

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ST. JOHN, N. B. SATURDAY, SEP. 28

LOCAL ELECTIONS ANNOUNCED.

The local elections are called for October 16th. The announcement was made Friday morning and while it was not a surprise to those interested in politics the date is earlier than many thought it would be. Still there has been a certain amount of preparation in several counties and the government are fairly well prepared for the contest. Looking over the province generally, there does not seem to be any probability of a change. The feeling is general that, instead of losing the government will carry some seats that were against them or doubtful in the last contest. This is more particularly the case in Westmorland, where there is not much hope for the opposition. Of course at this writing it is not possible to say what will turn up in St. John city and York county. Both of these are in solid opposition now, and the government has nothing to lose in either of them.

BEYOND EXPECTATION.

The exhibition is not only the success that people hoped it would be, but it is beyond the expectations of the most enthusiastic of its promoters, and well wishers. For some time past, judging by the applications for floor space, it has been evident that it would be a good show, but it is not empty assertion to declare it the best ever held in St. John. This is saying a great deal, for past affairs of the kind have never been in any sense inferior in the quality and quantity of the displays, and some of them, notably that of 1890, have seemed to reach the point where both the exhibitors and the public were abundantly satisfied.

The success in the present instance is due to several seasons, so far as the exhibitors are concerned. One, of course, is added experience. Very often, when a man has taken pains with an exhibit he finds that if he had to do it over again he would do something else which would give him a better showing. He makes up his mind that when the next exhibition comes he will try this or that idea—either original or one suggested by the success of his neighbors. Thus, year after year, exhibiting becomes more and more of a fine art, and men learn to improve on their past work as they learn by experience in all other things in their lives. Many who are to the front this time are well remembered as exhibitors in the past. Some of them are veterans, and all of them to have aimed to surpass all previous efforts on this occasion.

This is apparent to the most casual observer who has been in the habit of attending St. John exhibitions. Not only are the exhibits abundant in quantity, but they are displayed in the most attractive manner. In some cases their arrangement constitutes a really artistic triumph, in which no ordinary taste is shown. There are many very attractive displays, which would be objects of interest merely as sights, apart from the triumph of skill and industry shown in the manufactures represented. The eye of the visitor is gratified, in whatever direction it turns, and there are few instances in which even slight improvement can be suggested by the critical.

Important as is the consideration of the number of industries represented, a more suggestive thing in the quality of most of the home products. It has improved wonderfully in a few years. Better specimens of this and that are shown, and there is evidence on every hand of the rapid progress of our industries in the way of producing the best. There is not only a greater variety, but a much better finish. Our manufacturers are showing that they can not only make this and that, but can make it as well as it can be made elsewhere.

Exhibitions may be said to be milestones which mark the progress of a country in its industrial march. Their lessons encourage as well as instruct. They give

our people an idea of what is being done and can be done, and they are the best kind of helpers to the industrial classes. They do more than volumes of arguments can do to upset the theory of blue ruin to the country, for they prove that the people are year by year making greater and better uses of their opportunities. They give us faith in our country and in ourselves, and there is no way in which this faith can be given so well. The exhibition of this year should have a marked and beneficial effect. It cannot fail to do so.

The management and the exhibition are alike to be congratulated and thanked for the success of the exhibition of 1895.

PASSING OF THE OLD MAID.

The old maid is becoming a distinct species, and the term spinster seems likely to survive only in legal instruments in the case where a single woman has to be definitely described. There are several reasons for this passing away of a class of fellow beings, in which the contingency of matrimony has no place. Women may still remain unmarried and not be recognized as spinsters, for the reason that the changes of the times have brought better and more appropriate designations.

First of all, the scope of the occupations open to women is continually being enlarged, and sensible girls by the thousand look forward to success and independence in the vocations they have chosen. If the right man comes along, well and good, but if he never comes, they can get along just as well without him. In former times, when occupations for women were limited in number, and most of them laborious and ill paid, there was necessarily a different way of looking at matters. It was important to get married to secure a home, and an old maid was apt to be looked on as one who had drawn a blank in the lottery of life. This was not true, of course, for some of the happiest of lives have been of those who preferred to remain single, but the world looked at the externals and considered a lone woman as a woman out of her true sphere of usefulness. In few things has the popular idea changed so much as in this within recent times. A woman with an occupation is now ranked much the same as a man with a calling, and nobody pities a man who is single. He is, indeed, sometimes looked upon as rather a fortunate being who can enjoy life in an easy way, free from family cares and expenses. Besides, in the case of most bachelors, everybody knows they could get married at any time, were they to take the notion.

This view of a bachelor is now being taken of the females, who are spinsters and by the world at large. A girl who can earn a good living in an honorable and pleasant occupation may grow older and older, remain single and still not be regarded as an old maid in the former sense of the term. She is independent and does not have to marry for a home, with the risk of getting a poor husband. She can move in the world just as a bachelor man move, and like him can afford to wait until the right person really does come along. If the right person never appears, she can live as well without him. She need not be a typical New Woman, but she is for all that, an emancipated woman. She grows more and more independent as the world moves and the world is more and more inclined to think it only her own business whether or not she chooses to be married.

Yet, though the spinster must become obsolete, some word is really necessary to describe the unmarried woman who has passed the years of girlhood. She may be always a girl in her heart, but if she lives without getting married she does not, as her years increase, want to be called an "old girl." "Old boy" may be a term implying affection when one man uses it to another, but it can hardly be hoped the same happy result would be found in the feminine gender. In view of this somebody has suggested that the term "bachelor" should be applied equally to male and female in the unmarried state, even if the prefix "old" may sometimes be put to it in common conversation. Mrs. ELIZABETH CARY STANTON favors this idea, but does not think that "woman bachelor" is a good phrase. An unmarried woman is simply a bachelor, just the same as a man.

It may be objected that this is a violation of one of the old rules of the school books, which distinctly said that bachelor was the antithesis of maid, as much as was beau of belle. The books were not absolutely correct in this however, and there is an authority for the use of the word in describing an unmarried female. It goes back to the time of BEN JONSON, and though marked as obsolete in modern unabridged dictionaries, it is sufficient to know that it was once so used, and may be so used again. Besides, if a woman can take the baccalaureate degree at a college why can she not be also a bachelor in every day life?

The question of the new title for the not necessarily New Woman appears to be one deserving of earnest attention.

When a London paper announced that a wealthy gentleman was prepared to build a cutter to challenge for the America's cup next year, provided the race would be in waters where the yachts would not be interfered with, nobody guessed that the

unknown was a newspaper man. He is, however, and his name is SIR GEORGE NEWNES, founder of Tit-Bits and the Strand magazine. It is not often a newspaper man becomes wealthy by his work, in England or any other country, but NEWNES has hit the combination. Twenty-five years ago, he was a reporter doing spare work on a London daily, when the idea of Tit-Bits, a weekly to be made with scissors and paste, occurred to him. The venture early proved a success, and in course of time NEWNES went into politics and is now a baronet. He was defeated in the last general election by HARRY McCALMONT, one of the owners of the yacht Valkyrie III. NEWNES would probably feel some satisfaction in winning the cup after his political opponent had failed to do so this year.

The rabbit and the thistle are not the only nuisances which Britons have imported to the antipodes, for the common English fox ranks well up in the scale of things out of place there. The foxes were imported a few years ago, by some of that class of Englishmen who think a crowd of men on horseback, pursuing an unfortunate animal is manly sport, but the fox in Australia has increased so rapidly that measures more serious than riding with hounds have been necessary. There is now a fox bounty and last year more than seven thousand dollars was paid out by the authorities on this account. It is a pity people who emigrate cannot be content to take their adopted homes as they find them.

ALFRED AUGUSTUS STOCKTON cannot be in a happy frame of mind this morning. He has to face the country again with poorer chances than ever of success: his devoted and sincere friend and comrade, DR. ALWARD has, it is said, become weary of waiting and wishes to leave him and politics: he has lost his ablest lieutenant, MR. POWELL and DR. ATKINSON'S death deprives him of another adviser. He cannot regard the prospect as encouraging—in fact it is thoroughly discouraging—to him.

The Toronto world has undertaken the somewhat large contract of furnishing a distinctive name for the people of the United States. It objects to the term Americans, and equally to that of Yankees. It considers the roundabout phrases of "the people of the United States" as too clumsy, and favors a suggestion, made in the United States some time ago, of compounding the name so as to read USANS. It has the merit of oddity, but to get anybody else to use it is quite another matter.

More fortunate than LORD DUNRAVEN has been another English nobleman who has come to America in search of a prize, and has captured it. The announcement of the engagement of the DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH to Miss CONSUELA VANDERBILT has been officially made, and the wedding is to take place towards the close of the year. The duke will get a snug fortune with his wife, and it will be a great day for the VANDERBILTS.

The fool-killer is not supposed to get after the women who are born that way and can't help it, otherwise he would have some work in San Francisco. DURRANT, now under trial for the murder of a girl victim, is in continual receipt of sympathetic letters from silly females all over the country. All the letters, so far, have been from women of whom he never heard.

CLOCK WITHOUT WHEELS.

It is Rather a Back Number and is Good for People who sit up Late.

Among the effects of the late J. E. DAVIES, which are to be sold next month, is a curious form of night clock, which is not described in any of the histories of clock-making, and is believed to be altogether unique. Water clocks and sand clocks are known to have preceded more mechanical timepieces, and Aeser attributes to King Alfred the Great the adoption of candle clock with wax candle 12 inches long, which burned all day at the rate of an inch in 20 minutes, and were put in horn lanterns to prevent draught.

This clock is a more modern rendering of the same idea. It consists of a light stand cast in lead in the form of a candlestick on the top of a glass cylinder used as a reservoir for the oil, the wick being placed in a little projection at the bottom very much like the Isobath ink stands which are now in use, and of course approximating to the very earliest form of oil lamp. Passing vertically over the oil reservoir immediately behind the wick, so as to be lighted by it, is a band of metal on which are marked the hours from 4 up to 12, and then on to 5, presumably with the idea that it does not get dark before 4, and that by 5 everybody ought to be up and about. The stock of oil was no doubt calculated to last the requisite number of hours. The relic, presumed by the British Museum authorities to be of the last century, is quite perfect, and is likely to excite a good deal of interest among antiquaries.—Bristol Mercury, Eng.

Answer to "The Common Lot."

"The patriot's and the poet's frame Must share the common tomb of all; Their glory will not sleep the same; That will arise, though empires fall. The rolling seasons pass away, And Time, untrifling, waves his wing; Whilst honor's laurels ne'er decay, But bloom in fresh, undying spring. Then do not say the common lot Of all lies deep in Lethe's wave; Some few who ne'er will be forgot Shall burst the bondage of the grave." —Answer to a Beautiful Poem Entitled "The Common Lot."

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

An Answer to "If I Could Know."

I gave you place at once within my heart, Those first few days, Of our acquaintances, it were hard to part, Though the bright rays Of an appointed meeting soon to be, Did shed its radiance round about me.

And do you think that I could "quite forget The bright days gone?" Why I have ever lived to regret That the sun shone So bright upon me, and I did not know What I am learning now, you loved me so.

You "might find consolation in the thought Of my regret," You say; but, don't you know "was you who taught The lesson set Before me, to love then turned away And never spoke of it, until to lay.

You speak of "meeting at some future tide One brief moment," But it is to meet and move aside Another rent— A parting—like the last then I wish dear That for us each the parting may be here.

Still if we could but meet and ne'er again Our paths divide, Oh! then, dear love, my heart would throbb to gain You at my side Forever; but this seems to sweet to be: It were possible I'd fly to thee.

I cannot speak of meeting "in that land Where all is peace" Though there I know that I will understand Why you release Me, without e'en asking, what you now know I gave you, in that sad long ago.

Yes, know it, it is so, but what would you? Not having been asked how could I say "I'll be true." For though the man may speak, the maid may not, though her heart break While his from fear of discomposure may ache. St. John, N. B., Sept. 29, '95.

Farewell My Own Evangeline.

Oh must we say farewell at last, My own Evangeline; Are love's bright dreams forever past Must darkness intervene? Oh fond days in the happy home, So dear to these my quon; About the world I longing roam, My sweet Evangeline.

Oh ever true Evangeline, My angel of Grand Pre; Long wandering my life has been, And thou art lost to me.

In stranger lands beyond the sea Oh sadly still I wait; Where ever sorrow leadeth thee Early my own or late; The summer hath no rose or leaf, Or hope for me still green; They are withered, mine the grief, Farewell Evangeline.

The great wide reach of waters blue Our sad lives mark apart; But ever more our vows are true, Thou treasure of my heart. The seas below and stars above, Have harmony unseen; So ever be our souls my love, My sweet Evangeline.

So ever be our trust my own, Though farewell must be said; And we wait on apart alone, Each to the other dead. My soul must find thee far or near, Though oceans roll between; In earth or heaven are none more dear, My sweet Evangeline.

Oh ever true Evangeline, My angel of Grand Pre; Long on my life has been, In vain I seek for thee. Grand Pre, N. S. CYRUS GORDE.

Lost Love.

Who wins his love shall lose her. Who loses her shall gain, For still the spirit woos her, And without a stain; And memory still pursues her With longings not in vain!

He loses her who gains her, Who watches day by day The dust of time that stains her, The grief that leaves her far, The flesh that yet enchains her, Whose grace hath passed away!

Oh, happier he who gains not The love some seem to gain— The joy that custom stains not, Shall still with him remain. The loveliness that wains no, The love that ne'er can wane.

He dreams she grows not older The lands of dreams among, Though all the world wax colder, Though all the songs be sung, In dreams doth he behold her Still fair and kind and young. Andrew Lang.

To Views of Love.

"Love is a bubble, Love is a bubble," John Oliver Hobbes. Love is a joy, Love is a bliss, Love is a blessing, A bud, a flower, All things beautiful Are its dower. Its very cross Is a sign divine Of love eternal, Without decline; In spite of sin, And sorrow, and curse, Love is the soul Of the universe. Emma J. Parker, in British Weekly.

Bells of the Angelus. Bells of the past whose forgotten music Still fills the wide expanse, Tinging the sober twilight of the present With color of romance. I hear you call and see the sun descending On rocks, and waves, and sands, As down coast the mission voices blending Girdle the heathen land.

Within the circle of your incantation No light or midday falls, Nor fiercest sun; nor last, nor lost ambition Passes those airy walls. Borne on the swell of loag waves, receding, 'Tis the farthest past— I see the dying glow of Spanish glory, The sunset gleam and fast!

Before me rise the dome-shaped mission towers, The white presidio, The sweet commandant in his leather jerkin, The priest in robe of snow. Once more I see Portia's cross uplifting Above the setting sun, And past the headland north ward slowly drifting, The freighted galleon.

Oh, solemn bells! whose concentrated masses Recall the faith of old, Oh, tinkling bells! that lulled with twilight music The spiritual fold. Your voices break, they falter in the darkness— Break, falter and are still, And veiled, and mystic like the host descending, The sun sinks from the hill. —Bret Harto.

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HOW THE SHOW STARTED

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

in pretty uniform got there, of course, and so did members of the local government and the aldermen. The city, with its mechanical industries, was especially typified by the presence of Mayor Robertson, while the county, with its agricultural resources, had Warren Baxter as its representative. The people who sat in these places of honor, and were not directly in front, were behind the speakers and could not hear the speeches, but as they knew they could read it all in the papers, this fact did not disturb them in the least.

There was accordingly no unseemly crowding for position, no ungainly craning of necks, and better than all, there was no cries of "speak up," or "louder," during the remarks of the gentlemen, who did the speaking.

The speakers spoke loud enough, but as everybody knows, one has to be in front of a speaker to hear anything in a building of that kind. Even Sir John MacDonald failed to make himself heard on that platform five years ago, and those who were near at hand do not know to this day whether the papers guessed at his speech or got the points of it from him in a subsequent interview.

This time, however, all who were on the floor in front of the stand heard the speakers clearly, and in this connection thanks are due to the men near by who considerably refrained from hammering and ripping open packing cases, except in the intervals when the speakers paused to take breath.

Those in front, therefore, heard all that was said, while those behind the speakers looked wise and smiled as benignly as if they knew all about it.

President Pitfield began the proceedings by an address which was clear, forcible, well delivered and long enough without being too long. He made a fine appearance and showed he was heart and soul in the enterprise, as he is with everything he undertakes.

It used to be the custom, when the governor was present to open an exhibition for His Honor to stand up and have an oration directed to him. If the orator was inclined to be expansive, the unfortunate governor had no resource but to try and not look as though he wished he had a seat.

The plan this time was better. The address, save at the close, was to the public, and the governor sat as comfortably as anybody else, until his own turn came. Then he got up and read a typewritten speech which he had prepared in Fredericton, before he came down, as he said. It was a sensible sort of a speech, and was of a length sufficient for the occasion, though His Honor intimated that it would have been longer if he could have had a chance to go around the ground and get some pointers beforehand.

When the governor had finished, the crowd applauded, including those who had not heard a word of what he said. Then Mrs Fraser touched an electric button and three toots were heard from a steam whistle. Then the crowd applauded again. The exhibition was formally opened.

The man with the hammer and the man who was ripping open the packing case resumed their labors and the crowd began to move around.

Everybody expected to hear the band strike up as soon as the whistles were heard, and part of it did so. That is, the bandmaster jumped around and the man with the bass drum pounded away to call the bandsmen, who had strolled away under the impression that the speeches would last longer. Then there was more pounding, and after a little the stragglers returned, but by that time the governor and the guests were in another part of the building.

Tuesday was not the gate-keepers' busy day, and they had no trouble in taking all the tickets that were presented. The crowd had not begun to come, because people had an idea that the exhibits would be in better shape after the first day. This gave those who did go an excellent opportunity to see everything to the best advantage, without being jostled by a crowd at every point where they wanted to stop and see what was going on. When they considered this they were glad they had come, because after having seen the exhibits they could come again and see the crowd.

Wednesday brought the crowd from all points of the compass and the exhibition was in full blast. Then people began to express their opinion of what the show was like.

Those who have attended previous exhibitions in St. John are of one opinion, that this is the best show ever given here. It is ahead of the famous exhibition of 1890, which seemed at that time as good a one as could be given. It is true the governor general is not here, and Sir John MacDonald is at rest, but their presence on that occasion was only an incident of the general function, and had no bearing on the success of the show itself. The exhibition is to be judged by the extent, variety and quality of the exhibits.

In these respects, say those who know, it is ahead of anything Canada has had of late, including the exhibition at Toronto and Montreal, while it is far ahead of anything St. John has ever had. Every inch of the floor space has been taken up by ap-

plicants, and the display is uniformly first class in every respect. In the arrangement of the exhibits more than ordinary regard has been had to the artistic effect, and in every department the sight is a veritable treat to the eyes.

Best of all it is preeminently a Canadian exhibition and one in which the maritime provinces appear to best advantage. In the past, some of the high honors have been borne off by the lavish display of the products of foreign lands, but this time the attraction is in the home industries. Canada is in evidence in every hole and corner of the place.

It would be out of the question to attempt to enumerate even a portion of the attractions in the main buildings without taking up many columns of the space of PROGRESS. The daily papers have been full of the descriptions every morning, and evening, so that the public who have not been there have a pretty good idea of the class of exhibits they will find when they do go, even though no newspaper account can do full justice to the excellence of the display as a whole. Every visitor will admit that he gets many times his money's worth, no matter how short he may make his stay. Nobody makes a short stay, however, whatever may have been the idea before going there. It is a place where one can enjoy himself and where time flies so rapidly that the closing hour is apt to come just when the visitor is getting most interested.

Anybody can stay in the grounds a day, if so disposed, and a good many prefer to do so. They do not bring their provisions with them, either, for there is everything to eat and drink that a reasonable man or woman could desire. There is no Trinidad Bouquet this time, however, and samples of stimulating beverages with an alcoholic basis are said to be scarce, though not utterly impossible to find, whatever the regulations may say on the subject.

Machinery hall is as busy a place as ever, and one of the attractions, of course, is one of the big presses from PROGRESS office which puts out a paper twice every day. In this daily are the latest notes and news of what is going on at the exhibition and the official announcements of what is to take place on that and the following days. This daily edition of PROGRESS is a journal of the fair, kept posted to date.

As was explained last week, in the exhibition of 1890, PROGRESS went to a great deal of trouble and expense to put out a daily paper and distanced all records in the way it accomplished the task. It was done as an exhibition, regardless of the cost, and was one of the features of the show. The office was practically moved to machinery hall, with a busy crowd of compositors, a special staff of writers and all that pertained to daily paper work, including special dispatches from a telegraph service in the building. Since then PROGRESS has grown much, and so much work is required on the special features of the regular edition, that it was out of the question to repeat the experiment of 1890, without running a double staff of writers and compositors. For this reason the paper printed at the exhibition aims to be purely a journal of the fair, without striving to enter on the field of a daily with news of all sorts of events inside and outside the limits of the grounds.

The stock quarters have been empty so far, but the cattle will be there next week. Some of them have been starting it at the Charlottetown Exhibition and had to arrange their St. John dates accordingly.

There are a Wild West show, a trained animal show, a merry-go-round, a long tailed horse and other strange and attractive sights around the grounds. Enough, indeed, is there to satisfy everybody, and all for a very little money.

There are not so many outside shows as in past years because the mayor refused to license any close to the grounds. Up the street, however, Mackey's tea show is doing a big business, while opposite to this the swings have plenty of patronage. Up town, on King street, is the Elen Masee, with a chamber of horrors, sufficient to make a man have bad dreams for the next six months. Everything is as large as life and as natural as death.

Every train and boat brings more strangers, and the city is full of people who are looking for the way to this place and that. They have no trouble in finding the exhibition, however, for they have only to jump on an electric car of any color and get there quicker than some of them ever went through the city before. The cars are furnishing a splendid service and are fully appreciated by citizens and strangers alike.

The exhibition is a great success so far, and will be even more of a success next week. Congratulations to all who have had a hand in making it the best one St. John has ever seen.