

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, Editor. WALTER L. SAWYER, Editor.

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Every article appearing in this paper is written specially for it, unless otherwise credited. News and opinions on any subject are always welcome, but all communications should be signed. Manuscripts unsent to our purpose will be returned if stamps are sent.

The composition and presswork of this paper are done by union men.

EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher. Office: No. 27 Canterbury St. (Telegraph Building)

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THE PULSE IS STEADY.

Once in a while the perpetual pessimist is at a loss for facts which point to commercial disaster in St. John.

He has been very quiet during the past week.

Last spring he saw ruin ahead. He had a number of reasons for his belief, and it seemed to him that nothing could save the country. Nevertheless the summer appears to have been a prosperous one, and the showing for the fall is equally good.

One strong proof of this is seen in the prompt way in which financial engagements have been met. The statement is made that of all the notes and bills due on the first and fourth of October scarcely any went to protest. At the Banks of New Brunswick and British North America not a single piece of paper was dishonored.

This is an unusual and gratifying condition of affairs. It is, however, only on a par with the way in which other engagements are met. It is not a bad time for collecting honest debts from business men.

The same state of affairs is found at other prominent points in the province. Fredericton, in particular, appears to be enjoying a solid prosperity. Its merchants are very prompt to pay their bills.

That the best of it all is, that there is nothing spasmodic about matters. The business pulse is steady and strong.

The pessimist will be able to take a vacation. The country is not going to the dogs.

PROMPT ACTION IS NEEDED.

Mrs. NAILOR, of Clarendon Settlement, has been found dead at her own door. The evidence shows that she was brutally murdered. She appears to have been kicked to death.

The coroner and his jury say they do not know who did it.

That should not be the end of the matter. There are officials whose duty it is to see that the mystery is made clear. There was no lack of energy in the Tobique affair and there should be none in this.

At present the affair seems to be enveloped in an atmosphere of mystery and gin. From what has appeared so far, however, the problem of finding the right man is not as great as that presented by the White-chapel murders.

A good detective, or even an indifferent one, should be able to make short work of the case.

THE FREDERICTON EXHIBITION.

Notwithstanding the very unfavorable weather, the horse and cattle show in Fredericton this week was a success. No finer stock has been seen in New Brunswick. The thoroughbreds of the province competed for first place, and the best animal always came to the front.

Of the horse show it can be truly said that it excited the keenest admiration of all who were present. The people are beginning to take a greater interest in this noble animal, and the present feeling leads to the belief that in the future horses will be one of New Brunswick's most valuable products.

Such an exhibition educates the farmers. They see better stock than their own; they hear of its superior merits and cannot fail to imbibe much of the enthusiasm of the owners of thoroughbreds.

Such an exhibition benefits the place in which it is held. It brings an immense gathering of people, all of whom spend more or less money. The effect upon trade is felt at once. Business gets an impetus which it retains for months. The contact of merchant and customer is good for both. The former learns the wants and the tastes of the latter, who in his turn is encouraged in his quieter employment of production by the temporary rush in which he is plunged, and returns home confident in the market—in the demand for supply.

We believe in such exhibitions—in the direct and indirect benefit from them. Once a year is not too often to hold them, and they should be managed in such a way that outside support should be unnecessary.

The Globe's commendable enterprise in sending a staff correspondent to go over the Short Line should be appreciated by the people of St. John. Too little is known about this great undertaking, the completion of which has been so long anticipated. The effect that completion will have upon St. John's future depends upon ourselves.

A SAFE WAY OF SLAUGHTERING.

The Whitechapel murderer, apart from his rather bad taste in mutilating the bodies of his victims, appears in rather favorable contrast to some of his contemporary homicides. He is quite a gentleman, in fact, compared with the brute who kicked Mrs. NAILOR to death, and he appears to advantage by the side of a man named SELIG and an alleged doctor at Caledonia, N. S. In this instance SELIG's wife, who was in a delicate state of health, was held by the hands while a dozen or so of her teeth were pulled out. She protested, but in vain. After the unfortunate woman had been tortured for some time she was given a hypodermic injection, went to sleep and died.

On the other side of the water, an Edinburgh painter has just been convicted of killing his wife by beating her with a club. He gave her fifty wounds, and she died within an hour or two. If he had mercifully cut her throat it is probable he would have been hanged. As it was, he got ten years in prison.

When TOM O'NEILL, of Carleton, crazy with rum and domestic trouble, killed his mother-in-law with one skillful stroke of a knife, he was hanged. A few years later a wretch beat his wife to death, not many miles from the same place, and he escaped with a few years in prison.

It appears tolerably safe to murder a woman in any part of the world, provided the killing is done gradually, and the woman is the wife of the murderer.

ONE IN TWENTY.

Among the names of the matriculants at our provincial university we notice that but one hails from St. John this year.

Is this as it should be?

That the centre of wealth and enterprise of the province should not avail itself of the advantages offered by one of our highest seats of learning requires explanation.

Are our people lacking in appreciation for a university education, or is there something wrong with our preparatory schools?

The small patronage accorded to our home institutions may be partially accounted for by the large number of boys of wealthy parents who go abroad each year, not only for a university course, but for an ordinary high school training. But we may be pardoned for saying that while foreign universities may offer better facilities for the specialist, our own higher seats of learning are better adapted for the needs of our youth who intend to make their living here.

Account for it as we will, an attendance of only one student out of 20 is too small for a city like St. John. Are St. John boys not availing themselves of a higher education? If so, they must be seeking employment abroad, for the number of native professional men is becoming smaller each year.

WE WANT NONE OF THEM.

We are glad to see the Farmer speaking out in such plain terms upon the extraordinary expense of soldier-making in Fredericton. It requires no ordinary amount of courage to condemn a system that brings dollars and cents to the people about you. Yet the Farmer has spoken bravely and wisely, and we are glad of it.

There are a few idle snobs in this country, who fancy that they want something to impress their distinction upon honest breadwinners. Some of them go to the Infantry school in Fredericton, where they usually find a select assortment of short term, brainless brethren.

There was a time when the citizens of the capital opened their arms and their homes to such refugees, when an officer's uniform was a passport to the first society, when men trusted and women loved them. All this has passed, and today a short term officer is regarded either in the light of a flirt or a coward, and in many cases as both. There are exceptions, but they prove the rule.

If the inhumane individual who was so thoroughly exposed recently, is a fair sample of the product of the school, the sooner the government abolishes the short term the better it will be for the honor of the profession and the country at large.

It is announced in the Messenger and Visitor that DR. DEBERTRAM has given the Baptist Seminary \$50 to help defray the additional expenses incurred by the management in having a successful opening at St. Martins. It was the least that gentleman, as manager of the St. Martins & Upham railway, could do. Now that the outside public has some use for this road, it is beginning to find fault that it is in such condition. The people would have greater confidence in promises of opening if some evidence of work was visible.

The great American Campaign Liar continues much longer in his present course, the next news we shall hear will be that Mrs. CLEVELAND and Mrs. HARRISON are invoking the good offices of the divorce court. They are just beginning now to get acquainted with their husbands.

If we make a precedent of the case of PITCHER, sentenced at Montreal to seven years' imprisonment for bringing stolen money into Canada, Newfoundland will have to come into the dominion anyway—else we won't have room for the necessary jails.

Eph (returning flask to its owner)—Dat's good, boss; mucker 'bliged. Tom Fisher—Don't mention it! Eph—Oh, I won't nuffin'!—Puck.

Flour is high and is likely to be higher. The reason of this does not appear to the ordinary mind, and it is alleged that the business men of New York and Boston know absolutely nothing of the grain prospects. It is further stated that some individual known as "Old Hutch of Chicago" has control of the market and is doing what he likes with it. It would seem that the useful purposes to which dynamite can be put in that city have not all been tried. Who is old Hutch, anyhow.

Whatever is bad about Halifax, the liquor is believed to be good. So the officials who held the poll at the last civic election seem to think. The city allowed \$8 to each polling place for refreshments of this kind, but the capacity of the officials was such that bills for double that amount have been presented. The publicans are clamorous for their pay, and the city council is considering the matter.

About as rascally an article as has ever appeared in the provincial press was printed in the Fredericton Capital last Saturday—the subject of which was the editor of the Globe. The feud between the two editors is of long standing, but nothing can excuse the thoroughly ungentlemanly and unjournalistic language of the Capital's leader.

The nouveau riches who decorate themselves with diamonds as an Indian hangs scalp at his belt should take warning by the loss of Mrs. PARAN STEVENS, who was robbed of \$100,000 worth of jewels in Paris. The sad occurrence may serve to teach them that diamonds at breakfast are not good form.

If the enterprising gentleman who is so actively engaged in depopulating Whitechapel, London, should chance to feel it his duty to make away with three or four baronets, earls or dukes, it is very probable that Scotland Yard would find out who he is.

That ticket-scalpers should be swindled as they were in Chicago, the other day, by bogus tickets, has something of the ludicrous about it. We shall expect to hear next of pawnbrokers being taken in, or requirers of "collat." accepting less than 40 percent.

The new city directory of Charlottetown is printed in the Island Guardian, this week. It is entitled, "List of Ratepayers in the City of Charlottetown in default for assessment due on real property for the year ending 31st December, 1888."

Rumor tells us that Hon. GEORGE E. FOSTER, minister of finance, will seek election in the future in a more compact and important constituency—the city of St. John. The Prohibitory Alliance is probably at the back of all this.

The exhibition of the season's work of Mr. CHARLES C. WARD serves opportunely to remind us that, while New Brunswick lags behind the age in some respects, she has an artist who need not yield superiority to any living American.

If the kindly eye of WILLIAM WARREN had ever alighted on the alleged portraits of him printed in some of the Boston papers, the dear old man would have died sooner than he did—but a number of "artists" would have gone to the grave with him.

Follow Progress' Advice.

PROGRESS spoke for aid for Jacksonville last week. Since then Grand Chancellor Fleming, of the Knights of Pythias has received the following appeal and the response is liberal. It reads as follows: OFFICE OF THE SUPREME CHANCELLOR, SUPREME LODGE, KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS OF THE WORLD.

NEWARK, N. J., Sept. 21st, 1888, P. P.

To the Grand Chancellor: M. M. Belisarian, Grand Chancellor of the Jurisdiction of Florida, appeals for relief for our suffering brethren at Jacksonville, and our brothers elsewhere in the South are in need. The fever is making sad inroads into their ranks; death is on every side; utter helplessness is their condition. Immediate aid is an absolute necessity. Every moment is a moment of need. Let the response to this appeal be cordial and swift. Promptitude is life; delay means death. "As ye would that others should do unto you, do ye also unto them."

Forward all contributions to R. L. C. White, S. K. R. S. Nashville, Tenn.

It is a High Compliment.

"I have a good deal of collecting to do at all times," said a gentleman to PROGRESS "and I can tell you the prompt pay all over New Brunswick. Taken as a city Fredericton is away ahead of all. Nine times out of ten a merchant doing business there will pay upon presentation—a rare experience for many men. But it is a fact that I have less trouble and far easier work in your capital than anywhere else."

Something to Come.

A very excellent photograph of the race course and exhibition grounds at Fredericton is being engraved for PROGRESS. It was designed for this issue, but could not be completed in season. The portrait shows the entire course, the government stables, the grand and judges' stands, and the new sheds erected for the exhibition. In the rear is government house, standing out in bold relief, and the winding St. John, with its sloping eastern bank, makes a very pretty effect.

The Prohibition Sentiment.

Eph (returning flask to its owner)—Dat's good, boss; mucker 'bliged. Tom Fisher—Don't mention it! Eph—Oh, I won't nuffin'!—Puck.

POETRY IN A BOX OF PILLS

LIGHT LITERATURE DESIGNED FOR SUFFERING HUMANITY.

The Pathetic Story of the Afflictions of Old Man Ross and His Wonderful Restoration to Health—How He Took Pills and Is Able to Read His Bible.

"The reason why people are so distressed when sick, and why so many die, is because they do not get a medicine which will pass to the afflicted parts."

True enough! "Yes, thousands who have been racked and tormented with sickness, pain and anguish, and whose feeble frames have been scorched by the burning elements of raging fever, and who have been brought as it were within a step of the silent grave, now stand ready to testify that they would have been numbered with the dead, had it not been for the great and wonderful medicine, Ross's Beet Root Pills."

Perhaps you doubt that? I don't. For the last 24 hours I have been studying a little pamphlet which sets forth the virtues of these pills in such a convincing manner that I am prepared to believe they will cure anything.

The engraving on the first page of the pamphlet proves it. Dr. Ross, his father, his wife and his seven children are there shown. (The letter-press says there are twelve children, so I conclude that at the time the engraving was made the other five had taken the pills.) It is a fine-looking family. The writer of the pamphlet wants to know "where you will find a family possessing, like Dr. Ross's, such blooming health and beauty"—and I give it up. Pills did it. Before Mrs. Ross was married, she "was very feeble and complained much." After she was married, the good doctor "persuaded her to use one of these pills every day. . . . And now we behold her in excellent health and the mother of twelve blooming, healthy and happy children!" The moral is obvious.

The astonishing cure of Dr. Ross's father is another powerful argument for the pills. There is such an element of human interest about the story of this cure that I cannot apologize for quoting at length. Says the voracious chronicler:

"The old gentleman, who is on visit having a Bible in his hand, as you see in the above plate is a perfect likeness of the father of the celebrated Dr. Ross. You would not take him to be over sixty-five years old. But you will be surprised, when told that this fine-looking old gentleman was ninety-five years old the 20th of November, 1847. On the 19th day of this month, he rode and drove himself, thirty-five miles, in order to spend the birthday of his ninety-fifth year with the doctor and his interesting family. He is an extremely rich man, with an income of about five hundred thousand dollars annually, and the owner of a number fine elegant ships, which sail in different directions to every part of the world."

"A number of years ago this good man was very sick. He had eight of the most celebrated doctors to attend him both night and day. With all their skill, this good and pious gentleman grew worse and worse and finally they gave him up, saying that it was impossible to cure him and he would soon die. The next day, about nine o'clock in the morning, he called his wife to his bedside saying, 'How painful it is to die without seeing my son, our only child. Though I have sent large amounts of money to have him educated as a doctor, after which to have him thoroughly understand the way to cure disease I persuaded him to travel in far distant lands among the savage and Indian tribes, as then he would learn their successful manner of curing diseases in Nature's way, from plants and roots; the thought of my engaging him to go, as I am about to die, grieves me very much. But tell my son when he returns, always to supply the wants of the poor.'"

"Here he stopped, being in great distress, but in a few minutes his pains ceased, after which he took a short nap, being the first day of any amount for several days. In the afternoon he was taken with shortness of breath and supposed to be dying. The neighbors were sent for, and the room was soon filled, and many prayers were offered up from the very heart of these dear Christian people, that some relief might be obtained for this good and pious man. While these prayers were ascending, every eye was bared in tears, a rumbling noise was heard in the distance, like a mighty chariot winding its way nearer, when all at once a fine span of horses, before a beautiful coach, stood before the door, out of which alighted a noble and elegant looking man. In a moment's time he entered the room and embraced the hand of his dear father and mother. She clasped her arms around his neck and fainted away. The doctor, surprised to see his father so nearly gone, immediately went to his coach taking therefrom various plants and roots, which he had learned from the Red Men of the forest as being good for all diseases, and immediately compounded them together, and gave them to his father, and in about two hours afterward he was very much relieved. He gave him small doses every three or four hours. Two days after he was much better, and the third day he could walk about the room. He has occasionally taken them ever since, and now we behold him a strong active man, and in the bloom of health, and at the age of ninety-five and able to ride in one day thirty-five miles, in order to spend his birthday with this celebrated doctor, his son."

How Ross's Pills act is thus described: "One of the roots from which these Pills are made is a Sufferin, which opens the pores of the skin, and assists nature in throwing out the finer parts of the corruption within. The second is a plant which is an Expectant, that opens and unclogs the passages of the lungs, and thus in a soothing manner, performs its duty by throwing off the phlegms and other humors from the lungs by copious spitting. The third is a Diuretic, which gives ease and double strength to the kidneys. Thus encouraged they draw large amounts of impurity from the blood, which could not have been discharged in any other way. The fourth is a Cathartic, and accompanies the other pro-

For the Ladies.

THOSE who visited the New England Industrial Fair held in Boston last year, may have seen in the Special Art Department a booth which was devoted entirely to Embroidery work. Especially noticeable was the heavy work done with Silken Rope Flax and Embroidery Flax, both of which were pronounced by all as the finest work in the whole department. In reference to the above we have now in stock

All Shades in this New Working Flax, with Samples of Work Done in the Same.

Also: The Rope Silks, Fillosoles, Etching and Working Silks, Filo-Floss, and Knitting Silks; Plush and Ribbon Pans in great variety; Ribbons, Pannels, Congress Canvas, Bangles and Crescents, Working Felts, Satins, Bolton Cloth and Art Ribbons.

INSPECTION SOLICITED.

BARNES & MURRAY, 17 CHARLOTTE STREET.

DIFFERENT KINDS OF FALLS.

Johnny Muleshey Tells How One Knows They Are Coming.

This is the fall! This season of the year it like Adam's fall, because it ain't visible. Our Sunday school teacher says that Adam felt his fall in his heart. Adam should have tied his heart up with a string. We feel this fall in our teeth when they begin to chatter. When good skating comes we will feel the fall some other else; and perhaps our teeth will chatter also.

You can always tell the fall's comin' when you hear pa telling ma that she orter get up and light the fire in the mornin's, as he's been doin' it long enough. Whenever you hear pa out in the hall recitin' poetry out of the Police Gazette, you kin bet yer life it's fall. The self-feeder's stovepipe always has a great desire to fall when pa's foolin' with it in his shirtsleeves and no collar on, an' he always has to resign in favor of the tinsmiths, and recites more poetry 'cause ma told him he would.

It'll soon be the time to get the turnips in. Turnips is always good for eatin' raw in the fall. They taste better when you take 'em out of the barrel when nobody's lookin', and peel them with a knife behind the barn. Turnips get soft in the winter, and ain't no good, 'cept when they're mashed up. Carrots is also good to eat in the fall.

This is a good time of year to go to school, because the trustees never knows what it's goin' to be fall so quick, and ain't got the furnaces fixed. If you kin only get fellers to shiver, it's easy gettin' a hollerday about this season of the year. I ain't been down to see the furnaces yet this year, and besides it's too early to begin to shiver, without giving the thing away.

Now, everybody asks you if you saw the white frost this mornin', and tells you it's cold when they see you blue in the face and your overcoat on.

Holler eve will soon be here. I don't think it's going to be much of a one. I hear the cabbages is going to be small, and the men out at the slaughter houses won't give boys any cows' horns. Besides, oakum's scarce, owing to the decline in the shipbuilding trade, and people are getting too cute to live. Last Holler eve sickened me. A woman threw hot water on us, cause we put a tick-talk on the windy. My back has been wet ever since. I suppose I'll have to go to a party in my Sunday clothes. There's more fun blowin' smoke and gettin' chased by the policeman.

JOHNNY MULCAHEY.

Experiences at Sea.

It was on an outward-bound ocean vessel. A goodly number of ministers of the gospel were on board, and it was decided to hold an experience meeting in the saloon.

An elderly minister presided and he called upon a young preacher who had been one of the promoters of the meeting for his experience. The latter began: "Brethren, as I was lying in my birth last night, thinking of the great ocean on whose bosom we are floating, a beautiful thought came to me—"

Then he stopped. His face began to assume a pallor often noticed on shipboard, and, placing his hand on his watch pocket, he left in great haste to commune with the bounding deep.

"My friends," remarked the presiding officer, "I think we had better let our beautiful thoughts digest."

Then the meeting adjourned.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Don't Learn to Smoke.

Now and then we see a boy smoking tobacco on the street. We saw three boys between twelve and fourteen years old doing so in the Bowery last night. Two of them had burning cigarettes in their mouths, and one of them smoked a pipe. They were out showing off.

Don't learn to smoke, boys! It is a poor and foolish habit. It is a wasteful habit, in which good money is spent for a bad weed.

It is an unwholesome habit, harmful to the lungs, which take in the air defiled by it. It is a habit that often gives offence to the fair sex and to the mothers of many boys.

It is an unclean habit.

So, dear boys, don't learn to smoke! —New York Evening Sun.

Handy to Have Around.

"Yes, George," she said, "Uncle James is a lawyer, as well as papa and Uncle Henry."

"Plenty of lawyers, dear," he remarked with a loving smile.

"Yes, George; but they are handy for a young lady to have in the family in the event of any crawlingfish you know." —Time.

parties of the pills while engaged in purifying the blood."

If I know anything about medicine, a combination of "Sufferin," Expectant, Diuretic and Cathartic ingredients ought to restore the whole family to blooming health, increase the cow's yield of milk, and drive the rats out of the barn.

I fear, however, that I should never have appreciated to the full the virtues of this great specific had I failed to see the engravings of patients that ornament Dr. Ross's pamphlet. These, I infer, were made "Before Taking." The boy who is shown on page 13 must have been very sick when his portrait was drawn. So was the general insurance agent who glares at the reader from page 28. So far as I can judge, they were afflicted with a complication of diseases: erysipelas, pulmonary consumption, dyspepsia, asthma and delirium tremens, or something of that sort. If they were cured, there is hope for any of us.

I like the disinterested devotion which inspires Dr. Ross to scatter his little blue pamphlets around town, so that the poorest and humblest of us may learn all about influenza and inflammations and worms. He himself says that he does it "not for our gain, but for your health and your gain," and I believe him. There is very little profit in the pills, for him. One box will relieve a whole family of any affliction short of battle, pestilence, murder and sudden death, and I imagine that a half-dozen boxes would shut up all the undertakers' shops in any community. If I were Dr. Ross I would be more selfish, in my own interest. After I had compounded a pill that would cure epilepsy, cancer, scrofula and the opium habit, I should stop right there, and accept a bribe from the regular physicians to give them a chance.

For an Idle Hour.

The new volume in Ticknor's Paper Series is Doctor Ben's, a very remarkable story of Canadian life, and the vagaries of alienated minds. It has one of the best Irish characters in all the wide range of literature. It is a story "with a purpose," but with incident and plot enough to satisfy the most insatiate novel-reader, while the purpose is so admirably wrought out that the reader is filled with the author's enthusiasm. It is able, it is full of wit, it has several characters which would make the fortune of any story, and last, and perhaps best, it is interesting. The plot is sensational to the last degree. For sale at Morrissey's.

Killed in the Open, a recent publication of the National Publishing Company, is good enough to read—and that is saying much in these days. No one will regret its purchase once having begun its perusal. For sale at McMillan's.

He Is Proud of Them.

Mr. J. M. Johnson had his Holsteins to Fredericton, where they excited a good deal of attention. Mr. Johnson deserves a good deal of credit for his enterprise in introducing such valuable stock into the province. He lost four valuable animals of his first importation while they were in quarantine—their death being caused by some poison on the grounds.

"Ned Hanlon" or "Jack Mack"?

That little dispute about "Jack Mack" begun at Moospath and continued at St. Stephen has not been settled yet. Outside horsemen cling tenaciously to their opinion that "Jack Mack" is "Ned Hanlon." If this is so, under the National rules it is worthy of proof. If it cannot be proved, drop all talk about it.

Was It Pickering or Robinson?

A well known base ball enthusiast, who has won considerable money on the games during the season, gave a ball and dinner to his friends on Tuesday evening in Belle-Air hall. Some 30 couples were present and a most enjoyable time was spent.—Halifax Echo.

The Academy recalls the distinguished dead between December, 1880, and April, 1882, a period almost unparalleled in its devastation among the ranks of great authors. First George Eliot, then Carlyle, Beaconsfield, Longfellow, Rossetti, Darwin and Emerson.

New York society has made another sensible innovation. For the time being bridesmaids and ushers have gone out of fashion. In stylish weddings, this fall, the bride and groom will not divide the honors of the occasion in the eyes of spectators.