

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 7.

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

CIVIC MISMANAGEMENT.

Some matters of civic government seem easy of accomplishment. The taxpayers must have read with some surprise that the board of management consider two farms adjoining their water privileges on the Loch Lomond as worth \$3,600 and \$3,000. This seems a stiff price to pay for farm property in this section. The need of acquiring the land is very evident but it appears that the figures of the owners have been accepted without much consideration. If we contrast this prompt action with the needless delay connected with the expenditure of a much smaller sum upon the only ornamental fountain in this city by the gentlemen who have these matters in hand cannot be complimented upon their judgment. Chairman MILLIDGE does not seem to be in touch with the people or else he is indifferent to their wishes. His arrangements for a junketing trip to Loch Lomond were made promptly and no doubt very satisfactorily but it seems to take months to make a start upon the repairs to the centre piece of King Square which is regarded by all visitors and by the people generally as one of the beauty spots of the city.

Is it any wonder that men and women pass the place with a feeling of disgust and annoyance and wonder who is to blame for this outrage. The streets and the crossings are bad enough and it may be that there is some excuse for the delay in repairing them but none can be offered for the unsightly spot that marks the centre of the square.

Is there not something faulty with the management or with the system that provides so much hostile criticism? The taxpayers of St. John are not severe as a rule. They make every allowance for an over-worked department; they even tolerate and pay incompetent favorites but the time seems to have arrived when a change is absolutely necessary. If the care of the harbor and the ferry, the streets, etc. is too much for one department, why subdivide it and make some one man responsible for the care of the thoroughfares and another of the harbor and ferry. For some time Mr. A. CHIPMAN SMITH has been the head or director of the public works department of which Dr. CHRISTIE is chairman. He has been known as a gentleman of executive ability and sound judgment but unfortunately for him and the city his health is not so good as it was years ago, and naturally he cannot give the work the same attention. Is this the reason why so many things seem to have been slighted? If so, his assistant, Mr. MARTIN should be interviewed and some attempt made to discover his capability for the work in hand. We have always been fortunate (?) in this city in finding some official ready in the person of a retired alderman for any vacant job. In other places it seems natural to look for a man of experience and recognized ability to look after such an important work as the building and repairs of streets. Mr. MARTIN'S qualification was that he was a watch maker. We do not say this with any idea of disparaging his ability to manage men but it does seem as if something else was needed to bring a street department up to the mark.

The fraternal spirit that prevails among the Aldermen and the officials is doing harm to the city. No man appears to be able to do any wrong. Criticism is out of place while the mention of dismissal or incompetence would require more daring and a higher sense of responsibility to the public than prevails at present among the

representatives of the city. The principles that prevail in our successful business houses are to a great extent unknown in our civic management. Ability often fails of recognition and incompetence is unnoticed and unpunished. When our mayor is given more power and the citizens find the right man we may have a change but not before.

CITY GOVERNMENT IN CANADA.

City government in Canada is the subject of a most interesting article by S. MORLEY WICKETT Ph. D. in the Political Science Quarterly. He finds that while the municipal system of Canada is modelled in a general way after the American pattern, a development has taken place under different circumstances. The Canadian population has been more homogeneous. According to the census of 1891, in every 100 of our population 96.7 were British and 1.2 American born. This leaves but the small percentage of 2.1 to be divided among the various other nationalities. In Ottawa, Montreal and all the seven provincial capitals, except Charlottetown, only 5.6 in every 100 were of foreign birth, or excluding those born in the United States, but 3.21. A comparison in this regard with the American cities is striking. In every 100 of the mean population of fifty of the largest cities 30.77 are foreign born, while for the rest of the country the figures are 11.29. Montreal and Ottawa alone of Canadian cities appear to be affected in their municipal activity by racial and religious estrangements.

The slower growth of Canadian cities and the unlimited authority of the Province have permitted a gradual development of the municipal system—the dropping of unsatisfactory features and the adoption of new ones as experience has advised from time to time. The restriction of the franchise is another distinctly Canadian feature. In Nova Scotia and St. John's Newfoundland, the qualification for municipal voters in a twelve months' residence within the municipality and payment of poor and city taxes, for which the voter must not be in arrears. For Charlottetown, two months' residence and payment of the city poll tax of \$2 is the minimum. In the cities of Ontario and in Calgary, the only incorporated city of the Northwest, ratepayers upon an income of \$400 may vote, and in the City of St. John, New Brunswick, ratepayers upon an income of \$300. Elsewhere a property qualification as owner or occupant is necessary. In Ontario and Manitoba a realty qualification of \$400 is required. In Montreal \$300, or an assessed annual value of \$30, which Quebec City makes \$25 for proprietors and \$50 for occupants. In the four largest cities of British Columbia a six months' residence and an annual rental of from \$60 to \$100 are sufficient to qualify. But Chinese and Indians are not entitled to vote.

Those who attended the meetings of the church of England Synod and listened to the resonant tones of Mr. Justice HANINGTON as he spoke in objection to several reports might well have imagined that he was in the gallery of the house of assembly again listening to the thunderous tones of the leader of the opposition. The judge has lost none of those argumentative traits so prominent in him as an assembly debater. The fact that the judgment of his fellow churchmen was against him made no difference to him—he was bound to have his say. If he could have differed in a milder manner he might have gained greater support.

THE ROSES AND ALERTS.

Keenest Rivalry Now on Between Them. Some new Baseball Gossip.

The Roses baseball team of North End have now one game to the good in their summer series with their rivals, the Alerts. The count stands 7 to 8. From the present outlook it appears as if the grey-suited chaps from the other end of town were going to make the reds bustle as they never hustled before, if they have any hope of securing the title of local champions. The season starting so discouragingly for the Roses robbed the rivalry of most of its interest, but Tip O'Neil was coaxed back into the North End fold and with the addition of Holland the Memramcook twirler, the "ponies" have gained their lost ground, and more too. Unfortunately Fred Shaw and Jimmy Mitchell of the Alerts were forced to surrender baseball to business and left for Sydney a few weeks ago, but now Shaw is coming home again, dissatisfied with the place which he claims is overrated. Baseball enthusiasts will more than welcome Fred back on the diamond.

Still smarting from the severe pounding the Roses administered to their two imported twirlers on the holiday management of the Alerts are negotiating for the services of Cushman, the crack Maine

mystifier. He will be remembered as the bushy headed pitcher with the contortionist moves and serpentine delivery who performed here year before last. His pitching is still very effective.

Jack McLean, the Roses "long Tom" backstop, is true to his first love of 1900, and says he will not play with the exhumed Tartars, whose fortunes Tommy Howe is plotting, but as yet not very successfully. McLean has his fighting blood up now and intends to stick by the North Enders in weal and woe, and if he can bring it about it will be mostly weal.

Today there is another game between the reds and greys. Everybody should go, for the excitement is now to fever heat with the players and lots of good alert and Roses money has been stacked up.

The Appearance of the Dufferin.

The tourist hotel business is about beginning and the early visitors are already enjoying the beautiful weather. St. John is favored with. Among those well known hostleries that have prepared to entertain visitors is the Dufferin and it is safe to say that the house is in every way up to the mark and ready as usual to make it pleasant for all who go to the house. Manager McCaffrey deserves credit for the manner which he has conducted the hotel in Mr. Willis' absence. The appearance of the exterior has been much improved by the usual spring painting and every room in the interior looks as fresh and neat as possible for the same reason. The service, both in the office and throughout the house could hardly be improved upon. The wine room has been painted in dainty colors which assists the daily decoration of flowers to make it more attractive. The situation of the Dufferin, so near a beautiful square, and with its own lawn adjoining makes it doubly attractive for guests who enjoy the good things of an excellent menu like them all the better in the presence of such pleasant surroundings.

With our present facilities, our work cannot be equalled. Duck shirts, shirt waists and all summer wearing apparel, done to look like new work, delivered when promised always. Ugar's Laundry and Carpet Cleaning Works. Telephone 58.

JOYS AND WOES OF OTHER PLACES.

Another Tip From Halifax. (Halifax Echo.) The public bath will be opened on July 2d.

The Other Girls are Mad. (Hants Journal.) The prettiest girl in Shelburne, Miss Evangeline Durfee, last week became Mrs. Dr. Bowles, of Wolfville.

Fisherman's Big "Catch." (Springside Advertiser.) As a result of a fishing expedition to Newville last week, a noble fisherman of the Micmac race now mourns the loss of his better half. "Me lookum for one lame man, and one with big legs, me want 'um wife back."

They're Fakirs all Right. (Union Advocate.) The Boer envoys remind one of the "fakirs" and sic' show man. They go wherever the crowd goes. They were at Philadelphia last week. They're liable to be in Newcastle next.

China Master of the Situation. (Restigouche Telephone.) The crowd opposite the Chinaman's Saturday night each waiting their turn to get their laundry, resembled the pictures we had seen of the crowds endeavoring to get to the crown lands offices in the Yukon district.

"Put That in Your Pipe, etc." (St. Andrews Beacon.)

When you hear a man arguing that education is ruining the sons of the workman and giving them false conceptions of life, just inquire into that man's personal history. In nine cases out of ten it will be found that he has sprung from one of the lowest grades of society himself.

St. John Knows Differently. Referring to Lemen Bros' circus, the Woodstock Times of May 30th, says: "The circus men were very orderly, and a reporter of the Times, who was down to the grounds watching them put up their tents, didn't hear a single word of profanity, from any of them. The old circus man's profanity, so common years ago, seems to have gone out entirely."

Conscription Not Needed. (Religious Intelligencer.) No man serves under the British flag against his will. "Conscription," such as is common in many countries, is not necessary in the great Empire whose sons; by tens of thousands, from every quarter of the vast domain, and those outside it too have crowded each other in their eagerness to volunteer to serve their Queen and country.

A Ready-Made Family. (Chatham Commercial.) While Mr. David Clark was travelling through the woods one day lately, hunting up his cows, he came upon a partridge nest containing 11 young partridges. The old bird was not with them, so he took them to his farm and placed them in charge of a hen. The hen seems quite proud about coming into possession of such a large family without having the trouble of sitting on eggs for three weeks, and she is taking the best care of them.

The Bottle Message Joke Still Alive. (Halifax Recorder.) Another "message from the sea" practical joker has been heard from. This time it is the story of a resident of East Jeddore, Halifax Co., who picked up a bottle with the following in it: "I am near the breakers and will soon pass away. I make this statement on the bottom of my boat. Tell all my friends of my sad end. "George Baker." Good bye mother. * * * God. I hope to meet you in a brighter world." What a great thing it is to have writing material

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on hand in such dire emergencies, and to have the bottom of a box on which to write the setting adroit bottles with like messages is quite "joke" of some people, and a ten cent one now paid to their finding.

VERBENOFYEST NDAY AND TODAY

Beautiful and gentle Gladys, Sweet your voice is heard, Singing dilly, dilly gaily, Warbling every word, Singing softly, singing sweetly Like a summer bird. Beautiful and playful Gladys, From all sorrow free, Sing on our us, sing and cheer us, With thy sparkling glee; Pleasure making, love creating, Richest melody. Little laughing loving Gladys, To our hearts most dear, Treasured in our happy circle Loved and lovedly there, Tendril in our home entwining, Love round every care. Beautiful and charming Gladys, Blossom of our spring, Coming years may trials bear thee Time may sadness bring To the fairest, to the dearest Sorrows oftenest cling. CYPRIUS GOLDB.

Fanny Forch, July 1900.

The Meadow Lark. Minstrel of melody, How shall I chant of thee, Floating in meadow shrill with thy song? Fluting near my feet, Plaintive and wildly sweet— Oh, could thy spirit to mortal belong! Till me thy secret art. How thou dost touch the heart, Hinting of happiness still unpossessed; Sing, doth thy bosom burn Vainly, as mine and yearn Adly for something that leaves it unblest?

Doth not that tender tone, Over the clever bio-n Flow from a sorrow— a longing in vain? Or, is it joy intense? So like a part, the sense Hears in thy sweetest song something of pain? Others may eave the steeps, Soar and in upper deaps Sing in the heaven's blue skies profound; But, thou art lowly Thine, Teach me to keep my wing Close to the breast of our Mother, the ground!

Soon shall my fleeting ly Fade from the world away— Time, ever-during, shall thrill through the years; Love who once so adored me, Surely hath saddened thee— Half of thy music is made of his tears! Long may I live the note Set through the summer's heat Far o'er the fields where the wild grasses wave; Then when my day is done, Oh, at the set of sun, Pour out thy spirit near to my grave!

A Typographic Reminiscence. I have paused to hear the music of the big perfecting press. As it hums and it clamors to rebuke my idleness; I have seen the pages leaping from the mighty And the roar and bang and rattle has made music to my soul. And yet (perhaps I'm growing what they call a bit pensive), I don't feel quite contented with the methods of today. As I watch the step of progress, I can scarce re-appear to a soul; I am longing for a foot press and a printing office tower!

It seemed just like a miracle, an iridescent dream. When first we got a little press that ran with real steam. And now, while steam is useful in its honest way to drive electric motors, modern built, to help it out. We said inventive genius, though it grew each year more rare, Would not be on hand with a machine for setting type. I'll admit the new ways better—though I'm half inclined to growl, While I'm longing for a foot press and a printing office tower!

Oh, where's the jovial nomad who would work about a week And then lay down his stick and wander off, new fields to seek? Where is the printer's devil? In his place we find a Ol bright faced, chubby cherub, fit to perch upon a cloud And from the forms I miss the news that once appeared so big. About the new church organ and the Widow Spicer's pig. It rests my dazzled brain to let my memory take a To when we had a foot press and a printing office tower!

Some Unnecessary Reason. She was billed to lecture on a theme of interest to all. It was this; "Why I Am Singing." And their nerves were all a-tingle, While most impressive silence filled the big convention hall. "I will tell you," said Miss Goggin, "Why in singleness I'm jogging, Why no manly oak may say that I'm his dainty clinging vine— Why I never faced a preacher, Led by a male fellow creature— I will tell you—I have reasons, and their number is just nine.

"And I think the very worst one Is also the very first one; With its telling just one ninth of all my reasons is disclosed. Listen carefully my sister; Not a one of all the masters Ever popped the question to me or in any way proposed. Then the ladies began shouting, Further information wanting And Miss Goggin's voice was drowned, it's really very sad to state. But they shrieked out to her shrilly; "Further reasons would be silly If that's the first, you needn't mind about the other eight!"

The Rejected—And pray, what constitutes the highest happiness? "The number of friends one has." "Then I ought to be happy. Every girl I ever proposed to has promised to be a friend to me.

An Expert Opinion. My boy Jimmie, aged nine, is a corker in psychology—and it's only his second term at it too. "Indeed?" "Yes. The other day he said he was certain that the higher moral influence had nothing to do with my being a good citizen." "Then how did he account for it?" "He said I was afraid of the police!"

A "peppy" Retribution. Small Boy— "Art ticket ter Barker street." (Pays and awaits delivery of ticket.) Clerk— "It's a shame ul thing, a kid like yu smoking!" Small Boy (indignantlv)— "Who are yer calling a kid? I'm fourteen!" Clerk— "Oh, are you? Then you ga, full fare to Barker street!"

Explained. "Here's my bonnet, just come home," said the publisher's wife. He watched her open the box, and remove layer after layer of tissue paper. "Gee whiz!" he exclaimed, "now I understand why it cost so much." He had had some experience with the paper. Trust himself!

Ice and Comfort. Husband— "What! No ice this sweltering weather? Didn't the iceman leave any?" Wife— "He left plenty, but that new girl has been keeping the refrigerator open all day to cool off the kitchen."

The Par-ult of Knowledge. First Cow— "That silly calf! He's inquisitive enough to want to know how a bee tastes!" Second Cow— "He's more likely to find out that it tastes better than horse-radish."

In Darkest Africa. First Chief— "That's a dandy new war club you have." Second Chief— "Isn't it a beaut? If I could soak some white man with that, his burden wouldn't bother him!"

An Infallible Test. His Wife— "They are natives, of course." American Tourist— "Of course! When a man talks French so that can't understand a word he says I put him down for a Frenchman."

Mrs. Henpeck— "And when I heard that I couldn't say a word. Henpeck with thoughtless severity— That was singular. Mrs. Henpeck (sharply)— "O, it was, eh? Henpeck thoroughly frightened)— "Why, er—yes, my dear. You see—er—if you could have said two words it would have been plural. Ha! ha! just my little joke."

An explanation— Undertaker (to bystander at the funeral)— "Are you one of the mourners?" Bystander— "I am, sir. Undertaker— "What relation to the deceased?" Bystander— "None at all—but he owed me \$5."

"That Miss Timmins is such a tender-hearted creature! At the Women's Club's convention last week what do you suppose she did?" "Give it up." "They voted to lay a resolution on the table, and she came hurrying up with a sofa pillow for them to lay it on!"

Isn't that elevator boy rather uppish for a person in his position?" asked the man who is on the lookout to find fault. "He wasn't the last time I saw him" answered the friend whom he annoys. "In fact, he was quite the contrary. He was down-ish."

This did not content the fish which still followed. So the sailors harpooned it and dragged it on board. On opening it they found, to their surprised, the old woman sitting on the chair selling oranges "three a penny." Pearson's Weekly.

Editor— "Humorist, eh? How can you write jokes, being armless as you are?" "Armless wonder—I write with my toes. Editor— "Yes; but you haven't any funny bone in your leg."

Friend— "The doctors don't seem to be able to do anything for you?" Dyspeptic (gloomily)— "No; I guess I need a constitutional amendment."