

PROGRESS.

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

THE PROHIBITION VOTE

The people have pronounced upon prohibition and so far as the verdict in the Maritime provinces is concerned it shows that of the voters who exercised their franchise there are 40,000 more for prohibition than against it. Still the result in all three provinces by the sea must be disappointing more particularly in regard to the vote polled. It was generally thought that there was an overwhelming sentiment in favor of prohibition in this city and yet out of more than ten thousand voters there were only 3039 who were sufficiently opposed to the liquor traffic to deposit their votes for prohibition. And when we think that in the county outside of St. John city there were only 601 prohibitionists who went to the polls we cannot congratulate the temperance people upon the use they made of the opportunity presented to them by the government.

In Halifax city there were 8,942 votes on the list and only 1,724 recorded their "yes" in favor of prohibition. If this indicates the strength of the temperance sentiment in the capital of the neighboring province then St. John was either better organized or it contains more people in favor of prohibition legislation. But these two cities by the sea proved the only large centres of population where the prohibitionists won. Even Toronto, that city which was so good that only a short time ago street cars could not traverse the streets on Sunday has pronounced against the abolition of the liquor traffic. The verdict of these large commercial centres in upper Canada will have great weight with the government in coming to a decision. There may be a majority in favor of abolition in all Canada but even that will be in doubt until all the returns are in and verified. But even if there is who will say that the government should enact a law to which so many are opposed? Quebec came to the front in such an emphatic way that there was at least 75,000 majority against the proposition to do away with the liquor traffic.

If every province had given a majority of yeas then the people might have been content to see the government give the country a chance to see what would be the result with no liquor.

We do not think the majority of those who are in favor of temperance agree with the idea of prohibition. The difficulties in the way are almost, if not quite insurmountable. The argument that a prohibition law could be enforced the same as any other law is not a sound one because ordinary law breakers are not so numerous as liquor drinkers. If it is proposed to make it unlawful to sell liquor then it will be unlawful to drink it. Of course the argument that persuasion and not legislation should be the course of temperance work is an old one but in this election the people who did not vote have shown by their absence and indifference that they do not believe in legislating men to do right.

CITY FATHER RESOLUTIONS.

The city fathers did not spend much time considering the expenditure of \$2,500 a year for forty years for the doubtful experiment of building a dry dock. It was decided at a special meeting a week ago and the committee this week has been endeavoring to make the resolution read as Mr. GEORGE ROBERTSON wants it. That of course is a pleasant task for it is no use being half hearted about the business. If a giver at all let the city be a cheerful one. It is wonderful what wire pulling will do in so short a time. If Mr. J. LAWLOR WOODS who was in the city for ten days arranging for a description of St. John as one of the chief Canadian centres, in the

work From Ocean to Ocean, had only been given to a little personal persuasion the proposition he made to the council might not have been rejected so curtly. The idea of this immense work is to give a comprehensive idea of Canada and thousands of copies will be sent all over the world, placed in libraries, boards of trade and other important reading rooms. Illustrations will be the chief means by which this will be done. Nothing is charged for the descriptive letter press but any city that wants illustrations in the work is supposed to provide for them and pay for the engraving. Haligonians were quick enough to see the value of such publicity and secure the right to illustrate the descriptive matter about the city with some dozen or more views of what is best about them. Their harbor, dry dock, terminal facilities, park and public gardens will appear no doubt in the volume while St. John with all its

services be performed. Shaw and Dillon are both over 60 years of age, and their usefulness as police officers has gone by long ago. The opinion of a great many is that none of them should have been given a place on the force, as there are hundreds of good men about the city, who are only too eager to earn an honest dollar. Still the parties referred to had friends to get them the positions and in consequence other taxpayers had to go without the position. This is entirely unfair as it is to be seen that those men receive ample money to maintain them without any assistance of this kind. Those are not the only ones that serious objection has been taken to. It seems that old soldiers were given a preference over our men. They were men of better physique however and that is the principal reason they were given the preference over the others. The appointments as a whole



SIR JOHN C. ALLEN,

Retired Chief Justice of New Brunswick, who died Tuesday morning at his residence, in Fredericton, in the 81st year of his age.

advantages in these respects will not appear as having any. Such small towns as Sidney, Cape Breton, sent for Mr. WOODS and arranged to be represented in From Ocean to Ocean. The capital of this province, Fredericton, it is understood will be illustrated, and properly so too. It is a pity that the same spirit that prompts the civic representatives of St. John to expend hundreds of thousands of dollars in improving their terminal facilities will not also induce them to show the people of Canada as well as those of other countries what they have done to attract the commerce of the world.

HAVE TROUBLES OF THEIR OWN.

The Exhibition Commission and Some of Their Trials.

HALIFAX, Sept. 27.—Our exhibition is now well under way and only a fair success it is proving. The commission had somewhat of a bad road to travel to get everything in proper form, but their efforts at last have been crowned with success. The manager this year is John T. Wood a barrister, who is quite an ambitious young fellow in his own way. For a new man he is doing wonders, and saving the commission what he thinks a good deal of trouble. The members of the commission however, think different, and some of them have expressed the opinion that he is altogether too fresh. He has to all appearances assumed full control of the whole show by giving contracts, and awarding tenders on his own responsibility. The commission thought at a recent meeting that it should have at least been consulted in matters of this kind, but the secretary openly stated that he thought different. When he was brought to account for his action he plainly told Mayor Stephen that he had done it of his own free will, and that if he, the Mayor wished to undo what he had done he could do so. In plain words he told him he could do just as he pleased. The members of the commission did not say much at the time, but they have since reflected, and no doubt Mr. Wood will be called down ere long.

The selection of the special police has not given entire satisfaction either. They were not chosen by any one individual, but by several who had quite a number of friends they wished to make special policemen. Some of those selected were not all entitled to the positions as they receive good salaries from other sources. Three of those appointed were ex-police officers. One of them was ex-Sergeant Dillon, and the others privates Webster and Shaw. Dillon receives from the city annually the sum of \$300, and Reuben Shaw \$250, those amounts being their superannuation allowance. Webster is the janitor of the Masonic hall, and receives somewhere in the vicinity of \$600 annually for the

have not given entire satisfaction, and there are some very indignant people over the matter. The men selected filled the bill all right and that is what the commission required them to do.

The famous room "16" where all the liquid refreshments were disposed of last year, and over which there was so much trouble has been closed to the public. It is now used as a dressing room for the variety performers. Several visitors who were familiar with the place, thought that they could get in this year, just the same as last, but to their surprise, they found that the doors were closed against them. It is now a very difficult matter to obtain anything "strong" on the grounds, and the thirsty ones have to either procure it outside, or else do without it.

The commission held a meeting on the grounds Saturday morning, and a stormy one it was. Matters in general were up for discussion, but the principal topic, was the leak in the new building. The commission as a whole were up in arms against the condition of the building, and why shouldn't it be. Thousands of dollars have been spent in its construction, and on Friday rain poured in through the roof, and spoilt hundreds of dollars worth of goods. The exhibitors now intend to sue the commission for the damage sustained to their goods by the rain.

Perhaps the most serious trouble the commission is in, is over the spectacular show, "The Relief of Lucknow." This production was engaged in good faith from the firm that is now putting it on, but matters have taken a new term, and it looks as if the commission would be liable for damages for producing it. A telegram has been received from the Canadian firm which controls the "Relief of Lucknow" notifying them that if they put it on, they would be liable to a penalty of \$200 a day for every time it was produced. The commission on looking up its agreement with the parties who are now here, find they say, the production was for a show called "Lucknow." The notification however does not bother the commission very much as the show is being put on every night, regardless of any after consideration that may arise.

The commission is having lots of trouble and if it surmounts its many difficulties, it will be a big surprise to a number of citizens of this city.

A Low Rate for Trial Subscriptions.

Up to and including October 10 the publishers of PROGRESS will receive subscriptions for PROGRESS and the Family Herald and Weekly Star, both of which will be sent to subscribers until January 1st 1899, at the low rate of fifty cents.

When you are in Need

Of anything done in our line you can rest assured you will be satisfied. UNGAR'S LAUNDRY & DYE WORKS. Telephone 58.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

My Saddest Songs.

The saddest songs I ever sing,
Are only known to me;
They never sound in those I bring
To sing my love to thee.
And when thou bidst me sing again,
The blissful dream is o'er;
The sweetest tone it breathes is vain,
When fond ones meet no more.

The saddest songs we ever keep,
In love's sweet undertone;
Within my spirit's silence deep,
They breathe thy name alone.
I would not sing when thou art nigh,
That sweet song of my heart;
Such melodies the soul must try
In grief they still impart.

The song dear one I sing to night,
Has anguish deep and keen;
Its tones but mark the fading light,
O! joys we might have seen.
The deepest sorrow we can know,
For one we hold most dear;
Is silent grief we cannot show
Nor to the world a tear.

My song is like the saddest heart,
The changing autumn grieves;
We hear it breathing, "We must part,"
Among the falling leaves
The chord of sorrow wakes anew
The sobbing of the sea;
Farewell beloved fond and true
My life I follow thee.

CYPRUS GOLDE.

Riverdell, Sept. 1898.

School Days.

When the boys come trooping home from school,
Hurray!
Around the corner they scurry and race,
Happy of heart and rosy of face,
Frolic and pounce, 'tis a merry chase,
When the boys come home from school.

When the boys come rollicking home from school,
Ho, ho!
They catch on to each turnout that past them whirrs,
They throw their soft snowball and hit the girls,
And they pinch their cheeks and pull their curls,
When the boys come home from school.

When the boys come romping home from school,
Such fun!
Little care they for the people they meet,
If you want to be safe better keep off the street,
Tho' you'll rather enjoy it if temper is sweet,
When the boys come home from school.

When the boys come shouting home from school,
Aha!
Would we could keep them thus free from sin,
Rough mannered without, kind-hearted within.
But tempting vices some boys will win,
On the homeward road from school.

When the boys, triumphant, come home from school,
At last!
Their studies finished, their school days done,
'Tis then that Life's lessons are begun,
And fame must be worked for if it be won,
When the boys return from school.

When the boys come plodding home from school,
Ah, me!
Not boys, but grey-haired men;
Life's lessons almost o'er with them,
From youth to age, how brief the span,
When spent in Experience's school.

—Kokomo, Ind.

An Australian Cradle-Song.

Over the hills and far away,
Dee p in the shad' dell,
The crystal fountains leap and play:
A dream of delight is the livelong day.
Over the hills and far away
In the land where the fairies dwell.

Never a trouble or wordly care
Into that dell may come;
The sweetest flowers breathe perfume rare,
The wattle-tree loosens her golden hair,
And softly floats on the languid air
The wild bee's drowsy hum.

The tall fern spreads a graceful wisp
To shut the light away;
And ever the fountains laugh and sing,
The moss and the maidenhair climb and cling,
And the hibiscus notes do sweetly ring,
Like the drip of the silver spray.

Here, when the moon and stars are bright
The fairies dance and sing,
Down through the air each tiny sprite
Floats in a robe of filmy white,
On the smooth greenward the livelong night,
To trip in a mystic ring.

To the music made by the waving tree,
Stirred by the fresh night air,
While the moon looks down and laughs with glee,
And each bird warbles merrily;
And it's oh, 'twere good for an hour to be
While the fairies dancing here.

So hush thee, hush, my baby boy,
Let slumber weave her spell,
And you shall roam till break of day
Where the laughing fountains leap and play,
Over the hills and far away,
In the land where the fairies dwell.

Modern Grandmothers.

You 'wonder where they've gone to, those grand-
mothers of yore,
With such quaint old nursery jingles, that we al-
ways craned for more,
With their spectacles and aprons, and their ruffled
muslin caps,
And their puffs of snowy hair, and their broad en-
ticing laps?

Why, they've gone, dear, with the children of those
old and happy days,
When little ones were little ones, in thoughts and
acts and ways;
When everything was different and simpler lives
were led,
Those days are gone, 'the times are changed,' with
that, the whole is said.

The grandmas of the 'modern child' must crimp
and dress,
If not, I fear, the modern child might love her
grandma less;
For lads and lassies of these days are critical, I
ween,
With a grandma of 'ye olden times' they wouldn't
once be seen.

But, after all, beneath the dress, and this we won't
forget,
That grandma's grandmas, now as then, her love is
ours yet.
And if the children turn to her—demand her love
and care,
They'll find that underneath it all the grandmas'
always there.

—F. S. A. in Boston Transcript.

A Thorn.

She'd a thorn in her finger—a fair finger, too;
Would I help? then she smiled at the thought.
She'd a tear in her eye, and that smile glistened
through.
Like a sunbeam that laughs from a clear drop of
dew
I was hopelessly, helplessly awkward, I knew,
But refuse her request, I could not.

For a moment in mine lay her fingers so fair,
But a moment was time and enough
For an impulse to grow it were madness to dare.
With the morning wind sighing in whispers
"Take care!"
But warnings—how vain! when that tear soli-
taire
Silently fell to my cuff.

Will be her. Her lips were not fashioned for
scorn.
So forgive me and vowed to forget—
Forget that a love without hope had been born
In the glad golden joy of that midsummer
morn;
Forget! while the pain of that sharp little
thorn
Rankles my heart even yet.

Some Good People

still follow antiquated methods of raising cake, biscuit, bread and pastry with home-made mixtures of what they suppose to be cream of tartar and soda.

They do not know that these articles as now sold in the groceries are almost anything else but cream of tartar and soda.

The best housekeepers use the Royal Baking Powder instead. Its scientific composition insures uniform results. Only by its use can the finest flavored, most wholesome cake, biscuit and pastry be produced. To any housekeeper who has not used the Royal Baking Powder we would like to send our Cook Book, free. Mark your request "For instruction."

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

Bad Management Somewhere.

A gentleman from the Upper Province complains to PROGRESS that the Inter-colonial train leaving St. John Saturday night does not go through to Halifax, and in his complaint he mentioned an incident that does not add credit to the management of the road. Instead of going through to Halifax Sunday morning, the train stops at Truro, reaching there about 9 o'clock, thus compelling all through-travel from the Upper Provinces and the States to remain 60 miles from their destination for nearly 24 hours. It appears that last Saturday night this gentleman was on the train; a lady was there also, and on the same train with her was the corpse of her husband. She was taking him to their friends in Halifax where he was to be buried, and her grief and disappointment can well be imagined when she found that she had to remain at Truro until Monday morning.

Had to Pay Up With Costs

Newspaper men and others are interested in a case tried at the Division court in Port Hope lately before Judge Ketchum. The Publishers of the Guide continued as is the custom to send the paper to a subscriber until he was in arrears for several years, and upon urging the payment of the bill, the subscriber said that he hadn't ordered it for the time he had received and excepted it, and therefore refused payment. The judge made a lengthy deliverance on the subject the contents of which may be inferred from his order—'I give judgement for the plaintiffs for \$1150 and costs.—(The Printer and Publisher Toronto.

Three Boston Men in Town.

"Johnny" Gorman of Boston accompanied by his friend Mr. Kennay of the Hampton Hotel of that city who has been visiting friends here for a week or two. They have had a pleasant time and discovered lots of St. John men who were only too glad to have a chance to return the many kindnesses extended to them in Boston. Mr. Gorman is just as popular in the "Hub" as he used to be here and that is saying a good deal. While here a popular member of the detective force in Boston, "Mike" Kelly, joined them and renewed many old acquaintances.

An Irishman's Chivalry.

William Smith O'Brien, the leader of the National party of Ireland, who was transported in 1849, had none of the gifts which attract the multitude. He was not an orator, his manners were not winning, and he made few intimacies. But his character and his well-poised head put him at the head of the Nationalists, whose purpose was to secure the independence of Ireland. An anecdote related in Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's book of reminiscences, "My Life in Two Hemispheres," shows the chivalry of the man. He had a duel, in the days when that savage method of settling disputes was the custom, and the two men were placed opposite to each other.

Just as the signal, 'One, two, three—fire!' was about to be given, O'Brien cried: 'Stop! No signal, I pray.' His opponent's second stepped forward and said with asperity, 'This is very irregular, sir. What do you wish to say?' 'I wish,' answered O'Brien, 'to call your attention to the fact that the gentleman opposite me has let the cap fall off his pistol.'