

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JAN 22nd

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

GOOD MEN REQUIRED.

Civic politics have not begun to disturb the minds of citizens as yet, but no doubt there is much quiet discussion as to who is capable of filling certain positions in the civic circle, and it is quite right that the people of this city should give such a matter much thought and much attention. Hitherto they have given too much attention to provincial and federal politics and too little to the affairs of the city. Of how much importance is it that we should have a good mayor and a good aldermanic board!

It is all very well to get good men to go to Ottawa and to Fred rickton but we must remember in selecting our civic representatives we are looking after individual interests—after civic interests—rather than those of the whole country. And it has been shown that St. John has to depend upon her own exertions very largely. The talk and promises of federal representatives and cabinet ministers is all very fine but we listened to the talk and hugged the promises for years and nothing was done until the board of aldermen began to build wharves and improve the harbour.

Therefore look out for good men. There are some important projects on hand involving large expenditure and it is well that the best judgment of the citizens should be brought to bear upon them. There are many good aldermen in the council now but there are others who can be replaced by better men. It would not require a magnifying glass to find them but perhaps their own judgment and the opinion of their friends may not make it necessary to pick them out.

Absent-mindedness, a trait often shown by scholars, is exemplified in the case of Librarian SPOFFORD of the National Library at Washington. A year ago it was discovered that he was short in his accounts \$30,000 which sum he at once paid into the treasury. In removing SPOFFORD'S desk and office furniture into the new library building, \$800 in cash, many checks and postal money orders, some for sums of \$500, were found. A number of these orders calling for hundreds of dollars were issued as long ago as 1870. According to the regulations many of these orders were out-lawed, on account of expiration of the date, but they will be paid. Mr. SPOFFORD had carelessly thrust checks and postal orders received for copyrights into desks and draws, and there they have remained.

Is a reputable lawyer justified in defending a murderer or other criminal whose guilt is clear, and from every standpoint must be considered an enemy of law and order, and a menace to society. Suppose that through some technicality a villain escapes the consequences of his crime? Suppose that his criminal instincts lead him into the commission of other crimes against innocent men and women? Upon whom should the responsibility be placed? Can the lawyer who has opened the door of escape from punishment in the first instance be free from blame.

Dr. NANSEN appears to be booming the Arctic regions as a great health resort. According to his testimony, the atmosphere of the frozen zone is free from all disease germs, and no such thing as bacilli or microbes can survive there. It will have to be admitted that this is a handsome recommendation, though to be sure it is somewhat hampered by the danger of freezing to death.

A clever photographer has "doctored" a snap shot of an informal royal family group taken at Dramstadt and produced a new and ostensibly official picture representing the Kaiser and the Czr with their arms

affectionately entwined. In Berlin they buy it by the gross. In St. Petersburg it has been forbidden by law. Oae Capital's meat is another Capital's poison.

"I believe in the interview," says WILLIAM D. HOWELLS. So do most authors and others who have anything to sell. Much as they detest notoriety, they eagerly seek to get themselves interviewed by the newspapers. Distinguished men sometimes even condescend to write interviews with themselves and ask the press to publish them.

Rev. SAM SMALL has decided that civilization is a failure, but does not say what he intends to do about it. Unless SAM means to act, it would perhaps have been just as well to let us go on thinking that we were the people, and that civilization is the best thing going. These iconoclasts ought to be run in.

Woman's sphere in Germany is pretty large. In the Empire three women are employed as chimney sweeps, thirty five as slaters, seven as gunsmiths, 147 as coppermiths, 379 as farriers and nailers, 309 as masons, eight as stone cutters and 2,000 in marble, slate and stone quarries.

In England every prisoner is guaranteed the right "to communicate with his solicitor before trial." A man recently arrested in London for a felony case can neither read nor write and is dumb. Can he be convicted legal y.

A California court has ruled that a wife can be compelled to support her husband by labor. Women in the far west, it seems already has secured more than equal rights

A Pennsylvania court has ruled that a woman need not swear to her age in open court. This decision ought to decrease the annual perjury output very materially.

Mrs. DAISY VIOLET FLOWER of Missouri has been sued for a divorce. Her husband must be thinking of picking another bouquet.

THOMAS A. EDISON JR. is developing skill as an inventor of devices to utilize electricity. So much the better for the world.

After stripping Cuba of happiness and almost of people Spain now wants to throw over it: the cloak of political amnesty.

Germany has taken the cue to go ahead in China, while the cue of that unprogressive country is to hang behind.

Alaska is the land of gold and cold. Which will pan out the bigger remains to be decided.

Winter was halt over on Monday the seventeenth.

OFF ON A VACATION.

The Mullin Case Has Been Taken off the Boards.

The Mullin case has been taken off the bill boards for a vacation, with prospects of commencing a brisk season again in the spring. This celebrated case came on again at the presbytery this week, when Mr. Mullin assumed the role of injured dignity. He was not present, in fact was very distant. His reception of a document sent him by the presbytery asking certain things was very distant, for he did not reply. In the spring a catechist will be appointed to Stanley, when a renewal of hostilities may be expected. Some of the clergy at the presbytery thought the reverend gentleman should be corrected for not deigning to notice their communication, but it was concluded to reserve their ammunition. Rev. Mr. Rennie thought that the rule of "spare the rod, spoil the child" had been indulged in too much in this case and they should have corrected him a little more soundly and made him feel the severities of the church discipline more. An interesting feature of the discussion was when one reverend gentleman thought they should be very careful in this matter because they did not want to compromise the succeeding generations who would have to deal with this case by any hasty action. This sounds very much like an admission that the church courts are slower in action than even the court of chancery.

PROCESSION WAS UNBROKEN.

How the Motor Man Outwitted the Electric Car Conductor.

It was the other day when a large fraternal society funeral was passing along Main street, North End, that an incident happened aboard one of the St. John Railway Co. cars. One contingent of the procession was passing when the car appeared on the scene. Not wishing to break up the ranks the motorman stopped the vehicle. "Two bells" from the man at the other end,

ordered the car started again, but not feeling disposed to disperse the procession the motorman remained inattentive to the signal.

"Are you going to start that car?" came from the conductor peremptorily.

"Not until the parade passes," calmly answered the man at the handles.

"Well then I'll start her myself!" angrily replied the cash-collector, suiting the action to the words by springing forward to the motorman's apartment. He was fooled, however, for just as he was about to grasp the levers, the car-engineer with a victorious laugh quickly removed the handle from the motor-box and put it in his pocket.

TALK OF OUR NEIGHBORS.

Dean Carmichael in the Pulpit.

Last Sunday I had the privilege of hearing a sermon preached by the Rev. Dean Carmichael, of Montreal, who stands in the front rank of Church of England preachers. An old man you would call him—but in the pulpit his voice rings with fire and enthusiasm of youth. He was earnest, eloquent, impressive; but best of all, he had the genuine Irish brogue, so rarely observed in public men.—Stroller in Halifax Echo.

Very Much to the Point.

One would think that Nova Scotians would be delighted to honor the memory of the greatest statesman their province had produced, but to their eternal shame they have neglected—if they have not refused—to provide the paltry amount required to raise a monument. We can squander ten or twenty thousand dollars in big shows which satisfy nobody, but we will not contribute to honor the memory of one of our country's great men.—Halifax Paper.

Look Out for Yourselves Now.

In connection with the publicity which we have given and are giving to various matters in our town's life we may say that we have no axe to grind ourselves, save that we are endeavoring to assist the plaintiff in the case of Right versus Wrong, and that we intend to exercise the rights of the press as, in a measure, a custodian of law and order. That which is against the law of the country and pertains to its evasion should be exposed.—Digby Courier.

Martin Butler's Congratulations.

Mr. Patrick Burns and wife are old enough to know better but it seems that they have not given up the notion of increasing the population of Canada, as a fine baby boy was born to them only a week or so ago. Promptly every year of their married life have this good couple added their quota to the population and they do not even know the extent of their numerous progeny, as they gave up counting when they had reached a dozen. All the same we extend to the boy a hearty "caed maille falthe" and trust he will live to do honor to his family, his church and motherland.—Butler's Journal.

A Perfectly Frank Statement.

(From Martin Butler's New Years Editorial.) While our prospects for the future are bluer than at the commencement of any year since we have started the paper we are not going to complain. It does not do any good. Our friends, knowing our condition will patronize us to the best of their ability and help us along as far as they are able, as they have nobly done since the beginning of our difficulties; and we must say that we were surprised to find out that we had so many friends as we have, as we have done nothing to merit such kindness as has been shown to us by them.

A Fortunate Nova Scotia Town.

Dartmouth, N. S., has had twelve years of prohibition. Not prohibition as the word is generally understood, but for twelve years no liquor licenses have been granted within the town. Many attempts have been made to obtain the required number of signatures to petitions, but without success. For several years past no one has had sufficient courage to even ask for signatures and the town has been given over to prohibition.

The Latest Jingle in Halifax.

One might excuse the sentiment of the following verses, recently sung at an amateur performance in Halifax, but what shall be said of the poetry!

Reuben, Reuben, I will travel By the fast line to St. John. But I'll be careful not to go there Till I know the fog has gone.

Cynthia, Cynthia, you'll not go there, For the fog will still be there. When St. John has moved its harbor And removed its mud banks bare.

Reuben, Reuben, I would like you To become an alderman, And get the snake out in good order, Berriend the plumber, if you can.

Cynthia, Cynthia, I am ambitious, I am going to be mayor, And tend all functions and all tea fights And give the policemen a good scare.

How He kept Tally.

There had been a football game in the village of Skedunk, between the high-school eleven of that place and a rival aggregation from the neighboring town of Ripley. Tommy Hunter, of the high-school boys, was confined at home in consequence of injuries received in a practise game a day or two before, but he had abated nothing of his interest in the sport, and as soon as his father came home in the evening of the eventful day when Ripley and Skedunk met on the gridiron field he bawled out:

"What was the score, father?" "One broken rib, three bloody noses, one dislocated shoulder, and two torn ears for the high-school boys; and two broken shins, two blackened eyes, one cut lip, one broken finger, and three teeth knocked out for the boys from Ripley," answered Mr. Hunter, who was not an enthusiast in the matter of football.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

They Live and Love us Still.

Where are the dear ones who have gone, Since first the old year came; Outside time's golden door alone, Announcing his royal name. Though absent, lo the gift is theirs, To walk this earth at will. We have this comfort in our tears, They live and love us still.

The wild sea may be dark and cold; The waves of sorrow call; As if sweet voices loved of old, Were sobbing in them all. But listen love a little spore; You: saddened soul must thrill; And think that in their vacant place They live and love us still.

The temple veil we cannot lift, We cannot see inside; The midnight sky may have no rift, Yet there our own abide. And 'till the day an Angel's hand, With more than mortal skill; Shall lead us to the clouded land, They live and love us still.

Perhaps at times in deepest grief, And patience giving way; We ask the Lord for sweet relief, And in our anguish pray. Fond hope may here be firm and sure, Yet doubt our hearts may fill. Then comes the message, child endure, They live and love us still.

Ah where are they whom years unkid, Have hidden from our sight; Whose gentle selves we cannot find, Who were our soul's delight. Though from our heart our bitter woe, Like tears of blood distil; The precious words of joy we know, They live and love us still.

Perchance when some fond soul has fled, And left the house in gloom; We scatter roses o'er the dead, So like them in their bloom. The brighter paths their footsteps roam, We shall not see until,— We find at last in that dear home, They live and love us still.

CYPRUS GOLDS.

The Dead Barbarian King.

I A voice in the banquet hall, Where is the King; Here, is his silent lyre, Here, is the share of his cup, The goblet as red as fire, When the strong wine filled it up; Rubies glowed at its base, Diamonds flashed at its rim, When the young king's handsome face Lapsed as he touched the brim— O he was a king. He was indeed a king.

II A voice in the chamber, Where is the King?

Hark! how the silence falls, While the tawny sky grows gray, And swiftly from out these halls, The glad light glides away, Leaving for shapes and hue Shadows of spectral guise, Seeking the spaces through Him of the dauntless eyes,— O he was grand, He was in truth a king!

III Voices in the garden, (The child's cry by the fountain) Where is the King?

The moon uprises strong, And the night birds sing their lay, As it did in sunnier long; When our royal bard held sway; The fountain drowns the time, Gurgles, and pish and drip, I: sung through the sultry noon, When the king touched cup to lip.— Ah! he was kind,— He was a brave, dear king.

IV (The slaves cry from the bower.) Where is the King?

This rose of all the year, That dreams of his touch alone; Now bends in its beauty near, Its bud to a blossom grown; The fawn he proudly bore Yet missed his kindly touch, And the bound on the palace floor Still grieves for him overmuch,— The king! the king! Where, O where is the King? —Mary E. Blanchard.

New Year, 1898.

I have not caught a glimpse of your face, Nor a word from your lips, New Year; Yet I open my door to a friendly grace, And I bid you sweet welcome here.

Come in, While the peals of the greeting bells begin I have said good-bye to the vanished year, With tender dream and sigh and tear— I have only warm smiles for you.

And hope That casts for us both its horoscope! You are shy and strange as a timid guest, Draw near to my fireside, friend, And loose your sandals and sit and rest; For here, at your j' urney's end, My heart Has set the gates of its love apart.

What are the unknown gifts you bring? A newer light on the way, A truer and sweeter song to sing And a braver word to say? Ah, well! Time alone can the message tell.

I will not question. The door stands wide. I'd grim of God, be thou Swift to enter and fair to bide. And the bells are silent now, And prayer Floats far and wide on the still, sweet air.

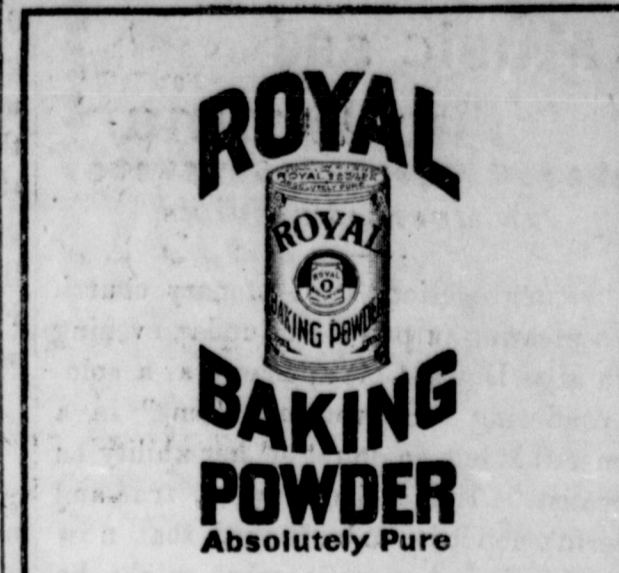
The Path Across the Fields.

Around me was the beauty Which only summer yields, The shadow of the woodland, The bounty of the fields. The gleam of birning waters, The murmur of the sea— The varied book of Nature, All opened wide for me!

Amid these scenes of beauty I suited a pathway there, All fireless and dusky, All hard and brown and bare. No dainty gown swept over, No foot in dalliance strayed Along the narrow limit The tread of Toil had made.

But weary men and women At morn and eve did pass Beside the way unshaded, Amid the sunburnt grass. Their step was slow and heavy, Their garments bore the soil O' the hard world's grim work day— They walked the way of Toil.

So close against our pleasure Is the undertone of Care, Of those who, all unsheltered, The heat and burden bear. And the fair summer memory Sweet harvest to me yields, Yet ever lives the picture Of the path across the fields!



ORIGIN OF THE BUCCANEERS.

They Were Peaceable Beef-Traders Until Persecuted by Spain.

Mr. Frank R. Stockton contributes to St. Nicholas a series of sketches of 'The Buccaneers of Our Coast.' In his first article Mr. Stockton says:

The first pirates who made themselves known in American waters were the famous buccaneers. They began their career in a very commonplace and unobjectionable manner, and the name by which they were known had originally no piratical significance. It was derived from the French word boucanier, signifying 'a drier of beef.'

Some of the West Indian Islands, especially San Domingo, were almost overrun with wild cattle of various kinds; and this was owing to the fact that the Spaniards had killed off nearly all the natives, and so had left the interior of the islands to the herds of cattle, which had increased rapidly. There were a few settlements on the sea-coast; but the Spaniards did not allow the inhabitants of those to trade with any nation but their own, and consequently the people were badly supplied with the necessaries of life.

But the trading vessels which sailed from Europe to that part of the Caribbean Sea were manned by bold and daring sailors; and when they knew that San Domingo contained an abundance of beef cattle, they did not hesitate to stop at the little seaports to replenish their stores. The natives of the island were skilled in the art of preparing beef by smoking and drying it—very much in the same way in which our Indians prepare 'jerked meat' for winter use.

But so many vessels came to San Domingo for beef that there were not enough people on the island to do all the hunting and drying that was necessary; so these trading vessels frequently anchored in some quiet cove, and the crews went on shore and devoted themselves to securing a cargo of beef—not only enough for their own use but for trading purposes; and thus they became known as 'beef-driers, or buccaneers.'

When the Spaniards heard of this new industry which had arisen within the limits of their possessions, they pursued the vessels of the buccaneers wherever they were seen, and relentlessly destroyed them and their crews. But there were not enough Spanish vessels to put down the trade in dried beef; more European vessels, generally English and French, stopped at San Domingo, and more bands of hunting sailors made their way into the interior. When these daring fellows knew that the Spaniards were determined to break up their trade, they became more determined that it should not be broken up; and they armed themselves and their vessels so that they might be able to make a defense against the Spanish men-of-war.

Thus gradually and almost imperceptibly a state of maritime warfare grew up in the waters of the West Indies between Spain and the beef-traders of other nations; and from being obliged to fight, the buccaneers became glad to fight, provided that it was Spain they fought. True to his policy of despotism and cruelty when dealing with her American possessions, Spain waged a bitter and bloody war against the buccaneers who dared to interfere with the commercial relations between herself and her West India colonies; and in return the buccaneers were just as bitter and savage in their warfare against Spain. From defending themselves against Spanish attacks, they began to attack Spaniards whenever there was any chance of success, at first only upon the sea, but afterward on land.

To be Kept Secret.

He was a great bore, and was talking to a crowd about the coming local election. Said he: "Gibbs is a good man; he is capable, honest fearless and conscientious. He will make the very kind of representative we need. He once saved my life from drowning."

"Do you really want to see Gibbs elected?" said a solemn-faced old man.

"I do, indeed. I'd give anything to see him elected," answered the bore.

"Then, never let anybody know he saved your life," counseled the solemn-faced man.

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The hair of the head to be an ornament to the wearer should receive painstaking care, and if its color is faded Hall's Hair Renewer should be applied.