

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 17.

A BLOODLESS WAR.

No more striking illustrations of the relatively bloodless character of the recent Turko-Grecian war can be given than that afforded by the official returns recently issued, according to which the number of prisoners taken by the rival armies amounted to two hundred men each, while in the Greek hospitals there has throughout the campaign not been a single Greek soldier treated for a sabre, bayonet or lance wound, the only injuries being those inflicted by rifle bullets or the explosion of shells. This is equivalent to a demonstration that there was no hand-to-hand fighting, and that the troops never really came to close quarters throughout the struggle.

A movement has recently been started in Kansas to have a tornado cave attached to every school house as a refuge for the children in times of those destructive visitations which are there so frequent, requiring special provisions of refuge and protection from them. Once in the cave no matter how violent the storm, the children are safe. In some of the schools tornado drills have been instituted, the pupils being instructed to file out in military order, the signal being sounded by the school piano when there is one; when there is none it is given by word of mouth. It is rather like a fire drill in its details, and out there is of much more urgent necessity.

French nerve, unappreciated, has put an end to a Paris engagement, according to the English newspapers. A young woman was at the charity bazaar with the young man to whom she was engaged when the fire broke out. He ran at the first alarm leaving her alone, but she managed to get out and go home. There she found the young man who had politely called to see if she was safe. He was shown to the door.

A railroad detective who travels almost constantly between Chicago and Cleveland reports that the number of tramps now on the road exceeds anything he has ever seen. He says it is not fair to call them tramps, for they appear to be mechanics and laborers out of employment. The detective in question makes the almost incredible statement that he counted 197 tramps on one night freight train.

According to a recent consular report, Cuba contains 13,000,000 acres of primeval forests, "where the woodman's axe has never been heard." In these forests, which cover nearly half the entire surface of the island, are found among other timber, mahogany, cedar wood, redwood, logwood, ligum vitae, ebony, and a tree with extremely durable wood called caguaran.

Swiss children are obliged to attend school six to eight years, fines being imposed on their parents in case of unexcused absence. But as many parents are too poor to provide food and clothing for their children, not a few of the cantons have undertaken to provide assistance, and it is estimated that last year 40,000 children were thus aided by the state.

Mainz has decided to celebrate the birth of GUTTENBURG on midsummer day, 1900, in order not to interfere with Leipzig's celebration of the same event in 1899. As the exact year of the birth of the inventor of printing is not known a year or two in the observance of the 600th anniversary will not shock historical accuracy.

According to Dr. FLINT of Scotland, the great creeds of Christendom are unifying rather than dividing forces. This is true, though perhaps not a familiar aspect

of the case. The great creeds assert more, and more important things in common than most people are aware.

It will be dangerous in future for citizens of Massachusetts to wear the plumage of insect killing birds on their hats. Governor WOLCOTT has signed the bill putting the bird-killer and the bird-wing wearer on the same basis and making them amenable to the same penalty.

A "South Sea Paradise" founded in the Fiji Islands by tired Californians has collapsed because the settlers found work to be necessary even there. The primal curse of Eden seems to be quite far reaching even still.

Two women have recently been commissioned as colonels by Southern Governors.

The Porte doesn't do a thing to the notes from the Powers but discount them.

From the clouds which continually hang over us, good Lord deliver us.

A DISTINGUISHED MUSICIAN.

He Will Make St. John His Headquarters for a Time.

Mr. M. Edgar Buck of London, England, has within the past week taken up his permanent residence in this city, and is being welcomed by the musical community. Mr. Buck is a graduate of Signor Manuel Garcia, in voice culture. Garcia is one of the most celebrated of living vocal teachers and enjoys the distinction of having been the principal instructor of Jenny Lind. Mr. Buck has lately been a resident of Ottawa and while there, presented to the public, the following operas with his pupils in the sale cart, Mikado, Pinatore, and Il Trovatore, having upon these occasions the distinguished patronage of Lord and Lady Aberdeen. Some years ago Mr. Buck was a member of the vocal staff, in the N. E. conservatory of music in Boston, and in 1881 created the role of "Jesus" in Guonod's "Redemption" at the Boston Theatre in that city; while a resident there Mr. Buck was also conductor of the Bay state choral society.

Later, in the practice of his profession in Toronto Mr. Buck met with most gratifying success. His teaching includes voice culture and elocution. Mrs. Buck who is now visiting friends in Paris, will join her husband in September and open classes in grammatical and conversational French. Mr. Buck has given great attention and study to the art of conducting and in that branch of his profession has had eminent success. It was he who trained and conducted the great chorus which sung on Parliament hill Ottawa, June 22nd, as part of the Jubilee celebration; on this occasion the audience numbered 40,000 including Lord and Lady Aberdeen. Those who have met Mr. Buck are pleased with his personality and predict for him success in his new field. His studio at present is located in the church of England rooms on Germain street, and his permanent address is 81 Princess. Mr. Buck has taken charge of St. Andrews church choir.

A Timely and Substantial Gift.

There is always a warm spot in the heart of a commercial man for any one of their number in ill health. This was illustrated a few days ago when Mr. W. A. Cathers on behalf of a number of his companions on the road presented Mr. T. H. Foster who is seriously ill with a purse of about two hundred dollars. Such an act as this reflects credit on all concerned.

Annual Picnic.

Father Collette's will hold his annual picnic on Chapel Hill, West Quaco on Tuesday July 20th. The St. Martin's railway will give a half fare excursion and the programme includes a number of interesting events. These picnics are always enjoyable and well patronized and it is likely next Tuesday will be quite as pleasant as any previous ones have been.

An Operatic Novelty.

An interesting operatic novelty is reported from Barcelona and is the work of a young Spanish composer named Amadeo Vives. The personality of the youthful composer has done much to interest the public in him. He is now but 26 years old, and was the son of a poor workman, and the musician has been no more favored by nature than by fortune. He is lame, and one of his arms is shorter than the other, so that his musical studies were pursued under most unfavorable circumstances. Only a few years ago he was singing in the choir of a small country church. Later he became the director of an insignificant orchestra. His opera was received with the most astonishing expression of favor. The opera is named "Artus" and is based on the legend of King Arthur as treated by Sir Walter Scott. The critics of Madrid and Barcelona declared that the new opera marks the beginning of a new epoch in Spanish music.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

My White Tent by the Sea. My white tent near by the swimming sea, Talks with the spray wreathed shore; Flapping its loose sides over me, As I lie by the open door. Wings of the red ships far away, Sailing the sunset line; Dipping along for they could not stay, Where the sea songs blend with mine.

Lillie the flower of Hillhurst wold, Walks where the beaded foam; Throws snowdrops on the seaweed's go'd As luther it loves to roam.

"O Lillie of love come by my tent, My heart is still true to thee;" "My heart is not mine," she said, "it went With a ship that is in the sea."

"I have a beautiful home my love, My happiness longs for thine, Peace like a heav'n descending dove, Seeketh for yours and mine."

"Ah no, for the sad waves call aloud, And their white lips kiss the sky; Then sink like a winding sheet and shroud, And the happiest moments fly."

"O take your thoughts from the sea tonight, And lock on the smiling land; The daisies all are in bridal white, And the roses beside them stand. Sweet flower with you my love began, O life of my very life; Why sorrowful so for a sea lost man; It may be a man with a wife."

"I've known you long and I prize you well O poet, the light of God! My heart in this agony should not tell Of aught but his chast'ning rod. This is love's promise to you I make, Be true to the word I say; When you from the sea its sorrows take, I'll welcome the happy day."

"Oh take the spray in its silver glist, From caves where it loves to throw; Pearls without measure or thought of stint, On the shining sand below. O take from the moaning waves their cry, That voice from its ocean bed, Out of the heart of the deep its sigh, And perhaps I may then be wed."

"The day that there comes not in my ear, The voice of the love of years; And out of the billows there comes not near, A face that is wet with tears. Then I may change when I hear no more, O'er the winds and the waters free; A last farewell to this lonely shore, From the ship that went down at sea."

I dream in my white tent by the sea, Under the mountain ash; The branches cool wave over me, To the rocks where great waves dash. The green leaves sing in my charming sleep, Wooing the west wind's breath; True woman's love like the sea is deep, And faithful long after death.

CYRUS GOLDB. Sea Tent, July, 1897.

Summer.

Whether 'tis nobler in one's coat to suffer The torrid temperature of midday. Or to discard that one excessive garment, And thereby cease perspiring? To live, to breathe Once more; and by a single act to flee From misery and those strange, unnatural oaths That heat oft causes—'tis a separation Devoutly to be wished. To feel the atmosphere, perchance the breeze; but here's the rub While in this blissful state what calls may come, When we have shutt'd off this outer coil, Must live as paupers; that much respect Proximity to one's own wife demands. In times of toil who would not shirt sleeves show? Who'd grunt and sweat beneath a pompous coat, But that the dread of tyrant's eye? And sometimes other tyrants whose fierce scorn Were hotter than the sun—conquers the will And makes us rather wear that garb we do Than live as paupers; that much respect Proximity to one's own wife demands. And thus the fear of female castigation Constrains us to resume the cast off coat.

Miss Mary. I miss Miss Mary tum de place; She take de boss'm track; I 'fraid de river steal her face En den won't give it back! For every time she pass I heah de river say: "Miss Mary, heah's yo' lookin' glass— I wish you look dis way!" I miss Miss Mary tum de place; De sun done gone ter bed; De red rose 'low he lonesome now— De lily hang he head. En everywhar she pass I heah dem wil' flowers say: "Heah's a dewdrap for yo' lookin' glass— Miss Mary, look dis way!" —Atlantic Constitution.

THE MYSTERIOUS SWORDFISH.

They Come From Afar and Never Until They Have Attained Growth

A new paragraph in a late Courant from Block Island reported that the swordfish are now abundant.

These big creatures come and go as mysteriously as any of our sea visitors, and all fishes have their peculiarities. Who knows where the shad are before they begin to run up the rivers in the spring? The swordfish come to American waters grown up. Of course they vary in size, but no young are ever seen here.

This fact has been clearly set out by a Government report on the subject. The young are found chiefly in the Mediterranean. After they are able to go it alone more or less of them strike for the North American coast—most of these gather about Block Island. There they lie and sun themselves on the top of the water, the prey all summer of the fishermen and their spears. What instinct brings these fish across 3,000 miles of water to spend a season and return? They come when they arrive; they go when they leave. That's all we know, although the season comes within approximate dates.

The swordfish is a favorite sea food here in New England. Boston is its chief market, but it sells well all about here. It is sold meat, with a distinct flavor, and very edible.

How long these queer fish will last is a problem. They are hunted not only for the market but for pleasure. If the rich New Yorkers, who are too fastidious to eat them, should establish the fad of killing the fish and collecting the swords, they would probably soon exterminate the creatures, kill off the old swordfish, and would guide hither those that were about to make their first trip? Follow that action back a bit, and who guided the first of them clear over here?—Hartford Courant.

AMONG THE YACHTSMEN.

How the Yacht Club Flourishes—the Members who own Crafts.

Although not gifted with a large quota of wealthy lovers of sport St. John is fast becoming a lively yachting centre. Each year marks an increase in the number of fast sailing craft, additions to the membership roll and to fleet roster of the St. John yacht club, an excellent organization instituted only three and a half years ago but now having in its membership some of the city's most influential citizens who have built yachts, entering the local contests held annually.

The international sailing contests held of late years and which were regrettably discontinued on account of English dissatisfaction, did much to enliven a thoroughly sporting spirit in Englishmen, Canadians and Americans alike and it would not be amiss to attribute the late boom in sailing aquatic to those big races when the Thistle and Volunteer, the three unlucky Valkyries and Defender, not forgetting the Prince of Wales cutter Britannia, sailed for the glory of their respective nations. Even the children caught the yachting fever, and in almost every park pond and duck pool the coming generations could have been found sailing their tiny "Valkyries" and "Defenders," using a yachtsman's vocabulary with remarkable fluency. However, the blow dealt international contests in the unfair treatment accorded Lord Dunraven and his boat by the New Yorkers a couple of years ago, has, it is feared, knocked the big races in the head, for some time at any rate.

Canada has taken up the glove in the mother country's place, however, and although in a much smaller class of boat, has defeated her American cousins at every meeting. The Seawanbaka—Corinthian club of the adjoining republic are again this year making desperate preparations for the wresting of their challenge trophy from the Royal St. Lawrence club's representative, but calmly and with confidence are the Maple Leaf boys marshalling their forces to meet the oft defeated foe.

It was only three years ago when St. John was attacked with the yachting craze and in the sons of old aquatic sport lovers sprung up that inborn enthusiasm, displayed so often in their fathers when St. John and her famous Paris Crew drew the attention of the civilized world by their prowess with the oar. A few races were held by those citizens owning sloops and finally it was decided to form a club with the hope of bringing together all lovers of the noble sport, within the city for the mutual benefit and the furtherance of yachting.

North End was foremost in the matter, and one evening after a party of yachtsmen, including Messrs. Howard Holder, Fred Heans, Heathfield and Akerly, had returned from a trip up river in the yacht Naid, the first ideas of forming a club were materialized. A constitution was drawn up and by-laws for the proposed organization, laid out in skeleton form. Further meetings were held and more thorough organization entered into; until today, when the St. John Yacht club, an incorporated body, is in a highly flourishing condition, with a large membership and long fleet lists as are given below. Their club house at Millidgeville is new and well-fitted out in two stories with lockers, floats etc. In front an elevated promenade fifty feet long by twenty wide affords an excellent opportunity for the ladies and other friends of the club to witness the sailing contests around the 12 mile course on the picturesque Kennebecasis river. Small sail boats, catamarans, rowing crafts etc, are at the disposal of members not owning or sharing in the ownership of a yacht, and almost every fine evening jolly parties from the city are found on the river enjoying its breezes and moonlight sails.

During the past year the St. John yacht club has been progressing with exceptional rapidity. A number of new members, men who are well versed in yachting and its ways, have been added to the membership rolls. One of these gentlemen, Mr. G. N. Sutherland of the C. P. R. is an authority on yachting and has been for years one of the most active members of the Toronto Yacht club. He has had built an expensive schooner-rigged speeder which promises to show a big streak of wake between her and her nearest neighbor. Of course this craft is in a class all alone as yet, but if the aquatic boom continues, she will not long remain the only two-master in the "drink." Messrs. Adam Macintyre of this city and Gilbert DeVeber of Gagetown have also recently launched a trim craft, built upon improved and speedy lines and which they have a \$1200 craft soon to float and in different parts of the city yachts are being built.

Following is an incomplete list of the crafts flying the St. John yacht club colors of red, white and blue.



FIRST RATES. Gracie M., owned by Chas. Elwell, St. John. Majorie (formerly Primrose) owned by Dr. Gilchrist, Round Hill. Jubilee, owned by Peter Sinclair and others, St. John. Kathleen, owned by Albert McArthur and John Sweeney, St. John. British Queen, owned by E. H. Fairweather, St. John. Victoria, owned by William Scott, St. John, (West) Beatrice, (schooner rigged) owned by J. N. Sutherland, St. John. Thistle, owned by A. E. MacIntyre, St. John, and G. DeVeber, Gagetown. Rose, owned by E. McGuigan, St. John. Clytie, owned by Harry Gilbert, St. John.

SECOND RATES. Pastime, owned by McIntyre and Harrington, St. John. Pert, owned by Con. McClusky, Millidgeville. Blunose, owned by Geo. E. Holder, St. John. Vivid, owned by Patrick Whelpley, A. P. MacIntyre, R. Creelock and E. H. Fairweather. Two steam yachts, two catamarans and a house boat. The Venus, Marguerite, Edna, Deciver and others might come under the head of third rates.

The officers and good standing membership of the S. J. Y. C. are as below:

Commodore, A. O. Skinner; Vice Commodore, Fred Bustir; Rear Commodore, Howard Holder; Secretary, Peter Sinclair; Treasurer, Fred Heans. Sailing Committee—E. H. Fairweather, H. Gilbert, R. Creelock and F. Bustin. Managing Committee and Flag Officers—W. A. McLaughlin, Frank Whelpley, A. P. MacIntyre, R. Creelock and E. H. Fairweather. Audit Committee—A. P. MacIntyre, John Sweeney and Geo. Heans. Trustees—A. O. Skinner, F. Bustin and H. Gilbert Jr.

ACTIVE MEMBERSHIP. Armstrong, Chris; Lemon, H. C.; Bustin, Fred; Lantalam T. A.; Bustin, George; Laogan, Fred; Best, Arthur; Munro, Louis; Barnes, Walter; Murdoch, William; Cooper, Sam A.; Morgan, James; Corbett, Walter; McArthur, Albert; Chipman, J. D.; McArthur, Walter; Carson, R. W.; McLaughlin, Wm.; Creelock, Carl; McGuigan, Edward; Daniel, J. W.; M. D.; McClusky, Con.; Day, William; McCusky, How.; Dennison, George; McArthur, John.; Dias, Daniel; McIntyre, A. P.; Davis, J. R.; Notman, Alex. H.; DeVeber, Gabriel; Price Oscar F.; Elwell, Charles; Purdy, Walter O.; Eagen, Patrick; Powers, Thos.; Fairweather, E. H.; Patterson, William.; Fairweather, F.; Gilbert, Harry J.; Ganong, W. B.; Robinson, Percy.; Ganong, James; Scott, William.; Gilchrist, Dr. J.; Sweeney, John.; Hilder, Howard; Stratton, William.; Holder, Geo. E.; Stratton, David.; Holder, William.; Sinclair, Peter.; Heans, F. S.; Skinner, A. O.; Heans, A.; Scott, W. A.; Harrington, W.; Sutherland, J. N.; Harrington, Edw.; Sutherland, Douglas.; Seely, J. D.; Harrington, Winslow; Thomas, F. S.; Hatheway, W. Frank; Turnbull, E. H.; Kelly, James; Travis, Fred.; Kerr, William.; Whelpley Frank.; Kemp, H.; Whelpley, E.

Death has removed a number of her club members during the last year or so, among whom were Messrs. Heathfield and Akerly, two of the pioneers who lost their lives at the time of the sad Primrose disaster. Joseph Carle, whose tragic and untimely death occurred a few weeks ago, was a yachting enthusiast and boat owner but belonged to a sister organization, the Lotus Boat club. His loss is however felt almost as keenly by the St. John club people as by the organization of which the deceased young man was commodore.

At Castle Square.

Miss Loraine Dreux, a clever actress of considerable experience, has joined the Castle Square theatre company in Boston and made her first appearance in "Pique" which is the bill for this week. Miss Dreux has been in the Frohman companies and with Seabrooke formerly, and more recently has been playing in London. She is a native of France having been born in a little town just out of Paris. "Pique" was played in this city last by the McDowell company in the Lansdowne theatre.

The Silver Key.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree's new play entitled "The Silver Key" gives every indication of being "the key to a great success. This play is an adaptation of Alex Dumas' "Mlle de Belle Isle". Everybody is pleased at the favorable prospect for Mr. Tree and not the less because of the loss caused him by "The Seats of the mighty."

Ladies, wear your shirt waist; so! it; send it to us to be done up. It will look perfect if done at Ungar's Laundry and Dye Works. Phone 58.

Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired Duval, 17 Waterloo.