

PROGRESS.

W. T. H. FENETY, PUBLISHER.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOV. 27,

SOME CIVIC MATTERS.

The wave of reform, upon which the advocates of Tax Reduction were borne with power in this city has disappeared and the officials who were engulfed at that time are now bobbing up serenely none the worse apparently for the temporary immersion. It would be difficult to forget the work of that famous T. R. A. council, which with Mayor ROBERTSON at the head, set about their work of reform. Every citizen knows how hard and long those aldermen worked and how little they did. But what they did do they are now undoing. The salaries that were reduced have been one after another restored to their original figures and in some cases increased. This week we have seen probably the best application made, and the Board of Public Safety recommended to the council that the salaries of Chief JOHNSON and Director WISELY be placed at the amounts they received years ago. Chief KERR may be an excellent officer and worth all that the council proposes to give him and certainly if he receives his increase there is no reason why Mr. WISELY should not get like treatment.

PROGRESS begs to direct the attention of his worship Mayor ROBERTSON to that plank in the T. R. A. platform which referred to these matters of salary. There is no different impression among the people now then there was then but they have grown apathetic and careless about these civic questions that are of far greater concern to them than provincial and federal issues. It may be that they have grown skeptical about reform and reformers. Certainly it looks like it and it can hardly be wondered at when a mayor and council elected to carry out sweeping changes become in the course of time the tools of official and officialdom. The gentlemen who conduct the affairs of the city of St. John are few in number and all of them are not aldermen. This is not as it should be. Experienced advisers are valuable upon occasions, but if some of the aldermen who have such implicit faith in this outside aid would consult their own judgement more frequently, it would be greatly in the interests of the city.

WHENCE COMES THE POWER.

The visit of VERNICE the wise, just as did the visit of ANNA EVA FAY a few years ago has directed the attention of the public to the supernatural, and people have been wondering how it all happens. Those who have paid a visit to the clairvoyant, and they number hundreds, say that her utterances and responses to questions asked denote that she really has the powers which she claims. She tells facts about people that they alone know and has surprised most of those who have interviewed her with her power of penetrating into their inmost secrets. VERNICE is considered a handsome woman, whose fair face indicates her to be of the Aryan race, while her aide and husband, DR. VINCAIRO, is an East Indian of flashing black eye and swarthy complexion. Like most mediums and modern Cassandrae she is spiritual in appearance, being slight and delicate. She does not possess the animation that distinguishes ANNA EVA FAY, but the eye of her hidden sense possesses all the keenness of insight that her predecessor had, and the question is asked, how it comes about, from what source comes her power, for it must be admitted that such a power of spiritual vision exists. Is it a sixth or soul sense that enables the fortunate possessor to read the workings of the wind as easily as the eye glances over the characters on a printed page? Is it a sort of influence emanating from a strong mind and influencing another mind whose impressionability is as delicate as a hair balance? It is not a question for a newspaper to discuss when philosophers either differ on the subject or else give it up as a mystery that cannot be unravelled. It is a mystery of the development of the mental or

soul faculty until it attains full supremacy over the grosser material self and is able to perform the wonders which distinguishes the modern clairvoyants, mediums, spiritualists and theosophists and the ancient Buddhists and Platonists. It is a wonderful study and MARIE CORRELLI, BULWER LYTTON and other writers have rendered it more attractive by the words they have written with the unseen as their theme.

The most beautiful house in the buried city of Pompeii has recently been unearthed. It is called the Ionus Vittorium; and belonged to the noble family of Vitti. Instead of removing the marbles and bronzes and portable articles to the National Museum at Naples, everything has been left just as it was found, and tables, pictures, tessellated floors, statues and fountains and ornamented walls have been enclosed by the government with glass, thus affording protection from the elements and the vandal proclivities of many tourists. Exquisite mosaics and statuary may be seen, and the rich colorings of the walls are marvellously brilliant when one considers that nearly nineteen centuries have passed since the painting was done. The fluted marble columns of the Peristylum are things of beauty and the marble basins in the fountain court are wonderfully beautiful and artistic. Two small bronze statues of boys have silver eyes.

An agitation has sprung up in Russia for the reform of the church calendar for business reasons. One of the results of this is an embarrassment in trade. A Russian writer says: "In view of the constantly increasing traffic between Russia and foreign countries the twelve days difference between calendars is inflicting sensible and growing losses on our commerce. To cite one instance it need but be pointed out that our exchanges and our reports during the Christmas season abroad are most inactive, and when business abroad revives again, Russia celebrates her own Christmas." The Russian press has taken the matter up, and is urging the government to take in hand a reform which ultimately must be inevitable.

Discipline is evidently a factor in the French army, as two incidents which have just occurred during a single sitting of a court martial at Tunis go to prove. A soldier belonging to one of the African battalions, brought up on a charge of disobedience, when asked what he had to say in his defence shouted "You are a lot of swine and drinkers of blood," and was promptly sentenced to ten years hard labor. The man who was introduced after him was accused of a similar offence and the usual questions with a view to establishing his identity had scarcely been addressed to him when he tore a button off his tunic and flung it at the face of the President. For this offence he was condemned to death.

According to the New York Sun a remarkable application of the perfected phonograph has been made by Mme ANNA LANKOW, a vocal instructor of New York. She had several talented pupils anxious to secure European experience. THEODORE WAGERMANN a phonographic expert furnished the delicate cylinders, and under his direction the pupils sang their best into the phonographic horn. Mme. LANKOW took the cylinders to Berlin where the voices were reproduced for the German masters. The experiment was so successful that engagements to sing in Germany in concert and opera were obtained for two of the pupils based solely upon the phonographic samples.

Benin city, on the west coast of Africa, which only a few months ago, before the British captured it, was known as the City of Blood, is now law-abiding and civilized. It has a British residency, a council of chiefs, a regular postal service and gold links.

A woman out West claims to have the power to locate any internal physical disorder by means of concentrating her vision upon the patient. Physicians have declared that her observations are correct, and they are able to use them in diagnosing a case.

The proportion of killed to the number of railway travellers is in France one in 10,000,000. England has one in 28,000,000, and the United States one in 2,000,000.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

Bliss Carman's latest contribution to literature is a collection of sea songs, "Ballads of Lost Haven" (Lawson, Wolfe & Co., Boston) It utters the same weird note that distinguishes his "Low Tide on Grand Pre," has "Vagabondia" collections and "Behind the Arras." There are the vagabondia of the sea, breathing the same wild spirit and abandon as the others. Carman is in verse a norseman and the blood of the Vikings flows strong in the veins of

his muse. There are in his poems the surface waves of beautiful imagery, strong and symmetrical expression and musical cadence and underlying it, the great currents of thought and depths of philosophy, and enveloping all the vapors and clouds of mysticism. To those who cannot appreciate the subtleties of his philosophy such as is expressed in his "Kelpie Riders" and "The Gravedigger" the greater beauty of his work is lost. Such poems are not only beautiful as works of art but they preach sermons and expound philosophy by suggestion. They used to be carefully studied but they are worthy of such study. The Frederickson singers' poems and models of condensed expression and vigorous thought, cleaves its way into consciousness; as the weapon in the iron arm of the old sea kings. Bliss Carman's weapon is his verse and he uses it with the same courage and skill as the Norse reavers plied their weighty battle-axes.

Just before the Whiteway government in Newfoundland handed over the reins of office to their successors the retiring premier appointed a batch of his friends to office. But immediately on Premier Winter assuming office he cast them out and appointed his own friends to office. And so his name proved "a most ingenious paradox" for his action was summary.

And this recalls the rather good story relative to the versatile talents of the late Prof. DeMille. He was talking to some friends and the subject being spontaneous writing they asked him to give an illustration. One winter, a collection of taxes happened to be coming along just at the moment, and Prof. DeMille immediately composed the following verses:

Here comes Mr. Winter, collector of taxes, I advise you to give him whatever he asks, And do what he says without fooling or flannery For though his name's Winter his actions are sunny.

HOW THE FLAW WAS MADE.

Said to Have Been done by the Knife of a City Father.

HALIFAX, Nov. 25.—It is said that one of the city fathers indulged in some sharp work the other day when an official went to examine the plumbing in a house that the city father claimed had been improperly finished. The statement made is that the official tested the pipes below and found nothing wrong. Then he went upstairs to try it there. A flaw was found while the city father went below, but the flaw looked very much as it had been recently made by a city father's knife. This may not have been the case, but it is said to have looked very much that way. The official was then called down stairs again, to make a second test. This time a flaw was found but strange to say once more the marks of a city father's knife were in evidence.

This story seems almost too strange to be true, but it is the way it is told. How would it be for Mayor Stephen to hold an investigation? There was no quorum on Tuesday evening and the city council did not materialize, else something might have been heard of this matter.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Another Regiment Narrowly Escapes Criticism.

The 1st Regiment of Canadian artillery of which A. E. Cunningham is colored and to the command of which F. H. Ouley and A. G. Herstein are both looking forward with some eagerness, had a narrow escape from a similar catastrophe as that which befell the 63rd, if not as distinctive a blow as that which descended on the 60th. Had Gascoigne been called on to inspect them he would have been sure to have found fault, and been almost certain to have heaped abuse if not insult on their heads. But fortunately for them the artillery inspection took place the week before General Gascoigne's arrival, and they were beyond his power for this year. Next year the chances are that Gascoigne will be safe in England beyond their power.

It has not yet been discovered who it was that supplied General Gascoigne with bogus information. Some say General Montgomery Moore, others Michael Kelly. Or perhaps Gascoigne did not know the difference between "Army reserve" and "Ex-soldier." He knows the difference now at all events.

Always to the Front.

The reputation of S. S. Packard as a business college man is world wide and he is an acknowledged authority on all educational and business subjects. His Business college is one of the best because of his system of teaching which is undoubtedly the best. Messrs S. Kerr and Son of the St. John Business College have secured the use of this system of business practice, and the fact that both teachers and students are perfectly satisfied and delighted with the results, goes to show that their reputation of being always to the front still holds good.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Sorrow's Double Crown. Just when the leafless autumn days, Were covered with the first white snow; And far the red sun's parting rays, Gave all the earth a golden glow. I sought again the same dear place, Where oft we met in days of yore, Where still I see her thoughtful face, Lamenting we are there no more.

When I had crossed the southern sea, To seek the sad sweet path alone; I thought you were too far from me, To tell me how the years had flown. I heard of you at Lucerne lake; And coming from the castled Rhine, But knew no scene a change could make In hearts as good and true as thine.

How strange that in the self same hour, The hour of all to us most dear; Led by a telephatic power, We should have been so very near, And when I prayed for just once more, To hear you sing your old love song; Returning from a foreign shore, We both had left the gay world's throng.

We crossed the world to be again, Unnoticed on that hallowed spot; And there, for agony of pain, You passed me and I saw you not. Why in my dream upon the dust— Of roses of departed bloom; Was such keen anguish on us thrust, To fill our future years with gloom.

Our souls as one still kept the time, The light in which we loved to meet; As if in no far fairer clime, There ne'er was twilight half so sweet. There all the longing of our souls, Was answered by His guiding will; Who that bright star of love controls, Which leads us to each other still.

O life-enduring regret, The saddest source of sorrow's tear; If but a moment we had met, The nature ne'er had been so drear. Farewell is but an idle word, We know no parting e'er can be; If heaven one kind hope afford, I know I there shall meet, with thee.

CYRUS GOLDBE.

In the Old House. The fruits are stored, the fields are bare, The ground is hard, the skies are gray; November's chill is in the air, To-morrow is Thanksgiving day.

The farmhouse stands in sheltered nook, Its walls are filled with warmth and cheer; Its fires shine out with friendly look To welcome all who enter here.

Fully forty years have come and gone Since first the heartiest ruddy glow Fresh knitted, flung its light upon Thanksgiving guests of long ago.

Long was the list of squires and dames; From year to year how short it grew! Read out the old familiar names They heard here when this house was new.

Grandmother?—aye, she went the first; Grandfather?—no, her side he rests; The shade and sunlight interspersed, Have fallen long above their breasts.

Our aunts and uncles?—sundered wide, Their graves lie east, their graves lie west; As veteran soldiers scared and tried, They fought their fight they earned their rest.

Our Father?—dear and gentle heart! A nature sweet, beloved by all, How early turned his steps apart To pass from human ken and call!

Our mother?—brisk and kindly soul How brave she bore late's every frown, Nor rest till she reached the goal, Where all must lay their burdens down!

Our brother?—toward the setting sun, From us remote, his home he made, And many a year his course has run Since here his boyish sports were played.

Put by the book! My heart is sore, The night winds up the chimney rise, The fires within gleam as before, But none are here save you and me!

But, sister, you and I again Will heap the hearth and spread the board And serve our kindred, now as then, With all that home and hearts afford.

The scattered remnants of our line, We'll only meet here, not once more, And pledge, in rare affection's wine, The memory of those days of yore.

God bless them all,—the good and true! God keep them all,—both here and there, Until the Old becomes the New, Forever, in his mansion, Fair!

—Merton Hicks Harmon.

The Garret Clatter. I don't hear the young folks patter Like they used to long ago Up the stairs to raise a clatter Underneath the rafter's low. What's the reason things is stiller Since the young folks went away, John an' Joe an' sweet Permyler? Looks as if they'd gone to stay.

Wife, there hain't no sunshine gushin' In the way it used to come; 'T' only seems as if the pushin' Sunders was a comin' home.

Sotter quietlike an' dreary, Just 't' days seem draggin' weary Like a long an' dismal moar.

In the garret things is quiet; Mice an' spiders has their way Where the youngsters used to riot In their childish pranks an' play, Sweet Permyler used to tag 'em, Joe an' John in corners dark, An' the maiden used to tag 'em, Tire 'em out an' raise a lark.

When the bumblebees was droopin' An' the flowers was in bloom, An' the lilac bush was growin' With the scent of its perfume, Then the young folks used to patter Up the stairs to raise a clatter Underneath the rafter's low.

Seems to me I'm sometimes dreamin' Of the things that used to be, Till the old life comes a-streamin' Back ag'in to you an' me.

Then I hear the young folks patter Up the stairs they used to go, There to raise a garret clatter Underneath the rafter's low.

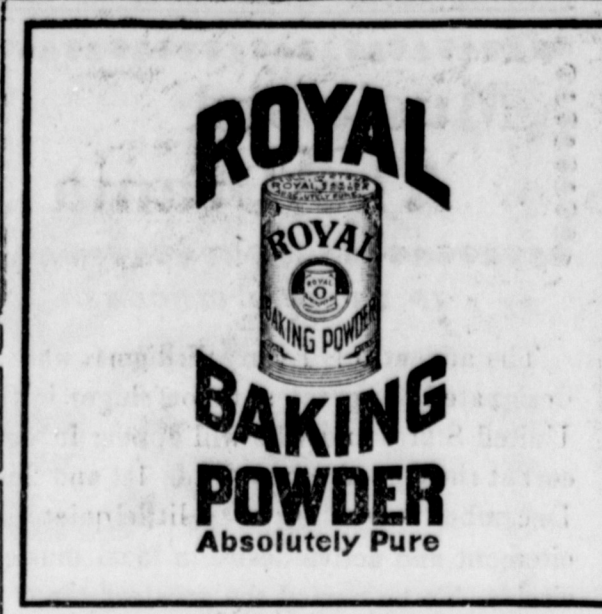
Thanksgiving.

For all true words that have been spoken, For all brave deeds that have been done, For every loss in kindness broken, For every race in valor run.

For martyr lips which have not failed To give God praise and smite to rest, For knightly souls which have not quailed At stubborn strife on lonesome quest; Lest unto Whom we stand in thrill We give The thanks for all, for all.

For each fair field where golden stubble Hath followed wealth of raving grain; For every passing wind of trouble Which bends thy grass that lifts again; For gold in store that men must seek, For work which bows the sullen knee; For strength, swift sent to aid the weak, For love by which we climb to thee; Thy freedom, Lord! 't' each Thy thrall, We give Thee praise for all, for all.

—Margaret E. Sangster.



A GOOD INDIAN.

Grave of a Chief Who Signed the Treaty of William Penn.

A short time ago near Sunbury, Pa., the remains of one of the Indian chiefs, who participated in the signing of the treaty, through which William Penn came into possession of Pennsylvania, were unearthed. The remains are those of Chief Shikellimy, grand sachem of the Lenni-Lenapes and the deputy governor appointed by the Troquois upon their conquest of the Susquehanna Indians. He lived in the Indian village of Shomoko, on the present site of Sunbury and Northumberland, and went thence to sign the treaty under the elm tree.

Chief Shikellimy was a good Indian, a true representative of everything that was grand in the Indian character; who never proved untrue to his word, betrayed a white man nor condoned a crime. On account of his ability to govern and his nobleness of character, he was selected by the chief of the Six Nations to rule the Indians along the On-zi-a-ach son, as the beautiful Susquehanna River was called. When the Iroquois, the so-called Six Nations, made war upon the original owners of the Susquehanna Valley, the Lenni-Lenapes, they succeeded in subduing them after a bitter struggle and sent a deputy governor, Chief Shikellimy, to rule over them.

Under the leadership the Lenni-Lenapes never tried to throw off the burden of their conquerors.

Up to this time very little is known of the chief. He was an Oneida Indian and was born in Canada or in the northern part of New York State, near the border. After he settled in Shomoko the Moravian missionaries found him there and converted him. They also established a mission under his protection. At the signing of the Penn treaty Chief Shikellimy represented the Oneida Indians and the Lenni-Lenapes.

In 1748 Shikellimy died and was buried by the missionaries who had converted him. In his grave were placed many trinkets which had been his share of the purchase of the price of Pennsylvania and many of these were found intact when his remains were recently discovered.

Embossed in Gold.

To buy and reproduce famous paintings involves an expenditure that could hardly be borne unless, as in the case of The Youth's Companion, the enterprise is sustained by the approval of more than five hundred thousand subscribers. The Companion's Souvenir Calendar for 1898, a series of charming figure pieces, faithfully copied in colors and embossed in gold, is recognized as one of the richest and most costly examples of this form of art. Yet every new subscriber receives it without additional charge. Moreover, the paper is sent free to new subscribers every week from the time the subscription, is received until January, 1898, and then for a full year to January, 1899.

The popular price of The Companion \$1.75 a year, and the character of its contents, make it a paper for every household. Exceptional attractions are promised for the fifty-two numbers to be issued during 1898. The R. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, the Hon. Thomas R. Reed, Rudyard Kipling, Lillian Nordica, John Burroughs, W. D. Howells and Max O'Rell are prominent in the long list of eminent contributors named in The Companion's announcement, which will be sent free to any one addressing THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, 205 Columbus Ave., Boston Mass.

Paris Detectives Struck.

One hundred Paris detectives went on strike recently. They objected to one of the inspectors, and to being obliged to keep the run of travellers when they leave hotels and boarding houses, as they had all they could do to watch them on their arrival.

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.

'What do you think of it?' asked a lady of 'Campmeeting' John Allen, who was looking over the fence at a game of croquet. 'Humph!' said he, with a twinkle in his eye, 'billiards gone to grass!'

To secure an abundant growth of hair, use Hall's Hair Renewer, or, if possessing an abundance, it may be kept looking finely by using the Renewer occasionally.