

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. H. FENNEY, Managing Director. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

Remittances.—Persons sending remittances to this office must do so either by P. O. or Express order, or by registered letter. Otherwise, we will not be responsible for the same. They should be made payable in every case to PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO., LTD.

Discontinuances.—Remember that the publishers must be notified by letter when a subscriber wishes his paper stopped. All arrears must be paid at the rate of five cents per copy.

All Letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

Letters should be addressed and drafts made payable to PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO., LTD., ST. JOHN, N. B.

Agents in the city can have extra copies sent them if they telephone the office before six p. m.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 22

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

NECESSITY OF THE FUTURE.

While the improvements and extensions at Long wharf are creating much interest the people have not yet realized what the improved facilities at this section of the port may mean to them. Only this week the government advertised several buildings along Mill street as expropriated and these we understand are to be removed in order that elevator conveyors and railway tracks may be constructed across the street. The north and south ends of the city will be connected by this narrow thoroughfare and everybody knows just what difficulties present themselves at present to the ordinary traffic. Street cars pass and pass on this double track every few minutes and the freight and passenger trains of the Canadian Pacific railway arrive and depart over several tracks which cross the street and enter the union station and freight sheds. At present no trains of the Intercolonial system cross the street. When the improvements are completed and freight trains are constantly arriving and being shunted to and fro across the street what will this mean to the heavy city traffic on the street.

It seems to us that the idea which was mooted some years ago of constructing an overhead drive and foot way from the head of Mill street to the foot of Portland will have to be considered again. If this was contemplated the height of the elevator conveyors would have to be increased no doubt but even this difficulty would have to be overcome for the time is near at hand when the safety of the people and convenience to ordinary traffic will demand some change in the street connecting the North and South ends of the city.

England's dispute with the Transvaal remains as it was last week. President KRUGER shows no disposition to yield farther, and England cannot stultify her recent years of peaceful policy by going to war over the differences that remain undisturbed by the conference of the South African statesmen. An interesting contribution to the literature of the controversy comes from the pen of OLIVE SCHREINER, the South African novelist, who praises the sturdy independence of the Boers. As an Englishwoman who lives among them, she is peculiarly able to speak forcibly on the question. She finds that the English demand a reasonable reform from doubtful motives, which is exactly as the case appears from this distance.

Miss Schreiner finds the Dutchmen of South Africa not so stupid as they are sometimes painted. She declares that they are blending with the English settlers there, and producing a composite race of typical South Africans, which differs from the parent types as do Americans from Englishmen and Germans. They are patriots to the core, she affirms, strong in their love of the soil and undismayed by hardships and danger. "Under the roughest exterior of the up country Boer lies a nature strangely sensitive and conscious of a personal dignity—a people who never forget a kindness and do not easily forget a wrong." Stripped of its imagery and enthusiasm, Miss SCHREINER'S description of the Boers makes them much like Englishmen, Germans and Hollanders the world over, fond of home and country, not easily stirred to wrath but irreconcilable when under its sway, stiff-necked and conservative, kindly to those under their roof-tree but cold toward strangers. They are not progressive and they refuse to be coerced into progressiveness, wherein lies their chief sin in the eyes of foreign critics. They have met a

stubborn antagonist in England, and the end is not yet. The war talk of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and others is, however, decidedly premature.

A protest from newspaper correspondents in the Philippines against the censorship there of news dispatches asserts that the military leaders habitually magnify the good news and minimize the bad. The correspondents say that the number of prostrations from heat is far greater than is known at home, that the hospitals have many inmates that the volunteers are far from willing to re-enlist, and that the Filipinos are inspired by a determination and of which we get no hint in official despatches. This protest from the newspaper writers on the field has stirred up the authorities at Washington, as well as the public. The result will be apparent later.

In order to counteract the influence of the unchurchly propaganda of the German social democrats both protestant and catholic bodies there are organizing labor unions of their own. These societies by lectures, good books, social meetings and the like keep workingmen under gospel influences and satisfy the same needs in the lives of members that are catered to by the organizations of the social democrats. Already there are 359 such unions, with a membership of over 79,000. It is a genuine Christian work of the most practical sort.

Strikes in Brooklyn and in several mill towns are unwelcome visitors of the week. Now that the manufacturing plants are securing profitable business, it is a pity to have labor and troubles loom up. Strikes hurt both capitalist and laborer.

A RICH MAN'S SIMPLICITY.

He was very Wealthy but Retained His Homely Ways.

In England the people of the north are much more simple and democratic in their ways, as a rule, than those of the south, who are more affected by London manners. In his book, 'Lancashire Life of Bishop Fraser,' Archdeacon Diggle gives an interesting picture of a north-country giver, which brings to mind some of our American men who have grown rich without relinquishing their homely ways.

It chanced that soon after Bishop Fraser came into diocese he had to consecrate one of the finest houses in south Lancashire. It had been built on the benefaction of a manufacturer, at a cost of a hundred thousand dollars. When the bishop returned from the consecration, he was lost in wonder at Lancashire ways; and he thus told his story to archdeacon.

I got out at B. station, and after a walk of twenty minutes came in sight of the church a mile away. It impressed me with its nobility. I was on my way to the house of Mr. W., the man who had built the church, and I expected to find a fine mansion.

'Can you tell me where Mr. W. lives?' I asked a pedestrian.

'Oh, ay,' he answered, 'in your cottage against your bank.'

Thinking there was some mistake, I went on, and presently overtook a girl in her Sunday attire. To make it plain whom I meant, I said to her:

'Can you tell me where Mr. W. lives—the gentleman who built this church?'

'That's his house,' she said pointing to the same cottage. 'I'm going to the consecration.'

Still I was sure there must be some error, but made my way to the door of the cottage. An old woman, simply dressed, answered my summons. I dared not ask if Mr. W. was in, and repeated my question:

'Can you tell me where Mr. W. is, who built this church?'

'Oh, you're the bishop, are you?' she said. 'He's here—he's been expecting on you. You'll find him in the kitchen.'

Ushered into the kitchen, I found an old and fine-looking man seated by the fire smoking a big churchwarden pipe.

'S., you've come, have you?' he said to me. 'Nowt like bein' in good time. There will be a snack o' something when you've done.'

'You have done nobly by the district, Mr. W.' I said, grasping the old man by the hand. He returned my hearty squeeze, but seemed surprised.

'Naw, naw,' he said. 'I made the population here by my mills, so I mude my duty by them.'

It was all a very simple matter to this old manufacturer, who still smoked his pipe by his kitchen fire, and so it seemed to his people as well.

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

Storm and shine.

I saw a rose by a fair rose tree,  
A beauty in pink and white;  
And a face of pink and white had she,  
And a smile like a summer night.  
The blue of her eyes from the blue sky came,  
From the heavenly realms above;  
To be with her once and to breathe her name,  
Was to be in divinest love.

I passed her gate and I dared to look,  
And it seemed that she never knew;  
As her golden hair hung over her brow,  
I lingered a moment or two.  
I asked a rose, she said no more,  
Then 'they are not mine to give';  
The rose entered and closed the door,  
It is true as for her I live.

I walked the shore of the still sad sea,  
Thinking of her the while;  
By the white rose tree when she flew from me,  
Behind me many a mile.  
I turned a point and lo she stood,  
Where the whirling waveslets play;  
A green path led through a lovely wood,  
And she hurriedly walked away.

My heart stood still with a sudden fear,  
The sky turned black with doubt;  
The glassy sea grew wild and drear,  
And a ship went sailing out.  
A blinding light by a pine tree old,  
A swiftly flying cloud;  
A distant raving hearing riled,  
Terrible grand and loud.

A mighty crashing bolt of fire,  
And lo by my side appears,  
The beautiful form my words inspire,  
And the strain is all she hears.  
Londer it grew with sudden tears,  
And the ocean wild late o'er,  
A woman's heart has its rain of tears,  
With love in her woman's breast.

I sprang to shield her upon my aim,  
As a manly man would do;  
A shelter strong in a wild alarm,  
She would take whose heart is true,  
O the rainy tears by her golden head  
Like the weeping sky found peace;  
And she was trustful who of had fled,  
And her tresses touched my face.

'I am here, close here, a storm of sighs,  
And a pent-up fountain free;  
A nestling face and the dark blue eyes,  
Whose love's deep longings be.  
Storm and shine, and her soul with mine,  
And mine with hers for life;  
And at all from the light divine,  
'I am in my heart your wife.'

Ah, why should the love of a woman's soul,  
Compel her to mask her face;  
The silent feeling beyond control,  
Once there she can never flee.  
The magic power enthroned within,  
Will rot at her words away;  
In some fond moment her heart must win,  
Affection asserts her sway.

Rose Lawn, July 1899. CYPRIUS GOLDB.

A Summer Flower.

A summer flower is my blue eyed flower,  
Daintiest bonnet and best;  
O' all that bloom,  
By her sweet river bow;  
With her laughing mirthful  
Merry music blest.

She's a charming flower, with her power,  
My heart and my love she has away;  
She is sweeter than a rosy summer hour,  
And she laughs at the dearest things I say.  
What's the river and its scenes of summer glory,  
Or the shadows of the elms in the lane;  
When her face,  
And its smiling at my story;  
Is akin to her  
Teasing me again.

She's my happy laughing flower and awhile,  
When I look at her and think that we must sever;  
Mayhap there'll be something not a smile,  
Thought to keep it back from me is good endeavor.  
She's my flower gay and laughing in the light,  
But in time of parting then the e may;  
Come a sadness seeming,  
Like a lonely night;  
And her merry  
Mirthful spirit have away.

Should she break and say farewell to me in tears,  
And lay her face in sorrow near to mine,  
Ah long and dreary their would be the years,  
For in my heart forever she is mine.  
River Bank, July 1899. CYPRIUS GOLDB.

His New Brother.

Yes, I've got a little brother,  
Never asked for him from mother,  
But he's here;  
But I suppose they went and bought him;  
For last week the doctor brought him;  
And it's queer?

When I heard the news from Molly,  
Why, I thought a first 'twas jolly;  
'Cause you see  
I just imagine I could get him,  
And our dear mamma would let him  
Play with me.

But when once I had looked at him  
I cried out, 'Oh dear! It is that him?'  
Just that mite?  
They said, 'Yes, and you may kiss him!'  
Well, I'm sure I'd never miss him,  
He's a right!

He's so small, it's just amazng,  
And you'd think that he was blazng,  
He's so red;  
And his nose is like a berry,  
And he's bald as Uncle Jerry,  
On his head.

He's no kind of good whatever,  
And he cries as if he'd never,  
Never stop;  
Won't sit up—you can't arrange him,  
Oh, why doesn't father change him  
At the shop!

Now we've got to dress and feed him,  
And we really didn't need him,  
Little frog!  
And I cannot think why father  
Should have brought him when I'd rather  
Have a dog!

Thirteen.

'Thirteen is unlucky,' says I to John Gray,  
That time he got married the 13th of May.  
But John he just grinned and said I was sore  
Because it wa'n't me that was gettin' Bess Moore.  
Well, it's twelve years since then and three weeks ago  
I was out to John's house in New Mexico.  
And we had met in ten years, I guess;  
When one day I seen him in Deming with Bess.  
They coaxed and insisted and to red I must go  
To pay 'em a visit at their place, and so  
I climb in their wagon, and when we got there  
I thought we'd lit on a Dornbrook Fair.  
'It's only the children,' says Bess, 'and I'll send  
Them in right away to see our old friend.'

And then they come in, the big and the small,  
And I counted the lot; there was thirteen in all!

ROYAL BAKING POWDER ABSOLUTELY PURE Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

AN ABUSED MORNER.

She was Kept Busy but Enjoyed the 'Vittles' by her Family.

The rather shabbily but spotlessly neat old lady who boarded the train at a small Western station had no sooner seated herself and disposed of her numerous pieces of hand baggage, than she began to cast about for some one to talk to. The kindly face of the middle-aged woman across the aisle seemed to offer some encouragement.

'My folks say I can't ride a mile without striking up an acquaintance with some one,' the old lady said, with a smile, 'and I guess it's so too; but it always seems to make the time go faster to have some one to talk to and I like to be sociable. If you don't mind I'll come over and set with you.'

'That's right, I shall be glad to have you,' was the kindly response.

'I'm going clear out a hundred miles beyond Denver,' volunteered the old lady when she had changed her seat and taken some knitting from her pocket.

'Excuse me if I knit while we visit,' she said. 'I might as well be improving the time. I'm knitting some stockings for a little granddaughter of mine, to kind of help her mother out. Her husband's out of work and they've got five children to provide for and winter coming on, so I've set out to knit two pair of stockings apiece for the children. I like to help out all I can.'

'I'm going out to my youngest daughter's now. She telegraphed for me yesterday. Her oldest boy has scarlet fever, and it may run right through the family. She isn't able to hire anybody, so she sent for me and I am going to help her out. I reckon we shall have a pretty hard time of it, but I shan't mind it we pull them through all safe and sound.'

'Do you live in the town in which you boarded the train?'

'Dear me, no! I live in Ohio when I'm home. It's my second son lives there where I got on. He met with an accident eight weeks ago—broke his leg in two places, besides being hurt in other ways, and they sent for me to help them and take care of the children, for his wife had to look after him. We've both had our hands full, you may be sure.'

'Before I went there I had been in Illinois all winter. Ataying with my third daughter's husband and children while she poor girl went to Mexico for her lungs. The doctor ordered her to stay all winter, and so she sent for me to take her place at home. Several of the children had the measles, but we never let her no a thing about it. I was thankful I could do for them. I don't know what they'd done if it hadn't been so that I could go and help them out.'

'Have you a home of your own?'

'Oh yes; I've a real cozy little house, and when the last of my eight children was married and settled down I thought I should have a quiet time all by myself, but—there was a pathetic little quaver in the old lady's voice, and a suspicion of tears in her eyes—'somehow it seems as if I was needed all the time to help the children out some way or other. I guess I aint averaged two months in twelve in my own house for five years.'

There was a little pause, and when the old lady went on the smile had come back to the patient face, and the voice regained its steadiness. 'I'm real thankful I've got the health an' strength to be useful,' she said. 'I only hope 'Liza's' children won't have the scarlet fever very hard, 'cause I was next to Jonathan's some time the last of next month. He's my oldest son. His wife is in failing health, and they want me to come on and spend the winter. I reckon I better go if I can help 'em out any.'

Poor patient old soul, the type of many mothers whose children never cease their demands, even after they have homes of their own! No doubt she did spend the winter with Jonathan, and no doubt Jonathan would feel very much hurt and be very indignant if any one should call him selfish.

'Amen' Dogs.

Scotch sheep-dogs are as prompt as their masters in getting ready to leave the church during the benediction. In his 'Autobiography,' the Rev. Newman Hall describes a scene he once witnessed on a communion Sunday in the Highlands.

The churchyard where the services was held was crowded with shepherds accompanied by their dogs, which lay quietly asleep at the feet of their masters. The sermon was finished, the psalm had been sung, the final prayer was being offered, and there was no sign of impatience on the part of the dogs. But the moment the

benediction began every devotional doggie roused himself, and before the 'Amen' they were all in marching order.

Doctor Hall once had an amusing experience with a dog which had learned that 'Amen' marked the conclusion of worship.

The dog belonged to a family who were members of Doctor Hall's church. At their family prayers doggie always occupied a certain seat, and remained as motionless as a devoutly-behaved dog should until the 'Amen.'

On one day Doctor Hall was invited, being a guest, to conduct the family worship. He read the fifth chapter of the R. relation, and when he came to the fourteenth verse, 'And the four beasts said, Amen!' the dog jumped from his chair, and began barking as usual, as if the worship were over. Clergyman, host, hostess and servants blended their laughter with the barking, and the service ended.

KID-GLOVE AND COAL-OIL MEN.

A Man had Mastered a Good Trade and got Rich.

Mr. Frank Thomson the president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, who died a few weeks ago, was known as one of the foremost of living railway managers. There was no part of the business with which the he was not familiar, from the control of its great moneyed interests to the fitting of a screw into an engine.

A wealthy man once brought his son to him, saying, 'My son has gone through college. Can you make a place for him where he will succeed?'

Mr. Thomson was silent a moment, and then said, 'That depends on whether he wants to take a kid glove course or a coal-oil course.'

'What do you mean?'

'If he takes a kid-glove course, he goes in as a clerk, to perform a certain amount daily writing, for which he will be paid a salary. In the other course he goes into the shops, and learns the whole business, from the lowest drudgery up. When he had finished, he will know his trade, a valuable one, but his hands will be stained with coal-oil.'

Mr. Thomson himself, when a boy, chose the 'coal-oil course.' He worked four years in the car shops at Altoona, barely earning his living, but learning the mechanical details of the business.

Thomas Scott, the famous railway manager, was a friend of the young man, but gave him no help, leaving him to work his own way. At the end of the four years he sent for him, and gave him a responsible position on the Pennsylvania Railway.

The Civil War broke out that year. Colonel Scott was appointed Assistant Secretary of War, the government believing that his experience in the railway work would have taught him how to handle in transportation great bodies of troops. A problem of peculiar difficulty of this kind arose.

'I know of but one man who can manage this business,' said Colonel Scott to the Cabinet. 'He is not here.'

'Send for him, then,' said Mr. Stanton. The next evening Frank Thomson, then only twenty years of age, appeared.

'Do you mean to tell me,' cried Mr. Stanton, somewhat sneeringly, 'that we have waited twenty-four hours for this red-headed stripling?'

'He will do the work,' replied Scott, quietly. And he did it.

Mr. Thomson was probably peculiarly qualified by nature for his especial business; but there is a strong prejudice among American boys against work which involves manual labor, and a preference for clerical duties as being more refined.

It is a fatal mistake. Great prizes now await the thoroughly equipped, practical man in work which lies outside of mere book learning, and the boy is wise who grapples with this work with his bare hands and tries to win them.

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.

A solid gold statue of Maude Adams will be cast to represent the great gold State of Colorado at the Paris Exposition. Twelve hundred pounds of gold will be more than \$400,000.

Wanted.

Every lady to know that there is no place where P. K. and crash is laundered so beautifully and cheaply as at 28 to 34 Waterloo street. Phone 58.

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