

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from the Masonic Building, 83 and 90 Germain street, St. John, N. B. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

Discontinuance.—Except in those localities which are easily reached, PROGRESS will be sent only by paying arrears at the rate of five cents per copy.

All letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

The circulation of this paper is over 11,000 copies; is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

Copies can be purchased at every known news stand in New Brunswick, and in every part of the city, towns and villages of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island every Saturday, for Five Cents each.

Remittances should always be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. The former is preferred, and should be made payable in every case to EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher.

Halifax Branch Office, Knowles' Building, corner George and Granville streets.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 11,700.

HALIFAX BRANCH OFFICE: KNOWLES BUILDING, COR. GRANVILLE AND GEORGE STREETS.

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

AT EASTER EVEN.

This is the last day of the most solemn season known in the calendar of the church. For six weeks past, the greater portion of the christian world has been called to commemorate the last days in the flesh of Him who came unto His own and His own received him not. With very many it has been a penitential season—a time of fasting, repentance and prayer. In the church catholic there have been special and solemn services, as she has besought her children to turn for a time from the bustle of the world for self-examination and a purpose to live a renewed spiritual life. It is at this season that the faithful are counselled to fill the church and leave the playhouse empty, to practice self-denial, to refrain from social gaieties. It is a commandment of the church, too, as binding in the Anglican as in the Roman communion, that there shall be neither marrying nor giving in marriage among its sons and daughters during the Lenten season. While but few, in the ordinary avocations of life can keep a strict Lent, all can endeavor to live up to the spirit of it in a greater or less degree, and apply its lessons to their lives. Passion-tide, the fortnight preceding Easter, is the time set apart for special and increased attention to spiritual matters, while Holy Week, from Palm Sunday to Easter is in every way the most solemn time of the whole Christian year.

Yesterday, in thousand of churches, multitudes were brought to vivid realization of the mystery of the Passion, and traced the steps of the Son of Man from dark Gethsemane to Calvary. Tomorrow, the world will rejoice at the most precious gift of God to man—the redemption of the race. There cannot, to the believer, be a more joyous time than comes with Easter morn.

It is the typification of all that is full of brightness in this life, and of all that makes sure to mankind the hope of the world to come.

A BAD BEGINNING.

When a man who has been elected to the office of mayor has shown himself capable of filling the office in a fairly satisfactory way, it is the custom to allow him a second term in the chair. There are many things to be said in favor of the idea. If a man has shown himself efficient, it is a recognition of the fact by the public, and a graceful compliment to him. There are more solid reasons, however, and the chief of these is that if he has placed civic affairs in the right line, he should be allowed another year in which to carry out his plans for the general good. Two years is not too long a term for a good man, but it would be a mistake to elect anybody for that period in the first instance. The law is well enough as it is now. If a mayor does his duty, he can be reasonably sure of a second term. If he does not, it would be an imposition on the people to have him remain another twelvemonths in office.

Mayor PETERS has been accorded a second term without having run an election. PROGRESS was in full accord with the idea that he should be permitted to retain his seat, and it would have been sorry to see any tactious opposition, when the majority of the people seemed satisfied.

Mayor PETERS has begun his second term, however, in a way that must disappoint his friends. The question of the issue of liquor licenses was in his hands and should have been disposed of long before nomination day. His decision might and should have been given a week earlier than it was. His excuse for the delay was that he wanted to be sure the official bulletin, issued by the Dominion statistician, was correct in its figures as to the population of wards. The idea of questioning the document speaks well for his worship's legal training, but it is not probable that even a lawyer out of a thousand would have thought of such a thing. He sent to

Ottawa for a verification of the figures, and it is to be hoped he got in return a document duly sworn to and attested before a notary, so that there cannot be a shadow of doubt. In the meantime nomination day passed and Mayor Peters was re-elected by acclamation.

In view of some of the licenses dealt with, as elsewhere mentioned, it would have looked more manly and honest if Mayor PETERS had not withheld his decision until after his election was assured. It may be that he acted fairly in the matter, but there are hundreds of electors who refuse to give him credit for sincerity in this instance. They claim that some private influence caused him to act unjustly, and that he took an underhand way of evading the consequences.

How far this is fair is best known to himself. As things are seen on the surface he has begun his term very badly indeed. The facts are told elsewhere and speak for themselves.

Everybody understands that were seven equally respectable men to apply for licenses in a district where only five could be granted, there might be some difficulty in making a choice of those who were to be favored. When, however, license is refused to a man who has never been reported as a law breaker and granted to others who have been reported, it is time for people to wonder on what the mayor bases his decisions. If his course is not the result of a "pull" of some kind, what is it?

A BAD TIME FOR WAITING.

There are times in this life when moments seem to be hours. One of them is when a bridal party is on time at the church and the parson is not. To stand at the altar, or whatever takes the place of one, waiting in solemn silence is a pretty good test of nerve. Each second gives rise to new apprehensions by the embarrassed bride and groom. Has anything happened to the preacher? Has he forgotten about it? Has he misunderstood the arrangement as to the hour? These are all possible conjectures, and the least of the fear is that he has only overslept himself and may be along sometime within the next half-hour. The bride and groom are aware that everybody is looking at them and wondering what is the matter. They wish the floor would conveniently open and let them drop through for a little while, but it does not, nor is it in order for them to turn away and sit down. The only thing they can do is to stand there and wait—and wait—and wait. The clergyman doesn't stay away on purpose, but that is about all the satisfaction the parties have in the matter. Preachers should see that their alarm clocks are set a little ahead of time.

BRAINS REPAIRED.

A week or two ago, PROGRESS noted the advance of medical science in restoring reason to an imbecile by opening the skull so as to allow the brain to expand. It was then suggested that as a good many people are troubled with "big-head" in these days, the application of the remedy might be made very wide. Quite in a line with this is the theory now advanced by scientists that the advance of crime may be checked by surgical operations on subjects among the criminal classes.

The theory is a very simple one. It is pretty well understood that the brain of an habitual criminal differs from that of the philosopher or student in many important particulars. It is also known that injuries to the brain have wholly changed the characters of estimable men so that they became vicious and so continued until the abnormal conditions were remedied. There is a case on record of a man who was way-laid and beaten on the head, and who to all appearance fully recovered from his injuries but with impaired mind. He remained a partial imbecile for eleven years, when his reason was restored by an operation in which a piece of bone and some diseased matter were removed from the brain. After that, with restored reason, he was the reverse of all he had been in character and disposition. Mr. HYDE took the place of Dr. JERKILL, and held it for the rest of his life. In a contrary way, there is the report of an irritable crank, who was changed into a most agreeable member of society by a judicious operation. In the face of these facts, the question arises whether the state cannot adopt a system for the reclamation of criminals by a judicious system of surgical operations. In any case the persons operated on will be no worse than before. If they fail to survive, in occasional cases, society solves the problem of their support, while if they are made good citizens the present and future generations will be so much better off. Many a bad man would be a good man if he had a differently arranged brain. If science can rectify the fault in individual cases, there is no reason why the wicked should stalk abroad on the earth.

A BAD BEGINNING.

When a man who has been elected to the office of mayor has shown himself capable of filling the office in a fairly satisfactory way, it is the custom to allow him a second term in the chair. There are many things to be said in favor of the idea. If a man has shown himself efficient, it is a recognition of the fact by the public, and a graceful compliment to him. There are more solid reasons, however, and the chief of these is that if he has placed civic affairs in the right line, he should be allowed another year in which to carry out his plans for the general good. Two years is not too long a term for a good man, but it would be a mistake to elect anybody for that period in the first instance. The law is well enough as it is now. If a mayor does his duty, he can be reasonably sure of a second term. If he does not, it would be an imposition on the people to have him remain another twelvemonths in office.

Mayor PETERS has been accorded a second term without having run an election. PROGRESS was in full accord with the idea that he should be permitted to retain his seat, and it would have been sorry to see any tactious opposition, when the majority of the people seemed satisfied.

Mayor PETERS has begun his second term, however, in a way that must disappoint his friends. The question of the issue of liquor licenses was in his hands and should have been disposed of long before nomination day. His decision might and should have been given a week earlier than it was. His excuse for the delay was that he wanted to be sure the official bulletin, issued by the Dominion statistician, was correct in its figures as to the population of wards. The idea of questioning the document speaks well for his worship's legal training, but it is not probable that even a lawyer out of a thousand would have thought of such a thing. He sent to

Ottawa for a verification of the figures, and it is to be hoped he got in return a document duly sworn to and attested before a notary, so that there cannot be a shadow of doubt. In the meantime nomination day passed and Mayor Peters was re-elected by acclamation.

would have been. It might be well, at the outset, to experiment only on criminals under sentence of death, until the danger of death from operations was reduced to a minimum. Then the minor offenders could have their turn.

Once shown to be a practical operation with little or no risk, the application could be extended to all sorts and conditions of men. The workings of the brain wants to be so well understood that not only could bad people be made good, but the stupid ones could be made intelligent. Many a man finds himself, by a freak of his fellow-men, in a position for which he realizes he is unfit. It may be that he is a legislator, or possibly an alderman. He would like to fulfil the hopes of his constituents, but finding himself unable to do so, makes an effort to hide his defects by an eternal stream of more or less unnecessary talk. Were there a skilled specialist who could operate on his brain, he would no doubt be glad of it, and so would the public. So it might be with individuals in many other states of life. Indeed, there is no limit to the benefits which the surgeon could confer on the world were he to become an expert in the diagnosis of defective brains and in the application of his instruments to them.

The world is young yet, in some things. Surgery is rapidly progressive. Some day the announcement of "brains adjusted with nicety and despatch" will be as common as is now that of "teeth extracted without pain."

Last week, PROGRESS secured the release from jail of a debtor who was apparently there for life. On Saturday, the New York Press obtained the discharge of a woman from Ludlow street jail, where she would otherwise have had to stay an indefinite time for debt. The newspapers may modestly claim some title to be called the friends of freedom.

There is just a question, from a devotional standpoint, whether it is any more harm to have a fancy entertainment in Lent than to employ the better part of the penitential season in arranging for one to take place at Easter.

JOYS AND WOES OF OTHER PLACES.

Guy Daniel Murphy and the Exodas. Our friend Guy Daniel Murphy is to be congratulated on an interesting family event. A few more importations like him from the States would do much toward building up our population and neutralizing to a great extent the effects of the exodus.—Butler's Journal.

Will Pierce the Ethereal Blue. The ice is beginning to look very blue, and before another issue of The Journal is off the press the sharp prows of many a boat will have pierced the ethereal blue.—Butler's Journal.

And Digby Has a Barber. For the limited time that Harry has prosecuted the above calling, he has shown himself to be an adept with the razor. He is a thoroughbred towney, and deserving of a fair share of patronage, if attentive to business.—Canadian.

St. Andrews Has a Grievance. The carcass of a horse has been floating about the harbor for a fortnight past, much to the disgust of dwellers by the water side. This should not be.—Beacon.

Abreast of the Times. A new hearse is to be provided for use in the town.—St. Andrews Beacon.

Mr. Ross is Satisfied. Having settled with J. E. Dunn, carpenter, and investigated the charges made against him to the best of my ability, have come to the conclusion that the said charges are all smoke.—D. E. Ross.—Advt. in Berwick Register.

The Boom Has Begun. Mr. G. W. Eaton's blacksmith shop near the Methodist church has been taken down and the frame for a new one is rising.—Berwick Register.

"Citizen" and "Tax Payer" are Hard at It. I notice in your last issue an article with the startling headline of "Danger," written by one signing himself "Citizen," and which called attention to the fact that a man stumbled over a plank. *** Some of our children, or we ourselves will be stumbling into our graves before the summer is over, if the dirt and filth of some of the back yards and corner lots are not removed shortly.—A Tax Payer in Annapolis Spectator.

"Abide With Us," St. Luke 24, 29. They walk together on the Emmaus road, And commune of events now noised abroad; With heavy hearts they talk of Christ who died, Their faith in Israel's hope is sorely tried; Doubt's heavy clouds, no silver linings mark, But all is drear and dismal, sad and dark. Unknown to them, Jesus himself draws near, And asks them of their converse and their fear. To whom they tell the wonders of the day, And as they pass with him upon the way, They are enlightened, as to God's intent, In sending Christ on mercy's errand bent. How their wondering minds, stores of love reveal, How Christ must die, and with his life blood seal Mankind's redemption, ere he could ascend To glory, and fulfil his gracious end. Their destination near, the day is gone, And he would seem to pass the way alone. "Abide with us," they pray, and Christ the Lord Passes within and joins them at the board.

O, Christ who dost in every heart abide, That seeks thy love, in paths where thou dost guide, "Abide with us" and be to us a stay, That we may walk with Thee, the narrow way, And as they knew Thee at the breaking bread, May we ne'er fail to seek where thou dost lead, Through outward sign of simple bread and wine, And then to Thee our inmost hearts incline; Be ever present with us on the road, The Heavenly road, that leads us to our God; "Abide with us" and make the heart thy home, So shall we to thy Heavenly mansions come, To dwell for evermore in endless light, 'Mid angel hosts, forever in thy sight. F.B.S.

Send Along the Writ. Mr. W. L. Temple, absconding debtor, late of Halifax, now of Pueblo, U. S. A., tells the Star of that city that he has begun a libel suit for \$5,000 against PROGRESS for what it printed about him. Send along the writ, Mr. Temple.

EVERYBODY KNEW BARNEY.

He Was a Man who Had a Great Many Good Points in His Nature.

Bernard Brannan had a large funeral last Sunday, and all classes were represented in the cortege. He merited the tribute for he was what is known as a square man, in all his dealings with his fellows. "Barney" was widely known among the sporting men of America, but of late years, when buying and selling races became mixed up with legitimate sport he ceased to take the interest that made him notable in old times. He was the most singular specimen of a liquor-dealer to be found in the country. He sold the stuff, he said, because he had been brought up to it, and it was his business, but he thought the world would do better if nobody touched an intoxicating drink. It was a very common thing for him to scold his friends for taking a drink at all, while there were many to whom he would refuse to sell for any money. At one time, some years ago, he persuaded a number of young men to sign a strict total abstinence pledge and personally saw that they kept it as long as he could influence them to do so. He had a big heart, and took his own way of doing many a kind act, which he himself would be last to speak of. "Barney" is one of the men who will be missed. If all in his line of business were as strictly law abiding citizens as he was, the police would have a good deal less work on their hands in the course of a year.

Deceiving the People.

PROGRESS has received two letters from reliable people complaining of the deceptive nature of the advertisements of the Ladies Pictorial Weekly of Toronto, and the Ford P. Co., of Montreal. The advertisement of the Ladies Pictorial Weekly has been discontinued by PROGRESS until the complaint can be inquired into. But the evidence submitted—the letters, blanks, &c., sent out by the concern in Toronto, stamps it as simply a "gulling" scheme. PROGRESS trusts that any persons who have read the advertisements in this or any other paper will forego any intention of answering them. They will simply lose their money and their time.

The "Herald's" Oversight.

The Rambler's cycle club of Halifax held a meeting a few days ago and the Herald speaking of it adds: A handsome printed card bearing the club's colors—blue and white—with list of runs, code of signals and list of officers, and a pretty silver badge, are being distributed to members on payment of dues. Surely the Herald has forgotten that the "handsome printed card" was the work of PROGRESS PRINT.

Coffins and Caskets Burned.

One of the firms who lost considerable at the Celebration street fire this week, and of which no mention has been made, was the New Brunswick coffin and casket factory. Part of the stock had been removed there a few months ago, and men were at work in the building for the company. The loss amounted to between \$200 and \$300.

A St. John Singer in Boston.

Miss Bessie Hogarth Swann, the soprano of the Mission church auxiliary choir, who is on a visit to Boston, has been invited to sing in the choir of Trinity church in that city, during her stay, and has consented to do so. She has already appeared in that choir at the Sunday services.

Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay!

St. John has stood the cholera of Eighteen-fifty-four, And fifteen years of peace and joy have drowned the Fire's roar;— But there has come a mighty foe, to devastate and slay You hear it now on ev'ry side—"Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay!" I wake up in the silent night—on end these curly locks, My heart a-fluttering like a bee among the holly-hocks, And, perched upon the footboard there I see a winsome fay Comb her golden hair and hum this air, "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay!" At other times, when I've indulged in midnight pie and cheese, And mournful round my lonely den there howls the vernal breeze, A band of friends come from below, and shriek with impish glee— Strange words—"Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay! Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay!" The youngsters who sell papers now along the street do shout, "Come, buy PROGRESS, price five cents, and then read all about The tune that's burned down Maggie's Home, and 'neath the sally spray Has shov'ed McGinty now for good—"Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay!" And Annie Rooney now is heard no more upon our streets; Our "fines!" now "Ta-ra-ra" sing upon their lonely beats; And yesterday a driver of a street-car said to me, "Just drop that nickel in the slot. Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay!" And when last night fair Phyllis asked—(it's '92, you know!)— If through this dreary vale of tears alone I hoped to go, I answered her with beating heart, "My darling one, oh, nay!" She faintly smiled, then bit my ear, and murmured, "Boom-de-ay!" And should this sort of thing keep on, and grow from bad to worse, And this whole town, from north to south, fall 'neath the tuneful curse, In agony we then shall plead, with Denver in the play, "Oh, God! Turn back Thy universe and take this 'Boom' away!" CASEY TAP.

FROM AN OLD ST. JOHN PAPER.

Some of the Items That Interested People a Generation Ago.

A copy of a journal called the Investigator published every Friday at Germain street, St. John, N. B., Oct. 22, 1858. J. G. Lorimer and R. B. Cutler, editors and proprietors, came in my way recently and I cull from it some extracts that may be of interest to some of your many readers.

Among other items is the record of "A Mighty Big Squash" which was to be seen at the drug store of Mr. Inches. It was raised on "Berry Hill Farm" a few miles above Fredericton by Mr. J. L. Inches—weighed 127 pounds, and measured 7 feet 3 inches in circumference.

An account is also given of a fire at Indiantown in which several houses went down and some quite serious losses were made, among the losers being a Mr. Wm. Cleaveland, Mr. George Dunham, and others. A Mr. William Dunham lost everything. The fire broke out at midnight, and spread with much fury. Active exertions alone by the fire companies and others prevented an extensive and serious conflagration. Afterwards an investigation took place at the Portland Police court to inquire into the origin of the fire. A Mr. Cleaveland was examined very closely, having as the Investigator puts it "a Mr. Skinner, a young looking lawyer—reminding one of Portia in Shakespeare's 'Merchant of Venice' as his counsel—Further on a very amusing series of questions, cross-questions and answers took place between Susan an African damsel, and Mr. Skinner—Susan was supposed to know something about the circumstances and at first declined to kiss the bible, as she averred she "could tell de trool widout de bible," but the justice was firm and Susan kissed the book. During the questioning Susan confessed the counsel seriously.

In another column appears the following: The subscriber has by deed of assignment transferred over to the public all his rights, title, and interest of, in, and to certain little bits of manufactured sarcasm and remnants of state wit—also a small handful of legal advice, which he purchased fresh from a countryman; besides a queer assortment of impudence, culled from a celebrated garret at Billingsgate. These goods are warranted true to their kind. The "beauties of Shakespeare" which grow in the garden of grandeur bear no comparison to the rough, unpolished flower which spontaneously emits its fragrance upon the whole globe. Persons desiring to become participants in the small stock will please sign said deed at my office in Ritchie's building, any time previous to next election. I make an artistic quotation from a celebrated work: Shall virtue cease to be a crime? Kindness be forgotten, Innocence not be recognized, N or literary worth appreciated? Nay! tell not that high toned worth Ever sued in vain; for virtue Rises throughout our Globe. —Blackstone.

Just what is meant by the above is unknown to your correspondent, but probably some of your readers who are posted in the politics and doings of earlier days may be able to call the circumstances to memory. The Investigator seems to have had little or no advertising patronage and probably did not have a very long voyage on the sea of journalism. MARCH 11, 1892. OCCASIONAL.

Another Veteran Gone.

When Admiral Sir Provo Wallis died, about two months ago, some of the papers stated that the sole survivor of the Shannon-Chesapeake battle had passed away. These papers were in error; a survivor of the famous fight died near Kentville, N.S., last week, aged 82 years. His name was Elisha Lawrence, his surname being that of the Chesapeake's brave captain, as Elisha's parents were slaves on board of the captured vessel. Mr. Lawrence never claimed that he took a very active part in the engagement, as he was only about three years of age at the time; but he often boasted that he probably made as much noise during the fight as anyone on the vessel. The closing years of the veteran's life were not entirely peaceful. Domestic quarrels whitened his wool, and led him to allude to his wife as his "wusser halt."

When He Comes to the Front. At Easter, Thomas Dean's stall in the city market is one of the places that never fails to attract attention. It is thoroughly in keeping with the season, and it there is anything new in the way of Easter meats, or anything better than usual, Mr. Dean has it. This year is no exception. It gives a person a better idea of what the country can produce to look about his stall. There is beef from Albert county that would make a Chicago man green with envy, and spring lamb that surely denies the fact that this is April. Mutton and fowl of the choicest are also exposed to view and anything else a good liver desires.

They Believe "Progress" Covers the Ground.

Mackie & Co., of Glasgow, the distillers of the celebrated Islay Blend Scotch, advertise in St. John exclusively in PROGRESS, and would not depart from this practice even so far as to reply to the malicious attack of a Montreal drummer, representing a third rate distillery, who, over the falsely assumed name of "Analyst," attempted to turn the government's verdict concerning Scotch distillers up side down, so as to make a tail-end whiskey read top-most. People interested in the subject of whiskey, will find Mackie & Co.'s new advertisement in to-day's PROGRESS interesting reading.

Received Over The Telephone.

Mr. John Hopkins was so busy this week attending to Easter customers that he forgot about his advertisement until it was too late. However, all he wanted to say was, that he had everything needed for Easter, from choice domestic and Chicago beef, to poultry, ham and eggs, and spring lambs. This is what came over the telephone. He has everything else wanted, and Hopkins is a good place to go.

CHARLOTTETOWN.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Charlottetown at T. L. Chappelle's bookstore and by S. Gray.]

APRIL 12.—Society is still very quiet. The principal events of the week have been the Mission services in St. Paul's church; and Mrs. Hunt's lecture in the First Methodist church, and address before the bar of the House of Assembly; and one quiet wedding.

Rev. F. H. Du Verne's services have been well attended, not only by the membership of the church, but the various denominations have been very liberal in their attendance; the interest being mainly talored and increased.

Mr. Hunt's lecture drew an immense audience, and was listened to with intense interest. His W. rship Mayor Haveland presided. On the platform with him were Messrs. Gordon, Sutherland, and Brewer, Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. J. De-Bruy, Mrs. A. K. Medley, Dr. Anderson, and D. J. MacLeod, chief supt. of Education. Miss Earle's son added to the pleasure of the evening. Mrs. Hunt had the honor on Friday of addressing the House of Assembly while in session (a very unusual honor it is said). The vote of thanks, moved and seconded respectively by Premier Peters and Mr. N. MacLeod, leader of the opposition, are said to have contained "praises" which indicate the direction of the prevailing breeze.

Mrs. Hunt, while in Charlottetown, was the guest of Colonel F. S. Moore on Friday evening about fifty ladies of the W. C. T. U. met Mrs. Hunt, by invitation, at the residence of Dr. Johnson. Mrs. Horace Beer has been seriously ill, but is now improving.

Rev. J. A. Gordon has purchased a residence in the city, giving his stay with us an appearance of permanency gratifying alike to his congregation and the citizens generally.

Mrs. J. A. Reid, of Summerside, has been spending a few days with her daughter, Mrs. Horace Beer.

Mr. Ed. Harper, formerly of this city, but now of Seberton, N. S., spent a couple of days in town this week.

Miss Emma Haslam is with the Misses Essery. Mr. Geo. Dixon, of New Glasgow, N. S., is in the city.

The matrimonial boat is again launched and ready for a summer's work. On the trial trip, last Wednesday, it carried Mr. J. M. Campbell, of the postal staff, and Miss Constance Currie, Mr. Robert Campbell and Miss Florence Currie filed second positions. The presents were numerous and grand; among which was an elegant silver ice picher, from the members of Zion church choir.

The next trip will probably be tomorrow evening, when Mr. John McKenzie and Miss Houston will be the happy passengers.

The latest whisper (perhaps not a fully announced engagement) is that of a popular law student and an honorable daughter.

Mr. W. B. Robertson is off on a trip to the upper provinces, Miss George Green is visiting Mrs. Robertson in White River.

Miss Russell's school gave very enjoyable music to a selected company last evening. Prominent among the performers were Misses Hyndman, Murtart, David and Mrs. G. C. T. met Mrs. Hunt, by invitation, at the residence of Dr. Johnson. Mrs. Horace Beer has been seriously ill, but is now improving.

Mr. Ed. Harper, formerly of this city, but now of Seberton, N. S., spent a couple of days in town this week.

Miss Emma Haslam is with the Misses Essery. Mr. Geo. Dixon, of New Glasgow, N. S., is in the city.

The matrimonial boat is again launched and ready for a summer's work. On the trial trip, last Wednesday, it carried Mr. J. M. Campbell, of the postal staff, and Miss Constance Currie, Mr. Robert Campbell and Miss Florence Currie filed second positions. The presents were numerous and grand; among which was an elegant silver ice picher, from the members of Zion church choir.

The next trip will probably be tomorrow evening, when Mr. John McKenzie and Miss Houston will be the happy passengers.

The latest whisper (perhaps not a fully announced engagement) is that of a popular law student and an honorable daughter.

Mr. W. B. Robertson is off on a trip to the upper provinces, Miss George Green is visiting Mrs. Robertson in White River.

Miss Russell's school gave very enjoyable music to a selected company last evening. Prominent among the performers were Misses Hyndman, Murtart, David and Mrs. G. C. T. met Mrs. Hunt, by invitation, at the residence of Dr. Johnson. Mrs. Horace Beer has been seriously ill, but is now improving.

Mr. Ed. Harper, formerly of this city, but now of Seberton, N. S., spent a couple of days in town this week.

Miss Emma Haslam is with the Misses Essery. Mr. Geo. Dixon, of New Glasgow, N. S., is in the city.

The matrimonial boat is again launched and ready for a summer's work. On the trial trip, last Wednesday, it carried Mr. J. M. Campbell, of the postal staff, and Miss Constance Currie, Mr. Robert Campbell and Miss Florence Currie filed second positions. The presents were numerous and grand; among which was an elegant silver ice picher, from the members of Zion church choir.

The next trip will probably be tomorrow evening, when Mr. John McKenzie and Miss Houston will be the happy passengers.

The latest whisper (perhaps not a fully announced engagement) is that of a popular law student and an honorable daughter.

Mr. W. B. Robertson is off on a trip to the upper provinces, Miss George Green is visiting Mrs. Robertson in White River.

Miss Russell's school gave very enjoyable music to a selected company last evening. Prominent among the performers were Misses Hyndman, Murtart, David and Mrs. G. C. T. met Mrs. Hunt, by invitation, at the residence of Dr. Johnson. Mrs. Horace Beer has been seriously ill, but is now improving.

Mr. Ed. Harper, formerly of this city, but now of Seberton, N. S., spent a couple of days in town this week.