

PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1888.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

THE MINISTERS GO, TOO.

LIKE ALL THE REST OF US, THEY TAKE HOLIDAYS.

City Clergymen Who Are or Soon Will Be Seeking Renewed Strength for Their Work—Where They Go and How Long They Stay.

If any man earns a holiday, it is he who ministers to a city church. From January 1 to December 31, he is expected to share the sorrows of all the members of his flock, though very few of them divide their joys with him. His co-operation is sought for every public movement, and the more work his regular duties entail upon him, the more he is solicited to go outside of them. He is appealed to, daily, to extend aid, spiritual or pecuniary, to people who have no manner of claim upon him, except the broad one of common humanity. Every book-agent steers straight for him. Every tramp raps at his door for old clothes and broken victuals. No man has greater or more constant demands made upon his income. Progress doesn't wonder that some ministers "go wrong." The only wonder is that more of them don't resort to manslaughter or fall back upon suicide.

Yes, the minister earns his vacation; and Progress hopes that every one of the hard-working, devoted, talented men whose plans for a summer outing are here given, may enjoy himself to the measure of his deserts—that is, in the limit of his capacity.

Rev. Canon Brigstocke is summering at Riverside.

Rev. George Bruce, B. A., will probably spend most of this month at Bathurst, where he is the guest of the Burpees.

Rev. John B. Saer, B. D., has already enjoyed his vacation, having, with Mrs. Saer, but recently returned from the meeting of the Congregational union in London.

Rev. T. F. Fotheringham, M. A., has made no plans for a holiday, as yet.

It is likely that, since he has accepted the appointment of financial agent of the new Baptist seminary, Rev. J. A. Gordon will pass the summer in visiting the churches in the interest of that institution.

Rev. W. W. Brewer has spent the last three weeks in making a tour through western Canada. His trip took in Montreal, Quebec and Toronto. He will probably spend a few days of next week at the camp meeting at Berwick, N. S.

Rev. Canon DeVeber, of St. Paul's church, spent his vacation in visiting his sons at Woodstock about two weeks ago.

Rev. Dr. Macrae will open a new Presbyterian church at Campbellton, Aug. 12, and expects to spend a week away from home after that event. His pulpit will be occupied during his absence by Rev. Mr. McDonald of Hampton and Rev. Mr. Allen of New York.

Rev. H. G. Mellick, of Brussels Street church, has gone to Prince Edward Island, where he will spend three or four weeks visiting friends. Mrs. Mellick is visiting her parents at Granville, N. S.

Elder Capp, of Coburg Street church, has not decided whether he will take a vacation this year or not. His family are spending the summer in the country.

His Lordship Bishop Sweeney seldom takes a vacation, but quietly enjoys a drive in the country, which he takes quite frequently during the summer. Some of the priests stationed in the city will probably leave their duties during the summer to take needed rest outside of the city.

Rev. J. C. Titcombe, of Fairville, will sail for England next Wednesday, to be absent several months.

Rev. J. M. Davenport, of the Mission church, will visit his friends in England.

Rev. L. G. Macnell, M. A., and family are spending a few weeks on Prince Edward Island.

Rev. Mr. Pickles, pastor of the Portland Methodist church, is president of the Camp Meeting association. His vacation this summer will probably end with the meetings now being held at Berwick.

Rev. Dr. Pope and Rev. Wm. Lawson left here Wednesday to attend the Berwick camp meetings. Rev. Mr. Lawson will spend his vacation this year in Boston or in the New England States. He leaves here about Aug. 27, his family accompanying him.

Rev. Mr. Dienstadt, of Exmouth Street Methodist church, has been spending the week at Old Orchard, Maine, attending the camp meeting there.

Rev. S. H. Rice, of Fairville, is at present in England on his vacation.

Rev. Mr. Chapelle of Campbellton, Rev. Mr. Tredrea of Bathurst, and Rev. J. S. Eatay of Grand Lake are attending the camp meeting at Old Orchard, Maine.

Rev. G. O. Gates, of Germain Street Baptist church, has not decided where he will spend his vacation. He will attend the Baptist convention which meets at Wolfville, N. S., the 25th of this month, and after that may go on a visit to Boston, where he spent his vacation last year.

Most of the clergymen not mentioned above are undecided where they will go.

A NEW COMPETITOR.

The C. P. Telegraph Company After a Share of the Western Union's Business.

Observant people who have travelled over the New Brunswick railway, of late, have doubtless noticed the coils of wire that are laid at the side of the track at distances of about a quarter of a mile apart. They are a part of the equipment of the Canadian Pacific telegraph company, which, in the not very far distant future, will have a St. John office.

Telegraphers who have seen the wire say that it is No. 6 gauge, larger than telephone wire, and much larger than that in common use with the Western Union, most of which is No. 8 or No. 9 gauge. Being so much heavier, it is of course more expensive, but it is also more durable. Unless the injunction is affirmed, it will be stretched on the same side of the track with the Western Union lines, and experienced people conclude, from the number of coils along the road, that two wires are to be run.

People who are "down on" the Western Union say that the new company will capture its New York business, as it did in Montreal. It has been hardly two years since the C. P. entered that city. There, as elsewhere, the service with New York was defective, lacking especially in promptness. The C. P. organized everything on the most liberal scale. Its outfit was of the best, and it made a great effort to apply the same rule to its staff. The Western Union had a dozen good operators, who were paid only \$45 and \$50 a month, and the C. P. engaged them at \$60. At the present time, it is said, the older company operates but one wire from Montreal to New York.

Just when the new company will open its St. John office is one of those things no fellow can find out, though the superintendent, when appealed to, winks, and says it will come as soon as the Western Union will want to see it. Its office will probably be in the old Bank of Montreal building.

A Fifty Dollar Block.
"Block me! Do they ever block me? Oh, somebody gimme a glass of water! Young man," he turned to questioning Progress, "are you green? Are you so unacquainted with the ways of your brethren that you seek information on such points, or are you trying to draw me out and get a 'blocking yarn' for publication? Do you know anyone—well, do you know many—who wouldn't escape paying 3 cents fery fare if it was possible? I've been in this toll box for years and I've spotted many men who make 'blocking' a business. One man in particular will save 3 cents on each side by presenting the collector with a \$50 bill. Fifty dollars! With \$400 a year salary and \$5 change, collectors don't usually find it convenient to break \$50, but the tender being legal, the owner can't be stopped from passing through the gate because I haven't change. But he is mean. I believe he keeps that \$50 bill just to work the block racket whenever he thinks it can't be changed. Some of these fine evenings I want to see him try the dodge on an 'honest' newsboy. Won't he get left?"

They Don't Like to Pay Duties.
In the customs parcels department of the post-office, the other day, Progress looked on while one of the affable officers and a young man opened a box of visiting cards.

"How much did you pay for these?" asked the officer, as he ran through them.

"A dollar," the youth replied.

"Give me 23 cents."

"Oh, take 9 cents!" suggested the young man. The official was examining another package by that time, and made no answer.

"I'll give you 9 cents," the ingenious youth repeated.

"Twenty-three cents, I said!" the official repeated sharply; and the young man, with an agonized expression of countenance, went down into his trousers and hauled out a quarter.

"Do many people try to beat you down?" Progress asked.

"Not after they make up their minds that the levying of duty is strictly legal. People who have never had much to do with the custom house have the idea that if the postage has been paid on a package that ought to settle the whole thing."

No House Should Be Without It.
McAvity's "Pearl" rapid filter is shown on the fifth page. No person who would have pure drinking water should neglect to procure one and attach it to the faucet or water cooler. Thousands of them have been sold already and pushed as they are by the energetic manufacturers there is no doubt but in a short time every house with a water tap will have the filter.

They'll Go Home Whipped.
Arrangements were perfected, Thursday night, for a game Saturday afternoon between the St. Stephens of Boston and the Nationals. The visitors have won their series with the Shamrocks, but the Nationals say that they won't have any more victories to boast of. It will be a good game.

PROF. DeMILLE WROTE IT.

"A STRANGE MANUSCRIPT FOUND IN A COPPER CYLINDER."

The Harpers Published It Anonymously and Mrs. DeMille Wonders Why—Not a Plagiarism on "She," But Written Several Years Before Haggard's Romance.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]
HALIFAX, Aug. 2.—The authorship of *A Strange Manuscript Found in a Copper Cylinder*, one of the literary sensations of the year, is no longer a secret or a mystery!

From the few shining stars in Canadian literature, Nova Scotia can claim the greatest and most celebrated, Prof. James DeMille of Halifax and Judge Haliburton of Windsor.

DeMille excelled in romance, Haliburton in humor and each in turn rivalled the other in his peculiar success. DeMille's *Dodge Club* as a laugh-provoking and a charming piece of humorous writing can be well compared to the dear old *Sam Slick*; and some of Haliburton's southern tales, classed with DeMille's novels, stand the test very well. But none of Haliburton's, or in fact any other Canadian writer's work can compare with DeMille's *Cryptogram*. As a romance it stands at the head, the masterpiece of Acadian and Canadian literature.

And now I have unearthed another novel by DeMille that will compare favorably with nearly any of his best books—one that deserves a place among the standards of our literature.

Though published ten years after his death and without his name upon its cover, many of his old friends and admirers throughout America set DeMille down as the author, long before they had finished reading it. The charming style, the vivid descriptions and original situations could not be mistaken. It was DeMille's work, and, many say, DeMille's greatest.

The publishers—Harper & Bros.—refuse to divulge the author's name, but they admit that the novel had lain in their safe upwards of ten years.

The title of this book is *A Strange Manuscript Found in a Copper Cylinder*, and the way it was received by the critics placed it at once among the interesting few of latter day novels. They united in praising the style of the composition, the weird, unearthly situations and stamped it as one of the romances of the period, but they also combined in denouncing it as a plagiarism on Haggard's *She*. The plot of DeMille's story deals with a strange society of beings; the "strange manuscript" which furnishes the greater part of the book and the "copper cylinder" in which it was found by a party of English gentlemen on a yachting trip to the Mediterranean—and a very strange manuscript it was.

The narrative relates that one Adam More, with a shipmate, leaves his vessel to explore an unknown island in the southern seas. A snow storm hides their ship, and while seeking for her a powerful current carries them away. After numerous adventures, Adam More alone, his friend being eaten by savages, reaches a strange land at the South pole, where the usual order of things is reversed. The poorer a man here, the higher his rank, and the highest honor that can be done a citizen is to publicly kill him and eat him. The sole aim of the people is to become poor and if possible to die doing some brave act.

The manuscript tells us that there are strikes here—but strikes for lower wages, longer hours and more work. The inhabitants talk in some sort of Volapuk, travel through the air on immense creatures, half bird, half bat, live during the light season, which lasts half the year, in caves away from the sun, and during the other half year, when there is no light, come out from these caves and carry on all sorts of festivities till the next light season.

Of course the hero falls in love, and has many strange adventures. Here is where the resemblance to *She* comes—in this love affair of the hero with a strange woman who brings him into many curious adventures.

To set aside the accusation of plagiarism, and to make sure that Prof. DeMille was the author of this romance, an interview was had with Mrs. DeMille, his widow, who resides with her interesting family in the south-western suburbs of Halifax. In answer to an enquiry, she says she has authentic records to prove that the late professor wrote the strange story, and that it was sold to Harper & Bros. shortly before his death. She cannot account for the proceeding of the publishers in not printing the professor's name. But she has a clear remembrance of seeing the manuscript and of the day it was mailed to Harpers.

That settles the bugbear about plagiarism, and now comes the question, Could the plagiarizer be on the other side? Could Haggard have seen the manuscript before Harper published it, and selected points for his celebrated *She*? It is hardly possible; evidently both writers struck upon the same subject. But if DeMille's novel had been issued in good season, it would now hold the exalted position that is given to *She*, as the masterpiece of imaginative fiction.

CALLED TO CENTENARY.

Something About Rev. J. W. Sparling, M. A., B. D., Now of Ontario.

During a short absence of Rev. Mr. Johnson, about three years ago, Rev. J. W. Sparling, M. A., B. D., of the Montreal conference, preached at both the morning and evening services in Centenary church in this city. On that occasion he made so favorable an impression on the congregation that they have invited him to become pastor of the church next year.

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HOURS AT CAMP ALLEN.

THE RETREAT OF CITY PEOPLE WEARY OF HEAT.

A Darkey Lets His Tongue Loose and Talks of the Chief Justice and His Hymn-making—Men Who Fish, With and Without License.

PROGRESS strayed last Saturday from civilized haunts to the pleasant, refreshing wilds of York county and awoke Sunday morning upon the bank of the rapid river, ten miles above the Celestial city. It was 6 o'clock and the writer found his senses as the noisy clatter of a paddle bailing a dug out reached his ear.

A little, old man, bent and colored, wielded the blade and in a trice the old-fashioned vessel was empty.

"Hello! Where are you going?"

"I've jus' startin' fur d'istan' to tend me horses. Want to g'long?"

"Don't care if I do"—and in a few minutes the swift current was bearing us downward and across to one of the fairest and most fertile islands of the St. John.

Leek, for that was the darkey's name, was intelligent, above the average black, and ere long he gossiped of the past and present, of the dead and living, of the bad and good characters in the vicinity, of those who fished with and without license, of others who sought the whirling stream in hours of darkness and "drifted," capturing the lordly salmon against his will and contrary to the law. And as he talked, he moralized upon the prying, sneaking habits of fishery inspectors and their aids, until one would almost think that Leek knew how to drift himself. But on the island the subject changed.

"This strip of lan' we're on b'longs Jedge Allen. You know him. He is one fine man. I 'spect him up 'fore long. Every summer, jus' 'bout this time, de jedge he comes an' work in de hay. What's he do? Oh, sakes! Everything, 'cept pitch on an' off. Goodness, though, I'd rake more'n 10 minutes with hoss an' rake than he'd do whole day long. But he gets plenty of tan an' 'joys hisself, I guess.

"This gettin' to be quite place fer city folk. See those tents thar," pointing across the stream. "Well, dey been thar since Thursday. My, oh, my, I can't fer life o' me see how Misser Will — an' his company put in de time, but dey do some-how, an' dey haf mighty good time, I tell you. I know'd those folk ever since dey so high. Dey 'pear all 'sleep yet. Let me see, tho', this Sunday."

Then the garrulous paddler wound his way along shore to the barn in the distance, within which a fine team of horses found shelter. After watered and fed and plied with cough balsam, he wended his way to the river. As he passed a gentle eminence he pointed to it as the place selected by rector Roberts of Fredericton for a week's outing with his family and friends. Then numerous picnic yarns in expressive broken English beguiled the tiresome return paddle. A few minutes' stop was made at "Camp Allen" and a close inspection followed. Two large and handsome tents, pitched at the base of a breakneck declivity about 100 feet in length; a temporary board table, shielded by a large awning and a convenient and well-built fireplace were all the visible belongings of the half score of ladies and gentlemen who chose this pleasant retreat to breathe pure country air and secure a monopoly of "tan."

It was a delightful spot. Back of the sloping and grassy glen, a winding avenue of cedars and willows led to the richer uplands. In front, a gentle decline ended at the river bank upon which canoes and boats awaited the pleasure of the pleasure-seekers. Shady nooks abounded along the winding shore where those of lighter, lazier temperament could lie and gaze upon muscular companion boatmen or the tireless anglers. Truly, those who chose "Camp Allen" knew what they were about.

A low growl from the canvas warned intruders off and in a few moments the soggy dug-out glided into the sand bank from whence it started and PROGRESS and his talkative companion separated.

Smoke "Morton's Choice."
"Drunkness in the Graveyard."
"Day after day," said a lady to Progress, yesterday, "I am compelled to see the most revolting sights in the old graveyard, which we claim as one of the historic and beautiful spots of our city. One day this week, when passing through this place, I saw no fewer than five drunken women and three drunken men seated on the benches. They were noisy, and their language such that no person should hear. Cannot this thing be stopped? My children and hundreds of others delight to roam about the old graveyard, but since I saw that sight I have refused them permission to go to their favorite place."

"After I had passed the wretches, who defiled this beautiful spot with their presence, I looked around for a policeman. Not one in sight! It may be that policemen can't be everywhere, but their attention should be called to the facts I have given to you."

HENRY'S CIGARS WERE LOADED.

And the Thief Was Identified by Means of the Explosion.

Mr. Henry T. Green, who was a St. John merchant until recently, but who is now in business on Clark street, Chicago, figured in a funny scene, the other day. He was fairly convulsed with laughter, says the *Chicago Tribune*, when he entered the army and asked for the desk sergeant. "My place, ha, ha, was entered, ha, ha, by burglars la-la-la last night."

"Well, that's funny, I must say," said Desk Sergeant Hughes, "What are you laughing at?"

"Ha, ha, they stole two boxes of cigars." "Well, that's not much, but I don't see what you are laughing at."

"One, ha, ha, box was loaded for a special order. Each cigar had about two drachms of powder in it."

Just as he finished Officer Murphy dragged a dirty-faced gainin to the desk. "Book this bye fer shootin' craps," he said.

"Leave go me collar," said the little prisoner, as he wriggled from the officer's grasp and stood at one side until he should be booked. He took a cigar from his pocket, borrowed a match from a policeman standing by, and began to puff away contentedly as he stood with his hands in his pockets, making an occasional face at Murphy when that officer turned his back.

Suddenly there was an explosion, and the dirty-faced lad fell to the floor, howling as though he had been shot. The room was filled with fragments of his cigar, and one piece struck Murphy in the eye. Every one was seized with consternation for a moment, when a shrill scream of laughter was heard and Mr. Green was seen in the chair into which he had dropped shaking with laughter and gasping for breath.

Desk Sergeant Hughes joined in the laugh this time, and booked the terrified lad for burglary in addition to the charge preferred by Officer Murphy. The half-dozen cigars found in the lad's pockets were passed around but no one seemed to want them, and they were put away as evidence against the youthful prisoner.

She Didn't Know Her Dog.
"Bruno! Bruno!! Bruno!!! come here, oh you naughty dog!"

She was charmingly handsome as she stood on the curbstone and tried to induce a noble Newfoundland to join her from the middle of the street. But "Bruno" as she called him, was obdurate. He paid no more attention to her beseeching calls than if she were a perfect stranger. He was ailing himself, proud and cool in the possession of a half-shaven body, and confident that in size, shagginess and appearance he came as near the king of beasts as they could make 'em.

Finding that he would not heed her, the young lady ran into the street, seized her prize by the collar and made a passive captive until, a second later, a clear-cut whistle rang on the air and "Bruno" with a bound freed himself and the next moment was capering around a young gentleman on the other walk. He was followed by his captor who seemed astonished and very much puzzled by the statement that the owner of the whistle was the owner of the dog.

Fifteen minutes later these two persons, with two dogs, met on the corner of King and Charlotte streets. There was surprise all around; the dogs looked at one another, each thinking, if a dog can think, that he had found a twin brother. The same artist must have prepared them for warm weather, the coat of each having been cut in exactly similar style.

The real Bruno was there and trotted away by his mistress' side in a patronizing, protective kind of way. He didn't know that but a few minutes before she had mistaken another canine for him.

Where Does He Get It for Four Cents?
"S—say, mister, give us two cents? 'Know it isn't right to ask, but you know when a feller—when a feller—(hic), say, have you got two cents about yer?"

He was a very seedy party and one couldn't help knowing what he wanted the money for; so "mister" said, "why! have you got six cents?"

"No—no—so help me—(hic) only got two, see?" and he fished two cents out of his pocket.

"Well, you can't get a drink for 4 cents."

"Oh, yes, I kin. Got two. Guess I'm keepin' you too long," and evidently thinking "mister" wasn't going to ante up, the seedy individual went off to ask the man standing by the lamp-post.

The Smartest on the Road.
"This is the smartest little train in the provinces!" said an old traveller, as he sank back into an easy seat in the Fredericton express. "I am on the road the year through, in the three provinces, and I don't know a train that can touch it, either in appearance or speed. Then, there's nothing wrong with the men who run it, from the conductor and driver to the newsboy. They're all obliging and popular."