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ST. JOHN, N. B. SATURDAY, FEB. 10.

KEEP LENT IN THE HEART.

"How ought I to keep Lent, to be good? Please tell me what to do." is the query of a reader of Progress whose handwriting reveals the admirable innocence and pardonable ignorance of a girl in her teens. Short as is her query, it is not easy to

In an essentially protestant country, matters which pertain purely to the catholic faith are not usually discussed at any length by the press, nor are they under ordinary circumstances by a paper so free from committal to class or creed as is Progress. The season of Lent, however, is now so generally recognized in the christian world that others than the fair correspondent may be interested in a few plain words which are neither in the nature of a homily

The word "Lent" of itself, means no more than "spring, from its connection with the season during which is observed the commemoration of the recorded fast of our LORD. Beginning with Ash Wednesday and lasting until Easter, it is the great penitential season, the season of mourning which precedes that of joy in the triumph of the Resurrection. This understood, there comes the question of our correspondent, "How ought I to keep Lent, to be good? Please tell me what to do!

It is quite evident that the young lady has been educated in a faith in which the observance of Lent is not a commandment of the church, or she would not have asked such a question. It may be, however, that she seeks, in a spirit of devotion, to bring herself to a fuller realization of the life, passion, death and resurrection of Him who died that all who believe might be saved.

In the minds of those amiable Puritans who sought New England for ' freedom to worship God," and who escaped the tyranny of English episcopacy to exercise a more absolute tyranny of their own, Lent was a forbidden season. with Christmas and the idolatrous mince pie, but of recent years, in the blue-books of New York and Boston, the puritanical surnames are aggressively in evidence among the society ladies with whom the observance of Lent is not only advisable but essential. So much, indeed, have the times changed within even the last quarter of a century that the question now is not "Shall we keep Lent?" but "How shall we keep it?"

The suggestions of the "society" writers in answer to this query would avail our correspondent little if she really wants to those unfortunates should have been sent? "keep Lent, to be good," nor in the nature | There are well meaning people who wake of things can Progress aid her without a further knowledge of her opportunities and

This much, at least, may be said, and it applies to all classes and creeds: A good to better purpose. Lent can be kept in the hearts of all, if we will all seek to understand the lessons it teaches. "Is it wrong for me to eat meat every day or to go to parties and the theatre?" one may ask. To this there can one who is beyond reclaim. In some inbe no general answer. To do the things stances, unfortunately, all these assertions mentioned would be mortal sin with some are true. The law has made him what he because their religion forbids it. If their is. When he drops out another will take belief is in a denominational standard which does not esteem one day more highly than another, apart from Sundays, they have what they accept as the christian liberty be dore. In the process of medical science, to do as they please. If they choose to eat fish, they have no right to condemn their brother who prefers to eat beef. It is that drunkenness is a disease rather than a instance sent to the office by the authors. simply a matter of private judgment, and crime. How far it may be hereditary, and An exception must be made this week in one opinion is as good as another.

as to the observance of Lent can be laid down by Progress for the guidance of its readers of all classes and creeds. There is only this to be said, that the keeping of a good Lent is from within, not from without. It is not a virtue to eat fish when you covet meat; and you have read the story of His passion in vain if the penitential season of Lent is employed only in the preparation where in the system, is a waste and a want- It was, however, one of the early acts in for some worldly gaiety at Easter.

There are very many people who make check and restore. no pretence of keeping Lent, and those

who do keep Lant respect them for their consistency and honest purpose. The poorest kind of an object that creeps out at this season is the society man or woman who "patronizes" Lent because it is "the correct thing, and because one must keep up with the fashion of the times.

A CHANCE FOR REFORMATION.

A paragraph is going the rounds of the newspapers to the effect that a police jus-All Letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply. Manuscripts from plan of dealing with habitual drunkards. Instead of sending them to prison, he has them committed to a gold-cure institution, with the idea of reforming, rather than punishing them.

In the absence of any reliable information, it is difficult to guess how much ground there may be for this statement. Possibly it originated from the steps taken in some particular case, for it would be obviously out of the question in the absence of special legislation, for any justice or court to inaugurate such a system of dealing with offenders in contravention of all the established laws and usages. Whatever may be the case, however, it is not too much to assume that the statement, in its essence, is at least prophetical of what must be.

It may be said, without the fear of conlaws designed tor man's benefit, none is more flagrantly unjust in its administration than the law against drunkenness. Whatever may be the local distinction, the principle is the same in all civilized countries, and in all civilized countries are the same terrible blunders made day after day, year in and year out, under the idea that by such methods is best conserved the greatest good of the greatest number. The day must come when the police court methods of today will be looked back to with as much repugnance as the christian world of today views the cruel tortures which had the sanction of the secular courts a few hundred years ago.

The original intent of the laws now in force in respect to drunkenness was merely to protect the public against the disorderly conduct, brawling and rioting of revellers, in an age when there were no police and when lawlessness was more common than it is nowadays. In the Puritan leaven which leavened the whole lump of England after the Reformation, and of which most virile germs were transplanted to America, the simple offence of excess in drink, formerly a sin spiritually but not a crime legally, was treated with more drastic penalties. The regulations for the punishment of public crunkenness are simple and comprehensive, and they were now practically the same as they were when New England was colonized. The modes of punishment differ. The stocks and some other old time features have been abolished, but the principle remains the same. This principle is that a drunkard

Visit the police courts of St. John, Halifax, Boston, New York, or any other city on the continent and the story is always the same. This is that many wretched looking beings are hurriedly charged with drunkenness, fined beyond their ability, and sent to prison to be supported at the public expense. Some of them get longer terms than others. They are the habitual drunkards. If you ask the magistrate about this or that case, he will tell you that he can do nothing else than he has done. The man is a chronic offender, and a long term in jail, by keeping him out of the way of harm to himself and others, is the best thing that can be done for him. In the absence of a better remedy it would be difficult to prove that the magistrate was

There ought to be a better remedy. It is very easy and natural for kind hearted people to pity the unfortunates who are sent to jail through drink, but do they consider that the jail is the last place to which the corridors of prisons with hymn and prayer, but of what avail is this to the starving soul of the prisoner? They have misdirected energies which could be applied

In what way? If they ask the jailer, the magistrate or the police in regard to this or that man, they will probably be told that he is an old offender, a hard ticket, and his place. It is the crop that never fails.

however, our proposition becomes more and more clear every year, and that is therefore how far external to the moral im- respect to Mr. HIRAM LADD SPENCER'S So it is, fair correspondent. that no rule pulse of the subject is another and minor question. The day has gone by when a physician can afford to dismiss a case of "he has been drinking too much" with the temporary expedients of the bromides, paper, and next for the reason that this valerian and the like. An alcoholic patient, in the abstract, is worth a good deal more of attention than is usually ferred to keep to himself rather than to given. For alcoholism means that, someing where the science of medicine should the history of Progress to make known

smile when they reflect that they have oc- Ago" and "A Hundred Years to Come." easionally worked on these lines in the case of private patients. Possibly, howto drunkeness in the abstract. And, truth of the author has been more general, the man who goes home from the club in a a sidewalk in the slums. The main differ- that HIRAM LADD SPENCER wrote them. ence is in the environment and the quality of the whiskey.

But Mr. BIGHEAD goes home from the club, and the next day he is down on the doctor's books, for what is, at least, a harmless prescription, to settle his stomach, erudely express an idea that the masters of and consequently his head. Prescription verse have expressed in better terms before and all, he gets off for about a doll ir and a quarter, which is a dollar and twenty its poets, and it has an idea that, perhaps cents more than it would have cost him after all who write for it now have gone had he known enough to tell the druggist hence, the files may be in evidence in the what to give him in the first instance. At about the same time in the morning the recognition magistrate's pen makes a mark againt the name of this or that "habitual drunkard," (who does not get drunk as habitually as Mr. BIGHEAD.) and he goes to jail to learn new "rackets" from the cell-mates who are held for more serious offences. He takes jail life easily; for the law has educated him to consider himself an irreclaimable "habitual," and his highest ambition pertradiction, that of all the well intentioned haps is to have a good drunk when he gets out, with the certainty that he will find lodgings in the jail again.

This is the record of every city on the continent, and in every city is a percentage of habituals who are considered to be -and very often are-beyond reclaim. Most of them will die miserable deaths, but, as the law now is, the class will always be full,-nay, increasing in numbers. They can be saved, if taken in time, but seldom are they taken in time, and as a result drunkenness becomes an incurable disease, which the law designates as crime. So the word accepts it, and so every community is taxed to pay for it. There ought to be a better state of things.

BUILDING BEYOND THEIR YEARS. Considering the number of its years PROGRESS has undoubtedly done more to foster and encourage the poetic instinct than any paper in Canada. The prize competition of last year did more than bring the successful competitors to the front,for the prize is not always the index of ultimate success-and it has encouraged some who before had doubted whether they could sing or be silent. Since then from week to week, some of the "Poems written for PROGRESS" have attracted the attention of critical readers over a wide range of country. Any mail may bring the request of some far distant reader, to know the real name of the writer of this or that which appeared in Progress at such and such a date. Very often, alas, even PROG-RESS is unable to lighten the darkness of the enquirer. The poem has been accepted, the carefully written private note of the author has gone with an avalanche of the swept away and unless genius again rears its head on earnest purpose bent, some cf the brightest contributors to Progress are apt to be forgotten.

This is not from want of appreciation. It everybody reads everything that is in PROGRESS this week, there will be read one piece of verse which has been in the editorial pigeon-hole for more than a year. The publication of it was merely deterred, and so it is that he or she who writes good verse may be sure it will sooner or later see the light, even though the hand that wrote has mouldered into dust.

It has been suggested to Progress and the proposition admits of no debate-that poetry is not like butter, and that the newest is not always the best. Would that it were otherwise, and that the nature which seeks sleep as a refuge from discord could awake with each sunrise without the anticipation of some new horror with capital letters on the left hand side of the line.

There have been bad and good original verses in Progress. The test is not always of the rythm and the rhyme, though when these have been sacrificed there has usually been the expression of an idea Thus it is that sometimes, under rough quise, there is the crystallization of a great

Beginning with next week, it is the intention of PROGRESS to republish, from time to time, selections of some of the best poems in the English language' which have so far been known as "fugitive," but which have a sound claim to a place in the material literature of the age. Should any readers of Progress have any undoubtedly It is not so easy to suggest what ought good verses, ancient or modern, not into be done as to affirm what ought not to cluded in the numerous prohibited collection, they will be gladly welcomed.

It is generally understood that the "Poems written for PROGRESS" are in every "City of Sleep on the Hill." It was not written for PROGRESS-first of all, for the reason that Mr. SPENCER does not writeand never has written-to order for any was one of the poems with a personal connection which the writer would have preshare his thoughts with all who passed by.

Up to that time they had travelled over the eastern and western hemispheres, and been ever, they apply one theory to individual incorporated in school books with anonycases within their experience and another mous credit. Since then the recognition to tell, there does seem a wide gap between though it is undoubtedly the fact that the poems mentioned above are enshrined in coach and the man who is found sleeping on the hearts of thousands who do not know

Every week, PROGRESS receives more or less verse which it does not and will not publish. The " Poems written for Prog-RESS" are the selection of the fittest. They are not always perfect, and sometimes they them. All the same PROGRESS is proud of story of merit which has not failed of

According to the theory advanced by a studious inspector of Scotland Yard, the London detective headquarters, the word 'cop," as applied to a policeman, has a truly classic origin. A leading police official in the United States once gave PROGRESS to understand that the term was simply an abbreviation of "copper," and had reference to the old-fashioned badges of the New York force. The London authority, however, finds its source in the Anglo-Saxon 'cop," which means "catch," and from which we have "handcuff" or 'handcop." Thus is another of our cherished modern beliefs swept away by the merciless research of the fly-cop anti-

An apparently authentic biographical notice of RIDER HAGGARD states that it is his invariable practice to read a chapter of the Bible and repeat a family prayer before retiring for the night. Considering that the most famous of HAGGARD's stories derive their charms from the most unfaceable lies, a good many readers may don't the sincerity of his devotions. There is always this to be remembered, however, and that is that a lie which is patent on it- tace does the world tar less harm than one which, at the first glance, is accepted as

Yes, spring is coming. The first bird has made his appearance with a pick and shovel, preparing the gutters for the first big rain and thaw. A good many worthy old men, who had been smoking strong pipes as a measure of economy, jumped pretty quick when the word for work came this week. Let the T. R. A. talk as it will the money will have to pan out freely and surely for the next two months or so.

PELHAM'S PARAGRAPHS.

Mr. W. T. Stead, writes from Chicago to his new magazine, "Borderland," that he has experienced no more difficulty in receiving telepathic messages there, from across the Atlantic, than he did getting them from shorter distances before he left England. Distance is annihilated by telepathy to even a greater extent than by the telegraph and telephone. Mental telegraphy is but little understood as yet but it is, no doubt, one of the coming things. In the course of the evolution of man's body a stage was reached when speech became possible. Then tollowed writing-first signs, afterwards words and accents. The came the telegraph and the telephone. "Theoretically," as Professor Drummond tells us in his Lowell Lectures. "the next stage in evolution is telepathy." "Borderland" has reached its third quarterly number and appears to be quite flourishing. It is devoted to the study and investigation of Telepathy, Clairvoyance, Hypnotism and "such." Outside the great amount of humbug and deception which is connected with these things, there is a vast field for investigation and great truths to be learned. We may be on the eve of great things in this direction. The design on the cover of the publication is pretty and suggestive: Two children play upon the sea shore. The older, a young girl, stands with arm outstretched, gazing far away over the great ocean to where light gleams beyond. The inscription consists of the well known words of Isaac Newton. To myself I seem to have been as a child playing on the sea shore, while the universe ocean of Truth lay unexplored before me.

These are the days of winter sports. The carnival up in Quebec has been brought to a glorious termination and events, almost without number, are "on." The skating masquerades are not quite what they used to be in the palmy days of the Victoria rink-but then, of course, we are not ourselves quite the same as we used to be in those days when we were all boys and girls together. There is a good deal in that. The children's carnival was pretty, and very interesting were the little damsels of the long hair and the short skirts, some of whom did not wish to be children nor yet quite dare to be young ladies. This causes them great trouble.

> " Dolly's lovely hair Falls towards her feet, Dolly's girlish skirt shows her ankles neat She will always taste Sorrow in her cup, Till her skirt is down And her hair is up.

As I write these lines the words of the Salvation Army singers, which I heard as I crossed the top of King street are ringing still in my ears:

Oh, you must be a lover of the Lord. Oh, you must be a lover of the Lord.

Rain or shine, hot or cold, these "Red Cross Knights" of the Salvation Army are

getting them "saved." Nothing daunts them. They are faithful and true to the great captain whom they serve, and carry his message to many an untutored heart in a way that makes it understood and received. All honor to the Red Cross Knights and to their great labor of love. Their movement is the religious phenomenon of the period. It is to be hoped that it will go still forward and not backward. From them might many of us learn of zeal in working for the good of our fellow-man. Even the member of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew may find much to emulate in the humble S. A. soldier.

This is Lent and we have now to leave off tun and turn to fish-that is, those of us who are good and keep the fast. Of course there are some heathens who do not pay much attention to it. "Lent with its fishes

Low seasoned dishes. Heavenly wishes, Cometh around Now balls and dinners Give up to sinners Of heaven you're bound. Shun notoriety,

Squelch spontaneity, Seek not variety, Harbor content, Give up society, Tried to satiety, Cultivate piety, For it is Lent.

PELHAM.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS.

My Love at Sea. A VALENTINE. O winds blow fair and winds blow bold

Away to my love at sea, For he who is dearer than jewels of gold, On the ocean is far from me. O winds blow glad for my sailor lad, Take care of him far away,

For the time is long and my soul is sad

And I think of him night and day. He sails in the proud ship Golden Star, For the isles of the sunny west, I look in vain o'er the harbor bar, For the one that I love the best. I dream when the moon comes up at night And walks on the crested foam, Of my sailor lad in the silver light

And I pray he may soon be home. O where ever the red cross flag flows free, And my love at sea you meet, My gallant sailor lad is he, And I waft him this token sweet. Wherever he sails under distant skies, And you meet at the set of sun: My spirit then to his presence flies

And waits till the night is done. O winds blow fair and winds blow bold, Till you touch the waves that his eyes behord And tell him my heart is true. O kiss the sails of the Golden Star, Ere the western seas go mad, And tempests rise on his path afar,

On The Hills a God Lies Dead. (IN A DREAM.)

And bring me my sailor lad.

On the hills a god lies dead, Carl, the girdled one; With the white stars for his bed, For his shield-the sun.

Brother to the crawling wind, And the sweeping snow; With his hair adrift behind, Forehead to the foe.

On the hills a god lies dead, With his sword in twain; Down the East his grey soul fled With the shifting rain. Centuries it has been so,

And I knew it not; Still the hills mourn, and the snow-He is not forgot. Gnarlea pines in the wood rejoice,

Carl the girdled one Gave to us his god-like voice, To the sky,-the sun.

On the hills a god lies dead, Centuries have gone; Since his soul rose np and fled From the crimson dawn.

G. E. THEODORE ROBEATS.

Thanksgiving.

O Thou who ever lives to bless and spare And hast in love withheld the chastening rod, Accept our heartfelt thanks for this Thy care, Thy mercy, goodness, O Almighty God, Grant us to know Thee as the constant friend The great all. Father full of pardoning grace, Into our hearts Thy Holy Spirit send That we may find through Christ, abiding peace Bless our dear ones-restored to us in health-With Thy most Holy Spirit's "kindly light," That they may comprehend Thy hidden wealth, And ever guide in paths, both pure and bright, Into Thy sacred courts, we will repair, And yield to Thee, thanksgiving, praise and prayer. There all Thy servants love to seek Thy face, And ask through Christ, for pardon, strength and grace.

With contrite hearts, may we before Thee kneel, And there accept with joy, that precious food. The pledge of love and grace, salvation seal, O Jesus, Saviour blest, the perfect good.

The City of Sleep on the Hill. In the City of Sleep on the hill

Fall the sunbeams, the star gleams and showers: Comes never a vision of ill And the years glide away like the hours; For the sleepers reck not at the strife, The heartaches and trials that fill To o'erflowing the goblet of life, In the City of Sleep on the hill.

There the daytime and nighttime are one, The seasons of blessom and snow, The light of the moon and the sun. The gladness of earth and its woe; We may garland their chambers with flowers That were watered with tears, if we will, But they heed not such sorrows as ours In the City of Sleep on the hill.

O, the City of Sleep on the hill! 'Tis a city of refuge for all Who weary with struggle and ill By the wayside are ready to fall. For "Rest" is the way of the world -A cry that has never been still; And "Rest" bears the banner, unfurled O'er the City of Sleep on the hill. H. L. SPENCER.

Help for Mrs. McQueen. The Mrs. McQueen fund was increased since the last acknowledgement by the tollowing donations sent to PROGRESS: Mrs. Hayward.....\$ 1.00 Confidential..... 1.00 A Friend..... 1.00

DALHOUSIE.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Dalhousie by Dugald FEB 7-Mr. S. S. Harrison, the popular book keeper for Mr I. T. Windsor, of New Mills, was in town on Thursday, on his way from Bonaventure, where he has been in the interest of his employer. Miss Crumley entertained a few friends at the

presbytery on Thursday. Miss Stewart is spending some time at Petite Rocher, the guest of Mrs. A. W. T. Desbrisay. Capt. Powell returned from Halifax on Saturday

Miss Maggie McNeil, formerly of Dalhousie, is visiting friends in town.

Mr. Charles Stewart went to Quebec on Thursday Mrs. McGregor gave a quiet five o'clock tea on

Thursday evening. Miss Crumley, with her guests, the Misses Power of Derby, spent Saturday in Campbellton, with Miss

Mr. S. Laughlin, of Black Point, was in town on Master Allison Ritchey is in Montreal this winter;

Master Allison Ritchey is in Montreal this winter; studying med cine at the McGill University.

Mr. R. T. Walker went to Campbellton on Monday to meet some of the excursionists, and returned Tuesday morning.

Mr. Geo. E. Mercier returned on Saturday from a trip to Quebec and Montreal.

Miss Kate E. Delaney, Mr. F. E. Delaney, Mr. Will Montgomery and Mr. Alex. Cameron returned from the carnival on Tuesday.

Mrs. Fisher returned from Campbellton on Tuesday, where she had been for the past week visiting Mrs Rennels.

Mr. W. M. Hamilton and Mr. Wm. Fraser of Charlo were in town on Monday.

Mrs. Green of Moncton, with her sister Miss Tusk, are visiting Mrs. Thos. Scott.

are visiting Mrs. Thos. Scott.

Capt and Mrs. Powell with Mrs. Allen McKenzie spent Monday in Campbeliton.

Miss Failu of Nouvelle is at the Chaleur House,

the guest of Miss Nadeau. Mr. R. I. Sounds of Gaspe, spent Tuesday in town and went to Campbellton by evening train.

Miss L. Day of New Carlisle arrived from Quebec this morning and will spend a few days with her aunt, Mrs. Disbrow.
Mr. C. A. beuthner who has been in town for the

past week, left on Monday for the Caraquet coast. Mr. Will Murphy went to Campbellton on Monday. PLANCHETTE.

AMHERST.

| PROGRESS is for sale at Amherst by Charles coat and at the music store f H. A. Hillcoat. FEB 8 - The early coming of Lent has caused a general "shut down" in the way of large dances and whist parties. The Social club have suspended operations until after Easter, when they will resume their weekly dances, which will be pleasantly anticipated, as several very popular members will entertain. Miss Lowrison's evening on Wednesday last, was a delightful success, and a decidedly smart affair. The first part of the evening was devoted to progressive euchre, the prizes, I am told, were won by Dr. and Mrs. C. A. Tupper.

On Tuesday evening, Mrs. W. D. Douglas gave a small whist party; and Mrs. J. M. Townshend entertained after the same order on Thursday evening, the guests of which were, Mrs. Cody, of Halifax, and Miss St. George, of Montreal, who left Amherst on the first of the week, to visit friends at

Mrs. York and little daughter, spent a few days flast week with her sister, Mrs. Geo. Cole. They returned to Parrsboro on Tuesday.

On Monday, Mrs. Allan left for Boston to spend a few days with Mayor Allan, whose health is re-Prot. Andrews, of Mount Allison, Sackville, was

among the visitors in town on Saturday.

Ex Mayor Dunlap is of the large number at present confined to the house by the prevailing epidem c. Mrs. C. R. Smith went to Parrsboro on Monday. The very sudden death of Mrs. W. T. Pipes, which occurred early on Friday morning, cast a gloom over a large portion of the public and society in general, who deeply sympathize with the bereaved hu-band and young daughters. Mrs. Pipes was a member of Christ church and a gen-ral contributor to charitable works, and will be missed in a degree that can at present be hardly realized. The funeral took place on Sunday afternoon Rev. V. E. Harris conducted the services at Christ church, which was literally packed to the doors with these who wished

to pay their last tribute of respect to the deceased. The pall bearers were J. M. Townshend, James Morrison, John McKeen, A. B. Etter, B. W. Baker, and C. H. Bent Pro. Max Sterne presided at the organ, and the music by the choir was very pathetically rendered. Mrs. Hibbert and Mrs. Sterne were present, also Mr. Chandler and Mr. W. A. Charman, of Dorchester, and R. W. Hewson, of Moncton. Dr. Hewson went to Edgebill, Windsor, to fetch Miss Pipes, arriving home on Saturday morning.

duties at the academy this week on account o The civic election excitement is over, and Mr. Nat Curry takes the Mayor's chair for the coming year which seems a most proper distribution of hor or, the first Mayor coming from the list of merchants, the second from the medical staff, it seems justly due to our artizans to have Mr. Curry where town.

Marsh Mallow.

Miss Skimming has been unable to attend to her

ANDOVER.

FEB 6 -A quiet wedding took place in Trinity church, on Wednesday morning last, when Miss Annie Stratton and Mr. Wm. B. Hoyt were united in marriage. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Scovil Neales, assisted by Rev. Leo. A. Hoyt, brother of the groom. The bride who was unat-tended looked well in a pretty costume of green

cloth with green plush trimmings.

Rev. L.o. A. Hoyt spent a few days here last week, the guest of his brother, Mr. Ernest Hoyt.

A very pleasant surprise party was held at the residence of Mr. E. Hutchinson last evening. A large number of young people were present, thoroughly enjoyed the evening.

Mr. Frank Beveridge, of Iron Mountain, Mich.,

spent a few days here last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Hector Nadeau are visiting relatives at Van Buren, Me.

MEMRAMCOOK.

FEB. 7 .- A small and very pleasant party was given on Thursday evening, by Mrs. John W. Mc-Manus. The guests were, Mr. Frank McGowan, Mr. Frank McManus, Mr. J. P. Sherry, Mr. Thos. LeBlanc, Mr. Edward McGowan; Misses Carrie Sherry, Ella Sherry, Hettie Charters and Mary Moore. Dancing, music and whist were the chief amusements. Mr. Frank McManus spent Wednesday in Am-

Mr. J. P. McGowan was in Amherst last week. Mr. Camille Boudreau has returned from a visit

Mr. J. P. Sherry has returned from St. John. Mr. Timothy Melanson has returned from Dor ZEBRA. MILLERTON.

FEB. 7 .- The many triends of Rev. T. G. Johnstone will hear with pleasure that he has recovered from his recent illness. Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Miller left on Thursday last,

to visit friends in Boston Miss Susie Robinson "Riverview," entertained a number of young friends in a very charming manner on her birthday, Thursday last.

The Re union held at the rectory on Thursday evening in aid of St. Peter's episcopal church was a very pleasant affair. A musical entertainment occupied the first part of the evening; afterwards sup-per was served. Mrs Baylie assisted by her sister, Miss McGinnis entertained in a delightful way, and Rev. Mr. Baytie ma e a very genial host. Mrs. Manny, of Newcastle, is visiting Mrs. Robin-

son, at "Riverview." ALWAYS TOGETHER. It is Not Decided Yet.

HALLEAX, Feb. 8 .- The city council was not summoned for this week as anticipated. and in consequence Mackassey and Messervey are still actively watching the aldermen. A meeting will be called for next week, when the election will take place. R. T. Murray, the queen's printer, is out in a stray letter in the local papers, combatting the views put forth by "Free Lance" in last week's Progress. Mr. A Friend...... Murray is a former newspaper man and his