

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUG. 13.

PROGRESS HAS A PICNIC.

Fifteen hundred people had a day in the country last Tuesday at the invitation of PROGRESS. A great many more would have gone had there been a certainty of fair weather. The morning was foggy, and when the afternoon train left St. John the rain was coming down. Hundreds who had eagerly sought and obtained tickets were afraid to take the risk of wet weather. As it was, the trains were crowded each time, and had the day been bright it would have been necessary to make special arrangements to transport the throngs by extra trips.

Plainly, those who went seemed to enjoy themselves to the utmost. A fog which was not heavy enough to make the grass wet, but did interfere with the view of scenery at a distance, was the only drawback, it after all, it could be called such. Nobody seemed to mind it, and the absence of the hot sun made activity a pleasure where otherwise it might have been a burden. Whenever conversations about the excursion were heard, they were all to one effect—old and young, all classes, were delighted. The picnic was voted a great success.

The primary design was to give the newsboys a holiday, and incidentally to allow any readers of PROGRESS an outing on the same terms—which were that they would accept tickets at the expense of PROGRESS. Many were at first disposed to think they had not read the invitation aright, for it was something new in this country to have a wholly free picnic, open to all well behaved people who chose to come. The only expense absolutely necessary on the part of the guests was the ferry toll of one cent each way. There was no charge for anything so far as PROGRESS could control the transportation.

A good many people have been curious to know where there was any money in it for PROGRESS, and have decided that it would be worth a great deal as an advertisement. As a matter of fact, there was no money in it, nor did the idea of financial gain enter into the project from the outset. While it is true that whatever brings a business enterprise before the public is an advertisement, yet it is equally true that PROGRESS is already about as well known as any institution in this part of America. It advertises itself every week of the year among a larger circle of all classes of readers than can be claimed by any paper in the maritime provinces. Those whom it invited to the picnic were those who have no need of an introduction to it, because they are already its patrons. Had everybody come who buys PROGRESS, however, the Shore Line trains running all day at their fullest speed and capacity would not have been able to get the last of the excursionists started from the city before dark. When there is any prospect of all the patrons wanting an outing it will be necessary to set apart at least one day for going and one for returning, in addition to a day on the grounds. Nearly twelve thousand people bought the paper last week, and hundreds more would have done so had there been enough copies to meet the demand.

Since PROGRESS was started it has had a very liberal patronage from the people, and while week by week it seeks to give its patrons solid value for their money, it has long been the intention of the publisher to show in some other way his appreciation of what the public has done in helping to widen the influence of the paper. So far as it goes, the making of the newsboys picnic an excursion for others who might wish to come is an attempt to carry out the idea. At some future time it may assume a form of which many more can take advantage.

So far as can be learned this is the first instance of any paper on the continent having a free picnic to which all its patrons were invited. Some of the New York dailies have had excursions to which its friends could go at reduced rates by pre-

senting coupons cut from the paper, but a wholly free excursion—a railway journey of fifty miles and a day in one of the most beautiful parts of the country, is something new, not only in St. John but in America.

It is a matter both for congratulation and for thankfulness that not only was the pleasure of the occasion unmarred by an accident of any kind, but that a more thoroughly good humored, orderly crowd of people never went on an excursion out of St. John. The big, good natured policeman who went with the party, had a genuine holiday, and he thoroughly enjoyed it. This happy condition of affairs was due to the fact that no tickets were sold and that the readers of PROGRESS are people who know how to enjoy themselves in rational manner. They show this as much by their choice of the best family paper as by their general walk and conversation.

May they all, and many more, live to enjoy the next merry meeting.

FINE WEATHER FOR THEIR WORK.

The members of the royal commission on prohibition have had pleasant weather during their stay in St. John, and will probably carry away pleasant reminiscences of the city and its people. They have heard considerable evidence on both sides of the question, a good deal of which was sworn to as a matter of opinion, according to the best of the deponents' belief. It is doubtful if the country will be any the wiser, and it will certainly be none the wealthier for all the mass of contradictory testimony that has so far been given in the maritime provinces. By the time the evidence has been all taken, copied out and printed, the country will have a very snug little bill to pay. Then the opinions of the mass of the people will be as little known as they were before.

The object of the commission is not to find out the evils caused by drink, for they are admitted, but to learn whether Canada is ready for a general prohibitory law. It does not limit itself to its object, however, but incidentally deals with statistics when officials choose to furnish them. The penal, charitable and other institutions have been represented by men with some knowledge of their workings and they have given testimony which may or may not be of value. When Mr. WETMORE, for instance, swears that fully sixty per cent of the inhabitants of the almshouse are there through drink, the presumption is that he has carefully investigated the lives of each of the inmates and knows this to be the case. If he were simply to make this allegation because sixty per cent of the paupers had been addicted to drink, it would be another matter, because everybody knows that not only are people poor because they drink, but that multitudes drink because they are poor. How to get at the truth of the matter, the bottom cause of the poverty, is something not to be learned by any mere examination of the records. In the same way it is to be presumed that the officials of other institutions looked into the matter in all its bearings and spoke otherwise than from mere superficial glances at the records.

One point which seems to have been brought out pretty clearly by both sides is that the use of strong liquor is less common than it was say forty years ago, and that the general sentiment of the community is opposed to hard drinking. The younger people are being trained to habits of temperance and the churches are doing a great work. All things considered, St. John may be called a community of steady people, and it is growing more so year by year. Whether the progress of morality would be hastened by prohibition, or whether it would in some ways be retarded is a matter in which there is room for much argument. As St. John is the commercial capital it ought to be the wickedest place in New Brunswick, but everybody knows that it is not a very wicked place as seaport towns go, but the contrary. If prohibition is not needed here, the rest of the country does not need it. Whether it is needed here or not is a matter to be determined, though it will hardly be decided by anything the royal commission may do.

NEWLY DISCOVERED NEIGHBORS.

A number of inquisitive persons known as astronomers have been paying a great deal of attention to the planet Mars this summer, and appear to have discovered a great deal they never knew before. Ordinarily, the speculations of these gentlemen interest only a limited circle of people, but within the last week or two an announcement has been made that is of interest to all of us. There seems, at last, tangible indication that Mars is inhabited, and by an exceedingly intelligent people who are anxious to communicate with us.

The planet has been very near the earth this summer, nearer than at any time for the last fifteen years, and the observers have had a very good view of it through the big LICK telescope. They have known for a long time that Mars has land and water and atmosphere, with arctic and antarctic continents, and that its seasons change as do the seasons of our earth. The physical conditions have been known to be such that there was no reason why it could not be inhabited, though no trace of inhabitants could be discovered. Within the last week or so, however, something entirely new has been noticed in the form of three

great lights on what is known as the southwestern limb of the planet. They appear to have sprung into existence suddenly, and the astronomers have been trying to guess what they can mean. Somebody has now come to the front with the theory that they are signals shown by the inhabitants of Mars to attract the attention of the people of the earth.

Mars is thousands of years older than the earth, and if it is inhabited, has had its people for that much longer time. Possibly, it is claimed, they are also thousands of years ahead of us in scientific discovery, and knowing how near the earth is to them this year have appointed committees to try and let us know they are, astronomically speaking, "on to our curves." They possibly know a great deal more about us than we do about them. They are, indeed, anxious to open trade and other relations with us.

So slow is the progress of science on this earth, however, it seems impossible for us to meet the friendly advances made by our new neighbors. The problem of aerial navigation has not been solved so as to warrant the sending out of an air ship on a voyage of discovery. Even were there a fund started to arrange for a vast aggregation of electric lights as answering signals to those already shown, it is to be feared that a great many persons would not have enough faith in the theory to subscribe any money worth mentioning. The people of Mars will have to wait awhile until we become more progressive.

It may be, however, that the people of Mars will not wait until we get ready to go in search of them. They may come to us before we even appoint committees to consider the advisability of sending an expedition to them. Some fine day a curious air ship, with appointments far beyond the wildest fancies of JULES VERNE may be seen hovering over the earth looking for a good place to alight. If strangers are in the latitude of St. John, the singular tower erected by Mr. ROBERT REED, on Mount Pleasant, will doubtless attract their attention, and they will land in this vicinity. Such an event may be among the possibilities of the near future, and it behooves our citizens to be ready for the guests from the far country. The director of public safety should get the steam roller out of the way and plant a new crop of evergreens on the King square. The board of trade should have a number of statements prepared showing the advantages of St. John for shipping purposes, and there should be some gentleman of means and leisure selected as a delegate to Mars to see if it offers as promising a field for trade as the Argentine Republic. It is quite unnecessary to hint that the mayor should make any preparation, as he is always ready to do the honors to distinguished visitors, and PROGRESS very much doubts if anybody on the face of Mars can put on more style than his worship on state occasions. St. John will, no doubt, leave a favorable impression on the minds of the visitors, when they come. Welcome to our newly discovered neighbors.

NOT SO MANY OATHS.

The fact that many of the members of the British house of commons made affirmation, instead of taking oaths, at the recent opening of parliament is one of the signs of the times. It shows that many who regard an oath as a most solemn act are reluctant to take it save when it is imperatively required. The less common oaths are made the more their significance will be felt. They have been altogether too common in the past.

The oaths that a christian may lawfully take seem to be few in number, if the teaching of the scripture is to be regarded. Yet the oaths prescribed by law are almost without number. Of late years, in Canada and other countries, some reform has been effected by the provision of solemn declarations in many cases, yet the number of extra judicial oaths still in use is altogether too large. The result is a carelessness about swearing that readily paves the way to prying. Everybody knows how purely preliminary the custom house oath has been made by a good many business men, and so it has been in many other instances where swearing to this or that has been made a matter of routine. There is little enough importance attached to an oath in a court of justice, but outside of a court the habit of swearing is very apt to degenerate into a mockery. The less common oaths are made the more likely they are to be respected.

Reference was made last week to the fact that, contrary to custom, a married woman had been chosen to break a bottle of wine over the bow of an American ironclad to be launched soon. It now seems that the commotion due to the innova- tion has been so great that a maid will officiate. This will allay the superstitious fears of the sailors, even if it does not say much for the common sense of those who have charge of the affair.

"A marked English accent and manner" is the description an Ottawa despatch gives of Sir GEORGE GIBBS, premier of New South Wales. Is the evidence of this to be found in his remark that as the Canadian ministers did not call on him he was not going to tear his shirt in running after them?

Hamilton, Ont., appears to be the first city in Canada to inaugurate a reform in the method of dealing with men arrested for drunkenness who are not habitual offenders. When a prisoner who has taken too much is arrested for the first time, he is merely detained until he is sober and allowed to go without trial or exposure. In the other cities, St. John included, he is kept in a cell until court time, paraded before a crowd of loafers and fined. If he has any sense of shame about him, his first step on getting out is to get drunk again. The system is wrong, and the American cities have long recognized the fact. Canada will come into line in due time.

At Barrie, Ont., the other day, a brewer took refuge in a barn during a thunder storm, the barn was struck and his burned remains were found among the ruins. It is possible that prohibitionists may find a moral in the calamity. Last Sunday, in a Bavarian village, a thunder-bolt entered a church, killed two men and injured thirty more. While the stricken ones were being removed, another bolt came, knocking the bell from the tower, tearing open the roof and paralyzing the pastor and four boys. If there is a moral in one case there ought to be in the other.

In addition to a general English subscription in aid of the people of St. John's Nfld., the Society of the Propagation of the Gospel has started a fund to help the churchmen to repair their heavy loss. The lists so far acknowledged in the London Church Times amount to something over two thousand pounds sterling, and there are more to follow. The island colony does not appear to want for friends on the other side of the water.

One would suppose that any man with a nose could smell carbolic acid, but three prominent Chicago men, and one of them a doctor, have lost their lives by taking a drink of that liquid under the impression that it was whiskey. If the average Chicago whiskey is of a nature to make such a mistake possible, visitors to the world's fair will be wise to swear off before they get there.

Somebody asserts that a fly can fly at the rate of more than a mile a minute. That it can get out of the way of a bald-headed man's hand which is moving at that rate is a fact that does not need the corroboration of a scientist.

JOYS AND WOES OF OTHER PLACES.

Shake, Brother, the Same Here.
We find it rather hard to create much enthusiasm in writing items this hot weather.—Yarmouth Light.

Sausage Meat Scarc.
No further encounters between the engines of the W. C. R. and the Weymouth dogs are reported this week, more's the pity.—Weymouth Free Press.

Hartland Town Improvements.
Our genial postmistress is having the appearance of her residence improved, by placing a new fence in front along Main street. Fall in line gentlemen.—Woodstock Sentinel.

Great Hopes for Quebec.
The croakers and Jeremiahs, who are always button-holing their acquaintances, and shouting into their ears that the town is going to the dogs, will have to seek a new occupation, for the city is not dead, nor has her trade departed from her. All that our business men need now is a little encouragement.—Quebec Chronicle.

Apprehension of Prohibition.
Several citizens have tried to solve the question of water supply by the boring of artesian wells, and a small flow has been secured in every case by boring to a moderate depth.—Chatham World.

Watering Place Item.
The bather in our river quickly realizes that his immersion is not in water, as the stream is now a raceway for the sewers.—New Glasgow Enterprise.

The Boom at Roseway.
The voice of the turtle is still heard in our midst. Eleven more willing converts added to the church yesterday (Sunday). More still to come.—Digby Courier.

Lost His Clothes.
A little boy of Dr. Bennett's, about three years old, was in the field with a newly calved cow, and went to approach her to get over the fence, when she got him on her horns and tried to gore him, but it being against a wire fence, gave the doctor, who was near by, time to rescue the child. The youngster was badly bruised, and his clothes torn to shreds. The little fellow was soon all right.—Halifax Mail.

PERTINENT AND PERSONAL.

The most distinguished visitor St. John has had for a long time was Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, who spent Wednesday in the city. His eminence has been on a visit to Prince Edward Island in search of holiday rest, and his stay here was necessarily brief. The cardinal is a man whom people of all creeds are forced to honor and respect as an earnest christian worker and friend to all classes. To the majority of non-catholics he is best known by his book, *The Faith of our Fathers*, which, like Di Bruno's *Catholic Belief*, is a plain exposition of the doctrines held by the church and designed to remove the false impressions which many protestants have as to what catholics really do and believe. It is written in a kindly argumentative style and has had a phenomenally large circulation among people of all creeds. His eminence is now 58 years of age.

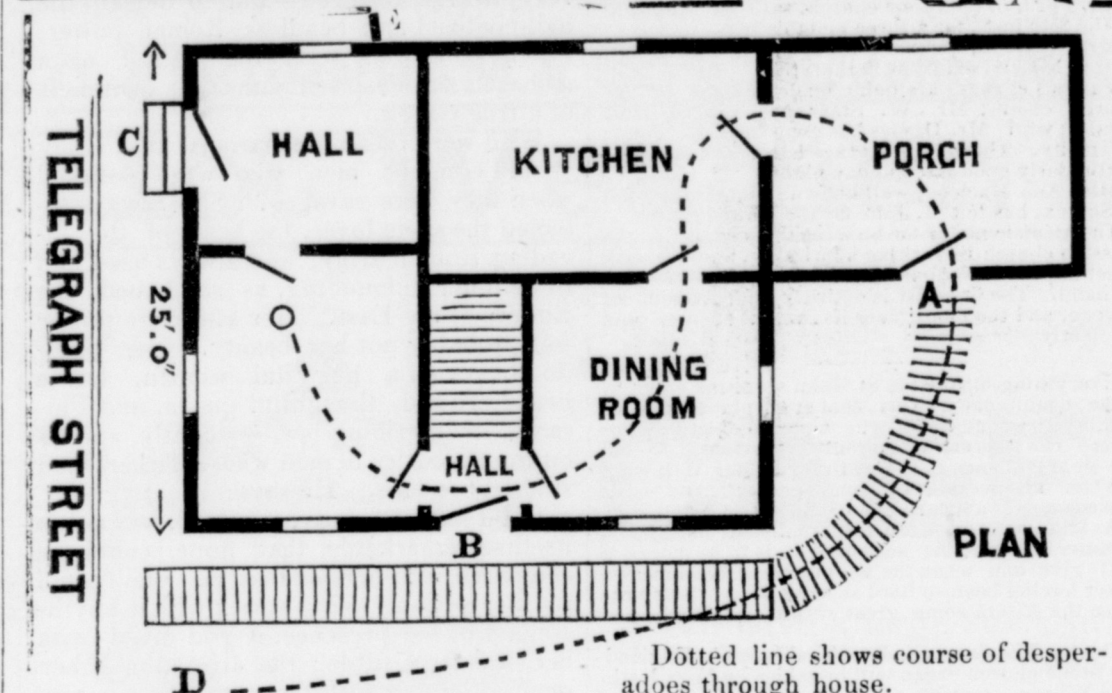
Useful and Ornamental.
The 20th Century Kandy store still continues to attract additional custom by presenting useful and valuable presents to the luckiest guesser among all its patrons. This time it is a handsome marble clock, which will be given in exactly the same manner as the chair and the china service. The substantial character of the presents offered by this firm is sure to create an interest among the people.

WHERE STEADMAN DIED.

THE SPOT MADE MEMORABLE BY THE MONCTON MURDER.

Sketches which are of interest now and will be of value in the future—the unsuccessful search for the mysterious missing man.

It would seem that the missing man, "Jim," charged with being accessory to the death of policeman Joseph E. Steadman, at Moncton, is either safe out of the country or so securely hidden that he is not likely to be discovered. A great many men supposed to be the fugitive have been seen at points north, south, east and west, but it is possible that not one has been the man who is so badly wanted. People



at Lepreau say that a man who answered his description was hoisted across the harbor there one day last week, and went in the direction of the border. Since then another man who is said answers all the particulars has been seen along the railway in Kent county. In the meantime officials along the line have been arresting all kinds of tramps on suspicion, but nothing has been discovered to connect them with the murder.

which Steadman was stationed. C is the door on Telegraph street, by which Marshal Foster entered, D the place where the struggle took place and Steadman was shot. Policeman Scott was stationed at the shed to the right.

The plan explains itself, the lettering having the same references as in the sketch of the house. The dotted line shows the course taken by the murderers in going through the house when the marshal entered by the front door.

ECHOES OF THE RACES.

An Important Coincidence—Mr. Mott and the Refreshment Stand.

The crowd that went to Moosepath Wednesday were attracted by one event more than any other—the three year old colt race. The fame of the entries had spread far and wide. Fredericton had sent one of her speediest representatives to wrest the prize from the "Steeves mare," bred by the medical superintendent of the lunatic asylum, and sired by the government horse Harry Wilkes, with a Sir Charles mare for her dam. The local horsemen rather pinned their faith to their colt, and expected to see her an easy winner. They knew nothing of "Frances P.," entered by Mr. Etter of Amherst or they would not have been so confident.

But it was a noble race from the first to the last heat. Frances P. was in the hands of Dave Atherton while Katrina or the "Steeves mare" as she was known to the crowd was driven by Charlie Bell. It is of an advantage to a horse to know a track, if faster time can be made (on the training track than anywhere else) the odds were with Katrina, for day after day all summer she had jogged and speeded around the Moosepath park. Yet in spite of this Frances P. always gained on her on the corners and lost on the stretches. The fastest mile was trotted in 2.40 1/4—official time—and was made by Katrina, though the race fell to Frances P. which won three of the four heats.

It was a curious coincidence that Register David McLellan was starter in the race which was really somewhat of a test of what the Wilkes stock could do. When provincial secretary he bought Harry Wilkes for the province and from that moment has been an earnest champion of him. No one will for an instant question Mr. McLellan's fairness as a starter though he did give Katrina a wonderful send off in one heat, but it would have looked better if some other gentleman had dropped the flag.

The meeting was very successful; the day was fine; the crowd large and one race remarkably close and interesting. There was one thing to which the attention of the directors should be directed—the sale of "refreshments." Perhaps it would do to invite the ear of Secretary J. A. S. Mott, since besides being an official of the society he is an ardent temperance worker. As PROGRESS understand it, the "refreshments" which Mr. Newcombe paid \$25 for the privilege of selling were not to include anything that would break the law. That, at least, is the intention of the society, but its violation must have been well known to Secretary Mott, who is also aware of the fact that this year there is a licensed saloon within a few yards of the park gate.

In the zeal with which the search has been conducted several innocent persons have either been arrested or had their names brought into unenviable prominence. One of these was James Gillis, of Chatham, who was peacefully at work in Northumberland county at the time of the tragedy.

An excellent drawing of the house where the murder took place, with a plan of the premises, reached PROGRESS too late for publication last week, but will be found of interest now, as well as of value for future reference. The sketches are by Mr. A. C. Selig, of the engineer's office, Intercolonial railway. In the elevation A is the door through which the fugitives made their exit from the house, and B the door at

which Steadman was stationed. C is the door on Telegraph street, by which Marshal Foster entered, D the place where the struggle took place and Steadman was shot. Policeman Scott was stationed at the shed to the right.

The plan explains itself, the lettering having the same references as in the sketch of the house. The dotted line shows the course taken by the murderers in going through the house when the marshal entered by the front door.

It will be hard for anybody to fill the place of M. N. Powers.

A year or two ago, somebody suggested to Mark N. Powers that a book by him entitled "People I have buried" would be a very valuable contribution to local history. Its scope would include the story of many notable events such as the year of the cholera, the Renforth race, etc., and the story would have abounded in reminiscences of which otherwise there would be no record. Mr. Powers, whose death occurred this week, was the best known undertaker in the maritime provinces, and was in many ways the ideal of what a man in his occupation should be. Carrying on his business in St. John for nearly half a century, he was known to everybody, and his own knowledge of families and their connections was unequalled by anybody in the city. Up to the time of the fire of 1877 he had a most complete and valuable record of the interments for a generation before, with all the particulars in regard to the place of burial, officiating clergy, pall-bearers, etc., the loss of which was irreparable. His intimate knowledge of people was of great service to him, as it enabled him to carry out many details at funerals without troubling the sorrow stricken relatives by questions as to this and that matter. In the house of mourning, he had all his arrangements so complete that everything was sure to be done decently and in order, and distant connections who supposed themselves unknown to him were surprised by his gently whispering to them the directions as to the place they should take after the chief mourners in the procession. There was never confusion or unseemly bustle when Mr. Powers was in charge, and his manner was always in full harmony with the solemnity of the occasion. It is no disparagement to other undertakers to say that it would be difficult to find one who could equal him in all respects, because he was in so many ways the model of what a man in his occupation should be. Outside of his business, he was a social and companionable man, and had many friends. Despite of the fact that he had failed in health within the last few years, few would have supposed that he was 72 years old, so well had he retained the looks of middle age. His death will be regretted by very many who have reason to remember his kindly ways in some of the dark hours of their lives.

Sail Under Proper Colors.

The Boston theatrical correspondent of PROGRESS encloses the advertisement of Mr. Ramsdell's benefit, clipped from a St. John paper. In the list of performers Mr. Ralph March is called "The Leading Baritone of Mrs. J. Leslie Carter's Company." The correspondent adds significantly: "This is a mistake. He was one of the chorus in *Miss Helyett*."