

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.

OUR VISITORS AND THE EXHIBITION.

The exhibition has been open nearly a week and St. John has extended a cordial welcome to the thousands of people who have visited the city and the show. We hope they have been satisfied with both. Perhaps St. John is not looking its best at this season of the year when its natural charms are fading, but our visitors will be more interested in the improvement of the city itself. They must be convinced of the fact that St. John is going ahead, that each year it is becoming more interesting, more metropolitan and worthier to be classed among the greater Canadian cities. We, living here all the time cannot note the improvements that are being made about us in the same appreciative way as those who come to see us once a year or oftener, in fact, instead of being appreciative we are apt to complain that many things are not done that should be done; our streets are improved in some sections but we would like all of them to be repaired in a month; our harbor facilities have been wonderfully enlarged but we are impatient and disappointed because the government wharves are not likely to be completed in time for winter traffic. Perhaps this spirit is better than one of apathy and indifference but there is such a thing as going too fast and being in too much of a hurry. It is pleasant therefore to listen to the hearty praise from visitors who note just what has been done and the impression gains ground with us that, after all, we may not be so backward as our impatience would lead us to believe. When so many visitors favor us with their presence we want them to be entertained and to depart with a good opinion of the city and the fair that they came to see. This may be one of the reasons why we are so anxious that our show shall be better each year than the last. And yet the anxiety does not assume any practical form. If our merchants would devote just a portion of their energy to making the fair a success there is no doubt that there would be less dependence upon the management. So long as they expect to derive all the benefit from the trade of thousands who come to see us and not contribute to the show they came to see the exhibition will not be the success it should be. If we are to have exhibitions advertised up town somewhat in opposition to those on the grounds the attention of the people must be distracted and the lack of support very noticeable. If it is the case that merchants do not care to undertake the expense of assisting the fair by making an exhibit every year then let the directors of the association take the question of the advisability of an annual exhibition into serious consideration. It would be far better to hold a good show once in two years than an indifferent one annually. It might not be profitable for the management but it would be better for everyone else.

GREAT POWERS AT PEACE.

It is pointed out that a wonderful change seems to have taken place in the temper of European diplomacy. A year ago the great powers were suspicious and resentful, and were trying to overreach one another in China, Africa and Constantinople. The European cabinets were whispering-galleries of intrigue. The arsenals and dockyards were bustling with preparations for war. This irritable condition has subsided. Good humor now prevails. The governments find it easy to make satisfactory agreements with one another respecting their colonial frontiers and spheres of influence. The concert in the far East, which was

sadly out of tune a year ago, is now harmonious. Crete has been released from Turkish rule, and is pacified. Greece is recovering from the disastrous war with Turkey. The sultan is again under discipline. The Eastern Question, which menaced the peace of Europe a short time ago, is no longer a disturbing element in diplomacy.

Within a few months England has come to terms with three rivals. An arrangement has been made with Germany respecting the African dependencies of the two powers. The Niger and Fashoda agreements with France have marked out rival spheres of influence in West and Central Africa and while British rule in Egypt still excites jealousy in Paris, the relations of the two countries have greatly improved. With Russia a railway convention has been concluded, and a way opened for a general adjustment of rival interests in China.

A year ago, there were successive raids upon Chinese territory. One power after another seized strongholds on the coast, and all signs pointed to a great European war in the near future over that helpless empire. The maritime nations now seem to understand one another, and it is safe to forecast the ultimate partition of China into clearly defined spheres of European interest.

Mr. Blair must want to make another speech. The wires have been pulled and Moncton corporation has been found willing to tender him a banquet. And the wires announce the minister's gracious acquiescence.

Alderman COLWELL'S telegram to President O'SHAUGHNESSY was a gem in its way. What a diplomat the alderman would make.

THIS YEAR'S EXHIBITION.

Some Incidents in Connection With The Annual Show.

When the hour arrived for the exhibition to open last Monday there were not many people present. The experience of past years told them that all they could see was a few incomplete exhibits, the soldiers, the governor and other dignitaries to say nothing of the mayor and some of the aldermanic board. This year was no exception except that there were two governors to see and one private secretary.

The 62d fusiliers were out in force and looked well. They seemed to attract the attention of the governors before the exhibition. Under command of Captain Sharp they awaited the coming of the gubernatorial party. The men were steady but the officers seemed a trifle nervous. When the barouches drew up before the entrance the order to shoulder arms was given and when the distinguished party made their appearance through the main entrance, the order was repeated only to be changed again to "present" immediately. Such incidents are not usual but they are useful since they always serve to entertain a crowd on such an occasion.

If the speeches had been delivered from the grand stand instead of the band stand some parts of them might have been heard by the crowd. As it was the sound of the hammer and the buzz of the saw, the loud talk of the workmen murred an occasion that should have been free from these interruptions. Even the painters had been at work near the band stand and those persons who did not see the one microscopic warning of paint were sorry that they wore good clothes to the opening.

A good many people received invitations to attend. There were hundreds of complimentary tickets for opening day only, and they were sent in blank so that they could be filled in with any person's name. Not a few of them were used and thus it was that the small number recorded at the turnstiles that day did not represent the actual attendance. Of course everybody had a kind word for the show. It takes time for any housekeeper "to get to rights" and this is true of an exhibition. The time to criticise was not then, nor is it now, when the kindest remarks of that nature might be taken in a wrong spirit and persuade persons who intended to come that the show was other than it is.

A good word can be truly said for the programme in Amusement hall where the athletic programmes are good. The Jap family is wonderfully clever and entertaining. The show could get along without Berenice Nata but if she must stay the managers should see that she devotes more attention to the audience and less to the wings.

Up to this writing the weather has been much better than last year and so is the attendance which on Thursday night was more than 5000 ahead of 1898.

In remodeling your fall garments don't forget that we dye or clean anything. O'd made to look like new. UNGAR'S LAUNDRY DYEING AND CARPET CLEANING WORKS, 28 to 34 Waterloo street. Phone 58.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Land of Evangeline. The land of sweet Evangeline, My home to me I cling; Old Blomidon's great dyke fields green, Where summer loves to sing. There spring with fresh and healthful glow, Comes in the wild winds born; And white vales in their sheets of snows, Sleep out the wintry morn. The old North mountain's face I see, The madly surging bay; Come rolling homeward grand and free, Then creeping far away. O land of all on earth the best, Dear home of mirth and song; Fond faces be in thee at rest, That still to me belong. Old Asphobogan lites on high, His bold brow to the tide; And hails Old Smoky down the sky, To Breton's lake lands wide. O'd Cobeguid lies dark and still, Earth's midnight hymns they hear; The listening solitudes they fill With love's eternal prayer. On gray Chebucto's harbor bar, The pallid summer breeze; Sings on from fragrant groves afar, "No waves are bright as these." Where George's island waltzing still, Sleeps in the twilight fair; And Briton's flag on yonder hill, Waves in our native air. Fair land of sweet Evangeline, What memories remain; In all thy pensive vales serene, Where love went forth in vain. To thee my soul on wings of light, Seeks ever to return; To see the old familiar sight, Where home's dear hearth fires burn. Thy sons on mighty battle fields, A way unto alien skies; The valor they had which never yields, Till the soldier in glory dies. Bloom on wild rose and maybud sweet, Decking the fragrant sod. There incense sweet is a tribute met, To lift up my heart to God. O give me again each dear old scene, Where the rippling rivers flow; In the happy land of Evangeline, From the sold to the Gaspereau. Over the meadows beneath the hills,— And the cliffs by the swimming sea; The merry wild wood the laughing rills, Evangeline's land for me. CYPRUS GOLDBE.

Lily glade, A. G. 1899.

Men Behind Things. Oh, we've heard about the man behind the man behind the bar, And the girl behind the man behind the gun, And the boy behind the man behind the miss behind her hat, And we've grieved in the triumphs of each one.

Why not write about the man behind the man behind his rent,— That's the landlord, whose rents are often raw, Or the man behind the man behind you asking for a cent In a darkened street. (The minion of the law.) Or the man behind the man behind the loaded gold-log stick,— That poor chap who thinks he never walks astray, Or the man behind the man who tries to do a "parlor trick" And to manufacture rabbits does essay. Why not tell about the man behind the man behind the bar, He who makes your change, but will not give you "just." Why not tell about the man behind the man behind the "star,"— But for whose "long green" the show would surely "bust." —Francis W. Sterns.

A Phantasm Feast. Laughter gave a dinner fine And I a raveled mouth to see Every guest his opposite Had for vis-a-vis. There was Sorrow facing Joy, Pleasure smiling back at Pain; Faith serenely eyeing Doubt, Haughty, cold and vain.

There was Love with soulful eyes Looking calmly down on Hate; There was Greed with Charity For his holy mate. There was Ager, too, with eyes That were flaming like to fire; There Serenity; also Virtue and Desire. Hope, forgetful of Despair, Melancholy was and Cheer; Sweet Forgiveness and Revenge, Valor scorning Fear.

Jealousy, with her green eyes And glad honest Trustfulness; Sympathy with soothing pain, Pride that wounds Distress. Honor, plumed, and shameless Shame; Fortune and Adversity; And yet others seated there In strange company. Laughter, rising in his place, Held his sparkling wine on high; "Drink, immortal ones!" he said; "Drink your goblets dry." "Ye are children of the race; Every virtue has its mate; Mirth were not if tears were not In the law of fate. Much I marvelled at the feast And glad honest Trustfulness; Yet I could not him gain say Seeing there my ghost.

The Bad Boy and His Pet Lamb. The bad boy had a rogulish lamb That followed him around, And every place the bad boy went, The lamb it would be found. The boy would to the grocer's go, The lamb would follow after, The way the pair the grocer gazed, Would kill a mule with laughter. The boy would 'work' the inside, The crackers, pie and cheese; The lamb would 'work' the outside, The cabbage, squash and peas. Yet, strange, the grocer rolled up wealth— All honest grocers do— For every dollar's worth they a o, He charged the boy's Fa two. —M. A. G.

A Creed. I have no faith; but this one fact I find. That love is growing levellier every day; What we call sin is what it leaves behind, What we call good attracts it on its way. I have no hope; with God's love in my heart, What is a selfish loss to care about? If in the world I've played my little part, Let him who lit the candle put it out. I have no creed but love; is there a hell Where some poor tortoise d' thing cries out in pain? Then let me take his hand and wash him well, And wait until he finds his heaven again.

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

HOMERICH AFTER 26 YEARS: Mourned as Dead, He Identified Himself Through a Maimed Foot.

The home-coming of William Ross, who returned to the city on Friday after an absence of twenty six years in South Africa, where he amassed a fortune, says the Toronto Mail & Empire, reads like a chapter from one of Haggard's romances. Mr. Ross had been mourned as dead by his family for twenty-three years.

More than twenty-six years ago William Ross, then a lusty and ambitious young Toronto boy, bade adieu to home and loved ones and departed to seek his fortune in a foreign land. In common with many venturesome spirits he was attracted to South Africa. For about three years letters were received from the absent one, at irregular intervals, at his home in Toronto. Then all communication ceased, and a few months afterward news of his death was received by the anxious family. That was twenty three years ago, and from that period up to a few days ago nothing further was learned of his fate. He was sincerely mourned as dead.

During this time many changes took place. The remaining children grew to womanhood's estate, and a daughter and a son born since his departure replaced the boy whom they believed to be sleeping in an unmarked grave in far off Africa. The father in the fullness of time passed away.

Last Friday a brozzed middle-aged stranger arrived in Toronto, and inquired for Mrs. Ross. After a time he succeeded in locating the lady's youngest daughter, who is the wife of Mr. Charles D. McKendry. Mr. and Mrs. McKendry reside at 152 Harbor street, but at present they occupy a cottage at Kew Beach. The stranger in question turned up at the cottage on Friday and requested Mrs. McKendry to direct him to her mother. Mrs. McKendry informed him that her mother was out of town. The stranger plied her with questions about her mother, her sisters and herself. He then abruptly informed her that he was William Ross, her long lost brother, who left home for South Africa before she was born.

Mrs. McKendry regarded the stranger in the light of an imposter, and told him that he could not be her brother, as her brother was dead. The stranger insisted that such was the relationship existing between them. Mrs. McKendry suddenly remembered a story her mother had told her about an accident which befell her brother when a child, in which he lost a portion of one of his toes. She told the stranger this, whereupon he removed his shoe, disclosing the dismembered foot. All doubt as to his identity then vanished, and the sister accorded a cordial welcome to the brother she had never seen. The mother and the other members of the family were communicated with, and that evening there was a happy family reunion in the cottage at Kew Beach, in which the son and brother they had mourned as dead recounted the story of his wanderings.

When Mr. Ross landed in South Africa he experienced the ups and downs incidental to life in a new country. Fortune did not smile on his efforts at first. Gradually he grew away from his old associates. He devoted himself to the task of amassing a fortune and became as one lost to his old home and friends. Building a fortune even in South Africa is an up-hill and gradual process, but by pluck and perseverance Mr. Ross accomplished much until today he is counted wealthy, as wealth goes.

The recent trouble in the Transvaal, which may ultimately result in war between the Boers and England, set Mr. Ross thinking that until the dispute is adjusted one way or the other there are securer places for men of means than South Africa. This train of thought brought a flood of recollections of his boyhood days, and he was seized with an irresistible desire to again look upon his old home. Converting his reading money into bank notes, he placed it in a large belt, which he fastened around his waist. The belt contained upward of \$60,000. In this manner he safely brought his treasure to Toronto. He found that his mother, one brother and three sisters resided in Toronto, and located them in the romantic manner detailed above.

It is Mr. Ross's intention to return to South Africa, and one of his sisters who is a widow, will probably accompany him. After his arrival in South Africa Mr. Ross worked for about five years as a

LETTERS TO MAIL. The Absent-Minded Man Discovers a New Way of Forgetting Them.

'The folks at home, with a blind trustfulness that I cannot understand, said the absent minded man 'still give me letters to mail, though they know it will be days before I get 'em to the postoffice. Time and again, carrying a letter in my hand so as not to forget it I have walked right past lamp post letter boxes, and toted the letter up to the ticket office of an elevated station, forgetting that I was carrying it until I wanted to reach for money to buy a ticket with. Then I'd put the letter in my pocket and that was good-by letter, perhaps for days.

'But this morning I did something different; I started out before breakfast with a letter that I was to mail, and two cents with which to buy a stamp for it, the letter in one hand and the money in the other. I reached a sub-station of the post-office that is in our neighbourhood in safety and bought the stamp all right and stuck it on the letter, looking as I did so, at a curious and yet familiar looking tall red box with rounded top, that stood there by the desk.

'Still holding the letter in my hand so as not to forget it, I carried it into a store where I had an errand, to buy something for the house, and there I set the letter down on the counter where I couldn't fail to see it while I reached in my pocket for money. When I walked up the steps of my house a little later with my appetite improved, if anything, by the breath of fresh air, it suddenly came to me that I had left that letter in the store, and I turned of course, and went back for it. When I came to the corner nearest the store I found the young man who had waited on me, just dropping my letter in the letter box there.

'Now, in this case, my forgetfulness resulted in the prompt mailing of the letter; but while I am, of course, pleased over this, I am at the same time disturbed by the thought that I may now develop my forgetfulness in some other new form that may not work out so happily.'

Stood his Ground. 'Can you hollowgrind this razor?' asked a customer who had stepped into a razor-grinding establishment presided over by a hard-headed man with bristling hair and an aggressive look on his face.

'You want me to hollowgrind it, I suppose?' he said. 'No, sir,' rejoined the other. 'I want you to hollowgrind it.'

'If it's ground hollow aint it hollowgrind, sir?' 'If you grind it hollow don't you hollowgrind it, sir?'

'Do you think you can come in here and teach me anything about my business? I've been hollowgrinding razors for twenty-five years—' 'No, you haven't. You've been hollowgrinding them.'

'Do you reckon I don't know what I do for a living?' 'I don't care whether you do or not. Will you hollowgrind this razor?' 'No, sir, I won't! I'll hollowgrind it or I won't touch it.'

The customer reflected a moment. 'See here, my friend,' he said. 'Can I have it ground hollow here?' 'Certainly.'

And they compromised on that basis, each feeling that he was a little ahead.

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.

Public Schools in Puerto Rico. Beginning with July 1st, free public schools on the American plan will be definitely established in Puerto Rico. The system has been devised by Mr. John B. E. ton, superintendent of schools, and contemplates schools for all persons between the ages of six and eighteen, supported by public taxation and open nine months in each year.

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.

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