

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 business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

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, or Five Cents each.

Discontinuances.—Except in those localities which are easily reached, Progress will be stopped at the time paid for. Discontinuances can only be made by paying arrears at the rate of five cents per copy.

Remittances 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.

Half-yearly Branch Office, Knowles' Building, cor. George and Granville streets.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 23.

ST. JOHN FIRST.

Independent candidates are in the field, pledged to support all projects that may be for the upbuilding of St. John, and who will defend her against all unjust treatment from the government, such as threatens us in robbing our port of her natural trade and giving it to Halifax by means of the Fast Line's deal; the contemplated transfer of the I. C. R. to the property of the people, to the C. P. R.; the building of the Harvey-Salisbury railway, the aim of which is to place the city in the position of a suburb to Halifax. These attempts upon the life of St. John, planned by unscrupulous politicians and which will be carried out unless St. John is awake and extremely active, will be strenuously opposed by the candidates of the Independent party.

A hot wave swept over the city last week and this combined with the stories of hurricanes and tornadoes in various parts of the west which reached here had a tendency to deceive the unobservant into the belief that summer had surely arrived and that the uncertain period called spring had gone. Just such a day or two of weather as that of last week came upon us in April and was followed by many raw cold days that caused a great deal more sickness than all the winds of winter combined. About this time last year amateur gardeners were lamenting the three sharp frosts which had made their early spring work count for naught and what happened then may occur again in this uncertain climate. The weather bureau is not always sure of advance notices and it is well to be ready for a change at this time of year.

FOLITICS OR PLACES.

To the observer who has no party allegiance to answer for and control him, who is free to view the acts of so-called politicians and candidates without bias of any nature whatever, who can laugh at the mistakes and blunders of either side, the present situation in this city affords ample scope for amusement. Could it be distinguished which men are for politics, using this term as a synonym of good government, and which are for place—office for themselves and friends—then the amusement would be greater because more direct, but as it is now there is no way of distinguishing the real and genuine from the fictitious and spurious and all must be placed in the same crucible and there tested. Messrs HAZEN and CHESLEY and their friends are fearful lest the citizen committee should bring out independent candidates to run between the line, and they do not seem to care what abuse they receive or what strong hints they get in the way of mass meetings like that of Tuesday night, so long as the final step is not taken and independents named. Some who do not know St. John politics would consider that the meeting of Tuesday night and other similar gatherings would be sufficient to these candidates that they had better resign, that the days of machiavie rule are over in this city; but they are yet in the field and apparently quite happy that it has been no worse. Then Messrs. ELLIS and TUCKER are being told on all sides by straight liberals that their canvass is absurd, that they

are impossible candidates and that they will get no votes only some of those, perhaps a majority, who selected them. What disinterested men they all are. The people are given to understand that all they expect is the sessional allowance and that they are standing all the abuse and ridicule heaped upon them for the few paltry dollars they will receive as members of the house. They do not advance higher notions; those of patriotism, loyalty and allegiance to the interest of St. John—they are all trying to get some emoluments for themselves or their friends, their organs and followers, and their frantic efforts to hide this fact from the electorates is the cause of much mirth. It is a fact and one that cannot be denied that reverence or respect which a few years since prevailed for the candidates of both parties is now a totally unknown quantity and in its place is a suspicion and distrust that in many cases leads to ridicule. A man who represents nothing in the way of a business or profession, such a man as Mr. CHESLEY, cannot have a very great interest in the city that he asks to represent, and Col. TUCKER who has been sleeping politically and in a business sense, for some years, cannot now be stuffed with ideas sufficient to make him a presentable representative. St. John must do better than this in the way of politicians or continue to see her best interests sacrificed. It is place or politics with them and this is against the business interests of St. John.

St. Mary's church going congregation was treated to considerable of a surprise on Sunday morning last. Many of them had seen the Rev. Mr. Raymond, the pastor, make all arrangements for the service and believed he was to officiate, but shortly after the choir trooped into their places followed by the Reverend. A. G. H. DICKER. No one knew what had so suddenly come upon the Rev. Mr. Raymond, and there was some anxiety for a time, but as nothing further transpired to cause alarm they were soon paying earnest attention to the sermon. But the mystery was explained later when it was learned that Rev. Mr. Raymond had hid himself quietly away to St. Paul's to officiate there instead of the pastor, the Rev. M. A. G. H. DICKER, who had become so suddenly attached to St. Mary's pulpit. If Rev. Mr. Raymond's congregation had been astonished that he had gone so mysteriously away, that highly esteemed clergyman was highly surprised when the Rev. Canon Deverer arose in St. Paul's and published the bans of marriage between the Rev. Mr. DICKER and Miss DUNN, daughter of Bishop Dunn of Quebec.

Good citizens whatever their political faith will not resent their welcome to all interests and influences that are ready and willing to commit themselves to earnest work in the direction of building up their native city. If prosperity and permanency is to be secured a hearty co-operation is necessary in every quarter. In theory and in general, party allegiance may be and undoubtedly is a very good thing, but on the same principle that it is the imperative duty of a good housekeeper to look well to the ways of her own household it is equally obligatory upon the natives of any place to attend to their own immediate interests. Loyalty to a country and a ruler can hardly be expected from those who do not practice it towards the place of their birth.

The Yarmouth Herald has evidently been deeply impressed with the serial "Story of a Crime" which has been published lately in a morning paper. Referring to the ruins of the HARRIS car works as one of the picturesque spots of the city the Herald poetically remarks, "On a calm moonlight night the traveller who wanders among these deserted buildings or sits upon the piles of brick and mortar scattered in profusion around may solemnly reflect upon the vanity of all worldly things."

The Supreme court of the United States has recently sustained the law which prevents a freight train from running in that state on Sunday. It might be that the more freight trains which run through Georgia would be the better for that state as perhaps none of the southern states have too much traffic within their borders.

Somebody sapiently remarks that the liberals have never had to blush for LAURIER. It would seem to take a good deal more than one man ever could accomplish to make them blush anyway.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

A Place of Rest. How sweet within the churchyard green. The locust tree has lovely buds, Sweet as the breath of May. Its green leaves o'er the silent spot, A quiet blessing gave; They sing to Maud above her head, Love lives beyond the grave.

We laid fresh sods about her feet, And green above her breast; And round the blue forget me not, She always loved the best. The sweet life wind came o'er the hill, I wanted Kate to try; And help me trim the growing grass, But she could only cry.

She cried there almost all the time, For she could hardly see; To bring her new sweet sods I cut, And lay them down by me, She's next to Maud that must be why, She is so sad I fear; But mother both of these alike, To me are just as dear.

A linnet on the locust bough, Sang such a lovely song; I called to mind the anthem sweet, Where holy angels throng. My heart was glad, I cried there too, But turned away my head; She could not see my blinding tears, Above our early dead.

The locust leaves are drooping low, The pale pink blossoms sigh; I wonder if good angels know, Where God's dear children lie, She sleeps within that silent mound, Where all earth's sorrows cease; How beautiful must be that land, Where such sweet souls have peace.

Mother tis such a little while She had with us to stay; The golden summer comes anew, And roses strew the way. O if we could but speak again Or hear the voice we knew; When we were there beside her grave, But that we cannot do.

I dream the locust talks at night, And tells to her leaves; How sweet the trees and flowers are, That bloom in Paradise. Its sweetness is not for itself, Where we just laid the sod; For love gives thought to flowers and trees, And messages from God.

O would that where she still she lies, Our voices she could hear; Our parting anguish never know, Or answer with a tear. O sweetest of the saintly dead, Would that but one brief day, You had again your bright young life, How soon we fade away.

Lake Head Wood. CYPRUS GOLDBE.

On Rules Way. Where the wild deer roars of a sea below, Makes darker the frown on the mountain's brow, Where the shades are dim in the shades of death, And where chains yawn, thro' the cypress breath Of some vengeful curse that hath found the air With night, and with lightning, and with grim despair, There's a road here of some family'd beast In the gloomy heart of that mountain side: 'Tis a road where a thousand crossways meet.

For the way which winds like a mountain track Is the road to Ruin, whence none turn back. And a road that is trod by a single foot, Which flows 'twixt this earth and the great Too Late. All the ceaseless tread of that countless throng, How the wanders the crew of their weary damns Tho' the blinding mists and the midnight gloom To the bitter end—to the gulf of doom;

There are some bent low by the weight of years, And some who are bent by the weight of tears; While others pass by that are young and fair And are groping on in their blind old age, There's a road here of some family'd beast That is scared from his dear unhallowed feast, There are those who whirl to the grim abyss, Or tread the last of some family'd beast.

And those who sleep still 'mid the angry din, Wrap fast in the folds of some darling sin, Nor think of the crew of their weary damns, For they float to zell in their lover's arms, 'Mid the faded blooms, and the shattered elms, And the falling stars of their weary damns, Which like a mist from the waves below As they roll in their ceaseless ebb and flow.

Yonder lily girl with the angel's feet, What hath brought her here to this gloomy place? Will no seraph kneel at Jehovah's feet, And entreat dear grace for a thing so sweet? For the wanders the crew of their weary damns, With the bluish of unwedded others' shame, Which cries unto God with the old wild cry Or some family'd beast.

Now behold the man with his hoard of gold, Hug'd close to the soul he has staked and sold. How he spurs the crew of their weary damns, For his brow is wet with his mother's tear, And her prayers ring back like some sad sweet toll. The dreams of Heaven as he wakes in Hell, So the sun sinks down in the lurid west, And the sounds of the earth are hush'd to rest. For to them there is no more light nor day But the hopeless plight of a starless night.

For the wanders the crew of their weary damns, For the morrow's prey, for the morrow's fate, Not a sound beside—save the faint far tread Of the countless crew on that pathway dread, And the screech of birds as they flutter by 'Neath the rush of clouds in the stormy sky. To their midnight haunts by the great sea That is drifting out—Eternity—Baroness de Bertouch.

A Cha-a-acter. He was always a-sayin', "It's all for the best," No matter what fortune was bringin', He did what he could, and he did his best, An' went on his pathway a-singin'!

By day and by night—in the dark, in the light, You'd find him serene and contented; The word, to his notion, was treatin' his right, An' his way with his roos was contented.

His life was a lesson all comfortin'—sweet! 'Tis life that was leadin' and that was the best, For who, when the sharp thorns are piercin' his feet, Can thank the good Lord that he's livin'?

But sometimes I think when the heart in the breast Is sick with its sorrow and grievin', If there never happen a day "for the best," We can make 'em the best by believin'!

The Violet's Grave. The woodland? And a golden wedge Of sunbeams slipping through, And there, beside a bit of hedge, A violet so blue! So tender was its beauty and, So done and sweet its air, It droop'd its head and with'd its hand— Would pluck, and yet would spare.

Now which was best—for spring will pass And vernal beauty fly— Or maiden's breast or the grave's? Where would you choose to die?

FILOSOFY AND FOLLY.

"He wat steels mi purse steels trash," bekos the raint generally nothin in it, but men the same party gets mi fare namo agane on a note there won't be nothin in it too.

One reason we ar not hily respkcted, iz bekos our respkct iz not overly hi fur others. I wudn't swap places with every man I no, no; that I am such a gooden miself, but bekos it wud take so long gettin on to the pekularties of the other fellos.

True frendships is preferable to mistaken love, or rather, for wat sumtimes passes for love. I wud rather hav all mi preskriptions filled at the meat shop than at the Druggists'.

He wot looses a true frend bi deeth, and doz not feel that it will be eazier for him wen his own time kums, don't miss that frend as much as he of tu. Solitu linarism iz best understood in prison life.

Wen yu here a man bling about his onesty, yu ken waga a dime that iz oportunities in the other direkshun have been more limited than he will own up to. A ded game sport iz he who kannot kum to time wen time is kalled.

Another ded game sport iz "Ruff on Rats." The best konsulation to hav iz the knowlege that yu don't need any. I kot on to the folly of wazing a No. 7 boot on No. 8 foot, wen I found that wuz no sale fur the korns I wuz kultivatn.

I hevmet frends were I leest spekted them, and agane I hev met frends wat waznt that wen I kalled. I hav seen things so intrinsically valueless, that they wudat fetch nuthin at a sale, but I wudnt part with them unless I wuz starvin, and I hav also seen things, wat had a hi komershal valu, wat wud kose no teers to flow at the partin of them.

Religius diferenses, make and retain fewer frends, than doz that much abused and d-spised animal kalled munny. Sam men ar so lazy, that it gives one "that tired feelin" just to look at them.

Admiration of female beauty iz a most commendable trate in man, but to the end that trouble enters into the family, the list must be drawn there. I note a man wuzt, wat owned eight sixty-furths shares in a bull dog wat he wudnt sell for nuthin, but who subsekwently swopped the same fur a sekond hand chaw of black jick, and give five dollars to bate.

Eternity kannot be fotografed, bekos no one has time to do it. Diskontent and dissatisfakshun generally travel in the same koesch. One rezon some men ar not kristians, iz, do kus they ar afraid to put some sand on the up grade of their tobogan slide.

I think female religon iz, az a rool, more steddier than that of the sterner sex. Another rezon wuz yu stud respkct yur mother-in-law, iz, to her yer ar indebted fur yur wile. Wen a man marrys fur munny, he generally makes the transakshun C. O. D. and is liable to be C. O. D.—E. D. hisself.

Liberty of spech iz the praktikal, ov which liberty ov konsunshun iz the theoretikal. A man kan saad mor foolin fur a frend he's 'struck on,' than he kan fur a dozen he is not.

INDEPENDENT MEN NOMINATED. With the Principle of St. John First in Their Political Platform. The provocation that induces men to leave both political parties and form themselves with a third aggressive organization must indeed be strong. Perhaps the indignation that greeted the reading of the letter of the Hon. G. E. Foster Thursday evening in Gordon Division hall was sufficient excuse for the action that was taken later when independent candidates were put forward to represent the free and untrammelled opinion of the community.

It would be a mistake to suppose that the gentlemen who signed the manifesto to Messrs. Hazen and Chesley from the independent party referred. Undoubtedly they composed a considerable portion of it at present but a large number of liberals dissatisfied with the party machine and its maneuvers have gladly availed themselves of the opportunity to join a third party is bound to become the strongest in this section since it has the best sentiment of the community behind it. With "St. John First" as its initial platform who can look with disfavour upon a body of men who for very love of their city and a due regard for fair play have placed themselves in opposition to the men they have worked with so long.

Mr. Hatheway was very much in earnest when he gave the meeting the substance of Mr. Foster's reply and when the latter said that he had heard of no proposition to build the Harvey Salisbury line Mr. Hatheway gave almost indisputable proof that Sir Charles Tupper had given Halifax merchants a promise to construct this line shortly after he was elected in Cape Breton. His evasive reply that he knew of no negotiation to sell the I. C. R. to the C. P. R. and his absolute refusal to promise the freight subsidy to St. John that Portland, Me., had been receiving was sufficient to rouse all the latent indignation of the meeting. At the same hour Mr. Hazen was in Union hall promising that the Allan Line subsidies would come to St. John.

Mr. A. Macaulay was the temporary chairman of the new party and he made an excellent one. When the time came to nominate candidates Mayor Robertson and Ald. McRobbie were put forward. The mayor's speech at the institute had not pleased many of the third party men, it was felt that he was weak in some respects and when he coupled his acceptance of a nomination with certain provisions his support was not so strong as it would have been. Mr. McRobbie got a strong majority vote which was made unanimous. Then without a dissenting voice Mr. D. J. McLaughlin was nominated for the city and county.

An executive committee was struck, the question of funds discussed and a respectable sum subscribed on the spot. Yesterday the committees were inter-

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report. Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

viewed, the candidates selected and obtained their views. If they accept, the work of organization will be begun at once.

THEY LEFT THE STOVE. But Took the Pipe and Several Other Important Articles.

Among the many people who have sought the quiet of the country seat, and got away from the dust and hustle-bustle of city life, are the wife and daughters of a gentleman whose vocation is of a civic nature. The lady and her daughter rented a cottage about six miles from the city.

In order that they should get all the outing possible, they invaded their new home the first of the week. They packed up the furniture and took everything requisite to make their country house equal to their neighbor's home. They took kitchen utensils, bedroom furniture and parlor suite, piano, etc., not forgetting two cats and a dog.

Of course the husband, poor unfortunate, could not go to the country so things had to be left comfortable for him in his lonely city home.

His duties called him to office at ten o'clock; men were engaged to truck the chattels to the depot, but things were so rotten so that he would not miss his family in the least. Happy in the belief that everything would be comfortable for him, he returned home after the close of the official day, and his surprise and consternation may be imagined when he found, that his wife in her eagerness to have things complete in the country, had not only taken the bulk of the household effects, but had by accident included his shoebrush and silk hat. But perhaps the worst feature of all and the one that he may seek for divorce upon is the fact that his wise wife finding the kitchen stove short of pipe, took a joint out of the kitchen stove, which by the way was the only method by which he could cook a few eggs for his bachelor dinner.

Railway Incident.

Professor Lincoln, of Brown University, who died a few years ago, used often to relate with glee a railway adventure which he had in Germany during his last European tour. The party was travelling in one of the little German railway carriages with the doors at the sides, when the train stopped at a station where there was a restaurant.

They were told that the train would wait for a few minutes, and so, with American independence. Professor Lincoln and another member of the party stepped out, crossed another track, and proceeded to the station.

This infraction of German regulations was at first unnoticed, but on the return an obstacle was found in the shape of another train between them and the car. The various railway personages appeared stolidly ignorant as to timetables. The train was too long to go around; the cars were unprovided with our convenient end platforms and steps, and the space beneath them was none too ample for a cat to go under; only one course remained—that was to go over the train.

This seemed a simple matter, as the German cars are very small affairs compared with our own, and moreover are provided with a convenient ladder on each side for the use of the man who climbs up and put the lumps down through a hole in the roof. Accordingly the start was made, and the feat was about half accomplished before it was noticed by the railway officials. Then began a great commotion, with violent gestulations and commands to come down.

But by dint of Professor Lincoln's vociferations in German to the officials to the effect that coming down on the farther side was just as well as to return to the station, and of "sotto voce" hints in New England vernacular to his comrade to keep on going, the retreat was successfully covered and the railway carriage safely gained just in time.—Youth's Companion.

A Sacred Trusting Place.

It is said by some that a well-known North end baritone singer and a member of a city choir has been seen other than choir practice nights entering the edifice in which he sings accompanied by a lady friend. Investigations disclosed startling facts and it is said a detective was detailed on the case by some interested parties. The officer likewise made surprising discoveries. The errant singer is a married man but has an exceptional fondness for ladies in general.

I. C. R. Excursions.

The I. C. R. will issue excursions return tickets to all stations May, 22nd, 23rd, 24th and 25th, at first class single fare, good to return leaving destination not later than May 26, thus giving everybody an opportunity of taking a cheap trip and enjoying the holiday.

For further particulars see posters.

Beginning of the Season.

The base ball season will open with two grand games on Monday 25th inst., at the St. John A. A. grounds. The games will be between the St. Johns and Starlights and should attract large crowds.

HE HAS A CURIOSITY. Oscar Hammerstein's Italian and His two Distinct Voices.

Oscar Hammerstein has a curiosity in his employ. It is an Italian whose name is Fregoli. He has two voices. He is mentioned as "a vocalist acrobat, mimic and ventriloquist." He is doubled jointed and many voiced. His vocal powers are astounding, and his agility is indescribable. He is a well-built man of medium height, with mobile features. He sings soprano, (falsetto), contralto, tenor, and bass, and he so bewilders his hearers by his dexterity that he seems to be singing in all four voices at once. His changes of costume and character are so quick as to put to shame the most accomplished "lightning change artists" of our music halls. His wigs and masks are unique and ingenious. He is his own dramatist and composer.

He first appeared last night in a duet, in which a lady and gentleman stood back to back as they sang. He sang a number of Italian patter songs, with extraordinary volubility, and then proceeded to the business which insured his popularity, and is likely to make his engagement extremely profitable to Mr. Hammerstein.

He became the music master and the pupil, singing in two voices at once; the irate, jealous husband; the foolish, sentimental wife, the serenading lover, now out of the window, now under the table. Finally he impersonated no less than fifteen characters in a farce, including a benevolent old gentleman who had a medal with which to reward original talent, a broken-down prestidigitator, a groggy opera singer, an elderly female vocalist, a queen of operetta, a skirt dancer, and an orchestral leader. In this character he crossed the footlights and conducted the band with tremendous energy, transforming himself as he did so into living embodiments of Rossini, Wagner, Verdi, and Mascagni.

Windsor salt, Purest and Best. DEEP SEA SPRINGS. Furnish All the Water for A Town in Persia.

The hottest region on the earth's surface is on the southwestern coast of Persia, on the border of the Persian gulf, says Public Opinion. For 40 consecutive days in the months of July and August the mercury has been known to stand above 100 degrees in the shade night and day, and to run up as high as 130 degrees in the afternoon. At Bahrein, in the centre of the most torrid part of this most torrid belt, as though it were nature's intention to make the place as unbearable as possible, water from wells is something unknown. Great shafts have been sunk to a depth of 100, 200, 300 and even 500 feet, but always the same result—no water.

This serious drawback, notwithstanding a comparatively numerous population contrives to live there, thanks to copious springs which burst from the bottom of the gulf more than a mile from the shore. The water from these springs is obtained in a most curious and novel manner. Machadores (divers) whose sole occupation as that of furnishing the people of Bahrein with the life-giving fluid repair to that portion of the gulf where the springs are situated and bring away with them hundreds of bags full of the water each day. The water of the gulf where the springs burst forth is nearly 200 feet deep, but the machadores manage to fill their goatskin sacks by diving to the bottom and holding the mouths of the bags over fountain jets—this, too, without allowing the salt water of the gulf to mix with it. The source of these submarine fountains is thought to be in the hills of Omond 400 or 500 miles away. Being situated at the bottom of the gulf, it is a mystery how they were ever discovered, but the fact remains that they have been known since the dawn of history.—New York Mail and Express.

Umbrellas, Made, Repaired, Repaired by Duval, 17 Waterloo St.

Remarkable Dog Story.

A remarkable dog story is reported from Leicester, says the Westminster Gazette. A Bible woman was in one of the wards—the accident ward—of the local infirmary recently, and was talking to one of the patients, when a terrier made its way to her with difficulty from near one of the adjoining beds, and appealingly held up one of its forepaws. She called the attention of one of the doctors to the animal, and it was then found that the limb was broken. The bones were set and a bed made up for the canine sufferer in the ward, due instruction being entered upon the patient's card as to his treatment and diet. The animal progressed favorably and became a general favorite with both the patients and officials, until a day or two ago, when it was claimed by its owner and taken away. How the terrier found its way to the infirmary is not known but it entered the institution unobserved, and, curiously enough, was found in the accident ward.

Chairs Restored, Cane, Splint, Perforated by Duval, 17 Waterloo Street.

On Even Terms.

"Why do you always select a poor partner at whist?" "So that we can understand each other's misplay."

Wall paper, and window shades. You will find the largest assortment—best value—newest goods in wall paper at McArthur's book store, 90 King street, E. S. E.