

BYGONE DAYS RECALLED
AN OLD TIME'S REMINISCENCES
OF PEOPLE AND EVENTS.

Something about the Institute and the Men who Were to the Front in its Early History—Names which Will Live in the Future Annals of this Province.

I notice with regret that the Hall of the Mechanics' Institute has taken down its sign, and is about going into liquidation—out of business. By the way, are the readers of PROGRESS aware that the word "Hall" belongs to this edifice; although it was so christened by its promoters 50 years ago, it has always been called "The Mechanics' Institute," whereas it should be "the Hall of the Mechanics' Institute." However, what's in a name? If you call a cabbage a turnip, it will still be a cabbage. It is a pity, too, to part with this old memorial of the youthful frequenters of its portals. It should be preserved if possible, if only to look at as a monument of its founders, and for the pleasure it has afforded to the past and present generation. How many of the promoters of this old Pantheon survive? I can only recall three—Thomas Daniel, now a member of one of the most dignified clubs in London, viz., "The Reform," situated in Pall Mall, where I once had the honor of dining in 1856—however, I do not wish this mentioned again, lest I forfeit the confidence of my old friends, which is worth more to me than a dinner in my old days—Sir Leonard Tilley and Joseph W. Lawrence. There may be more, but I do not remember them. The first gentleman is hale and hearty at 80—a "fine old English gentleman," living at ease. I had the pleasure of seeing him about eighteen months ago in Boston, where we exchanged greetings and opinions of St. John men and things as they were 50 years ago, when he was accounted one of our leading citizens, for his great public spirit and gentlemanly bearing. He was the founder of the "London House," and after accumulating a fortune, retired from business in favour of his nephew Thomas W. Daniel, now of the firm of Daniel & Boyd, very worthy descendants in the same establishment—the oldest now, perhaps, in the Province. Mr. Daniel left St. John about forty years ago, and has never been back since. I hope I am not trenching upon private matters? Also, our Lieut. Governor is among the last of the Mohicans. This gentleman, too, keeps his head well above water—about the same age as the Queen. He has been in many a political whirlpool since he helped to launch the old Institute—one time all but beneath the waves, then floating upon their crest, but always keeping abreast of the current—right side up—in fact too buoyant in spirits ever to sink beneath superincumbent difficulties whatever their size or weight. He carries his years as he does his honours, well; and I hope he will live long enough to wear the blue ribbon of the garter. I am not aware that this gentleman was ever equal to the immortal George in never telling a lie. But I think he may compare favourably with the Governor of Virginia, of whom it is said he was never known to utter a profane word, he never smoked, never took a chew of tobacco and has never drank as much as half a gallon of spirituous liquors in his life. To which credentials I beg to add that our governor was never heard to utter a severe word, or call a political opponent a harsh name; a practice so universal among politicians; his personal allusions have always been kind, but the lash at the end of the whip seldom failed to reach the raw of a political opponent. Then there is Mr. Joseph W. Lawrence the third of this excellent trio amongst the surviving founders of the Institute. Were it not for a physical imperfection in an important sense, this gentleman must long since have taken the exalted political position for which his abilities and strong individuality so eminently befitted him. He may be emphatically called the historian of his native City. To him appears to have been confided the rare manuscripts of our City forefathers—he is the custodian as it were of every scrap of information appertaining to the first settlement of the place and the pioneers who preceded even the Loyalists, such as the Simonds, the Whites, the Hazens. What Mr. Lawrence does not know in such matters is not worth knowing; and should he pass away before committing to print what he has in store. St. John and the Province generally will be a heavy loser. I am told he has in manuscript form several valuable records—the Lives of the Old Judges, and also of the leading settlers of the Province, etc. I was never able to define this gentleman's politics when in the Legislature. Had he been there longer no doubt they would have been better understood. His leanings probably had a conservative tendency, during the "old school" days. Had he kept pace in the traces with the other old "war horse," he might to-day have been in the enjoyment of a good supply of oats and well-housed in a comfortable stable!

But as to the Institute itself. It has been the scene of some amusing incidents, a few of which I propose to recall, and refresh the memory of your older readers. A lecture was given on one occasion by Dr. Gesner, on the subject, if I mistake not, of Electro-Biology. By way of experiment and illustration, an ox's head was brought forward at a certain stage

of the lecture, for the purpose of showing to the audience the effect of the galvanic battery in the way of reanimating a dead carcass, or rather in rekindling the vital spark—in short, bringing back to life an animal that had been to all intents and purposes dead. For instance, it has been asserted that persons hanged or drowned have been restored to life by the exercise of scientific appliances. The intention was not to make the ox's head live without the rest of his body, but to show how he might be brought to life, if there were no dislocation or severance of the spinal cord and great loss of blood. Matters, however, had to be adjusted very nicely, to suit the occasion—a head stark and stiff would not answer the purpose. It must be fresh, even warm, from the abattoir. The slaughter, not far distant, in the neighborhood, was to commence with the commencement of the lecture, and at the moment the doctor expected to arrive at this head of his subject, the head was to be cut off at a preconcerted signal, a sort of telegraphy carried along the line by boys stationed at certain distances, from the Institute to the slaughter house. Now, to time the proceedings accurately was somewhat of a difficult matter—for there was a large audience, some eight or nine hundred drawn together to witness the wonderful spectacle; and we all know how impatient an audience becomes when there is a failure in the connection. We were all ready for the bloody head, and would have it whether the doctor had or not, on time. At length, after an hiatus of twenty minutes, the ox's head was brought on the platform, reeking in its gore, contained in a large wooden platter prepared for the purpose. And such a spectacle! Its eyes were wide open and glazy—the boys in the gallery, aye, even in the "swamp," shouted and whistled. The whole audience was convulsed from contending emotions—stamping, laughing, groaning, shouting, even fainting among ladies. The wires of the battery were adjusted and connected with the muscles of the head, and when the whole electric force was applied, the head moved, the eyes winked, the jaws began to grind—all done in fact promised by the Lecturer and to the entire satisfaction of the audience. All the newspapers, some half a dozen, represented the performance as sublime and edifying—a spectacular performance no where to be seen outside of Spain, where the matadore and the bull are heroes of the hour, and the onlookers applaud with delight. Would such an exhibition be tolerated at the present day? Certainly not! And yet we all thought ourselves as refined then as we are now.

On another occasion Dr. Patterson gave us a lecture on electricity, and by way of experiment and to show the great power of the electric fluid in destroying buildings, roofing up trees, setting fire, killing persons, he had a miniature house prepared and placed on the table, by his stand. Instead of warning the audience when the supreme moment should arrive for putting the electric spark in contact, that we might all be prepared for the shock, he suddenly turned on the full force, the lightning flashed, the house went off in a blaze—the table caught fire, and the Institute for a time seemed doomed to destruction in the second year of its existence. The audience became excited—a panic ensued, and the way we all bolted (men, women and children and babies in arms) over the stiff-backed benches for the exit doors, was a scene most grand and sublime. The Lecturer and the officers of the Institute tried to restore order by shouting from the platform, but as well try to keep back Niagara. The only way to treat a panic is to let it take its own course. This one did so in its own way. Those who first found themselves out and upon the sidewalk were the first to try and wedge themselves in again through the outpour, and so between the two wedges of humanity, meeting together in the halls and on the stairways, the lock was complete—nor was the blockade raised until some one in the crowd began to laugh, which proved to be an antidote that had a most soothing effect. We then began to unravel ourselves, some going back into the hall to hear the remainder of the lecture still going on, while others wended their way homeward to recount their evening's experience.

AN OLD TIMER.

A Lofty Intellect.

It was a Fredericton lawyer, of course, who, in addressing the Jury at a recent sitting of the Carleton circuit court, remarked: "I am at a disadvantage, gentlemen, in this case, as compared with my learned friend, Mr. A., because of the fact that I am a stranger in this county. I am not able to conjecture, as I would if addressing a York county jury, what are the features of the case which are most likely to influence your judgment. The lawyer cannot always know the minds of the jury. There are a great many things, gentlemen, which might impress an ordinary man's mind that probably would not strike a mind like mine." It is needless to say that the "ordinary minds" composing the jury were duly impressed.

Something Larger.

Guest (to waiter)—What do mean by bringing me such a small piece of meat? Have you nothing larger?
Waiter—Oh, yes, I'll go and get your bill.—N. Y. Sun.

Out at Sea.

PEACE TO HIS MEMORY.
A PEN PICTURE OF A VARIOUSLY
GIFTED SERVANT OF GOD.

Some of the Quiet and Curious Ways and Words of a Maine Clergyman whose Wit and Wisdom Endured Him to the Flocks Among whom He Labored.

Yes, the mark is set; the final word is written. I see it with misty eyes, and it is a careless paragraph, but it announces the passing of a soul worthy of nobler chronicle. Well I remember him! Well was bestowed in that quaint husk of a body, a manly, capacious being, worthy of remembrance; in that low, queer, lighthouse-body flamed a most clear spirit-torch, that in its glow transfigured the grotesque and scant physique, and made the listener forgetful, in the searching play of wit and sweep of spontaneous eloquence, of that corporeal incongruity, which seems in such cases a sardonic whim, or humor of Nature. Master of laughter! Master of tears! With that grim smile creeping over his leathery countenance, I see him electrifying the minds of crowds who had missed him passing through them, and by his hearty pathos making green the soul's pathway where he went. Are there no tears in Heaven? Then how must the sweet, gentle weeper be ill at home! Is there no laughter? Is wit under ban? Then how can it be tolerable for this sparkling spirit, to whose close hitting at the mark Truth itself stood indebted?

Spite of modern intolerance of it, he loved the tobacco pouch, upon which so many of his callow brethren stood to pronounce a "Babylonish curse." Listening one day to such a tirade as hung his head for a season, either in shame for himself or them, he gave his rejoinder: "Brethren, this weed deserves burning; therefore, am I burning it as fast as I can." Pushing his chair back from his own table, he avers that the only thing for which green peas and cherry pie can be left is a pipe of tobacco, and soon has he entered the cloudy realm of meditation, and arranges his fifty amid its fragrant fumes. For some may dream their sermons, some may gather them by the wayside, or catch them as they fly; but perhaps he exhaled his from that blackest and shortest of clay pipes. This was his foible,—an infirmity of a life intrinsically good and noble. He said of himself: "I am a jug. All the week through I am open and filling up. On Saturday the stopper is put in, and I ferment. On Sunday I pour the vintage; it may happen sweet or sour."

It happened that in the first year of his presiding eldership on B— District, he was to dedicate a church at C—, one fine Sabbath. The church stood on a great hill overlooking the sea, and was large for a country so remote from town. It was full of people, not a soul of whom had ever seen him, and it was a little past the time set for his coming. Entered suddenly an undersized rusty looking farmer, seemingly from a back settlement, passing toward the pulpit, with his head bowed, and a leathery-hued sphyxian countenance. Some one arose to give him a pew, near the door; but of this courtesy he seemed unaware. Horrors! he went into the pulpit and sat down, and there was not even a good old Scotch woman to remind him that the "meenster" sat there, and that it was no place for a "Laddie." People looked curiously at him and at one another. He arose, and in a squeaky nasal monotone announced and read his hymn; then there was visible consternation, settling finally into disgust. His prayer being brief, and unimpressive, they were not relieved; and when he proceeded to his sermon, they lapsed into all sorts of negligence and inattention. But, lo! The slow, mechanical manner modifies and quickens; the nasal monotone elevates, varies, and carries with it a thrill; the unexpressive, mask-like countenance, from which the soul seemed forever retired, betrays emotion, and is lighting and working more and more. Now to the front struggles an unusual soul, overlapping all its mean outworks, and delighting in the athlete race for which it is fitted; the pigmy figure dilates, the eye flashes; and with precision and force the classically moulded sentences are uttered, simple and sublime. Look! in his growing fervor, the hands that lay upon the Bible, finger tips against finger tips, are lifted up, and prepare to part: this is the signal of fire. Regard the congregation now! Every head is taken up from the pew on which it reclined; every eye is attent on the speaker, whose eloquence is enchaining his congregation. Now they follow breathlessly his heavenward-flight; and now, while tears run in rivulets at his pathos, sighs, sobs, amens, and halleluiahs, attest the power that moves them. He is evangelical in tone, positive in experience, frequent in confession. "Brethren, a little boy, in my father's barn, more than forty years ago. God, for Christ's sake, converted my soul!" Then would he walk, with that peculiar smile about his lips, as who should say: "Don't call your nut sour till you have cracked the kernel." He said to me: "When I went to C—, they had a pulpit about as high as Fort Knox. I could just see the people over it, without a stool to stand on. I used to load and fire, and then fall back." When first he entered that pulpit, as a newly appointed preacher, he announced himself thus to his people: "Brethren, hitherto you have had a whole

man part of the time; henceforward you are to have part of a man the whole of the time." Yet such sayings did not seem to mar his influence.

He loved a bit of parley with the Bishop; and the conference was always visibly amused when he put a smart saying upon that dignitary. It is the custom that when in session each man is called for the yearly examination, that he who makes response shall report the sum he has collected for missions. When, on one occasion, it became the duty of Bro. D— to respond, and his statement was given, the Bishop queried: "Have you taken all the other collections, brother?" Then, with a particularly fine twinkle in his eye, the response came: "No, Bishop; but I took them as long as my pocket book held out."

Woe to pretension or insincerity if they came within the range of his sharp arrows. A sham could not stand before him. Sometimes his shafts glanced upon his friends, whom he did not seriously mean to convict of evil or mistake, in such a way as to make them wince. "Why don't you shout?" cried a particularly fine twinkle in his eye, the minister, who was leading up a camp-meeting sermon with a rather unwilling altar-service. "Don't feel like it," responded Brother D—. "More of the fire, and then you will!" yells the preacher. "Nay," persists Brother D—; "fire does not operate alike on all substances." "How so? How so?" "Well, wood, it burns; lead, it melts; iron, it heats red-hot; water, it turns to steam; gas, it explodes!" "You are fond of beans in this conference," observed a new-comer, in the vestry, when the third member of the same reverend and doubtful family had been introduced to him. "Yes," responded Elder D—, who stood by. "We are, or we would not have taken so many of them. Half-baked." Having had, in the connection, some slight difficulty with young ministers imported from the mother country, who could but imperfectly adapt themselves to altered conditions, he observed: "The only way to Americanize the English mastiff is to take him when he is a pup."

Good bye! We have spoken our final word together, thou choice soul, unique among a company of marked and variously gifted men, who belonged to an earlier time. "Brother, your life is before you," he said, half pensively, as we sat beside a well in the forest, to which they came from the encampment to draw water; "but my work is nearly done, and I am almost at the foot of the hill." The end has been reached; and on the hill side that overlooks the Penobscot, and near his home, rests one, traditions of whose wisdom, wit and eloquence are life in all the country over which he travelled.

PASTOR FELIX.

COULD NOT FOOL HER.

She Had Learned How to Rebuff the Pedlar and Wandering Book Agent.

She was a very green specimen of a servant girl, and her experience in the backwoods settlements had not rendered her very familiar with the etiquette of visiting cards.

Now, it so happened that her new mistress had set apart Wednesday as her reception day, and the very first Wednesday after the instalment of this woodland flower as second lieutenant in the household, the lady of the house was called away to visit a sick friend. On her return in the evening, the lady from Wayback, who bore the title of Almira, greeted her with effusion, and following her into the parlor, threw herself into the easiest chair in the room, and remarked genially:

"Guess there's a concert or bazaar goin' on in town."

Frozen silence, accompanied by a stare of calm surprise, intended to wither the offender, on the part of the lady of the house, and a total absence of withering on the part of the servant girl, who continued with unruffled affability:

"There was an awful lot of women here today, I told them you was out, but I asked them to come in anyhow, and they didn't none of them have manners enough, but they all had a pocket-book full of tickets, and they was bound to leave some of them but I wouldn't take them. I said I didn't hardly think you wanted any, so it was no use leavin' em. But one woman was that sassy and that sot in her ways she stepped right in the hall and laid two on the table; so I just up and told her to leave them there if she was a mind to, but I guessed she'd have a lively time gettin' her pay for them! I ain't the kind to be fooled if I ain't been in town long. I'm too used to the pushin' ways of the peddlars that comes to our place in summer!"

Almira is not quite sure to this day how she got back to the kitchen, nor yet why she has never been allowed to open the door for visitors since.

G. C. S.

'Twas Ever Thus.

Ye cautious manne on ye first mornin' putteh on his overshoes and goeth forth, but ye daye is drye and warme. Ye seconde daye aleoe he taketh them, and it is warme. Yet again ye third daye he taketh them, and it is warme aleoe, and ye asphalt maketh him sorely lame. On ye fourth daye he leaveth them at home, and behold at nightfall it turneth colde, and ye frost hitteth him where he liveth, and his adversary mocketh him, and he goeth home sadly and thinketh he has la grappe. And soe ye weary world doth wag alonge.

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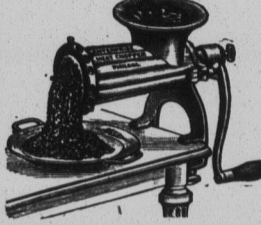
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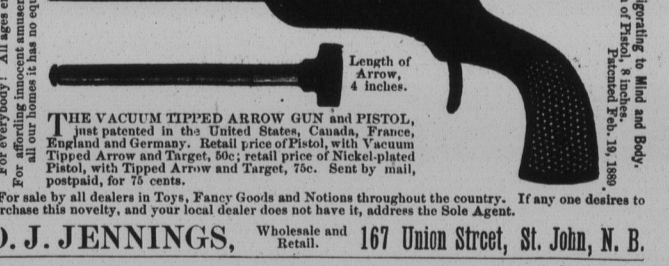
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WHAT IS GOING ON?
"What is the real go I asked in musing m...
Order, said the law...
Truth, said the wiser...
Fleasure, said the fo...
Love, said the maid...
Beauty, said the pag...
Freedom, said the dr...
Home, said the sage...
Fame, said the soldi...
Equity, the seer;—
Spake my heart full...
"The answer is not h...
Then within my h...
Sotly this I heard...
"Each heart holds th...
Kindness is the word...
—John
AN OLD ST...
Her Story.
"It was all the fault of the...
I wish I had never learned it...
never seen it! I firmly beli...
everything for learning a so...
must have been sung by m...
mother. It was so old—wri...
script—and so yellow and...
could not even make out the...
had copied it two or three ti...
And how curiously per...
about it, too. Who can...
Fate or something higher...
doubt that "There's a divini...
our ends, rough how them h...
Surely it must have been...
that prompted me to pounce...
gotten old song, lying hid...
neglected corner of mother...
she came upon one day, y...
sorting her old letters. I c...
sitting near her, and caught...
the yellow music paper. So...
it at once.
I suppose it was just bec...
was unfamiliar that I fancie...
tell, I am sure, just what pr...
lavish so much time and er...
thing which was to prove the...
my own destruction, as far...
happiness went. And try...
convince our aching hearts t...
other things in the world be...
ness, we will meet with but...
cess. Our minds may accep...
in a lukewarm fashion, but o...
not to be put off with any s...
doctrine. They want happin...
will keep crying out for it, t...
to stifle them. Try as I hav...
for six long years, and then fi...
found, that it has all been w...
and you are no nearer the cov...
intellectual superiority than y...
the beginning.
The very fact of my being s...
lay the blame of my one grea...
that inoffensive old piece of...
how very far I am still from...
any kind, mental or otherwise...
my own fault, if I only had...
the confess it mine, and perhaps...
for surely he should have know...
Perhaps it will be the wis...
write it all down here, just as...
It will be a relief to me, this...
mas eve, and a journey into...
keep my mind from dwelling...
the present, for it is at Christ...
always miss Philip most. He is...
the very spirit of Christmas to...
old days, and each of the six...
days that have passed since...
has seemed more dreary than...
ing one. Philip and I were...
brought up together, but we h...
each other since we were litt...
children. He was an orphan...
but his bright disposition and...
head to help him along in the...
wealthy old uncle, who was a...
of my father's, was giving him...
his fession, and so he came to...
in my father's office.
Now, Philip was not only...
the slightest aptitude for law...
loathed it with a bitter loathing...
and flourished day by day. He...
gone so far as to tell his uncl...
would much prefer being uncl...
a bricklayer.
But his relative was firm. It...
the law, or nothing. Philip sh...
his profession and all his expen...
was engaged in acquiring it...
that, but he should have an al...
the first year he was practicin...
that he must fend for himself.
That was thirteen years ago...
was seventeen and I fourteen...
uncle's request, he lived in our...
that naturally we saw a great...
other during the next four years...
brilliant castle in Spain did I...
tim of adverse circumstances to...
by the time Philip passed his ex...
and was admitted to the bar...
something more than friends.
He had worked faithfully, thou...
interest in his studies, and h...
well; but his dislike for the law...
ceased instead of dimishing. He...
office and tried to practice, b...
struggling along for nearly a...
came to me one day and told m...
could stand it no longer, and...
going away. Going to the No...
where so many young men were...
their way so much more quickl...
could do at home.
"It is useless for me to stay o...

WHAT IS GOOD?

"What is the real good?" I asked in musing mood. Order, said the law court; Knowledge, said the school; Truth, said the wise man; Pleasure, said the fool; Love, said the maiden; Beauty, said the page; Freedom, said the dreamer; Home, said the sage; Fame, said the soldier; Equity, the seer; Spoke my heart full sadly; "The answer is not here."

AN OLD SONG.

Her Story. "It was all the fault of that old song! I wish I had never learned it! I wish I had never seen it! I firmly believe I deserved everything for learning a song that surely must have been sung by my great grandmother. It was so old—written in manuscript—and so yellow and faded that I could not even make out the melody till I had copied it two or three times. And how curiously persistent I was about it, too. Who can disbelieve in Fate or something higher? Who can doubt that 'there's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will'?"

He was very pale and quiet, but otherwise showed little feeling, I thought, and insensibly I grew stiff and cold myself; the terrible ache at my heart was growing more than I could bear, and that was the only way I could hide it. One of the girls had been singing, and when she finished he turned to me: "It is your turn now, Nell," he said. "Sing something I can remember when I am far away."

No one spoke for a moment. The song was a sad one. And it fitted the occasion almost too well. Then Mary Churchill, a great friend of mine, broke the silence. "It's a pretty song, Helen," she said thoughtfully; "but the sentiment is all wrong, and not only that, it is very unnatural, too. No man who loved a girl would go off and leave her that way, without telling her. Why, it is out of the question; he would not be doing right. And how could he expect her to wait for him if he did not ask her? Besides that, it would be paying her such a poor compliment to take it for granted that you would find her just where you left her—a hopeless, patient old maid, clinging to the memory of a man who did not care enough about her to even tell her he had leav-

Helen," he said. "I have wasted nearly a year already, and I am determined not to waste another. I shall take my next quarter's allowance, the last I shall have, and start for the Northwest. I want to make money, and I want to make it fast. I can't be content to crawl like a caterpillar, and I won't try."

I did not ask why he was in such a hurry to gather up lucre—it would scarcely have been good form—but I thought I had a pretty clear idea of his reason, all the same, and I had little doubt that he would tell it to me before he went away.

The days slipped by with the swiftness of all last days; but Philip never gave me a hint of what I felt sure was in his heart. To be sure he was very busy, and we seemed to have so few chances of speaking to each other, but "love laughs at locksmiths," and "where there's a will there's a way." These two old proverbs kept haunting me, and the more I thought about it the more inexplicable did Philip's conduct appear. I must have been mistaken. I thought he only cared for me as a dear friend, a sort of little sister. If he loved me, he could not go away for years without telling me of it, without giving me some hint that he wanted me to wait for him.

Well! I had made a great mistake, but it should be a lesson to me, and one that I would never forget. I had pride enough not to let Philip know how easily I had been won, and somehow I would get over it. No one ever died of a love affair, and I had a long life before me still.

The day of Philip's departure came at last. He was to go by the night train, and mother had gathered together a few young people to spend the evening and cheer us all up. The very last evening at home is always such a sad one, and our house was Philip's real home.

He was very pale and quiet, but otherwise showed little feeling, I thought, and insensibly I grew stiff and cold myself; the terrible ache at my heart was growing more than I could bear, and that was the only way I could hide it. One of the girls had been singing, and when she finished he turned to me: "It is your turn now, Nell," he said. "Sing something I can remember when I am far away."

No one spoke for a moment. The song was a sad one. And it fitted the occasion almost too well. Then Mary Churchill, a great friend of mine, broke the silence. "It's a pretty song, Helen," she said thoughtfully; "but the sentiment is all wrong, and not only that, it is very unnatural, too. No man who loved a girl would go off and leave her that way, without telling her. Why, it is out of the question; he would not be doing right. And how could he expect her to wait for him if he did not ask her? Besides that, it would be paying her such a poor compliment to take it for granted that you would find her just where you left her—a hopeless, patient old maid, clinging to the memory of a man who did not care enough about her to even tell her he had leav-

But his relative was firm. It was to be the law, or nothing. Philip should have his profession and all his expenses while he was engaged in acquiring it. Not only that, but he should have an allowance for the first year he was practising. After that he must fend for himself.

That was thirteen years ago, and Philip was seventeen and I fourteen. At his uncle's request, he lived in our house, so that naturally we saw a great deal of each other during the next four years. Many a brilliant castle in Spain did I help the victim of adverse circumstances to build, and by the time Philip passed his examination, and was admitted to the bar, we were something more than friends.

He had worked faithfully, though without interest in his studies, and he passed well; but his dislike for the law had increased instead of diminishing. He took an office and tried to practice, but after struggling along for nearly a year, he came to me one day and told me that he could stand it no longer, and so he was going away. Going to the Northwest, where so many young men were making their way so much more quickly than they could do at home.

ANNUAL Linen and Cotton Sale.

AS HAS BEEN OUR CUSTOM IN PREVIOUS years (after Stock Taking) to offer great discounts in our Linen and Cotton Departments, we now intend placing on our several counters in the Back Store an immense variety of Goods from the above mentioned Departments, viz: Bleached Linen Damask, Cream Damask, Table Damask, Bleached Damask, Turkey Damask, Bleached Damask, Napkins, Bleached Linen Sheetings, Bleached Damask D'Oyleys, Bleached Pillow Linen.

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

WHITE COTTONS.

Bleached Cotton Sheetings, 54 to 100 inches in width; Bleached Pillow Cottons, 38 to 64 inches in widths; Tray Cloths, Sideboard Strips, Sideboard Damask, Genesee Damask Cloths, Fancy Damask Sets.

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

Manchester, Robertson & Allison.

think he acted wisely according to the light that was given him. My voice almost died away at the last word. I knew I had sealed my own fate, even before Philip spoke. "I am glad to know your opinion," he said coldly, and immediately afterwards he rose to go.

I envied the other girls who could openly lament his departure, and beg him not to be too long away; who could tell him how much they would miss him, and that no one could ever take his place. Their frank, hearty friendship and warm good wishes must have been very cheering to him, while I could only stand in dumb misery, afraid to speak least I should break out into wild sobs.

He said good bye to me, last of all; his face was stern and cold and his voice harsh, but his eyes softened as they met mine. "Good bye Helen," he said. "Think of me sometimes." And then, without another word, he was gone. I don't know how I got through the rest of that night. My pillow was not soaked with tears in the morning, after the fashion of the average young lady in the average novel. Indeed, I question very much whether the heroine in real life ever does dampen her pillow to that extent. If she was suffering from a very bad attack of toothache, she might, "But not for love," generally speaking.

I remember that it was the first whole night I had ever seen, and I found it very long indeed. That I had a bad headache the next day, and most firmly believed that no other girl had ever suffered since the world began, as I was suffering then. A love affair or a headache, taken separately, are bad enough at all times. But together! Well, if many people have them, I don't wonder suicides are so prevalent! I did not put an end to my life, and I did not die of my own accord. I did what was harder—I lived. But as the weeks and months crept by, I learned that my wound had been even deeper than I thought; and that, though I might never see Philip again in this world, I would go down to my grave unwept, for his dear sake.

I never heard from him directly. Father had two or three letters the first year after he went away; and he always sent kindest regards to Mrs. Marshall and Helen; but that was all. He was in the office of a large land company in one of the towns. He liked his work, and hoped to do very well in time.

Two years after his departure my father died, and mother and I were left quite alone. We had enough to live upon comfortably, so we kept on the old house where I had been born, and settled down to our quiet life. I heard nothing more of Philip beyond an occasional scrap of news from some one who had friends in the North West, and who casually mentioned having heard of Phil. Parker. He was doing very well for so young a man, and he was not married. I suppose it does not matter to me whether he is or not, but as long as I have elected to end my days a lonely old maid, there is a certain satisfaction in knowing that Philip is better off—misery does love company.

the old tortoiseshell cat that Philip used to be so fond of, as she chases imaginary rats through the happy hunting grounds of dreamland.

A strange thing happened to me today! I was sorting some of my old papers—papers and letters that I brought from home with me—and from between the leaves of one package something dropped. I picked it up carefully and found that it was a scrap of dried leaves tied with a scrap of embroidery silk. They were so old and so dry that they crumbled at my touch, but I held them in my hand, and I saw that it was Helen's favorite plant. How that bit of withered vegetation brought back my boyhood! Summer or winter, Helen always managed to have a sprig of it near her. She crumpled it up amongst her handkerchiefs, she pressed it in her favorite books, and I picked up the scattered papers, and I found that it was Helen's writing. We had a habit in the old days of collecting bits of poetry that struck us particularly, and giving them to each other, and this was a bundle I had treasured up and finally forgotten.

I read them slowly, one by one, and last of all I came upon the words of that memorable old song, that she sang the night I left home. The very sight of it gave me a faint, sick feeling, and I laid it hastily on the other side. It was only a little poem called "Happiness," but it was wonderfully sweet and tender. The last two lines ran thus: So I find in summer or winter weather Happiness means—to be together. And just underneath was written a fragment of a song: If some song I have been wont to sing, Or the perfume of some flower or tree, Steals across your senses, let it bring you messages from me.

And the words were slightly blurred, where the spray of verberna had been laid over them before they were dry. Surely, Helen, it was a silent message from you, and have I ever quite known what happiness meant since we have been apart? Oh, my little sweetheart! Perhaps I have been misjudging you all these years. Surely I ought to have known you too well to dream you could be mercenary, could give a thought to what is commonly called good-bye so coldly, and yet the look in your eyes contradicted your words; and how cold your hand was as I held it in mine. "Unmarried still!"—the last news from home said—"though plenty of good fellows have cared for her."

Why should I wait any longer? I am not quite a rich man yet, but neither am I poor. "Happiness means to be together." Why should I delay, when I may still have a chance for that happiness! Why not go home in time for Christmas? This is the 16th; ample time to make all arrangements, and reach home on Christmas eve, to answer Helen's "silent message."

And so it came to pass that, whether there was anything in will power or not, even as Helen had gathered up the ancient tortoiseshell, and hugged her so convulsively, the ecstatic dime protested with a sound between a squeal and a growl, and while sundry hot tears were being dropped on the black and yellow head, just because that same head had been rubbed against Philip's cheek so often, a step did sound on the snow outside the window, not quite so light or so quick a step as of old, but so familiar to loving ears. And some one opened the hall door, as if he knew the ways of the house, and crossed the hall quickly, in time to meet some one else, who had dropped a startled cat suddenly on the floor, and was standing with wide eyes and beating heart on the threshold of the parlor, almost afraid to believe the evidence of her senses. I don't think that any of them had any set speech ready, that either knew who should speak or who forgive. "I only know that he said: 'I have come, Nell!' And she answered simply: 'I know, Philip! I waited for you.'"

And the Christmas bells were ringing loud and clear before three very happy people thought of separating for the night. "A happy Christmas, Helen! the happiest of our whole life, darling!" "You didn't bring the star, Phil. I don't see so any star gleaming on your breast." "No dear, the star brought me: the Star of Bethlehem."

THE MOST DISTRESSING FORMS OF SKIN INFANCY to old age, are speedily, economically and permanently cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, when all other remedies and methods fail. CUTICURA, the great skin cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite skin Beautifier, prepared from natural and chemical compounds, are the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula. Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; CUTICURA SOAP, 25c. Prepared by the PUTNER DRUG AND CHEMICAL COMBINATION, BOSTON, MASS. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases." Reviewed by CUTICURA SOAP.

Impure Blood

Is the cause of Boils, Carbuncles, Pimples, Eczema, and cutaneous eruptions of all kinds. There can be no permanent cure for these complaints until the poison is eliminated from the system. To do this thoroughly, the safest and most effective medicine is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Give it a trial. "For the past twenty-five years I have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In my opinion, the best remedial agencies for the cure of all diseases arising from impurities of the blood are contained in this medicine."—G. C. Brock, Druggist, Lowell, Mass.

INSURANCE FIRE PLATE GLASS INSURED AGAINST BREAKAGE ACCIDENT INSURANCE RAIN, FRANK'S PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, JOHN N.B.

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

OVER THE TEACUPS. A Series of Papers by OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, FELICIA. A Serial by a New Writer, MISS FANNY MURREY. Sister to "Charles Egbert Craddock," SOME FORGOTTEN. POLITICAL CELEBRITIES. A Series of Papers by FRANK GAYLORD COOK.

VICTORIA Skating Rink! THIS RINK IS NOW OPEN FOR THE Season, and the Ice in Excellent Condition. Tickets at the following rates, may be had at the Secretary's office, 18 Ritchie's Building, Princess Street, between the hours of 2 and 5 p. m., on and after TUESDAY, the seventeenth instant.

MOORE'S Almond and Cucumber Cream. SOFTENING AND BEAUTIFYING THE SKIN. It will cure Chapped Hands, Face and Lips. It cools the skin when hot, dry or painful from exposure to sun or wind, or heated by exercise. It removes Tan, Pimples, Scaly Eruptions and Blackheads, and keeps the complexion clear and brilliant. An excellent application after shaving. PRICE 25 CENTS A BOTTLE. Sample bottles, 10 cents. Prepared by G. A. MOORE, DRUGGIST, 100 BRUSSELS ST. cor. Richmond.

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.

RAILWAYS.

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY.

"ALL RAIL LINE" TO BOSTON, &c. "THE SHORT LINE" TO MONTREAL, &c. Commencing December 30, 1889. PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE INTER-COLONIAL RAILWAY STATION, ST. JOHN, N.B. 19.40 a. m.—Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.; Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton and Woodstock. FULLMARE PARLOR CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR. 11.20 a. m.—Express for Fredericton and intermediate points. 4.10 p. m.—Fast Express for Fredericton, etc., and via "Short Line," for Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and the West. CANADIAN PACIFIC SLEEPING CAR TO MONTREAL. 8.45 p. m.—Night Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, etc. FULLMARE SLEEPING CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR. RETURNING TO ST. JOHN FROM Montreal, 17.30 p. m. Can. Pac. Sleeping Car attached. Bangor at 16.00 a. m. Parlor Car attached; 7.30 p. m. Sleeping Car attached. Vanocboro at 11.15, 10.30, 11.45 a. m.; 12.25 p. m. Woodstock at 10.15, 11.25 a. m.; 18.00 p. m. Houlton at 10.25 a. m.; 18.00 p. m. St. Stephen at 18.50 a. m.; 110.20 p. m. St. Andrews at 18.05 a. m.; Fredericton at 18.00 a. m.; 12.45 p. m. Arriving in St. John at 9.45, 10.00 a. m.; 11.30, 12.30, 16.50 p. m.

SHORE LINE RAILWAY! St. Stephen and St. John.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME. Trains marked * run daily except Sunday. Daily except Saturday. *Daily except Monday. F. W. CHAM, Gen. Manager. A. J. HEATH, Gen. Pass. Agent. SHORE LINE RAILWAY! St. Stephen and St. John. EASTERN STANDARD TIME. ON and after THURSDAY, Oct. 3, Trains will run daily (Sunday excepted), as follows: LEAVE St. John at 1 p. m., and Carleton at 1.25 p. m. for St. Stephen and intermediate points, arriving in St. George at 4.10 p. m. LEAVE St. Stephen at 7.45 a. m., St. George, 9.50 a. m.; arriving in Carleton at 12.25 p. m., St. John at 12.45 p. m. FREIGHT up to 500 or 600 lbs.—not large in bulk—will be received by J. S. MOULSON, 48 Warren Street, up to 3 p. m.; all larger weights and bulky freight must be delivered at the warehouse, Carleton, before 6 p. m. BAGGAGE will be received and delivered at MOULSON'S, Water street, where a truckman will be in attendance. W. A. LAMB, Manager. St. John, N. B., Oct. 2, 1889.

Intercolonial Railway.

1889—Winter Arrangement—1890. ON and after MONDAY, 18th November, 1889, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Daily Express for Halifax and Campbellton..... 7.30 Accommodation for Point de Chene..... 11.10 Fast Express for Halifax..... 14.30 Fast Express for Quebec and Campbellton..... 16.20 Express for Sussex..... 16.25 A Parlor Car runs each way daily on Express trains leaving Halifax at 7.15 o'clock and St. John at 7.30 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John at 16.20 and take Sleeping Car at Montreal. The train leaving St. John for Montreal on Saturday at 16.20 will run to destination on Sunday. TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. Express from Sussex..... 8.20 Fast Express from Montreal and Quebec..... 11.10 Fast Express from Halifax..... 14.30 Day Express from Halifax and Campbellton..... 19.25 Express from Halifax, Pictou and Mulgrave..... 23.30 The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal are lighted by electricity and heated by steam from the locomotive. All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent. RAILWAY OFFICE, Moncton, N. B., 15th Nov., 1889.

Buctonche and Moncton Railway.

On and after MONDAY, 18th November, Trains will run as follows: Leave Buctonche, 8.30 Leave Moncton, 15.30 Arr. Moncton..... 10.30 Arr. Buctonche, 17.30 C. F. HANINGTON, Manager. TICKETS TO MONTREAL and All Points West BY SHORTEST ROUTES. Baggage Checked to Destination. Travellers' Insurance Tickets for Sale. FRED. E. HANINGTON, TICKET AGENT, Intercolonial Depot.

DELMONTE HOUSE, 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 of charge. Terms—\$1 to \$2.50 per day. J. SIMS, 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.

VICTORIA HOTEL, ST. JOHN, N. B.

D. W. MCCORMICK, Proprietor. The most convenient Hotel in the city. Directly opposite N. B. & Intercolonial Railway Station. Baggage taken to and from the depot free of charge. Terms—\$1 to \$2.50 per day. J. SIMS, Proprietor.

ROYAL HOTEL, ST. JOHN, N. B.

T. F. RAYMOND, Proprietor. Modern Improvements. Terms, \$1.00 per day. Tea, Bed and Breakfast, 75 cts. W. E. ELLIOTT, Proprietor.

HOTEL DUFFERIN, ST. JOHN, N. B.

FRED A. JONES, Proprietor.

ING! cold day than a OF PANTS. HING HALL from in the City. OR CASH. FFs, BRACES, GLOVES, etc. IRISH Tweeds. GUARANTEED. STS, CHARLOTTE STREET. Cutter! THE WORLD. elete without One. EST LABOR of the n easy. ZES. Prince Wm. St. HARDWARE ight prices. ore the HOLIDAYS. STORE E, ET. ets. INEST assortment this City. ASTERS. nery. MS & CARAMELS packages sold within last few months. ABLETS. STREET, RRY & McLAUGHLAN'S. HORNE, treet. your purchases. o suit all, of WARE. WILLIAM STREET. ISTOL. ntry. If any one desires to Agent. rceet, St. John, N. B. UREAU COME Building John, N.B. at Opened STORE, ET 179.

PROGRESS.

W. K. REYNOLDS, Editor. Subscriptions, \$1 a year, in advance; 50 cents for six months; 25 cents for three months; free by carrier or mail. Papers will be stopped promptly at the expiration of time paid for.

ADVERTISING RATES. One Inch, One Year, \$15.00; One Inch, Six Months, \$8.00; One Inch, Three Months, \$5.00; One Inch, Two Months, \$4.00; One Inch, One Month, \$3.00.

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

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

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

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JAN. 11.

CIRCULATION, 6,200.

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

"PROGRESS" AND POLITICS.

Several correspondents have been inquiring as to the position of PROGRESS in the local political contest. It should hardly be necessary for any one who understands the scope and object of the paper to ask such a question.

PROGRESS was established and has prospered as a paper for the people, without regard to sect or party. It has criticized, and will continue to criticize, Grit and Tory, Protestant and Catholic, as criticism may be merited. It has praised them when praise was due, without regard to their names or their personal composition.

It is very obvious to the ordinary reader that in a paper of the character of PROGRESS, a party allegiance would be wholly inconsistent with the general features which have contributed to give it the largest circulation of any secular paper in Canada, east of Montreal.

Those, therefore, who scan its columns for some indication of bias in the present contest, are likely to look in vain. It is a paper which does nothing in a half-hearted way, and if it took a "side," it would do so with a will which would no less delight one-half of its readers than it would mortally offend the other half.

So, gentlemen of the government and the opposition, look to your party papers to represent and misrepresent you according to their ability. It is their vocation, and there "is money in it" for them.

IN GRAVE EARNEST.

The New York undertakers have a grievance, or rather a list of grievances, in which they ask the sympathy of their patrons and the friends of art as applied to funerals.

The undertakers of the metropolis, like the tailors, are devoted to the development of all that is aesthetic in their "profession." They are a particular body, and are organized into a protective association, the aim of which is to see that things are done decently and in order.

Every professional man will feel a pious indignation that "a man who had a number of friends and who found the most business or groceries unprofitable, would become an undertaker. He might have only money enough to pay his rent and be utterly irresponsible otherwise, but all that he would need to do was to go to a manufacturer,

and the latter would furnish him with a speck for which he was required to pay only as he sold it. His friends would drum up business for him, and all that he had to do was to put out his signs." So, too, the world will read with pained amazement that "there is an undertaker down town who runs a liquor saloon, and one up town who is in the oyster business," for liquors, oysters and cadavers are wholly incongruous subjects.

Mr. Kennedy, who being an ex-corporator as well as an undertaker, and accustomed to gloom, declares that he can stand it no longer. He will resign, and let the dead bury their dead, or have them buried by the men who open oysters, and by using ice in both branches of trade have an unfair advantage over the legitimate funeral director who applies it to the preservation of human remains alone.

Mr. Kennedy says that "the manufacturers have warehouses like palaces, and men whom I remember twenty-five years ago as peddling shrouds, which they carried in packs on their backs, are now owners of seven story buildings that run from block to block."

Altogether, the outlook is a sad one for the men who strive to bring art to their aid to rob death of its terrors. It is to be hoped that the progress of the influenza will lend a more rosy hue to the hopes and aspirations of these estimable and very necessary adjuncts of civilization.

Should Give the News. Why can't a daily paper, even if it is a party paper, be fair and truthful in its reports of actual news? This is a question which it is quite unnecessary to ask in cities where the press is in the hands of newspaper men, but it seems very pertinent in St. John, where there are a good many journalists.

It is marked contrast to this, the opposition morning daily has treated the meeting of the party opposed to it as a matter of news, and has reserved its comments for the editorial columns, where they belong. This is the course which will be found to pay best in the long run.

The St. Croix Courier having invoked the customs records to prove that St. John merchants were smugglers, was very much astonished to learn from PROGRESS that all the seizures charged to the city had been from non-residents.

The New York Typographical Union has abolished the Shylock system in printing offices, whereby compositors were forced to exorbitant rates of interest for money loaned. It is only a wonder that the abolition of it has been delayed so long.

John W. Bookwalter (Pocket-book Walter) calls him has withdrawn from the Ohio senatorial contest, giving as his reason that a millionaire should not be a candidate for the senate. It will gratify him to learn that there is not a millionaire among the candidates for the New Brunswick legislature.

When several men were arrested, tried and hanged for believing in anarchism, the Chicago police were held up as the model of all that was true and honest. Now when it is charged that over 400 of them are secretly in league with a band of thieves, the original opinion must be somewhat modified.

Some New Yorkers have been trying to find out why gambling has been allowed to go on in the pool-rooms for the last year with the full knowledge of the police. Their curiosity is satisfied by the information that the police and security protection.



PRICE LOW. Barbados. MOLASSES. Neves. W. FRANK HATHEWAY, 17 and 18 South Wharf.

SUNDREY HITS AND HINTS.

The curlers don't grumble about this weather. The winter generally gets in its average, despite the Gulf stream.

The plumber was about before daylight yesterday morning. It was his busy day.

Carlton led the city returns yesterday morning with a record of 27 below zero.

Isn't it about time to give McGinty a rest? Fancier things have had shorter lives.

About all the jokes it is possible to make on a gripe have been made. Give us something new.

People who have been grumbling because the weather was not winter-like were not conspicuously talkative yesterday morning.

The government papers will do a good deal to help their cause, but they draw the line when asked to recognize their new evening ally.

How far there is any ground for a diptheria scare may be judged from the fact that nobody has died from that disease, in St. John, this winter.

The man who thinks he can "whip his weight in wild-cats" should go to Halifax. The returns show that 41 of these creatures were killed in the county last year.

Seldou has journalistic energy been more speedily rewarded than in the case of the evening paper which blackguarded the government into stopping its barking.

Despite of the sceptics, there appears good evidence that if La gripe has not struck St. John, something very much like it is making people very uncomfortable.

Does the common council propose to consult the interests of the people by having the streets lighted, or the interests of the Gas company in keeping things as they are?

When a Miramichi paper so far moderates its transports as to call its local contemporary no more than a shameless hypocrite, the quarrel may be considered practically ended.

The New York Mail and Express editorially remarks that "you can't depend on anything you see in a Sunday paper." How about a Monday paper, for which the work is done on Sunday?

The Globe's sales have been good this week. People who did not like its politics and have been willing to read news 24 hours old, for the sake of a principle, have taken a tumble to themselves.

The green vegetable mold which gathers on brown-stone buildings in damp weather is said to harbor bacilli, which produces pleurisy, pneumonia, diptheria and la gripe. A green fungus makes a fat churchyard. Look out for it.

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The Atlantic Monthly for 1890 already promises some tempting attractions in the way of a new serial by the author of John Ward, Preacher, a series of papers by Dr. Holmes, and a serial by Fanny Murfree.

The magazine will be kept up to the mark in all its departments during the year.

The New York Sun is in some respects the model newspaper of the United States. It was the pioneer of free outspoken speech, by which a spade is called a spade and a rogue a rogue. Whatever may be thought of its course at times, even its enemies admit its excellence as a journal. It will be as plucky as ever in 1890.

The New York Press is to the Republicans what the Sun has been for years to the Democrats. It is their fearless and earnest champion. Though but two years old, it has made great strides, and now stands in the front rank of the metropolitan press. It is likely to stay there, during 1890, and thereafter.

That there are a good many people who like to "hear the other side" is shown by the fact that, during the last year the Twentieth Century has grown from an eight-page to a 24-page paper, sixteen of which are reading matter, the essence of frankness on the great questions of the day.

Out at Sea.

POETRY OF THE DAY.

If a Poet wanted to stew a stew. For poets are sons of Pan, The ingredients of that wonderful stew Would be something upon this plan:

A dash of dawn, a drop of dew, A shadow, a fern or so, A liberal dose of golden-rod And of violets in blue.

A Phoebe-blush, a hallowed hush Into the pan he'd bowl, He would stir it up with a mournful croon, And a sigh from the over-soul.

Then a nightingale or a cuckoo-lark (A rooster he'd scan with scorn) He'd season it all with the briny sea, And increase-breathing more.

Then lotus-leaf for the hard to eat And ruby wine to quaff, A pound of mallow, an ounce of swallow, And a yard of his true love's laugh.

This is stew our poets brew— Don't like it? Well, now, that's odd,— Then throw in a little more lotus meat, And a spoonful of golden-rod.

BILDAD.

Rev. Arnold Miller's Visit.

Rev. Arnold Miller, head master of the Windsor College school, paid his first visit to St. John this week and under the guidance of Mr. John Russel, an old teacher and warm friend of the institution, made the acquaintance of many citizens. Mr. Miller is full of enthusiasm and love of his work, and has unbought faith in his school, which he says was never in a healthier condition. He is a gentleman of good appearance, with a long silky black beard, and being a most entertaining conversationalist, leaves a good impression everywhere. In his short talk with the writer, he mentioned many recent improvements in the school, which have been dwelt upon in these columns, and mentioned the fact that he was to meet another experienced teacher here who came from the old country to give him further assistance in his work.

Young Girl's Private School.

Private school for young girls reopens Monday, January 13th. A few vacancies. Apply to Miss A. E. Dimock, Harris street near Paradise Row.—Advt.

Out at Sea.

A pianist recently spent the evening at the house of a lady. The company was agreeable, and he stayed somewhat late. As he rose to take his departure the lady said: "Pray don't go yet, Mr. Jones: I want you to play something for me."

"Oh, you must excuse me to-night: it is very late, and I should disturb the neighbors."

"Never mind the neighbors," answered the young lady quickly; "they poisoned our dog yesterday."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Out at Sea.

Hard on the Professor. Professor (to a student who had on in the lecture hall a loud cravat instead of a white one)—These loud cravats are becoming very fashionable, it seems.

Yes, Professor, that's so. Professor (severely)—But they are not worn in the presence of gentlemen.

Student (somewhat confused)—No, Professor, they never are.—Texas Siftings.

A Little Thing in Millinery.

"I don't see how Mrs. McGay can afford to wear so many tips on her hat. There is a row of them all the way round the brim." "Afford it? I wonder that she hasn't the whole hat made of tips. Her husband is a hotel waiter, you know."—Judge.

Progress Engraving Bureau.

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

New Year's Cards, Booklets, etc., just opened, large assortment, at A. McArthur's, 80 King street.

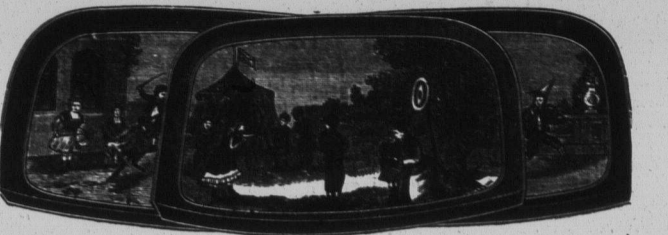
For NINETY-NINE CENTS

We are giving 11 yards of Fine 36 in. WHITE COTTON, which ordinarily would cost \$1.15. Prudent buyers should avail themselves of this genuine Bargain, as we cannot duplicate this offer at the present ruling of prices for Cottons.

BARNES & MURRAY,

17 CHARLOTTE STREET.

1889. NEW YEAR'S. 1890.



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

SHERATON & SELFRIDGE, - 38 KING STREET.

TELEPHONE, No. 358.



A choice NEW YEAR'S PRESENT FOR YOUR MINISTER.

Read what a Leading Merchant says: "I have now been using the 'Caligraph' purchased from you for one year, during which time it has never been out of order, nor cost a cent in any way. I can write much faster than with a pen, with much less exertion, and giving better results. I am fully satisfied with the choice I made in buying a 'Caligraph' after having examined all the leading machines in the market."

D. GRAHAM WHIDDEN, Antigonish. SEND FOR CATALOGUE. ARTHUR P. TIPPET & CO., Sole Agents.

GREAT REDUCTION IN THE PRICE OF

PIANOS, ORGANS, AND SEWING MACHINES, FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

At W. H. BELL'S, 25 King St.

Instruments sold on Installments. Pianos and Organs to hire. Please call and examine before purchasing.

Stood a Second Dose. Fogg—Brown must think a great deal of that young lady he is waiting on, he actually went to church with her Sunday.

The Rev. Mr. Textual—Yes; it was my church. I saw him there. But then he came alone to hear me preach the Sunday before.

Fogg—You don't mean it! Then he thinks a good deal more of her than I had any idea of.—Boston Transcript.

A Pharmaceutical Marginal. Drug Clerk—I filled a prescription for a stranger last night for a dollar and ten cents, and now I find the dollar is a counterfeit.

Proprietor—That's highway robbery again. Well, never mind; if the ten-cent piece is good we will make four cents on the sale.—American Pharmacist.

A Woman's Verdict. Overheard in a street car: Miss Pompos—Is she stylish? Miss Shoulders—Yes, in a seal plush sort of way.—N. Y. Sun.

ESTABLISHED 1870. W. TREMAINE GARD,

Practical Jeweler, Optician and Diamond Dealer, Gold & Silversmith, Watchmaker and Electro-plater, No. 81 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Watches, French Clocks and Jewelry skillfully and promptly repaired on the premises. Orders from out of town solicited. Satisfaction guaranteed.

DIARIES.

Now is the time to select your Diary for 1890, while our stock is complete.

POCKET DIARIES, OFFICE DIARIES, COUNTING HOUSE DIARIES, DESK CALENDARS, etc.

FOR SALE BY J. & A. McMILLAN, ST. JOHN, N. B.

HORSE SHOES, HORSE NAILS, HARNESS LEATHER, TEAM BELLS, DRIVING WHIPS, CHEAP AT HORNCASTLE'S, - - - Indianopolis.

SOCIAL AND PEASANTS

EVENTS OF THE WEEK. BRUNSWICK AND NEW

And the Happenings in St. John. Frederick, Montreal, W. C. Stephens, St. John, Chablis, etc.

The young people of St. John have a gay week, but, as in often the case, entertainments crowded together are not so enjoyable as those which are held in a more leisurely manner.

On Monday last Miss Grace McMillan a number of her young friends at a dance, Germain street, with a pair of dancing partners who are an excellent set.

On the same evening a similar party was given by Mr. Fred Fairbank (for his daughter Mabel). The number of guests for five tables, all of which were to be provided by the young people, was about 100.

On Thursday evening a very delightful party was given by Mrs. F. E. Barber at Mount Pleasant, on the occasion of the birthday of her daughter, Edith, who received a pretty costume of white silk and invitation had been issued to a number of friends, and with very few exceptions, all were present.

On Thursday evening an equally given by Mr. and Mrs. George Fairbank, where over 100 guests were present, who enjoyed to the utmost the music provided for them. Dancing a late hour, when a sumptuous supper, after which the remaining number of guests were dancing, as well as some young people being loath to break up party.

On Thursday evening Miss Carrie Seely gave a party to a couple party of young friends. Each, refreshment and prizes tended to pass the evening.

The young people's quadrille association of Mrs. J. D. Shaford, on a very pleasant evening was spent. A very pleasant evening was spent. A very pleasant evening was spent.

Mr. C. D. Corey, Halifax, spent a city this week. Mr. and Mrs. S. T. King are visiting at St. John, N. B.

Miss Mabel Sibley Smith left by the Thursday last, for Kingston, Gas., to the marriage of her friend, Miss Mabel of that place.

Mr. R. H. Symonds is laid up with a cold, and his household, Chalmers, Mrs. Frances Ferguson is also ill at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. M. Pleasant.

Miss Margaret Walter, of Fredericton, of Mrs. Walter, Princess street. Master Charlie Norton, from Lennox, guest of Mrs. W. F. Harrison.

Mr. Simeon Jones, accompanied daughters, will very shortly start on a land, and before the end of the month will be in St. John, N. B.

Mr. Herbert L. Jones, M. P. for District of St. John, will be in St. John, N. B. on Monday.

Miss Neale Robinson, returned on Wednesday, where she spent the last of her vacation. Invitations have been issued for the next week, on Monday evening, at the residence of Mrs. W. F. Harrison.

A pleasant euchre party was given by Fairweather, Orange street, on Wednesday evening, where some of the young people were spending the night.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Masters returned Tuesday, from Brockton, Mass. Masters has been visiting for some time at the residence of his father, Mr. J. H. Masters.

Mr. Henry Hilliard has returned home, leaving his son George behind. Mr. David Lynch has returned to college. Master Frank, owing to a cold, yet returned to Buctouche.

A whole party was held at the residence of Mrs. W. F. Harrison, on Friday. The Armstrong-Hilly party meet at the residence of Mrs. W. F. Harrison, on Friday evening.

A certain young lady residing on Paradise street, has made the acquaintance of a young man, who is a student at the University of New Brunswick. It is said that it came from a made use of the table of measures in a good wish. The young man, evidently, is a student at the University of New Brunswick.

Mrs. John Kelly, who spent Christmas at her children's in Buctouche, is home again. A house warming is promised the young people of the neighborhood.

At St. Martin's on New Year's afternoon, George W. Russell, formerly of Carleton Place, was the guest of Mr. W. J. Davidson & Co. Salomon never mits, was united in matrimony to Miss Alice H. Martin. The wedding ceremony was performed at the residence of the bride, Mr. W. J. Davidson & Co. The bride was Miss Alice H. Martin, and the groom was Mr. George W. Russell.

Rev. J. A. Ford, pastor of the Carleton Place church, has been ill for some days. He is now recovering from his illness, and is expected to return to his duties on Monday.

Miss Laura Peters is visiting friends in St. John. She has made the acquaintance of a young man, who is a student at the University of New Brunswick. It is said that it came from a made use of the table of measures in a good wish. The young man, evidently, is a student at the University of New Brunswick.

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CENTS

Fine 36 in. ... should avail ... Bargain, as we ... the present

MURRAY, ... S. 1890.

NOVELTIES in our line ... st in the market.

38 KING STREET.

YEAR'S PRESENT ... UR MINISTER.

at a Leading ... ant says:

you for one year, during ... y way. I can write much ... tter results. I am fully ... v having examined all the ... IDDEN, Antigonish.

T & CO., Sole Agents,

TION

MACHINES,

King St.

to hire. Please call and ... L, 25 KING STREET.

and Refreshing

'S COLOGNE

heavy perfume, but fully ... to some of the most ... Foreign brands.

SALE BK

OCK, Pharmacist,

at Charlotte Streets,

JOHN, N. B.

d Year.

TE SCHOOL,

SOR, N. S.

ns on January 10th.

AND EQUIPMENT.

on full information on ... THE HEAD MASTER.

VER WARE.

NT IT PLATED?

IT BRIGHT, NEW ... CLEAN?

o, take it to

THE PLATER,

Union to Germain street, ... facility for replating or ... Ware of all kinds.

ne at this season of the year

87 Germain Street.

inery!

D TO LILY OF THE ... LLEY.

notice assortment of the lead- ... fancy and cut glass bottles ... Few Year Gifts.

E FRERES

RICKSBECKER

OLGATE.

Perfumes in Sack Powder.

to insure sales.

MEDICAL HALL,

ARTHUR,

Opp. King Square.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

EVENTS OF THE WEEK IN NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

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

The young people of St. John have had quite a gay week, but, as in other cases, so many entertainments crowded together are not enjoyable. However, one must not murmur, for hitherto there has been very little going on in our city to make the time pass pleasantly, and doubtless there will be plenty of time to rest.

On Monday last Miss Grace McMillan entertained a number of her young friends at her father's residence, German street, with a pleasant little dance. Among those present were several young men from the Lennoxville college who are spending their vacation here.

On the same evening a most enjoyable euchre party was given by Mr. Fred Fairweather (Sydney street) for his daughter Mabel. There was an excellent number of guests for five tables, and much interest was manifested in the game, all trying to win the prizes which were to be presented at the finish.

To Miss Lottie Harrison was awarded the first, which was a gold pin. Master Charles Norton received a similar prize, while Master Most Darcy won the progressive prize of a whisky bottle, and Miss Hurd Campbell the booby prize of a box of sweet meats.

On Thursday evening a very delightful ball was given by Dr. and Mrs. F. E. Barker at their residence, Mount Pleasant, on the occasion of the debut of their daughter, Edith, who received her guests in a pretty costume of white silk and lace. Cards of invitation had been issued to upwards of one hundred friends, and with very few exceptions all present in an appearance. There were several married people present, who enjoy a game of whist while the younger people were dancing. Dr. Barker's residence is perhaps one of the most spacious and convenient for entertainments, and while there were a large number present, there was no crowding. The polished floor of the ball-room was all that could be desired for dancing. This, together with good music and a handsome supper, left nothing to be desired in the pleasantest of dances held in St. John for some time. Among the guests I noticed several debutants, who will long remember their first ball.

On Thursday evening an equally pleasant dance was given by Mr. and Mrs. George Fairweather (Sevell street), where over 100 guests were present, all of whom enjoyed to the full the handsome entertainment provided for them. Dancing was kept up till a late hour, when a sumptuous supper was partaken of, after which the remaining numbers on the programme were danced, as well as several extras, the young people being loath to break up this enjoyable party.

Last evening Miss Carrie Seely entertained her young friends to a euchre party. About 30 guests were present. Euchre, refreshments and the distribution of prizes tended to pass a very pleasant evening.

The young people's quadrille assembly met at the residence of Mrs. J. D. Shaford, on Thursday last. A very pleasant evening was spent. Light refreshments were provided by the hostess. These gatherings are held one evening in each week, and are much enjoyed by the young people.

The Electric club met at the residence of Mrs. John McMillan (German street), last evening. This club meets monthly.

Rev. Mr. Hanson, New Denmark, was the guest of Mr. J. A. Hoyt, Crown street, this week.

Mr. C. D. Corey, Halifax, spent a few days in the city this week.

Mr. and Mrs. S. T. King are visiting their daughter, Mrs. Ritchey, Princess street.

Miss Wilmet, Oranoceto, is the guest of Mrs. John McMillan, German street.

Miss Edie Mathew is visiting Dorchester.

Mr. W. G. Lawton has returned home from a trip to Boston and New York.

Mr. W. Stanway, Montreal, spent a few days here this week.

Mr. R. H. Symonds is laid up with severe influenza, at his boarding house, Chiman's Hill.

Mrs. Frances Ferguson is also ill with influenza, at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. John Burpee, Mt. Pleasant.

Miss Mabel Sidney Smith left by the C. P. R., on Thursday last, for Kingston, Ont., to be present at the marriage of her friend, Miss Mabel Henderson, of that place.

Mr. Frank Birch, of Montreal, is visiting the city on business.

Miss Margaret Bailey, of Fredericton, is the guest of Mrs. Watters, Princess street.

Master Charlie Norton, from Lennoxville, is the guest of Mrs. W. F. Harrison.

Mr. Simeon Jones, accompanied by his two daughters, will very shortly start on a trip to England, and before their return will visit the Holy Land.

Mr. and Mrs. Longworth, Charlottetown, were registered at the Royal on Thursday last.

Mr. Herbert L. Jones, M. P. for Digby, was the guest of Senator Boyd for a few days this week, on his way to Ottawa.

Miss Nellie Robinson, returned on Monday from Dorchester, where she has spent the last week. Invitations have been issued for two euchre parties next week, on Monday evening, by Mrs. G. Sidney Smith, and on Tuesday evening, by Mrs. George McLeod.

OTTAWA, to be present at the opening of parliament. In all probability he will be accompanied by Mrs. Michael Lewis.

Miss Susan Russell, who has been spending the holiday season in St. Martin and Fredericton, returned last Wednesday to the Sacred Heart Convent to resume her studies.

FREDERICTON.

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

Jan. 8.—The sad news of Miss Maud Vavasour's unexpected death caused general regret, for although she had been in poor health for some months, her friends had no apprehension of her danger. On New Year's day she underwent a very critical operation as the only chance of restoring her to health. No danger was anticipated until the end of the day, when, when pale and insensible, she could do no work, and on Friday evening, a few minutes to five, she passed away, perfectly happy and resigned, surrounded by a number of her friends.

Miss Vavasour was much beloved and highly esteemed in this city. She was bright and cheerful, kind and loving in her disposition, always a true and constant friend, and had a very large circle of friends, who will bear of her death with deep sorrow. She was one of the best musicians in the city, being a graduate of the Boston Conservatory of Music, and with superior talent. She was also a most successful teacher, having her whole heart in her profession, and by her kind manner winning the love of her pupils. Her place will long remain unfilled in Fredericton. The deepest sympathy is felt for her lonely and sorrowing mother, to whom she was a most devoted daughter. She also leaves two brothers, the older of whom is now residing in New Mexico, the other being Mr. Edwin Vavasour, who is clerk in the Fredericton post office.

The funeral, which took place Sunday afternoon, was one of the largest seen here for a long time. Rev. F. Alexander conducted the service at the Cathedral, and the remains were interred in the old cemetery. The floral offerings were beautiful, among them being an exquisite wreath sent by her loving music pupils.

News arrived here Friday afternoon of the death of Mr. Robert Fitz Randolph, of Digby, N. S., brother of Hon. A. F. Randolph, of this city. The deceased was one of the leading business men of that town.

Mr. Wm. Murray, accompanied by his two sisters Misses Maggie and Mirra Murray, came from St. John Saturday evening to attend the funeral of Miss Vavasour. Miss Ida Turner and Mrs. Wm. Wheeler also came.

Mr. Murray returned to St. John, on Monday. Mrs. Murray is spending a few days at Springhill, while Miss Mirra will spend a few weeks with Mrs. Vavasour.

Miss Ida Turner returned to her home in St. John Monday afternoon.

Mrs. Wheeler, who was the guest of Mrs. M. S. Hall, George street, returned home this afternoon.

Tuesday was reception day at Government House.

and a large number availed themselves of the opportunity of welcoming Governor and Lady Tilley back to Fredericton after their long absence.

Again I must not allow Cecil Gwynne to imagine that Moncton is ahead of the Coleridge city. In Grippe is also paying a visit. Among the first victims were Sir Leonard and Lady Tilley, who are just recovering from a sharp attack.

The Arctic Snowshoe club is to have a driving party Friday evening, when the company will go to the Springfield hotel and have a dance and supper. The party will number about thirty-five. Mrs. John Blair and Mrs. Nellie Allen will act as chaperones.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Lugin are giving a party this evening, for their daughter, Miss Ann.

Master Willie Roberts is having a party this evening, at the rectory, of the 62nd Fullerton, arrived Saturday from St. John, to take a three-months course in the Royal School of Infantry.

Miss Bessie Logan and Miss Aggie Dell left home on Tuesday for Halifax, to resume their studies at the Presbyterian college.

Miss Mary Blair left on Monday for the same destination.

Miss Gregory returned home from Amherst, N. S., on Saturday.

Miss Inglewood, of Hampton, is here, the guest of Mrs. Oty Crulshank. She will spend about ten days in this city.

Mrs. Eaton, of St. Stephen, is here, visiting her daughter, Mrs. Fred Edgcomb, King street.

Mrs. F. Carlton Allen has returned home from St. John, where she spent a few days with her sister, Mrs. Holden.

Mr. A. G. Beckwith left today for a business trip up the river. Mrs. Beckwith is expected home from New York next week, where she has been making a long visit.

Mrs. John Cameron has returned from St. John, where she has been visiting friends.

Mr. Leonard Johnston, accompanied by his little daughter Nellie, left home today for Moncton and Newcastle.

It is said that Mayor Allen will be selected by acclamation next Monday.

The Boston Comedy company opened here Monday evening with a full house. Last evening they played *Jennie Fers* to a fair audience, and it was well liked. They will remain for two weeks.

HALIFAX.

Jan. 8.—The engagement is announced from England of Miss Bertha Sinclair, sister of Mrs. Fred Tremblay, to Mr. Reginald White. Miss Sinclair has been visiting friends in England for the past year.

Dr. and Mrs. Carlton Jones are both ill with grippe. Dr. Jones' attack has lasted for some days, and is very severe one.

Dr. Farrell has been seized by the self-same gripe. The doctors are kept busy trying to ease the pains of their many patients.

Miss May Towardhead is out again, after a protracted illness in the house.

Mrs. H. F. Almond, is the guest of Mrs. Abbott, Hollis street.

The euchre party of Mrs. Sam. Brookfield's, last Friday night, was a very jolly affair.

Mrs. J. Brown's 5 o'clock teas and entertainments at 222 Essex House are very popular.

Mr. McDowell and his talented company leave town on Friday, and will spend a couple of days in Moncton on their way to Quebec.

Miss Arthur has made many friends in the city, who will look forward to her return next August.

Excursions were out for a snowshoe tramp for Monday evening, but, well the snow! where was it? The risk has opened and quite a number attended. No risk parties as yet, but they will come in due time.

Mr. Shaford got married at a very unseasonable hour last Thursday, 7 o'clock in the morning. Oh, the gods and little fishes, how the folks must have shivered. The bride was Miss Edith Locke, daughter of the late J. Locke, of Lockport, N. S.

Rev. W. B. King performed the ceremony. The bride was becomingly attired in a dark brown braided costume with hat to match, her sister who accompanied her wore a pretty terra cotta colored dress, trimmed with black braid and hat to correspond. The couple have gone to Washington, and in their return will visit their guests at their new home on Birmingham street.

Miss Courtney has been suffering from La Grippe too, and still they come.

Miss Bowman has been spending a few weeks with Mrs. MacCawley, Queen street.

Miss King, of Windsor, has been visiting Mr. Duceau on McGill street.

Mr. Hastings Freeman has returned to town.

MONCTON.

Jan. 8.—I think I said, last week, that Moncton's four hundred nearly all had influenza, and though the situation is unchanged, to say so again would be a vain repetition.

There is no flock in our town, just now, however watched and tended, but one sick lamb is there, and the dry goods merchants say the mild winter was making trade so dull that they would certainly have been obliged to give their goods away had it not been that the unprecedented demand for pocket handkerchiefs has given a fillip to business, and proved the ill wind which blew somebody good.

People are bearing their ills cheerfully, as a rule, and the "taple-likes" are jolly under adverse circumstances.

Whist and bread and butter parties go on as usual, and if a sudden explosion of sneezes scatters the cards in the hand of some convalescent nobody minds. Of course, it is a little awkward to have your partner in the may waltz sneeze unexpectedly

down the back of your neck, but such little accidents will sometimes happen during an epidemic like the present one.

A few visitors still come and go. Miss Hyde, of this, is visiting Miss Cooke.

Miss Dastan, of Dartmouth, spent a few days in town this week, with her friend Miss Harris. Miss Dastan was on her way to visit friends in Quebec, and left yesterday.

Mrs. J. W. Bell, of St. John, is spending some days in town, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Borden. She is accompanied by her little daughter. Mrs. Bell, as Miss Rowe, was a great favorite in Moncton society, and her many friends are always delighted to welcome her on the too-rare occasions when she visits our town.

I must not neglect to mention another epidemic which has enfolded Moncton with its dark mantle. It is called political controversy, and confines its attacks chiefly to the male portion of society; so that the man who has enough time to spare from the pressing duty of using his handkerchief, is quite sure to spend his waking hours in talking politics. And I really don't know which is the worse complaint.

Mrs. George Mcweeney, accompanied by Mrs. Miss Leturque, left town on Friday, for Boston, where they intend spending some weeks.

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

New Fabrics for Balls and Receptions.

RUSSIAN FISH NET, all shades; SPANISH STRIPED NET, all shades; LACE FLOUNCING, Black and Cream; FISH NET FLOUNCING, in Black. Something just new. All Light Shades in ALBETROS VEILINGS. They make soft foundation Dresses for Russian and Spanish Nets. CHINA SILKS, all shades; THE BEST MAKES OF CORSETS: WHITE AND LIGHT TINTS IN UNDESSED KID GLOVES at prices never before approached for cheapness—12-Button Length, Mosquitaire, at \$1.00 pair; 28-Button Length, at \$1.50. Send for samples of any Evening goods.

MACAULAY BROS. & CO. Larger Stock, Better Assorted, Cheaper!

THE COMMITTEES FOR QUEENS, KINGS, WELLINGTON and PRINCE WARDS, Opposition to the Government, WILL MEET EVERY EVENING. All Electors friendly are cordially invited to attend.

DANIEL and ROBERTSON, London House Retail, Cor. Charlotte and Union Streets.

LAME HORSES.



FELLOWS' LEEMING'S ESSENCE Cures Spavins, Ringbones, Curbs, Splints, Sprains, Bruises, Sifts, Swellings and Stiff Joints in Horses. Numerous testimonials certify to the wonderful efficacy of this great remedy; and every day brings fresh testimony from Horsemen in all parts of the country, proving that FELLOWS' LEEMING'S ESSENCE is without a rival in all cases of Lameness in Horses for which it is prescribed.

UPRIGHT PIANO GREAT BARGAIN C. FLOOD & SONS.

An American Upright, 7 Octaves, all Modern Improvements, Cost \$350 12 months ago, will be sold at \$225 Cash. FULLY WARRANTED.

Advertisement for 'The Mascotte' rubber boots, featuring an illustration of a boot and text describing its durability and features like 'Double Thick Ball' and 'Double Wear'.

McLEAN'S VEGETABLE WORM SYRUP!

BASE imitations intended to deceive are being foisted on the market; look out for them and do not be put off with any so-called Worm Syrup claiming to be as good. Ask for and get McLEAN'S VEGETABLE WORM SYRUP, the original and only genuine. Any child will take it. At all dealers. Price 25 cents.

GET YOUR Pictures Framed GORBELL ART STORE, 207 Union Street.

Finest English and American Studies Mounted at reasonable rates. Mantel Mirrors and Fire Screens made at short notice.

THE COMMITTEES

FOR QUEENS, KINGS, WELLINGTON and PRINCE WARDS, Opposition to the Government, WILL MEET EVERY EVENING. All Electors friendly are cordially invited to attend.

The Committees

FOR DUKES AND SYDNEY WARDS, Opposition to the Government, WILL MEET EVERY EVENING. All Electors friendly are cordially invited to attend.

OPPOSITION Ward Meetings.

WARD meetings in the interest of the Opposition to the Local Government, will be held every evening until the election as follows: LORNE, LANSLOWNE and STANLEY—At Temple of Honor Hall, Main Street, opposite Adelaide Road. DUFFERIN WARD—At Botwick's Hall. VICTORIA WARD—In shop, corner Meadow Street and City Road. All Electors friendly are cordially invited to attend.

GOVERNMENT ELECTION COMMITTEES

WARD COMMITTEES are requested to meet every evening at 8 o'clock, at following places: For East Side: Berryman's Hall. West End: City Hall. North End: Union Hall. Berryman's Hall Open Day and Evening. A. O. SKINNER, Chairman.

UNION HALL

General Headquarters for North End Supporters of LOCAL GOVERNMENT. Lorne, Lansdowne and Stanley Ward Committees will meet at this Hall. Open Every Evening up to and on 20th instant.

Friends of the Government

FOR DUFFERIN WARD, WILL MEET EVERY EVENING, up to and on 20th inst.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

Tennyson's Latest. Regarding Tennyson's last collection of verse, Demeter and Other Poems, the New York Mail and Express says that it "will be read with great attention which the work of a great poet, even of a great poet in his decline, demands, and with as much regret as admiration—for the splendid art that characterizes it, and with regret for the failure of power which is plainly felt in many of the poems which it contains, and in which one cannot but detect a strain. He never wrote better than in "Demeter and Persephone," which is, in the purest sense, a noble example of Greek art, an example worthy of himself, or of Landor; nor in "Owd Roa," which is a worthy companion piece to the "Northern Farmer" and the "Northern Cobbler"; but he has written much better (and never worse) than in "Folorn," "Happy," "Merlin and the Glean," and most of the trilogies with which the volume is padded to the salable, regulation size. It is not often that in his long career that he has allowed himself to touch upon his own notions and feelings, but he has done so here, and in a way with which we can all sympathize, remembering, as most of us do, the sorrow that overtook him in the death of the son Lionel.

Canadian readers will be especially interested in what is written in regard to their most famous governor-general. It reads:

TO THE MARQUIS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA. At times our Britain can rest, At times her steps are swift and rash; She moving, at her girde clash The golden keys of East and West. Not swift or rash, when late she lent The sceptres of her West, her East, To one that, ruling, has increased Her greatness and her self-content.

Your rule has made the people true, Their ruler, Your viceregal days Have added fulness to the phrase Of "gauntlet in the velvet glove." But since your name will grow with Time, Not all, as honoring your fair fame Of statesman, have I made the name A golden portal to my rhyme.

But more, that you and yours may know From me and mine, how dear a debt We owe you, and are owing yet; To you and yours, and still would owe.

For he—your India was his Fate, And drew him over sea to glory— He faun had ranged her thro' and thro', To serve her myriads and the State.

A soul that watch'd from earliest youth, And on thro' many a lightning year, Had never swerved for craft or fear, By one side path, from simple truth.

Who might have chased and chasped Renown And caught her chaplet here—and there In haunts of jungle poisoned air, The flame of life went wavered down.

But ere he left your fatal shore, And lay on that funereal bier, Dying, "Unspeaking," he wrote, "Their kindness," and he wrote no more.

And sacred is the latest word, And now the Was, the Might-have-been, And those lone rises I have not seen, And one dear sound I have not heard.

Are dreams that scarce will let me be, Not there to bid my boy farewell, When that within the coffin fell, Fell and flashed into the Red Sea.

Beneath a hard Arabian moon And alien stars, to question why The sons before their fathers die; Not mine! and I may meet him soon.

But while my life's late eye endures, Nor settles into luscious gray; My memories of his life for day Will mix with love for you and yours.

Notes and Announcements. People of bookish tastes are displaying a great deal of interest in the prize literary competition begun in the January number of the Book Buyer. Fifteen questions relating to standard and popular books and authors are given, and these are to be followed by fifteen more in the February number. Four prizes of \$150, \$75, \$50, and \$25 are offered by the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons, to those who answer the greatest number of the questions correctly. The same issue has a portrait of Capt. Charles King, and other interesting literary features.

Easily Explained. "Tommy it seems to me that your trousers are rather slick for a new pair. Is it some of your pa's work?" "Yes." "Did he do it with his slipper?" "No he did it when he used to wear them."—N. Y. Sun.

Among the many remedies for Worm's McLean's Vegetable Worm Syrup takes the lead; it is the original and only genuine. Pleasant to take and sure in effect. Purely Vegetable.—Advt.

A Wise Clergyman. Rev. Mrs. Poorlypaid—If you want me to fix your trousers, darling, you'll have to go down town and buy some buttons.

Rev. Mr. Poorlypaid—Oh! that's a needless expense, my dear. I am going to take up a collection for foreign missions to-morrow.—N. Y. Sun.

The best anodyne and expectorant for the cure of colds and coughs and all throat, lung, and bronchial troubles, is undoubtedly, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Ask your druggist for it, and, at the same time, for Ayer's Almanac, which is free to all.—Advt.

Know the Signs. "Ma, the minister is coming." "What makes you think so? Did you see him?" "No; but I saw pa take the parrot and lock it up in the stable."—N. Y. Sun.

HE CHANGED HIS MIND.

Love's Labor Lost in the Case of a Free and Independent Voter of Pictou. Here is an election story from the wilds of Pictou county that may find favor in the eyes of some of the readers of PROGRESS. Just before the election of 18— there was vigorous canvassing on behalf of both parties throughout the country. The Tories went about like roaring lions seeking whom they might devour, and the Grits followed closely in their wake. There are many outlying sections in the country where the voters have either to drive or to foot it to the polling booths. In one of these sections dwelt John McInnis. John was a mighty conservative, and lost no opportunity of waving the banner. But alas! for three days before the election John had been indulging rather freely in the beverage that cheers, but also inebriates.

When election day dawned his legs refused to do their duty, John, was forced to acknowledge to himself that he was unable to stand. So he stretched himself out at full length on the long wooden settle to await developments. If the conservative triumph depended upon John's vote their chances looked pretty slim just now.

Presently up drove Hugh McPherson, a friend of John's, but unfortunately on the other side of the fence. He had just called in passing to see how John was bearing up under the weight of adverse circumstances, and to see if the conservatives would be likely to poll one vote less on account of his incapacity. Though McInnis's limbs refused to bear him up, his mind was still in an active state. He and Hugh exchanged a few sentiments on the absorbing subject of politics. John turned himself lazily over on the bench and looked at Hugh with a pair of rather hazy, but very innocent eyes.

"Do you know Hugh (hic) ah've been thinkin' for the last day or two, here ah've been votin' all along tur the conservatives, and d'vill a turn have they ever done for me. If ah wuz votin' the day, which ah'm not expectin' to do (with a rather inebriated grin) ah'd vote for the grits as shure as me name's John McInnis. They're the risin' power in the land, me boy, the risin' power," and his fist came down with a limp thud on the wooden bench.

"Ye're jokin', John," said Hugh. "No joke about it," said John. "Ah've ben thinkin' that thing over a deal lately, and if I'n spared for another election and don't vote for the Grits ah'll eat my boots."

At this Hugh pricked up his ears. Was not his trusty steed harnessed at the door? and was there not yet a good hour and a half before the closing of the poll? The desire to serve his party was strong in Hugh's heart, so he propped John up on his very shaky understandings, and with the help of John's wife got him safely deposited in the wagon; not, however, without many lurches and jerks on John's part. Then did Hugh drive like Jehu, the son of Mishi. He rattled up with great pomp and flourish of trumpets a short time before the poll closed.

John was now able to stand. The drive had sobered him up a bit. He walked over with a great deal of deliberation and dignity, and deposited his vote. On his return, he was met enthusiastically by Hugh's friends, and received many a clap on the back and many a handshake. When a space for breathing occurred, John looked around with grave equanimity and a leer of triumph in his eye: "I say (hic), boys (hic), I changed my mind on the way over."

JOHN PAUL BARSTOW.

Will Wonders Ever Cease? It has been discovered that by means of the circulating blood any organ of an animal can be paralyzed or stimulated into renewed activity if the proper material is administered. Cocaine, which has revolutionized delicate surgical operations, is only one of the results of this discovery.

The use of Atropine by oculists is a remarkable example. For it matters not how administered, [even if injected into the big toe] the first effect seen is the enlarging of the pupil of the eye. Another application of this discovery, as practical as any, was the idea that the great loss suffered by poultry raisers, owing to the fact that hens stop laying during the cold weather, when eggs are worth fifty cents per dozen, could be overcome, if the ovaries of the hen could be reached and stimulated to egg-producing activity. The experiment was crowned with success, and the chemical compounds deficient in the ovaries of the hens at this season are now very important components of Sheridan's Conditions Powder to make hens lay.

And with its aid some of our most successful egg-raisers believe it is as easy to obtain plenty of eggs in mid-winter as to raise early vegetables. Last December the poultry Editor of the N. E. Farmer said to a subscriber, "the office of Sheridan's Condition Powder is to animate the ovaries. A hen to lay profitably must be in condition. I use Sheridan's Powder because I believe that hens can be made to lay even in winter by using it, and fully twice as much profit can be made in a year from a flock of fowls where it is used." Is not that good evidence? Then force your hens to laying now, or later you will reflect.

"How wise we are when the chance is gone, And a glance we backward cast? We know just the time for doing it's past." For 50 cents I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., will send two 25 cent packs; five packs for \$1.00; or for \$1.20, one large 2 1/2 pound can of Sheridan's Powder, postpaid; six cans for \$5.00, express prepaid. The best poultry paper—Farm Poultry one year, and a can of Powder for \$1.00. Sample copy of paper 5 cents.—Advt.

Out at Sea. "How wise we are when the chance is gone, And a glance we backward cast? We know just the time for doing it's past." For 50 cents I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., will send two 25 cent packs; five packs for \$1.00; or for \$1.20, one large 2 1/2 pound can of Sheridan's Powder, postpaid; six cans for \$5.00, express prepaid. The best poultry paper—Farm Poultry one year, and a can of Powder for \$1.00. Sample copy of paper 5 cents.—Advt.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

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

ST. STEPHEN.

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

JAN. 8.—The bright moonlight of last night tempted every one who could command a horse to enjoy a sleigh ride. Those who owned speedy horses created excitement in Calais, by racing from the post-office to South Milltown street. I noticed a large four-wheeled sled filled with ladies, who, from the sounds of merry laughter, seemed to be having a jolly time. Upon inquiry, I found that Mrs. C. H. Clarke was treating a few of her lady friends to a moonlight sleigh ride. The ladies who were so fortunate to receive an invitation were Mrs. Waterbury, Mrs. Henry Grahame, Miss Nettie Abbott, Miss Melick, besides Miss Noe Clarke, the daughter of the late Mrs. A. M. Clarke.

The congregation of Christ church enjoyed a social meeting at the school room, on Monday evening. All kinds of games were provided for amusement. Prizes were given for the "Donkey" game, and secured by Miss Mary Raine and Miss Annie Newhall.

Dr. W. Black, who has been in Philadelphia during the past two months, has returned, and intends to remain here during the winter, much to the content of his old friends and patients, who hope to induce him to make St. Stephen his home always.

Mr. W. F. Vroom is suffering from a severe cold, and is confined to his residence.

At the band concert in the St. Croix hall, Calais, on New Year's night, Miss Lizzie McNichol charmed and amused with her sweet singing. Miss Edith Laughton, who accompanied Miss McNichol, also received great praise for the graceful and finished way she performed her part. The music of the Kingsville band was much admired. On New Year's afternoon the band serenaded Mr. and Mrs. Charles King, at their residence on Main street.

Mr. P. G. McFarlane, principal of the high school here, took the opportunity during the holidays to visit his home in Fredrickton.

To the regret of her many friends, both in St. Stephen and Calais, Miss Louise King still continues very ill, and is confined to her home.

Mr. W. F. Todd is making a brief visit in St. John. Miss Maud McKeown, of St. John, is visiting her sister, Mrs. George J. Clarke.

Mr. George Winslow, of Westfield, Mass., spent his holidays in Milltown, Maine.

Miss Mattie Harris held the first meeting of her party class for little ladies, in Mrs. John E. Algar's parlors, on Saturday afternoon. The Rev. W. Campbell, of Trinity church, conducted the funeral services.

Mr. Merrill Beckett, who spent the holidays at his home in Calais, has returned to Harvard to continue his studies.

Miss Vattie Kimball, of Houlton, Me., is spending a few days in Calais, the guest of Mrs. Charles King. Mrs. Jennie Porter widow of the late Capt. Porter, and eldest sister of Mr. John F. Grant, Porter, and eldest sister of Mr. John F. Grant, died at the residence of her father, Mr. John F. Grant, on Sunday. Mrs. Porter was one of the oldest ladies here, and was greatly esteemed among her friends. Her funeral took place on Saturday afternoon. The Rev. W. Campbell, of Trinity church, conducted the funeral services.

Mr. J. J. Smith and his daughter Miss Nellie Smith, are visiting St. John this week.

The Public Library, in which every one is interested, is expected to be opened to the public some time this month.

HAMPTON.

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

JAN. 8.—Influenza is in the air! and is no respecter of persons. Old and young and those of middle age, rich and poor, are in the fashion.

Judge Wedderburn was stricken on Monday and although lawyers, suitors, jurymen, etc., arrived in town on Tuesday morning, and were to attend the opening of the January term of the County Court, it stands adjourned until Tuesday next. La grippe was a day ahead and the lawyers were forced to miss Judge Wedderburn's court. Mr. John Porter, who had been in town for some time, left for his home on Monday.

Mrs. Wedderburn and Miss Wedderburn were ill last week.

Mr. James Kirk of St. John and Mr. T. Otty Crookbank of Fredericton were in town on Monday. Mr. Kirk is a member of the city council, and his sister, Miss Jane Hamlin Kirk, is in the city for interest. Her death took place on Friday at the old church parsonage, Lakeside.

Mrs. Gilbert White, of St. John, who has been visiting her son, Mr. J. G. Colter White, for a short time, returned home on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Pope Barnes spent New Year's day here, with Mrs. Joseph W. Barnes.

Mr. Fred J. Hall and Mr. E. C. March were in town on the 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. William Leighton, Jr., gave a very pleasant party at their residence, last evening, to a large number of their young friends. A most enjoyable evening was spent by all present.

Miss Nettie Tweddie was sick with the influenza last week, but is out again.

Five members of the family of Mr. Gillis Mabee, at the village, are ill with influenza.

Mr. E. A. Fetzner has suffered a relapse. Little Miss Frances Prichard was taken with influenza yesterday, and is quite ill today.

Mr. D. J. Bruce has gone to the city today.

Mrs. John Raymond and Miss Raymond, of the village, have been confined to their home for several days with influenza and is quite ill.

Mr. S. Hayward has been laid up for the past week with the influenza and bronchitis. He ventured out today for the first time.

Dr. Taylor has gone to New York for a rest and to benefit his health.

Mr. C. A. Palmer and Mr. M. B. Henderson were among the visitors in town last week.

RICHIBUCTO.

JAN. 8.—Mr. James McIntosh, who formerly had charge of the advanced department of our school, but now of Bathurst, spent a few days in town last week, and was warmly received by a host of friends.

Mr. Arthur O'Leary left for Memramcook on Thursday.

Miss Emily Frecker, who has been spending her vacation at home, left a few days ago for Red Bank.

Geo. H. Miner, who has been visiting friends in Nova Scotia, returned last week.

Messrs. Mackley, Souter, and Frank Finney left, a few days ago, for Mount Allison, to pursue their studies.

Prigal Harrison, of Sheffield, returned from his vacation on Saturday last.

Messrs. Robert Finney and Andrew Walker left last Saturday for Newswade, to visit friends.

Mr. Larry McLaren returned from Moncton on Monday.

Miss Maud Grierson, who has been spending her vacation at home, left on Saturday for Dorchester.

ROBIDA.

Out at Sea.

HAROLD GILBERT, CARPETS AND FURNITURE, 54 KING STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

"MY PATIENTS Have Always Been Benefitted by ITS USE." MONCTON, Dec. 6, 1887. E. M. ESTEY, Pharmacist: Dear Sir,—For the past two or three years I have prescribed your Cod Liver Oil Cream. Take no other. Price 50c. per bottle, or 6 bottles for \$2.50. Prepared only by E. M. ESTEY, Pharmacist, Moncton, N. B.

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

SMITH BROS., Wholesale Dry Goods and Millinery, HALIFAX, N. S. The Sun. FOR 1890.

A Number of Clearing Lines very Low. TO ARRIVE: NEW SHAPES, BLK. PLUSHES SMITH BROS., Wholesale Dry Goods and Millinery, HALIFAX, N. S. The Sun. FOR 1890.

Some people agree with THE SUN's opinions about men and things, and some people don't; but everybody likes to get hold of the newspaper which is never dull and never afraid of its mind. Democrats know that for twenty years THE SUN has fought in the front line for Democratic principles, never wavering or weakening in its loyalty to the true interests of the party it serves with fearless intelligence and disinterested vigor. At times opinions have differed as to the best means of accomplishing the common purpose; it is not THE SUN's fault if it has been further into the millstone. Eighteen hundred and ninety is the year that will probably determine the result of the Presidential election of 1892, and perhaps the fortunes of the Democracy for the rest of the century. Victory in 1892 is a duty, and the beginning of 1890 is the best time to start out in company with THE SUN. Daily, per month, 50c; Sunday, per year, 6.00; Daily and Sunday, per year, 8.00; Daily and Sunday, per month, 70c; Weekly Sun, one year, 1.00. Address THE SUN, New York.

GROCCERS. New Year's Groceries. W. ALEX. PORTER'S. NEW VALENCIA, Valencia Layer and London Layer Raisins, New Currants, Prunes, Figs, Dates, New Citron, Orange and Lemon Peels, Flavoring Extracts and Syrups of all kinds; choice Confectionery, Nuts, Fruits, etc., with a complete line of staple and fancy Groceries. Corner Union and Waterloo Streets, and Corner Mill and Pond Streets, BONNELL & COWAN, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Fine Groceries AND FRUITS.

Flour and Feed Store. Wheat, Flour, Buckwheat, RYE, CORN, OATS, BRAN, SHORTS, From the best mills. Always on hand. R. & F. S. FINLEY, Sydney Street.

OYSTERS —FOR— CHRISTMAS WEEK Shelled to order and sent to any part of the City at 40, 50 and 60 cents per quart. At No. 10 North Side King Square. J. D. TURNER.

NEW YEAR'S GOODS. A FULL LINE OF Plush and Leather Goods with Oxidized, Silver and Celluloid Fittings. DRESSING CASES, ODOUR CASES; MANICURE SETS, COLLAR and CUFF BOXES; WORK BOXES in every variety, at THOS. A. CROCKETT'S, 162 Princess St.

JAMES S. MAY, W. ROBERT MAY, JAMES S. MAY & SON, Merchant Tailors, DOMVILLE BUILDING, P. O. Box 303. ST. JOHN, N. B. Stock always complete in the latest designs suitable for first-class trade. Prices subject to 10 per cent. discount for cash.

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

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

SEASONABLE MEATS! BEEF, LAMB, MUTTON, FRESH PORK, TURKEYS, GEESE, QUAIL, PICKLED PORK, HAM, BACON, LARD, CHICKENS, DUCK, WILD TURKEYS, PRAIRIE HENS.

THOS. DEAN, 13 14, 15 City Market. Shorthand JADIES and GENTLEMEN desirous of obtaining a thorough knowledge of Shorthand and Type-writing and an acquaintance with the duties of a business amanuensis, should enter for our evening courses—in session every evening (Saturdays excepted), 7 to 9. Apply to J. HARRY PEPPEL, Conductor of Shorthand Department, St. John Business College and Shorthand Institute.

Holiday Goods! WE HAVE THE LARGEST AND BEST STOCK OF WATCHES AND JEWELRY to be found in the Maritime Provinces. Call and examine for yourself. FERGUSON & PAGE, 43 KING STREET. A. & J. HAY, DEALERS IN Diamonds, Fine Jewelry, American Watches, French Clocks, Optical Goods, Etc. JEWELRY MADE TO ORDER and REPAIRED. 76 KING STREET. Suitable for Presents. Cash or instalment. F. A. JONES, 34 DOCK STREET.

ALBUMS, TOILET CASES, WORK BOXES, BRONZE LAMPS, PLATED WARE, WATCHES AND JEWELRY. Suitable for Presents. Cash or instalment. F. A. JONES, 34 DOCK STREET.

ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS.

A RECORD OF O...

THE STORY TOLD BY LOYALIST W...

The Diary of Sarah Frost, the ship "Two Sisters," due to Saint John's River, New Spring of A. D. 1788.

INTRODUCTORY The narrative of Walter L...

plied us with an accurate account of the departure fr...

and subsequent arrival at S...

first fleet of A. D. 1788.

The following diary will throw additional light up...

of the voyage with all its discomforts. It will also en...

in some measure to realize perceived by the Loyalists i...

near relatives and life-long friends some idea of their first landing upon our rugged sho...

Sarah (Scotfold) Frost and were natives of Stamford, Co...

relatives of Walter Bates. settlement on the banks of t...

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Kingston on Easter Monday. During the closing years of...

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Stamford, on the other hand, stood against allowing any wretches who belonged to...

mous banditti, called DeLa return to their homes in Co...

During the war William Fro self exceedingly obnoxious to citizens of Stamford, by an...

must now be briefly describ been driven from home, on a sympathy with the cause of...

country. Mr. Frost found a Lloyd's Neck, Long Island, the night of July 21st, 1781, at the head of an armed party...

Sound in seven boats, and w Lay stealthily secreted in th...

Stamford until the following when they surprised and ca Dr. Mather and his entire c...

The doctor having, in the ear the quarrel between Great Br...

colonies, been a pronounced rebellion, was marched off in...

forty-eight of his townsmen waiting, whence they were car...

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life-long neighbours, whom t transformed into active oppon...

From the British point of v Frost's expedition was no dou...

achievement, but the Stamfor rian records it as a "sacrileg...

On a subsequent occasion Cr with considerable rashness, p...

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received little consideration, however, eventually smuggled schooner, concealed beneath so...

returned in safety to the British The parents of Mrs. Wm. Fro...

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where families were divided by of the war. It appears from which follows that the second...

of 1783 consisted of fourteen frigates as convoy, bringing pr...

2,000 Loyalists from New Y vicinity. It is quite possible so...

vessels may have gone to Ann least two vessels in this fleet, t...

water and the Hope had already John with the former fleet and...

fore have returned immediately York for the second voyage.

At the time of the arrival o Sisters, June 29, only two log...

been erected on the site of the and town lots sold at from two dollars. It may be mentioned th...

daughter of William and Sarah J July 30th, one month after the the Two Sisters, was the sec...

child born in St. John. The " (seven years of age) mentioned in was grandmother of the wife of this introduction.

The Diary. May 25, 1788.—I left Lloy with my family and went on board Sisters, commanded by Capt. Br...

voyage to Nova Scotia with the Loyalist sufferers. This evening, I was taken to tea with us. He app...

very clever gentleman. We sail as soon as the wind shall fa...

have very fair accommodation in although it contains six familie...

our own. There are two hun fifty passengers on board. Monday, May 26.—Nothing worth mentioning. We lie at...

A RECORD OF OLD TIMES.

THE STORY TOLD BY ONE OF THE LOYALIST WOMEN.

The Diary of Sarah Frost, written on board the ship "Two Sisters," during her voyage to Saint John's River, Nova Scotia, in the Spring of A. D. 1783.

INTRODUCTORY. The narrative of Walter Bates has supplied us with an accurate and reliable account of the departure from New York and subsequent arrival at St. John of the first fleet of A. D. 1783.

The following diary will be found to throw additional light upon the nature of the voyage with all its accompanying discomforts. It will also enable the reader in some measure to realize the trials experienced by the Loyalists in parting with near relatives and life-long friends, and give some idea of their first impressions on landing upon our rugged shores.

Sarah (Scotfield) Frost and her husband were natives of Stamford, Connecticut, and relatives of Walter Bates. After their settlement on the banks of the Kennebecasis, at what is now Lower Norton, they manifested much interest in the welfare of the church at Kingston until the erection of a church more conveniently situated. The name of William Frost occurs as a member of the second vestry elected at Kingston on Easter Monday, 1785.

During the closing years of the Revolution a systematic guerrilla warfare prevailed between the Loyalists on Long Island and the "rebels" of Connecticut. It is quite amusing to read the widely differing estimates entertained by the opposing parties regarding the merits of certain individuals and their actions. For example, DeLancey's corps of Loyalists was heartily commended by the commander-in-chief of the British forces, who stated it "had behaved with credit, reputation, honour and courage." The "patriots" of Stamford, on the other hand, strongly protested against allowing any "unprincipled wretches who belonged to the most infamous banditti, called DeLancey's corps," to return to their homes in Connecticut.

During the war William Frost made himself exceedingly obnoxious to many of the citizens of Stamford, by an exploit which must now be briefly described: Having been driven from home, on account of his sympathy with the cause of the mother country, Mr. Frost found an asylum at Lloyd's Neck, Long Island. Thence, on the night of July 21st, 1781, he proceeded at the head of an armed party, crossed the Sound in seven boats, and with his party lay stealthily secreted in the vicinity of Stamford until the following afternoon, when they surprised and captured Rev. Dr. Mather and his entire congregation. The doctor having, in the earlier stages of the quarrel between Great Britain and her colonies, been a pronounced advocate of rebellion, was marched off in company with forty-eight of his townsmen to the boats in waiting, whence they were carried as prisoners to Lloyd's Neck. Here they found not congenial friends, but many of their life-long neighbours, whom the war had transformed into active opponents.

From the British point of view, Captain Frost's expedition was no doubt a brilliant achievement, but the Stamford local historian records it as a "sacrilegious foray." On a subsequent occasion Captain Frost, with considerable rashness, paid a secret visit to his old home. His presence being suspected he came very near falling into the hands of foes from whom he would have received little consideration. He was, however, eventually smuggled on board a schooner, concealed beneath some hay, and returned in safety to the British lines.

The parents of Mrs. Wm. Frost espoused the side of the Revolutionary party, and her's was one of the many sad instances where families were divided by the event of the war. It appears from the diary which follows that the second spring fleet of 1783 consisted of fourteen vessels with a frigate as convoy, bringing probably some 2,000 Loyalists from New York and its vicinity. It is quite possible some of the vessels may have gone to Annapolis. At least two vessels in this fleet, the *Bridge-water* and the *Hope* had already visited St. John with the former fleet and must therefore have returned immediately to New York for the second voyage.

At the time of the arrival of the *Two Sisters*, June 29, only two log huts had been erected on the site of the future city, and town lots sold at from two to twenty dollars. It may be mentioned that Hannah, daughter of William and Sarah Frost, born July 30th, one month after the arrival of the *Two Sisters*, was the second female child born in St. John. The "little girl," (seven years of age) mentioned in the diary, was grandmother of the wife of the writer of this introduction.

The Diary. May 25, 1783.—I left Lloyd's Neck with my family and went on board the *Two Sisters*, commanded by Capt. Brown, for a voyage to Nova Scotia with the rest of the Loyalist sufferers. This evening the captain drank tea with us. He appears to be a very clever gentleman. We expect to sail as soon as the wind shall favor. We have very fair accommodation in the cabin, although it contains six families, besides our own. There are two hundred and fifty passengers on board.

Monday, May 26.—Nothing happens worth mentioning. We lie at anchor in

Oyster Bay the whole day, not having got all our passengers on board.

Tuesday, May 27.—At 8 o'clock we weighed anchor at Oyster Bay, with a fair wind, for New York. Half after eleven, we are brought to by the guard ship at City Island. Our captain was very angry that they should bring him to, but they did not detain us long. We went on with a fair breeze through Hell Gate; but as we got through, the wind and tide headed us, and we had like to have gone ashore, which put us all in a great surprise. They tried twice to go on, but at length were obliged to anchor at the mouth of Harlem Creek, where we lay that night.

Wednesday, May 28.—We weighed anchor at Harlem Creek at a quarter after six in the morning, with a fair breeze, but the tide being low we struck a rock. We soon got off, but in a few minutes struck again. At half past seven we got off and went clear, and at ten we anchored at the lower end of the City of New York, the tide not serving to go round into the North River as we had intended. An hour later I went on shore in Capt. Judson's whale boat and went to Mrs. MacKee's, and from there Mrs. Raymond and I went to Mr. Partlow's, where we dined and spent the afternoon. We met Major Hubble there, who formerly commanded the Loyalists at Lloyd's Neck. At evening we returned on board ship, where I drank tea and spent the evening with my little agreeable family.

Thursday, May 29.—This afternoon my husband went on shore with my little son, nearly nine years old. I long to have them come on board again to hear what observations the child will make, for he has not been in town for some years now. Later—He has come on board again. He pleases me very much with his discourse about what he has seen.

Friday, May 30.—Went on shore and spent the day at Mrs. Partlow's. Mrs. Musells, Mrs. Scofield and Miss Lucretia Bates came there towards evening and gave an account of my parents' welfare and my friends in the country. I am afraid I shall not hear from them again before I leave New York. I grow tired, so I think to quit for the night.

Saturday, May 31.—I rose early, having spent the night at Mr. Partlow's; waited some time for breakfast and then went out amongst the shops to trade. In the evening came on board ship again with my husband and children.

Monday, June 2nd.—We are still lying at anchor in the North River, not having any orders for sailing, and I don't know when we shall sail but hope soon. Nothing happens worth mentioning. Wednesday, June 4.—I staid on board all day. It being the King's birthday there was such a firing of cannons and noise amongst the ships it was enough to astound anyone. At night they fired sky-rockets. (Manuscript torn and part of the narrative missing).

Friday, June 6.—We are still lying at anchor waiting for other vessels of our fleet. My father will come on board in the morning if my husband can go and fetch him. I do so long to hear from my dear mother and my brothers and sisters. We have had a very bad storm this evening. Our ship tossed very much, and some of the people are quite sick, but I am in hopes the storm will soon abate. It grows late as I conclude for the night, hoping to see "Daddy" in the morning.

Saturday, June 7.—My husband went on shore and brought father on board to breakfast. Soon after breakfast he returned on shore, for he expected to go home in the same boat he came down in, but hearing there was a vessel coming from Stamford today, he concluded to stay and return in it, so he came on board again to dine.

Sunday, June 8.—We are still lying at anchor in the North River. We expected to sail tomorrow for Nova Scotia, but I believe we shall remain at Staten Island or Sandy Hook for some days, or until our fleet is all got together.

(To be continued.)

Billions But Not Guilty. Judge—If you find the prisoner guilty of the felonious assault you will say so.

Foreman of the Jury—We believe he hit him yer o'ur fast enuff.

Judge—Then what is your verdict?

Foreman—Wall, ye see jedge, we calculate the felleg he hit was wusser'n he was.

Judge—Then, do you find the prisoner guilty or not guilty?

Foreman—We find him not guilty yer o'ur, on the ground of a general row, and likewise his bile was riz!

A distressing cough or cold not only deprives one of rest and sleep, but, if allowed to continue, is liable to develop more serious trouble in the way of Congestion or Laryngitis, or perhaps Consumption. Use Baird's Balsam of Horehound.—Advt.

Will Regret It. Mrs. Simpson—So your servant has run off. How foolish in her to leave a good home like this. Don't you think she will regret it?

Mrs. Sampson—Yes; my husband went with her.—N. Y. Sun.

The weakness and debility which result from illness may be speedily overcome by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This is a safe, but powerful tonic, assists digestion, regulates the liver and kidneys, and cleanses the blood of all germs of disease.—Advt.



Beauty, Health and Happiness are priceless possessions in women, and they can only be preserved by the use of the most carefully compounded.

TOILET AND MEDICAL AGENTS. Remember that the positive purity, harmlessness and high quality of the ingredients of the

Recamier Toilet Preparations are guaranteed by distinguished and honorable scientific and medical testimony, based upon searching analysis.

The Recamier Preparations do not contain Arsenic, Lead or Bismuth in any form, as is attested over their own signatures, among others by

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And are recommended by women who make the preservation of a good complexion a study.

FROM MME. ADELINA PATTI-NICOLINI. CRAIG-Y-NOS CASTLE, Oct. 13, 1887.

"MY DEAR MRS. AYER—There never has been anything equal in merit to the Recamier Preparations; my skin is so immensely improved by their use. I need not dread old age while these magic inventions of yours exist. I use Cream, Balm and Lotion every day of my life, and could not exist comfortably without them. Recamier Soap is also perfect. I shall never use any other. It far surpasses all toilet soaps. I hear that the Princess of Wales is delighted with the Recamier Preparations. I am convinced your Recamier Preparations are the greatest boon ever invented. I could not comfortably endure a day without them."

ADELINA PATTI-NICOLINI.

What the Recamier Preparations are and why they are to be used.

Recamier Cream, which is the first of these world-famous preparations, is made from the recipe by Julie Recamier. It is not a cosmetic, but an emollient to be applied at night just before retiring, and to be removed in the morning by bathing freely. It will remove tan and sunburn, pimples, red spots and blotches, and make your face and hands as smooth, as white and as soft as an infant's.

Recamier Balm is a beautifier, pure and simple. It is not a whitewash, and unlike most liquids Recamier Balm is exceedingly beneficial and is absolutely imperceptible except in the delicate freshness and youthfulness which it imparts to the skin.

Recamier Lotion will remove freckles and moth patches; is soothing and efficacious for any irritation of the cuticle, and is the most delightful of washes for removing the dust from the face after travelling, and is also invaluable to gentlemen to be used after shaving.

Recamier Powder is in three shades, white, flesh and cream. It is the finest powder ever manufactured, and is delightful in the nursery, for gentlemen after shaving and for the toilet generally.

Recamier Soap is a perfectly pure article, guaranteed free from animal fat. This soap contains many of the healing ingredients used in compounding Recamier Cream and Lotion.

The Recamier Toilet Preparations are positively free from all poisonous ingredients, and contain neither lead, bismuth, nor arsenic.

MRS. H. H. AYER, 40 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, JAN. 1887.

DEAR MADAM—Samples of your Recamier Preparations have been analyzed by me. I find that there is nothing in them that will harm the most delicate skin, and which is not authorized by the French Pharmacopoeia as safe and beneficial in preparations of this character.

Respectfully yours, THOMAS B. STILLMAN, M.Sc., Ph.D.

If your druggist does not keep the Recamier Preparations, refuse substitutes. Let him order for you, or order yourself from the Canadian office of the Recamier Manufacturing Company, 374 and 376 St. Paul street, Montreal. For sale in Canada at our regular New York prices: Recamier Cream, \$1.50; Recamier Balm, \$1.50; Recamier Lotion, \$1.50; Recamier Soap, scented, 50c.; unscented, 25c.; Recamier Powder, large boxes, \$1.00; small boxes, 50c.

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The ENGRAVING shows latest style Mittens made from FLORENCE KNITTING SILK.

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ELECTION CARDS.

To the Electors of the City and County of St. John.

GENTLEMEN.—A dissolution of the House of Assembly of the Province having taken place, we, the undersigned, beg to announce that at a public meeting of electors convened for the purpose, we were unanimously selected as candidates for the representation of the City and County of Saint John in the Local Legislature, at the election to be held on Monday, the 20th day of January instant, in opposition to the present local government. We feel that every encouragement upon the principle of responsible local self-government should be strenuously resisted. That principle has been violated in this constituency by the present government. We pledge ourselves, if elected, to do all in our power to promote harbor, wharf, railway terminal and other improvements in connection with our city, which its importance demands. Careful attention will also be given to the roads and bridges of the county, and while especially looking after the interests of this constituency, we will also support and promote every measure tending to conserve the interests of the Province generally.

Respectfully soliciting your support, we are,

Your obedient servants, A. A. STOCKTON, JAMES ROURKE, WM. SHAW, HARRISON A. MCKEOWN.

St. John, N. B., 3rd January, 1890.

To the Electors of the City of Saint John.

GENTLEMEN.—Having accepted the nomination as candidates to the Local Legislature for the City of Saint John, in opposition to the Government, at a public meeting of the electors, held on the 3rd instant, we respectfully solicit your support. If elected, we pledge ourselves to promote the best interests of the City, as well as those of the Province generally. We favor harbor improvements and increased railway facilities, and shall do all in our power to accomplish these ends. The violation of the principle of responsible local self-government, in this constituency, by the present administration, should merit the disapproval of every elector. We shall avail ourselves of the opportunity—before the day of election—of addressing you on the question involved in the contest.

Respectfully yours,

SILAS ALWARD, ALBERT C. SMITH.

St. John, N. B., January 3rd, 1890.

To the Electors of the City of Saint John.

GENTLEMEN.—Having received the nomination of the grand mass meeting of the friends of the Local Government held this evening, we feel highly honored in accepting the nomination and confidently appeal to you for your support.

The general policy of the government having in the past received the hearty approval of the people of St. John, and nothing having occurred to cause it to forfeit the confidence of any right thinking citizen, we feel that on this ground alone we have good reason for believing that it will triumphantly survive the coming election.

The most important question now before the electors is whether the Government will be sustained in the promise to aid this city by a liberal subsidy to carry through to completion the extensive scheme of harbor improvements which has been agreed to, and which must exercise a material influence in advancing the prosperity of St. John.

We are pledged to do all in our power to have the necessary legislation enacted to sustain the Government in giving the requisite subsidies to carry out these Harbor Improvements, and we shall, if elected, in this, and in all other matters earnestly seek to promote the interests of this city as well as the whole Province.

We are, Gentlemen,

Yours faithfully, JOHN H. PARKS, HENRY J. THORNE.

St. John, N. B., 6th January, 1890.

To the Electors of the City and County of Saint John.

GENTLEMEN.—The large and thoroughly representative meeting of the friends of the Local Government held this evening, having nominated us as candidates of the party in the present campaign, we have cheerfully accepted the nomination, and respectfully solicit your support.

At the fact that the general policy of the government in the past warrants us in asking your confidence, we feel that you will agree with us that it is most important that candidates in support of the government should be elected at the present time in view of the liberal assistance which has been promised to the city for the purpose of carrying out the extensive scheme of harbor improvements which has been agreed upon, and the completion of which must prove of immense advantage to this city and county.

If elected as your representatives we shall, while devoting our best efforts to promote the general interests of this constituency, as well as of the Province at large, not fail to see that the roads and bridges throughout the County are kept in the same efficient state as they have been kept through the liberality of the Government during its term of office for the past few years.

We are, Gentlemen,

Yours Faithfully, DAVID McLELLAN, W. A. QUINTON, W. B. CARVILLE, H. LAWRENCE STURDEE.

St. John N. B., 6th January 1890.

Steam Ferry!

TENDERS WILL be received until 26th JANUARY next, from persons willing to build, equip and operate a Steam Ferry Boat to ply between

St. John and Point Pleasant, Lancaster, FOR A TERM OF YEARS. For particulars apply to the undersigned at his office, Indiantown.

By order of the Indiantown and Lancaster Ferry Commissioners. JOSEPH HORNCASTLE. St. John, N. B., Dec. 26, 1889. Secy-Treas.

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

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CUT GLASS TOILET BOTTLES, Choice Perfumery, Etc.

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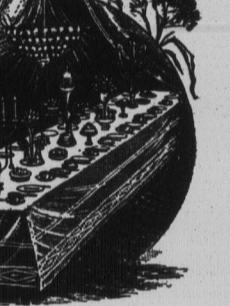
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or Presents. 34, DOCK STREET.

IN PROGRESS.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

SUSSEX.

[Progress is for sale in Sussex by R. D. Boal and S. H. White & Co.]

JAN. 8.—Miss Emma Parley, of Moncton, has been visiting her home here.

Miss Ryan, of this place, has been spending a few weeks with her mother, Mrs. J. J. O'Leary, at Moncton.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Flewelling and Mr. and Mrs. Dixon, of Hampton, were in Sussex last week, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. Hallett.

Dr. Bennett has returned from his trip to Ottawa. Mr. Smith, of Calgary, N. W. T., is spending a few days at the Knoll, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. Arnold.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Theal have been visiting Shiac.

A pleasant evening was spent at Mr. C. McLeary's, last week, by the friends of the R. E. church.

Mrs. Lorenson (nee Arvilla Patton), who has been absent with her husband for a number of years, is visiting her mother.

Miss Ella Arnold is visiting her sister, Mrs. Broad at Moncton.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Charters are at Memramcook. Miss Hallett, of Hazel Hill, is visiting friends at Hampton.

Dr. Murray, of Johnston, Queens Co., was in Sussex on Monday.

Miss Ada McLeod is quite ill.

Mrs. Nowlan returned from a week's visit to St. John on Saturday.

Mr. George Warren still remains quite ill at the house of his father-in-law, Conductor Sproule.

Rev. J. R. De W. Courie, who has been suffering from pneumonia, is improving.

Miss Beattie Hazen returned home today from Yarmouth, in consequence of her mother's illness.

Mrs. Ruddock and family have moved to Upland. Mr. Geo. Vaughan, of Point Wolf, was here on Monday.

Mr. Conter White, of Hampton, was in Sussex yesterday.

Our young folks who were home in Sussex to spend their vacation, have all returned to their various schools.

Miss Sherrard, of Sheldiac, is spending a few days with Mrs. Frank Parley. PATRICK.

SACKVILLE.

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

JAN. 8.—Last week was a gala week for all the youngsters. The annual Christmas treat for the Sunday-schools of the Methodists and Baptists took place on Tuesday evening, and that of St. Paul's on Thursday. The programme was a different one in each case, but all the children enjoyed themselves thoroughly, and they heartily sang with the little darkey who wished that Santa Claus had been born twice, so there would be two Christmases a year.

Another well-known man has returned from the States with a well nigh incurable disease. Mr. Donald McMeekin has been treated three times in Boston for cancer, but is not the better. I believe he thinks of going to Halifax.

Miss Murray left for St. John on Friday.

Mr. B. C. Borden has returned from Bermuda. Mr. W. W. Wells was in town last week.

Mr. Joe McQueen was in town on Tuesday. Senator Bostford went to Moncton on Thursday.

Mrs. J. Fred Allison and family have returned from their visit to St. John.

Mr. T. A. Kirkpatrick arrived home from St. John on Thursday.

Rev. Cecil F. Wiggins and wife spent a pleasant day, last week, with the Rev. Donald Bliss, Westmorland.

Prof. Mack has returned from his trip to Boston. Mr. W. C. Milner went to St. John on Friday.

Mr. William George went to Halifax on Thursday.

Mr. H. A. Powell went to Moncton Friday.

Mr. Stephen Ayer went to St. John on Monday.

Mr. Perry Chandler, of Dorchester, spent Saturday in Sackville.

Mrs. Bell and Mrs. C. A. Stockton, of St. John, paid a short visit to Mr. Mack's father, Rev. H. P. Pickard, last week.

Mr. Henry Knapp has returned to Acadia college, Wolfville, for the rest of the winter.

I hear of a concert to be given shortly in connection with St. Paul's church. Some of our best local talent is to take part. I am certain it will be a success, as the chorales are under the direction of Miss Minnie Cogswell. MYTES.

AMHERST, N. S.

[Progress is for sale in Amherst at G. G. Bird's Bookstore.]

JAN. 8.—Miss Harding, who is spending the week in Halifax, is in town for a few days.

Mrs. Joseph Hickman, of Dorchester, was in town a few days ago, visiting her daughter, Mrs. Douglas.

New Year's day with their relatives in town. In the notice of Miss Sabia's marriage, last week, the name of Miss Sabia should appear instead of Miss Florence.

Rev. H. H. Pitman was in town last week. He assisted at the midnight service on New Year's eve and on New Year's morning.

Mr. W. M. Fullerton, Q. C., and Mrs. Fullerton spent a day or two last week with relatives at Parrboro.

Mr. Robert C. Douglas, C. E., of Ottawa, has been in town, spending his holidays with his sister, Mrs. Sleep.

Miss Alice Hay was in town last week for a few days. She returned to Halifax on Saturday, and expects to go out to Vancouver, B. C., in March, to her father and sister.

After your correspondent and a number of others had left the hall on the evening of the children's entertainment, quite an accident happened to Mr. Buchanan, C. E., while performing Father Time. The sleeve of his fancy dress caught fire from the candles, which communicated with other parts of his dress, and before it was extinguished his hands and face were considerably burnt. He has since suffered some pain and inconvenience, but is now doing very well.

Mr. Arthur Parker has returned from his visit to Halifax and Truro, and is spending a few days longer with his uncle, Mr. Thomas Dunlap, prior to his return to Montreal.

It is an open secret that a talented young author, who is rapidly acquiring a name, will in the near future brighten the fireside of a rising L. L. B. of this town, and be a great acquisition to the town.

Six of our young men left last week for Hamilton, Ont., to take a course in a business college.

Before this is in print we will have mayor "all our own," one who will be prepared to commence the struggle for improvements, not heeding the would-be obstructionists.

Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Douglas had a very pleasant dinner party on New Year's evening.

I heard several of the numerous readers of "Progress" express their pleasure in hearing through its columns from Miss L. C. Chisholm, at present in Stuttgart, Germany, the talented violinist, who has so often charmed an Amherst audience with his exquisite playing, but that they are sorry to hear of the death of that bright young artist, Ernest Longly, also unfortunately known here.

Mr. W. W. Wells, of Dorchester, was in town on Sunday.

Miss Strickland has returned from her holiday with her father.

Mrs. Medley Townshend had a very pleasant party on New Year's day. OSCAR.

BATHURST.

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

JAN. 8.—Miss Mary McGillivray, of Arichat, N. S., who has been visiting Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Meahan, has returned home.

Miss Daisy Vail, of Sussex, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. Hickson.

Dancing parties, strictly family affairs, are a la mode here, just now, and folks with a scarcity of those commodities called cousins are considerably at a loss to keep abreast of the times, in the matter of fashionable pastimes.

Rev. T. Dickson, rector of St. Mary's church, Newcastle, was the guest of Rev. W. Yarrily, on Thursday.

Rev. Theo. Allard, of Caraquet, passed through town on Monday, on his way to Chatham.

Mr. Fred Young was among the arrivals from Caraquet on Friday. He has gone to Fredericton.

Mr. Geo. A. Cutler, of Chatham, has been in town for some days.

Messrs. R. J. Miller and Bert Lannagan are of opinion that the majority of our townsfolk no doubt consider it a matter of congratulation that Monctonians have a monopoly of fashionable ailments, but I can answer for it, that those honored with a personal visit from the grippe would much prefer being unfashionable.

The many friends of Mr. Charles Ross will be sorry to learn that he is suffering from a serious attack of inflammation of the lungs.

Mr. E. L. O'Brien has been obliged to return from Richibucto on account of illness.

The Bathurst band is a complete success, and adds greatly to the attractions of the skating rink. By the way, I remarked two things particularly last skating night: the ladies, most of them, put on their skates for themselves and go to and from the rink minus escorts. Query—Are the Bathurst boys losing their reputation for gallantry, or are the girls growing independent? WANTED.

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That PHILLODERMA is an Eminent Toilet article for the cure of Chapped Hands, Sore Lips, or any roughness of the skin; that its sales are enormous, and when once used you will never be without it. If you, by a bottle from your druggist!

YOU WILL KNOW!

Guess What Sister Had Said. Tommy (entering the parlor where his sister and her young man are)—Guess what I've got in hand, Mr. Sappy? Mr. Sappy—Why, those are beans. Tommy (with a triumphant look at his sister)—There, what did I tell you, sis? Imagine Sappy's feelings!—N. Y. Sun.

Out at Sea.

Too Generous. Mrs. Wickwire—Oh, this is too bad. Mother writes to me that Aunt Ann's mind is entirely gone. Mr. Wickwire—I am not surprised to hear it. She was always giving some, or other a piece of it.—Terre Haute Ex.

The Press

(NEW YORK) FOR 1890.

DAILY. SUNDAY. WEEKLY.

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To the person sending us the most certificates \$50.00 To the person sending us second highest number 25.00 To the person sending us third highest number 10.00 To the person sending us fourth highest number 5.00 To the next ten persons, \$1.00 each 10.00 There is one certificate in each 5 cent package. Save them. Money will be awarded Sept. 1, 1890. Send certificate to us on or before that date. St. Croix Soap Mfg. Co., St. Stephen, N. B.

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

TRY CRITZ PORRIDGE FOR BREAKFAST.

ANNAPOLIS ROYAL.

[Progress is for sale at Annapolis Royal at Fred S. Symonds & Co.]

JAN. 8.—The holiday season has been unusually lively. On Friday week Mrs. John Britain gave a small party which was enjoyed very much by those present.

On Monday night Miss Minnie Gates entertained a few of her young friends at "The Hill," and from what I can hear they had an exceedingly good time.

On Tuesday evening Mrs. Robinson held an "At Home" at the "Moorlands." A large number of guests were present, among them Miss Whitman, the Misses Gordon, Dr. Crompton, and Mr. Mitchell from Tupperville. At midnight a number strolled over to the church to assist in ringing in the New Year. On returning to the house dancing was continued until half past two. All enjoyed themselves to the fullest extent.

Wednesday evening Mrs. A. D. Munroe gave a birthday party for Prof. J. B. Barnaby. Those who were fortunate enough to be present report a very pleasant time.

Thursday evening a dance was held at the residence of Mr. John Runciman. All had a delightful time, although some of the guests must have been very tired after the dissipation of the two previous nights.

Mrs. William deBlais gave a progressive euchre party Monday evening. The first prizes were won by Miss Nellie Robinson and Mr. Kennedy, and the booby prizes by Miss Robinson and Mr. Reginald Robertson.

On New Year's afternoon the rink was opened, and a large crowd of skaters took advantage of the good ice. The music by the Hillsdale cornet band was excellent. During the evening the rink was again crowded, and we enjoyed our first skate of the season immensely.

Miss Edith Caddy, Miss Nellie Robinson, Mr. Reginald Robertson and Mr. Arch Fullerton came home from school for the holidays. They returned to Halifax yesterday.

Mrs. Janicson spent the holidays at her home in Halifax. She returned on Monday.

Miss Lizzie Pickles leaves town today, to take charge of a large class of pupils at Weymouth, whom she will instruct in the art of music. Annapolis will thus lose one of its most charming young ladies.

The Annapolis people, as well as those in the surrounding districts, have sustained a loss by the removal of Rev. H. D. deBlais, who has gone to Bridgetown, as rector of that parish. His place has been supplied here by Rev. Mr. Raven, of Halifax.

Miss deBlais is boarding at the American house. Mr. E. Phillips, of Halifax, spent a few days in town last week. JONES.

MARYSVILLE.

JAN. 7.—Mrs. Thomas Likely entertained a number of her daughter Maggie's young friends at tea, Saturday.

Mr. Harold Stickney spent New Year's at his home in St. Andrews. Miss Stickney returned with him, and is the guest of Mrs. Caldwell.

Mrs. Alex. Gibson, sr., and Mrs. John Tapley, St. John, are spending a few days at Blackville, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Robinson.

A. O. SKINNER

WISHES HIS PATRONS A HAPPY NEW YEAR,

and would inform them that his Stock for the coming Season of 1890, will be

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

HOREHOUND ANISE SEED.

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

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

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F. E. HOLMAN, --- 48 KING STREET.

As Good as a Cow. Mrs. Youngbride—How does your breakfast suit you this morning, darling? Mr. Youngbride—Just right? I tell you, Annie, it may be a plebeian, but I am awfully fond of calf's liver. J. T. B.

Mrs. Youngbride—So am I. Don't you think, George, it would be real nice and economical to keep a calf, then we can have calf's liver for breakfast every morning, as a token of their appreciation of services rendered them in the past. SCHREIBER.

Out at Sea. W. A. Quinton, J. H. Park S., David M. Clellan, W. B. C. Arvill, Alfred Au Gustin, A. C. Smith, H. A. McKee, H. L. Sturde, Henry Y. J. T. ?

A GRAND Mass Meeting

OF THE Local Government Party WILL BE HELD

IN THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE,

ON FRIDAY EVENING,

the 17th inst.

It is expected that beside the candidates, Hon. ANDREW G. BLAIR will be present and address the electors.

Every elector should be present.

Prince Ward!

PRINCE WARD COMMITTEE working in the interest of the GOVERNMENT CANDIDATES.

WILL MEET EVERY EVENING,

AT THE Bricklayers' International Union Hall,

No. 27 Brussels Street. All voters of the ward who favor the return of the GOVERNMENT CANDIDATES are invited to attend.

C. McFETERS, Secretary Prince Ward Committee.

The Friends of the Government

FOR VICTORIA WARD

WILL MEET IN THE Building on the Corner of Winter and St. Paul Streets,

EVERY EVENING,

up to and on the 20th inst.



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VOL. II, NO. YOUR CHOICE OF

SOME OF THE COLLEGE THE RIVALTY

Well-known Election Men Come to the Front—"All Men," as Understood in "A Piece of Sound Advice"

Six shall be taken, and Did you ever get left?

Face the election contest only six men can be elected

ericon, and draw \$800 hard labor in the interests

tents, their relatives and the other six will be elected to

mind their business and crop that never fails is that

and perennial election

Progress has a very good names will stand at the close

Monday, but as it arrived after prolonged reflection

and extrapostion, it will until it sees it verified by the

polling places. In the ever, it predicts that the

show all kinds of ballots, obvious mystic warnings

Take, for instance, a combination

John H. Park A. A. St. Ockton. W. Shaw

D. McL A. C. Sm 1th, S. Alwar D,

Harr Y. A. M H. J. Th O me, W. A. Q U inton,

W. B. Carv Jam E s Ron H. L. S T urde,

This would be a very extra cession of names, and it is s

it will not be the one shown A very pertinent question is

following combination:

Silas Al W ard, Wm. S H aw, James R O urke,

W. A. Qu inton, J. H. Park S.,

David M cLellan, W. B. C. Arvill,

Alfred Au Gustin, A. C. Smith,

H. A. McKee, H. L. Sturde,

Henry Y. J. T. ?

This sentence is purely sarc

James R O urke, H. A. McKe

W. Sha W, H. L. Sturde,

W. A. Quinton, A. A. S T ockton,

A. C. Smith,

W. B. C arvill, H. J. Th R ne,

J O hn H. P, S. Al W ard,

D. McLellan,

It will be readily seen that

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man. If PROGRESS were esp

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