

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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THE SHERIFF'S RESPONSIBILITY.

PROGRESS' exposure of the fearful condition of the jail seems to have stirred up the authorities. The movement of the Board of Health was noted last week and one of the results of that movement and the confirmatory report of their inspection was the meeting of the Municipal building board.

The truth of our assertions regarding the condition of the jail having been proven beyond the shadow of a doubt the question naturally arises, who is responsible for all the foulness that exists in this public institution? The reply can very properly be made that the man who has charge of the building is responsible for its condition, but as he is not in any degree answerable to the county and the people the blame can only attach to the man appointed by the government as sheriff of the county.

There can be but one answer—the sheriff and the municipal council should make a note of the fact.

THE REALM OF THE UNKNOWN.

There is at Hartford, Connecticut, a collection of fossils in readiness to be forwarded to the United States National Museum at Washington. One part of the collection is devoted to the fossils of the Reptile Age, to use a name which geologists have abandoned, but one which, in a popular sense, describe the period to which these remains are assigned.

There are people who do not approve of jokes of any kind—also who do not approve of singing songs. The latter sing hymns. Possibly the atrocious way in which they render hymns is pardoned by retributive justice, because of the intention of the criminals. The whole community would rise en masse and slay them if they murdered secular music in the same manner.

plan to think about these things occasionally; just to get an inkling of how little we know. Our knowledge is only as a drop in comparison with the ocean of the unknown that lies around us, and touches us at almost every point. From the standpoint of infinite wisdom the extent of knowledge possessed by an oyster and that acquired by the astronomer royal must appear about the same.

Curious is it not how our thoughts run in circles. The "king is no subject" was the first observation in this series of paragraphs, and here we are back to kings and their subjects. Perhaps you think this only happened so; but you have the word of one who has written a great deal, that this revolving of ideas is a very common thing, and when its circuit has been completed, it is as well to lay down the pen for a while.

MEN AND THINGS.

Many persons despise a pun, or say they do. Such persons usually could not make a pun, if they were to be hanged in case of failure. To make a good pun requires quickness of thought, a discriminating ear, and not a little ready ingenuity. The perfect pun is more than a mere play upon words.

FUTURE LIFE.

There is something inexpressibly touching in the return of GLADSTONE to political life from his own sick room and the death bed of his son. The grand old man was never grander than in his letter to his political friends in explanation of his absence from a political meeting.

Don't make the mistake of thinking that I object to horse racing on the ground of cruelty to animals, remarked a certain worthy Methodist clergyman. "Professing christians would do well to take pattern from horse trainers in the care they bestow upon their animals."

The young emperor of Germany is understood to favor duelling. Being safe from challenge himself, he can afford to preach the gospel of satisfaction without perilling his own skin.

The boy king of Spain sat for his portrait the other day. He asked the artist to paint him "big with a long moustache." It is to be hoped he will get over the idea of wanting to appear bigger than he is.

The remark is a hackneyed one, but it is none the less true, that one may search a long distance and not find a more beautiful region than that traversed by the St. John river. Whether the rugged shores near its mouth, the magnificent water stretches and picturesque hills of its lower course, the wide intervals and islands which characterize it further up, the broken scenery between Fredericton and Woodstock, the winding valley with cultivated slopes on either side which are found between Woodstock and Andover, the wild and rugged beauty of its course from Andover upwards, culminating in the magnificence of the Grand Falls, the quaint pastoral beauty of the Madawaska country, the forest clad shores and white capped rapids of its upper course—

A SAFE STANDARD.

We like other people to be virtuous. Sin when committed by our neighbor is heinous. We ourselves rarely do more than fall into indiscreet conduct. Occasionally we admit having done wrong; but that is when we feel tolerably sure of being found out.

Few places surpass St. Andrews for beauty of situation. The view from Chamcook mountain is perhaps the finest water view in Canada, and the approach to the town from the bay is very beautiful. The Bay Chaleur presents a series of striking landscapes. The sail from Dalhousie down along the Bonaventure shore and out to Gaspé, though not strictly New Brunswick scenery may be treated as forming a part of what we have to offer in the way of attractions to tourists.

Our forests, by the variety of their foliage, lend themselves in a high degree to the beautifying of the landscape. The different shades of green, from the smoke color of the fir to the bright tint of the ash and silver stem of the poplars, are a conspicuous element of beauty.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE.

Left-Over Stock of the Great Unknown To be Disposed of at 10c. on the Dollar.

PERTINENT AND PERSONAL.

Mr. Frank M. Salter of Brooklyn has many friends in this province who are always pleased to learn from him in any shape. In a note to PROGRESS subscription department, he says that after living 30 years in Brooklyn he has moved to Mount Vernon, N. Y.,—no doubt for the good of himself and his business.

lemen of the clergy, here is a representative of a class that you rarely touch in your preaching. You may ask why they should find any difficulty in accepting what so strong a mind as GLADSTONE'S takes without question. The answer probably is that GLADSTONE has never allowed himself to question the teachings of the church as to a future life, for it is possible to school ourselves into a belief in anything.

NEW BRUNSWICK SCENERY.

There was a young man named Browne On whom a young lady did frown, On her he was smitten But she gave him the mitten, Because he lived in Bug Towne.

PEN, PRESS AND ADVERTISING.

An enterprising local merchant who thinks of extending his advertising, took Rowell's advice in Printers Ink and wrote him for estimates upon writing and designing an ordinary double column "ad."

LISTEN TO THIS TALE OF WOE.

A merchant, bent on economizing, Decided to cut off his advertising.

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PERTINENT AND PERSONAL.

The remarkable progress in the steamship business is evinced in the announcement of the Boston, Halifax and Prince Edward Island line of steamships, which is published in another column.

INSTANTANEOITIES.

By Myself. Mrs. Thimble—Would you kindly lend me your sleeve pattern, as I have nothing to patronize after. Of course she got it.

There was a young man named Browne On whom a young lady did frown, On her he was smitten But she gave him the mitten, Because he lived in Bug Towne.

Tom—See here, old boy, would a serious accident attended with broken bones make you feel any older. Old boy—Now Tom, you're joking; but come to think, I believe I would feel dam-aged.

When "fishing for compliments," bait thou thy hook with flattery, in order to safely land thy fish.

There was a young man from Fort Howe, Who a large tailor's bill did owe; He couldn't give 'em bail, So he went to jail, His vacation to spend, don't you know.

While thou art yet basking in the sunshine of prosperity and enjoying the luxurious atmosphere of apparent independence, keep thou thine eye, yea both eyes, open, lest the storm drum of adversity be hoisted as a signal for thy collapse.

Not reflecting on the intelligence of St. John's firemen, nevertheless they are quite an ignorant set of people, inasmuch as when an alarm is sounded they know not whether they are going to a fire or a drowning accident.

THEIR MOTHER.

My boy sat looking straight into the coals, From his stool at my feet one day, And the frelight burnished the curly head And painted the cheeks with a dash of red, And brightened his very eyes, as he said, In his most confidential way.

THE WORD "NEWS."

The word "news" was not, as many suppose, derived from the objective new, but from the fact that many years ago it was customary to put at the head of the periodical publications of the day the initial letters of the compass, thus:

Signifying that the matter contained therein was from the four quarters of the globe. From these letters came the word "news."

ANOTHER ENTERPRISING WOE.

Oak Hall clothing store has built up an immense trade in a little more than two years by persistent and ingenious advertising and strict attention to business, PROGRESS has had its share of the latter and takes pleasure in noting the latest move of the enterprising firm—the purchase of the entire stock and good will of what is well known as Wm. J. Fraser's Royal clothing store.

TINYMITE AT ST. ANDREWS RINK.

Rufus Somerby and his Tynymite have been attracting crowds to St. Andrews rink this week. Everybody remembers Somerby and his Japanese show, and everybody goes to see the new aggregation. The dime admission fee does not shut anybody out, and the performance is worth a good deal more than the money.

HERBERT HOWE BANCROFT.

Herbert Howe Bancroft, the historian of the Pacific coast, commenced life as a clerk in a book store. His attention was drawn to historical literature by being asked by his employers to aid in the preparation of an almanac of the coast. He has collected one of the most valuable historical libraries in the world.

ADVERTISE IN "PROGRESS." IT PAYS.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

Strong in Faith. While on the threshold of the life to come, And strong in faith, I seek the heavenly home, Thy love, shall ever be my theme of praise, And to Thee, Lord, my grateful heart I raise.

She could sing and she could play, She could dance from night till day, She could while the hours away, So 'his said;

She could walk eight miles a day And play tennis charmingly, Flirting in a saucy way, Little scamp!

She could etch and write a book, She could vanquish with a look; She could win a book and crook, I confess;

She could talk of church affairs, But knew naught of household cares; Still I'm sure that none compares With sweet Nan;

Then must we really part forever? Some rashly spoken word had chilled her, And suddenly she turned away From the soft smile and rose potent way Had evening after evening thrilled her.

A sob! A moan! With leaden feet From the veranda he descended, Fled ruefully the saucy street Praying to find a winding sheet, And whatsoever with it blended.

My boy sat looking straight into the coals, From his stool at my feet one day, And the frelight burnished the curly head And painted the cheeks with a dash of red, And brightened his very eyes, as he said, In his most confidential way.

Well—yes," reflectively, "that would be nice, And I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll name one Robbie, for me, you know." Then the bright eyes shone with a deeper glow, "And there's just the two of us now, and so I'll name the girl Annie, for you."

But how would their mother like that? I asked, "Do you think that she would agree For us both to have names, while she had none!" With the mystified, puzzled look of one Wholly begoggled, said my logical son, "Their mother? Why, who is she?"

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