

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JAN. 12

A PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITION.

The minister of agriculture has caused circular letters to be mailed to all the leading photographers in Canada, inviting their co-operation in a great photographic exhibition to be held at the Imperial Institute, London, this year. The circular letters ask the photographers, in the event of their co-operation, what specimens of their art they wish to send, subject to the minister's approval, having in view the cost of transport, the cost of which the department of agriculture will bear.

Surely there should be no scheme into which Canada should enter with more zest than this. It is a splendid chance for Canada to bring to the notice of the people of the British Isles some things which she has never before had such an opportunity of advertising to them. There could be no cheaper or more expeditious way of showing many of the advantages of Canada, and the photographers of the country should be aided in this good and potent work by all who have the good of the country at heart.

It is not only the scenery of Canada that will be brought to the notice of the people of Great Britain by the exhibition. All her arts, sciences and industries will be well advertised by the art which, equally with printing, may appropriately be styled "the art preservative of arts."

The encouragement of photography by the public at large is something that should receive a good deal of attention. It is not only an aesthetic art; it is a thoroughly useful one. It is to be hoped that in the coming exhibition professional photographers will not do all the exhibiting. The amateur photographers of Canada are doing much for their countrymen by their excellent work—let them do as such for their country in the exhibition at the Imperial Institute. St. John may well be proud of its Camera Club, as well as its other photographers, and if St. John does its duty to itself, it will see that its amateur and professional photographers are given every chance to show the motherland how live and beautiful she is. And if all other Canadian cities, towns and villages do likewise, it will be a great and inexpensive boom for Canada.

THE PROFANITY OF GREAT MEN.

The W. C. T. U. columns of the provincial press are largely publishing an article which comments the following order issued by General WASHINGTON: Many and pointed orders have been issued against the unmeaning and abominable custom of swearing; not withstanding which, with much regret, the General observes that it prevails, if possible, more than ever. His feelings are continually wounded by the oaths and imprecations of the soldiers, whenever he is in hearing of them. The name of that Being, from whose bountiful goodness we are permitted to exist and enjoy the comforts of life, is incessantly impressed and profaned, in a manner as wanton as it is shocking. For the sake, therefore, of religion, decency, and order, the General hopes and trusts that officers of every rank will use their influence and authority to check a vice which is unprofitable as wicked and shameful. If officers would make it an inviolable rule to reprimand, and, if that won't do, to punish soldiers for offences of this kind, it would not fall of having the desired effect.

The above order is one that commends itself to many more people than are included in the W. C. T. U. And yet it is interesting to remember that General WASHINGTON himself, according to more reliable historical information than is sometimes found in United States histories, won a battle once by swearing like a trooper at his retreating forces. It was the most awful swearing the men had ever heard. Such a righteous woman as HARRIET BEECHER STOWE relates this incident in her novel "Pogonog People," and actually seems to commend the general's action, thinking that the cause for which WASHINGTON was fighting on that occasion justified the using of oaths both loud and deep in order not to lose a battle. It is hardly to be supposed that the W. C. T. U. will endorse Mrs. STOWE'S views in the matter, especially as other great generals—notably PHIL SHERIDAN "in the valley"—inspired their scattering troops without employing even as much as a tinker's curse. This little bit of history concerning GEORGE WASHINGTON, taken in connection with his order, may possibly have the effect of causing people to wonder if, on great occasions, the father of his country might not have considered himself justified in ruining his excellent character for truthfulness.

Perhaps the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of these provinces were not aware, when they published the above order, that GEORGE WASHINGTON could himself swear, even if he "could not tell a lie." But a certain religious paper in the maritime provinces which once published ARTEMUS WARD'S remarks that "he rarely stained his pages with even mild profanity, because in the first place it was not right, and in the second place it was not funny," could have scarcely been ignorant of the fact that ARTEMUS used this as an introduction to a story which contained oaths that Mr. KIPLING'S hero, who boasted that he put his feet through all the ten commandments every day of his life, could certainly not have termed "mild profanity." But even if GEORGE WASHINGTON and CHARLES F. BROWNE—who were undoubtedly two of the best men that ever lived—were not altogether consistent, their remarks against profanity are eminently wise, and worthy of careful study. And as to the variance between their preaching and practice, it should be remembered that the other great American—RALPH WALDO EMERSON—designated consistency as "the last resort of the commonplace."

The "Man in the Iron Mask" is no longer a mystery. It has been proved without doubt that the assertion that the strange prisoner was a brother of Louis XIV., which was enlarged upon by DUMAS in "The Three Guardsmen," was a pure invention got up by that enterprising infidel, VOLTAIRE. The highest historical authorities in France have decided that Lord DOVER'S theory as to this question, which was advanced sixty years ago, is the correct one, and that the mysterious gentleman was MATTIOLI, secretary of the DUKE OF MANTUA, and that he was imprisoned for giving information to Austria, Italy, Spain and Venice of negotiations into which LOUIS XIV. had entered with him to induce him to sell the important fortress of Cassale to the French. It is gratifying, speaking of the latest received explanation, to think that it did not explain away altogether the Man in the Iron Mask, such being the fashion among historians in these days. But one thing latter-day historians found out years ago—and that was that the mask was not iron. It was probably, after this late discovery concerning the identity of the character, be another century before it is conceded by all wise men that just so sure as there never was a WILLIAM TELL, there never was a man who wore even a velvet mask with steel springs.

In the New York World a few weeks ago there appeared a large picture entitled "A Football Forecast," which the World respectfully submit to the public as "what may be expected when the football fever extends to the women." The football fever has for a long time "extended to the women," although in a different sense from that of the World artist. Anyone who has ever attended a football match at St. John has noticed that the most enthusiastic spectators of any on the ground were the assembled ladies. They took as much interest in the slaughter as that displayed by the pugilist that flocked to the Coliseum to witness the amphitheatrical sports of a baser age. The New York World artist evidently thought that he was making a prediction which might possibly be verified in the very remote future—certainly not within a few weeks from the making thereof. But now there comes the startling intelligence that a female football team has been organized in the suburbs of the city of New York. Moreover, the members of the team can answer affirmatively the famous query of a great American clothing house, "Do you wear Pants?" What would Father KNICKERBOCKER say to this?

It has come to be a much-mooted question, that as to whether convicts should be placed at unprofitable labor, in order not to compete with the virtuous working man. The exemplary laborer cannot but fail to be satisfied with the system in vogue at the workhouse and penitentiary of Ontario, which is located in London. It is situated upon the top of a high bluff by the river side. The convicts are told off into groups of four, and in the midst of each group is a barrel with handles. They fill at the river side, and then toil painfully up the steep path to the summit of the bluff, where the contents of the barrel are dumped into a gutter to rush back into the river. The labor is about as satisfactory as that of SISYPHUS in the inferna regions, or as the military manoeuvres of that King of France who, with fifty thousand men, marched up the hill and then marched down again.

The Toronto Empire does not make a particularly clever or gentlemanly remark when it asks its "contemporary at the other end of the office" to "please note" that if such and such a thing had not happened the Empire's "best office chairs would probably not now be occupied by liberal editors." The virtue of the Empire's readiness to give up its best office chairs to the burned out liberal editors is somewhat disqualified by such strictures on the part of their hosts.

Every much-talked of event brings up some hackneyed phrase, which, like kind words, will never die, but surely, in connection with the Armenian massacres, news-

paper readers are getting a surfeit of "the unspeakable Turk."

The death of CHRISTINA ROSSETTI, the cleverest woman of a clever family, has removed as original a poet as the death of ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Imagination, Impatient of the slow laborious flight Of Science, beating up towards the height Like some strong sea-bird battling with the winds; Imagination swiftly mounting flings The empyreal calm, the best of views, And soars with eagle pinions through the blue. Up through the golden portals of the morn, Or through purpured depths of evening borne, Triumphally the spirit-impelled soul To viewless realms is rapt at her control. The very sea suffused with glory glows, Wherein the cloud-built archipelagoes Float like the radiant islands of the blest. Wind wailed echoes swell from out the west, Celestial strains from silver trumpets rolled In harmony with harps, and flutes of gold By lips immortal blown: the dulcet notes Heard clearly as the spirit upwards floats, Still by that tireless pinion's power sustained; While reason, fainter ere repose is gained, With wearied wings falls slowly, fluttering, down. Should friends fond or vagrant fortune frown, For ease from fevered thoughts that throbb and burn, To thee, Imagination, let me turn: To walk with thee the pensive forest glade And seek with thee the cool sequestered shade By many an unforgotten woodland stream; Reclined beside the peaceful marsh to dream, While o'er me move the clouds across the blue, And o'er me breathe the breezes, whispering through The odorous foliage of the clustering trees, And over all the verdant velvet pall The mellow sunbeams softly glancing fall, Where sun and shade from dewy morn till eve Fantastic evanescent fancies weave; To wander on with heart forever young My well-beloved hills and vales among, And on my native shore again to stand To watch the sounding billows beat the strand; Or while the sunset pines slowly fades, In solitude amid the darkling shades To see mild beauties Hesper glowing bright— The first star in the diadem of night— Then one by one the glittering jewels fill Their places in the azure vault above. A thousand worlds above me beam and beam, While Cynthia from her silver throne supreme Illumes the scene with soft lustrous light; To feel the soothing influence of night Dispensing subtle soul-enslaving balm, Borne down through lustral vaults of starry calm, Till every pain and trouble finds succorance And every thought is interfused with peace. Sussex, N. B. A. B. HUBLEY.

Early Morning. "Early in the morning will I praise Thee." When early morning's brightening rays Fall softly on my waking gaze, And mind resumes its sway, My first and brightest thought shall be Breathed forth in prayer, O God, to Thee, Who guards by night, by day. For Thou alone canst safely keep The soul, when nature rests in sleep, When dreams disturb the mind, And in the daily path prevent By influence good in mercy sent By Thee, "All Father," kind. Still keep and guard upon the way, Be with me ever, night and day, And guide in paths of peace, The paths which lead to rest and light In heavenly mansions pure and bright, The home of every grace. FERRIS.

PHILOSOPHY AND FOLLY DICTIONARY.

By Jay Bee. Alderman—One of whom our fond expectations are seldom more than realized. Boody—Sometimes an alderman. Charity—Something so cheastny that it does not apply to an alarming extent. Dude—An essential to society, combining the minimum of brain and the maximum of collar. Dandy—An old time dude. Evergreen—A compound word signifying certain shrubbery and the victims of confidence men. Farmer—A would be citizen dissatisfied with rural life. Gratitude—not much used, reluctant in acknowledgment of kindness received. Heaven—A condition in this life where duffers are unknown. Idiot—The man who does not see things as you do. Junior (abbreviated Jr.)—One supposed to possess the attribute of the "Old man" but too frequently proves a dismal failure. Kindness—That which is more often expected than bestowed. Love—The necessary preliminary to a'solute divorce. Money—That which with equal ease makes and severs friends. Nude—In art admired, otherwise punished. Orphan—A person preferably female, who robs matrimony of certain terrors of which the mother-in-law is not the least important. Personal—The point at which your wit ceases to be interesting. Qualm—As softening conscience, rather obsolete, little used, with slight prospects of revival. Religion—The every-day life one leads aside from denominational professions of faith. Stomach—A receptacle, the elasticity and capacity of which at times is incredible outward appearances not always indicating the inwardness of man. Teeth—A capital place to keep the tongue between at times. Udon—Strength. The innocent onion and docile skunk possess this quality in a remarkable degree. Veracity—A trait of character not expected in lovers of the fly and worm. Wee-be-gone—Having just enough to treat your best girl to ice-cream and she unexpectedly calling for oysters and "sich." Xertion—A disease of which too few ever die, and is not considered contagious. Youth—A period which terminates with marriage. Zephyr—A mild-wind ed orator, not noted for his breezy speeches. Posted. Applicant—No, ma'am, I couldn't work where there was children. Mrs. Keephose—But we advertised for a girl who understood 'em, ma'am. Applicant—I do understand 'em, ma'am. That's why I wouldn't work where they are.

LETTERS FROM NANNARY

No. 1.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—More than a year has slipped away from me without making much of an effort to take up the tangled thread of a wandering life mutually dropped by myself and my esteemed and respected friend who controls the destiny of the Globe, and its numerous readers who followed me with kindness and courtesy, while perhaps the few smart and overlearned ones, or who imagined they were built that way, criticised and found fault with my little careless screeds that from time to time found their way into a glorious and always pleasing transformation upon the bright and breezy pages of an always fondly received newspaper published in the "city of my birth, and the home of my creditors." Silence, I have! been told, is golden, but I have not found even silver in it for me for many weary months, and as I feel that, like the measles or small pox, somebody has got to have me, with this little apology to begin with I will start upon the trail once more and try to put myself in evidence, or on record if you like it better, and so, my ever kind and indulgent reader, I want you to take a trip with me from ocean to ocean, from New York to San Francisco, from the glories of Bartholdi's statue and the ruffled beauties of the majestic Hudson to where the magnificent sweep of the grand Pacific surges through the picturesque joys and splendors of the Golden Gate. It is over three thousand miles of territory to look back on, but the rushing streams, the roaring torrents, the peaceful looking vales, the sleeping hamlets, the bustling towns and great cities of the land, the calm and placid lakes, the wild and unbroken forests, the snow-crowned heaven-kissing hills and soaring, misty mountain tops looming grandly and majestically up over sunny glades and weird, wonderful gorges through which the flying railway trains whirled us along, are as yet slightly enduring in my feeble brain and in my memory locked, to which I am more than pleased to deliver you up the key, that you may share with me the joys and sorrows, the pleasure and the pain, of a continuous railway journey from one edge of this vast American continent to the other.

I was not sick of New York but rather sick in New York, and when I was happily restored to at least a convalescent state and fully able to cry out with Shakespeare's restless and crime-stained Thane of Cawdor, "Throw physic to the dogs," I became somewhat restless and anxious myself as to where I should find a more genial climate and another summer girl who could get along without a blazer, suspenders, ice cream, and other summer horrors, that I know full well is ever lingering near her shining sands of Coney Island and other sun-scorched, wave-washed portions that are lying so near and dear to the cruel pavements and blazing streets of the great metropolis in the harsh and cruel summer's burning, maddening reign. There was war in the land in the early spring in which no cannon boomed or sabres flashed their cold and glittering steel. Tammany Hall perhaps might have been in a little danger and Croke's almost invulnerable trenches were but menaced and feebly assailed by the political enemies who vainly tried to batter down his great stronghold. He laughed to scorn the mild invasion of the week and evasive throng who were thundering at the gates of one of the strongest (even if corrupt) political organizations this great country has ever known. Dear good old Mr. Parkhurst was clad in shining moral armor assailing with all his might and main the reeking pestilential follies and vices of the town. None of this warfare however disturbed our waking thoughts and troubled slumbers, it was rather the war of rates upon the different lines of railway that annihilate so much time and distance in their rapid flight from the Atlantic to the Pacific that interested us most and succeeded finally in extracting forty-eight dollars for a first class ticket from our pockets with a guarantee that it would land us safely within hailing distance of "Cliff House," over three thousand miles away from our starting point.

A restless disposition and unsettled human nature is weak in the face of all that cheap amusement, and it not usually caught us in that soft and tender spot that has struggled so long and earnestly for the mastery in our anatomy. With that long piece of pasteboard in my pocket punched full of holes and the check for my trunk nestling quietly in my possession I felt as happy as a king on his throne or a sweet young miss sipping ice cream at Huyler's on Broadway, where they have it fresh every hour and where the young fellow who is paying for it is fresh all the time. With my broken-ribbed umbrella, my old satchel and my new spring overcoat I jumped on board a Broadway cable car and was off on my long tramp, which I was sure was going to be more pleasant than Coxey's march to the Capitol at Washington. I had time to glance at the crowded restless life of Broadway and the unmistakable Hebrew names with a few Hibernian ones mixed in ornamenting the great big houses of trade and commerce that line that lively, gay and busy thoroughfare. At Chambers street I left the car and whirled of Broadway

and made for the waters of the North river, encountering on my way an old friend from St. John, who looked at me with an air of surprise and amazement when I told him with a smiling face, and perhaps a too nonchalant manner, in answer to his inquiry of "Where are you going?" "to San Francisco," simply that and nothing more. "Well, good bye and remember me to your brother," was the last friendly hand shake and parting salute that echoed in my ears as I strode on board the big ferry boat that bore me across the ruffled stream from which I doffed my hat to the "Statue of Liberty," who has settled down to a quiet life on that little mate of rock where the poor thing's accordion skirts are often wet and cheerless looking in the cruel driving storms and foam-splashed rocks, when lordly and ambitious man has chained her down, not like the Siren on the treacherous Lurley height, but as a cheerful welcome and a warning, with her torch in her good right hand to greet the brave toilers of the sea, and the wandering stranger from other lands who steps on shore to struggle for fame and fortune here.

The whale that swallowed Jonah did not cast his animated burden on the land any quicker than did the mammoth ferry boat its precious load of hurrying humanity upon the Jersey shore, and like Eugene Aram's school boys, "there were some that ran and some that leapt, like troutlets in a pool," while others again who were not in a sportive mood took their time over it and sauntered leisurely into the Erie depot and waited for the particular train that was going their way.

It is interesting and amusing to watch the hurrying and scurrying of a lively throng in one of these big railway stations. The fresh travellers are always in evidence in such a place, no matter how much they may try to disguise it, for there is always a certain amount of fear and anxiety pictured in their faces and in their movements which betrays them. They ask questions of the wrong man and are generally so nervous and fidgety for fear of being left that they become irresistibly funny in spite of themselves. Trains are coming and going every few minutes and the bustle and excitement of such a place is after all interesting and enjoyable. "All abroad for Chicago and the West," comes to our listening ears from the sorely tried throat of the gentleman in a wealth of blue clothes, brass buttons and gold band. The bells clang, the steam hisses, and the locomotive shrieks, car windows are thrown open and amid the "don't forget to write" and "give my love to Charley or Mary Ann," from some fair one on the platform to some other fair one at the open window we settle down in our luxurious cushioned seat as the long train rolls through and away from Jersey city.

SPRINGHILL.

JAN. 9.—On Friday evening there was a very enjoyable and successful dance in the club room. Miss Pugh received her guests in the most becoming gown of black velvet and cream lace. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Murray, Mr. and Mrs. H. Sherman, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Christie, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Foster, Mrs. Fuller, Mrs. Alloway, Mr. and Mrs. D. Murray, Miss Lea, Miss Lock, Miss Abbott, Miss Crossdale, the Misses Hargraves, Miss Murray, Miss Davidson, Miss Fuller, the Misses Alloway, Miss Ethel Pugh, Miss Jennie Breen, Miss Hayward, Miss Hall, Mrs. E. Parsons, Messrs. McKinnon, Gillis, Halifax, J. Murray, W. Murray, C. Black, A. Alloway, H. Calkin, H. Murray, C. Parsons, A. Wylie, J. Hayward, M. Jones, W. Proctor, J. Campbell, J. McGuire, B. Hill, E. Cooper, B. Fuller, B. McNutt.

Mrs. R. B. Murray wore a handsome gown of black silk and lace; Mrs. Fuller, black and white satin; Mrs. Alloway, black silk; Mrs. Hefferman, black lace; Mrs. D. Murray, brown silk; Mrs. R. O. Christie, pink satin; Mrs. Fuller looked very pretty in Nile green, natural flowers; Miss Lock was undoubtedly the belle, in a dress of cream crepon, crimson flowers; Miss Crossdale, a very becoming gown of crimson cashmere and velvet; Miss Abbott, a very pretty dress of black silk and lace, natural flowers; Miss Alloway, cream silk with red sash; Miss D. Alloway looked well in a dress of black lace; Miss Hayward looked very pretty in red; Miss Murray, pale blue cashmere; Miss Davidson, pink and green; Miss Lea, a handsome dress of fawn and green silk; Miss Hall, black lace; Miss Hargraves, pale pink cashmere; Miss L. Hargraves, pale blue cashmere; Mrs. E. Parsons, grey silk; Miss Ethel Pugh, white muslin and blue sash; Miss Jennie Breen, cream and green chalice; Mr. and Mrs. Byers and Miss Jean arrived home on Monday night and glad to say that they are very much improved in health.

Messrs. B. Fuller, F. H. Sherman and W. H. Murray spent a few days in Halifax last week. Rev. Chas. W. Wilson left on Wednesday last to attend the funeral of the late Sir John Thompson. Miss Crossdale's many friends will be glad to hear that she is slowly improving. Mr. Gillis, of Halifax, spent Sunday in town. Invitations are out for a euchre party at Mrs. A. W. Foster's on Thursday evening. DEBORAH.

DALHOUSIE.

[Progress is for sale in Dalhousie by A. H. Johnson.] JAN. 8.—Miss Lena Barberie, who has been visiting friends in St. John, returned home last Friday. Miss Aggie and Master Norman Stewart spent a few days in Campbell last week. Miss Helen Johnson entertained a few of her young friends last Friday evening. Among those present were: Miss Bessie Draper, May Cooper, Clara Hargnall, Bessie Ebbitt, Annie Cameron, Bessie Stewart, Ethel Kelso, and Messrs Gordon Stewart, Chas. Scot, Doug Stewart, Ernest Morris, Scott Moffat and T. W. Hay. Miss Bessie Draper also entertained a few of her friends on Monday evening. I am sorry to hear that Mrs. Chas. Stewart is confined to the house by a severe cold. R. V. Mr. Morris has been called to England by the serious illness of his mother. Mrs. Morris, who has been visiting friends in Fredericton, returned home last Friday. Mr. Chas. Stewart, has returned home from Campbellton. Miss Helen Johnson who has been spending her holidays with her parents here, returned to Normal school last Friday. Mr. T. W. Hay spent a few hours in town on Friday. Mr. Murray Cowperthwaite, of St. John, spent New Year's day in town. Miss Katie Anderson, who has been visiting her cousin, Miss Georgie Haddow, has returned home to Chatham. Miss Eva Gilker who has been spending a few months with her mother, has gone back to New Haven, Connecticut. Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Donald, of Moncton, spent a few days with friends here, a short time ago. Mr. Will Montgomery spent Sunday in Campbellton. Mr. Bert Disbrow leaves for Burlington next week to resume his studies.

ST. GEORGE.

[Progress is for sale in St. George at the store of T. O'Brien.] JAN. 9.—The friends of Rev. Mr. Vans were glad to welcome him home for the holidays. Mr. James McLaughlin is confined to the house with a sprained ankle. Mr. John Alger, St. Stephen, was in town last week on business. Mr. Dan Gillmor, Montreal, is making a short stay with his parents. Miss Alice Steeves who has been visiting her friend, Mrs. Frank Hibbard, left for St. Stephen on Saturday en route to Boston. R. V. Mr. Manning, St. John, occupied the pulpit of the Baptist church on Friday evening and Sunday. His sermons were highly appreciated by all who had the pleasure of listening to them. Miss Winifred Dick returns this week to resume her studies at the ladies' college, Saskville. Mr. Peter MacVicar, Le Taog, is spending the winter in town. Miss Ed. Dick is visiting her sister, Mrs. R. Knox, St. John. Among those who had the pleasure of being entertained at Mrs. Hugo Douglas' on New Year's evening, were Mr. and Mrs. Milne, Mr. and Mrs. W. Douglas, Miss Annie Taylor, Misses O'Brien, Miss Nellie Johnson, Miss Ethel O'Brien, Miss Belle Armstrong, Miss Mary McGratton, and Misses Craig, Messrs. Frawley, Meating, Armstrong, Campbell, McAdam, Murray and Moran. MAX.

SALISBURY.

JAN. 9.—Miss Edith Crisp left on Monday for Sackville, where she will attend the ladies' college. Mrs. P. J. Gray and Miss Dora Gray were visiting Mrs. Robert Prescott, Bala Vera, last week. Miss Maggie Gray returned with them. Mr. and Mrs. Watson Steeves and children, of Hillsboro, who have been the guests of Mrs. Wm. Steeves returned home today. Miss Katie Morse left for Picton, N. S., where she will remain a Picton Academy. Mr. Victor Howland and Mr. G. B. Hallett, of St. John, were in Salisbury last Friday. Mrs. Milton Addison and baby returned home yesterday after spending two weeks in St. John. Mr. DeForest and Mr. H. A. Christie, of St. John, were in the village on Monday. Miss Lulu Taylor has gone to St. John to study music during the winter. Mrs. Martha Barnes left for Campbellton last Saturday, after spending two weeks with Mrs. H. C. Barnes. Mr. Keith, of Sussex, was in Salisbury on Friday. Mrs. Bent, of Moncton, has been the guest of Mrs. H. C. Barnes for a few days. THELMA.

ANDOVER.

JAN. 8.—Mr. P. T. Watson, who has been visiting at his old home for the past few months, is spending a few days with friends in Houillon before leaving for his home in Seattle, Washington. Mrs. James Tibbitts is visiting friends in Boston. Mr. Elliot, teacher of the Grammar school, who has been spending his holidays at his home in Newcastle, returned Monday morning. Mrs. E. R. Howard left on Wednesday last for Boston. Mr. R. Barry Plant, of Edmonston, is in town. Mr. Julius Gardin, of Woodstock, is the guest of Mrs. J. A. Perley. ENRI.

Not a Bigot. "Bob Ingersoll's my style of man," observed the slim-long-haired party who was over in the corner. "There's no bigotry about him. I can't stand bigotry and intolerance!" he went on, losing his collar. "The bigotry and intolerance of the churches is what I object to. If I had my way I'd turn about nine-tenths of the churches into theatres and drive nine-tenths of the members into the Atlantic Ocean—that's what I'd do!" "So glad you're not bigoted and intolerant, Mr. Poppenduke?" said the little fat man with a dreary yawn.