

PROGRESS.

SUBSCRIPTIONS, \$1 a year, in advance; 50 cents for six months; 25 cents for three months; free by carrier or mail.

Table with 2 columns: Rate and Amount. Includes 'NET ADVERTISING RATES' such as 'One Inch, One Year, \$15.00'.

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.

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, Editor and Proprietor, Office: Masonic Building, Germain Street.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOV. 15.

CIRCULATION, 9,000.

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

AN INVESTIGATION WANTED.

It was considerable satisfaction to all lovers of justice and fair play, and to this paper, to read the announcement Thursday morning that the representatives of the citizens had supported our demand for a strict investigation into the charges preferred against certain members of the police force.

While the assertion is often made—and there are some arguments in favor of it—that appointments of this nature should not be in the hands of the representatives of the people, and subject to change with them, still we must admit that the people should have some power to restrain and advise those officers whom they are compelled to pay.

We trust that the chief of police will have no difficulty in refuting the rumors and semi-charges that would reflect upon his conduct as a public officer.

A NOBLE WOMAN'S LIFE.

When Mrs. Booth, "Mother of the Salvation Army," died recently, the earthly career of a very famous woman, and an earnest christian worker, ended. Mrs. Booth was perhaps one of the best known women of the nineteenth century and her life and work serve as apt illustrations of the extent to which the spirit may triumph over the flesh.

The future great preacher was of a most timid and nervous disposition, shrinking from observation as a sensitive plant shrinks from the touch.

It was just at this time that she first met her future husband, then known as the "boy preacher." Shortly after, they were married, Mr. Booth being at the time an evangelist, who was preaching with great success.

The church to which they were attached, was the New Methodist Connexion, and Mr. Booth was appointed to the charge of Bethesda Chapel, Gateshead. It was in this town that Mrs. Booth's first public

address was delivered, sometime in the year 1860, and she gives a touching description of the influences which led her—the most timid of women—to address an audience of some thousands.

The first step towards the formation of the Salvation Army was taken when Mr. and Mrs. Booth severed their connection with the church to which they had been attached, with the idea that they could do more work as evangelists. Until the year 1865 they travelled about, conducting revival services in different parts of the country.

The manner in which this mother in Israel brought up her eight children might well be an example for other mothers, when one remembers how those children all turned out. They saw practised in the home what they heard preached in public.

For instance, a mother teaches her child to be truthful, and on no account to tell a lie; but what effect will such teaching have if he hears her tell one, or sees her act one, the next day?

A person calls to see you whose society your child knows that you neither esteem nor desire, but you are all smiles and compliments, pressing her to come again, and assuring her that her visit has given you very great pleasure.

Such was the woman whose death was mourned, not only in England but all over the world, whose funeral procession blocked the streets of London, and whose title of "Mother" was not a mere empty word, but a love-title conferred upon her by the thousands to whom she had been in veriest truth a mother in the highest sense of the word.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The Oratorio society has monopolized every evening this week, and I am compelled to say that the active members have devoted all their sparetime to its service. I am sorry that the concerts were too late in the week for me to say as much as I would like about them in this letter.

Truly this is an age of musical progression. Now comes an entirely new key board for our pianos, invented by Paul de Janko, which is going to revolutionize piano playing as well as piano making.

The New York Churchman comes to the front with another instrument, or attachment, and says, "The latest invention is a pianoforte and harmonium combined. It is called the 'Linarion,' in honor of the patentee, Dr. Linard.

It is published by G. Ricordi, London. "An Evening Melody" by J. Barnby, and published by W. Mokey, London. The reviewer of the same paper says, "We have naught to say but praise of this charming and well written work. "Margaret," by Col. John Hay, is said to be "pretty and very dainty." It is published by Goddard & Co.

ON COURTNEY BAY.

In Memoriam, Frederic Youns. O fierce and strong the mighty winds that lashed, Those raging waters, roaring, tempest-tossed, To foaming billows, mountains high, that crashed, In rolling thunder, all along the coast!



DESIGNED AND DRAWN BY MR. J. H. KAYE—Engraved by "Progress" Engraving Bureau.

Many a heart beat wild with dread and fear, Dreaming of loved ones on that stormy sea! For O, it was an awful sound to hear The wind, that blew that day, so bitterly!

And poured your sorrow down in ceaseless rain! And with the mourning city sadly kept Pathetic measure, with that funeral train: As side by side, they journeyed to the grave:

nately, I was somewhat early, and had the doubtful pleasure of hearing the selections to be performed rehearsed in an adjacent room. The apartment I was in was intensely warm and crowded, and I was in anything but a pleasant mood by the time the entertainment commenced.

Miss Flossie Bowden, who played with the Philharmonic at the Oratorio concerts, was to leave for Boston at the end of this week. She will resume her musical studies at the New England conservatory.

Master Fred Blair has accepted the position of organist for St. Andrew's church for six months. Master Blair is now visiting his home in Chatham.

Then, reaching him, he lifts the drowning child, Shouting exultingly, above the din— Of howling winds, and stormy tempest wild: "Now, you may hush us in boys—hush us in!"

Rest thee, Blest spirit! Still'd on death's river the turbulent foam; Thou hast arrived at the permanent home; Thou dost inherit The house

Rest thee, Blest spirit! Thy brows Have the garland of merit; Thy song is the song of salvation; Thou seest thy Savior and markest the wounds Of His love and His passion—and hark! there resounds,

The Task (A Villanelle). We stroled with hearts brimmed o'er with glee And, 'neath the pale stars' silver light, A sonnet, dear, you asked of me.

Dark Jewels. The cost of coal is now a burning question, Which often makes the thrifty housewife scold, It only needs a little cool reflection To show, if coal was subject to inspection,

La Tour Babel. Il y en a qui croient que la Tour Babel n'a jamais existé, que l'histoire de cette tour n'est qu'une légende.

La Reunion. Beaucoup de monde a assiste a la reunion chez Mlle. Jarvis, samedi soir. M. Prat a continue sa causerie sur le canal de Panama.

MARRIED. MURRAY-RAINNIE—At St. Andrew's church, on the 12th inst., by the Rev. L. G. Macneill, Frederic W. Murray to Eliza M., daughter of William Rainnie.

Young Men's Christian Association. REV. SAM SMALL lectures at the Mechanics' Institute, TUESDAY EVENING, November 18th. Subject: "From Bar Room to Pulpit."

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

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TO LET. PLAT TO LET, on Queen Street—Inquire of Mrs. H. M. DIXON, 115 Sydney Street. 11-15-1

THE STORY OF THE CRIME.

(Continued from Second Page.) not make a dash for freedom, if I can? Better that Cameron and his men should shoot me down in my fight, or that Murray and his detectives should trap me in the swamp where Benwell lay, than that I should dangle in the court-yard yonder, and hear the jail-dog that I have petted whimper as they swing me off.

Monday, September 29th, 8 p. m.—The momentous day has passed. Blackstock made his speech on my behalf; Osler made his speech in reply. The Judge summed up. I know that it's all over. They testified that Benwell and I carried a gun-case from the train at Eastwood. "What became of the gun-case?" asked Blackstock. "Thrown into the Bottomless Lake," replied Osler.

Same day, 11 P. M.—The case has been given to the jury. My only hope is a disagreement. "What if I made a half confession, would it implicate somebody else? Whom to implicate? Whom? This Neville Piethal, on whose farm I lived—why should I not say that he helped me? Why not boldly assert that I merely deceived the bird, and that Piethal killed him?"

Tuesday, September 30th, 1 A. M.—I am sentenced to be hanged. The Judge was perfectly cool; I was perfectly cool. He pitied my relatives; I thanked him. He spoke about religion; I bowed.

There are figures moving in the court-yard. What are they doing with that dog? Having found out that I was, she might have deserted me. Yet here she has remained, week after week, month after month, loyal to the end.

NEW Christmas Books, and Fancy Goods of all kinds—lowest prices, at McArthur's Bookstore, 80 King Street.



AND ALL THE POPULAR SACHET POWDERS! FOR SALE BY— F. E. CRAIBE & CO., Druggists and Apothecaries, 35 KING STREET.

SINCE LAST SEPTEMBER I have not spent one day without intense suffering, until I obtained a bottle of SCOTT'S CURE FOR RHEUMATISM. I have used part of my second bottle, and consider it the Greatest Cure for Rheumatism ever discovered. I would recommend anyone to try it who suffers as I did. I was unable to work, or even walk, and now enjoy better health than I have for years. Yours truly, E. B. GREEN.

Price 50c. per bottle; Six bottles for \$2.50. For sale by all Druggists. Prepared in Canada only by W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, King Street (West), St. John, N. B. Wholesale by T. B. BARKER & SONS, and S. McDIARMID.