

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DEC. 17.

FIVE O'CLOCK TEA ON SUNDAY

One of the city society correspondents of PROGRESS refers with regret to a new feature of fashionable life in St. John. It would appear that within the last two weeks no less than two five o'clock teas have taken place on Sunday. It is understood, of course, that these events took place among strictly protestant people, and not among those of the Roman or Anglican faith, from whom as the non-catholics think, such things might be expected. Nay, if the information furnished PROGRESS is correct, the presbyterian element, of all others, enters prominently into the affair, while that model of evangelical churchmanship, the Stone church, furnished a very respectable quota of the guests on at least one of the occasions. This, whether sad or not, is at least surprising. The presbyterians are the historical guardians of Sabbath observance, while the Stone church, though it still has a Sunday instead of a Sabbath, is so purely protestant that it takes MARTIN LUTHER as a subject for meditation in Advent and sings the Te Deum with a holy joy during the same penitential season.

Most fortunately, nobody has asked PROGRESS what is to be done about it, for that would be a question difficult to answer. There is or was an association in St. John within the scope of which such a matter might come, and to which a victory over Sabbath breakers would be a surprise as well as a triumph. It might undertake it, and there is a large sized Sabbath observance society in the United States which is just now busy with the World's Fair, but might be induced to back the local organization. Failing these, the pastors of the flocks to which the five o'clock tea folks belong might try their powers of remonstrance and persuasion. This may be the most practical way to stay the onward stride of the continental Sunday, if indeed it can be stayed.

St. John has never been considered a very wicked city, as cities go in these days, nor on the face of the evidence so far at hand, would it be right to assume that it has suddenly become so. We are not told what was said or done at these five o'clock teas, and on that a great deal must depend in giving judgment. It is not, per se, sinful to call upon a friend on Sunday, nor to stay to tea, if invited. Godly ministers have done as much, and it may be that at such times there have been the beginning of work, the result of which have been to the glory of God and the rescue of perishing man. A five o'clock tea is not a champagne supper. It may be harmful or harmless on any day of the week, Sunday included.

But the correspondent fears that this is only the beginning of more appalling gaieties. That, indeed, is a point worth considering. Are the ideas of the people who adorn society in St. John changing in regard to the keeping of Sunday? There have been a good many changes in orthodox congregations within a generation, and all have been in favor of making religion less gloomy and more joyous. The character of the church edifies no less than that of the church services tells of this. Who that can remember the Centenary chapel, German street Methodist meeting house, Scotch kirk, Brussels street baptist chapel, as they were called, can fail to contrast the past with the present? So, it may be, the popular idea of Sunday is changing in the same ratio. Things are done every Sunday in the most orthodox churches, which a quarter of a century ago would have led to an exodus from the congregation, but only occasionally is even an old-timer offended thereby nowadays.

The Sunday five o'clock tea may be an instance of a decrease in piety, or it may be one of the adjuncts of an age when people are no less pious than they were but have a different way of looking at things. Perhaps somebody in the swim can throw some light on the subject.

IS THE CHOLERA STOPPED?

It is but a few months ago since the daily topic of conversation among a majority of the thinking people of two continents was the cholera. Timid people, and some not so timid, were in apprehension of its march of death over America, and the news from New York lower bay was looked for each day as keenly and with vastly more concern than had the civil war been renewed and the great seaport been blockaded as the ports further south were blockaded a generation ago. It was no wonder. The story that had come from Hamburg was sufficiently appalling to rouse the energies of nations as few other things could do.

When one is told of a battle in which five hundred men have been killed and twelve hundred wounded, the figures never convey their full meaning. There is a remoteness about it to the rest of the world that fails to give the significance that such a record ought to convey. Yet when in the plague-stricken city of Hamburg, in one day, no less than five hundred died and twelve hundred were sent to the hospital, the world grew frightened, for that was the story of only one day. Before the plague was checked eight thousand lives in that city were sacrificed. If such was the power of the epidemic in Hamburg, why should not a proportionate fatality follow it wherever it went? And no human foresight could predict where it might not go.

When the epidemic had exhausted itself in Germany, and had been successfully met in England and America, the question arose whether the following summer would not see its return with increased virulence, not only in Europe but in America. That question cannot yet be answered, but in the meantime there has been a great deal of practical investigation of the subject, and so far as can be gathered the coming year will not show a fulfilment of the predictions of the pessimists. There may be cholera, but its march will not be that of an all conquering destroyer.

An interesting paper on the subject appears in a recent number of the Illustrated News, written by Dr. D. R. O'SULLIVAN, who visited Hamburg and returned with the knowledge that all the human suffering he witnessed "could and should have been avoided." There was a shameful disregard of the most elementary principles of hygiene. The water supply was from the river Elbe, which was practically a common sewer. Emigrants from a well known cholera district were housed on its banks above the city. The drainage of their sheds entered into it, and as a matter of course the cholera microbe entered into the water used by the whole city for all purposes. The epidemic ran its course and stopped not because of the skill of the doctors, but for the want of material to feed upon.

In this connection Dr. O'SULLIVAN makes a statement which is of considerable interest, and cannot be better given than in his own words. He says:

The Hamburg statistics tend to confirm what has been noted in preceding epidemics—namely, that out of any community exposed to the necessary influences, not more, on an average, than about five per cent. contract the disease. This means that only such a percentage of persons have the requisite "predisposition," or, in other words, afford, in their systems, a favorable nidus or breeding-ground for the bacilli. What precisely constitutes this predisposition to develop cholera is, as yet, a disputed point, but it is a significant fact that about five per cent. of most communities are found to have an alkaline or neutral instead of the normal (acid) stomach-reaction, and it is well known that alkaline or neutral media are as favorable to the growth and multiplication of the special microbe identified with an attack of cholera as acid media are inimical to the same.

From this he reasons that while the Elbe water may contain the cholera microbe for a long time to come, the process of elimination of those predisposed to the disease has been so thorough that there cannot be a serious epidemic. Hamburg will not breed cholera to poison the world, and it this chief source of supply is thus cut off, the danger in other places is averted in an equal degree.

SPECIAL DIVINE VENGEANCE.

There seem to be a good many cranks abroad in connection with the World's Fair, and the latest to come to the front is Congressman ELLIOT A. MORSE, of Massachusetts. He is one of the large number of people who believe the big show should be closed on Sundays, and is entitled to every respect for his opinion. So is Bishop POTTER, of New York, who is one of another large number of people who think that for a part of the day at least the fair should be open. There is no element of crankiness in either opinion, of itself, but there is in some of the ways in which Mr. MORSE brings his arguments to bear. In a letter to the bishop, he says, among other forcible remarks:

The awful scourge known as the Asiatic cholera is at our door. God only knows what the next twelve months may develop, or who will be its victims. In this presence can we afford to offend the Almighty by a national sanction of the desecration of the Lord's Day, that we were commanded to observe amid thunderings and lightnings from Sinai?

The New York Sun, in the course of some brief and pointed comments on the subject is anxious to know if Mr. MORSE's conception of the affair "the Divine wrath would select as victims of the Asiatic cholera only those who favored the Sunday opening of the Chicago Exposition, or whether it would launch the pestilence indiscriminately, without regard to the victim's sentiments on this question."

This is a point that a great many people will consider well taken. Apart from the

nooted question of so called "Sabbath observance" and Sunday recreation, there is much room to doubt if the Almighty in these days chooses to manifest his wrath against a people because of the act of a very small portion of their number. It may have been that such manifestations of His will were a necessary part of the teaching under the old dispensation, but it is very difficult to trace any connection between sin and heaven-sent calamities in modern times. Indeed, even of old, those upon whom towers fell and who otherwise perished in some awful way, were not always the worst. Nor, in our own most recent times, have the Divine cause and calamitous effect been traceable. It is true that an Albert county preacher once told his flock that President GARFIELD was assassinated because PARNELL had been welcomed on the floors of congress, but proof of that assertion has not been forthcoming to this day. It is also true that Johnstown, Pa., was a wicked place and was overtaken by a flood, but those who have read Father FIELD's narrative of the disaster will remember that those who were patterns of godliness also perished. So, too, as is elsewhere shown, eight thousand died in Hamburg from criminal carelessness. Congressman MORSE and his friends may rest assured that if the same cholera invades the United States it will come as quickly with the exhibition closed on Sunday as it will with the doors wide open, the bands playing and the machinery in full blast.

When men like Congressman MORSE come to the front, they deserve to be rebuked. The ways of the Almighty are wonderful and past finding out, but such arguments as those referred to are opposed to all that is true and healthful in the pure and simple faith of the gospel.

ABOUT THE LEAVING OF MONEY. Sound Views on The Disposition of Property—The Living Responsible. Jay Gould left his great estate to his children, as might reasonably have been expected of him. When men accumulate money, much or little, it is natural that they should hand it down to their children, if they have them, and generally the public sentiment commends them for so doing. The feeling that a man should rightfully look first after his own household prevails among the people.

When the estate is as vast as Mr. Gould's, however, some newspapers utter exclamations of surprise and of protest if some of it is not bequeathed for public purposes or for organized charities. They seem to proceed on the assumption that the man is bound to take away from his children money which he himself would not give up during his life. In other words, they would require him to force his children to make benefactions which he himself had not made.

A moral obligation to give away his money thus rests on a man, it rests on him personally and during his own life. He does not discharge it by keeping the money while he lives and compelling his children to give it away for him after his death. If his money or any part of it belongs to the public of right, it belongs to them during the life of the man, not merely at his death. He is responsible for the stewardship and is accountable for its performance, and he cannot transfer to others the obligation.

Really it cannot be called noble generosity, high altruism, for a man to give away his money only after he is dead and he has no more use for it. He should be his own almoner during his own life. If the methods by which he obtained his fortune were culpable in his own estimation and he wishes to make atonement for them in departing from this life, he can do it only by returning to the individuals the money which he took from them wrongfully. He does not whiten his offence by giving it to somebody else. If it belongs rightfully to others besides himself, it belongs to those from whom he got it by unjust means.

It was made evident during Mr. Gould's life that he had no such conscientious scruples as to the means by which he accumulated his great estate. Death did not come to him unexpectedly. For years past he must have been forewarned that his life was approaching its end. The consciousness that his time on earth was likely to be short probably induced him to pay special attention to his religious obligations as he understood them. He became a diligent attendant upon a Presbyterian church, and he gave his open adherence to its severe doctrines of future accountability for his conduct in this life. He was not an infidel. He was an orthodox believer. He must have died thinking that his fortune was rightfully his own, and had been obtained by means consistent with the obligations of religion. He could not have felt that he was under the moral compulsion of making restitution to anybody.

In leaving his fortune to his children he put upon each of them the burden of his own moral responsibility to use his money. He made each of them his own almoner, with power to use his own income in his own way, as he himself had done and insisted on doing. That is all. The public criticism as to the disposition of Mr. Gould's vast income must be transferred to his children, if any criticism is proper. They are the accountable stewards. He himself has passed to his account and is beyond the power of criticism to affect his acts or their consequences.—N. Y. Sun.

His Friends will Call on Him.

Bonnell's grocery has been opened again on Union street and is being conducted by A. L. Bonnell, one of the members of the old firm. His stock of groceries is quite complete, and his assortment as varied as it well can be. A new grocery store has the advantage of having no stale stock on its shelves, a fact which many housewives will take into consideration. Many of Mr. Bonnells old friends and customers will not forget him when buying their household supplies for this season.

Umbrella Fittings New; Duval, Union St.

A CURE FOR THE BLUES.

The Heart and the Head are Not Responsible for Their Appearance.

The blues are far from being amongst the imaginary ailments of this world, as so many imagine them to be. They are very genuine and very trying to those afflicted with them, and deeply as I sympathize with those who suffer from that miserable ailment, no power will persuade me that they proceed from either the head or the heart! No; when "melancholy claims you for her own," unless you have some very good reason for sadness, be sure that the attack results from a falling out between queen Stomach and king Liver, as these two despots seem to rule our destinies and tyrannize over us with an awful sway. Indigestion is a potent factor to produce the blues, and a disordered or sulky liver will bring more hopeless melancholy in its train than a disappointment in love. So when you feel the blues approaching put on your "things" and go for a good walk. Take a cheerful friend with you if possible, and if not, take the dog and run two or three races with him while you are out. If this does not dispel the feeling you may rest assured that you are far from well and need a little medical treatment. At least I know this remedy has never failed to act like a charm in my case. ASTRA.

Our Fair Wheelists.

Oh! how fascinating, Sparkling, captivating, Exquisitely stylish debonaire; On their cycles riding, Sweeping and collaring, Look our lady cyclists fair.

Gaily laughing, Archly chaffing, Animated, charming, full of play, Flirting, blushing, Sweet and gushing, Are our lady cyclists gay.

On their wheels gyrating, Tipting, oscillating, Full of "go" and merry, cool and spry, Roughish eyed and smiling; Languid "swells" beguiling As their silent steeds roll by.

Gaily laughing, Archly chaffing, Animated, charming, full of play, Flirting, blushing, Sweet and gushing, Are our lady cyclists gay.

Never have such racers, Bicyclists, wheelists, Or such merry wheelists met our gaze; Male "sports" aren't "in it," Ever since the minute Maidens caught the cycling craze.

Gaily laughing, Archly chaffing, Animated, charming, full of play, Flirting, blushing, Sweet and gushing, Are our lady cyclists gay.

That young ladies couldn't Be athletes, or shouldn't, Has been off' asserted by stale prudes; But the solid fact is, Give the darlings practice, And they will excel most dudes.

Gaily laughing, Archly chaffing, Animated, charming, full of play, Flirting, blushing, Sweet and gushing, Are our lady cyclists gay. St. John, Dec., '92.

The Vagabonds.

We are the vagabonds of time, And rove the yellow autumn days, When all the roads are gray with rime And all the valleys blue with haze.

We came unlooked for as the wind Trooping across the April hills, When the brown waking earth had dreams Of summer in the Wanderer Hills.

How far afield we joyed to fare, With June in every blade and tree! Now with the sea wind in our hair We turn our faces to the sea.

We go unheeded as the stream That wanders by the hill-side, Till the great marshes take his hand And lead him to the roving tide.

The roving tide, the sleeping hills, These are the borders of that zone Where they may fare as fancy wills Who-a wisdom smiles and calls her own.

It is a country of the sun, Full of forgotten yesterdays, When time takes summer in his care, And fills the distance of her gaze.

It stretches from the open sea To the blue mountains and beyond; The world is Vagabonds, To him who is a vagabond.

In the beginning God made man Out of the wondering dust, men say; And in the end his life shall be A wandering wind and blown away.

We have forgotten where we slept, And guess not where we sleep to night, Whether among the lonely hills In the pale streamers' gh-stly light.

We shall lie dead and hear the frost Walk in the dead leaves restlessly, Or somewhere on the iron coast Learn the oblivion of the sea.

It matters not. And yet I dream Of dreams fulfilled and rest somewhere Before this restless heart is stilled And all its fancies blown to naught.

Had I my will! * * * The sun burns down And something plucks my garment's hem; The robins in their faded brown Would lure me to the South with them.

'Tis time for vagabonds to make The nearest inn! Far on I hear The voices of the Northern hills Gather the vagrants of the year.

Brave heart, my soul! Let longings be! We have another day to wend, For dark or waylay what care we Who have the lords of time to friend?

And if we tarry or make haste, The wayward sleep hold no fear, Shall fate unpoise, or wind perturb, The cam-begirt in dawn auster?

There is a tavern, I have heard, Not far and rugged, kept by One Who knows the children of the World, And welcomes each when day is done.

Some say the house is lonely set In Northern night; and snowdrifts keep The silent door; the hearth is cold; And all my fellows gone to sleep. * * *

Had I my will! I hear the sea Thunder a welcome on the shore; I know where lies the hostelry we And who should open me the door!

—Bliss Carman in the Independent. Rubber Foot Wear. If you want the best and newest styles in American and Canadian Rubber Foot Wear—go to ESTEY & CO'S RUBBER STORE, Prince Wm. Street.

CHRISTMAS, 1892.



DRESSING CASES FOR LADIES AND GENTS IN Leather, Celluloid and Wood Fittings.

Military Hair Brushes in Cases.

PERFUMERY.

RICKSECKER'S and SEELEY'S Perfumes, in Fancy Baskets and Boxes. Elegant Cut Glass Bottles bought expressly for the Holiday trade. And also all the leading makes, French and English, viz: ROGER & GALLET, LUBIN, ATKINSON, RIMMEL, CROWN, HANNY'S RONDELETTA, GOSNELL'S Cherry Blossom.

For Sale by

F. E. CRAIBE & CO., Druggists, Etc.,

35 King Street. Telephone No. 239.

WHERE DOES CASH MEAN MONEY?

AT HARDRESS CLARK'S GROCERY,

Where more good Groceries can be bought for \$1.00 than at any other store in town.

Xmas Groceries for Cash. Fruits and Confectionery for Cash. Satisfaction Guaranteed for Cash. Quality and Cheapness for Cash.

You can get everything at Clark's that can be had in the largest Grocery in town except Credit. Credit for an hour in a cash store is as bad as credit for a year.

Cash Means Money.

Buy your Christmas Groceries at

HARDRESS CLARK'S Sydney Street Grocery.

Where Sleighting Parties Can Go.

Just as soon as sleighing comes parties will be organized to enjoy it in sleighing parties out the road and elsewhere. In anticipation of this Mr. Joseph Rowley has had the old Lewin property on the Loch Lomond road specially fitted up for their accommodation. The house is large and roomy and besides possesses all the comfort of an old-fashioned country home. Every opportunity will be afforded for carrying out programmes of amusement and every care will be taken to give such parties the best entertainment they can obtain on the road. Mr. Rowley will be glad to give any further information about his premises and his ability to do as he says to those who may wish it.

Can Depend Upon Satisfaction.

Visitors to the store of Messrs. A. & J. Hay on King Street, will find them well prepared to fill their wants in their particular line at this season. Many of the most attractive novelties in the line of jewellery, as well as the very best of standard goods that can be procured, may be found in their show cases, and on their counters. A jewellery store is one place of all others where many people look for goods at this season, and they can depend upon satisfaction at this establishment.

Splint Seating; Duval, Union street.

A Holiday Pony.

Among the condensed advertisements on the 2nd page of PROGRESS is a suggestion for a Christmas gift that is perhaps more valuable and novel than any offered by the merchants. It is, in fact, a pony and outfit. Full particulars can be obtained by addressing the advertiser.

Suitable for the Season.

The Delineator has been received from Mr. Geo. H. McKay, on whose counter it can be found for sale.

PROGRESS is for sale in Boston at "King's Chapel News Stand,"—Corner of School and Tremont streets.

Talmage's Favorite Exercise.

I have no particular hours for exercise, but I generally take it in the afternoon. I have a peculiarity respecting running. I always run a little every day. I started that habit when I was in the grammar school, and have kept it up ever since. Five minutes of a good stout run will give as much exercise as two hours walking. The difficulty is, that people of sedentary habits do not take a full inspiration, which fills the lungs, but running brings into action every part of the lungs. If one should undertake the habit of running at forty or fifty years of age it might be perilous, but if one begins in boyhood, and keeps the habit up and does not run with anxiety, or reference to catching a railway train, he will find it healthy. As a consequence of these habits of exercise I have had more vigorous health than any person I ever heard of, which statement I make with gratitude to a good Providence, and not in any boastful spirit. I do not run long at a time—not long enough to get any sense of exhaustion. There is a very marked difference between running for exercise and running because you are late, or running because you wish to overtake something. In this latter case, you forget yourself and over-exert. But if a man is running for exhilaration he stops when the exhilaration gives out.

A Christmas Card FROM

Tremaine Gard.

I wish all Good and Well Meaning People a Very Merry CHRISTMAS and HAPPY NEW YEAR, thanking them for past favors, soliciting a continuance of their patronage, inviting them to call and inspect my most beautiful and complete stock of Splendid Holiday Gifts that are now offered Very Low in prices to insure cash sales and customers.

Respectfully yours, W. TREMAINE GARD, Goldsmith, Jeweler and Optician.

Orders from out of town promptly attended to.

See advertisement elsewhere.