

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, for a year in advance, 25 cents per copy. The subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

All letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

Copies can be purchased at every known news stand in New Brunswick, and in every part of the city, towns and villages of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island every Saturday, for Five Cents each.

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Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 35 words) cost 25 cents each insert per five cents extra for every additional line.

Remittances should always be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. The former is preferred, and should be made payable in every case to EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher.

The circulation of this paper is over 13,000 copies; is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

Haltifax Branch Office, Knowles' Building, cor. George and Granville streets.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,641.

ST. JOHN, N. B. SATURDAY, JUNE 29.

CALLING OFF THE DOGS.

The dog problem seems to be assuming serious proportions. The ladies have given it their consideration and the result is a petition to the council for more stringent regulations. This petition has had the serious contemplation of the board of public safety, and that body is of the opinion that dogs should not be allowed to run at large through the square and damage the flower beds. Having reached this conclusion with great unanimity, the board finds itself just where the mayor and corporation of the ancient city of Hameln rested before the Pied Piper came to rid the place of its rats. The mayor, however, seems to have laid aside some of the other cares of civic state for a time to devote his energies to the matter, and has officially declared that the nuisance is one which the council should grapple with at once.

Not being himself a dog fancier, he has been quite willing that the license fee should be put at ten dollars a dog, but in deference to many dog owners who are not capitalists he is now willing to make the amount two dollars for male dogs and four for those of the other sex. Ald. MILLIDGE, however, has come to the front with a suggestion more practical than any heretofore offered, if it is fully carried out. He wishes the council to direct the chief of police to instruct his men to drive off the square all dogs running over the grass.

There is something in this idea, but just how much it is hard to say until it is found how many men the chief has available for the purpose. The force has now five more men than the council has said are needed, and there is the nucleus of a dog chasing squad, to begin with. Then there are two so called captains, for whose titles there is no authority, but who might have charge respectively of the dog chasers King and Queen squares. Leaving enough of their fellow sergeants for all practical purposes. Then the day policemen on the King Square beat might be added to the lot with advantage, and get the exercise they now seem to need when they stand idly on the corners or around the door of the market. Or if the dogs continue to increase, several other men might be spared from the day force to join the chase. In fact, there are times when half the force could be spared for such a laudable enterprise, and it need be possibly even Ald. Millidge himself might volunteer to aid in this healthful and public spirited exercise. There are great possibilities in the idea, and it is safe to say that it is carried out the policemen will have more fun than even the dogs are having now.

The whole matter is now in the hands of a sub-committee headed by the Mayor, who are probably wishing they had been given something easier. They are face to face with a question of the immediate present and not of this time next year. The suggestion of high licence, however, comes a little too late in the season.

Increasing the license fee will not prevent dogs from running over the flower beds on the squares. It may not even lessen the number of dogs as only half the people who own such animals have taken out license this year. Let the fee be what it will, there will be dogs and to spare, and one licensed at two dollars will be just as troublesome as when licensed at half that figure. What is needed is that people who own dogs should have enough public spirit to look after them and see that they do not become a nuisance to others. It is probable that most of the dogs which get on the flower beds are owned by people who are simply careless of them, and who would feel even less sense of responsibility if they felt they were paying a big license fee for the privilege of having dogs around them. Let every licensed dog have a collar with

name and number on it. Then hold the owner responsible for that dog's behavior. In the meantime, the citizens are looking forward with interest to the proposed police chase.

THE NEW WOMAN'S FLASK.

It behooves our esteemed friends of the W. C. T. U. to be on the alert for what is said to be a growing tad on the part of the New Woman. She carries a flask, the contents of which are brandy, whiskey, wine or cordial, as the case may be. Sometimes it is only a quinine tonic. Seldom, or never, it is hoped, is it the odorous and potent gin.

When a man carries a flask, he stows it in his pocket, as a rule, because he is not anxious for the public to see it. He is furtive and deceiving in this matter, as he is in many others where he does not want his fair friends to know him as he really is. It is otherwise with the New Woman. She does not carry her flask in her pocket, but in plain sight, as it she was proud of it. The wears it on her chataleine belt along with a lot of silver chains, a bon-bon box, various tinkling knick knacks and possibly a corkscrew. The flask is of glass encased in silver. It is a small affair. At the best it would hold no more than a fair sized mitter for one of the coarser sex, but big or little it is a flask, and sad to say often a flask with a potentiality for producing a vinous exhilaration.

When the governor of New York was overcome by heat at a recent public function, his revival was hastened by a lady's flask of Kentucky spirits, and since then the bid for carrying these appendages to chat-taine belts has become more pronounced than ever. The flask is likely to be common in good society, though it need not contain either wine or spirits. It may indeed, prove to be a friend to those who have hitherto been seriously inconvenienced by having to omit taking medicine at the regular hours, because they could not carry their bottles around. The flask will be welcomed by such as the solver of an important problem.

The only difficulty in the case may be that the woman who has medicine only may get the credit of having whiskey, while the woman who really does carry whiskey may artfully pose as a bearer of celery compound. This is one of the difficulties which our friends of the W. C. T. U. will have to struggle with, and devise ways and means to meet it at the outset.

A SAD STORY OF WAR.

A pathetic story is told by some of the sufferers by the late war, and it is well that the world should know of it. They have written letters which partly show the disastrous results of the struggle, and in private conversation some of them have given a still more graphic picture of the situation. They have been forced to expose to the world the dire straits to which they have been reduced by the inordinate ambition of warring factions.

The phrase "the late war" does not refer to the struggle between China and Japan, nor to the Armenian atrocities. It was the great war which appears to have begun in our own America in 1891, and which is still raging despite the fact that the daily papers give its battles no prominence in their columns. The full extent of the devastation wrought so far is thus concisely summed up by one in a position to speak with authority. He says:

The affairs of the Milwaukee and Chicago Breweries (Limited) are not as prosperous as could be desired by any means. The beer was, waged so fiercely in 1891-92 is still on, and while the business has not been as poor as at that time, still as the report shows, the decrease in sales in the past six months ending March 31 has, although not causing any very severe loss, been sufficient to force the company to deny payment on the 8 per cent accumulative interim dividend. These dividends are payable semi-annually, 4 per cent in June and December.

The authority in question is the secretary of the Consolidated Brewing Company the American branch of an English syndicate and he proceeds to show the injustice from which the hardy sons of toil who run the syndicate have suffered through the pernicious activity of the independent beer makers. "The history of the beer war is known to most people," he says, and he proceeds to lament that during and after the World's Fair a number of new breweries started. The sharp competition by independent brewers to secure custom is the cause of the melancholy depression in the beer trade. Beer is fit and unprofitable. The selling price during the past year has been forced down to four dollars a barrel, and thus the poor syndicate has had to suffer. It is chiering, however, to learn that the unfortunate capitalists are not reduced to utter despair.

"We hope soon to crush the smaller fry out and eventually raise the price to at least \$5," says the secretary. This, alas, seems to be the present limit of the hope of those who pocketed \$6 a barrel two years ago, but it may be that the future has still brighter days in store for the sufferers. "There is a determination to fight it out to the bitter end," exclaims Hon. REGINALD PARKER, one of the English directors, "and we hope to win."

A great and general expression of sympathy appears to be due to this unhappy band of beer makers, who cannot declare an eight per cent dividend on the sweat and toil they had to endure in disposing of nearly 270,000 barrels of beer last year. They seem to have been op-

posed by two troublesome forces of the enemy. One of these is composed brewers who, being independent of them, have no conscience in putting down the price, and the other is composed of the people who are not swallowing enough of beer to allow all the brewers a living profit. "It must be taken into consideration that the masses have not been very well supplied with surplus cash this last winter and that the sales dropped off during the winter season at least one third," says the secretary of the oppressed and persecuted syndicate. "Thus it is that the 'masses' are not content to be poor themselves, but would fain reduce the earnings of the brewers by economizing in the consumption of beer, while it may be they have made little effort to deny themselves such things as beef, bread and tea which bring the syndicate no profit whatever. The history of all nations proves that the masses are apt to be unreasonable in the time of a great crisis.

Brighter days may be at hand. The war may be fought to a bitter (beer) end, the small fry crushed and the masses brought to drink enough of the syndicate's beer to enable the eight per cent dividend to be paid. When this happens, fair-haired peace may smile upon the ill-used beer boomers, and joy come again, when this cruel war is over.

WAS MINDFUL OF HIS FRIENDS.

It is not every man who has the pleasure of his fellow citizens in view when he makes the arrangements for his own funeral, but such a one was buried at Crompton, Rhode Island, last week. His name was CYRUS HOLDEN, who had lived at that place, for seventy eight years without ever being outside of his own little state but once, and that was when he got on a wrong train and was carried a little way past the boundary line into Connecticut. He was very fond of music, and often said that he would arrange for some music worth listening to at his own funeral. The programme prepared by him was carried out. It was as follows:

The Rev. Mr. Ham. of Crompton Baptist Church preside.
Pope's "Essay on Man" (selection to be read at house).
Airs—"Auld Lane Syne" (to be played by the American Band of this place).

Airs—"Marseilles Hymn" and "The Star Spangled Banner" (by band during funeral service).
Short Poem (at grave).
Airs—"The O'ld Oak Bucket" (by band).
Airs—"Blue Bells of Scotland" (by band upon leaving grave).

It is not everybody who is thus considerate of the public. Possibly Mr. HOLDEN wanted a funeral of such a character that the country newspapers could not possibly assert that "the sad event cast a deep gloom over the entire community."

"Anxious Reader," Hog Hollow, K. C. is informed that the authentic decrees to gentleman's dress have for some time past forbidden the "tailor's crease" in trousers. It is still in favor with many, however, but the really correct thing is to have only a faint mark, as though from being folded. The true gentleman never wants to wear clothes which look as though they had just been purchased, and hence the ironed crease in trousers was from the outset a caddish innovation opposed to the bottom principles of good taste.

The latest serious newspaper controversy on the question of attractive summer resorts is not between St. Andrews and Campobello nor even between St. John and Halifax, but between Parrsboro and Springhill. The editor of the leading journal on the latter enterprising coal field thinks that there is no accounting for tastes when anybody can prefer Parrsboro. Pictou and Stellarton ought to be the next in order in a contest of this kind, or Kentville and Windsor Junction might have a hot competition.

A most absurd discussion is that now going on in some of the New York papers in regard to the propriety of changing the name of that city. They do a great many silly things there in a very solemn way, but there is no likelihood of New York ever being known by any other title. It is pretty hard to change the name of any old settlement. Even the North End is frequently called Portland, nowadays, while nobody ever thinks of speaking of the West End ferry across the harbor.

Some one has said that the best way to get a bad law repealed is to enforce it strictly. That may be the motive in prosecuting the people who sell beer and cigars on Sunday, so that if the hundred-years old servile labor statute is no good, the right kind of legislation may be obtained.

The lady signing herself "Dixie" will understand, on reflection, that the warm tribute she pays to a correspondent of Progress would prove embarrassing to the subject of it, if published, however good the intention of the writer may be.

The summer excursion, especially by steamer, seems as prevalent as the bicycle craze, to stay, save the latter it has not come to blank, save for a season.

Getting Religion Under Difficulties.

One of our British Columbia Commissioners mentioned the case of two brothers who owned one pair of tweed trousers between them. The trousers were in church every Sunday, and the brothers filled the trousers alternately. They rowed to the service some 12 miles.—Presbyterian Witness.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

The Palms of Elim.
Last sun rays like red rose leaves spread.
O'er desert sands afar;
Above the palms of Elim shone,
And on the twilight star,
The cloud went forward through the day,
Mysteriously borne;
The light of fire tinged the sky,
And woke the early morn.

The tall and graceful palms how sweet,
How cool their fragrant shade;
Where streams from bubbling fountains flow,
Adown the peaceful glade.
So by the calm sea crystal clear,
The tree of life is seen;
A healing balm is in the leaves
Loves' sunlight falls between.

The bitter stream lay far behind,
Their march fount was past,
So keenest trials ever prove,
But blessings at the last.
Dark clouds in sorrow's sky may rise,
Winds o'er the desert blow;
But palms of love's undying love,
In sunny meadows grow.

What though life's waste of drifting sands,
May closely waste away,
And anguish like a marsh flood,
Our faith and patience try,
Our Elim hath its air of balm,
It's bright unending day;
It's vales and fountains fresh and sweet
And many a sunny way.

What though the driving wind and rain,
And darkness fill the night;
Lift up thy soul, love's Elim palms
Are wells are just in sight.
The fire and the silver cloud,
Lead ever as of old;
God's presence entrance gives to thee
Within the gates of gold.

Our Elim hath its vista's fair,
Its garlands fresh and sweet;
It hath the dear ones of our hearts,
We shall hereafter meet.
It hath the voices once so fond,
The smiling faces of our youth;
Yet here they will abide us stay
And call us still their own.

CYRUS HOLDEN.

Gaava, Vine, June 1895.

Life's Dream.
This life is like a magic spell,
Such, as old enchanters tell,
Is vanquished by a running stream,
Till the glamour's might is broken,
The power that binds us gives no token
That all we see is but a dream.

By it we wander from the shore,
Up through pathways shaded o'er,
And a life of pleasure clad in green,
And the turning of the leaves
To autumn's crimson, so deceives,
We think they but the brighter seem.

And when we reach the western height,
Where the sunset's shafts of light
Break upon a shield of cloud,
We tread, in doubt, the dark'ning slope,
And all unknowing, blindly grope
Forward the sound of waters loud.

Deep in the valley of the night,
The eternal tide flows pure and bright;
O'er it no magic bridge is cast,
And when we try to ford the stream,
Swiftly fades the changeful dream,
And the spell of life is past.

Too Late.
What silences we keep year after year
With those who are most near to us and dear!
We live beside each other day by day,
And speak of trifling things that slip away,
The full sweet words that fill us in our youth,
Beneath the commonplace of a common speech.

Then out of sight and out of reach they go,
Those close, familiar friends who loved us so;
And sitting in the shadow they have left,
Alone with loneliness and sore bereft,
We think with vain regret of some fond word
That once we might have said, and they have heard.

For weak and poor the love that we expressed,
Now seems beside the sad, sweet unexpressed,
And slight the deeds we did to those undone,
And small the service spent, to treasure won,
And underest the praise for word or deed,
That should have overvalued the simple need.

This is the cruel fault of life—to be
Full visioned only when the ministry
Of death has been fulfilled, and in the place
Of some dear presence, but so empty space,
What recollected services can then
Give consolation for the "might have been?"

Two Loves.
The woman he loved, while he dreamed of her,
Danced on till the stars grew dim,
But alone with her heart, from the world apart,
Sat the woman who loved him.
The woman he worshipped only smiled,
When he poured out his passionate love,
But the other, somewhere, kissed her treasure, most
A book he had touched with his glove.

The woman he loved, betrayed his trust,
And he wore the scars for life;
And he cared not, nor knew, that the other was
True;
But no man called her his wife.

The woman he loved trod festal halls,
While they sang his funeral hymn,
But the sad bells tolled, ere the year was old,
For the woman who loved him.
Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

It Never Comes Again.
There are gardens for all our losses;
There are balm for all our pain,
But when youth, the dream, departs
It takes some thing from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

We are stronger and are better
Under manhood's sterner sign,
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth with flying feet
And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain,
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth and in the air,
But it never comes again.
K. H. Stoddard.

Sonnet.

I held before me, with love, trembling hands,
The fading portrait of a woman's face;
A picture not of young and girlish grace,
But one upon whose sacred forehead
Of time had dripped until the gleaming strands
Shone with the drif of water. A band of lace
Circles the wrinkled, in years found embrace,
Even as these boyish scars, years gone, their hands
Of love clasped around the thin fair neck of her,
As softly raised her baby upon
The drowsy ear in dreamland's tinkling drip;
And as I scan that face now, thro' the blur
Of manhood's tears, I hear a voice, long gone,
Soft crooning thro' the portals of lost life!

K. C. Tapley in Judge, (N. Y.)

They Obeyed The Law.

An ordinance requiring bicyclists to carry bells and lamps, and not to travel more than six miles an hour within the city limits, was passed a week ago by the city council of Topeka, Kan., and has caused a lively rumour. The wheelmen object to the ordinance, especially that limiting speed to a brisk walking pace, and the night after its passage every bicyclist in the city turned out with the loudest bell and the brightest headlight he could procure, and a procession started around the town making a hedious din. There were cow bells, sleigh bells, dinner gongs, house bells, triangles, and trolly

gongs, while one man had a trolly car headlight, and a half a dozen carried big stable lanterns. The uproar was tremendous, and the demonstrations a big success, in one sense. The wheelmen claim they are simply obeying the ordinance, which does not specify the kind of bell or light that shall be carried; but the chief of police threatens to arrest the wheelmen wholesale for disturbing the piece if they persist in their novel demonstrations.

DECLAY OF BOHEMIANISM.

It is Practically Dead, though Some People Make a Fad of It.

Bohemianism is dead, and those who call themselves bohemians at the present day were their rue with a difference. Sometimes they mistake their attendant circumstances for the cause, and think themselves entitled to a reputation for ability, merely because they refuse to go to bed at the same time as ordinary humanity. Such men, of course, have no right to call themselves after a distinguished and not honorable name; the mere habit of large suppers and late hours and loose ways of life generally has nothing which associates itself with that ready aptitude for all kinds of work, and that disciplined though somewhat fitful activity, which were the marks of the true bohemian.

There is no more significant proof of the change than has come over the artistic and literary world than the fact that every attempt to revive the old bohemianism in its former shape has invariably resulted in failure. The demand for the "good old" sanded floor and clay pipe of the past is limited to an undistinguished few, and the supply of these obsolete luxuries, when granted, meets with no general appreciation. In like manner eccentricities of conduct which were once regarded as virtues rather than vices are no longer tolerated, and a so called bohemian of these days is expected to pay and does pay, his club subscription and his just debts. He is not so picturesque as he was, but he is much more punctual.

The cause of these changes is not far to seek. Nowadays the standard of life has risen in all the social spheres, and while the British workman demands his higher wages and more ample leisure the artist world clothes itself in purple and fine linen and requires to be surrounded with all the comforts and extravagances and palatial clubs. Only there is no eight-hour limit for the contemporary inhabitant of this non-descript region, nor does he enroll himself into unions to extort terms from hard-hearted proprietors and managers. Although his dinners and his suppers are much more costly than they used to be in the old days, he does not work less hard, nor his labor worthy of ungrudging praise.

Meanwhile both actor and journalists have transformed the whole mise-en-scene of their lives; there is no more sackcloth and locusts and wild honey for them; they are clad in the broadcloth of the ordinary world and have soared into a social sphere which their predecessors neither knew nor cared about. Possibly this may be the effect of that general equalization of conditions which accompanies the whole course of our modern democracy. We all dress alike, live alike, acknowledge the same social rules, adopt the same luxuries or extravagant tastes. The point to notice, however, is that the worth of the individual has not grown less, despite this democratic tendency. On the contrary, his value, both to himself and to others has enormously increased. The modern dramatist makes if he had not maligned, an extremely respectable fortune, and Mr. Gosse has improved us recently—and has, of course suffered for his rashness—that the profits of certain of our more popular authors have gone up by leaps and bounds.—London Telegraph.

COST OF THEATRE CURTAINS.

Large Sums of Money Paid for These Very Necessary Appendages.

Few have any idea of the money spent by the managers of London theatres in procuring the curtain which hides the stage from public view, remarked a well-known theatrical furnisher to a Tit-Bits representative. Take, for instance, the glorious curtain at Sir Henry Irving's theatre, the Lyceum. That curtain, if it cost a penny, cost at least a thousand guineas. I am told that a thousand yards of beautiful blood-red plush were used to make it complete; and for it Sir Henry Irving is indebted to the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, who, some years ago, generously made him a present of the curtain as a tribute to his artistic genius.

A very expensive curtain is that used at the Prince of Wales Theatre, Coventry Street, now occupied by Mr. Arthur Roberts. Its cost was about £600. It is made of boiler plate, is entirely fire-proof, and weighs no less than six tons. No fire can get from the stage to the auditorium or vice-versa, as the top and bottom of the curtain respectively rest against and upon a solid wall of brickwork. I believe this, as well as the invention of Mr. C. S. Phipps, the theatrical architect.

Perhaps the most beautiful theatre curtain in London—where the finest curtains in the world are to be seen—are those at the Lyceum, to which I have referred, the Palace Theatre of Varieties, and the Savoy. The Palace curtain is a real work of art, and Mr. D'Oyly Carte must have lavished a small fortune upon it. It is a beautiful dream of gold and various other colored silks, and something like 600 square yards of silk were used in its manufacture. I am told that the director of the Paris Opera was almost thunderstruck when, during Mr. Carte's production of "Ivanhoe," he saw certain the first time.

The Savoy curtain must have cost £300 if a penny, its material being of the finest gold plush. Another expensive curtain was that bought by Mr. Chas. Wyndham for the Criterion. It cost over £120, being made by Mapié.

Most of the other London houses' and probably all the country theatres, content themselves with the old-fashioned curtain of canvas, sometimes with a scene and some times with imitation curtains painted upon it.

The cost of these varies, of course, and may run from £20 to £200, according to the amount of work put into them and the artist engaged to paint the scene.—English Paper.

Duplicating Apparatus Patents.

The A. B. Dick Co., of Chicago, manufacturers of the Edison Mimeograph & Edison Automatic Mimeograph have just achieved quite a victory in the sustaining of their patents against infringements. A decision in their favor was handed down on June 15 granting a permanent injunction against the Pomeroy Duplicator Company, Charles T. Pomeroy, William C. Hardie and William G. Fuerth, in favor of Thomas A. Edison's patent No. 224,665 for a "Method of preparing Autographic stencils for printing," in which a file plate and stylus are used. This injunction was sustained in a suit in the United States Circuit Court district of New Jersey, and as the matter now stands the Edison method of making both Autographic and Typewriter stencils has been sustained by the Courts in favor of the Edison patents, all infringers must therefore be stopped.

The dealer and user of an infringed device are as much liable as the manufacturer. As the Mimeograph is now completely protected by patents, which have been sustained by the Courts, parties requiring such apparatus, should send for circulars and further particulars, to Ira Cornwell, General Agent.

A Great Excursion.

The railways are exceedingly liberal in the matter of excursions this year. For example the Intercolonial issue excursion tickets at one first class fare from June 28 to July 1st—Friday until Monday and they are good to return until the fourth of July—a full week. This is an opportunity that many people will embrace to take a holiday and visit places and friends. Thousands of Progress readers who live along the lines of the I. C. R. will do well to note the fact and make the most of it.

Throwing Dice for Bibles.

At St. Ives, in Huntingdonshire England, the Sunday school children met in the church recently to throw dice for Bibles in the presence of the rector and the church warden. By the terms of an ancient bequest, \$15 must be spent yearly for twelve Bibles, to be given to six boys and girls of good repute making the three hundred throws. The rector received \$2.50 for preaching a special sermon. At the dice throwing took place on the communion table, but that part of the ceremony has been given up.

Insuring Delivery.

When the wind blows from the South and one of the islanders of South Iceland wishes to communicate with the mainland, he puts his letters into a well-corked bottle, and to insure their delivery he encloses at the same time a plug of twist tobacco or a cigar. The wind speedily impels the bottle to the shore of the mother island, where people are generally on the lookout.

Reduction in Millinery.

Messrs. Chas. K. Cameron & Co., advertise in today's issue their first announcement of reduction in millinery. Mr. Cameron always has a reduction in prices at this season, and very many find it to their advantage to look for bargains there.

ANAANCE.

JUNE 23.—Miss Annie N. Davidson, of St. John, who has been spending the past six weeks with her mother on "Apple Hill" returned to her home on Saturday.
Miss Maggie Leakes is at present visiting relatives in Sussex.
Mrs. Richard H. Jones, of Sussex, spent last week in town visiting relatives here and at Portage.
Mrs. John H. Davidson and Master Roy Davidson, of St. John, are visiting Mrs. Geo. H. Davidson.

Messrs. Charles Triton, of Pictouville, and Horton Price of Campbellton, spent last Friday with friends on "Apple Hill."
Miss Bertha Davidson and Mr. Al. Davidson, who were spending a week or so with friends in Albert Co., have returned home.
Mrs. Matthews, Miss Robinson, and little Miss Dorothy Matthews of Pictouville, spent last week here the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Clitick.

CHILPAN.

JUNE 20.—Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Jones, of Apohaqui are spending a few days here.
Allie Baird, of California, with his cousins have planned for a fishing party up the Gaspeaux.
Miss Baird who has been spending several weeks in Waterford, has returned home.
Miss Lizzie Hutchins and Miss Ferris have been visiting their friend L. at St. John Creek.
Mr. Frank Baird of the University of N. B. has arrived home.
Harry Porter is spending a few days in Fredericton.
Mr. George Fowler, of Montana, who has been seriously ill, has reached this place safely.

GRAND MANAN.

JUNE 24.—Mr. A. M. Covert who has been attending McGill college Montreal, arrived home on Tuesday, and is spending the holidays at the rectory.
Mrs. F. A. Holmes, of Estaport, is the guest of Mrs. S. R. Watt.
Miss Eleanor Redmond has returned from her studies in Fredericton.
Mr. Frank A. Newton, spent the last week in Boston.
Miss Julia Covert arrived home on Saturday, from Egehill Windsor, where she has been studying the last year. Miss Covert received the prize for drawing, and honorable mention in other studies at the school.

Miss Claire Cheney arrived home on Tuesday from Portland, Me., where she has been visiting during the past few weeks.
Dr. Price returned to the Island on Saturday, after spending the winter in New York.

BATHURST.

[Progress is for sale in Bathurst by Master Joe London.]
JUNE 27.—The death of Senator Burns which took place the 27th of the week, though not wholly unexpected, was a shock to his very large circle of friends everywhere.
The public life of the deceased senator was particularly upright and in every respect commended the admiration of all classes.
The funeral which took place on Tuesday was attended by over twelve hundred people, including many prominent men of New Brunswick. The solemn requiem service of the Catholic church was conducted by Bishop Robit.

A large number of telegrams expressing sincere sympathy for their loss, was received by the members of the family, from persons all over Canada and the United States. The surviving members of Senator Burns' family have the heartfelt sympathy of all.