THE LUST FOR OFFICE.

HOW IT SHOWS ITSELF IN POLITICS IN NEW ENGLAND.

Where an Administration Changes the Axe Falls-The Effect of Parry Lines in Civic Affairs-st. John People who are Known in Massachusetts.

LOWELL, Mass., March 29.—St John is baving a lively time in civic politics, but it is not in it with the average Massachusetts city in the dullest season of the year. St. John people get a rest once in a while, but the Americans never let up. Here we have a nation of politicians born and bred, and that part of the population with a drop of Irish blood, is in the thickest of the fight, first, last and all the time.

The wire pulling, and unheard of schemes that are worked out in the smallest matters is astonishing. The only object is to get there; then, "to the victors belong the spoils." Long service and efficiency in public positions is recognized occasionally, but the politicians seldom leave office holders "bad positions," as the saying goes, and the minute an office holder becomes an "offensive partizan" his former labors, no matter how valuable and faithfully rendered they may have been, are forgotten, and the axe is suspended, ready to drop the moment a change of administration comes.

Just now the great questions before the people of almost every city is "Who is go- disease. ing to be postmaster?" Who is going to be collector of the port?" Who is going to be this that and the other thing, down to hog-reeve almost. President Cleveland has done little else than receive office seekers since he went to Washington and he hasn't got half through yet.

But it doesn't end at Washington. Oh,

In civic politics it is just the same. Here in Lowell for instance. Democrats and republicans are at loggerheads all the time, and a curious state of affairs exists. The board of aldermen is republican, and the common council has a majority of democrats, but when the two bodies meet in joint session they are evenly divided.

Result: A dead lock that keeps important city business at a standstill. The aldermen won't confirm any measure passed by the council and vice versa.

But worse still, the democrats who hold office in the city hall are safe while the deadlock continues, and the republicans are devising all manner of schemes to get

For, as at Washington, so in Lowell, to the victors belong the spoils, and they want them. The men who worked for party success on election day, did not do so for nothing. They don't believe in it. The Democrats think Republicans have no right to office under a democratic administration, and when the republicans are in power they take the same view of it. So it is that even the janitor of a city building is ousted when his party drops the reins of government.

When one thinks of the men who have become fixtures in the big stone building on Prince William street-the city hall, I mean -men who, like the brook, seem to go on and on forever, no matter who is elected to the common council, with nothing to bother them, more than once or twice in one hundred years, when the council takes hysterics and threatens to reduce salaries to a figure that would make a Massachusetts man smile, - he realizes what an easy-going old city St. John is. They have lots of work perhaps, but from long experience it has become easy. Here the work of the office is nothing, "anybody could learn all about any office in city hall in a month," they say. The greatest exertion is to keep in office, to keep one's pull in the ward and swing the votes around election day.

And so the war wages month after month, but civic business goes on just the same, and is conducted in much better shape than it is in St. John.

One of the offices in the gift of the National Government, which is always looked upon as a snap is United States consul, and St. John will have a new one before very long.

The Prince Wm. street office has hitherto been looked upon as coming within the patronage dispensed by Maine party leaders, but this year it is said it will be filled by a Massachusetts man.

Col. James H. Carmichael of Lowell, was mentioned in connection with it this week. He will get a consulship in some place or other, and it is quite likely he will go to St. John. He is a good democrat, a lawyer, a soldier, and a member of Governor Russell's staffduring 1891-92.

He is popular in Lowell and well known throughout the state. He is a graduate of Boston College, and has practised law since 1880, was two years chairman of the Lowell Democratic city committee, president of the Common Council, a member of the School board, and has held a number of other offices in the city, besides being an active member of the Forresters and other bodies.

Mr. Foss, former superintendent in the Parks mills and whom I mentioned last week, as now located in Greenville, N. H., has been winning distinction as a landscape painter. He had always used the brush more or less, but while in St. John attended the Owens art school. One of his pictures sold this week for \$75.

To the list of St. John men living in With bowed heads, seem to worship nature's God. Lowell, add Thomas Thompson, who has | St. John, N. B. March 2, 1893.

been here nearly twenty years and is now an overseer in the Massachusetts mills.

Frank McLeod, the boss carpenter for the same corporation, was formerly a ship carpenter in Halifax.

Then there is a Fredericton lady here, Miss Marian Clowater who holds a responsible position with a big dry goods firm and gets one of the largest salaries paid to any woman in the city. She is well known I rose, and pulled myself together for the in Fredericton and visits there every sum-

Thomas Gass, formerly of Rothesay, now meets his friends at the Parker house, R. G. LARSEN.

The High Altitude Cure.

Dr. H. O. Dodge, in discussing the high altitude cure for consumption, which has been successful in Colorado, attributes the effects to the diminished heat and accelerated circulation and respiration causing an appetite for food; the cool nights promoting sleep, the loss of adipose tissue, and increase of muscular power; and the dry stand, without inconvenience, those changes of temperature which in more humid regions would be detrimental and dangerous. Dr. Dodge says that 9 per cent. of those in whom the disease is arrested by the Colorado cure are able to go anywhere else and engage in any business, about 40 per cent. may live in lower and less favorable climates during certain seasons; and about 50 per cent. had better continue in the country which has proved so beneficial. This class includes those who show a strong hereditary tendency to the

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

What It Is?

What is that thing that men call love? No matter where you turn to rove You'll surely find it on the move; Imagination.

You'll find a type 'twixt lad and maid Devouring each word the other said : It makes of the girl a silly jade; Imagination.

With great sheep-eyes and dove-like look The girls endeavor, by hook or crook, To get the boys within their nook; Imagination.

Then the boys tone up and look their best; In unpaid for clothes they're often drest, Till with sensible people they become a jest; Imagination.

If Romeo and Juliet in these days loved, By themselves, away off, they'd surely be By a ruthless mob whom my answer moved;

But whem the Romeo doth the Juliet find, And the Juliet doth the Romeo mind, Then blest 'twill be for a 1 mankind;

Realization.

But if the Romeo failed the Juliet to find, As the Juliet failed the Romeo to mind; Then sad 'will be for all mankind; Devastation.

Said Dr. Talmage in a powerful sermon: "There's surely a man for every woman"; Do they each other love? or do they only imagine

I say nothing disparaging of affections' bond Nor that true love did completely abscond; But with love some dabble, as a duck in a pond; Imagination.

I believe in the love that God commands, The human affection that toward it ascends, Culminating in that which the Lord intends; Sanctification.

Love's Jewels.

Great kings wear golden crowns, while I Uncrowned am to mortal eye; Yet one hath named me "King," and fair Soft fingers glimmer in my hair When I am tired.

With weight of jewlled chains yon knight Is rich, and heavily bedight; But round my neck some rarer charms Are twined, and formed of 'circling arms-Love's living chain.

The turquoise gleams more blue and bright, But pansy glooms and sapphire light Have met within her flower eyes That darken as the soul doth rise In tenderness.

Heart-glow of rubies, warm, rose-red Of fire and flower newly wed, Is not more rich than lips, love-taught To yield such perfect joy, love-sought, Yet humbly won.

Ah, living life so fully, I Have ceased to know the world goes by; Such pure pearl thoughts of sympathy Have 'merged my heart in unity With that most perfect one. Dec. 26th, '92.

"The Beacon Light of Heaven."

Far off on the distant ocean, Amidat the roar and strife Of the ever rolling breakers, Beams clear the Beacon Light; Sparkling through the misty glooms, Beaming through the depths of space.

Oh! fair is the Beacon Light To the weary, tired fisherman, And the sailor far off on the bay, As they near the tossing coast; And see the clear, bright ray Sparkling through the flickering mist.

Far off on the distant heavens, Is the mercy seat of God, And there's still the straight and narrow path So many feet have trod; And there's still the sparkling heavens Through the dusty path of life

Oh! fair are the distant heavens To the followers of God, And rest to the eye of a Christian Is that straghit, small, narrow path; Better than the Beacon Light, For it leads to the throne of God.

YOLANDE.

Spring. [Republished as corrected.] The sunbeams softly on the waters gleam, The poplars gently whisper by the stream, The still cloud-shadows in the grasses steal, The robin trills his clear and silvery peal, The soothing hum that bees are droning low, That haunt the hawthorn blossoms, white as snow, The soft winds sweep across the emerald fields, And with mellifluent fingers gently steals, The music from the many twingling leaves, While woodland wafts come on the fragrant breeze, And flowers bright the verdant sward illume, Swinging their fairy censers of perfume; While violets blushing, hiding in the sod

VALUE PRESENT BLESSINGS.

The Moral Conveyed by the Last Hours of a March Butterfly.

I was sitting by the fire today nursing an incipient cold which promised to reach large dimensions, and wondering vaguely what I was going to write about this week, which would be appropriate to the season, and at the same time interesting to the :rls. As necessary effort of going down to the cflice, I saw something flitting on the carpet just at my feet, and stooping down I pick a up a strange visitor for this time of year, a little yellow and white butterfly, all alone in his delicate beauty and pathetic fragility, struggling feebly to maintain a foothold on the carpet, which I suppose seemed like a newly ploughed field to him.

I generally bring in several chrysalis' in the autumn, and store them away in a warm place to see what will happen in the spring, and once or twice I have had a butterfly for atmosphere enabling the patient to with- three or four days fluttering about the parlor, but never before May, and so, to my superstitious mind, this forlorn little voy ager seemed a sort of Easter message, so I did what I could to give him an appropriate welcome. I laid him tenderly on a nice | Third Prize; the next nearest, Fourth clean envelope, provided him with sustenance in the shape of sugar and water, placed in tempting little puddles within easy reach of his queer little proboscis with its forked end, like a miniature swallow's tail; and then placed him in the sunniest corner of the window, where I could see him as I wrote; and as I did so, I realized that he had unconsciously provided me with the text I had been looking for, and given me at the same time a practical illustration of that strange characteristic the human family seem to possess of only valuing that which is difficult of attainment.

If that butterfly had fluttered in on a July day, I would scarcely have looked at him, he was such a common little fellow, but now I prized him as we prize strawberries at Christmas, violets in January, ice in August, or any other luxury which is very much out of season. I watched him with deep interest as he unrolled his little tongue, which he seemed to keep curled up like a watch spring when he was not using it, and I was delighted too to see him peacefully sipping the sugar and water, and making himself thoroughly at home, and I thought of him in his lovely character of a type of the soul bursting through its ten- the stamps and pay the money to prize ement of clay, even as he had burst through his late bonds. I fancied him a sort of omen of good, a messenger of happiness, and then my common sense began to assert itself, and I wondered if his welcome would not have been almost as warm if he had been a grasshopper, or even a bumble bee-no, not a bumble bee, anything but that -- a common house fly perhaps, or anything unnsual, and I began to speculate as to whether any of us are really capable of seeing the beauty which lay nearest at hand, or of prizing the dear familiar blessings which surround us every day, until alas! they were taking their flight, or whether we only appreciated things that were rare, only because, like the butterfly they were out of season? And then I turned to look at the innocent cause of so much speculation and was startled to see him, like Dinah, "All laid on his side." He moved very feebly when I tried to lift him up, and tumbled over at once when I laid him down again, and though I did everything I could to prolong his life he sank rapidly, and breathed his last just as the sun went down. I don't know whether his death was the result of exposure, or whether he succumbed to an overdose of sugar and water. But of this I am sure, that this little life has served some purpose if its short story causes one of my readers to value more highly the small blessings which "lie about her feet," while yet they are in her possession, instead of waiting until they are out of season, perhaps forever, and no reaching out of yearning hands can bring them back to her.

BE CAREFUL OF YOUR BLOTTER. People Whose Letters May be Evidence Should Be Cautious.

"One of the most remarkable things that I ever saw introduced in court as evidence, said Rodger Milton to a St. Louis reporter, "was an ordinary white blotter. This happened in Norman, S. D., where a fellow was being tried for murder. The point that the prosecution was trying to prove was that the man had been in the Haywood Hotel at that place on a certain day. The blotter in question contained a portion of a signature to a letter and a date, that of the day in question.

"It so happened that the prosecuting attorney had visited the hotel on the day the crime had been perpetrated, and that, too, shortly after its commission. In discusing the matter with the clerk the suspected man's name was mentioned, and the clerk then stated that the party referred to had just left the writing room. With detective sagacity the attorney visited the room and found this blotter, with the name and date on it. Though sadly blurred and inverted, experts were called and the writing was proved to be that of the prisioner. The effect was simply to destroy the detense's effort to prove an alıbi, which point being knocked out the prisoner was

convicted.'

An English Wedding Fancy At the wedding the eight bridesmaids, who wore Empire gowns of white silk mull over slips of pink silk, and hats of white velvet with pink feathers, carried large palm leaves fan bouquets of white chrysanthemums and hyacinths with initials in pink carnations. Four of these were the groom's initials, and their bearers ranged themselves at the right of the bridal couple,

while the other four, bearing the bride's letters, stood at the left. When the marr ed pair left the altar, they passed between this double quartet, whose initial bouquets were at "present arms." At another wedding the bridesmaids carried white satin shoes filled with white carnations and violets. These swung from their arms by violet ribbons.—London World.

Ladies on Horseback,

The ladies of Dresden have been holding riding tournament, the honors of the oust being won by a young English girl, Miss Theresa Brooks, whose spirited riding won showers of flowers and laurel leaves. Her final exploit was the driving of a pair of horses tandem while riding her own horse at full speed. A quadrille was danced very gracefully, and the time marked by the ringing of bells to the music.

Best Chance Yet to Learn to Dance.

at Prof. Spencer's Standard Dancing Academy, Market Building, Germain street (entrance South Market street). I make the following offer in prizes to all who wish to learn to dance the best style. Young and old can come. First Prize, \$40.00; Second Prize, \$20.00; Third Prize, \$10.00; Fourth Prize, \$5.00; all in gold, to be guessed for in this way: The number of stamps in a sealed jar. The first, the right number or nearest to it; the next nearest, Second Prize; the next nearest, Prize. Any one can join the classes, atternoon or evening, by paying a regular term price. Each person or child will get a coupon with number to correspond with number of guess deposited. All who dance in Classes, Assemblies, Balls or Parties of any description, by paying not less than \$2.00 and upwards, whether it includes one or more dances, also anyone hiring Costumes, Wigs, or Whiskers to the amount of \$2.00, will be entitled to a guess, or any one who buys \$2.00 worth of Furniture and upwards, or any articles for sale in my premises; each purchase will entitle the buyer to a guess. The prize list will be open from January 3rd to May 5th, 1893. This is an opportunity to learn to dance in proper style, and still get pay for learning the fine art. Private Pupils will be entitled to two guesses, who take a course of 12 lessons. Now is the time to learn, and don't miss it. Remember the cheap Sale of Furniture is still going on, and parties will get some awfully good bargains in furniture, as well as other goods. Such as the best Lamp Burner in the world non-Explosive self-filling, filling self-extinguishing, and warranted to last ten years with reasonable care. Try one or more of these beautiful Burners. One branch of this business does not interfere with the other. Come and see and take a part in these Grand Offers. A committee of disinterested persons will count holders in Gold Coin,-positively on the date mentioned. All the dances must be held in my Academy and the amounts paid to me. Musical Instruments; last but not least, Splendid Violins and other instruments at great bargains. Don't forget the entrance, South Market St., where you will see signs.

Private classes can be formed day or

New classes for beginners will be formed on Thursday, Jan. 5th., Afternoon and Evening, at regular prices.

Assemblies, Balls, Parties, outside of regular classes will be done by invitation. I will give a guess on every 50cts. paid for dancing, hiring costumes, wigs and whiskers, or goods mentioned as above. A. L. SPENCER, Teacher.

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for our circular. J. C. P. FRAZEE, Principal. tf

IMPORTANT TO FLESHY PEOPLE. We have noticed a page article in the BostonGlobe

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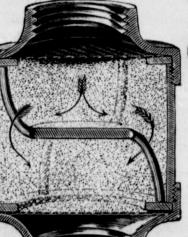


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