

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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AN IMPORTANT FEATURE.

With the first issue of 1894 we will begin the publication in these columns of the Political Notes of Mr. G. E. FENETY of Fredericton whose first volume upon the political history of New Brunswick was published some years ago. Mr. FENETY has been urged repeatedly to complete the work that he undertook but until a few months ago could not be induced to undertake a task that involved so much labor and research. He has done so however and his Political Notes from 1834, where the first volume ended to 1867, the date of confederation will appear in PROGRESS. They will begin next week and from what the writer has read of them already will possess an interest and a value that can hardly be estimated. There are few thinking people who do not desire all the knowledge they can obtain of their own country and especially that province in which they reside. The history of New Brunswick—the political history—before confederation is full of interest to those advanced in years who played their part in the events of those stirring days.

Mr. FENETY will present the facts as they were, present them in a graphic attractive form so that while they will possess all their historic value they will also have the entertainment that newspaper readers look for in newspaper articles.

WORKING FOR THE CITY.

It is pleasant to note the interest that a number of the merchants and manufacturers are taking in the city and its industries and the chances there are for inducing other manufacturers to locate here. This is the right spirit and even if there are no immediate results such consultation, work and mutual explanations and the relation of experiences must have a beneficial result. The meetings of the manufacturers held at the Board of Trade rooms have not induced any addition to our industries as yet but they have encouraged thought in new directions, they have attracted the attention of some people in other sections who are looking for suitable manufacturing sites and, what is perhaps of the most value up to the present time they have created an interest among our own people in this matter and obtained much information that cannot fail to be interesting and useful.

The efforts of the chairman of the committee, Mr. W. S. FISHER, and a few of its members, with the secretary of the board are thoroughly praiseworthy. They have spent much time and given a great deal of attention to the question of St. John as a manufacturing centre, and thus managed to not only keep alive the interest in it but to attract the attention of the community.

It now appears that it was not until Dr. DAY made an acknowledgment of his error to his old church at Yarmouth and asked their forgiveness together with a letter of dismission that some members of that church determined to have a council called to consider the matter. This may be right from their point of view but it did not give evidence of a christian spirit of any breadth or depth. And the fact that the council was called largely through the efforts of former antagonists of Dr. DAY will not improve the position of the church in the matter. The same law that applied to Dr. DAY should serve in the case of others in the future. What is justice for one should be justice for another.

As the evidence in the BRADSHAW case gives the greater interest is manifested in what must prove a rather remarkable case. The question under the consideration of the court is not one that the press can express

an opinion upon at present but it must occur to any one who has followed the case that it would have been far better for both parties if it had been settled out of court. No one will question the right of a man to dispose of his money as he pleases but the Foreign Mission Board of the Baptist church would be held in higher estimation by the public to-day if it had made a generous settlement with the widow of Mr. BRADSHAW years ago.

FELHAM'S PARAGRAPHS.

O gentlemen, the time of life is short! To spend that shortness basely were too long, If life did ride upon a dial's point, Still ending at the arrival of an hour.

Old '93 is gray with age and weak with the pangs of approaching dissolution. His record is about filled up and the time of his departure is at hand. Another day and we will be holding his requiem service and then, when the last words have been said, the "watch-night" bells will peal out a welcome to the new comer and, blithe and strong, young '94 will slip upon the stage and doff his cap with an "at your service good ladies and gentlemen." What shall we make of '94? 'Tis hard to say. But let us resolve to be and do the best that lieth in us and to spend no portion of time "basely." The present only is ours, "the present is our eternity" so let us make the most of it. We know not how soon the bells which ring in the New Year may toll some of us out of Vanity Fair altogether and into The Unknown Land. Let us hope that when we come to enter that land, there may be there some sweet bells to ring us welcome to a New Year and a New Life of perfect satisfaction.

The midnight service or "watch-night," held on the last night of the year, is to most people a service of the greatest interest. The time seems peculiarly fitted for religious observance. The Methodists, it appears, were the first to discover this and to originate the "watch-night." Later on various other common denominations fell into line and finally "the church" itself adopted "watch-night." So that now the sainted John Wesley can look down upon this sphere and see very many members of various Christian bodies, of varied degree, bending the knee at the solemn midnight hour and reverently observing that "watch-night" which he instituted when here upon earth.

The American Eagle is an ambitious bird. It does not appear to be satisfied with spreading over one of the biggest countries that there is out-of-doors but it seems to feel as if it would like to perch up on top of the Washington monument or the Statue of Liberty or some other very high place and spread its pinions away out over the length and breadth of this entire continent. But towards the north here it knocks up against the 49th parallel of latitude, and the boundary of Canada generally, and cannot reach further, and so it feels constrained and unhappy. The following paragraph in reference to Canada was not long since going the rounds of the Yankee press ascribed to the New York Sun:—

"It is the result of 'Canada's' folly and conceit. Riches and power are within Canada's reach. The poverty of Canada would be exchanged for wealth by union with the United States. By this union Canada would obtain an inheritance worth tens of millions of dollars every year. If these Canadians choose to live in poverty, they should bear its ills without a groan and never ask for pity, never beg favors, never try to get hold of the money earned by other people, never wear wry faces when they look across the line."

I do not see the New York Sun but I believe it is not supposed to be a comic paper. I have understood that it not long since thoughtlessly took up the task of bringing about the union of Canada and the United States. It appears now to realize the utter futility of the task and hence the awful "sour grapes." The above paragraph is calculated to make Canadians laugh—a laugh both long, deep and loud. We do not appear to be suffering from poverty to any great extent here in Canada at present. We are not groaning very hard, we never ask for pity, never beg for favors and never try to get hold of Yankee money without giving the very best of value for it. Unfortunately they don't seem to have any money over there at present that we could beg, borrow or steal. So we don't make any wry faces though we may wear a little grin of satisfaction, once in a while over our own prosperous and solid condition compared with the financial wreck in the United States and the poverty-stricken condition of the people there, where grim death by starvation appears to be staring thousands in the face. If the New York Sun values truth it would not be difficult for it to ascertain (what it probably realizes by this time) that there cannot be said to be any "annexation" sentiment in Canada at the present time. The annexation question, if such a question ever really existed, is as "dead as Julius Caesar." The United States press has at turns cajoled, threatened and insulted Canada, and their legislators have built up Chinese tariff walls against her, but all to no purpose. She has kept steadily on her own way and prospered in spite of all. So the best thing that our kind friends across the border can do is to bottle up their jealousy as best they may and leave us here in Canada to develop this vast country in our own way. There is plenty of room for both of us and

the British flag is quite good enough for us for some time to come.

WEEKLY MARKET REPORT ON AFFIDAVITS.

The market on affidavits has been firm the past week owing to keen competition and prices are reported good for wholesale lots of almost any quantity. The number of affidavits which can be supplied by any one person is not known but the colour line should certainly be drawn somewhere.

Many thanks to my friend "the feller," for kindly furnishing the name of the author of "Where—Away." I am sure such writing as that is fully equal to any of Riley's dialect work.

"Since Time is not a person we can overtake when he is past, let us honor him with mirth and cheerfulness of heart while he is passing."

So, here's to you and many of them.

FELHAM.

FACTS FOR CHIRP SPARROW JR.

The History of a Little Feathered Meddler and How He Came To This Country.

So "Chirp Sparrow jr." did not approve of what I said about his friends and relatives in PROGRESS, of the week before last? He was perched on a window sill and heard it read aloud? Well now won't all his sisters and his cousins and aunts, not to mention his small relatives, laugh when they hear that the "piece" in question was written by their own Astra, their valiant defender and faithful friend who has never held her hand or spared ink in taking the part of all bird creation, and who has never worn a feather in her hat lest some bird's life would be sacrificed to provide it, or even, failing that, a bad example be set and others encouraged to make the fashion of killing birds in order to get their plumage, popular?

I must say a few words to my friend Chirp and I hope to convince him not only that I am not so hard upon his race as he seems to think, but also that he has not a leg to stand upon when he poses as a meek and lowly martyr who belongs to the down-trodden class, and never gets a hearing, or any sympathy. Why Chirp, my dear boy, you are not as well up in your own family history as I would like to see you, and I really think there are a few little circumstances about your family's immigration on which I can inform you. In the first place your grandmother did not come over to this country of her own accord, she and your grandfather and quite a number of their friends were specially imported into one of the great American cities because the caterpillars were making such havoc amongst the beautiful trees with which their parks were famous, and some one suggested that a few pairs of English sparrows be imported to destroy the worms. So the little strangers were sent for and let loose in the parks and they very soon made themselves thoroughly at home and fulfilled the scriptural injunction to be "fruitful and multiply," in fact they fulfilled it so well that in a short time they succeeded in almost exterminating the feeble little American sparrows, and driving out every other bird in the city. Then they spread to the most remote parts of the state and finally proved so much worse a pest than the caterpillars, that the farmers began to try every means of getting rid of them, and finally they became such a plague that a bounty was set upon English sparrows heads, and open war was declared upon them. After a time the sparrows pest, as they were termed spread all over the United States and finally reached Canada, where they soon made themselves very much at home, and where they have certainly been much better treated than in the country they were first brought to and where they have earned the same reputation as little brawlers and terna-gants which has distinguished them throughout their career on this side of the water. Of course I cannot speak of the English sparrow as he appears on his own native heath, he may be like some of the rest of his countrymen, meek enough at home, and an insufferable bully when he gets amongst strangers, but as an immigrant he certainly shows a marvellous ability to take care of himself and to thrust the original inhabitants out if possible.

Now Chirp, as you are a reading bird, you know that I am a good friend of all dumb creatures, and if what Coleridge said was true my prayers ought to be very effective, because he told us that "He prayeth well, who loveth well Both man, and bird, and beast," and I have always loved the dumb and helpless ones of the earth well, whether I fulfilled the first clause or not; but I cannot see why I am to give all my love and pity to you just because you are small.

Did you ever watch a king-bird chasing a crow? Well I have often watched the battle and I can assure you it was a very unequal one, because the poor crow lumbered heavily along, screaming piteously and the king bird followed him up relentlessly, making merciless thrusts with his sharp beak, until he tired his big adversary out, and then he leisurely picked his eyes out, or beat a hole in his head and finished him; so size does not always count. Now I know pigeons are saucy, and very often greedy, but if they are saucier than you are they deserve a medal, and another thing the poor creatures are so large that they require a great deal more food than they

ever get. Most pigeons are just as homeless as you, and even more forlorn because they cannot huddle together in spruce trees, or creep into crannies which would easily shelter you, they are so large; and they have been just sufficiently domesticated to deprive them of the ability to shift for themselves, which all wild things possess, and then they have been thrown out into the cold to live or die, as may be. We have a number of feathered pensioners ourselves Chirp, and more than half of them are relations of yours, and sturdy impudent little fellows they are but you never see a sparrow with all the toes frozen off one foot, as I can assure you you will often see a pigeon in the winter and "heh!" him as the country people say, and you will not want to change places with him because he is often a mere rack of bones made plump and comfortable looking by his coat of feathers, and if you could see his poor feet, I am sure you would feel like crying. I am not very fond of pigeons Chirp, and I do love all the wild creatures especially the dear birds, but I believe in giving even a pigeon his due, and if I hurt your feelings by saying you belonged to a quarrelsome family, I am very sorry, but I think you do all the same, and you will doubtless remember if you really heard my little story read, that I began it by saying we all loved impudence and now I wind up by announcing that in spite of all things we shall love you and cherish you still, impudence and all, at least I shall.

ASTRA.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

The Better Path.

A hymn for the New Year. Forsaken and cast down art thou, Do men look gladly on and cry: A poor forsaken wretch is he, How holy and how good I am I.

Be not thou overcome of fear, The time is near to act thy part; The noble soul is still within; With them is the unrighteous heart.

Some evil days like noxious weeds, Have sprung and grown around the best; The better path still open lies, Press on and good from evil wrest.

The better path the upward way, No hindrance offers to thy tread; Thy willing feet are free to climb To living things beyond the dead.

What has been here will only live In tainted minds, whose virtue breeds And feasts on errors long since dead. No priests of God to man are they; Who fatten here on human ill And stamp his image in the dust In tamer moulds than they can fill.

If in some net, spread forth with cords, Thy foot has caught and held thee down, From such dark meshes clearly free, The better path leads to renewance.

No godless mind can keep thee back, For he is godless who will try; Press on, thy goal through shadows dim, Is bright against the clear blue sky.

The upward way to higher light And glory wait thy coming still, O'erowering cliffs uplifted high, Love's sunset vales await thy will.

Thence take the better path, nor ask Why fust thou seek thy path so long, Till on the topmost height of all Thy footsteps find thee firm and strong.

The hardest stone that rests thy head, Is by thy own way set; If thou wilt climb each rocky hill, To loftiest places of glory yearning, As stars that light of feeble rays, Are planets lighted by the sun, And planets lighted by the sun, Shall guide the heights thy feet have won.

CYRUS GOLDB.

Worthington's Magazine.

Charles Howard Shinn contributes the leading article on the Forests of California, to Worthington's Magazine for January. Walter Denning writes on the Customs and Amusements of the Japanese. An excellent article is that on A Celebrated Escape, by Samuel P. Bales, LL. D., being a story of the opening of the Libby prison by Gen. Thos. E. Rose. It is the most complete and accurate history of the event yet published. Walter Blackburn Harte, the Canadian editor of the Library Corner, chooses as his subject for this number The Reform Spirit in Literature. The stories are contributed by leading writers, and the departments sustain their usual excellence.

The Servant Girl Problem.

He (reading paper)—"Here's a note about an accident down at White's house. The servant girl put a stick of dynamite in the fire, and she was blown through the roof."

She (sympathetically)—"Poor Mrs. White has so much trouble with her girls? They are always leaving her without giving notice."

Not Up In Business.

"So you used to be in business for yourself, eh?" asked the business man. "How does it happen you are looking for employment?"

"I guess I wasn't up in business ways," answered the applicant. "Every time I failed I made a failure of it."

Fulfilling the Law.

Mrs. Elderleigh—"Do you love your teacher, Johnny?" Johnny—"Yes, ma'am." Mrs. Elderleigh—"Why do you love her?" Johnny—"Cause the Bible says we're to love our enemies."

ST. MARY'S, N. B.

Dec. 27.—Mr. Fred Barker, who has been in Nova Scotia for some time, paid a brief visit to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas F. Barker, Barker Point, before going to Toronto where he intends taking a full course at the S. A. training college.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Robinson, of Blackville, Northumberland co. are the guests of Mr. Robinson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brown, at their home, Robinson villa.

Several of our young people returned from school and college to spend the vacation, among whom are, Miss Alma Gibson, Miss May Rowley, Miss Niles, Miss Bidin, Miss Holane, and Messrs Pepper, Johnston, Smith and Thompson.

Miss Nelson, of Upper Magalloway, visited her mother, Mrs. William Peppers, last week.

Mrs. Brown has friends visiting her at present.

The services in the episcopal church on Christmas day were not so well attended last year, on account of the storm. Special Christmas music was rendered at both services.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

[Progress is for sale in Charlottetown at S. Gray Bazaar Co., and Carter's Bookstore.]

I. Dec. 26th.—The long looked forward to Christmas day was ushered in clear and fine. The beautiful snow had fallen in abundance the night before, and the sun shining on it made it sparkle in its freshness and purity, as if its surface was a mass of glittering diamonds. The church bells pealed out their joyful chimes, and the usual Christmas greetings, were heard on every side. The churches all held festival services, and some of them adhering to the time honoured custom of decorating for Christmas, looked pretty indeed in their holiday garb. But before I say anything about the decorations, I must speak of the scene that was presented on Christmas eve, when those anxious to obtain a seat in the Cathedral for midnight mass, wended their way in the clear moonlight, to the doors, only to find that they were still closed, and that the virtue of patience had to be called into requisition until such time as the portals should be thrown open. Shortly after eleven o'clock, the doors were unlocked. Then ensued such a rush for admittance that made one appreciate fully the wisdom, of the admission fee. For if it had not been charged, the crowd would have been past management. As it was the Cathedral was filled, the service was very grand. The high altar was a blaze of lights, the midnight mass, which has got to be almost a feature of the past here, was said by the Bishop. The ceremony was most imposing, and when the organ pealed forth in the music that was so well rendered, and appreciated, the accompaniment of an orchestra of six pieces was a fitting addition, to the choir and organ, and helped to make the whole musical part of the service one to be long remembered. The sermon preached by Dr. Millman, from the text, "Unto you is born in the city of David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord." His listeners were held spellbound as the words came from lips that seemed to be overflowing with truth he loved to speak, and the sermon heard in old St. Dunstons on Christmas eve, was one not soon to be forgotten, and one that showed clearly and forcibly, that "from the abundance of the heart, the lips speaketh," and that the theme was a loved one, and one the speaker loved to dwell upon.

In St. Peter's cathedral, the first even song of Christmas, was sung on Christmas eve. The church was prettily decorated with palm leaves and native spruce, and looked well. Over the roof screen is the text, "Come let us adore Him," and the palm leaves are conspicuous everywhere. The altar has only natural flowers upon it, and looks exceedingly pretty and effective. The services Christmas day were very impressive, the priest incumbent, Rev. James Simpson, preaching a forcible and earnest sermon from the same text that was chosen for the midnight service in St. Dunstons.

The Master of the Rolls has returned from a visit to the Rev. W. B. King, in Cambridge.

The last rehearsal for the concert in aid of the P. E. I. hospital, takes place this evening. A treat is expected by those who are going to attend this concert, and it is to be hoped every one will bear in mind the object in view.

The news that Judge Hodgson, is to have a class for the benefit of the senior law students, on Friday evenings during the winter, is very welcome to those in a position to profit by the teaching of one so thoroughly capable of being their instructor.

The household at Spring Park are rejoicing over the addition to their number, which arrived on Christmas morning, in the shape of a little son. Congratulations are the order of the day, and baby's birthday, is not likely to be forgotten.

There was good sleighing yesterday, and quite a number of people took advantage of it.

The school closed for the Christmas holidays, last Friday, and all the young people who have been away to school, are seen in their old places, and the festival season is just beginning to be really felt.

A tea for the poor children, as to take place in the Market hall, next Thursday evening.

The annual Sunday school tea in connection with St. Peter's Sunday school, takes place next Saturday.

HAMPTON.

Dec. 28.—Mr. and Mrs. J. Ernest Whitaker spent Christmas in the city, the guests of Mr. Whitaker's parents.

Prof. W. Morley Tweedie of Mount Allison, is spending the holidays at his home here.

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MILFORD, N. B.

Dec. 27.—Dr. and Mrs. Richards, Ohio, spent Christmas with Mrs. Richards' parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Murphy, Kingsville.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hooley, Fairville, spent Christmas with Mrs. Hooley's parents, Pleasant Pt.

Mrs. Brown, Milford, is spending a few months with her daughter, Mrs. L. E. Hobart.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Lodge and family spent Christmas with their daughter, Mrs. L. Golding, Pleasant street.

Mrs. Captain Ward, New York, is spending a few weeks with her brother, Mr. Wm. McGuire, Kingsville.

Misses R. McCann and M. Sweeney, Fairville, have gone to Fredericton to spend a couple of weeks with their parents.

Miss Ella Leahy, Salisbury, is spending a couple of weeks with her parents here.

Miss Maggie Driscoll, Ennisville, is spending a couple of weeks with her mother, Mrs. J. Driscoll.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Logan, Pleasant Pt., spent Christmas with Mrs. Logan's father, Fairville.

Mr. and Mrs. I. E. Hobart spent Christmas with Mrs. G. Cappers, Carleton Place.

Mr. and Mrs. Edw. Betts, Pleasant Pt., spent Christmas with Mrs. Betts' brother, Mr. C. French, Carleton.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lee, Kingsville, spent Christmas with Mrs. Lee's father, Mr. Ferrick, St. John.

Mr. Kelly, New York, is spending a couple of weeks with his sister, Mrs. R. Kelly, Fairville.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Jennings, St. John, spent Christmas with Mrs. Jennings' mother, Pleasant Pt.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Fitzgerald, Kingsville, on the arrival of a young son.

GREENWICH.

Dec. 26th.—Rev. D. W. and Mrs. Pickett entertained a number of old people to dinner, at the parsonage on Wednesday last, there being nine present making an average of eighty years. The four oldest who were invited were prevented from attending, through illness; much to the regret of all present. A very enjoyable time was spent by all. All being loud in praise of the kindness and hospitality of our good rector and his wife.

Mr. and Mrs. John Day of St. John, spent Christmas at Elmwood the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Geo. Fowler.

Miss Maggie Smith is spending her holidays at home. She will return to Kingston after the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McLeod spent Christmas in St. John the guests of their daughter Mrs. Wm. Prince.

Miss Jennie Holder's friends are all glad to learn that she will remain at home this winter.

Capt. and Mrs. Akerly are visiting Mrs. Akerly's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. Whelpley.

Dr. J. B. Gilchrist made a visit to the city last week.

Miss Jessie Gorham spent Xmas at Westford.

Mr. Hlanford Belyea of Rat Portage, is making a visit to his relatives.

Mr. S. F. Belyea spent Christmas at home. He will return to the city this week accompanied by Mrs. Belyea and Miss Laura, who will spend the remainder of the winter in the city. Miss Belyea will be very much missed by her numerous friends.

G. R.

NEWCASTLE.

[Progress is for sale in Newcastle by Max Anklin.]

Dec. 27.—Christmas day passed quietly away. There was considerable driving in the afternoon. Three couples were married in town on that day.

We wish them all happy returns of the season. The marriage at Hilltop is postponed the young man being ill with a gripple in the far west.

Mrs. Wheeler, of Matanadia, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Robt. Ritchie.

The Misses Wheeler left on Friday for their home to spend Christmas and New Years.

Mr. and Mrs. Hunter with their little son, are visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. John Fish.

Master Hubert Sinclair and his sister, Miss Helen are home for their holidays.

We are glad to learn that Rev. Mr. Atkin is recovering from his recent illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Butcher spent Christmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. Thompson.

Mr. McKane, one of our popular young men will leave for Scotland early in January, we wish him a prosperous voyage and a speedy return to his many friends.

We regret to hear that Mr. John Nevin, who has been seriously ill for the last two months is very slowly recovering.

Rumor says we are to have a brilliant wedding, a prominent merchant will had to the altar one of summer-ide's fairest daughters.

SHELDIA CAPE.

[Progress is for sale at Sheldia Cape by George E. Mills.]

Dec. 26.—Just now snow-shoers are in their glory for, to be sure, there is