

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher and Proprietor.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 6.

THE SET OF THE TIDE.

It was a dean of the English church who said, speaking of the intolerance and formalism prevalent nowadays: "If this is christianity, it is time we tried something else—the religion of CHRIST, for example."

The obstacles which christianity had to encounter were stupendous. There were physical obstacles. Every country was remote from every other country then, as we understand remoteness, measuring as we do by minutes not by miles.

Today the only real obstacle which a revival of "the religion of CHRIST" would have to encounter would be from its professed defenders. Priestcraft has become as much a trade as shoemaking, and the churches are little else than trade unions, which boycott every man who does not think as they do, and say "amen" with the same inflection.

one crying in the wilderness: "Prepare ye the way of the Lord." The world is learning rapidly that there is a unity in truth, whether found by chemical analysis or the microscope, or by mathematics, or by that subtle force we call inspiration, or in any other way.

MEN AND THINGS.

BISMARCK is credited with saying that the next great war will begin "on the bourses." People are recalling this, because of the extraordinary condition of the European money market.

There is something radically wrong about the financial system of the world. Gold is the basis of money. You cannot make gold, you cannot find it readily.

The latest crusade is against wooden toothpicks. It is alleged to be insufferably vulgar to pick your teeth with them, and their use is to be abolished, provided always the people who can't afford anything else will not insist on using their forks.

Oh, yes, there's lots of sham in the world. Yet a little sham is not a bad thing. Everybody has heard of the man who went to look at his new carriage. Noticing a soft spot, he asked what it was.

thenics which the young ladies and gentlemen of the upper ten attended, with a lot of married people of the same grade. It wasn't in St. John. The ladies all appeared in skirts that came just below their knees.

From BISMARCK TO SARA BERNHARDT this series of paragraphs has run. Can two figures be more in contrast.

PEN, PRESS AND ADVERTISING.

Mr. Thomas F. Anderson, of the Boston Globe, has been appointed press agent of the Yarmouth steamship company.

A handy time measure has been received by Progress, bearing the well-known imprint of Wilson Publishing Co. and Wilson's Advertising agency of Toronto.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

The distant hills reflect the last faint ray, With joy the tollers greet the close of day, And homeward turn, with pleasant thoughts of rest, Within that hallowed spot, so sweet, so blest, Save gentle breeze, that stirs the perfumed air, A quiet reigns over the scene so fair.

So fades the day of our brief life on earth, Ending in gloom, the final scene of death, In that last hour, may we in quiet rest, By faith upon the gentle Saviour's breast, In hope of that eternal day of joy, When service bright, shall all our powers employ, Service to Christ, who in redeeming love, Prepares a place for us, in realms above, To whom be endless praises freely given, By saints on earth, and angels hosts in heaven.

Desolation. Somewhat back from the village street Stands the old-fashioned country seat, Across its antique portico Tall poplar trees their shadows throw, And there, throughout the living day, Jimenia plays the pi-na.

In the front parlor, there it stands, I And there Jimenia plies her hands, While her papa, beneath his cloak, Mutter and grunts: "This is no joke!" And swears to himself and sighs, alas! With sorrowful voice to all who pass, "Do, re, mi, Mi, re, do."

In that mansion used to be Free hearted hospitality: But that was many years before Jimenia monkeyed with the score. When she began her daily plunk, Into their graves the neighbors sunk.

To other worlds they've long since fled, All thankful that they're safe and dead. They stood the racket while alive Until Jimenia rose and said, And then they laid their burdens down, And one and all they skipped the town.

Chats With Correspondents. A BROKEN PROMISE.—M. A. Try again, it is good, and yet not good. Your ideas are better than your words.

Japs at the Palace Rink. A big attraction is promised for next week at the Palace. It will be a grand bazaar of Japanese work and workmen, together with a stage performance, which it is said will surpass anything ever shown here.

Ladies' best linen note paper; twenty five cents per box, at McArthur, 80 King st.

WESTERN PEN PICTURES.

Fir crowned hills, streaked with snow, with here and there wide patches of white, broken by dark lines which we know are deep canons.

A cone so smooth as scarcely to have a shadow upon it, in full daylight spotless in its whiteness, at sunset radiant with the soft pink of a seashell, rising abruptly from the smooth horizon.

Short, squat and square. A face which discounts the language in point of homeliness.

Forests of poles arising out of black, sick looking soil, you see them everywhere as you go by rail from the Puget Sound cities down to the Columbia river.

I am writing this in a friend's store. While I write he is asking one of his clerks when the next steamer sails for Alaska—says he wants to send up some goods to a customer.

This is a wonderful region. I do not think it possible to exaggerate the probable development of British Columbia and Washington. The state and province have much in common, and must reach a commercial and industrial importance unprecedented on this continent.

AN ESTIMATE OF A PREACHER.

Among the eminent and popular preachers whose sermons appear in PROGRESS, there figures frequently the name of Rev. John Hunter.

He is young, virile, bold, broad and emphatically fearless as a thinker and preacher. The man looks what he is, vigorous in frame, with features full of strength, reserve force, and intellectual power.

He was Truthful for Once. A lady was very solicitous about her health. Every trifle made her uneasy, and the doctor was called immediately.

preaches. And when the hour or so of his splendid preaching has passed, he has forced his own intense thought, faith, and feeling into the hearts of his hearers. No one can fail to feel the power of the man. It may be felt in opposition or agreement, but felt it is. And as Mr. Hunter is only just in his prime, his future as a preacher may be said yet to be full of promise.

ONLY A WOMAN.

A Touching Tribute to One of Our Every Day Heroines.

The other day a woman died whose memory I would, for a brief moment, hold back from the eternal silence. She was one of many who have neither beauty, nor wit, nor culture. Hers was one of those ordinary lives whose extinction is no more to the world than so many burned out candles.

He got through at last without doing or saying anything ridiculous, in which respect he was luckier than another stalwart bridegroom of my acquaintance, who was so dazed and overcome that he held out one of his own fingers for the ring when the minister said: "With this ring I thee wed."

THE WOMEN OF JAPAN.

They Are Sweet and Graceful, But the Men Don't Appreciate Them.

During my recent visit to Japan, says Henry T. Fink, several girls told me how glad they would be if they had the opportunity and means to go to America. They had probably heard of the United States as being the paradise of women, and felt that Japan was not exactly an earthly Eden for them.

American call pretty girls angels and adore them as goddesses. The Japanese, on the contrary, compare men with heaven and women with earth. Probably no "foreigner" knows the Japanese as thoroughly as Basil Hall Chamberlain, who has been professor of philology at the university of Tokio.

Have Wilkins & Sands figure on your Painting, inside and outside—Union st.

MILLTOWN.

[Progress is for sale in Milltown at the post office.]

JUNE 3.—I omitted to state last week that Miss Maud Foster, of Marysville, accompanied Miss Logan on her trip home.

Mr. W. D. Lorimer, of St. Andrews, who drove to St. Stephen on Thursday, with his friend, Mr. J. F. Stevenson, did not forget to call upon his Milltown friends.

Mr. M. W. Green and Mr. Ben. Shorten, employees of the C. P. R., were in town on Friday.

Mrs. Henry McAllister and two daughters, Louise and Ethel, spent a few days last week in Robbinston, Me.

Mr. O. H. Hastings, of Montreal, gave us a call last week.

Mr. G. F. Stickey, of St. Andrews, paid St. Stephen a short visit last week.

Rev. J. F. Tucker, of the Congregational church, preached his farewell sermon last Sunday.

Mr. W. Berryman, of St. Stephen, is a regular visitor of ward 5, and he finds the society there so entertaining that he entirely forgets his old friends of the upper end.

Mr. W. E. Mallory, of St. Andrews, was in St. Stephen yesterday.

Mr. E. Boardman and Mr. J. Brown, of Boston, went off for a fishing cruise on Thursday morning by Shore Line.

Mr. J. E. Osborne, commercial traveller, arrived in town on Friday, and remained with his family until Monday, when he left for St. John.

Miss Maud McLean, Miss Bessie Bick and Miss Helen O'Brien, spent Sunday at the Fairhead farm.

WEAK-KNEED BRIDEGROOM.

Their Conduct Contrasted with That of the Happy Brides.

Ministers declare that in nine cases out of ten brides are much more self-possessed than are bridegrooms when the marriage ceremony is being performed.

A shy, modest-looking little creature robed in white will stand perfectly erect, looking the minister calmly and squarely in the face without for an instant losing her self poise, while the big, blunt six-footer of a bridegroom by her side is pale and nervous and trembling.

I was once "best man" to a stalwart, middle-aged bridegroom, noted for his courage and feats of daring, and when the time came for us to go down stairs to meet the bride and her attendants he nearly had a fit, and he looked like a walking corpse all through the ceremony.

Few men say "my wife" easily and naturally the first time they use the words in public.

A funny case was that of a badly rattled bridegroom who stared blankly at the minister until asked if he took "this woman to be his lawful wedded wife," when he started and said, in the blindest manner: "Beg pardon, were you speaking to me?"

A village preacher said that he once married a rural couple at the home of a large company of invited guests. The bridegroom was a big, bony, red-faced young fellow, who looked as though he could have felled an ox with his fist; but he shivered and turned pale at the beginning of the ceremony, and at its close fell down in a dead faint, to the manifest annoyance of his bride, who had been as cool as a cucumber.

Right now, have your Painting done.—Wilkins & Sands, Union St.