

PROGRESS.

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INTERESTING QUESTIONS.

The people of St. John should be interested in two particular events this month. One of them should command a generous local support, the other will, no doubt, have a liberal and wide spread backing from the voters of the whole dominion.

Referring to the exhibition, in the first place, we want to see it receive the best possible endorsement from the citizens of St. John. They are the people who benefit the most in the end from these annual shows and it is only fitting that they should turn out in large numbers to encourage the international fair and the people who are giving it so much of their time and attention. If they do as much as they can they will do more than they have in the past. The support for the exhibition has not come from the citizens in years gone by. But very few of them, in proportion to their numbers, have thought it well and proper to encourage an exhibition that was in reality putting dollars into their pockets and increasing the prosperity of the city in general. That is not the right and proper spirit. Thousands of visitors cannot come into any place and remain for days without spending some dollars each for their sustenance and without doubt, much more in purchase to take home. If St. John had not an exhibition association and fall after fall went by without any effort being made to have something of that nature, the people would be clamoring day after day for somebody to make a move. Well somebody did make a move and the active people of the association have spent much time in trying to give St. John a good, yes, a grand exhibition. But the result has not shown that the people are prepared to support that for which they clamored. Manufacturers who have something worth showing do not see the need of going to the expense of showing it and the result is that space that should be filled up by interesting exhibits proving the capacity and inventiveness of our people has been, in the past, utilized for shows that might do credit to a shop window but have no place in an exhibition. The management knows this, but have been unable to avoid it up to this year which, we trust will see a change. Yet in any event everyone should patronize the exhibition generously, because it means so much to the city and all its residents.

The other question that should agitate the people is the proposed plebiscite on the subject of prohibition. Temperance or, rather, total abstinence people, are doing all they can in favor of prohibition but the liquor interest is not exerting itself. We do not believe they have even considered the question of having representatives at the polls. If they are resting upon the belief that this is a sham vote merely taken to satisfy a political pledge they may be woefully mistaken. If the people are overwhelmingly in favor of prohibition the government could not do a more popular act than enforce it and the results might be as surprising as they would be disastrous to the liquor interest.

STRENGTH.

Any one telling us in a satisfactory manner how to get strong and remain so would be morally certain of fame and fortune and a kind of earthly immortality. This is what all seek but very few find; and there is always so much in heredity and environment; much also in ways of living, for every day we witness persons spending fortunes in gradually ruining their health, and others fortunes in vainly trying to regain what they have lost—indeed, the millions spent in the endeavor to regain health are quite beyond human calculations. So are the remedies; for every disease, almost without exception, save the Last Enemy, has its alleviation at least, if not its cure, in these enlightened days. According to

Voltaire, every one wishes to live long, and nobody wishes to be old; but few will pay the price demanded. Care killed a cat; therefore work as hard as you like, but do not worry. Never give in; battle to the last, said Sir ANDREW CLARK. Sir ISAAC HOLDEN, who died at the age of ninety, preached and practised open-air exercise, method, and a mild kind of vegetarianism. So did Sir ISAAC PITMAN, the apostle of shorthand, who was eighty-four when he died. Both had been very hard workers from youth till past middle age. So was LORD ARMSTRONG founder of the Elswick Works, who has had abundant hobbies and inventions always on hand; he was born in 1810, and confesses to having only indulged in plain and wholesome diet. No man of this generation lived a more useful life than the late GEORGE MILLER of Bristol, who died in his ninety-third year yet in his youth he was threatened with consumption and always had a weak digestion.

DOTS AND DASHES.

Only those of us who have spent a summer or more outside the Maritime Provinces, appreciate fully the advantages of climate which we enjoy here, with our days of glorious warmth, and our cool, delicious nights which bring sweet, refreshing sleep. Nowhere in Canada are to be found more delightful summer resorts than are in the Maritime Provinces.

By the way, since such a row has been kicked up over Mr. Kipling's appellation to Canada of "Our Lady of the Snows" some Canadians have tried to off it by the new title "Our Lady of the Sunshine." But why not combine the two and do justice in both directions? "Our Lady of the Snows and Sunshine" gives our climatic character tersely and truly. Canadians are too much inclined to take offence at any little joke at their expense. Certain it is that the most loyal and biased Canadians cannot deny that occasionally we do have snow-storms, and the same partial critic cannot assert that it is positively a land of perpetual sunshine.

I remember on one occasion last summer when I almost wished it was a land of perpetual snow. It was in Ottawa, and when it is hot there, visions of Hades do not disturb. One day the heat was intense, and the night promised to be worse. Our rooms in the hotel were unbearable, so we strolled out, with Parliament Hill as an objective point. We had visions, too, of possible cool recesses in The Lover's Walk, the delightful path which winds around the base of the Hill, shaded with trees from above, and overlooking the beautiful Ottawa River. We sat on a hard bench in the walk and vainly whistled for a wind. Not being very familiar with the place, when some one approached and announced that it was nine o'clock we stared at him thro' the dusk in bewilderment. He lingered and repeated his statement several times, getting more emphatic with each reiteration. At last we caught a glimpse of his brass buttons and authority simultaneously, so we meekly climbed the stairs. We might have known better than to sit down on the grass on the Hill, but didn't, and were there gazing silently over the glittering ripples of water to the lights of Hull when the guardian of the peace promptly "shooed" us off. We obeyed again, and this time as a sort of penance entrenched ourselves on the most uncomfortable bench we could find, and started a discussion on mathematics. It was not five minutes till he was there again—our Javert. This time he informed us that it was ten o'clock—time to go home. We assumed a dignity we did not feel, "and with stately step and slow" started on our way. We reached the stone steps leading to the street—and sat down! We thought ourselves secure and eagerly sniffed at the little breezes that wafted by, too soft to stir the lightest down.

But there was Javert again, our Nemesis relentless as ever. I saw him coming, and with a shriek fled down the steps, my friend close at my heels, and we neither stayed nor stopped in our mad career till we were on the roof of the hotel. Even there I momentarily expected to be seized from behind and thrown into the street. The sacred precincts of Parliament Hill were never again desecrated by us during our stay in Ottawa. We weren't afraid, but we just didn't go back.

Of course it is only too true that dense ignorance with respect of Canada is common in the Mother Country. But that ignorance is not confined to England alone, neither does it exist in regard to Canada only. I very much doubt if the average Canadian can tell offhand the location of Land's End and Duncansby Head.

That reminds me of a funny thing I heard a while ago. An English gentleman wrote to a friend in Montreal that his son

had recently come to America and settled in St. Louis, and that any kindness his Montreal friend could show the son, such as an occasional invitation to dinner and to spend the Sabbath would be greatly appreciated by the father. The Montreal gentleman replied that nothing could give him greater pleasure than to do every possible kindness to the son of his old friend, but as Montreal and St. Louis were about a thousand miles apart he was a little afraid that if he invited him to dinner on Sunday the boy might be a little late getting to business on Monday morning.

I suppose everyone has seen Morang's Illustrated Midsummer Annual "Our Lady of the Sunshine." I have been wondering ever since it appeared why the artist who designed the cover put the Pacific on the East and the Atlantic Ocean on the West. One does not like the idea of such a dignified personage as "Our Lady of the Snows and Sunshine" being obliged to turn a somersault in order to get into her rightful position between the two seas. The book is very creditable, however, and I only wish that Mr. Morang would make it a monthly instead of an annual publication.

Apart from the few score of legal gentlemen in this city, a good many people will be interested in the decision of Mr. Justice McLEOD which, in effect, says, that a lawyer cannot be sued in the city court of St. John. We do not for one moment pretend to question the correctness of the decision from a legal point of view, but the law that gives any one class of people preference over another in this or any respect is one that should be amended at once. The judge intimated as much when giving his decision and in calling the attention of the proper authorities to the subject he was quite within his duty.

What His Conscience Would Allow.

A couple of tourists staying at a town that shall be nameless, but which is in close vicinity to Loch Ness, had a fancy one fine Sunday to go for a row on the loch. They accordingly sailed forth in search of the boatman, whom they met just leaving his house dressed in a complete suit of glossy black, and an extra big Bible under his arm.

"We want to go for a row," said one of the tourists.

"Did ye no ken that it's the Sawbath?" was the reply. Ye'll no get a boat frae me this day, forbye I want ye tae ken I'm an elder of the kirk."

"Yes, yes," expostulated the tourists, "that's all very well for you, but we don't require you with us. You can go to church; we can row ourselves."

"Aye, aye," said the elder, "but jist think what'll the meenister say?"

"Never mind the minister," was the reply "he will know nothing about it, and we will pay you well."

"Ah, weel," said the elder, "I'll no let ye the boat, but I'll tell ye what I'll do for ye. Dae ye see yon green boatie down among the rushes? Weel, she's ready wi' th' oars inside. Sist ye gang down there an' row tae the middle. an' I'll coom doon to the bank an' swear at ye; but never ye mind, ye jist row on, an' I'll come round to the miller on Monday."

Cause and Effect.

The students of a certain big medical college of his city, says the Philadelphia Record, are enjoying a good joke at the expense of one of their professors. The case in question was that of a young man suffering from nervous trouble who was introduced to the clinic.

In some diseases of the nervous system there is an interference of the blood supply to the smaller blood-vessels of the skin, which show a congestion of the venous blood. A common symptom, for instance is a blue color in the finger-tips. The subject before the clinic on this occasion seemed to the physician to afford an excellent illustration of this condition.

"Look at this young man's hands," he said. "Do you notice anything peculiar about them?"

The students went closer to investigate, but no one ventured an opinion that anything unusual was to be seen.

"What?" went on the professor, "can't you see the condition of the patient's blood indicates there in the blue color of his hands? That proves—"

But at this point the patient's mother, who was sitting near by interrupted.

"Why, doctor," said she, "that blue is dye he works in a tannery."

The students laughed, and the professor laughed too, but he suddenly changed the subject.

Regrett'd Limitations.

A rural editor, describing a village banquet, probably felt that he had done his full duty in the way of praise when he wrote: The banquet that awaited the guests in the supper-room was one of the finest ever seen in this place. The table fairly groaned under its weight of good things, and some of the guests probably groaned after they left it, although the remark of each guest as he or she left the table was "I wish I could hold more," and no one felt his limited capacity more keenly than ye editor."

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VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Merry See toed Hay Fields. Among the smiling hay fields, The merry see toed hay; Pled in sweets the meadow yields, On a time to day. We're jist the children playing, We women are and men; A jillitee of a haying, Down the shady glen.

There's fat leg Tommy Jepson, Cannot climb the load; And widow Warner's st p-son, Playing hop the toad, With blue eyed Maggie Downer, Boosting Sammy Graft; Rolling down upon her, How we scream and laugh.

O'ho! the jolly hay fields, Hay in great big rows; The biggest bow the rake yields, "So the farmer goes." Look at Mabel Tu-set's, Pocket sticking out; Full of wadfall russets, How we dance and shout.

Now a band is on the scene, Squash stalks turned to flutes; Beat the tin pan tamborine, Ho! the couch shell toots. March up round the table set, Raspberries and cake, Here we are all able ye, Something to partake.

Now the scented field gives, Fragrance as we go; Down the lane where sleep lives, Well the way we know. A merry heared hay day, Romping it all through; Having there a ray play, Makes us tired too.

Marching homeward proudly, Drum time on the pan; Squash stalks blowing loudly gaily as we can. Hear me blow the couch shell, Bringing up the rear; Where are all who played so well, Ask a bygone year.

Ask years long extended, Where they all are now; Some life's play day—ended, Treading down the mow. Voices still are cheerful, In the hay field's gay; So no more sad and tearful, Turn the other way.

A Jest of the Faes.

Into a woman's life there came one day, To sit beside her hearth and share his cheer, A hatred such as not for many a year Had drawn on her heart's hospitality. Early and late that silent enmity Kept tireless vigil, from the boom to cease, Nor did she deem the guest of vice a dear, So quiet and persistent was his sway. Then came a morning when, in pensive mood, She sought the open air with heaving feet Moved absently down the noisy mart. With musing eyes inured to solitude, (Which evermore with sadness is replete,) And fancies in her brain, a tuneful brood.

Thus moving, without heed, all suddenly, That hatred withered, as in furnace glow A serpent withers, for behold I her foe, Bent, aged, with a speechless agony, On the drawn visage, white as foam of sea, An anguish such as sculptors love to throw On lost Laocoon's soul to show. So was, a light gleamed through it frostily, Up Spung her heart, his friend, the long disdain! Submerged in pity, while her startled thought In wonder at the painful problem wrought, What shaft of chance had wrong from him such pain?

And now—the sympathy was all in vain— Because of that strange hate which came to naught!

Just You and I Love.

Out here alone I sit and dream Of one, who if she were but beside me, There were not a wish I could make of Heaven, Nothing could matter—what'er beside me. I hear her voice in its southern languor Her laughter reaches my yearning ear— My darling, don't you know I want you? Come to me out in the moonlight here.

Oh, soul, go tell her I need her near— What I did my heart-voice reach you, dear! And with passionate clinging I press my lips To my lady-love's trembling finger-tips. I gaze in her eyes as they bend above me, And I know as I love her my darling loves me. I draw her down to the seat beside me, And now I care not what ere betide me. Oh! could we thus forever and ever Orbit with the tide on the gleaming river; Dream and live near the moonlit sky Just you and I, love, just you and I.

The Soul.

The song-bird sang a wondrous ode of praise. To God, whose light, whose lustrous morning blaze, Set fire to clouds, to forests, nooks and hills And all the wastes of earth, the rocks and rills. Her song now low and sweet, now loud and clear, Broke through the woods, the clouds, until it stirred The bluest Abode, where God and Angels heard. And on the topmost twig of the tall tree, An angel found her, thrilled with melody, Dream and live near the moonlit sky Just you and I, love, just you and I. Then bore the wondrous song-bird forth to God.

He Wanted Compensation.

A rather amusing anecdote used to be told by Sir Benjamin Brodie, the celebrated surgeon, whose memoirs were recently published. He was visiting one day a patient who resided in a fashionable part of West-end London. Just as he was leaving the house the owner requested him to see an old and valued servant of his who for some time past had not been at all well. The servant—a butler—was sent for, and it was immediately apparent that too good living and too little exercise were responsible to a great extent for the refiner's indisposition. Brodie examined him and prescribed some medicine for him and then proceeded to lay down a few regulations respecting his diet. He told him he must be very moderate in what he ate and drank, careful not to eat much at a time or late at night, etc. Above all no spirituous liquors could be allowed, malt liquor especially being poison to his complaint. Whilst these directions were being given the butler's face grew longer and longer, and at the end he exclaimed, "And pray, Sir Benjamin, who is going to compensate me for the loss of all these things?" The idea that restored health could be in any way a sufficient compensation for the denial of such enjoyments did not appear to have entered his head.

Duly Considered.

Not long ago an enthusiastic cyclist in the suburbs of a large town had been giving his machine a fresh coat of enamel. Propping the bike against the garden gate he left it to dry. Very shortly afterwards a well dressed stranger seized the opportunity—and the machine—making for the open country at a fine pace. Sharp as he was, however, he came off second best—being arrested on suspicion before he had gone five miles.

When brought before the magistrates, and confronted by the owner of the bicycle, he confessed his theft and expressed his sorrow.

"I hope you will deal with me as leniently as possible," he remarked. "As you see I am already punished, my clothes being utterly ruined by the enamel. That ought to be taken into consideration."

"Most decidedly," agreed the owner. "I was forgetting that you also stole the enamel."

That Black Fowl.

The Yankees have received a dreadful insult! A few weeks ago a party of Welsh colliers went on a trip a certain neighbouring city, and feeling hungry, looked about them for a coffee tavern.

"There eu arr, boys," cried one, pointing to a sign over a door.

They entered the house and crowded into a room where a gentleman sat. "Lack broth and toasted cheese and tay for ten!" cried the spokesman.

"What?" gasped the gentleman. The hillman repeated his order.

"This is not a hotel!" shouted the gentleman indignantly.

"Not cook-shop!" cried the Shonis in chorus. "What for eu hang that black fowl outside over door, then?"

The 'black fowl' was the American eagle over the door of the American consulate!

The Inspector.

Scottish School Inspector (examining class): "Now, my little man, tell me what five and one make?"

No answer. Inspector: "Suppose I gave you five rabbits, and then another rabbit, how many rabbits would you have?"

Boy: "Seven." Inspector: "Seven! How do you make that out?"

Boy: "I've a rabbit o' ma ain at home."

How Quick Can A Man Wink.

Experiments have been going on with an ingenious machine which shuts over a man's eye so that the eyelid as it winks opens and closes a chronograph. So far the quickest wink on record is about a sixth of a second. We Are Giving Them. What? The McLean stamps. No other laundry has them. This is another inducement free. Ungars Laundry and Dye Works. Telephone 54. PEACE AT ANY PRICE.—Burglar: "Your money or your life." Sleepy father: "Take both, but don't wake the baby."