

PROGRESS.

W. T. H. FENETY, PUBLISHER.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOV. 20,

GOOD PREPARATORY WORK.

A novel and highly attractive development in connection with Y. M. C. A. work in the Meck common council. It was originated in the fertile brains of Montreal Y. M. C. A. men, two years ago and this is their third annual series of sessions. This year it was taken up by a large number of American associations and not to be outdone by the others Mr. WILLIAMS has introduced it here. It has proved a drawing card and is more popular than any other feature of the association's winter work. Fifty or sixty have been elected aldermen of the mythical city to control its works, dispense its patronage, line out its policy and do the countless things that a common council has to do. Two sessions have been held so far; and so they were not conducted with too strict adherence to parliamentary decorum and dignity, but were on the contrary rather informal and free and easy. The deliberations were highly interesting. Some of the prominent merchants and professional men are helping along this school for the training of civil understanding and a great deal will be learned by the young men about civic affairs. It is an improvement on the time worn meck parliament and should become an annual feature for the dissemination of civic knowledge and training of latter day Demosthenes orators.

The Montreal Council was taken up, sociological work in this connection. They made a census of Griffintown, the very poor quarter of the city, finding out how the poor lived there, the condition of their homes, the overcrowding where there was such, the number of children not attending school but going to work at tender years, sanitation, wages, &c., and they found out much that was valuable in reference to the ill that the wage earner is subject to. It would be worth while for this council to take up something like this, if it were feasible. For instance, they might go in, to the question of the division of charitable and philanthropic effort so that the best results would be attained for the expenditure of time and money.

At the meeting of the Household economic association held in New York recently the subject of cookery came up for discussion and a young woman from Boston told of the plan in that city whereby cooks were lured into schools of instruction. The employer stayed at home and got her own luncheon, while the cook was given an opportunity to go to school. Another woman said "We tried an experiment in our city. We found that by letting the girls' best young men call for them they were willing to come to an evening class." Whereupon the Vice President of the Association asked "Why not let the young men come inside and eat part of the cooking?"—an idea which all present applauded as masterful. It may seem curious that strategy should be requisite to secure attendances at cooking classes when cooking is universally recognized as a most valuable art and when those who excel in it are sure of a fair remuneration. But moral suasion seems to be of little efficacy in creating in the feminine mind a just appreciation of the value of culinary training. Possibly letting the young men into eat a part of the cooking may give a boom to the art in Boston.

The Congregationalist of Boston contains a surprising article by Rev. CHARLES SHELDON, who says the conventional church prayer meeting is a failure. "If hundreds of ministers would speak out their honest feelings," he says, "they would frankly confess that their prayer meetings, as now conducted are a disappointment. Why should they not acknowledge to the public what they are so ready to affirm to one another? With all respect and veneration for the church fathers who have preceded me, I frankly believe that many usages still connected with the prayer meeting is not satisfactory. I do not know how many times in past years I have heard the question,

"Why don't more men go to the prayer meeting?" and if I dared to add my answer to those already given, it would be, "Because to often they know they would not get anything by going."

The great territory to the North of Hudson Bay and Strait, turns out to be a great island, according to Dr. BELL of the Canadian Geological Survey who visited it last summer. It is eleven hundred miles long and from two hundred to five hundred wide. Salmon abounds in the rivers of the eastern coast and there are plenty of seals, walruses, narwhals, polar bears, and small whales. There are said to be only two bigger islands on earth than Baffin Land. The plains on the western side of it afford pasturage to vast herds of reindeer or barren ground caribou. Wealthy American hunters can now get a grand new trip for their money and the RAYMOND and WHITCOMB and other excursion people can make up a new and interesting summer tour for their patrons, and the geography publishers will also please take note.

The Russian government has intimated to the Sultan that it might be more appropriate to apply the Greek indemnity to Russia's unpaid bill of \$6,000,000 due on account of the Russo-Turkish war than to expend the same in the purchase of armaments as proposed by the Padishah. This gentle reminder would appear to indicate that the relations between the Czar and the Sultan have become somewhat strained; it also indicates that very little of the money to be extracted from Greece will find its way to the depleted coffers of ABDUL HAMID.

The arrest made by police officer CAMPBELL the other night of a burglar, an ex-convict, was a clever piece of work for which the officer deserves the fullest credit. It is a vast pity that his comrade in crime should have escaped, something that would not have happened had the district in which the burglary occurred had an additional patrol force. One man is hardly enough for that quarter but in the sparsely limited state of the force no other arrangement for a better service was possible.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

I remember reading a story by H. S. Wells or some other prolific writer of improbable stories of a big disappearance syndicate. There have been two or three mysterious disappearances in this province lately and the syndicate would have had a good field for their labor here. Some weeks ago Editor Anslow of the north shore was lost to the public and has never been seen since and now an inmate of the lunatic asylum one Wilson has been among the missing for the last fortnight. Great efforts have been made to find the man but without success. In the absence of the disappearance syndicate it might be a good idea to call in the assistance of Vernice the wise and her oriental aide to direct the accumulations of Buddhist wisdom of centuries old to unravelling these mysteries.

The long winded pilotage investigation is coming to a close and Mr. Samuel Schofield has shown that as an amateur lawyer he is no small potato. He also knows how to throw down or pick up the gauntlet in true knight-errant style. Recorder Skinner and he had some very spirited encounters in the lists and they even went so far as to invite one another outside. However, this is only a trick of Lawyers to show their clients how deep an interest they take in their case.

The man first ascertained by the inquiry is that pilots and commissioners are very much at logger-heads and with the mass of evidence it is not for me to say who is to be blamed and to be punished. Probably, however, both will be. It appeared according to the evidence that some time ago the commission decided to make their meetings open to the press but it does not appear that they ever made the press aware of the fact. PROGRESS has always stood for publicity, in the proceedings of all public boards always and has agitated for the same. It is a coincidence that when the reporters enter the meetings of boards, by the front door, wrangling, unbusinesslike methods, etc., go out by the back door. It has proved so in civic board affairs and it would prove so in pilotage commission affairs if their meetings were fully reported. It is to be hoped that the reporters will now take full advantage of their privileges.

Mr. Francis Murphy has been addressing thousands this week on temperance. He has made his reputation as a lecturer in his twenty-nine years touring America and Great Britain and ten million people have signed the Murphy pledges. He knows whereof he speaks, for, vulgarly speaking, he has been there himself. Like Paul and

many others since his day he is an exemplification of the fact that those who have been reformed themselves make the best reformers. He is a fine looking man with massive head, iron gray hair and mustache, ruddy complexion and clear piercing eye. Some of the temperance people have objected because he did not go to the Clifton, the city's leading temperance hotel but went to the Daffarin instead but he replies that he does not wish to shun the places where liquor is sold but to be right in the midst and carry on his work of reform there.

AN EXCITING CASE.

A Sensational Incident in the Big Halifax Insurance Case. HALIFAX, NOV. 14.—The supreme court case of Margeson vs. the Commercial Union Insurance Company is one of the memorable cases of recent days. It was finished on Saturday afternoon having started the previous Saturday before Judge Meagher and a jury. The facts were, briefly, that Margeson, who conducted a dry goods business in Kentville was burned out. When he asked for the amount of this policy from the Commercial Union and other companies it was refused on various grounds a part only being tendered to Margeson. The action was brought and the jury found in favor of the plaintiff.

But though the trial was nothing out of the ordinary in respect of the issues involved it was quite sensational towards its close for another reason. It developed that Mr. T. K. Jenkins, a leading business man of this city, who was at the back of Margeson, had been talking to the jury after the adjournment of the court or whenever he could get a convenient chance. He is alleged to have buttonholed persons on the street corners and to have done his best by cogency of argument to offset what has been stated by counsel or witnesses in court.

The insurance adjusters more than once saw him thus engaged, and it not only alarmed but naturally enough annoyed them. On Friday afternoon counsel for the insurance company rose in court and complained bitterly of this, formally calling Judge Meagher's attention to the fact. The judge betrayed some excitement and considerable indignation. He told the jury that they must be on hand Saturday morning a half hour earlier and that then he would examine into the charge. He would compel the jury individually and collectively to tell who if any had been thus talking to them, or endeavoring in any way to influence them. It looked as though a thunderbolt were to fall the next day, in the shape of a heavy fine or sentence of imprisonment for contempt of court.

Doubtless the thunderbolt would have fallen but for one deterrent cause. This was that Mr. Cory one of the adjusters was found to have also talked with a juror. This he did rather in self-defence, or in defence of the insurance side of the question, on one occasion when he happened to see Mr. Jenkins busily at work with a juror. Mr. Cory's action was rather the impulse of a moment than the outcome of deliberation. But it was talking with a juror all the same, and the law does not permit of any distinctions in matters of this kind. So thus it stood—each interested in either side trying to influence a juror or jurors. In these circumstances it was out of the range of possibility to punish Jenkins without affecting Cory as well. Cory's act saved Jenkins, there is no doubt of that. On Saturday morning instead of a thunder bolt nothing but peace prevailed all day. There was no contempt of court penalty, because the insurance lawyers could not press for it without danger of a reprisal and the infliction of a like punishment on a leading man interested on their own side.

MISS TUCKER'S RETURN.

Her Good Support and the plays She Will Present Here.

Next week theatre goers will have an opportunity of welcoming a favorite actress, Miss Ethel Tucker, who will come supported by her brother-in-law, Mr. Charles Vaught's excellent company. Miss Lillian Tucker whose bright work during a previous engagement of the company is favorably remembered, is with her sister and several other well known people are also mentioned. A feature of the specialties will be the appearance of little Ethel Dyfryn, who is known as the Baby Patti from her wonderful vocal powers; Miss Mary Horne and Mr. George Moore are also specialty artists whose names are a guarantee of acceptable work. Miss Tucker, as is well known, always pays particular attention to the costuming of her plays, and to stage effects, some of the pictures in this line being among the best ever seen in the Opera house. Miss Lillian Tucker is a pretty, dashing ingenue whose merry ways and artistic work promptly win their way into the hearts of even the most critical theatre goer. Some of the best metropolitan successes will be presented next week, among them "Forget Me Not, Woman Against Woman, etc., while Leah and Camille will be repeated as matinee bills.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Messenger Poem. Go forth, oh, song of deathless love White-winged, mercy laden dove. Go sing the wide world o'er. Sing low the promised comfort sweet, Alike where rich and poor men meet, On every sea and shore, Sing low in hut and palace hall, The master careth for them all.

Go forth sweet song and sing of Him, Whose love walks in the shadows dim; Of human grief and pain, Sing where the broken hearted pray, And wrestle through the world's dark day, Of sorrow's blinding rain, Calm thou the pang, the parting breath; The purple agony of death.

Go forth sweet voice and never cease, Thy mission song of love and peace; To tolling hands and kind; To hope's broad wailing daily round Is homes where trials keen abound; The work in heart and mind, Sing, to the faithful He has given, The love, the rest, the bliss of heaven.

Go forth sweet song where blood and fame, And tyranny and lawless shame; Of deeds inhuman tell, How wrong doth trample down the right, And crush the child of might, Makes earth a present hell, Sing justice yet shall grasp the rod, Have mercy for the love of God.

Go forth sweet song where want abides, The blessing sing the Master hides; Oft in the silent night, When tears of grief unguish flow, And tribulation many knew; Let's leadeath into light, The tender shepherd works His will Before the dawn 'his darkest still.

Go forth sweet song in faith divine, Where joy and gladness seldom shine; Bind up the heart of woe, Sing, happy they whose lives are blest, True blessedness they know, All grief is but an angel's form, There is a calm for every storm.

A Memory. How dear to this heart are the old-fashioned dresses, When fond recollection presents them to view; In fancy I see the old wardrobes and presses, Which held the loved gowns that in girlhood I knew. The wide-spreading hair, the silk that hung by the side; The straw-colored satin with trimmings of brown; The ruffled bustle, the plaid organia high; But, oh! for the pocket that hung in each gown! The old-fashioned pocket, the obsolete pocket, The praiseworthy pocket that hung in each gown.

The dear, cozy pocket I'd hail as a treasure, Could I but behold it in gowns of to-day; 'Tis fond in the scenes of my former pleasure, But all my meditates stonily answer me "Nay!" 'T would hold my small purchases coming from town; And always my purse or my kerchief I'm dropping Oh, me! for the pocket that hung in my gown. The old-fashioned pocket, the obsolete pocket, The praiseworthy pocket that hung in my gown.

A gown with a pocket! How fondly I'd guard it! Each day ere I'd don it, I'd brush it with care; Not a fall Paris costume could make me discard it, Though trimmed with the lace an Empress might wear. But I have no hope, for the fashion is banished! The tear of regret will my fond visions drown; As fancy reverts to the days that have vanished, I sigh for the pocket that hung in my gown. The old-fashioned pocket, the obsolete pocket, The praiseworthy pocket that hung in my gown Carolyn Wells.

A Song to the Men who Lose. Here's to the men who lose! What though their work be e'er so nobly planned, And watched with anxious care, No glorious halo crowns their efforts grand; Contempt is failure's share. Here's to the men who lose! If triumph's east smile our struggles greet, Courage is our life; The king is he who, after fierce defeat, Can up and fight again. Here's to the men who lose! The ready panoply of a fawning world Ring sweet in victor's ears; The vanquished banners never are unfurled— For them there sound no cheers.

Here's to the men who lose! The tactstone of true worth is not success, There is a higher test— Though late may darkly frown, onward to press, And bravely do one's best. Here's to the men who lose! It is the vanquished's praise that I sing, And this is the toast I choose; And a rare-joint failure is a noble thing, Here's to the men who lose.

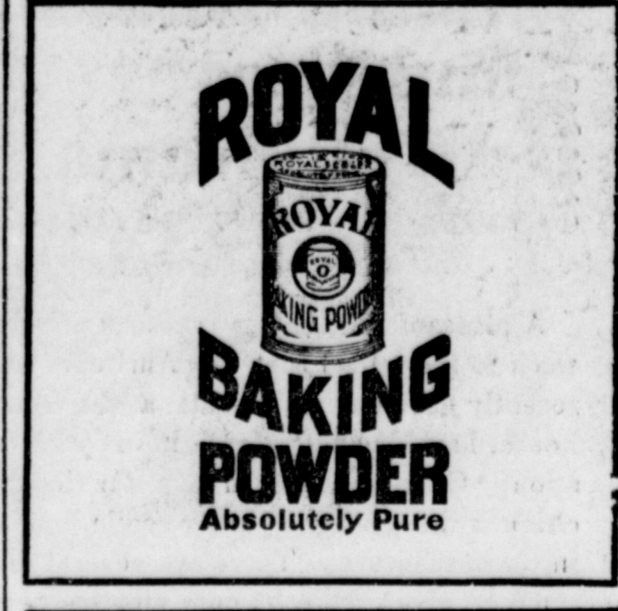
The Song of the Jellyfish. As the waves slip over my anticlope sleek They tickle my soul with glee, And I shak with a visceral, saccharine joy In the place where my ribs should be, For I'm simply a lump of limp jelly, With a gluey sort of a wish To pass my time in the oozing slime— In the home of the jellyfish. But I'm happy in having no bones to break In my unctuous, wavering form, And I haven't a trace—indeed any place For the discomfort of uniform. For I'm built on the strictest economy plan, And the model was made in a rust, While essaying to thuck almost drives me to drink For I'm simply a mass of mush.

At night when I slide on the sandy beach And the moonbeams pierce me through, The tears arise in my relative eyes And I gurgle a sob or two, For I wonder—ah, me!—in the time to come, When the days are no longer young, What fish's digestion will suffer congestion When the end of my song is sung.—Jarvis Kelley.

The Newspaper and Its Friends. Mildred reads the "Marriages"— Her interest in them never fails— Father reads the "politics," "And mother reads the "Bargain Sales," Arthur reads the "Sporting News"— His special hobby is baseball— Save the man who reads the proofs, No one living reads it all.

Bridget reads the "small ad. page," Looking for a better place; Agnes reads the murders, and the tales of men in deep distress. Ethel reads the list of guests At the big Van Astor ball— Save the man who reads the proofs No one living reads it all.

Forty pages every week, Eight long columns to the page, To read a fortnight would add A full two months to your age. So each reads his special part, Then he lets the paper fall, Pity for him who reads the proofs, For he has to read it all.



THE POLICE ROLL OF HONOR.

Heroes of a Month—Drowning and Horses the Principal Source.

Hon. Theodore Roosevelt writes for the October Century an article entitled 'The Roll of Honor of the New York Police.' Mr. Roosevelt says:

Perhaps the best way to convey an idea of why we awarded medals is to give a list of the men thus rewarded for two months. In October, 1895, we, on the 1st of the month, awarded a medal to a patrolman for peculiar gallantry in stopping a runaway horse under circumstances which made the act one of great danger to himself, and which doubtless resulted in saving the lives of those in the vehicle. The patrolman thus rewarded was also later made a roundman, and put in charge of the bicycle squad, our attention having been first called to him by this act. On the same day we gave honorable mention, but without a certificate or medal, to three other officers; one had also stopped a runaway horse; another had rescued a man from drowning, and the third had arrested an insane man armed with a revolver, under circumstances which went to show that the officer's coolness and presence of mind saved both himself and the onlookers from death or injury at the hands of the armed maniac. On the 8th of the month we gave a medal to an officer who had rescued a boy from drowning by plunging into the water between the wharf and the steamer from which the boy fell, at the imminent risk of being crushed to death between the two, a fate from which he and the rescued boy were saved purely by his pluck and his skill as a swimmer. Honorable mention was made of two other officers—one for rescuing a boy from drowning and one for stopping a runaway horse. On the 15th yet another officer received honorable mention for saving a man from drowning; and on the 22nd a sergeant and two patrolmen were commended for the coolness and skill they displayed in stopping a prize fight and arresting both the participants and spectators, though they were an uncommonly tough crowd, and showed immediate fight.

A Companion for all Ages.

A gentleman who used to read The Youth's Companion when a boy, and reads it with the same interest now that he is a middle-aged man, was asked the other day if he had not outgrown The Companion. "I don't believe," said he, "that I can ever outgrow it. I find in it not only the cheery, hopeful spirit of youth, but the wisdom and experience of age. I like it just as much as when I was a boy though perhaps in a different way. But I know that it is the same Youth's Companion with which I grew up, for my girls and boys like it as well as ever I did. It is a good paper to grow up with."

The Youth's Companion will contain the best thought of the best thinkers of America and Europe during 1898. It will print serial and short stories of absorbing interest, and true tales of adventure. The various departments of the paper will be a current record of the best work that is being done in the world. Present readers of The Companion who renew their subscriptions, and all new subscribers, will receive free a beautiful illustrated calendar, printed in twelve colors, and embossed in gold. It is the richest and costliest calendar ever sent to Companion subscribers. New subscribers will receive the Companion every week from the time the subscription is received until January, 1898, and then for a full year to January, 1899.

An illustrated prospectus of The Companion for 1898 may be had by addressing PERRY MASON & COMPANY, 205 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.

Thanksgiving Day.

The Intercolonial Railway will issue through excursion return tickets to points east of Fort William, Detroit, Windsor, Saint Ste Marie etc., on the 23rd and 24th November at first class single fare, good for return November 30th, and local return tickets at one first class single fare for round trip (adding sufficient to make rate end in 0 or 5) on 23rd, 24th and 25th November, return limit November 29th. Tickets to points on the Dominion Atlantic Ry on the 24th and 25th, return limit November 30th, at first class limit through fare.

If the tissues about the roots of the hair become unhealthy, the hair will soon turn grey, or fall off. Correct this trouble with Hall's Hair Renewer.