

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, 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, (contract,) \$15 an inch a year. 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.

News and opinions on any subject are always welcome, but all communications should be signed. Manuscripts unsolicited to our purpose will be returned if stamps are sent.

EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher.

Office: No. 27 Canterbury St. (Telegraph Building)

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 29.

CIRCULATION, 6,000.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Correspondents will please be careful to place nothing but their "copy" in the unsealed envelopes which they post at manuscript rates. Business letters or notes to the editors should be separately addressed and prepaid by a 3 cent stamp. Compliance with this rule will save delay and a possible fine.

THE EDITOR.

ECCENTRIC, NOT GENEROUS.

"A gentleman of large means" has resolved to devote a portion of his income to reprint the bible in the *Globe*. According to that journal, "he believes that if many of those striking passages of the Scriptures which are of universal application to the condition of man, and contain words of counsel, of comfort, and of 'sweetness and light,' were placed before of the world through the newspaper press, they would do great good, and prove a blessing to many."

This is rather touching and reminds us of the course pursued by Col. ELLIOTT F. SHEPPARD, editor and owner of the *New York Mail and Express*—at one time dubbed the *Snail in Distress*—who prints a biblical text every evening over his editorial headline. The editorial leader seldom corresponds with the scripture, but that is no matter: the *Mail and Express* gets a goody-goody, eccentric reputation and a fine advertisement, and that's what Col. SHEPPARD is after. He worked the same dodge with great success in that modern Babylon, Chicago, and Gotham has evinced an equally ardent wish to buy a newspaper with a text. All of which goes to show that piety has often a finger in the pie of prosperity.

Fifty dollars, the price of a two inch advertisement in the *Globe*, is not a very munificent sum for a "gentleman of large means" to spend for the good of his fellows. We fear that he is a bit of a crank: more eccentric than generous. Let us suggest that it would be a better plan, if he really wants to do some good in this world, to reduce his rents, or seek out the poor and needy and give to them. The people who read the *Globe* or any other newspaper are not, as a rule, those who are in the greatest need of "sweetness and light." The poor unfortunates who have few cents for bread but fewer for newspapers, would rather have a pound of meat than a column of scripture.

NOT TO BE NEGLECTED.

Some of our friends in the Methodist conference—we can count them by scores—have been pleased to remark, in a jocular way, that their deliberations were not worthy of note in *PROGRESS*. Not so; but we confess that up to last Thursday week, when there is but a small part of Saturday's paper unfilled, the work of the conference had not fairly begun. It had spent the time in pleasant and harmonious greetings. We know of no assembly of clergy and laity whose meetings is of so fraternal a character. Every man is the friend and brother of his neighbor. From the president to the theological student there exists a perfect good feeling, a complete friendliness and interest in each other's welfare and work that charms and delights an onlooker. No wonder the Methodists and their institutions are prosperous. All are working for the common cause, the good of their denomination and people. And yet how great is their sociability towards strangers, how pleasant their greeting, how entertaining their conversation! A Methodist is hospitable. It is a part of his creed. He is impulsive, generous, and ready to defend a friend as to assault an enemy, jealous of his rights and privileges, but willing to allow his neighbor that liberty of thought and speech that he enjoys.

Their meeting in this city has been peculiarly enjoyable. Three-fourths of the ministerial and lay delegates pursue their calling in the country and it is always a pleasant break in the monotony of rural life to visit the metropolitan city for a few days. More especially is this the case when travelling expenses are paid and the welcome of esteemed guests awaits them.

The denomination is healthy. Every department of it from the Sabbath school to the theological college, shows a marked advancement; a gratifying condition of things for which the church is duly thankful. We are glad the conference returned to St. John, after so many years absence. It is a pity, almost, that it should ever meet anywhere else, the advantages and pleasure of assembling here are so great. The temptations, too, were manifold: the

Lansdowne and Mechanics' institute theatres were open almost every night during the session, and there were ball games to the north, south, east and west of them, and yet, let it be said to their credit, not one of the Methodist cloth strayed from the fold.

Fredericton has some curious customs. For can we call that anything else that impels a candidate for mayor to mount a shell in the fish market and tell the people how important their interests are in his eyes, and how faithfully he will guard them? And the people gather there every year, as they did last Monday morning, in the basement of the city hall—the fish market—to hear what is to be heard. One of the candidates, least, Mr. JOHN RICHARDS, was as thoroughly unconventional as the place. The lazy leisureness of the citizens does not permit the opening of the poll until ten o'clock—after breakfast—and quite frequently the hour draws near and no nominations have been made. GEORGE F. GREGORY upon one occasion, just before the poll opened, had himself nominated to prevent FRID FISHER from an unanimous election. And when the ballots were counted GREGORY run his opponent so close that the latter was only elected by the casting vote of the returning officer—JOHN WOODWARD. But to return. Mr. RICHARDS' after-breakfast Havana was burning as well after as before his speech. He talked while he smoked. And the venturesome canine that hopped on the same fish shelf jumped down again with the compliments of his "K" boot. Before he had finished his conversation, he declared that he wasn't the candidate of anybody in particular. The result showed that he wasn't. And it showed something else, that such unconventionalism is unpopular with the majority of the residents of the capital.

We touch our hat to ability wherever we find it. To be a thorough crank, a successful merchant, an unscrupulous scoundrel, or, in fact, to be accomplished in anything it is quite necessary to have brains. At present we stand hat in hand before Mr. WILLIAM WILSON, M. P. P. for York. His particular object for the last twelve months has been to cultivate an acquaintance with the public treasury. Since he was introduced he has made remarkable progress. But even friendship draws the line, and on behalf of the people we donate the chalk. As a member of the local house Mr. WILSON draws \$300, which has been supplemented for some time by a \$600 job from the municipality of York. His party leaders gave him \$650 as chairman of the union commission, and he wants \$450 for what he paid the Royal hotel and New Brunswick railway during the commission's labors. Even the city treasury department has filed its objections to this. But again, only a few days ago, another tidbit was handed to him—the registrarship of the New Brunswick university, worth some \$500 per annum. We submit that \$2,500, the amount of the above, is quite a snap for one year. Isn't it about time that some one cried a halt?

If we are not mistaken the individual named WARD who has just rejoined the staff of the Fredericton military school, is the person who refused last fall to assist a dangerously wounded man to the nearest physician by exchanging his fresh horse and carriage for a jaded hack that had been driven hard and fast. We wonder at the man who could earn so much just contempt and then return to face it. He has a nerve.

Mayor CARLETON ALLEN has our congratulations. We do not agree with him on the question of the exemption of the Fredericton railway bridge from taxation, but our good wishes are none the less sincere because we differ. Fredericton has a mayor she could not be ashamed of, and her chief officer must feel proud of the honor conferred on him. There is reason for congratulation all around.

St. Andrews today begins its career as a summer resort. May its prosperity as such be great and lasting. Nature and art have combined to make the "ancient town" a summer paradise. May the impressions of its visitors be so pleasant that they will return as surely as July and August.

Here's a nut for some squirrel! What became of the \$200 that JOHN T. HAWKE paid into the supreme court? It does not appear in the auditor general's report.

Mr. Vaughan and His Book.

PROGRESS had a call from Mr. Thomas Vaughan Wednesday. Mr. Vaughan is an old soldier, the only survivor of his regiment that passed through the Crimean war. He wears three medals for distinguished conduct and long service, and carries four other mementoes of the same in the shape of bullet holes in his limbs and body. Nine years ago he wrote a book, the *Life of a British Soldier*, of which he has sold over 29,000 copies. He gets \$1.50 for each copy, and his order book shows that the people of St. John are very appreciative of his literary effort. PROGRESS has not the space to give Mr. Vaughan and his book the attention they deserve this week, but it would like to see the volume in the house of every good citizen, and his \$1.50 in Mr. Vaughan's pocket.



Still you, ma'am, washing can't be done well unless the soap is right. I've been washing these 30 years and tried all kinds, and there's none like Logan's Ideal soap for taking dirt out of the clothes without rotting them, and it don't make the hands rough and sore as many soaps do. It's made by Wm Logan St. John Hallgrove's sell it.

JUST RECEIVED AT THE KING STREET Stove Store.
(Opp. Royal Hotel)

- SELF-WRINGING MOPPS;
- INDIVIDUAL JELLY MOULDS;
- SMITH'S PATENT BROOM HOLDER;
- ANGEL CAKE PANS;
- LUNCH BOXES;
- BRASS WATER KETTLES;
- CAKE COOLERS;
- WATER COOLERS;
- THE UNIQUE GRATERS;
- "GEM" OILERS;

"JEWEL" CARPET SWEEPERS, at \$2.50.

BALLOON FLY TRAPS, 20c.; WINDOW SCREENS, 50c.; REFRIGERATORS from \$10 to \$35.

ASK TO SEE THE "JEWEL" RANGE. IT STILL LEADS.

IN STOCK: A number of second-hand RANGES taken in part payment for the JEWEL.

SHERATON & SELFRIDGE.

Telephone 368.

FOR WARM WEATHER!

BLACK AND CREAM

Lace Bunting, Lace Mitts.

MANSON'S, 16 King Street.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

The Secret of the Ballot.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: Is it not a misnomer to connect the words secret and ballot together at election times? The protection which it is supposed the ballot affords to the "poor man" is no protection at all, when his employers, or others having a strong influence over him in daily life, think proper to command his vote by placing in his hand a printed or marked ballot and watching him until it is handed in to the polling clerk. This is not an infrequent occurrence, and became quite palpable and even painful to me on recent election occasions. Now, I would amend the law by making it a misdemeanor for any party to tamper with another in order to obtain his vote, whether he be principal or agent. Again, of what use is the ballot unless it becomes an instrument for lying by some persons—if I am besieged by parties in the field for election, importuning me for my vote, which, to get rid of the applicant or not to offend him, I promise; and then (here comes in the lying part of the business) I vote, perhaps, the other way? Is not the ballot not only a farge but a fraud? It is my humble opinion that the purity of the ballot requires to be buttressed by strong legal enactment, that its independence may be upheld, or rather introduced. No man should wait upon another to solicit his vote. He ought to walk up to the polls and cast his own ballot, not one placed in his hands by another; and I would punish by heavy fine, or imprisonment, the party who asked me to vote for him or his friend. By this means "honest men would get their dues" and supplicants find their level.

THE BALLOT IN ITS PURITY.

More Evidence For the General Verdict. "My advertisement in PROGRESS shows up in strange places," said a city merchant. "Some time ago I inserted a work basket cut, and today it is returned from Canso, N. S., cut out of the paper and accompanied by an order and the cash for the article."

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

(Continued from Second Page.)

Boatman. Kate Claxton succeeds Minnie Madder at the Madison square, N. Y., playing *Boatman's Baby*, a dramatization of John Strange Winter's (Mrs. Stannard) military story.

I have been requested by letter to state that Campbell Mowat and not Dot Clarendon is playing the child parts at the Lansdowne. When I saw the name on the programme I had doubts as to its accuracy, for I believed the last named to be then acting *The Village Pet in A Midnight Bell*, at the Bijou, N. Y. The error was the manager's, not mine. While I am pleased to make the correction I must withhold the information therewith as to Campbell's age, ability, and prospects until his fame as an actor entitles him to a biographical sketch in this column.

For bad penmanship, your type, last week, punished with a vengeance your OWEN T. CARROLL.

NEW

Silk Ribbons.

BLACK CORDED RIBBONS, WITH SATIN EDGE.

New Fancy Ribbons.

Black Jerseys, At 75c., 95c., \$1.20, \$1.55, \$1.95, \$2.35 and \$3.50.

BLACK SILK SUNSHADES, At \$1.25, \$1.55, \$1.70, \$1.95 and \$2.55.

DOWLING BROS., 49 Charlotte Street.

Wringers, Pictures, AND Hanging Lamps, AT 50c. A WEEK.

JONES, - - 36 DOCK STREET

ENGLISH

Knitting Cotton!

FOR

TABLE MATS.

Knitting Silk, Bolton Silk, for painting, White Wide Velvet, Congress Canvas, Rope Silks, Couching Silks, Washing Silks, Pongees, Pons, Ribbons, Rope Linen, Banner Rods, Splashers, Umbrella Bags.

BARNES & MURRAY.
"THE PRETTY STORE."

BASE BALL!

JULY 1st AND 2nd.

Greatest Games of the Season!

THE FAMOUS PRESUMPCOTS, OF MAINE,
The Present Champions of the State,

VS.

ST. JOHN AMATEUR ATHLETIC CLUB.

THE PRESUMPCOTS have won Eleven Straight Games since the opening of the present season, and lost none, defeating all the Leading Clubs of the State.

The Morning Game on **DOMINION DAY** will be called at 10.30. The Afternoon Game at 3.

The Game on **TUESDAY**, July 2, at 3 p. m.

The above Games will be played on the Popular Grounds of the A. A. Club **MARSH BRIDGE.**

Admission, 25c. Ladies, 10c.

GRAND STAND 10 CENTS EXTRA.

N. B.—On Tuesday, July 2, Ladies admitted Free.

A. O. SKINNER,
President A. A. Club.

Grand Opening!

OF THE

"SHAMROCK" B. B. & A. CLUB'S
New Grounds.

DOMINION DAY!

Two Great Games.

ST. STEPHENS, OF BOSTON,

VS.

SHAMROCKS.

MORNING GAME called at 10 o'clock. **AFTERNOON GAME** called at 2.30.

CITY CORNET BAND.

ADMISSION: Gents, 25 cts.; Ladies, 10 cts.; Grand Stand, 10c.