

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR. Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from the Masonic Building, 88 Germain Street, St. John, N. B.

SIXTEEN PAGES. CIRCULATION, - - 11,150. HALIFAX BRANCH OFFICE: COR. GRANVILLE and KNOWLES BUILDING, GEORGE STREETS. ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DEC. 26.

Progress extends to all the people the greetings of the season; to those who do not patronize it as well as to those who are its patrons; to those who are unfriendly as well as those who are its friends; good luck to all.

WORTH ST. JOHN'S ATTENTION.

Capt. McDougall and the American Steel Barge Company are confident that the new style of ship, known as the whaler-back, will create a revolution in ocean navigation. The points claimed for this style of craft are their simplicity, comparative cheapness, small cost of navigation in proportion to tonnage, light draught, small consumption of coal, speed, steadiness and safety.

MEN AND THINGS.

Referring to the president's observations in his message, concerning the Guiana boundary dispute, a California paper remarks that the time is not distant when the United States will give England and all European nations orders to leave America, bag and baggage.

THE PASSING OF CREEDS.

It is beginning to look very much as if creeds would have to take a secondary place in church polity. Once it is admitted that a creed is not binding in part, it is useless to talk about its being binding at all.

were inventions of churchmen who were unwilling to do what religion enjoined. There is a good deal said in the New Testament about belief, but it is doubtful if it all cannot be reconciled with the idea that a set formula of belief is immaterial.

Speaking of the Kaiser, it is probable that the outbreak of the grippé following upon the shaving off of the imperial whiskers was only a coincidence.

Germany is one of the foremost nations in the movement for the restriction of emigration. England, as usual, stands aloof. Her people are absolutely free to go or come when they wish, and where they wish.

The Toll Collector's Idea of It. Stranger (on Princess Street)—And that is the ferry that takes you across to Carleton? St. John man—Oh, no; that is an excursion steamer that takes you to Carleton and back to a fare.

Her First Manuscript. Miss Hopwell (with literary aspirations)—And you are quite sure that there was nothing at the post office for me; nothing at the registered letters window? Mr. H.—(Surprised)—Why, you didn't send enough stamps to have it registered, did you?

Shoemaker's Sizing. While a very small St. John boy was being sent to bed one evening this week, his grandmother, in the next room, sneezed in that wheezy way peculiar to old people.

The New York, Boston and Philadelphia papers generally refer to England in terms of respect and often of admiration and sympathy; but when you strike "the wild and woolly west," and particularly California, you get an anti-British dose which is nauseating.

The other day in addressing his soldiers Kaiser WILLIAM told them that they must obey his orders without question, and halt the world has cried out against such a conception of military duty.

The year is drawing to a close, The wintry wind about him blows, And thicks fall upon the plain, And leave the old year dying.

The year is drawing to a close, The wintry wind about him blows, And thicks fall upon the plain, And leave the old year dying.

The year is drawing to a close, The wintry wind about him blows, And thicks fall upon the plain, And leave the old year dying.

The year is drawing to a close, The wintry wind about him blows, And thicks fall upon the plain, And leave the old year dying.

The year is drawing to a close, The wintry wind about him blows, And thicks fall upon the plain, And leave the old year dying.

The year is drawing to a close, The wintry wind about him blows, And thicks fall upon the plain, And leave the old year dying.

The year is drawing to a close, The wintry wind about him blows, And thicks fall upon the plain, And leave the old year dying.

The year is drawing to a close, The wintry wind about him blows, And thicks fall upon the plain, And leave the old year dying.

The year is drawing to a close, The wintry wind about him blows, And thicks fall upon the plain, And leave the old year dying.

Christmas. He came, not with the grandeur of a king, Not with triumphant shouts of conquering— As hosts who noble, valiant deeds have wrought, With pomp, with tappings great, rich spoils have brought—

Christmas. He came, not with the grandeur of a king, Not with triumphant shouts of conquering— As hosts who noble, valiant deeds have wrought, With pomp, with tappings great, rich spoils have brought—

Christmas. He came, not with the grandeur of a king, Not with triumphant shouts of conquering— As hosts who noble, valiant deeds have wrought, With pomp, with tappings great, rich spoils have brought—

Christmas. He came, not with the grandeur of a king, Not with triumphant shouts of conquering— As hosts who noble, valiant deeds have wrought, With pomp, with tappings great, rich spoils have brought—

Christmas. He came, not with the grandeur of a king, Not with triumphant shouts of conquering— As hosts who noble, valiant deeds have wrought, With pomp, with tappings great, rich spoils have brought—

Christmas. He came, not with the grandeur of a king, Not with triumphant shouts of conquering— As hosts who noble, valiant deeds have wrought, With pomp, with tappings great, rich spoils have brought—

Christmas. He came, not with the grandeur of a king, Not with triumphant shouts of conquering— As hosts who noble, valiant deeds have wrought, With pomp, with tappings great, rich spoils have brought—

Christmas. He came, not with the grandeur of a king, Not with triumphant shouts of conquering— As hosts who noble, valiant deeds have wrought, With pomp, with tappings great, rich spoils have brought—

Christmas. He came, not with the grandeur of a king, Not with triumphant shouts of conquering— As hosts who noble, valiant deeds have wrought, With pomp, with tappings great, rich spoils have brought—

GUMVILLE AND PENNIC.

INTENSE EXCITEMENT OVER THE RAILWAY BOOM.

A Rousing Rally in the School House— Speeches by Squire Dusenbury and the Hon. Teapot Tempest—Wild Enthusiasm of the Audience.

Hip! Hallelujah! The die is thrown! The barbarian is passed! The desert will blossom as the early rose! Clear the track for the Iron Horse is crouchin' fer a spring!

Rejoice, O ye sons of Sunback! Rejoice ye daughters of Windaway! Reach hither the festal bowl, which is figurative for bug-jucy! Hooray ter the Honorable Teapot Tempest!

It is agreed by all in this locality that the meetin' which was inaugurated by the Honorable Teapot Tempest, M. P., in the Gumville school-house, on Friday evening last, was from every standpoint a most colossal affair.

The meetin' was opened by the singin' of Hold the Fort, in which all joined with powerful effect. One sin-cussed brother riz up fer prayers, but was snuffed out by the chare amid the tears of the Reverend Gabriel More.

Feller Sinners and Pennocks: I'm sure I don't know why I should be called upon at this time. I am glad to see you all here, and any that I see absent I'm sorry for to see.

The Honorable Teapot Tempest then riz up and said: Gentlemen Electors of Gumville and Pennic: I am proud to be present tonight. It is a rulin' principle of my life to be proud of bein' present.

Gentlemen, I got to be your representative at Ottaway. There is no end of hoodling goes on there, gentlemen, but thank Heavens you are gittin' your share.

When the forests of Gumville shall laugh and the valleys of the Pennic shall echo back the greeting, and when upon the astonished world shall burst a whiskered avalanche of Gumville enterprise and genius!

Whereas, the reason why we're here is a mystery to us all; and Whereas, we have a vague hankerin' for something or other, but what it is Heaven only knows; and Whereas, the old flag is unsuitable fer grub and kind of airy for winter ware in this climate; and

Whereas, a ralerode will enable us to get out of this cussed country, which may be what we're hankerin' fer; therefore Resolved, that we are in favor of the building of the Gumville and Pennic Ralerode at the earliest possible munit.

Whereas, although we voted for the Honorable Teapot Tempest we have a warm heart for the Honorable A. G. Blare, and Whereas, we have always supported the said A. G. Blare, when he come to us as a man and a brother, at the rounis figger of \$2 per head; therefore

White preachers cannot move a colored congregation as the negroes can and do. In November, 1869, when the general convention of the Episcopal Church met in Richmond, the pastor of the largest colored congregation there—the Baptist Church, which had bought and owned its pastor—

Some years ago Mr. Gladstone was making political speeches in Scotland, and one day he alighted from a train at a railway station to "speak to the people."

The Maories are altogether a very lovable people, and in not a few respects they remind the traveller of Paddy.