

PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOV. 13,

PROVINCIAL POLITICS.

Among those physicians who feel the pulse and register the temperature of the provincial body politic there is a belief that there will be a provincial election next year, either in May or June. And those who have faith in the opposition's aspirations and energy think that the government's tenure of office will then come to an end after a reign of fifteen years.

The Opposition's expectation of a provincial election is evidenced by the fact that they have entered upon a campaign to extend through the next few months. Their leaders have already been stumping Kings county and it is said that they intend next to beard the Douglas in his hall by entering upon a campaign in the premier's constituency of Albert. They want to give the Hon. HENRY the battle royal of his life here, and Messrs. GEORGE PRESCOTT and CHAS. PECK, men of influence and commercial standing, are talked of as possible candidates against the new premier.

From there the campaign is to be extended all over the province and it is proposed to have tickets in the field in every constituency. But it is in their own county that St. John people are most interested and the chief talk in this city where local politics are wont to be discussed has been as to whom will come forward as the standard bearers of their party here. Probably no one knows yet who will run, but surmises are rife and it is well known from whom they will be chosen.

Dr. STOCKTON will still lead on toward the hoped-for goal of victory but there is some doubt as to whether his able ally the silver-tongued orator of the house, Dr. ALWARD will fight by his side. It is said that the learned doctor is seriously debating with himself whether it is not "time to call a halt," and retire from public life. Mr. SHAW may run for the county this time instead of for the city, and he should command a big vote. Mr. LOCKHART will probably be out again and there are half a dozen others or more who are talked of for the ticket.—Dr. J. H. MORRISON, the versatile physician, race-courer, O'angemin, and stump speaker; Ald. MACRAE, the newly elected president of the Junior Liberal Conservative Association; the eminent Dr. QUICKEY, Mr. DANIEL MULLIN, a prominent conservative and lawyer, and two leading physicians of the city, Drs. MCINERNEY and DANIEL.

But the chief feature about the coming election is the fact that it will likely be run on federal party lines in this constituency. The opposition ticket would be a straight conservative ticket, and it will be seen that all the probable candidates mentioned above are conservative. The junior liberal conservative association at their council meeting Tuesday night discussed this matter and thought it would be advisable and their suggestion will likely be carried out.

It is also very probable that J. D. HAZEN, ex M. P., the afore time idol of the young men, will run for Sanbury on the opposition ticket in conjunction with either Mr. PARKER GLASSER, or Mr. WILMOT. In Queens Mr. HARRY WOODS, the popular son of the late Hon. FRANK WOODS, is spoken of as the opposition's candidate. Mr. JOHN MORRISSEY is spoken of as one of the opposition in Northumberland and the ticket in Restigouche will probably be Messrs. W. S. MONTGOMERY and JOHN CULLIGAN. FRED LA FOREST may run in Madawaska and in Carleton it is said that one of the members elected as a supporter of the government may come out under Dr. STOCKTON'S banner.

It is a distinguished honor to get an invitation to a Lotus Club banquet in New York but the Lotus eaters are not so mild-eyed as their name implies for they are in one way rather greedy and demand a return for the honor tendered their guests

The other night they entertained ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS, CHAUNCEY M. DEWEY, HON. J. W. LONGLEY and others. On that occasion they asked the author of "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "Paroso," to sign his name to the menu cards. As there were no less than 250 of these he was kept quite busy for a while.

M. ZOLA has decided not to enter public life, as he has no confidence that he would be an effective orator. He had ambitions in that direction at one time and conceived the idea of entering public life with a view to carrying out the social reforms which he advocates in his works, but found, after several trials, that he was not equal to public speaking. The world would have been none the worse off had he deserted literature.

Halifax was obliged to submit to the veriscope after all. Well meaning people can occasionally make an amusing exhibition of themselves, and that is just what some good ladies of Halifax have done in attempting to stop the really excellent representation of a scientific boxing match between two well matched, thoroughly scientific boxers.

The sea serpent has turned up off the South American coast, and corresponds exactly with the traditional portrait. When seen the serpent was asleep, lying at full length on the surface of the sea. From the story told regarding its general appearance and make up, it is evident that the serpent wasn't the only one lying.

A New York man met death in a peculiar manner the other night. He was waltzing with a lady, whose weight was 190 pounds, when his head grew dizzy and he fell to the floor dragging his heavy partner with him. She happened to light on him, and the result was serious. The man died a few hours later.

A civil crisis is imminent in Spain and the day apparently is not far off. Internal dissension and distress are already revolutionary in spirit and they are likely soon to become so in action. WEYLER, late captain general in Cuba is in an unenviable position.

Between the Republicans whom he betrayed and the Lowites, whom he deceived with false promises, the Hon. JACOB WORTH of Brooklyn must be nearly as popular as he deserves to be.

The minister who was expelled from the Boston School of Theology because of his lion's den performance, is beginning to think, no doubt, that marriages are not always made in heaven.

It seems now that VICTORIA did not send a message of congratulation to GROVER upon a recent interesting domestic event. Journalists enterprising over does itself occasionally.

Marshal BLANCO the new captain-general met with a cold reception in Cuba. He may, however, find it warm enough down in the little island before the close of the year.

International trouble is threatened. London and New York are disputing over their respective populations, number of charitable institutions, schools and so forth.

Thirty eight murders are now charged against the French lunatic VACHER. The slaughterer relates the details of his horrible butchering with much gusto.

Richard Croker is sick. There are others.

How the Note was Written.

A rather good story was told by a commercial traveller in one of the hotels the other evening. An impudicous French Canadian in a Quebec town being rather hard up went to a friend and solicited a small loan. At first he was refused but at length succeeded after agreeing to give him a note for the amount. This is what he gave him!—

This paper to show I promise to pay Tree, four dollar In tree, four day. But if tree, four day De moneys not bring You keep dis paper It all de same ting.

Positively all Done by Hand.

All open front shirts done by hand with the New York finish. It is picturesque—Try it. UNGAR'S LAUNDRY and Dye Works. Phone 58.

In a new French railway signaling device a lever on the engine hangs in position near the rail to receive a signal from a flat strip of iron lying parallel to the rail, an indicator in the cab showing how many signals were given by the iron strips.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

In November. Tall trees bare in the chilling gale, Fiftal gusts of gray veiled rain; Black cloud shadows o'er hill and dale, Wane steeds galloping down the main. A crescent moon, a silver star, Breakers white on the crested bar, A lone wreck flating on the sea, For ever hides my love from me.

Out in the elm a broken nest Swings in the heartless wind; In islands of the golden west, Lost songs new roses find. The night falls bleak beneath the sky, I hear the billows moan and cry; The spruce alone still dressed in green, Keeps watch where no white flower is seen.

Over the ridges lone and brown, The drear moss fringes creep; Into the cold stream reaching down, Where winter lilies sleep. A wounded partridge lifts his head, Dying alone among the dead; Praying the sad November's breath, To sing its requiem of death.

The shrinking sky is drear and gray, And over gloom and ford; The homeless creatures take their way Dependent on the Lord. Late watching too for wintry storms, The wild waves rear their virgin forms, Sweet in them is my darling's rest, The sea weed shrouding her white breast. CYPRIUS GOLDB.

The Good Landlord. I sing to you about a man whose memory long should last; His name was Hiram More-changood, he lived in Notonofast; And tho' to save his native land he never drew a sword, He was what all his tenants called a mighty fine landlord.

Whenever a tenant chanced to break a pane or two of glass, He never used to storm and rave or murmur out; But he would go and buy some more, in sunshine or in rain, Or if it was at zero, and have them set again.

No matter if in room or hall the paper should get torn, He would not, as some landlords do, complain from night till morn; And if the paint got scarred and soiled, the first thing he would do Was send and have the painter come and paint the house anew.

No matter if a faucet froze or if got clogged a drain, It made no difference to him; he never would complain. And if a tenant short of wood should burn the cellar stairs, He always thought it sweet delight to make such small repairs.

And if a tenant should neglect to close a swinging blind, And if should be thrown from its place by the fierce winter wind, And tumbling to the walk below some passer-by should kill, He would not say one unkind word, but go and pay the bill.

And ere the morning light broke forth he from his bed would rise, And not with those in his tone nor anger in his eyes, But with a rosy shade of joy upon his many face, Would to the tenant go and give a full deed of the place.

The Child at the Door. There's a child outside your door Let him in, He may never pass it more, Let him in, Let a little wandering wail Find a shelter sweet and safe In the love and light of home. Let him come.

There's a cry along your street Day by day; There's a sound of little feet From an stray. Open wide your guarded gate For the little one; that wait Till a voice of Love from home Bids them come.

There's a voice divinely sweet Calls today; Will you let these little feet Stray away? Let the lamb be home ward led And of you it shall be said, "You have done it faithfully Unto Me."

We shall stand some solemn day At His door! Shall we hear the Master say "O'er and o'er— Let the children all come in From a world of pain and sin! Open wide the doors of home; Children come."

The Dialect Novelist. He wachelt and bachelt, He schuchelt and schuchelt, With many a nech and a hotch. He scartit an i rakit His memory, and scrapit A story he sid was "braid Scotch."

He rowled and he rowled, In a style ould and ould, With lot of begorra and wail; He bej observed and gibbered And paper he glab-gred. When he wrote his miscalled Irish tale.

He hum'd and he begum'd, He rowled, swaned, and yum'd, And he bopsh about le cows and the bars; He chawed and he hawed As his poor pen he pawed, While writing a loko Yankee yarn. He 'am'd and he herged, He 'am'd and he dreged, His h's and I's in the strite, Between 'elf and 'alf coster And unbridled Webster In a novel of English life.

Morning and Night. A little space of pleasure— A little space of pain, And then the solemn darkness, And then—the light again! A little song and story In sunlight and in rain A little gleam of glory And then—the dark again!

And so it goes: The darkness, And then the gleam of light; And so, life is good morning, With sad thoughts of good night. —Atlanta Constitution.

A Patagonian Prayer. "O, Father, Great Man! King of this land! Favor, us dear Friend, every day, With good food, With good water, With good sleep! For an I, poor is this meal, Take of it, if thou wilt!"

AT THE CIVIC BOARD.

The Men who Represent the People in the Council. For years people have been reading and discussing the doings of the city council and yet few have penetrated the mysteries of the august and sacred chamber from which have issued the decrees making or breaking the fortunes of the fair city of St. John.

The council chamber in the big forbidding pile of the court house is in general appearance in keeping with its important uses and bears the impress of the same distinction which means the assembly chambers of bodies of greater importance, viz., even legislative halls. A hushed and hallowed air and a dim cloisteral light pervades the lofty ceilinged room looking out on King Square and the Fred Young monument. The dark wainscoting and carpet and the heavy casings of the doors and windows further increase the dignity and impressiveness of the apartment.

At the head of the room on a dias of exclusiveness and in a towering high backed arm chair sits the second George in the long line of rulers of St. John's destinies while suspended above in noble bas relief stand out the corporation arms giving official stamp to the whole scene. Down the room ranged on both sides and converging at the foot are the desks of the fifteen city fathers. Here once a month or oftener they take their seats arrayed in their best black and with their aldermanic bosoms adorned by the boutonnières which High Constable Stockford distributes. The latter official, by the way, by his presence and dignified carriage adds to the tout ensemble. He has attended more aldermanic councils than any other man in the city and once or twice, as this week, for instance, he has filled the mayoralty chair, the mayor and deputy mayor being both absent. At the foot of the room is a barrier railing and beyond that are the seats in which an occasional two or three spectators watch the proceedings.

This year "the seats of the mighty" are occupied by a fairly representative body of men, with the exception perhaps there are too many grocers, there being no less than six in the list, wholesale and retail. These are his worship the mayor and Ald. Purdy, Tufts, Smith, McPherson and McMullin, Ald. Purdy, however, is also, and chiefly a ship-owner. The others engaged in trade are these, Ald. McArthur, bookseller; Ald. Hamm, lively stable proprietor, and Ald. McGoldrick, junk dealer. There are two in industrial life, Ald. Waring a foundryman and Ald. Stackhouse, a contractor. Four are professional men, Ald. Macrae and Milidge, lawyers; and Ald. Christie and Daniel, physicians; Ald. Robinson is in the insurance business.

A lot of new blood has been incorporated into the council in the last few years and Ald. Christie, McGoldrick, Tufts and Stackhouse are almost the only ones who have been there any length of time. Dr. Christie is the patriarch of the council while Ald. Macrae is probably the youngest man on the board. Despite T. R. A. and other opposition the two North End civic politicians have never met defeat and are still influential in the council, Ald. Christie being chairman of works and Ald. McGoldrick of safety. An alderman who has been steadily making gains in public favor is Ald. Daniel. He is chairman of the treasury and along with Ald. Christie and Waring is the mayor's right hand man. It is said that he will probably be a candidate for mayor next year and that he would stand a good chance. His name is up in a play mayoralty competition at the City Comet Bazaar as is that of Lt. Col. Geo. W. Jones and people are saying that the young men may desire to bring forward the latter as their candidate.

Aldermanic duties are no sinecure and it means the expenditure on an average of an hour or two a day. Committee meetings are very frequent and besides that there are the interviews with constituents and trips of inspection to sidewalks, streets, &c, complained of. But then of course there is to offset this the distinction, the honor of officiating on great occasions, and the patronage.

His worship the Mayor devotes about twice as much time to the duties of his office as any of his predecessors. His hours, at the Mayor's office are from 10 to 4. His predecessors were satisfied with remaining a couple of hours from 11 to 1 o'clock. He is frequently closeted in his inner office with his lieutenants settling affairs of state and he knows how to do things with the requisite flourish. This year he completes his fourth year and if the city were in the habit of giving five year terms the T. R. A.'s original nominee would stand a good show for re-election. He has always been willing to lend his presence to add dignity to all sorts of occasions, banquets, church celebrations, secret society festivities, &c, and has ad-



dressed hundreds of such gatherings during his term of office.

The mayor is the chief orator of the board and though his style is sometimes rather ponderous he commands attention. Ald. McArthur, McGoldrick and Macrae are the other orators, while Ald. Christie and Purdy attend to the comedy part of the entertainment, by an occasional wordy scrap. They are of opposite stripe in politics and the party spirit has full possession of both.

However, there are not the scenes now that used to be enacted in the council providing scope for the scribes imaginative faculties. There is now very nearly a dead monotony of matter of fact speeches and due regard for amity and decorum among the Aldermen. As far as public business is concerned this is better, but from the point of view of the caterer to the public's desire for spicy reading it is a drawback.

LITERARY NOTE.

The number of the well-known magazine Poet Lore for October, November, December of 1897 is vastly interesting. It is divided into five departments, under the following heads:—Poetry and Fiction, Appreciations and Essays, School of Literature, Reviews, Notes and News.

From the three sonnets by Louis J. Black, I quote these lines, in Judea, "Forth from the world's the winged prayers arise, Changed into flowers before thy changeless eyes, Transfigured in thy realm, recluse, divine, Heart of one heart and tender peace that lies, Miraculous round the stars that nobly shine, Because they feel that their vast life is thine."

Next comes a "Light Sleeper" by Edith M. Thomas, "Under the Open Sky," by Hannah Parker Kimball, starts doubtfully, but becomes beautiful before its finish. See the picture in these three stanzas: Beyond their green expanse that softly stir In rippling sheen, the happy eye may mark, Like tall, wax tapers glistening through the dark, In the dusk wood white birches thronged by firs.

Smoothly the lucid hours dissolve away, While stealthy shadows hang a priceless boon, The trembling crescent of a new-born moon, High in translucent depths of purest ray; Till flooding sunset on the vestments harsh Of rough pine boles pours crimson, and as if A distant, pool gleams like a knight's red shield, Dropped 'mid the reeds and rushes of the marsh.

"Music," by J. M. R. is a fine poem, and musical. William G. Kingsland, in his series of early Romances of Charlotte Bronte, writes an interesting article on "The Green Dwarf." A noveltie entitled "A Village Romeo and Juliet," by Gottfried Keller, translated and condensed by H. C. P. and C. P. is well worth reading—decidedly. The two peasants, Marti and Manz talk like university men, but perhaps this is the fault of the translators.

Then follow interesting papers on "The influence of Milton on Wordsworth," by the great Shakespearean scholar of Cambridge, Mass., W. J. Rolfe; "A Bird Anthology from Gill" by H. L. Graham; "Browning's Jules and Du Maurice's 'Little Billee,' by Mary R. Baldwin and Browning's 'The Tempest,' by Willie Srane Kennedy.

School of Literature, Reviews, and Notes, are all crammed with valuable matter. I quote from the Notes, "One of the unexpectedly amusing incidents of this search for 'the ten noblest poems' was Mr. Bliss Carman's wicked fun in the Boston Transcript, where he gravely set down a list of nine of his own poems and one of Robert Browning's as the ten best lyrics in English literature. Not all the fun was to be enjoyed by Mr. Carman, however, at the expense of the public; for in due time an anxious enquiry was also recorded in the Transcript.—The paper whose end is to hold, as 't were, the mirror up to Boston,—where were these nine poems to be found?"

A number of Poet-Lore is a volume of about two hundred pages containing the best in modern literature.

THEODORE ROBERTS.

Really Serious.

'Where's Brown, the scorcher?' 'Laid up.' 'What's the matter? Wagon?' 'No.' 'Excavation?' 'No.' 'Trolley car?' 'No. Another scorcher.' 'Oho! Then it's really something serious isn't it?'