

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

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

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

THE MAYORALTY CONTEST.

The civic elections will take place on the 17th instant and there are four candidates in the field for the mayoralty though as yet there is little opposition to the present board of aldermen.

Mayor Edward SEARS, ex-Ald. J. V. DANIEL, Count DEBURY and Jam MOULSON are in the field for the magistracy. The first named has been the chair for two years and he is seeking third term. Ordinarily speaking, the people are not in favor of third term but the contention of Mr. SEARS's friends is that he had to fight his way to the seat every year that no concessions have been granted him and consequently he is entitled to run again. This is an offset to the argument that the mayor is inconsistent in offering again. Whether it will be effective or not remains to be seen.

Dr. DANIEL was a good alderman and would, no doubt, make an excellent mayor. He has not, however, been an aggressive candidate. With his knowledge of civic affairs and observance of what has transpired since he was one of the council, it will occur to many people that he should be able to define some platform of improvement and reform. Instead of that we regret to note, that his card is much the same as those we have read year after year. Dr. DANIEL knows—or should know—that certain changes are needed in the city government. He should be courageous enough to express his opinion and tell the people what he wishes to give them. He should disown allegiance to the CHRISTIE element and emphasize the assertion that he will oppose the ring rule of extravagance and recklessness that have characterized much of the civic expenditure for years.

Mr. MOULSON and Count DEBURY have not been in the council of St. John. The former had some experience in the old city council of Portland but Mr. MOULSON is new to civic affairs. He is, however, a splendid chairman, a clever speaker and a gentleman of pleasant address. His personal friends will give him earnest support and, it may be, in the strife for victory place him well to the front. We do not think he will win but—who knows?

Mayor SEARS has been opposed by the CHRISTIE faction. From the first any suggestion of his has been opposed by the chairman of public works and his following. If the same law could be enforced in St. John as the legislature has just passed for Campbellton, EDWARD SEARS would not be in the chair today. The fact that the chairman of the board of works has been chairman of the board of management has made that alderman (CHRISTIE) a magnet that his colleagues in the council were very willing to congregate. The independent man whom he could not subdue was Ald. WHITE and he has now persuaded his brother aldermen that the sum of \$150,000 annually for water and sewerage shall not be expended without the knowledge of the whole council and the presence of the press. After this, if the council approves of the committee's report, the affairs of the board of management will be open to the public through the press and the department spending the largest amount of money shall no longer be controlled, unobserved, by the small committee presided over by Chairman CHRISTIE. The management of the Spruce Lake extension has not been such as to impress the public with this committee's ideas of economy. The claims for land damages are still coming in. Is it

reasonable to suppose that any business man would begin such a work without knowing exactly what the land damages and cost would be? Certainly not. And yet because Ald. CHRISTIE was committed to the CUSHING pulp mill, he rushed this project forward two years ahead of time in order that the gentlemen interested might be able to show people in England that the city of St. John was willing to stand in the gap and give them all the water they wanted at a nominal figure. The money has been spent. One hundred thousand dollars was spent for pipe two years ago and the interest has been climbing up since and as yet not one drop of water has been delivered to the people of Carleton. Mr. CHRISTIE may think this good management but it is management of the worst kind. He refuses to aid the exhibition, the tourist association or to give a small grant to the S. P. C. A. but he finds no fault with such senseless expenditure as we have noted.

The CUSHING Pulp mill is not nearly ready for operation yet. If the new pipe to Spruce lake had been started last fall or this spring, for that matter, it would have been ready as soon as the mill. As yet no attempt has been made to connect the main pipe with the mill yet the money of the people is lying idle in the trench from Carleton to Spruce Lake.

When a policeman asks for his pay when he is off duty on account of illness Alderman CHRISTIE objects. He says the policemen are well paid and half pay is enough for them when injured in the discharge of their duty or ill on account of exposure. Charitable to the well to do seems to be his motto. The hardships of the city employees do not appeal to him. He is the "father of the unemployed" as he is called.

—something from one of the thunder and lightning German operas, perhaps Gotterdammerung; for a writer is not musical. At any rate it was progressing famously, each instrumentalist knowing his part with that keenness of ear only brought about by never ending practice, coupled with musical instinct. Now soft, now strong, now high now low, the selection was being executed admirably. Suddenly the wandering e of the cornet soloist became riveted, a strained lip quivered like an aspen leaf, as a second later the thread of the band musical argument was broken by a water gurgle from the treble instrument. Turning to see what was the matter the remaining quartette found their confere muttering minor key mutters at a small boy standing on the carbones innocently wondering what the bandman was acting so strangely for.

was only a moment before the other four members of the wandering group were an utter state of musical demoralization. The bass thundered and blurted, the euphonium emitted sounds likened to a bawling calf, while the clarinet soared regardless of harmony to heretofore inaccessible heights and lowered to undecipherable depths. It was indeed a horrible jumble of sound and even as unusual as St. John is a crowd collected, to see what was the matter. Emptying their bugle of an unusual amount of watery accumulation, the Germans ambled off casting threatening glances back at the small boy, before mentioned. He was sucking a lemon.

A Story With Its True Version. Under the heading "A Liveryman With a Pull" an item appeared in PROGRESS last issue telling of an alleged assault upon a hostler by a Waterloo street livery stable owner. Since the publication of the same it has been learned from more than one source that the liveryman indicated in the article had not been guilty of jabbing his man with a pitchfork. In fact the man is now working with his old boss and on the most friendly terms. The incident PROGRESS referred to has been explained in its true light by the police authorities and the liveryman. The hostler was on a drunk and got in a fight with a friend, sustaining a wounded face. He went to court in his drunken state and swore out an information against his employer who had ordered him from the barn, when he staggered in. Naturally enough the court notified the liveryman to appear when matters were straightened out and the case dismissed. The police independent of the assault case were on the look-out for the hostler, he having been party to a street fight about

that time. The trouble was all caused by a drunken man, who when he sobered up went to work as usual, hardly knowing what he had done. The case however was not without its annoyances and inconveniences to the liveryman.

A Well-Equipped Establishment.

C. B. Pidgeon & Co., the Indian town tailor's gents furnishe and footwear dealers have moved from their temporary quarters opposite the car sheds on Main Street to their brand new brick building at the old stand, corner Bridge street, where they are better fitted out than ever. A modern store, an up-to-date stock, a large staff of clothes makers, which in all makes the best equipped men's furnishing house in North End.

JOYS AND WOES OF OTHER PLACES

Another Rival for the Horse. (Campbellton Events.) An unwilling call to be seen on our streets was a sight in tow, Joe LaCasse being the driver.

Training for an Easter Record. (Moncton Times.) A small young hen owned by Mr. George Ritchie Waterloo street on Friday laid an egg which measured 6 1/2 x 8 inches.

Everything Comes to Those Who Wait. (Halifax Herald.) It is estimated that the embarkation of the three contingents from this port has left three quarters of a million dollars here.

A Warm Blooded People, No Doubt. (Quebecor Cor. Queen Co. Gazette.) James Carpenter of Carletonville, has been running a merry-go-round in this locality for the past weeks.

Strange Use for a Tugboat. (Bridgetown Monitor.) The tug Finmore has been sold to Hugh Gillespie of Parroboro, and will be taken there to be used for towing.

This Beats a Life Insurance Mortgage. (Nova Scotia Exchange.) Perhaps the most remarkable piece of conveyancing done in Nova Scotia for many years, was when a few weeks ago Thos. Beal, a Colchester man, gave a bill of sale of a wild cat for fifty dollars.

Perhaps the Police Forbade It. (Exchange.)

When he went courting her she'd say: "In just a minute!" And then she'd stay "In just a minute!" Upstairs and crimp

And fass and pias it, And let Him fret While half an hour passed, And come at last All radiant and gay And smile As if she'd kept him waiting while Ten seconds only passed away.

Since she is his she cries: "In just a minute!" While downstairs, he, with many sighs, Waits while she tries To hook her waist or pin it, And so

The moments go! The car they thought to catch, too, comes and goes And still she fools with frills and furbelows! If earth's best treasure were laid out Where she, by being there in time could win it, Still she would stand before her glass and shout: "In just a minute!"

On that great day When earth shall pass away; When the graves all open, and we shall stand To be judged—both the wicked and the just, The exalted and the low— When Gabriel faithful to his trust, Shall take up his trumpet and blow

In it, They will hear up in the sky, Some one who is missing cry: "Just a minute!"

It Comes, Too. Comes the Spring with all its snowbanks, All its colds and influenza, All its doctor's bills and coal bills, All its slippery, slushy sidewalks: All its wind and rain and sunshine, All its maple-sugar weather, All its hopes and aspirations, Comes to-day the pleasant springtime. Let her come, the can't be worse Than the beastly winter weather. We've been having all this month back. Let her come and get her work in; Melt the snowdrifts, flood the gutters, Swell the buds and bring the birds, too; Start the many-colored crocus, Crocus verus, idaeus; Start the dandelion yellow, Leontodon Taraxacum (Put the accent where you want to.) Start the fuzzy pussy willow, Start the robins, and also Any other flower that's ready, Then we'll hail her and we'll call her Gentle Spring Ethereal Mildness.

The Debutante. They put the relics of a hundred years Within a case; And on her silken gown some rare old lace They delicately place; They hang a fortune on her throbbing breast, An old bequest; And on her feet are slippers worn before A day's use; About her arms the glistening bracelets show Of long ago; Beneath a coronet, so old and rare, They braid her hair. And under all this record of past days There softly plays A girlish heart that truly yearns to be Forever free; And Love is there and beams within her eyes And fervent cries: Ah, heart! our time will surely come at last, When this is past; The world looks only at the gems you wear; Ah, heart! Take care!

Montrose J. Moscoe.

Will You? Though the price of all to seek On a dismal week The epitome of cheek Would appear, I, who haven't got a son, Love I offer—will it do? Will it dear?

In Training. Wife—"I wonder who that saintly looking man is who is in the front pew and is so fervent in the responses? If ever I saw love, charity, faith, hope and self abnegation in a human countenance I see them in his."

Husband—"That is Police-captain Grabb. His case comes up before the commissioners to-morrow."

Unbroken, Made, Re-covered, Repaired. Edward J. Waterhouse.

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

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Heavenly Rest. Through the valley and over the stream, Where the golden roses grow; And pleasant waters in silence gleam, How lovely at last to go. To go where the beautiful gone before, The saintliest and the best, Find when the sorrows of life are o'er, Love is a heavenly rest.

I gave my heart with my love mine own, To you in the golden days; When life was a song of enchanting tone, And we lingered in rose leaf ways. Two souls in their sweet devotion one, Enduring adversity's test; When even from sorrow their joy is won, Love is a heavenly rest.

We never cherished a tender thought, That did not enrich at last. The eloquence their own lips had sought, More hallowed than all the past. And the home on high till then we meet, Will welcome no angel guest; To breathe to me only in accents sweet, Love is a heavenly rest.

We have that heaven but once on earth, In the first embrace of love; Love's very soul on the lips has birth, And it comes to us from above. A lifetime lingers in that first touch, Of the hands in rapture prest, And our hearts respond, their joy is such; Love is a heavenly rest.

What need to say we will ne'er forget, The heaven we both have known; Its golden memories linger yet, In the happiness still our own. Such blissful moments can never fade, When true hearts find their guest, In the vows of affection they fondly made, Love is a heavenly rest.

CYPRIUS GOLDIE.

The Just a Minute Girl. When he went courting her she'd say: "In just a minute!" And then she'd stay "In just a minute!" Upstairs and crimp

And fass and pias it, And let Him fret While half an hour passed, And come at last All radiant and gay And smile As if she'd kept him waiting while Ten seconds only passed away.

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CALL THEM "AMORINES."

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

its employers, the policemen, the insurance men fire and life, the bankers, the ferry hands, and many others will all doubtless have their little say at the polls when the day arrives.

Were it not for the dilatory policy pursued by Dr. Christie as chairman, in failing to call his board together last summer, until it was too late in the year to accomplish anything, we should probably now be in possession of a well ordered road on Douglas Avenue with a first class street car service to the bridge. Our hotel and livery stable men, and all those who have to deal with the American tourist travel will fully appreciate this argument.

He cannot close without a reference to the attitude of Ald. Christie and Keast towards the exhibition association. The remark of the latter gentleman made on March 29th at the Treasury board, that the people with whom he had talked were tired of contributing to exhibitions, might have been more apt, had it been applied to wharves and pulp mills. The former panygeric on the same occasion when he stated that he had always voted against exhibitions, that he was more opposed to it now than ever, that last years show was a poor joke, and the attractions upon the grounds such as he regretted to see, was poor encouragement to the exhibition association, which has done so much, year by year, to endeavour to make our annual show a greater success.

Exhibitions may only benefit hotels [and newspapers, doctor, but we are of the opinion that there are others.

Hope, as have before stated, to see a good sound ticket of useful and representative in the field, and can such be obtained I with others take much pleasure in pledging them hearty support and wishing them, good luck during the coming contest.

TAXPAYER.

A Sewell Street Resident Objects.

To the EDITOR OF PROGRESS.—The residents of Sewell street are greatly annoyed by the indecent conduct of five or six college students boarding on Sewell street who have evidently come from the back woods and think they can act just as they please. Of late they have gone too far and should be stopped before measures are taken to stop them as some of the residents feel disgusted with such indecent conduct. They cannot even approach their own windows for them.

One has only to pass down Sewell street on the opposite side to witness the actions of those who class themselves as gentlemen and college-students. They are surely a great credit to any college.

A RESIDENT.

NEW N. E. SALVAGE DRIVER.

A Close Contest for the Position on the Wagon.

The appointment of a new driver for the North End Salvage Corps was a matter of no small amount of interest at last Monday night's meeting. William Morrissey was the successful candidate; although another North End man, George Eagles gave him a hard chase with the ballots.

Hazen Brown gave up the job of driving the corps' horse only a few days after he had tendered his resignation to Captain Hamm and immediately Captain Hamm placed Morrissey on duty. This of course gave Morrissey the fullest advantage to canvas for the night of election. But the contest was sharper than most people supposed it would be. On the first casting of ballots Morrissey received ten votes, Eagles ten and Duffy one. Another vote was taken and Eagles received ten, Morrissey fourteen.

The retirement of Brown and the election of a new driver has not yet come before the Safety Board.

Fifty-nine Two Cent Stamps.

A small parcel sent by a King street dry goods firm to a lady in India on Thursday took fifty-nine postage stamps. The wrapping of the packet was completely plastered with the little pink squares, in fact there was hardly room for them all.

Too Possible.

Knicker—"We had to discharge our pastor because he mispronounced a word." Bocker—"For such a trifle?" Knicker—"Yes. He said the dear departed had gone to the undiscovered country from whose burn no traveler returns."