

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

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

MR. ALGER'S RESIGNATION.

The event of the month in the way of national interest has been the resignation of Secretary ALGER from the head of the war department. Secretary ALGER was unfortunate in his administration of that highly important office during the war with Spain and his personal mistakes were aggravated by partisan appointments and friction between him and some of the leading officers of the army. The success of the navy in coping with the difficult problems of the war showed what was possible in the kindred department, but these blunders of judgment and carelessness gave frequent offence to the public and wrought serious injury to the health and comfort of many soldiers. To what extent Mr. Alger was personally responsible for these mistakes outsiders cannot yet judge, but in a general way a leader is responsible for his subordinates, and on these grounds there is no doubt of the wisdom of calling for Mr. Alger's resignation, though why, if done at all, it was not done long ago, no one appears to know. Mr. S. C. of New York, who succeeds Mr. S. C. is a lawyer of great ability, systematic in his work as well as brilliant. The appointment seems to be a good one. It is to be hoped that Mr. S. C. will reform the methods of the war department and place it on a plane with the navy department, eliminating red tape, insisting on modern methods and keeping in harmony with the army and army officers. This department is one of the oldest of the government, and too many of its methods and systems are survivals of bygone days.

A REVIVAL OF TRADE.

Years ago when England or France would America money for wheat they simply sold some of their American stocks and evened matters up, but today the balance against them has grown too large for such simple balancing, and they are forced with increasing frequency to ship gold or remain in debt. The position of New York as a money market has advanced rapidly, largely on this account. A new step is taken by the action of the Mexican government in making New York one of the four centres for refunding the national debt of that republic. The bulk of the amount goes to England and Germany, but Holland and the United States come in for a share. This is the first time a foreign government has negotiated its bonds in the American market, and the innovation is regarded as an extremely good sign. Another financial condition of the times which is a novelty is the comparative wealth of the West. Recently several loans in Eastern states have been taken by Chicago banking firms against the bids of New York and Boston houses, and at an extremely low net interest rate. The West has made a great deal of money in the last three years, and the amount must indeed be large to allow of such high bids from Chicago. The difference in interest rates between the East and the West has diminished steadily, but this sudden reversal of position is a surprise to New York bankers.

One of the proverbial "long felt wants" fits fair to be filled in the establishment of schools of domestic economy, which shall teach the arts of housekeeping and of caring for the welfare of family life. If young men are taught to provide the money needed for maintenance of families, it seems desirable that young women should be taught, with equal care, how to apply it to the best advantage.

A fruit novelty is reported from Cali-

fornia. It is half lemon and half orange, with the shape of the lemon and the color of the orange, the juice having the flavor of both. It is, of course, artificially produced. Heretofore the phantom lemon, which figures in picnic assets, has had the chief distinction as a lemon curiosity. The fruit world, it will be seen, shows a tendency to combination as well as the business world.

The admission fees to a recent prize-fight in New York exceeded eighty-five thousand dollars, the largest amount ever received for any single performance. This has been cited as a startling commentary upon the times. Bloody noses and cracked crowns, however, are not the delight of the vast majority of people, nor are bounce and bluster yet widely accepted as the principal virtues of the world.

The international league of wheelman, which recently met in London, has seventeen national organizations in the chief countries of the world, representing half a million of cyclists. Shakespear offered, as a simile for the impossible, "Then may I set the world on wheels." To-day that consummation looks far from impossible.

The DREYFUS drama is nearing its last scene, the re-trial of the young officer, who has been brought back to France for this purpose. Few doubt that he will be acquitted, if the trial is impartial, and that of the new minister of war assures the public in an emphatic manner.

PEOPLE WE ALL KNOW.

Mr. Webber Talks Brightly About an Everyday Nuisance.

A certain class of what resembles men, that is as far as appearance and clothing go, have a fashion of congregating in prominent places, and passing remarks, very loudly, on those they see around them. They will use a lot of slang expressions, and if the object of their derision happens to be afflicted with partial deafness or blindness, their comments are very offensive. A group of these apologues for men were observed standing in front of the Opera House, one evening this week and the following are a few of their remarks: "Say Jim, whos that jay with the bay-colored whiskers and straw colored hair?" "Hallo! I see Sarah has got a new hat. There will be a famine home to pay for it."

"I wonder where Gideon got his admission fee? His mother will have to do more washing to pay for it."

All these sayings are spoken so that the person referred to can hear, but cannot reply, as the conversation is at, but not to him. Another nuisance is the fellow who passes audible comments on the actors and actresses engaged in a performance, whilst he is in the audience. He is anxious to let those round about him know that he is well acquainted with everybody on the stage; and if the performers happen to belong to an amateur society, he will at once tell all about them, their families, their houses, and everything connected with them, when he probably does not know the street they live on.

A fellow of the above kind was once telling a group of kindred souls all about a certain young lady, with whom he professes to be well acquainted who had taken a prominent part in some amateur theatricals a short time before, and he was giving his auditors to understand that he had given the young lady all the points for her character in the play where she had succeeded.

An unobtrusive, quiet looking young man, overhearing these remarks stepped up to the loud mouthed boaster and quietly asked:

"When and where did you give these valuable instructions?"

"This is no affair of yours," was the reply. "This lady is my most intimate friend, and all she knows she learnt from me."

"Well," was the quiet reply: "I never saw you at her house, or knew that she was acquainted with you."

"Because you are evidently not acquainted with her yourself," said Mr. Vain Glorious, thinking the other was, like himself, a boaster and a perverter of the truth.

The quiet young man looked the other in the eye and said:

"Perhaps I am not very well acquainted with the young lady in the question, as she is simply a relative of mine."

"A relative, is she? Pretty distant one I guess."

"Well, she happens to be my sister, and I know she never even spoke to you."

There was an awkward silence, and the great instructor of people he did not even know murmured something about "Must go home."

This was as it ought to be. H. PRICE WEBBER.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Sweet Voices. Often when twilight shadows Round us fall; Low voices from our hearts unbidden come, And to us all in accents Sweet they call, The dear familiar names so loved at home. Sweet voices from the scenes Of vanished years, They haunt us still and fill Our eyes with tears.

When all are gone and faces— Once so dear, Lie down beneath their ever silent mounds Oh who would long to linger— Sadly near; The places of those well remembered sounds? Though in life's brightest scenes— We daily roam, The loving heart still hears Sweet melodies of home.

Those forgotten sounds; Full often here, In memory's sweetest hours are low and sweet, In silent halls where yet, Old friends appear, The cherished idols still we fondly meet. We talk again of— Brighter days to come, When we shall know them— In a deathless home. CYPRUS GOLDE.

Rosemary, July 1899.

The Building of a Soldier. Joe Jerry hoed in a sunny field, Under a sweltering sun, The boy and the rock and the native weed Fought for the life in a battered seed,— And the struggle was just begun.

"Get out of the mud and follow me," Said the man with better clothes, "Against you are vermin and drub and frost; You anger Nature with labor lost— Come where a far wind blows."

But the boy digged on in the stony field, With the struggle barely begun, "I put the seed in this ground," said he; "I think I had better stay and see Whatever may be done."

Joe Jerry quarrelled and placed the stones And flung the timbers true Then his neighbors came with favored cry; "Good!—pans of gold!—just there they lie! Shall we wait a day for you?"

A sweet voice rilted the evening calm, Singing the death of day, A tired child came and went with a kiss, "I have a wife, and a house—and this: I think I had better stay."

"War! war!" the cry—and the cry came near— "There is fame, and to spare, for all." "I have a wife—and a thing—just there, I'll stay with them, if God so please." But he went at the second call.

"Come back!" they cried through the metal hail To a soldier bleeding and grim, He picked a rifle out of the dirt, Answering only: "The cap'n's hurt; I think I'll stay with him." —Frederic Bush.

Johnnie. Sure he's five months old, an' he's two foot long, Baby Johnnie. Watch yourself now, for he's terrible strong, Baby Johnnie. An' his fists 'll be up if ye make any slips— With finger-end rosy the same as daisy-tips— But he'll have ye attend to the words of his lips, will Johnnie.

There's nobody can rightly tell the color of his eyes this Johnnie, For they're partly o' the earth, an' still they're partly o' the skies, like Johnnie. So far as he's travelled he's been laughin' all the way, For the little soul is quare an' wise, the little heart is gay. An' he likes 'em merry daffodils, he thinks they'd do to play with Johnnie.

He'll sail a boat yet, if he only has his luck, young Johnnie, For he talks to the wather like anny little duck, boy Johnnie; Sure there are the hands now to pull on a rope, An' mate feet for walkin' the deck on a slope, But the ship she must wait a wee while, I hope, for Johnnie.

For we couldn't do wantin' him, not just yet, och Johnnie, Tis you that are the daisy, an' you that are the pet, wee Johnnie! Here's to your health, an' we'll drink it to-night, Slatate gal, avic ma chree! I liv'd an' do right, Slatate gal, a vourneen! may yer days be bright, Johnnie!

The Woods. When I was sad, to the heart of the woods I stole— To the woods alone— And the grave eyes listened to my burdened soul— When my soul made moan: No need of words, for the heart of the woods to hear— To the soul's mute cry In her solitude the quiet trees gave ear, And the still blue sky— The sky that looks through the trees like loving eyes— Till the soul pangs cease; And the solemn pines point singing to the skies,— And the pines sing "Peace!"

When I was glad, to the heart of the woods I went— To the woods alone— And the kind words listened, making my content, My joy, their own; The blue sky smiled, and the leaves made merry with me, For they understood: Who seeks to find a friend in every tree In the heart of the wood. Yet, lingering there, so deep the soul-joy grows, And sweetest still are the songs unsung, And far above, where the free wind comes and goes, The pines sing "Peace!" —Francis Barine.

The Heart of Youth. 'Ah, the world is old,' so the sages say, Shaking their heads and while— The fields are bare, and the sky is gray, Life hath no more delight, Does tired winter remember May? 'The world is old'—so the sages say. But the poets sing, 'Ah, the world is young,' To-day is the day of days I And sweetest still are the songs unsung, And best are the untrod ways, The world is old with the old, in truth— But the world is young with the heart of youth.

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.

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

A Pleasant Spot to Rest.

Evandale is looking better this year than ever and much of this is due to the many improvements made by John O. Vanwart to his comfortable and handsome hotel and the buildings surrounding it. There are a number of guests at the house and many rooms are engaged in advance. Parties of Americans arrived there daily, stay a few hours enjoying the beauty of the place and then return to the city. Those people who go there once are sure to go again and anyone in need of a good place to rest and recuperate could not do better than try this pleasant spot.

HUMORS OF THE WAR.

Some Patriotic and Humorous Stories of the Late War.

Two or three correspondents and soldiers who had been through the Cuban campaign met the other day, and many were the pathetic and ridiculous anecdotes told of their experiences. We repeat one or two, which illustrate American character under a great and unusually strain.

"After the fight at San Juan," said one, "I crawled into the bushes. What with loss of blood, no sleep and battered nerves I thought the end had come. There was a smoke near by and I dragged myself to it."

"A private, covered with mud and blood wearing ragged trousers and half of a coat had kindled a fire and was brewing some tea. He looked at me, and then poured out some in a tin cup and brought it to me. I never tasted anything like it. It put life in me."

"That's good tea," I said. "Yes," he answered. "It's made only for the Mandarins. I import it from China for my own use. I'm particular about my tea. I had a package in my knapsack."

"Just then he was ordered away. The next day I saw him digging in the pits, and asked who he was. It was young Blank, from New York. 'That fellow,' they said, 'counts his money by millions.'

"There were some queer meetings on the field," said another man. "One of the Southern generals had lost a son in the first week of the war. He came to Cuba as inspector-general, leaving his other son at home."

"But the boy enlisted, and came to Cuba as a private, and was digging in the trenches when his father rode past with his staff."

"Hello, dad!" he called. "Hello, boy!" "The general went down and took the young fellow in his arms."

"After we came home, at the peace Jubilee at Philadelphia, I heard a big volunteer say: 'Miles and Dewey are well enough, but B. is my man for the Presidency! He's a general, but he wasn't ashamed to kiss a private in the trenches. I saw him do it.'"

DESTROYING MONEY.

Some Precautions Taken in Disposing of Filthy Lucre.

Extraordinary precautions are taken by the United States government in the destruction of its worn out and filthy paper money. The fact that this could be used again makes it necessary that its destruction should be conducted with care, and be made complete.

All the paper money that passes through the treasury is sorted, and the old bills are sent to the redemption division, where they are searched for possible counterfeiters. Then they are carefully counted, and tied up into bundles of one hundred notes each.

A great cancelling-machine then drives four holes through each of these bundles, of which a careful record is kept. The piles of bills are then cut into two parts, one set of halves going to the secretary's office and the other to the register's office.

In each place the halves are again counted, after which they are chopped by machinery into fragments. Not satisfied with this, the bits are then boiled in vats of hot water and alkali until they are reduced to an unrecognizable pulp. This the law permits the Treasury to sell to manufacturers of novelties, who make it into little models of the Capitol and the White House, which are sold as souvenirs in the Washington stores. New bills are issued in an amount equal to those destroyed.

An Old Rifle. Old rifles, like old houses, may have histories that hold a vital meaning. A writer in the Humane Alliance describes one that is greatly valued by the descendants of its original owners. The following bit of its history is of general interest.

One night, when the 'men-folk' were away, a panther leaped up on a log at the edge of the clearing, and standing in the

moonlight just outside the shadows of the forest, uttered that marvellous cry which sounds so much like the wail of a lost child.

But grandmother's ears were not deceived. She was a young woman then; her eyes were bright, and she saw the panther plainly. The rifle thrust its muzzle through a hole in the shed window, and grandmother and the rifle together drove the messenger of death straight into the brain of the great cat and rolled him over dead. She just felt that she could do it, and so did the rifle; and so the deed was done.

KIT WARREN'S DUEL.

Bucksht was Dear, but he was Ready to Meet His Foe.

A recent newspaper article mentioned the name of the late Kit Warren, who won fame as a humorist in Georgia. Several interesting stories were told of him, but the following appears in print for the first time:

When he was editing a country newspaper, a subscriber whom he had offended with criticism sent him a challenge for a fight with shotguns.

He told the bearer to be seated, when he asked him the price of bucksht. 'Thirty cents a pound,' was the reply. 'Now,' said Kit, 'what is powder selling at?'

'Sixty cents.' Then he turned his pockets inside out fished up a bunch of keys and several due bills, looked them over thoughtfully, and then wrote this reply to the challenger: 'Dear Jim—Yours received I would be glad to accommodate you, but your friends tell me that shot is 80 cents a pound and powder 60, and I can't invest that much money in 'em these hard times. If, however you will lend me 90 cents, I will secure you by a mortgage on the paper, and accommodate you with a few loads in any region you may suggest. I believe however, it would take three pounds of bucksht to kill you. Send on the money and make your will.'

The letter was duly delivered, and that ended the matter. 'Wants me ter lend him money ter buy shot ter kill me with!' exclaimed the challenger. 'Durned ef I'll do it!'—Atlanta Constitution.

Pupils' Answers.

A school inspector in an English rural district received some very original answers to the questions which he propounded at an examination. One question, says a writer in Cornhill, was, 'Why did Elijah pour water on the sacrifice?' To which a girl answered, 'To make the gravy, sir.'

When the same girl was asked to name the three creeds, she replied: 'Apostle's, Lyceum and Farinaceous.'

Another said that the Roman Christians used to frequent the 'Caspicums.'

A third described a well known Dore picture as, 'Christ leaving the Petroleum.'

One girl was asked, 'What do you know about the cuckoo?' 'Please sir,' she said, 'it doesn't lay its own eggs, sir.'

Mr. Croydton, an inspector, was trying to get the class to tell him what weapon Sampson used in killing the Philistines. Thinking to aid them, he laid his hand on his cheek and said, 'What is this?' 'The jawbone of an ass!' they cried.

This is a Great Offer. Any person sending a new subscription to this office with \$4.00 inclosed can obtain PROGRESS for one year, and the Cosmopolitan, McClure and Munsey magazines for the same period with only one condition—all of them must be sent to the same address.

Changed Accompaniment. One can hardly be expected to have 'music in his soul' when there is discord in his stomach.

Husband—What was that you were playing, my dear? Wife—Did you like it? 'It was lovely—the melody divine, the harmony exquisite!'

'It is the very thing I played last evening, and you said it was horrid.'

'Well the steak was burned last evening.' Stray Stories.

It is Never Too Late to Learn That Ungars laundry is the best place to get ladies' and childrens' wear laundered, Ungars Laundry, Dyeing and Carpet Cleaning Works 28 to 34 Waterloo street. Phone 58.

Very 'Homely.' The apex of 'plainness' seems to have been attained by an old gentleman 'down-east.'

'Why' said one of his good friends, 'he was so homely that when he made up a face he was handsomer than he was out times!'

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