

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

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ST. JOHN, N. B. SATURDAY, SEP. 14.

CIVIC SECTIONALISM.

The abolition of ward elections did a great deal to abolish the narrow sectional feeling which used to be so manifest in civic affairs, but there is a great deal too much of it still. Instead of having a relation to the single wards, however, it now pertains to the great divisions, such as the West and North Ends. Both of these districts have had so much done for them however, that their appeals are rarely heard at the meetings of the council, and there is a more general recognition of the fact that in the work of necessary improvement all parts of the city are likely to receive justice. Nobody can contrast the condition of Carleton and Portland of today with the state of things before the union without recognizing what a change there has been for the better, and the clamor of the Aldermen from these divisions no longer interrupts the regular business of the council as it did a few years ago.

At a meeting of the board of works, the other day, however, there was a trifling matter brought up which showed the absurdity to which sectional feeling can be carried in very trifling matters. Five men have been employed at a short job on the west side ferry flats. Three belonged to the west side, a fourth was from North End, and the fifth from South end. All CHRISTIE took occasion to bring the matter up and complained that sufficient care was not taken to have the labor distributed among men from different sections of the city. The fact that three West side men were employed apparently seemed to be a piece of injustice. Director SMITH, from whom something better should have been expected, explained that his instructions to Superintendent GLASGOW were to distribute such work among men from different sections.

According to this, it a ten day job, requiring five or six men, is to be done, a hunt must be made to get the right proportion from each of the civic divisions. Whether this is to be done on a basis of population, or is some other way, does not appear. Whatever may be the system of selection the principle is a narrow one, an arbitrary, in civic affairs. The whole idea is unworthy of a public body, whether it be the board of works or any other department. There should be no petty discrimination one way or the other. Applicants for work should be employed with reference to their fitness and availability and without regard to where they happen to live. Following out the sectional principle every ward would have as much right to be considered, as well as each division. Such a way of doing business is entirely too small in its idea, and is but a return to the old sectional system when every alderman kept in view only his own ward and its voters, with little regard to the welfare of the city as a whole. Let the work be fairly given out, but not on a basis of residential boundary lines.

ANOTHER NEW WOMAN.

The most original and daring New Woman appears to be Mrs. McARTHUR of New York, who jumped from Brooklyn bridge last Saturday, for the sake of acquiring wealth and fame. She had no idea of committing suicide. Her object was not to die, but to live, and living meant the receipt of a good income without having to work for it. She was ambitious to get a position as a dime museum freak. At present she is held on charge of a tempted self-murder.

The height of Brooklyn bridge above the water is about 140 feet, or double the height of the suspension bridge in St. John. Several men claim to have made the jump and some of them probably did so. There is, however, some doubt whether the most famous of these, STEVE BRODIE, ever performed the feat credited to him, but he made enough out of saying he did so to enable him to run one of the most prosperous

saloons in the metropolis. As late as last March, a man jumped from the bridge, or made people believe he did, and is at present in receipt of a large weekly salary from a dime museum in which he is exhibited as a hero of modern times.

Mrs. McARTHUR is a woman of about thirty, and has a husband who earns a moderate income as a cigar maker. She was anxious to acquire wealth more rapidly, and had the idea that she could jump from the bridge and come out alive her fame would have a cash value to her of about one hundred dollars a week. So she undertook to try the experiment two or three weeks ago, but was stopped by the police and sent home. Last Saturday morning, before sunrise, she made a second attempt and succeeded. She was dressed in man's attire, and was well prepared for the drop, which she accomplished without any serious injury. So soon as she gets over the shock and is released from custody, she will look for an offer more advantageous than that made by her husband when she wedded him for better or for worse.

It may be a correct surmise that this bold feat of Mrs. McARTHUR is but a sign of the times when the New Woman will undertake to imitate man in a much larger field than has hitherto been explored. One would think that the line might be drawn at bridge jumping, but there is no telling what may be tried next. Possibly it may be something in the arena of science exemplified by MESSIS SULLIVAN and CORBETT. The world does move.

ARE BLOOMERS WICKED?

In the course of some remarks on the New Woman, last week, PROGRESS took occasion to say there was no definite law of Moses or other high authority in early scriptural times as to how a woman shall be dressed, save that she shall be modestly attired. A New Jersey man, however, thinks he has discovered there is such a law, and that the wearing of bloomers is a direct violation of the commands of the Almighty. In an address on the subject, he is quoted as citing the following verse from Deuteronomy, x, 5:

The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth to a man, neither shall a man put on a woman's garment, for all that do so are abomination unto the Lord, thy God.

In the opinion of this gentleman, and doubtless of others, this edict makes the latter day bloomer abominable in the sight of the Lord. This is important, if true. There are and have been a good many people in this world who interpret scripture after the fashion of the New Jersey man. Had there not been, the world would never have had such a diversity of sects founded upon somebody or another's idea of this or that isolated text. The prohibition in question is plain enough, and was undoubtedly called for by the conditions surrounding the Israelites at that time. The intent of it was to prevent a woman disguising herself so as to be taken for a man by the observer, or a man passing himself off as a woman. Such a state of things, either then or now, would tend to lower the standard of morality, and when the New Woman really does reach that advanced stage where she is indistinguishable from a male biped in a mixed crowd, there will be just cause for alarm. So far, the bloomers are no more deceptive in this respect than are the tailor-made coats and and sailors hats, both of which are in the nature of man's apparel.

The point of the whole contention is that the command of Moses in this respect was part of a large number of regulations for the government of a particular people at a certain period in their history. If the prohibitions and injunctions in the book of Deuteronomy were enforced at the present day, there would be some radical changes in everyday life, and some queer complications in regard to social relations. It would be easier for some men to get wives, for instance, if they could simply take maidens captive. There would also be some definite regulations as to the style of garments. Those woven of a mixture of woolen and linen—or cotton—would be forbidden, and every cloak should have strings at its four corners. When a man built a house he would be compelled to place battlements on the roof, so that people should not fall off and get killed. His bill of fare would be limited, also, and among other articles of diet he would have to forego rabbit or pork in any form. Nor could he eat oysters, lobsters, or anything else out of the water, which had not fins and scales. All of these regulations take equal rank with those in regard to women's apparel, and all are just as little a part of the moral law, so far as regards special articles of dress which do not cause a woman to be mistaken for a man.

There is an old story of a zealous reformer who sought to frighten women out of a fashion of wearing their hair in a knot on the top of the head, by preaching from the words, "Top-knot, come down!" The passage from which he took his text read, "Let him that is on the house top not come down." He seems to have been slightly more ignorant than the New Jersey man, but his text had about the same relation to his topic.

The bloomers so far, is not morally wrong, whatever may be thought of it as a matter of taste. When the New Woman really approaches the stage of dressing just like a man, it will be time to consider the

subject more seriously. At present she has not got that far, and in the isolated instances when it has been attempted by Dr. MARY WALKER and others, nobody has been deceived. Besides, most countries have laws which sufficiently cover the ground.

Two uniformed bill collectors have been properly dealt with by a Massachusetts court, in being held to bail for "conspiracy to annoy, disgrace and injure the character of a debtor. Their offence was in calling at his residence dressed in conspicuous green caps and coats, and thus publicly denouncing him for the payment of a bill. The court held that if such men were allowed to parade the streets and visit the houses of all men who owed bills, they would incite a breach of the peace, if not a riot. A few years ago there was a project to establish a branch of a uniformed bill collecting concern in St. John, but something happened to interfere with the scheme. It would probably have had a short life, and by no means a merry one. Such devices in a country where a creditor has legal remedies are simply intolerable, and if the courts would not interfere to prevent such a system of blackmail, small blame could be attached to harassed debtors for treating the collectors as they would treat any other persons who molested them to the extent of becoming a nuisance.

The report that Mrs. MAYBRICK is to be released from the English prison to which she was sent for life is again current. She has been undergoing sentence for the last five years, despite of extraordinary efforts to have her liberated, on the ground of a lack of evidence that she administered the arsenic that caused the death of her husband. In commuting the original sentence the government would appear to have admitted the possibility of being mistaken. If the woman was guilty at all she was so in the fullest degree, and should have been hanged, so long as hanging is the penalty for murder. If not guilty, she should not have been imprisoned for an hour.

Speaking of the arrival of HENRY IRVING in America, one of the New York papers remarks that through a "Sir" now, the man is absolutely unchanged. This is great news. When a Canadian public man gets knighted there is sometimes a marked change in him—he becomes a bigger liar than he was before—but even to this rule there have been some notable and honorable exceptions. Sir JOHN THOMPSON was one of them. It may be remarked that IRVING has declined to allow the "Sir" to be prefixed to his name in the posters announcing his appearance.

Prof. WAYLAND, dean of Yale college law school, has recently been the subject of a good deal of criticism on account of a report of an address he delivered before the American Social Science Association. He was credited with the astounding statement that there are three million habitual criminals in the United States, and now rises to explain that he said three hundred thousand and the newspapers added another cipher. There was naught the matter with his original statement, he contends.

New York is away behind St. John in some things. The authorities there are just beginning to get excited over the litter caused by throwing paper and other rubbish on the streets. Here a crusade was begun some months ago, and though nobody has yet earned the five dollars reward offered for the detection of offenders, the police themselves have succeeded in ferreting out two old women who sweep offices, and who have been brought before the court and rebuked by the magistrate himself.

Fat women do not always appreciate the advantages they have over their leaner sister. A New York woman, weighing more than three hundred pounds, tried to kill herself, the other day by a knife stab in the breast to the depth of five inches. She had so much surplus flesh that she failed to touch a vital spot, and will live to repent that she even tried to do such a wicked trick.

The international yacht races do not appear to be hastening the era of peace and good will. The award of the second race to the Defender may have been correct from a technical point of view, but people on both sides of the water would have been better satisfied to see the race declared off, and another sailed in place of it, purely on the merits.

One of the saddest effects of the yacht races, so far, is the state of mind into which the usually amiable Telegraph has been plunged by the turn of affairs. Even the war of 1812 takes a back place as a live issue, in comparison with the treatment of the Valkyrie.

If the exhibition is carried out according to the programme, there is little doubt that it will be a success. The association seems to be carrying out its part of the work, and it remains for the public to do the rest.

"Dying about 3 p. m." says the Marion (Ohio) Star, speaking of a recently deceased citizen, "his spirit took flight in good time to attend the evening service in heaven."

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Firelight.  
Dear Mother Dusk has stolen in,  
And close into the chimney tall,  
Her wheel doth swiftly turn and spin,  
And straightway darker shadows fall.  
And straightway red the flame doth start,  
While shifting phantom fires dart,  
Awhirl the ceiling and the floor.  
Outside, a giant wind in vain  
Hath striven for a welcome here,  
And now upon the window-pane  
Soft, truant snowflakes whirl and peer.  
But let the giant melt away!  
What matters it if storms or grieves?  
For, from the fiery embers' glow,  
Dear Mother Dusk a story weaves.  
Methinks it could not well be told,  
For, seen, she need not speak;  
The princess, though, with hair of gold,  
The ogre's beard is curling smoke.  
And where his charred old castle stands,  
Beside the moat and drawbridge there,  
We see her ring her lily hands,  
We spy that lovely floating hair!  
Fain would we to her rescue fly,  
When lo! the drawbridge down doth crash!  
Princess and ogre buried lie,  
Where starry sparks and flames upflame!  
Dear Mother Dusk hath stopped her wheel,  
And all the hearstone brighter gleams;  
Night hath crept in, and she doth steal  
To make a place for Jack O'Dreams.  
But Oh, the grim old ogre strong!  
And Oh, the princess in the tower!  
Through echoes dim of slumber song  
We feel that magic twilight hour.—  
—Victoria Woodward Gould.

If I Could Know.  
If I could know, ah, me, if I could know  
That for the space  
Of one brief moment, in the long ago,  
You gave me place  
Above all other women in your heart,  
It would not be so hard from you to part.  
If I could know you hold me dearer yet  
Than anyone,  
And that you never more would quite forget  
The bright days gone,  
I would be more content, and courage gain  
In time perhaps, to live down all the pain.  
If I could know you feel regret to-day  
To see me turn  
Away from you and go my weary way,  
Then I would learn  
To bid, perhaps, some emotion in the thought,  
So full of saddest consolation fraught.  
If I could know that at some future tide  
We two should meet,  
And linger for a moment side by side  
In converse sweet,  
I would not dread this parting as I do,  
For hope would trim the lamp of love for you.  
If I could know that when this life is o'er,  
In that bright land  
Where all in peace, our souls should meet once more,  
And understand,  
Each other better than in days gone by,  
I would be more satisfied to die.

The Boy and the Man.  
The country boy was in love, and young,  
And he urged his cause with an eager tongue,  
That he should win the girl he loved and true,  
And she would wait and wed him when he came.  
He loved his home and the country life,  
And he wanted a tender little wife,  
He wished to live in peace and ease,  
In the shades of his spreading old elm trees.  
But the maiden bade him go and win  
A name, she could prize, and glory in,  
She said she would wait and wed him when  
He had won his place in the ranks of men.  
Then the boy plucked into the city's roar,  
And he learned the market's sordid lore,  
And he learned that life is an awful fight,  
Where the wounded fall to the left and right.  
But on their bodies he slowly rose,  
And he gained new strength from his vanquished foes;  
As he overcame them and beat them down,  
He grew in wealth and in wide renown.  
His heart was cold. He forgot to feel;  
His chilling smile had the glow of steel;  
His brain grew keen and his face grew hard,  
As he stood a victor, seamed and scarred.  
Then his words were treasured throughout the state,  
And all men followed and called him great;  
But he smiled when he thought of the country boy,  
And he sneered at love as a childish toy.

Sometimes.  
Sometime in the future, when God thinks best,  
I shall smile, as I smile now and weep;  
We'll forget all the ranking pains in our breast,  
And lay ourselves calmly down to rest,  
Losing this cross that we bear.  
'Tis so easy to say "I am weary and worn,"  
But so hard to be patient and brave;  
'Tis a thought full of joy we shall not always mourn,  
But a sad thought that crosses must ever be borne  
All our pathway this side of the grave.  
Be firm, there's an end to all toiling some day,  
An end to all leechache and strife;  
Forever at anchor our life-ship will lay,  
We'll be done, sometime in the far away,  
With life and the crosses of life. —ANON

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

Donohoe's Magazine for September has among its contents an illustrated article on the pope at Home, which will be found of interest by all classes of readers. The first of a series of papers on Buddhism versus Christianity, by Mgr. Chas. de Harlez, promises to throw a great deal of light on the erroneous idea that the former mixture of beliefs has any claim to be considered, either in point of antiquity or otherwise, with the faith of Christendom. Another interesting illustrated article treats of the Passion Play in America, the scene being at Kamloops, B. C. Mary B. O'Sullivan writes on Boston's Pauper Babies and Mary Elizabeth Blake has a second paper on Leaders of Men. Michael J. Dwyer discusses opportunists, and there are many other readable articles, poems, and timely notes on current events of interest. Price 25 cents. All newsdealers.

It Is Really Useful.

Whittaker & Co., the well known insurance agents, have sent PROGRESS a neat and useful advertising device, in the form of a wall thermometer. Unlike a good many kinds of advertisements, in the way of calendars and the like, it is as good for one year as for another, and is a very convenient addition to the office or household.

Is Your Hair Grey?

"To restore faded or grey hair to its original color" is one of the virtues claimed for Ramsdell's Cure for Dandruff, an advertisement of which appears in PROGRESS this morning. Mr. Ramsdell has met with much success in these preparations and has finally placed them on sale. Every druggist has them and they are manufactured at 87 Charlotte Street.

Hot Water Before Breakfast.

A prominent physician has declared that hot water is woman's best friend. It will cure dyspepsia if taken before break-

fast, and will ward off chill when she comes in from the cold. It will stop a cold if taken early in the stage. It will relieve nervous headache and give instant relief to tired and inflamed eyes. It is efficacious for sprains and bruises and will frequently stop the flow of blood from a wound. It is a sovereign remedy for sleeplessness, and, in conclusion, the doctor asserts "wrinkles flee from it and blackheads vanish before its constant use."

DECLINED TO HANG HIM.

How a Texas Horse Thief Got Clear of The Infuriated Citizens.  
It's a well known fact in Texas, that "Buck" Kilgore, ex-Congressman, now judge, used to own the worst horse in his county, and he never owned but one at a time, simply because two horses of such quality couldn't be found in the entire state. A fellow had been caught with a horse in the county adjoining Judge Kilgore's county which he could not satisfactorily account for. The more he tried to explain matters the deeper into the hole he went, until the captors concluded the best way to settle the difficulty was to hang the man and await developments. A very few minutes after this determination the funeral cortege approached the nearest tree, with the man on the stolen horse to make it more impressive. The arrangements for the final scene were completed and the leader was about to hit the horse with his whip to drive him from beneath the culprit, who was attached to the limb of a tree by a rope, when a couple of men rode by and stopped to see the performance. They knew the leader of the party and he invited them to take a hand.  
"Why, exclaimed one of them, 'that's 'Buck' Kilgore's horse. Where did you come across it?'"  
"That's the horse the thief stole," replied the leader, "and we thought we'd let him have his last ride on it." And he began to look the animal over. "Are you sure it's 'Buck's?'" he asked after his investigation.  
"Of course. Would anybody else have that kind of a horse?"  
"Well," admitted the leader, "I reckon you're right, since I come to look at it. You see, we was thinking more about the moral side of the case than of the horse?"  
Then he turned to his followers.  
"Boys," he said, "this horse is Buck Kilgore's. You all know what we think of a man in Texas that will steal a horse, and you all know what we think of the kind of horses that Buck Kilgore owns. Now, in the name of justice, I ask you if we ought to hang this man?"  
"No, siree, Bob!" yelled the crowd.  
"What ought we to do with him? I say we ought to take up a collection and give the fellow money enough and time enough to ride the horse clean out of the state. All in favor of that motion say 'Aye!'" And the motion passed with vociferous unanimity.

NAUGHTY LUCILLE.

She Tried to Improve the Pie by Adding a Flavoring of Soap.  
"I've got a 'pie' story to tell, too," said Lucille.  
"Once upon a time when I was a very little girl, one of those days happened when everyone in the family seemed to be horrid, Mamma had whipped me, papa had scolded, and big brother had taken my doll. And to cap all, cook was making chicken pot-pie and wouldn't give me a speck of dough to make little biscuits.  
"Well, I got even when cook's back was turned.  
"When dinner time came cook brought the pie in with great pride. Mamma helped everybody very bountifully. Papa took a big mouthful, so did mamma, and so did brother, and, oh, what a time followed—such choking, gasping and spitting up. They all cried that they were poisoned. Mamma called cook in a hurry, and cook cried and protested she could not guess what was the matter. Then I spoke up:  
"It is not cook's fault. You have all been ugly to me today, so when cook wasn't looking I just dropped a big piece of soap in the middle of the pie before she baked it."  
"Well, the deepest impression I have is that made by mamma's slipper. I couldn't sit down for a long time. And somehow, I've never cared for chicken pot-pie since."

Three Scientists in Trouble.

Three scientific black gentlemen of Sierra Leone, one of them a Sunday-school teacher, were hanged recently by the British authorities for cannibalism. They belong to a "Human Leopard Society," the members of which hid in the bush in the neighborhood of villages, clad in leopard skins, and killed the villagers who came in their way; these the society subsequently ate. In their defence they explained that the murders were committed in order to obtain certain parts of the body, the hand, leg, and heart, with which to make medicine called "ju-ju." They were taken from Freetown to the Imperi country, the scene of their crimes, where in a public street a scaffold was set up, on which they were allowed to hang for forty-eight hours, the scaffold being left in place as a warning to other "leopards."

Ten Thousand Rats.

A strange sight was seen in London at the great fire in the grain warehouses near Blackfriars. As the buildings, which were on the water's edge, were burning, a black mass was seen in the river floating from the Surrey to the Middlesex side. It was composed of thousands of rats, cut off from escape on the land side. About ten thousand of them succeeded in crossing the river, but were then unable to get up the smooth side of the Thames embankment and were carried down the stream and drowned.

Fuzzles The Chinese.

One of the little things that puzzle the Chinese who wish to become a Christian is shown by Dr. Morrison, author of "An Australian in China." The American protestant mission sells Chinese wall calendars with Scriptural texts and with Sundays

marked, and in the same places a calendar of the Seventh Day Adventists is sold with Sunday on a different day.

Rolling Out Friends At Court.

HALIFAX, Sept. 12.—There will be no more releases of prisoners from Rockhead, till the sentences are worked out. This is consequent upon the exposure of Alderman O'Donnell's conduct at the city prison in liberating Edward Smith. But aldermen and others continue their attempts to secure the liberation of prisoners prior to their arraignment before the stipendiary. These people coax and cajole, but now generally without avail. The prison worker in this business was "Neddy" O'Donnell, but since a row he had with the chief of police on this very matter he has not been seen in the station. The crop of these interceders does not fail, but signs are apparent, that is becoming less, and there is hope that long continued disappointment will eventually extinguish it. If this ever occurs it will be so much the better for the class that fall into the clutches of the law, and will certainly, be more pleasant for the police who hate to refuse.

Pointer for Chief Clerk.

HALIFAX, Sept. 12.—Here is a pointer for Chief Clerk regarding the enforcement of the liquor license law in St. John, when inspector Mackassey of this city was systematically neglecting his duty Chief O'Sullivan took up the cudgels of the law enforcement. In one year he brought over 100 actions against illegal or illicit liquor sellers and he rarely failed to obtain a conviction. The chief's work should all have been done by the inspector, and it made Mr. Mackassey's position so notorious that it was not long ere the city council found that it could not withstand public opinion, and the inspector had to give and give place to another man who professed to be willing to do his duty. If the law permits, let Chief Clark go ahead, and let Inspector Banks do likewise.

A Clatter On The Stairs.

A house in Cooledge has two horses' heads carved in wood affixed to it; the legend thereunto belonging being that a noble lady died of the plague and was hastily interred. The sexton noticed a costly ring on her finger, and went to the vault to rob the dead. But the lady was only in a trance and the touch of the would-be thief aroused her. She arose from her coffin and found her way home, where her knocks aroused a servant, who rushed to tell his master who it was. "Impossible!" said the husband, who does not seem to have been too charmed at the idea, "I would as soon believe my two gray horses should leave their stalls and mount the stairs." Bah! a clatter and a trampling! and the horses were climbing steadily upward to the garret! Convinced at last, the husband descended, found it was indeed his wife, and brought her in; and one hopes they were both grateful to the good gray steeds.—Gentleman, Magazine.

RICHIBUCTO.

PROGRESS is for sale in Richibucto by Theodore P. Grabau.  
Sept. 11.—Mr. James Haines spent Sunday at his home.  
Mr. Alfred Steeves of Antigonish is in town spending his vacation, guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Savre.  
Mr. Alex. Allen of Montreal spent a few days at his home last week, returning on Tuesday.  
A large party from Kingston and here, picnicked at the Richibucto Cape last Friday afternoon, when a most enjoyable time was spent, on their return Mrs. Geo. Jarline of Kingston entertained the party by giving a social dance.  
Mrs. L. S. Brown of Campbellton is in town a guest of Mrs. C. J. Savre.  
Mrs. C. A. MacFadden, who has been here, the guest of Mrs. Hiram Thompson for the past two months, returned to her home in Boston on Tuesday.  
Mrs. Fred Ferguson is visiting in Dorchester.  
Mrs. Geo. McIntyre of Blackville is in town visiting her former home.  
Mrs. A. J. H. Stewart, who spent last week in Kingston, returned home on Tuesday.  
Miss Zeph Flanagan of Moncton was in town on Monday, guest of her uncle, Mr. Martin Flanagan.  
Mrs. Madams of St. Martins with her little daughter is in town, guest of her sister, Mrs. H. T. Clippitt. —ANTONIA.

CAMPBELLTON.

PROGRESS is for sale in Campbellton at the store of A. E. Alexander, wholesale and retail dealer in dry goods, groceries, boots and shoes, hardware, school books, stationery, furniture, carriages and machinery.  
Sept. 12.—Mrs. P. (Sheehan) wife of the station agent at New Mills spent Friday with friends here.  
Miss Millie McMillan returned from Moncton after a six weeks visit with friends.  
Mr. Allison Ritchie of Dalhousie is visiting his aunt Mrs. W. W. Doherty.  
Mrs. Miller of Salmon Beach and Miss Holland of Bathurst, are guests of Mayor and Mrs. Alexander.  
Mr. A. McDonald is visiting Quebec.  
Mr. and Mrs. James Patterson and their guests Mrs. Herson had an enjoyable drive to Morristown Rock Thursday.  
Mr. L. A. Glosensky is spending a few days in Moncton.

HARCOURT.

Sept. 11.—Mrs. B. S. Bailey and Miss Stella Bailey left by train this morning on a visit to Sunbury.  
Mr. John Rusk of Richibucto who has been visiting Mrs. P. Woods, returned to Richibucto yesterday.  
Mrs. John Beck and family and Mr. John Wright left by yesterday's train for the United States.  
Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Morton of Kent Junction, were here on Saturday morning returning from Moncton.  
Mrs. William G. Millar, son and daughter have moved to Rothesay and taken up their residence.  
Mr. W. G. Millar has taken lodgings at Mr. Ezra Keswick's, "Mortimer Arms."  
Mr. John E. Finney is on a business trip to Queen's county this week.  
Mr. Joseph Sutton of Waltham, Mass. was visiting here on Monday.  
Mr. James E. Buckley is night agent at the Harcourt station, and is a deservedly popular official.

PETTODULAC.

Aug. —Mr. A. Cohant of Boston has joined his wife who is visiting here.  
Miss Bishop of Dorchester is here visiting his friend Mrs. Cochran.  
Mr. McLean of Sussex was in the village last night.  
Mrs. and Miss Cochrane have returned from Dorchester.  
Last night Miss Reade the electionist, gave a recital in the public hall under the auspices of the W. C. T. U. Miss Reade's selections were well rendered. A large number of people enjoyed this literary treat. —NETA.