

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER,.....EDITOR.

ST. JOHN, N.B., SATURDAY, MAY 26.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

"The twenty-fourth of May is the Queen's birthday; if you don't give us a holiday we'll all run away," is the old schoolboy song, not less in this part of the world than on the other side of the ocean. Indeed, of recent years, it is left for the colonies to mark the natal day of their sovereign, while in England itself, the day is much the same as any other day. Canadians may not be any more loyal than their cousins across the ocean, but they express themselves more heartily at times, nor is their zeal abating as the years pass by.

And in truth if there was ever a reason why people should rejoice on the natal day of an earthly sovereign, it exists in the case of VICTORIA, the Good. In her reign of less than three-score years, the British empire has advanced as if never did before in any one century since the days of the Norman Conquest. The record is stained by blood, it is true, but the two great wars were in their way unavoidable, and they were not like the wars of previous centuries prompted by the lust of conquest. The present generation knows only of international strife by tradition, and the trend of national sentiment is more than ever in accord with the prayer: "That it may please Thee to give to all Nations unity, peace and concord, we beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord." The desire of the people is for peace, and the day when Britain's glory is estimated by her ambition to shed blood has gone to return no more. The Victorian era is essentially an age of peace.

In the compass of a generation, beginning with the "Trent affair," there have been times when war must have been the issue of an international dispute, had the traditions of the past been followed. Under the hand of God, however, the strife between those of a common ancestry has been averted, and the most sanguinary scribe who waxes fierce in print cannot now predict that it will ever occur. The times have changed since kings and queens could set their subjects at slaughtering each other on the matter of misunderstanding a verbal message. There is too much of responsible government and there are too many telegraph lines for that to happen now.

So it is that in the reign of VICTORIA, the Good, Britain and its possessions have prospered. There has been a wonderful progress in science, it is not in literature and art. Wherever the British flag has waved, there has been a very material advance in all that is best for the people who claim the protection of that flag. There have been times of depression, and it must be that they will come again. Even in our own fortunate maritime provinces, where the extremes of great wealth and abject poverty are equally unknown, there are times when some of us feel that the nineteenth century is passing by while we and our environment are standing still. Yet ere our disquietude can voice itself, the tidings from the much vaunted republic come to tell us how well off we have been without appreciating it. This has been the history of the past, and history is repeating itself today.

We in the maritime provinces have much for which to be grateful under the reign of VICTORIA. It is well that we keep the anniversary of her birth. It is a day to be loyally kept so long as Her Majesty shall hold the sceptre. And in the contemplation of all that has been brought about for good during her reign, it is a day to be remembered and honored when, in her allotted time, she shall have passed away.

THE STREET LOAFER MUST GO.

A Halifax correspondent tells PROGRESS that the police arrest corner loafers on sight in that city, and that a fine is the penalty for violating the law. So it is in St. John. The trouble here is not that the ordinary policeman does not feel he has any authority to charge a man with being an habitual loafer, and so contents himself with "shooing" the crowd off the sidewalk as he passes, leaving them to resume their places when he has gone. Now, any old policeman on the upper Charlotte street beat can name anywhere from one to fifty loafers, who make a practice of standing in rows on Saturday and Sunday nights, but who always "move on" when he tells them to do so. He should have more authority. Such a sight as a double or triple line of idlers staring at the passers by, whether from the edge of the sidewalk or the middle of the street, should not be permitted. It is not permitted in any other live city.

It is not only those who have to escort ladies "through the lines," who have a right to complain. There are scores of working girls who are in all respects entitled to be treated as ladies. They have a right to the sidewalks for their evening relaxation, but they should be able to do so without running the gauntlet of a crowd of loafers. As PROGRESS has already said, the problem is a serious one, and probably the police try to do their duty, as far as they feel authorized to act. Something more is plainly needed however. If there is no law to cover the situation, one should be passed in the next session. If there is a law, it ought to be enforced. It is all nonsense, to say there are not enough

police. There are more than enough to stamp out the nuisance in one night, even under a liberal construction of the existing statutes.

Would it not be a good idea for Chief CLARK to see how far the present law will cover the case. He ought to understand that decent citizens want more than a technical enforcement of the law. When a man is ordered to move on, they want him to move further than two feet from the curbstone and to keep "moving." He should be made to get out of the neighborhood.

There ought to be law enough to permit of this being done. If there is not, the sooner proper legislation can be obtained the better. In the meantime Chief CLARK will be pretty safe in assuming that public opinion will back him in utilizing all available machinery for the abatement of the nuisance.

A MESSAGE FROM JAIL.

On another page of PROGRESS this week is a letter from Mr. C. BRUCE MACDOUGALL, at present a prisoner in Dorchester jail. As stated in connection with the letter itself, PROGRESS does not endorse his comments on Messrs. HAWKE and STEVENS, but permits him to give his opinions for whatever value the public may choose to attach to them. Mr. MACDOUGALL seems to be paying the penalty of his alleged offence, and it is difficult to say what further punishment will be inflicted on him before justice, from the standpoint of the Moncton moral contingent, will be fully satisfied. Nobody can ever tell how a prosecution will end in Westmorland. Sometimes, when everybody thinks somebody ought to be punished, an accused person is triumphantly acquitted, while again, especially where a stranger is caught, nothing less than his conviction—and sometimes his life—will satisfy the demand of leading citizens for justice. It is therefore out of the question to predicate anything in regard to MACDOUGALL. So far he is simply a prisoner on an indefinite charge brought by individuals who did not molest him until he fired his shot in their direction. How far anything the Plain Dealer said warranted this course, or how far any specific proof of publishing indecent literature can be sustained, PROGRESS is not in a position to speak. In the meantime BRUCE and his paper are out of the way, and at least some leading citizens of Moncton are able to breathe more freely.

It will be observed that Mr. MACDOUGALL is philosophical under his trial, or rather want of trial. He frankly admits that he is not a martyr, and that "he would be glad to get out of jail. He believes that he has been made the victim of a private prosecution, in which the nominal prosecutor, the QUEEN, has no interest. So far as circumstances would permit, he is as circumspect as a cat, and he is as loyal a heart as if he had a hundred bunches of firecrackers to explode around the streets of Moncton. The only real complaint he makes in regard to his treatment in prison is that no effort has been made to inquire into his spiritual state. He justly considers that the exhibit of a motto proclaiming Divine love needs a fuller interpretation than is conveyed by the surroundings of a county jail. In this he appears to be quite right.

The motto on the wall of Dorchester jail tells a great truth, so great that if men were to comprehend it in its fullness there would be no need of jails. The message of love is to the sinner who needs to have it explained to him. In BRUCE's case, however, it seems to have been taken for granted that any attempt to lead his thoughts to higher things would be in vain. It is, therefore, a matter of satisfaction to find that he feels hurt by this assumption, and is apparently ready to welcome those who would come with a view to improving his spiritual condition. Now that he has spoken, it may be this cause of complaint will be removed. Dorchester corner, while not having the reputation of being a centre of great religious activity, has yet a sufficiency of ministers to supply any demand from the jail, and it is to be hoped some of them will be impelled to do so. If BRUCE is not as bad as his prosecutors claim, he may be in just the state to be approached on such subject. If he is worse than they imagine, he is all the more a subject for the ministrations of spiritual shepherds. His complaint should not go unheeded.

DOWN TO HIS BOOTS.

The face, the hand and the style of writing have all been made the base of theories in the study of human character, and now old boots are to the front in the same useful capacity. A man in France has evolved the science of Scarology and claims to be able to discern the mental and moral qualities of his fellows merely by looking at their feet. A boot or shoe worn for a month or two will according to him, make it very easy to size up a stranger. There is undoubtedly a pretty good basis for the idea, for shoes show the individuality of the wearer to even an ordinary eye. How far the matter can be made a science is another question.

Without knowing anything of the theories of this observing Frenchman, it is not difficult to understand that he has good premises on which to build, however fanciful may be the deductions. Every method of reading character from externals has

been theorized to an absurdity from the old fashioned phrenology of GALL to the modern idea of graphology in which an autograph letter is made an involuntary confession by the writer to the expert who has never seen him. Stripping any of these methods of their fanciful accretions, however, there is always a basis on which the intelligent observer can work just as in the often absurd postulates of CONAN DOYLE's detective stories there is, after all, the sound principle of learning to reason from the observation of what are apparent trifles.

The art of scariology, or the sizing up a man by his boots, is worthy of attention, though a tyro in it may very easily make mistakes. The old phrase of "down at the heel" and the more modern one of "on his uppers" are based upon actual conditions in the experience of humanity. Bad boots are always what, in the vernacular, is termed a give away. A man faultless as to the rest of his attire but with broken footwear would be spotted by an hotel clerk in any of the big hosteleries on this continent. He would probably be a fraud, though a man with much cheaper clothes and good boots could register without question. On the broad generalities alone, there is a good deal in the way a man wears his boots.

But a rascal may wear as good boots as can be had, says the doubter. Undoubtedly he can, and when he does he is not under suspicion as a pest. The important point therefore is to know from a man's feet when he is a rascal, even though a prosperous one. This is what the science of scarology will no doubt undertake to teach.

Obviously, the deductions must be made from the way the person to be studied wears out his boots. Certain inferences may be made from the style of boots worn and the care bestowed on their appearance, but the only solid test is to be found in the soles and heels. There are old rhyming adages as to what is indicated by the wearing out of heel, ball or toe, but these are not to be relied upon in connection with the science of scarology. The man who first wears away the heel, the toe or the ball, does so because his locomotor muscles act in obedience to certain purposes of the mind, of which they are, so far as they go, the expression. The stamping of the heel in anger, or the creeping on toes in a precaution are simple illustrations of this, and as the average man uses his feet even more than his hands, there is every reason in the world why his character should be impressed in his boots.

To read it right is another matter. Most men who have had to rub against the world with their wits have had to learn how to size up a man at sight by a variety of indicia, of which the boots are usually only corroborative evidence. For practical purposes, it is doubtful if the evolution of the science of scarology can ever do more.

The word comes that the carefully pressed crease in the legs of trousers is to become a thing of the past except, perhaps, in ready-made; clothing where it always belonged and should have stayed. It is said that ready-made now have the tailor-style crease so prevalent that men of fashion are compelled to return to the old plan. The intentional crease in trousers was always bad taste, however good form it may have been considered. A gentleman—and above all an English gentleman—never wants to look as though his clothes had just come from the tailor. The snob likes to look new, however, and one of the differences between him and the gentleman is the difference between ostentation and the lack of it. Clothes do not make the man, but they usually serve to make the snob.

According to a London letter, Miss Rye is running short of girls to bring to Canada and is advertising for recruits. The conditions which govern the admission of candidates to her army are that they must be protestants, between ten and sixteen years old, healthy and fairly intelligent. No other qualifications are enumerated, so it may be inferred that the moral tone of future emigrants will not, to say the least be any higher than in some instances in the past.

It is said that C. BRUCE MACDOUGALL's lawyers will enter a protest against Judge Wells presiding in the case of their client. Mr. MACDOUGALL has openly stated in his paper that the prosecution hopes to secure his conviction by malice, and the use of political and other wicked influences, and now he is going to swear to it in the shape of an affidavit. It is not often that a prisoner sets up any objection to the judge who is appointed to try him.

[The letter of Mr. McDougall is published as he has written it, and represents his opinions rather than those of PROGRESS especially in regard to Messrs. Hawke and Stevens. It is published as a matter of fairness to the prisoner, who has no longer his own paper at his command, and who is in prison, without counsel and has at least a right to be heard over his own signature.—Ed. PROGRESS.]

The Cunard steamship company which prides itself on the reliability of its employees has lately found an organized system of stealing among some sailors

and men in the cargo department. Goods have been stolen for the last two years, but it is pretty safe to assume that the stealing has come to an end with the discovery.

Persons who pretend to read character by the handwriting are humbugs says the New York Herald in answer to a correspondent. It may be that the persons are humbugs, but that writing is a very clear index of character, is something that is pretty clear to people who get many letters.

Massachusetts is talking of adopting electricity in the place of hanging for the final disposition of criminals. Considering the number of murders in Boston, and the rarity of executions it really seems to matter little which method is legalized.

CAPT. WHITMAN ANGRY.

He Sends a Non-Com. to the Rear and There is Trouble.

HALIFAX, May 24.—The Kelly drum matter is not the only sensation in the 66th P.L.F. There was trouble at the parade on Tuesday night. Captain Whitman distinguished himself by ordering Colonel Sergeant F. J. Horneman to fall to the rear as a prisoner. Members of the battalion say the best hated officer in the regiment is this same Captain Alfred Whitman. Certainly he has more than once been in trouble both with the men and officers. Horneman is an enthusiastic 66th man and thoroughly up in his drill though he has an impetuous temper. Whitman's qualifications can be described by the verdict of his company and the officers of the battalion, though they do not like him much more than did President Mackintosh and the directors of the Eastern Canada Savings and Loan company, before they got rid of Mr. Whitman as manager. It seems Horneman was at work getting his company in shape previous to handing it over to Captain Whitman for drill. The Captain interfered during the operation in a way which Horneman resented rather curiously.

Said Horneman to Whitman: "If you wait a minute, and give me a chance, I'll have the company ready, but it's impossible to do anything while you interfere in this objectionable manner."

Said Whitman to Horneman: "I'll order you to the rear as a prisoner if you are not very careful."

There was another scene between officer and sergeant a moment or two later, and then the order came from Whitman: "Horneman, fall to the rear as a prisoner!"

The command was obeyed, and Horneman went to the rear. Then he started for home, took off his regimentals and returned to the field of drill and of strife with "blood in his eye." Captain Whitman and Color-Sergeant Horneman appeared before Colonel Humphrey in the capacity of defendant and plaintiff respectively. The two men were disposed to argue out the matter at length, but "silence sirs, an officer should not discuss a question with a non-com" ended the dispute for the time being. Horneman intimated to the colonel he could bring proof that Captain Whitman had acted wrongly, and thereupon the colonel stated he would hold an investigation.

When officer meets man, "then comes the tug of war."

LADIES WHO LOVE FLOWERS.

And Take Them Boldly from the Public Square.

The efforts of the Horticultural society to beautify the public squares are strangely hindered sometimes, by people whose position, education and environments would lead one to think that they were heartily in sympathy with the association and its aims.

A gentleman well known in the city tells PROGRESS a story, however, that puts facts forward in an uncomfortable fashion and proves beyond a doubt that there are some ladies in the city who do not respect the efforts of the Horticultural society, and steal the flowers from the squares quite as readily as they would pick them in their own garden.

It is not necessary to mention names, but it is a fact that last Sunday morning two ladies went to one of the flower beds on Queen square and there despoiled it, taking tulips from it in plain view of a number of people on the square.

Why attempt to keep the dogs from the squares? Why endeavor to impress upon the children the fact that the flowers in the square are not to be touched? Why subscribe to plant flowers in the squares and then beautify them for the sake of all the people when some of the people—those who should know better—will thus destroy them.

Judge Lynch.

Fully 1,000 colored men and women have been murdered by mobs in the Southern States during the last ten years. In 1892 there were 159 men and women lynched. In the first half of 1893 there were certainly 100 killed. If carefully compiled returns were available we should find that the number of deaths by violence under jurisdiction of Judge Lynch, at the present time, is something between 150 and 200 per annum.

Wanted to Be There.

Taper—I should like two weeks' absence to attend the wedding of a very dear friend. Mr. Gingham—It must be a very dear friend, indeed, to make you want that much time. Who is it? Taper—Well, sir, after the ceremony she will be my wife.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

The Jist of the Paper.
The newspaper's come—I must read it through,
I'll drop everything I have to do;
But I will never read the horrible lies
That are printed by people who advertise.

Well, here is a bit of biography.—
Tis a very fine poet in Tennessee:
But one never can know till the end, to be sure,
He sings the virtues of Celery Cure.

Turn, then, to a poem by Palmer Cox,
Where pecky Brownies are going in flocks.
To find at last, that each little fellow
Has been dandied and doctored with some sarsaparilla.

But I'll try this sermon, by Talmage preached;
Though, before ever the end is reached,
I sing down the paper, all flaming mad,
For I know its patent medicine ad.

A song is this—it is passing sweet—
Of brooks, and birds, and loveliness that meet;
But it ends with something about Pink Pills,
A cure for the greatest of human ills.

You think how your mother used to serve
The bitter pill in the sweet preserve;
But you found the cheat out pretty quick.
When it stuck in your throat and made you sick.

A newspaper never again I'll try;
But an obituary catches my eye:
Hang him! the man would still be alive
If he had not neglected to use Laxative.

The painted windows in Gothic fane,
The mountain summits, the spreading plains,
The press and pulpit—he carries his plan—
Will be hired to the patent medicine man.

So complain no more, since it is not wise;
No man can escape the plague, if he tries;
For the sea and shore, the earth and skies,
And God, and man—if he lives or dies—
And the things we love, and the things we despise,
And the things we cherish and value, and prize,
Will still be employed to help the lies
Of the band whose motto is—ADVERTISE.

Memory's Lane.

I heard a voice in a dream last night,
Like the cry of a mourning dove;
I wakened and summer laughed in my face,
And gave me a kiss of love
And looked away to the purple rim,
Of shadows of mountain towers;
Then all the world awoke and sang
And decked the earth with flowers.

Arrayed in beautiful robes and gems
With lilacs in her hand;
A white rose blown in her golden hair,
And her brow by sea winds fanned,
Her eyes to my longing language turned,
And down in her sweet warm heart;
She saw in the light of the poet's soul
A glory beyond her art.

She whispered to us the living name
Of one who is nameless here;
But you my love know how we went
With her, as three, that year,
She held her mantle around us too
Along her violet ways:
And all her beautiful roses grew,
In the paradise of our days.

In memory's lane is the glory still,
And there dear heart alone;
My weary self lies in the dream,
Of a song with a vanished tone;
Oh laughing summer your kiss is life,
To the green leaves where they lie;
You waken the voice of a rose of love,
In a day that can never die.

Blow a breath in the silver reed,
Of the poets days of old;
And sing of the white-robed marguerite,
In her bodice of yellow gold.
And come with me to a jewelled strand,
O'er the storm washed harbor bar;
And sail on your beautiful sea of bloom
Under love's crimson star.

CYPRUS GOLD.

In The Old Home Road,
Hey there, pink and white arbutus,
Calling where your green leaves grow;
Here's the boy who clasped about you,
Wee red fingers long ago.

Ho ye merry romps of blue bells,
Lift your brighteyes up to mine;
Spread your sweet laughs in mock branches,
Here must I awhile recline.

Years have vanished; yes we know it,
We are old friends just the same;
Throw your fragrance all around me,
More are you to me than fame.

Here the pines and love's wild roses,
Strewed their balm in old times gone,
Filling all these moss cap vases,
Full of colors drifting down.

Now the buttercups and daisies,
See me from the meadow grass;
Down the fern lined path of spruce trees
Looking in the river glass.

Trailing buds and sprays of May time,
Blue bird's note and robin's tune;
Honey bee and woodbine climbing,
Take me to the marga of June.

On the pole fence sings the linnet,
Teaching more than any tract;
God's own glory all about him,
We're two poets; golden fact.

With the perfume of the pick pine
On our coats, we have our song;
His is to his sweetness only,
Mine is to a scattered throng.

Oh ye boughs with balsam fragrant,
Talking still beside the lake;
Wrap me in your dreams of glory,
Sing or else my heart will break.

CYPRUS GOLD.

As on this day, thy grace divine
In fullest great did brightly shine,
In divers tongues of heavenly fire,
So aid, support, direct, inspire.

Thy chosen ones assembled there
At Pentecost, in praise and prayer,
Heard the great sound in faith and fear,
And knew the Holy spirit near.

And as the strength of that new life,
Went forth to danger, hardship, strife,
Sustained to fearlessly proclaim
Salvation gained through Jesus' name.

That quickening power, will ever strive
Within the heart and keep alive,
Deep love for God, His law, His day
And guide upon the narrow way.

O God our Heavenly Father, friend,
Still guide and guard, protect, defend,
Through Jesus Christ, Redeemer, Lord,
The Holy spirit's aid afford.

Whit Sunday.

As on this day, thy grace divine
In fullest great did brightly shine,
In divers tongues of heavenly fire,
So aid, support, direct, inspire.

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At Pentecost, in praise and prayer,
Heard the great sound in faith and fear,
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Still guide and guard, protect, defend,
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The Holy spirit's aid afford.

The Scribe and the Smoke.

Between 5 and 6 o'clock on Saturday afternoon a Telegraph reporter observed smoke issuing from under the shingles on the roof of the large wooden building on First street and occupied by the Salvation Army as a home. Satisfying himself that the building was on fire the scribe sent in an alarm from box 40. It was discovered that a brick in the chimney, just inside the roof, had become dislodged and caused the smoke to issue through the roof. No damage was done.—Telegraph.

PAPER MADE FROM A TREE.

One of the Industries of China to Be Tried in the United States.

The rice paper tree, one of the most interesting of the entire flora of China, has recently been successfully experimented with in Florida, where it now flourishes with other sub-tropical and Oriental species of trees and shrubs. When first transplanted in American soil, the experimenters expressed doubts of its hardiness, fearing that it would be unable to withstand the winters. All these fears have vanished, however, and it is now the universal opinion that it is equally as well adapted to the climate of this country as to that of the famed Flowery Kingdom.

It is a small tree, growing to a height of less than fifteen feet, and with a trunk or stem from three to five inches in diameter. Its canes, which vary in color, according to the season, are large, soft, and downy, the form somewhat resembling that noticed in those of the castor bean plant.

The celebrated rice-paper, the product of this queer tree, is formed of thin slices of the pith, which is taken from the body of the tree in beautiful cylinders several inches in length.

The Chinese workmen apply the blade of a sharp, straight knife to these cylinders, and turning them around by rude machinery or by hand (in which latter operation they display much skill and dexterity,) pass the pith from circumference to center. This operation makes a roll of extra quality paper, the scroll being of equal thickness throughout. After a cylinder has thus been pared, it is unrolled and weights placed upon it until the surface is rendered uniformly smooth throughout its entire length. It is altogether probable that if rice paper becomes an industry in the United States these primitive methods of manufacture will be done away with.—[St. Louis Republic.]

About Clove Trees.

The average length of life of the clove tree in Zanzibar appears to be from 60 to 70 years. Such terrible devastation resulted from the hurricane of 1872, when nearly all the clove plantations on the island were destroyed, that the average age of the trees now growing may be put down as below 20 years. The trees in the sultan's plantation, the largest in the island, are from 16 to 17 years old.

Had Heard of that kind.

Old lady—I want a watch that won't tick so loud.
Jeweler—They all tick like this ma'am; there's no other kind.

Old lady—Sho! I know better, I've heard of them silent watches of the night since I kin remember.

A Pointer on Coffee.

A useful recipe for making good coffee was promised in an advertisement on receipt of 10 cents. A woman of Hamden, Ohio, sent a dime and received this important advice: "Practice till you get the coffee exactly right; then keep on making it in that way."

Positive and Negative.

"You don't mean to say the cashier has gone?"
"Yes," replied the bank official.
"Dear me! He had such a pleasing appearance."

"Yes. And such a displeasing disappearance."

Suggesting a Remedy.

Dumley (who has been asked to carve and is meeting with poor success)—What? Landlady—Isn't the knife sharp, Mr. Dumley? I had it ground to-day.
The knife is all right, madam. You ought to have had the fowl ground!

NEWCASTLE.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Newcastle by Max Aikin.]
MAY 22.—We have been enjoying rather a wet weather than usual, but the dread east wind has sprung up again and no doubt the rain will follow.

There is a report that Dr. Paine has bought the yacht "Kittiwake" from Mr. J. C. Miller. Though somewhat out of "swim" for the last year or two, this boat is a splendid sailer and under the Dr.'s skilful management will no doubt take a prominent place in future races.

Hon. Peter Mitchell, and his daughter Miss Blanche Mitchell are in town staying at Hilltop, the residence of Mr. James Mitchell.

The W. C. T. U. concert was held before a rather small and select audience; Mr. W. C. Anslow performed the duties of stage manager to a very satisfactory manner. The selections by the band were very good.

A number of our young people are preparing to go to Moncton where great attractions in the way of baseball and sports are held to the benefit of the W. C. T. U. Yonkers goes over to Fredericton on Thursday to take the degree of M. A. at the University.

Mrs. Bruce, of Moncton, was in town last week.

BUCTOUCHE.

MAY 22.—Mr. Alex. Curran of West Branch spent a few days here last week.

Rev. John Reed, of Moncton, is here the guest of the Rev. Mr. McLaughlin. He and Mr. McLaughlin expect to hold an educational meeting this evening.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Irving spent a day in Buctouche last week.

Mrs. Roberts left on Monday morning for Boston. Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Irving and Miss Gladys spent Sunday at Mrs. Irving's home in Milltown.

Mr. Clarence Gross, of Moncton, and Mr. McLanlin of St. John were at Bay View this week.

ANDOVER.

MAY 23.—Mrs. Allen Perley and Mrs. Charles Miles spent a few days in Woodstock last week.

Mr. T. Burke Inspector of Island Revenue, St. John accompanied by his daughter, Miss Burke were in town on Monday.

The Presbyterians have secured the services of Rev. Mr. Craye during the summer.

The Andover cornet band will celebrate May 24th with a game of base ball in the afternoon, between the Fort Fairfield M. C. and Andover clubs and a supper and ball in the evening. The proceeds will be for procuring uniforms suits for the band.

Mr. Allan Perley and Miss Louise Perley drove to Woodstock yesterday.

Saturday Night Hair Cutting.

To the EDITOR OF PROGRESS.—I would like to call attention to a certain matter which is a great injustice to many fair minded men, that is those people who get their hair cut on Saturday night who have plenty of time all week, and also men who send their children to the barber shop on that evening. Now, Mr. Editor, don't you think it an injustice to the young men of our city who are closed up in an office all week, to have to spend sometimes an hour on Saturday evening waiting their turn when the night is so pleasant outside? I have often seen men walking about all week and on Saturday evening they pull themselves up for a hair cut just when you would think of stepping to the chair. Hoping you will refer to this in your next issue, I remain,

A CONSTANT READER.