

PROGRESS.

PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

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THE CONFLICT OVER.

The act of the chief of police in directing the appointee of the police magistrate to ordinary police duty, may mean the end of what must be regarded as an unfortunate difference between the magistrate and the council. From the very first, many of the actions and expressions of some of those engaged in the discussion were singularly indiscreet. Passing over the letter of the magistrate to the council, which we have spoken of before, there was another feature of the affair that cannot commend itself wholly to the good judgment of the people. This was the effort made by the mayor-elect to secure the appointment of a man whom he regarded with favor. For this purpose, according to the statement of the magistrate, Mayor-elect SEARS—as he was at that time—had two interviews with the magistrate, one of which, at least, was in the latter's office. This action of a mayor-elect has been criticized quite severely and, we think, properly so. There are certain duties that a mayor must perform, and in the manner which he carries them out will depend, in a great measure, the opinion of the people of him. But there are many things that a mayor cannot do in justice to, and comporting with the dignity of the office of chief magistrate. One of these it may fairly be said, is to ask for the appointment of any particular person to an office in the civic gift. There are other things that are not in keeping with the dignity of the office of mayor, but these will no doubt occur to his worship quite as readily as if we were to mention them.

THAT VOTING CONTEST.

The action of the gentlemen who control park affairs in handing sixteen ballots to the representatives of the people in the common council to enable them to vote upon the name of the park in proportion to the civic grant may have an unexpected influence upon the result. The voting scheme has been long drawn out and the interest of the people has flagged considerably. Long ago they made up their minds that the familiar old name of Rockwood—given to the beautiful spot by a gentleman whose memory will always be held dear in this city—would be attached to the new park. The preference of the people for this pretty and appropriate name was shown at the outset and very many thought that it was settled last fall. But the rival name Victoria must have received some encouragement this spring for it appears to be ahead now. This name will naturally be dear to everyone, but there are so many parks, institutions, hotels and what not saddled upon the christian name of the Queen now that it would be a genuine relief to see St. John depart from the hackneyed custom.

The people of the United States are not through with the war with Spain. They are feeling the effects of it already in a business way though it is stated not in so great degree as they feared. The first provision for war expenditure is expected to yield the enormous sum of seven hundred million of dollars. One hundred million of this will be raised by an internal tax on beer, tobacco and a stamp tax on bank checks, bond and stock transfers &c. Then authority is given for the issue of bonds to a maximum amount of \$500,000,000. These are to bear three per cent interest, and they are called 'ten-twenties,' because the government may pay them at any time after ten years and must pay them at the end of twenty years. They are payable, in 'coin.' To enable people of small means to buy them, they are to be issued in denominations as small as \$25.

To provide for temporary emergencies, authority is given for the issue of 'certificates of indebtedness,' which are not to run longer than one year and are not to amount to more than \$100,000,000. These also bear three per cent interest.

We cannot expect that the 24th of May will be the natal day of the sovereign of the British Empire for many years. Queen VICTORIA is in the eightieth year of her age and, in the natural order of things, cannot expect many more years of life. But the birthday we have loved to honor will always be dear to the memory of this generation. We have understood that Canadians are even more enthusiastic in observing the "Queens birthday" than those who live in the old country. That is surely no reflection upon the colonist and if it is a surprise to a recently arrived Englishman to note the loyal observance of the day it is none the less pleasant for us to hear of the fact. The holiday comes at a singularly appropriate season in this country. All nature is in a joyful mood and the people in celebrating the day hail with all gladness the departure of one season and the coming of another. May we have many more "Queen's Birthdays".

Those who use incandescent light—and pay well for it—will be glad to learn that invention is not done with it yet. To increase its efficiency and decrease its cost is claimed for an invention of Professor NERNST of Gottingen. He substitutes for carbon filaments such substances as chalk or magnesia, which are noted for the large proportion of visible rays in their radiation. He has to employ the alternating current in order to avoid electrolytic action on the incandescent substance. As yet his experiments have not progressed to the point of practical application in producing lamps for ordinary use, but if the difficulties still in the way can be overcome, it is said that the cost of incandescent lighting would be reduced two-thirds.

His worship should have his short and pithy rules regarding the aldermen printed and hung up for their convenience and edification. He has told them that if they are ten minutes late again at the council meeting that he might adjourn sine die. That is a dreadful threat and must have made the representatives of the people quake. They will probably look out for tardy marks in the future. But what is of greater importance to them is the edict that no alderman can speak more than once upon the same subject. What in the world will Alderman MACRAE say to this?

The speculator LEITER has been blamed for the rise in the price of wheat, but the fact is now apparent that the increased price is simply the result of the relation between supply and demand. The demand for wheat in the old country has not been greater, perhaps, than in previous years, but the world's supply of the cereal was insufficient. LEITER was acute enough to foresee this, hence his enormous profits. Flour is nearly \$2.50 a barrel higher this than it was last year.

Ald. McGOLDRICK } Stand together
Ald. McARTHUR } gentlemen.

BICYCLES AND OTHER THINGS.

Whoever suggested the holding of a bicycle carnival on the evening of the Queen's birthday must have had a peculiar idea of the use of wheelmen and wheel women made of the holiday. There were not many spare bicycles in town that day. Whoever could get anything fit to ride did so and every road out of town was well patronized by the users of the silent steed. There were break downs of course but no serious accidents such as are not infrequent when so many cyclists are out on the same day. The weather was all that could be desired—not too warm or yet too cold and the air that prevailed in the morning gave way in the later part of the afternoon to that pleasant calm so delightful to tired people pedalling home.

Surely the typography of the country about the city is becoming well known to very many people who never took any interest in the surroundings of St. John up to the time they learned to ride a wheel. Now there is not a cross road that has not been inspected a score of times by parties of wheelmen. True there are times when the roads are found to be impassable for the poorest or the best cycle in town, and the weary walk is substituted. At most that cannot last for more than two or three miles, until some passable road is reached, and then the rider forgets his troubles and hastens on to his goal.

Club houses which a year or so ago were not patronized to any great extent now team with life and bustle on Saturday afternoons and holidays. Yes, even Sundays are used by the cyclists and in fact it is the only day that many of them have or choose to use their wheels. The early

Sabbath morning will see many of them bound for the green fields of the country and who can say that the fresh country air and the change of scene, the refreshing quiet of the woods and fields does not bring thoughts and reflections as profitable as the sermon of any preacher in the city. Nature's sermon is sometimes the best and a good many people are inclined to give it the preference on fine Sundays.

There are many exceptions of course but the very people who do not ride a bicycle on Sundays will make a horse take them to some restful spot where they may enjoy the budding trees and first flowers of the forest.

One does not get an adequate idea of the number of bicycle riders until they go out on some holiday and watch the apparently endless procession of wheels that pass in and out of the various roads leading to and from the city. And the thought naturally arises what did all these people do for enjoyment before the bicycle was invented? No doubt many of them enjoyed a walk and a few sought the more comfortable method of driving.

But hiring horses costs money and only a small proportion of those who use the bicycle to day were patrons of the livery stable. Of course the proprietors of the hostleries say that the bicycle has injured their business greatly and they don't love the machine in consequence but the coachmen said that the street cars would put them out of business and yet they seem to get along in much the same way as ever.

Estimated roughly there are probably a thousand bicycles in the city of St. John and the owners of them are certainly a very representative lot of people. They are clamoring for better roads and no doubt their assistance was of much benefit toward the formation of the Good Road's Association. It is doubtful if such men as Geo. E. Fairweather and J. J. McGaffigan would have interested themselves to such an extent as they did in this project had they not become acquainted with the condition of the roads when wheeling about the country side. Both of them regard the wheel from the stand point of health and recreation and when they mount it they naturally want to enjoy the exercise as much as possible. Hence their interest in the agitation. But the cyclists of St. John must make up their minds in the near future that if they want better and special roads for their pleasure they must contribute toward a fund for that purpose. There is not a bicycle rider who would not willingly pay a license of one dollar, provided it went into a special fund to provide better bicycle riding in the city and vicinity. PROGRESS puts this forward as a suggestion, and if the local association of cyclists take the matter up they will meet, no doubt, with hearty cooperation on the part of the authorities. In other cities there is such a tax and it is not considered burdensome, but it is because they enjoy the special privileges provided by the fund raised in this way.

Two Popular Houses.

The Loyalist House, of which Mr. Treadwell is the proprietor, and the Ben Lomond House, conducted by Mr. S. H. Barker, did a rushing business on the day preceding and on the holiday itself. It is not necessary to speak of the attractions of the Ben Lomond House and the beautiful lake and opportunities for sailing presented to visitors. Both Mr. and Mrs. Barker do their best to please their guests and no kindly service is too much trouble for them. The same may be said of Mr. and Mrs. Treadwell who for so many years have conducted the Loyalist house with that home like comfort so appreciated by all who visit them. The situation of the house could hardly be improved. In approaching it a splendid array of noble trees almost conceal the house and grounds before the turn is made into them. Lovers of quiet pitching can always find grounds and quoits in the rear of the house, while those who delight in boating or fishing have a splendid chance to pursue those pastimes. Fishing is something new in this lake but a few years ago a number of small trout were placed in its waters and they must have thrived exceedingly well for good sized fish can be seen "breaking" almost constantly in the lake. They have not, up to this time, proved eager for fly or bait, and the angler who strikes the right "cast" will no doubt have good sport.

A Generous and Thoughtful Act.

A well known North end man died a few days ago, and left many friends who felt the greatest sympathy for his widow. Everybody likes such genuine good feeling to prevail, but the gentleman who sent the bereaved lady a check for \$125 and then directed the undertaker to look to him for the funeral expenses, will, no doubt, have the kindest thanks. It was a generous act, and moreover a thoughtful one.

VERSE OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Summer Song.

This evening while the twilight glows,
In blended past and gold;
The gay glad earth such as in days of yore,
As words have never told,
She sings her sweetest coming song,
Across the charmed blue sea;
Oh haste and come, for thee I long,
My love come forth to me;

Haste and come.

Sweet spring has passed beyond the hills,
I hear her fond farewells;
Now silence veils the silver rills,
And all the fragrant dells,
Down the calm river's shining face,
I hear a red breast sing;
I'm walking at the trysting place,
And summer comes a-wing;

Haste and come.

By spangled fields and balmy woods,
By meadows fresh and green;
By lofty hills and glistening floods,
A well known guest is seen.
She brings a thousand precious things,
From many a balmy shore;
O haste and come thy presence bring,
A sweeter summer store;

Haste and come.

A world of leaves and roses red,
Mars's his blossoms fair;
A thousand lilies scent her bed,
There's glory in the air.
The kyng trees their boughs adorn,
In garlands pink and white;
O haste and come soon breaks the morn,
How lovely is the sight,

Haste and come.

The sun dipped down a summer sea,
O diamonds and ruby gems;
Where many white winged angels be,
In sapphire diadems.
The garden in the listed sky,
Blush like a damask rose,
O haste and come the sweet stars cry
Our trust they ne'er disclose,

Haste and come.

CYRUS GOLDEN.

Tess.

See that I metly mound up yonder,
Where the day bends its head,
Just as if it kept a vigil,
O'er the silence of the dead,
That's the place where Tess is sleeping—
Sleeping there beside the sea,
Where she once so loved to wander,
Up and down the sands with me.
She would come at fall of evening,
When the work of day was done,
And the waves were softly singing
To the fast departing sun;
And look in my face in silence,
With her big eyes soft and blue,
Though they told the same old story,
It was ever, ever new.

There is now no hand to guide me,
There is now no song to cheer;
Shadows seem to line my pathways,
With a darkness lone and drear.
Life is like the vine in autumn,
Robbed of foliage and bare;
And I often wonder, Stranger,
If my love is buried there?

Buried where the ocean breezes,
Kiss the place where she's asleep;
And to me they bring a message,
From beyond the restless deep.
Sad, I listen in the gloaming,
For what token they may bear,
And a voice from out the silence,
Says "My love is there."

WILLIAM VAN BUREN THOMPSON.

Sonnet.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. GLADSTONE.
But yesterday exulting in the pride
Of noble motherhood Britannia's smile,
Its radiance shedding o'er fair Albion's isle,
Proclaimed her joy in England's aged guide.
Now, Melancholy's pale and gloomy bride,
Her shrouded head draped with a somber pile
Of dark funeral weeds and trimmings vile,
Britannia writhes like still, while at her side
Wife, ghost like, fiercely plucking at her breast,
Weeps from her lips bereavement's bitter cry,
"Alas, alas, my son, that thou shouldst die!"
And wailing thus the noblest and the best
Of all her noble sons, Britannia weeps,
And o'er his corpse a mournful vigil keeps.

JEAN TAILLEFER.

A Ranch Girl's Choice.

Folks chuck their heads an' whispered 'round,
In rather of a sneerin' way,
That I was crazy, when they found
Me goin' to marry Tommy Gray.
They hinted that I'd best be dead
That hitched for life to such a he,
But I jes' let 'em talk an' said
They didn't know him well as me
For though he might be wild at times,
He never did no ser'us crimes.

When I declined young Silas Pope,
Who slung at me his ranch and herd,
An' put the rowels to his hope
Without a super-due word,
An' offered Tom encouragement—
A co-boy working for his hire—
The neighbors round us nearly went
In spasms, an' they used to tire
Me half to death a-sayin' I
Would take a tumble by an' by.

An' pa an' ma, both of 'em roared
Like Texas bulls, they got so wild,
An' said they waint the blessed Lord
Had tak me when I was a child.
They said it would marry Si
'D make a big folks of all of us,
But as for Tom, they knowed 'as I
Would had he was a worthless cuss.
I told 'em plain as A B C
My heart was doin' it, not me.

An' all the same I married Tom,
An' 'on jes' on to seed 'em sure
To see him settle down an' come
Right to the front, an' every dare
I ever had jes' count away
Like smoke before the prairie breeze,
An' we're as happy as the day
's long, an' also, if you please,
There ain't a neighbor left or right
Who thinks my Tom is out o' sight.

An' sometimes when I set an' peep
At that baby lyn' there
Orled in its little crib along
Resemblin' Tom right to a hair,
An' hear its pa in the corral
A-singin' 'em in his delight,
An' whistlin' dancin' music—well,
I think I hit it mighty right,
An' as for Si, I shud no more—
He's gone to jail for stealin' steers.

Old clothes dyed to look like new,
Hosiery mended free to you,
Curtains 25c per pair,
And you quickly ask me, Where?
At Ungar's Laundry & Dye Works 28
to 34 Waterloo St. Telephone 53.



LEARNING THROUGH THE SENSES

Why the Traveller Excited Here & Among his Native Friends.

Some good men are naturally such teachers, and so full of benevolence, especially toward the young, that they cannot help spreading wisdom wherever they go. Nevertheless, a certain amount of preparatory instruction is necessary to make it possible for some of the wisdom thus scattered abroad to take root. That seed may fall on stony ground is proved by a story which a gentleman, who went hunting far into the interior of Nova Scotia, tells in a letter to the Country Gentleman.

The hunter carried sixteen miles at night by a boy sixteen years old and a horse fifteen years old. The ride was tedious, and the boy-driver was inclined to fall asleep. The hunter therefore thought to interest him in something.

"I see we are going 'one west,' he remarked.
"How do you know that?" asked the boy.
"Were you ever here before?"
"No, but there is the North Star over there."
"How do you know it's the North Star?"
"Why, there are the Pointers' pointing to it."

The hunter explained, and told the boy how to find the North Star. Then he pointed out two of the planets. The boy seemed wide-awake now, and the hunter went on to give him his first lesson in astronomy, telling him how Jupiter was thirteen hundred times as large as the earth, and how Mars showed changes of seasons—how it had had canals and so forth, and how it was supposed by many to have intelligent inhabitants. He discoursed a long time on the wonders of astronomy.

When, after his hunting, the stranger returned to the town where he had hired the conveyance and the boy, he found that the people seemed to have a certain humorous interest in him. It was so evident that he was the object of some curiosity, of joke that he made inquiries, and finally found a man who could tell him.

"Why," said this informant, "you've made a great reputation for yourself around here."
"In what way?"
"Oh, the kid that drove you over to—the other night came back the next day and told all the 'setters' at the hotel that of all the liars he ever heard, you were the slick-est."

"What lie did I tell him?"
"The boy said that you pretended to know the number of miles to the sun, and that you pointed to a star that you said was called Juniper, and that you said it was thirteen hundred times bigger than this world, and that you pointed to another star that you said was one whose folks lived like we do."
"Oh," says that boy, "you just ought to hear him! He's a peach! Old Haskins aint in it with that feller for lyin'." I tell you, he's the biggest liar in Nova Scotia. I'll point him out to you when he comes back.

The boy had pointed him out, and he was at that moment enjoying the reputation of the champion of all the liars who had ever come to Nova Scotia.

His Own Work.

The vanity of a certain well-known painter is ridiculed in a story told of him. It relates that the painter was travelling in a train through the mountains, and as the weather was warm and the painter had not had enough sleep the night before, he dozed in his sleep. He had a travelling companion who insisted upon talking to him, nevertheless, and as the train passed a fine prospect, exclaimed:
"Look! look! What a beautiful landscape!"
"Yep," granted the painter, dreaming, and hearing a "shop" phrase, "I painted it myself!"

He was Experienced.
"Have you a son?" asked the man who was looking at the vacant room.
"No," replied the landlady. "What made you ask that?"
"Because," he explained, "I want to find a boarding house, this time, where I may occasionally have a chance to get the tender piece of the porterhouse."

Brush the hair daily through to the scalp, and occasionally apply Hall's Hair Renewer, and a luxuriant head of hair will be maintained of a natural hue.
A woman's character never changes; it only ripens.—Life.