PROGRESS, SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1891.

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER,......EDITOR.

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Publisher and Proprietor.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

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

WILL BEAR WATCHING.

Some of our friends think we were somewhat premature in speaking against "Boss" CHESLEY as chairman of public safety. They argue for another trial under the new regime, and conclude their view of the case by saying that in any event Boss CHESLEY is no worse than Boss KELLY.

Of course that is something for the friends of both parties to argue about. So far as we are concerned we have not a high opinion of either as chairman of public safety. Their past records are against them. Mr. CHESLEY was one of the leaders of the ring that completed the

Under the heading of "Mr. Bok Again, Allan Forman, editor of the New York Journalist, drops upon Mr. E. W. Bok, who is widely known both as the editor of the Ladies Home Journal and as the author of a syndicate literary news-letter, which is

ROUGH ON MR. BOK.

Kate Field and Mr. Forman After the

'Ladies Journal" Editor.

published in the Saturday editions of daily papers all over the country. Mr. Forman's charge is a serious one and appears to be

well backed by facts :

maintains a more or less uncertain connec- | sleeping tion with journalism through a "syndicate"

query. Expressions from Sir Arthur Sulothers of similar standing in the musical world have a certain money value in the

ions which have cost him nothing beyond the expenditure of time and postage stamps and he sells them to his "syndicate." To be sure it would be simpler and more direct to ask each one who has contributed brains to Mr. Bok's little game for a \$5

stop there, his only fault would lie in a willingness to live on contributions from people upon whom he has not the slightest claim

But Mr. Bok does not stop there. About a year ago he asked a number of distinguished gentlemen their opinions on the subject of smoking, Among others who contributed toward Mr. Bok's support at that time was Rev. Dr. R. S. Storrs,

answer over the Doctor's signature, and the too enterprising youth received a dressing down at the hands of the newspaper press might blot himself out. I pointed out, at the time, that Mr. Bok's crime was equivalent to check-raising and, that in the eyes of equity, he was in the position of the nendicant, who, after receiving a dole of \$5 altered the figures to fifty. But young men of Mr. Bok's order of mentality do not learn from experience. That he has again been guilty of a similar piece of work would seem to indicate that he is suffering from a dangerous form of mania which might be called literary forgery. This time his victim is Miss Kate Field. and he has extended Miss Field's contribution to six or seven times its original length. To be sure it was not difficult to see where Bok left off and Miss Field began. She could not possibly have written the twaddle ascribed to her except does not alter Mr. Bok's position in the matter. In another column reprint Miss Field's statement together with her frank and characteristic remarks concerning the perpetrator. Mr. Bok seems to think that so long as he introduces the genuine expression of his victim in his garbled articles he is all right. If he is correct in this hypothesis he is neglecting a glorious opportunity. He could get up some mighty salable matter by applying some iugenuity to his process. For example he might ask ex-President Cleveland what he thought of Blaine's chances for the presidency; the sage of William street would, very likely, answer "I do not know." Now that would be a capital refrain for a ballad or rondeau, and a political rondeau by Grover objectionable nature Cleveland should have a large sale in the rural districts and among editors who are sufficiently gullible or conscienceless to use Mr. Bok's matter which they have had opportunity to know is not always of the most reliable character. Mr. Bok's copper-fastened equanimity. I am of the opinion, however, that Miss Field has a good case against every one cf the newspapers which used the forgery, and in the interest of honest journalism I would urge her to get after them. If Mr. Bok's crooked mentality can not be straightened by the newspaper drubbings he has received, the papers which use his matter might be taught to be more careful. Kate Field's note appears on another page of the Journalist, showing her original note of five lines and the magnified version of about 40 lines, which is headed "Kate Field doesn't Care Much," which was included in the Bok press series and referred to the future of journalism. That she does care is shown by this vigorous conclusion to her exposure of Bok ;

As I watch the silent reminder of my child, the little rocker fades into the mist, for my eyes are blind with unshed tears. A great grief is tugging at my heartstrings and a wild torrent of ill-concealing anguish is convulsing my soul. The dainty little rocker stands where she left it, and I seem to see her still, as with baby voice she tells her doll the nurserv rhymes she loves, herself, so well, and as I look into the quiet night, the mighty pain and heart-sickness

in stifled, broken, agonizing tones for the blue-eved child, but she comes not out of There is a young man named Bok, who the darkness and the silence. She is softly

grows more irresistable and wild, and I ask,

In her little cot she is slumbering sweetly which supplies matter to a list of papers on, and dreaming of the golden sunlight of of considerable importance. Personally I eternal fairy-land, while twenty feet away believe Bok to be a harmless young fellow in the mocking moonlight, her gentle, addicted to a scheme of literary mendi- ethereal father, clad in the pale rebe of cancy which, if undignified, is certainly not night, is filling the silent air with broken criminal. Mr. Bok's scheme of operations sobs and smothered agony, and red-hot is somewhat as follows: From the depths exclamatory sentences, and navy blue proof his own inner consciousness he evolves fanity, as he holds on to his superior toe a question : "What is the future of the and rocks it gently to and fro, and madly penny whistle as an orchestral instru- calls for his child, and howls till ment?" for example. Now, Mr. Bok's the watch dogs for nine blocks opinion on this subject would never lure catch the sad refrain, and the the elusive dollar from the pocket of the calm unruffied night, and the man in the publisher, and Mr. Bok knows it, unruffled robe of night, become a mad, he proceeds to bombard inno- melodious medley of hoarse watch-dog aud cent and unprotected musicians with his large rectangular cussedness. Ah! how a child's little chair, or even a meek little livan, Seidl, Theodore Thomas, Patti and two-wheeled cart, standing alone and silent in the quiet, all-pervading embrace of night, will bring back old memories and newspaper offices, and the astute Mr. Bok | half-forgotten styles of long-waisted vituis aware of the fact. He gathers the opin- peration and Queen Anne profanity .- Bill Nue.

Composishun.-The Ramb.

The Ramb don't set up Much four looks but it is Serprisinly akkerit in its Ame & bill, but if Mr. Bok would be content to is ful of Forse. 1 of Unkle ephrims sheep got a Lam and then it dide i gess becaws It was a shamed of its Lam becaws it was so Ugley & week. so Unkle ephrim brot the lam in2 the House & tolled Me to giv it Milk evry day & if it Livd i cood hav it four my own. It was a He lam witch is called a Ramb & It soon gru Up. After it

got Big i got tird plaing with It but i didint the distinguished divine and pulpit orator. mind seing the Other Boys plaing with my Mr. Bok added a sentence to Dr. Storrs' Pet. Rambs is awful deceetful things thay lets you leed Them by the Eer most anny wares but Soon as you Leeve go Thay which would have made a more sensitive man dont wate four you to Taik hold agen. yearn for a bit of absorbent paper that he thay will Hit you most ennywares but my ramb most gennerly Bunted for the Stum-

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS." Arbutus.

Trailing arbutus, harbinger of summer, Blooming on hillsides bleak amid the snow: Thou first fresh hope to greet the early comer, After the long, dark night of wintry woe.

Thou first faint streak of roseate light, adorning The newly wakened earth with joy and glee, When song-birds carol blithely in the morning, And brooks run laughing gaily to the sea.

Blow gentle breeze and fan the dying embers Of life's young spring-those soft and vernal days Of happiness, the careworn heart remembers Until they brighten with their ruddy blaze.

The thorny road of manhood's toil and sorrow, The crooked paths of passion and regret, Evidence of a bright and glad tomorrow, Hopes which my heart has not abandoned yet. -MARTIN BUTLER.

Come back once more, once more to me, Oh childhood's happy hour, In all life's journey, strange and drear, I recognize thy power, And now in life's declining years, Once more I swift recall, The joyous hours, of that dim past. Within bright memory's hall.

Amid the greenwood trees, I hear the song-birds once again, Once more I feel the breeze, That fanned my eager childish brow As o'er the hills I sped Light-hearted, happy, joyous free, Where'er my footsteps led.

Again I stand beside the brook And watch its waters bright, And launch again my tiny bark That swift glides from my sight, I hear the cattle lowing soft, The twilight falls apace, And home I wander lazily With slow reluctant pace. Then as the hours of night speed on,

Weary and tired I sink, To rest within my tiny cot, To sleep, to dream, to think. Ah! all those happy hours again, Come back so fresh to me. I would I could retain them here In all their childish glee.

But soon, alas! the vision fades, Life's stern reality Dispels it all in one fell swoop, Oh sad and grim fatality, The vision fades-but leaves with me A glow of kindly feeling, And o'er the wounds of earthly strife Pours out its flood of healing.

So when in dark and gloomy hours, I wish to drive forth sorrow, And from their memories borrow A sweet oblivion for a time, That rests my weary brain, And seem to feel I have not thus Recalled them all in vain. April 20th, 1891.

NOUVELLES FRANCAISES.

Les Siecles Au Bal.

C'était un beau spectacle qui se prèsentait mardi soir dans le rink St. André à l'occasion du bal des Curlers. C'était partout une scéne de beauté et de galeté; on ne savait qu'admirer le plus, les belles toilettes des dames ou les beaux et joyeux visages des danseurs qui semblaient jamais ne se fatiguer. C'était une belle terminaison des "Siècles" et on voyait bien des personnages célèbres du passé qui se mélaient des danseurs du dix-deuvième siècle. Il étai' un peu anachronistique peut-être de voir François ler, par exemple, danser avec Berengaria ou Richard ler avec la reine Victoria. Mais ne sontce pas des royautét? Et est-il permis aux rois er aux reines de danser avec des mortels ordinaires? Quelle drôle d' idée de chercher une parte naire dans le onzié me ou le douziéme siècle, mais les rois étant un peu passés de mode, ceux qui persistent à vivre dans ces derniéres époques seront de plus en plus obligés de chercher des confréres dans le passé.

La beauté de la scéne de Mardi Soir était bien augmentée parle décor des "Siécles" qu' on avait laissé, et lorsqu' on etait fatiqué pour le moment de regarder la scéne toujours mouvementée du monde de danseurs on a pu se reposer en regardant un chäteau du onziéme siécle peut-êtte ou l'on a pu s'imaginer comme sur le champ du drap d'or en présence de ces grands monarques qui y ont trouvé une si bonne occasion pour étaler leur magnificence l'un devant l'autre.

Le Petit Trianon a aussi offert un asile attravant à bien des personnes qui, fatiguées de la danse, se sont rangées devant le foyer hospitalier de l'aimable Autrichienne pour causer sans doute du destin malheureux de leur hôtesse d'autrefois. Ou bien encore, on a trouvé dans une autre salle ce qui était bien rafraîchissante quoique produite instantanément à l'aide de l'électricité, cette force a défaut de laquelle notre dix-neuvième siècle ne serait plus dix neuvieme, car, c'est sans doute grâce A'elle que notre vie moderne est possible; mais, en passant, serions nous moins heureux s'il nous manquait quelque chose de cette rapidité é lectrique que nous sommes venus à regarder comme un Trait essentiel de notre époque, de notre civilisation si avanceé? Eh bien, le bal est fini et l'exposition des "Siècles" est une affaire du passé, après plus d'une semaine de regarder en arriere, nous nous retrouvons forcément occupés du présent, c'est l'heure actuelle qui nous demande l'attention. Adieu Siècles passés, merci beaucoup de bien des choses, mais "en avant" doit être maintenant notre devise. UNE ELEVE

PEN AND PRESS.

The Yonng Men's Herald comes out this week as the organ of the Y. M. C. A., and is filled with association news, while a cut of ex-Mayor Thorne adorns the first page. Messrs. J. M. Lawrence, L. P. D. Tilley, A. W. McLeod and J. E. Irvine are the publication committee, and if the first number of the Herald is a criterion, it will do much to keep up the interest in the association.

PROGRESS had a visit this week from Martin Butler, poet, and publisher of one of the most original papers in the country, Butler's Journal. The Journal is published monthly, and is chiefly devoted to unique accounts of the proprietor's travels through the country as a pedlar, the people he meets and the way people in general receive "Martin, the one-armed pedlar."

by her brother-in-law, Mr. B. S. Knowles, looking very sweet and charming in a gown of white cash-mere en train, tulle veil, and sprays of orange blossoms on corsage and skirt, She was attended by some on corsage and skirt, she was attended by her little cousin, Miss Lou Trenholm of Hants port, who wore a pretty gown of cream nun's veiling, with pink pongee silk sash, cream leghorn hat trimmed with May flowers, pink silk stockings and cream slippers. The wedding party left the church to the strains of the Wedding march, mbiob seeded for the scream under Mr. Mcdealfe's which pealed from the organ under Mr. Medcalfe's skillful fingers. Mr. and Mrs. Gourley left by the 10 o'clock train

for Ottawa and the upper Canadian cities. The bride's travelling suit was of pale grey, grey hat and gloves. She received from her father and mother handsome silver tea service. The groom's present was a gold watch with monogram and fob chain. His gift to the little bridesmaid was a gold horse-shoe brooch with whip across it. Miss McLellan's cousin, Mr. McDonald, who is a partner in the law firm at Truro of which Mr. Gourley is head, sent her a beautiful brooch—spray of pearls. The other presents from her relations are too numerous to

On Tuesday of last week Mrs. Wm. O'Brien entertained a few of her friends at dinner, and on Wednesday she gave a luncheon party. Mrs. O'Brien has gone to Halifax to visit Mrs.

John Duflus. Mr. Reginald Lanson has gone to Halifax, to take a position in the bank of Nova Scotia. Mr. Eville has come from St. John to take Mr. Harry King's place in the Halifax banking company.

Mr. King has gone to St. John.

Prof. Roberts went to Halifax on Monday to be present at a dinner to be given by the Hon. J. W.

Mr. Watts has gone to Boston to be present at the narriage of Mr. Calder. Capt. Scott was in town last week. He has gone

New York en route for Glasgow.

Mr. Trenholm, of Hantsport is in town. Mr. Gerrish, of Truro, was present at the wedd-ing of her brother, Mr. Gourley.

SACKVILLE.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Sackville at C. H. Moore's

APRIL 21 .- The grand finale of the B. and C. club was given by the Misses Estabrooks at the hotel last Wednesday evening, when the youth and beauty gathered for their farewell dance. A programme of twelve dances was carried out, the only intermission being for supper, which to some proved to be the chief feature of the evening. It was indeed worthy of a good deal of attention, being prepared in a most dainty fashion, with al' D. e delicacies of the season. I was sorry to hear the attendance of the sterner sex was almost deplorable. but those gentlemen who were present did their duty manfully, and great will be their reward. So the girls think. The Misses Estabrook were as sisted in entertaining their guests by Mrs. Thomas Estabrooks, who, by her charming and agreeable manner, made every one throw off the air, formality, and make themselves quite at home. The ladies looked very pretty in bright, fetching cos-

tumes, which showed to advantage under the electric light. Among those invited were Mr. and Mrs. Macdougall, Mr. and Mrs. Ryan, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Fawcett, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Milner, Mr. and Mrs. Mack, Miss Mack, Miss Landers, Miss King, Miss Butcher, Miss Palmer, Miss Vail, Miss King, Miss Butcher, Miss Palmer, Miss Vail, Miss King, Miss Butcher, Miss Falmer, Miss Vall, Miss Cogswell, Miss M. Cogswell, Miss Black, Miss Jen-nie Black, Miss Fawcett, Miss M. Rannie, Miss Ayer, Miss Norris, Mr. Henderson, Mr. Foster, Mr. Murray, Mr. B. C. Paterson, Mr. F. Rannie. Mr. and Mrs. Fred. Ryan have returned from a pleasant trip to St. John.

Miss Mabel Aver went to St. John last week. Mr. Powell, M. P. P., Mrs. Powell and family have returned home from Fredericton. Mrs. Oulton, of Dorchester, spent some days with her sister, Mrs. Rannie, this week. Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Wood have returned from a

Childhood's Hour.

Again I wander at my will

ruin of old Portland. His acts at that time were duly given publicity in these pages and we have no hesitation in saying that the nature of those transactions influenced public feeling more in tavor of union than anything else. He has succeeded again in securing the same position in a larger city, and we speak only in the public interest when we warn the council and the people to keep their eyes open. If they are wide awake there is little or no danger of the department being mismanaged or managed in any other interest than that of the people.

MR. CREED'S MORAL SENSE.

For the second time Mr. H. C. CREED, of Fredericton, has brought himself, his son and a public educational institution into unsavory prominence. His enterprising sons appear to have a special faculty for getting their classmates into trouble. With the university hazing case fresh in our minds, the report comes to hand that one of Mr. CREED's sons has had his feelings hurt by the sight of a picture in the hands of a fellow student. No doubt the picture was allied to those French "works of art" which are distributed too freely by some cigarette manufacturers. was of an and it so blunted the keen edge of the Junior CREED's morality that he ran and told his father who reported what was truly an act of boyish folly to the principal. The result was an inquiry, frank acknowledgement and expulsion! Mr. CREED must feel particularly happy. He has assumed the role of moral guardian of the students and succeeded in his first attempt to cleanse the school in driving in disgrace from the school a young man who, rather than face his parents with such a stigma upon him has left his country and his home and gone to the United States.

We doubt if there is much room for Mr. CREED to plume himself upon his part. We do not propose to defend any disgraceful act, but so far as we can understand from a plain and circumstantial relation of the facts, the offence of the student did not go beyond boyish imprudence of which any lad might be guilty. Certainly it was not sufficient for expulsion, though under the strict rules of the institution no other course was open to the principal after the complaint and acknowledgement.

As a rule the people are not apt to repose too great confidence in any man who seeks to make a public show of his intense morality. They will not in any case have a high opinion of the christianity which prompts the blasting of the character of a fellow-student and a pupil by disgraceful

She cares so much as to brand this wretched forger, whoever he may be, as a thief and a liar. He has stolen my good name. He has sold to the press a counterfeit. He has lied not only to his employers, but to the public. When a man puts another's name on a bank cheque and draws money under false pretences, a jury of twelve "peers," unless "fixed" by his friends, declares him guilty of crime and sends him to prison for a term of years. Now, then, where is the difference between stealing a man's money and a woman's rains? My brains are my capital, and, if

mick ixcep wen the Other Side of you was Terned & then it didint wate But jest bunted ennywares. it was ful of Sheep tiks. thay cum off on You. 1 day unkle jorge came down Frum the Citty & brot Cussin Alferd to. Alferd was a goodeel Smallern me and never had no Pet Lam so i sed Cum with me alferd & pla with my pet Lam. wen He saw the Ramb He sed o wat a luvly Big pet lam. So i got on2 thefents & sed to him Taik him by the eer cussin Alferd and see how obediant He will foller you. so He took the Ramb by the Eer & led it out in2 the middel of the in a fit of somnambulism, still that Feeld & then i yeld cum Alterd and see the Appels in the Orcherd. So he let go of The ramb & startid to cum bak & the Ramb gave a kinduy ba and Bunted Him behind & nocked him down and He got Up and the ramb bunted him agen & agen. was sory the Ramb was so ruff and went & drov It away with a fents steak. cussin Alferd balled a goodeel & was verry soar He thot i did It apurpus i had to give him my bran nu nife four feer He wood tel Unkle forge. i was sory the Ramb was so ruff. Alferd was all blak & blew bfor & behind. rambs is not fit four Meet being to Tuff. Unkle ephrim sed they Split the Hoof same as Cows & chu the Kud. i hav sene mine Chu the Kud, But i nevver sene It split its hoofs nor cows neether, 4 thay was Split allreddy wen it was Born. its wull is Maid in2 close & it has no Tale to speek of & Twistid horns same As But showing up does nor seem to disturb a Corkscru. JAMES GORDON GREEN.

The Sale Begins on Monday.

The trustees of Mr. Robert Turner announce the real opening of the trustees sale to begin on Monday. They propose to sell a magnificent assortment of goods at great bargain prices. Everything is now in readiness for the sale. For the past week the store has been closed, and all such preparations as "marking down" have been made. Even the most skeptical who could not credit the first announcement, doubt no longer but that the store will be closed just as soon as the goods can be disposed of.



My Ole Cob Pipe.

Es peaceful es the sof' Joon breeze 'at steals the rose's scent. Er es the dawd'lin, medder-brook, jes' workin' by the day

Er es a broken heart wot's fixed 'ith God's healin' cement,

I set here, kind o' pensif like, an' watch the smoke wreaths play,

An' scratch my heels agin my legs, an' roominate, an' wipe My hankercher acrost my face, an' bless my ole

cob pipe!

You blow about ye high-priced wines an' lumtum veeve-clickoe,

Er piper hideseek extry dry es brewed by mister Mum-

Er blame' sigars from Cuba's strand-ther on'y smoked fer show-

Sech can't bring down the show'rs o' joy 'at's allus boun' to cum

When I pull my tobacker plug-(jes' note the yoomrous stripe

I'm paintin' 'round the pictcher o' my homely ole cob pipe).

When I pull my tobacker plug an' jes' let peace rain down In golden drops o' memory, 'at floats this heart

along The years 'at's bleached the bunch o' hair thet

deckerates this crown Wot nods, an' nods, here in the dusk, in time,

like, with the song I'm singin' to my lonesum se'f, es tighter gets the

gripe Upon the goose-bone stem wot leads out to my ole

cob-pipe So-you kin sing about yer wines, an' raise yer

voices high In praise o' yer sigars an' all yer other gilt-aige truck-

But-jes' encline yer ear this way an' hear me ratterfy

calf, Miss Smith, Mrs. Christie, Mrs. Moody, Mrs. C. Wilcox, Mrs. A. Blanchard, Miss Blanchard, Mrs. R. Mackenzie, Miss J. Doyle, Miss Scot, Miss Mary Dimock, Miss — Dimock, Mr. Medcalfe, Mr. Emmerson, Mr. Phillips, Mr. A. Scott, Mr. R. Flemming, Mr. Fred Dimock, Mr. F. Shand, Mr. W. Graham, Mr. Simpson, Mr. H. Lynch, Mr. Geo. Curry, Mr. Ed. Dimock, Prof. Vroom, Mr. Walde, Mr. Anslow, Mr. W. H. Curry, Mr. Huestis, Mr. Butler, Mr. McIlhenny, Mr. R. Dakin. At the close of the concert Mr. Watts in a neat little speech apologized for keeping the audience so long waiting for the en-tertainment to begin. He also alluded with some The preevyus sentermen's expressed-an', look here, jes' fer luck,

Please ask yer boss masheenist fer to melt an' run in type The joy wot's soshiated with my homely ole cob-

-CASEY TAP. pipe.

Home Manufacture and a Good Article. Mr. E. M. Estey of "Estey Cod Liver Oil Cream" and "Philoderma" fame, was in town this week, after a five weeks' trip to Nova Scotia. In passing he called upon PROGRESS and talked about his business a little. He is encountering the benefits of advertising and the popularity of a good article wherever he goes. A list of orders that would have made any man happy were very snug in his inside coat pocket. Mr. Estey goes about the business in the correct fashion and there are few medical gentlemen in the towns of the provinces who have not had a call from him and a trial sample of his preparation. Their endorsement and generous advertising do not fail to create a good demand for the

WINDSOR, N. S.

Chorus—"The Vikings".....Eaton Fanning Overture—(piano duet) "Masaniello".....Weber Miss Dimock and Miss Hensley.

Song—"In Old Madrid"......Trotere Mr. G. A. Huestis. Chorus—"Arion Waltz"......F. A. Vogel Clarinet duet—"Lucretia Borgia"......Verdi Messrs, Butler and Watts.

Song-"My little Sweetheart"

Quintet-"Blow Gentle Gales"......Bisho Mrs. Aubrey Blanchard, Mrs. J. M, Smith,

Messrs. F A. Shand, W. Emmerson and

Mr. W. Butler.

Chorus-"The Bridal Chorus".....Cowen

Piano solo-"La Cascade".....Bendal

·····Pinsuti

Mr. Emmerson received an encore, and responded

with an old favorite "Then you'll remember me."

Mr. Phillips received an enthusiastic encore. Miss

Hensley's piano solo was encored. Mrs. Aubrey

Blanchard's solo, "The Angels' Serenade," with

violin obligato by Mr. Medcalfe, was, I think, the

gem of the evening. She responded to the hearty

encore with "Bonnie Doon," violin accompaniment

by Mr. Medcalfe. This sweet old song was very

touchingly rendered. The following ladies and gen tlemen took part in the choruses: Mrs. Walder, Mrs. Brown, Miss Doyle, Miss Bozance, Miss Vaughn, Mrs. Tobin, Mrs. J. Smith, Miss Anslow, Miss Dakin, Miss Haley, Miss H. Curry, Mrs. Gifkins, Mrs. Anslow, Miss Hensley, Miss Worthylake, Miss Kilcup, Miss Ells, Miss Bertha Smith, Mrs. Med-calf, Miss Smith, Mrs. Christie, Mrs. Moody, Mrs. C. Wilcox Mrs. A. Blanchard, Miss Blanchard.

tertainment to begin. He also alluded with some

asperity to the talking that went on during the singing. "Ability," he said, "recognizes ability and is silent before it!"

"Tantaene animis coelestibus irae? I.et me suggest for Mr. Watts' consolation that if the con-

versation interfered with the singing, the singing also interfered considerably with the conversation, especially the choruses. The following from *Life*

may perhaps find favor in the eyes of the audience

at least, and perhaps the singers may also appreci-

First Lady—"The play that Mr. Dawson wrote for the Home Histrionics was spoilt, I hear, because

a distinguished partoness oscenations, left the house during the performance." Second Lady—"Yes, that is so." 1st Lady, "What offended her ?" 2nd Lady. I understand she said the actors inter-

upted the talking in the boxes" verily everyone hath his troubles. If anyone would like to know

what the subjects of conversation dealt with by a

bey of youthful damsels who sat with ear by a your correspondent the other evening were (that is not saying how far!), here is a specimen. "Say do you believe in evolution." "Oh look at Annie with that green stuff in her hat." What's evolution any

distinguished patroness ostentatiously left the

touchingly rendered. The following ladies and gen

Miss Hensley

Song—"The Angel's Serenade"..... Mrs. Aubrey Blanchard. (Violin obligato, Mr. J. D. Medcalfe). Chorus—"Good Night, Good Night, Beloved."

G. A. Huestis. Clarinet solo—"L'Adieu a Berne".....

Mr. W. Emmerson.

follows

APRIL 23 .- The musical treat of last week was the second concert given by the Philharmonic society on Friday evening. The programme was as

....Bishop.

music, games, etc., when light refreshments were passed around, which I can assure you was no easy

matter for such a large concourse of people. Mr. R. P. Foster looked unusually happy, as he was hurrying to catch the train on Tuesday, but who would not look happy under the circumstances —he was going to St. John to attend the "Curlers Ball" Ball.

short visit to her parents. Miss Vail has made hosts of friends during her stay in Sackville, who will be pleased to welcome her back again.

Mr. Ernest L. Ford left last week for a short trip down south. The spring weather here is very try-ing to Mr. Ford's health, and no doubt the warmen climate of the southern regions will be of great penefit to him

young people that persistently come late to church. COPPERFIELD. church

BATHURST.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Bathurst at A. C. Smith & Co's store.

AHRIL 22 .- Mr. and Mrs. T. Swayne DesBrisay, and their tiny daughter, Miss Aileen De la Court DesBrisay are visiting friends in St. John.

Mrs. Edward Hickson's visitor is Miss May Arnold, of Sussex.

Mr. Arthur Coperthwaite is visiting his parents

Mr. Frank Gatain has gone down to Tracadie to superintend fishing operatious at his factory

Mr. Narcisse A. Landry leaves for Fredericton this evening. Business of an important nature will

detain him for some days at the Celestial city. Death has again visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Meahan, and carried away another of their little daughters. The sincere condolence of the community is theirs in their sad affliction.

Mrs. George Dudley, with her little daughter, Miss Muriel, has gone to pay a visit to friends in

Bridgewater, N. S. Mr. A. J. W. McKenzie has returned from Hali

Hon. R. Young and Mrs. Young were in town

Hon. P. G. Ryan and wife and Hon. F. J. Mc

Hon. P. G. Ryan and whe had the form Manus are home from Fredericton. Mr. McDougald, of Toronto, and Mr. George A. Cutler, of Chatham, were in town on Tues, W. Cutler, of the hows gave an oyster supper to Mr. Some of the boys gave an oyster supper to Mr. Denny Doyle, who has been employed in the Keary house for some two years, and who left for New-

castle on Wednesday evening of last week. Mr. Stacy's friends are all glad to see him back

again from Boston. Mr. W. H. Chisholm's brother and sister have been here for some days as his guests.

TOM BROWN.

HOPEWELL CAPE.

APEIL 22 .- The concert and oyster supper given by the ladies of Elder D. C. Lawson's church was a fair success. The most attractive feature f the programme was the solo by Miss Ira BraV. I he

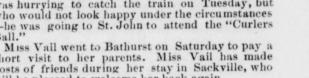
cornet solo by George Spencer. As spring advances all our captains seem to be leaving us, and Census Enumerator Bray says he thinks a number of the ladies have taken their departure also, as it often seems difficult to find them

There was a quiet wedding Friday evening at the residence of Mr: William Bray, the contracting parties being his daughter Clara and Mr. E. Steeves that green stuff in her hat." What's evolution any way." "I've counted 25 sailor hats in this building tonight." "Qui est le president de France?" "Warum sprechen sia nicht Dentsch Franlein?" Later or during a song with "Come my love" dis-persed through it ad lit "I don't think she'll be likely to come do you? I wouldn't if he asked me in that fashion." And so on. This conversation, if method for this specific to the specific

short visit to St. John The Misses Cogswell entertained a small number f juveniles to tea on Wednesday evening. Mr. and Mrs. C. Harrison entertained a brilliant

gathering on Saturday evening, which consisted

Targely of collegians. A jolly little party spent an evening at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Thompson Trueman last week. Mrs. Josiah Wood carried off the honors of entertaining. On Friday evening the hospitable doors of this mansion were thrown open to the club called the Epworth league. A continual stream of people kept pouring in all the evening till the guests num-bered over 100. An enjoyable time was spent in



Female part song-"Ave Maria"..... Mendelssohn Soprano obligato, Mr. Aubray Blanchard, Chorus—"The Heavens are Telling"...... Hadyn Trio, Mrs. Blanchard, Mr. Phillips and Prof. Vroom. Chorus—"The Millers Wooing"......Fanning Song—"Ora Pro Nobis"......Piccoilominii Mr. E. Phillips.

It somewhat surprises me to see the number of Now it may be fashionable to go at a late hour to a party, but I can assure you it is not very compli mentary to the hostess, when she invites you for a certain hour, to go an hour, or perhaps two hours, after the time appointed. However, I will humbly suggest to the young people that it would be better form to be a little more punctual in going to

hustled a Transcript reporter from the church steps and dragged him to the police station is not a particularly happy one. It is, however, eminently fitting. He is walk- ing the streets at present "out of a job." The excessive good humor of Chief CLARK when the Victoria Holel was report- ed for selling after hours must have been somewhat forced, when the fact is taken into consideration that he has practically lived at the hotel since he was appointed	powerful jury than that which set free the cut-throats of New Orleans. The Vacant Chair of a Little Child. As the twilight gathers, and the pale beams of the moon are streaming in through the window, the uncertain light of the young night is falling upon the little vacant rocker of the sunny-haired child who once sat in it by the hour, and while	Who comes at morn with heavy churn? Who badgered is at every turn? Who has to take the public's spurn? The milkman. Whe wakes so early every day? Who through the fog must find his way? Who from his work must never stray? The milkman. Who often goes his "round" in pain? Who's told he "needn't call again?" The milkman. Who many bad debts has each year? Who suffers when milk's short and dear?	"How does Halifax compare with St. John as a life insurance town?" "She doesn't compare at all. There are a half dozen St. John men with \$100.000 on their lives, and a dozen more with over \$50.000. Why it is only a few months ago that three members of a large dry goods establishment in St. John insured their lives for \$50.000 each as a business investment, each claim being made payable to the firm." "Is there such insurance of that kind in Halifax?" I asked. "Very little, perhaps among all the companies represented here there isn't beyond a \$100.000 in business risks, and, if it was tabulated, you would find that it is	French, or German. I hear that the Philharmonic society will give another concert in June. They are fortunate in having Mr. Watts for a leader, both his talent and indefatigable labor combine to make their under takings a success. The marriage of Miss MacLellan and Mr. S. A. Gourley of Truro took place in the presbyterian church on Wednesday morning. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Anderson Rogers, assisted by Dr. Burroughs. The space in front of the pulpit was filled with a pyramid of flowers which Dr. Haley kindly lent from his conservatory. Mr. Hector McInnis, barrister of Halifax, was to have been the groomsman, but a ousiness engagement at the last moment prevented him leaving. His place was supplied by Dr. Ryan. The bride's	has the facture of borng a very intertained her reputa- and on this occasion she well sustained her reputa- tion. Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Lynds entertained a number of friends at an oyster supper on Frfday evening. Their son, E. W. Lynds, who is spending a few week at home, did much to promote the enjoyment of the guests. The many friends of John Wells will regret to hear of his serious illness. His daughter, Mrs. Lathrop, and son, J. Wells, arrived on Friday even- ing from New York. Among the contingent of visitors this week we have Dr. Chandler of Dorchester, Fred P. Reid of St. John, Arthur Bray, Willis Newcomb and Geo. Spencer of Moncton. Word has been received that Capt. F. A. Pye, who has been ill in the hospital at New York, is gradually sinking. Much sympathy is expressed for Mrs. Pye and family. His brother, Capt. J. L. Pro leaves for New York to morrow.
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