

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

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ST. JOHN, N. B. SATURDAY AUGUST 24.

ADVERTISING THE CITY.

The question of whether an exhibition will pay or not is one which does not admit of debate. St. John exhibitions must pay, no matter what the immediate results may seem to be, for it is not by immediate results they are to be judged.

There are a good many who look at such affairs from the narrow standpoint of what they yield at the time. They calculate that a certain number of visitors will be attracted to the city and will spend a certain amount of money.

For a number of years St. John has been advertising itself in various ways. Some of the advertisements, such as the grain elevator, may have been money squandered where it could have been applied to better purpose.

Apart from the occasional exhibition, St. John has been doing a good deal of advertising in other ways. It is becoming known better year by year, as a summer resort.

It would have been otherwise had nothing been done to make the city attractive and to cater to the comfort of the best classes of travellers.

When there may be a deficit in the funds. Advertising pays, with cities as well as with individuals.

ABANDONED CHURCHES.

The idea of abandoning church edifices to be used for all sorts of purposes seems to be thoroughly American, and is rarely found in other parts of the world.

The same conditions are found in Canada in a much less degree, but a recent sketch in the Toronto World shows that city to be as free and easy in regard to second-hand churches as even New York, in proportion to its population.

Such instances are not common in the lower provinces, though they have occasionally occurred. It may be that our cities do not move ahead fast enough, rather than from any current sentiment that a building once devoted to the worship of God should be esteemed holy for all time.

NUISANCES IN NAMES.

The United States post office department has begun to make havoc with some of the familiar names of cities and towns. The aim is to secure a uniformity of writing and spelling such names, and while this result may be reached, the effect so far is rather startling.

Another rule is that such words as "city," "centra," "station" and "court house," following a distinctive local name, must be omitted. This must necessitate a total change of name in some instances, or bring confusion to the senders and receivers of letters.

The most remarkable of the new postal rules of nomenclature in the United States is that which directs that, in general, where a name consists of two words it should be written as one. This may not result in a "Newyork," a "Sanfrancisco," or a "Saintjohns," but it already applies to such places as Three Rivers, Bunker Hill and North Wilkesboro.

The one crying evil of names of places, both in the United States and Canada, is the duplication of names. There are more Washingtons and the like than can be easily counted, while we have St. John, St. John's and St. Joseph's in great profusion.

ROYALS. There are three St. Mary's in New Brunswick.

How a remedy is to be found for this would be hard to say, but there ought to be a remedy of some kind. As each place grows more important the nuisance of being confounded with some other place must become more apparent.

The accepted theory that abstinence from flesh meat tends to make men and lower animals more docile fails of corroboration in the case of the Vegetarians of China.

The sound common sense of the British public declines to be led into a Tribby craz. Despite vigorous efforts to force a sale of the cheap edition of the book, it fails flat, and is bound to stay so.

Rubinstein by his will left money for a prize to be awarded every five years for the best pianoforte concerto, which must be performed for the first time in public by the composer himself.

The Lord Chief Justice of England has recently revived the old custom of the judges riding on horseback from one assize town to another.

According to the Chronicle, Quebec is a happy city, save for one thing. The weather is beautiful, the place never presented a handsomer or more picturesque appearance, three warships are among the attractions, but in the midst of all this peaceful scene the water supply is sandy and there is urgent need of a filter.

It seems quite in line with the general tenor of the life of CORBETT, the champion plug-ugly, that he should further offend public decency by marrying the woman who was the cause of the divorce recently granted to the fighter's unfortunate wife.

In common with citizens of every class, PROGRESS joins in congratulations to DR. BAYARD on the attainment of his eighty-first birthday in a hale condition of mind and body which younger men might envy.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

One of the best ideas in journalism is exemplified in "Information" published by the Transatlantic Publishing Company, New York and London.

Of the manuscripts left unpublished by Robert Louis Stevenson at his death the first to reach the public is a collection of very original "Fables" in the September number of McCURE'S MAGAZINE.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Jacquemint Song. I sat and heard a summer rose, Sing in a dream of fame; Bu glory came to me to disclose, A glory beyond one name.

Rose Dell, Aug. 1895.

OLD, but Worth Re-reading. About the year 1841 there appeared in the London "Morning Chronicle" a remarkable poem entitled "Lines to a Skeleton."

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

LINES TO A SKELETON. Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull Once of a stately spirit, and a mien, This narrow cell was his retreat, This space was thought's mysterious seat.

AVAIL it whether bare or shod, These feet the path of duty trod; If from the bowers of ease they fled To seek affliction's humble abode.

Love is Never Lost.

What was the song we sang together, You and I in the long June? Something today in the dreary weather Brought back a strain of the tune; And it carried me back to a moon-lit even, To roses, music, and beautiful eyes; You seemed an angel out of Heaven, And I was in Paradise.

Beautiful Things.

Beautiful faces as those that wear— Whose smiles are like the dawn and fair— Whole soul'd in nesty printed there. Beautiful eyes are those that show, Like crystal pans where heart fires glow, Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Would That Life.

Would that life were endless sailing, Sail on a sunnier sea; Floating eastward, floating westward, Borne by breezes light and free.

Sorrow and Joy.

Deem not that they are best alone Whose days a peace full tenor keep; The anointed Son of God makes known A blessing for the eyes that weep.

THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

A Few Comfortable Moments in the House of a Connecticut Yankee.

"One hot night," said the retired burglar, "I went into a house in a town in Connecticut. It was hot outside I don't know what you would call it inside. All the windows in the lower part of the house were shut tight, and the house down stairs was just stifling.

"Well, I wasn't. I'm very hard to wake up. You ought to have been sure about it. I had friends waiting for me at the station. I'll make an awful mess. I wouldn't have had this happen for a thousand dollars!"

"On this fan the weight was made to fall very slowly and so to keep the fan in motion a long time, by means of a sort of friction brake made of a stout, adjustable spring, one end of which was attached to the frame of the contrivance, while the other end rested on the big cylinder and made it go slow.

Gulls as Carriers.

With the approach of the yacht racing season, when carrier pigeons are in request for the transmission of the results of contests, the old question of carrier pigeons for sea service is revived.

THE SEA SERPENT AGAIN.

It Now Appears in the Province of Quebec and is a Horrid Thing.

According to a Quebec despatch to the N. Y. Sun, the latest Canadian sea serpent story shows a change habitat on the part of the monster. From Black Lake, on the south side of the St. Lawrence, the source of the reports has been transferred to Lake Wayagamack, situated between the Lake St. John Railway and the St. Maurice River, and well within the region visited by so many American anglers every summer.

The three men say that while they were fishing in the lake, large bubbles rose to the surface, the water became foamy, and then there appeared at the centre of the troubled expanse an enormous snake-like head. This was followed soon by a long, snub-nosed body, fully three feet in circumference and seventy feet long.

Mr. Roy ordered his men to return to camp. Bending to their paddles, they made the little craft spin toward the shore. The serpent rushed after them. When the canoe grated on the beach Roy hastily disembarked. He ran to the log camp and secured his rifle. Taking as careful aim as the excited condition of his nerves

permitted, he fired shot after shot at the reptile. One shot only seemed to take effect. As it struck the serpent it gave a louder hiss than usual and sank out of sight.

The lake near the shore soon after became discolored with blood. Roy and the guides remained watching for hours, hoping that the dead body of the monster would rise to surface. They were doomed to disappointment.

WHY HE SLEPT SO WELL.

Time Was No Object When He Could Beat The Railway Company.

"What station was that?" demanded the passenger in the rear seat, suddenly rousing himself, straightening up, and projecting his voice through the dimly lighted car.

"It was Bragdon," he replied. "Ain't you the man that wanted to get off at Smallville?"

"I am," rejoined the passenger. "I asked you to wake me up when we got there, and you said you would."

"I did wake you up." "Oh, you did, did you? How far have we gone past Smallville?" "Fifty five miles."

"And you waked me? Strange I didn't know anything about it!" "I shook you, called out the name of the station, and you said 'all right,' and reached for your hat. I supposed you were wide awake. Several passengers got off there and I took it for granted you were one of them."

"Well, I wasn't. I'm very hard to wake up. You ought to have been sure about it. I had friends waiting for me at the station. I'll make an awful mess. I wouldn't have had this happen for a thousand dollars!" "You can telegraph them, can't you?" "I suppose I can. What's the next station?" "Flaxwood."

"Does the next train stop there?" "Yes." "Well, you give me a note to the conductor, can't you, telling him to pass me back to Smallville? It's as little as you can do. It wasn't my fault that I got carried past."

The conductor scribbled a few lines on a piece of paper and handed it to him. "We're coming to Flaxwood now," he said, looking at him sharply. "Are you sure you're awake?"

"I'll get off here, anyhow," responded the passenger, grabbing his valise and starting for the door, "whether I'm awake or not."

Where He Got The Jewelry.

Some 19 years ago there was interred in Winfall Cemetery a handsome lady who died young. There were several gold rings on her fingers when buried. Her husband shortly married again. Wife No. 2 also died and was laid to rest in Winfall Cemetery. The husband got a young housekeeper, whom he fell deeply in love with, and proposed marriage and she accepted. His affianced wife wanted jewelry; her affianced husband had no means of money he could not get the jewelry that would be wife No. 3 so much wanted.

He went one night about three weeks ago and dug up the grave of his first wife, took up the coffin and after a careful search found the gold rings and earrings and gave them to his affianced wife. We withhold the names, but the facts are true.—Woodstock Ont., Times.

Mr. Feeney's Experience.

It is said that "Tom" Feeney of the Boston Herald who has been spending a short time in invigorating and beautiful Gagetown is now prepared to rival any alderman of his own town so far as magnificent proportions go. At any rate he is a splendid advertisement of the ability a pretty country place in New Brunswick possesses to restore to every man his vein, energy and fatness.

Autumn Delineator.

The September number of the Delineator, called the Autumn Announcement number, has been received and is as full of interesting matter as the previous numbers have been. The subscription is \$1 a year or 15 cents a number. Delineator Publishing Co., Toronto, or Macaulay, Bros. & Co., St. John.