

PROGRESS.

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

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAR. 9

A FALSE MAJORITY.

The majority of the common council of this city must feel that they have made a pitiable failure of the grand reform scheme upon which they succeeded in gaining their election. There should in all fairness be two exceptions to this statement. Messrs. Christie and McGoldrick did not go to the people with any plan of reform. They were utterly opposed to it. They were elected and today they are the only men, aside from those who signed the minority report, who stood by their principles. What must the people think of the weak, shilly-shallying methods that have distinguished the majority of their representatives—the men whom they sent there pledged to reform, eager for retrenchment and shouting economy—who have brought in a report whitewashing the extravagance of their predecessors and saying in effect that there are no opportunities for reform, that the many officials we have are necessary, that we do not pay them too much, that not one of them could be dispensed with, that the city is governed with the utmost economy and we cannot expect any material reduction in taxation.

A UNIVERSAL STAMP.

A writer in a Bangor paper, in speaking recently of the many advantages that St. John offers to the American tourist, alluded to the delight felt by him when he found that he could procure American stamps at the stamp counter run in connection with the St. John post office. He suggested that other Canadian cities and towns follow this example, and that Canadian stamps be kept in some of the places in the United States that are brought into considerable communication with Canada.

A St. John firm recently found itself recently with a surplus of English postage stamps, and in order to get them off its hands, advertised. The result was surprising. There are still a number of inquiries for English stamps at the store of that firm, but the supply is exhausted.

Germany now comes to the front proposing another means of getting rid of the difficulty often experienced by the people in one country who wish to procure the stamps of another for return postage and other uses. The postal authorities of that country recommend the establishment of international postage stamps, and the higher officials of the British post office are said to be in sympathy with the proposal. It is only a step further on the lines of the international post-card, and is a species of free trade which should commend itself to the general public.

In the county council there are sometimes found men who are able and accomplished politicians as those of higher legislative bodies. Such the warden and councillors of Lunenburg county appear to be. According to the laws by higher assemblies made and provided, the warden of Lunenburg county should receive as his entire remuneration a salary of fifty dollars a year. The county councillors of that shire are supposed to receive certain travelling expenses and a sum not to exceed two dollars a day for their services, when in actual attendance upon meetings of the council.

"The municipal campaign seems to be of greater importance than these evangelistic services," bitterly remarked a Boston evangelist recently. That evangelist should come to St. John, where politicians, even in their proudest hour, have to take a back seat while the reserved ones are held by Messrs. HUNTER and CROSSLEY.

"THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH," says the New York Commercial Advertiser, "never wrote from pecuniary motives." But he never had to.

those councils are responsible should make them so in very truth.

RUDYARD KIPLING seems to have a good share of the inconsistency which seems to be an essential attribute of the great. His writings would not lead one to suppose that he would be contented with an American wife and an American home, but so he appears to be. Children are KIPLING'S most merciless critics, as the world knows from the story of GLADSTONE'S granddaughter, who said, "No, mamma, I haven't been boring Mr. KIPLING, but you have no idea how Mr. KIPLING'S been boring me!" And now he is taken to task by his own little daughter, whom he appears to "think something of," although she is a typical American child, and KIPLING is supposed to hate typical American children. The fault that his child sees in him is inconsistency, which children are quickest of anybody to see. Miss JOSEPHINE KIPLING'S complaint is as follows: "My papa tells lots of stories and gets money for 'em, and I tell one little weeny one and get spanked!" That is another story.

The Topeka Capital and Farmer Journal is a good-looking paper, as it recently introduced into its office five Mergenthaler linotypes. In the first number by the new system the paper takes occasion to brag of the accuracy of the machines. This a St. John contemporary was careful not to do when the linotypes were introduced into its office. The editorial in which the boast is made is entitled "Easier to Avoid Errors." In it the following convincing passage appears: "Linotype matter always contains a smaller amount of errors than matter set by hand. Each line of matrices is assembled in front of the operator who can see plainly each and every letter, so that if an omission, translation or other misinstant before the line is cast. As typographical errors will often crawl into a newspaper, anything which reduces the danger is of great value."

ISMAIL PASHA, ruler of Egypt, who has just died, was not a master of retrenchment. Egypt crept out of darkness to a considerable extent during his reign, but the national debt increased \$500,000,000 because of this advance in civilization. He was particularly free with his country's money, building railroads and public works. But let it not be supposed that ISMAIL was an unprincipled boodler. He was a man of generous impulses, and his large fortune went with the money of his subjects. When Egypt found herself unable to pay the interest on the debt, ISMAIL handed over \$30,000,000, the bulk of his fortune, to help make up the deficit. It may be put down that ISMAIL was a good fellow, but like many another good fellow, he was apt to get not only himself, but his friends, into pecuniary difficulties. America remembers him by the gift of the obelisk in Central park.

The present czar is a wise man. The present czar is a fool. Under the benign sway of NICHOLAS the storms that beat about his house are in the deep bosom of the Caspian sea buried. The despotic tyranny of the new ruler of Russia is oppressing the people to an extent hitherto unknown, even in that unhappy country. NICHOLAS is a better man than his father. His father was a better man than NICHOLAS. In fact, one would think, from reading different newspapers, that the czar of all the Russias was a candidate for the approaching election.

All good ministers will look with favor upon the growing idea that preachers should be as liable for libel as newspapers. The supreme court of Missouri has just held that a preacher in his pulpit is no more free from legal responsibility for slanderous utterance than anyone else, in a less sacred place, and must, if the aggrieved party takes action, appear before a judge and jury to answer for his words.

The Canadian woman has been emancipated and has emancipated herself to a degree that older countries may well wonder at. The Northwest has a female bandit who emulates BILL DALTON in everything but in frequency of decease, and with a band of women of like advanced ideas, spreads terror into the hearts of the inhabitants of the district that she rules.

The modern Indian appears to be as nobly discreet as that Micmac maiden of old, WALLULA. The following item is from the Island Reporter of Sydney, C. B.: "The squaw MADELINE was run in last week, for being drunk and disorderly. She will be held until she tells where she got her rum."

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VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

A Poet's Love Song. The spirit of a pansy's dream Dwell in the thoughtful flower: Its languid leaves in beauty seem To know love's magic power. The sigh that moves its lips apart, And gives its bosom pain, Is sorrow that some day, dear heart, We may not meet again. So in my song, O love, how sweet, How beautiful art thou; I strew white roses at your feet, And wreath them on your brow. I leave within their jeweled vase, The incense of that clime; Whose aphodite is virgin grace, Whose virtue is sublime. And should my offering lose its bloom, In summer's golden sleep; Or cold winds chill its silent tomb, My promise I will keep— The silk dust on the blossoms spread, Is but a veil of light; Love too may rust and not be dead Its life is my sorrow's night. The promise sweet the pansy heard, Was, in our warm heart's truth, Reflected when the flowers stirred In hope's immortal youth. The low sweet music, of your voice, Was fond affections prayer; My soul's response, its silent choice, To shrine your image there. When pansy leaves in beauty sleep, And some rude storm appears; Together still though close they keep, Their eyes were filled with tears. The passing cloud that softly brought The sadness of a sigh, Reveals in them the constant thought, True love can never die. When o'er the golden harp of song, My spirit breathes your name; I lead you from the wide world's throng I to the halls of fame. How beautiful the hand I guide, Where deathless honor dwell; O love to give you at my side, Her croon of immortalities.

Free Scotland Awa. 'Tis morn' a year sith I left bonnie Scotland And gazed for the last on my ain heather hills— And wandered alone by the burn of the mountain And murmured farewell to its ripples and rills. My e'en gazed wif' tears on the scenes I was leaving, The scenes that my true heart shall never forget, Tho' lang, lang I've been in a distant land biding, My ain bonnie Scotland is dear to me yet. The grand mountains lifting their crests to the heavens, The sweet hame-like glen where the long shadows fell, The gleam of the loch, bathed in glorious moonlight; All these are the charms I remember as well. And then the blithe strain of the glad Heilan' music That floated at us on the summer breeze, There's none like the bonneted lady of auld Scotia Can play wif' true fervor the Scotch melodies. How dear the wild note o' the auld Scottish bagpipes— "O Campbells are coming," and "Sweet Bonnie Doon"— "The Land o' the Leal," and "The Blue Bells of Scotland," And many another inspiring tune. Ah! braw, bonnie lan' o' the thistle and heather— May grandeur and beauty forever be thine, Thy sons far awa'—tho' they never may see thee— Still sing in glad chorus "For Auld Lang Syne."

One Moment More. One moment more, O love, before My soul must breathe farewell; Lie's golden dream for ever o'er, Love's heart its grief must tell, O love, one moment more farewell; Love's heart its grief must tell. One moment more, the voice of years Cries o'er the dark deep sea; My eyes are filled with sorrow's tears, O love, one moment more farewell, O stay, my love, with me with thee, O stay, my love, with me. O silent agony of pain, O heart of beating love; Farewell, O love, but once again My soul must with thee go. One moment more, how sweet to share The love of long ago. One moment more to see thy face, To call thee still my own; To fold thee in a sweet embrace, Ere every hope has flown. Ere sorrow's arm is round me, love, And every hope has flown. One moment more, O love, before My soul must breathe farewell; Lie's sweetest dream is mine no more, Love's heart its grief must tell, O love, one moment more farewell, Love's heart its grief must tell.

A Withered Rose. Here in my hand as the daylily dies, Faded and withered, a rosebud lies, Worthless, indeed, to your careless eyes— Only a withered rose. Under my window, far and bright, Bowing its face red and white, Scents the air of the summer night, Many a blossom grows. Yet my faded rosette was fairer far When it gleamed in her hair like a crimson star; Fairer was she than all blossoms are, Fairer than aught below. Dainty and sweet beyond compare, With the bonnie rose in her shining hair; Never there breathed a soul more fair, Friend of the long ago. And the rose that lies in my hand today, Though its petals are withered in sad decay, Is dearer to me than the blossoms gay That bloom on the bright parterre. For it brings her memory back to me, Over the river of memory. Dainty and sweet as she used to be, With a rose in her shining hair. Windsor, N. S. AMEE HUNTINGDON.

A Little Rowdie. A little rowdie, two year old, See 'im toddlin' up an' doon, An' playin' queer, odd-larrant pranks, Ye'll see 'im doon. There, look, he's mammy's apron string Round daddy's mackie tae; He rags, an' tugs, while daddy laughs, What else can daddy dae? An' noo, he's got his pussy cat An' he drives her doon wif' force; Till roon her neck he slips the string, Sny drives her for a horse. Noo, up he scrambles on a chair— Tak care ye dinna fa'— Beware, hear how he's greetin' noo Cause he's an' string's awa. But come, my pet, on mammy's knee— Or doon the lum he'll peep— There, wheesty noo, till mammy sing An' croon ye ower asleep. An' noo, may He wha rules aboon Wif' mercy never aprin'; Grant health, an' strength, an' wisdom too Tae our wee rowdie bairn.

Another American heiress has purchased a foreign count. The price paid in this case, is said to have been two millions of dollars, cash in advance, with other amounts later on and other arms and conditions as per contract. These foreign luxuries come high but the Yankee girls will have them. In Miss Anna Gould's marriage to the Count de Castellane of Paris, some of Jay Gould's millions are exported and the desire of the Goulds to reach the top of the social ladder, in spite of the lack of early recognition by the New York society leaders, is gratified. Thus do the daughters of the great American Republic turn their backs upon its simple citizens and hand over their fortunes and, it is to be presumed, their hearts, to the impetuous foreigner with some kind of a title attached to his name. People in the United States dearly love titles. Perhaps in the future there may come a titled aristocracy of the U. S. A., but meantime the people there can have the satisfaction of knowing that no nobleman is much more powerful than that Yankee one—My Lord Money-Bags.

The United States Congress has adjourned without voting the amount of \$125,000 decided upon by the British and U. S. government as compensation to sealers under the Behring Sea arbitration, or without making any appropriation for the forming of a commission to assess damages, if this proposed settlement is rejected. This is small work for the parliament of a great nation, but about on a par with the general action of the petty political schemers and tricksters who appear to "run" the affairs of the country. With them it is personal interest first, parties and cliques second and the honor of the country last or nowhere. There have been statesmen in the United States. Will there ever be again?

This action does not compare well with that of the British Parliament in the case of the Alabama award, which, though most expensive, was paid without a murmur. Claimants for the whole of that reward were never found, I believe, notwithstanding all the losses that could be trumped up.

The generous people of Boston have loaded a steamer with provisions and sent her off to poor distressed Newfoundland. This first cargo is valued at twelve thousand dollars and the fund is not yet exhausted. Thus the old city succors the old colony.

PELHAM'S PARAGRAPHS.

There was something so altogether wrong in this, especially to the lady's way of thinking, that it was with a feeling of relief that she found herself again in the open air and bright sunshine—two blessings bestowed as freely on the humble toiler, as on the opulent holder of a high priced pew. Twelve Thousand Million Copies a Year. The annual aggregate circulation of the paper of the world is calculated to be 12,000,000,000 copies. To grasp any idea of this magnitude, we may state that it would cover no fewer than 10,450 square miles of surface; that it is printed on 781,350 tons of paper; and, further, that if the number, 12,000,000,000, represented, instead of copies, seconds, it would take over 333 years for them to elapse. In lieu of this arrangement, we might press and pile them vertically upwards to gradually reach our highest mountains; topping all these and even the highest Alps, the pile would reach the magnificent altitude of 490, or in round numbers 500, miles. Calculating that the average man spends five minutes reading his paper (this is a very low estimate) we find that the people of the world altogether annually occupy time equivalent to 100,000 years reading the papers.

There was no "Woman Pope." Though the story has been related over and over again, there is still a widespread belief that there existed in the Middle Ages a female pope. Pope Joan, as she is called, has given her name to a game of cards which is mentioned in Sheridan's School for Scandal. The tradition with regard to the female pope has been traced back to the eleventh century and lasted for more than two years. The name she is alleged to have assumed is John VII. At the last meeting of the Academy of Inscriptions, in Paris, M. Muntz dealt another blow at the story, which he characterises as a vulgar fable invented in the Middle Ages. Never, he declares has a woman worn the tiara; and moreover there was no interregnum at the period when the pretended John VII. governed the church.

The World's Largest Theatre. A new theatre is in process of construction at Buenos Ayres, which bids fair to be the largest in the world. It is so planned as to enable carriages to deposit their occupants on the level of the grand tier of boxes as well as on the ground floor, while lifts will be provided for the benefit of all seat-holders in the upper part of the house. But the most characteristic feature of the new theatre is the arrangement by which, in the brief space of three hours, the pit and stalls can be converted into a circus or racing track; so that on the same day, or even on the same night, tragedy may give place to a bull fight, or opera to a bicycle or foot race. Finally, further means are provided by which the ground floor of the house can be turned into a mimic lake, for swimming or other aquatic performances.

A Curiosity of Eyesight. An old sea-captain states that he is troubled with a peculiarity of vision which is common to all skippers and ships' officers of high rank who have had long experience on the sea. In this particular instance the captain complains that through long use of the telescope, the quadrant, and other instruments used in making calculations at sea, the sight has been drawn from the left eye into the one which peers so eagerly through the instruments. He says he can discern objects at an enormous distance with his right eye, but is scarcely able to read with his left. The tendency of nature to adjust itself to conditions heightened in these cases by the bright glare from the waters, which makes the strain on the eye especially trying.

From Tree to Newspaper. A Cincinnati man describes a novel sight he recently saw at a mill devoted to making paper of pine tree pulp. "I was invited to select a tree," he says, "which I did, and it was cut down for me in the morning. I watched it during the day undergoing the various processes of paper making, and at six o'clock that evening the tree was paper. At midnight a portion of it was sufficiently dry to be taken to a printing-office, and a few of the copies of the next morning's paper were printed on this product. From a tree to a printed newspaper in twenty-four hours is probably the best time on record."

An Eccentric Author. Count Leo Tolstoi has given the publishers another illustration of his eccentricity in the matter of the value he places upon his writings. For his new story Tolstoi was offered a very large sum by an American publisher. This was politely declined. The Niva, an excellent Russian illustrated weekly, then offered the Count 1,000 roubles (or a little over \$100) per page for the exclusive right of serial publication. This was also refused, and the author has now made a free gift of it to the Severny Vestnik, a Russian monthly magazine.

An Engine Propelled by Soda. A fireless locomotive engine was recently used in the Aix-la-Chapelle Julich Railway. The motive power is derived from soda. The invention is based on the principle that salt ones of caustic soda, which have high boiling points, liberate heat while absorbing steam. These engines eject neither smoke or steam, and work noiselessly. Compared with coal-burning locomotives, the soda engines show a capacity equal to the former, while they are worked with greater ease and simplicity.

Scarcity of Water in Venice. In Venice water is something of a luxury, as the inhabitants have to depend upon the rains. There is no company for supplying the city. The water for drinking and domestic uses is collected in subterranean reservoirs, where it is said to be filtered. It is doled out at the public wells, which are open one hour daily for that purpose, and then are carefully locked up.

Sheep as Burden Bearers. In the northern parts of India sheep are made to serve as beasts of burden. The mountain paths among the foot-hills of the Himalayas are so precipitous that the sheep, more sure-footed than larger beasts, are preferred as burden carriers.

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Rotten, rotten, rotten! This is what the war in the east has shown the Chinese empire to be—rotten through and through. At the opening of the Japan-China war some of the wise ones showed us the great disparity in numbers and fighting strength between the two nations and the question was "Has the little one any chance?" We were also warned against arousing the latent war spirit of the descendants of a race of warriors, lest they not only conquer Japan but over-run Europe. There no longer appears to be much fear on this score. The "little fellow" has shown his ability to walk all over the big one. Mere numbers do not count for much. The bulk of the Chinese people appears to be composed of miserable creatures scarce worthy the names of men and women. The war spirit is gone, the race is irretrievably degenerate. Let Japan, Russia, England and the other nations step in and take charge of the unwildly conglomeration known as the Chinese empire. There are millions of Chinese who would never discover that there had been a change of government. Millions of them do not know now that there is a war going on with Japan. If they did they might look up their bows and arrows.

Last Sunday I was in Boston, Mass., and heard a lecture by Robert G. Ingersoll on Voltaire. The speaker was in complete harmony with his subject and the consequence was a glowing eulogy of Voltaire and his work, intermingled with plenty of Ingersollian wit and sarcasm. His opening sentence was characteristic: "Infidels of one age are ever the auriolated saints of the next—and nobody knows what may happen to me." This combative agnostic continues to be the bug-bear of priests and parsons who shower plenty of abuse upon him but, in the opinion of many, do not always effectively answer his argument. PELHAM.

The Minstrel Committee Speaks. TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS:—The writer of the article headed "A Clever Young Musician" which appeared in a conspicuous position in last week's issue of your much perused journal has evidently been the recipient of most erroneous information and we consider it due to Mr. Ford and ourselves, to lay before the public a plain and truthful statement of the facts. Mr. Cook was asked to orchestrate the afterpiece, but said he could not do it, so at a meeting of the committee it was decided to engage Mr. Ford as the one most competent of our local musicians. He accepted the work and though he had but ten days in which to do it, it was done in time. Mr. Cook's corrections were merely notes as to repeats, pauses for business' etc., which Mr. Ford had nothing to do.

There were a few mistakes in the copy-

ing, as the work was done in a hurry, but no rewriting done. The orchestra played from the parts given them by Mr. Ford, which parts were correct at the final rehearsal when in the absence of Mr. Cook, Mr. Ford took the piano and directorship, and the work went to our entire satisfaction. We hope the above will correct any unfortunate impression that may have been made by the article referred to. Thanking you for the space we have taken, we remain, yours respectfully, MINSTREL COMMITTEE. St. John, March 6, 1895. S. J. B. C.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES. In the Review of Reviews for February there is a sketch of Canada's prairie province, which PROGRESS has already reviewed. In it Mr. C. C. Chapman, chief commissioner of the Hudson Bay company, receives much attention, and a portrait of this gentleman appears. Mr. Chapman is a son of Mr. Allen Chapman, formerly postmaster of Amherst.