

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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

THEY WILL WRITE POLITICS.

The Weymouth Free Press does PROGRESS the honor of heartily endorsing its editorial of April 3, entitled "Let Them Write Politics." This article, alluding to the publication of an issue of the Toronto Globe solely the week of women, claimed that the publishers robbed the event of what would make it of unique interest by creating the "provision" that the woman's Globe be non-political. It was also suggested that it would be an entertaining journalistic event if the two leading papers of Toronto—the Globe and the Mail and Empire—would give their managements into the hands of women for a week, during which time the political issues of the day could be freely discussed from women's as well as from liberal and conservative standpoints.

The Free Press, in commenting upon PROGRESS' article seems to worry itself on behalf of the ladies somewhat unnecessarily. It says: "Privileges granted with conditions imposed and reservations made are an ungracious sort of giving; and we doubt not that the women of Toronto who are thus hampered, feel the injustice. It may be that subscriptions to the Globe are falling off and it was to better advertise their paper that this unique departure was allowed, rather than the wish to give women an opportunity to show that they were capable of in the journalistic line. The Globe has probably a poor opinion of woman's intelligence and capability of looking at political questions with that fairness and impartiality that, as a matter of course, ordinarily characterize the political utterances of that journal, and fears its standing would be injured by the crude opinions of women, in dealing with topics of that nature."

It does not seem to PROGRESS that the publishers of the Globe have been guilty of an ungracious sort of giving, nor that any great injustice has been done the women of Toronto. The Globe publishers probably thought that they were giving the women journalists of Toronto a privilege such as women in America never before had—as indeed they were. The women also seemed to consider the question in this light. It may have been that the desire to particularly interest women in all parts of Canada, whatever their politics might be, induced the publishers to make the paper for the time being non-political. It cannot be that the Globe thought that it was impossible to find a woman who could write intelligently upon the political topics of the day. It must know that some of the cleverest political writers in the United States are women, and the Globe is surely patriotic enough to believe that what the women of the United States can do, the women of Canada can likewise do. Believing this, and that the women had enough to do without writing politics, it seemed to be an instance of self-denial on the part of the Globe to lay aside political editorials for a day at a time when political editorials are of interest. As it was, some of the most interesting by-elections ever held in Canada took place on the day before the woman's Globe was issued.

The suggestion "that subscriptions to the Globe are falling off and it was to better advertise the paper that this unique departure was allowed" is not a very probable one. The venture is a good advertisement for the Globe, but the papers or the people who advertise the most are not likely to be the ones who most need advertising. It seems that another bright upper Province paper, in getting out its woman's edition, intends take part of the suggestion made by PROGRESS, judging from the following rather ungalant paragraph in the Toronto Telegram: "Watch out for the Woman's Hamilton Spectator. It will be a corker. Two live business women will preside over the editorial page and write comments upon Hon. J. M. Gibson and

D'ALTON McCARTHY in the language of the fishmarket."

If the Hamilton Spectator is really going to have a women's political page, it would better make arrangements with its valued contemporary, the Hamilton Times, to run their papers for a week or so in the manner that has been respectfully suggested to the Toronto Globe and the Toronto Mail and Empire. The Spectator and the Times are two of the clearest exponents of political situations from conservative and liberal standpoints in all Canada, and it is far from improbable that the clever Hamilton women one hears so much about should not cause any deterioration of the editorial pages of these papers.

Hundreds of members of temperance societies and school children in the maritime provinces have heard with regret the news of the death of W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, the New York magazine publisher who has distributed elocution medals to many students in this part of the world. He was an ardent prohibitionist, and introduced his system of giving gold, silver and diamond-mounted medals in order not only to foster that very important and generally very much neglected study, elocution, but also to inculcate prohibition principles, as all the prescribed readings were on temperance subjects. It is said that Mr. DEMOREST furnished at his own expense forty-one thousand of these medals. The late philanthropist was prominently identified with the abolition reform, and was on most intimate terms with GREELEY, BRECHER and SUMNER. In 1855 he organized the National Prohibition Bureau, and later the Constitutional League, by means of which he hoped to carry to the United States supreme court a case attacking the constitutionality of liquor license laws.

It will be remembered that there was once a considerable agitation by colored people in the maritime provinces and some of their white friends because of a hotel proprietor's action in regard to a colored man who wished to dine at his restaurant. A similar question has come before the Alabama legislature, and the following decision has been rendered: The landlord in that state who does not care to entertain a negro guest has a right to make a contract in advance, putting such a price upon the entertainment as he pleases. If the would-be guest assents to the terms offered by the landlord, the latter must entertain him, but those terms to a negro are usually so exorbitant as to be prohibitive.

The Portland Transcript says: "That was both a kind and a wise man who, when about to marry for the second time, settled \$10,000 upon his unmarried daughter. 'I should like to have her go on living at home,' he said, 'but who can tell whether she and her step-mother will be harmonious and quite happy together? She shall feel that she is free to go or stay.' The consequence was mutually happy relations, since both women knew there was no dependence or necessity for them to live in closer relationship than might prove agreeable." The Transcript deserves to poll a large vote of thanks for its hint. All that has man, upon marrying a second wife, has to do in order to propitiate his unmarried daughter, is to settle ten thousand dollars upon her.

The California minister of the gospel who made some defamatory statements regarding a young lady in a public prayer, and was sued for slander, has had to pay damages. The court has decided that no prayer containing a slander, publicly uttered, can be exempt from the legal consequences, and that no communication made by a pastor to his congregation is privileged because of such relation. There can scarcely be a more cowardly way of attacking a person than from a pulpit, and it is pleasing to note that clerical slanderers are getting their due.

The Connecticut lower house has passed bills prohibiting the placing of advertisements on trees, rocks and structures without the owner's consent. If the people were not so slow to realize that the best place to advertise is in a good newspaper, there would be less of placing advertisements where they offend the taste of lovers of the beautiful, even though owners of the property they are placed upon do not object to their presence.

There are several female barbers in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and it is generally conceded here that at this business women are not a success. But it seems to be different in the States, judging from the popularity of the new college for barbers in Philadelphia, the president of which is a woman.

The most interesting person in connection with the CURSON-LAITER "international wedding" may not, if she is like some women, be pleased with this item concerning her, which appeared in many papers: "The bride has long been one of the reigning beauties of the American capital."

Printer's Ink, in alluding to the statement that women read the advertisements with more interest than the general news-columns of a paper, says, "Why not? What's more interesting to the buying head of a family than news from the selling world?"

In connection with the question as to whether St. John will have a bath-house or not, it

is interesting to learn that in Tokio there are eight hundred public bath-houses, in which a person can take either a hot or a cold bath for a sum equal to one cent.

There are some parents and guardians in New Brunswick who would like to see a law in operation here like that of the State of New York which prohibits changes in school text-books oftener than once in three years.

A German medical paper informs its foreign readers that an insured man in Germany can claim the whole of his insurance money on the ground that he has lost the means of maintaining himself.

The world is getting better. The wholesale grocers of Iowa have signed an agreement that they will not sell any more "filled" cheese. The wooden nutmeg still holds the fort, however.

The women of Ohio are now far more backward in voting than in any other of the states where they are given that privilege. The novelty of the idea has worn off.

The practice of kissing the book has been abolished in Pennsylvania, on account of the ubiquity of the bacillus.

The latest place where WILKES BOOTH is living is South America. BILL DALTON is still dead.

It should be remembered that Spain controls the telegraph lines in Cuba.

THE RENO GANG.

One of the Most Daring Bands of Robbers Ever Known.

The first, and probably the most daring band of train robbers that ever operated in the United States was the notorious Reno gang, an association of desperate outlaws who in the years immediately following the war, committed crimes without number in Missouri and Indiana, and for several years terrorized several countries in the region about Seymour in the last-named State. The leaders of this band were four brothers, John Reno, Frank Reno, "Sim" Reno, and William Reno, who rivalled each other in a spirit of lawlessness that must have been born in their blood, through the union of a hardy Swiss emigrant with a woman sprung from the Pennsylvania Dutch. Of the six children from this marriage only one escaped the restless, law-despising taint that made the others desperate characters, this single white sheep being "Clint" Reno, familiarly known as "Honest" Reno, and much despised by the rest of the family for his peaceful ways. Even Laura Reno, the one daughter, famed throughout the West for her beauty, loved danger and adventure, was an expert horsewoman, an unerring shot, and as quick with her gun as any man. Laura fairly worshipped her desperado brothers, whom she aided in more than one of their criminal undertakings, shielding them from justice when hard pressed, and swearing to avenge them when retribution overtook them after their day of triumph.

During the war the Renos had become notorious as "bounty-jumpers," and at its close, with a fine scorn for the ways of commonplace industry, these fierce-hearted dashing young fellows, all well-built, handsome boys, cast about for further means of excitement and opportunities to make an easy living. Beginning their operations in a small way with house-breaking and store robberies, they soon proved themselves so reckless in their daring, so fertile in expedients, so successful in their coups, that they quickly extended their field until in the early part of 1866, they had placed a wide region under contribution, setting all forms of law at defiance.

The June Musical Festival.

The grand musical festival to be given at St. John and Halifax the first week in June by Sousa's famous concert band, America's greatest band, will doubtless prove the grandest musical event in the history of the Maritime Provinces. Sousa's great band is too well known to require any extended introduction. Formed expressly to uphold the honor of America at the World's Fair in competition with the great visiting bands of Europe, such as Kaiser William's band of Germany, it proved one of the leading attractions and earned for itself the title of "America's Greatest Band." Since the Fair closed it has played in concert from ocean to ocean, last year giving over 500 concerts to upwards of a million people, and this year every night is engaged up to 31st December. With the band will appear Miss Marie Barnard, the eminent soprano, and Miss Curme Duke, violinist, a favorite pupil of Joachim, the king of violinists, both of whom will be accompanied by the full band. Sousa as a composer has a world wide reputation, his annual royalty from the J. Church Co. amounting to \$25,000. Very low excursions will be run from all points and the concert and railway tickets will be combined, so that at even less than half fare the public can attend the great festival. Full particulars will be advertised in this paper next week.

Stylish Dress Goods.

Forous to the air while perfectly rain proof, the Cravenette makes up into a stylish costume which ladies much appreciate in spring and summer, in which seasons it can be worn, as it is made in light and heavy weights. There is also a choice of colors, as it comes in Navy, Myrtle, Brown, Grey, Castor, and Black. Cravenette is used for wraps, cloaks, and all over garments. A stylish cloth making a stylish garment, while free from every objectionable feature of the old rubber waterproof goods.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Father of Lights. Father of Lights, whose gifts exceed all measure, Accept my praise; The incense pure, drawn from a hearth's best treasure, To Thee I raise.

O God, my God, to Thee I would draw nigh, Most High art Thou, a worm of earth am I. Eternal Son, whose love beyond all telling Demands my song; My noblest hymns my voice forever swelling, To Thee belong.

O Christ my Lord, who soothest every grief, Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief, O Holy Ghost, from whom all wisdom floweth, O'er all Thine own;

Thy Blessed Union every grace bestoweth On Thine alone. O Thou Great Guide, attend my every hour, Source of all strength, I sorely need Thy power.

O Triune God, O Father, Son and Spirit, Thee I adore; Receive my homage through a Saviour's merit, I Thee implore.

Prostrate in heart, with many sins I own, Almighty God, I bow before Thy Throne. L. A. H.

Love's Leaf. O green leaf of the splendid spring, I hear your sweet voice say: The memories your love songs bring Come on the wings of May.

O sweet red bud, bring me my rose, And love song's still unsung; My answer is the poet knows Love's leaf is always young. Pansy Forch, April, 1895. CYPRUS GOLDBE.

The Battle Flag at Shenandoah. The tented field wore a wrinkled form, And the emptied church from the hill looked down On the emptied road and the emptied town, That summer Sunday morning.

And here was the blue, and there was the gray, And a wide green valley rolled away, Between where the battling armies lay, That sacred Sunday morning.

Young Custer sat, with impatient will, His restless steed, 'mid his troops still, As he watched with glass from the o' k-set hill That slight Sunday morning.

Then fast he began to chafe and fret; "There's a battle flag on a bayonet! Too close to my own true soldiers set For peace this Sunday morning."

"Ride over, someone," he haughtily said, "And bring it to me! Why, in bars blood red And in stars I will stand tall, and overhead Will flaunt it this Sunday morning!"

Rode a West-bound lad, pale-faced and slim, Rode out, and touching his cap to him, Swept down, as swift as the swallows swim That anxious Sunday morning.

On, on, through the valley! up, up, anywhere, That pale-faced lad like a bird through the air Kept on till he climbed to the banner there, That bravest Sunday morning!

And he caught up the flag and found his waist He wound it tight, and he fled in haste, And swift his perilous route retraced, With his heart's best blood; and he fell down dead, That daring Sunday morning.

All honor and praise to the trusty steed! "I'll tell you, and tell godspeed! God's pity for you in your hour of need That deadly Sunday morning."

Oh, deadly shot! oh, shower of lead! On, iron rain on the brave, brave head! Why, even the leaves from the trees fall dead With his deadly Sunday morning!

But he gains the oak! Men cheer in their might! Brave Custer is weeping in his delight! Why, he is embracing the boy outright! This glorious Sunday morning.

But soft! Not a word was the pale boy said, He unwinds the flag. It is starred, striped, red, With his heart's best blood; and he falls down dead, In God's still Sunday morning.

So wrap his flag to his soldier's breast; Into Stars and Stripes it is stained and blest; And under the oak let him rest, and rest, In God's own Sunday morning. JOAQUIN MILLER.

Halving Thirty-Seconds.

"Now, boys," said the teacher, "I have a few questions in fractions. Suppose I had a piece of beefsteak and cut it into two pieces; what would those pieces be called?"

"Halves!" shouted the class. "Correct. And if I cut each half into two pieces?"

"Quarters!" "That's right. And if the quarters are each cut in halves?"

"Eighths!" "Quite so. And if those were chopped in two?"

"Sixteenths!" "Very good. And when the sixteenths were cut, what would those pieces be called?"

Here there was some hesitation, but in a moment two boys said: "Thirty-seconds!"

"Just right, just right," said the teacher. "And now we will chop those in half. What have we now?"

Silence followed this question, while the boys shifted uneasily and the teacher held his breath.

"Do none of you know?" inquired the young man. "Come—I'm sure someone can tell me."

There was a moment's pause, and then a hand was raised, and the smallest boy in the class piped out: "Please, sir, I think I know."

"Well, Johnnie, what?" "Mince," said the youngster; and there was a burst of laughter.

Severe. Some years ago a quondam brigand chief was raised to the presidency of Bolivia. He was noted for his long, shaggy hair and beard, on which he never bestowed the slightest pains. On the day of his election he had to attend mass, in obedience to the usual custom, and a barber was called in to comb and dress the matted hair and beard of his excellency. When the tedious and painful operation was over, an official came in to inform his excellency that there was a criminal sentenced to death, and awaiting execution but that it was customary for a newly-elected president to commute the sentence to a lighter one.

"Well, and what other punishment am I to give him?" inquired the president, still smarting from the recent operation.

"Whatever your excellency may please." "Then let him have his hair combed, and have done with it," was the reply.

It is proposed to establish a school near London for the training and discipline of the insubordinate sons of the well-to-do, on the model of an institution which has been a success in France.

Paper stockings are coming into extensive use in Germany. They are said to prevent colds.

WHO WILL BE PASTOR?

Why Should Not St. Andrew's Amalgamate With Fort Massey?

HALIFAX, April 25.—St. Andrew's presbyterian church of this city has not yet made up its mind who its pastor shall be. Indeed the congregation seems very little nearer a chance than it was when Rev. D. M. Gordon was taken from its pulpit and designated to a professorship in Pine Hill college. They have had, and are yet getting, men to preach for them from the "north and the south; the east and the west," but the more preachers they hear the more difficult it seems to be to choose.

The variety of good men available renders a choice as hard to make, or harder, than if there were but one or two first-class men in sight and the remainder guns of smaller calibre. St. Andrew's church finds the "embarrassment of riches" not in their possession of preachers, but in the wealth from which they are called upon to select one to call their own. Make up your minds quickly, people of St. Andrew's, or far better, decide to amalgamate with Fort Massey church, only a stone's throw from your doors! The small amount of endowment you will lose is not worth counting.

In Blissful Ignorance.

The window of one of the leading hotels of the city was the cynosure of the eyes of a large crowd one day this week. There are several brides and bridegrooms staying at this hotel, and one of the brides and one of the grooms were seated by the window. Every five minutes the groom would slip his arm around the waist of the bride, and kiss her, much to his satisfaction and to the amusement of the people on the other side of the street. The couple were blissfully ignorant of the fact that they were being watched, and that they disappointed a crowd when they moved away from the window.

Three Trips a Week.

The steamers of the International line begin to make three trips a week to Boston and to St. John Monday, April 29. This will give many people the opportunity they have been looking for to make the trip to Boston.

A Ready-Witted Ugly Man.

The Shah of Persia is a despot by virtue of his position. The life of any of his subjects is at his mercy; and it depends upon his temper how he exercises this prerogative. One of the present Shah's predecessors was hunting in the village of Nethze early in the morning, when he suddenly came face to face with an uncommonly ugly man, at the sight of whom his horse started. Being nearly dismounted, and deeming it a bad omen, he called out to have the man's head struck off. The attendants promptly seized the unfortunate peasant, who prayed that he might be informed of his crime.

"Your crime," said the angry Shah, "is your ugly countenance, which is the first object I saw this morning, and which has startled my horse."

"Alas!" returned the peasant. "By this reasoning what must I call your Majesty's countenance, which was the first object I saw this morning, and which is now to cause my death?"

Plants that are Dyspeptic.

"No, you don't!" would probably have been the exclamation of those remarkably wise and reasoning plants, the dionaea, if they had been endowed with speech, when it was attempted to deceive them in respect of their food—an attempt which has never yet succeeded. The dionaea is a species of carnivorous plants which feed upon insects, their leaves closing upon any that come within their grasp, and retaining them until they are digested and absorbed. These plants cannot be deceived, and close only on digestible substances, rejecting without hesitation what is not so, as, for instance, pieces of wood or stone, or the like. The dionaea, too, are epicures in their way, though not teetotalers, for they take milk and wine, but not sugar or tea. Further, these insatiable plants show some curious resemblance to animals, for it is asserted that they both can and do suffer from indigestion, and are, further, apt to starve if animal food be persistently withheld from them.

Wanted to see "Tartarin."

One of the most popular of modern novels is Alphonse Daudet's famous "Tartarin or Tarascon," and as we reap with delight its ever fresh humor we wonder why Daudet has ever written such books as "Sappho" or "The Immortal." But "Tartarin" was not well received by the critics to begin with, and the first ten chapters almost ruined the paper which published them as a serial. It was only when the people found it transferred to the Figaro that they began to laugh over it.

Daudet says that the provencals, thinking themselves ridiculed in the person of Tartarin, cut his acquaintance after the publication of the story, until their thrifty minds discovered that it was actually bringing them trade. People would come to the inn at Tarascon, and ask to see M. Tartarin!

"But he has gone hunting," the innkeeper would say, "and will not return for a week."

The tourists, loth to leave without a glimpse of the famous lion hunter, would stay on week after week, only to be at last disappointed, after they had spent their money.

Would be Repeated.

Dean Church has told a very good story about the eclipse of the sun in 1864. It appears that at Whately—the dean's country parish—the eclipse was a failure. Some wag in the neighbouring county town sent the common crier round to announce that, in consequence of the disappointment, the eclipse would be repeated next day. "I don't know," says the dean, "what effect the announcement had; I only know that the bellman took the fee and very solemnly went round crying the intelligence."

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

HARCOURT.

APRIL 24.—Rev. Fr. Hebert of St. Paul was the guest of Mr. James Buckley this week.

Mr. J. H. Abbott, late agent of the Merchants' bank at Kingston, passed through here by train today to Moncton to assume the agency of said bank in that city.

Mr. John Stevenson of the Crown Lands department left here this morning for Bale Verte.

Rev. J. B. Lade was at P. Woods' hotel on Monday evening and went to Chat'nam the following morning.

Mr. Beverly Smith, ex-conductor of the B. and M. Railway, was in Harcourt yesterday, as also was Mr. Oswald Smith of Kingston.

Mr. J. R. Ayer of Sackville was here today going north.

Mr. Allan McLellan of Newcastle has accepted a position in Mr. James Brown's business house.

Mr. John W. Miller of Millerton was here on his semi-monthly visit yesterday.

Mrs. McDougall, who spent the winter in Chat'nam has returned to Harcourt.

Rev. Mr. Hamilton—pastor of the presbyterian church here on last Sunday morning and evening, preaching to large congregations.

Mr. A. McLeod, who represents the Crown Lands department was in this neighborhood today.

Mr. Robert McPherson, an I. C. R. official, is away on a visit.

BATHURST.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Bathurst by Master Joe Lorton.]

APRIL 24.—On Tuesday evening our people had an opportunity of witnessing one of the prettiest operettas ("Tyrolean Queen") given in our town.

The costumes of the thirty girls comprising fairies, mountain-girls and gnomes who took part were exceedingly pretty and effective, the voices were well chosen, particular mention is given to Miss Bessie Bishop as "Tyrolean Queen" who did her part beautifully. The children were taught and trained by Miss Emma Burns and much credit is due to that young lady; every one is singing her praises. The proceeds go to the Newfoundland sufferers.

On last Monday night the members of the Sacred Heart church choir met at the Kearney house for the purpose of presenting their organist, Mr. J. Kearny, with an appropriate gift as a recognition of the great services he has rendered the choir as organist for the past four years.

Mr. Kearny leaves on Saturday for Halifax where a position awaits him. He is a young gentleman who is liked and respected by all who know him; he is also a brilliant musician and a member of the Bathurst quartet; he will be missed very much, and all wish him every success in his new sphere. The Bathurst quartet presented him with a set of handsome cut links.

Messrs. Delaney and MacKenzie, of Dalhousie, have been in town for some days on business.

Miss E. Young, Caracquet, is visiting friends in town.

Miss M. Burns, has returned after a pleasant trip to Amherst and Halifax.

Mrs. McTavish has gone to St. John to visit her daughter, Mrs. W. Lawler.

Hon. P. J. Ryan, Fredericton, is in town visiting friends.

Mr. Flinigan, Chatham, is the guest of Mrs. T. F. Kearny.

ADDITIONAL HALIFAX NOTES.

APRIL 24.—Sergt. Major and Mrs. Dorman moved across the Arm on Monday. They are the first to go of the many who intend spending their summer there. As yet it is rather cold for the country, and the cottages that have been shut up all winter, are most apt to be both cold and damp.

The "Numidian" which sails on Saturday takes away a few more of our Halifax people. Mrs. Jerry Kenny is going home for two months, she will bring back her niece, Miss Nettie Hewitt with her.

Miss Noyes, after a year's visit is also going on Saturday and her friend, Mrs. Hart is accompanying her.

Mrs. James Morrow left on Tuesday for Toronto, where she will stay a few weeks.

Miss Lena Healy is also going to Toronto, in May, as secretary of the Woman's National council of Canada.

Mrs. Courtney returned on Saturday from Boston. She leaves almost immediately for England with Miss Courtney, who has been and is still very far from well. It is greatly hoped the sea voyage will be beneficial to her. The bishop is at present in Kingston, Ontario.

Mrs. George Francklyn is on the high road to recovery and sails on Thursday from New York for Jamaica. Miss Francklyn is going with her mother. Mr. George Francklyn left for South America again this week, stopping in New York on his way.

Mrs. S. Rigby and her sister-in-law, Miss Rigby have been spending a few days with Mrs. Jim Stairs, on their way to Cape Breton.

Rumor says there are to be two dances, but alas! rumor often lies and I am afraid she does in this case. The result of the successful ball last week was four hundred dollars added to the funds of the woman's work exchange, which will pay off all the debt and give them something to the good.

Miss Ella Seaton is giving a tea on Saturday as a farewell to Miss Noyes, who is staying with her. Miss Seaton's sister, Mrs. Stewart is soon going away. Her husband has received an appointment in Glasgow, which will last for two years.

Mr. J. D. Ritchie has returned from his trip to Bermuda and New York. Dr. Wickwire did not come with him having gone on to Washington.

Mrs. Hartley has returned from her sharp knock of quinine and is out again. She and her husband have decided to stay at the Waverly for the few months that the regiment will remain here.

That Halifax favorite, Miss Julia Arthur has been taken into Irving's company, and we hope to hear her soon.

SYDNEY, C. B.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Sydney by John McKenzie and G. J. McKinnon.]

APRIL 23.—Mr. Charles Burchell, who has been attending Dalhousie college, returned home on Wednesday last.

Mr. Arthur Moseley is at home for his vacation. Rev. John Falconer is spending a few days at home.

Miss Rigby, Miss H. Jean and Miss Milliken, of Glace Bay, spent a few days in town last week. Miss Johnstone is visiting at Sydney Mines.

MAUGERVILLE.

APRIL 22.—Mr. Harry F. DeVeber has gone to Boston for optical treatment.

Miss Maude Miles has returned to her home in Kingsclere.

Miss Eliza Miles is visiting in Gibson, York Co. Rev. H. E. Dibblee went to St. John yesterday.