

PROGRESS.

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NOT OUR DESTINY.

The Toronto World has no love for the American nation and has been getting in some pretty hard raps since the war began. With the exception of a very few papers indeed, the entire Canadian press has been strongly Anti-American and has unhesitatingly condemned the motives which led to the present trouble. The World of Wednesday last quotes an editorial from the New York Journal in which that paper discusses with the utmost sang froid Canada's manifest destiny. The article referred to says: "Striking evidence of the growth of the spirit of all-embracing Americanism comes from the Canadian town of Niagara Falls, where the Mayor has proclaimed the Fourth of July a national holiday! Shall we presently see Washington's birthday celebrated with memorial services in Westminster Abbey, a statue to Jefferson erected in the House of Lords, and Jackson's day celebrated with warsail and oratory in Windsor Castle? These things seem scarcely more unbelievable than a real American Fourth proclaimed by a Canadian Mayor and to be celebrated on Canadian soil. The era of good feeling brought on by British friendliness in our international complications doubtless had much to do with causing this phenomenon, but manifest destiny had more. It was as inevitable that American political customs should follow American social and business customs across the Canadian line as that the water shall flow over the Horseshoe Fall. This year it is an American Fourth of July in Canada by courtesy. What will it be fifty years from now. Who that puts the question to himself seriously will doubt that Canada's destiny is manifest?"

Perhaps the New York Journal will not feel quite so sure of Canada's "manifest destiny" when it is made to feel that all honest Canadians echo the sentiments of the World expressed as follows in connection with the publication of the above article: "Don't be so cocksure, Mr. Journal. We Canadians have sized up our neighbors, and we would sooner be what we are than what they are. We prefer British institutions, Canadian institutions, British laws and Canadian laws to United States institutions and laws. We do not care to share in the negro problem, in the West Indies problem, in the disgraceful struggle with Spanish America. We fear your economic struggles that are at hand. Canada's destiny is manifest, but it is a Canadian destiny and nothing else. So Mr. Journal, you could not be more wrong, more befogged than to imagine that it was to be of the great crass republic. There is more probability of the republic becoming English than of Canada becoming United States. The First of July is more to our liking than the Fourth."

The Royal Scots of Montreal were in Portland Me., this week and practically owned the Forest City during their stay. Of their participation in the Fourth of July celebrations the Transcript remarks:—"It was a curious combination, when one thinks of it, this celebration by Americans of their violent parting with England aided by soldiers of the very Queen whose domains were lessened by this revolt. The Fourth has been known as the day when the eagle screams at the lion of England and buries his metaphorical claws in the lion's flesh. Who would expect that soldiers of the lion would assist in celebrating such a day?"

That nursery of genius, the Western Association of Writers, has been closed on account of the war. At its meeting in

Warsaw, Indiana this week music poems, paper stories and "nature sketches" were heard, and "a season of much literary productivity enjoyed." The poets seem to have been in the majority, as is usually the case. Indiana has more poets to the square inch than any other part of the great republic to the south. Among them is the Hon. JOHN CLARK RIDPATH but he may be said to belong to the world, which his argentine and anti-plutocratic writings have long blessed. Mr. RIDPATH read a poem at the late meeting and no rioting followed.

There is sound practical sense in the views of an American girl who when she was asked as to how next to enlisting one might best show patriotism to their country, remarked: "If I wanted to show my patriotism in a truly practical way I should enlist as a nurse for the Spaniards. That would be doing my own country service, indeed, for I know literally nothing of the killing. It is doubtful if the Roosevelt rough riders themselves could deliberately play more havoc with the enemy than I should do with the best intentions in the world."

The collision at sea in which the French liner La Burgoyne went down and in which nearly six hundred lives were lost is one of the many terrible casualties which have marked the past week. Death seems to have held high carnival on sea and land throughout the world.

Canada is a pretty good country after all. We haven't a very exciting time of it to be sure, but then we can get along all right without the barrowing events that are devastating other countries. Storms, cyclones and wars are not cheerful pastimes.

Some one with a statistical turn of mind might find occupation in finding out just how many decisive battles in the world's history have been fought on Sunday. The list would be surprising.

Dustless roads are made possible by a new material composed of fine earthy or mineral matter charged with heavy oil placed on the leveled bed of ordinary roads. St. John should import a supply.

President McKINLEY has lost that tired feeling which distinguished him during the early stages of the war. Those who are obliged to listen to Yankee boasting have it now.

About 25 per cent of the women of England earn their own living, but it seems difficult to believe that there are something like 100 female blacksmiths in that country.

New Hampshire and Massachusetts had the rejoicing of the Glorious Fourth saddened by the sudden tempest which brought death and disaster to many homes.

Is the name of the park to be Rockwood or Victoria? The public, really seems to think Rockwood the most suitable, voting contests to the contrary.

July has been a model month so far, in fact seems to have stolen June's old established reputation for bright sunny weather.

Most any man can get a job marching from Uncle Sam these days.

The New Brunswick Magazine. The New Brunswick Magazine has such a combined air of modesty and substantiality as to lead one to hope that it has come to stay. It was, one might almost say, a Dominion Day bantering and it treats of subjects pertaining to the Dominion or rather to that portion of the Dominion which is contained in the Maritime provinces. It is chiefly a historical publication but it will take up natural history and other departments as well. Local history interests only a limited number of people and it will be necessary for the magazine to explore other fields, the natural resources of these provinces, etc., to commend itself to the general public. Mr. Reynolds has made a good start with his magazine and he should receive every encouragement. The Maritime Monthly, Stewart's Quarterly and other St. John magazines were not long lived but it is to be hoped that this venture will meet with a better fate that its circulation will come up to the fondest anticipations of the publisher.

Summer School of Science. We extend a welcome to the visiting delegates of the Summer School of Science, now at Moncton, free stationery and postal cards will be furnished; and for those who are familiar with the use of the typewriter a machine will be at your disposal, or letters will be written at your dictation. H. G. Marr, Moncton, N. B., July 7th 1898.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

A Chai ge.

O vain, delusive dream of life! For ten or fifteen years, I thought I had a model wife In this dark vale of tears.

She was an ever-helpful mate, With temper almost bland, And when I stayed out over-late She did not reprimand.

At night she'd throw a lovely shawl About her swan-like neck And bravely sail forth to milk The spotted cow called Speck.

Was always ready, out of doors, To lend a helpful hand In doing up the evening chores At my august command.

Now in the garden I must dig, Where festive weeds abound; And sent to feed the black pig— She bosses me around.

I come and go at her behest, Accounting fast on feast; These weary feet have known no rest For seven years at least.

The calloused hands in ceaseless toil Are never seen or eke k. For when that shopen bids me toil I'm never out of work.

And all the troubles I have had These wretched days and nights Are just the outgrowth of a fad Concerning woman's rights.

The Horrors of War. What dreadful horrors cluster O, War, about thy name; What a cruel cargo carries A crimson crown to Fame!

What woes tread on each other, What fast they follow, when Thy altar is man's glory, The sacrifice is men.

O, War, thou purple monarch, Who swayest field and town, What heartless head of iron Must fill thy carmine crown!

Thou fire-eyed fiend of slaughter, Who sweepst drought and flood, The shadows of damnation Cannot obscure the blood.

That thou hast shed for conquest, For glory and for shame, And in the niche of his red coat, Hast written thine own name.

Yet this is not sufficient, O War! and we are told That you have now discovered New horrors to unfold.

We read that in Dakota, Pursuant to your plan A new and helpless baby Is christened Deweyann.

Say, War, thy dreadful horrors Hereafter are in vain; Go on and let them christen The next one HobbsorJane.

The Summer Homage. A jostle down the alleys! The listening hedgerows lean, God walks among His valleys: He makes His mountains green, His garden knows His greeting, Fair earth His favor feels, And modest Nature, meeting, Before His glory kneels.

For Him her tender duty Its dearest welcome spreads, And all her buds of beauty Are centers where he treads. Her touch, in adoration, Unseals their hoarded sweet, And summer's best libation Anoints His holy feet.

O mute and meek religion That pours without rewards The tribute of a region, Whose fulness is the Lord's! O votive honor, vaster Than gifts of pride and power, The broken alabaster, Of each unloved flower!

Shall hearts withhold and barden Heavily to let go by? When God walks in His garden Shall love its bloom deny? Or shall the lives He planted Their sweetest welcome pay, And thanks too long ungranted Shed fragrance on His way?

—Theron Brown.

In Spite of the Funny Man. From London Tid-Bits Theatre hats aren't always high, In spite of the funny man; And country chaps are sometimes fly, In spite of the funny man. Her father's dog is not always wild; And mothers-in-law are sometimes mild, In spite of the funny man.

Prohibitionists don't always yearn to drink, In spite of the funny man; And "Charlie" occasionally thinks a think, In spite of the funny man. Policemen's feet aren't hure at all; The plumber's bill is sometimes small; And messenger boys don't always crawl, In spite of the funny man.

A GAME OF BLUFF.

How a Halifax Man Tried to Victimiza a Tailor.

HALIFAX, July 6.—A bold attempt was made recently to victimiza the firm of O'Connor & Co., doing a tailoring business at the corner of Granville and Sackville streets. The firm has only been in business a short time and of course new faces were seen almost daily at the establishment. Among the new comers was one who gave his name as Charles Brady and his address as Kempt road. He was shown some cloth and selected a piece for a suit. His measure was taken and he was to call on a certain evening to have the coat tried on.

After he had left the place, a curious incident occurred, and one which prevented him from measuring the much sought for cloths. While the alleged Brady was in the shop an errand boy from W. C. Smith's tailoring establishment passed and on looking in he saw him. After he had left the place the boy went and inquired if he was purchasing clothes, and Mr. O'Connor replied in the affirmative. "Why said the boy by way of getting a "tip," that young man owes my boss for some clothes, and he cannot get the money."

This was news to O'Connor, but a still greater suspense was in store for him when the youth informed him that the alleged Charles Brady was none other than John Hudson. This put a new complexion on the state of affairs which by this time became rather mixed.

However, O'Connor acted coolly on the information he had received and made the best of it. He ascertained the address of the original Charles Brady, and had a consultation with him. It was agreed between the two that they would put up a job on Hudson. Brady at his own suggestion went to O'Connor on the night that the coat was to be ready, and secreted himself in the back of the store. There he patiently waited for his doubt to arrive, and sure enough he came.

He entered the store, conversed about matters in general, and then all was in readiness to see how the coat would fit. Mr. O'Connor said he would go in the workroom and get it, but in place of bringing out the coat, he led out the original Charles Brady. Hudson was paralyzed at his appearance, and it was sometime before he could regain his power of speech. Finally he rallied and offered explanations of various kinds, but they were of no use, as the game was up. Then he admitted he had impersonated Brady but said he had done so with no intention of defrauding the firm.

Mr. O'Connor told him an offence of this kind was punishable by 14 years imprisonment, and he threatened to take proceedings against him. Hudson begged hard for a chance, and even got his mother to intercede for him the following day, and the firm has decided not to prosecute.

AMONG THE CLUBS.

What the Aquatic and Other Clubs are Doing Now.

Sports aquatic seem to be the only sport that has any vogue at all here nowadays. Cycling and field sports are very dead and base ball is pretty nearly as bad. The two aquatic clubs, the Neptune Rowing club, and the Royal Kennebecasis Yacht Squadron, are two flourishing institutions. The Rowing club is holding water sports at the Park to-day and they propose to hold during the summer an illuminated parade, a moonlight excursion and a regatta. The yacht squadron are going to hold their annual cruise to Fredericton week after next and the river will be gay with white wings. Now the B. & A. club should get a hustle on and give cycling and field sports a boom. In order to do so they will require the co-operation of the athletes and of the critics who are wont to find fault with the B. and A. club. There are a good many people who think that the club made a mistake in assuming the responsibility of the athletic grounds this year but now that they have gotten them they should proceed to make some use of them.

Cowboy and Waiter.

The Irish nature is notoriously well prepared for any emergency of the wits. Not long ago one of the sensation-mongers who, in Easter cities, pose as untamable men of the wild West, went into a cheap restaurant, and depositing his sombrero on the table and shaking his long hair menacingly, called out:

"Waiter! Hyah, wai te-e-e-rrrr!" A bald little Irishman in an apron tripped up.

"Yis, sorr, phwat will ye have, sorr?" "Give me a bear-steak, extra rare, and give it to me right quick, too!"

"A bear-steak, is it, sorr?" faltered the little Irishman.

"Yis, sorr. An' phwat kind of a bear-steak wud ye have, sorr?"

"What kind of a bear-steak?"

"Yis, sorr. We have black bear, grizzly bear, cinnymoin bear, brown bear, white or Polar bear, goggle-eyed bear, Irish bear, woolly-bear, Wall Street bear—"



'Hold on!' said the imitation cowboy, in a rather low tone. 'Et bear is as plenty round these parts as that, I'll be switched ef I want any! Ye can bring me a plate of pork an' beans.'

CURIOS WELL IN HAWAII.

Flow of Artesian Water Curiously Regulated by the Clock.

A most curious phenomenon has been observed in the flow of an artesian well on Kealia plantation, Kaula, Hawaii. The water has regular variations in its flow, being lowest at 8 o'clock in the morning gradually rising until it attains its greatest flow at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and then as gradually falling until 8 o'clock in the morning.

Manager George H. Fairchild of the plantation thus describes the peculiar phenomenon:

'The top of the pipe is thirteen feet above sea level. At eight feet there is a flow of about 1,000,000 gallons in twenty-four hours. By adding five feet more of pipe the flow stops. We have had this extra five feet of pipe on top of the well for a month or more, waiting for extra pipe to conduct the water to the mill where it is to be used. We have noticed a peculiar action of this column of water, and I have been unable to find any explanation of it. If the publication of the facts by the Star will lead to an explanation, I will be very much gratified.

'The column of water in this five additional pipe placed to prevent the flow at 8 o'clock in the morning is at its lowest point one and a half inches below the top of the pipe. Then it rises until at noon it begins to flow over the pipe. The flow increases until two o'clock, when there is quite a flow. From that time it gradually falls, until at 11 o'clock at night there is a very slight flow, and this ceases at 1 o'clock in the morning, the water gradually falling until it reaches the lowest point at 8 o'clock, when it begins to rise again.

It has been suggested that this change in flow is due to the tides, or to the rotation of the earth, or to the influence of the sun. It is interesting, and I should like a satisfactory explanation.'

Representative McCandless says regarding this phenomenon that in his experience where an artesian well is influenced by the tides the water never rises above the sea level.

Spelled in Transmission.

One may have the ability to appreciate a good thing, but not the facility of telling it.

At the club one evening somebody remarked in the hearing of young Cargyle: 'The worst thing about these 'yellow' journals is that they're read.'

This struck him as being particularly good, and he repeated it at a party the next evening in the following style:

'Speaking of 'yellow' newspapers, did it ever occur to you that the worst thing about them is that everybody reads them?' Then he leaned back in his chair and wondered why it was that the thing sounded so much flatter at a party than it did in a club-room.

An Irish Love-Letter.

We find it in an exchange, and have no doubt it will stir the reader's sympathies:—

My Darlin' Peggy:—I met you last night and you never came! I'll meet you again tonight whether you come or whether you stop away. If I'm there first, sure I'll write my name on the gate to tell you of it, and if it's you that's first, why rub it out, darlin', and no one will be the wiser. I'll never fail to be at the trystin' place, Peggy, for faith, I can't keep away from the spot where you are, whether you're not. Your own, Faddy.

"Thae Mineral Watters."

A Scotsman living in London recently ran across two of his countrymen, and took them with him to a big public dinner.

In his hospitality he sent to their table champagne, and vet more champagne, and after a time went to see how they were faring.

He found them depressed. 'How are you getting on?' he asked. The reply came, 'Oh, we're gettin' on fine, but we're verra fateegit wi' thae mineral watters.'

Our Complete Collar Shaper

Arrived Saturday, a collar of any shape can be turned without injury, we have the sole right to use the machine. Ungar's Laundry and Dye Works. Telephone 58.

Cancer From Eating Meat.

The officers of a leading London hospital believe that the general increase of cancer is due to excess in meat eating.