

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.

ADVERTISING RATES. One Inch, One Year, \$15 00; One Inch, Six Months, 8 00; One Inch, Three Months, 5 00; One Inch, Two Months, 4 00; One Inch, One Month, 2 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 unsuited to our purpose will be returned if stamps are sent.

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

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 12.

CIRCULATION, 7,000.

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

THE GLORIOUS TWELFTH.

Today is the occasion set apart by the Orange body for the commemoration of the victory won by KING WILLIAM, known as the battle of the Boyne. It is a great day in the order everywhere, and it will be a greater day than usual in the city of St. John.

Forty-one years ago a display of the same nature, but infinitely less gorgeous in its accessories, took place in the city of St. John. There was at that time a serious objection to it on the part of a number of Roman Catholic citizens, who considered that it was intended to remind them of their defeat, and taunt them with their loss of the British throne.

So bitter was the feeling that for twenty-seven years there was no general outdoor celebration of the Twelfth in the city of St. John. Then, in 1876 there was a more "walk," greatly against the wishes of many protestant citizens, who feared a repetition of the scenes of 1849.

This seems to be a pretty hard law, it is in law. Most people suppose it to be the inalienable right of an Englishman to kiss his intended as often as he pleases and she is willing. If he chooses to do so in a public place, he takes the chance of being laughed at, but nobody has ever supposed that both the consenting parties could be arrested and fined.

HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS.

There is a remark, credited to a witty woman not a native of the city, that the people of St. John observed holidays by having their pictures taken and their teeth pulled. This was years ago, and it must be confessed there was a good deal of truth in her words at that time.

Within a few years there has been a good deal of change in this respect. It has all been wrought by the increase in the facilities for cheap travel, and the multiplication of excursion routes. In these days the seeker for rest and recreation has an abundant and attractive choice of routes by competing lines of railway and by steamers on river and bay.

Nothing can be more healthful or pleasant at this season than a day or so spent in the country. It is a most efficient medicine, and one, withal, so easy to take. A good idea, too, and one that is greatly becoming more popular, is that of the Saturday excursions with the chance to return early on Monday.

The holiday excursions, special and weekly, are likely to increase each season, and to make the people mentally, morally and physically better. They are good things, and there can hardly be too many of them.

HARD LINES FOR LOVERS.

Montreal seems to be a hard place for young and ardent lovers. Quite recently a young and respectable couple took an evening walk in the park, the gentlemen being an Englishman and not aware that visitors were not allowed there after sunset.

This morning the Recorder fined the young Englishman fifteen dollars and treated him to a lecture on the morality of kissing in public places, the defendant having admitted during the trial that he had kissed his intended while sitting on the pipes.

THEY WILL COME SOME DAY. The warm wave which began to make itself felt this week was not of the kind which makes hot weather in Boston or New York.

THE STATUARY TO SUIT THEM. A recent press despatch says: The Detroit Museum of Art has some plaster casts of famous statues of the nude type. A lot of people addressed a letter to the directors last week, asking that the nude statues be so draped that the petitioners need not blush when at the casts.

the day. Today the directors made public an order to the caretaker to cover the offending statues with clothes. The whole town is laughing at the directors, and it is probable that public opinion will induce them to abrogate the order.

People of this type should indulge their love of art by the contemplation of chaste clothing store dummies, and cigar shop Indians. That's the kind of statutory to suit them.

SUNDRY HITS AND HINTS.

There was foul play in England both before and after she had erected her Hemeries.

The people who grumbled most about the hot weather Monday were the first to kick when the cool fog came Tuesday.

Zeal in the cause of justice is a good thing, but there is something, too, in being a good shot and a good runner. Eh, chief?

Iron and stone for bridges must claim preference on the ground of substantiality; but surely for lightness nothing can compare with Burns' "Brigs of Ayr."

From the numerous poisoning cases reported in the American papers, it would seem that the deadly ice cream is a promising rival of the pistol that is not loaded.

By the new regulations, visitors to Halifax cannot see the British lion in his glory inside any of the forts. But they can see the tiger almost anywhere in the vicinity of the citadel.

A Dartmouth woman "has a curiosity in the shape of a hen which takes to water like a duck." Almost anything which "takes to water," when it can help it, is a curiosity around Halifax.

We may have lots of things we don't like in this climate, but we ought to be awfully glad we don't live out west. Fog is away ahead of tornadoes and cyclones, as a matter of enjoyment.

A United States court has decided that a pigeon is not a fowl, but a bird. The statutes of New Brunswick go still further when they speak of "geese and other cattle."

A Halifax paper says there is an exhibition in that city a gull's egg bearing a remarkable resemblance to a human face. Judging by the frequency with which Nova Scotia's in Boston are swindled by sharpers, there must be a good many human faces which bear remarkable resemblances to something belonging to a gull.

In New York, the other day, for the want of \$25, a young Prussian musician and poet committed suicide in company with his wife and child. The sympathetic public has since contributed \$100 to buy him a nice headstone. Why did not somebody discover earlier that it was bread, not a stone, that he asked for, and failing to receive he died.

PEN AND PRESS.

The publishers of Toronto Saturday Night have surpassed themselves by the issue of their holiday number under the name of Canada's Summer. It consists of 32 pages of readable original matter, short stories, essays and poetry, printed on luxurious paper and illustrated in a style far above the average holiday editions of Canadian papers.

The United States papers never get tired of eulogizing the praises of their national holiday, and show more enterprise every year in their Fourth of July editions. Most of the New York dailies issued special numbers, while that weekly, America, showed its patriotism not only by a specially good issue, but by a brilliant red, white and blue cover. Sison Thompson, a Fredericton boy, is the man who runs America.

ABOUT MANY THINGS.

The Straight and Short Road to the Buyer's Pocket.

There is usually a short road to everything—at least the advertiser thinks so, and he sees it in the seductive local—some vulgarly call it a "puff"—which he frequently stipulates shall accompany the first insertion of his advertisement. Progress trusts that what follows may serve its purpose and obtain a firm clutch on the purse of the public:

The surgical machinist, Charles Cluthe, who was at the Royal the early part of the week had lots of callers who were afflicted in one way or the other. He said he was busy—too busy, and the frequent rings indicated that there was much truth in the statement.

Cook, the blind man, has found good friends in Sheraton & Selridge, who for charity's sake, have undertaken to sell his baskets. Those who want baskets should remember this, especially at the picnic season, when articles of this kind are constantly in demand.

There should be room for another homeopathic physician in this city. Dr. Judson E. Hetherington thinks so, at any rate, and has opened an office at 44 Coburg street.

An addition to the list of excellent dentists St. John boasts of is Dr. H. P. Travers, who has his office at the corner of Princess and Sydney Streets. Dr. Travers has had his office open two months, and has met with flattering success.

Coburg street Sunday school holds its annual picnic at Watters' Landing, next Tuesday. The Clifton will be the boat of this day, and will convey the party to and from one of the most beautiful spots on the river St. John.

St. Stephen's church picnic is a week later, but of that more next week.

The ladies of St. Paul's church, Rothesay, have their annual sale and high tea next Thursday. They always have a crowd and there is genuine enjoyment for it. The trains run to suit city people, a large number of whom will doubtless attend.

Another attraction for the same date, next Thursday, but nearer at home, is the strawberry social at St. Jude's, Carleton, under the management of the ladies association.

The Methodists of Portland will have a treat Sunday and Monday, when Rev. Dr. Townsend, of Boston, will preach and lecture. The lecture is Monday evening at 8 o'clock. There should be a good audience, the proceeds going to the church which is to be re-opened tomorrow. Dr. Townsend's reputation has come before him. He will be well worth listening to.

The International Steamship company will run its Saturday evening boat for Boston for six weeks. This will be a great convenience to vacation seekers and others whose business takes them in that direction.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

What shall I commence with this week? It looks quite as hopeless as it did last time I started my letter. However, I can do no my best with what material I have. Of course, I went to the service in Trinity, given for the benefit of the Synod. It was a crush, and the service was very imposing, and went much better musically, than I expected, the male voices in the choir being fine; the less said about the trebles the better. How they did gabble the psalms. It seemed as if they were all trying their level best to get ahead of one another. The rest of the service was not so bad. The responses were very prompt, the Amen's without the organ being taken up well. The anthem, "Oh, Taste and See," by Goss, is very well known, and if the soprano had been stronger would have gone very nicely. I have been told that a good many of the choir boys are just now, so that had something to do with the weakness of the treble.

I did not care much for the hymns, especially the two first. What a chance it would have been for "Onward Christian Soldiers." I don't care if it has more than can be said about the hymn they did sing as a procession, and it would have gone with a swing. The intoning of the service was beautifully done by Rev. J. M. Davenport. I think that there were about 40 voices in the choir, nine tenor and eight bass, the rest soprano and alto. Mr. Strand did an amount of good work in keeping the choir together; his accompaniments were most satisfactory. As a postlude he played one of Wely's offertories.

Music reigns on our streets, in the shape of unlimited hand-organs, harps, German bands and street pianos. I must confess a decided weakness for a hand-organ and a street piano, especially the latter. I know it is showing most awfully bad taste, but I always, at least nearly always, stop and listen when I hear a good one.

I did not hear the minstrels, but fancy they were about as usual, and if people could get up courage to go to that sultry Institute on Monday evening, they deserved to enjoy themselves.

The Oratorio Society has stopped practicing for the summer months; rehearsals will be resumed in September.

By the way, I hear we have a new singer among us; I refer to Miss Sampson, daughter of the new American Consul. Miss Sampson sang "Angels ever bright and fair," in St. Andrew's church, Sunday before last, and was listened to with a great deal of pleasure.

Mme. D'Angelis, who is well-known in Fredericton and St. John, is thus noticed in The Echo: Mme. D'Angelis, kindly assisted by Mons. Calixa Lavoie, conducted the members of the Boston Symphony orchestra, under the direction of Mr. J. C. Mully, gave a soiree musical at the Y. M. C. A. Hall, Boston, Tuesday evening, May 27, at which a very choice programme was rendered. Mme. D'Angelis is one of our foremost teachers, and the high grade of her pre-eminence abilities as a teacher and an artist.

I heard of a song the other day, "Love in Idleness," a Cuban hamcock song by E. Paladilhe. It is for a mezzo soprano and has English and Italian text.

We have another musical acquisition in Mr. R. Percy Strand's family, who have lately come here from England. Mr. Strand's father has been, I believe, holding a musical position in Canterbury. Pinafore was given by amateurs in Hampton village, on Friday evening.

Mr. R. P. Strand is rehearsing Gault's Ruth, to be given some time in the autumn. TARBET.

A PLEA FOR THE "COPS."

This world is an ocean of trouble—Chock full of reefs, ledges, and snags—O'er which scamp, and such ilk, Sail in costliest silk, While nature's true lords float in rags. Adrift on this part of said ocean Are cruisers, for keeping the peace; A protective brigade, Poorly clad, and ill paid—I speak of our stalwart Police.

Of course, they intend to be courteous, Altho' their "oh-ah-must" seems gruff— When they warble! Move on! In an angelic tone, As if every man was a tough. Perhaps, they don't know any places Where vice reeks revolting and coarse, For each hovel of shame, And each den of bad name Is as a shield's book to the force.

The chief is both modest, and manly, But he isn't—by any means—green; So to Boston he went, Police rules to invent, And sagely took in what he seen, One striking result of his labor, Which proves he's a man of resource— Is, "the cops" now step deep; And don't march seven deep; Nor capture the sidewalk in force.

Set thief to catch thief, is a maxim, Which, one time obtain'd, but don't now; No such adage, of course, Can apply to a force Which is so reinforce'd, from the plow; An officer bred in the country, Is honest, and will not take grease; So he that knows best Of the city, is least, To have on our staff of Police.

The sergeants, inspectors and roundsmen, The crafty detectives, the chief, In a grand way compare With the forces elsewhere In warning or "lagging" a thief, That they should be redress'd, and well drill'd, E'en tax-paying cranks will endorse; For the sake of skill, Is produced by the drill, The dress and address of "the force."

What matters the extra taxation? The people are anxious that they Should be further assess'd, And their officers dress'd In costly and stylish array. That we have grown rich since the union Is patent to persons of sense. If the chief needs a horse, Van or nurse for the force: "Sail in!" Never mind the expense. St. John, N. B., Dominion Day, 1890.

Back at Her Work.

The steamer Flushing is ready for business again, and will start on her regular trip for Grand Manan, Tuesday. She is as right a trivet from stem to stern, and better equipped than ever. Captain John Ingersoll is usual to welcome his passengers in his ready hearty fashion. The people will be glad to see the Flushing on the route again.

Acquired a Wife Suddenly.

The daily papers of Thursday announced the arrival at Fredericton of the Bishop of Dakota, with wife and niece. When Bishop Walker was in St. John he was unmarried, according to the belief of himself and his friends, and he appears to have acquired a wife very suddenly indeed.

Advertise in "Progress." It pays.

They Must Have It.

The days of making soap at home appear to be over. The custom never was prevalent in the city, but in many parts of the country it was a common thing to make about all the soap used in the year. The article was dearer in those days, yet with all its cheapness and excellence, at the present day there are some people who still retain the old custom, and worry with lye and grease for days to produce an inferior article in the end. It is quite safe to say that those people have never used Ideal Soap, the full pound bar manufactured and sold by Wm. Logan, of this city. The wide-spread popularity of this brand has made the factory busier than ever for the past two years. It is simply an indication of what a demand there is for a first-class article, which is judiciously and steadily placed before the public.

It is Useful to Everybody.

McAlpine's City Directory for 1889-90 appears to be a very complete publication, so far as Progress has had an opportunity to examine it. In a work of this kind involving such a vast amount of attention to details, absolute accuracy is not expected, nor can it be guaranteed. Mr. McAlpine has been 27 years at the business, and is probably better able to get out a work of this kind than any man in the provinces, and this year he appears to have been particularly careful to ensure accuracy. The book is printed, as it has been for several years, by George W. Day, while J. & A. McMillan have done the binding. Both appear to have faithfully carried out their contracts.

The Smiths and the Celts Get There.

The Smith family comes to the front in the last city directory, there being 130 of them, not counting a few Smyths and Schmidts. Contrary to a popular impression, those being the prefix of John are not the most numerous, as they number only 11, while no less than 15 have William as their christian name. About 1,200 citizens begin their names with "Mc," which is probably five times as many as those who have the ancient and truly Celtic title of "O'."

Does Not Feed Sabiath Breakers.

Two young gentlemen accompanied by two young ladies drove from St. John to Westfield, the other Sunday, and at dinner time called at a boarding house to get something to eat. The head of the house declined to furnish them with the entertainment on the ground that "young people should not break the Sabbath by driving around the country." They will not go to Westfield the next time.

Another Good Word from Boston.

"For my own part, I consider Progress the brightest and withal the most reliable weekly published in the provinces," writes a Boston correspondent who is personally unknown to us. Good words are always appreciated, especially when coming from strangers who have no personal motive in saying them.

It Agrees with Him.

Quebec is not a place where life is one perpetual fever, and that is why Dr. Geo. Stewart, of the Chronicle, looks stouter and more contented every time he visits St. John. He is here now and never appears to better advantage in his life.

He Read It in "Progress"

The Dorothy Opera Company has received a letter from a resident of Butte City, Montana, who had read the notices of the opera in Progress and is anxious purchase the score.

Getting Excited About It.

The drains in many quarters of the town are in a most deplorable condition. They contain the seeds and germs of disease. Stamp them out. Send to the Board of Health, and get your premises cleansed. The Asiatic cholera may arrive here at any moment. Keep clean and resist it. A grave moral responsibility rests on every landlord, on every citizen. This is a warning. Let every man and woman in Quebec take heed before it is too late.—Quebec Chronicle.

Friendship.

Upon this earthly scene, "this vale of tears," How sweet the intercourse of friends, how dear, And mid our many trials, doubts, and fears, How good the thought that God is ever near.

He breathes upon us through his spirit blast, The hearts to warm, the wound of sin to bind, A friend to all, of all the friends the best, Beyond a mother's love, abiding, kind.

When in distress, what friends will faithful prove, If aid will then a sacrifice entail, In loss of wealth, ambition's goal, or love Of those, whose power and influence prevail.

In prosperous days, we count our many friends, Enjoy their love and feel they are sincere, With trials stem, the worldly friendship ends, God is the constant friend, to love, to fear.

Overheard in a Magazine Office.

"What do you mean, by saying that the author of this story is a young man of 20? He is 64 years of age." "You forget. He was 20 when the story was accepted."—Ex.

Incongruity.

Mr. Figg—What are you thinking over so deeply, my dear? Mrs. Figg—I was just wondering whether to cut off Tommy's curls or to make him stop swearing.—Ex.

The way it is in Chicago.

Wrong in the Number.—Bellows—"Let me congratulate you on your recent marriage, old fellow; you have got a number one wife."

Fellows—"You are wrong; I've got wife No. 6."—Epoch.

LET US HAVE THE PHONOGRAPH.

A Pointer for Some of the Orators of the St. John Common Council.

Ald. Peters had an interesting experience during his recent visit to Boston. While there he found an old St. John boy, Harry Thomas, in charge of a phonograph. The alderman made a speech into the instrument, and says that he never realized what an orator he was until he heard his words repeated back to him. Whether he orated on the Leary dock, the reformatory question, or the Old Burial Ground fence, does not appear, but it is quite certain that he can rise to the height of eloquence on any of these subjects. Whatever the theme was there is a great lesson to be drawn from his experience. Why can't we have a civic phonograph for the use of other members of the council?

The benefit of it would be that most of them would be surprised to learn from it that they are not orators, and would save their wind accordingly. A certain alderman who thinks it his duty to speak twice on every question for a half an hour each time would be apt to condense his remarks into half a minute, and then do it in fear and trembling. For the beauty of the phonograph would be that it would be open to the public to hear, after each session, just what each member of the council said, and how he said it. The result would be a wonderful saving in time to the city, and of money to the ratapayers.

Why can't the city have a phonograph?

Yeast for House Plants.

"Tell me, please, what spell you cast about your plants that they flourish so vigorously?" I asked a lady friend as I examined the lovely blooms which seemed to have fairly captured the big bay window. One miniature tree of heliotrope flooded the room with its sweet perfume. Now, this plant, she said, is considered by some extremely fragile, but it in reality only requires plenty of sun and water to grow most luxuriantly. They are thirsty and are too often allowed to die for want of sufficient moisture. An English recipe has, however, furnished me with the secret by which I may enjoy all the season through a succession of lovely blossoms. Delicate plants I water occasionally with yeast. This seems to strengthen them in a wonderful manner. Then I have found that seeds which absolutely refuse to sprout in the ground may be coaxed into a vigorous existence by giving them a bath of camphor and water, putting them in the sun and letting them remain until they burst, when they are placed in the earth.—Philadelphia Enquirer.

MARRIED.

HUMPHREYS-BONNELL.—At Lancaester Heights, on the 3rd inst., by the Rev. Chas. Martell, Bessie, third daughter of Capt. Samuel Bonnelt, late of this city, to Capt. William Humphreys, of the barque Maiden City.

St. Stephen's Church

SUNDAY SCHOOL

NASE'S GROUNDS,

PIC-NIC, WESTFIELD,

JULY 22nd.

Archery, Games, and the usual Picnic Sports will be provided. Refreshments can be had on the grounds. Trains leave I. C. R. Station at 9.20 a.m. and 1.20 p.m., local time. Returning, will leave grounds about 6 o'clock. Tickets: Adults, 40c.; Children, 25c. For sale at A. C. Smith & Co's., Keely & Co's., D. McArthur's, and at the station on day of Picnic. 7-12-2

Coburg St. Christian Sunday School

will hold their Annual

-PICNIC-

AT WATTERS' LANDING,

On TUESDAY, July 15th.

Steamer "CLIFTON" leaves Indianout at 9.30 a.m. (local time). No afternoon boat. Refreshments can be secured on the grounds. Tickets: Adults, 40c.; Children, 25c. If weather is unfavorable, the Picnic will be held on the following day.

Strawberry Social.

LADIES' AID ASSOCIATION

SAINT JUDE'S CHURCH, CARLETON,

WILL HOLD A

STRAWBERRY SOCIAL!

On THURSDAY, 17th Inst.

DOORS OPEN AT 7 P. M. TICKETS, 25c.

Annual Sale and High Tea.

The Ladies of the Sewing Society in connection with

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, ROTHESAY,

Intend holding their

ANNUAL SALE and HIGH TEA

On Thursday, the 17th inst.

A receipt book compiled by the members of the Society will be for sale, besides many fancy articles received direct from "Liberty's," London.

Re-Opening

PORTLAND

METHODIST CHURCH

JULY 13th.

REV. DR. TOWNSEND, of Boston University, will preach at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Special Collection in Aid of Church Fund.

MONDAY 14th.

Lecture by REV. DR. TOWNSEND, MONDAY EVENING, at 8. Subject: TRANSCENDENTALISM IN EVERY DAY LIFE; OR, THE ART OF CLIMBING.