow, N.S., Canada.

Mrs. B. Was Happy.

A Mrs. Botterby, who lives in de eastern part of de city, was looking out of her front room window, one afternoon dis week, when she saw a middle aged man coming toward de house. She had noticed his appearance, ag he came up de street, for he carried himself like a much younger man and was dressed in de height of fashion, although not extravagantly. But as he approached de house she became curious, and stood up so as to get a better view of him.

"Why, he's coming to our door!" exclaimed de good woman in surprise. "I wonder who it can be. Somebody to see Mr. B., I suppose. But my! isn't he stylish? Mr. B.'s friends are all such old cronies dat it does one good to see a stylish gentleman come to one's door. And I do wish Mr. B. would pay more attention to his clothes, but he says it takes so much time botherin' with tailors dat he'd rather be a fiji islander, and den dey charge so much, at dat."

By dis time Mrs. Botterby was at de door, and on opening it she stepped back in amazement. "Why it's, Mr. B.," she exclaimed.

"Correct you are," said dat gentleman smiling.

"But I did not know you had ordered a new suit of clothes. Why you don't look like de same person."

"Glad to hear it, my dear, and neither I did order a new suit. I bought these at Wm. J. Fraser's Royal Clothing store and only paid \$10 for dem at dat."

### The Old Story.

The great question with de woman is how to get along without a girl. You often go to your friend's house and one of de principal topics is de girl question. Your friend does not keep a girl yet her house always looks neat, her cooking is always good. How does she get along. The secret is dis, she lets Ungar call for her washin'g. He does her laundry rough dried and return it to her home in good order.—A.

### Three Dollars a Hug.

In Allen township yesterday Justice Spiller fined a resident of de village of Van Buren de sum of \$6 for having lugged a neighbor's wife twice, or at de rate of \$3 a hug. The irate Dogberry announced dat he would break up "dis promiscuous embracing" if he had to send de offenders to de county jail.—*St. Louis Republic*.

### His Interpretation.

Sunday-school teacher (to scholars)— "Now boys, de text for next Sunday is, 'Tis I, be not afraid.' Each of you try to remember it."

Teacher (de next Sunday)— "Charlie, you may repeat de text for to-day."

Charlie (slightly embarrassed)— "It's jest me, don't get skeered"—*Ex.*

### A Fool.

The man or woman who allows dere feet to get wet, when they can prevent it. It is not only uncomfortable, but dangerous. If they will only use *Wolf's Acme Blacking*, which renders de leather durable, water-proof and brilliant as patent leather, dere feet will be dry. For sale by J. S. ARMSTRONG & BNO., 32 Charlotte street.

## DR. CHURCHILL'S COUGH CURE!

For de Cure of all Affections of de Lungs, Throat and Chest, such as Consumption, Colds, Coughs, Asthmas, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, Pain or Oppression of de Chest, Hoarseness, Spitting of Blood, and all Pulmonary Diseases.

### PREPARED ONLY BY

**F. E. CRAIBE & CO.,** Druggists and Apothecaries, 35 KING STREET.

SABBATH HOURS—9.30 to 10.45 a. m.; 2 to 4, and 7 to 9 p. m.

### SINCE LAST SEPTEMBER

I have not spent one day without intense suffering, until I obtained a bottle of SCOTT'S CURE FOR RHEUMATISM. I have used part of my second bottle, and consider it de Greatest Cure for Rheumatism ever discovered. I would recommend anyone to try it who suffers as I did. I was unable to work, or even walk, and now enjoy better health den I have for years. Yours truly, E. B. GREEN.

Price 50c. per bottle; Six bottles for \$2.50. For sale by all Druggists.

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**W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN,** King Street (West), St. John, N. B.

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## HOEGG'S TOMATOES

are as good if not better than any other.  
HOEGG'S TOMATOES  
can be had at all the Retail Grocers.

## We Want You

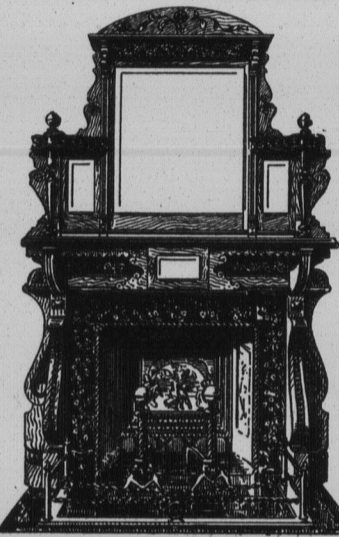
to know a little more about de Clothing Business, not dat we can tell you a long story in dis space, but we can at least invite you to call at our store, and dere we can inform you on any point relative to our business.

## You Want Us

to know your side of de question, dat is you are not going to buy clothes dat do not suit you in style, quality, and finish. No. But if de OAK HALL CLOTHING HOUSE can suit you in dese particulars, you will buy dere, and no where else. We can.

## WOOD AND SLATE MANTEL PIECES.

Artistic Open Fire Places. Tile Facings, Tile Hearths, Register Grates, Brass Andirons and Fenders, and Open Fire Place Fixtures, of Every Description.



We solicit inspection of our extensive Stock inlaid fire lines, which is not equalled in Canada. Our facilities for de manufacture and installation of dese goods are such dat we can safely guarantee.

OUR PRICES BEYOND COMPETITION.

**EMERSON & FISHER,** 75 to 79 PRINCE WM. STREET.

## SILVER-PLATED WARE FOR TABLE USE,

—COMPRISING THE—  
LATEST PATTERNS  
of  
Useful Articles.

Celery Dishes, Bon Bon Dishes, Individual Salts and Peppers, Cake Baskets, Fruit Dishes, &c.

FINE QUALITY. LOW PRICES.  
**T. McAVITY & SONS,** SAINT JOHN, N. B.

## Many a Man has Missed

it in not coming to our Store and looking at our line, before purchasing. Don't let it happen to you. When you want a stove to heat, to cook—don't forget what you have read here.

## The Road to Wealth

is through de small savings: "A penny saved is a penny gained." All want to be in good circumstances, and all can be, if a little pains are taken. Go to COLES, PARSONS & SHARP. They keep de Gurney Standard Range. It beats dem all.

## SANTA CLAUS

—HAS MADE HIS APPEARANCE AT—  
**KERR'S, - - - 70 King Street.**

He has brought with him many new Novelties, and will be surrounded with hosts of sweet things. DELICIOUS SWEETENED POP CORN, FANCY SUGAR TOYS, PHILADELPHI & GARMELS, FINE CHOCOLATE GOODS, BAKLEY SUGAR TOYS, CREAM AND ALMOND GARMELS.

OUR SPECIAL **SIB.** NEW YEAR'S GIFT, \$1.00, JUST FINE.

And by all means don't forget to get a lb. of our DELICIOUS CREAM CHIPS, 20 CENTS.

## To Those who like Artistic PICTURE FRAMES We would Say:

HAVING secured de services of one of de best artists and Moulders in de United States we, are prepared to execute all orders in fine Gold, Antique, Florentine, Bronze and Combination patterns—dese frames being made without joined corners, de newest and latest patterns—receiving our careful attention. Also in our Framing Department, we employ some best skilled workmen, as well as de latest improved machinery for de manufacture of de Mats and Mounts. We can give you picture frames of de finest woods used, including Cypress, Chestnut, Mahogany, Sycamore, Hazel, Tulip, Bridge Maple, Oak, and all native woods. All orders will receive de prompt attention of B. L. GONNELL, Manager, GONNELL ART STORE, 207 Union Street, *Opera House Block*.

TOMATOES good better other.

TOMATOES had the Grocers.

The Clothing Business, long story in this space, you to call at our store, and on any point relative to

question, that is you are that do not suit you in No. But if the OAK HOUSE can suit you in buy there, and no where

MANTEL PIECES. Artistic Open Fire Places. Tile Hearths, Register Grates, Brass Andirons and Fenders, and Open Fire Place Fixtures, of Every Description.

Register Grates, Brass Andirons and Fenders, and Open Fire Place Fixtures, of Every Description.

EMERSON & FISHER, 75 to 79 PRINCE WM. STREET.

FOR TABLE USE, COMPRISING THE LATEST PATTERNS OF Useful Articles.



Missed more and looking at our Don't let it happen a stove to heat, to you have read here.

Health "A penny saved want to be in good be, if a little pains PARSONS & SHARP, standard Range. It

LAUS King Street.

Chocolate Goods, M AND ALMOND CARAMELS, \$1.00, JUST FINE. 20 CENTS.

MES We would say! Consider in the Frame line in the United States, Anetive, Florvaine, Bronze and Gold, the new and latest patterns. We can give you the most complete assortment of goods in the city. Send for our price list. Address: Mrs. H. L. Jones, 100 North Street, Boston, Mass.

GONE BEFORE.

There's a beautiful face in the silent air, Which follows me ever and near, With smiling eyes and amber hair, With voiceless lips yet with breath of prayer, That I feel but cannot hear.

There's a shadow on the cheek of gold, Life low in a marble sleep; I stretch my hand for a clasp of cold, But the empty air is strangely cold, And my vigil alone I keep.

There's a silken brow with a radiant crown, And a cross laid down in the dust; There's a smile where never a shade comes now, And tears no more from these dear eyes flow, So sweet in their innocent trust.

There's a beautiful region above the skies, And I long to reach its shore, For I know I shall find my treasure there, The laughing eyes and amber hair, Of the loved one gone before.

THE SCOUTS STORY.

The following exciting escape from death by hanging is related by Col. Harry T. Murtha, late of the United States Army, known as the Cumberland Scout, who is now in Toronto: What is related here is no fiction but truth, every word. In the early part of the month of August, 1862, the tenth year of the American war, the tenth division of the Cumberland Army was stationed at a village near the foot of the Cumberland Mountains, known as Macminville. The division was commanded by Gen. William Nelson, a good soldier and a brave man, but he was very generally disliked on account of his harsh treatment of officers and soldiers. The object of the commander-in-chief in stationing this division here was to watch the movements of the Confederate commander-in-chief, Gen. Braxton Bragg, who was suspected of attempting the invasion and conquest of the State of Kentucky. The United States and Confederate forces were constantly engaged in skirmishes between Chattanooga, the Confederate headquarters, and Nashville, the United States headquarters. The soldiers were not nothing more or less than fanatics, who were nothing more or less than fanatics, who were nothing more or less than fanatics.

The regiment to which the young scout belonged pitched their tents on some vacant ground on the outskirts of the village, just below a handsome residence, surrounded by beautiful grounds, the property of a Mrs. Stubblefield, who was known to be a very warm supporter of the Southern cause. Our scout had his quarters very near by, and often admired the beautiful grounds. One morning, on arising from his cot he found a peculiar feeling about his eyes, and taking a small looking-glass soon discovered that they were nearly closed. He sent immediately for the regimental surgeon, who informed him that the swelling was caused by the bite of some poisonous reptile or insect. Acting upon the doctor's suggestion, the bed clothing was searched and a large black spider was discovered comfortably ensconced between the blankets. In a few hours the scout's eyes were entirely closed. A day or so afterward the doctor suggested a removal to some private house, where he would have better attention and care. "Mrs. Stubblefield will receive and care for you right royally." It was not much trouble to get his consent to the change. He was taken to the house and given an elegant room at once. The lady remarked that she was glad to welcome the young officer to her home, not only for humanity's sake, but because she would feel safer from intrusion.

Here he was so well treated that he often expostulated and asked of his hostess to take less trouble on his account or he would feel that he was a burden to the household, and would go back to his tent. Officers were calling on him every day, and several of them laughingly remarked: "A spider bite is a fortunate wound, and you ought to be a friend to spiders from this time on." One day Mrs. Stubblefield suddenly entered our young friend's room sobbing violently. "What has happened, madam?" "Oh, captain, can you not protect me?" "Certainly, madam, I can and will, with my life if necessary." "Captain, General Nelson has issued an order to search all houses for arms. Now I have concealed here in the house a very fine gun which belonged to my husband. They will find it and take it from me." "By no means, madam. Bring the gun here to me. I will say it is my gun and save it for you." "Thank you, captain, thank you. I will bring it under your arm at once." The lady brought in the gun, placed it in a corner near the captain's bed, and again gave way to violent weeping. "My dear madam, do not be alarmed. I will be responsible for the safety of the gun." "Yes," replied the lady, "but that is not all I am alarmed about. Captain, will you promise me, on your honor as a soldier, not to speak of this to any one?" "It is not inconsistent with my duty as a soldier to say that I have seen a very fine gun hidden in your house, and that you are the owner of it. I will not say a word to any one else." "My dear madam, do not be alarmed. I will be responsible for the safety of the gun." "Yes," replied the lady, "but that is not all I am alarmed about. Captain, will you promise me, on your honor as a soldier, not to speak of this to any one?" "It is not inconsistent with my duty as a soldier to say that I have seen a very fine gun hidden in your house, and that you are the owner of it. I will not say a word to any one else."

ANNUAL MID-WINTER SALE!

CORSETS CHILDREN'S WAISTS.

ALL ODD LINES. At Half-Prices.

A Special Line of Corset Covers, At 15c., 25c., 35c., and 50c.

Manchester, Robertson, and Allison.

soldier of the United States Army I will do so without hesitation. "Captain, you are my only hope, without trying to bind you with promises, I will tell you all. Your cavalry advanced dashed into this village so unexpectedly, that many Confederate soldiers were captured, and many partizan rangers, which you call guerrillas, were shot in the streets. Now, I have a young nephew, a regular Confederate soldier, who happened to be here on furlough at the time your cavalry made the dash into this village. The boy was alarmed, fled to my house, and is now concealed in the attic. He is no spy, no guerrilla, but a Confederate soldier. If he is discovered by your soldiers while they are searching the house he will be shot. Can you save him? He is only a boy, a good boy; I love him as my son. For the love of God and your mother, here on my knees, I beg you to save my boy.

"The scout was affected to tears as he said, "Kiss me, dear madam, I will save your boy, if I can. Go put on him a suit of citizens clothes, bring him to my room, I will cooperate what I say and I will attend to the rest." "He wants me to bring you up to his hiding place. I will lead you to him, if you will come. The poor boy will feel most confident." "The scout could resist no longer, but allowed himself to be led where the boy was concealed. He came out trembling when his aunt called him, and extending his hand, said, "Captain, I am neither spy nor guerrilla. I am a Confederate soldier and here is my furlough."

Young man, all is right as to the furlough; you should not have hidden here. The laws of war demand that you be when found concealed within our lines, but when I tell you and I think all will be in the end. Put on citizens' clothes, take up your quarters in my room, refer all questions to me, and do not fear. When searching party enters the house do not become alarmed but leave it all to me." "Oh! captain, here comes the guard now."

"Mrs. Stubblefield, let the servant receive them at the door, wait until you are called for, by that time you can control yourself better." The guard entered the hallway and asked for the master or mistress of the house. Mrs. Stubblefield soon came out and invited them into her parlor. As they passed the scout's door the officer in command looked in—as the door was wide open—and calling to Mrs. S. asked, "Who is this party in this room?" She answered in a trembling voice, "It is a captain of the 35th Infantry."

There was a race between the two armies for Louisville, the great city of Kentucky. The United States soldiers won the race, were re-imbued, turned upon their enemies, and fought and won the great battle of Perryville, in Central Kentucky, driving their enemies from the state. The young scout was with a small squad of soldiers reconnoitering a mountain pass on his return trip towards Murfreesboro and Macminville. The little party fell into an ambush; some were killed and others captured, by a mixed band of regular Confederate soldiers and guerrillas. In the band which captured the little party the scout soon recognized his young friend, the Connesville man, and uttered a word by way of recognition, but awaited developments. The young Confederate made not the slightest sign of recognition, but gazed upon his old friend with apparent stoical indifference. The whole party moved in the direction of Chattanooga. The guerrillas, miles in the party treated the prisoners harshly, the Confederate soldiers did not. As the party moved for Chattanooga, it began to rain, but the journey was continued. The guerrillas having taken the rubber blankets from the prisoners, appeared to be very comfortable. The Connesville man, however, and crossed. It was nearly dark, and the razing rain continued, yet no sign of recognition from the young Confederate whose life had been saved by the scout in Macminville. The scout made up his mind not to be taken into Chattanooga. It was only a few miles to the entire party stopped at a country house, and the guerrillas ordered supper. The prisoners were not considered in the supper order, but were left standing out in the rain, with a guard who was well wrapped up and comfortable. The young Confederate passed slowly by and said to the scout in a low voice, "do not go into Chattanooga, you will be recognized. Make a dash from here and I will help you all I can if I have to shoot one of those fellows to do it. I have been waiting for a chance to speak to you. This is the first one and will probably be the last."

"Good-bye," he intended to go to Chattanooga with the party." The young Confederate entered the house or rather the door, where he stood in the open door-way for some time. "Now is my chance," said our scout to himself, "I am standing there to give me a good chance to start. He whispered to a fellow prisoner and asked him to go with him. "No, it's too dangerous," was the reply. "Good-bye, then, comrade, here goes for a trial anyway. It is life or death with me. They will hang me if they get me to Chattanooga and I don't propose to contribute to the amusement of those cut-throats in that way. Good-bye."

The guard was strolling slowly by; the scout threw his foot in front of the unsuspecting guard, at the same time striking him under the ear with terrible force. As the guard fell the scout leaped over the fence and ran for a dense forest which was only a few hundred yards distant. It was now dark. He was running in the direction of the river, and it he could reach it he would feel easy. Of course the alarm was given and the guerrillas started in pursuit, calling "Halt! Come out here, I see a red light" and cursing furiously. The scout reached the river in safety, but in attempting to secrete himself under the bank he slipped and was precipitated into deep water, where the current was very strong. A tree had fallen over the bank, and its branches were trailing in the water, forming a log in this drift rack, the scout concluded to pull the log out into the middle of the river, and he did so. He was now floating with only his face out of water, he floated sixteen miles in the darkness, thus eluding his enemies.

He concealed himself next day in a briar patch about three miles from the river. A old negro brought him an abundance of corn-bread and bacon, and sent his little granddaughter, eleven years old, to guide him through a dangerous swamp so as to avoid passing along public roads where he was in danger of capture. He passed on the way safely for several nights, but finally concluded he had fished it long enough and wanted to try riding. He entered a barn, and being unarmed, picked up a four-pronged steel pitchfork. It was well he did, for while rummaging around to find a saddle he roused up a great dog. The dog rushed for him, but was met with the pitchfork and almost instantly killed, and with very little noise. A beautiful horse and an elegant saddle was taken. Now for a gun and pistols, when he would be a match for half a dozen guerrillas. Reaching an elegant mansion by the wayside, he rode up and asked if he could get something to eat. He came in, and the reply from an old man who stood in the doorway. He dismounted and entered. He was shown in to the dining-room and given a good meal. While seated at the table he discovered a fine gun in another part of the room and sent him to take it. After his meal he walked over, picked up the gun and examining it, remarked that it was a fine gun.

"Yes," remarked the old man, "that is a very fine gun." "Is this buckshot in this leather pouch?" "Yes, sir." "Is this powder in this beautifully carved horn?" "Yes, sir." "The gun is loaded I see?" "Yes, sir; loaded with buckshot." "It has caps on, too." "Yes, sir, the best of waterproof caps." The scout put the pouch and powder-horn around his shoulders, and picking up the gun remarked, "Say, old gentleman, I am, or would be, pretty well fixed if I had a box of caps. Would you borrow this rig until I reach Winchester. Get me the caps." "I knew you were an escaped prisoner. You can have the gun, and I will give you all the caps you want. I am a Union man, sir, I waited to see what you were before I spoke. I can save you trouble, by giving you directions which will enable you to reach the Federal lines with very little danger."

"Very good, sir," replied the scout. "I will be as good as my word and return the gun." The directions given were clear, and the scout reached town lines in a few hours, having only had one chase. He rode into

RADAM'S MICROBE KILLER

was introduced into the Maritime Provinces only last July. The great reputation it had attained in the United States and Upper Canada, where it had effected many miraculous cures, assisted materially in introducing it here. Before it could be got in St. John there were many individuals who sent to New York for it. It has had a wonderful sale in the Lower Provinces, and its great reputation is entirely owing to the remedial qualities it contains, being such as to CURE ALL KNOWN DISEASES. The price is \$3.00 per wine gal. All Orders addressed to

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



Back Home! The great frequency with which pale, sallow and enfeebled girls are met now-a-days is cause for genuine alarm. The young girls of the present generation are not the healthy, robust, rosy lassies, their mothers and grandmothers were before them. Their complexion is pale and sallow or waxen in appearance, and they are the victims of heart palpitation, ringing noise in the head, cold heads and feet, often fainting spells, racking headaches, back-aches, shortness of breath, and other distressing symptoms. All these betoken chlorosis or anemia—or in other words a watery or impoverished condition of the blood, which is thus unable to perform its normal functions, and unless speedily enriched with those natural remedies which give richness and redness to the blood corpuscles, organic disease and an early grave is the inevitable result. In not this prospect sufficient to cause the gravest alarm? Mothers are your daughters suffering from any of the symptoms indicated above, or from any of the irregularities incident to a critical period in their lives? If they are, as you value their lives do not delay in procuring a remedy that will save them. Delays in such cases are not only dangerous, but positively criminal. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is a remedy compounded especially to meet such cases. These pills are not a patent medicine, but a remedy prepared with the greatest care by the formula of an experienced physician, who has used it for years in his daily practice with unrivaled success. These pills are especially rich in those constituents which stimulate the blood and give it that rich, red color necessary to preserve health and life. They are sold in all cases a never-failing blood-builder and nerve tonic, acting upon the system in a natural manner and restoring health and strength to all who suffer from a watery or impoverished condition of the blood or from any of the weaknesses peculiar to females. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price (50 cents a box) by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.—Advt.

Engaged Girl—And you really think I will suit your son, dear Mrs. Brown? Mrs. Brown—I guess so. Why, bless you, anything suits John.—Cape Cod Item.

To Civilize the Indians. Mr. Fowler, of Rapid City, S. D., a lawyer, who has had many opportunities for close study of the Indian character, has this to say about Indians: "The government can never make a civilized being of the Indian on its present plan of treating him. The only civilized agency that the Indian will ever recognize is the strong arm of military force. He knows what it is to be at the mouth of a Hotchkiss or Gatling gun. But ordinary peaceful civilizing agencies are simply thrown away on him. Old Sitting Bull was educated to speak several languages. Yet he remained a savage as heart as the day he died. The Indians who are sent East to the Indian schools learn languages easily. They are good linguists. They vary in their power to acquire other accomplishments, but they never lose their savage natures. Before the old sun dances were prohibited the educated Indians who had returned to the reservations were among the first to engage in those horrible performances. Among the ghost dancers under this Messiah craze have been quite as large a proportion of educated Indians as among the ignorant. Strike, who is now in the front of the hostiles, is an educated man. He traveled all over Europe with 'Buffalo Bill.' But he is a savage still. The only way to tame the Indian is to thoroughly cow him, and then keep him under as you would a dog."

How to Treat a Cold. Don't stuff a cold as the old adage advises, if you do a shock is received by the many millions of nerve approach near the surface of a human body, and which control nearly the sensation pores of the skin. This shock closes the pores of the skin, it transmits the nerve centers and back to the mucous membrane creating more or less irritation and consequent fever, inflammation, dryness then watery discharge and catarrh. The shock may have its cause from a chill, from improper eating, a nervous and other causes which irritate the nerves of the skin and mucous membrane of the nose, throat and chest, and cause inflammation in the stomach still more close the system and pores of the skin so that effects matter which should be carried off by the natural course is retained, and is a sure reason for not stuffing a cold. Experiment with it seven or eight times, and you will find that most people try a remedy only until some friends suggests another "sure cure." When slight hoarseness or tightness of the throat occurs, or a sore of a skin exposure or chill from whatever cause, act promptly; days are dangerous, with children it may mean croup and strangulation; with adults, catarrh, bronchitis, perhaps pneumonia. If neglected nothing can prevent the disease, but an early and genuine look of a person with a cold. Scores of people would as soon go to bed without matches in their hands as without the old-fashioned remedy, Johnson's Anodyne Liniment near at hand for colds and croupy children. Dress with a warm wrap, as described on the wrapper or in a pamphlet which I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., will send free to any one. Johnson's Anodyne Liniment is a cold quicker than any known remedy. A mild and natural course is resorted to, and a bottle of this old-fashioned remedy from your druggist, will conquer any cold.—Advt.

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DISPEPTICURE A SPECIFIC FOR DYSPEPSIA. Dyspepsia cures Digestion. Dyspepsia cures Indigestion. The most serious and long-standing cases of Chronic Dyspepsia positively cured by Dyspepticure. Price per bottle 75c and 1.00 (large bottles four times as much) Charles K. Short, St. John, N.B. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Shorthand

ADIES AND GENTLEMEN desiring to obtain a thorough knowledge of Shorthand and a business acquaintance with the duties of a shorthand writer, should enter for our evening course—in session every evening (Saturdays excepted), 7 to 9. Apply to H. H. PEPPEL, Instructor of Shorthand Department, St. John Business College and Shorthand Institute. Many people do not see how one can write better if he writes fast. They thought that way of travelling before the time of railroads. It is only a matter of improved methods. Circular free. SNEEL'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, WINSDOR, N. S.

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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. CILES. For circular.

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GERARD G. RUEL, (L.L.B. Harvard), BARRISTER, ETC. 3 Pugsley's Building, - - St. John, N. B.

REMOVAL. JOHN L. CARLETON HAS REMOVED his Law Office to No. 124 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, (over office of D. C. GLANVILLE, Broker), St. John, N. B.

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

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

JANUARY ENGAGEMENTS. Piano Tuning orders for the latter half of January, may be left at the places named: Sackville.....Miss M. B. Clark's. Miramichi.....M. B. Clark's. Moncton.....M. B. Clark's. St. John.....M. B. Clark's. Shediac.....M. B. Clark's. St. Hubert's.....M. B. Clark's.

PROGRESS.

Subscriptions, \$1 a year, in advance; 50 cents for six months; 25 cents for three months; free by carrier or mail.  
 NET ADVERTISING RATES.  
 One Inch, One Year, \$15 00  
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 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. Advertisers will forward their own interests by sending their copy as much earlier than this as possible.  
 News and opinions on any subject are always welcomed, but all communications should be signed. Manuscripts unsolicited to our purpose will be returned if stamps are sent.  
 EDWARD S. CARTER,  
 Editor and Proprietor,  
 Office: Masonic Building, Germain Street.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JAN. 17.  
 CIRCULATION, 9,000.  
 THIS PAPER GOES TO PRESS EVERY FRIDAY AT TWELVE O'CLOCK.

At some date in February (to be announced later) this paper will be enlarged to sixteen pages—double its present size. The subscription price will then be \$2 per annum; single copies five cents. Every present subscriber will receive his paper for the term paid for without extra charge, and all subscriptions received before February 1st, 1891, will be good until February 1st, 1892, for the usual price, one dollar. All persons subscribing after February 1st, and up to March 1st, will be required to send two dollars, which will entitle them to receive the paper until March 1st, 1892.

SUNDAY OBSERVANCE.

A discussion has already arisen whether the Columbian Exhibition shall be kept open on Sunday. Out of one hundred and nineteen Senators and Representatives, whose views on the question the New York Independent has obtained, twenty-four favor Sunday opening; nineteen think the art department might be opened a part of the time, and perhaps the rest of the exhibition closed. The Centennial Exposition was not opened on Sunday. The question is not one that can be easily settled, and that forty-five prominent representative men put themselves on record in favor of the public being admitted, either with or without restrictions, on Sunday, shows a strength of sentiment in that direction that is surprising. It is worth noting that of the Eastern Senators and Representatives, the number opposed to Sunday opening is upwards of two to one in favor; while the western men divide the other way, thirty-one being favorable to opening, and only thirteen being opposed to it. The arguments for Sunday opening are two: that it would enable the laboring class to see the exhibition, and would prevent visitors from seeking low places of amusement; the argument against it is that Sunday observance is a divine institution; although one or two of the writers speak of the sabbath as "an American institution."

ABOUT APPARITIONS.

FATHER IGNATIUS, the Anglican monk, has lately been making public some of his experiences in connection with certain alleged miraculous "appearances." The gist of his story is that a supernatural being has a habit of appearing in certain fields connected with the nursery of St. BENEDICT, and has been seen by numerous persons, including the reverend father himself. On one occasion this being, who responds to "Hail Mary," after a fashion sufficient to convince the most skeptical that she is none other than the Virgin MARY, was accompanied by the figure of a man, behind whose outstretched arms was outlined the figure of a cross. The latter "appearance" was visible only to a choir boy. FATHER IGNATIUS claims, with some show of reason, that such manifestations as these are quite explicable as "signs that follow them that believe." He argues that men, whose minds are engrossed in business or study, are not likely to be in a condition to receive these supernatural impressions, and he asks why the appearance of the spirits of the departed should be any more incredible now than it was two or three thousand years ago. And it must be confessed that this is a pretty hard nut for orthodox people to crack.  
 ALFRED R. WALLACE, D. C. L., in the January Arena, also discusses the subject of apparitions, and he concludes that there is not a ghost of a doubt that the cases are "numerous and well tested." Dr. WALLACE lays much stress upon the conduct of animals, especially horses and dogs, when in the presence of apparitions. He thinks it improbable that a man and a dog should "see" an object at the same time, if, in point of fact, there was really nothing to be seen. Unlike FATHER IGNATIUS, he does not connect these supernatural appearances with religion, and seems to think that they are quite independent of the mental condition of the person who sees them. Dr. WALLACE'S collection of cases presents a formidable array, and can only

be met by a sweeping denial. They cannot be explained away.  
 The difference between the appearance of the Virgin MARY in a burning bush to a choir boy at the nursery of St. BENEDICT, vouched for by FATHER IGNATIUS, and the phantasmal pony and rider, seen by General BARBER, C. B., in India, which his dogs became so alarmed at that they ran home with frightened whinnings, is not better than the dogs'. Some people might think it not so good. Before the celebrated disturbances at the Epworth Parsonage would be observable to the people of the house, the dogs would know they were about to begin and creep away and hide. At least, so says JOHN WESLEY. This sort of evidence seems to dispose of FATHER IGNATIUS'S idea that these supernatural manifestations are apparent only to those who believe. The "belief" held by the WESLEY dogs or those of General BARBER must remain an unknown quantity, even to a greater extent than the choir boys'.  
 What then! Shall we reject the whole business; the angels which appeared to the patriarchs of old; the ghost of SAUL which DAVID SAW; the celestial visitants whose wondrous deeds the New Testament records; the innumerable instances which the records of the Roman Catholic church preserve; the scores of cases reported to the Society for Psychical Research, not to speak of the thousands of cases the believers in spiritualism tell about? We know that many of the so-called apparitions are due to charlatanism and deception. Shall we get rid of them all, and at the same time of all the puzzling questions they give rise to, if they are real, by dismissing them as the result of imposture or mistake? There are no more inherent probabilities about the alleged appearance of a spirit to Lot in Sodom than about the alleged appearance to the Rev. W. MOUNTFORD of Boston, Mass., a clergyman and author of repute, of a phantom carriage with three occupants. It is a question of evidence in both cases, and to those who say that the former is established by the unimpeachable proof of Holy Writ, it may be well answered that one "proved" case renders perfectly gratuitous the assumption that any more evidence is needed to establish the genuineness of any other case than ought to be required in connection with the every day affairs of life.

A little light has been thrown upon the scheme to found a new university chair in philosophy by a semi-official statement to the editor of this paper, that the funds for that purpose will come in part from private subscription, and in part from the alumni of the college. At the same time, we understand that, so far as the alumni association is concerned, it has no official knowledge of the new departure, which has not even been referred to the council of that body. It would also seem that the amount of money pledged and expected is not sufficient to establish a permanent chair, but simply to pay the salary of the professor for two or three years. It is quite probable that if the alumni approve of the idea and furnish a portion of the funds, they will have something to say as to what the new chair will be. We trust that something more practical than philosophy will commend itself to their judgment.

Those persons who are inclined to regard Count TOLSTOI as a glib ass, will find their opinions corroborated by a recent incident. The author of the *Kreutzer Sonata* recently had himself elected chief shepherd of the peasant community where he resides. Now the duty of the chief shepherd is to gather the sheep and take them to pasture; but TOLSTOI likes to sleep late and so waited for the sheep to come to him. In consequence the peasants waited upon him and asked him to resign. Yet this man, who has not practical common sense enough to know how to look after sheep, is accepted by some people as a great and shining light, whose absurdities are the embodiment of social wisdom. There was a very highly cultured club in New York that met to hear the disgusting details of his last story read, while the dreamy music of BERTHOVEN'S *Sonata* is softly played.

THE SIXTEEN PAGE "PROGRESS."

Many of our friends have asked us why it is necessary to enlarge PROGRESS to sixteen pages. They seem to think that twelve pages would answer our purpose and at the same time give them plenty to read.  
 We have always been frank with our readers, and, as yet, have no reason to regret it. The enlargement of PROGRESS has been forced upon us by the demands of both readers and advertisers: the former want more departments, and the latter more advertising space.  
 Again and again have we been asked, and forced to refuse, to print correspondence from this or that town—places even in our own province that naturally claim the same right in our columns as smaller communities. Others of our readers who regard PROGRESS as something good for an hour or two on Sunday, have asked that we devote two or three or even more columns to the best thoughts of the best thinkers, and, thus give both those who go to church and those who do not, something beside TALLMAGE who monopolizes the daily morning press, and, like every other good thing, grows a trifle impalatable after a time.  
 There are those, again, who would like even more than we do print about books and authors, while a collection of the best things in print would suit their views admirably. To go a little farther, very many of the people are lovers of fiction, and to them, a newspaper is not quite complete unless it contains a good continued or completed story. It may be that we already cater considerably to another class—the ladies—in our social feature, but we are quite confident that they would hail an illustrated fashion department with almost equal pleasure.  
 We have also to look after the interests of the busy man, and provide him with something that will amuse and entertain without effort. We refer to the reproduction of original and the best selected drawings that will represent the ridiculous side of life.  
 Other features that have been asked for are under consideration, to which, perhaps, it would not be prudent to refer at this moment. The outline has been given, and, in due time, we will fill it in, shade it here and there, alter it, if necessary, until we get a paper that will suit the people and ourselves.

To do this we require sixteen pages—twice our present size and for sixteen pages we want two dollars a year or five cents a copy. We are giving all that we can for one dollar now, and using the fine paper that we do, printed as it is with the niceness and exactness of book work, it would be impossible to increase the size without raising the price. Our enlargement was not announced without the most careful consideration, and consultation with convenient friends and we have yet to find a person who thought that the change would be other than successful.

Every large city in Canada except St. John supports five cent papers. Halifax has two, one of them exceedingly prosperous and the other of recent origin, while Montreal and Toronto boast of at least a dozen. We believe that St. John and New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and P. E. Island—for this is PROGRESS'S field—will give plenty of encouragement and patronage to our sixteen-page-five-cent-\$2-a-year-paper.  
 The year that has just passed was marked in Canada for advancement in many things and surely journalistic enterprise and improvement must be regarded as one of them. While we cannot point to any one conspicuous example of this, still there can be no doubt of the general improvement in Canadian Journalism. With the exception of three or four magazines—save the mark!—which have recently sprung into notice through the questionable and, in some cases, fraudulent methods of "word contests" there has been little or no attempt to enter the field of monthly literature. By general consent that seems to have been left to the old and excellent American periodicals which give Canada ample attention in their pages. But if we can judge of the Dominion by the maritime provinces we must admit that the newspapers—and especially the weekly newspapers—show a decided improvement. Without particularizing, it is only necessary, to be more than ever impressed with this fact, to take a cursory glance through our bright exchanges—which are better edited, better printed and, what follows as a natural consequence, better patronized than ever they were.  
 A little light has been thrown upon the scheme to found a new university chair in philosophy by a semi-official statement to the editor of this paper, that the funds for that purpose will come in part from private subscription, and in part from the alumni of the college. At the same time, we understand that, so far as the alumni association is concerned, it has no official knowledge of the new departure, which has not even been referred to the council of that body. It would also seem that the amount of money pledged and expected is not sufficient to establish a permanent chair, but simply to pay the salary of the professor for two or three years. It is quite probable that if the alumni approve of the idea and furnish a portion of the funds, they will have something to say as to what the new chair will be. We trust that something more practical than philosophy will commend itself to their judgment.  
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 "A cock crow over yesterday's sunrise" is the characterization which MOXCEDE D. CONWAY gives in the last *Arena* to Robert Elmhurst. The witty journalist has not much sympathy with the role assumed by mod-ern novelists of the female sex, an unsavory example of which is furnished in the latest contribution to literature, called, *Is this your Son, My Lord*, by HELEN GARDNER, and to which Mrs. HUMPHREY WARD'S book was also a contribution. If the pace at which the women novelists would lead us on is a sample of what we may expect, when the divine sex wields the ballot and by her numerical supremacy rules the world, we may look out for lively times.  
 "The Simple Prince Edward Islanders." An interesting paragraph has been going the rounds of the American press, and has even found itself into that usually correct Canadian weekly, *Saturday Night*, which makes a woeful mix of maritime geography. It is good enough to read:  
 The wife of Mr. George Kennan, the Siberian traveler, is a plump, pretty young woman, whose rosy beauty is a strong contrast to the pale, deep-eyed traveler, whose health has never recovered from the terrible days that he lay racked with fever in a Siberian hut. They have no children, and Mrs. Kennan accompanies him upon all his lecturing tours. Their home for a time was in Washington, where Mr. Kennan owns a splendid estate for a house on the coming great street of the city—Sixteenth street, that leads, straight and broad, from the city boundaries to the White House. They have a charming summer residence at Baddeck, on Prince Edward's Island, close to Prof. Alexander Bell's superb summer home. The simple Prince Edward Islanders think the Kennans and the Bells the greatest people in the world. Mrs. Kennan is devoted to her Baddeck home, not only because it is a charming spot, but because it is only when she is there—from June until October—that she enjoys the sweet domestic life with her husband.  
 "The simple Prince Edward Islanders" will be surprised to learn that Baddeck has moved.

Advertisement in "Progress." It says.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The Bijou still pursues the even tenor of its way and judging from the occasional glimpses I have of the audiences I should think the management finds the enterprise a paying one.  
 There has been nothing at the Institute this week but a recital on Thursday evening, given by Miss Sara J. Patten, the elocutionist, assisted by local instrumental and vocal talent. Miss Patten's work is the only part of the performance which comes within my province and I dare say the lady will not agree with me in my opinion. I heard Miss Patten read at St. Martins some time ago and thought her style then rather crude, and to my disappointment she has improved but little. The selections chosen by her on Thursday night had all been given before and to my mind in very much better style.  
 I do not like Miss Patten's methods; her voice lacks flexibility and power; her gestures are weak and frequently ill-timed to suit the words they are supposed to illustrate; she has, however, youth and a pleasing personality in her favor, and I hope that when I next hear her, she will have improved her style. I regret that I am not able this week to give more space to the entertainment.

Price Webber closed his Fredericton season last Saturday, playing to a house of between 400 and 500 people. Pretty good for the last night, and that Saturday, or, as Webber would put it, "not too dusty." The capital is one of Webber's favorite halting grounds, and during his eight-night engagement there, he played to over 4,000 people. *British Born* carried the town just the same way as in St. John. New Year's night. The military gave the company a little aid which Webber thanked them for in his farewell speech, remarking at the same time that he used to serve under the present D. A. G., Col. Maunsell, when in St. John. The Frederictonians were satisfied, and that is placing something to the credit of the company for, as a rule, they are not too easily pleased.  
 Webber has plenty of theatrical incidents to relate at all times, and he is an entertaining companion when off the stage. One of his latest happened in Fredericton. He sings a song in *British Born* which should have a piano accompaniment. There was a piano in the hall which had not been used by the company, and Webber asked for the use of it for five minutes or less.  
 "It will cost you a dollar," remarked the owner.  
 This was reported to Webber, who took it very quietly, but upon ascertaining personally that there was no doubt of the owner's intention to charge one dollar for the instrument, he politely requested him to remove it from the hall, which was under lease to him! That was a trump card, and it cost the owner two dollars to take the piano out, and will cost him an equal sum to put it back again.  
 But there is an equally good one on the manager-actor, which he owes to an enterprising hotel man in Vermont. The company had had a good season, and were starting for the train, when their host threw open the cigar case, and remarking that there was nothing too good in the house for such a crowd, invited them to help themselves. "The best I've got is none too good for you, gentlemen," he repeated, as they hesitated. "What will you have?" pointing to Havanna that ranged in plainly marked prices from "two for 25" to "two for five." Everyone chose a "fifteen-center" and shook hands with their smiling host. They were a very sick lot before they reached the next station. Their generous host had shifted the price tickets before inviting them forward, and they had cabbage sticks at "two for five."

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ANNUAL REPORTS

Neuvelles Françaises.

salon de Mme. McLarn est plein de monde... Les élèves français ont joué un charmant...

fait nous pardonner un peu ce grave défaut... Les regrets nombreux, et nous accordons...

PROGRESIVE DRUNKENNESS

ted by the Work of Two Painters the Front of a Brick Building...

about 10 o'clock that the people began to notice that some-

no painters were taken in hand... By Jove! I'd rather have...

another New Building... some talk of a new building...

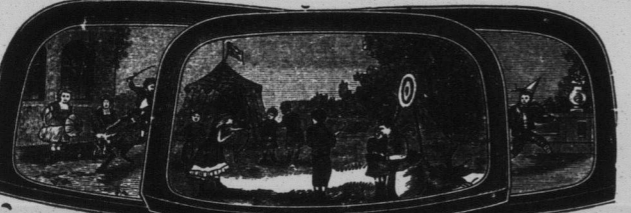
The One Condition... en," said the Governor...

Great Ostrander... "Pa, what kind of ships...



EAGLE CHOP TEA, DIRECT FROM CHINA.

WHOLESALE BY W. FRANK HATHEWAY. 1891 - NEW YEAR - 1891.



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

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

SHERATON & SELFRIDGE, 38 KING STREET, Telephone No. 255.

WHAT YOU'VE WANTED For years, a place to buy Groceries for Cash, at Spot Cash Prices.

CASH GROCERY, 73 SYDNEY STREET.

MY AIM Is to give satisfaction in quality and price, and this I am prepared to do in Tailor-Made Clothing.

OVERCOATS, ULSTERS, ETC. OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS. LATEST DESIGNS.

CLOTHES MADE TO ORDER AT SHORTEST NOTICE. JAMES KELLY, CLOTHIER AND TAILOR, NO. 5 MARKET SQUARE.

A SUPPORTING GOSPEL! Giving the Workingman his Boots, Shoes, Blankets, Tweeds, Clothing, and Yarns, at cost.

OUR FIRST GREAT ANNUAL REDUCTION SALE A Genuine 20% Discount

Opened January 1st, and will continue up to about the 15th February. We are giving On all goods, without distinction of persons...

Popular 20th Century Store, 12 CHARLOTTE ST. OPPOSITE BARNES & MURRAY'S. TRYON WOOLEN MFG. CO., Proprietors. J. A. REID, Manager.

FASHIONABLE READY-MADE CLOTHING!

For Boys. For Youths. For Men.

Reefers and Overcoats, must be sold at once. Come while the bargains last.

THOMAS YOUNGCLAUS, 15 Charlotte 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, Calais, Etc.

The death of Mr. S. T. King, which occurred at Chicago on Sunday last, was heard with regret by a large circle of friends.

Mr. William Britain issued invitations on Tuesday for a sleighing party on Friday evening.

Miss Beattie White spent a few days with Miss White last week.

Mr. William Clark has been confined to the house by illness for several weeks.

Mr. Leonard and Miss Harriet Olive, who were detained from returning to their studies at Sackville owing to severe illness in the family, returned on Saturday afternoon.

Mr. George Morrison, of the Manawagonish road, is recovering from a severe illness.

Mr. J. T. Steves and Miss Lottie Steves, who have been visiting in the city, returned on Thursday morning.

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

LADIES, ABOUT GLOVES: When you buy Kid Gloves, there is such a thing as a price that is too cheap.

MALTESE CROSS REAL KID GLOVES, as introduced by us some two years ago.

They are made from the best selected stock, and warranted by us. Prices: 4 Button, \$1.25; Stud Fastener and Laced Wrists, \$1.40.

Maltese Cross Kid Gloves to be had only from MACAULAY BROS. & Co., 61 and 63 King Street, St. John, N. B.

We do NOT CHARGE for HEMMING Materials bought from us.

Sheetings, In white and brown—every width. Pillow Cottons, In 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52 inches.

Linen Tablings, A very large stock to select from. Napkins.

DANIEL & ROBERTSON, LONDON HOUSE RETAIL. Cor. Charlotte and Union Sts.

IMMENSE CLEARING SALE

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

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

—Still Lower Figures—

Will prevail in every department. All classes of goods come under the pruning process, and there are more genuine bargains to be picked up for a mere song than the most vivid imagination can possibly picture.

—Special Lines this Week.—

DRESS ROBES, \$12 to \$5.75. Seven shades to select from. KID GLOVES: Black, 50c.; Colored Kid, 76c., worth \$1.20.

COLORED and BLACK CASHMERES, 37 1/2c., worth 50c. DRESS GOODS REMNANTS, 1 1/2 to 12 yards, less than half.

BEE HIVE YARNS, 7c. skein; SAXONY YARNS, 14c. skein. FLANNELS, 15c., All Wool. BLANKETS, must go. WHITE COTTONS. Lowest ever Sold by us.

OUR RUBBER BOOTS GIVE DOUBLE WEAR ON THE BOTTOM. GREATEST IMPROVEMENT EVER MADE IN RUBBER BOOTS. TWO YEARS TEST. COMMON SENSE IDEAL. DOUBLE THICK BALL.

Overshoes, of Best American Quality. Warranted to give best of satisfaction.

LADIES' MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S RUBBER BOOTS. American Rubber Store, 65 CHARLOTTE STREET.

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FANCY HOLIDAY GOODS, HANDSOME NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

Some few have not seen our goods, or only partially looked over our stock. Call and make a thorough examination of the stock, you are sure to find something to suit you and your pocket.

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.

CANADIAN AND LITERARY NOTES.

The silence of the tomb seems to have been broken, a venerable presence rises before us, and a most welcome, familiar, and powerful voice speaks, as we turn the pages of the Halifax Chronicle, and read a posthumous paper by Joseph Howe.

"Transforms the real to a dream, Clothing the palpable and the familiar With golden exhalations."

We would not detract from the merit and worth of those still with us. We have the sons of honor and praise in our midst; but he was peculiar. His age was Epical in Acadia's history. He lived to become Canadian,—to foresee the coming of one of the brightest of nations.

In the custody of his son, Sydneyham Howe, a hitherto unpublished manuscript has been waiting the light that now makes it manifest. It embodies some strictures penned at a heat by our able commoner, after listening to Hon. George Bancroft's "Memorial address on the life and character of Abraham Lincoln," delivered before the House of Representatives at Washington.

Among the contributors to the above-mentioned publication are, Hon. J. W. Longley, F. Blake Crofton, F. C. Sumichrast, M. H. Nickerson, and L. B., author of the story, "A Little Blue-Nose."

On a lithographed page, bearing a clump of pines and a flight of snowbirds, appears a sweetly simple ballad of Frechette, that hardy warbler, translated by Roberts, of which this is a specimen verse:

When our Canadian plains And the snows of the year And the green again revealed— When April, child of change, Is here in wondrous way, The snowbird's twitter tells That Spring is on the way.

We take pleasure in reproducing these notes from the Toronto Week:

The fourth and last volume of Kingford's History of Canada is now on the market. It may be obtained from Picken, 33 Beaver Hall Hill, Montreal.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

[FOR ANNOTATIONS SEE THE PROGRESS.]

[PROGRESS is for sale in Sussex by H. D. Bond and S. H. White & Co.]

JAN. 14.—For many months those who find the small excitement of village and home life uninteresting, have been ringing the changes, so to speak on the dullness of Sussex. But the bright days of December and the mystery and pleasure of Christmas preparations infused a little spirit into the dulled.

The departure of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel from the place was noticed in your columns, and the arrival of Mr. Richardson to take his place in the bank; many were delighted at the gain of another single man to the small circle, whilst others regretted the loss of a family man, the gap made by the loss of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel would not be filled.

Miss Nellie Robinson returned to St. John on Friday. She has been in Dorchester for several weeks, and has been very well.

Dr. Price, of Halifax, and Dr. Bliss Thorne, of Sackville, were in town on Tuesday. Dr. Price is in town on Tuesday.

JAN. 14.—Mr. T. B. Lavers, of St. John, was in town last week in the latter part of the month.

Our photographer, Mr. Fred Beattie, left for Boston on Monday. He intends to return in about three months.

CONSUMPTION CURED. An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple, vegetable, and purely natural remedy, he has cured hundreds of cases of Consumption, Cough, Asthma, and all throat and Lung Affections.

Dapper—What is the greatest lie, Snapper, that ever expressed itself on your experience? Snapper—Well, by all odds, the worst lie I ever heard was the one your quarette perpetrated last night when they came round to the house and sang—"There's music in the air."

ST. STEPHEN.

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

JAN. 14.—Mrs. R. K. Ross, on Friday, invited a large number of ladies and gentlemen to drive to Bayville, some 12 miles from here, to celebrate a tin wedding at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. James Mowatt.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel were in town on Tuesday. They were in town on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Boardman left on Monday for Jacksonville, Florida, where they will remain for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Thorne, of Montreal, are visiting here. They arrived in town on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. H. G. Grimmer will leave for Montreal on Monday.

JAN. 14.—Judge Wedderburn and family have moved to the Vendure, where they will reside.

Among the attendees in attendance at the court during the past week were: Mr. W. C. H. G. Grimmer, Mr. A. McKinnon, Mr. J. Roy Campbell, and Mr. Mont McDonald.

Mr. Arthur C. Fairweather, of Hothway, paid a brief visit to Hampton on Monday. He has been in the city for several weeks.

AYER'S

Sarsaparilla

The Best

Blood Medicine

So say Leading Physicians and Druggists, and their opinion is endorsed by thousands cured by it of Scrofula, Eczema, Erysipelas, and other diseases of the blood.

"Ayer's Sarsaparilla has won its reputation by years of valuable service to the community. It is the best."

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TRANSFER GRADING PAPERS, a perfect imitation of the natural woods, OAK, WALNUT, MAHOGANY, CHERRY, ROSE WOOD, HUNGARIAN ASH, now in stock. Price, \$1.00 per Roll. Full instructions given. F. E. HOLMAN, 48 KING STREET.

ESTEY'S COD LIVER OIL CREAM. A GREAT FLESH PRODUCER. SO PLEASANT TO TAKE, IT IS ENDORSED BY THE MEDICAL PROFESSION. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS - PRICE 50 CTS.

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It is a certain and speedy cure for cold in the head and throat in all its stages. SOOTHING, CLEANSING, AND HEALING. Instant Relief. Permanent Cure, Failure Impossible.

CATARRH

It is the best remedy for Catarrh of the Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat, and Lungs. Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50¢ per bottle.

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

E. J. ARMSTRONG,

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SAINT JOHN Oyster House,

NO. 5 KING SQUARE, NORTH SIDE. How to Kill an Oyster. Don't drown him deep in vinegar. Or season him at all!

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PHOTOGRAPHY.

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

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Advertisement for various goods including 'GROCERS', 'WHOLESALE DRY GOODS', and 'LADIES' FANCY FELTS'. Includes 'CANNED GOODS, &c. At W. ALEX. PORTER'S' and 'WHITE'S CONFECTIONERY'.

Advertisement for 'GROCERS' and 'WHOLESALE DRY GOODS'. Features 'LADIES' FANCY FELTS' and 'STRAW HATS'. Mentions 'Offered for 30 Days' and '25% Discount'.

Advertisement for 'WHOLESALE DRY GOODS'. Promotes 'LADIES' FANCY FELTS' and 'STRAW HATS'. Includes 'Offered for 30 Days' and '25% Discount'. Also features 'SMITH BROS.' and 'HALIFAX, N. S.'.

Advertisement for 'ASTRA'S TALKS WITH GIRLS'. A collection of letters and articles discussing social norms, love, and relationships. Includes 'What a Canadian Has Done to Relieve Suffering Humanity'.

Advertisement for 'International Steamship Co.' and 'WINTER ARRANGEMENT'. Details 'TWO TRIPS A WEEK FOR BOSTON' and lists various routes and dates.

Advertisement for 'Intercolonial Railway' and 'CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY'. Includes '1890-Winter Arrangement-1891' and 'ALL RAIL LINE TO BOSTON'.

Advertisement for 'FANCY GOODS'. Lists various items like 'Dressing Cases', 'Smokers' Sets', 'Manicure Sets', etc.

Advertisement for 'Be Thou Dry - CANDEE'. Promotes 'Rubber Boots' and 'Double Thick Ball'. Includes a testimonial from 'STEPHANIE'.

Advertisement for 'Redpath Paris Lumps'. Features an image of a box of lumps and describes them as 'PURE LOAF SUGAR'.

Advertisement for 'FERGUSON & PAGE'. Promotes '43 KING STREET' and 'Have a large and Well Assorted Stock of all Goods'.

Advertisement for 'WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY'. Mentions 'The Authentic "Unrevised"' and 'First Published Entirely New'.

Advertisement for 'S. B. FOSTER & SON'. Promotes 'WIRE, STEEL NAILS, and IRON-CUT NAILS'.

Advertisement for 'COCKLES PILLS'. Promotes 'COMPOUND ANTIBILIOUS' and 'The Great English Remedy'.

Advertisement for 'JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT'. Promotes 'UNLIKE ANY OTHER' and 'Originated by an Old Family Physician in 1810'.

Advertisement for 'Ladies' and Gents' FINE WIGS'. Promotes 'AMERICAN HAIR STORE' and 'Up one flight'.

Advertisement for 'Crinkled Tissue Papers'. Promotes 'These Papers are put up in Rolls of 20 1/2 inches wide'.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR. SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.



(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Mr. Cathels, wife and children returned from Montreal last Friday evening. Miss Blanche, wife of Mr. ...

We wish our many friends and customers a very Happy New Year.

We thank them for their liberal patronage, and respectfully solicit a continuance of it through the coming year.

Our Stock of Seasonable Goods is large and varied, and our prices will be found satisfactory to purchasers.

Ulster and Mantle Cloths, Dress Goods, Ladies' and Children's Underwear, Flannels, Swansdown, Shaker, Gloves, Hosiery, Clouds, Hoods, Fascinators, Mufflers, Children's Muffs, Ruffs, Etc.

97 King Street.



WANTED.

BOYS AND GIRLS to take orders for our Special line of Photographs in their neighborhoods. Send for sample and terms.

BOY and GIRL to take orders for our Special line of Photographs in their neighborhoods.

Mrs. W. A. Lawton, of Shelburne, is in town, visiting Mr. and Mrs. David Dickson, Steamboat Street.

Mrs. M. J. Taylor, of Shelburne, is in town visiting her friend, Mrs. Harris.

Mrs. F. H. Hildren, of Fredericton, is in town spending a fortnight with her friend, Mrs. Barnes, of Main Street.

Rev. Hannibal E. Smith, of St. George, preached at St. George's church, Sunday morning and evening. He was the guest of Mr. George Taylor of the I. C. R.

Mr. E. M. Estey returned on Monday from Montreal, Mrs. Estey remaining for a few weeks longer, visiting her friends.

Mr. J. W. Y. Smith, of Dorchester, paid a visit to Moncton on Monday.

Mr. Charles E. Fawcett, of Sackville, was in town on Saturday.

Mr. H. B. Ayrer went to Moncton on Wednesday.

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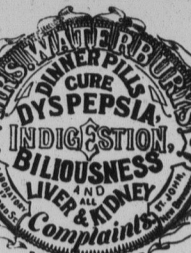
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DISHES, DISH CLOTHS, POTS, DENS, PAINTS.

SO CLEAN, SWEET, EASY. 'WHITE CROSS' Granulated Soap does it. A pure soap in fine powder. All kinds of cleansing done quickly, without injury to hands or fabric of cloth, or to anything used upon.



Who wants a pair of Shoes cheap, for herself, her boy, her husband, her daughter, or any of her friends or relatives would do well to call at MITCHELL BROS., King Street. Hurry.

EVERY WOMAN, LOOK HERE

EVERY EVENING CLASSES. A PLAIN, EASY, RAPID STYLE OF WRITING.

TO WRITE CLEAR AND CORRECTLY. TERMS FOR COURSE: 3 Months, \$5.00

ST. JOHN INSTITUTE OF PENMANSHIP AND BOOK-KEEPING, BERRYMAN'S HALL, J. R. CURRIE, Principal.

BROWN BREAD FLOUR, 51b. BAGS.

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NEW YEAR, 1891.

Skinner's Carpet Warerooms.

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

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

OR, A CHENILLE PORTIERE,

As these make Handsome and Useful Seasonable Presents.

A. O. SKINNER.

They Make a Good Impression!

LOOK FOR THIS PRINT ON THE SNOW.

YOU SEE IT WHERE YOU GO

THE HEEL OF THE GRANBY RUBBER.

When the Canadian public universally adopts a particular make of goods, as they have done in the case of the Granby Rubbers and Overshoes, you may be sure there is some good reason for it, and that reason is a safe one for you to follow.

Really, there is nothing equal to them in Style, Fit, Comfort, and Durability. Every dealer sells them.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

A Free Tour Around the World.

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

"Well, at all events," exclaimed the youth, "I've got a pretty fair balance in the savings-bank, and I want you to be my wife. There!"

"Well, James, since you put it in that light, I—"

Let the curtain fall.

Young Art in Chicago.

"I must tell you a good story on a young student in my place," said an artist whose studio is on State street. "You must use my name, for I don't want to injure the young man. He had expressed a wish to make some Scriptural paintings, and I told him to go ahead. He selected for his subject the killing of Abel by Cain. On the whole it was creditable, except for some innovations. For instance, he had put a sandbag in the hand of Cain and in the background he had a patrol wagon coming to the scene full tilt, drawn by a camel. I would have given money to retain that painting, but the young artist destroyed it in spite of my remonstrances and offers."

Chicago Tribune.

If you wish to Advertise Anything Anywhere At Any time Write to GEO. P. ROWELL & Co. No. 10 Spruce Street, NEW YORK.

USE FERRY'S SEEDS BECAUSE THEY ARE THE BEST.

FERRY'S SEEDS FOR THE BEST. D. M. FERRY & Co's. Illustrated, Descriptive and Priced SEED ANNUAL for 1891 will be mailed FREE to all applicants, and to last season's customers. It is better than ever. Every person using Garden, Flower or Field Seeds, should send for it. Address: D. M. FERRY & CO., WINDSOR, ONT.

Largest Seedsmen in the world.

THIS PAPER IS PRINTED ON A PATENT IMPROVED CHAMPION BOOK AND NEWS PRESS.

Bathurst Hotel. See advt.

PARISBORO.

Jan. 13.—A matrimonial wave, which has engulfed quite a number already and threatens others, is passing over Parrisboro. The one recently to succumb was Miss Helen Jenks, one of our nice young girls, who was married last Wednesday morning to Mr. A. G. Gilman, of St. John.

Mr. Jenks was bride and groom, and Mr. Gilman, who has been in town since his arrival, was the happy couple's best man, and the happy couple departed on their wedding trip, accompanied by the bride's friends.

Mr. Gilman, who is a native of St. John, is a well-to-do man, and is well known in this section of the county.

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