

PROGRESS.

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

WE WANT NO CLIQUES.

This paper has always been opposed to anything like "rings" in civic politics. It has fought them in the past and will be glad to do so again should the occasion demand it. What appeared to be like a circle of aldermen was rudely broken this week when one of the plans of those, who outlined the important committees of the year went astray. There is no doubt that Councillor Macrae would have made an excellent warden—perhaps better than the gentleman who was elected, though it would be unfair and unnecessary to make such a comparison—but we are not distressed at his defeat, because no aldermanic clique has the right because they are stronger than the rest of the council, to attempt to have the affairs of the city, conducted as they please without consulting the minority. If the aldermen had been elected upon distinct issues and the people indicated what party should have the power, then such a proceeding would be in order but when there was no issue then no eight or nine men have the right to make a slate and divide the important positions in the council among themselves. The combination that defeated Ald. MACRAE was an unexpected one, but it was perhaps a necessary lesson to those who had been so successful in their manoeuvres the week before.

THE WAR NEWS (?)

The Associated Press which furnishes the newspapers of this part of the country with war and other telegraphic news, is one of those distinctive institutions that have no very clear idea of what truth is. The people of Eastern Canada have read so many rumors and contradictions of rumors, accounts of so many supposed battles and denials of them, that any real news that is published from this time will be regarded with grave suspicion. The correspondents at Key West have exhausted their imaginations. Inventing plausible news is an art, but even with such a varied subject as war, with all the incidents connected with ships of war, armies, officers, battles and casualties, there are not enough facts to satisfy the editors of the big papers of the large American cities. There must be something startling for each and every edition and if there is not any real news the correspondent who cannot imagine that something did happen is not wanted. The more startling the tale the better. What odds if a contradiction must follow in an hour or so. That makes an excuse for another edition. How the sensible Americans stand all this is marvelous. They have papers however that do not permit their good judgment to be imposed upon. That reliable newspaper The Sun of New York has not gone into hysterical head lines over war news. More patriotic and forcible than the most of its contemporaries it has not allowed its intense Americanism to drive it from the ranks of decent and reliable journalism. It is a relief for a Canadian to read the war news in the Sun presented without the embellishment of poster type and senseless head lines.

Both men of science and officers of the American navy have been greatly interested in the successful experiments with the Holland submarine boat in New York harbor. The boat is able to run on the surface at a speed of 16 knots, and when completely submerged, at a speed of 10 knots. A gas engine is used to drive her on the surface, and electric motor, driven by a storage battery, propels her when she is submerged. She stays on an even

keel, and automatic mechanism keeps her at a constant depth. When diving, with the aid of her specially designed rudders, she goes down at an angle of about 15 degrees, and in rising to the surface comes up again at the same angle. She carries tubes for launching Whitehead torpedoes when under water, and for firing gun-cotton projectiles when not submerged. The boat is cigar-shaped. The one with which the experiments have been made is 55 feet long. Another, 85 feet in length, is being constructed.

One of the methods of testing the question of the existence of a perceptible atmosphere on the moon is the observation of a star at the instant when it disappears, or emerges from behind the moon. If there were a lunar atmosphere it should produce some effect on the appearance of the star. No such effect has ever certainly been observed. Recently this method has been rendered more delicate, perhaps, by the application of photography. Photographs of stars, made as they are about to disappear behind the lunar disk, show no indications of change in the intensity of the image, such as would be expected to occur if the moon had a perceptible atmosphere.

Ice is an almost perfect conductor of electricity. Elihu THOMSON suggests the use of a pipe of metal for an electric conductor. It is to be immersed in a subway kept filled with water and through it cold brine from a freezing machine is to circulate. This would freeze the water in contact with the pipe, thereby insulating it. The brine could be used in supplying artificial cold to refrigerators in stores, markets, or even in private houses. The simplicity of the project and the complete dispensing with ordinary insulation are very striking.

The New York Legislature has given \$10,000 to Cornell University to establish a college of forestry. A tract not exceeding 30,000 acres in extent, is to be purchased in the Adirondack State park, and the college with a faculty comprising one professor, two instructors, a forest manager, and a proper number of rangers, is to give practical instruction in the latest forms of scientific forestry.

Gunboats for service on the Nile have been built at the celebrated Yarrow yards in Great Britain. They are propelled by a screw propeller, which turns in a sort of the boat. The screw is set so high that only half of it is under water. But as the boat moves, water is drawn up into the cavity so that the screw is completely immersed once the boat is in motion.

No High Constable.

There does not seem to be much chance that a high constable will be appointed. That must have been the opinion of David Stockford a brother of the late high constable, for he returned to Fredericton this week. He was an applicant for the position and so long as there was a hope that it would be filled he remained on hand. In fact so far as the council chamber is concerned he has discharged the duties of the office since the death of his brother. The aldermen are quite a while making up their minds about the matter for they postponed it again this week. The idea is that if the law requires the appointment of a high constable one may be appointed at a nominal salary. But there will have to be a caretaker for the council chamber.

The Restaurants Open Again.

The restaurants had a chance to open this week after making some temporary alterations to their entrances and closing certain doors. Mr. Harding made a satisfactory proposition to the board which permits him, by cutting another door and thereby losing a stall, to have his saloons where they are at present. Employees of any restaurant may pass through doors connecting the restaurant and bar but no others can. There does not appear to be so much change after all.

There Was Much Expense.

The difficulties that have overtaken the Portland Rolling Mills company come at a bad season of the year and will throw many people out of necessary employment. It will appear strange to many people that a concern that paid seven per cent the first year should collapse, as it were, the year after. It is stated that the salaries were too high and there will not be much dissent from this. Few enterprises in this city can afford a manager at \$3,500 and clerks ranging from \$1,800 down. The office expenses were about \$7,000 a year.

25 Cents per Pair is all.

We ask to do curtains up. Everybody wonders how we do them up so cheap. They will never know. UNGAR'S LAUNDRY & DYE WORKS. Telephone 58.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The First Sweet Flowers. The first sweet flowers love have come, Their faces bright I see; Beside the spot we called our home, So dear to you and me. They breath again the dear old song, You may remember yet; And in the cold world's heartless throng, Dear heart you won't forget?

You may in scenes more fair and gay, The flowery spring renew; You may on some loved summer day, Find scenes more strange and new. The brightest spot is ne'er the same, As this where first we met; The fonded vows but in name, Dear heart you won't forget.

The first sweet flowers once so glad, When we among them walked; Now often bend in whispers sad. As if in grief they talked. The blue eyes in the violets seem, As if they all were wet,— With tears of sorrow in a dream; Dear heart you won't forget.

These is no love in lands afar, Where fate decrees we dwell; As here beneath our purple star, Our souls were fond to tell. They saddest are who most remain, The learn in keen regret, To them comes all the parting pain Dear heart you won't forget?

Ballade of Bygone Dances. With rich attire and jewelled hair, They come not now at our command, In white, and gold, and vair; The old world dances, hane in hand; Flushed are the measures quaint and bland, Of minuet and serabande, Of galliard and gavotte.

The world is cold and cark'd with care, Seeking no dainty maiden staid; To grace and grace and pace and pair, With laughing faces ivory fanned; Bourree, musette, no lai-y's wand May wake, and sp-l-avalleth not To the faded flowers expand Of galliard and gavotte.

From panel'd hall, from green patterns, Pavane is vanished, brawl is o'and; Gav rigadoun and passep rare None treadeth now by stream or strand; The nymph and shepherd, summer tann'd No more in meads of melior, Do move in elze and allemande. In galliard and gavotte.

Princess! In some far fragrant land Of lavender and bergamot, Dream-shadows glide o'er gray sea sand In galliard and gavotte.

The Danger of Beauty. I never read the papers without feeling so content That both my eyes are twisted and my nose is slightly bent; I'm glad my mouth is out of line and that my teeth may seem. And if I had a "wealth of hair" I don't know what I'd do.

A "tiny foot" or "lily hand" would fill me with dismay, And if I had a slender waist I'd sicken in a day; For I have noticed from the first, as strange as it may seem, The girl who gets the worst of it is "lovely as a dream."

The papers never tells about a woman being shot, Or mangled by a trolley car, or married to a sot, Or forced, at point of pistol, her last fifty cents to lose. But that her eyes are "limpid" and her boots are number twos.

So I can live in sweet content, without the slightest fear, That trouble or calamity will ever hover near— And when I see my misshapen face it's some relief to know That I'll outlive the beauties by a hundred years or so!

The Reapers' Song. I was resting in the meadow, As the reapers passed me by, And the silver moon of Autumn shone in a cloudless sky; On the earth a golden harvest, A gift from God's own hand, Told of his bounteous mercy rear. And his goodness to the land. Alone I stood that evening 'Mid nature's wonderous throng, And listened to the reapers, And to the reapers' song. It floated away to the woodland To kiss the tree and vine, And I joined the anthem of nature In a song to me divine. On to the brook and river, Away to the mighty sea, The song of the reapers floated In one great harmony. —William Van Buren Thompson.

If the Rose Could Only Speak. Within the Rose I found a trembling tear Close curtain'd in a bloom or crimson night By tender petals from the outer light Fluck'd the flower and held it to my ear, And thought within its fervid breast to hear A smothered heart beat throbbing soft and low. I heard its busy blood gently flow, Now far away and now so strangely rear. Ah, thought I, if these silent lips of flame Could be unsealed and flung into the air Their woe, their passion, and in speech proclaim Their warm intoxication of despair, Then would I give the rose into thy hand, Thou could'st its voice, beloved, not withstand. —Hjalmer Hjorth Boyesen.

Wanted—A Map. Another map, and please you, sir! For why, we cannot understand, In your great geography There is no map of Fairyland.

Another map, and please you, sir! And afterward, describe in full How Fairyland is famed for pearls, And fleeces made from golden wool.

And prancing, gold-shod, milk-white steeds— With bridles set with jewel-eyes; Tell how the Fairy rivers run, And where the Fairy mountains rise;

And of the Fairy-folk, their ways And customs, if it please you, sir; Then of the journey there, how long For any speedy traveller.

Another map, and please you, sir! And would you kindly not delay, Sister and I would do it like To learn our lesson there to day! —Mary E. Wilkins.

Conundrums.

When is a man like a chimney? When he smokes.

When is a man like a window? When he has a pain.

When is a man like a couch? When he is abed.

When is a man like a piano? When he is upright.

When is a man like a noise? When he is sound.

When is a man only a small part of himself? When he's a foot.

What trees would always be found after a forest fire? Ashes.

THE QUEEN AS A HOUSEKEEPER.

Some Anecdotes of Her Majesty as Mistress of Her House.

The sound business capacity and marvelous memory for details which serve Queen Victoria so well in her greater office of sovereign do not fail to render her successful also in her lesser one of housekeeper. She is the mistress of palaces, castles and country-houses, and although the actual daily housekeeping is of course done by deputy, the royal head of the establishment remains ever in a very real sense the mistress. She perceives immediately anything amiss, and perceives also the remedy. She is a kind but also an exacting mistress, and as she pays well and never fails to consider a reasonable excuse, quite properly demands good service, and tolerates no shirking. A recent little volume upon her private life relates several entertaining household anecdotes of the royal lady's ways.

She has, it seems, a dislike of cold meat, which she never eats. But etiquette demands that at luncheon a side table shall stand ready provided with cold fowl and a cold joint, no matter what daintier hot food the dining-table may offer. These viands being never called for, the cook grew careless, and one day the queen's quick eye observed that the side table presented only a very mean and meagre half of a small and unattractive-looking fowl. Promptly giving a hint to her nearest neighbor, the Princess Beatrice and Lady Ely, her majesty requested a slice of cold chicken; the other two ladies desired the same. The poor little fragment was brought into sudden prominence, to the consternation and confusion of the cook, who never so far forgot himself as to slight that side table again.

Like every good housekeeper, the queen knows and remembers her valuable household possessions, and is fully aware of their individual merits and the places where they ought to be kept. She does not know them all for they number thousands. But hundreds of them she does know; and elaborate catalogues are kept of the rest,—furniture, bric-a-brac, china, glass, silver, draperies and other furnishings,—by her order, and in large leather-bound books provided in accordance with her ideas.

Only a small proportion of her many hundreds articles for table service are actually in ordinary use; and she is in the habit of using but three of her many services of plate and China at Windsor Castle.

But once, after a talk with the German ambassador who was visiting her, the members of the queen's household were surprised on coming to the table to behold strange china set before them, each plate adorned with landscape paintings.

It soon appeared that, the ambassador having mentioned in the morning that his birthplace was Furstenberg, the queen had recalled to mind a service of china, never used and for nine years put away and forgotten by everyone but herself, which had been manufactured there, and was decorated with painted scenes of the town and its vicinity.

She knew exactly where it was and how it looked, and by her order it had been produced and used at dinner—surely a very pretty attention from a royal hostess, as well as something of a feat of memory in a royal house keeper.

A BLACK EYE.

Some of its Peculiarities and how to Treat Such an Ornaament.

It is a curious fact that the possessor of a black eye is always bitterly ashamed of his ornament, yet in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it is purely the result of an accident; and even if it was caused by the fist of an adversary, it at least goes to prove that the sufferer faced his foe.

A black eye is simply a bruise, a black and-blue spot of the eyelids and the parts underneath the orbit. All these tissues being very loose and sponge-like in texture, the blood which escapes beneath the skin in all cases of bruising, and constitutes the black-and-blue mark, spreads very widely, and causes great disfigurement.

Sometimes, if the injury has been severe, there will be an escape of blood beneath the membrane covering the eyeball; but the eyeball itself usually escapes serious damage, owing to its elasticity and to the efficient protection afforded by the bony ring forming the edges of the orbit.

A short time after the injury has been received swelling of the parts set in, the skin is reddened and hot, and there is a feeling of tension, if not more or less actual pain. This is the time to treat the bruise in order to prevent as far as possible, the formation of the "black eye."

If nothing is done, the discoloration soon appears, first of a dark reddish purple color, and then almost black; later it fades off with a play of colors, green, blue and yellow, until gradually all traces of the accident disappear.

The first thing to do, and that as soon as possible, is to apply cooling lotion to the part. A good way to do this is to keep two small handkerchiefs in a bowl of ice-water and apply them alternately,



squeezed dry and folded four-ply. As soon as one handkerchief grows warm, it should be replaced by the other.

By the end of the first day the cold applications will have done all the good they can, and then handkerchiefs wrung out of very hot water, in which borax or boric acid has been dissolved, should be applied, and changed every minute or two. At the same time the discolored part may be stroked gently with the finger for ten or fifteen minutes at a time every two or three hours. This is a tedious process, but it will shorten the sufferer's period of embarrassment by three or four days, if persevered in.

AN AUTOMATIC BUOY.

Nautical Finger Posts for use in War Time.

A very ingenious electric buoy has been devised for use in navigable channel which may be sunk at will in a few minutes if, for any reason, it is desired to obliterate all finger posts of navigation as, for instance, on the appearance of a hostile fleet. The buoy consists of the usual metallic case attached by cable to an anchor and carrying incandescent lamps on its upper part for lighting the channel at night. A small polyphase induction motor in the buoy is coupled to a centrifugal pump, which fills or empties the buoy according to the direction of its motion. This pump, as described in L'Eclairage Electrique, has a clearance, so that if it is operated after the buoy is discharged of water it will not create a partial vacuum in the case and cause the water to again enter and sink the buoy when the motor stops. The motor is in a chamber partitioned off from the rest of the case so that it is not liable to be wetted by the submergence of the machine. By using a three-phase circuit, two of the wires can be used at all times to carry current for lighting the lamps. Such a buoy might be used for submarine mines and be sunk to the bottom of the channel when necessary for the passage of one's own fleet.

Methodic Kleptomaniac.

The proprietor of a Philadelphia street jewelry store, while speaking of the numbers of swindlers his trade has to contend with, told of a clever way in which he and various other jewellers were victimized a couple of years ago.

One afternoon a carriage drove up, and from it alighted a man and woman, both handsomely dressed. They entered the store and asked to be shown some diamond rings. After much talk the woman finally selected one, which the man paid for and ordered to be sent to a West Walnut street address. Some stick pins were exhibited in the show case, and these caught the woman's eye. About ten minutes were spent examining these, but the couple finally left without buying. A few minutes later the man entered alone and asked to see the manager. He was shown into the private office, and, in a shamefaced way, explained to the manager that his wife had stolen two stick pins. His wife was a kleptomaniac, he said, and then he produced the pins and offered to pay anything to have the matter kept quiet. The manager assured him that nothing would be said, and the man was profuse in his thanks. Before going he asked, as a favor, that if his wife was ever again seen to take anything they say nothing but send him the bill. This the manager agreed to do, as the man gave the best of references. A few days later the woman came in alone, and when she left took with her two fine diamond lockets, which she had sneaked off a tray. A bill was at once sent by the manager, who had noticed the theft, but no answer came, and it was discovered that the Walnut street house had only been rented furnished for a short time. It developed that several other jewelry stores had been swindled at the same time by the pair, who had flown to parts unknown.

A Slight Difference.

A London journal tells of a certain lady who has in her room a piece of statuary which bears the inscription, 'Kismet.' The housemaid was dusting the room one day, when the mistress appeared.

'Sure, ma'am,' said the girl, 'would you mind tellin' me the m'ainin' of this writin' on the bottom of 'his figger?'

'Kismet' means 'fate,' answered the lady.

'Sure, an' is that it?' said the girl.

A few days afterward the housemaid came limping into her mistress's room.

'Why, what is the matter with you, Bridget?' asked the lady.

'O ma'am, sure an' I have the most turrible corns on me kismet!' said the girl.

Avoid alcoholic preparations for the hair; they injure it. Hall's Hair Renewer contains no alcohol; its components are natural food to produce healthy hair.