

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR. Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday...

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A WORD FOR FOOTBALL.

Today the people of St. John will have a chance to see what a glorious game is Rugby football. There is no game more eminently suitable for putting men in good trim...

The British Medical Journal has just come out with a long article calling attention to the dangers of football...

Perhaps there is no place in Canada where it is more natural for there to be a strong feeling against football than in St. John...

But now that the distressing accident is a thing of the past, there seems no reason why the game of football should not be encouraged in St. John...

There is no game more conducive to a uniform development of body than football. The man who is a conscientious devotee of the game...

ing that puts it in sympathy with the body, and the body in sympathy with the mind. It may seem a paradox, but it is nevertheless a fact...

Mount Allison men in this city—and there are more here than might think—are anxious that as many Mount Allisonians as possible will attend today's game.

YOUNGER MEN WANTED. The agreement with the opinion expressed in this column in the last issue respecting the political status of Messrs. WELDON and ELLIS has been so marked...

THE PROVINCE SHOULD ASSIST. MR. GEORGE U. HAY makes the timely suggestion that a portion of the proposed park should be set apart for an arboretum...

The goose-bone, which has been from time immemorial an eminent authority on the weather, says that the coming winter will be a howler.

The United States mints are now busily engaged in coining cents. It is said that much of the need for these small coins comes from the modern style of price-fixing...

"Cholly has such a habit of telling all he knows," said one girl. "Yes," replied the other, "but it wouldn't be so bad if he would only make a point of knowing all he tells."

marking of goods at the former price has just been made by a comic paper, which represents a merchant as saying that most people hate to lose the difference between ninety-nine cents and a dollar.

Whenever a St. John man commits burglary in the United States, the papers of that country are very clever in finding out his place of residence. The papers are also very astute in crediting this place with many criminals that come from various parts of the maritime provinces...

The Carleton county jury that heard the case of criminal libel against publisher CROCKETT of the Gleaner failed to agree and the newspaper man went home unharmed.

The Sun says that Mr. WELDON is a reputable man, CHARLES WESLEY should paste that paragraph in his hat. It was not so very long ago that the same journal suggested his close connection with a \$5,000 draft.

The Toronto Mail says: "It has been decided to abandon the idea of holding a winter carnival in Montreal, but to have instead a week of winter sport."

Over love's golden sea, Come sail, sweetheart, with me; Bring with you the bread and butter, Bring the fragrant breakfast tea...

The Christmas number of the Delineator "comes but once a year", and so the publishers strive to make it as good a one as possible.

MARRIAGE A FAILURE IN OMAHA. A row of great proportions is imminent in the Board of Education of Omaha.

"Oh, what care you for a prince's gold, Or the key of a kingdom's toil? I had rather see you a harlot bold, Than sin of her own free will."

VAGABONDIA SONGS.

From the Pens of Bliss Carman and Richard Hovey.

Among the numerous poetical volumes that have lately been published, is an odd looking little book issued by Copeland and Day, Boston, and entitled "Songs from Vagabondia."

This book brings fresh evidence of the fact that a new and distinctive school of poetry is coming to the front, headed by such gifted writers as Rudyard Kipling, Chas. G. D. Roberts, Bliss Carman and Richard Hovey.

"Here's the toast that we love most, 'Love and song and joy!'" He strikes this note in his poem Vagabondia.

"Here we are free— Free as the wind is, Free as the sea, Free!"

"Unless ere the kiss come, Black Richard or Bliss come Or Tom with a fagon Or Karl with a jag on—"

"The Kings of earth are crowned with care, Their poets wall and sigh; Our music is to do and dare, Our empire is to die."

"Let thy cronies of the tavern Keep their kisses bought with gold; On the high seas there are regions Where the heart is never old."

"On the shining yards of heaven See a wider dawn unfurled; The eternal masters of beauty Are the slaves of the world."

"In her body's perfect sweet Suppleness and languor meet— Arms that move like lapsing billows, Breasts that love would make his pillows, Eyes whose vision melts in bliss, Lips that ripen to a kiss."

"Far away The river melts in the unseen. O beautiful Gilt-city, how she dips Her feet in the stream...

"Laurana's Song," the bitter wail of a ruined woman, is a strong bit of realism, written with dramatic fervor.

"We are mendicants who wait Along the roadside in the sun, Tatters of yesterday and shreds Of tomorrow cloth us every one."

"O foolish ones, put by your care! Where wants are many, joys are few: And at the wilding springs of peace, God keeps an open house for you."

"From the standpoint of workmanship, or literary technique, there is something to criticize, something well worth criticism."

"From rippled water to dappled swamp, From purple glory to scarlet pomp; The palish asters along the wood, A lyric touch of the solitude."

"The swarthy beak is a buccaneer, A brily velvet rover, Who loves the booming wind in his ear As he sails the seas of clover."

"Down the river banks of spring Through the poppies without number Bow'd their heads in crimson slumber."

"There were always throats to sing Down the river banks of spring 'Till the poppies without number Bow'd their heads in crimson slumber."

"Floating—and all the stillness waits And listens at the ivory gates, Full of dim uncertain presage Of some strange, undelivered message."

"Trees and a glimpse of sky! And the slow river, quiet as a pool! And thou and I—and thou and I— Kiss me! How soft the air is and how cool!"

"There is a freedom and ring about much of Hovey's verse that is refreshing and delightful. This is noticeable in the quotations already made from 'Vagabondia' and 'The Buccaneers.'"

"Bliss Carman and Richard Hovey are among the first of our 'new poets,' and this last contribution, while it contains

some poems of only mediocre merit, contains others which suggest a new and rich vein in English literature, and are sure to retain a permanent place in letters.

"The trouble with this country," said the sorrowful politician, "is the tendency of its people to go to extremes."

"The Mobile Vulgus. "The trouble with this country," said the sorrowful politician, "is the tendency of its people to go to extremes."

"Well, sir, the suit has finally been decided in your favor and the property is now ours."

"Drawing a Line. Mrs. De Fashion—My dear, I have picked out a husband for you."

"He—I shall never marry until I meet a woman who is my direct opposite. She (encouragingly)—Well, Mr Duffer, there are numbers of bright, intelligent girls in this neighborhood."

"From the note-book of a philosopher: "There are two classes of people whom it is impossible to convince against their will—women and men."

"What does 'pas de deux' mean? "Why, father of twins, of course."

"Fortune never changes men. It only brings out what is already in them."

MUSGRAVEVILLE. OCT. 23.—A very successful entertainment was given by the school children in district No. 1 under the superintendence of Miss Taylor, on Wednesday evening last.

MRS. J. A. BALCOM, who has been very ill at Oromocto, returned home this week. Her friends will be glad to hear that she has quite recovered.

MISS ALICE LUDGATE, of St. George, is spending a few weeks with her grandmother at "Inglewood."