

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, Editor. WALTER L. SAWYER, Business Manager.

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Every article appearing in this paper is written specially for it, unless otherwise credited. 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.

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Circulation, Over 4,000.

PROFESSOR DEMILLE WROTE IT.

It is an extraordinary statement that our enterprising and reliable Halifax correspondent sends us, this week—extraordinary but true, we believe.

To summarize it, Prof. DEMILLE wrote A Strange Manuscript Found in a Copper Cylinder. His publishers, Messrs. HARPER & BROS., were entrusted with it. Ten years after the author's death they published it—*anonymously*.

These facts are given on the authority of Mrs. DEMILLE, who is certainly a most competent witness.

Why this firm should hold a manuscript—and such an one as this—for ten years and finally publish it without the author's name, omitting any notification to his friends, is a question that we feel warranted in asking.

It appears to us that Messrs. HARPER & BROS. owe an explanation to the friends of Prof. DEMILLE.

IT APPLIES TO ST. JOHN.

Steps have already been taken in Toronto to shut those gambling hells that call themselves stock exchanges but are known to the public as bucket-shops. Montreal is now about to follow Toronto's lead. Says assistant city attorney ETHIER, as reported in the Star:

The law is very plain and has been in force since May 22, and the duty of the chiefs of police is to see if any such places exist in the city and get a report as to their procedure and then call the police committee together and get their approval to take proceedings under the act.

If the chiefs of police in Toronto and Montreal find it their duty to take action under the law, it is not also the duty of the chief of police of St. John?

"The law is very plain," Chief MARSHALL. You are paid to enforce it—not to pose as a scare-crowd in King square.

PLAIN TRUTHS FOR "EXODIANS."

The St. Paul Globe says that the number of young men in that city who are looking for work is "actually astonishing. They are for the most part young men of good habits, excellent education, unbounded energy and ready to turn their hands to anything. No consideration of false pride prevents them from seeking work, manual as well as intellectual, in every possible quarter; yet most of them meet with no success whatever."

We are glad to say that the number of young men in St. John, unemployed though possessing all the qualifications given above, is "actually" very small. A young man of "good habits, excellent education and unbounded energy" usually succeeds here, despite the dismal prophecies of the people who say that St. John offers no field for enterprise; and, happily, most of our young men of ability stay in the city and do their share to build it up, as the large number of successful young firms attests.

It is mainly those who will not amount to very much, wherever they go, that grumble and leave the city. St. John is well rid of them.

"UNSTABLE AS WATER."

The Christian Register, organ of the Unitarian denomination, devotes some space in a recent issue to the experience of "a zealous woman," as it terms her, who is the life and soul of one of the Unitarian churches in the Northwest. She was born in Norway, of Lutheran parents, but early showed a disposition to depart from their creed. While yet in her teens, she "tried Catholicism," says the account, and found that unsatisfactory. Then she married an American, and with him attended Unitarian services, which finally proved "too bare."

She was "near yielding" to the power manifest in a Methodist revival, but controlled herself sufficiently to attend one more Unitarian service, and there became converted to the Boston religion of works without faith. Since that time she has organized and housed a church which, we are to believe "is not likely to slumber, so long as it keeps even the memory of that woman who started it."

To us it seems an extraordinary story that we have thus briefly sketched. That one should seek the creed that pleased her best is not so very strange, for almost anyone of us is prepared to welcome a warrant

for following his or her own inclinations. But that a woman who found it necessary to change her views three times should finally settle in any belief for long enough to organize a church—this seems to us most remarkable.

With all due deference to the opinions of the Unitarian brethren who will so joyfully read this testimony, we may suggest that a religious belief is not a thing to be tried on and torn off like a pair of gloves.

So long as there is diversity of gifts, there will be diversity of opinion, and it is well that there should be; but after one has three times voluntarily destroyed the foundations of faith, it is open to the world to wonder of what permanency the fourth foundation will be.

The Rev. GEORGE C. MILN, one of the most notorious religious acrobats that this generation has seen, began his career as a Methodist preacher; became more orthodox and vaulted into a Congregational pulpit; dropped most of his points of belief and jumped to an Unitarian church; discarded still others and stepped to the platform of an infidel society; lost sight of the old landmarks altogether and became a Spiritualist; and finally, when his satiated soul longed for a larger audience, went on the stage. It is beyond question that, as a good actor, Mr. MILN does more to regenerate society than he did as a bad preacher; but, though he too organized churches and directed many praiseworthy activities, we do not find that his "memory" is held in special reverence by those to whom he once ministered.

Our Unitarian friends may complete the parallel for themselves and heed the teaching. Their Norwegian missionary might be converted a fourth time.

KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE.

The results that already appear from the visit of Grand Canton Shawmut to the Odd Fellows of this city should cause the members of all our secret societies to ponder the moral they teach.

A society, like a business man, must advertise, must keep itself before the people, in order to succeed. The utility of the great fraternal organizations is conceded by almost every man to whose attention they are brought; but for his good and theirs it is necessary that they be brought to his attention, and that frequently. The average citizen may entertain all possible respect for an order, but he will hardly join it on the strength of its reputation; he waits until it does something that shows it is alive—and then, while everyone is commending its character and its enterprise, he hurries to place his name upon its roll.

The far-sighted founders and heads of such societies as the Odd Fellows and the Knights of Pythias have recognized this tendency and have provided for it by the organization of branches that, when they do appear in public, attract notice, excite comment—and draw recruits. It remains for those who are connected with these branches to increase the number of their uniformed men, perfect their drill and find or make occasion to show themselves to the people. If they neglect this, they fall short of their opportunities.

Example is better than precept. The society whose members are always ready to put on their regalia will live and gain other members by virtue of its pride in itself. The society that is never heard of except when it elects officers, will die—and very few will miss it.

NATURE IS KIND TO THEM.

There is a quaint old proverb which assures us that "birds of a feather flock together"; and if we accept the statement we perceive why beauty seeks this favored city.

Montreal, Toronto, Quebec, Charlotte-town, Halifax, each has some feature, natural or artificial, to which it points with pride. St. John's glory is its girls!

Many are they, and more beautiful they become with every season. Year by year susceptible citizens of other provinces allure them from us, month by month they yield to the pleadings of our American cousins and consent to test the benefits of annexation. Yet does their number never grow less, and still the last are the first in respect of personal charms.

We speak with becoming diffidence when we suggest that the western belles, who visit us every summer, who are now with us in such numbers, come to learn the secret of our daughters' figures and faces.

It is patent to every enquirer: good habits and, consequently, clear consciences, have somewhat to do with this physical perfection; the climate is responsible for a part of it; and if anything is still left unaccounted for, we may venture to hint that beauty is one of the characteristics of the race!

Congratulations to that reverend gentleman and bishop, the Metropolitan of Canada, upon the honors bestowed on him in his own loved native land! No higher compliment could be paid the church he represents, no greater tribute to the man, than honors such as these when nearing the end of life's journey.

Let us have free, honest speech and cease this perpetual haggling at the speaker. The editor of the Globe has certain opinions upon our political relations with the United States. The annexation question is not before the people, yet if the Globe chooses

to discuss it, and express its plain, unvarnished approval, it has a perfect right to do so. We do not share its opinions, but we respect fearless utterance wherever we find it. For such expressions the Globe is responsible solely to its patrons, who have, if they choose to suffer politics to clash with business, the remedy in their own hands. But they have too much sense for that.

The measure of responsibility with which the "correspondents" of bucket shops are to be credited is shown by the following clipping from the Montreal Star:

A number of speculatively inclined citizens mourn the loss of various sums amounting in all to some \$10,000, put up as margins on deals in Chicago with a new broker having his office somewhere near McGill street. The margins, it is understood, were used by the broker for his own private speculations, and will never be recovered, as the Chicago house with whom he professed to do business repudiated him.

And yet fools will continue to throw their money into rat-holes!

And now the street railway company is in trouble in St. John! It occurs to us that Manager ZEBLEY and Superintendent ELLIS misdirect much of their energy and engage in too many conflicts with the city authorities. We are glad to have the railway constructed, glad to see any enterprise of that nature in the city and will aid it all we can, but we are not prepared to hand the control of our streets to the company's representatives. And the sooner they realize this the better for all concerned.

The people of San Domingo are naturally indignant at an official request made on behalf of a New York man by the United States consul, who has asked the privilege of exhibiting the remains of COLUMBUS in the cities of the great republic. It was a natural request, nevertheless. Some astute citizen, who knows that in a presidential year the people expect to be aroused, has recognized the fact that the bones of COLUMBUS would be more of a live issue than any that is now contested by the two great parties.

A paragraph in another column calls attention to a public nuisance which has caused much remark, this season—the presence of drunken persons and debauchees of both sexes in the old graveyard. It is a good place for them, no doubt—but they should be underground, not on the surface.

The United States lost its only dramatist, Monday, when BARTLEY CAMPBELL died. Between his work and that of the playwrights was all the difference that separates tragedy and bombast, comedy and horse-play, sentiment and sentimentality. The people for whose pleasure he toiled will not soon forget him.

A correspondent of the Telegraph asks too much when he asserts that better service should be given the public by the postal stamp depot. Better service! Those who have had experience of the alleged clerk there consider it a special favor if he condescends to serve them at all!

President CLEVELAND's fishing trip has been pretty successful, thus far, but before it ends the position of things may be so changed that a Bass will capture him. It is said that Hon. JOSEPH P. of Bangor, has Mr. CLEVELAND's promise to visit the Eastern Maine State Fair.

Congratulations to the City Cornet band on the success which has attended the popular movement to provide for its new instruments! As the first to move in the direction of open-air concerts, the band deserves the best that St. John can give it.

The correspondent of PROGRESS who writes so pleasantly and so hopefully of the crop prospects brings tidings that to every New Brunswicker are of prime importance. With his observations we cordially coincide. "And so, let her boom!"

Political eloquence has its victories more renowned than those won by liquor, but in an average Canadian election poor whiskey is a greater influence than pure eloquence. —Toronto Telegram.

There is more of it.

About this time, independent American exchanges begin to realize that the leading candidates for president are the husband of Mrs. FRANCES FOLSOM CLEVELAND and the grandson of Gen. BEN. HARRISON.

The eclipse of the sun, announced to take place next Tuesday, was ahead of time in Maine. It came off there on Wednesday, the day when the Nationals defeated the Skowhegans.

"Own a newspaper!" advertises a New York concern which supplies ready-prints and boiler-plate; "no type or machinery necessary." We suggest the addition, "and no brains."

A TRAGEDY FOR A CENT.

A green watermelon sat on a fruit stand, Singing "Mellow, I'm mellow, I'm mellow." And a small boy stood there with a cent in his hand, Saying "Mellow, 'tis mellow, quite mellow." So he bought a big hunk, cut right out of the heart, And he ate it all up to the hard outside part, And they carried him off in a rag-dealer's cart, Poor fellow, poor fellow, poor fellow.

UNDERBRUSH.

How bitterly the children of the Puritans must have hated the Sabbath! With what sinking hearts must they have watched the sinking of Saturday's sun! Sunday was a day of quiet, with the good people of the Massachusetts colonies, but it was not a day of rest for all of them; for the children it was a prolonged cramp.

As the world has grown wiser, some of us have learned that if we would have our children grow up Sabbath observers, we should not drive them into Sunday with a strap, or attach them to it with a rope. To take away the baby's playthings and, tell her to be happy, because it is the Lord's day, is like depriving one of his dinner and then requiring him to rejoice that the country market overflows with good things. A friend, who has a little daughter, pursues a more natural plan, and I mention it because, for the sake of the children, I hope it may find imitators. In that home of hers there is a "Sunday drawer" that receives the choicest playthings and the best-loved picture-books. The drawer is opened on Sunday only, and then the child revels in its contents—but she looks forward to Sunday all through the week. By and by, of course, the Shorter Catechism will make a part of that day's rations, but I am quite confident that it will never be forced down her throat. Sunday will always be, to her, as it is now, as it should be to all of us, a "day of rest and gladness"—thanks to her devout, loving, sensible parents.

The recent promotion of a former St. John man, who now resides in Boston, gave his little daughter an opportunity to fit a new name to a familiar employment. "What's your father doing, now?" someone asked her. "He doesn't drive the team, any more," she lisped, sweetly. "He's a walking traveller!"

A child's tongue is more deadly than dynamite. Dismembered fragments of its victims are to be found in every household. At this moment I recall the mortal wound that a truthful innocent inflicted upon one of our citizens, and it seems to me worth describing. The citizen in question was fond of breaking bread with a family which numbered a pretty girl among its attractions. She had a little brother, of course—unhappily, pretty girls always have. When they all sat at meat, the visitor was usually honored with a place beside the young lady, though she was not fond of him. His weak points were a long moustache and a prejudice against the use of his napkin, which, taken together, made him a most undesirable companion at dinner. She, therefore, avoided him as much as possible, and stated her reason in the presence of Master Long-ears. It chanced, however, that on one unlucky day she sat beside the visitor, when the moustache entered into uncommonly intimate relations with the soup; and when she looked at him she was so overpowered with disgust that she murmured an apology and fled. Then the little brother, his face full of honest sympathy, left his place and walked around the table. "You are dirty, Mr. Blank," he said, compassionately, "but I'll sit next to you, if Stella don't want to!"

While my friend Donnell, of Carter's band, was here last week, I came into possession of an anecdote that shows him to be a man who can't be trifled with. Donnell is an old artilleryman and member of Prince of Wales battery, which used to be stationed on Horsfield street. He and the rest of the boys took quite a prominent part in the movement for confederation, and when, on the first Dominion day, he observed that old Dr. Livingstone had placed the Union Jack at half-mast, it affected him as a personal insult. More than that, to get to their drill-ground, the battery would have to march under that flag or go a long way around, and they swore they would do neither. Donnell and a companion thereupon appointed themselves a committee of two to labor with Dr. Livingstone. They found him obstinate. The flag was at half-mast, the halyards were fastened out of reach and both should stay where they were. Donnell argued himself to boiling point. Then he left the house, climbed the pole, ran the flag to the mast-head and nailed it there—and the battery marched under it, smiling broadly. Next day, of course, Donnell was summoned to the police court, but Judge Gilbert wanted time to consider the case—and looked into it so thoroughly that at the time of his death he hadn't come to any conclusion.

On the cover of a sensational "story of real life" which I ran across, the other day, I found the statement, "All the facts in this book are true." It is a remarkable sentence and grows upon one like that other assurance which appears at the head of a New York daily, "Largest circulation in the United States." The men who originated those two pearls of thought had brains and to spare. I gladly render my poor tribute of respect to these past masters of the art of saying nothing and conveying much.

LEON.

A Night on the River.

The Y. M. C. A. are making arrangements for a moonlight excursion which, it is expected, will be held about Aug. 20. The excursion held by the association last year was very successful, and the members are determined to make this more so.

CROP PROSPECTS ARE EXCELLENT.

One of New Brunswick's Leading Agriculturists Says a Good Word for Buckwheat.

NAUWIGEWAWK, Aug. 1.—A New Brunswick summer, if short, is brilliant with greenery and warm enough for working comfortably. We do not have the drouths they are annually subject to in Ontario, and which interfere very seriously with the farmer's work, and the growth of his stock. In New Brunswick white clover will spring up after a grain crop has been taken off a piece of new land without any seeding. Grass and hay are the great points in our rural industry, and the present season the country is looking remarkably fresh and green. The hay crop will be light on the uplands in most of the counties, though on the lower intervals, in Kings, it promises well, as do the marshes. Oats are growing well and have a deep color. Buckwheat is also promising, though a smart rain would be of great service to it now.

Buckwheat is a grain that you don't read much about in the books. Oats, barley and wheat receive a full share of attention from the scientific gentlemen who propound desirable feeding ratios for cattle for this and that purpose, but you hear little from them about buckwheat. This grain—books and scientific ratios to the contrary, notwithstanding—is or ought to be a sheet anchor of New Brunswick farming. It can be sowed in June, when the ground is dry. On certain soils, it can be raised successively, and yield well. When a slight top-dressing of manure is not applied, it is customary to mix the seed required with an equal bulk of superphosphate—dampened and thoroughly mixed with the grain until it adheres to it. This will afford sufficient nutriment to the grain and give a good crop. It is cut with a common scythe, raked into bunches, and left to dry and harden on the straw. When the bunches are fit to thresh, two men will thresh 50 bushels in an afternoon.

The grist mills are far better fitted up than they used to be. They are provided with smutting machines, which thoroughly clean the grain and take the grit out of it. When October comes in with its crisp invigorating air, the first grist from the mill is always welcomed, and a breakfast of smoking flap-jacks buttered with the real gilt-edged material and sweetened with Muscovado doesn't make a meal that any one would turn his nose up at.

But I am omitting to mention potatoes. Well, with rare exceptions the potato fields have not shown such a thrifty, healthy look for twenty years. It is comforting to a farmer to look at his potato patch, be it big or small, and the astonishing decrease of the nasty potato bug on the vines is assuring that the potatoes will again become our leading esculent. If the coating of ice over the fields last winter and early spring has been the means of destroying the Colorado beetle, it will help to mitigate the evil that it has done to the mowing fields. In life we have got to take the bitter with the sweet, and so in farming what seems a loss may be a blessing in disguise.

The root crops look well. Wild fruits have been and will be abundant and the apple crop will be bountiful. As far as we can judge now, the present season will be, taking all in all, a good one.

Exodians are coming back to stay. Freights for ships are booming. The big timber raft has been safely launched. The province is full of tourists from Yankee land, drinking in renewed vitality from our ozone-charged atmosphere. And so let her boom!

RUSTICUS.

PEN AND PRESS.

Mr. H. R. Chamberlain, of the Boston Journal, has just ended a trip to the provinces in the interest of the Boston and New York dailies that were sued by the Stewarts. His destination now is the Pacific coast, where he will look after certain artful dodgers who are involved in the case. He has PROGRESS' best wishes for a pleasant and successful journey.

Mr. John Boden's story of the Hamersley-Marborough wedding wins the \$50 prize offered by the New York Press for the best piece of work in its city department during June. The prize is justly earned.—The Journalist.

Things You Knew Before.

Most every family has a skeleton in its closet, which in the majority of cases is a pretty good thing—bein' like unto the tail of a kite, which makes the kite keep its balance.

To some people the ringing of church bells is like the call of a bill collector, inasmuch as both remind them of something which they should do, but don't like to.

Don't never expect sympathy from a person as has the same weakness as yourself; 'cause it's no use.

I find that "speech is silver and silence is golden," except when yer tryin' to sell a parrot.

A bad memory takes a good deal of the work off some men's consciences.

I never knew the African race had a language of their own, until I read the barber advertisements in the St. John daily papers. PAUL TAIT.

Accepted a Call.

It is understood that Rev. B. H. Nobles has accepted the call to the pastorate of the Portland F. C. B. church. It is not decided how soon he will enter upon the work.

Not a cheap sale but the inauguration of that policy in St. John, whose principle demands that a season's goods must be cleared out at the end of their season.

We shall adopt but one method to effect our purpose and that is to reduce to a literal half-price all goods which we wish to clear.

We will not make a general reduction but begin with three lines: Colored Dress goods, Curtains and Parasols.

These reductions take effect on Wednesday, July 18th, and each succeeding week will see other lines reduced.

Each succeeding week has seen other lines reduced; next week will see the last of these reductions, for then all summer goods will be brought into line—all summer goods will be selling for 50 cents on the dollar.

Having defined our policy all that remains to do is to tell you exactly what goods are half-price.

We shall try to be as definite as possible, for it is not our intention or policy to mislead you in regard to what you may expect.

We have never believed in what might be called a double meaning in advertisements.

For some reason one is almost certain to obtain wrong ideas when anything extraordinary is offered.

There can be no deception on our part, however, for our goods are all marked in plain figures—dividing the original price by two, gives the new price in every instance on the line specified below.

Printed Cambrics, all light colors; All Chambrays and Dress Gingham; (In connection with this a case of Dark Prints, slightly damaged, at 8 cents.)

All Colored Summer Dress Goods; White Stripe Muslins;

Colored " " Double-fold Boucle Nun's Veiling;

In Blue, Pink and Cream, at 16 cents; 1 piece Tussore Silk at 19 cents;

Lace Flouncings; White and Cream (not Black);

Beaded Grenadine; Cream Spanish Laces;

Gimps; Girdles; Ribbons (Fancy);

Curtain Laces.

Repeat—

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HUNTER, HAMILTON & MCKAY'S COLUMN.

Just to hand: 10 dozen Black Lace Mitts; 5 " Tan " "