

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 16.

THE DISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH.

Every now and then some one goes to the trouble of figuring up how long it will take at present rates before a few people own half the wealth of the country, and sets up a hue and cry about the danger to the state which will ensue when that dire calamity comes to time. These people ought to go into partnership with the other set who lament the increase in the mortgage indebtedness of the country. They are representatives of the noble army who have been foretelling the general deterioration of the world, and the coming of social and financial chaos for the last thousand years or more. Undoubtedly the rich are growing richer, that is to say the average wealth of, say, a thousand of our richest men is greater today than it was twenty years ago; but so is the average wealth of the hundred thousand who rank next to these, and so on until we get down to those who have nothing; and of the latter it can be at least claimed that they are holding their own. There is very much more property in the world now than there was twenty years ago. Industry and ingenuity have converted the raw material of nature into articles of practical utility; the general progress of mankind has created new necessities, made labor remunerative and given its products a value which is none the less real because artificial. If stock in, say, the Western Union Telegraph Company may be watered a hundred per cent and yet pay as good dividends on the face value of the new certificates as it did on the original stock, it follows that there must be a corresponding increase in the business done. True by a stroke of his pen JAY GOULD may have doubled the nominal value of his wealth, and by selling his stock to the public may actually double it; but nobody is any poorer than they would have been if the stock had not been watered. We have cases nearer home where the same sort of thing has been done on a smaller scale, where financial institutions have doubled their capital out of earnings. What the original investors paid a dollar for is now worth two. They are so much the richer, but nobody is any poorer. Under social conditions, where millions labor with the hands or with the head, there will always be an accumulation of wealth, and this, as it always has done, will accumulate in the hands of the prudent and far-seeing. If a universal statute of distributions were passed tomorrow, and every species of property were divided equally among the people, the next day somebody would have his neighbor's share. The higher the average wealth of the country, the higher the average wealth of millionaires; and if it shall ever come to pass that this class will own half of everything, we need not complain, so long as we have our share of the remainder. In case anybody may suppose that the above article was written by a millionaire, we may add that such an opinion would be erroneous. The writer regards the position of the millionaire from the theoretical standpoint only, but he is open to an engagement as a practical millionaire at any time and on the shortest notice. Persons desiring his services in that capacity will please call early and avoid the rush. Don't knock; but walk right in.

MEN AND THINGS.

A French paper recently referred to VON MOLTKE as the last of the great barbarian leaders from the north. This is a neat sort of revenge for Sedan. It tickles the volatile Frenchman and does not disturb the silent general in his peaceful rest. To compare the great tactician to ATILLA and the other great leaders of the Goths, Huns and Vandals, and to set the disaster which befel France upon the same plane

as the overthrow of Roman civilization, is very clever and Frenchy.

Contrast between the great German soldier and the other military geniuses, of which deeds history is full, is hardly possible. The marvellous knowledge which he possessed of the enemy's country, the celerity of his movements, the paralyzing nature of his blows and the frequency with which he followed them up, as shown in the Austrian and French wars, are hardly precedented; but it is to be kept in mind that the facilities at the disposal of the illustrious master butchers who preceded him, were very much inferior to those at his command. If his greatness is measured by the results of his achievements, he perhaps ranks first among the great leaders of the country. He made the German empire possible; but with such co-workers as BISMARCK and the great kaiser, another man might have done as much.

Talking of war, what a history attaches to that illustrious vessel the Huascar. Built by Peru to defend her ports against Chili, she was captured by the latter power and made largely instrumental in the defeat of the former. After taking part in the usual routine of revolutions, she was finally taken possession of by the insurgents, who are making war at this particular time against the government of Chili, and the other day the government managed to send her to the bottom by means of torpedoes.

It has been suggested that the English government would like to see a war in which Italy would be involved, in order that the value of ironclads in actual warfare might be ascertained. This is scarcely probable. Nevertheless, every European nation would like to see a few experiments tried with ironclads at some one else's expense.

Mr. BLAINE has begun to say that he does not want to be president, and this is only 1891. If he is not very careful somebody will believe him one of these days.

The ambition to be ruler of a great nation like the United States, is a very natural one; but the position is one with a great many drawbacks. It is singular that ex-presidents rarely live long. Only two are living, HAYES and CLEVELAND.

United States papers are just now much agitated over the right of citizens to take the law in their own hands in cases of emergency: In other words, if there is any necessity for the operations of Judge Lynch in that country. Three conspicuous cases have brought the subject to the front, one at New Orleans, one at Oysterville, Wash., and the other at Walla Walla, in the same state. In the latter case the lynching was done by soldiers in revenge for the murder of a comrade. It differed from the two other cases in that the murderer had not been tried and consequently there had been no failure of justice. Undoubtedly there ought not to be any necessity for mob law in a country which claims to be highly civilized. On the other hand, the civilization of a country from any point of view is to be judged from that of the ruling classes, and when these are, as they are apt to be in many parts of the Union, made up of, or at least controlled by the lowest, most vicious and most ignorant of the population, orderly and regular administration of justice is not to be looked for. In respect to administration of justice Canada stands far ahead of its next neighbor.

Not that we are in New Brunswick without spot or blemish in this matter. Not many legal scandals get to the ears of the public; but a good many have been whispered around among the profession. Nevertheless one cannot help thinking that very little real injustice has come from alleged judicial improprieties or there would have been more talk about them. The time was when people looked upon the courts as semi-sacred. They don't do it now.

How the judges of fifty years ago would have been shocked if the bar and the public had attempted to be familiar with them after the manner of today. Fancy a judge of the old school sitting at the common hotel table at circuit time with lawyers, suitors, jurors, constables, and everybody else; hearing pending cases discussed, and the character of litigants passed upon. The bench was further away from the people than it is now; but so was the bar, so was the pulpit, so was everything else. There has been a levelling. Has it been up or down?

THE COMING ENCYCLICAL.

Pope LEO is about to issue an encyclical dealing with the social and labor problems. The avowed object of the document is to place the Roman Catholic church at the head of the labor movement. Indications have been many during several years past that the papal authorities contemplated such a step. It is one worthy of the palmiest days of Rome, even though there may be reason to doubt its success. All observers agree that the social conditions of continental Europe cannot long continue as at present. Nearly every nation is permeated by ideas hostile to the existing forms of government and the pres-

ent relations of labor and capital. Millions of men would rise in social revolution tomorrow, if a leader were at hand in whom they had confidence. Can Rome lead this host, and at the same time hold it in check? Is it strong enough to control the rising tide of democracy, and yet not antagonize imperialism? And if so, what reward will it claim? The people of Europe are looking for relief from their rulers; the rulers are looking for protection from their people. Can Rome become a sword in the hand of the one, and a shield on the arm of the other? There is a vigor in the proposed action of the papacy, which seems scarcely to be Italian in its origin, and one's mind goes back intuitively to the great Baltimore conference and some of the declarations of the American prelates made upon that occasion. The despatches say that the pope has consulted the leading thinkers of the world.

The great obstacle in the way of the success of the papal plan is the lack of faith on the part of the revolutionary element in authority of any kind, and especially that which claims a religious sanction. If the socialists, labor reformers and the like turn to Rome for guidance, it will imply a revolt from their present leaders. On the other hand there are millions among the disaffected classes who are not extremists; perhaps the majority are not extremists, and these may be willing to accept a leadership which promises a peaceful solution of the problems confronting them. It will be to them, to the capitalists and the ruling classes that the encyclical will be especially addressed.

Progressive! I have no hesitation in saying that for restless, unceasing activity Nova Scotia banks have commanded attention from the biggest in the dominion. You will find a bank agency in every town or village of any importance in the lower provinces, and the greater part of the banking business of New Brunswick is transacted by Halifax banks. We have even pushed into Montreal and the Merchants Bank of Halifax have opened three branches in that city, and the Bank of Nova Scotia, under its present active management, has become the third bank in strength and importance among Canadian financial institutions.

This is the way a Halifax banker talks, and he speaks the truth. There is not a doubt that if every Halifax merchant had shown the same enterprise and progressiveness as its bankers, the Upper Canadian drummers would not reap such a harvest in the maritime provinces.

Mr W. C. MURRAY is coming fresh from university honors in the old country, to take his place in the university of New Brunswick as its third GILCHRIST scholar, and the second in the faculty. We understand that it is still the intention to establish a temporary chair of philosophy. So far as we can understand, it will be dependent upon the fickle support of subscriptions. So far as Mr. MURRAY is concerned, his reception could not be otherwise than cordial, but the added chair of philosophy cannot commend itself to any practical well wisher of the institution.

We are glad to note that the committee in charge of the collections for the BRYDENE-JACK memorial scholarship are nearing the end of their labors in that direction. The more scholarships an educational institution can have the better, and it is peculiarly fitting that a gentleman so long identified with the university of New Brunswick as Dr. JACK was, should be remembered in this substantial fashion by those who studied with him.

The young ladies of Halifax who want to play tennis on fashionable territory must pay dollars for the privilege—eight dollars! Well founded report says there is a kick. Shades of the gentle sport! We have heard of, aye heard, base ball and cricket kickers; we have seen and felt foot ball kickers, but a tennis kicker. What species is it?

Many New Brunswick people will be interested in the portrait of Rev. Canon PARTRIDGE of Halifax and his church. Dr. PARTRIDGE is well known in this province and much esteemed.

NOUVELLES FRANCAISES.

Mais il n'ya rien de nouveau, le printemps est ici, et gu'est-ce qu'on fait au printemps, l'hiver avec toute son activité est passé et tout le monde se trouve fatigué mentalement, physiquement, et spirituellement. Mais gu'est-ce qui se passe à cette saison où l'on a tellement besoin de repos? Est-ce qu'on laisse tout tranquille dans la maison de sorte qu'on puisse y trouver la solitude qu'on cherche? Pas du tout. C'est à peine si on peut trouver sa chambre, et quand on la trouve elle n'est plus reconnaissable; plus de tapis sur le plancher, plus de chaises apparentes, ces choses là renversées l'une sur l'autre ne sont pas des chaises; on quitte une telle demeure pour chercher une autre retraite. Mais en vain, il n'ya plus de salon, plus de corridor proprement dit. Dans une chambre on trouve des vêtements, hommes vêtus de blanc et qui végètent de blanc tout ce qu'ils touchent; plus loin on rencontre d'autres hommes non vêtus de blanc cette fois mais décolorés de noir comme il devient tout chose près d'eux, car de chaque bout de ces choses longues et rondes qu'ils portent il tombe à chaque pas qu'ils font une substance d'une couleur l'exact contraire de celle de ce liquide dont les premiers hommes, par le moyen de broches attachées à leur ceinture, se servaient pour se faire un feu. Et c'est désespéré. Invoquons tout ce bonheurs de ménage? O. c'est le printemps, il faut nettoyer la maison; la maison n'existe pas pour nous, c'est nous qui existons pour la maison. On veut dit de prendre patience, que dans quelques jours vous serez très content de voir tout l'intérieur renouveau. Et c'est vrai. Tout ce fracas terminé, tous ces hommes, blancs et noirs, chassés et l'ordre rétabli, combien on devient aimable. Ce n'est guère la même maison, on est content de les tapis et les meubles sont tout à fait neufs, mais non, ce changement n'est que le résultat du travail que la bonne ménagère a si bien dirigé. Elle a su des le commencement qu'un bon ménage, bien tenu, a la place du chaos qui nous a tant effrayé. Mais le printemps, au printemps on ne vit pas réellement, on se prépare seulement pour vivre, on pense à l'été, à la campagne, on n'attend à vivre vraiment pendant quelques semaines dans un état semi-barbare, se reposant dans des hamacs sous les arbres. Et en effet quand ces moments arrivent on éprouve tout le plaisir anticipé, voilà des espoirs qui se réalisent, on n'est jamais déçu dans ces jours dans la campagne. USE ELKRE.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

TOMORROW. What is tomorrow? 'Tis a hope, Nestling in each human soul; 'Tis an airy ghost that moves Where the mists and shadows roll. What is tomorrow, but a fear Thrilling through the human heart; Hid in night's mysterious gloom, Oh, tomorrow! still thou art. What is tomorrow but despair, When the light of hope has fled; When the flowers of life and love All lie numbered with the dead. What is tomorrow but a name, A shadow from the great unknown— A something which the mind may grasp, It is not ours till it has flown. Oh tomorrow what for me Dost thou hold of weal or woe? From thy bosom dark and still, Fate thy secret would I know. Oh! thy secret still remains, Love has wrought the golden screen; Mercy weaves the veil that hides The unknown and the unseen. Then tomorrow rest in peace, Keep thy secret in thy breast, 'Tis enough for me to know God is working for the best. Memramcook, N. B. A. McCREA.

Cats on the Wall. "Tickle me Thomas," she sweetly said, "Tickle me under the chin," As she leaned on his breast by the old woodshed, When the neighbors had all retired to bed, And the lights were low and dim. He answered, "Yes, my cherry pud," And his heart beat loud within, But a boot-jack fell with a mighty whiz, And slathered Thomas 'cross the phiz, And stopped their frivolous sin. —STENO.

HALF A DOZEN RHYMES. They Smacked. "Will take a little smack with me?" They jolted by the side of me— Then dropped her lashes modestly, And mildly, meekly blushed. She said "I will participate In such diversions as you state, If you the same will designate A labial concession." —Boston Courier.

A Lady's Opinion. I've no decided fancy For trousers, tight, In great or slight degree; For when such trousers bag They bag most awfully. I've no decided fancy For trousers wide, My nether limbs to girt; For someone they're too near akin To the divided skirt. I've no decided fancy For any shape or style; For girls dressed up in trousers Only make the neighbors smile. —Mary Jones.

Our Choir. There's Jane Sophia, And Anna Maria With Obediah, And Jekiah, In our choir.

And Jane Sophia, soprano sings So high you'd think her voice had wings To soar above all earthly things, When she leads off on Sunday; While Ann Maria's alto voice Rings out in such harmonious voice That sinners in the church rejoice, And wish she'd sing till Monday.

Then Obediah's tenor high Is un surpassed by the sky; Just hear him sing "Sweet By and By," And you will sit and wonder; While Jekiah's bass profound Goes down so low it jars the ground, And wakes the echoes miles around, Like distant rattling thunder.

Talk not to us of Patti's fame, Of Nicolini's tenor tame, Of Cary's alto—but a name— Of Whitton's ponderous basso! They sing no more like Jane Sophia And Ann Maria Obediah, And Jekiah in our choir, Than cats sing like Tommaso! —Musical Record.

A Common Experience. Danced with expansive bonnet Bright and gay, I could write to you a sonnet Every day. Fair Dame Nature has designed you; Fair must everybody find you; Yet I would not sit behind you At the play.

With your "Gainsborough" before me Down the aisle, Vengeful feelings gather'd o'er me, Though I smile, Cruel as cruel priests of Brahma Could I be, when thrilling drama Seem'd a flowery panorama Of a mile.

All the Thespian emotion Seems quite fair, I have not the vaguest notion What they're at. I have no appreciation Of an splendid situation, For I'm lost in contemplation Of your hat. —America.

A Stage Picture. She stands with rapt, ecstatic glance, As if in an inspiring trance, A heroine of old romance Before the footlights on the stage. She looks enraptured into space, A seraph's smile upon her face; In all her beauty, youth and grace, Who can her soul's emotion gauge?

Her lips are moving, and I glean That she, always cold, serene, Some one-time lover's face has seen Amid the crowd whose eyes she meets. Or does she build chateaux in Spain? Or inspiration seek in vain? Ah no! I see I'm wrong again— She's only counting the receipts.

Both Engaged. She sat alone within the seat; the train was speeding on. She was a little maid well fed and good to look upon.

Unto the little maiden came a drummer, young and fair, With ways that 'prentice poets call a bearing de-bonair, Because it's such a pretty word and rhymes with fair and pair.

Unto the maid the drummer: "Miss, is this engaged, this seat?"

Unto the man the maiden then, in prairie accents sweet, "No this seat isn't, but I am." Then the drummer made retreat.

PEN, PRESS AND ADVERTISING. "Talking about advertising," said a business man to Progress the other day, "I patronize all the city papers, spend all the way from \$300 to \$400 in advertising and printing every year. I have no idea what good I get from this money, but I do not attend to my changes as I should. I have a two inch space in all of the daily papers, and pay each more or less for it. You will be surprised to know that I do not pay more than \$50 to any paper, and it runs as low as \$25. Here are the figures, place them as you will, \$25, \$35, \$50, \$50. If business men desire to make known to the public that they are good for sale, let them advertise them in a proper way. But this editorial puffing is an imposition upon the public." —Boston Herald. The journals of Seattle and Tacoma will surprise an eastern merchant with the metropolitan show of business they present. How much such a business display helps the whole community and attracts other business, who shall attempt to estimate? —Pitts. Ledger.

YOYTOT.

Where wait the waters in their flow A spectre wanders to and fro, And evermore that ghostly shore Benooats the heir of Yoytot. Sometimes, when, like a fleecy pall, The mists upon the waters fall, Across the main float shadows twain That do not heed the spectre's call. The king his son of Yoytot Stood once and saw the waters go Boiling around with hissing sound The sullen phantom rocks below. And suddenly he saw a face Lift from that black and seething place— Lift up and gaze in mute amazement And tenderly a little space. A mighty cry of love made he— No answering word to him gave she, But looked, and then sunk back again Into the dark and depthless sea. And ever afterward that face, That he beheld such little space, Like wraith would rise within his eyes, And in his heart hid flaring place. So off from castle had he crept, Where mid the rocks grim shadows slept, And where the mist reached down and kissed The waters as they waited and wept. The king it was of Yoytot That vaulted, many years ago, There was no coast his valiant host Had not subdued with spear and bow. For once to him the sea king cried: "In safety all thy ships shall ride, An thou but swear thy princely heir Shall take my daughter to his bride. And, lo, these winds that rose the sea Unto our pact shall witness be, And of the oath which binds us both Shall be the judge 'twixt me and thee!" Then swore the king of Yoytot Unto the sea-king years ago, And with great cheer for many a year His ships went hurrying to and fro. Unto this mighty king his throne Was born a prince, and one alone— Fairer than he in form and blee, And knightly grace was never known. But once he saw a maiden face Lift from a haunted ocean place— Lift up and gaze in mute amazement And tenderly a little space. Wrath was the king of Yoytot, That his son would never go Sailing the sea, but liefer be Where waited the waters in their flow. Where winds in clamorous anger sweep, Where to and fro grim shadows creep, And where the mist reached down and kissed The waters as they waited and wept. So sped the years, till came a day The haughty king was old and gray, And in his heart were spoils untold That he had wrested from Norway. Then once again the sea-king cried: "Thy ships have hurried far and wide; My part is done—now let thy son Require my daughter to his bride!" Loud laughed the king of Yoytot, And by his son he bade him go— "I heed no more what oath I swore, For I was mad to bargain so!" Then spake the sea king in his wrath: "Thy ships lie broken in my bay, Go now and bring thy hands, false king! Nor ship nor heir thy kingdom hath!" And then shall wander ever more All up and down the ghostly shore, And call in vain upon the twin That keep what oath a dastard swore!

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Loud laughed the king of Yoytot, And by his son he bade him go— "I heed no more what oath I swore, For I was mad to bargain so!"

Then spake the sea king in his wrath: "Thy ships lie broken in my bay, Go now and bring thy hands, false king! Nor ship nor heir thy kingdom hath!"

And then shall wander ever more All up and down the ghostly shore, And call in vain upon the twin That keep what oath a dastard swore!

The winds went riding to and fro And scourged the waves that crouched below, And made them sing to childless king The bridal song of Yoytot.

So fell the curse upon that shore, And hopeless wailing evermore Was the righteous dote of the craven soul That heeded not what oath he swore. An hundred ships went down that day, All off the coast of Norway, And the ruthless sea made mighty glee Over the spoil that drifting lay.

The winds went calling far and wide To the dead that tossed in the mocking tide; "Come forth, ye slaves! from your feeble graves And drink a health to your prince, his bride!"

Where wait the waters in their flow A spectre wanders to and fro, And evermore that ghostly shore Shall claim the heir of Yoytot.

Sometimes, when, like a fleecy pall, The mists upon the waters fall, Across the main float shadows twain That do not heed the spectre's call. —Eugene Field.

A Chance for the Right Man.

A gentleman with a comprehensive knowledge of the business and industries of the Maritime Provinces, and of the business people, with enough ability to put his thoughts and opinions on paper, can secure employment for a few hours each week, which will not interfere with his regular employment, and materially add to his income, by addressing "P" Progress office.

Problem.

Take a piece of cardboard four inches square, and with four cuts of the scissors, divide it into parts, which may be arranged into five squares of uniform size, without waste of material.

Mr. Frodsham Does the Work.

Everything gets a general overhauling in the spring, and it is generally needed, but when a good tick full of feathers become hard and matted, it usually has to be passed over; for to thoroughly renovate it, and make it as it ought to be is something that cannot be done by everybody. In fact Mr. John Frodsham, who has his place of business on Waterloo street, is about the only man who can renovate feathers and make them as good as new! —Addt.

You Can Get Them.

The Bellast Ginger Ale from the celebrated Spa Springs, Kerr's Evaporated Vegetables, Edward's Dissipated Soup, and all your family Groceries from J. S. ARMSTRONG & BRO, 32 Charlotte street.

Why not have long selected Case in your Chairs: Lasts longer, cheaper. Dual, 249 Union street.

WOODSTOCK.

[Progress is for sale in Woodstock at Everett's Bookstore.] MAY 13.—I made a mistake last week in saying that Mrs. Anderson was receiving. She is receiving this week, and Miss Minnie Connell is assisting. Mrs. Anderson will be a real acquisition to society here. For everybody is speaking of her prettiness and charming manner. The Woodstock Tennis club is one of the excitements of the week. The ground is to be laid out on the north side of the Record building, and everything will soon be in readiness for playing. To be a good tennis player will be the height of ambition for every right-minded member of the club. In anticipation of the needs of the fair members, the dry goods merchants are getting in a fancy lot of tennis outfits. A pretty costume is one of the chief requisites of the game. The officers are W. P. Jones, president; A. D. Holyoke, vice-president; J. T. Garden, treasurer; Dr. Rankin, secretary. Dr. Rankin was the chief agitator in organizing the club and in stimulating the enthusiasm of the ladies and gentlemen to make it the great success it will surely be. Mr. Wm. Smith, New York, is visiting his brother, Dr. Smith. Mr. Williams, the curate from England, who is to be the assistant of Canon Neales, arrived yesterday. Miss Minnie Winslow, who has been very ill, is able to be out once more, much to the satisfaction of her friends who were feeling very anxious about her. Miss Estey, who has been visiting here, left for Boston yesterday morning. Mr. and Mrs. Manzer are away on a short trip to St. John and Fredericton. Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Belyea are visiting in St. Stephen. Dr. Jewett is home for a short visit. There are whist parties of a dance to be given in the near future by one of our leading society ladies. It is to be hoped that the invitations will soon proclaim it a certainty, as all the young people are pinning for a good dance before the summer days arrive. —JOHN.

SHEDIAC.

[Progress is for sale in Shediac at A. Stona's store.] MAY 14.—We hope soon to see the usual influx of visitors in Shediac. Quite a number have already spoken for rooms at the hotel. Mr. Weldon has been refurnishing a number of rooms and fixing up generally, making everything as attractive as possible for his guests. La grippe is making sad havoc among our people. It seems to have come with redoubled force this year. A French fishing schooner, a few miles from here, it has been a regular plague, scarcely one family has escaped, and in many instances all the members are attacked at once. There is talk of the tennis club getting to work at an early date. It is to be hoped this will not fall through to get started, as it did last year. Trout fishing is quite the rage at present. On Saturday Mr. W. B. Deacon, Mr. E. J. Cochran, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Bussell and Miss Evans drove to Gilbert's mill on a fishing expedition. They brought back a goodly number of the speckled beauties. Mrs. Thomas Hicks, of P. E. I., is visiting at her old home. Mrs. P. C. Bourgeois has returned from St. John, where she has been attending the art school. Mrs. Carruthers, of P. E. I., is visiting Mrs. Deacon at "Spruce Villa." Mr. O. P. Wilbur, of Moncton, spent Sunday at his home in Shediac Cape. Mr. T. L. Threl was in town on Monday to attend the funeral of his aunt, Mrs. Glendinning. Miss Laura McFadden is visiting in Sussex. Miss Gertrude Evans returned to Sackville on Monday. —CHLOE.

RUCTOUCHE.

MAY 13.—Mrs. A. Coates gave a small party Friday evening, for her niece, Miss Jane Beers, who has lately returned from Kingston, where she has been attending school. R. N. Doherty returned from P. E. Island where he has been spending a few days. We expect to see Mr. and Mrs. Doherty at the usual evening. Mr. Doherty having purchased a flyer while there. William Smith, from Richibouctou, was here on Monday. Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Carter and family are visiting Mr. Carter's mother. This is a farewell visit for Mr. Carter who intends leaving shortly for Tacoma. Great sympathy is felt for Mrs. J. W. Carter, in her sad bereavement, her mother and grandmother both dying within a few days of each other. Rev. Mr. Sellar, from Richibouctou, occupied the pulpit in the Methodist church last evening. Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Girvan, from Kingston, visited Mrs. C. Ross last week. They were accompanied by Miss M. J. Johnson and Neil J. Ross and spent the day in Moncton. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Douglas are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son. —VERNE.

PARRSBORO.

[Progress is for sale by A. C. Berryman, Parrsboro bookstore.] The meeting of the county court this week brought with it the proverbial rainy weather, which, by the way, was sadly needed, the farms and gardens being in a very backward condition. Although the session of the court was very brief, beginning and ending Tuesday morning, the rain continued. Besides, Judge Morse, who had with him his little son, I noticed Mr. C. R. Smith, Mr. W. T. Pipes and Mr. Arthur Davidson, from Amherst. Mr. S. W. Smith, who has been confined to the house for several days by illness, is able to be out again. Dr. Townshend is recovering. He has been very ill of congestion of the lungs for many days. Mr. George Cole came home from Amherst Saturday and returned Tuesday. Mr. Poncia of Montreal was at the Minas hotel a day or two this week. Mr. Arthur Alloway, of Springhill, was in town Tuesday. Mr. Clarke, of Antigonish, gave a reading on Monday evening, which was very well attended.

MARYSVILLE.

MAY 12.—Mrs. A. Gibson, Miss Gibson, Mrs. C. Hatt, and Master John Hatt left for St. John on Monday. Mr. Bowden, of St. John, spent Sunday with Mr. Gibson. I am sorry to say that Mr. John Gibson is not improving as rapidly, as his many friends would wish. Rev. Mr. Gough, of McAdams Junction, took the services in the Methodist church on Sunday last. Rev. Mr. Chapman being unable to fulfil his appointments as he is suffering from the grippe. Mrs. Jas. Gibson has returned from St. John. Mr. A. H. Rowley, of the bank of Nova Scotia, is spending his vacation at a Boston hotel. Mrs. John Gibson and Mrs. W. T. Day, spent a day in St. John last week. The services on Sunday evenings in our little town must be of a very interesting nature, as I notice several of the young gentlemen from the Celestial city attend them very regularly. —SCRIBBLER.

BATHURST.

MAY 13.—The absence of the regular services in St. George's Episcopal church last Sunday made more keenly felt the regret which the departure of Rev. Mr. Peters has caused. It will be long before the church pulpit is so worthily filled, and long, I fear, before its congregation have again among them a pastor so devoted, so charitable and so zealous as Parson Peters. Mrs. Call Carruthers (nee Hillock), is visiting her friends here. Mrs. Chisholm's many friends have joined in offering their hearty congratulations on the successful issue of the lawsuit. Mr. W. J. Draper has gone to Bersemsis, Que., for a few weeks. Mr. K. F. Burns, M. P., returns this morning to Ottawa to attend to his parliamentary duties. His daughter, Miss Minnie, will accompany him. Mr. and Mrs. James Mann, who left this place some months ago to reside in Ontario, have the sympathy of their friends here. St. Leonard's student which befel their son James, and the continued indisposition of their daughter, Miss Mabel. —Tom Brown.

GRAND FALLS.

MAY 15.—W. Fred Kerton left last Wednesday for St. John and St. Stephen. Miss Nellie Estey arrived home, April 28th, and was welcomed by her many friends. Miss Colla W. spent a week in St. Leonard's recently, the guest of her brother, Mr. George H. West. There will be a ball in Victoria hall May 25th and a good time is expected. Mrs. H. Murray, of Limestone, Me., is visiting her mother, Mrs. Thos. Merritt. Miss M. Kerrigan, who has been suffering from a severe attack of "la grippe" is again able to be out. Mrs. Pickett who has been in Andover and Woodstock to attend to her maternal duties, returned home on Friday last. Rev. Mr. Johnston of Andover occupied the pulpit in the Mission church, Sunday the 3rd inst. —Rus.