

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 21.

THE BISHOP'S DILEMMA.

FRANK R. STOCKTON little knew what he was doing when he wrote the fatal words: "Which came out of the door, the lady or the tiger?"

The gifted author whom his parents, blinded by love, had intended for the ministry, made frenzied readers understand that he would, in another story, tell which came out of the door.

The increasing trouble that Mr. STOCKTON'S story brought upon him—for at length he made the unfortunate admission that he did not himself know which came out of the door—did not deter others from following in his uncertain footsteps.

OSCAR FAY ADAMS is the latest offender in this line. Professor ADAMS has made a careful study of the eccentricities of bishops, the results of which he has given to the wicked world in the form of admirable short tales, which clearly show what some people do not seem to realize, or to want to realize—that bishops are as human as other people.

A St. John lady who, after reading the story, was inclined to believe that the BISHOP OF OKLAHO, being the BISHOP OF OKLAHO, went on the train for Chicago, and yet hoped that she was mistaken, wrote to Professor ADAMS, asking him if the train really did "leave without the bishop."

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ACTION AND INTERACTION.

The universe is a unit. Between all its various parts, scattered throughout the most prodigious stretches of space, there is continually going on an action and interaction which indissolubly bind them into one.

tists tell us, not really in contact, though our senses are too gross to detect the infinitesimal distances which part them. They too are in constant motion, circling round each other and variously affecting each other exactly as their larger brethren.

The stamp of a baby's foot moves "the great globe itself," even though the keenest human perception, aided by the most powerful scientific instruments, may fail to detect the motion. The lighting of a match sets going the light-waves through the immensity of space just as truly, though not on so large a scale, as the blazing Arcturus, which would be equal to seventy suns such as our own.

SHELLEY, in speaking of the mysteries of the stars, says: "So is it in the world of living men." What corresponding phenomena to those already described have we in the human universe? It is plain that whenever two or more human beings are measurably in contact each must affect all the rest and be affected in turn.

In early days societies were small, their wants but little, and the range of interdependence among their units was comparatively limited, and between the various societies themselves there was little intercourse save in the line of war.

Philadelphia was the city in which the independence of the United States was proclaimed to the world, and where the great Declaration was drawn up and signed. And yet it was in Philadelphia that the most of an \$8000 fireworks appropriation for the Fourth of July, 1894, went into the pockets of city officials.

dians watched with the greatest interest the recent strikes in Chicago, tearing that the great splash would sooner or later reach these shores. Monetary troubles in the States during the last decade have taught Canada economic lessons, so that she has fortified herself by creating the safest banking system in the world.

In a word, as the physical ether which fills space binds together the remotest parts of the material universe, so the civilizing agencies are increasingly generating a kind of social ether of international intelligence and refined public opinion which surrounds and permeates the great civilized communities of the present day.

BY MEN IN OTHER LINES.

The names of ROBERT J. BURDETTE, GEORGE DU MAURIER and A. CONAN DOYLE are familiar ones, but are not generally associated with poetry. And yet, judging from the three poems in our last issue written by the bearers of those names, these men are poets entitled to take their stand in the foremost rank of poets.

GEORGE DU MAURIER'S little poem, with its touch of theosophy, is as grand a burst of genius as his novel, or as any picture he ever drew. And now that CONAN DOYLE has killed SHERLOCK HOLMES, when he might just as well have saved him by arming him with his eternal revolver instead of with his everlasting matchsafe, it is to be hoped that he will expiate his sin by producing more such ballads as that of the "Eurydice."

While speaking of poetry written by great men who are not in the regular poetic business, it may be mentioned that BILL NYE has written a poem that is far ahead of the most of his prose. The following verse gives an idea of the poem: That's the reason that the deacon did exactly as he did, And he got to using language very much like Captain Kidd, And out of that blamed horse-trade he finally backslid.

MELLO FOR MISCHIEF.

DA GAMA now writes to PEIXOTO: "I'll come to Brazil, for I've got to; I'll surrender to you; I'll permit you to do with me just as folks think that you'd ought to."

Tuesday's Sun had the following editorial comment: When two boats in a series of forty or fifty mile races come to a finish within a few minutes of each other every time, there is not much to choose between them.

Wednesday's Sun had the following editorial comment: The Vigilant has won a turn at last, and now it is more plain than ever that the two boats are not ill-matched.

Philadelphia was the city in which the independence of the United States was proclaimed to the world, and where the great Declaration was drawn up and signed. And yet it was in Philadelphia that the most of an \$8000 fireworks appropriation for the Fourth of July, 1894, went into the pockets of city officials.

Five men are trying to be the democratic nominee for governor of Texas. Each thinks that there should be free coinage of silver as well as of gold, that their country should run its own ratio, and that

there is only one man who is fitted to be standard-bearer of the democratic party, and eventually governor of Texas.

The oath which the brilliant Mr. COREY drew up for the conscientious Mr. ALL BRIGHT contains a touch of humor, despite its solemnity: Having hereby agreed to engage in the counterfeited business with GEORGE G. COREY, I do solemnly promise to be just and true while I have health and breath, so help me God.

The great strike struck Uncle SAM in the pocket, but the old gentleman is getting even. DEBS is in jail, and PULLMAN will have to pay a rattling good income tax.

PEN AND PRESS.

"Bob" owns a baby; or rather it—which in this case means a boy—is the particular property of Mrs. Larsen, the happy wife of him who, as it were, grew in his newspaper life in the office of PROGRESS. If the little chap begins to stick type and write paragraphs as soon as his father did it won't be long before he is on the staff of some newspaper; and if he inherits the paternal genius—that particular newspaper will be in luck.

The Delineator's summer holiday number has been received from the American department store. Senography and typewriting is treated in the Department for Women Series, and The Young Girls' Toilet is Chapter V. of "Mother and Daughter."

Music on the Squares.

The musical correspondent of PROGRESS talks about music on the squares in his own columns and suggests that some move be made in the matter. Music on the squares is probably out of the question but there should be plenty of chances to hold band concerts elsewhere.

Which Will Wear the Laurel?

The Kentville Advertiser says: "A poetical contest between the well known local poets, Professor Willard Ellis, and E. F. Johnstone, will be held in Scotia Hall, about the 26th of this month. The reputation these talented rivals enjoy will certainly tend to draw a large and enthusiastic audience. Some brilliant outbursts of poetic genius may be expected, as each of the poets is striving hard for a monopoly of public favor. The band has consented to play selections during the evening and the management will spare no pains to preserve good order. The admission fee will be placed at a very low figure, so that all may have an opportunity of listening to the brainy warfare of these intellectual giants."

No "Hero-Worship" There.

While the world knows only one Carlyle, the natives of the small Annandale town where he was born have a provoking habit of asking pilgrims thither the astounding question—"Which Carlyle?" There is a tradition in the district that an old roadman, now dead, happening to be addressed by a party of Carlyle devotees, ran over the names of the various members of the family, and dwelt with special emphasis upon that of Sandy, "who was the grandest breeder o' sows." "But there was one called Thomas, you know," rejoined the leader of the pilgrims. "Aye," retorted the old roadman. "There was Tam; he gaed awa' up to London, but I dinna think he ever did muckle good."

An Absent-Minded Man.

Among the personal anecdotes told of Peter Burrows, the celebrated barrister, and one of Ireland's "worthies," is the following remarkable instance of absence of mind: A friend called upon him one morning in his dressing room, and found him shaving with his face to the wall. He asked him why he chose so strange an attitude. The answer was, "To look in the glass."

A Peppery Queen.

On a recent Shakespearean tour a new heavy lady joined us at Manchester, her opening part being the queen in "Hamlet." This actress, having been disengaged for some time, to preserve her wardrobe from moth had smothered it in black paper. Being rather late for her first scene, she omitted to shake out her royal robes, and her dignified entrance had an astonishing effect upon all on the stage.

The king, after a brave resistance, gave vent to a mighty sneeze that made the stage vibrate. All the royal courtiers and maids of honor followed suit sympathetically. Hamlet came on with most sublime tragedy air, but after a convulsive movement of his princely features buried them in his sombre robe, while sneezed after sneezes was all the public heard from him.

I was playing Ophelia, and what with a wild desire to laugh and then to sneeze and then to cry jumbled the lot up in a violent fit of hysterics. Amid the hubbub of the stage and the shrieks of delight from the audience the stage manager sneezingly rang down the curtain.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

Under the Maples. Under the maples sat Jennie and I, Ever so many years ago, Watching a streamlet gliding by, Gurgling a love song in its flow; The fleecy clouds in a phantom troop Scudded away to the deep blue sea, While our hearts were weaving in many a loop, A mesh for the lives of Jennie and me.

It seemed not strange that her tiny hand Should nestle so trustingly fond in mine; That her soft brown ringlets' shining strand My clumsy fingers like silk should twine; And right it seemed that her bright young head Had found a pillow upon my breast, When the clouds, in gold, and purple, and red, Sank royally down in the far off west,— For I that old, old story had told— A story of anxious hopes and fears,— As over her ringlets' bright brown gold Was falling a shower of pearly tears.— Tears which hung on her eyelids' fringe Like the dew on fresh-born buds of May; And her blushes deepened their roseate tinge As I tenderly kissed those tears away.

Her heart was mine, tho' her lips refused To utter the longed-for syllable, "Yes!" But must she sigh, and sighing she mused; What meant her sighs and her musing, guess! And there we pledged by the streamlet's flow, As the stars peeped out from the quiet sky, Ever so many years ago, Under the maples—Jenny and I.

There are frosty threads in the soft brown hair That I twined round my fingers years ago, And the brow of my wife may be less fair Than it seemed in the sunset's ruddy glow; Yet I know, when I clasp her to my breast, There's a warmer thrill than in days gone by, When the clouds sank royally down in the west, As under the maples sat Jenny and I. SARAH A. BROOK PUTNAM.

Lays of Summer-Time.

Lie on your back and look "up in the sky"; Hear the grasshoppers chirp and the catbirds cry; "Too lazy to live and too lazy to die," 'Tis the right state of mind for July! Dry Is the sky— And so am I!

But to drink in the whole out-of-doors in July Does a fellow more good than a pint of old rye!

MY SUMMER IN A GARDEN.

Last year my little garden-plot Was barren as a desert waste; Peas and potatoes had I not, Nor did I melting melons taste.

The earth-born plants, that skyward gazed, Were blighted in an evil hour; And I with grief was nearly crazed, Viewing my ruined cauliflower.

The frail flowers ope'd their pale blue eyes, Which soon, alas! were closed in death; It seemed that cyclone from the skies Blasted the blossoms in a breath.

This year, indeed, my frenzied eye Shall gaze upon no baneful blight; The garden my neat cottage by Will be, I wend, a splendid sight.

My plot no marplot plague shall mar; My squashes, turnips, beets and peas Will make my garden farrier far Than that of the Hesperides.

My flowers, though men may deem 'em strange, Shall rival those of elfin glens— Why there to be this wondrous change? My next-door neighbor's killed his hens! HARRY ALBRO' WOODWORTH.

Just Them Two.

The woodrose sweet with buds of May On the slope of old Rye Hill; Where Aspotogan lifts her face Over the waters still. Here came the young world's maiden days, Here shone the infant sun; When first the Master saw his work, In perfect beauty done.

Old Aspotogan, your glory lies, On a path to your starry crest; In a dreamy shadow beneath a tree, In a summer twilight's rest. Under the tree the pink and red Of a flower was warm and true; With May winds loving the balmy sky, The sea, and "just them two."

Old Aspotogan, good friends are we, Though a thousand miles and more May lie between us across the world To a dim and distant shore. The birch and pine in your silent dell, Over the ocean blue, Have a voice that follows the dying day, Our lives, and "just them two."

The warm sun saw a flower and sank Hastily down the sky; And over the green arbutus leaves Whispered a last good-bye. The silence then had a language sweet, A meaning they fondly knew; The time and the scene are forever dear— The bars, and "just them two." SPRUCE CAMP, JULY, 1894. CYPRUS GOLDBE.

A Marguerite.

I know a lovely Marguerite, As mirthful as the May; The summer of her life is sweet As roses by the way.

Her image haunts the balmy land Of dreams the poets sing; The land where love's immortal songs Their sweetest incense bring.

Her night-gemmed hair has that dark charm No language can define; A prima donna she may be, Where stars of glory shine.

One tender song she sweetly sings Of loving hearts and hands; United, strengthen friendship's tie Along time's fateful sands.

O spirit of the true heart's peace, Guard well her path of life; The beautiful and good reveal, And shield her in the strife.

Should fortune lead her on the way, To fame's enchanted hall; May memory turn the jeweled key And there my name recall. SEA CRAG, JULY, 1894. CYPRUS GOLDBE.

Change.

Th' untarnished azure, we were late describing, At early morn is fouled with misty gray; And where pale windows late last eve were lying Waves the bright starry green of yesterday.

From change to change we go, from gloom to glory, And from the glow again into the gloom; All, all are good,—the frozen time and hoary, Th' autumnal splendor and the vernal bloom! PASTOR FELIX.

Vox Muricis.

Voice of the grief that is voiceless, O lonely sea, thou art! Voice of a sorrow that, ceaseless, Beats on earth's breaking heart!

All day long till the evening; All night long till the morn; Voice of the bitter burden, Too heavy to be borne!

Soothing with tender sympathy Hearts that with grief are numb; Tears, for eyes that are tearless, Speech, for lips that are dumb!

Voicing the sorrow of ages, Till the end of the world shall be; When "there shall be no more sorrow," * And "there shall be no more sea!"

When thy troubled heart shall be quiet; And death and time shall cease; And the last low sigh, of the last sad heart, Shall die on the shores of Peace. JEAN E. U. NEALIS.

SACKVILLE.

[Progress is for sale in Sackville at Wm. I. Goodwin's Bookstore. In Middle Sackville by E. M. Merrill.]

JULY 11—Dr. and Mrs. Borden, the Misses Gladys and Elaine Borden, Miss Dot Borden of Moncton and Professor Hammond are enjoying a driving tour through Nova Scotia.

Miss Simonds, who has been the guest of Mrs. J. Fred. Allison for some weeks, has returned to her home in St. John.

Mrs. McDonald accompanied by her three children left on Friday for Picton where they will spend the summer months.

Miss Daisy Wood who has been visiting friends in Oxford has returned.

Mrs. Longshore of Sussex is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Pickard.

Mr. Dave Allison has returned from a trip to Halifax.

Miss Copp and Miss Nellie Copp are spending the vacation at Port Elgin.

Mr. Arthur Smith of the Merchants' Bank of Halifax, Truro, is spending some weeks with Dr. and Mrs. Smith.

Mr. J. J. Willis and family have taken a cottage at Port Elgin for the summer.

Mr. Ralston, of St. John, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. James Rainnie.

Mr. and Mrs. Day, and Mr. Edward Day, of Boston, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Fowler.

Miss Edna Lawton, of St. John, is visiting her sister, Mrs. R. P. Foster.

Mr. Arthur Cogswell, now of Lunenburg, is spending his vacation with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Cogswell.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Milner went to Shediac on Tuesday, to attend the funeral of Mrs. Milner's uncle, Mr. Chipman Smith.

Mr. Arthur Ford, who has been in Truro for the past year, is spending his vacation with Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Ford.

Miss Hay, of Woodstock, is the guest of Mrs. Robert Miller.

The Baptist Sunday school held its annual excursion to Cape Tormentine, on Saturday last. The day was very pleasantly spent by the large number which attended.

Mr. Amos Ogden has the sympathy of a large circle of friends, in the death of Mrs. Ogden, which occurred on Tuesday afternoon. Mrs. Ogden has been in failing health for some time. She was a most beloved lady and her untimely death is deeply regretted by all.

Mr. Botsford, widow of the late Senator Botsford, passed peacefully away this morning, at the age of eighty years. She was a most estimable lady. Her first husband was the late Mr. J. F. Allison. She leaves three children, Mrs. Alfred T. Farson, of Brooklyn, N. Y., Mr. J. F. Allison, of Sackville, and Mr. Frank Allison, of Chicago. WILD THYME.

An Unruffled Mind.

Some years ago there lived in Mauch Chunk, Penn., a good citizen and pillar of his church, who took life easily. He may be living now and there seems no reason why he should not live forever, as he has nothing else to do. One Monday morning, after breakfast, he was diligently studying his newspaper. For three hours he read on with delight. During that time his wife had told him over and over again that the poles, upon which the clothes "had ought to be a-drying," were prostrate on the ground, blown down by the storm.

"Mary," said the student, as he looked at his better half over his spectacles, "don't be uneasy. The good Lord, in his own good pleasure, blew down them poles, and when it suits his convenience he'll blow 'em up again."

Somewhat Non-Committal.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, who is at his country home at Beverly Farms, is said to be writing a story of his brilliant life. Longfellow and Holmes taught the world of authors "that lions should not be bears." The geniality and kindness of Oliver Wendell Holmes have brought him many requests from aspiring writers who desire his seal of approval to create a market for their "brain waves." A woman in the far northwest sent him some rhymes, requesting his opinion of them. She wittily thought they were poems. Mr. Holmes returned the verses and illustrations that accompanied them with a note, stating:

My Dear Mrs. Blank—You are a very good woman. Yours sincerely, OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

An Ideal Employer.

Patrick—"If all men wor loike my employer, there wouldn't be so much trouble between labor and capital." Wife—"I didn't yez stroke?" "No. We got already and sint in our commands, plawin th' boss, loike th' gintleman that he is, called us into his office and showed us his books." "An' phwat good wor thos?" "Sure we found he wor losin' wan thousand dollars a month." "Yez did?" "Ye did. An' roight thin an' there we unanimously resolved that we'd kape right along wur-kin' at the old wages till the business commenced to pay expenses."

International Amenities.

Extract from a French paper: At the table d'hôte a dish of radishes is served up. A German sweeps all the radishes into his plate and begins to eat them. "Look here, sir," says a neighbor, "we, too, are fond of radishes." "Oh, not as fond as I am," replied the German. Extract from a German paper: At the table d'hôte the salad is passed around. A Frenchman empties the dish on his own plate. "I say, monsieur," says one of the guests, "we like salad also." "Oh, not so much as I do, monsieur," replies the Frenchman.

Where to Get the Information.

When Dr. Murray wrote to Browning in the interest of the Philological Society's new dictionary, asking for the significance of certain words as used by the poet, Browning replied: "Don't know what I meant, ask the Browning Society."

"Progress" is on sale in Boston at the King's Chapel news stand, corner of School and Tremont streets.