

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUG. 1.

PROMPT STEPS TAKEN.

Nothing could be more satisfactory than the prompt action taken by the board of health upon the facts printed in PROGRESS, upon the disgraceful condition of the jail.

HEREDITARY NOBILITY.

Although PROGRESS believes that JACK may be often as good as his master, and sometimes better, it also believes in hereditary nobility. It is a good thing to be well born; good breeding tells in men as well as in horses.

This is the electric age. We talk by electricity, send our letters by electricity, light our houses by it, drive our machinery by it, are learning to cook and warm ourselves by it, and at last in New York they have succeeded in showing how we can expeditiously and easily die by it.

men and noble women are the sons and daughters of noble parents, of parents who are not simply noble in name because some far-off ancestor or ancestress served the king's purpose or tickled his fancy, but because their lives are a record of honorable thought and action.

Kind hearts are more than coronets, And simple faith than Norman blood.

MEN AND THINGS.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, recently president of the Union Pacific railway, says that a line of railway to Alaska is quite within the early probabilities.

It puzzles a good many people—this change of hour as you go east or west. PROGRESS met a Boston lady once who insisted of sticking to Boston time all the way across the continent.

Speaking of the time, there was one thing that used to bother us boys at school a good deal. We were told that in the days of ALFRED the Great so honest were the people that rich people used to hang their watches and jewelry on the trees and no one would touch them.

But speaking of ALFRED and his prayers, his successors are not troubled about such matters. Fancy ALBERT EDWARD carrying around a variegated dip candle so as to regulate the length of his prayers.

Does H. R. H. use a telephone? And if so do people who talk to him sing out, "Hulloa," and "Who is it?" and "Speak louder," and "Get back further from the telephone."

What shall we do to be saved? When the jailer of Thyatira asked this question of PAUL and SILAS, he was not probably thinking about what the various schools of theology since his day have called salvation, but of the present danger from the earthquakes which were shaking the walls of the prison.

THE GREAT QUESTION.

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The Roman Catholics, too, have discovered that the Revision conforms more closely to their creed in certain passages than does KING JAMES' version, and as such and so far they have greeted it with favor. That great authority of the papal church, the London Tablet, thus expresses its commendation:

story of Sinai and the ten commandments were utterly discredited; millions of people do not start who never heard of the decalogue. But the great mass of the people need a law with penalties. If there is no sovereign there is no law. They have no fear of transgressing an abstract principle.

The great mistake of the revisors was their assuming a task not imposed. This will be evident from the preface of the work published; they were not required or expected to revise the Greek text, and they were not, as a body, qualified to do so.

THE NEW TESTAMENT REVISION.

The sale of the Revised New Testament has so fallen off, that the publishers will lose severely by their venture.

Such is the announcement of a leading English journal, and it should be reliable. Yet by some the information will be hard to credit. A deep and widespread desire had long existed for a revision of the English scriptures, and had been continually becoming more intense and general, till at last the wish resulted in a measure emanating from a certain section of the church.

About the year 1870 a number of biblical scholars in Britain undertook to give to the English-speaking world such a Revision as was demanded.

We print elsewhere the result of the negotiations between the millowners and the Millmen. That they were successful in a great degree is a matter for sincere congratulation to all parties.

SIR LEONARD AND THE INMATE

The Latter Recognizes Him and Tells One of His Old Temperance Stories.

A good story is told at the expense of Sir Leonard Tilley, Lieutenant-Governor. He visited the Provincial Lunatic Asylum not long since, and while going through one of the wards, an inmate, a tall, fine looking fellow, accosted him with, "Good morning, Mr. Tilley."

"Good morning," said Sir Leonard in his kindest manner, "but you seem to have the advantage of me."

"What was the story?" inquired Sir Leonard, who had become very much interested in his unfortunate friend with the great memory.

Off for a Holiday.

Among the passengers on the Cumberland this morning is Mr. R. G. Larsen, of PROGRESS editorial staff, who is starting on a well earned vacation trip.

likely to affect the sale, as the Roman Catholics are provided with a version of their own, every word of which is sacred.

But it is the Socinians and Unitarians who have the greatest cause for gratulation. They find that both by omissions from the *textus receptus* and by changes in the translation their anti-trinitarian views are countenanced and corroborated.

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When drawing a sigh from the well of tears use the old oaken bucket of sincerity, thereby avoiding any reference to crocked-olity.

When a man has the shears of social criticism applied to his cranium of character, the operation is generally a short one often ending in ostracism.

"Unsolicited Testimony."

To the EDITOR OF PROGRESS: 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.

How it Feels to be Insane.

My wife came to see me, but she did not try to have me released. I demanded a trial, but no lawyer would defend me. Then I realized that the whole community was against me.

I called the keeper, and when he saw me he exclaimed "Thank heaven!" and grasped my hand. I was not long in putting on another suit of clothes and turning my face toward home.

Advertise in "Progress." It pays.

Advertisement text for Progress magazine.

INSTANANETTES.

By Myself.

First tramp—I haven't had a square meal for a week. Second tramp—You're mighty particular as to the shape of your meals. So long as I get them, it matters little whether they be square, round or oblong.

"Honor thy father and thy mother, that their days may be long in the land," thereby exhibiting more filial affection and less selfishness than the old rendition demanded.

Who's afraid of ghosts—in the day time. In the garden of industry sow the seeds of perseverance and indefatigable will, that thy crop of ambition may be reaped with profit to thyself.

"I'm sitting on this tile Mary," but Mary didn't care, knowing it to be a crush one.

Whenever I see an aristocratic preacher, it invariably reminds me of Toney Pastor. Smith was very penurious, his sign read "GROCERY." He failed in business, and afterward started a liquor store.

The more we ponder to our lower natures to the detriment of the higher, and the exclusion of our better judgment, the nearer we approach, or rather come down to the brute creation, and civilization has been proportionately lost upon us.

Young ladies will not admit (regarding kissing) that it is more blessed to give than receive, especially if a moustache accompanies it.

A poor baseball like some snakes, is generally rattled.

Farmer Milkum had some cows of which it was his wont to boast that they each yielded twenty quarts at a milking. Eventually the "well ran dry." The bodies of said cows now repose in a terribly cut-up state in the morgue awaiting identification at twelve cents per pound.

If some people could write fiction as fluently as they speak it, what volatile profile novelists they would be.

Why does "Casey Tap" make a confessional or penitent bench of PROGRESS columns (see Pecavi) Dominus Vobiscum, Casey.

Mr. Historio—Referring to the "Diet of Worms." There that will do, chipped in Mrs. Farbelo, you forget, sir, that you are in the presence of ladies. It would be bad enough to speak of those horrid Yankees eating frogs, but when it comes to worms, ugh!

When you get "bit" in a trade imitate not the animal that makes beans palatable; in other words, don't squeal.

Tis safer to question a man's knowledge than his belief.

Drink fit for the gods—Apollonaris water.

In the realm of thought we may all be princes or paupers as suits our imagination's board bill.

A snake in the grass is worth two in the hand, unless your livelihood depends on a side show.

Extract of bark—The tooth of a dog. He that GIVETH his brother to offend, getteth clear of the battle himself.

When a man has the shears of social criticism applied to his cranium of character, the operation is generally a short one often ending in ostracism.

Consumption should walk in preference to driving, thereby avoiding hacks.

An up and down life—The thermometer's.

A get down and stay down life—The bar-ro(o)m-eter's.

Speaking of tight lacing, is it right? Of corset. I expect a bouquet from the young ladies for this.

Parasitically speaking this is very hot weather.

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ST. MARTINS.

JULY 29.—Mr. and Miss Fowler, of St. John, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. David Vaughan. Mr. E. J. Sheldon, of St. John, West End, and Mr. W. Drayton, of Halifax, were registered at the Kennedy house this week.

Messrs. William Skillen, William Bourke, and James Bourke, M.P.P., spent a few days in St. John last week.

Miss McVicar, Mrs. Wagart and Master Roy Wagart, of Boston, are spending a few days with Mrs. Wm. Cronk.

The Misses Barbour and Puddington, of St. John, spent Sunday here.

Miss Jenny Hopper went to Truro last week to visit Mr. and Mrs. J. Wallace.

Miss Wilson, of St. John, is visiting at Vaughan villa.

Mrs. C. Burnham, of St. John, is visiting her mother, Mrs. J. B. Brasher, this week.

Mrs. William Vaughan and Miss Lizzie Vaughan spent a few days in St. John last week.

Miss Annie Cleveland has returned from Boston, where she has been spending the winter.

Mrs. Buffington and Mrs. Mame, of Boston, are visiting their mother, Mrs. I. B. Bill.

Miss Jennie Raymond of St. John is visiting her uncle, Mr. Geo. Riddick.

Rev. C. W. Williams has returned after a two weeks' absence.

Miss Johnson, of St. John is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Wm. Smith.

Miss Lily Rourke went to St. John Monday to visit friends.

Mrs. David Vaughan and Miss Ida Vaughan went to Moncton last week.

Mrs. Fred Fairweather of St. John is spending the summer at Skillen's hotel.

Mr. Richardson of Halifax spent last week in our little village.

Mr. Tweedie of Hampton spent Sunday here.

Capt. and Mrs. Vaughan of Wolfville are spending a few weeks here.

Mr. Burnham of St. John spent Sunday here.

Parisboro.

[PROGRESS is for sale by A. C. Berryman, Parisboro bookstore.]

JULY 29.—The sad intelligence of the death of Mr. Herbert Cowan, in Montreal, was received by his relatives here last Thursday.

He had spent a couple of days on the Island less than two weeks before, and although suffering from a pain in his head nothing serious was apprehended.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cowan left for Montreal on Thursday afternoon and Mrs. Parsons; also Mrs. Cowan's mother, who has been staying with them at the Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Fraser, of Boston, who have been staying at the hotel at the Island, left by the boat today.

A large party of young people went picnicking to Two Islands on Thursday, and say they spent a most delightful day.

Rev. S. Gibbons went to Aylesford on Friday and returned on Monday. Rev. J. C. Moore had returned home to Aylesford on Tuesday. He assisted Rev. Mr. Richards with the services in St. George's church on Sunday.

The Misses Esser, of Halifax, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. Woodworth.

Mr. J. T. Smith, of Amherst, is in town.

Mr. E. Gillespie has returned from Port Hawkesbury.

Miss Moore, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. H. Price, returned to Amherst on Monday.

Mr. J. A. Johnson went to Halifax, on Friday, and returned on Tuesday.

Mrs. Parsons, of Springfield, spent two or three days of last week with her father and mother, Dr. and Mrs. Thomas.

Dr. Babbitt returned from St. John on Friday, accompanied by Mrs. Babbitt's sister, Miss Flossie Bowden. Mrs. Thomas, who has been visiting Dr. and Mrs. Babbitt, left by the *Hawthorn* for St. John today.

Mr. Dearborn, from the States, is staying at the Island hotel.

Rev. Father Gaylor, of St. Joseph's college, N. B., was in Parisboro a day or two last week.

Mr. W. T. Pipes, of Amherst, spent Sunday here at the Grand Central.

BUGTUCHE.

JULY 29.—Mrs. Gordon and her sister, Miss Grace Orr from Kingston visiting Mrs. Isaac Carter, on Monday.

Mrs. L. T. Joudry and family, who have been spending the summer months here, went to West Branch on Monday to visit friends there.

Miss McDonald, of Coverdale, spent a few days this week at Mrs. H. Irving's.

Mrs. J. A. Irving, Mrs. J. F. Robinson and family visited St. Nicholas River this week.

Mr. Henry O'Leary, who has been residing in Brooklyn, returned home on Friday to spend his vacation.

Miss Bertie Curran is spending her vacation in Kingston.

Mr. Wesley Biggs has returned home from Boston. This is a farewell visit before he leaves for missionary work in Africa.

Mrs. N. E. Murray and Master Murray from Boston, are visiting Mrs. Myles Wheaton.

Mr. Chas. Hall, from St. John, arrived here Monday, on his bicycle.

Rev. Wm. Hamilton, of Kingston, was in town on Tuesday.

Mr. W. and Mr. Howard Wry are visiting Mrs. J. C. Walker.

Dentist Doherty spent one day here this week.

La Lecture Pour L'Été.

On dit qu'en allant à la campagne en été il ne faut pas prendre des livres, qu'il faut laisser de côté toutes les pensées, toutes les questions, dont on est forcé de s'occuper dans la ville. Mais loin de cela, la première considération en se préparant pour un séjour dans la campagne c'est celle de se munir des livres à lire. Car cela devient de plus en plus vrai que l'homme est l'animal qui lit, c'est une habitude qu'il ne peut pas laisser pendant longtemps.

Pour nous autres Américains surtout c'est une habitude fixe. Éloignés, comme nous le sommes, de ce milieu artistique et raffiné qui s'est produit dans les grandes villes du Vieux Monde et qui constitue en lui-même une source d'éducation et de civilisation à part des livres, il nous faut lire sans cesse pour nous tenir au courant des événements des tendances de notre époque, tandis que, pour cela un Européen n'a que regarder autour de lui et écouter ce qui se dit.

Eh, bien, puisqu'en lit toujours, même pendant les vacances, que faut-il lire? Quoi en effet si ce n'est les romans? Ces précédents le moment de s'occuper des productions de l'imagination on trouve une des manifestations les plus importantes de la vie d'un peuple. Le roman n'est plus qu'un appel à l'imagination, le fait pour l'art. Le vrai artiste est celui qui démontre sa raison d'être en s'occupant des actualités de la vie de cette vie humaine qui doit être une chose plus divine que l'art considéré séparément d'elle.

Sous quelques rapports la littérature Anglaise d'aujourd'hui est de la plus sérieuse, on y touche aux sujets les plus importants de la vie humaine. Dans la littérature de nos jours, ce sont les romans qui ont le plus de valeur et surtout dans la famille, savoir la grande question de la moralité personnelle. Dans cette catégorie se trouvent les livres de Helen Gardner, cet auteur Américain qui a osé dire des choses si vraies que l'on refuse de les croire et il est possible, n'est-ce pas, de parler trop vrai. Mais on excuse aux pionniers dans de nouvelles régions de la littérature leur ardeur d'expression, c'est à nous de les bien lire et de profiter de la lecture. A propos de cette question sociale c'est un bon signe de voir comment le *Progress* qui est si généralement lu. On était bien aise de lire dans le *Progress* de la semaine passée un article de fond on lit, parle de la dégradation matérielle des jeunes gens d'aujourd'hui, on est bien content de voir que ce journal parle sur un ton bien certain des causes de cette dégradation; quand les journaux populaires dans lesquels on occupe assez longtemps de ces sujets on s'empare de bons résultats.

Cherchant des livres moins sérieux, ceux que l'on a trouvés par exemple ceux de Rudyard Kipling et de Jerome K. Jerome, ce sont des romans qui, Twain, laissent même dans leur genre quelque chose à désirer. M. Kipling peut bien écrire peut-être, il a un style très facile, mais ce qui est insupportable en lui c'est l'impertinence dans sa manière en touchant aux sentiments élevés. Quant à M. Jerome, on rit sans doute en le lisant mais on le quitte d'un résolu de ne plus revenir à lui on ne lui pardonne pas facilement son trop d'argot et ses grossièretés.

UNE ELEVE.

A Difference.

Six year old boy just learning to read: "The hen gives us milk."

Four year old sister: "The hen gives us milk! Nonsense! Mrs. Bishop gives us milk and her little girls bring it to us every day."