

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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THE WAYS OF JURYMEN.

There does not appear to be any doubt that BUCK, found guilty of killing policeman STEADMAN, at Moncton, will be hanged on the first of December, in accordance with his sentence. He was found guilty of wilful murder, perhaps justly, and perhaps not. Had STEADMAN not been a well known and popular police officer, whose death had practically to be avenged, the verdict might have been different. As it was BUCK was considered a bad man whom it was safe to find guilty on general principles, and the clamor for a victim was satisfied. BUCK seems to have accepted his fate from the outset. He and JIM both realized that in the state of public feeling they had no chance of escape at the hands of a local jury. JIM appears to have had no more to do with the affair than any man would have had under the circumstances. He was trying to escape at a time when a man was shot. For his activity on that occasion, he should feel that he is lucky in escaping with a practically life sentence. If he was guilty of murder, he should have stood on a par with BUCK. If he was not and had no part in killing STEADMAN it seems hard that he should be shut out from the world for the next twenty years. The judge thought so when he sentenced him. As between BUCK and NEILL, the London poisoner, who is also to be hanged in a short time, there seems no comparison as to the degree of crime. Both will suffer the same fate and within a few weeks of each other. Perhaps there is no way of helping such things as our laws now are, though it is in just such instances that the common sense of a scale of degrees of murder is apt to come in. Technically, BUCK may have committed murder. There is a good deal of doubt as to whether he intended to do so or not, but the crown got the benefit of the doubt, and the prisoner was convicted, "with a recommendation to mercy," which showed the feeling of the jury. Could they have fixed the crime at murder in the second degree they would have done so. They had to do something, though their verdict implies they did not think they should have done as much as they did. They alleged, in effect, that a bullet from BUCK's pistol killed STEADMAN, but that the prisoner ought not to be hanged for it.

Nobody can doubt that the jury in the cases of BUCK and JIM did their duty conscientiously, but whether a jury of strangers uninfluenced by any feeling of fear or favor would have condemned both men is another question. Juries everywhere are apt to do queer things. One in St. John acquitted a policeman who needlessly shot a man on the street, and that policeman is still wearing his uniform. Further back, a Charlotte county jury once convicted a Mrs. WARD of murder and she was sentenced to be hanged. The murder in question was a premeditated one, and if this woman were guilty at all she should have suffered the extreme penalty. Her fellow prisoner exonerated her, and the sentence was changed to imprisonment for life, though why she should be punished in any way, if not guilty, was not explained. Eventually she got free after staying a very short time in St. Andrews jail.

The case of Mrs. MAYBRICK, which has been discussed on both sides of the ocean, and is likely to be until the woman is released, is another which points a moral. She was charged with poisoning her husband, but nobody except the judge who tried her seemed to think she was guilty. There was no direct evidence that she committed the crime, but SIR FITZJAMES STEPHENS, who presided, became virtually the prosecuting officer and convinced the jury that they should find her guilty. She was sentenced to death, but the home secretary commuted the sentence to imprisonment for life, because he contended that MAYBRICK did not die of the poison, though she tried to kill him with it. She is still in prison, despite the efforts of thousands to secure her libera-

tion. Now, it Mrs. MAYBRICK were guilty of the cold-blooded and slow-poisoning of her husband, she should have been hanged—woman though she was. Her crime was infinitely worse than that for which BUCK was convicted. If she was not guilty of wilful murder, she was not guilty of any crime, and there is no reason why she should be consigned to a living grave because a judge terrorized a jury into convicting her. There can be scarcely a question that she will be liberated in time, if the imprisonment does not kill her in the meantime, but that does not change the extraordinary aspect of the case, that she is undergoing imprisonment for a crime with which she was not charged.

The ways of the law, where juries have the decision, are curious enough sometimes, and it is by no means the rule that the benefit of a doubt is given to the accused. That is the theory, it is true, but in practice it does not always work.

EXIT-CAPTAIN RAWLINGS.

The dismissal of Captain RAWLINGS from the police force took place last week after PROGRESS had gone to press, and the action of Chief CLARK in the matter was so fully justified by the evidence that it has the approval of all classes of citizens. It was an unpleasant duty for the chief to perform, but no other course was open to him. The glossing over of this offence would have been fatal to the discipline of the St. John force, and ultimately fatal to the prospects of the chief himself.

Had this been the first offence of RAWLINGS, it would have been bad enough, and the proof in itself would have fully warranted his dismissal; but it was not the first nor the second time that he had shown himself unfit for his position. From time to time PROGRESS has pointed out the kind of a man he was, and those who have taken the trouble to look into the matter have found that it understated rather than overstated matters. There may be many positions Mr. RAWLINGS can fill with credit in this world, but that of a police officer is not one of them. He should seek some other vocation.

The truth of the matter is that RAWLINGS never should have held a position on the St. John force. He was head of the police in the old city of Portland when it was the worst governed municipality this side of New York state. He was a recognized part of a bad state of things in a community where some of the aldermen led the way in malfeasance and misfeasance and the police followed them. The condition of things was so bad that the exposure of ring rule by PROGRESS changed the whole future of the city. The people voted for union when they would not have done so had there been a passably decent government, as there was not nor was there likely to be. RAWLINGS was included in the transfer of the departments, as a matter of sentiment, and he has been the cause of more or less trouble ever since. It would have saved trouble to himself and others had he been dismissed on the first occasion for which there was good cause. Instead of that, his offences have been condoned, until he evidently got the idea that he was a small czar and could do whatever he pleased. It was simply a chance that on the last occasion he encountered the wrong sort of men, who were able to prove their complaint against him. Had they been strangers, whose reputation was unknown, it is quite possible that he might have arrested them and had them fined for being drunk and interfering with the police. There have been arrests made by other policemen when the actual offense was no more than "back talk" to these autocrats, though it is always easy for them to formulate a charge of drunkenness when a person has been drinking even a slight quantity. Some of the force have had pretty large ideas of their powers and importance in the past.

The dismissal of RAWLINGS for insulting a citizen, whom he did not recognize as a member of a prominent firm, should have a salutary effect on the force in general. They should understand as clearly as possible that they are the servants rather than the masters of the people, and that every well conducted man is entitled to be treated with respect by them. The moment a policeman begins to feel that he can be a bully and terrorize inoffensive people, that moment it is time for him to leave the force. And he is likely to be compelled to do so, sooner or later, if PROGRESS happens to get on his track.

CHOOSING A PRESIDENT.

Next Tuesday will decide who is to be president of the United States for the next four years, though it is anything like the state of affairs there was in 1884, it may be some days before there is any certainty as to who is the choice of the people. The voting will be done on Tuesday, however, and that is all the people will have to say about it. If there is any counting in or out after that, the officials will attend to it.

In one sense the people have very little to say about it. They do not vote for the presidential candidates direct, but for men who will do the voting in the electoral college. It is the question of a majority of states rather than of individuals. Several of the presidents have had a minority of the popular vote, but the pivotal states have sent the requisite number of electors

to decide the question, so that, at the best, the will of the people is expressed in a roundabout way, and if the majorities were to count, the candidate elected would sometimes be the man who is declared defeated.

The worst of a presidential election is that it is going on nearly all the time. The year in which the votes are polled is the most exciting, but the year after is not long enough to end the past-election discussions, and then begins the canvas for the next fight. The war never ends, and there is no brief rest as there would be were the election held every eight or ten years. Concurrent with all, the real issues is a vast amount of falsehood, misrepresentation and fraud in general, beside which the Canadian methods in general elections are weak and insignificant efforts. The politics of Canada are far from pure, but those of the United States are notoriously worse.

If there is any one reason why some people on this side of the line do not want annexation it is because they do not want any more politics than they have now. If the people of the United States could find the right kind of a czar, and keep him, life would have attractions for them which they can never know as long as their system remains as it is at present.

A GREATER THAN COLUMBUS.

Despite of all the efforts to boom the memory of COLUMBUS, it is to be feared that if a plebiscite were taken in the United States to decide whether he or JIM CORBETT was the greater hero the latter would have a majority of the votes. He went to a church fair in Cincinnati, the other night when it is stated the cheers in his honor were "like a whirlwind, and gorgeous chrysanthemums, flung by a hundred hands, fell about him in a golden shower." When the great man started to go, "the people fairly yelled themselves hoarse, and beautiful young girls, with pardonable curiosity to view a prize ring chieftain, threw themselves in his path as he struggled to the door." After that "a bouquet was pressed into his hand and he carried it proudly away. A hundred hands tossed flowers about him till the line of marchers were literally buried in blossoms. After he had gone an enterprising girl put a chalk line around the spot where the champion had stood, and made \$20, charging ten cents a head to stand where CORBETT stood."

Truly, the courts of Europe and their maidens never paid such tribute to COLUMBUS; but it must be remembered that he was only the discoverer of a continent, while CORBETT is the knocker-out of JOHN L. SULLIVAN.

MR. GREGORY WAS NOT IN IT.

It would seem that PROGRESS was misinformed as to Mr. GEORGE F. GREGORY having assisted in the distribution of the rascally circular issued from the office of H. H. PITTS on the eve of the election in York. Mr. GREGORY writes the editor of this paper as follows:

FREDERICTON, Oct. 29, 1892. SIR,—I did not distribute any of the inflammatory circulars attributed to Mr. Pitts, or any other circulars of any kind whatever either at Harvey or any other place. I never even saw one of either the circulars, and I am entirely ignorant of their existence further than having heard it said that some such circulars were issued by somebody. I would be pleased if you would make it known that I had no connection whatever with the matter.

Yours truly, GEO. F. GREGORY. It affords PROGRESS much pleasure to publish Mr. GREGORY's denial, and it is glad to find that he did not do an act so utterly at variance with what any man who has a political future in view would take. It would be gratifying to all who know him to learn that he had no connection whatever with the matter. Those concerned in the affair seem to have been of the smaller fry, but the plot is not the less to be condemned on that account. A yellow dog is sometimes a pretty poor animal, but it can do a good deal of mischief if it has the chance.

The dogs of Birmingham, England, ought to be happy in the consciousness of the fact that there is a new home for the vagrant members of their population. When finished there will be kennels for two hundred canines, and the cost of the affair will be about ten thousand dollars. Connected with the dogery is an hospital and a lethal chamber where incurable sufferers are put to sleep and do not wake again. Sentimentalists may be shocked at the proposal to convert the skins of the condemned into marketable sables, the proceeds to go toward the support of the home, but why should not dogs profit by the deaths of friends and relations? It is what the human race does whenever it can.

A recent sketch of Hon. J. G. HAGGART, minister of railways, says "he is quick in getting at the kernel of a question, and with a business man's acumen soon sees which party has the stronger case." This was verified by the rapidity with which he rescinded the order abolishing season tickets on the I. C. R. this week. There was no mistaking who had the stronger case that time.

A Moncton man has sent Sir CHARLES TUPPER a barrel of oysters. The "natives" are said to be of a quality to astonish the high commissioner, who has himself considerably astonished the natives at various times in his career.

JOYS AND WOES OF OTHER PLACES.

Woodstock's Latest Woe. That dangerous hole in the post office pavement still remains as a trap to catch some one.—Sentinel.

Accident in Cape Breton. An unfortunate school boy this afternoon received some slight facial injuries by "bumping" against the Dominion building.—Sydney Sun.

The Wealth of Windemere. Within a mile there are twenty horses owned, which, we should think was rather too many for the requirements of the community.—Berwick Register.

Strange Story from Aylesford. People find their rates are "waking off" quite often lately. Some are found hanging on telephone cross-arms and some hidden away.—Berwick Register.

Might Read the Riot Act. Something ought to be done to compel the young criminals who congregate on Water Street to abstain from insulting the ladies of the community.—Shelburne Budget.

Had Been Reading Pitt's Circular. Quite a little excitement was caused on Queen Street last evening about 7 o'clock when a countryman, who was under the influence of liquor, ran down the street with a gun in his hand.—Ft. George.

The Editor's Hallows' Eve. Just as we go to press, we find ourselves rich in the possession of (4) ladders, one-half (1.2) a telephone pole, two (2) turnips, seven (7) sign boards and one (1) door step, making a total of 14 1/2 articles; and a premium in the person of a dead dog.—Sydney Sun.

Nucleus for a Museum. A bottle thrown at the marshal with intent to injure him, a black eye and a cut lip with several stitches in it, a fight in one of the many bar rooms in the neighborhood, are among the sights that have been seen near the bridge during the week.—St. Croix Courier.

What Excited St. Andrews. A series of terrible, ear-splitting shrieks came from the St. Andrews foundry on Tuesday. The noise was not caused by a siren or callopie, but came from the stentorian lungs of the foundryman who had discovered a neighbor's cow foundering in his well, and was anxious to get her out.—Beacon.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

"Tennyson." Where nature's lovely charms abound, Far from the town's discordant sound, Where shrub and tree, vine, rock and rill, Coudine the thoughtful mind to thrill, There he was found in converse sweet, Described by him in verses meet, Verses which live in every mind, That know his worth, his friendship kind.

As waving fields and tree topped hills, The summer air with fragrance fills, Lending a charm that warms the heart, While bearing well the daily part.

So his bright life and grand career, So full of beauty, Christian cheer,— Aids in the path which leads to God, Making the life more pure and good.

The' severed by death's darksome wave, Which o'erwhelms all, the gentle brave, His glorious work of three-score years, Wherein his power of mind appears, Still binds him to this earthly sphere, With bands of love firm and sincere, And in all lands his honored name, Shall flitting tribute ever claim.

Evening. The golden sands are stretching far, And the seafoam lies in winding wreaths, And sweet is the message the soft wind breathes. Like burnished silver the evening star Shines in the sky, So pure, so high, Over the distant harbor bar.

The grasses shed their dewy pearls, All about my lingering feet, From dusk-hill flowers that perfume sweet, While banners of bloom the night wind fans, I hear a sweet note, From a wild bird's throat, And out from the shadows a black bat whirrs.

Twilight is falling on land and sea, I list to the hoot of a lonely owl, And the wild weird cry of the water fowl, While the moon shines down on grass and tree, A sweeter night, Ne'er met my sight, Yet all my thoughts are given to thee!

PEN, PRESS AND ADVERTISING. The Truro Daily News has begun the issue of a weekly edition, which is well got up and full of interesting matter. It required some pluck to start a daily in Truro but it appears to have succeeded, and the idea of now putting out a weekly edition is a good one.

Terrible Mortality Last June. The Fredericton Gleaner is authority for the statement that "there were 447 births, 116 marriages and 353 deaths in St. John during the month of June." This an extraordinary showing, for there were only 741 deaths here in the whole twelve months of last year, and now the deadly month of June shows nearly half of that number. Fortunately, the number of births and marriages are in equally large proportion or we should be very much discouraged indeed with an average of twelve deaths a day. The secret of the great mortality appears to have been well kept, for it has only leaked out now, after an interval of four months, and the Gleaner is the only paper that has the news.

Promoted the Right Man. Among the changes in the police force resultant upon the dismissal of Rawlings, is the promotion of policeman George Baxter to be sergeant. Everybody who has ever had anything to do with this big, good natured and efficient officer will be glad to learn of his advancement. He is the special officer who constituted a whole force in himself at PROGRESS picnic last summer, and had there been any need of his services, as there was not, nobody can doubt he would have been equal to a whole squad of men. If all the force were as good looking good natured and efficient as Sergeant Baxter, the St. John police would easily take rank as "the finest."

FRATERNAL NOTICES.

What the Provincial Press Says of "Progress" Latest Move.

The contemporaries of PROGRESS outside of this city have been exceedingly kind in their notices of the new departure of electric power in connection with a new and last press. Some of them are reprinted below:

A newspaper that has made remarkable strides since its first appearance, some five years ago is the St. John PROGRESS. Their latest improvement is in the way of a new and faster press and the introduction of electric power instead of steam power as formerly. Their presses were working to the utmost capacity to get out their present circulation, and the indications are that the increase in the near future will see a much greater circulation. One cause of their success is that the paper takes hold of every local matter that transpires and writes it up in a clear, readable and interesting not only to the people of St. John or New Brunswick generally, but to any chance reader. Mr. Carter deserves the success that has attended his enterprise.—Truro News.

The presses of the St. John PROGRESS are propelled by electricity. A new press has been added, to the already well equipped establishment and it is not too much to say that Mr. Carter possesses one of the most modern and complete outfits of printing machinery in the maritime provinces.—St. Croix Courier.

PROGRESS has added to its establishment a new and improved press, which it runs by electric power. PROGRESS has been forced to this in order to keep up with its increasing circulation. PROGRESS office is now, doubtless, one of the most complete of any in the lower provinces.—Carleton Sentinel.

St. John PROGRESS has now the most modern and complete outfit of machinery in the maritime provinces. Its presses are run by electricity. Proprietor Carter deserves the success he is meeting with in the publication of one of the best papers of its kind in Canada or the United States.—Halifax Mail.

When St. John PROGRESS was started some of the good people of that city predicted that it would not live over three months. That was about five years ago, and PROGRESS is still booming—a proof that the publisher knew what he was about when the good people referred to above. Mr. Carter has just substituted electricity for steam as the power for running his machinery, and put in an additional "Cranston" press.—Yarmouth Light.

St. John PROGRESS, under the management of Mr. Edward S. Carter, has just instituted a revolution in newspaper work in the maritime provinces. The paper is rightly named, as it has been in a state of progression from its inception up to the present time. Its latest addition for the facility of business is a fast running Cranston press of the most improved pattern and motive power by electricity. PROGRESS has now the most complete outfit of machinery, types, etc., in the maritime provinces. As its appliances have increased, so have its circulation and advertising patronage.—Digby Courier.

No paper in the Dominion has met the success and increased its circulation so regularly and rapidly as PROGRESS has done. The proprietor has progress and push and knows how to cater to the public appetite. He has recently put in new and improved presses and adopted electricity as the motor power, which will enable him to keep up the demands that may be in store in the future for him.—Woodstock Press.

PLEASURE IN DYING THIS WAY.

Delightful Sensation When One is Killed by a Fall.

"When my time comes to cross over the river I hope to be killed by a fall," said Dr. H. C. Smith. "It is a beautiful death, and the victim passes from time to eternity as sweetly and painlessly as an infant falling asleep. The old Roman method of execution by hurling from the Tarpeian rock was much preferable, from a humanitarian point of view, to electrocution, be the latter never so sudden. I have had several falls in my life that, according to all accepted traditions, should have proved fatal. I once had a series of falls down the steep side of a mountain, bounding twenty to forty feet at a time, and strange to say, I did not lose consciousness. I realized perfectly well what was happening to me. I knew that I was getting horribly bruised and that bones were snapping in various parts of my anatomy, but I experienced no pain whatever. I rather enjoyed the bouncing, and regarded the probability of being killed as a comparatively trifling matter. When I finally came to a full stop I lay in a dreamy state for a few moments, then drifted into unconsciousness, upon what appeared to me a sea of gold.

"When a man has a limb broken by a fall he does not know it until he attempts to rise. He may suspect that all is not well with him, but, to save him, he cannot locate the trouble. The most delightful sensation I ever experienced was while falling from the basket of a balloon into Lake Erie. I had gone up at Cleveland with Prof. Hirsch. We were carried out over the lake, and when about 150 feet from the surface, the crazy old trap exploded. To avoid being tangled up in the wreck I jumped. It seemed to me that I was an hour falling. My whole intellectual activity was increased to a wonderful degree. Great thoughts surged through my mind, but I felt no anxiety whatever. I wished that I might fall forever. The rush of the wind was intoxicating. I struck slightly sideways and the concussion rendered me insensible. I seemed to have fallen into a mighty pyrotechnic display. Blue, red and orange flames shot up and fell in a shower of jewels—then came oblivion. Oh, it was a glorious experience, but withal a trifle risky."—Globe Democrat.

The Woman You Can Trust.

There are in this world all sorts of women—charming, pretty, sensible and delightful ones, too—but of the entire lot do we not pick out for our rock of dependance the woman we can trust? Is there not a world of reliance in the word of one whom we know never violate a promise? Is it not a pleasure to confide in one whom we know holds our secrets as closely as our own? And is not the assurance of help from a character such as this a standby in all hours of trouble and difficulty, for we know that her promises once given we have nothing to fear.

The woman that her own sex trust is one whom her husband likewise will never have occasion to doubt. The daughter who has proved worthy of the confidence of her parents will likewise justify her lover's expectations when she becomes a wife. Sincerity is a rare jewel in these days of social deceit and subterfuge. Promises are given for accommodation, never meaning to be kept. The pledge of secrecy is only the bait to worm another's secret from her bosom, then to be retailed broadcast over the land. The offer of help, made in time of prosperity cannot be interpreted as such when adversity makes the need strong. Life is false and hollow to a great extent.

Therefore when one meets a woman sincere and true she shines forth with the undimmed lustre of a pure white diamond among a mass of yellow stones that may glitter, perhaps, as attractively, yet which have no value in comparison with the bit of purity when want compels the necessity of computing it.—Ex.

Spiritual Seating; Duval, Union street.

HARCOURT.

[PROGRESS is for sale at Mrs. S. J. Livingston's grocery store, Harcourt.

Nov. 1.—Mrs. Samuel Livingston, who has been visiting her relatives and friends here for some time past, left for her home at Greenwich, Kings Co., on Friday last. In the forenoon previous to Mrs. W.'s departure there was a pleasant family reunion at Waltham cottage.

Mrs. A. J. McDonald, of Springfield, N. S., was at the Central on Friday enroute to Kouchibouguac on a short visit.

Coun Joseph Bernard, of St. Paul, was at the Eureka yesterday.

Miss Katie Stevenson returned from Richibucto on Thursday.

Jud. E. Hamilton was at the Eureka yesterday, proceeding to the shiretown.

Mr. Fred Devine, court stenographer, was at the same hospitably yesterday in company with Judge Hamilton.

Mr. James G. McDonald, of Albert county, and Mr. R. C. John Dunn, of St. John, were at the Central yesterday, going to Richibucto.

Misses Nell and Helen Morrison, of St. John, who have been visiting Mrs. James Brown for some weeks past, left by express train for home on Thursday.

Mrs. James Brown went to Chatham on Thursday to visit her sister, Miss Annie Brunner, who has been quite ill.

Mr. John W. Reid, of F. A. Reid & Co., Moncton, was at the Eureka yesterday.

The dinner, supper and general entertainment by the Wesleyans on Thursday evening in their new church edifice was a grand success in every particular, and exceeded the stringency in the money market and the "close fastness" of many of the holders of the "wh-revival." Fully \$100 was realized.

Mr. John A. McAlmon of the Campbell House, St. John, P. E. I., was at the Eureka yesterday and left for Kingston.

Mr. J. Harry Wilson, of the I. C. R., spent part of last Saturday in the vicinity of Kent Junction in search of game, and was fairly successful.

Mr. Lambert Fiet went to Miramichi by Saturday night's express train.

Mr. John W. Miller, of Millerton, was in town on Monday evening and gave his pupils of the Harcourt co- net band a good drilling.

Mr. Thomas F. Buxton returned from Newcastle last evening in a state of single blessedness, as usual.

Coadjutor Edwin Bowser, of the I. C. R., has been visiting in the vicinity of Eureka for the past fortnight accompanied by Mrs. Bowser and family.

Mrs. Mary Hannah, of Richibucto, was here on Saturday last, on her return from a short visit to her daughter, Mrs. Frank Curran, at Moncton.

Two marriages are on the tapis—one to take place at Moncton, the second at Grandville. The young ladies who are the principals are known as the most popular in their respective localities. After the marriage ceremonies the Mortimore belle will go to her future home in Montana, and the fair one from Grandville will remove to a well known place on the St. John river.

Hon. P. G. Ryan and Mrs. Ryan were at the Eureka yesterday.

Mr. James D. Phinney, M. P. F., was at the Central today, returning from Fredericton and proceeding to the management of the Eureka.

Mr. C. F. Hamilton, C. E., was at the Eureka today.

Mr. Robert Chalmers, of the Dominion geological survey, was here to-day, on his return from a short tour in the United States for some years, returned here last evening.

Mr. John J. Barry, of St. John, was here for a short time today, being his first visit within three years.

KENTVILLE.

Nov. 1.—Miss Alice Webster, of the Chestnuts, has gone to New York for a prolonged stay. She was accompanied by her nephew, Mr. Harold DeWolf, who is taking a fortnight's vacation.

Rev. Mr. Urick and family, of Halifax, who have been here for some time, for the credit of their health have taken Miss Webster's house at the Chestnuts.

Mrs. Wm. Harrington, of the Knoll, who has been confined for the best part of some time, is now able to get about.

Rev. Mr. Mainwaring, who has been in charge of the Baptist church here for some time, and who has been in such a delicate state of health for a year past, is improving rapidly.

Mrs. Moore, wife of Dr. Willis Moore, who has been confined to the house for some weeks with typhoid fever, is able to be out again.

Mr. Edger Baker and family have moved to Halifax, where they intend to make their future home. They are accompanied by Mrs. Baker's sisters, Mrs. Marsden, Mrs. L. J. and Mrs. C. E. and Mrs. W. H. Webster's last Thursday evening.

Miss Amanda Gould of the preparatory department in Kentville has been appointed to the position. It is said she intends soon to be one of the principal actors in a very important event, and will return to Kentville to reside.

Mr. Melish, late of Cambridge University, England, and tutor in Bradford Academy, Halifax, is spending a short vacation with Mr. H. W. G. Frith.

Mr. B. Hovell, a merchant here, the latest achievement in this direction is the importation of a pack of beagles numbering nine, and the formation of a hunting club, the members of which are as follows: Dr. Wesley, Dr. Moore, P. W. Frith, P. H. Hardy, D. Sothern, Capt. Munro, James St.ewart, J. R. Pudgey, R. Brimly Wool, master of the hounds, P. B. A. Price, keeper. Several hunts have taken place, the last on Saturday last, when six hares were captured. The ladies have not as yet taken part in the chase, but it is expected they will attend to her future home in Montana.

Mrs. Leslie S. Eaton, of Elmwood, is expecting her sister, Miss Sadie Thorn, of Ottawa, this week. She is coming to spend the winter.

Mr. R. Brimly Wool and family have moved into one of Mr. H. Terry's pretty little houses on Main street.

Mr. Freeman Bishop, of Canada, has moved into the one lately vacated by Mr. Wood on Brook street.

Mr. S. S. Forest and family, who have rented Mr. Barrett's house as a summer residence, returned yesterday to Halifax for the winter.

Mrs. Joe Starr had a Halloween gathering of young people at her pretty residence in the lane.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Pusey were greeted with a large surprise party.

Mr. W. C. Harris, who has filled the office of postmaster here for upwards of two years, will leave this week to resume his old position in the post-office department at Halifax.

Mr. Joe Lyons, the newly appointed postmaster, is now in charge. He is assisted in the work by Miss Lizzie Eaton, daughter of the former postmaster.

BRIDGETOWN.

Nov. 1.—Mrs. Oaks, of Digby, was the guest of Mrs. John McCormack, last week.

Mrs. Hammond, of New Haven, who has been visiting Mrs. J. E. Sanction, went to Halifax on Thursday. While there she will be the guest of Mrs. W. H. B. Miller.

Mr. W. Snyder, of Berwick, was in town last week; also Mr. McElwaine, of Montreal, and Mr. Phillips, of Halifax.

Mr. J. E. Perry went to Torbrook on Saturday to be gone some days.

Mr. and Mrs. Chase have returned to Cornwallis, after a few days visit to Mrs. J. B. deWitt, Grandville street.

Miss Lillie Smith has returned to Annapolis after a week's visit here with her relatives.

Mr. H. H. Perry, of Grandville, spent Monday here, the guest of Mrs. James Shipley.