

PROGRESS.

SUBSCRIPTIONS, \$1 a year, in advance; 50 cents for six months; 25 cents for three months; free by carrier or mail.

Table with 2 columns: Subscription type and Price. Includes One Inch, One Year (\$15.00), One Inch, Six Months (\$8.00), One Inch, Three Months (\$5.00), 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 unsolicited to our purpose will be returned if stamps are sent.

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

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DEC. 6.

CIRCULATION, 9,000.

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

PLEADED GUILTY.

The chief of the police force wore his boldest front when he appeared before the council this week. After reading his prepared and laudatory statements carefully, we fail to find in it the complete justification of his recent acts that the Globe and the Telegraph seem to have discovered.

We find, on the contrary, that he has acknowledged sending policemen while on duty to guard the doors of churches and of entertainments and has billed private citizens for the service. In the one case he has shown that the exorbitant and unwarranted charge for a few minutes' service was paid over to the men who did the work and in the other case he has declared that the money was paid in to the city.

Mr. CLARKE has also acknowledged the sale of the liquor vessels, which was charged against him by this paper. In reply to our query where the money went to, he has stated that it was paid for some necessities for the police station, and the remainder stands as a nucleus for a police library. Without doubt, this is a most remarkable disposition of unlawful money!

It is important to us that our charges have been borne out in their entirety. Mr. CLARKE acknowledges the billing of private citizens; he acknowledges the receipt of the money from officer THORNE; and though, he says, that he paid it to the city, the director or the chamberlain cannot certify to this—he acknowledges the illegal sale of the seized liquor vessels. Apart from his culpable conduct towards the WEATHERHEADS, his support of that paragon of honesty and truth, RAWLINGS and his farcical inquiry into the COVAY charges; these were the main points of PROGRESS' indictment against Chief CLARKE. He has pleaded guilty, and all that remains to be done now is the work of the council, or failing it, of the citizens.

THE WINTER AND THE POOR.

We had some glorious winter weather in the early part of this week! Typical Canadian weather, bright and bracing, dry and cold; yea! and windy: weather that dried up mud, and slush, and everything else, including the water pipes in some house, and the geniality and good feeling in a great many hearts.

There seems to be something about very cold weather which freezes up the milk of human kindness almost as rapidly as it congeals the contents of the dairy: so that unless the dairy walls are well packed with sawdust or tan bark and the inner membrane of the heart kept soft and tender beneath an outer coating of leathery warmth, composed of sympathy for those who may be in trouble, and that broad-minded custom of "putting yourself in his place," which only comes to those who have known sorrow and suffering themselves—unless these precautions are taken, the lacteal fluid is apt to have a hard struggle to retain its liquid condition.

And so many of those who are well fed, well dressed, luxuriously housed, exclaim rapturously that they do enjoy this weather. Ten below the cipher suits them exactly, and even 20 degrees does not trouble them in the least. It is healthy weather, and everybody ought to like it.

Yes, they like it, wrapped to their chins in soft furs, stepping out from their stately homes, where steam radiators keep the temperature at summer heat, and soft carpets deaden their footfalls; heavy curtains and portieres prevent the possibility of a draught, and servants perform every domestic task. What can such people know of the hardships of life, of what the icy blast means in the wretched home where the wind blows through every crack, and the coal is purchased by the barrel—when

it is purchased at all—where blankets are a rare luxury, and tattered quilts fail to keep warmth in shivering bodies; where the bread freezes into a solid block, and the potatoes are always wet, not because they come from the sunny south, but because they are always frozen; where going out means facing the bitter cold in a cotton dress, supplemented by a thin shawl, or a thinner jacket, and where under flannels are unknown, and pinched blue fingers are covered by cotton gloves.

A strong picture with deep shadows, perhaps, but not too deep to be true to nature; not deep enough, for many cases. But, perhaps, enough to turn our thoughts a little towards "God's poor" when the wintry blasts blow, and even those poor, who are not quite God's yet, lest our hearts grow hardened by prosperity, and we who have not, shall lose even the little we possess.

It is an interesting but uncomfortable fact that since the arrival of the C. P. railway the freight charges on some classes of goods have taken a wild jump. Printing paper comes more particularly under our notice. The rate, which last winter was from 32 to 35 cents per hundred, has advanced to 45 cents since November 1st of this year. There is apparently a perfect unanimity between the two railroads on this one item and the press is consequently reaping a wondrous reward for all its hearty encouragement.

ANY alderman who goes back of W. W. CLARKE's career as chief of police and parades faults that have been forgotten and forgiven has little appreciation for ordinary decency. We need not attack this man's career as a private citizen—his failings as a public officer should be sufficient to convince every honest man that he is not fit for the position he holds.

The chief of police or his truthful inspector should call on "the great moral show"—where they will find exercise both for their imagination and their authority.

PEN AND PRESS.

The Christmas number of the Halifax Morning Chronicle bids fair to be a good number. Besides the double page supplement, which is a beautiful female head in lithographic sepia tints; there are a variety of engravings, another lithograph, sporting sketches; and tales, poems and sketches by such well-known writers as Roberts, Smithurst, Longley, and Mr. Martin Payne, besides a posthumous article by the Hon. Joseph Howe.

Mr. A. M. Belding of the Sun has gone to Montreal where a more lucrative position awaits him in the establishment of the Gazette. Mr. Belding has done some good work on the Sun, some of the best being the series of sketches entitled, "The Ancient Order of Office Seekers."

The Christmas editions of the Montreal Star and Toronto Globe are not to the front this year. The reason is not far off. The people are getting too fastidious. What they would go into raptures over a few years ago is not worth glancing at now. The cost is too great for profit, and it pays better to attend to ordinary every day business.

Messrs. A. McKim & Co. are working up a new idea in their Canadian newspaper directory, in representing the prominent publishers and editors on special portrait pages. It is always a difficult matter to make hard dry circulation estimates interesting, and a new idea in this direction is as welcome as Santa Claus or a good contract. Messrs. McKim have struck it we believe and the first Canadian newspaper directory will probably rank next to the family bible in the newspaper man's home or Webster's dictionary in his sanctum.

The Old Homestead, a literary and domestic monthly published by Davis Bros., Savannah, Ga., U. S. A., contains forty large pages of original stories, sketches, poems, essays, etc. Its household department, handsomely illustrated fashion pages, children's corner, select music, and premium list, together with its complete and serial stories, make the publication sought by the people of all nationalities and sections. There is not one line in its columns that will offend delicate tastes, and the matter throughout is carefully free from sensational effects. The subscription price is only \$1 a year. Send for sample copy, free. Davis Bros., publishers, Savannah, Ga., U. S. A.

The Christmas number of The Folio, published by White, Smith & Co., of Boston, will be thoroughly appreciated by all lovers of music, containing as it does a bright variety of musical gossip, descriptions of recent compositions and performances, clever critiques, and portraits and sketches of prominent musicians. It is an excellent publication, and the Christmas number fully sustains its previous reputation.

The Right Kind of Dolls.

D. J. Jennings has a novelty for the Christmas season, and it is going to be popular. All the little girls want dolls, and dolls that will stand hard usage. This is the kind he is selling, and the best of it is that they are as good looking as some of the china or wax ones that break when they drop. These dolls are of home manufacture, being made by Mrs. Cook of Portland.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

For this week I do not know that I have very much more news than I had for last Saturday. Everything musical seems to be in a state of embryo, although we have had one or two small concerts, etc., and the Music Union affair last Thursday evening. I braved the cold and went to listen to "the first entertainment ever given there." Poor Cætelanos, is it really the best thing you ever had in your big Town hall? If so, what an unfortunate people you must be. I am not going to say that I have not heard worse concerts, for I have, but by what right does the Music Union assert that it can give "the finest entertainment ever held in Carleton?" None of the choruses were too good, the trebles over-balanced all the other parts and I don't think I have heard the portamento used quite so much. The sopranos simply scooped every high note they took. Mr. McSorley had a poor accompaniment to his song, the time honored and, by this time, hourly "Owl," so he hardly did himself justice, and Mr. Bustin's interpretation of Lohr's fine song, "Out on the Deep," was very poor. He did not even sing as it is written. There is a very effective bit at the end of each verse, which Mr. Bustin either forgot or had not enough breath to sing. Miss Farmer played the chorus accompaniments acceptably and Mr. A. Williams' trombone solo was given very creditably. Mr. Neville received any amount of applause for his violin solo, "Ramazua Andaluza," by Sarasate. By the way, I should very much like to know who arranged the programmes for the Music Union concerts and why the names of the composers of the different selections were, with one exception, entirely ignored? Really it was a very stupid thing for any one to do, and indeed any one who had experience, should know enough to credit the different works with the authors' names.

Mr. Neville's recital was another than to be attended last week. A good many music-loving people were present, and Mr. Neville created quite a favorable impression on his audience. To divide the pieces he sang into two parts, first a more particularly demanding refinement of expression, and secondly, those more exacting in point of accuracy. Mr. Neville's first was a more particularly demanding refinement of expression, and secondly, those more exacting in point of accuracy. Mr. Neville's first was a more particularly demanding refinement of expression, and secondly, those more exacting in point of accuracy. Mr. Neville's first was a more particularly demanding refinement of expression, and secondly, those more exacting in point of accuracy.

I am glad to hear that the authorities of Trinity church have kindly given their sanction to the Oratorio Society, and that part of the Messiah will be given there shortly after Christmas. This is the best place for the Oratorio, and it is a pity to give an Oratorio in this church; with the recollection of many fine musical services there I sincerely hope that matters can be so arranged that the Oratorio will be given in the church, and that the church will be the grand organ will be frequently utilized for the same purpose. Sacred Oratorio is a great teacher, and in its natural home, the church will be the grand organ will be frequently utilized for the same purpose. Sacred Oratorio is a great teacher, and in its natural home, the church will be the grand organ will be frequently utilized for the same purpose.

NOUVELLES FRANÇAISES.

Un Jour que Napoléon avait réuni autour de lui quelques-uns de ses principaux officiers et seigneurs, il recut une lettre de son beau-père l'empereur d'Autriche. Elle ne lui plaisait pas, parce qu'elle témoignait quelque résistance à ses volontés. Vous savez qu'il s'irritait aussitôt qu'on ne pliait pas devant sa domination. Aussi il se tourna vers l'impératrice et dit vivement: «Madame, votre père est un homme d'Etat, il ne se contente pas de la lettre de son beau-père, il veut l'explication. Mais quand l'Empereur se fut retiré, elle appela près d'elle un des officiers présents et lui dit: «Monsieur, qu'est-ce qu'une ganache?» Imaginez, si vous pouvez, l'embarras de ce personnage. Comment oser dire la signification de ce mot à Sa Majesté, après ce qu'il avait entendu? «C'est, répondit-il, un grand homme d'Etat, une haute intelligence politique.» Marie Louise était bien heureuse et bien flattée pour son père de ce compliment de son glorieux époux. Quelques jours plus tard arriva la fête du jour de l'an. C'est la journée aux félicitations et aux bons souhaits. Ce jour-là, les corps constitués, seigneurs, conseillers d'Etat, cour de cassation, hauts dignitaires, etc., vont complimenter le souverain. Monsieur de Cambacérès, le très-éclaire juriste-consul arrive devant l'impératrice, suivi de la haute cour de justice. Il lui adresse un de ses plus beaux discours. Quand il a fini, l'impératrice dit: «Monsieur de Cambacérès, je ne suis pas capable de répondre convenablement à vos éloquentes paroles, mais j'ai une chose que je veux vous dire, c'est que vous êtes la première ganache de ce tout l'empire.» «Le Maître de Forge.» «Le Maître de Forge» est joué en Anglais sous le titre de l'Iron-Master. C'est une des pièces que M. et Mme. Kendall ont jouées à Londres. On est arrivé dans cette pièce samedi soir à une scène très forte. Mlle. Claire vient de recevoir les nouvelles des fiançailles du Duc de Bligny et de Mlle. Athénais, une ancienne ennemie à elle. Elle en est excessivement fâchée. A ce moment sa mère vient lui dire que le Maître de forge a demandé sa main en mariage. Presque au même instant on annonce l'arrivée du Duc de Bligny. Pour le mariage on est bien embarrassé, on ne sait que faire, la Marquise ne veut pas recevoir le Duc.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Monday night last was the opening of the Lytell season, and the dearth of amusements lately was the cause of the Institute being filled to the doors. I have, no doubt, that the popularity of Mr. Lytell was a factor as his reception showed.

Harbor Lights is a strong play of the melo-dramatic class, and as produced by the Boston Museum Company, was well worth seeing, but Mr. Lytell's production was far behind his promises.

The company is much weaker, all round, than that of Mr. Harkins; the scenic effects were a disappointment, and the super-numeraries were very few. One of the advertised specialties, the cutlass drill, was conspicuous by its absence.

Mr. Edwards, as Lieutenant Kingsley, did some good work at times, but he should rid himself of some bad mannerisms and poor gestures, and pay a little more attention to his costume, for a British naval officer does not wear as a uniform coat, one that is cut after the sack-coat pattern.

In the opinion of a great many in the audience, the best piece of acting in the play was done by Mr. Saunders, as Solomon the old butler. The part is a very small one, but it was well made up, and carefully acted.

The ladies of the company, as far as Harbor Lights is concerned, are easily led by Miss Burt as Mrs. Chudleigh. Miss Celeste did fairly well in the part of Peggy, but Miss Plows-Day had not the force to be in the lead, and Miss Good's Lina Nelson was disappointing.

Paul Kaurav as presented by Mr. Lytell on Wednesday and Thursday evenings was a great improvement on Harbor Lights. The play is a very strong one with a good plot, effective dialogue and opportunities for many telling situations and in the hands of a strong company would be a success. Its main draw back is the want of comedy it being rather heavy and dark, but the scene of the play is one that does not call for much light heartedness.

The scenic effects are simple, there being only one that calls for much preparation, the dream of Paul Kaurav in which he sees his wife being led to the guillotine, and on Wednesday night an otherwise good effect was marred by the improper handling of the calcium light.

Mr. Edwards as Paul Kaurav showed at times considerable strength, his work in the first and fifth acts being strong and well sustained.

Miss Plows-Day played Diane de Deaumont, and while she has not the force required for such a heavy piece of acting as the part calls for, she was pleasing and was better appreciated than in her part of previous nights.

Mr. Smith was over-weighted in the part of the Marquis de Vaux, nor did Messrs. Sutherland and Murray carry out my idea of their respective characters.

The Irish drama, Mann Chree, was played Friday and Saturday nights, but I am unable to make any comments on them this week.

It Will Make Men Happier.

One by one the little chores that used to claim the attention of the man of the house after working hours are disappearing. Now kindling wood can be bought in stove lengths, ordered by telephone, and delivered promptly. The advertisement of the City Fuel company tells all about it.

DORCHESTER.

[Progress is for sale in Dorchester at George M. Fairweather's store.]

Dec. 3.—Winter has certainly dropped upon us with a loud and this time. We have been plodding along in careless wise, quite forgetting that chilly blasts were due about this time. They have arrived, and found us unprepared, and rather inclined to resent the surprise. The mercury, early Tuesday morning was at fourteen below zero in the more exposed parts of town. This kind of weather is very unbecoming to the average mortal, a hectic flush upon the tip of the nose being extremely trying to most of us.

I have heard distant murmurs of parties to come in the near future, but these pleasant rumors so often die of general debility. It seems a pity, too, because we all need shaking out of our narrow groove, sometimes, to prevent our growing selfish and entirely devoted to "slipped case." I hope the winter may bring us brighter days—or nights, rather.

The tea meeting last Wednesday was a success, about \$135 being realized; but will some gigantic effort please explain wherein the point of a tea meeting consists. The church workers consume their days in toil, getting the affair up, then take their families, and eat the delicacies they have made, paying out of the realm for the privilege. If aught remains they buy it back, and go home hungry on Saturday.

Quite a number of young people went to Memorial on Wednesday evening, to attend a whist party given by Mrs. Charters. Miss Nellie Palmer, Miss Sadie Forster, Miss Ella Tarr, Miss W. A. Shreve, Messrs. Lane and Perry Foster comprised the Dorchester party, I believe, and they had a delightful time.

I have to record the death of Mr. Geo. M. Bulmer, of Westcott, which took place last Thursday. He was respected by all who knew him, and his death will be severely felt.

There has been quite a buzz in court circles for the past week, and our town has worn its best air. Among the many lawyers here I understand Messrs. A. Atkinson and Jos. A. Harris last Wednesday, and Mr. Harris again on Saturday.

Mr. A. H. Hamilton, of St. John, spent part of last week here, and was in town again on Tuesday. I saw Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Charters, Jr., of Memorial on Saturday, at Robt's Hall last Wednesday evening. Mrs. Geo. W. Chandler is in Moncton, visiting her daughter, Mrs. Hewson.

Mr. Jos. A. McQueen spent Friday in Dorchester, returning again on Sunday. He finds attractions in our sleepy village, at least.

Dr. A. H. Chandler, now of Moncton, was here on Thursday. I have heard that he thought of coming back to the old home-stead, but it seems much too good to be true. Every one would rejoice in seeing his old hospitable doors open once more.

We are all extremely glad to welcome Miss F. S. Chandler home again, after her fortnight's visit in Moncton. I think every one misses her kindly greeting to friends and neighbors, when she is away.

Mr. J. H. Hickman's friends are sorry to hear of his still being confined to the house much of the time. It seems impossible to gain strength in this variable climate, and could we follow the birds' example, I fancy most of us would seek a "warmer climate."

I hear that the Congregational Bishop and his bride are expected at the Rectory on Thursday. It will be Mrs. Kingdon's first visit, and I hope she may like it well enough to come again.

WELDFORD STATION.

[Progress is for sale at Mrs. S. J. Livingston's grocery store, Weldford Station.]

Dec. 3.—Dr. Nicholson removed to Newcastle last week after a residence of four weeks here. Messrs. William and Robert Dixon, of Kingston, and Mr. Wm. Brown, of Bass River, started for British Columbia on Friday.

Hon. O. J. LeBlanc was in town on Monday. Mr. W. H. Parker, of Digby, N. S., formerly of Campbellton, was at the Central Monday en route to Kentville county, to visit his old friends.

Mr. John Stevenson and Capt. J. McD. Barker, of the Crown Lands Department, were at the Central yesterday. Mr. Robert Brown, Jr., left for Boston on Friday, after spending a few days at the old home-stead in Bass River.

Mr. Robert Baldwin and Miss Warman, of Moss River, left for Salem, Mass., on Friday last. Mr. Alfred E. Weldon and family of Kowloon gunnery, were at the Central today en route to Southern California.

Mr. James P. Call, of the Richibucto River, was at the Central today. The church workers of Moncton, Mr. Frederick Utton, of London, England, and visiting Mr. E. B. Bucknerfield.

Dr. E. B. Chandler, of Moncton, was in town on Saturday. Mrs. Henderson and her sister, Mrs. Dr. Stephen of Moncton, were the guests of Mrs. Richards last Saturday.

Miss Hattie Knight went to St. John on Monday. Mrs. Jean Seelye, of St. John, was the guest of Mrs. J. A. Balcom last week.

Mr. B. D. Wyatt, of the Inglewood Club, spent Sunday at the Musquash Hotel. Mr. G. C. Caron and family purposes going to reside in St. John for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Ludgate have gone house-sitting here. Mrs. Annie Dunn has gone to England to visit friends.

Messrs. Mackenzie, Thompson, C. E., and others, have spent the past week here, in the interests of the Shore Line Railroad.

Mrs. G. Beell has returned from Woodstock, where she has been visiting friends.

Mrs. H. Mackenzie, of St. John, spent last week at the Musquash hotel.

Thos. Everett, of St. John, has been here for the last two weeks.

Mr. L. B. Knight and Miss Norah, went to St. John on Saturday.

Mr. David Knight, of St. John, spent Thursday evening of last week here with friends at the Hotel.

PARRSBORO.

[Progress is for sale in Parrsboro at A. C. Berryman's bookstore.]

Dec. 3.—Mr. S. W. Smith went to St. John on Monday, and returned Saturday.

Mrs. R. G. Leckie and children left to return home on Thursday.

Miss Alloway returned to Spring Hill on Friday. Mrs. J. Moore, who has been visiting Mrs. Woodworth, returned to her home in Kentville on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Vickers left for Boston on Monday. Rev. Mr. Warner conducted the service in St. George's Church on Friday evening.

CAMPBELLTON.

[Progress is for sale in Campbellton at the store of A. E. Alexander, wholesale and retail dealer in dry goods, groceries, boots and shoes, hardware, school books, stationery, furniture, carriages and machinery.]

A Prayer. O Jesu blest, upon my heart pour out, Of gent, loving influence, a store, That may Thy most reverently adore, In hymn and prayer.

Large advertisement for OAK HALL, featuring a diamond-shaped logo with '3 Stores in One.' and 'HOW IS THIS?' The ad lists three distinct branches: CUSTOM Department, READY-MADE CLOTHING Department, and GENTS' FURNISHING Department. It emphasizes 'GENUINE ENGLISH' and 'MADE IN ENGLAND' goods, including coats, suits, and furnishings. The address is given as COR. KING and GERMAIN STREETS.