

PROGRESS.

PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, at 29 to 31 Canterbury street, St. John, N. B., by the PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY (Limited), W. T. FENNETT, Managing Director. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUG. 26

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

A HINT FOR ST. JOHN.

The question as to how to harness the power in the falls has often arisen in St. John but no one as yet has proposed a practical method. Whether the rise and fall of the tide is sufficient may be doubtful though perhaps the greatest difficulty lies in the abrupt cliffs through which the tide rushes to and from the sea. For this reason the method adapted at Finistere, France, for utilizing the tides for generating power would hardly be practicable. Still there may be a hint for St. John in their plan. At flood-tide there the water flows through a canal two and one-half miles inland into a pond in the rear of the power-house, and returns to the sea at ebb tide. The total fall is seven and one half feet, and 80 h. p. are generated by means of turbines. Means for applying this method of generating power to various industries has been considered. It seems rather singular that practical means of harnessing the enormous energy of the tides have not been devised in numerous places where the rise and fall of water is equivalent to a head of from 25 to 30 feet, and the volume of water available is, of course, only limited by the size of the reservoir constructed to receive it.

American enterprise has frequently astonished London but the application for the franchise of a trolley road from that city to Brighton which a New York street railway magnate is to make on October 1 next will undoubtedly strike dumb with amazement the electricity unprogressive inhabitants of the British metropolis. The sound of the motorman's bow has never yet disturbed the music of Bow-bells. The London omnibus is a civic institution, and it is hard to imagine a trolley car ever rushing down the crowded surging Strand. The distance between the capital and the famous watering place is 45 miles and Mr. Albert L. Johnson, the promoter of the new road, expects to secure a private right of way for the entire distance. The fare will be sixpence, while the railroads now charge that many shillings. Mr. Johnson will evidently, therefore, find as much if not more opposition from the railroad people than from innovation dreading Londoners.

The entrance of the bubonic plague into Portugal marks the first appearance of that dreaded scourge in Europe since 1879 when it ravaged the Volga district of Russia. An epidemic disease of great mortality, the utmost vigilance has always been required to stamp it out; and it is fortunate that the recent development of the plague at Oporto was discovered in time to be taken to prevent its extension throughout Portugal, Spain and other European States. Already a strict quarantine has been established by the Spanish Government against the infected country, and the rigorous enforcement of precautionary measures will doubtless result in confining the disease to the Oporto region where, it is to be hoped, the epidemic may be crushed out in its incipency.

Montreal and Quebec have up to this year monopolized the meeting of the Grand Lodge of United Workmen but St. John had the pleasure of welcoming the delegates this week. Many of them were strangers in the city and they were much interested—more so perhaps because St. John has been brought prominently before them of late as Canada's winter port. Their reception by the local members of the order was cordial and any entertain-

ment was impossible owing to the brief period they had to spend with us. The delegates left a good impression and their meeting should have the effect of increasing the membership of the local lodges.

Several Colonels, Captains, Majors, Mayors, Alderman and Officials went out Thursday afternoon to look the harbor over, to make sure that none of the channels had gone astray and to verify the fact that Partridge Island was still in its original position. There was some evidence that it was a fishing port and the hooks and lines were all that was wanting to convince one of the fact. The American Consul was present and one or two 'foreigners'. It is to be hoped that they made no drawing of Fort Dufferin or permitted any schemes of the fortification of Red Head to remain in their memory.

The preliminary steps have been taken to carry out the generous plan of the late Mr. W. W. TURNBULL to found a home, for incurables. No one seems disposed to place any obstacles in the way and red tape has disappeared in the general desire to further such good work. It may be difficult to determine just what cases shall come under the classification of "incurables" but a competent board of medical men may be safely relied upon to look after that.

What must justice loving Englishmen think of the farcial DREYFUS trial? How long would a judge sit on the bench if he displayed the partiality of the President of the court martial? And then the witnesses and the evidence! To permit them such liberty in Canada or in England would disturb the foundations of justice. Yet in spite of French methods the facts are coming out and in spite of the facts there is a growing fear that DREYFUS will be condemned again.

The annual meeting of the Brotherhood of St. ANDREW brought many delegates here from all parts of Canada. They are the guests of members of the different Episcopal churches and there is no doubt they will retain many pleasant recollections of their visit to this city by the sea. The brotherhood is not of long standing in Canada but it has made wonderful strides and assists in no small degree to help the clergy in their work.

Halifax should be happy and content, for Lord and Lady MINTO are inhaling the sea breezes of the Atlantic there. They may have an opportunity to taste the fog and to test its qualities as a complexion beautifier. That is one thing we admit that St. John cannot excel Halifax in.

The Exhibition will open in a fortnight. To those who have noted the interest taken in the annual show in former years the apathy and indifference apparently manifested this year is surprising. Perhaps however this is only on the surface. It is to be hoped so.

Knew His Nationality.

When it was decided a few weeks ago that the Rt. Rev. Bishop Sweeney must have an assistant there was considerable conjecture as to who the new man would be. The question was finally solved the other day by two aged men who met at a picnic. "We're going to have a new bishop," said one man with the air of one who possessed a good lot of inside information. "Do you tell me so," said his surprised friend, "and I wonder who it might be?" "Oh," was the prompt response, "Sure he's a Frenchman I think, and his name is Coadjutor."

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.

Two Sure.

Mrs. Waggles—Did Mr. Wiggles seem to be excited when he proposed to you? Mrs. Wiggles—No; he was so cool about it, and seemed to be so dead certain that I would have him, that the first time he asked me I refused him.—Somerville, (Mass.) Journal.

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.

A Word to The Wise is Sufficient.

Everyone knows Ungars is the place to get Shirt Waists and P. K. Suits laundered. Ungars Laundry, Dyeing and Carpet Cleaning Works 28 to 34 Waterloo street. Phone 58.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Love's Golden Flute. Love's golden flute, a summer night, The balm of the roses blown; Where pine trees sway in the fragrant light, Love called in golden tone, Come to me here my own, Come to the crystal dawn; Oh hear me my son's delight, In the bloom of the roses white.

How sweet I found the plaintive sound, A lone lover's call; Whispered over the waiting ground, The name most loved of all. Sweet is the vine clad wall, The silvery kumara's fall; But a silence most profound, Is the only answer the flute has found.

That golden flute's persuasive cry A soul's lament repeating; Is the trembling sigh of those who die, Without a far we I meeting, An agony of woe is nigh; The very dead would thither fly, For just one tender greeting; Though for a moment fleeting.

Alone in ever lasting tears, High in a guarded tower; A profound man's longing fears, Fill every passing hour Within a warden's power Fate fast love's broken fire war, Her soul in saddest anguish bears, The message sweet the flute voice bears.

O human sorrow love and pain, O voice that ever cries; Breathe through the golden flute again, And seek her where she lies. Her heart in sweet replies, Sends love that never dies; To bind the soul of love is vain, Love still outlives earth's strongest claim.

Though lovers never meet, By power forced apart; Yet knowing makes some moments sweet, All emotion conquers art. As long long years depart; And sorrow fills the heart; The sadness still in one repeats, His many more with grief complete.

CYRUS GOLDB.

Under The Elms, August 1899.

Paul Krueger.

Deep mournful eyes that seek the ground The devil's path to trace; The giant form of Lincoln crowned By Cromwell's sword; Coarse ruffian's garb of iron cut, That makes each man his limb; In shapeless folds the ready cut Of Europe's jesters trim.

So much the crowd can see; the rest As critics clear-eyed; So much a scholar learns unguessed How keen the blade inside; The trenchant will, the subtle brain So rarely done to wage; With Destiny's still climbing main The hop-les war of a e

His kindred are a rugged brood That nurse a dying fire; The sons of Calvin's bitter mood, And sterner than their sire. By faith through trackless deserts steered, Lost miles of lone y sand, Far from the intruding world they feared, They found their Promised Land.

By such grim guardians tutored well His Spartan children grew; The wind-rail of the fleet galle, The lion's path he knew. The camp surprised at dawn, the rush Of feet, the crackling smoke; When on the sleeping laager's hub The sudden Kaffir broke.

Nay, once, 'tis said, when Va li in flood Had barred the hunter's way, And mid its swollen current stood A wounded buck at bay; While some before the brute drew back, And some before the wave; Striding that torrent's foaming track The merry stroke he gave.

A stream more rapid and more wide His strength has stemmed since then; Of iron he's plodding am to guide The starker will of men; Chance-pretended to so new a trade, Un-tered and unchoiced, The cold bred clownish peasant made, No less, a resin, and rilled.

Yet though that resin he still sustains As keen as Etna's might; And with outwitting skill maintains The so unquitt fight; He buys his victories all too dear; Whose foe have I time for friend; Each fatal triumph brings more near The evitable end.

Hardly the hoarse-voiced guns must close The long debate at last, Ere the young Future can compose Its quarrel with the Past; Nameless, our Etna's dushamed May greet a German true; Of her own stubborn metal framed: For she is iron too.

A Ballad of Dwinding Calibers.

My daddy's granddaddy, he carried a gun,— Its muzzle was wide as a door, And engineered proper 'Twas sure as a croquet; At sixty or seventy fathoms or more; He carried that gun (To lift it you'd think it weighed nearly a ton) From Fenwick Dover to Fortness Duquesne, And straightway thereafter to Dover again.

My granddaddy carried a weapon, too, Smooth-bored and wonderfully long; Its bullets were round, Twenty-four to the pound, And 'twas blessed with black action exceedingly strong.

And all the way through, From beginning of '12 until Fatenham's crew—aw Tennessee rifles ablaze in the cotton, Its flint and its priming were never forgotten. And daddy—his piece was a long brown gun Of caliber fifty-six; 'Twould kill at a mile In most elegant style, And it never failed to be free with its kicks.

Dad shouldered that gun Sometime along early in sixty and one, And the old piece was good for a Johnnie Reb still When Ulysses and Robert E. took to the quill.

And sometimes I carry a weapon myself—Krag-Jorge n. 98—It's caliber thirty, It never gets dirty, I'll back it to puncture a Harveyized plate I And I'll say for myself (Some time when I'm done for and laid on the sb 10).

That I and my own little six-shooter 'Krag,' saw San Juan flying a star-spangled flag.

Hereafter.

As one who waking in the night From off the pillow lifts his head, While o'er him comes a sudden dread, And yet he dare not seek a light. And so he will not search it out; There may be naught he does not know, But lest to surely do it may grow He lies and hugs his trembling doubt. O anxious soul, by thoughts oppressed Of that dread futu ar, yet near, Cease to essay the question here; Death will respond or else give rest.

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

CHICAGO'S PARK BEAR HUNTS.

Kept on Tap for the New Reporter—One that Was not Puffed off.

An eastern newspaper man who was lured to Chicago months ago has returned 'I am glad I went,' he said to his cronies, 'for the experience is not without value. It is an interest town for a'out thirty days but when it comes to living there especially when you are a reporter and are expected to help out in keeping the town stirred up—Bah!

'One day I was left on the 'phone while the city editor 'took a spin around the block,' as he expressed it. He was not more than out of sight when the 'phone demanded my attention. To the usual query, 'Is this the city editor?' I replied affirmatively.

'Going to send up that New York reporter to day?' asked the other end of the line. 'Of course I twiggled and turned in a prompt 'Yee.'

'What time will he be up?' was the next 'Some time,' I replied.

'That won't do. You must fix a definite hour,' I can't spring a thing like this in a minute.'

'I had to think a minute. Then I said five o'clock.

'That won't do. It is feeding time.

'Make it four,' I said.

'Four is better. Near the Shore drive. 'cause it will be crowded, and we want to make it lively. Be sure and bring that New York reporter. We'll cut his eye teeth for him.'

'He'll be there,' I said, and rung off.

'When the city editor returned, he asked me if anybody had called up, and when I said no, he remarked, 'That's funny,' but I did not laugh.

'You might wait around,' he said, pleasantly; 'something's liable to happen in Chicago any minute. Fanniest town you ever saw.'

'He had a monopoly on the word 'funny' and its degrees. I 'waited around' for about an hour in the reading room, and then the city editor came at me excitedly and said:

'Take a Lincoln Park car and get off at North avenue and ruse down to the Shore drive. The bears in Lincoln Park have struck and are making for the concourse, which is crowded with women and children as this hour. The artist is already there. Pay no attention to him. He is used to bears. Just you get in the chase. Never mind the elevator. Slide, Eli'

'I think he was a trifle disappointed because I did not throw a handspring through the window. But I got out of the building, and that night I was on my way East. I got all the Chicago papers the following day, but they contained nothing about the bearhunt in Lincoln Park. It is an old story in Chicago, and the old reporters do not enthuse over it. But whenever a new reporter strikes the town the city editor calls up the animal keeper of Lincoln Park and arranges for a bear hunt.'

DELINEATOR LAST NUMBER.

This Number is Called The Early Autumn Number.

And combines an essentially authoritative synopsis of Fashion's latest and most artistic creations, a number of Literary features of singular strength and beauty and a variety of original discussions on pertinent Social and Household themes. In this number appears a delightful story, A Woman's Reason, by Ellen Olney Kirk—a sprightly romance demonstrating, incidentally, how satisfactorily infirmities may be readjusted. The New Kindergarten Papers, by Sara Miller Kirby, are taken up again in this issue—the topic for the month being Home Work and Play for September. The article Floral Pillows, by Katherine E Maxwell, suggests many pleasing possibilities in the construction of serviceable souvenirs. Local and educational features of the various institutions for women are discussed in College News by Carolyn Halstead, the History and Development of Club Houses for Women are summarized by Helen M. Winslow, in Club Women and Club Life. Congeniality and good humor pervade the timely hints in Girls' Interests and Occupations, by Lafayette McLaws. Of special home interest are the Domestic Subjects: Some New Cakes, by Sharlot M. Hall; Parfaits by A. S.; The Artistic Home, by Edna S. Witherspoon; In addition are the regular departments: Social Observances, by Mrs. Frank Learned, Fancy Stitches and Embroideries, by Emma Hayward, The Milliner, The Dressmaker, Lace-Making, Crocheting, Knitting, The

Chairs Re-seated, Canes, Splint, Perforated, Duval, 17, Waterloo.

Newest Books, etc.—a treasure, in fact, of entertaining and improving household information.

DISORDERLY BUT MEMORABLE.

Though deeply Learned They Enjoyed Light Talks.

There probably never was a table at which the standard of talk was higher than around which sat Burke, Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, Garrick and other men of genius and learning. The host Sir Joshua Reynolds, the artist cared little for the cookery or the dishes, or the service.

There was to quote the account of one who was often a guest, 'a course' inelegant plenty, without any regard to order and arrangement. A table prepared for seven or eight was often compelled to have about fifteen or sixteen guests. When this pressing difficulty was overcome, a deficiency of knives and plates and glasses succeeded. The attendance was in the same style.'

Sir Joshua never minded what he ate or drank, and never recommended the fish or venison. He left every guest to scramble for himself. But he was attentive to what was said by any one of the motley group, composed of peers, bishops, physicians, lawyers, actors, musicians, men of letters and members of Parliament. The singularity of the service and the disorderly arrangement of the table served to enhance the hilarity of the guests. Even Doctor Johnson, who appreciated a good dinner, came there for a good talk rather than for what he might eat and drink.

At four o'clock precisely dinner was served, whether two or three lords had arrived or not. But during those festive hours all the guests were all peers, and were as disputations and vehement in argument as lawyers in a trial.

An anecdote, related by Northcote, the artist who was a pupil of Sir Joshua, shows how turbulent the guest often were. During the eloquent and witty lawyer, happened one day to be the first guest to arrive. "Well, Sir Joshua," he asked, and whom have you got to dine with you today? The last time I dined at your house the assembly was of such a sort that I believed all the rest of the world were at peace for that afternoon.

Borrowing a Posture.

An old woman whose husband was ill in bed sent for the doctor, who came and saw the old lady.

'I will send him some medicine,' he said, on leaving, 'which must be taken in a recumbent posture.'

After he had gone the old woman sat down, greatly puzzled.

'A recumbent posture—a recumbent posture!' she kept repeating. 'I haven't got one.' At last she thought, 'I will go and see if old Mrs. Smith has got one to lend me.'

Accordingly she went and said to her neighbour:—

'Have you a recumbent posture to lend me to put some medicine in?'

Mrs. Smith, who was equally as ignorant as her friend, replied:—

'I had one, but to tell you the truth I have lost it.'

Education is Best.

'Whether it is better for a young man upon coming of age to have one thousand dollars or a good education,' was the subject chosen for the final meeting of a Western debating club. The majority decided it would be better to have the money, because the man could then speculate and gain a fortune! Quite other is the recent testimony of Abram S. Hewitt: 'If I were to have the choice of one hundred million dollars or the pleasure I have had as a result of my college education, I would quickly refuse the million. I should deserve the scorn of my fellowmen else.' Nor is education so impotent financially as the Western debater fancied. In accepting the presidency of the University of California Prof. B. I. Wheeler comes into a salary of ten thousand dollars, while that of President Harper of the Chicago University is a fifth larger. More and more it is becoming true that the man of the future is the educated man.

His Checkered Career.

'Poor Throggins!' exclaimed Rivers. 'What's the matter with him?' asked Brooks.

'Passed in his checks.'

'What! Dead?'

'No; went by here just now in his cross-barred suit. What are you looking so disappointed about? Want him dead, you murderous wretch?'

Cynical.

Monsieur Caline can never remember anything, nor keep anything to himself. He is aware of his vice of inattention.

'Things that I hear go in at one ear and out at the other,' he says.

'No,' a friend puts in, 'they go in at one ear and go out at your mouth!'