

BYGONE DAYS RECALLED

AN OLD TIMER'S REMINISCENCES OF PEOPLE AND EVENTS.

Assistant Alderman Gay and Some of His Exploits—His Interest in the Folks at Loch Lomond—How Some of His Jokes were Turned Upon Himself.

VII. If Needham as Alderman was strong in character and left his impression upon the old Council Board, our other friend Assistant Alderman Gay (it is not required that I shall come any closer to his real name) was no less remarkable, for his many idiosyncrasies, not so much in the discharge of his public duties as in his character as a citizen, like Yorick, a man of infinite jest and thoroughly good humor, overlying a heart full of benevolence and kindness towards his fellow-man.

Our friend took a great interest in the colored race, especially the descendants of Ham residing at Loch Lomond, with the names of every resident man, woman and child he was quite familiar. There was a colored caterer named Sorley, whose pastry shop was situated on Princess street, about where Brackett's dye works are now conducted.

Sorley was the great gun among the gentry in attending to their dinner parties, arranging the table and providing the viands, and the liquors, and so forth. This shop was the rendezvous of the colored folks, when invited in squads of a dozen at a time by our friend Gay, when he desired to have a performance for his own and his friends' gratification, an account of one of which will serve as an illustration.

He would have present half a dozen of the oldest women, and as many more of the oldest men, mixed up with the more juvenile portion of the population. He would then call upon Nancy Jones for a song. As not one of them, perhaps, ever sang a note, poor Nancy was no exception to the rule. But sing she must, whether she could or not—and the more she resisted, Gay would labor her over the shins, with a stout cane, which he always used as his wand of authority.

At length, Nancy, finding there was no getting clear, would set up a squeal, and kept on squealing louder and louder, with every stroke of the cane, which Gay applied with a view of keeping up the excitement. He would then make one of the old men go through the same performance, while the cane had a wonderful influence in accelerating the poet's motion.

The next performance was to make them all dance, while he himself would furnish the music by whistling, of which he knew about as much in shaping a tune as the darkies did about dancing. He would have them all upon the floor at the same time, and cane any he found lagging, or not lively enough in their motions. The whistling and the stamping of feet, and the laughter and noise generally, rendered the whole scene so terribly ludicrous, that it generally took us the whole night to get over it.

After indulging in these freaks for some time he would march all the performers, two and two, into a large back room, in the centre of which stood a table supplied with plain eatables, and mits and socks, and warm clothing for the winter, just coming on, suitable for male and female, children included. He would then mount the table and disburse its contents, calling upon each by name to come and take, as he handed the articles. This was certainly a strange combination of cruel fun and benevolence exhibited, the like of which it would be hard to find anywhere, and for the reason Gay was an exceptional character—a man with a big streak of humor running through every fibre of his nature, and a big heart to back it up, and nobody was displeased; even the darkies themselves always showed a willingness when wanted to come forward and be made a spectacle of, when they knew there were so many good things in store for them, provided by Massa Gay.

On one occasion he, with several friends, went for a day's outing into the country, some miles distant. There were no railroads then. The landlady of the inn was a tall, stout body, with a mouth capable of enunciating vociferously, and the thought struck Gay that he might have a little fun at her expense. On approaching her to order dinner for six, he placed his open hand behind his ear, as if deaf, and the lady of course had to raise her voice to meet his case, he pretending not to hear even then, she shouted as loud as she could, when Gay for the first time pretended to understand her. When the party were all seated at dinner, our hero occupying the head of the table, the lady entered with a large tureen, and shouted as loud as she knew how—"Mr. Gay, will you take pea soup first?" This shout was the climax to the joke. Every one roared, while the lady dashed down the tureen and swartwounded as fast as she could from the room. She, however, got square with her tormentor—for in presenting her bill there was an item charged, "\$2 for carryin on," which the jolly company thought it best to pay, although they did not hesitate to say it was a pretty expensive joke. They took no more pea soup at that house.

One evening I was present in the corner room of the old St. John Hotel (kept by the Messrs. Scammell) directly over the

shop now occupied by D. G. L. Warlock, head of King street, South corner. This room served as an office and place of meeting every night for certain outside gentlemen, fond of conversation and something else. Our friend Gay was present, indeed he was one of the habitués of these bonhomie quarters. We all used to smoke—in fact we didn't know much unless we knew the difference between a Richmond and Havana cigar—cigarettes and pipes were not recognizable at all among us. In the course of one evening a stranger made his appearance, an American gentleman, who seemed to be acquainted with one of our company, who introduced him all round, and when he came to our friend Gay, the latter asked the stranger very politely if he would allow him to light his cigar by his—of course the stranger with equal politeness handed Gay his cigar, and on returning it to the gentleman he managed to do it in such way that it came in contact with one of the gentleman's fingers and burned him, when our friend very politely begged his pardon—as was very sorry—he would excuse him, etc. etc. It was one of Gay's practical jokes, and although we could not help smiling at the temerity, we all alike sympathized with the stranger, who thought it best to put on the best face possible and not get cross. Conversation went on. Glass after glass of the real Monongohala boiling hot, disappeared, while wreaths of smoke curled up and pervaded the close atmosphere and jollity reigned supreme. But as the best of friends must part, so was it with the company, for we had got into the "wee sma' hour ayont

same. The whole town seemed to be filled with red stockings, and looked for the time like a Cardinal City. Our friend Gay thought he would come to the rescue and free the town of this red stocking incubus. He accordingly bought up all the red stockings he could procure—called a meeting of his colored friends—they were more numerous than that now, they were more hand cartmen, a good stout, able bodied set. Who of our old folks does not remember Moody, a six footer and fine specimen of a man! Gay arranged about 20 of these citizens in red stockings and sent them through the streets, and in order to emphasize the ruse, he had some of them put in an appearance in the vicinity of the officers' quarters, Lower Cove. It was all fun for the darkies, for they were not only paid for turning out, but each got a good, comfortable, warm pair of overalls. The result was, Her Majesty's officers were placed hors-de-combat, and appeared no more upon the public streets in red stockings. Their adversaries, on the contrary, stuck to theirs until they were worn out, fashion or no fashion, regimental or otherwise.

DISCOURAGED IN HIS REFORM.

The Story of a Certain Attendant at One of the Moncton Churches. Who shall dare to say that Moncton is not a religious town, in spite of the profanity of its small street boys? Why even the very dogs attend church with as much regularity as circumstances over which they have no control will permit, and it must be a cold day when no canine worshiper makes

speaking, lying, etc., he can at least raise the moral tone of his character by keeping his little busy paws from picking and stealing. So he goes to church regularly, meditates over his past sins, and forms good resolutions for the future. Last Sunday was a field day for Jeremiah. He arrived in good time. Some five minutes before service began, and after an exhaustive search of the "chancel" and vestry for possible rats, he devoted his spare time to clearing off the arrears of his visiting list, and paid visits of congratulation and condolence to his many friends amongst the congregatio, shook hands gravely with a few particular friends of the family, who manifested a desire to clasp one honest paw during the day, and finally settled down for a peaceful snooze.

But, alas, for brown-eyed Jerry! Not all his gravity of demeanor and reverence of attitude could save him from the hand of the spoiler. He was sitting far more quietly than most children sit in church, soaking in sound doctrine and good theology through every pore of little white and tan skin, when one of the averse circumstances referred to above overtook him. It assumed the form of a leading church member, who arose in all the majesty of his office as vestryman, and grasping the unsuspecting Jerry by what is vulgarly called "the scruff of his neck," he bore that offending pup down the centre aisle, in full view of the assembled congregation, with his trim little legs dangling just off the ground, and every nerve quivering with indignation.

Not a sound escaped the victim. He bore his wrongs in silence, only a faint and far titter like "the sigh of summer lightning" broke the silence. But there was a look of grim determination about the clear cut lips of Jeremiah as he passed my seat that told me the work of months had been undone. His reformation had been arrested in mid career, and if that vestryman possessed any creature that wore fur or feathers they were marked out for slaughter as surely as if Jeremiah had been a leading member of the Clan-na-Gael. Probably, ere this his revenge has been accomplished. Thus is many a noble nature thrown back upon itself and warped for life by one act of cold, cruel tyranny, which crushes every generous impulse and withers every flower of poetry in our hearts. GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

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the twal." Then came the hand shaking all round. But when the stranger came to the parting with our friend Gay, he held his hand as if in a vice, and the way he squeezed that hand for a moment or two, was quite palpable to us all—for he brought Gay down upon his knees, groaning in agony. There was more pain in this grip than the stranger had experienced in his burnt finger—and it was all done so politely too. The stranger departed in good humor, grim satisfaction betokened upon his countenance. But Gay did not recover the use of his hand for some days, for his fingers were so red and jumbled together that he found it hard work to unravel them. This was a quid pro quo which our friend did not calculate upon; it was a second edition of the pea soup revenge, only a little more pungent. The Regimental Officers fifty years ago, when stationed in St. John, had a penchant for disporting themselves in odd ways. During sleighing times their turnouts were got up in the most grotesque styles—such as robes representing the living animals—a bear, a fox, a buffalo, or what not. In their attire in going through the streets they would appear like Indians, or bandits, or Russians. And then the young men of the town would attempt imitations, as far as they dare do it—for "the boys" would be down upon them and hoot them as they passed along. On one occasion these gallant sons of Mars took it into their heads to appear upon the streets, the snow being pretty deep, in long red stockings, or overalls, coming up to the hips. Some of the young fellows thought they should do the

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 News and opinions on any subject are always welcome, but all communications should be signed. Manuscripts unsolicited to our purpose will be returned if stamps are sent.
 EDWARD S. CARTER,
 Publisher and Proprietor,
 Office: Masonic Building, Germaln Street.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DEC. 28.
 CIRCULATION, 6,200.

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

WHAT ABOUT THE LIGHT?

Does anybody know what has become of the city's resolution to have the streets properly lighted? Some time ago tenders for the work were asked for and received, but there the matter appears to have ended. It has been remitted to the Public Works Department, which appears either to have forgotten about it, or to have given it a six-months hoist. In the meantime the city is poorly lighted.
 The intention of the council, if it ever does anything, is said to be to have the lights burning for 365 nights in every year, except leap years, when they will burn 366 nights. That is, whether the moon is supposed to shine or not the citizens will have the benefit of the illumination, and it will be as safe to walk around Sunday evening as at any other time.
 Heretofore, the peculiar system has been to suppose that on a certain number of nights in each month, rain or shine, the moon was quite sufficient for all illuminating purposes. After a century or so of experience, this theory has been found to be an erroneous one. Then, too, the old time supposition was that every citizen ought to be home before midnight, and when the electric lights were introduced this idea still prevailed. As a result, just at the time when a belated pedestrian most needs a light for guidance and protection, he finds himself in darkness.
 So, too, a deep and dangerous gloom has been cast over Sunday after sunset. On that night women and children go to and from the churches to stumble along as best they can in darkness. Every light which it is possible to extinguish, on the streets and on the houses, is made to keep the Sabbath and rest from its labors. Even the hotels, in most cases, draw down their front blinds, so that no ray of light can reach the street. Only the Jews in the cigar shops come to the rescue of the Christians on the streets. There seems to be an idea that it is wicked for the city to look cheerful on Sunday.

If the common council ever decides to do anything, these evidences of old-time ideas will probably be removed. But the council is evidently not in a hurry. Perhaps they have busied the matter so deep that no one can find it.
SOMETHING ABOUT WHISKEY.
 Just at this time of the year there is a good deal of drinking. Perhaps there is not as much as there has been in former years, and perhaps there is. There is more than there ought to be of drinking in its worst form. And that form is standing up at a bar and swallowing the stuff that is dealt out by the bar-tender.
 A good many people drink under the idea that "it is a poor heart that does not rejoice at Christmas." They have a good time on the eve or the night of the holiday, but the next day they don't feel quite so tummy. They have been drinking bad whiskey, for which they have paid a price which should have ensured a pure article.
 The Kentucky colonel who said that there was no bad whiskey—some kinds might be better than others, but they were all good—spoke from a local standpoint. He had never been in Portland, Bangor, Moncton or Musquash. There is bad whiskey as well as every other kind of bad liquor in St. John. There ought not to be. If the law permits the sale of it, it should protect the consumer, as it does in any other branch of trade.
 It is not probable at present that there will be prohibition in this portion of the world. The example of the state of Maine, where the worst liquor in America is sold, would be enough to prevent such a thing, even if there were no other reasons. The people of cities of any size will have their drink, good or bad, law or no law, until they are educated, rather than legislated, into a different way of thinking. The best thing that the law can do is to prevent, as much as possible, the worst effects of the traffic.
 So far, the chief aim of the government, civic or otherwise, is to make money out of the business. Its inspiration is the cash which it collects from the dealer, and pocketing this, it gives itself no concern as to what he sells. He may take alcohol, turpentine, white vitriol or whatever he

pleases, and drug his wares until they become absolute poisons. There is no law to prevent him, and no law to punish him. The reply of the prohibitionist to this is that men are served right in getting such stuff, because they should drink no liquor, good or bad. This may be correct from his point of view, but it is neither sound reason nor Christian doctrine. The fact remains that men do drink and will continue to drink, and that the government is likely to encourage their drinking, so long as it pays it to do so. The fact is that while the government takes all it can out of the traffic, it does not see that the people have important rights which it ought to feel bound to respect. It makes it an offence for a man to sell liquor at five minutes after ten, but until ten o'clock arrives he can sell whatever he pleases, so long as his customer is not killed outright from the effects of it. A man may expire as soon after as he pleases, and an intelligent coroner's jury will put the blame on him, with a verdict of "died from the excessive use of intoxicating liquor."
 The law is scrupulously careful to have an inspector of leather, of fish and of many other things in which it fears the public may suffer by fraud. An exhaustive bulletin on the analysis of cream-tartar has just reached us from Ottawa, and presently there will be a bulletin about black pepper or something of the kind. It is also admitted that liquors are adulterated—and dangerously so—but no attempt is made to expose or punish those who are guilty of selling such stuff. Yet "doctored" liquor works infinitely more harm than adulterated cream-tartar, pepper, mustard, coffee or lard. The government does not give value for the money it makes out of the traffic.
 What is needed in the liquor traffic, since the governments claim the right and have the power to deal with it, is an inspection law, such as will punish those who violate it. It should be as much a crime for a man to poison his fellows with whiskey as it would be to poison them with anything else. And the punishment should "fit the crime," in the way of fine, imprisonment, and possibly of hanging. That is the way for the government to deal with the question, since it undertakes to regulate the traffic in all other respects.
 There is ample room to do away with many of the evils of intemperance, without seeking after impossible ideals. The habitual hard drinker may not be the best specimen of a citizen, but he helps to support the state, and is entitled to the state's protection.

Judging by the way the *St. Croix Courier* is ready to impute the most malicious motives to its contemporaries, the editor must have a pretty small mind. PROGRESS innocently published a news item in regard to the difficulty of getting a landlord for the *St. Stephen* hotel, upon which the *Courier* accuses it of a "fling" at the town. There was nothing of the kind. The town is all right, except that it is unfortunate in having a champion with such an unhappy disposition. The item in question was founded on the statement of a responsible man, and was published merely as a piece of news. If the condition of things is any better than was stated, PROGRESS is glad to hear it. It would be pleased, also, to chronicle an improvement in the disposition of the *Courier* man.
 In Halifax, the other day, a man was found guilty of robbing the Sunday school contributions boxes, and there was probably a good deal of virtuous indignation at what was considered a mean, not to say sacrilegious act. The papers now say that his wife is in a very destitute condition, which would seem to be a reasonable explanation of his crime. An eminent ecclesiastic has given his opinion that a hungry man is justified in stealing bread, and a good many people agree with him. The Halifax man may have taken the money to buy whiskey, but if not and want of food was his excuse, the church, rather than the courts, should have taken him in charge.

PEN AND PRESS.
 The *Canadian Nation* is the name of a Third Party paper published in Toronto. The first number "is dated several weeks ahead, to give time for early orders, arrangement of mailing sheet, etc." Isn't the Third Party itself dated several years ahead?
 The Christmas number of the *Chicago Horseman* is a magnificent publication of 96 pages, splendidly illustrated with full page and other engravings of famous horses. The reading matter is of a kind to interest every admirer of the turf, and there is enough of it to employ the mind until long after the snow is gone. The *Horseman* is a very complete publication at all times, but on this occasion it has excelled itself.
 Benjamin H. Day, the printer who founded the *New York Sun*, in 1833, died last Saturday. The three great things for which he will be remembered are: He introduced the low-priced newspaper; he set a new standard of news interest and he "invented the American newsboy." His works do follow him.
 Mr. J. G. Carter Troop, who has been manager of the *Trinity University Review*, Toronto, has been appointed editor in chief. He will retain the position of manager.
 The *Evangelical Churchman* took a wise precaution in labeling the pictures in its Christmas number with the names of prominent clergymen. If it had been left to the imagination of the public they might have been taken from men of another stamp.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.
A Voice from South Wharf.
 TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: As one of the merchants of the South Wharf, I would ask you as a favor to give some of the people of the same place a little send off in your next issue for doing business on Saturday afternoon; for I think any man who means enough to do so deserves it. True, we have been down every Saturday afternoon ourselves, but have always refused to sell goods when called upon to do so, but it is a good chance to get the hooks straightened out. I do not care so much for what the other people who keep open may pick up, but think if it is continued it will break up the half holiday altogether.
 St. John, Dec. 23. SOUTH WHARF.
Mr. Topping Will Remain North.
 TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: An article appeared in your paper, published two or three weeks ago, in regard to me going South for my health. I have no idea of going South, and you must know an item of that kind has a damaging effect upon a person's business.
 You will please correct the statement briefly in your next issue, and oblige me in future by not publishing my name in connection with any item in your paper. The item referred to I consider a damage to my business, and my physician never made such talk about the condition of my health at any time, nor ordered me South.
 Calais, Me., Dec. 23.



GOLDEN EAGLE FLOUR.
 DO NOT GET ANY OTHER.

SUNDRY HITS AND HINTS.
 Thank goodness, the papers are through with their Christmas editorials.
 Now that the holidays are passing, political predictions will be in order.
 The turkey jokes will have a rest now for nearly twelve months. So glad.
 The traditional newsboy's address is becoming a thing of the past, and none too soon.
 The post office employees are exceedingly glad that "Christmas comes but once a year."
 The new York Press hits the mark pretty straight when it says that the "shortest" day is the next after Christmas.
 If the Christmas festivities did not take place until after the New Year's bills came in, there would be less money spent.
 It does not require a very rapid city to catch on to the Russian influenza. It has reached Portland, Me., and Halifax.
 Now that the McDonald trial is over, people can devote more time to the discussion of the standard topic of the weather.
 Talmage is making a collection of pieces of stones from ancient and famous places. He has the faculty of getting "lots of rocks."
 It is hard to say whether the conventional Christmas story, or the average Christmas editorial, contains the more monotonous chestnuts.
 Now that the name of a man who drew one prize in a foreign lottery is known, it would be interesting to have a list of St. John patrons who have not drawn prizes.
 Rev. H. A. S. Hartley does not seem to court publicity as much as he did before the ghost episode. Perhaps he is meditating some new aid astounding sensation.
 The growing popularity of curling, as an amusement, is a healthy sign. Its great points are that it is really scientific recreation without any chance of gambling or rowdiness.
 Between the American who lauds the virtues of the deceased Jeff Davis, and the one who writes a letter to rejoice at his death, there appears to be a wide diversity of opinion.
 "Despite the backward season," there is an abundant crop of original verse this year. A number of pieces are under consideration in this office. While others have been sent to the machine shop for repairs.
 "La Grippe," as the name of a new style of sleeping influenza is called, has had travelling around Europe since 1510, and has only now come to America. That shows how much our boasted civilization is behind the times.
 A New York man has figured out that Hell has a population of 175,000,000,000. He has not attempted to classify the inhabitants, but the per-centage of lawyers and money lenders may be guessed near enough for all practical purposes.
 According to the local paper there are exciting times in Albert county. Charles E. Knapp is out as a candidate, a "temperance drama" is on the boards at Oulton hall, a barber shop has been opened at Albert and one of the natives has discovered seven stray geese.
 A Halifax city tramp refused a drink out of a bottle offered him by a stranger, because it looked suspicious. The fluid was afterwards found to be a mixture of belladonna and chloroform. Such a drink might have hurt a Halifax man, though it would have been only a mild tonic to a man from Moncton.
 This is one of the Halifax ideas of being charitable at Christmas time: The charitably disposed "enjoyed themselves this afternoon by throwing cents out onto the street, where they were scrambled for by a crowd of white and colored boys. A shower of cents was generally followed by a bag of flour or a shower of rotten nuts."
 Thomas A. Edison, who knows as much about electricity as any one who did before the ghost episode, has been successfully accomplished in cities by using a current not strong enough to burn a human being. According to him, there is no need of a current strong enough to take life. This is "important, if true," as the local papers would say.

RANDOM RUBS.
 It Is Not So Dry.
 Doting Father—And how is my son progressing in classes?
 Professor, (dryly)—Pretty fast I should say. You see he's given up Latin for Scotch.
 Perfectly Unanimous.
 First Expert—You're a liar.
 Second Expert—You're another.
 (This is the only point they were agreed on. They ought to know.)
 The Law Has Its Terrors.
 Judge—Little boy, do you know the nature of an oath?
 Sammy—Year.
 Judge—Where will you go if you don't tell the truth?
 Sammy—Pa says that if I ain't good he'll send me to Halifax to live with aunt Lucy.
 Judge—Appears to me, Mr. Solicitor, this boy knows the nature of an oath.
 A Decided Opinion.
 His Honor—Have you formed such a decided opinion in this case as would prevent you from attending to the facts and weighing the evidence?
 Grocer on the Panel—I have, Yer' honor.
 His Honor—Well you may retire.
 Grocer on the Panel (aside)—In Christmas week my decided opinion that Ioter be attendin' to biz and weighin' out perwisions.
 Evening Up Matters.
 Employer—John.
 Foreman—Yes, sir.
 Employer—Give each of the men a turkey for Christmas dinner, with my compliments. And say, John?
 Foreman—Yes, sir.
 Employer—Be sure you get it in the papers, eh?
 Foreman—Yes, sir.
 Employer—And say, John?
 Foreman—Yes, sir.
 Employer—Beginning the first of the year, you know there's to be a 10 per cent. reduction in wages all round, do you understand?
 Foreman—Yes, sir.

THOROUGHLY QUALIFIED.
 Lawyer—Shall we proceed with the case now, yer' honor?
 Judge P.—Ugh. Ugh. Seems to me—ugh—I ought not to try this case. Ugh. Ugh. I have a cousin—a third cousin—connected by marriage—ugh, ugh—with a distant branch of the family of the plaintiffs. Ugh. Ugh.
 Lawyer for Defence—We are all prepared to go on. We would be perfectly satisfied with your honor.
 Judge P.—No; I think you'd better get Judge F. to try the case. He's got no relatives. Ugh. Ugh.
Sweet William.
 Small Boy—I'm gon' to shoot my sister, and then I'll be hung.
 His Horrified Ma—Why, Georgie, how can you talk so?
 Small Boy—Cos it would be nice to be hung by Mr. Pagsley. He's so awful polite. Cos he'd say, "Excuse me, Georgie, dear, but would you be so kind as to permit me to close your windpipe, my son?"
Trite But True.
 German Teacher (to pupils)—"Der erly bird catches dot worms." Now, rat lesson mine poy do you gadder from dot passage?
 Little Hans Blinker—Der lesson was dis—dot worms got up too soon.
 Teacher—Gorrect. Hans, you was a smart poy. Come teach der class yourself.

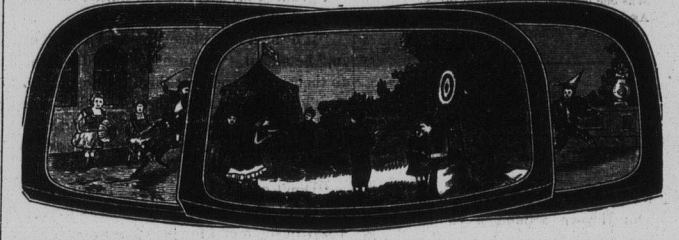
A Sure Calculation.
 Araminta—But I will be a sister to you, Algernon. You will come and see me just the same, won't you?
 Algernon (Tragically)—When thunderbolts and icebergs wait the tropics hand in hand, when all that is in with all that ought to be, when the wheels of Time shall wobble from their course and bend their exit in Eternity, when Chaos and Oblivion their sombre wings spread over all Infinity, then maiden fair thou'lt see this wretched being once again! (Exit Algernon, suddenly).
 Araminta (Pensively)—O my. He won't be back for a whole, whole week. I know he won't. Cicily! Cicily, do you hear me? Come put my hair in curls.
 BILDAD.
"Progress" Gets There.
 In speaking of the things which are making the city well and favorably known abroad, the *Telegraph* says:
 Every day some one or more of our exchanges has an article on "St. John's Progress," "St. John Awake," or with some such caption. The dock and harbor improvement scheme has already operated as a big advertisement for our city and receives frequent and favorable notice in western journals.
 PROGRESS, while thanking the *Telegraph* for this "compliment of the season," modestly hopes that it will accomplish even more in this line next year.
Cause and Effect—on the Public.
 "Tomorrow, Christmas day, *The Daily Thundergust* will not be issued. A happy Christmas to all."—City paper.
Bargains in Booklets, New Year Cards, Albums, Bibles, Prayer Books, at McArthur's, 80 King Street.

JUST THINK OF IT.

WE ARE CLEARING A LINE OF
Wool Dress Plaids, at 19 cts.
 FORMER PRICE 30 CENTS.

Just the thing for Children's wear. The patterns are new this season, and have only to be seen to be appreciated. The quantity is limited. So come early.

BARNES & MURRAY.
 1889. NEW YEAR'S. 1890.



CHILDREN'S TRAYS;
 BRASS AND COPPER TEA KETTLES;
 CAKE COOLERS; "KEYSTONE" WHIPS;
 GRANITE AND AGATE TEA POTS;
 NIGHT LAMPS; NURSERY LAMPS;
 CAKE PANS, CAKE BOXES;
 SELF-WRINGING MOPPS;
 And all the LATEST NOVELTIES in our line.
 Which we are offering at our usual Low Prices—the lowest in the market.

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

A choice NEW YEAR'S PRESENT FOR YOUR MINISTER.
 Read what a Leading Merchant says:
 I have now been using the "Caligraph" purchased from you for one year, during which time it has never been out of order, nor cost a cent in any way. I can write much faster than with a pen, with much less exertion, and giving better results. I am fully satisfied with the choice I made in buying a "Caligraph" after having examined all the leading machines in the market.
 D. GRAHAM WHITTEN, Antigonish.
 SEND FOR CATALOGUE. ARTHUR P. TIPPET & CO., Sole Agents.

GREAT REDUCTION IN THE PRICE OF PIANOS, ORGANS, AND SEWING MACHINES, FOR THE HOLIDAYS, At W. H. BELL'S, 25 King St.
 Instruments sold on Installments. Pianos and Organs to hire. Please call and examine before purchasing.
 W. H. BELL, 25 KING STREET.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.
 A. R. Stover's Only and Original Boston Ideal Uncle Tom's Cabin Company was so awfully bad that it would be a waste of time and space to write about it.
 It is a pretty hard matter to criticise the performances of the members of Price Webber's Comedy Company. If an attempt is made to test them by the standard rules of dramatic art they will be found sadly wanting, but at the same time it must be admitted that they are at least entertaining. *Aurora Floyd*, a very good play in its way, was the opening piece. It was my intention to have left at the end of the first act, for I had seen the play before, but I found myself so interested that I remained until the close; indeed, it was quite a compliment to the company that not a single person left the hall until the curtain descended on the afterpiece. The whole merit of the entertainment consisted in its evenness and good balance.

Miss Edwina Gray, in the title role, was strong and sympathetic, though she often times strains for effect, is a little too theatrical, while her elocution is somewhat preachy and unnatural.
 Mr. Webber is not an actor; never was, never will be, and never tries to be. He knows his patrons, and they know him. He defies stage rules, but brings down the house every time, and they are pleased. What cares he for legitimate comedy when those who pay to see him would sooner hear his local gags? Why should he confine himself to certain arbitrary lines of action when those whose entertainer he is would sooner listen to references to Musquash and Leary's dry dock?
 J. K. Mills has a good stage presence and a strong voice, but makes every word a mouthful, so that it is often indistinct and unintelligible; he is also stiff and amateurish. Wilson Benn made a fair James Conyers. Percy W. Marsh has a very disagreeable nasal twang, but it was not altogether out of place in the character of "sofly." Among the support Miss Clara Mathes is unquestionably the best. The rest of the cast had little opportunity for display.
 Jessie Yere, a new drama in this part of the world, was presented on Tuesday evening and at Christmas day matinee. It is of the highly sensational order. This was followed by two very old favorites, *The Lancashire Lass* and *Kathleen Mavourneen*.

Evidence of Enterprise.
 The enterprise of the New Brunswick press is well illustrated by a "majority number" of the *Moncton Times* and a "holiday edition" of the *St. John Progress*. The former is of 18, the latter of 30 pages, of large size, both beautifully printed on paper of excellent quality and full of illustrations of very high merit. These numbers are worthy of the reputation gained by the energy and enterprise of these papers.
It Was Too Cheap.
 The *St. John Progress* issues a very handsome 20 page Christmas number. In quality of paper, illustration, and from a literary standpoint, it is worth five times the nickel that is charged for it.—*Boston British American Opinion*.
It Was a Beauty.
 The handsome paper which reached our office last week was the holiday edition of PROGRESS. It was a beauty, mechanically and otherwise, and the publisher is to be congratulated.—*St. Andrew's Beacon*.
Nothing Like It.
 The Christmas number of the *St. John Progress* came to hand this week. It is a "thing of beauty and a joy forever." We have seen nothing like it as yet in the Maritime provinces.—*New Glasgow Vindicator*.
INFINITUDES.
 There is no limit to that unseen sea. No rest in all its space. Where wavelet ends Wavelet takes up its motion and impacts itself upon another; thus it is in the small drop of human life, where each bearing his burden for himself alone, Hinder or aids some unknown brother's toil, Knowing not to what end. That sea is Fate.
 There is no measure of that unseen life Whence springs the plummet of eternity; Before the marching of its measured haste Sands drop, suns fade and systems run their course. And yet it moves, moves not, with no pulse Marked by beginning, nor yet shall an end Be told by it. What men call Time is but The breaking of its thread. And life is less.
 There is no knowledge of that unseen cause That ever was, and is, and ne'er can cease. Beyond the mirror'd form of earthly self— Beyond the furthest star that eye can see— Beyond the fluttering pinions of our hopes— Thought after thought unfolds, yet leaves the cause Clearer but never known. That cause is God.
 St. John N. B., Nov., 1890. B. D. R.

SAID OF CHRISTMAS "PROGRESS."
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 St. John N. B., Nov., 1890. B. D. R.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

Wyndham Towers. By T. B. Aldrich. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Cloth \$1.25.

One of the latest issues of the Riverside Press is a new volume from Mr. T. B. Aldrich; and the first thing to strike one about the book is its dainty appearance, with white vellum back and green sides stamped in gold...

Wyndham Towers is a narrative poem in blank verse, about thirteen hundred lines in length. The time of the story is Queen Elizabeth's day, and the romance shows in the telling of it something of the grasp and verity of the poets of that wonderful period...

The poem is excellent Christmas reading. As a whole, it hangs well together; while lines of it here and there are most admirable...

Notes and Announcements. Saturday Night, of Toronto, says of W. W. Campbell's Lake Lyrics and other poems that they place him quite in the front rank of the younger poets of today...

Mr. A. Stevenson in his review of Lake Lyrics and other poems in Toronto Saturday Night pays Messrs. J. & A. McMillan the publishers a high but deserved compliment in the following paragraph:

In mechanical workmanship this volume is a credit to Canadian book-making and to the taste of the author. The type, the ink, the paper are all excellent, and the press-work and binding leave nothing to be desired...

The double Christmas number of The Youth's Companion is a gem. Between the artistic and delicately tinted covers are found contributions from the brightest writers in America...

For cramps, cholera, diarrhoea, summer complaint, use Kendrick's Mixture. Kendrick's Mixture, a positive cure in nearly every case. Sold by dealers. 25 cents.

THE MERRY HEART. As I toiled down a rugged road Life seemed so dreary; I had borne a heavy load And I was weary...

The Atlantic Monthly. The Atlantic Monthly, for January begins the year well. Among the chief features of interest are Mrs. Deland's Serial, Dr. Holmes' "Over the Teacups," and the first installment of Mr. Frank Gaylord Cook's series of papers on "Forgotten Political Celebrities..."

Dear heart prize well your wondrous gift. I blessed the gay brook for its song, And merry laughter...

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

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

HAMPTON. [Progress is for sale at Hampton station by T. G. Barnes, and Geo. E. Frost, and at Hampton village by Messrs. A. & W. Hicks.]

Dec. 24.—Rev. Charles E. Paisley and Mrs. Paisley spent Saturday in the city. Miss Carrie Hays, our popular school-teacher, left for her home in Sussex on Friday where she will spend the holidays.

Mr. C. A. Palmer was in town on Friday. Mrs. Colwell and Mrs. T. G. Barnes went to the city on Saturday.

Prof. J. Morley Tweedy, of Mount Allison, arrived home on Saturday, and will spend the Christmas holidays with his parents here.

Mr. and Mrs. George M. Wilson, gave a very pleasant party to a large number of their young friends at their residence on Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Humphreys and Miss Besse Bent visited the city on Saturday.

Mr. Mont. McDonald was among the visitors in town on Saturday.

Miss Maggie K. Barnes spent yesterday in the city.

A wedding is to take place at the Baptist church, in the village, this evening, when Miss Lulu Harris, daughter of Mr. Gilbert J. Harris, will be united in marriage to Mr. Frederick Graham, at present of Havelock, but formerly a resident of this place.

Mr. William Raymond and Miss Raymond have gone to the city today.

Judge Wedderburn was in St. John on Monday. Prof. Tweedy, accompanied by his sister, Miss Nettie Tweedy, are visiting the city today.

Dec. 26.—Mr. and Mrs. Edgar H. Fairweather, of Halifax, spent Christmas with friends at the village.

Mrs. Duke, wife of Rev. James A. Duke, passed peacefully away on Tuesday afternoon, after a short illness, surrounded by her husband and children.

Dr. F. H. Wetmore went to his home, in Bloomfield, on Christmas.

Mr. H. H. Fairweather, druggist, of Sussex, spent Christmas day with his parents, across the river, in Lower Norton.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Frost and Miss Carrie went to Norton, and spent the day with relatives.

SACKVILLE. [Progress is for sale in Sackville at C. H. Moore's bookstore.]

Dec. 26.—Contrary to the usual custom there was no service held in either the English or Methodist churches, but I am told there will be special music in both on Sunday.

Rev. Mr. Harrison was the surprised and happy recipient of laurels for one and gloves, presented by an appreciative congregation, who also remembered Mrs. Harrison with a \$20 bill.

Miss Emily, of the Enterprise, formerly waited on by Mr. Bedford Dixon and Mr. Kirkpatrick, Christmas eve, and presented to each a pair of very fine and expensive fur gloves.

Sackville has had an eruption of weddings, the cold appearing but to make Hyman's torch burn all the brighter.

Mr. J. J. Ayer went to St. John on Wednesday. Miss Mimie Estabrook returned from her long visit to St. John, much to the delight of her friends.

Mr. Henry Knapp came home on Saturday from Acadia college, for his holidays.

Mr. E. H. Mack, of the Halifax Banking Company, went to St. John on Tuesday to spend Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Fred Allison went to St. John on Monday, to spend Christmas with Mrs. Allison's mother, Mrs. W. B. Robinson.

Mr. and Mrs. Elyea, of St. John, are spending a few days with Mrs. Elyea's mother, Mrs. Bessie Dibble returned to Dorchester on Monday.

Mr. Herbert Crosskill, of Halifax, spent Christmas at Seneca Falls, Acadia.

On Christmas eve, Miss Cora Carter, daughter of Mr. John Carter, gave her heart and hand to Mr. Robert Crosskill, of Halifax.

Mr. Charles Scott is about to return home unscathed, the doctors being unable to do anything for him.

CERTAINLY, DECIDE TO BUY FOR YOUR FRIENDS

New Year's Presents!

Something Useful, Beautiful and Lasting. What can we get? Where can we get the best assortment of RATTAN FURNITURE? AT HAROLD GILBERT'S.

LADIES' ROCKERS in Cherry, Antique, Oak and Rainbow; GENTS' ROCKERS in Cherry and Antique Oak; LADIES' EASY CHAIRS in Fancy Colors; GENTS' LARGE EASY CHAIRS in Light and Dark Colors; LADIES' WORK BASKETS, in Cherry and Oak, Blue and Olive; \$4.00 Platform Rockers; Cabinets, Bookcases, Secretaries, Music Racks, Card Tables, Foot Rests, Clock Shelves, Carpet Sweepers, etc., etc.

The Number, 54 KING STREET.

PHYSICIANS

Who have used the various Emulsions of Cod Liver Oil, with which the market is flooded, and after prescribing ESTEY'S COD LIVER OIL CREAM, unhesitatingly pronounce it the finest preparation of the kind they ever used.

From Dr. J. F. BRINE, Richibucto, N. B.: I have prescribed your Cod Liver Oil Cream extensively during the past three years, and am prepared to state that no other preparation of the kind has met with equal acceptance at the hands of my patients.

Price 50 cts. Six bottles \$2.50. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Prepared only by E. M. ESTEY, Manufacturing Pharmacist, Moncton, N. B.

Assorting Season!

SEASONABLE GOODS IN STOCK.

- MANTLE AND ULSTER CLOTHS; BEAVER AND CURL CLOTHS; MELTONS, FLANNELS, BLANKETS; UNDERWEAR, CLOUDS, SHAWLS; FANCY WOOL GOODS; CASHMERE, MERINOS; GLOVES, HOSE; RIBBONS, VELVETS, WINGS; COTTONS AND SMALLWARES

TO ARRIVE: A Number of Clearing Lines very Low.

SMITH BROS.,

Wholesale Dry Goods and Millinery, HALIFAX, N. S.

SEASONABLE MEATS!

- BEEF, LAMB, MUTTON, FRESH PORK, TURKEYS, GEESSE, QUAIL, PICKLED PORK, HAMS, BACON, LARD, CHICKENS, DUCK, WILD TURKEYS, PRAIRIE HENS.

THOS. DEAN,

13, 15 City Market. Holiday Goods!

WE HAVE THE LARGEST AND BEST STOCK OF WATCHES AND JEWELRY

to be found in the Maritime Provinces. Call and examine for yourself.

FERGUSON & PAGE, 43 KING STREET.

GROCERS.

New Year's Groceries.

W. ALEX. PORTER'S. NEW VALENCIA, Valencia Layer and London Layer Raisins, New Currants, Prunes, Figs, Dates, New Citron, Orange and Lemon Peels, Flavouring Extracts and Syrups of all kinds; choice Confectionery, Nuts, Fruits, etc., with a complete line of staple and fancy Groceries.

Corner Union and Waterloo Streets, And Corner Mill and Pond Streets,

BONNELL & COWAN,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Fine Groceries AND FRUITS.

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

Flour and Feed Store.

Wheat, Flour, Buckwheat, RYE, CORN, OATS, BRAN, SHORTS, FROM THE BEST MILLS. Always on hand.

R. & F. S. FINLEY,

Sydney Street.

OYSTERS FOR CHRISTMAS WEEK

Shelled to order and sent to any part of the City, at 49, 50 and 60 cents per quart. At No. 10 North Side King Square.

J. D. TURNER.

NEW YEAR'S GOODS.

A FULL LINE OF Plush and Leather Goods with Oxidized, Silver and Celluloid Fittings.

DRESSING CASES, ODD CASES; MANICURE SETS, COLLAR and CUFF BOXES; WORK BOXES in every variety, at THOS. A. CROCKETT'S, 162 Princess St.

A nice lot of PERFUMES, in Fancy Boxes, suitable for PRESENTS.

JAMES S. MAY, W. ROBERT MAY, JAMES S. MAY & SON, Merchant Tailors, DOMVILLE BUILDING, P. O. Box 303, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Stock always complete in the latest designs suitable for first-class trade. Prices subject to 10 per cent. discount for cash.

GENERAL AGENCY FOR THE Province of New Brunswick OF The Commercial Union Assurance Co. (Limited), OF LONDON, and Phoenix Insurance Co., of Brooklyn, A. C. FAIRWEATHER, CHAS. J. TONNEY, Barrister-at-Law, General Agent, 5th-6th, BARNHILL'S BUILDING, ST. JOHN, N. B.

S. E. FOSTER & SON, MANUFACTURERS OF STEEL and IRON CUT NAILS, And SPIKES, TACKS, BRADS, SHOE NAILS, HUNGARIAN NAILS, Etc. ST. JOHN, N. B.

FREDERICTON PARK ASSOCIATION,

Fredericton, N. B. COLT STAKES. Foals of 1888 to be Trotted in 1890.

Foals of 1889 to be Trotted in 1891.

THE Directors of the above Association would announce the opening of the following COLT STAKES,

to be trotted for on their Track. Stakes will be open to Colts, either trotters or pacers, that have been bred in the Province of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia or Prince Edward Island.

The whole amount of entrance money and added money will be divided—50 per cent. to the winner, 30 per cent. to second, and 10 per cent. to third.

Stake No. 3. Open to Foals of 1888, mile heats, two in three in harness; to be trotted at the

FALL MEETING of the Association in 1890. Entrance, \$15.00 each, to be paid as follows: \$5.00 to be paid with nomination on or before 1st January, 1890.

\$5.00, second payment, to be made on or before 1st July, 1890. \$5.00, balance, on evening before the race.

\$50.00 will be added to the entrance money, by the Association, and \$25.00 additional will be given if the winner beats the best previous record on the Track for same class.

Stake No. 4. Open to Foals of 1889, mile heats, two in three in harness; to be trotted at the

FALL MEETING of the Association in 1891. Entrance, \$15.00 each, to be paid as follows: \$5.00 to be paid with nomination on or before 1st January, 1891.

\$5.00, second payment, on or before 1st July, 1891. \$5.00, balance, on evening before the race.

\$50.00 will be added to the entrance money, by the Association, and \$25.00 additional will be given if the winner beats the best previous record on the Track for same class.

General Conditions. All nominations must give name and description of foal, and breeding of foal named, and also the names and addresses of the breeder and owner.

Races will be governed by the Rules of the National Trotting Association. A Coll distinguishing the field will receive first money only.

Board of Directors. P. F. THOMPSON, President. D. P. GEORGE, Vice-President. J. A. EDWARDS, M. TERNANT, J. M. WILBY, HARRY BECKWITH, W. P. FLEWELLING, Sec'y. Fredericton, N. B., Nov., 1890.

REMARKS. The Directors think it advisable to continue these Colt races. While there is no money in it directly for the Association, the Directors think that it must be encouraging to breeders.

With the numerous well bred Sires now in the Lower Provinces, these stakes should be well patronized, and as they are limited to colts bred in the Lower Provinces, there will be no chance for parties to import colts with the special intention of winning these stakes.

The Directors trust that the breeders throughout New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and P. E. Island, will help to make these Colt Stakes a success. All entries received will be widely advertised, and complete lists of entries will be sent to each person naming a colt.

All communications should be addressed to W. P. FLEWELLING, Secretary. P. O. Box 73, Fredericton, N. B.

ALBUMS, TOILET CASES, WORK BOXES, BRONZE LAMPS, PLATED WARE, WATCHES and JEWELRY. Suitable for Presents. Cash or instalment. F. A. JONES, 34 DOCK STREET. SKATES! SKATES! All the different makes, at low prices, by J. HORNCASTLE & CO., INDIANTOWN.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

WE extend a cordial invitation for all to take a



LOOK OVER

our stock when wanting anything in our line. You will find us "straight up and down" about the quality and merits of our stock.



DON'T TEASE HIM

to buy unless he feels it his best interest to do so.

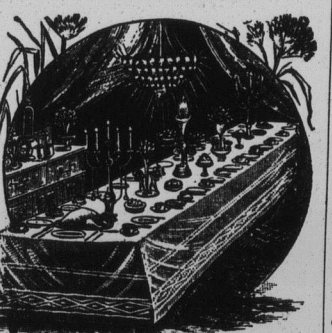
HUNTER, HAMILTON & MCKAY, 97 KING STREET.

DON'T YOU KNOW?

That PHILADERMA is an Eloquent Toilet article for the cure of Chapped Hands, Sore Lips, or any roughness of the skin; that its sale is enormous, and when once used you will never be without it. If not, buy a bottle from your druggist and

YOU WILL KNOW!

THE DELMONICO DINING PARLORS, Corner Germain and Church Streets. Seats Reserved for Ladies.



THE DELMONICO OYSTER CAVE, and BUSINESS MEN'S LUNCH COUNTERS, Entrance Church street. Always the best market affords, and everything in season. Oysters, Clams, Lobsters, Crabs, Chickens, Quail, Pigeon, Duck, Steaks and Chops.

BIBLES

NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS! WE have the full line of the celebrated Oxford BIBLES—both the plain and Teachers' editions—in all Bindings.

THE CHEAPEST BIBLES,

and especially selected FAMILY BIBLES. FOR SALE BY J. & A. McMILLAN.

Perfumery!

FROM WEST END TO LILY OF THE VALLEY. JUST OPENED—A choice assortment of the leading odors in plain, fancy and cut glass bottles (original), suitable for New Year Gifts.

Remember: MEDICAL HALL, R. D. McARTHUR, No. 59 Charlotte St. - Opp. King Square.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

fortnight with her sister, Mrs. Bouch, of St. John, returned yesterday, just in time to keep Christmas at home. Mr. J. F. Grant, of Cape Breton, brother of Mr. J. F. Grant, of the Bank of Montreal, is in town.

Little Miss Mamie Cooke seems to be having far more of the flu than flesh is heir to, especially for a poor little maiden of twelve years old. She has lately been suffering from pleurisy, in addition to or rather supererogating upon—rheumatic fever. However, I believe latest accounts more favorable, and that she is somewhat better, though very weak.

ST. STEPHEN.

[PROGRESS is for sale in St. Stephen at the book-stores of C. H. Smith & Co. and G. S. Wall.] Dec. 25.—Not for years have I heard of so many family parties at Christmas. Mrs. Frank Wetmore, of the family party with the usual family Christmas tree of which for years we have heard such delightful accounts. Sir Leonard and Lady Tilly dine with Mrs. Chipman, who has a small family party.

Mr. Frank Phillips, of Winnipeg, has been spending a few days with his sister, Mrs. Frederic Grimmer. Mr. Henry Graham has returned from Dexter, Me., and will remain in St. Stephen during the winter. Mr. Wilnot Brown, accompanied by his mother, Mrs. Catherine Brown, returned from Dexter on Sunday morning.

Mr. Charles McKenzie and Mr. Frederic Maxwell arrived home on Friday. Mr. C. H. Clarke and Miss Mabel Clarke visited St. John on Friday last. Miss Kate Melick is spending her Christmas holidays with her aunt, Mrs. C. H. Clarke. Miss Clara Bridges went to Fredericton on Saturday morning to spend the Christmas holidays.

SUSSEX.

Dec. 25.—Mrs. Arthur Sharpe, of Amherst, N. S., is visiting at her father's, Judge Wallace. Mr. and Mrs. E. Hickson, of Bathurst, are at the hotel for a short time. Mr. J. Sinclair, of St. John, has been visiting at Mr. and Mrs. Morrison's, on the Island. The many friends of Mr. R. H. Arnold, of Calgary, N. W. T., are pleased to see him in Sussex at his old home, again.

Subscription Agents for PROGRESS in Houlton, St. George, Kingston (Keas), Richibucto, Marysville. Liberal commissions given. Apply to EDWARD S. CANNON for sample copies and rates.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT. Established 1810. -UNLIKE ANY OTHER.- Positively Cures Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Colds, Tracheitis, Hoarseness, Coughs, Whooping Cough, Catarrhs, Influenza, Cholera, Scorbut, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Tooth-ache, Nervous Headache, Stomach, Lame Back, Swelling in Body of Limbs, Stiff Joints and Strains.

AS MUCH FOR INTERNAL AS FOR EXTERNAL USE. It is marvelous how many different complaints it will cure. Its strong point lies in the fact that it acts quickly. Heals all cuts, Burns and Bruises like Magic. Relieving all manner of Cramps and Chills.

\$100 AWARD WITH 5 Cent "WHITE CROSS" PACKAGE GRANULATED SOAP. To the person sending us the most certificates \$50.00 To the person sending us second highest number 25.00 To the person sending us third highest number 10.00 To the person sending us fourth highest number 5.00 To the next ten persons, \$1.00 each.

A pure, dry Soap in fine powder with remarkable cleansing powers. All grocers are authorized to refund purchase money if not entirely satisfactory.

Star Chop Tea

AT YOUR GROCERS IN 5lb. CADDIES.

Richibucto. His Preference. "Which cookies you rudder haf, meester; de wvones mid holes in de meedle or de wvones mid citron in de meedle?" "Av it don't malk any difference to yez, mum, o'll talk de ones wid de citron. O'm fonder of citron dan av holes, mem." —Harper's Bazar.

BIRTH.

SEYMOUR—In St. John, on Dec. 25th, the wife of Prof. Seymour, chiropodist, of a son.

A. O. SKINNER

WISHES HIS PATRONS A HAPPY NEW YEAR, and would inform them that his Stock for the coming Season of 1890, will be

One of the Largest and Best Ever Imported TO THIS CITY.

All the Novelties in Designs and Colorings. SHARP'S

Favorably known for upwards of forty years; it has become a household name. No family should be without it. It is simple and very effective. In cases of Croup and Whooping Cough it is marvellous what has been accomplished by it

BALSAM

In its use the sufferer finds instant relief. How anxiously the mother watches over the child when suffering from these dreadful diseases, and would not she give anything if only the dear little one could be relieved. Be advised of

HOREHOUND ANISE SEED.

and keep constantly on hand in a convenient place a bottle of this Balsam.

T. B. BARKER & SONS, Wholesale Agents, --- CONNOR & DINSMORE, Proprietors. SAINT JOHN, N. B. McCAW, STEVENSON & ORR'S PATENT "GLAZIER" DECORATION. A Perfect Substitute for Stained Glass.

New Designs in Window Shades and Wall Papers. F. E. HOLMAN, --- 48 KING STREET.

Public Notice.

THE undersigned having been appointed by the Common Council of the City of Saint John a Committee of said Council for conducting the sale of the Fisheries for the Eastern Side of the Bay, River and Harbor of Saint John.

TUESDAY, the 7th Day of Jan. Next, at Three o'clock in the afternoon, at the Public Hall, Market Place, in Guy's Ward, at Carleton, in the City of Saint John, for the fishing season of the ensuing year, to end on the Fifteenth day of August next.

T. NISBET ROBERTSON, ISRAEL E. SMITH, WILLIAM L. BUSBY, WILLIAM SHAW, WILLIAM D. BASKIN, JAMES O. STACKHOUSE, JOHN MCGOLDRICK, JOSEPH HORNCastle, GEORGE R. VINCENT, Committee of Common Council.

Mechanics' Institute, St. John.

NOW OPEN.

BOSTON COMEDY COMPANY, H. PRICE WEBBER, - - - MANAGER. Supporting the favorite actress EDWINA GREY!

VICTORIA Skating Rink!

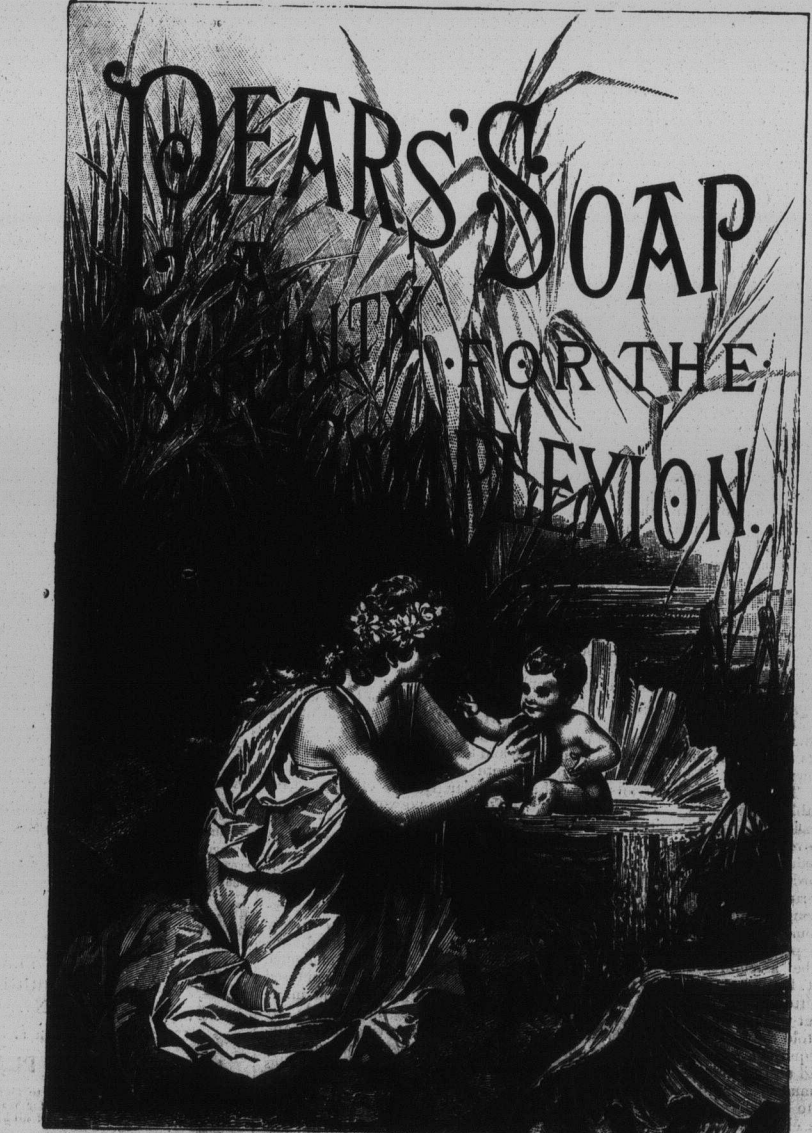
THIS RINK IS NOW OPEN FOR THE Season, and the Ice in Excellent Condition. Tickets at the following rates, may be had at the Secretary's office, 16 Rich's Building, Princess street, between the hours of 2 and 5 p. m., on and after TUESDAY, the seventeenth instant.

Table with 2 columns: Ticket Type and Price. Single Ticket to Shareholders, 5.00; Single Ticket to Non-Shareholders, 2.00; Shareholder's Family Ticket (admitting one), 6.00; Non-Shareholder's Family Ticket (admitting one), 2.00; Extra Tickets to members of family, 1.00; Ticket to Lady Shareholder, 2.00; Ticket to Lady Non-Shareholder, 1.00; Non-Resident Ticket, to a Lady, per month, 2.00; Non-Resident Ticket, to a Gentleman per month, 2.00; Shareholder's Promenade Ticket, 2.50; Non-Shareholder's Promenade Ticket, 1.50; Lady Shareholder's Promenade Ticket, 1.50; Lady Non-Shareholder's Promenade Ticket, 1.00.

Steam Ferry!

WILL be received until 25th JANUARY next, from persons willing to build, equip and operate a Steam Ferry Boat to ply between St. John and Point Pleasant, Lancaster, FOR A TERM OF YEARS.

For particulars please apply to the undersigned at his office, Indian-street. By order of the Indian-street and Lancaster Ferry Commissioners. JOSEPH HORNCastle, St. John, N. B., Dec. 28, 1889. Secy. Ferry.



DEARY'S SOAP FOR THE SKIN. A SPECIALTY FOR INFANTS.