

PROGRESS.

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The edition of PROGRESS is now so large that it is necessary to put the inside pages 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, JAN. 3.

CIRCULATION, 9,000.

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

We take a good deal of pleasure in announcing the enlargement of PROGRESS, the particulars of which appear in another column. It will be our aim to make each of the pages of the larger paper more interesting than it is at present.

COURTESY TO THE PRESS.

It was only a few days ago that the garrison at Toronto entertained the minister of militia, Sir ADOLPH CARON, and the new commander, Col. HERBERT, at dinner. There was a number of guests, but, contrary to the usual custom, the press was not invited.

This recalls a similar incident in the days of journalism in this city, when the News, Freeman, New Brunswicker and other papers fought with each other and for a living. Those were the days when publishers were editors and reporters, and sometimes compositors as well.

It is interesting to note what one of the government party organs at Fredericton has to say about the rumored dismissals, the plan for one of which was exposed in the last issue of PROGRESS.

Some people are very much worried because the local government have seen fit to dismiss from public office several open and avowed enemies of the administration, and because they fear others will meet the same well deserved fate.

Perhaps, after all, it is well that there is this happy exchange of commodities. There is a certain free and easiness and unbounded latitude for generosity about it that is charming and attractive to the Bohemian nature.

RELIGIOUS RIVALRY.

There is a spirit of rivalry noticeable among the different religious bodies that sometimes prompts sentiments from speakers and writers that do not tend to benefit the great cause for which they all profess to be

working. We find it in denominational meetings, and more especially when missionaries return from foreign lands. They seldom fail to tell of the particular work done by the denomination which they represent, and compare it with that done by the missionaries sent out by other religious bodies.

The Methodist Times furnishes an illustration of this religious rivalry in its review of the work done by that good woman, Mrs. "General" BOOTH. After referring to the reasons why Gen. BOOTH was forced to leave the Methodist church, the Times says:

As we stand by the death-bed of Mrs. Booth, and realize what a world-centre of gracious influence that family has become, it is difficult to avoid bitterness when we remember that all that might have been Methodist.

From this it will be inferred that all the good work done by Mrs. BOOTH would have given the Times greater satisfaction if she had remained a Methodist, and used her wonderful influence in bringing men and women into the fold of that denomination, instead of becoming one of the originators of a rival religious body.

It is not by such utterances as these that the great cause of christianity will be promoted. Such results as those shown at the end of Mrs. BOOTH's life work should be hailed with thankfulness by all denominations. If the people whom she has brought from degradation and wretchedness, and helped to lead better lives, are satisfied that the army can meet all requirements in enabling them to perform their religious duties, there is no cause for regret from any one.

Opinions will always differ, and all cannot work in the same way, but it a broad, generous spirit is cultivated, and denomination given less consideration than christianity the results will be greater.

We in St. John think sometimes—and we do so with good reason—that we pay more taxes and get less for them than any citizens on earth. According to a writer in the Toronto Saturday Night there appears to be almost an equal apathy in the "Queen City."

It is in the candidature for the mayoralty and for aldermanic positions there is singular lack of public spirit. The majority of large taxpayers and citizens generally believe that we have not yet touched bottom, that we must have another year of misrule before anything can be accomplished.

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HIS PA SWEARS OFF.

Johnny Mulcahey on the Disadvantages of New Year's Resolutions.

This is the new year. This is the time when everybody swears off. Pa swore off on a hole lot a things, but he swore twice as hard when the water froze up last Tuesday, and ma poured all the hot water what they're meltin' it out with all over his hands and bosom.



ma sent me outside to tell the people which collected what it wasn't nothing but the hall stove fell down, but that goodness, there wasn't no fire in it. Ma's a dandy at makin' up things, but I guess the people didn't believe me, for they said what our hall stove had a orful red nose, and made a good many more places than ours pretty warm sometimes.

Pa says he ain't goin' to drink nothin' stronger nor coffee now since he swore off. It ma lets me buy the coffee, like she's been doin', I guess he won't get dizzy on it, 'cause the only way a young fellow kin make money now is on commission, and what's the difference if the coffee isn't as good as what ma used to buy, so long's I don't pay so much for it, and kin keep the rest. But I guess ma'll be walkin' around to the store some day and find out what coffee isn't risen in price like I said it was.

Anyhow what's the use of havin' a young fellow if you ain't goin' to give him anythin' for runnin' expenses, except goin' to school. I used to get ahead of ma sometimes when pa left his clothes layin' round loose, after comin' home from the club. But I suppose if he drinks nothin' but coffee, that'll be another source of revenue gone.

I ain't swore'n off on nothin'. What's the good? I don't do nothin'!

JOHNNY MULCAHEY

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

A Christmas Greeting.

TO GEORGE MARTIN—WITH SOME MERRY RHYMES. A little nonsense, sure, at Christmas time May not be out of place, though done in rhyme; And tho' 't is frivolous and giddiness, We bid be gone—we snicker nevertheless.

And in our festive moments, would we choose Rather to laugh with Lamb, loud as we please, Than snirk with Timon, or Diogenes. And if their be a time when loud guffaws Should shake our sides without apparent cause; When waits should loiter sweet, and bells should ring.

Yet, the swift wheeling years that whirl us on, Rolling to the front that immortal Dawn, Let us believe, are God commissioned, still To bring the perfect era of good-will; That Bethlehem's promise of an Age of Peace, When Love shall rule the years, can never cease, Nor our Messiah's lustrous orb decrease.

Then let us laugh aloud, and toss dull care Like idle dust upon the headless air; Then let us bid good cheer, and hopeful be, And cook our Christmas goose right merrily! And let us think our lot and place the best, Nor give a penny whistle for the rest.

Then let us sing our carols for the morn We celebrate; and still our homes adorn, Weaving the pines on shifty hills that grow With English holly and with mistletoe.

PASTOR FLECK.

What the Season Brings.

A fine colored lithograph, the central figure of which is an excellent picture of Henry M. Stanley, has been received from Messrs. Daniel & Boyd.

One of the prettiest calendars of the season comes from the Mutual Life Assurance Company of New York. The calendar issued by the Guardian fire and life is suggestive of the stability of that well known company. Weldon & McLean are the agents.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Monday saw Webber and his Boston Comedy Co. in the Institute which, by the way, was not used Saturday afternoon and evening by the Lytell combination. It is a curious fact that that company was billed to appear both in St. John and Moncton, Saturday night. An explanation of this could probably be given by that astute and popular local manager, Mr. Melville, who invariably tries to gull the people so far as theatrical matters are concerned.

Up to and including Thursday night Webber played to good average houses and two bumpers. He doesn't carry a star combination and he doesn't charge star prices but it as he says, "satisfaction is all I am after" he gets plenty of it. The people will go to see and hear Webber when no other combination on the road would attract them.

In the opinion of an admirer of Webber's the local hit seemed to have lost its charm for him and he so expressed it. Webber promised him one for that evening and, sure enough, in one act he produced an enormous tin watch and informed the audience that Brother Needham had given him that for a Christmas box.

Dr. E. C. Ellis is in the city, representing Messrs. J. C. Ayer & Co. Both the firm and the representative are pretty well-known in this section, the latter from the popular dime concerts he gave in this city two winters ago.

Foley Parker, who joined the Wizard Oil Company at Fredericton remained with that organization until it disbanded, and has since been with "One of the Bravest," a first-class combination. He left that, however, about a fortnight ago to accept an engagement in Hamilton, Ont. Mrs. Parker is in Lowell, Mass., and notwithstanding all rumors to the contrary, still enjoys the esteem and regard of her lord and master.

Most of the Episcopal churches had watch-night service on New Year's eve, where the usual evening music was given. I don't think of any more news, so will bring my letter to a close by wishing all readers a happy New Year.

PEN AND PRESS.

The St. John boom edition of the Dominion Illustrated, which was so vigorously canvassed on the understanding that it would appear early in December has failed to come to hand. Many of those who patronized it are inquiring about it. As much of the value of an advertisement depends upon its timeliness it is quite probable there will be some "kicking" at the number appearing in the dull season.

The "Holiday Special" of the New York Journalist does infinite credit to its Editor, Mr. Forman. The idea of heading every article with a portrait of the author was a happy conception, and more than interesting to us in the outer circle, who have followed the various paths of most of them in the chatty letters in the Journalist. No Christmas number is half so taking to the average newspaper man as the "Holiday Special."

One of the funniest presentations of the season was that given to the manager of the eating and drinking departments of the Union club. Those about him seemed to know just what was suitable for they presented him with a Bible! In his reply he advised all of them to do right and obey the moral and civil laws. In that event if he "practised what he preached," the liquid refreshment parlor will not only be closed at 10 p. m., but altogether.

Balmoral Hotel. See adlet.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Writing a letter this week is not nearly as hopeless as it was last time. The daily papers have got ahead of me in their programmes of the Christmas music, which was, so far as I can learn, remarkably good in all our churches. Especially fine were the selections sung in St. Peter's church. I think it was there that Harrison's orchestra assisted the choir. I heard a gentleman, who is no mean critic in matters musical, say that "he had seldom heard such good music in a church in St. John."

The annual performance by the Oratorio Society of selections from Handel's Messiah, will take place in Trinity church next Wednesday. As the choir is to be devoted to the Public Hospital Nursing Scheme, I hope that the church will be crowded. The numbers to be given are, Part One (except one chorus), Recitative, "Unto which," etc. Part Two, "Let all the angels," and "The Lord gave the word," Soprano air "How beautiful are the feet," concluding with the "Hallelujah Chorus." I also hope that it is in contemplation to preface the Oratorio with the well known hymn "Hark! the Herald angels sing," (A. and M. version). The soloists are Mrs. Carter, Miss Alice Hea, Rev. J. M. Davenport, Mr. Mayer. The latter gentleman is thoroughly at home in the Messiah music, and last year's performance was a genuine success in its kind.

Active members, do not forget the practice next Monday evening will be in Trinity church, and those who wish to sing in the oratorio should be there. Candace Saint Saens' Noel, which was given in St. John's church on Tuesday evening by the choir, assisted by some of our most popular soloists was a great success, musically, and reflects great credit on Mr. S. Ford for the time and trouble he has taken in its production. The work is not very long. I don't think it ran over three quarters of an hour, but it is a gem, and I think it would be thoroughly appreciated by the audience.

Mr. M. J. Lindsay, who is now residing in Salem, Ohio, has been invited to give a concert in St. John's church on Tuesday evening. He is a very good pianist, and I congratulate him on the able way in which he handles his choir. The soloists in Noel were Mrs. Carter, soprano; Mrs. Gillespie, mezzo-soprano; Mrs. A. Hea, alto; Mrs. A. H. Lindsay, tenor; Mr. G. C. Coster, baritone, and T. Daniel, bass. In the chorus, sopranos Mesdames J. R. Armstrong, Wetmore, Messrs L. Burd, Lottie McKean, George Knudsen, Daniel Knudsen, Lizzie Hatheway, Katie A. Burpee, Idella Fowler, J. Halliday; alto, Messrs E. McInnis, L. Smith, G. Manning and Messrs. Messrs. H. J. Ruel and Ludlow Robinson; basso, Messrs. A. Burnham, G. G. Ruel, A. M. Smith and James Manning. The next work to be taken up is St. Saens' Crucifixion, which will be given, I presume, on Good Friday.

A friend tells me of hearing from Mr. Hugh Swanton, who is now residing in Salem, Ohio, on route, and is expected to arrive very soon. Most of the Episcopal churches had watch-night service on New Year's eve, where the usual evening music was given. I don't think of any more news, so will bring my letter to a close by wishing all readers a happy New Year.

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ANECDOTES FRANCAIS.

Noel-Le Jour de l'An. On lit dans le Journal a cette occasion de bien des descriptions de la maniere dont les differents nations observent la fete de Noel. Au Canada, comme en Angleterre, c'est dans presque tous les pays protestants, c'est le jour de fete par excellence de toute l'annee. On dit que c'est seulement dans les pays protestants que cette fete a pris le caractere d'une saison de jouissance. C'est de l'Allemagne, par exemple, le berceau du protestantisme que nous avons vu l'arbre de Noel qui est devenu un trait caracteristique de presque toutes ces observations de cette saison-ci.

Dans les descriptions de Noel en Europe qu'on trouve dans l'Angleterre et de l'Allemagne qu'on parle et rarement de la France ou de l'Italie. C'est que dans les pays latins ce jour est plutot une fete de l'eglise ou on celebre le vrai Noel (nativite) du Christ. C'est a la messe de minuit et a la musique majestueuse de Noel qu'on pense surtout.

Mais a quio est-ce que nous pensons surtout? Nous occupons trop des cadeaux d'enfants et regus? Et-ce a l'Am-rigue toujours de copier le vieux monde seulement du cote materiel? Je ne pense que non.

Quat au jour de l'an, qui a perdu chez nous presque toute son ancienne signification, c'est en Europe, en France et en Allemagne au moins, le grand jour de felicitations et de l'echange de cadeaux (etrennes). En France a Noel ce sont les enfants seulement qui revoient des cadeaux, le jour de l'an etant reserve pour les plus vieux.

Ce jour-la tout le monde se felicite en souhaitant une bonne annee. Comme notre "Happy New Year" on entend partout: "Je vous la souhaite bonne et heureuse" avec la douce repetition: "Je vous en souhaite autant."

Mais-quoique les coutumes different chez les differents peuples on pour Noel ou pour le jour de l'an, un bon fidele est la meme: pour le moment au moins. Mais autres plutot qu'a soi-meme, et les souhaits a la vie sont mis de cote. Plus d'affaires serieuses, on s'excuse de tout ce qui d'ordinaire est considere comme de la sottise. Le monde au sens plus la demeure de mortels plus on moins malheureux. Ce sont les enfants qui le possedent et qui qu'on demontent tout.

Notes de album: La sortie que nous aurions faite est celle que nous pensions le moins a nous.

Tout est aime qui n'est pas heureux parait ingrat. Mais, plus heroique de vivre de son chagrin que d'en mourir.

Les revendications: On raconte devant un Irlandais que le soleil se leve plus tot a Londres qu'a Dublin.

Entre lycenses: -Moi, quand je serai grand, je tacherai d'etre depute. -Pourquoi faire? -Pour avoir des vacances!

Quand un homme, parlant d'un autre, dit: Avez-vous, savez sur qu'il a au moins cinq ans de plus que moi, et il parle de son mariage, son frere, son frere sur qu'elle en a au moins dix.

Here's for the Grecian Nose.

I have been holding my warlike spirit within bounds, hoping that some able pen might come to the front, but, as none appears, I must needs to the rescue, and strike a blow in defence of the girl who has not a "tip-tilted" nose. Poor thing! Her name is legion, and it is not her fault; indeed, I am not even sure it is her misfortune. "There are more things in heaven and earth," particularly in maidens, than are dreamt of in "Geoffrey's" philosophy, though my respect for his opinion upon most matters is vast and deep. There are doubtless large numbers of "huggable and cuddlesome" girls whose noses have the petal of a rose accent, but, I think, they are somewhat inclined to be friends; and it is said to think upon the hosts of hapless maidens who would go, unbegged and uncuddled into oblivion, were that *neg refores* the only passport into the Elysian fields. If Geoffrey ever attacked the desire, and has ten daughters, all with turned-up noses, I warn him he will have lots of fun keeping them in order. I had a little friend once who possessed all those charms, so temptingly portrayed, but she was a terror to her fond guardians. The last time I saw her she was about to be married, having neglected to mention the fact to the other man to whom she had been engaged for a year or two, though he might have been quite interested, and she might have been a good deal better off. I don't trust her just as far as you can see her. I don't believe myself that the nose is of the least use as an indicator of good or bad tempers. My own is very straight and, a prejudiced observer might even say sharp; yet, though native modesty almost forbids it—I am bound to say my temper is delightful in the extreme. I know another girl of the tip-tilt order who is, I think, intensely disagreeable, cold-hearted, and rather stupid. One of those who have been hitherto training their objectionable feature into the proper pose, may relax their efforts, and be content with nature's arrangements.

They say the ugliest people are always the most pleasant, so way, which is encouraging, and certainly the loveliest woman I know is very plain of face. So you will take heart, sisters mine, and let the nose, be it Roman, Greek, retronose, or the plain nose, be it generally good or bad tempers, so long as it points straight ahead, and refrains from poking into the affairs of others.

It Wasn't Worth While Looking.

A thin covering of snow over a glare of smooth ice made the spot very dangerous for the unwary traveller. Several sharp rocks which the rain had failed to cover before the cold spell came on, made it very much worse. An oldish looking man walked along unsuspectingly toward the man trap. His appearance gave every appearance of his being a sensible, matter of fact person, and even his clothes seemed to convey all that was at once comfortable and in good taste, or what might be called stylish. Coming towards him was another man, much younger and well dressed, although his appearance was no better than the other's. They met on the icy spot. Both slipped and fell. Their hands and feet went up, and all the rest of them went down. Finally, they sat up and looked at each other. Both found a rock harder than the ice, and felt sore. But they were able to get up without assistance, and help each other brush the snow off, all the time talking of how they felt when they went down, and both claiming to have hit on a very sharp stone. While the elderly gentleman was brushing the other off, he discovered a large rent in his friend's trousers.

"What!" exclaimed the unfortunate, "those trousers torn, and I paid \$8 for them yesterday? And busted at the seam, you say? Let me see if yours are torn, too."

Oh, no," said the old gentleman, "it's not worth while looking. My trousers aren't torn. I bought them at William J. Fraser's Royal Clothing Store, and I only paid \$3 for them at that."

Advertise in "Progress." It pays.