

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from the Masonic Building, 30 St. John Street, St. John, N. B. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

Discontinuances.—Except in those localities which are easily reached, PROGRESS will be stopped at the time paid for. Discontinuances can only be made by paying arrears 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.

The Circulation of this paper is over 11,000 copies; is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

Copies can be purchased at every known news stand in New Brunswick, and in every many of the cities, towns and villages of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island every Saturday, for Five Cents each.

Remittances should always be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. The former is preferred, and should be made payable in every case to EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher. Halifax Branch Office, Knowles' Building, cor. George and Granville streets.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 12,220.

HALIFAX BRANCH OFFICE: KNOWLES' BUILDING, Cor. GRANVILLE and GEORGE STREETS. ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 25.

THE COUNCIL IS RATTLED.

Some of the members of the St. John common council having been making a wild attempt to pose as economists and gain popularity as reformers. A year ago the mayor in his inaugural suggested certain things for consideration and a committee was appointed to report on the address. So far as can be learned, that committee met just once, and then all desire to consider the general welfare seems to have been extinguished. The members of the board have frittered away nearly twelve months, month by month allowing the city to get deeper in debt, and now at the last moment get thoroughly rattled and undertake to make all sorts of reductions in departments and salaries with the idea of stopping the leaks. And some queer kind of men are to the front as reformers.

Unfortunately for the aspirations of the men who have been so indifferent in the past, and have developed a public activity on the eve of an election, the council will not be inclined to give them much credit for sincerity, and some of their proposed reforms forbid the idea that they should be applauded for their wisdom. They have reduced the police force by depriving it of nearly a fourth of its strength, and they had an idea of reducing the fire department, a most reprehensible idea which fortunately was strangled as soon as the promoters of it found out what it meant.

Ald. CHESLEY, too, appears in what is for him the novel position of a reformer, with a motion which has some features of good and an equal if not greater number of bad. The proposition to save one sixth of a cent on the hundred dollars by abolishing the office of mayor's clerk was one of the smallest things yet undertaken, while the idea of doing away with the clerk of the public works could only have been entertained by men who knew little of what they were talking about. The idea of cutting down a few salaries so that a ratepayer would save the princely sum of one and one half cents on each hundred dollars for which he is assessed could never have originated outside of a body in which some of the members are dear to the citizens at the paltry sum of over one hundred dollars a year which is allowed them as a salary.

The citizens want retrenchment and reform, but they want it on some carefully considered system of controlling the extravagance and not by a legislation in which men who are conscious of their own past blundering are trying to make a bid for popularity at the expense of other people.

TYPICAL AMERICAN STATUES.

The perfect man or woman seems literally to be one of thousands. The latest belief is that he or she are each one of five thousand, or rather aggregations of all the good points of that number. This has come from the idea of the sculptors that there should be statues of the ideal man and woman of the purely American type.

The typical American, as the world knows him or her, does not compare favorably with the typical Englishman or woman as regards physique. He is better than he used to be when, in the eyes of the rest of the world he was simply a lean Yankee after the fashion of the pictures of Uncle Sam, and the young America of to-day seems to show the effects of culture in physical as well as mental improvement. The colleges, for instance, show that physical development has a good deal more science about it than was dreamed of in the old times. It is from the colleges, therefore, that the sculptors are taking their models.

At Harvard University, for the last thirteen years, a record of measurements has been kept of students between the ages of 18 and 25 years, in connection with the gymnasium. In looking about for the proportions of the typical American man, no less than five thousand of these and other measurements have been consulted, and there have been sixty five measurements of

each individual. Under this system a perfectly accurate statue of any man could be made by a sculptor who had never seen him, though of course the expression of the face could not be secured.

Taking the mean of all these measurements, the typical dimensions are secured as to height, circumference, size of neck, limbs, etc. The typical face is obtained from what are called composite photographs in which several hundred faces will be harmonized into one. In the case of the typical woman the dimensions obtained are secured from various institutions of learning, and the number from which the mean is obtained is the same as in the instance of the typical man.

The figures to be produced from these measurements will be sent to the World's Fair, of course, and the American will be seen at full size, just as anthropological science says he and she is. The foreigners, however, will probably retain on their minds more clearly the typical American as they find him blowing his own trumpet and hustling to make money out of his brethren and the stranger.

A WORD TO BAD WRITERS.

Not long ago a valued contributor sent some rather obscurely written manuscript to PROGRESS, remarking that it was not very plain, but that he understood printers could read any kind of writing. This seems to be the impression of a good many people, and they govern themselves accordingly. When this is the case they have no right to complain of typographical errors which may give a totally different sense from what was intended. There are many instances in which it is quite out of the question for either compositor or proof-reader to determine what word has been written.

Especially is the task difficult where surnames are not clearly written. It is sometimes the great fault of otherwise excellent correspondents to give the names of persons in such a scrawling fashion that their letters cannot be puzzled out and its appearance in print is more likely to be ridiculous than correct. Very frequently, indeed, when the copy is edited in PROGRESS office names are re-written so as to be decipherable, but unless the person editing has some knowledge of a place and its people, he is as likely to be puzzled as anybody else by badly written names, where such letters as "i," "m," "n," "u" and others cannot be distinguished one from the other.

It is the praiseworthy habit of some correspondents to ensure accuracy in the appearance of their matter by printing clearly, with pen or pencil, all unusual names. It is not much trouble to do this, and both the correspondent and the persons whose names are given are saved the annoyance of what are called "printer's errors," but which are wholly and solely due to the bad writing in the first instance.

Bad writing—that is, writing that is obscure because it is a careless scrawl or a "fashionable" hand—is looked upon as a vice in a newspaper office. Manuscript for the printer ought to be so plain that it can be read without laborious effort, as too often it is not. When it is not plain, when there is little space between lines and words and proper names are scrawled off in all kinds of bad fashion, the writer need not wonder either that some of the illegible paragraphs are omitted, or that such as do appear contain names not recognized in the community. The fault lies at the correspondent's door.

A NEWSPAPER POSSIBILITY.

Hungary is not usually considered a country from which to get ideas as to how a live newspaper should be conducted, but it is reported that a new departure in journalism, which may or may not become popular elsewhere, has just been made in the city of Buda-Pesth. This is no less than the abolition of type-setting and the communication of the news and gossip of the day direct to subscribers by means of the telephone. So far as an idea of the plan can be gathered the newspaper office is a "central" with telephones to each subscriber who pays seventy-five cents a month. The news is gathered by reporters, and despatches come to the office in the ordinary way, while copy is edited and editorials written in the orthodox style. Instead of being sent to the composing room, it goes to the distributing telephone room, and once an hour the subscribers find out what is happening, if they choose to go to their own receivers and listen. They get a record of daily life hour by hour, and are kept posted on current affairs up to the latest hour of "going to press," or whatever term may be used to imply the oral publication.

Just how the idea is likely to take is not stated. Admirable as some of the features are, one can conceive of difficulties with the conditions which obtain in this part of the world. In the first place, the area of circulation is necessarily limited, but as that is the case with a good many newspapers in any case, it is not a serious disadvantage. The chief difficulty would be that instead of a man looking over his paper in the morning or evening as he now does, he would have to be giving his mind to it every hour, or perhaps miss the very thing he wanted to hear. The average citizen might object to being obliged to drop everything else at the busiest time of day to hear what began like a sensational story and ended with a

puff of pills or hair tonic. He might indeed threaten to stop his paper if he was fooled too often this way. Suppose even that PROGRESS, which is generally considered readable from first to last, should undertake to put out hourly city editions over the telephone as fast as the copy matured every day of the week. The man who was thirsting for matter from the Sunday Reading page might have to jump to the telephone every time jokes and humorous selections were telephoned, while the man who wanted jokes might get highly incensed at the recital of the virtues of some departed father in the early church. Then, too, the man who was on the watch for a hot story might have to take in the poetry competition a good many times before he got what he started to learn. So also, the poet himself, burning with anxiety to hear his own verses, might have to hear society gossip from all quarters of the compass, while the society gossip seekers in turn might have to take in a column or two of facts and figures while they were dancing with impatience to learn what PROGRESS had about Mrs. NEWBEGIN's progressive whist party. A good many other occasions may be imagined when the telephone service might fail to fully satisfy the expectations of even a limited number of subscribers.

Carrying the idea into the publication of city dailies, the dissatisfaction might be still greater. A man on the watch for the latest despatches might be confronted time and again with boiler-plate matter, while the political economist who wanted to luxuriate in one of MCCREADY's editorials against the government, might have to read HANNAY's narratives of people, who were dead and buried before a protective tariff was ever dreamed of in Canada. And so on, from first to last, obstacles may be seen to the carrying out of what at first sight seems to be a really bright idea.

It is likely to be some time before there will be a strike on any of the St. John papers through the introduction of the telephone system.

It is not too much to say that GILMORE's band has a more widespread reputation than any organization of the kind in the world. It may be that some of the magnificent bands of England and the continent should have a repute worthy of their ability, on this side of the water, but the fact remains that they are not known even by name to the majority of people. GILMORE's band, on the contrary, has a fame that is as cosmopolitan as the players, from all nations, are reputed to be. When P. S. GILMORE died there were some who wondered if the band would survive him in all its old time strength, but there was and need be no ground for apprehension on that score. The present leader, D. W. REEVES, has a name that is recognized wherever instrumental music is known in the United States, and under him there is every reason to believe the band will continue to maintain its wonderful efficiency.

It is probable that the voice of the POPE will be heard at the Chicago exposition, in a message to the catholics of America, delivered by a phonograph. If so, it will be the first time the voice of any occupant of the Chair of PETER has been heard on this continent. Mr. STEPHEN MORIARTY recently had an interview with His Holiness at which, by means of the phonograph, he delivered messages spoken into it by CARDINAL MANNING, since deceased, and by CARDINAL GIBBONS. The POPE is said to have been most affected by the sound of the first named cardinal's voice, coming, as it seemed, like a message from the other world.

It appears from the last census bulletin that of the people who died in Canada in 1891, less than one in a thousand was more than one hundred years old. The total number of deaths was 67,688, and of these twenty three males and forty two females had passed the century mark. The advocates of prohibition may be able to add to their arguments the case of a man who is reported as dying from alcoholism at the age of 102. It is probable the man had imbibed more or less from the days of his youth, without any idea that it would shorten his life, but in the end it got the best of him.

A hot clerical scandal has been developed in one of the protestant churches of Gloucester, New Jersey, but the congregation has vindicated its good name by promptly discharging the erring minister. His offence was the purchase of a second hand organ from a catholic church. What became of the organ is not stated. Perhaps it was impounded and destroyed.

The antagonism of fashion to faith is sharply shown in the fact that an extra watch is kept by New York customs officials during Lent to prevent ladies from smuggling Easter finery. Society makes a show of rejoicing in honor of the Resurrection, but in its attempt to defraud the government heeds not the precept of rendering unto every one his due.

A Jersey City hotel keeper has been sent to jail, without the option of a fine, for swearing on the public street. Serves him right. It's a pity such a law could not be enforced in St. John.

In answer to an enquiry, PROGRESS has learned that the date when the City of Glasgow bank stopped payment was on the second of October, 1878.

Requiescat.

I hear the footfalls, faint and sweet  
Of spring, upon these barren hills;  
I see the cloud-ies drift and meet,  
I catch the melody of rills.

They say the withered leaves are stirred  
By brown birds on the grove and glen—  
Where elfin tollers hear the word,  
To work their magic tasks again.

I watch the stealthy shadow-tides  
Creep upward from the tranquil town,  
To where the distant church spire hides  
Above the meadows, rose and brown.

And straight, my heart knows but one care,  
My tears blot out the pleasant scene;  
I wonder if the birds sing there?  
I wonder if the grass grows green?

The change that heightens all abroad,  
But fill me with insensate pain;  
I hate the bloom on bough and sward!  
I loathe the ripple of the rain!

The leaping streams breathe mournful tales!  
The sun, a sickly radiance casts!  
The breezes sound as doleful wails!  
The odors seem like charnel blasts!

When death was out, and death was king,  
I could not give him up to death;  
And now, when spring-time voices ring,  
A bitter longing takes my breath—

"Ah! wind, and sun, his rest above,  
Too weak your charm, to weak your will  
To fire the eyes with light and love,  
To thrill with life the members still!"

I never more shall have him stand  
Close up to me in youth divine,—  
With steadfast, answering clasp of hand,  
With look clear, shining into mine!

Hush! hear, my voice is calmer now  
Those tears so swift and painful cease  
Peace upon eye, and lip, and brow,  
And in my spirit perfect peace.

For while I wept with wild repine,  
And grief and doubt in conflict strove,  
A quick soul seemed to leap to mine,  
And clasp in one long kiss of love.

I know these desert fields, unblest  
By earth's soft sun, and vernal air,  
Shall weaken soon from sterile rest,  
And grow with bloom, and fruitage rare:

I know the springtide only waits,  
While blasts hyemal sweep around;  
I watch the far off eastern gales;  
I listen for the glory-sound!

'Rest thee, beyond the quiet sky;  
'Rest thee, within the churchyard drear;  
The God love holds thee safe on high,  
The human love keeps vigil here.

NOEL PILGRIM.

Hidden Jewels.

In fancy, I entered the portals  
Of the city, whose streets are of gold;  
Where the rasmus of God dwell forever,  
Where wonders and pleasures unfold.

And then, I was met by an angel,  
Who led to a room wondrous fair;  
Where sparkled and blazed gems of beauty,  
Excelling earth's jewels most rare.

He said "These gems though so precious,  
Were all sent to you while on earth;  
But coming in caskets unlabeled,  
You sought not to find out their worth."

This white gem, is love of a father  
And mother; (both tender and true)  
Encased in familiar home wrappings,  
Its beauty lay hidden from view.

This jewel of varying colors  
Is the charms which nature displays  
But coming with each changing season  
You saw not how beautiful its rays.

This gem which looks purple, is greatness—  
'Twas meant for you; but you'd turn,  
Only to look at its casket,  
Duties that seemed hard and stern.

This jewel of sapphire, is beauty;  
But on its cover you read  
Unselfishness—this is true beauty,  
Then turned away your proud head.

This ruby is strength; but its wrapper  
Is labor's dull wearisome task;  
This emerald brought to you wisdom,  
But long painful thought was its mask.

"We sent you, the angel continued,  
"This jewel, salvation so free;  
You grasped it; or could not have come here,  
But failed all its fullness to see.

Behold this wonderful diamond,  
'Tis communion with God, full and sweet;  
This would have been yours, had you sought it  
In devotion and prayer—at His feet."

'Twas thus I learned this great lesson  
That within even commonplace things  
Lie hidden untold stores of riches  
Which God in His love to us brings.

I saw how we dress in tatters,  
When Christ does such robes prepare;  
How we go unadorned—when our Father  
Has jewels for each one to wear.

Oh Lord! may I see in my blessings,  
Those jewels, which Thou dost bestow;  
In closer communion with Jesus,  
May I learn all Thy fulness to know.

St. John, N. B.

Spring.

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 haunts the hawthorn blossoms, white as snow,  
The soft winds sweeps across the emerald fields,  
And mellifluous fingers gently steals,  
The music from the many twinkling leaves,  
While woodland wafts come on the fragrant breeze,  
And flowers bright the verdant sward illumine,  
Swinging their fairy censers of perfume;  
While violet blushing, hiding in the sod  
With bowed heads seem to worship nature's God.

R. ROWE.

St. John, N. B. March 2, 1893.

In Absence.

As one whose life upon the seas has passed  
Sits in his inland home, and holds a shell  
Up to his ear, and as he hears the swell  
Of deep seas roaring, seems to feel the blast  
Blow cool against his cheek; see its white foam  
Shine in the sunlight; breathe its briny smell,  
And so relieves the life he loves so well,  
So I, now absent, far from friends and home,  
Sit listening to my heart when none are near,  
And in its beating hear the echo sweet  
Of that deep sea of love and sympathy  
That flowed through all my life. Then friends most  
dear  
Seem near to me, and as each face I greet  
Distance and lapse of time are naught to me.

NOVEM.

Germany, 1893.

BOOKS AND REVIEWS.

The initial paper in "Worthington's Magazine" for April is an instructive, no less than interesting account of the American warships of today as compared with man-of-war vessels of a generation or so ago. The writer is S. G. W. Benjamin, whose name will be recognized by all magazine readers, and he has treated his subject clearly and well. The illustrations are up to the standard. Another finely illustrated, and otherwise valuable paper, is that of Prof. G. Frederick Wright, on the glaciers of Alaska. The question of whether Shakespeare wrote Bacon's works is discussed by Arthur Dudley Vinton. Mary A. Livermore contributes another paper on "In Ole Virgenny," there are several short stories of merit and short poems by Edgar Fawcett and others. The various departments are complete and readable. A. D. Worthington & Co., Hartford Con; \$2.50 a year, or 25 cents a number.

PEN, PRESS AND ADVERTISING.

A note from the publisher of "Canada" reminds PROGRESS that the determined little monthly is now in its third year, more complete in its features than ever, and with a growing subscription list.

The New York Press seems to be as alert as ever. Its Sunday edition is now enclosed in an art cover, different every week, representing some famous picture on one side and with half tone portraits on the inside pages.

The C. C. Band For Chicago.

The City Cornet Band proposes to make a trip to the World's Fair in September, and incidentally call at Boston on their return. To place themselves in a sure financial position to accomplish this they propose holding a Columbian fair in the market building early in April (the date of the opening will be announced later) and to offer such inducements to the public as will ensure them a good attendance. Every one who buys an admission ticket will have a chance to draw the tickets to Chicago and return and it is safe to assume that very many will be induced to attend on this score alone. Contributions for the various fair lotteries are being made freely, for the band is popular and its good services in the past are well remembered.

J. S. Murphy's Engagements.

J. S. Murphy in the two great Irish plays "Kerry Gow" and "Shann Rhu" is to visit the Provinces the latter part of April. On this occasion the supporting company will be the same one that is now closing a very successful season with Joseph Murphy in the large cities of the United States. All the same paraphernalia and properties are to be carried by them, and the two plays which are big drawings cards everywhere are sure of being greeted with large audiences in the Provinces. Mr. Murphy is booked to appear in Calais, April, 26-27; Fredericton, April, 28-29; St. John, May 1-2-3; Moncton, May, 4-5; Halifax, May, 8-9-10.

Printer's Ink Will Do The Work.

Advertising is bound to bring and keep a good thing to the front. A poor article may be boomed for a week or a month, but all the advertising in the world will not secure it a permanent success. The repeat orders for the Hawker remedies prove beyond any doubt that the people are appreciating their value. Manager Russel says that the first three months work has fairly surprised them, and if the goods continue to increase in popularity, as they have recently, the sale will be greater than they ever hoped for.

Pushing The Gurney Ranges.

Mr. C. B. Allan (formerly Harris Allan) of Water Street advertises the Gurney ranges in this issue of PROGRESS with special emphasis on the Kitchen Witch, an engraving of which appears on the fifth page. Mr. Allan has a most complete stock of ranges, and every one who will call and inspect them will be sure of being satisfied. The Gurney ranges have a splendid reputation in this city and province, and they only need to be shown to sell.

A Complete Stock of Dry Goods.

Spring dry goods are what S. C. Porter is talking about to the readers of his advertisements. Mr. Porter's first year in business has proved most successful, and many people find the pleasant well stocked store on Charlotte street a convenient and profitable place to patronize. His stock at present is as complete as it can be, and selected with much care and taste, is well calculated to suit many buyers.

Endorsed The Idea.

The Dominion Identification Company's plan to identify people is being endorsed all over the provinces. Perhaps no idea ever had such hearty endorsement to start with. Members of the government, prominent lawyers, bankers, and business men join in commending the idea. Agents are pushing the membership, and more people wear badges now than could well be counted in a short time.

A Show of Easter Millinery.

The signs of spring are multiplying. Next week, beginning Tuesday, Mr. Chas. K. Cameron of King street has his millinery opening. New goods, plenty of them, and all in the very latest New York styles are what he promises his customers. The first who arrive and select will wear the handsomest Easter bonnets this season.

Spring Fashions.

The Delineator for April has been received from Geo. H. McKay and is a particularly interesting number, as April is the spring month for fashions.

Easter Meats.

The victuallers are preparing for the Easter market. As usual among the finest displays in the country market stalls will be that of Thomas Dean. Mr. Dean has won a reputation for the display he makes at all festival seasons and he is bound to retain it. In addition to the choicest meats that are in season he will be able to supply his customers with lamb next week.

The K. K. Cough Drops.

The Kandy Kitchen disposes of medicine in the shape of cough drops—about as pleasant a way to take medicine as can be imagined. Adults like them as well as children.

ST. MARTIN'S.

MARCH 12.—Mr. H. A. McKeown is to lecture at the N. B. seminary, Thursday evening. His subject is "Canadian National Life."  
Mr. Macdonald, agent for the Karn Piano Co., has been with us again for a few days.  
Miss Lillie Bourke entertained a number of friends at her residence, Tuesday evening. A very enjoyable time was spent.  
Mrs. Joseph Skillen entertained a few of her friends on Monday evening.  
Mr. and Mrs. George Weir returned from the city Wednesday afternoon.  
Mr. Ritchie, of St. John, is visiting his daughter, Mrs. Murray.  
Capt. Swatbridge is about to leave us again. He goes to St. John to join his vessel, in which he expects to leave for Ireland. GERMANY.

A GRAND MUSICAL EVENT

OPERA HOUSE, SAINT JOHN.

Special Announcement!

APRIL 20, 21 & 22.

GILMORE'S Monster Columbian Concerts!

IN COMMEMORATION OF THE 400TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE DISCOVERY OF NORTH AMERICA BY CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

Musical features that will be offered:

GILMORE'S GREAT NEW YORK BAND, 50 MUSICIANS.

Mr. D. W. REEVES, Director.

Including 12 Special Instruments.

HER SERENE HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS DOLOROUKY,

Violinist to Her Majesty the QUEEN OF ALL THE RUSSIAS, and Virtuoso to the Imperial Court of St. Petersburg.

Mme. ROSA LINDE,

The distinguished Prima Donna Contralto. Late with the EMMA JUCH Grand English Opera Co.

SIGNOR TAGLIAPIETRA,

Prima-Baritone, for many years with the Grand Italian Opera in Europe and America.

Mons. MAURICE VAL,

Prima-Tenore. Direct from the Grand French Opera Company, Grand Opera House, Paris.

Many Musical Novelties, the works of all the great Masters and Composers.

Three Nights and Two Matinees.

SPECIAL EXCURSIONS, at LOW round-trip rates, on all Railroads and Steamboat Lines for 100 miles around St. John.

Further particulars will be announced later.

Prices will be \$1.00. A few select rows of Seats \$1.50, by Subscription only.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Easter Holiday Excursions.

Tickets will be Sold at

ONE FARE FOR THE ROUND TRIP,

Between all Points on Atlantic Division and Points in Quebec and Ontario, (Port Arthur and East)

To The Public,

on March 30, 31 and April 1st. Tickets good to return until April 4th.

To Teachers and Scholars

on presentation of proper certificates on March 17th to 31st; Tickets good to return until April 17th, 1893.

Further particulars of Ticket Agents.

D. McNICOLL, C. E. McPHERSON, Gen. Pass. Agt. Ass. Gen. Pass. Agt. Montreal. St. John, N. B.

HAMS and BACON.

150 SUGAR CURED HAMS and BREAKFAST BACON, Thomas Dean, CITY MARKET.