

PROGRESS.

PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 26

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

GREATER PROTECTION NEEDED.

The new board of water and sewerage has a problem before them that must be solved in the near future—that of improved water supply. This has been a vexed question for years, the fire underwriters contending that the supply is utterly inadequate to afford fire protection and the council on the other hand, that the expense would be too great to extend the system so as to satisfy the companies. Only a short time ago the underwriters notified the people that unless the supply was improved the insurance rates would be increased on the 1st of July. Nothing has been done by the council as yet save improving the fire department by ordering some additional apparatus.

The argument in regard to expense must have appeared frivolous when the Spruce Lake extension was undertaken. It was not too much to spend a couple of hundred thousand dollars in improving the supply beyond all the needs of the people of Carleton and that amount spent on the East side would no doubt have accomplished all that was immediately necessary. True the estimate for an adequate supply that will provide for the future as well as the present greatly exceeds that amount; but it appears to us that our present needs are pressing and require prompt attention.

In support of the underwriters, contention the somewhat startling announcement was made this week by Mr. JAMES F. ROBERTSON of the firm of MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON that their intention to considerably improve and extend their premises was blocked by the fact that they would be unable to obtain more insurance with the water supply as it is. This is a serious matter and one that the council should grapple with at once. The question has ceased to be one of speculation. It is a matter of business and of the enterprise of the merchants and unwillingness of the aldermen, the necessity of reform will be so apparent that even such busy men as these may be forced to take the affairs of the city into their own hands.

HYSTERICAL NEW YORK.

The sensible people in New York must have been pleased at the reception given the Boer delegates by the Secretary of State at Washington and the firm refusal to interfere in the South Africa conflict but when these representatives of KRUGER arrived in the big city, one paper sarcastically remarked that they were arousing enthusiasm and receiving receptions that should be reserved for a pennant winning baseball team.

"They may be the duly accredited delegates from the republics of South Africa, now fighting against the British, or they may not: the principle is the same. In order to get an adequate idea of just what this cordiality of greeting to these muddy old burghers means, it might be well to imagine Agoncillo and a few other representatives of the revolting Filipinos being received with ostentatious display by the Mayor of London and the population of that town. It would set the jingo blood boiling with rage, and many furiously worded resolutions would be introduced in Congress calling for explanations. There would be a tumultuous beating of the war tom-tom, and a free and enlightened press would curdle the blood of its readers with its shrieking cries for apologies from England.

"The attitude of those cold blooded, very sensible people, the British, must call

for our applause. They have paid no heed to our hospitality to the representatives of their enemy, although they would be justified in regarding it as a very poor return for the several fraternal things they did when the war skies clouded for us in 1898, and it began to look as though Continental Europe would pull us off their little brother. It is only two years since the British flag, entwined with the Stars and Stripes, could be seen in every section of New York, and the bands played only "Hands Across the Sea."

"If this sort of thing continues New York will soon be rated with that hysterical home of parities and degenerates, Paris. We are certainly not establishing a desirable reputation for stability and sound common sense."

EXHIBITION MATTERS.

Exhibition matters should at once engage the attention of those merchants of this city and province who intend assisting to make the annual show a success. But quite as much depends upon the management of the exhibition as upon the exhibitors. It is their part to induce the people to participate and assist. After all, exhibitions come down to a business basis and with the competition that exists between rival provinces and cities the manufacturers and merchants almost expect to be solicited to show at one or another of the big fairs. The arguments in favor of St. John are so many that it is not necessary to repeat them here but the executive should impress it upon the management that some active and persuasive man should be engaged at once to make a canvas of the manufacturing enterprises in the province or, for the matter of that, in the maritime provinces and to induce the presence of the most attractive, interesting and instructive exhibits in machinery hall. The time has gone by when the people are satisfied with a show of agricultural implements there. These remarks are offered in the friendliest spirit and we are sure that those who recall the appearance of that department the last two or three years will recognize the truth of them.

Timely Warning of Some.

A short time ago PROGRESS called attention to the wilful destruction of printed and lithographed matter on, the licensed billboards and dead walls about town. This vandalism is still going on but it is the intention of the management of this paper to give the habit a severe check. For several weeks past as soon as PROGRESS bulletins were posted in certain sections of the city some person or persons have either torn them off again, or have mutilated or defaced them. The bulletins of a contemporary have remained unscathed on the very same fences and walls. This sort of monkey-play ceases this week for the names of several have been handed into the business department of this paper by outside friends, and arrests will surely be made if the bulletins are again destroyed. One place in particular where the bulletins are never allowed to remain intact is on Mill street hill. Friends of PROGRESS however have noted a few of the vandals in this locality and they are being watched. The advertising public is at the back of this paper in pushing this new phase of vandalism into the courts.

The Bench Appointments.

The Chatham World says that it must have required all his gall to enable Mr. Blair to ask Judge Vanwart to resign because of financial complications inconsistent with judicial dignity. For did he not appoint Mr. Wilson to a judgeship, and wasn't Mr. Wilson notorious for financial operations of a kind likely to get a man before the bar instead of on the bench? He was short in his accounts as Secretary Treasurer of York County and as Registrar of the University of New Brunswick, and had been deprived of both positions on that account. The board bill he incurred at Moncton, when he was there as a government commissioner, hadn't been paid when he was appointed to the bench. The man was notorious as a financial deadbeat, and his appointment was a disgrace to the government and the judiciary.

Another Police Hero.

Another member of the police force is to receive a Victoria Cross. On Tuesday he gloriously arrested little Master Daley on lower Charlotte street for firing off fire crackers and despite the child's cries and entreaties he was taken to the Central Station. A grocer named Doherty offered to pay the little fellow's fine and go security for his appearance, but that of course would prevent the copper becoming the object of all eyes as he lugged his prisoner to the drunk kraal. The lad, who is about twelve years old, naturally was incapable of digesting the import of the Chief's postern on the dead walls, and therefore fell the victim of his childish innocence, also of the officer's.

This energetic member of St. John's "finest" should have been put on an uptown beat on Mafeking night. He would then have had to hire a convoy of teams to lug his prisoners to their legal fate.

Who is He?

The following clipping is from a Provincial paper. D. D. Sharpe, the man mentioned in it does not seem to be known in this city and it is possible the fellow has been giving his "bouncers" the wrong address.

Drummed out of Town.

"A crowd of young men last night met D. D. Sharpe on the street and notified him to leave town at once under threat of rough treatment if he failed with their request. He said he had no money to pay his board bill or to get a ticket. They accompanied him to the Albion hotel, paid his board bill in part, took him up to the station and put him on board the express with a ticket for Bathurst. The crowd professed to be acting in the interests of public morality. Sharpe says he belongs to St. John. For sometime he was a bar tender at the Commercial hotel here, but lately he has been out of employment."

A Small Piece of Insurance Business.

About as slick a trick as was ever done in the insurance business in these parts was that of a St. John agency, who after giving assurance to its policy holders that his insurance was renewed for another year with the understanding that the premium then due would be paid in a short time; which is a very common transaction with any reliable agency. The property shortly afterward was destroyed by fire and the company cancelled the insurance before the proof sheets had time to reach the agent. This is one way of doing business, but PROGRESS readers will probably agree with it that such greasy transactions do not accomplish much in the long run.

Exceedingly Cruel, if True.

A city father who lives on the western side of the harbour cannot be a very hearty supporter of the S. P. C. A., for it is said that only a short time ago, about a week in fact, he threw a poor forlorn cur off the ferryboat in the middle of the harbour, simply because the aforesaid canine indulged in a bout with his own pet. Others say he inflicted injuries on the poor cur before he gave it its involuntary bath. Those on the ferry who claim to have seen the occurrence were disgusted. The dog thrown overboard swam ashore, but no thanks to the unfeeling legislator.

Kent Lodge, Wolfville, N. S.

The anniversary exercises of Acadia college in Wolfville, N. S. take place on the first of June and as this is always an interesting occasion which attracts a large number of visitors to this charming town. PROGRESS has pleasure in recommending the Kent Lodge as a comfortable, clean and homelike house. It is first class in all its appointments and the guests can be assured that they will receive courteous treatment.

JOYS AND WOES OF OTHER PLACES

Irrepressible as well as "Tony."

(Turo News.) Young Sydney is not too busy to attend to its Golf Club. Preparations are being made for an active season's play.

Old Sol's Absence Explained.

(Hants Journal.) The sun must be getting ready for the eclipse, for a shining face has not been seen for days, except for a moment or two now and then.

First of May in the Country.

(Maple Leaf.) A dining chair belonging to Rev. M. Addison was lost last Monday between Albert and Alma. Mr. Addison would be thankful if the finder would inform him where it is.

A Cold Touch.

(Halifax Echo.) Angus Ice, charged with causing a disturbance was sentenced to three months in the city prison with hard labor.

"And We'll all Tag on Behind!"

(St. Andrews Beacon.) The cable cart is a new feature in war. 'Bohs' is manipulating one of these affairs in Africa just now. Like Boh, it is not very big, nevertheless a whole empire is clinging to its tail-board.

Erect One For Goodness Sake!

(Union Advocate.) Our brass bands deserve encouragement. The erection of a band stand in the square would be sufficient testimony to prove that we appreciate their efforts to gladden our hearts and soothe our savage breasts. Why not erect one?

An Eye Feast for Both Sexes.

(Bridgetown Monitor.) Middleton is to have a big time on Tuesday next, when the merchants are to hold their annual bargain day. While the women take advantage of the big trade inducements offered, the men will enjoy an exhibition of some of the finest horses in the two counties.

Chatham's Burning Question.

(Miramichi Advance.) A handsome flagstaff, the trees for which were generously donated by Judge Wilkinson, and the expense of making and erecting which was jointly borne by private citizens and the Town Council, stands in Chatham Public square in need of painting to prevent it being attacked by rot. It should be painted by the Public Works committee before the Queen's birthday.

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

VESEES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Daffodils.

She stood among the daffodils, My life but she was sweet; I saw them all bow down to her In loveliness complete. The golden glory on their leaves, And in their faces fair— T'll from the light surpassing them, Upon her auburn hair.

We walked inside the garden wall, Her laugh was like the beams— The sun leaves on a rippling stream, To fill a poet's dreams, Since that sweet day her loving voice, The soul within me thrills, In music others never hear Among the daffodils.

"Regard" for her was heavenly, So sang the flowers true; This language of the daffodil, Took me from me to you. In saintliness my sweet Laurence, You stood more fair than all, The very queen of daffodils, A scene I still recall.

And ever so you are to me, While in the balmy spring, Sweet daffodils on passing winds The songs of memory sing. Your voice is in their melody, The song we know so well, The old charm lingers in it yet, In words we never tell.

CYPRUS GOLDBE.

Daffodil Path, May 1900.

Bon Voyage.

It's ho for the gale and the thrashing sail; and it's ho for the bellying w'ack; For the wind in the shroud and the lowering cloud that sweeps on the liner's track! Heilho! for the roar of the surge before and the scud of the angry sea; For at last I have kissed every friend on my list. With my sympathy sent to the ones I have missed, And I'm off for La Belle Parée!

I smile for the rest in my peaceful breast as I list to the throbbing screw; No trunks to pack—no broken back—and nothing at all to do! Farewell to the roar at my lowly door—no truckman is now haunting me, For the gangplank's in, and amid the din, I shoredrew gaze with a thankful grin—I am off for La Belle Parée!

Then it's ho for the gale and the thrashing sail! And it's ho for the bellying wrack; For the wind in the shroud and the sinister cloud that sweeps on the liner's track! What ho for the roar of the surge before and the scud of the angry sea! For the wild sea-slang that the vikings sang, Is loud in my ears—and care may go hang—I am off for La Belle Parée! Bob Burdette.

Torrello, the Lion Tamer.

Signor Torrello was a tamer of lions— His name in the Bible was Brown— He could make the fierce brutes jump the rope, walk the wire, And turn somersaults and lie down— Signor Torrello Was quite a gay fellow And rapidly winning renown.

Signor Torrello one day met a maiden Who, charmed by his soul stirring art, Stood in front of the cage and applauded the lions As each played its wonderful part— Signor Torrello— In words that were mellow, Laid siege to the fair maiden's heart.

Signor Torrello could look at a lion And cause it to cower in fear, But the look that gave Leo the chills had no terrors For the lady who figured here— Signor Torrello— Alas! the poor fellow— Was conducted around by the ear.

Signor Torrello no longer tames lions, The beasts turned against him, one dry; The look that once charmed them had ceased to be potent. They roared and refused to obey— Signor Torrello, Unfortunate fellow, All bloody, was hustled away!

Signor Torrello, subdued and discouraged, Now works for the day with his hands, And is badgered for losing the look that made lions In terror obey his command— Signor Torrello, Alack! how he f—ll! O His case as its own moral stands.

Rock a-By Land.

Ho and away for the Rock a by land— The rollicking, frolicking Rock a by land, Where the little ones go on the bush a by cars To play rock a boo with the silvery stars, 'Tis the best, fairest land that I know— In the land where the dillies and sugar plums grow The dream train is ready with Love in command For the Rollicking, Frolicking Rock a by land.

Such a queer little car for the Rock a by land— The rollicking, frolicking Rock a by land. The wheels are the rockers' 'rs deep and 'tis wide, All quilted and cushioned for b-dy's long ride; Then out through the shows we dreamily go, Past lumberland hills and the heights of By-law— We are off on a journey, beautiful and grand For the Rollicking, Frolicking Rock a by land.

Oh, what a trip to the Rock a by land— The rollicking, frolicking Rock a by land. There's dancin' and singing and music that's sweet And peek a boo dreams that are tiny and fleet We glide past love's river, which ripples and gleams Through blossoming meadows in silvery streams; At Sound Asleep station we finally stand For the Rollicking, Frolicking Rock a by land.

Rock a by land— Dear Rock a by land! Stars are a gleaming white baby is dreaming— Dreaming sweet dreams Of a fairykin band In the far away beautiful Rock a by land.

Oh, what a trip to the Rock a by land— The rollicking, frolicking Rock a by land. There's dancin' and singing and music that's sweet And peek a boo dreams that are tiny and fleet We glide past love's river, which ripples and gleams Through blossoming meadows in silvery streams; At Sound Asleep station we finally stand For the Rollicking, Frolicking Rock a by land.

Rock a by land— Charming Rock a by land! Fairies are winging white baby is swinging. Nestle close, little one! Now hand in hand We'll wander and dream in the Rock a by land! —E. A. Brimstool.

MARTIAL LAW IN FREDERICTON.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

still lingered with the hardware clerk, who upset and worried by his unfortunate mix-up with the military sought, the soothing influence of his pillow, never for a moment thinking that he was Cronjod.

The night grew older and soon none save the latchkey contingent were straggling toward their several abodes. Tramp, tramp, tramp, with now and then a muffled military command sounded from the the alley afore-mentioned. Otherwise all was silent. Every two hours the sentries were changed and the weary vigil maintained. It was a long dreary night for the poor soldiers, but safe within the four walls of the guarded house the object of their watchfulness was sweetly dreaming a conglomerate dream in which Mafeking, the wild joy of the people and his own little struggle, were blended together in a budget of thoughts, from which he merged a hero.

At daylight the ruffled dignity of Her Majesty's respected soldiery at Fredericton had become smoothed down again, and bristling bayonets sank scabbardwards. The dogs of war were called off, and again the alley was tenantless. Nothing further transpired in the matter but now that the hardware clerk has learned how carefully his slumbers were guarded and that "angels hovered near" on that eventful night, he has grown fully an inch taller with pride and his hat—well, his little brother wears it now.

The poor soldiers who let the clerk escape are doing seven days "C. B." (confinement to barracks), and the ex-prisoner is contemplating false arrest proceedings.

Baseball Opens Big.

One of the sights about town Thursday evening about tea time was Johnny Scott the baseball manager, trudging to his hotel with a valise full of shekels, the day's crop at the B. & A. grounds. But when the heavy expenses of the day were wiped out, imported players appeased and a thousand and one "little matters" attended to, the pile of silver wilted very considerably. Yet the people want to see "Scotty" come out all right in his big venture, and now that the old professional days look as if they were going to repeat themselves owing to his careful figuring, the crowd are wetting up their appetites for the game, which is going to go with a big swing this summer. The Alerts didn't do a thing to the poor Roses, which should be a wholesome lesson to the North End colts that practice and organization works wonders. Still their catcher in the afternoon game had only been in town a couple of hours, arriving on the Atlantic Express, and was a blank stranger to every body and everything in St. John, except baseball, but even in this he was playing a stranger's game, with so many new people.

Close up Saturday Night.

The "arrangement" by which the two leading restaurants that have bars upon their premises close every Saturday night at seven o'clock means more than appears upon the face of it. An energetic effort is to be made to enforce the Saturday night closing regulation and this means that hotels will have to follow suit as well and close their bars hard and fast. If Inspector Jones succeeds in this effort he will please the temperance people and many of those in the business who do not know what it is to violate the law.

A Bank Clerk's Mistake.

A clerk in a leading banking institution gave out quite a sum of money too much one day last week, but did not discover his mistake until the recipient was quite out of reach. Efforts to get the extra funds back proved futile and on Tuesday it was understood Chief Clerk and Captain Jenkins were working on the case.

Curtains, and Blankets, 25c.

Per pair. Carpets dusted and renovated either on floor or at our works, satisfaction guaranteed or no charge. Ungar's Laundry Dyeing & Carpet Cleaning Works, Telephone 58.

'I see Aginaldo is dead,' said the British aide.

'More American luck!' granted the general. 'Now why couldn't it have been Kruger instead?'