

PROGRESS.

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THE STREET RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

A partial illustration of that well worn adage that accidents will happen in the best regulated families was afforded the people when the regrettable street car accident of a few days ago was brought to their notice. We are not of those who think that the street railway company should be condemned without being heard but it is in the public interest that the officials of the road should institute a thorough investigation into the cause of the accident and ascertain who was responsible for permitting a car to go upon the streets with defective breaking apparatus. The street railway company is a large corporation that has secured exceptional privileges the city of St. John. They owe the people something more in return for this than a good street railway system. They should see to it that there is no possibility of an accident. Think for one moment of the frightful consequences if that car, when carrying fifty or sixty people down King street that Sunday morning to the excursion, was as helpless as it proved to be in the afternoon on Mill street. There would have been sadness in many homes had such an accident occurred and the possibility of such a catastrophe has been brought suddenly and painfully to the notice of the company and the public. The warning has been given and fortunately it was not more serious. But it was needed and while there cannot be anything but sympathy for the unfortunate gentleman who suffered by it the people should demand from the street railway company such a rigid system of inspection as will prevent the possibility of a recurrence of the accident of Sunday last.

NATURAL FRIVOLITY

There are times when we feel we must be frivolous. Serious, staid, and respectable though we be in our official every-day bearing, we require sometimes to throw circumspection to the winds and revel in a bit of nonsense. Like the bishop—was it not?—who, invited to a children's party at a house he knew well, crawled into the room on all-fours barking like a dog, we want now and again to play the fool—to forget all about psychology and ideals and the problem of the poor, and the Cuban question, and to abandon ourselves to thoughtless laughter and idle frivolity. Even the empty buffoonery of the circus clown appeals to us in such moments, for we are as easily pleased as the child who crows and gurgles when you shake a rattle in its face. Life is serious enough if taken seriously. The man of a speculative turn of mind, whose thoughts are generally busily engaged with problems of a more or less unsolvable kind, is like a machine that is wearing itself out with friction. He needs to un-gear his mind from time to time, and, closing up all avenues of thought, to browse about aimlessly in lighter fields. Of course we all know that the best form of recreation is change of occupation. That has been drilled into us from our youth upwards, and we take it as an axiom and say, "Let it be accepted." In the same way we know academically that bread is more nutritious than taffy, and that, since we merely eat to live, we should arrange our dietary table on such a plan that everything of which we partake plays its due share in forming bone and making blood. Yet, for all these very moral and very wise lessons which we have learned and do not dare to try to refute, we sometimes remember that we have a palate which responds affectionately to the allurements of taffy. And in like manner we sometimes wittily shut our eyes to the fact that, having finished with our books, we ought to take up our hammer or that, hav-

ing finished with our hammer we ought to take up our books. In theory we approve unquestioningly of those public institutions which appeal to the incompletely educated and bid us, after we have left our office or place of employment, step into the library and improve ourselves. Yet—and we make no apology for the exception—there are times when we look momentarily upon all education as vanity and vexation of spirit, and when we fall into a demoralized sympathy with those youths and maidens who, possessing few home comforts, prefer to spend an evening at the street corners or "larking" on the pavement to accepting the insidious invitation of an "institution" to step inside and be improved. For does not this aimlessness and thoughtlessness on the part of those whose playground is the street appeal to corresponding sentiment in those of us who have perhaps somewhat superior social advantages and can take our amusement under rather more favorable circumstances?

There must be a perfect mine of relics over at Annapolis. It won't be exhausted so long as the unsuspecting tourists hover about the ruins of the forts and listens to the wonderful tales of the past. But the latest, from the Annapolis Spectator has a certain ring of truth about it that will delight those who have begun to doubt the genuineness of certain "relics" they brought from this historic centre. The spectator reads that: The old well in the garrison at the rear of the powder magazine was opened up last week, and quite a few curios have been taken out. Caretaker AMBERMAN showed the editor two copper coins in good preservation, being as bright as the day they left the mint. One coin was a Nova Scotia half-penny token of the date of 1823, while the other was an advertising coin, a little larger than an ordinary cent, containing the name of "ALFRED WILLARD, 149 Washington street, Boston. Importer of Jewelry, fancy goods cutlery," etc. A mug made from the celebrated old "Wedgewood" ware, was also taken out, and a whiffle-tree supposed to have belonged to one of the gun carriers. The iron work on the whiffle-tree is an excellent job.

The quiet town of St. Andrews is troubled over a scrap between two coachmen. These pugacious gentry seemed to have owned the town where tourists and the guide book say there is no hay fever. Brother ARMSTRONG of the Beacon describes the scene in a graphic but indignant way when he says that—"A few more such disgraceful scenes as that which occurred at the railway station on Friday night last, and visitors will refuse to come near the town. The trouble was precipitated by the bad blood existing between the rival coachmen. One struck the other, the crowd stood by their respective friends and a general melee was the result. The passengers must have thought that they had struck Cuban soil, when they stepped upon the platform and found a mass of wriggling, swearing and fighting humanity. It is likely that the railroad authorities will take such steps as will prevent a recurrence of these scenes." "If a few good citizens had only taken the matter in hand and given the Jehus a taste of that excellent bathing water that surrounds St. Andrews, what a great story the Beacon would have had.

Nova Scotia has a pleasing but peculiar faculty of claiming all the earth and that portion of the sea that they call the winter port of Canada. When any man rises to the surface or a little above it in the United States some one in Nova Scotia remembers that his grandfather either picked apples in the Annapolis valley, or fished off the Yarmouth shore or mined coal in Cumberland. And now it turns out that the father of acting rear Admiral SAMPSON, according to the North Sydney Herald, was a Nova Scotian. Admiral SAMPSON'S father was born at L'Ardoise Richmond County, and when a young man left that place for the United States where he married, the present admiral being one of his sons.

There were other people beside the freight payers who were interested in the dismissal of Mr. HARRIS from the I. C. R. It appears that he did not permit the sisters cousins and aunts of railway employes to travel on a pass. What was the use, Mr. HARRIS of courting such widespread unpopularity when there was plenty of room in the cars and plenty of clerks to make out the passes. But Mr. HARRIS is gone and the wives, sisters, cousins and aunts are enjoying free passes as of old.

The good old reliable Halifax Recorder notes the fact that W. S. FISHER is in town and says that he is "ex-president of the St. John's, Nfd., Board of Trade, and Vice President of the St. John's Tourist association." Such is fame and ignorance of geography.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Not Lost to Me.
They are not lost those dear ones here,
Briefly from me withdrawn;
They all within love's brighter sphere,
Await my morning dawn.
I saw them wave a fond farewell,
Sailing the shadow sea;
In far and fairer lands to dwell,
They are not lost to me.
They are not lost the dear ones gone,
Hope speaketh not in vain;
Though I of all I loved alone,
In loneliness remain.
Love passing by must homeward go,
And sorrow's cloud must be
To shelter those who loved us so,
They are not lost to me.
They are not lost those dear ones all,
Who here no more I meet;
Not one dear voice now hears my call
With old time answers sweet.
But we love on though never more,
The dear hearts here I see;
They signal from the silent shore,
They are not lost to me.
They are not lost those dear ones true,
Though drear the night and cold;
Since breathed they low their last adieu,
In grief words never told.
Death cannot be the last sweet smile,
The faith from murmurs free;
I only wait love's little while,
They are not lost to me.
They are not lost those dear ones still,
Though long and dark the day;
Since yielding calmly to His will,
They took their sweet home way.
Dear arms enfold me like a dream,
Whence all earth's sorrows flee;
For whom life's crystal waters gleam,
They are not lost to me.
ROSE LEAVES, July 1898. CYPRUS GOLDBE.

The Old Grandmother.
Come, for the days are dreary,
Come, for the days are long,
Come from the past bright visions
To comfort, make me strong.
Oh let me close my eyelids,
And see the visions clear;
Come, from the past, bright memories,
And bring my loved ones near.
Come to me, little children,
With all your winning ways,
You little ones so tender,
Gone in the early days.
Come, look with eyes so loving
Into my saddened ones;
Bring back to me the years gone by
Under these Southern suns.

I see a lad so boy-like,
Fond of his work and play,
Oh! years ago home leaving
Over the world to stray;
I see his hands so merry
Twinking with joy and glee,
Sweet vision of my boy so bright
Stay near, stay near, to me.
I see my little Jeanie,
Who only opened her eyes,
Then closed them on the world-wide,
To open them in the skies;
I see my little Jamie,
Who left us long ago,
Who lies beneath the long grass
Beyond the deep sea's flow.
I think I'll maybe meet them
Beyond the setting sun,
So radiant, young and beautiful,
When my long course is run;
And so I wait with patience
As oft I sit and knit,
The years are passing swiftly,
He'll send when He sees it.
I know I'm growing aged
My hours are flowing on,
The almost too dear blossom,
The strength of youth is gone,
Come, for the hours are weary,
Come for the days are long,
Come, from the past, bright memories,
To comfort, make me strong.
—E. H. Scott.

WORK FOR THE S. P. C. A.
A Dancing Bear Calls Forth Indignation From a Monctonian.

MONCTON, July 20.—It is a very curious thing that so far, none of the various humane societies seem to have taken any notice of that barbarism of civilization the dancing bear exhibition! Cruelty to animals is supposed to be punishable by law, and the man who ill treats his horse or kicks his dog on the public streets places himself directly within reach of the law's mighty arm. But yet one of the most flagrant, and pitiful instances of the so-called higher animal's brutal cruelty to the lower, is not only allowed to go unpunished, but is apparently regarded by the entire community as a harmless, if not a highly moral entertainment which seems to be approved of and even encouraged by people who would be virtuously indignant if they were accused of countenancing cruelty of any kind. Two miserable lazy specimens of the genus French Canadian have been doing the city of Moncton lately with an unfortunate trained bear, and the fact that they have been allowed to pursue their calling if one may dignify a species of vagrancy with such a name—unmolested, is in itself a scathing comment on our civilization.

These able bodied loafers tramp the streets from early morning until late at night dragging their unfortunate bread winner after them, and it speaks volumes for the humanity, and christianity of j pious Moncton that instead of having the men promptly arrested, and compelled to earn their living in some more respectable manner, the good citizens have been looking on with manifest approval, laughing heartily at the poor creature's pathetic antics and encouraging their children to do likewise.

The bear is of course tightly muzzled, and led around by the most athletic of his owners, at the end of a short rope. The entertainment consists of dancing, sparring and wrestling on the part of the bear, varied by pole climbing and the turning of somersaults, during which the ruffian at the opposite end of the rope

sings, while his assistant blows discordant blasts on a trumpet and passes round a dirty hat into which the audience pour coppers, and—very occasionally dimes. Hour after hour this performance goes on without cessation, for none of the trio ever seem to eat or sleep, and when one stops to consider the physical formation of any four footed animal, the extreme cruelty of the performance is apparent at once.

The unfortunate creature intended by nature to walk upon all fours, and more than ordinarily clumsy when forced into a standing posture is compelled to walk and dance upon its hind legs for fully fifteen hours a day, while good christian people, and dear tender hearted little children look on and go into ecstasies of mirth over the performance. The writer watched that poor animal for half an hour during which time he was never permitted to stand on all fours once, though his legs were obviously tottering with fatigue, and he was staggering instead of either dancing or walking. His master carried a cudgel slightly thicker than a broom handle, and about as long with which he enforced discipline keeping the bear sparring with him, exchanging hats, presenting arms, and dancing. When at last he was allowed to drop upon his four feet it was only that he might begin a series of somersaults, and then walk a few steps until he reached the next house, when the performance recommenced.

This was shortly after ten o'clock in the morning, and just at dusk in the evening the three arrived again at the writer's house and were about to begin their exhibition when they were peremptorily ordered away. During the afternoon the men and the bear were going through their performance on Main street, when during the wrestling act a commercial traveller who must have had the kind heart for which some of the Knights of the road are noted, struck by the helpless animal's obvious weakness and fatigue, ordered the man sharply to stop and let it rest; thus putting to shame the rest of the bystanders, but that was about the only protest entered although the look in the bear's face might have aroused compassion in the heart of an Indian.

The countryman who dares to sell his produce in the streets is promptly arrested and fined, and the peddler who comes to Moncton and tries to dispose of his wares in the city is treated in like manner, while the gypsies who camped on the common a short time ago, were promptly dispersed on the complaint of some of the citizens, but this degrading exhibition of cruelty is permitted without protest, and two able bodied vagrants who are too lazy to work are allowed to win a livelihood by shamefully abusing a helpless animal.


Within the past few days the members of the summer school of science who are now honoring Moncton with their presence engaged a squad of small boys to scour the city and "procure" a cat which they wished to use in one of their "experiments." The cat was to be obtained and the tender infants who secured it were to receive a quarter in return for their services. Whether the cat was stolen or not did not enter into the bargain, and no questions were apparently to be asked; neither was the nature of the experiment made public though vivisection was darkly hinted at by some people, when the story finally leaked out. The small boys failed to secure their quarry and one of the members of the school provided the "subject" himself. What became of it is still a mystery and likely to remain so, as none of the numerous humane and religious societies mentioned seem to have time to notice such trifles as ill-used bears or cats which the brilliant minds constituting the great summer school of science, require to experiment upon.

HAVOC OF A SHELL.
A Six-Inch Projectile Almost Passed Through the Battleship Texas.

The force of six-inch projectile and the havoc wrought by it on a modern warship is vividly described by the correspondent of the London Telegraph who witnessed the silencing of the shore batteries while the American army was landing at Baiquiri. He writes: "The projectile was a steel six-inch shell fired, it is believed, from one of the high power guns that have been mounted on the fortifications since Admiral Cerver's fleet was blockaded in Santiago harbor. It struck the Texas on the port bow, between the gun deck, bursting in the forward compartment, where there are six-pounder guns, three on either side. The sides of the ship at the point of impact consisted of a steel plate one and a quarter inches thick. The shell pierced this like so much paper, hit a metal stanchion amidships and exploded about seven feet and the plating on the starboard side.

"The stanchion was shivered into atoms for two feet of its length, and the fragments of the burst shell flying forward against the starboard side, bulged the stout steel

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plates outward to a depth of three inches. Just at this point one of the big double-headed angle irons of the ship's trams was situated. This great rib of steel, nearly twice as thick and heavy as a railroad rail, was cut through in two pieces as if it had been made of cheese, and nearly two feet of it was carried away bodily in minute pieces.

"The base of the shell ploughed a furrow down the steel deck just as a plough would cut through the soft soil of a fallow field. It hit and broke another rib of the ship, and, breaking itself in two, both pieces lodged in a cable reel standing close to the starboard side. The core of this reel was a prism of oak over two feet in circumference, and there was a wound on it at the time a coil of hemp hawser that made a cylinder about four feet in diameter. The hemp rope was cut through to the wood, and the stout oak prism was shivered to splinters.

"Showers of steel splinters, resulting from the exploded shell itself, and the torn stanchion and angle irons, swept along the starboard side for about 30 feet, cutting off heads off bolts, breaking gun fittings and stripping off the paint as if a score of men had worked for hours with steel chisels.

"Every man in its path was wounded. One gunner was hit with no fewer than 15 pieces of steel, each about the size of a hazel nut. At the moment the shell exploded one man was standing right in its path. He was literally blown to fragments. He was talking to a comrade, and, strange as it may seem, the latter, though less than arm's length away, was unhurt, save for being knocked down by the shock of the explosion. Others of the men, 30 feet from the fatal shot, had a dozen pieces of the shell plunged into their bodies."

Not Proven.
A patient in an insane asylum imagined himself dead. Nothing could drive this delusion out of the man's brain. One day his physician had a happy thought, and said said to him:—
"Did you ever see a man bleed?"
"No," he replied.
"Did you ever see of a dead man bleeding?"
"No."
"Well, if you will permit me, I will try an experiment with you, find see if you bleed or not."
The patient gave his consent; the doctor whipped out his scalpel, and drew a little blood.
"There," said he, "you see that you bleed; that proves that you are not dead."
"Not at all," the patients instantly replied; "that only proves that dead men can bleed."

What Gems Will do.
Special properties have always been assigned to gems and one old writer gravely states that an amulet of sapphires will expel gout or ague and endow the wearer with courage; one of emeralds strengthens the eyes and helps a man to wealth; the agate gives eloquence and procures the favor of princes; chalcodony makes the wearer lucky in law and is of force against the evils arising from melancholy; topaz will restore the insane to reason; coral neutralizes the spell of witches, especially of those black and midnight hags who delight in pinching sleeping babies in their cradles. This explains why, even to this day, coral chains and pins are bought for infants.—New York Journal.

To Clear the Stock.
In order to effect a speedy clearance of stock, Charles K. Cameron & Co., are making a great reduction in their trimmed and untrimmed millinery, toques, turbans and bonnets. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention, and all who are on the lookout for stylish millinery should not fail to have a look through Mr. Cameron's stock.

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