

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DEC. 31.

TAKING STOCK.

The year is over, or rather it will be by midnight, and very many of the readers of PROGRESS have made or will make a retrospect of their lives for the past twelve months. Such a review, if made in the right spirit, must be healthful. It may perhaps be said that it is necessary, if we seek to make the future more than the past has been as regards our spiritual, moral, social and business lives. The merchant who takes stock of his goods learns where he has done well or ill; and if he be wise, his mistakes in the past are to be valued because of the guidance they will be to him in the future. So ought it to be in the lives of all of us. Our past errors may be worth more than they have cost us, if they serve to guide us aright in the path that lies before us.

The question is how far they really do help us. Few of us can look back on the record of a twelvemonth without finding much that we are sorry for has happened, and which need not have happened had we taken some other course. We can see it all after it has happened, as we could have seen it before it we had but stopped to consider. We make up our minds that if our lives are spared for another year, we will try to have a showing more satisfactory than the showing of the past year has been. Perhaps we have made up our minds in that way more than once in the past.

Nevertheless, though we fail again and again to make the year fulfil the promise of New Year's day, the retrospect in the right spirit will do us good. Our very desire to do better than we have done is a healthful symptom, and it only a little of that desire remains, something will be accomplished. In trying to do a thing we often succeed better than we think we do. There is a growth that we do not perceive, and we are led to think there is either no growth, or still worse a retrogression. Much depends on one's sensitiveness and the strictness of our self-examination. Some people would view with complacency what would fill others with remorse. It is, however, impossible for any one seeking for a higher goal to look back without discovering an array of sins and mistakes in thought, word and deed, no less than by omission. All these, rightly pondered, should lead to better things in the future.

At such a time too, there comes out in the stock-taking an array of things that we regret, but which were not preventible by any course of conduct on our part. We are creatures of circumstance to such a large extent that for much which shadows our lives from year to year we may be nearly or wholly blameless. We start out on each New Year with the knowledge that much that was with us a year ago is not with us now, and will not be again in this mortal life. It may be one thing, or it may be another. At the best, with all who have passed beyond the season of youth, there is always something gone. It may be in way of earthly health, of hope, of love, or it may be, and so often is, in the way of those whose faces we shall see no more below. With each year of our lives we know of more graves wherein are laid those with whom we mingled, who had earthly hopes and joys, it may be greater than our own, and we grow thoughtful as we consider that some New Year's day—perhaps the next one—our graves shall be among those which are known by others. Just as surely as one station after another tells that an express train is rushing to the end of a journey, so does New Year's day tell us that our life's journey must end. Only this, with the express train the end is fixed and determinate, while in life's swift passage it may come at any moment.

There may be graves, too, other than those where earth has been committed to earth, for they are in our hearts and are sacred to ourselves alone. We may have buried much that a year ago seemed very real in our lives. There may have been

hopes and joys that have gone never to come again. These are the dreariest spots in our existence. We may lovingly decorate the resting places of friends departed, looking to a reunion with them in the place of refreshment and rest, but no such solace is given to us when the graves are in our hearts, and the hopes and joys have passed beyond us forever. Still, even out of our silent and solitary sorrow, may come a chastening that will mould and purify our lives for the time, and even the eternity to come. There is no lesson of sorrow that need be lost on us, if we will but apply ourselves to profit by its teaching.

It is, however, a poor indeed life in which an annual taking of stock will not reveal some gains as well as losses. We may have deserved much more than we have suffered, whether we can be brought to think so or not. Whether we take this view or otherwise, we have had a great deal that ought to be acknowledged with thankfulness. There should be very much more to encourage us on that side of the ledger, than there is to discourage us on the other side.

New Year's resolutions are so notoriously unstable that few care to make them. It is better, no doubt, not to make a pledge of any kind, than to make one and suffer a moral loss by breaking it. The best kind of progress is made by a continual recollection of the things wherein we are deficient, and a steady effort, undiscouraged by failure, to accomplish what seems most needed in our lives. In this way, every day of the year should have the stimulus to higher things that New Year's day alone has for some kinds of people. If we are always aiming at one object, we can scarcely fail to reach it, if we are in earnest in our effort. So it should be that stock-taking—self-examination with a desire for amendment—should come often rather than once in a year. It should be so often that the end of the year will be merely making up the great balance sheet from many smaller ones. That may not be the way of the merchant, but it can very well be the way of the ordinary individual, who seeks to make life worth more to him than it has been. By all means let our account of stock be taken often, and always with the care that the task demands.

MR. OLIVER'S BRIGHT IDEA.

The joy which should attend the festive season of Christmas was sadly tempered to the good people of St. Andrews, according to the indignant correspondent of one of the St. John papers. It seems that a certain Mr. JOHN OLIVER was recently fined for a violation of the fishery act, but not having the money to satisfy the demands of justice, was committed to jail. On the day before Christmas a sympathetic resident of the town went round among the neighbors and raised enough money to pay the fine and secure the incarcerated fisherman's release. In the desire to more effectually surprise and gladden Mr. OLIVER, the money was handed to him instead of to the jailer, and nothing, apparently, remained but for him to settle his bill and breathe the clear and frosty air of liberty.

MR. OLIVER, however, had another way of looking at the matter which had not occurred to the donors of the fund. It had seemed to them that, as the correspondent says "the full enjoyment of that precious liberty which no honest right thinking man would part with for any price," was above all things to be desired by the prisoner. Justice would be satisfied, its treasury replenished, and the prisoner would be free to walk from the St. Croix to the Restigouche if he so desired. MR. OLIVER had no special desire to satisfy justice by a cash contribution, and he seems not to have been anxious to do any walking at this season of the year. He was aware that for every day he lay in jail the sum of fifty cents was credited on his fine and that by remaining there for twice as many days as he had dollars to pay, the prison doors would be opened to him, and he could go where he listed. Ruminating on this fact, he decided to place the money where it would do the most good, by sending it to his family and remaining in jail until the fine should be paid by effluxion of time. He did so, to the great amazement and intense indignation of the contributors. The correspondent in question voices the wrath of the community by solemnly asserting that "the warm sympathy felt for MR. OLIVER, when it was first learned that he had been sent to jail because he was too poor to pay his fine, should now be frozen into the coldest contempt."

Supposing that it is a chemical possibility to convert sympathy into contempt by a process of freezing, and admitting that the temperature at Christmas afforded a favourable opportunity for the experiment, it is just a question whether it ought to be done in this case. It is admitted that MR. OLIVER was too poor to pay his fine, and it may readily be inferred that his family were not likely to be blessed by an abundance at Christmas. Had he paid his fine, as the donors expected, he would have gone home without any money, and neither he nor his family would have enjoyed the day as people ought to enjoy it. By sending the money to those dependent on him, he did them a substantial good by providing them with more ready cash than he might have acquired for weeks had he gone home penniless on Christmas Eve. It may be, as the correspondent

implies, that Mr. OLIVER is not to be numbered among "all right thinking men," but he appears to have acted according to the light that was in him, and PROGRESS is of the opinion he did a very sensible thing. It was not what the contributors expected it is true, but if they will take a broad view of the matter, they may find that the real intention of their hearts has been fulfilled. Their object was to make MR. OLIVER and his family happy at the glad season of Christmas, and they appear to have done so. The true Christmas gift should not be accompanied by conditions or restrictions, and givers are always the happier in proportion to the pleasure shown by the recipients of their gifts.

It is to be hoped that by the time MR. OLIVER emerges from prison the weather will have so moderated that the frozen contempt of the community will be thawed back into a semblance of the original sympathy.

FAITH AND UNFAITH.

This is an age of sharp contrasts in the matter of religious faith. The most notable heresy case of recent years, that of Dr. BRIGGS, has been exciting a wonderful amount of attention, and yet after all not so wonderful when the issues involved are considered. These are the reliability or unreliability of the Bible itself. If what is called the "higher criticism" of Dr. BRIGGS and others of his kind were to be accepted in the place of simple faith in the Word of God, there would be a very different complexion to the religion of the world, for the logical conclusion of such theories means a denial of the Divinity of the SAVIOUR Himself. If CHRIST was misled as to the authenticity of the Old Testament, He must have been no more than a fallible man. A general acceptance of the reasoning of Dr. BRIGGS would mean a revolution in the Christian world.

There is little danger of that. Dr. BRIGGS is by no means the first learned doubter who has made an agitation for a time and disappeared, as the christian faith has broadened its march over the earth. It is a matter of history that the most notorious attempts to unsettle the old beliefs have resulted in more firmly welding together those who held to the faith. If there had been no ARISTS, there would have been no Athanasian creed. The greater the danger of the propagation of error, the clearer has been the voice of the church in affirming "the faith once and for all delivered to the saints."

At this time, when in various quarters there is a tendency to accept human reason in the place of what has so long been accepted as Divine revelation, there is a visible strengthening and growth of the christian bodies, catholic and protestant, throughout the world. As compared with those who are daily added to the churches of Christendom, the number of those whose belief does or can be unsettled by the "higher criticism" or any other form of unbelief is and must be so small as to be scarcely worth considering. The United States, and especially New England, has been the home of a great many "isms," but the human heart, as a rule, is not satisfied by man-made religions, and wants to cling to something more secure. There is a steady movement which shows a desire to live more closely to the ancient and authoritative teaching in preference to the modern ideas evolved out of man's inner consciousness. This movement is not likely to decrease, though its growth may be slow. The leaven of it is in all the churches which accept CHRIST as the Son of God, whatever those churches may call themselves. The assaults of such men as BRIGGS are more likely to develop than retard this growth. So long as the world lasts, there will be faith and unfaith, but the latter must diminish while the former increases. It is not in human nature to accept speculation, however plausible, to the definite teaching which the world has for ages accepted as the Word of God.

Thursday was the anniversary of what must be considered a noteworthy event in English history, the birth of GLADSTONE. The wonderful man enters on his eighty fourth year with a record of sixty years of a very remarkable political life. For fifty eight years of that time he has held office intermittently, and has in the same way held the premiership for twenty six years. Almost every party which has had an existence in England in the last three score years has had him as a member, and he is today a statesman without a peer in popularity among the people not only in his own land but in the lands beyond the seas. He is a man in whom everybody is interested, and must continue to be so long as his life is spared. Friends and foes must alike wish him many returns of his natal day.

While the United States prohibitionists claim to be making great progress, the figures do not give the idea that they have yet begun to achieve political success. It is pointed out that they have conducted six presidential campaigns, but have not yet come anywhere near carrying a single state, nor has the party even elected a representative in congress or a U. S. senator. In the face of these facts, the day when it can carry a presidential election seems a long way off.

Mayor Peters kindly remembered the civic officials and others of his friends by a very tasteful Christmas card bearing his monogram and good wishes.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

Lines Written on a Feather Fan.
Cupid, while wandering through a maze wood
Espied, one day, a maiden, dly fair,
Who in a streamlet gazed in pensive mood
And idly plucked a rose of color rare,
The petals of the rose she shed apart
And scattered one by one upon the stream,
Cupid, the lovely cherub, drew a dart
And bent his bow to rouse her from her dream,
The maiden spied him 'ere his arrow sped
And stretched her hands and caught the hurtful toy
"Oh why," she cried and turned her beauteous head
"Art thou so cruel? wifful, lovely boy."
Again he raised his bow and shot a dart
Which whistled through the air, but all in vain,
The maiden grasped it 'ere it reached her heart,
Her fingers tingled with a flash like pain.
"Oh ho, you naughty boy, they call you Love
"Who know not what a mischief you can be,
"If I come near you ne'er can soar above
For then I'll clip your wings as you will see!"
Cupid, at this, with rage his bow did twang,
And 'gan the golden chord to stretch and pull!
He snapped full in his face, the sharp cord sprang
His eyes with tears were in a moment full!
With weeping then, poor Love, he flew away
First flinging many an arrow at the maid
His mother Venus did his grief assuage
And soon his pensive bow all rage allayed
The maiden, pensive, picked up one by one
The darts, which Cupid hoped would cause her pain,
And placed their points which glistened like the sun
Together, then to tie them she did deign,
From out her head she pulled a golden hair
And tied the cruel darts in true love's knot
She spread the feathered tips of beauty rare
And held them to her face, and in and out
And back and forth she waved her lovely toy!
And thus it was the first fan had its birth
And now 'tis twirled by every maiden coy
To hide the sigh of pain or smile of mirth.
SARA ELEANOR NICHOLSON.

MERELY ASK, "DO YOU?"

A Simple Method You Can Use to Save Committing Yourself.

While the method of answering one question by asking another is perhaps not one to be commended, there are certainly some circumstances under which it is allowable.

A young author, whose opinion about people and things in general is considered worth finding out, says he has adopted a method of parrying the disconcerting questions so often put to him by almost total strangers which proves successful in nearly every instance.

"When a woman to whom I have just been introduced at a literary evening asks me if I really like this sort of entertainment, in a confidential tone, I always ask her just as confidentially, 'Do you?'" and she seldom makes any further inquiries.

"And when a man buttonholes me in a secluded corner and says: 'Come, now, as a matter of fact, do you like young Dabstar?' Do you think he will ever do any good work?' I look him right in the eye and say, 'Do you?' and he generally understands what I mean?"

Robbie's Composition on Chickens.

Chickens is the result of a hen sticking to one idea long enough to accomplish something. They all look alike when they are first born, but by and by you wouldn't know they ever belonged to the same set. Their ma is their natural parent and protector. Spring chickens is the best because they cost the most. Pa bought a spring chicken the other day, and with coal at \$7.75 cents a ton ma figured that we did not make expenses that day trying to cook that spring chicken done. Pa says you can never tell, until it is too late, what spring the chicken first had pin feathers. Ma says what pa don't know about a good many things would supply a lot of folks with college educations. He said that if she had given those thirteen eggs that she used for angels food to some hen with good intentions and a hatchway we could be living on the top shell this fall. I am of the same opinion as pa now. Last spring I thought ma was O. K. George Bevan says they are going to set their clock and raise waterberries. He says their bed ticks, and he has that run down feeling in the morning. Chris. Columbus made an egg stand on its head, which had never been done before. Pa said there was money in hens, and he was going into the chicken business when the country went Democratic. A man can't do a big business unless he is protected. Chickens can swallow their food whole and they is to be envied.—Grand Rapid's Review.

Preferable to Borrowing.

"No doubt," said a New York man, "men wear better clothes now than ever before, and no doubt more men than ever conform to polite usages in dress. There are now many men who can wear a dress suit with almost faultless unconsciousness who once never wore one at all; and the purchasers of dress suits nowadays are by no means confined to any particular part of the city; and there are many men who, while they may not provide themselves with a dress suit as a part of their regular equipment, yet wear one upon special occasions. There was a time, and it is well within the recollection of the oldest inhabitant, when the business of the man who kept dress suits to hire was a theme for the local newspapers and for the correspondents of newspapers out of town, but there are many places in the city now where dress suits can be hired, including not a few in districts quite remote from Broadway and Fifth avenue."

Would Not be Fooled in St. John.

An Englishman, who has now learned two or three things about America in general and New York in particular, admits that he did a very amusing and British thing when he first crossed a New York ferry. It seems that the ferryboats of this town are famed abroad for their size and steadiness, and this particular Briton had been assured that he would never know he was afloat when on one of these boats by means of any motion perceptible in the cabin. Remembering all this, the Englishman seated himself in one of the ferry houses on first coming to the city and patiently waited until the usual American rush for the wharf should proclaim his arrival at the opposite shore. No rush occurred, however, and after several boats had come and gone the Briton made the humiliating discovery that he had been thinking better of an American institution than it deserved. N. Y. Sun.

"Does Shakespeare take well in the West?" asked Withernip. "Does he? I regret the tragedian. 'Well, I guess! We had to kill Caesar three times in Bloody Gulch one night."

WE WANT YOUR CASH. And in return will give you Groceries at lower prices than you can get them elsewhere. Just glance at this list: STAR FLOUR, per barrel, \$4.25 (Lower than it has ever been.) AMERICAN OIL, per gallon, 21c SPECIAL TEA, English Breakfast and Oblong mixed, 40c BLACK TEA, 20, 24 and 30c SUGAR, cheaper than it has been for 3 mos. BEST VALENCIA ORANGES, per doz., 12c FLORIDA " " 18c CHOICE FIGS, per lb., 12c DATES, per lb., 6c NUTS, " " 10 1-2c MIXED CANDY, " " 6 1-2, 7, 8c CREAMS, per lb., 12, 16, 24c Can you beat these prices? Cash means money for you at... Hardress Clarke's SYDNEY STREET GROCERY.

The Right Thing to Do.

Do not fret yourself, so as to do evil in trying to set wrong things right. Do the right thing regardless of consequences, whatever advantage to evil it may seem to give. The one thing impossible in God's world is that evil can help good; that a lie can serve the truth, that unfairness can advance righteousness. In God's order of things these are simply contradictions. However successful the expedient may at first seem to be, however completely its purpose may seem to be accomplished, there is in all evil things some latent seed of ill, that will sooner or later bear disastrous fruit. Better for every good cause that it be left to suffer from evil-doing than that it be rescued by evil-doing. Whatever the disadvantage resulting from right-doing at the first, the advantage will always be with right-doing in the end. I refuse to tell a lie, to practise a deceit, to employ an unfairness, the immediate consequence is disaster; in times of persecution, temporal ruin, imprisonment, massacre, scattered churches; and in ordinary times loss of opportunity, popularity, social influence. But is it all lost? will it be lost in the ultimate issue? Is there no latent power in a martyr spirit, no inspiration of noble feeling in simple fidelity, in patient endurance, in being faithful unto death?—Selected.

No Detail Too Small to Interest Her.

The Maine steamboat engineer was polite and attentive. It may be that he was flattered by the fact that a lady so impressive in her manner should have come to him for information. At any rate, he told her all about it, just where the steam went into the cylinder, where it escaped, and how it was that the piston rod attached to the crank turned the wheels that propelled the little vessel through the waves. She appeared to be all wrapped up in the information, and when he had finished she turned a beaming face upon him and said: "Now, what is the object of the boiler?"—Ex.

Venetian Ladies Wore Silt Shoes.

The streets of the old city of Venice were often extremely thick in mud, in spite of the great sewers which dated from the tenth century. To combat this the ladies took to high heeled shoes. As the mud grew worse the heels became taller until at length they were half a yard high and as a pair of stilts without handles. The consequence was that a lady in full dress, obliged to walk but a few yards, had to be supported on both sides. This was the task for the black pages—or for the lovers—who had become a very conventional part of Venetian society.

The Woman Who Sulks.

"Anything," said a worldly matron to a group of friends, "under the sun but a woman who sulks. A good, honest bit of anger, with a burst of heart sunshine to clear away the storm clouds, is generally effective. A man, as a rule, likes the fair one all the better for outspoken sentiments that are free from taunting meanness, but what he cannot tolerate is the consciousness that the little passage at arms is going to be followed by a finishing off process which ends in sulky resentment. This sort of thing is so rasping."

Flies Communicate Cholera.

Flies are a very active medium of communicating cholera, according to the report of the Hamburg Medical Society. Nine flies were captured which had been in contact with infected cholera material, and were placed in flasks containing nutrient gelatine. In six of the nine vessels numerous colonies of comma bacilli were successfully cultivated—of course from the infection conveyed by the flies. The possibility, therefore, of falling a victim to cholera in this way is by no means small.

Large Writing Unfashionable.

It is not the latest style to write as big as possible, but it is the latest fad to make the business bigger than any other woman's it you possibly can. Also, it is pschutt (not chic any longer) to put no address on your letter, no date, and on no account to punctuate it. It is high style to be misunderstood by all except the woman to whom you write.

A Canadian newspaper calls attention to a nursing bottle advertisement which concludes with the words: "When the baby is done drinking it must be unscrewed and laid in a cool place under a tap. If the baby does not thrive on fresh milk it should be boiled."

Best Chance Yet to Learn to Dance.

at Prof. Spencer's Standard Dancing Academy, Market Building, Germain street (entrance South Market street). I make the following offer in prizes to all who wish to learn to dance the best style. Young and old can come. First Prize, \$40.00; Second Prize, \$20.00; Third Prize, \$10.00; Fourth Prize, \$5.00; all in gold, to be guessed for in this way: The number of stamps in a sealed jar. The first, the right number or nearest to it; the next nearest, Second Prize; the next nearest, Third Prize; the next nearest, Fourth Prize. Any one can join the classes, afternoon or evening, by paying a regular term price. Each person or child will get a coupon with number to correspond with number of guess deposited. All who dance in Classes, Assemblies, Balls or Parties of any description, by paying not less than \$2.00 and upwards, whether it includes one or more dances, also anyone hiring Costumes, Wigs, or Whiskers to the amount of \$2.00, will be entitled to a guess, or any one who buys \$2.00 worth of Furniture and upwards, or any articles for sale in my premises; each purchase will entitle the buyer to a guess. The prize list will be open from January 3rd to April 15th, 1893. This is an opportunity to learn to dance in proper style, and still get pay for learning the fine art. Private Pupils will be entitled to two guesses, who take a course of 12 lessons. Now is the time to learn, and don't miss it. Remember the cheap Sale of Furniture is still going on, and parties will get some awfully good bargains in furniture, as well as other goods. Such as the best Lamp Burner in the world non-Explosive self-filling, filling self-extinguishing, and warranted to last ten years with reasonable care. Try one or more of these beautiful Burners. One branch of this business does not interfere with the other. Come and see and take a part in these Grand Offers. A committee of disinterested persons will count the stamps and pay the money to prize holders in Gold Coin—positively on the date mentioned. All the dances must be held in my Academy and the amounts paid to me. Musical Instruments; last but not least, Splendid Violins and other instruments at great bargains. Don't forget the entrance, South Market St., where you will see signs. Private classes can be formed day or evening. New classes for beginners will be formed on Thursday, Jan. 5th, Afternoon and Evening, at regular prices. Assemblies, Balls, Parties, outside of regular classes will be done by invitation. A. L. SPENCER, Teacher.

Mechanics' Institute.

The Daniels' Speciality Company continue to draw large audiences and are engaging some new talent for next week. On New Year's Day there will be two entertainments, one in the afternoon and one in the evening. This company gave an excellent performance all this week and many will be sorry to learn that New Year's Week will be the last week of the Company here. Their business in St. John has been remarkable and only proves that a first class Speciality Company will always get liberal patronage. They intend to make a short visit to neighboring cities and towns.

Kisses Classified.

The monks of the Middle Ages divided the kiss into fifteen distinct and separate orders: 1, the decorous or modest kiss; 2, the diplomatic, or kiss of policy; 3, the spying kiss, to ascertain if a woman has drunken wine; 4, the slave kiss; 5, the kiss infamous—a church penance; 6, the slipper kiss, practiced towards tyrants; 7, the judicial kiss; 8, the feudal kiss; 9, the religious kiss (kissing the cross); 10, the acad-mical kiss (on joining a solemn brotherhood); 11, the hand kiss; 12, the Judas kiss; 13, the medical kiss—for the purpose of healing some sickness; 14, the kiss of etiquette; 15, the kiss of love—the only real kiss.

PROGRESS is for sale in Boston at "King's Chapel News Stand,"—Corner of School and Tremont streets.