PROGRESS.

W. T. H. FENETY..... PUBLISHER

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THE NEW PREMIER.

The Maritime Provinces have just acquired two new premie s, Hon. A. B. WARBURTON of Prince Edward Island, and Hon. H. R. Emmerson of New Brunswick. People were not surprised when the Commissioner of Public Works was raised to the leadership, for it was expected. Mr. EMMERSON is not a man of transcendant ability, but he was the best man available to lead the composite government of this province. Personally he is well liked, politically he is not exceptionally strong. But then Mr. EMMERSON is only beginning his career. He is in the prime of li'e at 44 years of age with the probability of many years of activity before him.

The new premier should be broad minded for he was educated under varied auspices, at the catholic, methodist and baptist | forward with the approach of cooler frosty schools at Memramcook, Sackville and weather a rapid abatement of the scourge Wolfville respectively, and also at the English High school in Boston. He got his law degree from Boston University, and began to practice his profession at Dorchester in this province twenty years ago. He acquired a good practice and at the age of 34 entered the lists of public life. He aimed high at first, contesting Westmorland and Albert counties against Senator Wood and Dr. WELDON in the election of 1887 and 1891, and was defrated both times. He also had another dose of defeat for after representing Albert in the local house two years was sent into retirement in 1890. He emerged to assume the evanescent honor of being lord high executioner at the taking off of the legislative council in 1891. He performed the function so well that the county of Albert restored their trust in him and sent him back to the council halls as chief commissioner of public works.

Mr. Emmerson is a ponderous speaker with a fierce looking eye, but develops a vein of humor at times. He is a champion of the woman's cause, good roads and various other movements; and if the women had votes, and the wheelmen voted as wheelmen, he would nover be defeated. He also says that he has no sympathy for boodlers, and will have none of it; so that he should introduce a much needed era of reform in politics. He is baptist and one of the govenors of Acadia college, and a member of the church.

NOVA SCOTIA ABROAD.

A dozen years ago or more a raw looking Cape Bretonian sat amid the clicking instruments in the Western Union Telegraph office here and rattled out "flimsy" for the newspapers and all the various tales of finance, war, love and activity that the telegrabic wires tell. He did not shine while he was here and was looked upon as somewhat erratic. But flightiness is a sign of genius sometimes and though it may not have proved so in this case it has at least shown considerable cleverness. His name was GEORGE PHILPOTS and he remained here but three or four years. Then he sought the wider sphere of the United States and soon eschewed tripping the light fantastic on the keyboards of the clicker to take up the pen. He has met with success and is one of Uncle Sam's typical journalists with all the versatility that distinguishes them. He writes for the Sunday papers, and dishes up humor and racy description for the omniverous American public. But he has essayed higher flights than this for he is novelist and play wright as well and has turned out some clever novels and plays and some catchy operettas. He has acted in some of his own plays too. But he has not imbibed only of the froth from the cup that the gods of letters hold out. He has essayed the more serious work of journalism as editor and leader writer. The old time Western Union boy wears the name of GEORGE PHILPOTS no longer. By legis- | Works. Phone 58.

lative enactment he had it changed to GEORGE VERE HOBART and under that euphonious title his weekly contributions to the Sunday papers may be found.

The city extended a good deal of courtesy to the tug boat owners when they informed them that it they protested against the use of the MARY J. FINN, the corporation would not accept the free use of her services. While there was a good deal of opposition to the proposition to bring in a toreign tug it is to the credit of some of the tug owners that when they saw how much of a saving it would be to the city they did not protest. But there is one thing to be guar led against and that is-the tug must not delay the dredge.

The Swedish government has decided to equip an expedition for the possible relief of ANDREE the daring Polar aeronaut. ANDREE is a Swele while NANSEN is a Norwegian. The floating balloon story may prove to be a hoax, like the pigeon messages; but some countenance must be lent to the credibility of the reported sighting of the derelict in view of the leakage of the Eagle—a fact which was severely comm nted upon before the start from Dane's Island.

Bishop COLEMAN in a recent address struck a note that will find a ready response in the minds of all sensible people. The divine denounced the deplorable custom of erecting heathenish monuments, such as obelisks, wrecked ships, broken shafts, faded flowers and urns over the graves of christians in cemetries, which, he said were devoid of any expression of hope or faith in the resurrection.

November brings with it one solace. There is a falling off in the number of yellow fever cases and deaths in the infested districts of the gulf States. From this time may be looked for.

A hotel has just been opened in New York, one of the rules of which is that no attendant shall accept a tip from a guest. The new hostelry is bound to become popular with the travelling public, and other hotels should adopt the same rule.

Have you heard that Judge Robert VAN WYCK is mayor of Greater New York? Young Mr. GEORGE "also ran" for that position as did one or two others. The important question now is if they're not running yet where are they.

The residents of Moncton are asking for "close season" as a protection against the onslaught of some of the officers on that city's police force. Let them have it by all means. It will be a protection to the reading public as well.

The Mayor of Greater New York is a single man. The motions and resolutions of the Woman's Rescue League do not seem to have affected his popularity to any appreciable extent.

From the antic of the Yantic on the St. Lawrence it would seem as though the contumacious Man-of-War should be bound ever to keep the paace.

If the professional florists continue to develop the chrysanthemum they will have all the beauty of the floral world concentrated in that graceful flower.

The Relief Fund for the Windsor sufferers closed yesterday. St. John has no reason to be ashamed of her contribution which reached nearly \$5000.

BLISS CARMAN has written a poem on HENRY GEORGE. Mr. GEORGE'S tragic death was a great shock to the public mind -so is the 'poem.'

The rain in the early part of the week was greatly needed and was welcomed by every one-except these who were obliged to be out in it.

"Vote early and often" was the motto in New York last Tuesday.

What His Services Were Worth,

The "last sad rites" for a departed citiz in were performed in one of the rural districts outside of the celestial city a short time ago, and as no clergyman was available the friends of the departed called upon a city clergyman to perform the ceremony. The reverend gentleman did his part to the satisfaction of all, and charged five dollars for the performance.

Positively all Done by Hand.

All open front shirts done by hand with the New York finish. It is picturesque-Try it. Ungar's Laundry and Dye

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

A Summer Dream. A crimson star in jewelled blue, Sweet cherry trees in bloom; Chrysanthemums of brilliant hue, Love in a fragrant room. A dark-eyed rose of romance land, The world's best rose to me; Where gay Japan's tea gardens stand, Her loveliness to see.

I hear a plaintive dreamful air, A samsin played in tune; Her h nd so delicately fair, Wakes in poetic rune. I see her in the golden light, While taking dainty sips,-Of tea; and sweets to be polite, She placed between my lips.

We lingered where the temple trees, Watch o'er the flower of gr ves'-Of hallowed friends faith fondly sees, At rest beyond the waves. There Loka true I meet at will, And bless her sad sweet face, Sahanara, her farewell still, In that enchanting place.

Now like a summer dream returns, The gardens of our love; The scent of roses in the urns. The soft blue skies above. Deliciously as lost in sleep, The scene of some loved spot; In vernal memory we keep, A true forget-me-not.

Like lovely arms around us thrown, Sweet whispers of the voice Of one in all the world a'one, Who is our fondest choice. The fragrant flowers of Japan, Its sacred love and truth, Invite the soul of mortal man, To flowery paths of youth.

A tea rose obi breathing balm. Sweet incense yielding leaves; In some entrancing twilight calm, A spell around us weaves. A wondrous influence will steal, Upon us in the night; And to our longing souls reveal, A rapturous delight.

I saw sweet Loka till the last, But parted all too soon; When one dark night cloud over cast, The vast pearl oceaned moon. That parting song, that fond good bye, Sahanara, farewell; Willhaunt my spirit till I die, Her soul in mine shall dwell.

Lok Latina, twilight star, Came once into my life; The love light of these years afar, Now in the co'd world's strife. The magic of that mystic clime, That paradise of bliss; Has roses for the wintry time, I ever find in this.

True Samsin, lute like chorded sweet, Played with exquisite skill; How often resting at her feet, Came love's responsive thrill. I was an invalid weary, Spending my rickshaw yen, O dark eyed Japanese fairy I'm most thoughtful now of men.

CYPRUS GOLDE.

The Day, s Advance.

Where the wild Atlantic surges beat the cliffs of 'Quoddy head, O'er the ocean dim and distant first appeared the rising day: Then the mists, dispersed and scattered by the shafts the morning shed, Fied along the sounding headlands toward the isles of Casco Bay.

Over inland, hill and river, to the far Aroostook wild, Flashed the message of the morning, "Lo the day is born again! Streamlets laughed, and lakes of silver in the face of heaven smiled, While the pine-tree and the hemlock whispered back the glad refrain.

Up the stretches of Penobscot, past the Indian's cabin lone, From the brows of old Katahdin gleamed the light of glorious day,
And from Moosehead's mighty waters rose the mists on morning, blown Towards the rictous Androscoggin thundering down his rocky way.

Westward still the hosts of morning, speeding on the wings of light. Enter not the slumbering forest where the shades are dark and deep But they climb with noiseless footsteps o'er the mountain's dizzy height. Leap across the smiling valleys with a grand majestic sweep.

O'er the lordly Hudson flashing, soon to leave it far Then to span Niagara's chasm with a crescent Over inland sea and prairie, faster than the truant Is the march of Day triumphant through the des-

Tsrry not, O bright Evangel, in whose deserts lone and bare. Bring the message to thy children on the far We behold thy signs appearing through the night of our despair, And we catch thy glorious coming as we never watched before.

We are brothers-we are brothers of the stalwart sons of Maine, We would clasp our hands in concord o'er the nation of our dreams With no lord upon her highway and no serf upon her plain, When the golden gate is closing o'er the day's de

A Release.

- O. T. Fellows.

I saw a prisoner go by, last night, With pallid, haggard face and frenzied air, Dragged on by Hunger, driven by Despair; Madness and Woe stalked on her left and right; and thus sue passed my door and out of sight, I looked about my home, so free, so fair; And, lo, that haunting face seemed everywhere! Then out into the storm my feet gave flight.

I overtook the prisoner, at last, And threw my arms around I walked beside her till the night was past, And said, 'My bread and wine I share with thee.' At dawn her letters, which had seemed so fast, Were gone—gone with her captors! She was free! -Emma C. Dowd.

Indian Summer.

I said farewell to June long, long ago, Yet now, what time the summer days are fied, And I am watching for the autumn snow,
I see her come again with silent tread.

What miracle is this! the brown, sad earth, Is wakened in the midst of autumn's grief. Touched with the presence of a matchless birth, And summer's sun shines on each withered

Ah, thus when old age creeps upon the heart
The memory of a by-sped joy may rise.
To lead us back through perfumed paths apart Where June and roses breathe of paradise.

—Charles Hanson Towne.

HAVE SECURED MEMBERSHIP. The Appointment of School Commissioners

in Halifax

HALIFAX, Nov. 4 .- The appointment of members of the board of school commissioners by the local government and the city council is always a matter of considerable interest especially to the candidates for the position and their immediate friends. Now is the season for this ordeal and four men have within the week secured the coveted prize of membership on the board. It may be worth while to take a glance at these new educationists, and see what their qualities are.

The first appointed is A. M. Bell, a wellknown hardware merchant and almost equally well-known temperance worker. Had the local government sought far and wide they could hardly have found a better man for the position than A. M. Bell. He is a pillar in the methodist church; a Sunday school worker where he has gained knowledge that will now prove useful to him; and he is a good business man. Premier Murray is to be congratulated on this appointment.

The government's warmest supporter on the other hand, can hardly be in a position to express any congratulations on account of Premier Murray's other appointment—that of William Levis, a book-keep er with the Robert Taylor company. There is one thing to he said in extenuation of this appointment, that an effort was made to obtain a man of different qualifications, but he could not be prevailed on to accept Had it been possible to prevail on Mr John M. Murphy, the gentleman referred to, to accept a place on the board-and an unsuccessful effort, it is understood, was made in this direction—the two commissioners representing the government would have been everything that could be desired.

At Tuesday evening's meeting of the city council the aldermen appointed their representatives on the board-D. H. Campbell and Saul Mosher-both good men. Alderman Mosher is a well-to-do citizen with considerable leisure. He is well off in the things of this world, and takes a great deal of interest in municipal affairs. Such being the case it is reasonable that he should be willing to sit on the school board, a body that spends \$100,000 of the taxes of citizens of Hilifax. He will make a good commissioner. Ald. Campbell is a man comparatively new to the council, but he has made his mark there for good. He was thoroughly acquainted with proceedure in deliberate bodies before his election, and he fell into the methods of business in the city council with little trouble. His apprenticeship was served in the masonic body and the U. P. C. where he held responsible positions. Then he graduated with ease into the council and now he will divide his attention with the school

The board ot school commissioners has had some delicate questions to deal with during the past year, notably that of the school of cookery, and, with the new blood that has been infused, it is confidently hoped that the coming year will witness yet greater advances in the march of progress.

VIOLATED HIS OWN BULES.

In Giving an Outsider a Preference Over the

HALIFAX, Nov. 4 - General Montgomery Moore has taken some interest in an employment society started in Halifax, to obtain work for men who have served their term in the army and are discharged at Halifax. Citizens have been appealed to to give such men employment, all things being equal, in preterence to others. Now a number of tongues are busily engaged telling how the general has violated this good rule himself in an appointment he recently made to the position of barrack messenger. Scores of army reserve men, with breasts decorated with war medals applied for the position but they obtained it not. The job went to an employee of the electric tramway company, who had served only five years in the Army, and who was making a living while veterans, out of work many of them, were given the cold shoulder by the general officer commanding. Surely this is not as it should be, but it may go to show how much easier it is to preach than to practice.

Assisting the Memory.

A new system of mnemonics is described by the San Francisco Post. Like all other system, it fails of absolute perfection.

John B.ckwith, the warehouse man, received a letter the other day addressed in a round business hand, and bearing the Oakland postmark. He glanced at it, rubbed his forhead reflectively a moment, and then, without opening the envelope, tore it into bits.

'Why did you do that?' asked his part-'That might have contained something of importance.' 'No, it didn't. I wrote it myself.'

'Are you in the habit of writing letters to yourself? 'Yes, I have to. Now if I hadn't writ-



ten that yesterday and mailed it, I should have torgotten that bunch of braid, two dezen pearl buttons and five yards of haircloth that I've got to go up town and buy right now. Once, though, I wrote a letter to myself about something I wanted to remember, and forgot to mail it for two

A SERVANT'S DILEMMA.

The Servant Was Carefully Coached but Made a bad Break.

What critics call the 'motive' of the following story is pretty old, but the story itself is new and moderately amusing, not to say instructive. We borrow it from the Cleveland Plain Dealer, which says it is told of 'a certain Cleveland family of high social aspirations.'

Some time last sum ner they let it be generally understood that they were going to the seaside. At the last moment something prevented them from going on the day fixed upon, but they had advertised their departure so thoroughly that they concluded they must make it appear that they were actually gone. They dismissed their help, all save a Swedish girl, sent away the horses, bolted and barred the front of the house, and of course pulled down all the shades.

Then they retired to the rear apartments until such times as they could start-after dark, of course—on their journey.

Twenty-four hours passed, and they were still there. Of course they imagined that the appearance of the house would warn away callers, but, strange to say, they had one. She was a lady of somewhat absentminded ways and rang the bell so long that at last the girl carefully coached, was sent to the door.

'Is Mrs. Blank at home?' inquired the 'Mrs. Blank told me to say she was by

seaside,' said the honest girl. 'Oh, gone away?' said the visitor. 'No, not gone away-yoost by seaside.' Well, she had to go away to get to the

seaside didn't she? The girl looked puzz'ed. 'I don't know. I go ask.'

She was gone some little time, and when she came back her face was very red. 'It's all right,' she said. 'She was here by seaside yet.'

'But I don't understand.' 'Vell if you don't understand, I lose my

'Oh, then, I guess I do understand,' said the triend of the family, and she went down

Dangers in Hypnotism.

Everett Wrest-'Dis thing of hypnertizin' is gittin' altogedder too common. Did ye hear about de accident dat happened ter Weary ?"

Saunter A. Long—'No; what was it?'
Everett Wrest—'Why, he went ter a farm house ter git a piece of berry pie. De farmer was ter home, an' I'll be dog-bit if he didn't make Weazy put in a hull day, buskin' corn.' Saunter A. Long-'Great blisters

How 'd do it?' Everett Wrest-'Why, yer see, he hypnertized Weary, and made him believe he was in de sunny south peelin' bananas.' -Up to-Date.

Feminet es.

Mothers can do much toward promoting the happinesss of their sex by instilling a belief in their beloved sous that no woman is good enough for them.

Man was created to serve and worship his Maker; but woman invented ruffles, and a balance of power was torever established.

Robbed of its frills, its ruffles, powder, bangles and lace, temininity chiefly consists of assisting a man up the stairs in so gracious a manner that he will not complain of being thrown fron the root atterward .- Puck.

A Bedside Bon Mon.

Nurse-'I am glad you came, Doctor. There has been a change in the condition of the patient; he has just kicked the covers

Doctor-'I am glad to hear it; it is a very good sign.'

Nurse-'Why a good sign, Doctor.' Doctor-'It insures his re-covering '-Boston Courier.

In 1635 landlords throughout Missachusetts colony were licensed by the Lagislature for a year sometimes, and sometimes 'at the pleasure of the court.' The charges were regulated by law, and not by the landlords. For instance, the usual price of beer for a penny a quart. Many of the innholders were constantly in trouble and were fined for charging two pence a quart for beer. The price of a meal of victuals was not to exceed six pence (eight cents.)

If you are troubled with failing hair, dandruff, eczema of the scalp, or inclined to grayness, use the best preparation made to correct and cure—Ha'ls' Hair Renewer.