

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPT. 23.

CHOOSE THE BEST MEN.

Now that the civic charter has been amended, so that only fifteen aldermen will have seats in the council, the next thing in order is for the citizens to select the right men to represent the different wards. At the proper time a ticket will be put in the field in the interests of tax reform, and it is most important that it bear the names of the best available men. The election, it is true, will not take place until May, but it will not do to leave the choice of candidates until the last hour. In such cases, mistakes are almost sure to be made, and the choice of a nominating committee may not be the choice of the people.

The friends of civic reform in every ward should begin to look about them for men to be named as candidates at the proper hour. It is not a matter which demands work or loss of time. All that is needed is a little thought on the subject now and then. In some wards there may be several available men, but as only one can be chosen, which one, in the interests of the whole city, should be named? The main thing, now that so much has been accomplished, is not to let the matter be forgotten until the eve of the election. It should be remembered that some men who have no hope of a citizen's nomination are now in the council, and that they will not be idle in the meantime.

In a few instances it may be assumed that men now at the board will be again returned in the interests of reform. It is better that it should be so, for a wholly new council, not conversant with the ins and outs of what has been done during the last year or two, would be tolerably certain to make mistakes, though their intentions were for the best. It seems pretty well settled, however, that the majority of the wards will be represented by new men. The present members must be judged by their record. If their course has been plain and straight forward, if they have striven to have the civic government administered in the interests of the citizens, and if they have shown that energy which their position demands, they are in most instances better than new men with equal qualifications, but lacking the experience. On the other hand, if they have been either well meaning, but useless figureheads, or have hung their hopes on the favor of this or that man or clique, the people have no further use for them. They should make up their minds to retire with a good grace.

When a ticket is put forward in the interests of reform, it should be one which every friend of reform will vote as a solid whole. To make such a ticket demands both care and forethought.

THE FEVER OF LIFE.

It is asserted that the average duration of human life has increased within the last half century. The quoted statistics seem to bear this out, and show that out of a given thousand in various conditions of society the age at which men die is greater than it was in the much vaunted days of our grandfathers. That this is so is largely due to an increase of knowledge, in the medical profession and out of it. There has been a wonderful advance in sanitary science, and the environment of residents of both town and country is very different from what it was a few decades ago. The science of medicine is better understood, though as compared with the advance made in surgery, its progress has been slow, still it is undeniable that the doctor of today has less pure guessing to do than had his predecessors. The treatment of disease is still very largely a matter of experiment, as it must continue to be, but so long as human systems are subject to such variable conditions, it is only by experiment that the truth or error of a diagnosis can be proven.

Yet there is one thing that must impress the most ordinary observer, and that is the number of sudden deaths, not by accident nor among the poor and ill-nurtured, but among men prominent in the affairs of life. A man apparently in the prime of health

and in full possession of all his energies, is seen on the streets one day. The next day he is dead. The cause assigned is "heart failure," a true but most misleading phrase. The heart fails, of course, but not without a cause, and that cause may be anything from quick poison to simple inertia. The term explains nothing, and those who discuss their friend's taking off learn nothing from his death.

There is a great deal that ought to be learned, in most cases. A man of normally sound constitution, living a regular life, should not, in the ordinary course of things, be snuffed out like a candle. When this does happen there has been something wrong in his life. What is it?

In nine cases out of ten his death is due to fever—the fever that comes from the worry and wear of everyday existence. He has been living at high pressure and something has given way.

There are times in every man's life when all his energies are required for the doing of this or that, but for one time where this cannot be avoided there are a hundred times when he is exhausting his energy to no purpose, save to shorten his life. We get excited over trifles, we fume and fret about things which a little later will seem of very little worth. In the smallest actions we show the same spirit. We run to catch a particular car or ferryboat when the next one, a few minutes later, would suit our purpose equally well. We worry lest this thing is to happen or that thing is not to happen. We carry our cares to our dinner and we let them keep us awake at night. All this is quickening our heart beats, and adding to the waste of the fuel that should be economized to feed the system. By and by that system begins to fail. It may be a very little thing which is not suspected. There are no external signs of danger, but somewhere or another in the wonderful machinery of the human body is something, formed or forming—a little clot, perhaps—which will as certainly stop that machinery as would a wedge of iron rend the gearing of the mightiest engines.

This is happening the year round, and yet few think of it, or regulate their lives to prevent it. "Oh, yes, that is quite true," says somebody. "We really ought to think of this more than we do," but as a fact few do think of it. The spirit of the age is "push," and he who has an ambition will strive, and worry and keep up the strain, with the hope that health and long life are his inalienable heritage. When he dies, somebody takes his place. The sacrifice is a continual one and the fever of life is ever epidemic. "Is life worth living?" is the weary wail of the pessimist. The man of the world believes that it is. And yet his way of living it, curiously enough, is the surest way of ending it.

A European doctor has thought fit to raise his voice to warn people against the kissing of domestic pets. He asserts, and no doubt he is correct, that on examination of the saliva of cats it was found to be rich in all sorts of minute bacilli, while a dog's saliva contained even a greater number of bacteria. In the act of kissing, the saliva of these animals is conveyed to the lips of the human being and hence the communication of disease. Faugh!

SOMETHING ABOUT KISSING.

Why should anybody want to kiss a dog or a cat? It is quite certain, however, that many people do, and that too where they might have somebody of their own kind to kiss. It is taken for granted that when the kissers in such cases are not children they are women, and usually women who have been fortunate enough to escape the thralldom of married life. Their affection must have some outlet, and it is found in domestic animals. This is well enough, for a nature which is fond of dogs and cats, though it may be cruel to the death where man is concerned, has always something in it worthy of admiration. By all means let the dear creatures love the dogs and the cats, but why should they kiss the brutes? Faugh, again!

There are many kinds of kisses, from the conventional kiss of one woman with another, as often followed by back-biting as by praise, to that sweet and indescribable kiss realized only by those who have known the meaning of the pure and earnest love of youth. It is only in the case of first love, when so often the dream never ends in fulfillment, that the full meaning of the kiss is known. In the later, more practical, and in all ways more sensible love experiences, there are kisses which compare their measure of joy and peace, but as compared with the original, there comes the thought that "something beautiful has vanished and will never come again."

Kissing the hand of a lady is an ancient and courtly custom, indicative of respect. It is merely an outward action, like bowing or kneeling, and as regards the true meaning of the word, there is nothing in it. But little better is a kiss upon the forehead, or even the cheek. There is only one kind of a kiss, whether in love's passion or the affection of a mother to her child, and that is when lips meet lips and the emotions, whatever they may be, are combined in a perfect and reciprocal union.

Kissing is a glorious thing when it is used as should be all the good things that God has given, in its proper place and way. It is the symbol of the noblest affections. There is

too much of a disposition in this world to de-throne it from its high estate, making it the subject of silly jest and banter. Those who can appreciate the meaning of a kiss will always respect it and they will respect themselves. The girl who permits the freedom of a kiss from one who has not a right to it in the sight of God and man has much to learn of how woman should be true to herself. So, too, the truest test of a man's respect for a woman is his restraint of himself in not attempting to kiss her, though he love her deeply, until that time shall come when they two shall resolve to be one until death do them part.

Possibly this is not the prevalent fashion, but it ought to be. Kisses should not be given as lightly or as freely as they cost nothing and lost nothing. Too often they are. It is the way of the world, and the world of to-day, like the world of the days in the past ages, hates to be old-fashioned, above all things.

PRISONERS ON PAROLE.

Massachusetts, for some years past, has had what is known as the Habitual Criminal Act, by which certain classes of offenders convicted for a third time are sent to prison for twenty-five years, on "general principles." It is probable that a good many who did not deserve such a long term have been shut up under this law, and possibly from a rebellion at the injustice, these long term men have always given trouble in the prison.

Now the warden, for his own comfort and for the sake of discipline, would have gladly seen most of these men discharged and it now appears that with the sanction of the governor and council he has hit upon a solution of the difficulty. It is the release of a prisoner on parole after he has served a part of the term. The idea was put into effect last Saturday, when a man who had served five years was given his liberty on certain conditions. According to a press despatch these conditions are:

He hereafter must not lead an idle and dissolute life, must not visit any barroom, gambling house, or house of ill fame, or associate with persons of bad character; he must not violate any laws of the Commonwealth, but lead an upright, industrious, and law-abiding life. Should he violate any of these conditions he will be immediately taken back to Charlestown, and there confined until the last day of the twenty-five years' sentence has expired.

There are eighteen other men to whom this parole can be extended if they show themselves deserving of it by their conduct. In the meantime, it is to be hoped the man who is now on parole will be looked after by those who will see that he is not led into temptation, as, however good his intentions, he might be left to his own devices.

TAXES AND THE LIKE.

A correspondent who has taken a deep interest in the assessment law offers some suggestions in this issue of PROGRESS. He quotes the opinion of Mr. TURNBULL that some eight million dollars of taxable property in St. John is not assessed, and while these figures may seem extravagant Mr. TURNBULL, as a keen man of business and a bank director, is well qualified to express an opinion. This is an enormous sum, and even admitting the amount to be overstated, it is a serious matter that anything approaching the amount named should thus be exempt from bearing its share of the general burden. In the nature of things, there must be a certain amount of personal property which no law, however well administered, can hope to reach, but the proportion in a city the size of St. John is altogether out of reason.

Whatever may be said as to the other points taken, PROGRESS cannot agree with the correspondent that it is desirable to place the harbor in commission. The matter has been pretty well settled, however, and is not likely to come up again, and certainly not in connection with the question of tax reduction. The citizens have said very plainly that the harbor is a heritage which they are not disposed to surrender. They have an idea that they can manage their own affairs as well as a paternal government can manage them.

And so they can, in regard to the harbor or anything else, if the right men are put in the right places.

The average toiler in the Maritime Provinces will be surprised to learn that Canada has the most holidays of any British colony. London Tit-Bits says so in answer to a correspondent, and gives the number of holidays at ninety-five. This may have some application as regards the province of Quebec, but the English papers ought to understand that Canada means something more than one province. We have none too many holidays in the provinces by the sea.

"A PROGRESS reader," Halifax, will be answered next week.

PEN AND PRESS.

Mr. G. A. Hagerty, so well known in railway circles, has kindly sent PROGRESS copies of Washington, Pa., papers. Mr. Bertram C. Bourniot, who was in the city on Wednesday, intimated his intention of establishing a new paper in Canso. He has been in journalism for some years, and started the Eastern Journal in Port Hawkesbury, in 1889, which he edited and managed until quite recently. The plan for the new paper has been ordered from the Dominion Type Founding company.

PELHAM'S PARAGRAPHS.

Time flies. The seasons change. In with this first fall month have come cooler breezes, and we are reminded that summer is gone, and autumn is at hand. The summer things are being called in. The summer girl and the summer boy disappear and picnic and bathing parties no longer line the beaches.

When returning from a "closing picnic" at the Bay Shore last week, I took occasion to have a look at some of the improvements which are being made on the west side. "Carleton" will hardly know itself after a while. I was pleased to learn that the place so long—so very long—vacant on the drinking fountain, at the head of Rodney wharf, is to be filled very soon. I had long wondered what was to be put there, and concluded the place was probably intended for a statue of the west side M. P., or at all events, of the Ferry Superintendent, but it seems this is not the case, and the figure is to be but a representation of some mere mythical personage by the name of Hebe. The residents of the west side will now need to hunt up their books on mythology and find out about this person.

I came over in the ferry. The approaches I notice have as neglected an appearance as ever. It never seems to occur to the fessils who run this institution, how much the place could be improved with but a slight money expenditure. Considering the large summer traffic over this ferry, of visitors and others, things are kept in a disgraceful state, and look more to the stranger as if he had dropped upon some way-back country village instead of a metropolitan city like St. John.

"Titles are all jests," some poet has said, yet how many pursue them and how few refuse them. Here in Canada we are getting to have a good many titled people. But titles in this country are but of a simple nature compared to those conferred upon foreign people and princes, especially the Asiatics. The Emperor of Arracan is "possessor of the white elephant and the two earrings, legitimate heir of Pegu and Brama, Lord of the twelve provinces of Bengal, and the twelve kings who place their heads under his feet." His Majesty of Ava is called the king of kings, the regulator of the seasons, the absolute master of the ebb and flow of the sea, brother to the sun and king of the four-and-twenty umbrellas. Dr. Davy in his history of Ceylon gives the authentic titles of the Kandyan sovereign, some of which are as follows: The protector of religion, whose fame is infinite, and of surpassing excellence, exceeding the moon, the unexpanded jessamine buds, and the stars; whose feet are as fragrant to the noses of other kings as flowers to bees; our most noble patron and god by custom, etc., etc. Beside such titles as these how insignificant is a mere G. C. B. or a K. C. M. G. The ambition to possess a title, however, is certainly a laudable one to him who appreciates such an honor and surely we should never begrudge the proper bestowal of a title upon the duly authorized possessor of it.

A writer who refers to "Sir Tilley," "Sir Thompson" and "Sir Tupper" or to the new knight, Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper as "young Tupper" may suppose his style is most independent and democratic but in reality it is simply an evidence of a petty spirit and a jealous or vulgar mind. Another writer will bestow all titles yet decline even the use of the ordinary Mr. before a common man's name.

One who wants to learn about titles cannot do better than read Selden's "Titles of Honour" and by the time he has finished its one thousand pages he will perhaps have a much increased idea of the importance of a handle to a name. We can, however, judge as little of people by their titles as we can of books. A happy name to a book is said to be like an agreeable appearance to a man. Most readers are caught by titles. Though few persons would open a letter which was not addressed to them, there are not many who would scruple to open a book under like circumstances. There is a book which has seen a great many editions, yet it is addressed "to those who think." Some one has cruelly said that it should have been addressed to "those who think they are thinking."

The parliament of religions has been in session in Chicago. Truly an extraordinary assemblage and a fine evidence of the progress of liberal ideas. Probably many who attend it will come away with more charity dwelling in their hearts than ever dwelt before. The christian may discover many good things in the religion of Buddha, Mahomet or Confucius and the millions upon millions of the human race who live and die, their followers may not be altogether lost. Among the faithful who go to Mecca, cholera has this summer wrought fearful ravages and tens of thousands of poor pilgrims who started on the journey to Mecca ended their life journey instead. But no prayers need be said for them, Mahomet would take them right to his bosom.

Hold your breaths, oh, ye curious ones! The secret was almost out, the "germ" was almost discovered! But not quite. Ancient alchemists, modern chemists and biologists have long and eagerly sought to find out the secret of life and many a time have thought that they had it within their grasp—but there was something missing. Since the discovery of the "cellular principle" of all life it has been supposed that soon the principle itself would stand revealed and that ere long the chemist would be able to get together in his laboratory the necessary material for a living thing and there create life. But now, that eminent scientist,

Professor Sanderson, the president of the British Association, in his address to that great body, dashes all such hopes to the ground and says: "The process of lymphatic absorption, which, before we regarded as dependent on purely mechanical causes, is in great measure due to the specific energy of cells, and in various processes of secretion the principal part is not, as we were inclined not many years ago to believe, attributable to liquid diffusion but to the same agency." Professor Sanderson, however, exhorts to continued pursuit of nature's secrets. The scientific men must now begin all over again and see what they can find out about the origin and development of man's physical and spiritual faculties. Blessed indeed is he or she who, with simple mind, can love God and fellow-being, perform the duty which lies at hand and care not to look further, for truly

"We seek with useless yearning, To pry at hidden things, Where food, to mock our learning, His veil of mystery flings." PELHAM.

Mr. Barry and the Mic-Mac.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS:—Allow me to correct a statement that appeared in your last issue to the effect that Mr. C. R. Barry invested the sum of \$500.00 (no matter whence it is supposed to have come) in "The Mic-Mac." Mr. Barry agreed to book a certain amount of advertisements for the Mic-Mac for three months, and collect the money for me. He booked the advertisements and collected something less than a quarter of the money for me. A large proportion of the remainder has not been collected, the advertisers having credited Mr. Barry with the amount in their books. For the work which Mr. Barry undertook, I agreed to pay him half the profits of first three months, if any. Mr. Barry did not risk a solitary cent in the paper, and, as I paid the whole of the expenses with the exception of the small sum Mr. Barry collected and handed over to me, while he received credit for a portion of the advertisements, he may be said to have profited by the transaction. The whole loss connected with the Mic-Mac did not amount to one-fifth of the sum you name as Mr. Barry's investment. But for the peculiar arrangement between Mr. Barry and the advertisers, unauthorized by myself, the paper would easily have paid its expenses. As it is pretty generally known in Halifax that I was proprietor of the Mic-Mac, your intimation that the paper was run on C. P. R. money is damaging, and I must ask you to contradict it. T. BERTIE MELLISH.

Halifax, Sept. 20.

All Must Vote for Him.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: Supposing an alderman should die after the amended charter came into force, how would his place be supplied? Would it be necessary to put every ward in the city to the expense of an election in order to choose our man, who, it might be, "never would be missed" in the conduct of civic affairs? ELECTOR.

[An election by the whole city would be the only course open to have the vacancy filled. If the past is any guarantee of the future, however, the contingency is improbable. It has been said of justices of the peace that "few die and none resign," and an aldermanic funeral would be a decided novelty in St. John.—E. B. PROGRESS.]

Insurance in Brasces and Neckties.

No one who reads newspapers need live without accident insurance. It is well known that several journals in different parts of the world furnish their readers with something that provides, in case they meet with accident on a railroad or any other way, that their heirs will receive a certain amount of money. PROGRESS is in receipt of a sample pair of suspenders and a necktie, both of them English goods, from the store of Mr. George H. McKay of this city, which bear with them the same accident insurance policy privilege. If the wearer of either necktie or suspenders is killed on a train and possesses the tag which is attached to the article in question, his heirs will receive £100. This is a new way to boom the sale of neckties and suspenders but it may be a most effective way.

Man's Peculiarities.

As I said last week, N. B. He has seven ages, but woman lovely woman, enjoys but two, twenty and — He attends "the club," and would be greatly benefited some times if he were attended by one. He can be sublimely ridiculous, or ridiculously sublime at will or against it. When he experiences a "change" for the worse, it is safe to assume that a counterfeit bill has been "shoved off" on him. His veracity is seldom questioned regarding horse trades and fishing yarns. He can "sermonize" as readily as he can "Slumberize" during the sermon. While loving his neighbor as himself, he forgets not that he is his own neighbor. He discriminates between a cycle and sickle, a large majority in favor of the former. Some of him will not "get on to" the shell and pea racket until he "drops something." If a farmer, he can "plough the land," but if a sailor he would "rudder plough the deep." He allows the barber to "shingle" the roof of his head while the dentist does the same to the roof of his mouth. Some of him observe Saturday as the Sabbath, while others stick to the Sunday, the main difference being in the legalization of the one as against the other. He prefers "real estate" here to "real happiness" hereafter. He says there are seven days in the week, but is inconsistent by his declaration that there are but six week-days in the same period. He "sees stars," while from a numerical standpoint lick's the "lick" telescope so that the latter is "not in it." If he's a highwayman he "lies in wait" if a coal dealer he don't(?) lie in weight. If a "wooden" man, he "wood" most likely be pop(u)lar. He can spell "ye" with two or three letters. He often "staggers" under his "load."

JAY BEE.

UNDER EXCELLENT AUSPICES.

Opening of the Morley Ladies' College and Conservatory of Music.

The formal opening of the Morley Ladies' College and Conservatory of Music took place on Thursday afternoon and evening. From the time of the opening exercises in the afternoon till the closing of the evening programme the college was crowded. The principals Miss Morley and Mrs. Haydon had issued over two hundred invitations which entitled every guest to bring a friend and the gathering was very large. A lengthy programme was carried out in the afternoon, after which the students conducted their friends through the different departments.

The arrangements appear to be excellent. On the first floor are the second junior class room, Miss Morley's reception room, Miss Lugrin's room, China Painting room, and Music Hall.

On the second and third floors are the Art Gallery, the Senior boys' room, Junior boys' room, Typewriting and Shorthand room, practice room.

The faculty consists of Miss Morley, A. Mus., L. C. M., and Mrs. Haydon, principals of English course;

Mrs. Parkin, mathematics, classics, and stenography; Miss Ogden, violin; Miss Ina S. Brown, elocution; The Misses Haydon, drawing and assistants in English; Miss Lugrin, vocal music; Mr. Collinson, instrumental music; Miss Godsoe, painting in oil; Miss Brown, Delsarte; Miss Armstrong, china painting. Miss Morley is to be congratulated on securing the services of such tutors for her different departments. Miss Ogden in particular, is a general favorite in St. John having been connected with the St. John School of Music, during which time she has favored the St. John public with her excellent solos on the violin. Miss Ina S. Brown is a graduate of the Boston School of Oratory, and as she is a St. John lady should receive good support in her undertaking.

Mrs. Parkin and Miss Godsoe are both well known St. John ladies.

The recitals, afternoon and evening, embraced excellent programmes, but the early hour at which PROGRESS goes to press, precludes any mention of what justly merits an extended notice. The Morley Ladies' College and Conservatory may be congratulated on having had a very successful opening.

"That Put 'Pinafore' Together."

An entertaining story of Sir Arthur Sullivan is related.

When the composer was travelling by stage in a rather wild part of California, and was about to stop in a mining camp for lunch, he was gratified to hear the driver say—

"They expect you here, Mr. Sullivan."

The announcement was confirmed when, coming across a knot of prominent citizens at the whisky shop, the foremost of the group came up to a burly bystander, and inquired—

"Are you Mr. Sullivan?"

"No," replied the burly man, while he pointed to the English traveller.

The citizen looked at the stranger rather contemptuously, and said—

"Why how much do you weigh?"

This seems to be a curious method of gauging the powers of a composer, but he received the prompt answer.

"About 162 pounds."

"Well, returned the man, "that's odd to me, anyhow. Do you mean to say that you gave fits to John S. Blackman in Kansas City?"

"No I did not give him fits," was the reply.

Conferring further it proved that the person expected was Sullivan the prize-fighter. It appeared, however, that the musician's fame had nevertheless, in a dim sort of way, reached that remote settlement, for this "prominent citizen," in an outburst of cordial hospitality, finally exclaimed—

"Oh, Arthur Sullivan! What are you the man that put Pinafore together?"

Fall Millinery Opening.

Mr. Chas. K. Cameron's fall millinery is announced for next week. It is not necessary for PROGRESS to say anything about Mr. Cameron's stock, its variety and completeness, because it is well known that his goods always possess these characteristics. Moreover, what is perhaps of greater importance, they are stylish and attractive.

HAMPTON.

SEPT. 20.—Mr. and Mrs. Canby Hatheway of St. John, paid a visit to Mrs. S. Hatheway at the village on Thursday.

Mr. Thomas McAvity and family, after spending the summer at Lakeside, removed to the city last week.

Judge Wedderburn has returned from his visit to Chicago.

Mrs. W. S. Calhoun, who was visiting Mrs. H. D. McLeod, went home on Thursday.

Mr. D. McIntosh spent Sunday in town.

Mr. and Mrs. G. O. D. Otty, who were spending a few weeks at the Bay Shore, have returned home.

Dr. Geo. Ryan of Paris, who was visiting his sister Mrs. Samuel Hayward, left for home on Wednesday last, going first to Chicago.

Prof. W. Morley Tweedie leaves this week to resume his duties at Mount Allison.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Snider, who spent the summer here, returned home on Tuesday.

Mr. Robert Milligan, of St. John, was in town on Saturday.

LINCOLN, SUNBURY CO.

SEPT. 10.—Miss Jennie Carpenter of St. John is the guest of Miss Wisley.

Mrs. Charles Duffy of Boieston is the guest of her mother Mrs. John Rowan.

Miss Helen Miles of Amherst, N. S. spent Sunday with friends here.

The F. C. B. Sunday school and Day school of this place intend holding their picnic on Saturday 23rd inst.

Miss Lily Glassier is spending a few weeks, at St. John.

Mr. Fred Miles intends giving his friends a sail down the river, in the steamer Ada Glassier on Thursday evening next.

Mr. Alex. Wisley left last week for the World's Fair. Before returning he will go on as far as Wisconsin to visit relatives there. He will be absent about three weeks.

Miss Maud Wheeler of Fredericton spent a day here last week the guest of Miss Juliet Wisley.

E. B.