



(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

the same idea should have occurred to so many young couples at once. One of the brides will be a very young debutante who only made her entrance into society last summer, and as the expectant bridegroom has only had a very few more years experience in this world than the bride elect, they will be a much younger couple than one often sees united in the silken bands.

One of the important events of this week was the opening of the new basement of St. George's church by the Willing Workers who gave a mysterious tea in aid of the building fund. The mysteries were all of a pleasant nature and thoroughly enjoyed by the crowds of people who partook of them, while the excellent programme rendered later in the evening was warmly appreciated. Vocal solos by Miss McCaughy, Miss Miles, and Mr. Hopper, a duet by Mrs. and Miss Miles, cornet solo by Miss Greta Peters, readings by Mrs. W. C. Paver and Miss Tweedie, and selections by Davidson's orchestra made the evening pass pleasantly. I believe the financial result was a really satisfactory sum of forty-five dollars being realized.

Mrs. B. G. Ketchum who has been spending a short time with her sister Mrs. I. W. Binney of Church street, returned to her home in Fredericton last week. Mrs. Ketchum was accompanied by her mother Mrs. Milner who will spend some weeks with her.

Madame Marie Harrison spent part of yesterday in town, leaving by the Quebec express for Campbellton. Madame Harrison was accompanied by Miss Bruce and Mr. F. H. Blair of this city who are to assist her at a concert she is giving in Campbellton this week.

Mrs. A. B. Atkinson of Sackville is spending a few weeks in town the guest of her mother Mrs. Blair of St. George's street.

Mr. P. S. Archibald returned on Saturday from Truro, where he has been engaged as architect for the town, in a dispute between the contractors for the water works and the town of Truro.

Mrs. W. C. Ross of Halifax spent Sunday and Monday in town visiting friends and was very warmly welcomed by his numerous friends he made during the years he resided in our city.

Mrs. Frank Ramsay of North Sydney, is spending a few days in town the guest of her sister Mrs. Murray Fleming of Weldon street.

Mr. and Mrs. William Brown of Queen street returned on Thursday from a two weeks trip to Montreal, Quebec and several of the most noted American cities.

Miss Miles of Boston is spending a few weeks in town the guest of her sister Mrs. Alfred Miles of Robinson street.

Mrs. J. S. Benedict, who has been visiting Dr. and Mrs. F. J. White of Boisfort street returned to Campbellton on Monday.

Rev. J. N. Parker spent a few days in town last week the guest of his daughter Mrs. Claude W. Price of Weldon street.

Mr. Claude W. Peters, of the Bank of Montreal here, who received notice last week of his promotion to the St. John's Newfoundland branch, left on the C. P. R. train on Monday for his new sphere of work. Mr. Peters was entertained on Saturday evening at an oyster supper at Connor's restaurant, the banquet being tendered to him by thirty of his friends. Mr. S. J. Plunkett, accountant of the Moncton branch, occupied the chair and in spite of the fact that the supper was a farewell entertainment, a very jolly evening was spent. Toasts and speeches and music were in order, and the party parted shortly after midnight with expressions of good feeling towards the guest of the evening, and regret at his departure. During the evening Mr. Plunkett paid Mr. Peters a very high tribute in speaking of the ability he had shown in the discharge of his duties, and the rapid promotion which had resulted. Mr. Peters' many friends will wish him every success in his new home, while deeply regretting his departure from our city.

Rev. H. A. Meslin, left town on Monday evening for Bathurst, called by the sad news of the death of his father, Mr. John Meslin, an old and much respected resident of Bathurst.

AMHERST.

(Progress is for sale at Amherst by W. P. Smith & Co.)

Dec. 8.—The concert on Monday evening in the Academy of Music under the auspices of the Methodist church, was not a great financial success, but the frequent encores and hearty applause showed the work of each artist was very pleasing and meritorious. Mrs. Harrison was the leading attraction, her singing was always appreciated here.

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This is the complaint of thousands at this season. They have no appetite; food does not relish. They need the toning up of the stomach and digestive organs, which a course of Hood's Sarsaparilla will give them. It also purifies and enriches the blood, cures that distress after eating and internal misery only a dyspeptic can know, creates an appetite, overcomes that tired feeling and builds up and sustains the whole physical system. It so promptly and efficiently relieves dyspeptic symptoms and cures nervous headaches, that it seems to have almost "a magic touch."

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and most people were anxious to learn wherein her sweet pure voice had been improved by her trip abroad, of course; none but the critics were classic enough to observe the effect of foreign culture. The other numbers were splendidly rendered.

On Thursday evening Mrs. N. Curry gave a whist party which was most enjoyable, as party going has not been of frequent occurrence lately and one feels hopeful that the amiable hostess may have inspired others to follow suit.

Mrs. C. S. Cameron gave a large tea on Thursday afternoon at her pretty home on Victoria street, for her sister Miss Munis of Halifax.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Douglas have returned from Sheet Harbor and will spend the winter in town. They are at the Amherst at present but will occupy their house on Victoria street, recently vacated by Mr. F. E. Patterson.

The spacious dining room of the Terrace was in gala attire on Friday evening in honor of Mr. H. Lockwood manager of the branch of the Montreal bank who was given a farewell banquet by a large number of Amherst's prominent and most influential citizens who though deeply regretting the departure of their esteemed friend endeavored to "speed the parting guest" right royally with a sumptuous menu, cheerful songs and eloquent speeches. Mr. Lockwood left town on Monday.

Mr. Benedict will leave town this week to spend the Christmas season at his home in Perth Out.

Miss Smith has been spending the week with Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Bent, Eddy Street.

The young ladies of the Methodist church are busy as can be preparing for a fancy sale and tea which comes off on the fifteenth.

Miss Minnie McLeod entertained the Whist Club on Wednesday last and this evening Miss S. C. will be the hostess; next week I will endeavor to give the unique rules and regulations of this delightful organization for the benefit of those who wish to make their club a charming success without much care or expense.

Too Late.

St. George and Angance society received too late for publication in this issue of PROGRESS.

NOW SOME SHOPPERS BOTHER.

A Woman Who Lost a Clerk \$800 in Sales While She "Looked Around"

"Talking about cranky shoppers," said the salesman in the jewelry and silverware store, "The coming of Christmas reminds me of a customer I had last year, two or three days before the 25th. About 11:30 one morning, just when the store was packed with shoppers, a lady came in and asked to look at novelties, also silverware. She was interested in only the expensive goods, and I took pains to show her fully our best line. Several parties whom I am accustomed to serve were in the store while she was there, but I let others wait on them and devote my time to her. I flatter myself that I am a good salesman, and moreover that I can tell pretty quickly the shopper who really intends to buy that day, and the shopper who is only looking around. This lady, after examining everything closely, prying, comparing, getting my ideas, and occasionally referring to the proprietor's taste as he came round, taking up an hour's time in the busiest part of the day, remarked carelessly that she had a son who was then on a hunting expedition in the South. 'He expects to be an usher for a wedding in June,' she said. 'I will write him about these things I have seen, and very likely when he comes back he will look in himself.'"

"In June Madam? I could not help exclaiming, 'are you looking at these things now for a wedding in June, and all these people waiting to get things for the day after to-morrow.'"

"Why, yes," she said, seemingly not a whit embarrassed, "I thought all of your prettiest things would be out of their cases now and that it was a good time to get suggestions."

"Suggestions for a June wedding," I whispered to one of the men as my customer swept out to her carriage; and then the laugh was on me, because all had expected to hear of a \$1,000 sale at least. I counted up and found that I had lost exactly \$800 worth of sales while that thoughtless woman was in the store.

"We have people in here sometimes who do such odd things that to tell about them sounds like exaggeration," he went on. "See this brooch?" pointing to a small gold leaf with vivid glowing berries. "We sold one like it to a lady who lives—well, not a hundred blocks from here, and has the reputation of being wealthy. If those berries were rubies the brooch would be costly, but being garnets it is worth only \$40. The day after the brooch was sent to the purchaser, a tall, self collected, stern looking man came in and addressed himself to me.

"You sold this brooch to my wife, I understand," he said, holding out the brooch. I told him that was the case.

"I want you to take it back and refund the money," he said.

"Anything wrong about it?" I asked.

"No. But you had no right to sell such an expensive piece of jewelry to my wife without first finding out if she bought it with my consent. I do not choose that she should buy goods all about town in this fashion; when I wish her to have personal ornaments I will get them for her. Besides, you overcharged her because she was a woman."

"He was so in earnest and berated me so roundly that I really felt uncomfortable, although I knew it was all ridiculous. I explained that the sale was made, that the lady had paid for the article, and that the firm did not take back goods under such conditions. He got into a towering pas-

sion, argued with me to the top of his bent, although there were other customers listening, and then, when he found that it was no go and that we would not take back the brooch, he pitched the care out through the open door into the middle of the muddy street and took himself off.

"What did we do? Why, one of our boys ran out and picked up the case from under the very feet of a cab horse. We packed the brooch very carefully in a new case and sent it round to the lady's address. What was it that made the man act in that way? Crankiness, pure and simple. He is one of the kind that objects to his wife's making any disposal of his money without consulting him. He is not close-fisted, either. That very Christmas he bought her a superb brooch and some other things costing six times the amount of little gold leaf with the garnets."

REMARKABLE WRECK.

The Famous "Leap-Frog" Collision on Missouri Pacific.

Supt. James Cooper, of the P. R. R., whose headquarters are in Washington D. C., recently talked entertainingly to a reporter on the subject of curious railroad wrecks. Discussing one of the most remarkable wrecks that ever occurred he said:

"The 'leap frog' collision came off on the Missouri Pacific, and during the progress of a snow storm of unusual violence. The flakes came down so thick that the engineer told me afterward he could not see twenty feet ahead of his engine, while on the ground there was already about 1½ feet of the beautiful. The only difference in a snow storm in this part of the country and one out West is that, while the depth in here may not be as great, it is, if any thing, more effective in tying up trains of all classes. Imagine any train in this section pulling through a two foot depth of snow! They do that right along out in the Western States.

"Engineer Cockley, who was on one of the wrecked engines, told me that he had been halted several times on the up grade, and had finally covered the hill and was commencing to go down the other side at a good speed. The grade had a gradual slope of about five miles, and at the bottom took a 'dip' into something like a gutter. This gutter was put there to help trains up the grade. Cockley was then going down. Every man of the crew was out on the cars and every brake was set, yet the train continued to gradually increase its speed until, at about half a mile from the bottom of the hill it was almost flying—a fact, consisting over the slippery rails.

"At a point 100 yards from the gutter or 'dip' at the base of the hill Cockley said he saw a dark mass of smoke ahead, and the next second a dark body coming toward him. At the same time he heard a cry of dismay from his fireman and saw him take a flying leap from the engine into the snow alongside the track. Cockley gave one shrill pull at the whistle and then followed his fireman like a shot. As he struck the snow on the side of the hill and commenced to roll Cockley heard a tremendous crash and a grinding of broken engines and cars.

"The train that tried to pass Cockley's on a single track had disobeyed orders in not remaining on the siding some five miles back. At the time Cockley's engine struck the opposing one the latter was in the 'dip' and coming on at a terrific speed to get up the hill. Old '27,' that was Cockley's engine, landed into her slightly above the cowcatcher and kept on mounting and sliding until it was completely on top of '321,' the opposing engine. The positions that resulted from the collision put the two engines in a shape resembling boys playing leap-frog, with one of the boys being stuck while half-way over.

"The funny part of the wreck, if such it can be called, was the coasting the crews of both trains took at the time the trains came together. The whistle warned everybody, and they all jumped together and also started to slide together, with the exception of the fireman on Cockley's engine, who had a little the better start. Down they flew over the slippery snow, grabbing and clutching at the air and frozen ground and only stopping at the bottom of the gully, about 200 yards below. Beside the bruises the trainmen received, they nearly froze, as their clothes were almost scraped from their bodies. The wreck caught fire, and that saved them."

BEHIND A SKITISH ZULU.

A Ride That Offers the Most Exhilarating Possibilities.

A jinrikisha ride in Japan or India affords to the traveler an interesting mode of progress; but a jinrikisha ride in Natal apparently offers exhilarating possibilities peculiar to itself. Mr. Poultney Bigelow gives, in a recent article, an account of his experience behind a lively Zulu man-steed, whom he selected, from among a crowd of applicants, on account of the yards of



fuzzy ball trimming, such as is used in upholstery, which he had wound into his wool, and because of his peculiarly winning grin.

"The start," he says, "was made under circumstances calculated to flatter the personal vanity of a field-marshal. There was a chorus of sympathetic gurgles and clicks from the jinrikisha colleagues of my Zulu, who shook his worsted mane and pawed the earth with that proud and indecisive ostentation characteristic of the warlike charger.

"It would not do to move forward like a common workaday vehicle, so my Zulu tinkled his little bell, sprang skittishly up and down, tossed his mane, and made a few feints as if to run his surrounding colleagues, who made respectful way for him, and evidently recognized in his childlike gambols a certain professional masterliness that went directly to the African heart.

"We were at length on the way, my Zulu giving every now and then huge bounds into the air in order to 'see how near he could come to throwing me backward out of the jinrikisha. I had recently traveled over the prairies of Basutoland, so that on this occasion he was disappointed.

"Whenever he saw a man or woman of his own color, however far ahead or remote from his line of country, he made a nice calculation as to his chances of running over these subjects of Queen Victoria. There was no malice in my Zulu's nature. When he was so fortunate as to graze his target, he laughed and gurgled and kicked his heels in the air. Had he struck the bull's eye, his joy would have been too great for utterance."

Mr. Bigelow found his ride so enjoyable that it did not occur to him to be vexed with his ingenious steed when at the summit of a hill crowned with villas outside of the city he learned that he had been borne two or three miles in the wrong direction.

"The Zulu did not mind, either; he started gallily off the other way, and kept going until they arrived at a branch, when the little obstacle of an ocean stopped farther progress. A new series of jolly grins and clucks from the jinrikisha-man, and away they went, back to town again; and after getting there away again about and through the town, here, there and everywhere, as the prancing Zulu felt inclined to gallop, quite without regard to his passengers' destination.

When at length the inevitable halt came "I had traveled," says Mr. Bigelow, "twenty-one miles in my morning's jinrikisha ride, although the house I was seeking was less than half a mile from the club where I had spent the night."

MARRIAGE NOT IN HER MIND.

A Mistake Made by a Studious Girl Caused Much Laughter.

An informal afternoon banquet was recently arranged by the graduating class of a local institution of learning. The girls, of which there were a number, formed as usual a vision of loveliness, while the young men, as sometimes happens were permitted to call attention to it. Amid the merry clink of glasses, and while strong lemonade and root beer flowed like water, story after story was told, retold and laughed at. The best practical jokes of the year were rehearsed. The merriment of the whole crowd was directed by one unhappy allusion after another on every one in turn. The man who had received the highest average and was to deliver the valedictory prevailed in talking seriously, but was choked off early in the proceedings. Nobody wanted to listen to how he won the prize or how near he came to losing it. The school year was over, and they were all thinking of something else. Occasionally there would be a lull in the hilarity to allow the regular program to find its way through the entertainment.

First a tall girl got up to read a poem which she had composed for the occasion. She compared the class to a tree. The young ladies were the buds and the boys the limbs. She was followed by an equally short young man, who had written a class history. He prefaced this by a lengthy essay, entitled, "What Makes

Pistols and Pestles.

The duelling pistol now occupies its proper place, in the museum of the collector of relics of barbarism. The pistol ought to have beside it the pestle that turned out pills like bullets, to be shot like bullets at the target of the liver. But the pestle is still in evidence, and will be, probably, until everybody has tested the virtue of

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History?" to which a mischievous girl added in an undertone, "so tiresome."

Next one of the professors got up to explain the functions of criticism. To give practical illustration of his remarks he applied them to the viands. These he criticised thoroughly, but as he had been on the committee of arrangements he found them all excellent.

As the afternoon wore away, however, every one became more thoughtful. They began to discuss their plans for the future. The young men didn't seem to have any plans, so they sat and listened. One of the fair graduates was going abroad, another to study art. Another felt she was destined for a musical career, a fourth wanted to engage in church work. Finally they came to a rather studious girl, who was perhaps the senior of the class. It was the impression that she was going to continue her studies at a post graduate. When asked what she intended to do during the coming year she replied: "I'm going to get a fellow—Here something stuck in her throat, and although it seemed an almost infinitesimal space of time, the whole company was in roars of laughter before she could add 'ship.'"—Chicago Times Herald.

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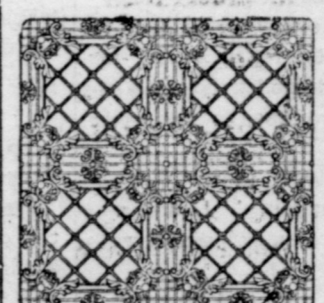


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