

**SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.**

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

**WINDSOR, N. S.**

JULY 8.—The usual summer calm is settling over Windsor, the halls of learning are deserted and most of the visitors who came to be present at the encoena have departed. The worldly amusement of tennis remains, but the weather seems to conspire against that game, as it rains nearly every day. Those who are fortunate enough to possess a horse or two, can enjoy a canter or a drive between the showers so to speak, because we do have an hour or two of sunshine now and then, and occasionally nearly a whole day.

A small party went to Hantsport today to a rural treat known as a strawberry festival. But unfortunately the festival and strawberries did not come off until after the departure of homeward bound trains, so they were forced to improvise a small junketing of their own, but alas, minus the strawberries.

Mrs. Miss and Master Grant, of Halifax, who have been visiting the Hon. M. H. Goudge, went to Annapolis on Saturday.

Miss Primrose and Miss Rachael Primrose, after a flying trip to Annapolis, left for Halifax on Tuesday evening, en route for Pictou.

Mr. and Miss Masters, of Bermuda, are visiting Mrs. Wm. Curry.

Miss Fairbanks, of the Halifax *Critic*, has been boarding at Mrs. Meam's.

Mrs. Wm. O'Brien gave a small euchre party last week.

The first of July was celebrated in a spirited manner. The scene of attraction was the athletic grounds. In the morning a tennis match was played between representatives of Kentville, Halifax, and Windsor. In the afternoon a large crowd assembled to see the various trials of strength and speed, many in carriages and many on foot. The 68th and 75th bands furnished music, and in the evening the track was illuminated with magic lanterns, rockets, Catherine wheels and Roman candles delighted the hearts of the small boys. Prolonged o-o-h's followed the flight of each rocket, and little oh-oh's of delight followed the pop of the Roman candles. There was a goodly number of grown-up spectators of the fireworks, but their admiration was, for the most part, silent. I am rather fond of rockets myself, but I always want them to go off all at once and get the good of them, instead of waiting wearily for ten minutes or so for the next. Of course you can't eat your cake and have it, but I prefer to eat mine all at once and then do without altogether. With the exception of a few inebriated persons who celebrated the holiday too well, the 1st of July passed off very satisfactorily. I am not fond of public holidays myself, but that little peculiarity does not appear to diminish the general appreciation of them. In the early morning the favored ones of the surrounding country began to file into town, with a new ribbon or a cotton flower in the hat if they happened to be of the frivolous sex, and if of the other, adorned in a necktie of many colors. Then what a time they had! how John recklessly spent his hard earned coppers on ginger beer and long cakes for Mary Ann; and how Mary Ann rewarded him by letting his manly right arm rest unimpeded in the open light of day around her ample waist. But it is all over now, sic transit gloria domini day. And our neighbors will have to wait another year for such an opportunity again. I know dear Progress that you would not want anyone to burn the midnight oil for your sake, so adieu till next week.

READERS OF PROGRESS who are going to the country for the summer, can have this paper sent to any address they may name. Send STAMPS in payment AND ADDRESS, and the order will be promptly attended to.

**PARRSBORO.**

[Progress is for sale by A. C. Berryman, Parrsboro bookstorer.]

JULY 8.—The tug *New City* took quite a number of people across to Kingsport on Monday to see the ship *Canada* launched. It was very pleasant going over, the morning being unusually fine and the P. B. B. on board. Unfortunately a thunder storm came up in the afternoon and the return trip was rather disagreeable. The landing was especially disagreeable, having to be accomplished in small boats, as it was a little too late in the tide for the tug to come to the pier.

Miss Cogswell, of Sackville, is spending a short time in Parrsboro, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Woodworth.

Miss Aikman is home from Toronto spending her vacation.

Miss Nellie Vaughan, of St. John, is visiting at Mr. N. H. Upham's.

Miss May Campbell, of Boston, is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Townshend. Master Cecil Townshend is home from Lennoxville for the vacation.

Miss Strickland and Miss Simmons, of Amherst, came down on Tuesday to stay a while.

Mr. Edgar Eaton arrived from Boston on Monday to spend a couple of months. Miss Long, of St. John, Miss Gunning, of St. Stephen, and Miss Sloop, of Amherst, are guests of Mrs. D. R. Eaton.

Mr. Arthur Alloway, of Springhill, spent Sunday in town.

Mrs. Bowden and Mrs. Thomas, of St. John, are visiting Dr. and Mrs. Babbitt.

Rev. Frs. Manning, St. Armand, Berthiaume, and Gagnon, of St. Joseph's college, Memramcook, and Dr. Cadegan, of Springhill, spent last week in Parrsboro with Father Egan. CHOCOLATE.

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**RUCOUACHE.**

JULY 8.—The annual picnic of the presbyterian Sabbath school was held at the Bay on Tuesday afternoon. All kinds of outdoor sports and boat sailing were indulged in.

We have had quite a number of small fishing excursions and berry parties lately.

Mrs. Cooke and Miss Cooke went to Kingston on Saturday to spend a few days with Mrs. A. J. Girvan. Mrs. Ross, Miss Florence Ross and Miss Johnson also paid Mrs. Girvan a short visit this week.

Quite a number from here intend going to Kingston today to attend the races, but the rain prevented them from going. The hand was going up, and our young men who wished to display their talent were disappointed. I heard a rumor that the races will come off tomorrow, weather being favorable.

Mr. R. A. Irving spent a few days at home this week.

Mr. L. T. Joudry, wife and family, from Moncton, arrived here this week, and intend spending the remainder of the summer at the beach.

Mr. J. H. Abbott, from Kingston, passed through here today, on his way to Halifax, where he is going to remain a week with his friends.

Mrs. J. H. Ainsworth and family, from Fall River, Mass., are visiting their friends here.

VERNE.

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**ANNUAL MIDSUMMER SALE**

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**1690. — 1891.**

**ORANGE EXCURSION TO ST. MARTINS.**

The Orangemen of St. John will hold an Excursion to the beautiful village of St. Martins, on MONDAY, July 13th. The Artillery Band will accompany the excursion.

Tickets \$1.25, children 60¢; from Sussex, \$1.25, children 60¢; from Hampton, 75¢, children 40¢; from Uplands, 40¢, children 20¢, to be had from members of the order and at the stations on the morning of the excursion. Trains leave the I. C. R. Depot at 8.30 a.m., local time.

D. McARTHUR, RICHARD G. MAGEE, Chairman to Com. Sec'y to Com.

**ST. ANDREWS RINK.**

**MATINEE**

AT 2.30, THIS AFTERNOON.

The Adelaide Randall Opera Co.

**H.M.S. PINAFORE**

Or, The Lass that Loved a Sailor.

Opera for tonight will be announced in this evening's paper.

Admission, 35 cents; Reserved Seats, 50 cents. On sale at Smith & Co.'s drug store.

ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS

**INDIAN LIFE ON THE AMAZON.**

The Ordeal a Youth Passes Through on Attaining Manhood.

Mr. Clough found Indians living to a great age; their tranquil life in these regions does not wear them out rapidly. When young they are handsome, but want of exercise spoils their outlines as they grow older. Extreme old age is not, however, encouraged; one couple living in the woods had been turned out by their family at 70, as too old to live. But they set to work, cleared a bit of land, built a hut and canoe, cultivated corn, cane, and tobacco, and jogged on comfortably for another twenty years. "They loved each other, there could be no mistake about it, and they were inseparable, the husband never stirring from the door without his wife or the wife without the husband." The man told Clough he trusted in the Mother of our Lord for salvation; he knew nothing of Christ, except that He was the Son of Maria Santissima. As amongst Indians of other regions, an appointed ordeal has to be passed through before a youth can claim the rights of manhood. "When the day arrives, and the crash of drums, the young man steps boldly into a circle, and thrusts his arms beyond his elbows into a gourd filled with hornets, the wasps, and tucanderas ants (one sting of the last named insect being enough to make a strong man almost faint). How eagerly his face is scanned by the assembly! No cry of pain escapes between his clinched teeth, and blood might spurt from his pores before the gallant youth would show the white feather. The spectators do not delight in inflicting agony; they rejoice in seeing it bravely endured, and another worthy addition made to their band of warriors. When the arm is withdrawn at the medicine-man's signal,

a huge bowl of intoxicating liquor is handed to him to drink, and partly to pour upon the ground as a libation, after which he is welcomed. Sometimes he falls and swoons with excruciating pain; the women then nurse him and bring him round, and his mother unites her voice with theirs in chanting over his senseless form—"His heart is brave, he knows not fear," and so forth." Mr. Clough tells us much more about the Amazonian Indians than we can possibly refer to here. He describes the mother's intense love for their offspring, and yet of their readiness, out of genuine pity, to bury alive a deformed or sickly infant. Baby lies in a hammock which mother swings while she chants a soft lullaby, or smokes her long red pipe. Out of doors it is carried in a net at the mother's back, till it is old enough to cling with legs and arms. Young and old leave their hammocks at sunrise, and pour water over their bodies with cucas at the brink of the nearest stream. To procure and prepare food, and be constantly on the alert against mosquitoes, venomous reptiles, scorpions, centipedes, poisonous ants, and so forth, makes up the duties of an ordinary day, and at sunset the hammocks are once more tenanted, and the village is hushed in slumber.—*Conquests of the Cross.*

**Hard to Find.**

"And so you are not married yet?"

"No." "Engaged?" "No." "Expect to be?" "No." "What's the matter?"

"Well, papa says that my husband must be a keen and experienced man, of good health and good habits. Mamma says that he must be frugal, industrious, attentive, and moral. And I say that he must be handsome, dashing, talented, and rich. We are still looking for him."

**Purify**

The importance of keeping the blood in a pure condition is universally known, and yet there are very few people who have perfectly pure blood. The taint of scrofula, salt rheum, or other foul humor is hereditary and transmitted for generations, causing untold suffering, and we also accumulate poison and germs of disease from the air we breathe, the food we eat, or the water we drink. There is nothing more conclusively proven than the positive power of Hood's Sarsaparilla in cases of the blood. This medicine, when fairly expel every trace of scrofula or salt rheum, removes the taint which causes catarrh, neutralizes the acidity and cures rheumatism, drives out the germs of malaria, blood poisoning, etc. It also vitalizes and enriches the blood, thus overcoming that tired feeling, and building up the whole system. In its preparation, its medicinal merit, and the wonderful cures it accomplishes Hood's Sarsaparilla is peculiar to itself. Thousands testify to its success, and the best advertising Hood's Sarsaparilla receives is the hearty endorsement of its army of friends. Every testimonial we publish, and every statement we make on behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla will be relied upon as strictly true in every respect.

If you need a good blood purifier or building up medicine, be sure to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Further information and statements of cures sent free to all who address us as below.

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