

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.

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

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

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

CIRCULATION, 20,000.

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

Index to Illustrations and Special Advs.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Page. Includes Berryman, D. E., Birdseye View of St. John, Burditt, W. F., Cornwall, Ira., etc.

Special Advertisements.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Page. Includes Armstrong, Aaron, Bell, T. William, Beverly, F., Cameron, J. R., Canadian Pacific Railway, etc.

OUR TRAVELLING FACILITIES.

Whatever advance the next census may show in population there is no doubt that it is a census of the travelling public...

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

Travel by the International steamship line was never cheaper or more luxurious than at present and it is needless to say that its volume was never so large.

We might also add to our list a direct steamship line to Europe and the West Indies from St. John.

THE TOBACCO QUESTION.

Despatches from Montreal say that the tobacco question is being discussed with enthusiasm by the Methodist conference in session there.

If the conference has satisfactorily disposed of all evils greater than tobacco, during the time it has been in session, a vast amount of work has been accomplished.

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

DR. MARY WALKER'S IDEA.

After ten years, Dr. MARY WALKER has at last found out why the United States government will not pay her little bill of \$10,000 for services as a hospital surgeon and nurse during the rebellion.

greens higher up in the social scale than the uncultured squaw. She has caught the true democratic spirit of the great free country, however, in contending that all its inhabitants should be treated alike.

It is this fact, perhaps, that prompts her to insinuate in her petition that: "The cut of garments for women are not considered to be in any 'style' unless they are designed by foreigners, as Americans are not competent to devise 'what is paramount in importance to every consideration of life.'"

But if the last clause of this gifted woman's petition is acted upon, she will, to a large extent, be deprived of her individuality. She proposes that a national costumer be appointed from some foreign court.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Mr. E. A. McDowell opened a short season of four nights on Wednesday, with a piece that I can readily understand is one with great drawing attractions.

On Wednesday evening there was an inexcusable wait between the pieces but after the curtain rose on the Ballroom the house seemed satisfied enough to forgive the detention.

HUMORS OF THE SICK ROOM.

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

To the Nurse. Fretful Invalid—Nothing but nurses! If you do me like this I shall lie here and just die!

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

A New Kind of Trunk. The Roller Tray trunk is the newest thing in travelling outfits. It is the invention of a Virginian and has attracted considerable attention.

An Attractive Exhibit. Messrs. Keenan & Ratchford will have a large and attractive exhibit in the exhibition building.

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

SPORTS OF THE SEASON.

I suppose I have done with talking about base ball for this year. I am not sorry. It has not been as pleasant work as it was once in the days when Progress was young and the ball fever not too strong.

Our lawn tennis is over and while I am am writing this the gentle and persistent drizzle reminds me that there was to have been sports today and they were postponed.

Horse racing has begun and St. Stephen opened the circuit with a grand success. A fine list of entries, an enthusiastic audience, a great field, made a two days sport not soon forgotten on the border.

I will not talk about Fredericton or St. John until I hear how the weather suited the former and the entries crowded on the latter.

I was amused this week at a letter from "The Boys" of Wolford, in the Times, of Moncton, which said that in the letters published in Progress we credited votes to Pushor that were sent for Donovan.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

All. The glow of life, unbroken health,— A moderate amount of wealth,— An active and well-furnished mind,— A much loved wife, discreet and kind,— A child who honours and obeys,— A few friends, proved through many days: Who has all these has all in hand That Earth can give or Heaven command.

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

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

Canadians, Hold Your Own. Canadians hold your own! Childhood and youth are flown, Idly away.

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

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

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

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

PEN AND PRESS. The Sun gives currency to a rumor that Mr. Geo. E. Fenety is negotiating for the Daily Telegraph.

SONG.

Supposed to have been written by the Acadian Minstrel, John McPherson.

During his last illness, distressed by the untowardness of his circumstances, and in distraction by the feebleness of his frame and the agony that was there upon him, the poet behaved with such wild unseemliness that his wife became alarmed and fled to her father's roof for shelter.

What more shall deep repentance say? What more the suffering soul repeat? O surely they will not delay Whist! I shall listen for thy feet! My inmost heart goes out to meet

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

Must we then sever, Darling, forever, After the years we together have known? Sweet pity falling, Love unavailing,

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

Once high aspiring, Deeply desiring, Laurels for singing, I longingly sighed; Fanciful rover! Thy bright dream is over;

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

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

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

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

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

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

ON EXHIBITION HERE.

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

The several signs at the door announced a grand exhibition of snakes, a tattooed woman, wax figures representing the Twelve Disciples and the Last Supper, with rare animals, &c.

"This difference to you." "This good people," he continued, passing to the next cage, "is the celebrated buoy constructor, from South America. This reptile is able to crush an ox in its folds.

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

A Notable Discovery.

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

It is quite evident from the above quotations that Dyspepsia is not altogether a modern disease; that it was an ordinary trouble till within the last quarter of a century is highly improbable.

Some were palliatives merely, others artificial digestives; others again gave present relief by their cathartic action; the cause of the disease seemed not to have been found to—its effects only were ministered to.

HAD ENOUGH OF IT.

Tompkins—I see that by your mother-in-law's will nothing is left to you. Are you going to fight it? Wheller—No, sir! I fought her will too often when she was alive!—Lawrence American.

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