



(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)  
PARSBORO.

[PROGRESS is for sale at Parsboro Book Store.]

OCT. 19.—At the Roman Catholic church at three o'clock this afternoon Miss May Blake and Mr. Richard Delahanty were united in Hymen's bonds. Rev. T. J. Butler officiating. The bride wore a very becoming fur trimmed gown of fawn cloth with fawn and red hat, the bridesmaid Miss Kate McNamara wore a grey blue dress with pretty hat to match. The groom was assisted by Mr. W. Mahoney. The newly married couple took their departure in a special immediately after the ceremony for a honeymoon trip to Montreal and Toronto. The groom's present to the bride was a fur coat and to the bridesmaid an opal pin. Capt. Blake presented his daughter with a substantial cheque and there were many valuable gifts besides, among them a silver dish from the groomsmen. The wedding was a quiet one with no invited guests as there is great anxiety felt over the safety of Capt. Dennis Blake brother of the bride whose vessel coming from the West Indies is long overdue at this port for which she was bound. The Victoria cycling club had its last meeting for the season on Tuesday at the home of the president Miss Alice Gillespie where a delightful evening was spent. The usual run had to be omitted on account of the weather and muddy state of the roads.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cooke have come up from Halifax. Mrs. Cooke being in very ill health. Miss Stella Cunnell is a pupil at Acadia seminary.

Mr. and Mrs. Atkinson has returned from a visit to Truro and Amherst.

Miss Rivers has gone to Fredericton on account of the illness of her brother.

Miss Maggie Gillespie is at present in Boston on a visit.

Mrs. Hodgson and Miss Mamie Fullerton went to Bridgetown last Tuesday.

Miss Hallie Leitch, Miss Mable Dunch and Mr. Grant Braley have gone to Truro to attend the Normal School.

Miss Elsie Hatfield is the Epworth League delegate to Amherst.

Rev. Mr. Bayne of Pictou spent last Sunday here as guest at the manse.

Mr. F. A. Nphar, Truro has been in town for few days.

Dr. Townsend went to Sackville to-day to fetch his daughter Mrs. Parsons who is their.

The Sea.

Who has heard the cod-line singing o'er the bow?  
Who has hauled the flashing prey across the sea?  
Who has felt the wet brine stinging on the brow  
When the boat is all a-stagger with the gale?  
Who has laid him in the sagging of the sail  
While the masthead's nodding sleepy to the moon,  
And has slumbered till the stars grow dim and pale  
Fill your bumpers! Join the chorus of my croon!

Oh, the flicking, fuming, frolic-trotting sea!  
Oh, the jimping, lapping, laughter-loving sea!  
We who love her fill our glasses  
To the best of all the lasses,  
And we drink a briny bumper to the sea!

Who has lain upon the sloping deck awash?  
Who has hauled and ciewed and chanted in the  
wind?  
Who has watched the mainmast bending nigh a-crawl?  
While the rival boat's drooping off behind?  
Who has leaned against the creaking, jolting  
wheel  
Through a moonlit summer night on southern sea?  
Who has felt the old sea-longing that I feel?  
Fill your bumpers, men and shout aloud with me!

Oh, the singing, sighing, salty-scented sea!  
Oh, the rushing, roaring, ramping, raging sea!  
On your feet and dash your glasses,  
'To the best beloved of lasses—  
Here's a brimming briny bumper to the sea!

Richard Stillman Powell.

Higgins: 'I thought you said you didn't know a word of the Russian language, yet you seemed to carry on quite a conversation with that Russian pedlar.'

Wiggins: 'Yes. I had a fit of sneezing, and the fellow thought I was talking Russian, and answered me.'

Concerning Opportunities.

'It's a curious thing about opportunities,' said Mr. Gozzleton, 'that most of us can see only those that are at more or less of a distance. We don't see those that are all about us, and we fail particularly to see the one that is within our grasp.'

Closing Out.

Every pair of Spectacles and Eye Glasses must go at once.

Here are the Prices as low as the Goods Last!

Solid Gold Frames, Warranted, \$10  
Gold Filled Frames, Warranted, 2.15  
Years .90  
Gold Filled Frames, Warranted 5  
Years .65  
Best Lenses, Per Pair, Warranted, .85  
Aluminum Frames, Gold Filled  
Nose-Piece, .20  
Alloy Frames, Note .20  
Steel or Nickel Frames, .05

We have taken the sole Agency for the celebrated Mexican Medicine Co.'s Remedies and are closing our optical goods to make room for the same. Come at once. Don't delay. Respectfully yours,

Boston Optical Co.,

25 King St. St. John, N. B.

Next to Manchester, Robertson & Allison's.

## Acute Rheumatism

Pains in the Foot and Limb—A Complete Cure Accomplished by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"For a number of years I was afflicted with acute rheumatism in my left side and all the way down my limb into my foot. I live five blocks from my work and had to stop and rest several times in going and coming. I could get no relief from my trouble and was on the point of giving up my job when I happened to hear of Hood's Sarsaparilla. I purchased a bottle of this medicine and a vial of Hood's Pills and began taking them. Before I had half finished them I was relieved and it was not long before I was completely cured. I never lose an opportunity to praise Hood's Sarsaparilla, for my cure meant a great deal to me, as I have a family and must always be at my post."

WILLIAM HASKETT, yardman, Grand Trunk Railroad depot, Brantford, Ontario.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5.

are purely vegetable, care fully prepared. 25 cents

## Hood's Pills

BUTTERFLY EGGS.

Their Marvelous Beauty as Shown by the Microscope.

The traveler in the far East, passing through stone doorways, scrolled and carved with arabesque fretwork, enters the eastern quarter of old Cairo. The streets are dingy and narrow, but here rise the wonderful domes of the famous mosques—'Tombs of the Mamelukes'—exquisite in all grace and fantasy of shape and color. The fretted sides, a fine and delicate lace-work of stone, the marvelous and shining play of light on beautiful tints, seem like a very dream of art.

We have so associated the getting of gold with hardships that it is difficult to believe that any country exists in which gold can be mined without serious privation. In Alaska there is loss of life, and each nugget that is brought stands for just so much suffering. But in the Philippines it is always pleasant, and, in spite of the heat of the summer, a man can live there the year round and enjoy himself.

But enter the woods that stretch all about and use the microscope that enlarges our vision, and lo, a most wonderful thing has come to pass: Winged beings, far more beautiful than the genii of the 'Arabian Nights,' have been here, and on the underside of a common leaf, in size no larger than a pin's head, are structures that fairly rival the mosques of Cairo in wealth of decoration and loveliness of color—the butterfly eggs. They are, many of them, dome-shaped like the mosques, and covered with a rich network, so filmy that it glitters in the sun like a diamond dew, but each of the lines in a rib, buttressing the whole structure. Other eggs are shaped like tiaras or turbans, and others still are like sea-urchins. Some are shaped like pyramids and all lead up in their decorations to a minute rosette at the top, sometimes deeply indented, through whose openings life is received in the egg.

The patterns are often as regular as any 'circular rose-window of a Gothic cathedral,' and the colors of the egg, beginning with a pale green—the safest of all colors in the green wood,—or white like many tree-blossoms, change afterward, as the dweller inside develops, into all kinds of brilliant and shining hues, from salmon to orange. These eggs are sometimes found single, sometimes in regular rows one on top of the other, or strung together like a necklace of beads, or 'girdling a twig like a fairy ring.'

There are insects—not butterflies—that lay eggs in almost incredible numbers say a trillion in a season? These are soft and perishable, and of short life. Where an insect egg has to stand the winter's cold they are usually covered or packed in a kind of cement. If you look at these mere specks through a microscope you will see exquisite shells, clustered like gems or rolled in tubes, or convoluted in spirals and circles.

Many eggs are doubly protected, because they are so fragile, and are placed in still another shelter, as the eggs of the birds, pale blue, or speckled, or pearly white, in close woven nests, or the eggs of certain spiders in silky bells of golden yellow or purest white, hung among the blossoms. Yet it is more common to find insect eggs bare and exposed to view. One day I saw what had seemed dust grow under a microscope into crystal eggs, on which insect-forms appeared to be sharply etched as seen through the transparent case. Then out skipped some lively, black-eyed wood-folk, independent and alert, ready for a meal. They seemed fully grown at birth.—Philadelphia Times.

Seven Years.

Of suffering relieved is as many days. Corn cause in the aggregate as much as any single disease. It is the magic solvent power of Putnam's Corn Extractor that makes it speedily successful in removing corns. Take no substitute however highly recommended. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is the best. Sure, safe and painless.

## FLASHES OF FUN.

Boy—'Papa, where's Atoms?' Papa—'Athens, you mean, my child.' Boy—'No, papa—Atoms, the place where people are blown to.'

Minnie—'At any rate, Mr. Shere is every inch a gentleman.' Mamie—'That's why it is such a pity there is not more of him.'—Indianapolis Journal.

Mr. Rich—'You ask my daughter in marriage—er—what may your income be?' Mr. Stoney Broke—'I will leave that entirely to you, sir.'—Tit-Bits.

'How do you manage to look so solemn when all these amusing things are happening?' asked the young man of the actor. 'I think of my salary,' said the Theatrical.

Not a Poser.—'I can't understand how some people always have a good time wherever they go.' 'That's easy enough; they take it along with them.'

Maud—'When I get engaged I don't intend to have any mystery about it.' Marie—'I don't see how you can help it, dear.' Every one will regard it as a mystery.' Brooklyn Life.

A Truthful.—'Did your sweetheart write to you while you were away?' 'Write to me? I had to give away my clothes so I could bring her letters home with me.'—Chicago Record.

Irate Parent.—'Tell that young Softleigh that he must cease his visits here. I forbid him the house.' Daughter—'But, papa, he doesn't want the house; it's me that he's after.'—Chicago News.

Professor.—'Too bad! One of my pupils to whom I have given two courses of instruction in the cultivation of the memory has forgotten to pay me; and the worst of it is I can't remember his name!'

Peasant.—'Five dollars for entering this estate.' Tourist.—'But why is no warning sign put up, then?' Peasant.—'We had one but took it down again, for while it was up no one came in.'—Fliegende Blaetter

Euddy.—'Kwiverful, they say is going to be married again. That is the fourth wife.' Duddy.—'Kwiverful'd better be careful. He'll get caught some day. He'll marry a woman who will live.'—Boston Transcript.

A Georgia marble man says that if all the houses, not only in the United States, but on the American continent, were destroyed, so inexhaustible is the supply that they could every one, large and small, be rebuilt out of Georgia marble.

'You are the first one I ever heard mention Bradley's literary ability.' 'Well, I never heard of him writing any books, but I know he can borrow more of them than any other man I know.'—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The fat man in the pink blazer rose at once. 'Please take my seat!' he urged. The slender girl who carried her lurch in a music-roll was altogether overcome. 'This is too much!' she protested.—Detroit Journal.

Miss Pretty: 'I don't see how you whistle through your fingers that way. I could never do it in the world.' Mr. Goodheart (wishing to compliment her delicate hands): 'No Miss Pretty; if you should try it your whole hand would slip into your mouth.'

Mr. Burch: 'Where is your father?' Adult Son: 'He's at the office, editing his edition of "Society as I have found it." Mrs. Burch: 'What! A book?' Son: 'Yes; a ledger, full of unpaid and uncollectable accounts.'

Traveller (to an Irishman): 'Well, Mike I see you have a small garden.' 'Yes, sorr.' 'What are you going to set in it for next season?' 'Nothing, sorr. I set it with potatoes last year, and not one of them came up.' 'That's strange. How do you explain it?' 'Well, sorr, the man next door to me set his garden full of onions.'

'Well, had that anything to do with your potatoes not growing?' 'Yes, sorr. Bedad, them onions was that strong that my potatoes couldn't see to grow for their eyes watering!'

Do as You Like.

Perhaps the poorest opinion of music as a vocation is attributed to a builder in Glasgow. The man had sent his son to

Squaring Household Accounts.

'William, you owe me twenty-one cents.'

'Yes; but I paid the gas-bill, and you owe me \$1.35.'

'Well, but before that I paid the paper boy, and that made you owe me sixty cents.'

'Yes; but there was thirty cents I paid on that other bill for grass-cutting.'

'I know it, but you borrowed fifty cents of me the next day, and—'

'Great Scott! Take this \$5 and let's begin all over again.'

Graveyard Latin.

Ignorance is never shown more effectively than in an attempt to conceal it.

A countryman wandering about a cemetery, says Harper's Bazar, came upon a stone which bore the inscription, 'Sic Transit gloria mundi.'

'What does that mean?' he asked the sexton, who was at work near by.

The sexton, not wishing to confess ignorance, replied: 'Well, it means that he was sick transiently, and went to glory Monday morning.'

Do as You Like.

Perhaps the poorest opinion of music as a vocation is attributed to a builder in Glasgow. The man had sent his son to

ADVISE TO MINISTERS.

Given by a Minister.

Preachers who practise it will preach better.

No class of people is so liable to throat trouble as the great class who make up the Gospel ministry. The strain put upon the vocal organs by constant exercise; the sudden change from a heated building to the cool air when the vocal organs are in a state of complete relaxation; the fact that a minister feels impelled to use his voice when actors and lecturers would take the needed rest; these are among the reasons why "Clergymen's sore throat" is known as a special disease. The Rev. E. M. Brawley, D. D., District Secretary of the American Baptist Publication Society, writes from Petersburg, Va., the account of an experience of his own which is proof of acute bronchitis. I put myself under medical treatment, and at the end of two months was no better. I found it very

# SURPRISE SOAP

MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY

A pure hard Soap  
Last long—lathers freely.  
5 cents a cake.

A train in Arkansas having on board Mr. and Mrs. Bill Bradley and their bull pup, ran off the track, and when the wreck was cleared away it was discovered that Bill was a widower.

'Well, well,' he said, calmly. 'Hit might o' been wuss, by Jacks, ter hit might of killed the pup, and hit's got the finest record of any bull pup in Arkansas. I've got lots to be thankful fer!'

His Earthly Effects.

'Well, uncle Jim,' said the lawyer, 'the doctor says there is no hope for you.'

'Yes, suh, dey tells me I gwine ter cross over.'

'Have you made your will?'

'Yes, suh, I done will ter go.'

'I mean,' said the lawyer in an explanatory way, 'have you any thing to leave?'

'Oh, yes, suh!' explained the old man, joyfully, 'two wives and de rheumatism.'

His Present Grievance.

'What are you making so much fuss about, Aguinaldo,' inquired the elderly native. 'What's worrying you?'

'I'm a rebel chief,' was the haughty answer.

'Well, that's nothing new.'

'But they have confused things so that I don't know who I am rebelling against.'

Except to Scotchmen the sounds usually evoked from a bagpipe are not highly musical. A humorist in the Clarion attempts analysis of them: Big flies on wind-downs—seventy two per cent; cats on midnight tiles—eleven and one-half per cent; voices of infant puppies—six per cent; grunting or hungry pigs in the morning—five and one-half per cent; steam-whistles—three per cent; chant of cricket—two per cent.

Not an Exception to the Rule.

Mr. A.—'So that's the girl he's engaged to; I thought these blonde men always chose brunettes.'

Miss B.—'Ah, she was originally a brunette.'—Punch.

Squaring Household Accounts.

'William, you owe me twenty-one cents.'

'Yes; but I paid the gas-bill, and you owe me \$1.35.'

'Well, but before that I paid the paper boy, and that made you owe me sixty cents.'

'Yes; but there was thirty cents I paid on that other bill for grass-cutting.'

'I know it, but you borrowed fifty cents of me the next day, and—'

'Great Scott! Take this \$5 and let's begin all over again.'

Graveyard Latin.

Ignorance is never shown more effectively than in an attempt to conceal it.

A countryman wandering about a cemetery, says Harper's Bazar, came upon a stone which bore the inscription, 'Sic Transit gloria mundi.'

'What does that mean?' he asked the sexton, who was at work near by.

The sexton, not wishing to confess ignorance, replied: 'Well, it means that he was sick transiently, and went to glory Monday morning.'

Do as You Like.

Perhaps the poorest opinion of music as a vocation is attributed to a builder in Glasgow. The man had sent his son to

college, where the young fellow excelled in musical accomplishments. In course of time he announced to his father his firm intention to become a musician. The father objected vehemently. The son urged, and was at last affected to tears, declaring that he would never be happy in any other calling. This melted the father's heart, and he exclaimed:

'All right, do as you like; but don't ever come round grinding your organ in front of my house!'

Dogs of the Neolithic Period.

Professors Rutimeyer and Woldrich have discovered that domestic dogs, resembling more or less the dogs of to-day, existed in Europe, not only during the age of iron and the age of bronze, but even in that exceedingly remote time known as the neolithic period, when man made his best tools of polished stone. In South America also, according to the opinion of Dr. Lydekker, man had cultivated the friendship of companionable dogs long before extinct mammals whose wonderful remains are now found in the pampas, had disappeared from among the living forms of the world.—Youth's Companion.

Corsets in Russia.

Bogolejow, the newly appointed Russian Minister of Public Instruction, has begun the duties of his office by issuing a drastic order to the effect that corsets must not be worn by the young women attending high schools, universities and music and art schools; they are to be encouraged to wear the national costume. The Minister says that he has spent much time in visiting girls' schools and has made the discovery that the corset as an article of dress distinctly prejudicial to the health and physical development of the wearer.

Ivory is Very Durable.

The durability of ivory is proved by the fact that billiard balls, which for the sake of curiosity had been made of very well preserved mammoth ivory undoubtedly many thousand years old were played with for several months by experienced players in Paris without it being noticed that the balls were not made of fresh ivory. Mammoth ivory is, as a rule, not as tough as fresh ivory.

A Geyser-Heated Greenhouse.

In the Yellowstone Park geyser basin a small greenhouse has been erected over a geyser stream. A current of nearly boiling water constantly passes through it. Steam rises in profusion moistening the plants and the sun aids in the work, so that an extraordinary rapidity of growth is the result. Lettuce matures in two or three weeks, and other plants grow with proportional rapidity. The climate of the locality is very severe, which make more striking this example of the utilization of nature's energy.

Two Hundred Miles an Hour.

Many sailors believe that the frigate bird can start at daybreak with the trade winds from the coast of Africa and roost the same night upon the American shore. Whether this is a fact or not has yet to be determined, but it is certain that the bird is the swiftest of winged creatures, and is able to fly, under favorable conditions, 200 miles an hour.

## WANTED.

The Provident Saving Assurance Society of New York wish to engage representatives in the following New Brunswick Towns, Moncton, Sackville, Campbellton, Chatham, New Castle, Dalhousie, Shediac, Woodstock, and Saint Andrews.

To the right men, liberal contracts will be given, address

C. T. GILLESPIE,  
Manager for New Brunswick,  
P. O. BOX 128 - St. John, N. B.