

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from the Masonic Building, 88 Germain street, St. John, N. B.

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

General Subscriptions.—At least one clear week is required by us, after receiving your subscription, to change the date of expiration, which appears opposite your name on the paper.

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The circulation of this paper is over 10,000 copies, is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

Copies can be purchased at every known news stand in New Brunswick, and in every many of the cities, towns, and villages of Nova Scotia and P. E. Island every Saturday for Five Cents each.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

CIRCULATION, - - 10,550

HALIFAX BRANCH OFFICE: KNOWLES BUILDING, Cor. GRANVILLE and GEORGE STREETS.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOV. 28.

A GROSS OUTRAGE.

There is something startling in the facts recorded on another page; that a person can be imprisoned in this city of ours and kept in prison for fourteen days without a particle of authority, without a show of reason.

Surely there is something wrong with a system or a lack of system which will permit such an outrage as this.

The fact that the sufferer was a colored boy makes no difference. Without a doubt the lad's color made the police officer less anxious to question his proceeding, but police officers should be taught that in Canada colored people have the same rights as white people, and that the same law applies to all.

We have pointed out the possibility of such an occurrence before. In the remarkable articles which appeared in this paper exposing the jail, its system, uncleanliness, and its mismanagement, attention was strongly directed to the fact that men were handed over to the jailer without a scrap of paper to show from whence they came or how long they were to remain.

The commitment might follow when it was convenient for the court and it might not. In the case of BUSHAN no commitment came for two weeks and only the boys anxious questions induced the one jailer who has any heart to inquire how long the lad had to serve.

What can we think about it? What can we think of the efforts to hush the matter up? Why did the court refuse to listen to the demands of the father, with a full knowledge of the circumstances and then turn the line through Mr. CARLETON?

While it is quite true that the fine was refunded, who is going to recompense BUSHAN's parents for their anxiety? That they were anxious—exceedingly anxious—is evident from the inquiries after their boy, from the journey of his mother to another city to search for him.

They are poor people, who cannot afford such expense. Every cent spent in their search should be refunded them by the men who made the inexcusable blunder.

And the police magistrate should see to it that no man goes to jail in future from his court without an order to the jailer.

ABOUT NAMES.

"That which we call a rose, by any other name would smell as sweet," the poet tells us, and no doubt it is so in the case of roses and some other things; but the rule is far from invariable.

CHARLES F. BROWN and SAMUEL L. CLEMENTS are both good names, but it is ARTEMUS WARD and MARK TWAIN who are famous. SHAW seems to be a reasonably good patronymic, but JOSH BILLINGS did not think it good enough.

Even CHARLES DICKENS gained the ear of the public as "Boz." There is much in the old latin maxim, Omne ignotum pro magnifico.

Two celebrated letters of JUNIUS acquire much of their interest from the fact that they were anonymous. EDGAR WILSON NYE is a good name; but it would take a little off the point of BILL NYE's letters if he signed them that way.

RIDER HAGGARD and RUDYARD KIPING achieved fame at their christenings. A good deal of sense may be shown in naming children, newspapers, cities, horses, and other things—likewise a good deal of nonsense. It is useless to attempt to convince a young married pair that any name can be too fine for their

first baby. As there never was such a baby, it follows that humanity has never devised a name fit for it, and so we suppose it will be to the end of the chapter.

Ex-president CLEVELAND and wife have decided to call their baby RUTH, and in so doing have set a conspicuous example of good taste, which will doubtless be extensively imitated.

Sometimes a man rises superior to his name. ULYSSES is a terrible thing with which to burden a boy, but General GRANT managed to get to the front with it.

Justice LAMAR, of the United States supreme court, succeeded in struggling to a very honorable position notwithstanding he is called LUCIUS QUINTUS CINCINNATUS.

In the names of cities, towns and villages, wretched judgment is often displayed. It is of course impossible in many cases to preserve the aboriginal names of places, for these in many cases are too cumbersome for ordinary use, but whenever they can be they ought to be employed, and new names when selected ought to be chosen with the view of indicating some of the natural features of the locality.

It is strange that in as young a country as this, the origin of some names, not aboriginal, should be unknown. An instance is that of the Tobique river. This is not Indian. The Indian name for the river is Nah-goot-cook.

The Indians themselves say that Tobique is a French word, but nobody knows what it originally was. Then we have the Bumfrun. What is the origin of this? Is it Bois franc, or Beau front or neither? Pokiok, or as the Indians pronounce it "Paugh-key-ock," with no accent on either syllable, is a good name.

It means the cleft rock. Every one who understands French can translate "Rapide des Femmes," but who knows the story from which the name is derived? Whence came the name "The Mistake?"

"Push and be d—d," is the name borne by a stiff piece of water in two rivers, the Miramichi and the Tobique. Who knows the story whence it comes? We all know that mahogany means Manawagonish, but what does that mean? Why should the river which curves by the ambitious city of Moncton be called the Petit codiac? Where is or was the Grand-codiac, and what is a codiac anyway? Are Codiac and Quoddy and Acadie synonymous and do they all, as Professor HYDE suggested, mean codfish? What is a Manan, that the iron-bound island should be Grand Manan? What is a Kedgewick, that there should be a Quatawam Kedgewick and a Mattawam Kedgewick, and what is a Mattawam, that it should be preserved in Mattawamkeag? Somebody may have answers ready to all these questions, and if so, the public would read them with very much interest.

TO THE GIRLS.

The other day, out in Oregon, when the minister officiating at a wedding asked the usual question as to just cause and impediment, a young man stepped forward and forbade the bans. Though in a state of pitiable embarrassment and excitement he managed to say that he wanted to see the bride alone.

He was told that this could not be, and when pressed to give his reasons for such a request, said that he loved her, but had never been able to get up enough courage to ask her to have him. His long delayed confession came too late: he was removed from the church and the ceremony went on. This is not half as funny as it seems at first sight.

It is full of pathos and has just a little touch of tragedy. We were all young once; yes, and thank God, though our heads may be grayer than we care to admit, many of us who have passed the half way house are young yet in heart, and we can all, if we only make the effort, get ourselves in that Oregon youth's place.

Young ladies, do you know that there are young men to whom you are not a little lower but a great deal higher than the angels? Do you know that there are young men who believe you are as sweet, as innocent, as pure, as unselfish as you look—young men with brave hearts, strong hands and vigorous brains—young men who would ask nothing better than to shield you all down life's pathway from the rude blasts of adversity; to bear your griefs and your anxieties, and be content with very little in return.

Young ladies, or girls, rather—that is the better term—don't think any the less of a man because he is timid or awkward in your presence. JOHN MAYNARD, who held the burning vessel's head against the shore until the last man on board except himself was rescued and then fell lifeless, was an awkward fellow. When the captain cried out, "Can you hold on another minute, JOHN?" the answer simply was, "Ay—ay, sir." Not much of a speech, was it; but how many could have said it? There was more genuine eloquence in it than in the greatest speech of DEMOSTHENES.

There are plenty of heroes in common life, of whose heroism the world and they themselves are equally unconscious. And what PROGRESS wants to say to its young lady readers is not to forget this fact, and it wants to urge upon them a high ideal of life, to impress upon them that they may be all that the young men we spoke about a few moments ago think they are. Purity, honor, kindness of heart—these graces are not incompatible with beauty, whole-hearted enjoyment, and the fullest appreciation of everything that is

elegant and delightful. "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof," said the psalmist. Do not forget the fullness is his. Everything when rightly employed will contribute to your happiness. Live full well-rounded lives and do not forget that His best men put women upon a pretty high plain. The fellow who affects to despise the fair sex, as unworthy of serious thought or confident trust, is either a fool or he has been brought up in bad company.

MEN AND THINGS.

It is said that if the Canadian Pacific railway uses all the cars it owns, can build or can borrow, it cannot move the surplus wheat out of the Canadian northwest before next summer. We have a magnificent country between the mountains and the great lakes.

We have also a great heritage in British Columbia. The traveller over the C.P.R. sees little except mountains and furious rivers, but between the railway and the international boundary or a region which one day will be filled with a prosperous population. Here are rich iron valleys, great table lands where millions of cattle might graze. Vast forests of the finest timber in the world and untold wealth in mines. Don't make any mistake about British Columbia. As the slang phrase has it, she "is in it" up to the hilt.

But speaking of the ride through the mountains, it would be a great thing if every Canadian could take it. All other mountain scenery in the world must yield to this in magnificence. It haunts the memory like a weird dream. Wonderful vistas of snow-clad peaks, deep ravines that seem unapproachable, precipices which appear ready to plunge into the abysses at their feet, and through all the mighty aggregation the railway winding, here leaping across a river bed, here clinging to the side of a perpendicular rock, here dashing through tunnel after tunnel, here following some green valley hemmed in by towering mountains. And this not for an hour or two, but for two whole days of rapid travel.

Canada has a neighbor that is worth cultivating, namely the Sandwich Islands. They present an inviting field for investment. Likewise an inviting field for a smart young man. And this is why.

The future Queen of Hawaii is a young girl with an English father and a mother descended from the King of the Cannibal Islands. She is well educated, pretty, amiable and unmarried. Now, is there no ambitious youth in Canada who can annex that girl, and with her the island kingdom to Canada? We want that country as a stepping stone to Australia and China. Uncle SAM is on the look out for it; but the way to get it is for some fellow to marry the girl.

Speaking of matrimony, it is refreshing to know that the Prince of Wales' oldest son declines absolutely to marry, because he cannot have the girl he loves, and he cannot have her because she is not of royal lineage. Good for "collars and cuffs." If he is not much of a fellow, his conduct in this matter will strike a responsive chord in a good many hearts. "All the world loves a lover," so the old saw has it, and a royal lover who is true to the girl of his choice and remains single for her sake, will make many friends, even if he is never likely to set the Thames on fire.

Will he ever be king? There are people who wonder if his father ever will be, but there is not much doubt about that, if he survives his mother; but if Albert Edward lives to be an old man, will England take another king after him? We are inclined to think that she will. The crowned republic is too much of a success to render a change very probable in the near future.

PERTINENT AND PERSONAL.

An old subscriber of PROGRESS and an old resident of this city, Mr. J. Munro of Brooklyn, was at the Dufferin this week on his annual trip, renewing old acquaintances and making new friends.

Capt. A. W. Masters found his way to Progress office a few days ago, after an unusually long absence from St. John. Life insurance in Nova Scotia must be more profitable than in New Brunswick, for Yarmouth claims the Equitable "Special" now.

Mr. McDade, "Special" of the Mutual is in Halifax again, as the readers of PROGRESS know. His friends in New Brunswick will realize the effect of his comforting and persuasive eloquence when they learn of the extent of his business in Scotia's capital.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

A Memory.

As softly fall a mother's words upon The evening air when lullabies are heard, And thro' the gloaming comes the scarce-breathed word

The lover speaks,—e'en so the soft moon shone, And silver-limbed the flowing stream that on Its babbling course sped glad, like to a bird

That in its care-free flight soars on, unstirred By means that rend the heart when hope is gone.

The swayed gleams bright-gemmed the emerald tree That swayed their jeweled pendulous tops and fro, As softly sighed the wak'ning vernal breeze

In hark-like cadences as soft and low As tho' a fairy band sang in weird keys The eerie notes of elfin jubilees.

CASEY TAP.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT INDEED.

A Suggestion of "Progress" That Hundreds Should Adopt.

Among the letters that reached PROGRESS this week was one from Savannah, Georgia, renewing a subscription and ordering a Webster's Dictionary sent by express. This is about equal to the Missoula, Montana, order. Six of the books went to Halifax one day last week, and a gentleman writes from Canterbury: "I hope you still have the dictionary, did not see the ad. last week." All these things go to prove how the book is appreciated.

Every day some person expresses surprise that such a book can be sold with a \$2 paper for \$3.75.

What better Christmas present could there be than this book and a subscription to PROGRESS? So many people are getting in the way of remembering absent friends by sending them PROGRESS that it would be an easy method to get the books themselves and at the same time make some old friend remember them pleasantly the 52 weeks of 1892.

To every person who makes such a present, PROGRESS offers an additional inducement; they can get the dictionary themselves and have the paper sent to their absent friend until Dec. 31, 1892, over 13 months for \$3.75.

The advantages of having the paper sent from this office are too many to be overlooked. The paper goes regularly and is not forgotten one week out of three; it goes Friday night and reaches Boston and Montreal Saturday night in time for Sunday reading, and Toronto and New York, Chicago, and even farther west Monday morning. The news is fresh and is much more appreciated; and the people who are looking and longing for news from home know just when to expect it.

Mr. C. H. Lugin who used to poke a good deal of fun at the publisher for the copious correspondence, when in this province, has changed his mind since he went west. Here is what he says:

MY DEAR CARTER: I have just finished reading PROGRESS and I want to give you a little of what the patent medicine people call "unsolicited testimony" only this is the genuine article. As you are well aware when in New Brunswick I took very little stock in your society columns; but here I read them from beginning to end and find in them the most interesting of all the news that the eastern papers contain. They seem to keep one in touch with one's friends. Let me say a word in the interest of hundreds of others who like myself do not wish to forget those left behind, that their friends at home cannot do them a more welcome service than send them your paper.

Faithfully yours, CHAS. H. LUGRIN, Seattle, 11th July, 1891.

There is hardly a reader of PROGRESS who has not some one to think about away from home—some one who would be pleased beyond measure at being remembered at this season. There are some who send as many as six copies away as regularly as the paper is published. In too many cases they buy the paper, first paying \$2.60 for it by the single copy, pay \$1.04 postage, when they might subscribe and save \$1.64 and all the trouble every week.

AN IMPERIAL FESTIVAL.

Canada Should be Represented by the Great National Game.

Sir J. Astley-Cooper has written a long letter to the London Times proposing a scheme for a periodical festival, or contest of industry, athletics and culture, and a sort of industrial exhibition. Around it will cluster competitions for scholarships and scientific, commercial and industrial conferences. Scholarships in science, art, literature and technical education will be open to every student throughout the empire.

One part of the scheme attracting great interest throughout the colonies is the "athletic" part. The athletic contests are to be in a sort of revival of the Greek Olympic and Isthmian games, and is to consist of running, rowing and cricket. It is proposed that there be preliminary contests in each colony so that the teams selected would be strictly representative.

The month of June, is the date proposed and the place in or near London. The prizes for the victors in this Imperial Athletic Contest will be some symbolic trophy which would be likely to be highly treasured. It is also suggested that carefully selected bodies of men representing the military and naval resources of the empire might be brought from all parts by the war office transport service.

There would also be, as an integral part of the plan, a festival day on which the prizes would be given, to be held as a holiday. A pageant through the streets on which India and the east could play a conspicuous part, might be held, also a thanksgiving service. Many leading colonial statesmen and Englishmen specially interested in the colonies have expressed their approval of the idea, and after parliamentary recess writes Sir Astley-Cooper the scheme, will at the wish of the Prince of Wales, come before the consideration of a powerful committee in London representing the empire. The promoter believes that the future relationship of the different portions of the empire rests chiefly with the young men of the empire, and he thinks that nothing could be more popular or more certain to attract attention than a contest of the kind he proposes. Canadians would no doubt show well to the fore in rowing and running, but as to cricket, that part of the programme would be a warm contest between Great Britain and Australia.

It is a well known fact that anything the Prince of Wales gives his patronage to is generally a success, and it is to be hoped this will not prove to be an exception.

Could not some of our lacrosse cranks induce the promoters of this fête to include the Canadian National game in the athletic contests. Cricket and lacrosse are the two great colonial games, the former in Australia, and the latter in Canada, and if the affair takes at all, there should not be much difficulty in sending over a good lacrosse team selected from among the runners and volunteers.

C. FLOOD & SONS

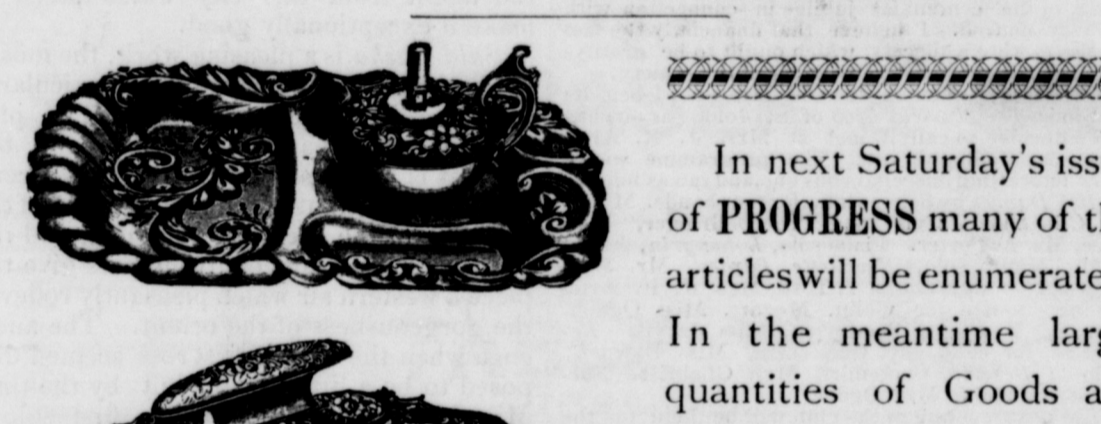
Have, this year, a Larger and more Beautiful assortment of



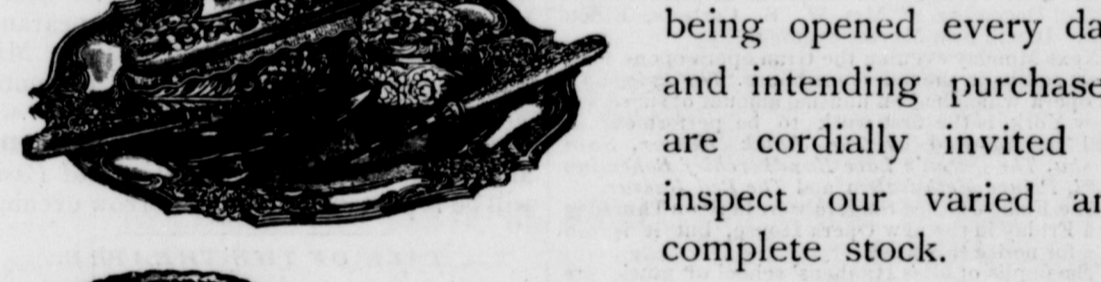
HOLIDAY GOODS



than they have ever before shown the public.



In next Saturday's issue of PROGRESS many of the articles will be enumerated. In the meantime large quantities of Goods are being opened every day, and intending purchasers are cordially invited to inspect our varied and complete stock.



C. FLOOD & SONS, KING STREET.

A Life of Dr. Botsford.

Miss Frances E. Murray has issued a prospectus of the life of Dr. Botsford—a work which will be published by McMillans early in January. Some of the chapter headings of the work are as follows, and they give an excellent idea of its scope:

Early Home. Parentage. Youth. First Religious Impressions. College Life. Marriage. Country Practice at Woodstock.

Professional Life in St. John. Religious Opinions. Religious Writings. Political Opinions. Hospital Work. The First Holiday. The Natural History Society.

Judge Botsford's Death. The Canadian Medical Association. His Long Illness. The "Great Fire." A Trip to the South. Mrs. Botsford's Death. California. The Yosemite Valley. The Last Year. His Death.

The book will contain 250 pages with an engraving of Dr. Botsford, a view of the "Old Colonial Home" where he was born, and other illustrations. The man was too closely identified with the city and its institutions for those who knew him and the citizens generally not to feel a keen interest in the book.

Journalism and Privacy.

At a meeting of the Nineteenth Century club St. Clair McKelway, L.L. D., editor of the Brooklyn Eagle, had the following to say about "Journalism and the Right to Privacy."

"The complaint is made that journalism invades the right to privacy. The primary rights of man have been summed up as life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. With them the right to privacy is certainly included."

Mr. McKelway went on to say that at many of the times when privacy appeared to be invaded it was a real benefit to the people, and he cited the exposure of Tweed, Flack and others to prove this.

"There is much criticism of the press which is unjust," he said, "People blame the daily papers for printing so much personal news. I do not think there should be so much of it myself. But people demand it, and the mail of every newspaper is fairly loaded down with invitations to weddings, receptions, etc., and thousands of people beg editors to send them reporters in order that their rights may be protected."

The speaker touched upon the rules of secret government and the aid to the public good given by the light of the press. "Collusion, conspiracy, perjury, false personation, are all too easy and too frequent. The public has a right to the intervention of the press in all the acts done by its servants," he said. "For the abuse of its right the press is responsible; it suffers in damages; it loses in repute; it lessens its influence when it transcends its privileges."

A Yarn About Chas. A. Dana.

Late one night, when Amos Cummings was managing editor of the Sun, he was getting ready to make up the different pages, when in walked Mr. Dana, remarking:

"This is the address which Mr. William E. Dodge delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association tonight. In some sort I gave Mr. Dodge's friends to understand that the address would appear in tomorrow morning's Sun."

"Mr. Dana, we are pretty full tonight," said Cummings, "and we have some important matter coming in on the wire."

"Well, Amos," said Mr. Dana, "how much do you think this address of Mr. Dodge's will make?"

"About three columns and a half," he replied.

"But I have, in effect, given my promise, and I hate to disappoint these gentlemen."

"Well, of course, Mr. Dana," said Cummings, "if you write 'most' on it, it will go, no matter what we leave out."

"What will you probably leave out?" Dana asked.

"For one thing, sir, we have a very clever account of a dog fight, and that, of course, we must sacrifice."

"Well," returned Dana, with one of his peculiar smiles, "if that's the case, Amos, kill Dodge."

That was Mr. Dana's idea of news.—Argonaut.

Telegraphic Codes.

Ever since submarine telegraphy became an established means of communication much ingenuity has been expended on the compilation of codes, partly for secrecy, but principally to abbreviate the messages and save money in rates. To such a fine point has codifying been brought in this latter direction that the telegraph companies are at their wits' end to maintain proper equilibrium between the number of messages sent and the number of words transmitted; in other words, between the volume of actual business and the amount of revenue. All large commercial houses now use complicated codes, in which a single word of ten letters represents a sentence of ten, fifteen or twenty words.—Electricity.

But He Can't Advertise.

A physician sits in his office chair, And there broods on his face a look of care While he groans and wails and tears at his hair. "Alas! and alas! and alack!" he cries; "Surely fortune and fame would both arise If Old Ethics would let me advertise."