NET ADVERTISING RATES. One Inch, One Year, -One Inch, Six Months, One Inch, Three Months, One Inch, Two Months, -One Inch, One Month, -

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, JAN.

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. With the addition of new and varied teatures such as we propose to introduce, and are arranging for, we anticipate no difficulty in attaining our object. If we succeed-and we will have to get a new dictionary to find the word "failure"-Progress will be a greater credit than ever to the city of St. John and the maritime provinces.

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 but, contrary to the usual custom, the press was not invited. It must not be inferred from this that the dinner was that upon that occasion Sir Adolph would spread himself and lift the mist that seemed to have settled upon the department of militia, since it was discovered that MID-DLETON was in the fur business. The newspapers were therefore not overlooked; they were invited to come in with the cigars and report the talk. That they did not accept, but honored the affair with a three-line paragraph next morning is most creditable to them. They had the satisfaction of knowing that the honorable the minister of militia was most unduly excited over their absence, and that ten days later he had his elaborate three-column speech pears to be almost an equal apathy in the printed in the government papers as news matter-paid for by the line.

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. They had, however, no country competitors, and their field was the city and the province. Thus it was that when the Sackville fair was announced to be held at a certain date, they made preparations to attend. The committee also made preparations for them, on the quiet, by passing a resolution that the press representatives would pay their way like other people. The secret leaked out and the four editors met and resolved to go like other people, pay their way, return and, like other people, say nothing about the fair. They were rather pleased over the prospect which meant no work, an enjoyable holiday, and a pleasant bit of satisfaction. It was not to be, however, for their resolution, reaching the ears of the committee in some way, complimentary courtesies flowed in upon them. They could do nothing but report the event.

In these days, in the maritime provinces at least, such instances are rarely met with. The press and the people, more especially those who entertain in various ways, are on fairly intimate terms, and understand each other pretty thoroughly. Yet, there are some people who think that because a newspaper man is invited to dinner, gets an occasional pass on a railway, tickets to a theatrical performance or a church teafight, he is the most favored of mortals. Do they ever think what the other people get: the diners, space for their speeches, the railways, columns of "write ups," the theatres, advance notices by the yard, and the church fairs-what don't they get?

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. But if there was a change, and the railroads and theatres paid for their notices, and the newspaper man for his travelling and the drama-he would omit the dinners and the tea-fights-what a bonanza there would be in journalism!

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 diers' recital of their experience as targets great cause for which they all profess to be for ice and stones.

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. If the denomination to which the speaker belongs is not doing as much as the others, he lays emphasis on this fact, without considering the numerical strength it on his bosom, though, it pa hadn't of the different denominations, or the extent of the mission work done in other fields, and urges them on to increased effort, in order to keep his particular denomination to the front. So that to the broad-minded outsider, there seems to be more of a desire to make the heathen nations all Methodists or Baptists or Presbyterians, as the case may be, and not merely to make them Christian.

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

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

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 told of that denomination, instead of becoming one of the originators of a rival religious body. The work done by the Booths as Salvationists, could not have been done by them as members of the Methodist church, if they conformed to the customs and methods of that body. But this fact is apparently forgotten in the contemplation of what might have been.

It is not by such utterances as these that the great cause of christianity will be promoted. Such results as those shown at the new commander, Col. HERBERT, at the end of Mrs. Booth's life work should dinner. There was a number of guests, 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 private. On the contrary, it was expected satisfied that the army can meet all requirements in enabling them to perform their religious duties, there is no cause for

> Opinions will always differ, and all cannot work in the same way, but if 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 in the Toronto Saturday Night there ap-

"Queen City." He says: Both in the candidature for the mayoralty and for aldermanic positions there is singular lacking of public spirit. The majority of large tax-payers and citizens generally believe that we have not yet touched bottom, that we must have another year of misrule before anything can be accomplished. Nobody seems to be prepared to enter the mayoralty contest, for after the election comes the terrible task of straightening out the work of the incompetents and log-rollers of the past. For my own part I think things have gone far enough in this direction, but those who believe that nothing but an avalanche or a cyclone can clean up the disorder of our present condition are in the majority, and durng 1891, with the misrule and municipal misery it promises, the boil is expected to reach a head, that being the judgment of those who think they know. There is nothing for us to do but wait for the opening of the abscess, hoping that it may cleanse our system and f.ighten by its pestilence our citizens into a more careful mode of municipal living.

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. We see nothing extraordinary or unusual in the course the government has thought proper to pursue in this natter, nor do we think they would be open to censure if certain other officious officials were displaced, and taught the lesson that, while holding public position does not necessarily sap a man's independence, it ought to at least close his mouth as to the expression of his party preference. It would be a long suffering and patient government indeed that would permit its servants to openly fight it in a political contest without fear of results, and we very much mistake the composition of the present ocal administration if it continues in positions of onfidence and emolument, certain officials who made themselves so conspicuous during recent con-

None of these remarks would apply to Mr. WILLIAM CROCKETT, Superintendent of Education. If, however, a man can be called upon to answer for the political sins of his relatives, Mr. CROCKETT may be one of the elect.

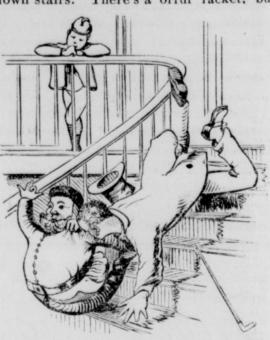
That political race between Mr. J. E B. McCready and Mr. GILBERT PUGSLEY for the registrarship of Kings county, was rather exciting. With the Solicitor-General as starter, his brother GILBERT obained sufficent advantage to distance the Telegraph sprinter. But what did the editor of the Telegraph want of the Kings county registrarship? Is he weary of the

They Were Able to Stand it.

The North End branch of the Salvation Army, got a pretty warm reception on Pond street, last Sunday afternoon. The exercises in the hall afterwards were made more than usually interesting by the solHIS 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 orf. Pa swore orf 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. She wouldn't a throwed jumped and hollered what he's scalded to death. Pa always hollers what he's killed, or else he says burgulurs! That's what he said when he run into the Sandy Claus what I took from the young fellers down stairs and put in our hall, 'cause pa was tootin' her up in great style to wind the old year up with. He was orful brave, and clinched the Sandy Claus in catch-ascatch-can style, and they both tumbled down stairs. There's a orful racket, but



ma sent me outside to tell the people which collected what it wasn't nothing but the hall stove fell down, but, thank 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

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 feller 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 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 feller it you ain't goin' to give him anything for runnin' expenses, except goin' to school. I used to get ahead of ma some times when pa left his clothes layin' round citizens on earth. According to a writer loose, after comin' home from the club. But I suppose if he drinks nothin' but coffee, that'll be another source of revenue

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

JOHNNY MULCAHEY

A Christmas Greeting.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS.

TO GEORGE MARTIN-WITH SOME MERRY RHYMES May not be out of place, though done in rhyme; And the' Frivolity and Giddiness We bid be gone-we snicker ne'ertheless. Fondly we would amuse, as well as muse; And, in our festive moments, would we choose Rather to laugh with Lamb, loud as we please. Than sulk 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

And even tuneful cats should pipe and sing; When stars should shoot, and kine should kneel-

The legendary lark chant all the night-'Tis now. O, Martin! count it not a grace To wear a grim and elongated face; Nor think that Satan must your soul beguile, Because your mouth is twitching for a smile. 'Tis Christmas cheer! And could this goodly day, In its wide meaning, have prevailing sway, What cause for joyful voices on the air! What births of hope! What burials of despair! What woes were quell'd, and ills that now we know What bitter scalding tears would cease to flow! Angels would walk the earth in endless file, And this long, weary world have cause to smile.

Yet, the swift wheeling years that whirl us on, Rolling to life from 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 heedless 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. In our Canadian land, while frost-winds blow. And o'er Mount Royal toss the wreathed snow, While sledges jingle on, and skaters gleam Along the icy lake-sides, let us deem & As happily we dwell, and as secure, As if the summer could for aye endure.

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

PASTOR FELIX. 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 & Mc-Lean 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. That sometimes proves a boomerang, as in the Lytell engagement. The company was above the average, and would have drawn good paying houses had the local manager's methods been commonly honest. But the extravagant advance notices and the laudatory daily quarter columns, together with exaggerated accounts of audiences disgusted the people. One of the results was Lytell's arrest when about to board the train for Moncton, at the instance of one of the members of his company, Miss Moore. The company proceeded to Moncton without their manager, kept the audience wait house. In the meantime Lytell was hunting bail, and found it the person of the local manager who answered for his appearance, and he caught the C. P. R. train, east, which was seven hours late.

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. Apart from Webber's managerial ability his company possesses evenness and strength. The stage arrangements are complete; there are no long waits and the audience can count upon the curtain falling at least between 10.30 and 11 o'clock. Then it is a geniune treat to hear the irrepressible Price on the stage. Perhaps it is because I know him personally and appreciate his undaunted energy and sturdy but successful fight against odds that I take such pleasure in his acting. I like Miss Grey better in the lighter comedies but all of her work seems to be popular it one may judge from the recep-

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. Needham sat in the audience and it isn't likely he will ask for more "hits." The Company opened in Fredericton last evening and will play an eight night engagement there. The Celestials always give it a good reception and will, no doubt, do so this time.

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. He has been lecturing through the maritime provinces, and will talk for nothing in Berryman's hall next Thursday night. That ought to

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.

TO THE DRAMATIC CRITIC OF PROGRESS: May I take the liberty to thank you for the very kind criticism your paper gave my performance of 'Nance and Jess" in Hoodman Blind last week. I was very anxious to win your approval, for I feel it is unprejudiced. Correct criticism is the keynote to our art, and I appreciate and endeavor to JOSEPHINE PLOWS DAY. profit by it. Halifax, Dec. 28.

PERTINENT PERSONALS.

In the fifty years of his life in this city, John Edgecombe probably did as much as any one man to promote its prosperity. His enterprise was untiring and disasters, of which he certainly had more than his share, served only to stimulate him to fresh effort. The example of the deceased gentleman is one that may be well imitated. It proves that honest industry is a sure passport to success. This is an old saying, but will bear repeating especially when there is so excellent an example to point to .-

Mr. W. H. Boyce gave PROGRESS a parting call before he started for the old country on his missionary work for the farming lands of the province. Unlike some others who have gone forward on similar errands, he was not inclined to talk about what he was going to do. He did say he would do his best, and he hoped that would prove satisfactory to the people. Mr. Boyce will be gone a good three

A Rather Appropriate Gift.

One of the funniest presentations of the season was that given to the manager of the eating and drinking departments of the 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 liquid refreshment parlor will not only be closed at 10 p. m., but altogether.

Balmoral Hotel. See advt.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Writing a letter this week is not nearly as hopeless is 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." I did not hear it myself, but have no doubt but that the nusic in St. Peters' was very fine. One thing I would like to say in connection with the selection of hymns for this season. We have only a very short time in which to celebrate the Christmas-tide, only one service in most of our churches, and the ones on the Sunday following. Then why not have all the music quite appropriate? In one very popular church in the city, while almost all the other selections were quite in keeping with the season, one of the hymns was an Ascension-tide one. It was in accordance with the rector's sermon, but one could have it sung almost at any time, whereas at this season one naturally expects to hear the fine old Christmas hymns, such as the Adeste Fedeles, "Hark! the Herald Angels Sing," and "While Shepherds Watched," etc., which can only be sung at such a time as this. It is a great pity to substitute others for them, no matter how new or good they may be in their way. I don't think in this case the fault lay with the organist, but rather with the rector, who has a slightly peculiar way of his church. i don't think I ever heard the choristers in Trinity church sing as well as they did at the service I attended on Christmas day. All the music, ing until 8.30, and played to a small Excelsis went very well indeed. Mr. Strand played as a postlude the "Hallelujah Chorus." At the eleven o'clock service, Mr. A. M. Smith, took the solo in the anthem "While Shepherds Watched," by Best. The full account of St. John's church choir's music has been given by the daily papers, and I cannot do more than indorse what they said. The carols, which were such a success last Sunday, are to be repeated after the evening service

W. Gade, the Scandinavian composer; his "Spring Greeting" will be familiar to the older members of

The Oratoria Society had a much better attendance at last Monday evening's rehearsal, than it has had for some time. The evening was marked by an society presented Miss May Bowden with the sum of \$50 in gold, in a dainty hand worked plush bag, as a token of the good wishes they have for her Gen. Warner presented the girt to Miss Bowden, with a short speech, in which he alluded to the sorrow of the society at losing such a valuable assistan as Miss Bowden has always proved herself to be, and wishing her much happiness in her new life, it the name of the society. Miss Bowden acknowledged the good wishes and gift in a few well-chosen words, and said that she would never forget the Oratorio Society, All present joined in singing "Auid Lang Syne," and many of Miss Bowden's friends lingered, to assure her of her hearty congratulations. The Old Musical Club sent Miss Bowden a beautifully bound book entitled, "Gallery of Old Composers," as a wedding gift and token of their desire for her future happiness and prosperity. The annual performance by the Oratorio Society, of selections from Handel's Messiah, will take place in Trinity church next Wednesday. As the surplus 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. Choruses, "Let all the angels," and "The Lord gave the word," Soprano air "How beautiful are the feet," concluding with the "Hallelujah Chorus." I also hear 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 will be Mrs. Carter, Miss Alice Hea, Rev. J. M. Daven port and Mr. Mayes. The latter gentleman is thoroughly at home in the Messiah music, and last year attained a genuine success in its rendition Mr. Morley will conduct, and the orchestra will be the Philharmonic's with Mr. R. Percy Strand at the organ and Miss Goddard at the piano. I am glad to sounce that this talented young lady has accepted the position of piani t to the Society, though it will seem strange at first not to have Mrs. Babbitt as accompanist. I am requested to state that due notice will be given in Wednesday's pap rs as to which doors of the church will be opened that night, probably it will be the tower and Charlotte street Active members, do not forget the practice next

those who wish to sing in the oratorio should be Camille 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. J. 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 I think what there was of it was most thoroughly appreciated by the audience. Noel, I am almost sure, is the first concerted thing of Saint Saens' ever sung here, and when I first saw it I must say I did not think it would prove entirely pleasing to a St. John audience, but it improves on closer acquaintance, and there are really some beautiful things in it. With the exception of the "Why do the nations?" and the following Gloria, there is nothing very remarkable for the chorus, but what there was to do, was done well. All the leads were promptly taken up, and really the above named, "Why do the nations?" was a very catchy thing, and needed an immense amount of practice. The last chorus, which is principally broad in effect, was all that could be desired. As to the soloists, I have heard them all do very much better. The best bit of solo singing, in my opinion, was Mrs. Gilchrist's rendering of "Firm in Faith." Mrs. Foley Parker, who joined the Wizard Carter and Mr. Lindsay both were suffering with Colds, so it would be unfair to judge them. There was a very bad break in the trio, "Thou art from was a very bad break in the trio, "Thou art from a was a very bad break in the trio, "Thou art from was a very bad break in the trio, "Thou art from was a very bad break in the trio, "Thou art from was a very bad break in the trio, "Thou art from was a very bad break in the trio, "Thou art from was a very bad break in the trio, "Thou art from was a very bad break in the trio, "Thou art from was a very bad break in the trio, "Thou art from was a very bad break in the trio, "Thou art from was a very bad break in the trio, "Thou art from was a very bad break in the trio, "Thou art from was a very bad break in the trio," first to last," in the most effective part. Another bit went wrong in the quartette, "Arise now daughter of Zion." These difficult concerted things can hardly have too much practice with all the parts to make them go at all. Mr. Ford's organ accompaniments were very fine, and I congratulate him on the able way in which he handles his choir. The soloists in *Noet* were Mrs. Carter, soprano; Mrs. Gilchrist, mezzo-soprano; Mrs. A. Hea, alto; Mr. A. H. Lindsay, tenor; Mr. G. C. Coster, barritone, and T. Daniel, bass. In the chorus, sopranos Mesdames J. R. Armstrong, Wetmore, Misses I. Ruel, Lottie McKean, Georgie Knodell, Jensie Knodell, Lizzie Hatheway, Katie A. Burpee, Idella Fowler, J. Halliday; alto, Misses E. Melnnis, L. Smith, G. Manning and Swann, tenori, Messrs. F. 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 Stainer's 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.

The new organist for St. Andrew's kirk is, I hear, n 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. TARBET.

PEN AND PRESS.

The St. John boom edition of the Dominion Illust rated, which was so vigorously canvassed on the understanding that it would appear early in Decemher 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

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 varies paths of most of them in the chatty letters in the Journalist. No Christmas number is "Holiday Special."

"If nothing splits, &c," The Telegraph will change hands, January 10th. About fifteen per cent. of the purchase money has been paid and twice that amount will be handed over before the new owners about the transfer. The business was sold without the book debts and the building goes with the plant. Union club. Those about him seemed to It is a somewhat curious fact that the Telegraph building and ground lease have prevented the sale of the property on more than one occasion. The late Mr. Burpee would have purchased it for a company at a good round sum had he not discovered at the last moment that the property was not a freethe moral and civil laws. In that event if he "practised what he preached," the have cost \$18,000, which makes a pretty expensive have cost \$18,000, which makes a pretty expensive habitation for any sheet. The new company has not been wholly formed. Stock can be had at par.]

The Home Fascinator, of Montreal, comes to us in all the glory of a Xmas number. It is well filled with light and interesting reading, and can be had for a year for one dollar.

ANECDOTES FRANCAIS.

Noel-Le Jour de l'An.

On lit dans les journaux a cette saison-ci bien des descriptions de la maniere dont les differentes nations observent la fete de Noel. Au Canada, mme en Angleterre, comme dans presque tous les pays protestants, c'est le jour de fete par ex cellence 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 eu l'arbre de Noel qui est devenu un trait caracteristique presque univer sel des observances de cette saison-ci.

Dans les descriptions de Noel en Europe c'est toujours de 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 occuponsnous trop des cadeaux donnes et regus? Est-ce a l'Amerique toujours de copier le vieux Monde seulement du cote materiel? J'es-

Quant au jur de l'an, qui a perdu chez nous pre-que toute son ancienne signification, c'est en Europe, en France et en Allegmagne au moins, le grand jour de felicitations et de l'echange de cadeaux (etrennes). En France a Noel ce sont les entants seulement qui regoivent des cadeaux, le jour de l'an etant reserve pour les plus vieux. Ce jour-la tout le monde se felicite en se souhaitant ne bonne annee. Comme notre "Happy New Year" on entend partout: "Je vous la souhait

bonne et heureuse" avec la douce reponse : "Je vous en souhaite autant." Mai- quoique les coutumes different chez les differents peuples ou pour Noel ou pour le jour de 'an, au fond l'idee est la meme; pour le moment on pense aux autres plutot qu'a soimeme, et les soucis amers de la vie sont mis de cote. Plus d'affaires serieuses, on s'excuse de tout ce qui ordinairement est considere comme important. Le monde ne semble plus la demeure de mortels plus ou moins malheureux. Ce sont les enfants qui le possedent

Notes de album : La sottise que nous aurions faite est celle que nous pardonnons le moins a autrui. Tout etre aime qui n'est pas heureux parait Il est plus heroique de vivre de son chagrin que

Les revendications On raconte devant un Irlandais que le soleil se ve pius tot a Londres qu'a Dublin -Encore une injustice! s'ecrie Patrick. Paurre

-Moi, quand je serai grand, je tacherai d'etre -Pourquoi faire?

-Pour avoir des vacances!

Quand un homme, parlant d'un autre, dit: A nos ages, soyez sur qu'il a au moins cinq ans de plus que celui dont il parle. Quand c'est une femme,

UNE ELEVE.

Here's for the Grecian Nose. I have been holding my warlike spirit within bounds, hoping that some abler 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" phil osophy, 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, unhugged and uncuddled into oblivion, were that neg retrousse the only passport into the Elysian fields. If Geoffrey ever attains his heart's 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 pos sessed all those charms, so temptingly portrayed, but she was a terror to her foud 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, one would think. That was bad enough, but when, soon after, I heard she had married a third gentleman, leaving the two former happy lovers to curse or bless—their fate, I gave her up. It is only right to say this same young damsel had been engaged six times before she went into business seriously. I think the average man might prefer that his best significant. that his best girl were not quite so huggable; what Ah yes! unsuspecting young man, keep a cold eye upon that fascinating little maiden, with the be

witching nose, for my experience goes to show that stability is not one of her characteristics, and you may trust her just about 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 temper. 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; so I feel that my cause is vindicated, and those distressed damsels who have been furtively 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, anyway, which is encouraging, and certainly the loveliest woman I know is very plain of face. So we will take heart, sisters mine, and let the nose, be it Roman, Greek, retrousse, or the plain nondescript generally in vogue, look out for itself, 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 convev 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 half so taking to the average newspaper man as the | 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

"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

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."—A.

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