

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 14.

A PHASE OF THE STRIKE.

One of the things that the Chicago strikers are striking about is the "social distinction" made by Mr. PULLMAN in luxuriating in the parlor cars, and in giving "PULLMAN cars" passes to the higher officers of the railway and not to the lower ones. The brakemen of the United States who in spite of the Westinghouse automatic air-brake are fortunate enough to find braking to do, if they had the sense of Canadian brakemen would not want to spend much time, when in their working clothes, in the parlor car; and the more they thought of themselves the less they would care to be in the car when dressed in the habiliments of toil, however honorable that toil might be. As to the matter of "PULLMAN cars" passes, surely the manager of a road has the right to do what he likes with his own property, provided that he does not interfere with the rights of his employees. And surely no employee can claim that, in this case, his rights are being tampered with. The fact that a higher official, by reason of his exalted station, is accorded more privileges than a lower one, should be one of the incentives for those on the lower rungs of the ladder to continue to rise, either by easy stepping, or, if necessary, "hand-over-hand."

It surely is not seemly for the strikers to charge Mr. PULLMAN with undue "social distinction" in a matter which would seem to call for no complaint, when the American Railway Union itself, only a week before the strike, voted down a resolution to strike out of their constitution a clause restricting membership in that body to railway men born of white parents. Which is the most unchristian case of "social distinction," provided that the Union considers itself what it claims to be?

THE TWO HOURS' SLEEP THEORY.

EDISON is responsible for the saying that mankind can live, move and have their being with only two hours' sleep. Since evolving this theory he has been seriously ill, which is not to be wondered at, for the bare idea is enough to stagger the most robust constitution. Perhaps he put his theory into practice, and utilized the leisure thus afforded in thinking of the great possibilities opened up by his plan. Owing to the present great facilities for producing artificial light, we of the nineteenth century sleep far less than our ancestors, but not many active people can do with less than five or six hours, and the majority require more. EDISON says that this comes merely from the sleep habit being handed down from one generation to another, and that two hours is quite sufficient for any one to sleep, if one only thought so. What a world it would be if every one was of his way of thinking! The realization of EDISON'S sleep-theory would turn our whole lives topsy-turvy. In the first place it would protract working hours in spite of the strikers. Imagine a man settling down comfortably after dinner in the evening to enjoy his newspaper. The day's work is done, he thinks, and the house will be quiet. Not a bit of it. There are yet seven hours before bed time and his wife fills them with house cleaning and simultaneously her lord and master's bosom with wrath and dismay. Then consider the children. What chance would there be of reading the newspaper or doing the family mending if the youngsters, not having the "sleep habit," were always to remain up till two or three in the morning. Then, of course the baby would omit his daily nap and thus deprive the tired mother of the only oasis in the weary day's round. The delightful forty winks after dinner would be a foregone pleasure and however long or prosy a sermon we would be unable to snatch a few moments' oblivion. What awful scope it would give boredom. Think of being till say 5 a. m. in the clutches of the man who tells fish stories, or how he intends building his house, of the genealogical fiend, or the inquisitive friend who fairly

perforates you with questions. Way, the only way one can endure such people is by knowing that half the time they must be asleep and therefore harmless. Crime of all sorts would certainly be more abundant; there would be just that much longer for people to hatch mischief and carry it out. Good deeds would have equally long hours for accomplishment; but not an equal chance, for in spite of the searching electric light there would be always numberless dark holes and corners where the devil would help his own. Of course there would be some bright touches. At ten o'clock there could be no earthly reason why paternosters should roll up the hearth rug and kick the cat down cellar, preparative to sending his young daughter to bed just as she is in the most exciting part of her novel; and the happy lovers could exchange ardent vows till long past midnight, undisturbed by interlopers coming ostentatiously into the room to win the clock. It would be a little hard on the coal bill though.

Indeed all expenses would be increased—more fuel, light, food and clothes would be required—so that the extra long day would not mean merely more time for amusements, but also more work to suit the heavier outlay.

People would grow older faster, for every one knows there is no such preserver of youthful looks as plenty of sleep. Probably at this rate of living men would be bald and wrinkled at thirty and women lose their bloom and be passe at twenty-five, an idea that is not to be entertained for a moment.

If sleeping becomes injurious or even unnecessary how many weary hours it would make for invalids, the sufferers who prize every moment of oblivion above rubies, and the shut ins who can never get away from their surroundings except when the merciful angel of sleep swings open for them "the ivory gates and golden."

We wish Mr. EDISON a speedy recovery from his indisposition—he is too valuable a man to be cut off so early in his career—but hope that he will be warned not to project any more such upheavals of society.

Perhaps there will always be students who will burn the midnight oil, and I money grubbers who grudge every moment of inaction; but, shades of Morpheus!—will the time ever come when we can take no pleasure in a noontide siesta or in the good turn (in bed) that deserves another?

DRUNKENNESS AT PICNICS.

One of the worst of the many nuisances of the glad summer time is the drunken man at a picnic.

If a man must get drunk, let him hie to the seclusion of his own room, and, far from the madding crowd, dream delicious dreams. He will probably be more or less of a fool, but he will certainly run less risk of being known as such than if he went to an excursion. If he wants to drink deep, and prefers to enjoy the after effects beneath the cool vault of heaven, let him go (alone) to the woods and fields, where, according to the poet who loved Catawba wine, no tears (not even such as ne'er-do-weels go on) dim the sweet look that nature wears.

It surely cannot make much difference in the "good time" a man is enjoying who is spiritually in the seventh heaven whether his body is at a picnic or somewhere else; but it certainly matters to sober picnicers. A man not only filches from himself his good name by being drunk on a picnic, but he also mars the enjoyment of women and children by sickening and frightening them, and is not a source of unalloyed pleasure to whatever men may feel called upon to attend to him at certain stages of his glorious day. If he is not in the condition known to physiologists as "dead drunk," but is only so far along in his wild career as the stage of being what is called by poets "half-seas-over," he may do some act of violence that he and others more worthy will regret all his and their lives, or one that may force him to forsake the liquor habit as effectually as the BELLINGER remedy.

In any case, drunkenness at picnics is the meanest form of drunkenness.

That the plan of having part of one's paper edited and printed in the United States is for the most part convenient for a Canadian publisher, is true, as the same editing and type-setting will do for other ambitious Canadian and American periodicals, and hence can be had cheap. But when a paper published by Canadians in Canada has a Fourth of July number, containing a picture which insults our queen and motherland, it can scarcely be enjoyed, even by its Canadian editors. The proprietors of one of our Halifax contemporaries, when they saw the character of what was sent to them for last Saturday's issue from the land of the free-and-easy, would better have made a special effort and printed all of that paper at home.

One governor of North Carolina, by a few words of his to the governor of South Carolina, gained for himself considerable notoriety. The present governor of North Carolina, by a few words of his to Mr. DEBS, has gained considerable notoriety of a far more unpleasant kind, which however, can scarcely humiliate him and his state more than the action which caused it. His message to Mr. DEBS asked per-

mission to bring the state militia back by rail from the state encampment.

The July number of The Life, the organ of the Christian scientists of America, contains a child's photograph, with these words beneath it: "This is our boy Ralph. He is now 33 months old, weighs heavy, and is a wonderful boy. He is an example of what children will be when they are born right into the kingdom." The Christian scientists seem to have obtained some pointers in advertising from the proprietors of Nestle's Milk Food.

British Columbians are taking steps towards making their province more sensibly socialist than the Chicago strikers. A resolution just adopted by the ministerial candidates of the province provides that the provincial government furnish instant relief for the unemployed by opening up and operating coal and other mines, by clearing and cultivating the provincial lands, and by producing therefrom many of the necessities of life now imported.

The lot of the Quebec tax collector is not a happy one. The recent whiskey revenue trouble is only one of that province's many discouragements in collecting her lawful dues. A whole community in the county of Ottawa pays no municipal taxes, and the entire township of Lowe has paid no taxes of any kind for years. An enterprising real estate agent should have no difficulty in booming the township of Lowe.

Because of the interest of those assembled at Chautauqua last Sunday in the western strikes, Sunday newspapers, which have lately been denounced by the Chautauquans with as much vigor as by Mr. CHARLTON, were admitted to the assembly grounds. The day may not be far distant when Chautauqua will add to her list of periodicals a Sunday paper of her own.

Philadelphia's population has increased 30 per cent. in the last thirteen years, and the taxable value of its property 40 per cent., while the cost of running the town has increased 300 per cent. Philadelphia and a few other United States cities would do well to ponder over the lesson in economics delivered on a certain embarrassing occasion by Mr. MICAWBER.

MR. WILLIAM WALDORE ASTOR, proprietor of the Pall Mall Magazine, should be proud of the literary exclusiveness displayed by his editors. An article with the signature of that gifted author, WILLIAM WALDORE ASTOR, was recently sent to the editors of that magazine, who promptly returned it to Mr. ASTOR with the endorsement, "Declined with thanks."

Even in the discharge of their duty, United States government officials should not interfere with any of their country's sacred institutions. The town marshal of Iola, Kansas, interrupted a poker game recently, and the man who was about to open a jack-pot on four aces is suing the municipality for heavy damages.

During the last few weeks Chicago has wished for that famous former mayor of hers that was elected time and time again because of his ability in quelling riots—Old Rough-and-Ready Long JOHN WENTWORTH.

The new London bridge costs \$5,000,000, and will prove a most durable structure. The people of England seem to be determined to delay as long as possible the fulfilment of MACAULAY'S famous prediction.

Some of the worst features of the strike at Chicago are due to the fact that many of the men who have been foremost in creating anarchy are not members of the Union, but the toughest toughs of a city of toughness.

"Britannia" rules the waves! (N. B. This is our own joke; we thought it out ourselves some days ago; but then there are always disadvantages in coming out only once a week.)

The aggregate loss entailed by the Chicago strike has been estimated at \$7,000,000. The loss to business, however, forms no part of the estimate.

The brothers GOULD were badly fooled; "Britannia" wouldn't stay; but though they're "done," they've had some fun, so neither is a JAY.

Let the fast line come, fast as it can. St. John is prepared for it, by Nature and disposition.

The Queen must have been delighted at her most promising son's winning one of her cups.

The Anglophobists of Venezuela swear by JIMENEZ.

An Adviser of Gladstone.

When Mr. Gladstone was in doubt or difficulty as to the probable popularity of a proposed move in politics he often used to consult Mr. S. Whitbread, the member for Bedford, who, after more than forty years of parliamentary service, is about to retire. The famous brewer is a great authority at Westminster on questions of procedure. He might have been speaker of the house of commons had he wished, and his fine commanding presence—for he was over six feet in height—would have made him a dignified occupant of the chair.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Off the Banks. I'm off for the banks, I says to Maud, An' the moon was a shinin' bright; An' we two standin' there in the door, Just as it were last night.

O hist on the main, o hist away, An' up with the topsail high; Over the harbor I see the door, An' she waves me a long good-bye.

I'm off for the banks, I says to her, I had on my old felts breeches; If I would be true so she would too, And what I'm a singin' she knows.

I bought her a lover's ring, two hearts, An' "remember," underneath; She wears it now for a token sweet, An' some day she will wear a wreath.

There came a banker in one day, With her flag half mast to town; "Jim Alden lost on the banks" went round, That day as the sun went down.

His bride she spun at her wheel no more, Nor made the old folks bread; She lingered along till the autumn fell, An' sleeps where the laves are dead.

But off on the banks I'll have my dreams, An' Maud in my heart I'll see; An' whether the winds blow high or low, It's nothing if she loves me.

An' a sailin' home our flag shall fly, For a token I still am true; The ring with the two hearts an' the word, Shall be mated to one that's new.

O hist on the main, O hist away, An' up with the topsail high; Over the harbor I see the door, An' she waves me a long good-bye.

The Haunted Castle. Have you seen the haunted castle? The castle by the sea, Where shadows deep lengthen and creep; Lengthen but never flee.

The shadows creep around it So ghostlike, silent, cold; The shadows deepen, deepen, They deepen and grow old.

No light e'er touches that castle, Turning its grey to gold; But the mists so chill creep up the hill, And around it coil and fold.

The mosses are damp upon it; Its walls are stained and grey; And its turrets old look dark and cold In the light of the autumn day.

No light streams out from its windows, No light from its darkened door; But a silence deep, a deathlike sleep, And darkness evermore.

When night blots out its greyness, And the hour of twelve is o'er, A form so white glides out on the night; Glides out from the darkened door.

Glides out from the darkened door, Glides down to the moaning tide; A form so white gleams out on the night, Then is lost in the waters wide.

A light flashes out from the window, A light from the hall below; A blood-red light flashes out on the night, Weird forms glide to and fro.

The light fades out from the window, Dark grows the blood-red door; The moaning tide, deep, dark and wide, Still moans to the farther shore.

Still stands the haunted castle, While the mists creep up the hill, And the shadows grey lengthen and play, Lengthen and play at will.

The Sleep of the Sea. 'Tis night upon the ocean, And as I watch thy motion, O silent heavy deep, I see thou art asleep; How long will that sleep be, Thou deep and treacherous sea?

The stars their sentry keep; At the calm sea doth peep 'Tis the moon, and quick behind Dark clouds, now silver-lined, Doth disappear from sight.

O sea! How still to-night! Away down in this silent deep, Old Neptune and his mermaids sleep. Leisurely a lone sea-gull, Resting in this quiet cove, A bed now makes of thee, O calm and smiling sea!

St. John. W. T. GUEST.

Sackcloth and Jests. The Jester—who grinned at the sooty fare they spread at the royal board—lest than prayer, and more to the guests than the Lord; Who wrinkled his face with a very grimace, while At the sackcloth under the purple robes of their King, as he went past;

The Jester—whose merry gibes were heard in 'all that doleful while—like the King—why, Famine's self would smile; He—light and empty of heart and thought as 'tis He would laugh at the sackcloth and jest at the ache of the heart to covered o'er.

Well might the King wear sackcloth; his were a nation's woes, And every man from a million lives was one of his own heart's throes; The tears of his people burned his cheeks, their hunger gnawed his breast, The pain that ached in their hollow eyes drove peace from his sleepless rest.

But the Jester, who laughed in the palace, who mocked at the shrivelled lips Of gaunt-eyed Famine and turned aside her moan with his blundering quips, Who ripped a stave of a reveler's song when the woman, with bitter cry, Shrieked "Help, look King, for God will not!" as the helpless King passed by;

The Jester—Death laughed in his face one day and the smile on his lips was chilled; So strange it seemed for him to die, that all the court was filled With ripples of laughter, hushed and low, just tinged with pity and shame, And the smiles would come when they coupled Death with the frolicsome Jester's name.

So with pitying smiles and hands they dressed the dead for the Court of Death. They stripped off his motley—the grotesque rage—any shew, with startled breath, They looked in amazement, for chafing his breast with his irritable rankle and sting, Under his motley the Jester wore sackcloth—like the King.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

Song.

If we had never met, dear; Would we have loved as now? Or lived in vain regret, dear; Apart, we know not how?

I cannot understand, dear, The riddle of my life; Why she has won your heart, dear; And I am not your wife.

If hearts are wed by fate, dear, And ordered things befall; Why did we meet too late, dear? Why did we meet at all? R. H. STODDARD.

The Culture.

There is an old French air, A little song of loneliness and grief— Simple as nature, sweet beyond compare— And sad—past all belief.

Nameless is he that wrote The melody—but such a happy tune; Whoever made the words was some remote French ancestor of mine.

I know the dungeon deep Where long he lay—and why he lay therein; And all his anguish, that he could not sleep For conscience of a sin.

I see his cold, hard bed; I hear the chiming that jingled in his ears As he pressed nightly, with that wakeful head, A pillow wet with tears.

Oh, restless little chime! It never changed—but rang its roundelay For each dark hour of that unhappy time That sighed itself away.

And ever, more and more, Its burden grew of his lorn self a part, And mingled with his memories, and wore Its way into his heart.

And there it wove the name Of many a love loved, for one dear sake, Into its web of music; thus he came His little song to make.

Of all that ever heard And loved it for its sweetness, none but I Divined the clue that, like a hidden word, The notes doth underlie.

That wall from lips long dead Has found its echo in this breast alone! Only to me, by blood remembrance led, Is the little story known!

And though 'tis mine by right Of treasure-trove, to rife and lay bare A heritage of sorrow and delight The world would gladly share—

Yet must I not unfold Forevermore, nor whisper late or soon, The secret that a few slight bars thus hold Imprisoned in a tune.

For when that little song Goes ringing in my heart, I know that he, My luckless love for eather, dust so long, Re-lives his life in me!

GEORGE DU MAURIER.

The Ballad of the "Eurydice." (Lost with her crew of three hundred boys on the last day of her voyage, March 23rd, 1876.) Up with the royals that top the white spread of her! Press her, and dress her, and drive thro' the foam! The islands to port and the mainland ahead of her, Oh, for the Warner and Hayling and home!

"Bo'sun, oh, Bo'sun, just look at the green of it! Look at the red cattle down by the side of it! Look at the farmstead, all 't is seen of it! One little galbe-end over the edge."

"Lord, the tongues of them, clatterin', clatterin', All going wild at a peep of the light. Aye, sir, aye, it has set them all chattering, 'Thinking of home and their mothers tonight."

Spread the top-gallants, oh, lay them out lustily! What though it darken o'er Netherby Combe? 'Tis but the valley-wind puffing so gustily, On for the Warner and Hayling and home!

"Bo'sun, oh, Bo'sun, just see the long slope of it; Cutwre is there, with the cliff and the light, Tell us, oh, tell us, now is there a hope of it, Shall we have leave for our homes for to-night?"

"Tut! the clack of them! Steadily! Steadily! Aye, as you say, sir, they're little ones still. One lone reach should open it readily Round by St. Helen's and under the hill.

"The Spirit and the Nub are the gates of the promise Their mothers to them—and to us it's our wives, I've sailed forty years and—by God, it's upon us! Reef royals! Reef topsails! Reef, reef for your lives!"

A grey swirl of snow with the squall at the back of it, Sweiling her, reeling her, beating her down! A gleam of her bows in the thick of the wreck of it, A flutter of white in the eddies of brown!

It broke in one moment of blizzard and blindness, The next, like a foul bat, it flapped on its way; But our ship and our boys! Gracious Lord, in Your kindness, Give help to the mothers who need it to-day!

Give help to the women who wait by the water, Who stand on the Hard, with their eyes past the light. Ah, whisper it gently, your sister or daughter; 'The boys are all gathered at home for to-night."

A. CONAN DOYLE.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

The July number of Demorest's Family Magazine is of interest to other members of the family besides husbands and those most intimately interested in them. Besides the opinions of great men on the "Best Husband" question, which are reviewed and quoted in another column of PROGRESS, there is an article which will enable any one to play the violin without a master. The most refreshing reading in the number for this weather is "A Day on the Ice-Field."

In the words of a popular song, "just take the name of Donahoe" if you are hunting for a good magazine. It is Roman catholic, but not aggressively so, and there is a great deal of excellent reading in it that has nothing to do with Roman catholicism. Not only the A. P. A. is treated in this July number, but also cremation, New England scenery, woman reporters, and "proptuity." Laziness finds a defender in Henry Latchford, who is anything but a slovenly writer.

What is beauty? "Question of a blind man!" replied Aristotle. Mrs. Sherwood, in her article which opens the fascinating pages of the July Cosmopolitan, gives what seems at first an even more evasive answer than that of Aristotle. She says it is "dynamite." Why it is dynamite, she explains in her most beautiful style. The July Cosmopolitan is a summer number, containing three short stories, including one of sport and adventure, two travel articles, and other light matter, making up one hundred and twenty-eight pages of summer reading. This number marks the close of the first year since the revolutionary announcement was made that the price of that magazine, already low, had been cut to one-half of three dollars a year. All sorts of predictions have come to be unfulfilled during the year—it would be impossible to maintain the rate—the quality would be lowered—the size would be decreased. But even severe critics admit that with each succeeding number there has been a betterment in the quality of articles and illustrations, and the size has remained unchanged, except the always growing advertising pages. The magazine printed, for six months embraced in Volume, XV one million four hundred and nineteen thousand copies, an entirely unapproached record, and has doubled its already large plant of presses and binding machinery. The walls of the magazine's new home are rapidly rising at Irvington-on-the-Hudson.

Anything like a careful review of the Review of Reviews would be a heavy task for an experienced reviewer. The Cleveland Christian Endeavor convention is thoroughly treated in the July number, as is the once great Coxy. An interesting article is that on "The American Federation of Labor, Samuel Gompers, Presi-

dent." Mr. Gompers gave the Review of Reviews his ideas concerning strike, which will be of interest in the light of events that have transpired since the July number went to press. The copies of caricatures in the number show that even now the comic papers cannot give Mr. Gladstone a rest on his former tree-chopping proclivities.

WITH HEATHER ON HIS HEART.

The Funeral Service of the Late Thomas C. Latto Described by a Personal Friend.

The following interesting account of the obsequies of a Scottish poet, an account of whose death has already been given in PROGRESS, is hereby furnished by Mr. John D. Ross, the author and compiler of various Scottish books, and a resident of Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS:—Doubtless some of your readers will be glad to hear more concerning the gifted Scottish song writer and poet, Thomas Carstairs Latto, whose death occurred at his home in Brooklyn, N. Y., on the 12th of June, creating profound sorrow among his numerous friends and admirers.

A kindly, genial, generous, honest soul, one of nature's noblemen, his memory shall always be cherished by those who were privileged to know him or even to come in contact with him.

As a man of letters his place at present may only be among the minor poets of his country, but he has left poems in MS. superior even to those acknowledged immortal effusions of his which have already been published, and these will ultimately secure for him a high position among the prominent Scottish poets of the 19th century. The Scottish nation may not yet fully appreciate the fact, but in the death of Thomas C. Latto, one of the best of their sweet singers has passed away.

It was with very solemn feelings that the writer of this brief tribute—feeling it can be called a tribute—and the distinguished Scottish poet, Mr. Duncan MacGregor Creer, wended their way on the evening of the 15th to the house of the deceased, there to take part in the funeral service announced to take place and to look the last time on the face of the beloved bard. To Mr. Creer, indeed, the occasion was a particularly sad one, as between him and Mr. Latto a warm friendship had existed for upwards of 30 years. Passing over the brief stricken threshold we were ushered into the death chamber, and for a moment or so gazed on the noble and refined features of him whose journey through life was terminated. It was a painful realization for us. The next moment my companion quietly took from his pocket a dainty little spray of Amnbroe heather, and with considerable emotion, placed it reverently in the poet's bosom, and never did heather look so conspicuously grand to me as it did then. Costly flowers of all kinds lay strewn around us in great profusion, filling the atmosphere with their rare and fragrant perfume; but none of them looked so beautiful as the modest little spray that nestled in the bosom of the dead poet. One of Mr. Latto's last poems was on a sprig of the national flowers, and he had inscribed the piece to the friend who was now standing at his side, and in what an appropriate manner had this gentleman shown his appreciation of the honor paid to him. There was something truly sublime to me in the seemingly simple incident and I never longed so much to possess the genius of a poet as I did on that evening. But nature had not bestowed this priceless gift on me, and I could only regret that it was not within my power to set forth in glowing and undying language the thought which the incident had awakened in my heart. He placed a spray of heather on his heart! What an inspiring title and subject for a poet! And in the writer's memory, there will always be associated with the features of Thomas C. Latto in death, a bright little spray of Highland heather clinging affectionately to his bosom as if proud of the fact that it was destined to mingle its dust with that of the beloved poet.

Religious services were conducted at 8 o'clock and the Rev. Dr. S. Giffard Nelson delivered an address—oratorical should more properly be termed—which was listened to with breathless attention. When Dr. Nelson had finished all present arose and gazed for a few seconds on the face of the illustrious dead. Many tears were shed and many kind words were spoken. In little groups the company afterwards gradually dispersed but those who participated in the services of the evening will never forget it. And in the writer's memory, there will always be associated with the features of Thomas C. Latto in death, a bright little spray of Highland heather clinging affectionately to his bosom as if proud of the fact that it was destined to mingle its dust with that of the beloved poet.

About the Synod Report.

In a letter to a member of the synod printing committee in this city Rev. O. S. Newnham, the secretary, explains his statement regarding the printing of the report, to which PROGRESS referred in its last issue. "If all that I had said in connection with the printing of the synod journal of last year had been reported it would have sounded differently to the few words that appeared in the San," writes Mr. Newnham, who then goes on to state somewhat particularly his complaint. What PROGRESS objected to more than anything else was that it should receive the first intimation of serious fault finding in such away when, rather than have any cause for complaint, that portion complained of would have been reprinted, no matter what the loss was. Still, knowing Mr. Newnham's disposition we can well understand that any remarks he may have made before the synod were in a frankly critical spirit and not with any intent to injure the printing department of PROGRESS, which, while not infallible by any means, claims accuracy and workmanship equal to that in similar establishments.