

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 11

THE CITIZENS' INTEREST.

The mayor complains that the citizens do not take as much interest in civic affairs as they might or should. It is pointed out that they do not attend the meetings of the council. He might have added with much truth that the council did not afford the people much opportunity to attend the meetings.

OPEN THE DOORS.

Is there any good reason why the doors at the meetings of the school trustees should be closed to the press? We do not think that there can be. Only a short time ago one of our morning newspapers made a vigorous fight for the presence of the press at board meetings from which it had been excluded.

FICTION'S PREDICTIONS.

The latest great event in the scientific world—the finding that the element of helium is on the earth, which followed upon that other great event, the discovery of argon seems to have been foreshadowed by a man of letters, the man being EDGAR ALLAN POE.

I then took opportunities of conveying by night, to a retired situation east of Rotterdam, five iron-bound cases, to contain about fifty gallons each, and one of a larger size; six tin tubes, three inches in diameter, properly shaped and ten feet in length; a quantity of particular metallic substance, or (seemingly, which I shall not name, and a dozen demijohns of a very common acid.

That POE was merely a poet, and not a scientist, is by no means disproved, however, by this remarkable coincidence. His only scientific labor on record was a work on

shells, which was in no wise as original as his poems, short tales and newspaper sketches.

It is not at all a new thing that a discovery or an invention should be foreshadowed in a work of fiction. The phonograph was described in a book of the seventeenth century, but EDISON probably never saw or heard of that book until after the phonograph was something more than a dream.

JULES VERNE, the French writer of boys' stories, has, coupled with his imaginative powers, far more scientific reasoning and judgment than POE would have had with a scientific education, in which he was lacking.

Speaking of the realization of the predictions of fiction, what is much more remarkable than the much-talked-of one following upon M. VERNE'S "Around the World in Eighty Days"?

FRANK R. STOCKTON'S "Tricycle of the Future" is not an altogether impossible idea. Neither are some of the unpatented inventions that are given to the world through the medium of comic illustrations.

The following extract from The Life, the organ of the christian scientists, shows what a convenient and eminently practical religion theirs might be in an emergency: "Since you have become a magnet for supply, people are naturally inclined to give you better measure and better quality than before.

The ticket agent at the Kansas City depot one day demanded of me \$88.75 for \$50.75 worth of tickets. Of course I corrected all these errors, but the fact goes to illustrate how differently people naturally act toward you, because you love them."

A very pretty poem is that on "Juggernaut," by J. B. CARTER, extracts from which have recently appeared in several papers. But it is wonderful what mistakes some of the most graceful poets make which could be prevented by a little study of the dictionary.

The following item from the London Tid-bits, entitled "Telling When Letters Were Posted," sounds somewhat strange to the people on this side of the ocean, where the time of day as well as the day have been placed on postmarks in the larger cities and towns for many years.

"It is a great shame," said a friend to PROGRESS lately, "that MARK TWAIN is rich." This fact, the friend thought, was the cause of a loss to the literature of the world.

Mrs. MARY COWDEN CLARK, who compiled the best concordance to the SHAKESPEARE works, is not dead, as a contemporary announces, but is living in the Villa Norville, Genoa, at the age of eighty-five.

expect a kiss from SHAKESPEARE—even though your husband should happen to be there." Now Mrs. CLARK must be expecting in lieu thereof a kiss from Lord FRANCIS BACON.

An unique instance of "the deadly parallel" is that given by a late number of the Lewiston Journal. In one column appears the following welcome to the Portland I. O. G. T.:

Hail, sweet Temperance, how we love thee, With thy praise our voices ring, And of joy, to those who pledge thee, Round God's altar we will sing.

And directly opposite there appears the following peroration to a recipe: "A teaspoonful of sugar and one of rum and sherry adds the perfecting flavor."

"The dollar of the daddies" is what some Americans call the "In God we trust" dollar. But this is an injustice to the daddies. The signer of the Declaration of Independence stopped the coinage of silver dollars and confined the work of the mint to half dollars and pieces of lesser denomination.

It looks as though Mr. ANDREW LANG were just a little jealous of the success of the author of "Trilby," judging from the following remark the graceful but rude litterateur makes in the London Illustrated News: "Of all things, beware of hypnotic stunts. The stupidest reader sees the drit at once, and throws the dull fabrication away. There is nothing to be done with hypnotism in romance."

The New York Advertiser is merciless when it gets on the trail of the Atlanta Constitution. A few days ago the Advertiser remarked that its southern contemporary had gone dait on the money question, and now it makes some scathing remarks in regard to the fact that a number of the Constitution appeared without any poetry.

The New York Sun, in a description of a librarian's woes, tells of a singular request made by a frequenter of a New York library who seemed to have literature badly mixed with Canadian politics. The book-seeker wanted "Sant' Ilario," by CRAWFORD; but what he asked for was "St. Accordius," by LAURIER.

The knowledge concerning microbes is increasing day by day. It has now been discovered that all death is due to a certain microbe, which can be overcome just as can the scarlet fever bacillus, or the whooping cough microbe. Dr. BUCHANAN does not seem to need any antidote to the death bacillus.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

The May Book Buyer opens with an article concerning that most graceful of poets, Edmund Clarence Steadman. The Book Buyer produces a portrait of M. Paul Nordan, and says: "People will examine with interest the portrait of the author of 'Degeneration,' to discover signs of a jocosse tongue in a waggish cheek, or a humorous droop in a satiric eyelid.

Donathos Magazine for May will have a particular interest to the people of this city as a St. John grammar school boy, formerly a pupil at St. Malachi's Hall, has won the first prize for the best short essay on the question "What is an honorable boy?"

Where They Can Get It.

Mr. E. L. Skillings is the busiest man in town distributing the guide book for St. John and the province. PROGRESS had an opportunity to say that it promised to be the very handsomest publication of this kind ever gotten up embracing this vicinity, and the favor with which it has been received has proved it. Hundreds of the books have been sold in Boston and any of the provincialists there wishing to procure something that they will prize almost more than the family bible can find it on sale at the office of the Dominion Atlantic Railway, 228 Washington street.

English Free Masons.

A Cambridgeshire lady has determined to start a lodge of Freemasons on her own account and she states that the number of applications she has received from sisters anxious to become acquainted with the ancient secrets of the mystic order testify to the earnest desire on the part of many women to assist men in the working of the craft.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

A Song. Apple blossoms, love, and violets blue, And scented winds as gentle as your hand, And shady woodlands with the sun-beams through, And all the bounty of the summer lands,

Will come to us with parting of the snows— When crippled winter hobbles to the sea, And waking grasses wonder where he goes, Now that the world has turned to melody.

Unless I have your love, dear Lorraine, I care not whether summer comes, or no, Alike would night and day then be to me— The summer meadows and the winter snow.

In Memoriam. J. A. BYERS, M. D. Buried from All Saints' church, Springhill, Tuesday, May 7th.

White as the lilies on the cross, And roses breathing love; The noble soul, our public loss, Is with the saints above.

Com , brethren, down the solemn aisle, The last sad chant is o'er; Weeping we linger here a while, He joins us now no more,

Leave the high altar draped in black, His organ silent as we go, Down to the river where comes back, A loved one often in our woe,

They love to know us, keeping still Our cheerful days in sight, Ere yielding to our Father's will, They pass to higher light.

The dead in Xi like these are few, The dead in Xi like these are few, The dead in Xi like these are few, The dead in Xi like these are few.

The Trilby Shave. Up spake the man of shears and blade, And dropped warm lather in Brown's ear, "What plan shall I map out?" he said— "The Taffy style? the Vandeyk spear?"

But soap this face from Dan to Beer-Sheba, and with you blade of steel Just rake from here 'e'n round to here, Till not a bristle you may feel; For what care I for Spring's bleak weather?— Just shave me 'for the altogether!"

The Daisies' Secret. Daisies, with your golden heads, Hiding in the grasses, What is it you seem to say To the lads and lasses?

Do you tell them spring is here, And the summer coming? That's the secret that the bees All around are humming.

Hidden 'mongst the tall thick grass Patiently you're biding, Tell me in your hearts of gold, What it is you're hiding.

Daisies with their golden hearts, As they gaze above Soft unfold their secret thought, Just the one word "Love!"

Childhood's Days. I mind me of the happy days When heart was young and free, When first I lisped "I lay me down" Beside my mother's knee,

I mind me of the happy days When paddling in the stream, No thought of future care and strife Disturbed my peaceful dream,

I mind me of a Sabbath morn', My joys were in the shade, When first I had to wander through The City of the Dead.

For there amid the crumbling stones A little coffin lay, My brother, like the summer rose He bloomed to fade away.

No more we'll hear his merry laugh Nor greet his happy smile, No more his childish prattle will Our gloaming hours beguile,

We hear, as from above: "Softly then to come to me For such as these I love."

He Represents Pearlina. Mr. B. B. Hardwicke, of Annapolis, the traveling representative of Pyle's Pearlina, has been in the city this week and he reports that famous article of household use as selling rapidly.

Forests Whittled Away. A notable example of a big result produced by small means is found in the fact that lead pencil users have whittled away several big forests of cedar trees in Europe and the supply of wood suitable for lead pencils is practically exhausted in the Old World.

The Discovery of Lithography. Lithography was discovered by a poor poet named Senefelder, who had written a drama and determined that it should see the light. The publishers, would not print it. He determined to print it himself. He had no type. He resolved that engraving would answer, but had no copper and was too poor to buy any.

Beautiful Nova Scotia. The Yarmouth Steamship company is sending out another edition of "Beautiful Nova Scotia," a pamphlet which PROGRESS had much pleasure in noticing last year.

It is printed in elegant style, and illustrated as it is with some of the loveliest views and nooks of the land of Evangeline it cannot fail to do much good to the attraction of tourist travellers.

The Yarmouth began running four trips a week on June 7th, and in July they propose to run five trips. The gentlemen at the head of this concern have done very much in the past to boom the maritime provinces as a Mecca for tourists.

They have encouraged the construction of a splendid hotel in Yarmouth, and the facilities for accommodating tourists throughout Nova Scotia have been largely increased, while they are of the opinion that these accommodations should be increased very much more, and that whatever extent it is enlarged that tourists will occupy it.

In St. John the accommodation for tourist travellers this year is very much larger than it has ever been, and the preparation for it throughout the whole province is on a more extensive scale than ever.

The St. John Proscenium Club will present Baker's four act drama "Won Back," or "The New England Homestead," in the Opera house Thursday, May 16th. Among the many features introduced, will be an old time husking scene in the first act, and the interior of a first class saloon, in the third act.

S. P. C. A. JOYS AND WOES.

BUT FEW MONCTONIANS TOOK ANY INTEREST IN THE SOCIETY

Until the Ministers Brought the Matter Before Them—Now the Good Work is Booming—The Attention of the Officers Drawn to One Form of Cruelty.

MONCTON, May 8.—It is a matter of very deep regret that the branch of the society, for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals recently formed in Moncton, has met with so little encouragement, and such scant support, during its brief career; and the officers who have done their very best under most trying circumstances have received so little sympathy in their efforts to make the society a success.

The need of a branch of the S. P. C. A. was felt to be a pressing one, and as long as the possibility of obtaining it seemed remote the citizens had periodical fits of clamoring for some legal method of protecting the helpless dumb creatures—"in a poor relation" as Mr. Brewer touchingly expressed it in an eloquent sermon preached in behalf of the society last Monday—

from cruelty, and abuse. It was felt at last by the thoughtful people in the city that the absence of protection for animals and children was little short of a disgrace to a city of the size and importance of Moncton, and it was time the reproach was removed. No one dreamed that any difficulties of a financial nature would be encountered, as it seemed certain that enough people could be found out of a population of ten thousand to pay a small membership fee and thus place the society in a good financial position from the start.

Therefore a meeting of those most interested in the work was held, and Mr. Wetmore of St. John was requested to form a branch of the society in Moncton. That gentleman promptly responded visited the city, gave all the requisite information and promised the new branch all the assistance in his power; several of the leading business men of the city showed their interest in the noble work by accepting the most arduous offices of the society and undertaking to see that the work was efficiently done.

Mr. George B. Willett accepted the office of president, Mr. E. C. Cole consented to assume the heavy duties of treasurer, Mr. MacDougall was appointed secretary; a managing committee of ladies undertook to assist the officers as far as possible and Mr. R. A. Borden, a prominent lawyer, offered his services as solicitor for the society free of charge, so that everything looked most propitious for the new organization at the start.

But unfortunately a good beginning does not always insure ultimate success, and the disappointment which has followed is simply extraordinary. The president and secretary have been most zealous in the performance of their duties, and their interest in good work has never flagged, but with the exception of a faithful few their efforts have met with scarcely any encouragement; the membership rolls have remained unassigned, the original two dollars subscribed towards the support of the society by a lady whose heart was in the good cause, remained intact but lonely in the hands of the treasurer without even drawing interest, the meetings were attended by some half dozen people, and there seemed to be every prospect that the new society would die of inanition, when the officers thought of appealing to the clergy of the city, and requesting that they would interest themselves in the work, announce the meetings from their pulpits and it possible make some reference to its importance.

I believe all but one responded generously. Rev. W. W. Brewer, pastor of the Central Methodist church, even preaching a touching sermon on the subject last Sunday and endeavouring to arouse the enthusiasm of his congregation in every way in his power. The result has been most satisfactory, and in place of the society disbanding, there seems to be a reasonable prospect now that it may be a success in time, but I fear the struggle for existence will be a hard one, and I feel that it is the duty of everyone in the city to give those who are sacrificing so much of their time to the noble work of protecting creatures powerless to help themselves, every encouragement, and every support in their power.

If I may offer a suggestion, I would like to draw the attention of the officers to one special form of cruelty which has long existed unchecked in Moncton. It is the practice of allowing small boys to drive the butchers' and grocers' delivery wagons, and placing the unfortunate horses at the mercy of young savages to whom mercy is an unknown quantity. These boys are in the habit of driving the horses under their care at the top of their speed, and racing with their friends whenever opportunity offers regardless of the weather or the load the horse may be drawing. They use the whip unsparringly, and never allow the animal one moment to breathe. Up or down hill it is the same, and though the hills in our city are scarcely deserving

of the name, a very slight difference in grade is felt by a panting, galloping horse on a broiling day in summer, and I have often watched a grocer's or butcher's horse pulled up at some door in a lather of foam when the mercury was 90 in the shade, and the wretched creature panting for breath.

I hope sincerely that the society which has my warmest sympathy, will deal with such cases if possible.

GOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

THAT ENERGETIC VOTER.

The Machinery of the Law may be put in Motion to Punish Him.

HALIFAX, May 9.—PROGRESS' announcement of the fact that candidate James Adams voted twice on civic election day was one of the spiciest bits of news of the week. The penalty for his offence is a fine of \$200 or six months imprisonment. The presiding officer and agents who permitted Mr. Adams to vote, knowing that he was not "James A. Adams," are also most blameworthy. They surely showed themselves men unfit to officiate at a polling booth. Alderman Mosher gave them his opinion of their conduct, so that they have not escaped scot-free. But [Mr. Adams may get off with so mild a lesson as that given the officials who are partially responsible for his act. The machinery of the law may be put in motion to exact from Adams the \$200 or inflict the imprisonment. Two or three years ago Mr. Adams, who is superintendent of the street railway, had some Barrington street business men arrested for throwing snow upon the rails. There has also been bad feeling among the officials of the road since the receiver was appointed. These facts may account for the promptness with which candidate Adams may be made to suffer for his foolish double vote—once in Ward 5, and a second time in Ward 6, where he personated his nephew.

The "Incomparable Keating." Messrs. Cornwall have been appointed general agents for the Keating Wheel company, of Holyoke, Mass., manufacturers of the "Incomparable Keating," the lightest guaranteed road wheel in America, which their catalogues and other advertising matter shows is "365 days ahead of them all."

Regarding this wheel the following remarks will give the strongest endorsement:—"A roadster weighing 19 lbs. and guaranteed to carry any rider over ordinary road is the marvelous result of the evolution of the bicycle. A few years ago when safeties weighed from 48 to 60 lbs. The Keating Wheel company placed on the market a roadster weighing 32 lbs. It was predicted that this wheel would go down. While it was admitted by all to be a handsome and fleet wheel, it was claimed there would not be sufficient strength to sustain the weight of the average rider. In fact, it was the common belief that weight as applied to bicycles was strength. Those 32 lb. wheels which instantly became prime favorites and which are in constant use today, served not only to inaugurate the crusade against heavy weights but at one great bound brought into prominence the Keating Wheel Company, who knowing that they had reached the acme of perfection in form, and with the abiding faith in the material used, and their method of treating it, steadily reduced the weight while not in the least diminishing the strength of their machine; and their crowning triumph is shown in their superb line of eight models as described in their '95 catalogue and which are fully guaranteed. These bicycles contain all the improvements that modern ingenuity and unlimited resources backed by abundant capital can possibly devise.

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