

PROGRESS.

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

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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.

Every article appearing in this paper is written especially 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, OCT. 13.

CIRCULATION, 5,000.

The demand for files of "Progress" has so far reduced our supply of certain issues that we can no longer allow subscriptions to begin with No. 1. A few files complete to Sept. 15, (Nos. 1 to 20, inclusive) may be obtained at this office for \$1 each.

FULL OF YEARS AND HONOR.

The chief justice and his associates on the bench of the supreme court receive more than a passing mention in this week's issue of PROGRESS.

No one can deny that they deserve it. The jubilee of the highest judicial functionary in the province, and one of the ablest jurists in the land, is an event of no mean importance. The exhaustive article by Mr. LAWRENCE tells very clearly the story of a well spent life, and has much that is not only timely, but will make a record of permanent value.

In the treating of the other justices of the court no attempt has been made to give extended sketches of their lives and careers. Nor has there been any effort to give formal and precise biographies of them. It is, perhaps, scarcely necessary to say that any facts which have been given have not been obtained from the justices themselves. Any favourable mention made of their careers has been made without their sanction.

So singularly averse to publicity are some of the number indeed, that no modern portraits of them, available for use, are to be had. With the exception of a picture in the possession of the Historical society, the existence of which was not known until too late, there is no portrait of Justice WETMORE. Justice KING has not been photographed for years, and the only portrait of Justice TRICK is a large presentation picture which was not available for use.

This being the case, PROGRESS has been fain to be content with the portraits of the chief justice, and Justices PALMER and FRASER. These are very faithful likenesses, and it is matter of regret that such good work could not include the full bench. The chief justice celebrates his jubilee amid the good wishes of many beyond those of the bench and bar with whom his duties bring him in contact. Wherever his name is known he is honored. By all to whom he is known he is esteemed. He lives as did his illustrious predecessors, revered as "a just and upright judge."

Amid the host of congratulations which salute his honor on this occasion, PROGRESS asks leave to tender its tribute and to wish the chief justice increasing happiness with the increasing years.

ARRANT NONSENSE.

Under the caption of "A Word of Warning," the Messenger and Visitor has the following:

This is a season of special temptation to young Christians. They will be in danger of being hurried away by the whirl of gaiety, and will be guilty of inconsistencies which will cripple their influence for good. Will not these young believers suffer some kindly words of warning from one who is deeply interested in them? You will be invited to attend parties where dancing and card playing are the order of the evenings. Later on, there will be the skating rinks and other forms of careless gaiety.

The column and a half that follows contains some very funny things. A few are worth quoting:

None would want a dancing pastor or deacon; none would want a dancing professor for a spiritual adviser.

If you were about to elect deacons, would you give your vote for one who made a practice of dancing and card playing, or, at least, favored these practices? If you were sick, and expected to die, do you think you would care to call in a dancing professor to hold your hand as you entered the dark valley?

Do you think you would have as much influence over the unsaved should you become a dancing Christian? Do you think they will respect you very much, as a professed Christian, should you join with them in their revelry? If you should deliver them an exhortation in a prayer meeting about the need of attending to the great concerns of their souls the next evening after you had whirled around with them on the dancing floor, do you think it would affect them much?

Would not this practice should it become universal in the church, cripple her power and make her a reproach and a hissing rather than the light of the earth?

Brother GOODSPEED is the most innocent editor of our acquaintance. It is quite evident that he cannot, or at least does not, waltz; that he has not been initiated into the mysteries of "draw," euche or whist;

that he is not a frequenter of skating rinks. Such being the case, is he quite competent to judge of the effects of such pastimes?

We believe in moderation in all things, Mr. GOODSPEED—even in religion—and it is entirely beyond our comprehension why the moderate pursuit of any pleasure should endanger the safety of one's soul.

Let the boys and girls dance and skate and their elders play cards, checkers, chess or anything that will amuse them. Give them liberty. Do not hamper your religion with needless and unpopular restrictions. Let them follow the best dictates of conscience, and they will come out all right; and don't, Brother GOODSPEED, don't give us the blues again by writing another column and a half of such arrant nonsense.

"STAR"—OR—"STICK."

"The prize-package actor" is the expressive phrase which a contributor to the London Era applies to a certain type of "professionals." There is reason for it and force in it.

The prize-package actor is usually a stage-struck youth, who, after appearing as an amateur, applies for a professional engagement—and gets it—on the ground that he is satisfied with a small salary. Experience may develop the fact that he has talent, in which case he is in his sphere. It may show that he has neither capacity of conception nor power of expression, and in that event he is where he ought not to be—a truth that, unhappily, he seldom learns.

Or, again, the prize-package actor is a man of some ability, who, called upon to play the same part night after night, settles into a groove and loses all the originality he ever had. Cast for a new role, he generally repeats the mannerisms of the old one. Change the character, and he may prove a "prize," but the chances are against it.

The starring mania and the combination system are responsible for this coming-in of incompetence and going-out of individuality. The star wishes to centre attention on himself: the duller and cheaper his "support" the better. The combination manager does not wish to cramp his assistants, but the system of which he is the exponent can have no other result. Each is equally responsible with the other.

We wonder if actors realize that over the entrance to the American stage is written, Who enters here leaves hope of advancement behind—unless he has money and can become a "star"? for the actors are being killed off or crowded out, and the stars and the prize-package actors are coming to the front.

The cause of the yellow fever in the south, says Prof. Wiggins, is purely astronomical. "On June 19, 1881, the planets were in the same line, and the earth yielded to the tendency to approach the sun and since then cyclones, earthquakes, floods, cholera and yellow fever have devastated our planet. The advance was only a few miles, but the increased solar attraction contracted the earth's surface, causing floods. The unequalled shrinkage caused earthquakes. The atmosphere became denser and consequently held more carbon and its compounds in solution, producing microbes and thus cholera and yellow fever. All the planets are passing through the same severe ordeal. Mars has an atmosphere so dense and full of clouds that only portions of it can be seen, but the people there have no yellow fever and if they had such a place as Florida they would so cultivate it that it could not breed yellow fever. The numerous canals on Mars' surface were probably made to absorb the carbon and prevent disease." It is obvious that we ought all to emigrate to Mars, and get rid of yellow fever and WIGGINS at one stroke.

A Fredericton paper says the present Freshman class in the University is the smallest in attendance for years. Twelve students are taking the full course and four others, three of whom are ladies, are in for occasional studies. It is only natural that the four years should in a certain degree affect the number of entering students. And when it is considered that what should be the educational as well as the commercial centre of the province only sent one student, a matriculating class of sixteen is not a small one. From what we can learn, no class of former years ever represented so wide a territory.

The Portland, Maine, Sunday Telegram having offered a prize of \$5 for the most artistic prevarication, the reputation of ANANIAS has become a thing of shreds and patches. The stories read as though the competition had been restricted to those Portland people who are accustomed to assert that no liquor is sold in their town, and the result enforces the truth of the saying, "Practice makes perfect."

The New Brunswick railway management has plenty of latent force. Accidents on the road serve only to develop it and show the public what can be done in an emergency. Since Sunday several short railways have been constructed on this line and passenger and freight traffic suffered but little. We have an idea that if the roadbed vanished the company would contrive to run a train within the week.

How much more interest and instruction the world might have gained from the medical wrangle over the late Emperor

FREDERICK, had the doctors taken the precaution to have his internal organs pickled, his skeleton wired and his skin stuffed! If this had been done, and the spoils divided between the attending physicians, they would have been able to demonstrate their theories as to the causes of FREDERICK'S death—and the resultant advertising would have been worth more. We wonder they didn't think of it.

A notable gathering was that of Governor TILLEY and his old-time associates, on Thursday evening. While it was a wholly private and informal affair, it was one in which the public must feel a great deal of interest. It speaks well for the habits and principles of the boys of half a century ago that they are so well and worthily represented at this day. There is a very pleasant sentiment about the affair, and there is also a good deal of food for thought. Many besides the participants will hope that the anniversary dinners begun in the reign of WILLIAM will long be continued in the reign of VICTORIA.

Toronto people show praiseworthy energy in the movement for an inebriate asylum. We account for it on the assumption that they fear another descent of DOUTNEY and want to spare their drunkards much needless anguish.

Coal comes high, but we must have it. But let us be sure we get what we pay for. We want public scale and public inspection, and the sooner the people will get this protection the better.

Friends of PROGRESS who may chance to be in the vicinity of the station, during the coming week, are earnestly requested to give us timely notice of the arrival of a bushman with a gun.

Congratulations to Mr. ROBERT J. BURDETTE, "humorist," on his receipt of a license to preach. Preaching will "come natural" to ROBERT: humor never did.

"How long will flour continue to advance?" Until the people of Chicago organize a lynching bee at the board of trade, to be sure. Ask us an easier one!

Chief Justice ALLEN'S degree is LL. D., instead of D. C. L., as the types say in the sketch of his life given elsewhere.

Explain, Gentlemen, If You Please.

Last Sunday was the busiest day of the week about the falls and Indiantown. About that time in the morning, when every man, woman and child in the city should be in church, puffing, whistling, steaming tug-boats made the scene about the falls anything but a Sabbath one. The Captain went through the Falls with a trip of logs, while the Hercules came to Indiantown on the same tide. The Champion came to her wharf after towing her raft and a few miles up the St. John the General was steaming toward the city. These were Tapley Bros.' boats. At the same time the Ada G., owned by D. D. Glasier & Sons, was delivering a raft at Miller & Woodman's mill. What was wrong, gentlemen? Did you lose your reckoning, or don't you believe in Sunday?

For an Idle Hour.

The Elect Lady, by George Macdonald, is one of John W. Lovell's latest publications. The book is handsomely gotten up in the cheap series, and the author has too many admirers not to secure a large sale for it. To be had at McMillan's.

The Silverado Squatters is one of Robert Louis Stevenson's books, but in a very different vein from the stories which have made him famous. It is a California experience, and gives what seems to be a good picture of the vine-growing and mining country of the present day. Price 10 cents; for sale at McMillan's.

ETCHINGS AND ECHOES.

Wanted—A Quiet Neighborhood. When Mr. Boozie, who lives up-stairs, has ceased his drunken bawling. The babies in the flat below begin their caterwauling; And I decided long ago, when forced to leave my labors, 'Twon't be worth while to go to heaven if I can't choose my neighbors.

"That's the Stuff!" Wet weather'll never bother me, so long as I'm possessing The hope that friends not far away will view it as a blessing: In Moncton, now, unless their sky is sadly out o' kilter, They're drinking water—water!—that they didn't have to filter!

It Was Nailed Down. Dost ask why Richards, barrister, has left his native city? To keep thee innocent of "why" would surely be a pity; I quote Macdonald—Roderic—who says, "I, too, shall with him; He only left Thaint Joim because—he couldn't take it with him!"

The Curs Must Go. In the interest of our safety, I've a brilliant plan to mention, Which, adopted, will insure the hydrophobia's de-cision: When the lovers of the mongrels go to pay their little dollars, Keep the taxes on the curs, but make the owners wear the collars.

With Pickering as Umpire. Weep not, hapless Haligonians, that the base ball season's ended, That the diamond's closed upon you since the cold wave has descended: For the day is drawing nearer when each one of you who pleases May play ball within a country where it never snows nor freezes.

LEON

SHOPPING IN ST. JOHN.

FUN FOR AMERICAN LADIES BUT WOE FOR THEIR HUSBANDS.

A Boston Excursionist whose Wife and Daughter Drained his Pocket-Book in the King Street Stores—They Didn't Want to Pay the Duties, But he Was Honest.

[George Salisbury in Fall River Advance.]

St. John is a delightful city to which a man can go for a summer outing, provided he can go without his wife. But if she accompanies him let him follow Iago's advice and "Put money in his purse." He will need it.

Indeed, if a man is blessed with a wife of refined taste, who loves bargains, who has a weakness for elegancies of dress, who has a taste for laces and a soul for bric-a-brac, I do not know but that it would be less money out of his pocket and an advantage to his balance at his banker's if he were to send her to Saratoga, Long Branch or Narragansett Pier for a month or two, rather than to take her to the provinces, and give her carte blanche in the stores of a city like St. John. In the fashion resorts I have named the temptations to purchase are modified by the costliness of everything desirable or pretty, and feminine desires are chilled by the fact there being no "great bargains, immense sacrifices" or below cost price figures quoted in the stores, which are, generally, as high priced as they are select. But in St. John, Halifax or Fredericton all this is changed.

The comparative cheapness of goods which appeal directly to the personal adornment, the motherly wants or the home comforts of the average female visitor, becomes almost irresistible. With no high tariff protection to enhance or double values she sees dress goods, shawls, laces, velvets and gloves ticked at prices low enough to give her the happy staggers, when compared with what she would have to pay at home in the States, and without pausing to think about the advisability or patriotism of encouraging the "pauper labor of Europe," and without reckoning upon the duties she will have to pay she drags her husband into store after store and purchases, wholesale and retail, until she is reminded that the family purse hardly contains enough to pay the hotel bill and travelling expenses home.

A Boston business man went to New Brunswick early this summer. His wife and eldest daughter—a pretty young lady just through with her education and ready to enter society or matrimony—were with him and after rambling through Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick they wound up their trip with a few days in the city of St. John. He says:

"We had one of the loveliest and cheapest summer outings we had taken and had arrived in St. John thoroughly delighted with our month's travel, and had found that our expenses had been so light compared with what we had expected—and with our White Mountain and Bar Harbor experiences—that we were a hundred dollars better off than I calculated upon after such a pleasant round of travel, and I was just snickering to myself at the thought of a family excursion costing much less than I was prepared to spend, when my wife—that ah, too, too dear creature—and my daughter—a girl who would walk two miles to buy a yard of ribbon a cent cheaper than she could get it at the corner dry goods store—proposed that we should stroll down King street, look at the stores and buy a little thing or two to take home as mementoes of our visit. 'Would I go with them?'

"Now if there is one thing in this wide world which I detest more than having to preside over a Temperance convention, it is to go shopping, so I excused myself on the plea of letter-writing and fatigue and sent off the women folks alone. They were away for several hours but I did not get alarmed about their safety. I was continuously receiving assurances that they were still on earth, in vigorous health and shopping. The bell boys brought me plenty of evidences of this. They were continually rapping at my doors and bringing parcels, packages and boxes for 'Mrs. —' until the room began to assume the appearance of a parcel room at a railroad depot.

"What in the name of all that's republican, have you been doing? was my first question to the ladies as, shortly before dinner time, they sailed into the room with their arms full of paper packages, ecstatic smiles of pleasure upon their faces and two bell boys following, each loaded down with the heavier grade of bundles.

"Oh, don't stand there talking like an East Boston alderman,' was my wife's reply, 'but take these bundles and lay them down somewhere. And, oh dear, John, do mind and be careful. There's some of these very fragile, and I wouldn't have the precious things broken for all the world. Do you hear me? Take hold, you dear old stupid.'

"Making it a rule to always do as I am told in matters domestic, I soon relieved the ladies of their burdens, turned the bell boys out of the room and awaited explanations.

"We have been out shopping, pa,' said my daughter.

"Oh, you've been shopping, have you? was my sarcastic reply; 'I'm glad it's no worse. I thought you had been buying the cargo of some French freight steamer. You didn't buy all these things at one place, did you?'

"Oh course not, pa.'

"That's the Way to Talk. Policeman Harvey threatens to sue THE TIMES for libel. It has been several months since THE TIMES had a libel suit on hand, but it is to be hoped that Harvey will draw it as mild as possible. If he will name any sum under \$10,000 he can get the money by calling at this office during banking hours.—Moncton Times.

For the Ladies.

THOSE who visited the New England Industrial Fair held in Boston last year, may have seen in the Special Art Department a booth which was devoted entirely to Embroidery work. Especially noticeable was the heavy work done with Silken Rope Flax and Embroidery Flax, both of which were pronounced by all as the finest work in the whole department. In reference to the above we have now in stock

All Shades in this New Working Flax, with Samples of Work Done in the Same.

Also: The Rope Silks, Fillosoles, Etching and Working Silks, Filo-Floss, and Knitting Silks; Plush and Ribbon Pom-Poms in great variety; Ribbons, Bangles, Congress Canvas, Bangles and Crescents, Working Felts, Satins, Bolton Cloth and Art Ribbons.

INSPECTION SOLICITED.

BARNES & MURRAY, 17 CHARLOTTE STREET.

New CROCKERY Store.

C. MASTERS WILL OPEN THE STORE

No. 94 King Street,

IN A FEW DAYS with a Full Line of China, Crockery, Glass, Lamps and Lamp Goods.

HUGH P. KERR, MANUFACTURER OF

Jams and Jellies,

The quality of which might BE EQUALLED but NOT SURPASSED. Those who tried them say that they are better even than the home-made Jams and Jellies. Over 5,000 tumblers have already been sold, and the demand increases daily. Don't fail to give them a trial.

28 DOCK STREET.

Branch Retail and Confectionery Store—KING STREET.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

At length, Canada has an art periodical which is in all ways deserving of her most cordial support. The Dominion Illustrated removes the reproach under which Canadian literature has been resting, viz., that it possessed no fit vehicle of communication with the Canadian public, but was compelled to rely entirely upon American magazines. There is nothing cheap or common or provincial about The Dominion Illustrated, and those who support it will get their money's worth not less surely than if they were to subscribe to an English or American journal. In a word, it deserves well of Canadians; and we shall show little patriotism if we fail to rally to its support. Its editor is John L'Esperance, one of the wisest and best equipped of Canadian men-of-letters, and a poet of true and captivating gift. Many of our best writers are already contributors, and it is greatly to be desired that Canadians may extend its support as shall enable it to become the mouthpiece of the Canadian literary awakening. The illustrations are exquisitely printed, and admirable in subject; and in all its departments the journal is essentially entertaining and free from dullness. Canadians have been desiring and demanding just such a magazine as this. We trust they may be prompt to recognize this admirable response to their demand.

The October number of that admirable reader's companion, The Bookbuyer, is before us, tempting us to waste all our substance in headlong buying of books. The portrait for the month is that of Mr. Howard Pyle, one of the most effective illustrators of the day, and also a charming writer. He is essentially a "maker of books," as his pen and his pencil work together, to a most charming result. Mr. J. Ashby Sterry, in his London letter, is entertaining as usual, but might as well have dispensed with his opening paragraphs on the phonograph, which merely serve to fill up. We prefer the tone of the Boston Letter. Mr. Arlo Bates is less self-complacent than the London correspondent.

Mr. Douglas Sladen, author of The Black Prince, Australian Lyrics, etc., and one of the most eminent of Australian poets, is editing for Griffith, Farran & Co., of London, an anthology of Younger American Poets. This work will include the poets of Canada. It will be a handsome 8vo volume of 600 pages, and will be sold at the popular price of 3s. 6d. Mr. Sladen will be in Boston in a week or so, preparing the collection; and those who have suggestions to make him on the subject will gratify him by addressing him, in care of Brown Brothers, bankers.

Messrs. Cupples & Hurd, publishers, Boston, have now in hand an American edition of Poems and Translations, by Miss Mary Morgan (Gowan Lea). The United States issue appears with the poetical subtitle of Woodnotes in the Gloaming.

Best makes of pianos and organs for sale or to hire, at BELL'S, 25 King street. Special values in Note Paper at McArthur's, 80 King st.