

WINNER
YEAR,
 is Stock for the
 will be
Ever Imported
TY.
 and Colorings,
'S
 become a household name.
 In cases of Croup
 completed by it
M
 the mother watches
 and would not give
 advised of
UND
 of this Balsam.
ED.
DINSMORE, Proprietors.
UTTY.
RR'S
 for Stained Glass,
 Papers.
NG STREET.
 as a Cow.
 bride—How does your
 this morning, darling?
 side—Just right? I tell
 say be a plebeian, but I am
 all's liver. **T.R.**
 side—So am I. Don't you
 would be real nice and
 keep a calf, then we can
 or breakfast every morn-

Enterprising Business Men
 Always have attractive advertisements.
 Illustrate your announcements
 and catch the public eye.
 "Progress" Cuts are Sure to Suit You.

PROGRESS.

Illustrate Your "Ads."
 Making them attractive will increase
 their value. Judicious advertising
 always pays. Get "Progress"
 prices for cuts.
 The Best Work of the Best Artists.

VOL. II, NO. 90.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1890.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

YOUR CHOICE OF THE LOT

SOME OF THE COMBINATIONS OF THE RIVAL TICKETS.

Well-known Election Hustlers Who Will Come to the Front—"All Right Thinking Men," as Understood in Political Contests—A Piece of Sound Advice.

Six shall be taken, and six shall be left. Did you ever get left?
 Face the election contest as best we may only six men can be elected to go to Fredricton, and draw \$800 for a session of hard labor in the interests of their constituents, their relatives and themselves. The other six will be elected to stay at home, mind their business and reflect that the crop that never fails is that of the blooming and perennial election liar.

Progress has a very good idea how the names will stand at the close of the poll on Monday, but as it arrived at the result only after prolonged reflection, introspection and extrapsection, it will keep the secret until it sees it verified by the figures from the polling places. In the meantime, however, it predicts that the out-parishes will show all kinds of balloons, out of which various mystic warnings may be spelled. Take, for instance, a combination like this:

- John H. Parks,
- A. A. Stockton,
- W. Shaw,
- D. McLellan,
- A. C. Smith,
- S. Alward,
- H. J. Thorne,
- W. A. Quinton,
- W. B. Carvill,
- Jam E. S. Rourke,
- H. L. Sturdee.

This would be a very extraordinary succession of names, and it is safe to say that it will not be the one shown by the returns. A very pertinent question is asked by the following combination:

- Silas Alward,
- Wm. S. H. Alward,
- James R. O. Urke,
- W. A. Quinton,
- J. H. Park S.,
- David McLellan,
- W. B. Carvill,
- Alfred Augustus Stockton,
- A. C. Smith,
- H. A. McKeown,
- H. L. Sturdee,
- Henry J. Thorne.

This sentence is purely sarcastic:
 James R. O. Urke,
 H. A. McKeown,
 W. Shaw,
 H. L. Sturdee,
 W. A. Quinton,
 A. A. Stockton,
 A. C. Smith,
 W. B. Carvill,
 H. J. Thorne,
 J. O. H. Parks,
 S. Alward,
 D. McLellan.

It will be readily seen that the list might be prolonged indefinitely, and politics make strange bed-fellows indeed in the choice of man. If Progress were espousing either side this story might be made a good deal more interesting in the way of such alphabetical arrangements. Some pertinent truths might be told against the other side. The old-time groups of "all right thinking men" will probably vote as usual. By this phrase is always understood the editor of the paper which makes the remark, and the candidates whom he supports. "All right-thinking men" do more work before election day than they do after the polls are opened. They are pretty evenly distributed on both sides of politics. In fact "all right-thinking people" are very diverse views. One day they loudly condemn the government for its action in the magistrate question, and the next day they denounce Messrs. Alward and Stockton for resigning. They appear very hard to suit for more than a day at a time, but each side claims that it will get their entire vote.

The "free and independent voters, un-awed by affluence and unbribed by gain," are another important body in elections. Both sides claim their solid vote, and as there are enough of them to turn the balance in a tight election, their support is considered well worth having. Both sides are willing to offer liberal inducements to secure them.

But by far the most valuable material for the committeemen in this election is the young man who votes for the first time, and is not bigotted in favor of either side. He is so flattered when his aid and support are sought that in three cases out of five the first canvasser gets him. It is a very important thing to get a young man's first vote. It causes him to adopt a side, to which, under ordinary circumstances, he usually sticks for the rest of his life. The committeemen on both sides have realized this fact, and the standing of every new name on the list is pretty definitely settled by this time. Will there be a large vote if there isn't there never will be in this

constituency. Everything favors a full marshalling of the forces. The lists are new, and have a very small proportion of dead and absent men on them. Indeed, it may be found on Monday that there are practically none, when the lists are checked off. Then both sides are enthusiastic not only in voting but in working. There will be a big rounding up of electors before the polls close.

There is one piece of advice which cannot be too often repeated. Vote early. It not only relieves your party's committees from anxiety but it prevents anybody else getting there in your name, ahead of you. It is always safe to vote early, whether it be safe to vote often or not.

NOMINATION DAY.

The Scene at the Court House and the Ways of the Crowd.
 And now comes the great day—the day when both parties meet on common ground—that rivals the election day itself. Here the two parties mingle their enthusiasm, cheer their own men and groan at their

with the genial face held forth. How he jerked out what he had to say; and how he got up into the high notes, when he "had them solid"; and how the stout gentleman did shut his eyes and shake his fist at the gentlemen below him; and what a picture it was to see him adjusting his spectacles and hear "another county heard from"; and the water he drank, and the papers he couldn't find, and what he was going to say; and what he'd like to say, and what he'd like the throng to say, was all interesting. What a picture the candidates presented! All anxious and excited, with careworn faces, with the road to Simonds and St. Martin's drawn out on each; and the different expressions—smiles, thoughtfulness, "I'll knock that" and "a god there"—that came and went as they sat there and listened, and prompted and questioned.

And there sat the sheriff in the judge's chair, all at rest; his work done, he lets them all at it, while he sits at ease—the only man in his vicinity who wears an unconcerned look. Not so with the chairman.

SCARCELY WORTH A NOTICE.

But This is Given Because Advertising Cannot Help It Now.

The man whose name does not appear as editor of the *Evening Gazeo*, but who acts as assistant to the "brilliant" "all-round journalist" whose name does appear, is unkind enough to say that the life of the editor of *Progress* has been a failure. Perhaps it has. A good deal depends upon what people consider success. The hired man of the *Gazeo* has been about a third of a century in climbing to the dizzy height he now occupies, and should make some allowance for his juniors. If they live, and have as little principle as he has, they may in time hold the same place that he does in the hearts of the public. The editorship of *Progress* may not be as honorable or lucrative a position as that of the editor of a *Yankee undertaker's bulletin* or the *Farrsboro Weekly Leader*, but we humbly protest that it is preferable to playing second fiddle in conducting the obsequies of the *Gazeo*. *Progress* has other aims than to enter into personalities in regard to Mr. Bowes or his

DIFFERENCE OF DIAGNOSIS.

The Medical Profession Not a Unit in Regard to Infectious Diseases.

There appears to be a diversity of opinion in regard to the prevalence of diphtheria in St. John. A week or two ago, *Progress* instanced the case of an unusually cautious physician, who pronounced a temporary sore throat to be the dreaded disease and quarantined a house for two weeks when the attack, whatever it was, had only lasted two days.

It was then suggested that a doctor ought to make sure of his diagnosis, and not to be afraid to own up when he made a mistake. A story told by a reader of *Progress* adds force to this remark, though in the case he quotes the error was not on the side of caution.

A doctor in this city was called to attend a child suffering from what appeared to be diphtheria. He denied that such disease was present, but the parents called in another doctor whose diagnosis was just the reverse of that made by the first doctor. In this conflict of medical opinion,

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS

ARE WANTED BY THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

All Their Appeals to the Citizens from the Pulpit, Through the Press and by Letter Have Only Brought Them Five Dollars—A Member's Generous Offer.

The rather grave difficulty that confronted the Young Men's Christian Association at the end of its financial year has not yet been removed. It exists in the somewhat wide margin of \$1,000 between receipts and expenses, the latter exceeding the former by that sum. Many readers of *Progress* will remember having their attention called to this fact about Christmas and New Year's, when the average man's pocket is supposed to be as full of cash as his heart is of benevolence. The ministers of the churches proclaimed the fact from the pulpit, and kept within the bounds of propriety and truth in stating the excellence of such an institution, and of the good it might be to the community. The press of the city had an appealing half column from the managing committee, who were driven to their wits' end to face the difficulty, and in addition to all this, the mails carried beautifully printed leaflets conveying this information to every probable donor in the city.

They wanted \$1000. They got \$5 which came from a not too rich lady who was benevolent even beyond her means.

This gave the committee something to think about, and *Progress* thinks that such a result may well set the people thinking.

No one will dispute for a moment but that the institution is useful; that it has done much good, and that it should be so popular as to be nearly if not quite self-supporting.

The men who have been in charge have been earnest and energetic, but it would seem that they have not been successful. They have lacked popular backing to an unusual degree, and the reason for that is not worth while inquiring into since the managing secretary has entered another field of labor.

But it may be worth while inquiring whether the general management of the institution is calculated to make it popular among the young men of the city. Do they expect to find a pleasant place to spend their evenings and to introduce a friend or to be introduced into a prayer meeting, which, while well enough in its time and place, cannot exactly be called entertaining?

Without decrying the religious portion of the programme, which has been so closely associated with this institution, it may be asked if it is not possible that there has been too much of class, gospel and prayer meetings for the popular taste in the splendid building on Charlotte street. It is a regrettable fact that many young men who have had their tickets for the year presented to them by their employers have never gone near the institution. Others patronize it for its excellent gymnasium, and derive much physical and other benefits from the association.

It occurred to *Progress* that the one question that the managing committee, or, indeed, all the members, can put to themselves, with perhaps a good deal of puzzling interest is, Is there not something lacking in our association?—something that is needed to make it more popular, to bring it to the front, to make it pay its way, and cease from being a burden to the citizens.

It must be with a feeling of shame that old members of the Y. M. C. A. find it before the people year after year as a mendicant, always on the ragged edge, always asking for help, and getting less as the years go by. The generous people tire by-and-by—their generosity flows in other channels, when the thought crosses them that they have given to the association for so long a time.

The association has some members who have been its main spring. Without them it would have gone to the wall long ago. In this present crisis one of them offers to give \$400 if the other \$600 is raised. Even under the stimulus of this generous offer the result has not been as marked as might have been hoped. It is time to think, gentlemen, and to act.

The Grand Patriarch's Predicament.

An amusing incident occurred in a Brussels street saloon this week, when Messrs. H. J. Thorne and John H. Parks were canvassing. These gentlemen happened to collide with a number of independent electors near the door of a saloon, and there was an immediate smacking of lips at the elegant prospect. The Grand Worthy Patriarch was in a predicament and nudging Mr. Parks he indicated that he would vanish while the dry throats became moistened. These are some of the difficulties of a candidate.

Under Consideration.

Several poems have been received and are held for consideration. Among them may be mentioned "A Hundred Days to Come" and "The Mad Man's Sacrifice."



JOHN H. PARKS.



DAVID M'LELLAN.



H. L. STURDEE.



A. A. STOCKTON.



WM. A. QUINTON.



H. A. M'KEOWN.



W. B. CARVILL.



JAMES ROURKE.



HENRY J. THORNE.



SILAS ALWARD.



ALBERT C. SMITH.

opponents; here the bitter pills are swallowed and successes enjoyed; for it is nomination day. What cares the crowd for the scenes which those walls of justice have enclosed, of sorrow, of joy perhaps, of awful suspense; of the men who have heard their doom pronounced there, and have left the room knowing they must also soon leave the world—what cares the crowd for this? Nothing. That restless, cheering, sweltering crowd, thought of naught but what the speakers said, and stood ready to support its man. And a great crowd it was—a patient, appreciative and enthusiastic crowd. All day, and far into the night, it came and went; surged toward the speakers and poured towards the doors; clung to the window sashes, and spread itself over the constables' boxes in the most audacious manner; took possession of the reporters' box and crowded in on the reporters; it knew no forbidden places, but shunned the stoves; it knew no grand jury, and got lost in the judges' entrance way; in fact it swarmed the building, yet all was orderly as was expected. All the afternoon the stout gentleman

He is not at ease. He would evidently like to make a speech himself; for when the hoodlums get in their work, he starts off, and is in a fair way to favor the audience, when the audience protests, and the chairman turns his attention to the frescoing on the ceiling. One speaker gives place to another. The man who a few minutes before, was as black, in political sins, as the ace of spades, takes the floor, gradually dawns a robe of white, and is soon on a footing almost with the angels: then sits down, to go through the retransformation, while the next speaker robes in white. And thus it goes on to the end, punctuated with cheers and hisses, and reminders that we are Britons and free to speak our minds. And at last, when another day has been ushered in, a crowd that left home in a rain storm returns to it under shining stars.

Why He Does Not Appear.
 Mr. William Shaw is a retiring, modest man—so much so that he has no portrait of himself, and *Progress* is obliged on that account to leave him out of the group today.

The public who are interested know enough about them already. They are a very nice pair, well matched and kind in harness, though they did kick over the traces in the bolt for the government fodder.

As to the *Gazeo* itself, that Pariah, which the decent daily papers refuse to recognize, and which decent people are sending back refused, the least that is said about it the better. Such support as it has received in the past, has been obtained by false pretences. It abused the local government, ostensibly as a friend to the opposition, but in reality with a view to blackmailing it into the payment of a subsidy. This was the system followed in the *Penny Dip*, for which the present editor of the *Gazeo* was publicly and deservedly horsewhipped. Even the silence of the *Gazeo*, at times, has been for revenue. It deserted the Conservative, Mr. Jones, when he was a candidate for mayor, and refrained from opposing the Grit, Mr. Lockhart, because it wanted his advertising, and obtained that advertising as soon as Mr. Lockhart was elected. That is the way the *Gazeo* has done business. It is a very dirty concern. No one will be sorry when it dies.

A third doctor was called, and he agreed with the second that it was not only diphtheria, but a very malignant case of it. Then the child died.

The informant of *Progress*, who is a prominent business man, declines to give the names in the case. He thinks, and most people will agree with him, that the public have some rights in such cases. But the great and abiding difficulty seems to be that the doctors are not a unit in their ideas of what constitutes infectious disease, nor in regard to the expediency of reporting them. The system now in vogue does not seem to work smoothly.

Mr. J. D. Leary in Brooklyn.

Under the heading "Mr. J. D. Leary—How he came, and saw, and conquered in St. John, New Brunswick" the *Brooklyn Daily Times* prints the following introduction to *Progress*' sketch of Mr. Leary in St. John:

Progress, of St. John, New Brunswick prints the following sketch of the enterprises of Mr. J. D. Leary, the well-known lumber merchant, so long and intimately identified with the business and social life in Brooklyn:

BYGONE DAYS RECALLED

AN OLD TIMER'S REMINISCENCES OF PEOPLE AND EVENTS.

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

I had a friend in St. John, a great horse flesh fancier. He knew all the good and bad points of a thorough or ill-bred animal, equal to Rowley Bunting, then considered to be an authority. Our friend W. D. W. Hubbard, still living hale and hearty near Fredericton, probably at the age of 80, was in his prime as one of the best Auctioneers in St. John. On the occasion to which I am about to refer, a fine black charger was advertised for sale by auction on the Market square. A large assembly gathered, among whom was my friend, whom I will call Horsman for shortness, having an eye to business. The horse (an entire, so called) was a picture to look at—symmetrical body, fine limbs and graceful action, all of which were set of to great advantage by his owner, who kept him in perpetual motion, moving him round in a circle to keep up his warmth and make his coat shine. As soon as put up Horsman sailed in for a bid. He never saw a handsomer or finer animal in all his life, and was determined to be the possessor or die in the attempt. After much bidding all round the horse was finally knocked down to Horsman at \$150. The animal had not long been in his possession when Horsman discovered that he had some weak points, such as being spavined and having a faculty for chewing his bit, backing out of his stall after breaking his halter, running away

street the animal went at the top of his speed, tearing all before him, and into Prince William street, scattering people right and left. While this was going on, or rather while the horse was going on, the overturned bevy of friends were picking themselves up at their leisure, and wondering where the horse went, or would finally bring up. At all events, he was caught somewhere near Reed's Point, and restored to its owner.

This trick was repeated on several subsequent occasions. Horsman's friends at last told him that the trouble with the horse was that he was too highly fed, therefore too spirited, and that he ought to deduct about one-half of his oats at a meal, and reduce his hay in proportion. A happy suggestion thought H., especially as he was always known to be a great economist, and therefore would be able to save something. He did not only take this wholesome advice, but some of his friends were uncharitable enough to assert that he resorted to the plan adopted by Moses, son of the Vicar of Wakefield, who put green spectacles upon his father's horse when out of hay, and turned him into a heap of shavings, thus deceiving the animal into the belief that he had before him a fine mess of green fodder. But all H's plans failed, and so at length he thought the next best thing would be to get rid of his horse if possible—sell him to some one else, in order that said some one else might enjoy the pleasure of fast riding. Now, H. had a small farm some miles out of the city, whither he repaired with his family for weeks at a time, for the benefit of his health, during the summer months. Perhaps he might be able to swap horses with some countryman as wise as himself in such

breaking and something might be done in the way of an exchange—for he was bound to get rid of his splendid runaway for the mischief he had already done, and the constant danger he was to his family should he attempt to harness him again; and now it was H's turn to bluff his neighbour by asking him if he was crazy, and sundry other odd questions; but finally it all ended in the swap being consummated, and the ten dollars boot handed over by H. to S. Each animal was soon after led off in opposite directions to those from whence they came.

Well, my dear, said H. to his wife that night, we are all right now. If we have not full speed (dank that brute—it makes me shudder every time I think of him), we have safety, and we and the children can now ride out with comfort. No doubt Twisel also had something to say to his wife that same night and in another key, in admiration upon his horse and questionable qualities.

Next morning H. was up betimes and into the stable to discover all the fine points in his new exchange, and when he returned to breakfast he informed his wife that he had the best of the bargain, notwithstanding Twisel had roped ten dollars out of him "to boot." He was quite sure the boot was on the right foot this time, and no broken bones were to be apprehended in future. In order to catch the railway train on its way downward to St. John at ten o'clock, local time, H. harnessed his new horse: the distance between his barn and the station was about three quarters of a mile. By moderate driving he would be on time in a quarter of an hour. "Away went Gilpin neck or naught"—not quite so fast, however; off he started in splendid order, but just as he arrived at the stile gate open-

is something in retributive justice after all—and that revenge is sweet under peculiar circumstances, not of ethical acceptance however.

While H. and his family were seated at dinner on a subsequent afternoon, Farmer Flame came rushing into the room in great trepidation, so full of utterance that he could scarcely articulate, but it was quite evident to H. and his wife—who both dropped their knives and forks together as if by one impulse—that there was something up more than common, or Flame would not open his mouth so wide, or tremble as he did from excitement. The first ejaculation that crystallised upon Flame's lips was, "Twisel and his wife are both killed. They were in their wagon this morning going to town with a load of turnips and potatoes, and just as they reached the brow of the hill near Nauwigawank, their horse, a splendid black, made a dash for the railroad track, tumbled both of them into the ditch, smashed the wagon, and so mixed up the cargo, that potatoes and turnips all looked alike." At this juncture in the narrative a wicked smile found expression upon H's visage, while Mrs. H., being more tender-hearted than "John," as she generally called him, sighed most pathetically. As the first of a story is always an exaggeration, so it turned out in this case—for it was learned afterwards that nobody was killed, but that Twisel and his wife, like their produce, got a tremendous shaking up, while their wagon was considerably knocked out of shape, so much so as to involve the price of a new one.

But the moral of it all was that H. had his revenge; and he did not know but after all he had the best of the bargain, smart a man as Twisel thought himself.



PRIVILEGED CHARACTERS.

with his carriage when he had a good chance, and sundry other imperfections in his character, physically and mentally. Besides all this, H. learned that the owner of said horse had been hawking him about town and in the livery stables for some days previous to his getting into Mr. Hubbard's hands, to find a purchaser, without avail. The price fixed was \$100 only, not what he afterwards brought at auction—\$150. Horsman found he was in for it—that he did not know as much about horse flesh as he thought he did—and like a true Philosopher he made up his mind that as he had been stuck for a bad bargain he would submit meekly to the inevitable. How interesting all this must have been to the original owner, getting \$50 more than he valued his property.

One day shortly after this H. thought he would take a sleigh ride through the streets of St. John, and at the same time astonish his friends with his fine turnout, a spanking trotter and robes of Siberian grandeur, with ribbons and bindings to match, while the harness, silver mounted, was all in keeping and worthy of Horsman's plethoric pocket-book. Nor did the owner ride alone. He had on board two bon vivants, friends of his who always stuck closer to him than to a brother, for the simple reason that H. seldom went abroad without money, while they were always hard up. On rounding the old Commercial hotel corner, a large wooden building then standing on the northern corner of King and Charlotte streets, kept by Mr. Fellows, Beaucephelus (called after Alexander the Great's nag) took it into his head to bolt—the thought and the action went together—and in doing so the sleigh and its contents overturned, all more or less damaged—down King

speculations. One day a neighbor, who said he felt quite interested in H., informed him that Farmer Twisel (we might as well call him by that name) had a nag of rare quality, a first rate family beast, but not quite fast enough for going to town, so as to enable him to take a wagon load of produce to market and return the same day—that was the only fault, quoth H's pretended friend, but who, it will be seen presently, was trying to drive a bargain for Twisel, who no doubt was to receive a commission for his intervention and trying to get the better of H. Well, said H., how fortunate! My horse, if anything, is a little too fast, and my wife would prefer a horse she can easily manage, instead of one too hard to hold; and I am quite sure Twisel's horse and mine would answer admirably by reversing the owners. Suppose you ask him to bring his over in the morning when and where he can see mine? Accordingly next day Twisel and his nag appeared upon the scene, the two owners no doubt having done their utmost during the early morning to polish up their respective properties and make them appear to advantage in the market sense. Both owners were pleased at sight. The slow horse and the fast one filled the eyes of each of the intending bargainers, and each had his price. H., however, considered his the best of the two, while the other had his own opinions, equally selfish. H's price was \$120; for see what a handsome animal. Prince Albert would not be ashamed to ride behind such a critter. Well, said Twisel, it is no use wasting time, but I'll give you my ultimatum (no one could ever find out from that day to this where he picked up the word), I'll let you have Tom for yours, if you'll give me ten dollars to boot—neither more nor less. H. now saw the day

ing out into the highway, the new, or rather old nag made a dead halt, evidently with his mind made up to go no further. Whipping and coaxing were alike unavailing. Soon the whole family and several of the neighbors were upon the ground, all doing their utmost to remind the animal that unless he started off he would not be in time for the train, then nearly due, but all to no purpose. The horse had his own opinion. Having some of the Bourbon blood in him, he had all the Bourbon stubbornness, and though other horses might go ahead, as for his part he would stand just where he was, or go behind if they didn't like it. The fact of the matter was he was what is called a "balky horse"—apt to stop at any time upon the road when you least expect it. And so H. made up his mind that he was again stuck and outwitted by Twisel and his go-between, the neighbor who so blandly used his kind offices in bringing about the swap. Thus, from being the possessor of an overzealous animal disposed to run away with him, he had now got hold of one that would not go at all, so that he was as badly off as the ancient Mediterranean mariner who with so much difficulty steered his shallow between Scilla and Charybdis—or more colloquially speaking, he found himself between the horns of a dilemma, a run-away and a stand-still. It is needless to say that H. lost his passage that day, since he failed to connect. The horse was turned about and driven into his stable, while H. retired to the bosom of his family, there to ruminate upon his ill luck in horse flesh, and the troubles of the world in general. Worse than all that Twisel and the farmers all about would have the laugh upon him. But we now come to another stage in this eventful story, which will show that there

When the two gentlemen met some time after this, neither uttered a word about the recent contre-temps, or mishap—both were perfectly innocent that either had any disappointing story to tell about the wearing of the exchanged properties. But when about to part one asked the other how he liked his horse; the reply was, "very well—he is a little fast to be sure—how do you like my old one?" "First rate—he is a little slow, but it is better to be sure than sorry"; whereupon the friends parted in apparent good humor, but no doubt there wasn't much amiability of temper between them. Whatever became of the black horse I was never able to learn, but the balky one turned into an elephant in the hands of his owner, for he could do nothing with him. He was stubborn in the plough and the cart as he was in the wagon—in short, could not be made to go, notwithstanding his good feed. When the summer was ended and time to return to town, the next trouble with our friend was how to get rid of the brute. On arriving in St. John he placed him in the hands of our friend Hubbard, who knocked him down at auction on the Market square to a cartman for two dollars, which amount pleased H. very much—for he thought at one time he would have to take him out on the flats and shoot him—but then our friend John Sears, President of the S. P. C. A., might have been after him with a pointer—a prospect which Horsman didn't very much covet.

AN OLD TIMER.
The great popularity of Ayer's Pills as a cathartic is due no less to their promptness and efficacy than to their coating of sugar and freedom from any injurious effects. Children take them readily. See Ayer's Almanac for this year, just out.—Adv.

Notice to the Public.

JUST THROUGH STOCK-TAKING.

My immense stock of WINTER CLOTHING at a great sacrifice sale, consisting of ULSTERS, OVERCOATS, REEFERS, SUITS, COATS, PANTS, VESTS, etc.

500 pairs All-Wool SCOTCH TWEED PANTS, worth \$4.00, will be sold at \$2.25 to clear.

The balance of WINTER UNDERWEAR at greatly reduced price. A fine line of OVERCOATINGS, SUITINGS and PANTINGS, which we will make up in First-class style; low for Cash. SALE FOR 30 DAYS ONLY.

T. YOUNGCLAUS, Wholesale and Retail - - - - - 51 CHARLOTTE STREET

BEAUTIFY YOUR HOMES!



A COAT OF PAINT WILL COVER A MULTITUDE OF FAULTS.

HOUSE OWNERS will get rents sooner for it. Housewives will be happier for living in harmony—of color. And when you decide to have the exterior and interior of your home neat and handsome, get estimates of cost from A.G. STAPLES, Plain and Decorative Painter, 175 Charlotte street. He will do the work as well and as reasonable as any other.

Ladies who read this should remember that a room has to be made ready with the painter's skill and brush before it is fit for elegant furniture. Have one beautiful room, at least, in your house. Give it over to the painter for a little while and you will not regret it. MR. STAPLES makes a specialty of interior decoration. Call on him and get his ideas.

THE NEW CROCKERY STORE, 94 KING STREET.

China Tea Sets.

I have just received and am now showing the FINEST assortment of CHINA TEA SETS ever offered in this City.

Prices as Low as ever. C. MASTERS.

KERR'S Confectionery.

New and Specially Fine CHOCOLATES, CREAMS & CARAMELS CARNIVAL MIXTURE.

Cream Chips, over 7,000 packages sold within the last few months.

ASSORTED FRUIT AND LIME FRUIT TABLETS.

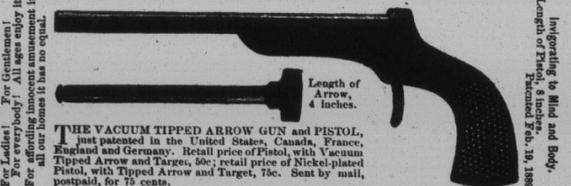
70 KING STREET, 28 DOCK STREET, Opposite VICTORIA HOTEL, Opposite BARRY & McLAUGHLIN'S.

CLARKE, KERR & THORNE, 60 Prince William Street.

Kindly remember us when you are selecting your purchases. We have a very varied stock, at prices to suit all, of FANCY GOODS, CUTLERY, PLATED WARE.

We invite you to call and see our stock. 60 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

THE HARMLESS PISTOL.



THE VACUUM TIPPED ARROW GUN AND PISTOL, just patented in the United States, Canada, France, England and Germany. Retail price of Pistol, with Vacuum Tipped Arrow and Target, 50c; retail price of Nickel-plated Pistol, with Tipped Arrow and Target, 75c. Sent by mail, postpaid, for 15 cents.

For sale by all dealers in Toys, Fancy Goods and Notions throughout the country. If any one desires to purchase this novelty, and your local dealer does not have it, address the Sole Agent.

D. J. JENNINGS, Wholesale and Retail, 167 Union Street, St. John, N. B.

Advertisement for PROGRESS ENGRAVING BUREAU, featuring decorative borders and text: PORTRAIT BUILDINGS, ADVERTISEMENTS, AND CATALOGUE WORKS, DRAWN, DESIGNED & ENGRAVED, ST. JOHN, N.B. SAMPLES & PRICES FURNISHED, CHEERFULLY.

The Following Goods Just Opened

are offered at the very Lowest Prices for Cash only, at PITTS' DRY GOODS STORE, 179 UNION STREET 179.

GREY FLANNELS, from 12c. per yard; WHITE AND UNBLEACHED SWANSDOWNS; CRETONNES AND TURKEY FURNITURE COTTONS; TICKINGS, COLORED GANTON FLANNELS; BLACK AND WHITE and MEDIUM GREY CAMBRICS; FANCY REVERSIBLE ENGLISH CAMBRICS; DRESS GOODS, CORSETS, RIBBONS; LADIES' and CHILDREN'S CASHMERE HOSIERY; also, HEAVY MAKE ALL-WOOL HOSE; BLACK AND COLORED MITTS, etc., etc.

Other Goods to arrive in a few days will be announced when opened.

IN AN OLD CHURCH
In one of England's sweetest
A little old grey church
Around it lies—dear
God's garden with its
With myrtle arms the ivy
Its three-worn walls
So memory sometimes
Half veiled in tender mist
With sleepy willow and
The tower, bird-haunt
In leafy seas they dip
Those tiny warblers, all
Like scabbles grown hoar
Did fill with song
That softly sweet—green
That will not break though
"Concerning their
In this sweet hamlet of
In broken sentences I
The record those old tables
Each told its tale, for hatching
A voice whose echoes
Adown the ages Rachel's
Still rings o'er some God-g
Mine eyes, ne'er prodigal
Did fill with song
And down the glory of
O'er those who slept two h

PLAYING WITH

"Well, Lee, going to this summer?" "Catskill I know myself."
"Not? Why, Nell is going."
"Yes, but I am tired—"
"The past six months to let me I've decided to go away."
"And desert your wife!"
"The strangest thing—the world is going to an end when you are apart for two whole months!"
"You going?"
"Down to Ardale—pre-"
"commended by my cousin girls she says. I have engaged a widow who has two sons liberty to pay court to all in the neighborhood. I love to one, especially, who just raves over—and wants love with her."
"Tell me the fair danc's can give Nell a few pointers can't raise jealousy enough's breast to make the miserable!"
"No," laughing and shaking her head. "You must not do that, all objection to telling you the name. It is Celia Brown in that locality?"
"No, I'm not acquainted. Say, if you do decide to get a fellow know. Don't let the girl's heart, though. The coming up the street; he tired, doesn't he?"
The two young men who ingly holding the above walked off to meet their friends, noticed that a few yards from carriage in which sat a young it was, and that young lady than the Celia Brown under. She did not intend to list impossible to keep from when she has heard she is it. To describe her feeling possible. She is so taken moment that she seems thought. Then slowly a mounts her cheek, and the eyes bodes no good to the boldly declared his intention love to her—a man already. "So that is Lee Rodger whom Lelia is constantly And it's the dearest wish of we might fall in love and woefully mistaken she is in 'cidedly nice looking, and it seemed impossible that he false as his own words showed but now I know him—"
She is cut off in her reflection's asking her what else before they return to the hotel not feel in the mood for any and so she tells her aunt. A homeward drive she is in says nothing of the conversation overheard to Mrs. Cator. I is busy trying to decide what sue.
"It would never do to offer no reasonable ex- treat him coldly, taking no him? If I do that he will fill other girls, and probably break hearts. They ought to be what right have I to say anything. In this wise run her thought at quite a loss to decide whether pursue. At last she thinks to save mischief, take him in He is coming to Ardale pre- make love to me. Why not my devoted slave, and thus give girls a chance. I must do it necessary, expose his perfidy. If not it will serve to teach him least. Playing with fire— could ever feel anything but such a wretch! Well, it's worth about anyway."
And think about it she decides to adopt the plan—to girls' heartaches and teach him. She feels greatly disappointed for she had woven quite a romance around this young man's head like to take him from his bride. She thinks it best to say tells her aunt she must have sweet dresses for the capture cousin." She knows just what and although they do not cost dollars, when she puts them on prettiest things imaginable, an pretty, either.
"She is neither too tall nor neither too fat nor too lean, a look at her face would feel look again unless he receive glance from her eyes. They are indescribable, but great power depths. She does not often over men, because she realizes can do, and this is a heroine of min coquette. Her features are from her complexion good. And a hair—but that I believe is quite Two weeks pass away, and day arrives when Leigh Rodger appearance in Ardale. He is gray suit, and swings along,

THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

Wide Awake for January opens with a beautiful poem by Mrs. Cavazza, a Milanese legend, "The Ballata of the Blackbird." Mrs. Kate Upson Clark follows with the true Revolutionary War tale of "Peggy's Bullet." Mrs. General Fremont tells a capital story too, in "The Deck-Hand." A remarkably successful fanciful story by Delia Lyman, "Polly's Visit to the Book-Kitchen," has many fantastic pictures by Bridgman, who also furnishes the second of his series, "The Puk-Wudjies," exploits of the Indian brownies. Grace Dean McLeod gives a romantic historical story of early Canada, "An Incident of the Siege of Louisbourg"—a folk-tale gathered from the Micmacs. The second chapter of Alexander Black's "Confessions of an Amateur Photographer" is enjoyable reading and has some very taking pictures. Mrs. Clara Doty Bates follows it with some amusing verse, "Photographing the Baby," and the photograph is given. In "Sampo Lappelli" readers have the most beautiful story written by Zacharias Topelius. Among the serial stories, "Gid Granger," by W. O. Stoddard, is an exciting account of the exploits of a boy on the home farm; "The sons of the Vikings," by Boyesen, relates the pranks of some youngsters in Norway; "Wednesday the Tenth," by Grant Allen, ought to satisfy the most insatiable appetite for adventure. Lieut. Hamilton tells the boys how to fight a snow battle. Mrs. White's "Business Openings for Girls" is worth special attention. Wide Awake is \$2.40 a year. D. Lothrop Company, Boston, publishers.

Notes and Announcements. In the Transatlantic for January 15 the following authors are represented: Jules Simon, one of the Forty Immortals; Carl Vogt, the celebrated German biologist; George Brandes, among the foremost of Scandinavian critics; Alexandre Dumas, Guy de Maupassant, the acknowledged master in the difficult art of telling a short story; the late Emile Augier; Henry Maret and Tony Revillon; Henrik Ibsen, the reigning sensation of the entire literary world; Felix Pyat, whose "Rag-picker of Paris" was perhaps the greatest success that the French stage has known; and Charles Gounod, in the front rank of the musical composers of this epoch. The star paper of the number is Jules Simon's new preface to Balzac's "Chouans," which the Transatlantic prints from advance sheets for the first time in America, and in which the merits of the Dickens of France are analyzed in a masterly manner. [38 Washington street, Boston. \$2.00 a year.]

ONE OF MONCTON'S CLUBS. The Members Own Fine Dogs and are Exceedingly Exclusive. I wonder if I ever mentioned that Moncton has a club? I mean a regular club, such as they have in London and—ah—Halifax—and such places; where the golden youth of the town, and also the silver middle age, congregate to smoke cigars, play poker, irrigate their thirsty throats with the best of cognac and old rye, and have a quiet and enjoyable time generally? Well, if I did not I will give it honorable mention now.

I think it is called the "City Club," but I will not be sure, because I don't belong to it myself, and it is unlikely that I ever shall. Literature—capital "L," please—does not, I regret to say, occupy the proud position which is its due in our town, and I greatly fear that among the naughty ones of the earth who belong to the "City Club" the newspaper correspondent is classed in the same genus as the shy and retiring book agent. For I have it on excellent authority that nothing below the rank of a bank clerk is admitted to membership; and I am of too sensitive a disposition to face the possibility of a black ball, even if I had any friend in the institution sufficiently hardy to propose me.

This by way of introduction. Several of the members of this exclusive club are the proud possessors of very fine dogs; and although the names of the latter are not to be found on the club register, if regular attendance constitutes membership, these honest fellows are entitled to pay their yearly dues, as well as their masters, except that they don't contribute to swell the size of the bills for "liquors and cigars."

First on the list, in point of size, comes "Peter" Cooke, a noble specimen of a native Newfoundlander, and so patriotic still, in spite of his exile from the land of his birth, that he has been known to stand in front of Hotel Brunswick on a gala day, when the stars and stripes were flying from the flagstaff of that truly cosmopolitan establishment, and bark himself nearly off his sturdy legs at the American ensign, under the impression that the great building was a Yankee fishing boat, lying in wait to poach codfish, or at least bait, from his own beloved "Banks of Newfoundland."

I am sorry to say that Peter has other characteristics besides his antipathy to American fishermen. He is given to imitating the human race a little too closely, and on one memorable night last winter he stayed behind the other members of the club, got locked into the club room, and went off on a most disgraceful "time." He lugged out tumblers and chewed corks, till he was too much intoxicated to associate

with any self-respecting pup in town. Then he ate up all the cigar stubs he could find, and, sore and dejected, he cornered the carpet, where a bottle of the finest Jamaica had recently been spilled, and after smashing everything he could reach, and even tearing down the window blinds, he wound up his debauch by taking a header through one of the front windows, landing unhurt in the sidewalk below and staggering off home, barking vociferously to the tune of "We won't go home till morning."

Next comes another handsome Newfoundland, the property of Mr. W. H. Murray. I have not the honor of his acquaintance, so I don't know his name. "Buff" Archibald, the well-known "Gaunt" and "Jerry," and "Con" Price finish the list. And thereby hangs a tale. Not so very long ago, a young bank man, a stranger, was proposed as a member by a friend, and being accepted, he arrived to take possession of his new honors. Now, the first sight that met his unaccustomed eyes on entering the room was a vision of many dogs. "Buff," "Peter," "Jerry" and company were disposed in various unconventional and deplorable attitudes about the floor, with a freedom and ease of deportment that showed them to be regular habitués of the place.

The new comer paused in the doorway, screwed his glass into his eye, gasped, and finding his voice at last, ejaculated, "Be Jove, I—I—shan't go in, ye know; I didn't know I was being invited to join a blawsted, ah—kennel—ye know." ***

DINNER VERSUS HIS SERMON.

How a Good Clergyman Shortened His Service and Was in Time For Dinner. When the present century was some twenty-five years younger than it is now, there dwelt in a village not a hundred miles from the upper St. John, a fine old parson of the old school, one who dearly loved the sound of his own voice rolling sonorously forth in the final clause of "sixthly," but who loved a good dinner with a still more deeply rooted and tender affection. Now, in the natural course of events it sometimes happened that the spirit and the flesh warred against each other, and interfered considerably with each other's comfort, and on one notable occasion they got the good parson into trouble.

It was a particularly warm and drowsy summer morning and the worthy minister had been invited to dine with a wealthy parishioner, who was equally celebrated for his excellent dinners and his rigid punctuality about the serving of them. No guest had ever yet been found who was considered of sufficient importance to delay the sacred meal; if he was not on time, the dinner was, so he was the loser.

On this especial Sunday the parson had an extra good sermon prepared. It was of unusual length and force, and it fairly bristled with Johnsonian periods and masterly arguments, and was far too excellent to have its effect destroyed by a hasty delivery. And yet to get comfortably through the service and walk the half mile that stretched between the church and his prospective dinner so as to reach the latter by one, sharp, dreadfully sharp tooth-necessitated the shortening up of something in the service, so the parson was in a quandary. He dared not leave out the Litany, and he could not leave out any of the prayers, but he decided to economize as much as possible on the lessons.

As fate would have it, the first lesson was taken from the 3rd Chapter of the book of Daniel, which, as everybody who has ever read it knows, is rather a long winded chapter and greatly given to vain repetitions in describing the iniquity of three stiff-necked Jews, known to history as Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, who contemptuously refused to bow down and worship the golden calf set up by the King Nebuchadnezzar, what time they heard the sound of the flute, harp, sackbut, etc.; and the verse enumerating the various instruments of which the king's band was composed is repeated no less than four times, it grows a little monotonous to the secular mind, so our good minister read it manfully three, but time pressed, and when he came to the fourth repetition he—vehemently speaking—kicked, for his dinner seemed vanishing like a beautiful dream, and this is the way he rendered the 15th verse:

"Now if ye be ready, when the gentlemen of the land perform as before, ye fall down and worship, etc., well. But if ye worship not ye shall be cast in the same hour into a burning fiery furnace."

A few of the congregation were moved to unseemly and unseasonable laughter, but the majority were scandalized to such a degree that the elders called a meeting during the ensuing week, and solemnly rebuked the parson for introducing unmeaning abbreviations into the word of God, and thereby scandalizing the congregation. But the minister bore the reprimand with equanimity, for he considered the dinner well worth the price he had paid for it.

GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

Pimples, postules, rash, eczema, all humors and all diseases of the skin, piles, ulcers, sores and wounds, chapped hands, roughness of the skin, are quickly healed and cured by the use of Baird's French Ointment. Sold by all dealers.—Advt.

A quiet staying party: "Jack the Ripper."—Life.

Out at Sea.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

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

ST. STEPHEN.

[Progress is for sale in St. Stephen at the book-stores of C. H. Smith & Co. and G. S. Wall.]

JAN. 15.—Mayor Grimmer entertained several of his gentlemen friends at supper, at his residence, on Friday evening.

Miss Anne King, of Calais, has returned from Chicago, after an extended visit of some weeks.

Mrs. A. Grimmer is spending a few days in St. John, with her daughter, Mrs. G. D. Grimmer. Mrs. Frank Tucker, of Boston, Mass., is the guest of Mrs. E. Murchie.

Mr. F. W. Andrews returned from Boston on Monday.

Mr. J. L. Thompson, of the Frontier Steamboat company, has been suffering this week from a grippe.

Going to the illness of the Rev. E. W. Waddell, the Methodist church was closed on Sunday morning.

Miss Mabel Burns went to Boston this week, to continue her musical studies.

Miss Cora A. Alexander, a few of her young friends with what this evening.

Mr. John D. Chipman is visiting St. John this week.

Mrs. J. E. Murchie gave invitations to a number of young people to a snow-shoe tramp in the country on Sunday morning.

The rain storm prevented the tramp, and all the guests were obliged to remain at Mrs. Murchie's residence, where they enjoyed dancing and a very pleasant evening.

Miss Mabel Burns has returned to St. John to resume her studies.

Mr. D. W. Brown, C. E., arrived from Dexter, Maine, on Sunday morning.

Mr. C. N. Vroom is making a visit in Fredericton.

Mr. F. A. Grimmer, who has been suffering from a severe cold, is expected to continue her stay in St. John.

Mr. Sylvanus Murchie, of Batavia, Ill., recently returned to St. John on Monday, to continue her studies at the convent.

Hon. James Mitchell and Mrs. Mitchell leave tomorrow for Fredericton, where they will spend a few days.

The young ladies of the "Y" society, with Miss Grace Casey as president, have succeeded in establishing a reading room. All the latest papers and magazines will be found there, and the young ladies hope their efforts will be rewarded by seeing the room filled every evening with boys and young men who are tempted to visit bar rooms and saloons.

Coffee is also provided for refreshment for those who visit the room.

Mrs. A. McNichol, of Calais, is very ill with pneumonia. Mr. McNichol, who has been attending court in Machias, was summoned home, arriving yesterday.

The ladies whist club meets this evening at the residence of Mrs. James Mitchell.

DORCHESTER.

[Progress is for sale in Dorchester at George M. Fairweather's store.]

JAN. 15.—The January session of the Westmoreland county council which opened here last Tuesday, had the effect of putting new life into our usually quiet place.

An order was passed for a new jail and residence to be built of brick and cost about \$12,000. This news has greatly cheered the people, who at one time feared Moncton would get it as well.

The convention on Wednesday in opposition both to the coalition ticket and to the present government drew a large number here, and the Court House square wore the appearance of an election day.

There are wild times ahead, it is said, but I hear the best and most palatable preparation of its kind. Children will readily take it when refusing other Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil.

Yours very truly, L. N. BOURQUE, M. D.

Ask your druggist for Estey's Cod Liver Oil Cream. Take no other. Price 50c. per bottle, or 6 bottles for \$2.50. Prepared only by E. M. ESTEY, Pharmacist, Moncton, N. B.

Miss Nealie Robinson, who has been spending a few days with Lady Smith, returned home last week.

Mr. H. R. Emmons has been in Albert county for over a week, attending to business connected with the coming election.

Mr. William Backhouse, who has been confined to the house so long, hopes to be out in a few days.

Mr. W. J. G. Gilbert is again confined to his bed.

Miss Annie Foster returned from her visit to Halifax last week.

La grippe is making the rounds in Dorchester. It has attacked the penitentiary and 30 of the convicts, as well as some of the staff, are ill with it.

Mr. J. P. Campbell, who is expected home from Newcastle this week.

Mr. J. B. Reed's many friends will be glad to hear that he will leave Cape Breton for Dorchester, this week.

F. Teed, M. D., proposes taking a trip to South America very soon. He is a very agreeable and as speedy as the wind.

He will be much missed, as he will address a meeting at the Opera House, Moncton, this evening, in the interests of his friends.

Rumor says that a young lady, who up to the present time has made Dorchester her home but is now residing in Boston, will be married in Moncton this coming June.

Mr. H. C. Hanington spent Sunday and Monday here.

AMHERST, N. S.

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

JAN. 15.—Miss May Brown has returned from a most enjoyable four months visit in Charlotte-toun.

Miss Blanche Tremaine, of Truro, is visiting her brother, Mr. Harry Tremaine, and Mrs. Tremaine.

HAROLD GILBERT.

SPRING, 1890.

For months I have been prepared for an immense Spring trade, and my intention is to make my stock the most attractive in price, variety, and value, of any that has preceded it. To do this I plainly understand that I must offer only FIRST-CLASS GOODS made by the most RELIABLE MANUFACTURERS, and at prices that will SPEAK MORE FORCIBLY than any comments I can make.

The details of each department have been carefully studied, and prices brought down to a very fine point. Nearly all my Spring stock will arrive during February when inspection and comparison will show you MOST PLAINLY that my values cannot be beaten. I have rearranged the departments in my Warehouse to enable me to serve my customers better, and give all an opportunity of inspecting my stock whether purchasing or not.

BEDROOM FURNITURE, first floor main building; Brussels, Wilton and Axminster Carpets; 2nd floor from main building; Wool, Union, and Hemp Carpets, Mattings and Art Squares; 2nd floor, back main building; Tapestry Carpets, Rugs and Door Mats, first floor new building in rear.

OILCLOTHS and LINOLEUMS, in basement—patterns shown in rear of first floor, main building. Curtains, Curtain Poles and Draperies, second floor of new building. Parlor Suits, second floor, new building. Rattan Furniture, Baby Carriages, Fancy Tables, etc., first floor, new building.

HAROLD GILBERT, 54 King Street.

"MY PATIENTS Have Always Been Benefitted by ITS USE."

MONCTON, Dec. 6, 1887. E. M. ESTEY, Pharmacist: Dear Sir,—For the past two or three years I have prescribed your Cod Liver Oil Cream in my practice, and have much pleasure in stating that my patients have always been benefitted by its use. I consider it the best and most palatable preparation of its kind. Children will readily take it when refusing other Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil.

Yours very truly, L. N. BOURQUE, M. D.

Ask your druggist for Estey's Cod Liver Oil Cream. Take no other. Price 50c. per bottle, or 6 bottles for \$2.50. Prepared only by E. M. ESTEY, Pharmacist, Moncton, N. B.

Assorting Season! SEASONABLE GOODS IN STOCK.

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

Also: A Number of Clearing Lines very Low. TO ARRIVE: NEW SHAPES, BLK. PLUSHES

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

The Sun. FOR 1890.

Some people agree with THE SUN'S opinions about men and things, and some people don't; but everybody likes to get hold of the newspaper which is never dull and never afraid to speak its mind. Democrats know that for twenty years THE SUN has fought in the front line for Democratic principles, never wavering or weakening in its loyalty to the true interests of the party it serves with fearless intelligence and disinterested vigor. At times opinions have differed as to the best means of accomplishing the common purpose; it is not THE SUN'S fault if it has seen further into the millstone.

Eighteen hundred and ninety is the year that will probably determine the result of the Presidential election of 1892, and perhaps the fortunes of the Democracy for the rest of the century. Victory in 1892 is a duty, and the beginning of 1890 is the best time to start out in company with THE SUN.

Daily, per month, \$ 50
Daily, per year, 6.00
Sunday, per year, 2.00
Daily and Sunday, per year, 8.00
Daily and Sunday, per month, 7.00
Weekly Sun, one year, 1.00

Address THE SUN, New York.

GROCERS. New Year's Groceries.

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

Corner Union and Waterloo Streets, and Corner Mill and Pond Streets, BONNELL & COWAN, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Fine Groceries AND FRUITS.

Teas and Sugars a specialty. 200 UNION STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B. BONNELL'S EXTRA LIME.

Flour and Feed Store. Wheat, Flour, Buckwheat, RYE, CORN, OATS, BRAN, SHORTS, From the best mills. Always on hand.

R. & F. S. FINLEY, Sydney Street. OYSTERS FOR CHRISTMAS WEEK

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

NEW YEAR'S GOODS. A FULL LINE OF Plush and Leather Goods

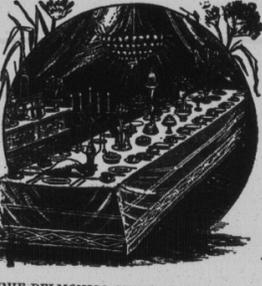
with Oxidized, Silver and Celluloid Fittings. DRESSING CASES, ODOR CASES; MANICURE SETS, COLLAR and CUFF BOXES; WORK BOXES in every variety, at THOS. A. CROCKETT'S, 162 PRINCESS ST.

A nice lot of PERFUMES, in Fancy Boxes, suitable for PRESENTS. JAMES S. MAY, W. ROBERT MAY, Merchant Tailors, DOMVILLE BUILDING, P. O. Box 303. ST. JOHN, N. B.

Stock always complete in the latest designs suitable for first-class trade. Prices subject to 10 per cent. discount for cash. GENERAL AGENCY FOR THE Province of New Brunswick OF The Commercial Union Assurance Co. (Limited), OF LONDON, and Phoenix Insurance Co., of Brooklyn, A. C. FAIRWEATHER, CHAS. J. TOMNEY, Barrister-at-Law, General Agent. Sub-Agent. BARNHILL'S BUILDING, ST. JOHN, N. B.

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

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



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

Open from 9 a. m. to 1 a. m. Sundays, 5 p. m. till midnight. W. A. SHEPARD, Manager.

Shorthand. LADIES and GENTLEMEN desirous of obtaining a thorough knowledge of shorthand and of a business amanuensis, should enter for our evening courses—in session every evening (Saturdays excepted), 7 to 9. Apply to HARRY PEPPER, Conductor of Shorthand Department, St. John Business College and Shorthand Institute

French Clocks. 8 CASES RECEIVED TOO LATE FOR HOLIDAY TRADE.

Will Offer This Month at a Large Discount. FERGUSON & PAGE, 43 KING STREET. 102nd Year.

COLLEGIATE SCHOOL, WINDSOR, N. S. Lent Term Begins on January 10th.

FULL STAFF AND EQUIPMENT. Circulars given full information on application to THE HEAD MASTER.

A. & J. HAY, DEALERS IN—Diamonds, Fine Jewelry, American Watches, French Clocks, Optical Goods, Etc. JEWELRY MADE TO ORDER and REPAIRED 76 KING STREET.

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

ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS.

A RECORD OF OLD.

THE STORY TOLD BY OLD LOYALIST WOMEN.

The Diary of Sarah Frost, written the ship "Two Sisters," during the late war, and published by the Rev. J. J. Johnson, of St. John's River, New Brunswick, A. D. 1783.

Monday, June 9.—Our world children, all come on board this morning, and there is great confusion in the bear with it pretty well through but as it grows towards night cries in one place and one whilst we are getting them to sometimes I shall be crazy. Many of them, if they were as soon there would be a great no. I stay on deck tonight eleven o'clock, and now I think down and retire for the night to a place to sleep.

Tuesday June 10.—I got up being able to sleep the whole noise of the children. The very high. My little girl has sick all day, but grows better evening.

Wednesday, June 11.—We anchor in the North River about this morning, and sailed as far as Island, where we came to anchor on shore with Mr. Goreham and Mr. Raymond and his wife and two children. We picked some berries. We staid but a short the afternoon I went ashore again Frost and several others.

Thursday, June 12.—Nothing worth mentioning today. We thronged on board, I cannot about any work. It is comfort nobody.

Friday, June 13.—It is now after three in the morning. I have not been able to sleep for the am sitting in the entry-way of the write. It storms so I cannot go. My husband and children are still through the day I am obliged to berth, being quite ill.

Saturday, June 14.—I am a better this morning. My husband my breakfast, which I relish, still lying at Staten Island. We sail this morning.

Sunday, June 15.—Our people cross and quarrelsome today, but not differ with any one, if I can. At half-past twelve our ship is under way—I suppose for Nova Scotia hope for a good passage. Ah o'clock we come to anchor within of the lighthouse at Sandy Hook long we shall lie here I don't know hope not long. About six o'clock we had a terrible thunder storm hail stones fell as big as ounce About sunset there came another and it hailed faster than before. Frost went out and gathered up a of hail stones. Such an instance saw before on the 15th day of June.

Monday, June 16.—Off at last weighed anchor about half after five morning, with the wind north-west and it blows very fresh. We passed lighthouse about half after seven and have twelve ships belonging to our commodore's. Two later a signal was fired for the ship lie to for the Brigateer, which was lag behind, I believe on account of misfortune which happened to her day. At 9 a. m. we have a signal crowd sail. Again we are ordered to I don't know what it is for, Brigateer has come up. It is now o'clock, and we have again got under. The mate tells me they have been for a ship to come from New York she has overhauled us. We have no all our fleet together: we have two ships, two brigs, one frigate. The is our commodore's. The wind dies it is now three o'clock, and the fishing for mackerel. Mr. Mills caught the first one. I never saw one before. It is the handsomest ever beheld.

Tuesday, June 17.—The wind blew very fresh last night, about o'clock. About half after five we are miles from the lighthouse at Sandy Hook the wind southwest. They say fair wind for us. At half-past nine we are out of sight of land.

Wednesday, June 18.—Feel very this morning and go to work, but soon wind blows fresh, and I have to go back my berth. At noon we are an hour and ten miles from Sandy Hook, with wind very fair, at southwest. At half five we saw something floating on water. Some thought it a wreck; of said it was a dead whale. One of ships put about to see what it was. sunset we are one hundred and fifty on our way.

Thursday, June 19.—We are still east by south, with a fine breeze. sailed five miles an hour through the night and today we sail seven miles an hour chief part of the time. It is now at twelve o'clock. We have shifted course, and are now steering north-east. At two o'clock, Captain Brown told me, we are two hundred and fifty miles from Sandy Hook, on our passage to Nova Scotia, with the wind west-nor-west. six o'clock we saw a sail ahead. A crowded sail and put off from us, but

A RECORD OF OLD TIMES.

THE STORY TOLD BY ONE OF THE LOYALIST WOMEN.

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

Monday, June 9.—Our women, with their children, all came on board today, and there is great confusion in the cabin. We bear with it pretty well through the day, but as it grows towards night, one child cries in one place and one in another, whilst we are getting them to bed. I think sometimes I shall be crazy. There are so many of them, if they were as still as common there would be a great noise amongst them. I stay on deck tonight till high eleven o'clock, and now I think I will go down and retire for the night if I can find a place to sleep.

Tuesday, June 10.—I got up early, not being able to sleep the whole night for the noise of the children. The wind blows very high. My little girl has been very sick all day, but grows better towards evening.

Wednesday, June 11.—We weighed anchor in the North River about six o'clock this morning, and sailed as far as Staten Island, where we came to anchor. I went on shore with Mr. Goreham and his wife, and Mr. Raymond and his wife, and my two children. We picked some gooseberries. We staid but a short time. In the afternoon I went ashore again with Mr. Frost and several others.

Thursday, June 12.—Nothing seems to be worth mentioning today. We are so thronged on board, I cannot set myself about any work. It is comfortable for nobody.

Friday, June 13.—It is now about half after three in the morning. I have got up, not being able to sleep for the heat, and am sitting in the entry-way of the cabin to write. It storms so I cannot go on deck. My husband and children are still sleeping. Through the day I am obliged to lie in my berth, being quite ill.

Saturday, June 14.—I am something better this morning. My husband brings me my breakfast, which I relish. We are still lying at Staten Island. We expected to sail this morning.

Sunday, June 15.—Our people seem cross and quarrelsome today, but I will not differ with any one, if I can help it. At half-past twelve our ship is getting under way—I suppose for Nova Scotia. I hope for a good passage. About five o'clock we came to anchor within six miles of the lighthouse at Sandy Hook. How long we shall lie here I don't know, but I hope not long. About six o'clock this evening we had a terrible thunder storm, and hail stones fell as big as ounce balls. About sunset there came another shower, and it hailed faster than before. Mr. Frost went out and gathered up a mugful of hail stones. Such an instance I never saw before on the 15th day of June.

Monday, June 16.—Off at last! We weighed anchor about half five in the morning, with the wind north-west, and it blows very fresh. We passed the lighthouse about half after seven. We have twelve ships belonging to our fleet besides our commodore's. Two hours later a signal was fired for the ships all to lie to for the Bridgewater, which seems to lag behind, I believe on account of some misfortune which happened to her yesterday. At 9 a. m. we have a signal fired to crowd sail. Again we are ordered to lie to. I don't know what it is for, as the Bridgewater has come up. It is now two o'clock, and we have again got under way. The mate tells me they have been waiting for a ship to come from New York, and she has overhauled us. We have now got all our fleet together: we have thirteen ships, two brig, one frigate. The frigate is our commodore's. The wind dies away. It is now three o'clock, and the men are fishing for mackerel. Mr. Mills has caught the first one. I never saw a live one before. It is the handsomest fish I ever beheld.

Tuesday, June 17.—The wind began to blow very fresh last night, about eleven o'clock. About half after five we are sixty miles from the lighthouse at Sandy Hook, the wind southwest. They say that is a fair wind for us. At half-past nine we are out of sight of land.

Wednesday, June 18.—Feel very well this morning and go to work, but soon the wind blows fresh, and I have to go back to my berth. At noon we are an hundred and ten miles from Sandy Hook, with the wind very fair, at southwest. At half after five we saw something floating on the water. Some thought it a wreck; others said it was a dead whale. One of our ships put about to see what it was. At sunset we are one hundred and fifty miles on our way.

Thursday, June 19.—We are still steering east by south, with a fine breeze. We sailed five miles an hour through the night, and today we sail seven miles an hour the chief part of the time. It is now about twelve o'clock. We have shifted our course, and are now steering north by east. At two o'clock, Captain Brown tells me, we are two hundred and fifty miles from Sandy Hook, on our passage to Nova Scotia, with the wind west-nor-west. At six o'clock we saw a sail ahead. She crowded sail and put off from us, but our

frigate knew how to speak to her, for at half-past seven she gave the stranger a shot, which caused her to shorten sail and lie to for the frigate to come up. Our captain looked out with his spy-glass. He told me she was a rebel brig; he saw her thirteen stripes. She was steering to the westward. The wind blows so high this evening I am afraid to go to bed for fear of rolling out.

Friday, June 20.—At half after nine this morning our frigate fired to shift our course to north-north-east. We have still fine weather and a fair wind. Mr. Emslie, the mate, tells me we are at five in the afternoon, five hundred miles from Sandy Hook light. We now begin to see the fog come on, for that is natural to this place. At six our commodore fired for the ships ahead to lie to till those behind should come up with us. The fog comes on very thick this evening.

Saturday, June 21.—I rose at eight o'clock, and it was so foggy we could not see one ship belonging to our fleet. They rang their bells and fired guns all the morning to keep company with one another. About half after ten the fog went off, so that we saw the chief part of our fleet around us. At noon the fog came on again, so that we lost sight of them, but we could hear their bells all around us. This evening the captain showed us the map of the whole way we have come and the way we have still to go. He told us we were two hundred and forty miles from Nova Scotia at this time. It is so foggy we have lost all our company and are entirely alone.

Sunday, June 22.—This morning the fog is still dense. No ships in sight, nor any bells to be heard. Towards noon we heard some guns fired from our fleet, but could not tell in what quarter. The fog is so thick we cannot see ten rods, and the wind so ahead we have not made ten miles since yesterday noon.

Monday, June 23.—It grows brighter towards noon, and the fog disappears rapidly. This afternoon we can see several of our fleet, and one of our ships came close alongside of us. Mr. Emslie says we are an hundred and forty miles from land now. The wind becomes more favorable, the fog seems to leave us and the sun looks very pleasant. Mr. Whitney and his wife, Mr. Frost and myself have been diverting ourselves with a few games of crib.

Tuesday, June 24.—The sun appears very pleasant this morning. Ten ships are in sight. The fog comes on, and they all disappear. We have been nearly becalmed for three days. A light breeze enabled us to sail this evening two miles and a half an hour.

Wednesday, June 25.—Still foggy; the wind is fair, but we are obliged to lie to for the rest of the fleet. The commodore fires once an hour. The frigate is near us, and judging by the bells, we are not far from some of the other ships, but we can't see ten rods for the fog. We have *msales* very bad on board our ship.

Thursday, June 26.—This morning the sun appears very pleasant. The fog is gone to our great satisfaction. Ten of our ships are in sight. We are now nigh the banks of Cape Sable. At nine o'clock we begin to see land, at which we all rejoice. We have been nine days out of sight of land. At half after six we have twelve ships in sight. Our captain told me just now we should be in the Bay of Fundy before morning. He says it is about one day's sail after we get into the bay to Saint John's River. Oh, how I long to see that place, through a strange land. I am tired of being on board ship, though we have as kind a captain as ever need to live.

Friday, June 27.—I got up this morning very early to look out. I can see land on both sides of us. About ten o'clock we passed Annapolis; after that the wind all died away. Our people have got their lines out to catch codfish, and about half after five John Waterbury caught the first one for our ship.

Saturday, June 28.—Got up in the morning and found ourselves nigh to land on each side. It was up the river St. John's. At half after nine our captain fired a gun for a pilot; an hour later a pilot came on board, and at a quarter after one our ship anchored off against Fort Howe in St. John's River. Our people went on shore and brought on board spruce and gooseberries, and grass and pea vines with the blossoms on them, all of which grow wild here. They say this is to be our city. Our land is five and twenty miles up the river. We are to have here only a building place of forty feet in the front and a hundred feet back. Mr. Frost has now gone on shore in his whale boat to see how the place looks, and he says he will soon come back and take me on land. I long to set my feet once more on shore. He soon came on board again and brought a fine salmon.

Sunday, June 29.—This morning it looks very pleasant on the shore. I am just going ashore with my children to see how I like it. It is now afternoon and I have been ashore. It is, I think, the roughest land I ever saw. It beats Short Rocks, indeed, I think, that is nothing in comparison; but this is to be the city, they say! We are to settle here, but are to have our land sixty miles farther up the river. We are all ordered to land to-morrow, and not a shelter to go under.

ELECTION CARDS.

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

GENTLEMEN,—The New Franchise Act introduced at the last Session of the Legislature by the Government of which I am a Member, and passed by the Legislature having given the right of suffrage to many thousands of persons throughout the Province, now represented, the Government have advised His Honor the Lieutenant Governor to dissolve the House of Assembly, in order that the new Electorate may be represented at the next Session of the Legislature.

By the terms of the Act the 1st of January is fixed as the time when elections must be held under the new law, and therefore this is the earliest period at which the enlarged Electorate could have an opportunity of representation.

The introduction and carrying through of the Franchise Act, a measure generally commended for its simplicity as well as for its broad and liberal provisions, will, I venture to think, meet with your hearty approval. While I am satisfied that the general policy of the Government has been such as to preserve the friendship of the great mass of voters who have heretofore supported us, I feel that we can appeal with confidence to the young men, through our instrumentality, who have been granted the right of suffrage, to give us their support.

The Government have, since we last appealed to the people, devoted the best energies of its members to advance the interests of the Province. We challenge the closest scrutiny of our acts of administration. The financial affairs of the Province have been more immediately under my control, and I am justified in asserting that they have been managed with a prudence and carefulness which has not been excelled in the history of any previous administration. Every unnecessary expense has been avoided, and the result is that today the finances are in a very satisfactory condition.

The credit of the Province never stood so high as at present. Debentures were issued previous to our accession to office, as late as 1880, bearing six per cent. interest, while those which we have issued at the low rate of four per cent. command a premium. Owing to the fact that the interest on the debentures, and amounting to \$7490, can be replaced as they mature by debentures bearing only four per cent., or possibly less, there will thus then be a saving to the province in the interest alone of \$18,300 per annum.

My colleagues have entrusted me with the control of the important Department of Agriculture, and we have thought worthy of special mention. My importations of improved breeds of horses and sheep have, I believe, met with general approval. The policy pursued by our Government in this particular will rapidly improve the character of the horses and sheep of the Province, and will put many thousands of dollars into the pockets of our people, as the stock will be much more sought after by buyers and far higher prices will be paid than for inferior animals.

While performing to the best of my ability my duty to the Province at large, I have, as a member of the Government, endeavored to do complete justice to this City and County. The liberal expenditures made upon the roads and bridges, and the careful attention which in conjunction with my colleagues I have given in seeing that the expenditures were judiciously made, have resulted in giving what the people ever before enjoyed.

Much has been done to encourage the commerce of the port. Of the subsidies granted in aid of commerce navigation a large proportion was appropriated by our Government to assist steamboat lines coming to St. John. By means of the various steamboat routes thus assisted by Provincial aid a great deal of trade has been brought here and the interests of the City have been thus materially benefited.

I am looking forward with pleasurable anticipations to the exhibition to be held in St. John next year, when I trust such a display of the industrial products of the Province will be made as will afford to strangers and to our own people a convincing proof of the rapid progress New Brunswick is making. I have already had the pleasure of announcing to the Exhibition Association that the Government will ask the Legislature to make a liberal grant towards this object, the amount named being in the opinion of the Directors of the Association amply sufficient to ensure the financial success of the exhibition.

The City of St. John, by reason of its being at the mouth of one of the greatest Rivers in the Dominion and because of its fine harbor, has become the Commercial Metropolis of the Maritime Provinces. It has also become the great railway centre of the Maritime Provinces and will soon be one of the principal distributing points for merchandise in Canada.

Under the policy pursued by the Government of which I am a member the Grand Lake Coal fields and the adjacent intermediate county have been brought into railway connection with St. John; a subsidy has been granted to the railway by which the railway direct communication will be established between St. Martin's and the City of Saint John, and the eastern portions of this County will thereby be put in a position to have regular and speedy communication with each other. I have no doubt that this railway will be built, and I look for very beneficial results to arise therefrom, by which the agricultural, mineral and lumber resources of the eastern part of the County will be developed.

The Government have favored the incorporation of Companies to build Railways down the valley of the St. John and from Edmundston to the head of the Grand Lake to a point of connection with the Central Railway. These roads which will have their terminus in the City of St. John, will make the distributing point for the greater portion of the merchandise they may carry.

The completion of the Canadian Pacific railway between Montreal and St. John, with the building of the road from Edmundston through the centre of the Province, will enable the people of the great constituency to more than realize their expectations that the railway connections between the sea board of the Maritime Provinces of the Dominion and the west would be through the centre of the southern part of New Brunswick, as on the completion of the line from Edmundston this city will have at least three great routes of railway extending through the southern, central, eastern and northern portions of the Provinces, thereby consolidating the trade and making sure the course of prosperity upon which we have entered and which I believe will be much greater in the future than it has been in the past.

While so much has been done by the Government to aid the Railway development in which St. John is so deeply interested, other parts of the Province have by no means been neglected or overlooked. A railway has been built from Fredericton to the Inverness in the south of the Miramichi, a subsidy provided for a road from Woodstock to Fredericton, and of which the St. John Valley Railway is a continuation of the St. John, thereby connecting the whole valley of the River St. John from Edmundston down with this city.

The great Railway development has brought into prominent view the urgent necessity for the Harbor of St. John having the requisite wharves, facilities and docks to meet the growing demands of the extensive business now centering here, and our Government has taken into consideration the question of aiding as far as we could the building and establishing of these great public works. We have done this not only in the interest of St. John, but of the whole Province as well, the development of the country being deeply interested in the development of trade and commerce. All must recognize that the geographical position of St. John, with its never interrupted access to the sea, marks it and establishes it as the trade centre of the Province, from which commercial properties will flow, the whole, in view, the Government has passed the necessary Order in Council to make immediately available the \$2,000 per year for twenty years, which we are authorized by the Legislature to grant in aid of the building of a Dry Dock and providing terminal facilities in the Harbor of St. John, and will put itself in communication with the members of the Legislature at the earliest practicable opportunity with a view of ascertaining the extent to which they may be willing to sustain the Government in the undertaking, and to be given by the Government of Canada, will secure their early completion.

When these works, with the other harbor improvements contemplated by the City Council are intended by them to be built, shall be completed, St. John will not only be the winter port of Canada, but will very rapidly take its position as the greatest summer port in the Dominion, next to Montreal.

It is now, Gentlemen, for you to say whether or not you will extend to me and the government of which I am a member, your support which will enable me and those who will be associated with me as candidates for your suffrages to continue the work of aiding the Government in the development so requisite for the growth and prosperity of this constituency.

I am, yours faithfully, DAVID McLELLAN. St. John, Dec. 31, 1880.

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

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

Respectfully soliciting your support, we are, Your obedient servants, A. A. STOCKTON, JAMES ROURKE, W. M. SHAW, HARRISON A. McKEOWN. St. John, N. B., 3rd January, 1880.

To the Electors of the City of Saint John.

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

Respectfully yours, SILAS ALWARD, ALBERT C. SMITH. St. John, N. B., January 3rd, 1880.

To the Electors of the City of Saint John.

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

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

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

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

We are, Gentlemen, Yours faithfully, JOHN H. PARKS, HENRY J. THORNE. St. John, N. B., 6th January, 1880.

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

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

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

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

We are, Gentlemen, Yours Faithfully, DAVID McLELLAN, W. A. QUINTON, W. B. CARVILL, H. LAWRENCE STURDEE. St. John N. B., 6th January 1880.

The Press (NEW YORK) FOR 1880.

DAILY. SUNDAY. WEEKLY. The Aggressive Republican Journal of the Metropolitan. A NEWSPAPER FOR THE MASSES. Founded December 1st, 1887. LARGEST DAILY CIRCULATION OF ANY REPUTABLE PAPER IN AMERICA.

THE PRESS is the organ of no faction; pulls no wires; has no animosities to avenge. The most remarkable Newspaper Success in New York. The Press is now a National Newspaper, rapidly growing in favor with Republicans of every State in the Union. Cheap news, vulgar sensations and trash find no place in the columns of The Press. It is an expensive paper, published at the lowest price American Currency permits.

THE PRESS has the brightest Editorial page in New York. It sparkles with editorial in page paper, published at the lowest price American Currency permits. The Press WEEKLY Edition contains all the good things of the Daily and Sunday editions with special features suited to a Weekly publication. The Press SUNDAY Edition is a splendid sixteen page paper, covering every current topic of interest.

THE PRESS. Within the reach of all. The best and cheapest Newspaper published in America. Daily and Sunday, one year... \$5 00 " " " 6 months... 2 50 " " " 3 months... 1 50 Daily only, one year... 4 50 " " " 6 months... 2 00 " " " 3 months... 1 00 Sunday " " " 6 months... 1 00 Weekly Press, one year... 1 00

Send for THE PRESS Circular with full particulars and list of excellent premiums. Samples free. Agents wanted everywhere. Liberal commission. Address, THE PRESS, New York.

SAINT JOHN Academy of Art.

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

The aim of the school is to give pupils a good training in DRAWING AND PAINTING. Pupils can commence at any time—week, month, or by the year.

PRINCIPAL—JOHN C. MILES, A.R.C.A. ASSISTANT—FRED H. C. MILES. Send for circular.

JACK FROST IS HERE

and you want Clothing, GOOD WINTER CLOTHING!

COME TO JAMES KELLY'S FOR IT.

Strong, Durable and Cheap, the best Clothing to be Had in the City.

Custom work a specialty. Come and see KELLY and if he cannot suit you with READY-MADE GOODS he can take your MEASURE FOR AN OUTFIT.

JAMES KELLY, - Tailor and Clothier, 5 Market Square.

New DRY GOODS STORE,

EAST END CITY, WATERLOO, NEAR UNION,

Great Reduction of Prices During Dec., in all the leading departments.

SPECIAL DRESS MATERIALS; ULSTERINGS, TWEEDS, COATINGS; Wool Goods, Cloth Jackets, Waterproofs, etc.

T. PATTON & CO. Plush Goods

IN LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S TOILET CASES, ODOR CASES, Manicure Sets, etc.

CUT GLASS TOILET BOTTLES, Choice Perfumery, Etc.

Intending purchasers will do well to examine our stock of the above goods before purchasing elsewhere.

PARKER BROS., - Market Sq. CAFE ROYAL, Domville Building, Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets

MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY. Pool Room in Connection. WILLIAM CLARK. MISS ANNIE A. SUTHERLAND

THE GREAT EUROPEAN DYE

Unparalleled for Richness and Beauty of Coloring. They are the ONLY DYES that WILL NOT WASH OUT! WILL NOT FADE OUT! There is nothing like them for Strength, Coloring or Fastness. ONE PACKAGE EQUALS TWO of any other Dye in the market.

If you doubt it, try it! Your money will be refunded if you are not convinced after a trial. Fifty-four colors are made in Turkish Dyes, embracing all new shades, and others are added as soon as they are more goods and do it better than any other Dye. Same Price as Inferior Dye, 10 cts.

Canada Branch: 481 St. Paul Street, Montreal. Send postal for Sample Card and Book of Instructions. Sold in St. John by S. McDIRMID, and E. J. MAHONEY, Indianapolis.

PORTRAITS

FROM— Cabinet to Life Size in Photography India Ink, Crayon and Pastel, BY—

Scholl.

23 CARLETON STREET Near Mechanics' Institute. OLD SILVER WARE.

DO YOU WANT IT PLATED? DO YOU WANT IT BRIGHT, NEW AND CLEAN?

If you do, take it to HILLMAN, THE PLATER, Who has removed from Union to Germain street, where he has every facility for replating or repairing Silver Ware of all kinds.

Every article should shine at this season of the year. W. M. HILLMAN, 87 Germain Street.

Steam Ferry!

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

For particulars please apply to the undersigned at his office, Indianapolis. JOSEPH HORNCASTLE, Secy.-Treas. St. John, N. B., Dec. 26, 1880.

Perfumery!

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

LUNDBORG, GELLE FRERES, RICKSBECKER, COLGATE. Also: All the principal Perfumes in Sachet Powder. To which I invite the attention of purchasers. Prices moderate to insure sales.

Remember: MEDICAL HALL, R. D. McARTHUR,

No. 59 Charlotte St. - Opp. King Square. DIARIES.

Now is the time to select your Diary for 1890, while our stock is complete. POCKET DIARIES, OFFICE DIARIES, COUNTING HOUSE DIARIES, DESK CALENDARS, etc.

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

DR. J. D. MAHER, DENTAL ROOMS, City Building, Main Street, North End. Gas, Ether, Chloroform and Cocaine administered.

J. M. LEMONT, PIANO AND ORGAN TUNER, FREDERICTON, N. B.

BUSINESS MEN, CRUIKSHANK'S DINNERS Are the Best AND CHEAPEST IN THE CITY. The best market affords always on hand. P. A. CRUIKSHANK, 49 Germain Street, Opposite Market Building.

GERARD G. RUEL, (LL. B. Harvard.) BARRISTER, Etc. 3 Papeley's Building, - St. John, N. B.

DAVID CONNELL, Livery and Boarding Stables, Sydney St. Horses Boarded on reasonable terms. 200 Horses and Carriages on hire. Fine Traces at short notice.

Advertisement for furniture, dining parlors, and other household goods. Includes text like 'FURNITURE, first floor Brussels, Wilton and Axminster floor from main building; and Hemp Carpets, Mattresses; 2nd floor, back main Carpets, Rugs and Door Mats and LINOLEUMS, in terms shown in rear of first building. Curtains, Curtain series, second floor of new or Suits, second floor, new Furniture, Baby Carriages, etc., first floor, new building in rear.' Also 'MONICO DINING PARLORS, in and Church Streets. served for Ladies.' and 'Ethano' advertisement.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Mrs. J. L. Harris entertained the West End Club last evening, and having said that, it is needless to add that a most enjoyable evening was spent.

Mr. Stevens' many friends are grieved that his health is so far from satisfactory, and fear that he will scarcely stand the fatigues of a political canvass. His fainting fit on the hustings on nomination day, called forth the sympathy of his enemies, as well as his friends.

Mr. Foster, warden of the penitentiary at Dorchester, paid a short visit to Moncton on Wednesday.

Mr. L. B. Archibald, of Truro, was in town on Wednesday.

By the way, I forgot to mention last week that I am literally thirsting for the gore, the rich ruddy gore of our member of Progress staff, and that member is the candidate. He made me—Ye Gods can I write it?—he made me say that Mrs. F. W. Sumner wore at Mrs. Dickson's dance, "a dress of copper color, neatly trimmed with bands of lead passementerie," instead of "elegantly trimmed with band of bead passementerie," copper and lead! such base metal, oh composer of Progress, "naught but a charge of lead through thy body can heal this insult, so prepare." CECIL GWYNE.

SACKVILLE.

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

JAN. 15.—A very pleasant evening was spent at Mrs. Milner's last Thursday. As encores in all the rage just now, each of the players was accompanied with enthusiasm what they lacked in numbers. Several familiar faces were missing, in gripe having claimed them for its own. The ladies' first prize, a white vase, was taken by Miss Black; the gentleman's, a card case, by Mr. B. Eaton. The ladies' booby, a jack-in-the-box that gave a squeal of delight on being released, was bestowed on Miss Minnie Cogswell. Mr. A. Aubrey Smith was walking with a monkey on a string. After a round game, which embraced all the company, the guests went homewards in the face of a bitter wind, which quite prevented any of that "parting is such sweet sorrow" business on the doorsteps, which to the young and ardent is often the best of a party. The most noticeable dresses were Mrs. David Dickson's black silk, with steel trimmings; Miss Minnie Cogswell's black lace, with yellow silk, and Miss Estabrook's blue and cream.

Senator Botsford left for Ottawa on Tuesday, by the C. P. R. Our M. P., Mr. Wood, was not able to accompany him on account of illness in the family.

Mr. Lemont, of Fredericton, the well-known tuner of pianos and organs, was here for a few days.

Mrs. Johnson Freeman is laid up with a severe cold. She is missed from her usual post.

Miss Edna Ford is very ill with inflammation of the lungs, but I believe her symptoms have become more favorable the last two days.

Miss Dibble returned to Dorchester on Tuesday. The Truro rink had its first band evening last week. Not so many as might have been expected took advantage of the music, but this gave one good feature, every one for its own.

Just like a big party on ice. Although the rink has been chiefly to academy students the last few years, I noticed several very graceful skaters among the village young ladies. I hear of skating parties, about the only kind out-door gathering one can have now, as sleighing does not last a day, and snow-shoes still adorn the garret wall.

Mrs. Christopher Milner was laid up for several days, the result of a rather awkward fall. Dr. Burwash is only just recovering from his accident, and Mr. Thomas Pickard still wears a lame arm, but none of them can equal the fall the mercury had last week.

Miss Grace Jones, of St. John, has been visiting her cousins, the Miss Estabrooks, at the Brunswick House.

Still another club has been started, and on such a magnificent scale that quite puts the modest reading class and the fragrant club in Paradise, a fortnightly meeting is to be held in Fowle's hall for music and literary purposes. Some of our best local talent has promised to help, and anyone taking an interest can come to look and listen. There is nothing at all exclusive about this club, but gentlemen who can't sing and ladies who can't talk will be admitted, as well as their more fortunate brothers and sisters.

Not yet is Eden lost for everywhere, To those who look on life with gracious eyes, The light whose glory shone in Paradise, Still brightens earth with radiance warm and fair. For those who hear aright the music rare Of great humanity shall ever rise, And for the noble heart in life there lies Great joy and love in spite of sin and care.

Taking his joy and pain as He has willed We learn through them His love, which all excels, To know by beauty's wondrous miracles, And by the music that our heart has thrilled, That heights and depths of life with God are filled, And Eden blossoms still where'er He dwells.

Novas. Head of the firm—Mr. Travers, while you were at lunch your tailor called to collect a bill. I am surprised and pained, sir, to learn that you are in arrears. Isn't it possible for somebody can make something out of it. I went to see it, and I couldn't make anything out of it.—Texas Siftings.

Out at Sea. NEWCASTLE. JAN. 15.—The Miramichi skating rink is now in full swing, a good band being in attendance twice a week. The curlers have already played several matches.

Mr. and Mrs. Yeoman have returned to Halifax, after a visit to their son, Mr. James Yeoman, agent of the Merchant's Bank of Halifax.

Miss Gjerby is installed as teacher in Miss Parker's school for some time, as Miss Parker, much to the regret of her friends, has been so ill that her doctors advise a six months' rest.

Miss K. Benson, of Chatham, has been appointed in Miss Hillcock's place in the Academy school. Rumour says that Miss Hillcock contemplates entering a new sphere and very different life in the spring.

The friends of Mr. Will Robinson are glad to see him about again after his severe illness. Mr. Cox, principal of the Academy, spent his vacation in the woods.

Rev. Canon Forsyth and Rev. R. Hudgell were in town one day last week.

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

JAN. 16.—Miss Ingledew, of the village, is visiting friends in Fredericton.

Mrs. A. McN. Travis has been ill for several days with the influenza, but is now improving slowly.

Miss Wedderburn and Miss Maggie K. Barnes visited the city Monday.

Mr. Philip Palmer has returned to the city for the winter, and taken rooms at Mrs. Macnamara's, on Sydney street. Mrs. Palmer has been quite ill for the past week, but is now somewhat better, and will join him as soon as she recovers.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Flewelling have been visiting Sussex.

The many friends of Miss Mary L. Barnes will be pleased to learn that she is slightly improved. X.

MARYSVILLE. JAN. 15.—A quiet wedding took place on Wednesday last, when Rev. Mr. Downey united in the holy bonds of matrimony Mr. Joseph Allen and Mrs. Lydia Rond. The bride was attired in a handsome brown costume. Only a few friends witnessed the ceremony. The happy couple are wished every happiness.

Mr. and Mrs. John Tapley returned to their home in St. John, last Saturday, accompanied by their little grand daughter, Miss Florie Tapley, who will spend the winter there.

Mrs. James Gibson entertained a few friends at tea last Wednesday.

Invitations are out for a party at Mr. John Gibson's, Thursday evening, to celebrate Miss Jennie's birthday.

Mr. James Gibson made the young people happy last evening by opening the skating rink, of which he is manager. The ice was never better, and the music of the band, under the leadership of Mr. Harold Stickey was splendid. SCHIBLER.

RICHIBUCTO. JAN. 15.—Senator Parier, of Shediac, was in town on Friday last.

Mr. T. G. Ralston, of St. John, spent Sunday in town.

Miss Maggie Haines returned from Moncton last week.

Miss Annie Page, of St. John, teacher of the intermediate department, returned on Saturday last. Miss Page was detained at her home a week by an attack of gripe.

Mr. James Ferguson, of Bathurst, was in town last week.

Mr. Warren McDermott, of Welford, who has just returned from an extended trip through Europe, was in town on Tuesday.

Messrs. Robert Phinney and Andrew Walker returned from their visit to Newcastle a few days ago. Rumour says one of these gentlemen will return to the north ere long on a pleasant mission. REGINA.

Out at Sea. KINGSTON, KENT CO. JAN. 14.—Mr. Hugh Jardine, C. E., who has been spending the Christmas vacation at home, left last week for Maryland, U. S., to engage in work pertaining to his profession.

Mrs. H. Trueman and her son, Mr. George, left last Saturday for their home, in Point de Bute, Mrs. Trueman was accompanied by her sister, Miss Main.

Miss Ella McDonald, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. McDonald, in Pictou, returned home last evening.

Our open air rink has been in good skating order lately, and the young people have been taking advantage of it.

As all due attention was paid to gripe in last week's issue, "Pickles" will refrain from touching on such a painful subject. Suffice to say, it has "got here" all right. PICKLES.

Out at Sea.

MAKE HENS LAY NOTHING ON EARTH WILL MAKE HENS LAY LIKE SHERIDAN'S CONDITION POWDER. WE SEND BY MAIL A LARGE 2 1/2 POUND CAN FOR \$1.20 TWO SMALL PACKS 50 CENTS POST PAID. Sheridan's Condition Powder

It is absolutely pure and highly concentrated. One ounce is worth a pound of any other kind. Strictly a medicine, to be given in the food, once daily, in small doses. Prevents and cures all diseases of hens. Worth its weight in gold when hens are moulting, and to keep them healthy. Testimonials sent free by mail. Ask your druggist, grocer, general store, or feed dealer for it. If you can't get it, send us a note. We will send postpaid by mail at follows:—A new, enlarged, elegantly illustrated copy of the "FARMER'S POULTRY RAISING GUIDE" (price 25 cents); tolls how to make money with a few hens, and two small packages of Powder for 60 cents; or, one large 2 1/2 pound can and Guide, \$1.20. Sample package of Powder, 25 cents, five for \$1.00. SIX large cans, express prepaid, for \$3.00. Send stamps or cash. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom-House Street, Boston, Mass.

\$100 AWARD WITH 5 Cent "WHITE CROSS" PACKAGE GRANULATED SOAP. To the person sending us the most certificates \$50.00 To the person sending us second highest number 25.00 To the person sending us third highest number 10.00 To the person sending us fourth highest number 5.00 To the next ten persons, \$1.00 each. There is one certificate in each 5 cent package. Save them. Money will be awarded Sept. 1, 1890. Send certificate to us on or before that date. St. Croix Soap Mfg. Co., St. Stephen, N. B.

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

EDEN. Not yet is Eden lost for everywhere, To those who look on life with gracious eyes, The light whose glory shone in Paradise, Still brightens earth with radiance warm and fair. For those who hear aright the music rare Of great humanity shall ever rise, And for the noble heart in life there lies Great joy and love in spite of sin and care. Taking his joy and pain as He has willed We learn through them His love, which all excels, To know by beauty's wondrous miracles, And by the music that our heart has thrilled, That heights and depths of life with God are filled, And Eden blossoms still where'er He dwells. Novas. Head of the firm—Mr. Travers, while you were at lunch your tailor called to collect a bill. I am surprised and pained, sir, to learn that you are in arrears. Isn't it possible for somebody can make something out of it. I went to see it, and I couldn't make anything out of it.—Texas Siftings.

Good morning! HAVE YOU USED PEARLS SOAP? PARIS EXPOSITION, 1889.—PEARLS' obtained the only GOLD MEDAL awarded solely for Toilet Soap in competition with all the world. Highest possible distinction.

A. O. SKINNER WISHES HIS PATRONS A HAPPY NEW YEAR, and would inform them that his Stock for the coming Season of 1890, will be One of the Largest and Best Ever Imported TO THIS CITY. All the Novelties in Designs and Colorings. THIS CUT REPRESENTS OUR New Hard Coal Charter Oak Range.



THE most perfect Cooking Stove we have ever offered. We invite all who think of making a change in their cooking apparatus in the near future, to inspect it carefully, as we feel satisfied that it is NEARER PERFECTION than any Stove in the market. It is chaste in design; fine in finish, and as an operator has no equal. We fit it either with or without Warning Closet, Top Shelf, Water Front, etc.; also, with extra large Fire Box for wood burning, and last but not least, in common with all CHARTER OAKS it is fitted with the WONDERFUL WIRE GAUZE DOOR.

the advantages of which for Roasting and Baking are now so well and favorably known. We guarantee every one we sell to be all we claim for it in every respect, and commend it to those who appreciate Home industry, as a production of which we are justly proud.

EMERSON & FISHER, 75 to 79 Prince Wm. St. P. S.—We can furnish references from many parties using above range.

GLASS and PUTTY. McCAW, STEVENSON & ORR'S PATENT "GLAZIER" DECORATION. A Perfect Substitute for Stained Glass. New Designs in Window Shades and Wall Papers. F. E. HOLMAN, 48 KING STREET.

CROSSING THE BAR. Sunset and evening star, And one clear call for me! And may there be no moaning of the bar, When I put out to sea.

Delicate and Refreshing PADDOCK'S COLOGNE is not a sickly heavy perfume, but fully equal in odor to some of the most celebrated Foreign brands.

FOR SALE BY M. V. PADDOCK, Pharmacist, Cor. Union and Charlotte Streets, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

CORSETS. YAKS I CORSET

GUARANTEE. If, after wearing this Corset TEN DAYS, the purchaser does not find it the most PERFECT FITTING, comfortable and satisfactory Corset ever worn it may be returned, and the price paid for it will be refunded.

Our 50c. Corset is Best Value in the City.

DOWLING BROS. Prince Ward!

PRINCE WARD COMMITTEE working in the interest of the GOVERNMENT CANDIDATES, WILL MEET EVERY EVENING, AT THE Bricklayers' International Union Hall, No. 17 Brussels Street. All voters of the ward who favor the return of the GOVERNMENT CANDIDATES are invited to attend. J. McFETERS, Secretary Prince Ward Committee.

The Friends of the Government FOR

Victoria Ward WILL MEET IN THE Building on the Corner of Winter and St. Paul Streets, EVERY EVENING, up to and on the 20th inst.

HORSE SHOES, HORSE NAILS, HARNESS LEATHER, TEAM BELLS, DRIVING WHIPS. CHEAP AT HORNCASTLES, Indiantown.

MONDAY, January 20. The above is an important date for you in connection with HUNTER, HAMILTON & M'KAY, 97 KING STREET.

DON'T YOU KNOW? That PHILDERMA is an Elegant Toilet article for the cure of Chapped Hands, Sore Lips, or any roughness of the skin; that its sales are enormous, and when once used you will never be without it. If not, buy a bottle from your druggist and YOU WILL KNOW!

OPPOSITION MEETING AT TEMPERANCE HALL, Milford, This Saturday Evening, 18th INSTANT. The Meeting will be addressed by the OPPOSITION CANDIDATES. Chair taken at 8 o'clock.

GRAND GOVERNMENT RALLY, IN City Hall, West End, ON SATURDAY EVE'NG, JANUARY 18th, when the Six Candidates will present before the Electors of the West End, cogent reasons why they should support the PARTY THAT HAS A PLATFORM based on the welfare of the City and Port, and offers \$1,000,000 on Harbor Improvements TO THE WEST END. The Electors are requested to listen to the address of men who offer something better to the people than the disappointed complainings of office seekers. Come and hear those who are the coming representatives of the City and County of Saint John.

If You Have H... Advertis... This paper goes to... is read from the... last col...

VOL. II., NO.

MONEY WAS NOT

THE SINEWS OF WAR... GOOD SERVICE I...

It Was Not for Want of Government Candidates w... Race—The Opposition Man... but They Got There Just t...

Who paid the piper? In other words, where d... come from in the St. John... That there was money, an... is freely admitted by both... sides had it, but one side h... more than the other. The... workers are said to have... \$20,000, while the oppositi... only about \$8,000.

This was not that the forme... as corrupt as the latter, but... better financiers, and had... for collaring the cash. It... that when they were seekin... certain candidate, last summe... him that they were prepar... \$10,000 in the city and count... When it came to the pinch, th... as well as that.

Yet it is safe to say that... raised by the opposition requ... as much hustling at was requ... the \$20,000 by the other side... got there, just the same, when... were counted.

A good many people, who... much about such things, have... the government candidates h... vinctual treasury to draw upon... that they should be promp... such a belief. Even if there... money which could be got at... purpose, no man would dare... it. It would be an ill... handed and dishonest act... GRESS is sure that no man... vinctual government would be... such a thing, even if he had... were assured that it would be... up that it could never be detect...

No. The money on both 'sides... cured by subscriptions from... faithful and well-to-do of e... Some of it came from men wh... live in the city. For instanc... very temperate man of rather... tendencies in his personal ex... arrived at the Royal from an out... one day. He is a man who is... and has a very high credit on... the mercantile agencies. He... conservative and a warm friend... position. He stayed at the Roy... his enthusiasm for the cause gre... that he not only gave his check... generous donation, but set up... with a liberal hand, just like... boys."

Some large sums were given o... erment side. The candidates... are said to have done the right... chipping in, according to their... abilities, until they raised a... \$5,000. Some gave more than o... most of them gave less.

Safely piled away in the vault... Bank of New Brunswick is said... promissory note for \$4,000, bearin... cabalistic marks and initials, ma... discount clerk. The men whose... on it voted for the government, perfectly good for the amount... notary will never make a dollar... protest of that note.

How was the money used? For... purposes, which term, like charity... a multitude of sins." Some of it... horse-hire, some for advertising... ing and some to buy crackers an... for the polling booths. These a... items, of course. The rest of th... was expended for sundries "where... do most good."

There was plenty of "stuff" a... around on election day. The b... reported a big run on them for bills... denominations, and dollar bills w... scarce of all at the tellers' desk... dollar bills have been plenty out... banks ever since Monday. It h... easy enough to get tens and twen... changed for ones at any of the liquo...

Well, the money was spent, and... on either side is kicking because... used. There is just that much... circulation. It will do good to s... Which is about the only consolati... remains for the government me... "chipped in."

"Progress" Beat Them All. According to the critic of the Do... Illustrated, the Christmas edition of... gress bore the palm from every p... Canada for the merit of the stories... for it by Canadian writers. It says: Christmas stories (of the various l... journals) were for the most part adm... On the whole, we give the prize... Master of Harnewood (J. Hunter I... for the best of them. "Dollie De... Christmas" has the true ring of... England, and its geniality is increa... In the phantasmagory of fiction, Roberts takes the palm, in "The Bon... Blomidon."