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

EXHIBITION SUGGESTIONS.

The exhibition is over and the attendance was so satisfactory that there is every prospect of its financial success. This is a matter for sincere congratulation, because exhibition deficits have an unpleasant sound and are not apt to encourage future fairs.

Now that the show is over there is an opportunity for reflection and suggestion. Of course it would not have done to say a word other than of praise for the show while it was being held—because so many persons were personally interested in having as many people here as possible.

Our own merchants are said to be responsible for this since many of them were foremost in the fairs of the past were conspicuous by their absence this year. There must be some reason for this.

Mr and Mrs. A. W. Masters and their two children have been enjoying St. John air and the society of their old friends after a lapse of some seven or eight years which they have spent in Chicago.

On Thursday-Friday and Saturday of next week Charles K. Cameron & Co., will hold their annual millinery opening when that firm will show all the latest Paris, London and New York novelties in the way of hats, toques and bonnets.

Broadly speaking, a business education is one that educates for business. Few people realize the amount of special training that is requisite to equip a young man or woman for entrance into business life.

attractions and some of the exhibits. Would it not be better to endeavor to shorten the time of the fair by a couple of days and make a determined effort to have it ready when it opens and complete to the last hour?

Great thanks are due to the gentlemen who assumed the duties of directors and gave their time and ability toward making the exhibition as good as possible. They served without reward, and no doubt are apt to think the public ungrateful when some fault finding is done.

And now the North Shore comes to the front with a banquet for Mr. BLAIR. Of course it is to be non political but it would be interesting to know just why all these banquets are being sprung at this season of the year.

S. John's Exhibition is over: let Halifax have a chance now. Success to theirs too.

Home to Visit His Friends.

The late Boston train of Thursday brought Johnny Gorman of Boston to St. John to visit his family and his friends. He got a hearty welcome from those he met and no doubt will get many more during the ten days that he expects to be here.

A Useful Catalogue.

The management of the Currie Business college have issued their catalogue for 1899-1900 which will be found very useful to all who contemplate taking a business course. Every department, its method etc., are described in detail and the booklet is profusely illustrated with views of the interior of the college and places of interest in and around the city.

Deserved What She Didn't Get.

There was a handsome blood mare at the exhibition—one of those brought there by the owner of the running horses, though not put on the track—and she was entered in the proper class in competition with others. The entry was accepted and the judges awarded the mare first prize—\$20.

Visiting Their Former Home.

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Camera's Fall Opening.

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Business Education.

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Di-proved.

The Poet's Wife: 'Why do you say the pen is mightier than the sword?' The Poet: 'I'm sure I don't know. That sword swallower on the next floor seems doing pretty well, while we haven't a scrap to eat in the house.'

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Autumn Twilight. The shadows of twilight are falling. And autumn a long absent friend; Is bringing the songs of the flowers, And the sweet singing birds to an end.

The blue smoke ascends from the homestead, Against the green woods on the hill; The leaves in their robes of departing, Acknowledge omnipotent will.

A dark wave of wine in the stillness, The swallows are sailing away; On the trees of the old orchard leaving The shade of the end of their day.

Now in through my quiet room creeping, The shades of the cool evening fall; And low whispered partings around me, Sweet voices long silent recall.

Here autumn I walk with you sadly, To the sorrow that darkens your brow; As you gather your rich robes about you, My spirit must silently bow.

Little Edgar used to run off with the boys to swim, What time his mother sat at home and worried over him; She used to say day after day: 'Now, Eddie, dear, if you run off again I'll punish you, and tell your father, Ann then the boys would come along and 'holler' at him; 'Say, You, you!' with us to the lake to have a swim today?

Then there would steal o'er Edgar's face a wistful look and sad And he would think how cruel were the parents that he had, And when his mother's back was turned her precious little son Would sneak out through the creaking gate and break in a run, Forgetting, as he sped away, the promise he had made, And stealing humbly home at night, repentant and afraid.

Day after day he ran away and dove from logs and rocks; He risked his life a hundred times among the rafts and rocks; His mother's blows he did not dread, her hand was soft and mild; He felt his father's lashings, but they did no good at all; He promised nightly to reform—upon his knees he knelt, And when the boys came by, next day, forgot and joined the crowd.

One morning Edgar's father, who sometimes indulged in thought, Said to his son: 'I'm glad that you go swimming, as you ought; And do not fail to go to-day, my precious little lad—go down and duck and dive and swim and make your parents glad!' Thus daily Edgar's 'father spake, in earnest tones And lo! that which straightway ceased to care to go to swim.

—From the Chicago Times Herald.

In a Garden.

This is my garden—mine Green shade and golden light, That diamond pines, Those pear trees veiled in white.

See where the blossom's snow Falls in the after-breeze, And the young grass below— Mine is this paradise.

Lilies, serenas, thorns, Many a sweet to tell, Roses that shame the morn Within my garden dwell.

Come, quiet spirits, ye Who love green grass and flowers, Rest here awhile with me, Nor grudge the idle hours.

Drink peace and quiet here Unto your hearts' content, To last you for a year Dusty and diligent.

Autumn.

O the white is wearing whiter And the corn is wearing sicker, And the stocks are wearing tassels all so fair And the berries are for pickers, And the crows give buttermilk, And the tinsle down is fluting in the air.

And the arena eyed new later Is a peepin' from the hill, And the flax says 'won't you twist me into twine?' And the ghost dust covered miller Is a grinnin' at the mill, And the punk'n is a-pullin' at the vine.

And once more 'tis Indian summer For the weather's smoky blue, And the little ones are swarming on the gate, The melon and the cucumber Are both making much ado, And the office-seeker's seeking o'er the State.

And we hear the loud exhorters, For his nose campeeting time, And the chickens are a-laying very low, And the harvest moon gives quarters To all those without a dime, And lovers stroll where gentle breezes blow.

And Jack Frost his nest has feathered, Are the squirrels in the glen, And the thrasher's hum is heard throughout the land, And the nuts will soon be gathered, And we'll have a hustling bee, And nature's music beats the Bossa band.

And the elder press is grinding All the nectar from the fruit, And the farmer takes his swine into the fair, And we see the gourd a-climbing, While the prices follow suit, And the tinsle down is fluting in the air. —Bed's Budget.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER ABSOLUTELY PURE Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

FOOD OF THE FUTURE.

Prospect of a Time When Man Will Take Pill- Instead of Dining.

The food of the future will be concentrated or compressed, so some men of science believe. Science has already done wonders in demonstrating the large amount of water in all that we eat, and the possibility of getting rid of it, so as to have the food in the smallest compass possible.

But the scientists have done very much more than this. They can at the present moment save us hours of time and endless trouble and expense, by providing a dinner of seven courses that will all go on a dinner plate and can be swallowed in five minutes.

When a woman goes shopping she need no long-sit and fume for an hour waiting for the slow waiter to bring her chicken salad and ice cream; but she will simply ask for a glass of water and a little salt, put a lozenge of beet extract in it and have a more nourishing lunch on than ever before, and that without losing a minute of the precious shopping time.

Only a housekeeper has any idea of the tremendous mass of material that is not consumed, but is wasted daily in preparing the meals. It is a fact that a man eats seven times his weight in food during a single year. If he were to live on compressed food he would find that he consumed only one and a half times his size, so great is the difference between the food of past and food of the future.

This food of the future will make many changes in our mode of life and largely contribute to our health and comfort. When there is no more marketing necessary, no more quarreling with the butcher over short weight and poor steak, when Bridget can't burn the steak to a crisp any more and their is neither need for the ice man or the garbage man, living will be relieved of many of the terrors which have worried housekeepers.

This compressed, prepared food will also be of great value to the workman, who will merely slip a lozenge or two into his pocket instead of carrying a tin pail full of all kinds of things that are a mess when it is time to eat them. It must be cheaper than the food of the present, for it will be prepared in large quantities and there will be no waste. All parts of the ox, for instance, are equally nourishing, and the neck will be as valuable for this food as the tenderloin. It is impossible to think of all the problems which this food may aid in solving. But of one thing we may be certain, that it will be of infinite value to the explorer and the traveller. Polar expeditions will be greatly simplified, for a man can easily pull on a sled all the food he will want for a year in the compressed form.

The October number of the Delineator is called the Autumn number, and contains in addition to an exhaustive analysis of the season's most approved modes in every department of fashionable art, with special articles on allied topics and the usual pot-pourri of social and household discussions, a variety of literary features of exceptional quality and interest. A weird, mystical tale of a faithful, lingering lover is The

A Good Number.

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Rue Man, by Mary H. rtwell Catherwood, a tragic story of the region of the Great Lakes. Mme. Luisa, contributed to this number a classic, authoritative article on the Singing Voice. The romantically inclined will delight in the every device and tests prescribed in the Fateful Night of Halloween, by Elizabeth T. Nash. A remarkable poem on the eternity of woman's pain and sorrow is Earth-Qu'd, by Edmund Vance Cooke. A pleasant glimpse of college life is revealed in a timely article by Carolyn Halsted on Opening Features. Noteworthy instances of woman's success are presented in Some Women's Occupations, by Lafayette McLaws. Summer work and achievements among club women are discussed in Club Women and Club Life, by Helen M. Winslow. A scholarly Nature-study adapted to youthful minds will be found in the eighth of the New-Kindergarten Papers, by Sarah Miller Kirby, entitled Home Work and Play for October. A Story of Books is the title of an entertaining series of literary memory tests. Of distinct home interest are the Domestic subjects: The Value of Good Cooking by Eleanor M. Lucas; Mid-Season Desserts, by Katherine B. Johnson; and Table Manners and Etiquette, by Edna S. Witherspoon. The regular departments are characterized by the usual abundance of crisp, practical information. Social Observances, by Mrs. Frank Lester; Ecclesiastical Embroidery, by Emma Haywood, the designs this month relating to the construction of Vestments: The Dress-maker, The Milliner, Crocheting, Knitting, Lace Making, The newest books, etc., etc.,

A Wise Critic.

The late Franque Sarcey was for forty years a figure of great prominence in French literary life. As a critic of the drama, he was looked upon as one having authority, and praise from him meant success to the struggling playwright.

His criticisms were honest, fearless and independent, and it is remembered of him that he refused the honor of belonging to the French Academy, lest he should come under obligation to favor the plays written by other members.

Sarcey's good sense was often put to the test. One day a friend came rushing into his room, waving a paper.

'What is the matter?' inquired the critic. 'Here's someone,' cried the other, 'who has been calling you 'an imbecile' in print! Are you going to challenge him?' Sarcey smiled. 'Certainly not,' he replied. 'I owe him my thanks. The public will soon forget the word 'imbecile,' and I will only remember having read my name.'

Well Supplied.

In the negro colonies of the British colonial empire the extension of education has had one incidental result which it is to be hoped will not be permanent. The creole youth begin to despise agriculture, and commonly wish to become parsons, lawyers or doctors.

A British judge once overheard a conversation which is an amusing commentary on this tendency.

First old man:—'Yer son's a big boy and must do something for a living. You hab min' to make him a liyer?'

Second old man:— 'No liyer. No, my min' sint gib me fo' dat. Me no like de law. I has a cousin in Barbies Jail to' cuttin' the fadder; another one in Massar-un' for stealin' cow; another one in de sea-wall gang. No; dere's law enough in de family already.'

His Reward.

Among the stories of that former governor of Texas familiarly known as 'Sam' Houston, is more than one amusing tale.

There was a financial agent of the penitentiary who had warmly opposed the election of Governor Houston, but was particularly anxious to retain his own pleasantly lucrative position. Consequently the governor was soon in receipt of a petition in which the man's years of faithful service and special qualifications for the place were set forth in glowing terms by himself.

The governor sent for him and said, gravely: 'It appears from this petition that you have been in the penitentiary eight years?'

'I have,' was the reply. 'And during that time you have performed faithfully every duty that has come in your way, to the best of your ability?'

'I have,' answered the agent, his courage swiftly rising. 'That, sir,' said the governor, 'with the air of one conferring a princely favor, 'I pardon you out.'

In remodeling your fall garments don't forget that we dye or clean anything. Old made to look like new. UNGAR'S LAUNDRY DYEING AND CARPET CLEANING WORKS, 28 to 34 Waterloo street. Phone 58.