

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DEC. 24.

CHRISTMAS.

To its readers, one and all, wherever they may be, PROGRESS wishes a Merry Christmas. There is little need to say more, though much might be said, of the season and its meaning. The story is one that never grows old, that never can grow old while the world remembers and honors Him who was born in a manger. The memory of that morning, when the Day-spring from on high came to earth, shall ever be the memory that is nearest to the human heart in all the round of the year, for it appeals to all that is tenderest and best in fallen humanity. The Day of the Nativity is the day of days.

Greatly to be pitied is he, who sees in Christmas only a holiday, a time of feasting and merrymaking. To such an one comes but a fraction of the pleasure, and none of the joy that should be felt at such a time. The soul is raised to no sublime emotion, it feels only in a little greater degree the delights that are common to the animal world in the possession of any pleasure. With the thoughtful christian it is otherwise. Before the eye is spread the picture of the grandest event in human story. For the time he seems to rise above the sin-stained life of today, and to forget the present as he listens to the past, in those words, glorious in their simplicity:

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

And this shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angels multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward man.

And in this picture we find a story of infinite love, that God so loved the world that He sent His only begotten Son into the world, that whosoever believed on Him should not perish, but have eternal life.

Christmas, with its message of joy for all, must ever find some of us in sorrow. We have had our trials, our sorrows and afflictions. To such nevertheless does the message come that earthly joy must always be clouded by sorrow, that perfect peace and perfect happiness lie only in the beyond, in the reunion with Him at whose advent the angels rejoiced. Yet beneath this thought lies that which brings comfort to the stricken heart, that CHRIST is more than a memory. He should be to us a reality, an ever present friend who gave to those who followed him the promise, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." The comforter is with us; if we but give Him welcome he will abide with us.

Thus, whether saddened or joyous, Christmas should be a festival, not only because He came to the world on that morning long ago, but because He is in the world to-day, the friend of the friendless and the comforter of them that mourn. Blessed be Christmas for the thousand ways in which man is made happier, but above all be it blessed for the message it brings of Him who for our sakes was made man, and whose love surpasses all the world and can give from the depths of its riches.

MODIFY THE SYSTEM.

Every once in a while something happens to set people talking about the jury system, and to cast discredit on that venerable and moss-backed bulwark of British liberty. Every now and then the cry is raised that the jury system is antiquated and has survived its usefulness, and this and that authority is quoted as in favor of the abolition of it. Then it is pointed out that such a step would be wholly too radical; that with all its faults the jury system has much that is good; and that in criminal cases at least, nothing can be devised to take its

place. No man's liberty, or possibly life, should be dependant on the passion, prejudice or mistaken ideas of a judge alone. Twelve good men and true must stand between the prisoner and the law, and every one of those twelve men must be convinced that the man is innocent or guilty. If they do not agree, another twelve must be chosen and the evidence heard again. There must be a unanimous verdict of twelve men.

The law requiring a unanimous verdict was, like most laws, grounded on common sense in the first place. It gave the accused the benefit of every doubt and allowed him the fullest opportunity to escape unless his guilt was clear beyond peradventure. In these days, however, the state of society was very different from what it is now. Education among the people was the exception rather than the rule. The best men in the country were jurors in those days, while nowadays they shirk from the duty. Jurors were matter-of-fact men who did not assume to know as much as the judge, and it was quite possible to get twelve men together at any time without one of their number being a crank. It is not so easy to do so nowadays.

It is, indeed, a very difficult thing to do. In case after case that has come before the courts in this and other countries, where the questions of fact and law leave no room for doubt, eleven men have had no doubt whatever as to how they should decide, but the twelfth has stood obstinate and forced a disagreement. Sometimes two men disagree with the majority, and sometimes only one. It matters not whether the number is singular or plural. The one man is sufficient to set at naught the decision of the other eleven. He may be conscientious about it, he may do it out of sheer obstinacy, he may be a friend of the accused, or—though it is hoped that such is not often the case—he may be paid to disagree. There are possibilities and possibilities in the matter, and the obstinate juror is judged by his fellows according to the circumstances of the particular case.

Through the survival of the principle of a unanimous verdict, it may be that now and then an innocent man has received justice, when one juror was right and eleven wrong, but such cases are probably found oftener in the pages of fiction than in the records of the courts. As a rule the eleven are right, and the result is that justice is defeated for a time and the community is saddled with the expense of a useless trial. There ought to be some remedy for this, and there is, it only it were applied.

In all the business of the world where a consensus of opinion is required the principle of a unanimous vote is found impracticable. The affairs of the greatest moment are decided by a majority, sometimes merely a majority, and sometimes a two-thirds or other fixed proportion. Is there any reason why the same principle cannot be applied to the jury system in criminal cases? as it has already been applied in civil cases. One would think not Nobody for a moment supposes that any accused person would receive less justice if the jury were composed of nine instead of twelve men. Why, then, should not nine out of twelve be competent to return a verdict? If such were the law, while some who may now escape, would not then escape, the interests of the community and of justice would undoubtedly be the better served. No man who has watched the courts of recent years can have any other opinion.

The time has not come for the abolition of the jury system, but for a long time past there has been a need that the system should be reformed. The first and most obvious step in the reformation should be to abolish the rule that the verdict should be unanimous. It is not likely that such an idea would meet with opposition from the intelligent portion of the community. The only persons to be inconvenienced by it—always excepting the lawyers to whom repeated trials mean increased gains—would be the men who have reason to fear lest their misdeeds be punished. The matter is worth thinking about.

IN SEARCH OF THE POLE.

Whether the North pole will be of any value to man if it is ever reached is not a question that people are apt to consider in fitting out expeditions for the discovery of it. So long as it is a mystery so long will money be spent and human life be risked in the quest. As far north as men have been, and that means a great deal, there is yet a point beyond, which they must reach ere their ambition is satisfied. The consulting feature is that every time they go they are better prepared for their work.

Arctic exploration seems to have received a fresh stimulus this year through the success of Lieut. PEARY in his Greenland explorations. The lieutenant intends to start again in the spring with a navy department, and believes that he can penetrate the northern regions by means of sledges. In attempting this he differs in his theories from other explorers of recent years, but he feels that he has studied the question and is sure of his ground—if that word is allowable where everything but ground is travelled over. He will try it, and has the men and money to back him.

A few years ago a native of New Brun-

wick, Commander CHEYNE, R. N., was enthusiastic over a plan of reaching the pole by the aid of balloons. It yet remains to be tried, but Lieut. PEARY does not seem to have much faith in it. In a recent interview he said:

As to the scheme of going by balloon from St. Patrick's Bay to the Pole, all I can say is that until the secret of aerial navigation is discovered I do not see how such a plan can succeed. I have never given aeronautics much study, however, so far as the feasibility of Commander CHEYNE's plan is concerned, and may be wholly ignorant of the very points upon which he bases his hopes for success. Still, unless one can exercise complete control over a balloon, the same chances for success and failure obtain, to my mind, as in the case with ships.

So far as the coal supply goes, from which Commander CHEYNE says he will manufacture for his balloons, that is all right. There are immense coal beds in the Arctic region, and they are to a great extent superficial, and I am told their products are equal in quality to the best Welsh coal ever mined; but the one important feature about the balloon scheme is the wind currents, and, not having studied them, I cannot speak authoritatively about them.

About the same time that Lieut. PEARY will start a learned man from Norway, Dr. FRIDTJOT NANSEN will go northward with the idea of pushing through the frozen wastes with a specially constructed vessel, the Fram he calls it, which will be proof against being crushed in the ice, and with which he will go north on the Europe-Asiatic side in the summer, as far as possible. Then he proposes to strike into the ice, and drift with the current across the polar regions to Greenland. He claims that such a current exists and that not only fragments of wrecks but whole ships have thus been carried across in the ice. The Fram has a U shaped hull, by which it is claimed that instead of being crushed by the force of the flow she will be lifted on to the ice. According to his story and the diagrams given in an English paper, the vessel seems pretty well adapted to such a service, but Lieut. PEARY thinks the element of luck enters too largely into the affair. Each will have a chance of proving the soundness of his theory, and the world will wish good luck to both.

As PROGRESS has understood in past conversations with Commander CHEYNE, there is as good ground to believe in the air currents on which he relies as on the water currents on which Dr. NANSEN depends. If such be the case, his plan has the merit of greater speed, and apparently much less risk than that of the Norwegian. If the CHEYNE idea could get backers, as the others have, something ought to come out of a competitive trial of the merits of the three. That something might, after all, amount to little of practical use to the world, but if the pole could be reached the question would be at rest. An enormous amount of money and energy have been devoted to the matter in the past, and there has been a sacrifice of a great many lives. If the question were at rest, the money and energy might be applied to other things which would be of more utility to man. That of itself would be a satisfaction. From this point of view, the sooner the north pole is discovered, the better will it be for the world.

The proprietor of the New York Mail and Express was sued by a former business manager the other day, but the verdict of the jury was in favor of the defendant. After the trial the paper published portraits of the judge and jury, accompanied by descriptions written in a tone of the highest flattery. Every man was puffed to the skies as an example of energy, push and integrity in all the affairs of life. It was a big advertisement, and would have cost the subjects of the sketches big money under ordinary circumstances. The paper did it because the jurors decided in its favor. It would not have done so had the verdict been adverse to it. It was paying the men in one way, for having rendered their decision, and the principle was the same as if cash instead of puffery had been the medium. The whole idea was in bad taste, but not more so than many other things which appear in the same semi-religious daily.

If every reader of PROGRESS would try to make at least one poor person the happier at this season what a vast amount of good would be done. "ASTRA" has some good advice on the subject this week, and it would be well for us to consider that others than our immediate associates have claims upon us. That was the teaching of Him whose birth we are hidden to celebrate.

A Delicious Candy.

Mr. Hardress Clarke of Sidney Street sent PROGRESS a sample of "Buttercups," a most delicious candy that always has a large and ready sale across the border. It is not expensive and the flavors are certainly very tempting to any one who indulges in this toothsome sweet. They are manufactured in a very compact and convenient form, and Mr. Clarke should have a large sale for them.

Nothing If Not Original.

The appearance of a well made up representation of Santa Claus several times every day in the window of Mr. McKay's dry goods store on Charlotte street has caused frequent sidewalk blockades. Hundreds of children pass a pleasant half hour looking for the appearance of Santa Claus and enjoying his gestures when he arrives. Mr. McKay is nothing it not original.

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

CHRISTMAS IN BOSTON.

SOME OF THE FREE SHOWS THAT THE PEOPLE ADMIRE.

The Crowds Are the Same as in St. John, Only There Are More of Them—The Window Dressers and Their Work—The Favorite Styles of Display.

BOSTON, Dec. 20.—It is Christmas time and all Boston is alive to the fact. The stores have put on their holiday dress and the people are out in thousands to look and wonder.

From early morning till late at night the streets are crowded, and in the stores, the clerks are making the greatest bustle of the year. It is the annual rush and everybody is making the most of it. It is the same Christmas rush you have in St. John, the same pushing, fretful curious crowds of sight-seers and buyers; only larger crowds with more to see and more to buy.

And there are many things to see. The store windows have become more attractive than ever; and Christmas goods come to the front in all directions. Some of the big stores have dropped the old idea of making pretty scenes in keeping with the season without regard to the character of the goods they sell, and the window dressers have exerted all their energies to make the same effect with goods they have in stock. In the dry goods stores handkerchiefs are made to do good service in window decoration, and the effect in many instances is a surprise to the people—a surprise that gives way to wonder and admiration.

In one Washington street store thousands of white handkerchiefs of all kinds and sizes are worked into a pretty scene. A large bridge with steps leading up to it, and under the arches of which a river of sea green handkerchiefs flows. In the foreground is a large swan boat also made of handkerchiefs, drawn by four milk white handkerchiefs swans,—handkerchiefs are worked in everywhere, and little else has been used to make the display except a number of pretty dolls, that look over the railing of the bridge, or sail in the swan boat, and give the whole an appearance of life. This display was opened to the public weeks ago, but the crowd before the window never grows less.

Many other stores have handkerchief windows, which are set off with good effect. There are scenes in Arctic regions all in pure white handkerchiefs, and many other pretty views which have to be seen to be appreciated.

Then these are windows the displays in which are beautiful and costly, so much so that with the masses they are only seen to be admired; and others again attract the crowds and block the sidewalks by Christmas pictures, made more life like by landscape scenes.

A farm house with barn and fields, and everything usually found in the country, even the chickens in the garden, real live chicks too, for the little ones to tell stories about, everything in keeping and wonderfully life like, forms one of the window attractions on Washington street and makes sidewalks impassible. Then there are winter scenes—dummy boys sliding down hill on real sleds, the hill and fields white with snow; the traditional Santa Claus going up and down a big chimney at regular intervals, everything to delight the children. Windows with mountains of toys, of all kinds, large and small, toys that have turned up annually for many years; and others that are new and pretty.

In the evenings the displays are ever prettier, and the electric lights are worked into everything. In the store windows the small incandescents send their rays from unlooked for places, and make the shows look brighter than before; they sparkle on the Christmas trees, and pop out among the handkerchiefs, and make the windows of the jeweler's a perfect dazzle.

But the great evening show of the city is the Houghton & Dutton building, on Tremont street. To look from the sidewalk to the clock on the top of the Beacon street corner, is something that makes a fracture of the neck highly probable, and beside going upward, the building covers a large part of the street. Yet the whole vast pile is a blaze of light every evening.

Long strings of red and white incandescents lamps reach from the roof to the ground. On the Tremont street side is a large star of white and red lights; and "H. D." the firm's initials are also in light; while on the corner in large letters, also made of lamps, the firm name, and "Merry Christmas" blaze out brightly; and far up to crown it all, a crescent and a star. It is a fine display, and all Boston is proud of it.

But taken all in all, considering the window space and all the drawbacks incidental to location, there are few window displays that would strike St. John people as extraordinary, if they put on their thinking caps and called to mind the windows of Manchester, Robertson & Allison, Macaulay Bros. & Co., Turner & Finlay, W. H. Thorne & Co's, in years gone by. They are all in the front rank, and I have no doubt that this year they have taken a step forward.

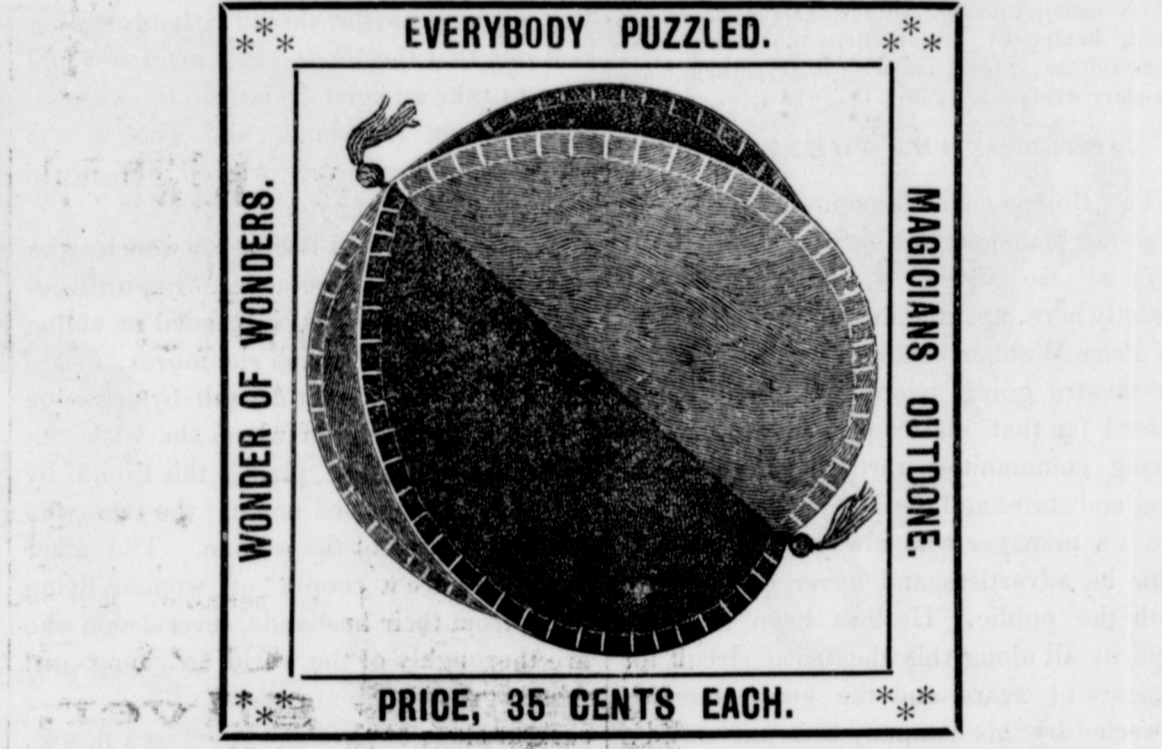
There is very little skating in Boston during the winter, but when the ponds do present a solid surface, the boys and girls make merry while it lasts. They all have skates, and keep them handy so that they can get there before the thaw comes. For come it does, and so quickly that a New Brunswicker would almost think it wasn't worth while putting his skates on.

The Globe Theatre has another sensation, and Boston is divided as to whether it is right and proper to give stage presentations of the gay life of Paris; the side of Paris life that cannot go through the United States mails when printed in books; and the stories of which are not usually found on parlor tables.

But it is the old story. The people talk and some hold up their hands in horror, but the theatre is crowded every evening. R. G. LARSEN.

WHERE DOES CASH MEAN MONEY? AT HARDRESS CLARK'S GROCERY, Where more good Groceries can be bought for \$1.00 than at any other store in town. Xmas Groceries for Cash. Fruits and Confectionery for Cash. Satisfaction Guaranteed for Cash. Quality and Cheapness for Cash. You can get everything at Clark's that can be had in the largest Grocery in town except Credit. Credit for an hour in a cash store is as bad as credit for a year. Cash Means Money. Buy your Christmas Groceries at HARDRESS CLARK'S Sydney Street Grocery.

LATEST JUST OUT. NOVELTY. Wizard's Purse.



A MOST WONDERFUL PUZZLE, Made in Various Colors in Fine Morocco.

More fun can be had with it than with a BARREL OF MONKEYS. It defies, baffles and deceives the SHARPEST eye. It is simple enough, but if you don't know the secret—Can you open it? You may say you can but can you? You can fill this purse with money and with perfect safety and assurance offer a riddle to your friends, provided they will open it without cutting or ripping the purse in any manner.

AGENTS WANTED in every Town in the Maritime Provinces. Send 35c. for sample purse and terms. Sent by Mail, Post paid. ADDRESS—GLOBE NOTION & NOVELTY COMPANY, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Winter Musings. Solemn and sad the night comes down, The cold and wintry night— With its gusty winds blowing here and there The feathery snow through the frosty air, In gleaming crystals bright. Oh, the snow resembles the happy heart Ere 'tis tarnished with guilt or woe; But the cold, bitter wind is the stinging pain That seizes the heart and the maddened brain, And drags them in anguish low. Oh! childhood's hour is fair and bright, With scarce a cloud in the sky— But as manhood comes, the shades of night Pierce the heart with a chilly blight, As we feel it drawing nigh. And Misfortune comes with a stealthy step, Unheralded to our door: And our bosom friends forsake us and flee, And leave us alone in our misery, Because we're sick and poor. And the rich man lives in his castle grand, 'Mid pomp and regal state— And scorns the poor, who with outstretched hand Crave a morsel of food; with a stern command He drives them from his gate. And the Merry Christmas time comes round, The day of our Saviour's birth— When, "Peace on earth—good will toward man," Is gladly proclaimed throughout the land, And 'en to the ends of the earth. And the world goes on, and the years glide by, And the seasons come and wane— And some are basking in sunshine and joy, In a life of pleasure without alloy, While others are moaning in pain. But the Lord looks down from his home on high, And gives unto each his share— And to those who have suffered long and hard He gives an "exceeding great reward," To the children of his care. And the world will fade and pass away, But He will endure for aye— And the heart that was broke shall be healed again, And will feel no more sickness, sorrow or pain In "the realms of endless day." Frederickton, Dec. 20.

justice to his present situation and prospects. It adds this satisfactory statement: And since the subject has come up it is no harm to say that he has been strongly recommended for a position in the public service in the west and that there is every probability the department of the interior will avail itself of his ability. If the minister shall fail to do so it will certainly not be for want of encouragement from the liberal conservatives in this province, for since it became known that Mr. Livingston was disposed to retire from active journalism his friends in eastern Canada have without solicitation on his part made the strongest recommendations that could be made on behalf of any man. Mr. Daly has expressed his desire to meet the wishes of his friends, as well as his personal concurrence in their opinion as to Mr. Livingston's capacity and claims. Everybody will be glad to hear of this. The Telegraph, in referring to the matter says: Had the liberal conservative party, in the distribution of its favors, shown a due recognition of his services, Mr. Livingston would 20 years ago have been offered one of the best positions in the gift of the federal government. He would at least have had the opportunity for easy and honorable retirement from the hard toil of daily journalism. His active mind, vigorous pen and ability as a campaigner were always given without stint to the party which has had such abundant favors to distribute, but has had apparently no thought of him. Aside from his party claims Mr. Livingston has rendered such service to his province, to Canada and to journalism as long ago entitled him to recognition, and we believe there is not one of his fellow workers in the press who would not gladly learn of his being given an appointment combining no very arduous duties with a comfortable salary.

These two leading journals, differing essentially as they do in their political views, voice the sentiments of all adherents of both parties who have any knowledge of Mr. Livingston's life and labors.

An Old And Good School. The Collegiate School of Windsor is making a strong push for popular favor for the next term, and its advertisements and calendars have been scattered broadcast among those parents who have children to send to school. The institution is an old and a good one, from which many of the prominent men of to-day graduated in early boyhood.

What Is Said and Thought About It by Some of the Papers. The appeal made by PROGRESS last week for some official recognition of the services of John Livingston in politics and journalism has been heartily endorsed by such of the citizens as have spoken on the subject and by a portion of the local press, which owes so much to his work in the past. The Sun thinks that while the article in PROGRESS does no more than justice to Mr. Livingston's past services it hardly does

justice to his present situation and prospects. It adds this satisfactory statement: And since the subject has come up it is no harm to say that he has been strongly recommended for a position in the public service in the west and that there is every probability the department of the interior will avail itself of his ability. If the minister shall fail to do so it will certainly not be for want of encouragement from the liberal conservatives in this province, for since it became known that Mr. Livingston was disposed to retire from active journalism his friends in eastern Canada have without solicitation on his part made the strongest recommendations that could be made on behalf of any man. Mr. Daly has expressed his desire to meet the wishes of his friends, as well as his personal concurrence in their opinion as to Mr. Livingston's capacity and claims. Everybody will be glad to hear of this. The Telegraph, in referring to the matter says: Had the liberal conservative party, in the distribution of its favors, shown a due recognition of his services, Mr. Livingston would 20 years ago have been offered one of the best positions in the gift of the federal government. He would at least have had the opportunity for easy and honorable retirement from the hard toil of daily journalism. His active mind, vigorous pen and ability as a campaigner were always given without stint to the party which has had such abundant favors to distribute, but has had apparently no thought of him. Aside from his party claims Mr. Livingston has rendered such service to his province, to Canada and to journalism as long ago entitled him to recognition, and we believe there is not one of his fellow workers in the press who would not gladly learn of his being given an appointment combining no very arduous duties with a comfortable salary. These two leading journals, differing essentially as they do in their political views, voice the sentiments of all adherents of both parties who have any knowledge of Mr. Livingston's life and labors. An Old And Good School. The Collegiate School of Windsor is making a strong push for popular favor for the next term, and its advertisements and calendars have been scattered broadcast among those parents who have children to send to school. The institution is an old and a good one, from which many of the prominent men of to-day graduated in early boyhood. What Is Said and Thought About It by Some of the Papers. The appeal made by PROGRESS last week for some official recognition of the services of John Livingston in politics and journalism has been heartily endorsed by such of the citizens as have spoken on the subject and by a portion of the local press, which owes so much to his work in the past. The Sun thinks that while the article in PROGRESS does no more than justice to Mr. Livingston's past services it hardly does