

The Tantramar Marsh.

(New York, N. Y., July 26, Thermometer 98 deg.)

AS I sit here beside an electric fan, nursing a large-sized schooner of iced lemonade and watching the thermometer reaching after new records, my thoughts wander back to an evening some years ago when I really was *cool*.

It was in December, and as I landed in the town of Sackville N. B., and wended my way toward the hotel, I decided that I had little to fear from heat-prostration. The worst of the warm weather had apparently passed.

My first impression of Sackville was that it was just an ordinary every-day village, of a few hundred of inhabitants, but before long I had greatly changed those ideas and in case any of my readers may have any such an opinion, I will just here enlighten them to the fact that if Sackville, N. B. were thoroughly built-up, it would make such cities as New York, Chicago and London feel very small indeed.

My debut into Sackville society was at a "Sidewalk Sociable," "over the marsh."

Sackville boasts of miles and miles of fine plank sidewalks, all paid for by the efforts of the young ladies; mostly as a result of an endless chain of necktie-apron-pink-tea sidewalk sociables, which everyone looks upon as a religious duty to attend.

We had a most enjoyable time from the moment of our arrival until the old-fashioned clock in the corner announced that it was time for respectable people to "make a move."

I had made such progress in becoming acquainted with the inhabitants, that when I was delegated to escort one of the brightest of the "sidewalk committee" to her home, I considered that my cup of happiness was full; but it was not, quite. It was, however, before I reached my hotel, and it is to this enjoyable trip to the young lady's place of residence, that I owe my exalted opinion of Sackville as a future metropolis.

We had meandered along in the happy enjoyment of each other's company for probably three or four miles before I awoke