

## PROGRESS.

PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

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

## OUR CONTINENTAL SABBATH.

The subject of Sabbath desecration was touched upon by his honor, Judge FORBES at the opening of the county court this week. He told the twenty four citizens who compose the grand jury that it was a part of their duty to indict any official whom they did not consider was carrying out his duty, but at the same time he took occasion to compliment the chief of police and those under him upon their activity in reporting cases of Sabbath desecration. In this connection it is worth noting that the police have noticed a few people selling cigars on Sunday and one unfortunate druggist selling soda water. Upon their reports of these violations the compliment of his honor depends. If Judge FORBES was as unprejudiced and fair minded in this Sabbath desecration business as he is in most matters that come before him he would not contend that the reporting of cigar dealers and soda water sales was the entire duty of the chief of police. It is his fear for this good city is that its Sabbath may become continental in character then why should he not advocate the stoppage of the street cars. If everything but "works of necessity and mercy" is to be prohibited, then there is no need for the ferry boat to ply between the East and West side so long as the suspension bridge spans the river. It is very nice to have fruit for dessert on Sunday but because the boat arrived too late on Saturday night the necessity of delivering it on Sunday morning is not apparent! It is a crime to sell a glass of soda water on Sunday it is equally wrong to drink it. Who will say that drug stores must keep open on the Sabbath to fill prescriptions alone? They are not compelled to do so and the inconvenience and danger of their closing can be readily imagined if they combine to resent this needless prosecution.

That this is a quiet, moral, well conducted city on the Sabbath is apparent to every one who lives in it. Its habits are not "continental" and his honor the judge knows they are not, nor are they in danger of becoming so. Amusement resorts are unknown in St. John on Sunday. Even lectures, concerts—rarely given though—are always of a sacred character. To attend church and Sunday school, to walk to the park or cemetery, to enjoy the fresh air in an open street car—while, perhaps, smoking a desecration cigar—to view the noble St. John and the natural beauty that God has endowed it with, are the principal pursuits of St. John people on Sunday. Surely there is nothing wrong in them.

## PHASES OF QUARRELING.

When the stress and pain of quarreling come in is when the argument ranges round a subjective matter. If your friend's mode of life does not please you, or you think there is something lacking in his bearing towards you, then is the opportunity for a quarrel which leaves traces behind it. Take the case of your fellow-companion—the man you have known for the best part of your life, and with whom you are, let us say, sharing rooms. You will be model personages if you do not now and again break out into disputes which, for the moment, seem as if they would create a real breach in your friendship. Your friend seems, as you will express it, to be growing "casual." He appears to be much more mindful of his interests than of yours—an unpardonable sin. He exhibits boredom when you wish to discuss a most important matter in your own affairs. He will not allow his plans to fall in with yours, but, whatever your proposal, he seems ready to thwart it by counter-proposals. You feel in a mood for a walk; he refuses to be taken out. You particularly wish to have an evening in for the purpose of a chat; he insists that he has an engagement to which he must at-

tend. In short, you feel that you are out of harmony, and that the fault is his. It invariably is. You meet the situation by saying nothing. It would be merely playing into his hands to show that his mood disturbed you, since you are well assured that he has it in mind to annoy you. So you assume—oh, puerile assumption!—a "don't-care-a-little-bit" air, and meet his refusals, his counter-plans, and his assertions with a studied politeness which you imagine bears the stamp of indifference. Your words are words of calmness, of absolute carelessness, but your fixity of features shows to the most superficial observer that you are on the simmer. If you separate shortly, the storm remains pent up, and when you next meet you barely speak, or speak only with a forced cold civility which betrays a sullen mind. If, on the other hand, you continue for some little time in each other's society, the chances are that the storm breaks. Human nature proves too strong for you, and you work yourself up to a sufficiently strong pitch to hurl at your friend's head a piece of choice sarcasm which you imagine will be a knock-down blow, from which he will arise humble and apologetic, acknowledging his faults and begging you to overlook them. Fool that you are, if he has anything like the same spirit as yourself, you might as well try to subdue a bull by flaunting a red rag in its face! Sarcasm, unworthy as it is, is a fine stimulant to the one against whom it is leveled, and is sure to produce a very elegant sparring match—in polite terms, no doubt, as befits your up-bringing, but with good hard hits which would knock down an unequal antagonist.

A hot dispute between two men of education and polish affords as fine a display of art as a prize-fight. Either has its disgusting side, but it has also its brilliant side. You must be as fully in condition for a battle of words as for a battle of fists. Your mind has to be fully alive, for the battle is over when you are no longer ready with a happy retort. The *tu quoque* blow is altogether discredited in polite quarreling. It is devoid of imagination, and it must be remembered that you are pitting your imagination against another's. Some of the blows fall feebly, it is true, but most of them are well directed, and would sting if they got home. When you descend to "You're another!" and "So do you!" you are merely on a level of vulgar dispute, which is a simple trial of lungs and is often a prelude to the final arbitration of fists. But an angered mind well-trained and always on the alert, shows some pretty bits of work in its bout with another mind of equal calibre. Blow for blow is the form of defence; and it is a sign of waning power when one of the disputants begins to hark back to his original moves, and, as it were, tries to play the game over again.

The effect of these word-contests on different temperaments is remarkable. Some will abandon the delicate weapons of sarcasm at an early point and take up the cudgels of solid abuse. Some will be easily proved to consider the matter not to be settled except by a trial of physical strength; while others will remain calm throughout, and administer blows more telling in proportion to the calmness. There are those who will exhibit the most violent passion, and ten minutes afterwards will be as serene and forgetful of what has happened as though their mind had never been ruffled. Others will let the offence sink deep into their heart, and be unable to rid themselves of the poison, which they carry about in their minds for days. Indeed some will carry it for ever—not actively, but as a cumulative poison, which is added to that engendered by the next offence on the part of the same person.

In any circumstances however the open quarrel is the best. It is equally desirable to live at peace with all men, and not to allow one's harmony to be disturbed by trivial occurrences over which any third person could laugh. Yet, when we feel our pride or dignity assailed human nature makes most of us hit out in one form or another. Here and there are those who seem absolutely to be possessed of the secret of the soft answer which turneth away wrath, though in many cases a soft answer absolutely jars on the nerves of one who is spoiling for a fight. If however nature has given us something of a disputative nature, we need not think we are doing great things if we allow our quarrel to take the form of sullen estrangement instead of a face-to-face encounter. There is in a good quarrel that which clears the air. If the air does not need clearing, so much the better. But those are rare lives into which no storms come; and when it is hovering about and rendering itself oppressive we do not care how soon it breaks. It may pass over; but, if one has not the art to brush it away, but nurse it instead, it is better far that it should be fought out sharp and short. It is like the

good old-fashioned surgical remedy of blood-letting. It leaves you a bit weak immediately afterwards, but you feel all the fresher later on.

With a grant of \$5,000 from the local government and a small amount from the city of St. John the exhibition this year should not be associated with the word "deficit." We note however that new buildings are being erected, the necessity for which must have been very marked else the directors would not have gone to such expense. It is quite true that the provincial grant is associated with conditions which indicate in what direction a portion of the prize money shall be placed, but all of it will be spent in some way on the exhibition. There has been fault finding and a great deal of criticism with the management in the past and a great deal, if not all of it, was deserved, but to day Mr. EVERETT is still in charge and we understand the directorate have signified their approval of his past management by a substantial increase in salary. No one will pretend to say that the present manager of the exhibition has not had a fair chance to show his ability in that direction, and it only seems reasonable to assume that his future in this particular will depend quite largely upon the failure or success of the show this year.

The prohibition campaign is going along quietly. No one seems to be unduly excited. There is not much doubt that all the provinces will vote in its favor except probably Quebec. Many a man who takes three drinks a day will vote for prohibition not because he believes it can be enforced, for he will have his three drinks just the same, but in order that he may not stand in the way of a possible restriction upon the man who cannot stop at three drinks a day.

## A Lady Speaks Her Mind.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS:

"The manager of the Opera House wishes to thank those ladies who are considerate enough to remove their hats during the performance, thus caring for the comfort of those occupying seats behind them."

The above notice has been appearing on the opera house programmes lately, and to me as well as to hundreds of others who attend the theatre it has a decidedly fresh sound. I don't mean the word in a slang sense at all, but there is something so genuinely unique and funny about it, when one thinks of the many discomforts to which lady patrons of the house are subjected. To my way of thinking the high hat nuisance is the least of them. As a rule ladies wear small hats to the theatre now; though I sat behind one not long ago of immense proportions, it wasn't half so annoying as being obliged to rise up half a dozen times during the evening to allow three or four men to pass in and out whenever the fancy seized them. The other night I attended a performance of "Held by The Enemy" and it seemed to me I never saw so much confusion, so much running in and out before. It wasn't a particularly hot night either, but it was one of the few dry ones we have had lately and in that may be found a possible explanation. The two rows in front of where I sat had seven or eight men and only two ladies in each row, near the aisle, and yet eight times during the evening these ladies had to rise to let all these men go out or in. It was much the same all over the house I presume, but I was only interested in that particular section. It is not that a lady objects to rising at all, but when it comes to having her skirts trampled, her hat pushed to one side and a possibility of having her back hair either knocked off altogether or pushed helplessly out of place, its nearly time she began to look for some of the comfort about which the manager of the theatre is boasting on the programmes. It would be preferable to have a man bring his favorite drink to the theatre, and take it quietly in his seat, rather than disturb and inconvenience a row of ladies, by chafing out after it between the acts. It is quite time for the opera house management to put a stop to this nuisance, and to show some consideration for their lady patrons.

## The Sale of the ship Charles.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS.—I was glad to see your expose of the matter of selling the ship Charles at Chubb's corner last week. We have had all together too much of this sort of thing in this port of St. John. Shipowners have no idea where they will land if managing owners, portwardens and repair men are going to work together in this manner. I happen to know, without doubt, that the ship Charles was not paid for as Mr. Lockhart said it had to be. A SHIP OWNER.

What About That Police Fund?  
TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS.—Surely we can get some information regarding the police fund that you have written about. It is now over four years since I have heard anything from the fund which must amount to about \$300, if not more. Are no policemen, who worked so hard to raise this fund, entitled to some information about it?  
A POLICEMAN.

St. John, August 23, 1898.

## At His New Restaurant.

David Mitchell, the well-known restaurant keeper is now so near the North End that the people of that section need never want for a good meal so long as he keeps open. Mr. Mitchell's reputation as a caterer is so well known that PROGRESS need not enlarge upon it. His ice cream cannot be surpassed, as those who have tried it know. His new place of business is 125 Mill street.

## For The Latest in Millinery.

Miss Barile, milliner, of Charlotte street, went to Boston and New York this week to obtain the newest and most attractive designs on the American market. She expects to return in about ten days when her customers will have the advantage of the ideas she obtains.

## VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Coming In the Gate.  
I cannot tell how many times,  
When all the work is done,  
And twilight brings the evening chimes,  
Along the hall I run.  
One darling then another rocks,  
And all things seem to wait;  
I see the one who never knocks,  
Coming in the gate.  
He always smiles and waves his hand,  
As if the window panes,  
Their very selves could understand,  
What greeting still remains.  
He knows he cannot pass the door,  
Or in the hall be free;  
From half a dozen hugs or more,  
But none of course from me.  
Then with our angels in his arms,  
He chafes us,— "I'll be bound;  
No other orchard has such charms,  
As cherries all year round."  
And faith I verily declare,  
He thinks the same is true,  
He would not want so full a share,  
Unless they tasted new.  
His "little world," he calls his home,  
And "dearer too by far,—  
Than all beneath the azure dome,  
With only one sweet star"  
"A star that gives such cheerful light,  
He never need be late;"  
And he it is that keeps it bright,  
Coming in the gate.  
And surely if his star I am,  
He is my summer sun;  
For 'en our little cradle lamb,  
To know him has begun.  
And little Elsie turning three,  
Expectant and elate;  
Will dance his welcome form to see,  
Coming in the gate.  
Ah me how dark must be the sky,  
How lone the saddened heart;  
The home that hears the last good-bye,  
And death has done his part?  
What grief about the dear place clings,  
What we it must create;  
When never more that one it brings  
Coming in the gate.  
Yet there are heroes all who live  
To bless another's days;  
They are the best the world can give,  
Great men in all their ways.  
God ever loves the brave and true,  
Who fear no passing fate,  
His glory is the good they do,  
Until He shuts the gate.  
The Ferns, Aug. 1898. CYRUS GOLDB.

The Absent Boy.  
They miss him in the orchard where the fruit is  
sunning over,  
And in the meadow where the air is sweet with new  
mown hay,  
And all about the old farm which knew him for a  
lover,  
From the early seedtime onward till the crops were  
piled away.  
They miss him in the village where nothing went  
without him,  
Where today the young folks' parties are dull and  
incomplete,  
They cannot just explain it, there was such a charm  
about him,  
The drop of cheer he always brought made common  
daylight sweet.  
And now he's gone to Cuba, he's fighting for the  
nation,  
He's charging with the others, a lad in army blue,  
His name is little known yet, but at the upland  
station  
They all are sure you'll hear it before the war is  
through.  
And when you talk of battles, and scan the printed  
columns,  
His regiment is the one they seek, his neighbors  
think and care;  
The more they do not speak of it their look grows  
grave and solemn,  
For somewhere in the thick of strife they know  
their boy is there.  
—From Collier's Weekly.

The Foot's Dream.  
In midnight sleep I wandered far,  
O'er "mount, and valley, and stream,"  
And glowing bright, in fancy's light,  
Appeared each smiling scene.  
The forest rang with gladdened strains,  
In echoes wild and free;  
While distant hills and rippling rills  
Replied in tones of glee.  
It seemed a type of heavenly life,  
A gleam of glory here;  
A sudden ray to light our way  
Beyond the reach of fear.  
Who would not love to wander thus,  
Afar from grief or care;  
Since naught of strife, or malice rife,  
Can have a being there?  
From whence do these bright dreams arise,  
And where that fancied shore,  
Whose quiet rest doth calm the breast,  
And teach the poet's lore?  
'Tis not of earth—it savours not  
With aught connected here;  
But 't is to cheer our upward flight,  
Would claim a brighter sphere.

The Women Who Wait.  
He went to the war in the morning—  
The roll of the drums could be heard,  
But he paused at the gate with his mother,  
For a kiss and a comforting word.  
He was full of the dreams and ambitions  
That youth is so ready to weave,  
And proud of the gleam of his sabre  
And the chevrons of gold on his sleeve.  
He came from the war in the evening—  
The windows were sprinkled with snow,  
The drums and the bugles were silent,  
And the steps of the soldiers were slow.  
He was wrapped in the flig of his country  
When they laid him away in the mould,  
With the glittering stars of a captain  
Replacing the chevrons of gold.  
With the heroes who sleep on the hill side,  
He lies with a flig on his head,  
But, blind with the eyes of her weeping,  
His mother yet mourns for her dead.  
The soldiers who fall in the battle  
May feel but a moment of pain,  
But the women who wait in the homesteads  
Must dwell with the ghosts of the slain.

In Love's Net.  
Oh bid me not forget the hour  
When first love's opening buds were swelling;  
Nor crush the petals from the flower  
That blooms within my heart's fair dwelling;  
For love is life, and hope is sweet,  
While roses blossom round our feet,  
And all that's fair, alas! is fleet,  
While Time his dirge is knelling.  
Oh, tell me not those dreams were vain  
That linked my heart with mine forever;  
I dream them o'er and o'er again,  
Like moons that wax but never wane,  
In all the agony and pain  
Of love's long-suffering endeavour;  
And still they roll across my soul,  
Sweet phantom guests, to leave me never.  
Oh, say thou not, "It might have been";  
Oh, never lip, "It cannot be!"  
For thou hast so enthralled me,  
That I would not be free again,  
And wilt thou bid me, then, forget,  
Or coyly say, "Ah, no—not yet!"  
Nay, love, thou hast me in love's net,  
And I would not, in faith, be ir e!

Use in place  
of Cream of Tartar  
and Soda.



More convenient,  
Makes the food lighter  
and more healthful.

## An Excellent School for Boys.

Principal T. M. Palmer of the Monnt Allison Academy for boys calls the attention of the people once more through the columns of PROGRESS to the excellence and advantages of the institution over which he presides. Some of the brightest men in the country retain kindly recollections of the academy for boys, where they spent many of their happiest days starting upon the road to knowledge and experiencing the benefits of discipline. The academy is an excellent preparatory school and every parent thinking of sending his sons to such a school cannot do better than inquire into its methods.

## Excellent Reading Matter.

It is something to know what to get to read if you are going off on a holiday trip, or merely for a little outing. Douglas McArthur has one of the largest stocks of books in the city to select from and can please you, whether your tastes run towards the deepest and most profound works, or revel in bright sparkling romances. One of the nicest things about McArthur's establishment is the courteous way in which attendants look after visitors to the store. If you merely want to look around every facility is afforded you to do so.

## Good Business for the Yarmouth Line.

The Yarmouth S. S. Line must be adding to its popularity all the time for two hundred and ninety three passengers sailed by the Yarmouth last Saturday night for Boston. Travel this year from a tourist standpoint has not been equal to that of previous seasons and yet the business of the Yarmouth S. S. route is all that can be desired and the accommodations are such as please the most exacting traveler.

## Again Upon The Market.

Those who like sausages—and who does not?—will be pleased to know that Mr. Thomas Dean will place his upon the market Saturday. Mr. Dean's reputation for the manufacture of sausages is so good that he has much difficulty in keeping the demand supplied. Do not fail to ask for them Saturday.

## Unfortunate.

The little town of Yuste, in the north-western corner of Spain, has in its more splendid past an attraction for travellers. It was recently visited by an American who sought rest under discouragements, after a ride on mule-back over miles of dusty road. While the hostess of the inn was preparing his dinner, he proposed to himself to rest upon the bed in the public room. He says "Nothing could have seemed more tempting than the cool white bed, after the laborious trip, and without saying a word to the Senora Pareja, I threw myself at full length upon it."

Scarcely had I done so when a shriek arose, and the little woman flew at me like a wild creature. She seized me and dragged me off the bed with the strength of two men. I was too much dazed to resist, but retreated before her. "Oh, Dios mio, Dios mio!" she shrieked. "They are ruined—ruined!" She tore back the cover of the bed, and to my amazement disclosed row after row of biscuits! Small, round biscuits! They had been placed there to rise. To rise! Down the centre of the rows my weight had flattened them beyond recognition; only at the farthest edge had a few escaped.

## Restoring Spoiled Pens.

When a pen has been used until it appears to be spoiled, place it over a flame (a gaslight for instance) for a quarter of a minute, then dip it into water and it will be again fit for work. A new pen which is found to hard to write with will become softer by being thus heated.

## We Are Giving Them.

What? The McLean stamps. No other laundry has them. This is another inducement free. Ungars Laundry and Dry Works. Telephone 54.