

PROGRESS.

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

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Tomorrow will be Christmas day, an anniversary that brings with it many recollections and varied, pleasing to some and fraught with pain to others. It is a day that enlists the faculties of the mind and sympathies of the heart—the principal day in fact of the three hundred and sixty five that arrests the attention of wayward man on his pilgrimage through life, and causes him to look back upon the ground over which he has journeyed for the last twelve months, and note the various happenings great and small that have gone to make up another year of existence, the strange blending of sunshine and shadow that lends to life the charm it holds for every human being. It is a season too, which coming with the natal day of the religion of charity makes it a peculiarly happy time for erasing from the scroll of memory all bad debts of ill will and unkindness, and beginning on a new book of mutual good will. The song of the angels repeats itself instinctively in every mind; every star puts on a new brightness, and the story of the shepherds "who watched their flocks by night" is told over and over again beside millions of firesides. The Christmas story is the greatest tale that was ever written, and one that through all the centuries has never grown old. It is ever new and ever glorious; and though perhaps in this practical age there is not quite so much outward display of rejoicing, the true Christmas spirit still prevails; it is the time of kindly impulses, of self denial and little deeds of unselfish kindness practised towards those to whom the great day is but a name. Christmas is what each heart makes it, bright with the memory of a year well spent, of happy hours that have flown too quickly; or, shadowed by the remembrance of pain and bereavement. Progress tenders a kindly regard to all its readers, and wishes a continuance of happiness for those who are happy—and a hope for all, that lifes troubles may be few and far between, and that this and coming Christmases may be happy ones in the truest, highest sense of "A Happy Christmas."

A BAD SMASH UP.

There is some interest in the Maritime provinces in the affairs of the Farmers Loan Saving Company of Toronto which went into liquidation recently. The interim liquidator in his report says that the affairs of the company are in a disgraceful state, and the worst fears of the creditors and shareholders of the concern have been realized. There has been, he says, a total disregard and ignorance of a proper system of keeping accounts. No balance sheets and no ledgers have been kept. Lump entries have been made. The result has been that even when certain assets were making no revenue the fact was not known. The company has therefore taken credit for more income than it has received, and has in that way paid \$361,000 in excess of its earnings. Hon. WILLIAM MULOCK postmaster general of Canada is interested to the extent of \$100,283, which includes his private investment as well as that of several estates which he manages. Maritime province people are involved to the following amounts as shown by the stock list at the beginning of the present year.

Table listing names and amounts: Estate of J. S. Belcher, Halifax, \$1,400; Trustees Belcher and Paisley, Sackville, 3,500; Miss A. M. Belcher, Halifax, 1,800; Mrs. A. Braine, Halifax, 4,500; Mrs. H. A. Creelman, Truro, N. S., 2,190; Trustee of Mrs. H. Dickie, Truro, 3,750; R. Gow, Dartmouth, 1,400; James Hart, Halifax, 7,500; Miss A. M. Smith, Halifax, 1,000; Lady Alice Tuley, St. John, 763; Mrs. E. M. Watt, Halifax, 5,300.

Bad management is given as the cause of the smash. Perhaps the fact that the mortgages were for the most part taken on property in and near Toronto Junction may account in a great measure for the

collapse, the boom in real estate in that section having had its day.

Curious was one of the results of the recent railway accident upon the New York Central railway. Mr. ANGELL the philanthropic editor of Our Dumb Animals had offered a prize of \$200 for the best story, illustrating the fashionable cruelties of fashionable people to dumb animals. Seven such stories were received, and on their way, by the American Express, to the critic in Philadelphia when they were plunged into the Hudson River in the terrible accident which recently occurred there. They were recovered in bad condition, but the editor hopes to be able to send all again to Philadelphia, except possibly one that was written with blue ink, which was very much blotted. Authors have indeed a hard time of it.

When Christmas day comes do not be ranked among those who of late years have banished Santa Claus to the realm of exploded fancies. Keep Santa in the family. He was a good and wonderful being to you, and your parents, and grandparents in years gone by, and you should not let cross grained, matter-of-fact persons persuade you, at this late day, that this same perennial Santa Claus is not good enough for your children. So here's continued life and many returns of the day to dear old Santa Claus, rein deers, sleighs and bells, pack and all. And may no chimney be too small for his entrance.

A change in the form of worship in any presbyterian church is worthy of note and St. Mathew's, one of the historic churches of Halifax, has recently furnished an example. Two changes have been made and now the Lords prayer which the officiating minister has always pronounced alone is to be said by the congregation as well, and "Amen" is to be sung with organ accompaniment at the end of each psalm. How the good old presbyterians of a century ago would stare if they could drop into St. Mathews some fine Sunday morning.

PROGRESS will contain next week an interesting and able article on "The Meaning of Coalition Governments," contributed by a writer well acquainted with the political history of the country. The article will be of great interest to the politicians of both parties—liberal and conservative—and more especially so to the members of the local legislature and those composing the present administration of the Province.

The man who discovered quinine is to have a monument in Paris; and an exchange suggests that a useful inscription would be one telling how to pronounce the name of the substance he discovered.

Do not forget to put sufficient postage on the packages you mail; and get your holiday things started in time too. The post office department can't handle everything in twenty four hours.

The six days bicycle race in New York should be the last of its race.

Tuesday was the shortest day of the year.

Are you watching for Santa Claus?

A Pretty Souvenir.

"Canada, a metrical story" by Charles Campbell of this city, has been placed on sale, and makes a charming holiday souvenir. The poem is dedicated to Sir Wilfrid Laurier, G. C. M. G., and to the memory of the loyalists. Mr. Campbell was the author of the New Brunswick prize ode on the Queen's diamond jubilee. Though received too late for an extended notice it may be said that "Canada" is extremely well written, and is quite equal to Mr. Campbell's previous efforts in this direction. It is neatly gotten up by William Briggs of Toronto, and is on sale at E. G. Nelson's bookstore.

Christmas Numbers.

Christmas editions of the Toronto Globe, and London Black and White have been received from D. McArthur's Book store, the headquarters of everything nice in the way of Christmas literature, or Christmas gifts, according to popular opinion. A call at McArthur's is one of the chief joys of the holidays both for the children and the grown up folks.

New Calendars.

The Union Assurance Society, of which G. O. Dickson Otty is the agent in this city, has issued calendars for 1898 to their patrons. The large lettering makes it a very effective wall calendar. This is one of the oldest fire offices in the world being instituted in 1714.

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.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Christmas Night.

I let my peaceful spirit free, In the calm of a Christmas night; Nothing was left on earth of me, With thought or sense or sight. Out of a snow white cloud behold, The Christ child softly came; Down from the Christmas stars of old, And breathed to me His name. "Come thou with me to the land of love," The Christ child whispered low, And we winged our way to realms above, Where the souls of the blessed go, And therein the mansions bright on high, In countless thousands sang; Children angels the Father nigh, And the land with their voices rang. Beautiful angels O mother sad, Like the angel child you gave; Singing together redeemed and glad, No pain of death or of the grave. And there were places for others still, Great mansions for many more; Then He spake again, "It is my will, We fly to the earth's far shore."

To the homes of the suffering poor we came, The dwellings of want and woe; Where seldom sounded the Christ child's name, And nobody cared to know, And the Christ child said "we take away The dear ones they say will die; Better than suffering here to stay, Is my glory beyond the sky."

A Christmas choir in every land, We sought for with tender care; Gathered out of the household band; Was His answer to holy prayer. In wretched alleys and reeking land, To the great of the earth unknown; The little ones given in sad birth pain, He counted as most His own.

Down to the earth by star forts walled, To the spear flame lighted north; Mothers long to the Lord have called, In agony bringing forth. And following still His red cross sign, Into the crimson south; His love in her woe is drink divine, To pain parched woman's mouth.

And taking afar our distant flight, Away to the raw cold east; A virgin mother's childbirth night, Is the greatest made the least. The manger straw is a couch of pain, And even so is the west, Mark to that bitter cry of pain; And a babe on a mother's breast.

And many a lovely babe we found, Forsaken and left to die; Naked out on the frozen ground. And no one standing by. A selfish world to such mothers dear, No charity has for tears, But to them the Christ child first drew near Calming their troubled fears.

In the heavenly land we now behold, In the light of its golden gleam; The lost lambs all are in the fold, We gathered up in my dream. The Christ child loved them much, and made, His choice from the earth's unknown; The Christmas flowers that never fade To bloom by the great white throne.

There in a choir of voices sweet, From two years old and under; The innocents slain at their mothers feet, And before them torn and under, They are His jewels who day and night, Serve Him with golden song; O mother be patient it must be right, The waiting is not for long.

Under the Wreath, Dec. 1897. CYPRUS GOLDS.

Christmas Bells.

Ring out the bells of Christmas, Ring out ye merry bells, O'er all the earth with gladness, The Christ child's message tells. In a lonely manger sleeping, Lay the infant meek and mild, And o'er the manger bending, Was the mother of the Child. So sweetly sang the angels, Their joyous songs again; Peace on earth with the joyous tidings, And good will to countless men.

And now this little story, That often has been told, Is the story of our Saviour In those blest days of old. S. W. M.

The Ships of St. John.

Smile, you inland hills and rivers! Fresh, you mountains in the dawn! But my roving heart is seaward With the ships of gray St. John. Fair the land lies, full of August, Meadow island, thinly bar, Open bays and breezy twilight, Peace and the milk evening star. Gently now this gentlest country The old hat tude takes on, But my wintry heart is outbound With the great ships of St. John. Once in your wide arms you held me, Till the men-child was a man. Canada, great nurse and mother Of the young sea-rolling clan. Always your bright face above me Through the dreams of boyhood shone; Now far alien countries call me With the ships of gray St. John. Swing you tides, up out of Fundy! Blow, you white fogs, in from sea! I was wont to be your fellow; You were bred to pilot me. At the touch of your strong fingers, Doubt, the dervic, is gone; Sane and glad I clear the headland With the white ships of St. John. Loyalists, my fathers, builded This gray part of the gray sea, When the duty to ideals Could not let well-being be. When the breath of scarlet bunting Puts the wreath of maple on, I must cheer too,—sip my moorings When the ships of gray St. John. Peerless-hearted port of heroes, Be a word to lift the world, Those discoverers return not With the ships of gray St. John. —Bliss Carmen.

NEW GLASGOW'S REBELLING LAWYER

He Dupes Many Poor People and Then Quickly Departs.

NEW GLASGOW, DEC. 21.—Jas. F. McLean, a lawyer of twelve years standing has assigned and absconded, leaving numerous creditors to mourn their loss. Debts to the extent of \$20,000 are already known, and still they come.

He was a great speculator, on other peoples money, and holds shares in half a dozen companies. On several of these he figures as a director, none of which are money getters; whether he hoodooed them, or from other causes will be known later; most of the stock has been hypothecated and much is valueless. He lived in good style and was a devout church goer, and being the son of a respected clergyman, had a large number of retired clergymen as clients, who allowed McLean to invest their money, and now they mourn, and like Rachel refuse to be comforted, because their money, and their lawyer, is not. The lawyer true to all tradition, gobbled it up. He was the agent for the Eastern Canada Loan Co., who are out some \$1300. They sometime ago requested bonds to the extent of \$2000, but McLean procrastinated and now it is to late.

His office has been besieged for days by men and women of all grades, who are in many cases ill able to bear their loss. He made an assignment which appears to be a matter of sentiment, as he had previously disposed of his property. His preferred creditors are down for \$8000, but he might as well have made it \$80,000.

McLean was a liberal giver of other people's money, and contributed nobly to all good causes. He even put a telephone in his pastor's house, so that he could converse on spiritual things when not able to go bodily to the house of prayer; still as a means of grace, this telephone was not a howling success.

He was also a lover of art, and when a strolling sculptor came this way he had a lion devouring a goose cut out of stone. How he got the idea of a roaring lion going into a man's back yard and scurrying after the fowls, is not known, unless he himself typifies the lion and his dupes the goose.

McLeans life insurance premiums amounted to eight hundred and fifty dollars, while his rent, light, taxes &c. would make up a thousand; besides this he lived on the fat of the land and only earned perhaps about what an ordinary laborer would. Lately he opened an office in Stellarton but unless he was able to get some money to invest, in his own questionable ways, it was not otherwise lucrative.

A son of Esculapian drove him out of town after midnight, while other brother limbs of the law bid him an affectionate goodbye, when he called on them to meet him in heaven; and in this James drew on his imagination largely, or a future hope of reformation, for men who deserve to have their pictures in a certain pictorial gallery, are not usually dead certain of getting to heaven.

He was kept afloat for five years too long, by indulgent money lenders, who ought to have known, and who did know better. Now it will be difficult to get good paper discounted, for lack of discernment at an earlier date. When last seen the erring lawyer sported a cane, a heavenly smile and a corrugated upper lip, while his baggage consisted of a cough and a pair of eye glasses.

LOYAL TO THE UNION.

A Little Union Episode That may be Exaggerated

Labor unions are perhaps a little strict about their rules, but the innocent reader is under no obligation to accept as literal truth the following story printed by the Cleveland Leader. The best newspapers will sometimes exaggerate.

There was trouble at the Maginnisses night before last. Mrs. Maginnis had just made a fine batch of 'ketchup,' which she left in the kitchen. When Mr. Maginnis got home he went into the kitchen for a drink of water, and presently several 'dull thuds' were heard in the back yard. Loud talking between Mr. and Mrs. Maginnis followed, and at one time the sounds indicated that something like a fight was in progress.

When Mr. Maginnis fared forth, next morning, one of his neighbors asked him if he and his wife had been having an engagement with burglars.

"Not a bit av it," said Mr. Maginnis. "I trowed Mrs. Maginnis's ketchup out o' the house, so I did."

"Why did you do that?" he was asked. "Why did I do it? Say, I'm a union mon."

"Well, what has the union to do with your wife's ketchup?"

"If I had 'a' left that ketchup in me house I would have been expelled," said Mr. Maginnis.

"How so?"

"Why, there it was ten o'clock, and the ketchup workin' over time! The union don't allow that. Not a bit av it!"



Adulteration of Dress Silks.

An English chemist has recently analyzed a sample of a silk dress that was submitted to him by a lady. He found that it contained only a fraction over 58 per cent. of silk, and as much tin was found in it as that present in poor tin ores from Cornwall. The tin occurs in the so-called weighing of the silks. The chemist states that he at once realized the fact that the silk dresses worn by the ladies in Regent street and Bond street, London, taken together, would represent a Cornish tinmine of very fair quality. He was informed by an expert that the silk he had examined would not stand more than three months' steady wear.

Antiquity of the Dog.

Professors Ratmeyer and Waldrich have discovered evidence that domestic dogs, resembling more or less the dogs of today, existed in Europe, not only during the Age of Iron and the Age of Bronze, but even in that exceedingly remote time known as the Neolithic period, when man made his best tools of polished stone. In South America, also, according to the opinion of Doctor Lydekker, man had cultivated the friendship of companionable dogs long before the extinct mammals, whose wonderful remains are now found in the pampas, had disappeared from among the living forms of the world.

Coercion in Hayti.

The report that Germany had moderated her demands upon Hayti proved to be unfounded. On the contrary, she sent two cruisers to Port-au-Prince with orders to bombard that port if the Haytian government did not yield within eight hours. Resistance was impossible, and Hayti paid the indemnity saluted the German flag, and received the Garman charge d'affaires.

Indisputable.

"I don't know about the feasibility of the single tax." "Why man; it covers the whole ground."

(CONTINUED FROM EIGHTH PAGE.)

much better, having reached the chicken broth diet stage of his convalescence.

On Monday Miss Josephine Bram passed through Sackville on her way home to Bay field after a trip in Boston, New York and up the Hudson.

Dr. and Mrs. Inch and Miss Dorothy are expected to spend Christmas at Mrs. Huntons.

Miss Alice McHaffey leaves shortly for a visit in Boston.

Mrs. and Miss Mundy visited friends in Moncton this week.

A whist party was given by Mr. McDougal on Friday evening. The guests were, Senator Wood, H. A. Powell, M. P., Messrs. Thos. Murray, W. H. Harrison, H. C. Read, A. Tait, A. Fraser, A. E. Copp, J. F. Allison, B. B. Teed, H. C. Henderson, C. Pickard, A. H. McCready, and Mr. Mowbray. After a long and strong pull at the game a bountiful oyster supper with other delicacies was served.

LADY OF EHALOTT.

DORCHESTER.

[Progress is for sale in Dorchester by G. M. Fairweather.]

DEC. 21.—Mrs. H. Palmer entertained a few friends at tea on Thursday last; her guests were Rev. J. R. Campbell and Mrs. Campbell, Judge and Mrs. Landry, Mrs. A. E. Oatton, Mrs. M. I. Lane and Mrs. Joshua King. A very pleasant evening was spent by all.

Mrs. M. I. Lane returned to Sackville yesterday.

The closing of the schools last Friday was very successful in every way. A public examination of different classes was held in the morning, and in the afternoon a programme consisting of songs, recitations etc. was very well carried out. The greatest credit is due the staff of teachers. At the close of the examination Mr. Justice Landry chairman of the board of trustees presented honor certificates to a number of pupils, and gave an encouraging address. Addresses were also given by Rev. J. R. Rev. Mr. Thomas and the principal Mr. N. W. Brown. About seventy visitors were present. The teachers have all scattered for their vacation. Miss Griston going to B. Chibucto, Miss Burt to Fredericton, Mr. N. W. Brown to York Co., and Mr. J. D. Brown to Amherst.

Miss Ethel Emmerson, Miss Blanche Burgess and Master Henry Emmerson have returned from Acadia college and are spending their vacation at their homes.

The many friends of Miss Mand Hanington will be glad to hear that she is expected home tomorrow for a few weeks' vacation. Miss Hanington has been in Boston for the last year taking a course in vocal culture.

Miss Blanche Hanington is spending today in Moncton.

Mr. C. L. Hanington went to St. John today.

Lady Smith, Mrs. Joshua Chandler, Mrs. Geo. W. Chandler and Miss Constance Chandler all expect to spend Christmas with relatives in Moncton.

APOHAQUI.

Dec. 22.—Miss Nina Sinnott spent Tuesday in St. John.

Mr. L. A. Fenwick is home for the holidays from Acadia University.

Major Montgomery-Campbell spent Wednesday in St. John.

Mr. Herbert A. Sinnott, Gagetown, is home for the holidays.

A beautiful soft, and thick head of long hair, of a natural hue, will be produced by using Hall's Hair Renewer, the ladies' favorite hair restorer and beautifier.