

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, from its new quarters, 29 to 31 Canterbury street, St. John, N. B. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

All Letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

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 Prince Edward Island every Saturday, for Five Cents each.

Discontinuation.—Except in those localities which are easily reached, Progress will be stopped at the time paid for. Discontinuances can only be made by paying arrears at the rate of five cents per copy.

Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 35 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

Remittances should always be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. The former is preferred, and should be made payable in every case to EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher.

The Circulation of this paper is over 13,000 copies; it is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

Halfpenny Branch Office, Knowles' Building, corner George and Grandville streets.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640.

ST. JOHN, N. B. SATURDAY, SEP. 21.

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT.

The Daily Record has passed from the ownership and control of E. S. CARTER & Co. to that of the Daily Record Printing & Publishing Company and is now under the management of Mr. H. G. FENETY. The announcement of this change is also accompanied by that of the return of Mr. G. E. FENETY to active journalism as the chief editorial writer of the Record. Those who recall his vigorous conduct of the Morning News many years ago, and his agreeable letters since in this and other journals will welcome the return of Mr. FENETY to the newspaper field and admire the energy that prompts him at his age to such activity. The editorial and business managements of the Daily Record and Progress have been closely associated, since Progress was wholly owned by Mr. CARTER and the Record in part, and both managed by him and under his editorial control. Mr. CARTER's retirement from the Record is wholly voluntary on his part and, it is only fair to him to say, is due to the fact that he could not wholly agree with the political policy urged upon the paper. So long as the world lasts, opinions of men are bound to differ, and it is not unwise sometimes to agree to disagree. But the writer would take this opportunity of stating that the Daily Record has been more successful in its twenty two months of life than he ever hoped or dreamed it would be. Few if any daily papers in this country can say that in so short a time they compared so favorably in points of advertising patronage and in circulation with their contemporaries. The Record has a circulation that is not second to that of any daily paper in St. John—its advertising patronage speaks for itself. It has secured a lease of its present quarters in Progress building but is now under a distinct and different management.

NOW FOR THE EXHIBITION.

There is every indication that the exhibition which opens in St. John next week will be as fully successful as have previous affairs of the kind, if not more so. The work of preparation has been going on quietly, but not the less surely, and the grounds and buildings are in better shape than they have ever been. The accommodation is greater, for one thing, and it may also be assumed that with added experience any little errors of judgment which may have been made in the past will be avoided.

The visitors to the grounds will find that a good deal of work has been done, and well done, by the executive, and that the facilities for the accommodation of visitors and exhibitors alike have been greatly increased. Judging from the applications for space, and from the nature of the exhibits to be sent, the display will be one which nobody within a reasonable distance of St. John can afford to miss. Some of the features of the show this year have the merit of great novelty, and, both as regards the quality and quantity, there is little doubt the exhibition display will fully satisfy the anticipations of all comers.

There is no fear but that the people of both Nova Scotia and New Brunswick will do their share in making the Exhibition a success. They have been liberal patrons of such affairs in the past, even when there were rival exhibitions in Nova Scotia to keep the people of that province at home. This year, with no such competition, and with splendid facilities for reaching St. John easily and cheaply, a large number of visitors may be expected from the sister province.

The weather at this season of the year is usually of the kind most favorable for gatherings of this kind. The heat of the summer is gone and the days and nights are just cool enough to be agreeable where there are crowds congregated. Despite the possibility of equinoctial storms, the

experience of the past has amply shown that no better time of the year can be selected, merely as regards the comfort of the visitors. There are, of course, reasons from the agricultural standpoint why exhibitions cannot be held earlier, but wholly apart from this consideration the time is in all ways a suitable one.

The bustle at the grounds has begun and will not cease now until the doors close on what it is hoped, will long be remembered as one of the best exhibitions St. John has yet known.

NOT A FAIR TEST.

A remarkable offer is made by some presbyterian pastor, whose name and address are not given, in the columns of the Presbyterian Witness. It is of a reward of one hundred dollars to the first person who can prove that a consistent christian or righteous man is in a poor house or otherwise dependent on public charity for the necessities of life.

The offer is made upon conditions which clearly define the pastor's idea of what sort of a man a christian should be. The evidence of his righteous life will be insisted on to the following extent:

The person must have been a member of some christian church, and, while possible, regularly attending all the public services of the sanctuary. He must have taken an active part in christian work, and, if married, have observed family worship, and contributed at least one-tenth of his income towards religious and charitable purposes. In business and social life he must have been so far as known, honest, truthful, prudent, industrious, economical, kind and strictly temperate in his habits.

It is pretty safe to say that the reward will not be claimed, and it would have been equally secure from searchers had all but the conditions in the last sentence have been omitted. The search of the ranks of paupers throughout the world would not be likely to reveal one of their number who had been possessed of all the qualities of honesty, prudence, industry, economy and temperance, whether he had belonged to a christian church or not. It is the lack of one or more of these qualities that leads to poverty, when a man has started in the world with a sound mind and body. On the contrary, a man might have been a church member, a giver of one-tenth of his income to religion and charity, and yet come at last to poverty simply because he was not prudent, industrious, economical, or because the weakness of his nature caused him to fall through love of strong drink. There may be many unfortunate inmates of poor houses who have tried to lead as good lives as more ostentatious "protectors" of religion, but who have lacked the elements of human success. Poverty is by no means the test of depravity, nor is wealth the index of righteousness, as would be the deduction from the pastor's offer, if followed to its logical conclusion.

A good deal of the great wealth of this world, as shown in individual fortunes, is held by men who have little or no pretensions to religion. Most of them have acquired their wealth by far from honest means. On the contrary there have been and are today saintly natures among the humblest and the poorest in every land. There are thousands outside of the poor houses who would be better fed and clothed if they were in such institutions, and among these it is presumption to say there are not those who have lived, so far as their light permitted, in the fear and love of God.

It is an old saying that the gods help those who help themselves, and want of spirit may run side by side with the devotion of those who love God and keep his commandments. The SAVIOUR came to the world to comfort the poor, and the wretchedly poor were his followers than as many of them have been from that day to this, and will be to the end of time. "The poor ye have always with you" was not spoken to the unbelievers, but to those who believed. God's church includes the poor, and it does not find its best representation in those congregations where the poor are afraid to enter through awe of their wealthy neighbors.

The test of God's favor is not riches or poverty. If it were, there would be fewer millionaires among the class from which they are drawn in these days.

AN IDEA IN JOURNALISM.

The old world is not, as a rule, a part of the earth from which bright ideas in journalism can be obtained, but what seems to be a brilliant piece of enterprise is reported from Pesth, Hungary. It is a daily newspaper which is not printed, and yet has about six thousand subscribers who pay the ordinary rate of two cents each every time the journal is issued. The plan has been in operation for the last two years and the scheme appears to have succeeded in a measure equal to the most sanguine expectations of the projectors.

The system followed is a simple one. The news is sent by telephone and every subscriber listens to just as much or just as little of it as he wants, and by the aid of long flexible wires can have it served up to him in his office, at his meals or even at his bedside. The special wire which conveys the news is nearly two hundred miles long, and is arranged with every regard to freedom from interruption by accident at any of the houses into which the separate wires from it enter. No subscriber can block the circuit when there is anything related about him which he does not want the public to hear.

So far as can be judged by the descrip-

tion, the system of getting and editing the news is similar to that in the ordinary newspaper office. The paper is "made-up" in manuscript and the different classes of reading are carefully scheduled, so that a subscriber knows what part of the paper he is to hear at one time and what part at another time. A staff of ten men with strong voices take turns in shouting the paper over the wire until they have reached the end of all there is to be said. Later news is also bulletined, and as many as twenty-eight additions are issued in a day. During intervals between the editions, vocal and instrumental music is sent to the subscribers over the wire to keep them in good humor. It is quite needless to state that the telephone works only one way, so that the subscribers have no chance to interrupt and delay the paper by asking all sorts of questions.

In a part of the world where life is not considered too short for people to spend all day in listening to the news, such a system appears to have advantages over the ordinary way of issuing a paper. The subscriber to a printed sheet which has cost money, time and labor to the publisher may pick it up, glance over it and say there is nothing in it worth reading, but if a man were to talk it over a telephone to him he would at least have the idea that he was getting the worth of his two cents. He might, indeed, lose his privilege of sending word to the office that his paper did not come that morning, and he would have no chance to swear because his name was spelled wrong, but those deprivations would be only minor drawbacks to his general enjoyment of having the news as fast as events happened, instead of having to wait until the paper was printed.

There would be some vexations, of course. Supposing that PROGRESS were issued on the telephonic principle, the men would all want the first page read at the beginning, while the ladies would be wild to hear the social and personal items. Then, again, people who were the subjects of not very flattering first-page stories would be wild with rage at having to listen to an account of their actions, knowing that everybody else was listening to the same thing, and that there was no way of stopping the mouth of the man at the telephone. Their only consolation would be that nobody except he was a shorthand writer would be in a position to preserve a copy of the story.

From the editorial point of view, such a style of paper would be a great snap. There would be no proof to read and no worry about getting the forms made up so as to look well to the eye, and no mails to catch at a certain hour. There would be no measuring up of matter to see how much more was needed, but all there would be to do would be to have the copy edited and shouted through the telephone as fast as it was prepared. The publisher, too, would never be bothered by angry people sending word to stop their paper, for the great resource of such people is to borrow the paper from neighbors, and under the telephonic system this dodge could not be worked.

It may be some time, however, before the telephone paper is introduced on this side of the water, even though it may be said to fill a long felt want in Hungary.

When HENRY M. STANLEY arrived in Montreal, the other day, he gave his opinion of newspaper attacks on great men like himself. He is quoted as saying that "nobody worth speaking about notices them except the man they are intended for, who feels them in proportion as he allows himself to think that they will harm him." These are brave words, but if STANLEY knew as much about a newspaper as he does about Africa he would have a different opinion. No man is too high to be brought to bow to newspaper criticism if it is founded on facts which can be made plain to the public. Unwarranted attacks, with no facts to support them are quite another affair, and it may have been in regard to these alone that STANLEY intended to speak. If he had been a forger of Livingston's letters, as some of the papers once asserted, he would have soon learned where a newspaper attack can kill. As it was, the charge fell flat because there was no evidence to substantiate it.

Let prevailing-fashion, with all its absurdities, be thanked for one thing. According to so good an authority as Mrs. ROGER A. PYROR, the black band is no longer worn on the coat sleeve, except as a token of respect to some deceased member of a military or civic organization, and only when prescribed as such. The spectacle of dudes in sporting costume with black mourning bands on their arms was enough to kill any fashion.

Before current talk gets to naming many more probable St. John candidates for the local legislature, it would be well to remember that the election is not intended to be a comic opera. Some of the combinations already suggested might cause it to be one if the ideas were to be carried out.

SIMS REEVES, the singer, seems to have found the life of a widower too lonely for him, at the age of 73 years. Instead of keeping on the even tenor of his way, he has gone and got married again.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Sweet Language. Sweet language in a laughing eye, Where purest thoughts unfold; True love conceals whose secret sigh, Would not for words he told. Though scarce a breath it may impart, Response he vainly sought; Yet love well knows its dearest heart, By its own knowledge taught.

The language of love's golden dream, Hath still its silent sigh; Though far away its glance may seem, It's nearness is divine. In a melody in sweetest tone, Hath its own music low; As through the meadow blooms in June, The moonlit waters flow.

The harmony of heavenly rest, Love's language hath to tell; When silent sorrow is faith's test, By some lone Baca well. Our souls cry through the arching sky With melody in sweetest tone, Across life's great sea surges high, For hearts of vainly led years.

Sweet language breathe's to me tonight, From faces far away; That fill my soul with heavenly light, In many a saintly ray. Shake hands dear heart of summer's prime, In all its fragrant weather; The dream that fills love's hallowed clime, We had from heaven together.

The sky has hung its silver lights, High in our tent of blue; The glory of our autumn nights, Is lo'ginz love for you. Sweet language is the licensed rose. The flower we love so well. Deep loneliness the sad sea knows, My own no voice can tell. CYRUS GOLDB.

In the Attic. Of all the emotions that sadden the heart, When the year from the summer has flown, And the wind whistles through the pane, With a flutter and shout And all of the leaves have been blown; These memories of life are the things that lead to the old attic room, And close to the rain sit alone at the pane. And fold unused garments away.

We do not know why a mist shadows the eye When we put the old dresses aside, Neither will we know why we say "Why the sun does not stay, Nor why should the tear close abide; But it always is so—I recall when a child, How my mother and I used to creep To the old, shabby loft, And I think, too, how oft She used to sit down and weep.

By the long cedar chest where the baby clothes were And the little spinning-top chair, Like a trusty old friend, That is true to the end, Through the summer and winter, 'twas there. By the old-fashioned crib where the first baby died— That was prattling gibber of her love, That passed like a shadow of a dream In the bud, one dark hour, To brighten the country above.

Oh! that old attic room where the garden seeds hung True thyme and the sweet-smelling sage, That long-handled gourd, Swung there, and the sword, And the little pet bird's empty cage. How they all fill a space in the gloom of today, That finds me afar and alone. And the old time radiance flows.—GOD-HOUSEKEEPING.

After the Wedding. A lone in my room at last, I wonder how far they have travelled now? The world is very far when the night is past, And so would I if I knew but how. How calm she was with her saint-like face, Her eyes were violet, mine were grey dim, (How careless I am with my mother's lace) Her hands are softer and whiter, too.

It is only one summer that she's been here; It has been my home for seventeen years, And seventeen summers of happy bloom Fall dark and bright in a rain of tears. It is dark, all dark in the midnight shades, Father in heaven, may I have rest? One reaching out for another's hand, For this throbbing heart in my weary breast. I loved him more than she understands. I prayed for my soul in truth; For him I am kneeling with lifted hands To lay his feet on my shattered couch. I love him, I love, I love him still. More than father, mother, or life My hope of hopes was to bear his name, My heaven of heavens to be his wife.

His wife. The name that angels breathe, The word that not crinoids, my cheek with shame I would have seen my glory that name to breathe In the princely heart from which it came. And the kiss I gave the bride tonight, (His eyes were violet, mine were grey dim,) God only knows how I pressed her lips, That kiss to her be given to him.

Some Day. "They'll come back again," she cried, "For by-gone summer days, The while we watched the gaily ships Upon the placid bay. "They sail so far, they sail so fast, upon their shining way, But they will come again, I know, some day—some other day."

Some day! So many a watcher sighs, When wind-swept waters moan, With tears pressed hard, she still strives to dream Of the glad coming home. Good ships sail on o'er angry waves, "neath skies all tempest grey, For quivering lips so bravely tell, "They'll come again—some day!"

Some day! We say it o'er and o'er, To cheer our hearts, the while, We see our cherished ventures forth, Perchance with sob or smile; And tides run out, and tides run on, our life ebbs fast away, And yet with straining eyes we watch for that sweet myth—some day!

Full many a true and heart sped bark May harbor find no more, But hope her beacon light will trim For watchers on the shore; And those who bide at home and those upon the watery way, In toil or waiting, still repeat, "Some day—some blessed day!" —LUIS RANDOLPH FLEMING.

A Summer Romance. We stood in the moonlight's tender glow, And I thought her the dearest girl That ever lived; and I loved her so, She had set my brain awirl. For she was charmingly gay that night, As we stood on the shore in the soft moonlight And never a soul was nigh. So I whispered low, "I love you, dear, And you thrill me through and through: As I look in your eyes in the moonlight here, It is all that I can do To keep from straining you close to me now, And kissing your eyes and your lips, I vow It's hard to be good," said I.

Then she looked up at me with a roguish glance, And a light was in her eyes, That made my blood leap, and the whole world dance In a mad and sweet surprise. "I suppose it is hard," she roguishly said; "Then softly, and turning away her head, She added, "What makes you try?"

The Lord Our Helper. Gales from heaven, if so he will, Fewer melodies can wake On the lonely mountain rill Than the meeting waves make, Who hath the Father and the Son, May be left, but not alone.

Sick or healthy, slave or free, Wealthy or despised and poor— What is that to him or thee, Who has loved to Christ endure? When the shore is won at last, Who will count the billows past? Only, since our soul will shrink At the touch of natural grief, When our earthly loved ones sink, Lend us, Lord, thy sure relief; Patient hearts, their pain to see, And thy grace to follow thee. —JOHN KERLE.

HIS NEIGHBOR'S COW.

One Way A Halifax man had of Adding to the Funds of His Exchequer.

HALIFAX, Sept. 19.—The point of the following is that both men referred to are members of the same church in this city—a leading baptist congregation. They live at Willow park, a beautiful suburb of the city and a North Western terminus of the projected electric tramway. Citizen number one has a fine field adjoining a field devoted to pasture owned by citizen number two.

It appears that citizen number two has a cow that had been in the habit of climbing fences from her infancy, and feeling more than usually spry, knocked down a part of the fence between the two citizens fields, making for herself a free passage in the verdant pasture next door. She had not been there long before our citizen number one came along and recognizing the cow as belonging to his neighbor, at once ordered his man to drive the animal to pound. This pound is kept by Mr. John Punc's a most plausible and obliging young man. He immediately took charge of the cow and put her in dance vile. Citizen number two not finding his cow at milking time, and seeing the end partially broken concluded that the cow had been in the field of number one and that she had been turned out or spirited away in some manner. He instituted a search. While going down Windsor street he met the servant of citizen number one who said:

"I have just put your cow in pound. "Who authorized you to do so?" "My master who found her in his field." The cowman proceeded to the pound and after paying the charge, 90 cents, took his cow home. It seems that citizen number one went to the pound keeper the next morning and not only demanded but received the proportion of his neighbor's 90 cents paid for poundage, amounting to thirty five cents.

The question is will one church in future be large enough to contain those two neighbors, as it has been in the past.

SIZE OF A CIRCUS RING.

It is Always the Same Diameter Wherever the Show is Found. In various ways the circus of the present day differs from that of the past, but the ring remains unchanged; it is always 42 feet 9 inches in diameter. Go where you will, search the world from China to Peru, with diverging trips to the frosty Caucasus and the desert of Sahara, and never a circus will you find without a ring of 42 feet 9 inches in diameter.

There is a reason for this remarkable uniformity. Circus riders and circus horses are no idle; wherever their wanderings bring them they must find the ring always the same, else they will be disturbed in their performance, it not really rendered incapable. Trained to the 42 feet 9 inch ring, the horse and his rider have grown used, worn, one might say, to the exact angle of declivity toward the centre of the ring which the radius of 21 feet and a given speed produce. The mound on the circumference of the ring always has on the inside a level, so to speak, of earth, at the same angle as that into which radius and speed throw the driver. As for speed, that after the horse has gone around two or three times and is warmed to his work, is the same through the act. In fact, a trap generally holds his head so that he cannot get beyond a certain pace.

The ringmaster snaps his whip, the loud shouts, the band plays louder and louder; but the horse knows just how much this empty show means, and jogs on at the same old pace, until, with the last jump through the tissue balloon, the act is ended. —Pittsburg Dispatch.

INTERVIEWED THE POET.

He Gave Them to Understand That He Wanted to Take His Bath.

It has long been charged against the people of California that they do not give due recognition to their men and women of genius. Up in his eyrie on East Oakland Heights, however, Joaquin Miller is sighing for less recognition of a certain sort. He is overrun with lion hunters, who purloin his manuscripts, steal his books, peer through his windows, and even carry off his coats, gloves, and handkerchiefs. To such extent has this vandalism been carried that he has resorted to the expedient of nailing fast to the walls of his apartments anything that he really desires to keep.

On Wednesday of this week four well dressed women presented themselves at the Heights and demanded to see the poet. Mr. Miller had just come in from the fields. It is no figure of speech when the poet of the Sierras speaks of himself as a laboring man. During the busy season on his ranch he is afield in the early morning and has usually done a hard day's work about the time business men in the city are getting down to their daily tasks.

The custom to go to his cabin, take a bath, and retire to his room, where he devotes the rest of the day to literary work. He was just preparing his bath when the four pilgrims to the shrine of poesy appeared at his door.

"We have come to see Joaquin Miller," they announced. Miller surveyed them. He was dusty,

hungry, and tired from his morning's labors. There was manuscript that must be got off.

"You must excuse me, ladies," he said. "I am about to take a bath and cannot see any one this morning."

The women paid no heed. Instead, they gazed about the room, commented upon the decorations, asked questions, and watched the poet getting the water ready for his bath. After waiting a reasonable time for the motion to adjourn the bard of the Heights removed his hat. Then he paused.

"This is where I take my bath," he said. The remark passed apparently unheeded, and the poet removed his coat. Still his guests gazed and chatted. The water for his bath was rapidly cooling. He removed his vest.

"Where does that door lead to, Mr. Miller?"

"It leads out of doors," was the reply. Still the ladies lingered, and the single of the Sierras undid his necktie and dropped his suspenders from his shoulders.

Then he unlaced his shoes. The situation was growing interesting, not to say dramatic. The visitors gazed at the poet. The poet returned their gaze. Then he dipped his fingers in the water to test its temperature. Then his choler began to rise in earnest. He turned to the leader of the invasion:

"I am about to take a bath," he explained, "and I think you will prefer to retire." Shooting them gently before him, like so many hens, he was finally able to close the door upon them.

"Well," said one, as the bolt shoved home. "I call that cool." That bath water was also cool.—San Francisco Call.

IS THE EARTH SOLID?

The old Theory That It is Soft Inside not Accepted by all Scientists.

There is nothing more deeply interesting than scientific speculations and theories on the probable condition of the interior of the globe upon which we live. As we have shown in previous installments of "Notes for the Curious," the temperature of the earth's crust increases at the average rate of 1 degree Fahrenheit for each fifty-five feet of descent. At such a uniform rate of increase we find that we must only descend to a depth of something like thirty miles into the bowels of the earth to find heat sufficient to melt any known substance, and that a few miles deeper all rocks and metals must be in a state of white-hot fusion. The majority of the scientific men of the world have come to conclusions similar to those which the above statement implies—that the earth is like an immense cocoon shell, filled with matter kept in a fluid state by intense heat. It is only very lately that this theory has been combated by a man capable of dealing with such a weighty subject. That man is Sir William Thomson, the British geologist, geographer and astronomer. Thomson has made calculations which were based upon the known tidal effect of the sun and moon upon our planet, and finds that the earth must not only be solid through and through in order to stand such a strain without being rendered sunken, but that thousands of miles of the interior must be composed of substances much more rigid than any of which we have knowledge.

A recent issue of a British scientific journal contained an editorial on this subject which declared that the existence of volcanoes prove the contrary to "the new Thomsonian theory." Sir William's answer, in part, is as follows: "To the objection that the phenomena of a solid earth interior, it is replied that unquestionably the heat is very great far down beneath the surface, and that reservoirs of molten rocks certainly exist under volcanic districts. But, while the above is true, taking the earth's interior as a whole the pressure is so great that the tendency to liquefaction caused by the heat is overbalanced thereby."—St. Louis Republic.

In Their Mind.

With a gesture the savage monarch commanded silence.

"My people," he said, "I take great pleasure in introducing this noted traveler, I am sure I speak for all when I tell him we shall be glad to have him in our midst. I take this occasion to caution the children not too eat too much, since he is reputed to be very rich."

Whereupon it plainly appeared that his majesty was not only witty, but schooled in the finer shades of meaning of the English tongue.—Detroit Tribune.

Beginning to Retaliate.

What was to be feared is likely to come to pass as a result of the failure of the Valkyrie to win the cup. England will retaliate and the first return blow has already been struck. That is to say, the St. John Telegraph has devoted a leading editorial to proving that the Americans were defeated at the battle of Bunker Hill.

On Hand as Usual.

The October number of the Delineator has the usual fall information as to prevailing styles and much general reading of interest, including the paper of Mrs. Roger A. Pyror, of New York, on the etiquette of mourning. The Delineator Publishing Co., Toronto. Price 15 cents.