

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

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ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, APRIL 15th

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

SUFFRAGE BILL DEFEATED.

The Woman's Suffrage bill evidently hasn't many friends in the N. B. legislature, for the prayer of the ladies has been rejected by an overwhelming majority. Hon. Mr. Emmerson said that the enfranchisement of women was a desirable thing for the province but a good many others couldn't see it in that light hence the defeat of the petition. St. John has 2,183 people in favor of the measure, so the lengthy petition says, but about one half of these are men who probably affixed their names to please some fair petitioner and were indifferent as to the reception of the bill. Again no petitions whatever were received from Madawaska, Victoria, Gloucester, Kent or Kings, and only about 3 per cent of the women of the province had asked for legislation, which clearly proved that the fair sex do not as a rule take a very deep interest in the matter. The matter however gave several of the members a chance to indulge in flights of oratory and extravagant figures of speech in which Mr. PORTER especially led. In seconding Mr. EMMERSON'S resolution Mr. PORTER put himself on record by contending that the banner of liberty should be carried to the heights of progress and prosperity by the gentle hand of the Lady of the Snows. The ladies no doubt are deeply disappointed but have no intention of abandoning the work and look hopefully forward to future success.

The Bachelor Girls' Association of Michigan is branching out. This Anti-Matrimonial octopus is reaching out for the states of Indiana, Illinois, Ohio, Wisconsin Pennsylvania and New York. The association is not bothering with New England where there is not the slightest difficulty in restraining the feminine population either under or over thirty, from committing matrimony. The postponement of marriage till this age is the avowed object of the federated girl bachelors who bind themselves with polite oaths to put off Cupid until they obtain their thirtieth year.

A new society has been organized in Illinois to discourage sentiment among women. This quality is found among men chiefly but is as pleasant in a woman as a soft voice and good manners. A woman without sentiment is like a woman who habitually wears a man's hat and close cropped hair.

MARCONI'S wireless telegraphy system is one of the wonders which the new century is bringing insight. The nineteenth century has been eminently an era of invention, but there are probably still "more things in heaven and earth" than even poets, inventors or philosophers dream of.

Along with his other agricultural pursuits ABDUL HAMID is now interested in raising an ammunition plant. A crop of MAUSER cartridges would materially assist him should he again get into an argument over Crete or Greece.

Now we are positive that our stomachs are neither essential to either health or happiness. A Swiss woman lived fourteen months after the removal of her stomach, and her death was not caused by the absence of the organ.

An eastern florist has named his latest masterpiece the DEWEY rose. This is a graceful way of perpetuating the fact that

DEWEY rose early on the morning of the battle of Manila Bay.

A man died the other day in New England at the age of 115 years and it is said never tasted wheaten bread. Here is a chance to start another health fad.

The purpose of "The Peace Crusade," EDWARD EVERETT HALE'S latest venture, as its name implies, is to put up a good fight against fighting.

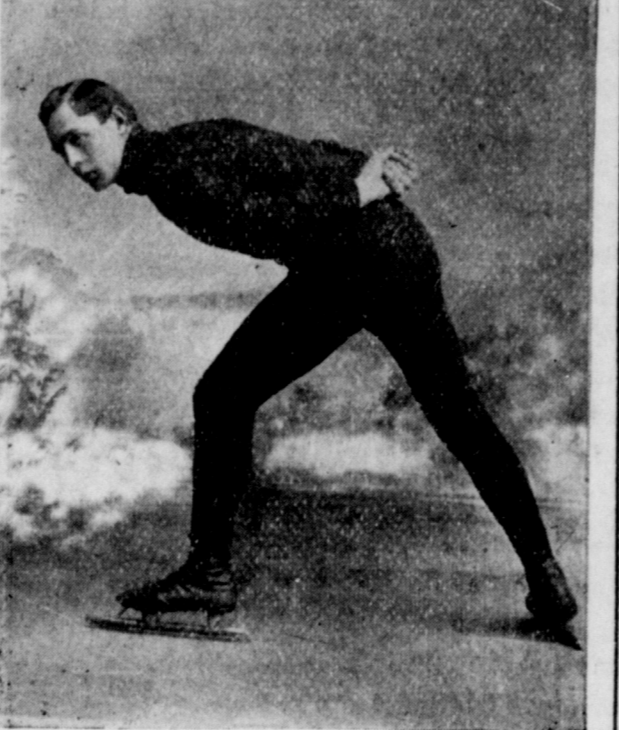
One of Boston's most highly cultured coachman has died, leaving an estate worth more than \$50,000; that man knew his business.

A policeman is now stationed at the pyramids. Another example of the spread of civilization.

It seems that the worst thing about the Chinese "open door" is its numerous hinges.

Map makers in China are taking an indefinite vacation.

The Season's Champion. Fen Parker is an Indiantown lad about 18 years of age and a scholar in the High School. He has been skating since a mere child, but never on a rink in contest until



last winter when at the tail end of the season he defeated Mike Walsh the Carlton crack, in a mile contest by nearly half a lap. This contest was skated by Parker on old fashioned and heavy skates. This year he defeated Bart Duffy in a mile contest on New Year's night by half a lap. This was a big surprise to the so called "knowing ones." Next the subject of the above picture met all the city's skating speed in the B and A Club sports, but received no place in any of the contests. He fell twice in contests where his chances were equally as good as the leader's.

On March 28th he defeated John Hagen by about 15 feet, and on Thursday following Ned Dalton fell a victim to his speed. In a match contest Parker has never been beaten and is certainly "a comer."

The Engineer and the Magistrate. Officer Johnston—better known to some as "Good Night"—has gone west. He pitched up the blooming job of policeman and started for the Yukon or that vicinity. Perhaps it was a wise course for after recent proceedings in the police court, Mr. Johnston was rather disliked by a section of the community. Still he had a good many friends who while acknowledging the freedom of his tongue thought he was as much sinned against as sinning. It seems that after the officer resigned and left Mr. John E. Wilson of the fire department made some remark about the circumstances that perhaps led to his departure. This was told to the police magistrate and Thursday afternoon he met the engineer upon Charlotte street and asked him if he had made the remark in question. Mr. Wilson replied promptly that he did whereupon the magistrate took issue with him and characterized the remark as false. Mr. Wilson maintained that it was true and was ready to repeat it whereupon the magistrate said some one had been "stuffing" him. "You nor anyone else can't stuff me" replied Mr. Wilson, "because I know you." There was a kind of amused interest among those who heard this animated conversation which appears to have arisen from a simple expression of opinion of Mr. Wilson's.

Business Education. Broadly speaking, a business education is one that educates for business. Few people realize the amount of special training that is requisite to equip a young man or woman for entrance into business life. The Currie Business University of this city will send free to any address a beautiful catalogue giving valuable information relative to the above subject.

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VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

One Thing Needful. In every scourge of sin and strife, From which we pray release; And seek the happiness of life, Which ends in blissed peace; We shall not find the waters yet, For which our souls must thirst; Unless by special grace we get, Our tongues converted first. We bear a daily load of sin, We vainly strive to hide; Unless we find a place within, The Master's wanded side, And fit Him our hopes are set, While doing still our worst; We err by falling here to get, Our tongues converted first. In tears of woe we seek to find, The ceasing of the soul; The healing of the anxious mind, When seas of sorrow roll. We pray forgiveness may be met, For wrongs our lives have nursed; But blinded see not we must get, Our tongues converted first. The heart has not of cherished hate, A certain destined load; For hate must yield or else too late, We take the heavenward road. O'er anguished souls in vain regret, Death's trumpet peal is all burst; If reckless still we will not get, Our tongues converted first. CYPRUS GOLDB. Lily Arbor, April 1899.

The Battle. From the Colorado Springs Gazette. Down in the depths of foam-crowned pool, beneath a shelving bank, Where tumbling waters eddied and the watercress grew rank, Where wind-bewet tree trunk stretched across the stream from shore to shore, There dwelt the monarch of the brook, behind a rush-ribbed door. In coldest months of wintertime his bright-hued sides would flash Far up the shallow, iceless stream, where swift head waters dash; In the springtime, when the ice deep pools ceased to clog, Returned he to his old retreat beneath the mossy log. Within his deep and stone paved home, his roble head up straddled, And broad tail swaying lazily, the monarch's speckles gleamed; Each surface range each floating twig his sharp eyes clearly saw; Nor did a single luckless bug escape his hungry maw. 'Twas early morn; the monster lay in wait or breakfast fare, The thick-grown woods re-echoed with shrill bird notes every where; Just where the log's dark shadow touched the eddy's dimpled cheek A tempting insect rested on the surface of the creek Like lightning bolt from lowering sky the monarch His jaws closed o'er the miller as it whirled and eddied there; Then back to his recess he shot, but ere its depths he gained A tether orienting at his plunging body strained, One moment poised he quiet, while his angry, wild eyes flashed; And then by gleaming side the erstwhile peaceful pool was rashed; Its waters seethed and boiled, while through the now awaked eddy The din of battle sounded as he fought for life again. With fierce, quick dashes back and forth across the pool he went; While o'er the battling monarch the like rod strained and bent; Up stream and down, beneath threatening log and flowery bank he raged As some wild jungle beast within a steel-bound cageon caged. Relentless was his fury and increasing was his fight; He churned the deep pool waters in his long unconquered mirth; And ere the birds were silenced, for each sinner seemed to feel His tuneful song was useless 'gainst the whirl of clashing reel. Long raged the even battle as the tireless monarch fought; Yet slow his strength was ebbing, but the fine held firm and fast; A moment then he stalked below, a moment stopped the strife. A pause—a tremble—silence—a moment he suspended The strife, and then with flaming side the balmy air he rashed; With powerful tail he strikes the line—spray glistens in the sun—A splash—the waters close above—and thus the monarch won! Again the foam coils upon the bosom of the pool Again the swaying rush is kissed by quiet waters cool; Again the fallen log's dark shadow stretches undisturbed; Again the lace-winged dragon-fly is poisoning unperturbed. The silence is but broken by the note of warbling bird; No din of battle echoes, and the noisy reel is heard; Far down below, with head up-stream, and lazy, The monarch bears retreating steps disturb the quiet vials.

Some Day. You used to smooth them from my hair The tangles, with the kindest care; There were no silver threads of grey, For life was then an easy day, You took from them one golden tress, And left the rest to silverness; You left me then so blithe and gay, And said that you'd come back some day— Some day. I dreamed of you when sweetest flowers were trembling through those oaken bowers; But would not roam through them alone, For all their brightest tints had flown. Some day I shall not feel this odd, For you'll come back—you said you would! I dream still how you used to say That you'd come back to me some day— Some day. Come back! I pray come back to me! The time is long—I know 'twould be, I've waited, O, so many years, 'Midst fading hopes and bitter tears! There is one to smooth my hair, As you did, with the kindest care; Now 'midst the gold's sprinkled ray, Because you've not come back some day— Some day.

Flag, Stog, Slag! Sing, slag, slag, In thy prison-home, my bird; And I would that the cold air were The songs that I once have heard. Is it well for the orphan child, That he sighs for the lone-lost hours? Or well for the maiden mild, That she thinks of greenwood bowers? And the speeding hours go on To 'aves in the Lethean mill; But O, for the sight of a vanished smile, And a voice forever still! Sing, slag, slag, O the perch in thy cage, O bird! But the tinner words of a day long dead May nevermore be heard.

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BOOMING A RUSSIAN CITY.

Novorossysk Had Only 2,000 Population a While Ago, and now has 35,000. The remarkable development of the little city of Novorossysk, at the northeast corner of the Black Sea, brings to mind the large and sudden growth of many towns in this country. The city is built on an excellent harbor at the extreme western end of the Caucasus Mountains. Some years ago the Russians discovered the advantages for commerce of this fine situation and this is the reason the hamlet has developed into a brisk and enterprising city of 35,000 people. It is still growing at a rapid rate, and last year the shipping that visited the port took away nearly a million tons of produce, largely wheat; and wheat, in fact, is making the fortune of the place. One of the fine wheat-growing regions is in the provinces of Kuban and Stavropol in the southeast of Russia. If this wheat were taken to western Russia or any point of export across the country hundreds of miles of land transportation would be required. But here is the port of Novorossysk near at hand. The harbor is deep and never freezes over in winter, so it is open to business the year round. All that was needed to stimulate the growth of the town was a railroad to the productive interior. The road was built. The town began to grow and to-day the largest building in it is an immense store house for cereals, which holds 110,000,000 pounds of wheat and is a great convenience in loading wheat on the steamers. Along this line of railroad also the production of petroleum, the raising of tobacco and the manufacture of Portland cement are important and growing industries. There is every reason to believe that Novorossysk will become one of the most important cities on the Black Sea and there are very few Russian cities which have had similar rapid development.

The King Oscar's Plates.

M. William Thomas of Portland Maine, American Minister at Stockholm, is a great friend of King Oscar, who has recently abdicated in favour of his son, and tells some interesting stories of that genial monarch. When King Oscar was in Paris some years ago he went about seeing the sights inognito. Among other places he dined in at the official Exposition of Sevres porcelain. Here the product of every year was arranged chronologically and with great care. Of some kinds there were full sets, but of blue celeste there were but three pieces, and the custodian informed the King that it was impossible to obtain more, and that they were of immense value. "What," said the King, "have you only three blue celeste plates?" "That is all." "Well, then," said His Majesty, "I have many more than you." "You!" said the custodian in amazement. "Who are you?" "The King of Sweden." "May I inquire your Majesty, how many pieces of this exquisite porcelain have you?" "Hear thou, Nils?" said the King, turning to his first marshal, Count Rosen, who accompanied him. "How many have we?" "Two hundred and fourteen pieces, Your Majesty." "Heavens!" cried the astonished custodian. "How can it be possible that you have preserved them all this time?" "Oh, that's very easily accounted for," said the King; "you see, in Sweden we don't have any revolutions."

Ian MacLaren's American Gold Mine.

Ian MacLaren will write no more Scotch stories—at least for the present. His next important literary work will be a life of Christ, to which he will probably devote his leisure time next year. Doctor Watson is finding his biennial American lecture tours wonderfully remunerative. Two years ago he is said to have received \$45,000 after all expenses were paid, and his present tour, which began in Bridgeport, Connecticut, on February 10, gives promise of being equally successful. This season he will travel as far north as Vancouver, British Columbia, and his closing lecture will be given in St. Paul, Minnesota, on May 5. He has planned to sail for England on May 10. Doctor Watson's lectures have determined the popularity of Beside the Bonnie Brier-Bush over all of his other works. He seldom speaks before an audience without receiving a request to read some portion of this book.

Music, Song, and Story

Is an extremely handsome magazine that must bring much joy to multitudes of all sorts of people, but is a special boon to lovers of tuneful music. In addition to a rich table of bright stories, sketches, poems, mythic and fairy tales, pieces for recitation, vocal and dramatic instruction, etc., etc., and a wealth of most beautiful illustrations all most beautifully printed on the finest enameled paper, every issue provides 16 or more pages (sheet music size) of new copyright music, never before published and aggregating in value, when republished afterward in separate sheets, about \$3. Music, Song, and Story is published monthly at 10 cents a copy or \$1. a year by S. W. Simpson, 70 Fifth Ave., New York.

Good Word.

A little Irish maid, fresh from her native isle, has furnished her New England mistress with many a new phrase. "The sun has hard work to shine this week, Nora," said the lady to the maid, who was dusting her room one gloomy day. "It comes out for a few minutes, and then the clouds hide it for hours again." "Yes, mim," said Nora. "It's what you'd call baseful weather, mim, now isn't it?"

A Correction.

He: "You are the only—"
She: "A-hem!"
He: "I should say—you are the prettiest girl I ever loved."

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