

# PROGRESS.

VOL. I., NO. 32.

ST. JOHN, N. B. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1888.

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## THE LOST WAS FOUND

AFTER HE HAD LONG BEEN  
TOWNED AS DEAD.

The Story of Fred Knight, Stolen From  
St. John in his Infancy Sixteen Years  
Ago—His Wanderings and Works—Re-  
stored to His Father by Marshal Sharp.

"Well, as I haven't seen father for six-  
teen years, I guess I'll stay at home this  
winter."

The speaker, a prepossessing, intelligent  
and well-mannered lad of seventeen years,  
was Fred Knight. City Marshal Sharp is  
his foster-father. At any rate, Fred never  
knew where his own father was until the  
shrewd marshal found him. It was in the  
latter's cosy parlor that the long-lost boy  
sat when he uttered the words quoted above  
—the conclusion to a story romantic enough  
to deserve the honor of type.

Harry W. Knight, who has mourned his  
son Fred for nearly sixteen years, is an  
Englishman who, after serving for a time in  
the British army, immigrated to New  
Brunswick. Here he followed, at various  
times, the occupations of barber and book-  
keeper. Twenty years ago he was a resident of St.  
Stephen. While there he suffered two mis-  
fortunes—the burning of his house, and the  
death of his wife. These events, coming  
close together, made the place hateful to  
him. He had four children, two of each  
sex, and with these and an adopted daugh-  
ter he removed to St. John.

Fred was the baby and it was his unhap-  
py lot to be "taken care of" by the adopted  
daughter. She didn't like babies. Before  
he was a year old she had tried to poison  
him. After Mrs. Knight died, the girl con-  
cluded that she ought to be stepmother as  
well as nurse, and when Mr. Knight de-  
clined to take that view of it, the baby suf-  
fered the consequences. Foiled in a second  
attempt to kill him, the girl decided upon a  
more cruel revenge. She stole the baby.  
Along with him, she laid hands on \$200 in  
cash and a gold watch worth \$125.

St. Stephen was the thief's destination.  
A man named John Mingo, who has since  
died, was her accomplice there. He and  
his wife received the baby, the girl saying  
that she was going away to get work. She  
didn't labor very long. The Mingos heard  
strange noises in their attic next day, and  
when they investigated they found the ab-  
ductor dying on the floor—stricken down  
as by the hand of God.

The St. John police were given the case,  
but they didn't go to the bottom of it.  
Chief Marshall probably found the usual  
number of clues—but he didn't find the  
baby.

After the Mingos had kept the child a  
year, they passed him over to Mr. and  
Mrs. Joseph Young, who lived about five  
miles from the town of St. Stephen, at  
"The Ledge." Their policy was to get  
all they could and give as little as they  
could help. When the little fellow got  
able, he chopped wood, milked cows,  
picked up potatoes and did all the other  
work that he was strong enough to per-  
form. He didn't love his keepers—not to  
my great extent. They gave him board  
and lodging, of course, but the lodging  
was not palatial and most of the "board"  
came in the form of a shingle carefully  
applied to his tenderest places. When the  
boy was about ten years old he ran away.

Calais welcomed him, at the hands of a  
farmer and milkman, named Staples.  
With him the boy abode two months.  
Then the young Crusoe sought his fortune  
in Baileyville, Maine. He lived more than  
three years with Harris Anderson, and a  
year and a half with his next neighbor, at  
that place. Thence he went to Grand  
Lake stream and found work in the tan-  
nery. Working in the lumber woods and  
going to school filled up a winter. The  
last employment he found was in the gran-  
ite-polishing mills at Barre, Vt.

Knight, the father, had done all that a  
poor man could to find his boy. Finally,  
he gave him up. When Marshal Sharp  
wrote to him that Fred was alive and well,  
it was hard for him to believe it.

Fred on his part has tried for years to  
find his father. Clairvoyants have told  
him that that father was a banker who  
lived in Montreal. Self-styled detectives  
have tried to delude him with lies that had  
even less reason in them. The boy has  
always held the conviction that his father  
was alive and somewhere in Canada, but  
beyond this he knew very little. That  
little, however, was told to his friends.  
Clifford, the Boston perfumer, was one of  
these, and he, happening to mention the  
case in the hearing of Marshal Sharp, the  
latter took hold of it—and solved the  
riddle in two weeks.

Mr. Knight, the elder, lives now in  
Sackville. The younger Knight arrived in  
the city Thursday afternoon, and left for  
Sackville by the 7 o'clock train. Fred  
will be 17 years old the day before Christ-  
mas. He will be the only Christmas pres-  
ent the old gentleman will want, this year.

## PEOPLE YOU HEAR TALKED ABOUT

Since President-elect Harrison's picture  
has been prominently before the public,  
people are beginning to see a resemblance  
in it to the face of Mr. R. Radford Barnes.  
When Mr. Barnes was in Boston, a friend  
took him some distance out of his way to  
look at the counterfeit presentation of him-  
self on a Harrison banner.

President Cleveland has a counterpart  
who is well known among some of "the  
boys" of St. John. He is John Barton,  
an American commercial traveller, and he  
has very frequently been mistaken for the  
president in his rambles through the states.

In a country of more than 60,000,000  
people, it is not remarkable that even very  
peculiar-looking prominent people should  
have their counterparts. I have seen a  
Boston man who would readily pass for the  
son of W. H. Vanderbilt, and another who  
looked near enough like Ben Butler to be  
his brother. I have also seen a New York  
man who bore a striking resemblance to  
Becher. Jay Gould is such an ordinary  
fellow that there must be many who look  
like him, but I have never seen any of  
them, nor have I ever seen anyone I would  
mistake for Talmage. Not many would  
want to look like him.

How would Canada like to have the  
next pope chosen from the Quebec clergy?  
There is talk of it, and the man suggested  
is Cardinal Taschereau. It is two years  
since he was elevated to the purple, and as  
he is nearly 70 years of age, he is of suffi-  
ciently mature years for the highest posi-  
tion in the church. The reasons given for  
the possibility of such a choice are that the  
cardinal is as much a Frenchman as a  
British subject. He is a man of great  
merit and comes of a distinguished ances-  
try on both sides of the house. He is also  
a profound theologian and zealous church-  
man.

Hugh J. Grant, the present mayor of  
New York, is 55 years old and a bachelor.  
He is well educated, good looking and an  
athlete. If he ever intends to marry he  
can find no more propitious time than dur-  
ing the two years in which he is chief  
magistrate of the greatest city in America.

Charles E. Knapp, of Dorchester, is a  
natural born kicker. As is the case with  
most kickers, he is very often in the right.  
Just now he is objecting to barristers wear-  
ing robes in court. He says the custom  
was originally borrowed from the clergy,  
and adds that it is impossible for lawyers  
to hide their crookedness under the vest-  
ments of a priest. Knapp is inconsistent.  
He is always railing at lawyers, and yet he  
stays in their ranks. He took a dislike to  
law after he began to study, and for seven  
years he abandoned it, roaming around  
Westmorland parish with a gun on his  
shoulder most of the time. Then, being of  
mature years, he deliberately returned to  
his studies, under one of the "sharpest"  
lawyers of the county. Knapp belonged to  
the era in which Dorchester got the name  
of the Devil's Half Acre, and it is all non-  
sense for him to pose as a purist and talk  
about lawyers' crookedness. The fact that  
he is a local preacher on occasions does  
not improve his case.

Under the old practice, the declaration  
in ejectment contained certain allegations  
that the plaintiff cut, broke, carried away,  
etc., certain trees, etc. These allegations  
were pure fiction, of course, but the more  
folios an attorney could make, the higher  
would be his bill of costs. It is said that  
when Knapp had such a case he would  
give his student a book with a list of all the  
trees and shrubs indigenous to New Brun-  
swick, and direct him to add 500 of each to  
the burden of the defendant. This gave  
the student a useful lesson in natural his-  
tory, and at the same time materially ben-  
efitted Knapp's pocket.

BOSWELL.

Something is in Store for Him.  
The track obstruction fiend who has a  
special grudge against the Fredericton  
branch train, is around again. A few days  
ago a large plank was carefully placed in  
the way of the locomotive in exactly the  
same spot as Nevers performed his act.  
Driver Smith saw the obstruction, but too  
late to stop the train. Fortunately the  
snow flanges had been put on that morning  
and by dropping them the plank was  
shoved ahead until the train was stopped.  
If the employees on the branch ever meet  
their enemy, no telling what may happen.

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Books are Stubbish Things,  
Call and See for Yourself.  
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Children's Books and Annals of All De-  
scriptions.  
Flush and Leather Goods, Birthday Books,  
Family Ink Stands, Eggholders, etc.,  
All at special Low Prices during Holiday  
Season, 80 King Street, D. McArthur.  
Call and see our Goods and Prices.

## PECUNIA SPERM REDUXIT.

WHICH MEANS THAT MONEY MAKES  
THE MARE GO.

That Mare in the Iron Horse Which Has  
Been Whooming on the Grand Southern  
Railway—Some of the Things the New  
Managers Will Do and Not Do.

Something is to be done about the Grand  
Southern railway.

"That which we call a rose by any other  
name would smell as sweet," and so may the  
line of track which extends from St. John  
to St. Stephen.

Russell Sage, Giles E. Taintor and  
Richard J. Cross, bankers; Horace M.  
Ruggles, lawyer, all of New York, with  
John McMillan and Hugh H. McLean, of  
St. John are to be incorporated as the  
Shore Line Railway company.

They will have a capital of \$500,000,  
the interest of which, at 6 percent., is just  
the amount which the road, as heretofore  
run, is capable of sinking annually.

Under a receiver it is capable of still  
more. It has gone behind some \$33,000  
since Mr. Sturdee took charge.

The new owners intend, of course, to  
connect with the Maine railroads and to  
reach Bar Harbor.

It is presumed that they also intend to  
put the roadbed in shape, put in a tele-  
graph connection that is of some use in  
running trains, and give the public some-  
thing better than a second-class car at first-  
class rates.

It may be that they intend to make those  
rates somewhere within the limits of reason  
and the length of the average Charlotte  
county man's purse. They may also issue  
return tickets to all stations. In short,  
they may try to induce people to live along  
the line instead of scaring them away from  
it.

There are several things which it is  
tolerably certain they do not intend to  
continue.

For instance, they will not cause every  
train to be held for half an hour or so at  
Musquash, sixteen miles from St. John,  
under the idea that people want dinner.  
If they must have a dining station on a  
route that ought to be covered in at least  
four hours, they will not have it on the  
outskirts of St. John city.

They will not attempt to run a train  
without telegraph instruments and opera-  
tors at all regular stations. But they will  
have more sidings than there are now, so  
that when an east bound train is behind  
time, the west bound may push ahead and  
make a crossing, instead of having to wait  
some hours at Musquash until the delayed  
train comes to that station.

They will not employ a station agent who  
stands calmly on the platform with an open  
switch before him and allows a train to run  
off the track.

They will not hold the train for half an  
hour or so because an official is behind  
time in getting to the station. Nor will  
they, when the train is some miles on the  
journey, return to St. John for another official's  
unbrella.

They will not, it is hoped, continue to  
have a station in Carleton, but will reach  
the city by way of the bridge.

They will not be afraid to wash and dust  
their cars occasionally.

They will not, if they think that they  
have made a bad bargain in buying the  
road, try to save money by economy in the  
wrong direction. They will endeavor to  
induce traffic by giving speed, efficiency  
and comfort, at rates which will attract  
rather than repel travel. They will run the  
road in modern style.

So, at least, it is hoped.

The Congregation Smiled.  
There was an entertainment held in con-  
nection with a church not 1,000 miles  
away from St. John, this week. The fact  
that it was to be held was duly stated by  
the pastor, among the regular announce-  
ments, last Sunday evening. While the  
collection was being taken up, the organ  
played, and when the church officials had  
finished their duties, the organ was still  
playing sweetly, while its tones were get-  
ting lower and lower. The pastor stood  
motionless, apparently in deep meditation,  
while not a member of the congregation  
even coughed. The organ stopped play-  
ing; silence prevailed. A pin would have  
been heard had it dropped on the floor.  
The pastor advanced a few steps, and  
everybody wore a look of expectancy.  
Visitors, who were not accustomed to  
the service of the church, thought he was  
about to offer prayer. The regular church-  
goers waited in breathless anticipation.  
The pastor broke the silence with:

"I am requested to announce that the  
price of tea, on Wednesday evening, will  
be 25 cents."

He Has Lots of Energy and Push.  
Everybody who was sorry to see J. W.  
Johnson's establishment burned to the  
ground will be glad to learn that he will  
again at work in a day or two. The time  
lost will not, he thinks, exceed two weeks.  
Such energy and push belongs only to Mr.  
Johnson.

## THE ARTFUL DODGERS.

Government Officials Who Are Always in  
Debt and Like to be Dunned.

A new order has recently been issued  
from "headquarters," which is to form part  
of the civil service examination of candi-  
dates, for this and the sister provinces. As  
the life of an official of late years differs  
very materially from the lives of former  
officials (I mean those of the old school) it  
is found to be necessary before a young  
man is appointed to office, that he should  
have more than a mathematical knowledge,  
and a good square way of doing business in  
a good round hand; but he should also  
have a roundabout way of doing many  
things, which nowadays form part of the  
stock in trade of getting along in accord-  
ance with the most approved methods, as  
observed in some institutions whose per-  
sons are provided with board, lodging and  
fuel at the expense of the state. The  
"order," for example, embraces a few rules  
which might be here copied for the informa-  
tion of all aspirants for employment in the  
civil service, both dominion and provincial.  
Some of the qualifications may thus be pre-  
sented:

Examiner—"How are you off for wind?  
Is that of a good quality?"

Candidate—"In what respect?"

Ex.—"I mean, are you what is common-  
ly called long-winded?—for example, are  
you good for running into debt, and long-  
winded in paying up, whenever credited?"

C.—"Well, I can't say as to that; but  
if I get a situation I think I shall soon get  
into that way if I set my mind upon it."

Ex.—"Now, young man, there must not  
be two ways about it. I want a straight  
answer. Can you or can you not live  
within your means—I mean salary—that  
is, provided you pass the examination and  
get an office?"

C.—"I will do my utmost; but you  
know as my salary would be sure, I cannot  
see why I may not be able to supplement  
it by working upon my credit, as much  
more—I mean by this, if I am only allowed  
\$1,000, by running in debt a thousand  
more I can then make both ends meet."

Ex.—"But, young man, have you the  
confidence to do this—is it right?"

C.—"Oh, let that be to me! The longer  
one is in office the less conscience he has,  
it wears out gradually—so I am told, and  
by what I see. All we have to do is to run  
up bills at the grocer, butcher, baker and  
such like, and when a creditor calls pay  
with some people."

Ex.—"But why not pay cash, as you re-  
ceive it, as you go along, and make no  
promises?"

C.—"That would never do. Clerks  
or officials are never respected unless they  
have lots of people running after them.  
Why, sir, I know some of these gentry in  
dominion and provincial offices, who take  
delight in being dunned. In fact, some  
of them go so far as to stand at the street  
corners so as to meet their creditors pass-  
ing in their direction; and they have got  
so used to be waited upon with little bills  
that they luxuriate in that balmy atmos-  
phere."

Ex.—"Well, well, I see you will do—  
your wind is good and you are up to the  
dodgers, and if you receive a commission  
we will classify you among the artful  
dodgers—in other words, the government  
officials who are always in debt and like to  
be dunned." X.

Mr. Bates Has a Job.  
It is on the exhibition buildings and is  
worth \$600 or \$700 a month. What it would  
be worth to anyone else is not known.  
Perhaps it would be as much, perhaps  
less.

No one outside some of the committee  
knows how Mr. Bates got the job. No  
tenders were asked, nor was any chance  
given other builders to name the figures for  
which they would do the work.

Considering that the people foot the bill,  
it is suggested that some of the people be-  
sides Mr. Bates might have had a chance to  
compete with him. They did not.

Some of the people have the temerity to  
ask by what authority the committee gave  
out the job by days' work, and if that is the  
way they intend to run matters to the  
finish.

Perhaps some of the committee can  
answer.

It is Likely to Succeed.  
When the Union club gets comfortably  
settled in its new quarters, its members  
will have the accommodation which has long  
been needed. Where the new club house  
will be as yet uncertain, and the questions  
of design and cost have not yet been settled.  
A movement for such a building has been  
made, however, and is likely to be favorably  
received. Mr. J. R. Stone, who has been  
trying to see how much stock can be sub-  
scribed, is not yet in a position to say what  
action will be taken, but there is good  
reason to hope that the scheme will succeed.

For an Idle Hour.  
Mr. J. H. Shorthouse's new novel, *The  
Countess Eve*, is published in Harper's  
Franklin Square Library and for sale at  
McMillan's. It is a strong, suggestive story,  
quite as thought-provoking in its way as  
the same author's *John Inglehart*. Price  
25 cents.

The Will be Made Happy.  
A generous and appreciative Harvey, York,  
congregation is to make a church organ-  
ist happy in a few days. "A handsome gold  
watch suitably engraved will tell her the  
time after Dec. 25, 1888."

## AND STILL SHE BOOMS.

ONE-THIRD OF THE HOLIDAY EDI-  
TION PRINTED.

As Handsome a Paper as "Progress" Wished  
For—An Order for 1,000 Papers from New  
York—Leave Advertisements and Orders  
Early.

If all goes well, the holiday edition of  
PROGRESS, to be published next Saturday,  
will be an agreeable surprise party to the  
citizens and the outside public.

Everything has worked to a charm, so  
far, and one-third of the huge edition is  
printed and stacked in the office. It is  
as handsome as fine paper, fine portraits  
and good presswork can make it.

Fifteen thousand papers make quite an  
imposing pile and visitors to PROGRESS  
office have had the pleasure of verifying for  
themselves the size of the edition. Next  
Thursday the second part of the edition  
will be printed, cut and stacked and any  
person who wishes may call and see what  
proportions 30,000 papers assume.

Thursday, Friday and Saturday will be  
occupied preparing and printing the third  
edition, making the 24 in all, of the  
holiday edition and disposing of them to  
newspapers, the newsdealers and subscribers.

PROGRESS spoke some time ago of very  
large orders, two of them as high as 2,000,  
received from city firms. A very pleasant  
surprise arrived this week in the shape of  
an order for 1,000 copies from the Electro-  
Light Engraving company, of New York.

This splendid concern does PROGRESS's  
engraving, and it will give the city of St.  
John wider advertising than PROGRESS  
could possibly do. Every important news-  
paper in the country will doubtless receive  
samples from the enterprising firm, and the  
city by the sea will get much of the benefit.

It looked quite a formidable task to set  
out and get sufficient advertising to defray  
the very heavy expenses of the edition,  
but, the object once explained, the gener-  
ous merchants who are friendly to the city's  
prosperity and to PROGRESS responded  
willingly and liberally. It is the aim of  
the paper to make every advertisement  
worth double its cost. There is but little  
space to let at the present time, and that  
can well be taken up with additional and  
interesting reading matter.

Any merchant who proposes to avail him-  
self of the immense and wide circulation of  
next Saturday's number, cannot communi-  
cate with the publisher too early. Advertis-  
ments of any kind will not be received  
later than Wednesday afternoon at 6  
o'clock.

All orders for extra papers from news-  
dealers and merchants should also be in  
early. PROGRESS will not undertake to  
save copies of the illustrated number for  
merchants who may want copies.

St. John makes a very handsome ap-  
pearance on paper. Its streets give one  
the idea that he is looking upon some  
metropolis of at least 100,000 population.

That's what it will be some day. PRO-  
GRESS will be around when the census is  
taken, and there will be another boom.

MONEY WITHOUT STINT.  
And No Use For It—A Million and a Half  
and Ignorance.

Every newspaper reader remembers the  
immense fortune in Belfast claimed and  
obtained by Mrs. "Cherry" Moore, of  
Fredericton Junction. Her income is enor-  
mous. It is not an uncommon occur-  
rence for drafts worth thousands of pounds  
to show up in that vicinity.

She has two sons. One of them is a  
steady, sensible fellow, who, notwithstanding  
that he is co-heir to a million and a  
half, has never given up his job as foreman  
at Glazier's booms.

The other is sometimes quite unsteady,  
and at no time very sensible. He has been  
generous. He is a hunchback, and does  
not stand more than five feet, if he does  
that. He is not pleasant to look at, and  
when he starts out to paint Fredericton  
Junction red, everybody gets out of the  
way.

His mother doesn't seem to discourage  
her boys' vagaries by refusing money. On  
the contrary he was showing a \$1,000 gift  
to his boon companions a few days ago. It  
was part of \$5,000 which had reached the  
family about that time.

Mrs. Moore lives as much as she has al-  
ways. A fortune of a million and a half  
hasn't changed outward appearances. A  
stranger wouldn't think they owned a hun-  
dred and a half. They don't know what  
luxury is, it is said. Their money didn't  
bring them any of the changes that usually  
accompany fortune. None of them can  
read or write, and while they can draw a  
check for almost any sum, yet they cannot.

They Rushed It Through.  
If marriage is a failure, it is not without  
remedy, at least in Nova Scotia. The  
Halifax papers are boasting of the speed  
at which a recent divorce case was re-  
laxed through the courts. A citation was  
served on Sept. 13th and a divorce granted  
on Dec. 1st. Massachusetts is not more  
expeditious than that.

## PROMPTED BY ENFY.

A Summerside Paper (Merely Assails Dr.  
George Stewart.

The Quebec *Telegraph*, supported by the  
Toronto *Empire* and St. John *Sun*, has  
been advocating the claims of Dr. George  
Stewart for the vacant chair of literature in  
Toronto University. The *Telegraph* said:

"To go no further than our own city  
where would the University of Toronto find  
a more efficient authority on literary sub-  
jects generally than Dr. George Stewart,  
Jr., editor of the *Chronicle*, whose fame is  
not confined to this country, nor yet to this  
continent, but is known wherever his con-  
tributions to the Scottish and American  
reviews and the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*  
are read? Dr. Stewart is on terms of per-  
sonal intimacy with all the leading authors  
of the day, both British and American, from  
Tennyson and Houghton and Whittier and  
Lowell down, and his eminent literary abil-  
ity has been recognized by no less than  
three Canadian universities, in conferring  
upon him the degree of D. C. L."

This gave a great deal of pleasure to Dr.  
Stewart's friends in St. John and else-  
where. The press in this, his former city  
of adoption, endorsed the suggestion, and  
in fact no one has had a word to say  
against it. Now, however, the *Summerside  
Journal*, a paper published among a  
people who have no university, and who  
have no idea what a professor should be  
like, lifts its voice in protest. While the  
carpings of such a paper are scarcely  
worthy of notice, it may interest the friends  
of Dr. Stewart to know just what objection  
is made to him. Knowing him, as they do,  
they can judge for themselves what weight  
should be attached to such utterances.

"We believe," says the *Journal*, "that  
Dr. George Stewart is a contributor to va-  
rious literary publications, but that he is an  
authority on literary subjects is a fiction  
held only by a coterie of admirers whom  
he has deluded with the idea. Indeed,  
were we to judge from the chapter in the  
*Encyclopaedia Britannica*, on Prince Ed-  
ward Island, of which Dr. George Stewart  
is the author, that gentleman's ignorance  
of literary subjects is far in excess of his  
knowledge. We have already reviewed it  
in these columns, and, some big snowstorm  
this winter, when mails are delayed and  
news scarce, we shall publish it as a liter-  
ary curiosity. We must be pardoned if  
we decline to accept as 'an authority' a  
man who tried to impose upon the public a  
half a score of places in this province of which  
not even the oldest

MARRIAGE AS A FACT.

AN ANTI-EXPENSE CRUSADE IS THE ONE THING NEEDED.

If the Costly Preliminaries Could Be Abolished, Many Unknown Attachments Would Come to Light, and Hope Would Reside in the Heart of Many a Spinster.

Ever since pretty Mrs. Mona Caird demoralized that staid and stately paper, the London Telegraph, with her views of the marriage question, it has been considered the proper subject for conversation. London discussed "Is marriage a failure?" We have followed suit over here in America. The papers have published what this or that noted man and woman thinks of the subject; and our intellectual girls, looking less kindly than of yore on disconsolate admirers, sigh, "There seems no doubt it is a failure."

My dear girls, don't—don't, I repeat, say that. You have not yet tried it, and know nothing of it. You look at papa's bald head, gleaming above Progress in the morning, and mamma's portly, common-place form, as she pours out his coffee, and fail to see any lingering traces of "love's young dream." His greatest pleasure in life seems his nightly games of whist with his cronies; hers seems to be found in the W. C. T. U., A. C. of Y. M. C. A., S. F. C. A., or some other of her numerous charities. Where is now the tender feeling which prompted papa to write sonnets to her beauty, as some one does for you today, you wonder? And thus you conclude that it is all nonsense. Much of it is; but then it is pleasant nonsense, and you will indulge in your share of love-making and marrying, as every one will, in spite of lengthy tirades against Hymen.

Looking at the subject with both my blue-grey eyes wide open, I see only one view of the matter—marriage as a fact. Yes, a hard and practical fact. No matter what conclusion the world arrives at in regard to the marriage question; no matter what Mrs. Mona Caird and noted men and women think of it, there will be marrying and giving in marriage until we reach the place where we are told there is neither.

So I have had a little discussion with myself, and arrived at the opinion that it only needs reforming. Many things in the world have been reformed that touched much less closely the public needs than this. Why not reform it and put the matter on a "sound financial basis?" If all these noted people who have been expressing their opinions would only direct their great brains to the reform of marriage instead of this useless discussion, how much better it would be!

My brain is not gigantic, so I fail to see the better way. All I see is the imperfection of the present system. What opposes me most is the expense of the thing. Marriage is a luxury, and lots of us cannot afford it.

I had not given much attention to the subject until last Tuesday night. What came into it so deeply, heart and soul, so to speak, is that I had a proposal. My dearest friend among the dudlings asked me to marry him, last Tuesday night, at about 9 p. m. It occurred in our own back parlor, with the pater and mater-familias in full sight. I have had proposals before, and always said I would be a sister to the young gentlemen without a pang. A proposal under such tremendous circumstances, however, showed much courage that I thought it argued well, and paused on the brink of accepting him. I hesitated in time, however, and pulling myself together, asked in a loud tone (the rest of the conversation had been carried on in gentle tones during pauses in the music), if he did not consider marriage a failure. I also ceased playing dreamy, sentimental waltzes and began to render the Dead March. In spite of this, he replied that he didn't know much about it, but wished to experiment. I said it was no subject for airy persiflage, and just then some one else called.

I retired that night and of course every woman knows, not to sleep. I huddled up in front of my bedroom fire, in that best of all dressing robes, a blanket coat, and thought the matter over. Adolphus—the dudling in question—is a bank clerk. Bank clerks are nice fellows to dance with, many of them, and they dress well, but as a husband I could not make up my mind. With the thought of the small yearly stipend Adolphus draws, on my mind, I went to sleep at length.

I refused him next morning, because money is necessary to happiness. I added that when he had reformed the abuses of the performance I would reconsider the decision. The abuses I named. Among the silliest are engagement rings—(one of the preliminaries). Rings are a relic of barbarism and with an urgent request from his tailor in his pocket, the average lover invests in a diamond engagement ring. Trash I call it—let us wear ankle and nose rings, as well as ear and finger ornaments and be the full-fledged savage at once. Then minister's fees. Why should you pay a minister from \$10 up as high as you like, for reading a few words over you? The congregation pay him a salary for attending to their needs and he should not have extra—it is as demoralizing as feigning waiters. Then again the trousseau costs money. I fail utterly to see why it is considered necessary to invest in a dozen new dresses, coats, hats, bonnets, gloves,

hosiery, unmentionable etceteras in profusion, just because you are getting married. Now, when Adolphus and I go to the Institute I can wear a brown street dress that once was grey and a bonnet done up by these hands, and no one complains. Let me appear in this same costume, as Mrs. Adolphus, ye gods! our entire set discuss at length my eccentricity in so doing. I have too much sense to consent to one of those long, lingering engagements so Adolphus, like the heathen Chinese, must go. If marriage was reduced to its simplest form, the engagement and marriage rings left with other savage customs, wedding trips abolished—except for the admittedly wealthy—trousseau condemned to oblivion, licenses reduced in price, ministers' fees unknown, and the fond papa put up the money usually wasted on his part of the show, Adolphus and I could marry at once. As it is— On earth still we dwell, yet dwell we apart; 'Tis the fault of our age, and the fault is not mine.

If I could organize an anti-expensive marriage crusade and get it working well I feel sure that many unknown attachments would come to light. Engagements smouldering in the dust and ashes of years would blossom into matrimony under the new system and hope revive in the hearts of many a spinster. Marriage, whether a failure or not, is one of those facts you cannot well overlook. Instead of "Is marriage a failure?" let our subject be, Marriage Reform, and when it gets cheapened somewhat there will be a union of Adolphus and the GIDDY GIRL.

LOTTA AND ANDERSON.

TWO STARS THAT OFTEN SHINE ON HAPPY BOSTON.

Their Dramatic Excellencies and Characteristics—The Play of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and the Bright Children Who Were Seen in It—Theatrical Gossip at the Hub.

BOSTON, Mass., Dec. 6.—We have had Lotta with us for two weeks, and again have thoroughly enjoyed this bright, bewitching, altogether indescribable little actress. One has to see Lotta in order to get any kind of an idea of how pleasing and entertaining she is. I saw her this time in *Pawn Ticket No. 210*. The play, of itself, has little or no merit, but with Lotta as the star, one scarcely notices absurdities and inconsistencies. The action opens with a scene in a pawn shop. Lotta has been pawned by her mother when in a great strait, some ten years ago, the number of the ticket upon which she is pawned being 210. In this scene Lotta first appears, clad in rags. In later scenes she looks very pretty in a white nainsook dress, and also in a white satin. I examined Lotta closely, with glasses, but although she is now about 50 years of age, it is simply impossible to credit it, as she appears on the stage. She seemed really the age she was supposed to be, that is, between twelve and fifteen years. Her voice is still very pleasing, and her songs and dances won great applause. She is a slight, prettily formed little creature, graceful and "light as a feather." If one were able to realize her age when she is on the stage, it would be distasteful to see her dancing and skipping about, or throwing herself down and kicking with rage when roused. But seeming so entirely what she represents, a wayward child, nothing seems unfitting.

In private life Lotta is a splendid woman, deserving of great respect—kind-hearted and philanthropic. She has such a business ability, and has been so wise and careful in her investments that she is now, and has been for years, wealthy, possessing a luxurious home and sure income. When Lotta was in Boston on a former occasion, and was returning from a walk in the public gardens, she saw a horse attached to a herdic, the driver of which was lashing and urging the poor beast beyond its ability to go. Lotta signed to him to stop, but he paid no heed until she caught the bridle and stopped the horse. The driver, furious, laid his whip on her, but she held fast till a policeman came to her assistance. She placed the matter in his hands and it was duly attended to.

It happened there was a young man in the herdic, a passenger, who, when he found out by whom he had been stopped, decided to try to make something out of the affair. He consulted a lawyer and had him notify Lotta that the passenger in the herdic she had stopped, had missed his train for New York by her action, and as a consequence lost \$10,000, by being unable to keep an appointment by which he should have realized that sum, and that he should therefore bring suit for damages in that amount. A reporter called upon Lotta to inquire what she intended to do in the matter and was informed, "Nothing." When he asked her if she were at all worried or uneasy, he received the characteristic reply made smilingly: "I shall sleep on both cars tonight." I believe nothing further ever came of the young man's little bluff game.

Elsie Leslie, a little girl of nine or ten, played at the museum for some six or seven weeks as *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. The last week of the play Tommy Russell took the part, in her stead. Everyone who saw both of these fine children, in the same part, is loth to draw any comparison. Elsie had the disadvantage of "acting" a boy, while Tommy really was one; but the conception both of these children had, of the character they represented, was truly wonderful.

Speaking of the play itself, for my own part I must say it was almost more painful than pleasing to witness. In dramatizing *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, Mr. Burnett arranged some of the events differently from the book. For instance Cedric's talks with Mr. Hobbs, the grocer, occurred at Cedric's home, in their little parlor, instead of at the grocery store, as in the book, and Mr. Errol and the Earl had a meeting, in the play, immediately upon her arrival in England, before the Earl has seen her boy.

Mrs. Errol's suffering, when she learned that she and Cedric were to live apart, was fully portrayed on the stage. Her battle with herself, to make the sacrifice for Cedric's and his dead father's sake, and her heroic effort to appear happy and satisfied with the arrangement when she communicated it to Cedric, were most affecting. Each part was perfectly taken. What a wonderful book, and wonderful play the story of *Little Lord Fauntleroy* makes! Both are altogether fascinating. One can but wish that every man, woman and child might read the book, with its grand lesson of what love and perfect trust may accomplish.

Probably everyone knows that the writer, Mrs. Burnett, is an English lady by birth, but has resided in America many years. Her son is the original from whom she has portrayed *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. He has been brought up a thorough little American, and his mother has kept him free from prejudice as to countries and class distinctions, so that he has made friends with all who were possessed of those qualities of mind and character that make true worth. Mrs. Burnett says she wondered how her boy would conduct himself should he suddenly come into a property in England and go there to live, and that this led her to write the story.

This winter we shall welcome Mary Anderson again. It is now some weeks since she arrived in New York, with her English company. Miss Anderson is always welcome home. Some critics hesitate to pronounce her a great actress, but everyone is unanimous in considering her a charming young woman and one who has given added proof that the stage is not necessarily a hot-bed of vice. She is a beautiful woman, stately in figure, with a finely musical voice. She loves her profession and works hard in it, and it is a pleasure to know that she has never resorted to the clap-net methods of advertising herself, that some stoop to. She keeps no pet tiger, nor does she pose as eccentric. Her work is sacred to her, and her private life is such that some of our well-born and home-reared society girls and women would do well to imitate her.

A new and remarkably strong combination is reported for next season. It is said that Joseph Jefferson and William J. Florence have made a contract to travel together after the manner of the present Booth-Barrett combination. *Dombey and Son* and *Rip Van Winkle* are among the plays to be offered. The combination must be an unequalled success. There would seem to be a fortune in it for the famous principals.

Mrs. Langtry, who had invaded Canada in company with Freddie Gebhardt, has found the weather very cool. Lady Stanley seems to have had such sufficiently reasonable doubts about the Lily that she declined to receive her.

One of the typical Western plays which has been very successful since it was started, five or six years ago, is *Nobody's Claim*. J. J. Dowling and Sadie Hasson have scored a great success in it, and it is being reproduced by them in New York this season. As a play of that class, it has many merits, and is infinitely ahead of the Oliver Byron sensations of past years.

Mary Anderson, apparently tired of the success which she has met with in England, seems to be preparing for a grand failure on the other side of the water, next season. It is enough to explain that Lord Tennyson is writing a play for her. It will be founded on the story of Robin Hood and Maid Marion, and if it is in the usual style of the poet's "made to order" work, there can be but one result. Tennyson gets steadily worse as he gets older.

Lillian Russell, who was discharged from the Duff Opera company, recently, for absenting herself without leave, has been engaged for the *Yeomen of the Guard* company, at the Casino, New York. Manager Aaronson gives her a salary of \$350 a week.

Since the death of William Warren, the patriarchs of the American stage are John Gilbert and C. W. Coudcock, and both are actively at work this season. Coudcock is now 76 years of age and has been on the stage since he was 21. He has always been a favorite. This season he is appearing in *Hazel Kirke*, in the original part of Dunston, which Steele MacKaye had in view for him when he wrote the play, eight years ago.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

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DE. SCOTT'S Electric Hair Curler. LADIES who wish to quickly Bang, Crimp or Curl the Hair, by a new method, should have one of these new inventions.

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SPENCER'S Standard Dancing Academy. CLASSES for beginners will open on TUESDAY, October 9th, at 8 o'clock. Afternoon, Ladies, Masters and Misses, at 3:30; Ladies and Gentlemen at 8 o'clock, in the evening. Pupils must make application for terms. A. L. SPENCER, Teacher, Denville Building.

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There is no unbelieve... Whoever says... The silent harvest... Whoever lies down... Content to look each... Whoever says "To... "The Future," tru... He da... The heart that look... And daves to live... There... And still by day... The heart lives by... God kn... A B... It is about the... I am writing, thi... name in the... fashion: "Mur... D, Tier 4," and... book was the w... red ink letters... men similarly in... the red affix... they had passed... this busy world... strange to say... (according to th... tion. Why he was... keepers feared... him; he was con... as often in as o... had been flogge... subordination, a... judged, was a p... there were some... prison orderlies... twice, when he h... into contact with... self, his gentlem... bounds. The ch... food were always... voice as he read... musical; and the... he was the weath... soothing words... grown hard and... cell was a model... could be detecte... was ever so bri... scrupulously cle... pride in the resp... acid. In the worksho... —his work was... neatly and more... gang. On one... had been terribly... killed by a mol... Murton had stoo... the officer, and... for his pains. In... qualities, his unc... moods, and blin... kept him in pers... time I write of h... man" of the pris... sullen perverse o... to perform his w... usual to obey so... times cheerfully... savage attack up... keeper. He was a... Murton, with a... shall hear... I was informe... librarian, also a... be flogged that d... of the officers. I... that I was young... witness such a se... part of my duty... quaint the Govern... matters of them; a... big ball toiled... where the triangl... already raised... prisoners were m... and shuffling al... took their places... square. I was t... presence there wa... sake, but in ord... feeling in their m...ishment. The keepers... armed, wore, of c... clock struck the... peared. Two of... diers and adepts... stepped up to t... turing little instr... stripped to the wa... loosely over his sh... Joseph Murton. T... strength, ill-temp... walked as gently... smile flickered o... hands out to be... describe that mor... member it. It wa... saw, and I wish... even now it make... A hundred lashes... hundred lashes m... the flesh and ag... man. But Joseph M... without a murmur... face grew deadl... bitten till they b... actually laughed... untied and put... though hardly ab... lacerated was his... the keeper who... caused his strip... gleam into his p... nostrils that spok... on all sides that... fore further misch... vil in the man wa... cringing. He wa... have his wounds... first made his acq... I made a point... tant prisoners regu... when he had end... his neighborhood... found a neat pape... bars, with the fol... No. 268, Sept. 4... insurance agents... nuisance not need... There was som... however, that insti...

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UNBELIEF. There is no unbelief—Whoever plants a leaf beneath the sod, And waits to see it push away the sod, Trusts he is God. Whoever says when clouds are in the sky, "Be patient! leave, light breaketh by and by," Trusts he is the Most High. Whoever sees 'neath winter's folds of snow, The silent rests of the future grow, God's power must know. Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep, Content to lock each sense in slumber deep, Knows God will keep. Whoever says "Tomorrow," "The Unknown," "The Future," trusteth in that power alone He dares not to disown. The heart that looks on when the eyelids close, And dares to live when life has only woes, God's comfort knows. There is no unbelief, And still by day and night unconsciously, The heart lives by that faith the lips deny—God knoweth why.

A BAD MAN.

It is about the "bad" man of the prison I am writing this sketch. I found his name in the prison register after this fashion: "Murton, Joseph, No. 263, Wing D, Tier 4," and opposite the entry in the book was the word "incorrigible" in large red ink letters. There had been other men similarly infamed, but I could see by the red ink that they were for once or twice, when he had been ill and thrown into contact with sufferers sicker than himself, his gentleness and patience knew no bounds. The choicest morsels of his rough food were always laid aside for them; his voice as he read aloud to them was actually musical; and through the long night vigils he was the watcher who sat and whispered soothing words or matted lips that had grown hard and dry with suffering. His cell was a model of neatness; not a mark could be detected on its snowy walls; no bed was ever so neatly folded as his; no tin so brightly scrubbed. In person he was scrupulously clean, and seemed to take a pride in the respectability of his appearance.

In the workshop—he was a broom maker—his work was generally performed more neatly and more quickly than by any of his gang. On one occasion, when a keeper had been terribly well when he was killed by a mob of mutinous prisoners. Murton had stood boldly up in defence of the officer, and had been severely wounded for his pains. In spite of many such good qualities, his uncertain temper, dependent moods, and blind, unreasoning ferocity, kept him in perpetual trouble, and at the time I write of he was certainly the "bad man" of the prison. Now it was a fit of sudden perverse obstinacy; now a flat refusal to perform his workshop task; again, a refusal to obey some simple rule at other times cheerfully obeyed; and still again, a savage attack upon a fellow prisoner or keeper. He was a strange creature, Joseph Murton, with a strange history, as you shall hear.

I was informed one morning by the librarian, also a prisoner, that a man was to be flogged that day for an assault upon one of the officers. I have already confessed that I was young, and a curious desire to witness such a scene, although clearly no part of my duty, came over me. To acquaint the Governor of my desire was but a matter of form; and ten minutes before the bell tolled I was in the courtyard, where the triangles used for whippings were already raised. Five minutes later the prisoners were marched into the goose step and shuffling along with furtive glances, took their places, forming three sides of a square. I was told afterward that their presence there was not only for example's sake, but in order that there might be no feeling in their minds as to excess of punishment.

The keepers, in full force and heavily armed, were, of course, present, and as the clock struck the governor and surgeon appeared. Two of the keepers, both old soldiers and adepts in the use of the "cat," stepped up to the triangles with their torturing little instruments, and, with a scolding and a curse, they began to strip to the waist, but with a coat thrown loosely over his shoulders, came the victim, Joseph Murton. Where was his boasted strength, ill-temper, mad ferocity? He walked as gently as a child, and a half smile flickered on his lips as he held his hands out to the governor. I am not going to describe that morning's work, as I still remember it. It was the only flogging I ever saw, and I wish I had never seen it, for even now it makes me shudder to recall it. A hundred lashes was the sentence, and a hundred lashes means a million tortures to the flesh and agony to the soul of any man.

But Joseph Murton took his flogging without a murmur or a groan, although his face grew deadly white and his lips were bitten till they bled. He laughed—yes, he actually laughed out loud—when he was tied up, and put on his coat himself, although hardly able to move, and next moment lacerated was his back; but as he passed the keeper who had reported him and caused his stripes there came an angry gleam into his eyes and a quiver into his nostrils that spoke no good, and it was well on all sides that he was hurried away before further mischief was done, for the devil in the man was aroused and knew no cringing. He was sent to the hospital, where his wounds healed, and it was there I first made his acquaintance.

I made a point of visiting all the Protestant prisoners regularly in their cells. Once, when he had evidently heard my voice in his neighborhood and expected a visit, I found a neat paper notice hanging to his bars, with the following inscription: "Cell No. 263, Sept. 4, 18—." Book peddlers, insurance agents, clergymen and other nuisances not needed today."

There was something about this man, however, that instinctively drew one to him

for I felt sure that in spite of all appearances there was good in him. The day after he had been flogged I saw him in the hospital. It was Sunday, and I had at a brief service with the sufferers, and at the close presented each with a tract, according to my usual custom. It was this, when I came to him, that called forth the angry words I have quoted at the commencement of this story.

It took many a long day to soften that hard heart; but at last I won his confidence. Little by little came to know more of the man, and found, beneath the rough and sordid exterior, deep feeling and a broken heart, that accounted for the recklessness otherwise hard to understand. In fact, despair was gnawing at his heart and the daylight of his life had been quenched forever. He got to trust me sufficiently by and by to tell me his story, and here it is: "I don't see much use, parson, in troubling you with my story; it isn't a long one, and there's nothing interesting in it for any one to hear, God knows. I know I'm a young man; and I don't doubt but you fancy I should be doing better than musing my lame in a prison, but the fact is, I don't care what becomes of me now, for I've lost all heart for everything I ever cared for.

"What am I here for? Attempted murder, they say. I've put in four years for it now, and I owe the Queen six yet. What was it all about? I can't tell you that myself. I couldn't explain it to the judge, and the jury wouldn't have understood it either. I was always a wildish chap, parson, though I had never harmed a living soul that I know of. Occupation? Well, I used to be a printer. Drink? Yes, I used to drink, and pretty hard, too. I gave that up. I gave up every bad habit I knew I had for the sake of a girl I loved. No matter who she was or where she came from. If she were here before us now you would see how blue her eyes were and how sweet her smile, and she would bring back hope and sunshine to me.

"That girl was a beacon light to me, and for her sake I turned my back on all my old companions and foolish ways. She was never weary of encouraging me, and the hours flew by when we were together as if they had wings. I loved her better than I loved my own life—better than I loved God. We were to be married soon, and I worked merrily all day, and whistled as I set up the types; soon we would have a cottage of our own; soon she would be my own forever; soon life would be a long and happy dream. How distinctly I remember all these things now, and how often I hear her voice still!

"The time wore on, and at last came our wedding morning, and when the words were spoken that made us one there was no man on earth who was happier than I. We lived together for a month, and every day seemed far too short. They speak of things being too good to last, don't they? I suppose it was that way with us. She ran down the river one day in a steamboat for a breath of fresh air, and I promised to meet her on her return. She kissed me good-bye so gaily when I left her, and told me that the hours would seem long until we were together again. There isn't a word more to tell now, parson. I was working that afternoon, when the foreman gave me a head-line to set up for the evening edition of the paper. It read: 'Fearful Catastrophe' and as I glanced at it I saw it was an account of the collision of her steamboat with another on the river that afternoon.

"O God! the anxiety that rushed to the sickening doubt and dread! I mumbled to the river hatless, coatless, just as I left the workshop, and I shouted her name as I ran. The river front was crowded with people, and I could hardly make my way among them; then I was turned back several times by the police, and it seemed as if I would never get near enough to learn the news.

"At last I got near the water and saw that they were bringing bodies to the land in boats close to where I was. 'Have you got my Nellie?' I cried, as each boat passed me, and the dead faces would be uncovered for a moment in the hope that they would be recognized.

"But evening came, and there was no one like her in all the long procession that had passed me, and by and by night came and it became too dark to search any longer or to see. Suddenly the thought flashed across me that Nellie might be at home. Of course, that was where she was. She would be waiting for me and wondering at my absence, perhaps afraid for me. How foolish not to have thought of that before. How fast I ran back! But the little windows were all dark when I got there, and when I opened the door and called her name, there came no answer. I went back to the river after that, and sat there all that night, cold and hungry and full of despair, and the night winds must have heard me crying for my Nellie, whilst the blinding tears ran down my face.

"Early the next morning they began again dragging for the bodies, and by-and-by they found her. Not a bruise or mark or cruel cut upon her, but her face so still and white, her eyes so tightly shut, and her little hands so cold! I remember looking at her as they lay her cold and wet, and I could not think that she was really dead. Would the blue eyes never speak to me again, and the dear lips never speak? Were the little hands never to lie in mine, nor the willing feet to patter beside me? I could not believe it. I went and whispered in her ear, and kissed her and waited to see her smile at me. Then all the world became dark. I remember trying to throw myself into the water that I might die, too, and I remember fighting like a madman with a policeman who tried to prevent me.

"I beat him till the blood was streaming from him and I saw him fall at my feet as if dead; but I remember nothing more. I woke up in a hospital, where they told me I had had brain fever. I don't know how long I lay there, but I recollect being next in a prisoner's dock and hearing a white-faced constable telling the Judge how I had stabbed and beaten him without provocation. I looked in vain for words to answer with. 'What would I say? No judge on earth could understand what I felt; indeed, I hardly knew it myself. The verdict was 'Guilty,' and the sentence ten years; and that is how I came to be in prison. They think me mad in here; they call me dangerous. But what have I to live for now?

"In the midnight darkness, through the workshop noises, in the loneliness of my cell, I see her face, white and cold, and I cry to her, and long for death to take me beside her. I don't know even where they took her or where her grave is; and if I were out in the world again tomorrow I wouldn't know where to look for her. Life

isn't worth living now, parson. I know all about your tracts and gospels, but they don't bring me back Nellie. I sometimes think she isn't so far away after all, for I seem to hear her voice and feel her near me. If she ever sees me, she knows how I miss her, and how black the world has been since I lost her.

JACK THE RIPPER'S LIMIT.

Growing Belief that Fifteen Victims Have Already Fallen Under His Knife.

A London cable says that the failure of the police to apprehend the Whitechapel murderer, rightly known in all reports concerning his crimes and respecting his identity as "Jack the Ripper," has raised the suspicion and as days and weeks have passed, intensified the belief that the number of murders committed by this fiend-assuming them to have been the work of one man, the case is now a matter of conjecture as to the real name of the monster or his present whereabouts.

The fact is still fresh in the mind of every man, woman and child in London and, indeed, places far remote from the metropolis, that the presumed murderer chafed upon a shambles, after knowing the soul of a victim from the loathsome haunts of the East End to an unknown world, a message expressing his intention to similarly dispose of a total of 15 wretched lives before his desire for the shedding of human blood by the diabolical methods he had conceived or adopted should be frustrated. Who knows that he has not already reached that number, or even exceeded it?

The police, under the direction of Sir Charles Warren, were baffled in their efforts to run down the murderer until, through sheer discomfiture, the chief commissioner resigned his office. The press and the public criticized the action or inaction of the police unreservedly, and in doing so unquestionably impaired their efficiency by making it apparent that failure at whatever cost of effort would be condemned, while success would go unrewarded by even appreciation or acknowledgment of the difficulties encountered in its achievement.

The question is now asked, and with good reason, hasn't "Jack the Ripper" exceeded the number of murders to which he limited himself in his shutter proclamation and his communication to the Central News? The police use the ban of public censure for inefficiency certainly can have had no incentive to make public the details of additional murders while unable to capture the murderer since every fresh butchery has brought upon their heads further maledictions from tongue and pen.

Birds and Dogs on Clothing.

Birds are everywhere: in hats, in muff, on gowns, on fans, on everything. Sea swallows, wood pigeons, green parrots, black nondescripts, and all kinds of unknown feathered friends from beyond the seas. One dealer in town admits that he has sold no less than 2,000 pairs of small birds of every description this year.

In one week's auction 6,000 birds of paradise, 5,000 pheasants, and 400,000 humming birds were sold, besides 60,000 feathered skins from India.

Of course it is a horrid shame to snare the poor birds like this—or kill anything—but there is much, much more happening now! Dogskin is one of the fashionable furs this winter, and just think of the horrible slaughter which is going on amongst the darling dogs to trim our coats and line our mantles.

I protest against using up dogs to cloth ourselves with as long as there are seals and 'possums or other interesting things around!

I don't care if they bark in Russian or wag their tails in Parsee they are the "friends of man" (and a good deal better than some of the "friends") and, as such, ought to be held sacred. Dogskin is expensive; long may it remain so and then nobody will buy it, and the darling doggies will delight to bark and bite in peace once more.—London Society Herald.

Tongue Twisters.

As a quiet means of causing a few stern features to relax, the following is offered. Before presenting them to guests, however, you should make sure that they are well stamped upon your memory. Their technical name is "tongue twisters":

She sells sea shells. Strange strategic statistics. Gaze on the grey gull brigade. Give Grimes Jim's gilt gig-whip. The sea ceaseth and it sufficeth us. A cup of coffee in a copper coffee-pot. Sarah in a shawl shovelled soft snow softly.

Say, should such a shapely sash shabby stitches show? Smith's spirit flask split Philip's sixth sister's fifth squirrel's skull.

THE CROSS-BEARING CHILD.

A Jubilee Melody. I bear dis cross dis many a mile, O de cross-bearin' chile! De cross-bearin' chile! I bear dis cross 'long many a road 'Wha' de pink ain't bloomed an' de grass ain't growed. O de cross-bearin' chile! O de cross-bearin' chile!

Hi's on my conscience all dese days 'Fo' ter bear de cross ter de good Lord lays. On my po' soul, an' ter life, I'm cryin' 'O de cross-bearin' chile! O de cross-bearin' chile!

700 Dozen Winter Cashmere Stockings. 630 Dozen of OUR 64c. KID GLOVES. 150 Pieces "All-Wool" Grey Flannel, Only 21 cents a yard.

FAIRALL & SMITH.

Better than a Government Bond.

MUST GO My Full and Complete STOCK

MENS, YOUTHS, BOYS and CHILDREN'S Overcoats, Ulsters, Reefers and Suits,

Sold out by Christmas.

LOW PRICES WILL DO IT.

ROYAL CLOTHING STORE, 47 King St., One Door above the Royal Hotel.

WM. J. FRASER. N. B.—A few extra large OVERCOATS to be sold low.

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

83 Germain Street, ST. JOHN, N. B. JAMES S. MAY & SON, Merchant Tailors,

84 Prince William Street, P. O. Box 303. ST. JOHN, N. B. Stock always complete in the latest designs suitable for first-class trade.

ALLEN & FERGUSON, Barristers-at-Law, Solicitors, Notaries Public, Etc.

S. R. FOSTER & SON, MANUFACTURERS OF Cut Nails and Cut Spikes, Packs, Brads?

HORSE BLANKETS, For Fall and Winter. Surcingle, Halters, Etc., ROBB'S HARNES SHOP, 24 Union Street.

THE PEERLESS FOUNTAIN PEN. Has all the requisites of a PERFECT FOUNTAIN PEN. A FREE FLOW OF INK. ALWAYS READY TO WRITE.

ALFRED MORRISSEY, 104 King Street. AN ADDITION. MR. JOSEPH A. MURDOCH, Confectioner, 87 Charlotte Street, BEGS TO INFORM THE PUBLIC THAT he will serve the Best Oysters in all Styles in the PARLORS connected with his present

715 SYDNEY STREET, opp. Victoria School, MRS. H. M. DIXON, Stamping, Pinking and Fancy Work done to order.

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, Editor.

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

Advertisements: The editor of Progress is now so large that it is necessary to put the inside pages to press on Thursday, and to change of advertisements will be received later than 10 a. m. of that day.

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

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

EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher. Office: No. 27 Canterbury St. (Telegraph Building).

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DEC. 8.

CIRCULATION, 5,000.

The demand for files of "Progress" has so far reduced our supply of certain issues that we can no longer allow subscriptions to begin with No. 1.

A few files of the first six months' issues (May 5-Oct. 27, inclusive) may be obtained at this office for \$1 each.

THE CHRISTMAS FETTER.

Who will organize a Christmas-Reform association and go down to posterity as the destroyer of some of the most obnoxious humbugging that ever made life a burden? Is there in St. John, New Brunswick or Canada a man who has the strength of mind to withhold gifts from people whom he doesn't care for? Is there a Canadian girl who is rich enough in the possession of her womanhood to refuse gifts that have no affection back of them?

We call for volunteers to exterminate the nuisance of "present-swapping"!

There are well-meaning but weak-minded people with whom a new acquaintance is a friend beloved, who are happy in making gifts to everybody. There are other persons, of the calculating sort, who also make many gifts—to those who are likely to return something of equal or greater value. Both the well-meaning person and the bargainer expect an equivalent; and the deplorable fact is that none of us has the courage to refuse to render this tribute to custom.

It is not an exaggeration to say that to many who have slender purses the holiday season has become a time of anxiety rather than rejoicing; a prelude to a long series of pinching economies, made necessary by compliance with the fashion of gift-giving. Non-compliance, thanks to the fashion, involves the suspicion of "meanness"—and that is not to be borne. Fashion, indeed, has decreed it all. It is time that this fashion changed.

Instead of being "a day of rest and gladness," a time sacred to the memory of the past, the joy of the present and the hope of the future, a season of welcome to friends and gifts between those who love each other, Christmas is degenerating into the great bargain day of the year. Our modern "observance" of it shames its origin. The festival was not instituted that people mutually indifferent might match book against picture and trade vase for slipper-case. In heaven's name, let us keep this one day at least free from the contact of shop and market-place!

EIGHT THOUSAND TRAMPS.

Montreal is troubled to account for the nuisance of tramps, as shown by its police returns. Ten years ago, in 1878, the number of persons seeking refuge at the station houses was 2454, of whom 1641 were males. In 1888, up to the 1st of December, the number has been 7855, of whom 6189 were males. The increase has been steady from year to year.

For the last three weeks the number seeking protection has averaged 30 daily. The figures for the full year, therefore, will be between 8000 and 9000.

Something is wrong. What is it? A Grit journal might trace a connection between the advent of the high tariff party in 1878 and the beginning of the increase of tramps. It is probably only a coincidence. Nobody except very gullible voters believed that a protective tariff would give work to all who needed it. The masses should be thankful if, while making the capitalists richer, protection does not make the people appreciably poorer. They should be thankful that wages are so good as they are and that the cost of living is no greater than it is.

But why do 8,000 people, without homes and without work, seek the undesirable shelter of a police station in the most prosperous city of Canada in one year? Why should the increase be over 40 per cent. in ten years, while in the same time the increase of population has been only 25 per cent?

No one can assert that these 8,000 are all idle vagabonds. The chances are that the greater proportion would be glad to have work, if they could get it.

Tariffs may bring capital, and capital means a certain amount of work. It means too much work for some and not enough for all. There should be bread for all who

seek to gain it honestly, but there never will be, in Canada or elsewhere, as things now are. There will always be tramps, who ought to be workers, and who would be workers if they could.

The social system seems to be capable of improvement. How the improvement can be made is a profitable subject for study.

THEIR NAME IS MUD.

Work has been going on in the streets of Portland for the last week or two.

Just as the first cold weather came, a gang of men was sent to repair the road leading to Mount Pleasant. The job was not a new one.

Long before, the de jure aldermen of Ward Four undertook to have the work done. The property owners in the vicinity had promised to give \$150 toward the repairs, and there was every prospect that there would be a decent thoroughfare at last.

This did not suit the de facto aldermen, and the work was stopped after it had made considerable progress. The property owners withdrew from their agreement to pay the money they had promised.

Nothing more was done until the frost came and the ground began to get as hard as rock. Since then, the soft weather has favored operations a little and the crew is still pottering away.

It is only pottering. The required work cannot be done this fall, and much that is done will have to be done over in the spring.

In the meantime, the main streets of Portland, where properly directed labor would be of some use, are wholly neglected. They are rivers of mud. In some places the horrible filth is more than ankle deep. This is only a very small specimen brick—made of mud—of the way the streets of the city are managed.

And of more than the streets it may be said, "their name is Mud."

Mr. T. CLARKE WALLACE, M. P., chairman of the House of Commons committee on combines, tells the Toronto Budget that at the next session he intends to re-introduce his bill for "regulating" these newest developments of commercial acuteness. It will be a popular measure, without doubt, but there is room to question the essential justice of it. Business men who form combines do nothing more than to carry the prevailing principle of competition to its logical conclusion—the annihilation of opposing effort. But what about the principle, itself, Mr. WALLACE?

The Halifax Recorder quotes PROGRESS as a "Tory" paper. It is not. Neither is it a Grit paper. It has no politics, save that the public good is the highest law. Being hampered by no political ties and under no party whip, it is free to praise or blame the powers that be on the merits of questions alone. And it does so. It is a paper for the people, and it means to tell the truth, no matter "whose ox is gored."

Whether the engine should be taken apart or the electric light station pulled down, was the question that exercised the civic intellect of Portland, Wednesday. It was finally decided. We shall wait with considerable interest to see whether the great minds across the boundary send the smoke up through the chimney or the chimney through the smoke.

Opinions differ as to the general tone of President CLEVELAND's message. Unsympathetic Republicans hear in it the wail of a lost soul. Sad-hearted Democrats feel that it is the voice of one crying in the wilderness. The truth seems to be that the president, like other defeated candidates, is not "striking the keynote" so much as he was.

The unfortunate gentleman who "bought" the bluff weir has learned a lesson. He should have remembered that city corporations have no souls.

Spirit-messages recently received from the late JOHN CALVIN authorize the statement that nothing of his remains in CALVIN church—except the name.

Everyone Should See Them.

Two black and whites and four oil colors, the season's work of Mr. John C. Miles, A. R. C. A., have been on exhibition in the windows of Messrs. Barnes & Murray's book store during the week. All these paintings, but especially the black and whites, exemplify in a marked degree the fine perception, the sympathetic appreciation and the power of expression which Mr. Miles brings to his work. They deserve the careful consideration of all lovers of art. To such persons, it may be added, no Christmas gift that could be chosen would give greater or more enduring pleasure than these.

Worth Seeing.

The Last Leaf (postponed last week on account of the illness of Mr. Mason) will be performed in Berryman's hall, Thursday evening. The success of the dress rehearsals of this drama is a guarantee that the piece will be creditably performed by the Finch Dramatic company.

See the Programme Elsewhere.

St. Jude's church association, Carleton, will give one of its popular concerts and tea parties, Tuesday evening. Musical and elocutionary talent is so well represented in St. Jude's that the occasion cannot fail to be a pleasant one.

Holiday Goods!

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

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

It excels anything heretofore offered by us. A visit of inspection is solicited.



CHRISTMAS CARDS AND BOOKS.

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

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

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

ILLUSTRATED GIFT BOOKS.

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

STANDARD WORKS.

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

OUR PRICES ARE LOWER THAN THE LOWEST ON BOOKS.

PEN AND PRESS.

W. H. Banks, an old St. John boy, has started a weekly paper called The Gold Hunter, at Caledonia, N. S. It deserves to strike a pay streak.

The illustrated holiday edition of the Fredericton Farmer, issued this week, is creditable alike to the enterprising publisher and to the city. Its advertising patronage proves that the Celestial merchants know a good thing when they see it.

The Moncton Times continues to discuss the question, "Is Marriage a Failure." Considering that Thaddeus has tried the experiment twice, and that his mansion is decorated with a bouncing boy, there does not seem much room for discussion in his case.

The Boston Herald has been doing the kaleidoscope act with fair success during the last year, and now another change is rumored. John H. Holmes, journalist, is to retire from the management and Ed. A. Perry, newspaper man, is to take his place. The change will probably result in an improvement of the Herald. One thing is tolerably certain, Ned Perry will not put on as many "lugs" as Holmes. People who had business with the latter used to find his office as difficult of approach as the throne of an oriental potentate. When he consented to see a visitor he would come out of his room, shut the door behind him and have the conversation in the passage-way.

Christmas Cards, Booklets, from all leading manufacturers. 80 King street, D. McArthur, wholesale and retail.

THE USUAL WAY.

This world is very funny, For no matter how much money Man is earning he will spend it and be hard up all the time. To his utmost he is straining To catch up without attaining, Till he makes his life a burden when it should be bliss sublime. If he earns a thousand merely Thinks two thousand yearly Would be just about the figures to make happiness complete; But his income when it doubles Only multiplies his troubles, For his outgo then increasing makes his both ends worse to meet.

It is run in debt and borrow, Flush today and broke tomorrow, Financiering every way to postpone the day of doom; Spending money ere he makes it, And then wondering what takes it, Till he, giving up the riddle, looks for rest within the tomb. Oh! this world is very funny To the average man whose money Doesn't quite pay for the dancing that he does before he should; And he kills himself by trying Just a little higher flying Than is suited for his pocket and his own eternal good. —Chicago Mail.

A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME.

The Poem Which Millions Have Read Without Knowing the Author's Name.

Who wrote the verses, "A Hundred Years to Come"? They are old and familiar. They have gone the rounds of the papers of America uncredited to anyone. They are included in the Bryant collection, and there given as anonymous. Very recently they appeared in a St. John letter written to the country papers, evidently by one who knew the name of the author, but still leaving that name undisclosed.

Hiram Ladd Spencer was the writer of the letter, and when questioned by PROGRESS he stated that he was the author of the verses. They were written by him when he was a boy at school, at Brandon, Vt., and were sent without his knowledge to the Voice of Freedom, published in that town. From that obscure county paper, with a circulation of 500 copies, they have spread over the universe. Every once in a while they take a fresh start and go the rounds again. Here they are:

Where, where will be the birds that sing, A hundred years to come? The flowers that now in beauty spring, A hundred years to come? The rosy cheek, The lofty brow, The heart that beats So quickly now, Where, where will be our hopes and fears, Joy's pleasant smiles and sorrow's tears, A hundred years to come? Who'll press for gold this crowded street, A hundred years to come? Who'll tread you idle with willing feet, A hundred years to come? Pale trembling age And fiery youth, And childhood with Its brow of truth: The rich, the poor, on land and sea— Where will the mighty millions be, A hundred years to come? We all within our graves will sleep, A hundred years to come; No living soul for us will weep, A hundred years to come? And other then Our lands will till, And other men Our homes will fill, And other birds will sing as gay, And bright the sun shine as to-day, A hundred years to come.

Enthusiastic Over It.

Miss Hunter, of whom PROGRESS spoke last Saturday as wishing to teach a class in elocution, seems to have arrived in the city about the right time. She has already quite a class and is willing to agree with Miss McGarry's statement that "St. John is quite enthusiastic over elocution." Miss Hunter is at 4 Wellington row.

Go and See Them for Yourself. J. & A. McMillan have a splendid lot of tile goods on hand. Space and time permit of nothing but calling the attention of their customers to them.

WHAT BARNES & MURRAY OFFER:

Table listing various goods and their prices, including reversible wool shawls, fashioned felt skirts, gents' silk handkerchiefs, wool gloves, wool clouds, cashmere hose, fancy h. s. handkerchiefs, cashmere jerseys, English prints, cashmere mufflers, all-wool ulsterings, wool hoods, and underwear.

FANCY GOODS IN LIMITED QUANTITIES. We pay the car fare. Ours is the third store from Union street.

17 CHARLOTTE STREET. NEW CROCKERY STORE.

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

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

Astrachan Gloves, Kid Faced—all sizes.

Knitted Gloves, WITH SPLICED FINGER TIPS, ALL SIZES, IN PLAIN COLOURS; also, FANCY MIXTURES.

CASHMERE GLOVES, All sizes. 4-Button Kid Gloves, 35c., 55c. and 75c. PER PAIR.

RIBBONS for Fancy Work; Satins " " " " Plushes " " " " Velvetens " " " "

Bargains in Cashmere Hose.

KNITTED WOOL SHAWLS—newest designs and colorings; KNITTED JACKETS, with and without sleeves, in slender woman's, woman's and out-size woman's; COTTON, MERINO and LAMBSWOOL UNDERVESTS—all sizes and shades.

SEE OUR CORSETS AT ONCE. A FINE ASSORTMENT OF DRESS GOODS, newest colorings—very cheap. ULSTER AND JACKET CLOTHS.

CASH ONLY. WALTER SCOTT, 32 and 36 South side King Square.

Confectionery and Christmas Novelties, HUGH P. KERR'S, - - - Branch Store, KING STREET.

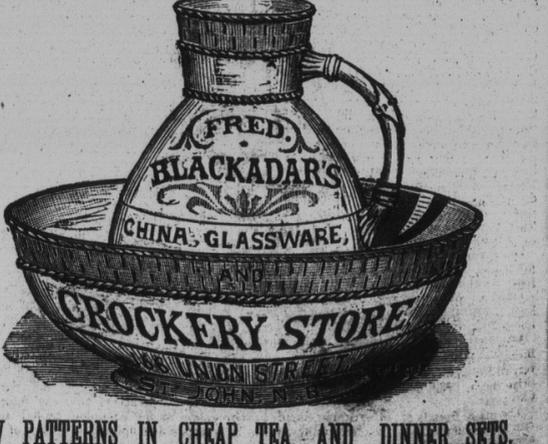
BARLEY SUGAR WHISTLES, VICTORIA CAKE, SPINNING TOPS, ALMOND BAR, BANJOES, MARSHMELLOES, SINGING CANARIES, BIRDS and ANIMALS, TABLETS. TRY OUR SUPERIOR JAMS and JELLIES. And don't fail to get a LITTLE PIG for the Xmas tree; also, a 5lb. box of our XMAS MIXTURE for \$1.00. SOMETHING NICE.

Money Made by Buying your DRY GOODS

KEDEY & CO'S., 77 King Street.

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

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



NEW PATTERNS IN CHEAP TEA AND DINNER SETS.

SOCIETY EVENTS.

And the B. Brunswel... For a few... But Christmas... and hospital... being be... young studen... short time... our midst... I hear the... palatial resi... elaborate ac... of these exte... some memor... I hear rum... be given by... favors will c... leap year ru... to be hoped... before the fir... both leap year... ceived but lit... Dr. Steeve... late Dr. S. Z... Last Tuesd... tion with St... residence of... decided succe... looked after... Simons, a Br... Durvemet, J... Mrs. Starr... The next s... Stone church... found a pr... the contine... stitches and... Alward... Pretty pear... now to be car... bridal bouque... Speaking of... topic now be... fashionable ci... ding of one... In England... to her old frie... extends a welc... is cut in holow... silk, with turn... dress coat, and... soft white or c... Mr. and Mrs... Chapman's of... Flower recep... our western co... reception (give... John lady) and... themus were... the hostess' dre... favored flower... receptions gene... flower to be fav... Many St. Jo... in the announce... Sir Harry Burr... favorably know... Mr. and Mrs... from their wed... residence on Br... CEL... FREDERICTON... reception day... west and presen... tween the hour... afternoon. The... be desired and... beauty and fash... their new winte... drawing room... part of the aft... pleasure at havin... they back again... absence. Last... black velvet with... naments, she be... There is a very... ing at the residen... The happy pair... house, niece of M... Clark, jr., son of... fly. There are... the immediate r... received a numbe... presents from h... Boston and St. J... in this city. M... taken furnishin... the residence of... to their new home... of all their friends... Miss Maggie M... maidens, was mee... Mr. J. Judd Libb... wedding took plac... to the disappoint... here, who had b... witnessing the ev... peared out on Sun... in a handsome bro... jacket of the sam... match, and look... always do. Mrs... friends this week... ville. She receive... faille francaise silk... of the lar... ever assembled in... Sunday evening... Courtney, Bishop... Courtney returned... In the morning h... the bishop coadjut... the students assem... conductor afterwar... house, where they... lieutenant-governor... Medley gave a sma... day in honor of Dr... cote." The bish... Sunday at the resid... kin at Salamanca... Mr. Edwin Phai... Richibucto, are the... Hart... Mrs. F. B. Ed... home today, from... has been visitin... Mrs. Allen H. R... Boston with her li... very ill for some... sician there. She w... Christmas... The many friends... man are much pleas... after her tedious ill... Miss Yvrasour is

**HAT**  
**MURRAY**  
**TER:**  
 \$2 75 \$4 00 \$4 50  
 90 2 15 2 50  
 40 35 45 and up.  
 45 1 00 55 65c.  
 30 35 45  
 4 5 6 7c. and up.  
 1 20 1 30 1 65  
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 30 35 45 55c.  
 25

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**ERY STORE.**  
**STERS,**  
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 Y. Now showing full lines of  
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**JARS, FIGURES; also, a**  
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**Gloves,**  
**Faced—all sizes.**  
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**WITH SPLICED FINGER TIPS,**  
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**OVES,**  
**All sizes.**  
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**5c., 55c. and 75c. PER PAIR.**

**Fancy Work;**  
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and colorings;  
 nes, in slender woman's, woman's and  
**NDERVESTS—all sizes and shades.**  
**TS AT ONCE.**  
**ODS, newest colorings—very cheap.**

**ONLY.**  
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**ristmas Novelties,**  
**S. - Branch Store, KING STREET.**

**ATCHES,**  
**CORNUCOPIES,**  
**NECKLACES,**  
**WEDDING CAKE ORNAMENTS,**  
**BUTTERFLY BASKETS,**  
**CHOCOLATE DROPS, in fancy boxes,**  
**BIRDS and ANIMALS, TABLETS,**  
**AMS and JELLIES.**  
 Xmas tree; also, a 5lb. box of our  
**SOMETHING NICE.**

**g your DRY GOODS**  
**& CO'S.,**  
**Street.**

**T WEEK IN**  
**STER CLOTHS and TWEEDS; a full**  
**WERS, CARDIGAN JACKETS;**  
**LANKETS and WOOL GOODS.**  
 all and see.

**DAR'S**  
**WARE,**  
**STORE**  
**EA AND DINNER SETS.**

**SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.**

**EVENTS OF THE WEEK IN CITY SOCIETY CIRCLES.**

And the Happenings Elsewhere in New Brunswick—Celestial Talk—Moncton Society—Woodstock, St. Stephen, Chatham, Richibucto, Newcastle and Dorchester.

For a few days our city is alive with excitement, and the whole world seems to be in society, then it subsides, and an almost funeral quietness reigns—such as we have experienced this week, after the unusual bustle attendant on so many weddings. But Christmas is nearing, and at all gay and hospitable homes the holiday amusements are being planned, and preparations being made for the home-coming of the young students and their friends, who for a short time will create a welcome stir in our midst.

I hear the decorations of some of our palatial residences are to be on a very elaborate scale, and naturally in the train of these extensive preparations must follow some memorable entertainments.

I hear rumors of a leap year german to be given by some ten society ladies. The fates will consist of flowers, and strict leap year rules are to be maintained, it's to be hoped the invitations will be issued before the first of the month. Certainly both leap year and the german have received but little attention from St. John.

Dr. Stevens will occupy the office of the late Dr. S. Z. East for dental services.

Last Tuesday, the annual sale in connection with St. Paul's church was held, at the residence of Mrs. DeVeber, and proved a decided success. The different tables were looked after by the Misses Smith, Misses Simonds, Brock, Hanford, L. DeVeber, Durvess, Jones, Boyd, Walker and Mrs. Starr.

The next sale of this kind will be that of Stone church, and among the novelties will be found a pretty little souvenir of a trip to the continent, showing many delightful pictures and illustrations by Mrs. Dr. Alward.

Pretty pearl or ivory prayer books are now to be getting by brides in place of the bridal bouquet.

Speaking of brides reminds me that the topic now being discussed among our fashionable circle is the approaching wedding of one of our rising young barristers.

In England, Fashion has said good-bye to her old friend, the zouave jacket, but extends a welcome to the tea jacket, which is cut in bolero style, made of heavy black silk, with turned black revers like a man's dress coat, and is worn over a blouse of soft white or colored silk.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Gilbert are at Mrs. Chapman's for the winter.

Flower receptions are now the rage with our western cousins. At a chrysanthemum reception (given in honor of a St. John lady) only pink and white chrysanthemums were used for decorations, and the hostess' dress was in harmony with the favored flowers. The invitations to these receptions generally bear the name of the flower to be favored.

Many St. John people will be interested in the announcement of the engagement of Sir Harry Burrard, who was so well and favorably known here.

Mr. and Mrs. John Purdy have returned from their wedding trip and taken up the residence on Bridge road.

**CELESTIAL TALK.**

FREDERICTON, Dec. 5.—Yesterday was reception day at Government House, and west end presented a lively appearance between the hours of 3 and 6 o'clock in the afternoon. The weather was all that could be desired and the walking good. All the beauty and fashion of the city were out in their new winter costumes. The large drawing room was crowded the greater part of the afternoon, everyone showing pleasure at having Sir Leonard and Lady Tilley back again after their long summer absence. Lady Tilley received in rich black velvet with jet trimmings and jet ornaments, the best of the evening.

There is a very quiet wedding this evening at the residence of Mr. Henry Phair. The happy pair are Miss Minnie Waterhouse, niece of Mrs. Phair, and Mr. Henry Clark, jr., son of Mr. Henry Clark of this city. There are no guests invited outside the immediate relations. The bride has received a number of handsome and useful presents from her friends in New York, Boston and St. John, as well as from those in this city. Mr. and Mrs. Clark have taken furnished rooms in "Grape cottage," the residence of Mrs. Beverly. They go to their new home tonight; the good wishes of all their friends will go with them.

Miss Maggie Moore, another of our fair maidens, was married last Wednesday to Mr. J. Judd Libbey, of Marysville. This wedding took place in St. John, very much to the disappointment of their many friends here, who had been looking forward to witnessing the event. Mrs. Libbey appeared out on Sunday in St. John's church, in a handsome brown silk dress and plumed jacket of the same shade, with bouquet to match, and looked very pretty, as brides always do. Mrs. Libbey is receiving her friends this week at her home in Marysville. She receives in a handsome drab faille francaise silk.

One of the largest congregations that ever assembled in the cathedral was present Sunday evening, to hear the Rev. Dr. Courtney, Bishop of Nova Scotia. Bishop Courtney returned home Monday afternoon. In the morning he visited the college with the bishop coadjutor and briefly addressed the students assembled in the library. The visiting bishop, the metropolitan and the coadjutor afterwards drove to government house, where they had luncheon with the lieutenant-governor. The Bishop and Mrs. Medley gave a small dinner party on Saturday in honor of Dr. Courtney, at "Bishops-coe." The bishops took luncheon on Sunday at the residence of Mr. G. R. Parkin at Salamanca.

Mr. Edwin Phair and his son, Frank Richibucto, are the guests of Mr. David Hata.

Mrs. F. B. Edgcomb was expected home today, from St. Stephen, where she has been visiting her parents.

Mrs. Allen H. Randolph has gone to Boston with her little son, who has been very ill for some weeks, to consult a physician there. She will remain until after Christmas.

The many friends of Mrs. Judge Steadman are much pleased to see her out again, after her tedious illness.

Miss Vevasour is also able to walk out

once more, after being confined to the house for seven weeks with a sprained ankle.

Mrs. George E. Gregory has gone to St. John to assist in the wedding of her daughter, Mrs. Whittaker.

The Misses Beverly soon leave for Boston, where they will spend the winter. Mrs. Alexander is in St. John, visiting her friend Mrs. DeSoyres.

Mrs. G. T. Dibbles is very ill again, at the Bachelor house. Mr. Dibbles will be home on Saturday, when he will remain until after the Christmas holidays.

Young Mr. Temple, of St. John, spent Sunday in the city. He was the guest of Sir Leonard and Lady Tilley.

Mr. Adolphus Beckwith, of New York, is visiting his friends in deduction. He is the guest of his uncle, Mr. Charles Beckwith.

Mrs. Wm. Fenety presented her husband with a son, last Sunday.

Mr. Robert H. Rainsford met with a very painful accident while driving, Saturday afternoon, which will confine him to his home for some weeks.

Rev. Nells Hansen passed through the city this week en route to his home in New Denmark, where he assisted in an interesting event—the marriage of his sister.

Mrs. Cowan, daughter of the late William Needham, arrived here Thursday. She is the guest of Mrs. Fenety, Linden Hall.

Mrs. Alexander is in St. John; the guest of Mrs. deSoyres. When she returns, I understand, Mrs. deSoyres will accompany her.

A quiet wedding will be solemnized in the Cathedral, Tuesday morning. The contracting parties are well known and popular.

Mr. A. G. Beckwith, of this city, went to St. John today.

**MONCTON SOCIETY.**

MONCTON, Dec. 5.—I have heard a few rumors of parties lately, but—with one exception—they have all ended as they began; in the fervid imaginations of the dear young folks who are getting tired of inaction and nervous lest the moths should get into their dress coats, or their lace dresses become creased from being folded up too long. But notwithstanding all this, there will be very little in the way of gaiety until after Christmas. Everyone is too busy to think of aught but the inevitable rush of work the holidays always bring. A few days and we shall all be staggering under loads of fragrant spruce and fir, the chilly fastnesses of the schoolhouse, pounding our fingers with the murderous and blood-thirsty tack-hammer—most deadly of all weapons—smearing our best cloths with balsam, risking our lives on rickety ladders, and yet, after all, having such a delightful time, that we would not exchange it for all the alms in the world—for what old man, or old woman either, is there, to whom the smell of spruce is not a sort of sacred incense, recalling, as it does, the days of their youth and some of the happiest hours of their lives spent in "trimming the church!" But this is a digression. I started with the intention of telling you about the one party which did really come to a focus, or rather will do so this evening. It is a dance, given by Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Schmeer, at their pretty residence on Alma street, and will, I am sure, be a great success. It will be a large party, though rather an informal one, the invitations having only been issued on Monday.

Miss Lyons, of Halifax, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. John Lyons, of Highfield street, returned home on Friday.

Mr. George V. McInerney, of Richibucto, spent last Wednesday in Moncton.

Mrs. King, of St. John, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. J. H. Beddome.

Mr. J. J. Wallace, division superintendent of the I. C. R., at Truro, was in town Wednesday and Thursday last week.

Mrs. T. V. Cooke is absent from town at present, visiting her sister in Boston, which makes just four of our Moncton ladies who are brightening the "Hub" with their presence at the present moment. Indeed, I must confess, that we are growing uneasy about Miss Harris. We have missed her bright face from our town for so long that we are lonely without her, and if the Bostonians should attempt to keep her, we contemplate organizing an invading force at once and bringing the already strained relations between Canada and the United States to a climax, without further delay.

Mr. M. G. Teed, of Dorchester, was in town Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Hanington are getting settled in their new abode on Church street, and we are beginning to wonder how soon we may venture to call.

Mrs. David Dickson paid a short visit to St. John last week, going down Saturday afternoon and returning Monday.

Mrs. E. A. Borden returned last Thursday from a fortnight's visit to St. John.

Mr. Robb, of the chief superintendent's office I. C. R., has gone to New York for his holiday trip.

Mr. J. L. Black, M. P. P. of Sackville, was in town Friday.

The next excitement we have to look forward to is the performance of *David Kirk*, which takes place on the 20th. Miss Harley, of Newcastle, who takes the leading part, comes down tomorrow to attend the final rehearsals. She will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Butcher.

I am happy to say that Mrs. Estey is very much better, so much so that if nothing unforeseen should occur she will soon be herself again. She has had a hard battle, for I believe her friends had very little hope of her recovery all last week.

Mr. Benedict still lingers in Washington, detained by the serious illness of his father, and I trust that when he does return it will be to stay, and not to make arrangements for a final departure, as we have been fearing. We cannot spare either Mr. or Mrs. Benedict. As a clever child once remarked, "Nice people are so scarce."

Mr. Henry Hanington of Dorchester was in town Monday, visiting friends.

Mrs. C. P. Harris and Miss Short went to St. John yesterday.

Miss Hanington of Dorchester is in town, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. S. McKean.

Our friends of the Reformed Episcopal church are about to lose their popular pastor, Rev. T. W. Winfield, who has accepted a call to Ottawa. Mr. Winfield has made many friends among all denominations, since he came here, and he will be greatly missed. He is a gifted musician, and an eloquent preacher, and his future congregation in the dominion capital are to be congratulated upon their choice of a clergyman.

And now permit me to tell your young

lady readers, many of whom are doubtless at their wits' end to think of a Christmas present for their gentlemen friends—particularly those who do not smoke—which shall be pretty, and at the same time useful, of a charming present one of my lady friends showed me the other day, under a strictest seal of confidence, and which I fell in love with on the spot. It was called a "dress shirt shield," and was intended to go on just before the dress coat and protect the immaculate embroidered shirt front, and at the same time the wearer's chest from winter blasts. It fastened around the neck with a strap, and was made of soft black silk, lined with quilted satin of pale blue tint, and with the wearer's monogram embroidered on the front in forget-me-nots, and it was altogether lovely and useful. The lady in question had made it for her fiance and I envied the happy man very much indeed.

Mr. Archibald is quite well again, so well indeed that she has gone to Rockland, Me., for a fortnight's visit. I fancy she will scarcely get back much before Christmas.

I believe we are to have another acquisition to Moncton society in Mr. and Mrs. Boggs, who intend spending the winter at the "Brunswick."

Dr. A. H. Chandler, of Dorchester, is spending a few days in town.

Mr. Chauncy Chandler, of the Chignecto ship railway, is in town today.

NEW AND BEAUTIFUL CHRISTMAS CARDS, BOOKLETS, GIFT BOOKS, POCKET BOOKS and FINEST GOODS, at lowest prices, 89 King street, D. McArthur.

**TURNER & FINLAY,**  
 12 King Street,  
 and 11 Charlotte Street.

Two Handkerchiefs that strike the key note in Cambrics—at 4 cents. Hemstitched, with borders printed in twenty or thirty styles—dots, splashes, dots, spots and stripes, at 20 cents each.

Manufacturers have outdone one another. They do every year.

This time the outdoing is a big stride ahead of anything in the past. We have the Handkerchiefs of more than a dozen of the foremost Linen workers of the old world. Handkerchiefs for misses and women. Handkerchiefs for boys and men. Original designs, marvels of fineness, wonders of cheapness.

Embroidered. Hemstitched and Embroidered. Printed and Embroidered. Fancy Diced. Reversed and Embroidered. Scaloped; Embroidered and Diced. Colored. Plain White. Figured Mourning. Solid Mourning.

**HOSE.**

DOMESTIC MADE.  
 GIRLS, BOYS AND LADIES,  
 9,000 pair at 25c. and upwards.  
**Black Cashmere.**  
 PART OF A BANKRUPT STOCK.

We are going to do something in HOSERY beyond what we have ever before in this country. We will sell in the next few days 2,160 pairs of

WOMEN'S HOSE (full regular make) for 30c., 35c., and 50c. a pair.

All Black Ribbed Scotch made Cashmere. Sale will open with the opening of the store this morning, and there is no limitation. You can have one pair, or dozen or a hundred pairs, if you want them.

Also: Children's Combination Shirts, 1 year to size, 70c. to \$1.10.  
 Gents' Scotch L. W. Union Knitwear; All parts of above stock at only \$1.50 a garment; worth \$2 to \$2.25 each.

**WOODSTOCK WHISPERS.**  
 WOODSTOCK, Dec. 5.—Mr. W. G. Gaunce is visiting friends here this week.

Dr. M. C. Atkinson, M. P. P., Bristol, made a flying visit here last week.

Mrs. Robert Smith and family leave for Boston, next week, where they intend to reside. They leave many warm-hearted friends here, who wish them every success in their new home.

Mr. Jarvis Stinson, of the American Express Co., and Miss Aurilla, second daughter of Mr. G. W. Vanwart, were married this morning at McAdam Junction. The happy young couple went thence to Portland, Me., their future home.

S. S. Cards, large assortment, opened this week, at McArthur's, 89 King street.

**NEWCASTLE ECHOES.**  
 NEWCASTLE, Dec. 6.—Miss Smith, of Shediac, has returned home, after a few weeks' visit to her friends.

Miss E. Brown, of Chatham, is spending a few months at Mr. Cassidy's. She is a general favorite.

Mr. Carruthers, teacher in the academy here, is going into the drug business.

Our popular dentist, rumor says, has of late been converted, and is soon to make a favorite teacher happy.

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

**Macaulay Brothers & Co.,**  
 61 and 63 KING STREET.

**Rich Black Dress Silks,**  
 IMPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR CHRISTMAS TRADE.

**Black Faille Francaise Silks.**  
 They are the richest, softest and most durable Dress Silk yet produced, being of a beautiful soft-finished Cord, and well adapted to the present mode of Draping and Plaiting.

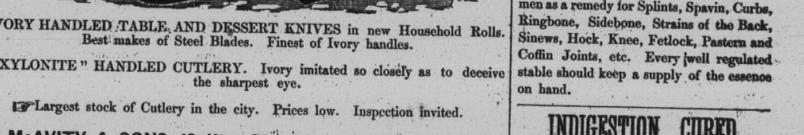
WE GUARANTEE every Dress sold of them by us that they will not CUT, SLIP in the CORD, or Gloss in wear.

There is no more elegant or acceptable Christmas present to a lady.

Any Presents bought from us can be held and delivered Christmas Eve or when desired.

P. S.—During the month of December, we will prepay freight or expressage on all purchases of One Dollar or upwards within a radius of 200 miles. Mail orders have prompt and careful execution.

**MACAULAY BROS. & CO.**  
**English Cutlery.**



IVORY HANDED TABLE AND DESSERT KNIVES in new Household Rolls. Best makes of Steel Blades. Finest of Ivory handles.

"XYLONITE" HANDED CUTLERY. Ivory imitated so closely as to deceive the sharpest eye.

Largest stock of Cutlery in the city. Prices low. Inspection invited.

**T. McAVITY & SONS, 13 King Street, - - - St. John, N. B.**

**Christmas Presents.**

**For Ladies.** DAVENPORTS, DESKS, WORK-BASKETS, SEWING TABLES, MUSIC CABINETS, FANCY TABLES, CARPET ROCKERS, OTTOMANS, FOOT RESTS.

**For Gentlemen.** BLACKING CASES, SLIPPER STOOLS, FOOT RESTS, EASY CHAIRS, RATTAN CHAIRS, QUAKER CHAIRS, BOOK RACKS, BOOK CASES, CARPET ROCKERS.

**For Children.** GALLOPING HORSES, WAGONS, CARTS, WHEELBARROWS, SNOW SHOVELS, SLEIGHS, BOARD SLEDS, FRAMERS, DESKS, TABLES, CHAIRS, DOLLS' CARRIAGES, " BUREAUS.

**C. E. BURNHAM & SONS, 83 and 85 Charlotte Street, - - - St. John, N.B.**

**CLIMAX Ranges and Cooking Stoves.**

A FULL LINE OF THE ABOVE INCLUDING THE **CLIMAX**, the leading RANGE in the market. Every one wanted.

COOKING STOVES—Wood and Coal; HEATING STOVES—In great variety; FRANKLINS, TUDERS, RED CLOUDS, MASCOYS, SILVER MOON, ETC.

We would specially bring to the notice of purchasers that we are Manufacturers and cannot only furnish REPAIRS, but are in a position to give extra value.

Repairs Promptly Attended To.

**HENDERSON, BURNS & CO.**  
**ALFRED ISAACS.**  
 69 and 71 King Street,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Choice HAVANA and DOMESTIC CIGARS.

**PHOTO. ALBUMS,**  
 BEST VALUE—LEAST MONEY.

Inspection invited. Call early for Bargains, at **JENNINGS', - - 171 Union street.**  
 N. P.—Another supply of National Policy Jam just received. Secure a pot; it won't last long.

**JOHNSON'S FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.**

Cures Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Postmalaria, Rheumatism, Stenosis at the Lung, Hoarseness, Influenza, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, Cholera, Malaria, Dysentery, Chronic Diarrhoea, Kidney Troubles, and Spinal Diseases.

We will send free, postpaid, to all who send their names, an illustrated Pamphlet, and these who send for it will never after thank these lucky stars.

Most wonderful Family Remedy Ever Known.

**ANODYNE LINIMENT**

THE LATEST SOCIALIST PUBLICATIONS.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE TO **The New York Labor News Co.,** 23 East Fourth Street, New York City.

Do not give up your horse till you have tried Fellows' Leeming's Essence. It will cure Spavins, Ringbones, Curbs, Splints, Sprains, Swellings and Stiff Joints. PRICE 50 CENTS.

**Fellows' Leeming's Essence**

For Lameness in Horses, stands pre-eminent above all preparations used by Horsemen as a remedy for Splints, Spavin, Curbs, Ringbone, Sidebone, Strains of the Back, Sinews, Hock, Knee, Fetlock, Pastern and Coffin Joints, etc. Every well regulated stable should keep a supply of the essence on hand.

**INDIGESTION CURED.**

**Fellows' Dyspepsia Bitters** are a sure cure for Indigestion, Jaundice, Bilious Complaints, Bad Breath, Sick Headache, Heartburn, Acid Stomach, etc.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

**GRAND Millinery Sale**

OF THE FINEST MILLINERY GOODS, AND SALE WITHOUT RESERVE.

Trimmed and Untrimmed Bonnets and Hats AT UNHEARD OF PRICES.

Those having not yet purchased would do well to visit

**MME. KANE'S Store,** 205 UNION STREET, where they are certain to be suited.

1888. FALL and WINTER 1888.

Just Received per steamer "Danara"—**LATEST LONDON STYLES**—

**Stiff and Soft Felt Hats.**

CHILDREN'S FLUSH CAPS; T. O'SHANTER CAPS; HAVELOCK CAPS; ALMA CAPS; CORDUROY in all colors; Ladies' and Gents' CLOTH CAPS in newest shapes; Ladies' and Gents' GLOVES in Kid, Buck, Fur, Woolen, etc.

Low Prices. **ROBT. C. BOURKE & CO.,** 61 Charlotte street.

**Dispensing of Prescriptions.**

Special Attention is Given to this very important branch.

Medicines of Standardized Strength used. By this means reliable articles will be supplied, and in each case compounded by a competent person.

Prices low. **WM. B. McVEY,** Dispensing Chemist, 185 Union Street.

**A. & J. HAY,** 76 King Street.

Spectacles, Watches, Clocks and Jewelry. JEWELRY made to order and repaired. WEDDING RINGS guaranteed 18 K. Enc.

**DAVID CONNELL,** Livery and Boarding Stables, Sydney St.

Horses Boarded on reasonable terms. Horses and Carriages on hire. Fine Fittings at short notice.

THE LATEST SOCIALIST PUBLICATIONS.

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AN HOUR ON THE ICE.

OR, THE POET PHILLIPS AND THE CHILDREN.

How They Had a Happy Hour, Practising New Movements—How Tommy Cotter Saw and Balked—The Melancholy End of the Sport—A Winter Idyl.

When the photograph was taken from which the engraving below was made, the poet Phillips had enjoyed a great day.

Seventeen merchants had responded to his profane demand for the loan of a post-stamp, nine citizens had given him each three cents to cross the ferry, and after imbibing nine several drinks, he had six cents left over.

It was under the stress of enthusiasm aroused by the drinks and the possession

of so much capital that he started for Lily lake to show the young folks how to skate.

They were ready to take lessons.

Tommy Cotter, who had happened that way with a load of liver and bacon, sneered at the efforts of the bard.

The sport went merrily on for an hour. Once during that time the poet stumbled on his face, and his nose burned a hole through the ice, so that the skaters thought themselves obliged to put up a "Danger" sign.

Still everybody was happy—the poet most of all. He taught the children fancy figures such as they had never dreamed about. His own was the most fancy one of all, but the excitement ran so high that nobody noticed that.

It is saddening to reflect that such a happy gathering had an untoward ending—yet thus it was fated to be. In the midst of his most dazzling display, the poet Phillips, who had wandered from his beaten track on the ice, fell in a moist place.

He gasped feebly, pressed his hand to his forehead and stared wildly around.

"You never told me that there was water here!" he moaned. "I haven't come in contact with water for nineteen years!" And he fell fainting on the ice.

The gentlemen who are seen at the extreme left of the picture are on their way for a sloven to take the unfortunate man to the almshouse. Arrived there he will be disintegrated, fumigated and given a bed in the stable—if the other cattle don't object.



SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.) BORDER JOTTINGS.

St. STEPHEN, Dec. 6.—"The time for swapping presents," as Mr. Nye cheerfully designates the Christmas season, draws on apace, and the majority of our young ladies are busily engaged in trying to solve the problem of doing 24 hours work in twelve hours, with what results the 25th of December will decide. Our town however, is wearing a most un-Christmas-like aspect. The sun peeps out occasionally on a dismal expanse of mud and ice, and truly a good descent of the beautiful snow would be, to use a rather antiquated simile, as welcome as the flowers that bloom in the spring.

I am told that a play is projected by the ladies of Trinity, and will be put before the public in a few weeks.

Mr. M. L. Young of Vanceboro made a flying trip to St. Stephen, on Friday last, returning by Saturday's train.

Mr. Clewly Stevens has obtained a situation in Boston, and gone to swell the number of St. Stephen boys already at the Hub.

Mrs. J. M. Murchie has returned from a several weeks visit to Boston.

Major Tilton, deputy minister of marine, was in town on Thursday of last week.

Miss Alice Cullineth left this morning to visit friends in St. John.

Miss Alice Stevens leaves home this week for quite an extended stay in St. George, Woodstock and St. John.

Mr. Chas. Grant has been confined to the house for some time, suffering from the effects of a severe fall, but his many friends are pleased to see him again at his place of business.

Mr. Fred Stewart has also been obliged of late to carry a substantial staff having given his ankle quite a severe twist by a fall on icy pavements in St. John.

A most commendable undertaking and one which will doubtless be crowned with success, is the children's private charity sale to be held tomorrow at the residence of Mr. C. H. Clerke.

Rev. Mr. Harrison spent Sunday in town.

CHATHAM BRIEFS.

CHATHAM, Dec. 5.—Miss Mary Harrison, of Woodstock, is the guest of Mrs. George E. Fisher.

Miss Carrie Knight, of Musquash, is paying a visit to her friend, Mrs. Russell.

Mr. Theo. DesBrisay has recovered from his late accident and is able to attend to his business again.

Mr. Walter Miller was in town last week, taking leave of his friends previous to his departure for Russia. Mr. Miller intends opening extract works in Russia.

Mrs. A. A. Anderson entertained her numerous friends, last Friday evening, with whist and dancing.

There was a very enjoyable "at home" at the residence of Mr. D. Ferguson, last night.

Mr. R. H. C. Benson leaves next week for an extended trip to Vancouver and the Pacific slope.

ROYAL.

DORCHESTER DOGS.

DORCHESTER, Dec. 6.—Court sessions always make a little stir in Dorchester, as, probably, in most other shire towns in the province. A number of outside lawyers are generally present at the opening, and our own contingent swells the crowd very considerably. Among the strangers this term I noticed Messrs. Harvey Atkinson, Geo. P. Thomas, J. A. Harris, R. B. Smith and R. W. Hewson, of Moncton; Messrs. T. A. Kinnear and H. A. Powell, of Sackville, and Mr. W. A. Russel, of Shediac. Both Judges Botsford and Wedderburn were in attendance.

Mr. G. B. Fowler, who has been taking a vacation trip for some weeks, returned home on Friday. Mr. Wells has also returned from Baltimore, looking and feeling better for his visit.

Mr. Mason, agent of the Halifax Banking company at Truro, and Mr. A. E. Cogwell, accountant at St. John, have been in town as witnesses in a civil suit at present being tried in court.

Hon. Senator McLellan was in town last week.

Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Landry gave a very pleasant drive-whist party Thursday evening at their residence on Mechanic street. A large number of guests were present, including several from outside places, and all were delighted with the evening's entertainment.

Mr. R. W. Hanington is visiting friends in Fredericton.

Post Office Inspector King was in town last week. It is to be hoped that he pointed out to our officials that something might be effected in the way of improvement in both the arrangement and the management of our office.

Miss Peters has gone to Boston to take charge of one of the public hospitals there.

Mrs. A. J. Hickman has gone to St. John to spend the winter.

Mr. J. R. Campbell is again at home, enjoying a short holiday before going to work in St. John. He intends opening an office in Ritchie's building, and will no doubt do as well as he deserves. He looks much better after his long stay in Fredericton and Yarmouth.

THE SHIRE TOWN OF KENT.

RICHMOND, Dec. 5.—A circulating library is about to be established in Richmond. Such an institution should be heartily supported by all our citizens.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry O'Leary threw their hospitable doors wide open last night and the youth and beauty of the town assembled to enjoy a good time, and to do honor to the good things prepared for them by their kind hostess. Dancing and other amusements were the order of the night.

Among those present were: Miss Miller, Miss Hudson, Miss Ferguson, Miss Phinney, Miss J. Hannah, Miss Caie, Miss Annie Ferguson, Miss Florence Caie, Mr. Fred Ferguson, Mr. Abbott, Mr. Harrison, Mr. Carman Bliss, Mr. Wm. Forbes, Mr. David Hudson, T. C. Weeks, M. D., and Mr. Edward Brown.

Mr. Walker C. Miller leaves for England today en route for Russia, where he will reside. Walter was a special favorite and will be greatly missed.

Mrs. Almon is here visiting her daughter, Mrs. J. M. Upham Bliss. She will probably remain the winter.

Mr. Maurice Holleran has returned from Tignish, P. E. I., where he had been sojourning for the good of his health.

Mr. Frank Curran, of Moncton and Master Harry Curran are visiting at the Union.

Capt. Barker and Mr. Joseph Weeks were in town this week.

Mr. John Beattie, of the I. C. R., and Miss Mary, daughter of Mr. J. McPherson, were married at New York on Wednesday by the Rev. Mr. Cameron. The many friends of the bride and groom will join in congratulating them and wish them every happiness this life affords.

LEILA.

Always Something New and Useful.

This may be truthfully applied to Messrs. Estey, Alwood & Co's efforts to place before the buying public the latest articles made in rubber. The mill supply season being almost over, and the demand for belting being somewhat lessened, they are now devoting their energies to rubber goods generally. Rubber shoes are a specialty with this firm and the variety kept is something wonderful. Among their specialties are the popular Paragon and Stanley overboots for ladies, and the Longwood, Brunswick, and Hub, for gentlemen. They are also opening some choice rubber garments from London, that ladies should see, as they are the latest London styles. Gentlemen also should buy the new sewn and taped tweed coats, in new materials. This improved method of making waterproof coats prevents giving away at the seams, and makes rubber clothing the most desirable to buy. They are also opening Christmas specialties, among which are some large rubber dolls that must delight the heart of any child that is fortunate enough to receive such from Santa Claus, or otherwise. No doubt this firm would be pleased to see all the readers of this paper.

—Advt.

What "National Policy Jam" is.

One of PROGRESS' advertisers, Mr. D. J. Jennings, 171 Union street, sent a small parcel to this office Wednesday, which when opened was found to be a pot of "National Policy Jam." One of the staff began to fool with the article and was rewarded for his pains by the top flying open and a very noisy imitation bust of Sir John A. Macdonald popping out. No further explanation was needed for the queer name.

"WHILE THERE'S LIFE," ETC.

The Seasonable Souvenirs Some of Our Manufacturers Send.

A little black boy, as naked as the law allows, decorated with bows of orange ribbon, looks down from the wall upon the desk of one of the writers for PROGRESS. He—the boy—is black because he has never used the St. Croix's Soap company's granulated brand. That's the inference conveyed by the pretty placard.

Portraits of Dora Wiley, Annie Pixley, Agnes Herndon and Irene Verona come from Stewart's soap works. Each of these fair ladies wears an inviting smile and "recommends you to try" Maple Leaf soap.

Misses Pixley and Verona like it so well that they left most of their clothes off, when they were photographed, to show how it operates. Misses Wiley and Herndon have only washed their faces with it, apparently, but the result is dazzling. Almost any girl would be willing to use a ton or two of the soap if it would make her face look like Dora Wiley's.

The Messrs. Stewart send out also some very fetching comic cards and a set representing the flags of China, the United States, Mexico, Turkey and Spain—the inhabitants of all which countries use Maple Leaf soap, of course. The most attractive of their advertising publications, however, is a calendar for 1899, which is introduced by a plump and pleasing person of the feminine gender. This young lady is evidently of a reserved and retiring disposition, yet every man who falls in love with her sweet face will surely take courage from the thought that, "While there's life there's soap."

They Went to Law About It.

Andrew Malcolm purchased some coal, a few days ago, and the cartman who hauled it to his residence charged him 30 cents for the job. Mr. Malcolm found fault with the charge and refused to settle. He was sued for the amount, Thursday. Both plaintiff and defendant allege that it is not the money but the principle that is at stake.

BOVINE LIQUID FOOD

All chronic, wasting diseases are the result of bad digestion or attended with it; and the great result to be accomplished first is to correct this defect. Nervous Debility and Neuralgia are often the results of nerve starvation. The weary hours of pain and the sleepless nights of those suffering from nervous diseases are but the beseechings of the exhausted nerves for food. Having these facts before us, medical science points us in the direction of a food suited to the digestive condition of the sufferer.

I have given Liquid Food to patients for months with signal benefit, especially in complicated cases of Dyspepsia and Nervous Debility of long standing.

It adds much to the nutrition of the patient, overcomes the constipation, subdues the nervousness by increasing the strength, and is just the amount added which is required to secure success.

B. N. TOWLE, M. D., Boston, Mass.

BOVINE LIQUID FOOD.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

6 Oz. Bottle, 60c. 12 Oz. Bottle, \$1.00.

Oysters.

—IN STORE—

65 bbls. Hand-Picked P. E. I. Oysters; 10 kegs Pickled Pigs' Feet; Spiced Lamb's Tongues.

—FOR SALE LOW AT—

J. ALLAN TURNER'S,

No. 3 North side King square.

OYSTERS delivered on the half shell.

Orders for hotels and families promptly attended to and shelled to order.

New In the Time

to be on the look out for choice presents that you feel satisfied may gladden the hearts of those near and dear to you, a few weeks hence, and probably there is nothing more acceptable, so endearing, liable to be so enduring, and keep you in such fond remembrance, as an article of solid gold or silver, and now that jewelry is becoming so very fashionable again, and the styles so chaste, attention is called to the most beautiful stock of new goods of the latest patterns just opened at the store of W. Tremaine Gard, 81 King street, under the Victoria hotel, who, being a manufacturer of such articles, knows from practical experience just what he is offering for sale, and warrants it just as he represents.

The new and beautiful goods consists of a splendid assortment of gold and silver watches, chains, fobs, bracelets, bangles, necklets, lockets, brooches, bairpins, lace pins, cardrops, nubs and rings, sleeve buttons, links, collar and bosom studs, and a grand assortment of set and hand finger rings, of all first-class styles, at low prices; solid silver articles in table ware, napkin rings, etc.; opera glasses, spectacles and eyeglasses, together with a fine display of diamonds and other precious gems, which can be set in any style to order on the premises. Do not forget the address, and please call before purchasing elsewhere.

Exhibition Free

—OF THE— PRODUCTS

—OF—

Manitoba, The Northwest Territories and British Columbia.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY EXHIBITION CAR will be at

ST. JOHN STATION, MONDAY, Dec. 10th, 10 a. m. to 5 p. m.,

—AND— TUESDAY, Dec. 11th, 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.

ALL ARE CORDIALLY INVITED. DON'T FAIL TO SEE THE PRODUCTS OF 1898.

Patronize Home Manufacture.

CARL C. SCHMIDT,

Who was Manufacturing Jeweller for the Sheffield House and General Trade for many years, and who received his experience at some of the

PRINCIPAL FACTORIES IN EUROPE,

WILL BE FOUND AT 67 KING STREET.

A Large Stock of Jewelry always on hand.

DIAMONDS and OTHER PRECIOUS STONES RESET at the shortest notice.

WEDDING RINGS all sizes; all prices.

Also, IMPORTERS of WATCHES and CLOCKS.

All kinds of JEWELRY manufactured in the highest style of art.

Orders promptly attended to.

A large supply of MOONSTONES just received.

PROGRAMME

—FOR— CONCERT!

—BY— St. Jude's Church Association, Dec. 11.

1. Opening Address.....The President

2. Mixed Quartet.....Miss E. Burridge, Mrs. F. Dodge, Mr. J. A. Coster, Mr. Chas. Stackhouse.

3. Reading.....Miss C. Burridge

4. Clarinet solo.....Mr. Chas. Coster

5. Reading.....Rev. J. O. Crisp

6. Duet.....Miss E. Burridge, Mrs. F. Dodge

7. Reading.....Mr. John C. Leonard

8. Flute solo.....Mr. Fred. R. Linde

9. Reading.....Miss Margaret Ellis

10. Song.....Miss Coy

11. Piccolo solo.....Master G. Dunham

12. Male Quartet.....Messrs. F. Linde, A. Coster, J. Leonard, C. Stackhouse, J. Leonard.

God Save the Queen.

Do You Want Help in Your Christmas Entertainment?

HERE YOU ARE.

HOLIDAY ENTERTAINMENTS!

Embracing a Large Variety, And only 30 cents.

We have now our full stock of CHRISTMAS CARDS and NOVELTIES in, and we solicit inspection, as we have the largest and best line in town.

MORTON L. HARRISON, 99 KING STREET.

MOORE'S

Almond and Cucumber Cream,

—FOR— SOFTENING AND BEAUTIFYING THE SKIN.

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

An excellent application after shaving. PRICE—TWO CENTS A BOTTLE. Sample bottles free on application. Prepared by G. A. MOORE, DRUGGIST, 100 Brussels St. cor. Richmond.

T. T. LANTALUM,

Auctioneer, Broker and Commission Merchant, 6 and 8 SOUTH SIDE MARKET SQUARE.

FURNITURE SALES: Sales of Goods of all kinds, Bonds, Stocks, Fruits, Produce, Morning Sales, Afternoon Sales, Evening Sales. Business in every shape wanted, and personally attended to; moderate charges; quick returns. Dry Goods and Clothing a specialty.

T. T. LANTALUM, 6 and 8 (South Side) Market Square, St. John, N. B.

SKINNER'S Carpet Warerooms 58 KING STREET.

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

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

A. O. SKINNER. COME AND SEE THEM.

The Finest Holiday Goods I have ever shown.

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

Fancy Goods, Numerous Gift Books, Holiday Souvenirs.

COME AND LOOK AT THEM.

ALFRED MORRISEY, 104 KING STREET.

McCAFFERTY & DALY.

THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS CONSIST IN PART OF

LADIES' ULSTERS AND JACKETS, (Tailor made); MISSES' ULSTERS, in seven sizes; LADIES' CASHMERE HOSE; LADIES' and CHILDREN'S LAMBSWOOL HOSE; LADIES' LAMBSWOOL VESTS, three sizes; GENTLEMEN'S TOP SHIRTS; GENTLEMEN'S FLANNEL SHIRTS, our own make; GENTLEMEN'S SHIRTS and DRAWERS (Canadian), from 25 cents; SCOTCH LAMBSWOOL SHIRTS and DRAWERS, in several qualities. EXTRA GOOD VALUE.

Two Cases Latest Style London-made Ties and Scarfs.

These goods are very choice in their different qualities, and we offer them at LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

McCAFFERTY & DALY, Cor. King and Germain Streets.

Boys' and Girls' Own Annuals; GIFT BOOKS; Photograph and Autograph Albums; POCKET BOOKS; CHURCH SERVICES.

A FULL ASSORTMENT AT T. H. HALL'S, 46 and 48 King Street.

HATS. HATS. MANKS & CO.

Would ask the attention of buyers to their Stock of Men's Fine Felt Hats, OF LATEST STYLES.

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

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

You Will save Money

BY CALLING AT 167 Union Street

FOR YOUR BOOTS and SHOES,

Fancy Slippers bottomed and custom work promptly attended to.

PRICES LOWER THAN THE LOWEST. S. H. SPILLER.

NOW OPEN FOR INSPECTION.

A COMPLETE STOCK OF STANDARD WORKS, BOYS' BOOKS, GIRLS' BOOKS, CHILDREN'S BOOKS, CHRISTMAS CARDS, BOOKLETS, WRITING DESKS, PORTFOLIOS, ALBUMS, BRASS GOODS, TILE WARE, etc.

J. & A. McMILLAN, 98 and 100 Prince Wm. Street, - - St. John, N. B.

Boys Get Your SKATES and HOT AIR TOYS

BEVERLY'S.

WEATHER STRIPS will soon be required. BEVERLY has them.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

You can get your Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry Repaired IN FIRST CLASS ORDER

—AT— MARTIN'S JEWELRY STORE, 167 Union Street.

DELICIOUS HOT COFFEE

—AND— CREAM

—AND— Rowntree's Elect Cocoa, SERVED FROM CHASE & SANBORN'S FAMOUS COFFEE URN,

—AT— GEORGE ROBERTSON & CO'S, Up-Town Store - - 50 KING STREET.

A. P. BARNHILL, Attorney-at-Law, etc.

OFFICES - CORNER PRINCESS AND PRINCE WILLIAM STREETS, ST. JOHN, N. B.

VOL. WHY A FOR THE The First Canadian-Freemason And Noted Progress itself. It goes pages—the maritime pul It contain St. John's p It shows St some, well-a modern time It displays business ann firms of our business com been compell times its pres For the inf who will res give some id gotten up. It is easy to the bottom of the fairest kin John of the pr trations; to st business stre handsome as a size in the wo true repres that of the can intended to be zens of St. Jo good it may. To answer tion, How, is task. The pho printer and pr the magnific people. All credit is ful artist, M time ago succe photographic eye and his c representation public today. business bette and courteous gness has foun person who giv Then the en knows how t which the Elec pany of New Y tion. They h of the most modern engravi mand, they h handsome illus Ever since it str ago, PROGRESS tomer of this c always been of actor, and what even a weekly been promptly The editors of better pleased w the Electro-Lig As they say the have been given assertion, 1,000 ordered to their sent as samples breadth of the U In their latest PROGRESS, dated We will ship the to say we feel con illustrated paper ev from what we ha the printing will be the cuts to advan pains to make the wo than usually done fo feel that we could h our abilities than f write you to strik before our intention to papers in the States harm as it will proba Trusting you will m ery deserves, (Signed) ELK These are very from the largest er United States. The merchants unite in giving the engraving. The composing large. It is small with the comparati command that f printer, Mr. Jame night and came occasion with the paper ever issued i When "Billy" M competent pres- Telegraph, undero pressions of the grass, he understo perfecting press the being anything mo stand and feed 45, single-cylinder Pot which at no time c task, especially whe