PROGRESS.

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

Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from its new quarters, 29 to 31 Canterbury street, St. John, N. B. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance

All Letters sent to the paper by persons having no busines: connection with it should be accom-panied by stamps for a reply. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always accompanied by a stamped and addressed

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

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five li es (about 35 words) cost 25 cents each inser ion. Five cents extra for every additional Bemi tances 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.

The Circulation of this paper is over 13,000 copies; is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly Halifax Branch Office, Knowles' Building, cor.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

George and Granville streets.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,649.

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 copportunity to attend the meetings. Surely the taxpayer who was once caught in the auditorium trap of the council chamber and half stifled by the foul air would never venture there again if he had any regard for his comtort or his health. Again, his worship should hardly lay the charge of lack of interest at the doors of the citizens because, we think, he owes his present position to the fact that the people took a lively interest in civic affairs. There is not a doubt but that the people have taken a far greater interest in civic matters the last few years than has ever been manifested before. If his worship wishes his constituents to attend the council meetings he should agitate for adequate accommodation for spectators.

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. Now the chief owner of that newspaper is chairman of the board of school trustees. He cannot say himself, of course, that the meetings shall be open, but he can use his influence in this direction, and with his good will and vote and that of the independent members of the board, there should not be the slightest difficulty for the press to gain admission. Only a few days ago the board decided upon the expenditure of some thousands of dollars for a new school building. It may be that such an addition to the school accommodation is very necessary, and that the expenditure is justified. We hope so, but the site, the style of building, the cost, were all points that should have been before the people through the press. The taxpayers have to pay for their building; they have to pay for all expenditure ordered by the school board. Wby should they not know all about the proceedings of | Were Posted," sounds somewhat strange

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, that man being EDGAR ALLAN POE. The description of the inflation of the balloon in the celebrated "Por hoax" published in 1844 in the New York Sun, before "If you see it in the Sun, it's so," appeared on the front page of that journal, contains the following:

I then took opportunities of conveying by night, to a retired situation east of Rotterdam, five ironbound casks, to contain about fifty gallons each, and one of a larger size; six tin tubes, three inches in diametor, properly shaped and ten feet in length; a quantity of particular metallic substance, or (semimetal, which I shall not name, and a dozen demijohns of a very common acid. The gas to be formed ated by any other person than myself-or at least never applied to any similar purpose. I can only venture to say here that it is a constituent of azote, so long considered irreducible, and that its density is about 37.4 less than that of hydrogen. It is taste. l ess, but not oderless; burns when pure, with a greenish flame, and is instantaneously [fatal to animul life. Its full secret I would make no difficulty in disclosing but that it of right belongs; (as I have before hinted) to a citizen of Nantz, in France, by

whom it was conditionally communicated to myseif. Azote is, as is well known, another name for nitrogen. Perhaps "some 'scientists whose glory is dimmed are wishing that they had devoted more time to lighter lit-

scientist, is by no means disproved, how-

shells, which was in no wise as original as bis 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. He might have read the old volume, however, and although millions of minds would have been merely amused by the peculiar thought, it might be to a mind like that of Edison the spark that starts the fire. And perhaps SHAKSPEARE foresaw the telegraph when he made Puck speak of girdling the earth in such a wonderfully short space of time.

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. Some of his stories -notably those relating to air-shipsare as valuable contributions to the solution of the problem of aerial navigation as those of the writers of theses much more pretentious.

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"? "NELLY BLY winked her eye" and was around the world: GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN, as unique a character as PHINEAS FOGG, "left him out-ofsight" as a rapid traveller.

FRANK R. STOCKTON'S "Tricycle of the Future" is not an altogether impossible idea. Neither ars some of the unpatented inventions that are given to the world through the medium of comic illustrations. And now there are many romancers who talk learnedly of the plenum identity of ether, the fourth dimension, the unity of the five senses, and the sixth sense. Are we, in our wisdom, to decide that these romances are as visionary as Poe's "balloon hoax" appeared to be?

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. You have more confidence in them and they naturally respond to it. You will find that you will have to watch those you deal with to keep them from cheating themselves in making change. The writer has to correct such mistakes almost every day. The ticket agent at the Kansas City depot one day demanded of me \$28.75 for \$50.75 worth of tickets. Of course I correct 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. Mr. CARTER speaks of the Indian god who has come forth to "winnow up the fruits of faith and fear." The word "up" seems to indicate that the author's idea of "winnowing" was that it was synonymous with "garnering." This is by no means a solitary instance in poetry of the same mistake. In regard to details Mr. CARTER is also not particularly sound. He makes the car of Juggernaut one of a hundred wheels. The dictionary and other works of reference say it has

The following item from the London Tid-bits, entitled "Telling When Letters 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: "The Post Office authorities have issued instructions to postmasters throughout the kingdom that the present date stamps are to be replaced as required by stamps which will give the time of the dispatch of the mail on the postmark. An order was first issued that the time should be given in the code letters used in the Post Office, but this has been cancelled in favor of plain figures."

"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. But now that MARK TWAIN is poor, perhaps he will even write less than opportunity to say that it promised to be he has been doing lately, which is a decided pity, as among his late work is some of the best, as well as some of the poorest, that he ever did. At his poorest MARK is good; at his middle and best stages he is inimitable. He now intends starting on a lecture tour around the world. It is to be hoped that his trip will not prove so great a financial success that he will not write anything about it after it is made.

Mrs. MARY COWDEN CLARK, who complied the best concordance to the SHAK-SPEARE works, is not dead, as a contemporary announces, but is living in the Villa That POE was merely a poet, and not a Norvilla, Genoa, at the age of eighty-five. Douglas Jerrold, who was not always so ever, by this remarkable coincidence. His gallant, once remarked to his lady: "On only scientific labor on record was a work on your arrival in Paradise, madam, you must craft.

expect a kiss from SHAKSPEARE— even though your husband should happen to be there." Now Mrs. CLARK must be expecting in lieu thereot 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 Gop'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 Americas 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. But the dollar that is worth considerably less than a dollar, and has not been an unqualified blessing to the American nation, is a modern institu-

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 stories. The stupidest reader sees the drift 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 daft 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 Stedman. The BookBuyer produces a portrait of M. Paul Nordau, and says: "People will examine with interest the portrait of the author of 'Degeneration,' to discover signs of a jocose tongue in a waggish cheek, or a humorous droop in a satiric eyelid. For it is quite impossible to take this gentleman seriously, or to believe that he takes himself so. He requires five-hundred and sixty octavo pages to formulate the conclusion of the older social philosopher, Mr. Mantalini, that everything is going to the demnition bow-wows." In the article on Madeleine Lemaire, the French painter, reference is made to the friendship existing between this famous woman, Sardou, and Miss Elsie Anderson De Wolfe, the wellknown Nova Scotia actress, and how the result of Sardou's introduction of Miss De-Wolfe to Madame Lemaire, wis an illustrated article on the Theatre Francais for an American magazine.

Donahoe's Magazine for May will have 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?" Thomas B. Sweeny is the lucky boy, and he had a great many smart boys from all over the United States and Canada to contend with. And best of all, it is said by those who know Master Sweeny that he is entitled to the appelation himself. Another St. John writer discourses on the fashions. "Staging a Shaksperian Play" is a well illustrated article.

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 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 provincalists 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

Rulway, 228 Washington street. English Free Masonesses.

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 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 Lorilie,

I care not whether summer comes, or no, Alike would night and day then be to me-The summer meadows and the winter snow. G. E. THEODORE ROBERTS.

In Memoriam. J. A. BYERS, M. D. Buried from All Saints' church, Springhill, Tues

White as the lilies on the cross, And roses breathing love; The noble soul, our public loss, Is with the saints above. The silent blossoms on thy bier, Are weeping with us tear on tear.

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, Lay at his feet our star of peace, Its light bids earthly sorrow cease. 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, Coming from those far lands sublime, To seek us in the mists of time.

They love to know us, keeping still Our cheerful days in sight, Ere yielding to our Father's will, They pass to higher light. We leave thee, brother good and true, The dead in Xt like thee are few. CYPRUS GOLDE

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 Vandyck spear? The sabre-cut, from ear to nose?"-"Nay, nay, Barbaro! None of those!

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

The Daisies' Secret. Daisles, with your golden hearts, 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, And when I first went off to school, How proud indeed was I, But when the teacher called me up I fear it was to cry.

I mind me of the happý days When paddling in the stream, No thought of future care and strife Disturbed my peaceful dream, But paddling up and paddling down, Breeks tied aboon the knee, Gathering mud to build a dam No better sport could be.

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 peguile, But listen, mother, to the words We hear, as from above: "Suffer them to come to me . For such as these I love."

St. John, N. B. C. H. D.

He Represents Pearline. Mr. B. B. Hardwicke, of Annapolis, the traveling representative of Pyle's Pearline. has been in the city this week and he reports that famous article of household use as selling rapidly. Mr. Harkwicke is almost as well known to the dealers in the provinces as Pearline is to the housewives. and he could not wish for a better acquaintance than that. The success of Pearline is a good testimonial for advertising and emphasizes the fact that a good article persistently and intelligently advertised must

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 in their power. World. An order has just been placed by a noted German firm of pencil makers with a California lumber company for a large quanity of sequoin wood, which is found to be the best wood now available for pencils. The sequoin is the big tree of California. It seems too bad that the grand old giants should be sacrificed, and especially that their end should be lead pencil shavings.

The Discovery of Lithography.

Lithographing 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. He concluded to use stone, and after many failures finally made a brilliant success and a large fortune through his invention.

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 Werk 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 gret, but that is putting it too mildly, because the apathy which has been shone by the citizens in general is simply inexplicable in a christian community where there seems to be room for every variety of association, society, and league, religious, never lacking to support any of the differorganizations. 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 prot cling the helpless dumb creatures-"m ns poor relations" as Mr. Brewer touchingly expressed it in an eloquent sermon preached in behalf of the society last Mondayfrom 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 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 unsigned, 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 balf dozen people, and there seemed to be every prospect that the new society would die of inanition, when the officers thought of appealings 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 existance 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 If I may offer a suggestion, I would like

to draw the attention of the officers to one especial 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 unsparingly, 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 third act.

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.

GEOFFREY 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 make the society a success. I say of re- 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 secular, and social, and where friends are 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 Keathing"

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 ail."

Regarding this wheel the following remarks will give the strongest endorse-

"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 safeies weighed from 48 to 60 lbs. The Keating Wheel company placed on the treasurer, Mr. MacDougall was appointed | market a roadster weighing 32 lbs. It was pradicted 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.

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 J'ne 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 accomodating tourists throughout Nova Scotia have been largely increased, while they are of the opinion that these accomodations should be increased very much more, and that to whatever extent it is enlarged that tourists will occupy it. In St. John the accomodation 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

"Won Back" by Amateurs.

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