

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 THURSDAY, 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,
Editor and Proprietor,
Office: Masonic Building, German Street.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOV. 1.

CIRCULATION, 8,500.

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

THE FARCE CONTINUED.

THE COVAY investigating farce has been continued to another stage, probably the last one. The inquiring authority has beaten about every bush but the right one, has busied himself with time-worn accusations that were disposed of years ago has heard with anxiety of the temptations to which his predecessor was exposed, has made a point of finding out all that was completely irrelevant to the case, and entirely neglected to get proper evidence in a proper way on the charges against Sergeant COVAY.

Such vacillating and unsatisfactory methods naturally lead to the pertinent inquiry: does Chief CLARKE wish to obtain any evidence against COVAY? Is he not hampered by influences that should not enter into the government of the police force?

We can afford to laugh at the nonsensical statement that if he held an investigation on oath he would be liable to heavy punishment. Mr. CLARKE knows very well that when this paper demanded a proper investigation into the charges against COVAY that he was not meant to be the presiding officer. But it was his duty as chief of the police force to bring such a matter to the attention of the police magistrate, and with his assistance arrive at a proper conclusion.

If what we have heard is correct, if the statement of one to six officers of the force can be relied upon the chief does not aim to get at the bottom facts in regard to the COVAY matter. The failings of other men have been of far greater importance than the serious offences of the roundsman COVAY.

There is not the shadow of a chance that under the present circumstances justice will be done in the matter. The investigation has been a farce from the beginning and will be a farce to the end.

There has been considerable comment upon the statement of JOHN SCOTT that the letter which appeared in the last issue of this paper was forged. We are bound to accept the statement as correct, but while we do not think that SCOTT wrote the letter, we do believe that the writer, whoever he was, obtained the facts directly or indirectly from SCOTT, and that they are substantially correct. The interview with SCOTT, printed in another part of this paper will bear out our statement. It will also show that so far as this paper is concerned it was not negligent in the matter, but made sufficient inquiry to ascertain that SCOTT was a reputable workman, that he lived and worked in the place stated in the letter and that he was cognizant of the facts stated. What more was necessary to warrant its publication? And yet even if the facts were correct, that is no excuse for such a forgery. It is as much a crime to sign another's name to a letter as it is to sign it to a check or a note. The truth of the statement does not excuse though it may extenuate the offence.

SOME CIVIC REFLECTIONS.

The press of Toronto is busily engaged at present in discussing civic reform. The recent vote of the citizens was virtually an expression of want of confidence in the present administration and one result has been the resignation of the chairman of the board of works.

It would be interesting to know what the voters of this city think about the public works that have been carried on here the past year. If we are not mistaken, there would be a decided lack of confidence expressed. It is extremely doubtful however, if such an expression would have any effect upon the authorities. They do not seem to consider that the people are interested in the affairs of the corporation, and are every year inclining more and more to that wonderful condition of "we are the people."

Even our mayor, who depends for his position and civic income of \$1,600, upon the votes of the people, does not seem to go to any considerable trouble in consulting their tastes. We are sometimes inclined to wonder what we pay him \$1,600 for, whether it is for his labor or to assist him in defraying the cost of expensive entertaining in connection with his office. With

only these two reasons it would probably be a very difficult matter to account for such an expenditure.

If our mayor was really the fountain head of authority, if he had any power and knew how to exercise it rightly, if he had anything to do beside the signing of certain documents then no taxpayer could envy him his salary. Our mayor has practically no power, he can do nothing without the approval of the council, and yet we pay him \$1,600 for presiding at a score of council meetings and his official signature.

In the days of JONES and GRANT the money was not mispent. They were men who had an interest in the city, who suggested improvements and helped to carry them out. They used their eyes when walking about the streets, and did not fail to remember that while the people gave them no power to act, yet they were there to watch and protect their interests. These facts seem to have been forgotten at the present day. The public entertainment of the citizens is also a thing of the past.

How would it do to follow the good English custom and make the mayor's chair a seat of honor and not of enolment? Would we have better mayors, or none at all, if there was no salary with the position?

PEN AND PRESS.

Mr. John Boden, of the editorial staff of the *Daily Telegraph*, and Mr. Alfred Pound, of the business department of the same paper, left by the steamer *Cumberland* on Monday last. They will visit New York before they return.

The *Canadian Grocer* is one of the handsomest trade journals in this country. The fall number is a perfect beauty. Mechanically it is very handsome, and the letter press has evidently been prepared with much care. An extensive advertising patronage gives it a substantial appearance which must be very gratifying to the enterprising owners. That model newspaper, the *New York Sun*, retains all its brightness and vigor. Without it the exchange editor is barren and sad; with it he is the happiest mortal in the office. Seriously, if any man would keep abreast of the times, let him read the *New York Sun*.

Miss Helen Leah Reed, whose success in winning the Sargent prize at the close of her studies at the Harvard Annex has made her name well known, has become literary editor of the *Boston Daily Advertiser*.

Miss Reed's relatives and friends in St. John will be pleased to learn of the substantial acknowledgment of her talents. There is a better opening for bright, educated women in the journalism of today than in any other profession that we know of. The press takes notice of everything, and there is no more reason for a man reporting a wedding than a woman a prize fight, a ball game, or a horse race. The *Moncton Times* with deliciously unconscious humor, goes for "Geoffrey Outbore Strange," picks up that helpless lamb of the press by the nose of his neck, shakes him vigorously and "leaves him for dead," with a smile of intense satisfaction. *He jact, Geoffrey!* And all because the mild and lamb-like correspondent wanted the had little games of Moncton labelled and tagged. The fun comes in a little lower down in the same column, when it stumbles over a paragraph headed, "Sabbath Desecration," in which the editor waxes indignant over the scandalous conduct of a Moncton "gamin" in seeking a Sunday school teacher who ventured to remonstrate with him on the impropriety of fishing tommy coos on Sunday, particularly when the said Thomas-coos were ten inches in length. "Evidently," says the editor, more in sorrow than in anger, "there is some work yet ahead of the S.S. and other religious institutions." So the Moncton here are bad after all, are they? Perhaps it is not so much to be wondered at then that, "some people prefer dogs to children," for one thing is certain about the dogs, they never under any provocation fish for tommy coos on Sunday, nor would the most depraved tyke amongst them be caught telling a Sunday school teacher to "get out to himself" when he advised them against the illegal acquisition of a bone.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

At the last meeting of the "Old Musical Club," the election of the board of management for the year took place. There were quite a number of changes, Mrs. Thomas Walker being elected president in place of Mrs. G. F. Matthews, who had resigned her office. Rev. J. M. Davenport will be vice-president. Miss Clinch still remains secretary, and Mrs. W. S. Carter and Mr. Ludlow Robinson take Mrs. Gilchrist and Mr. I. Allen Jack's places in the committee of management. The next musical to be at Mr. Ludlow Robinson's, Rockland Road, on the third Tuesday in November, when a miscellaneous programme has been asked for. So far this season I have heard nothing of the other Choral Club, but hope it has not fallen through. The choir people have such a lot of things to attend to now, with the Oratorios coming off, etc., that no doubt they do not, or rather have not found time to attend to the club yet. I hope we shall hear of it later.

It was too bad Monday evening was so unpleasant; it interfered very much with the Oratorio practice, and we have such a short time to a good deal of work in. Mr. Morley was detained in Halifax, so Mr. Ford kindly consented to conduct for the evening. I believe the Philharmonic were to have been present, but were prevented, no doubt, by the state of the weather. The second rehearsal of the work, was held on Friday evening instead of Thursday. I was very sorry to hear that Mr. William Christie is suffering with throat trouble, and is in danger of losing his voice. Mr. Christie's many friends will, I am sure, join me in expressing sympathy for him in his trouble. Mr. Christie took a prominent part in the opera *Dorothy*, and will be very much missed in musical circles should he really lose his fine voice.

The work decided on for production in Christmas week by the St. John's church choir is Saint Simeon's Christmas oratorio. Copies are expected very shortly, and work will be commenced on it next Tuesday evening. A new member for the choir, who will prove a decided acquisition, has been engaged. No doubt the St. Andrew's people will miss Mr. A. H. Lindsay very much, but their loss will be St. John's church's gain. Among the music to be sung on Sunday in that church is a very well written Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis, by W. A. C. Craikshank.

The grand exhibition concert came off too late for me to notice in this week, as also did the church of England Institute service, which took place in Trinity church.

From what I hear I fancy the St. George's (Carleton) congregation will have to hunt around for a new organist, as Master Fred Blair is thinking of taking a course of musical study elsewhere.

A musical friend from Halifax tells me that Mr. Morley's organ recital in that city was enjoyed very much.

Mr. Harry Neville, the new violinist, made his first appearance before a St. John's audience on Thursday evening. Mr. Neville will be a welcome addition to our concertists, and I hope they will be successful establishing a class for the study of the violin.

Dr. Stainer's sacred cantata, *Jesus' Daughter*, was finely rendered by the choir of St. Paul's cathedral, by Sunday evening, Sept. 28th. The treble solos were sung by ladies, and the music was much enjoyed by a congregation which packed the church.

CANADIAN LITERARY CRITICISM.

It may properly be said that Canada is deficient in good criticism, and that such literary works as we possess have not been very adequately spoken of. So accomplished a writer, however, as Dr. George Stewart, may bring us some remedy, if he has not already done so, in such articles as that on French Canadian literature, in a late periodical, (*The New England Magazine*) revealing an unusual mastery of the subject in hand, a fine discrimination, but almost a stiffness of restraint, as if he continually feared to overstep the bounds of prudence. Here, I think it is easy to err, and fall into the spirit of a lukewarm criticism—now too prevalent in some parts—where a generous enthusiasm might better recommend us. Did we wish to catch the ear of our neighbors, or win their approval, the deprecatory, self-convicting tone, is scarcely the one to our purpose. Our republican neighbors do not fail of effusiveness where anything that concerns themselves is in question; and the national philosophy will be in keeping with the national temper. For self-contempt in us they will have a contempt to match it. It is not true that our literary and poetical belongings are, all things considered, contemptible: though some writer in the *Week*, has of late coolly averred that the less said about it the better. I could, from the poetical books of Canada, compile a richer anthology than did Griswold, who had from which to select his garb, the earlier productions of some of the standard poets of America.

Mr. Harte, however, in his article in the same number of the magazine, has not erred in the same direction; and the believers in something possibly good out of Nazareth will be glad to have somebody cry for them. They may have a thrill of pride, even, looking over the goodly array of names and faces in this article, which is as remarkable for its omissions as for the peculiarity of its claims. We will admit that Toronto has some reason for considering itself the hub, and three parts of the periphery, when we remember that Goldwin Smith is there, a writer whose pen touches near the point of perfection in prose, and whose character is equal to his reputation. Nor are we displeased at hearing our admired poet, Lamplman, so well described, and so warmly praised; however injudicious and unnecessary claims may be made for him. The recognition his verse has won is by intrinsic merit, for he has a subtle eye and hand, and through his delicate etchings of Canadian scenery, that poetic essence, better felt than told, is strongly diffused. But this may be enough. We doubt if Mr. Lamplman himself wishes to be considered as the leader of a sect, or the founder of a school any more than did Keats, who, in point of fact, has exercised an influence second to none but Wordsworth upon the poets of this age. Mr. Lamplman has unquestionably felt his power and even verbal resemblances might be traced. As to this matter of poetical pre-eminence, it must still be a debatable one, and we cannot suppose that Mr. Harte has disposed of it in ex cathedra and summary fashion. We have frequently seen the claims of today set aside tomorrow, and as it hath been, even so may it again be, so let us not be too positive. Questionless, Mr. Campbell, Mr. Scott, and Mr. McKensie, are worthy of high praise; but why is Mr. Roberts so remote, so little of kin, that he should not be named among these with equal warmth and amplitude of characterization? We may have reason to complain here that Mr. Harte has not been equal to his opportunity, and cannot be pronounced free of the suspicion of injustice. It is well to remember that there are no judgments so resolutely attacked and deliberately reversed in the process of a little time, as those which are founded on partisanship, or on some prevailing literary fashion; and no writers, in the end, are more humiliated than those who have been busied in setting up one and pulling down another, according as it has pleased themselves or their friends. Mr. Roberts has a well-based reputation, little dependent on criticism for its continuance, and when the circular temple of Canadian poetical fame is really established, we really believe it will not be too small to contain a niche equal in elevation to that of any of the poets by whom we are now being instructed or amused.

There seems to be a tendency in some quarters to decry writings, upon the ground of their too great reflectiveness of earlier masters; so that, if it can be alleged of some one that he smacks of this or that writer, it must be supposed to detract greatly from his individuality and intrinsic worth. For instance, if it could be said of anybody that he is a compound result of Swinburne, Tennyson and Longfellow, his case must be hopeless; for if the poets in question were not, of course their compound had never been. Still somebody may be curious to see what the compound, in like, and various publishers, getting wind of the matter, help it along, to the great disgust of the critics. The fact seems to be that, in literature, as in the inward life, "we are a part of all that we have seen," and especially that we have loved and admired; and it is impossible that the bookish man, who writes, should not be affected by his style by all the

books he dwells upon with that tender reverence one gives his favorite masters; and so will Gray and Dryden be modelled upon the classics, and bristle with allusion; and so will any poet, who reads, have traces of the world of books behind him, and the felicities of their styles he has appreciated. Does Milton's great indebtedness detract from him? Is Tennyson less, that he resolved Keats and Shelley, with others, in his spiritual alchemy? And surely it is folly to allege, as it seems unnecessary, that Mr. Lamplman bears no such traces of the past; or that his eye sees less truly because some of the glamor they raise who charmed his youth is still about him; or that his line is less noble or masterful; that they gave him some of the inspiration and skill by which it is drawn. PASTOR FELIX.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

New Brunswick.

New Brunswick hills are fair to view,
Its lakes and streams how grand,
The waving fields of ripening corn,
Are seen throughout the land.

The marsh, the trees, the winding course
Of Kiasis lovely stream,
A picture shew that charms the heart,
Like pleasant, lovely dream.

The varied scenes of hill and vale,
That bound thy shores, St. John,
Enchant the eye, with rapture fill,
All those who sail thereon.

The Jemseg's deep and narrow way,
Abounds in rural charms,
Of lovely trees, and quiet nook
And sloping fertile farms.

It leads to lake of grand extent,
Where miles of coal abound,
And gardens yielding rich produce,
Beside its shores are found.

Unnumbered lakes of beauty rare,
Where sportsmen ply their skill,
Surround our homes on every hand,
Adorning dale and hill.

With finny treasure in her bays,
And plenty on the main,
In peaceful, free and happy homes,
Her hardy sons sustain.

In forests fair to view, are seen,
Great wealth of various wood;
To meet the numerous wants of man;
For commerce, fire and food.

Her ships sail over every sea,
Are found in every clime,
For strength and beauty unsurpassed;
In sailing "up" to time.

Her sons are ready, true and brave,
And answer duty's call,
To keep our homes, to guard our shores,
Firmly, whatever befall.

Her daughters fair, as fair can be,
Brighten this pleasant land,
Of tender heart and cheerful mien,
And thrifty, skillful hand.

The Sabbath day is honored here;
To God, we bow our knee;
For words we read, His name we praise,
True, eternally.

* Keenebecasis.

Enigma.

I am built of eight letters; the student who looks
From me to the sky, from the sky to his books,
Will find that four syllables fashion my name,
All in length and in number of letters the same,
My women in full he will instantly reach.
Part first is the name of a woman renowned
In biblical lore, and with reverence crowned,
A woman who added one miracle more,
To the list that the mothers in Israel count o'er.
Part second is that which the boys of old Rome
All longed to possess, and abroad or at home
When they found it would strut with an air of such
pride,
The Coesars were moved their assurance to clothe,
Complete, I am known, as a beautiful town
In a land on which kings have some reason to frown.
When Sirius rises, and dogs run about
With their tails at half mast, and their tongues lolling
out,
I sit with Hygeia, inhaling the air
That invades to my fountains the proud millionaire,
And damels of fashion, whose luminous eyes—
And diamonds—lord Needy behold, and he sighs,
Now solve me my riddle, ye virgins of wit;
For a task so momentous, but few men are fit.

G. M.

Revenge.

I saw a dreadful shape! It swelled, and rose
Up from the ground, and heightened in its ire;
He is eyes distended with greenish fire;
And, lo! the bulk of matted brows disclose
A serpent wreath, that gold and crimson glow;
At every bound, a hiss! The face a hue
Livid and purple in distortion show;
The knotted sinewy fingers clutched a blue
Bright bar of steel, that mercilessly glow'd;
He made as if for me, with grinding teeth,
And flourish of mad anger, while my heart
Paused, as blood to frost did swiftly change;
Then he went past me, and I heard a groan,
As through his victim struck the unerring dart,
While laugh'd the spectre—"Hail! I am revenge!"

—PASTOR FELIX.

CHATS WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

An unusual number of society items have found a place in the waste basket this week, because the writers have neglected to send their names with them. People who insist upon this course are simply wasting paper and postage.

FELIX.—The contest that your inquiry about will probably be open for some time. Publishers do not rush them as a rule, but it would be better to write and inquire.

FAIR PLAY.—Though yours was not a society item, your name is necessary. We have no knowledge that any juvenile thief was shielded because his "name was respectable." If you have any statements to make Chief Clarke will be glad to hear it.

PERTINENT PERSONAL.

Judge Palmer of the New Brunswick Supreme Court is frequently mistaken for General Sherman when he visits New York.—*New York Free.*

Few St. John people have seen the great fighter politician and would-be presidential candidate. No doubt they are satisfied now since they know who he is mistaken for. If the resemblance extends to acts and actions, as well as looks, General Sherman must indeed be a remarkable combination.

Mr. F. W. Barbour, son of Mr. Robert Barbour of this city, was recently elected president of the senior class in Boston school of dentistry. This is an honor that seldom falls to a Canadian student, and will give great pleasure to Mr. Barbour's many friends in this city.

Rotinval Hotel. See advt.

THOMAS R. ON THE BENCH

HE HAS A LIVELY DAY AT THE POLICE COURT.

Drunks, Pugilists, Children in Knickerbockers, and Women with Colored Eyes and Striking Attitudes Appear Before Him—An Elephant on His Hands.

Quite a number of persons found the police station an attractive spot Wednesday morning. Something of interest could be found everywhere. The number of spectators was large, the legal profession well represented, and there were enough officials with and without uniforms for all purposes. And Hon. Thomas R. Jones was the presiding magistrate.

He was kept busy all the morning, and if he did seem tired about noon, it was not for want of variety in the proceedings. For he had prisoners of all kinds to deal with. On the bench was a rather hard looking collection, some charged with being drunk, and others with fighting. They were easily disposed of, and if their looks were against them they proved to be more conscientious than some well dressed and better appearing people who took the stand later on, and made statements so contradictory that the spectators were astonished.

Then there were prisoners, and lots of them, that made the guardroom look more like a school-yard than anything else; prisoners in knickerbockers, who lounged about the room, laughing, talking and making themselves perfectly at home; prisoners only knee high that were brought to court a hold of their mothers' hands, and hadn't yet mastered the art of walking down stairs. And these prisoners proved large sized elephants on the hands of the court.

It did not know what to do with them. Chief Clarke told of the offences committed by these youngsters; how they had been around back yards and places stealing all they could get their hands on, and had proved more troublesome to the police than anything else they had to deal with. The magistrate was fully aware of this but was at a loss to know what to do with them. It very forcibly reminded him of fact that for 20 years he had done all he could to have a provincial reformatory for such criminals as these, but had not been successful. What could he do with them? They were mere children, six and seven years of age, and he couldn't send them to jail. Even if they were older, the jail was no place for such offenders. After serving a term among more hardened criminals, they would be worse than ever when they came out. If on the other hand they were placed in a reformatory and made work, they might become useful citizens.

The prisoners were not in court. They were down in the guard room, apparently having an awfully good time. As to their being put in a reformatory, some of them would have to have somebody to undress them and rock them to sleep every night. The court was very much like the man who bought the elephant. When the prisoners were secured it had no place to keep them. If these youngsters are let loose in the streets again most everybody can afford to smoke cigars. They sell them at the remarkably low figure of 50 for eight cents, and when captured had hundreds of them that they were unable to dispose of at this figure.

In the afternoon all the youngsters were marched upstairs and arranged in a row on the bench. There were ten of them, and it was evident that they had an idea that the court had no place to put them, for such giggling youngsters never sat before a judge. With their hats in their hands, they nudged each other and seemed to consider the whole affair a huge joke. The magistrate apparently did not know what to make of it, when he saw the little fellows in their blouses and large sailor collars, some of them brought in by their parents and litted on the bench, where they swung their short legs to and fro. Then when their names were called out, and they stood up, the smaller ones were invisible to the magistrate, and Detective Ring had to point to the spot where they were standing, to give him some idea as to where he could address his remarks.

The magistrate repeated his address of the morning, and tried to impress upon the boys the danger they would be in if they kept on in their thieving career, but he soon saw that they failed to be impressed. They were too young to understand what he was saying. The magistrate then turned his attention to the parents present, and gave them some advice as to the care of children, after which he dismissed all the boys with the exception of two, who were old enough to know better and had encouraged the smaller ones in their pilfering. After promising them a long term in jail if they ever appeared before him these were let go also.

Two women from Brussels street furnished a lot of amusement for the court and spectators before the boys came up. One of them had a black eye, which she said was due to the lively use of the defendant's fist. She gave a very graphic account of the affair, and gave so many illustrations of the manner in which the defendant dealt the fatal "thump," as she called it, that when she brought her fist down on the railing of the witness box the magistrate was forced to remark that he had that down, whereupon there was a rather audible titter from all parts of the

room. It was a very mixed up case. The motions of the plaintiff and the appealing and incredulous looks she bestowed upon Sgt. Owens as the witnesses for the defense gave their evidence was a great piece of acting, while the devotional attitude she struck when the magistrate said that one was as bad as the other and dismissed the case, would have made an elegant picture for a stained glass church window.

A NOTE TO THE GIRLS.

"Astra's" Lament at the Task Assigned to Her.

Sorrow and tribulation unutterable have overtaken your devoted friend "Astra," girls. And this is the way it happened. The editor of PROGRESS descended upon her head like a wolf on the fold and disturbed the peaceful calm in which her days were spent, with the following announcement:

"Do you know, Astra, that there is an awful accumulation of unanswered letters lying around this office?" I felt sure of it but I shied at the danger in the middle distance; the *chiaroscuro* of trouble wavered in the air, so I said with an affectation of deepest surprise.

"No? Are there really?"
"Yes," he said crisply, "There are, and what is more, they have got to be answered and you are the person to do it." I didn't think so, but "it wasn't for me to contradict," as Mark Twain would say, and the editor proceeded.

There are letters asking questions on every imaginable subject, and most of the said subjects are entirely out of the line of the male portion of humanity, so we will start an "Answers to Correspondents" column, and you will have to take charge of it. You need not mind this week, but begin next. Good morning," and he was gone.

Now girls what am I going to do about it? There is no use in protesting, "physicians are in vain," so I suppose I must do it. Only as you love me don't ask any questions about things I don't understand, please, and between this week and next "priez pour elle." ASTRA.

The Magazines.

The *Atlantic Monthly* for November is as usual rich in literary attractions. First comes an instalment of Frank H. Stockton's new serial, "The House of Marha," followed by a delightful dreamy sea study called, "Along the Frontier of Proteus's Realm," by Edith M. Thomas. A gem of purest water in two verses, by A. R. Grote, called, "The Hidden Grave." A clever sketch by Francis C. Lowell, called "A successful Highwayman of the Middle Ages." A bright and readable chapter on "Maryland Women and French Officers" by Kate Mason Rowland. Oliver Wendell Holmes' charming "Over the Teacups," being a writer's thoughts on writing, and containing a warm eulogy of the stylographic pen as a medium of composition. "The Legend of William Tell," by W. D. McCrackin. "Christ in Recent Fiction," "The Contributors' Club," and "Books of the Month," besides an instalment of "Felicja." Fanny M. D. Murrel's serial story, "Maryland Women and French Officers" is an amusing sketch of society at the time of the revolution.

The *New England Magazine* is making itself very attractive to Canadian readers. Its September number was pre-eminently a Canadian number, and the interest which that number aroused will be held by the fully illustrated article in the new November number, on "Fifty Years of a Canadian University," by J. J. Bell, M. A. Queen's University, Kingston, which celebrated last year its fiftieth anniversary, is the subject of this article, which is enriched by pictures of the old and new homes of the university, a view of Kingston, and portraits of Chancellor Fleming, Principal Grant, and the leading professors. It is an article which will have interest to many in Canada besides the graduates of Queen's University.

The Doll Had a Name.

Smart little girl has a stick of wood dressed in doll-clothes.
Mother of Smart Little Girl—Is that an essay?
Smart Little Girl—Yes, that is Ellie G. Nolan.

A Caw-kus or a Crow-kus.

Noggs, pointing to a black-winged convention in the pasture on a wet day:
Noggs—See, there's a caw-kus.
Noggs—Hum. Maybe it's a crow-kus.

A Clerical Invitation.

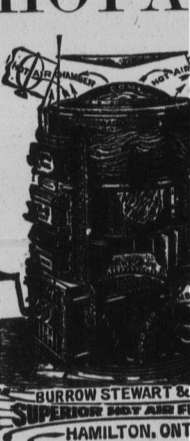
Dear Bro.: Pain would meet you, glad would we greet you, at our association. Soon comes November (10th, 11th and 12th), and I bid you remember that you have a warm invitation. If fair be the weather, and roads hold together, the brethren must not disappoint us; for ch-yf-ld's able at each bountiful table, with the pure oil of love to anoint us. So, for the occasion, pray make calculation, and of your brothers be heedful; and the half we call better, if she can come, why, let her—our wives and our sisters are needed.

P. F.

Another Way to Get "Progress."
Messrs. Coles, Parsons & Sharp have a new idea. They are sure that advertising in PROGRESS pays, because they have tried it again and again, but they want to know exactly how much it pays. Their offer in another part of this paper certainly possesses the charm of novelty, and it is safe to say that the number of those who purchase will not be lessened when they learn that the purchase of certain stores in the warehouses of this enterprising firm, carries with it a subscription to PROGRESS.



Anti-Dys from HOT A



What SCHOFIELD & CO. from you has been in constant side is available as a time-saver. Rev. C. G. McCULLY writes of "Chaining keys," is the readiness and that of many a student friend rather than with the pen. 8c. Send for Latest Circular.

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At T is the question have caught the a pound of our

MRS. GE DINN A SURE remedy Laboratory: 17 Riel

E. C. Abbott, Esq., 28 East Main Street, was advised to try forward one dollar's worth (monetary worth of your Pills) money and no one should be without them. W. B. Gundry, Gates Ave., Brooklyn, has had them and is a B. Chamberlain, Elmira City, derived from the use of your Pills close one dollar for its value in F. Price twenty-five cents per box.