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Manufacturers the finest lot of  
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Canadian, from 25 cents;  
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**Fancy Goods,**  
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& CO.  
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ot ALL GOODS IN THEIR LINE.  
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WATCHES, JEWELRY, Solid Silver Goods  
ACLES.  
Gems in Stock and Set  
to order in any style.  
Electro Gilding, Silver Plating  
and Etruscan Coloring personally  
attended to.  
Respectfully yours,  
W. TREMAINE GARD.

**OT COFFEE**  
—AND—  
CREAM  
—AND—  
wintree's Elect Cocoa,  
VED FROM CHASE & SANBORN'S  
FAMOUS COFFEE URN,  
—AT—  
**DORGE ROBERTSON & CO'S,**  
-Town Store, - 50 KING STREET.

**A WORD TO THE WISE.**  
When you can buy the SAME  
GOODS or BETTER, at the  
SAME PRICES or LOWER,  
DON'T send your good money  
out of the city by giving your  
order to a stranger.  
ROBERTSON'S  
Printing Stamp Works,  
154 Prince Wm. Street.

**DON'T BE DECEIVED.**  
A. P. BARNHILL,  
Attorney-at-Law, etc.

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

# PROGRESS.

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## OUR BOYS IN NEW YORK

**HOLD POSITIONS OF TRUST AND ARE GETTING RICH.**

**Power, Murphy, Quinn, Fielders et al.**  
The Last of Cora Lee—Goldwin Smith and His Tongue—More About Annanization—Persons and Projects in Gotham.

**(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.)**  
NEW YORK, Nov. 28.—The sensation created by Cora Lee has collapsed. All our sympathy for the unfortunate girl has vanished. She is no longer held in the House of Detention as a witness against the notorious Carrie Baker. She is back again in the very hell from which she professed less than a week ago such a delight at being freed.

How was it done? There was too much money behind the House of All Nations; there were too many men in high places who had to be shielded. She succumbed to entreaties. She accepted bail for her appearance, and here the case ends. All her professions of reformation have been cast to the winds, and she is back at her old life of sin and shame. Her harrowing tale, I have now good reason to believe, was a sham—not that part of it concerning the orgies in which she was obliged to take part—but that portion which related to her being entrapped into the place. I have taken some pains to find out her history, and have discovered that before she went to the notorious Thirty-second street house she was the principal attraction in a low concert dive at Harlem. There she fell in with Blanche Marsden, the worst woman upon whom the sun ever shone—the girl who maliciously and falsely accused her own father of the most revolting and unnatural crime. Poor Fred Marsden, the genial playwright, when he was aware of what his own daughter had done, cleared himself of the charge, wrote out a vindication of his character, cursed his daughter, and then committed suicide. Blanche Marsden is now playing here in a concert saloon, but her father's curse will surely weigh upon her. This was the girl with whom "Cora Lee" had kept companionship. What could come of it? Why, just what has happened. It would be a miracle if any other ending could come to anybody friend of such a she-devil, save either the brothel or a suicide's grave. Cora Lee played her part well, but Cora Lee has spurned what may be her last opportunity for reformation. It is sad, but she has chosen her life. It is sadder to think that she is a St. John girl. The only bright spot in the whole affair is that she is unknown to anyone here. Her friends, if any still live, will be in ignorance of her fate. Even if they did know, they may not grieve. Her history deserves no other ending than the one it will surely have. Her life will necessarily lead her to one of two places, the prison or the insane asylum, for the deeds carried on where she now is are nameless ones. It may be, the sooner the better.

There is no pleasure in dealing with the case, and neither can there be profit. Let us dismiss it and turn to brighter thoughts—to gossip about St. John people here who are winning their way successfully, even in the great competition which this crowded city presents.

I do not mean by this to speak of those who have been here for many years and have established themselves in the business world. I take it that PROGRESS is more interested in the younger generation—in the boys who are now making their lives. And, first, let me say generally, as one who knows, that wherever in New York you strike a St. John boy who is sober and deserving, there you will find one who is achieving success. They are doing handsomely, and are demonstrating that the old city down by Fundy's shores can send out men able to hold their own with any they may meet. You can find them here in positions of trust winning their way to livelihoods replete with honor and compensated with a goodly share of life's rewards.

One of these young men, whom everybody from St. John or Portland (at least all old-timers) are sure to meet, is Edward J. Power. Those who knew Ed at home need not be told that he is a very prince of good fellows—good natured beyond measure, handsome and successful—a young man who need ask no odds from any one in the race of life. The eight years he has spent here have been for him successful ones, not more than he deserves. He is one of those, too, who has not forgotten his old home amid all the whirl of his new one. His cosy bachelor apartments—for Ed is still a bachelor—have about the scene of a good chat in which old times, old friends and old associations formed the topic of conversation among the young St. John men gathered there. Mr. Power holds a responsible position in the large jewelry and gold-smithing house of Morton & Co., on Broadway. I am sure that his friends down home will be glad to learn of his success as I am to tell it.

Proceeding from the office of Mr. Power down town, a trip up to the mammoth Equitable building brings you face to face with two other old Saint John

## \$5,000 IS THE OFFER

**SAID TO BE MADE FOR THE C. AND A. GROUNDS**

By a Gentleman of Capital Behind the Shamrocks—Reasons Why the Purchase is Not Likely to be Made—The Cricket Club People Have "The Bull" on Them.

The Nationals and Shamrocks are at it again. The Marsh grounds are the present bone of contention. The story is brief but interesting. The Cricket and Athletic club's lease of the grounds from the Agricultural society expires next May. It was a five years lease with no renewal clause. Since they rented the place, improvements have been in the order of the day. Money was spent upon it freely and the result is the finest ball field this side of Boston.

The last bombshell that has entered the camp is an offer on behalf of the Shamrock club to buy the grounds for \$5,000. Quite an inducement. The Agricultural society thinks so, but it is quite likely it is after higher rent. Nothing would please the "Green Stockings" and their friends more than to see the lease made out in their favor. It isn't at all likely that this will happen. The five years' work and improvements of the present tenants have not been done for the benefit of another club.

The gentlemen who have been assiduously circulating the story of the proposed purchase of the grounds have evidently forgotten several things. They haven't remembered, first of all, that one of the most popular additions to the grounds, the grand stand, is not the property of the society. But this is the lesser lapse. Nobody seems to have impressed these facts upon them. When the grounds began to be improved and made ready for base ball, it was found necessary to have them leveled. The land—75 additional feet—was leased from Mr. Gilbert, the owner, and that lease is good for some years yet. The grounds were enlarged again by the addition of another 75 feet. The importance of this addition in the present case is the fact that it lies on the opposite side from the former addition. Thus in reality the original grounds leased from the Agricultural society is sandwiched by other leases which do not expire for years.

In the event of the Agricultural society accepting the alleged offer and selling this ground, the Cricket and Athletic club would be at liberty to move in their fences from either side and thus reduce the width of the now splendid ball field from 460 feet to 210 feet, which would practically render it useless for the purpose of the Shamrocks. It occurs to PROGRESS that the C. & A. people have what is popularly known as "the bulge."

To proceed a little farther, there isn't any reason why the Shamrocks should not have as fine grounds as the Cricket club's. They have a strong following, ardent admirers, willing supporters, and monied men to back them. The gentleman who was willing to pay \$5,000 hard cash for the Agricultural society's grounds could doubtless be induced to put up a portion of it for other acres in another locality. Progress hopes so. And when such a thing does happen, let the surrounding fence be at least 15 feet high, and if possible, of three-inch plank.

*Pocket Bibles, special value. See our new dollar Bible. Also, Bibles bound with Pezama and hymnal, at McArthur's, King Street.*

**Beggers Again.**  
"Give Me a Cent, Give me a Cent, Gimme-cent, Give-me—a-cent."  
A little beggar girl in the post office rattled off the above demand with every possible inflection. She hailed every box-holder, stretching out a dirty little hand for the requested change. She got nothing. Every one knows her and her little half-clad brother and gives them a cold glance. They are bold in their demands and less likely to be successful than their timid co-workers of the street. Every one pities them but no one wants to give money to be carried home and thence find its way into the nearest saloon. The question which agitated the people this time last year was a reformatory. Where is it now?

**Military as You Like It.**  
Mme. Kane announces a grand millinery sale. There is a very general opinion that a woman would rather clothe her head than her feet. Acting on this principle Mme. Kane is to the front, as usual, with attractive novelties for her sex.

**A Good Thing to Have.**  
That old "friend of the family," McMillan's Almanac, has made its annual call this week. It is as complete as usual, and that it is reliable goes without saying. For sale by Messrs. J. & A. McMillan and all newsvendors.

**Don't Get Lost.**  
Programs of Dec. 15 will be 24 pages—three times its usual size. People who buy it on the streets will please see that they get the whole paper.

## QUEER THINGS IN THE CUSTOMS.

**Chewing Gum as it is Sent—The "Police Gazette" Sent to Women.**

"We run across some queer things in the mails—some decidedly queer things," and Mr. Kain smiled as he recalled a few of them.

Mr. Kain has charge of the customs department in the post office, and he has a fine opportunity to note what use is made of the mails by the residents of the free and enlightened republic beside us.

"It is a curious fact that the queerest things go to the country. Pills, patent medicines and cosmetics are articles we handle every day, and in no small quantities. I made a strange find this spring in the shape of an elegant lot of spruce gum, which was en route to some miss in the country. The parcel resembled a small book, and I came near passing it as such, when I saw the end of it. It looked like wood, and I found it was. Some woman had hollowed out a piece of soft wood in the form of a book, placed a lot of choice gum in the interior, and closed the end with a neat slide. The work was ingenious and of course the gum passed.

"Once in a while I strike a *Police Gazette*, which is, of course, forfeited. That lurid weekly has a strange class of customers throughout the province. It is seldom addressed to men, but to women. They are not subscribers, but indiscreet friends send them."

**He Didn't Know His Own Hat.**  
While the National Anthem was being played at the Institute, one night last week, and everybody in the hall was moving in the direction of the street, an old man, who, with his wife, had been enjoying himself immensely, picked up his hat and looked curiously into it, and turned it over, while a puzzled expression came over his face.

"That ain't my hat!" he exclaimed, turning to his wife. "My hat had a lining in it. Somebody's stolen it," and he assumed a look of fierce indignation.

His wife appeared agitated. She feared an outbreak on the part of her worthy husband. Her fears were not unfounded, for the old gentleman was about to call out, "Stop, thief!" when she caught him by the arm and said:

"That's your hat, Josiah."

"No, it ain't. Mine had a red lining in it."

"Oh, Josiah, dear," said the worthy woman with a sigh that indicated she must either tell the truth or suffer an outbreak; "I know, dear, but Josephine's making a crazy quilt, and I guess she must have run short of pieces."

**Some New Brunswickers Should Go.**  
F. A. Elwell, of Portland, has perfected arrangements for a bicycle excursion in Europe, next year. The route will be as follows:

Ireland—Cork, Fernoy, Clonmel, Kilkenny, Carlow, Dublin.

England—Liverpool, Chester, Birmingham, Coventry, Warwick, Stratford-on-Avon, Oxford, London, Brighton, New Haven.

France—Dieppe, Rouen, Versailles, Paris, Fontainebleau, Melun, Joigny, Montbard, Dijon, Auxonne, Dole, Poligny.

Switzerland—Geneva, up Lake Geneva to Villeneuve, Aigle, Gessony, Thun, Berne, Lucerne, up Lake Lucerne (make trip to top of Rigi), Brunnen, Zug, Wädenswil, Wesen, Rapperschwil, Zurich, Schaffhausen, Basle.

Germany—Strasburg, Baden-Baden, Hiedelberg, Muenchen, Coblenz, Cologne, Belgium—Antwerp, Rotterdam.

From Cologne the steamer will be taken part or whole of the distance to Rotterdam, where the tour proper will end, leaving members free to carry out any private scheme of travel. Steamers can be taken here for England (six hours) and rail to Belgium, France or Northern Germany.

The party will be an easy one, and made with a view so that ample time will be given for sight seeing. It is expected the party will reach home about the first of September, and the cost of the trip will be about \$400 per capita. The party will be limited to 26 in all.

**He Began to Tell All About It.**  
"What's new, Mr. Fisher?"

"The great boom in Charter Oak stoves. Every housekeeper who has heard of them wants to see one, and that settles it. She buys it. It is the best in the market. We have sold this year—let me see, how many hundred. . . ."

"Good day, Mr. Fisher."

**How Tuesday Afternoon Can be Spent.**  
The ladies of St. Paul's Episcopal church, Rothesay, will have their annual Christmas sale next Tuesday afternoon. Their invitation to city people is general and hearty. They guarantee to take the best of care of everyone who attends. How they will do this is a secret.

**He Didn't Know His Prayers.**  
He was a quiet man and a fine workman. His business was his own and other people's. Things didn't run right one morning last week. In fact everything went wrong until about 11 o'clock, when he threw down his tools and left the shop, remarking as he departed that he hadn't said his prayers that morning and he couldn't work.

## MORE IPSE, IPSA, IPSUM.

**ANA MANA MONA MACK, BARCELONA BONA SLACK—A MUDDLE.**

The True Story of a Strange Controversy—How a Modern Old Man of the Sea has Tied Himself to the Editor of the *Globe*—Some Advice to Father Davenport.

It is stated, on good authority, that Mr. R. F. Quigley's brilliant series of "*Ipsa, Ipsa, Ipsum*," a Rejoinder," will be brought to a close sometime in 1889.

In anticipation of this event Rev. Father Davenport is said to be preparing a rejoinder intended to demolish Mr. Quigley's arguments. Mr. Quigley will probably respond in a re-sur-rejoinder, which may be ended somewhere about the close of the year 1890. It is possible that the debate may be carried well into the 20th century.

Some people may want to know what it is all about.

That is a profound secret to almost every one except Mr. Quigley and Father Davenport. No one else has read the fathoms of newspaper columns which have been devoted to the discussion. Very few remember who began it, or what it was about in the first place. Its origin is well nigh lost in the mists of antiquity.

The editor of the *Globe* is not interested in the subject, nor has he the insane idea that anybody else is. He is to be pitied as an unfortunate man who is the victim of cruel circumstance. He is a modern Sindbad, saddled with a horrible Old Man of the Sea.

This legend is told:

Once, long ago, but on what particular day and date deponent sayeth not, the *Globe* was short of "copy." The boilerplate editor had failed to connect, several ultra-British merchants had discontinued their advertisements, and there was a hole to be filled. Mr. Ellis was away, Dick O'Brien had an engagement with his friend Lantulum, and the contributing editors were either busy or beery. "Everything goes" was the watchword, and just as the office boy was scissoring an editorial out of Ford's *Irish American*, the first *Ipsa, Ipsa, Ipsum* letter arrived. It was instantly cut into "short takes" and snatched from the book by the finishing compositors. The man who read the proof hadn't the slightest idea what it was about, nor did he care. He simply saw, according to his regular instructions, that it contained nothing immoral or patriotic. He left the public to find out the rest.

The public has been trying to do so from that day to this.

The editor of the *Globe* did not realize what he had published until a second letter came. He wanted to refuse it, but as it was part of the story begun in the first letter he was obliged to find room for it.

Then he found that he was irrevocably committed to the printing of the greatest theological, philological, genealogical and bibliomaniacal discussion of the nineteenth century.

He could not avoid it. The ball had been started, and it grew as it rolled, until it threatened to crush the unhappy editor and his readers with the irresistible force of a slow-moving vast and ponderous mass.

When Mr. Quigley's continued letters had set the office frantic, Father Davenport sent a series of replies. When these were finally ended, Mr. Quigley began a rejoinder. He has been months at it, despite the fact that he fires it out in charges of three or four columns at a time. He is still at it. When he is done, Father Davenport will reply to it all.

In the meantime the wretched editor, smarting under the grievous burden, has become misanthropical and cynical. He has dipped his pen in gall, and has lashed right and left with most caustic editorials on all manner of subjects. In old times he used to sun himself on Chubb's corner every day. Now he is rarely seen on the street. His manner is that of a man who bears a deep and lasting sorrow.

And still the discussion is not ended. Perhaps it has hardly been fairly begun. The sad event has cast a deep gloom over the entire community.

What will Father Davenport have to say in his reply?

He will be perfectly safe in saying almost anything. There is an impression, gathered from hasty and involuntary glances at the letters, that Mr. Quigley has treated of every imaginable subject in theology from the time of Abel's sacrifice to the Pope's jubilee. He has quoted all the religious writers from the time of Job to that of Rev. H. S. Hartley, B. A. He has reviewed all histories from the books of Moses down to George Stewart's *Life of Lord Dufferin*. And he has talked in every tongue from ante-Babel Hebrew down to Shemogue French. So Father Davenport may say almost anything he pleases without wadding far from the bounds of the discussion.

Without wishing to dictate to the reverend gentleman the course he should pursue, PROGRESS desires to make a few suggestions. In order to reach the great heart of the general public more directly than Mr. Quigley has done, authors more familiar to

## THE PEOPLE SHOULD BE QUOTED.

The text-books should be those which are more interesting than those heretofore cited. A great deal of valuable matter may be got from the bound volumes of the *Sessional Papers*, while a page here and there from the Trade and Navigation returns or the Annual Report of the Meteorological Service would make very lively reading compared with what we have had.

Such works as Bacon's *Abridgement*, Tidd's *Practice*, Chitty's *Forms*, the *United States Dispensatory*, the *British Pharmacopoeia*, Blunt's *Coast Pilot*, U. S. Patent Office Reports, the Census of 1881 and an unabridged History of China, would be found most valuable for the purpose of copious extracts. A file of the *Royal Gazette* and the *Shipping List* would also prove handy in the way of contemporary literature. Nothing can be found in any of these works which will offend the most fastidious taste.

But, in behalf of a long-suffering public, PROGRESS recommends, may improve, the deputies to get out of the incomprehensible maze in which they appear to have lost themselves. The people will bear much, but there is an end to all things. Give us something we can understand.

Or give us a rest.

The editor of the *Globe* is personally a most estimable gentleman. He is held in high esteem by a large circle of friends, but if he is forced to continue in this dreadful task, no one can tell what the result may be to him. William Lloyd Garrison had his office sacked for printing articles much less calculated to irritate a respectable community than are the *Ipsa, Ipsa, Ipsum* letters. Lovejoy, for the same reason, fared much worse. He lost his life. We live in a community which is not likely to resort to mob violence, but it would be safer for the *Globe* not to take too big a risk.

If Father Davenport will do as suggested, all may be well.

But if he doesn't—time will show what may happen.

*New and Beautiful Christmas Cards, Booklets, Gift Books, Pocket Books and Flash Goods, at lowest prices, 50 King Street, D. McArthur.*

**This Rogers is Also a Martyr.**  
Mr. Rogers called on PROGRESS, Wednesday. He had a new pane of glass under his arm and a lump of pity in his hand. Mr. Rogers is a colored man, and started a sailors' boarding house on the corner of Canterbury and St. James streets, last spring. With a crowd of boys throwing snowballs and stones at him and his house, and delegates from the opposition boarding house "skylarking" around his door, Mr. Rogers says he has had considerable trouble since he began business. Tuesday night he was in his house, when he heard a crash, which he thought was caused by a "little poodle dog" of his trying to get in. When he found that a window in the "dining-room" had been broken, Mr. Rogers sought the street. He saw a crowd of small boys disappearing around a corner. A passer-by advised him to have them brought to justice, "but," said "I might just as well try to catch an eel in a haystack as them boys." Mr. Rogers didn't want to hurt the boys, but "just wanted a piece put in the paper, to see if the parents of them children could learn 'em how to behave themselves a little better."

Boys, leave Mr. Rogers alone.

**He Had Lots of Assurance.**  
"I had a queer experience, the other day," said a merchant. "A countryman came to town for house furnishings. He found all he wanted here, but didn't buy. He wanted to see if he couldn't get better prices elsewhere, but it was raining very hard, and he had no rubbers or overcoat. He wasn't to be left, however. He borrowed the only rubber coat in the store, and ambled around in the pouring rain all day, hunting better goods and prices. He didn't get either, and finally, late in the afternoon, he returned and bought. And 32 cents on his whole order was all the difference in prices he could find in town! But the man with gall enough to borrow a rubber to hunt better prices than yours in a pouring rain will be rich some day."

**He Should Have Chartered the Ferryboat.**  
There wasn't much of a "meas under foot," Thursday, but, nevertheless, a King street merchant was seen pulling on a pair of high rubber boots.

"What are you putting those on for?" The streets are pretty clean," said his partner.

"I know it, but I'm going over to Portland."

**Spelled by Bound.**  
The following is a verbatim copy of an order received by Messrs. Barnes & Murray one day this week:

Please send me By Mr. — 50 cents Worth of your seven and half cent factors and one Close line and oblige one yard a lastick.

*Christmas Cards, Booklets, from all leading manufacturers, 50 King Street, D. McArthur, wholesale and retail.*



THE UNHOLY ALLIANCE

DOESN'T ATTRACT BRITISH-AMERICANS WHO KNOW FURLONG.

The Annexation Question as It is Viewed in Boston - Four, Sleepy Halifax Should be Waked Up Gently - The Chrysanthemum Craze - Sayings and Delays at the Hub.

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.)

Boston, Nov. 26.—No matter what big events occur—presidential elections, Sackville West episodes, or what not—there is one subject that always and persistently comes to the front, and that is the annexation question. It has always been largely talked of in New England, but latterly it has taken a more national importance, and about every week or so we find in our morning papers a report of what President-elect Harrison, or Senator Sherman, or some other heavy political weight, has said or denied on this subject. It is plainly evident that the matter has taken a strong hold upon the general public, and it is also very apparent that the incoming administration will bear watching by Canadians along this particular line. Arguments in favor of annexing the dominion have been made in newspapers by the mile, and the readers of PROGRESS are familiar with them all. But little, too, has been said against the project, or if it has, has been in a deprecatory sort of way, on the ground that if there is any annexing to be done, Canada itself should be the one to ask for it. When a man like Attorney-General Longley makes a visit, he is always received with open arms, and he is given every opportunity to air his annexation views. I remember that the speech which claimed the greatest share of attention at the great Merchants' association banquet here, last year, was that of the same Mr. Longley. Oh, there is no doubt that the great sisterhood of Canadian provinces is just now a tempting morsel in the eyes of the people of the United States. Perhaps it is because the people who have come across the border here are so well liked by them that has taught them to cherish such a tender regard for Canada itself.

In this connection, I notice that there is a movement on foot here looking to an organization of those Canadians and others who favor the annexation scheme. In fact, there are two movements. The figurehead of one of these is one N. Furlong, of this city, and Mr. Ellis, of St. John, has been invited to come and address a meeting that is soon to be held here in the interests of the movement. Those who know Mr. Furlong and his fellow patriots best, however, are rather disposed to speak slightly of their fitness for such an important position, and call attention to the fact that at least one of them was prominent among those who protested against the granting of Faneuil Hall to the British-Americans on the occasion of their memorable jubilee banquet. This may not be very cheerful intelligence for Mr. Ellis, but it is hereby given for what it is worth.

The other movement I speak of is in the hands of a different class of men, who have not gone out of their way to take sides with the enemies of the British-born residents of this section. It should become necessary to annex the dominion by force of arms, the New York Herald has already supplied the United States government with an elaborate plan for the investment of Halifax. After carefully looking over the plans with the eye of a connoisseur who knows what he is talking about, I can cheerfully endorse it as a most excellent one, but I am afraid that the resultant shock would be too much for the sleepy old municipality. It wouldn't be a very good investment for it, so to speak. If the Herald would kindly call off a few of its nitro-gelatinous guns and Zalinski mortars, the awakening would not be quite so cruel.

I don't know whether the chrysanthemum craze has struck St. John yet, but if it hasn't, you are missing a great thing. The glory of the rose and the violet, and all the other old favorites, has departed since this beautiful flower, "the queen of autumn," as it is so aptly named, has come into prominence. Everybody who doesn't grow chrysanthemums buys some, and we had a most wonderful exhibition of this exquisite Chino-Japanese importation in Boston, last week, in which a countless number of varieties and colors figured. They have taken the place of the orchid craze, and are less costly and much more beautiful and easy to raise than the latter. At a very swell wedding, in the Back Bay, which I was privileged to witness, a few days ago, the chancel of the church was literally buried in flowering chrysanthemums, and a very pretty conceit found expression in large bunches of pure white flowers of that kind, tied with white satin ribbon, and fastened to the outside of each pew in the main aisle. The whole effect was simply beautiful, and didn't cost so much as one might think, either.

The amount of business done by Boston florists, by the way, is simply immense. Thousands of dollars are expended in this city for flowers every week, and it seems to be the universal fashion to marry people and banquet them and bury them amid the sweet perfume of Flora's most fragrant gems. A cool hundred dollars for one piece for funeral or festive occasion is no uncommon price to pay. It is quite a common thing, too, for Boston florists to send flowers to New York and Philadelphia, and points even more distant. Flowers can be

sent a great distance nowadays. I have proved that, for, by the grace of the St. John hotel people, I have carried a bouquet presented me by admiring Boston friends from this city to Nova Scotia.

Snow, heavy enough for sleighing, on Nov. 25, is something that Bostonians don't care to see every season.

THOMAS F. ANDERSON.

THE LEAGUE MEETING.

Not to Mention Other Improvements, It Saved Base Ball From Bankruptcy.

The league meeting, last week, was in many respects the most important one held during the last few years. I venture to disagree with those who think that the admission of Cleveland in place of Detroit was the event of the session. That was a good stroke of business, but it cannot have the far-reaching effect that will be produced by certain of the new rules, which have thus far attracted little attention. Take the classification scheme, for example, and consider what that reform—for it is a reform—involves. During the last three years managers and players have been doing their best to kill the goose that laid the golden egg. Every season salaries have grown more exorbitant and oppressive. Some of the best clubs in the New England league, located in cities that are fond of ball and would do anything reasonable to encourage it, were crushed by the heavy salary lists that competition forced upon them. In every other minor league this experience has been duplicated. Under the old system there are National league cities—Indianapolis and Pittsburg, for example—that might be practically put out of the race at any time if the three graces in the Boston management chose to spend the money to do it. What has the game to "show for" the big salaries, anyway? A \$10,000 beauty and a few more mouth-organs of the same kind—but not a single substantial benefit.

The principal features of the scheme adopted last week are as follows: The compensation for all league players for services as players shall be limited, regulated and determined by the classification or grade to which such players may be assigned by the secretary of the league, after the termination of the championship season as follows: Class A, compensation \$2,500. Class B, compensation \$2,250. Class C, compensation \$2,000. Class D, compensation \$1,750. Class E, maximum compensation \$1,500. But this section shall not prohibit the payment of extra compensation for the services of one person to each club, as field captain or team manager. In determining such assignment, batting, fielding, base-running, battery work, earnest team work and exemplary conduct, both on and off the field, at all times shall be considered as a basis for classification.

With \$2,500 made the limit—and the rule rigidly enforced—salaries will come down to hard-pan all around. Where now it is hard work to carry four or five clubs through a league season, 20 New England cities will support professional ball. The change will be for the better in every way. The only regret I feel is that after the league began the work of reform it didn't go to the logical end and adopt the *Sporting Life's* millennium plan.

There have been times when I have envied President Nick Young, but I pity him now. Imagine a single man pitted against the howling mob of ball players who are not rated first-class!

The committee on playing rules had its annual wrestle with the question, how to increase the hitting, and wasn't thrown quite so heavily as on former occasions. The change to three strikes and four balls will make little difference. The batter gets another chance, however—and the umpire gains a blessed relief from an annoying class of decisions—by the rule that a foul hit not rising above the batsman's head and caught within ten feet of the plate, doesn't count as a put out. Taking the assist on strike-outs from the pitcher is likely to make him depend more on his fielders and cause livelier hitting. Recording sacrifice hits will not only add to the interest of the game in this respect—it will give team-players a chance to even scores with the record-players—and it will make better base ball.

The magnates do well to recognize at least that a pitcher is only a man, and therefore not always at his best. One of the new rules not only permits the usual bench-warmer, who comes to the front when a man is injured, but provides for another who "may be substituted at the end of any completed inning." That ought to put an end to the lamentable exhibitions we have sometimes seen when the man in the box went to pieces early in the game.

The new rules, other than those mentioned above, are comparatively unimportant with the exception of the provision that the fourth column of the score shall be devoted to sacrifice hits. It was also voted that the error column should be dropped, the errors to be lumped in the summary; but when the reporters heard of that law they very properly and promptly lobbied its reconsideration. Imagine the howl of joy that will go up

from the incompetents when that error column does sink out of sight!

That the sacrifice hits should be scored there can be no question; but the advisability of concealing the errors, and for the same ostensible reason—the improvement of team-work—is not quite clear to me. As it stands at present, the error column works no injustice to a team-player, for the fact that he is a team-player soon becomes apparent. The column is a "terror" to the careless man, and on his account I think it is hardly safe to do away with it.

Boston, of course, wouldn't give it up, whatever the rest of the league cities did. Boston is a law unto herself in the matter of scoring—and a pretty safe one I have always found her.

One of the Boston men writes that it isn't a question of his own preference at all. The readers of his paper pay for base ball news, and the errors form an essential feature of that news. There's a good deal in that, too.

The truth is that the ideal score would contain many details that the narrowness of our newspaper columns forces us at present to crowd into the summary. I should like—and the base-ball cranks would like to have me—to make up a score after this fashion: Name. r. ab. lb. th. sh. sb. po. a. e.

Every one of those nine columns would be of interest. The total bases column could be left out without any great harm being done—and so, for that matter, could the stolen bases column—but there's not one of the nine but would have its peculiar value. If the columns of PROGRESS were twice as wide as they are I would score a game on that system and see how it "took." Perhaps I will, as it is—next summer.

Since the paragraph about salaries was written, I note that the International league has fallen in with the reforms and fixed the salary limit of its clubs at \$12,500. Thus the good work goes on. If it continues long enough, we shall hear, some time in the remote future, of ball players who are as poor as college presidents or bishops—and none the worse for it, either.

A curling crank makes a most audacious suggestion. He wants a scorer and an error column. The nice points would be in the decision of what are and what are not errors. Old curlers who have not participated in the benefit of the E. column in a base ball score are not inclined to the innovation and beside they say it is impracticable. I agree with them but I would like to see one game scored for the fun of the thing. The sheet would be all error columns.

JACK AND JILL.

COSTLY ECONOMY.

The Shaft Was Cheap But It Took One Man's Time To Tend It.

A thousand miles from Bangor—less as the crow flies—is a sawmill. It is buried deep in the heart of the primeval forest, and only reached by a circuitous approach. Neither by railway, telegraph, mail or stage has it communication with the rest of the world. When its proprietor has a message for the men in charge he has to walk, drive or send out, especially for the occasion. In spite of its seclusion, in fact because of it, this humble saw and shingle mill has become famous. A feat of mechanical engineering has been perpetrated there. It will come as a revelation to shingle manufacturers all over this broad land.

The confidential clerk of the proprietor took a drive to this lonely spot last week. To say that he was surprised at what he saw would put it mildly. Some days before, the main shaft, where it comes up from the waterwheel through the floor of the mill, had become loose so that it wobbled badly. Instead of putting in a new babbled-box, the enterprising backwoods mechanic in charge of the mill saw a chance to economize. He took a common two-inch plank, bored a hole in it the size of the shaft, stuck the shaft through it and stood back to admire his ingenuity. But as that shaft was rotating at the rate of 1,400 times a minute, more or less, it became unpleasantly clear that something must be done or the mill would soon be in flames.

Something was done. The foreman promptly set a man to throwing water on the shaft. When the owner's representative walked into the mill a Frenchman was just dashing a pail of water on the shaft and skipping out of the door for another pailful. Of course if the shaft had gone five minutes without a wetting down there would have been a sawmill in flames somewhere in that vicinity, and so one man, earning a dollar a day, was kept busy, first throwing on one pail of water and then hurrying down to the millpond for another. The mill had been running this way for six days. A rabbit-box was shortly adjusted around that shaft.

She Came With the Beautiful Snow. Not to be behind the other great journals of the country, *The Grippeack* has acquired an office cat. She is a dark-complexioned female, 15 years old, and bears herself with even greater dignity than does "N. P." of the *Telegraph*.

IT IS JOHN'S DOG.

His Name is "Norphin," and He Causes a Commotion in the House.

I've got a dog. He ain't very big, but he's black and he's a norphin, 'cause he had no friends afore I got him. I call him *Norphin*, 'cause he is one. I used to fire stones at dogs before I found out whether they're orphins or not, but I liked *Norphin* right away, 'cause he had a fight with our maltese cat the first thing and pa nearly knocked the stove down tryin' to git him out from under.

Pa wouldn't let me keep him at first. He said what his house wasn't no orphin asylum and if I didn't look out I'd be a grass orphin—whatever that is. *Norphin* and me's good friends. I took him out the other day and a policeman askt me if he paid taxes. I told him I guessed he wasn't of age yet, and besides widows and norphins didn't pay no taxes and my dog was one. The cop said I would die with the cutes pretty soon, and 'cause everybody laffed at him he moved on.

*Norphin* can do sum tricks. Whenever I guess he barks like fury. I lockt him up in pa's room this week and stole all the matches. In the middle of the nite I lockt pa's door and then coughed and *Norphin* barked like a hole pound full of dogs. Pa got up and couldn't find any matches, so he fired his boot at *Norphin* and upset a pitcher of water. I guess he fell over a chair, 'cause he said poetry like fun, and *Norphin* barked. Pa fired somethin' else and broke the lookin' glass and upset the toilet set when he's lookin' fur the door. He made sitch a noise chasing *Norphin* around the room what the people in the next house cum in, and I told 'em pa's full and was beatin' ma most to death. So they got a policeman and had pa arrested. Pa had a fight with the cop, but he got hit on the head with a billy and got knockt out. I guess he settled it though, for he wasn't lockt up. Pa had to buy a new bedroom set. He laid the blame on me—with the strap.

Bill Johnson's keepin *Norphin* fur me now, till things git settled down.

JOHNNY MULCAHEY.

The "Poet" Phillips is a Nuisance.

The "poet" Phillips is becoming a greater nuisance every day. He has a peculiar way of putting mild and gentle business men out of temper. Poking his head with-in the door, he sounds his demand for money, and if it is not given to him he favors his audience with blasphemous opinions. They are not what merchants like to hear, especially when lady customers are being waited upon. But no rebuffs will deter the "poet." He turns up at the most unlikely hours and places. He is the terror of the hotel porters, who, for reasons of their own, object to placing hands upon him. In this respect he is not unlike Mr. Paul, of "Millicent Philosophy" fame, who is tolerably sure to escape arrest whenever he comes to town, unless he becomes so drunk that he encumbers the sidewalks. Then Mr. Paul is handled with gloves. "Poet" Phillips' sole desire is either bad gin or worse whiskey, and his income being above the average of those engaged in his vocation, he gets sufficient of both to keep him alive from day to day. Aside from this, however, there is no doubt that he should be comfortably lodged for the winter in the poor house. His reputation as an ingenious and successful beggar will not suffer during his absence.

He Thinks It Queer.

"Queer, isn't it?" "What's out of gear now?" asked the writer. "Just this, PROGRESS. I, for one, believe in the methods of the Salvation Army. I think it is doing what good it can, in its own way. I also believe in fair play, and it strikes me that the newspapers and the mass of the people are unjust to it. Perhaps they don't mean to be, but why do they, when a S. A. lad or lassie goes wrong, make the fact that he or she is a Salvationist a prominent part of the story? Why not mete out the same treatment to the Episcopals, Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, Catholics, etc., etc.? To my mind, it isn't quite a square deal."

It Costs Twice as Much.

A thoughtful subscriber sends PROGRESS a copy of that bright and original Saturday paper, the *Pittsburg Bulletin*, and says, "I should like to see PROGRESS assume some such form as this, before very long. It would be even better than its present broad white sheets." Thanks for the remembrance and the suggestion. The *Bulletin* is issued in a very neat and handy form but it costs *Two Dollars* a year, or *five cents* a copy. PROGRESS is *One Dollar* a year, or *Three cents* a copy.

They Gave a Lecture, Too.

The private affairs of at least one family were made as plain as daylight to all who were at the Institute Monday evening. Two young ladies, with loud hats and louder voices, jabbered away from start to finish, competing on even terms with Mr. Lawrence and evoking tones of ear-splitting intensity when a soloist came forward. People who sat near them were on the point of sending the usher for ear-muffs or gags when the entertainment closed.

28th Annual Christmas Sale!

SPECIAL REDUCTIONS

FOR THE MONTH OF DECEMBER

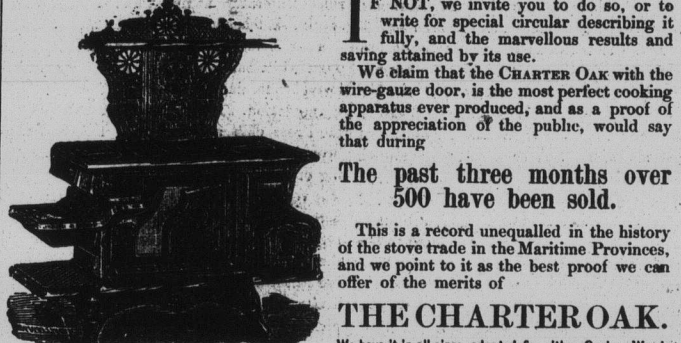
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Silks, Furs, Mantles and Fur-Lined Cloaks.

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Have You Seen the Charter Oak,

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EMERSON & FISHER, 75 and 79 Prince Wm. Street.

Our present stock of Stoves of every description, for all purposes, is unsurpassed in variety or value.

FOR GOOD VALUE

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

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

Advice to Singers

CONTAINING CHAPTERS ON HABITS, Pronunciation, Voices and their various qualities, practice, style and expression, time of singing, choice of music, etc., etc. PRICE 35 CENTS. Mailed, post-paid, to any address on receipt of price.

J. & A. M'MILLAN, Booksellers and Stationers, ST. JOHN, N. B.

DR. SCOTT'S Electric Hair Curler.

LADIES who wish to quickly Bang, Crimp or Curl the Hair, by a new method, should have one of these new inventions. For sale by A. CHIPMAN SMITH & CO., Charlotte Street.

TWEED WATERPROOF COATS

With Sewed and Paped Seams. We are now showing the Latest London Styles in Gents' Tweed Rubber Coats, Made with above great improvements. ALSO—A Full Line of LADIES LONDON CLOAKS in newest styles.

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

The Cigar LITTLE KING.

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

SPENCER'S Standard Dancing Academy.

CLASSES for beginners will open on TUESDAY, October 28th, as follows: Afternoon Ladies, Masters and Misses, at 3.30; Ladies and Gentlemen at 8 o'clock, in the evening. Pupils must make application for terms. A. L. SPENCER, Teacher, Denville Building.

BUSINESS MEN, CRUIKSHANK'S DINNERS

Are the Best AND CHEAPEST IN THE CITY. The best the market affords always on hand. P. A. CRUIKSHANK, 40 Germain Street, Opposite Market Building.

TEA AND COFFEE

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EMPLOYMENT AGENCY,

115 Sydney Street, opp. Victoria School. MRS. H. M. DIXON. Stamping, Finishing and Fancy Work done to order.

On other... Laugh... these... Where... And no... These... But gl... trees... Tower... Their... The month... But when... Purchase... Through the... ring... When... Reiterat... HOW I... Those... never... cut the... book... or... never... sudden... able... review... tion of... ward... on one's... be forgot... on the... but when... the joy... Many... perfectly... happy... (poems... with poetry... we venture... had lately... binding... my first... that dash... draught... hinted at... began to... height... morning... through... blissful... seem to... one is a... note and... "Dear sir"... I regret... me to review... find so much... the instincts... write to you... as are... to each other... spirits already... two poems... They, with... published... Mr. Faithfully... "Dear sir"... me for a... viewers had... mischief... determined... sir" as long... poems, and... ful, and far... and wrote a... respondent... should feel... me, and sig... plume I had... Earle was... been given... attempt to... other two... Amy Smith... from Amy S... Amy Earle... literate... burst was... the love of... and really... dignified... A few days... dozen copies... containing... "Mosses and... ing and gen... half humorou... the weakness... than the sever... Of course, I... and after this... our letters... more confident... I had never... friend like... this with my... and yet so... power—a m... self or any... thought, but... through most... was poor, he... all day, hav... and late even... winged poems... At last his... peared, and... tion. It was... brother and fr... proud I was... suddenly the... my mind that... him appear r... knew that I... teristic of h... troubled about... his own great... granted that I... in a trifle, and... trifle... I knew not... weak people, d... acknowledge th... he sent me, with... tionate than us... ing in London... as my "Moss... somewhat succ... get talking... tions and enjoy... ing pleasant... made much... rich, and good... from anybody... (ity). (One morning... "Stray Thought... ing how I shou... got a few lines... "I am surpris... had a word of... mind, "Stray... that I have be... to talk over a... lisher, so shall... make your per... then, goodby!"... I felt overwh... absurdly happy... and talking to... Would he forgiv... in my glass, and... for I could not... and, if not prop...



Christmas Sale!

MONTH OF DECEMBER

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RTSON & ALLISON.

he Charter Oak,

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NOT, we invite you to do so, or to write for special circular describing it fully, and the marvellous results and being attained by its use.

We claim that the CHARTER OAK with the re-gauze door, is the most perfect cooking apparatus ever produced, and as a proof of appreciation of the public, would say during

the past three months over 500 have been sold.

This is a record unequalled in the history of the stove trade in the Maritime Provinces, and we point to it as the best proof we can offer of the merits of

THE CHARTER OAK.

have it in all sizes, adapted for either Coal or Wood.

5 and 79 Prince Wm. Street.

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VALUE

Ladies' and Children's Wove and Colored Cashmeres; Coats, Embroidered, Gent's Ribbed, etc., etc.,

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NEW FALL GOODS.

Just Received, a Large Stock of

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ALL THE NEWEST PATTERNS.

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AT THE

ROYAL HOTEL BARBER SALOON,

KEEPS THE BEST

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Simple bottles upon application.

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JUST THE ARTICLE

Tea and Coffee.

VEET CREAM.

AN BE HAD EVERY DAY AT THE

Farm Dairy Butter Store,

15 CHARLOTTE STREET.

BURNED LANDS. On other fields and other signs the moon... Laugh from the blue-but not such fields are these...

HOW HE FORGAVE HER.

Those unfortunate people who have never corrected their first proof-sheet, or cut the leaves of the first copy of their first book, or on opening a newspaper have never suddenly discovered their first in-avoidable review, can have but a faint notion of what happiness really is!

Many years ago I was one of those perfectly happy persons. My first book (poems, of course—do we not all begin with poetry, because it is so easy, before we venture to attack the difficult prose?) had lately appeared in a charmingly pale binding, suggestive of hope and spring; my first notices had been sweet, with just that dash of acidity necessary to make the draught more stimulating; amiable friends hinted at a rising genius, and fond relatives began to build airy palaces of stupendous height and uncertain foundation, when one morning I received a letter forwarded through my publisher, his opening it with blissful excitement (the commonest things seem to veil fair mysteries of delight when one is a young poet), and found a short note and several poems.

"Dear sir," the letter ran, "your book Mosses and Midge (delightful as it is, and I find so much in it that is sympathetic and true to the instincts of my own nature, that I venture to write to you as a friend to a friend, feeling that you are kindred souls, and should become better known to each other, that our hands may meet as our spirits already do. I venture also to enclose one or two poems of my own, suggested by your book. They, with others, and some essays, will shortly be published. May I dedicate them to you?" Yours faithfully,

"Dear sir," He delighted! He took me for a man, as indeed most of my reviewers had done. My feminine senses of mischief and mystery were roused, and I determined I would continue to be "dear sir" as long as possible; I read the poems, and found they were very beautiful, and far, far above anything I could do, and wrote a few lines to my unknown correspondent, telling him how flattered I should feel at his dedicating his book to me, and signing myself by the nom de plume I had chosen, Earle Oakhurst.

Earle was really my own name, having been given to me, I always thought, as an attempt to impart a dignified sound to my other two extremely insignificant ones, Amy Smith. Who could expect anything from Amy Smith? But when you said Amy Earle Smith, it sounded rather literary, or so I flattered myself. Oakhurst was the name of our house, so for love of it I dubbed myself Earle Oakhurst, and really it sounded quite important and dignified.

A few days afterward I received half a dozen copies of the Blackwood Chronicle containing my new friend's notice—"Mosses and Midge." It was very flattering and generous, with a sort of half-tender, half-humorous criticism which showed me the weakness of my work far more clearly than the severest censure would have done. Of course, I wrote to thank my reviewer, and after this was corresponded constantly, our letters growing gradually warmer and more confidential.

I had never known what it was to have a friend like this, a friend in perfect sympathy with my own aims and objects in life, and yet so far above me in intellect and power—a man who evidently had made himself or any personal advantage single thought, but steadfastly followed his ideal through most unideal surroundings, for he was poor, he told me, and had to work hard all day, having only the early mornings and late evenings to write those beautiful winged poems which delighted me so much. At last his book, "Stray Thoughts," appeared, and at once made a great sensation. It was dedicated to "My God-given brother and friend, Earle Oakhurst." How proud I was as I read the words, and then suddenly the terrible thought flashed across my mind that I had deceived him, and inside him appear ridiculous to myself, and I knew that I was a woman. It was characteristic of him that he had never inquired or troubled about the sex of his friend, but in his own great honesty had taken it for granted that I should not deceive him even in a trifle, and this, alas, I now felt was no trifle.

I knew not what to do, so, like most weak people, did nothing. I did not acknowledge the copy of "Stray Thoughts" he sent me, with a letter even more affectionate than usual. I was at this time staying in London with a married cousin, and as my "Mosses and Midge" had been somewhat successful, and had managed to get talked about, I had plenty of invitations and enjoyed myself thoroughly, meeting pleasant and congenial people, and being made much of, for I was young, fairly rich, and good-looking, and wanting nothing from anybody (the great secret of popularity). One morning, some days after receiving "Stray Thoughts," while I was still debating how I should make my confession, I got a few lines from his author. "I am surprised," he wrote, "not to have had a word of greeting from you; but never mind, 'Stray Thoughts' is going so well, that I have been asked to come to London to talk over a new venture with my publisher, so shall soon, my brother and friend, make your personal acquaintance; until then, goodbye."

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Those unfortunate people who have never corrected their first proof-sheet, or cut the leaves of the first copy of their first book, or on opening a newspaper have never suddenly discovered their first in-avoidable review, can have but a faint notion of what happiness really is!

Many years ago I was one of those perfectly happy persons. My first book (poems, of course—do we not all begin with poetry, because it is so easy, before we venture to attack the difficult prose?) had lately appeared in a charmingly pale binding, suggestive of hope and spring; my first notices had been sweet, with just that dash of acidity necessary to make the draught more stimulating; amiable friends hinted at a rising genius, and fond relatives began to build airy palaces of stupendous height and uncertain foundation, when one morning I received a letter forwarded through my publisher, his opening it with blissful excitement (the commonest things seem to veil fair mysteries of delight when one is a young poet), and found a short note and several poems.

"Dear sir," the letter ran, "your book Mosses and Midge (delightful as it is, and I find so much in it that is sympathetic and true to the instincts of my own nature, that I venture to write to you as a friend to a friend, feeling that you are kindred souls, and should become better known to each other, that our hands may meet as our spirits already do. I venture also to enclose one or two poems of my own, suggested by your book. They, with others, and some essays, will shortly be published. May I dedicate them to you?" Yours faithfully,

"Dear sir," He delighted! He took me for a man, as indeed most of my reviewers had done. My feminine senses of mischief and mystery were roused, and I determined I would continue to be "dear sir" as long as possible; I read the poems, and found they were very beautiful, and far, far above anything I could do, and wrote a few lines to my unknown correspondent, telling him how flattered I should feel at his dedicating his book to me, and signing myself by the nom de plume I had chosen, Earle Oakhurst.

Earle was really my own name, having been given to me, I always thought, as an attempt to impart a dignified sound to my other two extremely insignificant ones, Amy Smith. Who could expect anything from Amy Smith? But when you said Amy Earle Smith, it sounded rather literary, or so I flattered myself. Oakhurst was the name of our house, so for love of it I dubbed myself Earle Oakhurst, and really it sounded quite important and dignified.

A few days afterward I received half a dozen copies of the Blackwood Chronicle containing my new friend's notice—"Mosses and Midge." It was very flattering and generous, with a sort of half-tender, half-humorous criticism which showed me the weakness of my work far more clearly than the severest censure would have done. Of course, I wrote to thank my reviewer, and after this was corresponded constantly, our letters growing gradually warmer and more confidential.

I had never known what it was to have a friend like this, a friend in perfect sympathy with my own aims and objects in life, and yet so far above me in intellect and power—a man who evidently had made himself or any personal advantage single thought, but steadfastly followed his ideal through most unideal surroundings, for he was poor, he told me, and had to work hard all day, having only the early mornings and late evenings to write those beautiful winged poems which delighted me so much. At last his book, "Stray Thoughts," appeared, and at once made a great sensation. It was dedicated to "My God-given brother and friend, Earle Oakhurst." How proud I was as I read the words, and then suddenly the terrible thought flashed across my mind that I had deceived him, and inside him appear ridiculous to myself, and I knew that I was a woman. It was characteristic of him that he had never inquired or troubled about the sex of his friend, but in his own great honesty had taken it for granted that I should not deceive him even in a trifle, and this, alas, I now felt was no trifle.

I knew not what to do, so, like most weak people, did nothing. I did not acknowledge the copy of "Stray Thoughts" he sent me, with a letter even more affectionate than usual. I was at this time staying in London with a married cousin, and as my "Mosses and Midge" had been somewhat successful, and had managed to get talked about, I had plenty of invitations and enjoyed myself thoroughly, meeting pleasant and congenial people, and being made much of, for I was young, fairly rich, and good-looking, and wanting nothing from anybody (the great secret of popularity). One morning, some days after receiving "Stray Thoughts," while I was still debating how I should make my confession, I got a few lines from his author. "I am surprised," he wrote, "not to have had a word of greeting from you; but never mind, 'Stray Thoughts' is going so well, that I have been asked to come to London to talk over a new venture with my publisher, so shall soon, my brother and friend, make your personal acquaintance; until then, goodbye."

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

THE SECRET OF THE SUCCESS. OF MY. Great Clothing SALE. NOW GOING ON.

Look at the Prices: Coats, - - \$2.00 and upwards. Pants, - - 75 " Vests, - - 50 " Suits, - - 3.00 " Reefers, - - 2.50 " Overcoats, - 2.75 " Ulsters, - - 4.50 "

Call and examine the BEST CLOTHING at the LOWEST PRICES ever shown in Canada. WM. J. FRASER, 47 King Street.

One door above the Royal Hotel. Trunks Retailed at Wholesale Prices. R. O'SHAUGHNESSY & CO., Manufacturers of and Dealers in Trunks, Bags & Valises, Fishing Tackle.

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

Stock always complete in the latest designs suitable for first-class trade. Prices subject to 10 per cent. discount. W. WATSON ALLEN, CLARENCE H. FERUGSON ALLEN & FERUGSON, Barristers-at-Law, Solicitors, Notaries Public, Etc.

Pugley's Building, Rooms 14, 15, and 16, Cor. Prince William and Princess streets. S. B. FOSTER & SON, MANUFACTURERS OF Cut Nails and Cut Spikes, Tacks, Brads Finishing Nails, Shoe and Hungarian Nails, etc. Office, Warehouse and Manufactory: GEORGES STREET, St. John, N. B.

HORSE BLANKETS, For Fall and Winter. Surcingle, Halters, Etc., ROBB'S HARNESS SHOP, 204 Union Street.

Better than a Government Bond. SUPPOSE a special agent of the Treasury department should call upon you to-day, and say: "The Government would like to sell you bonds for any amount between \$1,000 and \$100,000, and if it is not convenient for you to make the investment at once, we will allow you to pay for the bonds in fifteen or twenty equal annual installments."

THE EQUITABLE. exceeds every other life assurance company in the following important respects. It has: The Largest New Business. The Largest Amount of Outstanding Assurance. The Largest Surplus Income. The Largest Total Income.

Illustrations of all Kinds Engraved on Wood. ROBERTSON'S STAMP WORKS, 154 Prince Wm. Street. A NICE LOT OF PERFUMES, In Bulk, JUST RECEIVED AT T. A. CROCKETT'S, 162 Princess, Cor. Sydney Street.

Has all the requisites of a PERFECT FOUNTAIN PEN. A FINE FLUX OF INK. ALWAYS READY TO WRITE. A trial of this pen will convince that it is a PERFECT FOUNTAIN PEN in every respect. FOR SALE BY ALFRED MORRISSEY, 104 King Street.

AN ADDITION. MR. JOSEPH A. MURDOCH, Confectioner, 87 Charlotte Street, DESIRES TO INFORM THE PUBLIC THAT he will serve the Best Oysters in all Styles in the PARLORS connected with his present Store. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

87 CHARLOTTE STREET. 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. TOWNY, Barrister-at-Law, General Agent, 6th-Avenue, BARNELL'S BUILDING, ST. JOHN, N. B.

THE COMMERCIAL UNION ASSURANCE CO. (Limited), OF LONDON, and Phoenix Insurance Co., of Brooklyn, A. C. FAIRWEATHER, CHAS. J. TOWNY, Barrister-at-Law, General Agent, 6th-Avenue, BARNELL'S BUILDING, ST. JOHN, N. B.

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PROGRESS.

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

Subscription rates: \$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.

Advertisements: Rates will be given on application. 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.

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

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

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DEC. 1.

CIRCULATION, 5,000.

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

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

THERE IS PLENTY OF TIME.

Though the civic elections are some months distant, the semi-official announcement has been made that Mayor HENRY J. THORNE will again be a candidate of the party which selected and elected him two years ago.

The people have plenty of time to think about the matter. The claims of no candidate require advocacy, just at this moment. Let us have our holiday season untroubled by politics, civic, local or dominion. When the proper time arrives to think about it, choose and elect a civic chairman and representatives. We want to see some life enter into the contest. We want a progressive council in 1889—a council with ideas for the improvement, prosperity and advancement of the city. On these points it should be united.

At present, self-interest is the motto of too many aldermen. Their own axes are preferred to those of their constituents. This has been shown very plainly within the past few weeks.

The city has been your grindstone long enough, gentlemen. Give it a rest. Allow and assist it, if possible, to gain more power. Let the molecular rearrangement begin in April, 1889.

To accomplish what is necessary for the city's interests, the common council of the new year must be more representative than it is at present. Every alderman should be a citizen in the truest sense of the term.

But to get such a civic body the issues must be before the people.

HE KNEW ALL ABOUT IT.

How utterly needless and profitless is the discussion that has hinged upon the question, "Is Marriage a Failure?" No writer who has thus far taken part in it has been able to view the problem apart from his or her prepossessions. The broad consideration of the public good has been quite overlooked; and the teaching of history has been altogether disregarded; and when the literature of the controversy is summed down it is found to consist of personal opinions!

And of what value is the opinion of a man who has had only one wife?

It is to the past masters of the art of matrimony that we must look for the answer to this question: to HENRY VIII., for example, or to BRIGHAM YOUNG, or, in a greater degree, to SOLOMON.

The judgment of SOLOMON should be conclusive. He was the most-married man of whom we have any knowledge. Matrimony was the joy of his youth and the solace of his old age. He had a wife for every day in the year and leap-year never found him unprovided with the extra one.

Yet SOLOMON has put it on record that, "Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing!" That settles it.

SOMETHING ABOUT GAS.

A correspondent complains of the price charged for gas in St. John. It is, he says, \$3 a thousand feet, while it is only \$2 in Montreal and 61 cents in London, England.

The difference in price between London and St. John is due, doubtless, to the difference in the cost of the coal required. As between St. John and Montreal, there is practically no difference. While the nominal price here is \$3, it is subject to a discount of 33 1/3 per cent. when the bill is paid within a certain time, thus reducing the actual figure to \$2. No discount is allowed in Montreal.

No doubt the St. John company could give the people cheaper gas. It has made a great deal of money. For years it has paid a dividend of 8 per cent., with occasional bonuses of 10 per cent. to the happy shareholders.

But the question of the rate charged is less important than that of the quality of the gas supplied. This is a point on which the public are very much at the mercy of

the company. There is an inspector, it is true, and whenever he inspects he finds at least a 37 candle power. Judged by the ordinary and unscientific eye, there are times when the light is very much below the standard. It appears to be one of those things that nobody can find out.

There are secrets connected with the making of gas by which the public can be served with a very weak product, and know nothing of how it is done. A certain number of hours of work will produce a standard quality of gas, and if the work be continued, with the same material, a few hours longer, the public still get gas that will burn, but they will pay much more than they ought to for a very inferior product.

It would seem, therefore, that the object of prime importance is to save money by getting good gas. The difference of a few candle-power will materially affect the amount which a consumer requires. Whether or not the price be lowered, the standard of illuminating power should be maintained.

This is possible, if the inspector does his whole duty. He will probably assert that he does. The people have to trust his word. It is not a matter susceptible of easy proof.

FOR US TO ANSWER.

Yes, gentlemen of the Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners, there is a "Labor Question." Well for you that you have recognized that fact! Yourself and your brethren of other trades will be the better for every meeting held to discuss that Question, provided you discuss itself, and not its simulacrum.

The Question is not, "How can I raise my wages?"

The Question is, "Is it not right and necessary that all men should have work to do which shall be worth doing and be of itself pleasant to do, and which should be done under such conditions as would make it neither over-wearisome nor over-anxious?"

And if, with the best and greatest men that the world holds today, you answer, "Yes," to that, the Question recurs in this form, "What are the needful conditions?"

Think of this, fellow-citizens. Read all books bearing upon it. If you are prayerful men, pray for guidance in your attitude towards it. No more momentous Questions are now or will ever be before you. Confront them like men.

He who would narrow the issue deserves nothing from you but pity. When the Labor Question is finally settled, the benefit will accrue not to you, nor to your trades-companions, but to humanity.

PROGRESS wants no anonymous letters. If any lady or gentleman wishes to express an opinion upon a matter of public interest the communication will be received with pleasure, but the closely-written and scandalous pages of the unknown, who invariably promises to "send more if this is printed," are for no other end than the waste basket. And now a little advice. You who have nothing to do but create, circulate and magnify scandal "take a tumble to yourselves." Find some other employment. Everybody will be glad and you will not regret it.

A painting alleged to be the work of RUBENS has just been brought to light at Jamaica Plain, Mass. It ought to be added to the OWENS "art" gallery—which has no RUBENS. The only obstacle to such disposition of it is the acuteness of Mr. REED, who, having secured a BOUVIER for \$14.50 and a DAVID COX for \$17, may shrewdly, but mistakenly, object to paying more than \$23.50 for this.

The friends of an injured sailor who was conveyed to the Marine hospital, Wednesday, are complaining because he waited there three hours before the "attendant physician" attended him. The fault was his own: he should have arranged to have the accident take place during hospital hours; no reasonable man would have presumed to take Dr. CHRISTIE away from his tea.

Mr. JOHN P. WELLS, "emergency banker," appeared in the new role of expounder of scripture, in Thursday's Globe. It is consoling to learn that Mr. WELLS is severely orthodox. It has been feared, hitherto, that he would never come to believe in future punishment—for example—until it was overwhelmingly too late.

Instruction in Elocution. Miss Hunter, a graduate of the Boston School of Oratory, will be in St. John until the 8th of December to organize a class, or arrange for private pupils in elocution. Persons wishing to take lessons can have terms, etc., made known to them on application to her at No. 4 Wellington row. The course will embrace voice culture, articulation, the Delsarte system of gesture and dramatic presentation. PROGRESS is glad to be able to commend Miss Hunter as a thoroughly competent teacher. Larger cities would gladly offer superior advantages to an artist of her ability, but it is earnestly to be hoped that she may be induced to remain here.

"I Can't Do Without It." A new subscriber from Canso, who has had PROGRESS irregularly from friends, writes: "Please send me PROGRESS for one year. I have come to the conclusion that I can't do without it."

Holiday Goods!

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

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

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



CHRISTMAS CARDS AND BOOKS.

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

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

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

ILLUSTRATED GIFT BOOKS.

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

STANDARD WORKS.

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

OUR PRICES ARE LOWER THAN THE LOWEST ON BOOKS.

PEN AND PRESS.

Two esteemed contemporaries, the Chicago Horseman and the Toronto Saturday Night, are hard at work on Christmas numbers which will, the publishers say, be emphatically first-class. PROGRESS expected something of the sort, for both papers are models of beauty and braininess every week in the year.

The New York Graphic, an alleged newspaper which for the last ten years has been alternately in the hands of sheriff and auctioneer, has come under the control of a gentleman who proposes to make it Republican in politics. It is a question which has been most thoroughly sold by the transfer—paper or purchase.

The old denominational papers are becoming more tolerant of what is known as the "continental Sunday" in America. The last Christian Visitor has a report of a Sunday evening entertainment, Spiritualism Exposed, in which there was a great lot of fun. The Visitor refers approvingly to the affair. The world moves.

Mr. James H. Crockett, of the Frederickton Gleaner, is canvassing St. John merchants with seductive circulars about his paper and its value as an advertising medium. They are neatly printed and well-written circulars, and show that Mr. Crockett is a live-business man and that he has never heard of the sad fate of Ananias.

Alleged Sad Fate of a Coroner.

William McCarthy was found dead in a house at Pocologan the other day. The coroner was sent for and began an inquest, the abrupt termination of which is told by the St. Croix Courier:

The floor has many holes in it which are covered with barrel heads, and is so weak that the coroner, Dr. Reynolds, of Musquash, fell through into the cellar while holding the inquest. The verdict was death from natural causes. The old man evidently fell backwards and struck his head against the wall, as his neck was broken.

Apart from the fact that Coroner Reynolds does not belong to Musquash, is not an old man, and did not break his neck, there may be some truth in the item.

Now ready for inspection at D. McArthur's Bookstore, Gift Books, Xmas Cards, Booklets, Albums, Flush Goods.

LOOKING FORWARD.

I do not ask, oh Love! that you'll remember, My own heart tells me you will not forget; The changeless love that made a June of bleak December.

Shines clearer now than when our hands first met. The passing years that brought us joy and sorrow, And scattered silver threads amid our hair, Have only forged a link with each tomorrow To make the golden chain more strong, more fair.

Therefore I know that in the far off future, With a purer heart you'll keep my vacant throne; Till time dispels the clouds of grey and silver, And calls the sunset thing to claim its own.

TO HABIT MAKERS.

WE direct Dressmakers and others to our very complete Stock of Linings for Dress and Wrap purposes; this season several novelties have appeared for Dress furnishings, among them we mention the new Waist Linen and Dominion Skirt Lustre, these Linings will be found superior to any in use. The Ever-Ready Waist Steel is becoming more popular day by day; we show them in four sizes and five colorings. Dress Preservers in the most improved makes. The Paragon we guarantee to be thoroughly vulcanized and to retain their shape and insure satisfaction. The Dress Sleeve Holders are selling rapidly.

BARNES & MURRAY, 17 CHARLOTTE STREET.

N. B.—To THE YOUNG FOLKS: THE SLATE DRAWINGS have all been distributed; we expect more next week.

NEW CROCKERY STORE.

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

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

Prices Low. C. MASTERS.

Astrachan Gloves, Kid Faced—all sizes.

Knitted Gloves, WITH SPICED FINGER TIPS, ALL SIZES, IN PLAIN COLORS; also, FANCY MIXTURES.

CASHMERE GLOVES, All sizes.

4-Button Kid Gloves, 35c., 55c. and 75c. PER PAIR.

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

BARGAINS IN CASHMERE HOSE.

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

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

CASH ONLY.

WALTER SCOTT, 32 and 36 South side King Square.

HUGH P. KERR, MANUFACTURER OF

Jams and Jellies,

The quality of which might BE EQUALLED but NOT SURPASSED. Those who tried them say that they are better even than the home-made Jams and Jellies. Over 5,000 tumbler have already been sold, and the demand increases daily. Don't fail to give them a trial.

28 DOCK STREET.

Branch Retail and Confectionery Store—KING STREET.

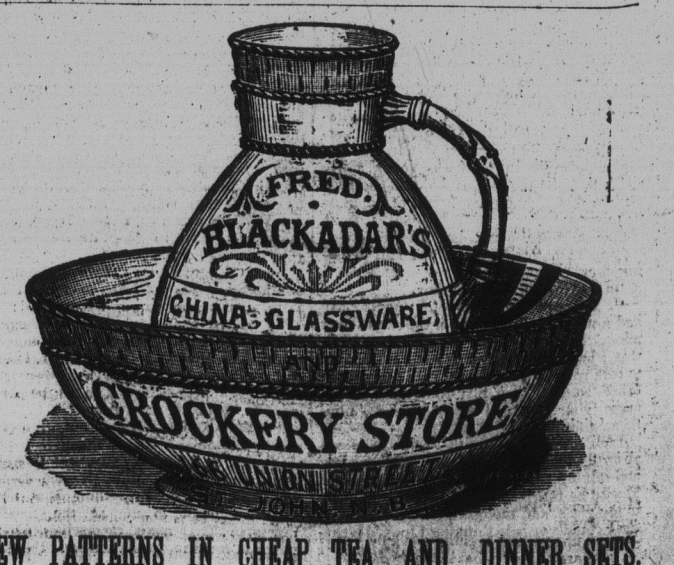
Money Made by Buying your DRY GOODS

KEDEY & CO'S., 77 King Street.

BARGAINS NEXT WEEK IN

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

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



NEW PATTERNS IN CHEAP TEA AND DINNER SETS.

SOCIAL

EVENTS OF

And the Head of the... city... The wedding... Brantford... Mr. W. M. J... the full attention... week. Miss... greatest favor... through wishing... deeply regret... midst.

Long before church were a large concourse witness the... the pretty little... its white... rich white... veil and a... the presents for... a magnificent... white more... the ground in... lovely as she... father, precede... Messrs. B. G... Daniel and F... the bridesmaid... Minnie Jarvis... Adams and Mr... Smith and Mr... maids were all... white satin, tr... wore very bea... monograms of... from the gues... number of gue... Miss Fanny Dow... Count and Counte... Bury.

Mr. W. H. Thorne, Rev. B. Simonds, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Bayard, Miss Bayard, Mr. W. H. Adams, Mr. Arthur W. Adams, Mr. Ronald Grant, Mr. J. J. Coster, Dr. and Mrs. Holden, Mr. and Mrs. B. T. C. Dr. and Mrs. Murray, Mrs. W. J. Starr, Dr. A. E. Sherrill, Mr. and Mrs. G. S. S. Mrs. and Miss Steer, Mrs. G. C. Wheeler, Dr. A. J. Henwood (ford), Mr. George He... (Brantford), Mr. E. Henwood (ford), The Bishop Coakley, Canon De Vaberg, Canon and Mrs. Stocker, Miss C. W. de (Halifax), Miss Boyd, Mr. B. Murray Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Boyd, Miss Florrie Boyd, Mr. C. E. L. Jarvis, Miss Isabel Jarvis, Miss Beer, Lieut-Col Beer, Mr. Leonard Beer, Mrs. Scovill (Halifax), Lieut-Col and Mrs. ville, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Mrs. G. L. Robinson, Dr. M. F. Bruce, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Raymond, Mr. E. Kettle Jones, Miss Jones, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Spurr, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Robinson, Rev. Wm. Armstrong, Mr. T. W. Daniel, The Misses Drury, Mr. Glasbeorn, Mr. Jas. McMillan, Mr. J. Twining Hart, Mr. C. Burpee, Mr. Geo. W. McLeod, Miss Mary Sturdee, Mr. McLaughlin, sweet music and... ing. Rev. Canon... ceremony and a... bishop and Rev... emony a delight... the residence of... which Mr. and M... for New York wh... steamer for Eng... Too much can... full flowers carri... bridesmaids' bou... much admiration... of lovely Jacquem... consisted of morn... carried about th... They present a... stephanotis and G... bon similar to the... Simon Jones's bo... roses and golden... mired. Many be... been procured fr... were all from the... of Mrs. Jones, wh... these occasions is... At an early h... another wedding t... road, at the resi... whose granddaugh... was married to a... wedding was rath... mediate relatives... present. Directly... and Mrs. Parsly... York, the bride w... travelling costume... that this popular y... to our city, or P... reside on the Bridg... Still another wed... I. Kierstead and... Mr. J. J. M. Sec... ceremony took pl... Mr. J. M. Scovill, performed by Rev... of Springfield, T... Miss Hutton of St... Scovill performed... Mr. and Mrs. Kie... train for Halifax.

Several late eng... among those that... prominent M. D... cloth.

But before any... take place I do h... to prevent the an... are generally inju... ignorant individua... admittance seemi... exhibiting their m... Mrs. C. J. W. M... guest of Dr. Bayar... Miss Annie Pike... Coburg street.

This afternoon a... little girls are to... ing Society room.



MAKERS.

and others to our very Linings for Dress and season several novelties furnishings, among them st Linen and Dominion will be found superior Ready Waist Steel is by day; we show them Dress Preservers makes. The Paragon we ruleanized and to retain satisfaction. The Dress rapidly.

MURRAY, E STREET.

SLATE DRAWINGS have all been

ERY STORE.

TERS, St. John, N. B.

Now showing full lines of TEA, TOILETTE and FIGURES; also, a Stand Lamps.

C. MASTERS.

Gloves, Faced—all sizes.

es, also FANCY MIXTURES.

TH SPLICED FINGER TIPS, All sizes.

es, 55c. and 75c. PER PAIR.

ancy Work;

es, in slender woman's, woman's and

DERVESTS—all sizes and shades.

S AT ONCE.

DS, newest colorings—very cheap.

NLY. 36 South side King Square.

KERR,

Jellies,

NOT SURPASSED. Those who demand increases daily. Don't

TREET. KING STREET.

your DRY GOODS

CO'S.,

street.

WEEK IN

ER CLOTHS and TWEEDS; a full

ANKETS and WOOL GOODS.

and see.

DAIR'S

WARE

STORE

EA AND DINNER SETS.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK IN CITY SOCIETY CIRCLES.

And the Happenings Elsewhere in New Brunswick—Colossal Talk—Mentioned by the Press—The Christmas, Birthdays and Other News.

The wedding of Dr. J. A. Digby, Brantford and Miss Jarvis, daughter of Mr. W. M. Jarvis of this city, monopolized the full attention of our social world this week. Miss Jarvis was one of St. John's greatest favorites and her legion of friends, though wishing her every joy and happiness, deeply regret her departure from their midst.

Long before the doors of St. Paul's church were open, Wednesday evening, a large concourse of young people eager to witness the ceremony, had collected and the pretty little church was soon packed to its utmost capacity. The bride wore a rich white corded silk dress, bridal wreath, veil and a beautiful pearl necklace—some of the presents from the groom. She carried a magnificent bouquet of long-stemmed white roses and stephanotis tied with broad white moiré ribbon, which she held to the ground in long loops. She looked so lovely as she entered the church with her father, preceded by four of the ushers—Messrs. R. Grant, A. W. Adams, F. W. Daniel and F. P. Starr—and followed by the bridesmaids and groomsmen, Miss Minnie Jarvis and Mr. Hemwood, Miss F. Adams and Mr. E. Jarvis, and Miss Mabel Smith and Mr. K. Jones. The bridesmaids were all dressed in exceedingly pretty white satin, trained, princess dresses, and wore very beautiful gold bracelets with monograms of pearls (these being gifts from the groom). There was a large number of guests, among whom were:

- Miss Fanny Donville, Count and Countess DeBury,
- Mr. W. H. Thorne, Mr. Arthur Thorne, Rev. R. Simpson, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Tippet,
- Dr. Bayard, Miss Bayard, Mr. W. H. Adams, Mr. Arthur W. Adams, Mr. Donald Grant, Mr. C. J. Coates, Dr. and Mrs. Holden, Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Chiche, Dr. and Mrs. Murray King, Mr. W. J. Starr, Dr. J. A. E. Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Smith, Mrs. and Miss Steves, Miss G. C. Wheeler, Dr. A. J. Hemwood (Brantford), Mr. George Hemwood (Brantford), The Bishop Coadjutor, Canon De Veber, Canon and Mrs. Briggs, Mr. C. J. Wy de (Halifax), Mr. Boyd, Mr. R. Murray Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Barclay Boyd,
- Miss Florrie Boyd, Mr. C. E. L. Jarvis, Miss Isabel Jarvis, Miss Beer, Lieut. Col. Beer, Mr. Leonard Beer, Mrs. Scovil (Wilkes), Lieut. Col. and Mrs. Donville, Mr. and Mrs. John Wilson, Mrs. G. L. Robinson, Dr. M. P. Bruce, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Raymond, Mr. E. Keltie Jones, Miss Jones, Mr. and Mrs. J. Dew Spurr, Mr. and Mrs. T. Barclay Robinson, Rev. Wm. Armstrong, Mr. T. W. Daniel, The Misses Drury, Mr. Glazebrook, Mr. Jas. McMillan, Mr. J. Twining Hart, Mr. C. Burpee, Mr. Geo. W. MacLeod, Miss Mary Sturdee, Mr. W. G. Lawton.

These very thoughtful misses who have been working for some time to make their bazaar a success, are Gertrude Seely, Doris Nicholson, Alice Grant, Gertrude Davidson and a few others, who all deserve every encouragement in their work of charity.

Miss McLaughlin is busily engaged arranging the programme for the Old Folks' concert to be given in the Institute on Tuesday night.

Miss S. J. John gave a branch of the Young Women's Association of the city, a very interesting and profitable evening at the residence of Mrs. G. Murray, No. 13 Wellington row, on Friday Dec. 7. The sale will be in aid of the parish of Ladlow, and will be open during the afternoon and evening.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Temple and the Messrs. Tinsdale, have returned from Malaguany road to the city for the winter. They are at 208 King street east.

Carlton also has been in a state of excitement over the wedding of this week. Tuesday evening, Mr. P. Olive and Miss Sadie Mayes were married in St. Jude's church. The bride wore a pretty evening suit of navy blue flannel. After the ceremony the wedding party were entertained at the house of the bride's mother. Mr. and Mrs. Olive then took the train for Boston, where a grand reception was held at the residence of the groom's brother, Mr. G. Olive.

In the same church, at 8 o'clock, Wednesday evening, the marriage of Mr. W. Whelpley of Kings county, and Miss A. Belyea took place. The bride's dress was of white cashmere, and the long bridal veil was held in place by a beautiful diamond tiara. After such a number of quickly-dressed brides, the orthodox, red and orange blossoms was a happy change. The bridesmaid, Miss G. Whelpley, also looked very charming in a pretty dress of pink cashmere.

More than one of our remaining young ladies have announced their intention of moving further along the Intercolonial line, but I hope it may not be for some time, as we must greatly deplore any further gaps in our social circle. THE TATTLER.

CELESTIAL TALK.

FREDERICTON, Nov. 27.—There is absolutely nothing going on in a social way in the Celestial city this week. Even the skating has been stopped, owing to the recent snow and rain storms. The general theme of conversation at present is, "Who will be our next mayor?" I hear that Dr. Currie has declined the nomination for the mayoralty tendered him by the temperance party.

Invitations to the marriage of Mr. Hewlett Carman of Boston, formerly a resident of this city, have been received by a number of his friends here. The happy event will take place tomorrow evening in Boston. The young lady, Miss Laura Maud Kenney, is a native of Nova Scotia.

Mr. N. A. Cliff leaves for Florida next month to spend the winter. Happy Mr. Cliff!

The Attorney General, Hon. F. P. Thompson, and party are expected home from Boston Friday.

Bishop Courtenay, of Nova Scotia, is expected here tomorrow and will be the guest of Bishop Kingdon at the Queen hotel during his stay. His lordship will officiate in the Cathedral on Sunday.

Next Tuesday will be reception day at Government House. I hope the streets will be in rather a better condition than they are at present.

Mrs. J. Edmond Collins of New York, formerly Miss Gertrude Murphy, of this city, and her little daughter are visiting friends in St. John.

Dr. James W. Bridges, who graduated recently at Edinburgh, arrived in this city last Tuesday. He will practise his profession in Moncton, entering into partnership with an established physician of that town.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter McFarlane returned home from their bridal tour last week, and the employees of the firm of McFarlane, Thompson & Anderson took the opportunity, Saturday evening, of presenting the groom with a valuable token of their esteem and good wishes. There were about 50 employees present. Mr. Myles read an address, which was accompanied with an elegant cake basket and butter cooler. The bridegroom made a very pleasing response, and then entertained his friends to an oyster supper, two hours being pleasantly passed in speech and song. Mrs. C. H. Lugin has presented her husband with a young daughter.

MONCTON SOCIETY.

MONCTON, Nov. 28.—I fear my letter, this week, will be rather attenuated, for, between the wretched weather of the entire week and the rapid strides with which Christmas is bearing down upon us, every one has been staying at home, and attending to their own affairs in the strictest sense. The question of the day seems to be, "Have you chosen your Christmas presents?" and already the shop windows begin to present an alluring appearance, which, however gratifying it may be to the artistic eye, is most disastrous in its effects upon the pocket. Indorsed, the state of affairs is admirably expressed by the engraving in last week's PROGRESS; and, after all, even if he does leave us with slender purses, dear old King Christmas warms our hearts as no one else can, and he is always welcome.

Our lambs who have been tasting the sweetness of other pastures are returning by degrees to their several homes. Miss Maggie McKean, who has been spending a month in Quebec, returned last Saturday, and her friends rejoice to see her bright face amongst them once more.

Miss Harris still remains in Boston, but I believe Mr. Jack Harris left for that city yesterday, so the presumption is that Miss Harris will soon be with us again.

Mrs. Joseph Harris and Mrs. Charles Chandler are also expected home this week, and they will probably return together.

Mr. Frank McCully is recovering slowly, but the weakness left after typhoid fever always makes convalescence a tedious affair.

Mrs. P. S. Archibald has been suffering from a short but sharp attack of diphtheria—or rather diphtheritic sore throat, but her recovery was so rapid that I believe she is able to be about again already.

I regret very deeply that I am not able to give the favorable report of Mrs. Estey's health that I hoped for last week. Her condition is such as to give great anxiety to her friends. Fresh complications have appeared in her illness, which has finally developed into a species of typhoid pneumonia. However, Mrs. Estey's youth and good constitution are in her favor, and with the best of nursing and medical skill, there is every reason to hope for a speedy change for the better.

Mr. L. B. Archibald, of Truro, was in town Friday.

Mrs. J. R. Bruce paid a short visit to St. John Saturday.

Mr. Lewis Carvell, of Hampton, paid a short visit to Moncton this week.

Hon. P. A. Landry was in town Tuesday.

Judge Botsford is at Dorchester attending the County court.

Mr. and Mrs. G. J. O'Doherty have broken up housekeeping, and intend being off for the winter. Their household home will be much missed by the young folks of Moncton.

Mr. E. S. Jarvis, of the Bank of Montreal, left town yesterday morning for St. John to attend the wedding of his sister, which takes place today.

Cecil Gwynne.

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Cecil Gwynne.

Two Handkerchiefs that strike the keynote in Cambrics—at 4 cents. Hemstitched, with borders printed in twenty or thirty styles—dashes, splashes, spots and stripes, at 90 cents each.

Manufacturers have cut down the meshes. They do every year.

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

Embroidered. Hemstitched and Embroidered. Printed and Embroidered. Figure Diced. Reversed and Embroidered. Scalloped, Embroidered and Diced. Colored. Plain White. Figured Mourning. Solid Mourning. and so the sorts run. Styles and styles of each.

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

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

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

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

Also: Children's Combination Shirts, 1 pair to size, 70c. to \$1.10. Gents' Scotch L. W. Underclothing. All parts of above stock a pair, a dozen or a garment; worth \$2 to \$2.25 each.

BORDER JOTTINGS.

ST. STEPHEN, Nov. 28.—Miss Reynolds, of St. John, is visiting at Mr. J. P. Bixby's. Mr. Jos. Meredith is spending a few days at his home.

Mr. Clifford Thompson, of Boston, is enjoying a brief vacation among his friends in town, and is soon, I am told, to transfer to the Hub the loadstone which has drawn him here.

Mrs. Fred Edgecombe, of Fredericton, is at present a guest at her father's, Mr. Chas. Eaton.

Mrs. J. D. Chipman is in St. John for a few days.

On Wednesday evening of last week a very enjoyable party was given by Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Murche. Dancing was indulged in until a late hour and a most delightful evening was spent by all. A little bird has whispered to me that the belle of the evening was a young lady in pink silk, who of late has been absent among friends in the west.

Retaliation, though in a mild form, is being carried into effect down here on the border. Not long ago Calais robbed St. Stephen of one of her most popular young ladies, and now I am told a Water street merchant is soon to transplant to Canadian soil a fair daughter of Calais.

The government cruiser *Dromedary* lay at St. Stephen a few hours this afternoon, while her popular but not at all formidable (Continued on Right Page.)

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

Rich Black Dress Silks, Black Faille Francaise Silks.

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

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

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

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

R.S.—During the month of December we will prepay freight or expressage on all purchases of One Dollar or upwards within a radius of 300 miles. Mail orders have prompt and careful execution.

MACAULAY BROS. & CO. English Cutlery.

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

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

INDIGESTION CURED. Fellows' Dyspepsia Bitters are a sure cure for Indigestion, Jaundice, Bilious Complaints, Bad Breath, Sick Headache, Heartburn, Acid Stomach, etc. PRICE 25 CENTS.

GRAND Millinery Sale OF THE FINEST MILLINERY GOODS, AND SALE WITHOUT RESERVE.

Trimmed and Untrimmed Bonnets and Hats AT UNHEARD OF PRICES. Those having not yet purchased would do well to visit

MME. KANE'S Store, 205 UNION STREET, where they are certain to be suited. 1888. FALL and WINTER 1888.

Just Received per steamer "Damara"—LATEST LONDON STYLES

Stiff and Soft Felt Hats. CHILDREN'S FLUSH CAPS; T. O'SHANTER CAPS; HAYLOCK CAPS; ALMA CAPS; CORDUROY in all colors. Ladies' and Gents' CLOTH CAPS in newest shapes. Ladies' and Gents' GLOVES in Kid, Buck, Fur, Woolens, etc. Low Prices. ROBT. C. BOURKE & Co., 61 Charlotte street.

Dispensing of Prescriptions. Special Attention is Given to this very important branch. Medicines of Standardized Strength used. By this means reliable articles will be supplied, and in each case compounded by a competent person. Prices low.

WM. B. McVEY, Dispensing Chemist, 185 Union Street.

Oysters. Oysters. —IN STORE— 65 bbls. Hand-Picked P. E. I. Oysters; 10 kgs Pickled Pig's Feet; "Spiced Lamb's Tongues.

—FOR SALE LOW— J. ALLAN TURNER'S, No. 2 North side King square. OYSTERS delivered on the half shell. Orders for hotels and families promptly attended to and shelled to order.

THE LATEST SOCIALIST PUBLICATIONS. SEND FOR CATALOGUE TO The New York Labor News Co., 25 East Fourth Street, New York City.

Parsons' Pills

These pills were a wonderful discovery. Unlike any other, they cure a great variety of diseases. This information alone is worth ten times the cost. A handsome illustrated pamphlet sent free containing valuable information. Send for it. Dr. J. S. Parsons & Co., 25 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass.

Make New Rich Blood!

These pills were a wonderful discovery. Unlike any other, they cure a great variety of diseases. This information alone is worth ten times the cost. A handsome illustrated pamphlet sent free containing valuable information. Send for it. Dr. J. S. Parsons & Co., 25 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass.

Make New Rich Blood!



THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

News and Announcements. Six new holiday editions of Victor Hugo's works are announced by many American publishers.

The approaching publication of the final volume of the Encyclopaedia Britannica renders a note apropos. It is a hundred and seventeen years since the first edition of the Encyclopaedia appeared.

The novel-writing disease would appear to be epidemic in the Haggard family. Rider Haggard's brother is now to enter the literary lists, we are told.

Recent events in England have done good service for Messrs. Vizetelly & Co., of London, in re-directing attention to the admirable translations of Zola published by them.

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MUSIC, AT HOME AND ABROAD.

I quote part of a local the Sun published last Saturday about the Wizard Oil concerts:

Night after night the Institute is crowded with the best people of the city. As a well known musician put it last night to a patroness who lies on the surface. Dr. Ellis does not shoot over the heads of the people, but presents a popular programme with as much fidelity, care and dignity as if he was handling an oratorio or an opera.

In what way the Oratorio society would reap any benefit by the study of Dr. Ellis' methods of drawing a crowd the local does not point out. This is not kind, as I am sure the board of management are very willing to receive suggestions.

Seriously, the above paragraph was evidently written by a reporter who had not grasped the facts of the case. The one object of the Oratorio society is the fostering of a love of high class music—and not second-rate music hall songs; and as such music requires considerable time, trouble and expense in the production, it would be impossible to give performances for a 10 cents admission.

The Marquis of Queensberry is envied by a good many in his own walks of life, on account of his fame as a patron of fisticuffs. Tastes like his are far from uncommon, even among the refined and educated.

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PEOPLE YOU HAVE HEARD ABOUT.

The venerable Phineas T. Barnum is likely to be surprised in the boldness of his enterprise by Mr. John B. Doris, of New York.

My Lord, I will pay you \$2,500 a week to come to my show on Eighth avenue and sit in a chair for three hours a day.

"I— I don't understand you," stammered the Marquis.

From this, it would seem that the marquis is worth 25 percent. more than the late minister, as a drawing card.

When Lord Sackville got his walking ticket, some of the ultra-English papers in Canada blubbered over him as a much-abled man, who had done nothing wrong.

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HAROLD GILBERT. - - - Announcements for the Holidays.

I am offering all the following goods at special prices for the HOLIDAY SEASON. Selections may be made at once and reserved until wanted. Those requiring CHAIRS, etc., cushioned or upholstered, should leave their orders early to insure prompt delivery.

Reed and Rattan Goods.

- GENTS' EASY CHAIRS; LADY'S " " GENTS' ROCKERS; LADIES' do; MISSES' do; UPHILL do; SEWING CHAIRS; RECEPTION CHAIRS; WORK BASKETS; CENTRE TABLES.

FURNITURE.

- LADIES' SECRETARIES; GENTS' do; STUDENTS' CHAIRS; CARPET ROCKERS; FANCY TABLES; CARD do; LOUNGES; PLATFORM ROCKERS; HALL STANDS; MANTLE MIRRORS.

HAROLD GILBERT, - - - Carpet and Furniture Warerooms,

54 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

CHOICE NEW GOODS

- Gloves and Hosiery; LADIES' VESTS; Scotch Underwear; Silk Handkerchiefs; MEN'S SCARVES; OPERA SHAWLS; DRESS FABRICS.

London House, RETAIL.

Charlotte and Union Streets. ST. JOHN ACADEMY OF ART.

THE SCHOOL-ROOMS are now open to Pupils from 10 until 5 every day in the week, except Saturday afternoon.

DRAWING AND PAINTING.

The course taught consists in— Drawing from Models and Objects; Life; Still Life; Painting from Life.

NEW FRUIT!

Valencia Raisins; Valencia Layer Raisins. PRIME FRUIT. RECEIVED THIS WEEK.

GILBERT BENT & SONS.

A. & J. HAY, 76 King Street. Spectacles, Watches, Clocks and Jewelry.

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

Havana and Domestic CIGARS. I have a complete assortment now in stock, in boxes and half-boxes: 200,000 HAVANA and DOMESTICS.

THOS. L. BOURKE, 11 and 12 Water Street. DAVID CONNELL, Livery and Boarding Stables, Sydney St.

Flour and Feed Store.

Wheat, Flour, Buckwheat, RYE, CORN, OATS, BRAN, SHORTS. R. & F. S. FINLEY, Sydney Street.

Reed and Rattan Goods

ARE ALL in the newest finish and colorings, viz:

- CHERRY, ANTIQUE OAK, MAHOGANY, BRONZE COPPER, RUSTY BRONZE, GILT, White and Gold, Blue and Gold, etc. etc.

MY NEW Furniture Warerooms

are now nearly completed, and will be opened at an early date with a complete assortment of

Household Furniture.

QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B.

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

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

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

Hotel Dufferin, St. John, N. B.

FRED. A. JONES, Proprietor. Best \$1 House in the Maritime Provinces. Hawarden Hotel, Cor. Prince Wm. and Duke Sts., ST. JOHN, N. B.

W. M. CONWAY, Proprietor. BELMONT HOTEL, ST. JOHN, N. B.

The most convenient Hotel in the city. Directly opposite N. B. & Intercolonial Railway station. Baggage taken to and from the depot free of charge. Terms - \$1 to \$2.50 per day. J. SIME, Proprietor.

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

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

T. F. RAYMOND, Proprietor. Fancy Soaps, - - - IN IMITATION OF - - - APPLES, PEARS, WALNUTS, ORANGES, LEMONS AND STRAWBERRIES. Also, ROSES (Pale and Deep), MARGARETT, SUNFLOWER & DAHLIAS.

80 DOZEN JUST RECEIVED. WILL BE SOLD BY THE DOZEN, or Box containing three cakes each.

CHRISTMAS CARDS and goods suitable for HOLIDAY PRESENTS now opening. Great reduction on former prices. R. D. McARTHUR, MEDICAL HALL, No. 50 Charlotte street, opp. King Square.

For the School Children An Elegant Card Given Away WITH EVERY SCHOOL BOOK.

A CHROMO GIVEN AWAY With Every Dollar Worth Purchased. Call while it is yet time at MORTON L. HARRISON'S, 90 King Street.

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

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

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY

Commencing October 23, 1888.

PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE INTER COLONIAL RAILWAY STATION, St. John, at

16.40 a. m.—Fast Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls and Edmundston.

PULLMAN PARLOR CAR ST. JOHN TO BOSTON. 18.50 a. m.—For Bangor and points west, Fredericton, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock.

NIGHT EXPRESS FOR BANGOR, PORTLAND, BOSTON AND POINTS WEST; also for St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle.

RETURNING TO ST. JOHN FROM BANGOR AT 16.30 a. m., Parlor Car attached; 17.30 p. m., Sleeping Car attached.

VANCOUVER AT 11.15; 11.30 a. m.; 12.00 p. m.; WOODSTOCK AT 6.00; 11.40 a. m.; 12.30 p. m.; Houlton at 16.00; 11.40 a. m.; 12.30 p. m. St. Stephen at 16.55 a. m.; 11.50; 12.45 p. m. St. Andrews at 16.50 a. m. Fredericton at 16.35; 12 m.; 12.15 p. m. Arriving in St. John at 16.45; 19.10 a. m.; 13.00; 17.00 p. m.

LEAVE CARLETON FOR FAIRVILLE. 18.00 a. m.—Connecting with 8.50 a. m. train from St. John. 14.30 p. m.—Connecting with 4.45 p. m. train from St. John.

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

Intercolonial Railway.

1888--Winter Arrangement--1889. ON and after MONDAY, November 26th, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

Day Express..... 7.30 Accommodation..... 11.20 Express for Sussex..... 16.35 Express for Halifax and Quebec..... 18.00 Sleeping Car will run daily on the 18.00 train to Halifax.

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

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

Express from Halifax and Quebec..... 8.00 Express from Sussex..... 7.55 Accommodation..... 13.20 Day Express..... 19.20 All trains save time by Eastern Standard time.

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

NICHOL'S Sulphite of Lime,

FOR PRESERVING CIDER, WILL KEEP CIDER GOOD FOR YEARS. The genuine for sale by C. P. CLARKE, 100 KING STREET.

TO TELEPHONE SUBSCRIBERS AND OTHERS INTERESTED IN CHEAP TELEPHONES.

THE ST. JOHN TELEPHONE COMPANY are opening a Telephone Exchange in this city, and are making arrangements, which will be completed in a very short time, for giving the public telephones at much less rates than have heretofore obtained in this city.

This company also propose starting a Factory in this city for the manufacture of Telephones and other electrical apparatus, thus starting a new industry. The ST. JOHN TELEPHONE COMPANY ask the public to wait until a representative of the company shall call upon them. This company is purely a local one, and we cordially solicit your support in our endeavor to introduce a new, better and cheaper Telephone than any yet offered the public.

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

THE CA

Once upon a beautiful city...

One of the f...

But one day t...

The judge was...

"No, not 'exa...

But I thought...

"Law me, an s...

"I know notin...

Judge Toll, "bu...

Judge Toll, "bu...

"You will have...

"I'll tell you...

Just as natr...

Used to go huc...

near the plum...



Selections may be made at once and upholstered, should leave

Reed and Rattan Goods

ARE ALL in the newest finish and colorings, viz:

- CHERRY, ANTIQUE OAK, MAHOAGANY, BRONZE COPPER, RUSTY BRONZE, GILT, White and Gold, Blue and Gold, etc. etc.

MY NEW Furniture Warerooms

are now nearly completed, and will be opened at an early date with a complete assortment of

Household Furniture.

Furniture Warerooms,

N. B.

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY

Commencing October 29, 1888.

PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE INTER-COLONIAL RAILWAY Station, St. John, at

16.40 a. m.—Fast Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls and Edmundston.

FULLAN PARSONS CAR ST. JOHN TO BOSTON. 18.40 a. m.—For Bangor and points west, Fredericton, St. Stephen, Houlton and Woodstock. 4.45 p. m.—Express for Fredericton and later to St. John.

FULLAN PARSONS CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR. 18.30 p. m.—Night Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle.

FULLAN SLEEPING CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR. RETURNING TO ST. JOHN FROM Bangor at 16.30 a. m., Parlor Car attached; 17.30 p. m., Sleeping Car attached.

Vanboro at 11.15; 11.30 a. m.; 12.00 p. m. Woodstock at 6.05; 11.40 a. m.; 12.20 p. m. Houlton at 16.00; 11.40 a. m.; 12.30 p. m. St. Stephen at 16.25 a. m.; 11.30; 12.45 p. m. St. Andrews at 16.40 a. m.

Fredericton at 16.25; 12.20; 12.15 p. m. Arriving in St. John at 15.45; 19.10 a. m.; 12.00; 17.00 p. m.

LEAVE CAMBROOK FOR FAIRVILLE. 16.00 a. m.—Connecting with 8.00 a. m. train from St. John.

14.30 p. m.—Connecting with 4.45 p. m. train from St. John.

RAILWAY STANDARD TIME. Trains marked † run daily except Sunday. † Daily except Saturday. † Daily except Monday.

F. W. CRAWL, Gen. Manager. H. D. McLEOD, Supr. Southern Division. A. J. HEATH, Gen. Pass. Agent, St. John, N. B.

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TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

Express from Halifax and Quebec..... 7.00 Express from Sussex..... 8.35 Accommodation..... 13.30 Day Express..... 19.20 All trains stop here by Eastern Standard time.

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

NICHOL'S Sulphite of Lime,

FOR PRESERVING CIDER, WILL KEEP CIDER GOOD FOR YEARS.

The genuine for sale by C. P. CLARKE, 100 KING STREET.

TO TELEPHONE SUBSCRIBERS

AND OTHERS INTERESTED IN CHEAP TELEPHONES.

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A Company also propose starting a Factory in this city for the manufacture of telephones and their electrical apparatus, thus starting a new industry. The ST. JOHN TELEPHONE COMPANY ask the public to wait until a representative of their company shall call upon them. This company is truly a local one, and we cordially solicit your support in our endeavor to introduce a new, better and cheaper Telephone than any yet offered the public.

ST. JOHN TELEPHONE CO.

A representative of the Company will be at the office of The Provincial Oil Co., Robertson street, where those wishing to subscribe may sign their names.

THE CATNIP GARDEN.

Once upon a time there lived in the beautiful city of Denver a certain gentleman of the name of Toll, and he was a judge. All over the state of Colorado, and elsewhere, too, this judge was famed for his goodness and his learning. In fact, he was so good and so learned that one Christmas Eve Santa Claus came and brought him a sweet little baby son. The judge was very proud.

"I will rear this little son to be a good and great jurist," said he, "and when I am old and feeble he will be the staff and comfort of my age."

One of the first things Judge Toll did was to hire a nurse to take care of the pretty little boy, for it so happened, sadly enough, that the baby's mother was not strong enough to carry the baby and amuse it all the time. The nurse was a kindly old lady, who had lived way down in the far East, where there were many, many little baby girls and some baby boys, so she knew all about babies and just how to take care of them.

"This baby is very fond of his nurse, and he would lie in her lap and admire her antique style of architecture, or would pat her wrinkled cheeks and coo the sweetest baby music imaginable. This made Judge Toll very happy.

"How handsome and contented the baby is!" he would say to himself, "and what a good and great jurist he will become!"

But one day the old nurse came to the judge and said: "We must do something for the baby."

The judge was vastly astonished. "You surely do not mean to tell me that the baby is sick?" he exclaimed.

"No, not exactly sick," said the old nurse, "but he needs toning up. He is fat and strong and contented, but there is a kind of look in his eyes that tells me that he needs a tonic."

"Then we will call the doctor," said Judge Toll, excitedly.

"There is no need of that," protested the old nurse. "The doctor would simply laugh at you and say that the baby was all right. But I know, just as well as I know anything, that the child needs toning up."

"Well, then, what shall it be?" asked Judge Toll. "Paregoric, squills, castor oil, live syrrup, belladonna or what?"

"None of them," answered the old nurse, "for they are all drugs, and the baby doesn't need drugs. What he needs is toning up."

The judge said nothing; he did not know what to say. Of law, of politics, of mining, of literature, and of other worldly things he knew much, but of baby tonics he knew simply nothing.

affected. And all this time the catnip bushes kept growing and growing and growing, and their fragrance went up and wafted either north or south by the breeze.

Away up on top of a very high mountain near Del Norte lived an old Maltese cat, the maternal ancestor of many generations of kittens. She had come across the plains in a prairie schooner in 1859 with a party of emigrants, and now she lived in the hospitable loft of a stable on the top of this imposing peak, near which Del Norte is located.

"Wee-ow-ow!" exclaimed the old Maltese cat; and her eyes glittered strangely, her tail began to expand and her venerable fur rose on her back.

"Why, gran'-ma," inquired one of the younger cats, a demure maiden of uncertain age, "why, gran'-ma, what ails you?"

"Wee-ow-ow!" replied the old Maltese cat. "Wee-ow-ow! I smell catnip!"

Now, the other cats had heard about catnip, but had never seen any. The stories which the old Maltese cat had told about her experiences with the beloved weed before she left her kittenhood home in Maine had been handed around among the other cats of Colorado as quaint legends of the noble glories of catnip, but none had ever beheld or even whiffed the grateful herb.

"Where?" asked twenty young cats in chorus.

"Oh, I don't know," replied the old Maltese cat, "but I can smell it, and I'm going to follow up the trail until I find it."

With these portentous words the old Maltese cat whisked her ancient tail, gave a gigantic "Wee-ow" and started on a brisk run for Denver, three hundred miles away.

"Wee-ow-ow!" cried the other cats—and the kittens, too—and off they started for Denver, giving the old Maltese a hot race over hill and valley, peak and plain, mead and wood.

The word was passed around, and the cry went up here and there like a wildfire. "Catnip, catnip! We're going to get some catnip!" The tidings reached Alamosa, and ran along the whole mountain range of Colorado. The excitement was intense; cats hurried from every house, cabin, barn, stable, shed and mine and joined the vast procession. Every city, town, hamlet and camp was instantly deserted by its cat population—such a yowling had never before been heard, such a seething army of cats had never been seen.

The miner in his lonely hut, hearing the awful rattle, sprang from his cot and cried: "The snows! the snows! Run for your lives!" But it was only the cats, galloping to Denver. Oh, it was a prodigious spectacle, and the old Maltese cat led the van.

Judge Toll was dreaming pleasant dreams that night, when he was awakened therefrom by a din which threw him into a cold sweat. He crawled out of bed, slipped quietly into his trousers, seized his faithful shot-gun and stole softly to the window.

root of catnip had disappeared. It was conjectured that the cats took it all away with them. They must have had a terrible battle over the remaining stock, for here and there on the furrowed and despoiled turf lay eyes and ears and bits of tails and tufts of fur—silent but eloquent evidences of the last tragic scene of all.—Eugene Field in Pittsburgh Bulletin.

OUR BETTER-HALVES.

The latest novelty in weddings, where the groom is over 30, is to have all the ushers married men and intimate friends instead of trying to find youthful unmarried friends to grace the occasion.

The following is a correct list of wedding anniversaries, as now recognized and celebrated: 1 year, cotton; 2 years, paper; 3 years, leather; 5 years, wooden; 7 years, woolen; 10 years, tin; 12 years, silk and linen; 15 years, crystal; 20 years, china; 25 years, silver; 30 years, pearl; 40 years, ruby; 50 years, golden; 75 years, diamond.

One of the newest society games for indoor recreation during the present season is parlor tennis. It is played with a net in the shape of a sort of minnow snare which is hung between two chairs in the center of the room, the regular tennis bats, and 24 light rubber balls of various colors.

The rule of the game is to land as many of these batted balls in the net as possible. Each color counts so many tallies and the game goes to the person or persons making the greatest number of tallies in a given number of innings. The balls are so light there is no danger to the bric-a-brac in their use.

In music, as in everything else, novelty is what all seem to seek. But if American girls want to keep up with the foreign fads every musically-inclined girl will become an orchestra in herself. First came the violin for ladies, and last winter and summer the banjo was all the go.

The mandolin continues popular among the exclusives and will continue to rank high for refined performance, but the latest instrument for ladies is the zither. In London, however, two ladies of position have given performances at musicales in beating on the drum.

The crusade which Mrs. Cleveland began against the bustle, and the exclusive and fact is that Mrs. Cleveland has herself set the standard of the anti-bustle era, and has resumed her tournee. This fact was ascertained by a Washington reporter, who was curious to know whether the President's wife had permanently abandoned the bustle.

He had among the bustle, a young woman who works in a dressmaking establishment patronized by Mrs. Cleveland. After screwing up his courage to the sticking point the reporter asked the young woman bluntly a few days ago: "Does Mrs. Cleveland wear a bustle?" "Yes," was the answer.

Children's Prize Stories.

A Western paper recently took its turn in the fashion of the day, at stimulating school children to write stories for a prize, and afterward printed about a column of gems from the rejected manuscripts. Here are a few:

"Cora Brown was fortunately the possessor of a birthday, for she was the daughter of rich friends."

"But all this time a cloud was gathering over Mrs. Delaney which grew large as years went by, and that cloud was full of grasshoppers."

"But they knew they had something in their hearts better than a Christmas tree. They had Jesus in their hearts and they had only a few potatoes and some salt."

LONDON ASSURANCE CORPORATION.

Incorporated by Royal Charter, A. D. 1720.

Cash Assets, - - - Over Sixteen Million Dollars.

E. L. PHILIPS, SUB-AGENT. R. W. W. FRINK, St. John, General Agent for New Brunswick.

"VIRGINIUS" IN STORE-CLOTHES

Frederick Ward and His Noble Roman Cut Loose from Their Costumes.

Frederick Ward attempted, at Pittsburgh, recently, what Edwin Booth has done—play a tragedy with all the characters attired in citizens' clothes. Mr. Ward was not particularly anxious to do it, but Manager Will argued that, no matter if the baggage didn't come, and that the costumes were lacking, the proper thing, nevertheless, would be to give Virginia at any rate, the noble Romans to be attired in street costumes.

For an hour Mr. Ward considered the question, and then stepped to the footlights and explained that, through a chapter of accidents, the baggage of the company had been delayed. He would call the attention of the audience to the fact that, years ago, it was quite the proper thing to "do" tragedy with the actors in every-day dress, and that while the practice had fallen into "innocuous desuetude" he would revive it for one night, for the especial benefit of Pittsburghers.

The audience applauded Mr. Ward as he bowed himself out of sight, and a thrill of expectancy coursed through the house. Then the play went on.

"Ah, my daughter," said Virginia, in his deepest tone, as he strode into view dressed in pepper and salt pants, a cut-away coat, with a gold watch chain across the front of the vest, and a white-wings collar sawing his ears. Then the Roman father's daughter swept to the front in an elegant brown dress of the latest modern style, with ruching at the sleeves, and her hair done up in a Langtry knot. Old Dentatus was the picture of a 5th avenue masher. It was very bewildering, and the audience was delighted. Some didn't know what to make of it. Others thought it awfully funny, and waited for something humorous to get them off in a paroxysm of laughter. But the play proceeded, and every one on the stage was dreadfully in earnest. Icilus was the dupe of the party.

He was strong and impassioned in a flowing Prince Albert coat, flapping English trousers, and collars and cuffs of spotless white. Appius Claudius, however, carried off the honors of the show. He wore a tremendous voice and yellow pants, and his frequent references to the Roman populace, which was wisely kept out of sight, brought down the house. If that rabble had made its appearance in all its virginal Diamond alloy glory, unconscious of its own spears and shields, the chances are that the undertaker might have experienced an unexpected boom in trade.

Caius Claudius, Dentatus, Numitorius, Lucius, Marcus, Servius, Titus and all the rest of the boys were right on deck and doing business in the corner, but there seemed to be something wrong. Some hadn't their Sunday clothes on. Others had forgotten to get shaved. They looked travel-stained, footsore and tired. What if their pants did bang at the knees? Roman waders in the habit of wearing store-man's clothes, anyhow. But on the whole, the members of the cast acquitted themselves as well as could reasonably be expected. When the 9 o'clock train from Baltimore arrived the trunks were rushed to the theatre, and the last three acts were played in costume.—New York Mirror.

Not Lambs, But Kids. It was children's day yesterday, and the Sunday schools were out in full force. Dr. Henderson told children's stories—how little boys and girls are not all Jesus' lambs. Of course not.

"How could they be lambs?" he asked—"for lambs grow up in a week?" "Sheep," answered a dozen childish voices.

"If you are not lambs, then what are you?" inquired the doctor.

"Kids," piped out a young Huckleberry Finn.

"Right, my boy," said the preacher, whereupon, seeing that the answer had been taken good-naturedly, all the good people and the little children laughed.—Chicago Tribune.

English as She's Spoken. Irishwoman (to Chinaman in street car)—Shove yerself fermin the corner with yer blue shirt, an' give a leddy a chance to sit down, bad cess to yez.



COLES & PARSONS.

Encourage Home Manufacture.

MARITIME VARNISH AND WHITE LEAD WORKS.

JAMES ROBERTSON, Manufacturer of all kinds of VARNISHES and JAPANS, WHITE LEAD, COLORED and LIQUID PAINTS and PUTTY.

FACTORY—CORNER OF CHARLOTTE AND SHEFFIELD STREETS.

Office and Warehouse: ROBERTSON'S New Building, Corner Union and Mill Streets.

St. John, N. B. WILLIAM GREIG, Manager.

THE BELL CIGAR FACTORY

ADVERTISES FACTS.

When we import 16 Bales of Tobacco we do not advertise "68 Bales."

When we make a 5 CENT CIGAR we don't advertise it as "clear Havana"—but neither do we fill it with sweepings.

A few weeks ago, we issued an invitation to the public to visit our factory and obtain proof of every statement we have ever made in print. Do our competitors dare to do the same?

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

THE FINE HAVANA GOODS sent out by this factory are sold—and appreciated—in every part of the Dominion, from Cape Breton to British Columbia.

BELL & HIGGINS,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

"Cleanliness Is Next To Godliness."

The American Steam Laundry,

LOCATED AT Nos. 52 and 54 Canterbury Street,

HAS THE Latest Improved Machinery, the Most Competent Help, the Most Efficient Supervision, and, therefore, Everybody says,

DOES THE BEST WORK.

Fredericton Agency: C. L. RICHARDS, Queen Street.

GIVE US A TRIAL ORDER.

GODSOE BROS. - Proprietors.

CORNER KING AND GERMAIN STREETS.

EVENING CLASSES in Penmanship and Book keeping.

Send for Circular. Address: J. R. CURRIE, Accountant and Penman, St. John, N. B.

GUNS, RIFLES, REVOLVERS.

July 28th—Opening Today:

4 Cases Single and Double Guns, Flobert Rifles, Revolvers, Breech Loading Double Guns, Etc.

CLARKE, KERR & THORNE,

60 and 62 Prince William Street.

Family Washing Done Rough Dry

25 CENTS PER DOZEN.

UNGAR'S STEAM LAUNDRY - - - 32 Waterloo Street.

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



SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(Continued from Fifth Page.)

Looking commander, Capt. Pratt, was welcomed by his many friends about town. Mr. C. F. Eaton, of Milltown left last week for Palatka, Florida.

THE SHIRE TOWN OF KENT.

RECHIBUCTO, Nov. 28.—Miss Janie McMinn will, in a few days, leave Richibucto for Moncton, where she intends to reside. Miss McMinn is one of our most gifted and popular young ladies, and her departure will be deeply regretted by all.

Mr. George V. McInerney, senior member of the firm of McInerney & Carter, has gone to Memramook. Mr. John C. Brown, manager of the K. N. R., is visiting St. John.

Mr. John Graham returned home this week from Newfoundland, where he has been engaged during the past fishing season. Mr. Thomas McNeil has also returned from the land of the cod, looking well. It is evident the climate agrees with our boys.

CHATHAM BRIEFS. CHATHAM, Nov. 28.—Mrs. Sutherland, who has been the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Street, returned home last Wednesday, accompanied by her daughter and Miss Frances Blair, who intends spending the winter with her.

There was a very pleasant party at the residence of Mr. I. D. B. McKenzie last night, about 50 couples being present. Dancing was kept up till the small hours. By the kindness of the manager of the Electric Light company the residence and grounds were beautifully illuminated by the new incandescent light.

There was another one of those enjoyable receptions at the residence of Mr. John McLaughlin, last Friday evening. There is to be a St. Andrew's supper Friday night, oysters, beans and haggis being the bill of fare.

THERE'S MONEY IN BALL

AND THE C. AND A. CLUB HAS GOT SOME OF IT.

Reports of the Committee on Management and the Treasurer, submitted last evening, show that the club is in fine condition and has brilliant prospects.

At the fifth semi-annual meeting of the St. John Cricket and Athletic club, last evening, the committee of management reported as follows: The season of 1888 has been the most successful one the club has yet experienced. Our membership, which two years ago numbered but 75, and last year 180, has this present year advanced to 240.

The cricket matches played during the season have not been numerous, but the bowling averages and total scores made in the foreign matches played, show considerable improvement over those of last season. The failure of the Irish cricketers to keep faith with us was, of course, a serious drawback to the season's success.

The completion of a bicycle track brought about 25 new members into the club, and, with the advantage of a good track, our wheelmen have rapidly improved in form. Mr. T. Hall stands at the head of our wheelmen in races won.

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OUR BOYS IN NEW YORK.

(Continued from Fifth Page.)

not dance, will unquestionably result in young ladies refusing to run any risks by dancing. Those who know Mrs. Chamberlain will not believe it, but nevertheless they will take no chances in the matter.

The present great sport in town is the six-days' walk. To forecast the result would simply be insanity in a mild form. The great unknown quantity which enters into the other uncertainties is the stomach of the men.

The violin was deftly manipulated by Misses J. C. Harty, Harry Smith and Dr. Hand. The violin was deftly manipulated by Misses J. C. Harty, Harry Smith and Dr. Hand.

WOODSTOCK WHISPERINGS.

WOODSTOCK, Nov. 28.—Notwithstanding the inclement state of the weather, Monday evening the parlor concert at the residence of Mrs. Munroe was fairly well attended.

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SKINNER'S Carpet Warerooms 58 KING STREET.

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

A. O. SKINNER. McCAFFERTY & DALY.

THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS CONSIST IN PART OF LADIES' ULSTERS AND JACKETS, (Tailor made); MISSES' ULSTERS, in seven sizes; LADIES' CASHMERE HOSE; LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S LAMBSWOOL HOSE;

McCAFFERTY & DALY, Cor. King and Germain Streets.

Christmas and Fancy Goods, IS ONE OF THE LARGEST WE EVER HAD.

We also have a large stock of Annuals and Booklets; and our Christmas Cards are ready for inspection.

The Liverpool & London & Globe INSURANCE COMPANY.

Fire Insurance at Lowest Current Rates. Life Insurance on Favorable Terms.

HEAD OFFICE FOR THE MARITIME PROVINCES OF CANADA: 118 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

W. M. JARVIS, General Agent. HATS. HATS. MANKS & CO.

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

BOYS' SCHOOL AND DRESS HATS, in Straw, Cloth and Felt—all grades; CHILDREN'S Fine and Low Grades of STRAW SAILOR HATS, MIDDY CAPS, Etc., Etc.

You Will save Money PUBLIC NOTICE.

BY CALLING AT 167 Union Street FOR YOUR WATCHES, CLOCKS, and Jewelry Repaired IN FIRST CLASS ORDER

BOOTS and SHOES, MARTIN'S JEWELRY STORE, 167 Union Street.

T. T. LANTALUM, Auctioneer, Broker and Commission Merchant.

6 and 8 SOUTH SIDE MARKET SQUARE. FURNITURE SALES, Sales of Goods of all kinds, Bonds, Stocks, Fruits, Produce.

MISS TREFREY, DELICIOUS HOT COFFEE CREAM

Having returned from Boston and moved her studio to 17 ORANGE STREET, CLASSES IN PAINTING AND DRAWING.

F. BEVERLY, THE TOY MAN, A. P. BARNHILL, Attorney-at-Law, etc.

Will have a grand opening for the children SATURDAY, DEC. 8. TOYS of all kinds. Show room upstairs. DON'T FORGET. ST. JOHN, N. B.



THOMAS F. RAYMOND. (Reprinted from The Gripack.)

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WOODSTOCK, Nov. 28.—Notwithstanding the inclement state of the weather, Monday evening the parlor concert at the residence of Mrs. Munroe was fairly well attended.

There was a very pleasant party at the residence of Mr. I. D. B. McKenzie last night, about 50 couples being present. Dancing was kept up till the small hours.

There was another one of those enjoyable receptions at the residence of Mr. John McLaughlin, last Friday evening. There is to be a St. Andrew's supper Friday night, oysters, beans and haggis being the bill of fare.

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The Story of P. St. John in Ago—His Wa stored to His

“Well, as I teen years, I gu yinter.”

The speaker, and well-manner was Fred. Knight his foster-father.

Knew where his shrewd marshal latter's cosy parti sat when he utter

the conclusion to deserve the ho

Harry W. Kn son Fred for n Englishman who, the British ar Brunswick. Her times, the occupa Twenty years ag Stephen. While fortunes—the bun death of his wife close together, m him. He had fo sex, and with the ter he removed to

Fred was the b py lot to be “tak daughter. She d he was a year old him. After Mrs. duded that she ou well as nurse, and cined to take that fered the consequ attempt to kill him more cruel reveng Along with him, a cash and a gold w

St. Stephen wa A man named Joh died, was her ac that she was going didn't labor very l strange noises in the as by the hand of

The St. John p but they didn't g Chief Marshall pr member of clus— baby.

After the Ming year, they passd Mrs. Joseph Youn miles from the to “The Ledge.” Th all they could and could help. When able, he chopped picked up potatoes work that he was form. He didn't lo any great extent.

and lodging, of co was not palatial and cled in the form of pie in the tender boy was about ten

Calais welcomed farmer and milkr With him the boy Then the young Cr in Baileyville, Main three years with H year and a half with that place. Thenc Lake stream and fery. Working in t going to school fill late-employment he f

Knights, the father, poor man could to f he gave him up. W wrote to him that Fr

it was hard for him to find his father. Cl him that that fath lived in Montreal. S have tried to delude h even less reason in always held the convi was alive and somew beyond this he knew little, however, was t Clifford, the Boston these, and he happen

ed in the hearing of latter took hold of riddle in two weeks.

Mr. Knight, the t

Stackville. The youg the city Thursday aft

Stackville by the 7 o will be 17 years old th

mas. He will be the ont the old gentleman

Footes 21100, special

Roller Bibles. Also, Prisms and Hygams, etc.

ST. JOHN, N. B.