

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JAN. 14.

RELIGION AND THE PRESS.

The New York Sun calls attention to the wonderful change that has taken place in the last ten or fifteen years in respect to the relative positions of the religious and secular press. At that time, says the Sun, "the distinction between papers secular and religious was broad in the public mind. It was assumed that a daily newspaper was incapable of handling questions of theology and church division, and that it passed beyond its proper limitations in dealing with the subject that is of deepest interest to mankind and most momentous in its importance to them. The feeling prevailed, too, that secular editors were distinctively irreligious, and it was encouraged by the flippancy with which too many of them referred to the profoundest convictions of men and women. Nobody would have looked to a daily newspaper for a serious and an intelligent discussion of a complicated question of religion and theology. Callousness to every spiritual emotion was rather expected from it."

The rest of the Sun's article is largely devoted to a puff of itself in regard to letters, and essays on theology which have appeared in its columns. It makes the point, however that while the religious—that is to say denominational paper has and must have its field, an exponent of common religious sentiment, found by the people in the daily newspaper.

It is a very evident fact that the secular papers, daily and weekly, are made more the vehicle of religious thoughts than they were a decade ago. This does not imply that the men who conduct them are any better than they used to be, but they have discovered that such topics interest the people. They give more space to recording events in the theological world than they used to give, and when the public get into a discussion over the views thus given they choose the secular press as the medium of their controversy. They can get letters published there which the religious paper for denominational reasons or otherwise would not see its way clear to publish. By the same process of evolution the secular papers treat of religious matters from an editorial point of view, because they find the public are interested. There was a time when the ordinary newspaper man considered such topics beyond his sphere, and because he so considered, the public pronounced his paper, and possibly himself as an enemy to religion.

A good many people even now have an idea that a newspaper man is not actually bad he is at least not good. He is usually supposed to be indifferent to the matter of religion, and to be only half in earnest when he writes about it. Perhaps this is true, sometimes, but there are many men on the press whose expression of thought is as sincere as that of the clergyman in his pulpit. PROGRESS has heard a clergyman speak in his congregation in an apologetic way about something he happened to see in a secular paper, explaining that he did not as a rule read the secular papers. Such a man is the exception. The average clergyman of today not only reads the papers but is sometimes guided by them. He recognizes that the press and the pulpit are two great agencies for good, and that of the two, the press addresses by far the greater number of people. Therefore, upon occasions, he contributes to them, and he is right in doing so. Since PROGRESS was started it has had many of the clerical profession, representing widely different denominational views, as occasional contributors to its columns. Everyone of them has undoubtedly recognized the fact, that any issue in which their contribution appeared has given them a many times larger congregation than they could reach from the pulpit on any Sunday of the year. In the majority of cases the articles have been over their own signatures.

Every honestly conducted paper ought to be, in a broad sense, a religious paper. It ought to be to the pulpit what the col-

legiate school is to the university. It should educate men to that standard of right by which the work of the pulpit in bringing them into a more pious state is made easy. The secular paper is free from sectarian bias, because it speaks to all classes. The scope of the pulpit is necessarily limited, because it is hedged around by denominational lines. The pulpit may have a higher mission than the press, but it has not a broader one.

As to the comparison of the secular with the religious paper, the advantage is greatly with the former. A religious paper must confine itself even more closely within denominational lines than the ministers of its denomination. They can preach a broad christianity while it must fight on the narrow lines of doctrine. That tells the whole story.

THE END OF A PERSECUTION.

Everybody in any way conversant with the facts will recognize the justice of the action of the attorney general in declining to give the case of Rev. FREDERICK D. CRAWLEY to the grand jury in York county. A more evident case of persecution has seldom come to light, and it would seem that, if Mr. CRAWLEY is so disposed, he is in a position to recover heavy damages from his persecutor, JOHN B. GUNTER.

The facts of the case, briefly stated, are as follow: Mr. CRAWLEY is pastor of a baptist church in Fredericton, and has been so for many years past. He is and has been widely and greatly respected, not only in his own denomination but beyond it. A year or so ago a certain well known resident of Fredericton, JOHN B. GUNTER by name, was a member of Mr. CRAWLEY'S church, but seems to have had a feeling of personal enmity against his pastor and sought to injure him. In due time his opportunity came, or he thought it did.

At the time mentioned a domestic by the name of ELMIRA WESSLEY was living in Mr. CRAWLEY'S family. One day, in a playful mood, the pastor being alone with her, so far forgot his position as to take some trifling familiarity with her. He put his arm around her or took some other slight liberties which would have amounted to nothing in the case of an ordinary sinner, but were decidedly improper in a minister of the gospel. There was a sudden temptation which he did not resist. Later, he realized what he had done and showed at once his honesty and his repentance by confessing to his wife what little there was to confess. The girl did not appear aggrieved, and had she been left to herself that would have been the end of the matter.

At a later date, however, the girl left Mr. CRAWLEY'S service and went to live at the house of his enemy, Mr. GUNTER. That individual soon learned from her the story of the pastor's indiscretion, and lost no time in having him arraigned before the church on a charge of immorality. The affair created a profound sensation, and the church, as in duty bound, investigated the matter. After a full and impartial enquiry they found the charge to be groundless and fully exonerated the pastor. This did not satisfy JOHN B. GUNTER. He left the church and proceeded to invoke the law and caused information to be laid before the police magistrate charging Mr. CRAWLEY with the crime of indecent assault.

In a preliminary examination the accused can give no evidence. If in the judgment of the magistrate a prima facie case is made out, his duty is to send the case to the grand jury. This is what Magistrate MARSH did, and the case was to come before that body at the term of the York county court, which opened on Tuesday last.

It did not reach the grand jury. The depositions, in the meantime, had come before the attorney general, and it was easy for him to see there was no ground whatever for allowing the case to proceed. He so reported to the judge, and His Honor fully agreed that the whole proceedings in the matter were unwarranted. The judge further stated that the court had received a statement from the girl in the case, saying that the proceedings had been instituted by JOHN B. GUNTER entirely against her wishes, that no injury had been done her and that she believed Mr. CRAWLEY had had no intention of doing her a wrong. Therefore the grand jury was dismissed and the persecution came to an end.

Thus terminates a very remarkable case. Mr. CRAWLEY stands before the world free from all the suspicions which so many are too ready to attach to the lives of ministers of the gospel. He has passed through the furnace and is the brighter for it. His people, more than ever, should do him honor.

But what should be done with GUNTER?

When a lie has once fairly started on its rounds, it is hard for the truth to catch up to it, especially when it is in the form of a good newspaper story. A year ago an imaginative faker in the state of Washington wrote and published an ingenious yarn, telling how JAMES WARDNER, a wealthy resident of that state was establishing a cat ranch on an island in Puget Sound, for the purpose of the cultivation of black cats, for the sake of their fur. Mr. WARDNER made a prompt denial of the alleged facts, but he was too late. The lie had started and on it went, the denial failing to catch up with it. Very soon, and for many months, Mr. WARDNER began to get letters from all

parts of the continent, inquiring as to his cat ranch and offering cats for sale. It is not recorded that specimens were sent with any letters, but that was all that was required to complete the victim's annoyance. It is now said the story has been started again, by an Iowa paper, and by the time it goes the rounds Mr. WARDNER is likely to be the sworn enemy of cats to the end of his days. CHARLES A. DANA'S rule of discharging a writer who knowingly writes a lie does not appear to obtain in the West.

The story comes from Summerside, P. E. I., that a woman, a widow, is imprisoned in the jail at that place. Her crime is that she will not pay the twenty dollar taxes owed by the estate of her late husband, because that estate has been taken from her under a mortgage. It may be that she has not the money, or it may be she does not see the justice of the demand. In either case her imprisonment is a shame and a reproach to the persons who are responsible for her being there. Imprisonment for debt is a barbarism under the best of circumstances, but it is ten times so when the victim is a woman. Let the widow go free.

There are rumors that LORD WOLSELEY is to be the next governor general of Canada. His Lordship is not a stranger to the country, and has already done the state some service. There is nothing definite about the rumor, but it may be as near correct as some of the rumors as to who will be the next governor of New Brunswick.

THEY HAVE PASSED ON THEIR WAY.

Men Who have been Claimed by Death During the Past Week.

This has been a week remarkable for the number of deaths of well known people. On Monday there was much surprise at the sudden taking off of Messrs W. F. Danaher and W. G. Matheson, two citizens whose faces have been familiar to the public for many years past.

Following this, came the word that Dr. Sidney H. Taylor had died in London, Eng. Dr. Taylor was a son of Captain Joseph Taylor, and a nephew of the late Dr. Geo. R. Hamilton. He was one of the old Valley school boys, and subsequently took high honors at McGill College and Dublin University. He had many noble qualities, which will long keep his memory green in the hearts of his friends.

A day or two later, word came from Denver, Col., that Mr. John M. Lawrence had died at that place. For months Mr. Lawrence had fought hard against incurable consumption and as a last resource tried the climate of Colorado, but without avail. He was a young man whose earnest, unaffected and in all ways thoroughly Christian nature won the love and respect of all who knew him. He will be much missed in the church to which he belonged and in the associations with which he was connected.

The death of Mr. E. H. Lester, the well known auctioneer, was no surprise, as for some time past there has been little hope of his recovery. No man's face was better known to the general public than his was, and it always had a cheery, kindly look. There was much in Mr. Lester's nature that made him popular wherever he was known, and his familiar figure will be much missed by those who know the city best.

Professor Spencer's Offer.

Professor A. L. Spencer is offering unusual inducements to those who wish to learn to dance. He not only offers the best class instruction, but four prizes to those who succeed in guessing the number of postage stamps in a sealed jar. The first prize is \$40 in gold, the second \$20, the third \$10, and the fourth \$5. Anyone who hires wigs, costumes or whiskers to the amount of \$2, buys furniture to the same amount, or purchases any other article for sale on the premises will be entitled to a guess. The prize list will be open from January 3rd to April 15th. For further particulars see Professor Spencer's advertisement on second page.

No Matter Where You Live.

A number of PROGRESS subscribers residing in the United States cities have asked whether it is possible for them to obtain the premiums offered by this paper in connection with renewal or new subscriptions, and what the charges on them are likely to be. PROGRESS has sent a large number of dictionaries across the border during the past year and the only charge on them was the expressage. This will also apply to any other premium on the list.

It is a Good Machine.

Mr. Ira Cornwall is booming the Yost type-writer among the other things he has in hand. Since he has had the agency the Yost appears to be as popular as it is good. Many provincial firms have ordered it from him in addition to the large number of city business houses in which it is already in use.

A Censor Is Needed.

The directors of the Opera House should appoint a censor to read the alleged jokes in the official programme. One which appeared in the front page of the programme for Wednesday night could not fail to shock anybody who truly reverences the Trinity.

BOOKS AND REVIEWS.

Worthington's Illustrated Magazine and Literary Treasury for January, contains a most interesting article on the great Lick Observatory, on Mount Hamilton, near San Jose, by Rev. George Stone, D. D., with numerous illustrations, and gives a most exhaustive account of the great telescope, and the work it is doing. In "Ole Virginny"—Fifty Years ago; by Mary R. Livermore, is the first paper of a series of personal reminiscences by a very distinguished American woman, and gives a truthful and interesting picture of life in the sunny South, half a century ago. "Fame," a poem by T. V. Cook, is one of the few poems containing a really original idea expressed in musical language, which find their way into print, in these days, and is deserving of some heed of that fame of which the writer speaks half scornfully. "In Basset's Hollow" by Helen Campbell, is a powerful, almost painful story, of a love which was faithful to the grave, and beyond it. "An Immortal Love," a poem by Lilian Whiting, sings the beauties of the world famed Taj Mahal, and almost serves to introduce to the extract from Sir Edwin Arnold's "India Revisited," which describes that poem in marble, the tomb of the Princess Arjamund, sultana of the Emperor Shah Jehan, at Agra, the charms of which are graphically described in Sir Edwin's own matchless English. "A Silent Influence," is a poem by Hilary Brooke, and "How a Man Feels Under Fire," by Junius Henry Browne, an old war correspondent, is a graphic description of the average man's sensations when he smells powder for the first time. "In Death," is a poem by Mary Bradley, and "Misinterpreted" is a pretty story by Margaret Johann. The "Mouse's Point of View" by Maud Wyman, is a whole sermon in verse, on cruelty to animals, while "The Japanese Wedding" by Kotai Masuda, a young Japanese student, is perhaps the gem of the magazine, as a literary curiosity, being printed exactly as written by the author, without revision of any kind. "Folded Hands" is an exquisitely tender poem by Albert Bigelow Faine. "Smicker's Watch" a bright little sketch, by John Richard Meader, "A Dream" a love song by Edith Broull, "Fair as a Rose," a poem by G. D. L., the usual variety of editorial and other comments, and the regular departments.

The Dominion Illustrated monthly is gradually coming to the front as one of the magazines which are destined to take a permanent place in the literature of the country. The December number presents a very attractive bill of fare, in the literary department, while the illustrations are of a high order. The frontispiece gives a view of a street in Montreal on a winter's morning which is thoroughly Canadian and typical. Beatrice Glen More has a touching little story of French Canadian life "How Remi was Satisfied." A. C. Winton writes a clear and lucid description of that teller incognita to so many, "Newfoundland and its Capital" which will give the intelligent reader a clearer idea of Newfoundland, its people, scenery, national characteristics, and even commercial resources than has been written before. Mr. Winton gives a graphic description of the disastrous fire of last year when the business part of the city was reduced to ashes, and explains some of the reasons why that much oppressed territory has refused to enter the Dominion. A. M. McLeod concludes his readable sketch "A Summer in Canada" which is full of quaint humor. F. Blake Crofton contributes "Scraps and Snaps" which surely deserve a more ambitious title so bright and clever are those scraps and Walton S. Smith has an excellent story which is lullly up to its attractive mysterious title. "The Queen's highway in the West," by Henry J. Woodside, is an article which should be of interest to all Canadians being a description of the manufactures, industries and resources of the north west, the country traversed by the C. P. R. and the cities and towns along the route. Helen Fairbairn has a Roudell which is a musical elegy on the world's king—Love.

Two tales for Christmas week.—Two Tales Publishing Company, 6 Beacon St., Boston, contains one of Rudyard Kipling's inimitable barrack stories "My Lord The Elephant," and "Duke's Christmas," by Ruth McEnery Stuart. Kipling's story is written in his happiest and most whimsical manner and if the language of the barrack room, is sometimes a little broad—

"My single men in barracks don't grow into plaster saints."

As the only Rudyard himself would say, and there is a strong fidelity to nature about his stories which makes them stand alone like clear cut mountain outlines, on a spring day. His love for "God's little beasts," especially dogs, is shown in this, as well as many of his earlier tales. "Duke's Christmas"—is one of the most readable of dialect stories, being, in spite of the dialect flavor, quite intelligible, as well as very touching, and possessing the rather unusual advantage of a happy ending.

The January number of the National Magazine, 132 Nassau Street, New York, 35 cents per copy, \$4 per annum, presents several new features, as well as many which are interesting it not new. Will Carleton contributes a poem on "Three scenes in the life of Columbus." General James G. Wilson writes on, "Lord Lovelace and the Second Canadian Campaign, 1708-1710; Mr. Lindsay contributes a very valuable paper on "The Boston Massacre," which presents that historical event in an entirely new light, and other articles by well known writers.

Messrs. T. C. Allen & Co., of Halifax, are about bringing out a posthumous poem by the late Professor James DeMill, which was found among his papers. It is over a thousand lines long, and is considered the best work Professor DeMill ever did. The book will be edited by Dr. Archibald MacMechan, Professor of English at Dalhousie College, and will be published on account of Mrs. DeMill.

EVERYBODY WAS HAPPY.

THE ENTERTAINMENT WITH THE LONG NAME A SUCCESS.

Full Description of the Great Event of the Week at the Opera House—The Ladies Who Took Part and What They Wore—Points Worthy of Note.

The Opera house was filled to overflowing on Wednesday evening with "a large and respectable audience" drawn thither by the faint hope which seems to animate the human breast with regard to an amateur performance, the hope that at least some hitch may occur, even if the bottom does not drop out of things generally and chaos result. Like the lady who said she did not wish her friends to do anything wrong, but in case they did she wanted to know about it, society seems to be goaded by a continual dread that something will happen, and it will be on the spot to see.

But such hopes proved vain on Wednesday evening, as the performers went through their different parts without the slightest hitch, and not the faintest hesitation, such as will often be observed in professionals, was to be detected, in spite of the lengthy and almost continuous speeches to which some of them were condemned.

The entertainment was given under the auspices of the Ladies Auxiliary of the Y. M. C. A. and for the benefit of that society. The first part consisted of a national drill in which fourteen young ladies took part, each dressed in the costume of the country she represented, carrying its flag and singing its national anthem. The drill was most intricate, some of the figures being very difficult indeed, but the young ladies went through them with the utmost ease, and the effect of the brilliant costumes passing and re-passing each other in the rhythmic movements of march, and drill, was charming. The ladies taking part were Miss Harrison, as England; Miss Tapley, as Scotland; Miss Butt, as Ireland; Miss Scammell, as France; Miss Clarke, as Austria; Miss Robertson, as Germany; Miss Nase, as Spain; Miss Payne, as Italy; Miss McLaughlin, as Switzerland; Miss Cruikshank, as Sweden; Miss Beer, as United States Navy; Miss Tuck, as United States Army; and the Misses Markham, and Schofield, as Canada; the Misses Skinner, and McKean, acted as lieutenants, dressed in the costumes worn at the artillery drill last year. This part of the entertainment was under the able direction of Mr. H. V. Cooper.

The costumes were bright and pretty carefully arranged and in the main true to nature. Of course the sterner critic might have found much to complain of; he would have missed the very badge of her nationality the mantilla, from Spain, suggested that the national costume of Switzerland was white muslin, with black velvet bodice, not buttoned, but laced, and that a scarlet skirt had no part in it; that Ireland was dressed in "Maid Marion" costume of Lincoln green and buff, and that Italy's dress so closely resembled that of a Bavarian peasant that it might well have been misnamed. But where there was so much to praise it would be invidious to say much about the defects.

The second part of the programme bore the ambitious, but unpronounceable title of the Chronothanatoletoron, the meaning of which has been explained before, is the annihilation of death and time. The name is applied to a machine supposed to be the invention of a nineteenth century genius of the female sex, who has evolved it from her teeming brain, for the purpose of extracting from the obscurity of centuries the spirits of the illustrious women of the past accompanied by their bodies. The idea was skillfully originated and well carried out, but it bore too close a resemblance to the closing exercises of a girls' school, to be very interesting to the general public. The dialogue by which the different parts were connected was dull, and the misquotations such as, "as Virgil says 'try try again,'" had a forced sound, which was very tiresome, so that the interest was largely dependent upon the costumes. Cleopatra with her crown of twin serpents, and robes of barbaric splendour, was very real, and so were Queen Bess, Sappho and Sarah the wife of Abraham while Pocahontas was by far the best represented character there, as the part was well sustained throughout. St. Cecilia was very natural and real, and the other characters were evenly balanced, and, considering their extreme difficulty, all well carried out. The greatest praise is due to Miss Forbes as the Inventress and to Miss Baird as the Genius of the nineteenth century, as nearly all the talking devolved upon them, and continuous as the strain was, they never once faltered in their lengthy parts, while their voices were as clear and distinct at the end of the performance as at the beginning, being perfectly audible in every part of the house. It would be hard to speak too highly of Miss Baird's recitation of Whittier's poem on Madame LaTour; it was really masterly, and showed no mean knowledge of elocution, Mother Bickerdick and Agnesia of Bologna, also took their parts exceptionally well.

The names of the ladies who took part were Miss Forbes, Inventress; Miss Baird; Genius of the Nineteenth Century; Miss Irvine, Sarah, wife of Abraham; Miss Quinsler, Pharaoh's daughter; Miss Kilpatrick, the Roman matron, Cornelia; Miss Brayley, Cleopatra; Miss McJunkin, Queen Elizabeth; Miss Mowry, Mother

Bickerdick; Miss Hazelwood, St. Cecilia; Miss Williams, Agnesia of Bologna; Miss Smith, Hypatia; Miss Ungar, Pocahontas; Miss Toller, Joan of Arc; Miss Thorne, Sappho; Miss Iddles, Martha Washington; Miss Hopper, Madame La Tour; Miss Hazelwood, Priscilla. A grand march of all the characters, and a chorus finished off the exhibition, each character disappearing through the machine as the Inventress turned the crank.

The grand tableau of Columbus being received at the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella, was the gem of the evening, the costumes being copied with absolute fidelity, and the grouping most artistic; not the smallest detail was neglected, from the jewels of the king and queen, to the smallest animals grouped around the savages, whether dogs, or pet seals, it was quite impossible to determine at a distance. It seemed almost a pity that the audience had so short a time to gaze on this beautiful "living picture," after all the time lavished upon its preparation, but, as it was the second view granted, seemed almost too much for the endurance of the performers, some of whom were overcome by their emotions, to the extent of giving way to laughter. The names of those taking part were, Miss Wright, Queen Isabella; Mrs. Simonds, Miss Esson, Miss Estey, Miss Robertson, Miss McLaughlin, Miss Vassie, Miss Outram, Miss Ellis, and Miss Paddington, maids of honor; Miss Simonds, Prince John, and Mr. McMillan, King Ferdinand; Mr. Ruel, Mr. Gerard, Mr. Kirkwood, Mr. Alwood, Mr. McMillan, Courtiers; soldiers, savages, pages, etc. A fancy drill of serpentine marches and various evolutions, by young ladies in costume, all the characters coming on the stage, at the last, closed a very successful entertainment.

The music was furnished by the orchestra of the Y. M. C. A., who rendered excellent service and contributed largely to the success of the entertainment. The tableau was arranged by Miss Nicholson who has reason to feel very proud of her work.

POEMS WORTH READING.

Song of a Wedding That is to Come.

Did you hear about the wedding of our good old Uncle Sam To the rosy-cheeked Miss Canada, as coy as Mary's lamb? Well, you missed it if you didn't, for I tell you it was grand, And the echoes of the festival still ring throughout the land.

This couple'd been acourtin' for more than fifty years, And Canada'd been backward, more than bashful years than fear. It really didn't look, at last, as though they'd hitch at all, Though Uncle Sam was willin' to obey the slightest call.

For, you see, in this here courtin' case 'twas different from the rule, And the one that had to break the ice was Miss Canada, the cool, She truly loved our Uncle Sam, but feared to make the move, Because she really didn't think her Ma would quite approve.

But by and by she asked her Ma, and what'd ye think she said? "Why marry him at once, and my blessings on your head! I'd kind o' like to keep you, but you've grown a big girl now, And, after all, you only serve to keep me in a row." And that is why Miss Canada, a-peekin' through her fans, Asked Uncle Sam, with roguish smile, if he would not be hers, And Uncle Sam, replying, as he eyed the beauty fair, Said, "I've not the least objection to considerin' you as mine."

So the wedding feast was ordered, and the cards were scattered wide, And all the nations were on hand to greet the groom and bride, The only one that wasn't was the Isle of Borneo, Which was in a revolution, and therefore couldn't go.

There was kings and queens and princes, and dukes and counts and czars, With an asteroid and a comet and a delegate from Mars; And the party from Great Britain was particularly full, For the bride was to be given away by good old Johnny Bull.

The presents from the nations were too numerous to name, And the formal resolutions were by far too long to frame, The gifts from Johnny Bull alone, if laid upon the floor, Would reach from San Francisco clear up to Labrador.

The music for the wedding march was certainly unique, Compared with it, a symphony is nothing but a mere success, For all the bands in Europe and America combined, Performed with such expression that the earth was undermined.

The costume of Miss Canada was such a dazzlin', slight, That a thousand press reporters failed to get it down aright, And they had to find the dressmaker, her offices to seek, Before they got within a mile of writing its technique.

Her dress was made of sealskin trimmed with Nova Scotia gold, And her bonnet was of yellow wheat from Manitoba cold, Her bridal veil was fashioned fair from white Niagara's spray, Caught up with fragrant mayflowers from Evance-lue's Grand Prairie.

Her slippers were of crystal, carved out of Hudson Bay, And her gloves were made of deerskin caught and tanned that very day, Her jewels were of silver from her own prolific mine, And she carried proudly in her hand a tall New Brunswick pine.

Uncle Sam, of course, looked gallus, as a bridegroom ought to be, And his buttonhole contained a California redwood tree, When the services were over and the guests all stayed to lunch, And there never was a bigger feast for human folk 'n' much.

There were oranges from Florida and peaches raw and canned, Potatoes from Ontario and cod from Newfoundland, There were grapes from near Los Angeles, water-melons from the South, Frozen loafs from Saskatchewan that melted in your mouth.

Sardines just caught at Eastport, in California olive oil, Silver tarpon from Key West that fairly made the water boil, Salmon from the Fraser river, eggs and bacon from Quebec, Black bass from Lake Superior, and moose meat from Baddeck.

There were twenty million canvasbacks from off the Chesapeake— The people ate and drank till they could hardly speak; And when it got so dark the colored waiters couldn't pass, The ground was tapped ten thousand feet and lit with natural gas.

The after-dinner speakers spoke in ninety different tongues, And nothing stopped their eloquence but exhaustion of the lungs, Each did his best both Canada and Uncle Sam to bless, And voted that their union was a Pan-American success.

Say, were you at the wedding when our Uncle gave the ring To the charming girl who'd loved him long without sayin' anything? If you were there and danced there, your good fortin' you may thank— 'Twas held upon this continent, on Christmas, ninety-blank.