

PROGRESS.

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DREDGING THE HARBOR.

It seems to be accepted without much question that it is necessary to dredge the channel to the depth of thirty feet at low water. Some go so far as to find fault because the work has not been done. Up to the present, however, very little has been heard on the subject from those whose business it is to acquire and apply practical information in regard to the harbour generally, who come into daily contact with the problems it presents to the engineer, the pilot, the tugboatman and the shipmaster and who know its disadvantages and appreciate its possibilities.

There is a very general expression on the part of our people that the harbour shall be put in such condition that steamships of any size may enter and depart at all times of tides, and the conclusion is hastily reached that if the channel were to be deep enough this would be accomplished. Unfortunately this is not so. We have forgotten about the current, and there still remains in the minds of the pilot and shipmaster the very serious question "Will my ship steer in the current? Shall I be able to keep her in the channel if I enter it?"

At low tide the harbor of St. John is a stream of nearly fresh water—the channel a crooked river with a strong current. A vessel entering the east channel at this time must bear to the west to clear the foul ground. This brings the current against her starboard bow, forces her head still further to the west and she is in danger of running into the mud between Fort Dufferin and the Beacon.

Several steamers have done this during the past year. The Algoma and Lake Winnipeg may be cited as cases in point. These vessels came in at low water. They came over the bar without touching but after they got into the channel and had from twenty-four to thirty feet of water under them they refused to be steered, their engines had to be stopped and the west channel current swept them into the mud between the breakwater and the Beacon. If this happens to ships of this class it will happen more frequently to the longer and larger steamships we expect to come here. Those who witnessed the peculiar performance of the Gallia the last time she left our port will hardly ask for further proof when the statement is made that a steamship cannot quickly change her course in a tideway.

No amount of dredging in the present channel will be of the slightest benefit so far as this is concerned. Steamships of any considerable size will still have to wait outside for slack water. Of course if the channel were straight the difficulty would not be so great, for the current is not strong enough, except perhaps in freshet time, to be much of an obstacle, unless it comes to bear against one side or other of the ship's bow.

There are two ways in which the difficulty may be overcome. One is to remove the Beacon and at least eight hundred feet of the bar upon which it stands. This will straighten the channel to such an extent as greatly to lessen the difficulty. Then it the

east channel at the island was to be dredged and kept dredged, steamers could come in when they pleased.

The other way is to close the west channel. This will stop the strong run of tide westward from below the red buoy, (I am speaking of low water) form an eddy or backwater to the west of a line drawn from the end of the sand-sit on Partridge Island to the Beacon, and, by forcing all the water to come and go by the east channel, naturally and permanently straighten and deepen it. Then an entering vessel rounding the red buoy at low water would be supported on her port side by the backwater would readily straighten up on her course.

There are many other reasons why the west channel should be closed. There can be no extension of wharf accommodation southwards without it. Even the government pier cannot be used during the winter because of the southwest seas that sometimes beat up against it, and the government steamers have to beset up the harbor to other berths.

There can be no suitable shelter harbor for coasting vessels and small crafts without it. At present they block the channel and during the winter huddle so closely together in front of the Sand Point wharves that pilots are afraid to bring steamships in at night. The west channel closed and they would all lie snugly between Partridge Island and Fort Dufferin sheltered from every storm.

There can be no permanent dredging of the channel without it, for one southwestern would undo the work of months. Even the tides flowing as they do at present east and west across the channel would probably make work enough to keep the dredge busy.

There can be no iron shipbuilding at St. John without it, for the natural site for this work is below Sand Point and unavailable until the west channel is closed.

Then there are the minor benefits which would come from it. Those who are fond of boating would have a quiet harbor where they could enjoy themselves without danger, and those who wished to bathe could do so without fear of being carried off by the tide.

The one great objection urged against extending the breakwater to the island is the expense, but this argument is greatly minimized, if it does not altogether disappear, when we come to consider it.

The closing of the channel would render the construction of the proposed special dredge unnecessary; the proposed dredging unnecessary; the maintenance of the dredged channel unnecessary; the annual outlay for concrete work at the end of the breakwater probably unnecessary; the extension of and repairs to the revetment around Fort Dufferin, including annual repairs, unnecessary; the light on breakwater unnecessary. It would increase the shipping facilities of the port by making the government pier available for steamships throughout the year, prevent further landslides at Fort Dufferin, quadruple the present possible west side wharfage front, enhance the value of Carleton real estate, probably improve the harbour fishing and provide the city fathers with something else in the way of sites to bestow on worthy applicants.

The space to be filled in will require, roughly, about 160,000 cubic yards of stone which could be provided almost on the spot by taking a slice about ten feet thick off the top of Partridge Island.

All these things should, and probably will, be taken into the account by those whose business it is to determine as to the most economical, permanent and otherwise desirable method of dredging the east channel.

The local government and those members of the House who have given it such an unwavering support for years, must feel somewhat uneasy at the vigorous campaign begun by their opponents. The policy of inaction may have its advantages, but eloquent speakers presenting facts and figures, night after night, in the important centres of the province cannot fail to exert a great influence, and the people who read their speeches—for they are carefully reported and diligently circulated—must begin to wonder after a time why the arguments presented in them are not answered.

It is not the intention of PROGRESS to inquire into the corruption of one party or the purity of another; but when reputable men institute inquiries into the management of the public works department, and make startling assertions in connection with certain operations, then a reply is certainly looked for from the party assailed.

It seems strange that the exposure of official methods in the Yukon should be left to that great newspaper the London Times. But there is one point to be noted, and that is, that though the same stories have been published from time to time in some newspaper opposing the government they

were not paid that attention that has since been given to the "Thunderer." However, it is gratifying to note that the greatest newspaper in England should take such a keen interest in Canadian affairs that it went to the great expense of sending a special writer in the person of the talented Miss SHAW to investigate them.

Where is the Law and Order League? Has it discontinued its labors on behalf of the St. John Sabbath, or has it come to the conclusion that St. John after all is a pretty quiet, orderly and well conducted city on the Lord's day? This must be a proper conclusion, and we trust that the good common sense of some members of the league has discouraged the tendency of their colleagues during the summer months to prevent the consumption of soda water and the smoking of cigars on the Sabbath day.

The report of Superintendent BRIDGES to the effect that there are two or three hundred more children enrolled on the school registers of this city, this year than last, must be considered as encouraging in every respect. It either means that the people are appreciating more and more our school system and the advantages to be obtained from a fair or good education, or that there are more people to send children to school.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Our Lad. We didn't know how we'd miss him Till after he'd went away; Now the place is still an lonesome 'Tears like I can't hardly stay. He was just chuck in 't of his mischief! An' I use to be hard on his nose, But I might 'a' known it was natur', Like all other growin' boys. He was allus 'a-fightin' Injuns,' I've scolded him lots fer that; But to-day when I climbed to the hay-loft, An' chanced on his old straw hat With a tall leather stuck kinder sideways, An' his bowie knives layin' by, (He whittled them all with his jack-knife) I j' broke down in a cry. But I wouldn't tell mother for nothin', She's grieved till she's almost sick, An' sometimes it looks like she's t'inkin' It's only his same old trick Of hidin' whenever she called him, An' makin' her holler a sight, An' then jumpin' 'p right behind her An' laughin' 'nd huggin' her tight. I miss him a-water'n the horses, He was allus wild to ride! Somech it seems like the river Sounds lonesomer sence he died. An' the very rocks an' the flowers Where he used to let Dobbin drink, Seem to me they look like they're grievin', They're missin' him, too, I think. His dog just blinks on the doorstep, I wonder if his eyes is sad! To me, it seems like they're askin' "Why, what's become of our lad?" An' sometimes when stretched out a-sleepin', He'll jump up as peart as a trim, An' look all around, an' he'll listen, An' I know he's be'n dreamin' of him. There's a grave over there on the hillside, Jest above the old medder gap; But it looks too long to be his'n, He was only a little chap! There's all sorts of flowers a-growin', For mother takes lots of care; But it seems so quiet an' still-like, I can't think our boy is there. But whatever he's at, I am certain That God will take care of our lad, An' perhaps He won't think he is noisy An' full of his mischief an' bad. An' maybe He'll keep him all mother, An' me gettin' our work done, An' then give him back as he once was, With all his noise 'nd fun! —Minnie Reid.

Little White Finatore. Did you meet a little maid down the street, Busy and smiling, trim neat, Her figure winking with baby charm, A basket of lurch on her small right arm, Tripping along in the eem-shade cool? It was little White Finatore going to school. Till dawned this wonderful day of spring She 'ticed to her mother's apron string"— The family beauty and pride and joy; Just a bewitching human toy; Her life without law or lessons or rule— Now little White Finatore's gone to school. "My darling," I murmured, "my precious sweet," An' I buttoned the ties on her restless feet, In the untrodden pathway eager to go, "Poor mother will miss her baby so!" "Don't cry," she said, with a birdlike coo; "I will hurry home and take care of 'oo." I put the doll and the toys away When the wise little woman left her play; And I go about with a touch of pain Till my pretty scholar shall come again. O, what shall we do on that dismal day When little White Finatore goes to stay?

You Never Can Tell. You never can tell when you send a word— Like an arrow shot from a bow By an archer blind—be it cruel or kind, Just where it will chance to go. It may pierce the breast of your dearest friend, Or a stranger's heart in life's great mart I may carry its pain or its calm. You never can tell when you do an act Just what the result will be; But with every deed you are sowing a seed. Each kindly act is an acorn dropped In God's productive soil; Though you may not know, yet the tree shall grow And shelter the brows that toil. You can never tell what your thoughts will do In bringing you hate or love; For their thoughts are things, and their airy wings Are swifter than carrier doves. They follow the law of the universe— Each thing must create its kind; And they spe-d o'er the track to bring you back Whatever went out from your mind.

Something Lacking. I. His boss went dead an' his mule went lame, He lost six cows in a poker game; A hurricane came on a summer's day, And carried his house, here's what he said; Then an earthquake come when that waz gone, An' swallowed the land that the house stood on! An' the tax collector, he come round An' charged his bill up fer the hole in the ground! An' the city marshal—he come in view An' said he wanted his street tax too!

II. Did he moan an' sigh? Did he set an' cry An' cuss the hurricane sweepin' by? Did he grieve that his old friends failed to call When the earthquake come an' swallowed all? Each thing must create its kind, With all them troubles on top his head! Not him! * * * He climbed to the top o' the hill, Whar standin' room wuz left him still, An' barin' his head up fer the hole in the ground! But, Lord, I hain't had the measles yet!

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Indignant Over the Awards.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS:—Has it not occurred to you that it is something extraordinary this thing of damages re the Spruce Lake water extension? The laying of the new larger pipe to take the place of the one, almost worn out, will cause no more damage to property than the laying of the first one. In the first place experts say the larger pipe will not lower the water in, lake one inch more. When the first pipe was laid Messrs Jewett & Sutton were running their mill at South Bay by water power from the lake and always had enough water. Their mill is not now in existence. They did not complain in the first place when they had cause, more than now if they ever had any. I think it, Mr. Editor, one of the strangest pieces of business I ever heard of to ask the city of St. John—the overburdened taxpayers—to now give them, (Jewett & Sutton) a small fortune for nothing. I wonder at Recorder Skinner listening to such a thing. Where were the watch dogs of the council, Aids. Christie and Millidge; were they asleep to allow such a thing a hearing? Why don't some large taxpayer of the city now put an injunction on the payment of the award and take the case into the equity or some proper court of law. Why not PROGRESS state the case to the people in its own clear way and call on the citizen taxpayers to contribute towards a fund to try and stop the payment of this scandalous thing. A CITIZEN.

St. John, N. B., Oct. 12.

HE SAW THE PICTURES.

A Halifax Clergyman Thinks the Devil's Auction is Naughty. HALIFAX, Oct. 12.—Rev. J. F. Dastan, pastor of the Grove Presbyterian church, Richmond, this city has got himself into some trouble which he will find a very difficult matter to get out of. He no doubt got in it much more easily than he will ever get out of it. His trouble all arose out of the production at the Academy last week of the Devil's Auction company. The posters which were displayed about the city advertising the show were of a somewhat flashy character, and the reverend gentleman took objection. The female form divine was outlined on them very clearly, and the clergyman must have scanned them very closely to obtain the information which he led the public to believe was facts. In an open criticism over his own signature in one of the city papers, he spoke very irreverently of the show, and those who were taking part in it. He had no personal knowledge of what the production was like, that is as far as known up to the present time. His letter to some extent injured the business of the company while here. Many thought it was a good advertisement for the show, so it was in one way but not in another. It filled the galleries to the doors and emptied the balance of the house. Many right thinking people after reading the letter, refrained from going to see the show. There was nothing hurtful in it, in fact it was not a bit worse than some of the operatic productions which have been witnessed on the Academy stage. The lessee of the Academy H. B. Clarke, and a representative of

the company have taken proceedings against the reverend gentleman. He will now have to make an open apology, or be mulcted in for a suit for damages. The papers in the case have already been served on him, and the outcome is awaited with interest by many. It remains to be seen whether he will back down, or stand up and prove to the satisfaction of the courts, what he said about the members of the company.

IT LOOKED BAD.

Appearances were Against Her But She was not Guilty. A certain young lady, whom appearances certainly looked dark, once had an amusing experience of unjust judgement. She went out on a stormy day, and was unfortunate enough to have her umbrella turned inside out. Her two sisters were equally unlucky, and on the following day the young lady volunteered to take the three umbrellas to be repaired. Promising to call for them before she returned home in the afternoon, she went about her business, part of which was to do some shopping in a large city establishment. On rising to leave the shop, she mechanically put out her hand to take possession of an umbrella that was close by. It looked like her own, and for the moment she had forgotten the accident. She was soon brought to her senses. "That is my umbrella," said a sharp voice at her side, and a hand was laid on her arm to detain her. Apologizing for her thoughtlessness, she left the shop, did the rest of her business, and called for her umbrellas. In the street-car she met an indignant pair of eyes. Where had she seen them before? They scanned first her face, and then the burden she carried. "Three of them!" muttered the owner of the eyes, and it was evident that she referred to the umbrellas. "Three! she din no bad to day." As she spoke she grasped her own umbrella tightly, and moved farther away from the dangerous young lady. The color came into the cheeks of the latter. The speaker was her friend of the morning, and she evidently believed that the umbrellas had been stolen from different establishments in the city. And the worst of it was, it looked as if it might be so.

Foreign Missions.

The total income of the British Foreign Missionary and kindred societies is \$8,054,196. Thirty-three foreign missionary societies of the evangelical churches of the United States have a total income of \$4,333,611. Canadian foreign societies receive \$316,045. The foreign mission work of the world costs annually \$12,988,687.

The Idea.

"Oh, Clarence," exclaimed Mrs. McBride as her brother entered the house, "baby's cut a tooth!" "Why do you let him play with knives?" asked the bachelor brother.—Boston Traveler.

An Unknown Quantity.

Pedal: "How much did that bicycle cost you, old man?" Sprocket: "I don't know; my doctor hasn't sent in his bill yet."

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