

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

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KINGS COUNTY POLITICS.

There is not much doubt but that Colonel DOMVILLE will be the choice of Kings county again in the interests of the Liberal party. The convention meets at Hampton on Wednesday next and the people will decide the matter. This is the proper way. No matter how much the people of Kings want Mr. DOMVILLE to represent them he is right in calling them together and obtaining their endorsement. There is not much doubt that the representative for Kings is as well it not better acquainted with the electors of his county than any man who runs an election in Canada. That he has retained their confidence and support so long speaks volumes for him. He is ever ready to listen to a request and zealous in obtaining a favor for his friends Kings cannot do better than call upon the Colonel again and return him as it is sure to do with a splendid majority.

SHALL WOMEN PROPOSE ?

The question has been raised if women ought to propose. The matter is of considerable importance in this part of the world where according to the census the ladies outnumber the men. Nevertheless it is alleged by some authorities that the less light thrown upon the anti-engagement ceremonies the better. A story is told of a gentleman, who came down to the parlor, where his daughter was entertaining her best young man, and indignantly turned up the gas, as a suggestion that the hour was late. "Thank you" said the young man, without giving any indication of going, and the old gentleman retired not quite satisfied that his tactics were a success. The story stops at this point, and we are left to surmise, whether the youth seized the opportunity and asked the important question. But this is a digression. The story at first seemed to have some bearing upon the subject in hand, but it is not very clear now just where it comes in. To get back to the original question, the right of the female sex to propose cannot and ought not to be denied; as to whether she will exercise that right is her own business and that of the young man, and it really does not concern the public in the slightest degree. What possible difference can it make to the world at large whether it is GERALDINE or ADOLPHUS who says "wilt thou?" If in the gloaming oh my dark, CRYSTABEL asks JOHN HENRY for his hand and heart, why should the cold world call her unpleasant names? One thing you can bet your last dollar on, she won't ask the question until she knows what the answer is going to be. She won't flounder about in a maze of uncertainty, but will ask and be accepted quicker than you could say "Soat". She probably will not do anything of the kind in the future any more than in the past, and will doubtless leave the formal part of the business to be done by the husband that is to be. She may extend a helping hand in case of an emergency, smooth over the rough places and stimulate GEORGE AUGUSTUS'S failing courage all of which is perfectly right and proper; for men and brethren, and in this connection it will be understood that the brothers embrace the sisters as a matter of course. There is a tide in the affairs of men which taken at the flood leads on the matrimony, and when on such a full sea you find yourself afloat, HORATIO, you will not take it in the least amiss if DESDEMONA sees that you do not miss the current when it serves. Man has no prescriptive right to pop the question; nevertheless, his will

probably be the lips that will usually form the words he reater, as heretofore. But anybody who has had any experience knows that the influence of the fair sex is so subtle and efficient, that she is often able to do the popping to herself vicariously, as it were. And so she may be said to propose on the old legal principle "Qui facit per alium facit per se."

COSMICAL FORCES.

Can you appreciate a splash of liquid fire 80,000 miles high? Not very well, perhaps. Yet that is what took place in the sun lately. This event is not to be confounded with what are called "solar protuberances," which are great jets of gleaming matter apparently, and measures sometimes a quarter of a million miles in height, or a greater distance than that from the earth to the moon. It was a distinct splash, as though a huge mass fell with prodigious force into a lake of liquid fire. The immediate result was great excitement of the magnetic needle. Whether storms, which have swept the Atlantic and Pacific ocean, have any connection with the event is only a matter of surmise. No splash is supposed to be due to the collision of a great meteor with the sun. A suggestion has been made that such collisions may occur at any time and on a very much more extensive scale than that above referred to. Tycho Brahe's star, so called because he wrote the most valuable treatise upon it, has been thought by some to have been a star rendered conspicuously brilliant by some such cause but the period of its intense brightness would seem to have been too short to be due to such a cause. A better opinion is that this was a variable star, and very late observers think that they have detected in the constellation of Cassiopeia a very faint star in or near this position which Tycho's star occupied, which shows a tendency to vary in brilliancy. Some persons have claimed that this star was a recurrence of the star of Bethlehem, but there is no good ground for such a belief. The story that a periodic star of extreme brilliancy appears at intervals of about 350 years, which would bring one of its appearances at about the time of Christ's birth, rests upon no historical foundation, being based entirely upon an astrological writ of unknown authorship. During the years in which the periodic star is said to have appeared, a great comet was seen and this is possibly what the astrologer had reference to, it indeed he was referring to any real appearance.

There is nothing intrinsically improbable in a collision between two celestial bodies and the consequent evolution of an enormous degree of heat and light. Indeed one theory of the universe presupposes the occurrence of such collisions frequently. It has even been suggested that the solar fires are fed by the impact of meteoric masses and some speculators go so far as to suppose that one by one the planets will drop into the great luminary—that the planets are revolving in great spirals, like the main spring of a watch, each circuit being only a very little shorter than the other, but that the ratio of decrease will, sometimes in the distant future, be rapidly accelerated until finally with a plump one after another the revolving globes will fall into the fiery vortex around which they have swung for uncountable centuries. Such are a few of the problems of the universe upon which the more we speculate the better we will appreciate the mighty power which sustains them all. They lead the most indifferent to ask with DAVID: "What is man, that thou art mindful of him?" They teach us the grandeur of humanity.

A CHANCE TO INVESTIGATE. There is a society for Physical Research in Boston which has begun to investigate the subject of premonitions, or what the world has been content to call in its rude unscientific way presentiments. Ghost stories have been for some time at a premium at the Hub and there is a prospect that the descendants of the stern Puritans, who burned witches in the good old days of yore, will soon canonize the dames whom they then treated so warmly, and will cause a daily sacrifice of beans and brown bread to be offered at their shrines. Now this is all right, and it the excellent wise men of Boston will extend their researches a little further and examine into the actual significance of the number 13 they will lay the world under a new obligation. We know that it has an exact measurable value in a baker's dozen; but why should it be a lucky number when you are buying bread and unlucky when you are eating it. Then the Friday question needs examination from a scientific standpoint, and the importance of seeing the new morn over your right shoulder, and of not spilling the salt, also of not taking off a garment if by mistake you put it on wrong side out—why you could fill a column with a mere catalogue of the things that need investigating.

Why won't a watched pot boil? Why does a potato get hard in a rheumatist's pocket? Who struck Billy Patterson? Verily the field for investigation is boundless, and there is no reason why Boston magazines should ever lack for new themes.

The funny part of the whole business is the amazing seriousness with which the investigations are carried on. The notions that we used to smile at our grandmothers for entertaining are treated with a solemnity which must cause the ghosts of these good creatures, if they ever do revisit these glimpses of the moon, to feel like tickling themselves, provided always that tickling and being tickled is an attribute of the physical life. It looks funny to see some old countryside idea, hitherto associated with hayseed and highwater pants dressed out in scientific toggery and stated with an effort at accuracy which is positively paralyzing. Yet seriously there is a real field for investigation outside of the domain of what we call nature, that is in the realm of the supernatural, or in other words of the unusual. For there is and there can be nothing supernatural in the strict sense of the term. To the savage the telephone and the phonograph are supernatural.

Speaking of the phonograph recalls Prof. GARNER, and his expedition to Central Africa, with his steel case and his phonograph charged with the latest utterances of the Simian tribes of civilized lands with which he expects to entertain the monkey, chimpanzees and gorillas in their native forests. If they are thinking creatures they will regard the professor and his mechanism as the greatest marvel of the supernatural. But monkeys and the lower animals don't think. At least we say they don't. Probably an elephant when he knocks some unfortunate man out of time, comforts himself with the reflection that such insignificant creatures as men can have no feelings worth considering.

Whether brutes think or not there is one thing very certain some brutes have more sense of honor than some men. Many a horse would win a race if his driver would let him. He knows that it is his business to win. About the meanest thing in the world is the pulling of a victorious horse just as it is making the grandest effort to win. We all sympathize with the people who drop money because of such rascality but after all they knew there was a chance of that in the race; but the horse always starts out to do his best and to prevent him doing so is to use him meanly and there can be no extenuating circumstances.

THE BOARD OF HEALTH JOB.

Will the Constable or the Citizen get it? Some Politicians think so. Since the death of the late Daniel O'Neill there have been many applicants after the position of Inspector of the Board of Health held by the deceased. Among the foremost of the bunch is a city constable who is leaving no stone unturned to secure the plum. In fact the constable would like to land the whole job without any opposition. It has been hinted that the late occupant was not dead three hours when the ward heelers and old-time bosses in the North End were at work in the constables interests. Be this as it may the position is still vacant, and is likely to be so until the next monthly meeting of the Board of Health. It is said that another gentleman of more modest pretensions is after the office. He however, is trying to secure it in a business like manner. Sub Inspector Davis is now filling the position temporarily.

It was given out to the applicants for the position that in case of securing the office that it would be affiliated with the position of milk inspector. That, however, seems to be a question which yet remains to be decided. The milk dealers have held meetings this week and make a strong kick over their grievance on the "tuberculin test law." A committee composed of Messrs. E. H. Turnbull, James Morland, Robert McLean, J. Donovan, A. L. Macaulay and James Carr, waited upon the Board of Health on Wednesday and submitted their case.

A quorum of the board was not present, and in the absence of that body Messrs. John Kelly and James Ready heard their case and these gentlemen promised to lay the matter before the Board of Health.

The whole matter rests on the tuberculin test which is exacted. The milk dealers say than rather submit to the terms, demanded they will send their milk to the cheese factories, throughout the province. Coming back to the original subject, the man that gets that job as Inspector of the Board of Health, be he constable or citizen, will have his hands full. Some of the Board of Health commissioners are in favor of the constable, others are opposed to him. The public is watching the race with much interest. It is the old story repeated over and over, when a man has one job, he is not satisfied but wants something else. The constable looks strong

and healthy, but evidently is not satisfied with his lot in life. He does not want to give anyone else a show. What we have, we'll hold, is a good motto, but "We'll hold what we've got and look for more," seems to be the new heraldic inscription.

JOYS AND WOES OF OTHER PLACES.

Five Cents a Bunch Here. (Union Advocate.) American women are importing cats. We've got a lot we'll sell cheap.

Bain's Danc'g Done. (Half x Echo.) Mayor Hamilton has revoked the permit for the dancing bear exhibitions on the streets, at the request of the S. P. C. A. There is no clause in the criminal code under which the owner of the bear could be prosecuted.

Myth Carries a Big Head. (Acadian Recorder.) The report that the Bedford electric tramway would not be built is incorrect. One of the promoters stated that if the road was not built by the first of June next year, he would allow his head to be used as a football by the Wanderers and L'Alouettes teams.

From Them That Have Not Ect. (Restigouche Telephone.) Labor Day was not generally observed in this town, fully half of the stores being open and doing business as usual. This is not what it should be, and will surely result in all the stores being kept open on the legal holidays; and fear is already expressed that the early closing three nights in the week, may be done away with. There is nothing fair in a few stores getting all the trade on the holidays, and the proprietors are sadly wanting in feeling for the many overworked clerks in Campbellton.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Hope Crushed to Earth Will Rise Again. I let him take my hand because I wasn't using it just then— The bird which now so deftly guides this sometimes heaven inspired pen. He stroked it gently as he'd stroke a cat that purred upon his knee, And cast full many a copious and somewhat tender glance at me. I heard the beating of his heart; it pounded at his ribs as fast As if the were false idols and it was a rank iconoclast. And once or twice, and maybe more, did he give excess to a sigh So fierce that it might attract attention from the passers by. Twice did he make a shy at speech, but somehow couldn't make it— The words would catch up in his throat, then drop unspoken back below; Then all his courage seemed to fall. He grabbed his hat and skirted hence, And let me there yet unengaged and in the same old dire suspense, And tears of anger plashed down my alabaster cheeks as I see. Just what a cowardly durned chump a lovesick man can sometimes be!

Later.

He came again while yet I wept, and with his lips he brushed away The tears that leaped from out their ducts and kept the coming ones at bay, And said he'd gone to "like a spin around the block till he could think About the nature of a speech to make to his sweet little milk— And then he'd the sweetest tale a raptured maiden ever heard. The honeydew of his long love adhered to every precious word! He cried out by exclaiming names I never dreamed that I should hear, And rounded up by kissing me right underneath the chin, "The best thing I've set the day and swapped the loud betwixt 'em, And soon we'll swim in rolling seas of unadulterated bliss!" Soon shall I see thee hold commune with angel muses up above, And drop the pen and never do another thing but eat and love.

The Rocky Mountain Sheep.

The red deer loves the chaparral, The hawk the wine ricked pine; The cougar haunts the hills that race The crony's steep incline; But the wild sheep roam the battered rocks. Sure foot and fleet of limb Gets up to see the stars by. Along the mountain rim. For him the sky built battlements, For him the deep walled chasms Where the roaring rivers are; The gentian flowers meadow lands The ram-creek slope and crest, Above the eagles streaming brood, Above the wild wolf's quest. When in the riot of the storms, The snow flowers blossom fast, The cattle get them to the plain, The bowyer to the lair, The shepherd tends his foolish flocks Along the mountains here But free and far the wild sheep are, And God doth shepherd them.

The Sunrise Serenade.

'Ah walk out when de ess' am red Among de timbhe tall; Ah look at a mackel oberhead, De sweetest froat ob all. 'Why do yo' sing?' Ah stop en ask, 'En den Ah head her say: 'Dis am mah dely sunup task, A shanade to day.' 'Songs ob sunrise joy when de darkness fades away, De mackel in de treetop sing a welcum song today. 'Ah brush among de meddal lan's When yelleb-jack-te hum; Ah look up when dat dogwood spans En head det solem drum. 'Oh, Misteh Goo! Wink, why yo' drum Up yander in de tree?' 'Ah drum jes' kase de day hab cum!' Is low he answah me. Drum I drum I drum! Yo' see his movin' said, De peckeh drum a welcum when de eass' am fah red. 'Ah thrash among de bramle vines, A brambl' ob de dew; A jaybird fum de pines, A catbird chime in, too. 'What's all dis racket fum yo' lwo?' 'En den Ah head her say: 'We callin' kase de sun am new, En de night hab gone away. De jaybird in de catbird, dey call en welcum say Dey's happy when de sun cum up en bathe with sunnasc spray. En all arou' de timbhe lan', Dey watch ioh cummin' day; En Night she shake us' sawzin's han', En den she fade away. De ebehy songs eh break da hush, De hummin' birds de hum; Mist' Quail she whistle in de brush, De go' wing peckeh drum. En all bus' out in melody det echo fro' de haze When de sun be smile to crimson en de dew-drops tuh a bisez.'

'You are mistaken about young Clifford

I tell you his heart was very much in his work when I last saw him. 'Indeed! What was he doing?' 'Falling in love with a pretty girl.'

BIG CROWDS ON FINE DAYS.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

to while away a few pleasant hours in the land of faker-dom.

The man from the country, he of the grayer stamp wandered around the little Ceiro, oftimes coming across a little Egypt, and again could be seen emerging from the land of bondage, safe in the arms of his spouse who would gently lead him over to the Agricultural hall and cattle sheds to inspect the stock and ascertain if they had anything like "at hum." It was a great time for the visitor, the city chap with his best girl was just as verdant in a manner as his country cousin; the ice-cream booth generally rounded him up when a couple of plates of the North Pole confection would be dealt out for an equivalent 20 cents. Then she would have to go to the amusement people "to see them play people," another little item would be the moving pictures. All can spend their money, granger or grafter, all money looks alike, excepting some of the leaden quarters which some person or persons are industriously circulating. All the moving pictures are not on the stage by any means. If you don't believe it try a trial trip to the exhibition and "The Midway."

CLES CAN RUN SUNDAY.

Magistrate Ritchie Takes a Common Sense View of the Sunday Law and Gives a Decision.

The fit has gone forth that it is not a crime, not even a little venial sin, to run the street cars on Sunday. His Honor Magistrate Ritchie so decided at the police court on Tuesday of this week, when Robert Godfrey, a motorman was reported for operating a trolley line on the Sabbath. A "Sabbath Day's Journey" was defined during the course of the argument. After much court diversion some antediluvian or ancient law moth-eaten books were found by Clerk Henderson who discovered to the court's and spectators intense satisfaction that a trip or journey on the day set apart for church, and not desecration was defined as one of about 2,000 paces or three quarters of a mile.

The passing of judgment by His Honor in this matter was the cause of much censure from the benches as to the manner in which the Sunday law was enforced. In some cases it was a mere burlesque or a travesty on justice. "The idea," said His Honor, "of reporting widow women who keep small corner grocery stores and others in divers line of business, while those who were guilty of violent flagrant of the law as it should be interpreted, seemed in a great sense a want of perceptive faculty on the part of those who are supposed to know better."

Such, in brief, is the disposition of the Sunday law as it is at present constituted. True, there may be loopholes through which he or she who wishes to evade the law may escape. But then there has always been a premium on evil doings in St. John. This present supposed to-be moral wave has not accomplished any really good results.

There has been a few weeks cessation of "open business" on the part of some of the beer shops, but then if you knew the ropes you could always gain admittance by the back door. The folly of the whole matter has been apparent from the outset. The time has indeed passed when a man, cannot find some little pleasure in a Sunday rest. After a week of toil, perhaps six days of brain worry, where is there a man that does not need some little recreation. One may enjoy a good cigar, but according to the ideas of the present promoters of Sunday abstinence it would be a scandal to enjoy this little luxury. Then there are the things innocently debarred from the poor man's enjoyment of the day.

The magistrate's "roast" or censure as given by him on Tuesday was a well timed one. It placed the 20th century Puritans in a bad light. They wish to run this poor old world in a style to suit themselves. No one else is to receive a show. They can ride to church on Sunday or sail the river on a steamboat, but they would wish to deprive the poor man of a trolley ride, to deprive him if they could of inhaling the pure, free air of Heaven.

Presented With a Pipe.

It is only once in a while that the friends of Captain Farris get a chance to get even with him and return in part some of those favors that he is ever ready to extend to them. That is one of the reasons why he is smoking a handsome new pipe now, the presentation of a number of friends who went for a two hours sail with him a few days ago. The presentation was a surprise to the captain still anyone who sees him quietly puffing away at his new treasure must conclude that the donors in selecting a pipe, hit upon a happy method of making the captain at peace with all mankind.