

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR

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ST JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 22.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A ROGUE.

It is a crime in England to be "an incorrigible rogue." To illustrate what sort of conduct brings an offender within this category a case may be mentioned of a man who was recently tried and convicted in the County of London sessions. The defendant was found on Hampstead Heath on Easter Monday morning entertaining a crowd of bystanders by means of a circular table divided by lines through the centre into a number of parts, each of which was named after some well-known racehorse. On a pivot in the centre of the table moved a pointer which was set going by the defendant, and when it stopped at a particular division the horse for which that division was named was said to have won. Bets on the winner were invited from the crowd, and it was observed by the detectives that the only persons who won anything were men apparently acquainted with the operator and turned out to be confederates. On arresting him and examining the tables, an arrangement was found underneath it whereby he could stop the pointer whenever he liked without the knowledge of those looking on. What makes him in the eyes of the law "an incorrigible rogue" is the fact that he had served several terms of imprisonment already for similar practices.

That the policy of quiescence adopted in the present crisis in the East by Prince FERDINAND in compliance with the demands of Germany, Austria and Russia does not accord with popular sentiment in Bulgaria is shown by the renewal of anti-Turkish agitation and the feeling of restlessness prevailing among the people and the Bulgarian army. Possibly Prince FERDINAND may yet be obliged to yield to popular clamor, just as King GEORGE of Greece was forced to place himself at the head of the Hellenic nationalist movement. The Bulgars, as well as the Greeks, may have become convinced that time serving with the powers can result only in the ultimate defeat of their national aspirations. Whatever may be the predilections of their ruling dynasties, the nations of the Balkan Peninsula must have realized that the interests of the powers are diametrically opposed to the growth of self-reliant independent States or the ruins of the Ottoman Empire, and their only hope lies in the suppression of their mutual jealousies and in the presentation of a united front to their common enemies, the concert and the Turk.

By a vote of 16,433 against 15,954 the citizens of Toronto decided on Saturday last the question of Sunday street cars. There was a majority of 479 in favor of running the cars. The question has been voted upon three times during the past ten years. The campaign was mainly between the clergy and the business interests of the city. There was some conservative opposition to Sunday cars on the ground that it would compel men to labor seven days in the week. The clerical party talk of applying for injunction on the ground that the running of the cars conflicts with the Dominion laws for the general observance of Sunday, and is therefore unconstitutional; but it is more than probable that an experience of the convenience of Sunday railway transit, especially for the poorer people and for saints as well as sinners, will reconcile all opposition to the innovation.

In a negligence case tried on the second of May before the Lord Chief Justice of England, a doctor was called to testify to the injuries suffered by the plaintiff. Upon taking the stand the witness objected to giving his evidence till his fee was paid. He had received half a crown with his subpoena and had been offered a guinea

more, but as he had been in attendance three days he thought he ought to have a fee for each day. Lord Russell held that under the circumstances he was not bound to testify, but suggested that he might see fit to do so inasmuch as he was in court. The witness however, said that he must persist in his refusal in the interest of the medical profession and the case was closed without his testimony.

GEORGE PRABODY'S gift of \$2,500,000 for London workmen's houses has increased to \$6,000,000 in the twenty-four years since his death. Last year the trustees of the fund provided 11,367 rooms, besides bath rooms, lavatories and laundries; 19,854 persons occupied them. The death rate of infants in the buildings is four per cent. below the average for London.

According to the London Court Journal LI HUNG CHANG has an arduous task before him. The story is that the Chinese Emperor, being anxious to learn French, appointed the erstwhile possessor of the yellow jacket as his tutor. But when he discovered that his teacher had but a smattering of the tongue, he ordered that Li be incarcerated until he learns the language.

The United States seems to be capturing lots of good things this year. The King of Siam is about to pay that country a visit, and he will be followed later in the summer by the Rajah of Rezamatz. There's a name to conjure with.

A member of the Women's Press Club of New York gives the following original recipe for ending a war before it is begun: Let the other fellow know you can lick him; then there will be no necessity of doing it.

The condition of the starving people in Cuba appeals strongly for sympathy whether the victims be foreigners sojourning in that country, Cuban insurgents or Spaniards.

AT THE INSTITUTE.

Mikado to be Played by a Company of Local Amateur Singers.

On the 27th and 28th next Thursday and Friday, the old Mechanics Institute will revive the scenes of its former times, when Gilbert and Sullivan's most popular opera the Mikado will be given by a company of amateurs under Mr. James Ford's direction. The opera is given to benefit the Oratorio society which is in need of new music. Those who heard "The Sorcerer," and remember Miss Katie Barryman's triumphs in the "Chimes of Normandy" Mr. Gelston Mill as "Fredric" in the Parates, and later Collier's "Dorothy" will be glad that the amateurs have not deserted the home of their first successes. The old Institute holds many pleasant associations for our music loving people and its comfortable roomy seats compensate from less elaborate staging of plays, etc.

St. John's prettiest girls make a chorus of most bewitchingly demure little Japanese ladies and our best male voices are utilized in the train of haughty nobles.

Mrs. Charles Taylor of Rothesay is a most fetching "Yun yum" and is well supported by Miss Kathleen Furlong and Miss Constance Vail as "Petti Sing" and "Peepbo". Miss Grace Manning makes a stately Katsusha, Mr. Lindsey sings the Mikado and Mr. Robert Seely is sure to make a hit as the lofty "Pooh Bah" Mr. F. H. J. Riel is "Nanki Pook" Mr. A. Cair Ritchie "Pish Tash" and Mr. Charles Harrison makes an unmistakable Ko-Ko. Costumes have been procured from New York and these will help to make perfect an almost faultless whole—musically there is nothing to be desired, the chorus is between 40 to 50 strong, and the orchestra is under the direction of the ever popular Morton L. Harrison. Both Mr. Ford and Miss Ina S. Brown who have been working so hard over the musical and dramatic parts have reason to be proud of their splendid work, which is sure to do them credit. The stage settings are under the direction of Mr. John McCaffrey, who personally selected the costumes, and to whom the company is indebted for his kindness in procuring most minute directions concerning the production of the opera. The floral decorations are by McLean and will add greatly to the garden scene.

Seats have been placed at popular prices 50 and 35 cents, so as to give all our people a chance to hear the Mikado, and a dress rehearsal will be held on Wednesday evening to which the admission will be \$1.00, to be paid at the door.

Queen's Birthday Excursion.

The Stmr. Clifton, Capt. Earle, will run one of her popular excursions to Hampton on the Queen's Birthday. Stops will be made at the "Willows," Chapel Grove, Moss Glen, Clifton and other points affording a splendid opportunity to picnickers. For particulars see "ad" in another column.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

Baby Elsie.

Wee little Elsie sweet,  
Dimply fat hands and feet;  
Dimply fair cheeks and chin;  
Pray tell us who let you in.  
Who let you in from—  
The storm stilled land?  
O whisper till mother—  
Can understand—  
How life begins in the cloudless land,  
Over the far off golden strand.

Wee little stranger sweet,  
How did we come to meet;  
A spirit so purely clad,  
Making sick mother glad;  
Who gave you to me  
To understand,  
To know so far from  
The lamb fold land;  
You'd be my babe from the temple's grand;  
Come to the waste of this wide worlds sand.

Wee little lady sweet  
The mother love knows the bleat,  
Deep in her heart that fell;  
Her little white lamb can tell;—  
Something to her of—  
The song loved land;  
Something that mother  
Can understand:  
Who gave you tears in the sweet sleep land,  
To love us with here in the household band.

Wee little Idol sweet,  
Mother's own self so plete;  
Warm on her grateful breast,  
Snuggled down close and rest;  
Smile on me till,  
I understand;

Patting my breast with your wee pink hand,  
The sign of the spirit your flight that planned.

Wee little Eden sweet,  
Straying so far to greet,  
Mother so blest to day;  
What did the angels say,  
Loving you first,  
In the home door land;  
Kiss me and mother  
Will understand,

The message they sent from the calm shore land  
Where the walls of Heaven in glory stand.  
CYRUS GOLBE.

The Old Time Friends.

Mister "Soldier of the legion," you are dying in a ghier,  
And the moon upon "the burning deck" is shedding bitter tears,  
And we're getting closer—closer to the Hohen-  
hidden light,  
And we really fear that curfew's going to ring again tonight.

Sir John Moore will be buried in his ancient soldier's coat,  
While not a drum is beating, and we hear no funeral note,  
And Mary, known to all the girls so very long ago,  
Will lead us out that "little lamb" whose "fleece was white as snow."

And Cato will tell Plato that he reasons very well,  
While Hamlet on the future in soliloquy will dwell,  
And we'll be back on the hills and we'll listen in the glade  
To the wonder and the thunder of the charging "light brigade."

But come old friend and lead us to the meadows far away,  
For the boys that rang the curfew once are getting old and gray,  
And death, the re-kiss reaper, is thinning out the line,  
But in dreams they drift to Bingen, to "Bingen on the Rhine."

Psalm xxvii.

My wants are well supplied,  
Since God, my shepherd leads  
To rest where waters plenty glide  
Through verdant meads,  
He makes my soul to draw  
Health from their living rills,  
And for his name within his law  
My course He guides.

Yes, though my steps descend  
Death's valley, dark and chill,  
Thy presence shall my faith defend  
From fear or ill.  
For through all their living rod  
To bliss shall point the way;  
Thy staff in all the weary road  
My feet shall stay.

My cup with wine o'erflows,  
Thy oil anoints my head;  
And in the presence of my foes  
My boast is spread.  
Surely Thy grace a love  
Forever shall follow me,  
And ever in Thy house above  
My home shall be.

Unspoken.

When you owe a fellow money,  
It is always kind of funny  
How you'd just a little rather that you didn't  
Chance to meet.  
Of course you mean to pay it,  
And you know he won't say it  
If he even got to thinking you a trifle indiscreet.

You know he wouldn't bone you  
For the temporary loan you  
Unthinkingly asserted you would very promptly  
Pay.  
But, though cordially you greet him,  
It is true you never meet him,  
And ever in Thy house above  
My home shall be.

Though you grasp his hand with ardor,  
Though you grip it hard and harder,  
You'll still be sadly conscious of a something in between,  
Of a something intervening,  
Of the which you guess the meaning  
For you know it's but the spirit of the cash he hasn't seen.  
—Chicago Journal.

Thoughts in Separation.

We never meet, yet we meet day by day  
Upon those hills of life, dim and immense;  
The good we love, and sleep—our innocence,  
Oh, hills of life, high hills! And higher than they  
Our guardian spirits meet at prayer and play,  
Beyond pain, joy and hope and long suspense,  
Above the summits of our souls, far hence  
An Angel meets an angel on the way.

Beyond all good I ever believed of thee,  
O thou of me, these always love and live  
And though I fall of thy ideal of me  
My angel falls not short. They greet each other,  
Who knows? They may exchange the kiss we give,  
Thou to thy crucifix, I to my mother.  
—Alice Maynell in New York Tribune.

MONEY FOR THE EXHIBITION.

Halifax Will Spend a Large Sum on the New Building.

HALIFAX May 20.—The provincial Exhibition commission now has \$20,000 practically at their disposal with which to establish the exhibition which is dated for the end of September. The contract for the main building was signed with M. E. Keele on Wednesday, the work to be finished by the second week of September.

It is, indeed, little enough time that is now left to make a success of the affair. Every day will count. Mayor Stephen is chairman of the executive and it behooves him to rush things.

MR. FYSHE TO BE MANAGER.

He is a Well Known Financier and Promotion is Deserved.

HALIFAX, May 20.—The biggest sensation in Halifax financial circles for a long time was that caused by the announcement of the retirement of Thomas Fyshe from the cashiership of the bank of Nova Scotia to take charge, as general manager, of the Merchants bank of Canada at Montreal. Mr. Fyshe's salary in Halifax was \$12,000 in Montreal he will receive \$20,000 a year.

The sensation is only half explained by statement that Mr. Fyshe was going to Montreal. The remaining cause for the excitement was that Mr. George Hague, who has been general manager, of the Merchants bank of Canada stated that the report that Mr. Fyshe was to take his place was "ridiculous and absurd." This was strange, in view of Mr. Fyshe's statement that he would soon leave for Montreal to enter on his new duties. How to explain this was not easy at first, but it seems possible to reconcile the two statements. The merchants bank of Canada want Mr. Fyshe to control their interests, but it is not easy to get Mr. Hague out, a man who has long occupied the position and has made the bank a great power in the land. So they have quietly engaged Mr. Fyshe as joint manager, and all who know that gentleman know that his being "joint" manager means doing just as he likes in what he deems the interests of the bank. Either this or the directors of the Merchant's bank intend to superannuate their old manager. In any event Mr. Fyshe is sure to be in full control not many days after he reaches the commercial metropolis, Mr. Hague or Mr. Hague.

The wonderfully successful career of Mr. Fyshe as a bank manager is known in financial circles all over Canada. His departure from Halifax will be deeply regretted. In connection with this success it is remarkable how some men can do so well when working for others, as in the case of a bank manager, and yet do so poorly on their own account. When Mr. Fyshe was a stock broker in New York, he was, of course, a younger man, and less experienced than he subsequently became, but in New York he was anything but successful in carrying on a business on his own account.

George Hague the supplanted manager of the Merchants bank of Canada, is the father of Rev. Dyson Hague of this city, who has just accepted a position as professor on the staff of Wycliffe college Toronto.

THEIR STORE IMPROVEMENTS.

Messrs. Emerson & Fisher Make Some Excellent Changes.

Our attention has recently been drawn to the very considerable changes that Messrs. Emerson & Fisher have this year made in their premises; more particularly that in connection with their retail store, to which they have added considerable extra space, and otherwise materially improved.

Messrs. E. & F. have faith that their native city is, and always will be, the pivotal centre of the business life of the maritime provinces, and they are determined to keep up with the times, and cater to its growing demands. The merchants of St. John have always been noted for their enterprise in reaching out for business, and their pluck was fully demonstrated the morning after the great fire in 77 when capital and property was swept away, and faith and hope alone, were left. The new St. John arose from the ashes, and her merchants have gone on fighting lustily against great obstacles. The handsome stores, well arranged business premises and beautiful stocks to be seen on every hand are evidence of the determination to do their share in keeping St. John in a foremost position.

Messrs. Emerson & Fisher are among those who are best advanced in the thorough conduct of their business, and from our own observation we think we are safe in saying that there is no concern in Canada in their line of business which carries a better assorted stock in their varied lines, or shows it in a more attractive manner. The customer cannot but be impressed with this upon entering their store, and the feeling grows as the advance is made flat by flat and each department in turn is taken in.

Among the latest ideas in connection with their retail store might be mentioned the new style of glass show case counter which utilizes space that has usually been wasted. They have also opened up a new hardware section, in which they make a unique display of shelf hardware and cutlery. They have also adopted the Department



store idea of exposing many lines of small housekeeping hardware and notions in trays, everything being marked in plain figures, thus giving free access to the customer to handle and select their wants in the easiest and most comfortable manner. All these we are sure will add to the popularity of this store as a shopping centre for this class of goods; the firm having so well recognized a reputation for handling only reliable goods at popular prices.

On their main floor their display of seasonable goods, including refrigerators, enamelled ware, housekeepers hardware, is most interesting and attractive. One of their ranges—a new one called the "Prince Royal," made expressly for the jubilee year—is one of the handsomest pieces of stove construction it has ever been our pleasure to see, and the firm are justly proud of the fact that this is the production of the Enterprise Foundry Co., of Sackville, N. B., in which they hold a large interest.

On the floor directly above the main store are their handsome show rooms for the display of mantels and grates and we are convinced that the visitor, whether a purchaser or not, cannot fail to be greatly pleased and impressed with the beautiful goods here shown. Every possible style and combination is represented, and at such a range of prices that all wants can be met, from a neat and tasteful slate mantel with grate complete as low as \$18.00, to the more elegant cherry or oak mantels with over-mantels fitted in the most attractive manner, with beautiful tiles, polished brass and irons, fenders, etc. The firm gladly welcome a visit to this or for that matter to any other department of their establishment. We are under the impression that a great number of our citizens are not aware that such modern and beautiful goods are kept in St. John.

On the two floors above is carried on the wholesale business of the firm, where 10 large warehouses, each 90 feet long are replete with a large stock of the many lines which the concern through its staff of travelling salesmen are selling and shipping out daily to every part of the maritime provinces. About forty hands are kept constantly employed in the different departments.

DRUNK FROM LOSS OF SLEEP.

Results of a Scientific Test upon Subjects Awake Ninety Hours.

Experiment to test the effect of continued sleeplessness is the latest exploit of science.

Professor H. C. Warren of Princeton university in a paper describes the findings of Professor Patrick and Dr. Gilbert of the University of Iowa on the effects of the loss of sleep. Those who have missed their normal rest for several nights in succession feel a lassitude and a sort of depressing interest in life. They behave queerly and seem to lose an equitable judgment of things. Events seem out of proportion and often ordinary occurrences appear to go zigzag. This is the sleepless 'jag' and its hallucinations are as marked as those of a man carrying an overload of liquor.

Three normal subjects composed of instructors, and hence men not easily susceptible to influences, were tested by Professor Patrick and Dr. Gilbert. They were kept awake for a period of 90 hours without resort to stimulants or other physiological means. During the four days and three nights of the test they were engaged, as far as possible, in their usual occupations. Their meals were of the customary kind and were served at the usual hours.

After the second night the first subject suffered curious fancies. He complained that the floor was covered with a greasy looking, molecular layer of rapidly moving particles. They worried him almost to desperation. Often this layer seemed to him a foot above the floor and parallel with it, and it caused him tremendous trouble, as he stumbled about and tried to step on it. He staggered and tumbled, but he could not get a sure foothold. He would try to walk on space, thinking the floor was a foot above where it was, and when his efforts met disaster he seemed sorely distressed.

After the air was full of these dancing particles, which developed into swarms of little bodies like gnats, but colored red, purple or black. They gyrated, it seemed to the subject, in great glee, and he frequently climbed upon a chair to brush them from about the gas jet. This amused him greatly. Especially was he entertained by the various colors in which he saw the little troopers as they drove about him in countless hordes.—New York Journal.

Frank Kelly of Cincinnati, who arrived in New York recently, has two men under his management whom he would like to secure matches for. One is Patsy O'Leary of San Francisco, a 122 pounder, and the other is Tom Lansing, a middle weight. Kelly says that O'Leary is a comer in his class.