

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

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THE CHILDREN'S FESTIVAL.

We respect the conscientious scruples of those who register a solemn protest against SANTA CLAUS, but their sentiments are none the less abhorrent to us. Let us admit, merely for the sake of argument of course, that the best and most widely loved of saints, and that there is a deviation from literal veracity in the old legends concerning him. Even so, his genial heart expanding influence has been worth more to this world than whole libraries of blue books and indispensible statistics. There is a truth in the imagination as well as in fact and it is often of deepest import. What are the best fairy stories but symbolic utterances against evil and invocations to righteousness? But this is treading too close upon the supererogation of the earnest workers. Whatever stirs the emotional nature has its value, even if the moral is not obvious. A child brought up in the dreary barren Gadgrind school of facts wherein the fancy has no part is an object of pity. The nakedness of truth unadorned is not always an unmixed blessing. Moreover the expression of truth is sometimes a positive wrong. It may be spiteful and cruel. There is a starchy puritanical truth that, truthfully considered is all lye and lie, and there is a savage bustling truth whose only purpose is to wound. We can make no such generalization as that all recitals of facts are safe and noble and that all illusions are dangerous and ignoble. The final test is in the spirit and in the teachings of human experience. Judged by this SANTA CLAUS will come out triumphant from the investigation of any but a packed court. We have all believed in him and with what results? Are we all knaves and falsifiers? If the theory that his influence is malign were true the christian world would consist only of millions of replicas of ANANIAS and SAPPHIRA who died before SANTA CLAUS was known. But when the myth, it is a myth, is exploded in the life of each one of us we do not regard it from that time on as license to prevaricate. We cherish its spirit and memory for ourselves and its illusions for our children, who will come out from them in turn as scotchless as their parents. There has been no harm done by the legend which has made life infinitely more beautiful and given a stimulus to the imagination that is helpful ever afterwards. This is a spiritual view, but there is an utilitarian one. As an assistant disciplinarian SANTA CLAUS is without a rival and on no account can his invaluable services be dispensed with.

The Boer war is felt in England's finances. Not only is the flood of gold from the Rand mines stopped, but the cost of the war is enormous. The original estimate was \$50,000,000, but that sum is now raised to \$200,000,000, and the larger figure may look small when the fight is over. Gold exports from the states are unusual at this time of the year, but London's necessity is great and pressure there resulted in the shipment of \$2,450,000 of gold, from New York last Saturday.

Germany has another naval bill before her. This is a comprehensive scheme covering 20 years of construction which aims at placing the German navy next the English. It is part of the Emperor's bid for colonial empire, for Germany needs no such fleet at home. The Reichstag will fight over the bill, but its ultimate passage is probable. A more creditable move of Emperor WILLIAM'S is the withdrawal from

Paris of the German military attack on account of the continued DREYFUS agitation.

The New York school teachers whose salaries have been so cruelly withheld are now assured of justice. JUDGE GAYNOR last week handed down a decision which orders the authorities to pay the teachers their dues, and the city officials will obey.

New York had a novel automobile runaway accident last week, in which the machine performed all sorts of capers and ended in a mad career by breaking a man's leg. Fifth avenue was the scene of the performance which drew a large crowd.

Unseasonable weather continues. A heavy rain followed at a discreet interval by cold weather with snow for sleighing would rejoice the hearts of farmers, mill men and merchants. Besides, the boys want snow for Christmas.

The January Number of the Delineator.

Which is called the Century Number, begins the fifty fifth volume, and it exhibits a marked advancement in many details. There is, as usual, a complete presentation of the season's fashionable modes, a varied selection of brilliant literary features, and a generous amount of general household matter. Conspicuous among the literary articles is an Affair of Violets by Harriet Riddle Davis, a delightful story of happy results following the tragic ending of a young woman's efforts in a business venture. In this number also is presented the first of a series of practical papers on Children and their Ills by Dr. Grace Peckham Murray. Cornelia Atwood Pratt contributes the first of three papers on The Young Girl, dealing with the last of her schooldays and the first years at home. Particularly appropriate just now is the article, Seen in the Shops, suggesting desirable articles for gifts. The Cradle of the World, by Laura B. Sarr is an admirably illustrated article descriptive of babyhood among many people. College news, by Carolyn Halsted, reviews the many features that mark the new year at the educational centres. Note and comment on important events in the club movements make club women and club life, by Helen M. Winslow, an inviting chapter. The tableau for the children, entitled Mistress Mary's Garden, and the Two Entertainments will prove thoroughly enjoyable. A pertinent article at this time is the household topic New Year's Resolutions, as considered by N. E. May; other domestic subjects of worth are: Mending by Mary Snider, and an attractive group of recipes by Nannie Moore. An article ecclesiastical embroidery is contributed by Emma Haywood, social observation, conducted by Mrs. Frank Learned, is a valuable feature of the magazine, and in addition are the various departments: Crocheting, lace making, tatting, knitting, the dressmaker, the milliner, the holiday books, etc., etc.

The skating season.

PROGRESS has much pleasure in announcing the 37th annual opening of the ever popular Victoria Rink, which important event is scheduled for Christmas day. There is no doubt but the efficient manner in which the Victoria has been conducted the past eight years, will tend to make it all the more sought after the season just commencing. During the fall months carpenters and painters have made many needed improvements and the rink is now second to none in Canada. Cleanliness and order as well as protection has ever been the aim of the management. Bright new and catchy music will be given each band night by the "Vics" own band, making the season one of pleasure and healthful recreation. The parent, brother or sister who are just now wondering what to give as a Christmas present could hit upon no more suitable gift than a season ticket for the Victoria Rink. See advertisement on another page for prices.

Perpetual Night in the Ocean.

Sir John Murray recently summed up the latest discoveries concerning the ocean. The deep sea, he says, is a region of darkness, as well as of low temperature, because the rays of the sun are wholly absorbed by the superficial layers of water. Plant life is absent, but animal life is abundant in those night haunted depths. The majority of the deep sea animals live by eating mud and by catching the minute particles of organic matter which descend from above. Many of the mud eating animals are of gigantic size compared with their allies in shallower waters, but they are the prey of rapacious enemies armed with peculiar prehensile organs. Some deep-sea fishes are blind while others have very large eyes. Phosphorescent light plays an important role in the great deeps. Sometimes the animals are furnished with phosphorescent organs which recall the use of bull-eye lanterns.

We Wish you a Merry Christmas.

We also wish you to know that we do the best laundry work. Neckbands replaced and also hosiery mended. Ungar's Laundry, Dyeing and Carpet Cleaning, Phone 88, 28 to 34 Waterloo street.

POEMS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Christmas Day With the Children. There's a wintry storm around us all, And ever outside the door; A well known footstep seems to fall, But no one is standing there. Sad news from the battle field we hear, The saddest of all our years; It is Christmas day with the children dear, But we are in silent tears.

The star of our Christmas eve was red, And the chill of a dark night's breath; Was cold as a warrior's unknown bed, And still as the march of death. The Northern snows lie white and drear, As a spirit to us appears; It is Christmas day with the children dear, But we are in silent tears.

We had to choke down our awful grief, To bring in the Christmas tree; O for a breath of blessed relief, From the sorrows our souls must see. The bands may play and the troops may cheer, When a victory fills their ears; And it's Christmas day to the children dear, But we are in silent tears.

Our hearts are away in that distant land, Where the hot rays blazed and burn; And one is not in that distant band, Which some day may yet return. Ah what shall we do in our anguish here, And the darkness the future wears? It is Christmas day with the children dear, But with us it is silent tears.

When all are gone and faces once so dear, Lie close beneath our silent burial mounds; How reverently we linger sadly there, And treasure still the well remembered sounds, Or it is some far foreign land we roam, We cherish still the melodies of home.

Wherever we may go they follow here, And in our dark days are low and sweet; In memory's halls then fondly they appear, And lovingly their tender eyes we meet. They tell us too of brighter days to come, In fair climes and all once more at home.

Earth, the Beautiful. I think the time will never be, When earth will not seem fair to me. If I may see the arching sky, With fleecy clouds—each fluffing by; A tree with green, unspotted leaf, And clover in its shadow spread; Or see a river's stately flight, Its ripples dancing in the light; They keep my sorrow, deep my woe, Yet happiness my heart must know.

Or if to sightless eyes no ray, Should enter from the brightest day, I might smile a violet, small and sweet, My dearest way I should forget, And in my fancy see once more The weaver's loom, with hongs stretched o'er, And gather of thickly round my feet The bending wild flowers, fair and sweet. Or if my hand might hold a rose, The garden gates would swing unclose, And when in organ tones arise Storm voices grandly to the skies, My piny woe, ashamed to stay, With them would quickly pass away, And in the deep succeeding calm My soul would join in Nature's psalm.

He shuffles the weary cards again, And cuts the deck anew, And he deals a them out with a heedless hand In the game that is never through. He deals them out with a heedless eye, He shuffles them out by one, He shuffles and cuts and begins once more In the play that is never done.

Some that He deals are kings and queens, And some are attendant jacks, But most are the half way number cards; The bulk of the weary packs. And here and there in the jostled rows Is a lonely, sublime, sad face, But most, in the compound things, With the sum of the ace on their face.

He lifts and places them one by one, And combines them as they fall, And builds on the ace that base the whole, And the kings top off them all. But ever He shuffles the cards again, (We cars!) D, or, or what not, And he warily rebegins the play In the game that is never through.

When city streets are dull and gray, And five hours are dull as they; When like a schoolboy back at school, I dream about the salmon pool, Devo from my mantlepiece I reach The idle reel and make it screech.

What glorious memories will be found In that exhilarating sound, The hoarse cry of the salmon breeze, That whistles through the rowan tree; The cool and air; the grouse that calls; And, best of all the spate that falls.

The spate that, as it hurries by, Bears down my realistic fly; My Wilkins, my silver Scott, My yellow D, or, or what not, A specious morsel to invite The salmon's jaded appetite.

Honor this folly to the full And give my listless line a pull; A sudden jerk, that I may feel The thrill, and hear the whirling reel, May fight again those fights of mine, With stream, its red and running line.

I see him leaping over there, A bar of silver in the air; I hear the onlookers pronounce Him twenty pounds if he's an ounce; His rushes and his sulks begin, He struggles—but I always win.

I never feel the sudden drag That proves me broken round a snag; Life may admit of grief, but these, Out in my dreamland, are the less The chance of delight I quaff, And always bring them to the staff.

—Fall Mall Gazette.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER. ABSOLUTELY PURE. Makes the food more delicious and wholesome. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

A JUDGE IN TROUBLE.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

then requested Hanington to allow me to make a copy of the document produced, he refused to do so, but added that if so advised by his counsel, Mr. Pugsley, he would. If the case came to a hearing he would be willing to show it to Judge Barker. I stated that I thought I was entitled to make a copy of it as I could not depend upon my memory for its contents.

From my examination of the said document in the office of defendants solicitors I believe the same contains a number of clauses iniquitable and unjust to the proposed bequests in trust as well as to all other creditors of the said James A. Vanwart and I feel that it is impossible for me to advise my clients to become parties thereto.

With the affidavits before the court the case will be heard in January at the sitting of the equity court, when it will be decided whether or not the judgments secured by Messrs. Macrae & Sinclair for their clients will hold good.

There are two suits one for John Hetherington and the other Sarah Hetherington who were each left \$100 in trust. The interest on each amounts to \$38.02.

Mr. Kinghorn was a generous sort of a man. He left \$3,000 to the Reformed Baptist alliance and the conditions of the trust are interesting. Judge Vanwart is the trustee and this was the receipt he gave to Mr. Kinghorn when the money was handed over.

I, James A. Vanwart of the City of Fredericton in the County of York, Barrister at-law, do hereby acknowledge to have received this day from the Reverend William Kinghorn of the Parish of Douglas in the County of York the sum of three thousand dollars to be held in trust for the uses and purposes following, namely:—

From time to time to invest said moneys and to change the securities as to me seems advisable, and I am not to be responsible for any more or greater rate of interest than I actually receive for same, and not to be chargeable with interest on said money or any portion thereof when not invested, said moneys not to be invested at a less interest than six per cent during the lifetime of his son William Kinghorn junior, without his consent and pay the interest actually derived therefrom to the said Reverend William Kinghorn during his natural life and at his death to pay the interest received therefrom semi-annually to his wife Mary Jane Kinghorn during her natural life; and at her death to pay the interest received therefrom to the said William Kinghorn junior semi-annually during his life; and at his death, if the said Mary Jane Kinghorn should survive the said William Kinghorn junior, then at her death and within ninety days thereafter to pay the said sum of three thousand dollars to the president and treasurer for the time being of the Reformed Baptist Alliance to be applied by them for Evangelical work in the Province of New Brunswick, the receipt of the said president and treasurer for the time being of the Reformed Baptist Alliance to be a valid discharge to me, and I to be exonerated from seeing that said money is applied for the purposes for which it is paid to the said Reformed Baptist Alliance: I in no way to be responsible to see the application of said money when paid over to them. I to retain a reasonable compensation out of the interest derived from said moneys for my trouble and services in carrying out said trusts.

If the said Mary Jane Kinghorn and William Kinghorn junior should both die within fifteen years from the date of the death of the said William Kinghorn, then the interest derivable from the date of the death of the survivor of them shall be paid to the children of the said William Kinghorn, junior, that may be then living until the full term of fifteen years from the date of the death of the said Reverend William Kinghorn at which time the said sum of three thousand dollars shall be paid as thereinbefore stated. But in no case is the said sum of three thousand dollars to be paid to the said Reformed Baptist Alliance until the expiration of at least fifteen years from the date of the death of the said Reverend William Kinghorn.

Gripsack for December. The Gripsack for December come out in larger form than the usual issue with more

illustrations, many of them from flourishing Cape Breton. New Glasgow gets a larger share of attention and portraits of prominent civil officials from there and Sydney and other points in Nova Scotia make the issue more interesting. Messrs. Knowles & Skillings have covered a good deal of territory in the line of illustration and this enterprise is quite apparent in the pages of Gripsack.

OLD-TIME CUSTOMS

Some of the Old Quaker Customs and Forms of Punishment. In the history of the old Quaker Coates family, of Pennsylvania, we are told of a sermon preached by a certain godly Friend Benjamin Lay, near the end of the last century, on the vice of luxury.

He spoke to a great crowd in the street in Philadelphia from the balcony of the court-house. On a table beside him was his wife's new service of French china, and he emphasized every sentence by banging a cup or a plate on the stones below, until nothing but a heap of glittering fragments remained. One does not like to think of his home-coming, unless Mr. Lay's temper was under better control than her husband's.

Boys addicted to lying or profanity were whipped, it not into virtue, into silence. The rawhide was found in every well-ordered household, ready for instant use.

In Pennsylvania hardened offenders were often publicly treated to a discipline of fasting and prayer in the hope that the evil spirit would be driven from their mouths in visible form. Watson in his annals, tells of the torture for days of some these men by well meaning zealots, the town locking on.

In Virginia women guilty of evil speaking and slandering were compelled to appear in church during the service wrapped in white sheets, to make confession of their fault, and publicly to pray for pardon.

The methods of sinning and of correction differ in every age, but after all it is the same man and the same woman in Eden, in African jungles, in Quaker meeting houses, in Catholic chapels, in Protestant churches, or in American clubs today. The same nameless evil is at work, and the same Helper is at hand.

The Welcome Soap Co.

The Welcome Soap factory, since their scorching and escape from being burned up, in the fire which consumed the Peters Tannery, has been making considerable improvements. The front of the building is nicely repainted as well as the interior, where much repairing and improvements have been effected. In this factory is made the Famous Welcome Soap for the Canadian markets. This soap is an American article, it is so popular and well known that the familiar clasp-d-bands Trade Mark and name has been a household word throughout the New England states for years.

The manager of this business reports a very busy season, and that their factory has been worked up to its full capacity for some months. Welcome soap is steadily growing in favor and the sales noticeably increasing, which not only is a sure indication of the superiority of Welcome Soap as a household necessity, but that the article is advertised to the consuming public and the sales pushed with energy and ability. This company are liberal and constant advertisers, and employ three pushing and popular travelling salesmen to cover the Maritime provinces and see that Famous Welcome Soap is on sale and well represented in every locality.

Two Answers.

Not long ago a Boston clergyman received an evening call from an elderly man and woman who expressed a wish to be joined in the bonds of matrimony then and there.

'Have you ever been married before?' asked the clergyman of the man, an honest eyed weather-beaten person of searing aspect.

'Never, and never wanted to be before,' was the prompt reply.

'And have you ever been married before?' the question came to the woman.

'No, sir,' she replied with equal promptness; and with a touch of humor that appealed to the clergyman at once, she added 'I never had a chance!'

The marriage ceremony was speedily performed, and the clergyman refused to take any fee, telling the bride with a twinkle in his eye that it had been a privilege to officiate, which he would have been very sorry to miss.