

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, (WALTER L. SAWYER, ) EDITORS.

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

ADVERTISING RATES will be given on application. The edition of PROGRESS is now so large that it is necessary to put the inside pages to press on Thursday, and no changes of advertisements will be received later than 10 a. m. of that day. Advertisers will forward their own interests by sending their copy as much earlier than this as possible.

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

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

EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher.

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

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DEC. 22.

CIRCULATION, 5,000.

SOMETHING SEASONABLE.

While conveying a Christmas greeting to its friends and subscribers, PROGRESS, the people's paper, would be derelict in duty if it neglected any of the people. It therefore is to be understood as wishing the compliments of the season:

To all the inmates of the Dorchester penitentiary. There are worse men and women outside than any to be found within that hospitable structure. Some of them are running bucketshops. Others are projecting "chemical manure" syndicates. Still others are shouting for annexation. If the associates of these are justified in wishing them "A Merry Christmas," why should their more unfortunate companions in crime be passed over?

To the dwellers in the provincial lunatic asylum. They are not the only crazy people in the province. Men who have not seen the inside of the institution—yet—sometimes attempt to push locomotives off the track, or pull down the sun, or muzzle a newspaper. These men are harmless lunatics, to be sure, and their antics excite no special remark; but, since they are never neglected when this joyous season comes round, why should we slight their brethren, the violently insane?

To all who inhabit the county poorhouse. They have not sounded the depths of impecuniosity. None of them ever had to steal type in order to start an evening daily, nor was ever any obliged to keep one going on a capital of wind. Their Christmas dinner will be given them, but wialth they will not beg it of an unwilling but charitable creditor. The paupers outside the poorhouse will share in the festivities of the time—at somebody's else expense; why should not the poorhouse paupers, who are poor by misfortune, not because of incapacity and dissipation?

To the criminals, the lunatics and the paupers then, PROGRESS wishes "A Merry Christmas,"—thereby heaping coals of fire on the heads of its enemies; for every one of these belongs to one or other class.

THE PERIL OF PREEPER.

The case of WILLIAM PREEPER, now under sentence of death in Halifax, seems to be a satire on trial by jury, even in criminal cases. PREEPER was convicted of the murder of PETER DOYLE, but DOYLE's wife, against whom the evidence was about the same, was acquitted. PREEPER's case was carried to the supreme court of Canada on technical points, and the court has overruled those points. Unless the Governor-General exercises his prerogative, PREEPER must die.

It appears to be the sentiment of the people of Halifax that he should not die. They claim that he was convicted on wholly circumstantial evidence, that the jury strongly recommended him to mercy, that it is believed DOYLE came to his death by accident, that the evidence at the trial was unreliable, and that Mrs. DOYLE was acquitted. They embody these claims in a petition for clemency.

These points raise a strong presumption that the condemned man is innocent. This seems to have been the opinion of the jury, which recommended to mercy. Why so? If he were guilty, he deserved the penalty of the law. If not guilty, why should he be punished at all? There were apparently such reasonable doubts as should have resulted in acquittal.

It would seem that the jury has bungled the matter, and has given the crown, rather than the accused, the benefit of the doubt.

It may not be too late to save PREEPER's life, but he will not owe his escape to the existing judicial system.

IS IT AS IT SHOULD BE?

It appears that at the time of the recent fatality at Dorchester penitentiary, when the services of a physician were instantly and urgently required, the medical superintendent was absent. It is alleged that he is frequently absent, and that though paid a large salary as a servant of the government, he carries on a practice in the county of Cumberland. This is not as it should be. Dr. MITCHELL got his place because he shouted for TUPPER in the town of Amherst, but that is no reason why he should feel that he is an autocrat, who can do as he pleases. Plenty of medical men,

who are as fit for the position as he is, would be glad to take his salary and give their whole time to the official duties for which they are paid.

It does not speak well for the penitentiary that such news as reaches the world from it is almost always of a nature to reflect on the officials. Only a few months ago it was announced that visitors were charged 25 cents a head to see "the show." When reports of this kind reach the public, people are very apt to infer that there must be many worse things of which we hear nothing.

Everything connected with an institution of the kind should be free from suspicion of any kind. It is a public work for which the people, first and last, have paid a pretty round figure. Its management should be in a position to defy criticism. It may be in that position now, but appearances are against it.

A QUESTION OF RIGHT.

What a woeful waste of time and money is committed by the people who take part in amateur theatricals and by those who encourage them!

No one pretends that the participants receive any benefit from memorizing, for example, a modern comedy. No one would dare to assert that any but cynics get the value of the money they pay to hear whipped-syllabub speeches delivered in an awe-stricken monotone, and to see a number of people disport themselves more or less gracefully upon the stage.

Yet we all go—and the law permits us. If our gifted friends who chafe at the narrow bounds of their regular occupations should try to practice medicine as amateurs, or announce themselves amateur lawyers, the courts would have something to say. The actors and the public have no protection but the incompetence of their imitators. It strikes us that this is hardly fair.

If an amateur doctor kills a man, the quack is liable to be hanged. Should the amateur actor who murders Shakespeare go unscathed—and be rewarded for the crime?

If clerk LYNAM is unable to preserve order and decency in the country market, let Chief MARSHALL try his hand. If he can't or won't, then PROGRESS will lead an invading force armed with shovels, garden hose and disinfectants and reinforced with a brigade of dump carts. The loafers and tramps have established their winter headquarters in the market, to the financial loss of the merchants and the disgust of patrons; and the unsavory wretches have got to be cleared out. If they were poor men, out of work and seeking a place to keep warm, PROGRESS wouldn't have a word to say—for such men would be quiet and civil; the truth is, however, that they are drunken, disreputable hoodlums and bunnies, who herd together to spit, swear, insult ladies and gentlemen and tell dirty stories. There is no room for such in the market—or anywhere else where decent people have to resort. Away with them!

A complaint having reached the editors of PROGRESS that a paragraph published in the Chatham correspondence some time ago stating that Mr. Davidson, of the Bank of Montreal, had purchased the Morrison mills and intended to carry on a large business there, was untrue, prompt inquiry was made of the correspondent. He replies as follows: "Yours duly to hand and contents noted. In reply would state that the item referred to by you was a rumor gotten up by some of the boys in Chatham as a joke on Mr. Davidson, of the Bank of Montreal. I did not understand it as such until after the paper was published."

PROGRESS knows none of the parties mentioned in the paragraph, but nevertheless is regretful that any of them should consider himself injured by it. The city papers that noted the "serim-mage" on Church street, Thursday, showed their animus and jealousy by unfairness and untruthfulness. Not one of them saw the affair and they had not the decency to get both sides of the story. Not one of them has the courage of its opinions at any time. There is no fear that any of the intelligent staffs will ever have occasion to defend themselves from more than a political attack. Fearlessness is required for the expression of truth and truth is not their forte. The success of PROGRESS is not a popular theme with them, but then, considering who they are, that should not be expected.

Hitherto PROGRESS has been for sale in two places in Newcastle: by Mr. HENRY WYSE and JOHNSON BROS. Mr. WYSE's supply has been cut off. He is too funny for PROGRESS. Accompanied by his own name he sent some items to PROGRESS, December 8. One of them was unfit for publication in a society column. Mr. WYSE has claimed since that it was a joke. We fail to see it in that light.

She Need Not Have Been Troubled. "I hate this snow," declared one lady to another yesterday. "It spoils my hat." "That needn't disturb you," said her companion, "because Mme. Kane is selling a perfect collection of beauties at great sacrifice. I have made it one of my Christmas depots. I am better satisfied with making a useful gift than any other kind, and I know they are appreciated. So if your hat is spoiled, get another at Mme. Kane's, Union street."—Adet.

Holiday Goods!

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

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

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



CHRISTMAS CARDS AND BOOKS.

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

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

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

ILLUSTRATED GIFT BOOKS.

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

STANDARD WORKS.

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

OUR PRICES ARE LOWER THAN THE LOWEST ON BOOKS.

HE OWNED THE LETTER.

Johnny Mulcahey is an Invalid and Finds it a Pleasant Occupation.

I gess Mr. tayler did own that leter, 'cause he cot me in a dark alleyway an' sed what he's no fule if my old people wur. He hurt my feelins too on the plase were the patch is wot yer cant see when my cotes on, an' beef stake didn't do my I no good. taylors a darn fule 'cause everybody'll no its his when they sea me. I hurt my rist too when I fell down and cant rite. So bill johnson rittin' this. Ime diktatin' like Gorge awlfrid Townsend and mr. Jones does. Bill aint mutch of a spellur, so look out.

Chrismis is cumin' an' ma an' pa's happy as lords. There out every nite and Ime glad. Meinbill stas in. We're jis sick of raisins an' currans. We no were there keepin' all the kake this yere, and wot ma's got made so fur is gude. Bill's a compeant Judge. Ma says what her piserves is spoilin', but I gess it was the bloo mold what we got down in the sellar and put on so's we woodn't git found out. Ma says what she's goin' to count oranges when she bys them again, so's she wont git only 10 fur a dozen. The oranges is gude this yere, that's the resin there goin' ter be so karse. If ma keeps on thinkin' wot the frute man cant count our's'll be skarse.

Its gude fun bein' a mvalid when yure parants is out every nite. Bill'n me has found out a gude deel. Pa's sigars is dandys, only they make considerable of a smell when we smoke 3 a piece. Pa says there's sumthin' the matter wth the flo of our chimiley an' he's goin ter have the masins cum round tomorrer.

Bill wont be let speke to me any more. His parants says what ime lernin' him bad, 'cause he drunk awl the brandy what they had to put in the kake an' got full. He kickt up a awful time fur a young fellar. I don't see what they blamed me fur, 'cause Bill didn't no the brandy's there quick anuff to invite me over.

JOHNNY MULCAHEY. Per BILL J.

An Early Morning Joke.

A good story comes to PROGRESS of a popular gentleman who sought his couch at an early hour in the morning, recently. He was on a secluded street, and was laden with four huge turkeys. Presently the sound of laughter and well known voices approached him. There was no time to get away, and no alley was convenient. He was discovered, surrounded and arrested on the spot. A mock investigation of his burden followed. Explanations were demanded, and before the gentleman could go he was required to give bail for his appearance next year.

THE CAROL OF THE BELLS.

I. LAST QUARTER. The night is chill, and dumb, and dead, A Cross beams dimly o'er my bed, No sound on the enfolding air But echoes faint of whispered prayer. But now a murmur soft, and clear,— Like waking angels' voice,—I hear; And round my chamber window floats A mingled beat of toneful notes.

II. MIDNIGHT. But the clangor fails. Silence grim prevails: Comes to me, alone One long dying groan, One sharp broken cry,— Throated agony,— And the moments grey Dumbly creep away.

III. THE PEAL. Hark! Hark! that music swift and loud On midnight tempest's flying cloud— Sound fast on sound; fierce melody, Brimful of wild, earnest-ting glee.

IV. CHANGES. Crying loudly, sighing lowly, On the iron chill of night; Throbbing quickly, sobbing slowly Through the snow-mist dim and white; Bells are ringing, Tidings bringing Of a Saviour's birth: Angels winging, Blessings flinging O'er the earth.

V. (TUNE—"White Shepherds Watched their Flocks.") White, 'neath the moon, the white drifts grow, The white, wild fields along; White bend the trees beneath the snow Like priests at evensong.

White on the wings, and o'er the crest Of seraph-heralds mild; And white upon her white, meek breast, Blest Mary's stainless child!

G. J. D. PETERS. Bathurst, N. B.

Go to "The National," No. 22 Char'otte Street, for Oyster Suppers.

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Prices Low. C. MASTERS.

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THAT WALTER SCOTT

HAS THE FINEST ASSORTMENT

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Prices 10 cents to \$1.50 Each.

Gents' Silk Scarfs, 10 cents upwards.

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BARLEY SUGAR WHISTLES, WATCHES, VICTORIA CAKE, CORNUCOPIES, SPINNING TOPS, NECKLACES, ALMOND BAR, WEDDING CAKE ORNAMENTS, BANJOES, BUTTERFLY BASKETS, MARSHMELLOES, CHOCOLATE DROPS, in fancy boxes, SINGING CANARIES, BIRDS and ANIMALS, TABLETS.

TRY OUR SUPERIOR JAMS AND JELLIES.

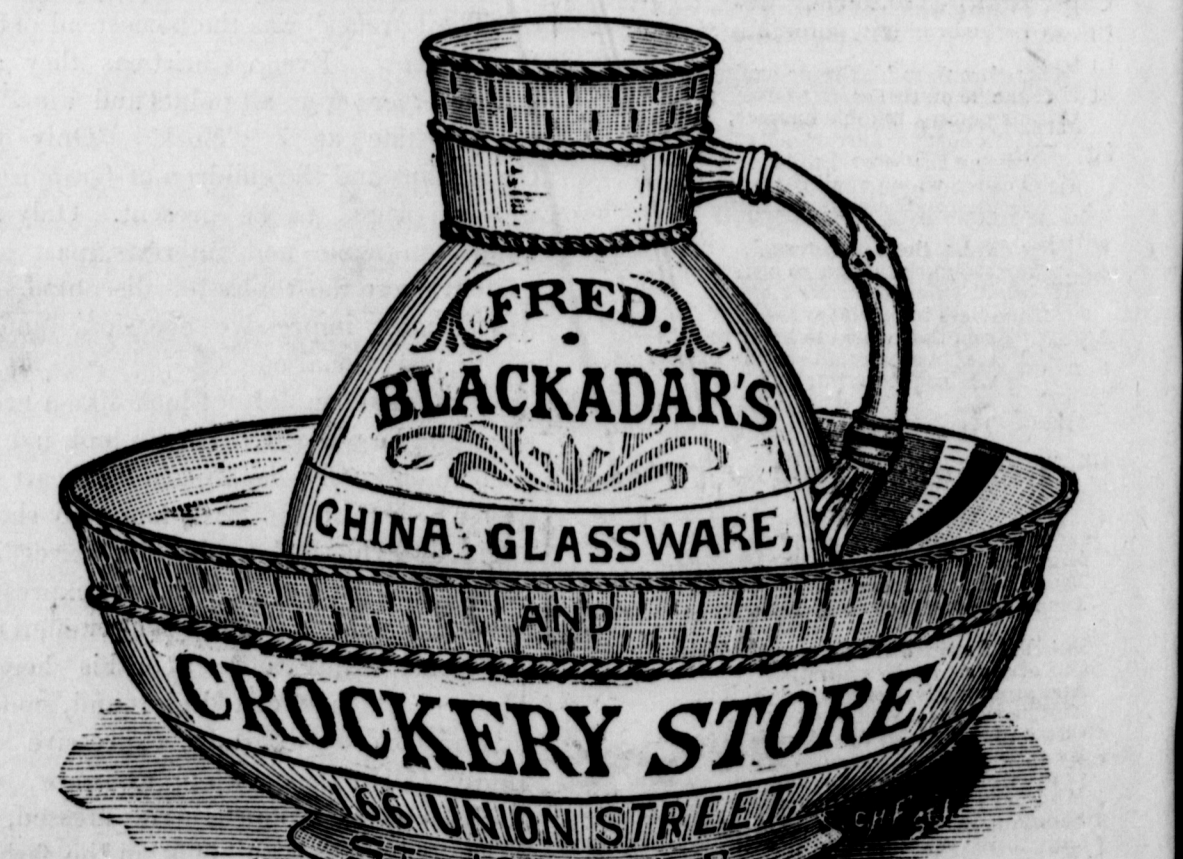
And don't fail to get a LITTLE PIG for the Xmas tree; also, a 5lb. box of our XMAS MIXTURE for \$1.00. SOMETHING NICE.

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

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



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