

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.

NET 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, AUG. 2.

CIRCULATION, 8,200.

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

GRAVEYARD THIEVES.

The prevention of the meanest kind of theft known to this country, the stealing of flowers from graves in the Rural Cemetery is one of the great things to be desired.

So far as we know, this is not now a part of the education of our children. In exceptional cases, such as that of the botanist and naturalist, Principal GEORGE U. HAY, pupils cannot do otherwise than imbibe the right ideas on the subject in question.

Why is it that the stranger in Boston is filled with wonder and admiration at the way in which public and private gardens are exposed to the people, unwatched and unguarded by night and day?

If our children were taught, as suggested, the coming generations would not delight in cruelty to animals, in the destruction of property or in the theft of flowers from the resting places of the dead.

It is, however, a long wait until by a gradual process the race of graveyard thieves is exterminated. Many of us will be dead before then, and the thieves will be stealing the plants which loving hands have placed on our graves.

Mr. SMITH contends that with the small force of men employed, it is impossible to watch the cemetery, and that in normal seasons the receipts are no more than enough to pay the expenses.

It is further claimed that, in any case, it is impossible to stop the thieving, because ladies come with satchels, etc., and a great deal of trouble would be made if a keeper insisted on having a satchel opened to see if it contained stolen plants.

The county court affirmed a sound principle of law, last week, by its decision in the case of CAIN against HAZELHURST. The latter, when an alderman of the late city of Portland, procured from the former a quantity of broken stone for use on the streets.

access. If people were allowed to take in parcels there could be no way of detecting the contents of parcels carried out. This precaution is not considered necessary in the Boston public library, but New York is a wicked city, and so, as regards cemetery thieves, appears to be St. John.

This might not accomplish all that is desired, but it would be a step in the right path. Another thing which might be kept in mind is that when the duties of the men will permit they should be somewhere near the entrances, or rather the exits, with an eye to the people who are passing.

No one doubts that it is a difficult matter to police the cemetery with its present force. But are there not funds, now held idle, out of which a small amount could be appropriated to assist in the work?

But something should be done. Life is too short for us to wait until future generations are educated.

IN THIRTY YEARS.

It is just thirty years tomorrow since the Prince of Wales landed in St. John, and if he were to return here now he, without doubt, would be very much surprised.

There have been a good many changes in that time. If he were to revisit Halifax or Quebec he would find almost everything as it was then, but in St. John it is different. We are a people who move, and of late with astonishing rapidity.

THOMAS McAVITY was mayor at that time, honored of all classes. He was an Irishman, but it is very doubtful if on that account he would have lost his head had a Yankee-Irishman come here with a proposition to make a fortune at the expense of the rate-payers.

The common council at that time was a smaller affair than it is now—smaller not only in size, but in its ideas of the handling of the people's money. It would hesitate and consider before it made an expenditure of hundreds, where the council of today will commit the city for thousands in almost the twinkling of an eye.

There were no departments with all the officials incident thereto. The firemen, who with the old-time volunteer militia made the reception of the Prince a brilliant pageant, were controlled by one man, as chief, and under their system of recruiting, no aldermen attempted to boss the department or place men in it because they went to the same church as he did.

There was no steam roller then, nor was there a huge and unsightly telegraph pole wherever the eye rested. There are a good many other things now which were not then. Some of them have come for evil, and some for good.

There was then a quiet and somewhat too conservative city. It was not the general impression that a man in public office was worth watching, nor did people believe that some of the men whom they elected as their rulers used their positions to grab what they could at the public expense. The times have changed a great deal since then.

The Prince would, indeed, be surprised if he could drop in upon us tomorrow, and have a chat with some of those who remember what the city was in those days, and what it is today.

A SOUND DECISION.

The county court affirmed a sound principle of law, last week, by its decision in the case of CAIN against HAZELHURST. The latter, when an alderman of the late city of Portland, procured from the former a quantity of broken stone for use on the streets.

On the trial of the case it was claimed by HAZELHURST that CAIN had offered the stone as a gift, and that in any case he, having acted as an alderman, was not personally liable. The fact being proven that

he had no authority from the council, a verdict was given in favor of CAIN.

The assertion that CAIN offered the stone as a gift, and subsequently brought suit because of his works as a contractor, is an instance of the ideas which the public had of the morality of the Portland council. Why should CAIN offer as a gift what the city was willing to pay for? And why should HAZELHURST refuse to certify to CAIN's work, if it were done honestly and well?

It was the custom of certain members of the Portland council, some of whom are now in the St. John council, to do just as Ald. HAZELHURST did, and often, perhaps, with less honorable intentions. They ordered what they liked, without a shadow of authority, and made the council pay for it.

The decision of the court clearly shows that an alderman, unless by the authority of the council, has no more right than any other citizen to incur debts for the city to pay. This is worth remembering. Considering the way things are drifting, individual St. John aldermen may be ambitious to emulate their Portland brethren, and may seek to be a law unto themselves as regards the incurring of debts.

SUNDY HITS AND HINTS.

One of the Hindoo Salvationists calls himself Abdul Aziz. The original and famous man of that name is now Abdul as is?.

The steam roller was brought here to mend our ways, but if it doesn't mend its own ways there will be trouble for somebody.

A Woodstock paper tells of a farewell supper at which "thirty leading bachelors" of the town were present. Go to Woodstock, girls.

Some of the papers are asserting that "strawberries are about done," but a good many are under the impression that they will be quite rare.

The Quebec Chronicle says that "another bank thief has been caught red-handed in the Lower Provinces." Why red-handed, did he upset the ink-bottle?

There is just a suggestion of profanity in the name of Capt. Kautilia, of the Hindoo contingent of the Salvation Army. How would it do to change it to Can't I Holler? and we would all say yes.

A New York paper has a long article by an alleged convict on the subject of "Does it pay to be bad?" If certain of the common council wish to give their views on the matter the columns of PROGRESS are open to them.

The Moncton Times advises its readers to "eat your strawberries after drinking coffee, and if you want a sensation try a little rum with them." Nice advice for a Scotch Act town, and from such a pattern of perfection as Thaddeus. It must have been the wicked partner, that time.

A Halifax girl, writing of Windsor, says: "We are nearer the angels than we get in most places—Halifax for instance. On our own beloved Citadel Hill, I usually feel the reverse of angelic." A good many who have taken in the surroundings of the Citadel will agree with her.

Another farce in legislation is the bill agreed to at Washington making it illegal to send lottery circulars, etc., through the mails. So long as an envelope is sealed it is nobody's official business what it contains. So with the stopping of letters directed to a lottery company. Nobody addresses them that way, and the clause regarding advertisements is as easily avoided as any of the others.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

It Is a Bad Wall.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: Will you allow me to call the attention of the fathers or the step-fathers of the city to the most dangerous condition of a dry stone wall near the head of Millidge street (north). About two months ago or more a portion of this wall fell, and I have since spoken to one of the aldermen, as has others, regarding it, but so far without results. This street, being cut through solid rock for the most part, has already quite a history due to the various contracts and private enterprise of several residents of Fort Howe and Rockland Road, and for this latter, if nothing else, some interest should be taken in it by the council of our city.

He Has a Grievance.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: I have a grievance. It is the tolling four times a day of the laborer's bell at the Market Slip. Such a thing I do not believe would be tolerated in any other civilized community. The bell is also rung at least half-a-dozen times longer than there can be any necessity for, and business has to be virtually suspended in the neighborhood during its fearful clanging. Can you tell me whether there is really any need now of such an ancient relic? If there is should it not be placed somewhere else than in the business centre where it is? Strangers hear it in wonder, and the writer is constantly called upon to explain that in times of old the "shears" and bell occupied this spot—long before the days of steam whistles, time balls and cheap time pieces—and that it is considered necessary to perpetrate them, as a sort of a monument to the loyalists it is presumed. Can you tell me what steps can be taken towards getting rid of such an abominable nuisance. And oblige one who does business in the neighborhood and who is very much AFFLICTED.

CHATS WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

SOMEbody.—The paragraph to which you refer in your private note is not a society item.

To Re-open Soon.

Miss Hitchens announces the re-opening of the St. John School of Music. Among the advantages she claims for the school are a broader education in music than can be found in seminaries and colleges, from the fact that so many studies are crowded into the graduating course as to make it impossible to devote the time and thought necessary to the study of voice and piano. Miss Hitchens' school has been popular in many quarters and her painstaking efforts deserve to meet with success.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

On Thursday, Friday and Saturday of last week, Mr. Harkins put on the play called Woman Against Woman. This piece, like the majority of those presented this season, is melo-drama, but in some respects is superior to many plays of the class.

Miss Arthur easily bore away the honors of the play, and her work in the fourth act showed that she possessed a latent force that was rather a surprise—a very pleasant one, too—to her many admirers.

Miss Madden played a thankless part in her usual careful manner. Miss West was away out of her cast, and never should attempt such a part as that of Lady Chesterton. She is a good soubrette, and it is a mistake for her to play any other part. The men did their work, on the whole, very well, Mr. Snader and Mr. Melville bearing the most of the burden.

Monday and Tuesday of this week brought us Queen's Evidence, and really one would require "A heye like a heagle" to observe any merit in such a play. It is simply a gallery piece, one that would have delighted an old Boverly audience, or an English Saturday night house. There is no plot worth speaking of, the dialogue is trashy, and the situations absurd, for, as a rule, low-class Jews and blacklegs do not make free with the drawings-rooms of English baronets.

Wednesday and Thursday gave the people who attended the dining a change in the shape of Bartley Campbell's Fate, which is certainly a very well conceived, well written piece, and one that abounds in good situations and telling pictures. It is a pity that at its first performance the prompter was such an important personage, for the people had been well up in their lines I am sure they would have scored a success.

The cast is a small one and was well placed. Miles, Arthur and Madden playing opposite parts very well, and Miss West was in her own place, which she occupied to the pleasure of the audience. I have been much pleased with the work done by Miss Arthur during the short season given by Mr. Harkins. I think this young lady has a future in store for her that will be a bright one.

Mr. Harkins himself deserves to be congratulated for he has brought here a more than ordinary company, and has put on a round of plays that have pleased fairly good houses. The only reason to my mind that his houses were not full, being the locality and condition of the wretched place he had to play in. The season ends tonight, but at this writing I cannot say what the attraction will be.

Friday night saw a repeat of The Golden Giant, in which Mr. Melville and Miss West again scored in the best work that either of them have done in St. John.

This afternoon sees the great play of Jim the Penman, in which Miss Arthur will have a splendid chance, and I am sure Mr. Harkins and Mr. Hurst will repeat their able performances of the detective and the Baron. PROSEMIUM.

JOYS AND WOES OF OTHER PLACES.

Town and Wilderness Mixed.

The coal company is clearing sixty acres of wilderness land, near the north slope. It will greatly improve the appearance of that part of the town.—Springhill, N. S. Or.

Something New on the W. & A. Railway.

Several times a day we hear a shrill whistle; a plucky little engine puffing its way among the hills, and dragging its long train of cars behind it comes hurrying into the town.—Windsor Tribune.

The World Moves in Glassville.

Mr. Love, of the Glassville House, has had his flag staff repainted.—Woodstock Press.

There is a Happy Land.

It is fortunately very seldom that gentlemen in this section of the County (Glassville) are brought into collision from the vagaries of bulls or other viciously inclined animals.—Woodstock Press.

A Lamentable Fact.

It is a lamentable fact that the young people belonging to the Division have to select Saturday night to do their walking.—El River Cor.

He May Bite It Some Day.

In conversation with an engineer of the W. and A. R. this week, we were told that the driver's heart is in his mouth time and again as he sees boys or men, and very often even girls and women, and sometimes teams, attempting to cross the track.—Windsor Tribune.

One Haligonian Takes a Bath.

A man named George Ellis went in swimming near the Market wharf this morning in full view of the public.—Hs. Hall.

MANAGER MELVILLE'S OPINION.

The Undulterated Taffy Forced on the Harkins Co. by the "Associate Editor." (From Tuesday's Daily Telegraph.)

Instead of deteriorating, as is frequently the case, the character of the plays put upon the stage by Mr. Harkins and his company continues to improve. A powerful melodrama, Queen's Evidence, was given last night, and if applause goes for anything it assuredly made a decided hit. The dialogue mingles the pathetic and humorous in the good proportion and was interlarded in such a manner as to give abundant satisfaction. Mr. Harkins personated the wronged husband, pursued by an arch-villain in the person of Mr. Snader, both of whom were remarkably well balanced. Mr. Melville had another Jewish role, and if he did, at times, seem to overdo it the audience freely forgive him in the pleasure he afforded; always on hand to counteract the evil that Thomson appeared about to consummate he was, of course, in error. Mr. Brennan was dignified as Sir Frederick, and Mr. Hurst was, as usual with him, happy in his assumption. Miss Arthur was sweetly sympathetic as Kate Medland, it being one of those quiet, unobtrusive parts that is so greatly relished and in which the looks and actions, rather than words, speak. In the third act, especially, she was most happy in rendering the lines allotted her, the failure to betray her husband when asked to identify him, being a fine situation. Miss West and Miss Creswick had two good supporting roles to interpret. Master Robbie Stevens made his first appearance as little Arthur, and created quite an interest in his welfare. There were certain calls, as usual, the scene at the close of the second act demanding instant repetition. The effects for this were well manipulated and scenery handsome.

"Dear" Thought She Would.

"Won't you have some cream soda, dear?" "Dear thought she would, and did." "Won't you have an ice cream, dear?" "Dear thought she would, and did." "Now won't you have some of this cream candy, dear?" "Dear thought she would, and did." They were not a foolish, spooning, honey-moon couple. She was a bright, attractive, sharp witted young lady who earns an honest living in an arduous profession. He was a bald-head, or old enough to be one, with a wife and grown up family. She had seen men just like him before. It is one of the incidents of the profession to come across them in every town.

SAWYER'S LETTER.

When the Doctor and his wife dropped in, the other evening, we improved the opportunity to talk about books; and the sweet and gracious woman of whom the Doctor—and everyone else—is the willing slave, reminded me that more than two years ago I sent them this message from St. John:

"Three new books that are worth reading, and will still be read years hence, are Bellamy's Looking Backward, Olive Schreiner's Story of an African Farmer, and Henrik Ibsen's Plays. Get them all and you will thank me for the suggestion."

So the Doctor bought the first copy of Bellamy's book that came to Portland. He was also, to the best of my belief, the first Portlander to make acquaintance with Ibsen; and he remains one of the select few who have enjoyed The Story of an African Farmer—a book that conservative and timorous persons never finish, since they soon find out its peculiar function is to uproot their cherished notions by the hand.

The fact bidding fair to vindicate my judgment in this instance, I propose to venture some more prophecies. I shall assert that Mr. Howell's A Hazard of New Fortunes and Mr. Fawcett's The Eel That Men Do are two new novels that will survive their authors. (Very few books live so long.) I shall say that Marie Bashkirtseff's Journal also will live—as a literary curiosity. Lastly, I shall affirm that Mr. Woodberry's The North Shore Watch and Other Poems is a volume of verse that deserves to live. Whether it will be another question. Of the substantial permanence of the first three books I have no doubt.

Mr. Howell's and Mr. Fawcett's are "realistic" novels; that is to say, they are based upon experience instead of imagination. Both are "immoral," as well; Mr. Howells, being leavened with the gospel of Socialism, writes from the standpoint of a believer in the people and makes many unpalatable observations; Mr. Fawcett deals with the social evil and uses a knife in preference to a poultice. To the persons who spend their lives dancing in pint pots, to those other persons who can wrap their souls in a dollar bill, neither of these books will bring entertainment or instruction. "People who have brains and who dare to look a fact in the face"—as we said in the prospectus of PROGRESS—will benefit by reading them.

Marie Bashkirtseff's intellect was subject to epileptic fits in which, no one being at hand to hold it down, it was guilty of strange freaks. The record of its normal and eccentric movements makes one of the most entertaining books I ever read. It is not strikingly original, except in respect of its egotism, which is uniquely massive, never to be duplicated, embracing every possession of the fascinating Russian from her head to her heels. One imagines how Marie

"Hugged her little body with her little hands" after she had written a brilliant sentence; how daily she debated effective poses and patterned light heartedly after striking studies in the nude. The worst of her book is that it comes to us under false pretences; the writer asserts her transparent candor on every page, but she never forgets that she has an audience. I wonder if any man or woman ever wrote a book that was absolutely self-revealing? If we knew ourselves well enough to do it, wouldn't we be afraid or ashamed? But this is by the way. The Bashkirtseff Journal is worth anyone's reading, but it isn't worth the adulatory cackle that is still kept up over it. Marie was not a genius; she was only a very clever girl who, as the New York Sun wisely says, was never properly spanked.

Mr. Woodberry's poems are not of a sort to be widely popular, but I am persuaded that a correct taste will find them of rare quality. So much for these. I shall instruct my grandchildren to consult this column, fifty years hence, and record the titles of the books that have survived.

Virtuous critics are waxing wroth over "The Picture of Dorian Gray," a novel by Oscar Wilde which is published in the July Lippincott. The story has an under-tone of villainous suggestion; and, though I am unable to perceive that art and conventional morality have any connection, I own that I wouldn't wish to present it to any well-regulated Sunday school library. That aside, it is most charmingly written and full of bright things.

Rudyard Kipling's best story, "At the End of the Passage," is to be found in the Boston Sunday Herald of July 20. There is tremendous power in it.

Speaking of stories, the new magazine, Short Stories, gives twenty-five of the best in every number. The gentlemen responsible for this periodical, the Current Literature Publishing Co., New York, publish also Current Literature, "a magazine of record and review," of which I won't try to give an opinion—there are so few complimentary expressions in the language. However, my friend the Doctor says that it's worth all the four dollar magazines combined, and he's not far wrong. Send a half-dollar for specimen copies of these, and if you don't get your money's value I'll make it up to you. WALTER L. SAWYER.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

Evening.

The shadows fall upon the scene, so bright, Darkness descends, that dismal mantle, night, Save distant voice, from boat in placid stream, There is a hush, a calm, a lovely dream; A hush, as when Jehovah, on Horeb's peak, In still small voices' did to Elijah speak; Hidden among the hills, in cavern drear, Calm as the night, when on Judaea's steep, The faithful shepherds, watched their flocks of sheep, And heard the joyful tidings of Christ's birth; Glory to God, good will and peace on earth, I dream of gentle peace, that speaks within, Of love and peace, in heart that's cleansed from sin, And of that land, where there shall be no night, For Christ the Lamb, shall be the living light.

Legal Observations.

As we journey thro' life on the railroad of time, Strange scenes sometimes burst on our view; The grotesque is so much mixed with the sublime, We can't tell what's what, or who's who. 'Mought the queer things we see that deserve blame or praise, There's one we don't all understand— 'Tis supposed to be justice, but 'tisn't—always— It is just, is the "law of the land." The bellicose men o'er a line fence dispute, The aid of the law they invoke; They rush into the courts, seeking justice, forsooth, But hobble out fleg'd and dead broke. The dispute is arranged; the line fence disappears; Of cash and of lands they're bereft. The sly lawyers reap gold, but their clients reap tares, And like all such nimnies, get left. If on Destiny's scroll you're inscribed as a thief, Wire in, be a robber wholesale— But eschew petty pilfers, or else you'll sup grief With spoons of repentance in jail. So freeze fast to the ball that comes within reach, And if vast heaps of wealth you can steal, From the prison you're safe, tho' the pulpit may preach, Your pals, le beau monde, will not squeal. If you do use a dirk, drive it home to the hilt; In law it has lately been found The more fierce the onslaught, the less is the guilt, 'Tis better to kill than to wound. So of all the queer things to which people submit, And that which they least understand, Is the foregoing puzzle, aforesaid to wit, The wonderful "law of the land."

Advertise in Progress. It pays.

SUNDAY'S TIDE OF TRAVEL.

Excursionists who Surprised the Town and the Railway People in Particular.

An excursion party with an air of dignity and luxuriance surrounding it, and handsome and commodious special cars, with as many cooks and porters on board as there were excursionists, is somewhat of a novelty to the people around the depot. When a long train loaded with "excursionists" from Moncton, Dorchester or Shediac arrives, the I. C. R. officials can handle them with ease. In this they have the valuable assistance of the saloon keepers in the vicinity of the depot, who take up a position in front of their respective establishments, and, seeming always under the impression that everybody who arrives in the depot must be in the last stages of starvation, try to turn the current of travel into his saloon, with no regard whatever for the size or accommodation of the building. But an excursion party without the regulation straw hat, abbreviated trousers, and mud colored top boots, coming on a Sunday morning and wanting more things than could be purchased on a week day, sets the depot people in a flurry. Frank Kearns, of the Canada Railway News Co., was hustled out bright and early and started for the news room prepared to sell its entire stock. He sold between ten and twelve Boston papers, and avows that all the millionaires in America will not get him out so early again.

The excursionists were a sociable lot. They wanted information and found no trouble in getting it during their stay in St. John. One thing that seemed to bother some of them was the Bay Shore, for their informants were of different opinions as to the distance between that delightful spot and the depot, placing it all the way from two to eight miles. Their ways of doing business would shock the Evangelical alliance, but the party's stay was short and Sunday made no difference to the excursionist who wanted a suit of clothes, and started out to hunt up the best tailor he could find. Some of the party, however, didn't seem anxious to exert themselves in any direction, and preferred walking around by way of Smythe street, to climbing the hill on Mill street.

Can't They Stop It.

The number of persons who steal flowers and carry off plants from the Rural Cemetery appears to be on the increase, or else the old thieves are becoming more bold and glibly. It is quite safe to assert that the depredators, in the majority of cases, are women. There should be some way of putting a stop to their work, in the interests of decency and as a matter of justice to the lot holders.

It is, probably, a hard matter to detect the thieves. Imagine a woman dropping a handkerchief, apparently by accident, so as to cover a choice plant, and lifting it so as to pull up the plant by the roots, so concealed that a passer by would notice nothing. This is one of the ways flowers are stolen, and it shows how exceedingly watchful those in charge of the grounds should be. The flower thief should be suppressed.

What Those Boxes Contain.

Nearly every countryman that arrives at the depot is loaded down with parcels and pasteboard boxes. Their contents are a source of mystery to most people, but the officials around the depot merely smile when they see them, while the porters who keep the building in such good order shudder. They say that every countryman carries enough provisions for two or three ordinary people, and they eat their lunches in the waiting room. When they emerge from there, the number of boxes is materially lessened. What they cannot eat is thrown under the seats and tables, together with the boxes it came in, and the porters have to "gather up the fragments," every morning.

They Get There Just the Same.

The printing and advertising committee of the Exhibition has secured more free advertising from outside sources for the exhibition than they ever hoped for. Foreign catalogues and local publications of wide circulation have exchanged page announcements with them in the prize list; newspapers have given them columns of "reading matter" free of charge, and the latest thing is the filling of the entire back of Nelson's patriotic song sheet with an "ad" of the city's advantages. The hustling advertising committee of the exhibition has done more blowing for less cash than any concern in existence.

A Cheap and Good Souvenir.

The travellers who take in St. John during the heated term will find a souvenir worth preserving in the new album of 25 photographic views issued by the Canada Railway News Company. The price of such albums has heretofore been 50 cents, but they are now sold at 25 cents. Manager C. A. Phelan points with just pride to the excellence of the views and the good taste shown in the selection of scenes represented.

They Want to Keep Cool.

The Monticello's bay excursion trips have begun, and the people are happy.

Off for the Fashions.

Mrs. L. B. Carroll, a fashionable milliner of St. John, has gone to London and Paris to get fall and winter fashions.