

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher and Proprietor.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 18.

MODEL MAYORS ARE SCARCE.

The milkos and uncertain dailies have concluded since Mr. LOCKHART was buried beneath more than 1,300 majority, that he made a "excellent mayor, courteous, affable," etc., etc. If politeness and pleasantness for one hour out of twenty-four, six days in the week, are the chief attributes of a "good mayor," we suppose Mr. LOCKHART might quite properly come under that head.

Model mayors are scarce. They have not been and cannot be chosen every year. But we want something more than a nonentity—a mayor who cares for nothing except the votes that elect him and the salary that he draws.

Our mayor has not large executive powers, but he is at all times the representative of the taxpayers who look to him more than any other to guard and conserve their interests.

It is not what you do, but what you say you are going to do and what you can make people believe you have done, that constitutes fame.

Now this is more than the statement of a

truism, for an important principle is involved in it. Since remarkable men are not like other people, we must not judge of them just as we judge of other people.

How often we say, condemning the course taken by some prominent man in an important crisis, "We would not have done that." It does not seem to occur to us, that we are too inconspicuous for people to watch what we do or concern themselves how we act when crises come.

For example, take the case of our political leaders. We are all wise enough to see their blunders, but somehow the public does not think we are wise enough to entrust with those responsibilities, which we feel so sure we could discharge so much better than anyone else.

"Why don't the railway people give themselves more time and avoid these tiresome delays?" So asked a weary traveller at an uncomfortable station. "I have been travelling for some days," he said, "and not one connection has been made on time. Either we have been waiting for some one or some one for us."

A waiting crowd at a railway station! What a compound it is to be sure! Patient people, impatient people, fussy people, cool people, ignorant people, who are not ashamed to confess their ignorance, people who know it all and are generally mistaken, the man who never travelled by this line before, and will never do it again, the man who knows how much better these things are managed somewhere else, the public spirited individual who voices the sentiments of the crowd by observations that would shock you under ordinary conditions, the baby that will not be comforted, the young man who beguiles the tedium by getting drunk and disagreeable, the fellow with the bad tobacco, the restless dude with the cigarette, the man with a trip pass, who don't like to say much, the official who tries to explain the inexplicable, to account for the unaccountable, to give every one a good answer, and yet not compromise himself. It is a motley crowd, but on the whole not a bad one.

WHENCE AND WHITHER.

A Hindoo philosopher has said that all knowledge is a memory; that is to say, mankind once knew all things, but a wave of forgetfulness swept over them, leaving them in a condition of the densest ignorance, and all progress since is only the effort of the memory, not of individuals, but of the race, to recall its pristine glory.

There is a rumor that the Restigouche Pioneer was a manager of the Montreal Herald, and business go in them to make a country newspaper a success are scarce.

There is something very serious about funny men. Robert J. Burdette has become a baptist preacher. Sam Small has left his pews and become an "evangelist." Montgomery Bailey (the Dunbray News man) is a Sunday school superintendent.

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THE YOUTH AND BEAUTY OF ST. JOHN AT THE CENTURIES EXHIBITION.

A Wonderful Six-Night Show—Great Crowds—Every Evening—A Full Description of Booths and Dresses—The Very Beautiful Costumes on all Sides.

The opening night of the Centuries exhibition was as successful as first nights usually are, the difficulty of getting things fairly in running order generally marred the effect. Some of the costumes which had been ordered from a distance failed to arrive on time, to say nothing of the headgear.

The procession, of course, is one of the chief features of each evening, and it is indeed a pretty and imposing sight to see the glowing colors, glittering armures, and varied costumes, as the characters march two and two around the rink, led by the chief butler, carrying aloft the board's head, resting upon a tempting bed of geranium leaves and cheerfully munching a red apple, and closed by her gracious Majesty in robes of state and guarded by her two yeomen of the guard, the Royal Beef Eaters.

WHAT IS THE MATTER?

Geologists tell us that man lived before the ice-period, that is to say, at a time when it was not cold enough anywhere on the globe to freeze water, for such must have been the temperature of this earth in the Tertiary period. Fancy, if you can, the pre-glacial servant girl calling up stairs in tones of awe, "Missus, the water pipes do be friz."

The young folks performed their parts with a spirit and precision older people might well have envied, and the two duets "Marguerite" and "The Tar's Farewell" were most admirably rendered by the young ladies who took the parts.

The Sixteenth Century.

The sixteenth century booth is in charge of Mrs. B. C. Boyd, Mrs. George Mead, Miss B. Grant, Mrs. G. K. McLeod and Miss Skinner, assisted by Mrs. Geo. F. Smith, Miss Drury, Miss E. M. Deane, Mrs. W. H. Fairweather, Mrs. J. M. Albro and Miss A. Bayard; and Mrs. Geo. F. Smith, Mrs. W. H. Fairweather, Mrs. J. M. Albro and Miss A. Bayard; and Mrs. Geo. F. Smith, Mrs. W. H. Fairweather, Mrs. J. M. Albro and Miss A. Bayard.

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covered with gold, doublet of violet velvet puffed and corded with gold, edged sleeves, and coat of gold and brown brocade, puffed with sable. Violet satin cap, with white plume, blue ruffles, and heavy gold chains across the chest, with medals, stars and orders, a most magnificent and accurately carried out costume.

Mr. Vickers, as Francis I, of France wore a costume which ranked next to Dr. Bruce's for elegance and faithfulness of detail. The long blue doublet of black silk, with black satin and velvet trunks, doublet of black velvet slashed with satin, black velvet, with ruffles of white lace, cap of black velvet, with black ostrich plume silver rosettes on shoes.

Mr. Arthur Adams, as Sir Walter Raleigh, wore a costume of dark blue velvet slashed with purple satin, cap, with white plume, blue ruffles, and heavy gold chains across the chest, with medals, stars and orders, a most magnificent and accurately carried out costume.

Mr. W. S. Barker, as Raphael, wore black velvet trunk hose with tunic of ruby velvet, short black velvet over under sleeves of black velvet, slashed with scarlet satin, high white ruff, white lace ruffles, Raphael had black velvet.

Mr. Deane, as Queen Anne looked regal in a robe of dark blue velvet, bordered with gold, hanging sleeves, trimmed with gold, and jewelled crown.

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