PROGRESS.

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EDWARD S. CARTER,

SIXTEEN PAGES.

CIRCULATION, - - 9,400

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 27.

WHAT IS COMING?

When so orthodox a publication as the

New York Independent permits a contributor to say: "A theology constructed on the metaphysical doctrine of premundane decrees, or on the absolute sovereignty of God, is out of date. It has done good service in the seventeenth century, but does not satisfy the wants of the nineteenth. Every age must produce its own theology," we are justified in looking for the deluge. If the idea that some time in the remote past, Gop made a plan, according to which He was to make a world, on which a creature whom he intended to be perfect, would turn out to be a sinner, and that His own Son would voluntarily offer Himself to appease His Father's wrath because of the wrong doing which He foreordained that man should commit-if this prop is knocked from under orthodoxy, what will the edifice rest upon? Dr. Schaff's answer (he is the writer in the Independent) is that age will develop a new theology adequate to its requirements, but he tacitly mits that there can be no finality about the matter. Once admit this, once concede that theology is simply the result of the speculation of certain learned doctors, and that its teachings are open to alteration and even complete revolution from age to age, and the whole subject is relegated to the domain of such speculations as the problem of perpetual motion, the squaring of the circle and the like. The only reason that men tolerate the annoyance and inconsistencies of theology is because they believe that it bears some resemblance to the truth. The huge piles of stone and mortar, the great libraries of learned dullness, the army of grave professors, devoted to the teaching of theology are worthless if there is nothing certain and definite beneath their investigations which may be reached some day. Chemistry, astronomy and the kindred sciences make mistakes often but occasionally they reach a point at which they can place the letters P. E. D. -the thing in question has been proved beyond a doubt: but Dr. SCHAFF does not propose - and he is a professor of theology that he and his associates shall ever have the sovereignty of God as a point from which to begin their investigations into the realms of moral truth. The learned doctor is only a little ahead of the procession. His brother clergymen will follow him all in good season. He realizes what thousands of laymen realized long ago, that the theology of the church is based upon the conception that the earth is the centre of the universe. The Lick telescope reveals 100,000,000 stars, each probably a sun with as many attendant planets as our sun has. It tells us more than this, for it shows that this myriad of systems is only a part of a universe, compared to which this earth is less than a single grain of sand on the seashore. Meteorology has shown us that tempests which our forefathers believed were sent by God to punish wicked villages, have their origin hundreds and sometimes thousands of miles away and set out upon their course long before the event transpired that they are supposed to avenge. Geology has proved that man has ascended, not descended, since his advent on the earth. Comparative mythology has demonstrated that much of what we call inspired truth is only a version of traditions as universal as the race itself. Commerce and the intercourse of nations

must produce its own theology. It would not be fair to the learned dochimself loose from the party he has no hope | commit is death?" To which rather as- almost superhuman strength and devotion.

has corrected many of our ideas concern-

ing our fellow men. The theologians are

not blind to these things; but not many

of them have the courage of Dr. SCHAFF

to come out and say plainly that each age

when you come to examine it, it is shockdiscord.

MEN AND THINGS.

A little chap, asked to cite an instance to prove that cold contracted while heat expanded substances, replied: "The days are shortest in winter."

Probably no other law is more general than this: heat expands, cold contracts. Yet to it there is at least one exception of such tremendous consequence, that the present condition of the earth largely depends upon it. Water contracts as it grows colder until within a few degrees of the freezing point, when it expands. Of all the facts of nature none is more wonderful

Water is nature's common carrier, moving everything from the great icebergs which plough the ocean, to the delicate coloring matter which shades the pansy blossom. It is nature's sledge hammer, with which the rocks are broken asunder. It is nature's canvas, on which the sun paints its marvellous pictures. It is nature's great health giver. But it would lose more than half its potency if it were not endowed with this wonderful quality, that whereas all other things contract the colder they get, water expands when it

There is another exception to the law, but it is in the nature of the little boy's illustration above given. When two young people of opposite sexes grow cool towards each other, there is likely to be an expansion of the distance between them.

A good story is told by President HAR-RISON. On his recent tour the train was side-tracked for an hour or two. Mr. WANAMAKER, who is postmaster general, suggested that they should visit the post office of the little town. They did so. WANAMAKER introduced himself, the P. M. said he was happy to make his acquaintance. WANAMAKER said he would like to inspect the office. The P. M. said 'Very good, but the law is very strict about admitting strangers to the office. Got your credentials with you?" WANA-MAKER said he had not, but asked if an introduction by the President of the United States would do. The P. M. said it would. WANAMAKER then introduced the president. "Happy to meet you, Mr. President," said the P. M. "This is the postmaster general," said the president. "You don't happen to have your credentials as president, have you?" asked the P. M. The high officials were paralyzed. "Look here," said the president, "what are your politics, my friend?" "A good CLEVELAND democrat," was the reply, and the interview closed.

The president appears better in this story than the young German kaiser does in the last anecdote told about him. He and an associate were stopped by a guard recently, and were not permitted to go on, even after they had declared their rank, it being against orders to permit anyone to pass without the permission of the officer of the guard. That personage was soon forthcoming, and the kaiser was allowed to proceed. But he was very angry and directed the guard to be suspended from duty. The guard declined to submit to the punishment, demanded a hearing before the military tribunal and won his case.

Speaking of royalties and that sort of thing, what a sensation it must have created when Sir EDWARD CLARKE said on the baccarat trial that if Sir WILLIAM GORDON CUMMINGS name was stricken from the army roll, that of the Prince of Wales could not be retained. Nevertheless these things do not seem to lessen the prince's popularity. It has never hurt his standing to be shown to be like other people. Englishmen love a good fighter, and they don't think any the less of H. R. H. because he sticks up for his friends and presents a bold front to his opponents. They hate a sneak with a cordial and delightful heartiness, and whatever else may be said of the prince there is nothing of the sneak in his composition. Since the famous Lady MORDAUNT case, when it was said that "he perjured himself like a gentleman" rather than allow a lady's name to be sullied, until today, in all his scrapes, he has been manly, and with Englishmen manliness covers a multitude of

A story is told of a French constable who arrested a would-be suicide, exclaiming as he did so: "Do you not know that tor to leave the impression that in cutting the punishment for the crime you would

for the future, for he says:-"The the- tounding statement the offender replied ology of the future will be a theology of that he did not, but as it was his first love, and as broad as God's love, and as offence he trusted the officer would not impartial as God's justice. Such a theology prosecute. Whereupon the officer diswill give new life to the church and pre- missed him with a caution, and the wouldpare the way for the reunion of Christen- be suicide returned home congratulating dom." This sounds very well to the himself from escaping the terrors of the ear, and looks very well to the eye, but law. The moral of this story is that if some of the cranks in this city who stick in ingly old-fashioned. Confucius told his their objections whenever anyone tries to fellow countrymen this centuries upon cen- do an act for the public benefit were given turies ago. Buddha taught it to the a taste of their own medicine, the effect people of India, and the loved Teacher | would be salutary. If the moral don't fit from Nazareth said "God is love." and "a | the story, that does not make any differnew commandment give I unto you, that ye ence. It is a good, sound moral, sixteen love one another." But the theologians ounces to the pound, all wool and a yard have been so busy disputing over plans and | wide, warranted fast colors and to keep in doctrines, that the sound of the Divine any climate. So who has not many obvoice has been drowned by the din of their structionists, but every one it has is one

THE NEW GOSPEL.

The moderator of the general assembly

of the presbyterian church, which met in Detroit during the last week in May, opened the deliberations of that body by a sermon on the salvation of the world. It was a very able discourse and the preacher placed himself in the van of religious progress. His two principal thoughts were first, that the salvation of the world, which it was Christ's mission to accomplish, does not consist in the fitting of any number of people to die, but in the elevation of the human race in its present salvation in this life from the consequences attending the violation of the divine laws, and, second, that the religious unrest, so prevalent nowadays, is only the precursor of an advance towards a higher ideal. He expressed the opinion that too much is said about religion as a preparation for dying, and too little of it as a preparation living. There is much in this idea. A religion which concerns itself with death principally, is apt to degenerate either into a meaningless ritual or extravagant fanaticism. The world is out-growing vestments and posturings, and is ceasing to see any virtue in self-mortification. There are those who think the color of a stole or the position of favorite form of oath. a priest are of vital importance, and who believe that absence from a particular diet at certain seasons adds to the glory of at certain seasons adds to the glory of Him whose majesty is proclaimed by the grand diapason of millions upon millions of suns, with all their attendant retinue of worlds; but such people are in a minority that is growing smaller and smaller every day. These matters, and scores of others of the same class, possess no more weight in the minds of the masses of the people than the pattern of Joseph's coat of many colors, or the question whether John the Baptist's locusts were beans or bugs. The world, that is the live world, the active, hurrying, restless, ambitious. working world, is as hungry for the gospel, aye, more hungry than ever. It wants a gospel that shall concern it-

self not with the stones which pave the streets of the heavenly city, but with those that hurt the feet of the toilers and workers in this very practical world of ours. It wants a gospel that shall teach that the Fatherhood of God implies the brotherhood of man-a gospel not of creeds, but of deeds, a gospel that shall show the way to the enjoyment of a reasonable amount of comfort in this world, and not lay quite so much stress upon the ecstasies of the next. The old gospel which the Founder of christianity preached, will do. One of the evangelists tells us that "the common people heard Him gladly," and it is pretty safe to conclude that what pleased the common people then would do so now. The Great Teacher did not trouble Himself about ritual. When He had anything to say He said it, whether seated on the hillside or in a fisherman's boat. Sometimes he emphasized it in a manner which would shock our modern divines. Fancy the Archbishop of Canterbury, scourge in hand, with honest indignation in every line of his countenance, driving the money-changers from the temple. What would not the 'common people" today give for such a leader to break up the dens of thieves, which under the sanction of law and the approbation of religion, prey upon the working men? How merciless HE was in His condemnation of shows. How deftly He stripped the cloak from hypocrisy. If we will just dismiss from our minds the namby-pamby stuff we are told about CHRIST by people who utterly misconceive Him and His mission and look at Him as the evangelists' picture Him, we will get a better idea of His incomparable character, we will cease to wonder at the enthusiasm. with which He inspired His disciples, and get some faint comprehension of how He set on foot the mightiest reform the world has ever witnessed. What the world needs today is that He should come again.

The talented president of the World's W. C. T. U., Miss Frances Willard, says that she does not even touch appollinaris water, because it is in a suspicious looking bottle. Such exaggerated talk, even from Miss WILLARD, will not help

Nothing the Matter With This Sentence. There are those among the skeptical part of humanity who laugh at the tender susceptibility of the heart and will not acknowledge the existence of a purer and softer phase in man's inward life which on occasions lifts him from the common place business drudgery of every day life to an ideal eminence where the impetuous passion and romantic sentimentality of affection fires his soul into a furnace of

SOME FUNNY STORIES.

"Bildad" Gives a Few Specimens of Rustic Humor.

Truth is stranger than fiction. It is also funnier than fiction. But the humor of fact is more difficult to embody in words than the humor of fiction. the latter case we construct lay figures on which to lisplay our jokes. In the former the figure is already made and must be fitted by tape and line. In other words most of the fun of fiction would be just as funny if attributed to different characters than those employed; while the charm of local humor is greatly enhanced by a knowledge of the actors and victims. Even in fiction we have to become intimate with the actors employed before we can be interested. The sayings of Sam Weller and Micky Free will lack their chief charm unless we have made their acquaintance.

Every locality has its peculiar characters, and its own tales and traditions of humor. I have in mind locality on the Nashwaak, of whose current humor I propose to give a few specimens. First of all, I recall an odd character who formerly lived there, who rejoiced in the name of Gamaliel Collings. Gamaliel was a deacon of the freewill church, and it may be said that the fervency of his exhortations was heightened by the peculiar effect of a pair of was heightened by the peculiar effect of a pair of tight homespun pants which he always wore at divine service. It was the wont of the young fry in the neighborhood to make game of Gamaliel and keep him in a constant state of irritation. One evening as he was holding forth in the sanctuary, a bold youth in the back seat drawled out, "What—about—them—pants,—deacon?" The deacon flushed to the roots of his hair; then throwing his clenched hand in the direction of the oftender, exclaimed in thunder direction of the offender, exclaimed in thunder tones: "By the living Manzer, there will be no laughin' at tight pants in the day of judgment, sir!" Who Manzer was, and whether he still lives, I have not been able to ascertain.

Another queer customer who lived in the district and still resides there-was Hannibal Johnston. Hannibal was a poverty-stricken wretch, who added to his other vagaries the belief that he had invented a flying machine. He was a source of infinite amusement to everybody, and wherever he went the lively youths of the place plied him with jokes and jibes. One day, having lost a child from the measles, and being too poor or shiftless to secure proper means of conveyance, Hannibal placed a proper means of conveyance, Hannibal placed a shovel on one shoulder and the coffin on the other, and started at a slow and measured pace for the graveyard. All the way along he timed his steps by whistling the "Dead March." As he passed a turn in the road some boys, who were doubtless ignorant of his affliction, called out, "Hello, Hannibal; goin' to market? Been stealin' more chickens lately? Where's that flyin' masheen uv yures, hey?" Not an inch to right or left did Hannibal turn, but continued his measured step. Soon he turn, but continued his measured step. Soon he ceased whistling, however, and waving the shovel impressively, observed in solemn tones, "Hush, boys! I'm a funeral."

Old Critical Coombs was the carpenter of the village. He was called Critical from the universal habit he had of freely expressing his judgment of everything he saw or heard regardless of time, place or other conditions. He would proffer his advice to the politicians at election times on the most difficult problems of the day. He would criticize the preachers unmercifully—yea, even the bishop, who came once a year to the village. And as to his own especial avocation, no man knew how to draw a bead, or drive a wedge, or shove a jackplane but Critical himself. But in process of time old Critical died, and a rustic artist drew a cartoon representing the scene between St. Peter and old Critical at the gate. scene between St. Peter and old Critical at the gate. Critical's face wore a contemptuous look. The inscription on the drawing read: "Pears to me, Peter, sez he, you could improve on the mouldin's on them doors. Out of plum, too, by the jumpin' Julius!" The latter expression was old Critical's form of cath

One of the meanest men in the village was old form a lady customer that the price of "hose" was 15 cents a pair. Belordy became excited. "Hoes fer 15 cents a pair, belordy—beheaven—becuss! I'll take a dozen!" On another occasion Belordy was buying a pair of pincers in a hardware store and succeeded in convincing the boy who was in charge that a "pair" of pincers meant two of the imple-Belordy lived twenty miles from town, but he would always walk there rather than take his team, because of the expense.

The Methodist preacher on the circuit had two fair daughters, whose playful tricks assisted much to leaven the lump of life. Sometimes the reverend man found himself at a disadvantage. Upon a certain Sabbath he was dealing with the story of Jacob and Esau, and he said: "In fact, my brethren, it was a case of the early bird catching the worm. I don't like a bone in Jacob's body, brethren, but he teaches us the virtue of promptness." What was the reverend gentleman's horror, on turning to his manuscript at this point, to find noted in the margin in a bold feminine hand:

"BUT WHAT ABOUT THE EARLY WORM." The early bird has scooped the worm, Down on the worm he swooped, But what about the "early worm," Thus so untimely scooped?

Have worms no right except to make A meal for early birds? Have birds no better task in life

Than gobbling early worms? If early worms are to be gob Bled up so fast and free,

And not so early be.

Then early worms should take the hint -MAMIE.

And right underneath this precious specimen was "The worm wasn't early. He had been out sparking and was getting home late. He wouldn't be expecting callers so soon. Let the poor worm down easy, dad; you've been there yourself, I guess.

I cannot refrain from giving you a few stories of children. What a volume could be written of the sayings of children—so wonderful, many of them, for wisdom and wit. When Frank was five years f age he was never tardy at meal times, for when the table was hauled from the wall out to the centre of the floor, the noise made by the operation gave him ample warning. One afternoon a terrific thunder storm was in progress. His mother led Frank to the window, and, wishing to convey to him some notion of the majesty of the Creator, pointed out the ravages of the storm. A loud rumbling of thunder was heard, and she asked: "Frank, do you know what that is?" Frank looked puzzled for a moment and then replied: "I know, mamma; it's the Lord a-settin' his table!"

Little Gerty had come to visit grandpa, and had been as the light of the sun to him for the past few weeks. Now her vacation was over, and grandpa's yes moistened at the thought of the little fairy flitting away to her distant home, to return, perhaps, no more. "What are you crying for, grandpa?" said Gerty. "Ah," said he, "you are going away, my child, and I'm an old man, and I won't see you again." "But I will come back and see you," said Gerty. "No," said grandpa, "I will be dead before you come back again." "Oh," said she, "grandpa, then please die before I go, won't you."

Fred was a very small boy, of whom truth com pells the admission that one of the main joys of life with him consisted in making the rounds of the table after the dinner was through and removing, after the manner of the Jews who fought under Gideon, the remains of such viands as tempted his wayward fancy. On a certain evening there was a very elaborate repast prepared, for there were sevtable, Fred cast a wistful glance over the fragments of the feast and remarked: "Well, ma, I guess I won't lick the preserve plates tonight, coz there's company here!"

They were driving up the beautiful Nashwaak valley. The turn-out was a gorgeous one. He was arrayed according to the latest London fashion-plate, even to the turning up of his pants, and wore upon his brow the smile of conquest. She was bedecked in lavender cashmere, with rudimentary angels' wings at the shoulders, and displayed a set of teeth that reflected great credit on her dentist Little Johnnie, aged six, was constructing a most elegant and appetizing mud pie on the side of the road. As the fine equipage came sweeping by, he lifted his head for an instant and sang out as he returned to his mud pie, "Hello team!" Such is the comment of nature upon the pride of life.

A Busy, Thinking Millionaire. The tall, straight figure and rugged fea-

tures of Alexander Gibson always attract attention when he passes through the railway train. He is a frequent visitor to St. the great cause for which she is working. John, and one can easily imagine that he is a busy thinker to watch him on the train. He seldom seeks company, and his friends rarely disturb him. He unconsciously drops into a low whistle and for an hour at a time good old methodist tunes will come from his lips, The train does not stop in St. John station, before he is off the rear platform, and by the time the leisurally passenger steps upon the car platform his tall figure is disappearing out of the station.

CHARLOTTETOWN.

[Progress is for sale in Charlottetown at T. L. Chappelle's bookstore and by S. Gray.] JUNE 24 .- There are many things to chat about this week, but I am late with my letter and must only pass over some of them very hurriedly, for which I am very sorry. It is only fair to "Tom Trim" that a mistake in my last letter should be rectified. His praises are chanted by one of our well known citizens to the tune of one hundred and forty not four hundred dollars, as Progress made me say.

It does my heart good to see our dear little Morning Star twinkling once more, and my best thanks are returned for all good wishes bestowed on Prog-RESS and my humble self. "Same to you," "Etoile du Matin," and "many of them" for the bright paper for which you shine! We are friends, which means so much in one's journey through life, for it

"Once in a while we meet a friend, Who will cling through good and ill; Whose friendship follows us unto the end;

Be it up or down the hill!" Mr. Peter Doyle, of Halifax is in the city. The many friends of Miss Winnee Scammon ex tend congratulations upon the happy event which took place in New York a few days ago, and wish her and her husband a bright and happy future.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Clarke, of Cape Traverse, are

visiting Charlottetown. On Saturday morning, the Hon. James Peters, late "Master of the Rolls," passed peacefully away at his residence, "Sidmount," The funeral took place on Monday afternoon from St. Peter's church, and was very largely attended. The pall-bearers were the Hon. Chief Justice Sullivan, the Master of the Rolls, Judge Alley, Judge Reddin, Mayor Haviland and Mr. R. R. Fitzgerald. The body was laid to rest in St. Peter's cemetery.
Mr. A. E. Yeates, of Halifax, is registered at

Hotel Davies.

Mr. D. Schurman, of Summerside, is in the city.

Mrs. F. H. Dixon, of St. Peters, is a guest at the

Mr. B. Rogers, of Alberton, is in town. A very tair audience, including many of the elite of the city, greeted the Redpath concert company in the Lyceum Monday evening. The company is first-class in every respect, and the different selec-t ons were well given and highly appreciated. Miss Chamberlain is a wonderful whistler, and Miss Christie a beautiful violin performer. Rev. W. W. Brewer left on Friday for St. Step.

Mr. D. Rogers, of Summerside, is at Hotel

Mr. James Clow, of Murray Harbor, is in the city. So "Honor Bright" thinks lawn tennis is on the wane! Well, perhaps we have not attended as regularly as we should, but we love tennis, just the same. I am sure on Saturday we had a grand game, and we are all looking forward to next Saturday with a great deal of pleasure and expect lots of

And now we have a hand organ in our midst, and "Annie Rooney" is ground out morning, noon and night. I see by this morning's Guardian, however, that the grinder "objects to being charged with the performance of 'Annie Rooney.' He say the tune is the same but the words are different

One for the organ grinder! The many friends of Senator McDonald regret to hear he is ill at Ottawa. The legislative council is being run by Messrs. Dodd and Rogers. The Hon. Mr. Dodd having resigned the presidency, Mr. Benj. Rogers succeeds

Mr. George R. Montgomery, of Alberton. is registered at Hotel Davies.

Mr. Peter McNutt, of Malpeque, is visiting the

Rev. Mr. Reid, of this city, left this morning for

The first methodist church was the scene of a happy event at an early hour this morning, the occasion being the marriage of Mr. G. Frank Beer d Miss Annie, youngest daughter of Mr. William Weeks. The church was beautifully decorated with ferns and flowers, the work of the bride's friends. At sharp half-past six the bridal party entered the The bride wore an elegant travelling cos tume of navy blue with hat to match, and looked charming. She was attended by Miss Minnie Johnston, Miss Alice Weeks and little Misses Mc-Leod and Winnie Weeks. The groom was supported by Mr. B. D. Higgs and Mr. A. Johnson. After the ceremony the happy couple left for Summerside en route to Europe, followed by the best wishes of a host of friends.

The next happy event will take place at St. Peter's church, when the popular rector will claim one of our charming young ladies for his own. The wedding is to be very quiet, I hear, only the immediate friends of the family being present, but more of this next time.

The beautiful cantata, Under the Palms, is under rehearsal, and will be given at an early date. And now we are having a laugh over our dear little winding railroad. The steamer Northumberland left Summerside one hour later than the express train on Saturday evening, and arrived here twenty minutes ahead! I'll tell you more about our "narrow gauge" during the holidays, when I'll have more time to call my own.

CAMPBELLTON.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Campbellton at the store of A. E. Alexander, wholesale and retail dealer in dry goods, groceries, boots and shoes, hardware, school books, stationery, furniture, carriages and

JUNE 24 .- The chief event of last week was the concert given by the scholars of the catholic convent, and it was a decided success. It was held on last Thursday: the able manner in which the dialogues and recitations were rendered would bring anyone to the conclusion that the sisters who are in charge of the convent must have worked every minute of their time. Great credit is also due to Miss Minnie O'Keeffe, Miss Nellie Mc Lellan, Miss Teressa Quinn, Miss Maggie Morrison, and Miss Laura Lacasse; but these were rewarded for their work by being the recipients of gold and silver medals awarded by his lordship, Bishop Rodgers, Lev. Father McDonald, and others. The opening addresses was read in an efficient manner by Miss Nellie McLellan who looked very nice in a pretty costume of cream silk with cream spanish pretty costume of cream silk with cream spanish lace front drapery. The accompaniments rendered were excellent, by Miss Minnie O'Keeffe, she looked admiring in a handsome cashmere of pink silk with long train of dark green velvet; she was assisted by little Miss Laura Lacasse who was almost in a costume of white hongeries cills. dressed in a costume of white bengaline silk. The performance closed with a speech from the bishop, who, having congratulated the children on their success, distributed the prizes.

Mrs. Edward Sullivan is visiting friends in Weld-

The Rev. G. M. Campbell, of Moncton, preached an able sermon to the masons (of which order Mr. Campbell is grand chaplain) in the methodist church, on Sunday night. Every available seat in the church was occupied, and there were lots of people that had to stand up.

We had a flying visit from Mr. and Mrs. Wm.

McIntyre, of Dalhousie on Monday.

Miss Bessie Wheeler, of Metapedia, spent Sunday with Mrs. Dr. Doherty.
Mr. Geo. W. Cooke, of Amherst, N. S., is in town in the interest of his firm. Miss Minnie Order has gone visiting Mrs. Eugene McKenna at Quebec.

Miss Stewart, of Dalhousie, who was visiting her sister, Mrs. Justice Mott, returned home by this norning's accommodation.

Mr. Justice Mott has been sick for some time and

latest accounts is not much better. Mrs. Temple and her sister, of Montreal, are the Mrs. Temple and her sister, of Montreal, are the guests of their brother, Mr. Evan Price.

Mr. Byron Coll, of Newcastle, for a long time secretary to Mr. J. E. Price, district superintendent of the I. C. R. here, but of late secretary for an iron foundry firm in Iowa, is in town visiting friends.

Sugar Loaf.

PARRSBORO. [Progress is for sale by A. C. Berryman, Parrs-

JUNE 24 .- The tennis club court is opened for the season, and tennis is in full swing. Miss McDougall, of Truro, left for a trip to England in the ship Linden which sailed from here

Mr. Harry Woodworth is at home from college, Rev. S. Gibbons went to Amherst on Monday of

Halifax on Tuesday. Mrs. A. E. McLeod has returned from a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Kelsie and Judge Morse were at the Queen hotel yesterday. They are taking a trip to

Mr. Fred Eaton and Miss Hattie Eaton went to

Queen hotel yesterday. They are taking a trip to Annapolis.

Mr. and Mrs. Archibald, of Springhill, came down on Saturday. Mrs. Archibald will remain a few weeks. She is recovering from a severe illness.

Dr. Townshend returned from Halifax Saturday.

Mr. J. Medley Townshend, of Amherst, spent Sunday in Parrsboro.

Mr. and Mrs. Lay, of Amherst, with their children, are staying at the Minas hotel.

Mr. D. S. Howard has returned from New York, and Mrs. Howard from a visit to Amherst.

Rev. Fr. Malone is paying a visit here.

Mr. W. B. King is convalescing, but is not yet able to resume his work in the bank.

Mr. Tarra of England has been in town a day or two with Mr. George McKeen of St. John. Mrs. W. H. Rogers of Amherst is visiting Dr. and Mrs. H. Eaton. Mr. King of St. John was here a few days last week, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Upham. Mr. and Mrs. H. Burton of Halifax and family, arrived today to spend the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Price have returned from their visit to Portland, Me.

ST. GEORGE.

[Progress is for sale in St. George at T. O'Brien's

JUNE 23 .- Prof. Dunham and family arrived from Baltimore, Md., last week, and intend remaining Messrs. J. L. Bend, J. C. West, B. Lownde, and

Mr. Black, of Baltimore, arrived here last week, and at once proceeded to the fishing grounds at Lake Utopia.

Mr. Thos. Ellis and son, St. John, made a brief visit here last week.

Miss Poole, of Pennfield, arrived here last week. Quite a large class awaits her instructions in music. Mrs. Arthur Moran and child, Bonny River, was here last week, the guest of Mrs. A. S. Baldwin. Rev. W. C. Goucher, St. Stephen, occupied the pulpit of the baptist church here last Sunday, both

morning and evening. Capt. Cameron and sister, Mrs. Olive, of West End, St. John, made a short stay here last week.

Mr. Will McAdam arrived home from Vermont this week, where he has been residing for the past this week, where he has been residing for the past two years. I believe he will spend the summer at home, and in the fall he goes to college, preparatory to entering the ministry. Mr. Fred S. Hutchinson, St. Stephen, was here

Mr. R. T. Wetmore arrived home last night from a trip to Aroostock county, Me.

Mr. J. Sutton Clark left here yesterday for St.

Job to attend the annual dinner of the N. B.

Filarmaceutical society.

Pharmaceutical society.

Miss Estelle McLean, Le Tete, was here last week visiting her sister, Mrs. R. A. Parks.

Mr. Morrison, of New York, travelling correspondent of the American Angler, is here this week.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

Fluid. Prologue.

'Im nag fly hove a greedy smile, When 'im heard 'im donkey snore, An' roosted on 'im animile, An' dug 'in deep an' sore, An' swelled 'isself 'ith gore, An' 'im fluid ran a pour.

Epilogue.

An' 'fm fluid ran a pour, An' 'im donkey weep an' si', An' 'im nag fly feel galore, An' 'im wink 'im other I.

Prologue. 'Im nag fly feel to sleep inclined,

An' stretch 'im on a rose, An' 'im bumbley bee 'im come behind, An' drill 'im full of woes, An' 'im foldey up 'im toes, 'Ith 'im stinger thro' 'im nose.

Epilogue. An' 'im nag fly fold 'im tozes, An' 'im spirit go on hi. An' 'im bee make diagnosis,

An' 'im wink 'im other I.

Psalm iv., 4. Dear Lord, I would revere Thy holy name, And fear, Thee to offend, by word, in thought, To quench the Holy Spirit's gentle flame

Within the soul, by Christ so dearly bought. Touch thou, in love, the heart, reveal Thy light, And aid to brighter views of Thy great care, And in the stillness, and the calm of night, Thy peace to me extend, through Jesus spare.

The Sweet Girl-Graduate.

fair rose blooming in the month of June, Reared in a sheltered spot, with tender care, dainty, modest, half-blown bud, yet soon To open in perfection on the air. But in the "rose-bud garden of bright girls" A flower grows, whose worth all estimate Above the wealth of treasured, costly gems,

That flower is the sweet Girl Graduate. The fleeting days of childhood now are gone, Eager she stands, though hesitating long Jpon the threshold of a world unknown, Then takes her place amid the rushing throng. And from the One above, I ask a boon, That in the rough, and winding path of fate

Where e'er her foot steps fall, it may be strewn With blossoms, for the sweet Girl Graduate. -JOSEPHINE THOMPSON

A Possible Explanation.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: On age 14 of last Progress (20th inst.), I and the following among "Things Worth The declared Wesleyans in the English army number 19,218. The church membership 1,332.

This is so much at variance with what I have just seen in an English church paper that I cut out the article, which reads as From a census taken of the British army serving

at home on the first day of this year, out of a total of 100,174 regular soldiers, no fewer than 70,697 are set down as belonging to the Church of England; 7,424 as Presbyterians; 5,219 as Wesleyans; 1722 as of other denominations; 16,053 as Roman Catholics, and 59 It is quite possible that the paragraph

printed in Progress (also from a reliable old country paper) referred to all the army of Great Britain and not merely those "at home." There might be 19,218 declared Wesleyans and only 1,332 members of that church.—Ed. Progress.

"Progress" New Office.

The carpenters and painters have about completed their work, and Progress' new business offices will be occupied the first of next week. When finished, there will be no doubt that they will be handsomer and more commodious than those of any newspaper in this city. No doubt many of PROGRESS' patrons thought it was time there was more room in the office. Up to date, since the paper was enlarged and the staff increased, the three small front offices have been crowded, and it was practically impossible to give a visitor a private hearing if he wanted it. In the new offices, which are connected with the old ones by a door cut through a twelve inch brick wall, is the editor and publisher's large office, and the business office, both of which are large enough for all practical purposes. Still when that 15,000 circulation materializes, there won't be any too much room.

Where the People Go.

Standing room was at a premium on the ferry boat Sunday afternoon, and the town was deserted. The Bay Shore and Duck Cove is the centre of attraction when the sun shines, and last Sunday the shore and hills were not places to make one lonesome. Hundreds went over there to get cooled off, but the way the average person takes of accomplishing this is amusing walking three or four miles in a boiling sun to sit on a green bank or piece of drift wood and enjoy a sea breeze for half an