

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 10.

OUR STRANGE HABIT.

A new England scientist, Dr. C. A. STEPHENS, a graduate of Boston University Medical School and a member of many learned bodies, makes an announcement that is rather startling, to say the least, and in direct contradiction to all divine and human teaching. He says that death is largely due to habit; and that thought may determine human existence. Dr. STEPHENS says he is confident that the progress of brain science will enable mankind successfully to overcome decay and its climax, death. He points out that matter is indestructible and that the law of the universe is immortality. He believes that death at three score and ten or thereabouts is largely a matter of belief and habit. Generation after generation is born into the world, expecting to die at a certain time, and it dies then. He very forcibly points out that if children were brought up with the idea of living forever this altered expectation would gradually but surely extend the life limit in the course of generations.

The doctor says that the achievement of modern special education, which enables the deaf to hear with their eyes, and tones up relaxed vocal chords, which brings it to pass that the blind see with their fingers, taken in connection with the great longevity of ancient races, as described in the Old Testament, and as authenticated in monuments, shows that unusual length of life has been a fait accompli of history, and suggests that the determination of life length is possibly and practically within the domain of thought.

As humanity in its physiological expression is wholly a compromise with perfection Dr. STEPHENS argues, better food selection and a more watchful outlook against the introduction of foreign and inorganic material into the system cannot help increasing the life potential of each unit of the race.

Dr. STEPHENS holds that what is known as 'soul' is merely cell experience, the knowledge acquired by cells, collectively and individually, during years of hereditary transmission. This view is the same held by Sir WILLIAM THOMSON and THOS. A. EDISON. He points out that father and child, death and life, generation after generation, are not the ideals of human society but only its makeshifts. Immortal life is the real aim in view, and he believes it will be achieved in time.

The receipts of Paris theatres are carefully collated under government direction, and at the close of the theatrical season it is always possible to tell what the receipts have been, not only of all the theatres and concert halls collectively, but of each. General business in Paris during the late theatrical year has not been good, yet the receipts of the theatres for the season just closed were \$6,000,000 the highest since the Exposition year, 1889, where they reached 32,000,000 francs. Six millions expended in a year for theatrical amusements is a considerable sum—a largesum perhaps, than any other city can show for theatrical and operatic amusements exclusively. The ordinary receipts of London theatres and music halls are usually in excess of £1,500,000 or \$7,000,000, but the amount derived from theatres alone is probably less in London than in Paris. In Paris, in gross receipts the Grand Opera comes first, the Comedie Francaise second, the Opera Comique third and among the remaining six the patronage is about equally distributed. The question is often why in hard times theatres prosper more than other business. Why is it that when people are stinted for other expenses they have money for theatres? When business

is not good, labor poorly requited, and capital partially unemployed, theatrical performances of a light and diverting character flourish and serious performances are neglected. Bad times are good for light entertainment and SHAKESPEARE spells bankruptcy unless during great commercial activity. The only adequate explanation of this is that when times are bad theatregoers go to the play for diversion, whereas when times are good they go for instruction. Shakespearean revivals have usually proved most successful in times of prosperity and burlesque and farce in time of depression.

Mrs. BRADLEY MARTIN was not invited to the Duchess of Devonshire's fancy dress ball, and the poor woman has had to stand the additional agony of seeing the snub chronicled in every paper of any importance in North America. After all there was not so much difference between last week's event and Mrs. BRADLEY MARTIN'S ball, only perhaps English papers and English clergymen had a little more common sense and good taste than had those individuals who made the American lady's ball so famous. The Duchess of Devonshire's ball, however, brought together both the aristocrat and the plutocrat. The descriptions we have had of it revealed most strikingly, the characteristics of this modern world, in which materialism and mammon worship are temporarily lords of the ascendant. The women, whether aristocratic or plebeian, seemingly had but a single aim—namely, to display diamonds and to outshine in dress and jewels all attempts at rivalry. Money bags and diamonds, in fact, were enthroned and triumphant. In the days of Georgians, Duchess of Devonshire, an assembly at Chatworth would have numbered among its guests men of grace and renown and women whose lips, more persuasive than those of Fox himself, had carried the Westminster election against Palace and Treasury. But we are living in an age of speculators and promoters—an age in which money and pleasure take the lead. And at the present Duchess of Devonshire's ball, as it to remind the world that Christianity is no great impediment to irregular and capricious social enjoyment, two of the ladies vied with each other in representing Cleopatra, the mistress successively of Julius Caesar and Mark Antony!

The festivities attendant upon the CABOT celebration recently held in Halifax gives the military city one point ahead of St. John social circles.

While we don't want any of Boston's weather just now, we would be glad to sample a traid of the good old-fashioned sunny days.

The hot wave was prophesied several days ago as moving in this direction; the nice mild wave arrived instead.

Nearly every youngster in town had money to burn on Dominion day.

The American Eagle devoted two days of the past week to screaming.

The man who didn't know it was loaded is due.

Doctors and undertakers are on the quiver.

The weather man promises a hot time.

A Fuss About Nothing.

The commotion raised by the exaggerated and untruthful account sent to the United States of the flag incident at the Victoria hotel has about died out, but those visitors who do mention it at all uphold the proprietor in the action he took upon that occasion. The Victoria has never been backward in extending the utmost courtesy to the flag of Canada's neighbors, and it is absurd to say that there was any feeling in his action on Jubilee day.

Shakespearean Recital.

The recital of Shakespeare's King Henry The Third, by Mr. George B. Williams of New York, which occurs Tuesday evening July 20th, in Orpheus Hall, Halifax, will be given under very distinguished patronage, and gives promise of being an event quite out of the ordinary. Mr. Williams, who will summer in the provinces, expects to visit the principal cities, and may probably be heard in St. John at an early date, as the arrangements for his appearance are all but completed.

Prince Edward Island.

Among the many guide books received is one from P. E. Island issued by the Examiner Publishing Co., of Charlottetown. The many points of interest on the Island are interestingly written about, and beautifully illustrated with numerous half tone engravings. The book is much more interesting than the average guide book, and will without doubt attract much attention to the Island as a pleasant place in which to escape the oppressive heat of summer.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

In the old Swamp Lane. O bright wings in the old swamp lane, O tall flag blooms in blue; Our bare feet scamper back again, To spend the day with you. The rushes straighten up and look, As beautiful in green, In that old spot beside the brook, As when we were thirteen.

Our feet were splashing, paddling round, When that huge fly came near; And then you lit with skip and bound, Laughed out in seeming fear. Your feet were like a lily's face, Your dark eyes danced with glee; O woe that we in that dear place, Were as we loved to be.

That dragon fly I see it yet, About the blue flag dar; And shimmer in its blossoms wet, With ever shifting art. As quick as flies a lightning flash, Above your shining head; Poised to another sudden dash, To some new flower bed.

And round the pond rim smooth as glass, With bare legs wading out; The same swift needle loved to pass, And make us dodge about, There you behind me forced to creep, To shun his rapid flight; For ever on his restless sweep, And off a leech in sight.

That blue flag was our pledge of love, Until that fateful fly; Came darting through the blue above, And heard our last good bye. Your thoughts were most for lilies fine; And roses leal and true, But sweeter far than all to mine, My charming rose was you.

I'm here again today sweet friend, The same bold truant lad; About the place my footsteps wend, But now no longer glad. The blue flag flowers bloom the same, And darting too and fro; As when long years ago we came, The bright green dragons go.

The sweet songs of the barefoot child, The bright eyes are no more; The winds among the blossoms wild, Speak sadly to the shore. And over in the pine tree's shade, Near by the quaint old town, I think where one dear grave was made, There would I too lie down.

CYRUS GOLDE. Old Swamp Lane, July 1897.

The Old-Time Circus. The circus thirty years ago was better far than now; That elephant was a wonder just to see! I could watch him half a day As he fed himself with hay; And each separate beast was worth the price to me, Never clown was half so funny; never monkeys half so droll; All the tinsel was pure metal than to me; Every acrobat, amazing; every rider, simply great; And that small trapeze man—what a man was he! And when the woman sang, "We Parted by the River," "You'll Not Forget," and "You'll Remember Me," She was really so pathetic That I wiped my eyes and cried; I wanted them to take her home with me; The show we see in these days are never half so fine;

The cost of tickets often bothers me; Though the man still cracks his whip, And the clown seems pretty flip, There is nothing much I care to hear or see. Thoughts of business, taxes, losses; rheumatism, other crosses. All combine to make the circus seem quite fit; I no longer love the songstress, with her paint and trills and dices. I no longer want to take her home, at that! But I'd like to see the old-time show of thirty years ago.

When I were no point-d shoes—my feet were bare; When Leonardo was nectar And parents were a joy; That old show without a worry or a care. From the Pueblo Post.

The Last. Ah, not the first love dearest—but the last. (So? Who can tell?) The tides of youth, dear heart, run fast, run fast! The buds upon the young tree shoot and swell, Reckless of frosts. Well! Well! Why should we dwell on follies that are past? For now, behold, the green and callow shoots Of early spring Are dry and withered to the very roots. They were Love's first faint perfumed offering Taking with wings, Leaving a fragrant memory, but no fruits. Let us not speak of them with smiling scorn. They have made way For the rich bloom and fruitage later born, And born of spirit rather than of clay, Making our day Glad with the freshness of perpetual morn. Eternal? Dear, let us believe it so, And in our bliss Let dull analysis and doubting go. 'Tis just as well to have a precious kiss Like this—my sweet—and this—the fullness of celestial joy we know!

Blood and Thunder. Somehow the boys of nowadays Ain't what they used to be, When Billy Jones an' all his crowd Cavorted round with me; Then r-dskins jurked in each backyard An' bloody pirates too. An' corpses strewn the tower at night When him an' me wuz through. But now the kids got on a wheel, An' wabble up the steeple, An' never play at cowboys, Nor at him' Black Browed Pete; We used to hoist the skull and bones Above our reckless crew. An' folks cou'd tell a fiend wuz on 'Fore him an' me wuz through. But now boys rears the papers An' they never spend a dime To see how old Jack Farkaway Cou'd win out every time; We use'er have our pennies up Until the books cum due. An' they wuz a ways well thumbed up When him an' me wuz through.

As a Summer Resort.

Digby Nova Scotia, as a Summer Resort, is the title of a neat little pamphlet that has been issued by T. W. Longstaff of the Evangeline House, Digby, setting forth the beauties of that charming town as an ideal place for a summer outing. The book is beautifully illustrated with points of interest in and around Digby and contains many attractive things for the benefit of tourists. The book has also a short history of the town from its discovery, told in an interesting way. A hotel guide with rates will be found a wonderful convenience. The letter press is faultless. Mr. Longstaff's enterprise in this seeking to advertise his native town is to be highly commended.

MONOTON'S BUSY WEEK.

A Series of Arrest Cause Much Excitement in the Railway Town.

The public must be getting rather tired of Moncton police affairs, at least the Moncton public is completely out of patience with the police force, and everything connected with it, but yet some of the proceedings of that august body are really worthy of note from their very absurdity, if for no other reason. Just now almost the entire force are engaged in a sort of game tag of which the "I touched you last" so dear to the heart of children, seems to be the objective point; only it is "I caught you last", and the game consists in the policemen arresting each other in turn, hauling the victim for the time being, before a magistrate, laying information against him, and then making him hustle around in the liveliest manner imaginable to obtain bail before he can secure his liberty.

The Belyea farce, as it is well called, has become a standing joke to the community at large, though it must be the very reverse of a joke to the person most concerned; and how he manages to retain his position on the police force is a mystery to those who are outside the charmed circle. This man was arrested some time ago on a warrant issued in connection with a disturbance which took place at the Windsor Hotel in Dorchester, the circumstances of which have been very thoroughly aired through the medium of the press. He was convicted and fined thirty dollars before Justices Cahill and Prescott; but so far from the punishment fitting the crime, and the matter ending there, his troubles seem to have only begun, for his life has been a constant succession of arrests and releases ever since. Of course if Officer Belyea is fond of variety and prefers a life of constant action to one of enervating repose he is probably enjoying himself immensely; but most people would prefer less excitement.

The complainant who caused his arrest at first was a certain H. H. Trites, and his success in making things unpleasant for the festive policeman, seems to have nerved others to try their luck in the same direction, and the result was the arrest of Officer Belyea on Saturday afternoon at the athletic grounds, on a warrant issued by a Dorchester J. P. Constable Stevenson effecting the capture in a rather dramatic manner, hustling his prisoner into a carriage, and driving him to the Shiretown, as it was too late for any of the afternoon trains. A Moncton policeman, or constable is nothing if not officious and inclined to exceed his duty, so Constable Stevenson was only adhering to precedent in refusing his prisoner the privilege of communicating with the chairman of the police committee before leaving town. "Good bye Mr. —" shouted the prisoner to a gentleman standing near, as he was being driven off, "tell Alderman Wallace this bag of bones has got me, and I hadn't a chance of letting him know!"

The charge on which this victim of man's tendency to go to law, was arrested this time, was pointing a revolver at A. E. Massey, at the same time and place as the assault on H. H. Trites was committed.

Scarcely had the doughty Stevenson and his captive got well upon their way, and the excitement of the arrest begun to subside when fresh interest was created, by the arrest of officer Cuisack by ex-Marshal Foster on a warrant issued at the instance of Bismarck McDougall, also by a Dorchester Justice of the Peace, and within an hour and a half of the departure of constable Stevenson and companion, ex-Marshal Foster and policeman Cuisack had started on a little driving tour, with the shiretown as the Mecca of their pilgrimage also.

Both cases came up at Dorchester yesterday and the Belyea matter was adjourned until to-morrow, the accused being remanded to goal meanwhile. In the afternoon of the same day the much tried, and once convicted Belyea succeeded in obtaining bail, and was about to start for Moncton, when he was again arrested, this time on the charge of threatening to "kill, shoot and bore," Herbert H. Trites, the man who had already succeeded in having him fined thirty dollars for the same offence; the information being laid by Trites himself. Once more the weary victim found himself in custody, this time of the constable of the court, who promptly handed him over to Mr. Grant, his own attorney, and the man of many arrests reached Moncton without further adventure on Monday evening, and went on duty just as if nothing had happened.

Officer Cuisack was less fortunate as he was convicted of an assault upon Bismarck McDougall and condemned to pay a fine of five dollars and costs, or spend twenty days in jail. By way of adhering strictly to precedent no sooner were these proceedings concluded to the satisfaction of all but Mr. Cuisack than he was again arrested, this time on an information laid before T. T. Landry, but owing to an inaccuracy in the warrant, which affected its legality in



the opinion of Mr. Grant the prisoner's counsel, officer Cuisack was discharged, and came home rejoicing. It is not at all likely that the end of this interesting farce has been reached yet, as it is reported that a warrant has been issued for the arrest of officer Milner in connection with the arrest of the above mentioned McDougall on the charge of injuring the police cells, and which it seems was irregular in some way.

Others who have been arrested without a cause, as they claim, are threatening proceedings against this same officer, and it really looks as if the head that wore the helmet was not going to rest very easily.

Meanwhile the force was two men short on Saturday night, Sunday and Monday, and as reports of these interesting proceedings appear in all the papers, Moncton people are naturally getting rather ashamed of the manner in which police affairs are administered in their city, and tired of being laughed at not only by the citizens of other places, but by every visitor who chances to stop off at Moncton for a few days, and after reading the papers, goes away holding his sides, with merriment, and pointing to the railway town as a melancholy example of incompetency and conceit, after he gets home.

The city council have at last awakened to the state of affairs in police circles, and held a very stormy session over the matter on Friday night, but it is not known that any very decided action has been taken towards re-organizing the force, as one alderman suggested doing.

At The Opera House.

The Miles Stock company now playing at the Opera house will merit the hearty support they are receiving. The company is an excellent one in every respect, well balanced and the performances given with a smoothness and finish not often seen. The specialties are far above the average and are gener-



ally admitted to be among the best seen or heard here for years. The romantic young actor John E. Miles has already established himself a reputation here, and his work is rewarded with enthusiastic praise. Mr. Miles possesses talent of no ordinary degree, and his various interpretations have elicited many compliments. Mr. Jack Tucker and Miss Eva Williams are a comedy team that creates lots of merriment nightly. In fact the company all around is an excellent one and deserves every encouragement.

The Canadian Magazine.

The July number of "The Canadian Magazine" is a bulky number, and bears the marks of prosperity. It opens with a beautiful picture of Brock's Monument, and has as its leading article a thoughtful contribution from T. Arnold Haultain, entitled "Complaining of Our Tools." The illustrated articles in this issue are: "Picturisque St. Pierre," the pretty little French island in the Gulf of St. Lawrence; "A glimpse of Norway," being the first of four articles on the rugged scenery of that country; "The Premiers of New Brunswick Since Confederation," by James Hannay, of the St. John Telegraph; "The Royal Grenadiers' Colour," "The Queen Victoria Niagara Falls Park," and two illustrated stories by Ella S. Atkinson (Midge Merton) and Esther Talbot Kingsmill. The sub-departments: Current Thoughts, Literary Chat, and Books and Authors, are filled with bright work and decidedly taking features.

The announcement is made that the August number will be a special fiction number, and that in that issue will be commenced "Hagar of the Pawnshop," a continued story by Fergus Hume, author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," "The Lone Inn," etc. This story is said to be very much like the best work of Charles Dickens, and should add much to the value of each number of our national Magazine.