

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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THOSE SWEET LITTLE STORIES.

That the cheap "story-papers" are not likely to train up the child in the way he should go, is undoubtedly true. But it is also true that some stories for the young in the leading religious papers are at least equally pernicious.

Take the story of JAMES LEE (which has appeared in many religious journals) for an example. JAMES LEE was a carpenter who had the contract to build a fence, just inside a hedge. His employer told him not to plane that side of the fence that would be next the hedge. But JAMES LEE was a man of principle. He planned and painted both sides of the fence, and when the job was done, and the owner was about to pay him, JAMES showed him that the fence was as good on the side next the hedge as it was on the other. Then was the owner wroth, and told JAMES LEE that he should not pay for the extra work and paint. Then it was that JAMES LEE's cheek reddened with virtuous indignation. He did not want any extra pay for the extra work; and he would himself stand the cost of half the paint. It was true, as the owner argued, that no casual observer would notice whether the other side was painted or not; that no one would expect the wrong side to be as right as the right side; that the owner himself did not see what a perfect fence he had until JAMES advised him;—but, on the other hand, God saw both sides of the fence, and God would know if they were not equally pleasing to the eye.

Ten years passed—that is the usual time that passes between events in these religious tales; in dime novels it is twenty years—ten years passed; and the owner of the fence wanted to build a large brick manufactory. He wanted "no yawning gaps between" any of the bricks. He required a well-built structure. And he thought of JAMES LEE, and the fence, and JAMES LEE's saying that God would know. So he advertised for JAMES LEE. And after many years JAMES LEE had his reward.

The story has appeared in many excellent papers, otherwise PROGRESS would think it too silly to call for the slightest comment. If JAMES LEE wasted his time and money in disobeying his employer's directions, just because God would see the other side of the fence, he was a fool. God would much rather have seen that point and that work where it was more needed. If JAMES LEE was really investing that time and money—if he was working on his employer's eccentricity—he was wiser in his generation, perhaps, than the children of light; but a truly wise man would rather be a fool.

A man about to erect a brick building—or a wooden building—should certainly endeavor to have it thoroughly well built. If he does not guard against accidents like that in which Miss McCORMICK lost her life, he is worse than a fool. But no man with a ray of sense should fail to see the vast difference between the thoroughness of a good master-builder and the thoroughness of that particular fence-maker. But what is the use of talking further of JAMES LEE? He is far more improbable and unnatural a character than Dare-Devil DICK. As sure as "there never was a MARJORIE DAW" and we have Mr. ALDRICH's word for it—so sure was there never a JAMES LEE.

The Youth's Companion recently published a little story which evidently did not go through the hands of the chief of its reading staff, Mr. WALTER L. SAWYER.

Synopsis: A young man who had been looking for work for two weeks, went to Mr. STONE, a merchant. Mr. STONE had no permanent employment for him, but said: "If you want to work half-an-hour or so, go down stairs and pile up that kindling wood. Do it well, and I'll give you twenty-five cents."

As the store was about closing the young man went up stairs to Mr. STONE. Mr. STONE offered him the quarter, but the boy refused it, saying that he was not quite through, and would like to come back in

the morning. "All right," said Mr. STONE; and when he went down into the basement the next morning, he found, not only the wood piled, but the room cleanly swept; and the boy was at the moment engaged in repairing the coal-bin. "Hello!" said Mr. STONE. "I didn't engage you to do anything but pile up the wood." "Yes, sir, I know it," answered the young fellow. "but I saw this needed to be done, and I would rather work than not; but I don't expect anything but my quarter." And then, as in all similar stories, the young man was taken into the store, became the superintendent, is sure to become a partner some day, etc., etc.

A regularly employed young man who shirks work that he knows would be to the interests of his employer, just because it is not the work that he was employed to do, or who objects to a reasonable amount of outside work that a fair-minded employer gives him, is not going to be overburdened with success. But as that particular young man, being in search of a situation, would not have much time to waste doing work which he was not required to do; which his employer, for all the young man knew of his reasons or eccentricities, might not want done; and for which, at a time when he was in need of money, he would get no pay—it looks as though he swept the floor and mended the coal-bin because he thought that by so doing he might get a place that he had been refused. If such was the case, he certainly did not display a spirit that such papers as the Youth's Companion would do right to commend.

Speaking of stories wherein young men get situations—and their name is legion, and they are nearly all alike—there were once two boys who answered an advertisement that called for one boy. The advertiser took one of the boys into a room, and gave him a parcel to untie. That boy had read the Youth's Companion, and he was right onto these little games. He carefully untied the string, though it was very hard to untie; he rolled up the string carefully, and laid it away. Then he took the paper and carefully folded it. The advertiser put the paper and string out of sight, got another parcel, and called for the other boy. The other boy came in, yanked out his jack-knife, cut the string, and slammed both string and paper into the waste basket. "My dear little lad," said the man to the first boy, who, with a milk-and-water smile, waited to go to work, "your services are not required. Any fellow who would waste so much valuable time over some nearly worthless string and paper, will never be a success in this hustling age."

The good little boy did not pine away and die in the early spring-time, however, like other good little boys we read of. He profited by his lesson, and became a useful member of society.

THE DAIRY AND THE APIARY.

When Mayor ROBERTSON, at the opening of the teachers' convention, alluded to Professor ROBERTSON'S recent lecture on dairying in such warm terms, his remarks were not any more out-of-place than they were commonplace, and nobody ever accused the mayor of indulging in platitudes. In this age the systematic study of scientific agriculture would be much more sensible than that acquisition of useless information that is not altogether absent, even from the best school-system in the world—which we undoubtedly have.

At the World's Fair, the lower provinces surprised themselves as well as the rest of the world in the line particularly favored by Prof. ROBERTSON. Mr. IRA CORNWALL will no doubt be pleased to advise anybody as to the demand by Great Britain for our dairy products which his success brought. The lower provinces are waking up to the fact that there is very little to prevent their having a large share in the cheese and butter exports from Canada to Great Britain.

We have not yet done ourselves full justice in the dairy line however—not by any means. These provinces contain thousands of acres suitable for pasturage which might profitably be devoted to dairying, but are now practically valueless. Some of this land was once under cultivation, but has been allowed to relapse into wilderness, and is now overgrown with bushes, while large tracts suitable for pasturage or hay growing are still unreclaimed. Take the county of Cumberland, Nova Scotia. Once the phrase "Cumberland butter" was one which caused the mouths of butter-users over a large part of Canada and other countries to water—and the butter itself, if Prof. ANDREWS' theory evolved at the teachers' institute be correct, would make hot rolls have no terrors for the bioplasts who play the digestive organs. Cumberland county once helped to supply these provinces with butter and cheese to a large extent, but now what little it produces is mostly of inferior quality, and tons of butter, to say nothing of cheese, have to be imported to supply the towns and villages of that county. The farmers of Cumberland and many other counties of the lower provinces have no need of free trade with the United States in dairy products, at any rate; as they are far from being able to supply the home demand.

There is another profitable industry that lower province farmers should go into to a greater extent than they do, and that is bee-keeping. In the entire Dominion there

are only 200,000 bee-hives, and of these 146,060 are in the province of Ontario. As some of the agriculturists of the lower provinces seem to be more aesthetic than sordid, one would think that the fact that there is no more interesting study for a naturalist than the habits of bees would cause many farmers to have apiaries. But those who think the want of money the root of all evil, need to be reminded that the demand for honey, even in our provinces, is far greater than the supply. And when it is considered that Great Britain imports at least three and a half million pounds of honey from Chili and the Spanish and British West Indies every year, and that this honey is far inferior to Canadian honey, ours having taken all the honors at the World's Fair, it is surprising that there are not more bees in Canada, improving each shining hour.

Let our farmers give the attention to the dairy and the apiary that their merits and consumers demand, and it will not be long before Canada will be a "land flowing with milk and honey."

The Police Magistrate's Question.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS:—YOUR issue of the 10th inst. contains a communication signed "Vox Populi," reflecting in a very severe and uncalled for manner upon our police magistrate and requesting in the choicest language of misrepresentation his superannuation as one for whom there was no further use, and for whose manners and customs, views and decisions this great capacities and beautiful world furnished no requisite domicile, or sufficient resting place. It is unfortunate that any person who possesses the ability of "Vox Populi" to express his ideas should strive to impress the public with the belief that the police court of Saint Stephen's conducted upon the principles of a circus, or that the people of this town would, for the period of ten or twelve years, tolerate any man as a judge of a court who knew no law and whose chief aim is to amuse spectators, torment lawyers, provoke litigants, and while acting in his official capacity, indulge in all the antics of a clown. Such reckless statements are their own reputation, and deserve not serious consideration. Being acquainted with the parties concerned in the trial which "Vox Populi" endeavours to describe, your correspondent has been at some pains to enquire into the details of the proceedings thereat and will endeavor to lay before your readers a fair account of what for a short time excited considerable interest in this community. A misunderstanding about the payment of a small sum of money occurred between two of our citizens of "most respectable standing." The plaintiff felt aggrieved that any one should think that she would, or could make an unjust demand upon any person. The defendant felt aggrieved that any one should think that she would or could say she had paid a bill that she had not paid. Neither cared much for the amount in dispute; each cared everything for their veracity. Friends failed to reconcile. The irresistible force had met with an immovable object. Neither of the parties had read Blackstone, Coke, Lyttelton, Chitty on pleading, or Roscoe on evidence. Both had read the Bible, and believed in the application of the golden rule and the strict upholding of the Simon on the Mount. In all their business relations. In fact the situation had become so serious that nothing short of a court of law and a jury of their fellow men could decide between the contestants. The plaintiff cited the defendant to appear before Justice Crilly and account for how on earth she could so distinctly remember what had never happened, and the defendant so cited appeared, pleaded the general issue, and relying on the justice of her cause and the ability of her counsel succeeded in leaving the whole case a greater mystery and a more insoluble puzzle than ever. The case turned out to be one of those complications for which there is no provision made in the economy of nature and of a description that neither judge, jury, nor lawyers ever succeeded in untangling. Each party engaged a lawyer, and each entered upon the contest with every confidence in the integrity of her cause and the very laudable desire of making a Waterloo for her opponent. But alas for the instability of all human aims and the legal calculation of all ordinary mortals. The case was tried with all the ability and legal lore and acumen that it was possible to throw over or around it; it was watched over by both counsel with all the untiring assiduity that a fond and loving mother often wastes upon her dying child, and yet, with a perversity that would be wholly unaccountable, only it is so common in such cases, the truth regardless of the ministrations of forensic eloquence refused to materialize, and the lady litigants, realizing the situation, consented to a draw and retired from the contest. In the meantime the presiding justice whom "Vox Populi" so severely censured, had taken eighty folios of evidence, had decided innumerable points of law, had several adjournments, and yet came out of the contest with fewer signs of exhaustion than any of the parties concerned. It is true the case caused considerable interest in this town, but had it not been for the attention directed to it by "Vox Populi," it would have been forgotten in a few weeks. Justice Crilly has been our police magistrate for about twelve years. In that time he has made over one thousand convictions. A great many of his convictions have been before the Supreme Court but not one has ever been quashed. Few justices can boast of such a record as he, and yet he looks and acts as though he could try cases for a dozen years to come and give decisions and make convictions that would stand the test of any court in the Dominion. Let me ask "Vox Populi" for which of these works would he stone him. In conclusion I would remark that Justice Crilly has been complimented by the most eminent men of the New Brunswick bar, for his decisions and legal acquirements; he has been successful in all his business undertakings, is a man whose word or honesty of intention is never questioned where he is known, and really stands upon an eminence from which he can afford to look down upon those who bark at, but can never hope to get so high as to bite him. CITIZEN. St. Stephen, June 21.

Correspondents Will Please Note. In sending society correspondence or other MSS. to this office many of the envelopes are sealed with a one cent stamp upon them. This is not permitted by the P. O. regulations and double postage has to be paid here before the matter is delivered. When letters are sealed a three cent stamp should be put on them. Cut corners are not considered as open by the post office clerks—at least not sufficiently open to permit them to inspect what is to be printed in PROGRESS.

Notices of Steamers.

Attention is directed to the advertisement of the Yarmouth S. S. Co., in this issue—the excursion trip of the steamer Clifton—the excursions of the Starline boats. "Progress" is on sale in Boston at the King's Chapel news stand, corner of School and Tremont streets.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Drifting. The ship in the harbor lay, Bound fast to the pier was she, But somehow she slipped her moorings, and slowly Went drifting out to sea; Her sails grew faint and faded, r, We could not see her long; Then men came hurrying down on the quay But the pride of their hearts was gone. Two lovers were standing 'neath the shade Of a flowering sycamore tree— He was tall and handsome and brave And fair as a lily she. But a word had been spoken, not understood— They were turning heart from heart, And quickly as only lovers can, They were slowly drifting, drifting apart. I sat by the side of a silvery stream Musing with many a sigh, But I suddenly roused myself from my dream To note a wild-rose drifting by. Its petals were withered and torn apart, It was drooping and wet though sweet; But Oh! it brought comfort to my poor heart, For it drifted up to my feet. My soul was disconsolate; I longed for light; I sought it in nature and art, Methought I had found a haven of rest, To lade down my weary heart, But soon it came drifting back to me With all its troubled unrest, Still groping in darkness, without repose, To sooth my unquiet breast. Then I said in my passionate dread and despair, "This world is a sea of chance, And all things shall flow with the tide as it lists, And the fates deal a mocking glance; When they see us stricken and mate in our grief No healing balm do they send; They give us to the suffering no relief, To the friendless, alas! no friend. Then my sleeping conscience awoke and said, "This world is indeed a sea, But a sure hand guides thy shivering bark, Though in darkness it seems to be." And I thought in my soul of the faded rose That came with its message of hope; O surely not 'tis evil or good, Nor wholly in darkness we grope. Drifting, drifting, and drifting, The ship, the lovers, the rose; The first to the rocks on a storm tossed coast— The second, oh whither! Who knows! But the third was a messenger surely of good, In my heart it sacredly grows: And into that heart from the throne above A fountain of love now flows.

Sea Drift.

I wandered alone on the twilight sands, Hearing my soul in a rhyme Waken a body floating in, Over the sea of time. A shriek came out of a shrouded star, The sky wept loud and sore; The dead slipped out of the water's arms And drifted in to shore. The sobbing waves cried out to me, The sea grass and the foam; Kindred shapes of a hand are we, Earth is our kindred home. Kiss this dead love drifted up Ere it backward dips and goes; Under the night and starless arch To her sleep God's angel knows. Then I looked where roses scattered forth From the sea of time, and the sands; A face and a forehead came to view, Brown hair and folded hands; Wet and cold and hidden eyes, And amethyst crystallized tears; Awoke and breathed and knew me still, Making a day of years. My heart cried out to hear again, Love's dream in words precise; And all the mystery was changed To the shores of Paradise. A spirit? No, but love's true life, — We arise and singing go To the golden lamps before the throne; Where the deathless lilies grow. By the sea of glass we lingered long, Our souls slipped far away; Walking in saintly glory where The ransomed sing and pray, The ocean's surge and the nightfall there, And the parting brings no pain; No cry from the shore or waves, Or midnight storms of rain. O sea of time, drop down and sleep, On your pillows of folded snow; You and sigh has its requiem, As your waters ebb and flow. Still wrap the eyes and the blessed face, Of my love in your grasses wild; Sweet thanks I give for the drift that came Into my soul and smiled. SEA CRAIG, June 1894. CEPHEUS GOLDB.

Morning At Nazareth.

REV. NORMAN LA MARSH. When I awoke, the sun had risen o'er Gilboa, and was bathing sterile hills, And fertile valleys with her golden light,— Undimmed by centuries of constant use. Though eighteen hundred years have passed away Since He of whom I dreamed resided here, The vision of His lovely face, I might have seen in my soul an uplifted star, As I slake my thirst at Mary's well, Or clamber to the heights of Jondar cliff, Made famous by our Lord's encounter there, Mine is a feeling of peculiar calm, Which none can know save he who feels its spell. Oh! the sacredness of our emotion, Roused from apathy by thought divine, Oh! the blissfulness of our devotion, When Lux Christi in our hearts doth shine! I left my home in distant Amerique, That I, myself, diviner light might seek, And ah, I would that Taaesee were here, That he might witness for himself in clear And unimpaired light the truth I feel Concerning Him who lived for common weal, And Menes, too, if he could only know The joy, the peace, the calm, that overflow, As in full view of Nazareth I stand! From "Lux Christi," an unpublished poem.

Waiting.

Shall I write of days gone by Of hours all to short shall I? Or but simply dream of them. Shall I write him what I feel? Would he fly to me and kneel? Or unthinking me condemn? Saying "You would call me back Now that you are on the rack, And you reap as you have sown. Think you, you can cast the glove And I fly back to your love, Blossom is but bud when blown. The seed you have planted grows And upward lifts its tendrils throes. It is strong; doth all winds bear, Not swayed by every breeze That goes whistling through the trees; It is firmly rooted there." I would write him did I know That he would not answer so As I've written here above. Love did ere this love beget— I will wait for his first move. INCOGNITO.

A Note from Rev. Mr. Robbins.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS:—My attention having been called to an article in last week's PROGRESS entitled "Nova Scotia's Athens" in which my name figures conspicuously, in justice to myself, my congregation and my many friends throughout the Maritime Provinces who read your paper, I deem it my duty to give in the most emphatic manner a denial to the statement that I hold or have ever held an agency for the sale of trans-Atlantic tickets and other tickets. Your correspondent further states "He sold many tickets" allow me to say I never sold any tickets at any time or in any place, to any person, student or minister. "Therefore the statement of selling tickets at a substantial discount, &c.," is positively without foundation, in fact, I regret that your correspondent fell into such serious error, and so freely used my name in connection therewith. This article may have been written upon a misunderstanding of an interesting event occurring last October, when five young ministers of a Presbyterian Church went to Scotland for a post-graduate course. It has fallen to my lot to have made several Atlantic voyages, and, knowing this they requested me to arrange for their travels. I purchased for them five tickets from Messrs. T. A. S. DeWolf & Son, Halifax agents of the Anchor Line. The Messrs. DeWolf secured for these gentlemen the best accommodation in the S. S. City of Rome, at most favorable rates. Having an engagement at the same time to lecture and preach for Rev. James Maclean of Little Britain, Pennsylvania, I accompanied these gentlemen to New York and saw them safely away. On arrival at Edinburgh they wrote me of the complete satisfaction they had experienced by a delightful voyage in a splendid ship. I have pleasure in appending the names of these ministers whom it gave me the greatest pleasure to serve, Messrs. Mackinnon Morash Thompon Talcone and MacGlashen. I shall thank you kindly to give publicity to this letter in this week's PROGRESS. JOHN ROBBINS, Minister First Presbyterian Church, Toronto.

[Mr. Robbins' statement is sufficiently plain and explicit for anyone. He came to St. John this week more with the thought of setting himself right in this matter than anything else. It was difficult for him to understand why any one should desire to misrepresent his act toward the young minister in question, and the courteous manner in which he has approached this matter will no doubt elicit a response from our contributor. THE EDITOR.]

The Record of "The Record."

There is much truth in the punning assertion, now often heard, that the Daily Record is making a good record. From a seven column folio, it was enlarged to an eight column four page and when the demand warranted it an eight page six column daily was published. The Record has been out in this form for nearly two weeks and it is safe to say that it has found it popular and profitable. One of its new features is a good continued story in liberal installments. How many people there are who wait for the daily papers that print continued stories! They take even a greater interest in the joys and woes of the hero and heroine than if they were permitted to follow their adventures uninterrupted to the end. Light-good fiction by such writers as Manville Fenn and Rider Haggard can well be tolerated and even encouraged in a family, and the newspaper that supplies it in these days, in addition to all the news, is sure of an increased patronage. But the Record is not behind in the matter of news. It is already pointing out that several important news items were given to the people first through its columns. Perhaps this was the case notably with the case of Rev. Mr. Alexander the story of whose doubts first found place in the Record and in which such interest has been shown.

A Model Industry.

Many people do not understand just what a shipment of 52 bales of tobacco really means. First it means bulk, then weight and it is as this was Havanna tobacco it means a big lot of money. But this was only a part of Mr. A. Isaac's last shipment of tobacco. He had 45 packages of fine tobacco as well for the manufacture of small Queens. This gives but a faint idea of what work he carries on in his factory where many hands are employed and where hundreds of thousands of cigars are turned out every month. Mr. Isaac gets the credit of making a first class cigar—and his competitors do not hesitate to say that his factory is one of the best equipped and conducted industries in the Dominion. He works upon business principles, is prompt and energetic, supplies the best goods that can be had for the money and looks for his customers to be satisfied. His representative is always on the road and those who order from him do not regret it.

Mending Tissue Still Going.

"Mending Tissue" has been one of the subjects upon which Messrs. Mullin Bros. of the American Rubber store have talked and written much about the past year. And with good effect too—so good that orders upon orders have poured in upon them for this most convenient article of household use. It is late in the day to tell what mending tissue is. It is sufficient to say that ten cents will tell the whole story and reveal what it is possible to do with such a small package. INCOGNITO.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Charlottetown by S. Grey, Bazaar Co., and at Carter's Bookstore.]

JUNE 26.—Miss Maggie Chisholm arrived on Monday evening by the "Florida" from Boston. She will begin her sketching classes about the first week in July. The Misses Murphy left on Tuesday morning for an extended trip through the upper provinces. Mrs. Louis H. Davies, who went to Windsor for the "Erebus" returned home on Saturday evening. She was accompanied by Miss Davies and Miss Ethel Davies.

Mrs. Fred Nash has gone to Halifax to visit Dr. and Mrs. McKay. Mrs. D. D. M. Reddin, who has been visiting in New Glasgow, N. S., came home on Wednesday. She was accompanied by her sister, Mrs. McLean of New Glasgow. Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Hamlyn left on Thursday morning for Halifax, N. S.

Miss Blanche MacDougall, who has been attending the Halifax ladies' college, Halifax, returned home on Thursday evening. Miss Lily Dodd came home on Thursday. Miss Harcourt went to Ontario on Thursday. It will be much missed for he was very popular and made many friends, during the few years he spent with us.

Miss Minnie Cotton, who has been at school at Windsor, is home again. She took first place in the testimonial list in the third senior year. It is pleasing to see our girls do so well in the various schools they attend. Mrs. W. Sullivan went to St. John on Saturday morning.

The commencement exercises of St. Dunstan's College were held in the Lyceum on Friday evening. Speeches were made by Lieut. Governor Howland, Judge Hodgson and others, but the chief feature of the evening was by James Jeffrey Roche of Boston. Mr. Roche was once a St. Dunstan's school boy. The Messrs. Farquharson came home from Halifax on Thursday. Miss Kate McLean also arrived on Thursday.

At last I have a wedding to write of. In Zion's church on Wednesday morning, Mr. Stewart Colings Moore and Miss Bertha Jean Gillies were married by the Rev. David Sutherland. Although the ceremony was at an early hour the church was crowded by people, who by the way, were not quite as orderly as they should have been. The church was daintily trimmed in white lilacs and blossoms, a bell of white pansies was suspended by a garland of flowers directly over the spot where the bridal party stood, and altogether the effect was exceedingly pretty. The bride was quietly dressed in a traveling suit of costume serge trimmed with burnt orange velvet, her hat was also composed of navy blue and orange. A bouquet of white bride roses and maiden hair ferns, blue moire's velvet, stylish hat of the same colours and carried a bouquet of pink roses. Mr. Eric Moore was his brother's best man. Among the presents were a bronze clock from the employees of Haysard and Moore, a silver scapular dish from Telephone office and a silver nut service from the choir. The groom's present was a pretty gold brooch set with a sapphire emerald. Mr. and Mrs. Moore left on the morning train for a wedding trip through the Annapolis Valley. DIANA.

RECURTO.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Richibucto by Theo P. Graham.]

JUNE 27.—Messrs. Louis and Henry O'Leary, Fred and Frank Michaud and John Wherry returned on Thursday from St. Joseph's College, Memramouc. Miss Agnes Cochrane is suffering from an attack of erysipelas. Mr. John G. Miller returned to St. John on Saturday.

Mr. James Ferguson left the same day for Bathurst. Mr. R. P. Doherty and bride of Moncton, were in town yesterday. Mr. David Daigle the accountant in Mr. O'Leary's establishment and Mr. W. W. Short are on a pleasure trip to Quebec this week. Mr. Rev. Mr. Allen is attending the conference. Mrs. Allen left for Sackville yesterday. Mr. Thomas Fitzpatrick is laid up this week with a sore eye.

Mr. Tom Foster of St. John is in town. This coming month promises to be well filled with amusements. On July 2, Dominion day will be celebrated and in the evening the university concert company of Mount Allison will give an entertainment in Temperance hall, the R. C. congregation hold a picnic about the tenth. Harry Ludley's company will commence a week's engagement on the eleventh, horse races at the park on the twelfth and Robbin's circus will do the town on the twenty fifth.

Mr. J. H. Abbott, agent of the Merchant's bank of Halifax, at Kingston, passed through town last evening on his way to the fishing grounds at Kouchibouguac. He was accompanied by a number of friends from the southern part of the province. AUBROA.

ST. MARTINS.

[PROGRESS is for sale at the drug store of R. D. McCa Murray.]

JUNE 27.—Mrs. D. D. Robertson, of Rothesay, and her daughter, Miss Grace, spent Sunday at the Kennedy house. Mrs. George McLaughlin, who has made her home with us for the last nine years, left on Thursday last for Woudsley, N. W. T., where she intends to reside in the future. This lady will be very much missed, especially by the poor, to whom she was always a kind friend.

Mr. C. E. L. Jarvis, of St. John, paid us a visit last week, and accompanied by Mr. Alphon Wishart, spent Friday fishing on Salmon river, with nearly good success. The Rev. Mr. Slipper, of Harcourt, is expected this week to assume charge of the Episcopal church in this parish. His sermons preached previous to, and after his acceptance of the call, made a very favorable impression on his parishioners. GRAND MANAN.

JUNE 19.—Mrs. G. P. Newton went to St. John on Monday, to spend a few weeks. Mrs. R. E. Foster and Mrs. Henderson have gone to Boston to visit relatives. Mr. Perry returned home from St. John on Saturday.

Mrs. O. A. Kent went to Eastport on Monday. Miss Prince, of Havelock, is visiting her brother Dr. Price. Messrs. W. S. Carson and R. L. Carson arrived Monday from Fredericton tonight.

Miss Minnie Frazer has arrived from Fredericton, to spend the holiday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Frazer. Dr. Josiah of Eastport, is on the island. Mr. A. J. Frazer, of St. Stephen, is visiting friends here. Mr. R. W. Wooster is home from Fredericton visiting his parents. SEAWOOD.

PICTOU.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Pictou by James McLean.]

JUNE 26.—Messrs. J. F. Borden and H. McInnes, barristers, of Halifax, were in town last week, attending supreme court. Mr. Fred DeWolfe, of Halifax, spent Sunday in town. Mrs. McKinley returned home last week from visiting her daughter, Mrs. Loggie, of Fredericton. Master Gerald Loggie accompanied her. Mr. Harry Crerar, of Antigonish, was in town last week.

Convocation or commencement day of Pictou Academy the first in its history just of this kind took place on Friday afternoon in Convocation Hall. The proceedings were very interesting. Principal McLeilan presented certificates to the successful students and suitably addressed the large gathering of townspeople. The proceedings were grand and honoured by the presence of chief justice McDonald. He made a practical and pleasing address to the students and presented the winners of first and second place in the 4th year class with the gold and silver medals of the academy.

CAMPOBELLO.

JUNE 27.—The "Lillian Tucker company" played to a very large audience in Flagg's hall on Monday and Tuesday evenings.

Mr. Sherlock, the manager of the Tyn-y-coed, arrived on Tuesday's boat. Mr. Scovill of St. John is on the island. Rev. Mr. Humphrey, of Lancaster, Penn., presided in St. Anne's church on Sunday evening. Mr. and Mrs. C. Flagg have moved to Eastport for the summer.

Mr. Arthur Pan of St. Martins Seminary has been engaged for the North-road Baptist Church. Miss Mulholland and Mr. Judson Mitchell have returned from the Normal School. Mr. James St. John, is at the "Byron." Mr. Geo. D. Grimmer of St. Andrews was on the island Tuesday.

Miss Ella Patch of Eastport is spending a few days on the island. INCOGNITO.