

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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THEATRICALS AND RELIGION.

A Nova Scotia reader sends PROGRESS a somewhat caustic letter on the subject of dramatic exhibitions in connection with the closing exercises of educational institutions. To be more definite, the particular object of his criticism is the ladies' college which is conducted under the auspices of the Presbyterian body. He objects to what he terms theatrical displays in such a connection.

The zeal of the writer in what is a matter of conscience with him has, however, led him to express himself in such a way that the tendency of the letter, if published, would be to injure the institution in the opinion of those not conversant with the facts, and as neither PROGRESS nor the correspondent desires such a result, it is better that the words be left unsaid in type. This will not prevent a consideration of the subject itself.

Dramatic representations, more or less elaborate, have become recognized as features in the exhibitions of schools and other educational institutions. They range from the ordinary dialogues found in the common text books to the ambitious attempts in which costumes and scenery are introduced, and which in other ways are made to resemble the performances given in the respectable theatres. Between the monotonous school boy dialogue and the studied play, or portion of a play, the difference is merely of detail. On the principle that whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well, the more carefully prepared entertainment should have the better influence on both the performers and the audience.

It is true that the time and attention required in the preparation of such exhibitions may be given to the detriment of more useful studies, but as a matter of fact this is not apt to be the case. The pupils or students who earn plaudits on the mimic stage are usually those who win honors in the classes. If the parents are satisfied, there is no reason why the public should complain, if the institution be other than one supported at the public expense.

In this instance, the school is a denominational one, and it is as a member of that denomination that the correspondent finds fault. He appears to have been at the "elaborate performance," as he terms it, and is good enough to say that "the acting of one or two was nearly faultless; they seemed to lose themselves in the characters they personated." This thorough sympathy with the work in hand appears to him an element of danger, for he asks where the responsibility will lie "if ambition does not remain satisfied with the limited applause an amateur receives?"

There may be a possibility that a girl seeking a vocation in life may find out at a school exhibition that nature has given her special histrionic talents, and that she may become an actress, but PROGRESS has never heard of an instance of the kind, and the past and present stars of the stage seem to have found their vocation independent of such aids. If a girl has the ability and desire to become a good actress, and her home environment has no influence in restraining her desires, she will be very likely to adopt the stage as a profession. So, too, if her taste for composition be developed, she may in time become a sensational novel writer; or if she be musical, her ambition may not rest satisfied with the applause at the college exhibition. She may join an opera company, or become the soprano of a concert garden. It is hard to tell to what end accomplishments may not lead a young body who is ambitious and is not restrained by the ties of kindred and friends.

Still, should the dreaded result come, there may be room for hope that the girl is not utterly lost. The profession that counts SARA BERNHARDT among its lights, has had such a pattern of an actress and a Christian as was EMMA ABBOTT. It may indeed be put down as the rule that the best actresses of the present day are good women. There is no field of woman's lab-

or in which the tares are not found among the wheat, and there are many vocations in which PROGRESS would consider a sister or a loved one in a less pure moral atmosphere than is that which surrounds the recognized and legitimate theatrical profession. Much depends on the girl herself, whatever her surroundings may be.

The correspondent remarks that "a curious public would like to know if the Presbyterian church of Nova Scotia had decided affirmatively the question, 'Has the theatre a right to exist?' and has it determined, instead of denouncing it as an evil influence, to give it a Christian support and take it under the wing of that grand old church?" We do not think it has. So far as PROGRESS has kept the track of things even the progressive Presbyterians in the United States have come to no such determination, though since they are now willing to admit that the Pope is not the Anti-Christ, as was formerly an article of faith, it may be that in time the theatre, in the abstract, will not be denounced as an unmitigated evil influence.

Whether the theatre has a right to exist or not, it is certain that it does exist and appears to be increasing in popular favor with the advance of education and refinement among the masses. There are more theatres in proportion to the population than there were a hundred years ago, and there is less that is objectionable in the character of the average play. The demoralizing influences that formerly surrounded the play house are now the exception. There are good and bad dramas, as there are good and bad works of fiction. What was thought witty in the novel and on the stage in the time of FIELDING and SMOLLETT is no longer tolerated in decent society. The theatre cannot be abolished, and it is useless for any church to undertake the task. The wiser plan is to recognize it and make its influence greater for good than for evil. This is the course that another dissenting body in the United States now proposes to take in regard to dancing. They recognize that humanity will have recreation, and if there is nothing in it which is wrong of itself, why should it be denounced as a sin?

Good fiction instructs as well as amuses, and so does good acting. People will have their times of amusement, and it is healthful that they should. When those amusements engross the mind to the detriment of the duties of life, when they lead one to neglect religion for the sake of worldly pleasure, they are bad as regards the individual thus affected. But the drama is only one of a great number, some of which have the positive sanction and encouragement of all denominations. The theatre is one of the least harmful, because, as regards the majority of young people, it enters least into everyday life.

Unless it can be shown that the theatricals at the college in question interfered with the more important tasks of the student, or were of an unhealthy variety of the drama, PROGRESS fails to see where any harm has resulted, or is likely to result from similar exhibitions in the future.

ABOUT A CASK OF WHISKEY.

It would seem, from the statement of a valued correspondent, in another column, that not a few—which means many—of the "very best citizens" of Halifax have been not only surprised but shocked by a recent discovery. This, as the correspondent states, is that a popular clergyman had entered at the customs house a cask of whiskey for his own use. As PROGRESS understands it, the surprise is not that he should have gone through the formality of entering it, as might be the case if the scene was near the Maine boundary in this province, but that he should have imported it for his own use. Nor does it seem that objection is raised because it is not for the use of the public, and that the clergyman has a prize of which others envy him the possession. Nor yet, again, is it alleged that, instead of sending to Ireland for the stimulant, he should have shown his flock an example by patronizing the distilleries of Toronto or Halifax. The objection is to the clergyman having anything to do with whiskey of any kind.

From the Christian and surname which are sent in confidence, PROGRESS infers that the correspondent is not an adherent of the church to which the clergyman belongs. Under these circumstances, he will pardon us for saying that the affair does not appear to be any of his business. The church in question does not hold that total abstinence is essential to a Christian life, where, as is doubtless the case in this instance, the use of liquor by an individual does not lead to its abuse by him. There are, however, many total abstinences among both clergy and laity, and there are those who advocate the refraining from the use of liquors, but they do so without any ecclesiastical authority and as a matter of human expediency. They have no right to criticise the action of one of their number who chooses to buy and use whiskey so long as his so doing is no injury to himself or to others.

From what PROGRESS has seen and heard of the clergyman in question, it would be quite impossible for the public to decide by externals whether he drank whiskey or was a rigid abstainer. No doubt has ever been cast upon his profession of living temperately as becometh a Christian. He is a man very highly esteemed by all classes. It is

quite improbable that in his case the cask of Irish whiskey will be a "death dealing and soul destroying importation."

It may be objected that a cask of whiskey is an excessive quantity for any man, clergyman or otherwise, to import for his own use, but there may be a misunderstanding on this point. People are not always precise in their use of trade terms, and there may have been only an octave or a quarter-cask. Admitting that there is a cask containing as many as forty gallons, and that the clergyman takes one fair sized drink before retiring each night, it would require nearly nine years for him to empty the package. Allowing for leakage and other waste, less time would be required, but if the clergyman be the sole consumer he will have a whiskey with a fine bouquet, which is sure to result when that liquor is kept in the wood for a certain number of years.

It is hardly fair, however, to assume that the clergyman will take a drink every day. The reasonable presumption by those who know the man is that he will take it when he thinks he needs it. Distressing as the thought may be, it is more than likely that he will give some of the whiskey away. Now then a worn and weary white-haired rector of a country parish may be brightened by a little of it on his visit to the city. He may even carry away some of it to have at the rectory in case of need, for there are times when the sick and infirm of the parish sorely need a stimulant which they cannot get in the neighborhood and are not sure of getting if they send to the city retail dealer. Then, there are the sick and poor within the immediate reach of the clergyman who imported the cask, and it may be that some of them may look at the matter in a light quite different from that in which the correspondent sees it. One thing seems to be certain, the cask of whiskey is in good hands, and the name of the importer is a guarantee that it is good whiskey, free from the heating qualities so often found in the common whiskey of commerce. It is in better custody than it is in a barroom. When any enlightenment of Brunswick, Albermarle, Water or other streets can be traced to this importation, PROGRESS will be glad to hear from the correspondent again.

IN THE RIGHT SPIRIT.

People will differ in their views as to the observance of Sunday, and if they consider that a little recreation is necessary on that day, there is no reason why they should be denounced as hardened sinners. In England, for instance, Sunday has become a great day for cycling—no doubt to the sorrow of many worthy people, but the vicar of St. Peter's, Tottenham, seems to take a very sensible view of the matter, and to make the best of it. He writes to the Church Times as follows:

Although a clergyman, I am not writing in condemnation of Sunday riding, but I do plead for some recognition of the day. The church of which I have the charge is situated in Broad-lane, Tottenham, on the direct road to Epping Forest, and at all hours on Sunday my brothers of the cycle, for I am a cyclist, pass and repass. If any care to make use of our church for a service we have every convenience for storing their machines, and will gladly provide books. * * * I would willingly arrange a special service in the afternoon if desired.

If more of this spirit were shown, the world over, a good many who perhaps feel that they are "not good enough to go to church" might be brought to another way of thinking.

STANLEY, GET YOUR GUN.

The English papers are fond of censuring the American methods of dragging out all that is bad in the life of a man when he enters into politics, but it would seem that such devices are not wholly unknown on the other side of the water. Henry M. Stanley has consented to stand as the candidate of the unionists for North Lambeth, and here is what a London despatch says of the programme:

The Tories are preparing gorgeous placards in which ingenious references are made to Stanley's thrilling adventures, his intrepidity, his wide experience, his services in enlarging the sphere of British commerce, etc. On the other hand, the liberals are busily searching out Stanley's record before he became famous. They hope to find something in his American career which can deery and meanwhile they are raking up old stories of his indulging in brutal treatment of the natives during his first expeditions in Africa.

It may be that before the discoverer of Livingstone gets through with this fight, he will wish himself back in Africa, or that the laws of England permitted him to go gunning after his foes in North Lambeth.

There is a hard fact expressed in a letter from Eureka, California, which appears in another part of PROGRESS. Speaking of the men from the provinces who are living there, the correspondent says, "If they had remained home and worked half as hard as they have here they would have been better off today." Many an exodion has learned this lesson by hard experience, and many a one will learn it to his cost in the future. There are few places where one can live more easily and in greater comfort than in the provinces, and the country is all right for those who try to make the best of it.

Prof. HORSFORD, the antiquarian, has discovered, or thinks he has, the site of the house built by LEIF ERIKSON, at Cambridge, Mass., in the year 1000, nearly 500 years before COLUMBUS began to look westward. The professor wants to put a fence around the place at his own expense,

and the matter has been referred to a committee of the city council. Boston will be putting in a claim for a world's fair some day, on the strength of the discovery.

A New York paper has a cartoon of "the train which gets there," showing an engine labelled "Republican ballots" with two cars marked "HARRISON" and "REID," respectively. Unfortunately for the idea, the train is running on a down grade and is getting away as rapidly as possible from a bridge which has "protection" marked on one of the piers.

The gross profits of a leading English soap concern have amounted to £985,599 in the last seven years, of which £609,665 has been spent in advertising. The proprietors find there is money in printer's ink.

What is the reason that the ugliest looking people can get cured while the good looking ones cannot? That is what one must infer from the portraits in the patent medicine advertisements.

JOYS AND WOES OF OTHER PLACES.

What About the First Bug? The first potato blossom of this season made its appearance in Wilfred Kinne's garden.—Maple Leaf.

A Queer Excursion. A large lot of live lobsters went over to St. John in the City of Monticello last Tuesday.—Annapolis Spectator.

High Jinks in Yarmouth. The watering cart horse ran away yesterday with a full cart and jumped the team right over a prostrate electric railway pole, but did no damage.—Yarmouth Times.

His Size When He Is Thin. Edgar Wilson, son of James Wilson, of this place, is fourteen years old and weighs 102 pounds, although he is thin in the flesh after hard work dropping this spring. Your correspondent sold him a 40 inch coat and 40 inch vest, and they were a good fit for him.—Maple Leaf.

CHATS ABOUT BOOKS. Not on Calvary will repay a thoughtful perusal. It would be a great mistake for a man to say he hasn't time to read it. It contains much food for thought. It throws a new light on the "old, old story." After reading it, such passages as "Then was Jesus led of the spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil," "Lead us not into temptation," "Jesus wept" (for whom?) etc., etc., are all clearly understood and full of meaning, which before were vague and shadowy.

Published by C. T. Dillingham & Co., 718 and 720 Broadway, New York. Price, 35 cents.

Peggy Sinclair's Trip Across the Continent and What Came of It is the formidable yet expressive title of Lovell's latest number of the "Canadian Authors' Series." The book is written in an easy, interesting style, with some romance and much description. The "continent," it is worth remarking, begins at Montreal and extends to the Pacific, and, as is quite natural, the railway which carried the party gets a first class advertisement. While only the initials of the writer "A. M. F. S." appear on the title page, the paragraph has told us that Mrs. Swett, wife of the Windsor hotel manager, is the authoress. For that reason, aside from its merit, maritime province people will have a greater interest in the trip of Peggy Sinclair. For sale at McMillan's and all booksellers. Price 50 cents.

PEN AND PRESS.

An exceedingly neat and artistic brochure comes from the Colonial Standard printing office. Of course it dwells upon the excellency of its work, which is proper and appropriate, and quite incidentally it mentions that the Standard is of "no mushroom growth," being in its 34th year, and that it is a good newspaper. Unless PROGRESS is much mistaken Mr. Albert Dennis, the hustling proprietor, has something to do with another progressive paper, the Enterprise of New Glasgow.

A Clergyman's Importation.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: Not a few of our very best citizens who have families growing up were not only surprised, but were shocked at what the consequences might be, on reading in newspapers among the importations from abroad that one of our popular clergymen and one who holds a very responsible position in the city and country, had entered at the custom house a cask of whiskey for his own use. You and others may not have seen this in the importations, but if you wish to see this interesting piece of news, look in some of the back numbers of the city newspapers among the importations, and you will see the name of the clerical importer and his death dealing and soul destroying importation. What would this lover of the "mountain dew" think of a curate or a deacon importing his rum direct from the West Indies, or his Irish whiskey from Ireland by the cask or DEMI JOHN?

A Pilgrimage to Fairville.

Rev. J. C. Titcombe made the free-masons so welcome, and gave them such a fine service on St. John's Day that many of them would be glad to go again. Mr. Titcombe is understood to be very willing to arrange a special service for the Knights Templars, should the members of the encampment desire to make a pilgrimage to Fairville at any time this year.

The Summer Girl.

On the beach at Narragansett, "In figaro and silk skirt," "Looking something of an angel," Bare suggestion of a flirt.

There I saw the summer maiden, Wand'ring up and down the strand, Sometimes looking at the swimmers; List'ning sometimes to the band.

And I, Lord St. John Mount Stephens, Did that summer girl adore; Till I found it was a "wee" off, She—clerked in a country store.

A New Hold Upon Life.

The St. Martin's Seminary appears to have taken a new, a strong hold upon life again. The present management adds energy to judiciousness and during the intermission the claims of the institution upon all the people, and especially upon the Baptist denomination will be presented in a vigorous and effective fashion. A glance at the highly attractive announcement on the third page will show a faculty not only strong in numbers but in scholarship and reputation. It would indeed be difficult to imagine how parents could do more wisely than entrust their children to their care and teaching. Rev. Dr. DeBois aims to make the institution what its builders intended it should be, indicative of the strength and growth of the denomination to which it belongs. A handsome calendar has been issued which affords much information concerning the seminary, its aims and objects, studies and the approximate cost.

CASUAL OBSERVATIONS.

Little Things of Interest with Crisp and Timely Comments.

Caricaturists never tire of drawing the mischievous small boy, with a slit across his face from ear to ear, and the readers of the comic papers always find him interesting. It is one of the subjects on which the artist is seldom obliged to exaggerate. We run across the original every day, but it is only occasionally that we take time to study him as we do his picture while enjoying the conceits of a comic paper in leisure moments.

His wonderful composure and keen sense of humor under circumstances that would make an ordinary mortal feel anything but happy was shown Tuesday when the rain storm was trying hard to rival the cloud burst of two weeks ago. The man ahead of me had an umbrella and was endeavoring to get the lay of an ever changing gale. A slight turn in the wrong direction, the wind got under the umbrella and blew it inside out. The man looked dazed, but quickly turned it to the wind, and it was blown in to its proper position again. Meanwhile the rain and wind made mackintoshes cling to the wearers like bathing suits; few people were on the streets, and those who were were either blinded by the rain or behind umbrellas and unable to see anything. But a small boy in a light suit, with a basket on his arm, saw it all, and enjoyed it just as much as he would have done had the sun been shining. He did not say anything, just smiled. It went from ear to ear, and said as plain as words, "I wish I were the wind, if I could have fun like that."

Talking of boys in life and literature, reminds me of a lithograph which was found in nearly every store window in St. John when a Peck's bad boy company visited here some years ago. It was a hideous looking picture, but nevertheless attractive, and you could not help smiling while looking at it. The bad boy was supposed to have come out of the small end of the horn in an encounter with the old man or the groceryman, and had his cheeks tied up in a towel, with a bow knot on top of his head. The boy was cross-eyed, and it was one of those pictures which, no matter where you stand, will always look you square in the eyes. The devilish grin, which is a cross between a smile and a threat, and can only be mastered by a boy, made the picture more hideous after the amusement of a first look at it had vanished.

A friend of mine was so tickled with the picture that he secured one of them, and gave it a prominent place in his room. Some time afterwards he was called away for a week or so and another man took the apartment. He didn't enjoy its occupancy. The bad boy haunted him. He was not a man whom anyone would suspect of having committed any great crime, neither was he a coward, but the fact that two mischievous eyes were turned upon him no matter what part of the room he was in, was a constant source of worry. When his back was to the picture he almost imagined that the boy was smiling at the cut of his coat, or knew that he was a torment and was laughing and grinning worse than ever. But it was at night that the man suffered most from the presence of the grinning bad boy.

The first night he covered his head, but he could not sleep. Two eyes knew he shunned their gaze, and the grin was more hideous than ever. At last he dozed off, and it was daylight when he awoke. The first thing he saw was the boy grinning as usual. He dressed in a hurry and came down stairs. The next night he hung his coat over it, but that did not drive the thoughts of that bad boy's hideous countenance from his mind. He imagined the boy could see him even then from under the armbolts of the coat, or in a hundred ways that a worried brain could suggest. At last he could stand it no longer. Up he got, in the middle of the night, struck a light, and took the picture from the wall. Then tearing it into very small pieces, and punching a pin through the eyes until they "ceased to look," he threw the remains out of the window. That was the last of my friend's picture. The explanation he got was: "How could a fellow sleep or do anything else, with a d— idiot like that grinning at you all the time. I'd rather go into a lion's den than sleep in the same room with a picture that would haunt a man like that one."

Referring to my article last week on the bores reporters have to contend with, an old newspaper man remarked that I had forgotten the bore who always comes along at about that time when the reporter is getting a good story. "I know all about him," said he, "and many a time I would like to have had him in a vacant lot. You just get nicely talking to a man, getting facts that are valuable to you, when somebody notices you, and, I suppose, thinking that when anyone is talking to a newspaper man, his conversation must be public property, loses no time in taking a hand in it. And the chances are that you may never get another opportunity to hear the story, or the man in the right mood to tell it."

BATHURST.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Bathurst at McGinley's Grocery store.]
JUNE 29.—Mr. and Mrs. Allan Parsons, of Montreal, are at the Keary house.
Masters Tom, Clarence and Herb Adams, sons of Mr. Samuel Adams of New York are visiting their grandmother, Mrs. Burns.
His Lordship Bishop Rogers, was in town during the week.
Miss Maud Bishop is home for her vacation.
Mr. A. J. H. Stewart is nursing a sprained ankle, caused by his horse running away with him.
Miss Katie McLean is home from Normal school.
Miss Mary Bishop is visiting friends in New Castle.
Miss Gertrude Elbston is visiting St. John.
Mr. Smith, of Liverpool, Eng., one of the members of the St. Lawrence lumber company, is the guest of K. F. Burns.
Dr. H. Spruill, of Newcastle, was in town last week.
Among last week's visitors were: Mr. Edward Jack of Fredericton; Thos. Kerr, Toronto; H. H. Fairweather, St. John; J. R. Morrison, Chatham; F. P. Carvell, Charlottetown; P. E. J.
Mr. J. Mad's dislocated his knee while bicycle riding last week.
Hon. P. G. Ryan and wife were in Campbellton this week.
Rev. Mr. Thompson preached in the Wesleyan church last Sunday during the absence of the pastor Rev. Mr. Allan.
Mr. Arthur Coperthwaite preached in St. George's Episcopal church last Sunday.
Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Bishop, and best wishes for the health and happiness of the new baby girl.
Mr. T. Aher, of St. Joseph's college, Memramcook, is visiting friends here.
Mr. T. Swayne DesBrisay has returned from Campbellton.
Tom Browns.

HALIFAX.

JUNE 29.—The dance given on Wednesday evening by Sir John Ross was the first large dance of the season and was pleasant and successful. Miss Ross, who received the guests with her father, looked very nice in a simple white toilette, and did the honors exceedingly prettily. The Leicestershire band provided the music, and an unusually large amount of dancing was gone through with. The supper was a running one, without the small tables to which one is accustomed at Bellevue, the guests being too numerous to allow of the latter arrangement without building out a temporary supper room. Among the best dresses of the evening was that worn by Miss G. Unacke, the color of which was a bright scarlet, most becoming to her blonde type. Miss Weagley also looked extremely well, as did Miss S. Jeter. W. A. Henry wore her wedding gown for this, or first appearance in society since her marriage. Miss Toop, her sister, was also in white. Among the more remarkable dresses was one of sky blue satin, trimmed with matted lace and terra cotta ribbons; and one of brilliant rose pink silk. Miss Clarkson was beautifully dressed in black and yellow-green silk, and Mrs. Rolph wore a very good gown. Mrs. James Morrow was in yellow. While there was a good sprinkling of smart frocks, the great part of the guests were not well-dressed. The training squadron did not arrive to attend the festivity, but there was quite enough men without them. It was four o'clock when the last carriage left Bellevue after a well-managed and pleasant party.
MORRIS GRANVILLE.

ANAPOLIS.

JUNE 29.—Miss Jessie Ricketts returned from Halifax on Saturday, where she has been attending the ladies' college.
Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Owen are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a son.
Much sympathy is felt for Mrs. Robinson, who lately received the sad news of her sister's death in England.
Mr. Jas. Ritchie returned on Monday from a long visit to Halifax.
Judge Savary and Mrs. Savary returned from their wedding trip on Monday.
Mr. George Hughes has returned from Windsor college to spend his summer vacation.
Mrs. James Mowat and family are expected early to spend the summer.
B.

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

WILL YOU TRY FOR "PROGRESS" GRAND PREMIUM PIANO.

It will Not be Offered Unless 50 Persons Signify their Intention of Competing for It, so Lose no Time in Sending your Name—An Instrument fully Guaranteed.

In thinking out a plan to stimulate personal work for PROGRESS and its subscription list the publisher is forced in a measure to ask for expressions of opinions from the readers of this paper.

Plans for late summer, fall and winter work in the direction of circulation must necessarily be thought out about this season. The publisher of PROGRESS is always willing to pay generous commissions for new subscribers, but experience has taught him that there must be some other incentive to start the work. The necessary stimulant is frequently supplied by a generous capital prize or premium which all can afford, which is given beside the usual commission to the person who is most successful in the work of getting subscribers.

PROGRESS thinks of investing from \$350 to \$400 in a splendid piano, to be given to the person sending in the most new subscribers before a certain date—say December 31st. That is a large sum of money, however, to spend purely upon speculation, and before making the purchase of the instrument the publisher wishes opinions from readers of PROGRESS—from those who think the idea a good or a bad one, and especially from those who will enter the contest and make an effort to win the piano.

Of course the work of getting subscribers for PROGRESS in these maritime provinces under such conditions, when there is such a prize at stake, would be made wonderfully easy. It is not too much to say that if any boy or girl, man or woman started out with a determined purpose to win such a prize and made their friends aware of it, that they would secure the name of scores who could by any means raise \$2.

Only a short time ago a weekly newspaper, known all over the world, said it would give an expensive bicycle to anyone who secured 100 subscribers for it. A young lad, not over 13, started out with the newspaper in his hand and told everyone he knew or could get acquainted with that he wanted to earn that cycle. What was the result? Eight men out of ten put their hands in their pocket, handed him the subscription and patted him on the back. Some of them were subscribers for the paper, but they had it addressed to friends. In a few days the boy had his 100 subscribers, and he mounts that cycle now ten times as proudly than if his father had made him a present of it.

So it should and we hope it will be with this piano. But we want some assurance that it will be so, and we ask those who will try for such a prize to say so in a letter or on a postal card. If they wish, both will be private, but to all who give such an assurance we will send PROGRESS free of charge until the close of the contest, and we will at once furnish them with hints and suggestions how to go to work that they will find of great value to them.

When the publisher receives the names of 50 persons who are willing to compete, an engraving of the piano will be printed in PROGRESS, with the guarantee of the reliable firm who will sell it to us.

Please send in your name at once and be one of the FIFTY.

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Among last week's visitors were: Mr. Edward Jack of Fredericton; Thos. Kerr, Toronto; H. H. Fairweather, St. John; J. R. Morrison, Chatham; F. P. Carvell, Charlottetown; P. E. J.
Mr. J. Mad's dislocated his knee while bicycle riding last week.
Hon. P. G. Ryan and wife were in Campbellton this week.
Rev. Mr. Thompson preached in the Wesleyan church last Sunday during the absence of the pastor Rev. Mr. Allan.
Mr. Arthur Coperthwaite preached in St. George's Episcopal church last Sunday.
Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Bishop, and best wishes for the health and happiness of the new baby girl.
Mr. T. Aher, of St. Joseph's college, Memramcook, is visiting friends here.
Mr. T. Swayne DesBrisay has returned from Campbellton.
Tom Browns.

HALIFAX.

JUNE 29.—The dance given on Wednesday evening by Sir John Ross was the first large dance of the season and was pleasant and successful. Miss Ross, who received the guests with her father, looked very nice in a simple white toilette, and did the honors exceedingly prettily. The Leicestershire band provided the music, and an unusually large amount of dancing was gone through with. The supper was a running one, without the small tables to which one is accustomed at Bellevue, the guests being too numerous to allow of the latter arrangement without building out a temporary supper room. Among the best dresses of the evening was that worn by Miss G. Unacke, the color of which was a bright scarlet, most becoming to her blonde type. Miss Weagley also looked extremely well, as did Miss S. Jeter. W. A. Henry wore her wedding gown for this, or first appearance in society since her marriage. Miss Toop, her sister, was also in white. Among the more remarkable dresses was one of sky blue satin, trimmed with matted lace and terra cotta ribbons; and one of brilliant rose pink silk. Miss Clarkson was beautifully dressed in black and yellow-green silk, and Mrs. Rolph wore a very good gown. Mrs. James Morrow was in yellow. While there was a good sprinkling of smart frocks, the great part of the guests were not well-dressed. The training squadron did not arrive to attend the festivity, but there was quite enough men without them. It was four o'clock when the last carriage left Bellevue after a well-managed and pleasant party.
MORRIS GRANVILLE.

ANAPOLIS.

JUNE 29.—Miss Jessie Ricketts returned from Halifax on Saturday, where she has been attending the ladies' college.
Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Owen are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a son.
Much sympathy is felt for Mrs. Robinson, who lately received the sad news of her sister's death in England.
Mr. Jas. Ritchie returned on Monday from a long visit to Halifax.
Judge Savary and Mrs. Savary returned from their wedding trip on Monday.
Mr. George Hughes has returned from Windsor college to spend his summer vacation.
Mrs. James Mowat and family are expected early to spend the summer.
B.