

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ST. JOHN, N. B. SATURDAY, FEB. 17.

AS TO THE EXHIBITION.

Such substantial assistance has been offered by several of the merchants of the city toward an exhibition this fall as we trust will ensure its being held. It is not often that a public subscription to an enterprise of this kind can be started by three firms whose contributions will amount to \$1,000, and that alone should be sufficient encouragement to the association and to the citizens in general to go forward and cease to speculate upon the possibility of an exhibition.

It has been stated that a new building is necessary that may cost about \$6,000. This, we believe, premises that the drill shed, which has been used before for a similar purpose, cannot be obtained this year. Every effort should be made to procure the use of this building before such an expenditure is decided upon or set up as a possible barrier to the exhibition in the event of the failure to raise the whole of the \$12,000.

We think the provincial legislature could very properly set aside \$2,000 for such a purpose as this, which cannot fail to be a benefit to a large portion of the province and to stimulate and encourage the agricultural and important industrial interests.

At the first glance \$6,000 appears to be a large sum to ask from the city but it must be remembered that the greatest direct benefit will be to the citizens who will probably show their personal earnestness in the matter by raising the \$4,000 required of them. If they do this the common council could well afford to do its share and grant the amount asked.

But in no event should the grants be made unless the association will give a distinct assurance that the exhibition will be held annually.

IN AN AGE OF PUFFERY.

This seems to be an age of puffery, notable in that respect beyond the ages of the past. The patent medicine puff is a leading and lucrative feature of the advertising columns of every paper, and it may be they do humanity much good by showing the way for the avoidance or cure of much that afflicts the race. At least some of them are boons to mankind, else the world abounds with liars and those who are deceived. Undoubtedly, a man or company, with a specific honestly believed to be good for this or that, is doing no more than right in making its virtues known as widely as possible. The puffing of patent medicines is an old and recognized device, going back to the time when little else in trade was puffing. That time is a long way back.

Nowadays, puffing is the recognized principle in a great many lines of trade, when the simple announcement of this or that kind of goods used to suffice not very many years ago. The seeming exaggerations may be, and often are, justified by the facts. The old time methods have been supplanted, and if the honest trader would hold his own against the dishonest one, he is forced to adopt the ideas which most effectually keep him and his business to the front.

Even in literature the spirit of puffery shows itself. In old times, books were announced with humble and often apologetic mention of their contents and scope, but now they are flung out with all the brag and boast of the circus poster, differing from the latter in degree rather than essence. The merit of a book is sometimes in inverse ratio to the noise that is made about it by the cleverly devised schemes of the publisher.

It is true, all, so far as literature is concerned, it would be well, but it is not all. The ranks of literature seem striving to hold their own through the medium of personal puffery. To be recognized as a man of letters in these times one must belong to a mutual admiration society, the object of which is the practice of personal puffery. The names which will live in English classics are of men and women who were

forced to be content to toil until their genius was recognized by the merit of their work. Many of them fought a bitter battle in life, and went to their death unconscious that they were great. Such methods seem entirely too slow for these days. The man who would pose as a literary celebrity must advertize himself and get his fellow mediocre to advertize him. A and B want the world to recognize their claim to greatness, so A writes critical essays on the prose or the poetry of B, and B is glad to reciprocate. Either is happy if he can so apply his puffery to some writer of recognized merit that the latter will yield to the flattery and aid the budding genius to expand. They may use the newspapers, and not infrequently a certain class of magazines, but whatever be the cover, the quackery of the contents is too often apparent. Thus it is that, now and then, the man who tries to keep pace with the best reading of the day is surprised to find a carefully detailed narrative of the life, habits, house and clothes of somebody whose name in literature has either been previously unknown to him, or if known, believed to be pretty far down in the scale. The world is thus more familiar with the portrait and personal characteristics of dozens of upstarts than it is with the personality of those to whom homage is honestly due. New stars rise on the horizon every week, and are seen, not by the light of what they have done, but by their success in getting themselves puffed, and oftentimes puffing themselves.

Thus it is that this continent abounds with literary frauds, who are perpetually advertised as specimens of the men of letters of the nineteenth century. It is quackery pure and simple, and the pity is that, like all quackery, it too often succeeds in its purpose.

THE LATE GOVERNOR CARVELL.

The death of Governor CARVELL, of Prince Edward Island, last Wednesday, had been anticipated for some time, but will none the less be regretted by his wide circle of friends in this province as elsewhere. The late governor was what is known as a good fellow, and though he had not been prominently before the people of Canada for many years past he had been, in his day, an important factor in the history of Confederation. That measure was carried in Prince Edward Island largely through his efforts and those of Senator HOWLAND. In this undertaking Mr. CARVELL was the more quiet, but not the less effective worker.

Governor CARVELL was a native of New Brunswick and was a year or two resident of St. John. This was as far back as 1861-62, when the old European and North American railway was under construction. He had returned from a sojourn abroad, with more experience than wealth, and he took a position as a head man for a firm of the railway contractors. In this connection an incident is told showing his pluck and nerve in carrying out a purpose. Before the earth filling had been all put in at the Quispamsis big dump, there came a day when it was important that an engine should be run across, with only the piling support. It was considered very unsafe to make the attempt and the men on the engine declined to risk their lives. Thereupon Mr. CARVELL jumped aboard, took hold of the lever and accomplished the perilous feat alone.

He was very quick to see the commercial advantages the railway would bring to Prince Edward Island, and realized the chance the connection would give for a profitable grain trade with the United States. When he went into business in Charlotte-town, it was with a clearly defined business purpose which he realized, perhaps beyond even his own sanguine anticipations. Governor CARVELL was always more of a business man than a politician. He worked for confederation from a business view of its commercial results, and during the ten years he was in the senate he made no attempt to attain political fame. He had many qualities to make him popular, and from many quarters must come expressions of honest regret at his death.

STOLE SOMEBODY'S THUNDER.

The Telegraph appears to have a grievance against PROGRESS, on account of a contribution signed "A Clerk," which appeared in this paper last week. It was entitled "Getting into Society," and the Telegraph claims it is identical with an article which appeared in the "By the Way" column of that paper as long ago as April, 1893. It therefore calls upon PROGRESS "to identify and expose this literary thief who seeks to obtain credit for the work of others."

Assuming that the charge made by the Telegraph is true, PROGRESS regrets as much as the original writer can the imposition that has been practised upon it. Exposure of the "literary thief," however, is another matter. No paper is more particular than PROGRESS in the matter of being satisfied as to the identity of correspondents in every case where names or facts are involved. In the case of abstract essays, poems and the like, less strictness is observed in this as in every newspaper office. The particular circumstances under which the contribution in question was received, some time before its publication, cannot now be called to mind. There

may or may not have been a name accompanying it. If there were, there was no reason why it should be filed for reference, because on the face of the article nothing more than general principles were involved. It would, however, be quite possible for a contribution of this nature to be accepted by PROGRESS without the name of the author, though that would not be possible were there statements as to occurrences or persons. The Telegraph should feel complimented that any thing which it has published in the way of opinions should be considered good enough for a three-line head in PROGRESS, under the mistaken idea that it was fresh matter. It should also feel a reasonable pride in the fact that even one reader of the Telegraph should remember anything which appeared in its columns ten months ago. Should the Telegraph at any time innocently use as original matter anything which PROGRESS has published, it is quite probable a number of correspondents would be heard from. In the meantime PROGRESS regrets the mistake and will take stricter precautions to guard against any of the Telegraph's ideas being imposed upon it by correspondents in the future.

Our modern great men do not appear to advantage in statuary, with their Sunday clothes on. The state of New Hampshire is about to perpetuate the memory of DANIEL WEBSTER in marble, at a cost of five thousand dollars. The likeness of the model to the great man is said to be complete, but an engraving shows something which appears to have a good deal more realism than grace. The inference of the spectator is that DANIEL got his clothes at a misfit shop and the trousers are particularly glaring for their want of anything in the nature of a hue of beauty. It would have been better, one would think, to show less ambition and immortalize the great man by a thoroughly artistic bust. This would be the more appropriate from the fact that DANIEL was occasionally on a bust when in the flesh.

Chicago appears to be fortunate in its choice of a successor to CARTER HARRISON in the person of JOHN HOPKINS. The city has been reducing the wages of some of its employees, but the salary of the mayor could not be interfered with during his term of office. Mr. HOPKINS, however, felt that if the policemen and firemen were compelled to aid in bettering the municipal finances, he should do his share. He has therefore given orders that ten per cent of his salary be deducted each month, and turned into the general fund, though he is by no means a man of wealth. This is the kind of an official to gladden the hearts of a tax reduction association.

The death of Mr. JOHN LIVINGSTON, in Montreal, last week, has naturally called forth an expression of sincere regret from the press of Canada, and with good reason. Mr. LIVINGSTON had a wonderful amount of journalistic ability, and it is greatly to be regretted that all his industry never brought him better financial success. Two contributions from his pen, in the shape of letters from Montreal, have appeared in PROGRESS within the last few weeks, and others would have followed had his life been spared. The daily press of St. John has great reason to honor Mr. LIVINGSTON'S memory, for he did much to make it what it is to day.

This has been a fatal winter for provincial governors, and both New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island have been called to mourn the taking off of their chief executive officers. The season, indeed, has been notable for the unusual number of deaths of prominent people of all kinds in this part of the world. The grip is blamed for a good deal of the bad health this season, but in most cases brought to general notice something else has been the matter.

St. Valentine's day is fast ceasing to be the day of labor to the post office that it was in former years. The age of steam and electricity is displacing that of sentiment, and the comic valentine now only has any hold upon the people, though on only a very limited portion of them. Considering that it is so frequently used with the same intent as an anonymous insulting letter would be written, the sooner it goes the better.

Good news from a good authority. The Marquis of Queensberry predicts the end of prize fighting as a grand moral spectacle. The JACKSON-CORBETT meeting, he thinks, will be the last of the recognized great fights, because "prize fighting has degenerated from pure sport to a gambling machine," and the moral sense of the people cries for its suppression.

A few weeks ago PROGRESS advocated the use of colored dress coats as an artistic improvement on the traditional. This week a cable despatch to a New York paper says that the Prince of Wales startled society, a few nights ago, by appearing in a colored dress coat. It would seem that the Prince not only read PROGRESS but is ready to fall in with its ideas.

Only a month from now to St. PATRICK'S day, and then the spring will be here in earnest, even though some of the biggest snow storms of the year may come after that date.

THEY FORGOT THEIR ERRAND.

Halifax Aldermen Call on the Magistrate and All are Happy. HALIFAX, Feb. 15.—Aldermen Wallace, Hubley and Mosher are three remarkable aldermen. They evidently go on the principle that the easiest way to do a thing is the best way. A striking instance of this was given on Tuesday. PROGRESS readers are aware of the state of the Halifax police court, presided over by stipendiary Motton. No man in Halifax knows that better than Alderman Wallace, and the facts are well known to Alderman Hubley and Mosher as well.

These men were deputed by the laws and privileges committee of the city council to wait upon Mr. Motton and try to obtain some improvement; to see what could be done to remedy the acknowledged ends. They had just come from a committee meeting where the fact had been established among other things that in a recent case the Stipendiary had fined both the plaintiff and defendant in a certain case. The committee recommended that the fine be refunded, in order to avoid a suit against the city.

What did the three brave aldermen who knew all the facts and who were commissioned to see Stipendiary Motton, do about it? But two of them crept into the court room on Tuesday. Mosher backed out altogether. They managed to get Mr. Motton's ear, and they beat about the bush so long and so timidly, and finally talked of a trivial grievance so mildly that the magistrate quickly saw the men were afraid of him. He gave them a warmer reception than even they in their timid souls had thought possible. When the defiance and abuse hurled at aldermen Wallace and Hubley failed to nerve them to get at the point they were sent out by the committee to reach. They fitfully told his honor that there were some complaints of delay by policemen, who did not like to wait an hour or two in the station till he was ready to try their prisoners, and that some business men outside thought more expedition might be shown in the conduct of police court business. They did not speak of the scores of cases which had been awaiting judgment for months, and which the magistrate has apparently forgotten about. They merely hummed and hawed and talked blushing about the inconvenience suffered by waiting policemen. Kindly Mr. Motton at last took pity on the delegation sent to him, and dismissed the two aldermen with some sort of an assurance that he would rise an hour earlier in the mornings, and begin his work at the court at 10 rather than 11 o'clock.

A policeman who met the aldermen on the street a few minutes later took a second look to see if there were any apparent cause for their scared appearance.

The illegal fine will be refunded by the city and that is all. Ald. Mosher has not been heard from. It is understood he made a private visit to the court, during the afternoon, travelling incognito.

An Institution Worth Helping. There seems to be an awakening among those interested in the Protestant Orphan asylum, judging from the number of people who have asked PROGRESS to help along the projects that are being carried out for its assistance. The promenade concert on the 22nd in the asylum, with refreshments, all for 35 cents, is put forward as a special entertainment that can be patronized liberally. Any person can purchase tickets whether they go or not and thus help along an institution that should appeal to the generosity of everybody. Then the Knights of Pythians celebrate their anniversary next Monday evening and they propose to carry out the noble principles of the order by gathering in Centenary church and listening to Rev. G. M. Campbell speak. While every cent of the collection will be presented to the Protestant Orphan asylum. The Pythians propose to bear the expense of a musical treat and some of the leading vocalists of the city, with the volunteer services of the artillery band will make the service a grand one.

Both Beautiful and Appropriate. The beautiful piece of memorial statuary, given by a member of the congregation of St. Peter's church, North End, has been placed in position near the baptismal font. The design is of the Mother of Sorrow gazing upon the body of the crucified Lord, when taken from the cross. The work was done in Munich, Bavaria, and is strikingly faithful to nature in anatomical detail and expression. The artist seems to have made a most careful study of the subject, and apart from the effect on the devotional mind, the scene so strikingly depicted will be found worthy of careful study. One gentleman, a protestant, to whom it was privately shown shortly after its arrival, was affected to tears, so clearly was the reality of the story of Calvary brought to his mind.

Dead Reckoning by Matches. A citizen who had been having a late session the other night was seen the next day carefully analyzing the contents of his pocket. "I can only remember up to a certain hour," he explained, "and I am trying to figure out where I was after that. What bothers me most is these matches. That (showing a specimen) is a strange match to me. I don't recognize it, and I must have got into some wholly new place, and

the state of a y head confirms the idea. I wonder where I could have been." This may be called figuring out a course by dead reckoning.

Substantial Sympathy. The case of Mrs. McQueen, spoken of in previous issues of PROGRESS, has evoked a lot of substantial sympathy from many readers of this paper, who have given enough to keep the aged woman comfortable, while suffering from the effects of her accident. One of the ladies connected with the business department of PROGRESS has seen that the amount was spent for such articles as were necessary for her comfort. A further donation of \$5 from "A Friend" is acknowledged.

A Good First Year. The annual meeting of the Hawker medicine company disclosed the facts that a rushing business has been done in its first year and a dividend of 8 per cent declared. Not many enterprises can point to a similar showing in the first year of their lives. This company went into the business with the idea of pushing it, and Manager Russell carried that idea out faithfully, persistently and skillfully. The first year augurs well for the future of the business.

Disbanded if you Please. Mr. Thomas, the manager of the opera company with the long name, the adventures of which were recorded in the last issue of PROGRESS evidently tried to impress the fact upon some people that the company had disbanded and was not stranded. It reports of the members to the Calais papers are correct "stranded" appears to be about the proper word.

Wondered What He Meant. Mayor Peters wearily remarked at the last meeting of the council that he wished some of the talkative aldermen had laryngitis, as he had. From the extremely puzzled look on the faces of some of the council, it was evident the mayor had given them a pretty hard word to figure out.

Too Old to be Repeated. "A constant reader" should know enough about the rules of newspapers to enclose his or her card with the letter sent from Halifax this week. Correspondents who fail to observe this evidence of good faith need not complain if they do not see their opinion in print.

Books and Magazines. Munsey's Magazine has been reduced from \$3 to \$1 a year, and its appearance and contents improved in the same proportion as its price has decreased. It can well be called a "great monthly." To the average reader its articles are of far greater interest than those which fill the pages of the older monthlies. Munsey's began as a weekly paper, and in a few short years has increased so in popularity as to stand now without a rival in price and with but one or two contemporaries that equal it in interest and the beauty of its illustrations.

The Ship of the Desert Under Full Sail. It was almost a relief to turn from these fantastic and semi-jocular trials of speed and skill to the straightforward and almost appalling simplicity of the camel race. No one who has not seen the "ship of the desert" under a press of sail so to speak, can have any idea of the number of knots an hour which it can make; while as to picturing to the imagination in the appearance of a fully "extended" camel, the feat may be simply pronounced impossible. The finish in this race was magnificent. Three camels flew along neck-and-neck—and such necks!—for full a hundred yards to within a few lengths of the post their ungainly heads erect, their splay, disjointed legs opening and shutting at each stride like a dozen jack-knives worked by machinery, and their riders literally waving fore and aft with the violence of the motion, as it went was about to hurl them from a sling. How they held on nobody could see, and Allah, the Merciful, the Compassionate, alone knew. Some knelt, grasping the brute's retorted neck; some sat or crouched on the saddle seat; some frankly extended themselves almost at full length on the animal's mountainous dorsal ridge, and clung to the hump as a shipwrecked sailor to a rock. It was a sight to haunt the waking memory, and to ride the dyspeptic dreams.—London Telegraph.

Broke Up the Party. "I saw an illustration of the influence of a little child that I never will forget," said Tom Burton, a travelling man. "A party of us were in Omaha at the hotel. Our work was done and we had arranged to go out and see the town, expecting to have a general good time. The jolliest one in the crowd was a drummer from Chicago, and, in fact, he had planned the tour for the night. After supper the clerk handed him a letter. He opened it carefully. An expression we who knew him on the road had never seen there came over his face, and he read the letter over several times. Then turning to the crowd he said, 'I can't go with you to-night, boys.' Of course we all urged him to tell us what the trouble was, and he handed the letter to me. I read it, and without a word handed it to another, who looked serious as he handed it to the fourth and last one of the party. It was written or rather printed in lead pencil, the letters about an inch long, and the lines were not straight. All that it said was: 'Deer papa, I say mine for you every year. I don't forget your Little Hessianie.' That was all, but it broke up the party, and every man in the crowd wrote a letter home that night.

Omnibus stops; smiling young lady enters; every seat full; an old gentleman rises at the other end. "Oh, don't rise!" says the lovely girl: "I can just as well stand." "You can do just as you please about that, miss," says the old man; "but I'm going to get out."

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

Effie on the Blue Bras D'or. (A Song.) On the little blue Bras D'or, Dwells a maiden by the shore, In her smile is the summer of the sea, When the stars are on the deep, And the world is still in sleep, She's the only one that ever sails with me.

In my birchen bark canoe, On the inland sea we two, Have the music of the lute and the flute, And her heart is true to mine, As her beauty is divine, Without her there the voice of love is mute. Oh! we love to sail and dream, From Baddeck down the stream, In the splendor and enchantment of the night; By the islands and the glen, And the silver surges when they meet, They are sparkling in the moon's entrancing light.

By the woods in summer's prime, With the balmy breeze in time, And the echo of the music as we go; There I see this maiden sweet, Where the Bras D'or waters meet, And the lake has a story we know. In my birchen bark canoe, On the inland sea we two, Have the music of the lute and the flute, And her heart is true to mine, As her beauty is divine, Without her there the voice of love is mute. CYRUS GOLD.

"Bright Beams." Let thy bright beams, dear Jesu, shine Within the chambers of my soul, O, make and keep me ever thine, Each thought and word and act control.

A spotless life was thine O, Lord, Redeemer, Saviour, ever near, A saving strength thou dost afford, Through the blis' spirit, sent to cheer. Make me, O God, both good and pure, To others useful, helpful, true, Give faith, and love which shall endure, The heart's each day, cleanse and renew. July 1893. FERRIS.

The Song of the Camp. "Give us a song!" the soldiers cried, The outer trenches guard the night, When the heated guns of the camps allied Grew weary of bombardment. The dark redan, in silent seel, Lav, grim and threatening, under; An the tawny mound of the Mialakoff No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said, "We storm the forts to-morrow; Sing while we may, another day Will bring enough of sorrow. They lay along the battery's side, Below the smoking cannon. Brave hearts from Sev'ry and from Clyde, And from the banks of Shannon. They sang of love and net of fame; Forget was Britain's glory; Each heart recalled a different name, But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voices after voice caught up the song, Until its tender passion Rose like an Anthem, rich and strong. The battle-axe confession. Dear girl, her name he dared not speak, But as the song grew louder, something of a blush of cheek Washed off the stains of powder. Beyond the darkening ocean burned The bloody sunset's embers, While the Grim avenging learned How English love remembers. And once again the fire of hell Rained on the Russian quarters, With screams of pain and burst of shell, And belching of the mortars! And Irish Nora's eyes are dim For a singer dumb and gory; And English Mary mourns for him Who sang of "Annie Laurie." Sleep, soldiers! Still in honored rest Your truth and valor wearing: The bravest and the tenderest, The loving are the darsing. Bayard Taylor.

So We Grow Old. A broken toy; a task that held away A yearning child; a heart from a host of play. A Christmas that no Christmas joys brought, A tangled lesson, full of tangled thoughts; A dreamy watching with a heavy heart; A home sick boy; a smiling girl; the curtains rise A glimpse of life from 'neath the curtains rise. Fold over fold, And hangs the picture, like a boundless sea—The world, all now and then—So we grow old.

A wedding and a tender wife's caress; A prattling babe the parents' life to bless; A home of joys and cares in equal part; A dreamy watching with a heavy heart; And death's dread angel knocking at the gate, And hope and courage bidding sorrow wait. A new-made grave, and then a brave return To where the fires of life triumph and burn—So we grow old. A fortune and a generous meed of fame; Or dreful ruin and a tarnished name; A shipping off of week and month and year, Easter and faster as the close draws near; A grief to-day and with to-morrow's light; A pleasure that transforms the suit of night. From I-ud to gold; A chilling winter of unchanging storm; A spring replete with dawns and sunsets warm—So we grow old. Old to ourselves, but children yet to be In the strange cities of eternity. —Unidentified.

A Song—To Alice. Thy world is bright, fair Alice, Youth's April flowers are thine; Thy form is Beauty's palace, Thy bosom Pleasure's shrine, Rare are the days of dreamer, Which hope around thee flings, And gay the billed hours, When Love forever sings. But ah! round, passive Alice, Youth's April cannot last, And memory's shrouded choice So n claims Life's radiant past; And though thy charms may cherish The richer tints of age, Thy blossom but to perish, Alas! alas! too soon.

There is a sigh of sorrow In every autumn day, Which whispers that tomorrow Earth's bloom must pass away; Ave; youth's warm hopes will wither Beneath Time's chilling beams, And age has made its grave, But memories of youth's dreams. So eul life's April pleasures, And kindly act your part; For kindness pants rare treasures In gardens of the heart. Then in the calm December, Midst Love's rare twilight rays, All hearts will still remember, To bless the years will praise. Larry Chitten 'em

My Mother's Memory. There is one bright star in heaven, Ever shining in my night; God to me one smile has given, Like the sailor's beacon light.

Set on every shawl and dangle, Sending out its warning ray, To the homebound weary stranger Looking for the landlocked bay. In my farthest, wildest wanderings I have turned use to that love, As a diver "heats the water" Turns to watch the light above. John Boyle O'Reilly.