

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUG. 1

There is nothing wrong in requesting even ones bitterest enemies to "go to Halifax," these days.

Both political parties in the United States have had a walk out, and now they are looking for a walk over.

Thomaston, Me., has probably the youngest mayor of any city in North America. The newly elected official, Mr. JAMES B. ATWATER, is but twenty-three years of age.

The spring poet joke seems to have died a natural death but the spring poet is neither dead nor sleeping. The New Brunswick specimen would seem to be particularly lively and prolific.

Mate BRAM of the HERBERT FULLER is not a Nova Scotian. Now it remains for the people of the sister province to prove that the River Philip brigands are importations from some other country.

Collingwood Corner, River Philip, has had considerable notoriety thrust upon it this week, and woke Tuesday morning to find itself famous. The several residents must have been very much interested in hearing themselves classed as a "little country store."

New York papers are not only trying to prove that WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN had used his "crown of thorns" metaphor twice before but that he stole it from somebody else who had substantially used the same phrase some time ago. Like our own "splendid isolation" its origin is doubtful.

Mrs. MAY ELLEN LEASE has not attracted all the attention at the late conventions by a long shot. There is Mrs. HELEN GOUGAR and there is Mrs. ANNA L. DIGGS, the deadly enemy of the Kansas JOAN of ARC, who got a lot of attention. Mrs. DIGGS carried on a continuous debate for several hours one day and succeeded in straightening matters out considerably.

After all, the money question is a forced issue, in the American elections, and every thinking person knows that it has no real standing in the campaign. It was simply thrust in to blind the real thing which the people want—protection. The people are divided on a money system but they are not divided upon all the prevailing questions of tariff and reciprocity.

The past year has been especially dull in theatrical circles all over America, hence the reduction in prices. Now the theatrical papers seem to have caught the fever of cut prices. The Dramatic News, always a leader in its field has been thus reduced to five cents and seems to be twice as good a paper as it was for twice the money.

China had a disastrous war with Japan but LI HUNG CHANG doesn't propose to have China come out second best in any future fight if a study of the armaments of the world will show what to buy and use in war. CHANG has visited all the great European nations and is now coming to America on his way back to China to look over and prepare for acquiring the most modern of war outfits.

Believers in the superstition attached to the number 13 who have had their faith seriously shaken by the announcement a few days ago that the only person uninjured in a late railway accident was a man who occupied a berth with the fatal number, will now derive some consolation from the fact that only one of the thirteen trees planted on Washington Heights N. Y., over a century ago to commemorate the thirteen original states of the Union, is in a flourishing condition. All the others are dead or dying.

Two servants of a very exclusive London family have recently been seen riding bicycles in one of that city's most aristocratic thoroughfares. A very grave fear is felt their presuming conduct has dealt a deadly blow at society cycling. The 'bike' is a powerful leveler in almost every sense

but society the world over now turns a questioning eye towards London; but what can London do? If it comes to a question of extinction between the aristocracy and the wheel it is pretty safe to bet on the wheel.

Mrs. CHANG the wife of LI HUNG CHANG is said to be a very beautiful woman and, compared with her fellow countrywomen, an exceedingly learned one. Her age is more than fifty but she looks less than thirty, a fact which is probably due to the two ba's of oil of orange which she takes daily. Mrs. CHANG has one thousand servants and attendants to answer her beck and call, and she appreciates them, doubtless, all the more because her feet have been compressed until they are quite inefficient for their original purpose and she is unable to walk more than a few yards at a time. Notwithstanding this Mrs. CHANG's life seems to be a particularly happy one.

The revolving searchlight being erected at Cape Leeuwin, West Australia is said to be the most powerful oil light in the world, though one in construction for Halifax harbor may equal it. The two, with two smaller lights for Lundy Island, in the Bristol Channel are developed according to the new methods of revolving over mercury floats, diminishing length of flash, to increase intensity of light. The Australian light gives a flash of 145,000 candle power of one and one half seconds duration, twelve times a minute. There are however electrical lighthouses which have greater light power, the one at Fire Island New York harbor, is said to give 123,000,000 candle power. Dense fog has the same effect upon all whatever their brilliancy.

The belief that the new cow seals are being slaughtered by the pelagic hunters is confirmed by the unofficial report of the government agent on St. Pauls Island of the Pribiloff group, who states that at the rate with which the killing is being carried on the seal herd will be exterminated within a few years. Under the American law thirty thousand male seals per year can be taken at the rookeries, but under the Paris award hunters may kill as many seals of either gender as they please beyond a limit of sixty miles from the breeding grounds. Last year nearly 50,000 seals were taken in open water not counting those that were wounded and lost. This year it is said the catch will not fall short of 40,000 a fleet of fifty sealers having made an average haul of 800 skins. At least 20,000 pups were left to starve and die. Over fifty per cent of the British-Canadian, seventy-eight per cent of the American catch consisted of females and for the year 1895, 28,000 pups were found on the Pribiloff shores starved because of the slaughter of their dams while foraging outside of the sixty mile zone. It is very evident that either a modus vivendi to protect the herds must come or the seals must go. Great Britain, the United States, Russia, and Japan are the countries interested but all efforts to get them together upon a scheme for saving the seals have so far failed, and the prospect now is that the fur seal, like the buffalo, will soon become practically extinct.

There is no doubt some truth in the complaint of numerous business houses, not dealing in bicycles, that their trade has been very much affected by the widespread popularity of the wheel, but there is every reason for thinking that the trouble has been greatly exaggerated. Many persons familiar with this condition of business deny that the sale of wheels and their appurtenances has materially interfered with the sale of other things, except in a very few instances. With this year's cheap wheels and payments on the instalment plan, the women who ride bicycles have not been obliged to any great extent, to stint themselves otherwise in order to pay for their machines. The wheelmen may spend much less time than formerly in shopping, but as a rule, their actual shopping expenses are very little less. A majority of the wheelmen who bought their own wheels have preferred to pay for them in small instalments, and these instead of being met with money that formerly went for necessities, have been made up of the little sums once spent in knick knacks only. In short it appears that they have not been obliged to sacrifice the customary articles of comfort and attraction for the sake of their wheels. For evidence of this it is noted that the wheelmen when seen without their "bikes" are just as smart in the cut and quality of their gowns as ever. This likewise applies to the men. There are doubtless instances where the purchase of certain necessities has been for a time deferred, it may be, until after the wheeling season; but that cyclists of either sex are likely to cease supplying their ordinary wants, is extremely improbable. If storekeepers have thus far suffered to a small extent from the influence of wheeling they may safely count on their bicyclists revived patronage before very long.

The Organist of St. Louis' Church.

Miss V. Carter, Organist, of St. Louis' Church, Montreal, and Piano Virtuoso, has selected and purchased a Pratte Piano for her own use.

Bargains in Wall Papers at McArthur's King St.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

A Merry Party. A merry party from Springvale town Drove south to a fairy lake; By a winding road through forests green, By willowood fern and brake, Do you remember that happy time, In the summer of ninety six; The broken bridge where the brook was dry, And we were all in a fix?

We sat in the shade at the Newville House, We rambled about the mill; And played croquet on the vernal lawn, Under the daisy hill. The charming tea in the cosy room, With l. and M. and well;— Ourselves and the beautiful baby too, And a very engaging belle.

O merry party O summer night, In memory dear remain; Until we meet in the dear old place, By the whispering lake again. For ever true our hearts will keep, The faces of dear old friends; Recalling that happy summer day, 'Till life's brief tenting ends.

We had at last to say farewell And the ansering twilight sky; Was pink and pearl an crimson hue, In the deeper shadows nigh. Then many a parting word we said, Our fondest thoughts enshrine; And never a heart has sweeter dreams Of that happy time than mine.

By Fandy's Bay.

The bay is filled with silver sails, With ashens shapes that fade and flee, And and as the penive twilight falls The tide turns inland from the sea. Its salt beach backs the sand with foam, 'Tis haunting voice floats deep and free; "Go home," it means, "go home, go home," And leave the world tonight and me."

When Love is Dead.

Since our love is dead what matters it now, Whether you dealt the death blow, or I? As together we stand at the final thro, And together we say "good bye."

For our love is dead—no passion nor rith Can rouse it to our heat, Let us look our last on our wasted youth, And cast it beneath our feet!

It was to us both but a brief delight, A joy not unmix'd with pain— For the love you gave I thank you, tonight, Tho' my loss may yet be my gain.

I gave you my best, it seemed to me, Yet I sometimes erred, I know, And for what I was, or fail'd to be, Forgive me before we go.

And if you feel that you, too, have strayed Somewhere from the path of good— That you myself less wrong than I might have made Me happier, if you would.

Cherish no thought of the sorrowful past, But imagine me happy again, And the golden day may break at last, Which redeems an age of pain.

Come, let us part, this is dragging out A lengthening chain of woe, I find myself less wrong than I thought When we met an hour ago.

Good-bye, let me say once more, "sweetheart," But—what is the cloud o'er your brow? Can it be your suffering as we part; Do you love me—even now?

Al! God! I am in your arms again! Let me thank him on bended knees, For those moments of waiting sorrow and pain Were well given for moments like these!

And you loved me all the time, you say, In spite of pain and pride, And you came to me resolved, today, To cast that all to one side.

To tell me that you had suffered, too, And sue for my love once more? This needless—had it all the time, Though I would not own it before!

Better Laugh. If you feel like bean' blue, Better laugh; Signs won't bring sunshine to you— Better laugh.

You can't quarrel late with frowns In a fight of fifty rounds; So in all your ups and downs, Better thing to do, by half, Is just to laugh.

When yer burd's hard to bear, Better grin. Curse don't no cure for care, Better grin. When yer team, 'at arter pull, Baks don't git over the wall, An' splash and splash arter. For you'll Is just to grin.

When you think yer cussin', don't! Better smile. When yer cussin' an' fishes won't, Better smile.

Er your look ar' line gits stuck On the limb, or some bad luck, Only way to show yer pluck, 'Stead yer grumblin' all the while, Is just to smile.

A COOL BICYCLE COSTUME.

A Richibucto Man who Takes Nocturnal Rides in his Night Clothes.

One hears and sees so much about bicycle costumes of late, that the subject has grown rather hackneyed, but the majority of them are for women, and the male sex are left so much in the shade by the designers of new wheel costumes, that I am moved to describe a novelty in that line, which I saw the other day, and which combined lightness, convenience, and the most delightful coolness, with a degree of unconventionality as refreshing, as it is rare, in these over civilized days.

We were off on a fishing trip on the famous Restigouche and after a hard but most delightful day's work we drove into the town of Richibucto at twelve o'clock at night, tired and hungry, but triumphant. As we dismounted at the door of the excellent hotel where we intended sleeping and breakfasting, and were unloading our spoils, one of the horses suddenly snorted and shied at something white which came whizzing down the road at lightning speed, flashed past the hotel, turned and shot rapidly into the yard a few paces from where we were standing. A ghost? Oh no! merely an

enthusiastic wheelman who vaulted lightly to the ground picked up his wheel and ran cheerfully through a side door just as calmly and quietly as if he had not been arrayed in his night shirt! Only that, nothing more! GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

WHERE MEETINGS ARE HELD.

A Barrister's Office the Caucus Ground of Prominent Liberals.

HALIFAX, June 30.—They say that there have been frequent caucuses of a section of liberal workers held in the office of a well known barrister of this city. The section of the party they represent is not the predominant one that carried the general election. Their object is not to talk over the policy of the party, or to glory in its success altogether. Their deliberations have been varied, first, they discussed the question of the majority, or minority, that Russell and Keefe would have. They have progressed from that practical question to one of still greater utility, and the point they are now dwelling upon is that of the patronage of the constituency. Though the members of this caucus are liberals, of the old school, they are not, and do not appear likely to be, as influential in this matter of patronage as others who voted for the liberal candidates. There is much of interest in the proceedings of that liberal caucus in the barrister's office.

Not Likely to Buy the Ladder.

HALIFAX, July 30.—The Herbert Fuller murder excitement last week, and the summer carnival pleasures this week prevented the calling of a city council meeting. There is therefore, nothing to report regarding that white elephant extension ladder which it looks as if a majority of the city council were ready to foist upon the people. Have a care, city fathers, and don't do it. The public will see through your little game if you vote to add such a useless article to the equipment of an already expensive fire department.

A New Law Firm.

A new law firm is announced this week the members of which are widely known in this province and city. Blair, Ruel and Blair, is composed of Hon A. G. Blair who has been the leader of the bar in this province for many years, Alderman A. G. Ruel, a rising young lawyer and A. G. Blair jr., whose appearance so far in the courts has created a very favorable impression. The business of the new firm should be even more prosperous than the partners have enjoyed in their individual capacity.

Why not Have a Spare Boat?

The "Prince Rupert" is again upon the route using two cylinders instead of three. The accident must have been an expensive one to the company, happening as it did on the first day of carnival week. If they had a spare steamer like the Monticello any accident, however serious could not interrupt the service. Why do not the D. A. Railway managers make some effort to secure her?

The Dogs Knew Good Sport.

Dogs regard various kinds of sport in which dogs take part such as men do. One man likes a shotgun so one dog prefers partridges. Another man thinks deer are best game, while another dog would rather chase a rabbit than anything else. A pack of thoroughbred hounds, dogs that know the wiles of crafty foxes, that has been brought up with a dog's nose on their trails, was turned loose on a fox that had been loosed from a box down at Knoxville, Tenn., a while ago. The dogs killed it quickly. Then another turn-down fox was loosed and the dogs put on the trail. The dogs knew the smell and away they went, not on the fool fox's trail, but off into the woods, where there was the trail of an old black coon. The dogs were not going to eat dead mutton when live flesh was at hand. These dogs would look down on the beast that would follow an anise-bag trail more than once.

A Hint for Fishermen.

Dutch fishermen make astonishing catches by means of the following very simple plan: They put a number of live worms and insects in a bottle partially filled with water and then cork it securely. The bottle is dropped into the water, the fisherman sinking his line alongside. It appears that the sight of the wriggling contents of the bottle so excites the appetite of the finny tribes that they fall easy victims to the baited hooks.

Uniforms in Joliet.

According to report, an interesting experiment is soon to be made in the Joliet (Ill.) Penitentiary. It is proposed to have three kinds of suits for prisoners indicative of their department. Green suits will be worn by prisoners of good behavior, cadet gray by those who are less orderly, and red by those who are extremely unruly. It is claimed that this innovation will give the convict the idea that he can make an advance in his fellow-man's opinion, even while confined behind prison bars.

The Drain on the Soil.

Prof. Robert, of Cornell Station, in a bulletin, gives tables showing that a crop of corn each year for twenty years will remove \$128.25 worth of fertility (nitrogen, potash and phosphoric acid) from an acre of land, while the fruit, leaves, tops and roots of thirty-five trees will remove \$337.51 worth of fertility in twenty years. Yet, no man will grow corn on the same land for twenty years without fertilizing it, but thousands expect apples to thrive without fertilizers for twenty to forty years.

Reversed.

"The Chinese always break a plate before they take an oath." "How droll; when we break a plate the oath comes afterwards."—Chicago Record.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report. Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

A FABLE OF A SPARROW

The Best Things in Life go by Favor and can Never be had for a Price. It happened the other morning as the plain-looking but very intelligent little mother Sparrow alighted on the window sill for a talk with her friend the Man, that a honey bee followed her and began crawling to and fro as if in search of something. At that the Man, after excusing himself to the Sparrow, went to a closet, and, bringing out a bottle full of honey, poured a few drops on the window sill, where the bee at once found it and began eagerly to lead itself.

"I'm very glad that you happened in along with the bee," said the Man to the Sparrow. "The bee is a favorite insect with our race, not alone because it gathers the honey, of which I have a choice specimen in the bottle here, but because its life is passed in a way that is typical of the life of the most progressive of our race. The bee devotes all of the hours of warm sunshine to visiting flowers and taking from them their sweet product. This product it stores up in great quantities, sometimes in magnificent quantities, and so is able to live in ease and comfort during the season that lacks sunshine.

"In the same way the most enterprising of our race pass their days. We cultivate those habits of life and thought that enable us to gather what is our substitute for honey—we accumulate money; that is to say, until we can live on the interest of it in ease and comfort. It would be a mistake to suppose that we were anxious to get money for the sake of money only. A few of us only have such a contemptible greed as that, but we strive for a board of wealth so that we can adopt a manner of life entirely suited to our tastes. The man who has a plenty of money can have everything he wants. Without money or the opportunity to accumulate it we might as well be dead."

During this long harangue the Sparrow sat with an eye on the man, but she made no comment on what he said, and they sat in silence for a minute or two. Then, unexpectedly, she flew as if in great alarm, to a perch on top of a picture that was hung near the ceiling. At that the man, following the direction in which the sparrow was looking, saw an old cat with a half grown kitten coming into the room.

"Hello," he said to the sparrow. "You're afraid of cats, eh? Well, come down to my knee. Pussy has been broken of the bad natural habit of killing birds, and you will be interested in watching her play with the kitten."

"So the sparrow flew to the Man and for a long time the two watched the cat play with and pet her little ones. It was a most delightful spectacle to any one who could appreciate the affection of a mother for her little one, and after a time the Man turned to the Sparrow and in a soft voice said: "Well, my little friend there is something that unites us all—birds, beasts and human beings—in a common brotherhood I know that as a mother you understand me now."

Attacked by Copperheads in bed.

Walter Drury, aged five years, son of Martin Drury of Blake's Valley was bitten by a copperhead snake ten times and died from the effects of the poison. He was in bed with his older brother, Ignatius. They awoke in the night, and Walter thought a mouse was biting him on the foot. He called to his parents and they came into the room with a light. A snake wound itself around Walter and sank its fangs into his body ten times until the child fell from pain and exhaustion. He was bitten twice on the arm, twice on the stomach, once on the breast, and on his feet and legs.

In the meantime Ignatius was battling with a second copperhead snake which crawled out of the covers. Ignatius was bitten twice, once on the hip and once on the arm. He shook off the snake and leaped out of bed. Mrs. Drury, in going to the rescue of her boys, stepped on the snake which had bitten Ignatius, and the snake bit her on the foot. Both snakes disappeared through a hole in the floor, through which doubtless they had crawled into the house.

The body of Walter swelled to immense size almost immediately and he suffered intense pain. Mr. Drury rode six miles for a physician, and when the doctor arrived the lad was dying. The physician was too late to save Walter, but he gave Mrs. Drury and Ignatius remedies to counteract the poisonous bites, and both of them will recover. The house in which Mr. Drury lives is built at the foot of North Mountain, and the boys slept in the basement to keep cool. It is thought the snakes crawled into the house from the mountain.—Baltimore Sun.

A Rabbit that Took to Water.

From Seneca, S. C., comes a story to the American Field about a rabbit hunt in a rain storm. It rained hard, but the dogs ran up fifteen rabbits, and all were killed,

mostly by the dogs, but there was one rabbit that knew a thing or two, though not enough to rescue it from the combined wits of several dogs. The little creek the rabbit had been filled to overflowing by the rain, and the bottom or flat lands were sloshy—hummocks were sticking out here and there—some to this bottom the bright rabbit fled. Most rabbits do not like water, and they do not ordinarily take to it when hounded. But this rabbit seemed to have learned a trick from the deer, which seek the water when the dogs are on the trail. The rabbit took to the hummocks, leaped from one to another, but finding that this did not mislead the dogs, it swam the creek back and forth three times, then being well tired out, the dogs grabbed it.

PROTECTION OF FOXES

It Would Add to One Kind of Sport but Seriously Cripple Another.

For hunters, especially those in the Southern States and other regions where fox hunting with packs of dogs is a sport regarded with the highest favor, will commend the suggestion of T. S. Winston in the American Field. Winston advocates what is already a feature in England, the protection of foxes when they are bringing up their pups and are otherwise useless, or nearly so, from the fox hunter's standard of sport. Last winter in Virginia there was organized a local game protective association, one of its by-laws being that a fox should not be killed unless seen with a chicken feather on its chin, which would be circumstantial evidence of convicive weight.

There are some things that fox protection stumbles against. What the bass is to a pickerel, what the pickerel is to a trout, what the trout is to a may fly, the fox is to a game bird.

A night and early-morning prowler, the fox seeks out the mother partridge in her retreat, scatters her brood, sometimes kills her, and destroys the young birds. In this manner the fox destroys what would give the bird hunters, a class quite as numerous as the fox hunters, a great deal of sport. If the fox were protected at a time when its young are growing it would soon learn that fact, being a bright beast, and it would seek its bird prey at midday, and in an extra partridge quail, and woodcock would find its way into the mouths of the young foxes.

There are, broadly speaking, three kinds of fox hunters. The still hunter, the one who shoots his game ahead of his dogs, and the one who allows the fox to escape if the dogs can't catch and kill it. Each has a strong feeling of contempt for the other, a feeling that is similar to a deer still hunter's for the deer hounders, but not such as a deer hounder's for the still hunter. There are few fox still hunters, such hunting requiring skill far exceeding that of the deer still hunter; the gunners are most numerous, with the "blood-tasters," so nicknamed, a weak second.

Advice to Young Men

Never indulge in the notion that you have any absolute right to choose the sphere or the circumstances in which you are to put forth your powers of social action, but let your daily wisdom of life be in making a good use of the opportunities given you.

We live in a real and a solid and truthful world. In such a world only truth, in the long run, can hope to prosper. Therefore avoid lies, mere show and sham and hollow superficiality of all kinds, which is at best a painted lie. Let whatever you are, and whatever you do, grow out of a firm root of truth and a strong soil of reality.

The nobility of life is work. We live in a working world. The idle and lazy man does not count in the plan of campaign. "My father worked hard and I work." Let that text be enough.

Avoid miscellaneous reading. Read nothing that you do not care to remember, and remember nothing you do not mean to use. Never desire to appear clever and make a parade of your talents before men. Be honest, loving, kindly and sympathetic in all you say and do. Cleverness will flow from you naturally if you have it; and applause will come to you unsought from those who know what to applaud, but the applause of fools is to be shunned.—Prof. J. Stuart Blackie.

Just for Carriage Folk.

"No," said the old gentleman, sternly, "I will not do it. Never have I sold anything by false representations, and I will not begin it now."

For a moment he was silent, and the clerk who stood before him could see that the better nature of his employer was fighting strongly for the right.

"No," the old man cried again. "I will not do it. It is an inferior grade of shoe and I will never pass it off as anything better. Mark it, 'A Shoe Fit for a Queen,' and put it in the window. A queen does not have to do much walking."—Chicago Tribune.

To Candy Lovers.

Much of the outcry against candy is the result of wrong methods of use. It can often be easily taken at meal time with good results. Scientists say that the food value of sugar is very great. A pound of sugar contains much more energy and power to support animal life than a pound of meat. If candy is taken under such conditions that it will not derange the digestive apparatus it is perfectly wise and rational to be a candy eater.