

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

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A START IN BUSINESS LIFE.

Mr. HARLOW N. HIGINBOTHAM is a gentleman well known in a literary as well as a commercial way in the United States, and that enterprising journal, the Evening Post of Philadelphia, which under new management, seems to have taken a new lease of life, has induced him to write a series of papers on the "Making of a Merchant." The suggestions of this gentleman are certainly of a practical nature and will appeal with peculiar force to merchants of experience. He assumes that as the majority of business men begin life in mercantile establishments, as "boys" that it is of fundamental importance how a boy looks at his first employment.

Generally he does not take himself or his duties with sufficient seriousness. He is inclined to think that he is "only a boy," and that his work is of boyish incoherence. Nothing could be further from the real facts than such an impression. To realize this is only necessary to go into the office of any large establishment—the business heart of a commercial enterprise—and observe the swarms of boys that flit between the desks of the older workers.

Who is always at the elbow of the executive head of an establishment of this kind? A boy! He comes into closer and more continuous contact with the proprietor, the general manager, or the department head than any adult. Because he is "only a boy" he is a party to private conversations and transactions from which even the "confidential man" might be barred. This means responsibility and opportunity, and conduct is, therefore, of greater personal interest and moment to the business executive that he is generally inclined to think.

Boys fail to satisfy the demands made upon them more through lack of promptness and punctuality than by any other reason. Thousands of dismissals, rebuffs, discouragements and failures at the beginning of a career could have been avoided by these small workers had they made a cardinal point of being always on hand in their proper places during every moment when subject to duty. It is not enough that they should be generally at their stations. The time is sure to come, no matter how sparingly they allow themselves the indulgence of straying only a little from the rigid requirements of office rules, when they will be suddenly wanted—and will be found wanting!

Many fall into the habit of being a few rods, or perhaps only a few feet, from the spot where they expected to be. This means that the busy employer must leave his desk or resort to a little extra effort to secure their attention. The actual inconvenience may seem trifling, but he is annoyed. If very charitable, he says, "that's the boy of it," and patiently gives the little toiler another chance. But the boy has failed to come up to reasonable requirements, and suffers accordingly in the estimation of the man who depends upon him for certain services.

Another seemingly petty fault very common to the younger employees is the habit of watching the clock. This is little short of infuriating to the man who is genuinely and seriously absorbed in his business. It tells him that the spirit of time-serving instead of the welfare of the business is the controlling force in the work of such an employee. This is peculiarly irritating to the man who has a thoughtful and conscientious grasp of the serious side of business life. Any large employer of labor, particularly in office positions, will place heartfelt emphasis on the advice: Let the

clock take care of itself, and show a disposition to be useful without regard to time or closing bells! This is a secret by which a boy or young man of even mediocre talents may win the approval of those whom he serves. "Anything but a time-server! has been the exasperated exclamation that has preceded many a dismissal.

Quickness to perceive the little things which annoy a busy executive and promptness in removing them has secured the promotion of scores of boys and young men who, as the saying goes, "have their wits about them." Proprietors and managers of large businesses are human and susceptible to those delicate personal attentions which count so largely in home and social life. And the fact that such an attention comes from a boy and amid the hurry of business and the commercial surroundings of an office boy goes to make these exhibitions of thoughtfulness more acceptable, pleasing and conspicuous.

As to the matters of conduct on the part of the employees which may appear to be of greater moment, it is worth while to lay stress on the characteristic of decision—the inclination to act quickly on individual responsibility and stand by the consequences. Rashness may be less at a premium in commercial than military life; but timidity is as much to be avoided in the one as the other field of activity. Better, by far, make an occasional mistake of judgment than to halt and hesitate over the routine item of business and consult a superior on affairs which are not of sufficiently unusual character to demand the special exercise of executive discretion and authority.

The suggestion of Mr. ROBERT MARSHALL regarding the appropriation of a certain sum of money toward the park rather than its present precarious means of support will meet with the approval of many people. Other cities in the Dominion forget their parks when making their appropriations and St. John has no reason to now. Private beneficence has done much and the time has arrived when the public should contribute as a unit. Through the daily papers Mr. MARSHALL has explained how an amount of \$42,000 became diverted from the purpose intended and given to the hospital. He suggests that a similar sum be given to the park. This gentleman has just returned from New York and it is little wonder that the beautiful parks of that city should set him thinking as to the best way of improving our own. His suggestion may be practical or it may not—it will at any rate set people thinking.

Perhaps the death of the president of the exhibition association and the delay in getting the civic and provincial grants may have detained the preparations for the annual show but that is no reason why the management should not get to work now. Halifax is talking about its exhibition already. It is surely time that St. John was at work.

A Very Handsome Book.

PROGRESS received a beautiful pamphlet from the management of the Yarmouth S. S. company which is intended to present the advantages of Nova Scotia as a summer resort to the people of the United States and Upper Canada. The illustrations are very beautiful and selected from a large collection of views. The engraving and printing are of the greatest excellence and all in all the publication is one to do credit to everyone connected with its publication. Views of many, very many, picturesque spots in Nova Scotia and of scenes connected with the business of the line make its pages more interesting while the group engravings are fine specimens of the art of the designers and photographer. The company is to be congratulated upon its enterprise and those who read its announcement upon another page will find the sailings of its steamers frequent and convenient.

Information of Holiday Tours.

One hundred and forty four tours are specified in "Holiday Tours" a neat brochure issued by the Dominion Atlantic railway company and they include all the interesting points in the maritime provinces. Start may be made from Boston, St. John, Halifax and Kentville and the rates are made so as to suit the pockets of all who think of such a trip. If interested a postal card to F. H. Armstrong at Kentville is all that is necessary to get the brochure spoken of above.

Have You Got Wheels?

We have 16 of them attached to waggon which are ready to go for your bundle. Had any of our laundry work lately? If not you're missing a good thing. Ungar's Laundry, Dyeing & Carpet Cleaning works, 28 to 34 Waterloo street. Phone 58.

Chairs Re-seated, Cane, Splint, Perforated, Dual, 17 Waterloo.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Heart of the Mother.
What sayeth the heart of the mother,
The woman of four score years;
True sister of every other,
In sorrow, in sunshine, in tears.
What taught she in patience and sweetest,
In painful bereavement and keen;
What taught she but womanly meekness,
To be of the mighty a Queen.
The blaze of the trumpets, the banners,
Proclaiming the pride of her birth;
Are nothing to her like sweet manners,
Which gentleness maketh true worth.
The grace of a soul that is tender,
And bright with humanity's gleam;
Has made a great nation's defender,
A woman of women supreme.
On the guidance of God first relying,
And asking a blessing in prayer;
In so haughty spirit defying,
The coming of trial and care;
A noble example of virtue,
In seeking the good of her kind;
Is an earnest that nought can hurt you,
If faith is the guide of your mind.
She is Queen who sweet mercy never loses,
Who gathers again to bestow;
Where ever the good Master chooses,
Some lives must His chastisements know,
Not the self of herself seeking blindly,
The pleasures a false world may give;
But she who while governing kindly,
In the hearts of her people doth live.
The god of a great nation keeping,
And in her heart giving first place;
Though she too has moments of weeping,
To sympathy nought can efface;
Our Father in Heaven still serving,
By making the sorrowful glad;
Sweet charity ever preserving,
For comfort when others are sad.
True Queen such protection who giveth,
Her people abroad and at home;
O thorns of a nation that liveth,
To guard them wherever they roam;
The sixty-one years of her ruling,
Beneath the broad standard we own;
Has been the fair womanly schooling,
No true Briton's heart will disown.
When the power of God is sustaining,
An Empire doing His will;
There is the great lesson remaining,
Its peace and prosperity still;
To all other nations He showeth,
The good this true woman hath done;
His merciful promise bestoweth,
A share in the joy of the one.
O Father of light all enduring,
Thy peace fill the world as a flood;
The Millennium hasten assuring,
The ceasing of carnage and blood.
The pillar and fire upraising;
Through all the deep waters lead Thou;
Till the whole earth Thy Majesty praising
To Thee as one people shall bow.
CYRAUS GOLDB.

Sea Rock, May 24th, 1899.

Her First Husband.

My wife's first husband—rest his soul—he was too good to live,
He couldn't stand this harsh, bad world, he was so sensitive;
I reckon he was lonesome here in this poor universe,
Where angels ain't the ruling class and saints is thund'rin' curse,
So he serenely passed away and quit this world of strife,
Leavin' a widdler who is now my lawful wedded wife,
And leavin' too, a record for perfection, so complete
That I feel competent to say, it simply can't be beat.
I knew him purty well when he was with us here on earth,
And, to be honest, I must say, I didn't know his worth;
In fact, this is between ourselves—I had the strange idea
That, of the two of us, the best of goodness was with me.
Folks called him slack and lazy—yes, and ugly round the house;
They even said, one time, he have a sasspan at his spouse.
Which, candidly and fairly, any way you view it,
The regulation conduct that's expected of a saint.
But, sense I took his widdler, I've discovered these facts:
He ailers kep' his house and farm as neat as polished wax;
He never tracked his muddy boots across the kitchen floor,
He never stepped to gossip with the folks at the store;
If he stepped on a carpet-tack he never swore a curse;
If dinner wasn't ready, why, he never raised a fuss;
He never growled at gittin' up at twelve o'clock or one.
To hunt fer burglars—no, I judge he uster think't was fun.
If you don't b'lieve he was so good, and think these yarns are stuff,
Just ask my wif, she'd tell yer—Gee! she tells me times enough;
In fact, I hear his name so much I'm sometimes kinder sick,
And wish the dear departed was a bein' I could kick,
And I just reckon if she dies and gains the Heavenly place
Afore I do, and them two meet beside the Throne of God,
If married life's the same up there, she'll make him sick of me.
By tellin', all the time, how kind and good I uster be.

The Homeward Bound.

Oh! for a brisk and fresh'n'g wind
That f'ows the tall ship fast,
That cuts the crests of the sun kias'd seas
And strains the pith pine mast—
As it bends the towering mast,
Whilst the dog watch yams so round,
And the chanteyn an' oldie his voice
In the song of the homeward bound!
The chorus ascends in time and tune,
And is caught on the rising wind,
Till the startled gulls with fluttering wing
Fall off in the track behind—
Fall off in the flukes behind—
Where their shrieks and screams are drowned
By the proud, loud song, the loud proud song,
The song of the homeward bound!
Give me the midst of a stormy zone,
Where the staggering sun swings low
And the clouds fly back on the weatherboard
Predicting a heavy blow—
Sure sign of a heavy blow,
When from windward comes the sound
Of the thudder's roar to ruse the sea;
The song of the homeward bound.
Give me the man with the rich, round voice,
When the wind is blowing hard,
As he looms his reach o'er the leading block
A hold, in a topsail yard—
Mastheadin' a topsail yard
As the sail is set and round,
And the word "Belay!" falls like "Amen"
To the song of the homeward bound.
Oh! the strange season, the wild sealk,
That live on the trackless deep—
That carry our comment: the world around
Wherever the wild waves sweep!
Where the wild waves ever sweep,
To these in the text, and use the sea;
With a health to the sailor, a health to the ship
And a health to the homeward bound!

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

LIVELY CITY EVENTS.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)
handsome. They are on the corner and right above them on Germain street is the new ladies entrance. The old ladies entrance has been torn away and this will be utilized as a street entrance to the barber shop and to afford more room to Messrs. Ferguson & Page next door. It is too early yet to speak of the equipment of the new rooms but it is understood that they will be very handsome—brass bedsteads and walnut furniture.

Int resting to Pool Room Men.
Can a pool room be kept open after the hours prescribed for selling liquor if it is situated directly next to the bar premises, is a question that is being discussed somewhat by those interested. Perhaps there is only one pool room in the city that is directly affected by it, and that is Tammany Hall. It would puzzle the proprietor to make such a change as will suit the commissioners who are apparently bent upon enforcing the licence regulation strictly.

The Amateurs in Opera.

Mr. Ford's amateurs have given the public many good things, and the announcement that on Monday and Tuesday next they will produce Gilbert & Sullivan's Opera Patience, at the opera house, will be read with genuine delight. For this company, having so many good voices, always, and besides their vocal excellence the attention they give to costuming, and to scenic detail is far superior to that of the average travelling company. St. John has so little opera, and opera is the most pleasing form of entertainment, that the citizens should feel grateful to the ladies and gentlemen who go to so much trouble and expense to get up these shows and donate the proceeds towards charitable objects. Patience is tuneful and merry. Its music is fascinating and its humor positively radiant. Already the advance sale indicates large and fashionable audiences.

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.

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.

Surprised.

An old clergyman who had held a living in a remote country district for the greater part of his life had occasion once to consult his bishop on a certain matter, and, in answer to his letter, received an invitation to the palace, where he would have to stay all night. Forty or fifty years he had practically led the life of a recluse, and it was after much cogitation that he decided to take the journey to the farther end of the diocese, where the bishop lived. He arrived just in time for five o'clock tea, a meal to which he was a complete stranger. After tea the bishop asked me to accompany him to evensong. When they returned to the house the bishop, remarking that it was quite time they went up stairs, lighted a candle, and showed his guest to his room. It was then just seven o'clock, and the old gentleman thought it was rather early to retire, but, admiring the bishop for such simple habits, he prepared for bed. He had just put out the light and lain down to sleep, wishing he had taken a little more tea, when a booming noise rang through the house. Quick as thought he sprang from his bed, and, shouting "Fire!" at the top of his voice, rushed out on to the landing, just in time to meet the bishop, with some other guests, going down to dinner.

Fit for Tat.

A clergyman who enjoyed the substantial benefits of a fine farm was slightly taken down on one occasion by his Irish ploughman, who was sitting on his plough in the wheatfield. The reverend gentleman being an economist, said, with great seriousness—"John, wouldn't it be a good plan for you to have a pair of pruning shears here, and be cutting a few bushes along the fence while the horses are resting a short time?"

John considered a moment and then said—"Look here, wouldn't it be well, sir, for you to have a tub of potatoes in the pulpit, and while they were singing to peel 'em awhile to be ready for the pot?" The clergyman laughed heartily and left.

HIS FATHER A SEVERE CRITIC.

Siegfried Wagner Did not Give Much Early Promise.

The success as a composer of Siegfried Wagner in his opera "Der Barenhaener," which has proved unquestionably the most promising new opera of the year in Germany, was never anticipated by his father, who had little hope for any great future of the young Siegfried. When he was 12 years old, the lad composed a polonaise and brought it to his father. He would not look at it.

"Take it away," he said, "only dunces write polonaises."

Young Siegfried knew enough to recall to his famous father that his first composition was a polonaise.

"A boy of 12 should be at his books," was the rejoinder of the great Richard.

"Mozart was composing when he was only 6."

"Oh, you're a Mozart, then?"

Siegfried's answer was a marvel of diplomacy for one so young. "No, not a Mozart," he answered, "but a son of Richard Wagner." That mollified the famous man and he read the polonaise which had been written in honor of his mother—now Cosima, the regnant head of the house—to be played on her birthday. Richard examined the youthful effort but did not find much in it for encouragement. He handed it back to his son and is said to have thumbed the phrase from "Lohengrin" in which the knight cautions Elsa not to question him. It was several days before he delivered his opinion to Siegfried. Then he cautioned him to stick to the study of architecture and learn how to build houses and probably theatres but to leave to others the creation of the music to be sung in them.

Some of the letters written by Wagner to Josef Tichatschek, the Dresden tenor, have been made public recently in Germany, and they throw an interesting light on Wagner's idea of the difficulties of the singers who undertook his operas in those early days. Tichatschek was a Bohemian who died about ten years ago in Dresden, where many years he had been a singer in the Court Opera. He was one of the first tenors to appear in "Rienzi" and "Tannhauser," and was regarded, moreover, as a remarkably fine stage manager. When Wagner sent the piano score of "Das Rheingold" to the tenor he wrote: "Let me hear from you whether these please you. They are very difficult, and perhaps there is in 'Das Rheingold' the most difficult task ever presented to a tenor. I mean the part of Loge. When I lately went through that with Liez he voluntarily remarked that he knew nobody but you who has the necessary and characteristic speaking accent in your singing to give the role properly."

Wagner did not have a high opinion of the direction of the Wagner operas at this time. He was especially displeased with the performance of "Lohengrin." "It was bad, very bad," he wrote to Tichatschek. "The direction at Dresden is animated by a spirit which makes it a duty for you, as my friend, quite apart from your performance as a singer and actor, to contend against attack, falsehood and distortion on the part of the direction. But in this bad state of affairs I must esteem myself fortunate to know that I have on my side your zeal, influence and indomitable courage."

Wagner never, of course, heard Ernest Van Dyck's wonderful performance of Loge, which was the greatest achievement of the famous tenor in this country, and was an achievement which would have satisfied the most exacting demands of the master.

Less Fastidious.

"You do look awkward, dear," said the mistress of a dressmaking class to a girl who was holding the scissors in her left hand. "Can't you use your other hand at all?"

"I'm afraid not," answered the blushing girl.

"Do try. It is impossible to work speedily and well with the left hand. Which will you do now: go on as you are doing and prove a failure, or start all over again with the right hand and become a really clever dressmaker?"

The girl looked troubled for awhile, and then brightened up. "I think I'll go on as I am, mum," she decided. "I've only mother to make frocks for, and she's given over caring whether they fit or not. She's had three husbands!"