

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday...

Subscription price of Progress is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

Advertisements.—Except in very few localities which are time reached, Progress will be stopped at the time paid for.

All letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply.

Copies of this paper is over 9,000 circulation, is double that of any daily in the Maritime provinces...

CIRCULATION, - - 9,400 ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 27.

WHAT IS COMING?

When so orthodox a publication as the New York Independent publishes a contributor to say: "A doctrine constructed on the metaphysical doctrine of pre-ordained decrees, or on the absolute sovereignty of God, is out of date. It has done good service in the nineteenth century, but does not satisfy the wants of the nineteenth. Every age must produce its own theology," we are justified in looking for the deluge.

There is another exception to the law, but it is in the nature of the little boy's illustration above given.

A good story is told by President Harrison. On his recent tour the train was side-tracked for an hour or two.

Speaking of royalties and that sort of thing, what a sensation it must have created when Sir EDWARD CLARKE said on the baccarat table that if Sir WILLIAM GORDON CUMMINGS name was stricken from the army roll, that of the Prince of Wales could not be retained.

for the future, for he says:—"The theology of the future will be a theology of love, and as God's love, and as God's love, and as God's justice. Such a theology will give new life to the church and prepare the way for the reunion of Christendom."

MEN AND THINGS.

A little chap, asked to cite an instance to prove that cold contracted while heat expanded substances, replied: "The days are shortest in winter."

Probably no other law is more general than this: heat expands, cold contracts. Yet it there is at least one exception of such tremendous consequence, that the present condition of the earth largely depends upon it.

Water is nature's common carrier, moving everything from the great icebergs which plough the ocean, to the delicate coloring matter which shades the pansy blossom.

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The president appears better in this story than the young German kaiser does in the last anecdote told about him.

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A story is told of a French constable who arrested a would-be suicide, exclaiming as he did so: "Do you not know that the punishment for the crime you would commit is death?" To which rather as-

tounding statement the offender replied that he did not, but as it was his first offence he trusted the officer would not prosecute.

THE NEW GOSPEL.

The moderator of the general assembly of the presbyterian church, which met in Detroit during the last week in May, opened the deliberations of that body by a sermon on the salvation of the world.

Another queer customer who lived in the district—and still resides there—was Hannibal Johnson.

One of the meanest men in the village was old Belordy Brown. He could hardly utter a sentence without using the term "Belordy."

The Methodist preacher on the circuit had two fair daughters, whose playful tricks assisted much to lighten the lump of life.

"BUT WHAT ABOUT THE EARLY WORM," The early bird had scooped the worm.

Have worms no right except to make the earth for their early breakfast?

I cannot refrain from giving you a few stories of children. What a volume could be written of their naughtiness!

Little Gerry had come to visit grandpa, and had been in the light of the sun to him for the past few weeks.

Fred was a very small boy, of whom truth compels the admission that one of the main joys of his life consisted in making the room of the table after the dinner was through and removing, after the manner of the Jews who fought under Goliath, the remains of his victor as trophies.

A Busy, Thinking Millionaire. The tall, straight figure and rugged features of Alexander Gibson always attract attention when he passes through the railway train.

Nothing the Matter With This Sentence. There are those among the skeptical part of humanity who laugh at the tender susceptibility of the heart and will not acknowledge the existence of a purer and softer phase in man's inward life.

SOME FUNNY STORIES.

"Bildad" Was a Few Specimens of Rustic Humor. Truth is stranger than fiction. It is also funnier than fiction.

Every locality has its peculiar characters, and its own tales and traditions of humor. I have in mind a locality on the Nashwaak, of whose current humor I propose to give a few specimens.

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CHARLOTTETOWN.

[Progress is for sale in Charlottetown at T. L. Chappelle's bookstore and at R. Gray's.]

Mr. Peter Doyle, of Halifax is in the city. A very fair audience, including many of the elite of the city, greeted the Redpath concert company in the Lyceum Monday evening.

Mr. E. Yates, of Halifax, is registered at Hotel Davies.

Mr. James Clow, of Murray Harbour, is in the city. "Honor Bright" thinks lawn tennis is on the wane.

The first Methodist church was the scene of a happy event at an early hour this morning.

The Rev. Mr. Reid, of this city, left this morning for St. Stephen.

CAMPBELLTON.

[Progress is for sale in Campbellton at the store of J. A. Alexander, wholesale and retail dealer in dry goods, groceries, boots and shoes, hardware, school books, stationery, furniture, carriages and machinery.]

The Rev. G. M. Campbell, of Moncton, preached an able sermon to the masses of (of which order Mr. Campbell is grand chaplain) in the Methodist church, on Sunday night.

Mr. Geo. W. Coaker, of Amherst, N. S., is in town in the interest of his firm.

[Progress is for sale by A. C. Beryman, PARRBORO, bookstore.]

Mr. Harry Woodworth is at home from college, spending the vacation.

Mr. R. S. Gibbons went to Amherst on Monday last.

Mr. Tarra of England has been in town a day or two with Mr. George McKen of St. John.

[Progress is for sale in St. George at T. O'Brien's store.]

Mr. K. T. Wetmore arrived home last night from a trip to Annapolis county, Md.

Miss Estelle McLean, Le Tete, was here last week visiting her sister, Mrs. R. A. Parks.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

Fluid. 'Im nag fly have a greedy smile, When 'im heard 'im donkey snore, An' 'im footed 'im amilieu,

Epilogue. An' 'im fluid ran a pour, An' 'im fluid ran a pour,

Psalm iv. 4. Dear Lord, I would reve thy holy name, And fear, Thee to offend, by word, in thought,

The Sweet Girl-Graduate. A fair rose blooming in the month of June, Bowered in a sheltered spot, with tender care,

A Possible Explanation. TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: On page 14 of last PROGRESS (20th inst.), I find the following among "Things Worth Knowing":

The 21st. The Wesleyans in the English army number 19,218. The church membership 1,322.

[This is so much at variance with what I have just seen in an English church paper that I cut out the article, which reads as follows:]

From a census taken of the British army totaling at home on the first day of this year, out of a total of 109,154 regular soldiers, no fewer than 79,000 are set down as belonging to the Church of England; 7,424 as Presbyterians; 5,219 as Wesleyans; 1,722 as of other denominations; 16,653 as Roman Catholics, and 59 as Unitarians.

[It is quite possible that the paragraph printed in PROGRESS (also from a reliable old country paper) referred to all the army of Great Britain and not merely those "at home." There might be 19,218 "dear Wesleyans and only 1,322 members of that church.—ED. PROGRESS.]

"Progress" New Office. The carpenters and painters have about completed their work, and PROGRESS' new business offices will be occupied the first of next week.

Where the People Go. Standing room at a Premium on the ferry boat Sunday afternoon, and the town was deserted.

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