

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.

A DISTRUST OF TRUSTS.

Public distrust of trusts and indignation at their grasping proclivities have come to be a political factor of no small moment, and it is popular feeling on the subject that threatens to make an anti-trust plank prominent in every party platform of the next national campaign. New Jersey has been the chief breeding ground for the trusts, but a circular letter from Delaware sets forth the alluring privileges granted large corporations by the laws of that state. This circular is sent out by a company of which an ex-Governor and a former Senator are officers and calls attention to many things that appeal to the souls of promoters—if promoters have souls. Thus, the Delaware law exempts trusts from giving secrets or confidential information in their annual reports, make it practically impossible for outsiders to examine the corporation's books, allow the suppression of the names of the stockholders, permits the exchange of paid stock for service rendered, and does not forbid the stockholders from holding their meeting and keeping their stock and transfer books outside the state. This is pandering to the trusts with a vengeance. New Jersey seems fairly outdone at her own ignoble game. Public indignation at the ex-Senator who trades on this state's subserviency to evil will be profound and widespread.

The disappointment in the imperial family of Russia at the birth of a third daughter is said to retard the coalescence of the young mother, who is aware of the acute feeling against her in political circles. It is scarcely understandable that a strong party, headed by the Emperor's mother, the Dowager Empress, should have been formed to increase this lovely Anglo-German princess' unpopularity, but intrigues pile on intrigues, and there is no knowing what will be the outcome. The mother of the Czar cannot be much like her amiable sister, the Princess of Wales, or she would never lend her influence to ruin the happiness of an innocent young woman, who was selected by her own husband as consort for their son. Mothers-in-law are proverbially harsh and captious toward their children's choice, but in royal families there seems to be a regular parrot and monkey time of it, what with contending jealousies and the eternal question of precedence. Instead of supporting the young Czarina in her troubles, her mother-in-law has been working against her. Every girl that is born increases the young Grand Duke MICHAEL'S chance to succeed his brother, and to accomplish his succession is the one desire of the Dowager Empress' heart. One would imagine that, instead of hating her daughter-in-law, she would love her for bearing no heir to stand in the way of this youthful MICHAEL succeeding to the throne. But the wheels within wheels in Russian politics are beyond the ken of common sense. Anyhow, a disappointed Czar cannot be a very pleasant person to have round the house.

Few finer instances of moral heroism have been recorded than in the case of Lieutenant-Colonel PICQUART, who has just been released from the military prison at Paris. PICQUART was put at the head of the Intelligence Bureau of the War Department in 1896, with instructions to close up the DREYFUS case and file away the papers. He had no acquaintance with DREYFUS, and believed him guilty, but unexpectedly came upon evidence which convinced him that ESTERHAZY wrote the in-

criminating documents. When he told his superiors his discovery, he was bidden to keep silence lest he discredit the general staff of the army. When he persisted, his chief, General GONSE, said to him: "After all, it is not you who are on the Ile du Diable," but he answered that he could not go down to his grave with this secret. He was sent off to Africa on a dangerous mission, and later was degraded, and thrown into the military prison on a false charge, but he remained steadfast. His release was a necessary result of the collapse of the case against DREYFUS.

Among the means of protecting fruit trees against frost, practised in California is the production of fog by a generator in the form of a wagon, invented by Mr. George F. Ditzler. The wagon carries a sheet iron tank, the upper part of which is filled with wet straw, or similar material, kept moist by the automatic injection of water from a cask, while near the bottom is a grate upon which tar is burned, a blast, operated by revolving fan serving to maintain the combustion. All the heat is compelled to pass through the wet straw before reaching the air, and in consequence the wagon is buried in a dense fog, and as it passes between the rows of low trees, it envelops them in a mist so thick that the driver is frequently compelled to lead the horses. There is no need of any invention in New Brunswick; we generate fog in the same old way.

What is to be gained by a wheelman being able to pace with any railroad locomotive running on its fastest time? We will take it for granted that it can be done—that it has been done by Charles Murphy, but Murphy happens to have a normal heart, and so he did not drop dead in the chase. He pedaled like a demon, and got through the ordeal with white, drawn face, and half insane and utterly exhausted and yet in an hour he was seeming right as a rivet and as proud as Punch at having risked his life and won his wager. Of course the man will race locomotives once too often.

Colorado is waxing exceedingly worth over what it denounces as the fake gold statue that is typify that state at the Paris exposition. They claim to have discovered that the statue is to be made in New York, by a New York sculptor, and modelled after the figure of MAUDE ADAMS, who is not a Colorado girl, who never saw Colorado, and who doesn't stand seven feet tall in her footwear. If all these specifications are as correct as they appear to be, the gold statue had better be called off, and way off.

Some uneasiness has been caused in Europe by the appearance of the bubonic plague at Alexandria, Egypt. There have been only a few cases but they have occurred among Europeans as well as natives. Strict quarantine is enforced. At Hong-kong the plague rages with increased severity, and the mortality in Bombay is still large.

A number of European governments have for some years prohibited the importation of American cattle, on the ground that they were infected with contagious pleuro-pneumonia. The first to rescind the decree of prohibition in Belgium, which removed the restrictions on May 31 st.

He Was a Small Fellow. There was a funny incident in the police court this week when the magistrate called upon a prisoner to stand up. He did so but even then his stature was such that by looking straight over his desk the magistrate was unable to know that he was on his feet. "Why don't you stand up?" he asked sharply and then the general laugh made him lean over and when he saw the size of the man he joined in the mirth.

Sure Signs. "Nancy Tompkins is older than she looks." "What makes you think so?" "Why, she won't wear a trail dress on the street and says she'd rather be neat than stylish."

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.

How She Encouraged Him. Dick—I told May I would have a kiss if I swung for it. Jack—What did you do? Dick—Started the hammock, and I carried my point.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Buried Love. How calmly before us she slept, The summer was sweetly in bloom; And o'er her slumber I wept. When they laid her to rest in the tomb. And I longed with her then to depart, To the land where the beautiful dwell; And a voice whispered peace to my heart, What e'er God doeth is well.

And still since that time as I stray, Alone in the darkness of night; She kneels by me still when I pray, An angel of heavenly light. From the home of the good and the true, Where the songs of eternity swell; Though trials are many and comforts are few, Whatever God doeth is well.

And whether the roses are growing, And blowing as once by the door; Or the wild winds of winter are blowing, And calling aloud on the shore. Still fondly as ever of old, Comes that voice of affection to tell; From a face it is life to behold, Whatever God doeth is well.

CYRUS GOLDB. Elm Lawn, July 1899.

In Defense of Dewey. A law should be framed to hold chumpets in check Before Admiral Dewey gets back; If not, they will chase him all over the deck, He'll be harried and well-nigh to a wreck. Ten thousand wild feral snuff fall on his neck And give him the Hobsonian smack! Just reflect. The horrible Hobsonian smack!

The law should be simple, succinct and severe, And the penalties something immense; No kisser should get any less than a year, And the wording should make 'em exceedingly clear. That each kiss is a separate offense, D'y'e hear!

A specific and separate offense! The people who asked for a lock of his hair, Should be locked up for the rest of their lives; Each autograph sent should be tracked to his door, And sitting in stocks in some prominent square, Should be loaded with ninety pound gyves. Then and there!

With clanking and ponderous wyves! All babies named Dewey, where'er they are found, Should be promptly arrested and spatked; Their parents' mantles being kept in the pound, While the somber sharks should be rigidly bound And have all their wind-m teeth yanked. Clear around!

Their wisdom teeth leisurely yanked! The minor offenders, as fast as run down, Might be keelhauled in bu-ches of four, And then, when our conquering hero strikes town He will have no occasion to rue his renown. And flee from the blight of the bore, Any more!

The blatant and back-slapping bore! —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Good Cheer Bird. Where the burned pine leans o'er the green thick bough, And the purple berries glow, Where the teal roams wild, and the lake waves lap. On the cool dark rocks below, There's a bird that waits for our coming again, And sings of the good life here, Of fishing and peace and enough for all— Good luck! Good cheer, good cheer!

Around the bend where the alders grow shoots the bow of a bark canoe; And tired eyes light up with the joy Of the water blue. And see! in the pine with the wind swept top, By the spring where we camped last year, The herald of plenty, a gray-brown bird— Good luck! Best here, good cheer!

Round the outlet's bend when the summer ends Drips the t-r-n of a bark canoe. The paddles trail, while the brown hands rest, And quiet eyes with the woods' peace blest Turn back to a good-by-view, And back! From the green of the wind swept pine Rinses a p-rime message clear. Where daisies sinns and flutters his wings— Good luck! Next year, good cheer!

The Headman. Covered with dust of years long dead, And hard beset by cruel chance, The painting and the girlish head Have still the grace of ancient France.

Look closer—yes—'tis poor Lamballe, The friend of poorer Antoine, Fair flowers by Ferrer's fierce mistral Cut down untidily—fragrant yet!

Now the time-darkened eyes look out Through rises in broken forms grotesque, With curious cobwebs hung about In quaint festoon and arabesque.

And one wise spider in his zeal Across the round white throat has made A straight line as of tarnished steel. In no king memory of the blade.

Dull emblem of oblivion wrought Where now my hand can brush it by— And thus the century is taught What once was for her to die!

Picture and cobweb—ah, how vain On earth's remembrance yet to call! The sum of beauty and of pain, spider and painter tell it all.

Lullaby of the Drowned. Sleep and dream in the swaying tides, Merman shall sing ye a lullaby— "Down, far down, are the lights of 'ze, High overhead the ships go by; But what care ye who have won the rest Here where the endless currents sigh?"

"Sleep and dream in the swaying tides, Hear ye the voice of the calling moon— Murmur of waves that answer her In one untiring, endless croon! Back and forth the great Moon-Mother Rocks the tides that the dead may swoon—"

"Swoon to sleep and to dreaming visions, Caves of coral and floors of gold, Fins of silver that flash and quiver Over the treasures the sea nymphs hold And the hand of a nymph to clasp forever O'er sliken wreck by the waves unrolled."

"Sleep and dream in the swaying tides, Close to the heart of the lavish Deep. Hear ye the music that faintly lingers, The voice that still through your dreams may creep? Hark! 'Tis the voice of the great Moon-Mother Rocking the tides that the dead may sleep."

Troubadore Song. The warrior crossed the ocean's foam, For the stormy fields of war— The maiden was left in a smiling home, And a sunny land afar. His voice was heard where jivelin showers Poured on the steel-clad man; His step was midst the summer flowers, Her seat beneath the vine. His shield was cleft, his lance was riven, And the red blood stained his crest; While the gentlest wind of heaven Might scarcely soothe her breast. Yet a thousand arrows passed him by, And again he crossed the sea; But she had died, as roses die, That perish with the breeze: As roses die, when the blast is come For all things bright and fair— There was death in this smiling home, How had Death found her there?

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

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

ROYAL ATTIRE. Empress, Queens and Princess and Their Ideas and Dress.

Some years ago Queen Victoria caught the dress reform fever and joined an association. Although the Queen never astonished her Court by appearing in a reformed dress, she thought the idea of some not too radical reforms in dress a capital one—at least for the other women. Through the Queen's influence the Princess of Wales and her daughters became interested, and for a brief season Princess Victoria and the Duc's of Fife appeared upon occasions in gowns that were at least semi-reformed. It cannot be said however that they ever became violently enthusiastic upon the subject.

During the last fifteen years the Princess of Wales has scarcely varied the fashion of her costume at all. Through the age of big, puffed sleeves she clung to small ones. For the sake of her gowns, the style known as the Princess has always been adhered to, and no one has ever seen a picture hat on her head. She wears only those dainty little bonnets that bear her name. Tailor made frocks and jackets she does on although before going into mourning for her mother she had blossomed out into very stunning toilets. She does not favor the fashion of high shoulder knots, and her ball dresses are made with the old fashioned court bodice, the shoulder strap drooping on to the arm. The Princess Beatrice's attire is apt to be of the simplest description upon ordinary occasions. One traveller on the Continent who had a peep at Queen Victoria and the Princess Beatrice wrote home, "Nothing could be plainer than their gowns."

The German Empress has well defined ideas about dress, and once organized a dress reform order. The Empress, however, is too fond of fine dressing to carry reforms very far. Twelve dressmakers are kept constantly employed in the Empress's tailoring department, as it is called under the superintendence of a lady of the court. The staff is increased to forty at certain seasons when court festivities are going on or the Empress is preparing for a journey. Blue and white are, by the way, the favorite colors. The Empress buys yearly 100 evening and state dresses, twice as many carriage and visiting costumes, and about 150 demi-toilettes and house dresses—450 frocks all told! The sewing machine is an unknown quantity in the Empress' tailor shop. From \$25 to \$50 a yard is paid for the silks and satins of which her dresses are made.

The Empress of Russia spends more on her wardrobe than any other lady in Europe. Until and for a short time after her marriage, she dressed with almost severe simplicity, but the ladies of the Russian court took no pains to conceal their disapproval of the Empress' indifference to splendor of attire and the result is that her Majesty is gorgeous now. Queen Margherita has a passion for dainty handkerchiefs, and the costliest lace handkerchief in the world belongs to her. It is valued at \$30,000, a not exorbitant sum when one considers that three artists worked at it for twenty years. It is so filmy that it can be folded up and placed in a gold sheath about the size of a lima bean.

The favorite dress of Queen Olga of Greece is of blue and white striped or checked domestic silk, these being the national colors, and besides the makers of silk in her realm have not learned to dye it any other colors.

The cast-off demi-toilettes of royalty and carriage and house dresses are the perquisites of the head woman of the bed-chamber, who, after making a selection for her own use, sells them. They are not allowed to be resold as they are received, but in all cases they must be remodelled so as to obliterate their special features. Attresses are said to be among the principal purchasers. The woman who has more gowns than any other of this or any other age—2,000, it is said, with 500 women to care for them—is the wife of Li Hung Chang.

Not Long Enough.

Many stories have been told about 'poor Jack,' both afloat and ashore, some of them perhaps true, but most of them imaginary. The latest to hand refers to a portion of a ship's crew who, upon landing at their port of discharge, resolved on having a holiday in the country, and decided that a trip on horseback would be the most enjoyable.

One of the number was therefore deputed to visit a livery-stable for the purpose of selecting a suitable animal.

Having inspected the stud carefully for some time with a critical eye, he shook his head gravely. "None of 'em 'ere 'ill do," he remarked gruffly. "We want a dunce of a long backed un, for there's ten of us goin' aboard."

One of our Heroes.

The brightest page in the history of any war is perhaps, that which records the thoughtfulness of the officer and the faithfulness of their men—qualities which, when conjoined, make a regiment an almost irresistible force. In 'The Story of the Rough Riders,' Edward Marshall tells how, when Captain McClintock was wounded, one of his troopers came and lay down beside him.

"You'd better get out of this," said McClintock. "It's too hot."

"Don't worry, captain," the man replied. "I'm between you and the firing-line." McClintock touched him as he was by this exhibition of the man's devotion, still wanted him to get away. He urged him to leave him. The man refused. Finally McClintock said:

"I'm your captain and I order you to go. You are you are doing no good to any one but me. This is no place for a well man. I order you."

Then the man had to tell. "I aint no well man," he slowly admitted. "I'm shot."

"Where?" asked McClintock. "Oh, it's only a scratch!"

They lay there in silence for a long time. The firing began to come from the left. The soldier worked his painful way around until he was again between McClintock and the line of fire. McClintock was too weak from loss of blood even to speak. Then a hospital man came and lifted McClintock to carry him back.

"Take him, too," McClintock managed to articulate. "No use," said the hospital man. "He's dead."

Business Announcements.

Sometimes advertisements are funny enough to deserve gratuitous circulation. The following are from England, but they will be appreciated by readers in this country:

Two menageries recently arrived in a border town, one of which was under the management of Signor—, and the other under that of his wife, travelling respectively on their own account. Here they decided to unite their forces, and the fact was intimated on the bill thus:

"Owing to the arrival of my wife, my collection of ferocious wild animals is considerably augmented. This was the work of a foreigner. It is thought to have been fairly outdone by a native who hung out the following from a travelling exhibition of waxwork: "The public is invited to see Her Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria in wax-work, as large as life, and other curiosities."

No Birthplace.

A remark made by a six-year-old boy on a certain occasion was the natural result of confusion in his small mind, but it caused amusement to the bystanders.

The house in which he had first seen the light of day had been torn down to make room for a wider street, and the little boy, holding fast to his father's hand, viewed the ruins with grief and amazement. "Why, papa!" he cried, sorrowfully. "Why, papa, I wasn't born anywhere now, was I?"

And Running Yet.

"If you won't stand up and fight," yelled the American soldier, "throw down your arms and surrender!" "You make me tired!" panted the Filipino. And he kept on running.—Chicago Tribune.

Looks too Prosperous.

Beggar—Won't you please give a poor woman an old pair of shoes? Housewife—But you have a new pair on your feet now! Beggar—That's just it. These shoes are ruining my business!

We Tell the Truth

When we say that our laundry work cannot be excelled. Ladies' and children's wear done perfectly. Neck bands replaced, Hoisery mended, Repairs made all free. Ungar's Laundry, Dyeing & Carpet Cleaning works, 28 to 34 Waterloo street. Phone 58.

Toll Made Easy.

"I never before enjoyed housecleaning so much." "What made it so pleasant?" "William bought me a Dewey broom, a Dewey dustpan, a Dewey scrubbing brush and a dozen bars of Dewey soap."—Chicago Record.