

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOV. 25

Subscribers who do not receive their paper Saturday morning are requested to communicate with the office.—Tel. 95.

AN UNPLEASANT INCIDENT.

Investigations are not pleasant, still they are necessary sometimes. That which has been conducted by the safety department this week has revealed much that is of interest to the citizens generally and it has been followed with more than usual interest because the question of the liberty of the people seemed in a sense to be at stake.

From the evidence that was given there is no doubt that Mr. McKELVEY was ejected from the railway station by the order of the chief of police. Whether this official was warranted in his action is a question for the committee to determine. Such a crowd as that which gathered to see the volunteers depart is seldom seen in St. John. Some say that it was the largest, most enthusiastic and, at the same time the most good natured and orderly crowd that ever assembled in St. John. Where there were so many people the presence of the police was necessary. The sight of brass buttons has a wholesome influence upon some people and exercises a pleasing restraint upon those who might make trouble in their absence. Their task in this instance was a difficult one and in some cases it would appear there was undue force applied. It is to be regretted that such an investigation as this should be connected with an event that will form part of the history of St. John. Still Mr. McKELVEY is quite within his right in making his complaint. The people owe him thanks for undertaking a task that must be unpleasant and at the same time expensive. If he had been in the habit of making trouble and given the police any occasion to regard him as a dangerous individual in a crowd then some excuse might reasonably have been made for this action. But this was not the case. On the contrary Mr. McKELVEY, has been a business man in this city for many years; the people thought well enough of his judgement to give him at one time a voice in the affairs of the city by electing him an alderman and the government has since made him a custom official. His case therefore is different from that of the corner rough who is always tempted to defy law and order and antagonize the officers. To be forcibly ejected from a public building is not a pleasant incident to a law abiding citizen and his complaint is therefore a very proper one demanding the attention that has been given it.

While all will admit that the occasion was one of enthusiasm and excitement and for these reasons will excuse an official who lo to his head for the time being. The fact that the chief of police apparently singled out a gentleman who had been an applicant for his office is not pleasant to recall and it has undoubtedly made a painful impression upon the minds of the people generally.

RUMORED CHANGES.

Fresh rumors of changes in the New Brunswick government are being circulated and they are stated with some show of authority in certain quarters. That long promised solicitor generalship will it is said fall to Mr. McKELVEY who has been a rival of the Carleton county member for that coveted honor. The struggle for the appointment of a catholic seems to have been abandoned in the light of the hulls that is spoken of. Hon. A. S. WHITE has been attorney general for some time and in that capacity has been criticized a good deal. The criticism was of such a character as not to benefit the government. He did not attend to the work of the office and the ends of justice

were not always served. This was made use of in the house and on the platform.

The retention by Mr. RICHARD of a portfolio after his defeat was another source of discomfort. It was not satisfactory to Mr. McKELVEY's friends nor did Mr. CARVELL like it. So the change had to come in the end and Attorney-General WHITE will, it is said, give way to Attorney General EMERSON, CARVELL taking the chief commissionership and McKELVEY the solicitor generalship. This would mean an election in this city. Mr. McKELVEY no doubt feels confident of success but his friends are not near so sanguine. The defeat of Mr. REYNOLDS has never been satisfactorily explained and his supporters might not rally around the standard bearer with the same enthusiasm as they did in February last. Moreover old political scores are hard to settle.

No trace of the Burglars.

The robbery at Trinity church on Sunday night, or Monday morning is still wrapped in mystery despite the efforts of the detectives who are at work on the matter. There is an impression in some quarters that it was the work of local thieves, but that is not a generally accepted theory by those who have looked into the matter thoroughly. Whoever the burglars were they displayed a wonderful amount of coolness and nerve and seem to have succeeded in covering up their tracks pretty cleverly. It is only a few weeks since Halifax had a visit from church breakers and in two of the catholic churches, the poor boxes, placed near the door for alms for the destitute—were broken open and the contents stolen. It is to be hoped the Trinity thieves will be rounded up before long, and in the meantime the congregation may congratulate itself upon the fact that the valuable church plate, some of which was the gift of King George III, was left intact.

Still on the Warpath.

The story published some weeks ago regarding the wholesale way in which children purloined gum and other little things from a certain drug store has brought to this paper numerous stories of similar happenings in various parts of the city. Indeed in several cases the names of the youthful culprits accompanied the stories, and it would seem that the practice is not confined to any particular class or section of the city. According to one druggist the ingenuity of the young thieves shows a depth really deplorable.

Architectural Jokes.

The builders of the old churches in England were not so serious but they now and then perpetrated a joke even in stone. On more than one of their creations they carved in relief a scene representing a man preaching solemnly to a flock of geese. The same humorous spirit is sometimes to be detected in the domestic architecture of early times. Mr. Hissey gives an instance.

Just upon the boundaries of Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire formerly stood a rambling old farm house. The living-room was long and low, and on the centre beam that went across the ceiling was inscribed this legend: 'If you are cold, go to Hertfordshire.'

A Market Special.

The college educated feminine mind is not alone in its determination to master the mysteries of the laws governing the rise and fall of prices.

A simple village maiden of mature years not long ago went to a store in England to buy candles, and was astonished to find that owing to the Spanish American war candles were rix.

'Get along, she indignantly exclaimed. 'Don't tell me they fight by candle light!'

On the Boil.

A few months ago a friend of the writer was travelling on a small branch of a Highland railway. Rather suddenly, the train came to a stand still in a very wild and remote part of the country; not a house was in sight. The guard was asked if anything were wrong, and this was his cheerful reply.

'Hoots, mon, ye manuj ust bide a wee—the watter's gane aff the boil!'

Judge—'You say this man was grossly intoxicated and extremely boisterous!' Officer—'Yis, yer honor! He was that drunk and noisy that Oi hesitated to arrest him! Oi thought he was a policeman off duty!'

The Pedestrian—'You keep a horse! why I had no idea you were so thrifty.' 'Oh, yes. I deposit regularly in the savings bank all the money I borrow from my friends.'

Briggs—'I see down in Wall street that the rates for borrowing money are something terrible.' Griggs—'Yes; it is almost as bad as getting it from a friend.'

FORMS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Saint George for England; a Song.

Britain loves the men who sweat
To the furnace and the mine,
Day and night till the eyes forget
To shut and the sweat runs down;
Lusty arms and quick to force
The lightning armour of St. George.

Britain loves the fustian fellow
Stooped to stickle, spad and plough,
Who in the brown field and the yellow
Dutifully bends his brow;
He cuts a stick to feed the fire,
John Baskerville's Saint George's acquire.

And she loves the high-stoled hermit,
Shiny elbows, puffy face,
For how long may term it,
Buy-and-Sell's a true man's place:
By the club and by the pen
'Fustices are St. George's men.

But give her red coat and blue tacket
Who flows the blue and the red,
Mine a wall of steel and track it,
Buy and sell their lead for lead:
Beneath his shade the Dragon curled,
Spear-point in the Dragon's gorge,
His helm a lightning to the world,
Saint George himself, Saint George,
Saint George!

JOHN WINKERMAN PHILLIMORE.

Old Times in Yavapai County.

There was a bond in the eyes of the Vigilance gang, as the Gray Bazar's Galch that night, As up with a bound to their saddles they sprang And wheeled down the gulch, to the right. 'Tro! de galch on yer little eyes make,' 'With an oath uttered in the Dragon's gorge, 'An' of the lightning to the world, 'W'y, we'll be the light of the gray mare— Down in Yavapai county.

'Who else most it be?' quoth Catamount Jos; 'I seen 'em a-splittin' the air, 'Comin' gallop' down, not a half hour ago, 'On the gulch on yer little eyes make, 'Dun loosen yer reins, fellers, dig in yer spurs; 'See how yer caballos can git; 'Hose-chasers and hose-chasers' may go some-where, 'But will we uns dey never want yit, 'Down in Yavapai county.

On down through the gulch sped the galloping steed, 'Reinin' down the dry sage and the grass, 'While the prowling coyote sunk out in the weeds 'To let the grim cavalry pass. 'Like a wind did they ride; not a word, not a sound 'Save the beating of hoofs on the hard, blistered ground, 'And the brown sage a-crackling beneath, 'Down in Yavapai county.

Then a shadowy speck arose in their sight, 'Like a bullet it shot on ahead; 'It seemed like a fugitive wraith in the night 'As on through the darkness it sped. 'It is him! with an oath muttered in the night, 'Kain't ye see how they're splittin' the air? 'He was right for the night was rider like Tim, 'Nor need like that if the gray mare, 'Down in Yavapai county.

'It is him!' was the whisper on each horseman's lip 'As forward he bent for the race; 'Heard the grins and the snorts and the merciless whip 'Ureed the loam covered 'treds to the case. 'Like a cyclone they flew, indistinct in the night, 'The thunderous beat on the ground, 'At the fugitive new in his hurrying flight 'What was meant by the ominous sound, 'Down in Yavapai county.

Deep, deep in the flanks of the little gray mare 'Sank the grim eyes of the rider ahead; 'Through the sage and the grass sped the fugitive pair, 'While behind them the Vigilants sped. 'On, on! urged the flying one 'Oh! came the sound 'In the rear, from a dozen of lips; 'He was right for the night was rider like Tim, 'At the touch of the spurs and the whips, 'Down in Yavapai county.

How ended the race? When the gray gallop morn 'Drew down the gulch with a frown, 'A naked old cottonwood, standing down, 'With the neighboring grass trampled down. 'The little, old, willow, how the Vigilants steed 'Through the gulch chased the fog five speck 'That rose in the dusk mid the sage and the weeds, 'And drew the race by a neck, 'Down in Yavapai county.

Just How It Happened.

'You see,' said Mrs. Strong O'Mind, 'The reason that they beat us blind 'Is just as striking plain to me 'As stripes on our horse's rump. 'Some women are as short of sense 'As a nut, and give no evidence 'Of that in a dissembling way, 'On every blamed election day.

'Now there was Mr. Glib O'Turne, 'Who, I presume, one day was young; 'He came around the pole all day 'And talked to men in such a way 'That they had scarcely strength to go 'And cast their votes, and I know 'They voted dead against us just 'Because she filled them with disgust!'

'And Mrs. Louisa Dress was there 'In such a gown that, I declare, 'The men would stare as if to say 'If that was woman's dress; 'Were done, and when she'd try to talk 'To them they'd tip the heels and walk 'Away and wonder at her gait 'And plumb forgot to vote at all.

'And Mrs. Noctette Aull would get 'A vote concerned, and would get 'Her tongue to come for the cause 'Until it seemed to her her jaw! 'She'd talk and talk and talk 'The lapsels of her coat, till I 'Was not surprised to hear him say 'He guessed he'd vote the other way.

'And there was Miss O'Form Mann 'I leave just a shame the way she ran 'Around and jockeyed for a chance 'To talk to something wearing pants! 'The other side encouraged her 'To keep up her incessant purr, 'For well they knew the ancient gem 'Was making lots of votes for them.

'And Oh! 'I would drive a man to drink 'To see it at Mrs. Darro's Think! 'Her hat was crooked, and Oh! my! 'Her skirts hung tightly! 'Way, I 'Had half a mind to tell her she 'Would be hid behind a tree 'Instead of mixing in the fuss 'And drive votes away from us!

'When I desired to get a man 'To vote for us I simply ran 'And took him by the ear and said 'To him, and you be so, and I 'Th re never was a kick, but he 'Just meekly went along with me 'And voted as I told him to— 'Saw matters from My point of view!'

(The women spoke the truth, because 'The only man she voted was 'A great big humble human cal— 'Her own poor henpecked worse half.)

Ol' Associates.

I used to recall every night ere I'd rest 'Of many companions the one I loved best, 'But gladness or dreariness with a fancied ramp 'They never deceived me or offered me harm. 'Who ever in stocks or a tip on the race, 'There's a loss for which facts cannot ther amend. 'Since I bade a farewell to my fairy book friends, 'They were idle and thoughtless, but better perhaps 'Than some of these bustling and plausible chaps 'Who stir in stocks or a tip on the race, 'Or tell what they'll do if he elected to place. 'Tis indeed a sad day when a youngster breaks loose 'From Jack and the Beanstalk and Hind Mother Goose, 'The enchantment is over and the curtain descends 'When you bid a farewell to your fairy book friends.

It is a woman's reserves, not her revelations 'That make her fascinating.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
ABSOLUTELY PURE
Makes the food more delicious and wholesome
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

ENGINE 1129'S SUICIDE.

Pumped Air in a Runaway Down a Mountain Until She Blw Up.

Mr. Henry Alquist, a prominent railroad man, relates the story of a curious wreck, the facts in which he will vouch for.

'It is such a remarkable thing,' said Mr. Alquist to a reporter, 'that I fear many will be inclined to brand it as "pipe." I have been railroading now for over twenty years and never in all my varied experience have I seen such a unique and complete work as the one I speak of—that of engine 1129 of the Rio Grande Western. Railroad men will tell that locomotives seldom explode nowadays, but 1129 did, and in a very peculiar way.

"At the time this wreck occurred I was holding down the train despatcher at Soldier Summit, Utah, and a tough old job it was. Never been there, I suppose? Well, Soldier Summit is a station on the top of one of the Wasatch divides. A bleak and lonely place where the Rio Grande Western has a roundhouse and coal chute located. At the summit are long snow sheds covering the tracks. These sheds protect the line from the heavy snows which fall continually there in the winter. And it is only due to this method that a train ever gets over the mountain. On both sides of the mountain the line winds down in a succession of winding curves to lessen the grade. Running off from the railway are switches, which diverging from the grade, run up into the hills and gradually come to a dead level. These switchbacks, as they are called, are so constructed that they can be thrown from any point on the grade. And if a train breaks in two while ascending the steep grade, the track can be switched on to one of these spurs, where it finally stops after it has run up the spur as far as the mountain attained in its descent will take it.

"All heavy trains have an extra locomotive before the grade is tackled. These are called helper engines and are kept in roundhouses at each side of the mountain with steam up.

"One night I got word from Clear Creek a town in the western valley, that the 920 freight would be thirty minutes late on account of having to pull out a crippled engine, 1129. She had burnt out her flues and had to be hauled to Grand Junction for repairs.

"That night about 10 o'clock, after I had passed down the Salt Lake express, I heard the freight coughing up the long grade from Clear Creek. There was a snowstorm raging and the wind howled around the station like the devil. When the overdue 940 pulled into the shelter of the big snow sheds on the wind-swept Summit, the first thing I asked was, 'Where's the dead engine?'

"Behind the doghouse," shouted the "con"; but as I held my lamp above my head I failed to see it. I was just about to call his attention to it when during a lull in the storm we plainly heard the familiar rattle of the rails as the runaway engine flew at lightning speed down the mountain. No. 1129 had broken loose and was tearing down the grade to destruction. "I jumped and pulled the lever which opened the spur switches. This I knew would prevent a smashup, as the engine would run upon the switch-back and come to a stop. But I was too late. Almost at the same instant I threw the lever a terrific explosion was heard far down the mountain. The runaway had exploded. "I thought you said a moment ago, 'Mr. Alquist, interrupted the Scimitar man, 'that the locomotive was a dead one.' If she had no fire under her boiler how could she explode?"

"That was the only thing I couldn't understand myself," replied the railroad man. "I could easily see how the dead engine could break loose on that grade, and I could understand not hearing its descent during such a howling blizzard, but the explosion floored me. The only theory which in anyway solved the mystery was that the old kettle was blown up by compressed air! You see, when the engine broke loose from the freight and started down the mountain the pistons in the cylinders began to act as air compressors. During the rough trip up her throttle probably jarred open and as the speed increased with every revolution of her drivers, her boilers soon filled with compressed air. It was not long before those flying pistons had worked up a pressure of nearly 500 pounds to the square inch, which came in faster than it could escape by the safety valve, and before the old machine reached Clear Creek her boiler let go."

An Unusual Boy.

'I do not think that boy of mine,' said one member of a company of friends, breaking in upon a lull in the conversation

'is the most remarkable little fellow I ever saw.'

It was too late to avoid the ordeal by a hasty retreat, and the others braced the selves to endure it.

'Yes?' said one of them listlessly. 'He is six years old,' pursued the father, 'and I can't remember that he ever said a bright thing in his life.' 'Other parents, however, who may read this, will be likely to conclude that it must have been the father, not the boy, who was unique.

Saved by a Snuff Box.

A captain of the Bengal Lancers, whose story is told in the Cornhill Magazine, was on a visit to a civilian friend in Rajputana, and went out for a walk in the country about sunset. After going four or five miles, he found himself in a narrow path on the side of a steep hill.

The path was a mere ledge in the rock, with a deep chasm on one side and a wall of solid rock on the other. It was not a very pleasant place in which to come face to face with a big tigress, but that was just what happened to the captain.

It was too late to withdraw, so he determined to brave it out. The animal had evidently been asleep, for she continued for a few moments to lick herself into full wakefulness. The captain stood perfectly still, with his eyes fixed upon her. Presently she took a few steps forward and made a dash at him with her teeth. Luckily she seized him by the flap of his coat, just over the breast, so that he was not hurt by the blow.

Then the captain had a chance to appreciate the feelings of a mouse when it is shaken by a rat. The tigress shook him till his senses left him. Perhaps it was as well that he did leave him, for his position over the deep chasm was not an enviable one. A fall would have been as fatal as the animal's onslaught.

When he recovered consciousness, a few minutes later, he found himself lying flat on his back, with his feet dangling over the precipice. He opened his eyes to see only the blue sky above him. He dared not move, for the tigress might be close to his elbow. So he shut his eyes and remained motionless.

Then he thought he heard a strange noise at a little distance, a sound as of somebody sneezing. His first thought was that some had come to the rescue and beaten the tigress off, but this was proved to be wrong by certain low, disagreeable, tigerish growls mingled with the sneezing.

He turned slowly around. He could hardly believe his eyes. There was the tigress sinking off with her tail between her legs and sneezing violently as she went, her face distorted by the most piteous grimaces. The tiger dawned upon him. In shaking him the tigress had caused his snuff-box to fly open out of his waistcoat pocket, and had received the contents full in her face.

The Companion's New Calendar.

The Youth's Companion Calendar for 1900 is unique in form and beautiful in design. The oval centerpiece, in high colors and enclosed in a border of flowers, represents "A Dream of Summer" and is supported on either side by an admirably executed figure piece in delicate tints. The whole is delightful in sentiment and in general effect. Larger than any of The Companion's previous Calendars, it is equally acceptable as a work of art. As an ornament to the home it will take a preeminent place.

The Calendar is published exclusively by The Companion. It cannot be obtained elsewhere. It will be given to all new subscribers for 1900, who will also receive, in addition to the fifty-two issues of the new volume, all the issues for the remaining weeks of 1899, free from the time of subscription. Illustrated Announcement Number, containing a full prospectus of the volume for 1900, will be sent free to any address. The Youth's Companion, 203 Columbus Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Any Holes in Your Socks?

Wouldn't be if you sent them to us. All hosiery mended, neckbands replaced, repairs made free. Best laundry in town. Ungar's Laundry, Dyeing and Carpet Cleaning Works, 28 to 34 Waterloo street. Phone 58.

'I wish I owned this great big hospital,' 'You would make it free for everybody, wouldn't you, Willie, dear?' 'Yes'm, and then I could trade it for a circus.'

This afternoon the Neptune

At Home to the lady friend their club rooms which have ranged and decorated for a large number of invitations the affair promises to be fashionable as any which the past and that is saying a Rowing Club dispenses hosp and in this is pleasant cont clubs and organizations w tent to accept all the enter without any return whatever, unnoted by their hostess, characteris: it as utterly as mem are not expected to give it is true, but there are other social needs are apprecia penses hospitality in the most way said to a friend the other not very in good taste to sp really one gets out of patient one thinks of these men as really some excuse. I don't go positively rude and thoughtless, and for this of a way to blame. They ne these inclinations.

"The other night at the V counted ten men who are un tions to various hostesses, other hand these hostesses went with members of their invitation or tickets to the occasionally is not beyond a thoughtful attention that a know of two men who have the past year, and three think that those who have the to do are to be commensediment or with proper self of lavishing continued hospita own sex, without some recog men be more kindly treated before no reflection of the the Neptune Rowing Club tion gracefully acknowled ted to its members.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Alk cently spent a day or two with The nuptials of Miss Man and Mr. Herbert Evans of M ized last week and the fol wedding will be read with the bride has frequently visit friends. "The marriage of Bishop of Bathurst and Montreal took place in St Tuesday evening Nov. 14th performed by Rev. Thos. S Dean Forsythe. The church elaborate and consisted of h and potted plants. The bri church with her father was loveliness and grace in her w duchesse satin, heavy trimm and duchesse lace. Her veil groom's gift a diamond str. daisy in a pink silk tuck pink picture hat and bouq maidenhair fern. Mr. Robert poried the groom.

After the ceremony the were entertained at a deli Bishop's residence, which th ed in pink. Among the am guests showed up on the cheques from her father, mot of her family. The groom's star and a diamond ring, presented a diamond and p tiful presents were received land and the United States.

Mr. and Mrs. Evans are Canada after which they will return to take up their resi home awaiting them on Sh real.

Miss Lily Adams is spend the capital as the guest of Mr. Mrs. H. McKown is in P daughter, Mrs. George M. Mrs. McKown leave visit her daughter, Mrs. Dr. Mrs. Percy Gilmore of St. visit to friends.

Mrs. (Rev.) Delstadt s weeks stay with her sister, M Century school room was when the men and ten for ed with a goodly attendance of the weather. The tes were tastefully decorated a and the fancy work tables of dainty needlework; the ent tables were as follows: N

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