

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR

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IS IT INHERITABLE?

Some English writer has recently put forth in the Progressive Review the doctrine that "kleptomania is transmitted to women by fathers imbued with a criminal taste for money-getting." The gist and purport of his argument is to make men who have amassed riches, especially by the processes of unscrupulous commercial enterprise, by labor exploitation or by deception and speculation, responsible for the magpie thievery of certain women. The writer carefully notes (and this may be construed as demolishing his reasoning) 'that this disease, while observed only in individuals far removed by their position from the necessities which induce the poor to steal, does not afflict individuals who have themselves amassed riches, but, rather, those who have inherited riches amassed by others.'

Our English essayist does not consider it, apparently, as a masculine probability. It we have sex limitations, that fact puts an end to any theory of heredity. Why is it that the ancestry which predisposes a woman to larceny should leave her brothers exempt? And yet it is true that we scarcely ever hear of the theory of kleptomania being advanced to extenuate a man's theft's!

It is also necessary that the victim of the disease shall be rich. The plea of necessity must be removed from her so as to make what is a crime in the poor, a motiveless offense in her. This is what makes kleptomania so unsatisfactory an explanation of larceny. It is regarded as a thing of conditions and not of character. But what right have we to suppose that the pilferings and thefts of the humble have a different physical or moral origin than those of these superiors in wealth?

There may be such a mental aberration as kleptomania; but, if there be, it is passing strange that it should only appear in rich women!

Furthermore, if kleptomania be an outcome of heredity, that fact could be made more probable by an investigation of the history of a given case. If any study of this malady has been made by a reputable alienist, we do not know where to lay hands on it. It is probable that an examination would prove that neither sex nor station is an necessary element in a propensity to steal, and that the term "kleptomania" is merely a euphemism for conduct in high life which in low life society calls criminal. This may be a distressing view for the friends of its so-called victims to take.

Light would be thrown on the problem could it be known that kleptomaniacs had been cured of their proclivity by being subjected to the same penalties provided for the larcenies of other people. If the victim of this affliction should be held responsible, either in a prison or in an asylum, it is probable that they would disappear from society, and the word "kleptomania" from our dictionaries.

Djevad Pasha, the commissioner recently sent to Crete by the Porte and since in their minds everything that seems disadvantageous to the Sultan is conceived to be correspondingly advantageous to Crete, the Cretan Deputies have unanimously declared themselves in favor of the project of the Powers Djevad's chicanery has thus accomplished what all the eloquence of the Admirals of Europe had failed to secure.

The assassination of Premier CANOVAS on Sunday last recalls the fact that both President CARNOT of France and CZAR ALEXANDER II. of Russia were slain upon the same day of the week, the former on Sunday, June 24, 1894, and the latter on Sunday, March 13, 1881. Bomb, knife and pistol were the three weapons of death. It was on Sunday, June 13 last, that the attack (serious or farcical) was made on President FAURE. Many attempts on the lives of the rulers of the Old World have been made on Sunday, probably because it is the great European festival day and permits the greatest freedom of action and the least special observance of the would-be assassins.

Says Law notes: After an animated trial consuming ten days the police judge of Omaha decided that it was not criminal libel to accuse a man falsely of being an A. P. A. man. One BENNET was accused of branding State Senator HOWELL as a member of that order, to which charge HOWELL attributes his defeat for election as mayor of Omaha. Most persons will regard this as a strange decision, and one that will have a tendency to encourage slanderers in their nefarious work. A more deliberate attempt to blacken the reputation of an honorable man, than the accusation referred to, can hardly be imagined.

Twenty-five cents a pound is the price which the Indian packers ask for transporting goods through Chilkoot Pass, or at the rate of \$500 a ton. The redskins may not have made a scientific study of economics, but they have grasped the law of supply and demand, and their rule as to freight rates is plainly "all that traffic will bear." The packers do well to make hay while the sun shines; for the sun gets small chance to shine in Alaska. One auspicious result of their stiff tariff will be to hasten the establishment of swifter lines of transportation to the gold-paved Valley of the Yukon.

The German army will probably continue to grow every year, but France has already practically every sound man in her territory enlisted for military service, and how can she keep up with Germany in the size of her army if her population does not increase? This suggests the main point of France's weakness. Her population is practically stationary. In five years it has increased less than one-half of one per cent., and the birth rate is steadily decreasing.

In one of his dialogues PLATO makes SOCRATES say that although no man undertakes a trade he has not learned, even the meanest, every man in Athens thinks himself sufficiently qualified for the hardest of all trades, government. It took those old philosophers to say a really good thing after all. Things have evidently not changed much since those days.

One of the piles of silver in the United States Treasury toppled over the other day, and nearly crushed six men who were in the vault at the time. Not even the United States Treasury can boost up silver once it begins to slump.

It takes SIR DONALD SMITH much longer to choose a suitable name to go with his jubilee title, than it would the majority of men.

If telegraphy without wires should come into vogue, how empty the streets would be without the huge telegraph poles.

The showers of this week were a pleasant relief after the many scorching hot days that have fallen to our lot lately.

The Klondyke craze has struck St. John in real earnest—Klondyke ice cream being served at a social gathering this week.

Telegraphing without wires may be accomplished fact, but no substitute has been found for political wires.

The Convention gathering in this city this week has been both meat and drink for the soda water trade.

The Good Roads talk still continues, but what is needed is some definite move in that direction.

"The unemployed" will find the novel advertisement of the Earle Publishing House on the eighth page interesting.

Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired Dual, 17 Waterloo.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Seaweed Rock.

Seaweed rock and a cloud of spray, A century old pine tree; A light cool breeze on the briny bay, And a hammock just swinging me, Silvered surf on the keel green shore, Pink beads thrown afar; A white gull circling the cliff once more, Under the twilight star.

Seaweed rock and the waters wide, Billows that laughing call—"Abov the hammock, here comes the tide, Summer will bring the fall, Winds of the ocean will swing you love, To the boom of our mighty drum; Blowing with conchs to the skies above, Love is the poet's sum."

Sing on a sea and spray wreath wild, Oa mountains of crested foam; Poetry, virgin und-fied, Loves with me there to roam, Mysteries ever we understand, Told in an undertone, O ten we wander along the sand, Happiest when a'one.

Beautiful dreams of all things fair The father in love has made; The sea, the sky, the earth, the air, We have in the sea side shade, Fragrance filling the balmy pine, The perfume of leaf and flower— Tell me ever their thoughts are mine, Charm me with mystic power.

But still in my soul I hear a song, And my thoughts fly far away; To a faithful friend for time is long, And I wish you were here today, A face to see, and a hand to press, With the story we love to tell; For with bliss like this I must still confess, I long for you Oramel.

O would old friend you were here with me, Where my hammock idly swings; O faithful heart, o'er the purple sea— The twilight sadness brings, I sleep and dream I see you dear, And the waves that ebb and die, Sing with a sigh and a parting tear, But only sing good bye— My love good bye.

CYPRUS GOLDE. Seaweed Rocks, Aug. 1897.

Forgetting.

When'er I look back my heart is sad With the thought of the things undone; I think, "How can I be glad At the setting of the sun?" For O! there were words I might have said To cheer, to uplift the heart, Of those grief-bowed—but the hour is fled When I might have done my part To brighten the world for them. Too late I yearn for the "might have been."

Must I carry through life this terrible weight Of regret, and its anguish keen? Could I but return along life's road, What a joy I would surely gain In striving to lighten each burdensome load, In comforting woe and pain! This too late to grieve o'er the "might have been?" God never gives back the past, And brooding is useless—a wrong, a wrong, a sin—

Time lost that speeds by, so fast, Forgetting the wasted past, my soul, Look thou to the heights above, Press on with vigor toward the goal Upheld by the hand of Love. Something, evenest find each day That shall gladden some mourning one; Then look back no more, but press on thy way— Tarry not till the day is done.

Let us not look back—let us run the race, With patience, if we may attain, Looking ever to Jesus, through whose rich grace, The immortal crown we may gain.

Advocate.

"If" If trouble were a feather A breath might blow away, And only sunny weather Came to us, day by day, We'd laugh away the wrinkles That tell of life's decay, If trouble were a feather A breath might blow away.

I maids would set the fashion Never to answer "nay" When love, the tender passion, Spoke in its pleading way; Then through life's leafy byways In lovers' mood we'd stray, I maids would set the fashion Never to answer "nay."

I fame were worth the striving And all were in the race, And each of us were driving A horse well backed for place; Then round life's race course speeding We'd set a merry pace, If fame were worth the striving, And all were in the race.

—James King Duffy, in The Puritan.

The Wind in the Grass. The song of the wind in the grass! Come lie on the ground and listen When the white clouds drift and pass And the dewdrops cease to glisten. It comes with the perfume of flowers, It chases the cares that harass, And fraught with magical power Is the song of the wind in the grass.

Come lie with your heart to the clover, Out under the orchard trees And listen the sweet tune o'er A chime with the lay of the bees. The tired brain a-throb and a quiver, Waxes quiet and clear as a glass, Till cool thoughts flow like a river, To the song of the wind in the grass.

A rest that is sweeter than nith Through the soul is soothing stealing, For the touch of the dear brown earth Hath a balm of heavenly healing; As soft as a whispered message Or a dreamland lullaby, Is the song of the wind in the grass. —Samuel M. Peck in Youth's companion.

"Bear Ye one Another's Burdens." If any little word of ours Can make a life the brighter; If any little word of ours Can make one heart the lighter; God help us speak that little word And take our bit of sinning, And drop it in some lonely vale To set the echoes ringing.

If any little love of ours May make a life the sweeter; If any little care of ours May make another's lighter; If any little bit of sinning, The burden of another; God give us love and care and strength To help along each other.

To the Ideal. Bend not for me. Thy stature is so high, This small way of life of mine seems very far; And if I be a weed, as others are, It were most fitting that for such as I Thou shouldst not lose a breath of yonder sky, Nor turn thy gaze from yonder white-winged star.

Stoop not for me; since, if I be a vine, I may climb up and leave the weeds below; The loving years will lift me, striving so, Until my life shall reach the height of thine, Stoop not; thy strength in standing aideth mine, And vine-like up to thee, Life, shall I grow. Josephine Preston Feabody.

AS OTHERS SEE HER.

What Real Critics Think of Miss Anglin and Her Work.

Miss Anglin's decision to give a matinee performance of Pygmalion and Galatea at the Institute this afternoon, has given much satisfaction to those who are interested in the bright young artist, and her clever work in her chosen profession. It therefore gives PROGRESS a corresponding pleasure to be in a position to say that the prospects for an entertainment, passing in brilliancy and finish anything that has been seen here in years, are indeed excellent. Such at least was the unanimous conclusion of those who braved the torrent of rain last Wednesday evening in response to an invitation to witness a rehearsal of the piece mentioned above. The occasion was one of rare enjoyment, and from the moment when the marble Galatea, over which the sculptor Pygmalion poured forth such ardent prayers, became a living breathing woman, until her sad farewell of the man, whose invocation to the Gods had given her life, the deep interest of the few who were privileged to be present, never abated.

In Pygmalion and Galatea Miss Anglin will have a splendid opportunity of displaying her emotional powers, and substantiating all that has been said of her by the best critics in Canada and the United States.

In connection with Miss Anglin's appearance here, it might not be out of place to remark that she did not come to St. John with the intention of posing as a Bernhardt, a Duse or a Rhea, nor did her friends claim for her any such high standard, as a comparison with these stars would entail. She came simply as Margaret Anglin, an unassuming young girl, singularly sweet and charming in manner and appearance, —an artiste whose work has received the flattering approval of the highest dramatic authorities on the continent.

While there may have been some unevenness in the production of last Friday night, that might be observed by the severely critical in the audience, yet when Miss Anglin's youth is considered, and when is taken into account her short experience on the stage, it is clearly the fact that the excellence of her work, her strength throughout, was so consistent and admirable, as to disarm criticism. Her performance ranks among the strongest ever seen here as it places herself conspicuously among the brightest of her profession.

Pygmalion and Galatea will undoubtedly draw a crowded house this afternoon, as it is one of Miss Anglin's favorite roles, and one which calls for the best work of which she is capable.

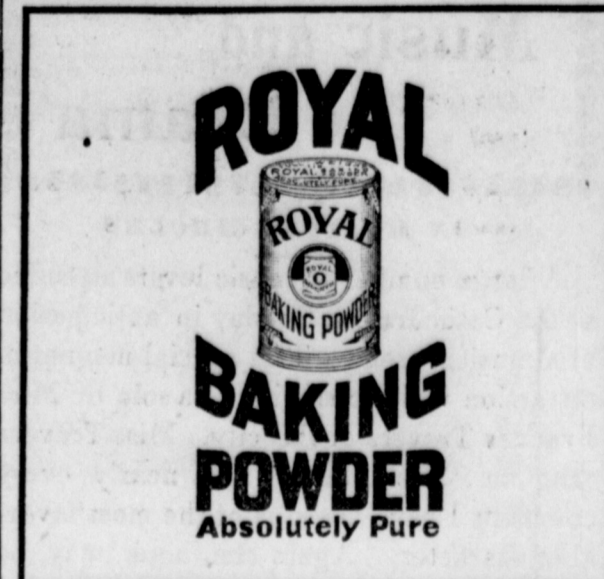
The following opinions of well known critics will interest Miss Anglin's numerous admirers in this city.

Lyman B. Glover, the dramatic man of the Chicago Times-Herald, who is universally acknowledged to be the best of his kind in America writes thus of Miss Anglin's work:

"Mr. O'Neill brought forth last night a leading lady new to Chicago, in the lovely person of Miss Margaret Anglin. The appearance she presents as Virginia is one of the rarest girlish charm. Miss Anglin in face and figure and temperament is naturally adapted to the sweetly clinging tenderness of this character. There may have been more finished Virginia's but not in recent years has there been one that approached this in natural witchery; in the first act in the terrible anguish of the succeeding scenes. Its rarest feature perhaps was its lack of art. There was the ring of genuineness about it that marks the girls of Julia Marlowe's creation; but there was also the added power to sway the emotions as well as charm the senses to which Miss Marlowe almost entirely appeals. Mr. O'Neill's leading lady is possessed of a natural force and power of emotional expression that will make her a joy also as Juliet. Her speaking eyes and mobile features, and adequate expressive voice found for Virginia last night the ready sympathy of the audience. Even the most critically disposed must have found her work a revelation."

The New York Sun, than which there is no more conservative paper in these matters published, referring to the young lady as "one whose charming personality and youthful grace are backed by a rare volume of ripened talent. What has already been said of her exquisite diction in these columns understates if anything the value of this attribute of her acting. Her speaking voice is one of the finest on the stage today and it is impossible to recall an actress who handles it more gracefully."

Jean Blewett, the well known writer, bears testimony to Miss Anglin's ability, and in an article following the young actress's first appearance in Chicago says: "The Chicago theatre going public accorded a warm welcome to a Canadian girl this week, to wit, Miss Margaret Anglin. The critics for once agree that her talent is beyond



doubt, and while she may not be perfect—indeed she is quite too youthful to have mastered all that pertains to her profession—but one thing I know she makes a charming and altogether lovely Virginia. Every Canadian present, and there were many in that crowded house, I venture to say, felt a thrill of pride at the thought that this clever actress, with the perfect form and beautiful voice belonged to the land of the Maple Leaf. She played her part with a grace and naturalness that would have won for her the approval of the most critical audience. Her conception of the character was just what it should have been."

Speaking of her "Ophelia", the Jersey City World has the following: Miss Anglin, as Ophelia, had only one act in which she had any real chance to show her ability. That was where Ophelia lost her reason after the death of her father Polonius by mistake at the hands of Hamlet. The wild grief, the rapid utterances, the simple tenderness, and the pathetic efforts of the poor girl to recall the past from her shattered reason Miss Anglin depicted with a rare ability, and a keen appreciation of the requirements of her role. She threw her whole soul into her work and made a splendid impression. She is a wonderfully clever young girl and the best critics agree that her future promises to be a most brilliant one.

WHEN CARE IS NECESSARY.

Conditions Under Which Food is Served, not Always Pleasant.

In every city of any pretension special care is bestowed upon its sanitary condition and the appliances that tend to preserve and promote good health for the inhabitants.

In the exercise of this tendency much regard is paid to the remark that "Cleanliness is next to godliness." It is esteemed as a principle and cannot be questioned. In instances where any contagious disease is discovered the victim is isolated and every effort made to prevent its spread. This idea of separation for a period, and the fundamental principle of cleanliness is accepted on all sides as tending materially to the general health. It extends or ought to extend everywhere, into the fashionable restaurant or dining saloon and the house of the poor man as well. The table linen in places such as restaurants and coffee rooms, should be preserved immaculate and when soiled should be at once replaced with fresh linen. No one wants to use a soiled napkin and nothing is much more unpleasant than to sit at a table where the cloth is stained or untidy. Neatness should also be a characteristic of those who wait upon the tables in these places. For instance if a girl otherwise neat in person, undertakes to serve a customer while she is compelled, from an accidental injury to bear a poultice on her thumb or finger, she certainly leaves no comfortable impression upon the mind of the customer.

Again is the case more important should the girl or man be suffering temporarily from some disease which does not prevent movement but which may be contagious although the patient be ignorant that his or her illness partakes of that nature. If the persons affected do not realize the risk involved to all parties, then should the management or employer see to it that the duties of that particular employee be suspended until there is an absolute cure. There is an institution of this kind in the city now where a waitress is actually suffering from a slight attack of erysipilas and yet handles dishes and articles of food daily.

Saturday Suburban Excursions.

The Canadian Pacific Ry will during August sell Suburban Excursion tickets on Saturday, good to return same day or following Monday at following low rates: to South Bay 25cts, Sutton 30cts, Grand Bay 35cts, Ingleside 40cts, Riverbank 45cts, Westfield and Lingley 50cts, Nerepis 60cts, Eagle Rock 70cts, Welsford 75cts. Suburban trains leave St. John 8.30, a. m., S. 12.45, 4.45, and 7.00 p. m. Returning leave Welsford 7.19, 8.45 a. m., S. 2.30, 3.40, 8.00 p. m.; Westfield 7.43, 9.06, a. m. S. 2.53, 4.39, 8.23, p. m. Arriving at St. John 8.20, 9.40 a. m. S. 3.30, 6.20 S. 9.00 p. m. S. means on Saturdays only.