

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOV. 7

WHO WILL LEAD THEM?

Although some time has elapsed since Lord ROSEBURY resigned the leadership of the British Liberal party, no decisive steps have been taken to fill the vacant place. It was to be expected that the managers would call a meeting of the representatives of the party, including all the Liberal members of Parliament, as well as delegates from all the principal Liberal and Radical associations. This they have thus far failed to do, and remain unperformed when the next session of Parliament begins. The truth appears to be that the British Liberal party is split into two factions and that one of these is practically headed by Lord ROSEBURY, who all along has carefully refrained from saying either that he intended to withdraw from public life or that he would serve loyally under Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT who is now, de facto, head of the party. Sir WILLIAM now holds the field, and it is he continues to do so when the next session of Parliament begins he will inevitably be looked upon as the leader of the party.

There are some professedly impartial observers who think that his selection would be a misfortune for the liberals, on the ground that he does not possess the veritable statesman's faculty, but is simply a political advocate whose main idea is to do justice to his brief. However that may be, it must be admitted that as a leader of the Liberal faction in the present House of Commons, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT has had no scope for the display of constructive statesmanship. But the skill, courage and efficiency with which he has held at bay the tremendous conservative majority, have excited universal admiration.

ENCOURAGE EXHIBITIONS.

The exhibition association has not reported to the public yet the result of their labors this fall, but will no doubt do so in a short time. It is understood that the very unfavorable weather affected the receipts somewhat seriously but that the association has no reason for discouragement on that account. The exhibition was a success from one standpoint and perhaps the most important point of view and those citizens who gave their time and best efforts to make it such have reason to be satisfied. We do not agree with those who think that the exhibition should be dropped for a season; that such a show every fall is too much and similar arguments that are advanced from time to time. Toronto met with the same objections for many years but the management persevered and to say the exhibition in that city is one of the sights in Canada. Sherbrooke, a city much smaller than St. John and with a county far unequal to that which surrounds us finds that its annual fall fair has made it one of the best known places in Eastern Canada. But Sherbrooke is assisted with an annual provincial grant from the Quebec government of \$8,000 and can always depend upon that sum. If the government of this province held out the same encouragement to farmers' competitions (for that is largely what the exhibitions are) and become responsible for an attractive prize list the benefit to the country would soon be absorbed. That is how the butter and cheese industry has reached such proportions in Quebec which by the way is also pushing the western provinces hard for supremacy in cattle raising. New Brunswick needs more awakening in this respect. Dairies have been started in greater numbers in recent years but still the amount contributed by the province for the assistance of the farmers and their industry is altogether out of proportion to that expended in other directions. Now that St. John has made a good start in the direction of an annual fair let the government give it more liberal assistance than it has up to this time and assist to make the fair a prominent annual event. The management this season has no doubt been prudent and careful as to detail, the grounds are in excellent condition, the buildings have been greatly improved and increased in value. All this is well but there is room for criticism in other directions. There was a sameness about each days programme that it would be well

to avoid in future. Special attractions are difficult features to get and perhaps still more difficult to boom but it has been done and can be done again. It is just as possible to have too many as too few fireworks. Perhaps it is unwise to allow any exhibitor to have the same space and the same appearance to his exhibit year after year for that of itself would suggest monotony. These are but a few of many criticisms that it is possible to make, but given in the right spirit they cannot fail to be of some benefit in the end. Mr. EVERETT is not one of the sort of men who think they know it all and cannot be advised. He is always ready to accept suggestions and in our opinion should have the best that occur to any citizen. The more the better for everybody wants the exhibition to be a greater success next year than ever.

APOSTLES OF DISCONTENT

The people of the United States have been suffering for many years past from the croaking of a school of political critics and pretentious reformers who have been steadily engaged in sowing the seeds of popular discontent by attributing to corrupt motives the political support of economic policies with which they happened to disagree. They have been preaching in season and out of season that these policies were advocated and adopted solely for the enrichment of the few, with the result as they alleged, that the hopes of toil were mocked.

These men have assumed to be political philosophers and teachers, peculiarly fitted to instruct the people by reason of their special knowledge, and extraordinary purity of character and their unassailable social excellence. They ridiculed, aspersed and denounced political leaders who enjoyed the confidence of great bodies of the people, and whose influence had been conservative; and thus they had succeeded in impairing a previous respect that was salutary and necessary. They have committed persistently the political crime of assailing motives, as their suspicious natures imagined them to be, instead of dealing with facts and doctrines as they were actually proposed or accomplished. They have assumed that the course of legislation is determined solely by sordid and unscrupulous representatives who sought to further their own interests and those of monopolies with which they were allied, rather than to promote the interests of the people and the welfare of the republic. They have sought to break up the old solidarity of parties, so desirable as a conservative influence and to generate in its place a disposition to whimsical and cranky revolt. They have labored to subordinate great political questions to petty considerations of individual character and mere personality. They have done the best they could to pervert the public mind by making the issue of politics men instead of principles.

It is always easy to get a response to that sort of appeal, and it is easier still to stir up discontent and create suspicion; and hence these doctrinaire teachers succeeded far beyond their real desert as men of intellectual ability; or rather, deserving only reproach, they have obtained a hearing even from people who deem themselves qualified to uplift the political standard, but are really more deficient in political judgment than the average citizen of common sense. They meant well doubtless, but the fruit of their teaching has been bad. They forced themselves on the platform as teachers when their place is on the bench as pupils.

It is to be hoped that healthier influences will prevail hereafter and that greater enlightenment will come to the political philosophers who have been mischievously fomenting sedition in the great republic to the south of us, while they, imagined they were raising the people to the eminence of wisdom occupied by themselves.

Spain would suffer small loss if the revolt which has broken out in the Sooloo Islands would result successfully for the rebellious natives. The group consists of about 450 islets, mere dots in the sea located between Mindanao, one of the Philippines and the great island of Borneo. The inhabitants, whose numbers have been variously estimated at between 50,000 and 120,000 are Malays—fanatical muslims whose outbreak is significant mainly as another indication of the decrepitude of Spain's Colonial empire. It is scarcely surprising that her colonies should have slipped from Spain one by one when she proves herself incapable even of providing a government good enough for Sooloo ex-patriates.

M. HENRI MOISSAN, the celebrated French chemist, has succeeded in changing carbon into diamond. He produces small diamonds, to be sure—too small for commerce, but he is evidently on the right road to their manufacture on a larger scale; for his method seems to be an imitation of Dame Nature's. Instead of seeking to raise carbon to its diamond form by means of a high temperature as his brother chemist have been striving to do, M. MOISSAN has produced the desired crystallization by enormous high pressure. He was led to the discovery of this secret by his finding of granite in the blue clay of the

diamond fields. Pressure, instead of temperature may prove to be the secret of all amorphous contrasts.

Like the parrot which came out of a fight with a monkey in a rather dishevelled state, Mr. BRYAN probably realizes by this time that he has talked too much.

Now the factories in the United States can start; and the factory hand is the happy hand.

TURKISH BATHS AT HOME.

A Chance for Anyone to Enjoy this Healthful Luxury.

The home Turkish Bath Cabinet has passed the experimental stage, and is now recognized by physicians as one of the greatest aids to other therapeutic agents known in the medical profession. It provides, in a convenient form, the means of obtaining all the benefits of the ordinary public Turkish baths, without its attendant drawbacks, chief amongst which are frequent inaccessibility just when most needed; the publicity from which many shrink; the undoubted occasional danger of contagion, as well as the cost.

With the home cabinet one can enjoy all the different forms of medicated and perfumed baths in the privacy of one's own bedroom. From a hot vapor bath to bed drives a cold away to stay. The plain hot air bath, as a cleansing agent and preserver of health, or as a substitute for physical exercise is invaluable.

Ladies will rejoice to know that the testimony of distinguished medical men, and the experience of many, have shown that this is the best means of preserving and improving the complexion; of preventing, or removing any tendency to embonpoint, and of retaining and enhancing the charms of youth.

In cases of rheumatism, sciatica, liver complaints, and all affections of the skin arising from impure blood, the value of the home cabinet vapor bath has been repeatedly proven, and it effects these results by the production and maintenance of a healthy skin, which can only be done by the opening and cleansing of the millions of pores in its surface.

Following its direct influence upon the skin, the bath exerts a secondary and most salutary effect upon almost all the organs of the body, and thus becomes one of the most powerful agents for the prevention and cure of disease. Wherever the home vapor bath cabinet has been introduced its value has been appreciated and its use regarded as essential.

Our well known citizen, E. M. Tree, has given years of study to the subject of baths generally, and has selected the "Quaker" as the best and cheapest cabinet made for private use.

Having retired from hotel life to take up the humane work of supplying this great public need, he should, and no doubt will receive the encouragement he deserves. The writer has tested the efficiency of the bath which Mr. Tree is introducing and can confidently recommend it to all in sickness or in health.

For further particulars see advertisement in this paper.

He is Now a Fireman and Happy.

HALIFAX, Nov. 4.—James Taylor did not make much of his case before the board of health against John E. Burns, the civic official who was accused by him of being interested in contracts. Taylor is a bond fighter though, and Burns had better keep his eye peeled or Taylor may catch him napping. Meanwhile Mr. Burns doubtless breathes easier. He is likely happy for another reason, too, and that is that last week he was after a struggle of months, on the part of his friends made a fireman. Burns is a good fireman.

Had no Place for the Ladies

HALIFAX, Nov. 4.—Premier Murray withstood the Halifax local council of women, and their long array of supporters, and appointed not ladies but two lords of creation, to the school board. This probably means that Hon. William Roche and W. B. Wallace, the two members for the city in the local house, refused to nominate ladies. It is these gentlemen the ladies will have to call to book. The new commissioners are Thomas Leydon and W. T. Bennett.

A Bright Idea.

There is nothing so good about the ideas of Proprietor Willis of Hotel Dufferin. His most recent one was the forwarding of a massive and handsome arm chair to Boston, where it was exhibited before being presented to the successful candidate for president. The idea was a capital one and will be a good advertisement for the Dufferin.

Rules Somerby in Ontario.

Rufus Somerby is in Ontario doing a big business with his monkey theatre. He has been in many large towns and opens in Toronto Monday. He writes in a kindly way of St. John and the people of the lower provinces where he has always brought a good show and had splendid patronage.

A Useful Souvenir.

A neat card case is being carried by many friends of Hotel Dufferin. They are presented with the compliments of the proprietor, Mr. Willis.

Herr. Wm. Bohrer, Professor of the Piano, L'te of Berlin, Germany, has received and purchased a Pratte Piano for his own use.

Go to Mr. Arthur's Book Store for Souvenir China.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Waiting Where the Leaves Fall.
Waiting where the leaves fall,
Trembling in the breeze;
Waiting for the still voice
Mourning through the trees.
Waiting in the night watch,
Longing for the day;
Seeing o'er the mountains
Temples far away.
Waiting where the leaves fall,
Hearing all they say,
Watching where the shadows
Slant across the way.
Fast they fall for ever
Round the earth and sea,
Sweetest of our loved ones
Thence, eternally.
All the leaves are voices,
Footfalls of the dead;
In the midnight silence,
Through the woods they tread.
Bringing back our angels,
Singing as they come;
All the songs we loved so,
In the dear old home.
Leaves lie heaped as graves are,
Where the flowers bloom;
Fond remembrance planted
On a saintly tomb.
Where the lips that kissed us,
Voices are as cold;
Where dear hands that helped us,
Darkness now enfold.
Waiting where the leaves fall,
On some sunny day,
In some red October,
We shall fall as they.
We shall be leaves, then,
Where the lovely fall;
In their silent anguish
Whispering farewell.
Waiting where the leaves fall,
Delicate and frail;
Golden crowned and crimsoned,
In the autumn vale.
Leaves in silence passing,
O'er the waters deep;
Thus our latest earth born
Leave us fast asleep.
Waiting where the leaves fall,
Brighter suns at last;
Bring new buds and leaf life,
When the night is past.
There is still the rainbow,
Round about the throne;
In more vernal seasons,
We shall meet our own.
Laurel Wood, October 1896.

The Song of the Sea.
I was watching one day, the wavelets play
O'er the story beach,
As one by one, in the evening sun,
They broke just beyond my reach.
And as I listened, I seemed to hear
A murmur soft from the wavelets near—
"Oh, the ships may come, and the ships may go,
And storms may dash us to and fro,
And many a change the world may know,
But we flow on for ever."
How many graves, O ye laughing waves,
Do ye hide in your foam?
And who are they, 'neath the salt sea's spray,
Ye have built to their last quiet sleep?
Said the wavelets answered me:
"As they sank back slowly into the sea—
"Ah! we may tell not the secrets here
Or where the faces ye hold so dear,
But many a form we are guarding here
That ye thought was lost for ever!"

I sadly sighed as the ebbing tide
Flowed back to the ocean deep;
And I thought of the fair who lay pillowed there
For who aching hearts still weep.
But the wavelets answered, not and clear,
"Courage, it is hearted one, do not fear,
For the storms may beat, but they'll soon be past;
And the sky shall be clear that is overcast;
And the sea of life shall be calm at last,
And peace shall reign for ever."

October.
October gay in your garb of gold,
Ribbioned with red and bordered with dun,
Closer and closer comes to your hold,
Something that answers no more to the sun.
S something that whispers of death and decay,
Something that stings in the saddle of ruin;
Something that aches in the heart, and the way
Secretly, slowly, haunted by ruin.

Heard in the days of the dear long ago—
A lot of a lover, sweet with care—
Heard and forgotten? Nay, in the fire,
Life's buried river treasure from less.
And in that something, is it the fear
Of the shadow? It is regret?
Grief for a folly, costing us dear,
Sorely repented but always to fret?
Blue is the veil of the mist, and the sky
Purple and glow like a jewel adieu;
But in the silence, Nature is high
And in October's twilight, we see
—Hosie Pearle, in Chicago Tribune.

When to Wear Your Dresses.

The proper time to wear a certain gown is a most important consideration with ladies. A spring gown looks just as absurd in Autumn as a midsummer gown would look in the depth of winter. Both might be very expensive but would certainly be incongruous out of season. On the same principle a bright new gown would hardly be worn on a rainy day when another that has lost its first freshness would be more in keeping with the weather. A rainy day dress will hardly be worn when the sun is shining; the same applies to bindings. Certain styles are made for fall and winter wear only, and you cannot expect any satisfaction when you bind a summer dress with Wakefield. The real Wakefield is made for fall and winter dresses only, and should not be worn at any other time. In England where Wakefield bindings have been worn for six or seven years they are used to save the skirt and are only worn when mud and snow are on the ground. It would be absurd to expect Wakefield to please on a summer skirt, when it is only made for fall and winter dresses.

Their New Stock

The Parisian Millinery Store Union street was visited by a very large number of ladies this week all intent upon inspecting the new goods that have lately arrived and which have taken that portion of the population by storm. The stock includes an elegant lot of ostrich feather boas, fancy feathers, birds, wings, crepeps and the prettiest jet bonnets imaginable, beautifully suited for the opera and evening wear generally. The stock is being disposed of rapidly, the prices being decidedly low and calculated to suit everyone. The goods are fresh and dainty and excellent opportunity is offered to the ladies of St. John to procure some stylish and pretty headwear at exceptionally low prices.

McArthur's for Window Blinds.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

FILOSOFY AND FOLLY.

Filts are an aggregation of aggregations.

He entered a book store just as a good looking young lady was emerging, and said to the new clerk, "I should like to have Ben Hur." The clerk casting an admiring gaze upon the receding figure, replied so should I like to have "been her."

Mr. Newacquist to the widow. "What was your maiden name Mrs. Flip? Mrs. Flip-Wait or, did you say? It was Charles Ann Brown, but my maiden aim is to re-marry."

The cure for bachelors is marriage. The cure for marriage is divorce. The cure for divorce is keep your eyes off others.

Some people see God in church, who fail to recognize his presence elsewhere.

Early training makes many of us what we ate from a dehumanized standpoint, were it not so many of us would be something else, maybe better, perhaps worse.

Different creeds or sects turn out different peculiarities among their adherents, that other creeds wonder at, forgetting their own.

Because "the wicked like darkness better than light" it does not follow that lovers are wicked when gas and oil is dear, and they have an eye to economy.

A young man will walk much further to see a young lady than he would to see his sister, but then it may be equalized by having another young man from afar off call on the latter.

The wealth we have no, is a source of greater annoyance, than that we have. Oh! for some of this annoyance!

Is a station master a station-er?

Despondency is a foggy condition of the mind, that can best be dispelled by the sunshine of "brace up."

Cat-tails are not cats' tails.

So long as there exists diversity of opinion regarding scriptural matters, just so long will absolute christian union be in the perspective only.

Broadness of mind is a better safeguard against bigotry than is great learning.

Trying to explain the inexplicable in theology, is the cause of many failures amongst its exponents.

Teacher in S. S. class. "Make a sentence with the word 'ledge' in it."—Tommy who had heard the parson so often preface the offertory, replied—"Ledger light so shine before men, and c."

Few people, if any, have the remotest idea, as to the meaning of an "eternity of torture" else, realizing it, they would make more strenuous efforts to escape it.

That is not kindness that looks for reward for the extension of the same.

That charity that savors of reluctance, benefits not the donor thereof.

If the Lord merely required sanctimony, as an evidence of perfection in the christian life, He would find little difficulty in peopling heaven.

As 10 to 1 is in the financial world, so is kleptomancy and plain stealing in the civic or moral world, the former being on a gold basis, and the latter on a silver or "gray old things" all.

Light and light weight are two different matters.

A heavy hand may be light fingered.

If some men had to eat the snakes they think they see, what a repulsive appetite they would have.

JAY BEN.

LOW LIFE ABOVE STAIRS.

Strange Amusements at English Country Houses—Sliding Down Stairs.

It is a sign of the times nowadays that country house parties often culminate in mere romping. Under the old dispensation, when the fair ones were looked upon as intruders who were admitted to shooting parties on sufferance, and were expected to refrain from the high crime and misdemeanor of worrying the men when they returned to the house after a fatiguing day, the evenings were short, dull and slumberous. The new regime, however, has altered all this. The ladies are there on an equality, and they expect to be amused. They still permit the men to go out shooting, because they do not quite see their way to changing that at present. But they follow about lunch time, and do their best after lunch to spoil the rest of the afternoon's shoot in favor of flirtation under pretence of 'marking.' However, fagged, moreover, the men may be with the day's tramp, that is no excuse for being dull in the evening. The ladies are to be amused, and the least the men can do, say the fair ones, after enjoying themselves in their 'own way' all day, is to be lively and entertaining in the evening. From this point of view music and conversation have no last. ing power. Both are excellent in their way, but it is impossible to spend evening after evening with only this kind of amusement and not be bored by it. Then there are cards. But it is impossible for smart people to play cards without gambling, and many hostesses will not accept this accessory—not because they object by any means to the principle of the thing, but because they are deterred by that no scandals, no quarrelling over money, or losing more than can be afforded, shall happen in their houses.

The result is that at last somebody proposes drawing room games, which sooner or later must end in mere romping and sometimes in bad accidents. Billiard buff, for instance, a favorite amusement in lively circles, and as it consists of a rapid chase of a lady by a man, both blind-folded over under, or around a billiard table, until at last, breathless and heated, they tumble by accident into each other's arms, it may be

easily imagined that such incidents as one of the performers rolling by mistake off the billiard table and alighting on some easily injured portion of the body, or knocking the head violently against some unsympathetic portion of the table is the excitement of the chase, are all quite possible, and have been known to lay the victim up for the rest of the visit. For these sufferers one would feel more commiseration were it not that it is their own rampant folly which is to blame for their misfortune. Another joyful sport which is usually included in an indoor gymkhana is that of tobogganing down the great staircase on tea-trays. For this purpose a solid oak or marble staircase is very convenient, and if it should be provided about half way down with a sharp bend, which will give the competitors an opportunity to exhibit their steering powers, with the alternative of being bumped rather violently against the wall if they fail to negotiate the difficulty, so much the better.

The most scientific method of playing this game is to use a big dinner tray, and send the performers down in pairs of both sexes. This plan has the advantage that it doubles the difficulty of steering, and therefore insures a number of spills. The spectacle of a pretty young woman and her masculine escort rolling out head over heels and over one another, and completing the descent in that imprudent manner, is regarded as quite a triumph of art and humor, not to mention good taste. Perhaps it is not surprising that this sport, too has sometimes resulted in broken limbs and severe contusions. It would really not be very astounding if it occasionally led to a broken engagement as well. For some men are "so odd," and, however amusing they may think this kind of sport when carried on by other men's girls, they might draw the line at participation on the part of their own fiancées. Football is a pastime which presents vast possibilities of enjoyment. What can be fairer than the simple arrangement that the ladies should be permitted to back or trip at pleasure, and that the men should only be allowed to "collar" the ladies (in the Rugby sense of the word) and what more calculated to enhance the manly feeling of respect for the dignity of womanhood? It is a reasonable, moreover, where possible, that this game should be played upstairs in a long corridor terminating in two staircases. The latter will be very convenient for goals, and, moreover, will afford a fine opportunity for real devotees of the game after a chirp, run up to goal and hit pursuit on the other side, to fall headlong from top to bottom clapped in each other's arms. On the other hand there is the bally-rag pure and simple. It may be urged that the difference between the sports mentioned above and the bally-rag must require an experienced eye to detect. But the fact is that the essence of the bally-rag is that it should be the outcome of the moment, and be governed by no rules whatsoever. It may take the primitive form of a curl in fight; it may develop into war dances, wherein the high kicking and kicking at the heels may be deftly blended with the reels so dear to the "g.therings." 'Apple-pie beds' and 'booby-traps' may be another expression of this phase of feeling, and great sport may be derived by mixing up all the boots, or transposing the positions of a masculine and feminine wardrobe.—London World.

He Had Lost a Day.

The Pacific train was on its third day out when the man in the gray suit became restless. He walked up and down the car like a caged lion, grumbled because a baby cried, and made audible remarks about the weather. Finally he stopped in front of a mild-looking man and asked him to join him in a game of cards. "Excuse me," said the stranger, "my wife has scruples about—"

"Oh, it's no matter," interrupted the uneasy man, "I'll ask some one else."

He approached a travelling man with whom he had played several games on the trip, and asked if he would join him in a game of euchre.

"I guess not," he answered. "I don't mind myself a little thing like that, but there is a minister in the car, and I'm not certain it would be advisable, anyway."

The man in the gray suit sat down at a window of the car and sulked. Presently he said to his neighbor opposite: "The country is going to the dogs!"

"Goodness alive, man, what makes you think so?" asked the surprised traveller.

"Why, look at the farmhouses," he was passing, every man, woman, and child sitting idly at the doors. There's a farmer now," as the train rushed by, "He and his men loafing around, while the corn stands in the fields and the potatoes are not dug. They are all discouraged—you can tell by the way they loaf around!"

"My friend," asked the opposite man, "are you in favor of one day of rest?"

"Certainly."

"Well, as this is Sunday, it does seem as if—"

"Sunday!" roared the man in the gray suit, that counts for the milk in the coconut! Here I've been trying to get up a game of euchre. Well, all I can say is that I've lost a day on this confounded trip," and he wiped the beads of perspiration from his troubled brow.—Detroit Free Press.

Pelee

OUR BRANDS.

E. G. SOOYIL, Assn. Secy. of the Pelee Island Dist. during the past four years over tried. It is true.

E. G. S.

