

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPT. 9

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

THE EXHIBITION.

The exhibition opens Monday and we are sure all the people will wish it success. Of course no one is in a position to judge as yet just what measures have been taken to ensure this desirable result, but as the future depends upon this to a considerable extent we can presume that the management has used every effort in that direction. So far as newspaper and other advertising goes this exhibition cannot be said to have had the same advantages as those of other years but may it be that the management thinks it well enough established to do its own advertising now. How the ideas of managers differ upon this point! In Maine, both in Lewiston and Bangor, the art of the lithographer and the printer is used unsparingly; their advertisements are works of art and consequently more valuable. St. John does not indulge in this sort of expenditure and the management may be correct in its conservatism. Time will tell.

There will undoubtedly be much to see; many things new and novel and exhibits that cannot fail to attract and please. Much attention seems to have been paid to special attractions and these are always looked forward to by visitors.

We hope that when the fair is opened it will be ready. There has been some cause for complaint in this respect in the past but the management will no doubt endeavor to avoid this.

ABOUT SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

The correspondence between Rev. ROBERT WILSON and Attorney General WHITE regarding the enforcement of the Sunday law is interesting and instructive. Representing the Evangelical alliance, Mr. WILSON asks Mr. WHITE, the representative of the government, some questions and the reply of the latter savors rather of the politician than the lawyer. The gist of the queries is whether it is lawful or not to run Sunday excursions under the excuse that they are in connection with religious services, but the manner in which Mr. WILSON puts his questions gives the attorney general a chance to wander from the subject, that he does not hesitate to take advantage of.

There is only one particular reference to an alleged violation of the law this summer. When the yacht club was having its annual cruise they stopped at Gagetown over Sunday and it was announced that their chaplain, Rev. Dr. PARKER, would conduct an open air service. The steamer Victoria made a trip to Gagetown and some hundreds availed themselves of the opportunity to be present. Now the question arises, did these hundreds of people go to Gagetown for the purpose of hearing Dr. PARKER preach or were they in search of "amusement and pleasure"? Dr. WILSON thinks it "absurd in the extreme to run an excursion to Gagetown to hear a sermon from the chaplain of the yacht club and to claim to do it under the sanction of the law" and the attorney general is inclined to share the view that this was not an excursion within the law.

At the same time Mr. WHITE mentions that he was at Beulah one Sunday when the boat arrived, and he speaks of the good conduct of the passengers. Now will some one kindly explain just what difference there was in a party going to Beulah camp and listening to the services there and going to Gagetown and hearing Dr. PARKER preach? So far, there does not appear to have been any objections to the boat going to Browns' Flats or Beulah Camp meeting but to go to any other spot and

leave a few peacefully inclined passengers in the eyes of the Evangelical alliance an offence. We remember one Sunday this summer that the Victoria took, say two hundred people to Evandale where for an hour or so they strolled about until the service began when the little meeting house was filled, but as all the windows were up scores of so-called excursionists reclined on the grass and listened to a sermon two hours long. They were patient, but quiet and attentive, perhaps far more so than if they had been cooped up in the close air of a city church for such a length of time. There was not one in the congregation who would say that he had listened to so much sermon at one time for years and perhaps there were many there who had not attended service recently. Who can say that some good was not done? Who can say that there was any harm in the trip that took those men and women to Evandale that day? In fact there were fewer opportunities to offend against the day and its sanctity on that country excursion than there were in the city. It may be that the congregations of the city churches suffered; it is probable that the collections were smaller but those members who were absent were better in mind and body for their trip even if there was some "pleasure and amusement" in it. And is not that worth something?

SELF MADE MEN.

A writer in the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post discusses the meaning of the well known and much used phrase "self made man" and he contends that a wrong meaning is taken from it. As we understand it the "self made man" is one who by his own exertions has risen from poverty and obscurity to be rich or well known. It does not follow that he must be a millionaire to be considered "self made." A man may become famous, an explorer or a scholar, and yet be poor in this world's goods. Many capitalists are "self made" but there are others who started in life with the fortunes their fathers left them, yet who by their industry and ability have contrived to become very much richer. The man who started with nothing had everything to gain and good fortune must have associated itself with his ventures. His success is the more notable because his riches bring him into the same prominence as his will to do neighbor was when he started.

Whether or not there can be a really self-made man is still a question with the schools, but it seems probable that his closest approximation may be found outside of the ranks of the millionaires. The impatient man who schools himself to patience; the timorous one who sets himself the lesson of fortitude and learns it; the one who curbs a turbulent spirit to pursue day by day the path of rectitude, is a type of the approximately self-made man no less than he who, discovering certain talents in himself, cultivates them to what the world denominates success.

It would be well if the street railway company considered whether the fenders used on their cars at present are the best obtainable. The recent accident shows in our opinion that they are not. They are too high to prevent a very small child from being dragged under the car and for that reason there is great danger that the legs of an adult would be broken if a car ran into him with any force. We understand that in some other cities new fenders are being tried with a view to overcome these very difficulties and that one has been adopted by some lines that seems to be well suited for the purpose. It is low enough in front to catch the smallest child and is so shaped that it breaks the fall of anyone who is unfortunate enough to drop into it.

The yachting disaster off St. John harbor a few years ago was almost equalled in Halifax Labor day when seven people were drowned. What a goom it must have thrown over the gaieties of the holiday.

His Worship Mayor SEARS wired Hon. Mr. BLAIR at Moncton in regard to a conference on winter port matters and Mr. BLAIR'S reply was to take the Maritime express for Montreal.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON seems to have met with a great reception in New York. The people can't do enough for him. But if he should happen to take that cup away!

It is a long time since 4000 people turned out to anything but a free show in St. John. It took a labor day base ball game to do it.

We have the wharves, elevators, open harbor, railways and all that a winter port should have—but—where is the freight?

Taking Account of Mental Stock.

A Boston child after her first week in the Kindergarten said to her mother: "Mother, do I know as much now as I don't know?"

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Which Way, O France? Which way, O France! which way? The Na loes wait; The universal ear is strained, intent, To catch the fateful words which thou must say. The eyes of all the world are on the bay; For more—far more—than one poor prisoner's fate Is hanging on this utterance, this day. Which way, O France! which way?

Which way, O France! which way? Shall heaven fear, Blind prejudice and fierce, fanatic hate, With balconies murder in their rear, Bear down the scale of justice, and outweigh God's Truth, which, crushed to earth for many a year. Now stands revealed in the clear light of day? Which way, O France! which way?

Which way, O France! which way? In times of yore, Thy camps and courts were swayed by men of might; Fair honor ruled thy realm, from shore to shore. That time is past; thy brilliant, glorious day Seems darkening to a long and starless night. It must be so—'tis wherefore should men say: "Which way, O France, which way?"

Which way, O France, which way? Thy hands have built A monstrous idol of tarnished brass, And in its senseless grasp have placed a lance, Which, should it fall, as full we'd it may— For many a stranger thing has come to pass— Would pierce thy storied heart, O reckless France! And, there 'ere, ere thy rivers blood be spilt, We cry to thee to snatch that lance away, This day, O France! this day.

Which way, O France! which way? Not yet too late! The monstrous crime of all our age, Designed to wholly ruin, to wholly slay, A fair, black life, begot of bitter hate, Blind, cruel prejudice and senseless rage, Awaits its sentence from thy lips, this day, Which way, O France! which way?

Which way, O France! which way? We, also, wait; These brief, decisive words which thou shalt say, Had ever words before such solemn weight? For him (and thee) new life, or moral death, Honor or shame, what wonder that men say: "Which way, O France! which way?" —Charles Perez Murphy.

The Praise of the Present.

Poets there be who tune their lyres to Days of Long Ago And sing a song of sentiment in measures sad and low. To them the golden age is past, the golden fleece is clipped; The rose of pleasure hath been plucked, the cup of joyance sipped; They live in longing for the lost, the dead of Might Have Been, And bid most practical—count all such sinning sin. To me These Days, these present days, Have fertile fields and flowery ways, Wherein my fancy fondly strays; And if I had a song to sing, I'd sing about these Days.

And there be bards who rave a stave concerning Days To Be. When all things shall be lovely and luxuriant and free, When joy shall reach her chalice down to thirsty mortal lip And certain rare elected ones to drunkenness shall sip; The bud has yet to blossom and the honey to be stored Ere thy sons may sit them down and sweep the festal board. But as for me I say These Days Field pastures where my soul may graze And drink the dew of life and gladness; And if I knew a stave to rave, I'd rave about These Days.

To me These Days are golden tipped with goodly thought and things, And Opportunity but waits to spread her splendid wings At my command, to bear me up and make my vision wide, That I may sweep the height, the deep and know them deep. The golden Days of Long Ago, the golden Days To Be Are not so wonderful by half as These Days are to me; And so These Days, these golden days, To me are rich with wine and maize And minstrel sweet with harvest lays; And were I piping Fan himself, I'd pipe about These Days. —Roberts Love.

Breaking the Jam.

The cart-dogs c'ack, and the axes gleam, And the black by the wheel and the steam, The ice swings down to the open dam, The planking sags, and the ringers rend: The great logs jostle and grin and jam, They've locked the channel behind the bend.

'Now where is the man who will come with me To worry the logs and chop the key? The boss looks round at his sturdy crew, And 'Singing Bob' steps up with a smile— 'I'm most as sure on my feet as you, An' I guess we can hustle the thing in style.'

With axe and peevy they run across, The little waterspouts leap and toss; The little sticks twirl and the big sticks grind, And the logs begin to rattle and sing; With never a glance at his chums behind, The key is found and the s's swing.

Punk-punk—punk-punk—despite the roar The chant of the axes beat to shore, The chopper's arms have a rhythmic lift— Fearless, as tho' they did not know? That their work was done, and the logs are drift, And the twisting currents swirl below.

The deed is done! With a plunging leap The torn logs start from their snored sleep, Across the tumult of maddened things Bob and the boss come sprinting back, As if their cowhide boots had wings? Or a running jam were a cinder track. —Theodore Roberts, in the Youths Companion.

A Last Appeal.

Ois, dear Ois, come home to us now, The clocks you set never strike "Won!" You said you were coming right home to the States As soon as you felt you were done. Ois—that every one sees, As brown as the r-bels can do, With a roast from the public, that plainly perceives.

Agua!aldo is too much for you. Then Ois, dear Ois, come home to us now, Yes, Ois, Ois, Ois, come home!

Ois, dear Ois, please won't you come home? Y'r typewriter needs some repairs, And Uncle Sam scratching his head over you, As he raises a crop of gray hairs. Like a grab you keep on making a backward advance. You've started a war "endless chain." And sorely we're fearing you're one of the folks Who won't come in out of the rain. So Ois, dear Ois, come home!

Ois, dear Ois, be good and come home, We'll give you receipts galore, With all the girls crowding to kiss you—and then We'll lynch of the p-eas a score. We'll offer you any inducement you want, If only a letter you'll send That you're coming back home, for, to tell you the truth, We'd like the war sometime to end. Th-n, Ois, be good and come home.

They and We.

With stormy ly, from height on height, The thundering torrents leap, The moun ain-tops, with still delight, Their great inaction keep. Man only, irked by cal n, and rent By each emotion's throes, Neither in pastor fids content, Nor finds in it repose. —William Watson.

Charles Re-seated Cane, Splinted, Perforated, Dual, 17 Waterloo.

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

CHINESE FISH CATCHING. Methods Used That Show Much Palinstaking Cleverness.

The lakes, rivers and harbors of China swarm with fish. Every stagnant pool contains them, and the rice fields, while flooded during the winter, as sometimes used as fishing grounds. In spite of this abundant natural supply, the art of pisciculture has been studied, and is well understood. Every spring men trundle through all the provinces wheelbarrows laden with barrels of spawn, and for a few 'cash' enough of this substance to stock a large pond can be bought. When poured out, it looks like so much mud, no sign of life being perceptible. About a fortnight after it is thrown into water the young fish begin to appear. At first these are fed twice a day with chopped vegetables, but after a few days they must forage for themselves. In some parts of the Empire it is customary to put the spawn into egg shells, which, after being carefully closed, are placed under setting hens. After a few days the shells are broken, and the spawn is transferred to vessels containing water well warmed by the sun. Treated in this way it hatches far more rapidly, than if the former method is pursued.

Fishing in China is always looked upon from a strictly practical point of view, and although the hook and line are used occasionally, catching by their aid is to slow a process to be popular. Enormous quantities of fish are taken in nets baited with white of egg spread on the meshes to hasten which process the fishermen often dive under water, and by clapping boards together make a noise which frightens their prey into the nets. Many of these men get very expert in catching with their toes fish which try to escape by hiding in the mud.

Next in favor to nets rank 'decoy boats' low, narrow crafts, which anchor in the rivers and harbors. On still, moonlit nights each boat has fastened at the stern a board painted white. When the moon shines on these boards, the fish leap out on them and are then easily secured. On dark nights bright lights placed close to the water, replace the boards, and when thus equipped the fleets become extremely picturesque.

Fish are also captured with spears, scraped up by dredges, and caught by birds. The cormorant, used for this purpose, has a short neck, a long, slightly-hooked beak, and is about the size of our ordinary domestic duck. These birds are never handsome, but after a day's fishing, when their feathers are ruffled, they have a disreputable having-been-out-all-night air which makes them look particularly ugly. The custom of the fisherman is to start off early in the morning, on rafts or in boats, having on board from twelve to fifteen cormorants, all of which have been kept fasting for at least one day. Before the birds begin work each one has slipped round its neck an iron ring, large enough to permit free breathing, but too small to allow the feathered fisherman to swallow his captures. Each man allows four or five birds to dive at once and although hundreds of them are often in the water together, all the older ones know their own master and take their catches immediately to his boat. Until fully trained, each cormorant has attached to the neck-ring, a cord which is pulled if the bird remains too long under water, or shows a disposition to wander about and neglect business. A little 'bamboo chow-chow,' a beating with a thin bamboo, is also sometimes administered to lazy pupils.

After one set of cormorants has dived a number of times, a rest is allowed. Their neckrings are taken off, and they are allowed to eat a few fish, while a fresh lot of birds are at work. These fishers seldom fail to catch fish when they dive, and are capable of bringing up a weight equaling their own. If one sizes too heavy a fish occasionally a friend will go to his assistance and help him carry it aboard, but it is more common to see weak birds robbed by their stronger companions. When numbers of cormorants are at work together, animated and interesting as is the scene, the deafening noise made by the birds is a serious drawback to its enjoyment. On the rivers, toward evening, a long line of boats may be seen returning home, the cormorants perched in nearly equal numbers on both sides. It is said their own instinct teaches them to preserve the balance of the craft.

The Chinese boast of being able to eat a different kind of fish on every day of the year; but they are not over particular, and excepting one particularly repulsive species of frog, they are willing to devour anything the waters contain. This is true at least of the masses. Celestial epicures, however, despise the commoner sorts of fish. By them the species esteemed are the sole, the 'sam-li' (double first cousin to our shad), the young shark, and the sturgeon. The latter fish is rare in South China, but greater numbers are taken in the Yangtze River, fish weighing 1 000 pounds or more being by no means uncommon captures. The young sharks are often killed by having thrown to them a bait of hot boiled m'lons, the heat proving deadly very soon after the fruit is swallowed. In order to propitiate all water gods the fishermen hold every spring a celebration. Those settled on the coast are mostly a turbulent set, with whom the peaceful vocation of fishing often serves to cloak the more profitable one of piracy. But even when this is the case, it is equally important to 'chin-chin,' and keep on good terms with the 'jesses' who rule the winds and waves. So all the fishermen, genuine and otherwise, gather together, and on several successive evenings march through the towns and villages carrying poles with dangling lanterns which resemble all kinds of fish. An indispensable feature of these processions is a huge dragon with fiery eyes and gaping jaws. As the men who hold the poles supporting its head, tail and joints walk along they are themselves concealed, and the monster moves in an undulating and very life-like manner. Plenty of firecrackers and so called music, even these gageants which on dark nights produce a really brilliant effect.

The End of Boxing Matches. So called "sparring" matches have not amounted to much in the Institute this summer and that on Monday night between Littlejohn and Campbell will, no doubt, prevent the mayor from giving any licenses in the future. These two men went at each other not scientifically but simply to slug. They ignored the referee and one of them, Littlejohn, went for one of the seconds. If the police had arrested the principals instead of stopping the "go" it would have learnt them a good lesson.

Fashionable Millinery. Mr. Charles K. Cameron in today's PROGRESS call attention to his magnificent stock of fall and winter millinery, including the latest styles in French, English and American millinery in trimmed and untrimmed hats, toques and bonnets. Mr. Cameron has made especial preparation in honor of visitors to the exhibition next week who are cordially invited to call.

Service for Another Occasion. 'Well, Johnnie, I shall forgive you this time; and it's very pretty of you to write a letter to say you are sorry.' 'Yes, ma; don't tear it up, please.' 'Why, Johnnie?' 'Because, it will do for the next time.'

The Odor of Sanctity. The church was beautifully decorated with sweet spring flowers and the air was heavy with their fragrance. As the service was about to begin, small kitty pulled her mother's sleeve: 'Oh, don't it smell solemn?'

Tommy's Fortunate Father. 'You children turn up your noses at everything on the table. When I was a boy I was glad to get enough dry bread.' 'I say, pa, you are having a better time of it now you are living with us!' replied Tommy consolingly.

Right in his own Family. 'Can you give me an example of a toothless animal of the mammalian group?' asked a teacher of a small boy in the class in zoology. 'Yes, sir,' said the boy promptly. 'Indeed! what is it?' 'My grandma'

Eating Upside Down. 'Why, Allie, dear, is that the way to begin your dinner?' asked a mother of her little daughter, as she began with the pie. 'Well, I declare, mamma, I was going to eat my dinner all upside down—wasn't I?'

What Tommy Knew. Visitor—'Tommy, I wish to ask you a few questions in grammar.' Tommy—'yes sir.' Visitor—'if I give you the sentence, 'The pupil loves his teacher, what is that?'

Differentiating Synonyms. Teacher—'Of course, you understand the real difference between liking and loving?' Pupil—'Yes, marm; I like pa and ma, but I love a nice piece of pie.'

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