

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 20.

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

THE SATURDAY HALF HOLIDAY AND SUNDAY OBSERVANCE.

The young men in the employ of the dealers in hardware have succeeded in inducing the firms for whom they work to grant them a Saturday half holiday for three of the summer months and on and after the third of June they will enjoy a privilege that they have often wished for. The success of the hardware clerks has, we understand, stimulated those in other lines of business to an effort in the same direction and the question of a Saturday half holiday is likely to be pretty well threshed out.

At present the young man or woman who sits at a desk or stands behind a counter all the week has but little time to him or herself. There is, it is true, the evening but to some even this is not their own for the demands of the business in which they are employed call for their attention. Competition runs riot with us in St. John. Grocers keep open in some cases until ten or eleven o'clock and millinery and small dry good stores, to say nothing of many others, lock their doors when endurance has reached its limits. The larger dry goods establishments do not observe this rule and they must feel that they do not lose anything by their action. In Boston dry good stores do not make Saturday their big day. They realize that there are other days in the week and that the people will buy as much dry goods in five and a half days as they will in six.

"But," says a merchant, "why should I give my clerks a half holiday when my neighbor and competitor will keep open and do the trade?" Quite true, but the wage earners can correct all that. If the wives and families of the clerks will stand by them and only patronize those concerns weekday and Saturday who will adopt the half holiday system there would be few—even of the smaller dealers—who would oppose their wishes. It may be a difficult matter for a grocer to close, especially during the fruit season, but there cannot be much argument against the dry goods men, haberdashers, clothing and other concerns who do not deal in perishable goods from joining a movement looking toward a half day of rest.

Ministers complained last year that the excursions of the steamer up river and the Sabbath bicycle jaunts to the country thinned their congregations and lessened the interest in church work. We have no doubt they were right but churches have a slack season in common with business establishments. There are fashionable places in the United States where the churches close in summer and the pastor goes to the seashore with his congregation. He may have a chance to talk to them there but would have none at home. As it looks at present the young people of St. John are not likely to get many opportunities to leave the city on Sunday. This is the greater reason why they should have a chance to have Saturday afternoon to themselves.

The legislators of this province, in fear and horror of a continental Sunday, passed a law which we printed last week, forbidding an excursion on Sunday—that is an excursion by a river boat or train. The man who has enough money to spend four or five or six dollars for a horse and team can go to any livery stable, hire the same and take his family to what part of the country he pleases, while the poor fellow who does not earn more than that perhaps in a week is not permitted to spend his quarter or half a dollar and go to Westfield or Oak Point or to any of those delightful resorts on the river where health and recreation go hand in hand.

What is law must be observed but if we

consider for one moment whether it is greater desecration of the Sabbath to sit on the deck of a steambot and glide up the river for twenty or thirty miles than it is to hire a horse and drive the poor animal through the heat and dust to one's destination the conclusion can be easily reached. God intended Sunday as a day of rest for the ox and the ass as well as for man and the rustic legislators who made it impossible for livery stables to break the Sabbath and yet said it would be a crime to use steam to send a steamer up the river had some curious ideas of the fitness of things. It is true firemen are required to work on a steamer but so are liverymen in a stable, motormen and conductors on street cars, etc. To define just where manual labor shall begin and end on the Sabbath would be quite a difficult matter.

Under the law it is not right to fish or to bathe on Sunday! These two sections are in themselves sufficient evidence of senility in a measure which, as it is, will make thousands of law breakers where there were none before.

AN ALDERMAN OF HALIFAX

Who Represents the Great Unwashed and is Always Elected.

HALIFAX, May 18.—It is said that "Neddy's" ears have grown longer and his braying strong since the last election, for he feels that he has a hold on his seat for another term.

It was however a narrow squeeze for the peak-capped parvenu, and had another "star" been in the ascendant the honorable noisy nuisance would have been relegated to oblivion, where it is fervently hoped, he may some day find himself all in a tangled heap.

For consummate conceit and egotistical effrontery the representative of the "upper ten" takes precedence of anything that wears pants.

Even a respectable newspaper lost control of its usual good sense in permitting its columns to be profaned by a senseless jingle of praise of the alderman from Ward 4. It was a breach of good journalism to give such a character any prominence beyond what was needed to record one more insult to the good name and fame of the city.

A little more determined and combined effort on the part of the opposition, and the uncrowned king of the great unwashed would have bitten the dust. The opportunity however was lost because an obscure and unknown quantity: a star of small dimensions was placed in the field against him. 'Twas a short sighted policy, and unwise move on the part of the opposition to put an almost unknown quantity against such a shrewd and well versed ward politician as the "honorable Neddy." Skilled in ward tactics, shrewd in speech, oily in tongue, plausible and promising, this man is an adept at the arts political, and his pull phenomenal among his partisans. When he is beaten it will be a great deliverance for the city. Long enough has it borne the burden of this "old man of the sea," and when it is cast off there will be much rejoicing.

Among his own pals the representative of the fourth ward is considered as being the king pin and as such is honored and respected not a little. Among all right thinking and honest men however, he is a by-word and a civic reproach.

The present incumbent of the mayoralty chair has no love for him, and it is to be hoped will keep the alderman in his proper place and position on the council floor.

CALIPH.

For the Benefit of the Cyclists.

The experiment of the Young Mens Christian Association in establishing a chalet near the banks of the Kennebecasis and only a few miles from the city, is an interesting one and it is to be hoped will prove successful. The road between the city and Rothesay it a favorite one with cyclists, and up to this time a suitable stopping place from every point of view has not been provided between the two points. So far as PROGRESS understands, the Chalet is not intended exactly to be so much a half way house, as it is to be a summer boarding resort, where young men who work in the city can enjoy at least a portion of the country, and find board and lodgings at a reasonable rate. The house will contain a club room, dining room and a restaurant, besides sleeping accommodation for twenty people or more.

Business Education.

Broadly speaking, a business education is one that educates for business. Few people realize the amount of special training that is requisite to equip a young man or woman for entrance into business life. The Currie business University of this city will send free to any address a beautiful catalogue giving valuable information relative to the above subject.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Heart of the World is Broken.

The heart of the world is broke,
Why should not my ewa be too;
When spring has many a token,
To tell me dear soul of you.
For April came in weeping,
And flowering May in white;
Because of my lost love sleeping
Alone in the silent night.

Voices of roses singing, soon—
Memory robed in bloom;
Comes with the fragrant life of June,
Sealing your lost one's tomb,
Leaves we scatter in white and red,
Over her peaceful rest;
Tenderly spreading her halo red bed,
Sweet service to slumber blest."

The heart of the world is lonely,
Blossoming bud and tree;
Calling my angel only,
Purercness of earth to me.
Summer will bring her flowers,
Walking where low she lies,
Thinking of golden hours,
And a saint in Paradise.

The bloom came back to the willow
Many a spring ago;
Before the wave and the billow;
Of sadness had tried me so.
Ere the heart of my heart was broken;
True love of all the true,
O spring time in vain have ye spoken,
She cannot return with you
C.T.P. US GOLD.

Brook Brae, May 1899.

Far Away.

Where is now the merry party
I remember long ago—
Sitting round the Christmas fire-side
Brightened by its ruddy glow—
Or in summers by my evening
In the fields among the hay—
They have all dispersed and wandered
Far away. Far away.
They have all dispersed and wandered
Far away. Far away.

Some have gone to lands far distant
And with strangers made their home—
Some upon the world of waters
All their lives are forced to roam
Some have gone from us forever,
Longer here they could not stay;
They have reached a fairer region
Far away. Far away.
They have reached a fairer region
Far away. Far away.

There are still some few remaining
To remind us of the past;
But they change as all things change
Nothing in this world can last.
Years roll on and pass forever,
What is coming who can say;
Ere this closes many may be
Far away. Far away.
Ere this closes many may be
Far away. Far away.

A Modern Ode to Man.

Excellent agglomeration of molecules,
Intricate and elusive assortments of cells,
Finite expression of the Infinite!
Like an atom and a multitude of atoms,
At once a microcosm and a macrocosm, plus a mind,
A pinch of dust, yet an intimate part of the Cosmos
An accident for which the race is responsible and
A fly on the wheel of the world, gravely talking
philosophy.—
You move me to wonder and tears, and you make
me smile!

Potentially, you are all in all:
As a matter of fact, you are mighty small potatoes.
Monster, and an angle almost, beast and spirit, savage
and seer,
In your totality are the suns, and the suns of the
sun!
All the past is compressed in you, all the future
lurks in your loins,
It is only in the present that you seem contemptible
and small,
With no bigger ambition than to run for office and
to President.

The world rolls under you as you spurn it in your
tread,
Lest with a spring you might attain the stars;
Living and alert, we behold you master of the ma-
terial, holding the earth in your palm.
But when you are dead you would not itch thirty
cents,
Nor would thirty cents be of any use to you what
ever.

Great is your reason, and great is your gift of lan-
guage
And yet, you cannot tell me the reason of your
reason,
Or make any report of Nature and Life,
The poetry whereto is not so payable
But that your brother who walks in the woods, or
dwells with his kin,
May perceive it with one eye shut.

Orators, statesmen, pleaders, why all this talk and
contention, when you ought to be doing
something?
Why all this hubbub and controversy?
Do you not speak the same language that you cannot
understand one another?
Will you never learn that the individual cannot
know it all?
Go to, disperse, reform! Your conduct excites a
conspicuous oscillation.

I see the miracles you have wrought,
And, with my forehead in the dust, I salute your
science.

As a child, with parted lips and eyes wide open,
I observe your steamboats, railroads, telegraphs,
telephones, typewriters, phonographs, bicy-
cles, trolleys;
Also your dynamos, batteries, ironclads, threshers,
spray-pumps, nickel-in-the-soles, repeating
rifles, instantaneous cameras;
Likewise your stethoscopes, microscopes, kineto-
scopes, X-rays, wireless telegraphy—
But you never learn that the individual cannot
know it all—
only a poem.

I say I salute your science, but why should I?
(It has heared the market for poems—but let that
pass.)
Why should I not rather salute a single hair on my
hand?
Science cannot imitate even that humble growth;
Like it she can't simplify the locks of the post,
Or even arrest the calvous condition known to the
unlearned as baldness.

Epitome of the Universe, Slime and Sage, bifur-
cated embodiment of good and evil, poor puling
wret, serene philosopher, stanger, brother, syn-
thesis of Myself—all hail! —New York Sun.

The Three Bloomers.

Three women went wheeling away to the West
In knicker-bocks and never a rag of a gown;
Each thought of the luncheon that suited her best
While the cat-callers toolled through Kingston
town.

For, if men wear breeks, then women may, too,
Touzht skirts are many and bloomers are few,
And the "Hautboy" bar is reeking.

A landlady rose from her chaste, chaste bower,
Superb in her virtue and good stuff gown;
She looked on their legs and he-face went sour
'Till she sump ed their rational on and down.
'While men wear breeks and women do, too,
No c.e.f.-room, busses,' said she, 'for you,
Though the "Hautboy" bar is reeking.

Twelve citizens sat in a couple of rows,
In a couple of rows with a caplous frown,
For they had set a picture of visible hose
Where the object had never a rag of a gown.
'Though men wear breeks and women may, too,
This criminal suit,' said the jury, 'won't do,
So good-by to the bar for the present!

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
ABSOLUTELY PURE
Makes the food more delicious and wholesome
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

MR. KINNEAR'S VENTURE.

The Advantages of His Art Needle Work store for the Ladies.

The ladies of America are noted for their beautiful and artistic work in embroidery, lace work or crocheting or in fact any kind of fancy work they take up.

St. John ladies are by no means behind the larger cities of this continent in this work or profitable pleasure and many English homes have been made beautiful and hearts made glad by a present of fancy work from a their friends this part of Canada.

In time past to procure the materials to carry out the work ladies have had to be content with what they could pick up at dry goods stores or send for to Montreal and Toronto if they required any thing new to work at, but this spring Mr. Harrison Kinnear has overcome that necessity by opening up on German street a store devoted entirely to art needle work and the materials required for the same.

Mr. Kinnear has fitted up his store, which is in this central locality in a way which reflects credit on St. John. Back of the store where a full stock of goods is kept is the ladies work room and parlor which is beautiful light by five windows on Church street and is furnished to make it the most comfortable work room in the maritime provinces.

Mr. Kinnear and his assistant, Miss Nellie McGivern, are here prepared to do almost anything the ladies can possibly require in this line of business; designing, stamping, teaching or taking orders for work. Mr. Kinnear has the control for this province of Salter's high art wash embroidery silk which once used will be always used, and to introduce which a professional teacher will be brought shortly from the United States to give free instructions in the art of embroidery.

THE CAPTAIN STRUCK A SNAG.

While Escorting a Widow to the Show to Meet his Wife.

A North End Captain—not a captain of police—had an experience during the engagement of the last company in the opera house that was quite thrilling while it lasted.

He is a married man and yet strange to say he is so affectionate that the conjugal feeling existing between him and his better half is not satisfying to him. So his surplus affection was bestowed upon a widow, charming or otherwise. He was not satisfied with semi-private conversations and short delightful strolls along some unfrequented street so he invited her to go to the Opera house with him—a rather unwise proceeding as it turned out.

Somebody must have given his wife a hint for she too determined to go to the opera house and see for herself who this woman was that her husband preferred to her. She arrived in time and soon after saw the partner of her joys and sorrows ascending the steps that lead to the lobby of the house. There was a woman with him and she paid more attention to her than to her liege lord. Him she could attend to afterward.

The tickets were bought and the couple were about to start for the entrance door when the wife stepped forward. The Captain's surprise was painful—it was a shock. He had struck a snag, a raft, a rock, or something or he must have imagined so for he steered about in short order and with full steam on sped to the street and vanished in the gloom. The widow went in to see the show and the wife paced back and forth waiting for her husband to return. He didn't though. He knew better. The show had no attractions for him for wasn't he going to a free circus at home?

Mr. Armstrong's Enterprise.

Mr. Robert Armstrong of the Victoria Rink, is nothing if not enterprising. Everybody knows what the rink was when he got it and nearly everybody knows what it is now. He has made an offer for the grounds of the Athletic Association—for this is the name by which they are usually known. The Bicycle and Athletic club did not feel that they could give the rent the Agricultural society wanted for the ground, and Mr. Armstrong is fortunate enough to have the option of the lease, at the same figures as the athletic people paid last year. These are the favorite grounds for base ball, and the only ones in fact for the bicycle meets, and Mr. Armstrong should not have any difficulty in making a fairly good thing out of it.

Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired Duval, 17 Waterloo.

Marked by Nature.

A correspondent alleges that he witnessed the following at a big race meeting lately. The man in charge of the overcoats was taken suddenly ill, and he hastily put an assistant from the weighing-room in charge with strict injunctions not to give anything up without identification. A fussy little man was fuming at the attendant.

'That's it—the brown one over there; my name's on the collar, S-y-m-t-h-e.'

'H'm! You might have found out that by accident' demurred the custodian.

'Hang it! Well—here it is on my shirt-front; pulling open his waistcoat.

'The man still procrastinated.

'I don't say you would, sir, but you might have stolen the shirt.'

'Glorious heavens!' bawled the victim, 'will this satisfy you?' and tearing open his shirt front, he displayed his name tattooed across his chest.

For some moments the man in charge stared, as if wondering how on earth the inscription had been put there. Then he gave in and handed over the coat.

'If Nature has written it on your skin I suppose it is your own,' he said, with a grim smile.

And the little man did not wait to explain.

Their Feelings Were It Heaved.

The passengers' luggage was being hurried through man six inches deep by two tremendous Highlander, one pulling and one pushing the barrow. No one was in a very sweet temper, and they were not helped by a yelping tourist who followed the rear Highlander, barking out—

'Mind my bag, now—mind my bag.'

The bay, a very spick-and-span affair, rocked precariously at the top of the pyramid.

By-and-by the tourist took to what Mr. Barrie calls 'language,' and discussed in general terms the country and its people. Suddenly the bag gave a lurch, and landed in a morass of mud.

The tourist stormed.

'Lift my bag, you scoundrel—lift my bag.'

The big Highlander looked over his shoulder, and, without stopping, drawled out lazily—

'Lift yer ain bag, an' when ye're littin' the bag see it's yer ain bag ye're littin'.'

Somehow the horrible impertinence and innuendo relieved the other passengers' feelings.

Room for Improvement.

A young gentleman, who formed one of a large shooting party at a north country mansion, was a bragart of the most pronounced type. At dinner he bored his host—who owing to an accident, had been kept indoors—with a racial of his wonderful shots during the day. So much self praise made the host suspicious and next morning he had a word or two with the keeper who had accompanied the crack shot. 'Ah, David,' he began, 'you had a capital day's sport yesterday. By-the-by, what sort of a shot is X—?'

'Fair sir—nobbut fair,' replied David.

'But I understand he is really a crack shot,' said the gentleman.

'Oh, varry weel, sir,' said the cautious David. 'So long as you understands as he's a crack shot, why, he is a crack shot, an' that settles it.'

'Come, come, David; there's something behind that. What is your opinion of him?'

'Weel, sir,' replied David, 'I should never have found out as he wor a crack shot if you hadn't a told me. However, he'd be a cracker shot still if he wad get into the habit o' hittin' what he aimed at noo an' again.'

Proof Enough.

A laborer out of employment applied at the North Dublin Union for outdoor relief for himself and wife.

'Bus, my good fellow, we must have evidence that you are legally married,' said the chairman of the relief committee.

'Shure, sir, I've the best proof in the wurld!' said the applicant, and bending his head he displayed a large scar on the top of his skull. 'Does yer honner think,' he added, 'I'd be after takin' that abuse from any wan but a wife?'

Ladies First.

A curate, when visiting the infant school of his parish came to a class of five-year-olds who were having a lesson on the 'Fall.'

'Now, children,' he said, 'can you tell me why it was that the serpent, instead of going to Adam, went to Eve first?'

This was a puzzler, but at last a little boy's hand went up.

'Please, sir,' said the miniature theologian, 'it was because it is always 'ladies first.'

Howsoe: 'I have an umbrella that is been in my possession for two years.'

Comsoe: 'Then it's time you return ed t.'

Going to Get a New Bicycle Suit?

Yours only wants cleaning or dyeing.

Send it to UNGAR'S LAUNDRY DYEING & CARPET CLEANING WORKS, Waterloo street, 'Phone 58.