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IN HIS PROUDEST HOUR.

A grand imperial federation of sympathy was that called forth by the death of Canada's premier in his proudest hour. It was his proudest hour not because he did not, as a Canadian, believe it to be a greater honor to be in the highest position in his own land than a Canadian can obtain, but because his efforts to bring Canada into closer connection with the rest of the British empire were being fittingly recognized and honored by the heads of the empire. The Queen had spoken in the highest terms of the services rendered by Sir JOHN in his "loyal and courageous mission." She had given him many other evidences of her admiration for his services to Great and Greater Britain. VICTORIA, while honoring Sir JOHN THOMPSON, was honoring this country. He must have been keenly conscious of the grandeur of the occasion. He no doubt also felt that her majesty was doing honor to the land of his mother—Scotland—and to Ireland, the land of his father. The appointment of Sir JOHN THOMPSON as one of her majesty's privy councillors was a great and national event.

Sir JOHN THOMPSON'S career has been one rapid rise. It was not the rise whose every increase makes more potent preparation for a tremendous fall. It was a rapid rise, but it was a steady one. He had not, like many who rise but to fall, and many who rise until they can rise no higher, "reached the highest point of all his greatness." His useful career was not just begun, but it would not have been by any means ended, had he lived longer to enjoy the special distinction by which England honored him and his country.

He was a unique politician, according to the popular idea, inasmuch as the breath of scandal never touched him. He gave himself to his country and the empire, and was not in politics for what there was in it, either in money or fame. He was the most modest of men, as many incidents in his career will show.

He was a lawyer—in a profession as much maligned as that of politician, but he showed, as many other lawyers have, that law is not a vast mendacious fallacy. "He is," said Sir CHARLES TUPPER in his recommendation of THOMPSON for the supreme court, "the ablest lawyer in Nova Scotia." He soon proved himself the ablest lawyer in the Dominion of Canada.

He was trustworthy—and he was trusted. He was trusted by the people of Canada; he was trusted by the foreigners with whom he came in contact in international affairs; he was trusted by the Motherland and the Queen. That supreme court judge of human nature, Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD, held Sir JOHN THOMPSON, when he trusted the portfolio of justice, with a mighty share of the weight of government. His confidence in his minister was unlimited. He not only referred difficult questions to the minister of justice for settlement, but he also sent men to him with complaints, wants, protests and the hatchets that they wanted ground. The keen old premier found him faithful in great things, and so made him ruler over the little things that so many great men are prone to slur over, with direful consequences.

Hon WILFRID LAURIER'S tribute to the memory of his opponent, and his actions in regard to the honoring that memory, are eminently graceful and pleasing. Whatever differences of opinion the leader of the liberal party may have had with the leader of the conservative party, WILFRID LAURIER and JOHN THOMPSON were, in their private capacity, friends. Although probably not knowing one another at all intimately, they saw much in each other to admire. The sympathy of Mr. LAURIER is expressive not only of that which is felt by men of all shades of politics at the untimely death of a true Canadian, but of the fact that there is a third party to which all true Canadians belong—a party which does not by any means exclude the two great parties of Canada, but includes the true men of both—the party that is conscientiously working for the best interests of Canada, and thus is united, though seemingly divided by a great and impassable gulf—the Canadian party. And it is in occasions like that of the death of GEORGE BROWN, or ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, or JOHN A., or Canada's latest premier, that the gulf closes up like the chasm of the Roman hero. Then it is that we

Canadians realize that we are all fighting a common battle, even if we do have what may seem to be an unbiassed mind—it such a mind can be found—inexplicable differences of opinion.

Sir JOHN MACDONALD considered it unnecessary to eulogize Sir JOHN THOMPSON at the beginning of his prime; and it surely is unnecessary to indulge in eulogy now. When the old premier introduced THOMPSON to the house of commons on his appointment to the cabinet he said that he would not praise the minister of justice, as the members of the house would soon see for themselves what kind of a man the new minister was. And now that his character has become thoroughly known to those members and to Canada, and to the wide world—words of praise are surely vain and unprofitable.

In several leading United States papers, a celebrated dermatological institution is publishing a portrait of HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSON as he really looked, and another portrait of ANDERSON as he would look after the dermatological institute had got in its work on his face. Despite the fact that in the second picture the old fairy-tale writer has a better collar and tie, than in the first, his proposed face would not seem to a careful student of physiognomy to be a great improvement on the one he wore when on earth. It was a kindly and hence beautiful face, that of HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSON. The rugged strength of his character was charmingly depicted upon his rugged face. His love for all mankind, especially for the children whose hearts he won, are written in every line on his manly countenance. The second picture lacks character as to the forehead. The chin and mouth are altered so as to take all the humor out of the face. The first picture is that of a genial, whole-souled man; the second is that of an avicious, selfish person. It surely seems like throwing a sickening perfume on the violet to alter the genial countenance of HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSON.

It is instructive, as showing that the editor of the Moncton Transcript does not think it necessary to read the sermons he publishes, to observe the scare headings of Dr. TALMAGE'S sermon in last Sunday's issue, which reads as follows: "On Revivals. Dr. TALMAGE objects to these Demonstrations. He Gives Some Reasons Why They Don't Help. The Real Beginning of AARON BURN'S Downward Career." The fact is that the sermon is strongly in favor of revivals, and that the only reasons given in connection with revivals are calculated to show that they do help. From the fourth division of the Transcript's heading in connection with the other division it might be inferred that revivals were the real beginning of the downfall of that prince of cultured blackguards and traitors, AARON BURN. Yet the point that Dr. TALMAGE wishes to bring out is that if a minister had not warned BURN against a revival which he wished to attend, he would have made a very different use of his wonderful endowments.

There seems to be a difference of opinion among the liberal-conservative press of Nova Scotia as to the manner in which the Truro Times has been conducted lately. The Truro Sun says that Mr. PUTNAM has conducted the Times with far more ability than that which has characterized any liberal paper printed in Colchester county. On the other hand, the Halifax Herald remarks: "It is understood that efforts are being made to induce A. C. MILLS to return to Truro and become editor of the Truro Times. For some years he was editor and manager of the Guardian, and made it one of the spiciest and newest grit papers in the province. Since then Mr. MILLS has had valuable experience on some New York papers, and he is well qualified to galvanize the Times into life."

In another column will be found the story of MARY PAYZANT, (who, it is said, was the sister of General MONTCALM) of her adventures in Nova Scotia, of her meeting with MONTCALM, who was supposed to be responsible for the death of her husband, and of her being with the general in his dying hour after the battle of the Plains of Abraham. The story is copied from Our Home, a Montreal paper, but it is substantially the same as appeared in another upper province paper some years ago. Leading historians fail to find any trace of MONTCALM'S having had a sister, but the PAYZANTS of Nova Scotia insist that the story is true, and furnish proofs that, if not very numerous, are at least as convincing as those of the other historians.

It is not pleasing to minds that are unsatisfied with anything that detracts from the eternal fitness of things to know that JIM ROOT, the engineer who ran his train through a Michigan forest fire, saving many lives by the daring deed, is now making a public exhibition of himself in a play on the Bowery. But his glorious action will still be honored by believers in the fitness of things.

The Telegraph criticises three poems which appeared in the last issue of the University Monthly. It is only fair to the Monthly to state that the last poem criticised originally appeared in the Toronto Saturday Night.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Sable Island Lifeboat. A DECLARATION. The Sable Island lifeboat crew, Their watch fire light sat round; Each one told of a wreck he knew, And they heard the breakers sound. They sang a song, those sea dogs eight, Deep as the sad sea's flow; "Dark roll'd the sea, the night is late, Haik! how the wild winds blow."

The storm howled black along the sands, The songs of the men are still; A ship sailed by from other lands, And the wide sea roll'd at will. But hark! the lone guard's distant call, From the dark mist floats afar, "A wreck! a wreck! up boatmen all! "A wreck on the north east bar!"

"Brave lifeboat men, now stand ye true!" The trumpet hoarsely rang; "Men to the oars, your utmost do!" The trumpet almost sang. They launched away across the night And the white and angry foam; Mousing the billows' swelling height, And they prayed for those at home.

The mountain seas along the sand, Broke o'er the helpless wreck; And in the mists the longed-for land, Was hid to those on deck. But to the boat from out the air, Dawns on their eager eyes; "Lifeboat ahoy!" went up their cheer, At this most glad surprise.

Though wildly swells the heaving sea, Swept by the flying gale; The crowd into the lifeboat flee, Fear on their faces pale. The wind may howl the sky along; Brave hands the shores know well; They put with steady stroke and strong, Safe o'er the ocean's swell.

Now on the beach give God the praise, That rescued are they all; Give Him the glory whose own way, Are where the billows fall. But hark! again the trumpet's lip, Calls louder than before; "The captain's babe is in the ship! Who brings it safe ashore?"

Then up spoke one, a seaman brave, "Bring forth the rocket gear; Shoot clear the line across the wave, It may fall safely there. Across the rigging should it hold, Then I the spurt will try; Though winds be wild and waters cold, The sweet babe shall not die!"

The work was done, the line held fast, Wound in the spars it stayed; The sailor saw it cross the mast Nor was his heart dismayed, For soon where sleeping lay the child, And just the waters rise; As in a dream it softly smiled, And in his arm it lies.

They look towards the wreck and see, East o'er his shoulders bound; With room to keep his breathing free, He has the babe he found. Now see, he dares the billows high, Now up! now down they sweep; O God! who rules the waves, be nigh; And guard them in the deep.

Now peals the trumpet forth again, Its message loud and clear; Where roll the surges to the main, The sailor's drawing near. "The heli is the seaman's form! High on yon billow's crest; He swims nor heeds the blinding storm That beats against his breast.

"Stand by, brave men along the beach," "Clasp hands down through the tide," "He comes! he is within their reach!" "The babe is safe!" he cried. Quick hands unroll the blanket out, Wet with the salt-spray wild; "Hurrah!" "Hurrah!" "Hurrah!" they shout, He saved the captain's child.

Pansy Poeh, Dec., 1894. CYRUS GOLDE.

Retrospection. I jolly muse, sweet heart, with thoughts of you A cross the vista, dim, of silent years; World-weary, heart-sick with the many fears That still my pulses throbbing; till a-though It all, your steadfast face, with eyes aglow, Perfect, of all there is, that's pure and good; And, so the Juneteenth with his fields of snow Sky nodding pines of daisies, and the brood Of gauzy insects, singing life away, World force, amid the rhythmic sway Of summer's music; oh sweet, so sweet, And when the night creeps up from o'er the sea, Crowned with the beauty of her myriad stars, So, all this sweetness, lying at my feet, Is hushed in hazy purple ecstasy. Fastless, calm, in moonlight ecstasy. And the roses, do you hear the thrill, As crimson petals thirsty hearts unprise? A murmur sweet, from golden daffodils, "A lover's breeze comes up the star-lit haze," Faint dreamy music, and I see you stand With sad, pale face and sweetest eyes of light,— I, too, am lonely in this far off land, Bedight with beauty, as it is tonight.

SEAWARD.

The Triumph of Hinkey.

CARMEN PILE YALENSIS. [It is still timely to sing of the great Harvard-Yale battle. It will long live in song. The following spirited account of Hinkey's triumph is from the New York Sun.]

Hinkey piled into him, cracking and cuffing of him, Kneeing him and crumpling him, knocking out the stuffing of him, Swatting him and smashing him, a-buffing and a-buffing of him.

"Scientia emollit mores, Nec sinit esse ferus!" "Rab, 'rah, 'rah for football glories, 'Rab, 'rah, 'rah for football heroes!" "Hinkey forever, 'rah, 'rah, 'rah!"

Hinkey gouged one optic out, gave him an abdominal strain and wrench with a sweeping kick that really was phenomenal. Did he up for good, I guess; now let us sing in common all:

"Scientia emollit mores, Nec sinit esse ferus!" "Rab, 'rah, 'rah for football glories, 'Rab, 'rah, 'rah for football heroes!" "Hinkey forever, 'rah, 'rah, 'rah!"

Hinkey battered into him, Hinkey leaped on top of him, Broke his collar bone, drove into the ground the hairy mop of him, With a daisiest uppercut broke the teeth and clasp of him.

"Scientia emollit mores, Nec sinit esse ferus!" "Rab, 'rah, 'rah for football glories, 'Rab, 'rah, 'rah for football heroes!" "Hinkey forever, 'rah, 'rah, 'rah!"

Hinkey crept behind him, twisted off the thigh of him, Tore off both his ears and then beat the other eye of him; When they got the stretchers out, Hinkey had made pile of him.

"Scientia emollit mores, Nec sinit esse ferus!" "Rab, 'rah, 'rah for football glories! 'Rab, 'rah, 'rah for football heroes!" "Hinkey forever, 'rah, 'rah, 'rah!"

Lowest Prices on Children's Books, at McArthur's, 90 King Street.

The Loving-kindness of the Lord.

"They shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord."—Ps. 107, 43.

The power of God is seen and marked By all who love His name And seek in every phase of it A Mid peace, content, or worldly strife, His goodness to proclaim. 'Tis seen in every trivial round, In nature's wondrous range In foliage green, in spreading sky, In every sea's change.

The snow-topped mountain's lofty peak, And Africa's burning sands, The ice-bound shores of polar seas, The bright and cheerful strands, Are all within His watchful care To guard and guide, to bless and spare! The peoples of these lands.

We who in peaceful homes rejoice Would heartfelt homage bring, And offer earnest prayer and praise A song of loud and joyful praise To thee our God and King.

The Chrysanthemum Show.

Like to the wanderer in a spectral night, Where gray and silver alone are manifest, Who—pacing through the weary hours' unrest—Chances upon a vision of delight, If some high hall a company of bright Color and form, in bountifulness expressed, And lingers for a while to call it blest: His weary heart thenceforward gay and light.

So, in the dim hours of the dying year, When retrospective thoughts my way pursue, And Winter roughly, yet serene and austere, Then motley, ill-assorted retinue, Luxuriant Chrysanthemums, sans peer Thy beauties ban my cares, my hopes renew. —Toronto Saturday Night.

"FILOSOFY AND FOLLY."

By Jay Bee.

"Christmas comes but once a year!" And with many it causes fear, Because its many anticipations Are not quite up to expectations.

Second childhood should not be despised, as it is proof conclusive of a successful voyage over the first, and it may be your experience next.

Encouragement to the ambitious is as oil to the ordinary machinery and while not so expensive, is equally effective.

Because a man paints the town red, he need not make the air blue.

Even as dreams are to our natural life, so are expectations to our realization.

Honesty by force of circumstance is dishonesty.

The very effort some people make to appear above suspicion is the strongest evidence against them.

A man may not be above suspicion and still be entirely innocent of wrong doing.

Flattery is unacceptable except to the weak-minded.

If pride was a preventative of poverty it would be pardonable.

Poverty often remains so through a misconception of pride.

When an anti-tobaccoist generalizes his antipathies he will no longer be a specialist.

Specialists may not be so tartarous "good" on other subjects.

Cranks are made to turn, but you may not turn all cranks.

If temperance politicians carried out in their political careers what they profess in their private lives, the aims of prohibitionists would be more quickly materialized.

In the political arena the lions lose their fierceness when the show's ended. That is when the election is over.

If "man's inhumanity to man" did not extend to women it would be more excusable, and less disastrous.

The "laugh of a child" does not cost so much as the "smile" of a man.

OVERHEARD BY A LOITERER.

Sir John Thompson's Death Recalls an Anecdote of Sir Charles Tupper.

Just now politics is in the mouth of everyone and people who never concern themselves about the welfare of the ship of state are giving at least a passing thought to those things which have to do with legislation and government. When Sir John Macdonald died people wondered who was the greatest man in Canada, now that Sir John Thompson is dead public opinion again takes up the question and, this recalls a story that I do not think has ever been told and yet is, I am led to believe, quite a boner.

It is about Sir Charles Tupper, and concerning the time when he went to school at Wolfville. He went through Horton Academy and then entered Acadia college. When he sought the office of the principal to sign the matriculation book, the worthy doctor asked him what he intended to make of himself. "I am going to be the leading man in the country," replied the ambitious young man.

His words have come to pass. If they did not when Sir John Macdonald died they did, at least, when Sir John Thompson was lost to Canada. But most people will say, I think, that Tupper was second only among Canadians to the founder of Canada.

Why is it that the majority of Canada's great men are Scotchmen? Is there any special quality in the Scotch nature that makes it flourish on colonial soil? The fact is that the chief post of honor in the gift of the Dominion has been, you might almost say, monopolized by Scotchmen, or by people of Scotch descent. For a quarter of a century they have sat in the chief magisterial chair. The names of Sir John Macdonald, Hon. Alex. MacKenzie and Sir John Thompson appear on the roll of honor. The only exception was Sir John Abbott and he was premier only a year or two. Now, if Mr. Foster gets the appointment another will be added to the list of successful Scots.

Canada is the most misrepresented country in the world. The amount of

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spurious information about the Dominion that has been circulated would fill libraries. The United States press gets its Canadian news, no one knows how, and the British press gets it through the United States. Besides this, various English and American travellers visit us for a day or two and write six hundred pages of impressions.

The latest contributors to this library of curiosities of knowledge are Max O'Rell and W. T. Stead. They have given utterance to the most astounding piece of news about Canada that has been published yet. How men of their standing could be so misinformed it is hard to conjecture. Any one who had been in the Dominion half an hour should know better than to write such nonsense.

In his newest book, John Bull & Co., Max O'Rell says that Canadian parties are divided on the question of the future destiny of Canada. There are the Imperial Federationists, the annexationists and those who believe in the present condition of colonial dependence. Then Stead, in his Review of Reviews, endorses the statement.

In the eyes of Canada Mr. Stead will lose considerable of his dignity. I would like these gentlemen to show wherein the question of Canada's destiny enters the platform of any of the parties, and I would like them to produce a voter who casts his ballot on the destiny issue.

In one of his books Barrie tells about a man who contracted cancer in the hand through carrying a cane with a round knob for a head. I met a stranger phenomenon than that the other day. I was sitting in the window of a King street hotel when a bright young newsboy came along and endeavored to sell me a paper. I didn't want any, so like other hustling business men he made me a premium offer. "I'll play you a tune on my chin if you buy a paper," he said. I did not understand, but out of curiosity accepted the offer. Well, of all the strange ways of producing music from the beginning of the world down this was the strangest.

The newsboy stood at manial ease on one foot, cocked his head on one side with the air of a high class critic, puckered up his mouth so that the skin was drawn tight over his chin, and proceeded. With arms raised and his papers clutched under one elbow he commenced to beat with his knuckles a rapid tattoo on the improvised drum head of his chin. It made a very passable solo and every note of the simple tune that he played sounded clear and accurate. It was a strange fad (fad is a

Chu ch Prayer Books Half Price, at McArthur's Book Store.

good word to use, for newsboys have fads as much as more highly favored people) and appeared to be quite general among the profession and helped them considerably with their sales.

"You ought to have heard Jimmie play though," he said when he had gotten through. "He was a daisy at it, but his chin got sore and the doctor says he has cancer. It may get better though."

Afterwards I made enquiries about Jimmie and found that the originator of a new form of disease was getting better.

St. John hears some echoes of the great social discussions that are going on elsewhere but we don't feel the heat of the battle. The new woman is to be seen here and she is asserting herself. Industrial problems are being considered more and more and some of the churches are approaching in some respects the nature of the institutional churches of American cities. These churches are considered to be more practical than the ordinary churches. On Sundays industrial and sociological subjects are considered in the pulpit and on week days they try to improve the social and temporal condition of the people. Among these churches in Boston are the Shawmut Universalist church, the Berkeley Temple, and the Parker Memorial, the People's church, the Shawmut Congregational and the Ruggles street Baptist. There are none in St. John, but some of the St. John clergymen take up the industrial and social question in their pulpits Sundays and accomplish much practical good in this way. Notably among these are Rev. Mr. MacNeill, Rev. Mr. McKinnon and Rev. Dr. Bruce. Here there is no need for the institutional church. The Y. M. C. A. can do all this institutional work required and can do it at a less cost of time and money than the individual churches.

THE LOITERER.

PEN AND PRESS

"Cyprus Golde," a poetical contributor to Progress concerning whose identity many inquiries have been made, has published a song, "Beautiful Lady May," which appeared in a slightly different form in Progress some time ago. The music is by "Margharita," a young lady of much musical talent. The air is simple and pleasing. Persons wishing a copy of this song can obtain it by sending 25 cents and their address to Music, P. O. Box 54, New Glasgow, N. S. "Beautiful Lady May" will probably have a large sale. "Cyprus Golde" informs us that his poem, "A Declaration on the Bell of Blandford Bay," which appeared in Progress, has been the star piece of an elocutionist in Boston who bought Progress in that city. The declaration published in today's Progress, "The Sable Island Life-boat," was written for the same elocutionist.