

PROGRESS.

PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APR. 2nd.

Subscribers who do not receive their paper Saturday morning are requested to communicate with the office.—Tel. 95.

PROGRESS PRIZE PUZZLE.

Over three thousand answers to PROGRESS' Prize Puzzle have been received, and they still continue to come. This is the last issue of the paper in which the coupon will appear, so that all who have not yet taken advantage of the opportunity to win the prize should do so at once.

The first day of the announcement within three hours of PROGRESS' appearance, answers began to pour into the office by the dozen every hour, and by every mail since, dozens upon dozens of answers have been coming in, until already several thousand have been received—and still they come.

As before stated the competition will remain open to all who wish to try for the money prize for this week's issue, but it should be distinctly remembered that no answers will be accepted after noon of April 6th.

In its issue of April 16th, PROGRESS will take pleasure in announcing the names of the successful competitor or competitors. Should there be more than one correct answer, the prize will be equally divided.

THE BICYCLE AND BUSINESS.

Not so long ago in this good city of ours there were certain business men who maintained that the bicycle was an injury to their business because their clerks, weary with hard long rides a wheel, were unfit for their duties the next day. Indeed this objection reached such a degree that one firm issued an order that none of their clerks should enjoy the recreation afforded by a bicycle on Sunday. Now we read in an exchange that the farmers in a certain section of New England are conspiring to rid themselves of hired men who ride the bicycle. The farmers, we are told, reason that "any young man who rushes his day's work through so that he can take a thirty-mile spin in the evening and on moonlight nights be gone nearly all night, with likely a century run into the bargain on Sunday, is not worth his board on a farm."

When it is considered that heretofore agriculturists everywhere have been sorely harassed with the problem, how to keep the boys on the farm, it is much to be deplored that at the first sign that this problem is solvable they should begin to set their faces against its solution. The claim that the rural wheelman who looks forward to a spin in the evening is, for that reason, unfitted for his work, is wrong on its face. As a matter of fact, the converse is generally true. The wheelman, who sees an invigorating evening's sport ahead of him when his day's work is done, has manifestly more cause to be content with his lot and therefore to throw his whole heart into his labor than the spiritless fellow who finds no means of varying his existence. This holds good in the case of clerks and professional men as well as in that of farm hands. Let the boys ride wheels if they want to, and one-half the difficulty of keeping them on the farm and getting the maximum of work out of them during legitimate working hours will be overcome.

Nothing is heard these days about the exhibition. It is time something was said about it.

The opportunities for instruction in building different kinds of roads afforded occasionally at fairs and institutes, and by sample sections that have been laid under government auspices, have been very valuable, and have aroused the people somewhat to a realization of the importance of regular instruction on this subject. The Worcester (Mass.) Gazette suggests that it would be well if the state spent a portion of the enormous sum appropriated annually for the highway system in holding institutes of instruction for highway super-

visors, commissioners, selectmen, and all others who have to do with road-building. It thinks the trouble with the highway builder usually is that he does not consider his business a profession, and needs to learn from the experience of others. "By establishing a school for construction in road-building, the state could do a greater service to the public than by using the amount such a school would cost in building macadam roads through the country."

It is something of this kind that New Brunswick needs. Probably none of the eastern provinces have as bad roads as we have. The good roads association should begin work in earnest and try to promote the spirit of improvement.

The liquor license commissioners have fixed the date of their decision upon applications at April 9th. There are some reasons why an earlier date would have been fairer to the applicants. Some men who are in the business will not get a license again. They should have a month at least—say all of April—to make other arrangements to make a living. And landlords whose premises are occupied by these unsuccessful applicants may not think such short notice just to them.

The Telegraph is after Mr. EDWARD SEARS because he wrote a letter to the Sun objecting in a measure to the terms of the C. P. R. contract with the city. Anything that touches the Canadian Pacific provokes the wrath of the monopolist organ. And yet Mr. BLAIR has not yet been scored because he favors the road of Mr. CORBIN in the Kootenay district which is being opposed with all the skill and resources of the C. P. R. magnates.

Mr. Brydone Jack Talks Business.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: It was with the greatest pleasure that I read your defence of the University of New Brunswick in the editorial page of last week's PROGRESS—Such an attack as that made by Mr. Fowler in order to withdraw the Government grant and practically abolish the Institution must indeed arouse the ire of every graduate at home and abroad.

As a graduate of, and also on account of my father's long connection with, and interest in the University, I feel the deepest interest in the welfare, development and increased sphere of influence of my Alma Mater, though I am sorry to say it has not been increasing as rapidly of late years, as I would wish. It should be The University of all others in N. B. and I sincerely hope that now it will arouse from its lethargy and be brought by energetic measures to its proper position as the head of the educational system of N. B.

If at any time I can be of any assistance by way of contributing to any fund that might be raised to bring the University before the public or a fund to increase her efficiency, energy and vitality, I would be only too glad to do all that lay in my power.

E. BRYDONE JACK, B. A.; C. E. Steelton, Pa. Mar. 26th, 1898.

NAUTICAL INGENUITY

A Novel Way by Which one Comrade Hunted up Another.

A striking instance of nautical ingenuity and fraternity is furnished by a writer in the London Telegraph.

A sailor from her majesty's ship Ganges arrived in one of the side streets of Walworth, in search of a shipmate passing a half-holiday with his parents, who had recently moved to that neighborhood. He had lost the address his friend had given him, and proceeded to ask policemen, postmen and shopkeepers if they knew where a sailor-boy from her majesty's fleet lived. None of them could give the desired information, and the dwellers in private houses whom he summoned by knocks at the door, were equally devoid of knowledge on the subject. The gallant tar was somewhat nonplussed, but at length he met a vendor of paper decorations for Christmas. These hawkers always carry a long tin trumpet through which they announce their wares to the public. The sailor gave the man a penny for the use of the instrument for one minute, and then sounded with all his force the Ganges dinner-call, adding, "If that don't bring out Joseph, then he ain't in this locality, that's all." Sure enough, in less than half a minute a window was raised fifty yards farther down the street, a nautical-looking head appeared at the aperture, and, from strong, healthy lungs came the cheering response, "Ship ahoy! Full speed, and here you are! Why, the frog's been a-waitin' for you this half-hour!"

Thus the two friends found each other through a bugle-call on a tin trumpet, and spent a jolly holiday together.

Double Stars.

Among the multitudes of stars filling the heavens, about ten thousand have been found to consist of at least two stars, and in many cases these companion stars are coupled together by their mutual attraction so that they revolve around one another. As telescopes improve, the known number of double stars rapidly increases, and some of those found in recent years are very remarkable. Since August, 1896, 500 new double stars have been discovered in the southern hemisphere of the heavens at Mr. Lowell's observatory near Flagstaff, Arizona.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

A Remarkable Rescue.

Sailing the river St. Lawrence, From the stormy gulf below; A square rigged Indian trader, With canvass as white as snow. Clear of old Anticosti, Sighted Rimouski light; Beaten by wild-st weather, A hurricane through the night.

That was an awful night indeed, When the gale was East by North; And the yellow screeching lightning, Above us flaming forth. The proud ship struck with fury, There on her beam ends lay; Her anchor slowly dragging, Waiting the dawn of day.

Still linky black was the darkness, We heard the breakers roar, When the hawser broke and drifting, We seemed to be near shore. We thought from the frightful plunging, And ever increasing shocks, We were nearing Cape Eternity, Striking on sunken rocks.

With the dawn of the mighty surges, Swept us through shadows dim; With the foaming waters dashing, Chanting their ancient hymn. Over a sunken rocky reef,— The brave ship lifted far; Rocked like a swinging cradle, Under the morning star.

Groaning and parting in pieces, And the drowning seaman's call; Filled us with mortal terror, As the sea swept over all. There she lay like a giant; Trembling in every joint; Seemingly just in a glimmer, The light house on Farther Point.

Soon as the light came clearly, Out of the eastern sky; A village loomed up before us, But never a soul drew nigh. Then the captain through his trumpet, Bawled to the mate aloud, "Run up her name the F. A. M. To the top of the foremost shroud."

"Run up the flag that all might see, From the wharf below the town, It may be seen where that steamship lies, Before we all go down." Hoist all the flags just underneath; Make letters that some may guess,— And spell, that one perchance may know, Our signal of distress.

"See from the distant steamships bow, A flash, and a signal gun; And up the fore now full in sight, Another flag is run. Now two or three are shaken out, And the answer quickly sent; "Hold on brave lads a boat will come. On a brother's rescue bent"

See, from the steamship lowered fast, The ready life boat speed; Though tossed aloft, and plunging down, Brave hearts know well her need. The strong hand bending to the oar, Defy the raging gale; Still hoping some are left alive, To tell the mortal tale.

How grand a brother's life to save, Risking your own to be; The first to reach a sinking wreck, Loak besten by the sea. The lifeboat leaps the moaning waves. And in the dark night's breath; Reveals the truth the sages held, Love still is strong as death.

A sailor on the life boat's bow, The wreck now holding by; But finds a Mason's heart is true, Where greatest dangers lie. His hand is given with a clasp, Far more than words can say; "Pass all on board there saved at last, Pull brothers, pull away."

But one they hand across the spray, The captain's child; no more Shall bid him happy welcome home When voyages are o'er. A daughter beautiful as good, Here sleeps her dreamless sleep; Within the life boat gently laid, Borne o'er the sobbing deep.

Saved all but one, how sweet the word, To brethren firm and fond; Still doing well the Master's will, Whose love is life beyond. One lovely in her silent sleep, Borne to her rest that day; Speaks well of love's immortal birth, To bright Cands far away.

CYPRUS GOLDE.

Light at Eventide.

The day had been, oh! so dreary, With its tempest—winds and rain; I had longed for one ray of sunshine, But a day long in vain; And the night was closing round me Lonely and cold and gray, As I sat by the window watching The death of the dreary day.

I opened my mother's Bible, And on its page I read What one of the grand old prophets In time of trouble said— The sweet and comforting promise, That bids us in faith abide, When the day is dark with tempest— "There'll be light at eventide."

Lo! as I read the chapter, Dear to each trusting heart— The clouds above the hills tops Sudden broke apart. Bright with unearthly beauty The valley stretched away, And God's sunshine was all about me, At the close of the dreary day. —Eben E. Rexford, in the Ledger.

"What Might Be Done."

What might be done if men were wise! What glorious deeds, my suffering brother, We could they unite In love and right, And cease their scorn of one another. All slavery, warfare, lies and wrongs, All vice and crime might die together, And fruit and corn To each man born Be free as warmth in summer weather.

The meanest wretch that ever trod, The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow, Might stand erect In self respect, And share the teeming world to-morrow.

What might be done? This might be done, And more than this my suffering brother; More than the tongue E'er said or sung. If men were wise and loved each other. —Charles Mackay.

ELIJAH AND HIS YACHT.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

harsh treatment of the marshal of the court, and also on the ground that he refused to deliver up the rigging and spars, and that he caused damage to the vessel. This was to be used as a handle to make Mr. Ross pay up in order to settle and escape being imprisoned for contempt.

The case came up on Monday and affidavits were read on both sides and then his honor adjourned the court to allow of a settlement. On Tuesday afternoon no settlement had been effected, and the case was resumed. His Honor asked what had been done. Mr. J. B. M. Baxter, counsel for Mr. Ross, stated that he had offered Mr. Trueman \$25 which the latter had refused. His Honor then made some remarks in which he gave the defendant a pretty broad hint as to what his judgment would be. He strongly advised a settlement and said that he had his mind pretty well made up and it would be better for Mr. Ross to settle. If the case was not taken up there would be no opportunity then to retrace his course. He advised him what the penalty was, imprisonment, and told him to make his choice.

Mr. Baxter said that Mr. Ross was a poor man and he could not pay any more than \$25.

Mr. Trueman was just about to open the case, to prove contempt of court, fortified by authorities on that subject, when his honor asked to have a word with him in private. He asked all in the room to go out and he then represented to Mr. Trueman that it would be rather hard if Mr. Ross had to go to prison, he had lost his yacht already and he asked Mr. Trueman to accept from Mr. Ross, \$35 in settlement, \$25 for himself and \$10 for the marshal for extra trouble in connection with the sale of the yacht that he had been put to. Mr. Trueman decided to agree to these terms and the parties being called in again His Honor stated the terms to Mr. Baxter who conferred with Mr. Ross and then accepted them.

The salvors will therefore be out of pocket for their disinterestedness in succoring the yacht for this \$25 will have to go to their counsel and considerable more beside. They have the satisfaction, however, of having won their case, vindicated themselves and made Mr. Ross' stubbornness cost him dear.

A Good Opportunity.

Don't miss it. Curtains 25c, per pair returned always in 3 days or sooner if necessary. The up-to-date laundry. Ungars Laundry & Dye Works, Telephone 58.



Proof Against Footpads.

When the timid looking man got out of the barber chair after being shaved he fumbled in one pocket after another while the porter dusted his clothing.

"Well," he said, with a note of astonishment in his voice, as he plunged his hand for the fourth time into his right trousers pocket and felt around. "That's funny. I had a quarter in that pocket."

He repeated the search of his other pockets, while the barber who had shaved him leaned his elbow on the back of the chair, crossed one leg over the other the other and eyed him suspiciously.

"Guess I must've lost it," said the timid looking man as he put his right foot up on a chair and began to roll up his trousers leg. The barber winked at the artist in charge of the chair next to his and moved nearer the razor case. The man rolled and pulled his trousers leg above his knee, and by that time every one else in the shop was watching him with intense interest. They saw that he wore a woman's black stocking. Just above his knee he wore two garters, one about four inches above the other. He slipped the upper garter down, rolled down the top of the stocking carefully, and there were several Treasury notes lying spread out flat against the underclothing that covered his leg.

"What do you carry money in that way for?" asked the barber as he handed the man change for the \$5.

"Footpads," was the laconic reply of the stranger.—Kansas City Journal.

According to Contract.

"Excuse me," said the collector, "but twenty-five cents isn't an appreciable payment on what you owe."

"You are only collecting the interest, I believe."

"Yes." "Well, this is according to contract. It was stipulated that the interest should be paid quarterly."—Washington Star.

A discolored, faded or gray beard does not appear tidy, but may be made so by Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers, which colors an even brown or black.

Something for Puzzle Workers.

To sharpen up the wits of its readers, PROGRESS opens the following competition: What line or lines among the poetical selections in Royal Reader No. 5 is illustrated by this picture?

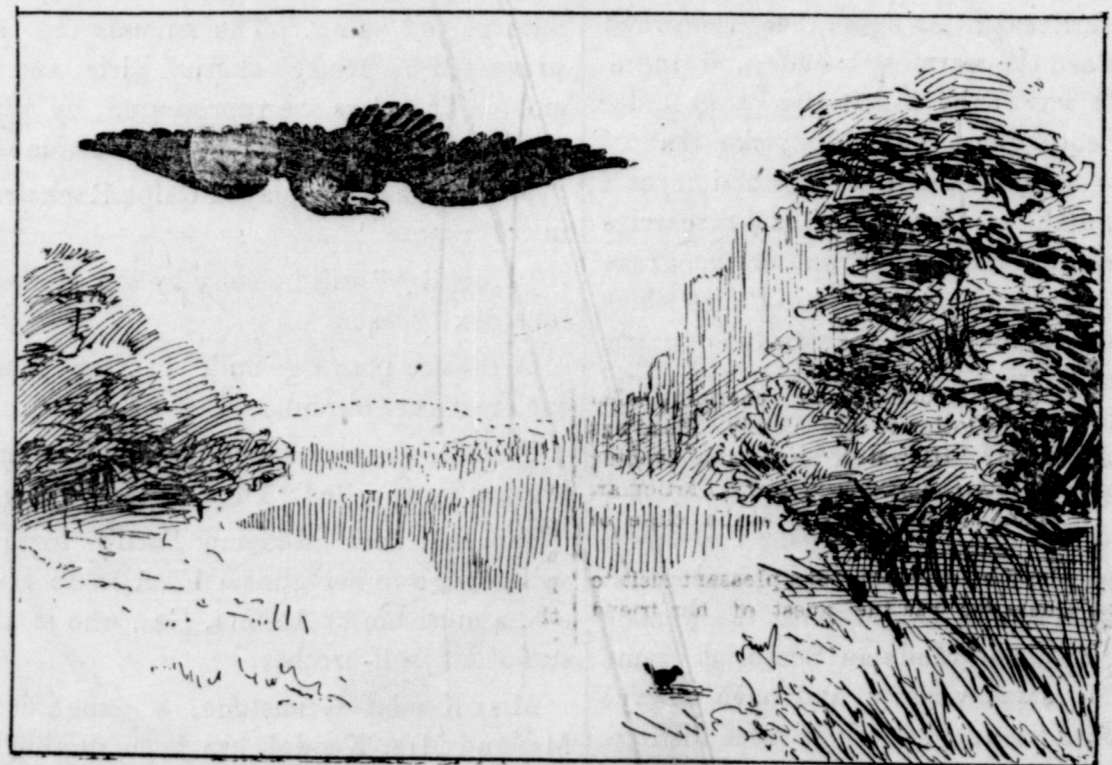
The picture and coupon will appear for the last time on April 2nd and the result be announced on April 16th.

As many answers can be sent as one chooses, provided each one is on a properly filled out coupon, including the picture.

No answers received after noon on April 6th will be considered.

A prize of Ten Dollars will be given to the fortunate winner or should there be more correct guesses the money will be equally divided.

PROGRESS hopes that the prize will go to one or at most to two bright readers. Care has been taken to make the puzzle hard enough, but not too hard. Only experiment can tell how successfully the idea has been carried out.



What line or lines found in the poetical selections of Reader No. 5 does this picture illustrate.

Give your full name and address.