

PROGRESS.

PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, at 29 to 31 Canterbury street, St. John, N. B. by the PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY (Limited), EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR AND MANAGER, Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

Remittances.—Persons sending remittances to this office must do so either by P. O. or Express order, or by registered letter. OTHERWISE, WE WILL NOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SAME. They should be made payable in every case to PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO., LTD.

Discontinuances.—Remember that the publishers must be notified by letter when a subscriber wishes his paper stopped. All arrearages must be paid at the rate of five cents per copy.

All Letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

Letters should be addressed and drafts made payable to PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO., LTD., ST. JOHN, N. B.

Agents in the city can have extra copies sent them if they telephone the office before six p. m.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPT. 22

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

OUR EXHIBITION.

The exhibition is over and almost as soon as it was ended the weather seemed to have changed its mind again and favor the country with a little more of the much needed rain.

The attendance proved to be larger than that of any previous show, and in some respects the features of the exhibition pleased those who attended it. Perhaps it is a little early to begin to criticize, but again it may be said that while "The Great International Fair" is fresh in the minds of the people, some things which might have been desirable, as well as some things which were undesirable should be noted.

PROGRESS regrets that again comment has to be made upon the fact that one of the most popular departments of the shows of years ago was hardly worth visiting at all. This relates to machinery hall, which might have been made to the casual thinker, a place of great interest and instruction. The time was when such concerns as the LORDLY Manufacturing Company, Printing press manufacturers, axe makers, and electrical machinists delighted to show what they could do in machinery hall. Somebody laughingly said this year that when the show opened all it contained was a nail machine and a hearse, though just what interest the latter would have in machinery hall is difficult to explain. To sum up the plain evidence is that the people of St. John and of New Brunswick are becoming accustomed to attending exhibitions and no doubt year after year they will come in increased numbers, but every effort should be made to give them a show that is instructive as well as pleasing. High divers, bicycle jumpers, nigger minstrels and fakirs are well enough in their way to add variety to the general entertainment, but as the years go on the people will become more particular in their demands for this kind of amusement and the management will find that they will be unable to depend so entirely upon that drawing card as they have in the past.

Among the very interesting features of this year's show was that which was in part supervised by the secretary for agriculture Mr. PETERS. This was the testing of the different kinds of wheat flour made in the several mills throughout the province. The baking process afterwards was watched with much interest, by the ladies in particular, no matter from what section of the province they came from.

MR. JAMES DOMVILLE.

The selection of Mr. JAMES DOMVILLE again as the standard bearer of the Liberal party of Kings was not a surprise to any one. He deserves the honor conferred upon him by his people since while in parliament he has always represented them with that zest and intelligence which best serve the residents of any county. To look after the interests of the people of any constituency it goes without saying that the member must have an intimate acquaintance not only with the people but the county itself. Col. DOMVILLE has this particular advantage and the people of Kings know it. He has not been a fair weather candidate but for nearly thirty years now has stood by the county no matter what his fortunes or that of his party. The enthusiasm of the convention that selected him this week could not be doubted; it was intense almost affectionate in its character and the gentleman whom

those delegates—some old and grey in the service of their favorite others young and ambitious—must have been delighted to see and hear such genuine expression of feeling.

We are glad today to present as a supplement to this journal, a handsome plate portrait of Mr. DOMVILLE. It does justice to his features and will, we are sure, be a welcome visitor in the homes of Kings County people. It is not necessary in this connection to give any biographical sketch of this man, who is known better than any other in Kings. His political career speaks for itself, and the most flattering tribute to it is that his constituents are satisfied with it. Not afraid to say what he means at any time Col. DOMVILLE has always been regarded as independent while loyal to his party and the men whose opinions he represents. He is particularly interested in military matters and for many years commanded the Princess Louise Hussars. Several of the officers commanding the Canadian forces have so complimented him upon his zeal and the efficiency of the corps. As a further proof of his willingness to serve his country it may be noted that on two occasions he offered for foreign service and was thanked by the imperial authorities for his prompt and loyal reply.

THE OPPOSITION IN KINGS.

Dr. PUGSLEY was nominated again by the people of Kings county on Thursday to run an election on the 27th for the house of assembly. This was made necessary because this gentleman was appointed attorney general of the province. At first glance it would almost seem as if few people in the county could be seriously opposed to having the portfolio of attorney general held by one of their representatives, and this is probably true because what opposition has cropped up seems to be the outcome of private rather than organized effort. Mr. FRED SPROUL proposes to oppose Dr. PUGSLEY and it would seem as if at the last his candidature might be assumed by the local opposition. Before that his intention was not regarded seriously. Mr. PUGSLEY has nothing to fear so far as the result is concerned but so long as the fight is liable to turn out as between parties rather than men no effort should be spared to make the result as decisive as possible.

FAKIR'S FIERCE FIGHT.

Old Scores are Paid—Guns Were Drawn and Knives Were Used.

"When thieves fall out, just men get their due," is an old saying and one that has proved true, but "when fakirs fight, they're a bad crew," look out for them, they care not what they do.

This seems to have been the motto of the gang of "fakirs" that left here on a night train one evening this week. They had worked the exhibition here for all it was worth. Hurried though their departure was prior to the closing of our exhibition, they did not forget to take with them a goodly supply of that liquid usually called "whisky."

They were ostensibly journeying to the Halifax exhibition, there to devote their talents to the art of extracting the agile and nimble dollar from the pocket of the gullible Bluenose. However, the party met and consisted of the redoubtable Al. Smith, of this city, by his contrerres familiarly dubbed "Smithy," Friars, of pea and shell and flim flam fame was another of the party; the third local man was the well known and effervescent James H. Slater, formerly proprietor of the Woodbine tavern in this city, now a full fledged boniface in the boom town of Sydney; these with a few other minor characters, made up the local contingent.

There was another gentleman, he was the man from "Frisco. While at the exhibition here he was a very industrious member of the fakirs fraternity and plied his vocation with a force worthy of a better occupation.

The row started over some old scores which remained unsettled between "Smithy" and Slater. During the fracas "Smithy," who is lame, used his cane to great advantage, administering many blows to Slater; he also showed his carving abilities as he slashed Slater very badly about the face with a knife. The other local man, Friars, met with a few little incidental jolts which disfigured his countenance somewhat. The man from "Frisco pulled his gun and threatened to shoot everybody in sight.

The train rolled on just the same, no body was killed, but there was some pretty sore spots in the combination of "sure things" which the express of that night carried off.

Different reasons are assigned for the cause of the fracas, some say that "Smithy" peached on Slater while he was here. Others claim that the proverbial woman was involved in the matter. Nothing lucid can be learned, no arrests have been made, no inquests have been held, and, no doubt, that the matter will

be settled, and the fakir family will be on hand next year with something plausible up their sleeves to win do lars.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

Old Friends.

We love them very dearly, the old familiar places, The road where every turn we know the trees that over it bend; The meadow grasses waving, and the little flower faces, And the lilted hills benignant, each one a steadfast friend.

We love the soft and springing sod, oft as our foot- steps press it; The little wayside briars that reach their clinging fingers out; The lowly nest half hidden in the dusky hedge— God bless it! And all the common things that gird the common day about.

There's one wide branching maple that was tall when we were tending The baby lambs beneath it in the years of long ago. There's one great shadowy oak that stood its friendly shelter lending Tour p' rents, when they courted, its tenting shade below. The trees, the hills the pastures, the lanes we oft have trodden, Of us they part, our blood has caught a thrill from them. We may walk today in purple, where once we walked in hadden, But the selfish soul is in us; we are theirs in root and stem.

We love them very dearly, the old familiar places; In them I think the road will wear a look like ours at home; The fields of living green recall the pleasant beckoning faces Of the mother hands that hold us fast, how far soe'er we roam.

To His Pen Wiper.

In thy folds his pen he'll hide, Thou shalt know what he replied To the damsel far away In his jovial, hearty way.

Keep his secret; never tell How he words the fond farewell, Be the first or second-hand, Light or dark, fair-skinned or tanned. Little midget, be content What he said he never meant. —Catherine Cornish.

When Crickets Sing and Asters Bloom. When crickets sing and asters bloom in all the woodland ways, And smokes hang low, and far away the fields are lost in haze. When in the corn there is a voice that whispers "Summer's gone," And here and there a red leaf glows, first lights of Autumn's dawn,— Then, soft as milkweed down, on me is laid the hand of mystery.

The woodland wavers: at my feet I hear the tall grass sigh, A low, sweet music of regret runs thro' the earth. The creek is caught in a net of mist whose silvery meshes gleam, And my heart beats low, and I walk as one walks wondering in a dream, For, soft as milkweed down, on me is laid the hand of mystery.

Ah me! My thoughts are one today with this new wind that brings A note of death, a holier word, a song no mortal sings. I dance a spring with the falling leaves, with tears to see them fall. And the flute of the field lark seems to me a far-off spirit call. For, soft as milkweed down, on me is laid the hand of mystery.

The Shirt Waist Peril.

A man stood sadly thinking As he'd never thought before, And his heavy heart kept sinking As he scanned the dry goods store. Where men's shirt waists were suspended He exclaimed in tones perplexed, "How will this strange race be ended? What is going to happen next?" "Will our wives go earn the money And disturb our sweet repose With remarks passed out as 'funny' On their husbands' Easter clothes? Will they scan the ledger sadly, And with accents wondrous wise Say, Affairs are going badly; Dear, you must economize?" "Will our loving spouses quote us And declare at Sabbath dawn That we go to church to notice What the other men have on? O all follies ever started, By this one we most are vexed, And we asked it timid hearted, 'What is going to happen next?'"

In the Blossoms and the Breeze.

The fields will soon be ready for the reapers: Let 'em reap! I'd rather be a-losin' where the coolin' shadders creep On the green banks of a river—just a-takin' of my ease. Only jest a brother to the blossoms an' the breeze! Warn't never fond o' reapin'—rather hear the reapers sing. From 'cross the woods an' meadows where the honey-suckles swing. It jest runs in the family fer me to take my ease; Fer I wuz born a brother to the blossoms an' the breeze! The world has lots o' toilers that love the toilin, way; wuz born to toil, an' some to dream, is what I say! An' though work's more profitabler, it kivers too much ground. When it jest runs in the family fer folks to loaf around!

The War Correspondent.

No more for him the dust along the street, The cry of newsboys and the traffic's din, The joy of balanced prose—the work well done, Rap at his door—another cries "come in."

Another, who will write as well as he, Another, who perchance knows not his name, But fits the well-worn chair with boyish pride And dreams the same old dreams of Work and Fame.

No more for him the grid—slow word on word, His paper prints his name, and then forgets. He showed rare promise and he laughed at fear— "He sent his news—a truce to vain regrets."

No more on him the saddle and the spur, The madden'd ride, the hardship and the fun. He saw great deeds, he earned his little pay, Death took his bride when the march was done.

City and kopje! what to him is change? Topper and helmet! what to him is dress? The fever passed him, but the rides saw— God rest him! and his paper goes to press.

A Low-Tide Lullaby.

Hush, hush, soft on the pebble ridge. Cross the low tide for wee Dorothy's sake. Seals up a space and then libbly slips tack again, Finger on lip lest wee Dorothy wake.

Dream, dream, sun on the pebble ridge. Dreams shall be fair while that sun lights the path to them. Dreams may come true—does not Dorothy know?

Sleep, sleep, storm on the pebble ridge. One day shall beat 'neath a bitter, black sky; Now all the more, in your still, sunny babyhood, Sleep, Gift o' God, to the tide's lullaby.

Chairs Re-seated Once, Spills, Perfumes, &c., Duval, 17 Waterloo.

MISS HORTENSE HEATH'S PRIZE. She Sends the Best Description of Her Summer Vacation.

Some weeks ago PROGRESS offered a prize for the best description of a summer vacation and promises to publish that which was considered best. This is done today. A considerable number of descriptions were submitted and the following by Miss Hortense Heath is published as the best and winner of the prize of five dollars:

I think our vacation really began when we assembled in the hall for closing exercises. Having been told we might "speak but not talk" we decided to converse. How thankful we were when the monotony of declamations themes, and latin orations (which all applauded and pretended they understood) was broken by a song of orchestra selection. The next day a party of us went trouting. Having stood in a nice steady place for one hour up to my waist in water I found I had a bite. Imagine my despair on finding I could not throw the line and fish on shore (it being too far away) and straid to take the speckled "beauty" (P) in my hand I let it go.

The following day we went out sailing. It blew quite hard and few of us had been in a yacht before, when water came in the cockpit we all experienced the delightful sensation of imagining we would meet our death in about a moment, but we didn't, which again shows how true the saying is "Only the good die young". Some days after we thought we would walk out to the lake and get some water lilies. After tramping three miles through marsh underbrush and many other things which confront the forest traveller, we arrived at the lake only to find no boat, a quick second bottom and the lake surrounded by marshes. One of our party perched himself on a tree in order to view the surrounding landscape, when suddenly to his surprise, though not to ours, he was forced by the breaking of the two to descend to mother earth, (it a swamp may be called mother earth, it looked like mother water.) With similar incidents vacation passed all too quickly. There is a saying that young people think ever of the future, middle-aged ones of the present and our grandparents of the past, but just here I venture to remark that school girls and boys think mostly of the past vacation the first few weeks after school opens.

HORTENSE HEATH.

A REMARKABLE PLAY.

"The Christian" in a Dramatized Form to be Presented in This City.

Hall Caine's play "The Christian" is undoubtedly the most talked of play on the boards to-day. St. John will pass judgment upon it Friday and Saturday and matinee, Sept. 28 and 29, at the Opera house. The interest manifested in the engagement here is very marked and the indications are that the play and company will receive a splendid reception.

When the Celtic influence upon our literature in this century comes to be reckoned up, Mr Hall Caine will have to be considered. It is one of his proudest boasts that he is a Manxman and the Isle of Man is as proud of him as he is of it. Creeble Castle, where he resides, is already on the way to becoming the Manxman's Abbotsford. Its tenant is of the middle height, has a somewhat pointed face, a vast brow and eyes capable of both passion and dream. He is not at all what some of his cynical critics, who know only his public manner, imagine him to be. There is nothing inflated, or windy, or immodest, but something very winning and gentle, and even appealing, about his manner. Anthony Trellope used to say that he liked to be liked, and though there is no available authentic record to prove that Mr. Hall Caine uttered the same sentiment, it is writ large in all his ways towards his friends. Doubtless he believes hugely in himself, but not in a pompous or podsnappian or coercive way, but as one who carries a burden of responsibility which can be borne only with labor and travail.

Mr. Hall Caine owes his position entirely to his own industry, patience and conscientious workmanship. Nothing is due to birth except his peculiar mental qualities of his race, little to conditions, and if anything to friendships, they are such as he has made and secured himself. He began literary life as a journalist but he never intended to remain a journalist. His ambition soared from the first. He had to form—which, of course with such a one means to prune the exuberance of—his early style. He wrote essays, he lectured, he exercised himself. It was Rossetti, the artist poet, of all people, who taught him tenderly not to use unfamiliar words under the impression that they were fine. Mr. Caine soon acquired the very vehicle which he wanted, a nervous, direct, clear and (if the adjectives may be allowed to pass a richly simple English. Students of his stories know well that he takes enormous pains with his modes of expression, and it may

be stated as a fact that he will write and rewrite, and write again, unless he has satisfied his artistic conscience. He has strengthened himself by close study of English literature. What he has read, two such volumes as his selected sonnets and his excellent little book on Coleridge prove. In a word, he has done what he could, in the slang of the studies, to obtain the best possible medium and to perfect his technique. If originality means eccentricity, Mr Caine has an originality of style, but the one in which he reveals himself like a glove—the style of 'home—and nowadays, having taken to heart Rossetti's warning, he is never affected and precious.

Made a Good Bargain.

Superintendent Quinton, of the Provincial Lunatic Asylum, made a purchase of some young pigs at the exhibition grounds the other day which showed he was fully alive, not only to the interests of the farm which he manages so well for the institution, but that at the same time he knows when to take advantage of a good bargain. The young suckers were of a particular breed and had been much admired by the "fame" at the show. Mr. Quinton purchased the lot of them and ten minutes after could have sold each of them at an advance of two dollars. Needless to say he did not do so and the asylum farm is the better for a new brood of porkers.

CHILD ENTERTAINERS A TRAMP.

A Hobo Finds a Six-Year-Old Girl Alone in the House and Invites Himself In.

Six year old Pearl Nesbitt entertained a hobo unwares Sunday, according to the Omaha Bee. During the forenoon her aunt Mrs. Maggie Clinker, 1617 Cass street left the child in the house alone while she went to the home of a neighbor to return a drawing of tea. Pearl was contentedly playing in the kitchen when there came a knock at the door.

"Good morning, miss," said the hobo. "Is your mamma in?" And he smiled so engagingly the little girl failed to notice that his eyes were bleary.

She doesn't remember exactly how it happened, but a moment later her guest was seated at the table, still spread with the remains of breakfast, and she was pouring a cup of coffee for him. Then she took a seat at the head of the board as a hostess should, and they chatted merrily.

A neighbor woman entered at the front door, saw the pair in a cosy comfort and withdrew. She said afterward she thought the child was entertaining her uncle from Arizona.

When Mrs. Clinker returned from her call the tramp was gone. Then she got a tablet of paper, made a list of the stolen articles and reported the matter to the police.

Two Hints to Women.

Keep yourself well-dressed and be neatly dressed in the morning, that your husband may carry a sweet impression of you all day.

The greatest of self-imposed abuses of women is everlasting sewing. One third of the sewing you do is unnecessary. Draw the line on drawn work, embroideries, cushions, doilies, pillow-shams and all other shams, table covers and draperies.

"What troubles you, poor girl?" the kind looking man asked.

The sweet-faced maiden looked up at him through her tears and said:—

"They have taken my brother to jail because he received stolen property. I am disgraced forever!"

"There, there; don't weep any more," the man said in comforting tones; "cheer up. Take a brighter view of the world. We must put our sorrows behind us. Look at me. I am not complaining. And yet I have a nephew who wears a shirt waist."

"Gee Whizz! That blamed watch is stopped again. What an awful liar that jeweler is."

"What's the matter?"

"I left the thing for him to fix. He charged me \$2, and said it would work like a charm now."

"Well, he doubtless meant a watch charm."

Miss Oldgyrle—"And whom do you consider the prettiest girl at the beach?"

Mr. Crityke—"Why, Miss Bloomly, of course."

Miss Oldgyrle—"But I thought you said you had seen all the girls here but her."

Mr. Crityke—"That's why I think she must be the prettiest."

"Then you have had experience in the newspaper business, eh?" he asked of the rich old codger.

"Oh, yes. I have spent a good deal of money with the newspapers."

"Er—in getting articles printed about you?"

"Yes and in keeping them out."