

NER'S
Pareroms
STREET.

Manufacturers the finest lot of
Chenille Curtains
that will astonish my customers. THE
ES EVER QUOTED.

\$12 per pair;
ooman Curtain for \$6.50 per pair.
WINNER.
Own Annuals;

atograph Albums;
KS;
VICES.

ORTMENT AT
- - - 46 and 48 King Street.

TELEGRAPH

b Printing Rooms

anterbury Streets, St. John,
QUIPPED WITH
MOVED MACHINERY,
IN AND ORNAMENTAL TYPE, to which
has been made.

Invited to our extensive facilities for doing
OF PRINTING,
LUDING—
MPHLETS, CATALOGUES, CIRCULARS,
S, LAW CASES, NOTES, CHECKS,
ING, POSTERS, HANDBILLS,
ES, BONDS, MORTGAGES,
AND LEGAL FORMS,
and WEDDING CARDS.

attended to. Estimates on all kinds of Printing will be

HATS.

S & CO.

of buyers to their Stock of
Felt Hats, 22
STYLES.

Stock, Cloth and Felt—all grades;
S, KIDDY CAPS, Etc., Etc.,
ortment of ALL GOODS IN THEIR LINE.

STREET. - - - 57.

JAMES S. MAY. W. ROBERT MAY.
JAMES S. MAY & SON,
Merchant Tailors,
84 Prince William Street,
P. O. Box 303. ST. JOHN, N. B.

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

DIARIES.

Counting House Diaries,
OFFICE DIARIES,
POCKET DIARIES.
FOR 1889.

For sale by J. & A. McMILLAN,
St. John, N. B.

CHRISTMAS and SANTA CLAUS
Hold High Carnival
NINETY-NINE.

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

The Christmas Cards and Booklets surpass in
elegance any previous display and will
repay inspection. Call early, at
MORTON L. HARRISON'S,
99 KING STREET.

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

OFFICES:
COR. PRINCESS AND PRINCE WM. STREETS,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

AT IT AGAIN!
WRINGERS
50 cents a week.

F. BEVERLY, Germain Street
WRINGERS REPAIRED.

PROGRESS.

VOL. I., NO. 37.

ST. JOHN, N. B. SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1889.

PRICE THREE CENTS

MARIA ANNING'S GOLD.

WHO IS TO GET WHAT MAY BE LEFT
OF IT AT LAST?

Two Strange People Who Hoarded and
Scraped to Accumulate a Pile for Law-
yers to Fieck at—A Queer Story of Alleged
Fraud and Deception by Some One.

A polished granite monument stands at
the junction of two walks in the Rural
cemetery. It bears the name of Anning,
and beneath it rest the last of that family
who have lived in New Brunswick. It is
to be hoped they rest well. If the departed
are conscious of what takes place in the
world they have left, it is feared they do
not.

The monument cost about \$500. Old
George and Maria Anning would have made
that sum suffice for several years' subsist-
ence in their life, and had it ever occurred
to them that such a sum would be spent on
their graves, death would have been indeed
to them the king of terrors.

For, though worth the snug sum of
\$70,000 or thereabouts, they lived amid
silt, squallor and all the wretchedness of
paupers. They and all about them were
dirty beyond measure.

They dwelt in horrible seclusion. The
owners of some of the finest property in
the city, they were more wretched in their
surroundings than many a beggar. It was
currently believed that they had a pork
barrel filled to the brim with silver coins.
They had enough, and more than enough,
to provide themselves with every luxury,
yet they stinted themselves for the neces-
saries of life and clothed themselves in
filthy rags.

Probably the only clean water that was
put on the floor of the house for years
came from the hose of the firemen in April,
1886. Those who entered the house at
that time hastened with sickened stomachs
to breathe the outer air. They had en-
countered every conceivable kind of filth,
and every imaginable kind of stench.

Neither of the extraordinary pair had
ever married. They were the children of
John Anning, who died in 1868. From
him they had inherited much of the wealth,
and they had added to it from the rents
and profits for more than a score of years.
He had another son, John B. Anning, who
went to Philadelphia and was married many
years ago.

Young John Anning never claimed any
share of his father's estate, but when he
died at Philadelphia, in December, 1886,
he left two sons who were entitled to his
share, if the original estate were ever
settled.

Five months later, in May, 1886, George
Anning died at St. John. Some say the
excitement of the fire hastened his end, and
that he had worried over the loss of some
valuable, which he claimed were carried
off at that time. He left no will, and ad-
ministrators of the estate were appointed.
These were: Maria Anning, John Hop-
kins, Joseph W. Lawrence and Thomas J.
McPherson.

Maria appeared to take a new lease of
life when her brother died. She arrayed
herself in dresses which she had not worn
for years, and declaring that she had been
shut up all her life, ordered a coach in
which to pay visits to her friends.

About this time an advance guard of
lawyers appeared on the scene. There were
only two of them, A. A. & R. O. Stockton,
who were appointed solicitors of the
administrators. There are now "shoals"
of them, and each of them is looking for-
ward to a generous share of the dead miser's
money.

Seven months after George Anning was
borne to the tomb, his sister followed him.
Her life went out at Christmas time in 1886.
She left no will, and Robert McLeod,
another lawyer, appeared on the scene as
administrator of her estate. He represented
the children of John B. Anning, of
Philadelphia.

It was, however, found that she had, as
was claimed, been her own executor. After
her death the administrators of George
Anning produced a trust deed purporting
to have been executed by her in July
previous. By its terms she gave to Joseph
W. Lawrence, Thomas J. McPherson and
Alfred A. Stockton, as trustees, all the
lands and premises in St. John and vicinity,
and also all other property and money of
which she was possessed, to hold after her
death for the following purposes:

- One fifth for the Protestant Orphan Asy-
lum;
 - One fifth for the Public Library;
 - One fifth for Ellen McPherson, wife of
John McPherson of Sussex;
 - One tenth for the Society for the Preven-
tion of Cruelty to animals;
 - One tenth for the St. John Y. M. C. A.;
 - One tenth for the W. C. T. U.;
 - One tenth for the St. John Firemen's
Mutual Relief Fund.
- These proportions were to be ascertained
after paying all costs and commissions
against the estate.
- The deed made further reference to Ellen
McPherson. The fifth given to her was to
be paid immediately after Maria Anning's
death. She being thus positively provided

for, the remaining four-fifths were subject
to a charge for the support of the two
Anning children in Philadelphia, if in the
opinion of the trustees it was desirable to
allow such children such support. This
gave the trustees absolute discretionary
power, but for fear they should make any
mistake it was again distinctly stated that
no such deduction should apply to the gift
of the favored Ellen McPherson. It was
further distinctly stated that when the
money was finally devoted to the benefi-
ciaries, they always excepting Ellen McPherson,
should have only the income of the moneys
invested. Ellen McPherson was author-
ized to deal with her gift as she might
think advisable.

The deed further gave the trustees full
power as to the management of the estate,
and it allowed them the very liberal com-
mission of 5 per cent. on all that they re-
ceived and all that they paid out for every
purpose. They were to be paid for every-
thing they did, and paid well. They also
had power, in case of the death of one or
more of their number, to appoint some
favored individual in his or their place.
The whole number was never to exceed
three, probably because it was considered
that there was not a good living for more
than that number.

Whoever made the deed seems to have
thought that the trustees had not special
confidence in each other, for it was stipu-
lated that each one should be answerable
only for his own acts.

The trustees were not limited to time in
closing up the estate. They could enjoy it
for their lives, and hand it down with
increasing accumulations to all posterity.
They were not required to give any secu-
rity. They were a perpetual corporation of
exceedingly limited liability.

When the existence of this deed became
known, there was some surprise and a
good deal of delight among the societies to
be benefited by the trust. They are not
so pleased now, for they are defendants in
a big equity suit. It is sure to cost them
money, whether they ever get a dollar from
the estate or not.

In due time Robert McLeod caused a
suit in equity to be begun. The bill was
filed some time ago. It prays that the
trust deed may be declared fraudulent, that
Messrs. Lawrence, McPherson and Stockton
may be enjoined from any further dis-
position, and that they and the unfortunate
Hopkins, who is also made a defendant, be
ordered to hand over everything to adminis-
trator McLeod.

The reasons for this request are set out
at length in the bill, which would occupy
about eight columns of PROGRESS. Briefly
stated they are as follows:

After reciting the facts as already stated
the plaintiff alleges:

That after A. A. & R. O. Stockton were
appointed solicitors of the administrators,
A. A. Stockton went to Philadelphia and
saw the children of John B. Anning. This
was about June 1st, 1886. About the last
of September Messrs. Lawrence and McPherson
also made a similar trip to the
Quaker City. About the 10th of June in
that year Lawrence and Stockton took a
power of attorney from the Philadelphia
heirs, on the express understanding that
they were to look after the rights of such
heirs. The plaintiff charges that this power
of attorney was obtained at the express re-
quest of Lawrence and Stockton. Under
this they afterwards collected arrears of
rents.

One of these heirs was of weak mind, and
Stockton and one Bradbury Bedell, of
Philadelphia, were subsequently appointed a
committee of his estate.

Some time before July 6, 1886, Maria
Anning gave Lawrence and McPherson a
power of attorney to manage her business.
The contents of this are not known, for it
was afterwards destroyed under circum-
stances hereafter to be told. It is charged
that it was drawn by A. A. Stockton,
under instructions from Lawrence and McPherson.

On July 6, and for some time prior, says
the bill, Maria Anning was at the house of
Ellen McPherson, in Sussex, having been
taken and detained, or induced to stay,
there by Lawrence and McPherson.

On the date in question, Lawrence,
McPherson and Stockton visited Maria at
McPherson's, with the trust deed already
mentioned, and procured the execution of
it by Maria Anning, in the presence of
Frederic W. Stockton, a notary public.
It is charged that this deed was drawn by
A. A. Stockton or under his direction, and
that no instructions regarding it were re-
ceived from Maria Anning. It is further
charged that the provisions of the deed
were suggested by some one of the trust-
ees named in it; and that F. W. Stockton
was not then a practicing lawyer, that he
had not for some years paid his fees to the
barriers' society; and that he simply
resided at Sussex.

It is alleged that with the possible ex-
ception of Mr. Lawrence, Maria Anning
was not even acquainted with any of the
trustees or with Ellen McPherson, until
after George Anning's death. Further,
(Continued on Next Page.)

THEY FIND IT VERY COLD

THOUGH OTHER PEOPLE ARE EN-
JOYING MILD WEATHER.

Detective Ring and Chief of Police Mar-
shall Are in Trouble—The Reasons Why—
The Extraordinary Activity That Pre-
vades the Police Force.

People who have been talking about the
unreasonable weather ought to take their
thermometers up to the Central police sta-
tion. They would notice a change in the
temperature right away. A blizzard struck
the station a week ago, and ever since that
time the mercury has stood at about 10°
below zero.

It is very cold weather for Detective
Ring.

A good many people have wondered why
the *Telegraph*, Monday, brought up the
question whether a police officer can ac-
cept a reward from a citizen for services
performed while in the regular discharge of
duty.

They might have learned why from Ser-
geant Weatherhead.

Every newspaper reader remembers the
thrilling stories of the burglary of which
Mr. W. Bruckhof was the victim, some
time ago. Following these narratives came
long eulogistic accounts of the mighty
work performed by Detective Ring in re-
covering the stolen goods. Everybody was
impressed by these stories, Mr. Bruckhof
among the number.

He was so deeply impressed that he felt
it his duty to present Detective Ring with
a silver watch and a sum of money.

About this time the demon of discord
appeared on the scene, in the person of
Sergeant Weatherhead. He alleged that he
also had devoted his gigantic intellect to
the Bruckhof case, that he had done as
much towards recovering the stolen goods
as Ring had, and that he was entitled to a
share of the booty.

Detective Ring didn't see it in that light.
He observed, "Not much!" showed the
watch deeper into his pocket and took a
tighter grip of his newly acquired wealth.

Then somebody went before the higher
powers and "spilt" on the detective, and a
law which had fallen into innocuous
desuetude was revived right away.

That's the reason why, during this last
week, Detective Ring has kept his overcoat
on.

Chief of Police Marshall is also exposed
to the weather. He, like his detective,
finds it very frigid.

The talk of his removal has been renewed
and it sounds, this time, as though there
was something back of it.

But, as a public-spirited citizen should,
he still continues to feel an interest in the
affairs of the department.

He doesn't want to be succeeded by Mr.
W. W. Clark, of Carleton. Mr. Clark is a
good man, he thinks, but there are better
ones, men who would be still more likely
to carry on the policy of "clew"-hunting
which he has made famous. His favor is
about equally divided between Mr. John
Maclauchlan and High Constable Stockford.

In the meantime, the police are learning
how to hustle. Now that the example has
been set, most every man is afraid
that some other man will "give him
away" on something, and the way they
are all attending to business would make a
New York roundsman stare.

The chief "calls the roll" himself, now.
The two parties in the force haven't
buried the hatchet, yet, but when they
polish it and talk blood nowadays they do
so in quiet corners.

This is well. The guardians of the peace
are not so picturesque as they were when
they spent most of the time in cursing each
other, but they are likely to be more useful.

A Good Way to Talk.

There are so many good ways of adver-
tising that merchants are at a loss which
to adopt. PROGRESS will offer a sugges-
tion which costs but little. Between the
local articles and paragraphs on its first
and other pages may be frequently seen
lines of black type containing catching
business announcements. The idea is not
original with PROGRESS: the *Toronto
World*, by all odds the brightest of the
Toronto dailies, has an extensive adver-
tising patronage of this kind. The cost is
only two cents per word, and it is un-
doubtedly worth a trial.

Mrs. Sillibus Attends the Recital.

Mrs. Sillibus writes us that she "at-
tended the recital of the oratorical society and
was delighted with Prof. Morley's oratory,
which was given as a prologue to "Han-
del's Creation." "You know," she says,
"these choral services have a very soothing
effect, and I think that Miss Hart's
"Nunx Vocicus" and Hayden's "Tandem"
as sung by the choir were the Jeff dovers of
the evening."—*The Gipsack.*

Something for the Children.

Every boy and girl who has been look-
ing for calendars and cards this year should
call at Hunter, Hamilton & McKay's as
the clock strikes one today. Don't go be-
fore one and don't go later than a quarter
past the hour.

WHAT A MERCHANT TELLS.

One Hundred and Seventy-six Chairs Sold—
The Result of One Advertisement.

St. John merchants are as a rule good
advertisers. With a few exceptions the
mediums they select are good, and give
them full value for their money. Few men,
however, are satisfied with that; they like,
if possible, to see their advertising space
pay them three or four times what they
paid for it.

Whether it does or not depends largely
upon themselves. Early in November Mr.
Hareld Gilbert took a large space in
PROGRESS. Unlike many merchants he
was content to talk to the people from what
is usually called an inside page, though in
reality PROGRESS, being a cut eight-page
sheet, has no inside pages. Soon afterward
he utilized his space to announce The
Ladies' Home Comfort Chair. He kept
the same advertisement in for weeks, test-
ing, in reality, the value of his new medium.
The Ladies' Home Comfort Chair was ad-
vertised in no other paper. In PROGRESS,
alone, it was shown to the people. What
is the result? Just this: In the few weeks
that followed Mr. Gilbert sold one hundred
and seventy-six of the Ladies' Home Comfort
Chairs, and they are going yet.

Advertisers often lose sight of the fact
that as much depends upon the kind of
people a paper reaches as the number it
reaches.

PROGRESS can say, truly, that it fills both
of these requirements. It reaches more
people than any paper published in St.
John, except the *Weekly Telegraph*, and it
reaches the best people—those who can and
do buy.

Reflections of a Hat Merchant.

"Yes, times have changed. But a few
years ago I sold more hats Monday morn-
ing, between nine and eleven o'clock, than
any time during the week. Crushed and
battered silks and felts were the result of
Saturday's doings. No unfortunate seemed
ashamed of it then. In fact, he told the
story of where and how, and named his
more unfortunate companions.

"Now, when Mr. Blank comes in for a
new hat, he says he broke his Sunday night
in church—sat on it by mistake, and
makes some remarks uncomplimentary to
dark seats, etc., etc.

"He doesn't want to own up. He knows
his hat was broken up Saturday night by
his boon companions, and probably he
made some other man's headgear a shape-
less mass. But he's ashamed of it Monday
morning, and invents his church theory.

"Temperance has gained this much in
St. John. A drunken bout lost a man
little of his respectability years ago. Now
it goes hard with him. Public opinion has
changed, and there are fewer swelled heads
and battered hats."

Provide for Your Wives and Children.

Six months prior to his death Mr.
Michael Shaw took a Certificate in the New
Brunswick Insurance Aid association, and
had only paid fourteen dollars and fifty
cents, including entrance fees, into the
association at the time of his death. The
following speaks for itself:

HARTLAND, Carleton Co., N. B.,
2d January, 1889.

Hon. F. P. Thompson, Treasurer New
Brunswick Insurance Aid association,
Fredericton, N. B.:

Dear Sir,—I beg to acknowledge receipt
from you of \$2000 (two thousand dollars),
being amount in full of my late husband's
certificate in the above association. Also
accept my thanks for the prompt manner in
which the same was paid, only three days
elapsing from the time proof and guardian
papers were compiled, to issuing and pay-
ing over cheque to me in settlement.

I recommend the above association to
the public for justice and promptness in
the settlement of its claims.

(Sgd.) SALOME SHAW,
Widow of the late Michael Shaw.

Circulars and application blanks for-
warded to you address on request by
Charles F. Weed, secretary, or George
Anderson, superintendent of agencies,
Fredericton, N. B.

Mr. Coburn is a Hustler.

The town of Canning has at least one
zealous churchman, to whom the good
rector, Rev. N. C. Hansen, gives due praise
in his report to the Diocesan Church society.
The gentleman named is Mr. Coburn,
of Little River. "When others refused to
take the trouble," writes the rector, "he
undertook the laborious task of collecting
a large portion of my salary. The church
is cleaned, lighted and heated by himself
or his family. His whole family sing in
the choir, and his daughter plays the
organ."

Sir Walter Scott's Presentations.

The ladies of the Free Public Library are
preparing for two entertainments, in the
Institute, representative of the poetry and
prose of Sir Walter Scott. The proceeds
are, of course, for the library. Much of
the most difficult work connected with the
presentation has been done. Mrs. Temple
is at the front, and that virtually assures
success. Two entirely different pro-
grammes means lots of brain work.

Go to "The National," No. 12 Charlotte
Street, for Daily Papers.

TAKEN BY THE SHERIFF.

NOT A PRISONER, BUT A TRIFLING
AMOUNT IN CASH.

It was secured by him within his Balli-
wick, and He Will It Satisfy Keep—The
Plaintiff Complains, and Naturally—How
Many Sheriffs Have Straw Bondsmen?

Money wanted—apply to A. H. DeMill,
barrister, St. John.

The amount desired in this instance is
not large, but Mr. DeMill stands an ex-
ceedingly poor chance of getting it. It is
\$138, due to a client of his from Anjoine
Girouard, late sheriff of the county of
Kent.

In an evil hour in the early part of 1887,
Mr. DeMill acting for a St. John merchant,
brought suit against a resident of Rich-
bucto. The defendant was perfectly good
for the amount, and there was no question
that he would pay when pushed. The
pushing process was continued until judge-
ment was signed and a *fi. fa.* placed in
Sheriff Girouard's hands. Then the defend-
ant paid the amount of judgment and costs
to the sheriff aforesaid in the county aforesaid.
Having done so, he telegraphed the
fact to Mr. DeMill.

Mr. DeMill, much pleased at the pros-
pect, waited to hear from the sheriff. No
word came. The return day passed and
still no word came. "The sheriff had not
yet sent him the writ of our said Lady
the Queen in that behalf directed,"
but it was not because he had not "done any-
thing thereupon." The legal fiction of the
old practice became a sad and solemn fact.

Fortunately where a country sheriff re-
fuses to return a writ there are several
remedies. One of them is by inundating
him with postal cards bearing the conspicu-
ous printed legend:

PLEASE SEND BACK THAT
WRIT AT ONCE.

Another way is by taking out a side-bar
rule. This sounds like something that a
carpenter might use in his work or an hotel
keeper employ in his after hours' busi-
ness. It is, however, a legal process
granted by the court when sitting. As the
county court did not sit until the following
October, the lawyer was forced to possess
his soul in patience until that time. Then
the rule was granted.

It cost something, but it worked like
magic. The sheriff returned the writ. He
could afford to do so with a good grace,
for it was endorsed as satisfied and was no
earthly use to him.

But he did not return the money, nor
has he yet paid the same or any part there-
of, "although often requested so to do."

In the meantime a new sheriff has been
appointed.

Fortunately, again, the law in its wis-
dom has provided a remedy for suitors
against loss by absorbent sheriffs. It has
enacted that they shall furnish bonds.
Sheriff Girouard had no less than two sets
of sureties.

One of these provides for the indemnity
of the crown against loss. At least one of
the sureties on this has some financial
standing. It is a cold day, even for the
North Shore, when the government gets
left.

The other bond is intended to cover
ordinary civil suits, and Mr. DeMill is at
liberty to sue the bondsmen. He is not
likely to do so. His client has lost enough
money as it is.

These sureties consist of the sheriff in
his own proper person, Clement M. Cor-
mier and David M. Girouard, both of St.
Mary's. Each of them, in entering into
the bond, were accepted as severally good
for the amount of \$2,500, over and above
all debts and liabilities. Perhaps they are,
but there is a deep suspicion that Mr. De-
Mill's client should be thankful for small
mercies, and not go to any expense in try-
ing to get \$138 from them.

In such case, what is to be done?
Echo answers, what?

Mr. Girouard was appointed sheriff be-
cause he hankered after an office and had
been an election candidate and hustler. It
was the duty of the government to see that,
while it bestowed its patronage to please
itself, it protected the people against loss.
It does not seem to have done so. If
rumor speaks truly, Mr. DeMill's client is
not the only man left in the same lurch.
Who is to pay these men the money Mr.
Girouard has absorbed?

Morally, the men who appointed Mr.
Girouard and utterly neglected to see that
he gave valid bonds should foot the bill.
Legally, there is no way to compel them
to do so.

In the meantime, how many more sheriffs
have the same kinds of bondsmen? Is
Girouard's case likely to be the last of its
kind?

The people have an interest in knowing
whether they run more risk with money in
the hands of the sheriffs than in the pockets
of average debtors.

A New Kind of Unpleasantness.

The Neptune Rowing club would in-
crease in membership wonderfully if it built
a boat-house in Portland. Everybody
would be willing across the water.

SPEEDING ON THE ICE.

Fredericton Races That Travel Over the
Half-mile Track.

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.)

FREDERICTON, Jan. 9.—While the peo-
ple of St. John and vicinity are doomed to
the use of wheels for the purposes of their
ordinary business and pleasure, the Cele-
stians are enjoying good sleighing on land
and ice.

New Year's day was a beautiful day, and
the sleighing was good, and probably
never in the history of Fredericton were so
many sleighs seen on the street. A few
years ago we had quite a number of trot-
ters, that were quite evenly matched, and
the result was much more fun on the road
than at present. We now have some that
are very fast, and some that are not, and it
is difficult to get enough together, any-
where near evenly matched, to make an
interesting race. A half mile has been
measured on the ice opposite Fredericton,
from the passenger bridge down to Bab-
bit's mill, and here the owners of trotters
now congregate on fine afternoons and ex-
hibit the speed of their favorites.

Mr. McCoy of St. Mary's, the owner of
DeBarry, Sir Charles, Maggie T. and
other good ones too numerous to mention,
has procured a regular skeleton sleigh or
ice sulky, and when John comes out with
DeBarry (2:10) hitched to this rig, he
makes the boys envious. When DeBarry
first struck the ice, he hardly knew what
to make of it, but it did not take his owner
long to inculcate the principles of speed on
ice, and now DeBarry is credited with an
authentic trial over the above mentioned
half mile in 1.14, and later report says that
he covered the same distance in 1.10. Rumor
says that Mr. McCoy intends taking
DeBarry to the upper provinces shortly, to
participate in some of the ice races up
there, and his friends will all wish him
good luck.

Maggie T., the four-year-old bay mare,
by Sir Charles, that trotted in her class
through the New Brunswick circuit in 1888,
is credited with a recent trial half-mile in
1.15. In this trial she was closely followed
by Mr. McKee's black mare Phantom.
Phantom had previously trotted the half in
1.20, so it will be seen that she's lost
none of her old-time speed, although she
has been breeding for the last two years.
In 1887 she dropped a filly to Allie Clay,
and in 1888 a colt to Harry Wilkes.

The owner of George All Right has not
yet given him a trial on the ice, but he
feels satisfied that his horse has all his
speed left, and when he scores up along-
side of some of the boys on the road, he
makes them think so, too.

Mr. Roberts, of Providence, the owner
of Charlie Morris, and former owner of
Jack Mac, has recently purchased from
Mr. McCoy a four-year-old grey mare by
Sir Charles, dam by Robert R. Morris.
It is claimed that this mare can beat
Maggie T., and it so, she is a good one.
It is said that Mr. Morris intends using her
as a brood mare.

Mr. LaForest owns the pacing mare by
Robert R. Morris, known in St. John as
the Pendleton mare. This mare is show-
ing lots of speed this winter.

Mr. James Gibson, of Marysville, owns
several good ones, description of which
will be procured for you, if possible.

Dr. Frank Brown's Duchess is showing
well on snow. This fil

GIVE THE BOYS A CHANCE

LEAVE A COUNTRY LIFE TO THOSE WHO LIKE IT.

But Aptitudes and Inclinations Ought to Be Consulted in Every Case—A Prominent Farmer Talks to the Gentlemen Who Are So Lash of Good Advice.

The following telegraphic announcement appeared in one of the city papers the other day:

KINGSFORD, Jan. 3.—The farmers of the county will hold an institute here on Friday, to be addressed by Principal Grant, Hon. G. A. Kirkpatrick, W. Smith, M. P., John Dryden, M. P. P., and Prof. James. The one idea will be to discover how young men can be kept on the farm.

Now, is there not a little irony or inconsistency with the spirit of the age, and more especially with the educational teaching which is imparted from our literary platforms, now-a-days, for these gentlemen to lecture to the farmers' sons that they should not aspire to fill a place in a broader area than the farm furnished? to indulge in platitudes about the dignity of the hoe and plough, and quote the *ne ultra crepidam* of the Latin poets? Probably some of them were farmers' boys themselves, and, dissatisfied with their surroundings, shook off the dust of the scribbles and went to work more congenial to their ideas; and, having tasted the good things of life, occupied positions in the world of business and of men, and, Solomon-like, found some dust and ashes strewn along the pathway of fame, have just condescended to lend the *cat* of their respective presence to the agricultural institute, and give the young men some good advice to smother their latent ambition to seek other pursuits and stick to the farm.

These gentlemen may make nice, plausible speeches, but what is the good of it all? What youthful ardor to drive a sulky plough over the prairie fields of Manitoba will they restrain? or can they check the fever to prospect in the gulches of British Columbia?

Is it not a fact that the more boyhood and girlhood are studied, the more is it ascertained that each of either sex has an aptitude for some one thing more than another? This gigantic fostering of education, both by government and private munificence, in this age, is done just to develop these varying faculties. One girl has an aptness to teach; another is a marvel in culinary manipulations and clever in the intricacies of domestic economy; another could sing divinely, and still another can do something better than her sister. So with the boys on the farm. One lad has got the colt broken and trained. He takes kindly with the less intelligent steers, and the work and ways of the farm come easy to him. Another is the carpenter of the family; is handy with tools, and a rainy day finds him exercising his ingenuity in the workshop, and if the old homestead becomes crowded this fellow won't be the last to leave. A past age, with its poor schools under the "boarding school" system, scarce newspapers, no cheap paper-back literature penetrating by its cheapness into every remote settlement, slow and costly travelling—a quarter's schooling at the age of sixteen to finish off with a stern parental frown at the idea of discontentment, have yielded to the potent influence of steam and invention. As well try to resurrect it as try to talk the boys into all being farmers.

Within the last 25 years many farmer's sons have become St. John merchants. This exodus, fortunately for the province, has only been a local one. Their work has been changed, and they have filled their chosen line of life better than had they been repressed and kept in a pursuit uncongenial to their inclinations. On the other hand, there are several young men, merchants' sons, born in the city, in fact some verging on middle life, who have chosen farming instead of the counting house, and are making good farmers, progressive, prudently experimental and not given to too much guidance by the quattering of the moon.

What light the experimental farm at Nappan for the maritime provinces is going to shed on the business of the farmer remains to be seen. Agricultural experiments take years to show results, and we must not be hasty in fault finding about unnecessary expense until we see what we shall see. But in the meantime the country is not standing still. The railroads projected and building will want men to handle them. The telegraph with its Briarian arm keeps pace with the railroads. The telephone is competing with the telegraph. Business of every kind is pushing. The commercial traveller has become its greatest factor in disposing of its wares, and as surely as these are all facts the farm will contribute its quota of men and boys, as it has all along, to do the work.

No, gentlemen, this confining the youth of our farms to the farm is about played out. Those who want to carve their fortunes in the world would far better go for all Canada is not ready for the small Belgium with their skilled labor and high culture. The magnificent distances between our cities and towns have yet to be bridged over with centres of other industry—and the farmer's boys have got to do it. However, we can all take in something practical and if the agriculturist orators can show us wherein we can turn over a new leaf in farm management in this year of grace, let us profit by it.

A BALD-HEADED PRECEPT

And the Way It Made Life Miserable For "Bills"

"Never go anywhere nor associate with anybody where you can't take your sister." Then was the memorial words Adam said to Cain, and Cain, movin' as he did, in a restricted circle of society, hung on to the advice, and when he went and settled down domestic like in the land of Nod, under the Free Grants Act, took his sister with him in prytterpe to anybody else's sister. Cain was a dootiful young man except when his bile was riz.

Next time it come to the surface was when Noah was buildin' his ark. The neighbors remonstrated with Noah, and his creditors had six bills of sale on the ark and a chattel mortgage on the animals, but Noah was bound to go aboard. One old neighbor says to Noah, says he: "Never go anywheres, Noah, where you cant take your sister," but Noah didn't mind that but just cast away the gang plank and left his sister behind, and forty days later swung agin the wharf at Arrowroot in time to ketch the limited express karavan for Canaan.

And so it hez been ever since. That bald-headed old proverb keeps cavortin' around this blessed globe like a pesky gadfly, and every once in a while some man who ought to know better gets up on the house-top, loads up his logic gun with one ounce of sense and ten pounds of bunkum, wads her down with this many old precept and lets fly into the sufferin' multitude. It makes me weary.

There was a time when I used to think there was somethin' in this proverb. I wore it pasted in the linin' of my hat durin' the day and hung it over the head of my virtuous couch by nights, and I may say in confidence that I whittled it onto the handle of every umbrella I stole durin' ten years' steady application to business. It seemed to have a soothin' effect upon a insect that was nacherally vigorous in all manner of cussedness. It seemed to me if a man would only just keep clear of all such places and pursuits as he would not like to see his sister in, he was bound to die with a halo bigger'n a barrel-hoop playin' round his beamin' profile. It was trooly amazin' how hard I struggled and fit to live accordin' to that ere adage. Fust of all I was in the blacksmith business, but when I discovered that I could not raley enjoy secin' my sister whackin' away on the anvil and shooin' hosses at 80 cents a day, I gin that up right off. Then I went into the carpenter line, but when the idee kem home to me how would I like to see Sal a straddlin' the roof of a three-story house, with her mouth full of nails and her thumb stove in, it was too much for me and I quit. It was six months before I done another stroke of work. About this time I joined the Masons, but after goin' thro' the inishashun I concluded that Sal would look kinder promiscuous like and primitiv in sech a scene, so I gin up payin' any dues, and was bounced from the order. Also from the Templars, as I could not actually recommend any sister of mine to take the full bumper degree and ride the goat in exactly the style I did.

It was just the same with everything I tackled. That mean, mangy, lyin', speakin' old precept which sounds so much like gospil kep' makin' life miserable to me. About the slickest time I ever had in my life was when I was sparkin' old Squire Whalen's gal Susan. She was so apetzizin'. It seemed to me that she was a good cel soother than the precept. We used to sit powerful close together winter nights, and the things we said to each other were comfortin' to the last degree. But when I says to myself, could I raley ask Sal to be present and take in the performance in its litoreal sense, I discovered that it really was wrong for Suse and me to okepy the same end of the sofy to onst, so I knocked off courtin' and Susan revenged herself by marryin' the minister what had give us the precept. Its amazin' what a fool I was then times. For a day or two I was in the butcherin' line; but as I was a killin' a ten-year old steer for spring veal one mornin', I thot I could see Sal's profile in the animal's soft, confidin' gaze, so I dropped the axe in a jiffy and chucked up the job that same afternoon.

Then I jined the five department. One day there was a big blaze up town. Half choked with smoke a lot of people on the top flat was tryin' to save their lives, the fir comin' closer and closer every minit. "Go in there and save them dyin' orfins," sez the chief to me. "Where?" sez I. "In there," sez he, pintin' to the flames, "through the winder." "Never!" sez I. "I'll never go anywheres where I cant take my sister." So they bounced me from the kumpany and since then I hev gone my own drive and Sal's gone hern. BILDAD.

Echoes of the Boom. New subscribers to PROGRESS frequently take occasion to give the recent illustrated edition of the paper very complimentary notice and many not intimately acquainted with St. John say that it gave them a splendid impression of the city. A member of a large city firm said their traveller was in Nova Scotia and met the illustrated holiday number in every store he visited. The merchants were greatly pleased with the appearance of St. John's business houses, and the gentleman said that he was confident that the general impression created outside of St. John by the paper was a very favorable one.

PLAYING SANTA CLAUS

HOW A GOOD WOMAN MADE SOME CHILDREN HAPPY

The Perfect System That Prevails in a Dry Goods Palace—Mary Anderson and the Cranky Critics—Things Seen and Heard by a Dweller at the Hub.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

BOSTON, Jan. 9.—I saw a pleasant sight, Christmas day. I was walking through a part of our city where there is much poverty, when I met a lady, about 80 years of age, genteelly dressed, who carried a good-sized hand-bag that looked to be filled to its utmost capacity. Somehow, I was attracted by her face, the expression was so kindly. I paused in my walk and turned to watch her. Very soon I saw her stop before a group of little children, and could see she spoke earnestly and kindly to them. Their faces broke into smiles, and their eyes opened wide, for the lady while speaking, had taken from her satchel cakes, candy, and a small doll, or toy, for each little child. Then she passed on. I had the curiosity to follow. I saw her stop again before two poor little waifs, who were lounging in front of a dirty shop. The satchel was again opened, and two more little hearts cheered. As the lady went on, I spoke to the little ones, and found they knew about Christmas, although it was evident they seldom knew the pleasure of "keeping" it. I hurried on again after the lady, and followed her at sufficient distance to avoid attracting her attention. Her supply seemed like the widow's cruse of oil. However, the end finally came, and the philanthropic lady hastened in another direction, hailed an up-town car and disappeared from my view. Her original mode of making Christmas a happy day to some of the unfortunate little ones impressed me. I wish her example could be widely known and followed.

I frequently drop into one or other of our large stores and look about me a little. The other evening I happened in at R. H. White & Co.'s, very near closing time, which is at 5:45 o'clock at this season. Five or ten minutes before the quarter, each clerk tidied up the goods under his particular care, and when the gong sounded exactly at "a quarter of," every employe—salesmen and women, cashiers, bundle girls and boys, formed into line and marched to the basement, where each one has a closet for his or her own special use. All was done with perfect order.

On former occasions I have visited the basement, where there are 1200 or more closets. They are about five feet in height and about 1 1/2 feet square. In each there are hooks and a small shelf, and each has a different lock. Every employe has his key and number. The firm employ about 2000 hands in all, but that includes the wholesale department, and the employes there and in the offices keep their out-door clothing nearer at hand.

There is also, in the basement, a good-sized dressing room, with mirrors and tables, for the girls, and a dining room with long table and seats, where all who carry their dinners may eat privately. Anywhere from 11:30 a. m. to 2:30 p. m. this room is occupied. If one peeps in, he sees groups of girls here and there, some with hats and jackets on, ready to go out as soon as their lunch is eaten, and others in their indoor costume reading as they eat, or, having finished their meal, busy with crocheting or in doing "fancy-work" of some kind—for each employe has an hour for dinner. The men also have a room of the same description.

At the closing hour, as soon as outdoor clothing is donned, all pass out by means of a flight of stairs leading to an entrance on a side street. At this door one of the "floor walkers" is stationed, it being his duty to allow no one to pass out with a parcel that has not been properly checked, according to rule, by some one in authority.

Now, just a word about our theatres and the critics. Miss Mary Anderson has played to immense audiences, at the Hollis street, and Miss Margaret Mather to good houses at the Boston. Everyone is united in praise of Miss Anderson's beauty, which is displayed to a marked degree in her part of Perdita in *A Winter's Tale*, especially when she dashes into the merry rustic dance. When one remembers Miss Anderson, the statuesque, elegant woman, it is almost impossible to realize it is she, dancing with girlish enjoyment. Every movement is grace itself. Her arms and body sway in an indescribable motion, that keeps time to the music. Her clinging garments unfold her supple figure, and her beautiful hair flows loose and unheeded. She is altogether delightful. In the two characters Miss Anderson impersonates in this play, she is justly entitled to a higher rank, as a dramatic artist, than she ever reached before. She re-arranged this play of Shakespeare's herself; adapted it to the stage of the present time, and has made it thoroughly acceptable to a modern audience. To do this she, of necessity, had to take some liberties with the dramatist's work, and some of the critics are severe in consequence; but the majority feel that she was justified in omitting what she has.

One gets tired hearing one or two of the critic "cranks" who seem never to be weary of saying, "Miss Anderson will never be truly great." If one asks what is the hindrance, the reply is, "She lacks magnetism—she cannot affect her audi-

ences etc. But if one turns to Miss Mather, whom Boston cranked the tremendous agree a few years ago, and refers her part on her audiences, and to the feeling she shows, the same critic pronounces it, "A vulgar display of passion"—so one grows disgusted with such critics and decides to "discriminate" for one's self.

A word must be said regarding the staging of *A Winter's Tale*. In the past, American "stars" have relied on themselves alone to draw audiences, paying small heed to their support or the details. Irving taught a lesson on these points; and to Miss Anderson's long stay in England is probably due the perfect staging of the play she has revived. It is simply a series of magnificent pictures, and the auxiliary forces, in the mob scenes, etc., have been thoroughly drilled, so that nothing "grates"—all is elaborate and perfect.

FRANK.

HE GOES TO SCHOOL AGAIN.

Johnny Mulcahey's Young Ideas to Shoot—Ink Through the Keyhole.

I went to school last Monday, 'cause pa negotiated with the trustees to get me back. I don't think me'n our teacher'll ever agree on sum things, 'cause you know we couldn't whenever he beat me, and I made a big rooster on his back, and everybody laughed when we went along the street, and all us fellars crowd. He said I see a young outlaw and shouldn't enter them school doors again.

Young Buntin, what's in our room got a squirt, what'll squirt like anything, so he bring it to school. He let me try it, and I filled it with ink. I thort it'd be a sin to waste the ink, so I got out fur a drink and locked our school door. Then I rapped, and 'cause our teacher couldn't open it he put his eye down so's to look in the key-hole, and I squirted. Jiminies! you ought to see him, spittin' out the ink, and he looked like one of them circus niggers what's turnin' white. He's in a awful mess, and got worse 'cause all the fellars laughed. So then I called all the female teachers up to see him too, and a course they couldn't help laffin, 'cause their young womin, for they say what they are.

The good lookin' one what give our teacher the sign he's in his hat said it's a shame and pulled my hair afore I knew she's goin' to do it, so I put some shadder pictures on her clean tire.

I thort it was no good stayin' so I went home 'cause perhaps if I stayed I had to come home in an omilybus. Ma says what goodness nose she don't want any doctors bills so soon and so I thort gatin' out quick was the better part of valer, and went, and me and another fellar what sells papers and pins broke 16 widders in the hanted house in 24 shots, and the old fellar what lives in it says he's goin' to have us 'rested 'cause he knows our names.

JOHNNY MULCAHEY.

Blown in by the Wind.

The neatly gotten-up calendar of the Canada Life Assurance company has been received from Mr. C. J. Gillespie, special agent of the company in this city. Calendars of the Merchants' (Marine) Insurance company of Bangor, and the Central Fire insurance company of New Brunswick, and *The Ingleside*, published by the United States Life Insurance company, come from the St. John agent, Mr. Thomas A. Temple.

A combination memorandum tablet and blotting book, bearing the imprint of the City of London Fire Insurance company, limited, is one of the most convenient articles that have yet come to PROGRESS. The agents, Messrs. H. Chubb & Co., have it.

Twenty-five cents can be exchanged at J. & A. McMillan's for *False*, a Lovell library novel. Geraldine Fleming is the authoress. There are 318 pages of fiction, sufficiently lurid to suit anyone. The title is a fair index to the contents. Patrons of sensational literature can find what they want in *False*.

Evening Dress Wear.

NOW SHOWING:

THE LATEST COLORINGS in NEW FABRICS for SEASON 1889.

PONGEE SILKS, SATIN DUCHESSE, SATIN MERVEILLEUX, PLUSHES, MOIRE FRANCAIS; TINSEL SPOT NETS, CHENILLE SPOT NETS, POINT D'ESPRIT NETS, spots and stripes; SEVENTY-TWO inch PLAIN NETS, in the new shades; WHITE BEADED NETS, BLACK BEADED NETS; WHITE BEADED LACE, WHITE and GOLD DRESS FRONTS; COLORED and WHITE MECHLIN; BLACK, WHITE and CREAM FLOUNCINGS and ALLOVERS; BLACK SILK GRENADINE, Stripes and Checks; NOVELTIES in HOSIERY, GLOVES, RIBBONS and LACES.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.

DO YOU WANT A NEW RANGE,

OR

Cook Stove?

If so, we invite your attention to our Stock, which comprises

THE LATEST AND BEST IN THE MARKET.

We guarantee all the Goods we sell to be as represented, and

OUR PRICES ARE LOW.

We solicit comparison of values from all interested in securing the best goods at the LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

EMERSON & FISHER, Stoves and Kitchen Hardware, 75 and 79 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

STOVE REPAIRING and JOBBING attended to promptly by competent men.

FOR GOOD VALUE

Union and All-Wool Grey Flannels; Ladies' and Children's Wove Hosiery; Ladies' Vests; Black and Colored Cashmeres; Gloves; Jerseys and Jersey Coats, Embroidered Cloth Table Covers; Gent's Ribbed Shirts and Pants, etc., etc.,

GO TO

PITTS' General Dry Goods Store, 179 UNION STREET. 179

DR. SCOTT'S

Electric Hair Curler.

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

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

TWEED WATERPROOF COATS

With Sewed and Taped Seams. We are now showing the Latest London Styles in

Gents' Tweed Rubber Coats, Made with above great improvements.

ALSO—A Full Line of LADIES LONDON CLOAKS in newest styles.

ESTEY, ALLWOOD & CO., 68 Prince Wm. Street.

The Cigar

LITTLE KING.

TAYLOR & DOCKRILL, 84 --- King Street --- 84

T. J. McPHERSON, 181 UNION STREET, GROCER.

FRUITS A SPECIALTY.

Havana and Domestic CIGARS.

I have a complete assortment now in stock, in boxes and half-boxes: 100,000 HAVANA and DOMESTICS.

THOS. L. BOURKE, 11 and 12 Water Street.

SPENCER'S Standard Dancing Academy.

CLASSES for beginners will open on TUESDAY, October 29th, as follows: Afternoon, Ladies, Masters and Misses, at 2:30; Ladies and Gentlemen at 8 o'clock, in the evening. Pupils must make application for terms. A. L. SPENCER, Teacher, Donville Building.

BUSINESS MEN, CRUIKSHANK'S DINNERS

Are the Best AND CHEAPEST IN THE CITY. The best market affords always on hand P. A. CRUIKSHANK, 49 Gormans Street, Opposite Market Building.

ALLEG

The wind is w... And the wh... 'An' I would 'I had not n...

Sung in the st... And the skip... As he watch...

'Would he we... And the ship... 'Good Lord! What would...

'For me—my... For me let he... I might make... Until the br...

'But he, he is... So young, se... O'yingt Fash... I trust him i...

'For Thon, wh... Such a G. Har... On Alog Year...

Then, helm har... Toward the h... The wind is mo... And black, bl...

Then burst a ste... Though honest... They who could... Must rise fro...

Sudden it came... Ere half the n... The winds were... And the stars...

Now, as the mo... The folk on G... Saw a little fig... Secure, on a b...

Up rose the cry... Pull mates, an... They knew it, th... Upon the edge...

Long did they m... At God, His st... That let the stah... And the little...

—Thomas Bailey

J

To my mind th... nobler piece of... There was nothi... pearance, and i...

in his breeding... just plain, ordinar... him best, but if y...

upon certain C... just by the side of... the lawn in front...

house, a tall sto... silent against the... stone the one wh...

what it means, the... folded to you whic... less than a hero...

under that tall... every spot.

I can remember... saw him. It was... when a forbiddin...

up to our door an... was at home. Ye... father—was at hon...

ment on the rear... cigarette. I summ... with the Mexic... moments, and then...

corral. Father ret... and as he sank into... "Child, there's a...

corral that you ma... him, though his app... much honor."

"You mean the f... riding?"

"Yes. The fell... the horse was his... ably wanted to...

smiling seniorita, an... dark-browed beaut... bility thrash him b...

month wedded, he... friend, and I have... his me, daughter?"

taught child, I... cept in full for you...

I kissed him, as... would, and then tho... the corral and inspe...

the gift. He was w... nose to the end of h... was ragged and fra...

frayed kind of way a... that he had ever b... were red and weak...

half-way to the gro... despair, while every... showed his ribs and...

had been ill-treat... but favorably imp... father said there wer...

him, and rest and... work a wonderful ch... right. One would...

prancing proud, big... months after as the... hidden up to our do...

I was born right her... proud I am of it, be... amil there is no plac...

near heaven as Calif... after the rainy seas... nook and corner is...

hills are so grandly... grow fat and sleek... fall sweet grass. Th...

The world quite like... life. Being the onl... upon my own resour...

plemy of it I had... told about I was pu... bring hands held me...

my first lessons in... could ride "extradic... place, and proud was...

through home a gaudy... is to me, along with... mother's hands, and f...

very bad weather f... gallop up the valley... pass and down the o...

little town, where t... there were always a d... on the ranch, and I...

I had never had one... Jack came. "I called... was short, and because...

had pleased my child... tained a character in... by that name.

As I have said, Jack... well under good trea...

Dress Wear.

SHOWING: NEW FABRICS FOR SEASON 1899. DRESS, SATIN MERVILLEUX, PLUSHES, SPOT NETS, POINT D'ESPRIT NETS, BRAIDED NETS, and GOLD DRESS FRONTS.

A NEW RANGE,

Cook Stove?

If so, we invite your attention to our Stock, which comprises BEST IN THE MARKET.

The Goods we sell to be presented, and PRICES ARE LOW.

General Dry Goods Store, 179 STREET.

NEW FALL GOODS

For Overcoats, Pants, Suits, Etc., IN ALL THE NEWEST PATTERNS.

Call and see our Cloths. JAMES KELLY, CUSTOM TAILOR, 34 Dock Street.

GO TO

Page, Smalley & Ferguson's, Gold and Silver Watches, Fine Gold Jewelry, Silver and Plated Goods, CLOCKS and BRONZES, Spectacles, Eye Glasses, Etc.

43 King Street

Take Care OF YOUR FACE AND HEAD

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

Sample bottles upon application. Don't fail to give them a trial. D. J. McINTYRE - - - 36 King Street.

CAFE ROYAL,

Domville Building, Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets.

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

WILLIAM CLARK, JUST THE ARTICLE

Tea and Coffee. SWEET CREAM.

CAN BE HAD EVERY DAY AT THE Oak Farm Dairy Butter Store, 13 CHARLOTTE STREET.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCY, 115 Sydney Street, opp. Victoria School.

MRS. H. M. DIXON, Stamping, Printing and Fancy Work done to order.

ALCO YEATON'S SON.

650 WEST 47TH ST. The wind it wailed, the wind it moaned, And the white cap decked the sea.

"An I would to God," the skipper groaned, "I had not my boy with me!"

Sung in the stern sheets, little John Laughed as the scud swam by; And the skipper's sunburnt cheek grew warm As he watched the wicked sky.

"Would he were at his mother's side!" And the skipper's eyes were dim; "Good Lord! in heaven, if I'll bestride, What would become of him!"

"For me—my muscles are as steel, For me let hap what may; I might make shift upon the keel Until the break of day."

"But he, he is so weak and small, So young, scarce learned to stand— O pitying Father of us all, I trust him in Thy hand!"

"For Thou, who market from on high A sparrow's fall—each one— Surely, O Lord, Thou'lt have an eye On Alcyon's son!"

Then, helm hard port, right straight he sailed Toward the headland light; The wind it moaned and wailed, And black, black fell the night.

Then burst a storm to make one quail Though hosed from wind and wave— They who could tell about that gale Must rise from watery graves!

Sudden it came, a sudden went; Ere half the night was sped, The winds were hushed, the waves were spent, And the stars above overhead.

Now, as the morning mist grew thin, The folk on Gloucester shore Saw a little figure floating in, Secure, on a broken car.

Up rose the cry, "A wreck! a wreck! Pull mates, and wreathe no breath!" They knew it, though 'twas but a speck Upon the edge of death!

Long did they marvel in the town At God, His strange decree, That let the salt-wat'ry skipper drown, And the little child go free!

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich, in Atlantic Monthly.

JACK.

To my mind there was never on earth a nobler piece of horse-flesh than Jack. There was nothing remarkable in his appearance, and if there was anything extra in his breeding no one knew of it.

He was just plain, ordinary Jack to us who knew him best, but if you should come some day upon a certain California ranch and see just by the side of a gate that leads into the lawn in front of a spacious adobe house, a tall stone standing white and silent against the sky, and seeing upon the stone the one word "Jack," should ask what it means, there would be a story unfolded to you which would make Jack no less than a hero.

For Jack lies buried under that tall stone, and he died on that very spot.

I can remember quite well when first I saw him. It was at the dusk of the day when a forbidding-looking Mexican rode up to our door and asked me if the senior was at home.

Yes, the senior—that is my father—was at home, and was at that moment on the porch, leaning back in his chair, smoking a cigar.

I summoned him and left him with the Mexican. They chatted a few moments, and then went off toward the corral. Father returned in half an hour, and as he sank into a chair said:

"Well, there's a white horse out in the corral that you may have if you can ride him, though his appearance won't do you much honor."

"You mean the horse that Mexican was riding?"

"Yes. The fellow wanted money, and the horse was his only resource. He probably wanted to feed some dark-eyed, smiling senorita, and so for the sake of a few dollars he was willing to sell you a dark-brown beauty, who will in all probability thrash him before they have been a month wedded, and he has sacrificed his best friend, and I have made a good buy. Now his name is 'Jack,' and that will be my receipt in full for your palfray."

I kissed him, as any dutiful daughter would, and then together we went out to the corral and inspected the purchase and the gift. He was white from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail, which appendage was ragged and thin, and hung in a dejected kind of way as if his owner was sorry that he had ever been born. His eyes were red and weak, and he hung his head half-way to the ground in a state of utter despair, while every movement of his body betrayed his ribs under his hide. Plainly he had been ill-treated, and was anything but favorably impressed with him, but father said there were some good points in him, and rest and good keeping would work a wonderful change, and father was right. One would scarcely recognize the graying, proud, high-headed animal two months after the same Mexican had ridden up to our door.

I was the only girl in a large family, and I was born right here on this ranch, and proud I am of it, because to my feminine mind there is no place on earth quite so near heaven as a California ranch in spring, after the rainy season is over, and every nook and corner is vividly green, and the hills are so grandly beautiful, and the cattle grow fat and sleek feeding all day in the tall sweet grass. There is nothing in all the world quite like that, and I love the life.

Being the only girl, I was thrown upon my own resources for amusement, and plenty of it I had. When I was able to toddle about I was put upon a horse, and having hands held me steady while I took my first lessons in riding. At fifteen I could ride "straddle" any horse on the place, and proud was I the day when father brought home a gaudy side-saddle and gave it to me, along with a hat made by another's hands, and from that time it must be very bad weather that kept me from the grass and down the old stage road to the little town where the railroad ran. Though there were always a dozen or more horses on the ranch, and I might use any of them, I had never had one to call my own until Jack came. I called him Jack because it was short, and because a little story which had pleased my childish fancy had contained a character in the shape of a horse by that name.

As I have said, Jack got on wonderfully well under good treatment, and from a

scrubby, ill-conditioned brute, he grew into a really good-looking animal, and his snow-white mane and tail were a glory in my eyes. From my hands he got the best part of his food, and he got to know me, and would nicker in the dearest way when he saw me coming toward him. He had a playful way of rubbing his soft nose against my shoulder to indicate that he was hungry, and when we got well acquainted, and he had learned his new name so that he would come trotting up to me when I called him, I grew to love him as if he was one of my big brothers.

And off, the glorious days that Jack and I spent together, roaming up and down our green valley, making excursions to town, spending whole afternoons down by the little river that flowed by the ranch, Jack splashing about in the water like a great dog. Then how we used to chase jack-rabbits that started up at Jack's tramp in the grass, as if inviting a chase; and what times we had at the round-ups in the spring. I can never forget those days with Jack, and they make me sad now when I think of the way he died, and of the nobility in one animal.

You must know that all this was a good many years ago, before the railroads had cut up the country, and stage-lines were not, as now, comparatively unknown. The railroad, I have mentioned, was thirteen miles away, and from the small town nearest us a stage-line ran near the ranch and up into the mountains, a hundred miles away. It carried many passengers' backs and forth, as well as fortunes in gold, and more than once a passenger's hand stopped the stage with the old cry of "hand up!" and had plundered and sometimes killed the passengers. I had heard the danger of carrying valuables on the stage spoken of so often that it was always with vague alarm that mother and I waited for father's return from his annual trips with the herd to the markets, for he always came back with a heap of gold, and there was always danger.

The year that Jack died, I was just passed nineteen. As one may imagine, there hadn't been very much love-making in my rather isolated life, but there had been some wooers, and a certain son of a certain rancher whose hands touched ours had found his way to my heart, and I wore the conventional ring. That year he and father had gone together with their herds, and together they would return. They would take the stage from the railroad station, and at nightfall we would meet them at the pass with the wagon. The hired men were getting the wagon ready when I saddled Jack, and went cantering off toward the pass, intending to go up the trail to meet the home-comers and be the first to greet them.

Jack was never in better spirits. He seemed to feel something of my own joy at the near approach of those I loved best, and he fairly flew along over the grass, tossing his noble head in the air and spurning the earth with his proud feet. The hired men were getting the wagon ready when I saddled Jack, and went cantering off toward the pass, intending to go up the trail to meet the home-comers and be the first to greet them.

I looked at the sun. In another half of an hour the stage must reach the creek. A man laid his hand on my bridle. "You ain't goin', Miss?" For answer I shook loose his hold and we were off with a rush. Not go, with father and that other in danger!

The fresh horses under the spurs went like the wind, and Jack with nine miles run already made would not be left behind though it killed him to keep up. As I glanced about at the tough but fearless fellows my company ran high. We could not be late now. The intention of the ride took possession of me, and Jack felt it too, and I held a tight rein to prevent his spending his strength too soon. There were few words said, the pace was too fast for that. Only now and then I bent over away from him, and saw one wave his hand always understood. Half the distance had been covered before I noticed that Jack had begun to labor. At last the distance and pace had told, and the free sweep of his stride gave way to an irregular movement. "Would he give up! Not he. I drew him in to ease him up, but he shook his head angrily and forged ahead, right up with the leading horse, and for a mile he was nose and nose with them, but swinging from side to side and breathing heavily. Another mile and the leaders were drawing away from him, but there was no give up. Could he stay to the end?"

Even I didn't know Jack. It would be stay or die.

Two miles further! Jack was covered with perspiration, his mouth was wide open, his body was quivering, he was all beat gone, but he was running.

"Your hoss can't stand it, Miss," said one of them.

I made no answer, but my heart sank. I must go on. I could do nothing when I got there, but those dear to me were in danger, and a woman is a queer thing when what she loves is concerned.

Jack seemed to know my thoughts, and if he had faltered he gathered strength now. The cottonwood trees in the creek were in sight. The men began loosening their pistols in their belts. That there would be danger to me if a fight ensued never occurred to me. I thought only of the understood word uttered in a rough tone, and they were: "She'll be along in about an hour."

Then came a reply, "Yes, who's a drivin', Bible?"

"I ought to hear that. Bible is good, 'nough drives a stage, but he ain't nothin' when it comes to a scrimmage, an' I'll be easy work with him."

"The hull job is all right. Old Anderson and that young Estudillo is ther ones we want to look after. Both uv 'em has got a big roll, an' it may be they'll fight fer it. We'll watch 'em close; an' the minute they get inter their stage, kiver 'em, and shoot the first move they make. Two uv us kin do thet while ther others kin look after the bags inside."

I listened in wild-eyed terror. With the first words almost, the presence of the men was not ten yards from them, and the stage! "Old Anderson and young Estudillo" were my father and the man whose ring I wore. What must I do? What could I do? Jack made an impatient movement and stamped a hoof in the water. Oh, Jack, Jack, I whispered, bending low over his neck. What must I do?

In answer he raised his head and looked up the steep bank. He had spoken, and I understood. We must get out of the gulch without showing ourselves, and then, then, to the railroad station for help. A little way behind us the banks were less steep, and any sure-footed horse could climb them. I turned the animal's head and gently urged him forward. Softly, Jack, softly; one false step and the noise of your hoof would betray us. Jack understood, and he hardly betrayed the shallow water as he raised and put down his hoofs. Fifty yards up stream, and we could climb the

bank. I urged Jack up. He was ten seconds in accomplishing the feat, and we were at the top of the bank and looking out over the level country. The men hidden under the bank below could not see us. There to the right, in the white, sandy trail stretching away in the distance, at the end of it, nine miles away, was the town, and there was aid. My heart came up in my throat. Nine miles there, nine miles back, and the stage to be here in an hour. Could I make it?

All this flashed through my brain in an instant. I loosened the reins, and Jack understood. He leaped forward, and the ride was begun. His hoofs fell noiselessly on the soft soil. Two hundred yards and we were on the trail. Then I gave Jack his head, and how nobly he responded. He stretched his beautiful neck, his long tail, caught by the winds, spread out in a line, and his proud feet struck the earth and left it again in the same instant, as he carried down into a sweeping gallop that settled us like the wind. His head pointed straight to the run in the West, and I, in the saddle said never a word, but leaned forward over his neck and held him steady.

One, two, three, five miles flashed by and he had not begun to breathe hard. Six miles, and still that regular beat of his hoofs. Seven, and there was foam at his bit. Eight, and the perspiration had stained his white neck a dull leaden color. I patted him gently on the neck. He understood, and the hoof-beats went a little faster. Up a rising ground and there was the station only a mile away, and I could see the figures of men around the hotel and knew something was wrong. There were twenty of them in a group looking eagerly down the trail, and I saw one wave his hand to me. One minute, two, three. We dashed down the straggling street raising a cloud of dust. Up the street, and when I drew rein with a suddenness that threw Jack back on his haunches, a dozen hands seized his bit and anxious faces were looking into mine.

"Quick! quick!" I almost shouted. "They are going to ambush the stage at Hobson's Creek, and father is on it!"

They knew me, every one of them, and they liked father, and they loved the prize money from Wells-Fargo if the bullion box was saved. There was a rush for the horses. Five minutes and a score of armed and mounted men were gathered around me. Jack had drunk a swallow of water from a trough and sunk his head up to the eyes in the cooling liquid and was himself again.

I looked at the sun. In another half of an hour the stage must reach the creek. A man laid his hand on my bridle. "You ain't goin', Miss?" For answer I shook loose his hold and we were off with a rush. Not go, with father and that other in danger!

The fresh horses under the spurs went like the wind, and Jack with nine miles run already made would not be left behind though it killed him to keep up. As I glanced about at the tough but fearless fellows my company ran high. We could not be late now. The intention of the ride took possession of me, and Jack felt it too, and I held a tight rein to prevent his spending his strength too soon. There were few words said, the pace was too fast for that. Only now and then I bent over away from him, and saw one wave his hand always understood. Half the distance had been covered before I noticed that Jack had begun to labor. At last the distance and pace had told, and the free sweep of his stride gave way to an irregular movement. "Would he give up! Not he. I drew him in to ease him up, but he shook his head angrily and forged ahead, right up with the leading horse, and for a mile he was nose and nose with them, but swinging from side to side and breathing heavily. Another mile and the leaders were drawing away from him, but there was no give up. Could he stay to the end?"

Even I didn't know Jack. It would be stay or die.

Two miles further! Jack was covered with perspiration, his mouth was wide open, his body was quivering, he was all beat gone, but he was running.

"Your hoss can't stand it, Miss," said one of them.

I made no answer, but my heart sank. I must go on. I could do nothing when I got there, but those dear to me were in danger, and a woman is a queer thing when what she loves is concerned.

Jack seemed to know my thoughts, and if he had faltered he gathered strength now. The cottonwood trees in the creek were in sight. The men began loosening their pistols in their belts. That there would be danger to me if a fight ensued never occurred to me. I thought only of the understood word uttered in a rough tone, and they were: "She'll be along in about an hour."

Then came a reply, "Yes, who's a drivin', Bible?"

"I ought to hear that. Bible is good, 'nough drives a stage, but he ain't nothin' when it comes to a scrimmage, an' I'll be easy work with him."

"The hull job is all right. Old Anderson and that young Estudillo is ther ones we want to look after. Both uv 'em has got a big roll, an' it may be they'll fight fer it. We'll watch 'em close; an' the minute they get inter their stage, kiver 'em, and shoot the first move they make. Two uv us kin do thet while ther others kin look after the bags inside."

I listened in wild-eyed terror. With the first words almost, the presence of the men was not ten yards from them, and the stage! "Old Anderson and young Estudillo" were my father and the man whose ring I wore. What must I do? What could I do? Jack made an impatient movement and stamped a hoof in the water. Oh, Jack, Jack, I whispered, bending low over his neck. What must I do?

In answer he raised his head and looked up the steep bank. He had spoken, and I understood. We must get out of the gulch without showing ourselves, and then, then, to the railroad station for help. A little way behind us the banks were less steep, and any sure-footed horse could climb them. I turned the animal's head and gently urged him forward. Softly, Jack, softly; one false step and the noise of your hoof would betray us. Jack understood, and he hardly betrayed the shallow water as he raised and put down his hoofs. Fifty yards up stream, and we could climb the

"What Would be Nice"?

A PAIR OF FAIRALL & SMITH'S

REMARKABLE 64c.

Kid Gloves—Equal to "Josephine."

consequence. When the crowd had turned away I went down to the gate where they had left Jack standing. He raised his head as he heard my step and gave a low whinny, and I went up to him, and putting my arms about his throat, kissed him on the forehead. Father came up and looked at him, and then, with sorrow in his tone, said: "Daughter, you'll never ride him again."

Poor, dear, noble Jack. He had done his duty and it had cost him his life, but there never was a greater hero. It was as if one of the family was going, and when they said he was dying I kissed his great eyes and turned away, and I had looked my last on the noblest horse that ever lived.

He died in the night and they buried him there by the gate, and father had that white stone made and put over the grave. Now, these many years after, when I see it there in the moonlight, I sometimes imagine it is Jack, waiting to take me on the last long journey.—Free, in Chicago Horseman.

Ball Dresses for Chicago Rosebuds. There is a new stuff being sold in the shops this season for the ball dresses of debutantes which is a pleasing change from the overblasting illusion skirts and white silk or satin bodices, in which their fresh and palpitating loveliness is increased for most of the social functions of their first winter. The stuff is called rainbow tulle, and is being sold in great quantities. It is the ordinary white illusion, with heavy silk threads in rainbow color drawn through it at intervals of about an eighth of an inch. A bright blue thread, a red, a yellow, a lilac, and a green one, then there is a little space, and the blue thread begins again and the whole series is repeated. It is the ordinary white illusion, with heavy silk threads in rainbow color drawn through it at intervals of about an eighth of an inch. A bright blue thread, a red, a yellow, a lilac, and a green one, then there is a little space, and the blue thread begins again and the whole series is repeated. It is the ordinary white illusion, with heavy silk threads in rainbow color drawn through it at intervals of about an eighth of an inch. A bright blue thread, a red, a yellow, a lilac, and a green one, then there is a little space, and the blue thread begins again and the whole series is repeated.

High Before and Behind. A Washington despatch says that the wife of a prominent Ohio Congressman, who has recently returned from a fortnight's visit to Mrs. Harrison, was asked many particulars about it at the White House yesterday as she sauntered through the East Parlor. She said it was very amusing to read the letters that were flowing in upon Mrs. Harrison from all sorts of people and on all sorts of reform topics, begging her to do this and not to do that, and give some assurance in advance that she positively would or would not do the other. On leaving, the lady said to her hostess:

"What shall I tell your old friends in Washington, besides telling them that you are not a bit spoiled, but the same wholesome, genial woman as in the old days there?"

"Well, tell them," said Mrs. Harrison, laughingly, "that as to low-necked and short-sleeved dresses, personally, no; as to wine, I haven't made up my mind; as to bustles, yes."—Philadelphia Press.

An Open Question. Governor—Name the wisest man that ever lived. Little Dick—Solomon. Governor—Correct. Name the wisest woman. Little Dick (after meditation)—Well, if I say you, ma will get mad, and if I say ma, you will get mad.—Philadelphia Record.

One Difference. St. Peter—Enter. Why do you hesitate? New Spirit—I don't see any stir. "We have no ushers here. Sit where you please." "Dear me! How different heaven is from a church!"—Philadelphia Record.

FADED SEA-FLOWERS. One voice that whispers in my ear; One voice that gives a slumbering thought; One vain regret; one anxious fear; One thought by day, one dream by night.

The same, amid the heedless throng, In silent, sleepless hours the same; At midnight, noon and evening, I see thy face, I hear thy name.

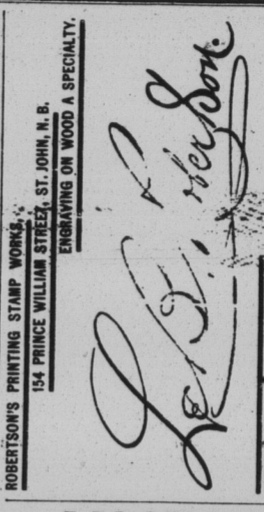
Such is my life apart from thee! So weak the heart that would forget! The murmur of a soughing sea, Is round, above me, yet

I see the sun shine bright once more Where on the ledge the breaker leaps; Green grass that gives a slumbering thought; One thought by day, one dream by night.

Ab! it is mine indeed! this day To dream with those whose glances meet; O gleam that glides and fades away; O gleam of sunlight on the showers!

O passing gleam! O vanished hour! And what to me may still remain? This little spray-dashed, faded flower; A past delight—a present pain.

—George Peckler, in Temple Bar.



NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY.

Commencing December 31, 1888. PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE INTER-COLONIAL RAILWAY STATION, ST. JOHN, at 7.00 a.m.—For McAdam Junction and St. Stephen. 8.40 a.m.—Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west, via Fredericton, St. Andrew, Grand Falls, and St. John's. 11.35 p.m.—Express for Fredericton and intermediate stations. 12.30 p.m.—Night-Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west, also for St. Stephen, Moncton, Woodstock, Presque Isle. PULLMAN SLEEPING CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR.

RETURNING TO ST. JOHN FROM Bangor at 12.45 a.m., Parlor Car attached; 1.30 p.m. Sleeping Car attached. Woodstock at 11.15 a.m.; 12.00 noon. Woodstock at 10.25 a.m.; 11.40 p.m. Hamilton at 10.45 a.m.; 11.40 p.m. St. Stephen at 10.20 a.m.; 11.30 a.m.; 12.45 p.m. Fredericton at 11.00 a.m.; 12.50, 12.45 p.m. Arriving in St. John at 12.45, 13.00 a.m.; 14.00, 17.15 p.m.

LEAVE CALETON FOR FAIRVILLE. 12.25 a.m.—Connecting with 8.40 a.m. train from St. John. 1.30 p.m.—Connecting with 3.35 p.m. train from St. John.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME. Trains marked 1, run daily except Sunday. Daily except Saturday. Daily except Monday. F. W. CRAM, Gen. Manager. H. D. McLEOD, Supt. Southern Division. A. J. HEATH, Gen. Pass. Agent, St. John, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway.

1888—Winter Arrangement—1889

ON and after MONDAY, November 22nd, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN. Day Express..... 7 30 Accommodation..... 11 30 Express for Sussex..... 11 30 Express for Halifax and Quebec..... 11 30 A Sleeping Car will run daily on the 12.00 train to Halifax.

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

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. Express from Halifax and Quebec..... 7 00 Express from Sussex..... 8 35 Accommodation..... 11 30 Day Express..... 11 30

RAILWAY OFFICE, Moncton, N. B., November 20, 1888. D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent.

TO TELEPHONE SUBSCRIBERS

AND OTHERS INTERESTED IN CHEAP TELEPHONES. THE ST. JOHN TELEPHONE COMPANY are about opening a Telephone Exchange in this city for the manufacture of Telephones and other electrical apparatus, thus starting a new industry. The ST. JOHN TELEPHONE COMPANY ask the public to wait until a representative of their company shall call upon them. This company is purely a local one, and we cordially solicit your support in our endeavor to introduce a new, better and cheaper Telephone than any yet offered the public.

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

New Departure.

WE HAVE DECIDED TO TAKE BACK copies of the SEASIDE LIBRARY POCKET EDITION That have been read, allowing HALF-PRICE for them. We keep all numbers of the SEASIDE in stock ALL THE TIME. The Seaside contains all the best works of the best authors. We will supply Circulars Free.

MORTON L. HARRISON, No. 96 KING STREET.

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.

A. P. BARNHILL,

Attorney, Solicitor, Notary, etc. OFFICES: COR. PRINCE AND PRINCE Wm. STREETS, ST. JOHN, N. B.

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, Freckles, Scaly Eruptions and Blackheads, and keeps the complexion clear and brilliant.

An excellent application after shaving. PRICE 25 CENTS A BOTTLE. Sample bottles free on application.

Prepared by G. A. MOORE, DRUGGIST, 199 Brussels St. cor. Richmond.

A NICE LOT OF PERFUMES, In Bulk,

JUST RECEIVED AT T. A. CROCKETT'S, 162 Princess, Cor. Sydney Street.

THE PEERLESS FOUNTAIN PEN

Has all the requisites of a PERFECT FOUNTAIN PEN.

A FREE FLOW OF INK. ALWAYS READY TO WRITE. A trial of this pen will convince that it is a PERFECT FOUNTAIN PEN in every respect.

FOR SALE BY ALFRED MORRISSEY, 104 King Street.

W. WATSON ALLEN, CLARENCE H. FERGUSON ALLEN & FERGUSON, Barristers-at-Law, Solicitors, Notaries Public, Etc.

Pugsley's Building, Rooms 14, 15 and 16 Cor. Prince William and Princess streets.

Trunks Retailed at Wholesale Prices

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

83 Germain Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.

GENERAL AGENCY FOR THE Province of New Brunswick OF

The Commercial Union Assurance Co. (Limited), OF LONDON, and Phoenix Insurance Co., of Brooklyn, A. C. FAIRWEATHER, CHAS. J. TONNEY, Barrister-at-Law, General Agent. Sub-Agent. BARNHILL'S BUILDING, ST. JOHN, N. B.

HORSE BLANKETS, Surcings, Halters, Etc.,

PROGRESS.

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

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 reserves the right to refuse to accept any advertisement unless it is paid for in advance.

News and opinions: News and opinions are always welcome, but all communications should be signed.

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

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

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JAN. 12.

CIRCULATION, 5,000.

WE CAN'T AFFORD TO WAIT.

Mr. SAMUEL SCHOFIELD, agent, and Mr. FURNESS, owner of the Furness Steamship Company, have contrived to get a great deal of free advertising, this week.

At an hour of the day when Mr. HOWARD D. TROOP, on behalf of St. John merchants, had purchased an iron steamship for the bay service, Mr. SAMUEL SCHOFIELD makes public an offer of Mr. FURNESS.

Upon reading it, the average man is in doubt. He doesn't quite grasp how much of the earth Messrs. SCHOFIELD and FURNESS want.

They would like the merchants of this city to subscribe about \$50,000 worth of stock; the government would be requested to increase the bay mail subsidy from \$10,000 to \$15,000 per annum, and give the same to Mr. FURNESS, and then that gentleman would be willing to provide the remainder of the capital, build a new steamer and put her on the route.

About how long, Mr. SCHOFIELD, would he take to do this?

Who, in all probability, Mr. SCHOFIELD, would be Mr. FURNESS' agent at St. John for the bay line?

Do you think that the probable local management of the FURNESS steamers would suit the people as well as that of Mr. HOWARD D. TROOP?

Don't you think Mr. SCHOFIELD, that the expenses of managing the FURNESS line would be pretty heavy—too heavy in fact to allow the stockholders any chance for dividends?

But this is by the way. We want a good service right away. We can't afford to wait a year or more for it. By that time the trade which we seek to keep and extend will have sought other channels, other routes.

If the City of Monticello can be put on in time for the heavy spring freight traffic and the summer passenger service, let it be done.

YOU MUST GROW A LITTLE.

There's a very audible growl from the capital. The self-contented citizens of Fredericton have been used to three trains a day departing for St. John. It didn't matter to them whether the traffic was sufficient to pay for the repair on the locomotive. They had the service and that was the end of it.

When the railway management reduces the three trains to two, the growl is heard. This is too bad. It is a pity some benevolent corporation won't run a limited, lightning express between St. John and Fredericton for the benefit of the growlers who seem to speak for the citizens whenever anything is to be said.

Fredericton should be content with its present winter service. It has two trains a day from St. John and one from the west. It sends two trains every day to St. John and local points and one to the west. It owns the finest and fastest express train that can be found in the lower provinces, and gives it the best patronage than any other management would be satisfied with.

There are a few Frederictonians who would like to grasp the earth. They aren't big enough yet.

BOYCOTT THE FRENCH.

Rev. Mr. BURCHARD, whose zealous rage against "rum, Romanism and rebellion" defeated BLAINE as a presidential candidate, missed a great opportunity last Monday. He should have attended the meeting of the St. John Evangelical Alliance.

This body is composed of a number of very worthy clergymen who resolve themselves into a sort of automatic brake to prevent the chariot of SATAN from travelling over the country at a dangerous rate of speed. They are eminently protestant and orthodox.

Just now they have been seized with a panic at the increase of French Roman Catholics in the province of Quebec. They believe that the pope intends to conquer Canada, and they propose to "make Rome howl."

Just how this is to be done has not yet been disclosed, but several strong hints are thrown out. Failing to prevent the alleged fecundity of the French Canadian habitant, and lacking a military defender of the faith

to destroy the offspring, they intend to strike a blow at the French language. This idea appears to have originated with Rev. Mr. FOTHERINGHAM. He has discovered, to his great joy, that the French are "not guaranteed their language by treaty, but by act of parliament, and the right can be taken away at any time a majority in parliament can be secured to vote for it."

The other members of the alliance thanked the last speaker for the information he had furnished, and hoped he would go more fully into the subject on a future occasion.

If a number of Romanists, at a plenary council, had urged that an agreement with a race ought to be broken because it was a law and not a treaty, it is possible that the reasoning might have been termed "jesuitical."

Since such a scheme is endorsed by Protestant divines, however, it must be morally right. The next step is to secure an anti-French majority in parliament. This will take some time, doubtless, and in the meanwhile there is work ahead for the alliance.

First of all, a series of sermons should be preached against the language in which so many radicals and free-thinkers have spoken and written. Next a move should be made to banish French text-books from the public schools and expel the Berlitz professors from the province. Christian dry goods dealers should be asked to label lace, etc., with English translations of their original names. Temperance hotel keepers should be enjoined to banish French dishes from their bills of fare. The city clergymen with distinctively French names should be requested to transform them into Anglo-Saxon without delay. The rallying cry should be, "boycott the French."

If the French and their language are to be rooted out, the smallest details of extermination should receive attention. Even Percheron horses should not be imported, and no member of the alliance should retain in his library a volume bound in obnoxious French calf.

There is work to be done, and the contract is of large dimensions.

HOTEL MEN, HEARKEN.

Why don't you talk up a sea-bathing establishment? asks a correspondent. "If the idea were launched now, something might be done before summer."

So it might, and PROGRESS will do the talking if people will do the rest of the work. There can be no question that the idea is as practicable as it is good.

The shores around St. John offer excellent opportunities for bath houses, and it is simply a wonder that the sites have never been utilized. As every swimmer is aware the waters of the Bay of Fundy are much warmer than those of the North Shore, and are infinitely more pleasant for bathing purposes. Their virtues are known only to the "natives," however, and to very few of them. Strangers come here during the summer and seek watering places up North where they really suffer from the chill, but they never try the Bay of Fundy. They would do so, and would like it, were any accommodation provided for them.

As the soap manufacturers are prone to advertise, "cleanliness is next to godliness." It should be encouraged. There should be bath houses, at nominal prices, for all who want to bathe. Even at nominal charges they would more than pay for themselves.

The corporation has plenty of land, beach and flats available for such purposes. It could afford to rent them at whatever they would bring. The main expense to the projectors of the enterprise would be the bath houses and attendants.

In the large cities of the New England seaboard, free bathing houses are provided by the authorities. The people are eager to take advantage of the privileges.

The free baths might come in time in this city, but at present some effort of private individuals seems necessary. One or more of our leading hotel keepers might take hold of the matter and find it a paying venture in more than one way.

The experiment is worth a trial. Who will make it?

BONES AT A PREMIUM.

The day has gone by when "imperial Caesar, dead and turned to clay," would be of no commercial value. Bones of great men are at a premium. Some of them are worth much more than their weight in gold.

Peacefully resting in the crypt of the big cathedral at Garden City, L. I., are the bones of an undersized Scotchman which were held at an exorbitant figure a few years ago. They were stolen from a graveyard in the heart of New York city and were carried around the country in a bag until finally ransomed, very secretly, by the bereaved and wealthy relatives. They are the bones of A. T. STEWART, a man who had grown enormously rich and who had ruined dozens of smaller merchants who had dared to compete with him in his lifetime.

But STEWART'S bones were valuable only to his widow, for sentimental reasons. They would have very little value today. No dime museum man could be tempted into buying them unless he could get them literally dirt cheap. The exhibition fiend has more valuable relics in view.

The highest priced bones in the world are those of CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

They are kept in San Domingo, and are undoubtedly genuine. The museum man has got his eye on them. He wants to get his hand on them also, and has made what may be considered a very liberal offer.

He has applied through the U. S. consul to the Dominican minister of the interior, asking if a permit for the exhibition of the bones could be obtained from the government. He does not want them for nothing. Indeed, he guarantees to swell the receipts of the Dominican treasury to an unprecedented degree. He guarantees to defray all the expenses for the transportation of the bones, a guard of eight soldiers and four priests, all the expenses which should arise during the tour of these persons in the United States and also their salaries. He guarantees to remit 50 per cent. of the net receipts to the Dominican Government in quarterly payments, and that they should not amount to less than \$200,000 a year. He guarantees the safe return of the bones after a time of not less than four years and desires that the church and government authorities state publicly that these are the genuine bones of COLUMBUS, and that exhibition of them shall be permitted for this trip only.

Unfortunately the bones are not available. The Dominicans are indignant, and the papers have successfully demanded the recall of the consul who transmitted the offer. The dry bones came near to creating an international difficulty.

It is, however, consoling to know that while object lessons in history cannot be taught to the Americans by an exhibition of the bones of COLUMBUS, a very valuable relic is privately exhibited by a New York doctor. It is the last tooth taken from GEORGE WASHINGTON'S mouth. The same man has also the set of false teeth worn by the Father of his Country. It was these which gave the prominence to WASHINGTON'S mouth, as seen in the ordinary portraits and statues. Physiognomists have said it indicated firmness. As a matter of fact the teeth were badly fitted.

These interesting souvenirs of the departed great may yet be placed on public view, to educate and delight the knowledge-seeking millions.

JOIN HANDS IN THE WORK.

The scheme for building the PRESCOTT Opera house has collapsed. Or rather, it might be more proper to say, the projectors, having learned that the Saint John Opera House company meant to build on the Union street site, chose a very sensible course and withdrew their opposition.

They should follow this move by another, adopting PROGRESS' suggestion at the same time. Join forces with the Saint John Opera House company and push the erection as speedily as possible.

It is rumored to be credited, the reason why the PRESCOTT scheme failed to materialize doesn't show the "gentlemen" connected with it to be as unselfish as citizens might expect. But it is sufficient to know the fact, and let the causes pass.

Another fact is very gratifying to all concerned: the much-abused site selected by the St. John Opera house company isn't such a horrible place after all. It is wonderful to note the change a few hours' fire will make. Then since the agitation began the street has been paved. The absence of mud is not to be despised, when considering the location of a public amusement building. Then, too, the street railway passes by the doors of the proposed building.

This latter fact has great weight with the people of Portland, who will thus be able to reach a place of amusement in comfort, no matter how dark or stormy the night. When the line is extended through the lower portion of the city, citizens from Courtney bay to Indiantown can avail themselves of the splendid convenience.

In the meantime the calls are being paid up and there will be no stock to be got when the bricks of the new building get started on the upward journey.

There were about 1,000 people in the Institute last Friday evening. It was a warm night, and with a roaring furnace fire, the main ventilators boarded in for the winter and that many people, the temperature rose rapidly. There was a very general impression the best direction for the Institute economizers to take was the road to the coal bin.

Farmer McMANUS objects to the erection of the unsightly telegraph pole upon his premises. He says the C. P. Telegraph company neglected to ask his permission, and down went the poles. The opening of the line was consequently delayed for two or three days. A small man with an axe can do considerable damage when he chooses.

The clergymen of Fredericton performed 69 marriage ceremonies during 1888.—Farmer.

If the bachelors and widows who eye each other would hurry and make up their minds there might be 669. And still there'd be more.

Sir JOHN C. ALLEN doesn't know whether to build a vault or a furnace. There are two ways to dispose of the addresses fired at him recently.

Woodstock has 400 electric lights. Properly distributed they ought to be sufficient to illuminate every householder's bedroom.

The police reports of Chicago for the past year show that 50 murders have been

committed in that city and one murderer has been hanged. The police have no time to make a better showing; they are kept busy inventing and suppressing "Anarchist plots," stealing blue-buttons from prisoners and receiving plunder from thieves.

SIMON JONES, J. McGREGOR GRANT, SAMUEL HAYWARD, JAMES F. ROBERTSON and CHARLES A. STOCKTON are going to form a big hotel company, with \$150,000 worth of stock. Go ahead, gentlemen. The people know you as some of St. John's ablest and most successful merchants. You should not have any trouble to get the stock, and you won't. If the people won't help you, you are able to help yourselves.

There is a strong suspicion that the Lansdowne and Dorcas will both start from Reed's point for Annapolis Monday morning. Don't bet on the result. Neither boat may get there. It may be noted that JOE EDWARDS' definition of the tri-weekly service seems to hold good yet. "The boat arrives one week and tries to get back the next."

A St. John physician says: "Feed onions, raw, boiled, or baked, to the children three or four times a week, and they'll grow up healthy and strong. No worms, no scarlatina, no diphtheria, where children eat plenty of onions every day." There are other disinfectants. Some people use carbolic acid and chlorid of lime.

There isn't a Historical society in America that can boast of such a member as Mr. JOSEPH W. LAWRENCE. Those who had the pleasure of listening to his sketches last Tuesday evening could not fail to realize the nature of the research and labor involved in their preparation.

However desirable it may be that JOHN R. MARSHALL should be removed from the position which he now occupies, Mr. W. W. CLARK is not the man for the place. And the quicker his friends come to this conclusion the sooner the change will be made. Better look around for another job, Mr. CLARK.

The public grass lands of Kings county, on the river St. John, were sold at auction before the great early fall freshet. Very little, if any, of the hay was cut and cured. What about payment? The municipal council of Kings couldn't do a better act than cancel the notes of the farmers who bought the lots.

Fellow-citizens, what spot within the city limits are you going to present the Canada Pacific railway with, for the erection of their railway shops? There is no use being half-hearted about this. If we have the railway, and that's conceded, we want the shops.

It isn't every town of Fredericton's dimensions that can sport two live knights, nor is it the good fortune of many cities to be able to present gentlemen more worthy the honor.—Farmer.

Yes, yes. You're like a bang-up dude. You sport a good many things you don't pay for.

Fredericton wants Mayor HAZEN again; Woodstock will keep Mayor JONES; there isn't much prospect of a change in St. Stephen and Moncton. Now what's St. John going to do about this? How's your grip on the office seal, Mayor THORNE?

The present is no time to discuss the Library entertainment question. When talented ladies have gone to much work and expense to give two successful entertainments, let us aid instead discourage them.

The collector of customs has \$10 from some person, who has evaded duties during the year and is conscience-stricken. You may bet your last cent that man never lived in Calais or St. Stephen.

Sir John Allen is the first native Frederictonian to be knighted. Who'll be the next?—Farmer.

He isn't born yet.

It is often a good deal easier to catch a thief than to get the reward. If you don't believe this just ask Detective POWERS of Halifax.

Mr. Temple, M. P., Writes a Letter.

In its report of the Short Line meeting, the Fredericton Farmer publishes Mr. Temple's (M. P.) letter of regret that he was unable to present. Mr. Temple has given the people something worth reading. Read it: His Worship the Mayor, City Hall, Fredericton.

DEAR SIR,—I am very sorry that I cannot be with you at your meeting this evening, as I am confined to the house with a severe cold, and the doctor thinks it would not be advisable for me to venture out. I hope you will have a good meeting, and whatever you may do, for the interest of all concerned in the Short Line matter, it will be my pleasure to assist you in carrying out your views. I will endeavor in the future, as I have in the past, since I have had the honor of representing this county in parliament, to do all I can to further the interests of York, and it has been my sole desire to have this Short Line railway, via Harvey, Fredericton and Salisbury accomplished. My desire has arisen, not from a local standpoint, but our geographical position gives to York, Sumbury, Queens, Kings and Westmorland counties that right, there for we expect it; and further, it is the shortest and best life for the good of Canada, and the best subsidy and contract is based upon this section of the line, and I fully trust that the contract will be carried out as it now stands, even though the contractors should ask parliament for an extension of time, as is frequently done and granted.

Yours, very faithfully, THOMAS TEMPLE.

Fredericton, Jan. 4, 1889.

Advertisement in "Progress", 27 p. 37.

Four Special Lines. Four Special Lines. Four Special Lines.

Dress Goods at 10 cts., formerly 15 cts.;

Remnants Dress Stuffs at selling prices;

Remnants Ulsterings at one-third discount;

30 Brass Plaques at 15 cts., were 40 cts.

BARNES & MURRAY, 17 Charlotte Street.

17 Charlotte Street, BARNES & MURRAY.

WE PAY THE CAR FARE. WE PAY THE CAR FARE.

NEW CROCKERY STORE.

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

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

Prices Low. C. MASTERS.

CORSETS.

Try our Justly Celebrated Glove-Fitting Corsets.

Prices Right! Shape Perfect!

Best Materials, Superior Workmanship, Largest Assortment, Durability Guaranteed.

Your special attention is called to our HERRINGBONE CORSET, combining, as it does, all the features of a Perfect Corset.

TRY THEM AND HAVE PERFECT COMFORT.

WALTER SCOTT, 32 and 36 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, TRY OUR SUPERIOR JAMS and JELLIES. And don't fail to get a LITTLE PU 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.

PEN AND PRESS.

The Vancouver Daily World, of which Mr. James S. Steen, formerly of this city, has become business manager, is alive and growing, like the city that owns it. In general "get there" it beats the St. John papers by a number of miles.

That sterling and welcome newspaper, the Carleton Sentinel, is two score years old. It began its 41st volume the other day, and accompanied it with a very modest announcement of the fact. From what we know of the Sentinel the farmers of Carleton county would go without their dinner for it any day. It is a newsy paper thoughtfully conducted on good old fashioned lines.

Hughie Isn't a Dancer.

The handsome gloves that St. Peter's church choir presented to their leader, Mr. Hugh Campbell, are sure to be useful. It is rumored that he proposes to put them on with the reperb who pictured him as participating in a dance after the presentation.

OBITUARY.

The Old Year's dead, that good old year, We ne'er shall see him more; He always wore a rubber coat, All buttoned down before.

He often scowled and seldom smiled, In general "get there" he passed, I noticed that he carried an Umbrella at half-past.

For twelve long months he came and went, And mingled freely here, And floods and freshets followed fast Each time he shed a tear.

He was a somewhat gloomy man, His sadness sought could quell, But now, alas! he's gone alone—He creod it was hard-shell.

But though he was a gloomy man Yet he is known that he, Could take his hitters straight and stiff As you might wish to see.

And he was such a guileless man, As you may understand, In reference to his preference for The "House of Commons" brand.

But one good thing he's left behind To bolster up his fame, And speak his praise in after years—And PROGRESS is his name.

SOCIAL EVENTS.

And the Rev. Fredericton Dorchester Richibucto

Miss Lu Wm. Jaffr

lives on 1 Rev. Nic St. John, a school some to town

tioned at 1 puts his he Rev. Rec

ance greet Thursday, muddy elev ant change ericton's ap

The banq of history, numismatic collecting v the attendi

But a new evolved. say, collect quarters, marked with harmless cr

to charity. It would palian who work of his ington. H of important

I heard, politan's sig not think of firmness of 'Though 84 been assist

Thursday happy gath himself ex given up the stupid affai

Mrs. D. west to vis welcomed. Miss Gesister, Mrs. Miss Ma evening, to New Engla

St. Paul's entertained. dence of M. I heard t brides that spring. Th hour later, 'Progress' such news.

Mr. J. Dorchester, his vacation Campbell, poses to pr and is at pr office.

Mr. and to Dorchest ler was visit Namara, Sy

The "sea and possess artistic dress wide choice bination of and affordin long, gracef those so m

Greek cost upon it, an table towar ure and c figure and e have decid look prett ibly look p the latest fa

which fall n two soci mise enjoy at Mrs. Ju at Mrs. H.

A large r preparing fo and I hear are being g

An early first of the wouldn't mi world.

Mrs. W. evening for delphia.

Miss Ode friends in th

A marria future, is aw est. The popular, and be congratu

JANUARY duction of looked forw have not be while before

director Port think, is be a lot of haru with the pre when one ha

with. Not t not the best no operatic be, to the s as some of o

As gypsies regulation di and if there has a weak

Halifax duds will be stron esting occasi

Last night dence of Mr attended lar was to raise not often th

the good of the people m to have been the full otherwis ssembly was that. There more or Viet

price—Viet

Four Special Lines. Four Special Lines. Four Special Lines.

15 cts.; ... Placques at 15 cts., were 40 cts.

Charlotte Street. Street, BARNES & MURRAY.

WE PAY THE CAR FARE.

ERY STORE.

STERS, - - St. John, N. B.

ILY. Now showing full lines of ... C. MASTERS.

SETS.

Celebrated Glove-Corsets.

Shape Perfect!

Assortment, ... Ability Guaranteed.

tion is called to our ... ONE CORSET, ... VE PERFECT COMFORT.

R SCOTT, King Square.

Christmas Novelties, ... R'S. - - Branch Store, KING STREET.

WATCHES, CORNUCOPIES, NECKLACES, ... R JAMS AND JELLIES.

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

EXT WEEK IN ... ULSTER CLOTHS and TWEEDS; a full ... S, BLANKETS and WOOL GOODS.

OBITUARY. The Old Year's dead, that good old year, We ne'er shall see him more; He always wore a ribbon coat, All buttoned down before.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK IN ST. JOHN AND HALIFAX.

And the Hesperian Social Circle at ... Miss Lucy Jaffrey, daughter of Rev. Wm. Jaffrey of St. Mary's, is visiting relatives on Princess street.

Rev. Niels Hansen, who will preach in St. John, where he attended the Grammar-school some years ago, paid a flying visit to town this week.

Rev. Rector Roberts' benediction counterpane greeted his friends Wednesday and Thursday. The rector finds St. John's muddy elevations and mild weather pleasant changes, accompanied as he is to Rector's snow covered fairs.

The bangle bracelet has become a thing of history, and for three or four years the numismatists have pursued their collecting way quietly unheeded by the attention of humorous paragraphers.

It would be difficult to find an Episcopalian who takes a greater interest in the work of his church than Hon. D. J. Han- ton. He was attending some meetings of important committees in the city, Thursday.

I heard, some days ago, that the metropolitan's sight was failing him. One would not think of it to see the confident and firmness of his tread along the street.

The whist party at Hon. D. McLellan's, Thursday evening, was a very genial, happy gathering. Every guest enjoyed himself exceedingly, and the ladies have given up the idea that men's parties are stupid affairs.

Miss Gerie Scovil is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Chas. McDonald. Miss Magee went to Boston Thursday evening, to spend some time in the rushing New England city.

St. Paul's church choir was pleasantly entertained, Tuesday evening, at the residence of Mr. G. Merritt, Germain street.

I heard two ladies trying to count the brides that St. John would see before spring. They had not finished the list an hour later, and the prospects are that Progress' readers will have a surfeit of such news.

Mr. J. Roy Campbell returned from Dorchester, where he has been spending his vacation at his father's, Rev. J. Roy Campbell, Wednesday evening. He proposes to practice law in St. John and is at present in Dr. I. Allen Jack's office.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Chandler returned to Dorchester last Saturday. Mrs. Chandler was visiting at her mother's, Mrs. Mac-Namara, Sydney street.

The "tea given" seems to have come up and possessed the land. As being the most artistic dress of modern times, offering a wide choice of rich material, exquisite combination of color, and originality of design, and affording an opportunity for the use of long, graceful folds, somewhat similar to those so much admired in the ancient Greek costume, it bears its honors thick upon it, and deserves them. It is charitable toward the defects of an angular figure and adds to the beauty of a graceful figure and carriage.

The arbiters of fashion have decided that a woman who cannot look pretty in any costume, one of the latest fashions is the Edward VI sleeves, which fall nearly to the edge of the skirt.

Two social events of next week that promise enjoyment and pleasure, are parties at Mrs. Judge Watters', Wednesday, and at Mrs. H. D. Troop's, Thursday evening.

An early wedding at Stone church the first of the week will try the late risers who would miss seeing such an event for the world.

Mrs. W. McLaughlin leaves tomorrow evening for a trip to New York and Philadelphia.

Miss Odell, of St. Andrews, is visiting friends in the city. A marriage in Trinity church, in the near future, is awaited with considerable interest. The young lady is handsome and popular, and the gentleman—well, he is to be congratulated.

HALIFAX, N. S. JANUARY 9.—The Orphans club's production of The Bohemian Girl is being looked forward to with interest.

Rehearsals have not been going on vigorously since a while before Christmas, owing to Conductor Porter's absence. The latter, I think, is beginning to realize that there is a lot of hard work and worry connected with the presentation of an opera, especially when one has only raw material to work with.

Not that the Orpheus singers are not the best in the city, but they have had no operatic experience. The chorus will be, to the audience, the strong attraction, as some of our prettiest girls will be in it. As gypsies they will have to don the regulation dress—13 inches from the instep, and if there is anything Halifax masculinity has a weakness for, it is pretty ankles.

Halifax dulledom and Halifax bald-headedism will be strongly to the front on this interesting occasion.

Last night's fancy dress ball at the residence of Mr. George E. Francklyn, was attended largely. The object of the dance was to raise money for a mission. It is not often that we trip the light fantastic for the good of the church; but the pockets of the people must be reached, and this seems to have been an excellent method of getting the dollars from a number who might otherwise have held on to them.

a baby, allowed the throno to have as much fun with him as it wished; and St. John Ross, the commander of her majesty's forces in British North America, danced and enjoyed himself the same as an ordinary everyday sort of a person.

Among the ladies, Miss Layan of St. John, attracted attention. She was attired in a black and white dress, with make colored sash. The lady also made a liberal display of diamonds.

Mr. William Miller, Halifax's only millionaire, lives with his family, in the fine residence on the bank of the North West Arm, formerly occupied by Hon. J. C. Hill, at one time premier of the province.

Mr. Miller has several daughters, and entertains liberally, although balls are never indulged in at his house. His son, who is in his father's business, is a tall, clean-faced young man, very English in his dress and manners.

At the academy of music, Jay Hunt and company, whom you have seen are attracting large audiences. Our good archbishop, a few days ago, unintentionally gave the show a good advertisement.

His grace had occasion to recommend to his flock an entertainment at the academy, to be given in aid of a charitable society connected with the church, and in doing so he intimated that it would be far better for the public to buy tickets for charity entertainments than to patronize the company now occupying the academy.

Directly opposite the residence of the Archbishop are two large bill boards. On these are hanging pictures of pretty-faced females, liberally displaying bare arms and legs. His Grace perhaps took these as an index of the entertainment to be offered by the Hunt company. At all events the pictures and the Archbishop's remarks served to make the people curious and they flocked to the academy. I need hardly add that the performances are strictly clean and the performers modest, since St. John gave the company a warm welcome.

I shall pay attention next week to some coming society events, for the benefit of Progress.

FRIDERICTON. JANUARY 9.—Mr. and Mrs. Frederick P. Robinson, who were married in Portland, Me., Jan. 1, arrived here last night, and are the guests of Col. Beverly Robinson. They will leave the city tomorrow.

The party at Capt. Powys', last Thursday evening, was a very pleasant affair. About 100 guests were present, and Miss Rachel Maunsell was said to be the belle. She wore a very pretty pale blue silk dress, with tall draperies of the same shade.

Miss Laura Wetmore also looked well, as she always does in pale blue velvet. Mrs. Mayor Hazen wore a handsome black lace dress.

Invitations are out for a ball at government house, to take place Thursday evening, Jan. 31.

Lady Tilley is giving a series of progressive angling parties, at government house. The fourth one will be held tomorrow evening, when there will be eight tables. These parties are something new here, and are very much enjoyed.

The few who want to the City hall, last evening, to hear Miss Daisy Beverly's Shakespearian readings were very much pleased. She certainly deserved a larger audience. Miss Beverly displays great dramatic power, has a pleasant voice, winning manner and fine presence.

Her elegant costumes have been quite the theme of conversation today among the ladies who were in last night's audience. For the first part of the entertainment she wore a very handsome cream satin, the front embroidered in pearls, long train. As Lady Macbeth, her dress was an elegant royal purple plush, with side panels of pale pink satin, plaited, long train, and cut square in the neck. She also carried an exquisite fan of pale pink ostrich feathers, with an elegant bird of various bright colors on one side.

Mrs. Beverly gave a large party at Grapoe cottage, Brunswick street, Monday evening, in honor of her granddaughter, Miss Daisy, whose home is in New York. A very pleasant evening was enjoyed, dancing being the principal amusement.

Mr. and Mrs. George Y. Dibblee gave a very pleasant dinner party at the Barker house, New York street, Thursday evening, to a large number of St. John ladies preparing for the ball at Government house and I hear of some magnificent dresses that are being gotten up for the occasion.

An early wedding at Stone church the first of the week will try the late risers who would miss seeing such an event for the world.

Mrs. W. McLaughlin leaves tomorrow evening for a trip to New York and Philadelphia.

Miss Odell, of St. Andrews, is visiting friends in the city. A marriage in Trinity church, in the near future, is awaited with considerable interest.

The young lady is handsome and popular, and the gentleman—well, he is to be congratulated.

HALIFAX, N. S. JANUARY 9.—The Orphans club's production of The Bohemian Girl is being looked forward to with interest.

Rehearsals have not been going on vigorously since a while before Christmas, owing to Conductor Porter's absence. The latter, I think, is beginning to realize that there is a lot of hard work and worry connected with the presentation of an opera, especially when one has only raw material to work with.

Not that the Orpheus singers are not the best in the city, but they have had no operatic experience. The chorus will be, to the audience, the strong attraction, as some of our prettiest girls will be in it. As gypsies they will have to don the regulation dress—13 inches from the instep, and if there is anything Halifax masculinity has a weakness for, it is pretty ankles.

Halifax dulledom and Halifax bald-headedism will be strongly to the front on this interesting occasion.

Last night's fancy dress ball at the residence of Mr. George E. Francklyn, was attended largely. The object of the dance was to raise money for a mission. It is not often that we trip the light fantastic for the good of the church; but the pockets of the people must be reached, and this seems to have been an excellent method of getting the dollars from a number who might otherwise have held on to them.

Miss Eva M. Orchard, of St. John, returned home last Saturday, after spending her vacation with the Misses Cropley of this city.

The roadster has been suffering from throat trouble, which prevented him from going to St. John this week, and taking part in the deliberations of important church committees.

Misses Mrs. Penney and family and Mrs. Milligan were in the American train, Tuesday morning, for Boston on route for Tallahassee, Florida. They will spend two days in Boston and board the steamer for Savannah, Thursday afternoon.

Mr. E. L. O'Brien, late of the Normal school teaching staff, and now inspector of schools for Victoria, Madras and Kent, was the recipient of a complimentary banquet at the Queen hotel, Monday evening, tendered him by his fellow members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians and other friends.

At the academy of music, Jay Hunt and company, whom you have seen are attracting large audiences. Our good archbishop, a few days ago, unintentionally gave the show a good advertisement.

His grace had occasion to recommend to his flock an entertainment at the academy, to be given in aid of a charitable society connected with the church, and in doing so he intimated that it would be far better for the public to buy tickets for charity entertainments than to patronize the company now occupying the academy.

Directly opposite the residence of the Archbishop are two large bill boards. On these are hanging pictures of pretty-faced females, liberally displaying bare arms and legs. His Grace perhaps took these as an index of the entertainment to be offered by the Hunt company. At all events the pictures and the Archbishop's remarks served to make the people curious and they flocked to the academy. I need hardly add that the performances are strictly clean and the performers modest, since St. John gave the company a warm welcome.

I shall pay attention next week to some coming society events, for the benefit of Progress.

FRIDERICTON. JANUARY 9.—Mr. and Mrs. Frederick P. Robinson, who were married in Portland, Me., Jan. 1, arrived here last night, and are the guests of Col. Beverly Robinson. They will leave the city tomorrow.

The party at Capt. Powys', last Thursday evening, was a very pleasant affair. About 100 guests were present, and Miss Rachel Maunsell was said to be the belle. She wore a very pretty pale blue silk dress, with tall draperies of the same shade.

Miss Laura Wetmore also looked well, as she always does in pale blue velvet. Mrs. Mayor Hazen wore a handsome black lace dress.

Invitations are out for a ball at government house, to take place Thursday evening, Jan. 31.

Lady Tilley is giving a series of progressive angling parties, at government house. The fourth one will be held tomorrow evening, when there will be eight tables. These parties are something new here, and are very much enjoyed.

The few who want to the City hall, last evening, to hear Miss Daisy Beverly's Shakespearian readings were very much pleased. She certainly deserved a larger audience. Miss Beverly displays great dramatic power, has a pleasant voice, winning manner and fine presence.

Her elegant costumes have been quite the theme of conversation today among the ladies who were in last night's audience. For the first part of the entertainment she wore a very handsome cream satin, the front embroidered in pearls, long train. As Lady Macbeth, her dress was an elegant royal purple plush, with side panels of pale pink satin, plaited, long train, and cut square in the neck. She also carried an exquisite fan of pale pink ostrich feathers, with an elegant bird of various bright colors on one side.

Mrs. Beverly gave a large party at Grapoe cottage, Brunswick street, Monday evening, in honor of her granddaughter, Miss Daisy, whose home is in New York. A very pleasant evening was enjoyed, dancing being the principal amusement.

Mr. and Mrs. George Y. Dibblee gave a very pleasant dinner party at the Barker house, New York street, Thursday evening, to a large number of St. John ladies preparing for the ball at Government house and I hear of some magnificent dresses that are being gotten up for the occasion.

An early wedding at Stone church the first of the week will try the late risers who would miss seeing such an event for the world.

Mrs. W. McLaughlin leaves tomorrow evening for a trip to New York and Philadelphia.

Miss Odell, of St. Andrews, is visiting friends in the city. A marriage in Trinity church, in the near future, is awaited with considerable interest.

The young lady is handsome and popular, and the gentleman—well, he is to be congratulated.

HALIFAX, N. S. JANUARY 9.—The Orphans club's production of The Bohemian Girl is being looked forward to with interest.

Rehearsals have not been going on vigorously since a while before Christmas, owing to Conductor Porter's absence. The latter, I think, is beginning to realize that there is a lot of hard work and worry connected with the presentation of an opera, especially when one has only raw material to work with.

Not that the Orpheus singers are not the best in the city, but they have had no operatic experience. The chorus will be, to the audience, the strong attraction, as some of our prettiest girls will be in it. As gypsies they will have to don the regulation dress—13 inches from the instep, and if there is anything Halifax masculinity has a weakness for, it is pretty ankles.

Halifax dulledom and Halifax bald-headedism will be strongly to the front on this interesting occasion.

Last night's fancy dress ball at the residence of Mr. George E. Francklyn, was attended largely. The object of the dance was to raise money for a mission. It is not often that we trip the light fantastic for the good of the church; but the pockets of the people must be reached, and this seems to have been an excellent method of getting the dollars from a number who might otherwise have held on to them.

Macaulay Brothers & Co.,

61 and 63 KING STREET. CAMBRIC HAMBURG EMBROIDERIES,

NARROW TO WIDE EDGINGS; NARROW TO WIDE INSERTIONS; SHORT FLOUNCING FOR CHILDREN'S DRESSES; WIDE FLOUNCINGS AND ALLOVERS TO MATCH.

EMBROIDERED PINK ZEPHYR GINGHAMS In Edgings, Insertions, Flouncings and Allovers—All to match in Shades and Patterns.

LIGHT BLUE GINGHAM in the same widths and patterns as the Pink. TURKEY RED CAMBRIC EMBROIDERIES, in Edgings, Insertions, Flouncings and Allovers. WHITE-SWISS BOOK EMBROIDERIES, FLOUNCINGS all widths, with Allovers to match.

For all the above makes of Cambric, Zephyr, Swiss and Turkey Red Embroideries, we have imported the plain materials to match, so in making up Ladies' and Children's Dresses perfect matches can be had.

OUR STOCK OF HAMBURGS IS THE BEST in assortment, designs and qualities ever offered by us. All are imported by us direct from the Swiss makers. We can, therefore, give extra value to our trade.

NEW PEARL BUTTONS in Ball, Cut Tops, Flat and Tulip shapes. P. S.—SAMPLES BY MAIL TO ANY ADDRESS. MACAULAY BROS. & CO.

Electro-Plated Graniteware. COMPRISING: TEA AND COFFEE POTS, BUTTER COOLERS, PUDDING DISHES, STEW PANS, FARINA KETTLES, And other Articles.

Graniteware is acknowledged to be the most wholesome and pure ware yet introduced for ordinary table and kitchen use.

Our stock of CUTLERY should be examined by intending purchasers; ours is the best and largest assortment ever shown in St. John.

T. M'AVITY & SONS, - - - 13 King Street. "Cleanliness Is Next To Godliness."

The American Steam Laundry, LOCATED AT Nos. 52 and 54 Canterbury Street,

Latest Improved Machinery, the Most Competent Help, the Most Efficient Supervision, and, therefore, Everybody says, DOES THE BEST WORK.

Fredericton Agency: C. L. RICHARDS, Queen Street. GIVE US A TRIAL ORDER.

GODSOE BROS. - - Proprietors. Guns, Rifles, Revolvers.

July 28th--Opening Today: 4 Cases Single and Double Guns, Flobert Rifles, Revolvers, Breech Loading Double Guns, Etc.

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

EVERYBODY IS TAKING STOCK OF THE

Very Low Prices of Books, Stationery, Fancy Goods, Toys, etc.,

NOW SELLING AT JENNINGS', 171 Union Street.

Parsons' Pills

These pills were a wonderful discovery. Use like any other. One Pill Restores Children to Health. The most delicate women use them. In fact all ladies can obtain very great benefit from the use of Parsons' Pills.

Make New Rich Blood!

LAME HORSES.

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

Fellows' Leeming's Essence For Lameness in Horses, stands pre-eminently above all preparations used by horsemen as a remedy for Splints, Spavins, Curbs, Ringbone, Sidebone, Strains of the Back, Sinews, Hock, Knee, Fetlock, Eastern 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.

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 Jewellery always on hand. DIAMONDS and OTHER PRECIOUS STONES RESET at the shortest notice. WEDDING RINGS all sizes; all prices. Also: IMPORTER 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.

PETER SCHMIDT, MANUFACTURING JEWELLER, who had charge of the department for the manufacture of Jewellery in the SHEFFIELD HOUSE from 1874 until the closing in 1887 (reference Richard Thompson), has OPENED A STORE

161 Union Street, WHERE HE WILL ATTEND TO THE Repairing and Manufacture of Fine Jewellery.

The custom of the former patrons of the SHEFFIELD HOUSE, and of the general public, is respectfully solicited.

A. & J. HAY, 76 King Street. Spectacles, Watches, Clocks and Jewellery. JEWELRY made to order and repaired. WEDDING RINGS guaranteed 18 K. See.

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. Price low.

WM. B. MOVEY, Dispensing Chemist, 128 Union Street.

ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

Among us Canadians, and on this side the water generally, the poems of Mr. Sharp have been strangely overlooked. To all lovers of high verse, the loss is a serious one.

Mr. Sharp's feeling for the romantic, the supernatural, the heroic, the weirdly suggestive, does not lead him into any contempt for that vital and selective realism, which (as I have said on all possible occasions) must form the basis of all true art.

The present volume* is, as its name implies, arranged in two sections. The first section, Romantic Ballads, contains four poems of the supernatural, which are of themselves sufficient to establish Mr. Sharp's claim to be regarded as a powerful and original singer.

But as the darkness grew and made Forest and mountain one vast shade, Michael the Wizard moaned in dread— A long white moonbeam like a blade Swept after him where'er he fled.

And through the wood there stole and crept, And through the wood there raced and leapt, A thing in semblance of a man; A human look its wild eyes kept, As howling through the night it ran.

"The Death-Tide" is not a narrative but rather a lyrical ballad, shorter than its predecessors, but not less admirable. Its haunting cadences and weird refrains are not less fruitful of a creeping sense of awe, but there is something more alluring, more delicious in this fear than in that evoked by such work as the "Michael Scott."

In the "Poems of Phantasy" the note is sweeter, softer, less strenuous; but that strange and wide-eyed sense of the supernatural is not for a moment absent.

And then I came upon a stone Whence these words were writ alone, The girl who roams, its body dies Far hence, that moment, without noon.

And then I knew that I was dead, And that the shadow overhead Was not the darkness of the skies, But that from which my soul had fled.

*Romantic Ballads and Poems of Phantasy. By William Sharp. London: Printed for the author by Walter Scott, 24 Warwick Lane.

THE WANDERING VOICE.

They hear it in the sunless dale, It moans beside the stream, They hear it when the woodlands wail, And when the storm-winds scream.

They hear it—going from the fields Through twilight shadows home— It sighs across the silent wealds And far and wide doth roam.

It moans upon the wind, no more The House of Malcolm stands: It comes at dusk, and o'er and o'er Haunts Malcolm's lands.

He rides down by the foaming line— But hark! what is it calls With faint, far voice, so shrill and thin, The House of Malcolm falls.

He lifts the revel cup at night— What makes him start and stare, What makes his face blanch deadly white, What makes him spring from where

His comrades feast within the room, And through the darkness go— What is that wailing cry of doom, That scream of woe!

No more in sunless dells, or high On moorland ways is heard the moan Of the long-wandering prophecy— In moonlit nights alone

A shadowy shape is seen to stand Beside a ruined place: It waves a wildly threatening hand, It hath a dreadful face.

Mr. Sharp is author of two other volumes of poems—The Human Inheritance, now out of print, and Earth's Voices (London: Elliot Stock). He is also author of Dante Gabriel Rossetti: A Record and Study, of those altogether admirable brief biographies, Shelley and Keats—in the Great Writers series; and of several introductory essays, of special value, prefixed to works which he has edited.

It is usually as easy to criticise an anthology as it is hard to make one. Tastes differ, and that which one man holds worthy of praise may be condemned by a no more competent judge.

This, to quote the publishers' statement, is a representative volume. It is not merely a collection of the poetry of Maine, but an evidence of the poetic sensibility, taste and culture of the great mass of its people.

More than 50 of the men and women whose verse is quoted have acquired more than local celebrity. To readers of the newspapers and magazines the names of two or three hundred more will not be unfamiliar.

Coming down to "the humbler poets," we find in their own work—as we are here made acquainted with it—good reason for the honor that has been done them. How many readers of PROGRESS ever heard of Oscar Laighton, for example? He is one of the unnumbered and almost unknown whom only such an enterprise as this brings to light: yet here are verses that prove his right to a place among the poets:

Sweet wind that blows o'er sunny isles The softness of the sea, Blow thou across these moving miles News of my love to me.

Ripples her hair like waves that sweep About this pleasant shore; Her eyes are bluer than the deep Round rocky Appledore.

Her sweet breast shames the scattered spray Soft kissed by early light: I dream she is the dawn of day That lifts me out of night.

And the quotation might be many times paralleled, for the average merit of the collection is high. It will serve our purpose, however, to say that, while the editor has omitted no one who had the shadow of a claim to recognition, he has sought unweariedly and successfully for the best work that each has done. Thus comes it that the book is full of surprises: old friends confronting us every now and then; new ones taking hold of our affections and refusing henceforth to be banished.

The sentimental value of the book, if one may so speak, is all its own, and it has a practical feature which will largely increase its enduring worth. A brief biography of every poet prefaces the quotations, and thus there is brought together a mass of matter such as it would be hard to find in any other volume. For the rest, we note that the book has two characteristics which we somehow expect to attach to every article that comes from the office of the Portland Transcript: it is both substantial and beautiful. No one who buys The Poets of Maine will be disappointed in either its matter or its manner; and to a son or daughter of Maine, especially those who are away from "home," the possession of the book will be a perpetual delight.

When the prevailing tendency among publishers is towards good books at low prices, one could hardly expect such an enterprising firm as Messrs. Lee & Shepard

The Poets of Maine: A Collection of Specimens of the Fine-Tree State; with Biographical Sketches. Compiled by George Bancroft Griffith. Cloth 5vo, pp. 266. Portland: Elwell, Pickard & Co. Price, 75c.

to do other than lead. That they have not disappointed their friends, the reading public, will be plain to any one who examines the new series which they have appropriately named, "Good Company."

I. The Lover. By Sir Richard Steele. II. The Wishing-Cap Papers. By Leigh Hunt. III. Fireside Saints. By Douglas Jerrold.

IV. Dreamthoughts. By Alexander Smith. V. A Physician's Problems. By Chas. Elam. VI. Broken Lights. By Frances Power Cobbe.

VII. Religious Duty. By Frances Power Cobbe. VIII. The Schoolmaster. By Roger Ascham. IX. The Development Theory. By Joseph Y. and Fanny Bergen.

X. The Philosophy of Mirth. By B. F. Clark. XI. The Gentleman. By George H. Calvert. XII. Education. By Herbert Spencer.

The literary quality of these books is indicated by the titles and the authors. Most of them are old friends, and there is not one but is worth reading and owning. Moreover, our readers will be interested to know that they are printed from new plates, on good paper, are substantially and handsomely bound, and are sold—one might almost say, given—at the uniform price of 50 cents.—Boston: Lee & Shepard. St. John: T. O'Brien & Co.

MUSIC, AT HOME AND ABROAD. Why will amateurs attempt to sing songs that are totally beyond their powers? The range of pretty and effective but simple ballads is so large that it seems to me quite unreasonable that singers should torture the audience, the accompanist and themselves by giving an incomplete rendition of difficult high class music.

I went to the concert in Trinity school-room, last Thursday week, and the thing that struck me most was the total inability (at least on my part) to understand the words that were sung. I don't know whether the acoustic properties of this hall are against the proper hearing of words, but I do know from personal experience (some years ago) that, for myself at least, it is the easiest place to sing in, in St. John.

Some of the songs were far beyond the powers of the performers, Miss Massie's being a notable exception; but even with her finished style, I was unable to notice any distinct enunciation of words.

I am not going to make a very original remark, but it is certainly interesting to compare the results that accrue from the efforts of a man who knows his business and from those of one who does not. The wonders that were wrought on the Mission church organ, last week, were the astonishment of most of those who heard the organ last Sunday and the Sunday previous. On the one day, hardly a stop was able to be used, and on the other the full organ was almost completely in tune—at all events, in such good tune that no one but a professional could detect anything wrong.

There is this certain about this much talked of instrument that the builder's workmen are able to make pipes and voice them well, but it is also true that, up to a little while ago, they were not able to tune them. This has now been set right by the builder's very sensibly employing a first class tuner and organ man from England and it seems likely that, thanks to this able workman, who evidently thoroughly understands his business, the Mission church organ will prove to be, at least in tone, the equal of any instrument in the city. There still remains the vexed question as to the action, but it is to be hoped this will be so thoroughly examined and set right where imperfect that trouble will not come from that quarter.

The English reeds are certainly very choice and without rival in this city, and it is a most fortunate coincidence that they harmonize most beautifully with the rest of the stops of the organ.

The recitals that are announced for the five Fridays of Epiphany will be evenings of great musical worth and enjoyment. The trustees have certainly, in my humble opinion, been very wise in charging the small sum of 20 cents for the admission tickets. As a general rule, I do not like the idea, but there are special circumstances to be taken into consideration in this case—the smallness of the edifice being a sufficient reason, if there were no other.

The issue of tickets for each night is limited to 350 (the seating capacity of the church) so that, come early or come late, the holder of a ticket is sure of a seat. As PROGRESS is printed on Friday night it will be impossible for me to give an account of each performance on the week it occurs, so that I shall have to content myself with making a few general remarks occasionally. There

to do other than lead. That they have not disappointed their friends, the reading public, will be plain to any one who examines the new series which they have appropriately named, "Good Company."

seems no doubt that this will be a most remarkable series of vocal and instrumental performances, the like of which has seldom, if ever, been given in St. John.

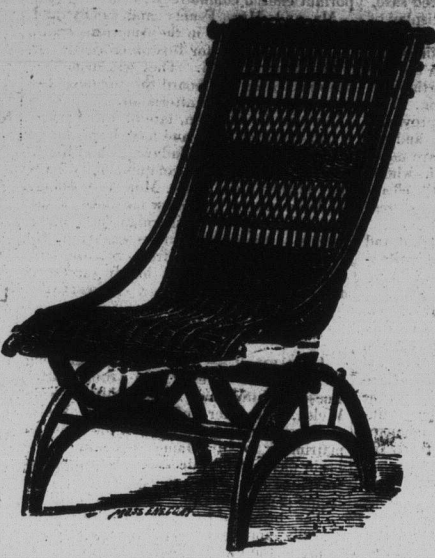
The concert at the Institute, Monday evening, was a performance of more even merit all round than has been given for some time. Some of the solos were especially pleasing, perhaps from the fact that they were all very old, time-worn favorites. Mrs. Gandy's performance of "Cherry Ripe" was a finished piece of singing. Mrs. Girvan sang her solo, "Where are the Friends of My Youth," with much taste. Miss Massie charmed every one with her beautiful execution in "Within a Mile of Edinboro' Town," and also in the encore she kindly gave, "Kathleen Maureen."

Her voice seems especially adapted for this class of music, being hardly powerful enough for oratorio solos. Miss McKeown put too much feeling into her singing of "Way Down Upon the Swanee River," and so sacrificed the truth and attack of her notes. Mr. Christie I should have liked to hear sing a good old Scotch ballad instead of "The Wolf." The chorus generally sang well, though there was an extra proportion of bass and soprano, which sometimes was a little too prominent. "Humpty Dumpty" was a little beyond their powers. Granted, it is a very catchy, awkward piece of music, but it wants every part to be perfect, and every lead to be taken up at the exact moment, or the effect is marred, and the whole glee seems a confused jumble of sounds, without any distinct intention. The part songs, "My Own Canadian Home" and "Rule Britannica," were the best, both going very well. Mr. Morley's playing of the accompaniments was again one of the best features of the evening, only excelled by his splendid playing of a gavotte—his own composition, in which he has closely followed the well known traditions of this special class of music. It is a most charming work and I hope he will soon have it published. I must not forget to add that he arranged the quartette, "Drink to Me Only," especially for the occasion and showed again what a thorough knowledge he has of harmony and composition. Miss MacLauchlan has my humble contribution to her wreath of laurels for her able management of the whole affair.

The minstrels have got to work and had a rattling hour and a half practice at two choruses, Tuesday evening. The "boys" were evidently well pleased with their new conductor, Mr. Morley, and by the way he handled them on the first evening, I think that the coming performances will be an advance on the last, not only in the general arrangement of the entertainment but also in the work of the chorus, which will be more evenly balanced, with voices placed in their proper class. There are a few recruits, all valuable voices. The meetings as proposed at present will be held Tuesday and Thursday evenings, at the same room as before on Germain street. Non-performers will be rigidly excluded.

Attorney for defense (to man drawn as juror)—Permit me to ask you, Mr. Idunno, if you have conscientious scruples against capital punishment? Juror—He? Attorney—Are you opposed, on principle, to the execution of condemned criminals? Juror—Huh? Attorney (hastily)—We'll take this man, your honor.—Chicago Tribune.

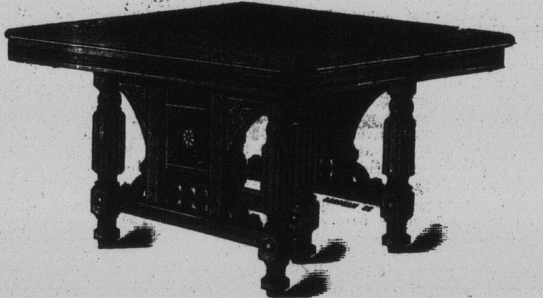
IF YOU WANT TO BUY



Carpets, Oilcloths, Rugs, Curtains, FURNITURE, OR House Furnishing Goods, AT

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES,

HAROLD GILBERT'S WAREROOMS, 54 King Street, WILL AFFORD YOU THIS OPPORTUNITY.



Terms Liberal.

seems no doubt that this will be a most remarkable series of vocal and instrumental performances, the like of which has seldom, if ever, been given in St. John.

The concert at the Institute, Monday evening, was a performance of more even merit all round than has been given for some time. Some of the solos were especially pleasing, perhaps from the fact that they were all very old, time-worn favorites. Mrs. Gandy's performance of "Cherry Ripe" was a finished piece of singing.

Mrs. Girvan sang her solo, "Where are the Friends of My Youth," with much taste. Miss Massie charmed every one with her beautiful execution in "Within a Mile of Edinboro' Town," and also in the encore she kindly gave, "Kathleen Maureen."

Her voice seems especially adapted for this class of music, being hardly powerful enough for oratorio solos. Miss McKeown put too much feeling into her singing of "Way Down Upon the Swanee River," and so sacrificed the truth and attack of her notes.

Mr. Christie I should have liked to hear sing a good old Scotch ballad instead of "The Wolf." The chorus generally sang well, though there was an extra proportion of bass and soprano, which sometimes was a little too prominent.

"Humpty Dumpty" was a little beyond their powers. Granted, it is a very catchy, awkward piece of music, but it wants every part to be perfect, and every lead to be taken up at the exact moment, or the effect is marred, and the whole glee seems a confused jumble of sounds, without any distinct intention.

The part songs, "My Own Canadian Home" and "Rule Britannica," were the best, both going very well. Mr. Morley's playing of the accompaniments was again one of the best features of the evening, only excelled by his splendid playing of a gavotte—his own composition, in which he has closely followed the well known traditions of this special class of music.

It is a most charming work and I hope he will soon have it published. I must not forget to add that he arranged the quartette, "Drink to Me Only," especially for the occasion and showed again what a thorough knowledge he has of harmony and composition.

Miss MacLauchlan has my humble contribution to her wreath of laurels for her able management of the whole affair.

The minstrels have got to work and had a rattling hour and a half practice at two choruses, Tuesday evening. The "boys" were evidently well pleased with their new conductor, Mr. Morley, and by the way he handled them on the first evening, I think that the coming performances will be an advance on the last, not only in the general arrangement of the entertainment but also in the work of the chorus, which will be more evenly balanced, with voices placed in their proper class.

There are a few recruits, all valuable voices. The meetings as proposed at present will be held Tuesday and Thursday evenings, at the same room as before on Germain street. Non-performers will be rigidly excluded.

Attorney for defense (to man drawn as juror)—Permit me to ask you, Mr. Idunno, if you have conscientious scruples against capital punishment? Juror—He? Attorney—Are you opposed, on principle, to the execution of condemned criminals? Juror—Huh? Attorney (hastily)—We'll take this man, your honor.—Chicago Tribune.

1889.

Cotton Sale!

Hamburg Embroideries.

We are showing a fine assortment of Hamburgs, Edgings, Insertions and Allovers, in Cambric, Book and Nainsook Muslins—EXTRA VALUE.

COTTONS. Our lines are now about complete in Cottons and Sheetings (White and Grey); also, PLYW COTTONS in all widths and grades.

London House, Retail, CHARLOTTE and UNION STREETS, ST. JOHN ACADEMY OF ART.

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

THE SCHOOL-ROOMS are now open to Pupils from 10 until 5 every day in the week, except Saturday afternoon. The aim of the School is to give Pupils a good training in

DRAWING AND PAINTING. The course taught consists in—Drawing from Models and Objects; Life; the Antique; and Still Life. Painting from Life.

Lectures on PERSPECTIVE, including Parallel, Angular and Oblique Perspective; casting Shadows by gas light and sun light; Reflections in the mirror and water. A specialty is made of Portraiture in this School. Pupils are taught to draw them in Pencil and Oil. Crayon, and to Paint them in Pastel and Oil.

Principal—JOHN C. MILES, A. R. C. A. Assistant—FRED H. C. MILES SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

Wizard Oil!

I HAVE THIS DAY RECEIVED A SUPPLY OF WIZARD OIL.

The properties of the above famous preparation need no comment.

R. D. McARTHUR, MEDICAL HALL, No. 50 Charlotte street, opp. King Square.

ELEGANT and ATTRACTIVE GOODS FOR PRESENTS.

PERFUMES in great variety; TOILET BOTTLES, ODOUR CASES; CELLULOID HAIR BRUSHES; MIBBERS, etc., with and without cases; MANICURE SETS; Plain and Mounted WALKING STICKS; VIN AGRETTES; SMELLING BOTTLES; SHAVING MIRRORS and FRIZZONS. With other Articles Suitable for CHRISTMAS SEASON, all of which are offered at moderate prices.

C. P. CLARKE, 100 KING STREET.

Hotel Dufferin,

St. John, N. B.

FRED. A. JONES, Proprietor. Best \$1 House in the Maritime Provinces.

Hawarden Hotel, Cor. Prince Wm. and Duke Sts., ST. JOHN, N. B.

WM. CONWAY, Proprietor. Terms, \$1.00 per Day; Weekly Board \$4.00.

BELMONT HOTEL, ST. JOHN, N. B. The most convenient Hotel in the city. Directly opposite N. B. & Intercolonial Railway Station. Baggage taken to and from the depot free charge. Terms—\$1 to \$2.50 per day. J. SIME, Proprietor

VICTORIA HOTEL, (FORMERLY WAVERLY), 81 to 87 King Street ST. JOHN, N. B.

D. W. McCORMICK - - - Proprietor. ROYAL HOTEL, ST. JOHN, N. B.

T. F. RAYMOND, Proprietor. QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B.

J. A. EDWARDS - Proprietor. FINE SAMPLE ROOM IN CONNECTION. Also, a First Class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

ELLIOTT'S HOTEL, 28 to 32 Germain Street, St. John, N. B. MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

Terms - - \$1.00 Per Day. Tea, Bed and Breakfast, 75 Cents. E. W. ELLIOTT, Proprietor.

DIARIES.

Counting House Diaries, OFFICE DIARIES, POCKET DIARIES. FOR 1889.

For sale by J. & A. McMILLAN, St. John, N. B.

At the Washerwomen's ANNUAL CONVENTION lately held in St. John, it was moved, seconded and unanimously carried that they buy from and get all their Wringers repaired at

BEVERLY'S On Germain street. The man who sells on the installment plan.

MISS B. E. BOWMAN, of Boston, Teacher in Oils, Water Colors on every kind of Material.

Also—CHINA, LUSTRA and ELASTIC WORK. Address: 4 WELLINGTON ROW, ST. JOHN, N. B.

AL... FROM... Some... ALL... ALL... few fr... called... avenue... and to... she emp... young... conven... the spec... pallor... anee... obli... tion wa... the you... parlor... "W... I tell y... medic... The... were se... man an... All ma... upon hi... the op... "Old... men in... vania... the Cu... never c... which th... building... farmers... burgh an... after it... Many o... money in... as so m... was the... He trave... berland... the farm... witted, I... began to... entirely... Cumberl... for odd j... tinkering... Long as... known f... land Vall... Long put... those day... the farm... which is a... Christy L... dividends... among se... mender to... jobs, whil... a fool. T... over \$300... received f... S. B. T... was for... the doctor... disease... On the W... giving h... him, telli... go to the... gregation... cured. W... himself car... close the... prayed for... self in a lo... the prayers... voice with... the third c... and, cryi... down the ai... aid him, bu... steadily ou... home, shou... then he see... burg Leach... satisfied that... A Bangor... York Sun... nebec coun... to sell rum... He lives in... and keeps a... procured a... sale of cigar... the retaili... law requir... a conspicuo... how to read... it, he stuck... stables caught... suited. Th... had at least... Miles Joh... Princeton... day, hanged... left a note... promise not... first wife on... could not c... conscience... Farmer El... his place a... sweet and pun... Mr. Elzey ha... Crawford cou... allowed to rot... hogs because... market. At t... farmer decid... He dug a ciste... nine in diam... hard); this h... it practically... a trough from... continuing the... the cistern, wh... was full of the... sweet all the y... company, inste... to the nearest... bucket to the c... New England... A few days... covered that h... kittens, whic... secreted in a... New Haven Pu... making this di... money enough... and he accordi... deliver that qui...

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(Continued from Fifth Page.)

MONCTON.

[Our always bright contribution from Moncton failed to reach us this week. The business readers will not regret it more than we.]

ST. STEPHEN.

JANUARY 9.—The very general observance of the week of prayer has made the present week a quiet one, and there is positively nothing in a social way to speak of. I should like to tell you of two or three pretty costumes that have been worn in St. Stephen lately. I have frequently heard strangers quoted as saying that St. Stephen ladies were among the best dressed in the province. Dress is an index of thought, and in view of this fact alone no woman can afford to neglect it. One house dress, which has been particularly admired by the wearers' friends, is of very deep blue cashmere, made in the popular director style with revers and cuffs of velvet of the same shade, and an old-gold satin vest heavily embroidered in gold.

The ball dress of a charming young debutante, a few weeks ago, was, she assured me, the work of her own fingers. The plain skirt and bodice were of white muslin, the square-cut corsage filled in with dotted tulle, and pale blue ribbons and surah esch of the same delicate shade, together with white undressed gloves, completed a most dainty costume.

The friends of Hon. James Lynott are pained to hear of his serious and continued illness, caused by a painful accident to his ankle.

Mr. P. G. McFarlane spent a few days during vacation at his home near Fredericton.

Rev. W. B. Thomas has been spending a week in town visiting several of his friends.

Mr. Edward Jack, of Fredericton, was in town over Sunday, the guest of Mr. Henry Todd.

Judge Palmer, of St. John, was in town last Monday.

Miss Dienstadt, of St. John, is at present in St. Stephen, the guest of Dr. Dienstadt.

Miss Clara E. Bridges of Fredericton, has succeeded Miss Sands in the King street schools.

Mr. E. Smith spent New Year's in Fredericton.

Miss Lyle has returned from her trip to Boston.

Miss Elva Harrison left last week for her home in St. John. On leaving the choir of the Methodist church, Miss Harrison was presented with a handsome piece of statuary.

Mr. J. W. T. Grant, after spending a pleasant holiday among his old friends, has returned to resume his work for the well-known Boston firm with which he has become deservedly popular.

I have to record the serious illness of Mr. William Grimmer, one of the well-known citizens of St. Stephen, who for a long time held a position in the customs department, but was obliged some time ago to retire, owing to failing health.

MARIA ANNING'S GOLD.

(Continued from First Page.)

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Todd made a brief trip to Boston, last week. Mrs. Charles Eaton, jr., of Milltown, accompanied by Miss Alice Todd, left today for Palatka, Fla., where they will spend the winter.

Mr. Louis Dexter is spending a few days in Milltown. Mr. N. W. Brown, of the U. N. B. spent New Years in town.

DORCHESTER.

JANUARY 10.—A large number turned out on Tuesday to witness the opening of the January session of the supreme court, by Sir J. C. Allen. On the judges' platform I noticed Lady Smith, Mrs. D. L. Hanington, Mrs. P. A. Landry, Mrs. Joshua Chandler, Miss I. S. Chandler, Mrs. T. A. Kinnear, Mrs. J. R. Campbell, Mrs. M. G. Teed, Mrs. H. R. Emmerson, Mrs. Thos. Keilor, Miss Robinson, Miss Maud Hanington, Miss Grierson, and Mrs. David Chapman. His honor Judge Botsford occupied a seat by the chief justice. Miss Sarah Forster has returned from Richibucto, where she has been visiting her father.

Mr. Fred Fairweather, of Sussex, who is attending the Dalhousie law school, spent a few days here, this week, with his brother, Mr. George M. Fairweather, on his way back to Halifax. Mr. Fairweather's father was also in town for a short visit, last week.

Miss Nellie Robinson returned to St. John on Monday. Miss Kerr returned to Halifax the same day.

Miss S. B. Robinson goes to Sackville tomorrow, to visit her sister, Mrs. J. F. Allison. She hopes to return to Dorchester shortly.

Mr. J. R. Campbell, jr., left for St. John yesterday, to enter on the practice of the law, carrying with him the good wishes of his many Dorchester friends.

Mrs. T. A. Kinnear, of Sackville, is in town with Mr. Kinnear, who is engaged in court.

Messrs. J. L. Black, M.P.P., and Geo. E. Ford, of Sackville, were in town on Tuesday.

The Misses Desrie and Etta Chapman returned yesterday from Sackville, where they have been visiting friends at the ladies academy.

Miss Annie Hickman of Amherst, is visiting Miss Teresa Hay, at the residence of Mr. Joseph Hickman, her uncle.

Sir John C. Allen is stopping, during his stay here, with Mr. and Mrs. David Chapman.

Mr. D. L. Hanington is attending court in St. John.

Among the strangers in town attending court, are Messrs. E. A. Charters, of Sussex, R. Barry Smith, Harvey Atkinson, R. A. Borden, C. A. Steeves, D. I. Welsh, J. A. Harris, and R. W. Hewson, of Moncton, and E. L. Ford, of Sackville.

Miss Grierson, of Kent, and Miss Steeves of Albert, have been engaged to take charge respectively of the primary and intermediate departments of the Superior school, in place of Miss Richardson and Mr. Neales, who have left Dorchester.

Dr. J. F. Teed, of Moncton, spent Sunday at his old home in Dorchester.

NEWCASTLE.

JANUARY 9.—Society has been recuperating after the holiday dissipation, and the usually gay shire town has been decidedly quiet.

Miss Haddow is visiting Miss Thomson at the "Rocks."

Mr. John Ferguson made a flying visit to New York, last week, bringing back with him his brother, Dr. Ferguson. A few days' rest will, no doubt, improve his health.

Miss L. Call and her brother left suddenly for Colorado last week.

Mr. E. Sinclair returned from New York, last week, and has been ill since with lumbago.

Mrs. J. Maltby, of Brandon, is visiting Mrs. Maltby, of Pleasant street.

Mr. W. A. Park, of the customs, has bought a new horse. He expects to distance everything on the road in a short time. Mer are at work now levelling a track, from the lower end of Castle street to the "Pines," and after such trouble and training, it ought to do something.

The young ladies who enjoy tobogganing are waiting for their gentlemen friends to present them with a ticket, and therefore, the opening is postponed indefinitely.

Mr. Clarence Mitchell is in town.

BUTTONS.

CALAIS, MAINE.

I. A little buzz in a city grew,— Listen to my tale of woe— A little buzz of tender hue, At first heard only, by very few But it grew! It grew! Listen to my tale of woe.

II. She heard a word and he heard two— Listen to my tale of woe— Then the froggie began to brew, That your correspondent couldn't subdue, Boo hoo! Boo hoo! Listen to my tale of woe.

III. This little buzz of doleful hue— (Listen to my tale of woe)— Originated from papers two— One the *Osmereciat*, the other you. Just two! Just two! Listen to my tale of woe.

IV. The reason is obvious to one's view— Listen to my tale of woe— Friends not mentioned it did not suit, Some grapes is the name of the fruit, The fruit! The fruit! Listen to my tale of woe.

V. I can't please all the very true— Listen to my tale of woe— The number of persons who were put in Pretended to think it a dreadful sin; Too thin! Too thin! Listen to my tale of woe.

VI. Deep under the sod where daisies grow— Listen to my tale of woe— The "Calais Chat" will have to go, "Twas ever thus," 'twould you so, You so. You so. This ends my tale of woe.

REMARKS.

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen"

MARIA ANNING'S GOLD.

(Continued from First Page.)

that she was not interested in any of the corporations for which trusts were made, and did not even know their names or objects.

Ellen McPherson is the mother of Trustee McPherson, and it is charged that she was named in the deed at his solicitation or suggestion.

It is alleged that at the time the deed was made Maria Anning had no legal adviser present, nor had she previously consulted one. That she was of weak mind, subject to hallucinations and not competent to dispose of her property. And that for some time she had been kept and detained at the McPherson house, under the influence of Ellen McPherson and her husband.

Then comes the charge that the trust deed was drawn by A. A. Stockton and executed by Maria Anning while Stockton and Lawrence were acting as attorneys of the Baltimore heirs and Lawrence and McPherson were acting as attorneys of Maria Anning.

The deed was kept secret and not acted on or recorded until after Maria Anning's death. In the meantime, it is charged, Lawrence, McPherson and Stockton continued to talk and act so as to lead her to believe that all the estate was being managed by herself and Lawrence, McPherson and Hopkins as administrators. Nor did Lawrence and McPherson ever intimate to Hopkins that there was any change. Although Hopkins often met them, he knew nothing of the matter until after Maria Anning died.

It is next charged that after the deed was executed Maria Anning remembered having signed a paper, but not knowing what the contents were, she endeavored to find out. Lawrence, McPherson and Stockton, refused to tell her the contents, but led her to believe it was simply a power of attorney. She afterwards applied to Hopkins to ascertain what it was, but the others would give him no information.

When the deed was executed Maria had to her personal credit in the Bank of New Brunswick \$8,880.75, with interest from 1884. It was not taken possession of by the trustees until after death, when it had increased to \$14,183.14. Then the trustees transferred it to themselves. Nor did they ever attempt to collect any rents for her during her lifetime. Some time in August she forbade the tenants to pay to anyone but herself, saying that the administrators had no authority to collect. Some of the tenants did pay rent to her, and the receipt given was signed "T. J. McPherson, J. W. Lawrence, Maria Anning—administrators estate of George W. Anning." The trustees under the deed did not attempt to collect rents as such, but claimed to be acting as administrators.

Maria Anning, persisting in her determination to find out what she had signed, Trustee McPherson, it is charged, burned a paper in her presence and told her it was a power of attorney and was the paper she had signed. It is claimed that if any paper was burned it was the old power of attorney, and it was burned for the purpose of deceiving her into the belief that it was the paper she had signed at the house of Ellen McPherson.

In September, Lawrence and McPherson went to Philadelphia and saw the heirs, and the attorney, Bedell, with whom Stockton had been in constant communication about the affairs of the estate. They did not intimate that any transfer of the property had been made. While there they obtained a new power of attorney to Stockton and Bedell.

Bedell, had often heard from the trustees, but had heard nothing of the trust deed. On the contrary, after the deed had been made, they wrote to him that the Philadelphia heirs would receive from George Anning's estate about \$8,000 each, and that in event of Maria Anning dying without a will the heirs would receive twice as much more. In all their interviews and correspondence, it is alleged, they took every precaution to keep secret the trust deed and to lead to the belief that if Maria Anning made no will all her share would go to the Philadelphia heirs.

Before this suit was begun, the accounts of George Anning's estate were passed in the probate court, and an order was made to pay Maria Anning's representatives \$12,693. This sum is now in the hands of the administrators.

It is alleged that the trustees have already paid Ellen McPherson \$5,000, on account, and that they did so after they had notice that the validity of the deed would be contested.

In conclusion, the plaintiff charges that the deed is a fraudulent conveyance, that it was obtained by deceit and fraud, and that Maria Anning was improperly influenced and did not know its nature. It is also charged that Lawrence and Stockton purposely kept it concealed and secret to prevent her knowing anything about it, and to prevent those who would be legally entitled to her property from learning anything of it. Also, that Lawrence, McPherson and Stockton, or some one of them, deceitfully and fraudulently led her to believe that the said deed had been destroyed in her presence.

devised by the enemy or whether they are true remains to be seen.

Whether, if true, some of the trustees are really good men who have been plunged into trouble by a wicked partner will doubtless transpire in due time. The "heavy villain," if there be one, will doubtless play a prominent part in the later acts, and be clearly recognized.

There is this to be said of the trustees as a whole: They acted very decently toward the dead Annings by giving them a first-class monument, even if they were allowed five per cent. on the expenditure. Nor was that all, for with a broad and generous spirit they hunted around the old graveyard on the Marsh road, resurrected the bones of all the dead and forgotten Annings and had them transferred to the cemetery, where polished stone commemorates their virtues. "They were lovely and peaceful in their lives, and in death they were not divided."

There is, of course, another side to this story, but it has not yet been told by all the numerous defendants. The answers have begun to come in, however, and when all the accused have justified their acts, the public will be able to judge more fairly than at present.

The court, too, will probably give a decision—some day—unless the suit fails from the same cause as *Jarndyc vs. Jarndyc in Black Horse*. Then doubtless those justly and equitably entitled to the money will get it, if there is any left after the lawyers are satisfied.

In the meantime the beneficiaries feel hungry but hopeful.

And the said lawyers do the like.

He Got a Side Degree.

A week ago John Anand applied to the lodge of Good Templars at Fairville for admission to the faithful, hopeful and charitable circle. On ballot being taken he was rejected, but as no one notified him of the fact he presented himself for initiation last Thursday night. While waiting in the ante-room Worthy Chief Stimish approached and asked him for the password. Naturally enough he did not know it, and could not guess it. While the two were talking, brother John McFarlane approached, interrupted the conversation, and deposited a black and blue ballot by hitting the unlucky Anand on the eye. A general fracas followed, in which brother Mealie and others distinguished themselves. The rejected candidate retired.

On a Business Trip.

Mr. Geo. A. Horton, of H. Horton & Sons, went west Wednesday night on a business trip. The old firm has the lead in its line of business and is bound to keep it. It will so long as it continues to buy the best goods right from the manufacturers. Mr. Horton visits Boston, New York and Montreal, and will be gone about a fortnight.

She is a Competent Teacher.

The announcement of Miss Lizzie B. Homer, which appears elsewhere in this paper, is one that should be of interest to all who desire musical instruction. Miss Homer has been the pupil of Madame Rappaldi and Herr Feisher of Dresden, and there can be no question of her ability.

RICHIBUCTO.

JANUARY 8.—In electing Mr. Gordon Livingston warden, the Kent municipal council has done the very best and wisest thing it could.

Mr. William H. Wathen and Miss Fordred, daughter of Mr. Henry Fordred, of Kingston, were married Wednesday evening. The ceremony took place at the residence of the bride's father, Rev. Silas James officiating. A number of invited guests were present and did justice to the sumptuous repast prepared for them by Mrs. Fordred. Mr. and Mrs. Wathen's friends, and they are many, will heartily join in wishing them much joy.

Mr. Thomas Quilty, the popular station agent at Bathurst, paid a flying visit to his old home last week.

Miss Fenwick, of Apohaqui, is visiting at the manse, the guest of Rev. Silas and Mrs. James.

The trustees of School District No. 1, Richibucto, have engaged Mr. McKay to take charge of the advanced department vice Mr. McMillan, resigned.

Our popular representative, Oliver J. White, M. P. P., was in town this week.

LELIA.

BOVINE LIQUID FOOD

A condensed raw food extract of BEEF and MUTTON. Retained by the weakest stomach. Palatable to the taste.

Prepared from the recipe of the late Prof J. P. Bush, of Boston, Mass., for the cure and relief of

DYSPEPSIA,

Mental and Physical Exhaustion, Weakened Energy, Consumption, Indigestion, Etc.

Universally recommended and prescribed by physicians of all schools.

Its action will harmonize with such stimulants as are necessary to take.

It is the best food known, furnishing sustenance to both brain and body.

INVIGORATING, STRENGTHENING, HEALTHFUL, STIMULATING.

Put up in 6 and 12 oz. bottles, at 60 cts. and \$1.00, and sold by all druggists.

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.

Boys' and Girls' Own Annuals; GIFT BOOKS;

Photograph and Autograph Albums; POCKET BOOKS;

CHURCH SERVICES.

A FINE 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.

THE BELL CIGAR FACTORY

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

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

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

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

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

BELL & HIGGINS,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH

Steam Book & Job Printing Rooms

Corner of Church and Canterbury Streets, St. John, IS FULLY EQUIPPED WITH RAPID AND IMPROVED MACHINERY,

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

The attention of the public is respectfully invited to our extensive facilities for doing ALL KINDS OF PRINTING,

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

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

Family Washing Done Rough Dry

25 CENTS PER DOZEN.

UNGAR'S STEAM LAUNDRY 32 Waterloo Street.

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

IN THE MATTER OF The Maritime Bank of the Dominion of Canada (in Liquidation).

A SECOND DIVIDEND of Thirty Cents on the Dollar will be paid at the office of the Liquidators, Bayard Building, Prince William street.

On and after MONDAY, 21st inst., to the holders of notes issued for circulation by the above named Bank.

E. McLEOD, J. G. TAYLOR, DAVID McLELLAN, Liquidators of the Maritime Bank of the Dominion of Canada. St. John, N. B., 4th January, 1889.

MISS HOMER,

who has for the past year been pursuing her Musical Studies under the instruction of some of the first artists in Germany IS PREPARED TO RECEIVE PUPILS AT HER ROOMS 47 DUKE STREET.

Terms and other particulars on application at the above address.

COLLEGIATE SCHOOL, Windsor, N. S.

FOUNDED 1788. A. D. Term will begin Saturday, Jan. 19. Boys intending to come into residence must apply early. Full particulars on application to the Head Master. ARTHUR MILLER, M. A., Windsor, N. S., Jan. 4, 1889. Head Master.

VOL. ABOUT BLACK

A Well-Known Advantage That No One Solves the Dead and Disadvantageous and Well It All a Cusable Error of the Town in a Well Known Introduced for his Regard, and yet 21, seven into the ball.

At the ball that the young age and looked posed again.

Hence the ball. If a man wonderful fact is seeming in the city, lot is supposed consider the whom and the chara for memb many case. If he happen in good stand saved for his And yet he is opponent.

The quest language of said to Pro done about it just, often u to mean men applicant who to them. O mark against haps, erase attach too mu They think t social misde he is only. And yet wh black ball. when a man that in our member of the first place friendship, hi enemy of his next you are when you say fit to take his All things and I say it can take the

If you have every green-grocer." Only Blessings Br Water was Sunday morn and cut off for several ho The scarcit once into gr hadn't drank den craving f who were wa wash themse found that the Fortunately drought lasted More fortu The Gripack Gilbert Murd has asked, Murdoch? been bloodsh

Good Bye McArthur's, Rev. They Messrs. H tested the val day, by anno date that they children who certain hour. gress and th blocked the s out before the He St. John's p was very muc Globe, the othe tend to play b news to me,? you'll find me

Colonel Qu H. Rider Ha very readab laid not in Af prices, for sale

For

AT UNHEARD OF PRICES. Those having not yet purchased would well to visit

MME. KANE'S Store

205 UNION STREET, where they are certain to be met.

ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS