

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR

Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 50 words) cost 25 cents each. Longer notices, five cents extra for every additional line.

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JOHN N. B., SATURDAY, JAN. 4.

NEW YEAR PAST.

Whatever may be the emotions excited by the Ghost of Christmas Past, the resurrection of the customs of New Year Past is a thing not to be desired in this part of the world. There was a time when the day was chiefly notable for the perversion of what had been originally a good enough idea of beginning the year by calling on friends. This was an old country custom which was brought to America and exaggerated without being improved. In its original form, it was confined purely to friends, who were welcomed with old-fashioned hospitality, and year by year the social ties were cemented by this anniversary. In its enlarged form the house thrown open to friends was the scene of incursions by well dressed mobs. Ladies made their preparations accordingly, and gave up the day to the infliction. They received from an early hour in the morning until late at night, with refreshments in abundance in the way of cake and sweetmeats for solid food and liquid viands, alcoholic or otherwise, in which their health was wished by their visitors. The streets were gay with all kinds of equipages, from the ornate sleigh to the common truckman's sled, loaded with men who, in the latter part of the day, were frequently "loaded" with something else. One or two of a party might be acquainted at a house, but this was no reason why the whole crowd should not go in with them and get acquainted, eat the cake and drink the wine and disappear until the next New Year's Day. Toward evening, and sometimes earlier, many of the callers would give evidence of having more than looked upon the wine, but in most cases this was apt to be viewed as a very excusable transgression. Indeed, if a man permitted himself to drink at all, he could hardly hope to be sober on the night of a day when he had endeavored to call at as many houses as possible. His list, and most men had to keep a written record in order to remember every place they had been, would be reckoned by the hundred, and proportionally formidable lists would be kept by the ladies who were thus the victims of a fashionable but foolish custom. The day after New Year's was a day of weariness and headache for callers and receivers alike. Everybody was glad that it would be twelve months before such a day would come again.

All this is past, and nobody would wish its return. It was an abuse which grew until it reformed itself. Since then there has been a very material change in sentiment in regard to offering liquors to young men, and though New Year calls are still made and wine is still at the disposal of guests, in some houses, there can never be a general revival of the customs of a generation ago. The calling that is done now is done quietly and among friends upon whom a call would be in order at other times. When men want to drink their fill at New Year's now, they go to the bar-rooms, and not to private residence with the expectation that their thirst will be quenched by the ministrations of their lady friends.

The Newsboy's Address is another thing of the past. Up to a few years ago it was continued with more or less success by some of the papers, but year by year the verse grew weaker and more rapid until the souvenir card was substituted. The cause of the decline of the newsboy's verses is undoubtedly due to the falling off in the quality and quantity of local poets. There are still poets, it is true, and some of them write verses worth reading, but they are of a different style from the poets of twenty or twenty-five years ago. The Newsboy's Address in old times was usually written under the inspiration of potent stimulants, and soared to eccentric heights which no perfectly sober man would undertake to scale. The latter day poets seem to be, as a rule, singularly sober men and it would probably be difficult for some of them to summarize the events of the year in the vigorous verse and ringing rhyme of their predecessors. It is true that several who were once writers of these flowing addresses are still living and actively at work, but nowadays they too are keeping sober, and most of them do not attempt poetry of any kind. It is not likely the Newsboy's Address, as it used to be, will ever again have a foothold.

There are other features of New Year's day in the past which have changed with the times, and in most cases for the better. The present New Year, so far as St. John is concerned, has as bright an any which have come in a long period, and the people welcome 1896 with a confidence that it has much of good promise for them. To the community as a whole, the wish of PROGRESS for a happy new year to them will in all probability be amply fulfilled in the twelve months to come.

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WHERE ALL THE PINS GO.

It may be that many of the questions which vex us as to problems in life may have their solution on this side of the grave. One great mystery, for instance, has been as to what becomes of all the needles and pins, which are manufactured each year, sent abroad among the people and yet apparently go out of existence as fully and completely as do the matches which are made only to be burned. Millions upon millions of needles and pins are being used up all the time, and the factories are busy the year round in supplying a fresh stock, yet there seems no reason why this should be so. Needless, it is true, may be and often are broken, numbers of them, too, go out of sight into the brain stuffing of pin-cushions, but it is quite different with pins which are still useful when bent, and which do not sink into a cushion because they are prevented by the projecting heads. Nevertheless, let a bachelor in a boarding-house put as many pins as he can in the cushion on his bureau, in a week or two he will find that everyone of them has disappeared, and inquiry will reveal the fact that not a female who has anything to do with the care of the apartment has even touched one of them. They have simply disappeared without anybody having taken them, and have utterly vanished from the face of the earth.

When we reflect that needles are made of steel and that pins are made of steel and brass, it seems incredible that they can thus evaporate and leave no trace behind. That they will not do so when kept in a locked drawer is quite certain, for they have been known to last for years under such conditions and to have undergone no apparent decrease in size or weight. Why should they so utterly vanish when left to themselves under the ordinary conditions of life?

This weighty problem seems to have engaged the attention of an old gentleman of a scientific bent of mind, who lives in London, England, and having plenty of time at his disposal he has been making some experiments. Having procured several hundred pins, needles, hairpins and the like, he put them on the ground in a quiet corner of his garden, where they were exposed to the air, the dampness and the corroding effects of contact with the earth, but where no housemaid could intrude to carry them off for personal use. After a year or two of such experiment, he has announced himself satisfied that the pins and needles actually do turn into air by the disintegrating processes of the earth and of the atmosphere. The ordinary hairpin became oxidized into a brown rust, which was scattered by the wind as it was formed, so that there was not a trace of the hairpin's existence at the end of seven months. Common brass pins went into verdigris and out of sight in the same way in a somewhat longer period, while the best quality of bright pins lasted, in some instances, as long as eighteen months before they went into nothingness. The old gentleman thus seems to have thus clearly solved the problem of what becomes of all the pins that are lost. They go just as do all the snowballs that are fired, or as do all the cigars that are smoked, only they take a little longer time about it.

The world should feel very much indebted to this scientific old gentleman for the trouble he has taken to solve a question which has puzzled people ever since pins and needles were invented. The only point not clear about his discovery is that he has failed to show why the disappearance from a garden should require months, when the disappearance from a pin-cushion in a bedroom is usually a process of only weeks or days. While it is interesting to know that pins dropped on the ground will disappear of themselves, it would be of more practical value to understand why they should disappear even more rapidly when placed under the shelter of a roof, and even when in a room several stories above the ground. The old gentleman of London should continue his researches until he gets at the bottom of the whole matter.

EXPRESSION IN INKS.

What is reported to be a coming fad, or craze, is the use of different colored inks to emphasize different sentiments and emotions in letter writing. This does not mean that any letter is wholly written in this or that color, but that half a dozen shades may be used on one page, if necessary. As many inkstands are now required for this language of colors form part of the writing equipment, and each hue is understood in this or that degree of emphasis or affection. It is quite needless to say that the new idea is peculiarly a feminine one, but it is a little surprising to learn that it has had its origin among English ladies in the leading ranks of society.

There are several reasons why the new idea is not likely to become common, and the chief of these is that it involves too much trouble for the average woman. She may commit any sort of an absurdity in the way of using colored note paper, but

when it comes to her having to be particular about pens and ink it is quite another matter. These are things for which woman in the abstract has a supreme disdain. She can take a crippled pen which would make a Hottentot swear, jab it time after time to the bottom of a bottle in which there is a sediment of ink grounds made fluid by the addition of water, and write a letter with a book on her lap for a desk. She does not think there is anything remarkable about this, and she is mildly surprised when the recipient of her letters complains that her writing is not always easy to read. She is not built to be particular about pens, ink and paper, and no spread of the new fad can ever make her keep half a dozen inkstands and half a dozen pens ready for use at one time. This is a pity, for there seems to be great possibilities in the chromographic style of correspondence. It might not save many words, but it would give a force and expression which can now be expressed only by underscoring, and it could graduate the meaning of a sentence as finely and clearly as expression is given by a musical scale. By the use of such a system a girl could make very clear her sentiments which she could not put in words, and the young man could have no doubt as to just how she regarded him. Colors would thus become the equivalents of smiles or frowns, blushes, sighs, sly glances and all the rest of the fixings that are the accompaniment of an old-fashioned courtship. Even the kiss could be delicately implied by the use of punctuation marks in gold ink at the proper places, while "My own Darling" at the beginning and "Ever Your Loving" at the end could be written in the same significant hue. Joy and grief, pleasure and displeasure, and all the emotions of which the mind is capable could be expressed in colors where mere words are feeble. The capacity for expression would be limited only by the number of available colors.

We fear that dear woman is hardly to be aroused to the opportunity that the new idea seems to offer, while the new woman, who does not come under the designation of dear woman, would look upon the fashion with contempt. As for man, unless he is a very young lover and an amateur, he will take the same view as the new woman. With the rapid progress made in chromatic printing, however, the day may come when some of the more enterprising newspapers may adopt the idea in a modified form. Some of the United States papers have made attempts in that direction in the past by printing editors in green ink on St. Patrick's day, and in red and blue on other occasions, but the idea of giving special emphasis to editorials by the language of colors has not yet been practiced. Had such a system been in vogue in St. John, of late, the Telegraph would have been brilliant with blood colored articles on the prospect of war with the United States, while the Sun would have required green, blue and mourning purple inks to have signified the condition of its heart over the results of the recent by-elections in Quebec. Perhaps it is just as well that the daily papers cannot emphasize their views in colors. Some of them are inclined to slip over too much, even now, with common ink of commerce.

It is probably not a matter of common knowledge that an order of parliament, which has never been revoked, prohibits the celebration of Christmas in England. It is dated the 24 of December, 1652, when puritanism was in the ascendant, and forbids any solemnity in the churches on the day which all the christian world now rejoices to keep. It was disregarded when the monarchy was restored, but it was never repealed or revoked, and it is now quite unlikely that any English organization of women or others will want the officials to enforce it. What might happen in this respect if such an unrevoked law existed in New Brunswick, nobody can say.

The London correspondent of the New York Advertiser says that devil worship is gaining ground among cultured people in England, though it has never died out since the days of the Hell Fire Club, which flourished at Brazenose College, Oxford, in the last century. It is now asserted that many private houses in Mayfair have rooms fitted up with furniture and paraphernalia for the mystic rites which pertain to the worship of Satan. The existence of such organizations in parts of the continent of Europe has long been known, but it is a revelation to know that they have gained a foothold in England.

The postal regulations of the United States are away behind those of Canada in some respects. One of these is that manuscripts for publication are charged letter postage rates. A petition is now in circulation, asking that the rate of one cent for two ounces be allowed as it is on this side of the line. The only wonder is that such a demand was not made long ago.

Would it not be a good idea to tie a string around your finger, so as to remember that 1895 is past and that letters should be dated 1896?

With thirty two arrests for drunkenness in Portland, Maine, in one week, recently, there are still some people who assert that prohibition prohibits.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Holiday Chime.
Sweetheart gaily here I sing you,
From a poet's lute, a tune you,
Compliments my love I send you,
For the old year goeth soon.
Gleeth soon the old year sadly,
Never goes my heart from thee;
Christmas cheer and new year gladly,
Bring your greetings true to me.
Christmas chimes across the white snow,
Ring their anthems glad and gay,
So affection's warm and pure glow,
Wings sweet thoughts to you today.
Oh the new year young and fair is,
Marching in its dream of fame,
So love's future bright and clear is,
Coupled with your cherished name.

Happy new year sing the sweet songs,
Of your birth place which I love,
Strains for which the human heart longs,
Fall in wonder on my ear,
Sing oh minstrel of the morning,
Bard songs from the source of truth;
Ancient halls of fame adorning,
Songs of love's eternal youth.
White leaves from the pale trees growing,
In the cloud lands of the skies;
On the dead year's breast are snowing,
Shronding him, how still he lies.
So falls on love's life dreams golden,
Rose leaves of its brightest years;
Hiding them in memories olden,
Sweet in smiles and sometimes tears.

Eyre Head West, Dec. 1895.
Invocation.
Lord, eternal, uncreated and supreme,
Thy creature here before thee bows,
And humbly on his bended knees invokes
Thy grace to aid his future vows.
Sinful and weak, irresolute and vain
Without Thy help he cannot stand;
Guide him, instinct his wandering soul,
Direct his course to the better land;
Teach him Thy living truth, confirm his hope
Of heaven, and of eternal day.
And Thy light dispel the clouds
Produced by Reason's glimmering ray.
CHARLES H. COLLINS.
Hillsboro, Ohio.

To a Dead Bird.
Poor, perished thing,
How helpless, now, thy once-painted wing;
How tired of death the un-faded grace
That lingers on thy little feathered face!
Could any gem that mortals choose to prize
Assume to match the radiance of thine eyes?
Some man destroyed who, ne'er or again can be,
Is killing thee.
Say, silent thing:
Hast thou the Heaven invented gift to sing?
Couldst chant a sonnet, unaided by art,
And sing it with the cadence of thy heart?
Couldst hush the sibilant sobbing of the air,
With strains of jewelled laugh or free from care?
O! as fancied some of food's unspiced life
Went back with thee.

Didst love to fling
Thyself upon the swelling breast of Spring?
Didst try to tread the airy lilies with ease,
Or find a message to the restless trees?
With dawn y'prow and firmly planted sail,
Couldst ride along the billows of the gale?
Heaven meant the earth and nature safe and free,
For such as thee.
But, plumed thing,
If deathly splendor can a comfort bring,
If but thy body, from its sweet control,
May send a message to the restless soul,
Rejoice: it hath a more than royal bed:
Thy mansion is my lady's head!
And I can fancy many a vision I see,
That e'er thy head.

Love.
It came as I lay dreaming,
As it doth ever;
Had I guessed its subtle meaning,
Would I ever? Never, never!
But it came as I lay dreaming.
So, as I lay dreaming,
Of my life went softly streaming,
On its breast no little quiver
Warned me as I lay there dreaming.
Now I am no longer dreaming,
With waking eyes,
Dazzled I watch the rushing, streaming
Of the stormy waters breaking
On the dream that I was dreaming.
As a straw floats on the gleaming,
Dashing river,
So my heart seems tossing, teeming
With such important endeavor
Drowned amidst the torrents' streaming.
Ah, it came as I lay dreaming!
Must I listen to the screaming
Of the storm birds, and the river
Dashing madly onward, seeming
To beat on hearing on its streaming,
Heaving course each poor endeavor.
Had I guessed it, would I ever see?
Never! Never!

But it came as I lay dreaming!
—Violet Fane
Our journey now is ended,
And our steps at last descended
To the valley, where they tended,
Where the twilight shadows fall;
We have reached—by faith inspired—
The sweet haven we desired,
And we do not feel lost!
After all!
Too, the way was dark before us,
And the tempter's wretched lure us,
Through whatever did befall;
Too with sorrow having met her,
Oh we snatched, and felt her fetter,
Yet, we feel the end is better
After all!

We have now no cares to bind us;
The wayside post remind us
Of the joys that were our lot,
When the leaves of autumn fall,
Yet, we look not back in sadness
And we murmur not in madness
For our grief hath brought us gladness
After all!
—Frank L. Stanton.

Removing Its Agency.

The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, instituted 1843, will in a few days remove its Saint John Agency to the second floor of Imperial building 61 Prince William street, corner of Market Square, Entrance from central door. The contracts of this company are backed with over \$2,000,000 assets, making its policies as reliable as Government Bonds; its annual revenue, exceeds the annual revenue of the Dominion of Canada, embraced in "Consolidated Fund." This Company recently paid the heirs of the late Byron G. Taylor, accidentally shot while with a party of friends and two Indian guides, hunting for deer and other game, in the forest of Kingsclear, York County, the sum of \$7,896 being the amount of his policies with dividends to date. The Mutual Life of New York, is purely mutual, being the largest and best life insurance company in the world. J. A. Johnson is General manager for the Maritime Provinces, Newfoundland, St. Pierre, Miquelon and the Magdalen Islands. The representatives here being Robert Marshall, M. McDade, Richard Rogers and Charles E. Scammell. Every form of Life Insurance and endowment policies, including "Five per cent debenture" and "Continuous Installment;" providing for the production of perpetual income effected at Insurance Block.

HAMPTON VILLAGE.

[Progress is for sale in Hampton Village, and Hampton station by Messrs. A. & W. Hicks.]
JAN. 1.—Mrs. James Fraser, Pictou, N. S., is visiting her son, Rev. D. Fraser.
Mrs. Geo. Brown who has been visiting her daughter Mrs. F. S. Creed, Fredericton, has returned.
Mr. and Mrs. J. Ernest Whittaker, entertained the whist club last Thursday evening.
Miss Kitty Travis, Mr. C. Travis, Mr. T. McCa. Stewart and Mr. Guy Humphreys are home spending the holidays.
Mrs. Gilford Flowering is visiting her daughter Mrs. Whiteside at Woodstock.
Miss Nellie Peters who has been visiting friends at Houlton has returned.
Miss Clara Stratton is visiting friends at Moncton.
Rev. E. A. Warnford, Mrs. Warnford, who have been visiting their son, son, Rev. C. Warnford, Johnson, Q. Co., have returned.

The many friends of Mr. Robert Barnes, will be pleased to hear he is improving in health.
Mr. Berton C. Foster, Fredericton, spent a few days with his sister, the wife of Rev. Geo. Howard.
Rev. Mr. Young spent Christmas with friends in St. John.
Miss F. Fairweather, Mr. W. McAvity, and Mr. James D. McAvity, spent a few days with Mr. Charles McAvity.
Miss Carrie Young, St. John, is visiting Mrs. Earle.
The whist club met at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Earle, Thursday and a most enjoyable evening was spent. Among those present were Dr. and Mrs. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Whittaker, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. B. Tweedie, Dr. and Mrs. Warnford, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. M. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. N. M. Barnes, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Carvell, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Hammond, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Langstroth, Mrs. R. W. Gass, Miss B. Peters, Miss C. Young, Miss Louise Oty, Mr. T. A. Peters, Mr. A. W. Hicks, Mr. R. A. March, and Dr. Wetmore. Mrs. R. H. Smith, and Mrs. Wm. Langstroth, were the winners of the ladies prize, Mr. Wm. Langstroth and Mr. J. B. Hammond captured the gentlemen's.

Mrs. F. Barnard, Houlton, Me., Miss Nellie Goddard, St. John, and R. A. March are visiting the Misses Peters.
Miss Flossie Barnes entertained a number of her young friends Thursday evening.
Mr. and Mrs. E. Halset, Sussex, spent Sunday with Mrs. C. Dixon.
Mr. S. G. Ritchie is spending his holidays with his brother Mr. Geo. Ritchie of Halifax.
Rev. J. Whiteside and Mrs. Whiteside, Woodstock, are visiting Mrs. G. Flowering.
Miss Mary Cowan, St. John, is visiting her friend Miss Eoa Ritchie.
Mr. H. F. Chute, and Miss Z. Chute, Mr. J. P. Clarke and R. Cunningham are visiting friends in Boston.

Miss Fowler, St. John, is the guest of Mrs. Geo. W. Staples.
Mr. and Mrs. F. Creed, Fredericton, spent Sunday with Mrs. Geo. B. own.
Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Earle, are visiting Mrs. Justice Earle, Fredericton.
Mrs. and Miss Currie, St. John, are the guests of Mrs. Geo. Frost.
Mr. and Mrs. E. Staples, Fredericton, spent Sunday with friends here.
Miss Raymond, Kingston, is visiting Mrs. John Raymond.
Miss Cliff, Fredericton, is visiting her brother Mr. Joseph Cliff.
Dr. Barnett, Sussex, spent Tuesday with friends here.
Mrs. Deslunde, St. John, is visiting her daughter Mrs. T. Duvalde, at Mr. John Raymonds.
Miss Minnie Freeze, Sussex, is visiting friends here.

Mrs. Allison has returned home from a visit to friends in Halifax.
Mrs. Moses Lawrence is visiting friends in Amherst.

GREENWICH.

Dec. 31.—On Thursday evening last a genuine surprise party took place at the residence of Mrs. Joseph Richards, senior; after partaking of a bountiful supper provided by the ladies of a party, a very enjoyable evening was spent at whist and other games. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Richards and family, Mr. and Mrs. W. Richards and family, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Richards and family, Mr. and Mrs. Sancton Belyea and family.
On Christmas morning Miss Jennie Seeley was presented with a handsome writing desk from members of St. Paul's church in appreciation of her services as organist.
On Christmas eve a number of church members met at the residence of Capt. Peatman, and after practicing Christmas music, Mr. Geo. Fowler made a neat speech and presented Mrs. Peatman with a handsome set of silver spoons in appreciation of her services as organist of St. James' church, Mrs. Peatman who was utterly taken by surprise, replied in a few well chosen remarks after which refreshments were served, and a pleasant evening enjoyed. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Fowler, Mr. and Mrs. Sancton Belyea, Miss Grace Fowler, Miss Jennie Holder, Miss Jennie Gorham, Mrs. Annie Belyea, Miss George Belyea, Mr. Con Fowler, and others.
Mr. Irons and Mr. Potter have returned to their home in Providence, after spending a few weeks here. They were accompanied by Mr. Millidge Short.
Mr. Ralph Fowler of St. John spent Christmas at his home "Edenwood."
Miss Edith Belyea expects to keep the school at Oak Point for another term.
Miss Maggie Smith expects to retain the Round Hill school for another term.
Mr. and Mrs. Jennie Holder also expects to remain at Brown's Flat for another term.
Mr. and Mrs. Chas. H. Gorham entertained quite a large family party on Christmas day.
Mr. and Mrs. John Smith will entertain a few relatives on New Year's day.
Mr. F. W. Pickett of St. John is spending the holidays at his old home the guest of his parents Rev. D. W. and Mrs. Pickett.
Miss Bessie Richards had a narrow escape from drowning on Monday afternoon by skating backwards into a hole in the ice, she was rescued by her brother Dufferin, who was skating near her.

—MARGERY DAW.
ST. GEORGE.
[Progress is for sale in St. George at the store of T. O'Brien.]
Dec. 31.—Mr. George Hibbard and daughter, Nellie, of St. Andrews who came to attend the obsequies of the late Mr. Robert Hibbard returned home on Christmas morning.
Mr. George Hill, Milltown, N. B. Mr. Warren, Williamstown, Vt. and Mr. Arthur O'Neil, Boston are spending the holidays with relatives in town.
The I. O. of Foresters gave their annual entertainment and dance in Court's hall on Thursday evening. It was largely attended.
Mrs. A. H. Hillnor gave a small and early on Saturday evening for the pleasure of her grand-daughter, Miss Wilfred Dick.
Mr. Callen, who has filled the Presbyterian pulpit so satisfactorily for the last month, left on Monday for Yarmouth, N. S.
Hon. A. H. and Mrs. Gillmor left on Monday at noon for Ottawa.
Mrs. Frederic Bogue intends leaving on Monday to visit friends in Galesburg.

SHEDDIAK.
[Progress is for sale in Shediac by Fred Ingies.]
Dec. 31.—Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Russell spent the holidays with friends in Newcastle, as did also Mrs. Hamilton.
Mrs. and Miss Copp of Wakeville and Miss Ferguson of Richibucto are the guests of the Misses Evans.
Dr. Smith has gone to Ottawa to spend the vacation.
Miss Beatrice Harper is visiting friends in St. John.
Mr. Fred Henderson spent his holidays in town, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Harper at "Sunny Brae."

Mr. Fred Sprague teacher in the male academy at Sackville, made us a flying visit on his way home for his vacation.

Mrs. Bourgeois has gone to St. John for a short visit.
Miss Felvia Dickie is home from Mount Allison college for the vacation.
Mr. Borden spent Christmas with his brother in Amherst.
Mr. and Mrs. Kinnear are spending the Christmas holidays at "Spruce Villa" the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Deacon.
Rev. W. C. Mathews is suffering from a severe attack of neuralgia; we are also sorry to report the illness of Rev. Arthur Morton who has succumbed to a heavy cold.
An ether dart from Cupid's arrow has ended fatally in this time the victims are Miss Helen Harper of this place and Mr. John Talbot of Beroula.
Captain and Mrs. Babbit of St. John spent Christmas day in town the guests of Mrs. B. Smith.
GUESS.

HARCOURT.

JAN. 1.—Miss Mabel Leanoz of Kingston is visiting at Waltham cottage.
Mrs. Wm. F. Brown, of Richibucto who was visiting here returned home yesterday.
Mr. Herbert M. Buckley started out at Gloucester junction, spent New Year's day with relatives here.
The many friends of Rev. Solomon Smith will regret to hear of his death which occurred yesterday at his residence in Grandville.
Mr. F. Humphrey who spent Xmas here has severed his connection with the L. C. R., and gone to Montreal to fill a position on the G. T. R.
Mr. W. G. Miller returned on Saturday evening from Rothesay where he had been spending Xmas with his family.
Mr. James Miller of Chatham is spending New Year's day with Mr. W. G. Thayer, at Mortimer.
Miss Nannie Ferguson, and Miss Ella Ferguson of Richibucto made a short call on their sister, Mrs. Gord in Livingston, on Monday.
Mrs. (Dr.) Keith who has been so seriously ill was somewhat better today. Her mother Mrs. J. Black and her sister, Miss Annie Black, were summoned on Saturday.
Miss Jessie Dunn went to Dalhousie junction last evening to spend the holiday with her sister Mrs. Allen.

Mrs. Robert J. Morton of Acadville has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac B. Humphrey for the past few days.
The entertainment given by the Harcourt dramatic troupe in the town hall was a decided success in every particular and is well worthy of repetition.
Mrs. John D. Buckley, of Rogerville is visiting Mr. and Mrs. James Buckley.
There was a pleasant dinner party at the residence of Mr. Isaac B. Humphrey, amounting to a most enjoyable evening. Mrs. Whiteside and Mrs. Robert J. Morton.
Mr. James M. Kennedy, postmaster at Adamsville was in Harcourt today.

HAMPTON.

[Progress is for sale at Hampton Station by T. G. Barnes & Co., and Geo. Frost.]
Jan. 2.—Mr. and Mrs. Chas. E. MacMichael of St. John spent New Year's day with friends at the station.
Mrs. W. J. Flowering and Miss Mabel Flowering went to the city today.
Miss Flossie Barnes entertained a number of her young friends to a pleasant party at her mother's residence Norton Villa, on Friday evening.
Mrs. G. W. Currie and Miss Ada Currie who was visiting relatives here left for their home on Tuesday.
Miss Kittle Travis of Tratalgar Institute, Montreal, is spending the holidays with her parents here.
Mr. and Mrs. Fred S. Whittaker, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Palmer, and Mr. Joseph T. Knight of St. John spent the holiday yesterday in town the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Langstroth Jr.
Mrs. Frances Fritchard gave a party to her many young friends in honor of her cousin Miss George Battlett of Moncton and Miss Nellie MacMichael of St. John on Monday evening at Ravenswood. Progressive tide winds was indulged in. The prizes were captured by the Misses Evans and Barnes, and Messrs McLeod and Flowering.
Prof. W. Morley Tweedie is home for the holidays.
Miss Nellie Peters has returned home from an extended visit.
A party of young folks visited Miss Hattie Barnes Linden heights, on Tuesday evening where they enjoyed a very pleasant time.
Mr. and Mrs. Chas. M. Frost left last week for Colorado where they will reside in future.
Mr. Stephen G. Ritchie is spending his vacation at Halifax.
Mrs. W. T. Scribner has returned from her visit to "Alma, Me."
Miss Annie Whittaker entertains her young friends at the home of her parents Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Whittaker, this evening.
I. O.

PARRSBORO.

[PROGRESS is for sale at Parrsboro Book Store.]
JAN. 1.—Mr. Gibbons organist of St. George's was presented by the choir with a handsome banquet lamp on Christmas eve.
Mrs. Rand gave a small party on Friday evening. The guests were Rev. Mr. Sharp, Mrs. Sharp, Capt. and Mrs. Cook, Mr. and Mrs. O. L. B. Price, Mr. and Mrs. McLeod, Rev. Mr. McLean, Mr. McLean, Mr. and Mrs. Gilmore, Mr. and Mrs. Lawson Jenks, Dr. and Mrs. MacKenzie and Miss Killam.
Mr. Stuart Jenks, who is a student at Dalhousie law school came home to spend Christmas with his mother.
Mrs. Carroll left for St. John on Thursday.
Mr. Wilhelm Crane of Halifax is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Aikman.
Mrs. Jost of Gushboro is visiting Mrs. MacKenzie.
Mr. and Mrs. Gilmore returned home to St. John on Monday.
Mrs. Reid of Chicago is a guest at Dr. D. A. Hendley's.
Rev. Mr. Gough of Boston spent Christmas with friends here.
Mr. Frank Luttery went to Dorchester to spend Christmas with his relatives.
Rev. Mr. Howe and Mrs. Howe spent Christmas at Amherst.
Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Young have gone to St. Margarets Bay Mr. Samuel Young of Bangor who has been visiting his brother, Mr. B. F. Young has gone to Newville.
Mrs. Thomas Mason of Green Hill died last week after a long illness, much regretted. Messrs. Alexander Jarvis and George McKay arrived on Monday from Pictou to attend their sister's funeral.
Mr. and Mrs. Willie Fraser and master Earl of Springhill were guests of Capt. and Mrs. Nordby at Christmas.
Mrs. and Miss Genter of Newville, spent Christmas at Mr. B. F. Young's.
Mrs. A. E. McLeod gave a small tea on Monday evening.

MAUGERVILLE.

DEC. 29.—Miss Helen Miles is spending the holiday season with friends in St. John.
Misses Agnes Miles, Mabel Brown and Mamie Magee are spending the holidays at their homes here.
R. A. McFadden spent Christmas at his home, and returned again this morning.
Mr. Jack Wescely, telegraph operator from St. John, and his sister, Miss Julia, spent Christmas with their sister, Mrs. McFadden.
Mrs. Harry E. Harrison spent Christmas at her home in Fredericton.
Messrs. F. P. Shields and H. A. Perley spent Christmas with friends in Kingsclear.
Mrs. Charles A. Perley is visiting her daughter, Mrs. W. A. McLean in St. John.
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brown celebrated their golden wedding anniversary on Monday evening, 23rd. About a twenty-five persons were present, and a very enjoyable evening spent by all. Mr. and Mrs. Brown received a number of handsome presents.
LITTLE LEAFY.

Wind-or salt, furst and Best.