

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, Editor.

Subscription rates: \$1 a year, in advance; 50 cents for six months; 25 cents for three months; free by carrier or mail.

Advertisements: (contract) \$15 an inch a year. The position 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.

News and opinions on any subject are always welcome, but all communications should be signed. Manuscripts unsolicited to our purpose will be returned if stamps are sent.

EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher.

Office: No. 27 Canterbury St. (Telegraph Building)

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPT. 28.

CIRCULATION, 6,000.

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

GETTING ALONG VERY WELL.

The present prospects for fall and winter trade are encouraging to every merchant whose business forces him to look ahead and glance here and there for a clear and good road. The spring and summer's trade has been excellent. No man who has had energy enough to move and help others move has a word of complaint.

In addition to the natural favors of the season we have unlimited confidence in our ability to do all the business that can be done. We are trying all the time to extend our mercantile connection and with admirable success.

WHAT IS TRUTH?

When PILATE asked this question and obtained no answer, perhaps he was not aware twenty centuries would pass away, and it would still remain unanswered.

There is, however, a new thought springing into existence, and it is leading us along a vastly different line of argument. Have we been doing our duty toward ourselves and toward each other in permitting vice in all its forms to gain the mastery, not only amongst the commercial portion of each and every community, but alas, in the pulpit, on the bench, and at the bar?

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Let the Minister Do the Talking. To the Editor of Progress: I wish to call your attention to something that all church-goers will agree is very annoying. It is the loud talk of men who stand in the hall during service.

they "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

What about those who are not willing—able—to play those tricks? What about the "promises"—will they be fulfilled? Ah, here we have so serious a question that the mind of man is now staggering at it.

There seems to be considerable opposition in the council to making a grant to meet the carnival deficit. Is this right? The public meeting from which the carnival sprang was called by the mayor of the city, who presided and appointed the first and principal committee.

We, who are engaged in other pursuits, can hardly estimate the advantage of the recent rains and consequent rise of water in the main streams of the province. One of the most important industries of the province is thus freed from a partial paralysis, and lumbermen who, a few weeks ago, took a gloomy view of the fall and winter, now step about with renewed hope.

The date of the vote for the repeal of the Scott act in Fredericton has been fixed for November 28. We hope the people will give this piece of lawyers' legislation the hoist this time and get rid of it forever.

There is an end to all good things. Today Progress discontinues its offer to send the paper for one year to those who will send 20 names of provincialists living abroad.

The Board of Trade has set aside next Thursday for discussion. We trust the weather will be mild.

If It Doesn't Rain.

Mr. Hamilton, of Messrs. Hunter, Hamilton & McKay, was a prominent figure on the ball grounds yesterday, when he presented each of the players of the Shamrocks and St. Johns and the umpire with a silk handkerchief.

Avoid Trouble and Confusion.

People who travel on the New Brunswick railway will avoid trouble and confusion by remembering that after this return tickets will not be good for passage after 30 days.

Will Open Classes in Fredericton.

The departure of Miss Bessie Bowman for Fredericton, where she will open classes in painting, will be regretted by many who have enjoyed and profited by her instruction in this city.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Let the Minister Do the Talking. To the Editor of Progress: I wish to call your attention to something that all church-goers will agree is very annoying. It is the loud talk of men who stand in the hall during service.

Advertisement for IDEAL SOAP featuring an illustration of a man in bed and a rooster. Text: 'THIS IS THE COCK THAT ROSE IN THE MORN THE DAY THAT IDEAL SOAP WAS BORN HE HAD RISEN EARLY TO TELL TO MANKIND THAT WONDERFUL SOAP TO SEEK AND TO FIND.' 'USE IDEAL SOAP. All grocers sell it.' 'THE WORLD IS WAKING UP TO THE VALUE OF IDEAL SOAP.' 'Made only by Wm. Logan St. John N.B.'

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Amusement seekers on this side of the pond will have, during the present season, a chance to see and admire the very best attractions of the European stage.

And this reminds me that the plans for the proposed alterations of the Institute fail to disclose any increased accommodation for the handling of wing and flat scenery—the greatest defect in the present building.

Orthodox people who received with loud acclaim George W. Cable's tirade against the stage and its votaries, will be horrified to hear that he is actually engaged writing a play for a Boston manager.

Miss M. E. Braddon, the successful novelist, was 35 years ago a stock actress at the Theatre Royal, Dublin.

Bronson Howard's military drama has been pronounced a great success in New York. It deals with the civil war, commencing at that grey hour in the morning when the rebel guns opened fire on Fort Sumter, and winding up in the bloody valley of Shenandoah, from which it takes its name.

Loie Fuller, who last season starred with Will Morris in the West Indies, has leased the Globe theatre, London.

The Isben Method, is the name of a new class of dramatic literature. These plays deal altogether with social problems and have been written by Dr. Isben, the Scandinavian playwright.

Speaking of the production of Hands Across the Sea the N. Y. Dramatic Mirror says: "Percy Haswell in the ingenue role of Lucy Nettleford, gave a spirited delineation of the part, and won much favor."

Sadie Martinot has gone back to opera, and has been secured by Mr. Duff.

Some wag dedicates the following to the Davray-Ward sufferers.

Just a little nerve, food, just a little rest, just a giant husband who understands base ball, just a rattled actor, dateless—turns to drink, just a twinkling star, never more to wink!

Adelo Payn, who was for a long time in

George Miln's support, has inherited a large fortune.

Poor Tony Hart has had to be sent back to the lunatic asylum at Worcester Mass. Carroll Johnson, the late negro minstrel, has scored a great hit in Irish comedy.

It is the Detroit Free Press that vouches for the truth of the following story:

Ned Buckley, when a young man, was playing out West in the mining towns with a travelling company. He had a wild ambition to play Claude Melnotte, and one night, the leading man being sick, he went to the manager and suggested that they put on 'The Lady of Lyons', and let him be Claude.

"My boy," replied the manager, "the miners will shoot you."

"They will never stand such a love-sick play."

Ned was willing to risk it, however, and as there was not much choice, the manager let him go ahead. He was just delivering himself of those beautiful lines in the second act toward "orange groves," etc., when he chanced to glance toward the audience and saw a big miner standing up and pointing a six-shooter at him.

"Hold on, Bill," called out No. 2, "don't shoot Claude Melnotte; he's a good fellow. I know it, 'cause I got full with him yesterday."

"If you say he's all right, pard, I won't," answered No. 1, "but I'm—if I don't have a shot at Pauline."

Domnick Murray, a very old favorite here, is confined to his house with a severe attack of rheumatism.

It is announced that the event of Augustina Daly's season will be a grand revival of As You Like It.

Ida Van Cortland having secured the rights to play May Blossom in the Middle states, is said to have made an instantaneous success in the title role.

The joint engagement of Edwin Booth and Helen Modjeska commences at the Broadway theatre, New York, on Oct. 14 next. Richelieu will be the opening play, followed by The Merchant of Venice.

In many respects the French are ahead of us. They were first to dramatize the incidents of Jack the Ripper, and now follow it up with another melo-drama entitled Thomas A. Edison, the Lightning King.

American photographers have paid to the certain actresses for the sole privilege of taking and selling their pictures the following sums: Bernhardt \$1500, Langtry \$1000, Potter \$1000, Russel, Urquhart, Rice and Hall \$500 each.

OWEN T. CARROLL.

Mr. Douglas Sladen, accompanied by Mrs. Sladen and Miss Lorimer, arrived in Toronto last Saturday and have been studying the features of our civilization as exemplified during the Fair week.

Mr. Alfred Morrissy seems to be getting the note paper business down to a science. Five quires for 25 cents has been a common thing with him, but when a person can get a box of cream wove stationary, including a quire of fine writing paper and two bunches of delicate and fashionable envelopes to match, he or she should be content.

Well and Cheaply Done. Merchants who want engraving done should not fail to have it well done.

Umbrellas Repaired. Duval, 249 Union street.

WHEN THE WEATHER CHANGES.

We are showing a splendid value in WARM WOOL SHAWLS, Reversible Patterns, at \$2.60 each. Undoubtedly a Bargain.

Also, FELT and QUILTED ALPACCA SKIRTS, at 85c., \$1.10, \$1.50, \$2.25, \$3.25.

HALIFAX YARNS, for general Knitting purposes, are unequalled. To be had only at "The Pretty Store."

BARNES & MURRAY

A Well-Known and Thoroughly First-Class Article is always Desirable Stock.

THE JEWEL RANGE,

The New Model Range, And the PRIZE RANGE,

Are Goods of which this may truthfully be said. However, every one sold sell many more, for the user will advise their friends to buy no other. Thus to present profit is added future gain, and, what is of more value, the reputation of furnishing Reliable Goods.

The exact reverse of this proposition is true of cheap and poorly constructed goods. They are dear at any price. Call and examine our Stock.

SHERATON & SELFRIDGE, 38 King Street, (Opposite the ROYAL HOTEL.)

P. S.—JOBBER PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

With Everything That Is New.

The fall millinery season is very close and Mme. Kane of Union street, announces what she can do in PROGRESS this morning. Union street seems to be popular with ladies in search of new styles in hats, and Mme. Kane is prepared to satisfy them.

IT'S GOT THE TOWN.

On Chipman's Hill. "I thought that shoe factory was doing a rushing business."

Utterly Impossible.

Builder—"I'm afraid, sir, we can't put these outside windows on for you today. I can't get my men to work."

Opposite the Royal.

"Sunny, what's the matter across the street? giving away letter packages, eh?"

Not True, But Might Have Been.

Lawyer—"I feel that this man is innocent, and it would be wrong to keep him confined any longer than possible; will you continue the case this afternoon?"

That Was Different.

"Was it your uncle that died, James?" "Yether!"

No Use Trying.

"I think I'll go and get shaved," said a sober looking man, Monday, "but blame it I can't."

Not True—But Might Have Been.

Alderman—"Could you call a special meeting of the Council this afternoon, your worship?"

Lots Know How It Feels.

Stranger—"Why is it that half the town looks happy and the other half glum?"

THE FIRST OF OCTOBER—OPENING OF PHEASANT SHOOTING.

A ballad of grouse in Dumfriesshire I sung, A ballad of partridges back in East Kent, A ballad of cricket—in embryo—sung

Through my ears, all the summer, wherever I went, And now when the leaves are with rusting be green,

And the moon of September no longer is young, I dream of the glorious days I have spent In a Kentish October, the pheasants among.

A vision of Indian summers—of sky As blue as Australia's, of frost-sharpened eyes And frost-sharpened mornings, of patches of rye, A left for feeding and cover, of hoppers in sheaves,

A left for woods in spring glory of leaves Were it not for the crimson and gold in their dye, And the curly black dog, who the pheasants ro-trieves,

And the liver and white dog, who sets when they lie!

The squire and the keeper in brown velvet! The parson short-skirted, and cut of his cloth, A jacket from Norfolk, a kiln from Kildean,

With splendid young fellows, six-footers, in full A fleet of gold feathers—young cocks of both growth,

A salvo of guns from the corner, unsee! Then lurch with brown ste (and Miss Mab) all are loath

When the squire gives the word "take the dogs up" at 'em, —Douglas Sladen in Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.

CHOKED BY A SNAKE.

The Fear Horses Have for the Reptiles and Facts About Them.

Here are a few more of Mr. C. L. Drinker's stories about snakes:

"I know of a man who lost a two-year-old colt in a peculiar way. The colt had been in the habit of straying away to a row of buttonwood trees, about a mile from the man's place, and one day the owner of the colt asked the stage driver to give the colt a whipping and start him toward home. The stage driver saw the colt lying underneath a buttonwood tree a little way off from the road, and he stopped his stage and ran to the colt with his whip in his hand. He was a rough kind of a fellow, and he was going to wake the colt up good, but he was taken aback when he saw the colt lying flat on his side, with an enormous black snake around his neck. The snake had choked the colt out of pure devilry, for it couldn't feed on the colt, and the supposition was that it had dropped from the tree and wound itself around the colt's neck. It began to uncoil as soon as the stage driver got there, and he lashed it to death. They said the snake was eleven feet long.

"Horses fear rattlesnakes as much as children do, and they will run from one every time. The scent of a rattlesnake will make a steady horse try to run away when nothing else will. While riding on horse-back or driving through regions that are full of rattlers I have had to hang on to the lines pretty tightly to keep the horse or horses from getting the advantage of me, and all on account of the scent of rattlers in the air. A horse doesn't need to see a rattlesnake or hear it rattle to know that it is near. Instinct tells a horse that a rattlesnake carries a deadly poison around with him, and that he is ready to dispose of some of it on the slightest provocation. Rattlesnakes are never found in sections where ash and beech trees grow. There is something about ash leaves that is very unpleasant to rattlesnakes. I have put the leaves in a box along with rattlesnakes, just to see the reptiles squirm and make a fuss. They won't be easy as long as the leaves are near them. Deer stamp every rattlesnake to death that they can get at, but I don't believe that a rattlesnake's bite will kill a deer, for the reason that a deer has no gall. It feeds on the low sheep laurel, a shrub that contains a poison that is deadly to sheep, for I have seen many sheep die after they had eaten it. The laurel acts as a stimulant on deer. It is peppery and warms them up, and they eat much of it in the winter.

"I never get to talking about snakes without thinking of a trick a big fellow and I once played on some neighboring young men of about our ages. They had built a weir to catch eels in, and one night my friend and I went there to rob them of the catch. The other fellow waded in with a bag, and I was on horseback close by waiting to take the bag of stolen goods and dash off at breakneck speed, he to cut across lots on foot. He had the strongest jaws and the finest set of teeth I ever saw, and after he had poked in the water awhile he spoke to me and said: 'Al, I've got hold of the biggest eel I ever handled, and he's wound himself around my arm. He's a whopper, and I can't get him loose. I'm going to bite his head off.' And he did bite it off at one snap. I got home with the bagful, and when he joined me we dumped the eels on the barn floor, and turned the light from a lantern on the heap. The enormous eel proved to be a great sluggish, black-backed water snake. There was nothing poisonous about it, and it was as clean and harmless as an eel, but he turned pale as quick as he saw it, and for half an hour his imagination had complete control of his stomach.—New York Sun.

A Man To Admire.

"Are you going to deny that charge you made against me in yesterday's paper?" he thundered at the editor.

"No, sir!" thundered back the editor. "That's right," he said, quickly; "if there is one thing I admire it is a man who sticks by his convictions."—Time.