



Ellis, Princess street have returned to New York. Miss Harriet S. Olive and Miss Emily McAvity who have been studying at Harvard university returned home last week for the summer holidays.

Mrs. William P. Jenkins was at home to her friends on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Williams, Corner St. George and Watson Streets, West End.

Mrs. A. S. Murray of Fredericton is visiting her former home in this city.

Mrs. A. E. Chapman of Moncton is spending a few days with relatives here.

Miss Langdon of this city is being very pleasantly entertained by the Misses Sterling of Fredericton.

Mr. Andrew Jack left the beginning of the week for Halifax from whence he will sail on a three months visit to England.

Mr. and Mrs. John A. Morrison came down from the capital for a day or two this week.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Peterson of Exmouth street are entertaining Mr. Homolka of New York for a week or two.

Rev. L. G. Macneil's friends will be pleased to hear that his health is steadily improving and that he was much benefited by his stay in P. E. Island.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Hazen returned the first of the week from a visit to Fredericton.

Mrs. Usher, Miss Jones and Mr. Fred Jones recently spent a fortnight fishing on the Nepisiquit. The party were in Bathurst this week.

Mrs. G. F. Eissett and children are visiting Parshoro.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Smith were guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Jinks of Parshoro, lately.

Mrs. Alice Hogan of Calais is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Wood of Dochester street this week.

Mrs. James McGregor of Sydney C. B. is spending a month with friends at the Bay Shore.

Mrs. W. H. Steeves of Fredericton and her two children are visiting Mrs. Steeves parents the Chief of Police and Mrs. Clark.

Miss Reddin of Charlottetown P. E. I. arrived this week to spend a little while with Mrs. T. Burke of Douglas Avenue.

Mr. Frank J. Sime of San Francisco who has been visiting his mother for a few weeks left this week on his return to the coast.

Capt. J. J. Gremor formerly of this city but now of Roxbury Mass is here on a visit to friends.

Mr. B. F. J. Parkin left this week on a pleasure trip to Sydney C. B.

Mr. Walter P. Dunham who has been for some time connected with the passenger department of the C. P. R. has resigned his position and will study for the Episcopal ministry.

Mrs. Thomas Kennedy of Hamilton, Ont., is the guest of city friends.

Mrs. J. A. S. Mott and Miss Claire C. Weeks formerly of this city are spending the summer in the White Mountains, New Hampshire.

Misses Annie Wilson and Maggie Sergeant of St. John returned this week from Woodstock where they had been visiting friends.

Miss Louisa Bradley returned this week from a two weeks visit to Boston.

Mrs. J. Mac Sinclair and Miss Sinclair are spending the summer at the Public Landing.

Mr. J. S. Rannels and family of Chicago are visiting this city.

Mrs. Oswald Mowat of Montreal is here on a visit to her father Mr. John Staton, Queen street.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Gollmer of Lower Jemseg are spending a little while in the city.

Miss Lefroy and Miss Danby of Windsor, N. S., have been visiting friends here this week.

Dr. A. F. Emery has returned from a trip to Montreal.

Major Herbert M. Campbell of the Royal Artillery who is visiting Canada spent a day or two in the city this week and was accompanied by Major H. Montgomery Campbell of Aposhqui.

Miss Annie Swaine left this week for a short visit to Bucksport Me.

The Misses Colter are entertaining Miss Faye Comber of Woodstock for a few days.

Prof. I. B. Oakes of Horton Collegiate school was in the city this week.

Miss Seeley is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Seeley, Woodstock, for a week or so.

Miss Alice Cates of Andover, Mass., is the guest of West end relatives.

The following from the Toronto World has been forwarded to Progress with a request for publication. "A quiet little June wedding was celebrated at the residence of Mr. Samuel E. Patterson 34 Florence street, when his eldest daughter, Miss Frances M. de M. Patterson, was married to Mr. Frederick Nighswander of Stouffville, son of the late Rev. D. D. Nighswander of Granby, Que. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. A. McGuigan of Parkdale congregational church. The bride who was attended by her sister, Miss Gertrude Patterson was clad in a pretty blue silk dress, trimmed with white satin and chiffon and carried a shower bouquet of white roses. The bridesmaid was attired in white muslin trimmed with pink satin. The groomsmen were Mr. Alfred Fryer of Toronto. The wedding march was played by Miss Vos."

Dr. W. A. Christie and Dr. Geo. Addy were in Charlottetown this week to attend the Maritime medical association meetings.

Mr. Charles Wood of Charlottetown was in the city this week for a day or two before proceeding on his journey to British Columbia.

Miss Anna Myers arrived from Boston this week and will spend the summer in this city with relatives and friends.

Friends in this city of Mr. J. M. Johnson of Calais Me., will regret to learn that he is quite serill at his home in that city.

Rev. A. H. C. Morse acting pastor of Brussels street baptist church has been receiving congratulations during the past few weeks, upon the announcement of his engagement to Miss Maud Churchill of Lockport, N. S. Miss Churchill is at present abroad with her mother.

Mr. J. A. Gillies M. P. for Richmond C. B. was here for a short time this week on his way home to Ottawa.

Miss Edwards of the west end is visiting Mr. and Mrs. King Greenlow of St. Andrews.

Mrs. Isabel McLeod and Miss Eva MacKenzie of Milltown arrived Wednesday on a visit to friends here.

Mr. Walter Allison son of Joseph Allison arrived from Denver this week on a visit to his parents. He returns to the west in two or three weeks.

From St. Stephen comes the following account of the marriage of Miss Maud E. McKeown of St. John: "A very quiet wedding took place at 3 o'clock Thursday afternoon at the residence of ex-Mayor George J. Cacke, which was beautifully and tastefully decorated with ferns and palms and other exotics. The bride was his sister-in-law, Miss Maud E. McKeown, and the groom Dr. S. Bonnell, of Fernald, B. C., late of Bridgewater, N. S. The ceremony was performed by Rev. George M. Campbell another brother-in-law of the bride. Miss McKeown wore a wedding gown of white satin, beautifully embroidered with pearls, with bridal veil and orange blossoms. Her bridesmaid, Miss Bessie Knight, of Carleton, wore pink silk with a pineapple lawn overdress. The two little nieces of the bride, Misses Pauline Clarke and Jean Campbell were maids of honor. The groom was supported by Mr. Harry Hustis, of Cape Breton. The bride was given away by her brother Mr. H. A. McKeown, M. P. P. After the ceremony, luncheon was served, and the happy couple left on the C. P. R. on their long journey to their future home in British Columbia. Many friends were at the station to offer congratulations and good wishes.

The Y. P. A. of St. Mary's church held a very pleasant and successful festival last Thursday evening in the church school room which was prettily decorated in bright colors while the seven tables were artistically arranged in dainty tins. Among the young ladies who had charge of the affair were:

Misses
Ida Barton, Edna Godfrey.
F. Godfrey, A. Barton.
Maud Stockton, Lizzie Spruel.
Annie Debow, Elsie Colman.
Bessie Davis, Gertrude Davis.
Florrie Colman, Annie White.
Ethel Dore.

Mrs. John J. McBriarty, of Baltimore who has been visiting friends and relatives of her husband here will return home Saturday afternoon making the journey by the steamer. She has made many friends during her visit who regret that she is unable to prolong it. Mr. and Mrs. James Stanton have been entertaining her this week. A two days trip on the river was much enjoyed and Thursday evening a number of the many good friends of Mr. McBriarty were invited to meet his charming wife

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STRONGEST AND BEST

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The Old Hunting Coat.
A thing of stuff and canvas, dirt spotted and torn;
Sleek and sturdy collar; huge pockets that tote
The game; and its fabric is crumpled and worn;
Yet memories cling to the old hunting coat.

Its color of tan with the ground smoothly blends
And brightens not the timid and sharp-sighted game;
By delicate thread its lone button suspends,
Untouched by the hand of the unseeing game.

On the sleeve a light leather seems destined to stay,
The scent of burnt powder around it doth cling;
And its pockets conceal but a mostly array
Of pipe and tobacco, shels, matches and string.

And many a night it has pillowed the head
That rested in peace 'neath a sheltering tent
That on some stream's banks, tree-protected, was
spread.
Where few but Dam Nature's wild creatures e'er
went.

Ah, if it could speak! It would eagerly tell
Of long breathless chase through the thicket and
thorn.
In pursuit of the elk that fought nobly and well.
But whose antlers the old hunting coat now adorns.
Or perchance it would whisper of morning's sharp
chill
And rush-hidden boat in some lake at day-light,
And speak of the silence, and even of the thrill
That it felt when the canvaska k star ed the flight.
Or yet it could speak of the favorite camp,
Where the brook makes sweet music and soft
breezes blow;
And the old o' o' firs and of wild flowers, dew-damp,
And the leaping of trout where the slender weeds
grow.

The broadcloth may scorn it, the woollen may sneer
Aristocrats they, keeping always remote;
Yet none of them offer the comfort and cheer
And happiness found in the old hunting coat.

The old Front Gate.
W'en dait's chillun in de house,
Dey kin keep on gittin' tall;
But de folks d' n' seem to see
Dat dey's gro' up 'n' tall.
I well dey fl' out some fine day
Dat de gals has 'menced to grow,
W'en dey notice ez dey pass
Dat de front gate's saggin' low.

W'en de hinges creak an' cry,
An' de bails go slintin' down,
You kin reckon dat hit's time
Fu' to cas' yo' eye eron',
'Cause dait ain' no 'sputtin' dis,
Hit's de trues' sign to show
Dat dait's con'fide' eron' on
W'en de ol' front gate sags low.

Oh, you grumble an' complain,
An' you prop dat gate up right;
But you notice right nex' day
Dat hit's in de same ol' plight.
So you fin' dat hit's a ruse,
An' dait ain' no use to blow,
W'en de gals is growin' up,
Dat de front gate will sag low.

Den yo' 'tack o' yo' youn' days,
W'en you cou'ted Sally Jane,
An' you so't o' feel a hamed
Fu' to grumble an' complain,
'Cause yo' 'neclection says,
An' you know hit's wo'ds is so,
Dat hu' pappy had a time
Wid his front gate saggin' low.

So you jes' looks on an' smiles
At 'em leanin' on de gate,
Try'n' to tink what he kin say
Fu' to keep him dait so late.
But you lets dat gate erlone,
Fu' yo' sperence goes to show
Two I de gals is m'ed off
It gwine keep on saggin' low.

Ring a Ring o' Roses.
When Phyllis dances on the green,
Her air's so witchin' sweet,
Beside the lily thorn bush I'd lean
For half a day to watch unceas
Her pretty tripping feet.

When Chloe binds her auburn hair
With graceful curving arms,
I'd linger—if I might but dare!
Long hours beside her silken chair,
To view those mirrored charms.

When Le-bia lifts her lovely eyes
From some divine romance,
I'd kneel beside her where she lies
Till eve had spread her starry skies
To catch one melting glance.

But, oh! when glorious Sappho sings,
So heavenly is her tone,
Such passion in her looks she flings,
That I forget all earthly things,
Am here and Love's alone!

Chairs Re-seated Case, Splint, Porpora-
top, Duval, 17 Waterloo.