

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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SAWDUST AND FISH.

A good old conservative gentleman, when called upon to speak at an Amherst banquet given in honor of Sir CHARLES TUPPER, brought forth tumultuous applause by the following brief speech: "I don't know much about politics, but I think this here natural policy is a great thing for the country."

That the great N. P., and other policies that the present government has adopted, have been, to a large extent, beneficial to Canada seems to be the opinion of the majority of Canadians. There is one policy of the government, however, that no naturalist could possibly consider a "natural policy."

The course referred to is that of the government's continuing to keep upon the statute book the unreasonable and oppressive law which is calculated to prevent the deposition of sawdust in streams.

The present government of Canada is not one that frames or keeps in force laws unless it believes that there are good reasons for their existence. The reason that the government thinks it has for opposing mill-owners by this law, is that the fisheries of Canada, which are certainly more important than the Canadian saw-mill industry, should be protected.

That sawdust hurts fish is believed by many. There are some Canadian mill-owners who, although they chafe under the sawdust statute, regard it as a necessary evil. There are several grit papers in Canada who support the government in its sawdust legislation. In fact, the sawdust fallacy is as hard to kill as the notion that eels are evolved from horse-hairs.

It is true that many of our streams which once teemed with fish are now almost deserted by them, but it has not been clearly demonstrated that sawdust was the cause of the change. There is one river in Cumberland County, Nova Scotia, which was depopulated because of a mill-dam, which prevented the fish from reaching their spawning grounds, but when an efficient fish way was placed in the dam the fish returned and are now as numerous as ever, notwithstanding the fact that the sawdust was not excluded.

There are many other rivers in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick where sawdust is deposited, and which are still alive with fish in the spawning season. In River Hebert, Cumberland Co., smelts and gasperaux have never been more plentiful than they were this season, notwithstanding the fact that four Gating mills have been sawing on the banks of the river all the spring, and have been depositing all their sawdust in the stream.

Official figures have shown that although there has not been a striking regard for the sawdust law by mill-owners on the St. John river, the quantity of shad taken in the St. John river and harbor has increased tenfold during the last fourteen years.

Taking another view of the question, there is very little lumber milling done in the island of Cape Breton, but there, notwithstanding this fact and that of the stocking of the river with fry from the government hatcheries, the annual catch of salmon and other fish has fallen off to a very appreciable extent.

In the United States, there are many rivers which have no sawmills on them, and which have no factories near them which produce poisonous dyes or drugs, and yet these rivers, once swarming with fish, are depopulated. On these rivers there are, however, dams, which are used as feeders for canals. These dams are not provided with that excellent Canadian invention, the late Mr. W. H. ROGERS' fishway—which has been as much abused in Canada as its inventor, who is said to have lost his position as fisheries inspector for Nova Scotia on account of his views on the sawdust question. The nearer these dams are to the mouth of the river, the more deadly they are to all fish-life. They do not, however, cause the fish to leave the river for some other stream, as no self-respecting river fish would do such an unnatural thing—one so contrary to all traditions of their species. The fish come up to the first dam

they meet, and deposit their ova below it where no spawning beds exist. The consequence is that the ova are not likely to hatch. Thus the annual supply is not equal to the demand, and the parent fish, in a few years, are caught by men or eaten by bigger fish.

The idea that sawdust has anything to do with the depopulation of these United States rivers is easily shown to be ridiculous, as sawdust can prove an alibi. That Canadian sawdust is equally innocent is harder to prove, partly for this reason (and the good people who never go fishing on Sunday will pardon the seeming profanity): it is in dam bad company.

It is surely time for the unnatural policy of the government in keeping the sawdust law on the statute books to be changed, for while it is possible that putting sawdust in the streams may in some cases obstruct navigation, it is thoroughly sure that it does not injure the fish, or keep them from their spawning grounds.

A GREATER THAN EDISON.

"That two hours' sleep is enough for any rational and healthy human being" is, according to the June MUNSKEY's, what Mr. EDISON thinks. The Wizard of Menlo Park says that "the practice of sleeping eight or nine hours is a relic of barbarism, which became part of our nature when there was no artificial light, and when there was nothing else to do, during the hours of darkness, but to sleep."

Mr. EDISON has often intimated to reporters that he takes very small doses of that unpatented medicine, "Nature's Sweet Restorer." But the inconsistency of some great men who have tried to give the reading public the idea that they were not at all lazy causes an honest doubt to enter many sleepy heads whenever great men are heard on the unpopular side of the sleep question.

THOMSON, who wrote about the Seasons, said it was a glorious time to rise in season; But then he wrote it—lyric—in his bed At ten o'clock a. m.—the very reason He wrote so charmingly. The simple fact is His preaching wasn't sanctioned by his practice.

And may not the great inventor who came so near being a Canadian take many a doze when the rest of the world is too sleepy to watch and see if he is consistent? There is another thing to be taken into consideration when reading THOMAS ALVA'S strictures on industry. Mr. EDISON is interested in the industry of making the artificial light to which he alludes.

That the invention of the electric light has been a public benefaction no one denies. But Mr. EDISON will never be honored with that fervent favor which is induced whenever SANCIO PANZA'S prayer for another inventor is read or heard: "God bless the man who first invented Sleep."

MODESTY OF GREAT LEADERS.

The graceful modesty of Lord ROSEBURY, as displayed at Manchester two weeks ago, is exceedingly becoming to a great man. While thanking a Manchester orator who quoted GLADSTONE'S reference to the new premier "as the man of the future," the noble lord said: "I am beginning to think that it is a great deal easier to be the man of the future than to be the man of the present."

But now that Ladas has won the race, his happy owner can look upon the dangers threatening his government with greater equanimity, and can reserve his modesty—that is unless the non-conformists non-conform. And in this connection it may be remarked that it is a great pity that GROVER CLEVELAND is too stout a man to stand long in the ring before JAMES J. CORBETT.

The president of the Disunited States, according to his intimate friend the Washington News, has also given an exhibition of the modesty imposed by "storm and stress." The News assures its readers that in a recent conversation with Representative OAKES, the president, bringing his fist down upon the table, made this remark about the silver crisis: "Well, I'll be d—d if I know what to do about it!" The monetary complications into which a fluctuating metal has placed a country and its rulers might well cause a much worse president than GROVER CLEVELAND has proved himself to be, to acquire that modesty which is the criterion of all true greatness.

H. W. LONGFELLOW and JOSEPH P. EDWARDS have done a great deal of advertising for the land of EVANGELINE. The present managers of the Windsor and Annapolis saw the good that HENRY WADSWORTH and JOE did for the valley and the railway, and decided to take the pointers of these two worthies, add some obtained from other people, and fill the Eastern and New England States with dainty guide-books. And in consequence thereof, a greater number than usual of the people of those and other states will come to the Annapolis Valley this summer. And if they come one summer, they will come again. Oh, if the people of St. John had a W. & A. railway, as well as a W. & A. railway office! Then the people of the United States might learn that there is a city called St. John, the coolest on the continent. And it is not too cool, either; the clerk of the weather did a great deal of ciphering in order to get a perfect summer temperature for St. John. The inhabitants of the heated cities of the south of us might also learn of a river

called St. John, that New Yorkers have been heard to confess beats the Hudson for exquisite scenery, and, like the land where GABRIEL wooed, is hallowed by history and legend. But how are the people of the States that haven't been here to know all this? We have no HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, no JOE EDWARDS, and no Windsor and Annapolis railway.

Now that the word "Primrose" is so prominent in connection with English politics, our boiler-plate contemporaries, of which the leading feature is their timeliness, seem to think, with remarkable unanimity, that it is an opportune time to mention that Lord BEACONSFIELD'S favorite flower was the primrose. Will this delusion never die? On every anniversary of DISRELL'S death his statue in Parliament square is decorated with primroses. At his funeral the wreath sent by the Queen of England was one of primroses, with the motto, "His favorite flowers." Now the primrose was the flower most loved by the late Prince Consort; and whether VICTORIA confused BEACONSFIELD'S plant love with that of her husband, or considered that as her husband was extremely fond of the modest flower, other great men would or should be, is not generally known; but it is certain that the great conservative leader's fancy for primroses was not greater than that of WORDSWORTH'S PETER BELL. His family have several times remarked upon the delusion which the Queen did so much to aid. There are only two passages in BEACONSFIELD'S published works in which the name of the primrose occurs. In one of these he says that the plant makes a good salad, and in the other he affirms that the peacock's tail is of a brighter yellow than the primrose.

The Boston Herald, speaking of the utilization of a Yankee notion by Canadians, says: "The Canadians know a good thing when the Yankees have pointed it out to them." The people of the United States knew a good thing when they adopted the Canadian system of voting, but their jealousy of Canada led them to name it "the Australian ballot system." Canada does not begrudge them the idea, however, and, as a friendly neighbor, will be delighted when they adopt the Canadian banking system, and so relieve themselves from some of their present financial embarrassment, but she would like them to have courtesy enough not to name it after some country in the region of the antipodes.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY undoubtedly got well paid for his poem, "Up and Down Old Brandywine," which appeared in the Cosmopolitan, and as JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY wrote it, the piece is being largely copied. Unless the gifted Hoosier poet was the author thereof, we should have no hesitation in saying that it is strained, and dreary, and unnatural. Did Mr. RILEY, in his happy boyhood days, ever have a stone bruise? If he never did, the genuineness of his desire to have it back again must be considered doubtful; and if he ever had that bane of boyhood, his wish to have it once more must be regarded as still more doubtful.

Everybody knows that the country editor spends his life in the service of his country, but we rarely hear of his spending his money in that direction. There is a reason for this—editors are more apt to publish the "princely" donations of a man who gives a thousand or so out of his millions than to mention their own good deeds. There is another reason, which is that the country editor generally has no money to spend. It is, therefore, with fraternal pleasure that PROGRESS hears that the editors of the Pictou Advocate, Enterprise and Evening Chronicle have given seventy-five dollars towards subsidizing the East River boat.

There is nothing like simplicity in a system of registering voters. The promoters of the MOWAT system claim that it is imbued with the concentrated essence of simplicity—and they are undoubtedly right. As illustrated at Toronto last week, under this system a man presents himself to the registrar, gives his name and address, says he has not registered before—and he can vote, and is happy. Could anything be more simple, and more calculated to encourage what the system's advocates claim it will prevent—impersonation, fraud, and the voting of dead men's ballots by able-bodied corpses?

The indisputable fact that PROGRESS is a good advertising medium is clearly shown by the statement of a St. John clothier who put a modest announcement in this paper. The ad. has brought orders from Newfoundland, British Columbia, California and Florida. "If you put it in PROGRESS, it pays" is more alliterative than Comfort's comforting catch-phrase, but it seems to be none the less true.

"The Heavenly Twins" and other new arrivals have put so many of our old friends' noses out of joint that we lose account of those old friends. PROGRESS thanks its Moncton correspondent for informing its readers as to the present whereabouts of Mr. BARNES of New York.

Six months' paper has been discounted at one per cent. in London this week. The present rates of interest in England

must be to some a veritable mont de pieté—but trade in England must surely languish.

Two weeks ago gardeners in the "rhubarbs" of Cincinnati formed a trust and doubled the price of their products. On the last three days of last week Cincinnati saw more shipments of fine fresh vegetables by steamboat and rail then ever before. Hotels, restaurants and other heavy buyers forsook their old gardeners. Sic semper tyrannus; the trust has bust.

That England is collecting her foreign dues in gold rather than in general merchandise, is clearly shown by the fact that the bank of England's gold holdings now amount to £37,000,000, nearly £10,000,000 more than was held a year ago, while the value of merchandise imported into Great Britain is 7 per cent. less than it was a year since.

A reviewer gives the following synopsis of "Ships that Pass in the Night."

They were married in Washington, D. C., And each soon considered the other N. G., Whereat she fled to Sioux Falls, S. D., While he took his flight out to Guthrie, O. T., And now they are once again happy and free.

The Reverend GEORGE CRABBE was a bard who believed in giving credit where credit was due, judging from the following couplet:

Solon the wise with PROGRESS never ceased, But still his learning with his days increased.

The latest advices seem to indicate that the leading denomination in St. John is the presbyterians.

There is much cry over a little wool.

A pitch in time saves the nine.

WIMAN IS DUN JOR.

Another Law Court Complaint.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS:—In the town of St. Stephen we have a police court and a parish court, the office of police magistrate and parish court commissioner being held by one and the same individual in so far and to the same effect as two offices can be centered in the same human being. Having often heard that our worthy magistrate was better fitted for trying a case in eternity than in time, the writer of this article concluded to visit the court and see for himself what amused so many, and provoked so much adverse criticism. It was his first appearance in this important court room, and to say that he was amused, or disgusted, would scarcely express what he would say, so often did scenes occur that provoked the first or excited the latter feeling. In justice, however, to the court he must say that the spectators in general exhibited every sign of amusement and appeared to enjoy themselves immensely.

A civil case was being tried, that from the most respectable standing of both parties excited a great deal of interest. The amount at stake was small. There was a jury of three of our best business men. There were only three witnesses, and yet, incredible as it may appear, it took nearly four days to bring the case to a certain point, when the principals, believing that their lives were too short to have their case determined before our police magistrate, agreed to a compromise. There was nothing in this case to prevent its being tried in, at most, a half a day in an ordinary justice of the peace, and yet by people are doomed to listen to the vagaries of a poor old man who has outlived his usefulness, and who has not the sense to see that he is wholly incapable of performing the duties of his office. In fact his court has become the terror of principals, the school of lawyers, and a place of amusement for spectators.

In the name of common sense, why cannot our police magistrate be superannuated? He is a good citizen and is in independent circumstances. If he must hold the office, why not stand the court, or country, or the legal gentlemen who are compelled to undergo the torture of trying a case in his court have the privilege of calling in a person who can write to take the evidence? His honor might preside with all the dignity of which he is capable, and there would be some prospect of a release in time from the punishment of apprehension. There should be some way out of the difficulty, and to mistake the temper of the people very much if the end is not in view. There is a lack of capacity, and to fill the situation, it would be a great kindness (in the name of the appointment at their disposal) to our police magistrate, and a simple act of justice to the public to fill the office with a person who can perform its duties in a capable manner. To know that in these enlightened times, with the improvement of our mode of life, and our laws are deemed, by the misapplication of the laws of selection, to be the victims of hoary idiosyncrasies, and to see that the laws, which are made one sixth for the times when politics were not governed by supply and demand, and merit could justly claim its reward. FOX FORT.

The Board of Health Criticized.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS:—Being fully aware that your valuable paper is fast becoming a terror to wrong doers, I take the liberty of asking you to use some of the influence that you possess in trying to bring our board of health to a proper sense of their duty. Not long since a friend of mine had a case of scarlet fever in his family, and the board of health were not long in placarding the premises with their very attractive cards, and furnishing the family with instructions and instructions enough to stop an epidemic, if it were raging. All this is quite right and just, but why make a family with a contagious disease take so many precautions; sun so many pounds of sulphur to the square foot, etc., etc., and at the same time, not one hundred yards from the premises permit to exist such a nuisance and pest as the dump at the end of Crown st. where it crosses the east end of Princess and Orange st. At this spot, that might, with a little care, be made one of the most pleasant in the city, they place two old men, worn out in the city service, and now in their dotage, in charge of this important dump, and they, regardless of the health of the community, allow anything that is brought there to be dumped. The other day when passing I saw large quantities of clams, oysters, lobsters, onions, oranges, lemons, and fish of all kinds. Wednesday evening after that heavy rain shower the people in that vicinity had to close all doors and windows to keep out the stench that arose from that spot. Only a day or two ago I saw the team and the men who are employed by the board of health to remove filth beyond the city limits, drive down in the middle of the day and dump right under the nose of the men in charge of the dump, filth that believe some householders has been forced by the board of health to remove from their premises to a place of safety, and these men, instead of taking care of the filth, brought it there, dumped it, and because they knew they could do so with impunity. Can nothing be done to stop this state of affairs? I have spoken to many of our civic officials and also to the board of health, but but poor success. Will you not try what you can do, and confer an everlasting benefit upon the city at large and greatly oblige A SUFFERER.

Fire Proof Building Material.

In an interview with Mr. G. P. Breckon, representing the Metallic Roofing Co., manufacturers of sheet metal for building purposes, who is on his way home from Newfoundland, he reports business as flourishing on the Island Colony, notwithstanding the troubled political times there. His company are pushing export trade,

and it is pleasing to note that this new and rapidly increasing business not only extends all over Canada, but is stretching out into foreign lands as well. Owing to the recent reduction in the duty on sheet metal, the Company report that they are now enabled to sell their metallic sheets at about the same price as wooden ones, while their goods are fire proof and will last very much longer than wood. The company, are also sole manufacturers in Canada of the Hayes fire proof clothing, and of pressed corrugated iron.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Flower. (Dedicated to the memory of little Dagmar, by her affectionate uncle, C. H. Day.)

In an earthly garden planted Planted with angelic care, Grew a tender flower of beauty Unfolding lush its petals rare.

And the sunshine fell upon it And the wind blew softly there, And the dew of heaven kissed it Till its fragrance filled the air.

All the other flowers loved it, And they whispered tenderly, Of this flower's wondrous sweetness In this garden by the sea.

And the gardener, as he watched it, As he kept it day by day, Loved and cherished that sweet flower, Hoped 'twould never fade away.

Thus the flower grew and flourished; Bloomed in beauty, rich and free, Shedding love and joy around it In this garden by the sea.

But a storm rose on the ocean; Angry waves beat on the shore, Fierce chill winds in blasts of fury, Mingling with the ocean's roar.

Fell upon the gardener's flowers, With their blighting, freezing breath, And the brightness and the sunshine Fled before the fear of death.

When at last the morning opened Through the fog and clinging dew, Gazed the gardener, dazed with sorrow, Where the gardener's glory grew.

For alas! that beautiful flower Loved and tendered with such care, Had been taken from the garden Leaving all so sad and bare.

And the flowers sighed together As they bowed beneath the breeze, And low murmured brokenly, At high heaven's hard decrees.

But the gardener cried in anguish, For his heart was sore and lone, And he missed the light and fragrance Of the flower he called his own.

Then a vision had the gardener, For he seemed to be in heaven, So entrancing was the sight.

A bright angel came and led him To a place beside his throne, And there, nestling in its beauty, Was the flower he called his own.

But its glory was far greater, And its beauty new and rare, And it wore a crown of radiance As the gardener watched it there.

Then the master of all gardens Seeing these himself drew near, And he seemed so kind and tender That the gardener lost all fear.

Then he spoke, "Twas I, my brother, That removed your flower so rare, For I saw it needed tending By Divine and stronger care."

Now no more the storm shall toss it Nor the cold winds blight it sore, But in everlasting glory It shall bloom for evermore."

Then the gardener's vision vanished, But his heart was light and free, And no longer was there anguish In this garden by the sea.

The "Progress" Picnic.

[Ain't—Yer kin sing the first three lines ter any tune yer continental please, s'long ez yer sing ter last line ter 'I've Fifteen Dollars in My Inside Pocket!']

O Billy, hev yer heard ther news ther's been er-goin' round?

We're goin' ter spend Derminion Day upon er picnic ground, Fer PROGRESS 'n' the Record fer ter use as white 't' bound, 'N' PROGRESS is er-goin' ter hev a picnic!

It ain't no Sunday-school affair, 'th' askin' if yer good, 'N' seven kinds er pizen cake, 'n' other pizen food, 'N' er mug er milk-'a'-water, 'n' a leashure by er dude;

There's none er ter when PROGRESS hev er picnic! It's er picnic sellin' PROGRESS, 'n' sellin' Records too; Fer they go like merry Helerfax, 'n' half ther dosh fer yer!

But PROGRESS don't do things by halves, so glory halloo! PROGRESS is er-goin' to hev er picnic! 'Ilaw! St. John.

Follow Me 'Ome. There was no one like 'im, 'Ome er foot 'N' 'An' because it was so, why, 'o' course 'e went 'n' died, Which is just what the best men do.

So it's knock out your pipes an' follow me! An' it's finish up your swipes and follow me! Oh! 'ark to the big drum callin'— Follow me—follow me 'ome!

'Is mare she neighs the 'ole day long, She paws the 'ole night through, An' she won't take 'er feed 'cau e' waitin' fer 'is step, Which is just what a best would do.

'Is girl she goes with a bombardier, Before 'er mouth is through; 'An' the banners are up in church, for she's got the beggar hooked. Which is just what a girl would do.

We fought 'bout a dog—last week it were— No more than a round er two; But I strook 'im cruel 'ard 'n' I wish I 'adn't now, Which is just what a man can't do.

'E was all I 'ad in the way of a friend, An' I've had to find one new; But I'd give my pay an' stripe fer to get the beggar back, Which is just too late to do.

So it's knock out your pipes an' follow me! An' it's finish up your swipes an' follow me, Oh, 'ark to the life a-crawlin'! Follow me—follow me 'ome.

Take 'im away! 'E's gone where the best men go, Take 'im away! An' the gun wheels turnin' slow, Take 'im away! There's more from the place 'e come.

Take 'im away with the limber an' the drum, For it's "Three rounds blank" an' follow me, An' it's "Thirteen rank" an' follow me; Oh, passin' the love o' woman, Follow me—follow me 'ome.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

SUMMERSIDE, P. E. I.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Summerside by Messrs T. J. & M. L. Walsh.]

JUNE 12.—Last Monday evening Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Holland gave a very pleasant dance at their residence in St. Elizabeth's in honor of their sons, Messrs. Ernest and Cecil, who are enjoying a few weeks vacation at their home. There was a number present from Summerside, a of whom had a most delightful evening.

Mr. W. R. Racey, Inspector of the Merchants Bank of Halifax, spent part of last week here. Thursday afternoon a picnic was gotten up in his honor. The party drove to Dunk River, where a very pleasant afternoon's fishing was spent. Among those present were Mr. W. E. Dible, Mr. W. E. Dible, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Locke, Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Morrison and others.

Miss Daisy Morrison, of Charlottetown, is visiting Miss Mary Wright.

Mrs. D. G. McKay and Mrs. Stewart arrived here by the Miramichi last Tuesday and are staying at the Manse.

Mr. Horace Beer, of Montague, is visiting friends in town.

Dr. T. D. Mackay, of Clifton, was in town the first of the week.

Mr. Neil Mackelvie went to Nova Scotia on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Baker have moved into their new little cottage on Winter street.

Summerside is glad to welcome Mrs. John Dickenson and Miss Janet Schurman home from Carthage, Mo.

Mr. George Macleod, Mr. J. J. Davies and Mr. John I. Thomson, passed through here on Monday on their way west for a week's fishing. CRIMSON AND BLUE.

DORCHESTER.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Dorchester by G. M. Fairweather.]

JUNE 9.—Mr. Fawcett, of Sackville, spent Tuesday in town.

Mr. Turner, of Boston, is visiting Mr. G. W. Chandler, "Maplehurst."

Judge Wells is in town.

Mr. W. Campbell spent a few days in Halifax last week with friends there.

Mr. A. Chapman spent a few days in Moncton. Mr. and Mrs. Allison and Miss Mary Robinson drove from Sackville on Wednesday to spend the day with their friends here.

Mrs. Hamilton gave one of her pleasant dancing parties to a large number of her friends on Thursday.

Mr. H. Hamilton, of Moncton, spent Tuesday in town.

Mr. McCarthy of Fredericton, is visiting his sister, Mrs. Landry.

There are several mining gentlemen here from Boston and elsewhere. The cry is gold, gold, nothing but gold in our shiretown now.

Mr. Powell, M. P. E., is here attending court.

Mr. Robert Harrington, of St. John, was in town for Thursday.

Mr. S. E. Wilson spent Wednesday in Sackville. Mr. Tall is visiting his sister, Mrs. Wetmore.

Mr. McDougal's funeral took place on Friday and was very largely attended. He had been ill for some time.

Mrs. Trites, of Petitedouac, and Miss Bradley, of Moncton, were the guests of Mrs. Harrington on Friday.

RICHIBUCTO.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Richibucto by Theo. P. Graham.]

JUNE 11.—Mrs. Wendell Jones and little son, of Woodstock, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Atkinson.

Mr. Herbert Irving, of Buctouche, was in town on Friday last.

Mr. Wm. Stores, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is visiting his brother, Mr. A. C. Stores.

Mrs. Geo. Jardine, of Kingston, who has been dangerously ill with erysipelas, is reported to be improving.

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Miles of St. John spent a few days here last week.

Mrs. Geo. V. McInerney returned on Saturday from her trip to the States, accompanied by Mrs. J. McInerney and children.

Mr. Geo. Noble and Mr. McGowan, of St. John spent Sunday in town.

Miss Emily Sayre is home from Halifax.

Mr. David Grierson, sr., left on Monday for Chatham.

Mr. James H. Cale is visiting his home this week. Miss Ella Ferguson returned yesterday from Truro. AUBORA.

APOLAQUI.

JUNE.—Mr. A. H. McCready, St. John, spent Sunday at his home here.

Mrs. M. Fenwick and Miss Lena Fenwick left on Tuesday morning to attend the closing exercises of the seminary at St. Martins. They returned this morning.

Mrs. W. F. Downey spent Tuesday in Sussex. Miss Debbie Haines, of a returned last week from Weylesley, Mass., to remain for some time with friends here.

Mrs. O. L.