

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JAN. 27.

ENGLAND MAY STILL HOPE.

Before this issue of PROGRESS will reach its readers the public will be more fully informed of the causes for the latest humiliation of the British nation of which only the mere fact is known at the time of this writing.

Mr. CHARLES MITCHELL in his laudable desire to add to the glories of England in the Victorian age, met Mr. JAMES CORBETT in an encounter at Jacksonville, Florida, on Thursday. Mr. CORBETT represented the United States, the land of free action, free thought and occasional free fight. This fight was not free, and a large number of people paid more than the price of a good suit of clothes for the privilege of witnessing this event of such national importance.

Mr. MITCHELL has not sustained the prestige of the nation which has given the world a SHAKESPEARE, a TENNYSON and a GLADSTONE, and the flag which has braved the battle and the breeze for a thousand years, in round numbers, is not flaunted today in token of a national victory. The traditional drumbeat which follows the sun around the world falls with a dull sickening thud. Mr. MITCHELL has been knocked out in the third round by "a hot right-hander on the nose."

The terse, cruel words of the telegram told more than enough to those loyal citizens who patiently waited for the news in the chill air of Thursday afternoon. In their way they were as epigrammatic as the "veni, vidi, vici" of old, but their message was of defeat and not of triumph.

The expression of unavailing regrets at such a time would be unmanly. It is more healthful in loyal people to combat the natural tendency to depression, and to feel that "though the field be lost all is not lost." England and her colonies have yet much with which to face the world in honest pride. The advance in literature, art and science has been great in the last half century, and the progress to higher conditions of national life has been very notable. It is well to think of these things at this time, and to feel that though Mr. MITCHELL has been vanquished, the nation has not lost the respect of the civilized world. We have yet much for which to be thankful in the present and to brighten our hopes for the future.

It is not to be expected that the people of the United States will do otherwise than exult over the event which must so advance their credit in the eyes of the world. They are prone to round the praises of their great men and of great national triumphs. It is their right, if they choose, to link the name of CORBETT with those of WASHINGTON and LONGFELLOW, while England may not couple that of MITCHELL with those of WELLINGTON and TENNYSON. The day may come when England in turn will have the champion slugged.

Critics may differ as to whom is the greatest living poet, but there is no field for argument as to the greatest living shoulder-bitter. All the world bows to the name of JAMES CORBETT, the man who knocked out Mitchell with "a hot right hander on the nose."

LESSONS FROM LOWER LIVES.

"The ants are a people not strong, yet they prepare their meat in the summer," said the inspired king of Israel, and at another time he admonished the sluggard to "consider her ways and be wise." To a good many, no doubt, these words seem to have little in them to merit deep reflection, or to develop a course of reasoning. To them the ant is simply an insect to be destroyed when it comes in their path, and a consideration of her ways leads to nothing more than a realization of the admitted fact that industry is a duty with all who seek to fulfil the purposes of their existence.

It would seem, however, that there is a good deal more to be learned of the ant than that it is provident and industrious. Many have read of the marvellous ways of

some species of this insect, such as the army ant with its tactics and evolutions, and have wondered how so much that is classed as instinct could so greatly resemble human intelligence. If the theories of modern naturalists are correct, the explanation is more simple, even though the wonder be not less. They claim that ants, in common with other creatures ranking low in the scale of animal life, can not only reason intelligently but have highly developed emotional natures.

This is the theory laid down by Dr. JAMES WEIR, jr., in a recent magazine article, and he asserts that "when we know that these lower animals have receptive ganglia analogous to those possessed by man, analogical deductions force us to the conclusion that these animals should possess mental emotions and functions similar to those of men." Going further he shows an anatomical and physiological similarity of the brain of the ant to the man, and he holds it reasonable to expect evidences of mental operation in the one akin to those in the other.

The evidences he adduces are a number of remarkable incidents for which the authorities are given, leading to the belief that outside of the routine of insect life, special circumstances show ants, spiders, bees, etc., to have emotions and sympathies such as are superior to those of the coarser kinds of humanity, and that mental operations and emotions in some degree are to be looked for wherever there is brain matter. They are not alone the heritage of man and the higher types of domesticated animals, such as the horse, the dog and the cat, in which the existence of such emotions is apparent to all.

If there is so much to admire in these tiny creatures, the brain structure of which can be known only by aid of the microscope, how much more should man regard what he esteems nobler in the animal creation. If children were taught to recognize how much is to be learned from the existence of all of the creatures to which God has given life, how soon would the world become better. As it is, the propensity to destroy is too much encouraged, and thus it is that, with all the intelligence of the age, the destructive and selfish principle pervades human society, and the real humanizing of humanity seems a desideratum that is far distant.

The ambition to kill something seems deeply implanted in the human breast. It is cultivated in boyhood by the pelting and worrying of every unprotected animal that comes in the way, and it is developed in manhood under the name of "sport." It may be a very proper thing, from the popular standpoint, to range the woods for the purpose of slaughtering creatures which are harmless and which the slayer does not require, but after all it is only an exhibition of the savage instinct inherited from barbarian ancestry. That in the interests and for the necessities of man a certain amount of killing is required, does not pertain to the question. Wanton slaughter, persistent persecution of such creatures as the moose, the deer and the partridge, has been carried so far that from time to time laws must be made to prevent total extinction of what should be the pride of our forests. Even then the remedy is only a partial one, and is likely to come too late.

From the humble ant to the kingly moose seems a long step in the animal world, yet in both, and in all the grades of the scale between them, is found something more worthy of the mind of man than is the compassing of their destruction without just cause. There are better lessons in the lives of the lower animals than in their deaths.

WHEARY AND HIS CHANCES.

Nobody has been hanged in York county for the last seventy years, and it would seem that the residents are by no means anxious to have an execution now. The deaf mute EDWARD WHEARY, has been sentenced to death, however, because the court could do nothing else in the face of the fact that he had been declared sane and guilty of wilful murder. Whether he was really sane enough to be responsible for his act is something which a good many people are inclined to doubt, and hence there is no question that the petition for a commutation of his sentence will be signed by a very large number of persons.

If WHEARY was not sane when he committed the murder, that fact should have been placed beyond doubt at the time of his trial. If he was sane there seems no reason why he should be exempt from the consequences of his crime. It was a very brutal murder.

Nobody will be surprised if the sentence is commuted, and probably a great many will be sorry if it is not. Apart from the fact that in this instance the condemned man is ignorant and afflicted by infirmities which have dwarfed his mind, even if he be sane, the popular opinion in this part of the world is opposed to hanging where imprisonment will apparently serve the interests of justice as well. There is no thirst for vengeance in this instance, as there was in the case of BUCK, who was hanged as much because he was a tramp as because he killed a popular policeman. Even BUCK would not have been hanged, probably, had he been tried anywhere outside Westmorland county, but as nothing else would satisfy the public in that section of the province, he had to suffer. WHEARY confined his operations to his own family circle,

and as there was no wave of popular indignation, the people of York will be fully satisfied if he is imprisoned instead of being hanged.

It is always a safe course to imprison rather than hang when there is any doubt as to how far the accused is really guilty of wilful murder in the fullest sense of the term. In WHEARY'S case there seems to be room for a good deal of such doubt.

There is a commotion in American art circles over the design for World's Fair medals prepared for the federal government by AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS. The perturbation is due to the fact that on one side of the medal is depicted the nude figure of a youth. This has been a terrible shock to some of the officials at Washington, and they want the design changed so as to be more in accordance with their ideas of what is "proper." ST. GAUDENS, and all others who know anything about art, assert that there is nothing immodest about the device, and from all accounts they are right. The United States abounds with people who have a superfluity of false modesty, but, who consent to, if they do not directly share in, crimes against the divine institution of marriage, which has been given that nation a notoriety no other civilized country would care to share.

A London letter brings the intelligence that an audience at the leading music hall recently expressed its disapprobation of a song having the refrain of, "Come where the booze is cheaper. Come where the pots hold more." It is further stated that the papers are discussing the point whether the audience was hypercritical in the expression of its displeasure. One would hardly think so. Apart from the fact that topical songs have been run beyond their limits, the principle taught in this particular instance is a vicious one. The cheapest booze is not the best but the worst, and the largest pots are usually filled with beer of inferior quality. The best is the cheapest, after all.

An idea of the increasingly cosmopolitan character of PROGRESS is shown this week by letters from its readers not only in all parts of the maritime provinces, but from as far west and south as Nebraska and California, and as far north as Montreal, while the publication of a letter from Washington state is deferred. PROGRESS is not only read by everybody at home, but has a very large constituency abroad.

It is satisfactory to learn that a St. John policeman accused of robbing a drunken prisoner has been fully exonerated. The public are too apt to believe that such things happen, from the fact that some of the force have been so prudent in their expenditures as to be owners of real estate and in some instances retire as capitalists.

A St. John policeman asserts that he saw a ball of fire "about the size of a bushel basket," descending from the sky on a fine afternoon this week, and that after the body had disappeared, "a tail about ten feet long remained in the air for fully five minutes." It looks as though an investigation were in order.

Boston proposes to enlarge its area by annexing all the towns within a radius of ten miles from the gilded dome. St. John has no further ambitions in that line, and would be more inclined to give away some of the territory it already owns—Stanley ward, for instance.

If the man who makes others happy by giving them something to laugh at is a benefactor to the race, the gentleman who is responsible for the illustrations in the Telegraph should feel that he is not without his reward.

An editorial on the demoralizing tendencies of prize fights would be eminently in order this week, but it would not do any good. The evolution of barbarism is a slow process in the human race.

Why should not Chief CLARK be qualified to give an opinion on prize fights, since they are regular events within rifle shot of his office?

Yes the SHATFORD case is really ended. So glad.

BOOKS AND REVIEWS.

The first of the February magazines to make its advent in PROGRESS office is "Worthington's." Of several papers of special interest in it, that by Dr. D. Rollins Brown, on Germs and the Germ Theory of Disease, is of a nature to give a clear idea in a popular way, of a very important subject. In these days of epidemics, from Asiatic cholera to the very prevalent grippe, whatever may bear on the causes of disease has a relation to their prevention by knowledge and care, so that Dr. Brown's paper is sure to be carefully read. Among the other contents is an illustrated article on Peasant Life in Ireland. Dr. James Weir, jr., tells some interesting incidents in proof of the theory of the possession of emotions by such apparently insignificant insects as ants, while every lover of the accurate in literature will be interested in W. A. Smith's enumeration of the most common misquotations of passages from famous authors. The various departments, which are a feature of this magazine, are full of things of both value and interest. "Worthington's" gives every promise of making great strides in this its second year.

For this month the publishers offer to send a specimen copy of a recent number for four cents in postage stamps. \$2.50 per year; 25 cents a single number. A. D. Worthington & Co., Hartford, Conn.

An interesting contribution to the widely-discussed question of Church Unity will appear shortly from the pen of Prof. Charles W. Shields, of Princeton university, author of "Philosophia Ultima." It is entitled "The Historic Episcopate," and is an essay on the four articles of Church Unity proposed by the American House of Bishops and the Lambeth conference. It will be published at an early date by the Scribners. No work on the subject of Church Unity has attracted such wide attention as Prof. Shields' study of "The Historic Episcopate." It has been read, by special invitation, before clerical assemblies, representing the different christian denominations, and is now printed in answer to many requests for its publication. Prof. Shields has given long and careful study to the subject, and his views are important and interesting.

A conversation between James Whitcomb Riley and Hamlin Garland, the poet and the novelist, respectively, of Western farm life, is recorded by Mr. Garland in McClure's Magazine for February. It contains Mr. Riley's own account of his career from the time when he was an unprosperous lad at school, down through episodes of patent-medicine peddling and "blind" sign-painting, to the present, when the public buys \$30,000 worth of his poetry a year. Another article in the February McClure's is Arthur Warren's character study of Philip D. Armour, exhibiting Mr. Armour not only as one of the greatest business men in the world, but also as one of the greatest philanthropists. The first installment of a new novel by Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne, "The Ebb Tide," introduces the reader to a new personality, the "beach-comber," a product of the islands of the South Pacific, and in the department of "Human Documents" is an extremely interesting series of portraits of Mr. Stevenson. In this department are also portraits of Hamlin Garland and Mr. Armour. The popular-science article of the number is an account by Ida M. Tarbell, of the construction of the observatory on top of Mt. Blanc, and of the important analysis of the atmospheres of the sun and the planets that M. Janssen, the eminent French astronomer, hopes to make there. An article of special importance, is "Nervousness: the National Disease of America," wherein Edward Weir Weirfield gives the sum of an interview with the eminent specialist in nervous diseases, Doctor Samuel Weir Mitchell. \$1.00 a year; single copies 15 cents. S. S. McClure, Ltd., 743 Broadway, New York.

PELHAM'S PARAGRAPHS.

The old question as to whether trade follows the flag or the flag follows trade never seems to get a perfectly satisfactory answer. It works both ways. As the well-known lines put it:

Trade follows the flag where'er it's unfurled,
And the flag follows trade all over the world.

In Africa, that common hunting ground of the nations, all things seem to unite in the effort being made to confer upon the country the untold blessings of civilization.

The trader and the missionary are there and both do their parts, but for real, effective work there is nothing like the flag and the maxing gun. Of course, occasionally, the reckless white man finds out that odds of 1 to 100 are rather too great to give even the savages. But the "civilizing" process goes on. The bible and the rifle and the rum and the traders' baes are all there and doing their varied work in civilizing and christianizing the country. Soon the locomotive will be snorting over the land and where it goes the subjection will be complete. Away in Uganda they are even now quite "advanced" and have become civilized enough to have religious feuds—a sort of missionary war. "The protestants were victorious, killing more than thirty, and capturing fifteen hundred men, women and children." So reads a late dispatch. In order to preserve peace the country has been divided into districts, and protestants, catholics and mahometans are to keep each to their own pen. What a farce, what a tragedy is this as a result of missionary work—of the preaching of the gospel of peace and good will!

Man is a gregarious as well as an omnivorous animal. He is also bibulous and clubable. His strong social nature is one of the characteristics which distinguishes him from a great many other animals. He is always forming clubs. Such associations seem "to be a natural and necessary offshoot of men's gregarious and social nature" has said a wise man. From very earliest days there have been clubs and private companies, having various objects in view. Plutarch belonged to a club and among the ancient Greeks clubs abounded. The modern club, however, is more entirely of a social nature. Outside of the great ones there are numerous lesser ones formed upon all sorts of bases. The suicide clubs must be very interesting, especially as one is not allowed to resign from them. This rule prevents the interest from flagging. Each member has to be ready when his turn comes. Then there is the Thirteen club, which held its annual dinner on Jan. 13, in room number 13, at the Holborn restaurant, London. There were thirteen tables, each set for thirteen guests, who all passed under the club ladder on entering the room, which was profusely adorned with peacocks' feathers, and lighted with skull-shaped lamps. Salt was spilled out of coffin-shaped salt cellars and all the knives and forks were crossed. No casualties have been yet reported. Perhaps some of these things acted like antidotes to the others. This shows for what absurd purposes men will band themselves together. However, we have to get through it some way.

The habit or amusement of dancing is one of the things that there always seems to be trouble about. To dance or not to dance, that is the question, and, if one does

dance, how much to dance and who to dance with and what kind of dances. How is all this to be settled? The strictly proper and severely pious person will not countenance "dancing" of any description. That settles the thing for people of that cast. With them sober quadrille, the stately minuet or the weird and wicked "dances de veut" are under one common ban. To the person who admits that dancing can be made a most rational and graceful thing there is always a question as to how far to carry it. It does not do to go too far as a rule. Ordinary dancing is good, but not made of the fashionable "skirt dance"! Is it right and proper for nice young ladies to transform themselves into full fledged, or rather "unfledged," ballet-dancers, even for the benefit of a charity "kirkness" or something of the sort? Yet this is what they do in New York and other large cities. And, strangely enough the amateur skirt dancers seem to be good money-getters for church purposes and so forth. They take. People love their grace and beauty though war wages over the question of the length of their frocks. They might be the means of bringing to an end the long standing quarrel between church and stage, but—the physician is stopping them. He is the only power that could do it. It was of no use to appeal to the pretty dancers in the name of the proprieties, the moralities or any other things. But the doctor one day took one of them aside and whispered in her little pink, shell-like ear "My dear, you will become a dislocated fright in six months unless you stop this thing." And it is being stopped.

What a quiet week this one has been. We shall miss Shatford—Perhaps he will come again. Meantime the St. John gossips when they gather around the firesides, these winter evenings, will have to revert to the old topics of whether A. is going to marry B. or not; who C. is going with now and how many dollars old D. is worth. People have to talk and, as a rule, the less they know the more they can say.

The first of February is very near at hand and something has got to be done about it right away. Shall we give up our house and move this May or not—it does not suit us but can we get a better—shall we rent or board or buy—or what shall we do—perhaps we had better go to the country—the landlord must have an answer right away. Contound these landlords saith the tenant. Contound these tenants saith the landlord. PELHAM.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

A Reverie.

Sweet, within your cosy, curtained room
Where crimson intermingles with the gold,
And firelit shadows, throwing past, in gloom,
My fancies lived, and bade themselves unfold.
Heart spake to heart, of things, so sweet, and strange,
And life was music to a deeper strain
Than all years had listed, Oh! the change,
The sunlit world, the rapture, since you came.
The pleasant walks, in meadows, clover-blent,
The dewy nights of silvery woven beads,
The sea's deep symphony, the violets' scent,
Oh, Love, a night of dreams, a night of dreams!

A Pain Somewhere.

Where has he been so long?
In my heart there is left no song—
No joy in the day.
As a fair dream come in the night,
So he has stolen out of my sight—
I know not which way.
In the evening she comes to me,
And I sit by the fire and see
Her face in the flame.
The grey smoke plays in her curls,
While the sparks kiss the dearest of girls,
I whisper her name.
Then, waking, I find it a dream,
Red coals that flicker and gleam—
A pain somewhere.
And filling my pipe, I sigh
For the days I have watched ship by
And those nights on the stair. X. Y. Z.

New Year's Thoughts.

It snowed last night and the whiteness
Is spread over field and hill,
And the earth lies buried beneath it
So calm and pure and still.
Oh, beautiful snow! how it glistens
This Sabbath morn so clear,
While the chime of the bells as we listen
Comes softly to our ear.
It snowed last night, and the angels
Have robed the world in white.
To welcome the New Year's coming
And fill us with delight.
Oh, New Year! full of promise!
Oh, mile stone on life's way!
Another year, another mile,
Another New Year's day.
Friends, let us be more earnest
Than in the years gone by,
And strive with all our power
To live more worthily.
That purer lives and higher aims
May mark our record here,
So happier memories will surround
The dawning of each year. J. H.

Canada Claims the Princess.

To the Editor of PROGRESS—I quote from your issue of the 14th: "Miss E. Pauline Johnson, the Massachusetts poetess, is the daughter of a Mohawk chieftain. Now pardon me but you have made an unfortunate error; it is true she is a Mohawk princess, and is as proud of her blood as I am of being a Canadian, but she is not of Massachusetts. The Indian reserve in Brantford, Ont., is her birthplace and the banks of the Grand river her playground. She has always been and is still a resident of Brantford, but may have been visiting in Boston. We Canadians have little enough to be proud of and I should not allow one whose name has become famous to be claimed by another. Whatier said a few years ago, that there was a sweetness in her poetry of rare charm, and in his estimation she was worthy to be placed in the front rank of America's poetesses. I am on the editorial staff of the Morning Herald here, and of course take an interest in the rising school of Canadian writers, especially of one whom I claim as a warm personal friend. T. C. FRENCH O'HARA.

Not True to Life.

She—The play was excellent except for one thing.
He—And what was that?
She—The time extends over three years, and it shouldn't be more than three months.
He—I'd like to know why?
She—Why! Because the same servant girl stays through it all.

HOW HE KNEW IT.

The Simple Process of Reasoning That Caught the Right Man.

"Last Sunday," said the clergyman to his congregation, "someone put a button in the collection bag. I won't mention names. I will merely say that only one individual in the congregation could have done so, and I shall expect the same member, after the service, to replace the button with a coin of the realm."

After church a well-to-do but close-fisted individual sought an interview with the clergyman in the vestry.
"I—er," he began, hesitatingly, must apologize, sir, for the—er—button incident which I can assure you was quite an accident. I happened to have the button in my waistcoat pocket, together with a shilling, and took out the former by mistake. However, sir, here is the shilling."

"Thank you," said the clergyman, taking the coin, and gravely handing him the button.
"By the bye, sir," said the man, "I cannot understand how you should have known that it was I who—er—committed the—er—much to be-regretted mistake."

"I didn't know," replied the clergyman. "Didn't know! But you said, sir, that only one individual in the congregation could have done so."

"Just so. You see, sir, it is scarcely possible that two individuals could have put one button in the bag; is it, now?" asked the clergyman, with a bland smile.
It was so much easier for the button-contributor to say "good-day" than to answer this puzzling question that he made his bow at once.

In the Czar's Family.

Of the Czar's three giant brothers, Grand Duke Vladimir is the eldest, and by his great height and military bearing we immediately recognize a Romanoff. He is graceful as well as warlike, and in this family of Titans he is the artist. President of the Academy of Fine Arts at St. Petersburg, a lover of literature and music, he is interested in every artistic movement, besides which he has a great fancy for purchasing antique furniture. The Grand Duke Alexis is the second brother of the Czar, and one of the handsomest men in Russia; very tall, broad-shouldered, with blonde beard, light blue eyes, a deep voice and musical laugh. Owing to an unhappy love affair many years ago the Grand Duke has registered a vow never to marry. He is Admiral of the Russian fleet, while Vladimir is Aide-de-camp General of the Czar. The least sympathetic of the Czar's brothers is the Grand Duke Serge, who married a granddaughter of Queen Victoria. Although very intelligent, Grand Duke Serge is said to be extremely jealous, and the sufferings of the Grand Duchess Elizabeth have been beyond expression. Not long ago she embraced the orthodox religion, and to recompense his brother for her conversion, the Czar made him Governor-General of Moscow.

A Famous and Enduring Name.

The name that ever will endure
Is Harvard bronchial syrup, pure;
In Canada it's fame doth ring,
Most remedies his sovereign king.
The only preparation that can give entire satisfaction in curing coughs, colds, hoarseness, throat irritation and bronchial affections, is Harvard bronchial syrup.
Mr. Stuart Hunter, of Belleville, Ont., says:—"Having used your Harvard bronchial syrup, I found it all that could be desired as a remedy for throat affections. I have recommended it to others, and am pleased to say that people who have, upon my recommendation, used Harvard bronchial syrup have informed me that they have received great benefit from its use."

Getting "Face-Tired."

A well-known caricaturist says that he frequently gets "face-tired." "As I draw," he explains, "unconsciously my face assumes the expression of the people I am trying to represent in a distorted way, and, as a result, at the end of a couple of hours I find myself compelled to rest, not my eyes or my hands, but my face. I do this either by lying down or going out into the street with the determination of spending my time in looking at things and not at people, for I find I study their faces at the expense of my own. I take delight in my work, and that is the reason, I suppose that I am so sympathetic with it."

Keeping to His Promise.

A bad boy recently attacked another whose character for goodness was established.
Bad boy (striking)—There, take that!
Good boy (tolding his arms with a saintly expression)—No, Tommy, I will not hit you back, because I promised my mother never to strike a playmate, but (kicking him severely on the shins) how do you like that?

Sure to Do Right.

Mrs. Bicker (petulantly)—Oh, it's all very well to talk, but you'd be glad if I were dead!
Mr. Bicker (blandly)—Whatever you do, dear, is sure to be the right thing.

In These Latter Days.

Prunella—I wanted to go bicycle riding today.
Priscilla—Can't you go?
Prunella—No. I had to send my trousers to be pressed.

MAUGERVILLE.

JAN. 22.—The ladies of Christ church held a very successful basket social and oyster supper in the temperance hall, on the evening of Wednesday, the 17th inst. The proceeds amounted to forty dollars, which goes to repair the rectory.
The Sheffield literary society met at the residence of C. B. Harrison last Friday evening. After the usual amount of reading was gone through the friends enjoyed a very pleasant drive and then returned and had luncheon. Those present from Maugerville were Misses Stanger, Harrison and Bent, and Mr. Ashley Harrison.
Mrs. Leonard Bent died at the residence of her brother, E. W. Miles, last evening. Also Mrs. Binks died at her son's residence, G. F. Binks, on Monday morning.
Mrs. McFadden is visiting her mother at Lincoln. LITTLE LEAF.

GRAND MANAN.

JAN. 22.—Miss Julia Covert leaves today for Windsor, where she will attend the church school for girls. Mrs. Covert accompanies her daughter to St. John.
Mrs. Pettes is suffering from an attack of grippe. Dr. Price returned home on Wednesday.
A social club was formed and met at the rectory on Tuesday last. Mr. N. F. Perkins was elected president; Mrs. G. P. Newton, treasurer; Dr. Jack, secretary. An enjoyable evening was spent. W. E. Tatton and Mr. P. Russell spent last week in St. Andrews. SEA-WEED.