

PROGRESS.

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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.

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, OCT. 25.

CIRCULATION, 8,500.

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

A PROBABLE FARCE.

If we can judge from present indications the inquiry into the COVAY bribery charges will prove nothing but a huge farce. The investigating authority is proceeding in such a manner as to lead anyone to think that he does not wish to get at the bottom of the matter.

Is this the part of an investigating officer? Is it for him to impute motives and declare opinions even before he has begun to inquire into such serious charges? We think not. Chief CLARKE has in this matter clearly over-stepped the bounds of prudence, if not of duty.

Such serious charges as these demand an inquiry under oath. What man of common sense would expect from casual questions to learn anything from one employe that would criminate his fellow. Even among policemen there is that hatred of "peaching" that exists in every company of associates.

The investigation must go on. If Chief CLARKE finds Sergeant COVAY guilty of the charges that have been preferred against him, that officer will then be in a position to demand satisfaction and damages from this paper.

Get down to business, "Mr. Chief." Conduct the inquiry without prejudice. Let the sworn evidence of Mrs. WOODBURN be as good as the evidence of Sergeant COVAY—some people would prefer it—and in deciding, remember your responsibility to the people, as well as the fact that you are both judge and jury.

What perfect nonsense and trash it is to assert that because this charge dates back of Chief CLARKE's term that nothing should be done about it! If COVAY took bribes then the chances are that he will take bribes now, and if guilty, the quicker he receives his discharge the better.

WOMAN'S TALK.

How very few Canadian women really can start and keep the conversational ball rolling! In the cities a number of cultivated society ladies can always be found who, if they can do nothing else in this line, can at least make small talk.

And what do they talk about? To her intimates, a woman seems always to have a never-ending history of never-tailing maladies to confide. So much so, we might almost claim the remark made of American ladies, "that they are in a chronic state of disrepair." Her children come next, and so persistently will the average mother prate of Tommy's woes or triumphs, that the unwilling listener feels she could easily "out-Herod Herod!"

On state occasions, the weather is usually looked on as trumps, pretty sure to win, and if someone can get off a joke at the expense of STONE WIGGINS, she feels she has been extremely brilliant and contributed more than her share of the entertainment.

What is the reason of this seeming paucity of ideas? One fact alone answers the question in part. Few women are wealthy, and, housekeeping, sewing and family cares claiming a large portion of her time, the mouth is apt to speak of the heart's fullness. She does not realize that this is her work and that when seeking recreation a change of thought is essential, and to "talk shop" is violating one of the first laws of

good society. When talking to a man, if a woman is wishing only for amusement, she usually talks of herself, but if she wants to make herself agreeable, or something more, she talks of herself. In neither case is it conversation; it would have but little interest for a third person.

What a delightful innovation it would be if the French salon system could be revived here without its politics.

Instead of a reception where the time is spent in struggling from one hot room to another, how much more pleasant for a small number of both sexes to devote an evening to an interchange of ideas. It would not by any means be necessary for all to be brilliant talkers, indeed who can name more than one or two among their acquaintances? "A brilliant flash of silence" is sometimes more than golden, and listeners are indispensable. To converse with intelligence, or listen with appreciation is alike an act. Both can be acquired, and improved by practice.

If the time that is often fruitlessly spent on music or fancy work, was devoted to pleasant chat on interesting subjects, how popular some ladies would become. In small communities, at least, there would be fewer meetings of the "bored," and not so often would a tired hostess, after speeding the final guest, say from the bottom of her heart "Thank goodness that is over."

READ THE NEWSPAPERS.

Newspapers have never been so widely read, by all classes, as at present. They furnish reading matter of every conceivable kind, at prices that few can say are "too dear." Yet every day we hear of people, who either do not read the papers, or do not profit by their perusal. The green goods business is as "old as the hills;" every little while the newspapers record in detail the doings of the swindlers and their victims.

All the new methods of carrying on the business have been given to the public, almost as soon as they were put in operation. Recent developments in New York, however, show that the green goods business is growing, and being worked to better advantage all the time. What strikes one as strange is that, although the victims do not read the papers, it is not want of money that deprives them of this luxury. The men arrested in New York recently did not sell less than \$350 worth of goods at one time and conducted a flourishing business at this figure.

The books furnish much interesting reading, which will be of more than ordinary interest to a number of people in the United States and Canada, whose names and doings are minutely recorded. Quebec seems to have been a fertile field for the swindlers. Thousands of circulars printed in French were found in their apartments, and the records show that they were largely responded to. Indeed the Quebec Frenchmen appeared to be infatuated with the idea. They seemed eagerly waiting for "something to turn up" that would make them rich without much exertion, for of over seventy telegrams found by the officers, nearly all of them were in French, and came from Lower Canada.

As the swindlers' prices ranged from \$350 for \$3,000 worth of counterfeit money, to \$1,000 for \$20,000, this is likely to be a hard winter in certain quarters of Quebec.

SWEAR OFF, GIRLS!

Gum chewing has been receiving a good deal of attention, recently, in the neighboring republic. It has grown to extraordinary proportions, and it has just been discovered that the habit will develop insanity in girls. A New York doctor claims that "the constant chewing of gum has produced weak minds in fourteen cases of young girls now under treatment, the constant movement of the mouth causing too great a strain on the head."

This is an alarming statement, when we consider that the habit has grown to such an extent that people cannot go to church without taking a supply of gum with them. In Jersey city the latter phase of the case furnishes a stronger argument against the practice than the fact that it is productive of insanity. Indeed, the vestrymen of Grace church, in that city, have disciplined two pretty parishioners for chewing gum in meeting, the former sitting in the adjoining seats having complained that "the moaning and groaning" they made while chewing gum was very annoying. An official notice was sent to the parents of the offenders asking them to exercise their parental authority in the matter, but nowhere in the document is the fact that gum chewing is productive of insanity suggested as an argument to induce the young ladies to quit the evil habit. So it may be inferred that they can chew gum until completely demented, so long as they do not annoy their fellow parishioners during divine worship.

There are many indications, however, that the gum habit has reached a climax, and that it will become less prevalent. In New York the sale is now said to be principally confined to the penny-in-the-slot machines, but in St. John the limited number in

operation seem to be doing a very good business. That they are destined to be the death of the habit, however, is quite probable from the complaints heard here as well as in New York, that the machines have a way of accommodating all the coppers that one can put into them, but not always giving the equivalent in gum.

Reforms are sometimes brought about in very unlooked for ways.

MR. GEO. F. GREGORY has spent some time and money to find out the exact opinion of the people of his own county. We trust that he will profit by it now, and give everybody a rest.

If Mayor LOCKHART has any idea of a third term, he has paid a large sum for his winter's fuel, though he did get it for nothing.

PEN AND PRESS.

The Transcript claims that its "presses" are superior to those in the Times office. We are not told just how many presses there are in the mammoth establishment owned by Mr. Hawke. We have a faint recollection of seeing one or two intimations in the Transcript that its proprietor was about to purchase or had purchased a new press, but we presume he has about a dozen others, running night and day, of which his natural modesty has not allowed him to tell the public. Of course, the Transcript "presses" are superior to those in the Times office. This is one horse concern compared with the Transcript, and a glance at the two newspapers last conveyed everyone that the Transcript equipment was way ahead of that of the Times.

Hold your breath, gentlemen, and if either of you want to see a real nice machine call on Progress when you come to town.

The Cosmopolitan is the name of a new paper with "Truro N. S." in the headlines. It is a strange combination of the perfect typography of a metropolitan printing house, and the disadvantages of a country job office can make it. Every other page presents a handsome appearance, with fine illustrations and good letter press, while the rest of it is hardly readable, and shows that the office has been taxed to its utmost capacity. First numbers are, as a rule, hard to get out, but the managers of The Cosmopolitan seem to have had more than ordinary difficulties to contend with. There is every evidence that their stock of lower case "fs" ran out long before their paper was set up, for considerable of the reading matter has a surprising number of italic "fs" sticking out all over it. This also shows that the editors were pushed for time, and consequently unable to write paragraphs composed of words that did not contain the letter "f." They were also forced to apologize for the metropolitan pages of the paper being dated October 11, while the Truro side bore the date of October 18.

The Cosmopolitan gives promise, however, of overcoming these difficulties and being as good a paper as the managers of the New York Life, and Messrs. Davison and Morgan can make it.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

Glad and Sad.

A fair child mourned; the sunshine would not stay, Nor the birds come at her loving call, The butterflies flew from her, far away, Over her loving heart a shade would fall As if to warn of future ills: "no day," She said "all glad things fly, all sad things stay."

A maiden mourned; clouding her young life Came disappointment, broken faith and pain, Sad prospect of a hopeless grating strife With poverty. Her heart tears fell like rain, She sighed, "Among life's thorns must my feet stray? For me all glad things fly, all sad things stay."

An old man mourned. In memory's vast store He found few happy hours. His childhood, youth And early manhood's joys, were checked o'er With griefs and wanderings from the path of truth, Sorrows dark milestones marked life's dreary way; He thought "all glad things fly, all sad things stay."

Ah, no! not all; there still is left to know That for us earthly life will end, and then Our happy home with God! Why grieve we so? The future is beyond man's mortal ken; But let us wait that surely coming day, When sad things fly and glad things last away.

St. John. M. A.

Birthday Card.

As, one by one, the years roll by, And chill winds swirl the dying leaves, May God's own sunshine on thee lie, Till swells thy soul with golden sheaves!

Oct., 1890. -CASEY TAP.

Plain and Unpretending People.

There is no place that I know of where a person can better enjoy themselves, or be better treated after they get a little acquainted, than in St. John. The people are plain, and unpretending, and all seem to be on an equal footing in society. There is none of that aristocratic reserve and exclusiveness observable in other towns in the province, and not so much meddling in other people's affairs. The great heart of the city beats with the ebb and flow of the human tide that surges along its streets, and here is seen the stately palaces and dens of infamy, but I repeat that there is not so much caste, or social exclusiveness noticeable here as even in Fredericton.

For human hearts remain unchanged, The sorrow and the sin; The loves and hopes the fears and woes, Are to our own akin.

And the key of affection will open every heart. I made friends with several of the kids who, notwithstanding the different surroundings, were the same, and just as amenable to friendship and affection, as their brothers of the bush. You can do almost anything you like in St. John as long as you behave yourself, without fear of arrest; and here you can find every thing to gratify the taste, mentally, morally, and physically.

Back at His Old Trade.

St. George was favored with a visit from a fortune-teller last week—a real live one, and a man at that. The fortune-teller of fiction is generally a withered old hag, whose chin and nose are close neighbors. This was quite a different individual. He stood about six feet two in his socks, somewhat higher in his boots, and a good deal bigger in his mind,—and introduced himself as Professor Hunter, of St. John,—the only man in the Dominion who can effectually cure cancer, rheumatism, corns, etc., and do fortune-telling, and, to show his knowledge in the last named art, undertook to tell the fortune of a retired mariner, now in the granite business. After locating several imaginary scars on his body, and one real corn on his foot, he proceeded to tell how many girls he had been engaged to.—St. George Correspondence.

A Curious and Regrettable Omission. Historian James Hannay figures in the Dominion Illustrated this week with a sketch. The picture is a good one, and the sketch does ample justice to the local historian, save perhaps, that it does not mention his connection with the Parrsboro Leader or the Undertaker's Journal.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

With the exception of the concert which took place in the St. Andrew's rink, there has not been a very great deal going on this week. I hear quite favorable comments on the opera house concert, but as I was unfortunately obliged to be absent, cannot particularize anything. I believe there were several omissions from the original programme. Mr. McSorley's voice was not in trim, and he could not do his part in the entertainment, and the Chiltern's Band was not on hand. A musical friend tells me that Mr. Lindsay and the male quartette captured the honors of the evening.

The Oratorio society is working very hard just now with its two practices a week, and I am very glad to say that Messrs Landry & Co., have kindly lent the society a location for the performances on Nov. 13 and 14. This is the same instrument as is used by the Montreal society at their concerts with such great success, and will fill the place of a pipe organ. Mr. James S. Ford will be the organist.

The soloists for Samson will be the same as last year, viz.: Mrs. Allen, Mrs. Gilchrist, and Messrs. Parker, Mayes and Daniel. On Friday night Miss Alice Hiza will take the alto solos in Jephtha, and Mrs. Allen and Mr. Parker will sing in that work and also the Daughter of Jairus. Mr. Daniel will sing in Jairois and Mrs. Mayes in Jephtha. The society held an extra practise of Samson on Thursday night, and will have others as required. The Philharmonic are also working hard at the orchestral parts.

In a copy of the American Musical I came across a programme of an organ recital given in Cleveland, Ohio, by Mr. Hugh Swanton, not very long ago. Perhaps it may be of interest to some of Mr. Swanton's friends:

The Great G. Minor Tugue.....Bach Nuptial March.....Gounault Sonata in A. No. 3.....Mendelssohn Broken music from Faust—Allegretto, Adagio, Allegretto, Moderato Maestros, Allegretto, Allegro.....Hugh Swanton Cantilena Pastorale.....Gounault St. Anne's Fugue.....Bach

It was thought by the musical committee in connection with St. John's church, that it would be a good idea to give a portion of the Messiah during the Christmas season, but on hearing that the Oratorio society may, as is its custom every year, give the Christmas music, they decided to send for specimen copies of Christmas works by Gade, Saint Saens, and some other composers whose names have slipped my memory. However, I hope, they may find something suitable, for I think, it will be very nice.

The "Treble Clef" have returned work after their summer holiday. I hear that a certain West End church is to lose its fair organist and that congratulations will be the order of the day. TARBET.

One of Their Fall Resorts.

St. Andrews would appear to be a favorite browsing ground for customs detectives, judging by the number that have honored the town with their presence the past few weeks. The last to arrive were Messrs. Bonness and O'Keefe. They came here on Friday last, spent some time around one establishment in making enquiries, and then took for up river again. We have not heard that anything has been made any poorer on account of their visit, but as their "investigations" are not yet complete it is difficult to say what the result will be.—Beacon.

They Take the Mud for It.

Since the trestle was built across the ponds from Mill street to Portland, the majority of people living over there have taken that way of getting home. The bridge company have decided, however, to turn the tide of travel in the old direction again—via Main street—and with this object in view have engaged a policeman. This has been a great source of annoyance to North End people who are in a hurry to get home to dinner, and they have been devising means of getting ahead of the bridge company. The foot bridge leading to the long wharf enables them to go part of the distance, but the easiest way to reach Hamilton's wharf is by the trestle. The policeman is usually found at this point, and to go on the trestle means arrest. The latest move at low tide is to walk across the slip and climb up on Hamilton's wharf.

Holiday Fly-Leaves Fluttering.

The Christmas advertising fly-sheet and holiday book is already on the way path. Scheme after scheme is being poured into the ears of the weary but generous patrons of publications. They have been "worked" to death this year. All kinds of schemes came forward with the exhibition as an excuse, and most of them were well patronized. To such an extent are the importunities now, however, that merchants are beginning to inquire whether, after all, it will not pay them better to stick to the newspaper and leave the holiday fly-leaves out of the question.

An Attractive Advertisement.

William J. Fraser, of the Royal clothing store, has an attractive advertisement in this week's paper. Cape overcoats are going to be in style this winter, and Mr. Fraser tells what he can do in this line of goods. He will make further announcements from week to week that will be of interest to people in search of winter clothing. The Royal clothing store does a large trade throughout the provinces, and always carries a stock that the most fastidious can select from.

A Moncton Merchant in St. John.

Mr. H. C. Charters, who has been carrying on a successful dry goods business in Moncton for some years, has come to St. John, and next Wednesday will open a store in Furlong's building on Charlotte street. Mr. Charters owned a good business in Moncton, and will no doubt introduce some new methods into the business in St. John. He will be the only part of the establishment that is Monctonian, all his help being selected in St. John.

One Of Many.

A subscriber at Maple Creek, N. W. T., in renewing his subscription to PROGRESS, writes: "If my subscription has expired before this reaches you, don't fail to send me papers previous, as I would be lost without it."

"We" Are Only Human.

Subscribers wishing to have their addresses changed should send their old as well as the new address, as it is impossible for those in the office to remember the addresses of thousands of subscribers.

HOW PATRIOTISM IS AWAKENED.

The Battle of Queenstown Heights Anniversary Observed in the Schools.

There is no better evidence of the awakening of the nationalism of the Canadians than the recent observance of the anniversary of the battle of Queenstown Heights in the Ontario schools. Nothing saved the republic of the United States when the crisis came, but the patriotism which had been taught the youth of the country by the reading of the Declaration of Independence in the schools and at Fourth of July celebrations. The Yankees proper are not fighters. The majority of them went to the war either because they had to or with a big bounty in their pocket, and of the slain many thousands were foreigners who did not care a cent whether the Union survived the conflict or not. So many people, however, had been imbued in the schools with the spirit of the fathers of their country, that their ardent patriotism swept before it the cool and the calculating ones, and the pride which had been fostered by writers and orators, shamed into action those who would rather have seen the country divided than shoulder a musket. The Yankees in time of peace had made most effective use of their history. All that was glorious in it had been made the first lesson in their schools, the foundation of their resolutions, the first principle of their orations. We as Canadians have sadly neglected this phase of national education. Now it is being forced upon us and now, like the hosts of old, we are called upon to say "whom we shall serve." The answer comes in such ringing accents that even our neighbors, always credulous when told that we are anxious to join them, cannot mistake its meaning. There are so many classes in Canada firmly attached to that portion of history which is our glory, so opposed to that portion in which the United States takes such great pride, that our patriotic man would have to be made over again before he could be persuaded to accept a place amongst a people who would always consider us a shamed and vanquished race. This alone makes a union of the two peoples absolutely impossible.—Don, in Saturday Night.

The Bearing of Pain. An eminent American specialist in nervous diseases recently called attention to a significant difference in the training of boys and of girls. When a boy, he says has to suffer any pain, to have a tooth or splinter extracted, for example, his mother urges him to "bear it like a man." "What, you, a boy, to cry?" If he wimpers on the playground, his comrades jeer at him as "a baby," "a girl-boy." In this way he is taught courage and endurance from his cradle. But if it is a girl who is called upon to suffer, she is petted, and even encouraged to weep.

The first outcry and gush of tears after pain is the effort of nature to give relief, but protracted complaint only weakens the nerves. "Would it not therefore be wise," says this shrewd physician, "to teach patience and unemotional endurance to that sex which in life is sure to have the largest share of suffering?" An American mother, who had brought up a family of excitable sons and nervous daughters, was observed lately by the family physician, during the prevalence of an epidemic which prostrated the whole household, to be the only one who uttered no complaint, but bore the suffering with cheerful good-humor.

"Why is it?" he asked. "After some consideration she replied, "I had a mother who trained her children to be stoics. If we were hurt the first injunction was, 'Dry your eyes! Show your courage!' Even when we were punished, while the sting of the whip wet burned, she would say, 'Close your lips! Not a sound—not a word!' The training seemed harsh and cruel to me. I adopted a precisely opposite with my children. The result is—I can endure pain. They cannot."—Youths Companion.

Twisted Doughnuts. In these days, when newspapers seem to be almost omnipresent, it is getting to be dangerous for the humblest person to open his lips unless he is willing to see his utterance in print twenty-four hours afterward. Here, for example, is what someone overheard the other day in a railway car, and forthwith sent to the Rockland Courier:

"He's a horrid wretch, and I won't do no such a thing!" exclaimed an old lady who had just come out of Aroostook, and who was riding along the Maine Central Road, bound for Burnham station.

On being asked what the trouble was, she declared she "never did see such a sassy feller as the brakeman," who had opened the door and cried out, "Burnham, Burnham, change for Unity, Thordidke, Knox, Brooks and Belfast! Do not leave your packages nor umbrellas in the car—Burn-um! Burn-um!"

She said she had some twisted doughnuts, a home-made cheese, some home-made socks and a patchwork quilt which she was bringing down to her daughter Nancy, and she shouldn't burn-um for nobody, nor nothing.

How It Seemed. "Tis better to laugh than be sighing," is good philosophy, whether for civilian or soldier.

General Sherman, during his march to the sea, used to go out of his way to avoid a bridge. At any rate, some of the soldiers thought so. He was very fond of wading. One day the army was to ford a river, and for several miles before the men reached it they waded knee-deep in swamps.

"I say, Bill," said one fellow to another, "I guess we struck this river lengthways!"—Ex.

The Wages of Sin.

Simpson—As much as is said against sin, it is honest. Jimpson—What do you mean? "It is prompt with its wages."—N. Y. Sun.

ESCAPE WELL EARNED.

The Coolness and Bravery of an Officer in the Rebel War.

On the night of October 27, 1864, Lieutenant W. B. Cushing led the expedition which destroyed the Confederate iron-clad Albatross in the Roanoke River. "It is safe to say," writes Professor James Russell Solov, "that the naval history of the world affords no other example of such marvellous coolness and professional skill." At the moment the Albatross blew up, a charge of grape struck Lieutenant Cushing's boat and entirely disabled it. All hands took to the water, refusing to surrender. In Battles and Leaders of the Civil War Cushing describes his own subsequent adventures.

It was cold, long after frosts, and the whole water chilled the blood, while the white surface of the stream was plowed up by grape and musketry, and his nearest friends, the fleet, were twelve miles away. He made for the nearest shore, but the presence of the enemy's boats obliged him to go down stream. Here he was nearly on land when he heard a cry of distress behind him, and put out again to the relief of the spent swimmer.

For ten minutes the other man was kept afloat. Then he sunk like a stone, and Lieutenant Cushing again made for the shore.

"My strokes were now very feeble," he says, "my clothes being soaked and heavy, while little chop-seas splashed with choking persistency into my mouth every time I gasped for breath. At last, and not a moment too soon, I touched the soft mud, and in the excitement of the first shock half-raised my body and made one step forward. Then I fell and remained half in the mud and half in the water until daylight, unable even to crawl on hands and knees, nearly frozen, with my brain in a whirl, but with one thing strong in me—the fixed determination to escape."

The sunlight brought back his strength, and his first object was to reach a dry fringe of rushes that edged the swamp. When half way across the intervening space he was obliged to drop into the mud to escape discovery. Four men passed so near as almost to tread on him, and from their conversation he knew he must get back into the swamp.

"This I did by sinking my heels and elbows into the earth, and forcing my body inch by inch toward it. For five hours, with bare head, feet and hands, I made my way where I ventured to say none other ever did before, until I came at last to a clear place, where I might rest upon solid ground. Thorns and briars had cut into my flesh like knives. Hands and feet were raw when I reached the clearing, and yet my difficulties were but commenced."

Again he plunged into a swamp so thick that he had only the sun to guide him, and could not see ten feet in advance. At two o'clock in the afternoon he came out upon the bank of a stream, and could see a road opposite.

A picket guard of seven soldiers was stationed here. He watched his opportunity, and swam out to their empty boat.

"Hour after hour I paddled, never ceasing for a moment, first on one side, and then on the other, while sunshine passed into twilight, and that was swallowed up in thick darkness. At last I reached the mouth of the Roanoke, and found the open sound before me."

"My frail boat could not have lived in the ordinary sea there, but it chanced to be very calm, leaving only a slight swell, which was, however, sufficient to influence my boat, so that I was forced to paddle altogether on one side to keep her on her course."

"After steering by a star for perhaps two hours, I discovered one of the vessels, and after a long time got within hail. My 'Ship ahoy!' was given with the last of my strength, and I fell powerless with a splash into the water in the bottom of the boat, and awaited results. I had paddled every minute for ten successive hours, and for four hours my body had been 'asleep,' with the exception of my arms and brain."

"The picket vessel, Valley City, upon hearing the hail, an once got under way, but it was some time before they would pick me up, as they were convinced that I was the rebel conductor of an infernal machine, and that Lieutenant Cushing had died the night before. At last I was on board ship, had imbibed a little brandy and water, and was on my way to the flag-ship."—Ex.



LADIES' SEAL and ASTRACHAN SACQUES. THORNE BROS. KING STREET.