

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 unsent to our purpose will be returned if stamps are sent.

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

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCT. 18.

CIRCULATION, 8,500.

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

SOBRIETY AND HONESTY NEEDED

The numerous resignations and dismissals from the police force, recently, have attracted some attention. In every case there has, of course, been some reason for the action taken, but whether the offences committed by some members of the force justified their dismissal is a matter of doubt with many people.

Although the offences of some members of the force have been of such a character that nothing but dismissal would satisfy the strict discipline of the department, none of the charges were of so serious a nature as those printed in PROGRESS today.

The police department properly ranks among the most expensive of the city service, and it is all important that it should be conducted to the satisfaction of the people.

The safety of their lives and property, and the prevention of all disorder and law breaking depends upon the vigilance of the police force. It is consequently of the greatest importance that the character of every officer should be above reproach.

The police department properly ranks among the most expensive of the city service, and it is all important that it should be conducted to the satisfaction of the people.

Chief CLARKE has more than the average length and breath of a man, but that fact should not prejudice him in favor of a force of giants. Honesty is a better qualification than inches.

The case we present for his consideration today demands his earnest, careful and speedy attention. He owes it to the people, who pay for honest protection, that there shall be no blackmailer on the police force.

We have no sympathy with law breakers, but a leving policeman is a worse scourge to any community than any unlicensed liquor saloon.

Chief CLARKE has something to think and act upon.

SPECULATIVE MATRIMONY.

The New York Press publishes a number of portraits of those it is pleased to term "A few unwon prizes in the great lottery of love." They are supposed to represent six New York belles with "charming manners and distinguished names," who have been hard at work all this season trying to make a sale in the matrimonial market.

None of them seem to have been thoroughly successful, but the Press mentions four of the "best prizes that were entered" in the spring, who have been won during the summer.

Since these young ladies have accomplished their aim they can now take "a well earned rest." It is not necessary for them to do any fall advertising, like their less fortunate sisters, in order to keep to the front. Their portraits, consequently, do not appear. This may account for their success.

half the inducements that the letter press does. When it is considered that each of these young ladies form part of a combination that is usually hard to beat, "Wealth and Beauty," the great wonder is that, after one season, advertising, stating age, parentage, income and accomplishments, is at all necessary.

"Young bachelors who are smiled on by managing mammas," forms another topic of interest in the same paper. This is devoted to a number of wealthy young men who have never married. Their portraits are not printed.

Matrimony offers a great field for speculation in New York. As yet it has not been dealt with in the commercial columns of the daily papers, but that seems to be only a matter of time.

Politics in St. John are decidedly mixed. Liberals and Conservatives are inclined to look upon one another and themselves with great suspicion. No man knows to a certainty of just what political stripe his neighbor is.

Premier BLAIR has arrayed York against St. John, and stakes everything upon the issue. It seems a ridiculous and narrow platform for the leader of the government to adopt.

The meeting between GREGORY and BLAIR on the hustings, Thursday, must have been especially cordial. The compliments exchanged could not have been more delicately worded.

That little excursion party of five fire-alarm aldermen has not departed on its proposed junket. The weather is getting cooler, in fact it is decidedly cool at times, and it may be that the self-sacrificing quintette found that the climate of St. John would suit their political health better than the east winds of the Hub.

HALIFAX appears to have been somewhat convulsed over the visit of Lord and Lady Stanley. Receptions, dinners, balls, theatricals, were repeated in rapid succession, and the elite of the old town are reported prostrated for the next fortnight.

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PEN AND PRESS.

The Advocate of Newcastle will be a quarter of a century old when its next birthday comes around. Just now it is saying something about its next anniversary and urging friends and others to subscribe.

A Good Thing for Cash People. The idea of a grocers' union in St. John will meet with the hearty approval of hundreds of people outside of the business.

A grocer's union would be a great boon to people who are in the habit of paying for what they buy. If the members of it deal with the credit system as they should, the cash buyer will not have to support other people entirely unknown to him.

Always Glad to See Them. PROGRESS has spoken before of a bright boy who gets rid of 175 PROGRESS every Saturday. He is the eleven year old son of William McCoy, of Moncton.

Long, Selected Chair Case is Used in all Chair Seating by Duval, 242 Union street.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

News of a musical character is very scarce this week, and in consequence my letter will suffer. The harvest music in the different Episcopal churches was, I believe, very fair. In Trinity the boys sang their first service, "Te Deum," and in the evening an anthem, in which the solo, alto and tenor were taken by Master Fred Sturdee and Master Pat Holden, and I think, from all accounts, the lads did very well indeed.

The concert which was to have taken place at St. Martin's last week did not come off, but it is to be given some time in the near future. I hear of another show of this description to be held in the St. Andrew's rink, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to raising the roof of the long-suffering opera house.

The wedding of Dr. Daniel and Miss Ennis (organist of the Centenary church) took place on Wednesday, early in the morning. Miss Ennis will not leave St. Andrews for two more Sundays, I think, when she will take Miss Ennis' place in the Centenary.

I am glad to announce that the Oratorio Society have engaged Mrs. E. Humphrey Allen and Mr. Geo. J. Parker for Thursday and Friday, Nov. 13th and 14th.

The old musical club meets at the residence of Mrs. Thomas Walker on the 21st of this month. All the selections will be by Schubert. I am glad to announce that the Oratorio Society have engaged Mrs. E. Humphrey Allen and Mr. Geo. J. Parker for Thursday and Friday, Nov. 13th and 14th.

Chairman Blizzard, of the city hall committee is proud of the appearance of that structure at the present time. The painters, carpenters, steam fitters and plumbers have been at work to the extent of \$1,000 and the things look nice about the building on the corner.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

Found, a Baby's Shoe. Found, on the highway, a baby's shoe! Tiny, unsoled, and almost new.

Unsoled indeed, to life's toilsome road, Was the little foot, thus left unshod!

O where will those baby footsteps go, In the coming years, we would love to know?

Will its life's brief journey end all too soon? Be over and past—ere the early noon?

Will it love to toil, through a life of care? Or "have, to spend," with "plenty to spare?"

Or, when worn and old, and world-weary quite, To fall asleep in death's long, sweet night?

O, idle are questions and thoughts like these! For life and death—are, as God shall please.

Though the little feet wander, here, and there, They never can pass beyond God's kind care!

Should the baby grow to a woman some day, And lead other babes on the great highway?

May God keep her ever as pure and true, As she was when she lost this little shoe!

Or if to manhood's stature strong, The little baby should grow, ere long;

May he grow in years to "three score and ten," In grace with God, and his fellow men.

Whichever it is, in the years to come, May its footsteps lead to the Heavenly Home!

To tread with love sandalled and peace shod feet, In the presence of God, the golden street!

And when, "in a hundred years" from now The grass grows green o'er that baby's brow

And the hand that writes this idle rhyme, Shall have turned to dust, with the lapse of time;

In that Better Land, we are journeying to, May I find the baby that lost this shoe!

JEAN E. U. NEALIS.

Always Glad to See Them. PROGRESS has spoken before of a bright boy who gets rid of 175 PROGRESS every Saturday.

WHAT THEY THINK OF EACH OTHER

Mr. Blair on Mr. Gregory. (The Daily Telegraph.)

Mr. Gregory—You got the \$1,500. Hon. Mr. Blair—Yes, and I suppose it seems monstrous to a man who is now receiving as many thousands from St. John to purify this constituency that I should have got a few hundreds.

(Tumultuous cheering.) Such were the suspicions of this suspicious man, such the false-mouthed statements of this foul-mouth person, who revelled like the carrion crow in rottenness and scandal. (Great applause.) If there was a man in this country who should have stayed his hand from bringing so false and malicious a charge, it was this man by whom, at the most critical period of his life, when everybody turned their back upon him, he (Blair) had stood faithful and helped to bear him up against the crushing weight of public odium.

He had always used him (Gregory) as a brother and a friend. It might be that he could not secure his (Gregory's) election in 1882 or 1886, but there was a claim in that of which he had just spoken to which Mr. Gregory seemed totally dead and absolutely indifferent. He would not have referred to this personal matter but that this was a personal campaign, promoted by men animated by the malignant spirit to crush him to the earth by means most false and foul.

That gentleman, after 20 years' personal association with him, whose chief occupation now was to dig and delve for scraps of slander and rags of scandal, knew anything to his (Blair's) discredit he wanted him to reveal it now and here.

Mr. Gregory on Mr. Blair. (The Daily Sun.)

He might be mistaken, but it now appeared as if Blair stuck to him in adversity because he was of use to him and turned his back on him when he thought he no longer needed his assistance and counsel. The revival of the charge today could have but one object, continued Mr. Gregory, with grave emphasis, yet he harbored no hatred toward his old partner, nor was he (Gregory) one of those who would revive or repeat any story to hurt the feelings of those nearest and dearest to even the humblest man in the land.

Ald. Blizzard and the City Hall.

Chairman Blizzard, of the city hall committee is proud of the appearance of that structure at the present time. The painters, carpenters, steam fitters and plumbers have been at work to the extent of \$1,000 and the things look nice about the building on the corner. The chamberlain's office is enlarged and improved. Brass railings give it a bank like appearance. But there is more room and more comfort and that is of greater importance.

A Bright Book.

Anyone who has read Mrs. Croker's Diana Barrington will require no further recommendation of the author's latest book Two Masters. William Bryce, Toronto. It is a charming bright and attractive story of life in Ireland; a story of a girl's life told by herself.

Can be of Use to Both Parties.

A neat little pamphlet lies on PROGRESS table with the card of William H. Boyce, Esq., real estate agent of Fredericton. It gives very complete and accurate information of a number of New Brunswick farms, and is intended for the use of intending settlers.

How They Do It in Halifax.

The Sailors' Home in St. John was built and is being maintained by one lady, Miss Hutchison. Fashionable Halifax has just finished a successful nautical fair at which \$4,000 was netted for the Seamen's Rest.

In a Good Cause.

Amazed Mother—What does this mean, miss? The idea of allowing a young man to hug and kiss you in that way! Sweet Girl—Oh, it's all right, ma. Mr. Niciefello gives me a penny a hug, and it's all to be applied toward raising the mortgage on our church.—N. Y. Weekly.

An Old Saw Aptly Applied.

Watchmaker—The first time I cleaned your watch it was in a gold case; the next time in a gold filled case, and now it's in a silver case. H. A. R. D. Uppe—Yes, sir. "Circumstances alter cases," you know.—Jewellers' Weekly.

New Books, all the latest, at McArthur's, 80 King street.

GIFTS FOR WOMEN.

What Men May Give to Their Fair Companions for Christmas Presents.

Nearly every clever woman in society, whose charming face, winning manners, and witty talk have won for her a large circle of masculine admirers, is endowed with what might seem an almost divine intuition for gauging the exact depth and fervor of friendship each manly heart holds by the gifts he is moved at intervals to lay before her shrine.

"Those men," said a demure little person who did not look at all as if she was old or sophisticated enough to understand such matters, "begin by giving one cunning scarf pins, milky pearls set alone on a slender stem or gold, or delicately carved moonstones crowned with a row of twinkling diamond points. Then he warms to an exquisitely fretted gold pin for the hair, and, if nothing is said, he next ventures to offer a gold bonbonniere, the top of which is likely a tiny miniature of a girl's head, framed in small stones. To what do such gifts point? Why, that he admires her glossy locks and noticed how she wore gold pins thrust among the wave folds; also has he observed that her mouth is an uncommonly nice one and that she eats comforts, and incidentally he bought the miniature because he saw a likeness to her fair face.

"Another good friend gave me what he calls my set of books for daily business. They are three square, gilt-edged volumes, bound in leather as fine and sweet smelling as rose leaves. On the covers my crest and monogram are deeply stamped in gilt, and on the title backs are written respectively accounts, engagements, and addresses. In side the one for accounts is comfortably off and noted, so that one knows where those puzzling lists of figures should go. Engagements has stated pages on which one jots down memoranda of events to come, addresses has the leaves alphabetically arranged, and the three books are held together by a little strap and catch button like those on books of prayer and hymnals. A gift of that kind is in constant use, and one is always reminded of and pleasantly grateful to the giver.

"Another pretty leather toy for a woman is a travelling inkstand. They come in numberless devices, and nothing is more unique than a miniature Gladstone bag, perfect in detail, even to a bit of a silver plate, on which one's initials can be traced; and by pressing a knob it flies open to reveal the inside glass bottle.

"Then if you are going on a journey he can give you a lovely swede leather writing portfolio or one for holding the loose photographs to be picked up in travelling. Some thoughtful souls give girls leather-bound books, on the backs, stamped in black, the little Diary and her name. A screw pencil slips into loops, and on the gilt-edged leaves she can jot down a heterogeneous mass of notes and reflections for reference some other day. For a journey by rail he will perhaps buy a cut-class tumbler, glass being cleaner than a metal cup, set in a leather case, and marked with her name and address, and for a sea voyage it's no impropriety for a friend to beg her acceptance of a flat-glass leather-covered bottle filled with a clear golden fluid, that for conventionality's sake let us call the traveller's companion."

Plantation Pictures.

MORNING.

"Oh, m's'ry in de mornin' Comes with de turnout horn, An' m' an' m' o' m's'ry Be'fo' de day is gone! From Monday on to Saldady, Ontel de sun go down, Hit's m'nt' else but m's'ry, For all de veah ourn."

"Hit ain't no use to gramble, 'Case when dat horn done blow Dar ain't no time to tarry, You got to shake an' shiver, Wet wid de mornin' dew, An' when de sun gits higher, We'd sweat wet thew an' thew."

"Hit's grappin' wid de tie-vines, Hit's diggin' in de row, De m' an' chop de grass dar De m' hit seem to grow, My arms an' back is achin', An' sholy I'll drop dead Ef soon dat sun a shinin' Don't git right overhead."

NOON.

"Dar goes de horn for dinner! Whooppee! You heahs it toot! Oh come on, boys, I'll run you For home! Come shake yo' foot! I bets I beats you plowmen Upaven yo' swi'nt migger, An' don't mistook dis nigger, For nary pokin' fool."

NIGHT.

"Tank Gawd dis day is ended, An' when dat yaller moon Gits white an' bright an' higher I's gwine to catch a coon; A heavy dew is fallin', Hit's good to leave de scent, I's gwine to give dem varmint A little wormint."

"Dar's m's'ry in de mornin', But bes' lef' dat alone, De res' dat comes wid night time Is all I calls my own; I'll drap dem stiff rheumatics Ontel de roosters crow An' leave off dat plumbago Ontel de tarout blow."

CHARMING THE YEAR AROUND.

The autumn girl has passed away, The autumn girl is here, And though she wears less fine array, We hold her just as dear.

What if she doffs her summer dress A heavier one to wear? Does that impair her loveliness? Does she become less fair? It matters not what garb she wears Or how the seasons fly; She in November hearts ensnares The same as in July.—Cape Cod Item.

And It Was True, Too.

"I am in a dreadful pickle," remarked a theatrical manager. "What is the trouble?" "Why, you see, my star has just had her diamonds stolen."

"That's just it. I haven't nerve enough to report the matter to the police."—Washington Post.

TRURO.

Later. Oct. 16.—The Methodist church was crowded to the doors this afternoon, the occasion being the marriage of Miss Cladie Johnson, daughter of J. W. Johnson, and Charles E. Munroe, of Port Elgin, N. B. The bride was attired in a very pretty travelling costume of electric blue satin cloth, trimmed with dark brown tulle, to match, and carrying a magnificent bridal bouquet. She entered the church on the arm of her father, and was attended by her sister, Miss Florence Johnson, who wore a very pretty combination toilette, with a beautiful bouquet. The groom was supported by Rev. Mr. Torry. The knot was tied by Rev. Mr. Ainley, assisted by Rev. T. McGregor McKay, of Port Elgin. After the ceremony, the small number of invited guests drove to the home of the bride, where an elegant luncheon was partaken of. Mr. and Mrs. Munroe left on the afternoon express for a short tour through the sister province. Their departure from the station was signalled by the explosion of torpedoes and showers of rice. The bridal presents were of unusual value, variety, and included an elegant silver service and water urn from the church, accompanied by silver and gold from the choir, of which Miss Johnson was organist and leader, a purse of \$100 in gold from her father, another purse of \$20 in gold from relatives in British Columbia, thirteen paintings in oil and water-colors, all framed, from her sister (her own work) and things beautiful in nature and value. The floral decorations and bouquets reflected much credit to Mr. Suckling's artistic skill. Messrs. E. F. Wilson and A. Black acted as ushers. Mrs. Munroe's departure will be long felt in church and social circles. —Peg.

YARMOUTH. [PROGRESS is for sale in Yarmouth at the stores of E. I. Vickery and Harris & Horsfall.]

Oct. 14.—There has been quite a number of parties lately, and I hear of another large one that is to come off on Thursday. Capt. George Cunniff has gone to sea again. He has taken charge of the ship Stabear. Miss Timmie Frazer is visiting her sister, Miss Katie, at the Queen's Hotel, Yarmouth. Miss Murdoch, of Bridgetown is the guest of Mrs. H. E. Cline. Miss Rosa Bown has gone to Boston for the winter. Mrs. J. W. Moody died in Boston last Thursday. Mr. Moody and family have much sympathy.

Mrs. Ellen Killam left on Saturday night last to spend the winter at her son's, Mr. Fred Killam, of Norfolk, Virginia. Mrs. Killam will be greatly missed by the people of Yarmouth.

Among the strangers who attended the exhibition were Mr. George McLaughlin, jr., of Annapolis, and Mr. Corbet, of St. John's, N. B. Miss Lizzie S. Thomson is visiting her sister, Mrs. John Guest. Miss Sabra Killam is making a visit to Mrs. Weldon, Quincy, Mass.

Miss Lelle Teasdale spends this winter in Halifax. Miss Roberta Lovitt is visiting Halifax and intends going to P. E. I. before she comes home. The Mission school is to be opened next month with a flourish.

The Milton brass band will give an open air concert on Thursday evening.

CAMPBELLTON. [PROGRESS is for sale in Campbellton at the store of A. E. Alexander, wholesale and retail dealer in dry goods, groceries, boots and shoes, hardware, school books, stationery, furniture, carriages and machinery.]

MARRIED. CHRISTIE-MORRISON—At Coburg street Christian church, on Wednesday, Oct. 13th, by Elder T. H. Capp, Robert A. Christie to Josie J., youngest daughter of John McE. Morrison.

Still Another Guess at the Queen's Name. A correspondent who seems to know what he is talking about writes to the London Times protesting against the vulgar error of supposing that the family name of the present reigning dynasty in Great Britain is Guelph. If the royal family can be said to have a family name that name is d'Este, not Guelph. The last Guelph of the male line was Guelph III., Duke of Carinthia. He died without issue and left the representation of his family to his only sister, Cuneunda, who, in 1040, wedded Azo d'Este, Marquis of Este. From this marriage in direct male line, descended all the members of the royal and ducal families of Hanover and Brunswick, whose correct family name, therefore, is d'Este. That this is the case is evident from the fact that the children of the late Augustus Frederick (Duke of Sussex), whose marriage with Lady Augustus Murray was invalidated by the royal marriage act of 1772, assumed the surname of d'Este, not Guelph.

There are many, however, who maintain that when she wedded with the German prince consort Victoria forfeited her maiden family name (whatever it was), and that all her children should be regarded as members of the family whose name their father bore, this being the custom and law of Christendom.—Chicago News.

Everything Packed. "Tommy, I am afraid you don't like to be told of your faults," said a mother, and Tommy, replied, easily, "Well, I can bear hearing about one or two, but folks always think of so many!"

It does indeed seem at times as if our friends, having begun to rehearse our failings, were determined to make a thorough piece of work.

Two little boys had been making a visit, and on the morning of their departure their father said to the elder. "Dick, why is your hair so rough?"

"I couldn't smooth it, papa. I've packed my comb."

"And from the state of your hands, I conclude you must have packed your nail brush, too."

"Yes, papa, last night."

"I guess he must have packed up his prayers, too," chimed in the younger brother, "cause he didn't say 'em last night or this morning."—Ex.

A Delightful Occupation. First Female—What business are you engaged in now? Second Female—I am a book agent.

First Female—What have you to do? Second Female—Nothing but talk. First Female—How delightful!—Boston Courier.

Love's Philosophy. She—George, dear, what do you think our happiness is chiefly dependent upon? He (as his arms steal about her willow waist)—Upon our surroundings, sweet.—Dakota Blizzard.

The Business Principle. Patient (after receiving his prescription)—Thanks doctor; God will repay you. Absent-minded physician (taking out notebook)—Please give me his address.—Judge.

Hanging It Up. Mrs. Cumso (to maid)—Norah, help me off with my sack and hang it up. Norah (a recent acquisition)—Faith, and how much does yez want me get on it?—Ex.

Paper and Envelopes for 5c. per quire, at McArthur's, 80 King street.