

PROGRESS.

SUBSCRIPTIONS, \$1 a year, in advance; 50 cents for six months; 25 cents for three months; free by carrier or mail.

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The edition of Progress is now so large that it is necessary to put the inside pages to press on Thursday, and no changes of advertisements will be received later than 10 a. m. of that day.

News and opinions on any subject are always welcome, but all communications should be signed. Manuscripts unsuited to our purpose will be returned if stamps are sent.

EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher and Proprietor, Office: Masonic Building, Germain Street.

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

CIRCULATION, 8,200.

THIS PAPER GOES TO PRESS EVERY FRIDAY AT TWELVE O'CLOCK.

IT RESTS WITH THEMSELVES.

It seems to be a foregone conclusion that unlawful rum will be driven from the boundaries of old Portland and the present provincial law be enforced.

The citizens of the North End will be wholly responsible for the number of licensed saloons in their midst. If they prefer a quiet and orderly community to the noisy and lawless rum rule of the past, our best advice to them is to refuse to attach their names to the petition of any applicant for license.

Every influence will be brought to bear to induce the real estate owners of the North End to sign the petitions. If they would enhance the value of their property and free themselves and their city from the stigma that has been put upon it so long, they will refuse to do so.

The question is not for all the people, but for those owning and paying taxes upon real estate. The applicant must secure two-thirds of these taxpayers in the ward or district in which he wishes to locate his saloon. He must, in addition to that, be recommended by the license inspector—in this case the chief of police—as a fit and competent person to manage a liquor saloon.

If the license inspector makes a careful and conscientious examination of those applicants who are fortunate enough to secure enough signatures, and make his recommendations accordingly, it is possible that the number of licenses granted may be even less than many persons imagine.

EQUAL JUSTICE FOR ALL.

There is something mysterious about the Woodstock bank robbery. The meagreness of the details indicate one of two things: the absence of capable newspaper correspondents, or a remarkable and successful effort on the part of the bank and the friends of the accused to hush up the matter.

The fact that the employer regains the money stolen by his clerk does not lessen the crime, and any attempt to shield the guilty party is called, in plain terms, "compounding a felony."

It is a strange coincidence that two bank robberies have been attempted in the same section of the province in the last few months. The fact that one thief was successful in clearing out of the country, only to be captured, brought back, tried and sentenced to a term of years in the penitentiary, does not seem to have had any influence for good on his fellow clerk, who committed his crime but a few hours after CBOMAR had sentence passed upon him.

The duty of the crown officers appears to be very clear. The restoration of the money, while it might mitigate the gravity of the offence in the minds of a jury, is no reason why the prosecution should not proceed.

There is only one law in this country, and it should apply equally to all classes. Justice for the poor should be justice for the rich. Justice for the friendless criminal should be justice for the influential offender.

THE RESULT OF THEIR APATHY.

The ratepayers of the city will soon receive the Chamberlain's intimation of their indebtedness to the city. They will find there is a considerable increase over their contributions to the city treasury last year. Notwithstanding the fact that the value of the property and income assessed is nearly one million dollars greater, and the number of ratepayers increased by some hundreds, they will discover that they are paying thirteen cents more on the hundred dollars than they did last year.

They have themselves to blame for such a change. If, when the civic elections were on, the citizens had done their duty and elected representative business men who would have considered the interests of the city first, they would not have to face this now. They would not have to pay for that stupendous blunder on Mount Pleasant which has already cost the city some \$6,000. They might not have added an expensive steam roller to the street equipment, nor a costly dredge to remain at the wharf all summer. They would not have appointed a committee from themselves to

go on a holiday trip at the expense of the city. They might have given more careful consideration to the expenditure and not rushed hot headed into many schemes which have been expensive and nothing else.

Next year, perhaps, or the year after, when there is a further increase in the rate of taxation the citizens will move as they did once before and snatch the control of the expenditure from the reckless ring that has charge of it now.

THE views printed elsewhere, in today's PROGRESS and the accompanying letter-press, gives a better idea of the beauties of the country along the Shore Line railway. It is too true that our people have little knowledge of the country around them. The ardent fisherman and sportsman return to the city and goes into raptures over the country and his trip. His friends smile good naturedly; regard his assertions as a part of his fun, and forget all about them. In the meantime wandering Americans discover these bits of summer paradise and claim them for their own. They spend the money to get them; improve them to suit their own fancy, and pass the pleasantest days of the year there.

SUNDRY HITS AND HINTS.

What about that fire-alarm-holiday trip? Is it a sure thing?

From the look of their tax bills the Citizens must think the new steam roller is a crusher.

The little girl who appropriated the sweets of a clover-blossom contemporaneous with a busy bee, complains that he "dis-ting-uished her finger."

Alderman Busby seems to have a perfect mania for law. His latest exploit in this direction is to bring an action against himself. The case should read thus on the docket: "Citizen Busby vs. Alderman Busby."

The dramatic critic of the dailies are doing themselves proud this summer. They speak of "the first production of American Plays in St. John" when it was put on the Institute boards years ago as *Furnished Rooms*. It is a pity it ever crossed the border.

PEN AND PRESS.

Rev. Arthur John Lockhart writes: "Nothing could have come to us with a shock of greater surprise than the sudden death of Mr. Edw. H. Elwell, of the *Portland Transcript*. He was in our town of Cherryfield a few days before, and has given his impression of that visit in the late issue of the paper. He was a man of talent and of character. While his record as an editor has been long and honorable."

Mr. McLean, of Toronto, was in town this week representing a Toronto plate company. The recent Canadian tariff on stereotype matter should boost the Canadian plates. Ontario weeklies and some dailies find rest and cheapness in the Toronto plates. Mr. McLean made the surprising statement that many Ontario evening papers within a radius of 250 miles of Toronto spend next to nothing in telegraphic matter, but depend solely on the plates shipped every morning to them from Toronto which contain the news published in the morning papers. The office of the plate concern is in the *World* building, and as soon as the *World* goes to press, about 3 a. m., the *World* compositors begin work on the selected telegrams and other matter from the proofs of the *World*. The plates are stereotyped and expressed by the earliest trains, and accounts for the sameness of several Ontario evening dailies. The employment of female compositors enables the plate concern to distribute about twelve pages of stereotype matter weekly to different parts of Canada. The method is ingenious and business like, but that does not improve the matter.

Mr. George M. Stewart, representing Messrs. Miller & Richard, of Toronto, was in town in glove with publishers and their foremen this week. He says St. John has more prosperous printing offices for a city of its size than any town of his acquaintance.

Thos. F. Anderson, of the *Boston Globe*, is enjoying a vacation in Digby. He has his family and his brains with him.

JOYS AND WOES OF OTHER PLACES.

The Genial Host.

You will perceive by the envelope that I stop at the Hotel Herbert, but from what I could learn from several guests who arrived last night, who he could not accommodate, unless several of his regular customers resigned their rooms, which they willingly did, but still they came, asking for Felix's Hotel. I may say he is a short junky frenchman, excels in mirth and hospitality to his guests, and his better half's motto is to keep the corners clean, and the task of cleanliness is not much of a burden in a hotel.—*Edmundston Corres. Woodstock Press.*

Nothing the Matter with Jim Carr.

I challenge any agent to meet me in the field with a Mower or Reaper that can beat the Frost and Wood Backeye Mower or Daisy Reaper. Name your sum and Jim Carr will cover it.—*Woodstock Press.*

How Dogs Should be Treated.

Several fine dogs belonging to Windsor gentlemen have been destroyed lately, owing to their having exhibited signs of rabies. Dogs should not be fed meat these hot days, and other food should be afforded them to bathe in and to drink water.—*Windsor Tribune.*

For Editor Steven's Breakfast.

Master David Chandler, Telegraph street, left a big egg at *The Times* office last evening. It was laid by a hen, and measured 8 inches by about 7. The hen is said to have been very proud of her work.—*Moncton Times.*

They Have Buried the Hatchet.

The *Transcript* has kindly printed the weekly edition ever since the accident, for which, we return thanks.—*Moncton Times.*

CHATS WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

WHITE'S COVE, QUEENS CO.—Yes, but we don't care a button about the crops for our society columns. We have to draw the line somewhere and therefore prefer you to give us personal news.

Successful from the Start.

There is not a much happier man in town than Chas. K. Short. His "Dyspepticure" is going like hot cakes and what pleases him more than anything, the affected dyspeptics who take it are as chipper and well as possible. Commercial travelers who eat anywhere and everywhere and at all times have "got onto it" as a good thing and his grip outfit is not complete without it. Chicago people have heard about and sent for it—perhaps to keep them cool—but probably for dyspepsia.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

W. S. Harkins opened his dramatic season on the 14th, with a company fully equal to the one with which he pleased our audiences a short time ago. He chose as his opening, the strong melo drama, *The Black Flag*, and his production of the piece was well worthy of the favorable comments passed upon it.

Among the new people in his company is Miss Julia Arthur, a young lady of pleasing address, and one who has made herself a strong favorite. Friday and Saturday of last week had much better have seen the theatre dark rather than lit up for the production of such a piece as *American Flats*, and had it been the last performance of Mr. Harkins' company, it would have gone a long way towards commending them to the opinion of St. John audiences, for the play itself is silly and vulgar, and I was surprised at the management allowing such a piece to be put on.

On Monday, 21st, the well known *Shadows of a Great City* was played and its premier here showed that the praises showered on the play had not been misplaced for it is a very strong one, and was put on and played in a manner that was a surprise to a great many veteran theatre goers. The scenic effects were very fine and the acting of the company showed that great care had been shown in getting up the piece.

Miss Arthur strengthened the hold that she had already secured, and Miss Maldern added to her friends by her bright and natural performance of the Irish woman.

Mr. Harkins is always pleasing and Mr. Melville is one of the best comedians that we have had with us for some time. Mr. Hurst has a good conception of all his parts and Mr. Snader may be complimented by saying that the audience was heartily well pleased when he got his deserts.

Miss West was out of the cast in *Shadows of a Great City*; she has done nothing as yet equal to her performance of the charming little girl in *The Golden Glow*, but will doubtless before the season closes be seen in something worthy of her talents.

*Women against Women* was played the latter part of this week but too late for any comments from me. PROSCENIUM.

How They Can Get Here.

A large number of people who, perchance, have never seen PROGRESS will get a copy today, and no doubt will glance with much interest at the splendid views printed in its pages, and read the description of the summer retreats described there. If they choose to come to New Brunswick for a summer vacation, they have a choice of boats from New York. The announcement of the S. S. *Winthrop* in another column will tell them much that they want to know. The *Winthrop* touches at Bar Harbor, and allows a tourist five days there before touching again on her return trip. She can accommodate 200 first-class passengers, and has 70 staterooms on her saloon deck, which have all the improvements of modern steamers. Passengers can find plenty of enjoyment and every comfort on the *Winthrop*.

The claims of the *Monticello* and *Digby* are also set forth. *Digby* is thronged with heat-weary souls at the present time, but can accommodate hundreds of others. The attractions of the place are too many and varied to dwell upon here—to appreciate them one has to go and see for himself.

Discount for Ready Money.

The handsome advertisement of Wm. J. Fraser's which appears on one of the pages of PROGRESS this morning, will give the people some idea of what he is doing, and what he proposes to do. To get clothing in these days at such a discount is a marvel, and they can appreciate it who have paid the full price again and again. It will pay all who want to buy to look over Mr. Fraser's stock.

It Might Be Done More Quickly.

There is considerable activity at present on the roadway from Market square to Main street, but at the rate at which the improvements are being made, it is likely to be a long time before teams and pedestrians can get along as comfortably as could be wished.

"Progress" Making New Friends.

PROGRESS has had a great boom throughout the province, during the past month. Several new agencies were established and in nearly every instance, the dealers found it necessary to increase his order every week, since he commenced selling the paper.

Mr. Parker's Pupil.

Musical people will read Mr. Lewis' card with considerable interest, which is increased by the fact that he is an old pupil of the Boston tenor, Mr. George J. Parker, who is quite well known in this city.

He Caved.

About 10 o'clock the other night a watchman at the foot of Grisswold street saw a man acting so queerly that he approached and demanded what he was doing there. "Going to jump into the river," was the reply.

"When?" "Right off!" "Not here?" "Yes, right here." "What for?" "Nothing to live for." "See here," said the watchman, as the man peeled off his coat, "I wish you would do me a favor. I never hit a man a good hard punch in my life. If you are bound to go in, I wish you would stand with your heels on the edge of the wharf, and let me swing my right on you."

"Not if I know myself, I won't." "But why? You might as well be found drowned with a broken nose as a whole one." "I allow no one to punch my nose if I can help it."

"Well, you are a mighty particular man." "And you are a mighty mean one." "Don't sass me!"

And after holding himself ready for a row for a couple of minutes the stranger put on his coat and sauntered off, saying that the man who touched his nose had better tackle a six-foot buzz saw.—*Detroit Free Press.*

SAWYER'S LETTER.

Blessed be laziness! I am taking a rest, just at present, writing a column a week, reading a book a day, thinking a mile a minute. I think of St. John as frequently as of any place in the wide universe; and I'm grateful to the do-nothing condition that gives me the chance.

It's quite an art to be happily idle. Very many of us never master it. When we're not bustling for bread and butter we wear ourselves out in criticizing the administration of the universe, and lose our sleep with wondering what would become of the world if we were taken away. I've done this myself. I don't do it any more. I keep my eyes on my own furrow, and when I get to the end of the field I just creep into the shade and take a nap.

If anything goes wrong while I'm asleep I don't allow it to spoil my appetite for the next meal. I couldn't prevent the earthquake in China or the insurrection in Bolivia. Don't expect me to apologize for them. Don't ask me to shed more than one tear over either. Don't require me to remember such things, except as professional duty demands. My memory can find enough in St. John to keep it busy.

As to libels, for instance: I've been prophesying a libel suit for PROGRESS ever since May 5, 1885. (That was the date of the first number.) It wasn't my fault that it didn't come earlier. I have written as many libels as any man in the business. They have been true statements, as a rule—consequently all the more offensive. I often wonder why the victims never sought satisfaction. I suppose they were afraid of the Fool-killer.

But PROGRESS has its libel suit at last. The Fool-killer must be dead.

The most atrocious libel I ever knew about was published in a Portland, Maine, newspaper. Ten years ago, James H. Ferriss, one of the best fellows in the United States, came to Portland from the West and started a penny daily—the *Morning News*. Ferriss was a thorough-going temperance man and he made the *News* a prohibition sheet. Prohibition is the law in Maine. It happens, however, that Portland, like other Maine cities, has an "agency," where persons who need liquor for medicinal purposes—for hydrophobia, etc.—can get their bottles filled. Being a consistent, conscientious man, the agency idea made Ferriss very tired and he undertook to show his fellow-prohibitionists that the piece practically nullified the law. Desiring material for his projected articles, he interviewed the "agent." That gentleman yielded well. Information poured from him in a steady stream. He told Ferriss, for one thing, that Portland's most eminent divine—an ex-president of Harvard university—came in once a month and bought a gallon of rum. The newspaper man was, as I said, a stranger unacquainted with the people, he was by nature a little credulous, perhaps, and by education as fond of a "sacred head" as we all are—and he promptly printed the whole story. It was a grotesquely horrible lie, of course, and being a lie it injured nobody but the disseminator. It killed his paper.

On a certain afternoon in the summer of 1882, Silson Hutchins, then proprietor of the *Washington Post*, appeared in the doorway of the room where five of us, his "desk men," were assembled. The *Post* was in his hand and murder in his eye. He looked us over for a minute. "Well, you are a nice parcel of ———— idiots!" he remarked. "Nobody disputed it. To contradict is impolite, you know. He favored us with another glare and then he opened the paper and read an editorial paragraph, as follows: "It is understood that when the President goes to northern New York, next week, he will stop over to Canada and visit his birthplace."

"It's too bad," said "Dick," he told the managing editor. "There I was up at the White House last night, drinking Arthur's whiskey, and here this morning the *Post* slaps his face with a nasty little campaign slander!" He glared a little more. Then he went away, evidently feeling that words were inadequate to the situation. And I took my head out of the wastebasket and tried to forget that I had libelled the President.

But to return to St. John libels:

Putting myself in another man's place, I can understand why he rears up and kicks when his dog is disrespected. He feels that his motives are misapprehended and that his critics dwell upon his weaknesses, to the dwarfing of his virtues. This is unjust, he thinks. If I were he, I might think so too.

For example, if by industry and economy I had saved a good deal of other people's money I would rather be known as an acute, acquisitive citizen than to be hailed as a sharper.

If I had generously given valuable property to my faithful employees, I would certainly resent the vile insinuation that my purpose was to keep that property away from my creditors.

If, after I had failed three or four times, impertinent persons inquired reasons and results, I would remind them that it is cowardly to kick a man when he is down.

If I were accused of lying I would plead absence of mind.

If I were convicted of theft, I would assert that kleptomaniacs ran in my family.

But, whatever the charge against me, I hardly think I would sue a newspaper. I'd meet the scandalous assertion with cool contempt. I would go right on convincing the Board of Trade of the benefits sure to accrue to New Brunswick from a new steamship line between St. John and Reykjavik. I would continue to live on bread and cheese, perhaps even on ship-biscuit. Soft-voiced and hard-hearted, I would seek through life by the back alleys; and if ever I disabled myself, trying to steal a hot stove, for instance, I would move west, take Charles L. Richards into partnership and start a luncheon game. WALTER L. SAWYER.

A Suggestion For Mr. Cornwall.

"I think I will take a vacation the next three weeks," remarked the secretary and treasurer of a private corporation to the President thereof.

"But you returned from one only two weeks ago."

"True; that was my vacation as secretary; I wish to go now as treasurer.—N. Y. Sun.

The Poetical Brakeman.

"This life of mine is wearisome, oh, so wearisome," said the trainman. It reminds me of that beautiful line of the poet, "Brake, brake, brake." The only trouble is that the line is not quite long enough to work in all the brakes.—N. Y. Sun.

Misunderstanding Him.

"I am a stranger in town, sir—a Westerner without a cent. I am what you might call a wail from the plains and—"

"Poor fellow! How long have you been away from the plains?"—Sun.

There Wasn't Room.

Totling—I see that one of the authors of "Beautiful Snow" is dead.

Business vs. Pleasure.

Some girls are pressed for time and other for the fun of it.—Ez.

A PEN PICTURE OF THE ROCKIES,

By a St. John Man who Took the Fascinating Trip.

As you are prone, Mr. Editor, to countenance in your columns the whereabouts, sayings and doings of our citizens sojourning in other lands, will you please give the public the benefit of this pen picture, from a St. John boy temporarily located in San Francisco. He says:

It was a great trip down the Santa Clara Valley—which is the finest valley in the state, and San Jose, its principal city, called "The Garden City," and a lovely place it is too. There are many pretty towns in this valley. All the land in the highest estate of cultivation, roots, grain and fruits grow in abundance. Only the wealthy can own or till this land. It costs from \$500 to \$2000 per acre to buy, and requires an elaborate system of irrigation to make it productive. What would our farmers think of that?

The gem of the trip, however, was the drive to the top of Mount Hamilton, the highest mountain in that part of the state. I would like to give you some description of it; a covered stage coach and seven passengers, four good horses, and a typical mountain driver, with huge sombrero hat, knotted silk neckerchief and low rolling collar, red skinned and fleshless, he looked as hard and tough as his own whiplash, gives some idea of our equipment. The horses canter briskly through the valley, and soon the ascent begins. As we lift out of the valley the marvels of the ride commences; the undulating foothills, thick with fruit trees swell on every side, abundance everywhere; soon these signs decrease and poverty stalks on the naked hills. A change of horses, "a splice in the main bridle" for the passengers; off again, and the thrilling part of this exciting drive is at hand. Now ascending along the mountain side; now at an acute angle turning a canon's head where the senses swim, as the eye vainly endeavors to find the bottom; now rushing out and held in space at outstretched arm on nature's finger tips, round some high and over-hanging bluffs, where the narrow road traces the very verge, and has stakes and ropes like a ship's gang-plank, then doubling quickly almost in our tracks; the startled pulse again keeps even time, as we travel back to terra firma. Up, up, up. Every curve in the road gives a turn to the kaleidoscope. The scene changes like a panorama and extends like thought.

The mountain is a pinnacle, and on its summit, hoisted high on earth's ample shoulder, sits, Houdah like, the famous Licks Observatory. Its telescope is said to be the largest in the world. We received every attention and great politeness. To speak of the wonders of the observatory would be a lengthy contract. From this altitude, one looks down on a varied scene, fertile valley and fruitful foothill, city, town and hamlet, lonely barren mountains where the coyote starves, and darksome canon, that seems bottomless perdition. The air of this place is remarkable for its clearness, and we have a lucky day and can distinctly see the snow capped Sierra Nevada one hundred and fifty miles away. If the ascent of this mountain is exciting what must be said of the descent. Perhaps some idea of it may be received when one is told that an observer can see the road below, in fourteen different and almost parallel lines, as like a great winding stairway it climbs the mountain. Down this twisting road the stage seems to fly, soaring round the bluffs, skimming along the ravines and canons, swooping around sharp curves that seem impassable, until you have done them. The passengers hold their breath, and sway their bodies in counterpoise to the stage, as it makes its desperate lunges on the narrow way. A false twist from the driver, a stumbling horse, accident to harness, wheel or brake, and—good night to all of us. From San Jose to the observatory and return is fifty six miles, dust covered and travel stained but not feeling the least weary we get out safely at the "Vendome," have a refreshing wash and a good dinner. Au revoir. FATHER T.

[FOR PROGRESS.]

AMBITION.

And seeing not I see  
The grief and joy of today;  
My life to-morrow, but not me;  
My life is far away.

True, they are means to an end,  
But the end is everything;  
On his subjects shall I expend  
What I love alone to the king?

Upward and on I press  
Till I reach that distant goal,  
A part is but mock success,  
When I hunger for the whole.

Nor weariness, nor pain  
Can turn me from that I crave;  
If I fail, I shall rise again,  
And strive till I die or have.

MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT.

Exciting News from Texas.

There's a rustling of nations,  
There's a waking up of snakes:  
The devil's broken loose again,  
And all creation shakes.

—San Antonio Express.

This is Sound Doctrine.

The *Amherst Press* has abandoned boiler plate; the *Sackville Post* ditto. This is right. The newspaper that draws thousands of dollars each year from a town and has the bulk of its reading matter "ready made" in Boston or Toronto is doing a great wrong to the town, besides being hypocritical in its professions of regard for the working men. The money might as well be given to some travelling advertising fake.—*Moncton Times.*

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

TRURO, N. S.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Truro at Mr. G. O. Fullerton's.]

JULY 23.—Mr. Wallace Spencer, of the Merchant's Bank staff, has returned from his holidays, which he spent at his home in Great Village. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Campbell have returned from Cape Breton.

Mrs. A. Allen entertained a number of Master Loutis and Miss Katie's friends at a picnic at the Falls, last Saturday.

Master Bertie Hanson, of Kentville, is enjoying a visit among his uncles and his cousins and his aunts here.

Miss Joan Dickie, who has been enjoying the grand continent, returned home a few days ago.

Miss Etta Guill, of Great Village, is visiting her brother and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Guill, Revere street.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Smith and family have gone to Prince Edward Island, for a summer. Mrs. B. F. Brine and Miss Lanna, are visiting in Canada.

Mr. Byron A. Bailey, of Brocton, Mass., is visiting her sister, Mrs. P. Dwyer.

A party of young people enjoyed a very pleasant drive last Thursday evening to Valley Station. On their return they were entertained at Rosebank by Mrs. A. J. Walker.

Mr. and Mrs. N. Bentley, of Brookline, Mass., en route to Stowick for the summer, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Walker, for a few days.

Rev. Arthur Wentworth Eaton, M. A., of New York, well known as one of Acadia's talented sons and poetic geniuses, has been spending a few days with his sister, Mrs. Geo. A. Layton, at the Falls, N. S. Those, Notting, B. L., of Halifax, spent last Sunday among Truro friends.

Sir Adams Archibald, M. P., returned from Halifax Saturday night last.

Mr. Owen Henderson, of Pictou, who has been spending a few days here, returned home last evening, accompanied by Mrs. Henderson and their baby son.

Mr. Keating's son, City Engineer Keating, of Halifax, was visiting relatives here last week.

Our local luminaries, the "squid," has described so graphically the marriage of Miss Marion D. Turner and W. R. Campbell, B. A., principal of the Truro Academy that I feel that I am obliged to say so. The bride whose beauty of face and figure were enhanced by her exquisite bridal toilette, was unusually numerous, and elegant. The bridegroom, both members, sent a handsome table lamp. The Academy boys and girls remembered their principal substantially with a goodly number of bouquets, and with best wishes came from the lacrosse club. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell left shortly after the marriage ceremony, on the Truro train for Quebec express for Rimouski, where they take steamer for Europe.

Mrs. Geo. Smith, who has become so popular as an artist during her stay here, and whose class can show many beautiful pieces in shadow painting, left for Lunenburg on the Truro train on Monday.

Mrs. Fred Gasten and family have gone to Canada to enjoy the holidays.

Another picnic at the Falls last Wednesday afternoon, given, I think, by the Misses Dunlop, proved a very pleasant affair.

AMHERST, N. S.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Amherst on the streets, by George Douglas.]

JULY 23.—A number of our society people are rusting in camps at Tidnish, which is also becoming a favorite resort on Sunday, numbers driving in to spend the day and indulge in a sea bath.