

PROGRESS.

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SUBSCRIPTIONS, \$1 a year, in advance; 50 cents for six months; 25 cents for three months; 10 cents a month; free by carriers or mail. Papers will be stopped promptly at the expiration of time paid for.

ADVERTISEMENTS, \$10 an inch a year, net changes not received later than Thursday. 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, JULY 21.

Circulation, 4,000 Copies.

A feature of next week's PROGRESS will be the portraits of eight of the prominent visiting Boston Oddfellows and four of those high in the order in this city. They will be accompanied by short biographical sketches and an interesting article upon the growth of the order in New Brunswick.

A HINT TO BONDHOLDERS.

At almost every session of the provincial legislature the city of Portland obtains authority for a further issue of bonds which are placed upon the market and bring a fair value. The same act which authorizes their issue also provides that there shall be a sinking fund which, with accrued interest, will be sufficient for their retirement.

Are they aware that by doing this the city of Portland violates the conditions upon which those bonds were issued?

It would appear from the high-handed and loose character of the management of Portland civic affairs, that the mayor and aldermen cared only for the present and trusted to luck and a gullible public for the future. Every city which has as large an issue of bonds as Portland has at least a respectable sinking fund to meet the indebtedness, but in this case the amounts which should be devoted to this purpose are expended at the pleasure of those in office, and the security of the bondholders and the honor and credit of the city are left for the consideration of their successors.

It is well to look upon this matter in its true light. The issue of bonds depends entirely upon the pleasure of the legislature, and if that body saw that the city was not fulfilling its agreement it would be justified in refusing any further issue. In that event, and with no sinking fund, of what value are the bonds?

BY EMINENT ARTISTS.

"The Owens Art institution," writes President ROBERT REED in the Weekly Scrapbook, "contains a collection of nearly 300 original paintings, mostly the work of eminent artists of the present and past centuries."

Said the Boston Post of June 10, 1885, describing a sale of water-colors at LEONARD'S gallery:

Some of the bargains secured were a CAMPI for \$14.50, a DECAMPS for \$13.50, a SCHELPHOUT for \$18, a DEWINT for \$21, a BOUVIER for \$14.50, a BODDINGTON for \$15.50, a DAVID COX for \$17, and so on. Among the buyers was ROBERT REED, who secured many of the old English drawings for the Owens Art gallery at St. John, N. B.

In other words, Mr. REED bid in a job lot.

Unfortunately, he has never been able to free himself from the delusion—evidently implanted at that time by the dealer and strengthened by the Post reporter—that "original paintings" by DAVID COX and his compeers, eminent artists beyond a doubt, can be bought at public sale—and in Boston, of all places!—at \$17 apiece!

We fancy that, when the awakening does come, Mr. REED will regret that he ever spent his bad grammar and worse logic in defence of the OWENS "Art" institution.

A SIX MINUTES' TALK.

During the last few days the name of King's has been much in men's mouths. Many eyes have been upon her, watching with sympathy and real sorrow. I believe, to see her speedy dissolution. But let me assure you of this—the matter is by no means decided as yet. I must ask you not to be misled by any mere expression of opinion, quite without practical authority, and appearing to have a much greater authority than it does really possess. There yet remains in King's college a remnant which does not hold it honorable to flee to the skirts of a generous sister college—altogether worthy and altogether loved though that sister college be—for protection from the first little danger.

There is yet a remnant in King's college which does not think it mainly to foist upon other and generous shoulders its own legitimate responsibilities. There yet remains in King's college a remnant that has not condescended to misrepresentation, or approved of the washing of soiled linen in public. This remnant is not necessarily small because it does not happen to be

noisy. And I ask you to believe that it may yet accomplish, if earnest effort can accomplish it, something that will be to the honor of old King's and for the good of the highest kind of education.

There is one respect in which the situation of the Canadian university is unique. This is in regard to the peculiar responsibility under which we rest in the matter of instruction in comparative history and comparative politics. This is a real, a vital, an immediate question for our colleges to consider. It is a responsibility not to be shirked. We, now, at this day, are present at the beginnings of a national existence. All about us, for the last few years, mighty forces have been at work. Have our universities been guiding these forces as it is their prerogative, their duty, to guide them? Surely, the university is the heart, from which should throb the currents of the intellectual forces of the nation. Canadians are a people that will have ideas. It is for the universities to see that their ideas are right ones. Canadians are a people that will argue. It is for the universities to see that they argue not from false premises, from false principles. Shall not the university then see to it, and at once, that the young men of Canada know something of the facts and the philosophy of history, and of the foundations of economic science? See this, our country, standing, uncertain, but eager with the restlessness of the race, waiting for the change! But what change? Ah, this it will be for those young men whom we are training now to decide. And whose the responsibility, then, if through ignorance they decide not aright? We are a self-governing people. The universities must see to it that we know how to govern ourselves. The change may come not today, nor yet tomorrow, neither, perhaps, within the next ten years. But a change will come. Then, when the issue is thrust upon us, finally, if the Canadian university has been alive to its duty, may we feel confident that this dear Canada of ours will not be astonished or cast down.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

A PROMISE OF IMMORTALITY.

Certain bright newspaper men in New York city have begun the publication of a novel periodical, eclectic in the sense that it is made up of selected matter, but departing from the conventional so widely as to take in the best articles that are written for the daily and weekly newspapers.

It is a good idea, and we wonder that no one ever thought of it before.

Nine in every ten of the literary people of America are today connected with the press, as editors, reporters or salaried contributors, and much of the best work that the century sees is appearing, hour by hour, in the columns of the newspapers. The great journals pay liberal prices. Their standard is very high. The necessities of space compel their writers to be direct rather than fluent, vigorous as well as polished. The modern author states in a column the ideas which his predecessor in the same field would have expanded into a book—and, oftener than not, the thought is all the better for the compression. For ideas, as well as English, the nineteenth century citizen must look to the press.

The one drawback to the modern method of publishing, is that it is impersonal, that the writer's name is hardly ever known beyond his office. The projectors of the new magazine will remedy this weakness, so far as they may, while at the same time they rescue from newspaper files the articles which, however great their immediate influence, would otherwise be obscured by a new day and a new issue. The enterprise is, therefore, one in which all journalists will feel a personal interest; and when the extent and richness of the field is once made manifest, we believe that the public will appreciate it also.

ALD. CHESLEY AND THE PRESS.

According to the Sun, Ald. W. A. CHESLEY, the brother of his worship Mayor CHESLEY, had something to say at the last meeting of the council. His remarks were so amusing that they are worth quoting:

Ald. Chesley said he would move for the dismissal of any official who in future gave to the press any information which should not be published until it came before the council. He then proceeded to find fault with the press generally. The reporters were always ready to write up anything in connection with the city of Portland, but they did not give away anything which occurred in St. John. The papers endeavored to make out that the council was composed of a number of blackguards. This was not the case, and if one or two members at times conducted themselves in an ungentlemanly manner, it was not necessary to put the council down as a bear garden. He did not blame the editors. It was the work of the reporters and it was the lowest, meanest kind of journalism. He hoped that in future the reporters would treat the council with a little respect.

The public should be obliged to Ald. CHESLEY for the information that he and his colleagues are not blackguards. Such news is encouraging.

It we make no mistake, Ald. CHESLEY committed a grave error when he assailed the reporters. So far as we know the latter gentlemen, they are only interested in giving the public a fair and truthful account of the proceedings in the council and if they ever err it is on the side of leniency. When Ald. CHESLEY and his colleagues learn of the proceedings in the council and if they ever err it is on the side of leniency. When Ald. CHESLEY and his colleagues learn of the proceedings in the council and if they ever err it is on the side of leniency. When Ald. CHESLEY and his colleagues learn of the proceedings in the council and if they ever err it is on the side of leniency.

It was with considerable amusement that we read the reports in the Moncton papers of the proceedings of the Grand Lodge, I. O. G. T., which called Progress "a temperance paper". We do not object to the title, but must confess that PROGRESS does not merit it. A temperance paper, so far as we understand it, is one that devotes considerable of its space to news of the divisions and advocating temperance principles. There could not, perhaps, be a better field, but there is a wider one, and PROGRESS aims at the cultivation of the latter rather than the former. Our position may be defined again. We believe in the enforcement of all law, whether it applies to crime or the sale of liquor, and we will continue to lose no opportunity to point out its violation.

To the credit of the physicians of St. John, we venture to assert that the visiting members of the New Brunswick Medical Society have had no reason to complain of the programme of amusement prepared for their delectation. Take the features of Tuesday and Wednesday, for example. On the evening of the former day, the delegates listened to the felicitous address of Dr. INCHES and the sweet music of Miss BOWEN, Signor RONCONI and HARRISON'S orchestra. On Wednesday afternoon, for their special benefit, Dr. DANIEL performed several operations at the General Public hospital. To those who are familiar with the catholic and appreciative dispositions of our medical men, it is needless to say that here alone they had rich store of entertainment—especially in the operations.

No one can deny that free speech prevails in Toronto. Last Sunday, according to the World, spiritualists, HENRY GEORGE men, Socialists, Christians, infidels and temperance orators took turns in haranguing the crowd from a platform in the park. Loafers and rowdies interrupted this feast of reason, however, and it has been proposed to suppress the meetings; but on this point the World well says: "Don't let it be said that Toronto cannot stand free discussion in the park on Sundays. There are great social problems before the world; the masses feel their effect most, and are struggling in their own way to solve them. Therefore, let there be freedom of speech and absence of hoodlumism. It is the hoodlum who ought to be suppressed, not the park disputant."

At the time of the great famine of 1880 in Ireland, the United States government furnished a vessel and \$400,000 was raised by private subscription to carry aid to the starving Celts. The identity of the gentlemen who provisioned the ship has never been known until now. LEVI P. MORTON, the vice-presidential candidate of the Republican party, put up the first \$100,000, JAMES GORDON BENNETT the second, ex-Mayor WILLIAM R. GRACE the third, and smaller subscriptions brought the amount up to \$400,000. They were all dealing in "futures." Most of them, doubtless, expect no return this side of heaven, but Mr. MORTON will realize on his investment next fall.

The Toronto World says that the latest about Hon. Edward Blake is that he will return to Canada in poorer health than when he left. He was benefited by his sojourn in Italy, but on reaching England his old trouble became as bad as ever and since then there has been no improvement.

No one who has looked upon Messrs. GIBSON and TEMPLE'S fancy earthen mound upon which their railway enters the aesthetic city of Fredericton will ever accuse those gentlemen of the crime of aestheticism.

It isn't always true that "necessity knows no law." When a liquor-dealer's "necessity" is in question, it gets the benefit of the very latest points.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

TO THE EDITORS OF PROGRESS: I am glad to follow your lead with regard to the year's deficit of the Oratorio society and will ask you to put down my name for \$10.

This will show that our little passage of arms was a friendly one and that at all events our aims are the same.

At the next meeting of our executive committee, I shall make a proposal which I hope will place the Oratorio society on a more satisfactory footing before it again shoulders the responsibility of concerts which cost at least \$800.

JOHN M. DAVENPORT.

St. John, July 14.

A Good Thing to Carry.

The first number of The Gripsock, a handsome 64-page monthly edited and published here by Messrs. Knowles & Reynolds in the interest of the travelling public, was issued Wednesday. If it succeeds according to its deserts, the enterprising publishers will be able to run several railroads of their own, by this time next year.

Cruel, but True.

Visiting School Teacher—"Who are all these young men I see around town with their fingers done up in white cotton?"

Resident Teacher—"Oh, they are base ball players. Their fingers are seldom hurt, though, except when they lose a game."

THEY CURE EVERYTHING.

Including Dropsical Pocketbooks—Something About Patent Medicines.

"I heard something funny this afternoon," said a citizen to PROGRESS, Tuesday. "I was standing in a drug-store when a woman came in to buy a bottle of patent medicine. After she had squandered her wealth, she began to praise the medicine. 'I recommend it to everybody,' she said. 'I always carry a little vial of it with me, and when any of my girls complain of being run down I give it to them to tone up their systems. I wouldn't dare to be without it. It saved one-third of my life!'"

That evening in another drug-store, where PROGRESS happened to meet a prominent manufacturer, this story was told and some new and good ones were called out by it. "That woman," said the druggist, "resembles a good many other people who buy patent medicines. The faith they have in them is astonishing. If a physician doesn't cure an illness in 48 hours they will declare that he's no good, but they'll drink that stuff by the gallon and never lose confidence in it. If I ask \$1 for a prescription I'm a highway robber, but the same people who growl at that charge will give \$1 for a pint of slops that didn't cost 15 cents. There are some queer folks in this world!"

"I found lots of 'em in Ontario, in the days when I used to be on the road," the manufacturer agreed. "They'd buy anything, if it had a pretty label. One of our travellers did a great business in the rural districts with a 'Freckle Lotion' made of lard, colored and scented a little."

"I had a friend who got strapped in Montreal, some years ago, who did a neater trick than that," the druggist observed. "He got a lot of half-ounce chip boxes, filled them with axle-grease and sold them as 'Corn Remover' at 25 cents apiece."

"I never tried that kind of peddling but once," said the manufacturer. "It wasn't a patent medicine I handled then, but a household soldering outfit. The articles that composed it were two or three sticks of lead and a little bottle of muriatic acid and zinc. I bought another fellow's stock in trade, you know. In the first house I visited, they brought out a milk-pan with a hole in the bottom, and I held the pan over a candle, poured on my acid, applied the lead and waited for the hole to fill up. It didn't fill—the acid ran right through it. I had to leave without making a sale, and the failure nearly broke my heart, until I remembered that I had forgotten to scrape the grease off the pan. After I got the right track on that, I sold the stuff to everybody."

"Speaking of patent medicines, what is the favorite nostrum, just now?" PROGRESS asked.

"It's hard to say. Every preparation has its season, you know, though of course the kidney cures, liniments, etc., sell all the year round. In the spring and fall, blood purifiers are in great demand. The rest of the year, the people who live on patent medicines prefer a tonic, with a good deal of whiskey in it."

"Such as what?"

The druggist held out a bottle of "biters," with a glaring label. "Something like this, for example, which has about 40 per cent of alcohol. People who have tried it tell me it is a very warm beverage."

"How many kinds of these medicines have you in stock?"

"Not far from 200. In that case behind you are eleven different kinds of plasters, for example, and I suppose I might find as many more, if I had calls for them."

"And there is a demand for all this stuff?"

"Of course. It's all kept before the public. By the way, there's a point for you newspaper men: When a patent medicine ceases to be advertised, it drops out of sight almost immediately. If one of these big manufacturers should stop advertising for six months, his preparations would become dead stock at once."

Things You Knew Before.

"Alcohol is a creature of God." So is the mule. Both is all right if you know when to stop tootin' with 'em.

A good watch dog is one as don't think a man's pause is two inches thick. A dog what don't know this is a fit subject for a funeral.

Bad weeds will help to fill up the gardening, but will always spoil the general effects. It's just the same in sissidy.

"Koud applause" in parenthesis makes a newspaper report more attractive, but I notice what the small boy in the gallery kin make more applause than the old wise ones in the front seats every time.

A sun shower seldom amounts to much, but it's liable to make you pretty uncomfortable. The sun shower is like some people in this respect.

PAUL TAIT.

Travellers Will Appreciate It.

Landlord Jones is making some desirable improvements in the dining room of the Dufferin. A bay extension of the Queen Anne style looks out on the lawn adjoining the house and will give table room for about 20 more guests. In the centre panel of the bay will be a mirror about 7x8 1/2 feet, while stained glass in cathedral style will compose the upper parts of the windows. Silk drapery and other tasteful accessories will be introduced and the skillful brush of Robert S. Craig will put a fine finish on all.

THE MISSING STEWARD.

He Was Sleeping in the Hold While the Crew Dragged for His Body.

The drowning accident was the subject of conversation at the house of an old sea captain, Wednesday evening. The probabilities of the bodies ever being found were being discussed, when the old captain disappeared somewhere, but soon returned with a small iron instrument with three hooks.

"See them grappels?" said the gruff old man.

Everybody saw them. "Well," said the captain, "I must tell you where I got 'em, and how they come to be in my possession."

The party was all attention, and the captain continued:

"I've had them grapples a good many years, and they ain't mine by rights, neither. I was sailing in a brig, and was loading at Maryport, England, when the incident by which I happened to get the grapples occurred."

"Our steward was as good a man as his business as I ever sailed with, but he had a bad habit of getting too much rum aboard just when he should have been sober. As I said before, we were at Maryport, and were all loaded and ready for sailing on a Saturday night. There was a great number of ships also ready; and, as the bridge across Maryport harbor would be opened Sunday, we all intended to sail on that day."

"The steward went ashore early Saturday evening, and when it grew late and he didn't show up, everybody on board began to get anxious about him. About 12 o'clock one of the men went over the ship's side to look after a fender, when he saw our boat laying alongside, between the brig and a large light barque, which was outside of us. The steward's coat was in the boat, and of course everybody was convinced that he had got too much rum on shore and had fallen between the two vessels when trying to get on board."

"I instantly set everybody searching for him, on shore and around the harbor, but we could find no traces of the steward. Early Sunday morning we concluded he was drowned and got them grapples. We dragged the harbor all morning. All the vessels that were ready to sail left the harbor, but we had to stay and if possible find the steward. It was a great disappointment to us, I tell you, to miss such a fine day for sailing and besides be unable to find our missing man, who was one of the cleanest and best fellows I ever had on board."

"We had dinner, but everybody looked glum and thought it useless to search much longer. At last we gave him up as lost and decided to sail at the next opportunity."

"About 2 o'clock, Sunday afternoon, I went on board the bark alongside and was talking to the captain, when we heard a man climbing up out of the hold. We waited for him and just imagine how surprised everybody was to see our lost steward shove his head above the hatchway, looking the very picture of misery. He was in his shirt sleeves and looked very stupid indeed. He could offer no explanation, whatever, as to how he came to go down into the hold of the barque, although he admitted having been drinking on shore Saturday night."

"The probabilities are that the steward had climbed up the side of the barque to get on board our vessel, but instead of turning toward shore he went to the hatchway of the bark and deliberately climbed down into the hold."

"We sailed Monday and took the grapples, which we borrowed from a broker on shore, along with us."

The Case of Maggie Pierce.

Seldom has the sympathy of the people of St. John gone out so spontaneously to any one person as it did to Miss Maggie Pierce, who, it will be remembered, met with a frightful accident some months ago, in Ungar's steam laundry. Since the accident she has been in the General Public hospital, and the public has been eager at all times to hear of her condition. Many thought that she would never recover from the effects of the calamity which befell her, and when it was announced some time ago that she was able to walk in the hospital grounds, everybody was surprised.

Mr. Ungar's delivery men have to keep posted as to the condition of Miss Pierce, as nearly all of the laundry's customers always ask about her. That the public take an interest in her case and sympathize with her is best shown by the readiness with which any new information spreads. News of this kind gets pretty well muddled after a number of persons have repeated the story, and it at length becomes most strange and startling. For example, a story was around town this week to the effect that hair was growing on Miss Pierce's head. This astonished everybody who heard it, but what was more strange, according to rumor, the hair was black, while Miss Pierce, before the accident, had light hair. Of course there was nothing in the rumor. Miss Pierce is getting better slowly, but her head is in a bad state, the skin not having yet formed. She is doing as well as can be expected, however, and when it is remembered what an accident she suffered from, the wonder is that she recovered at all.

Patterns by mail on application.

Don't miss Exmouth St. S. S. Picnic July 24.

97 KING STREET.

On Monday we made the following announcement: Not a "cheap sale," but the inauguration of that policy in St. John, whose principle demands that a season's goods must be cleaned out at the end of their season.

We shall adopt but one means 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, Parasols.

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

Wednesday came, but not the crowd! Has the sale been a failure? We have had only two days to judge by, but we think not.

We hardly expected a crowd on the first day. Why should we? The morals of cheap sale advertisements are very low. We cannot complain because ours has been classed with the others.

We merely said we would reduce to half-price all goods which we wish to clear, but half-price is a very much hackneyed expression, which has come to mean almost anything in the way of a reduction.

It may mean that 24 cent goods were reduced to 18 cents, it has meant that 24 cents were reduced to 22 cents, but with us it means that 24 cents are reduced to 12 cents and \$5.25 to \$2.62.

For all this, the people did not come in numbers. But we did our part. We said we would reduce those lines to half price, and we did so. Certainly the fault is not ours if those who do not take advantage of these terms fail to do so.

What is the truth about the sale? On Wednesday we were busy—busy for the season; but not everybody knew or cared about Dress Goods at half price.

On that day those who saw, bought, and told their friends. On Thursday more people came, and that is why we do not think the sale is a failure.

We have not a doubt that gradually the crowds will come.

Why, then, do any further advertising? Why not let matters take their course?

Because we want to force attention to a sale that you ought to know about!

Because the time is short!

Because we said each succeeding week would see other lines reduced, and these lines are in waiting.

Why make a reduction at all? If goods will not sell better at half-price than at full price, why reduce? Because we believe they will sell better at half (if they do not we will make them). Why clear them out at such a sacrifice? Because we believe that one of the principal reasons for what we are going to call our unprecedented success, since our opening—is, our stock was all new stock and we are determined that that reason shall not be wanting for our success next season.

Patterns by mail on application.

HUNTER, HAMILTON, & McKAY.