

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, JULY 13.

CIRCULATION, 6,000.

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

AGAIN THE MAYORALTY.

The date of the mayor's election has been fixed for August 6, and already there is one candidate in the field. Others are talked of, and the chances at present indicate that there will be opposition. Among the probable candidates are two ex-mayors of old Portland, JOHN A. CHESLEY and H. L. STURDEE. Mr. CHESLEY's diamond drill assurance challenges our admiration. If our authority is correct he will be in the field and looks for his election. He will grow blind before he finds it. His chances are so poor that it is not even necessary to oppose him. It it appears necessary at a later date to squelch the ex-mayor again, the information for the purpose can be found in the back numbers of PROGRESS.

It there must be a fight over the chair let it be a good one. We will not object to see good men in the field asking the votes of the people. Ald. T. W. PETERS, who has been looked upon as a possible candidate for years is out at last, and possesses the advantage of being first in the field. Among others spoken of, the gentleman who recommends himself to our consideration is Mr. A. O. SKINNER. We think that should a proper representation be made to him that the citizens could overcome his objections and secure him as a candidate. He is a successful merchant, popular, and acceptable without a doubt. He has never been identified in civic politics but whenever anything is proposed for the good of the city, there he is with hand and purse. He has no list of sins—political ones at least—and can come to as reasonable and just a conclusion as any gentleman we know. The city could not get a better mayor and we would like to see the requisition that would bring him out.

During the past five years complaint has frequently been made to the authorities of the nuisance caused by the drains of the provincial lunatic asylum, opening on the bank under the trestle work near the road leading from the Suspension bridge and, although it is admitted the nuisance exists, yet no effort has been made to remove it. The reason is said to be that the superintendent has decided that it is impossible to remedy the matter on account of the tides. It may be "obtrusive commiseration" for us to suggest that an effort should be made to remove the nuisance notwithstanding this official decision, but we fear we will have to obtrude. The department of public works might, perhaps, by approaching the matter with due delicacy, obtain the consent of the superintendent to have an effort made to remedy an evil so obnoxious to the common people. Why not lead the drains below low water mark? Or it that will not do, why not drain down the other bank?

The crowds of children and others who pass so many hours observing the motions of a young seal in the King square fountain, are proof of the interest excited by such a show. A monkey in a window has blocked Germain street before now. But no matter what interest is taken in the seal, King square fountain is hardly the place for it. An unsightly structure of a kennel pattern placed in the centre of the city fountain does not add to the beauty of the spot. Not to mention the unsavory odor of fish scraps, the city fountain was never intended to contain a seal with an advertisement painted on its back.

There is too much useless talk and too little real work in the common council of today. It would appear from a casual glance that instead of bringing the North ends to their senses, that we are losing ours and contributing to the disorder. The least important communication is not too insignificant to talk about, and the gabble of one goose brings out the whole flock. The committee room is the place for discussion. Inquire there into the merits of this or that as much as you please, and let the council devote its attention to new business. Our council room loses its business character when it becomes a debating society.

It is strange that after months of careful preparation the Oratorio society could not draw even a fair attendance at its annual concert, Tuesday evening. And yet it was good—not inferior, we are told, to former ones in which professional talent cost \$500.

Lady HARBERTON, a bright English woman, has an article in *Woman's World* on the mourning dress of the day. She points out the needless expense too often incurred by people who cannot afford it to provide themselves with mourning suits, and suggests that, instead of the costly sable robes in fashion at present, a black band, edged with white or gray, as an ample sign of the wearer's loss. The argument is all on one side. There is no defence for needless expenditure for mourning dress.

The suburban residents who patronize the Intercolonial have a just complaint. The evening train service is slow, unsatisfactory and untimely. There is no late express and an evening in town for an out of town resident is not possible unless he desires to retire in the early morning. The increase of the local travel surely demands greater consideration than this at Mr. PORTINGER'S hands.

Make the ferry free, gentlemen of the common council. There can be no good reason why a person who lives in one part of the city should pay to get to another part. The ferry tariff is against the interests of trade on the east side and residence on the west. So give us free communication and abolish the present salary list.

In its report of a visit to the west-end engine houses by officials of the department of public safety, the *Globe* says that the attendance of firemen was small, "many of them being at work at McAdam." Where would they be if a fire started in Carleton?

Will Ald. T. W. PETERS, chairman of the treasury department and candidate for mayor, tell us what the chances are for St. John to borrow \$250,000 at less than four per cent. for harbor improvements?

There is nothing mean, heartless, cruel, that a ramseller will not do.—*Religious Intelligencer*.

Such fanatical balderdash as this will not help you to sustain the Scott act in Fredericton, Dr. McLEOD.

PEN AND PRESS.

The average country editor has a weakness for mottoes. Metropolitan newspapers are content with their names at the head of the first page, accompanied by the price of the paper, but the country editor has all this and more. Nearly every rural weekly in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia is "devoted to the best interests" of some particular county or province. The *Restigouche Pioneer* of Campbellton, leads all others in this particular. After being "devoted to the interests of Northern New Brunswick," it says "Give me leave to speak my mind." "Here shall the press the peoples rights maintain." Mr. Bruce McDougall was the first editor of the *Pioneer*, and probably suggested these striking sentences. Mr. McDougall spoke his mind. He is no longer connected with the *Pioneer*. The *Union Advocate*, of Newcastle, is a bright prosperous looking sheet. Its motto is "Our Country with its united interests." Another, the *Carleton Sentinel*, of Woodstock, which is equally loyal and patriotic has pinned its faith to "Our Queen and Constitution." The *Chignecto Post*, of Sackville, branches off in another direction, and says "Deserve success and you shall command it." The *Western Chronicle*, of Kentville, N. S., is "independent; but not neutral." Mixed up among reading matter and advertisements is the heading of the *Colchester Sun*. Like the greatest journal in America—it says it "shines for all."

Another paper for New Brunswick, this time in Richibucto. S. B. Paterson, jr., says he will publish the *Review*, a six column quarto, about August 15. It promises political independence and existence so long as it is profitable to the publisher and entertaining to its readers. This is slightly ambiguous and not very assuring, but PROGRESS wishes the *Review* plenty of success, which can only be had by the hardest uphill work, by ability above the average and a fearlessness that will make friends as well as enemies.

William Dennis, the news editor of the *Herald*, of Halifax, wants to shine as a city father and to that end has announced himself as a candidate. It's a dime against a doughnut that he gets left. Active newspapermen are not the kind of men who are usually selected for aldermen.

The *Evening Gasbag* showed signs of a burst Tuesday evening and boasted of its "prize fight and funeral scoop" the day before.

The *Halifax Mail* and *Echo* are blowing very hard about their carnival editions. Neither of them, according to each, has ever been equalled on the continent. The amusing part of the business is that a Montreal printing and engraving house is preparing both numbers, and while the contents—the advertisements and letter press—will be Haligonian, the carnival *Echo* and the carnival *Mail* will be printed, engraved and published in Montreal. This is very funny, but it is a fact all the same.

Learn the Taylor System.

Madam B. A. Stearns; Taylor system of dress-cutting taught at 149 Union street. Young ladies who are learning dressmaking would do well to learn this system to enable them to do business for themselves with perfect satisfaction. J. H. C.

For particulars apply to Mrs. L. B. Carroll, 149 Union street.—*Advt.*

WEIGHTY WORDS FOR—Canada's Daughters!

The Enormous Regular Sales of Thousands of Boxes of



For all Waters. For all Waters.

Is the best proof that the public know and appreciate its MAGICAL CLEANSING PROPERTIES and THOROUGH STERLING VALUE. Being of FULL WEIGHT, it is a boon to RICH and POOR ALIKE.

A lady writes: "I find it saves time and material, as the clothes require less rubbing, no boiling, and wash a much purer color than with ordinary Soap. I recommend it to every housewife."

Every bar weighs 16 oz. Cannot injure the most delicate fabric.

SOLD BY ALL GROCERS.

WM. LOGAN, - - - Sole Manufacturer.

Mr. Strand Represents It.

Mr. R. P. Strand, Fellow (by examination) of the society of Science, Letters and Art, of London, Eng., organist of Trinity church, has just received the news of his appointment as representative of the above society for the city of St. John. This society which has a very large number of members, has for its object the advancement of science, literature, art, music, and the fine arts. It encourages in children ambition, and a desire to progress, by establishing examinations in the ordinary subjects of education, music, literature, languages, drawing, painting (oils and water color), needlework, etc., and awards prizes, certificates, medals and scholarships to successful candidates. The school scholarships are of the value of £10, 10s. and successful competitors are entitled to receive one year's free instruction in the usual English subjects, including French and drawing, at the schools from which they are sent up. Ladies and gentlemen wishing to join the society should communicate with Mr. Strand, who will be pleased to furnish them with particulars. The society is under the patronage of Sir Reginald and Lady Macdonald, with Sir Henry V. Gould as president.

For an Idle Hour.

The best recent Canadian paper publication is *The Search for Basil Lyndhurst*, in No. 4 of Lovell's copyright series. Rosa Nouchette Carey's books are all worth reading and especially this one. Price 30 cents, at McMillan's.

William Bryce, of Toronto, must have a contract for the job lots of some paper mill. One number of his paper cover series is in a dull red color, another in a bright green, another in yellow, and so on. The stock, always bad, is getting worse. The type and printing are a disgrace to the Canadian printing office. It is too bad that an occasional good story must appear in such a dress. The price is just as large as Lovell's, and yet there is no comparison between the editions. Two stories in Bryce's edition, *Flammenka*, by Farjeon, a splendid writer, and *A Babe in Bohemia*, by Frank Danby, are at McMillan's. Price, 25 and 30 cents, respectively.

ST. ANDREW'S.

[Progress is for sale in St. Andrews at T. R. Wren's bookstore.]

JULY 10.—On Wednesday last the officers and men of "Camp St. Andrews" gave a very successful concert, followed by a hop, in the dining-room of the Argyle hotel, which was decorated prettily with flags for the occasion. The programme was distinctly military in character, in addition to the usual solos, duets, etc., some very nice cavalry sword exercise, and some physical drill or exercises by the I. S. C. was given and much enjoyed by those present.

Thursday evening a very enjoyable dance was given by Mr. F. A. Jones, of the "Algonquin," complimentary to our military friends. The night was very rainy and disagreeable, but, with few exceptions, the officers and ladies from camp and all guests from town appeared, dancing being kept up without ceasing until supper hour arrived. The toilets were especially pretty.

On Friday night an informal reception and dance was given by Col. Donville and officers of the Princess Louise Hussars in camp, which all who participated in declared to be a delightful affair, and certainly a more picturesque scene could not be found. The cavalry tents on a slope facing the bay, which was one sheet of silver from the moon's rays; the torches of the bands lighting up the faces of the dancers as they swept round; the white tents of the infantry and artillery in the background, with here and there a camp fire—all against a dark screen of fir trees. It was something to be long remembered, and, combined with the graceful and courteous hospitalities of our soldier hosts, leaves only kindly and pleasant recollections of the camp of 1889.

The weather remains fair and cool, and every boat and train brings tourists to our drowsy old town, whose peaceful quiet and pure air bids fair to make our visitors as sleepy and as long-lived as ourselves. Monday brought a large party from Calais to the "Algonquin," among whom were Col. W. B. King, Mrs. King, Mr. Geo. H. Eaton, Mrs. Eaton, Mr. C. H. Newton, Mrs. Newton, Mr. Frank Nelson, Mrs. Nelson; Mrs. Geo. F. Smith and children of St. John, C. M. Bostwick, Mrs. and Miss Bostwick, James J. Kaye, Mrs. Kaye and the Misses Kaye; Mrs. F. B. Edgecomb and infant son, of Fredericton; Mrs. R. White and family of Montreal, are also at the "Algonquin," and with many others appear to be enjoying life under Mr. Jones' comfortable roof.

Lawn tennis is the principal amusement of the young people thus far, and now and then a little deep-sea fishing, always a good appetizer.

Go to Lakeside with St. John Presbyterian Church Sunday School, Tuesday, 16th. Trains leave at 9.30 a. m. and 1.30 p. m. (local time).

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Is there any one amongst you desirous of acquiring fame and fortune? If there is, now is your chance, for American actors want good dramas and cannot get them. There is a dearth of first-class material in all quarters; even the French and English "markets" are no longer the prolific source of supply they once were. The fact that this is the complaint to every newspaper interviewer, and the subject of many stage journal editorials, leads to the conclusion that it must be true. It is to the play-house you must look for a play; and only an actor can build it. To Edward Harrigan and Denham Thompson we must turn for the future American drama, is the burden of Mr. Howells' article in the *July Harper*. But he forgets, when he instances in support of this contention Shakespeare, Goethe, Schiller, Goldoni, Moliere and Lope, that we have also had Goldsmith, Sheridan, Bulwer, Banim and a host of other non-professionals, whose efforts in this line not only met with instantaneous success, but still survive in all their early vigor. Shakespeare and Harrigan in the same breath, Hamlet and *The Old Homesteads* side by side—Great Scott! how the mighty have fallen! But this is Mr. Howells' "fad," as Nym Crinkle styles it, and—with all due deference to his ability—in his eagerness to prove it correct, he fails to see that he reasons to an absurdity. No; it is all nonsense to say that the dramatist can only be nursed to life by a process of foot, border and calcium light incubation, and nurtured into manhood by contact with props, tormentors and scenic paint. Are actors born in a world or atmosphere all their own? Certainly not. Well then, if the auditorium supply the subject and the performer, why not the architect? This old bugbear about the stage being minor orders to the priesthood of dramatic authorship is, to use a common expression, played out. In what school does the novelist, poet or essayist receive his training? In the school of literature, where rules culled from experience chasten the thought and increase the fire of genius. There, too, must the playwright go for his tuition. Ah, yes, but I hear some one say, you must have a technical knowledge. Bah! If you mean by that stage terms and scenic appellations, I tell you that they can be learned by visiting any reputable play-house twice, in the company of the stage manager or machinist. A good play is simply a good story dramatically told. It must have a plot—Mr. Howells to the contrary, notwithstanding—preserving a unity of interest, with defined climaxes, logical development, and a denouement at once interesting and sympathetic; the action and sentiments of the characters must have force, power and consistency. Now then, ambitious author, try and compass these requirements, give them freshness, vigor and originality, and win the golden prize that awaits you.

There can be no regret among those who went to the Institute on my advice to see the *Lucifer* Family. A better entertainment of the musical and variety order I have seldom if ever witnessed, the five principals being regular musical wonders. The appreciation shown by the audience for Sig. Morrice the Contortionist was well deserved; his feat of passing through a 13-inch ring with a lighted lamp on his forehead being both difficult and thrilling.

A word to you, Mr. Lew Gorton: To me you are a new man in this company; your negro sketches were very good; in the Irish, your make up, particularly about the eyes, was poor, and in the after-piece we had entirely too much of you—to use your own expression, "you made me tired." And, by-the-by, don't you think you had better drop that little story about the preacher and the bear? Asking the Almighty to stand to one side to see "the d—dest fight," etc., may not appear blasphemous to you, but most persons will think it is very near to it.

What a mean show town Fredericton must be. Last week the Luciers had to return the audience their money because there wasn't enough of it to pay the gas bill. To be sure, the first Celestialite you meet will complain that all good companies give their city the go by; but more power to them, say I.

The closing of the Lansdowne on Monday was a mark of respect to the whole community which it will not be slow to appreciate. I predict that the loss sustained thereby, and it must have been large, will be more than doubly recompensed before the end of the season.

Gwynne's Oath has not a single superfluous character in it. Every one is put there for an express purpose and with an object which it is always surely moving; as for instance the using of the child, the incident of his life being saved by Richard Welbeck, and his father's love as a reason for Gilbert Archer "blowing on his pal." It has also some very pretty effects such as the strewing of the field daisies, and the sleep walking scene. But oh! it is speechy and unreal. One has only to see it to discover why such excellent actresses as May Wilkes and Adelaide Stanhope (Mrs. Wheatcroft, wife of the author) could not make a popular success of it.

Miss Hampton, as Gwynne, appeared at her best, and received a curtain call, but what the above named ladies could not do, neither could she. Her performance was acceptable, but the role requires the power of a Davenport, and, needless to say, she has not that. Mr. Bunny, as the bogus Mons. Latour, was particularly good in his broken French, and even when he cast it aside to assume his proper person (in the play) he showed at times a depth of pathos I did not think was in him. Mrs. Jamieson was good, as she always is, and little Master Campbell jumped into popular favor by his innocent, childish prattle, which was splendid, without being precocious.

The hits of the piece were made by Miss Haswell and Mr. Sterner, in the comedy parts. Not since the opening night has this lady shown to better advantage, or this gentleman had such a chance to distinguish himself, which he undoubtedly did.

Where does this company get all its magnificent costumes and handsome scenery? As to the former,

Special Cotton Sale.

2,000 Yards, 36 in., White Cotton, at 10c. per yard.

The above was bought at the Old Price, and is worth to-day 15 per cent. more than marked.

BARNES & MURRAY. "THE PRETTY STORE."

Feather Dusters!

We have Just Received an EXCELLENT ASSORTMENT of the above, in all sizes, and the prices ARE VERY LOW.

ONCE USE THE SELF-WRINGING MOP, and you will never be without it.

Call and see the JEWEL RANGE, and inspect our line of Stoves and Ranges for wood or coal.

SHERATON & SELFRIDGE, 38 King Street, - - - Opposite Royal Hotel.

unless they brought them with them I know not; but as to the latter, I can inform you that it is the result of the labors of William Gill, the well-known scenic artist. I am aware that our people have been deceived so often that suspicion have become with them a second nature; the more famous the name presented the greater is their conviction that it is plated, and an advantage being taken of their lack of knowledge. This is due largely, it must be admitted, to the news columns of our daily papers being governed by the length of the advertisement and the amount received therefor. When you tell the public that that curtain or that set has been painted by the gifted young artist who, for so many years, was with the Boston Museum company, they will look at you with an incredulous smile. And yet it is so; Mr. Gill is in personal daily attendance behind the scenes laboring like a beaver to contribute to the success of the piece, and the amusement of the attenders. If you still doubt me go and see the work fresh from his brush. It has a dash, breadth, tone and color that only true art can give. Long after time has elapsed from the mind the efforts of the performers, many of us will continue to think with pleasure of the post-neuf in *The Two Orphans*, and the old ark in *Little Em'ly*. Never has St. John had such new, elegant and appropriate stage settings—regular works of art. I hail thee, Mr. Gill, and to a further thee the praise thy genius deserves.

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.

To the Electors of the City of Saint John.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

A vacancy having been created in the Chief Magistracy of this City by the lamented death of the late Mayor, Mr. GEORGE A. BARKER, I beg to announce that I will be a candidate for the office of

MAYOR, OF ST. JOHN, at the election which is shortly to be held.

T. W. PETERS.

FERRY SERVICE.

Tenders for Coal. SEALED TENDERS will be received at the Common Clerk's office up to 12 o'clock, noon of TUESDAY, the 16th instant, from persons willing to supply 500 to 1,000 Tons of Best Round Screened Soft Coal, for the Ferry steamers, to be delivered at the Ferry coal shed. Tenders to state when Coal will be delivered. Not bound to accept the lowest or any tender. JAMES O. STACKHOUSE, Chairman Ferry Committee of Common Council.

Mitchell's Cafe!

76 GERMAIN STREET. DINNER SERVED from 12 m. to 3 p. m. REFRESHMENTS at all hours. Most delicious ICE CREAM made to order. Ladies' Room, in particular, excellently fitted up.

SUMMER BOARDERS.

PERSONS VISITING BOSTON during Spring and Summer months, and preferring PRIVATE ACCOMMODATIONS, may find choice rooms with Board, at 111 BOSTON STREET, opposite the Public Garden. W. E. BLANCHARD.

WANTED. A SITUATION BY A BOY, 14 years old. Clever with pen and pencil. Reference JOHN C. MILLS. Address this office.