

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, APRIL 29

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

NO SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

Under the bill passed in the legislature this week, there will be no Sunday steamboat excursions this year. The ideas of the country members seem to have been very strong upon this section and they carried their point. They object to those who live in the city leaving the town on Sunday to get a breath of their purer country air, and to make sure they will not do so by boat or train, they say that whoever carries them is liable to a heavy penalty. The line of difference which they draw between an excursion to a Sunday camp meeting and one to the same place for rest and recreation will amuse all of those who have a knowledge of what these excursions really have been on the St. John river. Many of the members of the house are interested in lumbering and they were exceedingly particular to have a clause inserted that tugs may move upon the river, rafts may be towed and all business of that sort go on. To interfere with personal gain would not be permitted. Such labor as that they would not consider servile. Street railway employes are not allowed a chance to rest. The people may ride as much and as often as they please upon these cars but they cannot board a steamer and sail up the river a few miles into the country. For half a dollar last year a poor man and his family could go up the river fifty or sixty miles, take their lunch with them and enjoy such a day as they could not otherwise. They were not thrown into contact with any rabble. They saw no sport, no baseball or dancing or anything of that nature but they drank in the pure clear air of the river and the country and were better for it. They returned healthier for the change and able to face the labor and responsibility of the week days. They can do this no longer but they can look from the hot city sidewalks at their richer citizens riding out of town in their carriages to enjoy the same pleasure that their paternal government has deprived them of. They are not prevented from enjoying the Sabbath as they please. There is no legislation to stop them. This is all wrong and we are convinced that if the members of legislature had been upon one of those Sunday "excursions" that they have put down they would agree with us that there was nothing objectionable in them. Nine out of ten of the people who patronized them would feel indignant if it was hinted that they were desecrating the Lord's day by going a few miles up the river.

Here in the city street railways may run from early morn until late at night, bus men may carry passengers to the By Shore, Duck Cove, or any where else all day long, livery stables may hire horses out to take citizens out the road where rum shops may ply their trade all day but the citizen who cannot afford these methods of observing the legislatures sabbath is debarred from the pleasant and health giving recreation of a trip on the river.

The baldhead row may become extinct if the reports concerning Dr. HODARA's experiments prove to be correct. Dr. HODARA is an Austrian physician who has invented a new process to be called capillary there or something of that sort. The doctor secured a few bald subjects for his experiments, and, after rubbing or injecting into the skin both antiseptics and anæsthetics, he ploughed little furrows in rows across the hairless areas. Then he pulled hair after hair from the head of some accommodating persons who had a few locks to spare and literally planted this borrowed plunage in the furrows he had made.

The experiment is said to have been successful.

The Marble Heart Anti-Matrimonial Association of Appleton, Wis., is not what might be called popular with the young women of that town. The bachelors who constitute this society pay an initiation fee of \$25 and annual dues of \$10. The accumulated funds are to go to the particular marble heart who longest resists the attractions of womankind. This provision seems to anticipate that marble hearts will prove to be as little fireproof as marble buildings. In spite of the implied tribute to their charms, the Appleton young women are said to be deeply indignant and to have vowed a solemn vow never to marry an Appletonian.

The speculating mania seems to have attacked Englishwomen with unusual violence this spring. Copper has been their favorite field. Four women have developed a rabid though somewhat belated Klondike fever. They have sent a woman agent to Dawson city to make fortunes for them all. The agent may be the only one to make much money out of it. She receives \$25 000 for her services. And gambling among London women is reported to be unusually heavy, whist, poker and bridge being the favorite games.

Chicago will have to look to its divorce laurels. The London Courts are burdened with cases involving matrimonial woes. Their are 221 of these cases awaiting trial 152 of them being undefended. Seventy-seven of the cases are actions for divorce brought by the wives. One hundred and fifteen husbands are seeking relief. The others are for separation or nullification of the marriage.

ANDY FREEDMAN, the political valet of Croker, put his foot into things amazingly when he was led into admissions that he was dividing his rake off from various enterprises. This is a good deal further than the boss allowed himself to be forced.

The Americans are not having things all their own way in the Philippines. They are beginning to taste a little of the bitterness of defeat.

The Reason for the Return.

A gentleman who conducts a bookstore in another part of the province has sent PROGRESS the following note for publication.

"Dear Sir:—I took a book once from you and now as I have become a Christian it is only right I should restore it in a measure. I am sorry ever I did it—the deed—morally speaking."

"Yours" In His Name."

The language of the note is rather curious but as there was an order for \$2.50 enclosed no one can doubt the intentions of the writer.

Visiting His Friends.

Mr. A. W. Myers of Myers Bros., is in the city calling upon his old friends. He has been in Nova Scotia all winter and looks in as good health and spirits as when he was here doing business.

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 Carrie Business University of this city will send free to any address a beautiful catalogue giving valuable information relative to the above subject.

This Is a Great Offer.

Any person sending a new subscription to this office with \$4.00 enclosed 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.

A Bright Idea.

A well known naval officer is given to making unusual remarks and apostrophizing out of the way matters for the benefit of his friends. His latest jewel of thought was called forth through seeing a sparrow standing on one leg on a telegraph wire, the other leg being drawn up to his body. The naval officer remarked, wisely: "How wonderful are the provisions of Nature! See that little bird on the wire, and note his extraordinary instinct. You see he has one leg drawn up under him so as to insulate himself from the current passing through the wire. How wonderful are the provisions of Nature!—Electrical Review.

A Theory.

"I wonder what impels so many of these well to do women to steal useless articles? I hardly know, unless they have a haunting fear of being poor some day and want to get in practice for the loaf of bread.

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

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Man With the Hoe.

MILLAIS. The night of toil has stars that never set, To whom who sees their golden splendor shine; Who though he works and in his flowing sweat, Has all for self and others too to get; Still in his soul looks up to the Divine.

We cannot make in this enlightened age, A burdened beast of him who tills the ground; The thorns and thistles spring in every clime, Obedient to His law whose heights sublime; Are only reached by patience most profound.

No idiot is he on whom that law, O Eden falls with ever burdened weight; Though sorrow must in every birth pang gnaw, The light of science lifts the hoe-man's jaw, The ground long cursed is every man's estate.

Until returning to the ground again; From which we came by one Almighty will; Conception shall be multiplied by pain, And voices from birth throats implore in vain; The first born sultan must bring its anguish still.

The light above has led the ploughman's plow, Has shone o'er him who leaned upon his hoe; With his highest glory on his upturned brow, He reads: hat love which unto men allow; The wisdom such true toils e'er know,

To one who holds the keys of Hell and Death, Though bent the shadow of the toiler's form; His soul within shall rise at his last breath, And leave like earth's offspring that beneath, Which crumbles into dust in life's last storm.

The night of toil o'er shadows all our race; It brings no degradation to the brave; The nobly do their duty in their place, A virtue great yon Heaven will ne'er efface; For that alone exists beyond the grave.

(TRAUS GOLDB. Orange Tree, April, 1899.

Another Case of Maud.

Maud Muller went on a summer day To try the old racket of raking hay. She'd heard how it swayed a Judge, and thought There might be another to be caught.

And off she glided down the lanes long course To see if he came on his piebald horse. But the Judge came not, nor a sleek court Clerk, Nor a constable to get in his work.

No even a chronic juror came To ask her to share his oft-called name. Yet she raked away with a tireless will, For Maud was a stayer from Stayerville!

Great blisters rose in her hands so fair, And hayseed lodged in her wind-tossed hair. But nary a Judge came riding by, And her swollen bosom was filled with a sigh.

One spark of hope in said bosom burned, That maybe the court hadn't yet adjourned. Or he might have halted to bear his face With a lawyer who'd got away with a case.

And yet she raked with untiring zeal, The damp sawdust trickling from head to heel. The spur-ras pricked at her zebra hose 'Neath the Southern breeze of her Sunday clothes.

The breeze blew on her bloomish cheeks And scattered the sweat into crisp-cross streaks. The sun sank lower adown the west, And the hope-star dimmed in Maudie's breast.

One last glance fixed she along the lane, Then sank on the stubble with a moan of pain! But she rose again with impromptu spring, For the stubble was sharp as a hornet's sting!

Then cried, as to splinters she stamped the rake; 'This hay did rake's a bloomin' fake!' 'The feller that writ that portry ought To be taken out an' fa'ally shot!

'Don't think no gal ever made a play To rake up a feller this a-way!' And she said as she limped to her home again, Her accents keyed to a note of pain: 'O'f all darned suckers that ever bit, I've a sneakin' idee that I am it!'

The Chinook. There comes to my heart this morning On the western breeze a wing, The chant of the crazy chinook, The drunken demon of spring:

'My home is the broad Pacific; But you'll cannot be at home, I spread my wings for a frolic And flew o'er the ocean's foam.

'I kissed the tops of the ranges And severed the Ice King's chain; I whispered of it has out valleys, And the waters wak ned again.

'I raced with them down the mountains, Barring boulders aside we'd fling; I called to the sleeping streamlets, 'Come, dance with the devil of spring!'

'They came with a rush and surge, They came with a leap and dash, With the roar of distant thunder, With the speed of the lightning flash.

'Down we raced through the gorges, Melting the ice and snow, And filled to its overflowing The Yeti's stone blow.

'The river itself grew drunken, Mad with chinook champagne; It burst the bridges man builded— Though steel, they were rent in twain.

'It played with the sleeping children— They never will wake more; It tossed strong men on its billows And left them, still, on the shore.

'There's nothing that can withstand us, As abroad together we fly, Abroad on our springtime frolic, The snow of the hills and I.

'For I am the harlequin chinook, And, the soft breeze of zephyr's wing, When I kiss the mountain ranges 'I'm the mischievous imp of spring.'

The Coast Patrol. Draw closer your o'iskin jacket To the swirling snow, For to-night's storm is the fiercest That ever the Cape did know. The fierce eye of the lighthouse, That has flashed its warnings far Out where the shipless breakers Are pounding the seething bar, Has been fast closed by the pelting Of snow and blinding sleet, What light is there now for his vessel A waif from the scattered fleet?

Go down on the wreck-strewn beaches Where the sea gulls up and dead; Perchance there will be one living When the hungry waves are fed. Go up on the reelin' headlands, Where the sand and sleet fly fast, Propelled by a thousand furies, Pursued by the shrieking blast.

And list for the boom of the cannon When the tempt has passed the breath; Where the mad waves are mightily leaping There are men face to face with death. Then fight your way to the life crew, Those seamen true and brave Who will battle the wildest billows, Fear not! they are lives to save.

May the God who rules above us Save to-night from the storm's wild wrath Both the sailor and the ly'ardman Patrolling his weck strewn path. —George A. Cowen.

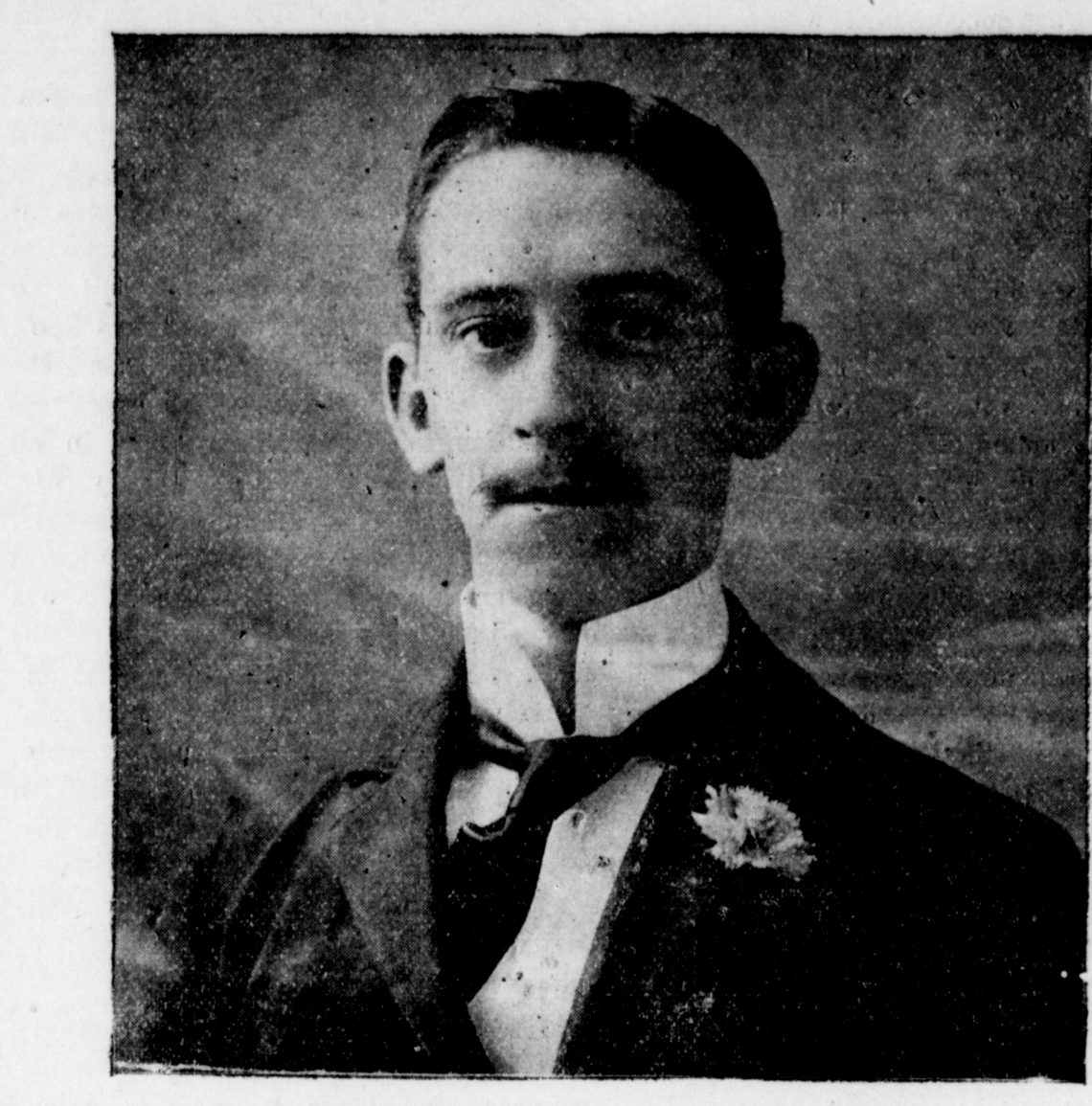
ROYAL BAKING POWDER ABSOLUTELY PURE Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

HOW BROTHERS ARE OUT.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.) fore it could be completed, a hemorrhage occurred and it was never signed. Three weeks after the funeral, the family and solicitor met, and the unsigned document was considered. Mr. Vanwart told them it was not a will but a request. It was read and its provision respecting a division of the property was such that Will and Alf objected. Various suggestions were made but to no purpose and from

first time, but when a woman gets so aged that her grandson pyses her fare she's ancient, sure enough.

New Discoveries (Hampton Court). Hampton Court Palace is constantly yielding up hidden treasures of artistic and antiquarian interest, and considering the wonderful intricacies of Wolsey's high chateau it is not surprising that every now and again "finds" of great historical value are brought to light. Some time ago the great Cardinal's private room was disclosed to public view, and now comes the



HARRY SULLIVAN, Son of Henry Sullivan, Drowned off the Coast of Florida.

at that time the trouble has continued to produce a great division between the brothers.

Before his father died, Will says the Rev. Mr. Payson was called in, and the old gentleman said in process of conversation that Will should have 2/3rds of the property as it then stood.

One part of the request was that the carriage works should be continued under the firm name of John Edgecombe & Sons this property being held by Will, Alf, and Norman.

Matters reached a climax when Van Buskirk was asked to give up the keys by Will. He was out for a time but returned later, and Will says he does not know how the business was conducted, or whether the firm made or lost money.

After some time the books were placed in the hands of another accountant, and Will says though he held them for four years, he did not give any account to him of how the business was going.

Then yesterday the trouble reached a climax, and it is likely the law courts will be appealed to. The factory property was purchased some time since by Fred at public sale, and yesterday he wanted possession of it and there was some difficulty about the matter. So it stands.

It Made her Feel Old.

Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Smith met on an Illinois Central suburban train, homeward bound from a morning of shopping. Mrs. is 35 and a mother; Mrs. Smith 65 and a grandmother.

'My dear Mrs. Smith,' said Mrs. Jones, 'how well you are looking, I declare, you are the youngest-looking woman for your age I know. It seems to me you have taken off several years every time I meet you. Have you discovered the magic fountain?'

'My dear,' replied Mrs. Smith, 'you mean well and I'm obliged to you, but I feel an old, old woman today.'

'Why do you emphasize 'today?'

'Well, it's this way: I started to come down town this morning feeling as gay as a girl of 20. At the station I met my grandson. He's only 13, but he's as big as some men. I suppose the sight of him should have sobered me and made me realize what a landmark I am, but it didn't and I kept on feeling young and frisky until the conductor came along.'

'What on earth did the conductor have to do with it?'

'Why, that boy pulled out his commutation ticket, handed it to the conductor, and said, quite as a matter of course: 'Two.' Goodness knows I felt old enough when my eldest son paid my fare for the

announcement of an extraordinary discovery of what may prove to be an artistic treasure. A large number of the pictures there are in course of removal. Underneath the canvas and paper with which the walls were covered was what appeared to be painting. Subsequent careful examination showed that three sides of a room which measures 41 feet by 34 feet, were adorned with very fine paintings, in a very fair state of preservation, but disfigured by hundreds of holes caused by the nails which had been driven into the walls to hang the pictures. The ceiling of this apartment is painted by Verrio, and represents Queen Anne in the character of Justice. Whether the paintings on the walls are by the same artist has not transpired, but it is probable that they are. It has been decided to fill up the holes with suitable material and to engage the services of a well known artist to repair the paintings and as far as possible to restore them to their original condition.—London Daily News.

So Dignitely Put.

A certain artist (a friend of the writer) who is distinguished for his extreme obesity, none the less than for his sensitiveness of disposition, had a somewhat disheartening experience the other day. He had occasion to show some specimens of his portraiture to a number of friends, among whom was a gentleman of the self-made order.

The latter, not being aware of his proclivities, exhibited astonishment, and somewhat ingenuously inquired— 'Are you an artist?'

He modestly affirmed that he was, and is now slowly recovering from the effects of the reply.

'Well, I always thought you was a butcher.'

Woman's Mission.

'It would appear that woman's mission on earth is to shop and annoy shopkeepers,' remarked a provision merchant the other day.

'How do you make that out?' asked a friend.

'Well, yesterday a woman called here and asked to sample some cheeses. She tasted no less than five different makes, and then coolly said she'd take a quarter-pound.'

'And did you supply her?'

'Did I? I simply said: 'My good woman, you've got it already,' and attended to another customer. I don't think she'd annoy me again!'

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