

THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

The Magazines.

Wide Awake for January opens with a beautiful poem by Mrs. Cavazza, a Milanese legend. "The Ballata of the Blackbird."

Among the serial stories, "Gid Granger," by W. O. Stoddard, is an exciting account of the exploits of a boy on the home farm.

Notes and Announcements.

In the Transatlantic for January 15 the following authors are represented: Jules Simon, one of the Forty Immortals; Carl Vogt, the celebrated German biologist; George Brandes, among the foremost of Scandinavian critics; Alexandre Dumas, Guy de Maupassant, the acknowledged master in the difficult art of telling a short story; the late Emile Augier; Henry Maret and Tony Revillon; Henrik Ibsen, the reigning sensation of the entire literary world; Felix Pyat, whose "Rag-picker of Paris" was perhaps the greatest success that the French stage has known; and Charles Gounod, in the front rank of the musical composers of this epoch.

ONE OF MONCTON'S CLUBS.

The Members Own Fine Dogs and are Exceedingly Exclusive.

I wonder if I ever mentioned that Moncton has a club? I mean a regular club, such as they have in London and—ah—Halifax—and such places; where the golden youth of the town, and also the silver middle age, congregate to smoke cigars, play poker, irrigate their thirsty throats with the best of cognac and old rye, and have a quiet and enjoyable time generally? Well, if I did not I will give it honorable mention now.

I think it is called the "City Club," but I will not be sure, because I don't belong to it myself, and it is unlikely that I ever shall. Literature—capital "L," please—does not, I regret to say, occupy the proud position which is its due in our town, and I greatly fear that among the naughty ones of the earth who belong to the "City Club" the newspaper correspondent is classed in the same genus as the shy and retiring book agent. For I have it on excellent authority that nothing below the rank of a bank clerk is admitted to membership; and I am of too sensitive a disposition to face the possibility of a black ball, even if I had any friend in the institution sufficiently hardy to propose me.

This by way of introduction. Several of the members of this exclusive club are the proud possessors of very fine dogs; and although the names of the latter are not to be found on the club register, if regular attendance constitutes membership, these honest fellows are entitled to pay their yearly dues, as well as their masters, except that they don't contribute to swell the size of the bills for "liquors and cigars."

First on the list, in point of size, comes "Peter" Cooke, a noble specimen of a native Newfoundlander, and so patriotic still, in spite of his exile from the land of his birth, that he has been known to stand in front of Hotel Brunswick on a gala day, when the stars and stripes were flying from the flag-staff of that truly cosmopolitan establishment, and bark himself nearly off his sturdy legs at the American ensign, under the impression that the great building was a Yankee fishing boat, lying in wait to poach codfish, or at least bait, from his own beloved "Banks of Newfound-land."

I am sorry to say that Peter has other characteristics besides his antipathy to American fishermen. He is given to imitating the human race a little too closely, and on one memorable night last winter he stayed behind the other members of the club, got locked into the club room, and went off on a most disgraceful "time." He licked out tumbler and chewed corks, till he was too much intoxicated to associate

with any self-respecting pup in town. Then he ate up all the cigar stubs he could and, tore up and devoured a corner of the carpet, where a bottle of the finest Jamaica had recently been spilled, and after smashing everything he could reach, and even tearing down the window blinds, he wound up his debauch by taking a header through one of the front windows, landing unharmed in the sidewalk below and staggering off home, barking vociferously to the tune of "We won't go home till morning."

Next comes another handsome Newfoundlander, the property of Mr. W. H. Murray. I have not the honor of his acquaintance, so I don't know his name. "Buff" Archibald, the well-known "Gaunt" and "Jerry," and "Con" Price finish the list. And thereby hangs a tale.

Not so very long ago, a young bank man, a stranger, was proposed as a member by a friend, and being accepted, he arrived to take possession of his new honors. Now, the first sight that met his unaccustomed eyes on entering the room was a vision of many dogs. "Buff," "Peter," "Jerry" and company were disposed in various unconventional and degage attitudes about the floor, with a freedom and ease of deportment that showed them to be regular habitués of the place.

The new comer paused in the doorway, screwed his glass into his eye, gasped, and finding his voice at last, ejaculated, "Be Jove, I—I—shan't go in, ye know; I didn't know I was being invited to join a blawsted, ah—kennel—ye know." ***

DINNER VERSUS HIS SERMON.

How a Good Clergyman Shortened His Service and Was in Time For Dinner.

When the present century was some twenty-five years younger than it is now, there dwelt in a village not a hundred miles from the upper St. John, a fine old parson of the old school, one who dearly loved the sound of his own voice rolling sonorously forth in the final clause of "sixthly," but who loved a good dinner with a still more deeply rooted and tender affection. Now, in the natural course of events it sometimes happened that the spirit and the flesh warred against each other, and interfered considerably with each other's comfort, and on one notable occasion they got the good parson into trouble.

It was a particularly warm and drowsy summer morning and the worthy minister had been invited to dine with a wealthy parishioner, who was equally celebrated for his excellent dinners and his rigid punctuality about the serving of them. No guest had ever yet been found who was considered of sufficient importance to delay the sacred meal; if he was not on time, the dinner was, so he was the loser.

On this especial Sunday the parson had an extra good sermon prepared. It was of unusual length and force, and it fairly bristled with Johnsonian periods and masterly arguments, and was far too excellent to have its effect destroyed by a hasty delivery. And yet to get comfortably through the service and walk the half mile that stretched between the church and his prospective dinner so as to reach the latter by one, sharp,—dreadfully sharp too—necessitated the shortening up of something in the service, so the parson was in a quandary. He dared not leave out the Litany, and he could not leave out any of the prayers, but he decided to economize as much as possible on the lessons.

As fate would have it, the first lesson was taken from the 3rd Chapter of the book of Daniel, which, as everybody who has ever read it knows, is rather a long winded chapter and greatly given to vain repetitions in describing the iniquity of three stiff-necked Jews, known to history as Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, who contumaciously refused to bow down and worship the golden calf set up by the King Nebuchadnezzar, what time they heard the sound of the flute, harp, sackbut, etc.; and the verse enumerating the various instruments of which the king's band was composed is repeated no less than four times, it grows a little monotonous to the secular mind, so our good minister read it manfully thrice, but time pressed, and when he came to the fourth repetition he—vulgarily speaking—kicked, for his dinner seemed vanishing like a beautiful dream, and this is the way he rendered the 15th verse:

"Now if ye be ready, when the gentlemen of the land perform as before, ye fall down and worship, etc., well. But if ye worship not ye shall be cast in the same hour into a burning fiery furnace."

A few of the congregation were moved to unseasonably and unseasonable laughter, but the majority were scandalized to such a degree that the elders called a meeting during the ensuing week, and solemnly rebuked the parson for introducing unmeaning abbreviations into the word of God, and thereby scandalizing the congregation. But the minister bore the reprimand with equanimity, for he considered the dinner well worth the price he had paid for it.

GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

Pimples, postules, rash, eczema, all humors and all diseases of the skin, piles, ulcers, sores and wounds, chapped hands, roughness of the skin, are quickly healed and cured by the use of Baird's French Ointment. Sold by all dealers.—Adet.

A quiet slaying party: "Jack the Ripper."—Life.

Out at Sea.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

[FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES.]

ST. STEPHEN.

[PROGRESS is for sale in St. Stephen at the book-stores of C. H. Smith & Co. and G. S. Wall.]

JAN. 15.—Mayor Grimmer entertained several of his gentlemen friends at supper, at his residence, on Friday evening.

Miss Annie King, of Calais, has returned from Chicago, after an extended visit of some weeks.

Mrs. J. A. Grimmer is spending a few days in St. Andrews, with her daughter, Mrs. G. D. Grimmer. Mrs. Frank Tucker, of Boston, Mass., is the guest of Mrs. J. E. Murchie.

Mr. F. W. Andrews returned from Boston on Monday. Mr. J. L. Thompson, of the Frontier Steamboat company, has been suffering this week from la grippe.

Owing to the illness of the Rev. R. W. Weddall, the Methodist church was closed on Sunday morning.

Miss Mabel Burns went to Boston this week, to continue her musical studies.

Miss Cora Algar entertains a few of her young friends with tea this evening.

Mr. James Vroom, of the St. Croix Courier, is suffering from a severe cold.

Mr. John D. Chipman is visiting St. John this week.

Mrs. J. E. Murchie gave invitations to a number young people to a snow-shoe tramp in the country on Monday evening. To the disappointment of all, the rain storm prevented the tramp, and the guests were obliged to remain at Mrs. Murchie's residence, where they enjoyed dancing and a very pleasant evening.

Miss Maud Bonness has returned to St. John to resume her studies.

Mr. D. W. Brown, C. E., arrived from Dexter, Maine, on Sunday morning.

Mr. C. N. Vroom is making a visit in Fredericton, N. B., this evening.

Mr. D. W. Brown, C. E., is able to resume business again.

Mr. Sylvanus Murchie, of Bataric, Ill., recently paid a visit to St. Stephen, and was the guest of his brother, Mr. J. E. Murchie.

Miss Kate Melick, who has been spending the holiday season with her aunt, Mrs. C. H. Clarke, returned to St. John on Monday, to continue her studies at the convent.

Hon. James Mitchell and Mrs. Mitchell leave tomorrow for Fredericton, where they will spend a few days.

The young ladies of the "Y" society, with Miss Grace Veasey as president, have succeeded in establishing a reading room, where all the papers and magazines will be found there, and the young ladies hope their efforts will be rewarded by seeing men who are tempted to visit bar rooms and saloons. Coffee is also provided for refreshment for those who visit the room.

Mrs. A. McNeil, of Calais, is very ill with pneumonia. Mr. McNeil, who has been attending court in Machias, was summoned home, arriving yesterday.

The ladies whist club meets this evening at the residence of Mrs. James Mitchell.

DORCHESTER.

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

JAN. 15.—The January session of the Westmoreland county council which opened here last Tuesday, had the effect of putting new life into our usually quiet place.

An order was passed for a new jail and residence to be built on the site of the old one, and cost about \$12,000. This news has greatly cheered the people, who at one time feared Moncton would get it as well as the Court House.

On Wednesday in opposition both to the Coalition ticket and to the present government drew a large number here, and the Court House square were the scene of an election of delegates. And why should it not? There are wild times and the election storm is raging fiercely.

Society has been very quiet of late, but I hear that there are to be a number of parties and entertainments in the near future.

Mrs. H. W. and Mrs. B. Palmer, with the assistance of Mrs. Reimann, intend giving a concert when the court is in session. Proceeds to go to "the Guild" of Trinity church to help them in their good work.

Rev. J. R. Campbell left for Fredericton last Monday, to attend a meeting of the deans of the diocese. He will return to Dorchester, Saturday.

Mr. J. W. Y. Smith, who is home spending his Christmas vacation with his mother, went to St. John on Saturday.

Miss Nealie Robinson, who has been spending a few days with Lady Smith, returned home last week.

Mr. H. R. Emerson has been in Albert county for over a week, attending to business connected with the coming election.

Mr. William Backhouse, who has been confined to the house so long, hopes to be out in a few days.

Mr. W. J. Gilbert is again confined to his bed.

Miss Gamie Forster returned from her visit to Halifax last week.

La grippe is making the rounds in Dorchester. It has attacked the penitentiary and 30 of the convicts, as well as some of the staff, and is ill with it.

Mr. J. P. Teed is expected home from Newcastle this week.

Mr. B. B. Teed's many friends will be glad to hear that he will leave Cape Breton for Dorchester, this week.

J. F. Teed, M. D., proposes taking a trip to South America very soon. It is needless to say that every body will be glad to see him and as he is as speedy as he can be, return home. He will be much missed.

Mr. W. W. Wells addresses a meeting in the Opera House, Moncton, this evening, in the interests of his country.

Rumor says that a young lady, who up to the present time has made Dorchester her home, but is now residing in Boston, will be married in Moncton this coming June.

Mr. H. C. Hanington spent Sunday and Monday here.

AMHERST, N. S.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Amherst at G. G. Bird's Bookstore.]

JAN. 15.—Miss May Brown has returned from a most enjoyable four months visit in Charlotte-town.

Miss Blanche Tremaine, of Truro, is visiting her brother, Mr. Harry Tremaine, and Mrs. Tremaine. The Misses Harding, Moffat, Page and Christie have returned to school at Wolfville, after spending very pleasant holidays at home.

Miss Blair, of Truro, who has been visiting Mrs. W. P. Parker, left this week for a long visit in St. John.

Miss Flossie Townshend, of Parrsboro, was in town this week, visiting her uncle, Mr. Medley Townshend.

Mr. James A. Dickey, C. E., spent Sunday in town.

Mr. Dennison, C. E., is being congratulated upon the arrival of a son and heir. He has received so many handshakes that it is almost a case of cruelty to animals.

Senator Dickey left on Tuesday, by the C. P. R., for Ottawa.

Mr. A. R. Dickey, M. P., will not be able to be present at the opening of parliament, but his many friends trust that he will soon be well enough to enter upon his parliamentary duties.

Rev. H. H. Pitman took the duty at Christ church on Sunday.

Miss Harding returned to Halifax this week.

Mrs. Osborne Tupper's numerous friends are pleased to see her home again, after her long and visit to Yarmouth, when she lost a devoted mother. Society is very quiet; cause, la grippe has so many victims.

Mrs. John Brown, of Halifax, is in town.

The general manager of the Parrsboro railway, Mr. J. G. Ackman, was in town on Monday.

Mr. Miles Shaw has gone home to Windsor for quite a visit.

Mr. W. Oxley, of Halifax, was in town this week.

Dr. A. Stewart Townshend, of Parrsboro, was in town on Monday.

Mr. D. T. Chapman, of the firm of Chapman Bros., intends going South soon for the benefit of his health.

Miss Addie Parry expects to leave for Germany about the last of this month, to take a musical course.

SUSSEX.

JAN. 15.—There was an interesting wedding this afternoon, at Mrs. George McIntyre's, Upper corner, when her daughter, Jane, was married to Mr. Hugh McMonagie of this place. The bride's sister acted as bridesmaid and Mr. George Fowler as groomsmen. The Rev. Mr. Cowie performed the ceremony.

Mr. and Mrs. McMonagie left by the evening train for Boston and New York.

Mrs. E. Hallett has been spending a few days at Hampton.

Mr. D. Day Vail is visiting her sister, Mrs. E. Hickson, at Bathurst.

Rev. Mr. Little, late from England, will preach in Trinity church, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. White spent Tuesday in St. John.

Mr. H. A. White made a short visit to Shediac, last week.

I hear of another marriage to take place a week from today.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward C. Pitfield and Mrs. McNeil, of St. John, were in Sussex today, to attend Miss McIntyre's wedding.

Miss Eliza Vail, of Bathurst, is visiting Mrs. W. T. Pitfield, at Sussex corner.

Dr. Herington, of St. John, is in Sussex.

PATRICK.

HAROLD GILBERT.

SPRING, 1890.

For months I have been prepared for an immense Spring trade, and my intention is to make my stock the most attractive in price, variety, and value, of any that has preceded it. To do this I plainly understand that I must offer only FIRST-CLASS GOODS made by the most RELIABLE MANUFACTURERS, and at prices that will SPEAK MORE FORCIBLY than any comments I can make.

The details of each department have been carefully studied, and prices brought down to a very fine point. Nearly all my Spring stock will arrive during February when inspection and comparison will show you MOST PLAINLY that my values cannot be beaten. I have rearranged the departments in my Warehouse to enable me to serve my customers better, and give all an opportunity of inspecting my stock whether purchasing or not.

BEDROOM FURNITURE, first floor main building; Brussels, Wilton and Axminster Carpets; 2nd floor from main building; Wool, Union, and Hemp Carpets, Mattings and Art Squares; 2nd floor, back main building; Tapestry Carpets, Rugs and Door Mats, first floor new building in rear.

OILCLOTHS and LINOLEUMS, in basement—patterns shown in rear of first floor, main building. Curtains, Curtain Poles and Draperies, second floor of new building. Parlor Suits, second floor, new building. Rattan Furniture, Baby Carriages, Fancy Tables, etc., first floor, new building.

HAROLD GILBERT, - - 54 King Street.

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Have Always Been Benefitted by ITS USE."

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Ask your druggist for Estey's Cod Liver Oil Cream. Take no other. Price 50c per bottle, or 6 bottles for \$2.50. Prepared only by E. M. ESTEY, Pharmacist, Moncton, N. B.

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SEASONABLE GOODS IN STOCK. MANTLE AND ULSTER CLOTHS; BEAVER AND CURL CLOTHS; MELTONS, FLANNELS, BLANKETS; UNDERWEAR, CLOUDS, SHAWLS; FANCY WOOL GOODS; CASHMERES, MERINOS; GLOVES, HOSIERY; RIBBONS, VELVETS, WINGS; COTTONS AND SMALLWARES

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Some people agree with THE SUN'S opinions about men and things, and some people don't; but everybody likes to get hold of the newspaper which is never dull and never afraid to speak its mind.

Democrats know that for twenty years THE SUN has fought in the front line for Democratic principles, never wavering or weakening in its loyalty to the true interests of the party it serves with fearless intelligence and disinterested vigor. At times opinions have differed as to the best means of accomplishing the common purpose; it is not THE SUN'S fault if it has seen further into the millstone.

Eighteen hundred and ninety is the year that will probably determine the result of the Presidential election of 1892, and perhaps the fortunes of the Democracy for the rest of the century. Victory in 1892 is a duty, and the beginning of 1890 is the best time to start out in company with THE SUN. Daily, per month, \$ 5.00 Daily, per year, 6.00 Sunday, per year, 2.00 Daily and Sunday, per year, 8.00 Daily and Sunday, per month, 70 Weekly Sun, one year, 1.00 Address THE SUN, New York.

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W. ALEX. PORTER'S. NEW VALENCIA, Valencia Layer and London Layer Raisins, New Currants, Prunes, Figs, Dates, New Citron, Orange and Lemon Peels, Flavoring Extracts and Syrups of all kinds; choice Confectionery, Nuts, Fruits, etc., with a complete line of staple and fancy groceries.

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