

PROGRESS.

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

MAYOR ROBERTSON'S PLAN.

The personal proposition that Mayor ROBERTSON made to the common council, Wednesday was a good one. He made it frankly and intelligently and anyone who heard the explanation that accompanied it could have no idea that anything save the interests of the city was actuating the mayor. There was nothing of the nature of a scheme about the matter. If Mayor ROBERTSON was like some of those who sat about him he would have had the plan out and dried months ago. The consent of the council would have been obtained not only without a dissenting voice but with a heartiness that failed to greet him this week. But, judging others by himself and, looking at the matter from a purely business standpoint it was plain that he thought the aldermen would greet such a mission as he proposed with pleasure and bid him God speed with alacrity.

This is an age of competition. Cities as well as business houses have to do missionary work and the place that can offer the greatest advantages is the one that will get the greatest trade. There is an opportunity for the city of St. John to do something in this direction at present and all the people will agree that no better man in the community could be selected than the present mayor. Why cavil at the expense of a few hundred dollars with such an object in view? Why there are a score of persons in this city who send representatives to the old country every year in the interests of their business. Do they think it a needless expense? Certainly not. They could not get along without doing so. St. John is in a similar position. Having expended nearly a million dollars to improve the port—to build wharves and deepen channels it is essential that we should get all the trade we can to keep these facilities employed. But steamers consider that a port without a dry dock is at a disadvantage. The necessity for repairs arises very often and the nearest port, Halifax, is so far away that the inconvenience, expense and danger of reaching there are matters for serious consideration. So far as we understand the mayor's plan, he does not ask the city to make any expenditure upon the dry dock, save, possibly, to provide the site. He evidently has some reason for believing that the home as well as the Dominion governments are prepared to do as much for St. John as they have for Halifax. In these days of large and costly warships and great freight and passenger steamers small dry docks are of no use. Even that at Halifax, large and commodious as it is, cannot accommodate the warships England is building to day. If St. John succeeds in obtaining imperial aid for this project it would no doubt be on the understanding that the dock would remedy this difficulty.

We are glad to note that the council holds a special session today for the purpose of giving the mayor's proposition such consideration as it deserves. The people are saying "Send him" and that is, no doubt, the conclusion the council will come to.

The Montreal Witness, with commendable enterprise, offers prizes amounting to a hundred dollars for the four best patriotic songs sent it before the first of May. In this connection it makes the assertion that Canada has no "accepted national song." We would like to know what the Witness means by an "accepted" national song. Canada is not a nation yet. Would it not be straining a point to have a national song, such for example, as God Save the Queen. But as for a patriotic song could anything be better from a Canadian stand-

point than Mr. E. G. NELSON'S "Our Own Canadian Home?" If any song has ever been accepted by the people of Canada that has been. Mr. NELSON is a modest gentleman and has not blazoned the merits of his poem but in spite of that fact it has been cheered to the echo in every city of Canada. The observations of the Witness in asking for contributions of this sort are worth quoting:

"We doubt if a national song can be produced by the method we propose, but we know of no other. Poets sing because they must, and it is their most spontaneous notes that thrill the sweetest. Of a good song it might almost be said, "Nascitur non fit"—it is born, not made—so utterly artless is it. The anthem, "God Save the Queen," which holds its own above all others for Britain, was not the deliberate effort of a genius; it is an evolution of history. We doubt if a literary critic would ever have given a prize to either it or "Yankee Doodle."

Since Mr. G. U. HAY severed his connection with the schools of this city he has been devoting more attention to the Educational Review, making it better and brighter than it has ever been. His latest venture in this direction is the publication of Educational Review Supplementary Readings which are to be issued quarterly in leaflet form. Number one contains six historical sketches by such gentlemen as Prof. GANONG, Dr. BOURNIOT, Dr. MATHEW. These contributors to Canadian History are brief, but interesting and valuable.

Those readers of PROGRESS who enjoy the interest and excitement of a good continued story will be pleased to learn that one will be begun in these columns next week.

HE DIDN'T LIKE "MARY O'BRIEN."

The Postmaster Objects to an Employee Singing her Praises.

"Give us, oh give us the man who sings at his work," said a paragraph in the old school books. Some people might say it made all the difference in the world what you sang and how you sang it. For instance Mr. E. Haney, assistant engineer in the mechanical department of the St. John Post Office has doubtless, come to the conclusion that there are times when song—some songs, that is—materially increases labor, and on the other hand Postmaster Hanington thinks that a man has no business to raise his voice in song at all while engaged in the pursuit of his daily duties. It is simply a matter of opinion however.

The incident over which the dispute arose occurred a couple of weeks ago—on the same day, by the way, that the postmaster and Mr. Joe Ritchie had the little difficulty spoken of in PROGRESS. It may have been that the man who rules the office employees with a rod of iron, did not particularly relish some things he heard during the encounter with Ritchie, and was perhaps feeling a little more sensitive than usual, so when he came across Mr. Haney blithely humming a catchy little air he congratulated himself upon the fact that here was a victim he could threaten with suspension without fear of retaliation.

It wasn't merely that Mr. Haney was singing that irritated Mr. Hanington, it was the song, though what in the world he could see in "Sweet Mary O'Brien" to find fault with is hard to say. It is a pretty little Irish love song, and the fact that the charming subject of it has a namesake floating around St. John, could scarcely make it less pleasing.

Louder and louder the unconscious employee sang the praises of "Sweet Mary O'Brien," and madder and madder grew the conscious postmaster.

"Step that song at once," he shouted, "or I'll report you for singing at your work."

The musical engineer paused long enough to make a remark to the effect that if he were reported he hoped the truth would be told in the matter, and then began another attack upon the offending "Mary O'Brien" with renewed vigor.

Mr. Hanington didn't press the matter any further, but he didn't forget it either, and he thought out a little punishment to fit the crime.

Now Mr. Haney is one of the most faithful employees of the post office and has always been at his post precisely at 6.30 a. m.; but since he developed into a singer the fiat has gone forth that he must be on hand half an hour earlier. That's just one particular kind of discipline Mr. Haney doesn't like, but he has to toe the mark, for the matter of his punctuality, or want of punctuality, is under the direct supervision of four specially appointed detective officials whose duty it is to report the engineer if he isn't at work at 6 o'clock sharp.

It is doubtful whether Mr. Hanington has the power to increase the staff, but as no increase of pay is mentioned it is perhaps all right.

HIS WORSHIP WAS ANGRY.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

have looked for hearty applause but there was a dead silence—a painful silence—which was broken at last by the slow and labored tones of Alderman Waring, who began a speech which lasted altogether too long. The alderman's intentions were all right and he knew what he was talking about but there are times when to make a speech and when not to. This was one of the latter. The aldermen were getting restless. Watches snapped again and again. Hunger was staring some of them who lived in Carleton and Indian town, directly in the face. And what was the result. As Alderman Waring rounded out and enlarged his argument the council began to disappear. Coats and hats went too. The silken tile of Alderman Christie was hurriedly snatched and he started as though there had been a dreadful accident at the ferry floats and his services were required. A client with a big retaining fee could not have pulled Alderman Macrae out quicker than he went. There were others who wandered around speculating how many more minutes it would take Alderman Waring to kill the Mayor's plan when suddenly he moved that the council acquiesce in the proposition and send his worship to England. This motion was seconded by Alderman Stackhouse who made some very laudatory remarks concerning the mayor.

There are times when Alderman Millidge is an invaluable member of the board; there are other occasions when he never would be missed. And it was that way at this juncture of the council when he moved an amendment to refer the matter to the treasury board. He found a second in Alderman McMulkin and then when Alderman McGoldrick politely suggested to him to add the words "with power to act," Mr. Millidge did not seem to agree. Meanwhile the mayor's face was a study. He knew that reference to the treasury board without power to act meant an ignoble death for the motion because he wanted to start in about a week and the council would not meet again for weeks. Surprise, indignation and disappointment were depicted in his features. Indignation finally got the better of him and he spoke with an impetuosity and eloquence rarely heard within the walls of the city building. He told the aldermen that he did not want to go as a matter of courtesy. He was willing to give his time but he wanted in the interests of the city and of the port to go as mayor of St. John and being there in that capacity would be worth thousands to the community. He would respectfully inform the people of St. John through the press that he had started the pioneer steamer in the West Indian trade. He had even given the vessel a cargo and had said nothing about the loss he sustained in that venture. But had not the city gained. Look at the West Indian trade now.

"Far be it from me" said his worship with much warmth, "that I should think of going to Great Britain as the representative of the city of St. John if there was a dissenting voice in the council." He could not think of consenting to such a motion being referred to the treasury board and he asked the mover to withdraw the original motion.

Surely this was a grand display of fire works for the wind up but Alderman Haman made one of his pathetic speeches praising the mayor and put in his little plea for him.

Then Alderman McGoldrick talked in a straightforward fashion for a few moments. He thought the matter should go before the treasury board as it involved an expenditure of money but he wanted to give that body power to act so that the mayor could leave when he proposed. But the mayor would not accept this motion. His indignation was supreme and while he told the council that perchance in the closing days of his official life he had no right to outline a line of action still had he known surely the disposition of the aldermen at an earlier day he might have sought the opinion of the citizens of St. John and gathered about him such men at the council as would have supported him in a progressive policy.

"Will some one kindly move an adjournment" he asked. And the motion was made and carried in an instant.

Progress Prize Puzzle.

PROGRESS has received a very large number of answers to its Prize Puzzle Competition and in its next issue will announce the result and publish the names of those whose answers are correct.

Wrote to the King of Siam.

Two enterprising young Fredericton stamp collectors forwarded a letter the other day to the King of Siam, Honolulu, requesting him to forward them a set of Honolulu stamps.

Where the Counterfeit Came From.

That \$20 treasury note that fell into the hands of William Condon through the medium of Alta Freeman, a young woman who lives near his store, and was given to her, she alleges, by one Bertha Green, turned out to be a bogus bill and the two young women in question are, in consequence, making the acquaintance of the police cells and the jail. But they have not lost their memory and as \$20 bills were somewhat unusual with them, told the police officials who gave it to them. And the name they mentioned was that of a bank clerk, not one in the city at present, but who was here for some time. The young man is well connected and it would not be necessary for him to go to the length of passing counterfeit money in earnest. But even giving it away as a joke is a serious matter. There is another feature of the affair which may have to be investigated and which is also of a serious nature. The young man is near the border and discretion might be the better part of valour in such a case.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Lonely Nest.

In bitterness of soul I weep,
My spirit sorrowful must keep,
My prayer availeth not.
No voice shall call me mother sweet,
No childhood make my life complete,
Estrangement is my lot.

I ne'er can sing a mother's love,
Or clasp as mine a nestling dove;
Close to my childless heart.
So let the love I would have given,
Ascend through silent tears to heaven
And peace to me impart.

To be beloved is my cross,
My wedded life another's loss;
Doth deeper anguish make.
I taste the wine of my despair,
Though he doth ever treat me fair
And love me for love's sake.

My soul I have poured out in vain,
To suffer sharp maternal pain;
While those no prayer who made;
Are blest where rosy faces meet,
With kisses fond their lips to greet;
And chubby forms displayed.

I have no garden bed to hold,
The buds and blossoms of the fold.
The Shepherd loves to see:
No merry voices morn and night,
Like surging flowers home delight.
Or mother, call to me.

And never mother's neck around,
Shall dimpled arms of love be found;
Or dear face on my breast;
Awake me with a cry of need;
Nor through the day my footsteps speed;
To give my darling rest.

Ah never can my life fulfill,
The law of the Almighty will;
One life to add to more,
So one who mother here has not,
Be mine to comfort my sad lot;
For one passed on before.

Hyaline, March 1898.

CYPRUS GOLDB.



WHO WILL BE ELECTED?

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

making a keen and energetic canvas. He was at the Carleton meeting, he speaks at the board of trade and when he goes about town he is accompanied by some one who knows the people and whom he does not hesitate to pay for his time and trouble for showing him around. But the chances are still with the alderman. He has done the best he could for his ward and for the city and people are apt to judge him by his record.

Robert Maxwell is after Alderman McPherson and if he does not catch him it won't be his fault. Mr. Maxwell has a good many friends and he would make an excellent representative.

Messrs McArthur and Purdy may be said to be sure of their election. Those who advised Constable McPherson to come out should advise him to retire. His chances for the office of high constable are slim now, but if he runs they will disappear altogether.

In Carleton Mr. Chas. Belyea opposes Ald. Smith and Major Gordon opposes Ald. Stackhouse. PROGRESS cannot see where they are going to get enough votes to elect them, but that is their lookout. Major Gordon speaks for himself on the eighth page of PROGRESS today. He is well known on both sides of the harbor and the worst canvas that can be made against him is that he is supported and assisted by ex-Ald. Baxter.

A Splendid Easter Display.

Anyone walking through the country market at this season of the year naturally looks with a great deal of interest at the splendid display of meats and poultry made by the prominent victuallers. None of them possess more interest for PROGRESS readers than that of Thomas Dean, who at all times has what his customers require but at the festival seasons outdoes himself in his selections. Looking at his stall this week the writer could not fail to note the handsome beef—Mr. Dean told him it came from Ontario—which, while fat, was not so fat as to be uneatable but with just that pleasant sufficiency for tenderness and toothsome. Then there was a famous veal suspended, raised and fattened by that enterprising farmer, John Chaloner of Kingston, and truly it looked like a young heifer, it was so heavy and fat. The Southdown mutton came from King's county and could not be excelled. It is almost needless to speak of the pork, the poultry and other good things Mr. Dean had displayed but those who want the best that is going should not fail to give him an early call.

News From the Klondykers.

PROGRESS is in receipt of the very latest news from the Fredericton Klondyke expedition which left for that region on the 1st. March. The letter is written by Mr. George Black from Juneau, Alaska, dated March 25th, aboard the steamer on her way to Skagway. He says all their party are well, the trail good, but charges heavy. Mr. Black notes the vast difference between the steerage passengers in the Yankee craft and those aboard the Canadian boat and says "give me Canada first and forever." The party expected to reach Skagway that night, and to proceed at once upon their journey over the White Pass, upon which they would in all probability be pretty well advanced by this time—being now 13 days on the trail.

Pearls of Thought.

Training is the art of gaining.
Quietness is the magnet of peace.
Good works are the voice of faith.
Patience is the barometer of faith.
Influence is the magnet of character.
Capability is the polestar of position.
Truth is the dynamite gun of revolution.
Discipline is the crucible of responsibility.

In forgiving a fault, we may inspire a virtue.

Temptation is the balance where character is weighed.

Conscience makes cowards of only those who fail to obey it.

Love has emulation without strife, unity without uniformity.