

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, JAN. 17.

CIRCULATION, 9,000.

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

At some date in February (to be announced later) this paper will be enlarged to sixteen pages—double its present size. The subscription price will then be \$2 per annum; single copies five cents.

SUNDAY OBSERVANCE.

A discussion has already arisen whether the Columbian Exhibition shall be kept open on Sunday. Out of one hundred and nineteen Senators and Representatives, whose views on the question the New York Independent has obtained, twenty-four favor Sunday opening; nineteen think the art department might be opened a part of the time, and perhaps the rest of the exhibition if the machinery were allowed to stand idle; two think it should be open for religious exercises; six have no opinion to express, while sixty-eight want the exhibition closed.

ABOUT APPARITIONS.

Father IGNATIUS, the Anglican monk, has lately been making public some of his experiences in connection with certain alleged miraculous "appearances." The gist of his story is that a supernatural being has a habit of appearing in certain fields connected with the nursery of St. BENEDICT, and has been seen by numerous persons, including the reverend father himself.

ALFRED R. WALLACE, D. C. L., in the January Arena, also discusses the subject of apparitions, and he concludes that there is not a ghost of a doubt that the cases are "numerous and well tested." Dr. WALLACE lays much stress upon the conduct of animals, especially horses and dogs, when in the presence of apparitions.

be met by a sweeping denial. They cannot be explained away.

The difference between the appearance of the Virgin MARY in a burning bush to a choir boy at the nursery of St. BENEDICT, vouched for by Father IGNATIUS, and the phantasmal pony and rider, seen by General BARTEER, C. B., in India, which his dogs became so alarmed at that they ran home with frightened whinnings, is not in kind. The choir boy's evidence is no better than the dogs'.

What then! Shall we reject the whole business; the angels which appeared to the patriarchs of old; the ghost of SAUL which DAVID saw; the celestial visitants whose wondrous deeds the New Testament records; the innumerable instances which the records of the Roman Catholic church preserve; the scores of cases reported to the Society for Psychical Research, not to speak of the thousands of cases the believers in spiritualism tell about?

THE SIXTEEN PAGE "PROGRESS."

Many of our friends have asked us why it is necessary to enlarge PROGRESS to sixteen pages. They seem to think that twelve pages would answer our purpose and at the same time give them plenty to read.

We have always been frank with our readers, and, as yet, have no reason to regret it. The enlargement of PROGRESS has been forced upon us by the demands of both readers and advertisers: the former want more departments, and the latter more advertising space.

There are those, again, who would like even more than we do print about books and authors, while a collection of the best things in print would suit their views admirably. To go a little farther, very many of the people are lovers of fiction, and to them, a newspaper is not quite complete unless it contains a good continued or completed story. It may be that we already cater considerably to another class—the ladies—in our social feature, but we are quite confident that they would hail an illustrated fashion department with almost equal pleasure.

We have also to look after the interests of the busy man, and provide him with something that will amuse and entertain without effort. We refer to the reproduction of original and the best selected drawings that will represent the ridiculous side of life.

Other features that have been asked for and are under consideration, to which, perhaps, it would not be prudent to refer at this moment. The outline has been given, and, in due time, we will fill it in, shade it here and there, alter it, if necessary, until we get a paper that will suit the people and ourselves.

To do this we require sixteen pages—twice our present size and for sixteen pages we want two dollars a year or five cents a copy. We are giving all that we can for one dollar now, and using the fine paper that we do, printed as it is with the niceness and exactness of book work, it would be impossible to increase the size without raising the price. Our enlargement was not announced without the most careful consideration, and consultation with convenient friends and we have yet to find a person who thought that the change would be other than successful.

Every large city in Canada except St. John supports five cent papers. Halifax has two, one of them exceedingly prosperous and the other of recent origin, while Montreal and Toronto boast of at least a dozen. We believe that St. John and New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and P. E. Island—for this is PROGRESS' field—will give plenty of encouragement and patronage to our sixteen-page-five-cent-\$2-a-year paper.

The year that has just passed was marked in Canada for advancement in many things and surely journalistic enterprise and improvement must be regarded as one of them. While we cannot point to any one conspicuous example of this, still there can be no doubt of the general improvement in Canadian Journalism. With the exception of three or four magazines—save the mark!—which have recently sprung into notice through the questionable and, in some cases, fraudulent methods of "word contests" there has been little or no attempt to enter the field of monthly literature.

A little light has been thrown upon the scheme to found a new university chair in philosophy by a semi-official statement to the editor of this paper, that the funds for that purpose will come in part from private subscription, and in part from the alumni of the college. At the same time, we understand that, so far as the alumni association is concerned, it has no official knowledge of the new departure, which has not even been referred to the council of that body.

Those persons who are inclined to regard Count Tolstoi as a gifted ass, will find their opinions corroborated by a recent incident. The author of the Kreutzer Sonata recently had himself elected chief shepherd of the peasant community where he resides. Now the duty of the chief shepherd is to gather the sheep and take them to pasture; but Tolstoi likes to sleep late and so waited for the sheep to come to him. In consequence the peasants waited upon him and asked him to resign.

"A cock crow over yesterday's sunrise" is the characterization which MONCURE D. CONWAY gives in the last Arena to Robert Elmore. The witty journalist has not much sympathy with the role assumed by modern novelists of the female sex, an unsavory example of which is furnished in the latest contribution to literature, called, Is this your Son, My Lord, by HELEN GARDNER, and to which Mrs. HUMPHREY WARD'S book was also a contribution.

"The Simple Prince Edward Islanders." An interesting paragraph has been going the rounds of the American press, and has even found itself into that usually correct Canadian weekly, Saturday Night, which makes a woeful mix of maritime geography. It is good enough to read: The wife of Mr. George Kennan, the Siberian traveller, is a plump, pretty young woman, whose rosy beauty is a strong contrast to the pale, deep-eyed traveller, whose health has never recovered from the terrible days that he racked with fever in a Siberian hut.

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TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The Bijou still pursues the even term of its way and judging from the occasional glimpses I have of the audiences I should think the management finds the enterprise a paying one.

There has been nothing at the Institute this week but a recital on Thursday evening, given by Miss Sara J. Patten, the elocutionist, assisted by local instrumental and vocal talent. Miss Patten's work is the only part of the performance which comes within my province and I dare say the lady will not agree with me in my opinion.

I do not like Miss Patten's methods; her voice lacks flexibility and power; her gestures are weak and frequently ill-timed to suit the words they are supposed to illustrate; she has, however, youth and a pleasing personality in her favor, and I hope that when I next hear her, she will have improved her style.

Price Webber closed his Fredericton season last Saturday, playing to a house of between 400 and 500 people. Pretty good for the last night, and that Saturday, or, as Webber would put it, "not too dusty."

Webber has plenty of theatrical incidents to relate at all times, and he is an entertaining companion when off the stage. One of his latest happened in Fredericton. He sings a song in British Born which should have a piano accompaniment. There was a piano in the hall which had not been used by the company, and Webber asked for the use of it for five minutes or less.

This was reported to Webber, who took it very quietly, but upon ascertaining personally that there was no doubt of the owner's intention to charge one dollar for the instrument, he politely requested him to remove it from the hall, which was under lease to him! That was a trump card, and it cost the owner two dollars to take the piano out, and will cost him an equal sum to put it back again.

But there is an equally good one on the manager-actor, which he owes to an enterprising hotel man in Vermont. The company had had a good season, and were starting for the train, when their host threw open the cigar case, and remarking that there was nothing too good in the house for such a crowd, invited them to help themselves. "The best I've got is none too good for you, gentlemen," he repeated, as they hesitated.

"Here is a New Wrinkle." To the EDITOR OF PROGRESS: I see an inquiry in PROGRESS last Saturday about the value of return railway tickets on the C. P. R., and I notice that you seem to limit the time for which they are good. Is this correct? I thought a railway ticket was good so long as a road is in existence.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

In Affectionate Remembrance of Mrs. W. T. Mesbane. MARRIED, MAY 20, 1890. BURIED, DEC. 20, 1890. How little we know, in the glad bright spring, When life flows sweeter with every breath; What the winter snow to our hearts may bring, Of change or sorrow—of life or death!

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IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Since the Messiah came off there has hardly been anything worth speaking of, with the exception of the concert in the Y. M. C. A., Monday evening, and unfortunately I was unable to attend that, although I hear on all sides that the entertainment was a great success both musically and financially.

Tuesday evening the Girls' Friendly Society had a little social at which several ladies contributed solos. Mrs. W. H. Thorne and Mrs. B. Carré were, I believe, among those who sang.

In one of our city churches, some of the energetic people are trying to work up some concerts to be given for "sweet charity's sake" but I am not at liberty to say more on this subject at present.

The choir of St. John's church has commenced practice on Mr. Ford's new anthem, "Rock of Ages," so I presume we shall hear it sometime in the near future. By the way; where can that new organ for St. Andrew's Kirk be? One time one hears on good authority that he is on his way. Decidedly I begin to think that he is a myth, for he has had time to have been here and back two or three times since I first heard that he was coming.

Harrison's orchestra is again coming to the front, with the concert in Fredericton, and other engagements. Among them, Miss Sara Patton's recital, (which by the way comes off too late this week for me to notice) and their entertainment in the City hall, Carleton, on Monday night which I must try and get to.

In St. James' church there is great rejoicing over their new organ which is to be set up very soon, now, and is said to be a magnificent instrument. Mr. W. A. Ewing, the present organist, has, I believe, sent in his resignation, but I doubt whether the vestry and congregation will accept it.

The Young Women's Guild of Trinity church are thinking of giving a musical evening soon, but I think it will be confined strictly to members of the Guild.

The Old Musical Club meets next Tuesday evening at the residence of Mr. Forbes, Duke street, the programme will be miscellaneous.

Not having been able to attend the Oratorio practice last Monday, I have not heard what the receipts from the Messiah were, or whether they took up Roubert's Lay of the Bell or not. I was awfully disappointed when I found that the Elijah was not to be given, but I still hope that the board of management may see their way clear to have it some time soon.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

A Question for Some Lawyer. TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: Can you tell me whether a verbal will is legal? To explain more fully, is a will expressed and written out and undoubtedly the wish of the deceased, legal, if it is not properly signed and witnessed? I have argued the question with two or three friends several times, but as we cannot agree, will you tell us what you think about it.

"It Savors Strongly of Common Sense." TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: I am strongly of the opinion that what you say in your last issue in re money found in a store outside of the counters is correct. It may not be the law—but it savors very strongly of common sense.

Here is the Law on the Question. TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: In the last issue of your paper a legal question appeared which has led to much discussion here. For the satisfaction of your numerous readers, with your permission, I will briefly state what is generally conceded as the law on the point raised by your correspondence.

Brigides vs. Hawkesworth, a leading case decided in England some years ago, held that anything found in a position which indicates that it could not have been voluntarily placed there, but must have been unintentionally parted with, and so truly lost the moment it escaped the owner, it does not fall into the custody and possession of the occupant of the premises unless he first discovers it there.

It was about 10 o'clock that the people in the street began to notice that something was wrong. The small boys gathered below, and the remarks they made at the expense of the two jolly fellows on the scaffold would fill a column. "Come, put in a star," cried one. "That's it, make an eagle," said another. "Now paint a flag," said another. "Why don't you draw the President's picture?" yelled a third.

Another New Building. There is some talk of a new building being erected on Canterbury street on the Walker property. What shape the new structure will assume is not exactly decided, though the suggestion of a public hall which will accommodate from 800 to 1000 people seems to meet with favorable consideration.

The One Condition. "Gentlemen," said the Governor, who had been petitioned to extend executive clemency to a prisoner convicted of poisoning her husband, "I will pardon this woman, but only on one condition."

A Great Consumer. Johnnie—"Pa, what kind of ships require the most coal?" Pa—"With a meaning look at his grown up daughters"—"Courtships"—Ez.

By Way of Variation. A man with many colored stockings, a rifle, and a number of loxes hung on his back, who bore every evidence of being a sportsman from the ground up, attracted some attention from the unusually large crowd of longshoremen, who stood on the Water street is thickly populated on a fine day, and anything in the way of variety is always sure of being fully discussed.

Amherst and Truro letters arrived Friday morning, too late for insertion.

Fairy, Sussex.—Thanks for your trouble, but we have secured a regular correspondent, whose letter appears this week.

M. E. V.—Your poem is good in many respects, and we will print it when we can.

ANECDOTES FRANÇAIS.

Le salon de Mme. McLaren était plein de monde vendredi soir à l'occasion de la grande remise allemande-française qui a eu lieu ce soir-là. Les élèves allemands ont recité "Die Glocke" de Schiller et avec les petites brochures anglaises que Herr von Plassee avait fait imprimer pour ceux qui ne comprennent pas très bien l'allemand on a pu assez bien suivre la lecture de cette jolie oeuvre du grand poète allemand.

Après les recitations M. Prat a donné l'introduction au cours de la littérature française qu'on va continuer pendant l'hiver. M. Prat a cause de l'origine et du développement de la langue française jusqu'à un septième siècle, l'époque de la vraie naissance de cette langue.

Après le dîner, pour que nulle langue ne fut négligée, le professeur d'espagnol a donné une petite causerie en réclamant une place à côté de autres idiomes pour la langue de Cervantes, cette langue si douce et si belle. On n'a pas plaidé la cause de l'anglais qui nous semble si digne de considération. C'est en effet un peu difficile de concurrencer les Européens de la beauté de notre anglais.

On dit que le français est la plus douce la plus belle, et la plus polie de toutes les langues, qu'elle, et tout en manquant un peu, peut-être, de la douceur du français est beaucoup plus fort et vigoureux que celui-là-mais quand il s'agit de l'anglais c'est toujours la même chose—la difficulté de prononciation.

On ne faut nous pardonner un peu ce grave défaut, que nous regrettons beaucoup, et nous accordons la distinction que nous aimons tant à réclamer, de posséder une langue à la fois latine et allemande on devrait logiquement trouver les belles qualités du français et de l'allemand.

Un chose à regretter, si elle est vraie. On dit que Herr von Plassee va quitter St. John qu'il s'en va à Montréal. Il est à souhaiter que cela n'arrive pas, car ce monsieur serait bien regrettable; il travaillait toujours pour ses élèves et ne se souciait jamais devant des efforts inouïs pour rendre les réunions les plus profitables et les plus agréables possible.

Reponse à l'enigme donnée la semaine passée. Un soupir vient souvent d'un souvenir.

La prochaine réunion aura lieu vendredi le 23 Janvier, chez Mme. J. Cowan, 119 Rue Hazen.

PROGRESSIVE DRUNKENNESS

Illustrated by the Work of Two Painters on the Front of a Brick Building.

There was quite an odd spectacle the other day in front of a large business block in course of repair. The front wall was of brick, and had been freshly painted, but the "tuck pointing" or outlining of the bricks with white paint still remained to be done.

All went well for a time, and the outlines of the bricks were true, but as the men lowered the scaffold to the fourth story one of them proposed having a little refreshment. Of course no objections were raised by his companion, and he shortly returned with a large pail of beer, which was soon emptied, and work was resumed, this time a little more joyously than before.

"What's the matter with making these bricks so small? I say, let's make 'em bigger," one fellow remarked to the other, and, suiting the action to the words, he lined out a number of bricks the size of paving blocks. This excited the rivalry of his companion, and in a short time the facade at the fourth story began to look as if it had been rented by a dry goods merchant to advertise plaid dress goods, large, small, and broken. At the third floor more beer was consumed by the pair, and the bricks began to assume fantastic shapes.

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The men, however went on undaunted, making lines and curves as if their lives depended on it, crawling along the scaffold, which was suspended at a dangerous angle. At 11 o'clock the contractor appeared and ordered the men to stop that crazy work and come in, or he would have them arrested. It was none too soon, either, for with the disappearance of the fifth pail of beer the outlines on the wall had assumed very grotesque shapes, and there were no two bricks on the whole facade below the top floor of uniform size. The effect was ridiculous, and the bricks looked as much intoxicated as the men who had executed them.

As the two painters were taken in hand by the contractor one of the spectators was heard to say: "By Jove! I'd rather have lost \$100 than to have missed that."—Washington Post.

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Advertise in "Progress." It pays.