PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER,..... EDITOR

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPT. 1.

"IT GOES WITHOUT SAYING."

Dr. GEORGE STEWART, the eminent Canadian litterateur, has in the Atlantic Monthly an attack on the phrase "it goes without saying," and the Globe makes a gallant defense of the doctor's bete noir. "Why," asks the editor of the Chronicle, "not say at once, and be done with it, 'it is an evident fact,' 'it is a natural conclusion,' 'nobody disputes it,' 'it is admitted'? But what 'goes' without saying? Can anybody

A person might just as logically ask, "What is an evident fact?" "What is a natural conclusion?" as ask what the doctor does, it being granted what the Globe clearly shows-that "goes" is, in this connection, a forceful word. If any of the phrases instanced by Dr. Stewart are followed by a clause commencing with "that," as they generally are, it is evident that the clause so beginning is the real subject of the sentence, "it" being what is known as an anticipative subject. The meaning of "it" in such sentences is much clearer than in the idiom that the doctor employs in the phrase "Why not say at once, and be done with it---

The Globe, as has been already said makes a telling defence of the phrase to which Dr. STEWART objects, and rejoices that its possession is one of the triumphs of the English language. But after a while such a phrase, however pithy, becomes a weariness to the flesh, and most people get to be quite willing to let it "go without saying."

BARRATRY LEGISLATION.

It is strange, illustrating as it does the mysteries of international action and interaction, that the new barratry law of the United States, which President CLEVE-LAND has just sanctioned, probably had its origin in the wilful destruction of a vessel built in Nova Scotia. That vessel would not have met the fate it did had there not been a mystery connected with it which the United States government spent large sums of money in a vain endeavor to unravel. The immediate cause of the recent barratry legislation was, in all probability, an article concerning the mystery which appeared in the New York Herald last year, and which, although productive of changes in United States marine law, differed greatly from the following correct account.

In the year 1861 Squire Joshua Dewis launched the brig "Amazon," 198 tons, at Spencer's Island. She ran ashore on the Cape Breton shore six years later, and was then bought by North Sydney people, who sold her to Boston parties. The Boston men repaired her extensively, changed her rig and her name, added a hurricane deck, and increased her tonnage to 282 tons. She was then the United States brigantine "Marie Celeste," which, seventeen years ago, was sighted by a Nova Scotia barque about three hundred miles west of Gibraltar, under sail but not steering, and with no sign of life about her deck. The crew of the barque boarded the "Celeste," and found her deserted. On the cabin table lay the log slate, in which the last entry had been made eight days before. A sewing machine was in the cabin, with a woman's thimble on it, and woman's clothes were tound in the rooms. In one of the forecastle berths lay a sailor's knife, pipe and tobacco, whose owner had presumably been called away in the act of filling his pipe. The boxes had been drawn from one of the the rod for sounding the pumps. The fore hatch was off and the boats were gone, but there was no sign whatever of any trouble with the crew. The vessel's papers showed that she had loaded cargo of petroleum in New York, and was bound to Gibraltar for orders. She was taken to the last named place, where she discharged her cargo. What became of the unlucky thirteen who sailed from New York on the "Marie Celeste," God

alone knows. After her mysterious voyage, she was tained was current talk, especially about show them a new road to economy.

captain of a vessel that had passed through | send it for publication. such a weird experience was not a happy lot, and it was no doubt extreme desperation that made the master run the vessel ashore at San Domingo in 1886. He was tried for barratry, but was acquitted because the penalty for his offence in the United States statutes was death-the barratry law never having been changed since

The captain of the "Marie Celeste" had reason to congratulate himself that he had committed a crime whose least punishment was death. But now that his escape has been brought to the notice of the United States government by the press, masters who wilfully destroy their vessels will not in future be so fortunate.

A paragraph sent us last week by our Halifax correspondent gave the current gossip regarding the cause of the sudden death of a tourist clergyman. No name was mentioned and the paragraph was a mere comment. It was sufficient though to bring out the physicians in charge, Dr. Jones and Dr. FARREL, with a complete denial of the rumor. Not content with that they reprinted the paragraph and not only gave it a wider circulation but gave the name of the clergyman as well. This is certainly to be regretted, and beyond the fact that it gave these medical gentlemen considerable free advertising nothing was gained by it. PROGRESS has no wish to do an injustice to anybody and does at all times regret the pubication of any rumor that has no foundation in fact, but cannot consider itself nearly so much at fault as the physicians in this case who permitted such a report to spread and gain credence from the fact that it was not contradicted, until in the natural course of events it found its way into a newspaper.

A paragraph that is being largely published is one which states that "the use of whiskey and bananas together means death." The reason given for this remarkable statement is that a gentleman of Kingston, Jamaica, tried the two delicacies together and died two hours after. This is certainly very conclusive evidence. And yet there is hardly a picnic in New Brunswick where the combination is not tried without resulting mortality.

It is said that every dark cloud has a silver lining, and the war-cloud that is darkening Asia will probably help the United States to get rid of some of its superfluous silver at better market prices than have lately prevailed. American bankers now have a chance to prevent the European money lenders' having a monopoly of the silver trade with the east during the continuation of the war.

Dr. CHRISTIE, who denounced osculation in such strong terms at the medical convention last week, will be delighted at the recent action of the Orange, N. J., board of health in regard to that practice. A circular has been sent out addressed "to all whom it may concern," urging everyone to desist as much as possible from kissing, "as the touching of the lips is likely to convey contagion."

There is joy among the demons below at the deaths of the people who have lately taken their lives with Col. INGERSOLL'S justification of suicide in their pockets. Unless he is utterly dead to remorse, it would seem that if any man on earth is justified in committing suicide, that man is BOB

The thistle by-law in Victoria, B. C. which provides for the forfeiture of five dollars and costs by those who do not cut their thistles, is being rigidly entorced. The boast of the thistles on the coat-of-arms of Scotland, "No one injures me with impunity," is not that of the thistles of Vic-

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

"Illness and What Not to Do," is the title given to this month's instalment of "How to Live Wisely," in the Delineator for October. This is the Autumn Number of that magazine. An article of value to mothers is called Fitting out a Family for Autumn and Winter. Although the October number of the Delineator comes out in August there is a long article on how best to celebrate the festive evening that closes the last day of October.

A Correspondent's Explanation.

HALIFAX. August 30.-Last week's PROGRESS contained a paragraph referring | The fellers' holt is-for it 'pears, to me, that no one to a party of visiting clergymen, one of whom died suddenly, as a result, it was alleged, of "festivities" in which they indulged. No names were mentioned, but the doctors who attended a cas on the night mentioned came out in a letter to the Halifax papers indignantly denying that the clergyman, whose name they gave, had indulged in excess of any kind. PROGRESS correspondent is glad to learn that the doctors are able to speak so positively, and he gives them credit for their promptness and sincerity. Quite possibly ture on the part of that enterprising conwhat they say is true, and their testimony cern and will give people who have been is doubtless worthy of credence. If the in the habit of throwing away faded hats paragraph was incorrect the correspondent | and furs an opportunity of having them regrets he sent it, but the statement it con- made as good as new and at the same time

for many years a regular trader between the Queen hotel. Possibly, even if it had Boston and San Domingo. To be the been true, it would have been better not to

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODA The Bell of Blandford Bay.

(A DECLAMATION.) The only bell of Blandford town, Hangs in the old church high; And every Lord's day forth it sends Its loud voice far and nigh. "Come along, come," "come along, come," Floats down the winding way; No sweeter sound the morning wakes Than the bell of Blandford bay.

When flying winds on wings of might The forest part in twain, And wake the blue waves of the sea, To cry their great refrain; "Come, along come," "come along, come," The swelling wild gales play; As if the dark storm made its home In the beli of Blandford bay.

When storms are past then sweet and low Is its anthem of joy and peace; As it softly calls to the hearts of men, Ot mercies that never cease. "Come along, come," "come, along come," On the Master your burdens lay; Is the far clear cail to a blessed rest, Of the bell of Brandford bay.

Oh, why so sweet is the bell that plays, On golden keys of the air; And calls from hills and vales afar, The people out to prayer. "Proclaim the faith," "proclaim the faith," The world would sweep away; Is the musical note of heavenly love, In the bell of Blandford bay.

A bridal vow was sealed today, The church was gay with flowers; Glad sounds of music filled the air. And blest the happy hours. "Beautiful bride!" "beautiful bride!" Like an echo light and gay, Followed the loved ones as they went, From the bell of Blandford bay.

On days that were dark in Blandford town, I have heard in some silent room, In tears and sobs for a parted soul, De p tolling down the gloom, "Come home!" "come home!" "come home! "come home!"

Of the bell of Blandford bay. There's a hymn my sainted mother sang Over a luliaby bed, Where a babe lay still, and a list'ning soul Was soothed as the darkness sped. "Oh softly sleep " "Oh softly sleep! We leved in our life's young day;

And ever that hymn comes back to me

Was the muffled and solemn monotone.

No mortal can longer stay;

In the bell of Blandford bay. The winds, the waves, the green leaves sing In cheerful songs of praise; And a voice uplifted to summer skies, Has a chorus it loves to raise. "Come along, come!" "come along, come!" Your service of homage pay; Then sweeter than all is the dear old tone Of the bell of Blandford bay.

Them Flowers.

Acacia Hall, August, 1894. CYPRUS GOLDE.

(By James Whitcomb Riley.) Take a feller 'at's sick and laid up on the shelf, All shaky, and ga'nted, and poor—
ses all so knocked out he can't handle himself With a stiff upper-lip any more; Shet him ap all alone in the gloom of a room As dark as the tomb, and as grim, And then take and send him some roses in bloom, And you can have fun out of him! You've ketched him, for now-when his liver wa

And his appetite notched like a sawmockin' you, maybe, for romancin' round With a big posy-bunch in yer paw;
But you ketch him, say, when his health is away,
And he's flat on his back in distress, And then you kin trot out yer little bokay And not be insulted, I guess!

You see it's like this, what his weaknesses is,-Them flowers makes him think of the days Of his innocent youth, and that mother o' his, And the roses that she uste to raise;-Bein' sick and all trimbiy and faint,—

My eyes is—my eyes is—my eyes is—old friend—

Is a-leakin'—I'm blamed ef they ain't!

Some Reflections on Poetry. (SILAS DOBSON loquitur.)

I don' go in fer por'try, ez a giner'l thing, my son, Ner this Lord Byron sort o' truck, thet almos' ev'ry Wot writes at all is givin', us-an' still, all said an'

They's sumetimes 'at I strike a piece-(The "Grasstown Farmer's Friend" Cums reg'lar ev'ry week, you know)-thet sumhow 'pears to send

A shiv'ry kind a' feelin' 'long yer backbone, end to

It's signed "J. Whitcomb Riley," but I like to call Fer it sumhow seems more home-like, an' more

'properit to him,

Though I've not saw the chap yet-ner a tintype o

But a chap wot writes ez he does don' want no fancy Fer it doesn't 'pear to gybe at all 'ith the plain pine-

knot flame Wot lights the road fer this same chap to fortune You see, they's sumthin' bout his stuff thet gits a

chap like me An' hez me wadin' through it, 'most 'fore I know, At I ben readin' a hull lot o' this dad-burn por'try

An' thet's jes' why I like it, fer though I'm ninety F'om the ole home where I waz born, an' where my mother smiled

An' lisped "Good bye" !- yet, sumhow, I'm once ag'in a child A rompin' like I uste to do-an' thet is jes' wharein

Jes' play like, with yer feelin's so, an' take you

An' so I open out the "Friend" each week, an' eagerly run my eve through ev'ry page to see ef I him see Ef ary verses is in ther, signed "J. Whitcomb

A Departure in Dyeing. The advertisement of the American Dye Works in this issue has an unusual interest for many people since it outlines a depar-

HOWELLS' VISIT TO EMERSON. An Interesting Description of an Interview With the Famous Writer.

In the August Harper's William Dean Howells concludes his wholly delightful papers under the title, "My First Visit to New England," and tells of his visit to Hawthorne and Emerson, with the delicate humor and keen-sighted appreciation that make him so inimitable an observer and writer. He was captivated by the dreamy, halfmystical genius and personality of Hawthorne. He was not quite so fortunate in his vis-a-vis with the Sage of Concord, but the meeting was rather the more interesting for the little embarrassment and the shade which accompanied the "sweetness and light" of that interview.

Mr. Howells says: "I think it was Emerson himself who opened his door to me, for I have a vision of the fine old man standing tall on his threshold, with the card in his hand, and looking from it to me with a vague serenity, while I waited a moment on the doorstep below him. He would then have been about sixty, but I remember nothing of age in his aspect, though I have called him an old man. His hair, I am sure, was entirely dark, and his face had a kind of marble youthfulness, chiseled to a delicate intelligence by the highest and noblest thinking that any man has done. There was a strange charm in Emerson's eyes, which I felt then and always, something like that I saw in Lincoln's, but shyer, sweeter and less sad. His smile was the very sweetest I have ever beheld, and the contour of the mask and the line of the profile were in keeping with this incomparable sweetness of the mouth, at once grave and quaint, though quaint is not quite the word for it either. but subtly, not unkindly arch, which again is not the word.

"It was his great fortune to have been mostly misunderstood, and to have reached the dense intelligence of his fellow men after a whole lifetime of perfectly simple and lucid appeal, and his countenance expressed the patience and forbearance of a wise man content to bid his time. It would be hard to persuade people now that Emerson once represented to the popular mind all that was most hopelessly impossible, and that in a certain sort he was a national joke, the type of the incomprehensible, the by-word of the poor paragrapher. He had perhaps disabused the community somewhat by presenting himself here and there as a lecturer, and talking face to face with men in terms which they could not refuse to find as clear as they were wise; he was more and more read, by certain persons, here and there; but we are still so far behind him in the reach of his far-thinking that it need not

fore his death he was the most misunderstood man in America." Emerson asked Howells, who was then a young man of 23, according to his own description "morbidly sensitive and tolerably conscious," if he knew the poems of William Henry Channing. Says Mr. Howells in these reminiscences: "I have known them since, and felt their quality, which I have gladly owned a genuine and original poetry; but I answered then truly that I knew them only from Poe's criticisms; cruel and spiteful things which I should be ashamed of enjoying as I once did.

be matter of wonder that twenty years be-

" 'Whose criticisms?" asked Emerson. " 'Poe's,' I said again.

"'Oh,' he cried out, after a moment, as if he had returned from a far search for my meaning, 'you mean the jingleman!'

"I do not know why this should have put me to such confusion, but if I had wrtten the criticisms myself I do not think I could have been more abashed. Perhaps I felt an edge of reproof, of admonition, in a characterization of Poe which the world will hardly agree with; though I do not agree with the world about him, myself, in its admiration. At any rate, it made an end of me for the time, and I remained as if already absent, while Emerson questioned me as to what I had written in the Atlantic Monthly. He had evidently read none of my contributions, for he looked at them, in the bound volume of the magazine which he got down, with the effect of being wholly strange to them, and then gravely affixed my initials to each. He followed me to the door, still speaking of poetry, and as he took a kindly enough leave of me, he said one might very well give a pleasant hour to it now and then."

The Pin Story Improved.

A prominent banker in Sydney was holding forth on his early life. "How did I get my first start in life?" he exclaimed. "Why one day I picked up a pin-" "Oh! that game's played out," was the

"I picked up a pin," the banker continued, "a diamond pin, which I pawned for £50, and after giving 10 'bob' to charity, to change my luck, I began my career as a money-lender with the other £49 10s. Today, after thirty years' hard labor, I am a millionaire, and to celebrate the event have just given 10s. more for charity."

They Won't Have to Sign.

The bank of Montreal has decided that it will got be necessary for the Mayor and the Common clerk to sign all the coupons attached to the new issue of bonds. The bonds of course will be signed but the coupons will be in fact similes and these the bank has decided are equally good since they are authorized, and the same to all intents and purposes. No doubt this was good news to the Mayor and to the Common Clerk. These gentlemen are not indolent but they did not wish the task of signing their names so many thousand times. They think they can be better employed even in the interests of the city and the citizens think so too.

"Progress" is on sale in Boston at th King's Chapel news stand, corner of Schoo and Tremont streets. Decorating a Dog With "The Garter."

A very good story is just now being told about a prominent society belle. As the young lady was taking her usual promenade in the park, from some aggravating cause she lost an article which is an important part of the feminine apparel. It happened that a bright young officer came along and picked it up. He examined the narrow strip of blue silk, admired the artistic workmanship, and with characteristic honesty hurried after the charming creature. who was swaying along the path 100 yards in front of him. Handing out the article with a bow of consummate grace he said, "Pardon me, but I believe this property is yours." She thanked him with a cordiality which made him almost stutter, and, turning to her chaperon, remarked, with apparently unconscious naivete: "Sweetheart is such a careless fellow. Come here, you rascal." Then as her spaniel responded to her call she fastened the dainty creation around his neck and, bowing sweetly to the officer, passed on with the wandering animal scampering in front of her. It is scarcely necessary to add that when Sweetheart returned to the hotel he was not sporting a blue silk collar with gold clasps on it.

One Way of Sending a Cheque. A lady collector for a well-known philanthropic institution called upon a gentleman in Moxley and solicited a subscription. The gentleman did not arrive at an immediate decision, but promised to communicate with the lady, who was a near neighbor of his own. The next morning the lady, upon going into her garden, was most agreeably surprised to find a cheque for £20, made out to herself, and bearing the signature of her neighbor, lying upon one of her flower beds. Needless to say, that was the most costly blossom she picked that day. The sequel, is however, the strangest part of the story. It seems that the gentleman drew out the check immediately his neighbor had left him, and placed it on his desk for a time. Afterwards, however, relenting, he cast the draft, as he supposed, into the fire, but the current of ascending air must have carried it up the chimney, where a favoring breeze caught it and dropt it metaphorically at the feet of the payee. Needless to add, the cheque was duly honored by the gentleman, whose generous impulse had so mysteriously triumphed over his parsimony.

The Man in Whose Arms Nelson Died. A correspondent writes: "In Wouldham Churchyard lie the remains of one of England's naval heroes, Walter Burke. He was a resident of Wouldham, and at the old house in which he lived (at present a small shop) are to be seen two cannonballs, I should think 56-pounders, one each side of the front-door, partly buried. These balls, no doubt came from the Victory. I could not gather any intelligence of any descendant of the above-named; perhaps that would account for the neglected state of the tomb of the once-famed purser of the Victory. I made out the words on the tomb to run thus: "In memory of Walter Burke, died 13th September, 1815, aged 70. He was purser of His Majesty's ship Victory in the glorious battle of Trafalgar, and in his arms the immortal Nelson died.' It would be a credit to our country to put the tomb of one of England's heroes in

They Were in the Way.

Such a serio-comic sight was a little maid of about three years at Manhattan Beach the other day! The poor baby, who was near-sighted and wore spectacles, wanted to paddle in the water and spoil her russet shoes. Her nurse had been forbidden to take them off, so baby set up a howl, and finally sobbed out: 'Take 'em off, Mary.' I thought she meant the shoes; but she went on: 'Take off my spettettles so I can

The Mother of a Poet.

William Cullen Bryant's mother, it is said, kept a diary for fitty-three years without missing a day. This is the entry for November 3, 1794: "Storming, wind N. E : churned : seven in the evening, son born.' This led the Boston Transcript to believe that Mr. Bryant did not inherit his poetical predilection from his mother.

They had been engaged to be married fifteen years, and still he had not mustered up courage enough to ask her to name "the happy day." One evening he called in a peculiar frame of mind and asked her to sing something tender and touching, something that would move him. She sat down at the piano and sang, "Darling, I am Growing Old."

Imperial Shades Are meeting with success even greater than was achieved by Menzie, Turner & Co., the

manufacturers, Toronto, who up to within the past few days have been taxed to their utmost to keep up with the demands made on them through their travelers on the road, and the letter and telegraph repeats from customers, for where once the "Imperial Shades' are used they are always used, and the good housewife is overjoyed in having at last, got hold of a shade that will not attract the dust, and thus she being saved somewhat of labor, very naturally and very properly tells her "sisters, cousins and her aunts" not only what a nice shade the "Imperial" is, bu that it's saved her that "worrit in the in the dustin' o't." It is just this talking and just this house to house comparison that has stamped the "Imperial" as the peerover all others, and readily distinguished from the shade of commerce, which at best is simply got up to sell; how much more pleasant for the merchant or his salesman to sell the "Imperial" shadings, they are so good, so soft and pliable and from the smooth, even surface it would appear that their last conquest in the control of the machine on which these fabrics are made, but further establishes M. T. and Co., as the veritable leaders in the production of superior goods at popular prices. Their color book, with its pretty and artistic designs, is now ready. They report a growing foreign trade, which in addition to their trade from Atlantic to Pacific, their capacity is quite equal to, it being greater than that of all the other manufacturers combined. Their advertisement appears in machine on which these fabrics are made, bined. Their advertisement appears in this issue.

DALHOUSIE.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Dalhousie by H. A.

Aug. 29 .- Fearing that our little town would fade altogether from the memory of PROGRESS readers, I thought I would remind you of its existence by

sending a list of recent events. Since the departure of H. M. S. Blake, picnics have been the order of the day.

The annual picnic organized by Rev. Peter McIntyre, formerly of Dalbousie, now of North Carolina; which took place at Fleurant's Point was very much enjoyed, by the many participants. A very enjoyable picnic was held at Musquash.

P. Q., given by the guests of Murphy's Hotel on the day previous. The annual S. S. picnics of the R. C. and English churches were held on Inch Arran grounds. A very pleasant time was spent by all, the children

especially enjoying the many good things spread on

the grass for supper. Mr. Matthew Stewart paid his Dalhousie friends a visit on Saturday last.

Miss Emma Harquail, who has been sojourning at Bic paid a flying visit to Quebec and St. Anne before returning home.

Miss Emma Smith of Quebec, who has been visit-ing in Newcastle, is now in town, the guest of Miss

Mrs. G. A. Beathners, who has spent some time here will return to Quebec shortly; she is delighted with her visit.

Rev. F. J. Crumley, Hon. C. H. Labillois, Miss Crumley, Mrs. J. Duncan, Mr. F. E. Delaney, and Mr. Tapp, of the steamer Admiral, took in the Campbellton bazaar.

Mr. and Mrs. Cursall have returned to Montreal,

after spending a few pleasant weeks at Murphy's I am pleased to see that Dr. Disbrow has quite recovered from his severe illness, and is once more able to attend his patients. I extend my heartiest congratulations to Mr. E. Montgomery, on the announcement of his engagement to one of St. John's young ladies. Will he

please explain why he could not appreciate the fair ones of his native village?

Mr. DeForest, of St. John, Mr. Benson, London, Ont., and Mr. Murphy spent a few days on the Cascapedia, and returned Thursday after a very successful fishing excursion. Mr. Wales, the popular agent representing Messrs. G. B. Barker and Sons, spent Sunday in

The annual session of court was of very short duration this year. A part of a day only being consnmed in settling the cases which were few and unimportant. His Honor Judge Tuck left for home this morning.
Miss Mowat, of Campbellton. and Miss Estey, o

St. John, paid Dalhousie a short visit during Rev. F. J. Crumley left on Monday, for Chathan. where he will remain until Saturday.

Mr. E. L. Watts, of the I. C. R., returned on Sunday morning, from St. John, where he has been spending his vacation. The tourists are preparing to depart, the steamer Admiral will not bring many more travellers to our town, and Dalhousie will soon have settled into its

naturally dormant condition. MILLTOWN, N. B.

Aug. 29 .- Mrs. Charlie Murchie and children, of New York, are the guests of Mr. James Murchie. Mr. Chas. Murchie is spending this week in Ed-

Miss May Barry has returned from a pleasant visit of ten weeks with friends in Memoninee, Mich. Miss Mary McFarlane and Miss Agnes Tyrell is visiting Bangor this week.

Mr. and Mrs. P. McFadden, of St. John, are the guests of Mrs. P. McKenzie.

Mr. Chas. Vose has returned to Portland after a week's visit at his old home.

Miss Wessel and Miss Jenuie Wessel, of New ork, who have been visiting Dr. and Mrs. W. H. McLaughlin, are spending a week in St. John.

Mr. Frank Fryer, of Boston, spent a few day, here, last week, with Mr. and Mrs. John Kerr

Miss Bella McGarragle has returned from a elightful visit, with friends in St. George. Mrs. Anna Hayden has returned to Baltimore,

after a few weeks' visit with her parents.

Dr. W. H. Laughlin spent a few days in St. John this week.

Miss Mame Vose has gone to Portland, on a visit with friends.

Miss Minnie McGoldrick is at home again after a

pleasant visit in St. John.
The Misses Maxwell of Moore's Mil's are spending a few days with Miss Mame McKenzie.

Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. Woodman, and Miss Lizzie Woodman, of Jewet City, Conn., spent a few days in town last week the guests of Miss Alice and Mr. George Todd.

Mr. H. Segar, of Westerly, R. I., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. D. K. Harmon.

CHICK.

SUSSEX.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Sussex by G. D. Martin, R. D. Boal and S. H. White & Co.] Mrs. Aitken, of Boston, Mass., is visiting her sister Mrs. T. E. Arnold, in this town,
Miss Perkins, or Coburgh street, St. John, is sojourning at Mrs. Frank G Landsdown's in this vill-

Miss Easterbrooks, of St John, North end, spent Sunday with Mrs. C. Davis, Church ave.

Miss Watson, of St. John, is visiting friends in Sus ex. Miss Georgie Gorham, of Wallace Mass., accom-

panied by her friend Mrs. Gowling, is home spending a few weeks with her mother. Church ave. Miss Morrison, of Boston, is visiting her aunt Mrs. Atherton, in this town. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur McArthur of Boston, Mass., spent a few days here with friends, returning to Boston on Tuesday. Mr. McArthur was formerly a Sussex boy, and Sussex people are always pleased to welcome old friends' return. Miss Alice White has returned from a visit to her

sister, Mrs. Spooner, at Hampton. Mrs. John Richmond hrs been passing some time Miss Fleming, of Newcastle, is the guest of Mrs. J. T. Trites.

Miss Iva Roach, of St. John, is visiting her parents here.
Mr. Leon Keith, of St. John, is the guest of Dr.

RICHIBUCTO. PROGRESS is for sale in Richibucto by Theodor Gra

Aug. 29 .- Rev. Mr. Hackenly, who has been ab sent in Nova Scotia for the past week returned home vesterday. Mr. Geo. Flanagan of Boston, is visiting friends

Rev. Mr. Parker of Kouchibouguac, preached in Chalmers church on Sunday evening. Mr. John Phinney, now of Winnipeg, was in tawn

Mr. W. D. Carter, Indian Commission, drove north on Monday to see the natives. The death of Mrs. Saunders, widow of the late Mr. Stephen Saunders took pleae last Friday at the residence of her son-in-law Conductor Thomas Murray. A large number attended the funeral on Sun-

Messrs R. P. Dorothy, D. D. S., of Monctor, and

Mr. Frank Allen has returned from Bathurst.
Miss Maggie Irwin has gone to Moncton on a visit.
Miss Annie and Irene Black left on Monday for Sackville where they go to take a course in music

ELGIN.

Aug. 29 .- The many triends of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Marr read, with deep regret, the announcement of the death of Mrs. King on Aug. 12th. Mrs. King left Elgin to spend a few days with her sister, Mrs. Marr of Moncton, and about fifteen minutes after her arrival at her sister's residence, she fell down stairs, and was fatally injured. The entire community extend their sympathy to her granddaughter Miss Chubb, and to Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Marr and family, on their sad bereavement.

Hon. H. R. Emmerson and Mrs. Emmerson, guest of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Coleman, Maple Grove Farm, left last week.
Mr. and Mrs. Banks are the guests of Mr. and
Mrs. Wm. McKenzie.

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