PROGRESS, SATURDAY, JULY 7.

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MY WASTED YOUTH.

"Que vous ai-je donc fait, O mes jeunes annees!"

Let me alone! I am weeping my wasted youth. I am weeping the sun-lit days when the orchard was white As the driven snow, and I did not go, as I might, To let the blossoms fall and cover me o'er. And take the heart of the spring to my own heart's core.

I am weeping my wasted youth. Let me alone!

Let me alone!

I am weeping my wasted youth. I am weeping the starlight nights that I did not see,

And the starlike eyes that never lit up for me, The moon's that on rippling waters have glanced and shone,

And the tender faces I have not looked upon. I am weeping my wasted youth. Let me alone!

Let me alone!

I am weeping my wasted youth. I am weeping the merry dances I could not tread. And the tears of happiness that I did not shed. And the feverish joys, and the dumb, delicious pain, And the lost, lost moments that will not come again. I am weeping my wasted youth.

Let me alone !

Let me alone !

I am weeping my wasted youth. I am praying for those who have seen their youth go by

With half its sweets untasted, unknown, as I, That God-forasmuch as He left the first bright

page Of their life a blank-would send them love in their

> I am weeping my wasted youth. Let me alone !

> > -E. D. Chapman, in Boston Globe.

A BIT OF HUMAN NATURE.

I once spent six months in a small village on the southern coast of Ireland, not far from Queenstown. It is one of the loveliest spots in Europe. The small inn where I put up was kept by a middle-aged widow, Mrs. Welch. She was of good Irish stock, as many Irish innkeepers are. A red-headed girl of sixteen waited at table and made the beds. Her name was Nora O'Brien. She was not exactly pretty, but she was clever and winning, and had a quick tongue and a sense of humor. She often made me laugh with her odd Irish conceits, and I grew to be very fond of her. I used to pay her extravagant compliments for the mere pleasure of hearing her parry them. If I told her she was the handsomest girl in Ireland she assumed a sober demeanor and replied : "Indade, then, 'twill be a bad day for Ireland when there's no girls in it better looking than me-and husbands to marry 'em, what's more!" and when I praised the hue of her hair, she passed her red but well-shaped hand over it, and said with a complacent nod : "Faith, and it covers my head as well as any !" But, as she left the room, she turned and threw me a twinkling glance that put all sobriety to rout. Nora's mother was dead. Her father had been a fisherman, till rheumatism obliged him to give it up. She confided to me that she was betrothed to one Dan Maearthy, a robust young fellow, part owner and operator of a fishing smack. When Dan had ten pounds laid by they were to be married. Colossal fortunes are not the rule among the peasantry of Ireland. It might be some years before the wedding took place. I made the acquaintance of Dan. He was rather serious and terse of manner and speech. I have been out with him in his boat for a day's fishing, and in all that time got little more than occasional monosylables out of him. But he liked to hear me tell about America, and I must admit that I painted the great republic in favorable this time," was the reply. "Let's see, colors. Though Dan said little in reply, my descriptions may have had a much deeper effect on him than I imagined at the time. America still seems to be, to many poor Irish folk, what Canaan was to the Israelites. Old man O'Brien was a fine old chap, with a massive face, and the remains of a superb physique. He was very fond and proud of Nora, and a little inclined to snub Master Dan. He evidently did not like the idea of Nora leaving him for any one. And yet the house where her married life would be passed was not a stone's throw from the one in which she was born. What a narrow lite it was, after all. I remember saying to her once : "You ought to go to America, Nora; Dan might become a mayor there, and he and you ride up Fifth avenue in a carriage and a pair!" Nora was silent a moment, and then said, with a toss of the head and a sigh : "Sure, a jaunting car'll be good enough for me, if Danny has the reins." I returned at last to New York, thought about my Irish friends for a few months, and then ceased to think about them. About a year after my return I was walking on South street, on my way to take a misgiving for several days thereafter; but it steamer at pier 24 East River, when I came passed from my mind, as most things in in contact with a young fellow carrying a basket of fish. We looked at each other, pass from the mind in this world. I was and I recognized Dan Macarthy. His seri-ous face lighted at the same moment. it was very different from what I might After setting down his basket on the drum of one of the fish shops in the market close by, he wiped his hands on his apron and with my friend we gave each other a hearty grip.

and then, pleased with the little adventure, I took my leave. This was in the summer. I was away

from New York most of the time until late in the autumn. Then, one evening, when I had called to see some friends' in East Fifteenth street, who were out, I remembered Mr. Davis and his invitation, and resolved to "look him up." I found the family occupying a comfortable flat. It was Nora who opened the door to me. She had grown, but was otherwise greatly improved in appearance, and she was as full of life and fun as ever. She knew me at once and greeted me heartily. The family had just got through dinner. I found Mr. Davis the same placid, good man as ever. His wife, whom I now met for the first time, was a lean, dim, featureless creature of a retiring disposition. There was also in the room a young man about five-and-twenty years of age, well dressed, and with a handsome but not (to me) engaging face. This was the nephew, Frank Wilson.

Nora went in and out, hearing the talk, exchanging a few words, smiling, twinkling, tossing her little red head, much as she used to do in the old Irish inn. She was evidently regarded more as a member of the family than as a servant. But it presently appeared that there was an attraction in the kitchen. Dan was there. So, after a while, Nora went out and did not come back. Mrs. Davis vanished in search of into the bargain." her scissors and was not seen again; Mr. Davis lighted a pipe and crossed his legs, and Frank Wilson took a couple of cigars from his waistcoat pocket, and stuck one in his mouth and offered me the other. I

preferred a pipe with Mr. Davis. "Any whiskey left in the bottle, uncle?" demanded Frank, after a pause.

"You ought to know better than me; it's you drinks it," replied Mr. Davis, placidly. "Must have my tod," said the other, going to the cupboard. "Have a drain, sir ?" he added to me. I declined, and he poured himself out a drink and tossed it.

He then began to talk about the comparative merits of two men who were matched to fight with two-onnce gloves to a finish. Jack was a smarter man than Jim, but he observed with a wink that his pile was up on Jim all the same; he had a tip from the inside. He also gave us some reminiscences of his experience on the turf the past summer. His uncle finally asked him why he couldn't be content to live on his salary. (He was a clerk in a large dry goods shop.) "What kind of a life he'd as well be a stiff, and done with it !" Mr. Davis chuckled, and evidently thought his nephew very clever. Suddenly the latter turned to him and said : "Say, this is getting beyond a joke. My cigar case is gone now !"

he had stolen the money, but that the girl had accused herself in order to shield him. But she stuck to her story, and there was no help for it."

"She was sent up, then?"

"Yes, but I gave her the lightest sentence possible. Her old father was there, quite broken down with grief, and he, of course, gave her the best of characters; and certainly she was an honest-looking girl. Those are the things that make one regret his responsibility as Judge. If I had obeyed my instinct I should have let her go. But a judge can't obey his instincts ; he must go by the evidence. Shall we take our coffee ism; Which is Worst?" Synopsis of ser-in the smoking-room?" ism; Which is Worst?" Synopsis of ser-mon: Am I a Jesuit in disguise? Brief ally acid reaction of the urine and perspirin the smoking-room ?"

The next morning at 10 o'clock I was in outline of Jesuitism; a Jesuit's oath and a ation, no danger can occur by deposits of Fulton Market. I found Mr. Davis. It was as I had surmised. Nora was the girl ary grabbers" and Catholic Jesuits as salary of whom the judge had been telling me. payers; Baptist Jesuitism and our first in-Mr. Davis expressed sincere regret at the affair, but he would not admit Nora's inno- the Massachusetts Baptist convention and cence. "It lays between her and Dan," he their allies in getting possession of our remarked. "One or other of 'em must have done it. Frank, he was sure it was Dan, But I know Dan better than Frank does. He was a steady man; he was getting good wages, and he was looking forward to this voyage he's gone on to better himself still more. Nora, she had more tempation and more chances, and besides,

she confessed it. No, sir, I guess 'twas her. I'm afraid she wasn't as good as she looked. and I expect she was making up to Frank, church to be vindicated; the worst features Diarrhea or Dysentery, do not resort to "I hear the old man's took pretty bad," said Davis, shaking his head. "He was

sick and had to throw up his position. I wanted to do something for him, but he wouldn't take it. It's a bad job, and Frank ain't been like himself since, either."

While we were yet speaking together a messenger came up with a letter for Mr. Davis. He opened and read it and grew very pale. He handed it to me in silence. It was from the hospital, and stated briefly that Frank Wilson had been brought there early that morning suffering from fatal injuries and had expressed a desire to see his uncle, Mr. Davis.

I went with Mr. Davis to the hospital. This part of the story may be cut short. to place preaching the story of woman's Wilson was dying. He had been at a gam-bling den the night before. The police had wrong in the lumber woods, and has succeeded in stirring up a very unsavory stench, raided the place. In attempting to escape having no foundation in fact. The pine he had fallen headlong down a flight of woods are owned by decent, respectable steps. He was in great pain, but conscious, and aware that he had but a few hours to citizens. The lumber is made under the supervision of foremen and scalers who are live. But before the end came he had somedecent and respectable. The sharty boys thing to say, and that was that he himself are not brutes, and consequently such outhad committed the thefts for which Nora rages could not exist, as stockades, bloodhad suffered. He had done it with the inhounds and female abuse, such as is charged. would that be?" returned Mr. Wilson, with tention of fixing the blame on Dan and thus an air of disgust. "Is just eatin' and sleep-in' life? A man must stir around a bit, or clear field for Wilson's designs on Nora. Such an institution could not exist an hour. God knows, plenty of evil exists in both The upshot, as we have seen, had completely upset his calculations; but he had gone too far to retreat ; he dared not vindicate Nora at the cost of accusing himself. In short, Wilson was a scoundrel of the most contemptible sort, and perhaps even the prison was better for her than the so-cieft of the than the society of such a fellow would have been. But he has met justice now. I left his uncle to see him die, and took measures to get Nora out of jail at once. Thanks to my friend, the judge, her release was secured within twenty-four hours, and either curiosity to see the end of the affair, or possibly some better motive, took me down to meet her. She had on a plain, neat dress, probably the same one she was sent up in; it was much too thin for the time of year. She looked pale and thinner than when I saw her last, and an expression of settled anxiety seemed to have marked itself on her young face. She greeted me quietly, but appeared to be looking for some one

"JESUITISM."

The Greatest Effort of the "Rev." Mr. Downs' Life.

The following notice was a feature of the church announcements in last Sunday's Boston papers :

Rev. William W. Downs, pastor of Bowdoin Square Baptist church, will preach at Paine Memorial hall, Appleton kidney disease is being slowly, but surely laid. "Why!" some one will exclaim, "that is just what causes kidney troubles, drink-ing water freely which contains so much street, near Berkeley, for the last time this season, at 11 o'clock. Seats free. Subject : lime." Wrong again! so long as the water "Baptist Jesuitism versus Catholic Jesuit- drank is freely carried through the system, urea or lime in the kidneys and bladder; Baptist covenant : Baptist Jesuits as "salbecause they remain perfectly in solution, and are carried out of the body instead of dictment ; Baptist Jesuitism as displayed by remaining in it. Literally they are washed out of the body, by the copious draughts of water, (that most perfect of all known church property ; Baptist Jesuitism and the solvents) same as a series of pipes are recent robbery of the Hollis Street theatre "flushed" with water to clean them. and their relation to our case; a startling cool water, a little lemon juice will imrevelation ; Baptist Jesuitism and the 20,000 vacant Baptist pulpits in our country; anprove its effectiveness. Plain soda water

other startling revelation ; Baptist Jesuitism with a little acid is also excellent. unhealthy, Catholic Jesuitism the contrary; letter to a Catholic lady in this city; why have stomach cramps, or are "waterlogged." as it is called, or are attacked the Baptist Jesuits cannot afford to allow the pastor of the Bowdoin Square Baptist with Cholera Morbus, Summer Complaint, of Catholic Jesuitism made respectable by alcoholic stimulating drinks, which irritate rather than soothe and allay the inflamma-Baptist intrigues. tion which has caused the trouble; but

If the Rev. Mr. Downs is half as well known in Boston as he is in St. John, this must have made people smile.

Women in the Lumber Woods.

prevent all such attacks and ill effects from The Timberman notices through its ice water. In fact, a little pamphlet sent Michigan exchanges that the wretched old free to anyone, by I. S. Johnson & Co., filthy "chestnut" of horrible dens of en-Boston, Mass., contains a vast amount of forced prostitution in the lumber woods of information, about treating those summer that state, is again revamped and trotted troubles, with Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. It is marvellous how many comout by a woman named Mrs. Obenauer, a missionary of the W. C. T. U. This plaints this old-fashioned remedy will prewoman has been terribly imposed upon, vent or cure .- Advertisement. and lied to by people whose wish was father to the thought. She has gone from place

OUTSIDE THE MEETIN' HOUSE.

forn in hot weather must be avoided, is de-

niable, and is one of the greatest popular

errors extant. When a person is per-

spiring freely from every pore, a vast

amount of water is drawn from the body,

Do not drink ice cold water, but pure

adopt the practice of taking daily just be-

fore retiring, during July and August, one

teaspoonful of Johnson's Anodyne Lini-

ment in a little sweetened water, which will

Today a crowd outside the church Was settin' on the fence, As if tied out there with the teams For want of better sense. They laffed an' talked an' chawed an' smoked, Disturbed the meetin', too— All somethin' that the dogs an' mule's An' horses wouldn't do.

They're like them wild-eyed Texan steers I brought up here to fat— So 'fraid of bein' civilized They couldn't be got at. They chased me when I went to feed, An' tore around outside, An' wouldn't eat, nor let the rest,

which must be re-supplied, or great injury is being done the physical health, and the foundation of some of the worst forms of \$100 **z** Prizes!

3

PROGRESS

If from drinking too much ice-water you Christmas Presents.

> Next Christmas Day PROGRESS will distribute

\$100.00

among its most successful agents.

You have as good a chance as anybody to get a share of it.

"Eh? What's the matter now?" rejoined Mr. Davis, taking his pipe from his mouth.

"That's what I want to know. Here's a new cigar case," he continued, appealing to me, "silver mounted, cost me \$15 a week ago, and gone off of my dressing table! If that was the only thing I wouldn't kick. But I've been missing money and odds and ends the last two weeks. There's something crooked going on, uncle. Ain't you noticed anything ?"

"Come to think of it," answered Mr. Davis, after a pause, "I believe I have lost track of a bit of cash now and then. But I didn't think nothing of it. Why, what are you leading up to, Frank?"

"And always about a certain time of day, too," Frank went on, twisting the points of his small mustache. "I tell you, it's queer, and I don't like it.'

"What time of day is that?" inquired Mr. Davis.

"Along in the afternoon, not far from there's nobody comes here evenings, is there ?"

"No one except Dan Macarthy," said Davis.

"Humph! That's what I thought! Well, I'm going to keep a sharp lookout, uncle, from this on," observed Mr. Wilson, "and I'd advise you to do the same. I don't mention no names, but this thing is a nuisance, and it's got to be stopped. That's all !"

At this juncture the outer door was heard to close. "There goes the fellow, now." remarked Frank, and after a moment he got up and left the room. I thought I might as well take my leave; so I rose, laid down my pipe, and bade my host good-night. As I was looking for my hat in the hall I saw, through the half-open door of the kitchen, Frank and Nora standing together. I saw him suddenly throw his arm round her waist and attempt to kiss her. I saw her twist herself from his grasp, and at the same moment fetch him a resounding box on the ear. Then the kitchen door

closed with a bang, and I went out. The situation, as thus presented to me, was a subject of speculation and of some

I was dining one day during the winter with my friend, the justice of a police court, eek. and had remarked in the course of talk had come back. He had had a successful I asked after Nora, and soon got the that he must meet with many real-life voyage; but there are fewer smiles than outlines of the story. They had emigrated dramas that a novelist would be glad to get tears in life. At all events no man could six months after my departure-old man hold of. He assented, and told me several have had a firmer assurance that the woman O'Brien, Nora and Dan. The old man anecdotes in point. "A curious case came he loved loved him. had paid the passage money for himself before me only a few months ago," he said This is all there is to the story. After and his daughter. Dan, who was an able at length. "A-girl-a servant in a small old man O'Brien's death Dan and Nora seaman, worked his passage. Soon after family-was brought up charged with lar-arriving Dan had found a place with a well-ceny. She had stolen a \$5 bill belonging were married. Mr. Davis, perhaps as a vicarious atonement for his nephew's evil | for their summer outing. to-do fishmonger. Nora had been taken to her employer. At least the bill had been deeds, took Dan into partnership, and I in the fishmonger's family as general ser- missed, and she declared that she took it. vant. O'Brien had found a situation as She also confessed that she had been guilty "Are you and Nora married?" I asked. No; but they exected to be in a few it was that the prosecutors—there were watchman. All was going well. piness goes; but she will never again be the bright little Nora that I knew.—Julian Hawthorne, in New York World. months more. The fishmonger-Mr. two, an old man and his nephew-seemed Davis—would pay him better wages by and by. At present they saw each other every day. Mr. and Mrs. Davis were good folks—kind and easy. There was a nephew staying with them, rather a swell, but Dan had no did man and his nephew—seemed very reluctant to prosecute, especially the nephew. They appeared to have believed that the acts had been committed by another person, a young fellow who had been pay-ing addresses to the girl, and thus obtained Bad News for the Boys. Sadie Martinot announces that she pro-poses to write and publish her memoirs. our soul ?" staying with them, rather a swell, but Dan had nothing against him either. Nora liked the place, and received \$8 a month. Altogether, the prospect was cheerful. Mr. Davis was in his shop, a placid, stout, straightforward man. I chatted with him a few minutes and took a fancy to him. He asked me, if I ever found myself in He asked me, if I ever found myself in First avenue, to step in and look them up, and he gave me his number. "Nora is a nice girl." he added. I promised to come,

"Dan has not got back from his voyage yet," said I, interpreting the glance.

"Then he won't have been troubled. I'm glad of that," she returned. "Where's tather ?"

"He's got a bad turn of rheumatism. He'll be glad of you to nurse him." The fact was, as I had learned, the old man was seriously ill; but there would be time enough for her to know that.

Nora ?" I asked her.

"I'm all right now," she said. "The worst was thinking maybe Dan had done partners have made the most of the cards

marked. She was silent. She neither rabber is finally said to be won by the two cursed him nor forgave him in words. What her heart may have felt I know not.

What followed was very sad. I had sent word to old man O'Brien that she would be with him that day. When we entered the little room in which he lodged, I saw death in his face. But stronger than death was his passionate joy in kissing Nora again. She knelt by his little cot, and they hugged each other, crying and making inarticulate sounds of affection. The pity of it-the terrible pity of it-touched me very deeply. I went out and tried to arrange something to make the last hours of the poor old man more comfortable. His heart had been broken, though I am sure he had never believed her guilty. Little red-headed Nora, with her clever ways !- who would have

thought she was to figure in a tragedy? The old man lingered several days. I went there often. She was always quiet, grave and undemonstrative. But one day she met me at the door with a singular light in her face, and taking me by the hand drew me within. Her father lay on the bed with but a flicker of life left in him. A priest was in the room, and there, sitting beside the bed, with tears on his cheeks, was Dan. He

town and country which needs suppression, but this magnifying an evil into the distorted proportions it has been by people who have a zeal, but not according to lumbering localities, but it is voluntary on the part of the men and women engaged

therein .- Timberman, Chicago.

Duplicate Whist. The new way of playing whist-duplicate whist, as they call it-is already causing the most intense excitement in whist playing circles, says a writer in the London Figaro, and wherever I go, in my whist playing capacity I mean, I find the pros and cons of the new method of playing the game being vigorously-nay, in some cases, almost fiercely, discussed. A whist playing doctor in the north of London has invented "duplicate whist ;" it eliminates at a stroke the element of chance, or luck, or

whatever you choose to call it, which has always been a feature of whist playing. Having dealt the cards as usual, you play them according to the existing rules; but then, when the game is over, instead of dealing the cards afresh, the same hands which have just been played are again taken by the four players; A and C however, now having the cards which B and D held, while B and D take the hands just played "Have you been having a very hard time, by A and C. Thus the same hands are played out a second time, and a score is kept so that it may be seen which pair of they have successfully held. And this pro-"Frank Wilson died last night," I re- cess being repeated with every game, the players who, under the above conditions, have shown the greater skill.

A Girl of Nerve.

The way a Vassar student with limited means helps himself through college is thus told by a correspondent : Some of the girls who come to Vassar are as helpless as babies. They are the daughters of millionaires, and never brushed their own hair or sewed a button on their boots in their lives. They are only too glad to have some one to do these things for them, and that is how the poorer girls make pocket money. Last year a pretty, blue-eyed girl came to college, and stated during the first week that her tuition and board were paid by a kind relative, but every penny for dress, car fare and the thousand and one incidentals she must earn herself. Soon after her arrival the following announcement appeared on her door:

Gloves and shoes neatly mended for 10 ents each.

Breakfast brought up for 10 cents each. Hair brushed each night for 25 cents a

Beds made up at 10 cents a week. That little freshman made just \$150 the first year, and that paid all of her expenses ton Advertiser.

and a good part of her tuition fees .- Bos-SEWING MACHINE, AND YOU WILL HAVE THE BEST. A Real Artist. For Improvements, Simplicity, Durability and Finish it is ahead of all others. Robinson and his wife are making plans For sale only in this city by vas and see. W. H. BELL, "What do you say to the Catskills, my have lately heard that Dan now controls the | dear?" asked Mrs. R., who was always of 25 King street, St. John, N. B. business. Nora is doubtless happy, as hap-piness goes; but she will never again be the "Nonsense, Julia! mountains always Ladies' 冨 Gentlemen's **RIDING SADDLES** No Leisure. "My young friend," he said, solemnly, FITTED AND REPAIRED AT 'do you give heed to the future welfare of ROBB'S Harness Shop, A great many young men of Boston will at "Well-er-no, sir; not much. For once proceed to pack their valises and take the past two or three months my liver has "Well-er-no, sir; not much. For 204 UNION STREET. 3. ROBERTSON SAINT JOHN, N. B. MANUFACTURES ALL KINDS HAND PRINTING STAMPS DATERS SEALS & STENCIL

Until they nearly died

- I wonder, now, if when the folks Are gathered in up there,
- An' that big meetin's goin' In that great church so fair, Will them folks that would not come in
- To meetin' here below Be left with beasts, an' smoke outside,

Jest where they used to go? -Lu B. Cake, in New York World.

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ALL UF CLUTHS

Including English and Scotch Tweeds, of England Trouserings, Black Diagonals and Corkscrews, and Summer Overcoatings.

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LET US GO TO THE

MEDICAL and have a Nice Cool Glass of

OTTAWA BEER,

GINGER ALE, SODA WATER,

or the EXHILARATING drink of the day, BUFFALO MEAD.

45

R. D. MCARTHUR, ST. JOHN, N. B P. S.-Season Tickets, which entitle yon to 25 glasses, for \$1. R. D. McA.

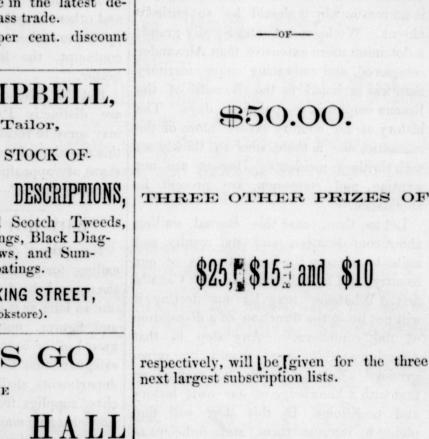
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A Cash Prize



In addition to this, I allow agents a commission of

10 Per Cent.

For the purposes of this competition, wo subscriptions for six months, or four for three months, will count as one subscription. Cash must accompany all names sent.

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