

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAR. 5.

SAY NO NEXT FRIDAY.

The council has deferred the consideration of the question of harbor improvements for another week, owing to the absence of some of the members and the desire of the mover of the motion to have a full board. In the meantime, whatever may be the conclusions of the members, the citizens are becoming fully alive to the advantages of Sand Point as compared with Rodney wharf. The plans and report of the city engineer on the Sand Point site, submitted to the council on Thursday, show the estimated cost to be a trifle over \$142,000, including an elevator. This, when compared with the \$246,000 estimated for Rodney slip without an elevator shows a difference of \$104,000 in favor of Sand Point. Add to this the fact that the work at the latter place would take only one year, or just half the time estimated for the former place, and the difference is seen at a glance. The report allows ample wharfage and warehouse room. At Rodney wharf the surface area of new work would be 45,000 square feet, of which 18,000 feet would be for warehouses. At Sand Point the surface area of new work would be 156,000 square feet, of which the warehouse room would amount to 32,000 feet. The land damages, of which there has been a good deal of talk, are included in the Sand Point estimate and amount to 22,000. If this can be paid and still a saving of \$104,000 be effected, why should not the idea of economy prevail? Besides, as shown by PROGRESS last week, the Sand Point site has the endorsement of such practical judges as Manager TIMMERMAN, of the Canadian Pacific railway, and Mr. HOWARD D. TROOP, who is a pretty good authority on matters relating to the harbor and its needs.

There are pressing reasons why the aldermen should strive to save the city every dollar that can be saved. PROGRESS showed last week that our net debt was increased about \$69,000 last year, and gave figures showing how some of the departments have gone behind. The chamberlain's report, made public on Thursday, confirms these figures and shows that the expenses have considerably exceeded the estimate. The city has gone deeper into debt and has a much lighter cash balance at the bank. The excess of expenditure over estimates was in some cases due to extraordinary circumstances, perhaps. For instance the over expenditure for streets is partly accounted for by over \$2,000 paid for verdicts and law costs. At the best, however, the outlook is far from bright.

There is no reason why the burden of taxation should be increased by the spending of more than \$100,000 to satisfy mere prejudice. Say "No" to the Rodney slip scheme.

IN THE LENTEN SEASON.

Those whose custom it is to observe Lent must feel that the season has a special significance this year, and notably so as regards the city of St. John. The hand of death has been very busy since the winter began, and the number of well known people who have passed away has been unusually large. The most of those who have departed have been well advanced in years, but some of them have been of naturally robust natures and familiar to all from their long and active participation in the daily round of business. In many households upon which the darker shadow has not fallen there has been and is the affliction of lingering illness. There has, in all things, been much to make the thoughtful ponder on the words of the Ash Wednesday injunction, "Remember, man, that thou art dust, and unto dust thou shalt return."

While men must continue to differ as to the necessity of the observance of Lent, it cannot but be admitted that even though its fasts and special prayers be not recognized, it is well to think of it and what it represents. It is healthful for each

of us to pause now and then in our life to think of where we are and whither we are tending. It is a good thing to remember our frailties and imperfections with a desire to correct them, if ever so little. And it is well to pause now and then in our self-seeking and grasping at the things of pleasure and feel that, at the best, much of it is vanity. The bells which of late have tolled for others will toll for us some day. "The young may die, the old must die, and the wisest knoweth not how soon." Not that we should be morbid, but that, remembering all this, we may put out of our lives the too prevailing feelings of "envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness," in our dealings with our fellows. The things that vex and worry us now will seem very small to us some day.

There is a brighter side to the mourning season, because day by day it is bringing us nearer to the joyous awakening which comes at Easter-tide. So, if we but learn to value our individual troubles and griefs, we will find a brightness beyond them, even in a worldly sense, and that they serve to fit us for a fuller realization of our blessings. "Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

END OF A NOTED CASE.

A case not without interest to Canadians has just been decided by the United States Supreme Court, on appeal from the New York circuit court. The wealthy corporation of Trinity Church, in that city, engaged Rev. E. WALPOLE WARREN of England, to be its rector, and in pursuance of the agreement he came to America about four years ago. After his arrival, the president of the St. Andrew's Society in New York, Mr. KENNEDY, caused proceedings to be taken against the church corporation under the alien contract labor act. The idea was to make a test case. Previous to that time a Scotch gardener had been sent back under the act, and Mr. KENNEDY contended that a clergyman was no more exempt from the provisions than was the gardener in question. He, however, did not wish to cause the church annoyance, and guaranteed to pay the fine of \$1,000 if the case went against the corporation. The circuit court held that while actors, artists, lecturers and singers, were exempt by a special clause, clergymen were not. Their vocation was included under the words "labor or service of any kind." The fine of \$1,000 was accordingly imposed, but an appeal was taken to the United States supreme court, which now holds that while the services of a clergyman might come within the letter of the law, they did not come within the spirit of it. The appeal was therefore allowed. In the meantime, however, the law has been amended so that there is no longer any doubt on the subject.

The Trinity church case excited much interest in Canada at the time the action was brought, and afterwards, as it has not been unusual for clergymen here to accept engagements to fill pastorates there. The whole discussion of the affair, involving several years of litigation, seems a little absurd; but it was one of the instances in which both parties had plenty of money and were quite willing to spend some of it for the sake of establishing a principle.

A QUESTION OF EXPEDIENCY.

The question of whether a church should accept a gift of money made by questionable methods has come to the front in an odd way in New York. One Mr. JAY GOULD, who has acquired some reputation as a heaper-up of riches, has taken a notion to give of his substance to the extent of \$10,000 in aid of a Presbyterian fund, and the ministers of that church, with one exception, have been quite willing to accept the liberal donation. The exception is Rev. Dr. PARKHURST, and he enters a protest on the ground that it is not known where Mr. GOULD got the money, or as the public must understand it, that he did not gain it by methods which Christians can sanction. The New York Sun therefore calls upon Dr. PARKHURST, who is a wealthy man, to explain from what sources the money contributing to his support has been derived. It goes further when it alleges that Dr. PARKHURST's church has been "built and is supported by money obtained in violation of the principles of Christ."

The question raised is one that comes to the front now and then in all communities, but as a rule a substantial gift is never declined. The fact of the matter is that, as in the case of Dr. PARKHURST's salary, all classes of people contribute to church support, and the money received has been acquired in all sorts of ways, good and bad. It would be impracticable, even if it were possible, to accept only the gifts which are the fruit of honest work, and the theory that the altar sanctifies the gift is allowed to obtain. The question never arises save when some specific donation, and usually a large one, is tendered, but the principle of a single gift or a number of small ones is precisely the same.

It seems to PROGRESS that a church should take what is offered to it, provided it does not thereby encourage a continuance of the evil practice. If, for instance,

a lottery were got up for the special purpose of raising funds, the acceptance of the proceeds would be an encouragement of more lotteries for the same purpose in the future. The gift should be declined. If, however, a man has acquired money by usury or any business which is to the injury of mankind, is there any reason why the church, which has not sanctioned or encouraged him, should refuse to make that money serve a useful end? The church does not thereby express its approval of the man's ways, nor does it condone his offence. It merely takes what he might otherwise invest in questionable enterprises and makes it serve ends which are useful and to the glory of God. In this way good may come from evil, without involving the principle of doing evil that good may come.

This may or may not be good theology, but it seems a practical way of looking at the matter. The church has striven to bring about a better state of things in the world, and will continue so to strive. Yet men, and sometimes they are church members, will continue to gather riches in direct contradiction to the New Testament principles. Some of the methods are considered legitimate while others, by general consent, are admitted to be bad. Money is money, however, and it is most essential in this age for the propagation of Christian truth. Why should the church hesitate to use it? Why should a fat legacy of money known to have been wrongly acquired be refused and allowed to go to those who who will perhaps use it for bad purposes again? If the man who made the money did the world a moral wrong, why should not that money be made to do restitution in the hands of those who strive to do the world the highest good?

PROGRESSIVE HUMOR.

Mickey was "Boss."
"Say, Mickey, drop the shovel and I'll do the job myself."
The speaker was a street urchin with a huge shovel, and Mickey was his partner, who was not attending strictly to business.
"What's the matter with you?" asked Mickey.
"Didn't I get this job?"
"Acorse you did, and why don't you work; suppose I'm goin' to do all."
"Ah, shut up," said Mickey, "I got the job and I'm boss, and you got nothin' to say about it."

Positive Proof.

Lawyer—"How long is it since you have spoken to the defendant?"
"Six months."
"Six months, yes, you haven't seen him for six months."
"Oh yes, I've seen him a number of times, but I haven't spoken to him."
"What makes you so sure you have never spoken to him?"
"Because he owes me \$25, and I wanted to ask him for it."

The Editor's Musical Instrument.

"No, my dear," said the country editor's wife, "we cannot have a party, because, you know, all our friends have pianos at their homes, and they would think it flat to have a party without music."
"Why can't we get a paper," pleaded the little daughter.
"What for, child."
"Well, pa says it's a great party organ."

In Bachelor's Quarters.

Bardeek (as Singleton takes a shirt from his bureau drawer)—"Gad, Singleton, what are you doing with children's clothes?"
Singleton—"Nothing whatever, Burr, simply had my flannels washed."

The Delusive Railway Map.

"I shouldn't like to start off alone for California," said the lady visitor to the embryo-exodan, "I should think you would think one would get lost, there are so many railways nowadays."
"Oh, no, there's only one railway of any account, all the rest are small and there is no danger so long as one has a railway map. I have been studying the matter up."

JOYS AND WOES OF OTHER PLACES.

The Manly Art in Halifax.
On Monday afternoon a well known undertaker and one of his employes got into a wordy war while seated on the hearse on the way home from a funeral. When they reached the shop they got off the hearse and engaged in a fistful altercation, in which the employer came out second best.—Recorder.

A Snake in Hard Luck.

Men hauling timber on the Crooked Creek road on Monday were surprised by finding a snake about two and a half feet in length. The shed passed over it but did not appear to have seriously injured it. It was afterwards discovered dead, having had its head smashed by someone out of pure devilry.—Maple Leaf.

Take Rawlings and Welcome.

What Bear River needs is a policeman to guard its property and prevent further deprivations.—Digby Courier.

Nobleman, Barber and Shoemaker.

The next door being open we enter to find one of "nature's noblemen," Aaron Crosby, busy, either in the tonsorial art or picking pegs and nails out of his mouth and driving them into the soles of men's boots.—Yarmouth Light.

What About the Girls?

No doubt the readers of the Courier will remember, a few years ago, seeing in the Courier a few lines, saying Barton could boast of a picture gallery, now that one has become extinct and another started in its place. It is in full blast at the present time, and is patronized by the old gray-haired men and the beardless youths of the place.—Digby Courier.

The Printer's Fat Take.

R. S. Theakston, a former employe in Enterprise office, was in town last week. He's soon to marry a Pictou Brunette with money, and he's going to build in Halifax.—New Glasgow Enterprise.

PEN, PRESS AND ADVERTISING.

Mr. J. J. McGaffigan who returned from New York, this week, brings news of John Boden, who, since going to that city a few years ago, has become as well known in newspaper circles in the metropolis as he was in St. John. "Jack" is considered an authority on turf matters; but will probably do a large part of the political work for The Press and the Republicans, until after the presidential elections.

OUR QUALITY'S MARKS.

FURTHER DEVICES OWNED OR ADOPTED BY CITIZENS.

The Story of a Lady Whom the Poet Has Immortalized—A Crest that Belongs to the Land of Lumber—What the Bearings Signify.

The fidelity with which the artist of PROGRESS' engraving bureau has reproduced the crests of prominent citizens has led to the inquiry if the cuts are for sale after being used in the paper. They are. The idea of disposing of them in this way was not part of the original plan, but PROGRESS always likes to please the people and will not only sell these, but is prepared to furnish crests for the million. The prospect of devices being adopted by people who have heretofore lived without feeling the need of them opens a new field for the enterprising artist and engraver.

"But I do not know that I have a crest," says some innocent citizen, "and people would laugh at me for making an ass of myself. Besides, what would I do with it if I had it?"

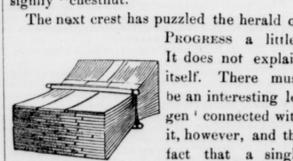
The reply to this is that if the man has not a crest he should have one. It is the correct thing nowadays. If he has any sort of an English, Irish or Scotch name there must be a choice of crests to fit it in any book of heraldry. Let him select the prettiest one and modify it to suit his taste. Let him, VESCA, in fact, select any crest not already appropriated by somebody else, and use it as if he had always had it. There is, of course, the possibility of finding himself using a device to which some other man in the town can prove a title, and this, it must be admitted is a little embarrassing. In such contingency the only remedy is to choose a new crest and appear as unconcerned as if no mistake had been made. This is the way that some people have done, and nobody thinks any the less of them for it. It is not good form, however, for anybody to change his crest more than once, or twice at the utmost.

As to the uses of crests, they are manifold and varied. They can be printed on note paper and envelopes, social and commercial, bill-heads, bills of lading, charter-parties and bills of sale. They can be painted on carriages, front doors, and umbrellas. It used with indelible ink they will be most valuable for marking clothes sent to the laundry, and Ungar would no doubt be glad to keep his record with armorial devices instead of his present cabalistics Z 599 and the like. A gentleman who loses a shirt or handkerchief would much rather identify it by the mark of a hippopotamus trippant than by mere letters and figures. When everybody who is anybody has a crest, the laundry will be a sort of a herald's college, to which all new aspirants for distinction in society will have to refer, in order to be sure they are not appropriating designs already in use. It will be to society what the registry office is to the legal and mercantile world.

The first crest shown this week is of a lady in her earliest youth, like the lamented Ginevra of Modena. It is not Ginevra, but one whose name is far better known in modern society. Poets have sung her praises and the pathetic tale of the love of her faithful Joseph will live long after the most brilliant forensic efforts of the members of the St. John board of trade have passed into oblivion. The story of Paul and Virginia is known to but a fraction of the people of the earth as compared with the millions who have sung, A winning way, a pleasant smile, Dressed so neat but yet in style, Merry chaf your time to while, Has little Annie Rooney.

This, then, is the crest of one branch of the Rooney family. Observe the "pleasant smile" immortalized by the poet; get on to the cut of her back hair, and mark the fit of her Nile green silk with vestris waist and black passamenterie trimming. The motto explains itself by its special reference to the form. The words *Castanea Vesca* are those of a world famed botanist and signify "chestnut."

The next crest has puzzled the herald of PROGRESS a little. It does not explain itself. There must be an interesting legend connected with it, however, and the fact that a single letter takes the place of a motto, supplies food for a world of thought. The creature represented is a deer which appears to have got into trouble—poor dear—and is trying to make the best of a bad job in getting out of it. It has got into a hole. Possibly it is a tame deer that has broken through the barn floor, in which case the kind farmer will come with his pitchfork and prod the creature until it jumps out. The irregular line looks more like a pavement than a floor, however, so the pretty creature may have broken down the roadway and fallen into a sewer as the \$3,000 street roller of the public works department did. Still another supposition is that the animal is engaged in marine affairs and is wading out to locate a buoy, or has recovered a lost anchor. The whole affair is quite a puzzle.



EXTRA CEDAR. letter takes the place of a motto, supplies food for a world of thought.

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The next crest is much more simple. It is an emblem of that which has largely aided to make an aristocracy in this country where lumber is king. The device of a bunch of shingles means that the bearer of the crest is at the top of his house and can make a good deal of a spread when he is so disposed. The motto "extra cedar," means that it pays one to secure the best.

Whether or not, as asserted, pork and beans were invented by the North American Indians, the next crest has a special reference to that succulent article of New England Sunday morning diet. The diagram is self-explanatory. There is the familiar elbow of stovepipe, but this time it is of the corrugated type. A hand reaching out of it grasps a skewer, on which is impaled what appears to be half-a-pound of clear pork, the proper proportion for one quart of beans. (Some cooks use one pound to the quart, but it makes the beans rather rich.) The artist has made the pork to assume the shape of a miniature crown, showing that pork and beans (properly cooked with a slow fire) is a dish fit for royalty. The elbow of stovepipe rests on a loaf of Boston brown bread. (When properly made, it resembles dark gingerbread in appearance.) At the bottom is seen the edge of the towel in which it has been kept so as to retain its heat. The motto "Fumus" means, "We have beans." There must be an exceedingly attractive legend connected with this crest, but PROGRESS is not in possession of the story.

The concluding crest is one which has come to PROGRESS without either name of owner or motto attached. It appears to be drifting around in search of an owner, and it anybody wants to adopt the device as his own there seems to be nothing to prevent his doing so. It represents a shield on which is portrayed either a bare leg or an extra length piece of hosiery. It is probably the former. Every ancient knight was entitled to bear arms, of course, and this one appears to be entitled to bare legs, or at least to one of such members. It represents the haste with which some old time worthy gave leg bail and proved discretion to be the better part of valor. The olive branches are emblematic of peace, which is more certainly found out of a fight than in the thick of the battle. The stovepipe trousers seem to have been cast aside as being impediments to rapid flight. The motto "skeddadle," means that discretion is the better part of valor.

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LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Who Can Help Him?
TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS:—Your admirable articles on crests I should have enjoyed most keenly, had they not been the means, unhappily, of reviving in my wife's mind an old grievance, or, rather, fancied grievance.

She was a Swillingiggle, one of a family whose ancestors fled, along with other loyalists, to this part of the country in the year 1783; and the family crest is, as everyone knows, a pair of legs *courant*, with the very suggestive motto, "We never get left."

When we were married, a few years ago, my wife, who worshipped "style," urgently entreated me to use a crest, one of her arguments, I remember, being that, as the und-ranker across the street had his crest painted on his signboard, we might at least have ours engraved on our note paper; but I quietly, yet firmly said no to her tearful entreaties. So the matter then ended.

Alas! She has perused the articles in PROGRESS on this subject, and the old grievance is revived.

As luck would have it, her mother, Jerusha Swillingiggle, has come down from Jemshu to make us a visit. The two opened fire upon me, and I could no longer hold out against such great odds.

So I suggested that the most appropriate crest, taking my occupation into consideration, would be a yardstick and pair of shears, with the motto, "Ich dien,"—"I serve" (customers); but this suggestion was scornfully rejected by my tormentors.

No; I must go to Mr. Green, the engraver, and have the authentic family crest hunted up.

This I did, and find it to be a full moon with a fringe of clouds at its base, much resembling whiskers; but no motto accompanies the crest.

My mother-in-law says that every respectable crest has a motto, and that one must be supplied for mine. I suggested that we make it "Bergon in lunam,"—"Whiskers on the moon," but was indignantly voted down by the majority, and in sheer desperation I write to you imploring aid in selecting a motto which shall at once be appropriate, restore peace in the household, and send my mother-in-law back to the Jemshu happy, and that immediately. Will you come to my aid? Yours dejectedly, N. PECK.

How We Read the Bible.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: Last Sunday in one of our city churches the preacher in reading the 11th chapter of St. John briefly remarked at the end of the 16th verse, "meaning to die with Jesus." I was startled at this strange, to me, meaning because I had always understood it to mean, to die with Lazarus. The preacher's remark set me thinking and afterwards carefully reading the chapter, with the result that the narrative has, now a perfectly clear meaning, which before was only

a hazy one. How many readers of the Bible read the verse aright?

I ask this question because of all of whom I have personally asked were of the same opinion as I was. But the point I want to make is this: If I had not gone to church last Sunday evening I should probably have been in the same box as "doubting Thomas." He "was not there when Jesus came," therefore he did not believe, and if I had not been there that evening, or if I had been asleep while there, I should not have heard the preacher's remark that caused me to know this truth, which I was careless enough to not find out for myself, and thus I might have gone on not believing the story, because I couldn't understand it.

"My word shall not return unto me void," saith the Lord. Will PROGRESS pass the word on to its many readers, and then let them read the story again for themselves and profit by it. M.

WOODSTOCK.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Woodstock at Everett's Bookstore.]

MARCH 2.—On Wednesday last Mrs. Neales gave the last of her series of receptions. Everybody was there and the evening was usual was a perfect success. Canon and Mrs. Neales understand the art of entertaining to a nicety, and an evening spent in pleasant conversation and music, with a most delicious and recherche supper afterward is an agreeable change from the constant round of card parties, with which society has been deluged throughout the gay season, even an inveterate whist player finds six whist parties a week a little taxing on the system, and Mrs. Neales' Wednesday evenings have been enjoyed by all.

Mrs. Taylor was very pleasantly surprised on the evening of the fifth anniversary of her wedding day by a number of her young friends who tendered her a wooden wedding. She received some very handsome presents as well as a great number of useful ones. The evening was spent in dancing and cards and although an impromptu affair it was only the more enjoyable for it showed very plainly the warm regard Mrs. Taylor has for her friends, and inspired among their large circle of friends here.

The friends of Mr. Lewis P. Fisher were very agreeably surprised at his reappearance on the occasion of Mrs. Maizer's party, at social gatherings after such a long retirement. It is rumored that in the near future Mr. Fisher's elegant mansion will be thrown open to the public on a magnificent scale, with all the popular amusements, and a sumptuous supper, and an orchestra from Boston.

Mrs. Stephen Peabody gave a large whist party on Friday evening last. Over a hundred invitations were sent out, and nearly all were accepted. The evening was lovely, so a large number of the young people in town made up a sleighing party, with two spans of horses, thus making the drive to and fro an additional pleasure. The party was in honor of Miss Louise Bull, a niece of Mrs. Peabody's, who is visiting here. There was some very pretty dresses, but owing to the long drive, full evening dress among the ladies was the exception. The guests present were: Miss Walker, Miss Vanzant, Miss Helen Conner, Miss Deane, Miss Lou Smith, Miss Cora Smith, Miss Alice Bull, Miss Lizzie Bull, the Misses Beardsley, Miss Anna Beardsley, Miss Carman, Miss Deane, Miss Gertrude Jones, Miss Jennie Sharp, Miss Bessie Dibble, Miss Florence Bull, Miss Nellie Bull, Miss Edith Jordan, Mrs. Upham, Miss Louise Bull, Miss Madeline Smith, Miss Annie Hazen, Mr. H. Harton, (Fredericton). The gentlemen were: Mr. Luthgow, Mr. Adney, (New York) Mr. Jasper Winslow, (Fredericton), Mr. Harry Smith, Dr. Hal Morse, Mr. Williams, Mr. Carl Carman, Mr. Frank Griffith, Mr. Holyoke, Mr. R. Dibble, Mr. N. Smith, Mr. Alan Smith, Mr. Frank Smith, Mr. Rankin Brown, Mr. Frank Sharp, Mr. Alice Brown, Mr. James Peabody, Mr. Upham, Mr. Horton Bedell, Mr. Stevens, Dr. Rankin, Mr. Jones.

Mr. H. A. Connell was married in Boston, on Monday to Miss Ellen McDonald. Miss McDonald has been Mr. Connell's house-keeper for the past eight or ten years, and she accompanied Mr. Connell and Miss Gussie on their recent trip to Florida, immediately after their return Mr. Connell and Miss McDonald went to Boston for their wedding. Mrs. Connell is a sister of Mr. Wm. McDonald.

Mr. Connell's last circle friends were glad to know that his health is improved by his recent trip, and good wishes for his future are entertained by all.

Lent is here, and I suppose a certain amount of social quiet will be in order. We hear that the Snow Shoe club is in a flourishing condition. Miss Smith, who is staying with her sister, Mrs. Taylor, is going to open a class in painting and free hand drawing. She is a very clever artist, and taught a large class in Halifax. JACK.

You use printing—"Progress Print" does work equal to any.

HAVELOCK.

MARCH 2.—The sudden death of Mr. William Keith was learned with regret. He was a man of sterling qualities and will be very much missed in the community. Rev. Mr. Sherman conducted the funeral services.

A quiet wedding took place last Wednesday when Mr. C. Coy Herrett and Miss Retta Gray were united by the Rev. Mr. Hughes in the holy bonds of wedlock.

Mr. Burpee Keith and bride arrived home by Wednesday evening's express, from Boston. They will return in a few weeks.

Messrs. Hanson, Dodge and Cook, of the mineral springs, are spending a few days at Hotel du Prince.

Mr. Fred Sharp is visiting friends at the Lake.

Rev. B. N. Hughes has gone to Penfield, Charlotte Co., to spend a month.

Mr. Havlock Price spent a few days with his parents last week.

Mr. F. W. Emerson was in town last week.

Miss Annie Price spent Sunday with her parents at Hotel du Prince.

Miss Addie Cribb spent Sunday with Miss Birdie Kilham.

Mr. and Mrs. De Forest spent a few days with friends at Lower Ridge last week.

The family of Mr. Geo. McKnight are badly afflicted. Last Tuesday evening their young child died with grip. Mr. McKnight is suffering from a broken arm.

Mrs. D. H. Murray of Boston, is visiting her mother.

Dr. Keith of Wellford visited his parents last week. GRIF.

BUCTOUCHE.

MARCH 1.—One of those enjoyable affairs in which two hearts beat as one occurred in the R. C. church on Wednesday last. The contracting parties were Miss Thyrza McManus and Mr. Albert Dysart.

The bridesmaid was Miss Dysart, cousin of the groom, while Mr. Arthur Charters of Memramcook, ably supported the groom; Miss McManus looked very nice in a dress of light fawn, with bonnet to match. Miss Dysart was dressed in navy blue with bonnet to match, the bride was given away by her father, Mr. Chas. McManus.

Miss Joherty, of St. Nicholas River, visited her sister, Mrs. J. A. Irving last week.

Rev. Neil McLaughlin spent a few days last week at Lakeville and other places along the line.

Mr. R. A. Irving returned from Dalhousie College, Halifax on Tuesday evening.

Rev. G. F. Kinnear and Rev. Lewis Jack left on Monday morning to attend the Presbytery at St. John.