

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPT. 22.

WATCH MARS NEXT WEEK.

In about a week Mars will be nearer to us than ever before, and we will probably find out more about its mysteries than we did about the eclipse of the moon a few days ago. "The red planet Mars" is now only about forty million miles away, and is coming nearer every day. Already it is so close that astronomers have claimed that beyond doubt Mars has no atmosphere, or if any at all, one far lighter than that of Leadville, Colorado, where no cats can live. So the story of MAX ADLER and his Mars cat will have to be relegated to the realms of fiction. And as an atmosphere is essential to the proper development of humankind, there is probably no person on Mars with mind so well developed as to think out a scheme of signalling to the inhabitants of this world.

The past week has been a very bad one for the theory which has been the basis of so many clever paragraphs and learned essays. It has been shown by eminent authorities that the triangular lights at the poles are not signals to the people of this earth, or of any other of the planets, but are simply the reflections from large glaciers. And the theories of yesteryear are further smashed by the announcement that the canals do not contain water. Perhaps the most disgusted man at the late investigations is that eminent Canadian scientist, Prof. E. STONE WIGGINS. His Martian theory is shorter-lived than any of his recent ones, with the single exception of his plan of squaring the circle, which was still-born. His ideas as to the connection of Mars with our first parents have been authoritatively shown to be as absurd as they appeared on their face to be, and Prof. WIGGINS has been proved to be as deficient in hindsight as he assuredly is in foresight. Meanwhile the planet is slowly coming nearer its watchers, still bearing out the admirable character given it by LONGFELLOW:

Serene, and resolute, and still, And calm, and self-possessed.

THE C. P. R.'S COUNTERPART.

A fact of the greatest international importance is that the great Russian counterpart of the Canadian Pacific, the Trans-Siberian railway, is being so rapidly built that it is probable that it will be finished by the first year of the twentieth century. The Russian bear will then have an up-lifted paw ready to strike the Canadian beaver, and Europe will be uneasy than for years past. But if, after the Korean and Nicaraguan difficulties are settled, nations resolve to make the coming century "the hundred years of peace," all can now rejoice in the approaching completion of the Trans-Siberian railway. For with this that which has till lately been a visionary vision of dreamers of dreams—an "all-rail line" from the shores of the English channel around the world to the Atlantic coast of America—will come within the range of probability.

The Portland Transcript, which is pretty friendly to Canadians and is not averse to showing that Canada is getting to be more of an independent country every day, says that "it is now possible for a sea-going vessel to go from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Great Lakes by way of the Canadian canals exclusively." This is a very awkward way of saying what the Transcript wishes to say, as a person not acquainted with the country or a map of it might suppose that there were no St. Lawrence and Ottawa rivers. What the editor meant to write was that a vessel can go from the Gulf to the Great Lakes without passing through United States waters, as formerly. But in order to be thoroughly accurate, he should be a little more explicit. A ship could formerly go into both Lakes Ontario and Erie without passing through United States waters.

At least one town council in the maritime provinces has had amazing difficulties in regard to the building of a new

school-house, because of their divers objections and opinions. To such a provincial council the new school house complication in Woburn, Mass., will be of interest. The council's row over the contracts, the city solicitor's assertion that the award was illegal, the veto by the acting mayor in the board of aldermen, are all to be pitched overboard by the school trustees, who intend to let the contract and build the houses, and make the city foot the bills.

The general conference of the Methodist church at London, Ont., urges the young people not to lose their Methodist identity in the breadth and unity of the Christian Endeavor movement. This is, from a Methodist standpoint, very good advice; but equally good advice, now that the Epworth endeavors are doing so well what they endeavor to do, is for young people not to lose their identity with the Christian Endeavor movement in the breadth and unity of any church to which they may happen to belong.

The Sunday newspaper is being denounced by the Archbishop of Canterbury. This good man, however, is not ignorant, as Mr. CHARLTON appears to be, that about all of the work on Sunday newspapers is not done on Sunday. His reasons in condemning the Sunday press are much more sensible. They are that some newsdealers of the United Kingdom, who sent a deputation to him, work seventeen hours a day on seven days of the week.

Shipping Egyptian cotton to the United States and shipping Joggins coal to Parrsboro are not the only late instances of what goes under the general name of "shipping coals to Newcastle." Owing to large over-sales both Savannah and Charleston are buying foreign rice, while Baltimore is laying in a supply of California canned fruit.

History repeats itself. It was an HORATIUS (the poet-historian has dropped his other names for the sake of memory and metre) who kept the bridge "in the brave days of old," and it was HORATIUS COCKLES TROWBRIDGE who kept the Suspension bridge at Niagara this week against an invading host of American smugglers.

The intellectual composer is no respecter of persons. What Queen VICTORIA said when she presented colors to the marines at Manchester was "the badge of my uncle WILLIAM IV." The genius of the composing room is responsible for this phrase's appearance in the official report as "the gaze of my uncle GEORGE IV."

CHAUNCEY M. DEWEY is authority for the statement that trade in the United States is going to revive to a most cheering extent within the next few years. "In 1897," says CHAUNCEY, "it will be the most glorious country that has ever known." That is the time when Mr. DEWEY would rather be president.

General BOOTH is a better student of human nature than was General COXLEY. He has solved the question as to how to keep girls in "the Army" by changing the styles of the Hallelujah bonnets.

The women who defeated BRECKINRIDGE should in future be allowed to vote, if they so desire.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

The October number of the Delineator has been received by Macaulay Bros. & Co. The series of "Mother and Daughter" articles are continued, as is the series on "The Women's Colleges of the United States." Fitting out the "Family for Autumn and Winter" is a timely article. In connection with fashion magazines the following dialogue was overheard: "Why is it that the faces of people in fashion-plates are so expressionless?" "Why, because the people wouldn't look like fashionable folks if there were any expression in their faces." The Delineator takes a different view from that of the cynic in the dialogue. Its fashion plates are full of expression, both as regards face and raiment.

"The South may Save the Nation," is the remarkable title of a remarkable article by a northern journalist in the September Donahoe's. Susan E. Crocker, M. D., has an article on the requisites of a woman physician, and Mary Temple Bayard tells of the arduous life of a trained nurse. A plea for more thorough training in ecclesiastical seminaries is made by Rev. J. A. Zahm, of Notre Dame. In a division of his subject entitled "The Spread of Evolution among Catholics," he says: "To see to what extent philosophy, theology, history and literature have been affected by contemporary science, and by evolutionary teaching, one need only take up any of the countless works on these topics which have appeared during the generation just ending. The influence is especially conspicuous in the works of non-catholic authors, but even in the case of Catholics, who are naturally more conservative, the effect is noticeable and often striking."

Napoleon seems to have had his picture taken as often as Christopher Columbus. Hon. Gardiner G. Hubbard has one of the world's greatest collections of Napoleonic prints, and it is these that the publishers of McClure's Magazine have lately been at such great pains to secure. One

hundred and fifty of these pictures have been selected and will be published in six issues of the magazine, beginning with the November issue. These portraits will constitute a more complete series of "Human Documents" than that enterprising magazine has yet given. Napoleon is not the only member of his family whose portraits will appear, however. There are portraits of his mother, father, brothers and sisters, of Josephine and Marie Louise, and a complete series of his son; of his generals, marshals and others who served him in field and cabinet; and of some of his great opponents. Besides these, there are reproductions of paintings of battle scenes and of places connected with his career.

A NEW BRUNSWICK EXHIBIT.

The Display of Carriages the Messrs. Edgecombe Propose to Make. One of the most important of New Brunswick industries—the carriage and sleigh manufactory of Messrs. John Edgecombe & Sons at Fredericton—will be well represented at the provincial exhibitions in Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia next week.

Both exhibitions are held on the same dates, and this enterprising firm found it necessary to divide their show, but still their exhibits both at Charlottetown and Halifax will do credit to them and the province.

It was no easy task to get both exhibits ready in season and when it was found more time was needed arrangements were made to send the carriages forward by express in order that the shows might be as perfect as possible.

The firm will be represented in Prince Edward Island by Mr. A. J. Edgecombe, and in Halifax by Mr. Wm. J. Edgecombe, both of them practical and energetic men.

A representative of PROGRESS saw many of the carriages that will be seen next week at these exhibitions. They were being shipped and looked as bright and new as paint and varnish could make them. In style it would be impossible to surpass them in this country, while the general workmanship upon them is of such a high character that it is not necessary to emphasize it here.

One of the first carriages on the floor to attract attention was the three quarter seat open wagon, the top of which was finished in light mahogany, making it as attractive as possible. One could see at a glance that the wagon was a light one, but it was hardly possible to believe that it only weighed 125 pounds until it was subjected to a personal test.

Another one of the most useful of all carriages in use now, was the "open Bangor" finished in green leather. It was also intended for the Island exhibition. The feature of this wagon was its appearance of great strength and the bent stretchers that connected the axles. It was very low, and the springs powerful, yet easy.

A four-wheeled dog-cart, handsomely finished with silver trimmings, and upholstered as richly as may be, was the next attraction. A few of these are already in use in this city. They are becoming more popular every year. There can be either one or two seats, and when the rear seat folds up it completes a very comfortable rest for the front seat, making with the upholstered rail, a perfect back.

A two seated phaeton, elegantly trimmed, with lamps and tenders, and complete in every way as a small family carriage, was also being made ready for shipment to the Island. The drop axle made it so low as to be easily entered, and this, in these days, seems to be one of the requisites of all good carriages.

Perhaps a plainer carriage and [yet one that is more convenient than the most of them is the patent jump seat buggy, which by an ingenious contrivance can be made either a one or two seated covered carriage. It carries four as easily as two, and yet has not the appearance of weight that some other carriages have. For example, the Surrey family carriage is larger and heavier. Still it possesses advantages that the other does not, and is as necessary in its way for some people as the other is convenient. The handsome Surrey on the floor was intended for Halifax, though it is already sold to a gentleman in Truro, who has consented to its being exhibited. With its tenders, lamps and trimmings, it makes a very handsome appearance.

Somewhat similar to this family carriage is the "cut under extension top," which can always be depended to carry all the family, provided it is not too large. It is so made, however, that while commodious, it is not too heavy. The one PROGRESS saw had gold mountings and lamps, and was finished with green cloth trimmings, and the front and back fenders made it next to impossible for any mud to be thrown on the occupants.

A handsome open carriage was the Concord, next in order, which, with its drop axles, and light yet firm structure makes model business wagon.

Another of the carriages intended for Charlottetown was the American King spring buggy, the price of which has been fixed at one hundred dollars. Formerly this buggy sold readily for one hundred and sixty-five dollars, but it goes rapidly at the reduced rate.

An express wagon, neat and compact, was also among the list of those to be sent away. In all there were twelve carriages

to be sent away to the Island and twelve to Halifax. Among others was an open piano box with side springs, still a favorite with many people, a canopy top phaeton, a perfect ladies carriage, which sets low on the axle, and has fenders and lamps. Then there was an American road wagon, somewhat similar to the business Concord, and yet different enough to attract plenty of purchasers.

Horsemen will be interested in the two-wheeled cart, suitable either for road or track purposes, and weighing only fifty-two pounds. This gives but an inadequate idea of the exhibit as it really is. Many of the carriages were already packed and but a superficial view could be had of them, but all of those who read PROGRESS, and who visit these exhibitions will find it both to their pleasure and interest not to miss the exhibits of Messrs. Edgecombe.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

The Master of the "Scud." There's a schooner out from Kingsport, Through the morning's dazzle-gloom, Soaring down the Bay of Fundy With a norther on her beam. How the tough wind springs to wrestle, When the tide is on the flood! And between them stands young, daring Arnold, master of the "Scud." He is only "Martin's youngster" To the Minas coasting fleet, "Twelve year old, and full of Satan As an egg is full of meat." With a wake of froth behind him, And the gold-green waste before, Just as though he ran this morning Were his boat-pod by the door. Legs a-straddle grasps the tiller This young wail of the old sea; When the wind comes harder, only Laughs "Hurrah!" and holds her free. Little wonder, as you watch him With the dash in his blue eye, Long ago his father called him "Arnold master," on the sly. Now the wind grows moody, shifting Point by point into the east, Wind and wing the "Scud" is flying With her scuppers full of yeast. And the father's older wisdom On the sea line has descended, Like a stealthy cloud-bank making Up to windward with the tide, Those tall navies of disaster, The pale squadrons of the fog, That intrude this gray world border Without pilot, chart or log. Raging wanton as marooners From Minutiae to Manan. 'Heave to, and we'll reef, my master!' Cries he, when no will of man Spills the fressal, but a clumsy Wind-flaw with a hand like stone Hurts the boom round. In an instant Arnold, master, there alone, Sees a crushed corpse shot to leeward, With the gray doom in its face; And the clinging foam receives it To its everlasting place. What does Arnold, master, think you? Whisper like a child for dread? That's not Arnold. Foultest weather Strongest sailors ever bred. And this slip of taut sea-faring Grows a man who throes the fear, Let the storm and dark in spite now Do their work with valor here! N. is a reef and not a shiver, While the wind jeers in her shrouds, And the flauts of foam and sea-log Swarm upon her deck in crowds. Flies the "Scud" like a mad racer; And, with iron in his frown, Holding hard by wrath and dreadnaught, Arnold, master, rides her down. Let the tallfall shriek through foam-heads! Let the licking seas go gut! Elsewhere their old hunger bled! Arnold's making for the Gut. Cleft sheer down the sea-wall mountains Give that one port on the coast; Made, the vessel lies in sunshine, Missed, the little "Scud" is lost! Come now, fog-born, let your warning Rip the wind to starboard there! Suddenly that burly-throated Welcome ploughs the cumbered air. The young master hauls a little, Crowds her up and sheets her home, Heading for the narrow passage Where the safety signals come. Then the wind lulls, and an eddy Teils of fedges, where away; Veers the "Scud" sheet free, sun breaking Through the rifts, and there's the bay! Like a bird in from the storm-beat, As the summer sun goes down, Slow the schooner in its moorings By the wharf as Digby town. All the world next morning wondered, Largest letters, there it stood: "Storm in Fundy. A Boy's Daring. Arnold, Master of the Scud."

Acacia Hall, Sept. 1894. CYPRES GOLDBE.

"ENGLISH, YOU KNOW."

WHAT A YOUNG DUDE DID IN THE GOOD TOWN OF TRURO.

He Lived on the Fat of the Land and the Prospects of a Check From Home—How He Made the Acquaintance of the Constable and Jail.

There arrived in Truro about the 15th August last an Englishman named Frank J. Bradley, of Birmingham, Eng. Like all other tramp Englishmen he had wealthy relations 'ome in England and was travelling just for the sport of the thing. Should he, however, find time between his numerous social engagements he proposed placing on the Canadian and American markets hair pins and curling tongs of an improved pattern which would be universally adopted by the ladies. Previous to his coming to Truro he had been doing Halifax, where he arrived from England about the 12th of December last. While in Halifax he boarded at Mrs. Ackhurst's, corner of Victoria Road and Queen street, and when he left that city he forgot to pay his boarding mistress a board bill amounting to \$25. He also neglected calling on A. E. McManu, the fashionable tailor and paying that gentleman the sum of \$20 for fancy shirts, etc. He had a misunderstanding with T. A. S. DeWolt & Sons which resulted in that firm coming out the wrong end of the horn to the tune of \$35. When he arrived in Truro he had about \$14 on his person and began immediately to "blow" himself. He cracked a couple of bottles of champagne and the boys of the town at once placed him on the "dead game sport" list. He dressed faultlessly, wore a four inch strait standing collar, kept his red leather boots like polished brasses of a locomotive, changed his linen twice a day and smoked cigarettes until he perspired nicotine. He was soon "on his uppers," to use a common term but there was a cheque for £250 on the way from England. On the strength of this cheque he called on several hotel proprietors around town and asked them to lay in an extra supply of Geo. H. Munn's extra dry as he wished to take a bath of that delicious beverage as soon as his money arrived from England. Though he had a room at the Learment hotel he spent a considerable portion of his time at the Prince of Wales. He was very entertaining and was a general favorite with the ladies. He would tell them amid breathless silence of his miraculous escapes while tiger hunting in India and of his numerous expeditions up the Nile searching for the scalps of the Sandi nese who annihilated General Gordon and his forces. He was a very good pianist and would amuse the ladies for hours singing London concert hall songs. He went driving with them quite frequently and lavished his patent hair pins and curling tongs on the dear creatures until the merchants around town complained that their local trade for those articles was demoralized. Tim passed on and no cheque arrived. In the meantime the hotel people had ordered and received a big supply of champagne and were anxiously awaiting the arrival of Bradley's money, as they could not afford to carry along such an enormous stock of the sparkling water for any great length of time. The cheque had left England, and it was the fault of our "beastly" slow local banks that he had not received his money. However, it would be along in a day or two and everything would be all right. In the meantime his accounts at the Learment and Prince of Wales were fast approaching the century mark and the popular "Andy" Learment and Mrs. McKenzie were beginning to feel a little anxious as to the whereabouts of the cheque. At last he discovered why the cheque had not arrived. His brother was coming out on his tour around the world, and was bringing the "stuff" with him. Last week he announced that his brother had left England and would arrive at Rimouski on the following Saturday by the mail steamer. On Friday he told the boys around town that he intended leaving on Monday to join his brother in Montreal, and asked the Learment and Prince of Wales people for his accounts. He produced a fraudulent cablegram signed by his father, saying the cheque would reach him the next day (Saturday). On the strength of this cablegram he called on Mayor Turner, worked him for a V. touched up the venerable Archdeacon Kaubach for that amount and borrowed five dollars from McIntosh, the tailor. The same afternoon without proprietor Learment's knowledge he managed to get his trunk and valises transferred from the hotel to the baggage room where he had them checked for Windsor junction. Saturday morning Bradley was missing and a search of his room revealed the fact that he had decamped, bag and baggage. He had arisen quite early and walked to Brockfield, eight miles out of town where he boarded the early train for Windsor junction en route to Uncle Sam's domain via the W. & A. The Yarmouth chief of police was notified to be on the lookout for him and to arrest him should he put in an appearance there. Late Saturday night word was received that Bradley had been arrested and was safely lodged in the "cooler." After listening to an eloquent discourse by the Rev. Mr. Cumming on Sunday evening Mayor Turner proceeded to the residence of J. W. Johnson, J. P., and swore out an indictment against Brad-

ley, charging him with obtaining money under false pretences. The papers were placed in the hands of Policeman Green, and he started for Yarmouth on Monday morning to bring Bradley back to Truro. When it became known around town that the entertaining Englishman had skipped out the boys all said "I told you so," while the girls unanimously agreed that the "horrid mean thing" never saw India. TOMMY HOPKINS.

GRASSHOPPERS STOP TRAINS.

This was no tin Kansas, but in Fair Chantauqua, New York.

PROGRESS readers will remember a racy story of grasshoppers stopping trains in the far West, as told by a western driver. A prominent New Yorker recently said in reference to this tale: "It was regarded in the East as a wild reach of the western imagination. I believe no one had deeper doubt of it than myself. But I doubt no longer, for I was on a train the other day, right in our own State of New York, which was stopped by grasshoppers as effectually as the engineer with his air brakes could have stopped it.

"The railroad was the Chautauqua Lake Railroad, and the train was on its way between Mayville and Jamestown. All that region has had a most destructive visitation of grasshoppers this year, crops, foliage, and even hay, cut and housed, having been absolutely eaten up clean by the ravenous insects. This day the passengers on the train noticed that frequently it would gradually slow up and come almost to a standstill, but after a while regain somewhat of its regular speed. At last, though, after slowing up, and the engine working in a way that showed that the engineer was making his greatest effort to overcome whatever the obstacle was to the progress of the train, it came to a dead standstill. A trainman was hurrying through the car I was in, and I asked him what was the matter.

"Grasshoppers," said he. We're stalled again by grasshoppers. "Nobody believed him, of course, but I got out of the car, and it wasn't long before I found that he was in earnest. Grasshoppers had effectually stopped the train. The rails behind us as far as anyone could see were two glistening lines of grease. As far as anyone could see ahead the railroad tracks were hidden by untold numbers of grasshoppers. Men had to be sent ahead to sweep or shovel or scrape the insects off the rails. By dint of much sand and steam the train was at last got under way, but for nearly two miles the advance guard of trainmen had to keep the train clear of grasshoppers immediately ahead of the locomotive wheels, before we had passed out of that tremendous swarm of insects fast to bursting on the crops of the Chautauqua region and the train could go on its way without danger of further stalling. I learned that the trains on that road had been unable to make anything like schedule time for several days, and that no trip had been made on any train in that time on which it had not been stopped more than once by the crushing of grasshoppers on the rails.

From "The Empire," Sept. 13th, 1894. Window Shades.

In the north-west corner of the Main Building on the second floor is an exhibit which daily attracts thousands of visitors. The handsome display is that of Menzies, Turner & Co., of 21 Bay street, the well-known window shade makers, and manufacturers of all sorts of window and shade fixtures, including the latest improvements. Their "Imperial" shade is the finest ever seen in Canada and should be inspected by anyone contemplating the erection or re-turfishing of a home.

This company manufacture annually a vast quantity of shades, and their trade is fast developing into enormous proportions. Through the trade they supply shades for public buildings, offices and private houses—in fact for all kinds of buildings. Contractors and house-furnishers are recommended to see this exhibit, which is certainly one of the finest and most attractive to be seen anywhere on the Fair grounds.

The development of this company's trade is indicative of the prosperity of the city and country. The exhibit is a credit to the Industrial Exhibition Association and to the city from which it comes—Toronto.

A Fable Brought Down to Date.

Two men who had found an oyster which each of them claimed as his referred their dispute to a lawyer, who ate the oyster and awarded them a shell apiece. Immediately after they organized the Great Oyster-Shell trust, issuing \$10,000,000 debentures secured by a first mortgage on the shells, retained the lawyer as their legal adviser, purchased several senators and lived happy ever afterwards. The moral of this fable is: Do not throw away the shells even after the lawyer has eaten the oysters.

Banks' Association With the "Picyane."

The New Orleans Picyane mentions the fact that the late General Banks was some what intimately associated with that paper, as during his military administration at New Orleans, becoming displeased with the Picyane, he seized the office, "occupied it with a guard of soldiers and put a stop to its publication for several weeks." Subsequently the matter was arranged, and the Picyane remains to-day the only anti-bellum paper published in New Orleans in the English language that survives.

Fall Millinery Opening.

Charles K. Cameron & Co., announce their fall opening of millinery for September 27th, 28th, and 29th, next Thursday, Friday and Saturday. "Opening days" in this line are looked forward to by the ladies with much pleasure and Mr. Cameron always has a stock that for variety and style cannot fail to please them. Remember the days and be sure to go.

"Progress" is on sale in Boston at the King's Chapel news stand, corner of School and Tremont streets.