

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

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MEMORIAL DAY.

Memorial day is one of the greatest of United States holidays. It is a wonderful thing to know that millions of people observe a certain day to think of the men who have fought and died for their country and to show their reverence and respect for them by decorating their graves. The idea really sprang from a custom of the people of the South, who set apart one day in the year to remember those who fell in battle and it was Gen. LOGAN who issued the order for its observance in the north. This is what he said on the fifth of May, 1868 to the men of the grand army of the Republic.

"The thirtieth day of May, 1868, is designated for the purpose of strewn with flowers or otherwise decorating the graves of comrades who died in defense of their country during the late rebellion, and whose bodies now lie in almost every city, village and hamlet churchyard in the land. In this observance no form of ceremony is prescribed, but posts and comrades will in their own way arrange such fitting services and testimonials of respect as circumstances may permit. We are organized, comrades, as our regulations tell us, for the purpose, among other things, 'of preserving and strengthening those kind and fraternal feelings which have bound together the soldiers, sailors and marines who united to suppress the late rebellion.'

"What can aid more to assure this result than cherishing tenderly the memory of our heroic dead, who made their breasts a barricade between our country and its foes? Their soldier lives were the reveille of freedom to a race in chains, and their deaths the tattoo of rebellious tyranny in arms.

"We should guard their graves with sacred vigilance. All that the consecrated wealth and taste of the nation can add to their adornment and security is but a fitting tribute to the memory of her slain defenders. Let no wanton foot tread rudely on such hallowed grounds. Let pleasant paths invite the coming and going of reverent visitors and fond mourners. Let no vandalism of avarice or neglect, no ravages of time testify to the present or the coming generations that we have forgotten as a people the cost of a free and undivided republic.

"Let us, then, at the time appointed gather around their sacred remains, and garland the passionless mounds above them with the choicest flowers of spring-time; let us raise about them the dear old flag they saved from dishonor; let us in this solemn presence renew our pledges to aid and assist those whom they have left among us a sacred charge upon a nation's gratitude, the soldier's and sailor's widow and orphan."

HEALTH AND MORALITY.

The line of demarcation between physical health and morality is so faintly traced in the perfectly balanced man that its very existence may be questioned. That the healthful man is the more moral there can be no doubt; though the term healthful should not be applied to those who are merely strong.

A young man may possess the muscular development of HERCULES and be unhealthful in the broad sense of the word. One may be strong and vicious, but never entirely healthful and vicious. The moral nature is inseparably wedded to the physical nature, and they are counteracting; what affects the one for good or evil affects both.

Exercise, while being the most valuable aid to both health and morality, is not by any means always moral in its effect. Ex-

ercise which does not demand a certain self-control, which is free, unsystematic and unrestrained, tends to lead one into carelessness and disregard for the rights of others. The sin of moral carelessness applies with particular force to athletes as distinguished from gymnasts. An athlete is too often a man who will sacrifice conscience and honor to win in a contest, while among gymnasts there exists usually the utmost good fellowship in the strife or supremacy.

The desire to win prizes seems to drive out of men that finer and healthier restraint and the sense of helpfulness which should certainly be an accompaniment of all methods of physical training. Athletics develops the selfish side of man; gymnasium work, rightly conducted, brings to the surface the moral as well as the physical good in a man. When the physical is developed at the expense of the moral nature in a young man his mission in life is only half completed; he is an imperfect machine, working only on one side, like a sidewheel steamer with only one paddle in operation. Like such a boat, he will never make much progress, but spend his life traveling in a circle.

The great good of all sport and exercises is to utilize them to help round out one's nature. Every young man should strive to be evenly balanced. Lopsidedness in anything is bad, especially so in the matter of health and morals. The man with body and brain developed to an equal degree of strength and service has a far better control of his moral nature than he who has given his attention purely to physical or purely mental development. Such sports as tennis, golf and wheeling, stirring the blood as they do without exciting the passion for gain or conquest, undoubtedly uplift one mentally, quicken the pulse of conscience and purify the soul. Healthful pastimes lead to healthful thinking, and this leads to a strengthening of one's moral fibre. Sound sports and pastimes are no less a tonic for the soul than for the body.

Immorality is a disease, a physical affliction which misgoverns one's thoughts and actions. The lack of morals in a man is due simply to the congestion of blood in certain centres of the human machine, and this congestive state excites the untrained man or woman to do those things which he or she should not do. That condition of mind and body which leads to the state known as "the blues" is a fair illustration of this. Drive the cobwebs from the brain with judicious exercise, and thus clarify the thought and the moral stamina of a man suffering from "the blues," and you will see a changed character. Rosy cheeks and clear eyes are inseparable companions of clean thoughts and clear consciences.

WAS'N'T LOOKING FOR CHARITY.

A Young Person Who Wanted None But the Best Clothing.

In the stories which are told by the many who have tried to aid the fire sufferers individually without recourse to committees or councils is one related by a German street lady. A young girl who had been at service in an Indian town family was recommended to her as a worthy subject for charity. Filled with zeal the lady sent for the young person to come to her residence, where in one of her apartments was strewn clothing, wrappers, undergarments etc. that looked none the worse for wear. The lady told her that many of those things were intended for her and if they were not quite small enough she would have her own seamstress alter them.

Lying on the table amid the array of clothing was a new and expensive piece of dress goods just sent home that morning and on this the guest had turned wistful eyes many times during her call. She evidently came to the conclusion that it was intended for her, for when the lady declared her intention of having the seamstress make smaller some of the waists and wrappers, the girl brightened up in an instantly and picking up the new piece of cloth said "Perhaps you would let her make this one at the same time. I would have to pay a dressmaker four or five dollars, and I need this right away."

The dispenser of kindly charity was somewhat amazed but managed to extricate herself and her new gown from the embarrassing situation, without much difficulty and though her visitor didn't get the new dress she left happy in the possession of an outfit, that a good many might envy.

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

In the Month of Love and Roses.

June has returned and the roses, Their faces in bushes unfold! I hear her all day 'till it closes I garments of crimson and gold The bee the sweet woodbine hums over, The young bird asleep in its nest; The bright leafy path in the clover, Are lulled by her music to rest.

I just caught a glimpse of the glory, Beneath the old pines by the door; As she sang to me the sad story, Of dear ones returning no more. Now o'er the blue hills she is going, With one of a once happy band; Who there she is all still showing, The light of the beautiful land.

If I could but follow them only, But soon will they vanish from sight; And leave all the flowers as lonely, As one who mourns in the night. But down in my soul a sweet face, Celestial in loveliness fair; The sweet love of Sharon replaces, Those lost ones who still are all there.

So still all the peaceful departed, The young roses bring us again; As we saw them when all broken hearted We longed for their coming in vain. The sand in the glass is still sinking, It has been for thousands of years; And finds us like many still thinking Of fond hearts that left us in tears.

CYPRUS GOLDS.

Ross Hill, June, 1899.

What Have You Done.

Have you looked for the sheep in the desert, For a miss who have missed their way? Have you been in the wild waste places, Where the lost and wandering stray? Have you trodden the lonely highway, The foul and darksome street and needy, With no clothing, no home, no bread? The son of man came among them, With no place to lay His head.

Have you folded home to your bosom The trembling, rejected lamb, And taught to the little lost one The sound of the shepherd's name? Have you searched for the poor and needy, With no clothing, no home, no bread? The son of man came among them, With no place to lay His head.

Have you carried the living water To the parched and thirsty soul? Have you said to the sick and wounded, "Christ Jesus can make thee whole"? Have you told the trembling children Of the strength of the father's hand? Have you guided the stumbling footsteps To the shore of the golden land?

Have you stood by the sad and weary To smooth the pillow of death? To comfort the sorrow-stricken, And strengthen the feeble faith? And have you felt, when the glory Has streamed through the open door And led across the shadows, That I had been there before?

Have you wept with the broken-hearted In their agony of woe? You might hear me whispering to you, "The path I often go." My disciples, friends, and brethren, Can't you dare to follow Me? Then wherever the Master dwelleth There shall he servant be.

So Father Says.

I wish that I'd been Grandpa's child That could had had the joy O' fishing in those good old days When father was a boy. For then the fish grew bigger far Than they do now, and I remember And literally poked the streams— At least, so father says.

They never caught a snicker then That didn't weigh a ton, And pickered were longer than A modern Armstrong gun. They used to walk out bushy In hundreds from our bays, And shad ran up the banks to bite— At least, so father says.

They never thought of using bait To lure the wily trout, They reached a bushel basket down And simply dipped them out, And in about an hour or two They'd fill up several drays And saw them through the neighborhood— At least, so father says.

In short, they caught so many fish, That fore their sport was through They were where they were fishing would Go down a yard or two, And no an angl' r failed to come Home loaded in those days— A father still persists, At least, so mother says.

An Order for a Hammock.

Make me a hammock, deep and strong, Of hue and pattern tasteful— Of dimensions not so very long, For space this way is wasteful. I'm seeking a hammock but for three. No often you have called so Unusual? 'Tis for Nell and me, And for young Dan Cupid, also.

So common the hammock that's built for two, It barely draws attention; But for space I am ordering now of you Must hold the three I mention, Make it with such a wonderful weave, For comfort and ease designed is; That Nell, by my side, will hate to leave, And no bugling chump can find us.

The hammock must know my touch, of course, Since I am to use it; But it must rear up like a balky horse When another man would choose it; And steady and true must this hammock swing To the will of us happy three, sir; For I wish to be sure that no such thing As a "falling out" will be, sir!

The Unfading Light.

The fading things of earth are many, Lord! The sun of noon dies in the scarlet west; Imperial moons are transient, at best, And music ends, in its supremest chord. Art may be long, yet masterpiece fades; Fair statues crumble; marble erodes; Naught lingers, save in our eternal trust That in Thee all abides—or sun, or shade.

From Beauty's deeps they rise again these waning things,— Seeds for Eternity, by Thy behest! Thou art their source, their centre and their rest! Through Thee, they rise again with fire flushed wings!

Yet long we more and more, as years swing by, For the Unfading Light, the endless pain; Whose calm all restlessness of thought restrains, Outspread, one sheet of gold, eternally:— That infinite, immutable domain, Where Past and Present mingle, in Thy Hand; While we, adoring, 'neath its blessing stand, That peer'd Hand of Love, which has out-pain'd, That peer'd Hand of Love, which has out-pain'd. —G. Arnold D. Swan.

The Two Bells.

The sorrowful bell in the steeple said: "I toll, and toll, and toll One day for the happy lives that wed— The next, for a paring soul." And his brother bell, as he rang, replied From a beautiful dome on the other side; "If you'd just think more of the happy hearts You'd never me for the 'unrest' care, Why for the dead is you grief expressed When, having been married, in peace they rest? You're a gloomy, grave fellow, as all allow; But—I'm clearing my throat for a wedding now!"

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

The Inspector and the Machine.

When Liquor Inspector Jones entered one of the city bars one day this week he noticed a curious machine in the corner with a crank and red black white and yellow colors on the face of it. Somebody was poking nickels into it and then with the assistance of a concealed electric battery when the crank went down a wheel whirred around and around and finally stopped. While all was going on the two or three around the "machine" looked eagerly at it and when it stopped a small jingle was heard. There was a hurried dive into a small tin pocket on the side of the machine and ten nickels or "checks" were found. A nickel had been put in the white slot, the wheel had stopped at white and that meant fifty cents. This sort of proceeding appeared strange to the inspector and he made a few casual inquiries of the man in charge of the place. As this seemed to be a game of chance and directly contrary to the provisions of the license law he takes measures to have them removed to day.

He Went to bed Early.

A good story is told of a King street merchant who recently sought high civic honors. He went to an excursion on the Queen's birthday and shortly after his return wended his way homeward at a good early hour tired and happy. But he couldn't get in. The people of his household were out and the house was locked. So he went to the Royal and was soon in bed. Shortly afterwards there was a search party sent out from his residence. It was so unusual for him to be out that inquiries were made at many places. Finally the Royal was reached and soon the two ladies marched off with the merchant who obligingly got up, dressed and went home with them.

It is related of John Lassebins, the chaplain to the Danish Court, who died at Copenhagen in 1692, that having for a long time perceived to his vexation, that during his sermon, the greatest part of his congregation fell asleep he suddenly stopped, pulled a shuttlecock from his pocket, and began to play with it in the pulpit. A circumstance so extraordinary naturally attracted the attention of that part of the congregation who were still awake. They joggled those who were sleeping, and in a short time everybody was lively, and looking to the pulpit with the greatest astonishment. This was just what Lassebins wished; for he immediately began a most severe castigatory discourse, saying: "When I announce to you sacred and important truth, you are not ashamed to go asleep; but when I play the fool, you are all eye and all ear."

There is a quaint story told of a couple of Scotch ministers who were taking dinner together one summer day in a little parsonage in the Highlands. It was the Sabbath day, the weather was beautiful and the bubbling streams were full of trout, and the woods full of summer birds. One turned to the other and said: "Mon, don't ye often feel tempted on these beautiful Sundays to go out fishing?" "Na, na," said the other, "I never feel tempted, I just gang."

"Oh! papa, who is that ragged man?" "That, my son, is the great composer of grand operas." "And who is that fine-looking gentleman with such good clothes?" "That's the man who wrote the latest popular song, 'Never Let Your Mother Carry Up the Coal.'"

"How will you have your eggs cooked?" asked the waiter. "Make any difference in the cost of 'em?" inquired the cautious customer with a brimless hat and faded beard. "No." "Then cook 'em with a nice slice of ham," said the customer, greatly relieved.

"There is too much system in this school business," growled Tommy. "Just because I snickered a little the monitor turned me over to the teacher, the teacher turned me over to the principal, and the principal turned me over to pa." "Was that all?" "No; pa turned me over his knee."

Servant (from next door): "Please mum, miss sends her compliments, and will you let your daughter sing and the piano this afternoon?"

Lady: "Why certainly. Tell your mistress I'm glad she likes it." Servant: "Oh, it isn't that mum; she's expecting a visit from the landlord, and she wants some excuse for a reduction in the rent."

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

The Doctors Puzzled.

THE PECULIAR CASE OF A NOVIA SCOTIAN LADY.

The Trouble Began in a Swelling of the big toe Which Spread to all Parts of the Body—Doctors Could not Account for the Trouble, and Their Treatment did Her no Good.

From the New Glasgow Enterprise.

Loch Broom is a picturesque farming hamlet situated about three miles from the town of Pictou, N. S. In this hamlet, in a cosy farm house live Mr. and Mrs. Hector McKinnon. A few years ago Mrs. McKinnon was taken with a disease that puzzled several doctors who attended her. It was generally known that Mrs. McKinnon owed her ultimate recovery to good health to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and a reporter of the Enterprise being in the neighborhood called upon the lady and asked her if she had any objections to relating the particulars of her illness and cure.

"Indeed I have not," replied Mrs. McKinnon, "I think that those who are cured owe it to the medicine that brings them back to health, always to say a good word for it. My trouble apparently had an insignificant starting point. It came on with a swelling in the big toe, accompanied by intense pain. Gradually the swelling extended to my limbs and then to my whole body, accompanied by pain which made my life a burden. A doctor was called in but he did not help me. Then another and another until I had four different medical men to see me, one of them the most skilled physicians in the province. Yet my case seemed to puzzle every one of them, and none of them gave me more than the merest temporary relief. One doctor said the trouble was inflammation of the bone. Another said it was aggravated sciatica and gout. The other two called it by other names, but whatever it was none of them helped me. By this time I had got so low and weak that I could not lift hand or foot if it would save my life, and no one expected to see me get better. In fact the doctor said if I sank any lower I could not live.

And yet here I am to-day as well as ever I was in my life. While I was at the lowest a minister called to see me and asked why I did not try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had tried so many remedies and had spent so many dollars in medicine and I hardly thought it worth while to experiment anymore. However, I was persuaded to try them and after using a few boxes there was some improvement. By the time I had used a dozen boxes I was again perfectly well, and able to do all the work that falls to the lot of a farmer's wife. All this I owe to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I think that after what they have done for me I am justified in recommending them to others." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills give new life and richness to the blood and rebuild shattered nerves, thus driving out disease due to either of these two causes, and this means that they effect a cure in a large percentage of the troubles which afflict mankind. Some unscrupulous dealers imitate on the public imitations of this great medicine. The genuine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk or by the hundred or ounce, or any form except in the company's boxes, the wrapper around which bears the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." No matter what the color of any pill offered in any other shape, it is bogus. These pills cure when other medicines fail.

A preacher who had divided his sermon into numerous divisions and sub-divisions, quite exhausted the patience of his auditors who, finding night approaching, quitted the church one after another. The preacher, not perceiving this rapid desertion, continued to dispute with himself in the pulpit, until a singing-boy, who remained, said: "Sir, here are the keys of the church; when you have finished, will you be careful to shut the door?"

Our Watchword is "Advance."

We have enlarged our facilities for doing ladies' wear and are now in a position to laundry perfectly all muslin, P. K. and duck fabrics. Ungars Laundry, Dyeing & Carpet Cleaning works, 28 to 34 Waterloo street. Phone 58.

Alice (sobbing)—"What can be more cruel and heartrending than the disappointment a girl suffers when she discovers that her ideal is unworthy, that her cherished idol has but feet of clay?" Kitty (consoling)—"It is terrible, my dear; and Mr. Notman's feet were the biggest part of him."

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.