

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JAN. 21.

AN EXPERIMENT IN HOUSES.

In the regular Boston correspondence of PROGRESS, this week, reference is made to a scheme for providing a good class of houses at prices within the reach of people of moderate incomes. To secure such houses for St. John has been an idea advanced by PROGRESS from time to time, only to provoke adverse criticism from well meaning friends who do not consider the project a practical one. The Boston idea is, like most of the schemes originating in that city of nations, of a novel nature, and from the nature of things could hardly be made to apply here. We have not the machinery with which to carry it out, nor are our facilities for suburban connections sufficiently developed to admit of the idea being carried out. As an experiment, however, and possibly as a suggestion for a modified scheme the Boston scheme is worthy of attention.

The idea is to build cheap, but sufficient houses in the suburbs, and sell them on the instalment plan. Three powerful philanthropic associations, animated by the anti-tenement sentiment, and backed by energy and capital have taken the matter in hand. They propose to relieve the congested condition of Boston's crowded districts and to give poor men a chance of owning their own homes on the most easy conditions.

The crowded tenement house is an evil wherever it is found. Boston has much less than New York to complain of in this respect, but there is more than enough to call for reform, and one who will investigate the narrow back streets in this or that "end" will find plenty to satisfy him that there is discomfort and misery, leading to all kinds of vice, and that any scheme will which improve the condition of things must be a good scheme.

Some men whose names are to the front in all that pertains to good projects in Boston are among the advocates of the new idea. REV. EDWARD EVERETT HALE and ROBERT TREAT PAINE are only two among a number whose reputation is more than local. Briefly outlined, the original plan was to sell a house and lot in the suburbs, on the payment of \$2.25 a week. This house was to be one with four or five rooms, on a lot of \$3,000 square feet, plainly but substantially built so as to sell at the wonderfully low price of \$700. With the interest placed at five per cent, it would be possible for the purchaser paying \$2.25 a week to own his home in ten years, and in the meantime to have paid all rates, insurance and repairs, out of the amount of the weekly instalments.

This plan was referred to a committee of prominent and practical men, who took nearly six months to consider the matter and brought in a report approving of the idea but recommending a considerable modification of the details. They recommend a better and more expensive house on more valuable land of less area, bought with the assistance of a co-operative bank. They advise that, at the outset, no houses be built for less than \$900, and that there be two other grades of houses, costing \$1,200 and \$1,500 respectively. These houses, they say, "should be on high, gravelly soil, with good cellar and satisfactory plumbing, and with five or six large rooms, well lighted and having at least 600 cubic feet of air space for each individual in the bedrooms."

These figures are considerably below what some of the friends of PROGRESS say a house fit for living in, can be built for in and around St. John. They are, indeed, lower than the usual class of cheap houses in the suburbs of Boston, which usually cost from \$1,800 to \$2,500, but when an organized association undertakes the work, without any attempt to make money out of it, the figures are brought down to the lowest notch.

The great difficulty in the way of following out the Boston idea in St. John is not the lack of suburbs but the lack of quick and easy communication with them. Were it not this the problem of how to evade the

high rents in the city might be solved. There seems no reason why, in this land of lumber, lime and other building material, a house cannot be built as cheaply as in the state of Massachusetts, and there, as pointed out in the past, it is easy to obtain a snug, self-contained and well appointed house at a rent of from ten to fifteen dollars a month.

We are not crowded from breathing room in St. John as they are in Boston. There is plenty of unoccupied land within the city limits, and much of it has been bought for a great deal less than its value. Despite all that has been urged to the contrary, PROGRESS believes that a class of cheap, but good houses, to rent at a moderate figure, can be built, and made to yield a good return to their owners. But so long as those who can build cannot see their way clear to go into the matter, nothing is likely to be done. As a result, rents will remain as they have been, even though week after week property is offered and sold for less than the assessors' valuation.

A MUSSULMAN MISSIONARY.

While various societies and mission boards are laboring zealously to convert the world to the christian faith, there seems a probability that at no distant day an apostle of the Mohammedan faith will try to turn the tables by a crusade for Islam in this country, or at least in the United States. That is the declared intention of Mr. ALEXANDER RUSSELL WEBB, late United States consul at Manila, and now a convert to the faith of the Prophet. Mr. WEBB is now in India, but he proposes to come to New York and establish an American mission for the propagation of the Mohammedan faith.

Mr. WEBB is, as he says, "an American born, in a country which is nominally Christian, and reared under the drippings, or more properly perhaps the drivellings, of an orthodox presbyterian pulpit. He asserts that, being free from the prejudices of all creeds, and ready to absorb the truth, he became a convert to Islam only after earnest and unprejudiced study and investigation. He sums up the orthodox Mohammedan faith as being the superior of the Christian faith, and he defines the points of belief to be:

1st—Faith in God, the one God, the Creator of all things, who always was and ever will be; the single immutable, omniscient, omnipotent, all merciful, eternal God. 2d—Faith in angels, ethereal beings perfect in form and radiant in beauty; without sex, free from all gross or sensual passion and the appetites and infirmities of frail humanity. 3d—Belief in the Koran as a book of divine revelation given at various times to Mohammed by God or through the Angel Gabriel. 4th—Belief in God's prophets, the most prominent of whom were Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Jesus and Mohammed. 5th—Belief in the resurrection and final judgment when all mankind shall appear before God, who will reward or punish them according to the deeds they have done on earth. Opinions differ, of course, as to the nature of these rewards and punishments. 6th—Belief in predestination, or the inability of man to avoid, by any act of his own, the destiny irrevocably pre-termined by God and written down in the eternal book previous to the creation of the world. At the first glance this seems to deprive man of his character as a free agent, but a closer examination shows that it does not do so.

It may be a surprise to many to learn that Our Saviour is recognized as an inspired prophet by the Mussulmans, but it would seem that he is, and that they are fond of showing the parallelism between Him and MOHAMMED as regards their lives and teaching. They do not deny the SAVIOUR but the Koran is their real guide of faith.

Mr. WEBB thinks that America is sufficiently intelligent and progressive to accept the religion of Islam, if it is once fairly presented to the people, as he says it never yet has been. He blames missionaries and travellers for gross misrepresentation of the religion and its followers, and he believes it to be time the truth was told. He will overturn the errors that have crept into the Western mind, so he says, and he appears to have every confidence in a fruitful result of his mission. Like a presidential candidate he has great hopes that he will carry New York, and that time and the genius of the American people will do the rest. His advent will be awaited with interest.

AN APOSTOLIC DELEGATE.

The institution of an apostolic delegation in the United States, with the appointment of Mgr. SATALLI as the first delegate is a movement of great importance as regards the Roman Catholic church on this continent. Mgr. SATALLI was originally commissioned to deal only with certain questions, as obligate, but objections having been made to his authority, the POPE has established the permanent delegation, which places him in a position beyond all cavil and question.

To the ordinary mind this seems to be a step that will do much to consolidate and harmonize the church in America, and to bring about what Archbishop IRELAND calls "home rule for American catholics, so far as catholics away from home can have home rule." All matters in dispute in various dioceses need not now be referred to Rome, but can be finally adjudicated by the delegate, who by virtue of his office takes precedence of all ecclesiastical dignitaries in the United States. He is not, as some have asserted, a new pope for the new world, but stands rather in the position that a governor general occupies in respect to the QUEEN.

Such men as that broad minded and far-seeing prelate, Archbishop IRELAND, of St. Paul, welcome the institution of the delegation as a step which while promoting

unity in the church will more greatly widen its influence. It has always been the contention of the archbishop that the fullest measure of success cannot be attained by his church until it can show itself to be in harmony with the genius of the American people. So long as Ireland, France and Germany are represented in religious rivalry on this continent, so long will that harmony which is conducive to the best results be far distant. The establishment of a delegation, he believes, will lead to that end, while at the same time the direction of the sovereign head of the church, at Rome, will be a source of greater strength than ever before.

Looked at from any point of view, catholic or protestant, this latest appointment is one of special importance as regards the present, the immediate future and the future of the generations that are to come. It is the turning of an important page in the ecclesiastical history of this continent.

What is the origin of the moustache? A good many gilded youths may be quite happy in having a moustache originate in their case without troubling themselves as to its historical derivation, but the moustache, pure and simple, as distinguished from the full beard, has its own place in the annals of the human race. In 711 the "Men of the West," later known as the Moors, crossed the Strait of Gibraltar, and began the conquest of the Spanish peninsula. At a later period the conquerors and the conquered became so mixed that even if the great detective ability of Chief CLARK had been available it would have been hard to tell the Christian from the Moslem. In this dilemma the Spaniards hit upon the moustache as a means by which they could be known and distinguished by each other. They added to it the straight narrow tuft on the lower lip, the two making an outline of the cross, the symbol of their faith. This is the origin of the moustache; and when its original significance is remembered, everybody who wears one ought at least to try and be good. But this very often does not happen to be the case.

Some of the United States papers have been discussing the question of fees to clergymen for attendance at funeral services. One of them takes the ground that the acceptance of such fees is improper, because the presumption is that they are given as an inducement for the clergyman to eulogize the deceased. In other words, there is a presumption that the minister will be bribed to play the hypocrite. This is the veriest nonsense. Apart from the fact that in very many of the forms of burial service there is no opportunity for eulogy, nobody would place the ministers of any denomination on so low a plane as to suppose they could be hired by a paltry fee to say that which the public would recognize as untrue. It is probably not advisable that custom should prescribe a fee for attendance at funerals, but there are special cases, where the clergyman may be required to travel a long distance or be otherwise inconvenienced, where a fee might very properly be tendered him. And there is no reason why he should not accept it in the honorable spirit in which it is given.

Score one for the indigestible mince pie and the resultant nightmare. It saved the lives of five persons in Chicago the other night, and this is how it happened: A certain Mrs. NEELY, who wanted a luncheon before retiring, ate a piece of the compound in question and ate it cold into the bargain. Then she went to bed, and the rest of the household, consisting of her husband, two children and a maid did likewise. Before the maid retired, however, she attended to the children, and in putting out the gas turned the thumb piece so far as to allow the gas to escape. The household would have been suffocated by morning, but about one o'clock the cold mince pie got in its work and Mrs. NEELY had a dreadful dream. She awoke in a fright, to find the house full of gas and all the sleepers partially asphyxiated. Prompt measures saved them. The cold mince pie did it.

As if enough money had not already been wasted on the royal commission to enquire into the liquor traffic that is starting in to get a fresh mass of wordless evidence in the upper provinces.

JOYS AND WOES OF OTHER PLACES.

How Long He Is In For. We are evidently in for an old-fashioned winter.—Weymouth Free Press.

Can Beat Even Rawlings. Speaking about witnesses Mr. Rawlings remarked that T. Legraph street could turn out witnesses that would swear down anything St. John could produce.—Moncton Times.

A Truro Enzebler. To the list of mean men let us add the man who found the Xmas card addressed to a young lady and neither had the grace to return it to the post office or to the owner, although her name was on it.—N. G. Enterprise.

The Editor is Indignant. Mr. Pratt, our popular teacher is at work again. His hand was badly cut at that little episode on the Nova Scotia Central, bad enough as it was, and nothing to the credit of the managers of that road that no lives were lost.—Liverpool Times.

New Tuskert Makes a Fresh Start. We are hoping for a bright new year and calmly bury the sorrows of the old—gladly reporting as consoling both Herman and Stewart Mullen—each of whom were brought nigh to the Shadowy Land, but permitted by a kind Providence to still live.—Weymouth Free Press.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

The Report of "That Wedding" Denied. I really cannot understand how stories get about, though wrong impressions often are put on things beyond a doubt; But as I see by PROGRESS someone has got badly mixed, I think 'tis only proper that this sad mistake be fixed.

Your poet says that Uncle Sam Miss Canada will wed, And that, too, at no distant date, (in "ninety-blank" he said) Whoever started this report must be a friend of Sam's; And no true friend of Canadas can stand such awful crams.

Now anyone with half an eye can see that Uncle S. Is badly gone on Canada, and begs her to say "yes," And like some other suitors, whose hopes are groundless too, He makes himself ridiculous, and won't accept a "no."

You ask me what authority I have to interfere? A good one I assure you—just wait until you hear. Well, first, to satisfy your mind and show my right to know, I must tell you we're related—she adopted me—and so

I've an interest in the subject, and although I could not think She'd make such a misalliance, and to Samuel's level sink; Forget her twenty grandmothers, her mother disobeys, For that her leave was given is false—Victoria's leave was "Nay."

To make assurance doubly sure her guardian I saw, Sir John, said "I are these things true?" He gave a loud guffaw, Why, some of her relations do try, I'm bound to say

To bring about a wedding 'twixt our friend across the way And my ward the fair Miss Canada, but she won't entertain The idea of going over to Samuel's large domain; She cannot leave the old folk, and he'll have to find a bride In Sandwich or Hawaii's isles, across Pacific tide.

So tell your readers PROGRESS, please that Sir John Thompson says, Though Canada with Uncle Sam's affections sometimes plays She has no more idea of wedding him than I have now Of making Mr. Goldwin Smith, a minister I trow. G. B. K. Annapolis Royal, Jan., 16, 1893.

Choose a Good Subject. A reader of PROGRESS, in Gloucester county, having read the offer of five dollars to be given monthly to the author of the best original verse published in this paper, drops into poetry after this fashion:

Your offer, dear PROGRESS is tempting Could the Muses be courted by me, Nothing would give me more pleasure Than to enter the lists for the Y.

I'd take for my subject the PROGRESS, And recount in the loveliest verse, What a charming success is the paper, And all its good points I'd rehearse. And stanzas of tribute I'd pay it, For the pluck, perseverance, and mind Which is stamped on each page of the paper [If the Muses would only be kind.

On the very first page of the journal, I'd begin, could I do it in verse, And tell of those well written "leaders," So honest, manly, and terse. And I'd write of the "mystical powers," Whence it gathers political lore, And its forecasts, on matters—so certain—Could my mind but to poetry soar.

And I'd talk of the good it's effected In functions, manners and dress By those interesting items called social, The "three o'clock" for PROGRESS. And Astra! Not a star in the firmament Can her brilliancy ever outshine. How I'd write of her wise, witty "answers," If the soul of a poet were mine.

Notwithstanding the Muses, dear PROGRESS, 'Gainst my race for the dollars combine, I assure you, in words most emphatic, My very best wishes are thine. ETAK.

Rose and White. Days in the happy June! Rosy petals fall While here and there all day Goes the tennis ball. Maiden graceful, winking, Crowned with wide-brimmed hat Some hearts and "sets" hath won With a tennis bat.

Nights in the love-lit June! Rarest nights of all— When flower scents thrill the breeze Rosy petals fall. Days when the year is new! Babe-like clothed in white, Wrapt in shawl of snow-flakes Feather-soft and light.

Maiden rosy, charming, Coat of blankets gay; See her playthings pallid— Balls of snow to-day. Nights in the year so new! Moonlit, crisp, snow-sweet— And now the maiden wears Raquets on her feet. MIRONON.

Quiet. There is never a sound save the snap of the reeds As the meadow-herd rises to fly, And the cry of the wind that follows and leads The cloud on the sunlit sky; There is never a sound the whole day long Save the low wind's cry and the river's song.

And here on the sand, this warm brown sand Where the subseans linger and turn, Where the shadows of willows solemnly stand Or are lost in the hollows of fern; I lie, and the minutes go creeping away With the warmth of the sun and the light of the day. Oh warm brown sands of my island home You follow me still in my dreams; I see by the shore the soft white foam, I sleep to the murmur of streams, And meadow-lens visit my dreams for aye With the noises I heard on that noiseless day. THEODORE ROBERTS.

The Nurses are Made Comfortable. The suggestion made in PROGRESS two weeks ago relative to the comfort of the hospital nurses in the new wing, has been acted upon by the commissioners, and now the faithful attendants of the sick enjoy the luxury of coal stoves in the new part, when not on duty.

BOOKS AND REVIEWS.

Professor Charles G. D. Roberts' late contribution to the poetical literature of Canada, shows no diminution of his former fire, or of the power of vivid word painting which has always been a characteristic of his work. It is an ode written for the Centenary of the poet Shelley's birth called "Ave." The opening stanzas take the reader back to the Tantramar marshes, beloved of the poet's youth and once more the smell of the "Winds laden with honey and salt" intoxicates the senses; the fierce strong rush of the tide is there, as it rushes between the river banks "Untamable and changeable as flame." The poet's strong love for the home of his youth is apparent in all the best of his writings. One feels the strong sweep of the tidal winds, hears the call of the plover the "peep" of the sand piper and—

The song of the glad bobolink, whose lyric throat Pealed like a tangle of small bells aloft."

The pulsing life of nature breathes through the lines, even the field mice frolic and feeding amongst the wild vetches are not forgotten. The author's gift of word painting is shown in the following extract:—

And when the orange flood came roaring in From Fondy's tumbling troughs and tide-worn caves, While red Mingo's flats were drowned with din And rough Chignecto's front oppugned the waves, How blithely with the reflux foam I raced Inland along the radiant charms exploring The green solemnity with bisterous haste; My pulse of joy outpouring To visit all the creeks that twist and shine From Beauséjour to almost Tormentine.

The author then pictures the marshes in their tranquility, their "vast serenity of vision and of dream," and draws a skillful comparison between the impetuous storm tossed life of the poet Shelley, and the storm and peace of his own beloved Tantramar.

"Strangely akin you seem to him whose birth One hundred years ago With fiery succor to the ranks of song Defied the ancient gates of wrath and wrong."

The fact is that the dead king of song was far from what a man should be, that he considered his heaven sent genius set him free from all the moral restraints which bound less brilliant but more respectable people, that he was an ungrateful, and an undutiful son, he married an utterly unsuitable wife against the advice of all those who had his welfare at heart, and having shown his independence of public opinion he meanly and heartlessly deserted her, afterwards torturing her with the grossest and most cowardly insults until he drove her to suicide, which was doubtless what he desired. Professor Roberts says:—

"Like yours, O, marshes, his compassionate breast, Wherewithal all dreams of love and peace." And again:— "Thou on whose lips the word of Love became A rapt evangel to assuage all wrong."

But in the mind of the colder and less partial critic the last quoted complements seem scarcely appropriate since Shelley's breast was not only devoid of compassion for those having the nearest claim upon him, but his reckless brutality and utter disregard of the feelings of all but himself, made love in his hands, not "a rapt evangel to assuage all wrong," but a fiery curse to scorch and consume all upon whom its baleful eye lighted, and his life afforded one of the worst instances history has shown of the fate accorded to woman as man's toy, to be adored and petted one day and the next cast aside and shattered in the gutter.

Shelley was devoid of conscience, of religion and of morality and only his divine genius lifted him above the level of the brutes. Some critics contend that his very genius freed him from all moral restraints acknowledged by meaner minds, but I hold that the man to whom a gracious gift above his fellows has been accorded, is doubly responsible, the very magnitude of his intellect increasing his obligations to society.

But "Rest to the weary spirit peace to the butted deed," Shelley has long passed to his rest and in memory of him who wrote "Endymion" and "The Skylark," even those who condemned the man most, must drop a tear for the poet, while no weakness of the object can change the strong beauty of the living poet's elegy of his dead hero, while in wearing a fresh crown of laurel for the storied urn which contains all that is left of Percy Bysshe Shelley, he has added one more leaf to the laurels so early placed upon his own brow.

One of the most remarkable books lately published is Dr. Gordon's "An American Missionary in Japan," in which the author tells the story of his twenty years' experience in Japan, during which time he was friend, helper, missionary and evangelist all in one, to the Japanese. They are known to him only as friends and brothers, not as "natives," and his book is scarcely so much a narrative as a comprehensive study of the Japanese nation, their manners, customs, religious life and environs, and difficult language. He speaks of the now famous "Kumamoto land" of converts that form a society of literary and theological leaders, of the many incidents of evangelical tours, of the joys and sorrows of the work, of the great university in Kyoto, founded by Nessima, of medical missions, and of christian womanhood. In short it is a delightful book of travel, replete with bright anecdote, poetic thought and happy humor, which will well repay a perusal.

A book that is charming simply for itself and as a story is "Aladdin in London," by Fergus Hume, author of the famous "Mystery of a Hansom Cab." This Aladdin possesses a magic ring instead of the old fashioned lamp carried by his predecessor, and it gives him almost equal power, besides being much more portable and convenient than the lamp was. It is a fresh, delightful story, well sustaining the reputation won by its author. Both these books are published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. of Boston and New York.

WINDSOR.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Windsor at Knowles' Bookstore and Dakin's Bookstore.] JAN. 17.—Mr. Lawrence McCallum is home from Boston, spending a fortnight with his friends. Miss Kate O'Brien has gone to Halifax, where she will remain for several months. Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. W. Kerr Dimock on the arrival of a little daughter. Miss Pearl Haley returned to Sackville last week. Mrs. Charles D. Roberts is visiting in Fredericton. Miss Trider is the guest of Mrs. Charles Shaw. Miss Lucy Gossp is spending a few weeks with friends in Halifax.

Mr. Gibson Mosher, teacher of education at Acadia College, Wolfville, spent Sunday in Windsor, the guest of Mr. T. B. Smith. He returned on Monday morning, accompanied by Mrs. Mosher and little daughter, who will make their home in Wolfville in future. The Misses Rid of the Church school, have been spending the vacation in St. John. Miss Gilska resumed her dancing class on Monday evening.

Mrs. Clarence Dimock left last week to spend the remainder of the winter with friends in Texas. Mr. Dimock accompanied her as far as New Orleans. School at Salons in Windsor. Miss Nora and Miss Kathleen Black, have gone to school at Sackville. Capt. James King, who has been home for nearly a year, left last week for New York, where he will take charge of his ship the "Fairmount."

Rev. P. C. L. Harris, whose home is in California, spent a few days in Windsor last week, and on Sunday occupied the pulpit of the Methodist church, both morning and evening. Mr. Harris is a vocalist and sang as well as preached, which is a novel way of conducting services in Windsor. The Windsor Hockey Team, accompanied by a large number of friends, drove to Hantsport on Friday evening and played a match with the Hantsport team.

Mr. Bradford, who is to take the position of head teacher at the collegiate school, has been the guest of Dr. Hind. Mr. Lawrence Gent of Keble college, Oxford, arrived at Halifax last week by the "Sardinian." Mr. Gent comes to Windsor to fill the position of third resident master at the collegiate school. Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts of Kings College, has lately published another poem entitled "Ave, an ode for the Centenary of Shelley," which is receiving very favorable criticism. M. P.

FAIRSBORO.

[PROGRESS is for sale at Fairboro Bookstore.] JAN. 17.—Mr. Binington arrived here from England last week and will be lay reader in St. George's parish until the rector's return. He then goes to Cape Breton. There was a large attendance at the skating carnival on Tuesday evening. Miss Yeaman won the prize, a pair of nickel plated skates, for best costume. She emulated a water lily. Mrs. Sutherland, who has been staying for some time with her daughter, Mrs. Copp, has returned to Westmorland.

Mr. and Mrs. Young entertained a large party of their son Everett's young friends on Friday evening. On Thursday evening Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Jenks gave a party. St. George's sewing guild has been reorganized and holds weekly meetings, the last one, on Thursday, at Mrs. Nordby's. Our stipendiary, Mr. McCabe is away taking a trip in the States, which will include Washington. Mr. J. W. Johnson and family, of Denver, arrived here on Saturday. Mr. Johnston went to Halifax on Monday.

Mr. Stuart Day has returned from Boston. Mr. Inglis Craig, of Amherst, is in town. Mr. and Mrs. Atkinson, of Fort Lawrence, recently paid a visit to Dr. and Mrs. Atkinson. Mr. Corley has returned home to Boston. Mr. Churchill, of St. John, spent Sunday here. Miss Ella Corbett is back from Springhill, where she has been staying for some time with Mr. and Mrs. Archibald.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilmore, of St. John, spent New Year's at Mr. F. L. Jenks. Miss Gavin is in Amherst for a week or two. Miss Aikman has returned to Toronto. CHOCOLATE.

ANNAPOLIS.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Annapolis by Geo. K. Thomson & Co.] JAN. 16.—Mr. Fred Harris has gone to Halifax for the winter, where he is studying law with his uncle. Mr. Leckie of Torbrook, spent last week in town. Mr. Laurence Mitchell, well known to Annapolis people, is seriously ill in Manitoba. Mrs. Le Cain, who has been with her daughter, Mrs. Primrose, for sometime, has returned home. The body of Mrs. Rippey, a former resident of the town, was brought here for interment last week. She died in Boston, of bronchitis.

General sympathy is extended to Mrs. Jamieson, whose sister died at Halifax, on Tuesday, after a long illness. Mrs. Gesner, who spent Christmas with her mother, Mrs. R. L. Hardwick, has returned to Bellisle. Mr. A. D. Hewat, of Halifax, spent Sunday here. Mrs. R. J. Harris has gone home, after a visit of some weeks at her father's.

Mr. Louis Whitman resumed his studies at Windsor College, on Monday. Miss Bingay and Miss Dodds, of Yarmouth, are the guests of Mrs. Lombard. Mr. Harry Hardwick is visiting his uncle, Mr. B. B. Hardwick. B.

A Poet Past Four Score.

Mr. Archibald Cook of Hampton, sends the following lines, "Written on my poor old self." If Mr. Cook's life is spared, he will enter upon his 84th year next June. He adds that while these verses are true as applied to him he is of a cheerful disposition at all times.

Days of my youth they have glided and gray, Hairs of my youth they are frosted and gray, Cheeks of my youth they are furrowed all o'er, Hands of my youth they keep feeble and sore. Arms of my youth they keep feeble and slim, Legs of my youth they have now lost their vim, Ears of my youth they are often too cold, Joints of my youth they will soon be in mould.

Thoughts of my youth they were once bright and gay, Fests of my youth never led me astray, Eyes of my youth they must soon, soon go blind, Frame of my youth will be soon left behind. ARCHIBALD COOK.

At the Kandy Kitchen.

Business keeps brisk at the Kandy Kitchen, and this week a change of programme in the contest for the piano is announced. The voting has been changed to guessing and the time has been extended to the first of March. People out of town can also have candy sent them on the terms laid down in the advertisement on another page.

More Minstrels to the Front

The Snowflake Amateur Minstrels will appear at the Opera House on February 7th and 8th, with the new feature of the Leaman brothers, aged 7 and 11, in their songs and dances. The managers announce that there will be no waits from the time the curtain goes up until it falls.