

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. 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, OCT. 20.

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.

WE NEED IT BADLY.

A word with those who are, in their own artless and childish fashion, opposing the erection of an opera house. We would not build an opera house unless we needed it and this fact is brought very decidedly before us this week. While several hundred people were turned from the doors of the Institute Tuesday evening, a busy company of workmen was engaged fitting the Lansdowne rink for the coming of the BENNET-MOULTON opera company, next week.

At the same time the advance agent of HAMLIN'S Wizard Oil Concert Company was in the city seeking a building for a month's lease! To the stumbling-blocks who have been decrying the need of an opera house, and the fearful ones who sing "It won't pay," we advance these facts. They are sufficient answers to both objections.

There is no possible reason why such a place of amusement, conducted upon a proper, economical basis, should not pay at least six per cent. The directors of the new company have made up their minds to go ahead with the building, and have given out the excavation contract. Work will be begun as soon as the necessary legal notice of the incorporation of the company is published.

SHIFT THE BURDEN.

One effect of the recent destroying freshet is another great drain upon the resources of the provincial government to repair the damage done to the roads and bridges throughout the country. A prevailing idea in the country districts is the great depth and width of the provincial cash chest. The lavish expenditure of road monies in the past, too often for election effect, has deepened this impression, which, for the sake of the province and the people, cannot be dispelled too quickly.

The province has no right to keep the roads in repair, or even to assist in doing so. It is too great a drain upon the revenue, which might be expended much more profitably in other directions. The county municipalities are able to make their own roads and keep them in repair, and they should be called upon to do so.

Government assistance in this direction has developed a spirit of dependence which is not calculated to do us any good at present, and will harm us in the future. Let every municipality stand upon its own bottom, build its own bye-roads and bridges and keep them in repair. And when this comes to pass, we may be tolerably sure that the road money will be expended in the right way, and not, as there is good reason to suspect has been the case, in the interests of the friends of the administration.

FOR US THEY WRIGGLE.

Years ago the small boys around the Market slip inaugurated a very important trade with our friends in the United States. They caught eels for export. The trade was in its infancy, and the methods were primitive. The boys let down baskets baited with refuse meat, and pulled them up while the agile, but too daring, creatures were engaged in feeding.

The boys sold their captures to men on the wharves, who shipped them to Boston and New York. A barrel of eels was equal in value to a barrel of pork. Of late years, the methods have been improved, and the volume of trade in eels has greatly increased. St. John, it is true, appears to suffer from a depression in this particular industry, but large exports are made from other ports. Yarmouth appears to lead the van at present. Its merchants ship eels by consignments of two or three tons at a time.

These eels are alive. They wriggle in huge tanks filled with their native element. They show as much vitality in the frying pans of the Bowery as they would show in a kitchen at Tusket. This is a great point. Some people say that a dead eel is poison. An eel dead for

a long time is certainly not a desirable morsel.

The eel industry should grow. It is within the reach of all classes along our shores, and may be carried on with limited capital. The eel question is not likely to be the cause of an interminable international wrangle. The slimy but toothsome creature is a harbinger of peace as well as plenty.

Success to the fishery. The eel export is possibly only in its infancy. Eels are good eating and the people of New York must have them. In the French and Italian restaurants they appear disguised under various names. They are one of the great resources of the boarding house. Eels are fine eating in any shape. Eel pie is almost a poem.

IS THIS BRITISH JUSTICE?

The law has new terrors for the criminal, if the course recently taken by the chief justice of Ontario is likely to become common in the courts. According to him, a criminal fully tried, and actually beginning to serve his time, may be brought back into court and re-sentenced to a term three times as long. This would be odd enough if new evidence had been discovered showing his offence to have been greater than was charged, but there was nothing of the kind. The additional term was given simply because the man's previous record was bad. That was all.

One THOMAS BUCKLEY was tried in Toronto for murder, and was convicted of manslaughter. The case was dealt with on the merits, and it appears to have been shown pretty plainly that, while BUCKLEY was a tough and a brute, he did not intend to take his victim's life. On this showing, the jury returned its verdict and the chief justice imposed a sentence of five years in prison. When this result was reached, the newspapers began to try BUCKLEY. They met with great success. He had a most damaging record, and the papers published it in full. They showed that he had been the very worst kind of a citizen. He had served two years in the penitentiary for larceny and two more for assaulting the police. He had also served shorter terms in the central prison for similar offences, and had been repeatedly arrested for minor crimes.

All this was fought on BUCKLEY. The cry was raised that, in view of these facts, his sentence was too short. Some members of the board of trade held an informal indignation meeting, and the papers warmly criticised the leniency of Chief Justice GALT. It is true that the prosecuting officers, to whom this record must have been known, did not press it at the trial. They confined themselves to the issue, and on that the prisoner was sentenced.

After the newspaper trial, the prosecuting officers and the chief justice appeared to think that something more must be done. BUCKLEY had served two days of his term, but on the third day he was brought back to court and his sentence increased to fifteen years. The chief justice said he had a perfect right to do this. Perhaps he had. Mr. BUCKLEY, who is naturally dissatisfied, has made an appeal. He probably takes the view that if his record were a part of the case it should have been brought up when the evidence was put in before the jury. He would then have had a chance to explain it.

As it was, after the case had been tried and decided on its merits, new and damaging evidence was introduced to strengthen the case for the crown. The prisoner, after having been sentenced once was brought back, re-tried ex parte by one man and the length of his sentence trebled. This may be very good law, but how does it strike the public in the way of justice? Should a man who has expiated past offences be punished for them a second time? If a man's past life is to be on trial when he is charged with an offense, should he not be allowed to defend himself and explain his record?

Should a man, sent to a penitentiary, be brought back and his sentence increased, not because of anything concerning the crime for which he is charged, but on the general principle that he is a bad man? Supposing, as is the case in certain crimes, that the law allowed a sentence of life imprisonment or death at the discretion of the judge, could the latter, having imposed the former penalty, change his mind and have the man hanged? BUCKLEY is doubtless worthy of all he has got, but there seems to be a principle in the matter, which goes beyond BUCKLEY and his affairs.

PROPHYLACTIC RED HEADS. A physician who knows all about yellow fever says that he never knew one of its victims to be a red-headed girl. This is not a new joke on the wearers of auburn locks. It is a solemn and important physical fact. The proof against infection lies in the chemical composition of the red-headed girl, no doubt. She does not take the yellow fever for the same reason, perhaps, that she does not get tanned. This is asserted by some to be due to the amount of iron in the system.

Perhaps it is the iron, and perhaps it is something else. The chemists should find out. The red-headed girl should be analyzed. When the secret of her immunity against

fever is discovered, a remedy for the pestilence will be found. This will be good news for the South.

And this will be good news for the red-headed girl. In the deep gratitude of mankind for the blessing she has brought the white horse will be forgotten.

IS IT, OR IS IT NOT?

"Therefore, we are justified in praying for rain, with the full assurance that our Heavenly Father will give us in answer to our prayers such things as He sees will be best for us individually and collectively." This the conclusion reached by Rev. J. P. LEWIS, of Grace church, Toronto, in his sermon on Harvest Sunday. He assumes that such a prayer must be right, because it is endorsed by the great body of the clergy of the Church of England, who are a highly educated class of men, and represent every phase of the higher intellectual life.

So they do. The trouble is that they are educated to be Episcopalians, and by training and heredity are taught to look at objects through a glass adjusted at a certain focus. In the same way a Baptist is educated to be a Baptist, a Methodist to be a Methodist, a Presbyterian to be a Presbyterian, and a Catholic to be a Catholic. All of these start from the standpoint that they are right, because they believe as their fathers believed. To this dogma they must adjust all questions.

The Chinaman has full faith in his Joss, and the Mohammedan believes in Mahomet. All, born to a belief, give good reasons for that belief. "He who sets out to search for truth must leave these valleys of superstition forever," says a recent writer. "Alone he must wander down into the land of Absolute Negation and Denial. . . . The mountains of stern reality will rise before him; he must climb them; beyond them lies truth."

But if natural law is so flexible in the hands of man, is it not reasonable to suppose that it is equally flexible in the hands of God? asks Rev. Mr. LEWIS. Of course it is flexible. Man alone man produce rain if he spends enough powder to make a suitable concussion of the air. He can also affect the annual rain fall by planting or removing forests. These are facts which show, not that nature's laws change, but that they may be adapted to human needs. But very bad men can adapt these laws and reap the benefits despite all the prayers of the churches to the contrary. If the signal service observer knows that a storm has started in the west or south and must by well defined laws reach Canada at a certain hour, all the prayers of all the churches will not keep it away.

Would it not be a very sad thing for humanity if the God of the heavens and the earth were the capricious being whom some men point to as an all wise ruler? One community could pray for rain and get it at a time when it meant ruin to some other community. No weather suits all people, and it would be incompatible with the idea of a God of love if his interposition injured even a few and benefited many. The majority vote is an idea wholly of man's creation. It does not prevail in heaven. When the rain comes, it "falls on the just and the unjust." And it falls for reasons which the weather observers at Washington and Toronto can explain, and the preachers can not.

We have our good harvests and our bad harvests. Is it because the God of the orthodox Christian interposes to make them so? The men on whom the tower of Siloam fell were no worse than others. Was it the hand of God that deliberately caused the famines in Ireland, in India and in China? Was it the LORD who made the Southern planters rich by good harvests while they held the negro race in slavery? The good praying people of the earth do not prosper more than the people who never pray. Often they fare very much worse.

In the early days of the now infamous Scott act, certain good men and women held services of prayer for its success on each election day. Well, the act was carried, and God was given the glory. The same kind of services have been held, and with increased faith and vigor, on every day on which the act has been wiped out of existence in various counties. Did the LORD have anything to do with that? Is it not the orthodox cheapening of the attributes of the Almighty that makes atheists?

UNKIND MR. HARRISON. The weather has been more or less unpleasant all summer. As a consequence vacations have been in order. Some people with plenty of time and no money have stayed at home. So have others with plenty of money and no time. Mr. ALEXANDER GIBSON is one of the latter. His is a very busy man. Mr. JABEZ B. SNOWBALL is another. These gentlemen are so busy that they have not time to run their own railroads. They run them by companies composed of their immediate relatives. They have no time for vacations. They take them by proxy. The proxies this year were Messrs. ROBERT CRUIKSHANK and WILLIAM E. COLLIER. These are also busy men, but it was imperative that they should go abroad. Mr. CRUIKSHANK became suddenly im-

pressed with the idea that he had neglected his relations in the old country and that he must visit them without an hour's delay. Mr. COLLIER, as a matter of fact, was in poor health and would have gone on a vacation in any case.

Mr. WALTER H. HARRISON, in a long and rather interesting document, throws a good deal of light on this vacation business. Summed up, it means that Messrs. CRUIKSHANK and COLLIER were to negotiate Northern and Western bonds for Messrs. GIBSON and SNOWBALL in such a way as to pay them nearly four dollars for every dollar they had invested in the road, and that they were to have a famously fat "divvy" for their trouble. Mr. HARRISON says he also was to have a share of the "divvy," whether he helped the sale or not.

According to him, also, Messrs. CRUIKSHANK and COLLIER knew a good thing when they found it, and tried to give him the cold shake. As this meant the loss of a small fortune to him, he has begun an equity suit to protect his rights as one of the trio of partners. It is said that the other partners claim that he has no rights which they are bound to respect; that the agreement, if any, was one which is void under the statute of frauds.

The "statute of frauds" is an ironical legal term. It means simply that certain requisites are necessary to make certain agreements valid. It has nothing to say about New Brunswick railroads which are practically built out of the people's money and worked off on foreign bond holders at two or three times their value. A fraud in fact is not always a fraud in law. Mr. Harrison's "little bill" in equity has cast a gloom over the pleasant little coterie of capitalists. It has given an unpleasant publicity to a matter which they regarded as wholly private.

And it has badly damaged a nice little game. A word to the W. C. T. U. Temperance is an old subject for a lecture, and the man who talks interestingly about it in these days must be above his fellows. He must be bright and original, possess every gift of oratory and talk point blank at his audience. In addition to this, ladies, you must provide a comfortable lecture room, not one as cold, cheerless and comfortless as the Institute was last Sunday afternoon. You must not expect even temperance cranks to show their zeal for the cause by running the risk of congestion. A shivering audience is not enthusiastic. Temperance is like many other good things, it must be made palatable. Season it with brightness and originality, serve it up in the best possible way, and it does not go badly.

We rise to defend the absent and the injured. The Moncton Times of Tuesday had a story concerning a "tear," for which Messrs. JOHN L. SULLIVAN and WILLIAM HOGGARTY had been arrested in Boston. It was credited to "Boston Globe, 10th." The 10th of what, pray? Not of October, nor of September, nor of August. The little indiscretion in which Mr. SULLIVAN indulged, while heated with wine, took place a good while ago. The slip containing the account has probably been lost for some months in the chaos of the Times editorial table, and come to light when that table was upset, the other day. It is very unfair to Mr. SULLIVAN, who has entered the ranks of literature, and intends to swear off. The Times should apologize.

The advantages of being a corporation, without a body to be kicked or a soul to be condemned are shown in a recent legal decision in Montreal. The statutes of Quebec prohibit newspapers from publishing advertisements of lotteries. Under this law action was brought against the publishers of Le Monde. There was no question of their guilt, but the court dismissed the case, on the ground that the accused was a corporate body, and the penalty of imprisonment provided by the statute could not be enforced against it.

The Frederickton Farmer reproduces PROGRESS' portrait of Chief Justice ALLEN and gives this paper credit for some enterprise in connection with the event. Thanks. We are glad that the portrait lost none of its excellence in the Farmer, and that the people of York and Sunbury, who must, from their proximity, have a more intimate acquaintance with his honor, will thus have an opportunity of participating in the event through their favorite journal.

The exhibition association is making some progress toward becoming such. That is to say, the various bodies named in the scheme are electing representatives, who, it is presumed, will meet some time and do something. Can't you put a little more vim in this movement, gentlemen? No one doubts your sincerity, but we like to see something tangible done, and that quickly.

Ten days more, and Mr. CONNELL'S street cleaning contract for the year ends. The work has been done better than it was last summer, but there is lots of room for improvement. We believe that every man who tenders for and gets a contract should be prepared to carry out every condition. We fear, in that event, Mr. CONNELL, your profits would be slim.

A Line about Flannels.

BARNES & MURRAY.

We invite attention to our STOCK OF FLANNELS, which is complete in all grades.

OUR ALL-WOOL GREY at Cents is a Bargain seldom offered.

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SHAKERS in Fancy Stripes, Cream, Grey, Red, Sky and Pink.

OPERA FLANNELS in beautiful Shades with Embroideries to match; CREAM DRESS FLANNEL; SCARLET and WHITE FLANNELS, in Saxony, Lancashire and Domestic.

ASK TO SEE OUR HALIFAX YARN.

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WILL OPEN THE STORE

No. 94 King Street,

IN A FEW DAYS with a Full Line of

China, Crockery, Glass, Lamps and Lamp Goods.

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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.

BEST TIME FOR WRITING.

When and How World-renowned Writers Prepared Their Manuscript.

When can a man do his best writing with ease? Or, in other words, what time is the best for good writing? I heard, recently, this latter question talked over by some pen craftsmen, and their conversation brought out great differences of opinion. One, a writer of fiction, said that the best time for writing was when you burned the midnight oil. Another maintained that the best time was in the early morning hours when the sun "aristeth in his majesty." While a third, a writer of poetry, threw out the suggestion that you can write easily and rapidly when you "feel most like it." Thus, the question becomes one that will be answered in a different way by different kinds of writers.

Obviously there is, there can be, no best time for writing poetry. If the poets themselves are to be believed, the times for composing rhyme, like angel's visits are few and far between. When Lord Byron wrote is a mystery, for no one ever found him writing. Yet, we know that while he spent the day in pleasure, he passed the night in work. Lord Tennyson regards the morning as the best time for poetic thought, and hence we find him in early morn weaving rhyme over his pipe of tobacco. Longfellow was an early riser, and we are told in a recent biography of the poet, that he found the morning the best time for solid work. There is a tradition—and it is only a tradition—that Edgar Allan Poe could dash off flowing verse at almost any hour of the day or night. Indeed Poe himself gave color to this notion; but, unhappy master of the raven as he was, he kept lonely vigils far into the night, polishing and filing his exquisite verse. In truth, as many, if not more, examples could be given of poets whose verse "smelt of the midnight oil," as could be given of rhyme breathing the freshness of dewy morn. For, with some writers the dead of night is the noon of thought.

When we come to prose writers there is the same difference as to the time for writing. "The greater part of an author's time," said Dr. Johnson, "is spent in reading." Thus, Lord Macaulay spent the entire morning in reading, and then when the time came he put his thoughts on paper. Few readers of Trevelyan's Life of Macaulay will forget the picture of the industrious historian mousing among the manuscripts in the British Museum morning after morning, gleaning the facts for his immortal history. With writers of fiction the case is different. Or, to quote Dr. Johnson again, "When a man writes from his own mind he writes rapidly." Although Balzac wrote rapidly from his own mind, he spent much time in reading. He found the night the best time for writing, and many a cup of black coffee he drank in order to keep his faculties on the alert—on edge, as he called it.

Of English novelists, Wilkie Collins is a prominent example of an author who found the midnight hours the best time for writing. David Christie Murray is another voluminous novelist who often labors so far

into the night that he often "sees a halberdier with an axe, dressed in black and red," coming toward him in a threatening fashion. On the other hand, Anthony Trollope set about his work in a methodical way. He sat down every morning to his desk, rain or shine, at 5.30. "I allowed myself," he plaintively says, "no mercy. I was called by my groom, and did so much writing regularly before breakfast." William Black also thinks the morning the best time for writing. He writes two hours before and two hours after morning luncheon. Thomas Hardy says that he writes at irregular intervals, sometimes in the morning and sometimes in the evening. The method of James Payn is this: he carries the plot around in his head till completed, when he writes it over as rapidly as possible, often working 15 out of the 24 hours of the day.

We may close this part of the subject by citing the opinions of two American novelists, as to the best time for writing. Said Mr. Howells, in a recent interview with a newspaper man: "The first half of the day is the best part of a man's life. I always select it for my working hours. I usually begin at 9 and stop at 1 o'clock." To the same effect is the testimony of the late E. P. Roe, in the last number of Lippincott's Magazine. "I go into my study," says he, "immediately after breakfast, usually about 9 o'clock, and write until 3 or 4 in the afternoon, stopping only for a light lunch. * * * In former years I wrote at night, but after a severe attack of insomnia, this practice was almost wholly abandoned."

Finally, it should be borne in mind that the time for good writing is largely influenced by circumstances and by environment. Many of the distressing and annoying circumstances incident to city life are particularly unfavorable to easy writing. Above all, noises and harsh sounds have ever been the bane of the writer. They distract the attention, and put the mind out of tune for orderly and continuous thought. This disturbing force of sounds is a vice of modern city life.

The truth is that the writer in the bustling city is exposed to a whole host of afflictions unknown, or nearly so, to the writer in the quiet country town. The deafening hubbub of the great city—a hubbub one can only liken to the roar of the mighty ocean—must, of course, have a patent influence on the writer and his time for writing. It is only when a writer's ears have become beneficially blunted that he can write with any degree of ease amid the confusing din of traffic, of elevated roads, of steam whistles, of brass bands, of howling dogs, of screeching parrots, of tuneless barrel organs, of tinkling pianos and of barbarians in the same house or next door who take savage delight in all strange and unlovely sounds. Thus we think that the best time for writing in the city is when

The diligence of trade and noiseless gain, And luxury more late, asleep are laid.

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