

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ST JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPT. 19

JAMES LEWIS who died last week at Long Island had served his contemporaries well. While his entrance upon a dramatic career was the result of accident, he was an actor who had contributed much to their happiness during his life time, and what better can be said of any man?

In a late speech made in New York Mr. POWDERLY said: "It sounds beautiful to say that the world is my country and all men are my brothers, but self-preservation is the first law of Nations as well as of Nature." The present American campaign is especially prolific in sentiments of one kind or another.

CLARA BARTON, whose journey to Turkey for the relief of the Armenian victims showed as fine a spirit of heroic purpose as human history has anywhere recorded, has quietly returned from her field of labor, having fully completed her mission—that is until Turkish barbarism shall necessitate a renewal of her work.

Those who are inclined to criticise the bicycle's influence on morals and manners should be encouraged by the fact that ZOLA has postponed the writing of his bicycling novel until society shows the effects of the sport plainly enough for him to draw certain conclusions as to its results.

The tragedy which occurred near Moncton last week, while it lacks the revolting details of the Bear river murder, is none the less horrible and shocking; no effort should be spared to bring the guilty person or person to justice, after it is clearly proven that a murder has been committed.

Last Sunday was a day of blood in Havana. The rising of the sun was the signal for the inauguration of a slaughter that must be classed among the most horrible deeds on record. WEYLER chose Sunday as his day of execution. It was not a battle in which he was the commander; it was a slaughter house in which his victims were put to death.

worthy to be called a soldier could ever perpetrate. WEYLER'S crime in Cuba should be cut short, and that immediately, ere the world is shocked by a repetition of last Sunday's murders.

The sad case of a lady bicyclist who died as the result of being thrown from her wheel in New York last week furnishes a lesson of especial moment for lady riders in other cities. This young woman seems to have been properly and becomingly attired, but perhaps because she was riding a bicycle alone in the evening she attracted special attention from corner loafers who jeered at and reviled her.

When will people learn to seek shelter elsewhere than under trees, during a thunder storm. A few days ago two gentlemen who, with others, were engaged in a game of golf, in a New York town were instantly killed by lightning, and from the published accounts of their death it is difficult to resist the conclusion that their tragic fate was due to their fatal selection of a spot under a tree as a place of shelter during the storm.

There are signs that the Czar's attitude toward the Sultan has been modified and that should another massacre take place at Constantinople, Russian, French and English warships will be sent thither for the purpose of maintaining order.

It is believed the monkeys in the Zoo knew they were to be removed into better quarters before it occurred lately. They had, no doubt, heard the new monkey house talked about as the finest in the world by visitors and keepers, and realized that there was to be some great change in their condition.

Every attempt to make others happy, every sin left behind, every temptation trampled under foot, every step forward in the cause of what is good, is a step nearer to heaven.

The convent of St. Cesaire, P. Q., has selected and purchased a Pratte Piano for the use of its advanced pupils.

AUTUMN MILLINERY OPENING.

Charles K. Cameron Displays Some Elegant Headwear This Season.

Balmy September usually heralds the autumn millinery season and proclaims that the array of soft filmy laces, and delicate arrangements of straw has departed for a time at least and that the "demi season" is here. It is a time when no particular style or color prevails, but the openings create just as much interest among the ladies as if they were held two months later.

As usual at the beginning of the season the shapes are inclined to be extreme but of course later on a modification of the styles will come. Just at present the large hats are very large, in fact much larger than they have been for many seasons, the small hats are very small and so on all through the various styles. It would seem just now as if brown and green were likely to be favored shades, and the popular trimmings are much the same as last seasons; ribbons, flowers, tulle lace, and ornaments in rhine stone jet and steel are seen everywhere, the ribbons being if anything gayer than they were previously.

A variety of bonnets will be shown, slightly larger in shape than last year, as are also the toques. An especially chic affair in the former was of black velvet trimmed with transparent fan ornaments and chenille rosettes, while still another was in dark brown velvet with just a touch of emerald green velvet near the front; the trimmings on this bonnet consisted of brown velvet, green aigrette to the left, rhine stone ornaments and long satin ties.

It is almost impossible to describe in detail the many beautiful importations which Mr. Cameron will exhibit to visitors to his popular establishment next week but it may be truly said that no more stylish display can be made in the city this season. His earnest desire is always to give his patrons the very nicest and most tasteful work of London, Paris and New York and it is safe to say that in the present instance the results have been most satisfactory.

Excitement Kills a Monkey. It is believed the monkeys in the Zoo knew they were to be removed into better quarters before it occurred lately. They had, no doubt, heard the new monkey house talked about as the finest in the world by visitors and keepers, and realized that there was to be some great change in their condition.

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What are you doing now for a living? I am contributing to the newspaper. My dear fellow, I am advertising for a situation.—Odds and Ends.

FILOSOPY AND FOLLY.

The "Ant" is your Uncle's sister, a native of the Antipodes.

Giraffe, call it money, and that's what "giraffe" is. Morquitos vary in size and weight, I have seen some "Miss Kitty's" that would weigh upwards of a hundred pounds.

Trees might "bark," and cheese "milk" bite; some girls won't marry, but "widow's mite."

Bears are men who won't buy their wives and daughters bikes.

Snakes will never become extinct, until prohibition is an established fact.

Tigers are a jolly lot, they are generally around after "three cheers."

Elephants abound in the vicinity of "three cheers" and other "town painters."

The weight of a fish depends largely upon the veracity and imagination of the enthusiastic sportsman, it's net weight however, is best determined on its own scales.

The crane is remarkable, chiefly for the possibilities regarding its neck-ware. Cranes also are useful for lifting or changing the position of heavy or bulky articles, exclusive of mortgages.

The introduction of the silver "Bill" has enhanced the value of the "Gold" fish.

"There's no place like hum" to the humming bird.

Guinea pigs and hens, should be worth their weight in gold and sixteen times in silver.

Heron's can eat Heron's, but heron's cannot eat Heron's.

Crab-bid people, (when boiling) turn red like their crustaceous relative the lobster, and at other times may be as green.

When crows go "aven" mad, it is illustrative of caws and cfeet.

Crows abound in and around Crow-Bar harbor.

Dove-tail soup is a rare delicacy amongst carpenters.

Bees should not be eaten out of season, as they are then suffering from the "blives."

Stingy people find their counterpart in "stingy" bees, but it affects the pronunciation.

The origin of the butter-fly is somewhat obscure, however, a young lady was fishing, and having hooked a beauty, and being unable to land it, she lost all butter fly.

Chameleons are of three orders, natural, political and religious; the former is capable of changing color, the latter, their coats.

Lions are various, the ordinary half starved circus kind, the social, and the botanical. The first we know all about, the second may lion on any occasion, while the latter is a "Daisy" lion.

The Beaver is best known by the modern name of "silk hat" and covers a multitude of sinners.

There's a good deal of waste in a wasp, but a wasp-waisted lady has not much waste to waste, not more than an armful.

Hawks are successful at robin's nests.

"Rhinocerated" Hippopotami are not of a sensitive touchy nature. They do not belong to a thin-skinned family, and would make good lawyers.

Cowards are generally bully-fellows.

The Dreamy Arno.

Beside the Arno's dreamy flow, You know love we were seated; In those sweet moments long ago, When fond words were repeated.

We said farewell Laurean, ah where, In all this bright world dwelling; Art thou in dreamland still as near, The Arno's love song telling.

We heard the vesper chiming sweet, We saw the sunbeam fading; Along that well remembered seat, The laurel branches shading.

O, ever bright Italian skies, You tell the same sweet story; Of loving ties and thoughtful eyes; And dreams of fame and glory.

Sweet melodies of moments past, Down all the long years stealing; In true hearts linger till the last, In deep-seated soul of feeling.

So some sweet thoughts that ne'er depart, Back to the spirit thronging; Still calm the sadness of the heart, The soul's unuttered longing.

And so the peaceful waters, Where cloudless skies are smiling; And there again love by your side, You are my tears beguiling.

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Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.



AUNTY AND HER AMANUENSIS.

The Letter that Was Finally Finished Under Considerable Difficulties.

Aunty crossed the floor with her heavy plantation tread and set the clock on the mantel.

It had in its day kept company with old creole mahogany and carried itself in lordly fashion among its peers, but now for many years, on account of some obscure visceral derangement, it had been retired to humble society.

The clock doctor, he say she all right now, an' jest as magnificent as she ever were; only you'll jest have ter wind her up, please, ma'am,' said Aunty.

The mistress cheerfully arose and essayed the novel task. The key turned in its place with infinite difficulty, as if it dragged after it the whole weight of the unwilling years, and there was a strange groaning and creaking within and a convulsive shudder of the whole machinery and framework.

Aunty surveyed it with awe and delight. 'She goes tribulatin' along as peart as ever she did. How machal it does sound!'

'Where did you get such a find old relic, Aunty?' asked the mistress, noting its point.

'My ole mistr's give her to me arter the surrender. They was all broke up and the ole plantation was sold and they went to N' Orleans ter live. An' now, honey I see ready fer de letter it you is.'

'Yes, Aunty. Who is the letter for?'

'My granddaughter. Her mother give her ter me an' I let her go to N' Orleans ter stay with her father. You see, they didn't get erlor g—'

'Who, Aunty? Your granddaughter and mother?'

'Bless yer heart, no! I mean her father an' mother, an' they separated, an' he's got another wife an' she's got another husband.'

'Oh, well. I have written. My dear granddaughter. Now, what next?'

'I was mighty glad ter hear from you all an' that you was well an' doin' well.'

'She give one when she oter give twelve, an' she give twelve when she oter give one,' said Aunty, interrupting her old friend's recitative.

The scribe looked up in bewilderment. Aunty's eyes were fixed on the clock.

'Didn't you hear her strike?'

'No. Never mind the clock row, Aunty.'

'He said she were all right,' murmured Aunty, sadly.

'We will consult him again if she is not, but now we must write the letter if we want it to go in the next mail.'

'I do's want it ter go powerful bad.'

'Well, then, what next?'

'I am well and doing well at present, but I have had mighty pore health this winter. Be a good girl and don't forget your pore ole gran'-mother. If her father don't let her come up here 'fore long I'm gwine down there.'

The scribe caught her breath and drew her pen through a line and a half.

'What you do that fer?' complained Aunty.

'Never mind. Go on.'

'You worries me so, scratchin' out the writin' I done lergot. Oh! 'Won't you please let my gran'daughter come up an' see me, if it's only for a day? That's fer her father,' said Aunty.

to the Rev. Jim Brown. An' then if you ain't anything pertickler to do, I'd like ter have you write ter my daughter out on Ticklaw, please, ma'am.'

Two hours later the amanuensis laid down her pen with a long sigh of relief.—Chicago Daily News.

NEW IRISH STORIES.

Some Anecdotes Told in the Journals of Mr. O'Neill Daunt.

Some good stories are told in the journals of Mr. O'Neill Daunt, recently published under the title, "A Life Spent in Ireland." At one time Mr. Daunt was the guest of Father Burke in whose parish one of the sanguinary tiffs occurred between the parsons and the Catholic people.

The soldiers were called on to fire on the populace, and some persons were killed. Soon afterward Father Burke received a Government circular inquiring the number of his flock for the purpose of making up a census.

He answered that, as he had not yet ascertained to what extent his people were thinned out on the last shooting day he could not furnish the required information with accuracy.

When the Poor law was introduced a Dublin beggar woman, whom a gentleman referred to the poorhouse, said:

'This Poor law's a grand thing for the souls of the gintlemen.'

'Why so?'

'Bekaise now when we axes for alms they only say go o'the poorhouse, but before there was a porhouse they used to say, 'Go to the devil!'

At a contested election in Galway a landlord named Foster sold his whole stock of votes for a good sum to each of the candidates. Having pocketed the money of both, he called the voters together. Foster was too generous to keep all the traffic to himself.

'Boys,' he exclaimed to his expectant seris, 'I don't care a button who you vote for. I have made the most I could of you; go and sell your vote, every man of you, to the best advantage you can.'

When Mr. Hemphill was canvassing Cahel he found that a party of electors, known as "commoners," numbering some thirteen or fourteen, were notoriously corrupt and always sold their vote to the highest bidder. Their usual price was £20 per vote. Hemphill requested the priest to preach on the sin of trafficking on the franchise, and the priest complied and denounced corrupt trafficking in votes as a mortal sin. The next day Hemphill met one of the commoners, and, anxious to learn what effect the sermon had produced on these venal gentlemen, he asked the man whether he had been at mass on the previous day.

'Was your Honor.'

'I was not the sermon on bribery excellent?'

'It was an excellent sermon your Honor.'

'Will it do good, do you think?'

'I think it will make the election run very close, your Honor.'

'How so?'

'Why, we always got £20 for a vote before we knew it was a sin; but, as his reverence says it's a sin to sell our votes, we can't for the future take less than £40.'

When Lord Muskerry was dying the parson in attendance remarked that life and its vanities would soon pass away, and exhorted him to repent.

'Repent! For what should I repent? demanded the o'd lord. 'Why, I don't remember that during my whole life I ever denied myself anything.'

HOW THE FARM WAS SAVED.

Her Effort Saved the Historic John Brown Homestead.

It was through the efforts of the late Kate Field that the John Brown homestead and farm were preserved for the sake of their public interest. The place had been sold to someone distantly connected with the family for \$800 in about the year 1863, and in 1870 Kate Field found that it was about to be sold again. The public had seemed quite to forget the tomb of John Brown, and it had fallen in neglect. Miss Field secured a number of subscriptions of \$100 each, and purchased the property. Her death and that of other members of this association which had bought the place, made it seem wise to devise some means for its permanent protection. It happens that the State of New York has within a few years acquired vast tracts in the Adirondacks with a view to preserving the forest and protecting the origins of important water-courses. Much of the land in the general vicinity of the John Brown farm has become state property, and it has been necessary to provide the requisite administrative organization for the oversight of the state's Adirondack domain. It was suggested, therefore, that it would be easy for the State of New York to care for the John Brown farm in connection with the great Adirondack reservation, and the Legislature last winter passed an Act enabling the executive department of the State Government to accept the farm and homestead from the John Brown Association. It was the formal transfer from the association to the state that was the occasion of the celebration of July 21.—"John Brown in the Adirondacks," by Albert Shaw, in September Review of Reviews.