

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 unsuited 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, AUG. 31.

CIRCULATION, 6,000.

THIS PAPER GOES TO PRESS EVERY FRIDAY AT TWELVE O'CLOCK.

VOTE "NO" ON COMMISSION.

In less than a fortnight the citizens are called upon to vote yes or no on the question of harbor commission. The course of the Common Council, on this commission business, has been very unsatisfactory. It is to be hoped that the people will give commission its quietus and let us get to work ourselves. The leaders of the movement to sell our harbor are politicians for the greater part, men who have an interest in the sale and would derive some direct financial benefit from the transaction or stand a chance to become a part of an extravagantly salaried body.

Remember that the cost of managing the harbor now is practically nothing compared with what it will be under a commission.

Remember that every cent of expenditure must be raised from the shipping, and thus tend to increase port charges that are already too high.

Remember that the interest to be paid the government is four per cent—a larger rate than Canadian cities have borrowed for this year on their own security—and upon a sum much larger than there is any need to expend on this harbor.

Remember that government expenditure is always more careless and lavish than civic expenditure.

Remember that Mr. VAN HORNE, manager of the great Canadian Pacific, advised us not to go into commission.

This appeal to the voters will, we trust, show that the people have no desire to part with their harbor. They want it improved but are not forced to part with it for that purpose.

If this commission had not been kept dangling before our eyes our harbor would have been improved long ago. Let us get rid of it forever and go to work ourselves.

POWER OF FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE.

The pain we suffer from the loss of friends is proportioned to the convictions we entertain of their worth. The more excellent one believes another to be, the more love does one bestow upon him, the more intensely does one cling to him, and the more pain does one experience in losing him. How many bright eyes grow dim, how many rosy cheeks turn pale, how many brave hearts are broken, how many strong minds overthrown by the loss of friends?

From the dawn of human life, through all the pages of history, the sad story of human suffering through the loss of friends and friendship is everywhere manifest. That loss has caused more tears, anguish and anxiety, more bitter regrets and general misery than all the other ills of life combined. The misfortunes of life, no matter how dark and gloomy, seem silvery sunshine when compared with the starless, hopeless night we grope through when death or misunderstanding has taken from us those we love. Let us go to some new-made grave and learn a lesson of human sorrow, and try to understand the misery of losing those we love.

Along the sighing shore of the farther side of the Rockies is a well-known mound. The winds have blown over it for nearly a century, and during that long period the ocean has spoken to it thoughts of eternity in the tempest and the calm. It is a fit dwelling spot for the trio who rest beneath it, for it has for its admirer and mourner, the oldest voice on earth, the voice of the great wide ocean.

Tradition tells us that after a lingering illness, the only child of a young Indian father and mother died; they buried him here by the ocean, believing that it would mourn forever for him, as they would forever mourn. But they could not long bear the anguish of losing their dark-haired boy. They must be with him at any sacrifice; the must join him in the spirit land. There was a fierce struggle between death and love. But love was triumphant, and death was welcome when it brought them nearer to all they loved. The sun had gone down behind the waves of the ocean, twilight had darkened into night; no voice or sound was heard along the lonely shore, only the gentle whisper of the ripple as it sighed its evening prayer, and welcomed the brightening stars. Standing by the well-known mound, dumb with deepening grief, the swarthy father and mother of the lost boy remain. There is a break in the mysterious silence—it is the noise of a rusty spear fast levelling this sacred mound, and the

strong arm of savage love is digging up the clay still hiding the little sleeper that a mother's arms will soon entwine, and a father's tears fall fast upon. Gently he is laid to rest again without a sigh or murmur. The hour of sacrifice is at hand. The swarthy parents bend over the open grave. The sound of arms rings along the lonely shore, the mother falls lifeless on the body of her lifeless boy; another volley, and the heart of the noble savage has given its last quiver of parental love. All is now silent, and the ocean sings over the tripple grave its song of sorrow, as it moans over so many others it has made. It leaves us to guess the misery that the loss of friends occasions, by every sigh and groan and cry it utters, and tells us even by that nameless tomb that the sorrow of being torn from those we love is fully known only to the angels of light.

The Moncton Times and Transcript note the arrival of Mr. M. McDADE in Moncton to work up an illustrated edition of that town. Mr. McDADE is almost, if not quite, as well known in Moncton as PROGRESS. He writes that he has met with rare success so far as he has gone. Moncton is booming—going ahead at a more rapid rate, perhaps, than any city in the maritime provinces. PROGRESS proposes to give this fact prominence in its illustrated edition. There is a better chance to obtain a good idea of Moncton by street views than in most cities. The public buildings and manufactories show up better than those of many other places twice as large, and the industries are very numerous. The work of illustration will be done well, and the edition is intended to emphasize what the exhibition will prove, that Moncton is one of the live go ahead towns of Canada.

The citizens of Fredericton are considering whether to continue or repeal the Scott act. The temperance people are organizing to fight against repeal. In our opinion this is a great mistake. Fredericton has had the Scott act for years, and it has not prevented the sale of liquor. The law is practically a dead letter. Commendable efforts have been made to enforce it but the results have not been encouraging. If the Scott act is repealed, the local option law will take its place, and saloon keepers will be forced to pay whatever license the council pleases, and, before they can get it not only secure the signatures of two thirds of the real estate owners in the ward in which they live, but also get a favorable report from the inspector, which can be rejected by the mayor if he thinks the applicant unfitted to have a license. Is not this law prohibitive enough?

That prince of quacks, KERGAN by name, who left St. John in a hurry last year, at the suggestion of PROGRESS and in fear of the medical council, has turned up smilingly in Nova Scotia, and found bottom. The medical council lost no time in reaching for him, and he has deposited \$160—twice the amount of his fine—to guarantee his appearance in court next week. KERGAN was in St. John this summer, before the carnival opened, but he "was here for his health," and did no business, although at the same time the Quebec papers had a column announcement of his dates there. This city has no use for quacks, as Mr. KERGAN knows.

CHARLES BARBER, of London, in a recent issue of Truth, says:

I don't often regret that I have not a seat in the English house of commons. The hours are late, the atmosphere is bad and the whisky indifferent.

Why doesn't the Hon. SIDNEY HERBERT M. P., the chairman of the refreshment committee, substitute for the house of commons' whisky good old Canadian rye?

"You Pays You Money," Etc.

"You pays your money and takes your choice"—of excursions by the New Brunswick railway. Four great fairs will open in the first part of September, and excursion tickets have been issued on account of all of them. From September 1st to 5th, tickets will be sold to Bangor and return for \$5.50 and \$4.50, the former purchasable for five days and the latter for two days.

September 2 and 3, tickets will be sold for Sherbrooke and return for \$8.55.

From September 8 to 12, to Lewiston and return for \$7, purchasable for five days, and \$6 purchasable for two days.

From September 9 to 13, tickets will be sold to Toronto and return for \$20.50, and from the 14th to the 16th for \$16.50.

What more can fall excursionists ask?

Sig. Ronconi, Flute and Basso

The newly formed organization known as the Petersilea-Ronconi Concert Co., consists of the following named artists. Mr. Carlyle Petersilea, Piano—Sig. G. B. Ronconi, Flute and Basso—the Harvard Ladies' Quartette, Mrs. A. G. Sellers, Manager. The Petersilea-Ronconi Company give a concert at the Masconomo House, Sept. 15th, when a fine programme of choice selections will be presented.—The Folio.

Well and Cheaply Done.

Merchants who want engraving done should not fail to get it well done. The engravings in PROGRESS are done by an established concern and its work is above criticism. PROGRESS is its agent for the maritime provinces, and all orders sent to this office will be executed promptly and satisfactorily, eight days being all the time that is required for the filling of any order.

Advertisement for IDEAL SOAP featuring a rooster and a man in bed. Text: 'THIS IS THE GCK THAT ROSE IN THE MORN. THE DAY THAT IDEAL SOAP WAS BORN HE HAD RISEN EARLY TO TELL TO MANKIND THAT WONDERFUL SOAP TO SEEK AND TO FIND.' 'USE IDEAL SOAP. All grocers sell it.' 'THE WORLD IS WAKING UP TO THE VALUE OF IDEAL SOAP.' 'Made only by Wm. Logan St. John N.B.'

NOBODY IS HURT.

Still the "Pen Portraits" Appear—As Well As the Society News.

MONCTON, Aug. 28.—During the past week your correspondent has been basking in a sort of reflection of "That fierce light which beats upon a throne," and he naturally feels a good deal dazzled by this sudden—and most unexpected—flood of glory, as well as considerably "set up" by his elevation to the dizzy height of a target for the poison-tipped, if rather wild, shafts of Gripsack, which, too evidently, "loves a shining mark."

Tennyson was careful to add that this same fierce light blackened every blot. But, somehow, in turning the electric light on the private life of Geoffrey Cuthbert Strange, Gripsack only succeeded in throwing a halo around his undeserving head, by calling him, in forcible, if not elegant, language, "a young woman"! which, as every right-thinking person knows, is equivalent to calling him an angel. Little did he dream, in the days when he walked the earth in a small tight jacket and knickerbockers, of the triumph that awaited his manhood, too modest to dream that fame would be his until he was laid in his silent tomb, and his sweet, white life was given to the astonished world by some enthusiastic biographer, possibly his wife! But it he must wear bay leaves during his lifetime, he will try to do it with becoming humility, and not grow proud because greatness has been thrust upon him. And now a word in defence of my brother-in-arms, "Cecil Gwynne." Whatever "Geoffrey Cuthbert Strange" writes, it is over his own literary signature, and on his own responsibility, subject only to the approval of his employer, the editor of PROGRESS, and he is quite able to bear his transgressions upon his own shoulders, without letting others share the burden. The daily Times of Friday reprinted Gripsack's wail, prefixing a singularly rambling and involved prologue of its own, which began by stating that "the ladies who are brought prominently forward in these sketches may like it very much, but in many cases they would deserve all the more admiration if they did not, and that 'Cecil Gwynne's' remarks, at least many of them, in PROGRESS are in bad taste."

The Times goes on to say that "the same writer, as generally believed, has been lately supplying 'pen portraits' of prominent railway officials. The inspiration in these cases seems clearly tinged with malice."

Many years ago there appeared in an Irish newspaper the following advertisement:

MISSTON!!—From Killarney, Jane O'Fogarty. She had in her arms two babies and a Guernsey cow with red hair and tortoise shell comb behind her ears and black spots all down her back which squints awfully.

The tortured editor pathetically inquires, "Which is the cow, and which is Jane O'Fogarty?"

And the puzzled readers of the Times might ask, with equal pertinence, which is Cecil Gwynne, and which is the ubiquitous Geoffrey Cuthbert Strange? And, above all, what have the ladies got to do with the question?

The Times has been curiously late about joining the standard of its confrere. Can it be that this cautious journal sat on the fence, waiting for a chance to alight on a solid spot? Or, had it only just found out about those pen portraits, though one of the two objected to was published on the 6th, and the other one on the 20th of July. I am afraid the Times must have waited for someone else to speak first, so as to be sure of its ground, and even then it had not the courage of Gripsack, who cruelly stigmatized all the portraits but those of its patrons, as gross flatteries, whereas the Times announces that they were all tinged with malice. You must be careful to dance in tune, my dear Times when Gripsack pipes; and if in your enigmatical sentence about the ladies whom "Cecil Gwynne" "brought prominently forward" you refer to the sketches of the fair ladies of Moncton, why did you not refer to them before? And if the ladies themselves were pleased—which I rather doubt—why do you take up the cudgels for them, and then tell them that they would be more to be admired if

they were not pleased? At any rate, be kind enough to disentangle the society correspondent from the "special," now and for all time, in justice to the innocent "Cecil," and do not make him, or her—which is it?—suffer for the sins of GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

THEY HAD A DELIGHTFUL TIME.

The Verdict of the Visitors at the Lawn Tennis Tournament at Charlottetown.

The party representing the St. John Lawn Tennis club at the Charlottetown Lawn Tennis club tournament arrived home on Saturday evening last. All expressed themselves delighted with their visit and consider the tournament one of the most successful ever held in the provinces. Quarters were reserved for them at the Davies House, where most of the other visitors also put up.

Charlottetown can pride itself in possessing without doubt the finest tennis courts in the Dominion, especially if viewed in the light of the picturesque. They are situated in Victoria park, about a mile out of town, and are six in number, the whole encircled by a drive, the natural beauty of the park and the view of the bay to the south adding to the charms of the scene. The turf of the courts was in beautiful condition and with the drives lined with carriages and the courts filled with gaily dressed players and onlookers the sight was one to be remembered.

Play commenced on Tuesday morning, and continued throughout each day till Friday evening, with the exception of Thursday afternoon when it rained heavily, but the visitors were at no loss on that account, as they improvised a progressive euchre party.

Some very interesting play was witnessed, and among the games most worthy of mention was the "final" in the gentlemen's singles, between Messrs. Lloyd, of Antigonish, and Hensley, of Windsor. It was full of exciting play from start to finish and was eventually won by Mr. Lloyd.

In the ladies and gentlemen's doubles, the excitement centered in the "final," between Miss Mabel Smith and Mr. H. Smith, of St. John, vs. Miss Debrisay and Mr. Brecken, of Charlottetown. Probably there was more excitement and enthusiasm displayed by the onlookers at this set than in any of the others. The play on both sides was splendid, and, after three hard sets, was won by Charlottetown. The play of Mr. Smith was the leading feature, and delighted every one, and, indeed, it is doubtful whether any of the contestants ever played better. Throughout the whole game, until almost the last stroke, it was impossible to form an idea as to how it would end, the last of the three sets being won by Charlottetown, 8-6, the other sets of the game being also very close.

Miss Burpee, of St. John, won, after a hard fight, the ladies' singles, from Miss Debrisay, and Miss Burpee and Miss Adams the ladies' doubles, in both of which sets the play was very exciting.

The gentlemen's doubles was not decided up to the departure of the party. As it rested between three Charlottetown couples, it was postponed until a later date.

After the play on Friday afternoon was finished, Mr. Warburton, president of the Charlottetown Lawn Tennis club, made a short address and presented the prizes to the winners of the various events, as follows:

Gentlemen's singles: Mr. Lloyd, a silver cup, the bowl being supported on four rackets standing on a base, which had a net stretched across and balls lying around. The bowl was suitably engraved and the cover surmounted by crossed rackets, with a ball between. It was a remarkably handsome cup, and the winner is to be congratulated on the possession of it.

Ladies' singles: Miss Burpee, a diamond brace let.

Ladies' doubles: Miss Adams and Miss Burpee, diamond lace pins.

Ladies and gentlemen's doubles: Miss Debrisay, a gold locket; Mr. Brecken, pair opera glasses.

The ball given at Government house by the club, on Thursday night, was a brilliant success. The guests, numbering about 200, were received in the large parlors while the main hall was reserved for dancing, the band being placed in the balcony overhead. Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Bartlett gave a most enjoyable dance at their residence on Tuesday evening. The night was a perfect one, and the grounds, hand-

A Great Bargain

FOR 25 CENTS.

Ladies' 4-Button Bohemian KID GLOVES, 1st quality, slightly spotted.

USUAL PRICE, . . . 75 cents.

BARNES & MURRAY,

17 CHARLOTTE STREET.

THE KEystone EGG BEATER AND CREAM WHIP.

WE HAVE IT IN TWO SIZES.

THE SELF-WRINGING MOP.

We are the Sole Agents for this, and are now prepared to sell it Wholesale and Retail.

We wish to draw attention to the above articles as two of the

Best Labor and Time-Saving Articles ever Invented,

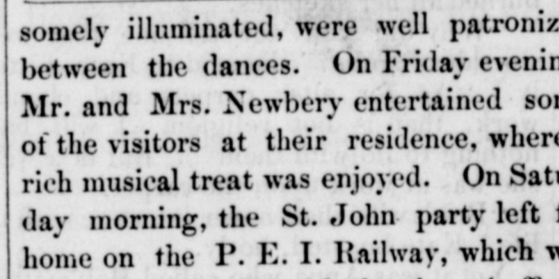
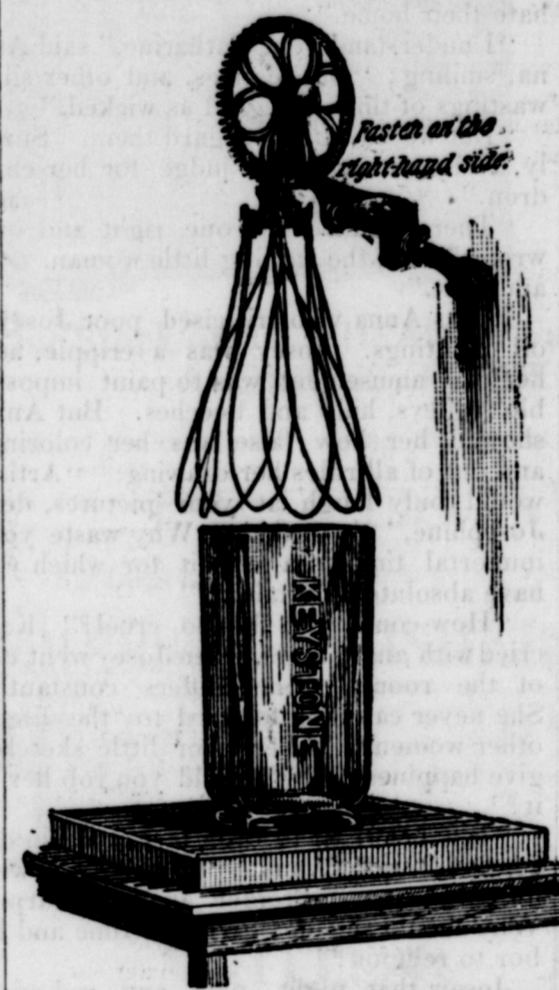
and every Housekeeper should possess them.

If you have not seen them call and examine.

SHERATON & SELFRIDGE,

(Sole Agents for the "JEWEL" RANGE).

38 KING STREET, . . . Opp. Royal Hotel.



MR. CHARLES WARD'S PICTURES. The Work of a Year Shown in Mr. F. E. Holman's Store.

Anyone who has any love for good art should see the paintings by Mr. Charles C. Ward, now on exhibition at Mr. F. E. Holman's. Mr. Ward succeeds in putting that live element into his work without which a painting is a mere piece of colored canvas. The colors may be so well selected as to be very pleasing to the eye, but real art, in whatever of its many forms, must appeal to something more than the eye or the ear. Many a man can by a deft management of metrical feet compose a jingle that will have such an effect on the ear as to remain in one's memory persistently, but such a jingle is not a poem. Such a jingle is not art. So a painting in which one is conscious of no indefinable "something" apart from the mere collection of various pigments spread forth on canvas to represent some scene, is not art. But in Mr. Ward's beautiful little landscape, All on a Summer Day, do we see merely a brown boat on the blue water, a green bank in the distance, and so forth? Surely not. There is in the first place an atmosphere over the whole scene. The couple in the boat seem to be breathing in the summer air; the bushes in the background seem to hide birds and nests and mosses, as real bushes do. We can look in among them into the cool shade, and it seems only natural to expect a breath of air to come of a sudden and sway their tops, and send a ripple over the water. It is needless to remark concerning the masterly handling of light and shade in this little work, for it has already been said that the scene is alive and real, and that could not be if there were any imperfection in the light and shade. Then, how admirably has the artist treated his distances in The Unbidden Guest. One can look away back into the heart of the grove, among the tree-trunks, and can enjoy the limitless range of vision across the meadow to the far horizon, just as he can when he stands on some mound of actual earth and grass, and looks out beyond himself and his own little sphere into a broad, generous, unbounded distance. The Old, Old Story is a fine piece of work, in greens and browns. The Indian Dancer is fine, and so are the dogs in Sebatis. Sebatis' position is also very natural, but the fire and the log on which the Indian is sitting rather disappoint us. However, we do not set ourselves up as art critics. Far from it! We only claim a sufficient amount of appreciation of the true in art to feel sure that Mr. Ward is an artist in the highest sense of the word.

ARE THEY UNDER A "SPELL"?

Dr. Carlton's Accusers Battling for Life With Typhoid Fever.

MONCTON, Aug. 28.—The Carlton case is in a quiescent state, just at present, but only for the present. The white flag has not been presented by either party, but a sort of armed peace prevails, the cause for which is popularly supposed to be that the learned council on both sides have exhausted their expetives, and have retired to their respective sanctums, "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife," to think up something more to say. In other words the defendants have appealed; so it is merely the hush before the tornado, and as both Mr. Hanington and Mr. Smith are blessed with an almost unlimited command of language, as well as a wide range of adjectives, Moncton people are looking forward to a treat almost equal to the famous "War of Wurtzburg," only in this case the contestants will confine themselves strictly to prose, and there will be no poetry laid before the meeting at all.

A curious coincidence in connection with the case, is the fact that both the original complainants, against Dr. Carlton, have been taken seriously ill since the conclusion of their cases. Had the gallant doctor lived in the beginning, instead of the end, of the nineteenth century, he might have found this little circumstance slightly awkward, because there would, probably, have been unpleasant references made to witchcraft, culminating, very likely, in an al fresco entertainment, at which Dr. Carlton would have taken a disagreeably prominent part, clothed in majesty and wreathed with smoke. As it is, the Doctor's supporters have an opportunity of pointing a moral, if not adorning a tale, and looking upon it as a judgment upon the sacrilegious ones who would have interfered with a good man in the discharge of his duties.

Meanwhile, our only excitement lies in the verbal—or rather epistolary—duel between the Rev. Mr. Hurley and the mysterious W. Your correspondent having discovered that the reverend gentleman is amply capable of defending himself and keeps his shillalah in excellent order—semper paratus, as he would say himself—has prudently retired from the fray, and

somely illuminated, were well patronized between the dances. On Friday evening, Mr. and Mrs. Newbery entertained some of the visitors at their residence, where a rich musical treat was enjoyed. On Saturday morning, the St. John party left for home on the P. E. I. Railway, which was evidently not built with the view of affording a geometrical definition of the shortest distance between two given points. Both engineers and contractors appear to have done their best to make the distance between Charlottetown and Summerside as long as possible.

All of the party were delighted with their visit and fully appreciated all the kindness and generous hospitality so freely extended to them while in Charlottetown, and should another tournament be held there at some future time, there will be no lack of representatives from St. John, N. B.

now, sits upon the grand stand waving his lily white hand to cheer the combatants on to victory: an interested spectator, but nothing more. The combat, at present, bears a striking resemblance to a military engagement. Sharp tongues of flame, from the discharge of the guns, followed by long columns of smoke.

G. C. S.

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Ladies desiring Butterick's Celebrated Patterns will find them, together with all the latest Periodicals, at 93 King Street. Give us a call. A. W. D. Knapp.