

PROGRESS.

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THE UNIVERSITY CLOSING.

The closing of the provincial university is always an interesting event and this year, if one may judge from the accounts that have been published, it was attended by many prominent provincialists. Graduates were there in plenty, of course, but the presence of other gentlemen who have not graduated from the institution is an encouraging sign, especially at this time.

Chancellor Thomas HARRISON delivered the address "in praise of the founders" and it may be said that it was more interesting than such addresses usually are since it was the defence of the University to the attacks that were made upon it last winter in the legislature and the criticisms of its management that have appeared from time to time in the press.

The chancellor did not mince his words. He struck from the shoulder and it may be that he struck too strongly. But doubtless he took that matter into his careful consideration. The important portion of his remarks was that which denoted increased activity within the past few months and the promise of greater exertions in the future. Thus it will readily be seen that the criticisms of the institution were not uncalled for and served the purpose for which they were intended—to rouse the university authorities to a sense of their responsibility and duty to the institution.

The friends of the college will rejoice at this renewed energy though it did not come soon enough to prevent some scathing remarks about management at the meeting of the old graduates. Still while the resolution animadverting against the present management did not carry, the discussion showed the intention of the graduates to be more critical and consequently more interested in the future than in the past. The inclination to give the present staff another chance to bring the university into greater prominence was plainly manifest and the result of the next year's work will be regarded with much concern.

Still if old graduates are so anxious about the fate of their alma mater that they are ready to rush to her assistance and to support her more generously than they have, then the institution will owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. FOWLER for the interest he excited by his resolution in the legislature.

KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK.

The work of the Good Roads Association in this city and province is becoming apparent in the improved condition of some streets and the preparations that are being made to repair others upon the plans recommended by modern road builders. The association should continue its labors. The government needs critics who are interested in road expenditure because it is a notorious fact that the public money in the past has been distributed rather for the benefit of politicians than the roads.

These Good Roads Associations are great factors in the United States and it may interest some of the leading spirits in the movement here to know that it was largely due to their efforts that in the little State of New Jersey the highways have been much improved. The movement is said to have begun in 1893 by the organization of a highway improvement association and the passage of a law imposing upon the state one-third of the cost of good roads constructed under the direction of a state road commissioner. Under this statute 238 miles of macadamized roadway has been constructed at an expense of \$466,595 to the state and upward of \$1,000,000 to the counties and the property owners. People can now travel upon a hard, mudless highway in all kinds of weather. It is solid and smooth as a boulevard from Jersey City to Atlantic

City and from Paterson to Camden. The work of construction has continued for a series of years—in 1893 and 1894, seventy-four miles; 1895, sixty-six and one-half miles; 1896, fifty-one miles, etc. The cost has been diminished by experience from an average of \$6,000 per mile in 1893 to \$1,000 a mile in 1897. The soil and other physical conditions in Illinois are so similar to those of New Jersey that it is believed the same methods and estimates would apply equally well to both states. In New Jersey opposition to the new system has almost entirely died out and the applications for state assistance are so numerous that the appropriation will be increased from \$100,000 to \$300,000 this year.

The farmers have found that they actually save more than the amount of their wagons, harness and horseshoes, without considering the wear of the animals and the economy of the time. The road commissioner of New Jersey puts a practical lesson in mathematics before the farmers. "It costs 9 1/2 cents a bushel," he says, to ship wheat from Chicago to New York, a distance of 900 miles. It costs 3 cents a bushel to haul wheat on a level road a distance of five miles, and on a sandy road it would cost at least 9 cents per mile to haul it. The saving on a bushel of wheat with good roads for a distance of five miles would be about equivalent to that of 375 miles by railroad. One mile of good roads places the producer seventy-five miles by rail nearer to the markets. It is estimated that the cost of hauling 700,000,000 tons of farm products to market is \$2 per ton or just about \$1,400,000,000. It is also estimated that about 60 per cent. of this last amount, or \$840,000,000, would be saved each year if farmers were able to do this hauling over good roads. "The real cost of transportation that burdens our agricultural classes," he says, "is the part of it between the farm and the town or railway station and the market. The loss due to bad roads is one of the greatest wastes of energy connected with farming as it is carried on in this country."

ALD. MILLIDGE HAS A BIKE.

The Opportunities it Will Give Him to Inspect Matters.

Alderman Millidge is the first member of the common council to buy a bicycle. He made the purchase last Saturday and there is one wheel less in Lockhart's auction room. There was a mysterious rumor about the city weeks ago that the alderman from Dufferin had fallen a victim to the fascination of a wheel. But those who knew the legal mind of the alderman scouted the idea of such a thing. And still the story gained circulation and was quite generally believed. But still there was a doubt. If the alderman had become a wheelman there were other things denoted by the fact. Bachelors as a rule, fall in love with a wheel about the same time that they become acquainted with some wheel woman who pleases them. So it will readily be seen how much interest was aroused by this report concerning Alderman Millidge and his bicycle training.

That report became a certainty when the alderman emerged from Lockhart's auction room last Saturday, guiding a wheel over to his office. It wasn't a bad looking machine but it wasn't the 1898 pattern. It was made by the Crescent wheel works and weighed about 22 pounds. Now as Alderman Millidge is a man that will probably weigh nearly 200 pounds there is apt to be a collapse some day when he strikes a suitable piece of ground.

But the alderman does not propose to try the rough streets at first. He will get as proficient as possible in the rink and then out the road to that smooth piece of macadamized speed way that the government has constructed.

Taking everything into consideration this move of Alderman Millidge might well be imitated by his colleagues. How satisfactory it would be if they could take an early morning spin and see just what the public works department was doing about the city. How the alderman will enjoy over looking the work on the Spruce Lake water works this year and then again there is the pumping station to watch over. There would not be a rough street in town if all of the aldermen owned and could ride bicycles. It would pay the good road's association to present each of them with one even if they had to raise the funds by a popular subscription.

Alderman Millidge's opportunities to cover every portion of the city silently and without any fuss, are so great that he may be expected to know more about what is going on than any of his brother aldermen.

The beard should be trimmed and not allowed to grow scraggly, and if grizzly, or of uneven color, use Buckingham's Dye which colors a beautiful brown or black.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Happ of Love at Night. I heard my harp of love at night, Is sorrow wake and play; Still standing to my inward sight, Where it had been all day. Fair hands again the strings passed o'er, Beyond all earth control,— Like music sobbing on the shore,— Of sadness in my soul. The soul of love has love's sweet choice, Touching the sad harp's strings; The soul of my beloved's voice, Back to my own it brings. The harmony of days gone by, The melody of years; Still in its deep chords softly sigh, With memories of tears. The melting strains of love's romance, When two fond hearts were one; The feeling in the first love glance, Fate never has undone. Across the golden strings you swept, With more than magic art; Still linger where thereon was wept, The sorrow of your heart. Oh! those golden strings again, Could thrill with love for me, E'en though returned our parting pain, Enchanting it would be. Your form, your voice your angel face, In melody still gives; My soul would find yours in its place, The sweetest harp of Heaven. CYPRUS GOLDBE. The Fern, May 1898.

The Loveless One. The poet sings, the lover fondly raves, About the charms that chain young Cupid's slaves; Bright eyes exchanging tales of endless love, Which come to jealous hearts like Noah's dove With message sweet of hope and future bliss, The bashful, thrilling, half-reluctant kiss The blushing cheek, the quickly beating heart, Which, trusty watcher, plays its faithful part Announcing that the one beloved is near; These all, and kindred signs to lovers dear, For me no charm, no bright allurements hold; In reason's chill embrace, my heart's grown cold And feeling that the truest love is pain Will never warm neath Cupid's smiles again. JEAN TAILLEFER.

Man's Masterpiece. Through countless ages on the earth there wrought A race called man, which strove and hoped and dreamed; And those there were who sang, and those who taught, And those who whispered of the lot redeemed.

And as they came and went they builded here A structure of stone, the man planned, A towering temple, rising white and sheer Where sea-lapped mountains frown upon the land. On through its portals, ever moving passed The generations, adding to its store Of all that's beautiful, until at last To those who gazed there seemed no room for more.

Not all in peace had this proud palace grown, For in its shadow men had warred and died; And, falling there, had seen the glory down That, erstwhile gleaming, filled their hearts with pride.

But ever hopeful, as the ages cried From out the ruins of the man planned, They builded then anew, and side by side, Carved what they dreamed and writ there what they thought.

And so on earth man through the aeons strove To make this palace nobler to the eye, And worthy, as the cobbler of his love, To tell his glory to the bye-and-bye.

And some day lonely on a lonely earth, The last man sleeping where his fathers sleep, This wondrous thing that in man's soul had birth Shall rise in silence by the moaning deep. A temple, made for dust-worms, of a race That came and went, and dreamed its dream and died; And, crumbling there, shall fall to earth again, The mausoleum of man's love and pride. —Edward S. Van Zile.

A Good Woman. Busy at her work all day, Never asks a cent of pay, Thinks it ought to be that way: Thank the Lord for Susan!

Singin', when she wants to sing, Like the robins in the spring; Singin' some, like everything: Thank the Lord for Susan!

Always ready, day or night; Always willin'—she's a sight: When it comes to doin' right: Thank the Lord for Susan!

Me and seven children's what She looks after, well or not; And she's "Mother" to the lot: Thank the Lord for Susan!

Goes to church on Sundays, too, 'Long with all she's got to do: It's her that's got to pull me through! Thank the Lord for Susan!

In her hair is streaks of gray, And the crow's feet's come to stay; But I like her best that way: Thank the Lord for Susan!

Made of consecrated clay; She gets better every day: Thank the Lord for Susan!

The Old Hymn. I sat within a vacant room, A low celled room, quaint-shaped, oak-beamed, With the windows looking off to sea, O'er which the sunset's glory streamed I watched the far-off flitting sails, And 'Eadway Rocks' that looming rose A tower from the heaving sea Whereon the scattered isles repose.

And some one near me gently played A dear old hymn that stirred my heart; 'Twas 'Children of the Heavenly King,' And what it woke me to quick tears start. The long years seemed to backward turn, And I a little child again, Held fast within his strong arms' clasp, While soft he crooned the old refrain.

Oh! just once more to be that child, And know again the blissful rest, The old hymn brought me, rocked to sleep With pillow'd head upon his breast! But only yet a little while, Though earth may call it years that creep, I know he'll come to me again, And rock me to eternal sleep. —Mary Devereux in Boston Transcript.

Dat's My Li'l Boy. Doan keer how he rompin' roun'— Fill de house wid joy; Let 'im play an' have his way; Dat's my li'l boy!

Go ter school twell holiday, Wid his book on my; "Beas de lan," de teacher say; Dat's my li'l boy!

Mammy gittin' ol'; I spec' Soon she'll miss de jay Er his a'ms croun' her neck; Good-by, li'l boy! —Chicago Times—Heald

HE DOESN'T CALL ANY MORE.

Because His Attention to the Servant Were Resented.

A certain portion of society has been discussing a little incident which occurred a few days ago and in which two of its members were concerned. A young man who is a favorite wherever he goes for his genial hearty good humor and the unfeeling smiles which he showers alike on the just and unjust, has been paying marked attention to a young lady who is somewhat of a leader in the particular set in which she moves. In the family of the latter there is a rather pretty servant whose fresh pink and white complexion, bright eyes and petite figure make her more than ordinarily attractive. She always opened the door for this young man, as she did for all other visitors, and no doubt her pretty face made him forget in a measure his allegiance to her mistress. The latter was confined to her room for a few days lately by a very severe cold, and the young man was most devoted in his inquiries.

About eight or nine o'clock one evening the lady came down to the family sitting room, and sat for some time at the window watching the passers by. There was no light in the room so that she had an excellent opportunity of seeing without being seen. A couple who had a strangely familiar look came along, looked up at the darkened windows and then went round to the back entrance, arriving there just about the time the lady came to the kitchen window. Having assured herself as to the identity of the pair, she calmly opened the back door and said to the girl "Jessie bring Mr. Blank into the kitchen. You will get cold standing on those damp steps; and remember please when he calls in future that you have my permission to entertain him in the kitchen." The young man was her former admirer.

MARRIAGE OF OFFICERS.

The Armies of Europe Have Various Rules Regulating it.

The restrictive conditions at present in force with regard to the marriage of officers in the Russian army forbid this privilege, under any circumstances in the case of officers under the age of 23. Between the ages of 23 and 28 years the dot of an officer's wife must amount to a sum representing the minimum income of 250 roubles yearly. On comparison of these conditions with those regulating the same question in other European armies, it may be noted that in the Austro-Hungarian army the number of officers authorized to contract marriage is limited by a fixed proportion assigned to each grade, and these totals being reached, all further marriages must be deferred pending the occurrence of vacancies in the married establishments. The Italian army regulations, which fix the income of the fiancée at a minimum of 1,200 to 2,000 lire, would appear to be more rational in their operation. Italian officers, however, apply a somewhat liberal interpretation to this law, with the result that the number of marriages occurring under actual provisions does not exceed more than an eighth of the total number, seven-eighths of the officers being united under conditions of the religious ceremony only, and thus exposing themselves to all the inconveniences which attend a marriage not recognized by civil law. Similar disabilities would now appear to be incurred by Russian officers, and suggestions have been made by the press in Russia that a general revision of the law is becoming necessary. The question is assuming some importance from the fact that Russian officers, reaching a total number of nearly 40,000, represent one of the most important classes in the state.—Brooklyn Citizen.

How Barnum Won his Wife.

Barnum was Mayor of Bridgeport and a widower. He was lonesome and his beautiful home, Waldemere, on the shore of Long Island Sound, was not much visited except by sightseers. He became interested in the beautiful daughter of John Fish, of Southport, England, a retired manufacturer, and solicited her hand in marriage. Barnum was well advanced in years and knew his fame as the prince of showmen was not sufficient to win the prize. In fact, the fame might hurt his suit rather than help it for Miss Fish greatly disliked the notoriety attached to the 'greatest show on earth,' and after she had married its owner always managed to hold herself aloof from the publicity her husband loved her so well. But the old showman's knowledge of the English love celebrity led him to play a winning card. He had his photograph taken, Waldemere as a background. The picture represented him seated in a showy landau, harnessed to four beautiful black horses, his coachman on the box and the two footmen behind. Under the photograph were the words, "Lord Mayor of Bridgeport." A copy of this picture was forwarded to Miss Fish, and Barnum always thought it "did the business." At all events, it was not long after Miss Fish received the picture that she became his wife.



IT IS STILL A MYSTERY.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

Another witness was Mr. Hastings of the firm of Hastings & Co., druggists, who was employed so many years with R. D. McArthur where Mr. Beverly said he got the poison. Mr. Hastings said no poison had been purchased by Mr. Beverly up to the first of October last and he produced the registry of poison sales to show the fact.

Then Clerk Tole was examined briefly, and the case went to the jury who returned a verdict of death by suicide but confessed their inability to state where the poison came from but at the same time stating that the officials of the institution were not to blame.

Thus ended a remarkable case, one that is as great a mystery today as it was the day the suicide occurred. It is regrettable that some detective work was not done at the start and followed up as the facts developed. The poison must have come from somewhere and it all the poison registers in the city had been examined some clue might have been obtained as to where it came from. More than that if the clothes of the deceased had been examined after death it could have been ascertained whether it was possible for him to have secreted the package in the lining.

An Incident.

So much is said about the ill-feeling and jealousy of musicians that it is a pleasure to record an instance of the opposite sort. Two or three years ago a concert was given in one of our large cities for the assistance of some charity. The programme was long, and repeated encores had drawn it out to a wearisome length, when a colored woman came forward to sing. She sang well,—not better nor worse than her predecessors,—and the management, thinking to hurry matters a little, sent the next performer on as she left the stage. This was a man who plays the organ with masterly skill, and whose name is sufficient to give distinction to any programme. He took his seat, and at the first lull in the enthusiastic applause which followed the organist's withdrawal, began to play. It appeared that the audience felt that a slight had been put upon the singer, and the applause became uproarious. The woman came forward and bowed her thanks, and the organist began again, but the people would have none of him. They clapped and pounded and stamped, apparently bent on drowning out the organ. At last the singer came out again, and with a half apologetic glance toward the organist, stepped to the front of the stage. An accompanist behind the scene struck the preluding notes of "Annie Laurie."

An instantaneous hush fell upon the great throng. The house was as quiet as it had been noisy a moment before. Then the singer began, and as she sang there came, so soft as hardly to be heard, an exquisite accompaniment from the organ—a beautiful, wordless song breathing through the sweet old melody, uplifting and sustaining the singer's voice.

It was a gracious tribute, and the audience was not slow to recognize it. When the music ceased, there was another tremendous outburst of applause, but this time it was by way of reparation as well as reward.

A Rule to Remember.

An anecdote of Bishop Thomas W. Dudley, narrated in the Sioux City Journal, reveals, in his own words, the secret of his success:

When it was first known in the city in which he was settled that he was to go to Kentucky, some of his friends were disposed to be critical.

"You are not going to Kentucky, are you?" asked one.

"Yes, indeed." "Do you know what kind of a state that is? I saw in the paper that one man killed another in a Kentucky town for treading on a dog."

The bishop said nothing, and the man continued, impatiently, "What are you going to do in a place like that?" "I'm not going to tread on the dog!" was the calm reply.

Old clothes dyed to look like new, Hosiery mended free to you, Curtains 25c per pair, And you quickly ask me, Where? At Ungar's Laundry & Dye Works 28 to 34 Waterloo St. Telephone 68.