

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEB. 3

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

CIVIC CHANGES REQUIRED.

The three principal places in New Brunswick—St. John, Fredericton and Moncton, have civic governments with which much fault is found. In Fredericton and Moncton local and dominion politicians have to a certain extent taken a hand in civic affairs and one result is that there is not that harmony which is so necessary to the best interests of any city. In St. John the council is more conservative than liberal but politics does not interfere to any extent in its deliberations.

A portion of the people in the capital is calling for a change in the mayor and aldermen and from what the Gleaner says we imagine that they want the old council to retire from business altogether. The FARRELL incident seems to have hastened the action of the citizens who are inquiring more closely into their civic affairs. "We find that aldermen" says the Gleaner have been sitting at the Board lending their influence to secure the payment of bills for supplies furnished by themselves to the corporation without a public call for tender. Jobs have been given to aldermen at extravagant prices, and they have decently sat in committees and at the board unblushingly voted the public monies to their credit. Public interests generally have been disregarded in many instances and traded upon in others, that the personal interests and the personal ends of several aldermen might be promoted. And naturally, the record shows that these very aldermen, without exception, are in what is known as the disloyal element of the Council Board, which at present is the predominating element. And it may be also added as another fact, and a not unnatural result, that the annual assessment upon the ratepayers has been increased by several thousands of dollars through the operations of the element at present in control.

This is a severe arraignment, but not more severe probably than the occasion demands. We know that in St. John we have aldermen who are not above accepting a city contract. It is against the law but who is to make the complaint and deprive a city representative of his seat because he grabs what he can and gets paid for it? The aldermen are inconsistent it is true, but consistency is too much to expect from them! They will ask for tenders for a four dollar printing job and the next minute authorize the chairmen and directors of works and safety to spend hundreds of dollars without thought of tender. We have no doubt that Aldermen MAXWELL and SEATON for example, give fair value for the work they do for the city. They have as much right to it, as citizens, as other men in the business but as aldermen they have no right to accept the contracts.

However, it is simply continuing the old system. When Ald WARRING was in business for himself he did work for the city. Men who are dead and gone thought it no harm to be aldermen and still supply the city as far as they were able, but we contend that if this sort of thing is to continue all work should be put up to tender and no favors should be shown to those in the council.

Take the city printing as an example. The different departments know what forms they require every year, they know what reports they have to print and they could just the same as the municipality does. But they ask for tenders on the reports, get them done at

prices that the printer barely clears himself on and the "fat" business goes to the concerns favored by those in control. This is but one of many things that need changing in the methods of the council. These matters of detail interest but few of the aldermen, but those who look after them find considerable patronage and business in the undertaking.

CHARLES M. SHELDON, the author of "In His Steps" a book which has had a tremendous sale, wants a million dollars to start a christian daily paper. Those who have read Mr. SHELDON'S book have gained some idea of his project. His idea is to place the news of the day before the people, to ignore crime, in fact to make his daily paper an interesting chronicle of good deeds. Now the proprietor of the Capital, a daily paper in Mr. SHELDON'S own city, has placed his paper at his disposal for a week beginning March 13. If the experiment succeeds Mr. SHELDON may get the million dollars he wants.

Some parents who have children going to the Aberdeen school may not relish the building of a tannery next door, but they are sure to object to the neglect of the board to provide a play ground for the pupils. The school building is almost on the edge of Courtney Bay and there is an unprotected railway crossing a very short distance away. Here are two dangers which would seem to make it necessary to have a yard for the children to play in. As it is now the street is their only play ground.

If we knew the truth no doubt there is more anxiety among the Boers than the British as to the result of the war. The accounts that reach us indicate that they do not even bury their dead. Such people would not hesitate to misrepresent their losses. They disregard the red cross flag, make treacherous use of the emblem of surrender and fire upon their disarmed enemies. The feelings of the British soldier toward them must be very bitter.

The board of school trustees have announced through one of their members that inquiry is being made into the matter of fire escapes for schools. We hope that the investigation will lead to something. Too many inquiries are begun but never ended in St. John. These escapes are necessary for our high school building and the trustees action cannot be too prompt.

STRAITHCONA'S horse are booked for Halifax—so it is said. St. John is not in it. We have the terminus of the C. P. R. here, we have a minister who is head of the department of railways, we have all the facilities and yet we cannot prevail upon the government to give us a fair show to ship the troops. The people are not apt to forget it.

The report of the chief of the fire department received some—but not much—consideration this week from the safety board. The council will probably give it some more talk. What we want is action. If the department requires what the chief recommends, get it. Then there will be less talk from insurance underwriters.

The people of Halifax gave the soldiers a smoker that cost \$1,800! How much better would it have been had the money been given to the local or patriotic fund.

EDWARD SEARS, Dr. J. W. DANIEL, JAMES MOULSON and W. B. WALLACE each want to be mayor of St. John. Pay your taxes and take your choice.

It is possible that small pox may come to St. John. It is the duty of every citizen to see that the vaccination regulations are observed.

Some Broad New Drug Clerks.

The Pharmaceutical examinations held last week in the Market Building resulted in the graduating of the following city clerks: Burpee Brown of E. C. Brown & Co., Harold H. Golding of Charles K. Short's pharmacy, G. O. Allan of M. V. Paddock's, Howard Mowatt of W. H. Mowatt's and Bliss Case of S. M. Diarmid's retail drug establishment. W. A. Warren of Sackville also passed successfully. These young men are now full-fledged prescription clerks and registered. They went through the trying ordeal set down by the examiners with wonderful exactitude and correctness and well merit their parchment. Each graduate is entitled to own a store of his own, if he so desires and become himself a "boss" druggist.

Popular Players.

No company of players ever visited St. John who have become more popular than the Valentine Stock Co. who are at present here. Theatre goers feel almost as if they were personally acquainted with each actor and actress and everybody in the cast receives an ovation upon stepping on the stage for the first time in a performance. Off the stage the company are a

delightful lot of people to talk to and are exceptionally brilliant conversationalists. Miss Bonstelle, the Misses Blanke (owners of the show) Messrs. Mawson and Webster, are the favorites, and already Mr. Mawson's curtain speeches and clever humour have made him a hero, especially with the ladies. Mr. Fleming of the company, is a son of May Agnes Fleming, the St. John authoress.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

The Boer's Prayer. My back is to the wall, Lo! here I stand, O Lord! whatever befall, I love this land!

The land that I have till'd 'his land is mine. Would, Lord, that I Thou hadst will'd This heart were thine!

Thy servant, Lord, of old Smote down the men Whose images or gold They worshipp'd then!

Those images again Are worshipp'd now, Before strange gods strange men, O Lord! here bow!

This land to us Thou gave, In days of old; Thy seek to make a grave Or field of gold!

To us, O Lord! Thy hand Let forth to save! Give us, O Lord! this land, Or give a grave!

—H. J. Morris.

Hymn for Time of War.

Father, forgive Thy children come to claim The pardon promised to their grief and shame; Forgetful, thankless, in their wayward will; Father, thou knowest, and thou lovest still.

Love wars and chastels, love rebukes their pride, Who in themselves and not in Thee confide; Though vast our armies, and our quarrel just, Thine altho' the Power, in Thee be all our trust.

Be with us, God of battles, in this fight; Ourselves are sinful, but our cause is right; Be with our soldiers; arm them, hear, and mind, In danger dangers, but in conquest kind.

Pay the wounded, be they friend or foe, And help the helpless in the hours of woe; Bless all, O Christ, who do Thy gracious will, Bless the kind nurse, and bless the surgeon's skill

God of the widow, soothe her sore distress, Be thou the Father of the fatherless, And teach the mother, mourning for her son, To pray Christ's prayer, Thy will not mine be done.

Inspire Thy priests with wisdom from above, To tell the young of Thy deathless love, To all brave hearts that Duty, beaten down And vanquished here, shall win the victor's crown.

—From the London Standard.

A Twentieth Century Drama.

The woman she sat in her duty den, Her papers all scattered about; While she toilsomely sought, with pipe and pen, To straighten her business out, When a sudden cry of agony

From the street and smote her ear— "Help! help! help! Oh, it makes me sick! I shall die if you don't come here!"

The woman she strode across the floor, An anxious frown on her brow, And she tenderly said, as she opened the door, "What troubles my poor soul now?"

For perched on a chair High up in air That frantic man she found, And he gave a shriek At every squeak Of the mouse that played around.

"Just look! 's a sobber, with his coat held high, As he poised on the tip of his toe; 'What a savage jerk of his tail! Oh, my! It will run up my clothes, I know!"

"How his eyes are glaring! And his most—er—theer! Oh, it's going to jump! Be quick!" Thus the man wailed on, Till the mouse was gone, Scared off by the woman's stick.

The woman she smiled at his petty fears In a fond, superior way, While he strove to check the bursting tears, As he breathlessly watched the fray.

Then the man to the floor Sue helped once more, And he gratefully and distressed, Her strong arm she wound His frail form around, And he wept out his plight on her breast! —Elinche Tennor.

His Proposal.

She knew he loved her by each glance, Though he'd not spoken; His hand's quick pressure in the dance, Each fl. w. r. and token.

She read for the story old As she had read it, But though his eyes the legend told He never said it!

He sang to her in verses sweet, His accents sued her; He played the banjo at her feet, In rag-time

On smooth yacht decks all golden glow, Where starlight blended, 'Till she began to think him slow As well as splendid!

She led him into quiet nooks On stairs, demurely, Where his eyes were low and tender looks Might pass securely.

And when the band throbb'd some deep hymn Or old song story, She steered him gently for the dim Conservatory!

But in a crowded cable car One rainy morning, They rode with many a jolt and jar, The weather scolding,

This swerving round a curve she leaned Again to his shoulder, And softly by her big hat screened 'Twas then he told her!

Ballad of the Suburbanite.

He rises if it rains or blows, Submissive to the clock's loud call; He pines through the winter snows, Or through the mud of spring doth crawl;

One thought, one feeling over all (For this he rises, ever night), 'Miss not the train 'what'er befall,' The cry of the Suburbanite.

With bundles strange he comes and goes— Canned goods he eats from spring to fall; And 'trailing ivy up a wall,' Domestic short and lean and tall

He brings from town, both black and white, 'Oh, stay! Work's light and wash is small!' The cry of the Suburbanite.

His furnace and himself are foes— The oil's ove sh. v. r. in his hall— The joy of steam he never knows; He breakfasts in a cap and 'shawl';

He knows not theatre or ball— His Enchere Cluo's his sole delight, 'Who holds both j. cks can 'sought appall,' The cry of the Suburbanite.

—Theodosia Pickering Garrison.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER ABSOLUTELY PURE Makes the food more delicious and wholesome ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

Patriotic Vs. Sacred Music.

A Baptist clergyman was being farewelled in a North End church the other evening and a crowded auditorium was there to bid him a general "bon voyage." The programme was decidedly sacred in its makeup but a certain soloist did not know this and came in just in time for his selection. The organist faltered as she placed the music before her, but as a thousand eyes were on her and the soloist, she thought it no time for hesitation or explanations. The big instrument pealed forth the introductory bars to "Soldiers of the Queen," and immediately the sober senses of those assembled seemed shocked. All the preceding pieces had been devoutly religious in theme, and the boisterous swing of the popular war song seemed to grate on their ears at first. But loyalty, as is usual in St. John, came out on top. Verse two was sung and then the third with its words:

"Now were roused, we've buckled on our swords We've done with diplomatic lingo. Action now will follow on our words, We'll show we're something more than jingo. And tho' old England's laws do not her sons compel To military crimes do, We'll show them just the same, and beat them at their game, An English man can be a soldier too."

The audience burst forth in great applause, and everybody joined in it. Its doubtful if the talented bass soloist has yet discovered the mistake he made at first.

Strange Funeral Melody.

The Calais Advertiser passes along this story, told by an undertaker:

"I had a funeral up river the other day, which was nearly spoiled by a music box. It was no fault of mine either, for the coffin was real rosewood and the appointments were perfect.

"In the midst of the services, however, when the solemn hush was only broken by the voice of the clergyman, one of the mourners accidentally turned the crank of a music box, that was standing in the room. As luck would have it the old thing began to grind out "There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight."

"Unfortunately, there seemed to be no one in the room who understood the mechanism of the music box, and all efforts to stop it were of no avail. The clergyman and the mourners were obliged to wait until it ran down of its own accord. Hereafter I shall see that there are no music boxes at funerals under my direction."

Out in a New Form.

The Daily Telegraph gave the first evidence yesterday of the new controlling power and appeared in modern eight page form seven columns to the page. New type and presses were used for its production. In the editorial announcement the statement is made that in the past the Telegraph "has served a useful purpose." That may be taken for granted. With a new plant and plenty of capital all the opportunities for making a good newspaper are present.

Pell of Trinity's Burglars.

"I see they've found out who the Trinity church burglars were," said a sober-faced citizen to one of Rector Richardson's flock a few days ago.

"Is that so, how did they locate them?"

"Why the chimes tolled on them."

"Jim" Slater Abroad.

Slater's restaurant on Wentworth street is enjoying a generous patronage. The proprietor is a former St. John man, and thoroughly knows his business.—[Sydney Advocate.

Profitable Learning.

The English universities in India play an important part in the civilization of the empire, and are crowded by natives. Many of them no doubt are true students, who learn for the sake of learning; but there are others who learn their text books by heart to obtain the coveted honor of an M. A. or a B. A. One reason for their enthusiasm might form the motive of a comic opera. It is that the young man with a degree can secure in marriage a girl with a heavy dowry. The knowledge of Shakespeare, Bacon and Huxley is used, therefore, in such cases to buy a rich man's daughter.

The lip-learning of the natives in studies quite foreign to their genius is extraordinary. A few weeks ago, in Calcutta, a candidate for an M. A. took up Latin. His translations were literally flawless. By and by the examiner noticed that in

every case he began his rendering a few lines before the passage which was given to him on the paper, and finished a few lines later. The explanation was simple. He had learned the 'crib' by heart, and fixed the places of beginning and ending by proper names.

'You say in your papers here,' said an English professor in Bombay to one whom he was examining, 'that Sir Walter Scott is a most beautiful writer. Now, here are his works; pick out your favorite.' Whereupon the examined turned green, for this was the first time he had ever set eyes so much as on the cover of that beautiful writer, Scott.

It is lip-learning that appears in the English of the writers for the native press. So common is that it is known as 'Baboo English,' of which The Companion has given many examples.

It was some time before I could extricate him,' writes a contributor to the National Magazine, 'when, lo! a very much bruised and sprained ankle man was he.'

But perhaps obituaries offer most facility for elegance of composition. One organ says of a lawyer, 'His childlike simplicity fascinated all, and was proof against the demoralizing influences of his honorable profession.'

Hazing Fifty Years Ago.

While hazing is being frowned down, and becoming less a part of college life in this country, it was fortunately never so prevalent in secondary schools in America as in England. A lately published life of Millais tells how, at the age of nine, he was once hung head downward out of a second story window, by the class bully, his legs being tied to the iron guards with scarfs and strings.

He was unconscious when rescued by a passerby. The child's delicate nature, his marvellous artistic precocity and a boys costume of fifty years ago are thus delineated in his brothers words:

"Only the day before the hazing Millais had received the silver medal of the Society of Arts for a large drawing of the Battle of Bannockburn. The little fellow had on a white plaid tunic with black belt and buckle; short, white frilled trousers, showing bare legs, with white socks and patent leather shoes; a large, white frilled collar, a bright necktie, and his hair ingolden curls.

"When the secretary called out, Mr. John Everett Millais, the little lad walked up, unseen by His Royal Highness, the Duke of Sussex, who was giving the prizes, and stood at his raised desk.

"After a time, the duke observed that 'the gentleman was a long time coming up' to which the secretary replied, 'He is here, Your Royal Highness' "The duke then stood up and saw the boy, and giving him his stool to stand upon, the pretty little golden head appeared above the desk."

Breaking and Entering.

This is the true story of a man and his wife who went to a party, and drove home at two o'clock in the morning. The husband had, of course, a latch-key, and had told the servants not to sit up. It was a cold night, and when they reached the house he said to his wife:

"You sit in the carriage while I run up and open the door."

He hurried up the steps and felt for his key. It was gone, or rather, as it proved afterward, he had never taken it at all. So after fruitless searching, he began ringing the bell. He rang it for five minutes—for ten. No one came. He was slowly congealing, and his wife, in the carriage, began to shiver.

"It's no use!" he called to her, finally. "You sit still, and I'll go round the back way and break in."

He sought the dark alley behind his house, and with Spartan disregard of his party clothes, scaled the high board fence and dropped into his own yard. He smashed a pane of glass, lifted the window and crawled into the dark kitchen. Not familiar with those lower regions, he stumbled about, hitting the wall like a beetle on a summer night; but finally found the back stairs, and mounted them to the hall above.

"Saved!" he muttered, for he had reached the front hall and the front door. He opened the door.

"All right?" he called cheerily to his wife, ran down the steps to help her out, and,—banged the door behind him! Then, a wise man, he began at A, and did his burglarious work all over again.