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SIXTEEN PAGES. ST JOHN N.B. SATURDAY NOV. 16.

CARNEGIE'S GIFT

While the City Council is to be congratulated on its decision to accept Mr. Carnegie's kind offer towards a public library yet it is to be regretted that certain aldermen were to be found who bitterly opposed the gift. No one can tell what effect the debate may have on the millionaires when he comes to read the papers. Many of the remarks made were anything but complimentary and it may be that Mr. Carnegie will delay before taking any action.

It is not every day that this City has the opportunity of accepting such a handsome gift, nor is this City so progressive as to be able to refuse charitable aid. Progress does not believe that the stand taken by Aldermen Armstrong and Baxter is popular or in the best interests of St. John. There is no denying the fact that this City is sorely in need of a first class public library. To that end it has had its opportunity presented and it would have been to say the least most distressing if Mr. Carnegie's offer had been rejected.

The arguments produced by the two city fathers cannot be considered as having any great weight. The remarks of Col. Armstrong that became the millstone at one time spoke and wrote disparagingly of the British Empire should be a warning to St. John from accepting any gift will not meet with much approval. It is other cities in Canada and the British Isles did not feel that they should refuse gifts on that account, why should this be the first to find fault. The great St. John University has accepted millions of dollars from Mr. Carnegie and in return is highly honored by the latter. It would be hard to make many believe that St. John is more loyal than this great university and it is carrying loyalty to an absurdity to try to make the public believe that such is the case. Then as to Col. Armstrong's contention that St. John would be selling its independence. It is difficult to conceive how he arrives at such a construction. Have all the other places that have accepted these gifts sold their independence? The statement is unreasonable.

Aid. Baxter's arguments do not appear any more weighty than Ald. Armstrong's. The former's position is based on the ground that because Mr. Carnegie's mind did not make his money properly, his money should not be received. The improper method mentioned is that the great man's employees were not paid the sufficient wages. Mr. Baxter arrives at the conclusion that Mr. Carnegie was wrong and his employees right, the alderman may be correct, but the question of capital and labor has always been a most difficult one. The best minds in the world have yet failed to arrive at any solution of the great problem. It may be that Mr. Baxter has, but perhaps he hasn't. If a man's gifts to public institutions are to be refused on the ground that some persons may not believe in the way the giver made his wealth, then it would be impossible to ever accept a gift; for there would always be some criticisms. Suppose for instance Mr. Baxter himself should make a gift, there might be someone found to say that alderman at one time or other charged high legal fees. Perhaps not, but it might be and we feel assured that Mr. Baxter would not like his generosity reflected on that ground. He would no doubt say that such a charge was rung. Mr. Carnegie began his life as poor man. He is now rich. He has been more successful than some other people, but others have failed not because they did not want to make money.

Bill.—He offers me a pin full of liquor. J.L.—What did you do? I took it as an insult. Well I suppose you would take it, some day.

SHOT AWAY CIGAR ASHES

And Simultaneously a Part of the Old Man's Lip Disappeared. Edward Thomas, Jr.; the 12-year old son of Edward Thomas, 414 Hughes avenue, until very recently enjoyed the reputation of being the crack shot of South Baltimore. Among his many admirers was his father and so implicit was the faith of the indulgent parent that he even staked his life upon the infallibility of the juvenile Edward's aim. The boy's favorite arm is a cat and rat rifle.

After slaying most of the stray cats and rats in the neighborhood of Hughes avenue that sport became too tame. Shooting at a mark was worse, but his father came to the rescue. He had read of the feat of William Tell and determined that his son should equal William's skill, though he might not become immortal. Apples were placed upon the fond parent's head and one by one were picked off by the unerring aim of the boy. Then pins were held in the fingers of Edward senior while the son shot them out. Cigar stumps were held in his mouth and the ashes flicked off by the bullets. This became a favorite pastime, as it saved trouble and afforded much amusement for the young Nimrod.

As he shot Mr. Thomas gave a yell and clapped his hand to his mouth. Thinking it was a joke, the crowd began to laugh, for most of them had seen the feat performed too many times to think of an accident. As they looked, however, blood began to spurt through Mr. Thomas' fingers and it was found that the bullet had passed completely through the upper lip.

For many weeks Mr. Thomas will not be capable of holding the customary cigar, and young Edward is now looking around for another daring soul to take his father's place as the 'human target.' As yet he has been unsuccessful in his hunt.

All great marksmen sometimes miss, however, as Mr. Thomas found out to his sorrow. Edward junior is the invincible no more, and Edward senior now speaks with difficulty of his son's past greatness, for a slice of his upper lip is missing. The other night several people were gathered in Mr. Thomas' place of business. Among them were some persons who had not heard of the boy's gun work, nor did they believe it when told. To settle all doubts, Mr. Thomas shoved a cigar stump—a very short one—into the corner of his mouth and coolly told his son to perform the trick.

HE HAD HIS REASONS.

An officer in one of the English volunteer regiments, who had made himself exceedingly unpopular with the men, was coming home one evening when he slipped and fell into deep water. He was rescued with great difficulty by a private in his own regiment.

The officer was profuse in his expressions of gratitude, and asked his preserver how he could reward him.

'The best way,' said the soldier, 'is to say nothing about it.'

'But why?' asked the officer, in amazement.

'Because,' knew the blunt reply, 'if the other fellows knew I'd pulled you out they'd chuck me in.'

DOING A GOOD BUSINESS.

A Buffalo woman, while shopping the other day, thoughtlessly picked up an umbrella belonging to another woman and started to walk off with it. The owner stopped her, and the absent minded woman with many apologies, returned the umbrella.

The incident served to remind her that they needed some umbrellas in her own family, so she bought two for her daughters and one for herself.

Later in the day, when she was on her way home, armed with three umbrellas, she happened to glance up, and saw directly opposite her in the car, the very woman with whom she had had the unfortunate experience in the morning.

The second woman stared at the three umbrellas very hard for several minutes, and then, with a significant smile, she leaned forward and said in an icy tone, 'I see you have had a successful morning.'

A STANDING GRIEVANCE.

Many persons who are compelled to travel on street-cars so crowded that they have to stand, will sympathize with the Chicago man who finally decided to make a determined protest.

He called at the office one day, and expressed his sentiments in plain and vigorous terms.

'Who are you that you come here and talk to us like that?' asked one of the officers of the corporation. 'Are you a stockholder?'

'No, sir!' he thundered. 'I'm one of the strap-holders.'

WIVES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Woman, Lovely Woman.

Consider lovely woman, how she keepeth up to date. How she striveth to be faithful to the changing fashion plate. How she yearneth for improvement in her mental attributes.

How she witteth on the Ethics of the Whizzing Shoot the Chutes. How she taketh at the sessions of her half a dozen clubs.

How she planneth for the helping of the maid who kates and scrubs. How she painteth purple cupid on the useless china plate.

How she fretteth that her garments are not pleased in the look. How she putteth matters when election cometh round.

How she setteth ever earnestly for mental sand to pound. How she getteth up and down the land in search of the light.

How she witteth the show window with a murmur of delight. How she walketh with a hopping like the gentle kangaroo.

How she changeth in a moment to another gait pursue. How she keth half the evening to attire herself in haste.

How she lengtheneth every season the location of her waist. How she findeth it the fashion to be willowy and slim.

How she getteth plump with suddenness at fashion dictates grim. How she—oh, my son, consider—yes, consider if thou like, but when woman, lovely woman, cometh down the mental plank.

Thou wilt find it best to vacate, to bring o'er things to mind. For she leaveth all our guesses in the dusky wake behind.

Yes, we wonder what the planneth, what she doth what she thinks, but 'twas woman, lovely woman, was the riddle of the Sphinx.

And we rub our brows bewildered, while we ponder, sore perplexed, o'er the question 'What will woman, lovely woman, tackle next?'

How she goeth bargain hunting at the hour of 8 A. M. How she garnish some samples and returneth home with them.

How she blocketh up the sidewalk after every matinee. How she weepeth when the jiggy music cometh in the play.

How she chizzeth barrows till the fixtures have 'flashed.' How she getteth up petitions for the privilege to vote.

How she walketh on the election day till closing of the poll. How she getteth off the trolley car and on the street doth roll.

How she seeketh to rebuild the world upon a lovely plan. How she pointed out the fables of the meek and patient man.

How she is the bearded wonder in the annex at the show. How she getteth in a barrell and down she falls.

How she goleth and she rideh and she played some at whist. How she writeth to professors who declare they've not being kissed.

PEJAMAS FOR THE ARMY.

'Inspector General Breckinridge advocates supplying the soldiers with pajamas and thinks to do will improve the health of the men.—Press Dispatch.

'It's sort o' puts for soldiers, who nester dub around. Assimilatin' alk makin' an' pork en' business on tuck. A turnin' in at tops with 'is his blackface on the ground.'

Without a blooming nightie to his back. To see the case they're taking of his precious health these days.

Providin' 'im with luxuries and censoring his 'jugs. But this seems like his beatifex of all his funny play—

The issue of pajamas to the boys. When we rode out with Horny and with Custer and with Crook.

We made our evening toilet without pulling off our boots; We got our faces unburned and we certainly did look

A set of ornery plain unwashed galoots. And now we are getting civilized and have to part our hair.

Ance the mo'nign tooth brush, which I don't claim isn't right; Still none of us an'cepted that we'd get to wear

Pajamas when the bugle called at night. Inspector General Breckinridge the first thing that we know

Will give us v'let water an' a man'curin' set, We'll be the sweetest lot o' ducks that ever face a

When he gets through reforming us, you bet. It's the one thing that we've wanted—to sleep comfortable at night.

It's as welcome as the budding flowers in May. You may picture, if you're good at it, our wonder and delight

When they serve out pajamas some fine day. The Romance of Mary Ann.

Both Jones and Brown loved Mary Ann. And Jones was very small. And meant to 'kiss' and people said

He had no brains at all. Now Brown was big and handsome, too; At school he led his class; And people, filled with wonder, turned

On 'em to see him pass. Jones had a father who was rich, Brown worked for what he had; Because good luck had never tagged

Around behind his dad. It chanced that Brown and little Jones Went forth upon a day To claim the lovely Mary Ann

And carry her away. They found her playing on the Manks, Where both had led forward; And while Brown was pleading for her heart

Jones pleaded for her hand. 'You won my heart long, long ago,' She sweetly said to Brown; 'And now be kind enough to just

Go way back and—' Then lovely Mary Ann, that day, Said 'Ee ees wisely planned; A heart he his who yearned for it,

The other has my hand.' 'Why I love you?' Hard the task, Because to find to such a why— Will it an swer what you ask

That you are you and I am I? If I t'hot eyes and hair, Make 'em of chins, long, incomplete. Time will come mark each less fair—

Eyes and lips, sweet hands and feet. But love takes little heed of time, And so you see there is no why—

But reason, and a me sort of rhyme In you are you and I am I! Dear! Be content to have it so! Leave pedants their insistent why, And count it wisdom just to know

That you are you and I am I. E. M.

'MY KIDNEYS ARE ALL WRONG!' How shall I insure best results in the shortest time? It stands to reason that a liquid specific of the unquestionable merit of South American Kidney Cure will go

more directly and quickly to the seat of the trouble than the 'pill form' treatment and when it strikes the spot there's healing in an instant.

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An Art Publication.

Corticelli Home Needlework Magazine for the fourth quarter of the current year is now on sale and is in course of delivery to subscribers. Like its predecessors, it is a splendid number. It treats of the various subjects which come within its purview with a fullness, and at the same time simplicity that renders it of inestimable value to every professional or amateur art needle worker. In fact it is almost indispensable to any lady who aspires to perfection in the use of the needle. In addition to seven full page artistic colored plates of modern fancy work, the number contains no less than ninety-five illustrations of chatelaine bags, purses, centre pieces, doilies, Flemish lace Honiton applique, embroidery, mitts, sack, booties, sofa pillows, etc; all designed and engraved especially for this magazine. The illustrations for making each article are complete to the minutest detail, and the mystery of the most intricate work is fully explained. The Corticelli Home Needlework is handsomely printed on coated paper, and in addition to its intrinsic value is in itself a work of art. 10 cents the copy or 35 cents the year. Address: Corticelli Silk Co., St. Johns, P. Q.

N. B.—To new subscribers the Home Needlework will be sent from now to Dec. 31st, 1902 for the regular yearly subscription price, 35 cents—that is five numbers for the price of four.

She Had a Question.

The worthy Sunday School superintendent was also the village dry goods merchant and it is only just to him to say that he was energetic and efficient both in secular and religious pursuits. Current literature relates the story of his attempt to enlarge the scriptural knowledge of a class of little girls.

He had told most eloquently the lesson of the day, and at the conclusion he looked about the room and inquired encouragingly:

Now has anyone a question to ask? Slowly and timidly a little girl raised her hand.

Ab, I see that there is a question. Well, what is it, Martha? Don't be afraid. Speak out.

The little girl cast down her eyes, fidgeted a minute, twisting her fingers, and then said desperately:

Mr. Brooks, how much are those little red parasols in your window?

Removed to London, Ont.

A Ruy Mortimore, who has been a resident of this city for the past four years, the last two of which he has been employed as a clerk in the general offices of the C. P. R. has severed his connection with that concern, and yesterday afternoon left for his former home, London, Ontario. Mr. Mortimore, who was a very active member of the Neptune Rowing Club, was very popular with the young people of the city and with his fellow clerks. This week day morning C. B. Foster, travelling passenger agent of the C. P. R., on behalf of the clerks of the divisional office, expressed to Mr. Mortimore their regret at his departure from their midst. A suitable gift accompanied the address.

Mr. Mortimore will next week enter upon his new duties, that of private secretary to the general freight agent of the Grand Trunk.

The "Professor."

When Farmer Hornbeak's second cousin Mary Ella, was married to the professor the old man hurried back from the village with the exciting news. Leshe's Weekly report the conversation which followed:

A professor? replied Mrs. Hornbeak, in a pleased tone. I guess then, that she has made a good match of it, and got a man of good education and social standing, is so be that he is a professor, I'm real glad it's so, too.

Was, I don't know, said the old man warily. That depends a good deal 'cording to my way of thinking, on the variety of the species he belongs to, so to say. The odosis didn't tell me, and I forgot to ask, whether he is a dancing-master, a corn doctor, a piano-tuner, a prize-fighter, a horse physician, a layer-on-of-hands, a baloonist, a seventh son of a seventh son, a sword-swallower, a phrenologist, a bicycle rider, a magician or an elastic-skin man.



Notice to Mariners. No. 56 of 1901.

DOMINION OF CANADA, New Brunswick

I. Gannet Rock Light—Temporary Change in Character.

To permit of repairs to the revolving mechanism the light on Gannet rock, in the Bay of Fundy, will show as a fixed white light, from and after 1st September, 1901, until repairs can be completed. It is expected that the flashing of the light will not be interrupted for more than three weeks. Notice will be given of the resumption of the fixed and flashing characteristic of the light. Lat. N. 44 deg., 30m. 38s. Long. W. 66 deg., 46m. 57s.

This notice temporarily affects Admiralty charts Nos. 2539, 352, 1651 and 2670; Bay of Fundy Pilot, 1894, page 274; and Canadian list of lights and fog signals, 1901, No. 3.

II. Richibucto Harbor Light Changed.

Two pole lights established by the government of Canada on the south beach at the entrance to Richibucto harbor, Strait of Northumberland coast of New Brunswick, were put in operation on the 1st instant.

The lights are fixed white, shown from pressed glass lanterns hoisted on poles, and should be visible three miles from all points of approach.

The front light is elevated 34 feet above high water mark. The mast is 28 feet high, and stands 112 feet back from the water, at a point 2358 feet seaward from the front light of the old Richibucto harbor range.

Approximate position, from Admiralty chart No. 2430. Lat. N. 46 deg. 42m. 42s. Long. W. 64 deg. 45m. 55s.

The back light is elevated 37 feet above high water mark. The mast is 37 feet high and stands 263 feet S. 1/2 W. from the front one.

The two lights in one, bearing S. 1/2 W., lead to the black can buoy in 4 1/2 fathoms that marks the southern limit of the anchorage outside the bar. They also lead between the buoys marking the channel over the bar which carries 12 feet of water, to the red can buoy which marks the sharp turn of the channel to the westward inside the bar. After passing the turning buoy the course up the shore between the north and south beaches is N. W. by W. 1/2 W. From this point up to the town the somewhat tortuous channel is marked by buoys.

At the same time that these range lights were established the red back light of the old Richibucto harbor range, on the same south beach, was discontinued, as the alignment now gives only 2 feet water over the bar, but the front white light is yet maintained to guide up from the turn above described.

LIFE'S A BURDEN—If the stomach is not right, Is there Nausea? Is there Constipation? Is the Tongue Coated? Are you Light Headed? Do you have Sick Headache? Any and all of these denote Stomach and Liver Disorder. Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills act quickly and will cure most stubborn and chronic cases. 40 in a vial for 10 cents.

'BOUGHT MY LIFE FOR 35 CENTS'—This was one man's way of putting it when he had been pronounced incurable from chronic dyspepsia. 'It was a living death to me until I tried Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets. Thanks to them today I am well and tell my friends I bought my life for 35 cents.' 60 in a box.

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Is successfully used monthly by over 10,000 Ladies. Safe, effective. Ladies ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound. Take no other, as all Mixtures, pills and imitations are dangerous. Price, No. 1, \$1 per box; No. 2, 10 degrees stronger, \$3 per box. No. 1 or 2, mailed on receipt of price and two-cent stamp. The Cook Company Windsor, Ont. Nos. 1 and 2 sold and recommended by all responsible Druggists in Canada.

No. 1 and No. 2 are sold in St. John by all responsible Druggists.

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