

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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CIRCULATION, - - 9,800

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPT. 19.

THE REASON WHY.

A large number of PROGRESS' friends have asked us what we are going to do at the exhibition this year, and we have been forced reluctantly to answer "nothing." The only reason why we are not printing a daily newspaper in the exhibition building this year is that the great increase in our business prevents it. With an eight page paper last fall and a modest equipment which we were able to handle without too much difficulty we managed to remove material and workmen to the exhibition building. Today with PROGRESS a sixteen page paper, a largely increased circulation and an equipment more complete in every respect we could not conduct an exhibition paper and do justice to our regular issue.

THE VOICE.

When you come to think it over, you will be prepared to admit that there is nothing more wonderful than the human voice. Think of its infinite variety. Probably most readers of PROGRESS are acquainted with a thousand people, no two of whom have voices just alike. You can recognize all of your friends and most of your acquaintances by their voices, although you have never cultivated the faculty of so doing. The writer of this article was once introduced to a blind man. A very short conversation followed. Several years afterwards he met the blind man again, not having done so in the interval. The latter was on foot; the writer was in a carriage. "Good morning, Mr. D—," said the writer, to which the answer came promptly, "Good morning, Mr. —," the name being given instantly. In all the years that had passed, the blind man had not forgotten the voice and the name that went with it, any more than we, who have our eyes, forget a face and the name that goes with it. Think of the range of expression of which the voice is capable. Take three familiar instances, "Suffer little children to come unto me," "LAZARUS, come forth!" "My God, why hast Thou forsaken me." What a wonderful gamut lies between these. Think of the range of tone, from the deep bass of a Novara, whose lower notes are like the rumbling of thunder, to the bird-like trills of a PAVIL. Think of the wonderful flexibility, its varying quality and fulness, the power, the pathos of which it is capable. How it can lend a point to wit, sharpen the edge of satire, add power to command and lend influence to entreaty.

A good voice is a very desirable attribute to either man or woman. Not necessarily a good voice for singing, for song is only one out of many uses of the voice. Vocal culture ought to be as much a part of education as arithmetic. If value is to be measured by utility, our views are unmeasurably more important than our ability to add and subtract. Yet, who thinks of training the voice, unless to make singers or elocutionists? All babies cry and coo pretty much alike. It would require more keenness than most mortals are gifted with to distinguish between the voice of a royal infant and that of a peasant's baby. We all know what changes come as the years roll by; different tones go with different temperaments of course, and always will. Probably no amount of training would have made CAMPANINI's voice anything but tenor in quality. But careful training will prevent the development of faults, enhance the effectiveness of good qualities. How often it is said of a public speaker: He

does not know how to use his voice. Such men tire their audiences; they rasp the point off their best utterances. A loud, shrill, voice goes ill with a pretty face, but alas, the combination is not uncommon. Reference is not now made to the pronunciation of words. That is quite another matter. One may be as correct as a dictionary, and yet as disagreeable as a gazoo to listen to. Physical culture has ceased to be a fad, and is recognized as essential, although only a small portion of the community makes a living by gymnastics or athletics. We do not limit physical culture to those who do so. Why should we limit vocal culture to those who intend to sing or practice elocution? We use our voices a great deal. It is said that some people use theirs too much; but without discussing this, it may be fairly claimed that if we all used them aright, there would be less discord in the world.

THE CIRCULATION OF BLOOD.

Not the circulation of the blood, but the circulation of blood, is one of the most important social agencies. "The four hundred" of today was not the elite of yesterday. Not many of the names which adorn a leading social event in this year, 1891, would have found a place in a catalogue of first families even a quarter of a century ago. The names, which are a tower of strength to financial institutions and great enterprises, would never have been thought of by our fathers in such a connection. Of course the reference is to surnames. New families have come to the front; the old blood has in the course of events circulated out of sight. Who can name five members of the first New Brunswick legislature, and how many of their descendants have a position of prominence today? Where are the sons of the merchants of the last generation? What has become of the blood of the old lawyers? Where shall we search for the history of fathers and grandfathers of the men whose names are prominent in provincial affairs today? The farms have filled up the city stores and offices with young men, who will grow to manhood and whose sons will in time be pushed out by new recruits from the country. It is not difficult to assign reasons for this. Country-bred young men are more willing to begin at the beginning, to practice habits of economy, to work more industriously, as a rule, than town-bred young men. Hence their chances of success are better. Nearly all city youths and all city maidens expect to begin life where their fathers leave off. The heights which their parents painfully scaled, they would disdain to climb, and the result is frequently disaster. There are exceptional instances, where the success of the parents is supplemented by the children: that is, where the second generation, backed by the prestige of the first, goes on from the highest point reached by the latter to still greater achievements; but these only prove the rule. Generally speaking, a family rises in one generation to descend, or at best to remain stationary, in the next. The result would be that our cities would become overcrowded with useless people if it were not that the country sends in every year its army of recruits, raw levies most of them, but the stuff out of which true soldiers are made. Then those who could not begin at the beginning at home go abroad, and so on.

MEN AND THINGS.

MARK TWAIN contemplates, it is said, a return to journalism. He is alleged to be jealous of BILL NYE's growing fame. This is more than doubtful. If the genial Mark returns to the periodical press, it will be for the dollars that are in it. He has no need to be jealous of any one.

BILL NYE's reputation and consequent inflow of shekels grows from day to day. His fun is never offensive, and sometimes there is a vein of humor in it that is positively delightful. Of course no man can be expected to grind out week after week a column of matter all equally funny.

There is plenty of room for a new humorist, with ARTEMUS WARD, JOSH BILLINGS and others, whose names all will recall, dead. With the Danbury News man collapsed, if living, and MARK TWAIN in Europe—and about seventy millions of people in America wanting something to laugh at, there are lots of room for a new humorist. But to be a success, he must not be a copyist.

A very prominent Boston periodical recently told some of its contributors that a new type of character is needed in literature. The Mexican was developed to a high degree by MAYNE REID and his imitators. An innumerable company of writers have dealt with the cowboy and the frontiersman. The southern planter has become hackneyed. So has the nouveau riche of the bonanza district. CABLE and others have tried to do something with the Creole. RYDER HAGGARD's success was largely due to his introducing a new type of men—the South African pioneers, just as RUDYARD KIPLING has scored great success by his delineations of the second grade of European society in India. The seeker after truth in the religious world has become a bore in fiction; and we all know the people of the ordinary society novel. The man who hits upon a new type of character, and has the ingenuity to

portray it well, will have a mortgage on fame and fortune.

Tastes change surprisingly. The Soporific periods, which used to delight audiences of a half century ago, would provoke a smile today. We like to have things served up to us crisp and fresh. Matter, not words or modulation of tone, is what we want in speeches.

Not that a pleasing voice and apt choice of words is at all a bad thing. A gentleman, once well-known but now gone over to the majority, used to say that to hear Hon. J. H. GRAY roll out: "From Halifax to Sarنيا and over the fir clad summits of the Laurentians out to the virgin plains of the Saskatchewan," was to be impressed that confederation would be a glorious thing. Mr. GRAY did not let his oratory in those days carry him across the Rocky Mountains; for where indeed could he find a word with which to round up a period half so well as the name of the great river of the plains. The language of the Pacific Coast Indians is not rhythmical and its terminals are harsh.

Speaking of JOHN H. GRAY recalls JOHN M. JOHNSON, and with his name comes trooping up a host of memories of those who three decades ago strode across the boards of public life in New Brunswick. We scarcely seem to have such men today. Perhaps we know our contemporaries better and undervalue them in accordance with the motto that "no one is a hero to his valet de chambre." Perhaps, also, it takes a higher degree of talent to make a man conspicuous nowadays, since universal education has elevated the standard of judgment, and the newspaper press has familiarized everyone with things bright and witty. Time was when a good joke would endure for a decade, and a funny story would outlast a generation.

There is a regrettable feature to this state of things. Conversation seems in danger of becoming a lost art. Nearly every lady learns to play the piano, or to sing, or to paint; but no one thinks it necessary that they should learn to converse. Chattering is not conversation. A good conversationalist is one who can pass from subject to subject lightly and yet without undue haste—a person who talks to you, not one who talks at you—one who can listen with patience as well as speak interestingly. To take up a subject and hammer away at it, is not conversation.

Above all things, if you want to converse with pleasure, avoid any other evidence of appreciation of what is said to you than is afforded by a genial response. If a good thing is said, do not guffan over it, as though it were the utterance of a clown, nor comment upon it as being funny. If a bright thought is presented, do not express surprise at it. Let your face express your pleasure; but let your words re-echo the thought; do not be afraid to confess ignorance. It is better not to know a thing at all than to be mistaken about it. You confer pleasure and the highest kind of compliment when you consent to be instructed. Do not be offensively wise. There may not be such a thing as knowing too much; but it is possible to appear to know too much. Remember that the primary object of conversation is entertainment, not instruction.

THE KINGLINES OF CHRIST.

The spiritual and the personal in Jesus never resigned its kingliness. He lived among things, and in the intimacies of things, as certainly as you or I do; He was thronged by the multitudes; He was pushed upon by the interests and affairs of the times; He was crowded by the demands of His own material nature, and was furthermore exposed to the assaults levelled at Him from out a world of sin and temptation. He was wound round and round with bad limitations, that tried and strained and fretted Him, and that were constantly on the watch to divide with Him His own proper sovereignty over Himself. He was delivered over to the enmity of appetite and ambition. He was loaded with a carnal nature. He was made the prey of the rabble, and submitted to the implements of torture. The devil was permitted to have his own way with Him, and to discharge upon Him any piece that his filthy battery of evil solicitation might comprise. But no strain that anywhere came upon Him bent Him. Whatever He went into, when He came out He was Himself, purely and entirely—no edge broken, no border frayed. However closely contingent influences pressed upon Him, there was still left between them and Him a broad margin, that showed Him in His separateness from them and in His ascendancy over them. He made no bargains with anything or anybody; entered into no compacts; mortgaged no jewel in His crown. There was no division of authority, no sublease of autonomy. He was nobody's but His own; not as against His heavenly Father, I do not mean, but as against contemporary influences that tried to compete with Him.

We shall be sure to act like things, unless we are aglow with a consciousness and alive with a power that puts us at a distinct remove from things. We are not denying the limitedness of our range of authority, but only insisting that within certain limits we are possessed of authority that is such in fact and not in semblance only, and that within that area (small, but area) we are privileged to be as absolute as God Himself in the authority wherewith he rules the

universe at large; an area where God Himself—I say it in all reverence—where God Himself does not choose to meddle. That is the only platform that can be made that is sufficiently timbered to hold up the doctrine of personal responsibility. Personality is inherently royal; it is a kingliness done up in small packages, and is bound to be kingly, to behave in the exercise of kingliness, and to cultivate the consciousness of kingliness. Is it in this respect, as already seen, that our Lord's life furnished us with example so noteworthy. He seems in no particular to have been spared those assaults and attempts at invasion to which humanity is regularly liable. Christ dealt courteously even with the devil, and listened as long as he talked; He let him plead as advocate, but did not let him sit as a juror. Christ made up His verdict while standing distinctly on His own grounds, and sense of kingliness saved His becoming a slave. —Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D. D.

INSTANTANETIES.

By Myself.

When thou art informed that the "sate is broke" etiquette demands that thou recognize the fact—though solemn it may appear—that even thou also art considered to be in the same shattered condition.

Sunday school teacher—What was the name of the first man? Young precosity—Mud, marm. S. S. T.—Mud! why how ridiculous. Y. P.—Yes marm. You see his maiden name was Adam, but when he got married and stole that fruit, his name was mud.

Mrs. Wakup had not seen the grand military parade last week, and told her husband she was glad of it, as she shuddered when she thought of the malicious attack on the navy.

Mrs. Wabak was shopping and enquired after some binding. The impertinent clerk asked her which kind she would have, cheese, braid or matrimony.

Of hope and fear, the former frequently depends upon the latter for its existence, while the latter is independent of the former, inasmuch as it may be due to constitutional nervous derangement, or one of many other causes. When hope is independent of fear, it then amounts to more than hope, as it admits of doubt in a sense more readily understood than explained.

As well grant divorces as cling to the follies that lead to them.

Try well-water for cases of malaria or other sickness.

You may believe a man to be other than he is, but if your knowledge of him be at variance with your belief, act upon that knowledge lest thou become muddled.

Individual nobility of character is superior to the characteristic nobility of the individual, as the former is dependent upon our endeavors as to the ultimate result, whereas the latter is merely hereditary, or the result of the circumstances of birth. He is noble whose life is one of honor regardless of all else.

The residents of Fort Howe were treated to a most unusual and remarkable sight at high noon one day this week. The sight was a real curiosity in its way. They saw an Italian son set on the roadside, and an hour later when he rose again, it was to the tune of L—le A—e R—y and Darwin's missing link took up a collection.

A gentleman who had seen some hard times, prayed for a soft snap. His prayer was answered accompanied by his death warrant. The gentleman's name was Jack Frost. Moral: Be thou reasonable and rational in thy appeals.

How doth the busy little flea, Improve each dawning minute, While whispering in the slumberer's ear, 'Tis in it, 'Tis in it, 'Tis in it.

A poacher, a gambler, or Mr. Hoyle would make a good base ball umpire as they are well up in the "game laws."

PEN, PRESS AND ADVERTISING.

One of the brightest class journals that reaches this office is Farm Poultry of Boston. What was ventured in an advertising experiment by Messrs. I. S. Johnson, has proved a genuine journalistic success and thousands of people "with a few hens" look for its arrival every week. Its subscription price is only half a dollar and it is the best 50 cents worth in the country.

Here's Another One.

The order of the Golden Crown, a new Massachusetts endowment order, with "well-known citizens of Chelsea" for officers, has been raising the wind in Amherst lately. It is a one year endowment concern, and offers as many inducements as the best of them. Its "officers are bonded, and the funds invested in such a manner as will admit of no possibility of loss." The circulars furnish the following interesting information about the staying qualities of these orders:

The people generally are getting more and more educated into the principles and plans of these orders. Many are studying and investigating for themselves, and the consequence is, the more they look into the matter the more they become satisfied that these orders can and will live. This is an age of progress, and these orders are the result of progressive ideas. We are progressive people and why should we not progress as well in our societies as in achievements in engineering skill or architecture, why not apply some of those progressive ideas to our societies? Well it has been done and behold the result.

Linus in Demand.

There was some telegraphing between St. John and Ottawa a few days ago to see whether the customs authorities would permit the horse "Linus" to be exhibited in any other place except St. John owing to the bonding regulations. Mr. F. B. Edgecombe, of Fredericton, showed PROGRESS a despatch from Mr. Johnson, of the customs, which said arrangements could be made to have "Linus" bonded to Fredericton. And Mr. Eaton will take him there.

Look For It.

Edgecombe & Sons, of Fredericton, propose to make as large an exhibit as possible of fine carriages at the exhibition to be held in St. John, September 23 to October 3. Every person who has made up his mind to visit St. John at that time should make it a point to see the carriages, the makers of which carried off the gold medal and four other prizes last year.—A

KICK IN THIS COLUMN.

Every week PROGRESS receives a number of letters from people who have grievances which they think should be made public. Hitherto there has been some difficulty in dealing with them, and this column will hereafter be devoted to letters of this character. Correspondents should send their names in confidence and make their communications as short as possible.

Had her Ears "Boxed."

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: One of my children came home from school recently with a lump on her ear, where she was struck by the teacher. Now the ear is one of the most sensitive organs, and it would take very little to make a child lose the use of it. Is it right to have teachers in our public schools who will act so thoughtlessly, for surely it can be nothing else. I have heard others complain of this, but think it is now time that the matter should be looked into.

A PARENT.

Had to Stay Over.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: I saw your paper today and would like to take advantage of your "Kickers column." I have been forced to remain in your city today owing to the fact that rules carried out by the I. C. R. and C. P. R. officials at the depot seem to differ. When going west some time ago a conductor or brakeman, I forget which, came into the depot and announced the train as ready. This morning I waited until the train for Halifax was announced, and as a result have to stay over. The I. C. R. officials, it seems, do not let passengers know when a train is ready unless they are asked. TRAVELLER.

Sept. 14.

Another Good Attraction.

One of the attractions for next week will be a variety show at St. Andrews rink. A number of good performers are on the programme, among whom are Miss Emma Robinson, a skirt dancer, who has received many flattering notices; Prof. W. E. Floyd, Miss Mamie M. Fuller, Miss Eva Macey, the celebrated banjoist; Prof. Williams, Swiss bell ringer and novelty artist; Mlle. Core, a ballad singer, and A. C. Davenport, comedian. This company will be among the best of the low-priced shows and will be worth visiting.

Of Interest to Travellers.

People who come from a distance to see the exhibition will naturally be interested in anything used by travellers. To them the exhibit of John J. Munroe & Son will be of particular interest. It would be almost impossible to give a complete description of all the advantages of Munroe's famous patent cabinet and common sense trunk, but those who visit the city can see it either at the exhibition or at the warehouses, Princess street.

Going in Large Blocks.

The Wilmot Spa Spring Co. prefers to have their jobbing and retail customers buy small blocks of stock as an assistant in advertising and pushing their goods, and hope they will all apply early, as demands for large blocks are being made by investors outside of these classes.

For the Exhibition.

Mrs. Carroll on Union street is showing a special line of millinery for exhibition week. The goods are announced in another part of this issue, but a visit to the store would give better satisfaction.

In a Pickle.

They are all in it, plums, peaches, green tomatoes, and mixed spices, green peppers and spices of all kinds, ground or whole. For sale by J. S. Armstrong & Bro., 32 Charlotte street.

WINDSOR, N. S.

SEPT. 16.—The sacred concert on Friday evening in the Methodist church was well worth hearing. It was repeated again on Sunday evening after service. The following is the programme: Organ solo—Willy. Organ solo—Mr. W. H. Watts. Hymn (anthem)—"Hark! Hark! My Soul." Soloists, Mrs. J. M. Smith and Miss Mosher. Clarinet solo—"With Verdure Glad." Mr. W. Butler. Chorus—"Long as the Darkening Cloud." Tenor solo—Soloist, Miss Mosher. Chorus—"Praise ye the Father." Andante for baritone—"The Palms." Chorus—"Oh, Lord I Come." Soloist, Mrs. J. M. Smith, Violin obligato, Miss Madeline Black. Cornet solo—"The Lost Chord." Mr. J. P. Smith. Trio—"His Thine Eyes" (Elijah). Mrs. J. M. Smith, Miss K. Smith, and Miss Mosher. Chorus—"In Thankful Hymns." Organ andante—"The Pilgrims Song of Hope." Miss Dore. Gloria last Mass—Hadyn March—Priests War (Athalia). The choir is under the leadership of Mr. W. H. Watts.

On Saturday before last there was an arrival of ten of special importance to Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Shand in the person of their little daughter, who I hear is thriving apace, and holding to all the time honored traditions of human beings of that tender age.

Mrs. Flo Forsyth has returned from Lunenburg where she has been visiting. Mr. and Mrs. Shatford, of Halifax, were in town last week.

PICTOU, N. S.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Pictou by Jas. McLean. SEPT. 17.—Last Tuesday being Pictou's natal day, it was kept as a public holiday. The athletic association had their usual sports on their grounds. There were quite a number of strangers in town, but not as many as there would have been had the day been a fine one. It was showery all day and did not clear off until quite late in the evening. Miss Winnie Carmichael went to Charlottetown last week to visit her uncle, Mr. Welsh. Mr. Dimock, of the Merchants' bank of Halifax, is spending his holidays in Pictou. Mr. and Mrs. Sheraton, who have been spending the summer in Pictou, returned to Toronto last week. Mrs. J. A. Gordon gave a small but very pleasant dance Thursday evening last week. Miss Blair, of St. John, who has been visiting Mrs. James Yorston, of Pictou, returned home last Friday. The Misses Keith, of Halifax, spent a day or two in Pictou last week on their way to Cape Breton. Mrs. W. Gordon gave a small party last Friday evening. Mrs. Smith Dawson gave a very pleasant dance last Tuesday evening. Among those present were: Col. and Mrs. Snow, Miss Helmer, Mrs. John Davies, Mr. and Mrs. Chisholm, Mr. and Mrs. John Yorston, Mr. and Mrs. James Yorston, Mrs. Davies (Stellarton), Dr. and Mrs. McKenzie, Miss Dwyer, Miss Minna MacDonald, Miss Fraser, Miss McLennan, Miss Annie MacDonald, Miss Primrose, Miss R. Primrose, Miss McKenzie, Miss Ferguson, Miss Mary Gordon, Miss Agnes McKenzie, Messrs. W. Ferguson, Jas. Primrose, Munro, D. Sutherland, R. Dimock (Halifax), F. Yorston, MacKay, John Yorston, J. Ferguson, W. McLennan.

YARMOUTH.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Yarmouth at the stores of E. I. Vickery and Harris & Horstfall. SEPT. 16.—The bazaar in aid of St. Ambrose church was held at the rink last Wednesday and Thursday evenings. The rink was trimmed very prettily with white and colored cotton, brilliant with electric lights and decorated booths of all descriptions. There were tea tables, splendidly provided with all the good things, also fancy tables covered with everything that at anyone could possibly want or wish for. The attendance on both evenings was extremely large, there being about 3000 present and the church has probably made about \$1,000. The Milton brass band, under the leadership of Prof. Kaine, furnished excellent music. I congratulate Father McCarthy on the success which has attended his bazaar, and think the press ladies of his church deserve a great deal of credit for the way in which they worked to make it so attractive. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Corning and daughter, went to Boston for a trip last Wednesday. They were accompanied by Mrs. Corning's sister, Miss Susie Baxter. Miss Brennan, of Boston, is visiting Miss Flo Baker. Mrs. W. C. McKinnon left last Saturday evening for Boston, where she expects to make a brief visit. The Milton brass band will play a festival before returning home. Miss Amy Huntington, who has been visiting at Mrs. J. R. Corning's, returned to her home in Windsor last Monday morning. Mrs. Alex. Doull, of Halifax, is visiting her mother, Mrs. J. R. Corning. Mrs. L. E. Baker gave a party for N. S., who has been visiting her brother, Dr. G. W. T. Farish, left per S. S. Yarmouth on Saturday evening for the West, where she intends visiting for some little time. Mrs. T. W. Johns gave a very enjoyable dance last Thursday evening for her son, Master Bert. Mrs. Corning and daughter, who have been visiting Mrs. Cate, have returned to their home in Philadelphia. Miss Jessie Burrill has returned home from a very pleasant visit in St. John. A party of about 25 went to Port Maitland on a picnic last Thursday. The day was a little cool, but very beautiful and sunny. They all had a pleasant time, and the young ladies returned home rather tired and lame, after their game of base ball and ramble on the beach. Mrs. L. E. Baker gave a large party for her son, Prescott, last Monday evening. Miss Kelley's pupils and many friends are very much pained to learn of the death of an uncertain period. It is rumored that we are to have two weddings in our town in the near future. Just when the happy events are to take place, and the names of the able to say, but an inkling to be a little more enlightened by next week. Mrs. Henry Stearns gave a very pleasant party last Tuesday evening for her son, Master Harry. Our music hall is being very handsomely refitted by a Boston fresco painter, and it is said that when finished, it will probably be the most attractive hall in the lower provinces. Mr. T. W. Johns arrived home last Tuesday morning from a very enjoyable trip to England and France.

DALHOUSIE.

SEPT. 16.—Mrs. Wm. Montgomery gave a very successful children's party on last Thursday evening, the occasion being the birthday of her little daughter, Miss Bessie. It is needless to say that the young people enjoyed themselves immensely. Mr. and Mrs. J. Bradshaw McKenzie of Campbellton are in town this week. A very delightful dance was given on Monday night on board the ship *Salvia*. The young people tripped the light fantastic until the small hours of the grey dawn. At midnight light refreshments were passed around. Altogether the dance was voted a thorough success by all present. On Tuesday evening a party of ladies and gentlemen had a very enjoyable picnic at Belvue. This picnic was given as a farewell to Rev. P. McIntyre, who leaves for his home in the evening. Dr. Filgion returned home last Saturday evening from Quebec—no Montreal as I stated in my last letter. The proprietor of Inch Arran and his very amiable wife left for their home in Vermont on last Friday evening, after a very successful season. Mr. A. Cowan and Mr. M. C. McRobie are in town this week. ROSALEND.

From Another Correspondent.

Mr. McMichael, of the bank of British North America, Quebec, arrived at Murphy's hotel on Monday, bringing some noble trophies from the Cascaedia river. Capt. Smith, formerly of the Allan line, now of Montreal, was also in town. Mr. McLellan, in the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Barberie, and left for New Carlisle on Wednesday, accompanied by his son, the Rev. Mr. Barberie. Mr. David Ritchie is visiting her sister, Mrs. Dr. Doherty, in Campbellton, in company with Mrs. James Jardine, of Kingston. Hon. Chas. H. Lablache has returned from Kent county. Mrs. Thos. Oregon and little daughter are visiting friends in Truro. Messrs. W. Bell, H. Schofield, A. Cowan and S. J. Temple, of St. John, were in town this week. RESTIGOUCE.

BATHURST.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Bathurst at A. C. Smith & Co's store. SEPT. 15.—Mr. and Mrs. Philip Rive, of Caraque, are in town today. The friends of Mr. A. D. LeGrand and J. W. Young, of Caraque, were pleased to see those gentlemen in town last week. They had stay was another evidence of the liberality of our persuasive powers. I really think somebody will have to appeal to "Astra" for a recipe to keep pleasant visitors longer with us. Mr. Robert Bishop, who has been so long in uncle Sam's dominions as to make him a veritable yankee, is visiting his home people here. The two sons of Mr. E. S. MacLachlan—Messrs. Ferguson, of Boston, and Gus, of Dorchester—were visiting home last week. Mrs. MacLachlan has gone to spend the winter with her son, Dorchester. Miss Lizzie Mullins has gone to Amherst, to take a position in the post office there. Miss Mullins was a general favorite here, and the people of Amherst will no doubt soon discover her worth. Mrs. Fred McLaughlin and her sons Harry and Ted, left on Tuesday last to join Mr. McLellan in South Carolina. They have lived among us for so many years that we had come to consider them Bathurst people, and their departure has caused many sincere regrets. Many good wishes for success and prosperity follow them to their new home. The painfully sudden death of Mr. J. W. Girvan last week, was a shock to all who knew him. Mrs. Girvan has the genuine sympathy of the community in her sad affliction. Mr. Richard Blackhall, of Caraque, is in town. Messrs. A. Cowan and H. B. Eagles, of St. John, were among last week's visitors. TOM BROWN.

JOHNSTON, QUEENS CO.

SEPT. 15.—Miss Gertrude Warn, of St. John, has been spending a few weeks with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Kate Warn. Miss Campbell, of St. John, is visiting her cousins, the Misses Starkey. Miss White and Miss Kate White, of Washington, D. C., are spending a week with their father, Mr. E. B. White, of St. John. Miss Jennie Huntington left on Saturday, Aug. 29, to attend the Normal school. On Saturday, Sept. 5th, a number of gentlemen and ladies took the train at Washbrook as usual, and went as far as St. John, for the purpose of fishing and otherwise enjoying themselves. The day was perfect, and the party came home in the evening, laden with trout and delighted with their outing. Bishop Kingdon visited Johnston on Saturday last. He had been consecrated the new English church, St. Barnabas, at Canaan Rapids. In the afternoon his lordship administered the holy rite of confirmation to a number of candidates presented by the parish priest, Rev. C. P. Hanington. Mr. Ernest Cornell, the wonderful magician from England, has been performing in several parts of the county, surprising and mystifying the youngsters by his tricks. HELENSTON.

ST. MARTIN'S.

SEPT. 12.—The heavy storm of Monday last was the cause of disappointment to many who proposed spending the evening at the church of England pageants, where a variety of wedding party met—being the twenty-sixth anniversary of the wedding of the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. McKel. It is needless to say that those who were able to attend enjoyed a very pleasant evening. On Wednesday a select picnic party went to the light house returning in the evening, having had a delightful day for the outing. The seminary reopened on Thursday with a fair number of pupils. The staff gave a free public entertainment in the seminary hall which of course was well patronized. There are current rumors of certain weddings in the future. Among the rest that of a leading soprano singer in the opera, the quondam Mr. who has not been a year yet in St. Martin's to a wealthy Nova Scotian who is in the West India trade. Report says the event will take place next summer. O. K.

Fancy Goods, at McArthur's Bookstore, 80 King street.