

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from its new quarters, 29 to 31 Canterbury street, St. John, N. B. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

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

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.

The Circulation of this paper is over 13,000 copies; is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

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

SIXTEEN PAGES. AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEB. 16.

THE PEOPLE DISAPPOINTED.

The tax reduction portion of the common council have concluded their investigation into the affairs of the city and the substance of their report is before the tax payers. It is significant that there is a majority and a minority report, the former declaring that there is no opportunity to make a saving in civic salaries or to amalgamate offices and departments, the latter outlining a sensible, practical and economical scheme upon which to conduct the affairs of the city.

Now that the report is before the people it is open to criticism and it will be handled without gloves by the disappointed taxpayers. We say, disappointed taxpayers, because all that the council can say will not convince the intelligent voters of the city that there is no chance to reduce civic expenditure and yet carry on the affairs of the community in a practical, satisfactory manner. We believe that if the reform council had gone to work as many of their friends wished and reported upon each department as investigated, and carrying out such recommendations as they made promptly, that there would have been a different result today. While it is all very well to say that the inquiry could not be hurried, that it would never do to make changes and then unmake them, we have always held that the postponement of the report would result disastrously. It has, in deed, so far as the hopes and wishes of the T. R. A. are concerned. The time was too long, the influence brought to bear, too strong, for the convictions of some of the reform aldermen to remain steadfast. They wavered this way and that, they sought to save one departmental official and behead another until they literally destroyed their own work.

The Tax Reduction Association will not find it a difficult task to select the true from the false. They know the men who have carried out their ideas and those who have simply used the association for their own purposes and deserted them in the end. But the T. R. A. has made a grand beginning. How many associations have accomplished more in a short time than it has? There is no reason, that, because some of its standard bearers have deserted its principles that it should become disheartened. Such an association is for the good of any city and the work in St. John is not ended by any means. What this council has failed to perform, another may do. Sentiment will not always prevail. Business and economy must triumph in the end. The citizens elect men, not to listen to the pleadings of useless officials and their friends, but to do their duty, to save dollars for the taxpayers when it is possible and not to retain influence and save votes by unexpected leniency.

It is true that this is a small community, and that no official can be touched without many of his friends being sensible of it but that is no reason for leniency. The T. R. A. and its leaders, many of whom composed the council afterwards, pointed out to the people where saving might be made. They were elected upon that platform—a platform that many of them have had no hesitation in deserting.

We must not be drawn away from this fact by the assertion that the council has done a great deal of work, that 15 men have done what 26 men used to do, that the investigation has been a huge affair and that it has taken up a vast amount of time. That is all very well, but what is the result; practically nothing, save the information of civic affairs furnished in the report.

The people are disappointed and they have a right to be. We are much mistaken if they do not emphasize their feelings at the polls.

GEOMETRICAL PROGRESSION.

One of the most surprising laws in any of the sciences or arts is that simple law of mathematics known as geometrical progression. The postmaster of the little village of Kaneville, Illinois, is fully aware of this fact. It is because of the amazing increasing and multiplying that pertains to this law that this gentleman and his mail

clerk desire to resign, but are unable to find any persons to take their places.

Kaneville is a town of about four hundred population, and yet its mail at the present time is probably greater than that received by the largest corporation in the world. The salary of the postmaster is two hundred dollars a year, which, considering that he has to work nearly all the time, is not enough. He would probably not have accepted the office had he been aware that he would spend his days and nights in the most tiresome labor, the unhappy victim of geometrical progression. Not only this, but he has had to hire a clerk, paying him out of his meagre allowance. Even with this assistance he would not be able to do his work were he not assisted by the residents of the village, who regularly take turns in helping him.

There is a woman at the bottom of the case. With the idea of assisting the crippled sister of the young man to whom she was engaged to be married last September, Miss EDNA BROWN began the task of collecting one million cancelled postage stamps, to be sold to a Chicago man who was said to have made an offer of a hundred dollars in cash for that number. Miss BROWN got the million. She also got over seven million more, and they are still coming in at the rate of one hundred and seventy thousand a day. She has discovered that she cannot sell the stamps, for the Chicago purchaser has proved to be a myth, and now it has been found impossible to shut off the stamp supply. There being money orders and cash in a great many of the letters that are coming in, it has been thought best not to burn unopened letters addressed to Miss BROWN.

The trouble with Miss BROWN's plan of collecting the stamps was, as has already been hinted, the ignorance of that young lady concerning a law of mathematics. She wrote three letters to as many friends, asking that each send her ten or more cancelled stamps and also to write to three other people with the same request. They, in turn, were to follow the same rule of procedure, thus making an ever increasing "chain." Miss BROWN numbered the letters she wrote "No. 1," and requested each of the three persons that she wrote to number the letters they each wrote to three persons apiece "No. 2." This was to be the method of numbering. "Any one receiving No. 50 will please return the letter without making copies, as that ends the chain," wrote Miss BROWN.

"Anyone breaking the chain will involve serious loss to the enterprise," was the postscript, which was, in the light of subsequent happenings, infinitely humorous.

Miss BROWN became Mrs. GARMAN at about the time the millionth stamp came, and a happier young couple could scarcely be found. But the stamps would not stop. The GARMAN family were in the condition of the man who wished for an immense quantity of gold, which came pouring in upon him and finally buried him. Not only the family, but, as has been shown, the whole town, was affected by the increase of mail that came to Mrs. GARMAN nee BROWN. The postmaster and the driver of the stage encouraged Miss BROWN's philanthropic idea heartily at first, but finally began to grumble when nearly the whole of the stage coach became filled with mail. There is a heavy penalty for neglecting Uncle SAM's mail, and neither the postmaster or the driver wish to incur that penalty.

The affair and the Kaneville mail have at length achieved such grave proportions that the United States post office department is looking into the matter. This investigation of the inspector put upon the case has developed nothing fraudulent upon the part of the promoter, and it is hoped that the department will not be content with a simple investigation, and will take some decided step to put a stop to the influx of stamps to Kaneville. It is interesting to know that if only one stamp was sent by each person written to, there would be a grand total of 1,179,592, 547,585,102,883,135,372 stamps if the million 50 is reached, and the chain is unbroken, as was Miss BROWN's desire when she inaugurated her plan. The one "No. 1" letter would bring three stamps, the three "No. 2" letters nine stamps, the nine "No. 3" letters twenty-seven, and then the sum commences to amount up with amazing rapidity.

Miss BROWN evidently never read that juvenile classic, "Sanford and Merton," for in that book there is a story concerning a man who offered to sell a horse to another man for one grain of wheat for the first nail in the horse's shoes, two grains for the next, four for the next, and so on. The man eagerly accepted this offer, in lieu of one before made, and was greatly surprised on being shown that he would have to corner all the markets of the world before he could expect to pay for the horse at the price agreed upon, and so decided to pay the amount first asked. The author of "Sanford and Merton" takes the opportunity of preaching a little sermon on the benefits of a mathematical training.

The "chain scheme," or, as it has been more appropriately called, "the snowball scheme," is not new to the people of the maritime provinces. In fact a similar enterprise is now on foot in the city of St. John. Some years ago, a "chain" was begun for the benefit of a deserving Nova Scotia poet who was in

adverse circumstances. Each person was to contribute ten cents, and was to write three letters. The chain was to stop with "No. 20." The letter which was to be copied so many times gave this warning, which is like that of the Kaneville epistle: "As a single refusal will involve serious loss, you are earnestly entreated to comply with the request." The "chain" must have been "broken" rather early, however, for the total amount got by the poet was not something over three hundred million dollars, as would have been received had the programme been carried out without a break, but the modest sum of twelve dollars and sixty cents.

A similar "chain" was begun some years ago to help a school in the maritime provinces that was in financial difficulties, but as the school is not at present the most richly endowed on the continent, it is possible that the chain was broken in this case also.

It is a well-known fact that the doctrine known as Malthusianism is deduced from the fact that for some time past, the population of the world has shown a tendency to increase by geometrical progression. In speaking of this tendency, DARWIN said: "The elephant is reckoned the slowest breeder of all known animals, and I have taken some pains to estimate its probable minimum rate of natural increase. It will be safest to assume that it begins breeding when thirty years old, and goes on breeding till ninety years, bringing forth six young in the interval, and surviving till one hundred years old; if this be so, after a period of from seven hundred and forty to seven hundred and fifty years, there would be alive nearly nineteen million elephants descended from the first pair." And human beings "increase and multiply, and replenish the earth" much faster than the elephant. Population has, over a vast extent of territory on more than one continent and through long stretches of time, doubled once in twenty-five years. At this rate the population of the United States would be, in a hundred and fifty years from now, something over three thousand two hundred millions. Long before that time, the people of the United States would be emigrating to Canada's larger territory, but if Canada kept on increasing in the same ratio, even though the States has a very considerable start, as the further the progression progresses, the more startlingly it increases, the Canadian government would probably cease offering the present inducements it gives to intending settlers. One authority says that if the population of the world increases in the next two centuries as it has in the last two, there will be about a square foot of space for each of the inhabitants thereof.

Despite these predictions, the present inhabitants of the world that is geometrically progressing may feel assured that natural and economic reasons will "break the chain" in regard to the future population of the world, even as the links became detached in the case of the Nova Scotia poet who received, instead of many millions, twelve dollars and sixty cents.

Rev. E. F. DIXON, priest's assistant at St. Luke's church, Halifax, who contributed a long article to PROGRESS on the woman question two weeks ago, evidently thinks that gentlemen of his profession should not be debarred from expressing their political opinions. Mr. DIXON makes the following statement concerning Canadian political affairs in a late number of the Newcastle, Eng., Chronicle: "The new premier is a man with a very clear record, and is personally very generally respected. But his appointment, it is already hinted, is only a makeshift until Sir CHARLES TUPPER, at present in England, is in a position to accept the premiership."

Both Canadian and American newspapers have severely censured ABERDEEN for his action in regard to the Ottawa carnival. Once a Week, a leading New York journal which has hitherto been especially friendly to Canada's governor-general, is the most severe of all. But if we are to believe a dispatch from Ottawa, the gentle lord seems striving to get "solid" with the press and people once more. The dispatch reads: "Lord ABERDEEN has expressed his willingness to give \$2,000 to see a repetition of the storming of the ice castle as given during the carnival."

ROSKERY has just been made a professor of history. It will be remembered that when GLADSTONE called him "the man of the future," the new premier modestly said, "I am beginning to realize that it is easier being a man of the future than a man of the present." The events of the past week or so seem to indicate that ROSKERY has no time to waste being a man of the past.

"Astra" criticises one of the most glaring faults of her sex this week—the wearing of big hats at public gatherings. In connection with the United States legislation concerning the big hats, it is interesting to note that the new lady members of the Colorado legislature voluntarily took off their high hats during their first session and laid them on their desks.

London Tid-Bits, in an article entitled "About Champion Skaters," says: "It is a notable fact that talent in the way of skating seems, in a sense, to be hereditary—the SMART family and many others being notable instances of this." Tid-Bits is correct for once—we have a notable instance of this right here in St. John.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Out of a Twilight Sweet. (A Valentine.) Out of a silvered twilight sweet, Came light in a tender gleam, Laying a flower at my feet, In the bloom of a poet's dream. Its beauty brought to the soul in me, The charm of the skies above, Fraught and filling my beating heart With the eloquence of love. I was a rhymer and hope could sing, Of old enchanting lays; Ballads of zantant troubadours, And ladies of high born ways. Loved me on till o'er the heart, Of a maiden heaven blest; That flower of mine was one she wore, And softly in these confessed. She laid her jeweled hand in mine, And my willing soul sprang up; And from the lips of her silent smile, I captured love's brimming cup. When to my own I raised it close, Her full eyes looked me through; And in my own she saw and read, My heart is in love with you. Love looked across her features fair, As the white rose on her breast, And threw a flash of summer glow Into my soul to rest. Out of her wondering gaze, O life, The sorrows of mortals chase; Oh never a cloud bring o'er the dream That sleeps on her lovely face. Now here I talk with her in faith Out of that twilight ray; I hold her hand in mine again, Oh hear, love, what I say. Harts of the beautiful meet and tell, What has been my come no more; Till ending this life unseen hand, Forever shall shut the door. Pansy Forch, Feb. 1895. CYRUS GOLDBE.

"The Mystic Lake." Once in a summer land, years, years ago, A lake of almost silver by its rest, And every shadow that upon it fell, Forevermore was indured on its breast. The trees that first into its waters gazed, Might still within its limpid depths be traced, Nor ever, by a newer shadow cast, Was the reflection of the old effaced. And there, within the lake so clear and calm, The pictured forms of ages still were seen; And men could read in a lettered page Of all that was, and all that e'er had been. So ages sped, At last from realms of night The "Prince of Darkness" comes in deadly hate—"Yon mystic lake's sweet scenes of mortal joys My handiwork power shall obliterate." "Ah mortals! foels! ye children of the tomb—Ye think your joys eternal in your pride—Forevermore through your fair lake shall roll The giant waters of my Lethe tide." So through m-m-m's lake, the glow my sea Of dark "forgetfulness" ever must flow And nothing—Ah nothing! can e'er be reclaimed From the infinite ocean of "long ago." EDELWEISS.

Pleasures (?) of Winter. In last week's PROGRESS there appeared an original poem entitled "The Pleasures of Winter." And now the Glasgow Ballie comes to hand with a poem in the same metre, and with nearly the same refrain, which seems to have been specially written in answer to the PROGRESS poem: The poets a' rave o' the bonnie white snow, An' speak o' hoo' insoovently doon it can fa'; Did ye ever get "yin" on the e' w' a' ba'?— It's yin o' the pleasures o' winter! Or it doon ye back it gangs wi' a' rin, Till then ye ne'er thought yer build was sae thin; You tried hard ta' see the sun's sort o' a grin— For its yin o' the pleasures o' winter! Ye hear a' hot talk o' the glen'sin' frost, The icicles blinkin' like o' mout's o' cost— Wi' a' host, did ye ever near see the ghost? It's yin o' the pleasures o' winter! Hoo' bonnily everything sparkles aroon, For yer life ye couldna sun upen a' roon, As the grain' can' up as quick 'ye sat doon— It's yin o' the pleasures o' winter.

For the earth tak's on a polish like glass, An' we pit doon oor feet as flax we can guess; But oor toes an' oor heels towards Heaven gang exress, In search o' the pleasures o' winter! Then hurrah for the poets that speak o' the spring; Awa' wi' yer rhyms o' oor cauld feet wha' sing; Eh, my sime jains enoo with tuitache gang ding— It's yin o' the pleasures o' winter!

The Franchise in Georgia. Ain't any state but Georgia with votin' every day; No time to kiss yer sweetheart, no time for makin' hay; From Monday still to Monday the blamed elections come, With the blowin' o' the bergies 'n' the beatin' o' the drum! An' its vote! vote! vote! Roll yer sleeves up, jerk yer coat! Fer a little bit o' office, Or an odd-five-dollar note! Ain't any state but Georgia where there's votin' every day; No time to go to meetin', or to pull a rope in May; From week to week forever the blamed elections go; You strike 'em in the springtime an' they're with you clean to snow! An' its vote! vote! vote! Roll yer sleeves up, jerk yer coat! Fer a little bit o' office, Or a small two-dollar note! Ain't any state but Georgia with votin' week by week; Can't hardly sit a minute with yer family to speak; From year to year forever, the blamed elections come, Till you want to spike the trumpets, an' you want to bust the drum! An' its vote! vote! vote! While some flier steals yer coat; Fer a little bit o' office, Or a mean one-dollar note! —Atlanta Constitution.

Eventide. When fall the deepening shades of night, The quiet evening hour, How sweet to contemplate His love, Our Father dear, in Heaven above, Think of His gentle power. All nature seems to rest in peace, A calm pervades the scene, A reverence deep dwells in the heart, There's longing in the inward part For light and life unseen. And as the mind dwells on God's love, His wondrous work and way, We feel an influence good and bright, See gleamings of a heavenly light, Constraining us to pray. That He will guard with outstretched wing Our life, our work, our way, At early morn, when shadows fall, Each day and hour, what'er befall, And ever be our stay. FEB.

Ex-Empress Eugenie. The ex-Empress Eugenie is as much a recluse as though she were a nun. She spends most of the day in her boudoir, with a tablet in her lap, sketching or writing for the memoirs she is preparing for publication. The book will contain some unpublished letters of her husband and son, and the proceeds from it will go to the fund for the relief of the widows of the war of 1870.

THE PRIZES NOT FORTHCOMING.

"Tommy" Grievance Against the "Veterans" Captain. TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: The officers of the 66th "P. L. F." so it was stated in your paper of a recent date, differ from the officers of the other Halifax battalions inasmuch as they try to draw the social line between themselves and their men." Be that as it may, but facts prove that some of them differ by drawing the financial line also. Take an instance. The 66th battalion went to Bedford last August for their annual target practice. Prizes were offered (battalion and company) to encourage good shooting, and a list of prize winners with the value of the prizes won was published in the morning and evening editions of most, if not all of the Halifax papers the day following. The Battalions and most of the company prizes were issued along with the annual pay last December when the drills terminated for the season. The 1st Veteran company naturally expected that they would be settled up with for the season, as was done by captains of other companies. The captain of the 1st Veterans informed his men that he had not made up the company prizes yet (that is the money part of it, I suppose he meant) although the tradesmen's prizes, such as a meerschaum pipe, a years free issue of the Mail, Recorder, and Echo, and other articles were given months ago upon the winner presenting an order signed by this captain. The men have asked repeatedly when they are to expect the money prizes won, but I suppose he draws the (shall I say social or financial) line at that, and coolly says, "Very soon now," "I expect next week," "I'm going to call a meeting," etc. This has now been going on since last August, and I think the sooner the captain of the Veterans calls a meeting and explains to the men what has become of the money, it will be more honorable to him, and still more satisfactory to the men of his company. A large number of men are wanted to complete the establishment of the regiment by the 1st of April next. It will, I think require a large number to fill up the gaps that will be made by men retiring on account of the treatment they have received. TOMMY ATKINS. Halifax, N. S., Feb. 5th, 1895.

THE BICYCLE MINSTRELS.

A rare treat in the way of minstrelsy is in store for the theatre goers on Feb. 25th and 26th when the Bicycle Club minstrels make their second bow to a St. John audience.

A competent judge of this style of show who attended one of the rehearsals, said that without doubt these performances will be far in advance of anything of their kind ever put on the boards of this city. The songs, solos, jokes, etc., are all new, bright and catchy, and the end men will deal with politics and local events in their own original way.

The second part contains the following pleasing features—Prof. Morani in his juggling and conjuring, and the Bicycle club quartette, followed by a most laughable original sketch in which wonderful musical instrument called the Fakeophone will be introduced.

The performance will conclude with the musical extravaganza, Christopher Columbus. Many local celebrities will make their debut in this piece. The music, costumes, stage setting, in fact all connected with this final piece will be of the highest order and entirely original.

Old Time Tragedies.

In a series of articles contributed to PROGRESS, last year, the leading facts in connection with some old time tragedies is St. John were given. Among the notable cases thus dealt with were the murder of the McKenzie family by the Sla ins and Breen, the story of Rdburn the sailor, the truth about Paddy Bargan and Judge Chipman, and the murder of Clayton Tilton at Musquash. With these articles as a groundwork the compiler, Mr. W. K. Reynolds, has since made the stories as complete as they can be made by reference to all available records and by the evidence of people, still living, who were well acquainted with the circumstances of the various cases. The McKenzie murder, for instance, has thus been extended to many times the length of the original sketch, and great care has been taken to make a complete record of the affair, from the inception of the crime to the final escape of young Slavin from the penitentiary. Its value as a matter of authentic local history will thus be easily understood. These stories are about to be issued from the press of PROGRESS and will make a book of some 100 pages in paper covers, retail at 25 cents. As there is likely to be a rapid sale for it, dealers and others should send their orders to this office as early as possible.

The Petticoat Unemployed.

It is nototten that the quiet village of Petticoat is so infested with the unwelcome unemployed element, as it is at the present time, or at least, the following facts would lead to that conclusion. On the evening of Monday, the eleventh inst., quite late in the evening, the family of the Rev. Mr. Matthews was greatly disturbed by strange sounds, which seemed to come from the vicinity of the barn. Upon the

Rev. gentleman's starting to investigate the matter, the desperadoes apparently became alarmed and fled precipitately. What brought them there at that unseasonable hour is certainly mysterious. It is presumed that they may have had it in their minds to break into the parson's barn and take whatever might be of service to them. They probably were tired of tramping, and thought that a horse and sleigh would be an agreeable acquisition. At any rate they must have been interrupted, as nothing was taken. The barn was, fortunately, securely fastened on the inside. As far as can be discovered they have been allowed to go unpunished, as no steps have been taken to trace them.

The Bread War in Halifax.

HALIFAX, Feb. 14.—Moir, Son & Co., sell bread at 4 cents a pound in this city. The small bakers sell at 5 cents. Both dispose of all the bread they make. Public sympathy helps the men who have the small capital and who sell for the larger price. The "bread war" promises to continue for some time yet.

THE DESTRUCTION OF ART.

How Some Very Valuable Pictures Have Been Destroyed. Without mentioning the works of art to the value of untold thousands which have been ruined and destroyed by wars, fires and so on there have been many occasions on which works valued at as much as £20,000 apiece have been wholly destroyed by careless workmen and carriers.

Two at least of Turner's most magnificent works have been destroyed by ignorant workmen. In one case a man in the employ of a picture-dealer was told to rub a damp cloth over a certain oil painting. Mistaking the picture, the man rubbed a cloth absolutely wet over a water-color drawing worth a fortune-smudging the whole affair.

Farnley Hall, in Yorkshire, possesses some grand "Turners," and some few years ago a workman cleaning a ceiling let the end of a ladder fall against the wall and go through a picture valued at £12,000. Only the other day a picture by the great French artist, Jules Carrier—its value was £20,000—was destroyed by a boy who was "larking" and put both feet through it. A playful youth, who shot a marble through a window from a catapult, destroyed a Meissonier hanging on the wall opposite to the window, with the same amount; and a statuette by Flaxman not many years since was stolen in its case from a carrier's van, and was used as a target for stones by a number of lads living near the Tottenham Court Road. The known works of art which have been destroyed by carelessness and stupidity alone are valued at millions sterling in the aggregate.

The Archbishop's Ruse.

The late Sir James Lacaita was quoted by Archbishop Thomson as the model of self-possession, and the instance by which the Archbishop illustrated this was highly amusing. He and Sir James were seated in the same carriage, leaving King's Cross for the north, when, as the train slowly steamed out of the station, the portmanteau belonging to the latter was observed left behind on the platform. Without a moment's delay its owner put his head out of the window and shouted "Murder!" at the top of his voice, at the same time gesticulating violently with his arms. Officials managed to get the train stopped, and came hurrying up to the assistance of the supposed victim, only to be met with the blandest of smiles and politest of requests to bring that portmanteau in the train. At first they were inclined to be a bit nasty at kindly thus "done," but seeing the portly form of the Archbishop (the supposed murderer) convulsed with merriment, they gave way to peals of inextinguishable laughter.

Tact.

"I do not like big women," said the heedless gentleman sitting next to an unusually tall lady at dinner, and then, seeing his blunder, he added, "At least, when they are young."

NORTH SYDNEY.

PROGRESS is for sale in North Sydney at the store of Messrs. Lope and Co. FEB. 12.—It is such an age since we had an entertainment of any description that the charity concert on Tuesday night proved a boon in more ways than one. The hall was quite filled and the sum of one hundred dollars realized. The musical part of the programme was very nicely rendered, one of its chief features being the violin playing of Miss Agnes MacPherson and Miss Poppet. Everyone seemed to enjoy Mr. Saunders' impersonation of "Old Black Joe" and the same might be said of the duet "Who's to Blame?" between Miss Katie Moore and Mr. H. E. Moore, the sentiment of whose song was scarcely in keeping with their quiet quaker garb. Miss May MacPherson responded to her encore with a charming little song. The programme followed: Overture—"Golden Days,".....Orchestra. Chorus—"The Merry Mountaineers,".....A. E. Robinson. Solo—"Angel of My Dreams,".....Miss L. Young. Mr. D. W. Mackinnon and male chorus. Solo—"The Song that reached My Heart,".....Miss May MacPherson. Waltz—(Instrumental Trio),.....Orchestra. Miss C. A. and M. MacPherson and Poppet. Comic Duet—"Who's to Blame?,".....Miss K. Moore and Mr. H. E. Moore. Piano Duet—Miss Vought and Miss A. MacPherson. Solo—"Margie,".....Miss L. Young. "Dream" Waltz,.....Orchestra. Miss Agnes MacPherson—Accompantist. Farce.....Sarah's Young Man. CHARITERS. Mr. Mogridge.....J. D. Howson. Harry Fielding.....L. Robertson. Sam Spicard.....A. E. Robinson. Mrs. Mogridge.....Miss L. Young. Aramida.....Miss Vought. Sarah Tibbs.....Miss L. Lewis. Mr. A. Robinson, as Sarah's young man, seemed to be in a perpetual pickle and caused the other characters a great deal of uneasiness from which, however, they all emerged smiling in the end. There were a large number of people at the rink on Tuesday to witness the skating of the Messrs. Brown and MacCormick of St. J. In the night there is a race between MacCormick and McNiel, the Cape Breton champion. Mr. Willard Thompson returned last week from Amherst. Mr. A. G. Hamilton has gone to Antigonish for a few days. Mr. L. P. Christie and Mr. Arthur Boreham have gone to Halifax for a short visit. Mr. H. E. Baker was in town this week on his way home from Halifax. Some of our young people have been enjoying the snowing, but no one seems to have sufficient energy to get up a tramp—a few lack the snowshoes and a larger few the inclinations. Once more can we hold our heads above snow, having gradually become shovelled out, but the sleighing is decidedly heavy still. Long may it be ere again it snows as only snow snows in the pages of an illustrated Christmas story. I am sure there are a few who will share their wish with DALLAS.