

PROGRESS.

W. T. H. FENNETT, PUBLISHER.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCT. 23,

GRANTS AND RELIEF FUNDS.

Mr. W. W. TURNBULL went somewhat out of his way when he coupled his subscription to the Windsor Fund with the condition that it would be doubled if the city made no grant. His remarks at the public meeting showed how much opposed he was to civic grants for beneficent purposes. He took the ground that it was not right for aldermen elected to govern the city to make such grants. Mr. TURNBULL has ideas of his own at times and this is one of them. The rulers of the chief cities of Canada do not agree with him, evidently, for word has been received day after day this week that city after city throughout the Dominion has voted grants in aid of the Windsor sufferers. Mr. TURNBULL does not give his reasons why such grants are not proper but it is to be presumed that he has arguments to advance. It would hardly be fair to him to suppose that he objects because he is a large property owner and a heavy taxpayer. He does not forget, surely, that when this city was sorely tried by fire, city councils did not stop to discuss the wisdom of making grants but they made them and made generous ones too. Even the little town of Windsor came to the front nobly and subscribed more for us than St. John has done for her up to the present moment. Is it not better that the city should make a grant and let the burden of benevolence bear upon all the citizens than that a few people should do it all? There is no doubt but that the people generally would like to see the Relief and Aid Fund devoted in part to some such useful purpose but that would require legislation. Mr. RYNDOLDS comes to the front and says that this fund is the chief support of a number of families and that it cannot be diverted from that purpose. It might be argued that the generous donors to this fund never intended that it should support people for twenty years after the fire. The intention was to relieve those who suffered at the time. It is said that persons are coming to the front even to this day and having their claims allowed. This is absurd, and should not be tolerated. It is possible that there were people prosperous at the time of the fire who would be prosperous today but for that disaster, but if they have been able to get along without assistance for twenty years they can hardly come in at this late day and claim recognition. By all means let the Relief and Aid Fund be closed and let what remains be devoted to some useful purpose agreeable to all the citizens.

A GREAT EDITOR DEAD.

CHARLES A. DANA the greatest of American editors, is dead. He has been managing Editor of the New York Sun for many years and principally through that journal has become known to the American people. DANA was unique in his methods and so is his newspaper. While it is the best edited paper in America and in many respects the best newspaper, one never knew where to find it in political warfare. When the Sun was fiercely democratic it still opposed the election of GROVER CLEVELAND and championed the cause of DAVID B. HILL. At one time it was a firm supporter of Tammany Hall and the men who clustered about that famous political organization; but to-day it is opposing Tammany with all its force and supporting the republican TRACY for Mayor for Greater New York. The Sunday Sun is an ideal newspaper. It is in fact a weekly magazine in newspaper form. There are no sensational colored sheets with it, no page of jokes, no chronicles or lithographs but the best thought and literature, original and selected, find a place in its many pages. Few Canadians agree with the Anti-British policy of the Sun, but all who read it admit that however false its arguments are they are ably and readably presented. DANA made the Sun what it is but for years he has had the best lieutenants in the newspaper profession assisting him and its patrons will find that though the greatest personality in American journalism has departed the newspaper will be published as ably and as energetically as ever.

The destruction of Windsor by fire last Sunday is one of the calamities of the year. What was a beautiful prosperous town a week ago, is today nothing but a smoldering heap of ashes. Sympathy has been

extended from every hand and substantial assistance has poured forth to the homeless and destitute people. Five hundred families without a house and without a home with winter rapidly approaching is something that will touch the hearts, and the pockets of all who can afford to give anything. Windsor is, as every one knows, an old town, and, in many respects a prosperous one. Its people with few exceptions were not rich but well to do, and such a calamity as this falls with exceptional severity upon these small property owners. St. John has done much for the relief of the homeless, and will probably do more. The people of this city have had their lesson so far as fire is concerned, and know their duty to their neighbors who are unfortunate in this respect.

Prof. HANILL who was here attending the S. S. Convention this week made an admission at a similar convention held in Halifax recently which is important, if true. The opening of a "question box" was one of the attractions on a certain day and one of the weighty problems with which the learned professor found himself face to face involved an explanation of "how to induce the children of a certain denomination to attend our schools." The man of letters admitted that he didn't know, and wouldn't tell if he did, and he furthermore solemnly expressed his belief that he would meet many of the denomination named in heaven. That's certainly encouraging to the "denomination" and very generous of the professor.

MARTIN BUTLER, of Butler's Journal, is nothing if not original, and the charm of his paper is in its departure from the usual journalistic methods. In the last issue MARTIN announces his intention of giving up tobacco, wisely concluding that the ten dollars wasted yearly in this way had much better be expended in flour for his family. In explaining what might seem the needless extravagance a trip to Montreal in his present straitened circumstance MARTIN also takes particular pains to impress the fact that as he had passed both ways, it didn't cost him anything but time and he had that to burn.

Kings' College, Windsor, will have a unique experience Sunday morning when four widely differing religious bodies will hold divine service within its classic walls. The methodists, catholics, baptists and presbyterians will each hold forth in that institution until such time as other arrangements can be made. The students of Kings should grow rapidly in spiritual grace.

By his expressed wish CHARLES DANA's obituary notice in the great journal, the editorial policy of which he controlled, was written in two lines. It appeared at the head of that department Monday morning and said simply "CHARLES ANDERSON DANA, Editor of the Sun, died yesterday afternoon."

"The survival of the fittest" is a Windsor clergyman's explanation of the wonderful escape of the episcopal church and church property from destruction in the late fire. It is at any rate a comforting theory for the members of that denomination.

The jury in the LUETGERT murder trial at Chicago, can't be said to have rendered their verdict without fully considering the case from every point of view. They were out long enough.

There are still some missing links in the evidence against the Chicago sausage manufacturer. Mrs. LUETGERT is one of them.

LUETGERT is still likely to carry on the sausage business at the old stand.

Won't somebody rescue Miss CISNEROS from the New York Journal?

Ideal autumn weather.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

With the advent of the cut price era at the Opera house the matinee girl, one of the products of end-of-the-century life in the United States was strongly in evidence here. The last MUNSEY devotes a bright article to her, telling how she fills the theatres with feminine loveliness, how she goes in raptures over the heroes, has his portrait in her room, weeps and laughs with him as his stage emotions fluctuate between grave and gay, how she waits about the theatre corridors until he comes out thus emulating the ballet girl's Johnnies, how she gushes over him to her dear girl chums and even has gone so far as to address a charming perfumed billet-doux to the adored one. I do not know whether the matinee girls have done these things here but I hardly think that the heroes who have come to St. John have smitten our girls very severely. Perhaps the remuneration that is offered here is not sufficient to attract the finer specimens of the heroic,

for stage heroism, is purchased by quantity. The more you pay the better hero you get.

Where will the imaginations of the fiction writers find a bound or where will the novelist of the next century find a plot? It is only a few decades ago since genuine fiction was first written, but already the field seems to be pretty nearly exhausted. The capacities of the terrestrial sphere with all its complication of relationship between man and man and man and woman have given out and the fiction writers have almost exhausted the spaces beyond. With virile pen pulsing with magnetic power they have drawn to them the people of the other spheres and the boundless regions of space and made them tell their story for the delight of dwellers on the earth. H. S. Wells, Jules Verne, Camille Flammarion, George du Maurier and a host of others have penetrated the hidden depths of the sea, the ice-bound fortresses of the poles, the centre of the earth, the sterile wastes of the moon, the ruddy continents of Mars, the countless planets and worlds filled with marvellous people, and the depths of space where winged spirits flit to and fro and turned their lens upon all. And one German novelist has even dared to snatch from Peter the keys of life and death and introduced the dwellers here into the mysteries of heaven and hell.

Like the Acadian maiden the Cuban Evangeline is an exile from home. Her tale is a romantic one, though distance may have given it enchantment, and the story of her rescue by the indelible New York reporter is certainly spicy. She appeared sufficiently heroic to the solid men of New York to attract Chauncey Depew, Bob Ingersoll, Judge Van Wyck, Senator Platt, General Tracy and many others to her reception and quite a furor has been made over her. It is a God send to some people to be shoved into jail, for greatness has been thrust upon them the same instant. The next thing we know they will be making a New York reporter of the lovely Evangeline, and she will take the place once held by Nellie Bly.

A DESCENDANT OF THE PIONEERS.

Passed to His Rest on the Sabbath Day, at a Good old age.

The sudden death of Mr. Robert W. Crookshank, on Sunday last, leaves but a few remaining of the second generation of the founders of the city. The pioneers paved the way for the work done by the second generation, and Mr. Crookshank was among the foremost in all the pursuits in which the city engaged three and four and five decades ago. In official, business and church life he was a worker and in other departments of activity he was not contented to remain in the ranks but became a colonel of militia and one of the leading Masons of Canada. In the earlier aquatic days he was an enthusiast in the sport when St. John was laying the foundation for rising into the world-wide fame as the home of stalwart wielders of the paddle and no regatta was held between the fours of the trio of towns, St. John, Carleton and Portland without Robert Crookshank as one of the stewards. As a man he was highly esteemed for the kindly christian character which reflected in his cheery countenance. There are some interesting facts about his antecedents that did not appear in the daily press. Every one has seen the dismantled and decrepit Crookshank residence on Chipman's Hill which was torn down in 1895. This was the family abode in the early days when Prince William street was the fashionable street of the city. It was built by an uncle of the deceased gentleman in 1785, the frame (much of it being of the substantial oak of colonial architecture) having been brought from New York. The builder was an uncle by marriage, John Colvill, a prominent merchant of the day, who married a daughter of Capt. Geo. Crookshank, a hardy Scotchman from the Orkneys who settled in New Jersey and came to New Brunswick with the Loyalists. He died in this city in 1797 and just a century later his grandson passed to the great beyond. One of the hardy captain's sons was Robert W. father of the departed citizen, who died in 1861 at the hale old age of 91.

W. C. Anslow's Disappearance.

The disappearance of Editor W. C. Anslow of the Newcastle Advocate is the most distressing event the North Shore has had to chronicle for some time. It is not often that a country editor has a chance to take a little pleasure and when Mr. Anslow and his son started out for a shoot and at the same time to call upon such customers as lived in this route they little thought that the friends of Mr. Anslow senior would not see him again. Searching parties have failed to find him as yet and the supposition is that after he and his son were separated he must have fallen into one of the deep pools or into the river. Mr. Anslow was well known throughout the province as a leader in the temperance movement. He was a courteous gentleman well liked by all who knew him and his sad fate is much deplored.

VERBS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Comfort Angel.
All in white an angel goes,
Every fall where sorrow flows;
Up and down the earth;
Where the sweetest flowers lie,
Taking them they do not die,
Death is but a birth.
In tender love her comfort hymn;
Singing in the shadows dim;
She is close at hand.
"Suffering a little while
Here the tear and there the smile"
In the home love land.
On the voiceless flower eyes,
Lovingly her white hand lies;
Briefly as a breath.
From the lily and the rose,
Sweetly home the spirit goes
Life o'er cometh death.
All in white yet all unseen,
Us, and those she steps between,
We most dearly love.
We say lost with mournful cry,
Hark! she whispers drawing nigh,
They have rest above.
Pale and cold in death we say,
Buds and blossoms fade away;
In consuming pain;
Still the comfort angel bright
Tells us far beyond the night
We shall meet again.
Let the falls wildly rave,
Tear the forest trees the wave;
Smile the flowers down.
Still the comfort angel brings,
Blessed healing in her wings;
Love must wear love's crown.
CYPRUS GOLDS.

Red Leaf Valley, Oct. 1897.

The New Love.
As fleet as frightened birds a-wing
My daughter's fingers flew
With rhythmic clatter, swift and swing,
The keyboard striking true,
My words were symbolized in green
Upon the snow-white page;
That was last week; now Magdalene
Doth at the links engage.
As swift as bees that dart below
The shining pool's expanse
Her feet went twinkling to and fro
To mark her wheels advance;
But in the corner stands the bike
With miles downcast and meek;
She's smitten with a sudden like
For Niblick, spoon, and creak.
Not once had she a letter writ
In all the week ago;
Not once did that new cycle flit
Across the greening lawn,
The type machine cost me last May
Just ninety dollars flat.
The wheel took eighty more away,
With "extras" top of that.
And now a bill for thirty-four
Comes in for sticks and gown
To make her meet for such galore,
The new sport come to the town.
Oh, veering bit of womankind,
In my old purse I hear
You scarce will many ducats find
For Christmas gifts this year.

The Farthest Yonder.
Oh, friend of other years,
Do you remember
Those glorious autumn days
When distant hillsides flamed
In all their splendor?
I whispered, "Speed us, love,
In beauty yonder."
Your voice was low and sad;
"Those hills of splendor
Are far and steep, my own;
The light will hide ere long,
And darkness gather,
And we shall yearn for rest
This side the yonder."
The years have swiftly flown,
Alone with wonder
I gaze upon the hills
A Master's brush has touched
With newer splendor;
My eager eyes would search
Beyond the yonder.
And you in higher realms,
Yes do remember;
For through my soul I feel,
Persuasive, sweet, your call,
Thrilling and tender,
Fast earth's most perfect scenes
To farthest yonder.

The Last Furrow.
Mellow the grapes are—
Furrow a gleaming that face;
Yellow the corn in the husk,
And scarlet the haws in the tree.
Wide-wind need the geese go—
Swift and crying and crossing the stars,
Forecasting the snow.
The hoar-frost lies white on the bars.
This is the royal time:
The partridges out of their covers:
Each morning a rhyme,
And the sun and the hills are as lovers;
The cattle in stall;
The pastures forsaken and lone;
Furrow in the hall,
And the thistle seeds withered and blown.
The last furrow fared,
With the great moon watching all white.
The oxen can rest now,
For the ponds will be frozen to-night.
—Theodore Roberts in N. Y. Independent.

Signs.
The melancholy days are here;
The signs are everywhere,
The woodland leaves are turning sere,
And fluttering through the air;
The cricket chirps its mournful lay
Beneath the window sill;
The buckwheat field is turning gray
Upon the distant hill;
A dreamy silence seems to spread
O'er all the country side;
The flowers that bloomed, alas! are dead,
Their petals scattered wide,
But 'e'en without such signs as these—
The hills immersed in haze,
The turning leaves upon the trees—
We'd recognize the days;
For now the agile college 'men,
With banks of hair to spare,
Are on the campuses again
And raising hedges there;
They're holding flags and rushing oars,
And also hazing some,
And elsewhere showing that their brains
Continue out of plumb.

A Rapid Six Days Trip.
These are the days of rapid transit. It is hard to realize that in six days a business man can go as far west as London, Ontario and Detroit and return to St. John travelling only at night and not every night at that. Yet that is what Mr. A. W. Myers, the bustling partner of Myers Bros. did a few days ago. There wasn't much pleasure about such a trip as that but he went for business and the good results of his trip will be seen in the goods he bought.



PEN AND PRESS.

The Globe of this city is a convert to machine typesetting, and appeared Wednesday in its new clothes. Perhaps its first appearance if not so satisfactory to its readers as usual, but that is not to be wondered at. Such changes take time to work out properly, but the step is an evidence of enterprise. PROGRESS extends its congratulations.

The November number of the Delineator is called the early winter number, and its wealth of good things is headed by nearly a hundred pages devoted to styles for late Autumn and Winter, with superb color plates. Among its literary features, Octave Thanet's analysis of Social Life in the Small Cities and Towns will be found especially discriminating. The Quaker heroine of Harriet Riddle Davis' stirring story, "A Chance of War," is not more entertainingly original in her way than is the dashing American girl in "The Further Adventures of the Grand Duke," by Martin Onda. Jeanie Drake's brilliant story series of New York Types concludes with a bright and witty depiction of "The Foreign Resident." On her "Talks on Health and Beauty" Dr. Grace Peckham Murray, discusses the scientific and hygienic aspects of Dress. No other pages of the magazine will be read with keener interest than Mrs. Cadwalader Jones' replies to questions concerning behavior and etiquette. The Delineator's young people have an invaluable mentor in this accomplished lady. They are further remembered in a pretty Ribbon Drill, and in Three Novel Entertainments.

The reflex action of dress is among the topics treated in Mrs. Witherspoon's Tea Table. Vegetarians will be delighted by the cookery article, exclusively devoted to dishes for their use. Mr. Vick's Flower Garden includes some curious facts about the Rubber Plant. There are the usual notices of New Books, and the Little Folks are not forgotten. Emma Haywood's explanation of an effective combination of lace-work with colored embroidery is supplemented by the regular departments devoted to Crocheting, Tatting etc.

Order from the local agent for Butterick Patterns, or address The Delineator Publishing Co., of Toronto, Limited, 33 Richmond St., W., Toronto, Ont.

Subscription price of The Delineator, \$1.00 per year, or 15 cents per single copy.

The Best Millinery At Low Prices.
The proprietor of the Parisian millinery establishment, 163 Union Street, desires to impress upon the ladies of St. John this fact; that while his prices are lower than any in the city, his goods at the same time are equal to any stock in the city. In fact he imports nothing but the best goods made. Some people say that because the prices are low, the goods cannot be first quality but Mr. Marr directs the ladies attention to this fact. He purchases only from the manufacturers in London, Paris and New York thereby saving the profit of the middle men of which his patrons get the benefit. Mr. Marr invites inspection of his very large and excellent stock of general millinery, and he knows that his goods for quality and prices cannot be excelled.

Alderman Daniel Appointed.
The death of Mr. Robt. W. Crookshank as usual started the ball rolling this week and reekers after perforce were busy gaining the ear of the dispensers of patronage. Deputy Mayor T. B. Robinson and Ald. Daniel were in the race for vice-presidency of the hospital commission and the latter has the position. Ald. Daniel has had something to do with the hospital commissioners previously. He was a visiting physician, and had some difficulty with the governing board leading to his disparture. The difficulty, it is said, arose from an action brought by a man against the commissioners for injuries due, so he claimed, while in the hospital, to neglect, and Dr. Daniel's evidence was rather against the commissioners. It made quite a commotion among the profession, and it was a year or more before the commission could get any one to accept the offer of the vacancy on the visiting staff.

It Was Official.
'I hear you are going to move, old man.'
'Going to move! Whoever told you that rubbish?'
'Your landlord!'—Boston Globe.