

PROGRESS. EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from the Masonic Building, 85 and 90 Germain street, St. John, N. B. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

Discontinuances.—Except in those localities which are easily reached, Progress will be stopped at the time paid for. Discontinuances can only be made by paying arrears at the rate of five cents per copy.

All letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for reply. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

The circulation of this paper is over 11,000 copies, is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

Copies can be purchased at every known news stand in New Brunswick, and in every many of the cities, towns and villages of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island every Saturday, for Five Cents each.

Remittances should always be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. The former is preferred, and should be made payable in every case to EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher.

Halifax Branch Office, Knowles' Building, cor. George and Granville streets.

SIXTEEN PAGES. AVERAGE CIRCULATION 12,220. HALIFAX BRANCH OFFICE: KNOWLES' BUILDING, Cor. GRANVILLE and GEORGE STREETS. ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DEC. 23.

To all its readers, as well as those who do not enjoy that pleasant privilege, Progress wishes a Merry Christmas.

CHRISTMAS.

It will soon be nineteen hundred years since Jesus the Christ was born in the lowliest condition though predestinated to become King of men. Since then his progress towards universal empire has become continuous. He, though not acknowledged sovereign by all, is yet nearing that goal. The nineteen centuries have placed him on the throne of many millions of hearts of the most enlightened nations of the earth, and every year new conquests await Him. In two or three centuries more those conquests will be ended, there being no more foes to subdue.

The arms which He has used are His word and His blood. A teacher and a martyr, by His truth and by His cross. He has overcome all enemies. No matter what may be the opinions formed of His origin and nature there is but one thought regarding the grandeur of His life, and our sorrow for the sad fate which yet became the means through which His empire over man was secured. Whatever besides in the redemption from sin His death may have accomplished we are without doubt warranted in saying that it endowed His word with life and thus became the spirit and soul of His doctrine. Had He not died for man he would have been esteemed a great rabbi but would not have earned the title of Saviour. His blood was the price of His church, which could never have been redeemed from sin without this payment.

In view of the wonderful history of the founding and progress of the kingdom we are prepared to receive the account of the remarkable events grouped round His incarnation and birth as of likely occurrence. The ministry of angels, the divinity of His origin, lose the air of improbability that would attach to such claims if followed by an ordinary life and subsequent history. The morality He proclaimed and illustrated, the glory that shone round His acts, the majestic bearing of the Wonderful Counselor, the mighty power with which He overcame disease, ruled over the domain of nature and conquered death itself, enlist our credence that we have here the Word made flesh dwelling in our world. And all that has since transpired in the progress of His Kingdom, the mighty empire which He has built up by His word and spirit, lead us to the conclusion that He is the Godman who has come to unite earth to Heaven and ransom sinners, raising them to immortal life. We listen to the annunciation, to the Magnificat of Mary, to the songs of the angels, as in harmony with the holy life that followed, and in perfect keeping with the Providence which has guided His church so far, and which will yet enlarge her borders till they shall extend to the ends of the earth.

A NEW GOVERNOR.

Another New Brunswick has reached the limit of his ambition, the governorship of the province. Another man has left the bench to accept the highest provincial office in the gift of the federal government. Judge Fraser is now Governor. If any one had hazarded the prediction even a few months ago, while Sir LEONARD TILLEY was pursuing the even and undisturbed tenor of his way, as the governor of the province, that before the new year came around we should have seen the changes that have come about no attention would have been paid to him. At all events there was little thought of Judge FRASER as governor. The force of circumstances, a move on the checker board of politics, has placed him where he is. Since he is appointed there is no doubt but that he will discharge the duties of the office with dignity, creditably to himself and to the province. Of a genial, social nature, Governor Fraser will doubtless pay greater attention to the duties that a

governor and his lady are supposed to owe to society while his experience as a legislator and as a judge should be of considerable service to him at the council board.

PELHAM'S PARAGRAPHS.

"O come ye, to Bethlehem." And now comes Christmas—one of the great festivals in the christian economy. It is the time of gifts, the time of love. Of love and of gifts because it commemorates the supreme love of God to man, shown by the greatest gift of His only begotten Son. On Christmas day hearts and hearths are both open and aglow. No longer, as in ancient times, does the Lord of Misrule or the Abbot of Unreason, hold high carnival, but it is the day of home gatherings, the time when families and friends unite around firesides and renew the tender bonds which bind them together. The loneliest heart must, on this day, find fellowship somewhere, when the whole atmosphere is redolent of sweet charity. So then, let all be peace. Let us hush our strife, if only for a day, and attune our ears to the voices of the angels as they sing of Him who was born at Bethlehem, whom Christians worship, whose life was all gentleness and goodness and love, and was given for others.

Although ever since the fifth century the twenty-fifth day of December has been Christmas day and has been observed by christian people as the anniversary of the birth of Christ, it is by no means certain that this was the actual date of the Nativity. December is the height of the rainy season in Judea. The shepherds and their flocks could not then have been abroad at night on the plains of Bethlehem. A good case has been made out for the month of October as the month of the Nativity, but it seems impossible to arrive at any certain conclusion regarding the exact day of the event, which exact date is, after all, but a matter of minor importance. Good Friday and Easter day vary in different years but do not seem to lose anything in the importance of their sacred associations by this fact. Christians everywhere—Roman Catholics and protestants, the Greek, Armenian and Lutheran churches, etc., unite in observing the twenty-fifth day of December to commemorate the birth of Him whom they worship as the Son of God and the Saviour of men.

A nice little book of verse is that under the title of "Carols of Canada" by Mrs. Macleod of Charlottetown P. E. I., and published there by John Coombs. The volume deals, largely, with Canadian themes, such as "The Siege of Quebec," "Louisburg, 1745," "Sir John Macdonald and so forth. There are, however, other series—"Idylls of the Year," "Songs of Scotia," "Rhymes of Ancient Rome," besides many miscellaneous poems. Among the poems which have won most praise may be mentioned "The Olden Flag," "The Siege of Quebec," especially the closing portion, "The Pioneer" and "Home from School." Mrs. Macleod's work has met with much commendation from those competent to judge. This little volume is dedicated to Sir Donald Smith:

"Who, with the more than regal right, Of generous heart and princely hand, Hath fostered learning in our land, And set it on the highest height."

Affidavits are curious things. It is a well known fact that a man was once induced to sign an affidavit that he had been "duly executed according to the sentence imposed by the court."

There are affidavits and affidavits, and one person in his or her time may sign many affidavits. Some affidavits remind one of that story of the colored man who was arrested for stealing a turkey from a certain farm-yard. When brought before the court the bird man, at the place where the turkey was missing, swore that he saw Sambo getting over the fence with the turkey under his arm. This was strong evidence, but when Sambo took the stand he swore that he had not taken any turkey nor got over any fence, had never been on the party's premises and, in short, did not know where he lived. Owing to the contradictory nature of the evidence the case was dismissed. Sambo's employer congratulated him soon after upon being able to show so satisfactorily that he was innocent of the charge. "I don't know 'bout that, massa," said the conscientious Sambo, "I no like to say just that, 'cause I got them feathers home there yet, but, massa, I was never gwine to let any man out-swear me there, right in the court. No, no, massa, there may be some darkies more pertikler 'bout trifles than Sambo but there's no one gwine to get ahead of this chile on the swearing business."

With apologies to "The Saunterer." Professor Deepthinker is an absent-minded man, yet so thoroughly genial and unaffected in his absentmindedness, that it never occurs to any one to take offence at it.

It so happened that the professor arrived late on the afternoon of the day before Christmas in a small Maritime Province town, intent upon visiting an old college chum, whom he had not seen for many years and with whom he was to spend Christmas. Arriving at the house he was shown immediately to the room, where he prepared himself for dinner before meeting

his host's family. When the various stains of travel were removed he descended. The drawing-room door was open but the lights were not yet lighted. A bright fire was burning in the grate and somebody's head was just visible over the top of a big chair in front of it. The professor is a bit near-sighted but he could see that there was some one in the chair. So he tiptoed softly up behind it and patted the occupant on the head. "Hello!" he said. "Warming up your shins just like you used to." And then, his old chum's wife, whom he had never met before, rose out of the chair to greet him.

Here's wishing a right merry Christmas to all those who sometimes look over these little mixed and meagre "paragraphs" of "Pelham's"—and to all those who do not. "God bless us, every one" said Tiny Tim and so would truly say.

"MERRIE" CHRISTMAS.

Composition Written for the Closing at Grammar School.

The following gives a very good idea of Christmas from a boy's point of view. It was written by Walter Golding, of the Grammar school: "Christmas comes but once a year, but when it comes it brings good cheer," is an old and familiar saying, also a very true one. This old custom of celebrating our Saviour's birth is without doubt the most joyous season of all the year.

It comes on the 25th day of December, and although winter is at its height in one country, and summer or spring in another, yet all civilized humanity join in the one song of praise and of "peace on earth, good will towards men." From December 1st, or later, the storekeepers are kept busy preparing for the Xmas trade. Their windows are tastefully decorated with all the novelties of the season, as well as the regular special "holiday goods," much to the delight of the children—especially the toy and fancy goods stores. Here in our own city one of the surest omens of Christmas is to see the western side of King Square heaped up with Christmas trees, which the countrymen are selling like "hot cakes" to the numerous "Santa Clauses" that flock there to get first pick or choice of them. Greetings are sent you on every hand. Windows are full of them, friends are full of them, and the "compliments of the season" is the order of the day. Christmas odors seem to be on the breeze, and the cold weather adds to the charm with its snap and bracing air, giving one a good appetite for a royal Christmas dinner, while with good ice and costuming, boys and girls can thoroughly enjoy themselves during their two weeks' vacation.

Indeed, a Canadian Christmas is a season to be envied by all the other countries of the globe. The churches and places of worship are tastefully decorated with evergreens and flowers, and the music is in general most excellent. Christmas services are held, and are earnestly joined in by the congregations. Sweet charity is carried on to a great extent, and it seems almost a pity that Christmas did not come oftener for the benefit of that cause. Fowl, sweets and presents of every description are given to the poor, and orphans, as well as those lying in hospitals, asylums, and other places of refuge. All this is done to try, if possible, in a simple way, to imitate our Saviour's goodness to suffering humanity when on earth.

Taking the Christmas season as a whole, as I have said before, it cannot be compared with any other festivity of the year. Thanksgiving is indeed a joyous season, but the merry tolling of the Christmas bells, the sweet odors, the gladome hearts and happy faces, along with sweet music, earnest praise and thanksgiving to Him, the giver of all good, makes man forget the dark side of life and look only upon the bright side, thanking his Maker that he has been spared to see another Christmas in health and strength.

A Note From Pastor Felix.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS.—Work you permit me to speak briefly of a will that has lately come to hand. The compatriots of Mr. John D. Ross, Brooklyn, N. Y., and the lovers of Burns, will be interested to know that Burnsiana, Vol. III, is now obtainable, and that Vol. IV will be on the market early in the new year. Burnsiana is published serially under the editorship of Mr. Ross, and is a repository of literary odds and ends, ancient and modern of the last volume that it exceeded all the others. I was incredulous, knowing that the last I had seen contained Beecher's fine tribute, and that beautiful one of Curtis, delivered at the unveiling of the statue in Central Park, N. Y., and thought it a bit of critical-tatly, until I had better informed myself. The principal articles in this volume are, Col. Robert E. Ingersoll's address before the Chicago Caledonian Society, Jan., 1893; Louis Melver's, before the Edinburgh Burns' Club, at the unveiling of the statue in Aberdeen, 15th Sept., 1892, and extracts from the volumes of Auguste Angellier, the French translator and biographer of Burns. To be sure Ingersoll will be the one first read. I looked into him with some eagerness and much dissent. Who believes the folderl who has told about Milton, Dante, Petrarch and the classic poets. He cannot himself believe what he says on those subjects; but there is a certain charm even in these exaggerated statements which have an amazing effect on the ears of all the groundlings. He loses no chance at the ministers and the orthodox faith; and here he hopelessly confounds true blue Calvinistic Presbyterianism with genuine faith; and pure religion. He thinks the Kirk a greater curse to Scotland than whiskey, and that drink has been her salvation from religious melancholy. This is his bete noir, the mental twist in him,—his species of spiritual hydrophobia. Do not many of us have one, and must we not therefore be patient with the utterers

of such opinion? But the address is full and abounds in noble thoughts, in generous sentiments and poetic touches. We are always allured by a certain artlessness, a sweet simplicity in his turns of thought, and by his incisive, witty sentences. This pleases us, but he seldom convinces where we are unconvinced, or forms our opinions. But for these qualities of which we have spoken, he well deserves his place in Mr. Ross' book. It should also be noted that his estimate of Tennyson, and comparison of him with Burns, seems also defective and partial. He imputes it as a reproach that he is the poet of the prince and the noble (?) and of the hyper-sensitive and hyper-critical taste; and talks as if there was nothing intrinsically noble or poetic in these circles of society. Let him recollect it is the poet of that eloquent plebeian scorn against heartless Vere-de-Vere's of the noble hearted sailor, Enoch Arden; of the ardent lover of Locksley Hall; of "The Miller's Daughter" and "Aylmer's Field," and of that imitatively pathetic and passionate "Break, break, break;" of these, and such other things that he is speaking, Tennyson is no more an aristocrat in heart than Burns, and has indeed a wider charity, with a more refined passion and stronger self-control. Much as we love the memory of the Scottish singer, we should be just. Masson is, of course most capable in his criticism, and warmly generous in his eulogium. Argeliter is also a very able and independent critic. There are poems in the volume by Whittier, Robt. Hogg, James Coghlin, Robt. Reid, Martin Butler, Wm. Allan, D. M. Henderson, Duncan Macgregor, Crerar, Dr. Benj. F. Leggett, Ralph H. Shaw, and John Macfarland. Other interesting prose articles are "Burns and Ferguson" by David K. Brown, Toronto; "Burns and Tennyson" by Prof. Wm. Minto; "Burns' Deed," by John Muir; "All About Clarinda," by Robt. Ford; "John Lapraik, The Bard of Muirkirk," by James Patterson; "Mackenzie and the First Review of Burns' Poems," by John D. Ross; "Lamb and Burns," by Wm. Findlay; and "Isabel Burns," reprinted from The Edinburgh Evening Dispatch. The work is handsomely printed and bound and can be obtained at \$1.50 per vol, and from the publishers, Alex. Gardner, Paisley, Scotland, and 26 Paternoster Square, London.

When Sandy Claus Cums Sneakin' Round.

When Sandy Claus cums sneakin' round 'Tis his ole pants an' spurs an' deer, An' all the air rings 'th' gh' g' cheer— Theirs' jes' 'bout the time o' year I feel as if I'd like to live— When Sandy Claus cums sneakin' round!

A teller feels he can't be awared, You see, when things is bright an' gay, An' skues hez turned to blue from grey, An' Fall's dead leaves hez blowed away, "I hev no use," he sez, "for 'blues," When Sandy Claus cums sneakin' round!

A feller's heart, 't'gosh, ain't bound No by no blame' weights a' Christmas-time— Gits on its legs an' seems to climb, A thumpin' out a jinglin' chime O' hearty cheer—the time o' year When Sandy Claus cums sneakin' round.

O' course, a home is sometimes found Where stans a idle, lonely cheer, An' 'outy' gits when a tear Rains f'm the clouds o' utter drear. Wet heavy lies across the skies, When Sandy Claus cums sneakin' round.

But, nator, jes' raise f'm the ground; Hang up yer sack-cloth; look right there, An' let yer gaze go past air tier Ole lonesome cheer—an' then yer care 'Til all his smart 'll leave yer heart, When Sandy Claus cums sneakin' round.

Ole Jack Ross' quilt's spread on the ground, An' 'things so sort o' snappin' cool The children 'd rether be in school, Er-'p'raps 'way out on Higges' pool— Would, 'pears to me, suit to a T, When Sandy Claus cums sneakin' round.

When Sandy Claus cums sneakin' round, An' 'folks is actin' kind o' sly, Ez of a chap sez 'ud an' pry I to ther doin's!—it's then, sez I, "It suits, 't'gosh! yer Uncle Josh, When Sandy Claus cums sneakin' round!" —Kimball Chase Tapley, in Judge.

An Ode to Young Men.

At the coming of the first snow, The young man's fancy shifts From the balmy summer rambles To sad thoughts of Xmas gifts; And he wishes he had never met The girl who holds him fast, Until the merry Yule-tide And glad New Year's had passed.

The Sleigh Ride.

Just room for two, not too much room; I took her in all snug and warm; And of the nearest of her arm, I shake the lines out free and gay, The sleigh bells chime, and we're away. Across the crisp and glittering snow, Leaving behind the city street, Its garish glare and noise and sweep; Into the darkness still and sweet; And every star is white in heaven And every field is white on earth. How dark the bright 'n' seem, how bright The darkness of the winter night. We pass the open road like wild, But in the dim and shadowy lanes Our wild pace slows, and I find One hand enough to hold the reins; And, somehow, when I try to speak, My words are kisses on her cheek.

A Big Business Month.

Mitchell the shoe dealer, as he calls himself has had a rushing month of business. Today will probably be the biggest day of sales, and any of Progress readers who glance at this paragraph will remember that Mr. Mitchell can still supply them with a useful present for some one.

A Woman's Feet.

An amusing story comes from the Ardennes, where, according to the tale, an agriculturalist recently died, leaving a wife, a horse, and a dog. A few moments before his death he called his wife to him and bade her sell the horse and give the proceeds of the sale to his relatives, and to sell the dog and keep the money thus gained for herself. Soon after the death the wife went to the market with the horse and dog, and exhibited them with the announcement that the price of the dog was five hundred francs and that of the horse five francs. The passers-by stopped and stared, and judged the woman mad, more especially as she informed all would-be purchasers that to buy the horse it was necessary to buy the dog first.

At last a curious passer-by concluded the bargain, after which the skillful woman handed over five francs to the family of her deceased husband, and retained five hundred francs for herself, thus contriving at the same time to carry out the letter, if not the spirit, of the wishes of her husband, and to secure the largest sum of money for herself.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS"

A Rhyme for Christmas. It was in the merry time of old Of Elizabeth, Queen of light, Of the wassail bowl and the bear's head brown, And the yule log burning bright; That under the mistletoe in the court With the Christmas fire aglow; A noble lord and a maiden young Met under the green leaves low.

He stooped and kissed her sweet face there, Under the mistletoe's span; Though lowly born she was fair to see, And he was an upright man. And that mistletoe kiss was a Christmas spark, For it kindled at once a flame In the trusting heart of the maiden true, And the lord of highborn name.

And there 'neath the bough of the ancient green, They plighted their faith for life; For she was the love of his heart, he said, And she promised to be his wife. But the young man's haughty mother frowned, And his sire's anger he feared; So he planned at once a Christmas plan, And the maiden disappeared.

"They sent her away with a gipsy camp," Was whispered about the hall; And the young lord still could be light and gay, As if missing her not at all. And the winter feast passed away, And another year rolled around, And a Princess, they said, in a foreign land, To come as his bride was found.

When the Christmas holly with berries red, Was again on the castle wall— There were merry groups by the mistletoe bough, Where the strains of music fall. And the Princess came from the foreign clime, And beautiful there she stood; By the Noble's side as the unknown bride, They had chosen for one so good.

Then the Christmas bells and the wedding bells, Blended a joyous peal; For the bride and groom in state made one, Under the church's seal. And never a soul that saw could guess, Under the mistletoe bough; Till her veil was lifted how well the groom, Planned his Christmas plan till now.

When Sandy Claus Cums Sneakin' Round.

When Sandy Claus cums sneakin' round 'Tis his ole pants an' spurs an' deer, An' all the air rings 'th' gh' g' cheer— Theirs' jes' 'bout the time o' year I feel as if I'd like to live— When Sandy Claus cums sneakin' round!

A teller feels he can't be awared, You see, when things is bright an' gay, An' skues hez turned to blue from grey, An' Fall's dead leaves hez blowed away, "I hev no use," he sez, "for 'blues," When Sandy Claus cums sneakin' round!

A feller's heart, 't'gosh, ain't bound No by no blame' weights a' Christmas-time— Gits on its legs an' seems to climb, A thumpin' out a jinglin' chime O' hearty cheer—the time o' year When Sandy Claus cums sneakin' round.

O' course, a home is sometimes found Where stans a idle, lonely cheer, An' 'outy' gits when a tear Rains f'm the clouds o' utter drear. Wet heavy lies across the skies, When Sandy Claus cums sneakin' round.

But, nator, jes' raise f'm the ground; Hang up yer sack-cloth; look right there, An' let yer gaze go past air tier Ole lonesome cheer—an' then yer care 'Til all his smart 'll leave yer heart, When Sandy Claus cums sneakin' round.

Ole Jack Ross' quilt's spread on the ground, An' 'things so sort o' snappin' cool The children 'd rether be in school, Er-'p'raps 'way out on Higges' pool— Would, 'pears to me, suit to a T, When Sandy Claus cums sneakin' round.

When Sandy Claus cums sneakin' round, An' 'folks is actin' kind o' sly, Ez of a chap sez 'ud an' pry I to ther doin's!—it's then, sez I, "It suits, 't'gosh! yer Uncle Josh, When Sandy Claus cums sneakin' round!" —Kimball Chase Tapley, in Judge.

An Ode to Young Men.

At the coming of the first snow, The young man's fancy shifts From the balmy summer rambles To sad thoughts of Xmas gifts; And he wishes he had never met The girl who holds him fast, Until the merry Yule-tide And glad New Year's had passed.

The Sleigh Ride.

Just room for two, not too much room; I took her in all snug and warm; And of the nearest of her arm, I shake the lines out free and gay, The sleigh bells chime, and we're away. Across the crisp and glittering snow, Leaving behind the city street, Its garish glare and noise and sweep; Into the darkness still and sweet; And every star is white in heaven And every field is white on earth. How dark the bright 'n' seem, how bright The darkness of the winter night. We pass the open road like wild, But in the dim and shadowy lanes Our wild pace slows, and I find One hand enough to hold the reins; And, somehow, when I try to speak, My words are kisses on her cheek.

A Big Business Month.

Mitchell the shoe dealer, as he calls himself has had a rushing month of business. Today will probably be the biggest day of sales, and any of Progress readers who glance at this paragraph will remember that Mr. Mitchell can still supply them with a useful present for some one.

A Woman's Feet.

An amusing story comes from the Ardennes, where, according to the tale, an agriculturalist recently died, leaving a wife, a horse, and a dog. A few moments before his death he called his wife to him and bade her sell the horse and give the proceeds of the sale to his relatives, and to sell the dog and keep the money thus gained for herself. Soon after the death the wife went to the market with the horse and dog, and exhibited them with the announcement that the price of the dog was five hundred francs and that of the horse five francs. The passers-by stopped and stared, and judged the woman mad, more especially as she informed all would-be purchasers that to buy the horse it was necessary to buy the dog first.

AMHERST.

[Progress is for sale at Amherst by Charles Hillocoat and at the music store of H. A. Hillocoat, Dec. 20th.—Society in general must be abroad judging from the large and particularly well dressed throng on Victoria street, but holiday purchases I find are only a secondary consideration and the string of their "best bib and tucker" is occasioned by two brides receiving today, and as both are very fashionable and popular it is decidedly smart all around.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Foster returned on Wednesday last from their wedding trip to the United States and appeared in the Baptist church on Sunday morning and in the evening at Christ church. The bride wore a very elegant costume of black Lyons satin with garniture of white ribbon overlaid with black passamenterie and a very pretty hat to match. This week she is receiving at her home on Havelock street before going to reside in Springfield. Miss Edna Moffat was in attendance on Monday and Miss Miles on Tuesday and Wednesday. Mrs. Foster's receiving gown is a most becoming combination of white satin and lace gotten up in a very pretty manner. Her "Dane Fashion sets aside on receiving days" but nevertheless looked exceptionally well on Sunday in brown cloth and sable.

Mr. and Mrs. Paterson have completed the furnishing details of their new home on Victoria street, and the large number of visitors going in that direction shows that the bride is receiving a warm welcome in Amherst. They attended the Methodist church on Sunday. Mrs. Patterson's costume was of brown cloth, trimmed with black and brown hats. Miss Myra Black and Miss Black, of Sackville, sisters of the bride, assist her in attending to her visitors, who are regaled with tea and cakes. Mrs. Patterson's gown is of pale yellow satin trimmed with cream lace, a decidedly pretty and becoming toilette. Miss Black was a very pretty gown of pale heliotrope, and Miss Myra Black looks exceedingly well in white satin and black velvet trimmings. It is quite unusual to have three gowns in town at one time, and more so to have them so selected and decidedly good-looking in the bargain, but such is the fact.

Mr. James Dickey arrived home on Sunday from Cornwall, after a year's absence, looking as good as new, and receiving a very hearty welcome from his hosts of friends in town. Mrs. D. W. Dallas, Laplanche street is suffering from a most serious attack of inflammation of the lungs. Congratulations are in order to Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Chrastie on the recent arrival of a little daughter. Miss Katie Gross who has been spending the past two months with her mother, the terrace left on Tuesday evening for her home in Hillsboro. Miss Helen Pipes returned today from Edgemoor. Mr. Hal. Purdy, Mr. Rogers and several other students at Wollville are home for Christmas vacation. Mr. Geo. Cole leaves this evening to spend Christmas with her parents in Parrsboro. Mr. Cole will leave on Saturday. Mr. Harry Biles has gone to New Glasgow to pay a visit to his brother. Mr. B. D. Bent has purchased a very pretty residence on Eddy street and will move in on the first of the year. The sacred concert seems positively swamped in the Christmas rush, but trust it will come off with renewed vigor after a short delay. The proceeds are to go to a benefit to the A. B. fund. The ladies of the Baptist church are preparing a Christmas tree for their Sunday school scholars, with the outlook there is a pretty good time in store for the little ones. Messrs. Bessie Munro entertained the pupils of her dancing class at her home on Eddy street on Tuesday evening. MARSH MALLOW.

RICHBUOXT.

[Progress is for sale in Richbuoxt by Theo. P. Graham.] Dec. 21.—The funeral of the late Miss Margaret McLeod of Halifax took place from Mr. J. F. Atkinson's residence on Sunday morning by the special train. Messrs. Geo. McLeod, Geo. K. McLeod and Gordon McLeod came in the same train to attend the funeral. Mr. McLeod, who has been pursuing the art of photography here since last spring, returned to the north last week. Mr. Philip Woods, who vacated the Commercial hotel last week, has retired to private life. Mr. John Kusk will make his home with Mr. Woods in Fagan street. Mr. Wilnot Brown, manager of the Kent Northern railway has removed to the Kent hotel. Miss Ella Ferguson returned home from Truro on Saturday. Judge and Mrs. James of Buctouche were in town on Friday. Mr. and Mrs. Wheten have taken a residence on Court's street. Mr. Harry Wilson, of Harcourt, is visiting in town. Mr. J. P. Caie returned on Saturday from a trip to Moncton. Miss Irving of Buctouche is the guest of her sister Mrs. John Stevenson. Miss Mate Smith left on Monday for Kent Junction to visit her aunt Mrs. J. Norton. Mr. Andrew Lewis spent Sunday in Auroora. AUBROA.

PEITCOOLIC.

Dec. 20.—Mr. George Blakney is home to spend his Christmas vacation. The Misses Belle and Flossie Stockton, of Sackville, are visiting Mrs. G. M. Blakney. Miss Mary Emerson entertained a number of her friends on Thursday evening last. Those present were the Misses Alice Trites, Grace Brown, Annie Webster, Birdie Blakney, Ada Brown, Julia Smith, Messrs. H. Hagerman, David and Harry Smith, Charlie Trites and Dr. Fleming. A very pleasant and enjoyable evening was spent. Miss Lena Keith is here to spend her vacation with her mother, Mrs. M. B. Keith. Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Huxley gave a large party on Tuesday evening. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Emerson, Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Trites, Dr. and Mrs. McDonald, the Misses Annie Webster, Annie Eastmond, Lena Keith, Alice Trites, Birdie Blakney and Mary Emerson. Messrs. George Blakney, Miss Smith, Harrison Hagerman, Fleming, David and Harry Smith, Charlie Trites and Dr. Fleming. Cards and dancing were the amusements during the evening. Mr. Charlie Trites spent Monday and Tuesday in Moncton. Mrs. W. W. Price has returned from her visit in Sussex. X. Y. Z.

HAMPTON VILLAGE.

[Progress is for sale in Hampton Village, by Messrs. A. & W. Hicks.] Dec. 20.—A very interesting event took place at the residence of Mr. Albert Fairweather last Thursday evening when Mr. Allen E. Fairweather of St. John was united in marriage to Miss F. M. Cochran. The bridesmaid was Miss Ida Fairweather of Sussex; the groom was supported by J. Arnold St. John. The bride was the recipient of many valuable presents. Among those present from St. John were: Mr. and Mrs. George Ketchum, Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Hoyt, Miss G. Hoyt, Mr. Frank Ketchum, Mr. G. Hoyt. Mrs. R. C. Earle entertained a number of friends to a pleasant evening on Wednesday last. A very pleasant time was spent at the social at the home of Mr. J. Titus on Thursday evening when all enjoyed themselves immensely. Mr. F. Morton and Miss Lora Morton spent Saturday here with Mr. C. M. Freeze. Among those who went to the city this week are Mrs. E. A. Flewelling Mrs. R. H. Smith, Mrs. William Frost, Mrs. William Gray, Mrs. Dr. Honeford, Misses Robert Fleming, John E. Coleman and James Smith are spending Xmas with friends in Boston. Mr. Hart Shaw, St. Martins is spending his vacation at home. AN OPEN LETTER. FRIEND "PELHAM,"—The poem "Where-Away" is from the pen of Jas. Whitcomb Riley, and evidently published mistakenly by PROGRESS as written for this journal. . . O, why, O, why, did you drop into dialect and thus shatter another of my fast-tottering idols? I felt myself so firmly grounded in my loyalty to the dialect that nothing could possibly shake my admiration thereof, but you happened along, with "yer" Josh Billings' orthography and a stock of apostrophic eccentricities that have completely subdued me, and have given me the anxious, haunted look of the man who has been struck in the neck with an affidavit. So, you are to kindly consider me as squelched. "PELHAM." Dec. 17th, 1893.