

**COL. JAMES DOMVILLE.**

**A MAN WHO IS NOT DULY THANKFUL FOR SMALL MERCIES.**

He mistakes a friend for a foe and seeks more notoriety than "Progress" intends to give him at present—He should not make such a mistake a second time.

"Col." James Domville, of Kings county, was in town on Thursday. It was his busy day, and when last seen by PROGRESS, he was busy picking himself up from the sidewalk.

He had met the publisher of PROGRESS. Mr. Carter, with a heavy ulster buttoned up to his chin, a package in one hand and a glove in the other, was walking peacefully down Church street. As became the festive season, his heart was filled with thanksgiving for the success of the boom edition. The colonel, greatly envying the happy state and condition of the publisher, came up the street, accompanied by a friend.

"Good morning, colonel," said Mr. Carter, kindly.

The gallant colonel had by this time gained the advantage of upper ground on the steep incline. He replied in his usual impetuous way:

"I don't want you to put my name in PROGRESS in connection with the bucket shop. It's damned impudence to interfere with my affairs."

"Wasn't it true, colonel?" asked Mr. Carter.

"What if it was," yelled the thrice rejected of Kings, accompanying his action by a sudden and treacherous blow at Mr. Carter's face. The blow hit its mark and in a fraction of a second later the publisher had knocked the colonel down. Then the illustrious James picked himself and his hat up and walked away. Mr. Carter waited until he had gone and then quietly pursued his way.

The article to which Col. Domville objected appeared last week. That portion which related to him was as follows:

The King street bucket shop has narrowly escaped some trouble with one of its victims. Very recently Lieut.-Col. James Domville, of Kings county, had a transaction in which he was "wiped." This meant a loss of about \$200. Colonel Domville contended that there was something wrong in the manipulation of the affair, and that the order was in Boston at a certain hour. If so he should not have lost. The colonel, with his usual impetuosity, started to bring suit against the concern. The matter was compromised, however, and an effort was made to hush up the affair.

When Col. Domville loses again, as he is sure to do, he may take more determined action. He is the right kind of a man to make matters lively when he gets fairly started.

The adventures of the colonel in the bucket shop were a matter of common notoriety. He had proposed to make them still more notorious by putting the matter in the courts. It was a legitimate piece of news. Any animus which PROGRESS had was against the fleecers, and not against the poor dupes who were fleeced.

Col. Domville was one of the dupes. He differed from the others, because he "kicked" and brought himself before the public.

He seems anxious to keep before the public. He has resorted to the coward's argument, a blow, and he aimed that blow in a treacherous, cowardly way. His act was more worthy of a bully than of one who parades himself as a "colonel."

He can have all the notoriety he desires.

Had it been the intention of PROGRESS to wound the colonel, it would have expressed itself plainly to that effect. If it had sought to interfere with his private affairs it had a rich field for exploration. Had it even dealt with him in matters in which the public have had an interest, it could have found more than enough to say.

Few men as well known to the public are as assailable as James Domville. He has lived in a succession of glass houses for more than a quarter of a century. In every phase of an erratic and miserably ended career he has laid himself open to criticism. He should be the last of all men to court an exposure of his record.

It is because his career as a public man is miserably ended, and because of the entreaties of former friends who now give him pity rather than friendship, that PROGRESS is disposed to deal mildly with this matter. It has no more malice against him than it had a week ago, and it had then absolutely none.

Had it been otherwise, it might have put the matter in quite another light. In view of Col. Domville's former business relations, it sources to which he might legitimately apply \$200, instead of giving it to gamblers, but it did not say so.

It might have gone back to the time when James Domville first flashed like a meteor on St. John, and given an account of his rise, greatness and fall, but it did not do so.

It might have shown, in detail, how James Domville made himself a name by enterprises for which he made the public pay. How he was daring because he played with stakes which were not his own,

and pushing because he neither knew nor cared where he, or those who were entangled with him, might bring up. All this would have been something above and beyond his private affairs. It would have related to matters in which many have been deeply and painfully interested.

In a still more legitimate sense the absolutely public career of James Domville might have been traced, with, perhaps, some facts never yet made public. It might have been shown what a splendid opportunity he had to represent a constituency, and how beyond securing a few public works, he utterly failed. It might have pictured some nights in the House of Commons which the member for Kings would fain forget, and it might have told why he is not a member for Kings today. It might make him wish he had never aspired to be Minister of Militia, and it might have explained, as he never has, why he was ejected from the ranks of his party. It might have presented him as the piteous spectacle he was, coming to the ground between the Grit and Tory stools in 1882. It might have shown how and why those who still believed in him at the time have since abandoned him to his fate, and how he stands today, by his own fault, with scarcely a corporal's guard in the broad county of Kings. All this would have been a sad story, the story of a man's fall from prominence to obscurity. Fully told it would be a story with a moral.

But as James Domville is practically dead as a public man, PROGRESS is content to let him remain in the obscurity which he professes to court. But he should avoid the bucket shop, and learn not to mistake his few friends for some of his very numerous foes.

*D. McArthur, 80 King street, has extra good value in Photograph Albums, Xmas Cards, Bibles and many lines of Fancy Goods.*

**CUSTOMS IR-REGULATIONS.**

**They Often Make a Man—and His Purse—Feel Very Tired.**

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

BOSTON, Dec. 18.—As a provocative of angry passions and unbridled profanity, the customs regulations between this country and the maritime provinces take first place among all comers. The agonizing entanglement of red tape in which people at both ends of the line find themselves, on account of these tariff complications, have all too frequent illustration. A friend of mine recently sent a photograph album from this city to a relative of his near Digby, as a wedding present. The affair was worth five or six dollars, but when it reached the astute customs authorities at Digby, they put their heads together and promptly appraised it at \$18, and demanded just half that sum as duty. Of course the prospective owner of the album refused to pay that amount, and a deadlock ensued. After considerable correspondence had passed between the sender and her majesty's customs collectors, the latter finally backed down, and allowed the album to enter by the payment of a nominal duty. It is not long since a young man from Boston, who was spending his vacation in Digby, came near getting scoured out of his entire laundry through the same absurd customs ir-regulations. Having failed to get it ready in time for him to take with him, his laundryman had sent it down by express, but it took a whole dictionary full of arguments, threats and entreaties before he could convince the custom house guardians that the articles had previously done service.

It is just as bad at this end, if not "more so." A week or two ago a Nova Scotian farmer sent a small box of apples to a Boston friend, just as samples of what he could grow down his way. The apples were entered "free" at the Boston custom house, but it would have been far better for the recipient if a duty of one dollar per apple had been charged, for before he got them cleared from their entanglement of red tape he had lost two hours of valuable time, run the gauntlet of seven different officials, each of whom either signed a new paper or extracted some money from him, and finally wound up by paying an additional fee for freight and expressage. Next time he wants a Nova Scotia apple he will go to Nova Scotia for it. It is cheaper in the end. THOMAS F. ANDERSON.

*Christmas Cards, Booklets, from all leading manufacturers. 80 King street, D. McArthur, wholesale and retail.*

**To Suit the Occasion.**

Two ladies in a well known and popular city store chatted upon the goods displayed in several establishments. "Do you know," said one, "I don't think this stock approaches So-and-So's. There is something wanting to make it complete." "I think it very nice," said her companion. A minute later the courteous attendant appeared on the scene, and turning to him the critical lady gushingly remarked, "What a lot of real charming things you have. I have not seen anything so nice anywhere!"

**A WINTER TIME TABLE.**

**PEOPLE WHO GO WEST CAN HAVE MORE SLEEP.**

Before They Start—Fredericton People Will Enjoy the News Three Hours Later and St. John Can Wait Another Hour in the Afternoon for the Western.

On the last day of this year, people who want to go West can have two hours more sleep than usual. That is the morning of the winter time table of the New Brunswick railway goes into effect. The first express leaves St. John station at 9.15, local time. It will take you to Boston, or start you en route for Fredericton. St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, all points north.

Fredericton people, instead of enjoying their daily papers when they reach their office, after breakfast, will glance over them at the dinner table, for the train does not roll into the Celestial until after 12.11.35 standard.

In the afternoon the Boston train will be much later than usual in arriving. Four o'clock, standard, is the hour appointed. The Fredericton evening express will leave St. John ten minutes past four local time, and pass the Boston at Fairville.

The night train for the west leaves the same time as usual.

The morning train leaves Fredericton 7 standard, and arrives at St. John three hours later. The noon train leaves Fredericton at 12.50, standard, and connects with the Boston train for St. John. The accommodation leaves Fredericton at 3.40, standard, and its time at this station is 7.15. The morning train connecting for the west leaves Fredericton at 8.40, standard.

**GET THEE TO A TOBOGGANY!**

**Our Own Keewaydin, and Ward McAllister's Dudes and Dudines.**

The snow and the Keewaydin Tobogganing club bob up together quite serenely this year.

They are both necessary to the winter—that is, a winter in the present age. Genuine old snow is appreciated by the tobogganer. In fact, tobogganing is a failure without it.

This has been decided. The Tuxedo club, of New York, gave the decision, and it has never been appealed from. The following is the head note to the case: Once upon a time—last winter—some of Ward McAllister's celebrated 400 were at the carnival at Montreal. They became enthusiastic over tobogganing, and went home to dear Tuxedo, resolved to have some fun at the park, or perish in the attempt. Money was no object to these jolly mortals, but snow was. They had none. It chanced at this time that a down-east Yank came to the metropolis with some kind of a patent artificial snow, highly recommended by the czar of all the Russias and several other crowned heads. The Tuxedo people promptly bought the exclusive right for the state of New York, and went merrily forward with their cherished project. They built the longest slide in the world—and the costliest; obtained from Canada some hundreds of toboggans, and erected elegant club houses.

Then one night when everything was completed they donned their blanket suits and their toques, lit their torches and marched with music and bright anticipation to their grounds. But they did not toboggan to any great extent. Their manufactured snow did not prove a glittering success. It didn't flash the toboggan down the shute worth a cent. Then they prayed for snow, the real stuff. This was unavailing. Finally they opened a subscription list and formed a stock company, with goodness only knows how much capital, for the avowed purpose of importing snow from Nova Scotia. One vigorous Anglo-maniac declared it was "really too beastly bad, don't cher know," and recklessly avowed that if they did not have snow on their slide next year he would abstain from the monocle for a month.

Did you ever enjoy the pleasing sensation of shooting down the slide with your best girl? If not PROGRESS respectfully suggests that you join the Keewaydin club right away.

They held their annual meeting, Tuesday, and re-elected the officers and committee who conducted the affairs of the club so satisfactorily last season. Prosperity has been theirs from the start. Improvements to their slide and club house have just been completed, and they anticipate a favorable winter. The grand opening will take place during the first week of the new year. The Keewaydins are rather inclined to be proud of their five years' record. Certainly in immunity from accidents they have been fortunate—in that time not one of their members has been injured.

Tickets for the season or non-residents' monthly tickets may be had from the president, Mr. F. A. Jones of the Dufferin hotel, Mr. H. W. Barker, the vice-president, or Mr. W. S. Fisher, the secretary.

"The National," E. J. Wilkins, Proprietor No. 29 Charlotte street, has the best cigars, the best oysters, the best class of customers and is the best place to spend an evening.

**FREDERICTON'S BAD BOY.**

**Writes a Little Composition and Tells What He Saw Around Town.**

Being's I have got to write a composition or else be kept in after school with teacher, now then I don't know what to write about. I have wrote up the sheep, the cow and the horse which is useful animals with four legs, excepting our horse which has a ring spavin, and Uncle Dick's cow which has dried up this time for certain, so he says. So I guess I will just mention some things which I seen around town.

Fredericton has nearly 7,000 inhabitants, but none of them is of much account except what ma calls on and calls on ma. So ma says. But pa says some of them don't pay their bills like the others do, so I guess I will count 'em all in. All, exceptin' Nelson Cliff, who lives in Fredericton and Florida both, but maybe he pays taxes in both places. The most respectable people in town is the 'Piscopals, then the Methodists, then the Kirk, then the Baptists and the Free Baptists. But if the Methodists could only dance they would push the 'Piscopals hard. Ma don't like the Catholics, but pa says they pays their bills the best of any, and that makes ma mad. When the Methodists get respectable enough they joins the 'Piscopals, and the 'Piscopals are glad to have them come, and elects them wardens and vestries. And the Baptists do, too, but not so often. But the Kirks they sticks by themselves, because they is mostly Scotch, and the Scotch is very proud and obstinate.

My Sunday-school teacher is very good to me. She loves me and tells me that I must be good, and not stuck up and proud. But Billy Jones, who sells PROGRESS, is in our class, too, and his mother takes in washin'. So of course my teacher don't speak to Billy's mother when she meets her, and she don't know Billy either when she passes him on Front street. And Billy can't see why she don't love him on week-days, too, but I can—because Billy isn't respectable.

There is a military corpse in Fredericton. They wears red coats, swords and brads in their heels. They nearly all wears their pants bow-legged, so they can surround the enemy. They is very respectable, that is, the officers, and they gets the common ones to tend their horses and do chores for them. But pa says a sojer don't make near as toney a footman as a nigger. Ma says the officers are just lovely—they are so brave. But pa says they don't pay him either, and they ain't very well educated, exceptin' lawn tennis, which they like better than fighting. But the Kernel of the corpse must be a very brave man: he composed a piece of music which sister said made her blood run cold.

There is two kinds of people in town, the Tories and the Grits. One is patriots and the other is traitors. Patriots means officers; traitors is the chaps outside. The Patriots says they will die for their country and the others wants them to. One side always tells the truth and the other nothing but lies, but Pa is on the fence; he says one pays their bills as well as the other. There is another kind, which is mostly out of town, they call the "sturdy yoemans," the "horney smners" and the "honey handed sons of toil." They love their country too. Pa says they cost \$2 a head, election times. But the respectable ones comes higher.

Then there is the Normalites. Pa says when a boy is too lazy to thrash oats, or a girl too bashful to milk, they is sent to town to learn to teach the young idea how to scoot. I don't know what that means except its jiggling.

There is wires and poles goin' up all over town, which has two electric light companies, two telephones and two telegraphs. Pa says if the Mayor only had a footman you would think you was in London.

But I guess I will stop now because I am getting sleepy and the sojer and our hired girl is talking so loud in the kitchen. I am afraid she isn't very respectable.

JIMMY SMITH.  
FREDERICTON, Dec. 15.

**They Went All Right.**

Hundreds of persons in this city bought PROGRESS last week to send to their friends. Very many of them were decorated with a one cent stamp and mailed. They forgot the fact that PROGRESS was three times its usual size and required a two cent stamp to pass through the mail. With their usual courtesy the post office officials informed PROGRESS of the fact, and the additional postage was furnished cheerfully, that nobody might be disappointed. Up to this morning PROGRESS takes pleasure in doing this, but hopes this will be a warning against similar errors when other large editions are published.

**Christmas Music.**

The Royal Branch, a new and pretty Christmas service, will be given by the Sunday-school in Queen square church, next Wednesday evening. Admission is free.

**THEY CRIED FOR MORE.**

**THE GREAT SALE OF "PROGRESS" LAST SATURDAY.**

Twenty Thousand Copies Could Have Been Disposed of—The Work of the Tireless Circulators, the Newsboys—How the Boom Went Outside.

How did PROGRESS go, Saturday? If that question was asked those connected with this journal once this week it was asked a hundred times.

There is only one answer: Splendidly.

Every copy of the 15,000 edition was sold. Early Saturday afternoon there were no papers for sale in this office and the refusals became so numerous that it was necessary to close the doors at an early hour. All that remained of the 15,000 copies were a few less than 200 that were reserved for the use of the office and to supply important demands for the completion of files.

Since then the requests have been so numerous, and many of them coupled with such persuasive reasons, that barely sufficient for file use alone have been reserved.

But ask the newsboys how the papers went—those tireless and competent circulators who make money by selling PROGRESS, in all kinds of weather and under all conditions. Earlier than the sun they appeared on the scene. They came in scores. Each with all the money he owned or could borrow. Each confident in his ability to double his capital before noon. So they did. Many of them quadrupled it before they had been out an hour.

It was no easy task to give the necessary and prompt attention demanded by the surging, clamorous crowd of boys who wanted PROGRESS. When they went, two thousand papers went with them. That was the first call upon the huge bank of the holiday edition.

It was a great and glorious day for the newsboys. PROGRESS wishes they could have secured all the papers they wanted and made their Christmas boxes larger than they were.

No sooner were the boys away in part than PROGRESS' delivery carriage came to the door and took the first load of papers to the city newsdealers. King and Charlotte streets newsdealers had so increased their already large orders that all the papers that could be stacked into the conveyance but sufficed to supply their orders alone. Another load was required for the smaller stores on the outskirts of the city, and still another for Portland.

Meanwhile, in the office the sales were so large and rapid that by noon the street sales had reached 5,000 copies, and the newsboys had paid \$100 over the counter. Their profit on the sale was \$50 in any case, but judging from their unanimous comment, that many a 5-cent piece given them required no change, because their customers would not take it, they must have made a greater harvest.

This was in contrast to the train newsboys, who, acting under instructions, they said, began to charge five cents for the paper. Buyers did not object to the extra two cents, but as the marked price was three cents they objected, and rightly, to paying more. Their objections had the desired effect, and the papers were sold at the usual price afterward.

Some idea of the sale outside the city can be gained from the demands of almost every newsdealer for a further supply. It mattered not that the boom was for St. John. Persons outside were just as eager for the papers as citizens.

This cannot be closed without a few words concerning the work of the post office. Their energies were taxed to the utmost, Friday evening, when the largest English mail that ever went out of the St. John office was despatched. PROGRESS contributed largely to the bulk. It was printed in part early in the morning and those merchants who desired procured papers to send out by the English mail. It speaks volumes for the newspaper department and its management that everything was got off in time, though the heaviest portions were not received until the last minute.

A word of thanks, too, for the cordial recognition extended by those contemporaries who did not suffer jealousy to warp their perception of merit. Here are their Christmas greetings:

PROGRESS, which is showing great and increasing energy and enterprise, quite astonished our citizens with a very large and illustrated edition of 24 pages, on Saturday last. A goodly number of the leading business houses took advantage of this issue as a means of communicating with their customers, near and far, and to give to those at a distance views of St. John's many handsome commercial establishments. The engravings were admirably executed, and the special edition was in all its features most creditable to all connected with it.—St. John Telegraph.

PROGRESS made another progressive step last week, when it came out with 24 pages and gave fine illustrations of many of the leading business houses of St. John. It is worthy its name.—Woodstock Press.

The holiday number of PROGRESS is ahead of anything yet seen in newspaper.

enterprise in the maritime provinces. It consists of 24 pages, fully and finely illustrated, descriptive of St. John, its business and its merchants. Special articles are given to various important topics. The edition, 15,000, beats the record. PROGRESS thoroughly merits its name.—The Gripack, St. John.

PROGRESS, of St. John, issued a 24-page sheet last Saturday, containing a number of excellent illustrations and an abundance of matter tending to boom the commercial center of this province. It was a splendid number.—Albert Maple Leaf.

St. John PROGRESS has issued a splendid special number booming that city. A large number of cuts of business houses are presented and the reading matter is excellent.—Halifax Mail.

PROGRESS, St. John, issued a very creditable 24 page commercial number last week. The illustrations are a good feature and the sketches of leading business houses were more than usually readable.—Moncton Times.

The St. John weekly PROGRESS on Saturday last appeared as a 24 page commerce number. It contained a large number of views of prominent business houses, and was on the whole the best advertising boom St. John has had for many years.—Moncton Transcript.

PROGRESS issued a very fine holiday edition last Saturday. It is certainly a creditable enterprise, and shows St. John's business &c., to good advantage. The paper is 24 pages, and has numerous illustrations of business and public buildings, streets, &c.—Religious Intelligencer, Fredericton.

The holiday number of the St. John PROGRESS is a capital production. It contains about 50 engravings of the principal buildings in St. John, while the descriptions of the various business places are interesting reading, which is something unusual. PROGRESS has displayed great enterprise in issuing this number, and any person who has visited St. John, or has friends living there, should not fail to obtain a copy.—Halifax Recorder.

The special edition of PROGRESS, issued last week, was creditable alike to the publishers and to those St. John merchants who contributed to make it a success.—St. Croix Courier.

**Honoring Its Fiftieth Year.**

St. Luke's church, Portland, will celebrate its jubilee next Sunday. Special services will be held morning, afternoon and evening, and these will be of a most interesting character. In the morning, the rector, Rev. L. G. Stevens, will preach an historical sermon. In the afternoon, Rev. W. B. Armstrong, who was curate under the late Canon Harrison, will address the children. In the evening, Canon Brigstocke, successor to Dr. Gray, who first started church services in Portland, will preach an appropriate sermon. Special hymns and music will be part of each of the services. Another interesting event will be a parish festival, in the school-room, Wednesday evening. Sir Leonard Tilley, the former vestry clerk and for many years one of the active Sunday-school workers, will be present and make a short address. Carols, recitations, quartettes, etc., will help to add to the pleasure of the occasion.

**Christmas Shows.**

Two of the handsomest shop windows in town are those of Messrs. Barnes & Murray Charlotte street. In one window a ball game is represented, in the other a curling match, and both are "too cute for anything."

The Bell cigar factory has "got there" again—this time into Messrs. Taylor & Dockrill's window, where two active workmen are employed in making cigars.

Mr. A. O. Skinner's yule-tide scene is novel and beautiful. The only improvement that PROGRESS can suggest is that he should charge an admission to see it.

Partridge island light-house—in miniature—has moved, for this occasion only, into Messrs. George Robertson & Co's window, where it attracts much notice.

Beverly, the irrepressible, is at the front, as usual. Everybody will go to see his window, so there's no need to describe it.

**Charles Was No Fool.**

"Hon." C. L. Richards is vindicated from the charge that there was anything crooked about the note purporting to be signed by one James W. Smith, and given to Harold Gilbert on account.

It will be remembered that Mr. Smith refused to pay the note, and claimed that he did not make it.

It will also be remembered that PROGRESS did Mr. Richards the justice to say that he was no fool, and that the note was all right. It claimed that Mr. Smith was mistaken, or had forgotten.

Mr. Smith's memory has been refreshed by the prospect of a lawsuit. He has paid the note, not cheerfully as becomes this festive season, but with manifest regret.

He has, however, a right of action against Mr. Richards—when that gentleman returns.

In the sweet bye and bye, bye and bye.

**Original and Unique.**

Macaulay Bros. & Co. have surprised the town with their windows, this week. They have been fully described. They are certainly original and unique.