

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.  
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 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.

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CIRCULATION, 6,000.

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

PRAYER GAUGE AND RAIN GAUGES

Congratulations to the clergymen in St. John and elsewhere who offered up their prayers for rain last Sunday.

The result was a surprise to the general public, and possibly to the clergymen themselves. Prayers were offered at the morning service, and the congregations had not time to get home before the first shower seen for several weeks descended on the unsuspecting worshippers who had gone to church in their best clothes and without umbrellas.

It rained all the afternoon, and this must have encouraged the worthy clergymen, so that they began a crusade of prayer, the full effect of which was not experienced until Wednesday evening (prayer-meeting night), when the astounding fall of an inch of rain in half an hour was seen and felt by those who were unlucky enough to be abroad.

This, we presume, will be accepted as a satisfactory proof of direct answer to special prayer, and will afford a great deal of comfort to a great many people. It appears to show that the assertions of those who claim that the winds, rains, and weather generally, are governed by fixed and immutable laws, are base inventions of the enemy, and that religion triumphs over science. In other words, the prayer gauge and the rain gauge have a close and abiding relation.

But suppose it had not rained, as has happened before in dry seasons, even when all the churches united in prayer? In that case, doubtless, it would have been considered that the Lord did not see fit to answer the prayer, and there would have been a becoming submission to His will.

This is the statement made by the good ladies of the W. C. T. U. when the Scott Act is defeated, as is sometimes the case, and it appears to be a very reasonable explanation. There is no other that meets the case so well.

Perhaps, as the question of material answer to prayer is a disputed one, the safer plan is to pray for rain and such things only when there are reasonable external indications that the petition will be granted. In this way the faithful are strengthened in their faith, and the scoffers have no opportunity for scorn.

IN LIEU OF POLICE.

The board of works has been entrusted with a weighty problem. The residents of Lansdowne ward have presented a petition setting forth that, as they live in a district which does not enjoy the protection of lights and police, they be allowed to keep dogs without paying the usual license fee. The board will take time to consider.

Whether the residents of Lansdowne ward are owners of big dogs or little dogs does not appear. Whether they intend to keep them secured for the purpose of giving alarms only, or whether they propose to have them patrol the streets to waylay belated pedestrians, is also a matter of conjecture. These points will doubtless be settled by the board.

The point for reflection appears to be that if Lansdowne ward can substitute dogs for light and police, why cannot other wards do likewise, if they wish, and a great saving be effected in the tax bills. Enough saving be effected in the tax bills. Enough policemen could be retained to run in drunks and disorderlies, while the dogs could do the rest. It would be a very stupid dog, indeed, which could not find out more about the Prince ward gin mills than the police appear to know, and a couple of rather cross brutes in the Old Burial Ground after dark, would discount the "coppers" a hundred per cent.

But the crowning usefulness of a dog with good sharp teeth would be found around the head and foot of King street, and along Charlotte street, on Saturday night. An animal trained to take a nip from the leg of every loafer who used profane and indecent language while ladies were passing, or who expectorated to the detriment of the garments of passers by, would fill a long felt want.

The broad and expansive smile worn by the Provincial Secretary of late seems to indicate that, in his own mind at least, he has satisfactorily settled the question of what is to be done next January.

Mr. Walter L. Sawyer, who has been doing good work for the New York humorist's papers, furnished the text for the leading illustration in *Teas Sitings* recently.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

A Wrong to Be Righted.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS.—I think it was Beacon who said "Truth is the daughter of time." It has been lately stated as "That which is." It is well known and acknowledged that a certain class of people have been able hitherto to ride rough-shod, over a certain other class of people. A book has now been given to the world at the instance of a certain society in England, which is named *Theory of Credit*, by Prof. H. D. MacLeod M. A., of Trinity College, Cambridge. A portion of the preface says: "It is quite easy to foresee that the next great subject for economical enquiry in this country will be the anomalous system of banking and currency which prevail in the United Kingdom." He takes up our whole system of banking, commerce etc., and deals with the matter from a legal, as well as practical standpoint. Hitherto, any man calling himself a merchant, could step into one of our courts of justice, make an affidavit that I owed him a certain sum of money, hold me to bail, and treat me as a culprit; merely upon his own statement; taken, apparently, simply because he was supposed to be, that which we call an honorable, upright man. This matter is now being dealt with. He is carrying us back to Roman law to show us our foolishness. Several months have passed since I gave the *Montreal Herald* a few remarks upon this subject, as well as banking, which brought down upon me a severe criticism by the *Bradstreets*. I may here say I have for many years seen the injustice of our act, but for want of time to attend to it, have held my tongue. This man, "MacLeod," now takes it in hand vigorously, and it is apt to lead to happy results, inasmuch as it has been forced upon him by the royal commissioners, appointed to obtain a digest. I have known for years that very few, if any, of our merchants could hold up their end in any properly constituted court. The same rule applies to banks. Is it not disgraceful to look over the record of recent transactions? Shame upon you, Canada. Give us the truth; hold nothing back; act squarely; place men upon the bench capable of discerning right from wrong; then make it hot for them if they fail. This would lead to a high grade of officials in every department; would punish incompetence; would elevate mankind, and procure truth. This the world is now seeking, and the greatest of nations hath taken it in hand. Will she succeed? Let us wish her God-speed.

E. W. CHESTNUT.

Boston, Sept. 18.

A Parent Speaks His Mind.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: Now that at last we have a change of school superintendents, most of us hoped some care would be taken of school buildings, as to time of opening, heating and ventilation, and some sort of even "make-believe" examination of new pupils. The parents of St. John do not want a repetition of last winter's sickness.

Let the new superintendent cast his eyes on the Victoria school, which is not even opened in time in the morning. Already so many of the children are suffering from colds from open windows and doors, with no sort of supervision, except hearing lessons. A small fire is urgently needed in so large a building on wet days, from this time on. There must be more done directly for the comfort and health of so many delicate young girls, and less of the so-called "new methods." A PARENT.

A Good Time Coming.

Hundreds of people look forward with a good deal of pleasure to the annual fall excursion of the All Rail line to Boston and return. It is announced in this issue. Monday and Tuesday, September 30 and October 1, the New Brunswick railway will sell excursion tickets to Boston good to return any time before midnight of October 9th, for \$10. It goes without saying that the same and, indeed, larger crowds will take advantage of the offer this year than usual.

QUATRAINS.

Mediocrity.

Did each man fit his task  
 And each task fit its man,  
 The swine would never ask  
 Another receive again.

Spring in Winter.

The cold snow veils the earth;  
 Yet sweet bird-voices sing,  
 Young hearts brim o'er with mirth,  
 Their joy prevents the spring.

Subjection.

"Sing not thyself," says one—  
 "Lower not so your pen";  
 But what, when all is done,  
 Know I of other men.

Services Better Than Knowledge.

One day in service spent  
 For God and man exceeds  
 Long years to study lent  
 And weighing of the creeds.

Let God Speak.

Let sage and saint be still,  
 The days pass silently,  
 And from Thy holy hill  
 Speak Thou alone to me!

Consecration.

"All have I given," says one,  
 "Laid all upon His shrine";  
 But has the all-searching Sun  
 Bared I all the heart's deep mine?

MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT.



THIS IS THE COCK 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.



THEY'RE ALL AFRAID OF IT.

And That Is Why Most People Are Laid Low With Seasickness.

Old Neptune is known far and wide as a great "knocker out," and strikes fear to the hearts of nine out of every ten who start on a deep water voyage. He gives his friends lots of amusement at the expense of his dupes, and the fortunate ones find the frightened landsman a very interesting subject of observation.

People will always be seasick; it comes natural, even if they do happen to sail on such "floating palaces" as are run by the International Steamship company.

When thoughts turn to seasickness the saloon has no attractions, the sumptuous tables entice only a few, and many that do make bold enough to order a light lunch, seek their staterooms in a hurry, leaving enough on their plates to run a cheap boarding house for a week.

From Saturday night to Monday morning on a steamer with such companions, is not an extremely pleasing experience. Nine o'clock in the morning and you want to get up. Nobody is about. The old man who has sailed the Atlantic a dozen times is there, but he will talk you to death, and the hurrican deck is more attractive than this company. A few, tired of the narrow precincts of the stateroom, venture forth, but they are too sleepy and dull to be interesting. The stateroom, however, possesses great attractions for the majority, and you wonder how many passengers there really are on board.

The piano lies open with gospel hymn books on the stand, but the pianist who turns off the chestnuts at the Institute and Lansdowne, is nowhere to be seen, though I saw him come on board the night before. Perhaps hymns are not in his line, but even the Bell Cigar polka, or "a Hunting we will go," would have been acceptable at such a time.

The two burly policemen returning from their ten days vacation have made prisoners of themselves, and from Saturday night to Monday morning roll and toss in their narrow cells. They had no fear of being pelted with stones by a gang of York Point and North End roughs, but seasickness! Ugh! Old Neptune was almost too much for them. The ex-mayor wore a longing look, but the young engineer from Boston had no fear. He had come prepared. But he was lonesome, very lonesome. Buttoning up his overcoat, he walked the deck, and when the breakfast bell rang went and took his rations like a man. He had been there, however, but knew what was good for "it." For heavens sake man, sell your stuff at a dollar a bottle and you'll never have to work again!

I noticed one young fellow who was bold enough to do in public what the great majority did in the privacy of their rooms. Of course he never imagined anybody was noticing him; but I pitied him from the bottom of my heart. He sat in the saloon with a far away look in his eyes, and his far down in his coat pockets. He seldom sat long in one place, but with what was intended for an unconcerned look, walked out on deck as well as he could, considering the narrow space (four feet) between the rows of chairs, and gazed into the light green sea. He seemed to feel much better and again wandered into the saloon. He didn't want to sit down and had visited nearly every place of interest on the upper deck, so he went below, after apologizing to the artist who was making mirrors of the stairs with bath brick, for tramping on his feet. Some bold, bad men were smoking on the lower deck. The uneasy one had a perfect dread of bad cigars just then, and made his visit in that locality very short. He wore a puzzled look. What would he do? Happy thought. He goes to bed.

The boat is nearing land and everybody is on the lookout. A glance around and you are surprised. "How are you? were you on board?" is heard everywhere, and one finds himself with lots of company. But it was always thus and always will be until some fortunate being invents a medicine that will best old Neptune; but if people will get sick in such steamers as the *State of Maine* and *Cumberland*, the inventor will have to hustle. B.

Ladies, on 1 Children's Dresses, Sateen, Nans velvety or Cotton cleaned at Ungar's Steam Laundry.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Zera Semon, the wonder-worker, etc., occupied the Lansdowne during the week and almost nightly turned people away. Now, Zera, it is needless to say, is not a Herrmann, and, consequently, such allusions as the vanishing lady or the cremation scene, which is the latest and most startling peice of legerdemain, were absent; still, the show evidently pleased the kind of audiences that attended, but, just why, is the puzzle of the moment. Some, I suppose, were anxious to try their luck and secure a gift, others, mayhap, to view again the tricks that mystified their youthful minds, and not a few to see if the magician's art had, of late years, made any perceptible advances. Certainly, the performance was disappointing; the sleight-of-hand tricks, which were excellently well done, were, after all, older than the professor himself, there was too much speech that was meant to be, but was not, funny, and the cabinet scene was as flat as flat could be. The Marionettes, which have not been seen here for years, would have been passable if the strings that moved them had not been painfully visible to the onlookers. On the whole, it was not such an exhibition as one would care to see again.

Most people are at a loss to know why the chief of police did not interfere and stop the distribution of prizes, as he did in the case of the Wizard Oil company. Was it a horse of another color? Look, chief, what is sauce for the goose ought to be sauce for the gander.

The ushers placed chairs in the aisles. This is contrary to law and should be stopped. While the building is perfectly safe, yet it is not so safe that "the ounce of prevention" can be overlooked with impunity, and it is the duty of the authorities to see that all regulations governing such things are respected. The director of public safety is the person who would be responsible to the people in case of accident, and he should see to it at once.

The Boston press is loud in its praise of Mrs. Jamieson's portrayal of the character of Mrs. Sherrany the awful mother-in-law in *Surprises of Divorce*. Henry Hotto, too, comes in for a good share of commendation.

Billy Florence says that he never neglects pleasure for business, therefore he may or may not talk over with Joe Jefferson the details of their joint starring tour, during the fishing trip he is about to take with that gentleman. They will open, however, at the New York Star theatre, on Oct. 14.

Maggie Mitchell's new play has been charistered, *The Little Witch*.

Fred. C. Brooks, W. F. White, A. Calvert and Virginia Holland remain with the Wood-St. John company for another season. P. A. Nannary, of this city, will also be in the support; this gentleman is the *Globe* contributor who signs himself "N. P."

The play in which Ferd Hight is to appear this season, *The Suspect*, will not receive its initial performance until Sept. 30.

Charles Kent has been engaged to create the role of the Baron in *Jim the Penman*. Lawrence Barrett underwent an operation, while in England, for a glandular trouble, but it was not successful.

Janauek opened at Boston on Monday last. Her new play, *The Woman in Red*, was received with favor.

Kiralfey has engaged John Bunny to appear in *Lagarlere*.

David D. Lloyd, the dramatist, is dead. Edgar Strakosch is managing the Carleton Opera company.

T. D. Frawley is reported to have made a great hit with *Crane* in Chicago.

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