

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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All letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply.

The circulation of this paper is over 9,000 copies; it is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

Copies can be purchased at every known news stand in New Brunswick, and in every many of the cities, towns, and villages of Nova Scotia and P. E. Island every Saturday for Five Cents each.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCT. 31.

WHAT IS WHOLESOME.

The fear expressed by a correspondent a few weeks ago that the effect of an article in Progress, entitled "Medieval Conceptions," would not be wholesome, is not well founded.

Progress would regret nothing more than to unsettle any one's mind upon any question bearing upon his duty to humanity, in which is composed his duty to God.

There is not much doubt about the fact that this right kind of music will help a person very much. Just in what way the medical professor is going to apply the new remedy is not disclosed.

The hour is ripe for an advance. The creeds have failed. The religion which makes the world worth living in has grown strong in spite of the creeds.

When after Plevna the Russian troops crossed the Balkans and came within sight of Constantinople, the British fleet sailed over the Dardanelles, and the Czar was told he had gone a little too far.

those who should enter into the joy of their Lord, he has not a word about belief. But some may say, you must believe in Christ to accept that. The answer is yes and no.

A NEW, YET OLD, REMEDY. A late fad in certain medical circles is that music is a specific for nervous diseases. The idea is not absolutely new.

Our American neighbors profess to be disgusted over the strengthening of the fortifications of Halifax and Esquimaux. They say it foreshadows trouble between the Republic and Great Britain.

The individual who gets up the foreign news for the American papers is what ARTEMUS WARD would have called "An amosin cuss."

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS." Rhymes on St. Stephen. A rhyme from St. Stephen sent to Progress office some time ago will, perhaps, be worth printing at this hour when an undeserved and unjust criticism of the border town is being given wide circulation:

ST. STEPHEN. This world is quite a large one, you will doubtless all agree. There are many noted cities, very wonderful to see; But every man prefers his birth-place, that is natural, and so

Sunset. Far on the marshes, flecked with light Ruby and gold and violet, The kine roam lazily—and I Wait eagerly for Amoret.

MEN AND THINGS. When after Plevna the Russian troops crossed the Balkans and came within sight of Constantinople, the British fleet sailed over the Dardanelles, and the Czar was told he had gone a little too far.

what might happen it takes temporary possession of Mitylene. That fleet is a terrible institution. It is always around when it is wanted and its presence has a wonderful effect.

Perhaps there are some people who have little idea what the English fleet means. Let us give one illustration. The Chicago Graphic says the fleet carries thirty-six 110-ton guns.

Our American neighbors profess to be disgusted over the strengthening of the fortifications of Halifax and Esquimaux. They say it foreshadows trouble between the Republic and Great Britain.

There are other lesser advantages to be had from a knowledge of the standard authors. Nearly every reader has his favorite and when other topics of conversation are exhausted what is more desirable than to hear an intelligent person give his or her impressions of an author or work.

At the present time Progress has over 10,000 subscribers including those who buy the paper every week. There is not one of those who has not some friend who does not get the paper every week, and to whom it has only to be shown to have them become subscribers.

Here is another chance. Any reader who sends in the name (not his own) of one new six months' subscriber at \$1.00 with six cents for postage will receive a copy of J. Fenimore Cooper's Leather Stocking Tales FREE.

Located on Brussels Street. In referring to the new firm of Watson & McCaffery who have opened an undertaking establishment, a slight mistake was made in regard to the location.

To Correspondents. Correspondents of Progress in Nova Scotia who letters come by Monticello, will please note the fact there is no trip between Wednesday and Saturday, and that M.S. will have to be mailed Tuesday night in order to reach this office in time.

FOR WINTER EVENINGS.

A CHANCE TO GET GOOD READING FOR NOTHING.

Not Trashy Books, but the Best Works of the Best Authors, Novels that Everybody Should Become Acquainted With—A Chance for "Progress" Subscribers.

The long winter evenings have come, and even now there is a general tendency to linger at the fireside. The majority of people do all their reading in the winter, and many find more pleasure in a good book and a warm fire than anything else.

Few people are acquainted with the great novelists whose works have lived many years already, while thousands of "books of the moment," the compositions of lesser minds, have been published, read and forgotten; the men and women whose works will live for all time, and whose characters have become known all over the world as types of different classes of people in every day life.

When all this is done through the medium of a novel, well written and full of scenes and incidents of every-day life all woven together by a plot that holds the interest of the reader from beginning to end, one gets both pleasure and profit from a book.

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YARMOUTH.

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

Oct. 28.—I have lately heard of a club which has been formed in Yarmouth by some of the young men and women who are inclined to be literary. They have taken for their study the works of Charles Dickens, and meet at the houses of the different members, either once a month or once a fortnight.

Miss E. K. Spiney, accompanied by Miss Lizzie Moody, has gone to Boston for a short visit. Mrs. Spiney will return home with her husband, who has been in Montreal on business.

Miss Elvira Archibald has returned from a visit to her sister, Mrs. Harvey. Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Davison arrived home on the 22nd inst. having been absent for a few weeks on a tour through the province.

Mr. E. J. Vickery is now in New York on business connected with the establishment. Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Veits are home again after a very pleasant trip through Canada.

Mr. T. B. Flint, M. P., and wife, are back after an absence of several months. The musical circle of Yarmouth welcome Mrs. Flint home again.

A great number of our young ladies are absent from Yarmouth, and will be absent all winter. This makes amusements, which are generally numerous this season of the year, rather scarce just now.

Mr. Wm. Robertson has gone to New York to meet her husband, Capt. Robertson, who has just arrived from England. Miss Robertson is with her father, but will probably return home with Mrs. Robertson.

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ST. MARTINS.

[Progress for sale at St. Martins by C. N. Coohran.]

Oct. 26.—Last Sunday, week ago, thanksgiving services were held in Holy Trinity church. The church was beautifully decorated for the occasion, and at the close of the morning service the sacrament of the Lord's supper was administered.

Seldom have the people of St. Martins had a richer treat than was given them last Tuesday evening when the popular president of the U. B. seminary and his lady held a grand reception to which the elite of the village were invited.

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WOLFVILLE.

Oct. 25.—The dance given by Mrs. Sherwood on Wednesday evening was a brilliant affair.

Mr. Arthur Cowperthwaite, son of Mr. C. H. Cowperthwaite, formerly teacher in Dalhousie grammar school, together with Mr. Frank Allan, son of the Methodist minister in Bathurst, has successfully passed his examination for admission as a student in the university at Fredericton.

DALHOUSIE.

Oct. 28.—Mr. Wm. Draper paid a visit to his home the first part of this week.

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KENTVILLE.

Oct. 28.—St. James church was the scene of a quiet wedding which took place on Saturday morning.

Mr. George Pyke, of Liverpool, has been spending a few days with his friends in town. The many friends of Mrs. L. Dev Chipman are delighted to welcome her home again after her visit with her daughter Mrs. Botsford, of Halifax, with whom she has been spending the greater part of the summer.

ANNAPOLIS ROYAL.

[Progress is for sale at Annapolis Royal at Geo. K. Thomson & Co's.]

Oct. 28.—Rev. Mr. How exchanged pulpits with Rev. Mr. Cunningham, of Bridgetown, on Sunday last.

Mr. H. E. Gillis spent a few days in St. John last week. Miss Gertrude Gilpin, of Halifax, is visiting her aunt, Miss Elizabeth Gilpin.

Mr. Wm. DeBlois spent Sunday in Halifax. Mr. T. R. Robertson, of Kentville, was in town over Sunday.

Mrs. Gillis is visiting her father, the Rev. Mr. Cassidy, of Bridgetown.

A large temperance meeting was held in the court house last Thursday evening under the auspices of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

Miss Christina Leslie spent a few days in this town last week, on her way to Boston.

Miss McCormack, of Bridgetown, stayed a few days with her sister, Mrs. W. McCormack, on her way to Boston.

PICOTU, N. S.

[Progress is for sale in Picotou by Jas. McLean.]

Mrs. Jas. Hudson of Picotou, left last Friday to visit her daughter, Mrs. J. J. Taylor, of Moncton.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Gregory of Antigonish, spent two or three days in Picotou last week.

Mrs. John Smith of Stellarton, spent two or three days in Picotou last week, the guest of Mrs. James Hudson.

Rev. Mr. Scott of New Glasgow, and Rev. Mr. Falconer of Picotou, exchanged pulpits last Sunday.

Miss M. Hudson, who has been visiting her sister Mrs. J. J. Taylor, of Moncton, returned home last Wednesday.

Mrs. Snow gave a small whist party last Tuesday evening.

BARTIMIOUS.

I would receive my sight; my clouded eyes Miss the glad radiance of the morning sun;

The changing tints that glorify the skies With roscate splendors when the day is done; The shadows set and grey; the peary light Of twilight shimmer deep'ning into night.

I cannot see to keep the narrow way, And so I blindly wander here and there, Gropping amidst the tombs, or helpless stray Through pathless, tangled deserts, bleak and bare.

Weeping, I seek the way I cannot find— Open mine eyes, dear Lord, for I am blind. And oft I laugh with some light, thoughtless jest, Nor see how anguish lies in some face most dear, And write my mirth, a mocking palimpsest— On blasted scrolls of human pain and care.

And never see the heartache interlined— Pity, oh Son of David! I am blind.

I do not see the pain my light words give, The quivering, shrinking heart I cannot see; So light of thought, 'midst hidden griefs I live, And mock the oppressed tombs with sightless glees; Open mine eyes, light, blessed ways to find— Open mine eyes, light, blessed ways to find— Open mine eyes, light, blessed ways to find—

My useless eyes are reservoirs of tears, Doomed for their blind mistakes to overflow; To weep for thoughtless ways of wandering years, Because I could not see—I did not know. These sightless eyes—than angriest glance less Light of the world, have pity! I am blind.

—Robt. J. Burdette.