

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 12,

A HITCH IN THE PLANS.

The regrettable trouble which has arisen between the military men and polymorphians threatens to mar the success of the Jubilee celebration, unless a satisfactory arrangement can be effected and the little difficulty adjusted before it goes much farther. It would be a very great pity indeed if at this late hour the festivities were interfered with because of the want of a little tact and generosity on both sides. Numerous visitors will doubtless be attracted to St. John during the week and to these both the polymorphians and military displays would be of great interest. As matters now stand there is not much chance of judging as to the relative merits of the claims of each organisation but certainly the polymorphians are entitled to more consideration than they are receiving. It has been pretty generally understood all along that their parade would take up most of the morning and by the majority it has been regarded as the most important feature of the celebration. They have been preparing for the event a long time and the disappointment of their withdrawal would cause, would be felt just as deeply by the citizens as by the different clubs themselves. The exercise of a little discretion would no doubt avert such a possibility, give each body a chance to participate, and still leave ample time and opportunity for the firing of a royal salute.

SAMUEL MAXIM, a brother of the famous HIRAM, inventor of guns and experimenter with aeroplanes, is himself a seeker after the fame which comes from making discoveries of scientific or industrial importance. Some time ago his attention was called to the fact that both India and Japan have produced swords that will cut through a gun barrel without losing their edge. This led him, according to HIRAM MAXIM to study old Hindu literature on the subject of steel manufacture, and then to begin a series of experiments which soon resulted in the production of a small quantity of steel possessing a remarkable temper. From these few ounces of steel he had one or two drills forged, and with these he was able to drill holes through an ordinary file without damaging the drills at all. He has not yet made any steel for sale, nor does his process, at present, always produce the desired results. As yet, therefore, he does not look upon his work as anything more than an interesting demonstration that, though modern steel makers have yet a good deal to learn before they can produce a metal which will equal that made by the old Hindu manufacturers of weapons, yet the hope of doing so is by no means doomed to inevitable failure.

The coincidence of the appeal made to the philanthropists of all nations, by a national committee of Greeks, for assistance on behalf of more than one hundred thousand destitute and famishing refugees from Thessaly, and the proclamation of Edhem Pasla inviting the fugitives to return and gather their crops, is most significant. The determination of the Thessalians to go hungry in Hellas, rather than return to their abandoned fields and homesteads under Turkish dominion, speaks louder than words. The Thessalians have not been so long released from Turkish bondage that they have forgotten what it means to belong to a conquered and outlawed race. They know that whereas they might be allowed to reap and thrash their corn if they should go back they would not be permitted to eat nor live in peace and security; so they prefer to starve quickly as homeless wanderers, than slowly as Turkish slaves amid the accompanying horrors of outrage and murder. The bit-

ter choice of the Thessalians is the best answer to the lying reports circulated by the Porte that the people of the conquered province prefer Turkish domination to Greek rule.

Marshal CAMPOS' advice to the Queen Regent of Spain might have been compressed into two words: "Recall WEYLER." The obstinate adherence of SENOR CANOVAS to his purpose to support the Captain General through thick and thin, may, indeed, be considered to have been the ultimate cause of the downfall of the conservative Ministry. The retention of General WEYLER after the failure of his military plans had become evident to all but SENOR CANOVAS, had alienated from the support of the Ministry first the Spanish Republicans, then the Spanish Liberals, and finally even the Union Constitution party of Cuba to whose intrigues the demission of marshal CAMPOS from the Captain Generalcy was due. Marshal CAMPOS' advice to his sovereign was probably given with absolutely no feeling of resentment on account of his removal; for the fatuous concurrence of the late ministry with General WEYLER'S futile policy of no compromise was the determining factor of the crisis.

And now comes the man who says he can change the climate of New England and these Maritime Provinces by building a dam across the Strait of Belle Isle, blocking it and diverting the north hern currents. The dam would have to be ten miles long and about two hundred feet high and strong enough to resist the ocean. He thinks it could be done for \$9,000,000, and would give the territory named a climate like that of southern New York or New Jersey.

The rapidity with which fortunes are sometimes made by a single turn of fortune's wheel is well illustrated in the case of the Iowa merchant, who the other day became a rich man in a minute's time. He was the successful bidder for the unknown assets of an insurance company which recently failed. The unknown assets were offered for sale in one lump and it was bid off by the merchant for \$6. The assets have now been discovered to be worth \$170,000.

A recent discovery that practical men as well as scientists approve is the complete transformation of wood into gas. The product has a power four times greater than that made from bituminous coal. Its value lies in adaptability as a motive power, which can be applied to the ceramics. Rich in carbonic oxide as it is the gas is available for the manufacture of oxalic acid, and it is said at a very considerable saving in cost.

The Massachusetts Supreme court has decided that a musician cannot recover for services at a public concert on Sunday because such a contract is in violation of the Statutes and being illegal no suit can be maintained.

A western man has petitioned the Legislature to change his name JOHN RAT because he can induce no young woman to accept it. Very naturally any member of the fair sex is averse to becoming a rat catcher.

Paper belting for machinery is an invention that is being utilized in Germany.

Digby as a Summer Resort.

Digby is an enterprising place with enterprising citizens who do not hesitate to spend their time and money in booming the attraction of their beautiful summer resort. One of these gentlemen is Mr. T. W. Longstaffe of the "Evangeline House," through whose effort a handsome booklet illustrating the scenery of Digby and giving much information about the place, is about being issued from the press. There are eight full page engravings and some thirty or forty pages which will not only interest the present tourist but is bound to make others think Digby a good place to spend days or weeks of the summer season.

POLLY WAS TOO TALKATIVE.

The Noise of the Electric did not Agree With her Nerves.

A talkative parrot, which a gentleman was removing from a friend's house to his home per electric railway the other day, caused no little amount of amusement for the passengers aboard the car. The clang of the motorman's bell, and the ringing of the signal and register bells, soon worked Polly into a fever of excitement. She whistled, screamed and sang, closing her vocal exercises with a volley of up-to-date slang and a few bad words. The anxious faces of the many lady passengers aboard was hint sufficient, and the custodian of the linguistic bird left the car before he had reached half way home.

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

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Sleep of the Beloved. He giveth His beloved sleep, The sleep of love is sweet repose; From every earthly sorrow free; From winds that wake the stormy sea; And all life's bitter woes. We can but weep with those who weep, He giveth His beloved sleep.

He giveth His beloved sleep, Wherever taking rest they lie; Whether were fond hearts mourn in vain Or on red fields of battle slain; They lay them down to die. Where guardian angels vigils keep, He giveth His beloved sleep.

He giveth His beloved sleep, Sometimes beneath a golden urn; Eutotener for a hallowed mound, Where sighing roses white are found; Our passing footsteps turn. Where prayerful west winds love to creep, He giveth His beloved sleep!

He giveth His beloved sleep, What sweeter message could He send; Sweet sleep that knows no parting hour, The waking in the mystic power; Of one unchanging friend. His word controls the silence deep, He giveth His beloved sleep. CYPRUS GOLDBE.

Elm Lawn, June 1897.

Tannahill's Weir.

O, sing me to-night his sweetest strain, And speak of his deathless glory. Yet think on the dear, dead singer's pain, And his wonderful, sorrowful story. The bravest soul that ever despaired, And the blithest heart e'er broken! Be the warmest homage by pity shared When proudly his name is spoken.

He loved the rills and the wind-swept hills, The green woods joy-enchanting; Though his own was worn by the secret pain, For that wild heart, beauty-haunted?

His heaven was the light of a lovesome face; Yet the high-souled poet lover Learned the grim old truth that angel grace A cloddish mind may cover.

Yet sweetly he sang his raptured strain Of glad hearts giving and taking; Though his own was worn by the secret pain That could only cease with its breaking.

And "Earth is love's and Life is sweet," He sang while the dark days found him Entering the shadow with alternating feet And the silence deepening around him.

For he dreamed: "I will sing e'er the silence falls, And men shall be freer and stronger, And the narrow walls of their hearts and halls Shall prison their souls no longer."

"No longer by custom so dulled and bound Shall they drudge through the world unknowing The grandeur, the beauty that girdles them round And haunts them in all their going."

But coldly they heard his tender lay Nor cheered with a welcoming token, And the sweetest songs died in silence away, And the heart of the singer was broken.

Earth's grandest anthems die in prayer, Her sweetest songs are of sorrow; Yet surely that sweet voice hushed in despair Shall gladden a shadowless Morrow.

And gladly that spirit of Love and Mirth Rejoice in immortal runings; O, die the jewelst song that he gave to Earth Was only his harp's low tunings!

Then wrong not his grave with sorrowing breath, Nor doubt as we ponder his story, That the lonely singer's dim hour of death Was his crowning hour of glory.

The Ruse of John P. Jock.

Yes, I'm the Shagbark County Bard. An' so you come to see How I attained my wide renown an' popularity? I ain't no flower to blush unseen, an' I don't crawl, yer see, A poor unrec'gnized galoot to all eternity.

The Shagbark County Clarion wouldn't take a word I wrote, Its editor's a ignorant, uneducated goat; I'd had been a common genius I'd a languished on a noose— But I ain't no wilted violet to droop beneath a stone.

So I got a man to write to him, 'If he would kindly print The most transcendent piece of verse known as "The Demon's Hint," I'd send it in— I had it in my frock— 'I send "The Demon's Hint," he wrote, 'by Mr. John P. Jock.'

The editor he printed it, the author's name and all. Next week an old subscriber asked for "Lines on Early Fall." Another fellow sent them in an' wrote "I've always held These lines on 'Fall' by John P. Jock are surely unexcelled."

Next week a fellow asked him for "The Mystery of the Stars." A piece "that had consoled his life through many jolts an' jars." I got a man to send it in— as regular as a clock— 'I send these wondrous words by Mr. John P. Jock.'

Next day he got a postal card that gave his soul a shock, "Cut down your editorials and publish more of "Give us more Jock," the words came up from all parts of the State, "More poetry by John P. Jock, a man supremely great."

So I'm the Shagbark County Bard; an' now, my friend, you see How I attained my wide renown an' popularity. I ain't no flower to blush unseen, an' I don't crawl, yer see, A poor unrec'gnized galoot to all eternity. Sam Walter Foss.

My Record.

As I sit in the dusky twilight, And watch the day depart, A longing enters my bosom, A sadness steals into my heart.

I ask, "Has the day been wasted? Have I spent the day in vain? Have I given joy to my Master? Have I caused a brother pain?"

Have my thoughts been pure and loving As I've mingled with friend and foe; Would I answer to this now truly, I must sorrowfully whisper, "no."

But why do I longer sorrow, As the daylight disappears? Another day is coming, And days are followed by years.

But, hark! a still voice whispers, "Thy life will not always last, The silken thread will be broken, The golden hours be past."

Ah, yes, I see it clearly The moments I must grasp. Each day is a written volume, And the night is the iron clasp.

The book can ne'er be opened When once the day is done, A new record must be started With the rising morning sun.

But how shall that record be written, If I write it in spots white, Or pen words stained and uneven, Like a child that is learning to write.

No, my hand is weak and unsteady, I dare not trust it alone; I will seek as teacher, my Master He will hold it within His own. —Eina G. Valpey.

A RETURN ENGAGEMENT.

Return of a Favorite Actress and a Good Company.

Theatre goers are looking forward to Miss Ethel Tucker's and Mr. H. P. Meldon's return to St. John on Monday when they open a two weeks engagement at the opera house, with a great deal of pleasure. The supporting company this season is said to be excellent, all those who have been engaged having previously been with high class companies. The engagement will open with "A Broken Life" a play which had a run of over 300 nights at the Porte St. Martin theatre, Paris. It is a French melo-drama, remarkably well constructed, with thrilling situations and excurtatingly funny comedy. Other plays in the repertoire are the romantic scenic production "The Sea of Ice" Frank Harvey's most successful play "A Ring of Iron." The brightest of all French comedies "If you must lie, tell a good one." The original and up to date comedy drama "Speculation." The brilliant comedy "A Soldier of fortune." Edith Elsler's greatest success "The Governess." The best American melodrama ever written "Escaped from Sing Sing." The famous English military play "The Queen's money." The powerful melodrama "A Legal wrong" and etc. "Queen," "Mr. Potter of Texas," and "An unequal match" will be retained. It will be remembered that these last three made a wonderful hit last season and the success will doubtless be repeated.

The specialty artists include Baby Vavene, a wonderful child actress, Belle Vivian of the famous English Vivian sisters, who is just as dainty a soubrette as there is on the stage, John E. Brennan a popular St. John favorite, Miss Marie Russell a talented contralto and Miss Allie Gerald in all the latest catchy songs of the day. In addition to these the cinematograph, the greatest of all picture projecting machines will be introduced with a change of views nightly. The scenery and wardrobe of this company during their last engagement were spoken of as about the best ever seen in St. John, and the press of Newport R. I. devotes considerable space to the gowas of the ladies of the company, and the beautiful scenic effects with which the plays are produced. Beginning Tuesday matinees will be given daily.

NO CONSTABLES THERE.

The Opera House Now Without Proper Protection.

Visitors to the opera house have much to complain of just now in regard to the very bad order which prevails in the gallery. The cause of this unprecedented state of affairs may be found in the fact, that where there were formerly two regularly appointed constables, there are now two irresponsible men, whose nightly fee is so small that they cannot be expected to take a particle of interest in anything but what is going on on the stage.

At one time two regular policemen used to look after the crowd at the opera house and their pay was very good indeed. After a while one policeman was dismissed and when the remaining one was offered a very much reduced wage he declined to act. Then Messrs Beckett and Wyllie were appointed to guard the peace and look after the patrons of the gallery, and all other, who were likely to give any trouble. The recompense they received was small but for about two years they were familiar figures around the playhouse and gave good satisfaction to their employers and patrons of the theatre. Mr. Beckett looked after the auditorium and lower part of the house, while Mr. Wyllie scooped in the balcony tickets.

Mr. Beckett asked for an increase of pay lately and was refused; he left and now instead of the two able bodied men that are required in the capacity they filled, there is one old man and a slightly younger one who doesn't strike the majority as very bright. These men get considerably less than a dollar a night and neither of them are constables. A certain portion of this and last weeks audiences evidently appreciated this, for it is a long time since there was so much noise in the neat little house. One night this week the confusion, scrapping and use of obscene language while the gallery was making its way out after the performance, was most disgraceful. It would seem as if a false system of economy would result very badly for the management.

A COURAGEOUS WOMAN.

How one Woman Defended the Rights of Another one.

When a victory is to be won to secure the rights of the poor and friendless, a woman is usually the successful warrior. The Outlook describes how a courageous woman made a brutal conductor respect a half-starved, feeble mother and her two babes:

The Spectator was the witness, a few nights ago, of an incident that grew out of the hardness and semi-brutality almost in-



separable from a life spent amid poverty, coarseness and low standards as to the relations of men and women.

It was a windy, cold night, with the rain falling in torrents. The Spectator was one of five passengers in a Third Avenue cable-car going down town. It was about half-past six in the evening. The other passengers were two women and two children; one a baby such as the Spectator has heard his own friends call a 'long baby,' meaning one in a long dress. The other child could just walk. The mother was a small, half-starved, discouraged-looking woman.

The other woman passenger was strong and well-dressed. The poor woman motioned for the car to stop as it approached the bridge. The conductor immediately brought the car to a stop north of the bridge road, over which trucks and carts were passing in an almost uninterrupted line, with a like procession crossing diagonally across the tracks toward the south roadway.

The rain was falling in torrents, the confusion of men, horses, vehicles bewildering. The mother of the two babies gave a despairing glance out of the window and rose. Immediately the well-dressed woman rose to her feet, and with a commanding gesture said, 'Sit down!' Then, turning to the conductor she said, 'Stop at the bridge please!'

Aggressively impudent, the conductor responded, 'This is the bridge.'

'I beg your pardon, this is not the bridge. Stop at the crossing.'

As she said this, the woman looked pointedly at the conductor's number, and took out her notebook and pencil.

'I am not doing this for myself, but for that woman. I can get through this crowd; she cannot. To me your uniform means service; to her, authority. Stop this car at the crossing to the bridge.'

The conductor pulled the bell, with a muttered oath.

'Have you a wife and children?' was asked, softly. 'Treat that woman as you would want your own wife treated.'

The car stopped at the crossing, and the Spectator occupied the car alone. There are battles to be fought to secure the rights of the people that demand the courage of recognized war.

CROSS-EXAMINED.

The Great Novelist Barrie and His Mother's Evasions.

Mr. Barrie tells us in 'Margaret Ogilvy' how very difficult it was to make his mother lead the easy life which her age and delicate health demanded. His description of one morning, when he had left her to take a long walk, is perhaps a sample of the way she hoodwinked him.

In an hour or so I return, and perhaps find her in bed, according to promise; but still I am suspicious. The way to her detection is circuitous.

'I'll need to be rising now,' she says, with a yawn that may be genuine

'How long have you been in bed?'

'You saw me go.'

'And then I saw you at the window. did you go straight back to bed?'

'Surely I had that much sense!'

'The truth!'

'I might have taken a look at the clock first.'

'It is a terrible thing to have a mother who prevaricates. Have you been lying down ever since I left?'

'Thereabout.'

'What does that mean exactly?'

'Oh and on.'

'Have you been to the garret?'

'What should I do in the garret?'

'But have you?'

'I must just have looked up the garret stair.'

'You have been redding up the garret again?'

'Not what you would call a radd up.'

'O woman, woman! I believe you have not been in bed at all.'

'You see me in it.'

'My opinion is that you jumped into bed when you heard me open the door.'

'Havers!'

'Did you?'

'No.'

'Well, then, when you heard me at the gate?'

'It might have been when I heard you at the gate!'

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.

Great enthusiasm is manifested by many persons whose hair has been restored to its natural color by using Hall's Hair Renewer, a preparation of unsurpassed merit.