

PROGRESS.

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LEGISLATORS PAST AND PRESENT.

New Brunswick legislature will meet at the provincial Acropolis next week for solemn deliberation on matters of moment, relative to the internal affairs of our imperium in imperio. They will consider questions abstract and concrete and the orators of the assembly have no doubt been fretting up all their epithets and expletives to hurl at one another in heated debate over the issues which involve the separation on party lines.

Since they last met there have been three vacancies in the house. Mr. A. E. KILLAM, accepted an appointment under the dominion government as bridge inspector and his seat has been filled by Mr. C. W. ROBINSON, of Moncton. Premier MITCHELL has passed to the great beyond and Mr. J. D. CHIPMAN will uphold the interests of Charlotte County in his stead. This year too the genial bon homie and witty repartee of Mr. SIVEWRIGHT of Gloucester, will be missed and his seat will be vacant until the session is half through when his successor will be elected.

A gentleman who has been connected with the house in an official capacity for the last dozen years called the attention of Progress to the fact that there are now in the house only three of the men who occupied seats in 1886. Speaker BURCHILL and minister of Agriculture LABILLOIS are the veterans of the house having been sent to Fredericton at the general election of 1882, Dr. STOCKTON, the champion of the opposition, was sent up in 1883 in place of the late Mr. ELDER.

Two others, however, had been familiar with legislative duties before 1886, though not members in that year. These are the Honorable Provincial Secretary, Mr. TWEEDIE and the polished exponent of higher political ethics, Mr. HILL of St. Stephen.

Of the government of 1883 not one now remains in the house. Mr. BLAIR, the leader, has been promoted; Mr. ELDER, Mr. MITCHELL, Mr. THOS. F. GILLESPIE, Dr. VAIL and Mr. G. S. TURNER have joined a greater majority than the one with which they were identified fifteen years ago. Mr. RITCHIE is police magistrate of St. John and Mr. RYAN and Mr. HARRISON have retired from public life.

Of the assembly of 1886 Dr. ALBERT, the Hon. MICHAEL ADAMS, JOHN V. ELLIS and GEO. T. BAIRD have graduated to the commons and the Senate at Ottawa. E. McLEOD, D. L. HANINGTON and S. L. WETMORE are in enjoyment of seats upon the woodstack, J. S. LEIGHTON, Geo. F. HIBBARD, Wm. WILKINSON, PHINEMORE E. MORTON, Wm. PUGSLEY, G. H. FLEWELLING, R. J. RITCHIE and Wm. QUINCY, have been presented with office in the gift of the government and Mr. Wm. WILSON has strong expectations in the same direction. Wm. A. PARK and A. E. KILLAM are on the civil list of the Dominion government.

Eight of the then legislators have crossed the bar, JOHN McADAM, Speaker LYNOTT, Hon. JAS. MITCHELL, FRANCIS J. McMANUS, THOS. F. GILLESPIE, ALBERT PALMER, Hon. DAVID McLELLAN and JOHN A. HUMPHREY.

Messrs. GEORGE W. WHITE, P. G. RYAN; OLIVER J. LE BLANC, MATTHIAS NADEAU, THOS. HETHERINGTON, Wm. MURRAY, Wm. E. SEELY, ARTHUR GLASIER, DR. CHAS. A. BLACK and GEORGE J. COTTER have retired from the arena of legislative declaiming and lobbying, to secluded private life.

A YEAR OF SHIPBUILDING.

The retrospective glance which Engineering casts over the work of 1897 in turning out new warships from British yards is instructive. There were forty-five such ships, with an aggregate of 96,786 tons and 531,050 indicated horse power,

and a value, when completed, of over \$35,000,000. Save for the great drawback of trouble among the engineers the product would be greater, and nearer that of the famous year 1892, when the total output was 161,596 tons. Of the forty-five vessels, nineteen, with nearly one-third of the total tonnage and more than one-third of the total horse power, were for foreign governments, chiefly Spain, Japan, China, and the South American republics. The shipbuilding of the current decade is, indeed, remarkable, since during the eight years ending with last December there were built for the British Navy alone 199 vessels, aggregating 690,523 tons.

Among the vessels launched during last year much interest has attached to the Canopus, a battleship of 12,950 tons, which is a draught allowing it to go through the Suez Canal, so differing from the Magnificent class. She also differs from that class in having Belleville boilers and thinner but specially hardened armor. There were also launched several 11,000 ton cruisers of the D'Adem class, with improved Belleville boilers, the Vindictive of the Arrogant class, and several of the Pelorus class, besides many 30 knot torpedo boat destroyers.

The speed trials of the year include those of the big 14,900 tons battleships Jupiter, 18 1/4 knots; Mars, 17.7; Hannibal, 17.6; Caesar, 18.7. Another, noteworthy trial was that of the big cruiser Terrible, which under natural draught alone developed 25,648 indicated horse power and reached 22.41 knots.

Mr. JOHN BRANCH of New Castle, Ind., sends to the Indianapolis Sentinel his protest against the extravagance of Americans in the matter of eating or overeating. He avers that for five cents enough can be bought to sustain the body for one day. If that is the case, Mr. BRANCH himself must be numbered among the overeaters. 'We have nearly overcome,' he writes, 'our habit of eating to please the taste, and now, while we are doing hard manual labor each day and considerable mental work each night, our food costs less than \$1 a week.' Not a high price for board, but, according to BRANCH's own standard, his bill ought to be thirty-five cents a week. Even that sum will be regarded as excessive by some ascetics. The late Dr. DIO LEWIS lived a week—or was it a month?—on beans and vinegar. Our remembrance is that this fare cost him about seven cents. Probably he ate too much vinegar.

Not long ago there was a collision on the Danish state railroad near Copenhagen in which forty persons were killed and seventy wounded. The railroad at once admitted that it was to blame, and instead of fighting claims for damages, has appointed a committee to settle with the claimants what will be fair compensation, so as to avoid having the claims brought into court.

A notice displayed in a Brisbane shop window throws some light on the mixed character of the unemployed in Queens and it runs thus: Wanted some men for a township, accustomed to horses, who are not afraid of hard work. Good wages. No doctors, journalists, clerks, sons of English noblemen, or larrigins need apply.

The New York Sun is proscribed in Cuba by special order from the press censor its circulation is forbidden in all the Spanish cities and towns of the island.

A Boom for the Institute.

The directors of the Opera House have made an innovation this year and hereafter they will not rent the house to anyone whether a local attraction or foreign company. They will have to share their fortunes whether good or ill with the Opera House management and play on shares. By so doing they hope to make more money, but whether they will drive many to the Institute has yet to be determined. The St. John B. & A. club are going to put on a minstrel show and it is said that as a result of the innovation they will stage their show at the Mechanics' Institute.

Cheap Rates for Driving Parties.

Talk about cheap driving! Why any company of people can have a big sleigh and four horses now for the evening for the small sum of four dollars. That is what Mr. John F. Driscoll of the Marsh Bridge offers, and his sleighs and equipment are ready for the inspection of all who wish to look at them. Mr. Driscoll is ready to make dates and arrangements with any who wish his services.

What a Wonderful Difference

In my linen line since I have been sending my laundry to you remarked a gentleman to us the other day, anybody will notice this if they patronize us. Ungar's Laundry & Dye works.

For prevention of baldness, and to renew and thicken the growth of the hair, use Hall's Vegetable Sillian Hair Renewer. Physicians endorse and recommend it.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Some Day.

In "some day" town is a dark cross road,
Where sad hearts say "good bye;"
A cross for many a life time load,
The burden of many a sigh.
Many a long and last embrace,
And the words that are hard to say,
In the ghostly sorrow that haunts the place,
We will meet again "some day."

And there the friends of other years,
Sweet memories recall;
Of scenes of joy and times of tears,
Where changes come to all.
Many a voice that once was glad,
And forever is far away;
Comes back but the tender tones are sad
"I will love some day."

In "one day town" is one bright spot,
Where beautiful roses grow;
Over the blue "forget-me-not,"
And the winds are sweet and low.
There are the domes of heaven's gold,
Where only the angels stay;
Of promises ever as ages old,
I will dear heart, "some day."

In some day town are waiting still,
Lovers of times gone by;
Parting sadly as lovers will,
Still in remembrance sigh.
Light of the sun may long since be,
Where primrose pathways stray;
Ever together in silence led,
Happy will be "some day."

There's a beautiful walk where flowers,
The ivy and the asphodel;
And the lotus notes the balmy hours,
And the cirrus waves a spell.
There I will greet you my true love,
And ever for you will pray;
Peace be yours from the throne above,
Till we meet again "some day."

In some day town by the troubled sea,
Out of the solenn deep;
Sweep in the surges of yet to be,
With sorrow that cannot sleep.
The flying side steals up the shore,
Tossing its warning spray;
Over the sands to ever more,
Bearing us hence "some day."

Under the Acacia, Feb. 1898. CYPRUS GOLDS.

An Interrupted Thesis.

"The reader," the professor wrote, "I think can scarcely miss the significant conclusion, which is obviously this:—"

A man of erudition, (he had met the missing link!)
He swung an abacus till steeped in scientific ink.
He was a thinking a thesis which he felt to be sublime
For a worthy publication on a topic of this time.
When softly up behind him crept a sweet and dainty miss
Who deftly placed upon his cheek a most coquettish kiss.
"It's your cousin Isabella," said the maiden, with a smile;
"I thought I'd just drop in, you know, and visit you a while."

The quill dropped from the savant's grasp; he
raised his timid eyes.
"Your salvation," he confessed, "quits took me by surprise."
But soon she put him at his ease; and when she
He said that down the street with her he'd walk a block or so.

The weeks went by. Dust sifted in the sage professor's den;
It lay upon his desk and soiled the whiteness of his pen;
It gave a look to Darwin's bust, raised high upon a shelf,
As of a worldly-minded man, who knew how 't was himself.

At last the wise professor came, one melancholy day,
He saw a look like this upon his face and brushed the dust away.
"The reader," the professor wrote, "I think can scarcely miss the significant conclusion—There are microbes in a kiss."

This Planet Good Enough.

It's better to be living on this planet called the "world"
Than any wanderer that through space is regularly hurried;
Because we are not sure about most other shining stars,
Excepting what we know about our neighbor planet—Mars.

The sun is far too hot a place for any one to dwell,
The moon is much too cold, and has no atmosphere, as well;
And some revolve so swiftly that we couldn't stand the breeze"
Which blows two-fifty miles an hour with the greatest ease.

The force of gravity's so great on some that, though you're light,
I will draw you down quite swiftly, till you're money's worth.
On others it's so weak that if you jump into the air
You may not ever descend to light on "anywhere."

Now some have colored moons and things that flash around by night,
If you lived there you'd grow quite ermine from the fright.
And some are made of gas which is not pleasant to inhale,
While some of them, like comets have a most amazing tail.

It's better to be living on the planet called the "earth,"
For though it's of an trying, you get your money's worth.
You're fairly sure to stay upon the globe, and not be blown
By gentle zephyrs from the arctic to the torrid zone!

Sunset in February.

All the wide west is golden in its glory,
The brown trees are sanctified in light,
The south wind has been here, and told her story,
Evangel of the springtime near and bright.
The winter hills are sweet with hopes to night.

I heard her coming, over plain and river,
Her feet were fair above the icy slope,
Now at her voice the brown birds thrill and quiver
Waiting the sunshine which shall bid them open,
And at her feet the white birds whisper "Hope."

True Courage.

What courage men will sometimes show
In things of mighty weight!
And how they flinch when some light blow
Falls from the hand of Fate!

In stocks he stood. He seemed not vexed
To find his assets low.
He lost his collar-button next
And made the air turn blue.

A Serious Problem.

"I see the California wine merchants
have 86,000,006 gallons of wine on hand,
that they can't dispose of."

"What's the matter? Won't the French-
men who sell to our importers take any more?"

WILL BE A CANDIDATE.

JOHN HAMILTON REID AFTER THE CHIEF MAGISTRACY.

Something About the Old Showman who has Attracted so much Attention at the Capital of late—His Fight Against the Corporation—His Domestic Surroundings.

FREDERICTON, Feb. 2.—Probably no private citizen has been more talked about or has his name often in the public print of the town or province, during the past twelve months than our own esteemed John Hamilton Reid, showman, prize winner, claim fighter, and would-be chief magistrate of the city of Fredericton. In the early sixties, when this city was recognized as the exhibition centre of the province, the crafty John H. filled an important place in the public eye, and was something of a power in the land. He stood proudly at the head of the old York county agricultural society an organization now almost defunct and was the chief promoter of several exhibitions which old residents affirm were among the most successful affairs of the kind ever held in New Brunswick. It was John H. who conceived and carried through to a successful issue a scheme for the erection in this city of the mammoth and costly exhibition palace which in its day probably had no superior among the public buildings of the province from the standpoint of architectural skill and eminence. This wonderful structure, though wiped out in 1868, is likely to exist in the memory of our citizens, particularly the present generation, for many years to come, on account of a certain contribution of \$5,000 or thereabouts which the mayor, aldermen and commonalty of the city of Fredericton lately made towards its cost. It was John H. who first located the claim and believing he had a good thing he pushed it for all it was worth, with gratifying results to himself. The original claim was for the modest sum of \$4900, being \$1500, the amount of a donation alleged to have been promised by the city and 31 years interest with the aid of the legislature and by hard struggling on the part of Mr. Reid and his associates it was made to pan out \$5,000, a record not equaled outside of the Klondike regions. Of this amount John H. gathered in \$2,250, and the balance went for costs.

This windfall has evidently not satisfied the veteran showman who claims that the city still owes him a huge debt of gratitude, for valuable services rendered long years ago, and while he does not think that said debt can ever be paid in full, yet he thinks that the citizens have it in their power to liquidate a portion of it by electing him to the office of Chief Magistrate. For fear that a careless public might overlook the matter he has taken the precaution to nominate himself, and accordingly announces that he will positively be a candidate for the magistracy in the election to be held on the 14th of March next.

The announcement of Mr. Reid's candidature is considered by many persons to be the richest joke of the season, and then again there are others who think that it might in some accountable manner develop into a joke no; altogether unlike the one which he last perpetrated upon the city: John H. is known to be a man possessed of bull-dog courage and determination, and he has a very good reputation for carrying out his undertakings, and climbing over difficulties, which happen to block his path for the moment. As a legislative lobbyist he is unrivalled; in this regard it is whispered by not a few electors that in case of defeat at the polls, he might once more call the legislature to his assistance, and seek to overcome the will of the people. John H. has in the past proved himself to be a man of resources, and may yet have many surprises in store for his fellow citizens.

Mr. Reid's main object in aspiring to the magistracy, is that he might be in a position to follow up another long standing claim. The unfortunate person in this case happens to be Her Majesty the Queen of England. It appears John H. at one time had the contract for supplying a regiment of her soldiers while they were stationed in this city, and something went wrong. He lost money on his contract, so he says, and claims that the war office authorities are in duty bound to make good the loss with interest. As Mayor of Fredericton, he expects to visit England during the coming summer, to press his claim. He will first pay his official respects to the lord mayor of London, and will remain in his company long enough to study the pattern of his official robe, so that he can have one made like it, or perhaps purchase one that has been cast off by His Lordship, and then he will proceed to Marlborough house to call on Wales. In the sixties, when Wales visited Fredericton, John H. mounted on a spirited charger, and clad in a uniform of variegated hues, was among the first to greet his



Royal Highness as he stepped upon the wharf, and extend to him the freedom of the city. He will remind the hair apparent of that incident, and will afterwards, of course, secure his cooperation in pushing the office claim. Upon receipt of the check, which he anticipates no difficulty in getting, Mr. Reid will make extensive purchases of thoroughbred stock and return in triumph to his native city. Such is brief is a portion of the career which this veteran aspirant for the magistracy has mapped out for himself.

The only drawback to Mr. Reid's candidature, and a serious drawback it would seem, is the prospect of the city being deprived of the presence of a myriads in case he is returned at the head of the poll.

In other words the candidate has lived all his life in bachelorhood, and there seems to be no likelihood at this late date of his emerging from that said to be blissful state. Besides being an eccentric old bachelor, he exists somewhat after the style of a hermit. He owns a lot and building centrally located on Queen street. The lowest flat is rented to a confectioner and overhead Mr. Reid regales in blissful old bachelorhood. A visit to the interior of his domicile is apt to convince a skeptical person that it is not good for man to be alone. He dispensed with the services of a housekeeper many years ago, and has since given his household affairs his personal attention, and no doubt it elected mayor he will be prepared to give the citizens some valuable information on domestic economy. His only companions are a number of rabbits, hares, ducks, geese, horses, a cat or two, some new fangled fowls, and guinea-hens, a red pig and an English shire stallion known as King of Trumps. His live stock receives every attention and care, and as regularly as the autumn season rolls round, the fowls and animals are bundled off to some exposition, usually in the state of Maine, and invariably give a good account of themselves. Mr. Reid visited the Halifax exhibition last fall, and in addition to shaking hands with the Premier of Canada, carried off \$1,000 of the prize money.

Under the circumstances Mr. Reid facilities for entertaining distinguished visitors to the city, are not perhaps what they should, but no doubt should the people entrust him with their confidence he will overcome this difficulty as he has other and more formidable ones.

Mr. Reid has not yet forgotten the debt of gratitude he owes the legislature for the favorable consideration given his famous bill, and it is his intention to entertain the M. P. P. to dinner during the approaching session.

Should he be successful in his civic campaign, his election will be the entering wedge of a new and remarkable era in the history of our fair city.

Calendars Worth Noting.

PROGRESS has received from the Pope Manufacturing Co. of Hartford, Conn. one of their very useful desk calendars. This calendar has been issued for a number of years by that enterprising bicycle firm, to its patrons, and is looked forward to as an invaluable business diary and memorandum pad.

From the well known boot and shoe firm of Moncton, Messrs. L. Higgins & Co., comes a handsome wall calendar. It is beautifully tinted, and a faithful representation of the bore or tidal wave at Moncton is produced.

A Pessimistic View.

"Did you hear about poor old Fowler?" asked Mr. Cynical Oldbatch.
"No; what about him?"
"He has joined the great silent army," responded Oldbatch, shaking his head.
"Great heavens! Is he dead?"
"Worse; he is married."

Another Labour Union.

Diggs—I see by the paper this morning there was a 'tie-up' on one of the Western trunk lines yesterday.

Diggs—That so? What was the cause?
Diggs—Oh, a silly couple thought it would be romantic to get married in a parlor car.

A bill-posting combination has been turned into a limited liability corporation in London with a capital of \$12,250,000. It holds out as an inducement to buy shares in a number of contracts it has for bill posting at the rate of a penny a sheet per week.