

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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THE BROKER.

The Commercial Traveller is a recognized institution of the country. In numbers and influence the travellers have increased tremendously in recent times. It would seem difficult to do without them now, though many merchants will still say that they are rather an injury than a benefit to the trade of the country. But an occupation of still more recent development is that of the city broker. In fact, modern push and modern business methods have almost created his calling. We refer now, of course, to merchandise brokers. A few years ago there might have been found in St. John an odd merchandise broker or two eking out a precarious living; now they swarm on all sides and prey upon merchants and dealers without let or hindrance. They sell, or try to sell, every conceivable thing "from a needle to an anchor" or from a case of canned goods to a car-load of whiskey. A wholesale flour and grocery man tells us that there are, in his line alone, a quarter of a hundred brokers in St. John—more, probably, than there are wholesale houses in that business. It is no uncommon thing for the wholesale grocer to have calls from ten or a dozen city brokers and say half-a-dozen outside travellers in the course of a day. They are almost always pleasant fellows to meet but they take up a vast amount of time and attention. In some cases they even outnumber the customers. If a broker wants to be popular with merchants, he should learn to say his say and "get out" with as little delay as possible. "Broking" is a favorite pursuit of unsuccessful business men and gentlemen of light means. It is a business which requires no capital, there are no risks to be run, and the returns are usually sure, though the amount of such returns may be a very uncertain quantity. However, the broker exists, and multiplies, and has evidently come to stay.

THINK OF THE POOR.

The winter, which a merciful providence seems to have held in check until now is here at last, and rarely before has there been a season with so many opportunities afforded the charitable for exercising that christian grace which St. Paul declared to be the greatest of all virtues, Charity.

Rarely has there been a time of greater or more widespread distress, when there were more people, unused to the nipping hand of poverty, reduced to actual want.

In the city of Boston alone an official investigation has showed 88,390 people out of work. While in New York, the figures exceed these, and from every State in the Union come pitiful tales of poverty, old and hunger. In the Western states the crops have failed, and the people are not only without food but without a dollar to buy it, or to supply themselves with fuel or clothing. Think of it—a country where the mercury drops to thirty and forty degrees below zero, and the inhabitants hunger and freeze, some of them burning up their few poor sticks of furniture to keep life in their bodies, eating food from which the poorest of us would turn away with loathing, and wearing rags, inadequate to protect them from the heat of summer, and the bitterest of mockeries for winter, in a climate where the thickest fur would scarcely be a sufficient protection against the bitter cold.

These poor creatures who are starving while we are well fed, shivering with cold, while we sit well clad and comfortable by our blazing fires, are stretching out their wasted hands to us for help, and we should be less than human if we failed to respond. It is not only on this side of the water that such distress prevails. In the mother country there is poverty enough, the unemployed are clamoring for bread, and the problem of feeding even a few of the hungry is getting to be a question of national importance, and one which calls for active legislation. But the machinery of legislation moves slowly as we all know, and meanwhile something should be done;

it is idle to criticise the existing state of affairs without offering some suggestion for their improvement, and the suggestion which seems the most feasible and at the same time the most practical, is that at least a portion of the money we are accustomed to spend at this season not only on our near and dear friends, but also on senseless luxuries, gifts, for absolute strangers, costly remembrances for people whom we either imagine will expect something from us, or else from whom we have expectations ourselves—should be applied towards relieving the wants of those who are poorer than ourselves. A turkey may not be quite such a beautiful object as a plush and satin manicure set, or dressing case, but still as a sustainer of life the turkey comes first, and as a Christmas gift, with the proper accompaniments of vegetables, and materials for a plum pudding, the former would probably bring infinitely more satisfaction into the home of a poor family, than the satin or plush gift could possibly bring to a more luxurious home. What an irony of fate it seems that one class should be squandering money or luxuries while little children are suffering for the necessities of life, and their parents starving.

Canada has much to be thankful for this Christmas! for bountiful harvests, for peaceful times, and freedom from sickness and sorrow; and it would be well if each of her sons and daughters would search out some poverty stricken family and try to bring some Christmas warmth and brightness into their sad lives; this would indeed mean keeping Christmas in the truest sense, and as it is more blessed to give than to receive, the best happiness must always be that which is in a sense reflected, the happiness which our own selfishness has given others, and which casts a glow of warmth over our hearts, such as no mere selfish gratification could ever bring.

The Editor of Progress.—Though I shall miss your charming paper, Progress, still my conscience compels me to advise you that your subscriber, Mrs. S. E. —, has returned to —, and that her copy of the paper should now be mailed her to that address instead of to Chicago. Permit me to compliment you upon the very fine appearance of your paper, and the general clean and wholesome tone of the paper as far as a stranger can judge. I shall miss the paper, as it seems like an old friend every Monday morning, and especially so since I have been reading the Norway articles by our own charming writer, Mr. Wakeman. Wishing you great success and prosperity, I am yours faithfully, Emily S. —, 20 Pratt Place, Chicago, Dec. 2, 1893.

The above letter needs no explanation, it speaks for itself. Progress has been told again and again that there are few if any newspapers in the United States that will bear comparison with it in appearance or in matter. There is only one paper in Canada that does so and that, published in Toronto, can hardly be called a newspaper, since, save in form its matter is more that of the literary, dramatic and musical weekly. Perhaps it is a little early to speak of it but Progress for 1894 promises to be better than ever. The arrangements for perfecting and increasing the interest in many of its present departments and the addition of others have already been made. Progress never was so widely circulated, so prosperous, so firm in the regard of its clientele as it is today. It will be the constant effort of those about it to increase its prestige and influence and make it more popular, interesting and instructive than it has ever been.

Dr. Day's story shows plainly that he has been harshly and ungenerously dealt with. His enemies must have had considerable influence with the council that considered his case. To find a man guilty of such charges as they did, and then pass a resolution for the publication of their verdict without arranging to have it done properly and correctly, lays them open to just and severe criticism.

PELHAM'S PARAGRAPHS.

"Dust to dust, ashes to ashes" has been said over all that was mortal of John Boyd. With all his greatness and all his frailties he has been laid away from us, and we shall see him no more in this life. Since all have to die, it were well, having lived a good life, to die as he died and be buried as he was buried. How strongly, though, most of us cling to life. There is a certainty in life. There is an uncertainty in death. Instinctively, we bear, as long as possible, those ills we have, rather than fly to others that we know not of." And now, each has had his say about the late governor, the little reminiscences have been brought forward, and, quite likely, before these words are in print, there will be new appointments—probably, a new governor, perhaps, new judges, perhaps, new senators. The world wags on about the same no matter who drops out. In making appointments, how refreshing it would seem to have a government, once in a while, step aside from the old party tracks and make an appointment of a man of worth, on account of his own qualities, and not on account of his subservience to party and to party leaders. In mercantile circles there are many men who would well fill a seat in the senate of Canada or the gubernatorial chair. What a fine senator or governor Mr. James Manchester would make. Perhaps Mr. Simeon Jones might be wiled away, even from New York, by an offer of a senatorship. Would not the bright intellect and keen wit of Mr. W. W.

Turnbull be of service in such a position? Then look at such a grand man as Alexander Gibson, the lumber and cotton king, besides hosts of men of a rather younger generation, men of broad views and sound business principles, such as Mr. Robert Thomson jr., the ship-owner, or Mr. Thomas McAvity, the hardware merchant. In the ranks of the medical profession Dr. Wm. Bayard would no doubt be available and there would not Dr. Peter I. Inches make a calm and judicious senator? These are but a few of the best names that occur to one's mind, somewhat outside the ranks of regular party politicians. Any one of them would make a good senator, a good member of parliament or even a good governor. I hope they will pardon such free use of their names for probably there are not many of them who could be induced to accept any such positions. It would however be an excellent thing to sometimes see political honors seeking out the best men of the country rather than see a scramble among professional politicians for each vacancy that occurs. I see there are no legal names among those I have mentioned but they are probably all available.

Is there anybody around anywhere who still believes that St. John is not going ahead—especially anyone who has lived any length of time in this progressive city—just let him take a walk around and look at the shops, especially during the holiday season. If such a Rip Van Winkle exists, let him, particularly, walk the length and breadth of Main street. There, in the north end of the city, the improvement is most noticeable. A few years ago the shops there were dingy, dirty and slovenly looking. The road-way was poor and given up alternately to mud and dust, unless there was a combination of mud and snow. The police force was inefficient (before the union) and each corner appeared to be in charge of a gang of tobacco-squirting mill-hands who insulted passers-by with impunity. Now, all this is changed. There has come the electric light, prying out and showing up the dingy corners. The paving of Main street gave an entirely new air to the place. The shop-keepers have waked up, new fronts have been put in, stocks are kept bright and fresh-looking and are tastefully displayed. In short, the old and dingy shop has pretty well disappeared and the new and attractive one has taken its place. The section now gets better police service and, altogether, Main street is getting to be an attractive street. Old Portland and old Carleton both profited greatly by "the union."

The anarchist, who threw the bomb in the French chamber of deputies the other day made a good job of it. He blew himself up. He blew off his right arm, his nose, a portion of his chin, and lacerated himself generally. What is left of him will probably be got into good enough order for the public executioner to operate upon. Like most of his brethren, he proved to be a worthless character—a vagabond and a thief, who had been convicted of petty crimes at various times. He confessed that he hoped to have killed as many as one hundred and fifty members of the chamber. What deeds rascals will attempt under the fair name of Liberty! The best way to stamp out anarchists and their like is for the people to organize "law and order societies" and take matters in their own hands.

At this season of the year the advertisements are interesting reading. Advertising has not only become a necessity with business men but the composing of ads., has become a profession. Non-professionals write good ones too but sometimes queer mistakes are made. A travelling chiropodist once set forth in his circulars that he had "removed corns from most of the crowned heads of Europe."

One enterprising St. John firm offers to pay outside buyers' railway fares. Distance according to purchase. Some ladies could do a vast amount of shopping on a railway fare.

"Wife—Can you let me have some money dear? I am going shopping. Husband—Great heavens, Maria, you'll ruin me."

Wife—(calmly)—All I want, dear, is ten cents for car fare."

That ther "feller" who wrote in last week's paper about them chaps as write in what they call ther "dialects," kinder didn't seem ter like my remarks. But he brought in a lot o' things as haint got no manner o' connection with the subjek, such as the "sun-kissed" (he must hev meant "frosted-nipped") "shores of old Fundy," "the great throbbing heart of the masses" and "the mournful crooning of the wind around their humble eaves" and so on. Them poor people aint no fonder o' "dialect" than any other folks. Poor people likes plain spoke and plain spell words most gen'ly. I'm rather fond o' fame, and like ter hev people a-hollerin' sorber like, about me, but I'd jest ex-liv be "dyspeptic" as "dialectic" and I kinder reckon about the only sort o' tams I'll git, in that yer direkshun, will be that reflected kind that "coldly silver-touches" them ther "naked boughs of December."

The following is said to have been omitted from that wonderful production, "The Mischievous Miss":

Mr. B.—So you'd like to become my son-in-law?

The Aspirant (very hard up)—Yes, sir, if you can afford it.

To Altiora.—I regret to say that I am not the author of those pretty verses about the land of Where-Away in last Progress. There was nothing to indicate that I was

I cannot enlighten you, though I should like to know who the author is.

The Campbell-Shattford investigation is at present. Decent people are advised to hold their noses. PELHAM.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

To S—, B—, P—.

With a Copy of the Masque of Minstrels. Look, friend, with kindly charitable eye! Many the faults that here forbearance crave; The pulling page, perplexed, O pass it by! But some sweet thought of commendation save.

For words that loyal are to love and truth; Or drop some tear over the heartfelt line; Count those the errors of an untaught youth, But these—the best are brightest—truly mine.

Here will my joys and sorrows well appear,— The flowing hopes that now no longer bloom; They seem like leaves of many a fruitless year, Or wasted chaplets laid upon a tomb.

ARTHUR J. LOCKHART.

To Anna Holyoke Barnes. Died at Campbellton, Nov. 25.

"A window was opened in Heaven" one day, And a little child passed through, A child with flowing, sunny hair, And eager eyes of blue.

God lent her to us for a little while; And He sent in her baby face, A transient gleam of the light that glows Forever, in His high place.

And we could not see, with our earth-blind eyes The brightness that touched our dawn; We never knew where our morning broke, 'Till now, when the child is gone!

FANNIE BARNES. Boston, Dec. 1st.

A Tribute from "Pastor Felix."

My heart saddens at the death of Gov. John Boyd, for though I saw him only once—and on that occasion heard him lecture—he was a man to whom the common heart of our humanity is akin, who lived not within himself, but who had a radiant life. "A city that is set on a hill—like St. John—cannot be hid," and such a light therein as Gov. Boyd sits lamently in its candlestick giving light to all who are in the moral or political house. Yet he was as much the property of home as any common or private man. God bless those who so suddenly lament and mourn."

A Hint to Grocery Buyers.

Hardress Clarke extends a hint to the readers of Progress this week, to save enough of their ready money by buying their groceries for cash at his store, to purchase a Christmas gift for some of their friends. Only those who know Mr. Clarke's prices can understand how readily this can be done, and a glance at those mentioned in the advertisements of this week will surprise many of those who have been accustomed to the remarkable values he has always placed before them.

Tickets for the Holidays.

The Canadian Pacific Railway will as usual this year have one fare holiday excursion tickets to pupils and teachers of schools and colleges. These will be good on the afternoon trains of December 22nd up to and including Christmas day, and also good for the three days before New Year's and New Year's day. For return passage the tickets are good until the 4th of January. This will give many people an opportunity of spending Christmas day at home who would not otherwise be able to do so.

Another Business College.

That typical Yankee Mr. Snell is reaching out after more business by opening another business college, this time it is Moncton that is to be favored. Mr. Snell has certainly achieved a wonderful success in teaching his improved or American methods as is evidenced by his two excellent schools at Truro and New Glasgow, N. S. and now New Brunswick is invaded. It is much better for our young people to get more business knowledge, and to get it at home is still better.

The Winter Number.

The winter holiday number of the Delineator comes to Progress from Mr. George H. McKay. As usual it is filled with the good things in its line. It seems like forcing the season a little to have a January number of a publication laid upon your table before the middle of December, but the many people who adopt the pretty things of fashion presented in the Delineator no doubt like all the time possible in which to prepare them.

A New Electric Bell.

A new electric bell is advertised in this week's issue of Progress, the remedy of Dr. J. Gordon Bennett, of Halifax, and the advertisement announces that he has established a permanent agency for this article in this city. His address at present is 4 Elliot Row. His advertisement can be seen on the second page of this paper, and will speak for itself.

Always Together.

A new set of waltzes called the "Always Together" waltzes written by Mrs. Frances Franklin Porteous, of this city, have appeared, and are for sale at the different bookstores. They are dedicated to Mr. James Ford, organist of St. John's church, and are quaint and simple, with a little waltz song running through the music.

A Ribbon Sale.

Mr. S. C. Porter, of 11 Charlotte street, is having a large and special sale of ribbons this week. He has bought a very large quantity in all varieties and shades, and depends upon suiting all who call upon him. The prices are very low and the shades such as will tempt many people to purchase.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

The Christmas annuals are making their appearance, and amongst them all, "Pears' Annual" the yearly advertisement of the great soap firm, bears away the palm for beautiful presentation plates. There are three, all by well-known artists, and excellent in color and design. By far, the best from an artistic point of view is, "Maccaroni" by Sani, which represents two old Italian monks tasting a dish of maccaroni, which one of them has just finished cooking. Messrs. Pears are noted for the beauty of the pictures they purchase for advertisements, and "Maccaroni" is one of the best; the attitudes the expressions and flesh tints of the two old faces are wonderful. "Goldfish" by Fred Morgan, is a very beautiful art panel, showing a young girl in Oriental costume kneeling beside a bowl of goldfish, the background is of tapestry hangings, and the colors and texture are brought out with such wonderful fidelity, that it is hard to believe it other than a beautiful piece of art needlework. The letter-press fulfils the promise of the presentation plates, the whole publication being devoted to Charles Dickens's Christmas story, "The Battle of Life," which is illustrated by Charles Green. The publication is quite up to the standard of the "Illustrated London News," or the "Graphic." Price 50 cents.

The illustrated London News comes in a new and attractive cover, with a charming child's face surrounded by holly and apple blossoms, floating in a cloud of golden hair, as a vignette. The opening story is by Rudyard Kipling, and called "The Bridge Builders," it is a strong tale of Indian life, and cleverly illustrated. "Nehemiah P. Hopkins, artist" is a clever sketch by Marie Corelli. "Uncle William's Present" by Barry Pain. A pretty story for children. "The Additional Guest" is a charming little comedy in six scenes, by W. E. Norris. "A Change-ling Changed" by Canon Atkinson is a charming fairy story for old, as well as young people and the other stories and sketches are up to the usual standard, while the illustrations are beyond criticism. The presentation plates consist of one large and two small pictures; the former, "Grandfather's Pet" is a very spirited drawing of an old rustic with his tiny grandchild standing on his knee, both faces are full of expression, the wrinkled apple cheeked old man's face especially. The artist is Arthur J. Elsley. "Une Columbe" and "Say Please" the smaller plates, are respectively by G. Crosland Robinson, and W. Oliver and are pretty studies in figure sketching.

Mr. Jacob A. Riis, the well-known author of "How the Other Half Lives" and "The Children of the Poor," has just completed his new book "Nibs's Christmas," which will consist of short stories, most of them true in substance, and drawn from the author's own wide experience among the working and pauper classes of New York. These stories are filled with human interest, and vividly written. They will be illustrated, and published at once by Messrs. Scribner, who intend publishing at the same time a new and cheap edition of Mr. Riis's "Children of the Poor."

Messrs. Scribner are also issuing the memoirs of Chancellor Pasquier, which are now in course of publication both in Paris and in this country. Few works of recent times can surpass in interest this record of the events of the French Revolution and Napoleonic times by the great French statesman, who took an active part in the events he so graphically describes. The work is edited by the Duc d'Audoubert-Pasquier, and will be in three volumes, with portraits.

Charles Scribner's Sons are bringing out a really magnificent art work this month, entitled "Rembrandt, His Life, His Work, and His Time." It is by Emile Michel, and promises to be both a faithful picture of the great artist, and a gallery of reproductions in color and otherwise of Rembrandt's finest works in paintings and etchings. The edition will be printed and bound in the most sumptuous style, and will be a treasure to the collector of fine books, the artist and the connoisseur.

It is not very often that one hears of literature being ordered by the ton, but that is precisely what happened to the publishers of the Cosmopolitan Magazine. On the 9th of last November they received the following order:

Publishers Cosmopolitan, Dear Sir,—Of the 200,000 copies of December number to be sent as, please send as follows: 172,000 copies regular edition, 27,250 copies R. R. edition. Yours respectfully,

THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY. This order meant exactly a hundred tons of magazines, which may give some idea of the popularity attained by the Cosmopolitan, in the last year.

Another new book which will shortly be issued from the Scribner press, is entitled "Some Artists at the Fair," and will be made up of contributions, both in illustrations and text, by Frank D. Miller, G. Hopkinson Smith, Will H. Low, J. A. Mitchell and W. Hamilton Gibson. Each artist naturally views the subject from a different standpoint, and gives his impressions of the Fair in a characteristic fashion, and will speak for itself.

A new biography of Sir Joshua Reynolds, by Claude Phillips, is now ready. It is illustrated, and will be sent out by the Scribner's in uniform style, with the interesting sketches of "Fanny Burney and Her Friends," "Horace Walpole and His World," Mrs. Thrale, "Lady Mary Wortley Montague" and "Dean Swift" which have appeared from time during the last few years.

Mrs. Alice Morse Earle's new book, "Customs and Fashions in Old New England," has been published but three weeks, and is now in its second edition already. It is repeating the success of her first work, "The Sabbath in Puritan New England."

Dr. Henry M. Field, the ever popular writer of travels, has just finished a new book which will be published at once by the Scribners'. It is entitled "The Bar-

bary Coast" and is a description of a leisurely journey through Algiers, Tunis and Tripoli, written in the author's well-known happy and original style. It is to be illustrated.

The prospectus of the eighth session of the summer school of science for the Atlantic provinces of Canada, has been received. The little pamphlet gives a clear idea of the work which has been planned for the coming summer.

A new edition, and a much cheaper one of Holland & Rockstro's "Life of Jenny Lind" will be issued at once by the Scribner's.

The Children's Delight.

Mr. Wm. Bruckhot calls attention to his Roger's groups of statuary in his advertisement to-day. The other varied lines of goods he has in stock will supply the joy in many a little boy's and girl's home on Christmas morning. That is their day and Mr. Bruckhot has made a point of pleasing the children as well as the parents. Careful attention to his announcement and a visit to his store will pay any one.

Mr. Dean's Christmas Meats.

Prairie hens and quail are some of the delicacies that Mr. Thomas Dean announces that he will have in his stall in the country market today. Mr. Dean is always front in the rank at all times, but during the Christmas and Easter seasons his variety of choice meats is simply wonderful. Those who have patronized him always do so again, and his customers cannot fail to be pleased.

Know the Sex.

Smythe—"What are you in such a hurry for?"

Tompkins—"My wife is lost! I'm going to the police station!"

Smythe—"You won't find her there. Go to the bargain counter."

A Dilemma.

"Deah me," wailed a Walnut street dude yesterday, "these sudden changes in the weather are beastly, ye know. It's so hard to dress properly. A chap nevah knows whether to wear a heavy cwsantheum or a light one, ye know."

'Twas Well to be Careful.

Director—"Well, is your candidate for the cashiership honest? Stockholder—He's as honest as a ham in being can be." Director, (doubtfully)—"Well, I suppose we'll have to put him under bonds then."

Condensed Matter.

Barber—How will you have your hair cut? Absent-minded Editor—"Cut it short; we've only got eighteen columns for everything."

DIGBY, N. S.

Dec. 13.—Miss Leslie of Annapolis, is visiting Miss Woodman at the Waverley.

Miss Baker, who has been visiting Miss Mc Cornick, returned to Annapolis last week.

Mrs. Watson spent a few days in St. John last week returning on Monday.

Miss Ostrand Radlock and Miss Mary Short, have returned home after spending some weeks visiting friends in New Brunswick and elsewhere.

Miss M. Bingham has returned to Yarmouth.

Dr. Lovitt and Miss Marshall, of Bear River, were in town Friday.

Miss Maggie Burnham has returned from a visit among relatives in Massachusetts.

Mr. Alton, editor of the Annapolis Spectator, was in town Tuesday.

Mr. C. W. Young has returned to Boston.

Mrs. J. M. Vets has quite entirely recovered from her recent illness.

Hon. J. W. Longley was in town last week on his way from Bear River.

Capt. Wm. Hughes left for Vancouver, B. C., last week, taking his little son with him.

Mr. T. M. Lewis, of Yarmouth, is in town.

Mr. St. Clair Jones, Mr. Sydney and H. L. Jones, Weymouth, were in town Saturday on their way from St. John, where they had been attending the funeral of the late Governor Boyd.

Miss Edna Hoyt, of Bridgewater, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. G. S. Hoyt in Weymouth.

Mr. and Mrs. Boyd McNell, of Weymouth, were in town Friday.

Miss Grace Guptill is visiting friends in St. John.

Mrs. J. E. Rimey, of Yarmouth, spent a few days in town this week.

Miss Helen Brown is visiting in St. John.

Mr. H. H. Wickwire, is on a trip to Halifax. PAUL.

TRURO, N. S.

Dec. 13.—The society pulse is normal, nay, even stagnant, this week. There seem to be no doings about but church teas and socials.

Last Friday evening Mr. Hugh Mackenzie had a very pleasant party at dinner. Among those partaking of this most genial host's hospitality were, Miss Yorston, Miss Garvey (Toronto), Miss Butcher, Miss Ethel Batchard, Miss Emma Christie, Dr. Yorston, Mr. A. Haddrell, Mr. E. R. Stuart, Mr. E. Fulton. The party was a most congenial one, and was given in honor of Miss Garvey, who is a guest at Mr. Mackenzie's.

On Thursday evening of last week Mrs. E. Wilson's progressive whist party and carpet dance was a great success. I forget the lady's name who won the first prize, but Mr. Martin Dieke captured the gentleman's first; and Miss Wetmore and Mr. W. E. Bligh, the consolation prizes.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Waring are guests of the latter's mother, Mrs. A. G. McKenzie, at the Prince of Wales. Mr. and Mrs. Waring have just returned from England per S. S. Mongolian, experiencing a very rough passage.

Mrs. J. W. Johnson gave two fine o'clock last week, on Friday and Saturday afternoons, respectively.

Mr. Paul Ambrose, of New York, late graduate of the Leipzig Conservatory of music, will spend the winter months here with his cousin, Mr. E. R. Stuart.

The report being mooted, that Prof. Faulkner is soon to resign his position in St. John's, and that Mr. E. R. Stuart, the present organist in St. Andrew's was to supply the vacancy, is entirely without foundation. Such a post is derogatory to both gentlemen, as in their respective positions they are too much appreciated to be dispensed with. PRO.

LOCKEPORT, N. S.

Dec. 12.—A cloud seems to have passed over the town in the death of Mrs. Irwin, the wife of Dr. Frank Irwin, which sad event occurred on the 8th instant. The funeral took place on Sunday afternoon, when a large number of relatives and friends were in attendance, to pay the last tribute to one who was so generally esteemed, and who leaves a husband and a tiny infant here below.

Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Irwin were in town to attend the funeral of their daughter, Mr. L. C. Johnston, the brother of the deceased, was also present.

Rev. A. F. Browne is at Jordan to-day, attending the meeting of the Shelburne county baptist association.

Messrs. Thomas of St. John, and Eberington, of Halifax, were in town this week.

Mr. R. H. Hill has returned to Lunenburg.

A large number of friends held an old fashioned surprise party at the residence of Mrs. Olivia Kemp-ton, on the occasion of the 85th anniversary of her birth day.

Mr. W. A. McDonald is on a visit to Halifax.

Mr. F. Payzant left on Saturday for the provincial capital, to interview the Rt. Hon. premier and Hon. minister of marine, on railway matters.

NEPTUNE.