

PROGRESS.

PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, from its new quarters, 29 to 31 Canterbury street, St. John, N. B., by the PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY (LIMITED.) W. T. H. FENNEY, Managing Director. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

All letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

Discontinuances.—Except in those localities which are easily reached, Progress will be stopped at the time paid for. Discontinuances can only be made by paying arrears at the rate of five cents per copy.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, JULY 30th.

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

THE PROHIBITION QUESTION.

Dr. ALLISON of Mount Allison college Sackville, has expressed his opinion of the proposed plebiscite. After denying that it emanates in any way from the Methodist church he refused to advise the audience he was addressing to vote for prohibition. He seems to have done this on the ground that prohibition has not succeeded anywhere it has been tried, and as an illustration of this statement he recalls the passage of the old New Brunswick law which proved such a farce.

Dr. ALLISON might have gone much further and pointed out that the enforcement of any law suppressing or even restricting the sale of liquor is a most difficult task. How far from a success the Scott Act has proved we all know. There may be places in the province where this law is enforced but they are hard to find.

On the contrary although such important centres as Fredericton, St. Stephen, Woodstock, Sussex and Moncton are in Scott Act counties it is a well known fact that liquor is sold in those places almost, if not quite, as openly as it was under license law.

We have a licence law in St. John and few, if any, will deny that it is better enforced than any liquor law has been since St. John became a city. And yet from time to time the police magistrate of the city says the law is being violated. He protests against the sale of liquor on Sunday, which goes to show that even a vigilant inspector cannot do more than restrict. Even during those hours when it is unlawful to sell liquor, it seems to be impossible to prohibit the sale but restriction in this city, at least, has been carried to a point approaching prohibition.

Whatever the cause there is no doubt that it would be impossible to enforce prohibition. Even an army of officials would find the task much too great for them. If the people decide to put such a law upon the statute book and the government determines to give it a trial, the machinery for its enforcement must be provided. The cause of temperance would be weakened rather than strengthened by the passage of a law that it will be impossible to carry out. There is no doubt that temperance sentiment has increased very greatly in the last quarter of a century but it has not done so by legislation. Persuasion has done more and will do more than force. If men are persuaded that it is to their interests, financial physical and moral to leave rum alone they will do so in the end. It may take time to effect this persuasion or rather to separate them from the allurements of drinking but the great reforms have always moved slowly since the world began. Many men, when told that they shall not do a certain thing exert every effort to resist the command. So, in a sense, will it be with prohibition.

HOW MEN DEVELOP.

There is a very sound maxim, that a man never knows what he is capable of till he is put to the test. It is a corollary to the maxim that no man is indispensable. Great men like GLADSTONE flourish and leave their mark on the history of the world, and at their death we are apt to say that their places cannot be re-filled. In a measure we speak truthfully, for the chances are that no immediate successor can be found with the same power of initiative and enterprise as the one who has gone. Yet it is seldom that nations or movements decay because of the loss of their leader. By sheer strength of will and indomitable energy a man has perhaps lifted the one or the other to a height it had never before attained; but when his place is vacated some other man will be found to step

into it and continue the work, if not to carry it forward. A man has certainly this much immortality in the world, that he leaves his influence and his spirit behind him to be a guide and help to the others. The mantle of ELIJAH falls on ELISHA and transforms him into a worthy successor. ELISHA would be less than he had he not been preceded by ELIJAH. So the great men and leaders of the world leave behind them their mantles, and others arise to wear them, if not as worthily as the former owners, still with credit to themselves and their surroundings.

For it must be remembered that great men do not work wonders of themselves. They have strong vision and penetrating thought, and they mould the raw material they find round about them into useful form. They fight the battle from a distance, by organization, and message, and signal. They cannot fight it without soldiers and good soldiers; but they know how to make good soldiers and how to dispose them. Yet they must have the requisite material before they can mould it. A WELLINGTON or BONAAPARTE cannot conquer nations with an army of cadets or brigades of puny sickly men. All that the great man possesses is the art of turning things to their best account: and, while he largely originates this art, it is not difficult for him to leave the secret of it behind him. We do not pretend that the art of moulding men is as easy to acquire as the art of moulding iron and brass. You must have some natural power as a leader before you can lead; but, even when you are possessed of the faculty, it will often lie dormant till circumstances conspire to bring it out. Thus it comes about that responsibility is the true touchstone of human beings. It searches the heart and finds out a man's capabilities. A good servant, it is said, makes a good master. Yet this is not invariably true for the qualities of servant and master differ widely. The one is executive and the other legislative; one must carry out in detail what the other originates and schemes.

It is however one of the surprises of life that those we have least suspected of being able to take command assume the reins of office easily when they are thrust into their hands. Many men whose general bearing is one of dependence, who seem unable to act or think alone, who need some one constantly at their head in order that their work may be turned to the best account, develop suddenly and wonderfully when they are unexpectedly called upon to walk alone. They are like men recovering from the effects of lameness who have not the boldness to dispense with their crutches while they are within reach. But let some one take away the crutches, and they will find that they are quite able able to walk alone. It is an old story this, about responsibility bringing out a man's powers, but we often like to revive it—it is so soundly consoling, so optimistic, yet true! We must not, of course, "lay this flattering unction to our soul," that we are destined to be commanders because we do not like service. Too many of us have an indolent dislike of being set about our business by other people. We do not care to be told to do this and do that by those who, we feel, have no right beyond that of age—and not always that—to dictate to us our duties. We object to having our lives, or the working part of them, mapped out for us by others, and we develop a kind of dissatisfied mood when we contemplate the fact that we are only servants, whereas in our own opinion we ought to be masters. So we regard our period of service apathetically, as a time merely to be lived through, and we look forward to the day when we shall be in command. Then, we think, there will at last be some scope for our powers, and we shall show the world of what stuff we are made.

The Test of Time.

It is important to know that there is as much difference in soaps as in other articles used in the home. Some are fairly good, other are not fit to use, one cannot always judge by appearances, adulterated goods often look like the genuine. There is not an impure thing in "Welcome" Soap, and it is made with the greatest of care. The true test is in use, and "Welcome" Soap has stood the severest of tests for more than twenty years. Save your wrappers and send for premium list.

We Only Want you to Try us.

Since our new collar shaper has been put in, no possible chance for a collar to crack. Ungar's Laundry & Dye Works. Telephone 58.

Marie Stuart has been engaged to originate the part of a female tramp in Gaites' new farce comedy, "The Air Ship." Eddie Welch will originate the part of a Russian Jew detective in the same piece.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

In Dear Old Disco.

In dear old Disco's laughing spray,
And the moonlight or the sands;
I come to linger another day
Here with you dear ones again to stray
In the fairest of summer lands.

I hear a voice in the resting sea,
A song in the turning tide;
Urging me still with a tender plea,
With the balmy wind from the fragrant lea;
O poet with us abide.

And over the sea there comes a prayer,
And a white winged spirit's smile;
Telling me how the absent fare,
In a beautiful home all free from care,
And we'll meet in a little while.

Here there are storm hurled seas of grief,
And many a billows height,
And many we love whose stay so brief,
O' all heart sorrows is here the chief,
When they pass into higher light.

The floating robes afar I view,
Folding some silent form;
Still to me waving a fond adieu,
Till watching the glory my eyes pursue,
It's gone o'er the cloud and storm.

O Bay Chaleur! and Disco dear,
With your waves and sky and stars,
Peace be to those to thy surges near
Waiting the dawn of a morn so clear,
That no shadow its beauty mars.

CYPRUS GOLDE.
July 1898.

Clover Bloom.

O clover bloom, wild clover!
From of the hills of Paradise—
Sun kissed from love's own guardian skies—
No purer, sweeter breath shall come,
Than this thou holdest in humble guise,
Calling dead memories to arise,
Dim, long untrod ways to roam—
O clover bloom, sweet clover bloom.

No magic spell, alluring fair,
No vision earth bound sight might share
With more entrancing thrill could come—
Than this, of my once hallowed home—
A waking dream of yesterday
Through thy fragrance wreath me
O clover bloom, rare clover bloom.

Again fond Nature's trusting child,
I wander where she beckons me,
And loiter in the lowlands will,
By butternuts, and hazel beautied,
Where fragrant winds breathe soft and free
And bobolinks trill merrily
Beneath thy fairy roof at home,
O clover bloom, glad clover bloom.

Bright clover bloom, fresh clover bloom,
Charm'd vista to my childhood's home;
Thou mak'st all the way more fair
Wherein my wandering feet have come,
With love's own mystic atmosphere,
And bring'st ecstatic vision near,
Unting by memories here
Borne on toward the unseen shore,
My earthly with my heavenly home—
The "nevermore" was "evermore!"
O clover bloom, sweet clover bloom.
—Annie S. Marsh.

The Summer Picnic.

The pickles are in the pie,
Though quite of different ilk;
The said pickles,
In the cooling drinks—
The mustard's in the milk.

The chicken is wet with wine;
The bread is dry with heat;
The oyster patty
Looks far from natty—
The sun has attacked the meat.

The sandwich of pate de foie
Is wrapped in wandering curves;
The whole affair
Begets despair
And acts upon the nerves.

But it always happens thus
When people picnic out;
I'm blowe if I
Can tell just how
But of it there is no doubt.

If people ate out in the fields
As a regular employment,
We'd eat our stores
No doubt indoors
For just the mere enjoyment!

The Fate of a Rose.

A snow-white rose, on a summer night,
Down in a garden where flowers were fair,
Opened her heart to a moonbeam bright.

Fickle and false was the silver light,
Wooing the blossom a now here, now there,
Alas for the rose on a summer night!

Pure was the flower in her spotless white,
When she smiled in her beauty rare,
Op'ning her heart to a moonbeam bright.

The morning found her in hapless plight;
Faded, she bent in the dewy air,
The snow-white rose on a summer night.

Now flowers are withered and hoar-frost bite,
And snail's tracks are merrily flitting where
She opened her heart to the moonbeams bright.

The wind blows chill from the Northern height,
And the trees are shivering in the breeze—
A snow white rose on a summer night,
Opened her heart to a moonbeam bright.
—Maud E. Sargent.

Any Lover to his Lady.

O heart of my heart, for thee—for thee
I have plucked the roses on Conington Lea—
The wild hedge-roses, with petals of flame,
That the hot sun kissed from the East as he
(came)

This morning at dawn,
When the upland lawn
Was shrouded in dew, thy window—dark dead—
Made me shiver with dread!

O life of my life, for thee—for thee
Would I were the thrush in the apple-tree
That sings so close to my window-sill,
When the world lies sleeping from valley to
(hill)

So close I could peep
At my lady, asleep,
And sing as the glad hours hurried along,
Till I died in my song!
O soul of my soul, for thee—for thee,
I have watched the dawn break over the sea!
If I were the thrush, and the roses red
That live one day and the next are dead,
I could never kneel
At thy feet, and feel
That perchance some day, some glad summer-time,
I shall call thee mine!

How Madeline Bows.

A flash of recognition in her eyes,
Which changes to a smile. A sudden gleam
Of teeth and dimples—it would seem
The glimpse she had of me was a surprise,
If her swift blushes told the truth—and now
A gracious little word, a laugh, a bow.

The nodding plumes upon her hat bow, too,
And one tall feather, bolder than the rest,
Seems beckoning me to follow—a request
The silken swath of feminine fro—from
Reiterates—while fluttering ribbons try
Their best to catch me as she saunters by.

But I am proof against her saucy wiles;
Nor heed the gleams from her laughing eyes;
Nor fear the dimple that in ambush lies;
Nor dread her blushes, or her roguish smiles,
Because the maiden, as she onward goes,
Bows just that way to every man she knows!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ANXIOUS, FAIRVILLE.—You are mistaken, the song entitled, "I am a Funny Man," was not written by Mr. Thomas Rogers.

W. H., MUSQUASH.—Blue Rock is in Carleton. The man who said otherwise probably never saw a plan of the city.

J. H., MONCTON.—You are right. The only legitimate punster in St. John is Mr. Joseph Knowles.

N. B. FREDERICTON.—The "Legend of Rocky Hill" was not written by Mr. Martin Butler.

J. W., CITY.—You made a slight error. The gentleman you refer to was not the Lord Chancellor of England, but Mr. James Anderson, of the Telegraph. The resemblance is striking.

QUEEN ST., CITY.—No, the Prince of Wales has not been in the city for 20 years. The gentleman you refer to was Hon. A. G. Blair.

TYO, ST. JOHN.—The song, "Where Sleeps the Brave," was written by Mr. Hugh Finlay, whose martial figure looks the Sagamore to the life.

MUSIC, FOKIOK.—The only violin virtuoso in St. John is Mr. L. Harrison.

INQUIRER, CITY.—Yes, it has been said that Mr. Buck did receive an offer to play the great organ in St. Paul's, London; but as the title of "Professor" went with it, he refused.

G. Mc S., ST. JOHN.—You are correct. The music of the song, "The World is my Love" was written by H. P. Rice Webber.

IMPROVEMENT IN PREMISES.

Two Handsome Stores on Prince William Street Required by M. A. Finn.

Improvements in business premises are always worth noting since they mean more business and more prosperity—at least for those who make the improvements. The store next to M. A. Finn has recently been leased by him and the manner in which it has been fitted up has called forth the praise of all his patrons and customers. A business which has 7,000 feet of floor space can find room for a great quantity of goods. The addition will be used wholly for the wholesale business, save the private office of Mr. Finn in front and two small rooms in the rear where those who want to drink beer or anything else can do so quietly and in comfort. That is the English way of doing things and those places fitted up in this manner in this part of Canada have always been popular. Well conducted, however, as Mr. Finn's business is in both branches, it would not receive the custom it does save for the fact that the quality and variety of his stock is such that they commend it to the public. He caters for family trade and gets it. The wine vaults of the good old days are not so necessary now when a minutes talk at the telephone will bring anything from such a stock that a man wishes. His exclusive agencies for the best brand of several liquors—notably House of Commons whiskey—afford him a chance to give his customers unusual value in this high grade stock.

Plays Founded on Novels.

It is accepted as an axiom in the theatrical world that a play founded on a popular novel will be a success, by reason of the pre-interest created in the characters by the story, and the desire of readers to see the personages of the tale interpreted in the more realistic atmosphere of dramatic action. The fascination of the characters of a widely read novel dramatically presented has been practically demonstrated by the five phenomenal successes of the last three seasons—"Trilby," "A Lady of Quality," "The Little Minister," "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "Under the Red Robe." By these experiences, the Liebler company believe that Viola Allen will meet with great success in Hall Caine's "The Christian," irrespective, in a sense, of the talent of the star or the excellencies of the play. "The Christian," as a novel, has been one of the most extensively read books ever printed in English, and has provoked more discussion, probably, than most works of fiction. It was first printed in this country in a serial publication having a monthly circulation of 700,000 copies. Since this issue many editions of the story have been produced in book form, aggregating over 2,000,000 copies. At a very conservative estimate over 3,500,000 people have read "The Christian in America alone.

Stoutness Fashionable.

When Lottie Gilson returned from Europe a few weeks ago her friends noticed that she had grown very much stouter than she used to be. She explained that it was the fashion on the other side for serio-comics to look strong and healthy and that the will-o'-the-wisp style of soubrette had become passe. When Bonnie Thornton heard this she made up her mind to get right into the swim. She used to pride herself on the fact that she was the fairest fairy of them all, but she decided that she might as well be dead as out of the fashion, so she began to put on flesh immediately. Just five weeks ago she weighed ninety pounds and now she tips the scales at one hundred and twenty. This she says is her bona fide Turkish bath weight, without counting her fashionable costume or her diamonds, which add several pounds to the total. Now that the two

Use in place
of Cream of Tartar
and Soda.

ROYAL
BAKING
POWDER
Absolutely Pure

More convenient,
Makes the food lighter
and more healthful.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

leading lights of soubrettedom have set the example, there is no telling where the craze for embonpoint will stop. The flesh food market will have a big boom, and Amelia Summerville's obesity remedy will experience a sudden and severe slump.—Dramatic Mirror.

A Possible Tragedy.

An English magazine, the Woman at Home, told recently an incident in the life of the Princess of Wales, which shows how accuracy and thoroughness were the means of avoiding a possible catastrophe. The princess is, it appears, an enthusiastic amateur photographer, and with her daughter, the Princess Victoria, is in the habit of taking pictures of the scenery, people, and animals in and about Sandringham, herself developing and mounting them afterward. Several months ago while out in the park, she took a snap-shot of the railroad bridge at Wollerton while a freight-train was crossing it. When the picture was printed the princess observed a slight curve in the bridge. She went to the place from which she had taken it, and carefully inspected the structure. There was no such curve in it perceptible. "I held the camera at a wrong angle, no doubt," she said and waiting until another train crossed, took another picture, developed and printed it. Again the depression appeared at the same point in the bridge. She carried the pictures anxiously to the Prince of Wales, who sent for the superintendent of the railroad. On inquiry it was found that the engineers of the trains had perceived a vibrating motion when crossing the bridge. It was examined and found unsafe and condemned. The persistence of the princess in seeking to make perfect her little picture and the intelligence that noted a slight deflection saw in it a possible danger, in all probability prevented a catastrophe and possibly a frightfully loss of human life.

Timing Their Entrances.

"How do we arrange about our entrances," said a young actor recently, "and how do we contrive to know when we have to come on, seeing that the institution of the call-boy is now to a great extent extinct? Well, to tell you the truth, we practically have to hang about the wings right through the piece, so as to watch for our cues, but several actors hit upon other means. One well-known performer commissions his valet or dresser, to act as a sort of special call-boy. The dresser has a copy of the play and follows it from the wings, summoning his master whenever the latter is required by the exigencies of the scene. Other actors, again, draw up a little time-table for themselves, which they hang in a conspicuous place in their dressing rooms. The time-table will record, say, that the performer has to be on the stage at 8.15, 8.38, 9.15, 9.40, and so on. So perfectly does the play fall in with the time arrangements that this plan is thoroughly workable, but of course the time-tables in question cannot be compiled until the piece has settled down into the regular clockwork punctuality. It is not generally known that the late William Terriss invariably used such a time-table to regulate his entrances on the Adelphi and other boards."

What is Cashier's Cramp?

A cashier in a certain bank is suffering from a novel disability, which promises to keep him from work for several days at least and perhaps a couple of weeks. In brief, the first two fingers of his right hand are worn out with counting money. Every day for years the cashier in question has handled thousands of notes, but it was not until a few months since that he had any trouble with his fingers. Then the first finger, which, with the thumb, is used to raise the notes, became painful, and the skin grew so thin that he was forced to abandon its use and rely on the second finger. This went on fairly well for some time until the cuticle began to go in the same way. Then the cashier resorted to the third finger, and in time might have used up all the others had not the bank manager given him a holiday until the injured member should recover its natural form.