

PROGRESS.

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

Subscriptions, \$1 a year, in advance; 50 cents for six months; 25 cents for three months; free by carrier or mail.

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 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, SEPT. 8.

Circulation, Over 4,000.

A feature of the next number of PROGRESS will be a handsome portrait and interesting biographical sketch of His Lordship the Metropolitan of Canada.

GIVE IT CORDIAL SUPPORT!

The board of Trade and the citizens who assisted it acted upon a good idea, Tuesday, when they appointed a committee to organize an exhibition association.

It was, we repeat, a good idea. It could hardly be otherwise, since PROGRESS suggested it.

Let the committee go to work now, keep the matter moving and finally make the suggestion an accomplished fact. All the people will aid, for the exhibition will be for the good of all.

There is profit, as well as honor, fellow-citizens, in organizing a great fair. The experiences of 1883 taught us that.

A WORD IN SEASON.

The lecture committee of the Mechanics' Institute is at work, so it is said. Ere the dull thud of its announcement falls on the ears of an expectant public, a word of advice may be in order.

It is understood that the committee intends to inflict some more "native talent" on the people. Native talent is a good thing to have and a good thing to encourage, but it is possible to have too much of it.

Whether the public want to hear such talk is also a proper question for the committee to consider.

Audiences can be had for the cheapest kind of talent. Applause can always be found for a jingling peroration, and it is an absolute certainty that the daily papers will never hesitate to praise a lecture.

That it has been downward, no one can deny. That it has been destructive to the best interests of the Institute is a thing equally clear. The committee, doubtless, is aware of this, and it pleads poverty in justification of its acts.

The Institute is in debt. It seeks encouragement and aid. It asks for the sympathy and the dollars of the public.

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To a limited extent. In this age of cheap reading the people have lost the old-time desire to attend lectures for the information they may get. Much as they venerate the "dear old Institute" they are not willing to pay for the privilege of listening to school-boy essays.

There must be more or less that is attractive in the course. There must be men outside of the men whom they have heard time and again. If economy is the object, cheap lecturers could be sandwiched in between men of more than local repute.

If the worst comes to the worst and it becomes necessary to take the most effective steps for the destruction of the neighboring republic, the government would do well to have Howe's circus smuggled across the border.

WHICH SPEAKS FOR THE PARTY?

The platform of the Republican party has this to say:

We arraign the present democratic administration for its weak and unpatriotic treatment of the fisheries question and its pusillanimous surrender of the essential

privileges to which our fishing vessels are entitled in Canadian ports under the treaty of 1818, the reciprocal maritime legislation of 1880 and the comity of nations, and which Canadian fishing vessels receive in the ports of the United States.

On the same subject, the platform of the Democratic party expresses itself as follows:

Mr. CLEVELAND's platform, formulated to fit the Republican deliverance, goes further than the above; but the question is, Which is official?

We confess a preference to the platform adopted in St. Louis in June. For one thing, it is so much more pacific!

NICE "GUARDIANS!"

Are the policemen of Portland engaged to regulate the sale of liquor—or to increase it?

These are questions for the public to answer. Capt. RAWLINGS' replies would necessarily be unsatisfactory.

We have no desire to go further in this matter than the interests of order and the public safety demand, but we have settled down in the conviction that.

If there is a sober man on the Portland police force, he must feel very lonesome.

"The "Labor day" celebrations in the large cities of the United States were remarkable only in so far as they indicated how many thousand men are still outside the unions. Two organizations that we recall at this moment, the typographical unions of New York and Washington, embrace almost every printer worthy of the name, in their respective cities.

The Maritime Press association will meet at Moncton, Sept. 18, and the Times mentions it as probable that "a jolly excursion party" will be organized from Moncton to Chatham; thence across the country to Woodstock and Fredericton, by rail; thence down to St. John by river. We trust that the jolly excursionists will pay their railway, hotel and other bills contracted en route, as self-respecting newspaper men do when they take a vacation journey.

Well, gentlemen, what would you have? Even St. John base ball players are not exempt from common weaknesses. An attack of indigestion, some historians say, had much to do with the decline of NAPOLEON'S greatness. A hard potato or a bit too much steak has been known to exert a most baneful influence on men whose professions required sound minds in sound bodies.

The customs department indulged in a brilliant action, last week, when it decided that the Mormon bible was not a bible, under the meaning of the act, and should, therefore, pay a duty of 15 per cent. It would have been well, however, since only the word "Bibles" appears in this act, if the department had gone further, even to the length of a definition.

JAMES G. BLAINE declined to be interviewed at St. Andrews. Inasmuch as Mr. BLAINE, when he talks to a newspaper man, usually out-BURCHARDS BURCHARD in the effect on his prospects, he showed a wisdom worthy of his years.

Mr. CROWLEY, the intelligent and amiable chimpanzee, who has of late abided in the New York Central park, died last week, and a great nation is in tears. It may be an argument for the evolution

philosophy, yet the truth should not be concealed that the kind of admiration and homage extended by some persons to Mr. CROWLEY can only be explained on the assumption that they regarded him in the light of a possible ancestor.

The furious letter in last Monday's Globe, in re our utterance on coffin-ships, gave great satisfaction and delight to the editors of PROGRESS. Aside from the general application of our remarks, the letter conclusively showed that the gentlemen whom the cap specially fitted hastened to put it on. It will wear well, we think, gentlemen. If it doesn't, we will replace it.

The Toronto Telegram heads an article on its reformatory, "Where Bad Boys Go To." When we attended Sunday school we were always given to understand that they went to a less well-ventilated place.

We beg to respectfully suggest to the St. John poets and musicians that fame and fortune wait at present upon their ability to compose an epithalamium and a wedding march.

As several of our boards of health have already observed, it is a strange law that shuts out the innocuous basket and admits the soul-destroying peach.

SPLENDID POSSIBILITIES.

Fall River as a Field for Literary and Missionary Work.

A stout, good-natured looking man sat in the office of the Dufferin the other day. The smile on his face and the diamonds in his shirt-front gave some people the impression that he was proprietor of a summer resort hotel, but he was not. He was not even an hotel clerk. His name was George Salisbury, sometimes known as the "Deacon," but more commonly as "Colonel," editor of the Fall River Advance.

"In a population of 63,000," he said, "there are 19,000 mill operatives, who are always too tired to read anything but cheap story papers. There are 11,000 French, who never read anything but French papers, when they are able to read at all. There are 17,000 Irishmen, who read only rank Democratic and Irish papers.

"A young man from another place wanted me to give him a position on my paper. I saw that he was bright and quick, and I refused to do anything for him. I would not have had him if he had offered to work for nothing. Fall River was no place for him. If he had insisted on coming, I would have done him a kindness if I had taken him out and shot him."

Talking of shooting appeared to lead the Colonel's thoughts south of Mason and Dixon's line, for at this stage he referred to a conversation which the governor of North Carolina had with the governor of South Carolina.

"Why do I stay there?" continued the colonel, resuming the thread of his discourse. "Because I am rooted there. If you uproot an old tree you are apt to kill it. I pitch into everything, and I am under a boycott most of the time. Still, I manage to live and do some good. Why"—and here a pained look shadowed the benevolent face—"it is a fact that there are people in Fall River who don't even know that Christ lived and died. It is a fact, my boy; a sad, positive fact."

Mr. Salisbury is not a cynic, as might be supposed. He is an honored member of the Paragraphers' association and his sayings are quoted all over the United States. He has had a varied career. Formerly an art critic on the Manchester, England, Examiner, he was sent by that paper to write up Paris after the siege. He and George Augustus Sala entered the gates together. Coming to America he was sent to Panama and the Pacific as special correspondent of the New York Sun, and returned from Omaha with a charge of buckshot in his body. Finally he drifted to Fall River, where he has lots of fun, makes some money, and enjoys the most cordial relations with all the humorists of America.

ETCHINGS AND ECHOES.

Prosaic, but important. Joy to all the brides and bridegrooms! length of days and breadth of purse!

May each coming day be brighter than the day it overtakes— And the husbands never grumble for "such pie as mother makes!"

The Records of the Board of Trade. Hark ye, Thorne, et al! McCready makes demands ye cannot grant. Weight and cost of your proceedings would break down an elephant. Bankrupt Gould and stagger Cressis! Let the printer elsewhere wag!

FLORENCE WILMINGTON.

THE RECTOR OF MUDLANDS.

His Trials and Tribulations Amid a Generation of Non-Conformists.

The rector of Mudlands was in town the other day. It is an off season with him, and he reverses the usual order of things, by taking his vacation in the city. Strictly speaking, there is never an off season in the cure of souls, but the good rector's duties, apart from the more sacred functions of his calling, are many and varied. The parish of Mudlands includes, ecclesiastically, the adjacent parish of Lagbehind, and this means a wide extent of country composed chiefly of seashore and blueberry barrens. As the barrens give a support to human beings in the berry season only, the original inhabitants, with wise forethought, built their houses along the seashore. Parts of this shore are arable, and yield cabbage and potatoes of superior quality.

Despite the preponderance of non-conformity, the good rector is never weary of well-doing. The sentiment of his main congregation at Mudlands is opposed to ritualism, but as ritualism is dear to the rector's heart, he has a chapel of ease at Muggins Bay, where the service is very high indeed. Some difficulty was experienced at first in inducting the hardy toilers of the sea into a due compliance with all the ancient forms and ceremonies. So apt have been the parishioners, however, ever since old Peter Maclooney now genuflects quite gracefully, and it is no longer necessary for the rector to shout, "Now, you will stand up." "Now you may sit down," at different periods of the service.

It is not true, as reported, that the rector attempted to introduce ritualistic practices into the services held at Crow Settlement. The school-house at that place is used in common with dissenters and travelling showmen. It would, therefore, be manifestly improper for the rector to give any but the most simple service there, even were he otherwise disposed. The scandalous report is believed to have arisen from some unusual motions of the rector's hands during an evening service, a year ago last summer. These were simply spasmodic efforts of the good man to exterminate enemies of the church in the form of mosquitoes, which savagely attacked his bald and reverend head. The ignorant persons who assumed this to be ritualism might, with equal justice, remark upon the motions of his hands and arms as he gathers up, during the closing prayer, the books lent to the congregation, and replaced by them on the table.

The rector has reason to believe that he has materially advanced the spiritual condition of his flock. There was a time when the warm hospitality of the parishioners was tempered by an undue amount of profanity. "Ate butter, parson, ate butter—d— your sowl, ate butter. Shure this is no cart garse like ye get at home," was the way in which Robin Mulviney, the elder, tried to make the rector feel at ease at the social board, years ago. Now-a-days nobody condemns the parson's soul in his presence. So much has etiquette progressed, indeed, that at wedding parties of the present day it is customary to request the rector to go home, or go to bed, about midnight, so that the remaining gallon or two of whiskey may be finished and the dancing concluded without scandal to the cloth. The world grows wiser and better, at Muggins Bay as elsewhere.

Encouraging as these tokens of progress are, the increase in church membership has not been large. This is partly due to the fact that many of those upon whom the good rector has bestowed books and catechisms to fit themselves for confirmation are waiting until they learn to read well enough to master the subject. The number of communicants is therefore small. Indeed, the rector finds a medium-sized pain-killer bottle sufficiently large to carry all the sacramental wine required for his chapels-of-ease. This could be carried in his hip pocket; but it is not, because the rector finds that, in such case, the hard chairs are apt to produce a catastrophe resulting in a wholly unnecessary waste of wine, to say nothing of the discomfort to his person. He prudently carries it in the breast pocket of his clerical coat.

Truly a good shepherd who devotes his life to his sheep, the rector is a pleasing study to the contemplative mind. He is not without his reward. True, he justly remarks that an average offertory of fifteen cents is scarcely sufficient to compensate him for a journey of fifteen miles over bad roads. True, the collection boxes left at various houses return no responsive jingle

BARNES & MURRAY, 17 Charlotte Street, RETAIL DRY GOODS, Opening TODAY. For Particulars See This Space Next Week. BARNES & MURRAY.

NEW BRUNSWICK HORSE AND CATTLE SHOW AND FAIR.

THE FREDERICTON PARK ASSOCIATION, Aided by the Government of New Brunswick, Will Hold a HORSE and CATTLE SHOW and FAIR on their Grounds in FREDERICTON, On WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, 3rd and 4th, October, 1888, At which over \$1,500 will be offered in Prizes, distributed as follows:

PRIZE LIST. HORSES. DIVISION 1.—Produce of Harry Wilkes (1886). DIVISION 2.—Produce of Standard and Bred Trotting Horses. DIVISION 3.—Produce of Thoroughbred Horses. DIVISION 4.—Produce of Cleveland Bays or Coach Horses. DIVISION 5.—Produce of Shire Stallions. DIVISION 6.—Produce of Clydesdale Stallions. DIVISION 7.—Produce of Percheron Stallions. DIVISION 8.—Carriage Mares. DIVISION 9.—Draft Horses. DIVISION 10.—Horses shown to Harness (not Stallions). DIVISION 11.—Saddle Horses. CATTLE. DIVISION 12.—Shorthorns. DIVISION 13.—Ayrshires. DIVISION 14.—Jerseys. DIVISION 15.—Polled Norfolk. DIVISION 16.—Polled Angus. DIVISION 17.—Miscellaneous.

General Conditions:

Entries close on SATURDAY, 29th September, 1888, and must be made to W. P. FLEWELLING, Fredericton, from whom blank forms for entry may be had on application. A fee of 50 cents must accompany each entry. All cattle entered for competition, except in Classes Nos. 41, 42, 43, must be duly registered in the New Brunswick Herd Book, or some other recognized register, and a certified pedigree must be filed with the entry.

W. P. FLEWELLING, Secretary. A. A. STERLING, President Fredericton Park Association. FREDERICTON, N. B., 21st August, 1888.

to his eager periodical shake. Yet vigilance and timely appearance secure for him much that is good. It is not unfrequent to see him returning from his evangelical errands laden with the good of the land. His horse jogs contentedly along wondering, no doubt, why his master always gives him twice as many oats in other people's barns as he carries him at home. The good rector in his carriage is crowded by cabbages, turnips, bags of cranberries, baskets of blueberries, and all the delicacies of the season. The sea also gives of its fish for him, while huge lobsters, fresh from the water, snap viciously but vainly at his reverend shanks. Peace to the good rector of Mudlands.

PEN AND PRESS.

Mr. James P. Colton, the advance agent for Janauschek, met several friends here who had known him in the United States where for the last two seasons he travelled ahead of Joe Dowling. Mr. Colton is a model press agent, quiet, gentlemanly, genial and discreet,—the sort of man an overworked editor likes to meet.

Albert Wetmore is on a visit to St. John. He was once a reporter on the Globe, and it had known, as Mr. Sidney Paterson asserts, that a man can live well and save money on \$8 a week, he might have been there still. As it was, he learned from the Globe that this country was going to the dogs, and he went to Boston. With the exception of a brief, but very instructive, experience which he had with the Post of that city, he has been steadily employed on

the Herald for the last six years. He has now charge of the New England department, so far as that self-sufficient autocrat, John Holmes, will allow any man to have charge of anything which might be made bright if John Holmes let it alone. Wetmore is steady and conscientious, and may thank himself for all the success he has had.

In a personal letter to one of the editors of PROGRESS, Mr. Herbert J. Browne, of the United States government service, Washington, writes:

Progress is a daisy. You are driving the nails to the head, every clip. It is evidently a howling success. The Canadians are going to the circus once a week when they get PROGRESS. Indeed it is almost too perfect. I'm afraid you will have the provinces all written up before two years are gone. Then what will you do?

The value of this strong and sincere commendation is best measured by those who know that Mr. Browne was formerly the managing editor of the Washington Post and is recognized as one of the most brilliant and successful of the young journalists of the United States.

A Pennyworth of Opinion.

In the days when men ran private banks in St. John, there was one well known shaver who looked keenly after the farthings until they rolled up to pounds. One day a stranger came in to inquire if a certain bill which he held was genuine. It was, and the banker told him so. The stranger thanked the man of money and was about to retire, when his steps were stayed with the remark: "We usually charge a penny for telling whether a bill is good or not." The penny was paid.