

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 5,

GREAT CONTRASTS.

The conviction in the New York courts of BOOTH TUCKER and his Salvation Army associates for disorderly conduct in the noise with which they conducted their religious service at their headquarters, is in strange contrast to the alleged disorderly conduct of Mr. CHARLES, otherwise "Kid" McKoy and Mr. DICK O'BRIEN, before the New York public, and which fight was attended by a clergyman, who has assured the public through the newspapers that it was a most disgusting, disorderly and brutal affair. While it is a trifle difficult at this distance to pronounce upon the merits or demerits of either case, it seems strange that religious observances of the one party should result in a conviction of crime, in a court of justice in a city like New York, and the other alleged brutal, disorderly and, to some extent, indecent exhibition, should win the attention of the public without restriction from the courts. It is very hard to distinguish from an ethical point of view, why BOOTH, TUCKER and his associates should be convicted of disorderly conduct, when KID MCCOY and DICK O'BRIEN were practically lauded for their disorderly efforts in the disorderly amusements of the public. There must be greater latitude in the American metropolis than usually exists in municipalities to harmonize these two episodes. It seems to be dangerous to attempt to run a religious entertainment in New York city.

The telephone statistician has been at work, and gives as a result of his labors the following interesting figures: The number of telephone stations in the United States has reached 352,810. Estimating the population of the country at 62,622,250, there is one telephone to every one hundred and ninety-two inhabitants. The combined population of Europe is 354,957,776 or nearly six times that of the United States, yet there are only 335,037 telephone stations on the continent, or one to every 970 of the population. France with a population of 38,343,193 has only 29,500 telephones or less than the New England States alone. Boston with only 96,970 inhabitants has more telephones than London with its 5,600,000 inhabitants.

A ship set sail lately from San Francisco in search of a hidden island. Her trip promises to be a long and romantic one and before she returns her crew expect their country's flag to be floating over a coral reef close to the equator that no man or nation has claimed; the most accurate location that can be given for it so far is that it is in the North Pacific ocean. The island is said to be covered with a wonderful and enormous deposit of guano, and for nearly fifty years numerous vessels have started out in search of it but they always returned without being able to give its location. May this expedition be successful!

Cities and towns grow rapidly in the neighboring republic but sometimes their fall is quite as rapid as their rise has been. An example of this kind may be found in Kansas. In this state are four towns which had a population of eleven hundred in 1890 but, have, now only a population of eighteen persons. One town has three families out of the four hundred that used to live there. Nine children go to the \$10,000 school house, and there is standing like a monument of folly, a water works system that cost \$36,000. The town it is said never paid a cent of principle or interest on this and never will.

A "floating church" has just been built in the English fen country. The parish of Holme, has in consequence of the drainage of the fens, especially the famous Whittlesea Mere, so extended itself that about half the population are practically out of

reach of their parish church. To assist him in getting at these outside parishioners, the vicar is trying the experiment of using a kind of house boat, which can be moved from point to point on the large fen dyke, or canalized river, surrounding three fourths of the parish.

A sum of money has been voted by the council for the celebration of the Queen's jubilee. There are many patriotic citizens who think that the money supplemented by public subscriptions could be used to better advantage than upon processions and fire works, which once the day is over will be speedily forgotten. The true spirit of loyalty seems to be dying out; though perhaps the Queen will feel just as much flattered over the processions as she would of a memorial grudgingly given.

It may be of interest to know what church is accounted the wealthiest in the world. This recognition is generally assigned to the Orthodox Church of Russia. As an evidence of this, it is stated "that it could easily pay the national debt of the empire, amounting to nearly one billion of dollars and yet not be impoverished." This seems almost incredible but it must be remembered that it has many lucrative sources of revenue.

Spain according to the war office statistics, had sent, up to the end of 1897, 198,047 men and 40 generals to Cuba. The deaths in the field and from yellow fever and other diseases were four general and 22,734 men and officers. No account is given of the men sent home invalided, but at least 22,000 have returned, many of whom have since died.

A projectile from the new English wire guns in a recent trial at Shoeburyness completely penetrated an eighteen inch steel-faced compound armor plate, backed by a six inch wrought iron plate, by eight feet of solid oak and of three inches of iron and was found imbedded in a clay bank thirty five yards behind the target.

The railway companies of Great Britain carried 930,000,000 passengers in 1895 of whom 386 were killed. During the same year in the city of London alone, 586 persons were killed by falling from buildings or out of windows.

France has set up about 300 monuments to distinguished men during the last twenty five years, and there are now one hundred and twenty seven collecting money for more.

Bandmaster SOUSA is again on the route, but the little towns are not too small to play in on this tour.

CHURCH SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

Edgehill and the Medal Given by the Governor General.

Last February His Excellency intimated his intention of offering annually for competition during his term of office a bronze medal. The trustees have gratefully accepted this tangible mark of His Excellency's interest in the progress of education and have decided the terms of competition as follows:

- I. Competitors must have been at least three years in attendance at the school when the medal is awarded at the annual closing.
II. The medal will be awarded to the competitor who secures the highest aggregate of marks in the written and oral examinations at the close of the school year, together with the marks awarded for progress and proficiency in Music or Art departments, or in both.

The present year at Edgehill has been the most successful in point of numbers since the establishment of the school seven years ago.

It is pleasing to note the distinction secured by nine of the Edgehill students last year in the examinations at Trinity College London, England has been a very stimulating and beneficial offset. The number of candidates this year was more than double, there being not less than 23 names sent to the secretary in London for competition this year from Edgehill.

Total Disability.

A dejected-looking Irishman entered the office of an accident insurance company not long ago and handing a soiled and crumpled paper to the clerk in charge, said 'There's me policy, and its meself wants it paid up this day, sorr.'

'On what do you base your claim for total disability?' inquired the clerk, after a comprehensive survey of the sturdy though shittles-looking man who stood leaning against the desk.

'Sure and it's meself that came over to this country to be a butler in the furrst familie,' returned the Irishman, sulkily, 'and havin' no recommendation, oi was wakes widout a place; and whin oi got wan the very next day me feet, bad cess to 'em, tripped under me, and broke toive illigant plates and three cups av coffee. And they discharged me, and niver a stroke av wurck oi got since. And if that aint total disability, it's meself would like to know what is it?'

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Do You Forget.

Do you forget that fountain
By the blue Alsacian mountain;
In the summer
Of that once happy time?
It was ever golden dreaming,
And its splendor had the seeming,
Of the glory
Of that dear enchanting clime.

Ab, that fountain had sweet roses,
But another hand disposes;
And we saw it,
As it came between us two.
But what matter how the flowers,
Bloomed to worship you for hours;
If they found dear,
Like their own your heart was true.

When I saw them in their glory,
Telling there the old sweet story;
Casting all their crowns—
Of beauty at your feet;
Then your promise love still charming
All my doubting thoughts disarming;
Made our life just then,
A paradise complete.

But when purple blooms the clover,
How it fades if we discover;
That the woman's heart—
We trusted could betray;
All the roses in their sorrow,
Like the broken vows that follow;
In their sadness know,
The dream must fade away.

The very grave has giving—
Up the lost love to the living;
And the agony,
Of parting pain returns;
And the loving words once said,
Though they silent seem, not dead;
Are still fragrant,
As the ashes in their urns.

Still unhappy in deceiving,
How the spirit ever grieving;
Asks in vain to see—
Again the sweet days known,
Ah, you may forget the fountain,
By the blue Alsacian mountain;
But can you too,
The happiness now flown?

CYPRUS GOLDBE.

Violet Path, May, 1897.

Jubilee Song.

National Air—"Cheer Boys, Cheer."
Come let us join the band and see
That glorious day as it should be,
The nation's pride, the Jubilee
Of our most gracious Queen.

CHORUS:
Cheer, all cheer, for the Lady of the Roses;
Cheer, all cheer, and make it three times three,
Cheer, all cheer, oh give them perfect doses
Of merry, merry shouts to show all what should be.

Now all may see we're not afraid
To join in that most grand parade,
And now for ever we are glad
To honor our faithful Queen.

CHORUS:
Cheer, all cheer, for the Lady of the Shamrock;
Cheer, all cheer, let everybody cheer;
Cheer, all cheer, for British stock, yes British folk,
England, Ireland and Scotland nicely kept so neat.

Now sixty years has gone for ever,
All praise to Thee thou faithful giver;
Yet nobody seems or wants to sever
The reign of our gifted Queen.

CHORUS:
Cheer, all cheer, for the Lady of the Thistle;
Cheer, all cheer, and give it every time;
Cheer, all cheer, and make the Bagpipes whistle
So merry, merry notes that will keep us all in line.

So let all nations have no fear,
We welcome all from far and near,
To give at least cheer after cheer
For our most noble Queen.

CHORUS:
Cheer, all cheer, come all and do our duty;
Cheer, all cheer, for now we may be seen;
Cheer, all cheer, when all may see the beauty
Of liberty and freedom from our most gracious Queen.
FELKIRK, 1897. R. A. W.

Baby has Gone to School.

The baby has gone to school; ah, me!
What will the mother do,
With never a call to button or pin,
Or tie a little shoe?
How can she keep herself busy all day,
With the little hindering thing away?
Another basket to fill with lunch,
Another "good bye" to say
And mother stands at the door to see
Her baby march away;
And turns with a sigh that is half relief
And half a something akin to grief.

She thinks of a possible future morn,
When the children, one by one,
Will go from their homes to the distant world,
To battle with life alone,
And not even baby be left to cheer
The scattered home of that future year.

She picks up the garments here and there,
Thrown down in careless haste,
And tries to think how it would seem
If nothing were displaced.
If the house were always as still as this,
How could she bear the loneliness?

Song.

It is the miller's daughter,
And she is grown so dear, so dear,
That I would give my life to see
That trembles at her ear;
For his in the ringlets day and night,
I'd touch her neck so warm and white.

And I would be the girder
About her dainty, dainty waist,
And her heart would beat against me,
In sorrow and in rest;
And I should know if it beat right,
I'd clasp it round so close and tight.

And I would be the necklace
And all day long to fall and rise
Upon her dainty bosom,
With her laughter or her sighs,
And I would lie so light, so light,
I scarce should be unclasped at night.
—Tennyson, "The Miller's Daughter."

A Feeling of Spring.

The sunshine's 'jest' a slep' in'
An' dreamin' ev'rywhere,
An' I can't help from feeling,
That spring is nearly here.

I know it by the hummin'
Of the little lazy bees,
An' the odor of gannet
That floats upon the breeze.

I know it by the froggies
A-croakin' 'long the stream,
An' by the patent agent
That run his tongue by steam.

This air is full ov' blessin'
To a feller still an' ole—
Don't talk to me ov' troubles—
Say, whar's the fishin' pole?

The Only Machine in Town

For doing up ladies' shirt waists, is just being put in by us. We guarantee them to look like new. Ungar's laundry and dye works.

HE IS VERY PRACTICAL.

A Halifax Preacher who is Also Quite Original.

HALIFAX, June 3.—There is no more thoughtful and original preacher in Halifax today than Rev. Thomas Fowler, pastor of St. Matthew's presbyterian church, this city. Rev. Mr. Fowler's sermons appeal to an intellectual rather than to an emotional people, and as such he is doubtless at home in St. Matthew's. Last Sunday, however, the rev. gentleman became more than usually practical. In the course of his sermon he objected to a spirit which he thought he noticed in this age under which people were not sufficiently appreciative of favors. They were ready to take all they could get as a matter of course and more too. They acted as if they thought the hackneyed "thank you" was all the equivalent required for any good thing. Then he spoke of the dude who uses the words "Thanks awfully," and with withering scorn said the fellow who utters the words with an "English you know" accent, uses language in which there is neither sense nor grammar, and the dude's state was the more pitiable because he thought that the senseless, ungrammatical expression made him square with whoever might have conferred the favor.

This was only one feature of a sermon which was full of spirituality, and contained many fine lessons. Rev. Mr. Fowler is refreshing as a preacher and he is no less invigorating as a conversationalist. Together with these virtues he is an enthusiastic golfer and is vice-president of the club which plays the fascinating game on Studley links. Last of all, he has become addicted to the use of the bicycle.

NEVER ORDERED THE BUCKETS.
And Some of the Council Refused to Pay for Them.

HALIFAX, June 3.—The board of fire-works of this city had an interesting meeting the other day discussing the purchase of a lot of fire extinguishers which had been delivered at the city hall, and also set in batches to the various establishments controlled by the city. The interesting part of it was that not a member of the board knew anything about how they came to be ordered, and Alderman Butler went so far as to refuse to have anything to do with paying for them. Chief Connolly said he had attended every meeting of the board and never heard fire buckets mentioned. The only man who seemed to know anything about the modus operandi by which the buckets were purchased was City Clerk Trenaman, who said he thought they had been ordered on a paper signed by a majority of the old board, though the matter had never come up at a meeting. In spite of the large supply of these articles the board ordered a half dozen of another style of fire extinguisher, over which they spent nearly an hour in deliberation. They were perhaps making up a good average of deliberation, taking the two orders together—the speedy and the slow.

THE LOVELY CZARINA.

She is the Most Charming Sovereign Lady in All Christendom.

"They are good, honest people," was the comment recently made by a distinguished member of the Society of St. Petersburg, concerning his young Emperor and Empress. It is a strange compliment to be addressed to people of their rank. Yet it serves to portray them as they are and to convey the impression which Nicholas and his lovely wife produce upon all those with whom they are brought into contact. Sincerity and absence of affectation are even still more rare at the courts of the old world than they are in modern society. Indeed, court life is made up to a great degree of shams and artificiality. When, therefore, one finds people there who are entirely natural and thoroughly sincere, it is like a sort of bright and cheering sunshine piercing through the haze and fog.

This sincerity on the part of the young couple is in a great measure due to the influence of the Czarina, who may be said to have inherited all the many qualities not only of her lamented mother, the late Grand Duchess Alice of Hesse, but likewise of her venerable grandmother, Queen Victoria. The Czarina lost her mother—the most brilliant, attractive and popular of all British princesses—at a very early age, and from that time forth her English relatives took charge of her; her aunts, Princess Beatrice and the Empress Frederick, and her cousins, Princesses Maud and Victoria of Wales, being especially devoted to her. But the one who most fully assumed the place of her mother was good Queen Victoria herself, and it was to her that "sunny" (the pet name by which the Czarina used to be known among her relatives) turned for counsel when hesitating between her love for Nicholas on the one hand and her reluctance to abandon the faith in which she had been reared on the other. The advice which Queen Victoria gave her is best shown by the fact that the marriage took place.

What is so winning about the Czarina is her eagerness to please, the man fest deli-



acy of her sentiments, the innocence of a mind that is far above the average in the quality of its intellect, and last, but not least, the lovely face, exquisite figure and perfect carriage, all of which contribute to make her the most charming sovereign lady in Christendom.

A COPIED CRIME.

They Only Followed in Reality What They Had Read in Books.

Some time ago two boys, the oldest under seventeen years of age, arrived in this country from Paris. They came in a spirit of adventure to seek their fortunes in the West, but they soon drifted down to Louisiana, and settled among people who spoke their native tongue. There they became popular, and every one lent them books to read. It was soon noticed that they preferred stories of piracy, lawless love and vicious adventure.

One day—it was in 1896—the little village was startled by the news that a man had been horribly murdered. Investigation showed that he had been surprised in his house, tortured to make him reveal the hiding-places of his treasure, and then killed. He was the richest man in the country roundabout, and living alone, with the habits of a miser, he was known to have large sums of money concealed on his premises.

The brutal crime roused the whole neighborhood. Large rewards were offered for the capture of the murderers. Bloodhounds and detectives were set at work. A poor tramp was arrested, and was barely able to prove an alibi to escape being lynched. But all efforts to trace the assassins failed.

A few weeks after the two French boys showed their employer a letter from New Orleans offering them work at higher wages. Their employer congratulated them, and advised them to go; and they went. But the sheriff had some suspicion. He found out at the post-office that the boys had received no such letter. He went to New Orleans, and the boys were not to be found at the address they had given. He tried to trace them, but they had disappeared completely.

Some months after this two ragged youths presented themselves at a plantation near the scene of the crime, and asked for work. They showed signs of great suffering and poverty. They were emaciated and ravenous. They were recognized as the same two brothers who had left the neighborhood to go to New Orleans. The sheriff soon heard of their return, and arrested them on the charge of murder. Overcome with terror, they broke down and confessed the deed. It was a miserable story of two guilty and haunted souls.

"The face of the dead man followed us everywhere," they said. "We couldn't get away from it."

The sheriff questioned them, and found out that in one of the dime novels which they were in the habit of reading a murderous plot had captured their depraved fancy, and enticed them to a career of crime. This book told how an old miser was robbed, and finally killed, and how the ruffians escaped to enjoy their booty. They determined to reproduce the bloody description in real life, and spent some weeks in planning the fatal work.

They travelled in luxury on the proceeds of their murderous theft. They tried every amusement, every excitement; but they could not be happy. In vain they endeavored to banish the agonized countenance of their victim. It was as if some chain bound them to the scene of their atrocity, and the farther away they went, the more inexorably this strange power pulled them back. Tortured by remorse, miserable and saving, these poor dupes of a wicked book drifted to their doom as surely as a boat caught in the eddies of the maelstrom.

Both brothers were sentenced to death. Perhaps they will have suffered the extreme penalty of the law before this story reaches our readers.

Fascinate a boy with a book, and he will do what he reads. They who throw criminal fiction—or the details of real crime—in the way of the young are enemies of mankind, sowing the seeds of sorrow and death.

Tunnel Between Ireland and Scotland.

It is reported that the British government has a scheme under consideration for tunneling between Ireland and Scotland. The idea is not a new one, and is reckoned by competent engineers to be perfectly feasible. The route will probably be from a point in Scotland just north of Port Patrick to a point in Ireland, near Carrickfergus. The estimated cost is \$35,000,000.