

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITORS.
WALTER L. SAWYER,

SUBSCRIPTIONS, \$1 a year, in advance; 50 cents for six months; 25 cents for three months; free by carrier or mail. Papers will be stopped promptly at the expiration of time paid for.

ADVERTISEMENTS, \$10 an inch a year, net. The edition of PROGRESS is now so large that it is necessary to put the inside pages to press on *Thursday*, and no changes of advertisements will be received later than 10 a. m. of that day. Advertisers will forward their own interests by sending their copy as much earlier than this as possible.

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.

The composition and presswork of this paper are done by union men.

EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher.
Office: No. 27 Canterbury St. (Telegraph Building)

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUG. 25.

Circulation, Over 4,000.

THE FIRE'S FIRST LESSON.

Our contemporaries have given their "lessons of the fire." Theirs may be termed the second, third and fourth lessons; the first and most important is left for us. Our lesson has been learned by years of observation from the standpoint of unprejudiced watchfulness, and our conclusion will meet with the approval of honest citizens who form and express an opinion.

Mr. JOHN KERR is not competent to be the chief of the fire department. In times of our city's greatest danger—when destroying flames threaten our property and homes—the man at the helm, the chief engineer, should be a man of iron nerve. He should be as cool as an iceberg, and Napoleonic in the rapidity and accuracy of his decisions. No more active or braver body of men than our firemen stand on the continent, but, and we regret to say it, they want a chief. They want a man whom they can look upon as a leader, practical and cool at critical moments.

Chief KERR is not such a man. With the sound of the alarm his coolness deserts him, and the efforts of valiant, devoted firemen are partly negated by the powerlessness of their leader.

And yet, for the salary we pay, we should have a good man as chief engineer; we should have a practical and cool leader; we should have a careful and thorough organizer, and, last, but not least, we should have a man who will be wholly chief, not in part; who will devote all his time to the work, not divide it with another profession; who will, in fact, give us the value of our money, and not suffer us to depend upon private citizens to lead the ladders to victory, stemming the progress of roaring flames.

LET US HAVE FAIR PLAY.

Does the Salvation army receive fair treatment from the newspapers? Its members and friends are inclined to answer the question in the negative. They allege that if a Salvation soldier makes a misstep, the press rings with it; that if he does a good deed it goes unnoticed. They complain that while their accessories, uniforms, parades, phraseology, are daily commented upon, sometimes ignorantly, often maliciously, the essential points of their belief, the real aims of their work, are seldom recognized. Is this true? If it is, it is time that the press of Canada went up to the penitential form.

The plain fact is that the Salvation army no longer exists on sufferance. It lives and grows because there is a work for it to do—and because it does that work. There are dishonored men and women in its ranks, as there are in every organization; but for the majority of its membership—and especially for such as they who are leaving home and loved ones to carry the gospel to India—no true man can feel anything but unqualified respect. Here are things for the press of Canada to remember.

As for ourselves, habit and education lead us to consider a man's intentions and a woman's principles as of more consequence than the color of his clothing or the style of her bonnet. When the Salvation army merits criticism, this paper will not be the last to speak: but we have no hard words to waste upon men and women who are steadfastly moving forward on what they conceive to be their line of duty.

IF THEY WERE TOGETHER!

It is a sad and solemn thought that many opportunities go unimproved because one cannot, unaided, make use of them. Fortune, fickle jade, escapes the grasp of a hand that, reinforced by another, might command her stay. Love and Fame are quite as often too much for one alone to hold. Even with common people the rule remains good. If we could reach our double at the Antipodes, for example, what mighty labors we might undertake!

A circular and a newspaper that have come to us, in one mail, from widely-separated sources, have caused us to realize, as never before, that Fate often parts those whom fitness should join together.

It is the unpretentious little price-list of the Lincoln and Lincolnshire Coffin and Funeral Furnishing company, limited, that makes the better half of a natural partnership which awakens our tenderest sympathies. This company, we may explain,

engages to provide a "First-class funeral, with shelbere and coach to carry twelve persons, polished oak coffin, splendid brass furniture, richly studded lid, lined with flannel, and attendance," at the moderate charge of £4 10s. Second-class funerals are to be had for 10s. less. Third-class cost £3; fourth-class, £2; fifth-class, not so much by 5s., and sixth-class—"elm coffin, with shelbere and attendance"—call for the expenditure of the trifling sum of £1 10s!

Through an esteemed contemporary published in Joliet, Illinois, we learn of the existence of a gifted being, who, lacking the co-operation of the Lincoln and Lincolnshire company, falls short of fulfilling her mission; and without whose assistance the company will never arrive at the position that it otherwise might. The name of this half of a desirable combination is "Cousin MOLLIE." Her powers are measured by the breadth and dignity of her contribution to the *Daily News*, entitled, "Lines composed and written on the death of NELLIE, little daughter of JOHN and LILLIE JONES, who was buried at Wilton Center, August 8." They are as follows:

Dear little NELLIE has left us
For that beautiful home above;
Though we loved our darling baby,
Yet she was not too good for God.

Weep not, papa—weep not, mamma,
NELLIE waits on the other shore;
Where with angels she will meet you,
And we will have to part no more.

What heights of commercial success could long remain unscathed by the Lincoln and Lincolnshire Coffin and Funeral Furnishing company, limited, if to the commonplace accompaniments of every £4 funeral it were able to add such a gem as the above!

What masterpieces of mortuary verse might we not expect from Cousin MOLLIE, if the wide connection of the Lincoln and Lincolnshire Coffin and Funeral Furnishing company, limited, were hers to practice upon!

But, alas! 5,000 miles of land and sea divide the songstress and her prolific theme, the nightingale and her nest. Lincolnshire folk will continue to die and be buried in plain prose. Saddest thought of all, they will never know that the plains of Illinois bear up a woman who yearns to soothe their sorrows with melodious verse: a poetess of such transcendent power that in the presence of her swelling song death becomes something not to be dreaded—yea, something to be sought for!

AN OPEN LETTER.

TO THE MANAGING COMMITTEE OF THE ST. JOHN CRICKET AND ATHLETIC CLUB: *Gentlemen*—It must be apparent to you that the National base ball club is in the best possible condition; sound in wind and limb, far-sighted and loud-voiced, able to scatter confusion among its enemies and rejoice the hearts of its friends. Indeed, with the exception of the Torontos and Hamiltons, it is the best nine in Canada today.

But how does it compare with professional clubs? That is the question which suggests itself to every lover of the great game. It should be answered, and at once. You alone can help us to answer it.

During the coming week, the Lowell, Manchester and Portsmouth clubs will be within 100 miles of us. A better opportunity to bring them and our boys together will never present itself. By all means, gentlemen, endeavor to bring to a successful conclusion your efforts to arrange a game between the Nationals and one of these nines.

If our boys win, heaven will open to us; if they lose, well, —, —, —; but in any case, when they have met the league players, we shall know whether we were correct in saying that St. John has the best amateur club on the continent.

Gentlemen, give us the game!
(Signed) PROGRESS.

PROGRESS devotes considerable space, this week, to an engraving and description of the Union Baptist Seminary at St. Martins—an enterprise well worthy of all the good words that can be said of it. Organized on the broadest yet most comprehensive lines, officered by gentlemen and scholars who will bring ability as well as enthusiasm to their work, we are persuaded that its commencement will mark an epoch in the educational history of the province.

To its superintendent, principal and their assistants, to the denomination which they represent and to all our people—upon whom it cannot fail to have an uplifting influence—we tender our congratulations on the success which we already see in store for it.

We have hoped and we still hope that ALEXANDER GIBSON, the New Brunswick lumber and cotton king, will not join any combine. We think Mr. GIBSON has too much independence, too much energetic go-ahead-iveness to be fettered and hampered by combine regulations, and we will think nothing else until Mr. GIBSON signs the combine agreement—then it will be time enough to say that even kings—financial kings—can not withstand the influence of potent Profit.

We try to be fair and truthful in any local statements and honest in our comments upon them, either at the time or afterward. When Mr. C. D. SMITH, one of the representative committee of JAMES HARRIS & Co.'s employees, called at this office, he made certain statements which, at

his request, were given in the last issue of PROGRESS. It is true we substituted plain English common-sense words for the flowery gush of the speaker, but there was no change of the ideas expressed. When, therefore, we see Mr. SMITH again figuring in the newspapers and succeeding in getting his flowery gush in print, we are compelled to regard his effusion as coming from a favor-seeking parent, whose son has been discharged from the shops, rather than from an honest workman whose sole object is to set himself and his companions right before the public.

Mr. Geo. E. Fenety's article on Imperial Federation, which has appeared in PROGRESS, contains the first deliberate and critical utterance upon the subject from a Canadian and anti-federation standpoint. As such it will, no doubt, receive careful attention from the ardent supporters of the chaotic idea. Thoughtful readers of PROGRESS, who have followed the article with interest and pleasure, will be glad to learn that it has been published in pamphlet form and sent to those gentlemen who figure prominently in support of Federation. They will find plenty of food for thought in it.

The Toronto *World* has been investigating our Canadian mutual live-stock insurance companies and finds that they have no paid-up capital and no assets. In other words, the operation of the "mutual" principle is restricted to the officers of the concern. They help each other—to all the money that comes in.

To the firemen and the salvage corps, the men who handled the hose, the ladder and the protecting covers, we tender the hearty thanks of the people for their noble efforts of Monday. They deserved the compliment of Thursday night and enjoyed it.

Speaking of Monday's fire, the appellation, "The Phoenix city," is applied by the *Moncton Transcript* to St. John. It is a good name, too.

BUT WHY FORBIDDEN?

The Government Enacts That Stamps Must Not Be Wrapped Up.

"Give me half a dollar's worth of one cent stamps, will you?" said a man rushing into an up-town bookstore, out of the rain, Wednesday morning.

The sheet of stamps was thrown on the counter to him, and his change counted.

"Will you put a piece of paper round them, please?" he said in a careless manner.

"Couldn't do it," said the clerk to the man, who looked thoroughly surprised.

"Why?"

"The government will not allow us. They say we get the stamps open, and should give them as we receive them."

"Darn the government!" said the purchaser, as he crammed the stamps into his breast pocket; "it's no good anyhow," and he left the store in disgust.

"What is the idea in not wrapping up stamps?" asked PROGRESS.

"I don't know!" was the enlightening answer. "When a customer came in for stamps we used to put them up in an envelope for him, until one day the assistant postmaster came up and told us we were breaking the law. We have been notified two or three times since, and they have threatened to take our license from us. The worst of it is that people will not believe you when you tell them the stamps must not be wrapped up."

ETCHINGS AND ECHOES.

A Psychological Puzzle.

When the mover's work is ended and his precious gleanings go
From King's square to subject's stable lined with
cattle, row on row,
Does there never rise before them, while they tramp
the fragrant mass,
Visions of a frightful something, howling, "You!
keep off the grass?"

Far, Far Away.

Shrewd suspicion sometimes seizes me, a scoffing
cynic gray,
When the wild Salvation soldiers blare across my
weary way.
Wandering angels sometimes watch them, peeping
slyly round a cloud,
But if heaven was very near they wouldn't have to
yell so loud.

Poetic Justice.

Do you ask me, Why this laughter while the funeral
train goes by?
Why I grin and dance and chuckle when the coffin
meets my eye?
Know, then, that the late lamented ate bananas
without check—
Threw the skins upon the sidewalk—stepped on
one—and broke his neck!

Place Aux Dames.

In satiric silence gaze we where the Hallogians
stare
Towards a sight they think they look at—the all-
wonderful World's Fayre!
We could point them, did we choose to, where the
real display goes on,
For our eyes and mirrors tell us the world's fair are
in St. John.

The Greatest Mystery.

Euclid yields me every problem; Browning never
gives me grief;
O'er the Shakespeare-Bacon puzzle my bewilderment
meets me brief;
I have solved the Schoolmen's riddles—but I cannot
tell, not I,
How Eternal Mercy reconciles the bald head and
the fly.

According to H. Rider Haggard.

Take ten elephants, four lions, view of Africa by
night,
Forty thousand naked niggers roaring round a
wounded white,
One fair woman, two foul dits: mix them all into a
mess,
Flavor with Munchausen's fables—and you have a
"great success!"

FLORENCE WILMINGTON.

WHERE IT CAN BE DONE.

AN EASY SOLUTION TO THE HOUSE FURNISHING PROBLEM.

A Conversation with a Would-be-Benedict Who Has Just Furnished His Future Home—He Tells How It Can Be Done in the Best and Cheapest Way.

"Well, yes, it is true that I have fallen into the matrimonial trap prepared for the unwary, and everything is ready for my marriage next month. I have furnished a house and nothing remains but the ceremony to make me the happiest man in the commercial metropolis of New Brunswick."

Such was the reply of an intimate friend on being asked by me if the report of his approaching marriage was anything more than an idle rumor. He then suggested that I take a walk with him to inspect the house which he had furnished, and I went, though I had to laugh heartily at the idea of Fred furnishing a house, for he had always confessed that the one thing which would deter him from joining the ranks of the benedicts would be his inability to prepare a home to which to take his wife. On our way he entertained me with an account of the troubles which he had passed through in his bashful attempt to get information about the suitable furnishings for his house. As I knew from long acquaintance with Fred what a bashful youth he was, I could fully understand what struggles he would have to get any knowledge about the latest fashions in furniture, carpets and all the little nothings which make home what it is—the most attractive place on earth. Tormented as he was by the fear that his friends would guess at the real truth of the matter he was compelled to give up his search for information, after he found that many of the young ladies whom he called on in the vain hope of "pumping" as to the suitable colors for carpets, or the latest styles in furniture, knew even less about such matters than he himself did. At last the happy thought dawned upon his frenzied mind that he had better consult some gentleman in the house furnishing business. Accordingly, he had selected Mr. Harold Gilbert, because, as he said, Mr. Gilbert's window displayed such excellent taste—and Fred knew that taste was necessary in this work. After explaining to Mr. Gilbert his wants, Fred was relieved to learn that that gentleman would take that matter entirely out of his hands and would furnish his house—at least as far as concerned the furniture, carpets, rugs—for much less than he had been informed he could do it for himself. The house had been furnished and Fred wanted me to pass my opinion on it before it should receive its mistress, lest something might yet be wanting to make it more attractive.

By this time we had reached the house, so saying he would let me judge for myself, my friend unlocked the door and we entered. I found the hall carpeted with Brussels to match the parlors, the only furniture being a nice hatstand and a couple of chairs. Between the hall and the front parlor the door had been taken away and a handsome pair of portieres in rich oriental colors substituted. Passing into the front parlor I found on the floor a rich-looking carpet, the color being a combination of goblin blue and terra cotta, with a little gold mixed through. This carpet, Fred informed me, was Mr. Gilbert's best five-frame Brussels, costing only \$1.30 a yard, and which would prove in the long run the cheapest carpet he could buy, as there was almost no end of wear to it. All around the room were scattered door mats and rugs of different colors, harmonizing nicely with the carpet, and giving the parlor a bright and cosy, as well as a handsome, appearance; while on the windows were antique lace curtains, with sash curtains of Japanese silk. The parlor suit was in a very handsome frame-design (gotten up expressly for the Toronto exhibition, Fred proudly informed me), upholstered in brocade silk and Genoa velvet; the furniture being all odd pieces, gave the room a somewhat aesthetic appearance, an effect greatly desired by housekeepers of today. Between the parlors, instead of doors, portieres hung in graceful folds, while under foot was a rich Armenian plush rug, the nicest thing of the kind I have seen, and something new in the rug line.

The back parlor was carpeted with Brussels of similar design to that which was on the front parlor, and was furnished in a more economical way, the centre table being nice, but not very expensive, the other furniture consisting of a lounge, a couple of rattan chairs, a student's chair, a lady's secretary and a bookcase. This room seemed to be Fred's favorite, and he would have spent the rest of the day descending on the virtues of the rattan chairs, had I not hurried him on to further inspection.

The front stair was covered with Brussels carpet, to match the other rooms, put down with Mr. Gilbert's new brass stair-plates and new brass stair-corners, the latter effectually keeping the dust out of the corners of the stairs and saving the housekeeper much trouble in her sweeping. The upstairs hall was of course carpeted to match the stairs and front hall carpets, and would, Fred thought, make a sunny spot for his wife to do her sewing in. Opening out of the hall was the spare bedroom, which was covered with tapestry carpet in chintz colorings, while an antique oak bedroom suit adorned the room. A mat or two scattered here and there, and a set of Nottingham lace curtains in ecru tints with pretty silk

sash curtains which draped the window, completed the adornment and made this a most attractive bedroom.

The floor of the main bedroom was covered with a two-ply wool carpet of the finest quality and of English make. This carpet was intended as a peace-offering to Fred's mother-in-law, who was a determined upholder of the virtues of woollen carpet; so as he was compelled to have a two-ply, Fred chose the bedroom as the place for its abode. A mahogany-colored Sir Charles Tupper set gave the room an elegant appearance. The looking-glass attached to the bureau of this set is a novelty, being connected to the stand at top and bottom, instead of at the sides as in the old styles. This makes it more handy as it swings round on a pivot and gives a view both of the back and front of one's person. Ecru lace curtains with silk sash curtains, also adorned the windows of the bedroom and added much to the general effect.

The new cork carpet, in plain colors, with neat border covered the bathroom floor, and is the best thing for a bathroom that I know of, being porous and always dry. This room was very neat and pretty as well as convenient, and suited my ideas exactly as to what a bathroom should be.

The dining-room being in the basement, was not expensively furnished. Tapestry, in colorings which made it difficult to be distinguished from Brussels, covered the floor, the sideboard and table being of antique oak. The chairs took my fancy, being of mahogany-colored Vienna bent wood, which is becoming so fashionable. The kitchen and servant's bedroom, which were also in the basement, I did not inspect, as they were not yet furnished, a woman always preferring to furnish her own kitchen.

I, of course, expressed myself delighted with the house and its furnishing, but asked Fred how he had been able to pay for such an expensive outfit. At that he laughed, and said he had already told me the secret, and that he was quite sure he had saved from 10 to 15 per cent. by placing the whole matter in Mr. Gilbert's hands, whom he found kept the cheapest, as well as the most handsome furnishings in the city. I agreed with all that he had said, and as I went away I thought that I would profit by Fred's example, if I ever was rash enough to marry, and wanted to furnish a house.

EXPERIENCES WITH WAITERS.

Travellers Tell How They Always Manage to Get Good Service.

The subject of discussion among a party of city men and travellers at an up-town hotel, the other evening, was tipping waiters. All had something to tell and nothing was held back. Each knew a hotel where he could get his dinner before anybody else or he never did any tipping, but depended on his good looks.

"I had a dinner party green with envy at a Woodstock hotel, once," said a city man. "I received the first of everything and the waiter, an American by the way, was constantly near me, while other guests could not get anything. I was pretty intimate with the people of the house and a lot of drummers with whom I had been passing the morning, knew this and made several remarks about it in connection with the service I was getting. I never thought commercial men would be so blind, however, for my secret lay in being intimate with the waiter whom you can always reach through your pocket."

"I met with a surprise, one time, at a Moncton hotel," said a traveller for a St. John house. "Opposite me at the table were a gruff old man as homely as a stone fence and a very stylish and good-looking young fellow. The latter I noticed was almost utterly neglected by the pretty waiting maid, while the old fellow got all and more than he wanted. At first I thought admiration had given way to veneration, but on rising I found that the waitress quietly raised the old fellow's plate and stowed 25 cents in her pocket."

A thin and solemn man in the corner said he was fooled very badly once by placing the "tip" under his plate. "It was the first time I ever was at the hotel," he said, "and I wanted to make myself solid; so I let the waiter see me feel in my pocket and lit the plate. He served me well, and when I rose from the table I left a quarter for him. I was passing through the hall a few minutes afterwards, when I heard myself described and called the skinniest, most miserable, contemptible and meanest thing that ever lived, and no looking I found my accuser was the waiter. I could not understand what was the matter with the man. The next day, at dinner, I was shamefully treated, and was the last served. I noticed an old fat fellow across the table looking at me, and seemingly thoroughly amused at my discomfort. After dinner, he came to me and said he had made me the subject of a joke the day before. He saw me placing the quarter under my plate, and caught the waiter's smile, but before the latter could get a chance at the money, the fat gentleman had quietly removed it, and the disappointed waiter imagined I was trying to trick him into serving me. The fat gentleman made it all up with the waiter, however, and we all laughed it over. I have been well treated at that house ever since."

"Speaking about doing the plate racket," said another of the party, knocking the ashes off his cigar, "reminds me of my experience in a certain town, and a pretty big one, too. There was quite a number at table, and I, as I nearly always do, slipped a dime under my plate. Half an hour after dinner a girl brought it back to me, saying she thought I had lost it. I never let on, but told her to keep it, saying, 'honesty is the best policy.'"

MONDAY, Aug. 27—Last days
TUESDAY, Aug. 28— for Summer
WEDNESDAY, Aug. 29— Goods.

All goods which have not sold at half-price will be marked a price that will sell them by WEDNESDAY, including all remnants and odds and ends.

THURSDAY, Aug. 30—

Formal opening of the Fall Season: Autumn Goods in all departments.

NEW
GOODS
ARRIVING
DAILY.

With this issue our contract with the publishers of PROGRESS ceases.

We will on THURSDAY, Aug. 30, settle down to our regular Fall trade.

Our policy for the coming season will be the same as for the past, viz.: Keeping the right goods, and selling them as cheaply as possible consistent with a fair profit and the least possible expense.

We heartily thank all our patrons for what they have done in making our business a success, and ask a continuance of favors for this, our second season, promising faithful attendance and an improved service.

Respectfully,

HUNTER,
HAMILTON
& McKAY.

97 KING STREET.