

PROGRESS.

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

THE DRY DOCK PROJECT.

Mr. Geo. ROBERTSON'S plan for the building of a dry dock is before the people of St. John in somewhat desultory way. They would like to make up their minds about it, but apparently they have nothing upon which to decide. Mr. ROBERTSON has not told them, as yet, what the chances are for a certain revenue from the dry dock. There are docks in Halifax and St. John's, Newfoundland, and it seems to us that it would be an easy matter for the promoter of this enterprise to obtain all the information that the people of St. John should have upon this subject. It has been said that \$2,500 is not a large sum for the city to grant in aid of such a project. That is quite true, looking at it from one point of view, but the amount asked for is not inconsiderable and is worthy of the most careful investigation and fullest information. Mr. ROBERTSON, we trust, is not promoting a dry dock simply for the sake of having it said that the port of St. John is so equipped. He must have his statistics and some information regarding the dry docks of other ports. How they are built, what their cost, is and what their annual revenue is. We understand that an annual subsidy is provided for, both by the Dominion and Provincial governments, and a further grant and a free site are asked from the city of St. John. The estimated cost of the dock is about \$1,000,000. Upon this sum five per cent at least, would have to be paid, which would mean \$50,000 annually for interest. In addition to this there will be the expenses of running the dock, which would, no doubt, be considerable. Now, if Mr. ROBERTSON could point out just how many "lameducks" it would take to make the dry dock pay, the people of St. John would have some information that they have not now. No doubt he has considered all these things and all the facts that PROGRESS asks for may be in his hands. If they are we will be glad to print them at an early date, but if they are not, let us suggest that they be obtained as soon as possible.

DOTS AND DASHES.

The recent war between Spain and the United States calls to mind the old saying, charity begins at home. The United States forces went into Cuba, many of them poorly drilled, poorly equipped and miserably fed, to free a lot of rebels who have neither the manners to be grateful for their liberation nor the stability to govern themselves after the removal of Spanish tyranny. Everywhere is to be heard praise of the kindness and consideration shown the Spanish men, prisoners and wounded, by the Americans. This is very just and commendable, but in the face of the cruelty and neglect shown their own sick and wounded it sounds rather anomalous. Some of the stories of the misery and privation endured by the men who unhesitatingly offered their lives at the call of their government are incredible, but only too true. Such a disgrace and insult to the army is almost enough to quench the fire of patriotism in the breast of every soldier in the Union.

What a pity it is that the Kaiser, didn't get a chance for his coup de theatre by issuing the peace manifests from Jerusalem! Rulers, now-a-days are so tied up by conventionalities that the chance to be really dramatic comes infrequently. However, perhaps Jerusalem would be a good place from which the Emperor could speak out and clear up the Dreyfus mystery.

We talk in this country of politics and the political scandals, but in comparison with the Old World Governments those of the New are but novices in infamy. Money may be squandered and jobs manipulated,

but the intensity which characterizes foreign political schemers is lacking in American hoodlums. And we can be profoundly thankful that political imprisonment is not in vogue. Nothing could be more diabolical. But imagine a Dreyfus in America!

One or two publications have recently contained accounts of deserted villages and cities. How many persons know that there is a deserted village in New Brunswick, and not so very far from St. John at that. Up the Bay Shore near the mouth of the Shepody river a point of land juts out to sea, containing, amid its rocks and desolation, the remains of a once thriving little village. The place is known as Mary's Point, and some years ago brown stone for exportation to the United States was quarried there in considerable quantities. Now a more eerie and desolate spot could not be imagined. One wanders past the empty postoffice with its rusty lock, around among the deserted windowless house and the silence becomes awful. The dismal roar of the surf against the rocks serves rather to intensify the stillness than break it. It is like low mournful music, played while one gazes on a sad, pathetic picture.

There is a good story of a New Brunswick girl who visited a Western town not long ago. She happened into a drug store one day and the proprietor came forward to serve her. Being fairly young and somewhat impressionable he skillfully sandwiched general questions and remarks with his "shop-talk," the while he brought forward for her inspection his choicest pomades, powders and perfumes. By his adroit and ingenious conversation he learned that she was from the Maritime provinces, and also ascertained the name of her hotel in the city. The young lady went on her way, and not of the commotion she had raised in the little breast of the young man, and cared not either, for she was head over ears in love with a young chap whom she had married not a month previously. Next day her husband walked down street and passing the drug store was saluted by the proprietor, whom he had known several years ago.

"Hallo! old man, where in the world did you come from?"
"Oh, just passing through. Been down to New Brunswick."
"New Brunswick! What were you doing down there?"
"I got married down there the other day."
"Married! You don't say. Let me congratulate you." Then as if a sudden thought struck him. "Say, by Jove,—Where are you staying?"
"At the—House."
"Say, look here, old chap. There was a young lady in here yesterday and she's from New Brunswick and she's staying at the very hotel you're at. Now I'd give my eyes to meet that girl again. Perhaps your wife knows her. Say, if you'll get me an introduction to that girl I'll be your debtor for life."

"What was she like?" queried the young Benedict.

"Like! Oh, 'a daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair." Have you seen anyone like her at the—House? She wore a plaid silk shirt waist, red. If anything ever did get all over me it was always a red plaid silk shirt waist," the druggist went on wildly. "Say, old man, don't you suppose your wife could get acquainted with her?"

"Oh, I know whom you mean. Yes, she is staying at our hotel. I know her."
"You do! What luck! What is her name? Say, you'll introduce me, won't you? When can I call?"

"Introduce you? Yes, of course I will, at any time. Call tonight if you like. Her name?—Well, she's my wife."

ELSIE G.

Mr. Geo. F. Beverly Has a Show Idea.

There are a good many people chewing gum nowadays, but that interesting industry is more popular in the exhibition building at the present time than any where else. This is largely due to the fact that a young and enterprising merchant of this city, Mr. George F. Beverly has three-cent-in-the-slot-gum chewing machines placed around the main hall of the exhibition. It has proved a good deal harder for people to pass those modest machines upon the wall that so willingly give down a package of gum for every cent that is but in the slot, than it is to encourage the enticing weighing machine that gives you an idea of how much you weigh before dinner and how much after. Mr. Beverly is the agent for the gum chewing machines and he tells PROGRESS that he has disposed of a great number of them in the city and province. The revenue only comes in a cant at a time, but when it comes often it pays pretty well. This is the only thing Mr. Beverly is interested in at the exhibition, but at his hardware

store on German street he has enough business to keep not only himself but an efficient staff of clerks busy. Hardware of all forms, but more particularly that adapted to the household can be found upon his premises. His prices are right, the attention he gives to his customers is particular, and with such a combination satisfaction invariably follows.

SOME NOTES OF THE GREAT FAIR.

Two Well-Known Exhibits Away—How the Staff Handled Their Affairs.

The thousands who attended the Exhibition this year missed those old and favorite exhibits—The St. Croix Soap Co. and the Ganong Manufacturing Co. Their exhibits were always associated with something especially attractive, which made them centres of observation and a decided attraction to the show. Mr. G. W. Ganong told PROGRESS the other day that they had exhibited every year in many places, but that this year they had decided to take a rest. While the public generally and those interested in Exhibition management must regret such a decision, still it is only fair that these enterprising concerns should reap for one year, at least, the results of their energy in this direction.

Just a word about the courtesy and kindness of the staff at the Exhibition. They had to be every where, were besieged by inquiries of all sorts, by requests for permission to do this or that, and by impossible demands of every description, still the courtesy and good nature of the staff was remarkable under the circumstances. Working from early morning until late at night under an intense strain they still managed to satisfy those who could be satisfied at all.

In the machinery hall, Supt. Harris Allan did everything in his power, not only to make it pleasant for the exhibitors, but for those who came into that department. He was on hand at all times and ready and willing to explain to any sight-seer the working of the machinery.

A Disgrace to Base Ball.

If the Exhibition association had been as fortunate in the third special feature of their show as they were with the high diver and the Watson sisters they would not have had to record a decreased attendance on the last days. But the drunken aggregation of ball tossers that accepted the snap presented in St. John and came down here from Boston for a soft thing disgusted the people who love to see a good game and for that purpose would attend day after day. The captain and two pitchers were marked as quiet gentlemanly fellows but the rest of the crowd were a disgrace to the game and the place they hailed from. They came to St. John engaged to play good ball but their main business was to get all the "boozes" they could and as cheaply as possible. As a result their manager ran into a police officer who looked after his interests.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Heavenly Twilight.

Heavenly twilight wiled and still,
Has silver lilies dipped in gold;
They bloom far o'er the purple hill,
Where sunset clouds their robes unfold.
If thou hast come at this sweet time,
To meet me in the red rose glen;
The farewell of the evening chime,
Had been the less within my ken,
If thou hadst met me then.

And still the heavenly twilight's fall,
And that fond place remains the same;
Our parting words my soul recall,
Again I breathe thy cherished name,
Come thou beloved unto me,
Ere this sweet time shall fade and die;
How heavenly here thy face to see,
If but once more to have the night,
Forgetting that good bye.

CYPRIUS GOLDIE.

The Ferns, Sept. 1898.

The Shower.

The landscape like the awed face of a chief,
Grew curiously blurred; a hush of death
Fell on the fields and in the darkness wild
The zephyr held its breath.

No wavering glamour work of light and shade
Dappled the shimmering surface of the brook;
The frightened ripples in their ambushade
Of willows thrilled and shook.

The sudden day grew darker, and anon
Divers flashes of pent anger lit the sky;
With rumbling wheels of wrath came rolling on
The storm's artillery.

The cloud put on its blackest frown
And, then, as with a vengeful cry of pain
The lightning snatched it, ripped and flung it down
In raveled shreds of rain.

While I, transfixed by some wondrous art
Bowed with the thirsty lilies to the sod,
My empty soul brimmed over and my heart
Drenched with the love of God.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

Tipsy Autumn.

I had a chat with Autumn but today
Out in the vineyard, 'tween two purple rows;
Her hands were full of grapes and she could not
Shake hands with me; her rosy-tinted arms
Seemed stained with wine. I think she'd had a sip
She was in such a merry mood!

Her hair
Was fastened up with some brown twigs. It looked
As yellow as a golden blade of corn
With which the field had fought and richly won.
Her dreamy eyes were just a hazy blue;
Two soft dull respers that had harvested
The hazel azure of the skies.

As red
As apples were her cheeks, and her ripe lips
Were as two bows of ruby drawn around
Mirth's ledge of pearl.

It was her busy day
And she kept working as she talked; next week
She said she would be shocking corn.
—New York Sun.

Use in place
of Cream of Tartar
and Soda.



More convenient,
Makes the food lighter
and more healthful.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

NURSING THE WOUNDED.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

tent, but every place looks alike and we had to have a soldier to find our way back for us. I am sorry to say she is not nearly as comfortably cared for as we, but perhaps things may improve. The departure of many of the regiments from Camp Wik-off has lessened the need of Red Cross work here but it has afforded increased opportunities for aid to the relief station at Long Island city. Hundreds of hungry men have been fed and many weak convalescents cared for at the emergency hospital there. The work of distributing heavy clothing to soldiers who are in need of it also progresses with much facility.

"There are plenty of nurses here and the poor fellows are getting good care. It is terribly sad to see the large frames of the men with scarcely a bit of flesh on them. The hospital tents contain about 20 patients and are very comfortable. The weather continues cold and though I was wrapped in three army blankets last night I was none too warm. I have many souvenirs that have been through the thickest of the war and hope to have several more before we leave. Our hours as you can imagine are all taken up and the days pass quickly from the time we rise at bugle call until we retire. We have breakfast at 6.30 and roll call at 7. a. m. We listen with almost breathless interest while the soldiers tell their story of the war. Not one of them would be willing to have it over again. They are terribly bitter against the Cubans but all speak so well of the Spaniards both as soldiers and men.

"We have about ten hospital tents on one division and these with the mess room, kitchen and diet kitchen make quite a showing on a little elevation of ground."

A third letter bears date of Sept. 15. 2 a. m. and says: "Most of my boys are sleeping and I am trying to keep warm by writing—and I assure you I find it hard work to keep from freezing to death after midnight. I do not think we shall be here much longer as it is too cold to keep the sick boys in the tents. As soon as they can stand the four hours ride to New York they are being sent there and this camp is being broken up as quickly as possible. At present I have thirty men in my tent and all are doing fairly well. One poor boy is having an awful chill. It is simply terrible the way they shake.

"In my division we have had a doctor who gives the cold water cure. He tried it on our men and more than one poor fellow has died for the want of nourishment and medicine. I went and complained about it and we got whiskey and gave it to our men with all the hot and cold milk they could drink. We made it so hot for the doctor mentioned that today his resignation was accepted and a new man takes his place tonight. I thought that 90 men—the number we had under him too many to risk in that way. It is the talk of the camp, and now that it has had such a good result I'm glad I complained.

"A ride in an ambulance may not be the most cheerful way to take an outing but I did enjoy the one I had yesterday in that gruesome vehicle. On a clear day it is lovely to go to one of the hills and get a view of the camp. This morning—or rather yesterday morning—I saw the colored regiment taking the horses down to the water in squads of one hundred, and such number of horses. All the teaming and heavy work is done by mules and their antics afford considerable amusement for us all. I missed a chance of going to Turkey recently. A former patient of mine—Mrs. Straus, was sending her niece out to the latter's father, who is Minister to Turkey and tried everywhere to find me. She didn't think of St. John of course and I—but there, I must stop, a poor boy grows restless and I must look after his comfort—good night."

THE QUEEN LIKES GOOD WHISKEY.

A Fact That is Made Apparent by Recent Warrants.

In these days of prohibition politics it is an unusual thing to have a document come to this country which proves that Her Gracious Majesty the Queen likes a drop of Scotch whiskey. The fact that she does so is not likely to lessen the estimation of her in the minds of her loyal subjects. For the Queen to drink whiskey is no harm upon the same principle "that the king can do no wrong"; but for one of her loyal subjects in Canada to drink it, will, according to the ideas of the prohibitionists in the near future, be against the law of the land. What follows in the document below is not intended for a campaign document, but it simply show that while the good people of Canada are spending from one quarter to one half a million dollars to find out what the majority think upon the whiskey subject, Her Majesty the Queen has appointed Messrs. Jas. Buchanan & Co. purveyors to her of Scotch whiskey.

The fact that the Prince of Wales should give them such a warrant as he has done does not excite any surprise, for like a dutiful son he follows in the footsteps of his good mother, and shows his appreciation and extends his approbation to the good Scotch whisky distilled by Messrs. James Buchanan & Co. Their agent in this city is Mr. M. A. Finn, who has pushed the sale and extended the reputation of the goods of this concern. That the business could not be in better hands will generally be conceded. Articles of merit, whether they are whisky or anything else, will always sell, but they will sell a good deal more under proper direction—so it is with "House of Commons."

THE BLACK SWAN DISTILLERY,

26 Holburn, London,

August, 1898.

M. A. FINN Esq., St. John, N. B.

Dear Sir:—We have the pleasure to inform you that we have been appointed by royal warrants, distillers and purveyors of Scotch whisky to Her Majesty the Queen and to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

We are sending you by this post a fac-simile of the warrants which kindly have framed, and hung up in your offices, as it will doubtless be conducive to our mutual interests.

Assuring you of our best and prompt attention to your esteemed commands

We are dear sir,
Yours faithfully,
JAMES BUCHANAN & CO.

The Queen's Warrant.

This is to certify that I have appointed
MR JAMES BUCHANAN
trading as James Buchanan & Co.,
into the place and quality of purveyor of Scotch
whisky to Her Majesty.

To hold the said place so long as shall seem fit to the Lord Steward for the time being.
This warrant is strictly personal and will become void on the death, retirement or bankruptcy of the person named therein.

Given under my hand this sixteenth day of July, 1898, in the sixty second year of Her Majesty's reign.

FEMBRIDGE MONTGOMERY,
Lord Steward. (Seal)

The Prince of Wales' Warrant.

MESSRS JAMES BUCHANAN & COMPANY
You are hereby appointed purveyors of whiskey to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.
Given under my hand and seal at Marlborough House, this sixth day of July 1898.

D. M. PROBEE,
Comptroller General.

This warrant is granted to James Buchanan personally, trading under the title of JAMES BUCHANAN & COMPANY. It is only held during the pleasure of the Prince of Wales, and is to be returned to the Comptroller of His Royal Highness' household in the event of any change taking place in the firm from death, bankruptcy, retirement or other cause.

The following letter explains itself.

HOUSE OF LORDS,
REFRESHMENT DEPARTMENT
JUNE 24 1898.

To Messrs James Buchanan & Co. Scotch whisky merchants, London, E. C.
Gentlemen, I am glad you have brought the matter before me, that a Scotch whisky is being sold in the colonies entitled "House of Lords" Scotch whisky.

This may be to a certain extent misleading to the general public.

You are the only firm who supplies this department with Scotch whisky in bottle, and I know nothing of any other whisky sold on the market as "House of Lords."

You are at liberty to make use of this fact if you deem it desirable.

I am, Gentlemen
Yours faithfully,
WILLIAM AGGAS
Manager, Refreshment Department.

A Low Rate for Trial Subscriptions.

Up to and including October 10 the publishers of PROGRESS will receive subscriptions for PROGRESS and the Family Herald and Weekly Star, both of which will be sent to subscribers until January 1st 1899, at the low rate of fifty cents.

When you are in Need

Of anything done in our line you can rest assured you will be satisfied. UNGAR'S LAUNDRY & DYE WORKS. Telephone 58.

The human system can endure heat of 212 degrees, the boiling point of water, because the skin is a bad conductor, and because the perspiration cools the body. Men have withstood without injury a heat of 300 degrees for several minutes.