

PROGRESS.

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

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.

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 unsent to our purpose will be returned if stamps are sent.

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

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MARCHING TO THE FRONT.

A wide gap lies between the time when the little village of St. Ann's existed, and the time, today, when Fredericton stands a prosperous and beautiful city. Even the last fifty years have wrought vast changes, as will be seen by a glance at the pictures of the past and present in this issue of PROGRESS.

The story of the growth of the capital is of more than local interest. Every man who is glad at the material prosperity of the country, and who feels a pride in the honest enterprise of its people, should read and serve the story which is told today.

The work done by PROGRESS in issuing a special edition will be appreciated by the people. This enterprise is unique and it is not an idle boast to assert that it is complete in its details.

Apart from the pen pictures of Fredericton, its industries and its people, the engraver has done excellent work. The illustrations are far ahead of the ordinary newspaper illustrations, and are really works of art in their way.

It is the aim of PROGRESS to do all things well and on this occasion it has succeeded. Still greater success is looked for in future editions of the same nature. Enterprise, rightly directed, always meets its reward.

PERNICIOUS POLITICS.

A Moncton paper has been telling its readers that they should elect its candidate to the legislature, "because he is the recognized candidate of the provincial administration, and able to exercise the needed influence to secure the prompt consideration of your wishes and requirements."

Progress has nothing to do with politics nor does it care anything about the issues in the recent election. In the interests of public morality it condemns the principle on which the above appeal is made.

Such appeals are of themselves arguments for the abolition of government as it exists today.

The people of every part of this province are entitled to their "requirements" without the influence of a recognized candidate of the administration. If their "wishes" are in excess of what belongs to them, that influence should not be exercised.

In any case the appeal is a debasing one. It means that the people should not choose a man because of his merits, but because of the wires he can pull. The argument would be the stronger when the candidate was a bad man who supported a bad administration.

If the theory is a good one in practical politics, the political system is in a very bad state.

Something is decidedly wrong. What is it?

SOMEBODY WAKE UP!

The "American syndicate" which has the St. Martins & Upham railway in hand does not appear to be a rusher. In fact the people on the route of this railway, so called, have about come to the conclusion that the few remaining sleepers and bridges will rot before that cargo of steel rails arrives.

The St. Martins & Upham has proved another of those railway swindles that filled the pockets of its projectors and robbed the people and the bondholders.

For years the residents of Kings and St. John counties have been awaiting its completion and loudly heralded improvements. The only wonder is that the men of St. Martins have allowed the swindle to stand so long in the way of progress.

One of the first denominational institutions of learning in New Brunswick has just been opened in this place, with a large attendance. If some pressure is not brought to improve the means of communication, it is very possible that such enforced isolation will seriously injure its prospects.

ST. JOHN SHOULD HELP.

Many miles to the southwest of St. John lies the city of Jacksonville. Not a few of us have visited it. Thirty years ago we should have found a slow-paced, easy-going, unprogressive town; three months ago it was a thriving city of 35,000 souls. Northern energy and push, reinforced by Southern pluck and daring, made it one of the garden-spots of the South.

Today disease is undoing the work of

years, and Jacksonville is a city of the dying.

The first case of yellow fever was reported July 28. Within the following fortnight, 20,000 persons fled the city. The poor—and the unselfish—remained; and these are dying by scores.

No avenue of escape is open to them now. Every other city in the south has established a shot-gun quarantine. The nearest friends of these unhappy people would turn them from their doors. All they can do is to—wait.

And wait for two months more! Nothing but frost effectually stops the spread of the epidemic and rarely does a killing frost come until the middle of November or the first of December.

To know that nothing but time can bring relief; and then to know also that one's associates are dying daily, that oneself may at any moment be stricken with the fatal fever, that the coming hour may ring the knell of the one best loved—there is deeper tragedy in the thought than the mind can measure.

Forsaken, shut in, without food or medicine for those who are sick or who may be, mentally as well as physically distressed, the people of Jacksonville have a right to call upon the world for aid; and if human nature is not wholly insensible to feeling, the world will esteem it a privilege as well as a duty to answer.

It is a time for us to remember the principle of "retaliation" that was taught by One 1800 years ago: to return good for evil.

Think of it, fellow-citizens. Think of it, Mayor THORNE.

A LUCKY GAMBLER.

The bucket shop man again breathes freely, but more cautiously, in Toronto. The conviction of DAVID LOGAN, local manager for HANRAHAN & Co., has been quashed by no less a man than a vice-chancellor.

The charge against LOGAN was that he kept a common gaming house. The evidence was quite sufficient, and so, says the vice-chancellor, was the conviction.

But, luckily for Mr. LOGAN, the magistrate who properly convicted him as keeper of a gambling den, made a mistake in the minute of the conviction. He should, under the act, have directed that the man be imprisoned, like any other criminal, until the fine was paid. Being more lenient, or more ignorant, than he should have been, he ordered that a distress should be levied.

This does not seem much of a mistake, according to the rules of common sense, but it was a fatal mistake according to the rules of law. Mr. LOGAN is now at liberty to run his establishment on the new-fangled investment plan.

In the meantime the daily papers speak as respectfully as usual of the "alleged" bucket shop.

A spade is a spade, and a bucket shop is a common gaming house.

A CANDID OPINION.

The publication of a pamphlet by the Young Men's Christian association, has occasioned some talk in various quarters about the institution and its standing.

Its financial condition is not what every well wisher of the organization would wish. We are in thorough sympathy with it in all its aims and aspirations, and will willingly do all we can to give it such prominence as will benefit it.

The people are with the Y. M. C. A. They want to see it prosper—to be what it should, a quiet resort for the youth of the city, and an inviting and home like place for strangers.

Unfortunately for the association, for its success and popularity the worthy gentleman at the head of affairs, Mr. Secretary DIXON is not the right man for the place. He is an earnest worker but lacks the energy, the snap—if we may use the term—which a man in that position should possess.

Our opinion is candid. Mr. DIXON is eminently qualified to fill certain positions, but he is not the man to attract young men and popularize this worthy institution.

A NEW SPHERE.

That somewhat erratic but useful company of ladies—the Women's Christian Temperance Union—has a new and sound plank in its social reform platform.

They have widened their sphere of work and from advocating temperance in spirits have taken up the idea of temperance in dress.

In our opinion one is nearly if not quite as important as the other. Slavery to fashion and its whims too often overrules the dictates of modesty and makes sensible women blush for their weaker sisters.

But this is by the way. The most encouraging sign we note in the recent action of this staid and temperate society of matrons and maids is the confession that the sex is intemperate in some things, and that it needs a little lecturing. We agree with the W. C. T. U. in its conclusion and suggest that at each fortnightly "chat" this winter one half hour of the afternoon shall be devoted to thoughtful remarks upon "The Weaknesses of Our Sex."

Progress never sneers at the advocacy of needed improvements. In this respect it differs from the Fredericton Farmer. A

telephone line between St. John and Fredericton would doubtless be of great benefit to the daily papers and the Farmer might find occasion to use it sometimes—but there's lots of scope for its influence nearer home. For example, let it ask for a free mail delivery for its city and stamp out that relic of the middle ages—the two cent delivery charge.

The release of PATRICK COTTER from the penitentiary is an act of justice. But few persons believed him guilty of the crime for which he received his sentence, and yet, according to the evidence, his conviction was just. Unconsciousness of his actions does not, according to the law, lessen a man's responsibility for them, and the chances for a prisoner are small indeed when, as in COTTER's case, honor and truth are alike unknown to the chief and only witness against him.

A somewhat sensational Halifax sheet charges that St. John women induce young girls to leave that city for purposes of their own. The accusation is a serious one, and coming from any authoritative source, should prompt the strict abolition of such immoral traffic. The authorities of both cities cannot be too careful in this matter.

The opera house company asks for tenders this morning for the construction of the new building on Union street. This is a move in the right direction. Sufficient stock has been subscribed to warrant the step, and the sooner work is begun the better.

Thanks to our contemporaries for their kind and generous praise! May the people think with them and show their appreciation of our modest efforts by giving PROGRESS a circulation of 10,000.

PEN AND PRESS.

Mr. Hugh Finlay, for 20 years the mechanical superintendent of the Daily Telegraph, has severed his connection with that paper and will probably accept an engagement in Boston. Before leaving this city, last Saturday, Mr. Finlay was made the recipient of a substantial testimonial from present and past employees of the Telegraph who had profited, as all have, by his kindly, helpful, generous disposition. Progress earnestly trusts that in his new home he may find as many appreciative friends as he leaves here, and is confident that he will never lack recognition of his eminent ability as a printer and his worth as a man.

Italians Are Ahead.

One of the contractors who took the large gang of Italians through here, a short time ago, to work on the railway at Metapedia, was in town this week and went away in very bad humor.

The Italians had a row and nineteen of them made up their minds to strike back to St. John. They got on the road and the contractor followed them. He found them at Campbellton and tried to get a capias for them, but the authorities wouldn't give him one, because he didn't know the Italians' names. He knew all their numbers, but that wouldn't do. In the meantime the Italians started for St. John and the contractor then set about learning their names. He found them at a boarding house in this city, and going to the boarding master, asked him to keep them, while he went up town to get a capias. While he was gone, the Italians got wind of his presence and bought tickets for Bangor. They were out of town before the contractor reached the boarding house. The contractor was mad. He was out just \$190 on the Italians, having paid their way from New York to Metapedia and then got left.

A Handsome Piece of Work.

Judging from an order about filled by the New Brunswick Red Granite company, the upper Canadians have fallen in love with New Brunswick red and gray granite for monuments. A few days ago the above named company shipped the first two massive blocks of stone to Ottawa, which will be included in a handsome monumental structure, 8 feet square at the base and 33 feet high. The base was of gray granite, and one of the finest stones which has ever been quarried in the Spoon Island quarry. Upon this will be placed two other square blocks of red granite, each smaller than that below it, and upon them the die of polished red granite, a 4 feet 6 inches cube. Between the die and the shaft, which will be about 12 feet high and 2 in diameter, will be a curiously-carved and ornamental stone. All the work is being done in the works in Carleton, and it is safe to say that the monument, when completed and placed in position, will be one of the finest in Canada.

"Something Better Than Before."

Tant-Mieux is the name of the celebrated Grenoble-made French kid glove, of which Messrs. Fairall & Smith, of this city, have recently been appointed the selling agents. Judging from the large quantities of these gloves that this house is constantly importing and selling, there should be no question as to their character. This house claims that the secret of its value is in the fact that all middle and between profits are dropped, and that it is selling the glove on a simple commission profit, and notwithstanding the lowness at the price, it is prepared to guarantee that every pair it sells is equal in wearing value to the highest glass Josephine glove made.

AUTOGRAPHS.

They Are Expensive, But They May Be Bought, Begged or Acquired.

We are all collectors. When we are small we treasure buttons and hoard up marbles. Grown older we sigh for rare postage stamps or exchange money of the realm for coins that have no intrinsic value. More aged yet, we heap lands together or accumulate certificates of deposit. In some of us the mania for collecting takes such form in youth that we can perpetuate it and glory in it in maturer age. That is the case with autograph collectors.

It is very easy to get together a collection of autographs. All one has to do is to take the catalogue of the principal New York dealer, select the specimens one wishes and forward the cash. How much an autograph letter costs will depend upon many things. A selection from a late price list helps one to understand what these considerations are:

- U. S. Grant.....\$ 3.50
Thomas Jefferson..... 6.00
Abraham Lincoln..... 20.00
George Washington..... 50.00
John Quincy Adams..... 1.25
Daniel O'Connell..... 2.00
Robert Peel..... 1.00
Charles Reade..... 2.50
John Ruskin..... 3.50
Benjamin Franklin..... 20.00
R. G. Ingersoll..... 1.00
Edgar Allan Poe..... 75.00
Archbishop Hughes..... 2.00
Gen. Sam. Houston..... 1.50

John Quincy Adams' autograph is comparatively valueless, because no one who is not forming a collection of presidents wants it. Autographs of Washington, Lincoln and Franklin "come high," because every collector, whatever his specialty, must have them. Poe wrote few letters except to his friends and his friends have never felt inclined to give them up, so the demand has raised the price of those that are in the market. All these autograph letters, as well as the others mentioned in the list, will add value with age. If one of our rich men could have the assurance that collectors would increase in numbers during the next half-century as they have during the last, a good collection would be a safer legacy to leave his grandchildren than any security that is listed today on the New York stock exchange.

I have quoted the dealer's prices because they help to a correct notion of the comparative value of autographs, but I have little sympathy with the idea which the list represents. Your true collector doesn't buy his autographs, when he can avoid it; nor does he beg them, as the professional humorists would have us believe: he simply acquires them. Heaven sends them to him as, sooner or later, it bestows all good things on the deserving. The special providence may manifest itself through an old chest in grandfather's garret: or it may inspire a friend who has unnumbered treasures in his letter-files. However it may work, they will come. Indeed, most men who have sufficient intelligence to appreciate autographs are in the way of obtaining more or fewer in the ordinary course of professional or business life.

I agree with the dealer, however, on one point. The value of an autograph, to me or to him, is measured, in great part, by the matter which accompanies it. A signature, standing by itself, represents little. I can buy Lord Lansdowne's or Charles Sumner's for 15 cents. It would require a letter—the more characteristic and personal the better—to warm either into life. Standing alone, the autograph of a certain Boston literary man, now deceased, would sell for 10 cents; as I have it, it is worth a hundred times that amount. Signatures are a delusion and a snare, only to be accepted when one can get nothing better. Nevertheless they serve to amuse the children.

Autograph collecting has been brought into disrepute by the acts of the idiotic juveniles who pile up signatures as they would gather marbles, and who bore every great man for his "autograph and a sentiment." Men and women should not need to pursue this plan. I may be pardoned, perhaps, for pointing the moral with my own collection. Omitting many old letters which, from the dealer's point of view, are worth more than all the rest, and leaving out a hundred lesser lights, I find these familiar names:

Victoria C. Woodhull, Col. E. Z. C. Judson ("Ned Buntline"), Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, William Winter, Joaquin Miller, Edward Everett Hale, B. P. Shillaber ("Mrs. Partington"), Henry George, Lucy Larcom, James Whitcomb Riley, W. D. Howells, Joseph Cook, George Francis Train, John Swinton, Susan B. Anthony, E. P. Whipple, James G. Blaine, E. C. Stedman, Charles G. D. Roberts, S. S. Cox, James Jeffrey Roche, Sarah O. Jewett, John Habberton, Richard Watson Gilder, J. T. Trowbridge, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Max Strakosch, James Freeman Clarke, Maurice Thompson, R. H. Stoddard, Edgar Allan Poe.

Twelve of these names are represented by two or more letters: and the list does not cover my collection as it has been: for when the editorial rooms of the Washington Post were burned, three years ago, I lost a great package which I had just received from Mr. John James Piatt: and I have given away many more.

But the point I want to make is that I never bought an autograph and never begged one. In these particulars, I flatter myself, I set a very good example. LEON.

Purses—good value at McArthur's Book store.

BARNES & MURRAY,

17 CHARLOTTE STREET.

NOW IS THE TIME TO PURCHASE

New Goods - - - New Prices.

- GREY FLANNELS—Come and See.
SCARLET FLANNELS—Away Down.
GREY SHAKER—The Cheapest Yet.
DRESS GOODS—From 8c.
TOWELS—From 7c. pair.
ULSTER CLOTHS—Very Low.
KID GLOVES—Splendid Values.
WOOL SHAWLS—All Prices.
FELT SKIRTS—Three Qualities.

BARGAINS FOR ALL.

BARNES & MURRAY.

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.

HATS. HATS.

MANKS & CO.

Would ask the attention of buyers to their Stock of

Men's Fine Felt Hats,

OF LATEST STYLES.

BOYS' SCHOOL AND DRESS HATS, in Straw, Cloth and Felt—all grades; CHILDREN'S Fine and Low Grades of STRAW SAILOR HATS, MIDDY CAPS, Etc., Etc., And a Full Assortment of ALL GOODS IN THEIR LINE.

57 - - - KING STREET. - - - 57.



Ranges and Cooking Stoves.

A FULL LINE OF THE ABOVE

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the leading RANGE in the market. Every one warranted.

COOKING STOVES—Wood and Coal;

HEATING STOVES—In great variety;

FRANKLINS, TIMES, RED CLOUDS, MASCOTS, SILVER MOON, Etc.

We would specially bring to the notice of purchasers that we are Manufacturers and cannot only furnish REPAIRS, but are in a position to give extra value.

Repairs Promptly Attended To.

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to order in any style. Electro Gilding, Silver Plating and Etruscan Coloring personally attended to. Respectfully yours,

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We have the Original and only

ECCENTRIC HATS,

IN A VARIETY OF QUALITIES AND COLORS.

A SOFT HAT that keeps its shape almost as well as a Stiff Hat, and far more comfortable

D. MAGEE'S SONS, 7 and 9 Market Square, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Things You Knew Before. There be a good many people, I know, as is like patent life preservers. It's their wind as keeps them on top. When busy bodies fight, they be always first to make it up. I don't know anybody what thinks his work is easy. The people as don't work are included in this here remark. Yer best friend is never the man as lets you down easy. Most people think he is their enemy. The man as is always listenin' to the ideas expounded by one person, will soon have none of his own. Us mortals will persist in doin' things which we laugh at other people fur doin'. The man as is all work and no play is nearly as bad as the man as is all play and no work: he's never any better off than anybody else. PAUL TAIT. Bibles. Special Value at McArthur's Book store. Don't Water the Milk. Customer (to milkman)—"Your milk is nice and cool, but it seems to have been watered." Milkman—"No'm, I never water my milk, like some people; but I always put a good hunk of ice in it to keep it cool." The Trouble with Jamesie. Mrs. Casey—"Gud marnin', Mrs. Grogan. Mrs. Grogan—"Konashtanta, Mrs. Casey; aren't you well?" Mrs. Casey—"Faith, me heart is broke entoirly wid me bye Jamesie!" Mrs. Grogan—"Do you till me." Mrs. Casey—"Fait, I do. Do yer mind that young jude of a chap was a-flyin' round here the week gone by—the one wid the striped jumper on him like a barber's pole, and a schoop in his hands—wud hold divil a drop a water, bein' full uv holes loike a sieve?" Mrs. Grogan—"Sure, well I do, Mrs. Casey, and a hat on him, the soize wudn't cover a spud! And you tell me, did he hurrt Jamesie?" Mrs. Casey—"Arrah, no, by the powers! 'twas me did the hurrtin'. Whisper while I tell ye. The young spalpeen chalked himself out a jumper from me new balmorall the bo't last week at Macy's, and cut off the toes of Dimmis' rid socks for a cap—the same Oi was eight weeks in knittin' and I winter gone by, bad cess to him! And I looks out the windy, I did, this mornin', and I seen him walkin' down the street, round-shouldered wid style, till I got at him. And you axes me, Mrs. Grogan, wid de gall of Councilman Quinn at a ward meetin', do I look troubled? Bimeby you'll axe me do I smol when I laugh! Good-day to you, and farwill, Mrs. Grogan!"—Life.