

PROGRESS.

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

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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.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DEC. 28. CIRCULATION, 6,200.

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

WHAT ABOUT THE LIGHT?

Does anybody know what has become of the city's resolution to have the streets properly lighted? Some time ago tenders for the work were asked for and received, but there the matter appears to have ended.

The intention of the council, it is ever does anything, is said to be to have the lights burning for 365 nights in every year, except leap years, when they will burn 366 nights.

Heretofore, the peculiar system has been to suppose that on a certain number of nights in each month, rain or shine, the moon was quite sufficient for all illuminating purposes.

So, too, a deep and dangerous gloom has been cast over Sunday after sunset. On that night women and children who go to and from the churches have to stumble along as best they can in darkness.

If the common council ever decides to do anything, these evidences of old-time ideas will probably be removed.

SOMETHING ABOUT WHISKEY.

Just at this time of the year there is a good deal of drinking. Perhaps there is not as much as there has been in former years, and perhaps there is.

A good many people drink under the idea that "it is a poor heart that does not rejoice at Christmas."

The Kentucky colonel who said that there was no bad whiskey—some kinds might be better than others, but they were all good—spoke from a local standpoint.

It is not probable at present that there will be prohibition in this portion of the world. The example of the state of Maine, where the worst liquor in America is sold, would be enough to prevent such a thing, even if there were no other reasons.

So far, the chief aim of the government, civic or business, is to make money out of the otherwise. Its inspiration is the cash which it collects from the dealer, and pocketing this, it gives itself no concern as to what he sells.

pleases, and drug his wares until they become absolute poisons. There is no law to prevent him, and no law to punish him.

The reply of the prohibitionist to this is that men are served right in getting such stuff, because they should drink no liquor, good or bad. This may be correct from his point of view, but it is neither sound reason nor christian doctrine.

The law is scrupulously careful to have an inspector of leather, of fish and of many other things in which it fears the public may suffer by fraud.

What is needed in the liquor traffic, since the governments claim the right and have the power to deal with it, is an inspection law, such as will punish those who violate it.

There is ample room to do away with many of the evils of intemperance, without seeking after impossible ideals.

Judging by the way the St. Croix Courier is ready to impute the most malicious motives to its contemporaries, the editor must have a pretty small mind.

In Halifax, the other day, a man was found guilty of robbing the Sunday school contributions boxes, and there was probably a good deal of virtuous indignation at what was considered a mean, not to say sacrilegious act.

PEN AND PRESS.

The Canadian Nation is the name of a Third Party paper published in Toronto. The first number is dated several weeks ahead, to give time for early orders, arrangement of mailing sheet, etc.

The Christmas number of the Chicago Horseman is a magnificent publication of 96 pages, splendidly illustrated with full page and other engravings of famous horses.

Benjamin H. York, the printer who founded the New York Sun, in 1833, died last Saturday. The three great things for which he will be remembered are: He introduced the low-priced newspaper; he set a new standard of news interest; and he "invented the American newsboy."

Mr. J. G. Carter Troop, who has been manager of the Trinity University Review, Toronto, has been appointed editor in chief. He will retain the position of manager.



GOLDEN EAGLE FLOUR. DO NOT GET ANY OTHER.

SUNDRY HITS AND HINTS.

Thank goodness, the papers are through with their Christmas editorials.

Now that the holidays are passing, political predictions will be in order.

The turkey jokes will have a rest now for nearly twelve months. So glad.

The traditional newsboys' address is becoming a thing of the past, and none too soon.

The Christmas employees are exceedingly glad that "Post office comes but once a year."

The New York Press hits the mark pretty straight when it says that the "shortest" day is the next after Christmas.

If the Christmas festivities did not take place until after the New Year's bills came in, there would be less money spent.

It does not require a very rapid city to catch on to the Russian influenza. It has reached Portland, Me., and Halifax.

Now that the McDonald trial is over, people can devote more time to the discussion of the standard topic of the weather.

Talmage is making a collection of pieces of stones from ancient and famous places. He has the fancy of getting "lots of rocks."

It is hard to say whether the conventional Christmas story, or the average Christmas editorial, contains the more monotonous chestnuts.

Now that the name of a man who drew one prize in a foreign lottery is known, it would be interesting to have a list of St. John patrons who have not drawn prizes.

Rev. H. A. S. Hartley does not seem to court publicity as much as he did before the ghost episode. Perhaps he is meditating some new and more astounding sensation.

The growing popularity of curling, as an amusement, is a healthy sign. Its great points are that it is really scientific recreation without any chance of gambling or rowdiness.

Between the American who lauds the virtues of the deceased Jeff Davis, and the one who writes a letter to rejoice at his death, there appears to be a wide diversity of opinion.

"Despite the backward season," there is an abundant crop of original verse this year. A number of pieces are under consideration in this office, while others have been sent to the machine shop for repairs.

"La Grippe," as the name of a new style of sneezing influenza is called, has been travelling around Europe since 1910, and has only now come to America. That shows how much our boasted civilization is behind the times.

A New York man has figured out that Hell has a population of 175,000,000,000. He has not attempted to classify the inhabitants, but the percentage of lawyers and money-lenders may be guessed near enough for all practical purposes.

According to the local paper there are exciting times in Albert county. Charles E. Knapp is out as a candidate, a "temperance drama" is on the boards at Oniton hall, a barber shop has been opened at Albert and one of the natives has discovered seven stray geese.

A Halifax city tramp refused a drink out of a bottle offered him by a stranger, because it looked suspicious. The fluid was afterwards found to be a mixture of belladonna and chloroform. Such a drink might have hurt a Halifax man, though it would have been only a mild tonic to a man from Moncton.

This is one of the Halifax ideas of being charitable at Christmas time: The charitably disposed "engaged themselves this afternoon by throwing cents out onto the street, where they were scrawled for by a crowd of white and colored boys. A shower of cents was generally followed by a bag of flour or a shower of rotten fruit."

Thomas A. Edison, who knows as much about electricity as any one, says that electric lighting can be successfully accomplished in cities by using a current not strong enough to burn a human being. According to him, there is no need of a current strong enough to take life. This is "important, if true," as the local papers would say.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

A Voice from South Wharf.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: As one of the merchants of the South Wharf, I would ask you as a favor to send off in your next issue for doing business on Saturday afternoon; for I think any man who has been down enough to Saturday afternoon ourselves, but have always refused to sell goods when called upon to do so, but it is a good chance to get the books straightened out. I do not care so much for what the other people who keep open may pick up, but think if it is continued it will break up the half-holiday altogether.

St. John, Dec. 23. SOUTH WHARF.

Mr. Topping Will Remain North.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: An article appeared in your paper, published two or three weeks ago, in regard to me, going South for my health. I have no idea of going South, and you must know an item of that kind has a damaging effect upon a person's business.

You will please correct the statement briefly in your next issue, and oblige me in future by not publishing my name in connection with any item in your paper. The item referred to I consider a damage to my business, and my physician never made such talk about the condition of my health at any time, nor ordered me South. J. TOPPING. Calais, Me., Dec. 23.

RANDOM RUBS.

It Is Not So Dry. Doting Father—And how is my son progressing in classics?

Professor, (dryly)—Pretty fast I should say. You see he's given up Latin for Scotch.

Perfectly Unanimous. First Expert—You're a liar.

Second Expert—You're another. (This is the only point they were agreed on. They ought to know.)

The Law Has Its Terrors. Judge—Little boy, do you know the nature of an oath?

Sammy—Yes. Judge—Where will you go if you don't tell the truth?

Sammy—Pa says that if I ain't good he'll send me to Halifax to live with aunt Lucy.

Judge—Appears to me, Mr. Solicitor, this boy knows the nature of an oath.

A Decided Opinion. His Honor—Have you formed such a decided opinion in this case as would prevent you from attending to the facts and weighing the evidence?

Grocer on the Panel—I have, Yer' honor. His Honor—Well you may retire.

Grocer on the Panel (aside)—In Christmas week my decided opinion that I oter be attendin' to biz and weighin' out perwisions.

Evening Up Matters.

Employer—John, sir.

Foreman—Give each of the men a turkey for Christmas dinner, with my compliments. And say, John?

Foreman—Yes, sir.

Employer—Be sure you get it in the papers, eh?

Foreman—Yes, sir.

Employer—Beginning the first of the year, you know there's to be a 10 per cent. reduction in wages all round, do you understand?

Foreman—Yes, sir.

Thoroughly Qualified.

Lawyer—Shall we proceed with the case now, yer' honor?

Judge P.—Ugh. Ugh. Seems to me—ugh—I ought not to try this case. Ugh. Ugh. I have a cousin—a third cousin—connected by marriage—ugh, ugh—with a distant branch of the family of the plaintiffs. Ugh. Ugh.

Lawyer for Defence—We are all prepared to go on. We would be perfectly satisfied with your honor.

Judge P.—No; I think you'd better get Judge F. to try the case. He's got no relatives. Ugh. Ugh.

Sweet Whoom.

Small Boy—I'm goin' to shoot my sister, and then I'll be hung.

His Horrified Ma—Why, Georgie, how can you talk so?

Small Boy—Coz it would be nice to be hung by Mr. Pugsley. He's so ortful polite. Coz he'd say, "Excuse me, Georgie, dear, but would you be so kind as to permit me to close your windpipe, my son?"

Trite But True.

German Teacher (to pupils)—"Der erly bird catches dot worms." Now, vat lesson mine poys do you gadder from dot passage?

Little Hans Blinker—Der lesson vas dis—dot worms got up too soon.

Teacher—Gorreck. Hans, you vas smart poys. Come teach der class yourself.

A Sure Calculation.

Araminta—But I will be a sister to you, Algernon. You will come and see me just the same, won't you?

Algernon (Tragically)—When thunderbolts and icebergs waltz the tropics hand in hand, when all that is one with all that ought to be, when the wheels of time shall wobble from their course and blend their exit in Eternity, when Chaos and Oblivion their sombre wings spread over all Infinity, then maiden fair thou'll see this wretched being once again! (Exit Algernon, suddenly.)

Araminta (Pensively)—O my. He won't be back for a whole, whole week. I know he won't. Cicily! Cicily, do you hear me? Come put my hair in curls.

BILDAD.

"Progress" Gets There.

In speaking of the things which are making the city well and favorably known abroad, the Telegraph says:

Every day some one or more of our exchanges has an article on "St. John's Progress," "St. John Awake," or with some such caption. The dock and harbor improvement scheme has already operated as a big advertisement for our city and receives frequent and favorable notice in western journals.

Progress, while thanking the Telegraph for this "compliment of the season," modestly hopes that it will accomplish even more in this line next year.

Cause and Effect—on the Public.

"Tomorrow, Christmas day, The Daily Thunderbolt will not be issued. A happy Christmas to all."—City paper.

Bargains in Booklets, New Year Cards, Albums, Bibles, Prayer Books, at McArthur's, 80 King street.

JUST THINK OF IT.

WE ARE CLEARING A LINE OF Wool Dress Plaids, at 19 cts. FORMER PRICE 30 CENTS.

Just the thing for Children's wear. The patterns are new this season, and have only to be seen to be appreciated. The quantity is limited. So come early.

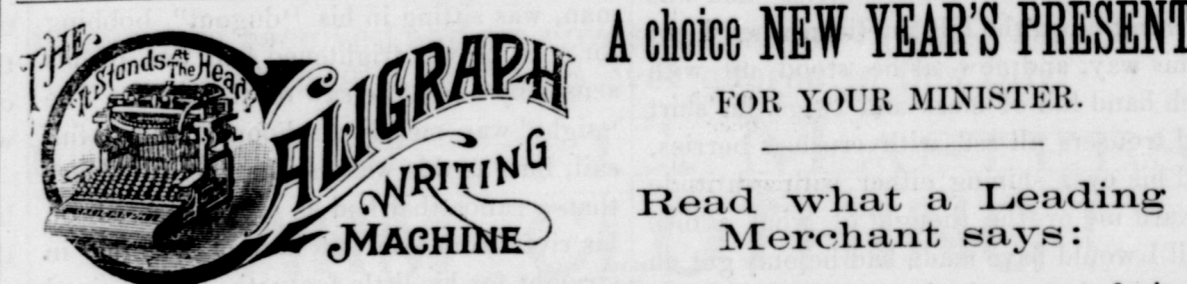
BARNES & MURRAY. 1889. NEW YEAR'S. 1890.



CHILDREN'S TRAYS; BRASS AND COPPER TEA KETTLES; CAKE COOLERS; "KEYSTONE" WHIPS; GRANITE AND AGATE TEA POTS; NIGHT LAMPS; NURSERY LAMPS; CAKE PANS, CAKE BOXES; SELF-WRINGING MOPS; And all the LATEST NOVELTIES in our line.

Which we are offering at our usual LOW PRICES—the lowest in the market.

SHERATON & SELFRIDGE, - 38 KING STREET. TELEPHONE, No. 358.



A choice NEW YEAR'S PRESENT FOR YOUR MINISTER. Read what a Leading Merchant says: I have now been using the "Caligraph" purchased from you for one year, during which time it has never been out of order, nor cost a cent in any way.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE. ARTHUR P. TIPPET & CO., Sole Agents.

GREAT REDUCTION IN THE PRICE OF PIANOS, ORGANS, AND SEWING MACHINES, FOR THE HOLIDAYS. At W. H. BELL'S, 25 King St. Instruments sold on Installments. Pianos and Organs to hire. Please call and examine before purchasing. W. H. BELL, 25 KING STREET.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

A. R. Stover's Only and Original Boston Ideal Uncle Tom's Cabin Company was so awfully bad that it would be a waste of time and space to write about it.

It is a pretty hard matter to criticise the performances of the members of Price Webber's Comedy Company. If an attempt is made to test them by the standard rules of dramatic art they will be found sadly wanting, but at the same time it must be admitted that they are at least entertaining.

Aurora Floyd, a very good play in its way, was the opening piece. It was my intention to have left at the end of the first act, for I had seen the play before, but I found myself so interested that I remained until the close; indeed, it was quite a compliment to the company that not a single person left the hall until the curtain descended on the afterpiece.

The whole merit of the entertainment consisted in its evenness and good balance.

Miss Edwina Gray, in the title role, was strong and sympathetic, though she oftentimes strains for effect, is a little too theatrical, while her elocution is somewhat preachy and unnatural.

Mr. Webber is not an actor; never was, never will be, and never tries to be. He knows his patrons, and they know him. He defies stage rules, but brings down the house every time, and they are pleased.

What cares he for legitimate comedy when those who pay to see him would sooner hear his local gags? Why should he confine himself to certain arbitrary lines of action when those whose entertainer he is would sooner listen to references to Musquash and Leary's dry dock?

J. K. Mills has a good stage presence and a strong voice, but makes every word a mouthful, so that it is often indistinct and unintelligible; he is also stiff and amateurish. Wilson Benn made a fair James Conyers. Percy W. Marsh has a very disagreeable nasal twang, but it was not altogether out of place in the character of "softy." Among the support Miss Clara Mathes is unquestionably the best.

The rest of the cast had little opportunity for display.

Jessie Vere, a new drama in this part of the world, was presented on Tuesday even-

ing and at Christmas day matinee. It is of the highly sensational order. This was followed by two very old favorites, The Lancashire Lass and Kathleen Macourneen.

I cannot do without extending my congratulations to the N. Y. Dramatic Mirror, on the success, artistically, literary and every other way of its Christmas number. It not only distances all competitors, but beats its own record.

OWEN T. CARROLL.

SAID OF CHRISTMAS "PROGRESS."

Evidence of Enterprise.

The enterprise of the New Brunswick press is well illustrated by a "majority number" of the Moncton Times and a "holiday edition" of the St. John Progress. The former is of 16, the latter of 20 pages, of large size, both beautifully printed on paper of excellent quality and full of illustrations of very high merit.

These numbers are worthy of the reputation gained by the energy and enterprise of these papers.

It Was Too Cheap.

The St. John Progress issues a very handsome 20 page Christmas number. In quality of paper, illustration, and from a literary standpoint, it is worth five times the nickel that is charged for it.—Boston British American Citizen.

It Was a Beauty.

The handsomest paper which reached our office last week was the holiday edition of Progress. It was a beauty, mechanically and otherwise, and the publisher is to be congratulated.—St. Andrews Beacon.

Nothing Like It.

The Christmas number of the St. John Progress came to hand this week. It is a "thing of beauty and a joy forever." We have seen nothing like it as yet in the Maritime provinces.—New Glasgow Vindicator.

[For Progress.]

INFINITUDES.

There is no limit to that unseen sea, No rest in all its space. Where wavelet ends Wavelet takes up its motion and impacts Itself upon another; thus it is In the small drop of human life, where each Bearing his burden for himself alone, Hinders or aids some unknown brother's toil, Knowing not to what end. That sea is Fate.

There is no measure of that unseen line Whence swings the plummet of eternity; Before the marching of its measured haste Sands drop, suns fade and systems run their course. And yet it, moving, never stops: with no pulse Marked it beginning, nor yet shall an end Be told by it. What men call Time is but The breaking of its thread. And life is less. There is no knowledge of that unseen cause That ever was, and is, and ne'er can cease. Beyond the mirror'd form of earthy self— Beyond the flaring star that early see— Beyond the fluttering pinions of our hopes— Thought after thought unfolds, yet leaves the cause Clearer but never known. That cause is God. St. John N. B., Nov., 1889. B. D. R.