

PROGRESS.

W. K. REYNOLDS, 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.

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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.

EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher and Proprietor, Office: Masonic Building, Germain Street.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 5.

CIRCULATION, 7,000.

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

THE COUNTRY IS ALL RIGHT.

Some of those who went out of the city to enjoy the holiday returned with an increased feeling of respect for the country in which they live. Whether they went by rail, river, or bay steamer mattered little.

We are enjoying the possession of a land of more than promise, and we do not realize the fact. Year by year the wealthy Americans come, see and purchase little nooks and corners which have been accounted of little worth, but which with the judicious expenditure of only a little money, are made to assume a new form and a brighter beauty.

There is not, from the tourist point of view, a more delightful summer country than the maritime provinces. Every rational taste can be gratified, cheaply, easily and fully.

We are living in a beautiful country, and half of us do not realize it. We are the possessors of a noble heritage of nature, and many of us neither understand nor enjoy it.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS AND FICTION.

A body of very estimable people, known as the Reformed Baptist Alliance, met in St. John last week, and discussed a variety of topics relative to man's present and future welfare.

Another speaker remarked that she had seen books in Sunday school libraries which taught that dancing or taking a glass of wine were no harm, and that future punishment was not eternal.

If there are books of this character, it is high time, from the standpoint of our esteemed Baptist friends, that some action was taken to exclude them. It is but right to say that, from other standpoints, such an exclusion might banish the Bible itself.

This is quite a sad state of affairs. The old-fashioned Sunday school book had no such tendency. It told how little Theodore was so painfully and unnaturally good, lived and died happy, while big Dick, who played truant from school and went swimming on Sunday was drowned in the midst of his wickedness.

It was a dearily good book, not likely to lead to novel reading, but rather tending to make a healthy and active boy hate reading of any kind. It was not a novel, but it was a lie which miserably failed in its well intended objects.

Knights and hand maps of that city, bound in a convenient form for the pocket, and sell for the reasonable price of 15 cents.

the Reformation, but there were only a few of that class. The majority were pretty dry reading for anybody, christian or sinner. After a time a better class of literature was put forward by publishers and accepted by the Sunday schools.

In some of them religion was by no means the prominent characteristic, though it was usually an accessory, but the stories were of a class to interest young people and to make them better. They were fiction, just as the memoirs of Little Theodore or the terrible example of bad Dick had been, but they were more ingeniously written and very much more acceptable to the children.

It may be that they led to novel reading, though novels were read before their day. When we consider that the greatest reforms of the last century have been suggested and hastened by the novelists, it must be admitted that a large part of the human race do read novels, and that many of these readers have been Sunday school attendants. It appears that the reading of good healthy fiction is one of the sins which it is hard to eradicate, and that it is becoming more prevalent.

The Alliance has excellent intentions. It also has quite a heavy contract in its attempt to suppress novel reading.

SUNDRY HITS AND HINTS.

The man who wants to know if it is hot enough for you was very busy this week. Citizen Train blue pencils the threat to "bust" the newspapers that don't copy his mail bag.

Messrs. Clark don't appear to be ready to walk out of business, though the city says so. The corporation might try and hunt up its soul about this time.

The man from Grand Lake who spent Dominion day in the city, could not quite recollect how many "bungholes" there were in the side of the man-of-war.

It looks as though almost anybody could run a circus no-adays, if he does not have anything save some flashy posters, a stuffed menagerie and some fakirs from Fakerville.

Citizen George Francis Train's advertising literature, burdens the mails and fills the waste baskets these days. Life is short and the summer too warm to keep track of the good natured crank.

There seems to be some doubt whether the camp will ever leave Moncton: it is mired. What with St. Andrews bog water and Moncton mud the Volunteers may not be so ready to volunteer hereafter.

It is a good job the bay didn't cut up rusty Dominion day. Just imagine when there was not too much standing room on the Monticello in a dead calm, how crowded the floors would have been in a storm.

The usefulness of coroner's juries was shown the other day, when such a body found that a man came to his death in one way, while a few hours later the coroner was securing evidence to prove that he came to his death in another way.

The only thing that mars one's enjoyment of a holiday in the country is that "Little Annie Rooney" is just being caught on to in the rural districts. From the rustic whistler to the doleful cabinet organ one is pretty sure to hear it at all reasonable hours. It gets a little tiresome after a while.

Some of the papers are taking of what they term the "new idea" of taking pepper on strawberries to improve the flavor. The writer has used this seasoning, with more or less regularity for years, and the idea was not new when he adopted it.

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IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

There is not one thing I know of to write about this week. Everyone is either going out of town or getting ready to go. The attendance is falling off at the Oratorio Society's practices, and the church choirs are getting slim. I am afraid we will have to make up our minds to do without much music until the autumn, unless we happen to be invited by some travelling company, and I most devoutly hope that we may be.

Everyone seemed pleased with the flower concert in connection with Centenary church Sunday school; I did not hear it, but believe it was well worth attending.

I do not think Dorothy was nearly so good at the afternoon performance as it was the first three times it was given. The company appeared tired of it, and I haven't a doubt but that they really were. I don't think our amateurs have had much encouragement to attempt another opera, which is rather a pity.

He Earned the Prize.

Austin Stead, the grammar school pupil who recently won the \$10 prize offered by Teacher Devitt for the best collection of native plants, earned it by honest application. The offer was made in August, leaving only the fall and spring for work, but in that time Mr. Stead collected, analyzed, and located more than 300 splendid specimens. Only those who have attempted such a task can realize the amount of work involved.

Tourists Will Want It.

Knights and hand maps of that city, bound in a convenient form for the pocket, and sell for the reasonable price of 15 cents.

Extra choice Suet, from very fine Beef, at Hardress Clarke's Grocery, Sydney St.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Mr. Gaskill Explains.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: I notice in the columns of your valuable paper an article headed, "Grand Manan Beauties," and the difficulties in getting there. I should have been pleased for the writer to have signed his name, so I could have explained to him about some of those difficulties, but this he has omitted. The unfortunate person says that the American people found out this pleasant island, as they have found out many others, but does not state how they got to and from it.

It would have been a very easy matter for this person to ascertain that the delay was caused by St. John people, who agreed to have a boiler ready over a year ago, but did not do so as they agreed, and this has caused a delay of six or eight weeks in getting there. And during this time the steamer Little was chartered to take the Flushing's place, as this was the only boat that could be found. And we have to pay her owners much more a month than we receive from both governments, and this boat has made good time, and done the work well. If her accommodation is not good enough for certain individuals, they are not obliged to go on her. They can get a boat at Eastport, Campbellville, or Grand Manan, and get on and off as the writer has had to do, and will do, if required. He could also ascertain how much money her owners have expended in rebuilding and fitting the boat, and the thousands that St. John people have had to pay for their work; and he could ascertain how much money Grand Manan ever received for public wharves or breakwaters, or harbors of refuge, to shelter the boat from the raging storms of winter which this island is exposed to.

Does he suppose that this seven thousand does all this work or who does it? If those unfortunate passengers who visit this island think they can give better accommodation for the same pay, they had better undertake to do the work, and if they can accommodate the public as well as they have been accommodated while the Flushing has been on the route, and bind themselves for a term of years, to do so.

I will give them my part of the Flushing and other shares can be had at reasonable rates, and I want the fault-finding parties to accept this offer, or remain silent while others are doing the work. E. GASKILL.

Wait For Fine Days.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: Why don't the lacrosse clubs wait for a fine day to play their games. The last two have been played in a rain storm, and the people who saw them did not, I know, pay the rent of the grounds. If these tactics are pursued the game can never be popular. A SPECTATOR.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

The Comforter.

O spirit blest, whose kindly aid, Dost influence every thought and word, When to our God, our prayers are said, Through Jesus Christ, Redeemer, Lord, Succor, in our deepest need, Ever thought in mercy read, And in goodness, ever lead, To living streams, When refreshed with Heavenly grace, We in spirit, clearly trace, The brightness of Christ's gentle face, Who grants a home, (When things of time, are of the past, And all things, new and bright appear, To those found constant, at the last, In Heights, where He is ever near.

Civic Aquatics.

His Worship cries, "Man my new boat, My gondola of matchless beauty; I'll launch my civic self abroad To make a call. The Mayor's duty Is to receive, and to report, Distinguish'd tars on their arrival At this—on paper—winter port, Whose trade—in prospect—few ports rival.

"Shall I get quailish? No, not I; I'm quite at home on depths aquatic; Let monster waves roll mountains high, And tides, and eddies, prove erratic, I'll navigate my fragile craft, God keep her graceful prow veering, I'll calmly take the chair abait, And do some scientific steering.

"My crew their stations fill with pride, Encased in gorgeous uniform, oh! Shirts, navy blue, made loose and wide, And pants that fit, from stem to stern, oh! And natty yachtmen's hats—in fine, A crew more skill'd or energetic, Have seldom scull'd—thro' Neptune's brine— A civic fit-out so aesthetic.

"The crowds assembled on the pier, Have come to give me an ovation. The loud guffaws, the ringing cheers, Are lusty sounds of approbation. No unkind feeling seems to mar The joyous shouts, the gentle chaffing, And e'en on board the man-of-war, The jolly tars are gaily laughing.

"I'm pleased to see my people so; Their spirits high, their faces radiant, The old, the young, the high, the low, I seem to enjoy my boating pageant. I'm proud to see the sailors smile; Their tarry top lights fairly glowing Upon my gay—fresh water—style, My naval pomp and civic boating.

"When once on deck, I'll glance aloft, I'll scan the sailors manly faces, And tho' I don't know, fore from aft, I'll talk of shrouds, of yards, and braces; I'll speak of icebergs, tempests, fog, Of smoke, and shot, and din of battle, Of quills, of dull, of grub, and grog, Of sharks, of whales, and such sea cattle."

The Mayor cries: "Launch my new gig, The sky's serene, the west wind blowing; I'll utilize my gifted rig; On board the corvette, I am—going? I feel the simple salts will starve, And some would take their affidavit, That never yet saw they a Mavor So grand on ship of Royal Navy."

CHATS WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

PHILOS.—Your verses contain a good idea and the incident is a pretty one, but the rhythm is rather faulty. Why would it not do to tell the story in "prose-poetry?"

They Are Coming Again.

Ten gentlemen belonging to the Union Lacrosse Club are getting up a guarantee fund to bring down the Royal Caughnawaga Lacrosse team again. A great many people who saw the Indians last year have been enquiring if they were to be brought down again, so they will likely be here somewhere between July 26th and August 1st.

Advertise in Progress. It pays.

SHE WAS DISAPPOINTED.

The Parrot Failed to Amuse the Old Lady, Because It Hadn't Four Legs.

I think I mentioned before, that for sometime, in the spring, among the many and varied attractions in the window of a certain down town shoe store, were a monkey and a parrot in different compartments of the same cage, or rather, coop. The parrot called out, "Hallo, Polly! ha-ha-ha," and other remarks of a like spirited nature, while Jacko contented himself with munching bananas, filling his pouches with nuts in anticipation of the proverbial rainy day, and looking as if the wisdom of the spheres was his; and like a colored parson engaged in the last throes of writing his sermon; each attracted attention in its own way, and the window was surrounded by an admiring crowd most of the time. One day an old lady from the country arrived on the scene. She had evidently heard of the wonders to be seen in this window, and she had come to see them "with her own eyes." It so happened that Jacko was not in view, it was not his reception day, and he was invisible, having curled himself up in a dark corner and gone to sleep. But Polly was on deck—very much so, indeed, and she did her best to be entertaining, laughed her shrillest and talked her best; but the old lady was not much interested, a look of disappointment settled down upon her face and she looked like one who has reached the summit of her ambition and yet is unsatisfied, has thirsted for the heights and reached them only to find them arid and barren. She had yearned to behold a monkey, had come some distance to see one, and when at last her eyes rested upon the long desired vision, beheld it was something quite different from what she had expected: for after gazing at the versatile bird for a few minutes, she heaved a long sigh and turned away remarking in a tone tone of puzzled uncertainty, "Well I always thought a monkey had four legs."

Easily Accounted For.

A Campbellton gentleman has called attention to a paragraph in the Pioneer which, while it does not mention PROGRESS, the erratic McDougall, who is in charge at present, says refers to this paper. We have not lost any sleep since we read the slur, but for the information of our friends on the northern border of New Brunswick we may state that there was, no doubt, sufficient excuse for the Pioneer's outburst in the fact that PROGRESS paid no attention to McDougall's application for authority to act as a society correspondent, and a few weeks ago struck the Pioneer from its exchange list.

St. Stephen's Hotel.

Unless the owners of the new hotel at St. Stephen meet with better luck than they now anticipate, they are not likely to find a tenant this season. This is a pity. The house is a good one and would pay if the right kind of a man took hold of it. And the company does not propose to lease until it finds just that right kind of man.

How They Outwit The Weather.

The managers of the ball teams have to be up with the birds this uncertain weather. No matter how much advertised a game is if it is raining in the town they are billed for, they don't go, but obey the yellow message and stay home. The clerk of the weather will have to devise something to get ahead of the average ball manager.

Money in the Holidays For Them.

The gate receipts of the ball grounds on Dominion day, far exceeded all expectations, and the clubs made lots of money. Considering the bad weather, uncertain luck the teams have been having lately, and the big salary lists, a few more good, fine holidays wouldn't come amiss.

What a Bostonian Thinks.

A Boston subscriber renewing his subscription to PROGRESS writes: If the people of St. John are as wide awake and brilliant as PROGRESS, I may be having my address changed and the paper delivered by carrier before long. Several Boston people I have shown it to have a different and far better opinion of New Brunswick ever since.

And He Wasn't Arrested.

One of the things that nobody expected, yet attracted considerable attention for a while at the afternoon ball game, was a lusty-lunged individual, shouting "ten to five on the Shamrocks," at the top of his voice, while the policeman chased the small boys.

That Was the Chief.

Chief of Police Clark appeared out in his new dress Sunday afternoon. Everybody knows him now. His fine military appearance, as he walked through the King square, attracted the attention of even the most unobservant.

It is a Daisy.

F. E. Craibe & Co., are trying to fill "a long felt want" by the introduction of the Daisy fly-killer. If it is anywhere near as useful as it is ornamental, it will have a rapid sale from now until the close of the season.

The Town is Full of Them.

The dancing bear, a street piano with a panorama attached; a harp and fiddle that plays "Annie Rooney," and an uncomfortable number of ordinary hand organs, absorb all the spare coppers about now.

ALL KINDS OF "STARS,"

SEEN DURING THE THEATRICAL SEASON IN BOSTON.

Sawyer Writes About the Plays and Players who Delighted and Disgusted the Hubites Last Winter—Some Good American Plays.

During the theatrical season of 1889-90, 2,525 performances were given in eight Boston play-houses. I attended 25 or thereabouts. I tried, but failed, to get passes to the other 2,500.

On eleven of these evenings, when the dramatic editor was good to me, the stars were out. I have just been looking over my programmes, and trying to classify them. Wilson Barrett is a planet, serene and high-shining; I set him apart. J. K. Emmet let us call a wandering star. W. J. Scanlan and Richard Golden are rising stars. Richard Mansfield and Milton Nobles are of the shooting stars, the former using his mouth, the latter his revolver. Clara Morris is a falling star. Cora Edsall, "Manager J. M. Hill's latest offering," is a fixed star. The critics fixed her. Helen Barry and Lewis Morrison hanker for a place in the sidereal chart, but they are never mistaken for stars except when one depresses the telescope and gets it too near the ground; they are lightning-bugs, brilliant at long intervals. Brethren and sisters, it takes something besides a three-sheet bill and a pan of red fire to make a great actor.

But from even the worst it is possible to learn, and as my play-going covered a wide range, from superlative merit to inexcusable worthlessness, I hope my brain is a trifle heavier than it was a year ago.

I count it a happy fortune that enabled me to see Wilson Barrett in Ben-my-Chree. Edwin Booth aside, no American actor can be named in the same day with him. But the art that can win eighteen recalls from a Boston audience—as on the evening when I was present—is beyond the need of praise, and I dismiss with a sentence a subject on which I could write a column. "Fritz" Emmet also comes into the list of unpuddables. (Good word, eh?) The reason in his case is that I love him, and I can no more analyze his methods than I could dissect my baby. And Scanlan is an Irish Fritz. Full blooded, warm-hearted, bubbling over with the joy of life, they radiate a personal magnetism that very nearly pulls me up to shake hands. I fancy that Dick Golden owes somewhat to this same peculiar force, though in his role of "Old Jed Prouty" it hasn't the same chance for manifestation. His is a sympathetic, truthful, picturesque rendering, though, however one views it.

I saw Clara Morris in Camille and The New Magdalen, supported by some 50-60 people, most of whom showed as much restraint as though they expected the star to turn on them with her pet phrase of critical reproach, "— fool." The Morris has moments of greatness; at her best none but Bernhardt surpasses her; but it is wearisome waiting for those flashes of genius to lighten an impersonation which for the most part is either vague or irrational. Richard Mansfield is her male counterpart. I sat for three hours and watched his Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde without—God forgive me!—heaving a brick at him. Mansfield's Jekyll is a reformed prize-fighter, and his Hyde is a cross between a gorilla and a circus clown. King Hedley, who played to empty houses in St. John, two years ago, did better work in the same piece. Mansfield has genius, indisputably, but he sometimes leaves it in the dressing-room and goes on the stage naked of all but his scowl and his bellow. The result is not happy.

Writing of these two people somehow recalls to mind the blood-and-thunder I saw and heard last season. Charles Taylor's Lights and Shadows was about the worst of the lot, though N. S. Wood's Out in the Streets ran it hard for first place. From Sire to Son, in which Milton Nobles demonstrated his inability to act a little bit, came next. The Silver Falls was only mildly distressing; a strong company litted it out of the hole where it belonged. Faust by Lewis Morrison's company was not an awe-inspiring production: Lewis as Mephistopheles wore such a wide, enduring grin that it seemed silly to get scared. Three of the above were "original" American plays, more's the pity. More encouraging examples of our dramatists' tendencies were five pieces by William Gillette and Henry Guy Carleton that I pass gladly to mention. The former's Held by the Enemy is the best of our war dramas; his Private Secretary can make me laugh eight times a week, from the first to the last curtain every time; and his All the Comforts of Home—which had a ten weeks run at the Museum—is most delightfully funny, though it would be easy for a weak company to vulgarize it. Carleton's Victor Durand in which Helen Barry starred, is a real addition to our drama, and though The Pembertons (the vehicle of the Edsall Fiasco) is not, the characterization and dialogue go far to redeem it.

To another order of "American drama" belongs the farce-comedy. Of this sort I saw Hoyt's A Brass Monkey, Donnelly and Girard in Natural Gas and Barry and Fay in McKenna's Flirtation. Either one of these rank idiocies will make a man chuckle comically, though he feels a little ashamed of himself when he comes to think it all over. I have often regretted that my perception of a joke is hung on a hair-trigger. After I have allowed a farce-comedy to amuse me, I go home and reflect that the theatre, being "for all time," seems to be "for an age," too—monage or dotage, say. I ought to confess, in a whisper, that I saw four minstrel shows, Cleveland's two companies, Primrose and West's and the Boston Press club's. I heard Rice's opera burlesque, The Corsair, listened to an act of a villainous vocal butchery of The Mascot, endured the Emma Juch company's rendering of The Bohemian Girl, and spent an evening of unalloyed enjoyment with Gilmore's band. And talk about your popular melodies! You should have heard Scanlan sing his new "Swing Song" and "My Maggie"; and Edward Girard reel off the pathetic ballad of McGinty; and Hoyt's Razzle-dazzle trio give tongue to that bacchanalian masterpiece and the "Wild Man of Borneo"! I suppose that in the last year I have heard "McGinty" no fewer than 19,000 times, but I'd run to listen to Girard if he came within three miles of me, this minute; and the same, in degree, as to the rest.

Ah, these memories! they unsettle one as well as interest and amuse him. I suppose that, one of these days, when I have isolated myself for the purpose of writing the Great American Novel—unless my brother Reynolds gets ahead of me and writes it first—I shall sympathize with the mood of the exiled newspaper man who told me, the other day, "I would rather be a lamp-post in Boston than a mayor of Chicago!" WALTER L. SAWYER.

INDUSTRIOUS LITTLE FELLOWS.

The Tendency of the Rising Generation to Go into Business.

"Where do you get all those boys?" was the exclamation of a visitor who dropped into Progress office before breakfast Saturday morning, in time to see the throng of bright little fellows who pressed in to the sales counter as close as they possibly could without making a hole in it; and demanded papers faster than they could be served. "That is rather a difficult question to answer, for they gravitate here every Saturday morning, from most every place between Indiantown, Carleton, Marsh Bridge and the Barrack gate," was the reply. "Well, they are industrious little fellows, too," said the visitor, eyeing the boys with an amused smile, while the industrious little fellows turned to him with a rather quizzical expression, a few very industrious little fellows, taking the opportunity of the others' attention being attracted, to slap down several small fistfuls of silver and cents, with the idea of getting their papers first, but, instead, getting the money mixed up, and ending in an exceedingly industrious wrangle about how much each had clasped in his little fist when he arrived. But they are industrious little fellows, indeed, and work hard; many of them making as much in a week as some grown up men, and out of newspapers alone. This is all the more wonderful when it is considered that over a hundred boys visit Progress office every Saturday morning before breakfast. The competition is keen, and the smartest boys come out ahead. Of course, they don't make all the money selling PROGRESS, but Saturday is their great day, and their receipts from the sale of PROGRESS more than equal those of all the other papers. "We soon won't have any boys, at all," continued the visitor, as he helped a little fellow to get his papers comfortably fixed in his strap. "The rising generation will be composed of little men."

And there was a good deal of truth in the remark. Every year boys are becoming more and more induced with a desire to do something, besides playing leap frog and baseball—something in a business line. The first thing that suggests itself is selling papers, although there are boys who reach off into other lines. For instance, there are many little fellows in St. John, who get a stock of fancy and useful articles, that can be easily carried, and sell them on Saturdays and during the holidays, but the newsboys find that there is as much to be made selling papers, and maybe more, than in any other line, and more go in for it.

There is one boy in town who earns from \$1.25 to \$1.50 nearly every day of his life selling papers. He makes a business of it, and his methods are numerous and varied. Yet his business cares rest lightly upon him, and he can whistle louder and jump higher than most boys who have nothing else to do. He sells a specialty of Boston papers, which he will invariably assure you contains an account of a "fight." He thinks that if a fight won't make a paper sell nothing else will, and with the class of customers who buy the Boston papers from him the canvass is always a good one. He hunts the newspaper offices for old exchanges, which he buys for the hundred, at a wholesale price; and sells them at a good profit with startling rapidity. He trades in newspapers in all manner of ways, but sticks to newspapers always.

Nor is this activity confined to St. John boys alone. PROGRESS has quite a number of bright little fellows working for it throughout New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and, for the few hours they work, they make good pay. There is an active little fellow in Moncton who earns \$1.50 every Saturday before dinner, and another in a Nova Scotia town who is not far behind him, besides a number of others who sell from thirty to one hundred copies of PROGRESS, and are constantly increasing their orders.