

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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AID IN THE RIGHT SPIRIT.

The action of the council in granting \$6,000 for the relief of the sufferers by the St. John's, Newfoundland, fire will be cordially endorsed by all classes of citizens. Apart from the debt of gratitude our people owe to St. John's for its prompt and liberal assistance at the time of our own great fire, the present donation is one which ought to be made. Supplemented as it will be by private subscriptions, the contribution from this city is likely to be one for which there will be no cause to feel ashamed.

The city has given generously, when the condition of its finances is considered. It will come out of the ratepayers, of course, but the addition to the tax-bills will be so small that nobody will feel it. As told elsewhere, the clerk or workman assessed on \$400 income will have to pay just eleven cents more, and no man can object to donating in that proportion for the relief of suffering humanity.

A great deal has been said by some as to the propriety of taking a sum from the funds of the relief and aid society, but the fact that this fund is held for a special purpose from which it cannot be divided without express legislation is a sufficient answer to all that has been urged on the subject. It has been shown, too, that the claimants entitled to relief from this fund are increasing, rather than diminishing, as the years roll by. Apart from all this, the donors of the money in 1877 intended it for the relief of the sufferers by the fire that year, and for no other purpose. So long as it can be shown that distress due to that fire is still to be found, so long is that fund a sacred trust to be applied for the purpose for which it was given. That there are many cases where relief is still necessary is well known to all who have taken the trouble to look into the matter.

For the city and the citizens to give freely according to their means ought to be considered both a privilege and a duty. That seems to be the spirit so far shown, and it is the true spirit. St. John is doing just as it should do.

SOME PHASES OF WOMEN'S WORK.

There is food for a good deal of thought in the following statement recently made by a New York preacher:

"There are 250,000 women in New York city, exclusive of those in domestic service, who are bread winners, who have no male protectors and no means of support other than their own efforts. Though there are 348 trades open to them, an advertisement for one worker often brings a hundred applicants. Many of them are obliged to accept whatever wages are offered to them. There are trained sewing women in this city working nineteen hours a day for 25 cents. Boys' knee pants bring 35 cents a dozen trousers from 12 1/2 cents to 25 cents, and shirts from 6 1/2 cents to 12 1/2 cents. To work as prisoners for crime would be a respite to many of them. The injustice, the oppression and the sufferings of these 250,000. What a theme for the reformer or the novelist, these starvation wages.

The remedy for this human slavery lies partly with the workers and partly with the employers. The latter, in their greed for gain, are not likely to exercise humanity at the expense of profit, and to a large extent the women must work out the problem for themselves. It can be accomplished slowly, but the difficulty is to educate the workers into a sense of what their position really is and ought to be. With the great majority of them, the struggle for bread is a hand to hand fight in which they have no time or inclination to solve social problems. All theories are killed, all ambitions crushed under the grinding of body and soul by which the more fortunate classes may profit.

The demoralizing effects of steady toil and insufficient pay need not be mentioned. They are obvious in all communities where woman's labor is a great factor in the building up of wealth. The wonder is not that so many girls cease to betrust themselves, but that any fair proportion escape the pitfalls into which their conditions of servitude drive them. Everything militates against the preservation of the life of true womanhood in the

girl who has her soul discouraged by the constant fight to gain a pittance at times insufficient to provide more than the plainest of food and raiment. Soul, mind and body, are alike starved, until it seems to the toiler that there can be no worse life than the so-called life of honest labor.

One of the remedies suggested by the preacher in question is, "Let every woman learn to do some one thing. Unskilled labor must take what it is given." This is sound advice, if women will only heed it. The trouble is that a great many of them will not do so. Very many girls engage in work as a temporary expedient, a disagreeable necessity that they hope will exist for only a few years at the most. When a young man learns a trade or adopts a vocation, he does so with the idea that the more he perfects himself in it the greater will be his success. It is likely to be his work for life, and it becomes his ambition. It is quite different with many, perhaps the majority, of girls. They work because they have to earn money for the present. They are hired to do this or that, and they do it because they are hired. Very likely it is work that fails to interest them. Their hearts are not in it. They have no aspiration to make it a life work. Their ambition is to get married, "when the right one comes along." Too often, alas, the man who does come is not "the right one," and the change from the single life of a wage worker to the life of an abused and neglected wife is the end of the dream. If every young woman who earns wages would cease to depend upon the probabilities of the future, and employ the possibilities of the present, woman's work would be more thorough, and employers would be forced to recognize that work when done by females was entitled to as good pay as the same kind of work when done by males. At present woman's work is ill-paid, because, in many instances, it is not as thorough as the work of men. Every year the fields of labor in which only males once worked are thrown open more and more to the other sex. If both sexes can do certain kinds of work equally well, why should they not be equally well paid? That there will be inequality in wages, so long as girls feel that they are only hired for the time goes without saying.

In an article on the servant-girl question, a few weeks ago, PROGRESS took the ground that domestic service, if women were properly trained for it, should hold as high a position as other classes of female labor. There is no reason why this should not be so, if thousands of the bright girls who are now killing their souls and bodies in stores and factories would look at the matter in the right light. Why should it be considered degrading to assist others in what is, as a rule, neither hard nor unpleasant work. The trained domestic of the future will be no more like the common "servant-girl" of the past than are the trained nurses akin to the SAUBREY GAMBS of other days. The sooner this fact is recognized, the sooner will be found the solution of one phase of the problem of woman's work. The home, as a field for honorable labor, should rank far above the store or the factory.

All girls cannot be artists, music teachers, journalists, typewriters, and the like. As with men, a large proportion must rely on more common but not less honorable occupations. If they are true to themselves and their work, all classes should be equally respected.

The labor organizations in the United States have now and then tried to do something to secure justice for women wage-workers in the great stores and factories, but their success has been spasmodic and partial. Something more is needed than attention to particular cases, and no organization, however perfect, can accomplish all that should be done. As has been said, it is useless to expect employers to do anything so long as it is to their profit to cheapen female labor. The workers themselves can do something to hasten reform, but they cannot do everything. They need sympathy and help from the people who in their hearts are anxious to see some practical good done in this world. It is PROGRESS' duty to be a hard fact that the greater part of what has been done to ameliorate the condition of women wage workers has been done by men. The good women of this world are too apt to neglect their sisters in the solicitude for the welfare of their brothers. There are women's associations which undertake to stop men from drinking liquor or using tobacco, and there is this and that done to make useful men out of bad boys, but what is done to help the women and girls to get even common justice in the struggle for bread? How many of the fashionable philanthropists of New York, are raising a finger in aid of the quarter of a million slaves who are wearing away their lives in the toil of a great city?

HOW SOME WOMEN VIEW IT. The New York Press, which claims to reach half a million of people every day, has this editorial paragraph:

It is very mean, no doubt, in Miss VACARESCO, whose engagement to Prince FERDINAND of Romania was broken up because she was not of royal blood, to be sending the prince's old love letters, one at a time, to his new affianced, the Princess MARY of Edinburgh. But, considering all the circumstances, it is also very feminine and pardonable. No, it is not pardonable, nor can any-

thing be which is "very mean," as the Press admits this to be. Such an act is as dishonorable in a woman as in a man, and PROGRESS would be sorry to think that any mean and dishonorable act was "very feminine." It is unfortunately true, however, that some women have a very dim perception of how far a sense of honor should restrain them from revealing to others what men have said to them in times when affection induced full confidence. There are women who consider themselves honorable and high-minded who have no scruples in confiding to others things that a man's sense of honor would forbid him to mention. To such women, accustomed to accept and receive admiration, it may seem a small matter that a man should offer the highest tribute he can pay them, but when he does so, his motives should be respected. Some women, however, are so constituted that they do not realize the trust that has been placed in them. They mean well, no doubt, but their sense of honor is not acute. They have their own way of looking at matters.

ABOUT SUPERSTITIONS.

Yesterday was St. SWITHIN'S day, and it rained at any time during the twenty-four hours a good many people will expect to see more or less rain during each one of the next forty days. PROGRESS goes to press too early to allow of anything beyond a hypothesis on the subject. It will make no difference anyway. Whether it was wet or dry, there will be the usual average of weather for the next six weeks, some rain, some shine, just as there is every year in the months of July and August.

The superstition regarding St. SWITHIN'S day is one which many people deny that they believe and yet they will carefully watch the calendar, and when a week of wet weather follows the 15th of July they will gravely discuss the matter as they would any practical subject. Let almost any reader of PROGRESS introduce the subject in a company of friends, and he will see how wide-spread the superstition is, even among those who ought to know better.

SWITHIN was a bishop of Winchester, England, who has been dead and buried for more than a thousand years. Many a man as saintly as he has been forgotten in the meantime, but once a year at least this departed confessor is brought to the front to prove that in some ways human folly has not changed much since he departed this life. He was a good enough man, no doubt, though he is only a black letter saint in the English calendar, while in the Roman calendar he is ignored, to give place to St. HENRY, emperor of Germany. He died in the year 862 and was buried outside of Winchester cathedral, at his own request. There his remains rested for more than a hundred years, when some officious meddlers, such as are occasionally found trying to run things in the churches at the present day, concluded to translate the body into the sacred edifice. They did so, but this disobedience to the wishes of the dead ecclesiastic was punished by a heavy rain, which continued for forty days, ceasing only when the conscience stricken people returned the remains to their original resting place. Since which time there has been a belief that when rain falls on the anniversary of the translation, July 15, there will be rain during each of the forty days thereafter.

Were the matter worth treating seriously, it might be pointed out that, apart from the absurdity of a local tradition applying to the whole world, the change from old to new style in the computation of time makes the anniversary of the translation on the 27th instead of the 15th of the month. This of itself ought to be sufficient to make most people dismiss the subject from their minds. Like all other foolish beliefs it must vanish before the most superficial investigation.

There is too much idle 'superstition and not enough healthy belief in the supernatural in these days. People are afraid to do this or do that, because it is "unlucky," but they are not afraid to do wrong when in the light of God's law they ought to do right. They are not ashamed to cling to the foolish myths of the middle ages, but they feel that their intellect is superior to the simple christian faith once delivered to the saints and preserved by the martyrs and confessors of those ages. To have even what some are wont to term "harmless superstitions," is as unworthy of a rational mind as it is inconsistent with a sound belief in the love, wisdom, omniscience and omnipotence of the God by whose will all things were made and are controlled.

It may be argued that while a great many are unlucky, scarcely any intelligent person really believes in such things. This is not true, and especially is it not true with the women. Few, even of the most intelligent of them are without more or less actual superstition, the test of which is that they are afraid to do this or that, lest some misfortune will be the result. There are, no doubt, hundreds of the fair unmarried readers of PROGRESS who would be afraid to put on a bridal veil, or to wear orange blossoms as a matter of jest or maquerade. The belief is that the indiscreet girl who does such a thing will never

be married. How much more healthful it would be, if, instead of cherishing a folly of this kind they would learn the truth that the result so dreaded is more often due to a girl having "put on" something besides a bridal veil. It may be that the real veil which has brought such bad luck is that of insincerity or it may be something else. A girl can "put on" much that will keep her single, but the bridal veil and orange blossoms have nothing to do with the matter.

So it is with numberless other superstitions. It is time they were relegated to the ignorant and weak. They do not belong to the sensible people of an enlightened age. The Thirteen Club, of New York, which has had exceptionally good luck for many years, should have its imitators in crushing out superstitions all over the continent.

A man died in a Cincinnati hospital, the other day, and when the remains were sent home it was found that the skull was filled with sawdust, instead of brains. This remarkable fact has prompted the friends of the deceased to demand an investigation, pending the result of which PROGRESS forbears to indulge in a speculation on the subject. If it can be shown that the brains were taken out and the sawdust substituted, the explanation is simple enough, but otherwise there is a wide range for thought. The telegraphic particulars are so meagre that it cannot be surmised what kind of a man the deceased was in life. He may have been anything, from a society swell to an anti-tobacco crank, if the sawdust was there in his lifetime.

Some weeks ago, when a Dorchester correspondent stated that there was a proposition to raise money for town improvements by the aid of a lottery, PROGRESS gave its opinion of the matter in plain terms. According to the statements of a reliable writer in this issue, it seems that the affair has been something worse than a lottery. If what is asserted be true, and PROGRESS has no reason to doubt it, the proceedings seem very much in the nature of a swindle. The actors in the affair have, in any case, rendered themselves liable to prosecution, and the question of the nature of their offence is simply of degree.

JOYS AND WOES OF OTHER PLACES.

Yet Editor Dennis is a Bridegroom. A philosopher has well said that "marriage is only a ceremony pledging two persons to charity for the failings of each other."—N. G. Enterprise.

High Art at New Glasgow. Sam Turner and his efficient staff of assistants have just finished painting Stewart & Co.'s beautiful crockery store. The work is beautifully done and reflects much credit on friend Sam's good taste and skill as a painter of the first class.—Enterprise.

The Editor is not Concerned. We are not concerned in any way with the raids of Mr. Menzies, or others of his stripe, whether they be made by day upon alleged violators of the Scott Act, or by night upon the preserves of their neighbors in the absence of the male representative of the household.—Chatham Advance.

Miramichi Smelt. The board of health ought to take notice of the offensive decaying material at the public slip, and have it removed.—Chatham World.

Goading the Tampered Official. If the street commissioner would take a hammer in one hand and a package of spikes in the other, make a tour of the sidewalks and spike down the loose ends of planks that are tripping up pedestrians, he would be doing his duty and obliging the public.—Chatham World.

A Summer Ramble in Quebec. Then the pedestrian tourists sallied down to Lower Town. There they found filth in abundance. The markets were surrounded with it. The wind sent the garbage flying in all directions, and the smell knocked in malodorous fragrance, all the vile smells of historic but striking cologne. The walkers soon left the sickening spot, and turned into our leading business street in the lower precincts of the city. Near the Palais, all was dirtiness galore. The streets round about were full to overflowing with disease spreading rubbish, and the still breeze which swept along sent into their nostrils, not the breath of life, but the foul breath which lays men low, and sent into many frames the seeds of typhoid.—Editorial in Quebec Chronicle.

The Dark Side of City Life. Walter Kilpatrick, a young lad, was before the court on a complaint by Mr. John L. Carleton, who charged him with throwing rotten eggs at his house. He was let go with a caution.—Globe.

On Duck Cove's Sands. On Duck Cove's sands I idly strolled, And to the trembling Naids I told A tale of love (whose fervor still I feel, as with responsive thrill, My faltering heart leaps from its cold Desuétude) and as the bold, Yet timid, words of passion rolled To her sweet ear a heart stood still On Duck Cove's Sands. And with a look that clear foretold An ardent lover somewhat told She spake: "Why, over yon green hill My husband comes!"—The breeze blew chill And I "moved on," and idly strolled On Duck Cove's Sands. CASEY TAP.

Made Interesting by Quotations. There is one pastor in this city who does not propose to let his congregation fall asleep if striking quotations will keep them awake. In one of his recent sermons he illustrated a point by asserting that "The devil got sick and the devil a saint would be; the devil got well, and the devil a saint was he." Another still more startling departure from the conventional methods of the denomination was the recital of a part of a verse of one of Burns' poems in the course of an extempore prayer. The hearers had enough Scotch in them to appreciate it.

IT WAS SAD NEWS FOR THEM.

How Jimmy Kennedy went Away and His Friends Lost Trace of Him.

When professional base ball was the rage in St. John and everyone went to the St. John and Shamrock grounds every fine afternoon, nobody in town was better known than "Jimmy" Kennedy. Besides being a local man in a team composed largely of crack Maine players, there were other things that made him of special interest to the crowd. No fears were entertained of a disaster in the vicinity of third base when Kennedy was on the team, and most of the fun came from that corner. His antics kept the crowd in good humor and made him a favorite, while all admired him as a ball player.

One morning about a year ago an item appeared in the papers saying that Jimmy Kennedy had left for the far west. This was a surprise to everybody. His parents could hardly believe it. He had said nothing about going away to anyone, and had left the house shortly after supper the night before to go up town, just the same as he had been in the habit of doing for years.

At that time his father was in Boston. Jimmy was working every day. The day he went away he worked until six o'clock. When he went home there was a barrel of flour outside the house that had been delivered during the afternoon, and his mother asked him to carry it up stairs, and take out the head. Jimmy took off his coat and had the barrel up stairs in time that would have surprised anybody who never saw flour handled on the South wharf; and taking the head out seemed fun for him.

This done he got ready for supper and sat down with the rest of the family. The conversation was about every day affairs, and the Pacific Coast was not mentioned. It was farthest from the thoughts of everyone but the ex-member of the Nationals. After supper he stayed in the house for awhile, then went out.

Not one of the family saw him afterwards. When they heard that he had gone, all remembered that he had been in correspondence with a friend who was formerly master of one of Mr. Kennedy's vessels, but is now sailing on a tug boat on the Pacific coast. They thought Jimmy had gone out to where he was.

Had any other member of the family gone away in this manner, the surprise would have been greater, but it "was just like Jimmy," and it was not hard to find a reason for it. He was what people like to call "a queer fellow."

Kindly, good natured, and full of dry humor, he could play ball before thousands of people and do as much coaching as any man on the team, but in private life he was of a retiring disposition, and averse to any unnecessary demonstration where he was concerned. He liked to be with those who were his friends when he was one of the party, but at times when they attempted to do him special honor Kennedy was ill at ease.

So, when he quietly went away without telling anybody about it, he did so in all probability to avoid any fuss at the depot. There is no doubt that had his friends known anything of his intended departure the scene at the depot would have been one to be remembered. His popularity was a sufficient guarantee of that.

For months after Kennedy went away his parents looked for a letter in every mail, but none came. Then his father wrote to the captain he had corresponded with, but the answer said that he had not seen Jimmy or heard anything about him. Enquiries were made of people who had been out west but no one had seen him. Where he went after leaving St. John no one knew.

A letter from a St. John man in Eureka, Cal., printed in Progress of July 2, contained the following paragraph:

This is a sporting place also, and a short time ago I went out to Samoa, Eureka's pleasure resort, and saw a game of base ball. I thought I recognized in one of the players a familiar form, but was not near enough to see the face. Soon the form glided down to the coach line and the stentorian lungs of Jimmy Kennedy roared as they did when he was covering the third bag and pulling down flies for the St. Johns.

That was the first his friends heard of him since he went away. On the following Saturday the daily papers printed a despatch from the Standard of Anaconda, Montana, saying that James Kennedy, hailing from St. John, N. B., had been instantly killed in a mill at De Lamar, Idaho, on July 3; and that he had only been in De Lamar a few days, having arrived there from Humboldt county, Cal.

The Boatmen and the Launch.

The boatmen are not feeling good over the new competition to their usually good business in carrying visitors to and from the visiting war ship. There is little enough for them to do at all times they claim and it is not right that they should be interfered with. This year a steam launch, owned by the Messrs. Temple, is towing boats backward and forward to the warship and doing the most of the business. The launch could not, of course, carry passengers since it is against the steamboat regulation, but that is got over by towing the boats.

They Have Lots of Faith.

It must be admitted that the prohibition party in the United States has a superabundance of faith, in the face of the fact that 31,475,519 barrels of beer were produced last year. It will take some time to convert the country into a Sahara at this rate.

"STAY EAST YOUNG MAN."

The St. Andrews "Beacon" Adds to "Progress" Article of Last Week.

The article in last week's PROGRESS giving experiences of St. John boys in the States, such as are not usually printed in provincial papers, probably did not contain anything new to many readers of the paper, but people are prone to forget the dark side of anything the bright aspect of which is always before them. The St. Andrews Beacon has something to say this week on the exodus question, in the same strain, as follows:

"Stay East, young man," is a motto that the Beacon would like to see adopted by all the sons of New Brunswick. There is good reason for believing that many natives of this province who are now struggling for a subsistence in the crowded sun-scorched cities of the West are heartily sorry that they did not put this motto into practice long ago. Lured by glib edged stories of wealth that, like ripe apples, waited but the plucking, and by the phenomenal success of a few friends who had gone before them, thousands of young men belonging to this and the neighboring province have succumbed to the western fever. A small proportion of them have succeeded in reaching the goal of their ambition, but the great majority have had and are having, a desperate struggle to make buckle and strap meet. Concerning the former class we hear much, but over the failures of the latter an almost impenetrable veil is drawn. While many of those who leave us are compelled from sheer necessity to do so, yet there are many who need not go away, and who would be far better at home, giving their strength towards developing their native Province, instead of wearing their lives out among strangers. There is a great work at home for many of our young men to do. It may not bring them sudden wealth or sudden fame, but it will yield them a fair remuneration for their toil, and their surroundings will be more healthful and pleasant, and their chances of life greatly improved.

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

It Was After Bitter Disappointment that Columbus Found Land.

Columbus, whose keen eye saw signs of rising mutiny, took steps to meet it. The men who were timid he encouraged with kind words. To the avaricious he spoke of the great wealth they would find in the new countries. Those who were openly rebellious he threatened with the severest punishment. Thus, by managing the men with tact, he kept them at their posts of duty till September 25, when, from certain favorable signs, every one grew hopeful that land was near. The sea was now calm, and, as the ships sailed close together, waited westward by gentle breezes. Martin Pinzon, who commanded the Pinta, cried out, "Land, land!" and forthwith began to chant the "Gloria in Excelsis." But he had been deceived by a ridge of low-lying cloud. For a week following, from many favorable indications, all on board were confident that as each day drew to a close land would be discovered on the next—and with each morning came bitter disappointment. This state of feeling continued till October 7, when, as the Nina, the smallest of the vessels, was breasting the waves ahead of the others, she suddenly hoisted a flag and, as a signal that land had been sighted, fired a gun, the first ever heard upon these silent waters. But the ships sailed on; and no land came in view.

The high hopes of the sailors now left them. The golden countries promised them seemed to recede as they approached. They became firmly resolved that they would give up the search after phantom lands and return to their homes. Columbus had exhausted his powers of persuasion. He now boldly announced that he would continue his voyage to the Indies in spite of all dangers. Doubtless he knew he could not much longer control his turbulent, hot-tempered followers. But on the 11th of October, the day after he had come to an open rupture with them, brought unmistakable signs that land was near—such indications as fresh weeds that grow near running water, fish that were known to live about rocks, a limb of a tree with berries on it, and a carved staff. Every eye eagerly scanned the horizon. Night came on, however, and land had not been discovered; but the eager men were too happy to close their eyes to sleep. About 10 o'clock Columbus saw a light in the distance which moved to and fro in the darkness; and shortly after midnight, a sailor on the Pinta made the welcome announcement that land could be seen. The ships now took in sail and waited for the morning. As the 12th of October dawned, and the light of the rising sun dispelled the soft morning mists, Columbus' patience and unflinching zeal had their reward. He could plainly see land; and he tells us it looked "like a garden of trees." It was an island belonging to what is now the Bahama group.—July St. Nicholas.

Salvation Booths.

"The mother of the Salvation Army," the wife of Gen. Booth, died several years ago. Four of her daughters and two daughters-in-law are engaged in the work of this organization. Kitty, the oldest child, now a marshal and the wife of Mr. Clibborn, did much to develop the army in Switzerland and France. Emma, now Mrs. Tucker, made India her field of operations. Misses Eva and Lucy Booth, both young yet, are ardently interested. Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth is the daughter of a clergyman, and was treated with great disfavor by her family when she first enlisted in this work. Mrs. Bramwell Booth is the wife of the general's oldest son. Her great work has been the foundation of "recue homes."

The Medical Society's Resolutions.

At the last regular meeting of the York County Medical Society, the following resolution, drawn up by a committee composed of Dr. G. E. Conkhard and Dr. J. Z. Currie, was adopted: The York County Medical Society honors itself in honoring the memory of Dr. Geo. M. Odell, and in placing upon the records of the society its appreciation of his services as a practitioner of medicine and his admiration of his character. Dr. Odell was for 20 years a physician in Fredericton and was, while his health permitted, most assiduous in his duties to the sick. His eager zest for any knowledge that might help his patients; his fervid advocacy of every movement to raise the standard of our profession; his generous recognition of all earnest, true work; his timely criticism of what he held to be unprofessional; his zealous defence of the right; his strenuous support of every good act or thought, are well known to all. His quick intuition and ready sympathy; his innate sense of justice and intense love of truth and the usefulness of his life will always be held by us in loving remembrance. To Mrs. Odell, the society respectfully offers its sincere sympathy.