

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCT. 17.

THE CONDITION IN EUROPE.

A new ruler has come upon the stage of European politics. His name is FAMINE. His surname is Southern Russia and Eastern Germany.

The actual condition of things in the afflicted portions of Europe cannot at present, and probably never will be actually ascertained. We are told of people throwing themselves beneath railway trains, preferring instant death to starvation.

Seed time is at hand, that is for winter grain, but the hungry people can spare no seed, and another year of famine confronts them, even in the midst of their present sufferings. What the outcome will be no man can foresee.

There is surely nothing new under the sun. Every one thought that DARWIN had discovered a new thing when he launched his theory of evolution; but he was only treading in footsteps more than thirty centuries old.

In such a case it would not be advisable to repeat the experiment at too early a day. "Smile," says a wise man, "when you propose. If the fair one says 'no,' you can then laugh and pretend it was only a joke."

There may not be a word of literal truth in it, yet it is substantially true as a portrait of society as it is. So with these ancient poems. The names of the persons figuring in them may be inventions.

During the past summer prospecting parties have been penetrating Southern British Columbia in all directions. The reports are highly favorable. Experienced miners say the greatest silver country in America lies in "the Sea of Mountains."

Speaking of silver, one naturally thinks of the agitation for the remonetization of the shiny metal. There is no public matter which elicits more warmth of discussion than the silver question.

There is no public matter which elicits more warmth of discussion than the silver question, and there is none upon which it is harder to get anything like an unbiased opinion. Unlimited coinage of silver would have the effect of making money more plentiful and would, therefore, disarrange the financial situation.

There lived in the north of Ireland, a BENJAMIN DISRAELI, who was a sheriff and a very wealthy man. He was uncle to the great DISRAELI, whom he completely ignored.

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though his uncle had left no children not a dollar of his great wealth was devised to his illustrious kinsman.

Much sympathy has been expressed in some quarters in regard to the treatment which the Irish dynamiters received in English prisons. The sentiment which finds expression in sympathy for men who would attempt to blow up the metropolitan military trains and kill thousands of innocent people, is a poor article.

U. S. Minister EGAN was not a dynamiter, but was a fenian, and when sent as minister to Chili he laid himself out to thwart England, instead of attending to his own business.

"If it had not been for PROGRESS" said a well known gentleman Monday "we would have had so and so; we would have obtained what we asked for" and so on to the end.

Financial Rheumatism—Cramped for money. It man was made to mourn, what a superfluity his laughing apparatus is.

The plow as a leader takes its place amongst the foremost in the land. No room for doubt here, ask any one who ever followed one.

Friend to dude.—What do you think—sentence interrupted by dude—Think, I'm too busy to think.

Mrs. DeLanc.—What beautiful twins, Mrs. Malone. Yis, indeed. Mrs. DeLanc.—What are you going to call them?

Death, where is thy sting, ask not the dear little, sweet little, busy bee the same question unless thou art protected with some anti-sting mixture.

He won it. They were jolly good fellows, and one wanted to bet that the other could not imbibe the same drink as he without it "coming up" on him.

PEN, PRESS AND ADVERTISING.

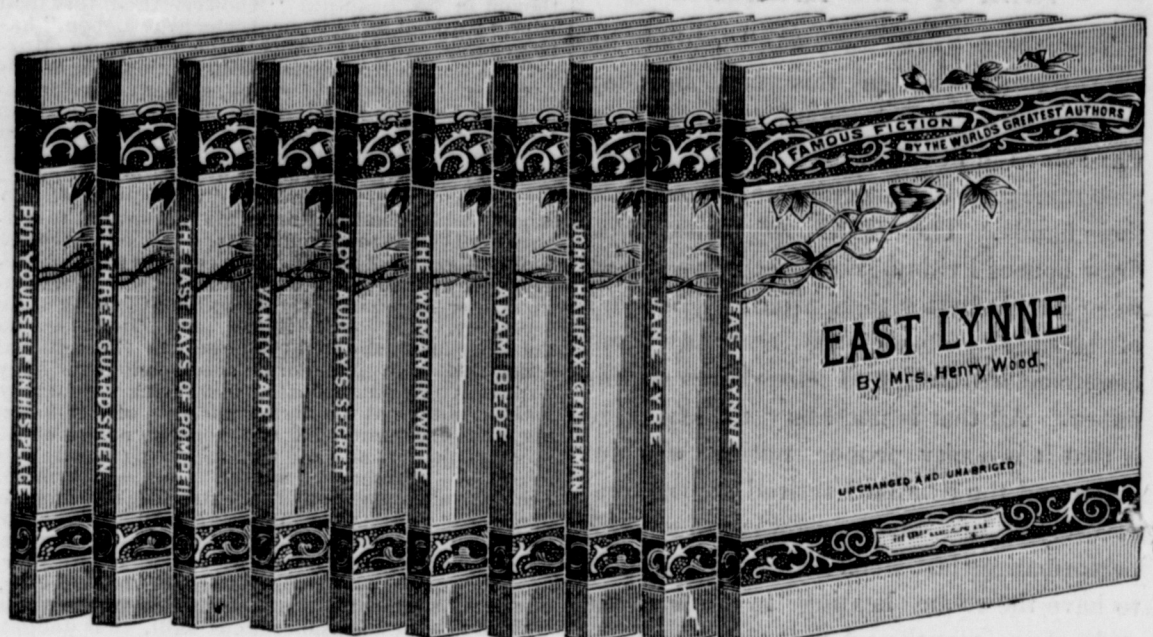
A new set of waltzes have recently appeared which, in the writer's opinion are destined to attract some attention in the musical world and bring it not lucre, at least a meed of fame to the youthful composer.

Mr. C. H. Lugin has accepted the position of editor of the Seattle Weekly Telegraph and editorial writer on the daily edition.

The Readable Things Unpublished. PROGRESS has a mixed and unsatisfactory note from Mr. E. J. Grant, of Sussex, in which he thanks this paper for advertising him and indulges in some insinuations against an imaginary Hampton writer in the last issue.

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THE GUMVILLE EXHIBITION.

A Grand Display of Hogs and a Heated Argument with Brother Glue.

We feel perfectly clear in our conscience when we say that by common consent the great International exhibition of Gumville was not only a daisy, but a howling success. It was by long odds the grandest object lesson and glittering moral pageant seen in these parts since the Saxby gale.

When we reached the grounds a free pass was handed to us by old Absolem Slocomb in his courteous and classlike way, as the representative of the Gumville Gimlet, and we passed through the gate amid the humble bows of all present.

We were particularly gratified with the display of hogs. Not less than ten of these toothsome animals was shown, and they made our mouth water as we thought of their possibilities in sassage form.

We were a man of peace and a good naber, but we think the time has arrived when that cussed old swayback mule of Mordecai Hopper's should be called in. We have nothing against brother Hopper personally. We are simply alludin' to his horse. This venerable animal has 'out mind outlived his usefulness.

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Mr. H. G. Fenety, of Fredericton, who graduated from Harvard law school recently will follow his profession in this city and has opened an office in Pugsley's building. Mr. Fenety is also a graduate of the University of New Brunswick.