

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

All Letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply.

Copies Can be Purchased at every known news stand in New Brunswick, and in every part of the cities, towns and village of Nova Scotia and Prince-Edward Island every Saturday, or Five Cents each.

Discontinuances.—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.

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.

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

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.

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

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCT. 17

A copy of the London, Eng., Churchman reached Progress office this week addressed 'To the Editor, Progress, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Canada, U. S. A.'

The late Dr. BENSON Archbishop of Canterbury was a signal instance of a man who holds a great place and makes no mark in the world. As strong a foundation as any for his memory was the fact that he had a son who wrote "DoCo."

The anti-bicycle society has made its appearance and its headquarters are in Toronto. It has been christened the Pedestrians' Protective Association. Any person male or female, who doesn't wheel is eligible for membership.

The agitation revived from time to time for party government in New Brunswick seems to be as futile as it is needless. Mr. Mitchell, the premier and attorney general, has in his cabinet almost an equal number of liberals and conservatives.

The principal hotel keepers of Europe having been interviewed by circulars as to their ideas on the subject of tips to waiters, they have approved the custom with hearty unanimity, the explanation being that it insures proper attention to the guests.

In a recent pamphlet issued by the Ancient Order of United Workmen, of which there are three or four lodges in this city, there are some interesting statements regarding the present membership and the increase in the order.

Whatever is the reason, any show verging on the 'ragged edge' of decency is sure to draw a crowd in St. John. Perhaps the same is true of all cities but this community has had two notable examples of the purient taste of many of the people within a few days.

a charge the police had made against them. The action of the police magistrate in clearing the court room must commend itself to all right thinking people.

When the journey men of a country fly from it, to avoid serving it, as 40,000 of them have fled from Spain; when the government of a country is unable to borrow the money essential to its support, as Spain is unable to borrow the needed sum of 200,000,000; when the army of a country fails after twenty months of campaigning, to gain any success over a body of insurgents one fifth its size, as the 200,000 Spanish troops in Cuba have failed; when the generals of a country bring disgrace upon their military titles by deeds of dishonor; when it expends all its strength in mad efforts to destroy the liberty of Colonial subjects, the ruin of that country must be at hand.

The activity of the police has made an undisturbed life an uncertain matter in the questionable resorts of the city. The city has added a thousand dollars to its revenue in the shape of fines but that is all that can be said. The very lowest places, that mar a whole street of the city still remain a menace to the community and a disgrace to the city.

Whether any definite arrangements for co-operation were agreed upon by the French and Russian governments during the Czar's sojourn in Paris is unknown. It is scarcely probable that any additions were then made to the compact which already exists, for it would have been the reverse of good taste on such an occasion to secure from the guest of a nation concessions hitherto withheld.

In a recent pamphlet issued by the Ancient Order of United Workmen, of which there are three or four lodges in this city, there are some interesting statements regarding the present membership and the increase in the order. In Canada and the United States there are 362,480 members and the fact that during the first three months of the year the order added 10,000 members to its list shows how flourishing it is.

Inventive genius and mechanical skill have in the last few years so developed the construction of bicycles that many experts see but little room for further improvement. The task of bettering the wheel of 1896 in order to greet customers of 1897 with one still more desirable is not easy. The most notable change in the 97 models promised by two big makers has to do with the gear. When safety machines were first seen in this country some of them were equipped with bevelled gear in the place of chain and sprocket wheels.

impracticable on a machine so light as a modern bicycle. They say that a bevelled gear on the present wheel might work when operated slowly on a smooth surface but when heavy pressure is put upon the pedals some part of the gear or frame will be likely to give way. No modern bicycle, say many mechanics, is strong enough to withstand the wrenching and straining caused by the use of a level gear; and in addition, the chainless wheels lesser possibilities for speed militate against it.

The Canadian Magazine for October contains a critique on Mr. G. E. Fenety's "Life and Times of Hon. Joseph Howe." It is signed by the editor, Mr. John A. Cooper, and has therefore sufficient importance to call for notice. Our critic passes some very harsh strictures upon Mr. Fenety's style, and at the same time complains of certain omissions in the matter of fact.

It is a minor matter to convict a critic of a mere foolish oversight like this. It is also, perhaps, a minor matter to convict him of error in his facts; as, for instance, where he states that Mr. Fenety "is a successful publisher in St. John, N. B." while the fact is that Mr. Fenety lives in Fredericton, and is not a publisher.

Other instances of clumsiness in expression if not of actual error, might be gathered from this very brief article of Mr. Cooper's. If he cannot write two pages without falling into palpable blunders he should at least have the modesty to refrain from censuring the slips which may so easily pass uncorrected when a large book is going through the press, especially when, as in the case of the work under discussion, a sudden and dangerous illness made it impossible for the author to complete the revision of his proof sheets.

It is not unusual for slips to occur in a book of four hundred pages, but it there are such slips in the "Life of Howe," we would hardly select Mr. Cooper as the critic best qualified to point them out. The following is one of the sentences which Mr. Cooper holds up to reprobation. "There were no steel pens in those days, blood-letting was done by the old style goose-quill, just as effective." The reader will observe that this is not only a strictly correct sentence, but also an instance of terse and vigorous expression.

In another instance Mr. Cooper inveighs against a most obvious printer's error, a slip which makes the author say what no sane person would accuse him of intending to say. Indeed, in the whole six quotations which Mr. Cooper criticizes there is no fault half so glaring as the critic's own ignorant attempt to join a singular verb to a plural subject. Other eccentricities we might point out in this amusing article of Mr. Cooper's, but the game seems hardly worth the candle.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Chaire. Clear and beautiful as sweet, The dew falls round the rills; And gliding slowly past my feet, The brook flows from the hills. Clear is thy name, and fair art thou, Whose face before me beams; The light of grace is on thy brow, Glad as the brook's bright gleams. When star light mirrors in the lake, And free its depths with light; I only see for true love's sake, Thy beauty in the sight. I give to thee love's stary crown, Faith's beautiful true eyes; For thee my spirit would lay down Its birth right to the skies. Sweet twilight with thy broken heart, I look at that pale face My golden dreams waken their part And sadness takes their place. For one who would thy light restore, My thoughts with rapture fill; Would bring thee back to me once more In all thy glory still. The autumn woodlands scatter near, Their crimson and their gold; As if in parting doubly dear There sad forebells were told. I see thee as in dreams we see, The dearest come and go; That sorrow cometh not to thee, Is most I ask to know. CYPRIUS GOLDB. Old Red Hoss Mountain. I've been to Red Hoss Mountain, where Field once dwelt and wrote; I've seen the Place de Casey, but Casey's table d'hote is gone; and so is Casey. A solitary pine The first here, where now shadows the Gosh-ail-Hemlock Mine. There's not a cabin standing, so that a man may say, "The conversazzybody in this abode held away." Aye, everything has perished save earth and sky and space; The bard of Red Hoss Mountain is gone to his own place. The trees that made the forest have fallen one by one, Until Old Red Hoss Mountain lies bare beneath the sun; Yet, in the deathlike stillness that hangs upon the air, I love to sit and fancy I feel his presence there. The mines are all abandoned, the rain-washed trails are dim; But where are all the people who tramped these trails with him? And where are all the actors he staged here long ago. When magpies, "like winged shadows, were flitting to and fro?" Sweet Son! He knew a heartache if e'en a robin cried; Then how he must have sorrowed when Martha's baby died; When strong, rough man stood weeping who had not wept for years; With Martha's heart nigh breaking and Sorry Tom in tears. The brook that sang to "lonesome-like, an' loitered on his way, Is singing just as softly and lonesome like today. One pine above the Hemlock and just one willow weeps Down in the ragged canon where "Martha's yan-ker" sleeps. —Cy Wainman. "If We Would." If we would but check the speaker, When he spoils his neighbor's fame; If we would but hush the cringing, E'er we utter words of blame; If we would, how many might we Turn from paths of sin and shame! Ah, the wrongs that might be righted, If we would but see the way! Ah, the pains that might be lightened! Every hour and every day. If we would but heed the pleadings O the hearts that go astray. Let us step outside the stronghold, Of our selfishness and pride; Let us lift our fainting brothers, Let us strengthen ere we chide; Let us, ere we blame the fallen, Hold a light to cheer and guide. Ah, how blessed—ah, how blessed, Earth would be, if we'd but try To aid and right the weaker, Thus to check each brother's sigh; Thus to talk of duty's pathway To our better life on high. In each life, however lowly, These are seeds of mighty good; Still, we shrink from such appealing, With a timid, "If we could, but." But the God who judgeth all things, Knows the truth is—"If we would!" Thy Will Be Done. We see not, know not; all our way is with Thee, and Thy name is Thy From out the torrent's troubled drift, Above the storm our prayers we'll send! Thy will be done! The fish may fall, the heat may break, But who are we, complaint to make, Or dare to plead in times like these, The weakness of our love for ease? Thy will be done! We take with solemn thankfulness Our burden up, nor ask it less; And count it joy that even we May suffer, serve, or die for Thee. Thy will be done! Though dim as yet in tint and line, We trace Thy picture's wise design, And thank Thee that our age supplies The dark relief of sacrifice. Thy will be done! Strike, Thou, the Master, we the keys, The anthem of the destinies; The honor of Thy loftiest strain— Our hearts shall breathe the old refrain. Thy will be done! —John G. Whittier. Nobody Knows—But Mother. Only a kiss on the baby's face, Only a kiss with mother's grace, So simple a thing that the sunbeams laughed, And the bees had-ashed from where they quaffed. Only a kiss but the face was fair, And nobody knew what love was there, Nobody knew—but mother. Only a word to a mother's joy, Only a word to her parting boy, And the changing lights on the window pane As her boy went out in the world alone, Only a word from a mother's brow, But nobody knew the love it gave, Nobody knew—but mother. Only a sigh for a wayward son, Only a sigh for a hopeless one, And the lights burned dimly and shone with a burr. Could mother condemn? 'Tis human to err. Only a sigh as she took his part, But nobody knew what it cost her heart. Nobody knew—but mother. Only a sob as the tomb doors close, Only a sob that it upward rose, And the light in the window flickered and died; And with them her hope, her joy, her pride. Only a sob as she turned away; But nobody knew as she knelt to pray, Nobody knew—but mother. At the Opera. The glitter of diamonds, and big, bright eyes Rival each other in a box over there; And the smiling red mouth which always denies. The old, old story of heartache and care; And the spirit which ever dies. But the shine of tears in her brooding eyes Rivals the jewels which gleam in her hair; While I feel that her coldness is only lies, That such routine she can hardly bear, For her pale face droops as the voices rise. I wonder if memory sings a lay Of last winter's sport and an ardent boy, And the darling moods of the past passionate day When she won, and maddened, her favorite toy, Then left him alone and rode away. —Irene O'good. Chairs Re-seated, Cane, Epitaf, Perforated Dual, 17 Waterloo.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report. Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

A GOOD PLACE FOR BOYS. Satisfactory Results of the Rothersey College and University Examinations. The matriculation examination for the universities of New Brunswick and Dalhousie have recently been completed. The results give a most creditable standing to the Rothersey Collegiate school of New Brunswick. This school sent up six boys to the University of New Brunswick for matriculation in arts and one for matriculation in engineering; of these all were successful. The following are the names of the successful students with the percentage that each one obtained.

W. H. Harrison, 78.8; Louis Barker, 71.5 O. R. Peters, 61.5; A. Covert, 54.5; S. Emerson, 51; F. Bayfield, 45.9. W. Breckner passed in engineering—percentage not made known. An interesting feature in connection with these results is the fact that the marks made by W. H. Harrison are the highest in the province. In addition to taking this high stand Mr. Harrison made the further distinction of taking first class honors in Classics and of winning the Kings county scholarship. Louis Barker gained the distinction of standing first in the province in mathematics. He made the high mark of 98.3 per cent.

At Dalhousie the Rothersey pupils were even more successful than in N. B. Only three boys from this school presented themselves for Matriculation at Dalhousie. Not only were they all successful in passing but each won a Scholarship. J. Ritchie won the Mackenzie scholarship. N. Ritchie won a Sir. Wm. Young scholarship. G. Henderson won a Sir. Wm. Young scholarship. In addition to winning these scholarships, these boys have each distinguished themselves in one department. J. Ritchie stood first in classics in Nova Scotia. N. Ritchie first in mathematics and G. Henderson first in English.

The above results make the standing of the Rothersey school unquestionable, were its pupils successful in one province only, this would show thorough efficiency but when it is known that almost double work has had to be done to prepare boys for two distinct examinations, it is, indeed, highly creditable that the school should be successful in winning the chief laurels in both provinces. As these boys have now entered the Universities their places at Rothersey are vacant and the school is now in a position to admit new boys. Applications for admission should be made at once to the head master—Rev. O. W. Howard, B. A. There are also a few vacancies at the Girls' school. Apply to Miss J. O. Hooper, B. A. Rothersey, N. B.

AN EXCELLENT REFEREE. A Better one Than Mr. W. G. Robertson Could not be Found. HALIFAX, Oct. 15.—We are in the midst of the football season and excitement between the admirers of the respective teams is running high. The position of referee is a very trying one. Last season the position was acceptably occupied by W. G. Robertson, of the Wanderers and a former member of the football team. There has been been but one jarring note in reference to his work as referee this season, and it is a pity that it was uttered. The newspaper writer who suggested that a 'change' might be desirable this year made a great mistake. Mr. Robertson is the very soul of honor and rectitude. No matter how much he might like to see his own colors win he would not for a moment allow that feeling, in the slightest degree, to warp his judgement. He has not allowed it to do so in the past, and he will not, players and public may rest assured, allow it to do so in the future. Never before have we had a referee who gave such eminent satisfaction as Mr. Robertson, and any one who asks for a change might very soon regret that his advice was taken. Let well enough alone, and Mr. Robertson is more than "well enough;" he is excellent. The newspaper writer who suggested a change is in very much of a minority, and it would have been much better had he withheld his opinion. Criticizing a referee is an easier matter than obtaining a better one. The suggestion has been made that the trophy committee go to St. John for a referee, the probability being that the man who is thought of is Mr. Jones. He, would be good, but the chances are that the satisfaction resulting from his services would not be one whit more general than has been given by Mr. Robertson. Stick to your post, Mr. Referee Robertson, and earn the gratitude of all lovers of football.

After the Water Inspector. HALIFAX, Oct. 15.—James Taylor is after John E. Burns with a rather sharp stick. Mr. Taylor is a contractor and Mr. Burns is a city water inspector. The grievance complained of by the former is that the water inspector, while drawing a salary from the city treasury, is taking jobs

and entering into competition with tax-paying mechanics. Mr. Taylor lodged his complaint with Major M'Pherson and received assurances from his worship that a step would be put in the future to any competition of this kind. Mr. Burns, is yet to be heard from and possibly he will be able to show that he has been wrongly charged with the offense laid at his door. By the way, when once Mr. Taylor starts on a campaign he goes through very faithfully till the end is reached.

COMPLIMENTARY TO THE FORCES. They All Made a Good Appearance at the Late Parade. HALIFAX, Oct. 15.—General Montgomery-Moore, through Colonel North, has addressed a letter of thanks to Mayor Black, as representing the militia forces. The general compliments the Halifax garrison artillery and 63rd rifles, on their admirable appearance and excellent work on the occasion of the mobilization of the troops. There is much comment on the fact that the general is silent as to the 66 h. P. L. F. They are not mentioned in the letter. This is not likely accountable for by the omission of the salute to the general when the troops left the common. Whatever the reason is the battalion are not mentioned. Here is what he says: "The first R. C. A. are a very efficient artillery corps, and the detachments worked very well in spite of their drenched condition and incessant rain."

The general commanding remarked particularly the appearance and set up of the 63rd Rifles. They marched by him well and handed their arms smartly at the word to command. An Expert Ladies' Tailor. Buying a ready made sacque is something like buying a ready made overcoat or suit—the fit can not be guaranteed. But there are ladies' tailors as well as men's tailors and the art of making fashionable garments for ladies is one that is not acquired easily. Mr. Merritt D. Keefe of this city is accomplished in the art of ladies' tailoring and he talks about his work on the sixth page of this issue of PROGRESS. He caters for out of town trade as well as city custom and is prepared to give the best satisfaction to all parties. Call upon or write to him and see the styles and get his prices.

Revival of Roller Skating. Roller skating is not out of fashion—no good healthy exercise ever is—and Mr. March of the bicycle academy has introduced it again until the weather gets cold enough to make ice for the winter skating. The rink was open Tuesday evening for the first and many took advantage of the fact to enjoy an old pastime. The skates are at the rink and are hired for the evening by those who patronize the sport.

First Class Millinery. Mr. H. G. Marr of the Parisian Millinery store Union street has engaged the services of Miss Rudd of London Ontario, for the season, and patrons of that popular establishment are assured of the very best work that skilled artistes can produce. A visit to the establishment is time well spent.

Ink—The Origin of the Word. The analogous word is given in the Encyclopaedia Britannica in French 'encre,' and in German 'tinte,' and in no other language. But the Italian word for ink is 'inchiostro,' and is most probably the source from which the English word 'ink' is derived. If we consider the meaning of the word 'inchiostro' for the fluid which we call 'ink' it will appear as the fluid employed in chiostru, i. e., in the cloister. In the dark ages the monks were the only educated class of that period, and as in this country they for most part came over from Italy, the word 'inchiostro' must have been known amongst our forefathers as the medium employed by the monks for the transcription of documents (a work peculiarly an occupation of theirs,) and the lengthy name 'inchiostro' became, by contraction the more convenient monosyllabic 'ink.'

Fly That Carries a Lantern. One of the largest and most curious of the many luminous or lamp-bearing insects is the large lantern fly, a species of the fire-fly, peculiar to South America. The great lantern fly is hardly as large as the common dragon fly or 'snake feeder,' but like that creature, it has lace like wings and an elongated abdomen. In Central America, particularly in Costa Rica and Panama, the Indians capture them by thousands, using them as decorations for their lead dresses, saddles, etc. The Frenchman, Renard, who visited Guatemala in 1802, declared that the Indians used the lantern flies and other luminous insects much in the same manner that we do torches and lanterns and that by the light the insects give out they were able to find their way through dark woods and swamps. The convent of Valley field, P. Q., has selected and purchased a Pratte Piano for the use of its advanced pupils. McArthur's for Window Blinds.