

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ST. JOHN, N. B. SATURDAY, SEP. 7.

HOW TO KEEP LABOR DAY.

The celebration of Labor Day in St. John was a failure, so far as the attempt at a parade was concerned. The procession was principally notable for what it lacked, and gave no idea of the extent or character of the industries of St. John. The circumstance that some features of it were good and that some bodies made a very creditable display only served to emphasize the fact that much was wanting to make it even reasonably complete. Compared with the display made last year, it was disappointing to the participants and the spectators. It seems a pity that it was so, for the failure has left an impression that Labor Day has already ceased to have any hold on the workers of the city, and that the non-success of Monday's parade has given the death blow to any attempt at a demonstration next year.

In some other Canadian cities, notably in Montreal, Quebec and Toronto, the day was observed with great success, but in Ottawa the festivities were as dismal as in St. John. In neither instance can it be said that the wage workers are not as keenly alive to their interests as ever, but that many of them did not feel justified in going to the expense an elaborate display would have involved. Neither the civic authorities nor the citizens seem to have concurred with Alderman Wilson in the idea that "a labor parade is better than an exhibition," and there was no financial aid for the affair. Under such circumstances, it is not strange that the workingmen did not feel justified in going to the expense demanded. They could not afford to do so, after what, in some other branches of industry, has been an unusually dull season, and they were doubtless wise in refraining from extravagance for the sake of a display to please the public. Had there been any burning question at issue, the case would have been different, but in this part of the world the only serious labor troubles, during the past year, has been the lack of a sufficiency of work in certain standard branches of industry.

It is more than probable that the failure of the Labor Day celebration this year will have the natural effect of discouraging any effort to celebrate it by a parade next year, unless some new issues arise which make it necessary for labor to appeal to the public for a better recognition of its rights. In this city of New York, this condition of things seems to have been reached already. There was no general parade there this year, and the reason assigned was that there were no great questions to be agitated or victories to be celebrated. The only attempts at celebrating were made by some organizations which had recently been engaged in strikes, and their motive seems to have been less to assert the dignity of labor than to hold a meeting at which they could denounce the authorities for what they consider the prosecution of EUGENE DEBS. The great body of the workmen of New York took another and more sensible way of observing the day, and their course may furnish a suggestion to the labor organizations of other places in arranging their holiday plans for next year. The New Yorkers simply took a day to enjoy themselves.

The most obvious method of enjoyment for people who work is in rest, recreation and a change from their everyday surroundings. This is not supplied by a tiresome walk around the streets in procession, for all who have taken part in parades know that they are sometimes the hardest kind of work. The heat, dust and confusion make the fatigue greater than that of the labor to which men are accustomed in daily life, and the holiday is really but one in name. The New York men, this year, arranged for picnics and excursions in the country, where they would really have rest and come back refreshed. There is no reason why the same idea should not be received with favor in this city and elsewhere.

where. It has much to commend it. The time of year is one which is suitable for excursions, and facilities for such are becoming better every year. The various organizations could either unite or could have their separate arrangements for an outing, in which their wives and families, and the public, could take part. This celebration could be made as much an official labor demonstration as a mere parade would be, and would be much more likely to be crowned with success. One very important point would be that, instead of demanding an outlay, it could be made a source of revenue, for excursions of this kind would never lack public patronage. In this way, Labor Day would be well observed, the workers would have a genuine holiday, and year by year, if all were managed well, the Labor Day excursion would become more and more a popular institution.

There is food for thought in the course taken by the New York wage workers, and nearly a year in which the subject may be kept in mind. The idea is worth considering, and there is no reason why it cannot be carried out with the fullest measure of success.

IMPROVING NEW WOMAN.

The ladies of the Salvation Army have a costume more striking than picturesque, and there is little danger of it being in line with the fashion of the times, if Mrs. BAL-LINGTON BOOTH has anything to say about it. She gave her opinion of the New Woman to a New York audience, last Sunday, and the prevailing mode of dress was one of the first points of attack. Mrs. BOOTH would like to get hold of the big sleeves, she said, and have them made into dresses for little children of the slums. Some of the other garments she would take from the women altogether and "give them to the sex to which they belong."

Mrs. BOOTH may be an extremist in this respect. The matter of dress is one that is largely a question of taste rather than morals. Big sleeves may be extravagant and useless appendages, but no more so than the wings which poetry and art ascribe to angels, which are obviously useless as means of aerial flight. As to the "other garments" it seems to be purely a question of how far they are more useful in the conditions of modern life than are the time-honored skirts and petticoats. There is no definite law of Moses or other high authority as to how a woman shall be dressed, save that she shall be modestly attired. It may be said that from time immemorial, civilized woman has worn a garb in the nature of a waist and skirt, but it may also be argued this was, in a measure, the earlier costume of man as well. Neither Moses nor the prophets wore trousers. Had woman worn bloomers for the last few thousand, or even few hundred years, they would now be deemed a very appropriate and modest costume. It may be that they will so be thought ere long. It is simply a matter of getting used to them.

There is another point, however, on which Mrs. BOOTH comes nearer the mark, and that is in the literature of the New Woman. She affirms there are books in common circulation which any God-fearing, right-feeling woman would blush to have about her. She indicates these as disgusting treatises on realism and kindred topics. There are, unfortunately, too many of these, and they are too often the fashionable craze. The only redeeming feature about most of them is that they are dead stock as soon as the craze is over, and do not live to directly instill all sorts of foolish and often corrupt ideas into the minds of more than one generation. Against this redeeming quality is the fact that as fast as one demoralizing book dies another comes to take its place. Apparently the only hope of the New Woman is to take firm ground against such, until they are recognized as unfit for woman's recreation as are some of the novels of the old time English writers, which used plain Saxon terms where the modern novel employs only suggestions but with much more deadly effect. It is clear Mrs. BOOTH is right as to the New Woman and the books she ought not to read.

Of course Mrs. BOOTH wants to see the New Woman, after having given up big sleeves, bloomers and realistic novels, join the Salvation Army. Wisely anticipating a failure to excite any general movement of this kind, she comes to what all the world must recognize as the best remedy of all. It is that the New Woman should get the right kind of a husband. If all husbands were of the right kind, it may be suggested, there would be no New Woman in the objectionable sense of the term, but until human nature is transformed, the wrong man and the wrong woman are bound to meet and make the mistake of marrying. The prescription of Mrs. BOOTH is good, but it is another thing for people to take it.

After all, however, the task of improving the New Woman must be looked upon as difficult, if not hopeless, unless she solves the problem by doing it herself. Just at present, amid the storm of exaggerated caricature, she has but a poor chance of showing what she really means to do. Possibly she will accomplish more than is hoped, for herself and for the world. Out of what seems the absurd may come the practical, and in place of being most mannish the New Woman may be, above all, most womanly. If

she cannot be trusted to improve herself, it will be in vain for others to try to improve her.

New York, the biggest city in America, and the wickiest, has some very small ideas of what is right and what is wrong in human actions. Not long ago an English actress undertook to ride in Central Park, sitting astride of the horse, as she had been accustomed to ride on the other side of the ocean, but was stopped by the police. An appeal was made to the authorities, and the plea was advanced that if a woman was allowed to assume that attitude on a bicycle she should have the same privilege on a living steed. This reasoning has been considered conclusive, and in the absence of any definite legislation the New Woman may stride like a horse and prance around the metropolis as much as she pleases. It is not every woman who will want to do this, but it is well for all to know that they have the right.

The Canadian poet is having hard times in these days, and is assailed whenever he comes to the front. The latest to incur a castigation is JAMES GEORGE ROCHIE, whom the Telegraph describes as a native of Ireland, but who was really born in Prince Edward Island. The offence of Mr. ROCHIE is the contribution to the Century Magazine of some verses on a victory of the United States frigate Constitution in the war of 1812. The offence is aggravated by the fact that the Century has seen fit to illustrate the verses. The publishers of the magazine were probably not aware that the Telegraph has, in the past, conclusively demonstrated that neither the Constitution nor any other United States vessel gained a victory in that war, but that any alleged triumphs of the Americans by sea or land were merely trivial accidents and minor incidents in a campaign of conquest by the British forces.

The remarks of PROGRESS on the folly of having the fire alarm rung whenever there is an accident to man or beast have met with a hearty endorsement from members of the department and others. The men are willing enough to do their duty at all times, but to have the whole force called out when they can be of no possible use is an evil that ought to be remedied. There are instances, such as the fall of a building and the like, where the firemen may be of some use, but such cases are the exception, and for them the present standing order of the council would not be required. The motive of the order was undoubtedly good, but the results show that the sooner it is rescinded the better.

The sea serpent has been caught at last, and this time Montreal comes to the front. The monster was lately reported as having been captured at a place called Back River, and the remains were brought to Montreal, to be exhibited to scientists and citizens. The high constable, suspicious of fraud, insisted on a close examination, and found the wonder to be a long bag of canvas, colored and covered with a composition of wax and stuffed with sawdust. That is about the way the world has been stuffed on the sea serpent business for a good many years.

The latest news from Jack the Ripper is that he is confined in a lunatic asylum in England, and that the fact is known to the authorities. The story is that he was a medical student suffering from homicidal mania, and the authority for the statement is Dr. FORBES WINSLOW, an eminent specialist, who is now on a visit to America. The yarn is as good in theory as all the others, but the identity of Jack the Ripper is likely to remain as much an open question as that of the man in the iron mask.

A few years ago, somebody who wanted to improve on nature introduced the carp into the waters of New Jersey. The effect has been like that of the experiment of taking rabbits to Australia and thistles to New Zealand. The strange fish has increased in vast numbers, and are eating the spawn of the native fish so fast that measures are prepared to have the voracious strangers exterminated. The fool fisher does not always recognize his opportunity when people begin to try experiments.

The daughter of ex-governor AMES, of Massachusetts, tried to jump from a carriage the other day, when the horses were beyond control, but her dress was caught in a wheel and she got a fall which fractured her skull. With all that has been said against bloomers, there seem to be instances where the wearing of them would have prevented any such accident.

If the season has been rather moist, it is well to remember that the want of rain, just a year ago, caused the loss of many thousands of dollars worth of property by the forest fires which swept over various parts of the country. The weather is all right, just as it comes, but that fact will not prevent people from grumbling, whichever way it happens to be.

The Manitoba wheat crop is safe and the people in and out of that part of Canada can now give more attention to the school question. That will be probably as safe as the wheat crop, after it has been given the same reasonable time to reach its maturity.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

In September. When September walks in splendor singing, Glory to the skies; And the maples o'er the old home whisper, Musical replies. To the doorway comes the face once so, Eloquently sweet; When the bloom is on the barley, and the Crown gold on the wheat. When bending willows dream and droop, and kiss, The sleeping pool; And golden rods in shiny yellow greets The twilight cool. All the bright birds leave the hedges once— So jubilant with song; For the spruces in the woodland where Their stay is not for long. When the rowan tree's red buttoniere is, Brilliant on its breast; And the robin sings its farewell song, Beside its summer nest; Then deep silence veils the landscape save the Lonely cricket's cry, And the shadows deep remind us that the Fall again is nigh. When the white robe of the buckwheat blossom, Sweet is to our gaze; And the broad green outfield stretches far Into the mellow haze; The poppy dots its crimson cap, above The pansy true; And asters gay and holly hocks, still— Sip the silver dew. The hand of the Almighty brings the Corn to its full ear; And it is the reary orchard trees To Bless the fruitful year; The darker shadows creep across the, Meadow and the mill; And die inside the church yard gate, Whose life at last is still. When September walks in splendor where the, Harvest hillside stands; Around the vales of Canada our Happy golden land; To the doorway come the faces once so, Loving and so sweet; When the bloom is on the barley and the, Crown gold on the wheat. Guava Vine Sept. 1895. CYPRUS GOLDS.

Her Answer. Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing Ever made by the hand above; A woman's heart, and a woman's life, And a woman's wonderful love; Do you know you have asked for this priceless thing As a child might ask for a toy, Demanding what others have died to win, With the reckless dash of a boy? You have written my lesson of duty out, And like you have questioned me; Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul, Until I shall question thee. You require your mutton shall always be hot, Your socks and your shirts will be whole; I require your heart to be true as God's stars, And as pure as heaven's own soil. You require a cook for your mutton and beef; I require a greater thing— A seamstress you're wanting for socks and shirts, I look for a man and a king— You call for the beautiful realm called Home, And a man that his Maker, God, Shall be upon as he did on the first And say, "It is very good!" I am fair and young, but the rose will fade Ere my soft young cheek grows old; Will you love me then, 'midst the falling leaves, As you did 'mid the blooms of May? I, your heart as once so strong and deep, Do you launch my all on its tide? A loving woman finds heaven or hell The day she becomes a bride. I require all things that are grand and true, All things that a man should be; If you give this all I would stake my life To be all you demand of me. If you cannot be this—a laundress and cook You call for—with little to pay; But a woman's heart and a woman's life Are not to be won that way.—Mrs. Mary Estrope.

A Builder's Lesson. "How shall I a habit break?" As you did that habit make. As you grew old, you must lose; As you yielded, now refuse, Thread by thread, the strands we twist Till they be but a tuck and wrig; Tread by tread of the patient hand Must unwind—ere free we stand. As you build, stone by stone, We must toil unhelped, alone Till the wall is overthrow. But remember, as we try, Lighter every task goes by; Waiting in the stream grows deep Toward the centre's downward sweep; Backward turn, each step ashore Shallower in than before. Ah, the precious years we waste Leveling what we raised in haste; Doing what we should have done Ere content or love be won: First across the gulf we cast. Kite borne threads of time are passed, And he builds the bridge at last.—John Boyle O'Rilly.

Friendship. What is friendship? I will tell you: Eyes that weep for others' wrongs, Shoulders bearing others' burdens, Lips repeating others' songs. Friendship is a chain, embracing Rich and poor, and young and old; 'E'en the beggar child may fondly Touch in awe a lion's foot. Friendship is the heart's devotion, Warm, loving acts commended, Thinking 'tis a only pleasure, If they give a loved one rest. Friendship is a sweet compassion, When brave courage is unmaned, And a tongue, but trusting fully, Quick to soothe, and understand.—Jewish Messenger.

Music. Was it light that spake from the darkness, or music that shone from the word, When the night was enkindled with sound of the sun and the first born bird? Music, sister of sunrise, and herald of life to be, Smiled as dawn on the spirit of man, and the tural was free.—Swinnburne.

Not That Kind of a Church. TO THE EDITOR OF "PROGRESS." It is only reasonable to presume that you are desirous of giving your readers accurate information. I therefore appeal to your sense of justice to insert this correction of your Halifax correspondent's statements regarding St. Alban's chapel, and to give this letter the same prominence—namely, the first column on your front page—as that accorded to the statements which I am about to impugn. The description of St. Alban's and its services is incorrect in almost every particular. There is no "abernacle" with a "gold plated cross surmounting it," but simply a brass cross such as is seen in many Anglican churches. The description of the altar frontal is also incorrect, no censers or vestments are used in St. Alban's, other than the surplice and stole customary in every Anglican church. The only font for holy water in the church is the baptismal font usually found in every Anglican church. The only response ever heard in St. Alban's is the evening prayer as printed in the prayer book and ordered to be used by the church of England. If your correspondent had ever been in St. Alban's, he could not have made such entirely erroneous statements regarding it. We, who constantly profess our belief in the Holy catholic church, and say for "the good estate of the catholic church," are not concerned if we are accused of practising catholic customs, but when the word catholic is wrongly used for that which is purely Romanist, then we repudiate all imitation both of their uncatholic doctrines, and uncatholic practices. I am faithfully yours, E. F. CHAWFORD, Rector of St. Luke's.

Halifax, N. S., Sept. 3.

TWO MODERN LETTERS.

Not Originally in the English Alphabet But They Have Come to Stay.

It is a fact, not well known, that the letters J and W are modern additions to the alphabet. The use of 'J' may be said to have become general during the time of the Commonwealth in England, say between 1649 and 1658. Before that time its use was extremely rare. In the century immediately preceding the seventeenth, it became the fashion to tail the last 'i' when the Roman numerals were used, as in this example: viij for 8, and xij for 12.

This fashion still lingers, but only in the prescriptions of physicians. In French the letter 'j' has the same pronunciation as our letter 's' in the word vision. It is not known what nation was the first to use it as a letter.

In the latter part of the sixteenth century the printers and the language makers began to recognize the fact there was a sound spoken in the English language that was without representative in the written language. 'wet.' Before that time, the word was spelled 'vet,' the 'v' having the long sound of two 'u's' together. In order to convey the sound, they began to spell such words as wet, weather, web, etc., with two 'u's' and as the 'u' of that date was often expressed by 'v,' the three words looked like this: vvt, vveather, vweb. After awhile, the type-founders recognized the fact that the double 'u' had come to stay, and they made a single character to do duty for the second, which is now well known as the 'w.'

The writer has seen a book in which three forms of 'w' are given. The first is the old double 'vv,' the next is one in which the last stroke of the first 'v' crosses the first stroke of the second 'v,' and the third is the modern 'w.'—Exchange.

HAS A FOX FARM.

An Industry That Has Been Established and Prospers in Alaska.

George Wardman, of the steamer Rich, in 1879, was on the coast in Alaska, and saw a black fox-skin sold for \$200. This gave him an "idea," which was to establish fox farming as an industry in Alaska. He interested three other men and formed a company. A group of islands, uninhabited save by sea birds and sea lions, now called the Smedley group, was chosen for the farming place. Black fox cubs were then sought, and in the winter of 1880 an agent obtained six, which were killed by over-feeding. In the summer of 1884 about 20 blue fox cubs were caught and taken with a quantity of seal meat to the islands and released.

The foxes are very intelligent, and in the summer make provision for the winter by securing eggs and hiding them in thick moss, where they remain as a hoard to supply them, when in the winter, they can obtain no other food. In the summer they catch birds, and they are adepts at killing sea lions, which serve them for food. The blue fox pelt is worth \$15, and as seals become scarce the fox skin becomes more valuable. From the 20 cubs the number has become about 5000, and the company is a great financial success, though as yet they have failed to secure black foxes, as it was proposed to do.—Exchange.

The Cowboy's Day is Over.

The cowboy, like the buffalo, is fast becoming extinct. In the dawn of the new century now approaching he will be regarded as a curiosity. Then years hence he will almost have attained the dignity of tradition. History, which embalms the man in armor and exalts the pioneer, holds a place for him. The niche may be a modest one, but he had his part in conquering the country, and no impartial record of western evolution can omit his picturesque figure. Before civilization devalues his identity let us try to detain it a moment in its real likeness and garb.

Dwellers in the long-settled communities scarcely realize how great a change has come over the Far West during the last decade. Ranches there will always be—ranches for grain, hay, fruit and blooded live stock—but not for the rearing of the cattle business; when the cow-memory when there was a craze over the cattle business: when the cowboy was King at Dodge City; when hundreds of educated young men went west to share the hardship of herders; to lay the cattle ranches are deserted, or mortgaged, or turned into farms. A more advanced intelligence has penetrated the possibilities of irrigation, and water is reclaiming the wilderness once given over to the long horn steer.

The decline of the range cattle industry has been as amazing and rapid as was its rise. The business is not simply suffering from stagnation it has almost ceased to exist. Early in the eighties a beef steer running on the range represented \$40; one-fourth that sum would pay for him now. Thirty dollars was the average price for a cow with a calf at her side; now whole herds are disposed of for \$6 a head.—Lippincott's Magazine.

A Vexed Question.

The advertisement of the Birbeck Investment, Security and Savings company on the second page raises a question that many people have tried to think out. "Why Pay Rent" is the problem and the company pro-

posed to solve it. There is a strong local board of directors including such gentleman as Messrs. W. W. Turnbull, Geo. A. Schofield, J. H. Thompson, R. C. Elkin and Joseph Allison, with Hon. A. G. Blair, solicitor and F. S. Whittaker, secretary treasurer. Messrs. Whittaker & Co. are the agents.

The Sun Got Caught.

The story of how George A. Davis had not returned from Honolulu was fully told in PROGRESS last week, and a description was given of the narrow escape the Telegraph had from getting a scoop on the Sun. On Saturday morning, however, the latter journal innocently announced that Mr. Davis had not only returned, but that his many friends were glad to see him again. The guileless editor, it seems, had fallen an easy victim to the ready prevaricator, and was caught as nicely as a mouse in a trap.

All The Rage.

A pretty gown will always be more vital to a woman than a vote. Priestley's dress fabrics, by their glow, their intrinsic refinement, and distinction, confer a most obvious character upon the wearer. The famous Henrietas are likely to be surpassed by the new "Eudora" a fabric which has suddenly become all the rage. There is extra width which is equally adapted to the long folds of the plain skirts or the drapery which we may soon expect. And then there is an exquisite glow, and a matchless wearing quality. Wrapped on "The Varinised Board" and the name Priestley's stamp on every five yards.

A Message From God.

"It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgement." Heb 9: 27. "He that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God," John 3: 18.

WOODSTOCK.

[Progress is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. Lane & Co.]

SEPT. 4.—Mrs. John Lorne gave a party on Friday evening for her son, Norman. The evening was delightful for dancing, which was the amusement chiefly afforded by the young people. Mrs. Lorne received her guests in a very becoming gown of blue and white silk. Those present were Miss Pool, Ethel Bourne, Hilda Bourne, Georgia Angerton, Kathleen Bourne, Nellie Smith, Nan Bull, Nellie Beardsley, Messrs. J. Woodside Loane, Stanley Neales, Harry Smith, Irvine Dibble, LeBaron Dibble, Walter Everett, Claude Angerton, Ernest Jack and Norman Loane.

Miss Ritchie Beardsley, Miss Anna Beardsley, Miss Pool, Miss Edna Byrne, Mr. Gert Garman and Mr. Bertou Bodell drove to Fredericton on Monday.

Invitations are issued by Mrs. John C. Winslow for an at home on Thursday afternoon, and also for a dance the same evening.

Miss Mary James left for Boston, where she intends to enter a training school for nurses. Mrs. Carl Ketchum and children are visiting in St. Andrews.

Miss Clarke of Newport is visiting her mother here.

Mrs. Baker and children, who have been spending the summer here, the guests of Archdeacon and Mrs. Neales returned to Newport, R. I., on Tuesday.

Mrs. George A. Taylor and children are visiting in Halifax.

Miss Bessie Neales has gone to Newport to spend the winter with her sister Mrs. Baker.

Canon and Mrs. Davey of St. John are the guests of Mr. W. Herbert Deweber.

Mr. R. Norman Loan left on Monday for Fredericton.

Mrs. J. Alfred Robert and Miss Gwendoline Dure of Montreal are the guests of Mrs. John C. Winslow.

Mrs. Walter Fisher of Fredericton is the guest of Mrs. R. K. Jones.

Mrs. John A. McRobert returned from St. John on Saturday, she was accompanied by her sister Miss Hattie Petch. ELAINE.

RICHMOND.

[Progress is for sale in Richmond by Theodore P. Graham.]

SEPT. 4.—Miss Hazen of Fredericton is in town the guest of Mrs. J. S. Allen at the Methodist parsonage.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur E. O'Leary returned from a visit to Campbellton on Friday last.

Judge James and Mr. Isaac Trenholm of Baconche were in town on Monday.

Miss Nina Frecker left on Tuesday for a visit to Moncton.

Mr. Stanley White after a pleasant holiday at his home returned to Newcastle on Saturday.

Miss Annie Black left on Monday for Moncton where she is teaching music. She was joined at Harcourt by her sister, Miss Sylvia who went to Sackville to resume her studies at Mount Allison.

Mr. Thomas Thompson and his little son Harry who spent the past five weeks in town guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. White returned to their home in Brookline Mass., on Friday.

Dr. Thomas J. Bourque and Sheriff Legar left on Tuesday for Memramouc.

Miss Janie Amireaux and her uncle Mr. James Amireaux after spending the summer months here left on Tuesday for Boston.

Mrs. David Flett left on Tuesday, for Boston, the home of her adaptation, after a pleasant visit to her friends here.

Mr. Wilmot Brown went to St. Stephen on Monday to spend his vacation.

Miss Fie Harvey of Newcastle returned to her home on Saturday. While here she was the guest of Miss Jessie White.

Messrs. Henry O'Leary, J. Fred and Frank Richard returned to St. Joseph's college, Memramouc on Wednesday. Mr. Lewis O'Leary accompanied them and will spend a few days there, before returning to Moncton.

Mrs. H. B. Forbes went to Sackville on Friday last, her sister, Mrs. Murray, who has been visiting her, returned to Sackville also on Friday.

Miss Maggie Duke of Moncton is spending a few days in town, guest of Mrs. John McMinna. AROUNA.

SUSSEX.

[Progress is for sale in Sussex by G. D. Martin R. D. Bond and S. H. White & Co.]

SEPT. 3.—Mrs. Medley, of Fredericton, and Mrs. Chas. Medley, of Fredericton, spent Saturday here.

Mrs. Fox, of Halifax, was here last week, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. S. A. McLeod.

Mr. and Mrs. Davis and Miss Maud Keith left for their home in Lynn, Mass., on Sunday morning, after a three week's visit to relatives here.

Mrs. John Macaulay and little daughter left on Monday night for a trip to Toronto, intending to visit Niagara and other places before returning.

Miss Mary Talbot, Miss Gertrude Sherwood, Miss Etta Johnson and Miss Malina Bolt, left for Mt. Allison Academy, Sackville, on Thursday.

Miss Bessie Cruikshank, St. John, is visiting relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Fairweather and two sons left to visit Mrs. Fairweather's parents in West Somerville on Wednesday. Mr. Chas. Barnett accompanied them.

Miss Goldsmith of Boston, Mass., is visiting Mrs. John Thompson.

Miss Grace Robertson is visiting friends here.

Mrs. F. A. McCully of Moncton is visiting her sister Mrs. Gordon Mills, Church street.

Mrs. J. S. Trites of Moncton is visiting relatives.

Mrs. J. S. Trites of Moncton is visiting relatives.

Miss Watson of St. John is the guest of Mrs. C. D. Davis. THELMA.