

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, JUNE 1.

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.

MR. EVERETT IS NOT THE MAN.

When we consider the matter from every standpoint we cannot think it is in the interest of St. John to elect CHARLES A. EVERETT mayor. It is not necessary to raise the objections that might be made. We are satisfied that every pure minded citizen will look upon his candidacy in the same light as we do, and conclude that Mr. EVERETT is not the man to be given the greatest position of honor in the city.

We do not question his business ability, but the day is past when the mayor of St. John must be a man of unusual business ability. The division of work and the presence of a competent head over each department takes all, or nearly all, the responsibility from the shoulders of the mayor.

We want a clean man for the chair, against whom there are no suspicions of any kind of intemperance. It is hard to find such an ideal, but the nearer the approach the better.

Mr. GEORGE A. BARKER and his friends will perhaps blame our frankness when we say that better candidates than him] have refused to come forward. But of the two in the field he has unquestionable preference. He is frank and his faults are as open as himself. No one will ever accuse Mr. BARKER of pretending to be what he is not.

SORRY TO LOSE HIM.

Mr. WALTER L. SAWYER is no longer connected with PROGRESS. When he departed for his native city, Portland, Me., yesterday morning, the press of this city lost one of its brightest men. He was a thorough newspaper man, more capable than nine-tenths of his associates, and a good fellow. Nearly three years ago he came to St. John and up to April, 1888, was associated on the city staff of the Telegraph, with the present editor of PROGRESS. His general work there was of the highest order, and his special Saturday sketches, under the signature of "Leon," were the brightest things given to a St. John public.

As an editor of PROGRESS his work has spoken for him. He was thoroughly at home in every department and his ability to handle almost any subject could not be questioned. None will regret his departure more than his associates in this office, one and all of whom wish him the success that his marked abilities can command anywhere.

The temper of the average Monctonian is usually as calm as a lake. He hates to be ruffled and regains his composure as soon as the breeze permits. Pulpit wind is strong and gusty there at present, and the waves are becoming larger. We fear the good preachers of Moncton made a mistake when they attacked the Sunday Bactouche excursion from the pulpit. They showed their disapprobation very frankly but with exceeding indiscreetness. Would not the discouraging rather than the denouncing attitude have had a better effect? We do not believe in Sunday excursions. The average man or woman can find rest without going on a Sunday railway excursion for it. But pulpit utterances on such an evil only serve to advertise it.

There is considerable speculation about the personality of the "business men" who brought Mr. CHARLES A. EVERETT out for mayor. We would give a dime to know if Mr. SIDNEY B. PATTERSON and Mr. J. A. S. MOTT of the civil service list, are among the number.

A business man gets a good many queer letters in his daily mail. Some of these are pleasant, others unpleasant, but the bucket shop circular! on what file must that be placed? The waste basket is a very handy dumping ground for such literature.

A lady asks "Who is responsible for the monuments and slabs in the old burial ground?" Perhaps Mr. LAWRENCE, who has taken such a new interest in their preservation, would be kind enough to answer her question.

We yield the palm to Halifax. She has something that we have not; something renowned and notorious—a PICKERING.

THE TOWN IS RUFFLED.

A SUNDAY EXCURSION TRAIN HITS MONCTON IN THE NECK.

Pulpit Orators Advertise It in Great Shape and All the Wicked People in the Smoky City Will Go On the Excursion—The Harmless Manager.

There is trouble in the railway town, at the present moment—trouble of the most pronounced description; and the reason therefor will be found in the following apparently harmless advertisement, which appeared in the local papers last Saturday:

Mr. Hanington, of the Buctouche and Moncton railway, having experienced one hot Sunday in Moncton, has arranged to have a train leave Moncton tomorrow, at 7 o'clock. This train will reach Buctouche at 8.30, so the passengers can have a salt bath before service. Train will leave Buctouche after evening service, and reach Moncton in the gloaming.

Now, at the first glance, there is nothing at all objectionable about that little announcement. It has a most innocent, not to say pious, sound. The references to morning and evening service are truly touching, and the little poetic touch about returning "in the gloaming" was very pretty. But then the heart of man—especially the heart of a railway manager—is deceitful and desperately wicked. And the eye of faith was needed to spy out the evil of that small paragraph. The eye of a particular kind of faith, I mean.

So the various scribes and wise men, and pastors of the different religious bodies in the town of Moncton read it, and it did not look so very bad at first, but they read it again and then it dawned upon them that there was no service in Buctouche either morning or evening. "And then the trouble began to brew," and great was the tribulation in the land, and the reverend brethren laid hold on that advertisement, and they twisted it and they turned it and shook and pounded it, and did everlastingly worry it. And when it was in readiness they delivered it from their several pulpits, in prepared thunder, and they told their flocks to "Frown it down! in so unmistakable a manner that it must be discontinued." They did not say "boycott" it, but that's what they meant all the same.

They said that such a little excursion was directly opposed to the laws of God and man: that while it pretended to afford people an opportunity to worship God in a cool atmosphere, that was not its object by any means. They even went to far as to refer indirectly to Mr. Hanington as "Our common foe."

There were only two shepherds, I believe, so lost to all sense of decorum, and of what was expected of them, as to pass over this outrage in silence. And of these, one belonged to that effete autocracy of the old world, the church of Rome, and the other to her younger sister, the almost equally reprehensible Church of England. And these two had the shameless effrontery to say that they did not see any very great harm in people going to Buctouche for a breath of sea air, if they wanted to. They might do many worse things. And the future state of those men is a subject too awful for contemplation.

But perhaps the most surprised person of the entire group is Mr. Hanington. He retired to rest last Saturday night an unassuming private citizen, and ere 24 short hours had sped, he found himself seated on a pedestal beside Mrs. Henry Wood. His literary production had also been "read out in meetings" by the clergy, and the advertisement had obtained so much a wider field than he had dared to hope for that an extra car will have to be attached to next Sunday's train, in order to accommodate all the pilgrims who are sure to flock to that excursion, for the same reason that the deacon went to the circus—just to see how bad it really is. So the end is not yet, by any means.

GEORFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

FREDERICTON'S BAD BOY.

The Base Ball Craze Strikes the Town—His Pa Practising as Umpire.

I spose you knowed we had a base ball club in this town wick Jimmy Hawthorn was the manager wot allers sets up the cigars for the rest of em and wares a little bun hat wot he found somewares and ses it cost six dollars. Pa says if that's so peanuts will be high this year. But ennyway I tells you Jimmy knows all about base ball. We got to have another battery, sez Ned Allen to Jimmy, we want a pitcher kin grow wiskers on the ball, or else the Nashunals will berry us in the lowlands, lowlands, berry us in the lowlands, lowlands, low. Battery, sez Jimmy, bendin' on him a look of compashin, wot do we want with a battery, sez he. Why, sez he, a battery will cost us about forty dollars a week and you kin git an umpire for about tore. You want to get an umpire for your goin' to down the Nashunals. Why, sez he, we kin git Pickering, of Halifax, the hed of the perfeshin, fur the hull season, for car fare and drinks. He kin put the ball over the plate for our side every time and keep the Nashunals from gettin' it there at all. He kin git the batter safe on to first even if the ball gets there a mint ahead of him and as fer stealin' second why, sez he, we will be able to walk down there like as if we woz mourners to a funeral and the feller on second was the beautiful corps. It aint a battery we want, sez he, its an umpire and we must have one regardless of expense.

Advertisement for 'Ideal Soap' featuring an illustration of a woman washing clothes. Text: 'Still you, mawam, 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 & stains 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 & all grocers sell it.'

38 KING STREET, - - Opposite the Royal Hotel.

Advertisement for 'JEWEL' featuring an illustration of a large mechanical device. Text: 'JEWEL. Don't Fail to See the "JEWEL," with Oval Fire Pot and Ventilated Oven. IT HAS NO EQUAL.'

SHERATON & SELFRIDGE.

But Jimmy sez if there aint more money in base ball than there is in bananers he will be busted before the season is over and get Mr. Allen to Okshun off the bun. He says the girls comes into his shop and wile one of em is negotiatin with the junior partner the other makes off with the bananers. So I gess they must give Jimmy more taffy than wot they buy. My land but there's been high ole times around our palashiat residence ever since base-ball struck the town. Pa is practisin up for umpire and sich a circus as we've been havin aint been seen since our dog Snide tackled Uncle Weedy Sewel's tomkitten down in front of the tannery. Jack Slier made him a big mask outer some of Ma's old hoop-skirts, and Billy Smith (a corse we don't allude to Billy as a relation of ours coz he aint been movin' in the leadin' circles) he's got him hired to fire bricks and clubs at him in our yard for about an hour every mornin' before breakfast. A corse Pa couldn't stand that if he wasn't strongly fortifide, so he has a bottel of Scott Act corjial handy, and as fer paddin', why he wares an old bed quilt inside of his weskit and two joints of stove-pipe fer leggins and a piller in the bossem of his pants. Ma comes out on the piazzer with a flat-iron and pitches him an in-shoot and sings out, "Come in the house, Hiram, you old fool, this blessed instep!" but Pa hollers "one ball" and goes rite on with the game. I tell you it's a stirrin' scene to see Billy firin' the bricks at Pa full tilt and pa yellin' foul, when they takes him in the breadroom and "strike" when they fetches him on the bowsprit, and "base hit" when he gets 'em on the piller. But I gess pa has got a good eel too long a head for Billy, coz he oney pays Billy ten cents a game fer throwin' things at him, and last week he fined Billy morn a thousand dollars fer sassin' the umpire. Everytime Billy opens his mouth about anything pa pints his finger at him in a commandin' way and sez, "That'll just cost you fifty dollars," so I gess by the time the job's thru with pa will have a mortgage on Billy's house and Billy will have to saw wood fer morn ten years to pay fer em all.

JIMMY SMITH.

A Home in the Country.

The residence built and occupied by Henry Titus, situated about one mile and a-half above the village of Rothesay, is offered for sale. The house is two stories in height and contains rooms enough for a large family, and stands upon a six-acre lot, more or less, and is admirably adapted for a summer residence, as well as all the year round. There are large barns upon the premises, and the place at present cuts about five tons of hay. The view of the Kennebecasis and its islands is magnificent. This valuable property will be sold at a great bargain, as the owner of it now resides at a distance and wishes to get it off his hands. House can be examined any time. Apply for further information to E. S. Carter, office of PROGRESS, Canterbury street.—Advt.

TO SIRIEL.

Blow, gently blow, ye winds of May— The fragrances carry of these flowers, Unto her bowers; Bient sweets of violets, white and blue, Pinck'd where the dew Fell lightly on the grassy leas, Mid daisies anemones— Mid violets and anemones— Blow, gently blow, ye winds of May. Blow, softly blow, ye winds of May— Take her such whispers as thro' groves; And moss'd alcoves, Adorned with ferns that night by night Have sprung to light 'Neath son and burgeon of the trees, Thou waitest—a love-freighted breeze— A southern-warm, love-freighted breeze— Blow, softly blow, ye winds of May. Blow, swiftly blow, ye winds of May— Bear straight to her, my Lady-love, With speed of dove, This message, West, from Fandy's shore, "Ah, Sweet, restore Those kisses lent thee; taking these Fresh from my lips, thine heart to please— Fresh from my soul, thine heart to please"— Blow, swiftly blow, ye winds of May.

A. H. CHANDLER.

OUR FISHING TRIP.

What happy hours were those when Tom And I, some monstrous whale to win, Went fishing in the rocking chair Off the piazzas with a pin! Our sails were spread our anchors weighed, We were the Captain and the crew, Far out from land on chasing waves Before the gale we rocked and flew. Now schools of mackerel passed us by, Now dolphins came in rainbow flocks, Now lifted on a distant wave, A strange mermaid combed her locks. Cape Finisterre, and Baffa's Bay, And Cruisee's Isle, and Red Sea shores We left behind, and saw ahead Van Diemen's Land and the Azores. We breakfasted in Behring Strait, And then, for the sweet sake crewhile Of Moses and the bulrushes, We caught our dinner in the Nile. But for some reasons that we had, Some memories of delightful scenes, At nightfall we a harbor made Always within the Philippines. We boxed the compass as we pleased, The winds from every side were blown, Geography, and time, and space, In that fine voyage were all our own. Sometimes the storms about us burst, And we went slipping round the deck. Sometimes we rocked so near the edge We narrowly escaped a wreck. Far off we saw the luge whale spout Just over the horizon's rim, But though we sailed, and sailed, and sailed, We never quite caught up with him. And never shall we steal from time Days half so glad as those wherein We fished in the old rocking chair Off the piazzas with a pin. —Harriet Prescott Spofford, in Youth's Companion. Savages expect to imbibe bravery by drinking the blood of their brave enemies. A more enlightened method of vitalizing the blood is by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It braces up the nerves and gives strength and fortitude to endure the trials of life.—Advt.

Ladies' and Children's Dresses, Satens, Nuns' veiling and Cotton dresses at Ungar's Steam Laundry.

Advertisement for BARNES & MURRAY, 17 CHARLOTTE STREET. Text: 'We have received another lot of RIBBED LISLE VESTS for Summer wear, 5c. lower than last week, viz., 30c. each.'

Advertisement for MANSION'S, 16 King Street. Text: 'Right Time! Right Place!! Right Price!!! OUR NEW SPRING and SUMMER HATS and BONNETS invite inspection. THE RIGHT TIME: Because if you leave it a little later you will not have as complete an assortment to choose from. THE RIGHT PLACE: Because every Hat and Bonnet we are showing is new and the most popular shape. THE RIGHT PRICE: Well, call and hear our price quoted, and you will be satisfied they are right. MANTLE and DRESS-MAKING executed on the premises, and perfect fit guaranteed. Mourning orders taken at residence if necessary.'

Advertisement for W.F. ALLAN, 73 Germain Street. Text: 'PICTURE FRAMING A SPECIALTY. JENNINGS', 171 Union Street. OIL PAINTINGS, AWAY DOWN.'

Advertisement for E. S. CARTER, Publisher, St. John, N. B. Text: 'Send it Next Door A large number of copies of this week's papers have been sent to new places and persons. Look at it carefully, and decide whether it is not worth ONE DOLLAR a year. If it is, send along your dollar, hand your paper to your neighbor and persuade him to do the same. Address E. S. CARTER, Publisher, St. John, N. B.'