

PROGRESS

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THE CIVIC ELECTIONS.

The civic elections will be held on Tuesday next, and, when the polls close, this city will surely have a new mayor and the indications point to some changes in the council. There is opposition in eleven of the thirteen wards. The city is fortunate, inasmuch as the deputy mayor, Ald. ROBINSON, is not opposed, and Ald. TUTTS is in the best of luck that no resident of Dukes has come forward to fight a civic battle with him. The men who are seeking to oust the old representatives are well known citizens. Some of them have tried to gain a majority of votes in previous year, and not a whit discouraged, are trying again. If there is anything in persistence some of these men should surely meet with success before they cease to be citizens of this growing and glorious city.

We will not deny that some changes could be made at the council board with great advantage to the city. There are men of ability there, men versed in the business of life and much experience in civic affairs—they are good aldermen and representatives. But there are some who lack decision, who wait for some one else to bring important matters up and then have no opinion save with the majority. They are not good aldermen and to relegate them to private life would be a public benefit.

Under the present method of civic government much depends upon the prudence and attention of the departmental chairmen. The three aldermen occupying these positions have been at the board a long time and have no doubt the largest share of civic experience. These are Alderman Daniel of the treasury, Alderman Christie of public works and Alderman McGoldrick of safety. The former is in the contest for mayor and the city will lose his services as the head of its finance department but unless the electors say so it is not probable that any one else will preside over the safety and public works departments than Alderman McGoldrick and CHRISTIE. The former has served the city—including Portland and the united city—for fourteen years. In addition to this distinctive period of long service it may be noted that he is the only catholic at a board of fifteen which is in marked contrast to the days when he had as associates Messrs QUIGLEY, O'RRIEN, McCARTHY and CONNOR.

Ald. CHRISTIE is not only the veteran of the council in years but he has seen many terms of civic service. He is considered an excellent worker and a good chairman.

So far as these portions of the council go the interests of the city are in safe hands. What the people will say about them and the other gentlemen who are seeking election is another matter, but they will, no doubt, be guided rather by what they consider are the best interests of the city than any other considerations.

MODERN COAST DEFENCES.

Much attention has been paid to the defences of American sea coast cities since war with Spain became one of the possibilities. When the army authorities began to enquire into the defences they found them in a bad condition with one or two exceptions. The greatest energy was displayed in completing the fortifications and perfecting the batteries. So much has been done that the people of the larger cities have begun to feel easier about the dangers of a bombardment. Some idea of the power of a land battery to keep a fleet at a respectful distance has been given of late in some of the scientific journals, and is of keen interest. The accurate determination of the position of hostile vessels

approaching a fortified harbor, so that every shot fired from the great coast-defence guns will reach its target, is of the highest importance. Long-range, high-power guns would be unable to cope with armored men-of-war if gunnery were guess work. Modern heavy guns fire with wonderful accuracy—two successive shots from the Jubilee gun in England, fired at an eleven mile range, fell within thirty yards of each other—but exact position finding is necessary to take advantage of this accuracy. In the days of smooth-bore, black powder, cast iron guns, tons of metal were fired at long range, with the hope that a few hundredweight might hit the target. The gunner in a harbor fort guessed at the distance of a hostile warship and her probable position when his shot should reach her; and, after guessing at the powder charge and gun elevation needed, fired. His trial shot proving the inaccuracy of one or more of his guesses, he guessed again, the distance of the ship from where his shot struck the water being an aid to better guessing.

Nowadays aiming a seacoast gun on a ship is an exact science. The range and the direction of the target are computed by delicate instruments, which make correct allowances for the rise and fall of the tide, the force and direction of the wind, the curvature of the earth, and normal and abnormal refraction of light, and the flight of the projectile is accurately gauged by the aid of range tables and delicate machinery for changing the elevation and direction of the gun, and such exact calculations are made of the time of the projectile's flight and the speed and course of a moving target that an 800 pound mortar shell, carrying enough gun cotton to sink a ship, may be dropped on the deck of a ship five miles away, in spite of the fact that the shell, in its air more than a minute, and the ship moves hundreds of yards after the gun is fired and before the projectile reaches her. An entire fleet of steaming armor-clads may be destroyed by the guns of batteries whose commanders take aim and fire without seeing a single ship, and who know the position of the fleet only from messages received over a telephone or telegraph line, from an observer perhaps hundreds of yards away.

And old lady Mrs. DUKESHIRE died in Nova Scotia a few days ago and the local paper in speaking of her life says that one of the things she prized most was a letter of her mother's which was written in 1825 at Chatham, N. B., and the reference in it to the great Miramichi fire. It is interesting to this day:

.....That dreadful fire of the 7th Oct. last, which drove us from our homes and deprived us of everything but life (and that in a poor state of health); but thanks be to the great and merciful God for his goodness to us. When I think of God's great goodness; indeed, when I look back and see his delivering hand in saving us from devouring flames. I was dragged out of my bed with my children by my husband. We just got out when the house fell in with the flames. The suffering we went through I never before thought we could endure. The Lord was good to us. The night was awful. No tongue nor pen describes the awful scene—the screams and cries of women and children burning and drowning, and the falling of fire and smoke drove many to distraction, and the next morning most dreadful to see mothers and fathers running to pick up the dead bodies of their children. The cries were awful, indeed. Some whole families, thirteen in number, were found dead. Even the cattle in the field were burned. We lay in an open house for two days, on some shavings, almost out of our reason. Nothing but dead bodies around me! The sight and thought was awful indeed. Then we crossed the river and like to have been drowned. We lay in the open woods, thanks to a soldier for two blankets. I thought of nothing but expected death.

Editor STEWART of the Chatham World was thrown into a reminiscent mood by something he saw in the Telegraph a few days ago which he thought the absent editor in chief would be disturbed by and he tells how "the late Mr. ELDER, was horrified to see by his paper, during his absence, that his substitute had given an appreciative editorial criticism on a variety show, including the statement that "Miss LILY LIGHTFOOT is the best highkicker and jig dancer we have ever seen." The night foreman of that time still gleefully describes the scene when the reverend editor returned to the office and keel-bauled his substitute. Wringing his hands, as was his wont when agitated, the editor wrathfully and despairingly cried: "My my, Mr. PARKIN, you have ruined me!"

So Mayor ROBERTSON goes to England after all in spite of the factious and foolish opposition to his plan. The council voted \$500 for the purpose—not a very generous allowance, it is true, but on a par with the spirit in which the mayor's proposal was greeted. It is regrettable that the council could not have seen their way clear to adopt the mayor's plan unanimously, but those who voted to the contrary were frank in the expression of their disapproval and quite ready to stand or fall by their action.

MARTIN BUTLER, the persevering editor of the Journal, is about to publish a book which he says "was written, composed,

set and printed by myself with our own hand, with the exception of a few evening's running off on the press by some of our boy friends." Surely such industry as this deserves recognition from the public.

PROGRESS starts a serial story today and it promises such interest that all who read the first installment will wish the second could come within a week. There are always good stories in PROGRESS, selected from the best publications and they afford much pleasure and recreation to the thousands who read them.

The sad death of Mr. WALTER CHESTNUT of Fredericton, while en route to the Yukon, is a striking reminder of the perils and hardship of the journey to the land of gold. That the fact should be impressed upon us by the death of one so popular and well known is a matter of much regret.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

In Spring Time. The vernal whisper of the hemlock sweet, Brings me the welcome of your trusting true; And long before the coming of your feet, There is a pearly glory on the anxious dew. The crimson splendor of our twilight star, Grows brighter as the daylight fair has flown; Its sparkling tells me you cannot be far, From where you promised I should meet my own. It is the grace and beauty of your face, The chaste perfection of your hand and arm; Your saintly presence charming all the place, Where to our hearts there comes no rude alarm. With you, the river seeing all our love, Makes haste to catch you in its silver gleam; And like the crystal waters bright above, It steals your voice and sings on in a dream. The busy leaves embroidering the fields, Wherein a thousand song birds love to hide; And wild rose scent its balmy odor yields, Are at their best when you are at my side. With you, the swaying incense of that clime, Of blossom flower and bloom of immortelle; Are wafted to this distant realm of time, Where I discover you them all excel. CYPRIUS GOLDS.

The Hyacinths April, 1898.

A Good Samaritan. Lay him away, It matters not where; Dig a hole in the ground And deposit him there; 'Twill be use less to raise A shaft o'er his head, For heaven's aware Of the fact that he's dead!

Lowly his low, And humble his sphere; The world—the big, busy world knew not That he ever was sent to minister here; He gathered no millions, he built up no trusts— Cornered no markets, robbed no one of bread; His raiment was ragged, he lived up in crusts— But heaven's aware of the fact that he's dead!

Did his worship in church In the orthodox way? Did his rafter ring when It was his turn to pray? Alas, I know not— But let it be said That heaven's aware of the fact that he's dead!

The orphan he fanned Through feverish days May live or may not To cherish his praise; The sick that he nourished when stricken himself, The starving that, when he was hungry, he fed, May pray for him now, or may not, as they list— But heaven's aware of the fact that he's dead!

Lay him away, It matters not where; Dig a hole in the earth And deposit him there. When the last trumpet sounds He will hear, he will hear As well as the man O'er whose head people rear The highest of sorrows— Aye, put him to bed! If there is a God He will not forget That this lowly man lived—and is dead!

Fancy and Fact. If you think that talk is cheap, sir, You are foolish, You are stubborn just like you, once— I was mutinous! Sure, I thought 't would cost me nothing Just a-talking, But the outcome of it all, oh, Was too shocking! 'Twas in play—I thought she knew it— That bright morning, When I told her how I loved her, 'Neath the awning, And as talk was cheap (I thought so) Whispered, "I will come and claim you On the morrow."

Though I told the crowded court-room, I was fooling; Not a wit would change the Judge His rigid ruling, And when, oh, chagrined, but wise! I Left the docket— I was just three thousand dollars Out of pocket!

PROGRESS PUZZLE WINNERS.

Twenty-two Send in the Correct Answer to the Puzzle.

When PROGRESS started its competition the idea was that the answers would come from New Brunswickers since it was the Fifth Reader used in the schools of N. B. from which the lines and picture were taken. We were naturally surprised therefore when answers came in not only from all over the province, but from Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, Maine and even Rhode Island; dozens were handed in at the office, scores came in by mail.

A few came in after the contest closed, some of these, however, contained the correct answer. The rules had not been read over carefully enough; by many. These wrote two or more quotations on one coupon, thus standing no chance for the prize even if one of the answers was the correct one.

The rules were explicit on this point and only consecutive lines could be taken as one quotation, two lines of one poem, for instance, written without the four lines which went between them could hardly be regarded as one genuine quotation, nor could a quotation of eight or ten lines be judged a good guess when the answer was to be written on the coupon and did not permit of more than two lines written legibly. The really correct answer was only one line and was handed in by twenty-two persons. The preceding line was so coupled with it, as well as were the two previous lines that it was considered more fair to consider these two or four consecutive lines as correct, and in the next contest to have it understood that only the lines necessary, should be deemed the correct ones. To judge from appearances answers were sent in by childhood, youth and age and PROGRESS is pleased that the winners are not confined to one age or sex.

While we regret that the prize has to be so sub-divided we are pleased with the insight we have had into peoples minds, and trust that acting on this knowledge we will be able to make the next contest equally interesting but not quite so easy. Some of the answers were so ingenious that we wished we ourselves had been more clever.

One very good quotation was evidently from the Fifth Reader of another series of school books,

"Again the raven in eagle robe, in anger wheeled on Europe shadowing wings."

There were but two other instances in which a mistake had been made as to the book from which the extract was taken. Two good answers came from Bathurst; one stated "It illustrates selections from every poem in the reader."

"Your riddle is hard to read" another said "The puzzle represents the story of Lady Clare."

"Your riddle is hard to read" A foot-note to this reply quite took our breath away. We were directed to "turn the picture side-ways and look at the eagle which becomes a pointer; by looking at it for a short time the other figures come out." Now since we were absolutely guiltless of hiding any shadowy figures in that innocent shrubbery, we trembled in our shoes at the thought of how circumspect we would have to be in our next competition lest there should be "a dark horse" in Bathurst which would peer into our inmost thoughts and read the solution against our will. We compliment the owner of this ingenious mind, and wish our minds had not been so ingenuous.

Another unique answer was taken from Triumphs of the English Language.

"Faith, Freedom, Heaven and Home."

The most popular answer was:

"The ocean eagle soared from his nest by the white waves foam."

It was hard pressed however by,

"Rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth, From his home in the dark-rolling clouds of the North"

And by

"As when the eagle from the ark First sported in thy beam"

Many chose

"And as a bird each found its endearment tries To tempt her new-fledged offspring to the skies"

While numerous others were decided on the correctness of

"Let the hawk stoop, his prey is drawn"

Not a few pinned their faith to

"Ah home let him speed for the spoiler is nigh."

The answers were really so diverse that one felt constrained to say:

"Many men, many minds."

For instance:

"The angel of Death spread his wings on the blast"

"Fluttering between the dim wave and the sky."

"Musical cherub soar singing away."

"I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance Among my skimming swallows"

"Tumultuous Honor brooded o'er Her van Pressing wrath to Poland and to man."

"Come swiftly on the wing."

"With peaceful wings unfurled"

Several correspondents sent very appreciative notes to PROGRESS for which thanks.



It is pleasant to receive cordial praise, and we are glad to have our efforts approved. The correct quotation was:

"Coming events cast their shadows before" —Lochiel's Warning. Page 123, line 24d.

Following are the names of those sending in correct answers. Group first wrote the literal one line answer, group second wrote two lines, and group three, four lines.

- First Group. A. Gordon McDonald, Sherbrooke, Guysboro Co. Nova Scotia. Mabel E. Robb 408 Union St. St. John N. B. Hattie Barnes, Hampton, Kings Co. N. B. Marjorie Barnes, Hampton, Kings Co. N. B. Ella Ferguson, Richinco, Kent Co. N. B. Laura Patton, 15 Coburg St. St. John N. B. C. Appleby, Perth Centre, N. B. Lillian Currie, Oromocto, Sunbury Co. N. B. Peter Fraser, Amherst, N. S. Harry Rowe Stevens, Hillsboro, Albert Co. N. B. Willie Mowry, 239 Chesley St. St. John. Ida F. Smith, 93 Winter St. St. John N. B. Ruth A. Ryan, Q. Bismarck, Kings Co. N. B. Lillian Nicholson, Moncton, N. B. Inogene Jones, Exile, Albert Co. Gladys Turner, Tracadie, N. B. Gladys McLaughlin, 110 West North St. St. John N. P. Lillian M. Jordan, Woodstock, N. B. Bertie L. Rainnie, 68 Sewell St. St. John. George S. Wilson, 22 Queen Square, St. John. Miss A. A. Wilson, 7 Burpee Ave. St. John. Mrs. Flewelling, Hampton, Kings Co. N. B.

- Second Group. Jennie McIner, 151 Strait Shore, St. John. Kate McNamara, Parrsboro, Nova Scotia. Mrs. T. R. Cully, Marsh Bridge, St. John. M. Evelyn Clark, 23 Charles St. St. John. Jennie B. Wisdom, Moore St. East St. John. Ethel J. Hanson, 23 Peters St. St. John. Thelma Foley, 83 Mecklenburg St. St. John. W. H. Stevens, Fredericton, N. B. Lester Mowry, 239 Chesley St. St. John. Etta L. Millican, 104 Wright St. St. John. Margaret H. Covert, Grand Harbor, Grand Manan, N. B. Alice S. Keith, Petricodiac, N. B.

Third Group.

About Time They Were Stopped. They do say that post office clerk Joseph Ritchie and Postmaster Thomas B. Hanington are no on the best of terms these days. The reason is not far to seek and some explanations of the cause of the friction between these officials have already appeared in these columns. There was another wordy battle one morning this week. Mr. Hanington does not permit clerk Ritchie to make any slips these days and the latter, no doubt, is not giving him any chances but there was sufficient to cause the air to vibrate one morning this week. It was a war of words but these vocal engagements are becoming so frequent of late that the officials about the office are getting weary of them.

The Woes of a Publisher.

There are probably some people in this world, and in Annapolis county especially, who think others are put on earth for their special benefit. This week we sent a representative through the western part of the county collecting over-due subscriptions. After an absence of two days he returned, and out of a total amount of some \$200, representing about 150 subscribers, brought back not even an eighth. Now we wish it distinctly understood that we are not running the Spectator for the fun of the thing, and the sooner our subscribers realize it, the better it will be for all concerned. We do not wish to adopt harsh measures, but when we barely pay expenses on a collecting trip, it makes us think that it is the only remedy.—Annapolis Spectator.

"War on Wheels."

The Guaranteed High-Grade Bicycles for \$35.00 Cash, and the Wrappers from two boxes of "Welcome" Soap are on exhibition in the prominent grocery store windows of W. Alex. Porter, —Jas. F. Dunlop, —McPherson Bros., —Paddington & Merritt—Vanwart Bros., —and W. D. Baskin's, Carleton. The Wheel is strictly up-to-date, makes a first class appearance and is certainly a great bargain at the price offered. The Welcome Soap Co. guarantee the wheel, and we understand are booking a great many orders for ladies' and gentlemen's bicycles in connection with the famous "Welcome" Soap.

A Glorious 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.

While every person cannot have an abundant head of hair, it is possible, with care and the use of Hall's Hair Renewer, to grow a respectable hirsute covering.