PROGRESS, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1890.

PROGRESS.

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

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One Inch, Six Months. - 8 00 - - 5 00 One Inch, Three Months, -- - 4 00 One lnch, Two Months, -One Inch, One Month, - - - 200 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, Editor and Proprietor,

Office : Masonic Building, Germain Street.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOV. 29. CIRCULATION, 9,000.

THIS PAPER GOES TO PRESS EVERY

FRIDAY AT TWELVE O'CLOCK.

A TIME TO ACT.

The time has arrived for the people to wake up and express their strongest disapproval of the recent acts of the chief of police. His last abusive use of power is sufficient to arouse every citizen. Though he is not dependent upon the people for his position, and can snap his fingers at their objections and remonstrances, he will find that he has gone too far. The warmest supporters of the present government, the men who gave CLARKE his position, will not tolerate such manifest injustice. Let us proceed by every legitimate method. It is the place of the common council to protest against such an act as this, and if that avails nothing, the citizens can take it upon themselves to act.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING.

There begins to be an indefinable feeling

and if she failed to find the substance, she took the shadow, which perhaps exist-

friends ?

ed only in her own evil heart, clothed it victims, had he listened to the entreaties of his friends a few days before. They with the flesh of own imagination, and exwanted him to leave his present employ hibited it in strictest confidence to her

and go to work in Jewett's mill, at the SHAKESPEARE knew what he was saying, machine where Lynch was killed. Indeed, one heard such stories as these

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

undertaker was to take the bodies of the

Bairds, father and son, to Pisarinco that

Across the bridge again, and up on a

years of age, lay in pure white shrouds, in

a room in his tather's house-dead. The

little fellow was a deaf mute, and counted

morning he was around as usual, and was

on an errand for one of them when the

The little upturned face appeared as if in

sleep, with a peaceful expression, that even

the blue marks caused by the steam did

not mar. When the cover was litted, the

small hand laying by his side with the

loose flesh hanging to it, gave a faint idea

Down stairs in the same house was a dif-

ferent scene. Another little fellow lay on

a bed and looked at the people about him.

He was little Herbert Kelly, and it had

been reported that he was killed. The

said, "No! my boy is living," cannot be

described. He was badly injured, but

still lived. Only twelve years of age, and

the eldest of a large family, he had been

at work in the mill, and was carried home

badly scalded. Everything had been done

for him, and at this time he was able to

smile and say that he suffered no pain.

His little brothers and sisters, even the

baby, were at his bedside, thankful to see

him alive; among them being the little

playmate of Bert Currey. They said the

Far up the road, where the Hayes family

wo were almost inseparable-until now.

met his death.

any other, the people assembled.

when he told us that He that steals my purse, steals trash; But he who filches from me my good name, Steals that which does not enrich him, And which makes me poor, indeed.

And surely he spoke the wisdom of the ages when he said that "A woman may be chaste as ice, and pure as snow, and yet she shall not escape calumny."

She may be an angel of all the virtues, and yet may have been "talked about," and that is enough. Who stops to ask what was said, and whether it was true or not? Who wants to hear her story, to

see what she has to say in her own defence, or to hear her explanation of the suspicious circumstance on which her arraignment rests? No one. Who is generous enough, high minded enough, to rise up in her defence, and ask what are the proofs against her: to say "I don't want to hear what 'they say,' I want to hear what you know, I want facts, not suspicions, and till you prove this woman guilty, I say she is

innocent." Alas, none but CHRIST himself could find courage to say, "Neither do I accuse thee."

Why are our women and sisters so much more ready to believe the evil than the good? Would that we took one half the trouble to search out the good, that we take to grub up the evil. But the trouble lies in this, we are so afraid of soiling our own immaculate robes, that we fear to venture the least defence of the accused, lest, perhaps, people might say we were like her ourselves. Birds of a feather flock together, and we would not be so ready to excuse her unless our own natures especially fitted us for entering into her feelings. So we hold up our hands in holy horror, listen to the slander, and say, "How dreadful!" So it grows and gathers till it finally overwhelms the victim in its black flood, and she sinks beneath its waters never again to rise in this world.

live, was the saddest scene of all. One of And while all this is going on, what is the the household, Richard Hayes, a colored in the air that means Christmas. In spite object of this turmoil doing? What can lad of twenty years, lay on a couch, still of gloomy skies and sloppy sidewalks, of she do? Nothing. She is sitting at home, living, but worse than dead. In the room rain, and fog, and drizzle, and everything eating her heart out in silence, utterly un-Christmas like about the weather, the helpless, absolutely defenceless, unable to stores have managed to put on their holi- speak for herself, and with no one to speak day expression, and the most attractive for her; innocent, perhaps, and with no goods are displayed with the customary way of proving it, or it may be guilty of holiday prices attached. The less import- some trifling act of imprudence for which ant houses have turned over the archives of she is condemned, unheard; compelled to last year's cards and Christmas presents, endure the coldness and scorn of her someput away till a more convenient season, time friends-a criminal who was never

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Really, this week, I scarcely know what to write about, for, although all the musical devotees are kept as busy as ever, as far as practising is concerned, there has been no opportunity, as yet, for the public to listen to the results, and the principal concerts, recitals, etc., have taken place too late to have any notice in my letter. Almost all our choirs are commencing work on their Christmas music. and the Oratorio did quite a good deal with The

Messiah, and Athalie, on Monday evening. There everywhere; all told in whispers, and are a good many new members, among the trebles, eagerly listened to; everything that had especially. any bearing on the case was recalled. The The other evening I had a card shown me.

announcing a drawing room concert, to be held at nesday evening, Dec. 3rd. The proceeds were to be night, and around that house, more than devoted to private charities, and the following artists to assist: Mrs. E. Humphrey Allen, Miss Gertrude Edmonds, Mr. Timothee Adamowski, Mr. hill from the mill, little Bert Currey, eight Anton Hekking, Mr. Max Zach. The cards of admission cost \$1.50.

People in musical circles will remember Mr. Fred McInnis, a brother of Mrs. W. S. Carter. I saw a programme of a concert given recently by the the selections sung was Dudly Buck's "King | we're goin' to have a golden weddin'." accident occurred. Now he was dead! Olaf's Christmas."

It was only the other day that I heard that for his health, and to see if the warm climate would benefit his voice.

Mr. W. A. Ewing, organist of St. James' church, is hearing some good music, I hope, in New York. Mrs. W. Earle, who was so well known in our musical societies as Miss Edith Simonds, is now in of the awful manner in which the boy had the city, visiting her mother and sisters, at their home on Sewell street.

> Among the Christmas music to be sung in St. Lamps," by Barnby, and "The Angel Gabriel." I have forgotten the composer of the latter, but think it is Gadsby.

Miss Lizzie Smith, formerly of Trinity choir, is, I expression on his mother's face, as she believe, about to join that of St. John's church. I can only apologize for the shortness of my letter | kate and bot it."

by pleading lack of material. Mr. Nevilie's recital and the Music Union concert I will probably have

TARBET.

PEN AND PRESS.

something to say of next week.

The holday number of the Argosy, of Sackville. will contain the portraits of eight professors. They were engraved, half-toned oval shape, by PROGRESS Engraving Burean, and are perfect likenesses of the professional staff. The editors of the Argosy, especially Mr. McConnel deserves great praise for their enterprise in publishing such a number.

The advance announcement for the Youth's Companion during the coming year is at hand, and gives promise of a rich treat for the fortunate young folks whose homes are brightened by that excellent paper next year. In addition to articles from the pens of such writers as Walter Besant, Justin McCarthy, Archdeacon Farrar, Dr. Lyman Abbott, Sir Morrell Mackenzie, and Lord Coleridge, there will be serial stories by Herbert Ward, C. A. Stephens, Capt. C. A. Curtis, Palmer F. Jadwin, and Sparks. And a special f-ature for 1891 will be a series of papers descriptive of leading trades for boys, and occupations for girls with all requisite information concerning the apprenticeship required, the wages to be expected, and the qualities needed. There will also be a series of papers from the pens of such famous singers and writers, as Madame Albani, Miss Emma Juch, "Jennie June" and "Marion Harland," which will be addressed to girls. and contain valuable advice to them on making the most of the talents which nature has bestowed upon them. The Marquis of Lorne will contribu attractive sketch of life among the Highland asantry of Scotland, with drawings by Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise. Many other admin able features will combine to render attractive this most excellent paper.

FREDERICTON'S BAD BOY.

His Pa and Ma Haye a Golden Wedding-Facts About Mary and her Lamb.

Times is dull now and the 'lection is over, and the crops is all in, and our house is banked, and the water-tax is paid, and there don't seem to be much around this town which hankers after wentilatin'. A feller with a powerfle intellex in this place is like a man wich owns a ellefant-the ellefant has a soft time, but it is slow pay fer the man.

But, my land, I gess we've been and done it now. I gess were holdin' our end up now, humenly speakin', ware it orter be. For Pa and Ma was married agin last week, and give a golden weddin'. the Banquet hall, Hotel Vendome, Boston, on Wed- | friends before. It took me and sister more'n a day to write out all the invites.

"Are you goin' to run a 'lection," sez I to Pa, wen I saw the list? Are you on the eve of depositin' yourself upon the noble beney ones, sez I to Eugene de Danckwardt, Mr. Ernest Perabo, Mr. him? Hav you been called upon by the sufferin' multitood, sez I, to throw yourself in the breeches in the cause of home and duty? Is it possibel, scz

> I, there's that menny votes votes in the county? Ain't any of 'em on the other side, sez I?"

Well, you orter heard Pa laff at that-never did I all the millmen among his friends. That Orpheus Club, of London, Conn., of which he is see him more pleaseder than he way then, "Lord conductor. The club was assisted by Mrs. Jennie | bless you, Jimmy, sez he, them ain't a list of the Patrick Walker and other eminent artists. Among electers, sez he; them's the invited gests, sez he;

"What fer," sez I?

"To hold our end up in the leadin' cirkles ware it Mr. Wm. Christie had gone to San Francisco orter be" sez Ma, in solem tones a-loomin' on the scene

> "Will they all come? Kin they all get in," sez I? With that Pa laffed till his weskit caved in, and I thot Ma was goin' into asterisks.

Well, acorse we had the weddin,' and thare was dancin' and prancin' and walin' and nashin' and hashin' and crashin'.

Pa's face was beamin' with honest pride done up in fluid form, and Ma repozed in state. But you John's church are three very fine anthems, "There orter seen the presents we got-everything was Were Shepherds," by Chas. Vincent; "Like Silver | gold-and then I knowed why it was we sent so menny invites to come to the golden weddin'.

"O, who sent that luvly pitcher," sez I, when the Irish jig was over? "Hush !" sez one of the gests, "the times was dull,

Jimmy. So thare was ten of 'em formed a sindi-

- "And the pickel-dish," sez I? "Another sindikate," sez he. "And the spoon-holder," sez I?
- "Six of us chipped in a doller apeece fer that," sez he.

"And the tea-service," sez I? "Well, sez he, that was by a joint-stock conscern up-town, called the Temperary Impekaneus Golden Weddin' Cumpany (Limited). Fact is, sez he, it was a jack-pot, and they dedikated the proceeds to your doting parents."

So I that I'd wind up this little peece of mine with a real poem wich I compozed myself:

MARY'S MUTTON.

Mary had a little ram, His maiden name was Billy; He follered her into the school And knocked the teacher silly.

The children laffed to see the ram, Which acted so contrary; They didn't know the teacher had A handkerm' for Mary.

My "Den."

All people, I hold, of literary proclivities should have a "den," whether said proclivities be pronounced and prominent, or, as in the case of the pale historian at present helping build up the fortunes of Mr. Jos. Gillott, they be merely but the baseless dream of a diseased imagination. So, I have a "den." It is situated away up in the attic of the house, under the roof, where in summer time the storm-king beats his rainy tattoo upon the shingles, and holds one spell-bound in the contemplation of the vast alchemy of Nature, and also some slight misgivings as to the exact location of one's umbrella and rubbers. The western side of the room runs out into a dormer about five feet in width, but the My land, but I never sposed we had so menny acquisition of space thus obtained is checked by the encroachment of the opposite wall. Two windowed doors lead out from the dormer upon the spacious gravelled roof of the ell of the house. This makes the "den" very pleasant in This makes the "den" very pleasant in summer, and somewhat mitigates the abiding hatred I have for it—but to resume. In winter the winds howl most dismally around this dormer, and along in January, if you be blessed with a lively, poetic fancy, you can hear the purr of the polar bears as they rub their backs aga the north pole and gnaw the warm end of an icicle. have repeatedly heard this after an apple-cider de-

bauch and twisted-doughnut saturnalia. Around the room are hung some framed photographs of people more or less elevated upon the innacle of literary success. Right above me, as I write, beam the features of the "genial Burdette," if you will allow me to use the expression of a man whose name has fallen through the trap-door of my memory. The next objects of interest that meet the f.enzied eye of the occasional friend who drops in to see me of a Sunday, are a speckled cloth cap and a diseased telescope, that has grown a film over its interior economy of such impenetrability that its name is O'Pake. William Nye, the gentic, suples the next space in the gallery, and next to his, comes a frame containing four portraits, viz.: Geo. W. Peck, Esq., mayor (late) of Milwaukee, and gov-ernor-elect of the important state of Wisconsin, and the creator of that marvellously human creature, The Bad Boy; Josh Billings, with his unkempt hair and beard, and serious, almost sad, countenance; George W. Clelland ("Dicer Swift"), a bright Colorado writer, who has of late years disappeared from the literary horizon; and Horace E. Rounds, associate editor of *Peck's Sun*, and a writer of numor of no mean calibre. Next comes that wondertul literary harper, whose inspired fingers sweep the heart-strings of thousands, James Whitcom Riley. Mr. Riley is a young man, about 35 years of age. He wears glasses, and parts his light hair in the middle. The next ornamentation is a pretty Japanese effect produced by a sky-blue fan extended (rampant, you know), and held in place with carpet tacks and mucilage. And next comes the book-case. This was made by a native workman, who lives-well, I can find him whenever want hum. It is made of genuine pitch pine, and is stained in imitation of coal-tar. The treasures upon its two shelves are secured from yandal touch by glass doors and a small key. Here are the treasures-and I trust the list will serve as a guide to those who wish to follow out any one particular line of literary endeavor: A small spy-glass in leather case; a sealing-wax outfit; Theodore Roosevelt's Hunting Trips of a Ranchman, Worcester's Dictionary, Roughing It, Dan Quixote, Dictionary of Noted Names, The Secret Dispatch, The New Abelard, Rory O'More, Ik Marvel's dear, delightful Reveries of a Bachelor, one of the finest books ever penned by human hand; Edgar Allen Poe's Sketches and Poems, Dryden's Poems, Washing. ton Irving's Tales of a Traveller, Armoy Knox's Log of the Yacht "thamplain," Mark Twain's complete works, Tricks of the Greeks, Willy Reilly, Eugene Field's delicious Little Book of Western Verse, Innach Garden, and other sketches, by Robt. J. Burdette; Afterwhiles, a collection of James Whitcomb Riley's best work; Bret Harte's James Whitcomb Riley's best work; Bret Harte's ininitab e poems, Random Shots, Out of the Harty-Burly, and Elbow Room, by Max Adeler; Spoopen-dyke Papers, by Stanley Huntley; Science in Short Chapters, that chaste philosophical study, Forty Liars and Other Sketches, by Bill Nye; Famous Fanny Fellows, biographical sketches by Will M. Clemens; Grandfather Lickshingle, poems by Algernon Charles Swinburne, Mark Twain's Yan-kee in King Asthur's Court, Washington Irving's

kee in King Arthur's Court, Washington Irving's Crayon Sketches, Macaulay' England. Carlyle's French Revolution, Remarks by Bill Nye, Artemus Ward's complete writings, My Mule Boomerang, and other fabrications, by Bill Nye: Tennyson's poems, and Baled Hay, by Bill Nye. This latter work, Mr. Nye says, obtains its title from the fact that it "is a drier book than Walt Whitman's Leaves of Grass. The reader will at once see what books are neces-sary for one who has cut out for himself a career as writer of scientific essays, and advanced thought in the realness of astronomy and ornate word-kalsomining. Passing gently around the room with bated footstep, come we to the shaggy head, deep-set, searching eyes, and firm chin of Samuel Langhorne Clemens, "known," as he himself confesses, "to police circles as Mark Twain." Next comes the virtuous couch where genius reposes its limbs throughout the dreary night-watch, while the vagrant, evanescent idea knocks madly at the beautiful curly head for admission and police protection, at so much, spot cash, and even now as the immaculate coverlets are turned down, and the classic outlines of Canada's coming sweet singer, are inserted therein, and the throbbing brow sinks into the cooling pillow, a sad, trembling voice comes in muffled tones from the snowy depths and rises into the sweet, yet sad refrain, Good Night! CASEY TAP.

find something that should not be there, THE WORK OF A MOMENT.

the reduced prices to clear, marked legibly on the backs are effaced, and a fictitlous smartness imparted to their appearance in some mysterious fashion; notices of "Special importation for Xmas," begin to briskness makes itself felt.

time of the year, and a certain recklessness sets in of which they would be very much only repeated what I heard." ashamed of at any other season, but seems praiseworthy now. They do not stop to count the cost as they did last month, and will do again in all probability, the month after next; there is something in the air which loosens the purse strings and makes their owners fairly yearn to spend money. The windows of the fancy stores are surrounded by admiring groupes who jostle each other in their eagerness to catch a glimpse of the attractions displayed therein, and nothing seems too expensive for the Christmas purchaser, always provided it is attractive, and he or she imagines she wants it and cannot get it anywhere else. It is a fortunate thing it is so, else what would the fancy shops do, or the dry goods stores either, because of late years they sell almost as many fancy goods as the booksellers, and pretty sore those same booksellers are about it too. However, it is all for the good of trade, so when one lived beyond his means. comes to think of it Christmas is something which should be encouraged and cultivated to the fullest extent. Without it trade would become stagnant, the money market uncertain, and the country would generally go to the "demnition bow-wows" as Mr. MANTALINI would say.

THE FRUITS OF SLANDER.

Of all the weapons that one human ederation. He and Mr. Nicholson went home to be tures, both framed and unframed, in soft cal company and shows the benefit of such married together, but he, being anxious to be present being ever used to stab another in the not alone his victims for one carriage manusepia and mezzotino; lamps, from the an establishment. The farmers claim also at the meeting of parliament, sailed with his bride back with, slander is the most contemp- factured contributed to his stock of assets. stately piano lamp to the smallest toy; in the ill-fated Hungarian and perished, which Mr. that where it was used this year there was tible. Beside it the stiletto of the Italian A farmer who lived out of Sussex supplied Nicholson escaped by being reluctantly detained on statuary silverware, stamped wood, and hearty laugh that followed. no rot to speak of. business till the next steamer. Mr. Grant, therefore, bravo, hired to assassinate some hapless the minister's house with some products of embossed leather work, from Vienna. is only the uncle of these ladies by marriage, while, mortal whose enemy lacks courage to do his diary and naturally wished for his pay. Pictures and photo frames in oxodised The People Will Wake Up Then. of course, his son is their cousin, and was the the deed himself, rises to a plane of com- In response Mr. Little wrote him a note silver; dainty card cases and purses; "chief mourner," &c. A READEB. A large city real estate owner is taking parative respectability, because he at least without remittance but promised to send silverware in endless variety, and Christrather a gloomy view of future city taxation How It Strikes an Outsider. runs some little risk of detection and sub- him a check in a few days. A good many mas books and cards in bewildering pro-He predicts an advance next year in the The police department of St. John evidently needs sequent punishment, while the man or people would like to know where he keeps fusion thorough overhauling. Some of the men, one of rate to such an extent that it will be nearer woman-and we fear it is oftenest the his bank account. them a sergeant, are charged with being frequenters \$2 on the \$100 than \$1.50 The Show at McCann's Lyceum. of houses of ill-fame, and with receiving bribes from latter-who deliberately takes another's A Well Known Wood Engraver. law breakers; one of the inspectors, Capt. Rawlings, good name away, is guilty of worse than McCann's Lyceum has been crowded How to Acquire It. has been fined for abusive language to some of the That well known designer and engraver, almost every night lately, and is growing Correspondence Editor-Here's a fellow men, was also charged with perjury, but escaped. murder. Mr. J. E. Fraser, who has been out of the more popular with both the young and old wants to know how he can acquire a flow How many a noble and useful life has The chief of police held a kind of investigation of of language. What shall I say to him? city for the some months, has returned and the charges of bribe-taking, but gave no decision as "boys". It is not every day that an artist been blighted and finally crushed out, be-Snake Editor-Ask him if he ever tried to their guilt or innocence, simply passing the evi accepted a permanent engagement with like Lavender comes to town, and although cause some evil minded person whispered a stepping on a tack with his bare feet .denence over to the public safety committee. A PROGRESS Engraving Bureau. Mr. Fraser there is very little change in his programme few poisoned words, destitute, perhaps of few days ago he summarily dismissed policeman Washington Critic. is a first class wood engraver and a design-William Weatherhead; the man retused to hand the audenice cannot get enough of him. truth? How many a woman whose fame No Fear of Cold. over his arms and accoutrements, and has sued the er of marked ability. Those who appreci-Hughes, who does colored specialties, is was bright as a silver shield, has gone chief for \$5,000 damages. The department is, cer. Visitor-Isn't your mother afraid, Willie, ated his excellent work while in this city another good one. Although he does not tainly, in a very bad state .- Religious Intelligencer. down to a dishonored grave, because some of catching cold in those slippers? will be pleased to know that he has returnsing naughty songs like Queenie Hethersister woman-save the mark !- was deter-Willie-Huh, I guess you don't know New Christmas Books, and Fancy Goods ed. ton, but work of a more artistic nature, them slippers. Ma uses 'em to warm the whole family with.—American Grocer. of all kinds-lowest prices, at McArthur's minded to delve beneath the fair surface of he is popular with the crowd. Bookstore, 80 King street. her life, like a jackal searching for prey, to Advertise in "Progress." It pays.

even given a trial. The world is full of such cases, where envenomed tongues have slain the innocent, and our own city is not by any means free from them. So it behooves us appear in the shop windows, one by one, to look to our ways, that we be not held as stars peep out in a summer sky; a responsible before a tribunal, from whose general cleaning up sets in, and a holiday decisions there is no appeal, for the moral life of a fellow-creature slain by our hand, People seem to get extravagant at this as surely as if it held the poniard, and before which it will be useless to plead, "I

WHERE IS HIS BANK ACCOUNT.

Rev. H. W. Little Unconcerned-Thirty Cents on the Dollar Unsecured.

The cool and easy methods of that wonderful ministerial financier, Rev. H. W Little, of Sussex, are surprising, even those who while shocked at his course, still held that he was the victim of circumstances. He does not seem disturbed by the disgrace he has brought on his order and his parish, but moves along in much the same fashion as of old, owing and in this fashion :

Rev. Mr. Little, the Sussex clergyman who managed to get into debt in a few months after arriving in this country from England to the extent of \$3,000 and recently assigned for the benefit of his creditors, offers 30 cents on the dollar, unsecured. He was in the enjoyment of a fair salary but furnished his house on an elaborate scale, and otherwise

about the affair. PROGRESS had a long conversation with one of them recently and his verdict was that but little of the whole truth appeared in these columns when the disclosure of the affair was printed. He could not understand the seeming

unconcern of Mr. Little while many of his creditors had too hard a struggle to be able

suffer any such loss. The storekeepers were

with him were his mother and a large number of friends; and above the whispered words was heard the groans of the dying

And thus it was everywhere about South Bay. Many of the killed and injured lived some miles away and had been taken home, but the place was so plunged in grief that everyone was affected, all given to reflection. Of the many men in the mill it could not be understood how so many escaped; and in all the conversation both of the men Jewett's and other mills there was a tone and a timidity when the boilers were referred to that one could not understand. It was above the boilers that the men used to put in their time when not busily engaged; they seemed to have an attraction that an outsider could not understand, and the men shuddered as they realized how, every day, they had been in danger of their lives.

A Beautiful Store.

Two of the most attractive windows in the city are those of C. Flood & Sons, on King street, and the early bird, in the shape of a Christmas purchaser, will do well to call and inspect the endless variety of charming novelties to be found in their establish nent. The Messrs. Flood are very large importers from Germany, England, and France, and their stock of rare china is alone well worth a visit. Amongst unconcerned. The Moncton Times puts it their specialities in this line are the worldfamous Belleek, or egg shell china, which is only made in Fermanagh, Ireland. The curious filigree Hungarian ware, the celebrated Tellemacher, or German china, the English pointions-which comes between the Dresden and Worcester, for rarity and value-and the Royal Worcester,

and dainty Dresden, themselves in every His parishioners do not care to talk shape and design. Besides the china, which first attracts the eye, there are beautiful things, innumerable, to be seen on every side. Dressing cases of all kinds in oxidized silver and ivory, from the large square family affair containing every imaginable luxury and necessary, down to the tiny one for baby, which includes even a rattle and a ring for posible teeth. Pic

I Will Inform Thee, Ps. xxxii.

Who can recount the many mercies, free To each, to every soul, in kindness sent, The many dangers, we escape and flee, The blessings we enjoy, the comforts lent.

Who can fore-warn us of approaching night, When low the lamp of life shall dimly burn, And the imprisoned soul shall seek in flight, The sphere unknown, from whence none may return.

Who can inform us, of the life to come, Its paths of peace, perchance its woes and tears, The clear and bright celestial songs, of some, Despairing sighs, wrung out by others' fears.

Who knows the sorrow, pain, He would not flee, Who bears our sins in His own body, dear, With arms outstretched, on Calvary's torturing tree, That we by faith might unto him draw near.

We know that God is our abiding stay, And will inform us of His paths of peace, His words fore warns of dangers by the way, And doth recount His works of love and grace.

A Remarkable Result.

The result of the contest for the \$100 cash prize of the Provincial Fertilizer company has been truly remarkable. The prize was offered to the farmer raising the most potatoes on an acre of ground with the use of the company's chemical manure. Amasa Kennedy, of Sussex, King's County is the lucky man raising 403 bushels and 59 Lounds of potatoes on the specified area while Mr. Pickard, of Sackville, come second with 400 bushels and 13 pounds. Mr. Pickard tried another acre alongside with farm fertilizer and the chemical manure raised 200 bushels more than the other. Mr. Kennedy used half a ton of chemical fertilizer. A similiar contest in Maine last year resulted in the raising of 700 bushels from the use of a ton of phosphate. This speaks splendidly for the Provincial Chemi-

"O, Billy, you have kllled my lover," Cried Mary, "aint you sorry?" The ram got mad at Mary then And knocked her into glory.

They buried Mary in the grave Beside her darling lover; The ram has had an intervue With Billy Grimes the drover Fredericton, Nov. 25. JIMMY SMITH

NOUVELLES FRANCAISES.

Un Irlandais possedait une petite maison et une

Des Anecdotes.

vache. Sur sa maison, il y avait un toit plat tout POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS." couvert de gazon. Sa vache avait mange tous les fosses d'aientour. L'Irlandias se dit: "Ma vache meurt de faim, pourquoi ne la mettrais-je pas sur mon toit?" Il le fit. L'y voila! Mais si la lourde bete tombe du toit, elle se cassera la jambe. Que faire? Notre homme, qui etait ingenieux, iui attache une longue corde au cou, en jette un bout dans la cheminee et descend rapidement. Aussitot dans la maison, il tourna la corde autour de sa taille et se dit : "Maintenant je suis tranquille." Cinq munutes plus tard, il etait sur le toit et sa bete a

Madame Robert, ma tante, a un petit gargon et une petite fille. Un soir que j'etais chez elle, le petit gargon cherchait une cuiller et n'en trouvait pas. "C'est ennuyeux," dit-il, avec impatience, 'quand on cherche une cuiller, on trouve toujours des couteaux." "Eh bien !" s'ecrie la petite fille qui habillait sa poupee, "cherche un couteau et tu trouveras des cuillers.'

A la reunion française samedi soir on s'est bien amuse. Outre le programme regulier on a chante et joue du piano et a passe une soiree tres agreable. M. Prat a raconte ses experiences de la fievre jaune a Panama et ses experiences l'ont mis bien en demeure de parler de cette maladie puisqu'il en a ete attaque luimeme.

La scene du "Maitre de Forge" que M. Masson a recitee est celle ou Mlle. Claire qui n'est pas encore avertie du mariage du Duc de Bligny cause avec ne de ses amies de ses fiangailles au duc. La prochaine reunion aura lieu chez Mile. Hatheway's Rue Coburg. UNE ELEVE.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Mr. Grant's Relations to the Misses Nicholson.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: How is it that even the St. John papers notably yourselves, speak of Major Grant as being the brother of the mother of the Misses Nicholson with whom he is now at law? Mr. Grant is a scotch gentleman who came to the city in the military service of the imperial government; in the civil branch of the Royal Engineer Department, and married a sister of the late John W. Nicholson, who is now in Europe, and has been for a year past. Mr. Nicholson married an Irish lady named Talbot of an excellent family. Her brother, a man of brilliant talents, had come out to Canada, and at a very early age had been elected a member of the Provincial Parliament before Con-

"What Tune do you Paint To?"

A State of Maine preacher, in the rural town of M-----, superintended some improvements on his

church, and had the general oversight of the men employed. Entering the building, he found a painter busy as a nailer, and singing lustily, in a measure suitable to "the light fantastic toe." Not being partial to such airs as have no suspicion of psalmody, and quite averse to them when so near the altar, he demanded brusquely

"What tune do you paint to?"

"That is the good old tune called Yankee Doodle," cheerfully replied the painter.

"Old, it may be, but I doubt its goodness, especially in the Lord's house," continued his reverence. "Suppose you try Old Hundred ?"

The painter, willing and able to oblige, struck into the sedater strain, but his paint-brush visibly slackened; to long drawn chords he went along the wall with a staid, orthodox, but sluggish propriety. The preacher watched him to the close of the doxology, when with a gleam of merriment in his eye, he remarked :

"Well, I guess you can try Yankee Doodle again." P.F.

The scarcity of a treat in the house, and of apples in the market, may be inferred from the following, would you call it a?-pun :

Wife: Please, Geofge, remember and bring me home something this evening, if it's nothing but a 'Nonesuch" apple.

Husband: I should be most happy to oblige you, my dear; but I assure you there are nonesuch to be had

Echoes of the Libel Trial.

Two or three likely and amusing stories are told of the recent Steadman-Sun trial, both of which hinge upou Mr. C. N. Skinner's weak point. His examination of one witness was somewhat particuar, and with his aptness for metaphor, Mr. Skinner varied the question, which referred to some voter's politics, by asking the witness whether he was on the dark or the light side. Before the witness could reply, the chief justice, who presided, and is somewhat fond of a joke, looked over his glasses and inquired mildly, "Which is the dark side now, Mr. Skinner?" The member tor St. John joined in the

When Mr. Currey, Jr., was on the stand, Mr. Vanwart was trying to find out just how much he knew about the politics of the electorate. Mr. Currey was quite fluent and precise-for was he not on his oath-but as he proceeded the smile on Mr. Skinner's face grew broader, and finally he leaned over to the lawyer nearest him and said, with a laugh, "What a d ---- l of a time Currey would have defining my politics."

The Queen Pays All Exepenses. The Queen's last "Free Trip to Europe" having excited such universal interest, the publisher of that popular magazine offer another and \$200 00 estra for expenses, to the person sending them the largest list of English words constructed from letters contained of English words constructed from letters contained in the three word "British North America." Additional prizes, consisting of Silver Tea Sets, China Dinner Sets, Gold Watches, French Music Boxes, Portiere Curtains, Silk Dresses, Mantel Clocks, and many other useful and valuable articles will also be awarded in point of merit. A special prize of a Seal Skin Jacket to the lady, and a hand-some Shetland Pony to the girl or boy (delivered free in Canada or United States), sending the largest lists. Everyone sending a list of not less than tree in Canada or United States), sending the largest lists. Everyone sending a list of not less than twenty words will receive a present. Send four 3c. stamps for complete rules, illustrated catalogue of prizes, and sample number of the *Queen.*—Address, *Canadian Queen*, Toronto, Canada.