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. ADVERTISING RATES.

One Inch, One Year, One Inch, Six Months, -One Inch, Three Months, One Inch, Two Months, -One Inch, One Month, - -

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.

EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher and Proprietor, Office: Masonic Building, Germain Street.

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 became of the city's resolution to have the streets there will be a bulletin about black pepper properly lighted? Some time ago tenders for the work were asked for and received, but there the matter appears to have ended. It has been remitted to the Public Works Department, which appears either to have forgotten about it, or to have given liquor works infinitely more harm than it a six-months hoist. In the meantime the city is poorly lighted.

The intention of the council, it it 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. That is, whether the moon is supposed to shine or not the citizens will have the benefit of the illumination, and it will be as safe to walk around Sunday evening as at any other time.

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. After a century or so of experience, this theory has been found to be an erroneous one. Then, too, the old time supposition was that every citizen ought to be home before midnight, and when the electric lights were introduced this idea still prevailed. As a result, just at the time when a belated pedestrian most needs a light for guidance and protection, he finds himself in darkness.

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. Every light which it is possible to extinguish, on the streets and on the houses, is made to keep the Sabbath and rest from its labors. Even the hotels, in most cases, draw down their front blinds, so that no ray of light can reach the street. Only the Jews in the cigar shops come to the rescue of the Christians on the streets. There seems to be an idea that it is wicked for the city to look cheerful on Sunday.

If the common council ever decides to do anything, these evidences of old-time ideas will probably be removed. But the council is evidently not in a hurry. Perhaps they have busied the matter so deep that no one can find it.

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 more than there ought to be of drinking in its worst form. And that form is standing up at a bar and swallowing the stuff that is dealt out by the bar-tender.

A good many people drink under the idea that "it is a poor heart that does not rejoice at Christmas." They have a good time on the eve or the night of the holiday, but the next day they don't feel quite so funny. They have been drinking bad whiskey, for which they have paid a price which should have ensured a pure article.

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. He had never been in Portland, Bangor, Moncton or Musquash. There is bad whiskey as well as every other kind of bad liquor in St. John. There ought not to be. If the law permits the sale of it, it should protect the consumer, as it does in any other branch of trade.

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. The people of cities of any size will have their drink, good or bad, law or no law, until they are educated, rather than legislated, into a different way of thinking. The best thing that the law can do is to prevent, as much as possible, the worst effects of the traffic.

So far, the chief aim of the government, civic or otherwise, is to make money out of the business. Its inspiration is the cash which it collects from the dealer, and pocketing this, it gives itself no concern as to what he sells. He may take alcohol, turpentine, white vitriol or whatever he been taken for men of another stamp.

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 fact remains that men do drink and will continue to drink, and that the government is likely to encourage their drinking, so long as it pays it to do so. The fact is that while the government takes all it can out of the traffic, it does not see that the people have important rights which it ought to feel bound to respect. It makes it an offence for a man to sell liquor at five minutes after ten, but until ten o'clock arrives he can sell whatever he pleases, so long as his customer is not killed outright from the effects of it. A man may expire as soon after as he pleases, and an intelligent coroner's jury will put the blame on him, with a verdict of "died from the excessive use of intoxicating liquor."

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 traud. An exhaustive bulletin on the analysis of cream-tartar has just reached us from Ottawa, and presently or something of the kind. It is also admitted that liquors are adulterated—and dangerously so-but no attempt is made to expose or punish those who are guilty of selling such stuff. Yet "doctored" adulterated cream-tartar, pepper, mustard, coffee or lard. The government does not give value for the money it makes out of

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. It should be as much a crime for a man to poison his fellows with whiskey as it would be to poison them with anything else. And the punishment should "fit the crime," in the way of fine, imprisonment, and possibly of hanging. That is the way for the government to deal with the question, since it undertakes to regulate the traffic in all other respects.

There is ample room to do away with many of the evils of intemperance, without seeking after impossible ideals. The habitual hard drinker may not be the best specimen of a citizen, but he helps to support the state, and is entitled to the state's

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. Progress innocently published a news item in regard to the difficulty of getting a landlord for the St. Stephen hotel, upon which the Courier accuses it of a "fling" at the town. There was nothing of the kind. The town is all right, except that it is unfortunate in having a champion with such an unhappy disposition. The item in question was founded on the statement of a responsible man, and was published merely as a piece of news. If the condition of things is any better than was stated, Progress is glad to hear it. It would be pleased, also, to chronicle an improvement in the disposition of the Courier man.

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. The papers now say that years, and perhaps there is. There is his wife is in a very destitute condition, which would seem to be a reasonable explanation of his crime. An eminent ecclesiastic has given his opinion that a hungry man is justified in stealing bread, and a good many people agree with him. The Halifax man may have taken the money to buy whiskey, but if not and want of food was his excuse, the church, rather than the courts, should have taken him in charge.

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." Isn't the Third Party itself dated several years

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. The reading matter is of a kind to interest every admirer of the turf, and there is enough of it to employ the mind until long after the snow is gone. The Horseman is a very complete publication at all times, but on this occasion it has ex

Benjamin H. Day, 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." His works do follow him.

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.

The Evangelical Churchman took a wise precaution in labeling the pictures in its Christmas number with the names of prominent clergymen. If it had been left to the talk about the condition of my health at any time, imagination of the public they might have nor ordered me South.



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

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

If the Christmas festivities did not take place until after the New Year's bills came in, there would be It does not require a very rapid city to catch on to

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

topic of the weather.

the Russian influenza. It has reached Portland,

Talmage is making a collection of pieces of stones from ancient and famous places. He has the faculty 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 The growing popularity of curling, as an amuse-

ment, is a healthy sign. Its great points are that it is really scientific recreation without any chance of gambling or rowdvism. 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 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 re-

"La Grippe," as the name of a new style of sneezing influenza is called, has has travelling around Europe since 1510, and has only now come to America. That shows how much our boasted civili-

zation 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 per-centage of lawyers and money-lenders may be guessed near enough for all practical purposes.

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

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

This is one of the Halifax ideas of being charitable at Christmas time: The charitably disposed "enjoved themselves this afternoon by throwing cents out onto the street, where they were scrambled 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 merchants of the South Wharf, I would ask you as a favor to give some of the people of the same placea little send off in your next issue for doing business on Saturday afternoon; for I think any man who is mean enough to do so deserves it. True, we have been down every 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 hooks the other people who keep open may pick up, but think if it is continued it will break up the half holiday altogether. SOUTH WHARF.

St. John, Dec. 23.

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

You will please correct the statament 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 J. Topping.

Calais, Me., Dec. 23.

RANDOM RUBS.

It Is Not So Dry. Doting Father-And how is my son progressing in

Professor, (drily)-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

Judge-Where will you go if you don't tell the

Sammy-Pa says that if I aint good he'll send me o 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 ppinion in this case as would prevent you from attending to the facts and weighing the evidence? Grocer on the Panel-I have, Yer 'onr. His Honor-Well you may retire.

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

Evening Up Matters.

Employer-John. Foreman-Yes, sir.

Foreman-Yes, sir.

Employer-Give each of the men a turkey for Christmas dinner, with my compliments. And say,

Employer-Be sure you get it in the papers, eh? Foreman-Yes, sir.

Employer-And say, John? 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,

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 marriageugh, 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 Judge P .- No; I think you'd better get Judge F.

to try the case. He's got no relatives. Ugh. Ugh.

Sweet William.

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

His Horrified Ma-Why, Georgie, how can you

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

Trite But True.

German Teacher (to pupils) - "Der erly bird cotches dot worms." Now, vat lesson mine poys do you gadder from dot passage? Little Hans Blinker - Der lesson vas dis-dot

Teacher-Gorrect. Hans, you vas a smart poys. Come teach der class yourself.

worms got up too soon.

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? Algdrnon (Tragically)-When thunderbolts and icebergs waltz the tropics hand in hand, when all that is 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 thoul't 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 crimps.

"Progress" Gets There.

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

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 Thundergust will not be issued. A happy Christmas to all."—City paper.

Bargains in Booklets, New Year Cards, Albums, Bibles, Prayer Books, at Mc-Arthur'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. patterns are new this season, and have only to be seen to be appreciated. The quantity is limited. So come early.

BARNES & MURRAY. **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

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. I can write much faster than with a pen, with much less exertion, and giving better results. I am fully satisfied with the choice I made in buying a "Caligraph" after having examined all the leading machines in the market.

D. GRAHAM WHIDDEN, Antigonish. leading machines in the market.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

1889.

ARTHUR P. TIPPET & CO., Sole Agents

GREAT REDUCTION

IN THE PRICE OF

FOR THE HOLIDAYS,

AtW. H. BELL'S, 25 King St.

Instruments sold on Installments. Pianos and Organs to hire. Please call and

examine before purchasing. 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

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.

good balance.

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- St. John N. B., Nov., 1889.

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 Mavourneen.

W. H. BELL, 25 KING STREET.

I cannot close 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 Moneton 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 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 Vindi-

> [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, moves not: 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 earthly self-Beyond the farthest star that eye can see-Beyond the flutt'ring pinions of our hopes-Thought after thought unfolds, yet leaves the cause Clearer but never known. That cause is God.