

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER,.....EDITOR

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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.

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 published in the same section.

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.

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

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

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

HONORING HIS MEMORY.

One hundred years ago there was born in Vienna to a parish schoolmaster and his wife—an ex-cook—a son whose memory is hailed all over the world as that of the Prince of Song. Of SCHUBERT, RUBENSTEIN once said: "SCHUBERT created the emotional song which comes from the heart and penetrates to the heart—gave the musical poem to the poetic one; the melody that declares the words. He created a form of art in which very much that is beautiful has been done after him but in which he still stands unrivalled." A worthy tribute indeed; and high praise enough to voice the centenary sentiment. Vienna whose true aspect has been so musically pictured by the four great composers, HADYN, MOZART, BEETHOVEN, and SCHUBERT, will this year pay such tardy posthumous honor to her one and only native great genius as last year she paid to her great adopted son MOZART. MOZART the prince of melody was buried in her paper's field in a grave now unknown, without a note of music. SCHUBERT died in poverty and comparative neglect, being described by one contemporary as having resembled "a tipsy Vienna cabman." This week in Vienna several concerts were held at which only SCHUBERT's works were performed. A medal was coined for the anniversary. The houses where he was born, where he lived and where he died and his beautiful monument were decorated and, every possible honor done to the memory of the man who was almost ignored during his lifetime, by his countrymen.

In the case of drowning of husband and wife it has generally been held that the woman being weaker died first; but an insurance case is pending in New York where the distribution of \$20,000 depends, upon whether the husband or the wife was the first to succumb to the flames in which both perished. The question is said to be a new one and much interest, therefore, attaches to the settlement.

The pomp and ceremony which accompanied the "Opening of the House" at Fredericton has departed in a great degree, and today but a few people outside of the capital city take much interest in the event. The abolition of the second chamber and much of the officialdom that surrounded it has reduced the profit to the Fredericton people and lessened the interest of the session to them.

Mr. HOWELLS states that only thirty years ago popular ignorance classed Dr. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES "with those who were once rudely called infidels," and that the Atlantic Monthly lost many subscribers because of the publication of Dr. HOLMES' story, "The Guardian Angel." HOWELLS says that "now the tone of the story would not be thought even mildly agnostic."

Out in Onahwa a rabber baptismal suit was recently stolen from a local church and the ingenuity of the police is being taxed to recover it. It is just a little puzzling to conceive what legitimate use a plain everyday thief could make of such a commodity, and of course it is out of the question that the garment has been borrowed by a rival congregation.

A coal mine in Ohio ignited during a strike twelve years ago, and was afterwards abandoned. It is still burning. It has been discovered that unless the fire is extinguished it will reach other mines and will let many houses over the affected area drop into the fire hole, the roof of which has been nearly burned away.

The opening of the local legislature took place on Thursday, with the formalities attendant upon such an occasion. Com-

plimentary reference was made in the governor's speech to the late Lieut. Governor FRASER, but though the speech was unusually long no legislation of any consequence was outlined.

The people of Oshkosh are to build a monument to the Indian chief from whom their town derived its cacophonous name. Western pride is easily kindled. Some towns with such a name would feel more inclined to burn an effigy than build a monument.

Cable despatches say that Mrs. LANGTRY is making her third attempt to obtain a divorce. This appears to be about the only available way to keep before the public the knowledge that such a person as Mrs. LANGTRY is still in existence.

It was a Canadian woman who pinned a note on her door telling the groceryman where to find the key. A burglar happened along first and took everything except the kitchen stove and the family cat.

The Duke of Richmond gets a pension of \$95,000, which has been a perpetuity since the time of CHARLES II. Some one of the Dukes relatives must have carried a rabbit foot.

The toughest woman in the world is a resident of Japan. During a recent illness she was attended by 423 physicians, male and female, and lived.

The oldest woman in Vienna died recently at the age of 113. She ate and drank what she pleased, and was an inveterate smoker.

The theatre has fewer friends than any other old hat.

WRONG IN HIS ESTIMATION.

Sir Richard thought that only 40,000 had been spent on the wharves.

When Sir Richard Cartwright was here a few days since he visited Sand Point on the improvements there. Casually he remarked that a very good showing had been made for \$40,000. It is not known whether some one had told him that only forty thousand dollars had been spent there, or whether he considered that about the value of the wharves. But he was very far astray in his estimate. The wreck, or collapse, or landslide cost \$50,000 the arbitration cost \$20,000, delegations to Ottawa \$1000, cost of bringing dredge here and repairs, \$2,000, pulling piles and driving others \$3,000, diver's pay and rock blasting, say when completed \$1,000. Then the cost of filling sheds and other works will bring the bill well up to \$100,000. Either Sir Richard is far astray or the city has paid dearly for the wharves.

There does not appear to be any active demand that Mayor Robertson should run for another term. He has held the position for some time, has the credit and discredit of the Sand Point wharves and the people are becoming afraid that he may put a bill through the legislature, after the manner of the market law, continuing him in the seat for years. The people have no grudge against him as they have had with other mayors; they only desire to put in another man for fear Mr. Robertson might consider he had a patent right if he got another year.

There is no disguising the fact that the public do not like the advisory board—they consider it a machine pure and simple and not in the best interest of the public. Those who will recall the report of Mayor Robertson's address before the maritime board of trade at Halifax at its first meeting will remember that he said the opponents of Halifax were an inner circle of the St. John board of trade. He thought there were wheels within wheels at the board of trade, as the public consider the advisory board a wheel within a wheel in the aldermanic board.

While some would like to see Mayor Robertson continue for another term there are a majority of the citizens who decide otherwise.

A Despotism Grandmother.

The custom which permits English parents to arrange marriages for their children used to be observed in a manner that would have provoked rebellion in an American household. The following story is told of a relative by Lady Langford, the original of Lady Kew in Thackeray's Newcomes:

Lady Langford had only once seen her cousin, Lord Langford when he came to visit her grandmother, and the next day the old lady told her she was to marry him. "Very well, grandamma, but when?" "I never in my life heard such an impertinent question," said the grandmother. "What business is it of yours when you are to marry him? You will marry him when I tell you. However, whenever you hear me order six horses to the carriage, you may know that you are going to be married."

And so it was.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Clara's Ring.

A precious diamond sparkling there,
In Clara's ring is set;
And hidden in its ray of light,
A word she can't forget,
Her woman's faith, her best doth she,
Upon life's altar lay;
Wherein for those whose hearts are true
There's sunshine all the way.
Still in the summer's golden prime,
The budding spring time past;
As love's red rose its soul reveals,
In fragrance to the last,
So be thy years like some sweet clime
Where roses ever stay;
To tell thee in their breathing leaves,
There's sunshine all the way.
In such fond scenes from these stars,
From old to some friends apart;
Should sorrow sweep the chords within,
Thy faithful human heart;
Shall love's enchanting dream from thee,
Pass into shadows gray;
In trustful grace remember still,
There's sunshine all the way.
The vanished voices, absent all,
Will linger round us long,
When golden twilight brings them near,
In some remembered song,
O'er leagues of land and sea they come,
To seek us where we stray;
As still to fairer worlds than this,
There's sunshine all the way.
In Clara's ring, sleep happy love,
The beautiful in life,—
Keep pace with darker days that bring,
The winds of wintry strife.
When comes the cross of anguish keen,
In sorrow's dark array;
Still sees the soul inside the gloom,
There's sunshine all the way.
In Clara's ring I leave a charm,
Nepenthe when the night;
Shall spread her wings o'er some sweet day
And darken all its light.
Should then the comfort prayed for there,
Make semblance of delay;
Soon comes dear heart the morning dawn,
The sunshine all the way.

CYRUS GOLDBE.

Hyacinth Window.

Jan. 1897.

The Day That is Dead.

The rosy red sunlight is streaming
Adown the wide fields of the west;
The lake in the hollow is gleaming
With purple and gold on its breast;
With the justre of heaven on its breast;
And in darkening greenery dressed,
The forest locks down, as if dreaming,
From its wine flooded hill in the west.

Long shadows lie dark in the hollow,
And point to the night as it comes;
Day dies, and the breeze that follow
Breathe faint with their falling perfumes,
As they wait from the woods and the glooms,
With the faint and the falling perfume,
That arise from the shades of the hollow
To meet the calm night as it comes.

And the rays of the past rise before me;
I think of my life that is sped,
Of the shadowy night that comes o'er me,
The pall of my day that is dead,
Of my day that lies silent and dead;
And the joys of the morning tide fled,
Like odors of roses come o'er me,
Of roses long withered and dead.

—Daniel J. Donahoe.

Cuba—A Dream and a Prayer.

I closed my eyes and I dreamed a dream,
I saw a King of haughty mould,
Pierce were his eagle eyes and bold;
One hand waved high with many a gleam
A sword for a sceptre, all of gold.

And round about lay tawny forms,
Cowed and crouching at his feet,
Fetters upon the limbs so fleet;
Lions were they, and their hearts were storms,
And they dreamed of liberty wide and sweet.

I opened my eyes to a scene; the same
Fettered lives, as my strange dream showed
Suffered and strove 'neath lash and goad;
And spirits of iron and souls of flame
Fought on Tyranny's weary road.

We all have the love of liberty,
And one and all should breathe this prayer;
"Strengthen their arms in Thy clemency;
Lead to their cause Thy majesty;
And though through blood and fire and care,
Let them stand forth, unconquered free!"

Be True.

Thou must be true thyself,
If thou the truth would'st teach
The soul must flow, if thou
Another's soul would'st reach;
It needs the or willow of heart
To give the lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall be the world's faith feed;
Live truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble deed.

—H. Bonar.

SHE RULED THE NURSERY.

One Place Where the Kaiser Was Subordinate.

An amusing little story is told in a contemporary which shows that the German Emperor is not all powerful in his own house. However autocratic he may be in dealing with the German Army or the German parliament, he is compelled to bend before the will of his wife in domestic matters. Mr. Bigelow, the gentleman who tells the story, knows the Emperor very well, and presented to him, a short time ago, a little cruising canoe of American build. The Emperor was delighted with it, and made Mr. Bigelow sail it up and down in front of the palace gardens at Potsdam. "All my boys," said he, "shall be canoeists," a remark which greatly pleased Mr. Bigelow, who is a canoeing enthusiast. But the opinion of the Empress had yet to be learnt. She spoke to Mr. Bigelow about the canoe, and he expatiated upon the delights of shooting down a swift stream between threatening rocks and through foaming rapids. The Empress failed to appreciate the delights. "Oh, no!" she said; "that is too dangerous, I shall never allow my children in a canoe." "But," said Mr. Bigelow, "the Emperor has already given his consent." "That may be," replied the Empress, sending a smile in her husband's direction, "He may be the Emperor of Germany, but I am the Emperor of the nursery."

THEY WANT TO CLOSE THE DOCKS.

As St. John is the Winter Port they are no use in Halifax.

HALIFAX, Feb. 4.—The city council took a keen advantage of Ald. Hamilton's absence in England to knock out his pet scheme for the abolition of the city treasuryship. Ald. O'Donnell, who previously had been in favor of the "reform" has not had much in common recently with Ald. Hamilton, and he went over to the enemy. The alderman's own vote war, of course not cast, so that the necessary majority of one was secured against re-trenchment in this direction.

Ald. Mitchell is down on the peanut vendors in the city, and he is agitating the city council to make the police department suppress these business men on a small scale. This action caused some rather humorous and even harsh criticism of the popular junior alderman for ward 3. "Peanut politics" is the term that is used. Live and let live, alderman!

The city and Dominion governments have bonused the Halifax graving dock to an extent almost, if not quite sufficient to build it yet the directors come before the council asking for further exemption from taxation for the period of freedom had expired, much feeling was manifested on this matter and the aldermen were chary how they approached it. A special committee reported in favor of a tax of about \$800, a merely nominal one. The aldermen wished to stand well with the people, who are opposed to the influential directors who, of course, want all they can get. So they compromised with a tax equivalent to \$1,000 a year. Were the dock taxed according to its costs the city should receive \$3,000 a year at least. The dry dock, sad to say, is a failure as a financial speculation. St. John, as the real winter port has the steamship traffic and pretty much all that Halifax has for the dock are the derelicts that strike the port. One of the aldermen, when the subject of exemption was up for discussion jocularly proposed that the docks be closed and transformed into a skating rink, while another favored the idea of using it as a public bath.

In connection with derelicts, or rather steamers coming in for supplies, there was an interesting episode in the harbor some days ago. William Roche, M. P. P., is the richest man in Halifax, but he is none the less anxious to obtain the agency of every storage steamer that enters the port. Pickford and Black are just as desirous, and the consequence is that there are many races to get aboard first when such steamers appear. On the arrival of the steamer "Adria," William Roche sent a tug boat to board his agent, for he was engaged himself in the house of assembly. Pickford and Black had a row boat, manned by three oarsmen with the redoubtable "Joe" Bennett in the stern. Row boat and tug reached the steamer together and the haste was so great that the tug crashed into the squid and cut her in two; life buoys were thrown out and there was no life, lost but Mr. Bennett had a close call, owing his life to one of the oarsmen who caught him ere he went down a third time. Roche got the steamer and he would have done so anyway for it turned out that she was one of the Hamburg-American boats for which line he is the regular agent. The charitable way of looking at this affair is that it was "purely accidental." Mr. Bennett in 20 years experience never before had such an adventure, and William Roche, who personally or by representatives is equal to the smartest of them in getting to a steamer, night or day, has never before had a mishap.

THE POLITICS OF AN EMPRESS.

William II's Wife and the Influence She is Supposed to Exert.

A book published four weeks ago in Germany says that the present German Empress takes a hand occasionally in Cabinet politics. When Chancellor von Caprivi resigned in 1892, the author asserts with authority, she wrote him a note beseeching him to remain in office. She spoke of the great weight of care on the Emperor's shoulders, of his agitation and worry over the existing Cabinet crisis, and his retirement to Hohenlohe, to consider state affairs and recuperate. Caprivi at once consented to remain in office. The last time he resigned he received a letter from the Empress and he went. The Empress did not urge Bismarck to retain his office when he resigned at the young Emperor's request, says the author. Apparently she was glad to see him go, as for months before he resigned he had been persona non grata to the Princess of Schleswig-Holstein.

Not only was the Empress eager to see Bismarck go, but she was much averse to seeing him return merely for a day as the unofficial friend and guest of her husband. She worked as persistently to hold back the Emperor from the formal reconcilia-

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tion as Herbert Bismarck worked to hold back his father, and she is said to be more gratified than some more sagacious persons at court with the latest outburst of ill-feeling between the O'd Castle and Friedrichsruh.

At first the Empress was an enthusiastic friend of the new Chancellor, Prince Hohenlohe, but afterward her fondness abated, although this is not mentioned by the writer of the book already referred to. Just why she has had a change of heart regarding this Bavarian statesman is not known, but the reason given occasionally in Berlin is his creed. He is a Catholic, and Count Mirbach, the chief man of her court establishment, is credited with increasing her religious prejudice. At all events he exercises a strong influence over her in church matters and in return lends himself to her many religious plans, such, for instance, as the building of some thirty new churches in Berlin at an expense of about \$6,000,000. As a Tory and an Agrarian and a bimetalist Mirbach has gone with his own into the political camp opposed to the Chancellor, who refused to encourage the fantastic Agrarian demands for a government grain monopoly, bimetalism by international agreement, and so on. It is not likely that Mirbach has any determining influence over the Empress's likes and dislikes, but it is certain that whatever influence he possesses does not go into the scales on Hohenlohe's side. Probably he has been but one of the court clique that has moved heaven and earth to overthrow every fair minded statesman in power since the Emperor ascended the throne, and to place at the helm some stubborn, refractory, narrow, and bigoted Tory of the style of Bothoizu Eulenburg. In fact, this head of the house of champion Tory office-seekers is regarded with special favor by the Empress; hence, it is said, the reiterated reports of his coming return to the Strause whenever there is trouble in the cabinet.

How far the Empress is influence! by the Empress's prejudices is one of those court questions that always wait fifty years or more to be answered. She certainly does not dominate his policy as the Empress Frederick dominated her husband's. The present Emperor saw too many dire results of petticoat rule in his father's family to dig a similar pit for himself or allow anybody else to dig it for him. At the same time she probably gets more satisfaction for her pains than the Empress Augusta got. That sentimental helpmate of the old Emperor was so open in her advocacy of French diplomacy, so gushing in her attentions to the French Ambassadors, so ungracious to Bismarck, and so friendly to every candidate for the Iron Chancellor's shoes, that her husband could adopt no middle course, but boldly ignored her prejudices in every matter of state policy.

In a way, the present Empress is better calculated to gain an occasional point with the present Emperor than a woman of the Empress Frederick's or the Empress Augusta's nature would be. She is strong and sensible, she never gushes as did the old Emperor's wife, and she has no sympathy with anybody who doubts that Germany's is the honor, the power and the glory of all latter-day civilization. Nor is she strong-minded and stiff-necked, as is Empress Frederick. She would not be openly masterful and degrade her husband in the nation's eyes, after her mother-in-law's example, for several empires of her own. But she has backbone and prejudice and a healthy woman's will, all of which combined help her to put her mark on the imperial policy, notably when the choice of officials in the immediate vicinity of the throne is concerned.

Competent Criticism.

Men are not supposed to know much about the fashions, unless they are professionally interested in them, but there are cases when their judgment may not be altogether impertinent.

A lady meeting another, said to her: "And how does your husband like your new dress?"

"I don't know yet."

"Why, hasn't he seen it?"

"Yes, but he hasn't seen the bill!"

Lots of Them Were Made.

What? New resolutions at the New Year, it is not too late to make one now. Change your laundry and take advantage of what we give you free. Ungar's Laundry & Dye Works. Telephone 58.