

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEB. 3.

THE RECOGNITION OF WORTH.

True merit seldom fails to gain recognition from the world, though too often that recognition comes tardily enough after those to whom it is due have passed away. As the world becomes more enlightened, however, worth seems to be more quickly discerned, and the great poets, novelists, musicians, painters and sculptors win the fruits of their genius and their labors in their lifetime. Their days are not now so much passed in poverty and obscurity, and they have not to feel that they strive and toil merely in the hope of posthumous fame.

The world's greatest hero at the present moment appears to be Mr. JAMES J. CORBETT, and even the St. John papers have swelled the tribute of praise by discussing the analogy of his encounter with Mr. MITCHELL to the fight between DAVID and GOLIATH. It is, however, beneath the flag to which his scientific skill has added a new glory that the vast tidal wave of popular enthusiasm has swept away for a time the consideration of less important affairs of life. Mr. CORBETT can now rest upon his laurels for a time, happy in the consciousness that his army of admirers is counted by the legion, and that tongue and pen join in the generous rivalry of sounding his praises o'er the length and breadth of this great continent.

When one remembers the ingratitude shown the ambitious heroes who sought wealth and fame in the land of Florida a few hundred years ago, and sees the triumph of CORBETT on his return from the Florida of these days, he must be a pessimist indeed who avers that the world grows worse as it grows older.

When RICHARD COEUR DE LEON returned from the crusades, he had no such reception as was accorded Mr. CORBETT when he reached New York last Saturday night. In the words of the N. Y. Press, he was crowned king of the pugilists and champion of the world.

His pilgrimage from Jacksonville to New York, on a special train, had been with outbursts of popular enthusiasm at every point and five thousand people were in waiting when he reached the metropolis. By the aid of the police he got to an hotel fresh crowds gathering at every point. Later in the evening seven thousand people crowded into Madison Square Gardens where he was to appear. The crowd embraced men from all walks of life—the banker and the broker, physician and lawyer, artist and artisan, club men in full dress suits and laborers in their working clothes. From some of the boxes peered out the faces of ladies, about a dozen of whom were present. When the great man spoke his words were received "with a cyclone of applause, which swept down the vast crowd with all the violence of a gale."

A former St. John man, Mr. JOHN BODEN, appears in the New York Press as the author of a critical and analytical essay on Mr. CORBETT as a master of both the old and the new schools of fighting. Mr. CORBETT had lost his temper when he did such speedy execution on Mr. MITCHELL, and the latter appears to have endeavored to provoke him with a view to very different results. The provocation seems to have been on "new school" principles, for Mr. HARRY HILL remarks that "I once saw YANKIE SULLIVAN spit in HARMON BROWN'S face with just the same object." But the refinement of the ring nowadays is clearly shown, for Mr. MITCHELL only called his opponent bad names when he could have very easily have spit into his face into the bargain.

"Pugilism has but one king," explains the Press essayist, and he adds that Mr. CORBETT "is now the popular pugilistic idol, and certainly no fighter that ever bore the honors of the world's championship was so worthy of homage as is the present wearer of the title. CORBETT is the master of every branch and school of pugilism. He is the greatest fighter the ring has

known. To him the championship of the world is no empty title."

These be strong words, but who may deny them? Let the subjects of this, the only king republican America can reverence, shout their joyful allegiance. Mr. CORBETT might have sought to win fame as an inventor, play-writer or even as a journalist, but he sought a greater field. It is said that General WOLFE repeated GRAY'S Elegy from memory the night before the storming of Quebec, and that he remarked he would rather be the author of the poem than to capture the city. He would have run less risk, for certain. No such remark is reported of CORBETT. He would have considered the writing of a poem a poor task in comparison with knocking out the Englishman. Besides, GRAY was nine years in completing his Elegy, while CORBETT knocked out MITCHELL in the third round. Comment, in the way of comparison, seems needless.

CONCERNING THE DRESS COAT.

Mr. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA is far from being the first man whose artistic sensibilities have been offended by the modern mode of men's evening dress, but he is the first to offer a prize for the best suggestion for reform. How far any of the suggestions have approached his ideal is not stated, but the winner of the prize is a lady who is quoted as suggesting that "the present harmony in black and white would be admirable with a trifling addition, which would lend the necessary touch of color and effect, namely, the gold embroidery of the coat collar and waistcoat over colored materials, such as crimson or dark blue velvet."

While the carrying out of this idea would be a step in the right direction, the reform does not seem to go far enough. The fashion of men's attire in these days is inartistic and unpoetical, as compared with woman's dress, though, in evening wear, it often has an advantage over the latter in having nothing to offend the most delicate imagination as regards the proprieties. At the best, however, the eternal black and white has little to commend it, save on special occasions of sorrow or dignity, when it is eminently in order.

The swallow-tail coat is an evolution—perhaps it should be termed a corruption—of a very graceful and comfortable garment worn in the olden times when colors were in vogue. It is an expensive article, considering the amount of cloth that is in it, and it is a useless affair on all ordinary occasions when a man is most brought in contact with the general public. The average man would rather wear a shabby cut-away around town than to sport a claw-hammer, even though he wore a silk hat to match. It is a dangerous kind of a coat, too, when taken in conjunction with the low cut waistcoat. When the modern society man has been working hard all day in a store, mill or factory, and dons a dress suit to attend a social function in the evening, he runs a great risk of taking cold, especially when, as is sometimes the case, he also takes a bath beforehand.

As the necessity for evening dress increases as what is known as "society" becomes more prevalent, so is there the necessity of a style of coat better suited to the demands of all. Many, who are not yet decrepit mortals, can recall the time when the circle of St. John society in which the tails of dress coats gyrated was exceedingly limited. When the Prince of Wales was here, in 1860, for instance, there was a good deal of speculation among the citizens as to whether a frock coat, with the skirts pinned back, would not be sufficiently a claw-hammer for the purposes of the levee. Since then the temper of the times has changed, and so many new elements have entered into the composition of society that a dress coat seems as much in order on the back of the hardy tradesman as on the back of the opulent tradesman to whom the fish are sold. What is more significant is that each may be the owner of the coat he has on. The tendency to buy, rather than to borrow, is greater than it was, for the obvious reason that since the use of dress coats has become more common a gentleman is likely to need his own coat for the very function for which his friend wishes to borrow it.

It, therefore, seems one of the penalties of social distinction that a man should invest a considerable sum in the purchase of a coat in which he frequently feels as awkward as a cow on snow-shoes, and looks as awkward as he feels. He may have got over the idea that the coat is too small because he cannot button it close, but at the best he is frequently ill at ease, as he would not be were there a sensible, easy fitting and graceful garment in which his lack of early culture would not be so much in evidence. He may be consoled by the thought that he has a coat which will not go out of fashion, but this is only in part true. The dress coat of this year is not a duplicate of that of last year. The tails are longer.

The limited usefulness of the swallow-tail in the everyday life of the citizen is supplemented by the fact that the number of seams renders it unavailable for the purpose of Sunday suits for the children, when the owner outgrows it or dies. It may be sold, it is true, and some of the dress coats occasionally seen appear to have been designed for others than the wearers, but this very fact, by the additional enormity of misfit claw-hammers, is in the line

of the contention that the existing dress coat should be reformed, so that an economical man may wear his neighbor's evening coat at a party with as much dignity as he wears a borrowed overcoat at a funeral. The same arguments might be adduced against other portions of the dress suit, but with a limited force, because, in some circles, the coat itself is the only essential requirement. Fastidious folk may use special dress shirts, and have trousers and waistcoat to match the coat, to say nothing of expensive footwear, but the man who gets the coat and takes what is at hand for the rest of the outfit, is not unknown to latter day society.

There are some good suggestions for dress reformers in the easy, graceful coats worn in the last century, when wigs and knee breeches were in fashion. The wigs need not come back, and the nineteenth century leg is not generally adapted to the breeches, but the coat, colors and all, has a great deal to recommend it. The swallow-tail can be very well spared.

PELHAM'S PARAGRAPHS.

From poetry to pugilism seems a far cry. Yet it is told of champion Corbett that when he left off being a clerk in a bank run away with his pretty little wife and got utterly "stranded," he had serious intentions of devoting himself to newspaper work and especially to the writing of poetry. He, however, eventually discovered that the best expression of his talents was by means of his biceps. So the world lost a poet and gained a pugilist. He evidently found his true vocation and financially, there would be no comparison between the two occupations. Pugilism pays far better than poetry and there is really more glory in it too. Corbett, however, is young yet and having now made his fame and fortune as a puncher he might turn his attention to mental and even intellectual things, and be a poet yet. If he could succeed in developing his mind to the same extent he has his muscle what a wonder would be there! Pugilists though, as a rule, seem to have a strong appreciation of brains and, in these days of scientific fighting, the man who fights a good deal "with his head" is acknowledged to have the best chance. Even the punchers and pounders would probably agree with the well-known answer given by the Scotch boy when asked by his teacher the catch question "What is the chief end of man?" "The head end" replied the boy.

It was supposed that, after the Corbett-Mitchell contest was worked off, there would be a brief time for rest. But it seems not. There is to be a period of six months or so of worry over Corbett and Jackson, beginning from now. It would be nice to get up a stir in St. John. Suppose we offer the fighters the use of, say, Navy Island. There is a great deal of interest taken here in pugilism and a purse could be easily made up. Not long since I noticed an account of a prize-fight in which the victor hailed from St. John. St. John boys are always making a buzz somewhere. Just look what a row McNulty kicked up out in Frisco.

One kind of force or another is always being tested. The question of who can fight best with the fists is not of so much importance as that of who can fight best with the grim implements of war, whenever a time for their use shall arrive. The nations are looking keenly to their armaments. The irresistible cannon ball is ever being offset by the immovable armor. At present, however, the cannon seems to be ahead. In a recent test at Sandy Hook a 575 pound ball was sent through eleven and a half inches of steel armor and six feet of oak backing behind it. That is considerable to get through. While this kind of ball can be fired there is little use in weighting ships with heavy armor. It almost seems as if the heavy armor must give way to the strength which lies in lightness and speed and in new combustibles which can be fired with accuracy at a very long range.

The announcement that the Princess of Wales has retired from social life creates something of an excitement in England where the Princess is popular with all classes. It appears that her state of health has given cause for alarm for some time and that she has never fully recovered from the effects of the blow received by the death of her eldest son. It is further reported that the Princess herself is suffering from his old complaint and that his health is very precarious. These things must have an interest for loyal subjects all over the Empire. Meantime, we are in the fifty-seventh year of the reign of Victoria the Good and our hale and hearty old Queen continues to bear bravely the burden of her years and responsibilities.

The United States is weighted with an enormous financial burden on account of the civil war, and claims for damages and pensions are still coming in. It was supposed, however, that at least all claims in connection with the war for independence had been settled up. But it seems not. Col. Nicholas Lotz, of Pennsylvania furnished supplies to Washington's army at Valley Forge. His heirs claim that he was never paid in full. They held a meeting recently at Reading and will present a claim to Congress for about \$4,000,000. There are about forty persons interested so when the claim is paid in full each one will get a hundred thousand dollars. It is just possible that Congress may take the benefit of the statute and consider it

outlawed. It puts one in mind of Mark Twain's story.

What is the matter with "Real Estate" in St. John? Houses and lands are very poor property, and sales can only be made at what are called sacrifice prices. An unusually large proportion of the finest private residences are for sale or to be let. A good many ambitious young men who started out in expensive houses on the most fashionable streets appear to be getting ready to start over again in a less pretentious manner. PELHAM.

THAT MISSION CHURCH ORGAN.

The Builder Contends that He is Not to Blame for Its Bad Work.

"The Mission church organ has been going from bad to worse lately, and it is a question whether it would be better to tear it down and rebuild rather than to keep on tinkering at it with such unsatisfactory results."

To the Editor of PROGRESS: The above appeared in your last issue. Taken with what has from time to time appeared in your paper re Mission church organ, the general interpretation of the item is pretty sure to be unfavorable to me.

Perhaps, in fairness, you will publish the following facts: Before placing the organ in the church I asked Rev. Mr. Davenport whether the floor supports were sufficient and he, after asking Mr. Hurd Peters (who had had charge of the erection of the building) said to me: "Mr. Peters says the floor will hold all you can put on it."

I suggested six tons, as the probable weight of the organ. He said: Mr. Peters says the floor is laid in concrete, upon a lower floor of plank, upon strong joists, they upon piling driven to the rock, and it will hold twenty tons. The organ began to sink almost at once the weight was all on the floor, and has continued to go down until last fall, when the church folk, at last, had a man cut through the floor to prove whether there was any cause for what I stated to them, which was that the organ had gone down nearly, or quite two inches off level in its width (frame) of seven feet six inches.

Mr. Hurd Peters came up for me, and on going to the church I saw what had been a block of spruce, some eighteen inches long, so decayed that it would not hold together in being lifted from below, that had been taken out from directly under the organ building frame last fall. The block had been placed endwise, on the top of a pile, and had been supposed to be the projecting end of the pile itself. I may say there are several such short piles, so placed under the building, since discovered.

On Mr. Hurd Peters coming to the church he pointed to the decayed block, and referring to past organ troubles and sunken floor, remarked: "There's the culprit."

You, Mr. Editor, may remember my stating this latter fact to you, and asking you to publish it, at the time block was found. Possibly it escaped your memory at the time, as you did not refer to it. Now as to the "tinkering" and "reconstruction." I have a contract with Mission church, as also with several other churches to keep their organs in order at so much per annum, and they have the smallest defect made right, from week to week, or as it occurs.

That is the tinkering, the taking down, removing leveling of floor, and re-erection of organ which have been discussed by the mission church folk recently, and they appreciate the need for such work. But it is not to be done now, as a letter from Rev. Mr. Davenport, noted below, shows. I am sorry so much for reconstruction: JOHN M. DAVENPORT, 24 PARADISE ROW, JAN. 24, 1894.

Mr. F. A. Peters, Dear Sir—I am sorry to say that we cannot possibly undertake the reconstruction of the organ until such time as our finances will admit of the expense. We shall have to get along as best we can for another year simply propping the floor under the instrument to hold everything in place as at present. You will be pleased to know that Canon Brickstocke is well satisfied with your work on the Trinity organ. I remain yours very truly, JOHN M. DAVENPORT.

All of which may be easily verified. By publishing the above, you may set right some of the wrong your paper, through its musical correspondent, has done me. F. A. PETERS.

More Light Needed.

To THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS:—I was highly delighted with the article in last Saturday's PROGRESS about the Prot. Orphan asylum. I took some strangers there one morning and was amazed to find that bedrooms, dining-room and school were in the back of the house. The front, where were matron's room and unoccupied ones, were flooded with sunlight, while the back ones were gloomy. This is often the way that public buildings are—I hope you will not let the matter rest but continue to point out reforms. If you could just get into the actions of some of the caretakers of these public dwellings it would be a fine thing. REFORM.

Much Came From a Distance.

The subscriptions to the fund to relieve Mr. Ellis of some of the expense of the costs in the contempt case now amount to about \$1,800, which sum is in the hands of Senator Lewin. The citizens of St. John have not made a serious inroad on their pockets by their responses, but the voluntary contributions from many other places show a quick recognition of the principle involved. Ontario and Prince Edward Island have been very generous in proportion to this province, while Quebec has made a record of which it has no reason to feel ashamed.

Need Some Presbyterian Practice.

"The oratorio does good work at its concerts, but when it comes to singing the paraphrases it stands no show alongside of St. David's church choir." This is what a St. David's man has to say as one of his impressions of the Boyd memorial service, Thursday night. Perhaps he was prejudiced.

Halifax Orpheus Club.

The second subscription concert of the Orpheus club, of Halifax, is to take place at Orpheus hall next Tuesday evening. It is sure to be a success. Mr. Comrie Thomson's fee in the Ardnamoan case is one thousand guineas, a sum paid on only two other occasions in the history of the Scottish Courts, and on no other occasion in the history of the High Court of Justiciary (i. e., the criminal court.) Mr. Asher has no special fee, and his yearly salary as Solicitor-General is only £5 more than a thousand guineas, for members of the Scottish Bar accept the Solicitorship-General and the Lord-Advocateship only as stepping-stones to the Bench. Altogether the cost of Monson's defence, which is paid by his mother, the Hon. Mrs. T. J. Monson, is estimated at between £3,500 and £4,000.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

Urania. Our petty souls, our strutting wits, Our labor'd, pony passion fits— Ah, may she scorn them still, till we Scorn them as utterly as she. —Matthew Arnold.

Descent from Heaven, Urania, by that name I rightly then art called. Hail, Muse divine! and is it true That thou with scorn dost mortals view, And lookest on them from afar, Till men grow nobler than they are? Come clouds unto thy gracious mien, When all their vain pretense is seen? "Their deeds ignoble let them do," Said'st thou;—for me they vainly sue? "When men no more themselves may boast, When falls the self-advancing host, When souls may shine, not markets, seek, They, list'ning then, may hear me speak."

But, ah, sweet Muse, who smilest still Scarcely o'er thy templed hill! Scorn not so bitterly; for love Perchance may nobler passion move. Is chivalry a feint romance? Is hero's fame, is poet's trance, A dying strain, a fading star?— Grant some new, matchless avatar.

In vain we pine,—Inglorious we! In our forlorn captivity: Turn us! Is not of loftier weal Within, whereto thou canst appeal? Thou, one of old, didst poet know, Whose mead the world had marked with woe; Mid blissful seats or drear abodes He walked, with large discourses of gods.

A sould'ring fire within would rise, Damp'd by the fountains of his eyes; Earth might his lofty soul distress, But thou didst fill with loveliness. So didst thou on thy Spenser smile?— His eyes like summer stars beguile, And all his dulcet tones rehearse "The magic of the universe."

To thee the sightless eyes were turned, To thee the soul majestic burned, Ah, heavenly Muse! canst thou delight In less than Milton's starry flight? Yet to some humbler one appear, Who years up to thee in ether clear; Say,— "To the singer's best estate, Thine angel, I, if not thy mate."

If, hidden from the world's vain eyes, Some song-delighted spirit lies,— Lay thine inspiring touch on me, Thy look thou'lt? "I long have sought for thee." Angel of song, retired afar! We would be nobler than we are:— Would stoop, unsold, unshamed would soar, And merit thy disdain no more.

PASTOR FELIX. My Sweet Valentine. Walking in night and a mist of cold, In a wintry waste of charms; I spread my hands for warmth to the sky, And Spring flew into my arms.

She drew through a ribband grass "t me come!" A red breast echoed her say; A willow bud caroled in showers of tears, As her breath on my shoulder lay.

She nestled down close to my grateful self, In a glance it were death to miss; Her girlish blush crept down her face, And wakened a sleeping kiss.

The tree-tops supplied in driven snow, Into angels of Paradise grew; And red winged shadows of grass and ferns, Their white feet dipped in dew.

I touched her daffodil lids of eyes! O'er modest violets seen; And a glow came out of a field in the sun, And threw her robe of green.

We followed its glory across the day, To the gate of a new born world; Where bright eyed song flows down to the earth, With wing rustles feathered and pearled.

O dream of that world that is now our own, New hope to try soul you bring, The apple blossoms look from her face to mine— And I listen to hear her sing.

Adieu cold Mist to the summer land, We float in our sunny bark; Our pink sails fill in the balmy wind, And we leave you here in the dark.

Wafted away to a lovers' isle, On the gleam of a silver sea; We are safely moored in the poet's heart, And spring is ever with me.

CYRUS GOLDBE. In Other Years. In other years, ah yes perchance, Again love you and I may meet, And live the old times past and sweet; Awakened by our old romance, As from some angel guarded trance.

In other years our hands may find, The dear old clasp so warm and true, The greeting we so fondly knew; When faith and hope together twined, The deathless garlands of the mind.

In other years no fearful gloom, May fall on sweetest flowers dead, But golden summer long since fled; May raise o'er truth's unheeded tomb, Love's roses in immortal bloom.

In other years we may stand, Safe in the old pines' happy shade, And walk again the leafy glade; The last of all the scattered band Who loved the old scenes wild and grand.

In other years and then dear heart, The purple and the sunsets gold, And that bright star that never tould; Would waken all the silent glen, To greet us should we meet again.

CYRUS GOLDBE. "Cuts." Of old, if one would pose in print Both brain and wit were needed, And they who could best facts invent To gain space best succeeded; But now if one has "got a face"— Of brain he needs few traces— Some "leading sheet" will give it space And add to it strange graces.

Of old, when scribes had fibs to say They'd get plain type to say them; But now, tho' type stiff lies portray; Engraving (?) best portray them; And "special artists"—Ah! some few Of them seem special quizzes— Carve "cuts," ye gods! too sad to view O' scenes (?) and peoples' phizzes. The gazetteer of old did stripe His toes with whips much dreaded; That is, with words set in cold type And columns double leaded; But caustic pressmen now depend On far more seathing structures— They print the names of foes or friends Beneath their so-called pictures. St. John, Feb., 1894.

SUMMERSIDE, P. E. I.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Summerside by Messrs T. J. & M. L. Walsh.] JAN. 30.—Last week brought the usual round of gaiety, so much that we were unable to be present at it all.

Miss Fannie Crabbe gave another of her charming evenings last Tuesday. It was not large but exceedingly pleasant. A party of ladies and gentlemen from Summerside, drove to Cape Traverse one afternoon last week; after spending a very pleasant evening at the "Landsdowne" they returned home by moonlight.

Mr. Allan Parsons, of Montreal, is in town. Miss Georgie Muller, of Victoria, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Alex. Campbell. Mr. H. H. Harvey was in town last week. The "Reign Boat" club met last week at the residence of Mr. W. T. Hunt, St. E. cannot it was like all former meetings of this club most enjoyable. The sleighing which could not have been enjoyed a full moon, added much to the pleasure on the drive. Hon. George Godkin spent a few days of last week in the capital.

Mr. B. D. Higgs, of the "Guardian," spent Sunday in Summerside. Capt. W. H. Barnard left last Saturday for the West Indies. Several of the teaching staff of the high school are absent from duty on account of the grippe. Mr. James Sinclair left last week for Montreal, where he has procured a good situation.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Baker, are visiting friends in Trigon. Mr. Yates, of Charlottetown, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George Crabbe. Mr. A. C. Rogers, crossed by the Capes on Monday, he has gone on a trip to the North West. We wish him a pleasant time.

There was quite a successful entertainment given in St. Eleanor's hall last Friday evening. It consisted of vocal and instrumental music all of which was well rendered. There were also two dramas in which the acting was very creditable, especially that of Mr. A. C. Rogers. Quite a number from Summerside were present.

Mr. Arch. McMillan is home from Oklahoma on a visit. CHARMON AND BLAKE. WOODSTOCK. [PROGRESS is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. John Loane & Co.]

JAN. 30.—The mock parliament which has been organized in connection with the debating society is proving a very attractive form of entertainment, educationally and socially. A strong government with an opposition, very little inferior in numbers and quite capable, make the meetings very interesting. Mr. Samuel Watts as leader of the government, with Mr. H. P. Baird, minister of customs; T. C. Ketchum, minister of finance; D. Galagher, minister of justice, and A. D. Holyoke, minister of public works. Mr. Wendell Jones is leader of the opposition and Major D. McLeod, Vice speaker.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Dibble, who have been seriously ill with the grippe, are recovering. Mrs. W. Hovey died at her residence, Northampton, on Friday, of la grippe. Mrs. Mona Thompson, St. John, is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Frank Rankin. Miss De Millie, Hampton, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. L. P. Fisher.

Mr. Wm. M. Donnell went to Fredericton on Saturday to attend the funeral of the late Mr. G. F. Fisher. Greenville James, U. S. Consul returned Thursday from a visit to Yarmouth, N. S. Mr. Clarence Burpee, of the C. P. R., is recovering from an attack of typhoid fever. ELAINE.

RICHMONTO. JAN. 30.—Mr. and Mrs. Jas. P. Cate gave an enjoyable card party last week for their married friends at their spacious residence. A sumptuous supper was served at 12 o'clock. The guests included Postmaster and Mrs. Vantour, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Wheten, Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm McKinnon, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Short, Mr. and Mrs. Henry O'Leary, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Sayre, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Harnett, Mr. and Mrs. Martin, Feagan, Mr. and Mrs. Fred E. Sayre, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Forbes, Mr. and Mrs. George McInerney, Mr. and Mrs. Richard O'Leary, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Storor, Mr. and Mrs. H. T. C. Litta, Mr. and Mrs. John Stevenson, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Cate, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Atkinson.

Manager Brown was in Moncton last week. Sheriff Lezer paid an official visit to the Litchfield penitentiary on Monday. Mrs. W. E. Forbes returned several days ago from a visit to Charlottetown. Mr. Geo. W. McDonald, of New Glasgow, was here last week.

Congratulations are being extended to Mr. and Mrs. B. Johnson this week. Johnson is receiving in a becoming costume of gray, prettily trimmed with shot silk. ATRIORA. NORTH SYDNEY. [PROGRESS is for sale in North Sydney at the store of Messrs. Copeland & Co.]

JAN. 30.—The carnival in the rink Monday evening went off quite gayly, most of the skaters appearing in brilliant hues. There were a number of pretty costumes and certainly a great deal of that variety which is the spice of life.

Mrs. James Vought gives a progressive euchre and dance tomorrow for which about forty invitations have been issued. Mrs. Rigby, returned last week from Glace Bay. H. E. Baker, of Gabarus, was in town this week.

Miss Maggie Brown, is staying at the "Hermiteage" with Miss Purves. Mr. White who takes Mr. Reg. McDonald's place in the Peoples bank, arrived Saturday from Port Hood. DALLAS. Would Have Liked an Encore.

A small yacht was out with a party off Port Soderie, in the Isle of Man, when something went wrong with the sheet of the foresail, and in trying to adjust it half the crew went overboard, the other half who was steering, being just in time to catch hold of his mate's foot as it was glancing past him. He held on tightly, but instead of saving his mate, he went after him.

The first man had kept hold of the sheet of the sail, and the second kept hold of him; so, after a good deal of puffing and blowing by the frightened passengers, they managed to haul their crew on board again, no worse, except that one had lost his hat.

To make this up the passengers subscribed a trifle each, and handed about four shillings to the hatless man, who, turning to his mate, whispered: "Bill, d'ye think they'd spring another half-crown if I went in again?"

Does Water Get Fatigued? Even the waters level the excessive heat and are languid and lazy.

The experiments of science experts have shown that with an increasing temperature there is an expansion of the particles of which water is composed, and this, while diminishing their density, lessens the weight and driving force of a stream. At noon on a sunny day, or during the course of a sultry afternoon, water-wheels become sluggish; and weirs require opening more often while the sun is high in the heavens than in the early morning or after nightfall.

For Breakfast.

Get Rolled Wheat Flakes or "Petti Johns Col Breakfast Food" and Evaporated Cream, they are most delicious. Western Grey Buckwheat for Griddle cakes with Dunn's Ham, or Bacon, are no mean substitutes; you can get those and others from J. S. ARMSTRONG & Bro., Grocers 32 Charlotte St. Waitting and Watchin'. Ada—No; Priscilla will never marry unless she finds her ideal. Ida—What sort of a man is her ideal? Ada—A man who will propose her.