

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, . . . . . EDITOR.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 6.

THE T. R. A. MISTAKE.

The unwise action of the T. R. A. in rushing a ratification of their ticket has done their candidates great harm. We should not be surprised if the feeling aroused over this simple incident had an important effect upon the result of the election.

MONOPOLIZING THE MARKET. The letter of Mr. F. L. POTTS, published in this issue, throws more light on the market question. Mr. POTTS, it is evident, would like to secure a monopoly of the market, and would be willing to pay for it; so much is plain from his letter.

Several English papers, which do not seem to be well acquainted with the laws of England, are laughing at a decision recently made in an American court. A citizen of Baltimore recently appropriated a Maltese cat from a neighbor, and was subsequently arrested by the neighbor for theft.

The popularity and esteem in which the late Ex-mayor PETERS was held was shown by the fact that thousands of people turned out to witness his funeral on Tuesday. There were many women and children among them, and they lined the sidewalks all along the City Road. He was well liked by them and it was said that the ladies had voted he would have been elected almost anywhere.

Wall Paper and Window Shades. D. McArthur, bookseller, 90 King street, is giving special value in wall paper and window shades. His goods are all new this spring, and customers can rely on getting best value in all the new goods.

How long will it be by Halifax time? How long will it be by Halifax time? How long will it be by Halifax time? How long will it be by Halifax time? How long will it be by Halifax time?

make all out of them he can. It is his right to do so, but it is the duty of the council to allow no man the monopoly of a public institution such as this; and the recent act of the aldermen shows that it is rapidly coming to this. It will be in the discretion of the new board to make such changes in the management of the market as is called for under the new order of things, and the market men and stall holders look for such to be done.

RECOGNIZED SERIOUSNESS.

There certainly seems to be strong belief that "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc," now being published in Harper's Magazine, and announced as being by "the most popular magazine writer," is by MARK TWAIN, although CONAN DOYLE seems to be pressing him hard for popularity at present.

Ab, was my birth accused? What happened, then to me In that strange shade before My dawn, and its first cry? By rolling of what star In its orbit over me, Balaam, that all the ends Of my life have found I defeat: I the great light have seen, I have hoped as the gods hope, And driven as they strive; In vain! I have fallen and risen A thousand times; and the part Of life for which life is Is coming surely to naught.

My jubilent tourney field Is deserted now, where, 'mid Youth's dewiest prime, in the sun I strove for the prize of song, Undoubtedly, laurels I saw; Smiles fell and cheers. How now? Let man, who much essays, Look to the end. All's over. This is my thrust in the conflict— Only a feeble feat. The prize are borne away. A curse on my coward heart! How dared it be feeble—how! It? and my aim so high? What is this fading within me, That the cry of exultation Turns to the hiss of defeat? The crown I saw afar, Scattered, with gold of song Gleaming, it has become Dearer, beyond my reach— My mockery and my shame. Praiser, gratulate, no more. You if perchance I hear Utter the word of cheer, Myself I shall never please. Failure! Then what remains? Waits me a race untold, For the prize I missed, beyond Under some kindly star, Propitious, and not malign? There may my genius attain Completeness and grandeur of aim Here denied it? May I Recover my talisman, My wizard transmuting touch, And see my Peace—hope Her ashen wing replant?

Or will the potter make Me a broken vessel there? Stands at the gate of life Where I re-born, go in, The invisible grim fate, Ironical, saturnine, To look after me and smile; To whether with his breath My first new bath, and stop My blossom before the fruit? Will the weaver, Destiny, Tangle anew my feet, When I set them to the heights; Or urge me witless down A long some profless path, To the lonely desert goal, Where song and hope are vain? Downd yet from each abyss Glimpses of rose-crowned peaks And towers the mutes haunt, Where song's divine ideal, That radiant aial, floats, Showing me, till I cry Wildly against the vision Impossible; vain as the stars To him who lies far in the pit, Joseph-like, hated and sold, Feeding the silent rage Of inward protesting thought? That summit of life is reached To which wholesome youth aspires; The strenuous testing time, The serene of action, meant For fruits and for rewards, I see them taken;—They go To the resolute, the bold. Alas! I have reached the time For which I was never fit, And dream and song are afar. I stand in disgust and dismay. The years and the men are not As my soul; I hear my heart Utter an alien cry. Give justice to the earth, Give mercy, beauty and love And magnanimity!— Give these, and take away The craven, sordid and base. Yet the burden of the time Sits hard on me; to bear Iksome, and slow to put away,

When does the next train leave? "At 9.16." "How long before it leaves?" "It is just nine now—in sixteen minutes," answered the officer. "How long will it be by Halifax time?" "The officer did not change countenance. He was used to it. But it was a severe blow.

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VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

Not now, thou knowest what I do, My child I may not be; That what life's future has for you, The present time should see. Love's sweetest smile and sorrow's tear, Oit mind—into one; That in the night of pain and fear, My will may still be done.

Not now, hereafter His sweet grace, Shall well explain all this; Why some great cross must here efface. What there is sacred bliss, O trust his care with me, and we, Though our paths must sever; Shall find their crossing place to be, Love's home with Him for ever. Pansy Porch, March 1895. CYPRESS GOLEB.

Chill is the air, and the star Of evening looks cold o'er the pine, Snow dusted. The beach Drops at my feet its late leaves, Bleached ere they fall. 'Tis dusk Here on the hill; and I watch The deeper shadows descending, Darkening Mantua's walls. Chill is the air, but a chill That settles to my soul; Darker the twilight shade That wraps my faltering feet. No genial light, no lamp Of song, burns in my breast; My dreams, my aims, my hopes, My efforts, seem in vain.

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Imagination is capable of doing most wonderful things, but is rarely strong enough to pay a bill. Conversion that fails to make home happier needs a little more prayer. Pride may have its "fall" in winter or spring. The fire alarm is as efficacious in drawing a crowd as are some other attractions. Never be content with saying "God help you" to the needy without extending a little yourself. If you get the best of a trade, you are considered a "jakir." If you don't, the other fellow is. Moral—Keep on trading. Glass houses continue to be built. "To the pure, all things are pure." That's the kind of grocer to deal with, he does not know what adulteration means. 'Tis time for the maple honey bee to be getting in its work. An impatient doctor kills a patient patient. The absconding cashier enjoys a checkered career, a sort of bank-check erred one. If the soul has any transmigratory propensities what elephantine proportions some will enjoy, while many more will descend to the mere animalcules of another life, if heart and soul are synonymous. No one courts death while in the enjoyment of life. Amongst housewives, there are generally but too kinds, the slave and the drone. A pauper prince is not necessarily a princely pauper. To move or not to move! That is the question! Whether 't is better to put up with the inconveniences of the present house, or on the first of May to end them? The consummation so devoutly to be wished cannot be determined till moving time comes round again. To be dead five minutes is generally conceded sufficiently long to determine one's humanity. If you wish to be O K (oak) "spruce" up and don't "give" "it" anything. A word to fatalists.—That cold you have contracted may have been hovering around for ages awaiting an opportunity for you to "catch" it. Catch on? A wooden suit, wooden suit a live man, wood is? The mother-in-law is much better appreciated when she becomes your children's grandmother. Ability without willingness is of little worth. There was a young man named Jycle, Who tried hard to ride a cycle, But the harder he tried To accomplish the rite, The worse it was for his cycle. In no-e-m.—The unpatriated penny-in-the-slot machine. The way to spell pepper that is halt peas is this, pe (p) e double e (e) pea (p) pea (p) e double e (e) ar (r).

A young lady who was going down the street on Monday last was accosted by a body of laughing little maids from school. "Have you got a pin?" one of them asked. The young lady obligingly gave them a pin, and the little maid basely repaid her by pinning on the young lady's dress a piece of paper with the legend, "April fool."

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ROOKS AND MAGAZINES.

A few months ago PROGRESS, in alluding to a current number of the Review of Reviews, said that it might well be called "A Canadian number." The Easter number of Donahoe's may well be given the same name. "A Winter Visit to Ste. Anne de Beauce," that famous Canadian shrine, is well treated by G. M. Ward (Mrs. Penney). The account is illustrated. There is also a good article by G. M. Ward on Sir John Thompson. The article is illustrated by a portrait of the late premier, and by pictures of his birthplace and late residence. "Wendell Phillips—A Reminiscence" is a Canadian reminiscence. It tells how the great American orator was received very coldly by a Toronto audience when he rose to speak of Daniel O'Connell, and how Phillips secured the sympathy of the audience by the following words: "It is over two decades since I stood under the folds of the flag which flies over the Dominion of Canada. I remember the occasion well. The war which recently rent my country in twain for a period had not yet begun, and we were struggling with great issues. I had reason to visit the city of Kingston; and as I stepped on the dock and saw before me the citadel surmounted by the British flag. I paused, I had but little love for it, it had once done grievous injury to me and mine; great crimes against humanity were represented by its blood red; it had a great history, and millions loved and hated it, but forgetful of its crimes and its glories, as I saw it I thanked the God of freedom that on the American continent there was one flag whose domain held not a single slave."

The "Tribly lad" obtains precedence over the "Napoleon lad" in McClure's Magazine this month. Du Maurier is well treated. E. J. Edwards, a most entertaining writer of political history, begins a series of articles on "Tammany," from its origin twelve days after Washington took the oath of office as president. "The Bank of England" is another interesting article. That new Scotch "lion," Ian MacLaren, has a pathetic tale, "Afterwards."

London church remarked to the writer some time ago that he knew of at least half a dozen serious affairs of the heart in progress in as many choirs. "I believe," he added, "that statistics were obtainable on the subject it would be found that of single people who join church choirs a larger proportion get married within a year than among an equal number of young people that might be selected anywhere else. A possible exception might be made of the operatic stage. Singing, even if it is about things celestial, sets the deepest of all earthly emotions going, and the hearts chord with each other just as voices do. "If the singer doesn't discover an affinity in a fellow-singer it is pretty apt to be found in the congregation. If a woman has a sweet voice, a face to match, and a figure to go with the other two attractions, she has the best possible opportunity for displaying them, as you can understand. The same principle applies to a handsome man."

A new kind of combat has been arranged to come off in Portland, Me., in the near future. This is to be between a colored man and three game roosters. The pugilist has knocked out about all of the sluggers in town and in this neighborhood who are in his class, not excepting a few who are a little above, and signs for more worlds to conquer. The three roosters are in somewhat the same boat, having licked all of the other roosters for miles around, and occasionally taken a fall out of each other. The match, it is said, was made in a stable recently, the conditions being that the colored man is to be locked into a room with the birds, having his arms tied together and being innocent of trousers. The birds are so fierce that they will fly at any one who pokes his foot at them, and this method is to be used to encourage them. The man is to be allowed to kick all he wants to, to kill the birds with his feet if he can, at any rate to knock them out, but he must not untie his hands or use them in any way to help himself.

Probably no man ever so completely dominated a publication with his personality as Mr. Bonner did the New York Ledger. When it was first published he formulated a code of morals and manners, so to speak, for it, and no contribution that transgressed these rules was inserted. He objected to stories that reflected on sisters, stepmothers, or life insurance; and if submitted by any of the staff they were rejected. All horses that figured in the pages of the paper had to be named Dobbin, and there was a heavy fine for driving them along faster than a walk! Neither could cousins marry, in Ledger stories. "Cousins do often marry in real life," once protested a contributor, whose story was rejected on account of a cousinsly marriage. "Not in the New York Ledger," said Mr. Bonner; and they didn't.

The beginnings of anarchy as a system are generally traced to the writings of Prudhon, but there was a very curious reference to it in France in 1857. At that time a M. Rigault began his election address with the words: "The hydra of Anarchy raises its head." It is interesting to find that his opponent against whom this metaphor was leveled, was Hippolyte Carnot, the father of the late President, who was destined to perish by the dagger of an Anarchist.

How Dyaks Settle Disputes. When the Dyaks in Borneo have to decide which is in the right, they have two equal lumps of salt given to them to drop into water, and he whose lump dissolves first is deemed to be in the wrong. Or they put two live shell-fish on a plate—one for each litigant—and, squeezing lime juice over them, the verdict is given according to which man's mollusk stirs first.