

PROGRESS.

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Every article appearing in this paper is written specially for it, unless otherwise credited. News and opinions on any subject are always welcome, but all communications should be signed. Manuscripts unsolicited to our purpose will be returned if stamps are sent.

The composition and presswork of this paper are done by union men.

EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher.
Office: No. 27 Canterbury St. (Telephone Building)

ST. JOHN, N.B., SATURDAY, JUNE 30.

A feature of No. 10 of PROGRESS, to be issued July 7, will be a handsome portrait and interesting biography of the Rev. J. A. Gordon, pastor of Leinster Street Baptist church.

A LINE OF WICKEDNESS.

If for no other reason than the suppression of riotous disorder upon the City road on Sundays, the union of St. John and Portland should be effected as soon as possible. Citizens living in other portions of the two cities have no idea of the prevalent Sabbath rowdiness upon this line of civic division. The worst characters of both communities congregate here and throughout Saturday night and Sunday drink and curse, brawl and fight, making the fight as hideous as the darkness and each coming Sabbath fearful to the respectable residents of the street. Since the more vigorous enforcement of the Sunday liquor law in interior Portland and the new law in St. John, the condition of things in this neglected locality has been such as should arouse and compel the notice of the authorities.

Is there no remedy for all this? Can it be that ruffians will be permitted to disturb respectable people because, when driven from Portland sidewalks, they can continue their lawless course upon the St. John side of the street? Will the citizens of Portland permit a number of reeking dens to pollute the entire street, or will they exercise their influence and compel a negligent council and still more negligent and inefficient policemen to do their duty and restore the fair name of one of their best thoroughfares?

If it be true, as stated, that the officers who parade this beat wink at every offence, then the sooner they doff their uniforms the better; and if it be also true that their superiors are "hail fellows well met" with the proprietors of these dens, the city cannot dispense with their services too soon.

The duty of the St. John authorities is just as apparent and should be performed to the letter. At least two officers should frequent this hotbed of rowdiness on Saturday nights and Sundays. If the chief police officers of the two cities were desirous that the peace should be kept, it would be a simple but effective expedient to detail two men from each force to parade the street.

It is in the interest of the community that we make this suggestion and we hold with the people that unless something is done at once respectability will forsake the locality.

A WONDERFUL WORK.

We extend our heartfelt sympathy to those New Brunswickers who figure in the *Canadian Biography*, just published by Hunter, Rose & Co., Toronto.

The principle of selection that governed the make-up of this extraordinary work is hard to comprehend. On the one hand, it takes in several justices of the peace and the editors of a number of country newspapers; on the other, it omits—to limit the criticism to our own profession—such brilliant journalists and representative Canadians as WILLIAM ELDER, JOHN LIVING STONE, W. F. MACLEAN, GORDON BROWN and THOMAS WHITE.

In the other learned professions, the omissions are quite as striking; and yet, in the face of this, the publishers have the assurance to advertise their jumble of dates as a book of reference!

We repeat that we sympathize with those of our friends and neighbors who, under a misapprehension of its plan and scope, gave information for this work; but our deepest pity is reserved for those who were seduced into buying it.

THEY ARE AFTER CASH!

It is claimed by the local Conservative organs that the completion of the Liberal convention at Moncton was annexational and a weak attempt has been made to fix the "taint" upon the party.

What utter nonsense it is, because two or three newspapers in this province advocate annexation, to endeavor to claim that the source and strength of the idea is with the Liberal party!

We believe that the *Gleaner* and the *Transcript* are as thoroughly annexational as the *Globe*, and if they can afford it they have a perfect right to advocate the principle. They have as good a right to say they believe in annexation as we to say that we do not.

Though the *Transcript* and *Gleaner* follow in its wake, they have not the fearlessness, frankness or dash of the *Globe*, which

pursues its course undaunted in the face of the loyal business community which supports it. We admire such carelessness of public opinion but realize, as the *Globe* must, that the disregard is more allowable than it would be in the face of a well-conducted opposition evening journal.

After all, what are these "public guides" fighting for but money—cash—boodle? They are all boodlers and would-be-boodlers. So long as the *Sun* can draw \$10,000 a year from the public chest it will not fail of its duty, and if the tables were turned and the *Telegraph* and *Globe* could each add half that sum to their already goodly incomes they would be meek enough. It just amounts to this: the political garbage which is dished up daily to the public is paid for at so much a line and its quality is regulated by the braininess or imbecility of the editorial adviser.

TIME TO REST.

Busy people take too few holidays. Modern life is a heedless and reckless scramble for wealth and position, and the rush and hurry and crowding end only when by sickness we are laid aside. We who are doing each a greater or smaller share of the world's work are impatient—and rightfully so—of the indolent and sluggish, who rust out of existence. Does it ever occur to us that when we burn the candle of life at both ends we are as blamable in our way as they in theirs?

No man who is brought within the divine influences of a New Brunswick summer has any moral right to do more work than will provide him with food, clothing and shelter. It is a time to live, laugh, love and be happy.

All who accept this dictum of ours will find the coming week a good time to begin to put it in practice. On Monday, those of us who have no taste for racing or base ball, may spend a happy day in Fredericton, where the attraction of the freemen's celebration will supplement the charm of the place itself; or one may go up to Jemseg and renew his acquaintance with the beauties of nature; or to Day's landing, with one of the pleasantest of pleasant parties; on Thursday, Westfield will open its hospitable arms to the tired toilers of the cities; and on Thursday week, with the Orangemen, it will be possible to spend a day on our beautiful river—in itself, without any other attraction, a rare delight.

Let us then, with the good gray poet, loaf and invite our souls. Clearer heads, firmer nerves, stronger muscles will reward us; and the sum of these is happiness.

THEY ARE GOOD MEN.

We are persuaded that the Republican National convention did wisely to make HARRISON and MORTON its presidential ticket.

Both of these gentlemen have been long in public life, but neither has been accused of any misuse of his position; and, what is more to the purpose, when temporarily out of politics they have stayed out until invited back again, as self-respecting gentlemen naturally would.

There is not much "magnetism" about the ticket, but it has a refreshing savor of ability and honesty.

Of the platform upon which these gentlemen were placed, very little needs to be said. It is strongly protection, of course. Upon other issues, except those on which the people are substantially agreed, it is, like the Democratic deliverance, susceptible of adjustment to the exigencies of any situation. We especially note, as masterpieces of equivocation, the "planks" devoted to the temperance and labor questions—which mean anything or nothing, as one may desire. It is not by such ambiguities that campaigns are won.

Since the Republicans have chosen to make their fight on the tariff question, and since the character of their respective candidates will hardly come in controversy, we believe that Mr. CLEVELAND will be re-elected.

That precious rascal, the "Rev." HENRY PETER HIGGINSON—with whom the people of Prince Edward Island are particularly well acquainted—has been the indirect means of bringing out a law point of considerable interest. His last wife, Mrs. WHITE-MELVILLE HIGGINSON, having brought suit for divorce, on the ground that a legal separation between him and his first wife had never taken place, the respondent produced a certificate of divorce granted by a court in Michigan in 1885.

Upon this, the cable tells us, Justice BUTT, in the Court of Probate, Divorce and Admiralty, held that "by the law of England a marriage solemnized in England between two subjects could not be dissolved by a court of another country, unless the parties, or the husband at all events, lost his domicile of origin and became domiciled in the country of the tribunal dissolving the marriage." When once this fact comes to be thoroughly understood, the American divorce will cease to be a popular article of export.

The St. John city and county members are divided on the chief of police question. There are several phases to the question and several applicants for the position. Upon the most important of the former—the dismissal of the present incumbent—they are all agreed and the difference arises in naming the successor. Mr. W. W.

CLARK, of Carleton, has the two city members and Mr. STOCKTON at his back. Hon. Solicitor-General RITCHIE wants Mr. TOLE appointed and Hon. Mr. McLELLAN and Mr. QUINTON won't support Mr. CLARK. Mr. CLARK is not the man for the position and Mr. TOLE is not likely to get it; meanwhile Chief MARSHALL holds on in fear and trembling. We would like to name a compromise candidate, gentlemen, a man better fitted for the position than any yet mentioned. His name is Mr. E. J. WETMORE.

Facts and figures published elsewhere sustain our position that holding the school examinations so long before vacation was a great blunder. To present the case in the language of nearly every teacher with whom we have talked, "The pupils who have graded cannot be expected to take an interest in old work or study in a grade lower than that to which they have just attained." Mr. JOHN MARCH probably meant well when he fixed such an early date for the examination. There are few of us who do not mean well, but mistakes are made occasionally. Mr. MARCH has made a mistake. The comments and facts we have presented to his notice will prevent its occurrence again.

The people of Moncton, the Presbyterians in particular, demand our sympathy for the loss of Rev. JOSEPH HOGG, who closed a thirteen years pastorate, Sunday. When he arrived in Moncton there were but 50 names on the Sunday school roll; now there are 550. During the period of his pastorate nearly 800 were added to the membership of the church. These facts speak for themselves, to the enduring honor of an able, eloquent and earnest man. May his success attend him in his new home, as our good wishes do!

Fifty years ago, Thursday evening, a loyal company of men and women assembled on King square east, and in mirth, feast and song celebrated the coronation of their young and beautiful Queen. The spoken wish of many a joyous speech then was that VICTORIA might live to see this day. Their sons and daughters and their children see her a noble Queen, ruling a happy people, and the same spirit of love and loyalty which prompted the assembly of 1838 bade them celebrate this her fiftieth coronation anniversary.

One joyful, jubilant juvenile shout rings through our province this morning: "Vacation is here." From school to school, district to district, parish to parish and county to county the glad sound will extend and be welcome. Boys and girls, enjoy yourselves! Help yourselves to the good things of nature, and when you return, come refreshed and eager to do credit to yourselves and your instructors.

In the *Sun*, Monday, Mr. ARTHUR WEIR of Montreal, discussed, with genuine appreciation and considerable insight, the poetry of Prof. CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS, M. A., a staff contributor to PROGRESS. Strangely enough, he neglected to say that Prof. ROBERTS is today the only man in Canada and one of the few on this continent who is writing verse that will endure.

Patronize your citizens, should be the motto of our city council. It appears that it is not, when the citizens of Toronto can walk in and in an underhand way tender for a different article than that asked for, name a higher price, give no guarantee and get the contract!

Influence, not figures, again!

There may be something to be said on the other side of the Evangelical alliance's protest against the freemen's Sunday excursion to Fredericton. The freemen say they have undertaken a work of necessity and mercy; they are going up to the Celestial city to drive the cows off the common.

University graduates of 40 years ago will be pleased to read Mr. J. D. M. KEATOR's excellent sketch of their *Alma Mater*, as they remember her. Would that they could be moved to remember her in a substantial fashion!

The *Telegraph* is righteously indignant over the obtrusive nuisance of electric light poles on Germain street. But one improvement in its article can be suggested: that it should have been printed before the poles were put up.

The political campaign in the United States opens somewhat too quietly. The managers may take our word for it that interest and enthusiasm might easily be aroused, if they would infuse into the early canvass the burning zeal and overwhelming eloquence of citizen GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

There is a dog in Elberton, (Ga.) who bears the creditable reputation of being able to distinguish Sundays from other days.—*Exchange*.

Portland liquor dealers will please note this.

Will the Board of school trustees tell us the difference in the price of coal this year and last?

This is Mr. HAWKE's fourth day out of jail.

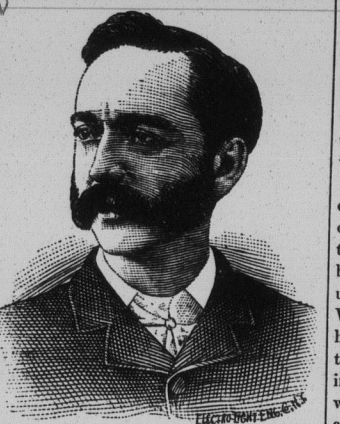
THE MAYOR OF ST. JOHN.

SOMETHING OF HIS LIFE AND CIVIC CAREER.

Born and Educated in Fredericton—Success in Business in St. John—Elected Mayor, 1887 and Unanimously Re-elected in 1888—Occurrences During His Term of Office.

The pleasant, genial countenance of Mayor Henry J. Thorne is known to every man, woman and child in the city. Those who are unfortunate enough to have no likeness of this popular gentleman, and they include everybody save his intimate friends, can say so no longer.

It is hard to say it, but we owe our mayor to Fredericton, where he was born in 1842. His father, however, was a freeman of St. John, and his son, the mayor, has his freeman papers framed at present in his office. His early education was obtained at the collegiate school in the capital, and the first of his business training in the office of his uncle in the same city.



HIS WORSHIP MAYOR THORNE.

His business career since he came to St. John has been a successful one, though he and his firm have suffered severely from time to time from disastrous fires.

In the spring of 1887 Mr. Henry J. Thorne was proposed as a candidate for the civic chair by the temperance party. He had always been a good citizen and, possessing all the qualities which went to make a good man for the position, was elected over half a dozen other candidates by a good majority.

He was accepted in good spirit by the masses and the electors have never had occasion to regret their choice. In the spring of 1888 he was again proposed and elected unanimously for a second term. Shortly after his election in 1887 the jubilee celebration was held in St. John. He took a leading part in the events of each day and performed it in a manner which reflected credit on himself and the city which he represented.

Among the notable improvements in and about the city since he has been in the chief magistracy's chair has been the street railway system. The question of the union of the two cities has made some progress and the liquor law has been amended and put in force. As chairman of the market committee Mayor Thorne has seen that many sadly needed improvements were made in the building. An important question now before the council is the granting of the right of way to the government to place a railway along the harbor front.

Mayor Thorne is a good presiding officer. The council meetings are dignified and business like and the affairs of the city are ever under a careful supervision.

So far no person has found any fault with his record—private or civic—and PROGRESS hopes that so long as he occupies the mayor's chair the same may be said of him.

THEY STAY AWAY FROM SCHOOL.

Children Who Have Passed Their Examinations Take a Longer Vacation.

Two results are visible at present from the early holding of the school examinations. Many of the pupils who have graded are taking a longer vacation, and those who are kept at school by their parents have lost, to a great extent, their interest in their studies. These results are important, and show plainly that a great mistake has been made.

PROGRESS' representative called upon several teachers in the schools, this week, and obtained their attendance average during the weeks June 4-9 and June 18-25. The decrease is very noticeable. In one building alone the number of school days lost was about 200. In another building the decrease was even more noticeable. There can be no doubt that the lessening of the attendance in all the city schools, on the east and west sides, will in one week amount to more than 2,000 days!

A well known teacher said to PROGRESS, "A gentleman asked me, yesterday, if he would allow his boys to remain home. They are through with their examinations, and say nothing is being done at school. Shall I grant their request? I knew what he said was true, and advised him to let them go to the country. They went this morning."

He Would Be Welcome.

The base ball committee of the C. and A. club are saying significantly to their friends that St. John would be a very pleasant place for a college player to spend his vacation in. The force of the remark may be more fully appreciated by-and-by.

THE ALMA MATER OF OLD

PICTURED AS IT WAS BY J. D. M. KEATOR, B. A.

Times Have Changed in the Last Forty Years and the Changes Are for the Better—Interesting Reading for Old Graduates of our University.

A neatly folded newspaper, with rather a professional style of chirography on the wrapper, reached me from the post-office, the other evening. On opening it, the clean type and smooth paper disclosed pleasant reading and the word PROGRESS at the top of the page. It flashed on the reader's mind how he was so lately captured on board a noon train of the I. C. R. into giving his name and address as subscriber to a newspaper bearing the above word on its title page, and the editors of which were apparently willing to risk its success, in this age of "dailies," as an eight page, pamphlet style, non-political, newsy, gossip Saturday morning paper that would rather tone our ideas of commercial union, unrestricted reciprocity, etc., while delighting the women folks with what people in our populous centres are wearing and doing, and where they are going, but which, nevertheless, would be read right through by the lords of creation, and then tossed down with a contemptuous "Pshaw! what trash."

But the biographical sketches of the eighteen members of the graduating class of the N. B. University attracted my attention, and as my eye ran down the column, briefly sketching the character of the youth unknown to fame, I mentally exclaimed, "What unadulterated cheekiness! But perhaps I was hasty, for it may be only a way that one of its number took to keep green in his memory the names of the fellows who together combed the same studies and associated in the same classes in college life, and the list of whom he will cut out and lay quietly away, to be hooked out of some pigeon hole filled with yellow tinted papers—after 20 years of life's attrition will reveal to him how many of his old classmates will ever have a lengthier notice given them than he himself once wrote. But I like to see young men enthusiastic, and I feel the effervescence will be smiled at and pardoned by your numerous readers.

But it brought to my memory the Encenias of old times; what a contrast they presented to the one just held! The late one was attended by crowds of prominent people. Addresses were given by eminent men, and the orations—valued and otherwise—which are the attraction of the occasion, recall to my mind the forlorn, neglected and let-alone condition of King's college, Fredericton, some 40 years ago. The contrast of that time with the present must be viewed with feelings of delight by those who are left to know of the changed condition of things. Then there were but three professors and a French tutor, engaged for the first time; there was no observatory, a nucleus of a museum, a fair library, no public hall, no alumni association, no senate, no prizes (except the Douglas medal), no county scholarships. Jealousy, mingled with uncharitableness, pervaded the minds of public men of that day; indifference everywhere else, and an idea was prevalent that if you wanted to send your son to the school had done its work, *en bono*? was asked, if the college was hinted at to complete the studies of the youth.

But at that time the college had an ecclesiastical complexion, which made it unpopular with people who were not members of the Church of England. It had also been endowed with lands and had an annual grant from the provincial exchequer. The president of the college, too, was the late Dr. Jacob, a gentleman of great learning, and a clergyman of the church of England. Very dignified and polite was the doctor, but very reserved and unsocial in his habits. With clean shaven face, immaculately white and high choaker, straight and upright carriage, he took his daily walks through the quiet streets of Fredericton, and a polite raising of the hat was about the only recognition the old gentleman made as he passed acquaintances on the streets, or met the students on a stroll. There was no sympathy—there might have been condescension—between the doctor and the townsfolk, but that was all. This stand-offishness kept the college and the public apart.

By-and-bye the provincial legislature began to attack the college and the late Sir Albert Smith got a bill passed and sent to England which, had it been allowed, would have wiped the college out of existence. The colonial secretary of that day advised Her Majesty to withhold her consent to the bill. After this there was a remodelling of the institution. The name was changed, and now through evil report and good report the University of New Brunswick can stand today on its own merits.

Encenia forty years ago were events that were not heard of beyond Fredericton, and very few people even there took any stock in such matters. The Governor, the Lord Bishop, the Registrar and half a dozen others crowded together in the little room off the hall, used as a chapel in those days, heard the winner of the Douglas medal read his essay, or perhaps a laudatory effusion by one of its professors in praise of the founders. This and nothing more. The local paper might have a short notice of the affair, and the students went on their way

rejoicing to their respective homes. There were but few to go, anyway. Those going south took passage on the steamer *New Brunswick*, of which Captain Wiley was the urbane master. He presided at dinner and the plum pudding was particularly acceptable to us students after a succession of bread puddings at the college refectory had been the chief gastronomic regalement through a six months' residence.

The W. C. T. U. was not leaving society with its tracts and coffee-rooms in those days, and is it any wonder if the drinking usage reflected itself upon the resident students? Just like it might be supposed to do. Of course there was an occasional hilarious evening, and when the "wee sma' hours" arrived, if a fellow could "walk a crack," he need be in no fear of waking up next morning with a headache. But to speak truthfully, the predecessors of the writer's day were a harder set than existed in his time, and the stories of bibulous escapades were not received with such acquiescence as to their correctness—regarded morally—as they had been.

The invention too of affixing numerals to indicate the educational status of a man coming up for his degree was a point that had not been reached, and when he received his B. A. there was no tell-tale indication of where he stood. He was a Bachelor of Arts and no questions asked. Nice, wasn't it?

Although in the settlement of all new countries it has been usual to establish an institution where the higher branches of education can be taught, it may be safely affirmed that Kings college half a century ago was only for the very few. The country was in its pioneer stage. The impediments to travel were very great. There was plenty of work to do, and it had to be done, even in the professional branches by those with limited education. To keep a young man at college until he was twenty, and then spend five years to get a diploma in medicine or law was an expenditure that very few could afford. But this is all changed.

The industrial forces of the world have moved with gigantic strides since Sir Howard Douglas donated his annual gold medal, and it takes brains developed and trained by education to direct them, and as the years roll on and the New Brunswick University annually sends out its graduates to fight the battle of life, the memories of *Alma Mater* will result in endowments and scholarships as they have done elsewhere.

J. D. M. KEATOR, B. A.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Concerning the New Opera House.

TO THE EDITORS OF PROGRESS: I heartily approve of your remarks on the new opera house and I agree with you that before we accomplish anything we must have a different board of directors. If the stockholders' meeting does what I think it ought, it will elect some such ticket as the following:

A. O. Skinner.
Hon. James Holly.
J. C. Robertson.
W. P. McCormick.
M. W. Maher.
G. A. Hetherington, M. D.
James Lee.
J. F. Dockrill.
F. A. Jones.
R. F. Quigley.
Morton L. Harrison.
G. S. Fisher.
Boyle Travers, M. D.
R. A. Payne.
John W. Gilmor.
Edward S. Carter.
Richard O'Brien.
James S. Pullen.
A. W. Masters, Jr.
R. W. W. Frink.

With these gentlemen, or other like them, at the head, the success of the enterprise would be assured. Fellow-stockholders, let us vote that ticket!

St. John, June 28.

What Everybody Thinks.

TO THE EDITORS OF PROGRESS: I am glad to see that you have called attention to the great need of an opera house or theatre in our city. There is not a city in the United States of the size or population of St. John but has its opera house or theatre.

No stronger evidence can be adduced of the retrogression or decadence of a city than the want of a place of amusement for its people.

Before the great fire of '77, we had three places of amusement—now we have none. Must we admit this an evidence of decay or retrogression? A nice, comfortable and convenient opera house could be built for a small outlay, and it certainly appears strange that our citizens are so slow and lacking in energy and enterprise sufficient to carry out such a worthy object.

CITIZEN.

St. John, June 28.

This Is a Good One, Too.

TO THE EDITORS OF PROGRESS: Your issue of the 16th inst. contains "An Echo from Horace." Allow a graduate of old King's college, Fredericton, to give you another:

PERSICUS ODI, PUEB, ETC.

I hate this Persian gingerbread,
These fixin's 'round a fellow's head;
Give me the roses in their bed

All in a body.

Give me the myrtle as it grows,
And let me take my sweet repose
Beneath the shades,—unless it snows,—
And slip my toddy.

Montgomery, Ala., June 23.

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and filling up
Miss Crabst
sister, Mrs.
Wheeler's.

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Dr. Barker, o
general profic
which she has
Rev. Mr. Ar
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Mrs. David
her husband
Mr. and Mrs
England shor
year.

Miss McCall
her sister, M
her home this
Miss Grace
remain for the
Church, Sun
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the young peo
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Mrs. T. Smith
of St. Andrew's
Mr. Thos. Rank
Mrs. S. Girvan
are at Riverside.

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shall I derive
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an old woman
casks of molasse
gaged in scoopi