

PROGRESS, SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1895.

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY JUNE 15 SUNDAY DESECRATION.

The wisdom of the recent effort to partially enforce the law against what is termed Sabbath desecration may very properly be questioned. The chief of police appears to have acted at the instigation of some well meaning citizens, and he did no more than it was his duty to do in any case when an infraction of a law is pointed out to him.

The statutes under which the proceedings were instituted is about one hundred and ten years old. It was passed in the time of the Loyalist, and exists in the back part of the consolidated statutes as one of the unrepaled acts which are only heard from on extraordinary occasions.

The use of the hyphenated surname is so common in modern times as to excite no curiosity. Instances of it are so numerous among the English aristocracy that one rather expects to find it travelling in company with big trunks, big whiskers and big feelings.

This method of adpoting the hyphen is not understood to mean that anything more is claimed than a means of being distinguished from others who may bear a respectable but common patronym. It is entirely distinct from cases in which a hyphen is so forced upon a man that he actually loses his original surname and is obliged to officially notify the world of the fact.

where except in Belgium shows a very remarkable state of affairs in genealogy. There is but one theory to account for it. It has been almost forgotten to oblivion or equivalent of the hyphen. That equivalent is the apostrophe.

THE GREAT O FAMILY. "The letter O sounds odd for a name, but there is a distinguished family in Belgium whose name is O, no more and no less."

There may be a moral, to be improved on by the friends of birds, in the fate of an aged preacher in Alabama, the other Sunday. The good man may never have read that.

According to the Toronto World, the officers of the National Convention of Women are fearful of an attempt to break up the organization, on the question of silent or audible prayer. It is alleged that the nefarious plot is the work of dissatisfied members who have not been elected officers or appointed to positions of distinction.

The New York Sun has the courage to disagree with several dictionaries and a numerous public on the pronunciation of the word bicycle. Neither should the accent be on the "ey," it says, nor is the word "bisicycle." The slight accent comes on the first syllable and the "cycle" is pronounced with a long, broad "i."

The hyphen, be it understood, is quite a modern character, unknown in ancient writings, whereas the apostrophe is in the in the earliest Greek uncial manuscripts, which date from the first century before the Christian era. It was then used as a dividing mark between two words, and the theory may be advanced that in course of time it became a connecting mark, and was so used when the O family was most prevalent among the people.

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The holding anchor is a legend, and it is said that it is a relic of the days when the world was a young man, and the anchor was the symbol of his faith.

For ever when the floods are bold, And sorrow's soul is tried; The holding anchor still will hold, Though the monesty of the tide.

Can any reader of PROGRESS give the name of the author of the following lines: There are ninety and nine white and die In want, hunger and cold, That one may live in luxury, And be wrapped in a golden fold.

Woes of a Contributor. To THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS:—Will you kindly make the following correction of errors which appeared in my letter regarding sticky fly paper last week? For "many women read 'men and women' and for 'beasts of his creation' read 'least of his creation.'"

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

In Children's Faces. The marching feet of children New to the road of Time Sounded to me like music And the unison of rhyme—

To One Beloved. Beloved, as I walked alone to-day, The world was wrapped in misty golden glow, And overhead, the deep blue heaven lay Seemed to kiss the wonder of the snow;

The Holding Anchor. A whirling mist, a blinding night, In light and moaning sea; Mad billows on the mountain height, And a dreary dreary sea.

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BLOOMERS WERE A SURPRISE.

He had Never Seen the Like And He Thought They Were Trousers. Several lady bicyclists in new bloomer costumes, were the source of great amusement to an old gentleman one afternoon this week. It was on Sidney street, near the square and the person in question, it was quite apparent to everyone who noticed him, had never seen this safe and comfortable, though possibly graceful, cycling dress.

Why Will They Do It? Something About Women Who Talk Too Loud in Cars and Elsewhere. Why will women talk aloud in street cars and other public places? The habit is becoming general, women of refined appearance and educated speech indulging in it as freely as their sisters from the uncultured walks of life.

Growing Asparagus in France. It is the rule of the most careful French asparagus growers never to cut asparagus after May 20, though some continue cutting considerably longer.

Great Point Sustained. The technicalities of the law are often too fine-drawn for the lay understanding. The Rochester Post-Express reports a case which sounds like a burlesque, but is said to be true.

His Home-made Trousers. Johnny Dumpsey. Oh, ma, I wish you would make me a pair of home-made trousers every day.

Baked Beans in Boston. Probably few people in this vicinity realize the proportion which the baked-bean industry has assumed in Boston. One establishment on Shawmut avenue, known as the "Boston Baked Beans Company" has a daily bake of 1,600 pots, holding from two to eight quarts of beans.

hung a good suit of clothes that had been taken off the body. During the night a tramp, who must have known of the suicide and laid his plans with a definite object in view, broke into the morgue and stole the suicide's clothes, leaving his own tattered outfit hanging on the peg in its stead.

Very Rough on Rats. An enormous business was done at a French fair by a man selling rat powder, sure death to rodents, but harmless to human beings. In order to convince the skeptical, the man first of all powdered a slice of bread with the stuff and ate a piece. The remainder he put under a glass case, in which a rat was kept in captivity. The rat went to eat the bread and instantly fell dead.

Converted in Earnest. A recent convert of the Salvation Army in Seattle, Wash., gives a startling proof of the genuineness of his profession of repentance by making public announcement that he was an escaped convict, having sixteen years yet to serve in the Leavenworth, Kan., penitentiary, and that he was ready to go back to jail. A few days ago a guard from the penitentiary arrived in Seattle, identified the converted convict, and took his back, really rejoicing.

That Cat Had Only Two Lives. A CRUEL ACT—Last evening some cruel person threw a kitten from one of the windows of one of the ample rooms in the Magilton building, breaking its neck. To end its misery Harry Grady took it and drowned it.—Telegraph.

Most of Them Do. Miss Yearns:—D) you think a woman ought to work for a husband? Miss Quick:—Yes, till she gets him.

Bishop Courtney's Cathedral Sermon. TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS:—The sermon delivered here on Tuesday evening (the Jubilee edition of the late Metropolitan's canonization) at the cathedral, was one that will long be remembered by liberal church members and hundreds of other persuasions who were present, for its high tone, broad and expansive views in reference to those for whom we differ by very attenuated lines. Indeed the sermon was a noble effort throughout, full of charity as it was of dignity and sublimity and reminded me very much of that noble churchman, the late Phillip Brooks. Among other fine things his lordship said, whatever may be our opinions with regard to the church to which we belong we had a good deal to learn from other denominations, from what are called the non-reformist bodies and from the (Roman Catholics) I would that all our church clergymen were imbued with the same spirit, and instead of folding their vestments about them and declaring that "we are not as other men are but give titles of all that we possess," members of the true church, go out into the world, and extend the hand of friendship to their non-conformist brethren and invite them to come in and sup with us. I have in my mind's eye one outside clergyman belonging to our church who systematically holds out when he preaches to us that "the church," meaning of course the church of England, is the only true church, far excellence and that all others are sham, or something like it and that no ministry outside of our pale, whose heads had not been anointed by a bishop in apostolical succession, had high to be regarded, notwithstanding the very able preachers, divines and commentators on side of us—a stirring up the world from day to day in the cause of our Divine Master, should convince this ecclesiastical that his opinions are of no account whatever. Some few years ago a clergyman from St. John on a certain Diocesan occasion delivered himself in the cathedral pulpit in the same uncharitable, and I may add, ignorant manner, while there were present the Rev. Dr. Brooks and several other non-conformist clergymen and thus created a very unpleasant impression, and to the great displeasure of large number of churchmen who, I am glad to say, are liberal in their views and do not wish to strike should that unfortunate time ever arrive which God forbid! It is from the lips of such men as Dr. Courtney used to be to come. His sermon of last Tuesday evening has not only done him infinite credit, but it has left an impression in this community among all right thinking persons which must long endure. CHURCHMAN. Fredericton, June 11, 1895.