

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCT. 13

A HINT TO GENERAL BOOTH.

General Booth is still on his triumphal tour through Canada. At every town where he stays, as in St. John, leading ministers and laymen are proud to do him reverence. He is honored as being the founder of an organization which has done a vast amount of good where good was most needed.

Two weeks ago PROGRESS gave an account of the splendid work that has been done by the Salvation Army in St. John and other places in the maritime provinces, particularly alluding to its labors in raising fallen women. No wonder General Booth was so cordially welcomed to this city. The work of that body of which he is the originator and head is apparent in St. John.

There are smaller places in Canada, however, where there are representatives of this great body, where its good works are not by any means so apparent. That such is the case should certainly be brought to the notice of the wise and broad-minded man whose influence as a leader would, in all probability, speedily correct the unchristian fanaticism of some of his followers who are conscientiously trying to do good, and whose wisdom might find some means of preventing the Army in some small towns from having paid soldiers who are in the body only because to be a soldier in the Army is for them a very easy way to make a living.

The former possibility is a very possible one, as the general is a leader who is much respected by all his soldiers. A few words from him would show overzealous salvationists that nothing is to be gained from a silly antipathy to the churches, which sometimes results in actual lawlessness, and from a disregard of the rights and privileges of others in matters that do not pertain to religion.

That a properly conducted corps of the Salvation Army atones, in many places, for the noise they make, simply by the good that they do in keeping members of a certain class off the streets in the evening, is undoubtedly true, even if they do nothing in the way of leading the se persons to better and purer lives. The great objection to the Army in many small towns and villages is that some of its members seem to glory in being public nuisances as well as public benefactors. They do great injury to themselves and their cause by the idea that the method of service of the Salvation Army is right, and that the different services of the different churches are wrong, and that therefore they are doing God honor when they disturb or mock the services of the churches. There is a lot of foolishness among some individual members of every religious body that ever existed; and this is the crowning foolishness of some individual members of the Salvation Army. It is an error that would be censured by no man more vigorously than by the broad-minded founder of the Army, General Booth.

There have been several instances in provincial towns where Salvation Army captains have made themselves and their form of worship obnoxious to many good people by taking their followers immediately outside churches in which service was being held, and disturbing those who chose to worship otherwise than by attending the Army meeting. Moreover, the officers have boasted loudly of their unchristian and unlawful conduct.

In a large New Brunswick town, a few years ago, a new band was organized. The citizens of the place had subscribed liberally towards the band fund, and the band boys were prepared to play their prettiest in return. An ordinary cornet band, when composed of good players, exerts, in its way, as refining an influence as an ordinary small band of the Salvation Army. It is composed of men who give

their time and talents to the betterment of their fellows, receiving nothing but the approval of these in return. For the majority of the nights of the week the citizens had good naturedly borne the noise of the salvationists. On the one night on which at first the band played, a large crowd had gathered to hear the music, when the salvationists came round the corner, making twilight hideous with the noise of the bass-drum and the tamborine. The citizens bore this for one night, but told the salvationists that on the next band night they would be obliged to them if they had the decency to play either before or after the band. On the next band night, the salvationists came round the corner, with beating of drums and whacking of tamborines, while the band was playing, just as they had done on the former occasion. Then the people were aroused to action, and drove the Army away, using the product of the Canadian hen to speed them on their way to the barracks. The salvationists never attempted to interfere with the playing of the band again, but they posed as martyrs in their meetings for a long time afterward, to their own infinite satisfaction.

There have been so many incidents of a similar nature in small towns and villages of the maritime provinces, that the Army is not as highly respected by the leading citizens of these places as it is in St. John. General Booth's idea of the Salvation Army scheme certainly did not include the rendering of the Army offensive by such conduct on the part of its members.

The cases cited are, after all, exceptions to the rule. It is unnatural to expect that some men saved from the lowest forms of vice should be exempt from thoughtlessness in such matters, and it is simply in the knowledge that those in highest authority in the Army know but little of these errors on the part of their followers, and in the confidence that they will do their best to remedy the evil, that this is written.

WILL CARLETON, "the sweet historian of the heart," tells how he attended a Salvation Army meeting when the Army was young. After hearing the discords of the drum and tamborines, and the shouting, and the clapping of hands, he thought that he "would rather praise God in a civilized way." But when he saw a depraved and till then hardened sinner make his way to the penitent form, with the unwept tears of a lifetime streaming down his face, he came to the conclusion

That those who save people From depths lowest down Will not fall of God's love, Or to shine in His crown.

The verdict in favor of SILVER in his case against the city will commend itself to the intelligent taxpayers even if they feel that it may add somewhat to the burden already upon them. The amount of the damages seems large and may be open to question, but when the injuries received by SILVER are considered even \$3,750 does not seem to be much. It is large however when the fact is considered that the city knew it had no case and was, we are informed, advised strongly to settle the matter. If our information is correct SILVER's solicitor offered to accept \$1000 in settlement. Surely in the light of the verdict and the amount sued for, that appears now to have been a reasonable proposition. It was not accepted and the city will probably have to pay between \$4000 and \$5000. This is the latest legacy of neglect that has been handed down by the old council.

Says the literary critic of the Chatham World: OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, the genial old poet, is dead. He won public recognition several years ago, by his "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" papers in the Atlantic Monthly, but they were minor productions in comparison with his poetry and other writings.

The World man is evidently not aware that much of the most famous of Dr. HOLMES' poetry originally appeared in those same "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" papers.

In the prospectus of Donahoe's Magazine for October, a short story by "ROBERT BARR, the well known English novelist," is announced. Mr. BARR may have written a novel, but it so it has not had a very wide circulation, it being as a humorist and short-story writer that his deserved fame is based. Moreover, he is certainly no more English than any other Canadian who is proud of his native land.

A writer in the Detroit Free Press calls St. John "rather a solemn city." This displays a strange and complicated and unlovely trait of human nature, but nevertheless a common one. For it is Detroit that has been for many years known by its western rivals as "the solemn city."

The October number of McClure's Magazine contains a long article on the editor of the New York Sun, illustrated by nine pictures of Mr. DANA, in and out of his office. And yet there is not a single allusion to or picture of Mr. DANA's office cat.

Where Pain is Ended. A dentist is one of the most useful members society has, and one of the best known gentlemen in that line of work is Dr. A. D. Smith, who for several years was with Dr. J. M. Smith, of the North End, and who has now opened an office over McArthur's Drug Store, 67 Charlotte street. Dr. Smith is prepared to give his patrons the benefits of the latest study in his art.

MR. HENRY'S "EXPLANATION."

A Long Letter Sufficiently Remarkable for Publication.

To the EDITOR OF PROGRESS.—While I am averse to anything like newspaper controversy, my name has been so freely handled about during my presence in the United States, not only in newspapers published in Halifax but also in others of St. John and Toronto, in connection with a supper given at the Victoria club, Toronto, on the evening of Friday, Sept. 14th, that I feel that some statement of my side of the matter should, in fairness to myself, be made.

The public is familiar with the general outline of the affair. I propose merely to correct some statements which have been made, and which correctly stated but a different aspect upon the affair.

The whole trouble arose from a misunderstanding among the Toronto men themselves. It was not intended to invite our cricket team as a team to this supper, which was entirely of a private nature, but merely to entertain some individuals upon the team. The affair was organized in a great hurry and some few of the men who were asked by Mr. Lindsey to subscribe to the supper understood that all our men were to be invited.

When reference to the supper was made by some of the Toronto men in the presence of some of our men who had not been invited, the latter at once felt aggrieved and spoke to me about it. I do not recall their feelings aggrieved, but they should have been satisfied with my assurance that they had not been invited. In support of my statement that the affair was a private one I refer to Mr. Lindsey's letter, which has already been published (and who should know the intention of the entertainment better than he, the originator, organizer and manager of the whole affair), to the statement of Mr. Stewart in the Halifax Herald of Sep. 13th and to the following extract from an article in the Toronto Evening News of the same date:

"Some friends of Mr. Henry, the maritime captain, and he has many in the city, were anxious to secure a supper for the purpose of selecting those of our party who were to be asked to the supper. The entertainment being from my standpoint, at least, a private one, I cannot see why anyone should complain of being left out, unless he were such an intimate personal friend of mine, or one who had so entertained me privately, that my omission of him would amount to a personal slight."

It seems to have created surprise in the minds of some of my fellow-players that the so-called "social line" was so sharply drawn. (I may remark in parentheses that, had it been drawn in a "social line," I would have drawn it, if at all, several places lower down.) It was the gentleman who furnished the press with information who apparently recognized and essayed to establish the existence of such a line at that point. It did not, of course, occur to these dissatisfied gentlemen that not one of those who were not invited, had availed himself of the privileges of the Victoria club, which had been extended to the whole team, while every one of the invited men had been previously entertained at that club in some form or other. I do not say, because I do not know, that this was the reason for the selection which was made, but it presents itself to me as the most natural reason for the selection.

Whether it be true or not that the supper was a private affair, this much is certain, that it was presented to my notice as such. It was given by individuals, not by any club or organization. The Toronto cricket club had nothing to do with the entertainment, for their captain informed me that they had no objection to my going to the supper as a member or a spectator, but that they had decided that either during cricket was a bad thing, and a theatre party had been arranged, and that they were to go to Toronto as such, had nothing to do with it either, for, out of twenty-nine cricketers whom we had met in the matches, only five were to go, and we knew of Mr. Laing and Mr. Weaver, who stayed away, and not one of the three Toronto captains was present.

Therefore accepted the invitation as I had accepted numerous private invitations before. I did not, as it has been suggested I should have done, resent the fact that the invitation had not been extended to the whole party, because I saw then and now no reason why some personal friends of mine and several others at the Falls, although I should invite thirteen men to supper if they wanted only eight, nor do I see that I am to be held responsible for the fact that some Toronto men imagined that the whole party was to be invited.

Mr. Wadsworth, whom I had an opportunity of talking to in the evening, informed me that the reason which prompted Mr. Laing and himself to stay away from the supper was that, having gone to the Victoria club, they had no opportunity to the supper and finding that they had not been invited, they thought it would be more courteous to remain with the party than to go to the supper. I told him that I had no further statement to make to them. Next morning as I was leaving for the Falls, I saw a few minutes to catch the boat, Smith wished to bring the matter up again. I told him I had no time to listen to him, but that if he would speak to me about it, I would be at the Falls all day where he would have an opportunity of doing so. I saw him on his way to the Falls, although it is not the fact that he put on a rubber suit alongside of me, and if he wished to do so I was ready to discuss the matter with him from his own point of view, but I am sure that he had thought better of it.

It is only fair that a gentleman whose name has been so freely handled about during my presence should be set right with the public. I am authorized by Bandmaster Hughes to say that he did not go to the supper, but that he was perfectly satisfied with the trip in every particular, and that he thoroughly disapproved of the public notice which had been given to the affair. He is satisfied that I used no efforts to prevent his going to Philadelphia, if he had been asked, but that, on the other hand, I offered to make it possible for him to go if he were asked. While on this subject I may say in reply to a statement in Progress that I had no conversation with any person whatever on the subject of Mr. Mackintosh's financial ability to go to Philadelphia, and further, that his name was never mentioned in my presence as likely to go there, and that I never gave any talk of Hughes or myself being asked to fill the vacancy caused by Gillespie's retirement, should W. W. Jones (the spare man) give up his place, but, as the Canadian team was provided with a wicket keeper, there was no talk so far as I am aware of Mackintosh being asked to fill the vacancy. I regret having been obliged to take up so much space over a matter which has already been magnified to such proportions, and which, in my opinion, should never, in my opinion at least, have been brought before public notice.

I am sorry to hear, about the unkindness of attacking me at a time when it was known that I would be absent from the city for several weeks, and that I was therefore for a time inaccessible, and that I have now said my first and last word, and given to the public a plain statement of some facts which had been distorted. Whether my statement is believed or not, I refuse to carry this matter to any greater length, no matter what criticism this article may provoke.

Halifax, Oct. 5th, 1894. W. A. HENRY.

Mr. H. H. Smith has a slashing reply to Mr. Henry in the Halifax papers of Tuesday and his statements are so straight forward that they must carry a good deal of weight. Mr. Henry made a mistake; that is quite evident, the discredit of which will cling to him for a long time. No matter how much the "social line" exists

in every day life it has no place in sport. Mr. Henry has this fact to learn. It is only to be hoped that the unpleasantness may not result in injuring the good game in Halifax where there are so many excellent cricketers

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Leaf-Song. The leaves they came flying, The red and the yellow ones; Crisp and golden leaves, Out of the trees. The boughs they kept waving, The sad and the sighing ones; Green wreathed and talking boughs Beat in the breeze.

Listal lay waiting, The sweet little angel child; Pale faced and strunken one, Watching them fly. The leaves they kept calling, The sweet-voiced and singing ones; Calling and telling us "Listal will die."

The leaves they came looking, The trembling and sobbing ones; Turning and dying leaves, Strewing the lands. Tapping the window pane, Came they and whispered there; Came they there pointing in, With their cold hands.

Louder the knocking grew, Voice of the hearts of them; Dark robed and anxious ones, Cried in the night, "Open the window now!" So we gave heed to them, Listal then, angel child, Passed into light.

The leaves they came drifting, The tear-stained and parted ones; Messenger-laden leaves, Flying anew. Whirled to the window panes, Tapping and looking there; Listal our angel child, Comes with them too.

Leaf Path, Oct. 1894. CYRUS GOLDBE.

Down on the River. The stars in the river are sleeping, The river sings low to the stars; O'er the lily-leaf a cold light is creeping To shiver and die on the bars.

The alders and shore-willows quiver, The stars fade like ghosts and are gone; A lone heron, grey as the river, Arises his head at the breath of the dawn.

"Honi Solt qui Mal y Pense." 'Twas at a ball. In vain I tried To feel less like a social martyr, When, lying on the floor, I spied A thing of yellow silk—

I stooped, and hid it in my hand, And wondered who must be the loser; I should not ask me for the band! How such a question would confuse her!

Returning with it to my place, I wonder'd if my cheek were flushing; In turn I scanned each lovely face, Until I saw how you were blushing!

My own perception I had wronged, And thought that I would not have known her! To whom this dainty hand belonged; To think that you could be the owner.

So thus I send it back to you, Around this bunch of blushing roses! One found no whom you never knew; Whose name no hint of mine discloses.

I would not have you guess 'twas I, For that might put constraint upon you, Perhaps you'll know me by-and-by; Perhaps you'll love me! When I've won you,

I'll whisper that 'twas I who found This clinging sly band of yellow. We're strangers, still I will be bound, You, and no other, have its fellow!

And now may my respect for you Be pardon for these rhyming fancies; For never motto was more true Than "Honi Solt qui mal y pense!" Philadelphia Inquirer.

On Calais Sands. On Calais sands the gray began, The rosy red above the gray, The morn with many a scariest van, The world was glad with May! The little waves along the bay Broke white upon the shelving strands; The sea-meads fluted white as they

On Calais sands! On Calais sands must man with man Wash honor clean in blood today; On spaces wet from water wan How white the flashing rapiers play. Pangs ripple and lunge! The tray Shifts for awhile, then mournful stands The Victor; life ebbs fast away On Calais sands!

On Calais sands a little space Of silence, then the dash and spray, The sound of eager waves that ran To kiss the perturbed locks astray. To touch these lips that never said "Nay," To daily with the helpless hands Till the deep sea in silence lay On Calais sands!

Between the lilac and the may She waits her love from alien lands, Her love I colder than the clay On Calais sands! Andrew Lang.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES. The October number of Donahoe's has three articles in answer to the question, "Which party should be supported?" The writers have different ideas on the subject, but temper their differences with humor. Professor Drummond is handled without gloves in a striking article on "Sham Science." There is a complete story by Robert Barr (Luke Sharp). The publishers show in their prospectus that they are proud of this number, and they have reason to be, as it is a good one.

Pushing the Sale of His Goods. Mr. William McIntyre, the manager of the St. John branch of the Dominion Brewery, company is bound to impress the fact upon the public that his goods are first class. He advertises that fact whenever and wherever he can and "white label ale" is better known than many other articles on the markets much longer. His Salvador Lager and English Hop Bitter Ale are also favorites with the trade. At the Halifax exhibition they took first prizes a fact that Manager McIntyre does not fail to emphasize. Those who use these goods can lose nothing by giving them a trial, and a first trial is all the manager wants.

"Progress" is for sale in Esterville at Daniel Brophy's grocery.

THE LOAN OF A LOVER.

How the North End Young Lady Suspected Something Wrong.

There is a young gentleman in St. John who goes to see a young lady in the North End occasionally. This young gentleman has a twin brother who does not go to see the young lady—in fact, never saw her until a few evenings ago, having recently come from the States, where he has been for the past year. He does not want to see her again in a hurry, and she probably does not want to see him.

The two young men were talking one night recently about their great likeness to one another, and the many remarkable incidents which occurred because of that likeness. Not only in their looks, but in their speech and actions, were they like each other. Several members of the young men's family were present. After the conversation the young man who now and then visits the North End arose to go out.

"Where are you going?" asked a member of the family. "Oh, there's no need of asking where he is going," said one of his sisters. "He's going to Portland."

"No," said the young man, "I am not." "Oh, come, now, that is just a trifle too transparent," remarked the sister. And the young man went out.

"He's not going to Portland," said the twin brother, with the air of a Sherlock Holmes. "How do you know?" asked the sister, who was not as observant as most young ladies.

"Why, because he hasn't got the suit on he usually wears when he goes to that part of the city," said the young man. "Why, of course he isn't going," said the young lady. "You've got more knowledge of dress than I ever gave you credit for. But she'll be expecting him, for she told me this afternoon that he was going to call tonight."

"Now see here," continued this wicked young lady, "it would never do to disappoint that poor girl. It's your duty to her—to your brother's honor—to the family—to go to see her yourself tonight."

"Me?" asked the young man in astonishment. "Why, I don't know her." "Well, and she doesn't know you, either, does she? Why, that's just what you want. You'll have to take her young man's place—make love to her—make her spend a happy evening instead of a tearful one. Now, hurry up stairs like a good boy and dress yourself in the suit."

The young man hesitated for some time; but consideration of his duty to his brother and the family honor prevailed, and he dressed himself in his brother's clothes. He looked so much like his brother when he came down stairs that even his sister hardly knew him.

He found the house after some difficulty, having greatly amazed a next-door neighbor of the young lady's parents, who knew that his brother was in the habit of visiting that vicinity, by asking where those parents lived. The neighbor thought that the lover had been imbibing from other streams than those sacred to the god of love.

He found the house at length, and also the young lady. She was greeted effusively, and responded in kind. He was shown into the parlor and made himself thoroughly at home. He felt as if he knew the young woman very well indeed, and she felt likewise in regard to him.

They talked of many things which the young man, having recently had conversations with his brother, and having received confidential letters from him during his residence abroad, was able to talk of freely and intelligently. They talked of many things which the young man found considerable difficulty in talking about either freely or intelligently. She alluded to the brother that had just come home from the States, and the proverb that "listeners never hear any good of themselves" was wrong in this instance, for it was evident that the base impersonator had been given a very good character by the young man whose place he was taking. And the actor felt like going home, taking off his borrowed raiment, and administering to himself a well-deserved kicking.

Still he was having a good time—and so was the young lady. He began to wish that he and his brother, like the captain and the sailor in Pinaford, had been mixed up in infancy by their nurse. He was happy. But he really could not stay longer. For one thing, his brother might be home, wondering who had taken his clothes. He looked at his watch, and lo! it was far later than he thought. He arose, and taking her lily-white hand in his, bade her adieu, and started for the door. Who would have thought that such a fair and cloudless sky could suddenly conjure up such a storm? For it was a storm indeed. The young lady burst into tears, and told him just what she thought of a man who would steal his brother's clothes, go into a strange house, and behave as he had done to a lady he had never met. He was utterly dumbfounded. His atrocious crime he did not attempt to either palliate or deny. He acknowledged the impeachment, and begged pardon of the lady in a truly penitent manner. His penitence was not well received, however. The young lady was raging. Pointing to the door, she told him to go; and he went.

His brother was still out when he returned home. His sister was sitting up, waiting for him. He did not appear pleased to see her, which fact was a source of infinite satisfaction to her. He told her, in tones which were full of emotion, not for the world to tell his brother about his visit. He did not reflect that possibly there was a way by which his brother might hear all about it. He then went up stairs, took off his brother's clothes, and went to bed. But curiosity at length overcame his fears of his brother's anger. He wanted to know wherein he had erred. He was a sadder man than when he started on his visit; he wanted to also be a wiser one. So he lay awake until his brother came back, and confessed all.

To say that his brother was a bad would be expressing it very mildly. He dared

his brother to fight, and his brother complied with the "dare". He jumped out of bed, and a warm contest followed. It is rumored that the likeness between the young men has been partially removed. One has a black eye—the other a damaged nose. But when they viewed each other's additional charms, their anger departed. They shook hands. Then was the impersonator's chance. "How on earth," he asked, "did the girl find me out? I say, how do you generally take leave of her, anyway?"

A blush passed over the face of the lover, which set off his black eye to perfection. "I always kiss her," he said.

CHAT ABOUT THE TURF.

Arclight has returned home and is still the property of his breeder, Dr. Taylor, of Hampton. He started in three or four races in New England, and won one of them, getting a mark of better than '20. Mr. Bell has returned also and congratulations are in order. But, after all, Arclight did not do as well as his friends hoped—and—whisper it not—there are people in Boston foolish enough to say that this was not the fault of the horse. Apropos of this a good story is told of Geo. W. Leavitt and Mr. Bell.

I cannot vouch for its perfect exactness because I did not hear the dialogue—and now-a-days a man has enough to do to trust his own ears—but it seems that Leavitt had seen Arclight move and was so confident that he could win that he backed his opinion with his cash. That was a foolish thing for Leavitt to do under the circumstances and so he thought afterward. When he saw the professor looking for grass with Arclight he made up his mind that no horse in the country could trot a mile and an eighth and win in that company. This fact also moved the judges and they cautioned "the jogger" to drive to win. Leavitt would have given something to have had Jock Bowen behind the black stallion but Bell was there to drive whether he won or not. He drove but he did not win and Leavitt lost his money.

It was after this that Leavitt asked Bell to put a price on Arclight. His answer was to the effect that when he brought a customer he would talk business. Leavitt did not do business that way and when hunted up later he was not a buyer.

Horse racing is about as uncertain as anything on earth. In Sussex the other day John A. and Sandy Morris each won two heats of a race with Messenger Prince and Joe Hooker fighting for third money. The race could not be finished and when Monday—the first fine day after Thursday—came Messenger Prince walked away with the race and the money in three straight heats. There has been a lot of rivalry between Messenger and Hooker and much newspaper talk but the latter was not in it when the time came. Dave Atherton had Messenger under his care.

I notice that the mare Helena has been secured by W. McEvoy as an attraction to ticket buyers for the races at Moosepath next Thursday. There will be a gentleman's driving race for those horses never in competition for public money; a two year old colt race and a running race. Some one will be lucky enough to hold the tickets that wins Helena and she is worth winning and driving.

Mr. Johnson's characteristic enterprise cropped out this week in the attraction he furnished Calais in the shape of Nelson and a trotting meeting. The gallant Maine stallion still has the favor of the people of the pine tree state and they would travel far to see him speed.

TO PREPARE FOR THE BATTLE.

Maritime Prohibitionists are Called Together to Get Ready for the Elections. A prohibition convention for the Maritime provinces will be held at Annapolis Royal, on Wednesday and Thursday, October 17th and 18th. The first session will be called to order at 2 p. m. on Wednesday. The call is issued by President Geo. E. Corbett, of Annapolis, and Secretary Bryenton, of Amherst.

All Churches, Lodges, Divisions, Councils, W. C. T. U's and religious and temperance societies of whatever name are requested to send representatives. The prominent temperance workers in the three provinces are expected to be present. W. W. Buchanan and other temperance leaders from Ontario and Quebec have announced their intention of attending.

"The objects of the convention are to prepare the temperance forces for action in view of the near approach of a general election; to prevent the supreme issue from being ignored in the coming campaign; to consider the advisability of putting independent candidates in the field in certain constituencies; and to complete the formation of a central bureau on political action, thus securing uniformity of method and effort among our workers.

"The attitude of the Thompson government, as indicated in the answer given the temperance delegation, and the policy of the liberal party as laid down by the Ottawa convention, and more recently endorsed by Mr. Laurier, clearly show the necessity of pressing the issue at this juncture. Our only hope of better treatment from the liberal parties in the future lies in making our influence felt in the coming campaign. The greater influence of the electorate as shown in the patron movement is an encouraging sign of the times, indicating that issues rather than party cries are to predominate in the politics of this country, and that the time is propitious for pushing the prohibition question to the front, independent of party."