

## PROGRESS.

PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

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ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, MAY 21st.

Subscribers who do not receive their paper Saturday morning are requested to communicate with the office.—Tel. 95.

## THE PATROL WAGON NEEDED.

The need of a police patrol wagon could not have been better illustrated than it was this week when a woman was arrested on one of the lower streets of the city. The exhibition is said to have been revolting in the highest degree and was witnessed by a large number of people. Had there been a patrol wagon it would not have been necessary for the officers to carry a practically naked woman through the streets. But under the circumstances it was. The acceptance of the offer of the ladies of St. John to provide such a vehicle will, no doubt, soon remedy this want but under the present system it will take some time for the wagon to arrive at the scene of trouble. While the adoption of the police alarm system has many opponents they cannot help acknowledging that it would be a great assistance to promptness in connection with a patrol wagon. In quite a terse way in his inaugural Mayor SEARS pronounced himself as opposed to it and while many of the aldermen—perhaps a majority of them—are in favor of the installation of the system, the opinion of the chief magistrate must have an unfavorable influence upon the project. We do not believe in the city rushing into any rash expenditure but the facts as presented to the council certainly showed that instead of being an additional expense to the city the alarm system would result in a substantial saving. Other cities not larger than St. John—or as large for that matter—have adopted the system with the greatest satisfaction to the citizens. This city will see the matter in the same light someday. In the meantime let us have the patrol wagon as soon as possible and prevent the recurrence of any such scene as noted above.

## DEATH OF GLADSTONE.

News of that event which has occupied the attention of the world for weeks paled into insignificance Thursday morning when the wires flashed the sad intelligence that the "Grand Old Man" of the British empire, Right Hon. WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, was dead. He was a very old man and in the natural order of events could not hope to live much longer but, nevertheless, the loss of such a man is felt just as keenly as if he had been in the prime of life. He did not belong to that class of men whose interest in their fellow man decreases as their years increase. On the contrary he was a worker at all times even up to a few days before his death. When not in his seat in the House of Commons Mr. GLADSTONE was either engaged upon some favorite classic work or thrilling his countrymen with his rare eloquence, declaring against some great public wrong and urging reform.

It is interesting to note that Mr. GLADSTONE was high in the councils of his country when a very young man. He was born in 1809 and only twenty three years later entered parliament. At the age of 25 he was the first lord of the treasury, a post of immense importance for so young a man. Still the following year other honors were heaped upon him and he became under secretary for the colonies. Surely nothing else is necessary to denote the splendid ability of such a man even in his earlier years.

He was a man of high honor, deeply religious at all times and dealing with his fellowmen as he would that they should deal toward him. The impression he has left on English life and politics will not be effaced by his death. His aims were noble and his daily life and efforts calculated to bring them to a glorious end. The English speaking race throughout the world will keenly regret the loss of so great a man.

## "YELLOW JOURNALISM."

The term "yellow journal" has been rather prominently before the public the last few months and the people of St. John have been treated to certain disquisitions upon the subject in their morning papers of late. The origin of this journalistic epithet—for so it is now regarded—is explained in the New York Sun in answer to the query of a correspondent and is as follows.

One of the papers, now known as yellow was published in its Sunday edition pictures of the doings of an unnamable thing called the "Yellow Kid," the other papers hired the inventor of the "Kid," and the two papers quarrelled over the question of ownership of the inventor. Both papers continued the series of pictures, so that the "Yellow Kid" papers referred to them both. Their methods of displaying the news were similar, both trying to out-herd Herod. The remembrance of the yellow quarantine flag had something to do with the application of the term "yellow" to the two papers, undoubtedly; but the "Yellow Kid" furnished the basis for the term.

Since then the term has acquired a wider significance and it is not confined to the prominent and sensational New York papers. Any journal that mistakes exaggerated sensationalism for enterprise, that forgets the decencies of the profession and offends the good taste of its readers is called "yellow." The term is an expressive one though an unusual one and affords a good illustration of how the meaning of words and phrases can be changed.

A recent report on the resources of British Guiana and the director of the Royal Gardens a Kew indicates that immense sources of wealth are there neglected, or undeveloped. Yet the British colonies in Guiana, Trinidad, Barbados, Jamaica and other islands are distressed by hard times. The report argues that the cause of the distress is the fact that the colonists have heretofore practically given themselves over to the production of sugar alone, neglecting the other sources of wealth lying at their doors. Coffee, cotton, rice, bananas, coconuts and in fact, every kind of tropical production, can be successfully cultivated there, and the forests abound in gutta-percha, india-rubber and valuable timber; but all these resources lie almost undeveloped. The colonists of Jamaica are said to have learned a lesson, and in recent years have improved their condition by cultivating fruit and spices, for which their soil and climate are well suited.

The annihilation of distance by a modern battleship is well illustrated by the long voyage of the warship Oregon of the United States navy. When relations became strained between that country and Spain the Oregon was at San Francisco. She left that port March 19th for her long voyage of nearly 14,000 miles, down the western coast of North and South America and up her eastern coast to her rendezvous. She reached Callao, Peru, 4000 miles from San Francisco, early in April, and after coaling sailed April 7th. Her next stop was at Punta Arenas, Chile, 2700 miles from Callao, April 17th. The ship left April 23d, and reached Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, 2100 miles distant, April 30th. On Wednesday of this week she was reported by the United States naval authorities as having reached her destination in Cuban waters in safety.

The cutting of cables by the Spaniards and Americans have stimulated experts in electricity to see how such casualties may be overcome. We have heard of wireless telegraphy and it has been demonstrated that it is possible to utilize it. Now a New York inventor has produced apparatus for sending and receiving telegraphic signals without wires, which is to be upon the market. Where, for any reason, it is desired not to use Morse signals, a special receiver is provided, which is furnished either with a vibrating bell, or with an incandescent lamp, the latter enabling the person who receives the message to read it visually. Inasmuch as Marconi's experiments have shown that telegraphic signals can already be sent ten miles, or more, without wires, it is hoped that the new system will have a rapid development.

## Canadian Tugs not In It.

All things Canadian for Canadians is not the motto for the Canadian government it appears. An example of this is before the eyes of St. John tug boat men just at present and they are not too well pleased, as some of them at least, have been staunch supporters of the administration. The tug Neptune, which was fitted up as a quarantine boat, has been laid up for some necessary repairs and it was thought that one of the local tugs would get the job for the period it took to make them, but it was not so. The tug Cricket, the property of an American citizen has been chartered for the work. The consideration of the government for its supporters is not as marked as it might be.

## VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

## The Challenge.

"Who goes there?" "Answer! 'Er end or foe;  
Though no such answer man should know,  
Of one blood tood made all,  
Of all our race from every birth,  
Of man to dwell on all the earth;  
But still for war we call  
"Who goes there?" "Say whence you come,"  
"United States of Spain's war drum;  
Or Austria, or France;  
England or Germany pass by,  
Russian or Cuban peace we cry;  
As brethren all, advance!"

And though by mighty conflict torn,  
The foe still bides the coming morn;  
To crush again another;  
O'er all the flaming sea fight near,  
The angel's trump blows loud and clear;  
Still every man's a brother.

The curse of earth is selfish greed,  
In spite of church, or prayer, or creed;  
For self we ever plan,  
From towns we pillage, burn, and sack,  
A brother's voice but answers back;  
From every home of man.

"Who goes there?" cry "Halt or death,"  
And slay a stranger in a breath;  
To deeds of blood we cling,  
By fire and sword on land or sea,  
'Tis human slaughter makes us free;  
The world's a prize fighting ring.

"Who goes there?" "I give the word,  
Once cried by man unto the Lord;"  
"Am I my brother's keeper?"  
From all the earth cries out his blood,  
To Him who sits above the flood;  
No slumberer or sleeper.

Hail! Ephraim and Manasseh! peace,  
Keep peace as brethren and cease;  
From war with kith and kin,  
The Saxon blood, the christian grace  
Binds you to the Israel and the race;  
As one decreed to win.

The birthright still is held thine own,  
Till spreading round each crumbling throne,  
The last great war shalladden.  
The lion of the tribe of old,  
The eagle watching strong shall hold,  
The vale of Armageddon.

CYPRUS GOLDB.

The Fern, May 1898.

## Merit and Envy.

Merit, meek and modest maid,  
Blushing hides her bashful head,  
Fain would lead her lowly life,  
Free from Honor's glittering strife,  
Happy that her duty's done.  
Envy, base Demerit's son  
Foul tongued wretch, his venom throws  
At all better as his foe;  
Merit, hiding from the light  
Soon attracts his loud voiced spite,  
Pointing faults, before all eyes  
Merit's virtues, beauties rise,  
Grieve not, Merit, for the sneers  
Envy casts about thine ears  
Grieve not, Merit, may rejoice  
Envy's sting is Merit's voice.

JEAN TAILLEFER.

## Samantha Peterson's Faith-Cure.

When Miss Samantha Peterson arose one night in meelin'  
An' said her former trust in patent medicines were  
"Beatin'."  
An' she proposed to try, instead, the faith-cure for  
a spell.  
A sort of solemn hush upon the congregation fell.

There were things about the faith-cure which we  
couldn't recommend.  
An' we didn't know Samantha's plan nor how it all  
would end;  
Still, when our first surprise wore off, a few of us  
That, after all was said an' done, it might be for the  
best.

Whatever else that we could say, we couldn't make  
denial  
She'd given patent medicine a fair an' thorough  
trial;  
She kept them in a closet an' upon its spacious  
shelves  
Stood bottles big an' boxes small which we had  
seen ourselves.

We had often read the labels; there was Perkins's  
Purple Pills,  
An' "Elder Jones's Elixir and Emmollient for  
Iills,"  
There was "Fosdick's Hypo-Phosphate made to  
Fortify the Feeble,"  
An' "Potterbury's Panacea for Pale and Ailing  
People."

Though Samantha threw them all away she didn't  
leave her bed;  
She made a resolution she would go to work in-  
stead;  
An' she hadn't tried her faith-cure long when folks  
began to think  
Samantha's face was actually growin' plump an'  
pink.

We went an' told her husband, in a manner kind of  
sly,  
She was growin' so good-lookin' he might lose her  
by-an'-by;  
Samantha overheard us an' it pleased her, too, a lot  
An' she come to wear a look as though she'd rather  
laugh than not.

There isn't any doubt but what Samantha's really  
An' about her wondrous faith-cure now she often  
likes to tell;  
Of the good of other faith cures we've our doubts,  
we must confess,  
But we think Samantha's faith-cure was a glitterin'  
success.

## They Haven't got Paid yet

The dominion government is not the best paymaster in the world. There is so much red tape that anyone who does work for them is not sure that it may not be a year or two before he is paid. Of course there are exceptions but they exist only in the case of those who have enough political "pull" to hurry the payment along. It will be remembered that when the charge, of the Halifax undertakers, for the funeral of Sir John Thompson was handed into the government they were considered to be excessive and when it was discovered that neither party would recede from their position the proposition was made and accepted that the opinion of the undertakers in St. John should be secured. A set of questions was made out and the undertakers gave the matter careful consideration. Taking it all in all their evidence was in favor of the government's contention and it is presumed that a settlement was made upon that basis. But the undertakers, who gave much time and trouble to the matter, have never been able to get a cent for their work. Their bills have been ig-

nored and more than a year has passed without any recognition of their claim. This is not what is expected from a paternal government and should be rectified at once.

## Where Critics Didn't Agree

What was the opening piece that Dan Godfrey's band played? The newspapers appear to be much at sea upon the subject. One of them the Telegraph, says with confidence that it was an overture from Tauscher, though another with its usual daring asserts that it was Rule Britannia while one of the very few programmes given out announced that the first number would an overture by Schubert. PROGRESS had a very good idea that it was God Save the Queen and the Sun agrees. At any rate this illustrates the wonderful difference of opinion in musical matters and to find the critics of the newspapers differing is something alarming.

## Another Police Change.

Patrick Welsh has resigned from the police force. That is a nice polite way of putting it. Welsh may have been a good officer but he was not as polite as other good officers on the force. More than that he was inclined to be rusty when there was no occasion for it. But these little peculiarities did not cause him to leave the force. There were other reasons. His successor, Officer McFadden, is a strapping big fellow, well able to take his own part, and to make a crowd think that he would be a tough customer to handle.

## The C. P. R. Line to the Klondike.

The Canadian Pacific-Klondike line of steamers are now running from Vancouver or Victoria to Glenora via Wrangel, and tickets can be purchased and baggage checked through to that point. Their Steamer "Hamlin" has made round trip Wrangel to Glenora in three and one half days. Time will probably be much quicker later. Contractors are putting teams on Glenora—Teslin trail. For rates of fare, securing of accommodations &c. apply to the Assistant General Passenger Agent, C. P. R., St. John N. B.

## A Pleasant Outing.

One of the enjoyable events of the 24th will be an excursion to Hampton on the steamer Clifton, which will leave Indian-town at 9 a. m. local time; the steamer will call at Moss Glen, Clifton, and Reeds Point, returning to the city at 7 p. m. As the fare for the round trip has been placed at 50 cents it is likely that many will avail themselves of the opportunity for a delightful day's outing.

## The Time is Limited.

As will be seen by reference to advertising columns, Messrs Emerson & Fisher make an announcement in this issue that will be read with interest by many house-keepers, and in fact by all who aim to economize by taking advantage of such an exceptional opportunity as this. It will be well to note that the time during which these bargains will continue is limited.

## Sacrificed for the Cause.

Consistency may be a jewel, but that is no reason why it should be reserved for special occasions, and thereby hangs a tale, not to mention several pairs of wings. A young woman of some prominence in social circles was seen one morning removing four stuffed humming birds from her hat.

"What are you doing that for?"  
"Because," she answered, with a little sigh, "the annual meeting of the Society for the Preservation of Birds is to be held today."  
"Well, what has that to do with it?"  
"Why, I'm the secretary."

## Seeing the Sights.

Even in these days of liberal education, young women sometimes show how confused are the ideas shut up in their heads. Illustrative of this is the naive blunder which Edmondo de Amicis recounts in his story of a voyage from Genoa to Buenos Ayres. The captain of the steamer which numbered the charming young blunderer among its passengers, met her one morning and said:  
"Signorina, we cross the Tropic of Cancer to-day."  
"Oh, indeed!" she cried with enthusiasm. "Then we shall see something at last."

## Where the Benefit Comes in.

Mrs. Greene—"Now, tell me truly, do you believe it is any benefit to punish children?"  
Mrs. Berch—"Certainly. You can't imagine how much better I feel after I've given Tom and Mabel a good trouncing."—Boston Transcript.

## 25 Cents per Pair is all.

We ask to do curtains up. Everybody wonders how we do them up so cheap. They will never know. UNGAR'S LAUNDRY & DYE WORKS. Telephone 58.

If you desire a good head of healthy moist and sweet hair, select the best preparation to accomplish it. Hall's Hair Renewer is the best product of science.

The work Satan finds for idle hands is generally pretty well done.



## WHERE IS MY BOY?

A Touching story in Connection With a Favorite Old Song.

There are heart songs so intensely and universally human and true that they will always have their occasion and their sympathetic ministry. One of these is the well-known hymn, "Where is My Wandering Boy Tonight?" The following is condensed from a chapter of autobiography in the Union Gospel News;

A young civil engineer of western Kentucky, who assisted his father in his business of railroad prospecting and surveying, had contracted intemperate habits. His work from place to place threw him into the society of loose men, much more than his father seemed to be aware of, and being a generous, convivial fellow, he paid for his popularity by copying their indulgences.

His dangerous appetite and his occasional fits of dissipation were so shrewdly concealed that his parents were kept in ignorance of them for two years—until he was twenty years old. They were worthy people and constant church-goers, the father being choir-leader and the mother a fine soprano singer.

Once, while the young man was employed on a section of road forty miles from home, it became necessary to "lie over" from Thursday noon till Monday. His father would be detained till Saturday, reaching home in time for the choir rehearsal, but the son returned at once, and went to a liquor saloon to commence a three days' spree.

The saloon-keeper understood his case too well, and kept him hidden in his own apartments. When his father returned, expecting to find the boy at home, a surprise awaited him. Trouble began when the question, "Where's Harry?" informed the startled mother that he was missing.

For the Sunday evening service she was to sing a solo, and by special request—because she sang it so well—her selection was to be the hymn, "Where is My Wandering Boy?"

It seemed to her impossible to perform her promise under the circumstances; and when, on Sunday morning, a policeman found Harry, the certainty was no more comforting than the suspense had been; but she was advised that he would be "all right to-morrow morning," and that she had better not see him until he "sobered up." She controlled her grief as well as she could, took her part that day in the choir as usual, and made no change for the evening.

Toward night Harry began to come to himself. His father had hired a man to stay with him and see to his recovery, and when he learned that his mother had been told of his plight, the information cut him to the heart and helped to sober him. When the bells rang, he announced his determination to go to church. He knew nothing of the evening programme. He was still in his working clothes, but no reasoning could dissuade him, and his attendant, after making him as presentable as possible, went with him to the service. Entering early by a side door, they found seats in a secluded corner, but not far from the pulpit and the organ. The house filled, and after the usual succession of prayer, anthem and sermon the time for the solo came. It was probably the first time in that church that a mother had ever sung out of her own soul's distress:

"Oh, where is my wandering boy to-night,  
The child of my love and care?"  
What faith sustained her, when every word must have been a cruel stab? The great audience caught the feeling of the song, but there was one heart as near to breaking as her own. That he was present she had no knowledge. She had sung the 1st stanza,

"Go for my wandering boy to-night,  
Go search for him where you will,  
But bring him to me with all his blight,  
And tell him I love him still,  
Oh, where is my wandering boy?"

When a young man in a woolen shirt and curdury trousers and jacket made his way to the choir stairs with outstretched arms, and sobbing like a child, exclaimed:  
"Here I am, mother!"

The weeping mother hastened down the steps and folded him in her arms. The astonished organist, quick to take in the meaning of the scene, pulled out all his stops and played "Old Hundred"—Praise God, from whom all blessings flow." The congregation, with their hundreds of voices joined in the great doxology, while the father, the pastor and the friends of the returned prodigal stood by him with moist eyes and welcoming hands.

The wayward boy ended his wanderings then and there. That moment was a consecration, and the beginning of a life of sobriety and christian usefulness.