

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 24

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

TO REMOVE CONTAGION.

Recently a congress held its sessions at Berlin which had for its subject a matter fraught with great possibilities for the whole human race. This was the congress for the prevention of tuberculosis. It had the encouragement of the German royal family and the warm approval and blessing of Queen Victoria, and it deserved the prayers of all who have felt the scourge of the most widely spread and deadly of diseases. If the peace congress at The Hague should by some happy move abolish all wars, the lives of some 1,000,000 men, let us assume, would be saved each decade; but if tuberculosis could be prevented many more lives than that would be saved in that time in America alone, and in the whole world the figures would be immense. If an army should invade England regularly each ten years and kill 700,000 men, women and children, the civilized world would stand aghast; yet that is what tuberculosis and its kindred diseases do, and until this decade no way of prevention has been open. For several years we have known the bacillus that generates this disease, and it is the highest ambition of medical savants to solve the problem of killing the bacillus without injuring the patient or to so inoculate a person as to render him impervious to the assaults of the disease germ. This was the broad object of the Berlin conference: to discuss the subject in all its bearings, to investigate the systems of those who think they have found the cure, to compare notes on the disease and its connection with the germ. Great Britain, Germany, France and the United States lose 510,000 persons each year from the assaults of this invisible army of germs. No wonder that Queen Victoria gave her blessing to the conference which sought to discover means of defence. That end was not expected nor attained at the Berlin meeting but progress was made, and there is every reason to believe that the problem will be solved within a very few years, and one more great item be added to the debt which mankind owes to the medical profession.

No news of importance has come this week from the peace conference at The Hague, but the delegates and committees are busy, and the coming week may record some definite advance, other than the extension of the principles of the Geneva convention, now practically agreed upon. While these representative men debate the steps towards universal peace, England and the Transvaal are stirring the mud of discontent, the United States is waging a foreign war which is unwelcome to its people, but threatens to drag on for many months. Russia has adopted severe measures towards Finland, punitive expeditions are threading the African jungles, England and the United States hesitate to refer their dispute over the Alaskan boundary to arbitration, and Norway and Sweden and Austria and Hungary are two discordant households. This does not look like an early coming of universal peace, but that is no reason for the conference to be a failure. Any move in the right direction, in favor of the Geneva principle or of permanent arbitration tribunals for instance, will fully repay the cost and trouble of the assembly. The prevention of one small war would pay the expenses of many such conferences.

Patriotic Boers of Pretoria have determined to honor President KRUGER by a Colossal monument. The doughty President is hardly an ideal figure for the

sculptor, and the artist's position will be an unenviable one even if the famous hat is omitted. President KRUGER has steered the Transvaal through rough waters but he is making a mistake in his present defiant attitude towards England. He is in a position to make England much trouble but England is sure of victory in the end.

A young Englishman not yet past his majority, has invented a remarkable electrical gun for which the government has offered him \$375,000. It is more deadly than anything yet invented being comparatively small and light though superior in power to the great monsters of the coast defence. At least this is the report that comes by cable. Later developments may show that it is no such wonder at all.

Nearly half a million ounces of gold were produced in March by the Rand mines in South Africa, an average of nearly \$100,000,000 per year, or more than the entire production of the world in 1883.

The non-treating law is in force in some parts of P. E. Island, and two men were fined \$5 each the other day for breaking it.

The weather and the Tourist Association don't seem to be on the most friendly terms this season.

GOOD ENOUGH TO PRINT AGAIN.

Sagamore Paul is Told How the People's Park is Managed.

Mr. Belding of the Sun has said some good things in his talks with the "Sagamoor" Mr Paul, but none of them are better than this. Speaking to Mr. Paul he said "It has been decided that so far as Rockwood Park is concerned the Sabbath shall be respected. You may go to the park and eat grass, or lie down on your stomach and drink out of Lily Lake but you must keep your sacrilegious hands off the Sabbath."

"I got very dry out there," said Mr. Paul. "So do a great many people," replied the reporter. "I saw a delicate looking lady drinking germs out of a dish that had been used a minute before by an Armenian pedlar with tuberculosis. But if the anti-consumption association say a word about it they will be fined for prying at the foundations of religion and morality."

Mr. Paul stiffened the muscles of his hand as if he felt a scalp under his fingers, but said nothing.

"The Sabbatarian crusade has had one good effect," said the reporter. "The directors of the horticultural association do not ask their household help to do any work on Sundays now. You see they were forced to adopt this course in order to be consistent. If one of them, for instance, paid a girl to provide food for him and another to wait on him at table on Sunday, he could not consistently object to me buying a biscuit, or a cup of milk for my child from an attendant in the tea house at the park. For the same reason, he is debarred from having milk left at his door by the milkman on Sunday morning. To take that milk, which he would have to pay for, and drink it, would be the same as buying a glass of milk in the park on Sunday, and that would paralyze the hand of reform. So every Saturday evening the directors of the association call their help around them and say something like this: "Dear helper—for the good of your souls and the welfare of the world at large, we give you freedom from toil till Monday morning. The Sabbath must be observed and guarded. It is our desire that you go with us to the park tomorrow and enjoy yourselves with thank-giving, while we eat grass and drink germs and thank God that we live in an age of Christian enlightenment."

"But sposen," said Mr. Paul, "you take out your papposes to that park. They git hungry—they git thirsty."

"It is written, and it will be written over the gates of the park as soon as the directors can get around to it, 'Blessed are they which hunger and thirst,' replied the reporter.

He Wasn't Particular.

A good story is told of a letter which was sent by a prisoner in the jail to the American Laundry in which he reminded the proprietors that his father and brother had been customers of the establishment but that at the present time he was not in a position to send them anything as he had no shirt. He made a suggestion that if there was an old shirt about the place they would send it to him. He wasn't particular under the circumstances what the size was, 15, 15-2 or 16. He got the shirt.

For Summer Outings

Have your muslins, cambrics and P. K's laundered at Ungar's. You're sure of getting satisfaction. Ungar's Laundry, Dyeing & Carpet Cleaning works, 28 to 34 Waterloo street. Phone 58.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

A Woman's Love.

The night was dark and the wind was high,
And black as black could be;
And never a star was in the sky,
To shine on the howling sea.
A smuggler's craft the hurricane bore,
On the Island of Miquelon;
It was worse than death to seek the shore,
Or to live out the gale alone.

But one there was who would venture out,
Who was to become his bride,
Though the mad mad sea threw her about
On the surge of the flowing tide,
Taking a single skiff from the rock,
Or shelter beside the shore;
She flew away with the billows shock
Holding a steering oar.

I'll save his life if I lose my own,
Or together we two will die;
And out in the midnight she swept alone,
Under the inky sky.
She held her course as the gale increased;
To the fearful speed it went;
In the hollow cry from the cold north east
Ard the strain of the swelling sail.

Down deep down in the sea caves cold,
And now on the mountain's white;
Death in her womanly soul he hold,
Till she came on his plunging light.
She called aloud and her anguished sprang,
To the side of his raking rail:
The scream of the sea wind to him sang,
And he knew the dipping sail.

"It's Margie Murdoch my Margie true,
O God of the shouting wave;
In the name of Heaven what won't she do;
Whose spirit is strong and brave.
"Aye Allyn Larone it is even me,
And true to my heart I've come;
To tell this night ye must here agree,
With me, and with my com' home."

She passed to him in the Arabelle,
And he clasped her in his arms,
Sharp lightning fired the ocean's swell,
In the following loud alarms.
Closer still and a loving kiss,
In greeting their warm lips met;
Death has no terrors where love like this,
Such dangers can all forget.

But quickly there came a blinding flash,
Fighting the sea and land;
And close above them a thunder crash,
Over them where they stand.
It tore the craft from her anchor deep,
It crossed her in burning flame;
And off and away o'er the sea they sweep,
Standing there still the same.

Over the night seas far and near,
The red craft still is seen;
Two together seem standing there,
On deck as they first had been.
When twilight deepens to shadows gray,
And the wild dark storm comes on;
The ships that pass by the Phantom say
Its the smuggler of Miquelon.

Never a wrong can make a right,
Though a woman's soul be true;
Whatever is crime in the Master's sight,
Her loving can ne'er undo.
Her burden of sorrow is still from man,
And the law must still remain;
Whatever is born of an evil plan,
Shall perish in sharpest pain.

CYRUS GOLDB.

Cliff Surf, June 1899.

Keep a Steppin' to de Band.

If you want to make connection in a heavenly direction
Yo' hea' de halleluyah trumpet sound,
Yo' hab got to keep a walkin', keep yo' feet ob'ber knockin'.
Got to keep 'em patti' jaba an' de ground.
If yo' lairs dey git a achin' an' yo' knees dey git a shakin'.
An' yo' craw's a runnin' mighty short ob' ssa i,
An' yo' eyes dey git a leakin', doan yo' nevah, nevah—
Keep a steppin' to de music ob' de band.

Poom-pah poom-pah poom-pah poom-pah,
Lissen to de ol' bass bo'n,
It's a gwine to be a tootin'
When de planets an' a shootin'
An' a bustin' on de resurrection mo'n,
It's a tellin' yo' to hurry,
An' to nevah, nevah worry
March n' upwad' to de happy promis' land,
But yo' got to keep a goin',
Keep a heellin' an' a toein',
To de music ob' de halleluyah band.

When de resurrection thundeh splits creation all asunder,
An' de lightin' am a flashin' in de sky,
When de watahs ob' de ocean git into a wild commotion,
An' de buzzards to de wildnesses fly,
Ask de blessed Lawd to guide you, lo' to come an' ma'ch beside yo'.
Fo' to hurry down an' take yo' by de hand;
Dean yo' nevah, nevah falthen, keep a clingin' to de
An' a steppin' to de music ob' de band.

Poom-pah poom-pah poom-pah poom-pah,
Lissen to de ol' bass bo'n,
It's a gwine to be a tootin'
When de planets an' a shootin'
An' a bustin' on de resurrection mo'n,
It's a tellin' yo' to hurry,
An' to nevah, nevah worry
March n' upwad' to de happy promis' land,
But yo' got to keep a goin',
Keep a heellin' an' a toein',
To de music ob' de halleluyah band.

The Wainacet Mouse.

A mouse has come to live with me,
And when the house is still,
And when the shadows of the night
Creep round the window sill,
I hear his nibble in the wall,
Or from his hole he looks,
And runs about the cheery hearth
To scan my chimney nooks.

Say, what am I, who, in God's house,
Ask, oh, so much of worth,
That I should suit my humble door
To this poor child of earth!
Are pride and greed and vanity
So noble in God's sight
That I should drive away the mouse
And sit alone to-night?

—C. G. B.

George Davis in Honolulu.

Wood has been received from Honolulu which indicates that George A. Davis, a well known young lawyer who sifored considerable amusement here has been giving the people of that Pacific Isle something to talk about. He was before the court for contempt and the judge sentenced him to a nominal imprisonment or \$50 fine. That was enough to start George and he expressed his opinion of his honor in plain terms. The judge was on hand too and he replied "And for further contempt the counsel has just committed I do order that he be committed to jail for ten days without option of a fine." George's reply is not known.

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

INVITED HER TO DINE.

A HALIFAX MASHER LIKED LOTTIE WILLIAMS' WAYS.

But When he Invited her to Dine and Have a Good Time He Met Her Husband in the Hotel Corridor and Came to Grief and Frightful Punishment.

Manager Salter of the W. S. Harkins Company arrived in town on Thursday and is arranging for the appearance of the company in this city next Thursday, Friday and Saturday. He had an experience in Halifax which was new to him and which was aptly described in the Halifax papers. In one of them it is interesting reading. It says:

There was a sensational scene in the corridor of the Halifax hotel Friday afternoon, one in which the spectators took much interest while it was being enacted, but in which they took a still deeper interest afterwards when they learned of what had led up to the affair and ascertained the names of the parties involved.

It was a matter of deep surprise to a young man of decidedly military bearing when a gentlemanly-looking individual stepped up to him quickly and suddenly asked him a question—which he seemed to answer quite readily—and then knocked him to the marble corridor with a blow between the eyes.

The military looking young man gathered his shocked and dazed senses together, picked himself up, and ejaculated a remark which to those near by appeared to be of an inquiring nature.

The remark had no sooner been uttered than the other man struck out again, hit the speaker in the self-same forehead, and down he went again.

The victim of the attack had not even as much as say this time as when he collected his scattered senses and his injured dignity a few minutes before, and rose to his feet. In fact, if he had anything whatever to say, important or otherwise, he decided that the time was not propitious for putting it into words.

With the angry looking assailant glaring down upon him, he got to his feet with as little delay as possible, and without waiting to express his feelings, made a quick dash for the hotel door. A moment later his rapidly retreating figure passed in front of the big windows as he hurriedly made his way down the street.

The man who struck the fugitive did not take the trouble to follow, but after seeing the object of the assault disappear through the doorway he turned about and made his way to the upper part of the hotel.

The cause of the trouble was a most indiscreet and foolish note sent to one of the hotel rooms by the party who suffered the personal indignity and physical pain of being pounded and floored in the public corridor.

Shortly before the exciting incident just described was enacted, the young man was seen to enter the hotel writing room and take a seat at a desk. A few minutes later, having failed to ascertain from the "register" something he wanted to know, he called a bell-boy and despatched him upstairs with a note addressed to "Miss Lottie Williams," the charming and estimable young lady who, as the soubrette of the Harkins company, has proved a highly entertaining performer for the patrons of the Academy of Music during the past week.

It may not be generally known to the public, but it is nevertheless a fact, that "Miss Williams" is the wife of manager Salter of the Harkins company. While she possesses the ability to make herself a favourite with the theatre audiences, something which every true actress aims to become, and in accomplishing which they feel deservedly proud, Mrs Salter in private life is a thorough lady and a devoted wife, with a devoted husband. She has no time to spare for the theatre "masher," as the one in this case quickly and to his sorrow discovered. Like his wife Mr. Salter usually has no time to spare for gentlemen of this description, but yesterday afternoon he had a few moments of leisure which he thought he would devote to the party who called at the Halifax and sent the note upstairs.

Had the youth whose appearance smacked of army experience known of a husband, in all probability he would not have been at the hotel yesterday afternoon, at least not on the mission which took him there. Probably he had been misinformed.

The existence of the husband, and one who was fully able to look after the interests of his personal and treasured possessions, was made evident—painfully evident to the young man on conquest bent—shortly after the afore-mentioned note disappeared upstairs in the custody of the bell-boy.

It is not recorded whether it was Mr. Salter or the bell-boy who got downstairs first. The victim of the tragedy does not know, but he is more than convinced of the effect produced by the missive in the apartments of Mr. and Mrs. Salter.

It was the theatrical manager who stepped up to the young man in the corridor and knocked him to the floor, after first asking him if he was the author of the note. The incident closed with the hurried departure of the headstrong individual, who will carefully nurse his bruised head-piece for several days, but will not be heard from again.

The note addressed to Miss Williams, it is understood, was an invitation to dine with the writer, who was altogether unknown to her. That was quite enough—more than enough—to justify Mrs. Salter in despatching her husband to decline the invitation in the fleetive manner described above.

July Number.

This number of the Delineator embraces an accurate and comprehensive forecast and review of fashion's most artistic aims and tendencies, a variety of literary features of singular excellence and discussions of universal interest on social and household themes. A powerful melodramatic story of the Tennessee mountains, by Francis Lynde is found in this number, and a picturesque sketch of lowly southern life is also presented in Uncle Pete's Holiday, by Jessie Beene Winston. An article by Mrs. J. Wier on Japanese Babies affords an agreeable insight into child life in the East. Art Handicrafts of American Women, by Julia Darrow Cowles, shows the high degree of success and profit artistic inclinations may be made to yield. An outline of an always inviting study is provided in a few notes on Palmistry, by Elizabeth L. Stevens. Exciting incidents of war days already out of mind are vividly recalled in an entertainment called A Council of War, by Antonia J. Stemple. Of more than usual household interest are the Domestic subjects: The Bride's First Home, by Edna S. Witherspoon, and the Dainty Souffle, by Amelia Sulzbacher. The discussions of vacation schools and outings for city children in Club Women and Club Life, by Helen M. Winslow, will suggest much to active club workers everywhere. The various summer schools for college students are considered in College News, by Carolyn Halstead. The number is filled with all that is interesting to women in every position of life.

Scotchmen in for a Frolic.

At Westfield on 1st July Clan MacKenzie will hold a Scotch gathering at which all the bonnie Scotch games, dances etc with Pipers galore will be much in evidence.

Sooty is a clanish man, and the pipes, the plaids, the bonnet and the feather makes the "Scots fluid hop in his veins" and he will be there. The members of the Clan will be in fine feather; the boy's Scotch company will be there in full highland costume, and aided by at least three pipers perform evolutions on the grounds. Sooty is a hungry man, therefore provision has been made so that he may "hae a richt quid-willie-waught," at moderate rates. A's for modern improvements! There will not be any barley ball, and any one wanting a "wee drappie ot." is invited to stay at home, as Sooty is a self-respecting man, having regard for public sentiment and the comfort of the lassies and weans and will not want to show a bad example. This gathering is not exclusively for scotchmen and any one looking for a good time cannot do better than attend.

An Old Acquaintance in Town.

Mr. Joseph MacNamara is in this city on a short vacation, the guest of his cousin, John Power. He will be remembered as a one time member of the Shamrock baseball team, but perhaps better still as the competitor of 2 1/2% in a close foot race which was done in very fast time. Mr. MacNamara is at present connected with the city government of Boston and has no need to "play ball" or sprint on the cinder.

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