

PROGRESS.

PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

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ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, SEPT. 17th

Subscribers who do not receive their paper Saturday morning are requested to communicate with the office.—Tel. 95.

THE EXHIBITION OPENED.

Exhibition openings are not a rare thing in St. John, for they come at least once a year and sometimes oftener, if there is anything of a special nature to show the people, so there was one good reason, at least, on Tuesday afternoon why the number of people who sought the buildings and grounds on the Barrack square was not as large as, perhaps, some expected. The great drawing card was, of course, the veteran politician, who has been in the parliament of Canada so long, and who has taken such a prominent part in the history of this young country. Sir CHARLES TUPPER looked as vigorous and fresh as he has been represented to be by the press of those provinces through which he has been touring. He carries his years like the veteran he is; his complexion is as fresh and youthful appearing as that of many a man not half his age. Only a year before, the position he occupied yesterday, as the opener of the Exhibition, was filled by that graceful and eloquent politician and premier of Canada, Sir WILFRID LAURIER. He was surrounded at that time by many prominent members of his cabinet, while yesterday Sir CHARLES was encircled by those prominent in conservative politics in New Brunswick. The fact that Provincial Secretary TWEEDIE, Surveyor General DUNN, Minister of Agriculture LABILLOIS, were upon the platform was not due so much to the fact that two of them were conservatives, as it was because the Hon. Mr. EMERSON, their leader, was there to deliver one of the principal addresses of the day. Mr. EMERSON and Sir CHAS. TUPPER made splendid speeches. They avoided the dangerous shoals of politics and talked from their broader standpoint as leaders of the people.

Partisanship for the time being had taken a back seat, and the interests of the country were paramount. The audience appreciated the tone of the remarks and departed well satisfied with the good wishes extended to the exhibition and the felicitous expressions made about the city in which we live. If criticism is at all in order upon such an occasion, a remark of President PITFIELD'S, at the close of a most excellent address and cordial welcome extended to the distinguished visitors, might be said to invite it. In his eulogium of Sir CHARLES as a politician, of one, who's services have been of great advantage to this Dominion, he spoke of him as the "chief Canadian statesman in Canada." The truth of this remark might be questioned by those who differ in politics with the veteran opposition leader, and there were many there who felt that so long as Sir WILFRID is premier of Canada he may well be entitled to the honour of being called the "chief Canadian statesman."

Compared with the previous year the people were pleased at the appearance and promise of the show. Exhibits as a rule were more advanced toward completion than they have been in the past, though the evidences of incompleteness were still too apparent, and the noise and bustle incidental to it were very confusing and annoying at the opening ceremonies. Still the fact that there was a decided improvement inclined all to overlook these defects. We heartily hope that the Exhibition this year will prove a success, that there will be no question in the future as to the advisability of continuing it as a yearly event.

A WELCOME TO ST. JOHN.

The address of welcome that Mr. President PITFIELD made at the exhibition, while of a general character, was perhaps more directed towards those distinguished visitors who honoured the opening with their presence. No doubt it had reference to the many thousands who will visit the Exhibition while it is open; but PROGRESS wishes along with the citizens of St. John to extend the heartiest of welcomes to all who may see their way clear to attend the fair and to visit their friends and relatives in this city. In stating that we are glad to see you we do not speak in the conventional way, but while

saying so we would like, if it were possible, to emphasize the welcome with the heartiest of handshakes. There are many of you who are here, and there are many who will arrive next week, with whom, we the people of St. John, would like to be better acquainted. We would like you, as strangers in a measure to this city, and with its people, to get to know us better and realize the fact that our social and business interests are in a very great measure identical. When you believe that the greater prosperity and population of the city of St. John are in your favor your interests will be improved, then we will hope that there will be no clashing, no opposition extended toward each other in our mutual efforts for advancement. We hope that before you leave the city you will have become aware of a fact that we are much proud of, namely,—that the city of St. John has improved vastly in recent years. If you look carefully around there is no use for us to tell you that on the western side of the harbor we have splendid facilities for the steamship trade. It will not be necessary for us to note the fact that we have already, and in the near future will have even greater elevator capacity. The work that is going on at the present moment must have impressed you, if you thought it worth your while to look around, with the extent and scope of the plans of Canadian Pacific Railway. We must not forget that at the same time you might have visited the site of the proposed improvements at the Long Wharf, where the government of this country intends to show the people of Canada that it also, on behalf of the Intercolonial Railway has an interest in the efficiency of this port as an outlet for the trade of Canada. These are perhaps some of the more notable features of improvement, but still in the city itself you must have observed the appearance of the mercantile establishments, the energy of the people you were among, and the general disposition to vie with each other in the race for your favor. The truth of that old saying,—"That competition is the life of trade" must have been apparent to you at a glance. The ease with which you were transported from point to point must have appealed to the sense of comfort that we all appreciate. The splendid facilities that brought you here, whether you came by railway or steamboat, were present in the city to convey you from any point at which you landed to almost any other which you desired to visit. We will not speak of the Exhibition buildings and the grounds and the show there for that no doubt is what you came to see principally, but these few remarks are intended to point out to you that the march of progress in St. John is apparent to all who come to see us, that we have a city abreast with the times and sometimes ahead of them and that one of its chief aims is to impress this fact on yourselves and your friends.

"Old Starlight" Writes.

A communication has been received over the signature "Old Starlight" asking PROGRESS to show how the Roses were a better team than the Starlights during the season of the N. B. League. Last week's article on the record of the Roses did not state the North End team to be superior during that season, although after the league series had been finished the Roses defeated the Tartars, who in turn laid low the colors of the Starlights. The communication also stated the Starlights "won more games." Not being allowed to enter the N. B. League for some flimsy reason the players from the northern end of town had no chance to compete with the Starlights but gave a triumphant account of themselves among the various league teams after the summer schedule has been completed.

Mr Myers Has Another Dinner.

A vague report comes from P. E. I. that Mr. A. W. Myers, the hustling partner of Myers Bros. & Co., who was in business here for some time a few months ago, intends to make his future home in the city of Charlottetown. At present he is in Halifax already to do some exhibition business and his friends in Charlottetown thought well enough of him when he was leaving for the capital of Nova Scotia to give him a dinner at the Harbor View House, North River. Judging from the account in the Guardian everybody had a good time and PROGRESS can well believe the fact.

Fall and Winter Millinery.

Charles K. Cameron and Co. advertise in this issue an autumn and winter opening of all the latest novelties in trimmed and untrimmed hats, toques and bonnets, also a large assortment of walking and sailor hats. The stock is all fresh and new and worthy the attention of the ladies of St. John. Mr. Cameron is always up to date in styles and his prices will always be found to be right. He invites an inspection of his stock.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

A Sweet Surprise. In some fair morning, On a blessed day; A glory bringing from its waking sleep, I shall be waiting On life's long way, Lost in the sadness of the years I keep; Fond memories that with me love to weep. I may be dreaming, Of the golden past; And of one summer under clearer skies, Of one June night Too heavenly to last, Whence one dear voice again to mine replies, And shall o'ertake me in a sweet surprise. And I should know you Though a hundred years, Had passed and I in absence still remained, And though the sorrow Of heart-searching tears, Had o'er your features silent triumph gained; And our true souls with keenest anguish pained. And there will be Of buried love awakened from the gloom; And in the stillness, Of a well known place; Affection's roses come to perfect bloom; Not e'en a breath of sadness take their room. Then all the way That seemed so long and dreary, And all the sorrow soul affliction tries, And all the waiting Ever long and weary, Shall prove love's first emotion never dies; When I shall greet you in that sweet surprise. CYPRUS GOLDBE.

Deserted. In the rooms of the house deserted No footstep falls, Not even an echo haunteth The silent halls. The snow-drifts shine in the garden Where weeds grow high, And the tangled rose ran riot Under the summer sky. On the hearth of the house deserted No more shall ring The sound of the children's laughter, The songs they sing. No more by the open doorway, When sets the sun, Shall they hail their father's coming After his work is done. Through the rooms of the house deserted No more shall chime The tender voice of the mother At twilight time. Outside, in the misty darkness, The wind is shrill, But a single bar of crimson Lingers above the hill. Into the rooms of the house deserted I will not go; I leave it lonely and silent Amid the snow. I leave it just as I found it, Its tale untold, Alone in the wintry twilight, Empty and cold.

The last who knew its story Have passed away, No right has the careless stranger To pry or say. So peace to the old house standing Alone tonight, With the purple hill behind it, And the snow-drifts gleaming white. The Origin of Kalamazoo. Have you heard the pretty legend, sad and mournful and yet true, Of the brave and dusky lover and the Indian maid Mahzoo? How they lived and loved and wandered on the river's shady shore, Happiest of Indian lovers in the days that are no more? All day long the maiden labored, weaving baskets Thinking of her love, her Kahla, weaving him into her dream, Then at twilight came, descending softly, faintly o'er the land, Mahzoo, watched and waited eager for the clasp of his strong hand. She would climb into an elm tree o'er the water hanging low, While the shadows on the ripples danced and played and wavered slow. Alone he sat on the rowing of his light birch-bark canoe, "Kahla!" calls she, cries he, "Coming, coming to my own Mahzoo!" Ah! one night she waits in silence; sad her face—her love is dead. Wounded and chased, her warrior, in a fortnight to be wed. In the morn they find sweet Mahzoo lying silent In the stream, Gone unto her lover Kahla, nevermore to watch and dream. Still the echoes o'er the river may be heard soft thro' the air, Echoes of the warrior Kahla and of young Mahzoo the fair. All the trees repeat the whisper, all the ripples murmur, too, In the stream that bears their name now, bears the name "Kalamazoo."

Dorothy Phinney. IN MEMORIAM. No tread of martial feet Echoes from yonder street As thou art borne to thy last resting-place; No thousands ten to bless, No charger riders, No comrade from the fray to gaze upon thy face. Not to the trumpet's blast, Thrilling the Cuban air, Didst thou thy laurels win, with sword in hand; But faced a diller mart, Gentle, courageous heart, To soothe the dying of a grieving land. Pledge from a sister state, Humble thy part, yet great In that the Master called the most of these; Ne'er nobler mission won, Ne'er nobler honors won, Thou rest'st beside thine own grey Northern seas. Cross the two waves, and o'er her lowly dwelling, Flout them near where the stern Atlantic billow Sings its wild slumber song. There is no telling How much love's labor wins from yonder lonely pillow.— The flag that braved a thousand years, And the flag of Liberty's hopes and tears— Twice the Red, White and Blue. O'er the grave of this lassie so brave and so true. David Duncan Fletcher in the Anglo-American.

The Beacon. From dusk to dawn a golden star, Hangs steadfast between sky and sward, Sent forth across the moaning bar, The smiling of its two-edged sword, Seafaring men with babes at home Aseep and rosy in their cribs, Beat inward through the curling foam That tosses to the shivering jibs. And wistful wives who cannot sleep, Feed little hearth-fires warm and red, And comforted the vixen keep With that great star-flame overhead. Night wears apace; the blackest night Wanes when the womb of morning breaks. With lance and spear from heavenly height Her enquiring way the new day takes, And one by one the weary boats, All drenched and spent, are beached at last; The children hug the wet sea-coast; The good wives hug of perils past,

WENT IN THE WINDOW.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.) said that he intended to have a stop put to such violations of the law and the representative of this paper gathered from him that it Mr. Roop had been as willing to abide by his suggestions as the other hotel keepers were he might not have been without a license today. In common with a large number of people, PROGRESS thinks that if Mr. Roop is willing to take out a license and pay for it he is entitled to one. If he violates the law after that he is entitled to such punishment as the law directs should be imposed, but in this respect, too, he should be given the same privileges and enjoy the same leniency that is extended to all others in the same business.

A PUGILISTIC PHYSICIAN.

He Uses His Fists in a Good Cause, but Isn't so Brave in the End.

HALIFAX Sept. 14.—Very few of our citizens are aware that we have a pugilistic physician in our midst, and it was not until one evening last week that such was found to be the case. The medico in question upheld his dignity in true form, and he clearly demonstrated to those who were present at the time, that he would not allow an insult to pass by unnoticed. The physician was Doctor Murphy and he was passing along Barrington street in company with two young ladies, one of whom was his sister. At one of the street corners there was a group of young men standing, and they paid more than ordinary attention to the females that were in his company. One of the number brushed against the ladies, and at the same time made some insulting remarks which the doctor very quickly resented. He carried a heavy walking cane, with him, and at once set in to administer a severe thrashing to the young man. He was so thoroughly aroused that he rained blow after blow upon the young fellow, who fell to the ground exhausted. The young man was a member of the volunteer artillery, and he had the uniform on when the assault occurred. His comrades did not come to his assistance, but two privates of Royal Canadian regiment hove in sight, and were so incensed at the injury done to one wearing the queen's uniforms, that they made alter the doctor who by this time had taken to his heels, and was cutting a lively clip along the street. He proved a good sprinter however, and was soon out of harms way. The doctor at the time did not think that he was known but later on he was informed that his identity had been discovered, and that a warrant was about to be issued for his arrest. He then got on a hustle, and found the young man whom he had assaulted, and after bestowing apologies in profusion and making matters satisfactory to the young man, the prosecution was dropped. The doctor did not mind paying a fine, but what he did object to was appearing in the police court. He was in great fear that the matter would be given publicity, and when his name was mentioned he strained every nerve to have it kept as quiet as possible.

HARD TO DOWN THE POLICE.

Detective Power is Suddenly Assigned Duties which Interfere with His new Job.

HALIFAX Sept. 14.—It was thought last week that the exhibition commission had finally settled on Detective Power, as superintendent of the exhibition, but since then another scheme has been brought to bear upon the matter and as a result a change had to be made. The police commission thought it should have a say in the matter and as the officer mentioned comes under that department, they were bound that he should be governed by it. A meeting was called, at which a resolution was passed defining certain duties for him. This was an off set to the action of the exhibition commission. In the face of this the commission had to back down, and go without the services of the detective. Up to the present time no new appointment has been made, and the commission is in a quandry as to who to select for the position. There are many good men available but the commissioner does not wish to have any clash of authority on the fair grounds, and for this reason no selection has as yet been made.

MUSIC AND LOVE ON THE GREEN.

Merchants and Mothers in Halifax Object to the Band Concerts.

HALIFAX Sept. 13.—The free band concerts at Green bank this season have been a great source of attraction for our citizens who assemble there nightly to take in the music. Thousands upon thousands congregate there, and business throughout the city is in consequence stagnated. The shop keepers are complaining very bitterly against them, and as they contribute very largely to their success financially it is likely they will be discontinued next season. The merchants say that it is useless for

No Yellow Specks, No lumps of alkali, are left in the biscuit or cake when raised with Royal Baking Powder. The food is made light, sweet and wholesome. Royal should take the place of cream of tartar and soda and salcratus and sour milk in making all quickly risen food. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

them to be paying towards those concerts, when they are an injury to their business. When they were inaugurated it was thought that they would be a benefit, both financially and otherwise, but they have proved the reverse. This is not the only objection to them. There is another, and it is from a moral standpoint, and many mothers are up in arms against them. Their daughters go out at night, and meet young men at these concerts and for hours they make the park their domicile. It is generally known that no good comes from this sort of thing and the sooner that they are stopped the better for all concerned. It is pretty well recognized now as a place for flirting, and the young folks of the city are there in force every night "to catch on." Of course there are several police officers always on duty there but they are powerless to overcome and guard against this kind of thing. In fact it is of little use for them to try, as the space of ground is so great that it is next to an impossibility for them to cover it all, hence love has its sway, regardless of what it may cost.

Mr. Lawton on His Own Account.

A notice of the dissolution of F. Lawton & Co appears in another part of PROGRESS. In the future Mr. Lawton will carry on the business himself. Those who have visited his place in the Horn building on Prince William Street know that it is thoroughly well kept and admirably adapted for such a business. Mr. Lawton caters to business people, as well as to the men who make their living by hardy toil. No one has a more varied and better stock of liquors than he has and none can surpass his courteous treatment and skill in vendarship.

A Low Rate for Trial Subscriptions.

Up to and including October 10 the publishers of PROGRESS will receive subscriptions for PROGRESS and the Family Herald and Weekly Star, both of which will be sent to subscribers until January 1st 1899, at the low combination rate of fifty cents.

Ready for Fall Millinery.

After a visit of two weeks or more to Boston and New York, where she inspected the latest and best styles in millinery, Miss Bartle has returned to this city well prepared to give her customers the advantage of her latest experience in this direction.

We Like to Dye

As we are sure to satisfy our many customers with our increased facilities in this department this fall. UNGAR'S LAUNDRY & DYE WORKS, Telephone 58.

The "Polite" Letter-Writer.

A well-known hanker, named Rosenthal, directed his bookkeeper to address a sharp letter to Baron Y——, who had promised several times to pay what he owed, and had as often neglected to do so. When the letter was written it did not please Herr Rosenthal, who was a very excitable man, and he angrily penned the following:—

"Dear Baron Y——, Who was it that promised to pay on the first of January? You, my dear Baron, you are the man. Who was it that promised then to settle on the first of March? You my dear Baron. Who is it that didn't settle on the first of March? You my dear Baron. Who is it, then, who has broken his word twice, and is an unmitigated scoundrel?—Your obedient servant, Moses Rosenthal."

A Japanese bride gives her wedding presents to her parents, as some slight recompense their trouble in bringing her up