

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

SACKVILLE.
(Continued from Fifth Page.)

[Progress is for sale in Sackville at Wm. I. Goodwin's Bookstore. In Middle Sackville by E. M. Merrill.]

Oct. 17.—Miss Florence White and Mr. Edward White, of Shelburne, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Milner.

Mr. Thos. Murray has returned from a trip to New York.

Miss Lizzie Cahill is back again from St. John, where she has spent the last month.

Miss Emma Ayer is spending a few weeks in Dorchester, where she is the guest of Mrs. A. E. Oulton.

A most interesting and exciting game of Rugby football was played on Saturday afternoon between Mount Allison and Moncton, Mount Allison winning with a score of 3-0. A large and delighted crowd watched the games. The visiting team was entertained at tea in the new college residence.

The many friends of Miss Ethel Smith regret to learn that she still continues very ill of typhoid fever.

The death occurred on Sunday evening at the rectory, of Robert Selwyn, eldest son of Rev. C. F. Wiggins. He had been in ill-health for some time and had been a most patient sufferer. The funeral, which took place on Tuesday afternoon, was very largely attended. The service was conducted by the Rev. V. E. Harris, of Amherst. The pallbearers were six of his younger sons, namely, Ralph Powell, Rollie Rennie, Willie Wood, Bev. Allison, Percy Fawcett and Willie Harrison.

Mrs. H. G. G. Kitchum, of Amherst, Miss Parker, of Amherst, and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Harford, of Fort Lawrence, were in town on Tuesday.

WILD THYME.

NEREQUIS.

Oct. 17.—A very pleasant event took place at the residence of Mr. Henry Nase, the event being the marriage of his daughter, Miss Susan M. Nase, to Mr. W. J. McKenzie. The bride looked very pretty, dressed in white crepon, trimmed with satin ribbon and lace; her veil being tied with white chrysanthemums; she also carried a bouquet of the same. The bridesmaids who were Miss Nettie Nase, cousin of the bride, and Miss Josie Belyer, both looked very nice dressed in white. The groom was supported by his cousin, Mr. Philip McKenzie.

Among the wedding presents were the following: Mr. and Mrs. Morrison, handsome clock; Mrs. S. Ross, \$5.00 in gold; Mrs. A. H. Lingley, silver pie k nife; Mrs. F. C. Nase, glass cake plate; R. W. Leetch, silver gravy spoon; Mr. and Mrs. M. O. McKenzie, lamp; Mr. Frank Lingley, silver sugar spoon and butter knife; Mr. Beverly Lingley, silver cake basket; Mr. Edward Lingley, gold sugar spoon; Mr. Thomas Lingley, silver sugar bowl; Mrs. (Capt.) Robt. Perry, half dozen silver knives; Miss Mabel Farjoy, silver berry spoon; E. E. Fraser, silver breakfast casser; Miss Ida Brundage, silver salt and pepper bottles; Mr. Henry Nase, half dozen silver knives and forks.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

SAUSBURY.

Oct. 17.—Mrs. John Wilson returned home last week after a pleasant visit with friends in Boston. The Misses Tory and Alma Wilson, of St. John, who have been the guests of Miss Laura Crandall, returned to their home last week.

Mr. E. A. Moore spent two days of this week in Moncton.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Baird and Master Harry went to Pt. de Bute this morning, to attend the wedding of Mrs. Baird's sister, Miss Eva Bowser. Mr. Frank Wilmet and Miss Annie Wilmet left on Monday for Roxbury, Mass., to spend the winter with their sister.

Mrs. John I. Steeves, Hillsboro, was in Sausbury this week.

Mr. H. C. Barnes was in Moncton on Monday.

Rev. Mr. Reid, of Moncton, was the guest of Rev. R. E. Crispe part of last week. Also Rev. Mr. Matthews.

Mr. E. Kay was in Moncton last week.

Rev. E. Chapman made a short visit to his home last week.

THELMA.

MAUGERVILLE.

Oct. 16.—Miss Nellie Taylor and Miss Janet Rosborough, our popular school teachers, spent Sunday at their homes in Fredericton.

Mrs. George Howard, of Hampton, spent a few days with her brother, Mr. George Foster, last week.

Mrs. P. McCuskey and Mrs. Burns spent Sunday with friends in St. John.

Miss Agnes Miles spent Sunday at her home. Her sister, Miss Ella, is slowly recovering from typhoid fever.

Mrs. Wm. Magee, who has been visiting friends at St. John and Moncton, returned home today.

Miss Barker, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Archibald Harrison, returned home today.

Miss Louise Perley died last evening at the residence of her sister, Mrs. G. A. Tradwell.

Mr. and Mrs. Plummer, of Houlton, have been visiting Mr. Plummer's sister, Mrs. J. S. Miles.

APOHAQUI.

Oct. 16.—Miss Annie Wetmore spent Saturday in Bloomfield.

Mrs. J. H. Wannamaker left on Monday to visit in Fredericton.

Mrs. G. N. Pearson, Sussex, spent Saturday with friends here.

Mr. W. McD. Campbell, Moncton, came on Saturday to attend the funeral of his uncle and returned on Monday.

Miss Georgia Kiecker spent Sunday with her father, Mr. J. Kiecker.

Mrs. M. Fenwick is in Carleton county attending the conference of the F. C. B. churches.

Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Taylor, of Sussex, spent Sunday here.

Mrs. H. Montgomery Campbell, of "Fox Hill", left on Saturday for Chatham, where her parents reside.

CHATHAMBOX.

LOCKEPORT.

[Progress is for sale at Lockeport at the "Nimble Sixpence."] Oct. 16.—Mrs. Robt. Irvin, of Shelburne, with her little granddaughter, Mabel, is staying for a short time in town.

Mrs. Sidney Locke was hostess to a few friends at her residence last evening.

Mr. H. R. Bill went to Liverpool last Thursday and Friday on his wheel.

A baby boy is among the latest arrivals. He is at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wynne Johnston.

The dying hours of this week will be made joyous by the ringing of the wedding bells. Mr. Ruggles, collector of customs, and Miss Minnie Locke, daughter of postmaster John Locke, will then become one.

Rev. Addison Brown has gone on a vacation, intending to visit his native place in New Jersey.

Rev. Mr. Haven exchanged pulpits last Sunday with Rev. Mr. Harley, of Liverpool. CADMUS.

FRANK LEAKE
Oshawa, Ont.

Pains in the Joints

Caused by Inflammatory Swelling

A Perfect Cure by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"It affords me much pleasure to recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla. My son was afflicted with great pain in the joints, accompanied with swelling so bad that he could not get up stairs to bed without crawling on hands and knees. I was very anxious about him, and having read so much about Hood's Sarsaparilla, I determined to try it, and got a half-dozen bottles, four of which entirely cured him." Mrs. G. A. LAKE, Oshawa, Ontario.

N. B. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and efficiently, on the liver and bowels. 25c.

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LATER CHARLOTTETOWN NOTES.

Oct. 16.—Miss Alice McKinnon, who has been visiting friends in St. Stephen, returned home on Wednesday.

Miss Vere Hyndman is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hunt, Summerside.

Mr. W. R. Carichael, Montreal, is here on a business trip.

Mr. Alex. Bruce has gone to Boston and New York. He will be absent two or three weeks.

Hon. William Richards, Bideford, is in the city.

Mr. W. C. DesBrisay, who has been the guest of the Lieutenant-governor and Mrs. Howland, left for Ottawa on Wednesday last.

Mrs. R. R. Fitzgerald gave a party on Thursday evening to about thirty young people. Like all her entertainments it was very enjoyable.

Mr. Reginald, son of Mr. A. A. McDonald, is home on a visit. Mr. McDonald is now agent of the People's Bank of Halifax at Port Hood, Cape Breton.

Mr. Charles B. MacMahon, of Boston, is in Charlottetown visiting his sisters.

Miss Evelyn Carney and Miss Amy Palmer crossed to the mainland via Point du Chene on Monday.

Mr. M. F. Plant, manager of the Plant line of steamers, spent a few days in Charlottetown last week.

Mr. George Gardiner left Tuesday morning on a visit to the United States.

Mrs. W. W. Beer has returned from Sackville, where she was the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Borden.

Mr. Frank Bayfield, son of Edward Bayfield, has matriculated at Fredericton University and is now taking the arts course at that institution.

Mrs. W. Crookill, who has been in Boston for several weeks, returned home on Friday last.

Mr. Francis Basin, who has been very ill, is reported to be somewhat better.

Mrs. Donald Farquharson and her daughter Ella have returned from their trip to Boston and New York.

Mr. Harry Stirling has gone to Boston, where he will join his mother, Mrs. Stirling.

Society is glad to welcome the genial officers of the "Gulmar," which came into port on Tuesday. I hope they will make a little stir in social circles for Charlottetown has been painfully quiet of late.

DIANA.

ANNAPOLIS.

[Progress is for sale in Annapolis by Geo. K. Thompson & Co., and by A. E. Allee, at the Royal Drug Store.]

Oct. 16.—Mrs. Savary is visiting her old home in Dartmouth.

Mr. J. J. Ritchie has gone to Boston on business.

Miss Nellie Runciman has gone to spend some months in Boston with her friend, Miss Harrington.

Mr. Herbert Runciman accompanied her on her journey and will return in a few days.

Mr. W. M. DeBlais has returned from his trip to the "Hub."

THEY HAD TO FIGHT.

How a Blunt Captain Enforced Discipline Aboard Ship.

The British ship City of Florence was lying at anchor off San Francisco waiting to sail. There was a breeze of excitement on board, the result of a lively "scrap" between two sailors and a plunge for liberty into the bay. The crew had been engaged for some days, and the steward and the cook had become great cronies, and Capt. Leask noticed that the steward spent most of his time in the galley, and he took him to one side and spoke to him "like a father." He told him that it was very bad policy to get chummy with the cook, for it would be sure to end in a disagreement. As the captain had predicted it came to pass that the cook went to him with a long complaint about the steward, and scarcely had he gone out of the cabin when the steward came in with a similar tale.

"Wait a bit," said Capt. Leask, and he passed the word for the cook. When the latter entered the cabin the captain said: "Now, then, you two gentlemen have started to fight, and we sail tomorrow. It will be a continual fight on the home voyage, so the two of you go out there on the main deck and pummel each other until one cries enough, and let me hear no more of this."

The men went out and fought each other to a finish. There was little science displayed, but both could fight. The steward begged to be excused at the end of half an hour, but the captain insisted that the fight be continued. The steward arose to the occasion and landed on the cook's starboard ear, and the cook responded with a blow that knocked all the wind out of the steward's sails. The steward failed to come to time and sat on the deck until he recovered his wind.

"Go forward," said the captain to the cook. The steward began to strip himself.

"What are you doing?" demanded the captain.

"I'm going ashore," said the steward surlily; "I've had enough of this ship."

"Have you? Well, take your clothes with you. I don't want them. Put on that coat."

The steward put on his coat and then



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went to the side. Capt. Leask did not interfere with him, and he sprang lightly to the rail and took a header into the bay.

"Follow that man in a boat," cried the captain quickly to the mate, "and let him swim till he can't swim any more, than bring him back."

The orders were obeyed with alacrity, and the boat followed the unfortunate steward until he appealed to the mate to take him back to the ship. He was taken back and landed on the ship a soaked, repentant, and crestfallen steward.

SAVING HIS BOY.

A Man's Adventure While Boating With His Little Son.

"My story is short," said he, "I heard the dog booming down from the mountains; heard the deer in the woods just where I was listening to him; saw him break out into the open exactly where I was watching for him, and then I shot him."

"And hit exactly the spot you aimed for, I suppose?" said his companion.

"Not precisely. It was an inch and a quarter to the left, for he was traveling fast, and I did not try for extra fine sighting. But this was not my first, and as we agreed to give each other our first deer stories, you may as well have mine now. It was years ago. I got him under the jack light, 'floating' it is now called. It was a simple case of brutalizing assassination and it would be easy to believe that Almighty God punished me for it without delay. I shall never do it again.

"It was just at break of day, and leaving my guide to dress out and hang up the deer. I took my little 6-year-old boy in the boat and rowed across the lake on an errand. When we started to return I paid out a trolling line and passed the rod to my boy in the stern. Presently a bass—I suppose it was a bass—struck the spoon, and struggling so violently that poor little Russell's strength and skill weren't equal to it, and he partly stood up to reach for it. Now, you all know what a 20-pound Adirondack boat is capable of. Properly handled, it will live in the highest waves ever met in these waters; but any greenhorn can get under one in an instant in flat water.

"I was careless. The boat tipped and nearly filled and then righted. I instantly placed each hand on the opposite gunwales of the boat and, strengthening my arms, raised my body free from the boat and gently balanced myself out into the lake and swam to the end of the bow. Of course, in balancing out I completely filled the boat with water, but I kept it right side up and hoped that, swamped as it was, it would sustain the boy and also allow me to bear a part of my weight on it while I swam and pushed it along. The boat sank at first until the water came up to Russell's mouth. I bore no more weight on it and kept soothing and encouraging him to sit absolutely still. The water was bitterly cold. My hunting clothes and boots were heavy. I swam and pushed as steadily and carefully as I could, aiming for the point of an island. It was slow—terribly slow. I economized my strength in every possible way, and began to speculate on the time when complete exhaustion would overcome me. It was certain to come long before I could reach the island. In encouraging and directing the boy to sit perfectly still, and at intervals to scream at the top of his voice, I used the fewest possible words and expended the least possible amount of breath.

"A numbness, beginning at my feet, crept gradually up my legs until they were all but useless. I swam only with my arms, and at every second or third stroke pushed the boat carefully with one hand. It was plain now that I could not possibly get to the island, and that no boat could possibly get to us in time to be of any service to me. I therefore gave Russell final precise directions; trying to give him the impression that I was simply going away after help. I wanted, oh, so much! to say goodbye to him, and to give a message to his mother, but I did not dare risk the little fellow's emotions.

"My pains were now so intense that it required no courage to let myself slowly sink. It came as a blessed relief. It came almost as a disappointment after I had sunk to find that my feet struck bottom.

"We had just reached the edge of shore and were in a trile over six feet of water. I thought that I was dying and the hope that tooting gave was only a languid stimulus. It was the thinking of my dear courageous boy that gave enough vitality to thrust my head above the surface again. A few more sinkings and a few more thrusts brought me to wading ground.

"Are you on bottom, papa?"

"I had only enough strength to say, 'yes, my son,' and I slowly—very slowly—pushed the boat to the island. I lifted the boy out and said, 'Russell, say thank God!'

"Thank God, papa."

Two Eminent Sight-keepers.

Next to the universal dotted-veil habit in working injury to the sight is the very popular use of colored lamp shades. In hall or drawing-room the green, yellow, red or pink "umbrella" shades are charming; in the room where people read, write or sew, they are out of place. White alone should shade the lights in such a room. Two members of one family went to a specialist to consult him about their eyes, which were giving them much trouble why neither they nor he seemed able to determine. Calling on them at their home one evening, he exclaimed almost immediately on entering the sitting-room, "I know what is the matter with your eyes—too much yellow!" Bright terra cotta and yellow ruled in the decorations, and of two lamps used, two were of highly polished and highly reflecting brass, and the centre table lamp sent a very yellow flame through one of the golden "fish-scale" globes. White porcelain shades were ordered for the lamps immediately.

Genuine

"Here" said the secretary of the Cure-quick Tonic Manufacturing Company, "here is a testimonial that seems to be genuine. He says that he has not been able to get out of the house for five years, but now, after taking one bottle of our remedy, he is able to walk three miles."

"Who is it signed by?" asked the President.

"Jerry Bites."

"Jerry Bites? Oh, yes. He just got out of the penitentiary last week."

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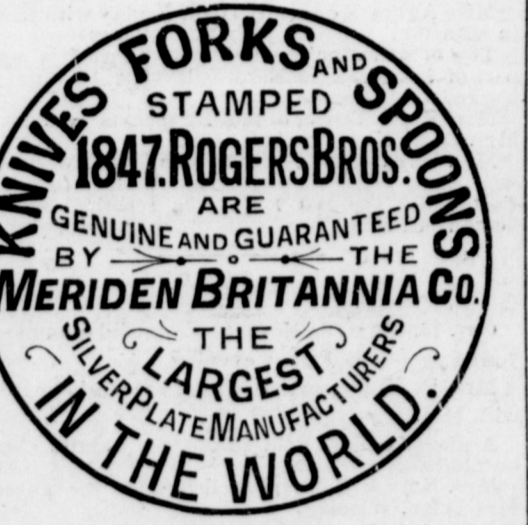
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