

PROGRESS.

W. T. H. FENNEY, PUBLISHER.

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AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCT. 16,

Notice.

PROGRESS takes this opportunity of thanking its thousands of patrons for favors extended in the past and hopes for a continuance of the same. Plans are in preparation for important changes in connection with the paper to take effect at an early date, which it is hoped and believed will meet with the hearty approval of its many patrons.

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STREET RY. AND THE PEOPLE.

The letter from W. FRANK HATHWAY referring to street railway matters that appeared in the press this week was much to the point. He shows in plain terms why the street railway company should not be above criticism and he compares the action of the civic authorities toward them and toward any private citizen. Portions of his letter are worth quoting:

"Taxpayers in this city use daily as pedestrians, as bicyclists, etc., Prince William, Mill, Main, East King and East Union streets. Many citizens thought Prince William, Mill and Main streets were in bad order because the corporation could not now afford to renew the block pavement. What is the fact? The law of 1887 states that streets 60 feet wide having two tracks must be kept in repair from curb to curb by the Street Railway Company and, further, where the street is wider than 60 feet then the roadway between the rails and 18 inches outside the rails, must be kept in repair by the Street Railway Co. If my sidewalk is not kept properly cleaned in winter I am fined.

"If the street is made impassable by my boxes or barrels I am fined.

"The condition of Prince William and other streets mentioned has been scandalous for the last six months, but nobody has been fined, nor has there been a strong effort made by the Council to enforce the law of 1887.

"The vice president of the company is wrong when he says that the rails on East King and Union streets are covered with earth. They are exposed in many places, and are a danger to vehicles. Either the rails should be taken up, or the company should perform a continuous service around these two streets."

Mr. HATHWAY might have said much more, but perhaps it is just as well to call attention to a few things at one time. It is no secret that the aldermen and civic officials get along very amicably with the street railway people. Every one of them carries a book of free tickets and rides year after year in the street cars without paying a cent. Has this anything to do with the leniency shown to the street railway? We trust that it has not, and yet it will be difficult to persuade the citizens who pay at all times, that the men who ride free are not inclined to return some favors for those extended to them. It was only a short time ago that the street railway wanted another concession and the story went that the aldermen were equally divided in regard to the matter. Let us get down to business in this regard and make the street railway Company carry out their agreement with the city. If our council and our officials do their duty we will have better streets and there will not be the same liability to accidents as there is now. Let some courageous alderman take up this matter and he will have the earnest support of the people and the untrammelled press.

Nova Scotia is talking seriously of establishing a provincial reformatory in connection with her school system. It would seem that this is particularly desirable now that a compulsory school act is in force in most of the larger towns. The object is to provide a place of punishment for pupils who play truant or who fail to make the necessary number of days attendance at school, which is 120 out of 220 days. If the fault rests with the parents and they are unable to give a satisfactory explanation of the child's absence they would under the new state of affairs be amenable to the law. The advocates of the proposed institution are most enthu-

siastic over the project and feel sure that when it is placed before the local government during the coming session it will get a favorable reception from both sides of the house.

It does not speak well for the management of the work at Sand Point that at this late date the discovery should be made that there are a hundred thousand yards of excavation to do before the upper berth will be ready for steamers. The advisory board have come to the conclusion that by working night and day with three dredges that the work can be completed by the first of December. We know what that means. At this season of the year it is almost impossible to make steady progress with such work. Storms and high winds will prevent, as they have in the past, the rapid completion of the work. Still the best that can be done is all that can be expected, but somebody has made a mistake and the people should know who that somebody is.

The fact that MEEHAN, who died in the hospital from injuries presumably inflicted by a drunken companion, refused to make any statement that can be used against his supposed assailant has given rise to a variety of comment. Some applaud the spirit of the dead man in not speaking when his words might have sent a man to the gallows. Others regret that in the interest of peace and justice the truth was not elicited and thus it may prevent a dangerous man from doing further injury to his fellow men.

Halifax never does things by halves evidently—even in the matter of advertising itself in the Convention Journal of the King's Daughters. It takes a whole page for this purpose, and also with the object of helping the paper out of debt. The organization is accordingly delighted.

The Indian Summer is still with us, and continues to scatter the sunshine of her smile over the land.

The Glory of the Fair Is Gone.

The glory of the Loch Lomond Fair has departed. The feature of the past that made it so attractive to city people and such a source of profit to those in the immediate neighborhood are no more. The politicians of the city and county do not as of yore drive out in gorgeous equipages to dazzle the eyes of the farmer voters and shake their hands in their canvassing way. This year the fair was poorer than usual, though the attendance was much better. The members for the county were present and some of the men who used to enjoy the day with such genial souls as the late Mr. David McLellan. His memory will always be green at Loch Lomond for he was an annual patron of the fair, a generous subscriber to the society and an ardent advocate of good roads. But these days are past and the interest of the farmers and their wives seems to have departed as well.

All "Contraltos" Sing that way.

"How did you like the concert?" enquired one elderly lady of another as the audience was leaving the Institute on Tuesday evening. Neither of the ladies seemed to be in the habit of attending such functions and those who were in their vicinity were immensely amused at the running fire of criticism they kept up during the evening. "Oh! I liked it pretty well," replied the one addressed in rather a doubtful tone, "but I thought 'Mrs. Clary had a pretty coarse voice."

"Yes," said the first speaker, "she had, but then you know all contraltos are like that," and the two moved on, satisfied that whatever their private opinion of the famous Clary's vocal powers might be, she was in no way different from other "contraltos."

His Host Was Prepared.

A well do do Georgia farmer invited a merchant friend to dine with him. The merchant was known for his crankiness, and had once or twice tried to shoot people for imagined wrongs. The farmer had considerable business dealings with him, and they were on the best of terms. However the farmer always kept a wary eye on him. Several days after the dinner at the farmer's house the merchant said to him: "I can't account for the queer feelings and impulses I have occasionally. For instance the other day when I was dining at your table it suddenly came into my mind to kill you, though I had nothing in the world against you. I had a pistol in my pocket at the time, and once I had my hand on it, when the strange feeling passed from me." "Don't let that bother you," said the farmer. "I knowed all about your failings in that line, an' I wuzn't asleep when I saw your hand go to your hip. My son John was standing in the hallway back of you with a shot-gun leveled at you, an' you just did save your bacon by changin' your mind. Ef you hadn't he'd er blowed daylight through you."—Atlanta Constitution.

Chairs Re-seated, Cane, Splint, Perforated Duvet, 17 Waterloo.

FRESH OF THURSDAY AND TODAY

Rambling Through the Wheat.

Rambling through the waving wheat,
Warbling low a love song sweet;
Singing gems of song;
We saw the mist of yellow dew,
Where seas of grain gold flooded grow;
As we two passed along.

As through the sun gilt scene we strayed,
Hearing sweet tunes it ever played;
Echoed from strains above:
What made the wheat more golden yet,
Than any jeweled coronet,
Was when it sang of love.

And those where just such songs as still,
Make wheat waves o'er the golden hill,
And down the valleys long:
Your sweet voice by that sunny way,
Was sweeter there for many a day;
Than that new seed gold's song.

I walk that field path now an I see,
Where once it welcomed you and me;
No more your angle face;
But in its aging and regret,
That you wait not where once we met.
I love the dear old place.

I stand here looking o'er the wheat,
To day it sadly fails to greet;
My coming with delight;
The golden bloom of other years,
To me no longer love it wears;
And you are not in sight.

To day the golden sunbeams creep,
As if they kissed some friends asleep;
They could not bear to call.
I call one at the wheat field gate,
I hear no voice the hour is late,
She cannot come at all.

CYRUS GOLDB.

Wheat Field, 1897.

Home, Sweet Home.

"Yes, sir, home is where the heart is; which is words that I have read
In a book wrote by a party that I understand is dead.
'Home, Sweet Home' a tune I whistle often of these summer nights,
When the small rolls up the river for 'er in the steamer lights.

'In the heart of ev'ry human is a feelin', kinder soft,
For the 'bidin' place he's used to, even if it's just a loft.
An' a settin' on the towpast when we're doctored here all alone,
I feel sorry for the man that has no place to call his own.

'With my pipe lit an' a puffin', with the bridge lamps shinin' red,
An' the black smoke hasin' heavy in the air just overhead,
An' the garbage in the river bobbin' up and down,
You see,
There's a heap of satisfaction to a home body like me.

'Other men may have their millions an' their houses like a grand,
But I ain't got any ev'ry for them people of the land;
Twenty years I've bunked down forrard in the old Rebecca Nye—
She has been my home, an' will be, if I'm lucky, till I die.

'Home—yes, home is where the heart is, an' the old Rebecca Nye,
I blowed up with her in '80, sunk with her in '89;
Every plank an' rope an' rivet, every bolthead is a friend,
True an' firm as I tried and trusted, on the which I depend.

'Twenty years I've slept down forrard in the same familiar bunk
With exceptions of occasions when it happened I was drunk—
With exception of occasions of a sorry kind when I let the wicked city tempt me from the old Rebecca Nye.

'This is home—the greasy water an' the sulphur an' the smoke,
An' the smell that comes a floatin' up the river till you choke,
An' the tootin' o' the whistle an' the crashin' splain—
In' sound
As the whizzin' old propeller swings some passin' boat around.

'This is home—the steward callin' like a voice out of the tomb,
Tellin' us to come to supper down there aft the engine room.
This is home—with us a-zoomin' up the river, pullin' slow,
An' we so chasin' outside, nosin' 'round to find a tow.

'Let them kites who live in castles be as proud as they please;
Let them wade around in carpets that reach clear up to their knees,
That an' such like things may be their idyl of home but I
Druther have my bunk down forrard in the old Rebecca Nye.'

The Pansy.

Some folks say 'at roses are the sweetest kind o' flowers,
And they'll set and hold a bunch an' smell o' 'em for hours.
Well, they're good old-fashioned posies 'ad I like 'em to keep some stittin' in a vase there on the shelf.
But to pick out j's the best o' posies, I'll be blest,
I'd rather have the pansy one instead of all the rest.

Like to go there evenin's, see 'em noddin' by my side,
Mother set 'em out there j'st a year afore she died,
Like to weed 'em, keerful like—pick j'st one or two.
Wear 'em in to supper, maybe—like she used to do.
Then she looked so purty when she wore 'em—all the rest.

O' posies may be han'some, put I like the pansy best.
I wuz j'st a youngster, but I recollect I cried,
Gon' to kiss her an' to see her when she die'd,
An' they said: 'She's sleepin', but I couldn't understand,
Till I saw the rose an' lilies folded in her hand—
Went and got some pansy ones—put 'em with the rest.
Seemed to make her happier—I like the pansy best.

Somet'imes when I'm out there with 'em by the garden wall,
Eyes gits busy thinkin'—j'st a thinkin' on it all;
Till I guess that I kin see her smilin' up at me,
From the bed o' posies; j'st a happy ez kin be,
So you take your posies all you want 'em—I'll be blest—
Give me j'st the pansy one an, you can have the rest.—Desmond R. Drake, in Ohio Farmer.

Two to Make It.

There's a knowin' little proverb
From the sunny land o' Spain,
But in northland, as in southland,
Is its meaning clear and plain.
Lock it up within your heart
Neither lose nor lend it;
Two it takes to make a quarrel.
One can always end it.

Two it well in every way,
Still you'll find it true.
In a fight without a foe
Pray what could you do?
If the wrath is your—alone,
Soon you will expend it.
Two it takes to make a quarrel
One can always end it.

Let's suppose that both are wroth
And the strife begun.
If one voice shall cry for peace,
Soon it will be done.
If but one shall span the breach,
He will quickly mend it.
Two it takes to make a quarrel.
One can always end it. —New Moon.

HOUSES OF THE FAIR.

Some Things of Which the People Strongly Disapprove.

HALIFAX, Oct. 14.—The echoes and after-claps of our very successful exhibition are still resounding. No one denies that the exhibition was a great success, but its management was not in all respects faultless, or rather there were blemishes about some parts of its conduct, and blemishes, that need not appear another year.

The chief outcry, wherever an outcry has been heard at all, is in regard to the sale of liquor on the grounds and the consumption of it by the commissioners and their friends. An anonymous writer in an evening paper in this city raised a hornet's nest by an onslaught on the commission for having permitted a bar on the grounds with all the facilities that such an institution of the kind in the city could possess. It even had a voucher of a certificate in the papers that Inspector Banks had visited the grounds and found everything dry. That was enough and the bar flourished under the grand stand, like a green bay tree. How it got there, who ran the bar, why the commission allowed it, where the proceeds for the privilege went, all are questions that no one has answered. Indeed one of the more prominent commissioners stated that as far as he was concerned he did not know the bar was on the grounds. Like Nelson he looked in that direction with his blind eye, for it was in full blast all night. The temperance people of Nova Scotia will do a little thinking on this matter of "refreshments."

The other little trouble is what was outlined for public inspection. The people are not built of the kind of stuff that will stand more than a certain and well defined quantity of this kind of expenditure. It was all very well, perhaps, to treat Lord Aberdeen and his party to some champagne, and Hon. Mr. Laurier, but when it comes to daily indulgence on a large scale by commissioners and their ordinary every day friends, then the line of safety has been overstepped.

The chances are that the individual members of the commission who did some of this champagne and whiskey ordering will be left to foot the little bills themselves. Let every man pay his own shot may be the motto. This will be the only way to avoid a scandal. It would not do to come in with a deficit of \$2,000 or \$3,000 and present a bill of say \$1,000 for liquid refreshment.

There is an interesting story of a member of one of the sub committees who presented himself at one of the suppers given by a member of the commission. This young man thinking he had as good a right as any one else put in an appearance and sat down with the guests. The host saw him and looked displeased, and frankly and quickly too, decided that he must go. The caterer informed the young man that his presence was not wanted, that no cover was laid for such as he, and the young man, and an official who also went in with the would-be guest, had to retire in confusion. Great was his discomfort, and great his anger and little the sympathy of friends who heard of the affair. It's always best to wait for an invitation even when the festival takes place on exhibition grounds that have been paid for with the people's money.

What the end of this exhibition talk will be remains to be seen. There may be fun in it for somebody, and there may be trouble.

There is not much of a scandal in the "round robin" signed by 14 aldermen asking that the lease of the exhibition building be continued to Frank Cunningham. The only trouble was with Cunningham himself in getting his "round robin" or petition to the council signed soon enough. If he had prepared it before new tenders for the building were called for all would have been well but he waited till the advertisement was out asking for tenders and then his petition appeared. Cunningham paid a big figure for the building and could easily have secured it for another winter at the old rate, but when he "slept" all this time, as Major Stephen says and then came forward after the tender ads. were out, he was too late except by special dispensation of the aldermen in open council.

There is one thing regarding Cunningham that can't be gainsaid—he always paid the whole of his rent, perhaps with some complaining but the money was planked down all right.

It appears that the new exhibition building, that was built specially to make skating and hockey playing brilliant, will not be used for this purpose. Major Stephen has ordered that no ice be allowed to be formed, alleging that ice is bad for such a



building. His worship says that for the future he cannot speak, but for this winter there shall be no hockey there.

There is a limit to everything even the endurance of the war department regarding the conduct of the officers of the service. It is said that an officer in this garrison who has been indulging in the ardent very generously some time ago asked to send in his papers. To this peremptory "request" there was no other course than to accede. The result is that one of the corps of her majesty's service in this garrison is minus an officer. But there are many ready, aye, anxious to serve their country in his place.

By the way the integrity of the service here in some respects has recently been receiving some hard knocks. Sexton, the steward of the flagship Crescent embezzled largely and heavily scooped the admiralty, the officers and customs of Canada. Since then Quarter-Master Sergeant Hancock of the Barbicue regiment has got his hand into the government funds to the extent of about \$1,100. Every flock and regiment too, has its black sheep, and it is not right to condemn all for the misdeeds of some.

There was grumbling to no small extent among employers on Monday when they allowed a thousand or so of their hands off for service in the militia. It was 'mobilization day' and every citizen soldier was compelled to take his place alongside his comrade of the regular service in an attack and defence on Halifax. This mobilization is an annual affair, and is no small tax on the time of the men in the volunteer force. It is all very well for the regulars, but for men the loss of whose time means the loss of money, it is no small matter this addition to the voluntary and involuntary holidays of the year.

Most of the grumbling however, was on the part of the employers and not of the men themselves. This was because it was a fine day. Had the meteorological conditions been hot or unpleasant the complaining would largely have been on the part of the citizen soldier. Loyalty and military glory flourish vastly more when the sun shines and the roads are good for the march and bivouac in mimic war than when the rain pours and the roads are almost knee-deep in mud.

Pat's Score on the Parson.

A good-natured Anglican parson was riding one day in a junting car near the Lakes of Killarney, whose famous echoes sometimes repeat a sound as many as eight times. Wishing to 'take a rise out of the driver,' the clergyman said:

"Do you know, Pat, that there are none but Protestant echoes here?"

"No, sir, I never hard it, and I don't believe it either," was the reply.

"Well, you shall here it very soon," said the Anglican. Arriving at a favorable spot he called out softly, raising his voice to a loud shout on the last word: "Do you believe in Pao Nono?" and the echo replied:

"No, no! No, no! No, no!"

Pat was delighted at the joke, and, rubbing his hands gleefully, said:

"Bedad, when I drive one of the real clargies here won't I have sport out of him? And the parson rather doubted the success of his ruse.

Trying a New Plan.

A Swede came into a lawyer's office one day and asked:

"Is there be a lawyer's place?"

"Yes; I'm a lawyer."

"Well, Maister Lawyer, I tank I shall have a paper made."

"What kind of a paper do you want?"

"Well, I tank I shall have a mortgage. You see, I buy me a piece of land from Nels Peterson, and I want a mortgage on it."

"Oh, no. You don't want a mortgage; what you want is a deed."

"No, Maister; I tank I want a mortgage. You see I buy me two pieces of land before, and I got a deed for dem, and 'nother fallar come along with mortgage and take the land; so I tank I better get mortgage this time."

He Has Arrived.

A New York expert to take charge of our large plant. Our expenses will be heavier but we can give New York work. UNGAR'S, Phone 58.

The best preparation to remove dandruff from the head and to cure and stimulate the scalp, that dandruff will not gather again, is Hall's Hair Renewer.