

PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DEC. 25.

HON. MR. MITCHELL'S DEATH.

The death of Hon. JAMES MITCHELL is the sad event of the week in this province. Much regret has been and will be expressed for the demise of a gentleman who was popular in the broadest sense of the term. It might almost be said of him that he had no enemies—certainly no bitter ones. For many years he was connected with the government of New Brunswick and gained the highest position possible in that body. But to the regret of all who hoped for better things in Provincial government when he succeeded Mr. BLAIR, Mr. MITCHELL'S health did not permit him to carry out those administration reforms which must necessarily have suggested themselves to him. While in the government he was generally regarded as the one man whose principle and integrity could not be questioned. The political exigencies of the times no doubt forced him to bow to the will of his colleagues and consent to many measures of which he could not approve. While not aggressive or inclined to force his opinion to the front frequently he could be firm when the occasion required and as provincial secretary he allowed no interference with the affairs of his department. He was very popular in his county of Charlotte and greatly esteemed by those who knew him intimately. The province can ill afford to lose such a man at present.

The Canadian Engineer possessed of a conscience that is either too conscious of rectitude to anticipate reproach, or too scared to care for it, says he has discovered the origin of forest fires by witnessing one in its very inception. Here is his story: The tree had been partly uprooted by a severe windstorm, and leaned over the tree nearest to it, some of which happened to be dead. Fierce gusts blew down from the neighboring mountains and caused the branches of the inclined tree to rub with considerable force against those upon which it rested. After the friction thus developed has been kept up for many hours, avers this courageous engineer, the dead wood upon which it was exerted first began to glow, then burst into flame, and a fire that swept through miles and miles of valuable timber was the result.

Things are very different now from what they used to be, and the story of the financing of the public boards, for instance would be a regular romance, with pathos, humor, and everything else in it. The growth of the bonded debt of the city was like the growth of the Leaning Tower of Pisa. The old financiers thought there was no necessity to assess for interest on the debt, so instead, if the civic revenues were insufficient, they would issue bonds to pay the interest on these, and so on. But the financing and management of the school board was stranger still. For some years there were no inmates kept at all, and later still a secretary's bookkeeping was so simple that it was all contained in one book, an entry book of income and payments.

While the Banks of France, Germany and Austria are government institutions the Bank of England stands upon a different basis. Ever since its incorporation in the days of WILLIAM and MARY the bank of England has been a private institution controlled and directed by private individuals. Still it occupies a somewhat dual position inasmuch as it is the fiscal agent of the government, receiving the public revenues, paying the interest on the public debt and generally managing the government finances. More than this its directors take no step of importance without the concurrence of the ministry.

By a vote of nine to six the aldermen decided to accept the recommendations of Chief Engineer KERR for appointments to the fire department. For that is virtually what the appointment of driver DONOHUE

meant on Thursday. An attempt is being made to change the law so that the chief can have absolute power over the department. It would be well to go slowly in this matter. The majority of the council can be depended upon to be without prejudice and it is sometimes as necessary to have the chief of any department under discipline as the men who are in it.

The world shows progress so far as the criminality of women is concerned in at least the States in the American Union. Iowa has 1,145 convicts in State prison and only thirteen are women. In the prisons of Massachusetts there are now 6,912 men and 1,145 women. In the New Hampshire reformatory for men there has been an increase of fifty, while in the reformatory for women there has been a decrease of forty five.

A queer industry has sprung up in Michigan, namely the conversion of pine stumps into shingles. It is stated that stumps of trees which were cut twenty or twenty five years ago remain enduring and obdurate obstructions to the cultivation of the soil. They are still sound and turn out excellent shingles when so used.

The compliments of the season that have passed of late between the editors of the Telegraph and Moncton Transcript are amusing in their way. These two champions of the cause of liberalism should have enough to do to watch the Tories without sparring at each other in this fashion.

If Alderman MILLIDGE is an ex-officio member of the safety board much longer he will know something of police affairs and methods. He is not by any means ignorant of them now but his cross-examination of Chief CLARK is so unique that he is bound to get out new facts here and there.

Belgium seems to hold a prominent place in the march of progress. In her parliament when a man is making a gay speech he is supplied with brandy at the government expense. This is an encouragement to the art of oratory, surely.

Alderman WARING wants the city to have a police fire alarm system. It will cost from \$3,000 to \$5,000. St. John has many other needs more pressing than a police alarm system.

The weather during the past week has not been very favorable for a busy holiday trade, and as a natural consequence the usual vim and rush is noticeable by its absence.

Belgium can go Chicago one better in the delicacy of sausages. The former city turns all the old horses into the trulent but vaguely mysterious sausage.

Moncton has lost its street railway. The ambitious city is not maintaining its reputation for progression. The railway hub seems to be retrograding.

A week from today old Santa Claus will own the country.

A Good Place for Christmas Gifts. No firm has made more extensive preparations for the holiday trade than Messrs Myers Bros., whose advertisement to-day upon the 8th. page is well worth reading. This firm sells both by auction and at private sale and those who wish bargains in every sense of the term should give this inviting store on Charlotte street a call. Residents of the country will be interested to know that the store is between the country market and Union street. All kinds of jewelry and fancy goods can be found there and the prices are such as will astonish the average purchaser. Mr. A. W. Myers gives his personal attention to the business and will be found a satisfactory and straight-forward gentleman to deal with.

A Letter From W. A. Nelson. TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS.—I noticed an item in PROGRESS issued Saturday, 11th. inst. headed "Trustee Gray's Haste," in which the names of the trustees and myself were quite prominent. I have been informed that a certain party has intimated that I wrote the above mentioned article, but as I did not write it or have anything to do with it in any way, whatever, respectfully ask, in justice to myself and all parties concerned, that you exonerate me from this charge, in the next issue of your paper. W. A. NELSON. Fairville, N. B., Dec. 13, 1897.

Notice to Correspondents. As Christmas Day this year falls on Saturday PROGRESS will be published a day earlier, and correspondents will please send their letters a day earlier than usual.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Love Must Turn the Scale. Whenever homes once cheerful, And bright with a happy life; A hasty word and a tearful, Bringeth a scene of strife. When hearts are with anger shaking, At a estrangement may prevail; In the heat of passion partaking, Love must turn the scale. The tongue may strike a bitter blow, Unconscious of its power; And lay a tender blossom low, In some unguarded hour. The barbed spear may pierce the soul, As oft when foes assail; And tempers rise beyond control, Love must turn the scale. When a quarrel has overtaken, The home of the young and true, One may be left forsaken As oft' in this age they do. When the cool fit to anguish swelling, Springs from an idle tale; A burden of grief forestalling Love must turn the scale. When faith's sweet way is hard to keep, And from some passing jest; A bitter thought within may creep, True principle to test. When struggling patience too gives way, And hope can nought avail; When dark despair has come to stay, Love must turn the scale. When the roses are surely fading, In the path where once they grew; And sorrow, is slowly shading, The dwelling that first they knew; When playing and fond believing, And pleading all seem to fail; And the spirit to death is grieving, Love must turn the scale. When times that first moved on aright, Go now from bad to worse; And life once beautiful and bright, Seems blighted by a curse. When want and sore distress arise, Armed in a coat of mail; And all is low beneath the skies, Love must turn the scale. When in a rage some vow to part, When all things promised well; When joys last light must soon depart, In grief too sad to tell. When home can no sweet peace afford, And hate doth mock and rail; Try just once more the magic word, Love must turn the scale. CYRUS GOLDS.

The Shadow Over the Way. Come, little wife, to the window; look at them over the way. You can see on the blind their shadows, and watch them at their play. Open the casement a moment: the night is mild and still. Hear the tread and tone of the dance, and the laughter merry and shrill! One can almost guess the names, as each childish outline flies. Was not that little Nini's? There's no cheating a father's eyes! Hark, what a chorus of shouts! Though I caught no single word, I could swear a silver penny our Katie's voice I heard. Aren't you glad, for the children's sake, we let them snare the fun. Though it means that we sit here alone till our Christmas Eve is done? And how good that the shadows are yonder, so plain on the blind, to say That the darlings, though absent, are near to us still, and happy and gay! What's ere you weeping, dearest? A sob is in your eye. Has my unheeding talk, then, startled a deeper note? Have I touched the old, old sorrow, yet throbbing with music, that the shadows are yonder, so plain on the blind, to say Which two whole years of peace have never quite laid to rest? You are grieving again for the other, the lost little five-year-old, Joy of our heart and our eyes, with his curly locks Who, this very Christmas Eve, had he stayed with us, would have been seven; And with him 't was not "over the way," but far off — you are thinking—in Heaven. Far off, little wife? Why far off? Why farther than over the street? Why should we deem that God's Home is a distant, dim retreat? If He near us Himself, filling our lives with His grace, Why should those living in Him be banished to uttermost Space? Ah, but we hunger to see them! Yes, dearest, and God knows how much! How we yearn for one smile from our boy, a look from his eyes, or a touch! Yet, it is but "through the veil," we can trace no shadows that tell Darkly of Faith as it gazes and waits, —He is here he is well! Ay, and the veil hides glory! With light it is all aglow; Snatches of song are wafted sometimes to the watchers here; There's music and mirth for God's little ones, sure, in the Father's care, And we dare not grudge to our darlings the joy of being there. Least of all on this Holy Eve, which marks His own infinite grace; For a sinner came with carols when to us a Son was given; God grudging not His best to earth; shall we grudge our best to Heaven? Come from the window, dear! Let us wheel our chairs to the grate. We will gaze on our grief with God, and cheerly talk and wait. We shall not wait long for them now to come from across the way. And the one in the Father's House we shall kiss, too, again—some day.

Memories. Ghosts of departed better days, Vague spectres of forgotten scenes, Peace-messengers whose presence brings Tranquility, when twilight flings Its purple gloom, and night convenes Her spirits in the amber haze, Dark-robed magicians by whose art Forgotten forms are conjured up, Shrewd alchemists whose cunning hold Turns recollection's rust to gold, And pours in fancy's silver cup The dew of peace to still my heart, I welcome you this lonely night, Crowd round my chair and revel free, Nor mind the storm-king's fractious shout Who holds wild carnival without, Throw charmed mantles over me, My restless heart with dreams delight. Haste, while the deepening shadows steal A-down the dusky path of night, Do harbingers of spirit hands Who lure the soul to unknown lands. Haste, while the embers' dying light Its mystic picture-lore reveals. What glories in your largess seem! What grotesque forms your magic makes, And in the lights that come and go Dream-phantom of the long ago Its visions of dead days awakes, And sets thought's smould'ring fires a-gleam. What strange emotions thrill the heart As each Elysian shade appears! Sweet apparitions gliding by As clouds float o'er a summer sky— These spirit-forms of bygone years, These phantasmas of memory's art.

Kit's Jubilee Letters.

Kit, the well-known editor of the Woman's Kingdom page of the Toronto Mail and Empire, has long held a prominent position as one of the foremost women-writers of this continent. Her description of travel and her writings on social subjects, not to mention her weekly correspondence column in which she has given advice and sympathy to thousands, have made her a welcome guest in numberless Canadian homes. It was universally conceded that her letters on the World's Fair were the best piece of journalistic work that appeared on that subject. They were widely quoted in the press of the United States, beside receiving attention in Canada. Her recent descriptions of the Diamond Jubilee Celebration were not less important and attractive, and calls for their collection in book-form has come from many quarters. Dealing as they do with an event in the Victorian Era which was interesting to every subject of the Empire, they form an interesting memento of the sixtieth year of the Queen's Reign. Their gifted author had exceptional opportunities of seeing and knowing all that was going on, and the brilliant account of it she wrote forms delightful reading. Presented to the Prince and Princess of Wales, and a guest in the houses of the nobility, Kit did not forget the masses of the people with whose trials and joys her broad sympathies have kept her ever in touch, and there is a human element about her writings that goes straight to the heart. At the same time her Jubilee Letters were a memorable feat of journalistic description, the high character of which was at once appreciated. Cloth, 16 mo. Price, 75 cents.

Tim and Mrs. Tim—A New Book.

The Toronto News Company, Limited Toronto, has just published a new book 'Tim and Mrs. Tim: a story for the 'Club' and 'Society' man and the 'New' woman.' The story is a satirical account of the trials of a wife who was burdened with a husband who was a 'society' fiend. He joined so many societies that he never spent a night at home; in fact he became a husband in name only. In bringing him to his senses, his wife becomes herself a victim to the mania for joining societies. The sequel shows how the husband and wife were brought to a realization of their duties as members of a society. The story will certainly be enjoyed by every wife whose husband is a society or club man to the neglect of his wife and family and by every husband whose wife is inclined to be, in his opinion, to strong an advocate of 'Woman's Rights.' The book is witty and yet instructive—factors which will tend to make it the popular book of the season. Our unfortunate country is so 'society' ridden, that everyone will enjoy reading this clever sketch. The book closes with a poem which will no doubt be read at many entertainments during the winter. It hits off the 'society' fad in excellent style, and it is at the same time highly moral and instructive in tone. The book is printed on fine paper, in clear type and handy shape, and is for sale at the bookstores.

Fine Beef for Christmas.

Mr. Thomas Dean of the Country market is always on the lookout for something choice for his customers when the festive season comes around, and he usually secures as good as, if not the best, that is on the market, this year some idea of what will be offered to his patrons can be gleaned from the following paragraph from the Guelph Ont., Mercury. Mr. A. W. Maybee, of Toronto, purchased for John McDonald, Jr., of St. John N. B., the better which carried off the Jubilee sweepstake prize of \$50 at the Guelph Fat Stock Show last month. This animal is considered by many good judges to be the finest in America. She has won 17 first prizes previous to this exhibition. Mr. Maybee also secured for the same party the first prize steer in its class, and which made such a close competition with the better. They will be shipped tomorrow. The price was about \$150 apiece. Both of these animals have been secured by Mr. Dean.

Christmas and New-Year Holidays.

The Intercolonial Railway will issue excursion return tickets to points east of Fort William, Detroit, Windsor, Sault Ste. Marie, &c., and to points on the Dominion Atlantic Railway, from December 21st, to January 1st, inclusive, at first class single fare, good for return January 7th, and local excursion return tickets at first class single fare for the round trip (adding sufficient to make fare end in 0 or 5) from December 21st to January 1st, inclusive, for the Christmas and New-Year holidays, good for return January 7th. Commercial Travellers can obtain excursion return tickets on the 18th, 19th, and 20th on presentation of their Commercial Traveller's Certificates.

For the Christmas Trade.

Mrs. W. H. Jones floral establishment on German Street has a decidedly holiday look, an unusually large amount of greenery being disposed around for the Christmas trade. The display includes palms, ferns, sword ferns and rubber plants,



azules in the different colors, violets in bloom and a profusion of cut flowers. The beautiful scarlet holly may also be obtained at this establishment, in sprays for decorative purposes. A visit to Mrs. Jones' place next week, will be something to be remembered.

Something New in Ribbons.

The Parisian, up-to-date millinery store received by express from New York a large lot of ribbons, the very prettiest and latest novelties put on the market. The patterns are known as the Roman stripe and the ladies who have inspected them at the Parisian show rooms were delighted with the gorgeous display. For stock bows, four-in-hands, and dress trimmings the new ribbons are simply superb and must catch the fancy of the most fastidious. To introduce these latest novelties in ribbons, Mr. Marr has decided to make no charge for making up bows. An importation of silk violets has just been received at this establishment.

Christopher to the Front Again.

The versatile Christopher Nichols had an admiring audience at his tonsorial art rooms on Prince William street one day this week. Christopher and his landlord are not on the best of terms at all times, and sometimes the knight of the razor gets into difficulty with those who supply his shop furniture. The result of all this was that when a crowd gathered around to hear an eloquent auctioneer there were three lawyers present to see that justice was done their respective clients who had an interest in the furniture. Still when all was over, no one was hurt, and Christopher was hard at work in the evening as usual.

New Calendars.

The Royal Insurance Company, J. Sydney Kaye, agent, have issued two very useful Calendars the larger of which contains a beautiful view of Windsor castle and a pretty river scene. The second has a crimson shield and types of the different peoples under British rule. This year the Company have also supplied their friends with convenient little pocket diaries, in which are accorded the great fires that have taken place in Europe and America during the past few years.

Dr. Gray May Not Resign.

Last week, PROGRESS had a few remarks to make in regard to school matters in Fairville and Dr. Gray's participation in the imbroglio over there. The gentleman referred to resented the strictures so much that it is now stated that, whereas he had intended to resign the chairmanship of the school commission there, he has now decided not to resign. There is a great deal of Scotch stubbornness in Dr. Gray.

New use for a Poodle.

A Southern woman says that she never sees a white poodle, dressed up with ribbons and bells, and waddling along in apathetic content, without being instantly reminded of a former pet of her own.

This dog mysteriously disappeared and although large rewards were offered for his return, nothing was heard from him. At last, one day, a servant of the house brought him in to his discouraged owner, in an indescribable dirty and abject condition.

"Where in the world did you find him?" she asked, with a mixture of delight and disgust, as the dog looked up at her with malicious, twinkly eyes from under a soiled drab fringe of hair. "Oh," replied the man, doing his best to repress a chuckle, "I done found dat Mopsey 'bout a mile from hyar, missus. You see, dere was a trifling niggah, he'd got Mopsey tied on to de end ob a pole, and he was projecting to swab all his windows wid dat dog; but I reckon he didn't get mo'n seven or eight done, missus!"

Positively all Done by Hand.

All open front shirts done by hand with the New York finish. It is picturesque—Try it. UNGAR'S LAUNDRY and Dye Works. Phone 58.

Oldest Sovereign

The oldest temporal sovereign in Europe is Grand Duke Adolph, of Luxembourg, who is eighty years of age.

All affections of the scalp, such as sores, eczema, dandruff, baldness, and falling hair, can be cured or prevented by the timely use of Hall's Hair Renewer.