### PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER,..... EDITOR.

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## ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUG. 4.

CANADIAN NEWS FROM ABROAD. "If you see it in the Sun, it's so." On either side of the heaving of the New York Sun, you will find these words. And

yet we see this in the Sun: MONTREAL, July 24.-The Rev. Messrs. STRICK-LAND and JOHNSON, who severed their connection with the Church of England at Fredericktown, N. B. a few weeks ago, were last evening formally received into the Roman Catholic Church here by Archbishop Febre.

The phrase "The Rev. Messrs, STRICK-LAND and JOHNSON" is not a particularly brilliant substitution for the names of Prof. STOCKLEY and Rev. Mr. ALEXANDER. Neither is the capital of New Brunswick generally known as "Fredericktown." Such mistakes could be readily overlooked in a paper that made no pretensions to

It is not the first, nor the worst blunder that the Sun has recently made in Canadian news and descriptive matter.

The Sun had better take in its sign.

correctness-but "in the Sun"!

THE STRIKE'S INDIRECT INJURIES. It has often been shown by sentimental writers that the indirect injuries caused by war are not by any means as easily perceived or accounted for as its direct injuries.

So is it with anything; so it is with strikes. The indirect action and interaction started by the recent Chicago strike are subtle and strange. For example:

The discharge of many militiamen (one hundred men in one regiment alone) by their Chicago employers, because of their enforced absence when they were engaged in protecting the property of Chicago citizens, including that of the employers who discharged them.

The withdrawal of about two million dollars' worth of eastern capital placed in Chicago for investment.

The scarcity of western fruit in eastern markets, while it was rotting in the orchards of California; and the loss to both producers and consumers.

It has never been shown by sentimental writers that the indirect benefits caused by war, or anything else, are not as easily perceived or accounted for as its direct benefits. Such is not the sentimentalists'

But, reasoning from analogy, it should be as true as what these writers argue. Hence, the indirect benefits of the strike are not as easily perceived-But the rule won't work in this case, for the indirect benefits of the strike are quite as perceptible as the direct ones.

The Chinese have plenty of men, and plenty of money, but perhaps they should have bought their Krupp guns, torpedo boats and steel clad cruisers a little earlier, when they had more time to drill. But the Chinese have ever been laggards. They had the chance of the most thorough civilization long before the Japanese had—a civilization that would have enabled them to shine in both war and peace-yet the Japs are far more up to date. They are hustlers in the fine arts of peace and the coarser arts of war. They are the rulers of a navy that is now far ahead of the Chinese one. and according to a celebrated British officer, they turn out, with the single exception of the Goorkhas, the best fighters to be found in any native and colonial troops in the

In the leading American literary papers there is now a spirited disgussion as to just how PoE wrote "The Bells," the old story that he wrote it in a stranger's house at midnight being disregarded. Mr. HENRY SARTAIN has one theory about "The Bells;" a note of HENRY's father. Mr. JOHN SARTAIN, shows that the publisher had an entirely diffierent theory. On one point concerning the poem, authorities agree, however-and that was that the extremely practical poet sold his piece to three publishers.

"Do you know," asks Dr. TALMAGE in a recent sermon, "why quotation marks head of the paragraph adopted and two at the close of it?" Even a printer would have some difficulty in answering that question. If Dr. TALMAGE had received his education in a printing office he would know that although the two marks at the head of the quotation are, in most offices, inverted commas, the two at the end are generally apostrophes, and that in no case are the four quotation marks four commas.

"One man's meat is another man's pizen,"

Said HENRY CLAY to FRELINGHUYSEN, and the man who would rather be right then be president was dead right. For the silver-troubled, crank-cursed, strike-struck country that needs more statesmen like HENRY CLAY will see her trade revive on account of the war in the East. And for that matter, Canada, with her oriental routes. will not suffer much because of the war.

"Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just," said SHAKESPEARE, "and," continued Josh Billings, "three times he who gets this blow in fust." The Japanese have profited by Mr. BILLINGS' amendment. They captured a Chinese warship and sank a British transport before war was even declared. As the Japanese are a polite people, they felt called upon to apologize for the latter indiscretion.

It is proposed to erect a ten-thousand dollar monument at the place where they picked up John Brown's body. Reasoning by the light of other propositions to erect monuments to deceased Americans, it looks very much as if the ten thousand. dollars necessary to build a ten thousand dollar one would not be subscribed. In any event, however, the soul of John Brown will go marching on.

Among the "terrible examples" that the Hamilton Templar sets before its readers weekly-in company with Mr. EUGENE DEBS and other victims of "that 'orrid drink"-we are sorry to find a maritime

An Amherst, N. S., bar-tender, while attempting to evade the Scott Act officer, fell from the roof of the Amherst Hotel, a distance of thirty feet, and was

Pope Gregory, when he found that time did not go to suit him, took eleven days from the calendar. The Chinese seem to have taken a hint from Pope GREGORY. Hearing from a fortune-teller that the plague would end at the approach of the spring solstice, they have taken even greater liberties with the calendar, in order to make the solstice come earlier.

Experientia docet cranks. Debs says that he will never take part in any more strikes, and it is probable that the COXEY army, who have been calmly told by their rich and famous but not over-generous leader that their services are no longer required, will never take part in another march to Washington under General

"A man who goes to see a girl twice a week and takes her to entertainments occasionally is legally engaged to her," accordingly to a recent court decision. Then it is fair to suppose that a man who throws a cuspidor at his wife a couple of times a week and gives her a black eye monthly is legally devorced from her .- Portland Telegram.

In the latter case, it would seem to be a more logical and analogous inference that he is married to her.

Judge Morson of Toronto, gave a decision this week against bicyclists who ride on sidewalks. He holds that bicycles have the same rights on the roads, and only the same rights, as any other vehicles, that the bicycle is a carriage in the estimation of the law, and that its riders are bound by the ordinary rules of the road.

An inquirer asks the August Book Buyer to tell who is the author of these lines:

I sat alone with my conscience In a place where Time had ceased.

There is many a man who, even in place where Time was running at the regulation speed, would be indeed alone if lett with his conscience.

Mr. WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR has become a British subject, has been nominated for J. P. of Middlesex, and has made of his middle name and surname a hyphenated cognomen. The Pall Mall Budget can now holler itself hoarse over the

To travesty the author of "Pinafore" And so the war began 'twixt China and Japan; sing chink-a-link-a chink-a-link-a China. Ay, there's the rub; China has

It is interesting to learn that the name 'Corea" means "the land from which comes the calmness of the morping."

The United States walking delegates have belied their name. They have taken to the bicycle.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A few questions from correspondents are answered below:

M. C. Halifax .- "Cyprus Golde," our poetical contributor, is a gentleman now living in Canada: Whether he is a native of Canada or not we cannot Upon Shank's mare, that is, they who are fit, say. His real name and address we cannot give without his permission, which perhaps we might

obtain, provided you sent your own. TRANSLATOR, St. John.-Short sketches trans lated from the French would not as a rule be orderep and paid for in Canadian newspapers.

INQUIRER .- Chester, N. S., is a small town with an hotel suitable for its needs and sufficiently comfortable for those who do not expect first class c ar commodation in a small town. Can be reached by His bark upon life's stream, and stem its tide, boat or stage daily from Halifax. H. E. F., Bridgetown.-Perhaps we can follow are made up of four commas, two at the Wickham, Queens Co.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

A Counter-Greeting. (To GEORGE MARTIN.) Where is the Spring, sae sweetly hail'd-O muse benign! By him whose heart has never failed To answer mine?

Gone! with her firstling blossom pets,-Her mists of purple violets .-But not our sorrow and regrets,-My Martin!

Summer is on her th: one of gold,-We feel her sway;

The treasure frae her lap is rolled, And earth is gay : The unshorn fields are pearly pied, The wild-rose pranks the hedge-row side; And dreamy hours resistless glide,-

The robin wakes us at the dawn. With matin flate; The vernal choir goes singing on,-My heart is mute: Life's storms unplume the muse's wing, Life's cares relax the lyric sting:

And who shall listen it I sing,-My Martin Yet, such sweet chiding of my friends, As you prefer,

May for past foily make amends,-Old longings stir. What was that Star, I once did see,-That lamp of Love's luxuriency?-The orbed cheat was Poesy!-My Martin!

But who at Fame's eternal gate Shall yet prevail? Not he who dares a hapless fate In song bewail:

Whose touch is open sesame To all the gates of Arcady? That glorious boon is not for ma.-But Carman's lark-like soul is free,

High in the blue; Lampman is hermit-thrush to me. At fall of dew; In Kingscroft's shade a robin sings; Scott glances on an oriole's wings; Song-sparrow-hark! the thicket rings,-My Martin

Then if, at times, you chance to hear Some certain note .-Old-fashioned, homely, yet sincere,-Toward you float:

From it no more this sense derive,-I dream to conquer, or I strive; But THIS: My heart is yet alive. My Martin

May be denied, If visions to my youth vouchsafed Cannot abide;

And if to me what once I craved

Heroic hopes, if these remove; If Beauty's self a phantom prove; I'll ask but this, -the power to love, -My Martin! PASTOR FELIX.

Fallen Asleep.

(1 COR. XV: 6.) Hush, and step softly through her silent room, Mother, the gentle soul has gone to sleep; The valley shadow on her dear face falls,

Her eyes are holden in their slumber deep Her fair white hands are folded now, and wait Across the peaceful glory on her breast; We cannot waken her; we may not hear How sweet it is in grace to be at rest.

We must be satisfied with this farewell, But could she once more for a moment rise, A thousand loving words our souls would speak And catch the faintest breath of her replies.

A fragrant cross of roses sweet as love, Lies tenderly upon her dreaming heart; Affection lingers from her parting tears, Of her true life the hallowed counterpart.

Here let faith's tall red sacred tapers glow, And white, clad lilies lift their prayerful hands; In surpliced splendor, such as God has robed His blessed saints in, for the heavenly lands.

There's not a home on all the blessed earth, That has not heard a mother's holy name; Yet none so lovely as our own asteep, E'er went to Him from whom ber spirit came.

Earth's jewels on her casket lid we leave, Heart tributes to devotion gone before; Yet she the brightest is whose form within, Is life's reflection from the sapphire shore.

The love that buried self in fallen leaves, Whose flowers gave us all their splendid bloom, Moves like the Lord's own pillar of a cloud, Before her to the stillness of her tomb.

Cold words of years, alas! like ghosts of wrong, Ascend in anguish up love's judgment throne; They fill our hearts too late with bitter tears, What grief for past neglect can here atone

Mother is dead and gone, but even where God gives the soul redeemed, exalted powers; In holier ways where she is happier far,

Forgiveness for our blindness may be ours. What now, though sorrow's tears should fall and Their furnace channel in the cheek of woe;

That calm sweet face of love they could not move, Oh mother, still we reap here as we sow. So weary oft yet ever uncomplaining, So glad to serve us, yet so oft in pain; Oh none but heaven, can ever heal the sadness, That comes too late-she cannot wake again.

Sea Crag, July 1894. CYPRUS GOLDE. A Charming Innovation, At woman's shrine to worship I've been prone, And thought no fairer type of girl was known

Than one who'd sit her palfrey, grey or roan, Side-saddle Judge if you can then, how my pulses beat With pleased surprise, the day I chanc'd to meet A beauteous lass on horseback hold her seat

No male-built jockey could more ease attain Than she displayed in using whip and rein; Twas quite enough a la-de-da swell's brain To addle;

The capering beast this charming damsel rode Pranced on his route unurged by lash or goad. As the' right proud to bear his precious load A-straddle. I've ever claimed 'tis meet such plucky sprites

As she should have a share of male delights, And dolts should cease to urge that "woman's rights" Is twaddle; And tho' before of praise I gave full meed, Henceforth their cause the stiffer will I plead.

A .stracdle. Those illused dears to whom we've "rights" denied Since Adam's famous rib became his bride, May well object to longer walk, or glide, Or waddle

But more than all hers who will back a steed

And duly blessed with vim, and dash, and grit, And nerve enough, upon a horse to sit A-straddle. I'm not of those who voice sarcastic views

About the self-willed sisters who may choose Upon the stream of life their own canoes To paddle; For where's the dude that can the safer guide

Than she who dares a restive steed to ride A-straddle? St. John, July 1894.

Tacking Ship off Shore.

The weather leach of the topsail shivers, The bowlines strain and the lee shrouds slacken, The braces are taut and the litne boom quivers, And the waves with the coming squall-cloud blacken.

Open one point on the weather bow Is the lighthouse tall on Fire Island head; There's a shade of doubt on the captain's brow, And the pilot watches the heaving lead.

I stand at the wheel and with eager eye To sea and to sky and to shore I gaze, Till the muttered order of "full and by !"
Is suddenly changed to "full for stays!" The ship bends lower before the breeze.

And she swifter springs to the rising seas

As the pilot calls "stand by for stays !" It is silence all, as each in his place, With the gathered coils in his hardened hands, By tack and bow ine, by sheet and brace, Waiting the watchword impatient stands.

As her broadside fair to the blast she lays:

And the light on Fire Island head draws near, As, trumpet-winged, the pilot's shout From his post on the bowsprit's heel I hear With the welcome call of "ready! about!"

No time to spare! it is touch and go, And the captain growls "down helm! hard gown! As my weight on the whirling spokes I throw,
While heaven grows black with the storm-could's

High o'er the knight-heads flies the spray, As we meet the shock of the plunging sea; And my shoulder stiff to the wheel I lav, As I answer, "ay, ay, sir! hard-a lee!" With the swerving leap of a startled steed

And the headland white we have left behind. The topsails flutter, the jibs collapse And belly and tug at the groaning cleats; The spanker slaps and the mainsail flaps,
And thunders the order, "tacks and sheets!"

The ship flies fast in the eye of the wind, The dangerous shoals on the lee recede,

'Mid the rattle of blocks and the tramp of the cre Hisses the rain of the rushing squall, The sails are aback from clew to clew,
And now is the moment for "mainsail, haul!" And the heavy yards like a baby's toy

By fifty strong arms are swiftly swung; She holds her way, and I look with joy For the first white spray o'er the bulwarks flung.

"Let go, and haul!" 'Tis the last command, And the head-sails fiel to the blast once more; Astern and to leeward lies the land, With its breakers white on the shingly shore. What matters the reef, or the rain, or the squall? I steady the helm for the open sea;

And the captain's breath once more comes free. And so off shore let the good ship fly; Little care I how the gusts may blow, In my fo'castle bunk in a jacket dry,— Eight bells have struck, and my watch is below.

The first-mate clamors, "belay, there, all!"

Tucked In. "I've gotter go," she said, "an' see If little Bob's tucked in; He'll git his death if he's uncovered In this col' storm an' win'." "Oh, little Bob's all right," said I, You've bin to tuck him in Four times this evenin' an' I wouldn' Run 'way up stairs agin.' An' raise a dreffle din;
"W'y, I must' go agin," says she,
An' see if Bob's tucked in."

"W'y, Cynthy, jest set down," I said, "An' git some good er life A feller wants a chance to talk Then she would take her knittin' out, Or work upon her spread, An' make b'lieve lissen, though she didn' Hear quarter w'at I said. She wouldn't much more than git set down Then jump right up agin, An' say, "I mus' run up an' see If little Bob's tucked in."

Young Bob was allus on the jump An' filled the house with din, An' kicked his quilts off ev'ry night Fast as she tucked him in His laigs they went so fast all day. As long as it was light,
An got up speed so they couldn' stop
An' kep' a-goin' all night.
So Cynthy'd keep a gittin' up An' gittin' up agin,
"I've gotter look an' see," says she,
"If little Bob's tncked in."

She stood above the casket there, She bent to kiss his face, To pat a stragglin' curl of hair, Or fix a bit of lace. Her heart was breakin' with the thought That Bob, so round an' fat, So full of pranks an' fun, should sleep Within a crib like that. But still she'd fix his little robe, An' then come back agin, An' take a long, last look an' see Her little Bob tucked in.

That night a storm er snow came on, An' how the wind did rave, The snow fell, like a coverlid, Oa little Bob's new grave. "I'm glad it snows," nis mother said,
"It looked so hard an' bare, So hard, so cruel, an' so bleak I cried to leave him there. But God has sent the blessed snow, think-an' 'tis no sin-That he has sent his snow to see That little bob's tucked in.

SAM WALTER FOSS. A Character.

Everything pleased my neighbor Jim; When it rained He never complained, But said wet weather suited him;
"There never was too much rain for me,
And this is something like," said he.

When earth was dry as a power mill He did not sigh Because it was dry, But said if he could have his will Twould be his chief, supreme delight To live where the sun shone day and night.

When winter came with its snow and ic e He did not scold Because it was cold, But said "Now, this is real nice; If ever from home I'm forced to go I'll move up north with the Esquimaux."

A cyclone whirled along his track It broke his arm And stripped the coat from off his back; "And I would give another time To see such a blow again," said Jim.

And when at length his years were told, And his body bent And his strength all spent, And Jim was very weak and old;
"I long have wanted to know," he said, "How it telt to die"-and Jim was dead.

The angel of death had summoned him I cannot tell; But I know that the climate suited Jim; And cold or hot, it mattered not— It was to him the long sought spot.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

The Review of Reviews (American edition) for August might almost be called a Canadian number. Hon. J. W. Longley has an article on Canada's Political Conditions, which is illustrated by pictures of Sir John Thompson, Sir Richard Cartwright, Hon. George E. Foster and Hon. L. H. Davies. The article's tail piece is Shaw. The street railway franchises and the regulation of the telephone monopoly as done in Toronto are points particularly brought to the attention of United States cities. Hon. Wilfred Laurier has an article devoted to him, illustrated by an admirable portrait. The intercolonial conterence at Ottawa receives considerable attention in this number.

Not a Good Paymaster.

" What is the matter with the Dominion government that they cannot pay their bills? Some of the contractors on the Custom house have not got a dollar on account of their work yet, notwithstanding that the building has now been completed. for over four months. This is a disgraceful state of affairs. Some of the contractors will not submit to be tooled or humbugged any longer and intend to sue the government right away in order to get their money." This is the statement made by a reliable contractor who is not disposed to "kick" as a rule. Still he is very tired. The Custom house business seems to have been managed badly all through and now Ottawa red tape is delaying payment the workers are becoming exasperated.

Lost in the Woods.

Two well-known shoe dealers were lost in the woods on Sunday. They started for Lily Lake in the afternoon, for a pleasant Sabbati walk. After enjoying the beauties of nature for some time, they decided to strike for Charles Ward's. They had evening clothes on, and that was the reason that the Fates decreed that they should not get home until well along in the evening, having completely lost their bearings back of Drury Lane. Their clothes were shabbier and dustier when they returned than when they started. The two tourists say that this was their first trip to Lily Lake in twelve years, and they are quite content to allow another; twelve years to elapse before they make another excursion in that vicinity.

New Bounswick Should Be Writin Up. In a letter from Hon L. E. Barker of Yarmouth, he notes the fact that since the opening of the new grand hotel they are having a very large American travel and a good portion of it goes back via St. John, "and your city and hotels are benefited by it". "We are writing up Nova Scotia as a summer resort, and New Brunswick should also be written up. We have established a new route for St. John, from Boston, via Yarmouth. This morning we have 35 passengers for St. John. The Lower Provinces at present are most desirable when the Americans are suffering with such excessive heat."

## They Will Pay, Though Expensive.

The Sun has put four type setting machines in its office and as soon as the operators become trained the paper will be set up by them. One machine will do the work of four or five men. Five of the Sun's old employes are being trained to act as operators. The Sun's enterprise will soon pay for itself though the four machines cost \$12,000.

A Newspaper's Holiday. The Daily Telegraph employees go on their outing to Lepreau to day. The train is provided by the kindness of the directors, and the men who work upon the oldest morning daily, with their friends, may be depended upon to see that there is plenty of sport. Prorgess wisnes them a pleasant day and good cheer.

It Was a Big Success. The Bishop's picnic was a great success this year. The day could not have been finer and thousands of people took advantage of the chance to enjoy a day on the beautiful grounds at Torryburn. The crowd was larger than usual and consequently the affair more successful from every point of view.

Teacher--"What became of the children of Agamemnon?" Pupil (after mature deliberation)-"I think they're dead by this time."

"I want a hair cut," said the middle-aged man, as he dropped into the barber's chair. "Yes, sir," was the answer, "which one?"

SALISBURY.

Aug 1:-Mrs. Littlefield and Miss Madge Littlefield of Boston are the guests of Mrs. Henry

Crandall Mr. and Mrs. Wetmore and Mr. and Mrs. Sands of Moncton were the guests of Rev. and Mrs. Crisp on Saturday.

Miss Margaret Blakney of Petitcodiac was visiting Mrs. A. L. Wright last week. Miss Lillie Clark of St. John is spending a week in Salisbury with friends.

Miss Carrie Hayes who has been visiting Miss Maggie Gaynor returned to her home in Sussex last Saturday. Miss Gaynor accompanics her as

Mrs. Sutton and child and Mrs. Robins, of Need-ham, Mass., are visiting their parents Mr. and Mrs. Miss Ina Keith, of Havelock, was the guest of Mrs. McMurry for a few days this week. Rev. and Mrs. Colter, of Boston, were the guests of Mrs. J. Patterson last Saturday.
Mrs. Kufus Smith and Miss Smith went to Moncon on Saturday to spend a few days. Mrs. William Crandall and children are the guests

of Mrs. Bentley, Wilmot. Mr. R. A. Christie, St. John, was in the village on MARYSVILLE.

Aug. 1 .- Miss Mamie McConnell has returned from a pleasant visit to St. Stephen, accompanied

Miss Bird Lodge and Miss Aggie Tutts entertained their friends to a delightful lawn party on Friday evening last. The young ladies present were the Misses Eno, Lily Howls, Bessie Gibson, Dora Kirkpatrick, Minnie Day, Nettie Cadwallader, Mr. Bengough's picture of liberals and Maggie Likely, Marion Inch, Grace Fisher, Lou conservatives alternately, hand-in-hand. Milliken, Florence Tapley, Mary Stafford; gentle-The title of the picture is "They are all men, Messrs. Ward, Steeves, Milliken, Black, for Canada, anyhow." "Toronto as a Cropley, Robinson, Tufts, McPherson, W. Rowley, Municipal Object Lesson," is an interesting and well illustrated article by Albert Misself from a place of the product returned from a pleasant visit to Millerton. Mrs. Drysdale and Master Hailie are the guests of Mrs. Ramsay, at Meadow View.

Miss Annie Colter, Woodstock, has been visiting her cousin, Master John Hatt.

Mr. Dickson, of St. John, paid a short visit to his daughter, Mrs. Likely, previous to his departure

for England.

Mrs. and Miss Waycott, St. Louis, are t present staying with Mr. and Mrs. E. Waycott.

The many friends of Mr. A. Rowley, of the bank of Nova Scotia, Kentville, were pleased to welcome him home for his vacation.

### MILLTOWN, N. B.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Milltown at the Pos-Aug. 1 .- Mrs. Anna Hayden, of Baltimore, is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. S. Sweet. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Dexter, Miss Ellen and

a pleasant trip to St. John and Fredericton. Mr. Thomas Callahan, of Boston, is visiting in this locality.

their guest Miss May Plaisted have returned from

Rev. Wm. Williams has gone to Newport, to enoy a two weeks' vacation. Miss Maude Sutherland and Miss Clara Simmons

are visiting friends at Red Beach. Charlie, the little son of Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Kerr died Thursday, aged 5 months.

The Misses Wessel, of New York, are spending a few weeks with Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Laughlin.

Mr. Fred Eaton, of Bane, Vermout, is spending a few weeks here with his parents. Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Eaton. Miss Maude Ward is visiting friends in Eastport. Mr. F. J Stowe, of Oldtown, Me., is spending a week on the St. Croix. Miss Bella McGarrigle has gone to St George where she expects to spend a few weeks.

Miss Annie Call who has been in Bangor for

ome time has returned home. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Johnson, of Lewiston, Me., were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. I. G. Tarr, last week.

Mrs. Annie Todd left yesterday or an extended trip. Mrs. Todd will visit Old Orchard and other

ities before returning.

Messrs. Thurston and Geo. Cleland, of Worcester, Mass., are making a short visit here. Miss Grace Tower is spending a few days at Oak Mr. George Donworth of Boston, is spending this week in this locality with friends.

Mrs. Frost has returned from a visit to Lowell, Mass. She was accompanied by her grand-son, Walter Lewis.
Miss Mamie Healey left Thursday for Manchester, Mr. Robert Woodside has returned from P zilton, Ont., where he has been since last fall. Nearly every day there are rides and excursions

#### the numerous pretty drives which are thoroughly enjoyed at this season of the year. BATHURST.

to the country places and the different beaches and

[Progress is for sale in Bathurst by Master Joe Aug 1 .- Mrs. J. White gave a very enjoyable garden party to a number of young people on Tues-

day afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. Southwood are camping at the Point Mrs. J. F. Barry and children have returaed from a long visit to her home St. Johns, N. F.

Mrs. McGinley and Master Frank have gone to St. John to visit her daughter, Mrs. J. V. Lawlor.
Miss P. Quigley who has been visiting Miss. P. J. Burns has gone to Tracadie; she was accompained by Miss B. Mullins. Mr. T. E. Adams, son of Hon. S. Adams, New York, has gone to Camp Adams, Newcastle, for a few days.

On Friday afternoon Mrs. M. Burns entertained On Friday afternoon Mrs. M. Burns entertained a few friends to five o'clock tea in honor of their guest Miss Tobin; among those present were Mrs. E. Burns, Mrs. J. F. Barry, Mrs. J. White, Mrs. Draper, Miss M. Bishop, Miss G. White.

Mr. and Mrs. Hickson are the guests of Mrs. H. Bishop, Mr. J. J. McGaffigan, St. John. was in town last week. The Misses Leakey, Halifax, are the guests of Mrs. Berry.

Captain Strathfield, Ottawa, is the guest of Mr. T. E. Adams at "The Pines."

MissTobin has returned to her home to St. John's, N. F.

Hon. Senator Burns, Captain Strathfield, T. E. Adams, and Baron von Hugel, have gone on a fishing excursion to the "Papineau" Admiral Hopkins of the "Blake" was at the Keary house on Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. M. Seely are the guests of Mrs. H.

Miss Simonds, St. John, who has been visiting Mrs. (Dr.) Duncan, has returned to her home.
On Monday evening Mrs. H. Bishop entertained a few friends in honour of her guests Mr. and Mrs.

BUCTOUCHE. JULY 31 .- Mrs. A. J. Girvan, of Kingston, is risiting Mrs. J. C. Ross. Mrs. Abbott and Miss Lou, of Kingston, spent

Mrs. Daniel and family, of Moncton, are spending short time at the sea side. Miss Ingles and Miss MacDougal, of Shediac,

are visiting Mrs. W. H. Irving. Mrs. Milner and Master Binney Milner, of Sacklle, are visiting Mrs. B. S. Smith. Mr. and Mrs. J. Irving and Miss Hunt, of East Douglas, Mass., are visiting Mrs. H. Irving. Mr. LeBlanc, and Miss LeBlanc, of Moncton, are

isitirg Mrs. N. Boudreau. Quite a number of our young folks are attending the grand picnic today which is being held at St. Miss Dohertv, of Milltown, is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. A. Irving.
Miss Serena Doherty has returned from a very pleasant visit in Foilv Village, N. S. Mr. A. Staples and bride arrived here on Thurs-

day evening. They were serenaded by the boys on their arrival. Miss Bayley, of Elgin, is visiting Miss Ramsay. Miss Bessie Sutton, of Nelson, is visiting her cousins, the Misses Sutton. Mr. Hackenley, of Richibucto, occupied the puloit of the English church, on Sunday morning Mother Frances died at the convent on Saturday.

### Mr. and Mrs. T. Curren, of Kingston, are visiting ST. MARTINS.

The funeral took place on Monday.

[PROGRESS is for sale at the drug store of R.D. McA. Murray. JULY 31 .- Mrs. J. H. Moran, Montreal, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. H. E. Gillmor.

Mr. W. R. Stockbridge, of Boston, is registered

at the Kennedy House. Mrs. J. H. Frink, of St. John, and her two daughters are visiting Mrs. Masters, of Foster Miss Leonora Bradshaw has returned from Philadelphia, where she recently graduated in a special course of nursing.

Miss Santord, late matron of the Birch street ospital, Philadelphia, is visiting Miss Bradshaw. Mr. J. Macgregor Hastings who has been spending his vacation with his mother, Mrs. Masters, returned to Boston this week.

Miss Maude Ritchie, of St. John, is spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. R. D. Murray.

The Misses Ward. of St. John, have moved to their beautiful summer residence on Ward's Ave. Prot. Robinson and his mother, who has been with us since the closing of the seminary, intend

leaving for Boston is a lew days.

Mr. Charles Smith, of Brooklyn, paid his mother,

Mrs. J. H. Smith, of Park street, a visit a short Rev. C. W. Williams has offered his household effects for sale. He now resides in Denver, Col., where he will shortly be joined by his mother and

# ST. GEORGE.

sister.

Island today.

THELMA.

[PROGRESS is for sale in St. George at the store of Aug 1 .- Miss H. Dewar returned from Ottawa last week.

Miss Thompson, Eastport, is visiting Miss Nellie Johnson. Mrs. James Bogue gave a very enjoyable picnic o a number of friends at Lake Utopia on Thursday, n honor of Mrs. Thomas Bogue and Miss Kilen

Bogue, Boston.
Miss Laura Wetmore, Truro, is visiting relatives Miss Jes ie Logan, Carleton, is spending a short time with her triend Miss Lizzie Milner. Mr. and Mrs. R. Kuox, St. John, were the guests of the Misses Mac Vicar on Monday. Mrs. Ray returned to Milltown, N. B., on Monday naving spent a week with her niece Mrs. Frank

### Miss Mand Sprague, St. John, arrived on Satur-day to visit her friend Miss Edith Baldwin. The temperance societies are picnicking at Indian

WESTFIELD. Aug. 1 .- Miss Jess Lyon and Miss Waters spent Sinday at the capital Miss Sillia Simpson who has been visiting her

friend, Miss Crawford, of Windmill Point, returned to St. John on Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bell, of St. John, spent Sundny at Hotel Watters.

Mrs. Alex. Macaulay spent Wednesday with Mrs. W. W. Allan.
The Misses Ballentine gave a tea party Thursday evening in honor of their guest, Miss Georgie Maxrill, of Welstord.

Miss Cushing is visiting Mrs. F. A. Rankine. Miss Ada Ring who has been visiting her friend Miss Nan McDonald returned home Tuesday.

Miss ratton, of St. John, is visiting her friend, Miss Mand Fairall at the hotel. SNOWDROP.