

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

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RISEN FROM ITS RUINS.

Perhaps no more remarkable instance of rapid recovery from almost total wreck was ever known than that of Galveston, destroyed in the terrible flood of last September. Its dwelling houses had been swept away, and many of its most substantial commercial buildings were injured beyond repair. Seventeen million dollars' worth of its property was wasted at a stroke, and six thousand of its inhabitants were slain. Yet the hapless island town found courage after the storm and determined to live.

In seven days the railway bridge to the mainland, broken by the furious sea was repaired and open to travel, and less than six months after the disaster not only all the railway tracks, but the wharves, elevators and warehouses had been rebuilt, larger and better and more in number than before; and the surviving islanders are housed in more than a thousand comfortable dwellings.

The terrible relics of the September tragedy have been cleared away, and industry, trade and hopeful activity of every kind are once more making busy days. A nation's sympathy and contributions have helped the people, but no less the brave, swift recovery of this stricken city is a notable example of American recuperative energy and pluck. It gives the lie to the proverbial inertia of southlanders.

Plans for the future safety of the island are already forming, and will be put into effect as soon as the more immediate needs are provided for.

A sea wall may be built, or more probably, a general filling in of the land, raising the surface five or six feet, will place the new city beyond the reach of a flood from the gulf. One of its local newspapers courageously says: "Difficulties present the opportunities for great achievements, and out of the depths Galveston is struggling to her former position, and learning strength."

SUBMARINE BOATS.

The British naval estimates for 1901-2 call for more than one hundred and fifty million dollars, mostly for ship building. The building program is headed with three battle ships and six armored cruisers; but the most interesting feature of it is the provision for five submarine boats of the Holland type.

France has already forty submarine boats of what is believed to be an interior type. The United States owns the original Holland boat, which is under experiment at Annapolis, and six more are building, probably to be delivered in July. But the British admiralty has hitherto held a very conservative attitude toward this class of war-ship, an attitude which Germany still maintains.

Yet it need not be very expensive for any nation to experiment. A submarine boat costs only about as much as an ordinary torpedo-boat. Although one might argue that she lacks the torpedo-boat's sea-going capacity, the obvious answer is that she does not need it. The first duty of submarine craft would be to protect harbors and to fight off blockading ships.

The "moral effect" produced by a submarine boat is worth more than the boat costs. At the time of the Newport maneuvers last year it was shown that the Holland—although watched for—could have torpedoed three ships without being discovered. Had they been hostile ships, imagine the panic helplessness of their

crews in the presence of such an enemy. It is the danger that cannot be faced, foreseen or guarded against that turns otherwise brave men into cowards and decides the result of battles.

The Simonds Election.

Whether Lee, Horgan and McLeod or Lee, Horgan and Moore will represent Simonds at the Municipal Council board remains to be seen on the sixteenth of the month. Mr. Moore and Mr. McLeod are both new aspirants for civic honors and will have no doubt a considerable following but Mr. James Bowes is also a candidate and may surprise both of the other candidates while Mr. Quinlan will no doubt secure some of the votes that would go otherwise to Messrs Horgan or Lee.

It Makes a Difference.

It is quite plain to see that the aldermen had an easy time this election. The North End memorial fountain bazaar says, that the Mayor and Ald. Hilyard were the only City Fathers to attend the affair. A different story might be told had our aldermen been seeking the popular vote.

Much Might Have Happened.

When tigers are really at large in England, says the London Chronicle, there are no newspaper paragraphs about the fact. The secret is firmly held. At Clifton there is a delightful zoo.

It was discovered one morning that a tiger had escaped from its cage during the night. It was the day of a children's fete at the zoo. A hasty search of the grounds was instituted, but no tiger was found. Then the superintendent decided to keep his own counsel and trust to luck; for it seemed as if the tiger had sealed the walls and was in the open country.

Thousands of children romped in the gardens during the day, and cried "Oh!" and "Ah!" as the fireworks gleamed in the night. All the evening they played and sauntered about among tree and in shaded alleys and dark corners, and then everybody went home, tired and happy.

In the early dawn there was another search for the tiger; and in the corner of a disused monkey house was found the "monkey" arch of the jungle, still trembling from freedom and fireworks.

His keepers threw a handkerchief about his neck, and he meekly allowed himself to be led back to the grateful safety of his cage. But many things might have happened during that late day.

A Lost Specimen.

A collector of specimens needs to guard them in more than one way, especially if he is in the midst of wild life like that of the Sudan.

Stanley Flower, says the London Outlook, is curator of the museum at Cairo, and also has charge of a thousand square miles of the Sudan, to prevent the extermination of wild life there.

On one of his expeditions he secured from the district of Omdurman, with great trouble, a rare specimen of turkey. It was a great find and he sent it back to his quarters at Khartum in charge of an Arab, with every minute directions as to its custody.

When he returned to camp somewhat later he found that dinner was not ready, and after waiting some time asked for an explanation.

"Very sorry, sir," said the servant, "but the turkey was late in coming, and it's so fine a bird we don't want to spoil it in the cooking."

A Judge Judged.

John Marshall day has brought out a flood of anecdotes about the great Chief Justice of the United States. The World's Work relates that once, as the judge was travelling toward Raleigh, North Carolina in a stick, gig, his horse went off the road and ran over a sapling, so tilting the vehicle that it could move neither to the right nor to the left.

"As the judge sat thinking up a way out of his dilemma an old negro came along. 'Old marster,' said he, 'what fer you don't back your horse?'

The jurist thanked him for the suggestion backed the horse, and promising to leave a dollar at the inn for the good advice, went on his way.

The negro called at the inn, and found the dollar awaiting him. He took it, looked at it and said:

"He was a gem'man for sho, but—(tapping his forehead significantly)—he didn't have much in here."

Carpets, Curtains and Blankets.

Your attention in your house will soon be drawn to the above articles and knowing as you do our splendid facilities for handling them, we sincerely trust you will not forget Ungar's Laundry Dyeing and Carpet Cleaning Works. Telephone 858.

Military officials at Algiers are anxious over the absence of all news from Gen. Serviere, operating on the Moroccan border, whose whereabouts is unknown.

VEASES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Old Rail Fence.

In the merry days of boyhood when we never knew a care Greater than the mumps or measles or a mother's cut of hair, When a sore toe was a treasure and a s'measure on the heel, F'iled the other boys with envy which they tried not to conceal, There were many treasured objects on the farm we held most dear, Orchard, fields, the creek we swam in, and the old spring cold and clear; Over there the woods of hick'ry and of oak so deep and dense, Looming up behind the outlines of the old rail fence.

On it rails the quails would whistle 't the summer morn, Calling to their hiding fellows in the field of waving corn, And the meadow larks and robins on the stakes would sit and sing, Till forest shades behind them with their melody would ring, There the catbird and the jaybird sat and called each other names, And the squirrels 'nd the chipmunks played the chase and catch me game, And the garter snake was often in unpleasant evidence In the grasses in the corners of the old rail fence.

As we grew to early manhood when we thought the country girls, In the diadem of beauty were the very faintest pearls, Oit from spellin' school or mee 'n' or jolly shuckin' bee, Down the lane we would wander with a merry little 'she', On the plea of being tired (just the country lover lie), On a grassy seat we'd linger in the moonlight shade and I, And we'd paint a picture touched with colors most intense As we sat there in the corner of the old rail fence.

There one night in happy dreaming we were sitting hand in hand, Up so near the gate of heaven we could almost hear the band, When she heard a declaration whispered in her hissing ear— One she often since has told me she was mighty glad to hear, On my face there's now a desert fringed with foliage of gray, And there's many a thread of silver in her bosom old head to day, Yet the flame of love is burning in our dearest As it burned in the corner of that old rail fence.

Happy Matches.

Say, mighty I, ve, and teach my song, To whom the sweetest joys belong, And who the Happy pairs, Whose yielding hearts and joining hands, Find blessings twisted with their bands, To soften all their cares?

Not the wild herd of nymphs and swains, That thoughtless fly into the chains, As custom leads the way, I care be bliss without design, Ives and oaks may grow and twine And be as best as they.

Not sordid souls of earthy mould, Who drawn by kindred charms of gold To dull embraces mad! So two rich mountains of Peru May rush to wealthy marriage, too, And make a world of Love.

Nor the dull pairs whose marble forms, None of the melting passions warm, Can mingle hearts and hands, Legs of green wood that quench the coals Are married just like stone souls, With osters for their bands.

Not minds of melancholy strain, Still silent or that still complain, Can the dear bondage bless: As well may heavenly concerts spring From two old lutes with ne'er a string, Or none besides the bass.

Nor can the soft enchantress hold The clinging souls of her mould, The rugged and the keen, Samson's young foxes might as well, In bonds of cheerful wedlock dwell With firebrands tied between.

Nor let the cruel fetters bind A gentle to a savage mind, For love abhors the sight, Loose the fierce tiger from the deer, For native rage and native fear Rise and forbid delight,

Two kindred souls alone must meet, 'Tis friendship makes the bondage sweet, And feeds their mutual loves, Bright Venus on her rolling throne Is drawn by gentler birds alone, And Cupid's yoke the Doves.

The Gladiator.

Arms stretched out like a Roman god, Legs of steel all bare— My sweatheart sleeps through the long deep night With the lion and the bear, Elephants chained to his bed post, Reindeer strapped to his chair; And all the animals of the ark Are browsing every where, Fairies shift the scenes of sleep, Witchcraft moves the air; The moonlight climb o'er Storm Kings' cliffs And glints his golden hair.

The sun climbs over Crow's nest, The long deep night is done— The young Olympian comes And the world is full of fun.

When Father Files His Saw.

When father starts to file his saw, As oft he has to do, There is a rush for other spheres Until he gets all through, My ma she goes across the street, Altho' it's cold and raw; And sister takes her sewing out When father files his saw.

The cat jumps of the kitchen mat And straightens neck and tail; And Towser, though he's somewhat deaf, Sets up a dismal wail, And soon he follows all the rest With fleetness in his paw; For naught can stand that awful pitch When father files his saw.

When father files his saw it seems As though my time was near; And when he says, "Young man, sit still!" Life holds me nothing dear, I wish he were a minister, Or counsellor at law, Or something else so he'd ne'er have To file another saw.

He Deserved a Medal.

Towne—Did you ever hear Borem telling a story? Isn't he tiresome?

Browne—Yes, but he has one good point that is really remarkable.

Towne—What's that?

Browne—He's the only poor storyteller I ever knew who, in telling an Irish story, would admit that he couldn't imitate the brogue.

Chairs Re-seated Cane, Splint, Porcelain, Duvet, 17 Waterloo.

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News of the Passing Week

General Botha has reopened negotiations with Kitchener for peace.

Hon. Thos. R. Jones died at St. John Tuesday evening, aged 76.

A serious rebellion has broken out in the province of Mongolia, China.

The Russell theatre, Ottawa, was destroyed by fire Tuesday morning.

Hon. Mr. Blair was unable to attend at the banquet to be given him at Toronto Monday night.

Ex-Gov. Powers of Houlton, Me., has been elected to Congress in place of C. A. Boutelle, resigned.

The mayor and twelve of the fifteen aldermen of St. John were elected by acclamation this week.

Thos Carroll, who was probably the oldest resident of the Ottawa district, is dead at the age of 105 years.

Four steamships have been chartered to sail from St. John, N. B., this month, and four next month, laden with hay for South Africa.

A big pulp and paper mill is to be built on Tunnel Island, at the outlook of the Lake of the Woods. Ontario capitalists are interested.

The heavy freshets in the early part of the week carried away the C. P. R. bridge, and damaged the railway and passenger bridges at Fredericton.

Judge Burbridge has given judgement for the plaintiff for \$99,000 in the suit of the Canadian government against the British American Bank note.

The Canadian Pacific Railway has decided to adopt the standard system of time on its road and the order has been issued to that effect by the management.

The catholic archbishops and bishops of Canada have addressed to the King of England, through the agency of Cardinal Vaughan, a memorial dealing with the oath of accession and asking to have its provisions insulting to catholics eliminated.

Edward Blake has ceased to be a member of the firm of Blake, Lash & Cassels, Toronto, with which he has been connected for over forty years. Mr. Blake will continue by himself to practice before the privy council and elsewhere, as he has done since he took up his residence in England.

Frank Whitten and John Auburn, young men of St. Catherine's, Ont., fought a duel with knives on Sunday. Whitten stabbed Auburn twice first in the breast and then in the abdomen. Both wounds are serious. Auburn is in the hospital. His chances for recovery are very slight. Whitten is under arrest.

Large and excited anti-clerical meetings at Malaga, Corunna and elsewhere have passed resolutions demanding that the government expel the religious orders in Spain. At Corunna the manifestants paraded, shouting "down with the Jesuits" and "down with the convents." They stoned the Jesuit's college and the offices of the clerical newspapers.

The New York Herald says: Mystery no longer envelops the identity of the man who stole the Gainsborough portrait of the duchess of Devonshire from the art rooms of Wm. Agnew & Sons in London. The police say the man who took the picture is Adam Worth. Time, however, has outlawed the crime and though Worth is well known to the Scotland Yard authorities and to the police of this country, he has no fear of prosecution.

Chancellor Boyd and Mr. Justice McMahon on Tuesday gave judgment in the Bissington dominion election case in which J. B. Klock, conservative candidate, sued for the seat on the ground that Sheriff V. Arn had conspired with others to delay the election and so promote the return of Mr. McCool, liberal candidate. The judges dismissed the case on the statement made that the election was properly postponed. Chancellor Boyd said it was unnecessary to prosecute the trial further to unearth a vague conspiracy hinted at. Its presence or absence would not affect the election. The costs in the case so far

were given against Mr. Klock, the petitioner.

Lord Salisbury is at Beaulieu, France.

Mr. Cecil Rhodes is reported critically ill.

Mr. Kruger is at Hilversum, near Amsterdam.

Danger from freshets in New England states has passed.

Premier Roblin has withdrawn his libel suit against the Winnipeg Free Press.

An Austrian explorer proposes to reach the North Pole with a sub-marine boat.

In the Dewsbury colliery, York county, England, a thousand miners are on strike. Aguinaldo is sending a surrendered general to urge the surrender of other generals.

Donald Todd, found guilty of manslaughter at Winnipeg, gets two years' imprisonment.

Import duties for Vladivostok have been raised on all American iron, machinery and steel.

J. P. Downey, of the Guelph Herald, is the choice of South Wellington Conservatives for the Legislature.

The German cruiser Hansa has been ordered to Melbourne to take part in the festivities attending the reception of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York.

Fire destroyed the Gifford mill and Irving box factory in Salem, Mass., Sunday morning, entailing a loss of about \$50,000. Help was summoned from Beverly, Peabody and Lynn. The loss is partly covered by insurance.

Gov. Allen of Porto Rico, after an hour's conference with the President in Washington, announced that he would return to Porto Rico about the first of May. He will continue as governor of the island at the request of the President.

At the services of the Congregation of Syrian-Greek Orthodox church held in New York Sunday, it was announced that Czar Nicholas II of Russia has given 2,000 roubles or about \$1,000 toward the building fund of the church which is soon to be erected on Warren street in Brooklyn.

Fifteen hundred pounds of dynamite were used by the authorities of Santiago Du Cuba, Saturday afternoon, in blowing up the forward superstructure of the sunken U. S. collier Merimac which has long impeded the entrance to the harbor. The explosion was plainly heard in the city five miles away.

A meeting of the Investment company, Limited, was held at Montreal on Tuesday when it was decided to liquidate the affairs of the company, liquidation being placed in the hands of the National Trust company. Colton of Quebec, and Ball, of Woodstock, were appointed inspectors. It is thought that the securities will be sufficient to pay the shareholders in full.

The unexpected return of the Russian squadron dwarfed the importance of all other events in the programme at Nice on Tuesday. The news is on the lips of everyone in Paris and joy is expressed by both the public and the press. The unanimity of this gratification shows that great numbers of Frenchmen had treated with skepticism the explanation that the withdrawal of the squadron was simply due to a desire not to be politically identified with the Franco-Italian demonstration.

Capt Charlie Ross, who succeeded Major "Gat" Howard, in a letter to Col Sherwood, Ottawa, tells how Major Howard was killed. It is as follows: Derby, S. A., Feb. 18—"Yesterday while the corps was out reconnoitering, Major Howard, accompanied by his orderly, was a couple of miles in advance of the corps, and was ambushed by about sixty Boers, who immediately deprived them of arms, ammunition and valuables, and then brutally shot the two of them down in cold blood. This happened on the borders of Swaziland. Their remains were brought into camp today and were buried with due honors."

She—Men have one fault in common. He—What is it, pray? She—When a man happens to say a good thing he invariably repeats it over and over again.