

PROGRESS.

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The edition of PROGRESS is now so large that it is necessary to put the inside pages to press on TUESDAY, and no changes of advertisements will be received later than 10 a. m. of that day. Advertisers will forward their own interests by sending their copy as much earlier than this as possible.

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.

EDWARD S. CARTER,
Publisher and Proprietor,
Office: Masonic Building, German Street.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPT. 20.

CIRCULATION, 20,000.

THIS PAPER GOES TO PRESS EVERY FRIDAY AT TWELVE O'CLOCK.

Index to Illustrations and Special Advs.

Illustrations.	PAGE.
Berryman, D. E.	11
Birdseye View of St. John	10
Burditt, W. F.	17
Cornwall, Ira.	17
Estey, Jas. A.	22
Everett, Chas. A.	2
Jarvis, W. M.	21
Johnson, J. M.	21
Law, A. L.	13
Magee, A. M.	24
McAvity, T.	6
Pittfield, Ward C.	14
Plans of Exhibition Buildings.	7
Reynolds, James.	9
Robertson, James C.	12
Robertson, George.	13
Shaw, Wm.	15
Spur, J. De W.	3
Thorne, H. J.	18

Special Advertisements.	PAGE.
Armstrong, Aaron	11
Bell, T. William	11
Bell, W. H.	14
Beverly, F.	20
Brown & Leitch	24
Cameron, J. R.	11
Canadian Pacific Railway	20
Confederation Life Insurance Co.	3
Clerke, Kerr & Thorne	11
Cowan & Ellis	24
Cowie & Edwards	14
Currie, J. R.	24
Daniel & Robertson	2
Doody, J. A.	20
Dyspeptic	17
Exhibition Association	20
Flood & Sons, C.	4
Fairweather, G. Ernest	20
Finley, Joseph	15
Fraser, Wm. J.	24
Frisk, B. W. W.	24
Gard, W. Tremaine	24
Hall & Fairweather	14
Hay, A. & J.	21
Jarvis, C. E. L.	8
Kelly, James	11
Kerr's Business College	11
Liverpool and London and Globe Ins. Co.	12
Mackay, John	13
Manchester, Robertson & Allison	10
Manks & Co.	10
McAvity, T. & Sons	3
McMillan, J. & A.	15
Munro, John J.	21
North American Life Insurance Company	14
Northrup, H. W. & Co.	21
Ontario Mutual Life Insurance Company	15
Pendleton, C. H.	15
Pittfield & Co., Ward C.	16
Robertson, James	6
Robertson, George	21
Schmidt, Carl C.	15
Seavill, Fraser & Co.	15
Skinner, A. O.	12
Stephens & Figures	20
Taylor & Dockrill	12
Thorne, C. W. H.	21
Turnbull & Co.	14
Whittaker & Co.	20

OUR TRAVELLING FACILITIES.

Whatever advance the next census may show in population there is no doubt that if a census of the travelling public could be taken in this province for the last ten years it would show a vast increase not only in the amount of travel, but in the travelling facilities. No section of the country has felt the influence of this more than the city of St. John. It has not been many years since the Intercolonial railroad became what its name implies and each year witnesses an increase in its mileage and branches shoot off from nearly every important centre, opening up the country and bringing grist to the St. John mill. The Central Railway has been the latest addition. The St. Martins and Upland road is now in a better state than ever before, and the Havelock and Elgin, Kent Northern and other branches all help to swell the great volume of traffic. A few years has marked a great change in what was formerly the European and North American Railway, lately the new Brunswick and now a part of the great Canada Pacific system. With connections and ramifications everywhere to the westward and its eastern terminus in this city it gives us an importance that can hardly be estimated. Its roadbed unsurpassed and its accommodations superb and unequalled on this continent, traffic and travel over it have increased many fold. The Grand Southern, now the Shore Line, with prospective connections with all the noted watering places on the eastern coast

of New England and New Brunswick has greatly increased in prosperity and bids fair to add greatly to the tide of travel to this city.

Travel by the International steamship line was never cheaper or more luxurious than at present and it is needless to say that its volume was never so large. The present summer has also added to the list of steamers sailing to St. John the two elegant and commodious steamships the *Valencia* and *Winthrop* connecting directly New York with St. John. Never before has the travelling public been so well accommodated as by the *Monticello* and *Weymouth* plying between New Brunswick and Nova Scotia and never has the amount of travel been greater by this route. Direct connection is also had with all points on the western side of Nova Scotia and with Grand Manan.

There were never as many steamers running on the St. John river as at present, which is good evidence that travel has increased. Bay rivers like the Bellisle and Kennebecasis where trade was a few years ago not worth looking after are now attended to by commodious steamers and the best evidence of their prosperity is that opposition to the front and is as enterprising as ever, while the lake traffic increases each year.

We might also add to our list a direct steamship line to Europe and the West Indies from St. John. With such travelling facilities it is any wonder that every nook and cranny of our Province is hunted out by tourists who now visit us in thousands to enjoy our fine climate and scenery, not to mention sporting privileges. These evidences of increased enterprise and prosperity are good reasons why we should not heed pessimists and croakers. We are going ahead and St. John will be a great city.

THE TOBACCO QUESTION.

Despatches from Montreal say that the tobacco question is being discussed with enthusiasm by the Methodist conference in session there. Mr. J. H. CARSON's motion asks "that every member occupying any official position, lay or clerical, in the Methodist church shall be required to abstain from the use of tobacco in any form; that in the event of this motion being adopted the committee on discipline be instructed to prepare the necessary legislation required to give effect to the resolution."

If the conference has satisfactorily disposed of all evils greater than tobacco, during the time it has been in session, a vast amount of work has been accomplished. Under these circumstances it would not be strange that they should devote much time to a motion such as Mr. CARSON'S. Whether tobacco is injurious or not is a debatable question. That it is a bad habit, however, and one likely to give offense to those who do not use tobacco, cannot be denied. Yet it seems quite unnecessary for the church to make laws in regard to it, while there are so many really great evils, the discussion of which should leave little time for the consideration of the tobacco question. When the church undertakes to make laws prohibiting the use of tobacco, it is doing something that may do more harm than good. The laws of the church are too frequently broken as it is, and it is probably that one in regard to tobacco would surpass all others in this respect. Such laws are not generally considered seriously, and a disregard of them is very likely to lead to thoughtlessness in respecting the more serious obligations of the church.

The tobacco habit is not a subject for legislation of this kind. A true Christian will recognize his duty—and do it voluntarily, and no law of church or state will have any effect on him.

DR. MARY WALKER'S IDEA.

After ten years, Dr. MARY WALKER has at last found out why the United States government will not pay her little bill of \$10,000 for services as a hospital surgeon and nurse during the rebellion. The United States can boast of as many famous cranks as any country in the world, and Dr. MARY is one of them. Year after year she has urged her claim upon the government, in costumes very much unlike those worn by the rest of her countrywomen, except by such of them as appear in cheap theatrical companies and smoke cigarettes. She now learns that this is the reason why her services were not recognized—because she "does not dress like other women."

This information brings a long petition and vigorous protest from Dr. MARY, in which she offers convincing evidence that the question of "costume" has nothing to do with the case. According to her statements no national costume has been "elected or appointed" under existing laws; and that under the constitution the "liberty of limbs and vital organs is included in the rights and liberties that are guaranteed, regardless of sex." She claims that the American squaws dress so that they cannot be distinguished from the Indians, and that the "vulgarity of women dressing like a man" should exclude the squaws from their annual per capita amount appropriated by the United States congress.

This should be evidence enough. People in this country have never had an exact conception of Dr. MARY WALKER until now; but we had an idea that she was some de-

grees higher up in the social scale than the uncultured squaw. She has caught the true democratic spirit of the great free country, however; in contending that all its inhabitants should be treated alike. It is no doubt painful to the charming doctor to think that the squaw has been given the preference by the government, and "got a drop on her," so to speak.

It is this fact, perhaps, that prompts her to insinuate in her petition that: "The cut of garments for women are not considered to be in any 'style' unless they are designed by foreigners, as Americans are not competent to devise 'what is paramount in importance to every consideration of life,' viz: health, comfort, convenience, economy of cloth, and economy of brain, in devising ever-changing styles that are so important in 'tariff' consideration." Dr. MARY blushes for her country, and has endeavored to make herself a living testimonial of the fact that an American is competent to devise garments, which, if they are not exactly in style, are sufficiently striking, and calculated to attract the attention of the brainiest of foreigners. In this she has been more than successful. Everybody has heard of Dr. MARY WALKER by the costume she wears.

But if the last clause of this gifted woman's petition is acted upon, she will, to a large extent, be deprived of her individuality. She proposes that a national costume be appointed from some foreign court, "whose special duties shall be to devise costumes for every woman in the United States that shall seem appropriate to him, and that the act include squaws as well as other women." Dr. MARY seems determined to get even with the squaws; but the only method that would be left for her to have her idea of dress adopted, would be to make herself "good" at the foreign court, and bribe the costume.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Mr. E. A. McDowell opened a short season of four nights on Wednesday, with a piece that I can readily understand is one with great drawing attractions. *The Balloon* is one of the best of the farce comedies of the last few years, with a bright, smart dialogue and plenty of funny situations. Mr. McDowell has brought a fairly good company with him, and those members of it who were of last year's Lansdowne company received a hearty reception from the good house that greeted them. Beyond doubt the best of the company is Mr. Granville, and among the ladies, Miss Clitheroe created a very favorable impression. The performance opened with a little sketch called, *A Husband in a Caper* which is rather clever, but like all two part pieces acquires to be acted to perfection in order to go well.

On Wednesday evening there was an inexcusable war between the pieces but after the curtain rose on the *Balloon* the house seemed satisfied enough to forgive the detention. I have no doubt that the piece went much better on Thursday night but on Wednesday there certainly was a lack of quickness in taking up cues and Mr. McDowell on more than one occasion had to be prompted. This gentleman to my mind does not improve in his acting as he grows older, as a matter of fact he played better ten years ago than he does now. The company played *The Riccio* last evening and to-night will present *The strolling old play of Boucicault's Arras Via Pegue*. PROSCENIUM.

HUMORS OF THE SICK ROOM.

To the Doctor.
A plaster, a dram, and a drop,
A blister, a powder, a pill;
O doctor! do cure me, and stop
This slow-going process to kill.

To the Nurse.
Fretful Invalid—Nothing but menses! If you
do me like this I shall lie here and just die!
Patient Nurse—"Oh no! Take these and in a few
days you'll do nothing but lie here and just die."
Fretful Invalid (rising and knocking the spoon
from her hand)—"That's it! I shall lie here and
just die as I please."

On Some Slices of Cold Beef Tongue.
This tongue, so soft with crying, mo-o-o!
Hath silent grown—and tasty, too.

Invalid nervously hears his infant practicing on
the organ, and singing—
"I gonin' home, a di-na-no!"
"Wife, wife! Secure this youngling! Pray, don't
let her go up under my nose in quite so explosive a
manner!"

O water jug, you have no more,
Nor proper lip, adrip with dew!
But do not worry and suppose
That I have none to fit you.

"Doctor," said the invalid, with a tear in his eye,
"this has been the best of times! It's the only chance
I have had in the State of M—n to get any whiskey!"

An exchange informs us that Homer died of an ill
head. (Hilar.)
Exactly. And he being extremely poor his doctor
and undertaker were owed dy'cees. (Odyssey.)

Make It Easier.
No wonder that a woman ages quicker
than a man. Her life is one round of
routine duties. That's what makes your
wife look older than you do. The man
works too, you say. Yes, but to a business
man's life there is a variety that is re-
freshing. But the woman, her lot is dif-
ferent; her duties are hard and tiresome.

It is the same thing day in and day out,
week in and week out, and on the whole
year. Take part of this burden away.
Let your wife have Ungar call for her laun-
dry and have it rough dried. The cost is
a mere bagatelle, being only twenty-five
cents per dozen.—A.

Box Paper from 10 to 50 cents a box, at
McArthur's 80 King street.

SPORTS OF THE SEASON.

I suppose I have done with talking about base ball for this year. I am not sorry. It has not been as pleasant work as it was once in the days when PROGRESS was young and the ball fever not too strong. We were all enthusiastic then, but none of us such cranks that we could not see another club win without a pang of jealousy—aye hatred, for that was what it amounted to in these later days. We were pleased in those bright spring and summer afternoons with the wiles of Wagg and plucky Larrabee. They were to us what Clarkson and Kelly were to the Bostonians; we loved them in a base ball sense, but we had not got to the stage of gambling on them. For the good reason that we had no one to excite us to gambling. College teams about evenly matched with our own boys crossed the border to win or be beaten. Whatever the result we cheered them at the close and left the grounds with a smile.

But we soon changed all this; we were not content with one or two of the Maine boys who knew more than us. We must have more. We got them and paid them. The second season was not so bad, but it left the fate of this season uncertain at its close. There was speculation about ball this year—would we have any? We did. We won't have any next year—any professional ball, I mean. Is any body sorry? Did I hear a complaint? Not one. We are all glad to attend the funeral of professional base ball. There are no mourners, save, perhaps, the expectant and ambitious collegians of Maine, who have looked forward to New Brunswick as a Vacation Bonanza where gold and sunshine abounded and there was no work. Amen to all that.

Our lawn tennis is over and while I am am writing this the gentle and persistent drizzle reminds me that there was to have been sports today and they were postponed. Before I finish sunshine will flow again and the strained muscles of the entered athletes will be at rest.

Horse racing has begun and St. Stephen opened the circuit with a grand success. A fine list of entries, an enthusiastic audience, a great field, made a two days sport not soon forgotten on the border. I hear the current figures clear of expenses placed at \$500. I hope they are correct. No one deserves a bonanza at last better than St. Stephen, and three times \$500 would not have been to much too clear.

I will not talk about Frederick or St. John until I hear how the weather suited the former and the entries crowded on the latter. The prospects at present for St. John point to about 65 or 70 per cent of the purses in entries. That is not too dusty.

I was amused this week at a letter from "The Boys" of Welford, in the *Times*, of Montreal, which said that in the letters published in PROGRESS we credited votes to Pushor that were sent for Donovan. Perhaps we did—mistakes are bound to happen sometimes, but there is one thing I am sure of that no matter how the votes were credited in the paper every vote was properly credited in the tellers' count. There were no slips there. Still for the sake of correctness we kept all the letters—have every one of them filed away to meet any statements that might be made. If our Welford friends will oblige us with their names and a letter in the same hand writing as accompanied the votes to this office we will take their word for it that their letter applied to the "Billy" they say it did.

A New Kind of Trunk.

The Roller Tray trunk is the newest thing in travelling outfits. It is the invention of a Virginian and has attracted considerable attention. J. Eveleigh & Co., of Montreal, are the manufacturers, but the trunks can be seen in St. John at the store of Mr. C. N. Knowles, 52 Germain street. The great advantage of this trunk over other makes is the ease with which one can get at anything in it, without upsetting everything else. The tray can be rolled back into the cover and thus leaves the rest of the trunk perfectly free of access. It is among tourists that this trunk has found the greatest favor, and more particularly with ladies travelling, who are always wanting something that can never be found anywhere but at the bottom. The Roller Tray trunk is quite different from the ordinary unhandy article. Mr. Knowles is showing three styles at present.—Ade.

An Attractive Exhibit.

Messrs. Keenan & Ratchford will have a large and attractive exhibit in the exhibition building. Their space is near the band stand, where they propose to have the largest show of piece of tinware ever shown at an exhibition in the provinces. The members of this firm are practical men, who know all about the business. The goods they will show were all manufactured by them at their shop, 8 and 10 Waterloo street.—Ade.

SONG.

Supposed to Have been Written by the Acadian Minstrel, John McPherson.

During his last illness, distressed by the untowardness of his circumstances, and in destruction by the feebleness of his frame and the agony that was there upon him, the poet behaved with such wild unseemliness that his wife became alarmed and fled to her father's roof for shelter. There she abode with the intention of sobering his spirit and subduing him into self-control; until she received a copy of plaintive verses soliciting her return,—of which the following is a specimen:

What more shall deep repentance say?
What more the suffering soul repeat?
O surely they will not delay
Whist! I shall listen for thy feet!
My inmost heart goes out to meet
The loved one who shall rule my home,
Make'er a remembered sorrow meet,
And brighten every care to come!

Come, then, whose love so sweetly smiled,
And brightened even my dreary lot;
Come to me, mother of my child,
Loved mistress of my lowly cot!

Certainly it is needless to say that such pathetic singing brought her speedily to him, as she would soon have come in any event.

Must we then sever,
Darling, forever,
After the years we together have known?
Sweet pity falling,
Love unavailing,
Wife, wilt thou leave me, so tearful and lone!

Why did I grieve thee?
I, who should weave thee
Laurels of love,—but my harp is outworn!
So broken-hearted
O'er hope departed,
Ah, but thou knowest how deeply I mourn!

Once high aspiring,
Deeply desiring,
Laurels for singing, I longingly sighed;
Fanciful rover!
Thy bright dream is over;
Sickness and solitude humble thy pride!

Silent, my lyre,
My faint fingers tire;
Flown, my wild music forever is free;
Come the years bringing
Laurels for singing,
Harp of Acadia! and hark for thee!

I, weakly human,
Fallen this gloom in,
Thou wilt not judge me too hardly, I know!
Come, brooding over
Words of thy lover,
Said in the sunshine of years long ago.

Now my loud yearning
For thy returning,
Voice of my Muse! Speak, and win me reply!
Then, if thou hear me,
And comest near me,
Glad in thine arms let me hasten to die!

Must we then sever,
Darling, forever,
E'er the cold wave that must bear us apart?
Nay, but a homing,
Thou'rt coming! Thou'rt coming!
Sounds thy glad foot fall, rejoicing my heart!

—FARROW FELIX.

*All that I can hope for my poetry is: that it may serve to direct others, destined to strike the harp of Acadia with less feeble hands.—From a Letter of McPherson.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

All.
The glow of life, unbroken health,—
A moderate amount of wealth,—
An active and well-furnished mind,—
A much loved wife, discreet and kind,—
A child who honors and obeys,—
A few friends, proved through many days:
Who has all these has all in hand
That Earth can give or Heaven command.
To crown his joy he needs but this,
A title-deed to Heaven's bliss.

Life And Death.
He who is wise should live
As if death could come to him never,
Yet his soul to religion give
As if death stood by him forever.

Good And Evil.
(Hindu Proverb.)
Who can swim through evil and reach to good?
The river is death and will poison the blood.
—MATTHEW RICHIE KNIGHT.

Canadians, Hold Your Own.
Canadians hold your own!
Childhood and youth are flown,
Folly away!
Herald of life begun,
Visions prophetic won,
Slumber and dreaming done,
Breaketh the day!

Wake! 'Tis your country's cry—
Proud destiny is nigh—
Lo, at the door!
Thou'rt craven hearts would wait
Thou'rt lingering doubt their fate—
Rouse ye, to man's estate,
From shore to shore.

Prize dear this heritage,
Treasure its stainless page—
Be this your pride!
Land, where your fathers fought—
Land, with their life-blood bought—
On the same anvil wrought;
What can betide?

Canadians hold your own!
To manhood larger grown,
Stronger to dare.
Proven a patriot band,
Shoulder to shoulder stand—
For Canada; Home; Fatherland—
Prepare, prepare!

Amherst, Sept. 6th. H. H. P.

PEN AND PRESS.
The Sun gives currency to a rumor that Mr. Geo. E. Fenety is negotiating for the *Daily Telegraph*. The report is amusing but not authentic.

ON EXHIBITION HERE.

"All Walk in and see the Wild, Unstamable Animals."

The several signs at the door announced a grand exhibition of snakes, a tattooed woman, wax figures representing the Twelve Disciples and the Last Supper, with rare animals, &c. As we entered the place the lecturer was all ready to begin. He said: "Ladies and gentlemen, this woman was tattooed by the savages of Borneo. Some call it tattooed and some tattooed, but it all means the same thing. Next to her is a guerilla from Africa. The guerilla is noted for sucking the blood of people when asleep. I don't know whether it's when the guerilla or the people is asleep, and odds is the difference to you."

"This good people," he continued, passing to the next cage, "is the celebrated dupey constructor, from South America. This reptile is able to crush an ox in its folds. On the left of him is the raccoon, so called from its gait, which is that of a racking-horse. Next beyond is a beaver, which secures its name from Beaver Falls, Wis. That animal on the right is called a porcupine, so named from its love of pork, and that on the left is an oppossum, the last named creature gets its name from the Grecian word opo, the latin word pos, and the Hebrew word sum."

He then posed before the wax figures, and went on:
"This disciple is John, that one Hercules, that one Mark, that one Cicero, and so on; all good men except Judas Iscariot. Each figure is an exact reproduction of the celebrated painting by Nero, and virtue is its own reward."

An old gentleman with spectacles hung in our rear as we went out, and said to the lecturer:

"Aren't you mistaken about Hercules?"

"No sir."

"Sure you ain't?"

"Look a-here, old man!" exclaimed the lecturer, as he squared off. "I've been in the show business for twenty odd years, and if you think you know the ropes better than I do you can take command."

"Oh, no, no, no! You are doubtless right—quite right—and of course you know your business only—"

"Only what?"

"Oh, well, never mind. It struck me as a little queer, but I guess it's all right—all right. It was because I am rather rusty on such matters, probably. Very entertaining, very, and I shall call again."—N. Y. Sun.

A Notable Discovery.

"The yellow gall that in your bosom floats
Engenders all these melancholy thoughts."
—Dryden.

But moody and dull melancholy,
(Kinman to grim and comfortless despair);
And at her heels a huge infectious troop
Of pale distempers, and lies to life."
—Shakespeare.

It is quite evident from the above quotations that Dyspepsia is not altogether a modern disease; that it was an ordinary trouble till within the last quarter of a century is highly improbable when the mode of living of the great majority in those times is considered. Dryden and Shakespeare, to be able to paint the misery of the disease in such true colors, must have felt its dismal pang to the utmost. In later times Carlyle stands at the head of the literary list as a type of the confirmed Dyspeptic. His sufferings were so intense, and soured his life to such an extent, that many who came in contact with him were made to feel that part of its terror which is visited on the heads of the unoffending. These lines—"the accursed hag dyspepsia had got me bitted and bridled, and was ever striving to make my living, waking day a thing of ghastly nightmare"—were perhaps meant as an apology to his friends for the few inequalities of his temper, as a realistic picture of the disease from which he suffered. The conditions of life have changed so much during the last few years that the spread of the disease has been alarming. While formerly it was confined to the few of sedentary occupation, it is now the "universal disease." It was while studying the disease of the Digestive Organs in the Massachusetts College of Pharmacy, about a dozen years ago, that Mr. Charles K. Short, of this city, had his attention forcibly drawn to the fact that the remedies for Indigestion and Dyspepsia were inadequate to the curing of these diseases. Some were palliatives merely, others artificial digestives; others again gave present relief by their cathartic action; the cause of the disease seemed not to have been found to its effects only were ministered to. After much research and experiment he formed a wholly new theory as to the cause of the disease and shortly afterwards produced the cure in Dyspepticure, the Specific for Dyspepsia. The pamphlet on Dyspepticure explains clearly the theory and will throw a flood of light on many obscure points have bothered the chronic dyspeptic, perhaps for years. This valuable little book has been copyrighted. The fame of Dyspepticure is spreading fast. Besides its very large sale at home and throughout the maritime provinces, Mr. Short has lately received orders from Vancouver, Chicago, Winnipeg, Quebec and many places in the Eastern States. The "it is hard" advertisement of Dyspepticure will be read with great interest by every chronic dyspeptic, with the artistic excellence and novel effect of the three hundred engravings will attract the attention of all readers.

Had Enough of It.

Tompkins—I see that by your mother-in-law's will nothing is left to you. Are you going to fight it?

Wheller—No, sir! I fought her will too often when she was alive!—Lawrence American.

Accordions and Mouth Organs, newly opened, wholesale and retail, McArthur's 80 King street.

VISITORS TO THE EXHIBITION
—ARE CORDIALLY—
Invited to inspect our Exhibit in the Exhibition Buildings:
—ALSO—
OUR LARGE STOCK AT 31 and 33 KING STREET.
C. FLOOD & SONS.



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