

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.

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

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUG. 23.

CIRCULATION, 10,200.

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

OUR EXHIBITION EDITION.

The announcement of our special exhibition edition found elsewhere in this paper is made with much pleasure and some confidence in our ability to make it a splendid success.

We retain very pleasant recollections of the generous patronage given to our special number of nearly two years ago, and its cordial reception.

The disadvantages which we worked under at that time have been removed, and with our own splendid outfit of machinery and a plant second to none in the city, we will have little trouble in making this special number acceptable to everyone.

This will be our introduction of the exhibition to the people.

MEDALS FOR ALL CLASSES.

The American Bar Association, which has its annual session at Saratoga, N. Y., this week, has under consideration a new idea for the advancement of the interests of the legal profession. It is that a gold medal be awarded annually to the person who has merited it by "services in advancing the science of jurisprudence or the administration of justice."

It is to be hoped the idea will be adopted. It will tend to make better lawyers, if not better men, by offering to all a goal which they may hope to reach. The competition will be among the leaders, of course, but as every young lawyer expects to be a leader if he lives there will be an additional incentive for him to study and work on a higher plane than might otherwise satisfy him.

This spirit of emulation need not be confined to the base ball men and the lawyers. There is no reason why every professional or business organization should not introduce the medal system.

The Halifax summer carnival took place a year ago, but the bills are not all settled yet. This is pretty slow work, even for Halifax.

The depths of moral turpitude to which one can fall is illustrated by the fact that a Halifax man has been arrested for robbing another of a Waterbury watch.

A Jersey city girl swallowed the contents of a bottle of varnish, which she mistook for a bottle of poison. She will live to be an authority on interior decoration.

It is some weeks since the Old Burial Ground fence was taken down, but the gates are still standing. Ald. Kelly, Director Wisely and Chief Kerr might find work for their woodman's axe in that vicinity.

It was particularly lucky for some people that the railway coal shed took fire on a calm night. A little wind might have made a big sweep in the valley, especially if the hose had continued to burst at critical moments.

This has been a great season for the man who belongs to secret societies. The Masons, Oddfellows, Orangemen, Knights of Pythias and the Temperance people have all been having their anniversaries, and a man who belongs to all of them has a good deal to do to keep up with the procession.

Here is English as she is wrote. It is not from a European guide book, but is a police court item from a Halifax paper.

Another party for having liquor drunk on premises during prohibited hours, plead guilty, fined \$20 and costs.

The new double cylinder Hoe press of the Sun has been placed in position and is at work. The machine is a splendid one and will give the Sun ample facilities to print its edition quickly and well.

The principle might be extended still further. If there were only an association composed of the mayors and other officials in the various cities of the country, a medal might be offered for the best representative in each class.

The medal system is capable of a wonderful expansion.

THE MALIGNANT MOSQUITO.

Some time ago, PROGRESS referred to the fact that a philanthropic New Yorker had offered a prize for the best essay on the extermination of the mosquito, and that the propagation of the dragon fly was recommended as among the most efficient of remedies.

For instance, there has been a current belief that the mosquito is a destroyer of the germs of miasma, and this has been generally accepted as a reason for its existence. This belief is denounced as "futile and misleading."

It is a harbinger of hæmoglobin, and consequently a constant menace to man by virtue of the fact that, as host of these dread enemies, it helps them toward a period of development where they become a serious visitant in the human system.

It is also pointed out that the insect disseminates yellow fever, and that the dreaded epidemic does not appear in the regions of the south where the mosquito is not found.

The unkindest reflection of all is that the female mosquito is the cause of all the annoyance, while the male is a mild and inoffensive creature. This is not the assertion of an old bachelor but comes from a woman, and a married woman at that.

In repeated examinations of hundreds of individual specimens we have failed to find a single male containing human blood, and subsequent microscopic study has shown the male's protosin incapable of drawing blood.

It may interest some of the men who have been fishing this summer to know that the cause of the irritation from the operations of the female mosquito on the human cuticle is "a yellow, oily looking fluid, escaping from the apex of the hypopharynx."

It is also asserted that "if the female be allowed to drink her fill and fly away unmolested, the effect of the poison is very much reduced; in some cases entirely so. It is the interrupted performance which produces the greatest itching.

The philosopher will therefore bear in mind that if he would escape pain he must not disturb the mosquito after it once settles down to business on his face, ears, neck or hands.

What a lot of toadyism abounds in Halifax. It is more and more evident day by day. People are always spushing and striving and elbowing each other to get if possible another step up the social ladder.

Thomas Hensworth writes: "Use your influence and try to prevent any person from building on the Grand Parade. I played there when a boy 40 years ago. In case of a big fire in the centre of the city, there are the people going to take refuge, only here, and save their lives and property."

Henry Gullickson, selling liquor without license, case dismissed, as there was evidence sworn to that the liquor belonged to some person else, and was the remains of a wedding party.

Is it not sad to see how some of the youths of the town idle their time away? Not the common class of loafers, but the nice gentlemanly looking boys from fifteen upwards, who seem to think billiard playing, cigarette smoking and "mashing" generally the whole aim and object of life—lads of good position, good family, with every home comfort and good prospects ahead of them if they choose to take them.

As Good as a Letter from Home. A subscriber to PROGRESS, now living in Ontario, writing to a friend in this city, says:

I will ask you to renew my subscription to PROGRESS. . . . I have been taking that interesting paper for some time and should feel lonely now without it. It is as good as a letter from home. The last number contained some very good sketches of scenery about St. George.

It is pretty generally known that a good many people have eyes which are not mates, arms and legs which are not pairs, and shoulders which are not at even heights. A photographer tells PROGRESS that plenty of people have the nose in the wrong place.

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A man in one of the rural districts, who was a great sufferer from rheumatism, was advised to take poke root and gin as a remedy. The proportion is an ounce of the root to a case bottle of the liquid, and the dose is a tablespoonful three times a day.

The mechanical lawyer in D. McArthur's window this week has drawn corners. It is a splendid imitation of a French barrister addressing a jury. School Book, Novels and Pictorial in great variety, at Portland News Depot.

FOR THE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

Some Splendid and Notable Books Secured for its Shelves.

The Free Public Library has had some very valuable books of reference added to its shelves within a recent period. Among these is a complete set of the Annual Register, from 1758 to the present time, the gift of Mr. Simeon Jones.

Mr. R. Peniston Starr's gift of a complete set of Notes and Queries, about 80 volumes, is another most important addition to the library. Everybody knows, or ought to know, that this work contains a fund of information on all kinds of topics, contributed by men who are authorities on those topics, in every quarter of the earth.

The gift of Mr. James I. Fellows, of \$100 to be expended in such way as the trustees might deem best, has been very wisely devoted towards the purchase of the Dictionary of National Biography, edited by Leslie Stephen and Sidney Lee.

Suddenly it became apparent that something had occurred to distract the attention of the grand stand from the game. There was a coolness in the air which could be felt, but not seen, and which spread itself in thick layers over the dispirited players, who visibly faltered, and lost enthusiasm.

First one lady glanced across, blushing furiously, and put up her fan, which being of the fashionable gauze, and quite transparent, she could see through perfectly.

All of the books referred to are kept on the shelves for reference only, and with the works previously there for that purpose, make a rich mine of knowledge to which all have free access. It has been the aim of chairman Ruel, while not neglecting more popular and lighter literature, to build little by little a solid foundation of works of permanent value.

The far end of the athletic ground, which is nearly a quarter of a mile from the grand stand, is separated by the high board fence which surrounds the enclosure, from the chocolate colored beach and pellucid waters of an estuary of the beautiful Petitedoac river, known as Robinson's creek; and up to that time remarkable only for its very strong aroma of salt—salt which had lost its savor, as it were, and was no longer valuable.

Never once did he lift his eyes to the grand stand from which he firmly believed himself invisible. He couldn't see the lower tier of seats so he felt certain none of the tiers could see him.

It is any wonder that three young ladies were carried out fainting and four had violent hysterics? That the Monctons lost four runs in succession and one of the Shamrocks broke his ankle, while the cause of all this confusion was peacefully drawing on his socks? No! and now for the first time the world knows why it was that the great league game ended in confusion and the score stood 7 to 3 in favor of the Shamrocks.

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Right out of civilized society! The world can have no use for a monstrosity. For such a psychological curiosity, afflicted with a classic inebriety. Sober and stately speech. None can impeach; But save us from such spasms Of wild enthusiasms.

Mr. Kinnear Won Second Prize. The Toronto Bicycle Club held its ninth annual tournament of races on Toronto's civic holiday, and on the Saturday evening previous to the event the club turned out in a novel lantern parade to advertise their races, when valuable prizes were offered to the best advertising wheel.

Mr. Kinnear, formerly of this city, whose machine was elaborately decorated with two large horse shoes. One of them, surrounding the rider, was strung underneath with a dozen or so of Chinese lanterns, and above with small flags. From the centre of this arose the second, which was illuminated in red and blue, (the club colors,) with the words "Toronto Bicycle Club's Ninth Annual Tournament."

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HOW THE GAME WAS WON.

The Attention of The Moncton Grand Stand was Divided by Another Attraction.

'Twas noon! high noon! To be literal it was between 3 and 4 o'clock on a blazing summer's day, and over the richly caparisoned grand stand of the Moncton athletic grounds, there brooded a solemn hush. The peacock blue plush cushions of the reserved seats had been turned over on their backs by the thoughtful caretaker of the grounds, a gentleman of mild and polished manners, but aggressive name—his name was Sherlock—and he feared lest the too ardent kisses of the sun fade the plush.

All was expectation. "Burns was at the bat" and each picturesquely ragged bag of sawdust at the three corners of the diamond, was decorated with a delicate foot, whose arched instep and aristocratic contour, the degage roominess of the base ball brogan, in vain essayed to hide. The coaches had yelled themselves into a momentary silence, brought on by lack of breath. The catcher of the Shamrocks was working his lips nervously, with an abstracted look in his eye, which told the initiated that he was engaged in a mental calculation as to whether he, or the valiant catcher of the St. Johns, was the nearest to the fifty dollars of the PROGRESS competition.

He learns the turns of Burns, And Keats repeats; Never is he tirin' of admirin' Byron; He can roar Moore; O you should hear your Tennyson from his wide mouth outroll'd; He holds some Wordsworth more than is the minted gold; Dryden he takes great pride in; He cannot open His lips, but out steps—Pope; Colinus, you may depend, He has at his tongue's end; The neighbors say he knows his Gray, And I would bet a fortune He understands his Wharton.

This Jock, By most of folks seen so lean and green, So little horse, so much ethereal, sense, He scarce has wit to mend his fence, You ought to hear him talk! He can tell 'e All about Shelley, And as for Coleridge, Scott and Rogers, Southey and Lamb, and all such coldgers, Hood and Hunt, He'll bear the brunt Of all examinations On their creations:

This Jock, That wise folks mock;— For, when they look, they see He has not properly Got on his sock, Or smock;— Swinburne, and London, too, He can go through; And ramble from page to page of Campbell; Browning he understands, off hands; Longfellow, Holmes, and Lowell, He certainly does know well; Upon his tongue the verse of Bryant Is pliant; And through his lips, aglow, The muse of Poe will flow; And he can repeat every bit, yer Whittier.

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POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

An Aspiration. For as many as are led by the spirit of God, they are the sons of God.—Rom. viii., 14. O God, inspire us from above, With warm desire, for works of love. Aid every act, bless every thought, Of willing service, humbly brought; Assist each effort of the heart, In striving for the better part, Let earnest prayer, like incense raise To Thee, with fervent love and praise. Prevent upon life's rugged way, Thou, the firm rock, the strength, the stay, Lead onward in the path of Grace Thy sons, to peace, in Heavenly place.

Owed to the Nine—A Primer Lesson in Rhyme. I. Jock Tended stock, And had a flock Of sheep to keep, from peep Of morn till evening's sun did shine; He loved his cattle and his woolly store; But ah! much more, As I opine, He loved the Nine; And he was poor, As poets are— For each one chooses The Muses Rather than coats and shoes-es.

All things go wrong, Save song; And save at rhymes, he sees hard times, (Dollars ignores, and scoffs at dimes); But he rehearse verses, And can, from morn till night, Recite, all right, The bard's, by yards; he can commence, sir, And go right through, Without ado, His Milton or his Spenser; In thick layers over the dispirited players, who visibly faltered, and lost enthusiasm. Why, they knew not; but somehow there was a crumpled roseleaf in their bed of roses, and it made things extremely uncomfortable. They cast anxious glances at the grand stand, and were more puzzled still, for the eyes of all those who occupied seats on the upper tiers were rivited in the one direction—quite over the players' heads.

He learns the turns of Burns, And Keats repeats; Never is he tirin' of admirin' Byron; He can roar Moore; O you should hear your Tennyson from his wide mouth outroll'd; He holds some Wordsworth more than is the minted gold; Dryden he takes great pride in; He cannot open His lips, but out steps—Pope; Colinus, you may depend, He has at his tongue's end; The neighbors say he knows his Gray, And I would bet a fortune He understands his Wharton.

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ABOUT ENGRAVING.

JUST a line about Engraving. It is a growing business. Ten years ago such a departure as illustrated catalogues or advertisements were the exception. Now they are the rule.

Every successful advertiser makes use of some Engravings to give his announcements variety. He must make them interesting and Illustrations are a means to that end.

We are in the way of getting them. We can get them for you at a reasonable price—sometimes so cheap that you will open your eyes with wonder, and occasionally, the price will startle you. That is your own fault. You always pay more for silk than you do for cotton. No need to tell you the difference between them, but there is even more difference between an ordinary Engraving—a reproduction, more properly—and one from a fine pen and ink drawing.

The latter means the time and skill of a trained artist, the former the work of a mere machine. All the difference in the world. Yet, the cheap Engravings are most used. For example, in many of the papers and magazines that you get you see an illustrated and catchy advertisement of some live man in the same business as yourself. You could use the same Engraving here if you could only get it.

Why not get it? Bring it to us and we can get it for a dollar or so—not under \$1.25, and if there are no alterations not often over \$2.50. We are talking now of single and double column Engravings.

We haven't the space or the time to tell you all about Engravings this week, but remember that the Exhibition is drawing near and if you think of doing good deal more trade then and a little Extra Advertising, it will pay you to see us about your Cuts.

Time is flying—and you have not too much of it. PROGRESS ENGRAVING BUREAU. HAVE YOU SEEN THE JAPS? IF NOT, GO AT ONCE TO ST. ANDREW'S RINK, and witness this most novel and unique display.

The Japanese Village! And its wealth of attractions is universally conceded to be Peerless in Art, Matchless in Mechanism, Magnificent in Ingenuity, Unrivaled in Instruction, Unequaled in Amusement.

THE PRESS ENDORSES. THE PULPIT APPROVES. [THE GREAT PUBLIC APPLAUD.] Ask anyone of the thousands who have seen it and the universal answer will be: "It is the best entertainment for a dime ever witnessed in St. John."

RECEPTIONS every Afternoon and Evening. Until further notice, From 7 to 5.30 p. m.; and 7 to 10 o'clock.

GRAND Stage Entertainment!

THE SHAFFERS! PUNCH AND JUDY!

10 CENTS ADMITS TO ALL!

Seats for Stage Entertainment, 5 cents. RUFUS SOMERBY, Manager.

UNION LINE.

ST. JOHN AND FREDERICTON. Commencing THURSDAY, April 26th, the splendid Steamer "DAVID WESTON" will leave St. John (Indiantown) for Fredericton, calling at all intermediate points, on TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY MORNINGS, at 9 o'clock, local time. Returning will leave Fredericton on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY MORNINGS at 8 o'clock. R. B. HUMPHREY 7-12-4

FOR SALE.

A NEW REMINGTON TYPE WRITER, No. 2, with all the very latest improvements, which has had scarcely a day's work done on it; can be bought for ten per cent. less than cost, on account of owner having no use for it. Address REMINGTONS, Drawer 15, City. 8-22-1.