

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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Copies can be purchased at every known news stand in New Brunswick, and in very many of the cities, towns and villages of Nova Scotia and Prince-Edward Island every Saturday, or five cents each.

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Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, from its new quarters, 29 to 31 Canterbury street, St. John, N. B. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

The circulation of this paper is over 13,000 copies; it is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

Remittances should always be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. The former is preferred, and should be made payable in every case to EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOV. 21

MAKING AND KEEPING MONEY.

A celebrated man once said that 'God commonly gives riches to foolish people to whom he gives nothing else.' This may be a consolation to the impecunious; and no doubt many of that class lay the flattering unction to their souls that they are highly endowed as a recompense for their lack of the current coin of the realm.

But if it is a mere conceit and no wise man will despise money. He will, on the contrary, endeavor to exercise his wisdom in making a good use of it. It is difficult for most persons to make a fortune and their experience often tells them that it requires considerable more wit to keep it than to acquire it.

Time and events change all things. An investment good today often becomes, in the vicissitudes to which human affairs are exposed, nearly or wholly worthless tomorrow. No man liveth to himself; he cannot escape his connection with the world around him.

Literary men are not often men of action or of affairs. They live in the world of books and of their own thoughts and they are very apt to be careless about money.

The journalist in this regard, perhaps, carries a more level head than the author pure and simple. He seldom makes bad investments. His tastes are simple and he is content with his 'castle in Spain.'

Their inheritance will possess a charm to quicken their affections and to keep green their memories.

A USEFUL INVENTION.

A unique phase of philanthropy has been developed in New York where Mr. LAZARUS MORGENTHAU, a wealthy citizen has organized an orphan dowry society for the purpose of encouraging worthy German girls to select the right sort of husband, by rewarding them with marriage settlements.

The new invention, tectorium which is receiving considerable attention just now, is a translucent, intractable substitute for window glass, and as such is used for skylights, conservatories, verandas, storm windows, transparencies of various kinds and in street windows where it is desirable to admit the light while excluding observation from without.

For a year or two the idea has been general that the bicycle has driven the horse largely out of existence. Philosophic mathematicians figured elaborately on the number of years which must come and go before the equine race became wholly extinct.

French artists, like the French people throughout are nothing if not 'up to date.' It was a French artist, indeed, who originated the expressive phrase, 'fin de siècle.'

It is stated that the city of Glasgow Scotland, will begin the new year free from municipal taxes. Receipts from water, gas, electric lighting, street cars and the savage sold to farmers are expected to cover all municipal expenditures without need of further taxation.

money for this object? The time is not ripe perhaps to recognize the services of Mr. JOSEPH ALLISON in this direction but when it is the citizens will not be backward in expressing their appreciation of the great work he has accomplished.

The Land of the Rising Sun is determined not to hide her Oriental light under a bushel. The government of Japan has already voted \$50,000 for the Imperial display at the Paris Exposition of 1900.

The superstitiously inclined may find some fresh comfort in the fact that Colonel MAPLESON produced the new Italian Opera "Andrea Chenier" on Friday of last week which was also the thirteenth day of the month and achieved the great success of his New York season.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

Amongst the new books of the month is a novel by a young Canadian author not yet known to fame, which is now issuing from the press of Hunter, Rose & Co. of Toronto. The author, who writes under the pen name of 'Dijon Ferguson' is Miss Ida Ferguson of Moncton and her first literary venture not only deals with the Chinese question, but projects the reader a hundred years into the future, landing him in Canada in 1995.

The turning point, as the title suggests is a very peculiar method of osculation known only to the advanced Chinese student of electricity, and which it is to be hoped will not be introduced into Canadian society at least before the end of the next century.

Miss Ferguson is a bright and clever young woman, who is well known in Moncton, having filled the difficult post of analyst at the Moncton sugar refinery for several years. Evidently her literary and chemical studies have gone hand in hand, and the stern realities of chemistry have not succeeded in crowding out romance, from the young author's mind.

A. S. Barnes & Co. (156 Fifth Avenue, New York) publish for the holidays this year 'The External of Modern New York,' by Mrs. Burton Harrison (110 pages, small quarto, cloth, gilt top, one volume; price, \$3.00), a beautifully illustrated book on fine paper with embossed cover.

They also publish a new edition of the 'History of the City of New York,' by Mrs. Martha J. Lamb (three volumes, cloth, 8vo; price, \$15.00), containing the chapter on 'The External of Modern New York,' by Mrs. Harrison.

'Other books suitable for the holidays, issued by A. S. Barnes & Co., are Guerber's 'Legends of the Rhine,' containing 40 full-page illustrations; a most interesting reminder of travels abroad, or for the study of folk-lore. (Price, \$2.00) 'Crowns,'—the Crown of Gold; the Crown of Thorns; the Crown of Life, and the Crown of Glory, with 22 original cartoon illustrations, by Blanche McManus (Price, \$1.00)

In the line of fiction they publish 'Rev. John Henry,' by Percival R. Benson, the story of a young minister who encountered some unlooked for difficulties. (Price, 75 cents.)

'The New Minister,' by Kenneth Paul, the story of the lights and shadows of a first pastoral charge. (Price, \$1.00)

'Looking Within,' by J. W. Roberts, the story of a scientist who skips over in a trance some of the years to come, and awakens in the year 2027 to a most more peaceful condition of things than exists today, or is promised for the immediate future. (Price, \$1.00)

It Costs You Nothing.

Messrs. F. Milburn & Co's, representative Mr. James Gilpin is in the city pushing the different preparations of that firm. Commencing at 10 o'clock today Mr. Gilpin will give away from the office of Progress 200 boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills and 200 boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. These remedies should be in the homes of everyone and today free boxes will be given to those who come. Remember at Progress office from 10 to 5 o'clock.

Thanksgiving Day Excursions.

The Intercolonial Railway will issue local excursion return tickets at excursion fares on November 24th to stations Campbellton to Quebec inclusive, and to all other stations on the 25th and 26th; and for Montreal and other Upper Provinces points, on the 24th and 25th. These excursion tickets will be good to return leaving destination on Monday November 30th.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Sea Shore of Might Have Been. At dusk alone I wander forth, Along a shore I know; November has close talk with me, Of the dreams of long ago.

I listen there where daily still, Flows in the rising tide; And there one sweet face comes to me Over the waters wide.

I walk that pleasant shore to day, And standing there I see in tears, The form of my love Lucie; I walk the beaten sands with her, On the sea shore of might have been.

The night comes on as still we hear, The heart of a day gone by, Throbbing again in the rebelled sea. And sorrow's desolating cry, The happier time the plighted hand; One dear enchanting scene; Fringes the waves that sadly beat, On the sea shore of might have been.

Laurel Wood, Nov. 1896.

Just About These Days.

I dunno what's the reason that along about this season, When the goldenrod is tallest and the hyacinth's getting brown; When I hear the crickets hummin' and the locust's gettin' dumb; An' the apples in th' orchard one by one a-droppin' down.

It's a sort of reviewin' what for years I been a-doin', An' it seems as ef th' biggest things was on'y child's play; While th' things most worth th' keepin' an' for which today I'm weepin', Took advantage of my blindness an' have vanished clean away.

The Brakeman.

In the pleasant summer weather, Standing on the car-tops high, He can view the changing landscapes As he rushes swiftly by. When he notes the beautiful pictures Which the level vista makes, Suddenly, aroused from dreaming, Comes the quick sharp cry for "Brakes!"

The Better Way.

The higher soul, the greater life, Is that which dwells alone. The holiest aspiration leeds, And take their purer tone. Away from all earth's sordid strife, Be low and little things; Within the hermit cell of mind, There all thy thoughts are kings.

Alone.

We stood together where the starlight gleamed Upon the golden tress of her hair; Was ever maiden half so bright or fair? Ah no, for then and ever since I've deemed Her Queen of All—but on that night she seemed So wondrous sweet as we stood there alone.

Pushing Mending Tissue Sale.

Mr. Mullin is pushing the sale of his mending tissue which he claims will repair any kind of clothing, kid gloves, umbrellas, parasols, gossamers, mackintoshes, carriage curtains, wollen goods, silks, etc., the work being neat and quickly done without the use of needle or thread. It is for sale in all the principal stores.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.



WHERE ARE THE VASES?

A Pertinent Question That Has Arisen in a Dartmouth Church. DARTMOUTH, Nov. 18.—Some time ago PROGRESS had an account of a transaction in Christ Church, Dartmouth, with regard to the dismissal of the organist, Mr. Helsby which was anything but creditable to those who are running the above church.

Not very long ago another episode occurred, the facts of which will show how christians rule the English Church in Dartmouth. It seems that a benevolent lady presented a pair of vases to the church, or rather sent them to the former popular Rector, Rev. I. C. Millon which vases mysteriously disappeared since the advent of the present rector; and although politely asked for by members of the congregation could not be found.

At last at a meeting called by the rector for the purpose of discussing church decoration a young lady knowing that such things would be required to hold the flowers asked the reverend rector if he knew where they were whereupon this spiritual adviser tell in a terrible rage nearly frightening the young lady and some of her friends into hysterics and told her never to question him again on the subject as long as he remained in the parish; and went on to say that she had been impudent enough to speak to his wife about it at a former meeting which caused the "poor girl" to come home very miserable therefrom.

The vases are really gone; there is no disputing that; perhaps the unpopular first church warden may know of their whereabouts some one is surely accountable for church property. This affair has made much talk as the young lady in question has until this time been a faithful worker in the church and it goes without saying, no matter how her family and a large connection try to disguise it, they feel the insult most keenly and indeed they would be most extraordinary people if they did not especially as the rector refuses to apologise or even to say he is sorry for losing his temper, hurting the young lady's feelings and humiliating her before her friends. The warden spoken of gets credit for much that is unpleasant in this truly unfortunate church. Every little while during the past two years some one is being insulted or their feelings hurt in one way or another. Such dispositions should rule in retirement, leaving church government and civic politics alone. In the meantime the question remains unanswered—Where are the vases?

Queen Victoria's Sunday. Queen Victoria's Sunday is described in a recent number of the Quiver: 'After breakfast her Majesty takes a turn round the grounds in her famous donkey chaise, and then goes to morning service. There it is customary for the preacher to wear a black gown and to read from a manuscript; that is, in England, for in Scotland the rule is not so strict. No personal reference to her majesty in the preacher's discourse is admitted, a pure Gospel discourse, delivered as if the Queen were not present, de rigueur. Many have tried to evade these rules, but 'common sense' to preach here not in these cases been repeated. The Queen likes and enjoys a plain practical discourse selected from the lessons or Gospel of the day to occupy about twenty minutes in delivery. Questions of the day, and, above all politics, must be entirely excluded. The Queen, when in residence at Windsor, was wont to attend service at the beautiful St. George's chapel, but for some years past divine service has been held in the private chapel that communicates with her apartments. The suite and service sit in the body of the chapel in order of precedence. The Sunday service is at 12 o'clock, and consists of morning prayer, ante-communion, and a sermon. The Queen's seat is slightly in advance of the others, and is still more marked by the presence of a small table to carry her books. On this is carved a radiant sun, with the words, 'Heaven's light our guide'—the motto of the Order of the Star of India. At Balmoral the Princess Beatrice or a lady-in-waiting plays the organ, the singing being led by some of the servants of the castle.'

The Irish Potato Not Irish. 'The peculiarity of the Irish potato, so called, is in the fact that it is not Irish,' observed one of the potato experts of the Agricultural Department. 'The potato originally grew wild in the fields of Chili, Peru, and Mexico. Sir John Hawkins did not take it to Ireland until 1565. Sir Francis Drake took it to England twenty years afterward. It did better, however, in Ireland than anywhere else, and got its name no doubt because of its early and extensive cultivation in Ireland. Botanically it was originally known as the Batata Virginiana, but in later years it was properly identified and classified as the Solanum Tuberosum.'

Life of Washington.

The inauguration of a president, the selection of his cabinet and the setting of a new congress—great national events of the coming year—suggest the question: What are the powers and duties of these high officials? During 1897 it will be answered through the Youths Companion in a remarkable series of articles by secretary Herbert, Postmaster-General Wilson, Attorney-General Harmon, Senator Lodge and speaker Reed.

The Illustrated Announcement for 1897 (mailed free on application to the Youth's Companion, Boston) shows that the above is only one of many brilliant "features" by which the Companion will signalize its seventy-first year.

Three novelists who at present fill the public eye—Ian Maclaren, Rudyard Kipling and Stephen Crane—will contribute some of their strongest work. Practical affairs and popular interests will be treated by Andrew Carnegie, Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, Dr. Lyman Abbott, Madame Lillian Nordica, Hon. Carl Schurz, Charles Dudley Warner, Mrs. Burton

McArthur's for Window Blinds.