

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAR. 17

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

MISPLACED CONGRATULATIONS.

The fact that Judge VANWART had reached the age of 50 years was made the occasion of a love feast at the old Court house on Tuesday morning and those who read between the lines of the speeches of congratulation made by Recorder SKINNER and Dr. ALWARD may well have been amused or disgusted. In the first place the fact that any man has reached the age of 50 years is not a particular reason for congratulating him. There was a time when such an event might be noted in the life of a supreme court judge but in those days judges were few and were men whom the people delighted to honor. In view of what has been recently said about the affairs of Judge VANWART, his position and the charges that have been preferred against him the remarks of Messrs. SKINNER and ALWARD appeared singularly inappropriate. If the arrival of Judge VANWART at the age of 50 years makes him eligible for superannuation with a suitable allowance some point might be observed in the congratulations but otherwise it is difficult to point it out.

A court of justice is no place for such foolery. The gentlemen who spoke are not ignorant of the facts and their words though carefully chosen did not express what the people generally believe to be the truth.

Perhaps it would be more fitting to look upon the whole business, speeches and all as a huge joke. And this would be borne out by Dr. ALWARD'S remark that he was there to speak for the younger members of the bar.

Later in the day the judge took his turn and since he could not discover any interesting anniversary to note took occasion to compliment the chief of police upon the truthfulness of his force and their disinclination to give partial evidence. Such a testimonial is no doubt somewhat unusual but if credit for telling the truth must be given to the police it is just as well that it should come from a supreme court judge. For our part, however, we would prefer it from the magistrate who listens to them every day.

POLITICAL OPPORTUNITIES.

The death of Collector RUEL and Senator LEWIN have created important vacancies that it will be necessary to fill in the near future. The collectorship is the most important and strenuous efforts are being made on behalf of several applicants to obtain the appointment. It is uncertain who will be successful but the choice seems to be between Mr. W. A. LOCKHART and Hon. ALBERT DUNN. The former is backed by a very influential number of liberals in the city and the latter has the support of the local government. Either gentleman would make an excellent collector of customs and there is not much doubt of the satisfaction of the public if one or the other is appointed. The willingness of the local government to see Mr. DUNN retire is somewhat surprising. Of course a place will be made for a new Surveyor General, but then if report is true, we are to have a new premier and another commissioner of public works. Mr. GEO. ROBERTSON is spoken of in this connection but there is an impression that if the government assists that gentleman to form his dock company he need not look for anything else. Mr. McKEOWNS appointment—virtually as acting solicitor general—is all that he expects. York with four government sup-

porters will not be content without a portfolio and Mr. CARVELL is not to be put aside again. The situation is interesting and the opportunities for influential applicants are greater than they have been for some time.

Mr. ELLIS will, of course, get the senatorship made vacant by Mr. LEWIN'S death.

A correspondent in this issue speaks of the Relief and Aid Fund, and the expense attendant upon its management. We do not know what the exact income of the fund is but it cannot be over \$2,000 and \$500 does seem a large amount to pay for the services of a secretary. The gentlemen who are associated with the active management should bring this up at the earliest opportunity.

Mr. EDWARD McLEOD has been chosen for two of the positions so worthily filled by the late Mr. RUEL. The treasurership of the Contingent fund will not exact much from him but if he carries out the plans and intentions of Mr. RUEL as president of Fernhill cemetery, he will need to give its affairs a large amount of attention and thought.

AND THE EDITOR FLEW.

Mr. Walsh Couldn't Stand the Advice of Telegraph Directors and Advertisers.

The advice that PROGRESS tendered to the gentleman who was chosen to fill the editorial chair of the Telegraph had to go to Montreal to reach him. The joys of newspaper life in St. John had failed to touch him; the woes triumphed and he longed for release from the bondage of directors and advertisers.

The words of PROGRESS were too true; the path of the stranger was strewn thickly with thorns. There were no roses and Mr. Walsh soon found out that fact.

It is stated that he left a good job to come to St. John, much against his own inclination. He was an assistant editor on the Montreal Herald and his knowledge of that city was quite as perfect as his ignorance of St. John.

It is no wonder then that he was dissatisfied. The directors of the Telegraph company are not all modern. Some of them are almost obsolete yet their opinion went and their criticism was galling to the man who knew what he was doing. He had been trained in a school of non interference, where the word of the editor-in-chief was law and where stockholders hadn't as much to say as the newboys. Here it was different. Shades of Elder and Livingston! Poor Walsh did not know when he was right or when he was astray. If he defended Tarte in one issue the ultra loyal subscribers would protest that they wanted nothing of the boodling and disloyal Frenchman and when the flaming headlines proclaimed victory for the British in South Africa than there was strife in another direction.

Like the policeman his life was not happy and he made up his mind to leave. How to make a graceful debut was the difficulty. Would this ultra loyal town stand a Boer editorial? or would the directors and subscribers rush in a body and mob the office? The experiment was tried. In times of peace the article would have excited no comment but the morning of the 1st of March it was a torch to a tar barrel.

And an hour after the first edition was out came the glorious news of the relief of Ladysmith and then came the extras of the Telegraph. The effort made to spread the good news gave added circulation to the article condoning the offences of the Boers. Then came the letter of Col. McLean, the accusations of the Sun, the indignant remonstrances of subscribers and the "stop orders" and then came the resignation of Mr. Walsh. He fought a good fight but he needed backing. One man cannot reduce order out of chaos and at the same time argue with subscribers and advertisers. Mr. Walsh made a good paper while he was at it, but it is no wonder that he threw up the sponge under the circumstances.

Why so Much Delay?

Secretary Manning of the School Trustee Board says it was intended to have the new Alexandra School in Indiantown opened after the Easter vacations, but this idea has had to be abandoned as the heating apparatus and plumbing has not yet been installed. This does indeed seem rather strange as the big brick building has been over three months in a state in which this particular work could very easily have been accomplished. Under pressure of time Contractors McArthur delivered over the building, in a remarkably short period, but he might just as well have been dragging the structure to completion, for since he left it nothing has been done to make it ready for occupancy. In the meantime several hundred children, some very small, are walking to and from the city to school and the North End schools are uncomfortably crowded.

It will now be after the summer holidays before the Indiantown children can attend school in their own district.

THIS COLUMN FOR STRAIGHT TALK

Help the Poor Governor.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS:— There have been many complaints heard for years past regarding the smallness of the salaries paid to our Supreme court judges. With these fault finders I do not believe the public at large agree. An income of \$5,000 should be sufficient for most men. It is true that the judges are called upon to do some work; that in order to become a member of the bench they have to sacrifice an annual income much larger than they obtain if they continued in the practice of the law and that therefore the sacrifice is to some extent great. But how insignificant such arguments become when we think of the small sum paid to our Lieut. governor—only allowed the little income of \$9,000. Is not this monstrous? When it is considered the amount of work the chief head of the executive has to do, and the great responsibility he has to shoulder in being able to sign his name, it is more than monstrous. But this is not all, Mr. Editor. When one considers the vast sums our present governor spends in the way of entertainment—is not the man to be pitied? It is true we have not read in the papers descriptions of all the great balls given the present session of the legislature, but it must be remembered that newspapers are sometimes pressed for space. However, your correspondent has it on the most excellent authority that Governor McClellan has given a dinner this year, but we hope his honor has not been called on to pay the bill.

Why the people are worrying about raising a fund for the Transval or the Indiantown fire sufferers is to me, as it must be to most people, a mystery, when there is so much greater need for funds right at our own door. Now if Mr. Someone will start a governor's fund, we have no doubt regarding its success. Nor is this all, Mr. Editor. What about our governor's private secretary, is he treated squarely? I say not. That dash that this province is entitled to from such a good looking secretary cannot help being withheld when it is considered the small salary the head chief is paid for the vast amount he is called upon to undertake. I hope for one that our legislature will vote another \$20,000 to Gov. McClellan if he may be called upon, or has to get his secretary, to dine Mr. Minto should he come down this way. Yes \$9,000 for entertaining in the way our governor entertains is not creditable. No wonder the Yankees make fun of us sometimes.

ONLOOKER.

St. John, March 14, 1900.

More Sense in Hospital Management.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS:—I was glad to see your article on the hospital in the last issue. The refusal to admit the sick man Hams seems to me brutal. The doctor at the jail gave orders that morning for his removal to the hospital. How could the turnkey get him there between 10 and 11 o'clock? Was he to keep him in the foul jail until the next day? Would such treatment as that be given to any of our own if they were ill? It may be well to have a general rule when to admit patients but who is to say what is or what is not an emergency case? Must a person be half killed or have an arm or a leg off to make him an emergency case? Let us have more sense and less fooling connected with hospital management.

MEDICO.

Not Quite So Much.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS—I have heard that the late Senator Lewin as president of the Bank of New Brunswick received a salary of \$10,000. Is this so?

CITIZEN.

[One thousand dollars would be nearer the figure and (this was not given) really as a salary, but probably as an allowance. He was at one time manager at a salary of four or five thousand dollars a year.—EDITOR.]

About That Relief Fund

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS:—The gentlemen who manage the Relief and Aid Fund have refused to let the public know who are getting aid from the fund on the ground that it would "hurt their feelings". This consideration is perhaps unusual but, granting that it should be shown the beneficiaries, is it not surprising that so many gentlemen in the legislature should have expressed astonishment to find certain people getting assistance when they had near relatives well able to assist them. There is something remarkable in the management of this fund—the gentlemen who control the distribution of the money are too reluctant to let it go. Why should a man get \$500 for being secretary to a fund the interest of which cannot be near \$2,000. More than 25 per cent of the in-

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come of the fund is spent for the secretary's salary. Is this right? A CITIZEN.

A Prey to Partisanship.

The directors of one of our state penitentiaries were for several months unable to elect a warden, simply because the two principal candidates for the position belonged to different political parties. The absurdity of the situation would probably be more apparent if the common mind had not been made too familiar with the substitution of partisanship for public spirit.

Telegraphing Over a Glacier.

Experiments made by French savants on Mont Blanc, last summer showed that the ice of a great glacier will serve as a support for a telegraph wire without insulation. A naked galvanized iron wire laid upon the ice transmitted telegraphic signals more than a mile.

JOYS AND WOES OF OTHER PLACES.

Times Forelock Grabbed.

(Truro Times Guardian.) Next Saturday will be St. Patrick's Day. God bless Ireland!

Halifax has a Rival.

(Sydney Record.) The splendid skating on the harbor was thoroughly enjoyed by the young fry yesterday.

A new kind of Liar.

(Chatham World.) As a liar Mr. Tarte belongs to the unclaginous order—when he lies he sticks to it.

But Where did Anna Find Them?

(Yarmouth Herald.) Snowdrops were found March 7, and daisies and pansies Feb. 24, 1900, by Anna Cain. These were in bloom.

An Open Confession's Good for the Soul.

(Campbellton Events.) With the editor away several days and two of our staff sick Events is not up to the mark this week.

A Scott Act Town Too!

(Yarmouth Herald.) The following schoolers are on the bar: Charles Haskell, W. Parnell O'Hara, Ernest F. Norwood, Curlew and Annie M. Sproul.

A Cool Deliberate Villain.

(Woodstock Sentinel.) C. M. Sherwood, has Centreville, ventured to introduce a full range of ladies' whitewear.

The Penalty of Greatness.

(Exchange.) And now comes a new post office in Victoria County, Ontario, with the name of Buller, and the name of Upper Thorne Centre, Ontario, has been changed to Ladysmith.

"Free" Fight Cost Five Dollars.

(Yarmouth Paper.) A free fight among the junior male employes in the Cotton Mill Saturday resulted in one of the participants being fined \$5.00 and cost, for assault, today.

Sydney "Exhibitions" Pay, St. John's Don't.

(Sydney Advocate.) John T. Dunphy, charged with interfering with the policeman at the International pier, yesterday, and exhibiting a revolver, was this morning fined \$5 or thirty days.

A Commercial Upeave!

(Little River Cor. Digby Courier.) Thursday morning there appeared (to be a lively time in his business circles on Commercial Square. There were present, butchers, pedlars, commercial travellers, dentists, doctors, and blacksmiths all at one time. How is that for Little River?

Mr. Gunning Goes Gunning.

(Moncton Times.) Mr. Walter Gunning, son of Mr. Harry Gunning, the well known harness maker formerly of Moncton now of Chatham, is one of the first to enlist to go to South Africa to take the place of the brave Canadian boys who have fallen in battle.

St. John Will Follow Suit (Nit.)

(Moncton Times.) Mayor Ayer entertained the retiring city council and the city officials at S. A. Seaman's restaurant last night. The usual toasts were honored and speech making lasted about an hour.

Real Estate Spooks in Wolfeville.

(Wolfeville Acadian.) Considerable curiosity has been expressed as to the identity of the two gentlemen, who are reported to be attempting to forestall the town in the purchase of the American House property. One gentleman has given it as his opinion that they are Mr. Mytho and Mr. Embryo.

The Shady Side of Newspaperdom.

(Campbellton Events.) Since Events' first appearance no subscriber can complain of laxity in this office. But can Events complain of laxity among subscribers? Well rather! This week we are urging the payments of hundreds of dollars in small bills and possibly only one out of four will respond.

Collector Wallace's Explanation.

(Sussex Correspondence of The Sun.) Collector of Customs Wallace, who was unable to attend the funeral of the late Collector Ruel in St. John this afternoon, had the flag at half mast on the customs building here, in honor of the memory of his late chief, under whom he had served so pleasantly for nearly twenty years.

A Very "Fouching" Reminder.

(From the Digby Courier.) Don't forget the special meeting of the D. Y. C. next Monday evening. The club would appreciate the payment of \$5.00 subscribed by one of our leading citizens in 1899 and which still remains unpaid. All other subscriptions were paid as promised.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Wilda Warrenton.

I think of Wilda Warrenton, When spring days first unfold; She used to live in our town, Of Staybere on the world. I loved her in the old red school, The children loved her too; Beside the river bright and cool When life was young and new.

No wonder all the meadows then, Where sweet in purple bloom; Or robins sang the sweetest when, The twilight filled the room. So pleasant was our homeward walk, Across the grassy plain; Our hearts were in that happy talk, That ne'er will come again.

The young school master seemed to smile, When Wilda's face he saw; When she came late her w'some smile, Made him forget the law. He seemed to pass her failings by, With feelings of regret; And in relief we all would sigh, When tasks she did not get.

He had to punish her one day, But from his thoughtful tear; He called, "instead of her I say—" What boy will bear the smart? My grief came like a torrent on, Her tears I could not stand; I took for Wilda Warrenton, His blows upon my hand.

Together soon our grief to check, And he'd me bear the pain, She put her fair arm round my neck, And kissed me in the lane. We stood beneath a budding bough, The spring time brought to life; And there she breathed her first love vow, Some day I'd be your wife.

Sweet soul what changes since have come, To young hearts fond and free; Together some have made a home, But never you and me. The voice of spring has music still, Beneath that well known pine; The robin's too is heard at will, But never yours and mine.

But ever walking by his side A girl's light step I hear; And see through all the world so wide, A sweet face and a tear. A school girl's arm is round my neck, Her kiss doth here remain; She sleeps where grief nor tears can wreck, Where she in prayer was laid.

In a silent town the blinds are down, In the house where the master died; The scholars with sunburnt faces brown, Are scattered far and wide. No town of Staybere on the earth, Owns a transient day; Our Staybere home is golden away, When we too pass away.

CYPRUS GOLD.

Shamrock Time.

'Tis shamrock time, and the wild, wise swallow Pursues the summer on eager wing Now April winds them, and all things follow, Take flight and follow the feet of spring. But we, in stranger lands sojourning, Like stragglers far from their forest nest, Are filled with mourning, and wild heart yearning: To the soft green isle of the golden west. Oh, my heart doth follow, The sweet spring swallow, As it wings its way o'er ocean foam, Where the shamrock's springing, The thrush is singing His song of spring in my Irish home.

Earth's deep heart answer to day with laughter, But we, we nor laugh nor smile; For we are only fair to follow after The wild wind winging unto our isle. To-day down in her child's way alley, The whitethorn blossom is odorless; O'er many a violet purple valley The lark is singing but not for us.

Oh! fair, ye say, was the land our mother's! Her smile was sweet, but it was not ours; We sowed the vineyard and vail: another Sat at lord in her children's towers. Her love was mild, but another claimed it: They took the harvest, 'twas ours the toil; Her name was fair, but her toes defamed it; We ploughed, but a stranger held the soil.

Small share we have in the stranger's city, The scold of scorn and the stony street, There's never a kindly glance of pity, Our tears embitter the bread we eat. We sing no song, but in dreams we follow, Take flight and follow, or bond or free, She seaward sweep of the wild, wise swallow, The west wind winging to lands o'er sea, Oh, my heart doth follow The sweet spring swallow, As it wings its way o'er the ocean foam, Where the shamrock's springing, The thrush is singing The song of spring in my Irish home. —Patrick Coleman.

The Village Sugarbush.

Under a spreading maple tree The sugarbush stands. A tired-looking man is he, With la-gre and grimy hands, For he tends a grove that covers quite Four acres of his lands.

His hair and beard are all untrimmed, His face is like the tan, His brow is wet with dew and sweat, He eats a whee'er he can; And his pails he watches like a hawk For he trusts not boy or man. Day in, day out, the season through, You can hear him puff and blow, You can see him tote his heavy pails With both hands, to and fro, Like a boy who waters the elephant When he wants to see the show.

And children coming home from school Look wistfully through the fence, And hang around that sugar camp Until they are driven thence, For they thirst to wig the maple juice With a longing most intense.

Toiling, boiling, sugaring, On through the week he goes Each evening sees a task begin That morning doesn't close. He grabs his buckets and prepares For one more day of woes.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my old-time friend, The world cannot graze my That your big iron pot turns out Straight goods, though, well-a-day! 'Tis precious little from your pot That ever comes our way.