

PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, AUG. 13th.

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

THAT DISGRACEFUL SCENE.

Even after the lapse of some days the feeling of regret at the scene that took place in the common council chamber Monday has not abated. There are many who agree that Mayor SEARS was quite within the right of criticism in the most of his remarks, but there are few indeed who think he was not too impetuous altogether when he deserted his post as chairman and mayor.

The fact that Mayor SEARS and Alderman CHRISTIE have an unbursed hatchet is no reason why they should subject the city to the disgrace that must accompany such a scene as that of Monday. The people send them there to deliberate, not to quarrel. There are other places where Alderman CHRISTIE can tell the mayor that he does not propose to be bullied and bulldozed by him, and the mayor who cannot sink his personality in his office has no business to preside over the common council.

Less might have been thought of this incident had it taken place at an ordinary meeting of the council, but this was a special and extraordinary meeting of the representatives of the city since it was called to hear the report of our delegate to England in the interests of the city and of the port. His report was exhaustive and interesting but what will the English capitalists and shippers think when they see associated with it in the public press an unseemly wrangle between the mayor of St. John and one of the aldermen? They may properly think that the city whose affairs are deliberated over in such a manner is not the most desirable location for any enterprise.

Mayor SEARS must learn to forget the fact that he is mayor and not an alderman. When he was the latter he gained the reputation of being critical and dictatorial. He has not lost those qualities. Criticism is all right when properly made but attempts to dictate to the council are not regarded with favor.

He has not been in favor of the laying of the new main to Spruce Lake but he should remember the fact that long before he was elected mayor this was decided upon. Very early in the year the council decided to go ahead with the work and the necessary moves were made to that end. Legislation was asked and obtained, the usual notice to claimants for land damages was published and the pipe was ordered for the work. It is very true that the mayor of that date Mr. GEORGE ROBERTSON, opposed the purchase of the pipe before the question of damages had been settled but the majority of the council voted against his judgement and that question was settled then. Mayor SEARS is not responsible for the action of the old council. The citizens approved of their action and that should be the end of it. But we think he is quite right in objecting to the work going on before the land damage questions are settled. His objection may be overruled but it is business like in its tone and meets with the approval of many citizens. The reason urged by Ald. CHRISTIE and others for the haste is that there is a pulp expert coming here and the work must be advanced a certain stage before that time. That is no reason at all, but since it has been advanced it apparently emphasizes the fact that Ald. CHRISTIE has the pulp mill requirements in his mind far more than the needs of the people of Carleton. The new main is principally for the use of the west side people and their interests should be carefully guarded in the transaction.

This is not the first tilt between the Mayor and Dr. CHRISTIE. They have been apparently antagonistic since the

former took the chair and "a piece of Dr. CHRISTIE'S mind" has been given to his worship before this. This is not as it should be. Ald. CHRISTIE should respect the dignity of the chair even if he does not agree with or think well of the man who occupies it. Because he is chairman of the great spending departments of the city and with his assistants has more to say about civic affairs than any others, that is no reason why he should carry a chip on his shoulder for the mayor. The scene of Monday should not be repeated. If it is the citizens will look forward with impatience to the next civic election when they will have an opportunity of disciplining the gentlemen who take part in it.

SOME MISTAKES ABOUT HEALTH.

Questions of health interest more people than any other subjects whatsoever. The topics usually quoted as too popular to be treated without quarrelling—politics and religion, for example—really interest only a moderate-sized minority, as we may perceive if we think along the whole line of your acquaintances—men and women. In certain parts of the country sport of various kinds comes into keen competition as a subject for almost universal consideration; but, even in the most sporting districts, where base ball or cricket attract their good of thousands, not to mention more questionable forms of excitement, there is a considerable minority that keeps clear of the fever. In other districts fashions would make a big bid for the first place as a subject of most universal interest; but there are always multitudes of men, and a few dowdy women, whom fashion cannot rouse to anything like a spontaneous or sustained interest. On the other hand, where is the human being that, either in his own behalf or in behalf of those for whom he cares is insensible to the claims of health upon the attention? There may be times, in particular robust and sensible families, when the subject is put out of mind; but, sooner or later, it is certain to intrude. No family and no individual entirely escapes anxiety on this score; and in a majority of households some amount of care respecting some member of the circle becomes chronic. Put all these cares, regular or intermittent, together, and you will see that questions of health habitually interest more people than any other subjects whatever. We shall come to the same conclusion, too, if we consider the appeals made to the public by those who trade upon this feeling. The one universal demand is for medicine. It is all very well to laugh at this gulleible faith—as the doctors often laugh—but let those who laugh become unstrung and ill, and the chances are that they too will begin blindly to dip a hand into the great medicinal bran-tub in the hope of bringing out a specific for their own case.

It is not to be wondered at that a subject which makes such a universal appeal to human frailty at its frailest should be associated with much that is absurd. Then, too, the average man or woman is more blankly ignorant about the human body than about most subjects, and there is no guiding clue to hold on to, as people cling to faith in religion. Of late physiology has been taught in schools, and people are beginning to have some glimmering perception of the structure of the human frame and organs, and of the functions of the various human organs. They no longer think that you can swallow solids into the lungs, as we have known old nurses advise the swallowing of leaden shot to prevent 'the rising of the lights.' On the other hand, we are face to face with the danger of "a little knowledge."

Knowing that a smattering of science has been acquired by thousands, and that all may now read what few knew fifty years ago, the quack moves with the times and sets himself to cajole those who think they understand the build of the body. He uses physiological terms, locates ailments in specified organs, and claims to operate on those organs by his nostrums, in ways that have an appearance of naturalness. A more suitable field for the cultivation of faddishness cannot be imagined than this wide field of health. Knowledge of bodily ailments at the best is limited, and is rarely quite sure and complete; the whole subject is intensely personal—mixed up inextricably with the will and fancies of the patient—and the field is overrun by wily charlatans who get a good living out of ignorance and credulity.

Who Can Answer This?

To THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: Can you inform me through your paper if Ripine's poem on Gen. Roberts ("Bobs") is published in any of his collections and where I could get a copy. A. D. M. Aug. 9, 1898.

Perhaps some of our readers who know will kindly inform A. D. M.—ED. PROGRESS.

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VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Phantom Liner. The fog lay deep on Georges Bank, It dripped and dripped from the rigging dank, And the day sank dark and cold.

The watch stood close by the reeling rail And listened to the ploom; Was there a sound save the slitting sail And the creak of the swaying boom?

Out of the dark the great waves crept And shuddered darkly by Till over their tops a murmur crept That was neither of sea nor sky.

'Is it the churn of a steamer's screw?' 'Is it a wind that sighs?' A shiver ran through the listening crowd, We looked in each other's eyes.

No engines throbbed, no whistles boomed, No foam curled from her prow, But out of the mist a liner loomed Ten fathom from our bow.

Ten fathom from our bow she grew, No man might speak or stir, As she leapt from the fog that softly drew Behind her from our sight.

We shut our teeth in grim despair, Then, like one under a spell, Right through her as she struck us fair I saw the lit of a swell.

There was never a crash of splintered plank, No rush of incoming tide, There was never a human throng in the main sail dank Will you tell me what it was that went through our side.

Unharm'd we drifted down the night, Or into the fog she drove, And through her as she passed from sight I saw the light of a wave.

Was it some ship long lost at sea, Whose wraith still sails the main, Or the ghost of a wreck that is yet to be In some wild hurricane?

Was it a warning to fishing boats Of what the fog may hold, As over their decks it drips and floats And swishes in its slinging fold?

I cannot tell, I only know Our crew of eighteen men Saw the gray form come, and saw it go Into the fog again.

I Pass this way but Once. Once, only once! How strange, how true! Once, only once! and yet how few In all this hurrying human throng

Think of the time that is yet to be! This day, this moment now is given, The next our earth ties may be riven.

Once, only once! and never more Come round to us like as before! The hour, the golden hour, 'tis past, The sun unsaved, the seed uncast, Unless we pause and think and say That, "Not again I pass this way."

All nature warns as if we look On glowing bloom or flowing brook, The lesson's plain, each helps the other, And shows the man must help his brother, And then again each seems to say That "Not again we pass this way."

We live our lives but once, that's all, It makes no difference, great or small; When one day's gone, 'tis gone forever, If we improve the time then never Shall we regret it when we say That "Not again I pass this way."

And now these words I leave with you, A moment's thought will prove them true: Just now's the time, no moment wait, To-morrow may be one day late; And you will sadly think or say That, "Not again I pass that way."

—American Friend.

Little Boy Blue. The little toy dog is covered with dust, He sturdily and staunchly stands, And the little toy soldier is red with rust, And his musket moulds in his hands.

Time was when the little dog was new, He dreamt of the time then never Shall we regret it when we say That "Not again I pass this way."

'Now don't you go till I come,' he said, And don't you make any noise, So toddling off to his trundle bed He dreamt of the time then never Shall we regret it when we say That "Not again I pass this way."

Oh, the years are many, the years are long, But the little toy friends are true. Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand Each in the same old place, Awaiting the touch of a little hand The smile of a little face.

And they wonder as waiting these long years through, In the dust of that little chair What has become of our Little Boy Blue Since he kissed them and put them there.

—Eugene Field

There'll Come a Day. There'll come a day when I have gone, Though now my proffered love you slight, You'll think of me as you sit alone, Though your joy with joy was over bright. The tempest falls around me now, The while the world to you is gay; Our part was sweet—do Fate I bow; If love, there'll come a day, there'll come a day.

When I am far beyond recall, You'll pause upon life's joyous way, To dream of one loved you alone— There'll come a day, there'll come a day.

You'll think of hours so bright, so dear, Perhaps you'll wish me back again; Life's roses will fade in Winter dear, The hopes now fair may turn to pain. One glance from you and I'd forget, Those hours were sweet—do Fate I bow; I've loved you since the hour we met— Dear heart, you'll think of this some day.

The Little White Sun. The sky had a gray, gray face, The touch of the mist was chill, The little white sun came peeping through, For the wind moaned over the hill; But the brown earth laughed, and the sky turned blue, When the little white sun came peeping through.

The wet leaves saw it and smiled, The glad birds gave it a cheer-wild, And the echoes laugh it along; And the wind and I went whistling too, When the little white sun came peeping through.

So welcome the chill of rain And the world in its dreary guise— To have it over again, That moment of sweet surprise, When the brown earth laughs, and the sky turns blue, As the little white sun comes peeping through.

A Silhouette. Only a moment, darling, Clearly against the sky, I saw your form in the distance, Waiting for my "good-bye."

A silhouette carved in crimson, As the red flushed over the west, And fading away in the shadow As the sun sank down to rest.

And yet, as each ev'ning brightens And a glow steals across the land, I follow the rugged pathway Where the cliffs pose dark and grand. Ah, I fancy I see you standing, A silhouette carved in stone. Alas, till the daylight fades! Dear heart, must I wait alone?

Suspected. She wears neither vest nor suspenders, Her waist isn't cut like a coot; She says that those women are foolish Who want to hold office and vote. She is sweet and good looking and gentle, And love, I have oft heard her say, Is a weapon with which any woman May if she is minded to, sway. Ah, well, let her have her sweet notions, There may be good sense in her plan; Perhaps she's as mild as the breeze—but I notice That her husband's typewriter's a man!

THEY FOUND A MISCREANT

Who Sold Soda Water on Sunday While Other People Enjoyed Themselves.

Some time ago when the members of the Jaxon Opera Company proposed to give a Sacred concert Sunday evening a funny thing happened. The Evangelical alliance met and their talk and expostulation was only reported in the daily press. Then the people began to realize that there was going to be a concert. But when they sat in church that Sunday evening and heard the affair denounced by their pastors they were sure that the opera company proposed to give a sacred concert in the Opera house that evening, and a gooly company from each congregation hurried away to the opera house just as soon as the benediction was pronounced. There they found hundreds unable to get seats. The alliance proved a great advertiser for the company but they failed to recognize the fact for last week they began to talk about a law and order league and the result was that some five or six hundred people hastened to get out of this disorderly and unruly town on Sunday. They took the steamer and sailed sixty miles away from this centre of wickedness and crime where bad men sell soda water and cigars and worse people quench their thirst and smoke the weed. No doubt they enjoyed themselves. They all said they did and that is the best evidence of it. But it was surprising to look around and note who were among the Sabbath desecrators. Staid and sober men and women who are always in the habit of separating right from wrong could be found on all sides enjoying the beauty of nature and becoming acquainted with the noble river that flows past their doors into the sea. And the surprising part of it was to hear so many confess that they had never taken the trip before. Still all this time while these good—or bad—people enjoyed themselves there was "a hot time in the old town" they had left. The police were active and scoured the city for miscreants. At last late in the evening they found one in Hasting's & Pineo's drug store on Charlotte street. He was selling soda water. And so the report was made. But the officer who made the charge must have been blind of one eye for a few yards along the street a group of persons were enjoying the different flavors of soda in the drug store of A. C. Smith & Co. Perhaps Mr. Smith or his associates did not care whether they were reported or not but still in these times it is better not to be labeled "Sabbath desecrator" The old and hardened offenders like Richey, Green and others who sell five cent cigars and three for a quarter once in a while were on the list again. They are incorrigibles and wont be stopped; neither will the people who smoke. And still the street cars run undisturbed and unmolested.

PROVINCIAL PARAGRAPHS.

Mistook Tart for the Steward. Hon. J. Israel Tarte doesn't leave details to others that he can attend to himself. He visited the Red Store with Mr. W. B. Snowball, and ordered a supply of fruit and groceries. One of our enterprising butchers presented his meat card to the minister, on his arrival at the wharf, having apparently taken him for the steward, and the minister read it and placed it carefully in his breast pocket for future reference.—World.

An Event in His Life. Captain Brown, Shipping Master at this port, receives so small an official income that he doesn't blow in a quarter on cab fare very often. He started to walk in from the station, on Friday, and was soon overtaken by Bishop Rogers, who had been a fellow passenger with him from the Junction, and invited into the episcopal carriage. The veteran ship master was delighted to accept the kind invitation, as the road is considerably longer than any quarter deck he ever trod, and His Lordship set him down at his own door.—Chatham World.

Now, Who Was This Young Man. An accident connected with a recent St. John excursion to St. Stephen and which has just come to light, was in the nature of a prize fight on the Marks street school grounds. It appears that one of the St. John excursionists was of the opinion that he had the right to speak to each and every lady whom he met on the street. He concluded that he had made a mistake when he was called down by a young man about the town, whose sister he had attempted to speak to. The St. John youth also being of the opinion that he understood the art of prize fighting invited the brother to adjourn to the school ground which offer was accepted. Quite a number being present a ring formed and four rounds were fought, fair play being the only rule used. At the end of the fourth, it is said the visitor was not to be recognized, and his friends concluded they had better carry him away and nurse his wounds. It does not do to get too gay even in the boarder town.

Till the Parachute Opens. "It's a rather anxious time, I can tell you, till the parachute opens," said a daring diver from balloons with whom the writer was recently in conversation. "When I cast off from the balloon I drop like a stone for some hundreds of feet, ere the pressure of the air, as I drag the parachute down, opens it and checks my fall. Once the parachute is open, I, hanging by my hands from the bar, have only to keep a look out below to see where I am going to land. Of course, I have previously guessed that before I left the balloon I have to take into account the fact that I shall drop straight down so many yards and then, when the parachute opens, descend diagonally at an angle that all depends

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on the force of the wind. That regulates the height to which I ascend ere I leave the balloon. "Whether I am going to descend safely or meet my death is, provided the parachute opens properly, already settled when I start to drop."

HIS SINGLE TRIUMPH.

He Could Have Made a big Conflagration but He Didn't do it.

Several years before the discovery of petroleum in one of the American oil districts, an Irishman named McCarty and his son Dan left the Emerald Isle for the United States. Dan was a young man of twenty, but his father looked upon him as a mere boy, and seemed to take delight in ridiculing him before people.

'Yis, Dan is a good b'y' he would say sarcastically, 'but Danny, me b'y yez'll never set the river on fire.'

This was his stock witticism, and it annoyed Dan very much, but he did his best, and soon surprised the old gentleman by securing a lucrative job.

'Yis, Danny has a job all right,' he said; 'it's a dollar and a half a day, but the b'y'll never set the river on fire. Not he.'

When oil was found at Pithole, Dan hurried to the scene, and was soon earning unusually large wages as driver. All the petroleum was drawn in barrels, and waggons were in great demand. He saved his money, bought an acre of land, and soon had a well drilled that was producing one hundred barrels of oil per day at £2 per barrel. The elder McCarty joined him, saw the well, received a liberal gift of money, and then shook his head ominously.

'Tis a good thing, Danny,' he croaked; 'yez' doin' well; but mark me wounds, yez'll never set the river on fire, me b'y.'

A few days later a flood wrecked one of Dan's small wooden tanks, the oil ran down the river, and there was great excitement. As Dan and his father stood on the bank watching the oil float away, Dan drew a match and lighted it.

'Father,' he said coolly, 'the next time yez say O'll never set the river on fire, please remember that O had a chance wanst, and—and didn't do it, bechad!' Then he blew out the match.

A Lake of Whisky and Water.

The doubtful honor of being the 'world's champion drinker' is divided between Dr. Mooney, a Kentucky doctor, and the treasurer of a United States bank.

Dr. Mooney, who claims with justice to be the 'champion whisky-drinker of the world,' has accounted for no fewer than twenty glasses of whisky a day for the last fifty years. He has thus consumed 365,000 glasses, or at the rate of 228 gallons a year since 1848. Assuming that the bibulous doctor drank an equal quantity of water with his whisky, his fifty years' thirst would be represented by a lake of spirits and water 30ft. long 20ft. wide and 6ft. deep, sufficiently large, indeed, to drown 200 men as ample as himself.

The bank treasurer was more extravagant in his tastes, for he would not look on a glass that didn't hold champagne. When he vanished a short time ago he left behind him, as security for the thousands of pounds he eloped with, no fewer than 3,000 champagne corks, representing as many bottles (magnums) which he had consumed in four years. At a moderate estimate, the thirsty treasurer must have drunk has champagne at the rate £809 a year.

Austrian Army Shelter Tent

The Austrians have recently adopted for their army a shelter tent, which when not pitched, is separated into pieces cut to fold over and form storm coats for the soldiers. The material is a light, strong, waterproof linen, bound along the edges with wire braid and provided with cords, which serve the double purpose of fastening either the tent or coat. Upon halting for a night the soldiers remove or unpack their coats in pairs, tie them together and form their tent upon their two rifles, which, with bayonets fixed, are stuck into the ground to form tent poles.