

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCT. 6

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

MR. CHESLEY'S OVERTHROW.

The conservatives have chosen Mr. GEO. E. FOSTER and Dr. A. A. STOCKTON as their standard bearers in the approaching dominion election. The machine has triumphed again and the rank and file were forced to take a back seat. To say that all liberals are pleased at their choice is to put the case mildly. They know FOSTER so well that they have no fear of him and less respect for him as a political opponent. Driven out of Kings by Colonel DOMVILLE and now scared out of York by ALEX GIBSON jr. he was wavering between Queens and the offer of his St. John friends. Had Mr. HETHERINGTON been victorious in Queens on Tuesday Mr. FOSTER would have accepted the candidature in that county; but the scene is changed because the weakness of the party was shown too plainly in that constituency. The conservatives of St. John are not too well pleased at the choice. Had Dr. W. W. WHITE consented to run, Mr. FOSTER would not have been chosen. His name, they know, is not one to conjure with. He lacks the popularity of other men and he did so little for this city when he had the power that their hearts will not warm towards him.

Dr. A. A. STOCKTON has consented to be a victim again. His political retirement, so often announced, has been disturbed and at the bell clang of the party starter he is again ready to score. His supporters will find that he is out of training and not the game winner he used to be. Defeated at the finish he retired disappointed but determined to remain away from politics. This is the first time he has appeared for a federal contest and those liberals who used to listen to him with some pleasure when he was denouncing TUPPER with all the eloquence at his command will now speculate with some interest as to what he will say in his favor. It seems a pity that the convention forgot the services of Dr. ALWARD. He might have been asked to take some part in the show, but the aspirations of men younger in life as well as in politics, could not be ignored.

Mr. FOSTER and Dr. STOCKTON are welcome candidates. The fact that they claim to be the trump cards of the opposition will make it a greater satisfaction to defeat them.

THE EFFECT OF QUEENS.

The election of Hon. Mr. FARRIS by such a handsome majority in Queens means more than his return as a member of the government. The dominion elections are within a few weeks and New Brunswick is the only province that has tested public sentiment so fearlessly by reconstructing its government and sending two members back to their constituencies for reelection. The challenge was accepted by the Conservatives and in both cases their return was opposed. The result speaks for itself and must be a warning to the Tories as to what will be the verdict when the federal contest comes on.

The triumphant return of Messrs PUGSLEY and FARRIS, show all Canada that New Brunswick is in sympathy with the liberal government. There is no mistaking the fact, and the news has made the upper provinces more confident than ever that the East will vote confidence in the present administration by an over-whelming majority. In this province today the Tories cannot feel sure of more than one seat—if indeed they are confident of that—and this change in public sentiment is plainly seen

in the columns of the Sun, when between the lines of the articles fear has the upper hand of courage. The important defections from their party ranks in this city has had a most discouraging effect upon them. And to find that Queens county, the place where they could best try the effect of their bitter religious crusade should pay no attention to their rantings but quietly elect a good liberal by nearly 400 majority is almost more than they can bear. It is difficult to restrain the undecided under such circumstances. Business men see the county prosperous under liberal rule and find no reason for a change. And so it will be all along the line.

THE SUSSEX SHOW.

The exhibition at Sussex reflects credit not only on the County of Kings but on the energetic gentlemen who managed it. PROGRESS congratulates them upon a show that pleased all who saw it and represented so well the noble county of which Sussex is the commercial and agricultural centre. The most surprising feature of the fair and perhaps the most attractive one as well as the horse races. A splendid track conducted on business principles must be a success in the end. This has proved true of the Sussex track which is now a favorite with Maritime horsemen. The speed of the provinces was there and the best racing meet this part of the country has ever seen. The daily press has given full and graphic descriptions of these events but PROGRESS wishes to emphasize their statements and to express the pleasure that the events of each day gave all these who patronized them.

The selection of Mr. ALEX GIBSON jr. for York and Mr. R. E. ARMSTRONG for Charlotte may well cause consternation in the conservative ranks. Mr. GIBSON has proved his great popularity. Mr. ARMSTRONG has yet to do so, but both are young men and this influential and working portion of the electorate should not forget the party that is willing to give them a chance to show what they can do at an early stage in their career.

The Sun says that \$20 a vote was paid in Hampstead by the liberals. The story is not worth contradiction. It is as ridiculous as the yarn that there was any disorder on board the May Queen. The party of ladies and gentlemen who went to Hampstead on her, had a pleasant trip, and neither saw or heard anything to annoy them.

Mr. FRED M. SPROUL, the defeated candidate in Kings, wrote a letter to Mr. JAMES SHAW apologizing for challenging his vote at Rothesay. This was the last he could do.

AN UNNATURAL RELATIVE.

A Father Who Thought More of His Dying Son's Wealth Than Him.

A young business man who died early in the week would disown at least one of his relatives, if he were to ever visit this mortal coil again. The story that is told of the graspingness of the relative, is to say the least, unnatural. The young man was stricken with Typhoid fever and lay tossing and raving in a delirious state of mind at his boarding house in North End. The hired nurse who was in attendance wrote the young man's relatives in Albert county suggesting that if they wished to again see him alive they had better come quickly.

The next day's first train brought one of the relatives whose first question when he arrived at the house was not as to the young man's condition in health, but his financial condition. Learning that the dying man had two places of business in town he visited both and demanded keys and cash then on hand. He next went to the sick man's bedside and began a cross question regarding his worldly goods and chattels. The nurse in the course of his duty could not permit his patient to be so annoyed and harassed, politely usured the grasping relative to leave. Another visit later from the same relative was of the same nature as the foremost and again the nurse had to eject him.

Finally the man from Albert called with a copy of a will all drawn out in favor of himself, and which he wanted signed, and demanded admittance. The patient was even then unconscious and again the nurse had to intercede in order to prevent the dying man's last hours from being so grossly disturbed. The mercenary relative however became more determined when he heard the end was near and actually forced the bed room door in but it was too late to accomplish what he was after.

O. P. R. Announcements.

The through coach and sleeping car service between St. John N. B. and Levis P. Q. via Megantic will be withdrawn, from St. John after Saturday, Oct. 6th., and from Levis after Sunday Oct. 7th.

After Saturday, October 6th. the Pullman Parlor car, McAdam to Boston, will be withdrawn for this season.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

The Preserving Season. Of Ceylon's spicy breezes We in many times have sung, And we have heard about them Since the days when we were young. But now to sniff such fragrance We do not need to roam, For spices are the breezes That float around the home.

It's now the time when women Forget about their nerves And spend their days and evenings In putting up preserves. They're peering into kettles, They're closely watching pans, And at the proper moment They're filling jars and cans.

They're making jams and jellies And sweetest marmalade, And fruit-cakes from the orchards Is into butter made. They're paring, seeding and slicing, A work in which they're skilled, And when the kettle's emptied Again its promptly filled.

And sweet is the aroma That permeates the air, The fragrance of the spices Dropped in with greatest care. And as afar it's wafted To Ceylon we then show That there are other places Where spice breezes blow.

The women burn their fingers, And dainty faces too, But patiently they're working Up to the task it's through. And though the rubs and scumblings When women thus prepare, Just watch them in the winter And see them grab their share.

The Song of the Hoe. 'Chug, chug, Bing us the juz, Master is cry with toil; Many a sultry hour he's dug, Costing the sullen soil; But his brow must sweat and his arms grow weary, All for the love of his tot and dearie; And his chest is aching and his step he slow.' This was the hum of the weary hoe, All of a summer's day.

'Chugity, chug chugity, chink! Now that was the sound of a stone, I think; But there's many a stone on which to catch In life's hot and fiery patch; Chugity, chink, chink, chink, This was the merry jilt of the hoe, All of a sultry day.

Chug, swish; Oh, how I wish That the sun would tumble faster; For I almost crack with the weight on my back Of the band of my sturdy master I; But ah! he has measured the length of my shade, He's clapping the clay from my ringing blade, And now for the cottage that we well know.' Under the fading day.

'Chug, chink, the calm stars blink; Night is here and the sun's gone, Master is dreaming of me, I think, Wrapped in his fond wife's arms; And a wee, pink hand is clutching tight The tin bucket with our toll to night; 'Tis the weaker arm that makes me go.' This was the drone dream of the hoe, Until the east was gray.

Punctuality. We look at him with silent awe, The man who's never late. His room is without a stain, The man who's never late. He's always where he said he'd be Right on the dot you always see (From his punctuality) The man who's never late.

And yet he loses lots of time, The man who's never late. Although his promptness is sublime, The man who's never late. In fact, his life is full of care, For when he turns on any stairs The man who said he'd meet him there Is usually late.

They Two. They are left alone in the dear old home, After so many years When the house was full of frolic and fun, Of childish laughter and tears. They are left alone! They two—once more! Beginning life over again, Just as they did in the days of yore, Before they were nine or ten.

And the table is set for two these days; The children went one by one. A way from home on their separate ways, When the childhood days were done, How heartily hungry they used to be! What romping they used to do! And mother—weeping—can hardly see To set the table for two.

They used to gather around the fire While some one would read aloud, But when it came to work or play, 'Twas a loving and merry crowd. And now they are two who gather there At evening to read or sew. And it seems almost too much to bear When they think of the long ago.

Ah, well! ah, well! 'Tis the way of the world! Children grow but a little older, And then into other scenes are whirled Where other homes beguile. But it matters not how far they roam, Their hearts are fond and true, And there's never a home like the dear old home, Where the table is set for two.

Seasons. 'Tis April in November, If you will make it so, Or Maytime in December, Despite the falling snow, If only you'll remember Your smiles make roses blow.

'Tis spring in autumn weather, If you will sing all day, And smiles and songs together Turn winter into May; The snow will be like heather, If only you are gay.

The Pot of Gold. He used to think a pot Of gold was buried where The radiant rainbow touched the ground, And oft it helped him hunt around To find the treasure there.

But that was long ago, In childhood's care-free days; 'Tis dead, that fond belief of old, We seek no buried pots of gold, And walk in worldly ways.

Yet where the people surged I saw him push his way To get his money on the race— I saw him with an ashen face Trudge home that luckless day.

At rainbows' ends we sought In vain for hidden gold. Ah, he and I were children then, Now he and I are worldly men, And wiser than of old. —S. E. Kiser.

An Old Influence. A child, I saw fam'lar things In sweetly-imagined guise; For me the clouds were angels' wings, The stars were angels' eyes. Not so to-day; the grassless way Of older days invites No wings to whiten common days, No eyes to hallow night.

Yet when with grief my heart is loud, Or mean thoughts leave their scar, I feel reproach from every cloud, Reproof from every star.

TRAMPS FAVORITE JAILS.

Part of the Industry is to Find Acceptable Winter Quarters.

'It's very funny how the professional tramp will locate good and bad jails with a view to spending as comfortable a winter as possible,' said the sheriff of a New Orleans parish, who has had an extended experience with the hobo fraternity.

'You know how an epicure in a big city will hunt for quaint, out-of-the-way restaurants, and when he finds one that is really excellent, how he will hide the discovery from his friends, for fear that popularity will deteriorate the service—well, it's exactly the same way with tramps. They all calculate on spending the most inclement part of each winter in jail, and during their summer wanderings they endeavor to locate some 'easy' institution where they will be well fed and warmed and not expected to do any work. When such a place is found the secret is carefully guarded, so the jailer's heart will not be hardened by too many calls on his hospitality.

Last month I had typical educated hobo on my hands for a fifteen days' sojourn, and he unfolded his winter programme in an amusing fashion. He said he had two jails located as desirable cold weather quarters—one in southern California and the other in a small town in Florida. 'I don't know anything personally about the Florida joint,' he said, 'but the last four tramps I've met from that country all warned me as a friend to give the town a wide berth. I judge from such solicitude,' he added, 'that the jailer in that place is dead soft and gives pie at least once a week.' The California lockup was in a small place, as I ascertained, avoided by wayfars on account of the bad reputation of a former Sheriff. 'The bums don't know that he is dead yet,' said my guest, 'and I am doing my best to keep the sad news from reaching their ears. The present incumbent is a peach—no work, three meals a day and plum pudding on Sundays. The jails that are regarded as especial 'soft snaps' are generally in remote country districts, out of the beaten track of tramps. The hobo who is yearning for winter shelter will get himself arrested by committing some petty misdemeanor, and is often treated more as a guest than a prisoner by his kind hearted captors. The location of such a refuge is a valuable trade secret.

'Sometimes, however, the wanderers make painful blunders, as was the case a few years ago when a small army of vagabonds poured into a town in Pennsylvania which had enjoyed a past reputation for extraordinary leniency. During the summer a new vagrancy statute had gone into effect, and every man arrested was given a year at hard labor in the State Penitentiary. My educated hobo was one of the victims, and shuddered whenever he recalled the experience. He regarded it as a gross violation of the sacred laws of hospitality.'

ELECTRICAL GUN.

Three Thousand Shots a Minute Without Heating the Barrel.

Our Newcastle-on-Tyne correspondent informs us that a machine gun of a novel character has been invented by Mr. James Judge, a well known engineer of Newcastle, who thus describes it: 'The gun is a patent centrifugal quick-firing machine gun: it is five feet high and weighs about five hundredweight. It is intended for battleship, earthworks and garrison purposes. The motive power is electricity, transmitted to a motor attached to the side of the gun. The motor causes a disk to revolve at a very rate of speed. The bullets, which are introduced into the interior of the disk at the axle, travel along curves in the interior to the circumference and are there impelled through a barrel. It is claimed that this disk will rotate under the influence of the motor, at the rate of 12,000 revolutions a minute, and will eject shots from the muzzle of the gun with an initial velocity of 2,000 feet per second. One of the chief characteristics of the gun is that it will maintain a continuous fire. If necessary, a shot may be discharged at every half revolution, but in practice one shot every fourth revolution will be found sufficient. The bullets are spherical and measure 3-16 inch in diameter.

The following are the results of the tests already made with the gun: 18,000 rounds of shot at the rate of 3,000 a minute have been discharged from the gun. These shots consisted of nickel steel, some of brass (as used in France), lead, and chilled metal. It was tested seven times privately; no motor was used, nor is one yet attached to the gun, although the gun is constructed for an electric motor. The tests were made by means of a belt driven by a steam engine. Under these conditions the velocity required, and which it is maintained an electric motor will produce, was not, of course, attained, but the practical working of the gun was fully demonstrated. A long range could not be had because of the necessity of secrecy, and the testing

was done in covered shed at Blyth dry docks. A steel target, 3-32 inch thick was shattered, the disk of the gun revolving at a speed of 2,500 revolutions per minute. From the penetration of target it is calculated that at a distance of 400 yards a penetration of a similar character will be effected of a plate 7-16 in-h thick under the influence of an electric motor. There is no beating of the barrel of the gun, because of the continuous stream of cold air which is impelled through it by the turning of the disk. The disk itself is also free from heating on account of the special bearings on which it is constructed. These bearings are a highly complicated mechanical contrivance, and are similar to those used in Parson's turbines, which can revolve at the rate of 22,000 revolutions a minute, and Levall's motor, which revolves at the rate of 30,000 revolutions a minute. To test the gun thoroughly it will be necessary to affix a motor, which will be a five horse power motor coupled direct on to the shaft.—London Times.

ENGINEER HAUNTED HOUSE.

Railroad Men Affected by the Memory of a Dead Face at a Window.

'Some houses are haunted to some people and all right to others,' said an engineer on the Ninth avenue elevated road. There is a house on our line that is haunted to the men who have been on this run for a few years back. Maybe you remember the story. It was printed when the incident happened. One of our men noticed a face at the window overlooking the road. Every time the train passed for three days, I believe, the engineer saw the face. It was always the same. Then he told somebody else about it and on investigation it was discovered that the man at the window was dead.

He occupied the room alone. There was no one else in the house. He had killed himself in a note found on his table it was written that the man was lonesome, and that he had raised the window just before the act so that he might die in the noise of the city. That was all there was to the story.

'Ever since that time every engineer and fireman on the line who was employed at that time turns his face away in passing that house. I have heard them all speak of it, and to each of them that house is haunted, although it is now occupied, and I don't suppose the people who live there know anything about the story. I know I have tried to forget it, but just before my engine passes it the recollection of the dead face at the window comes back to me and I either close my eyes or look in an opposite direction.'

Different Points of View.

'It seems kinder funny,' musingly said the Kohack philosopher, 'how differently a person will appear to different people. For instance, there is my niece, Lavinia; I think she is a better lookin' and smarter appearin' girl than the average run of 'em, b'cuz I flatter myself she takes after my side of the family; her lover imagines she is a beautiful creature with a face like a Madonna and a form like a sylph, or peri, or something of the kind, b'cuz he happened to be engaged to her; her younger sister, who has had to wear her altered over clothes for several years, says she looks like a flyin' machine; and her brother don't know she has got any looks at all, simply b'cuz he's a boy who hasn't yet advanced from the figger-4 trap and hidin' go whoop age to the takin' notice age. I s'pose, in reality, she is just a common, ordinary, bright faced young girl, with a few freckles on her nose; but I'll swan if any of us can see her just that way.'

A Concession.

'You know,' said the Chinese diplomat 'we are very much attached to our ancestors.'

'Oh! that's all right!' said the European statesman, cheerfully. 'We'll leave you your ancestors.'

Good Reason.

De Hamme—'Are you going to continue giving playlets this season?'

Barnes Torner—'By all the gods on high Olympus, no. I have cut out the playlet on account of the paylet. Seest thou?'

Is She Still Wearing It?

'Clarence, how do you like my new fall hat?'

'Oh, I suppose it is stylish; but, honestly Clarence, you look as if you were peeping at the world out of a coal hole.'

The Dealer's Reason.

'You contend that oleomargarine is just as good as butter, don't you?'

'It's better,' answered the dealer without hesitation. 'It pays several times the profit.'

Shirts, Collars and Cuffs.

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