

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, - - - - \$15 00
One Inch, Six Months, - - - - 8 00
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One Inch, Two Months, - - - - 4 00
One Inch, One Month, - - - - 2 00

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.

News and opinions on any subject are always welcome, but all communications should be signed. Manuscripts unsent 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. 7.

CIRCULATION, 6,200.

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

THE LIE ON THE LABEL.

A Halifax man shipped a lot of canned lobsters to Antwerp, by way of London, last year, labelled so as to lead purchasers to believe that the goods had been put up in Germany. They were seized in London, under an act which provides that all goods imported into England must bear a label showing the country of production.

The English act is a salutary one for the prevention of fraud. Its provisions greatly enlarged, should be extended to this side of the water, and it should go so far as to reach articles manufactured in a country as well as those imported. There is too much lying, not to say fraud, in trade. If smelt are canned at Eastport, they should not be sold for French sardines, and if Ontario toilet soap cannot be sold on its own merits, it should not be palmed off with the name of a Paris maker.

The retail merchant who buys and sells goods fraudulently marked is a party to the falsehood. Ninety-nine out of a hundred may deny any such responsibility, but their denial cannot alter the fact. They may assert that they do not say the counterfeit is genuine, or indeed that they will say it is not—when they are asked. Nevertheless, they know that nine out of ten do not ask the question, but are led to purchase by the lie upon the label.

It is nonsense to say that trade cannot be carried on without such deception. There is no legitimate trade or industry in which a man cannot live up to the New Testament's first principles and succeed. If a man finds that he is in a business in which he cannot at once be honest and successful, he would do well to get out of it. This may not be in accord with the ethics of trade, but it is with the teachings of Christianity.

NO ROOM FOR GHOSTS.

Rev. H. A. S. HARTLEY, a minister in good standing in the Methodist church, has capped the climax of his ghost story by a sermon in which he argues, from a scriptural standpoint, that ghosts are not only possible but not uncommon. He bases his belief on the fact that CHRIST was crucified and that his resurrection was a fact. From this solid ground he wanders into ethereal space and boldly alleges that there are, to this day, ghosts which appear to certain people and under certain circumstances. He backs his opinions by the belief of BUNYAN and WESLEY.

Such a statement coming from an evangelical clergyman is worthy of serious consideration. It was, indeed, a topic for discussion at the Methodist ministers meeting, on Monday, but so far as appears, the gentlemen who listened to the story, while rather scandalized by some of their learned brother's proceedings, have not placed themselves on record against the theory. This is a pity. It is a matter on which the church should take a definite stand. The laity, especially of Mr. HARTLEY's flock, should know whether they ought to be afraid to be alone in the dark, or whether there are no worse ghosts than are offspring of ignorance, cowardice, or over-indulgence in strong drink.

In other words, it ought to be known if any denomination at this day believes that a man two years dead can come back to his former friends and cut up senseless tricks by lying on a bed or sitting on a chair, until conjured away by the power of Latin prayers and the exorcisms of the Roman Catholic church launched him—or it—by a Methodist minister. All this per-

formance was gone through with by Mr. HARTLEY, and might have been excused on the ground of the excitement incident to the occasion, had not the reverend gentleman, after due and mature consideration, backed up his belief by a sermon, and thus made ghosts an article of faith in his church. After this, it would not be surprising to find him discovering a witch, and proclaiming his faith in equally solemn form. The bible has told of witches, and as good men as BUNYAN and WESLEY have believed in them, and testified their belief by savage and conscientious persecution. The witch theory is as good as the ghost theory any day.

We do not believe that Mr. HARTLEY's colleagues endorse his sentiments, and they should say so. The day when it was the business of the church to terrify people into righteousness by holding of ghosts and devils has gone by. The new Gospel of Peace has nothing to do with such things. Indeed, the wisest man of the old dispensation has said: "The dead know not anything . . . neither have they any more a portion forever in anything that is done under the sun." And although King Solomon be rather ancient, he is still a recognized authority in some of the most practical things of life.

There is no room for ghosts in the jostling life of the nineteenth century. There is no place for returned exodians from this world among the practical people of today. There is no field for their pranks in the ground covered by active and earnest christianity. A clergyman who has nothing better to do than encourage superstitions fears is a blind leader of the blind. He should enlighten himself, or find another calling.

IT IS FOR THE PEOPLE.

The St. Croix Courier is very angry because PROGRESS touched it in a very sore place in regard to the St. Stephen lottery swindle. It tries to deny the soft impeachment by asserting that the lottery ceased to exist long before the paper passed into the hands of its present management, which is no answer at all. What we asserted was that the paper had fattened for years on the swindle, and this is true. More than this, the present editor was the editor of the Courier, for a time, before the law suppressed the swindle. When the present company took hold, the lottery did not exist.

As to the Short Line railway, the Courier was silent during the time that PROGRESS criticized the road most severely, tardily came to its defence in the same issue in which an advertisement signed by Weldon and McLean appeared. It is not difficult to see the connection. If our criticisms were abused as charged, they were the echo of every man who lives along the line of the road, and has business to transact with it. Even RUSSELL SAGE has recognized his blunder so far as to re-open one station which had been closed, and it is probable that some other "concessions" to the people who helped to build and support the line will be made in due time.

PROGRESS has not attempted to say a tittle of what might be said about the Shore Line. It recognizes the fact that, so far as Manager LAMB is concerned, he is doing as well as it is possible for a man who is hampered by the parsimony and reckless indifference to the people shown by his employers. But where the public are put to loss and inconvenience, PROGRESS will tell the truth wholly undeterred by the fear of a millionaire or his toadies.

PROGRESS is a paper for the masses, not for the classes. It proposes to tell the truth, no matter how big may be the man who attempts to squeeze the people. And that's the kind of a paper PROGRESS is.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Mr. Scammell and the School Coal.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: I notice in your issue of 30th ult, you refer to a coal contract with Mr. Scammell, presumably the firm of C. E. Scammell & Co., of which I am not a member, but happen to be cognizant of the matter referred to, and therefore beg to explain. You say "that in the absence of any written contract both of those dealers when coal rose in price neglected to supply the department, referring to the contract for the schools—first I would say, there was a written contract duly executed—but what are the facts? The contract called for Honey Brook Lehigh coals, but if you go back to the year of Messrs. Scammell's contract—you will find, that these mines as well as a number of other mines were all on a strike and one that lasted a long period, and not a pound of this coal could be had for love or money, in fact the dealers here could not get their usual coals, and the result was that our New York firm found they could supply another brand, and the dealers were glad to get their supply in this way. A conference was held with the trustees and matters satisfactorily explained, and being business men, and reasonable, they at once cancelled the contract, which no one could carry out, and make a new one for the time being for such coals as were obtainable. So far as Mr. Busby is concerned, he is quite competent to answer for himself, and I have no particulars as to his case. As I think this matter has been referred to more than once by you, I consider it but fair to all the parties concerned that the true story be given to the public.

Yours respectfully,
J. H. SCAMMELL.

St. John, Dec. 2.



GOLDEN EAGLE FLOUR.

SUNDRY HITS AND HINTS.

The Bishop of Huron hits the mark when he says that it is not by acts of parliament, but by the education of public sentiment, that the liquor traffic is to be destroyed.

With Rev. Minot J. Savage discussing spiritualism in the Forum and Rev. H. A. S. Hartley preaching on ghosts in St. John, the world ought to be a good deal wiser than it has been.

It will be news to the literary world to know that Alexander Dumas has made a failure in literature. He started the Catholic Summary, in Halifax, but it has just expired after two issues.

From several cities of Canada come the reports of St. Andrew's society dinners without whiskey. In Fredericton the beverage was ginger beer. How much cooler there was the next day is not stated.

If the Scott Act election had been as close in Fredericton as it was in St. John, Sir Leonard Tilley would never have forgiven himself for not having his name on the list. He went there especially to help the cause, but was astonished to find that no such man was known on the voters list. It had been made up before he went to live there the last time.

Ethel Dickens, daughter of the novelist, has a card in the English papers announcing that she does typewriting. There is no need for her to work, but it is claimed that her indomitable energy must have an outlet. It would be better for her to expend her energy in doing some good among the working classes, rather than entering into competition with poor girls who are struggling to earn their bread.

"PROGRESS" AND ITS PATRONS.

A Word About Our Advertisers and Their Stores.

Christmas trade began this week, and, from what PROGRESS can gather, merchants generally are satisfied with its volume and nature. PROGRESS' list of new advertisers grows every week, and in its columns can be found the best and most judicious announcements in the city. One store which takes no secondary place this year is that of Alfred Morissey. With each successive Christmas he increases his stock of really beautiful goods, and this year he seems to have omitted nothing that is new, rare and artistic to complete his always extensive purchases. The publishers have contributed to his Christmas outfit to such an extent that one is apt to wonder if there is any need to go farther for his or her holiday selection. Those who are "looking around" should take PROGRESS' advice and call on Mr. Morissey.

The "Colonial Bookstore" was too small a place for Mr. Hall this Christmas, and the vacant Sheffield House came into excellent advantage, enabling him to get two stores to show his holiday stock. Mr. Hall calls attention to this on the second page of PROGRESS today. To visit his store is always a pleasure—to visit two of them will be a double pleasure.

The busy merchant is happy, the boot and shoe store proprietor should be in excellent spirits at the present time, when strong skating boots are in demand, when the people must have overshoes, if not to keep the snow out at least to keep the heat in, and when, at the slightest appearance of soft weather, rubbers are an absolute necessity. Mr. Wm. Searle thinks the demands of nature are often assisted by an advertisement, and to that end he has an announcement in this issue.

If the feet must be protected so must the rest of the body. Warm clothing and health go together these days. There will be no need to shiver if you inspect Mr. Thomas Youngclaus stock with even ordinary attention. If you prefer the goods ready made, he can place a very large stock before you, or if you wish custom work he has competent cutters in that department, which should not fail to give you satisfaction. Cold weather, warm clothes, Thomas Youngclaus—remember these three terms.

E. M. Estey, of Moncton, is a new contributor to the advertising columns of PROGRESS this week. Cod Liver Oil Cream and Philoderma are his already well-known remedies. They need no endorsement from PROGRESS.

The St. John merchants stand head and shoulders over their maritime confreres in unique bits of enterprise. An example of this is the securing by Whittaker Bros. of the Canadian agency of a leading Australian marine insurance company "The Queensland." The maritime people of St. John who send ships to every port in the world will not fail to appreciate such a stroke of enterprise.

Mr. Wm. Hillman, who removed some months ago from his old stand on Union street to Germain, is a competent and reliable silversmith. Under his hands the dingiest silver is restored to all its brilliancy and attractiveness.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

After an absence of six months the drama once more made its appearance on the Institute stage on Monday evening last, and if the opening night can be accepted as any criterion, the season promises to be a very successful one. At any rate the Wood-St. John company should feel highly flattered at the reception it received. It testified at once to the popularity of the stars, especially the lady, and the good impression made on their former visits here.

Called Back, a dramatization of Hugh Conway's book of the same name, is a play that rises superior to every well known and accepted rule of dramatic construction. It contains no less than five acts and lord knows how many scenes; all of which have been very well in the times of Sheridan and Goldsmith, but which is generally conceded now-a-days to interrupt the attention and lessen the interest. The action is stilted, the dialogue commonplace, the climaxes weak and the situations mostly forced and unnatural—there is entirely too much of wresting the knife from the villain's business. It lacks the sufficient comedy to carry it along, and is tiresome in the extreme, while every speech, any every gesture, helps to emphasize and bring out in bold relief the improbabilities of the novel. If its production proved anything, it certainly proved that the best stories are often spoiled by the mechanical work of the play-wright, or else the interest with which the original authors vested them cannot be transferred to that magic realm behind the footlights. Oh, yes, it had one or two really dramatic scenes, notably the last scene in the third act, but taken all in all it was inexcusably dull and stupid; and yet methinks with a judicious use of the pruning knife and a careful interspersing of the comic element it might be made a really strong and effective drama.

Miss Marguerite St. John is a lady of good stage presence, dresses well, and has a low sweet voice well cultivated and under excellent control. Her Pauline was undoubtedly the success of the piece and I do not think that the most exacting critic could ask for a better rendition of a most difficult role.

Mr. G. M. Wood is a very much better elocutionist than he is an actor. Do not misunderstand me; what I desire to convey is that his clear enunciation and well tuned words are deserving of greater commendation than his detail and expression though the latter are not to be despised. If instead of raising his voice in the closing part of the fourth act, where he speaks of the King of Kings, he had lowered it, I would have said that he took all out of the part of Gilbert Vaughan that was in it.

Mr. T. Philip Doyley (I do not know whether the "y" is added to his name to make it dolly or to divest it of its strongly Celtic flavor) assumed the part of Dr. Ceneri in a rather indifferent manner—indeed it would have been unpardonable if he had not developed an unlooked for strength in the fourth act. The dialect he had while in England and Italy evidently succumbed to the prison terrors and hard frosts of Siberia.

If I say a favorable word for the excellent manner in which Miss Lena Randolph read her lines—though the character of Priscilla, the old housekeeper, is away, above and beyond her capabilities—I can dismiss the rest of the members of this cast with the verdict: "Passable, nothing more."

By the way, are the frequent grammatical blunders due to the actors or the authors?

On Wednesday evening the bill was changed to David Garrick and a curtain raiser Man Proposes in which latter Miss St. John gave us as delightful and refreshing a bit of acting as it has been my pleasure to witness in a long time.

David Garrick is not to my mind Mr. Wood's best character, as many of his admirers claim. In my judgment it cannot at all compare with the strongly sympathetic list of character he does as Grimaldi in The Life of an Actress, or the hideousness with which he invests his Edward Hyde in Jekyll and Hyde. It serves however, perhaps better than any other part he essays, to show the peculiar style of his work—a style which is now almost obsolete. He is the most pronounced pupil of the Kemble school of acting I have ever seen, and naturally has many of its weak points as well as its good ones. It is declamation first, last, and always; acting is only a secondary consideration. It is somewhat stiff and dignified though never very posy.

"The Silver Lining."
Fast Black Acid Proof.

Opinion of the Press Myra's Journal:

"It will be a real benefit to dressmakers, being so light and pleasant to work-ers, and the dye being absolutely fast, dainty fingers remain intact."

Weldon's Illustrated Dressmaker:

"Either for hand or machine it will be found most agreeable to work upon, and in all respects it so far exceeds the ordinary makes that it should be used for any garment which requires a black lining, and will be found most satisfactory. The Silver Lining solves the difficulty."

TO BE HAD ONLY AT

BARNES & MURRAY'S,
Drapers and Smallwares, - - - - 17 Charlotte Street.

A Well-Known and Thoroughly First-Class
Article is always Desirable Stock.

THE JEWEL RANGE,
The New Model Range,
And the PRIZE RANGE,

Are Goods of which this may truthfully be said. However, every one sold sell many more, for the user will advise their friends to buy no other. Thus to present profit is added future gain, and, what is of more value, the reputation of furnishing Reliable Goods.

The exact reverse of this proposition is true of cheap and poorly constructed goods. They are dear at any price.

Call and examine our Stock.

SHERATON & SELFRIDGE, 38 King Street,

(Opposite the ROYAL HOTEL.)

P. S.—JOBBER PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.



A CHOICE XMAS 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. 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.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

ARTHUR P. TIPPET & CO., Sole Agents.

XMAS IS COMING!

Nothing can be more appreciated for a CHRISTMAS PRESENT than a good Overcoat, Suit or Pair of Pants.

THE CITY MARKET CLOTHING HALL

is the spot where you will see one of the

FINEST STOCKS OF CLOTHING to select from in the City.

All goods are MARKED DOWN LOW FOR CASH during the HOLIDAY SEASON.

A fine assortment of NECKWEAR, all styles and prices;
SILK HANDKERCHIEFS in abundance;
UNDERWEAR, in Scotch and Canadian wear;
A full stock of SHIRTS, COLLARS, CUFFS, BRACES, GLOVES, etc.

A fine line of TWEEDS, consisting of English, Scotch and Irish Tweeds.

All work got up in FIRST-CLASS STYLE and SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

T. YOUNGCLAUS,

City Market Clothing Hall, - - - - 51 CHARLOTTE STREET.

Still as a good reader is always a good entertainer, Mr. Wood's Garrick will always be an enjoyable treat. As if to accentuate what I have said the one part of the play where he failed to reach the full height of realism was in the drunken scene. Ah, but you may tell me that he was not supposed to be drunk only pretending it whereat I am forced to remind you that Garrick was an actor, and his art was so genuine that it always deceived—and such is the mission of true art.

Though suffering from a slight cold, Miss St. John, as May Denstone, was vivacious or sad as occasion required, and more and more impressed the on-lookers with what a really versatile actress she is.

I might be permitted to say to Mr. Williams that while, "Never turn your back to the audience" is a very excellent rule for an amateur to follow, yet there are times when stage etiquette requires that the lady in the play should be honored by the face even if the auditors are displeased with a view of coat tails.

Children's Books of all kinds, at McArthur's, 80 King street.

CHATS WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

Probably An Oversight.

I read the report of the Athletic club in the papers last Saturday and, to my surprise, found a list of the names of those who had contributed, especially to the funds of the club. You know me well enough, Mr. Editor, to know just how much I care for newspaper mention, but if there is to be official credit given to such contributors I, as one of those who paid \$10, would like to see it complete. What do you think about it, PROGRESS?

A MEMBER OF THE CLUB.

You are quite right, but have you enquired the reason why your name does not appear on the list? Mistakes are apt to occur in the best regulated clubs, and we think you will admit that ours is among them. Mr. Barker will, we have no doubt, take pleasure in correcting the omission.

Christmas Cards and Booklets, large assortment, McArthur's, 80 King street.

BERRYMAN'S HALL.

Tuesday Evening, Dec. 10,

A Grand Benefit Concert

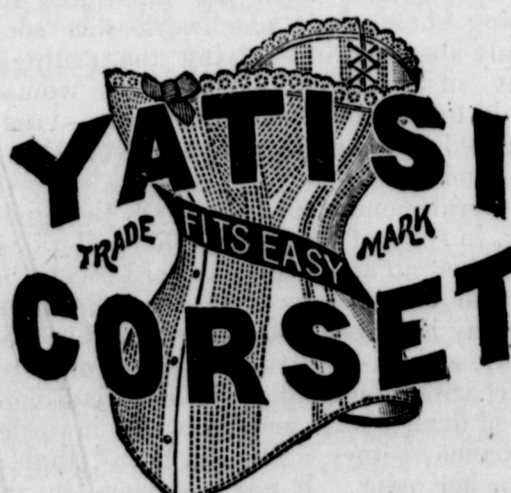
—TENDERED TO—

MR. N. W. MASON,

THE WELL KNOWN and POPULAR READER.

THE Kingsville Cornet Band will render some choice selections. The best city talent will also assist in making it the choicest programme of the season.
TICKETS, 25 CENTS.
Doors open at 7. Concert at 8 sharp.
Tickets for sale at A. C. Smith & Co's and at the door.

CORSETS.



GUARANTEE. If, after wearing this 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.

We are selling CORSETS at 50c., 75c., 90c., \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50.

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

DOWLING BROS.