

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

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THE PREROGATIVES OF THE QUEEN.

How few people there are who really have an idea of the power of the rulers in Europe, what their rights and privileges are and how far they can oppose the wishes of the people with safety?

This seems to have occurred to Mr. R. P. DORMAN and in a volume entitled the mind of the nation he gives us an admirable idea at least of British government. The prerogatives of the Crown in England are not known to many people outside of that country. We in Canada have an idea that the wishes of Her Majesty are carried out. Mr. DORMAN sets us right on many doubtful points.

For example, the author sets forth as the two principles applying to the reigning monarch that the sovereign is pre-eminence and the "King can do no wrong." No saying bearing on the nature of royalty has caused more unfavorable comment than the second of these. But read the author's explanation of its true significance:

If the acts of the King are contrary to law, they are subject to reversal on that ground. The statute states "that the laws of England are the birthright of the people thereof, and all the Kings and Queens who shall ascend the throne of this realm ought to administer the government of the same according to the said laws: and all their officers and Ministers ought to serve them respectively according to the same, and therefore all the laws and statutes of the same now in force are ratified and confirmed accordingly." The coronation oath expresses that the duty of the monarch to the people is, (1) to govern according to law; (2) to execute judgment in mercy; (3) to maintain the established Protestant religion. Prof. DICEY maintains that the maxim, "The King can do no wrong," as now interpreted by the courts, means in the first place that by no proceeding known to the law can the king be made personally responsible for an act done by him; and secondly, that no one can plead the orders of the Crown, or of any superior officer, in defence of an act not otherwise justifiable by law. A subject may petition the King in the High Court of Justice. Both houses of parliament have frequently petitioned and remonstrated with the King, and during the reigns of Charles I and James II, absolutely neglected their authority. Since most of the power of the sovereign is now vested in the cabinet, the blame for doing wrong falls on the heads of its members, and is expressed in an adverse vote in one or both of the houses of parliament. If the Commons pass a vote of censure, Ministers at once resign and appeal to the opinion of the country by means of a general election.

It will be seen that most of the acts of the sovereign power now originate with the Ministers, but acquire their operative vitality from the assent of the monarch. The President of the United States for instance, appoints foreign Ambassadors by and with the consent of the Senate. The Queen of England appoints them on the advice of her Prime Minister and her Minister for Foreign Affairs. The sovereign in like manner makes war and peace with the advice to her ministers. The veto right is vested in the sovereign, who has the power to dismiss the cabinet if it insists on measures repugnant to the throne. If parliament will not support the new ministers the king can dissolve it and appeal to the country. It is accepted as a law that the sovereign must give effect to the acts

of a ministry when these are supported by the nation.

The British judiciary originates with the Crown, which is the fountain of justice. The Justices of the High Court, are appointed by the sovereign on the recommendation of the Lord Chancellor, and the latter appoints the Justices of the Peace for the counties on the advice of the Lord Lieutenant. The conferment of honors in the shape of rank and title rests with the monarch. There is no limit to the number of English peers, but there is a limit in Scotland and Ireland.

A PROPHECY OF THIERS.

Men doubt sometimes the genius of M. THIERS for foreign affairs, but he certainly had a rare insight into the position of foreign states. In January, 1871, he told his friends that they were all at sea as to the resources of Great Britain, which he maintained had in India a separate reserve of strength, and ventured upon this most remarkable prophecy: "Whenever England in conflict with a foreign power Europe will see her colonies rally round and cooperate with her. Without the slightest expense to her they will equip their soldiers, their only ambition being to show their close union with her and to demonstrate that their strength and energy are at her disposal just as her enormous resources are at theirs. I predict this in spite of your smile of incredulity, and although perhaps none of us will live to witness it." At this moment a force of colonial troops, invaluable in quality and by no means inconceivable in numbers, is fighting for the Queen in South Africa. There was probably at the same time no man in Europe, England included, who shared M. THIERS'S acute prevision.

The events of the week include the sudden and tragic death of the King of Italy. The death of the Duke of Edinburgh, the second son of Queen Victoria and the sensational but more reassuring news from the Chinese capital, which seems to give hope for the safety of the Europeans there. King Humbert was one of nature's noblemen. Although a ruler of the people he was at all times one of them, entering with enthusiasm into all projects that influenced them for good. He was well loved by his subjects and his death has not only cast a gloom over Italy but every nation in Europe who see less safety than ever for crowned heads from fanatical anarchists.

The first of August the date fixed for the completion of the repairs to the fountain on King Square has passed and still there is no immediate prospect that the people can enjoy the sight and sound of the waters playing in this pleasant recreation spot.

The Iceman Registers a Kick.

An iceman, that is the real, genuine juggler of the glacial cakes, told PROGRESS on Thursday that the fellow who wrote that one popular song relating to his class of laborers should be caged as a maniac. "Yes, indeed, how would you like to be the iceman?" he said contemptuously, as he selected a life-size cake of the cold stuff from the big yellow cart. "Here's an old woman in this house who would drop dead if I didn't lug her ice clear up to the back stoop, two stories in the air, and the lady next door besides having me risk my life in piloting the ice into the cellar and right into the refrigerator, always grumbles about the size of the cake. There's a crank customer on G— street weighs the ice every time for fear she's being cheated, and makes me stay till she weighs it, and there's not a day passes but what some father or big brother wants to punch my head, because kid of theirs has fallen off the back of the cart, after stealing the ice chips."

How would you like to be the iceman? Oh, it's a snap all right, all right. Nit!

Another Poor Husband.

Frederick street, Marsh Bridge, for a small thoroughfare is getting its name up as a scene of domestic upheavals. Only a short while an American wife living on that street fled from her "other" husband, who was in town, taking with her her second spouse and child. Now a case almost the same has arisen. A country maiden, who before she left the village was doubtless shy, has administered the mellow hocking laugh to her poor bewildered sterner half, and is now included among Fredericton's fair citizenship. She had visited the capital prior to her running away, and saw so much to charm her there that her own husband and husband were liberally discounted. So she simply waited away, that's all.

The Firebell is Musically Inclined.

When the 62nd band was starting off from the head of King street last Monday morning on their St. Stephen excursion, an amusing thing happened, which for a

time threatened to demoralize the whole music-making group. The command "quick march" was given and the musicians stepped off. Then two of the three warning beats on the bass drum, but the sound of the third and final beat was smothered by the 7 o'clock clang of the big fire alarm. It fitted in so perfectly from a bandman's standpoint that some of the redcoats turned around to see it some new instrument was being introduced among them. Although the third drum beat was not heard the bandmen took their cue from the fire bell, and striking up a lively march, proceeded down the hill, although it was fully a block before some of the most amused ones could control their puckering lips.

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good laundry work of course. You like the proper stiffness and pliable button holes. You don't like the other kind and we don't blame you. We can suit you. UNGAR'S LAUNDRY DYEING AND CARPET CLEANING WORKS, Phone 58.

How Could They.

She—People do not often marry their first loves, as no doubt you have noticed. He—No, I suppose they don't often, at least not more than once.

JOYS AND WOES OF OTHER PLACES.

Cows Can't Find Pasture There.

Two hundred pounds of milk are sent daily from Artignish to Sydney and North Sydney, each town taking one hundred pounds. Twelve cans are also sent every day from Stewiacke to Sydney.

Ottawa Terribly Described.

Ottawa was described by a Toronto man the other day as being a saw mill town during six months in the year and a jaw-mill town for the balance. The fact that the saws and the jaws were working at the same time may account for some of the jangling at the last session of Parliament.

Wood Hawks are Joyous.

Freights on hard coal have gone up and an advance in price of hard coal in the United States has taken place. These two important features of the hard coal trade being both on the move up dispel any hope of lower prices on this fuel later on in the season. Higher prices are bound to rule. Stocks of hard coal at present held in the city are small and prices must advance as soon as the higher rates on coal and freight are paid.

What Yankee Sympathy is Worth.

The Boer Sympathizers of Washington collected for the benefit of Boer widows and orphans, while the "delegates" were in that city, \$1,134.38. Of this sum \$550 was used in the payment of the "delegates' hotel bill, \$583.38 for fire works, wine, hack fare, etc., leaving \$18 for the "widows and orphans, which is such an insignificant sum that it will never be forwarded. What a blessed thing is charity—for the custodian of the fund.

Stars and Stripes Blackballed.

The Union Jack ought to be good enough for Canadians to hoist. The people of this country ought to get over the habit of hoisting the Stars and Stripes just to show their good feeling for a coyote nation upon whom good feeling is wasted, and they ought to let the Yankee flag rot in the basements of the stationary stores until our dear American cousins learn, at any rate to treat the Union Jack with respect. When they learn that lesson Canadians can trot out their favorite brands of toleration again and again and take to flying the Stars and Stripes alongside a better looking flag.

This Scheme Seems to Work.

Some of our subscribers who have paid subscription fees during the past week have requested that their names may not appear in print. We hope that none of our friends have been deterred from settling on this account. If so we beg to state now that in any case where the subscriber has objections to his name appearing in our "roll of honor" it is not necessary to refrain from paying amount due, as we are always willing to make exceptions in this particular when desired. Seriously we do need money just now.

Another Way of Looking at It.

Woman is often referred to by man as "doubling his joys and halving his sorrows." That may be complimentary, but it would seem to be rather hard on the women. For in plain terms it means that where things are going well with the man his wife makes them go better. But when things are going ill with him, he expects his wife to share half his burden.

The "Devil" Got Into This Office.

Litigation in which considerable local interest is being taken, is in progress between Thomas S. Farnham and Valentine A. Landry, of Weymouth, concerning the plant with which the Free Press and L'Evangeline were formerly printed, the property, as it is alleged of Farnham. A six years agreement between these parties expired a few days ago, and Farnham removed the printing machines from the building, which was held by Landry, and left part of them near by over night, but next morning some parts of the big press were not to be found. As one missing part weighed several hundred pounds it was clear no enterprising printer's apprentice had appropriated it for old junk, Farnham commenced an action of replevin in which Landry was defendant and the sheriff after a weary search found the missing cross piece down the well with eight feet of water over it.

Has the Gazette Flopped Again?

The St. John Gazette, which supported the Conservative party at the last general elections, publishes a caustic criticism of some I. C. R. officials. After speaking of delays in locating missing freight the Gazette says: "The positions are mostly filled by men appointed by the former government and it is little wonder that persons who use the road and are supporters of the present administration argue that some officials appear anxious to make the road as unpopular as possible."

Chairs Boasted One, Spine's Perforated, Dugal, 17 Waterloo.

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

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

They Come! The Merry Summer Months. They come! the merry summer months of beauty, They come! the glad months that bring thick leafiness to bowers. Up, up, my heart! and walk abroad; fling care and care aside; Seek silent hills, or rest thyself where peaceful waters glide— Or, underneath the shadow vast of patriarchal tree Scan through its leaves the cloudless sky in rapt tranquillity.

The grass is soft, its velvet touch is grateful to the foot; And, like the kiss of maiden love, the breeze is sweet and bland; The daisy and the buttercup are nodding courtously; It stirs their blood with kindest love, to bless and welcome thee; And mark how with their own thin locks—they now are silvery gray— That luscious breeze is wantoning, and whispering, "Be gay!"

There is no cloud that sails along the ocean of your sky; But hark its own wing'd mariners to give its melody; Thou seest their glittering fans outspread, all gleaming like red gold; And hark! with shrill pipe musical, their merry course they hold. God bless them all, those little ones, who, far above this ear, Can make a scoff of its mean joys, and vent a nobler mirth!

Good Lord, it is a gracious boon for thought-crazed wight like me; To smell again these summer flowers beneath this summer tree! To suck once more in every breath their little soul's away. And feed my fancy with fond dreams of youth's bright summer day. When rushing forth like untamed colts, the reckless trusty boy Wanders through greenwoods all day long, a mighty heart of joy!

I'm sadder now, I have had cause; but, oh I'm proud to think That each pure joy font, loved of yore I yet delight to drink; Least, blossom, blade, hill, valley, stream the calm, Still mingle music with my dreams, as in the days gone by. When summer's loveliness and light fall round me dark and cold, I'll bear indeed the heaviest curse—a heart that wax'd old!

The Old Home.

It seems to listen there pathetically hoary, For old hushed voices in the foliage-str; About its gallery clings the morning-glory— Pity in blossom for the dreams that were. The elder blooms among the noisome rushes Like some white thought yet in a soul of sin; And a red rose beside the wrecked gate blushes, But where are those who breathed its fragrance in? In youth the catbird woke us from our slumbers With calls from haunts of blooming orchard trees; Day was a lyric of melodious numbers; Night held but hints of paradisaic peace But where we romped, now suns the wary lizard, Where love spoke low, the wild hawk builds its nest. Where hope throbb'd buoyant, Memory the wizard, Wanders alone, white-faced, with heaving breast. What visions came and garnished all the ceiling, Giving their rainbow tints to plain gray walls, While unname songs came o'er us gently stealing, An soft as sounds of dreamland waterfalls Old homestead! Though pathetically hoary, Whatever joy we've seen or yet may see,— You tell the sweetest part of lifetime's story, The dearest days are those that used to be.

A Woman's Postscript.

In epistolary matters—I have heard it o'er and o'er— Critics say a woman's postscript is a humbug and a bore; And just between ourselves, to this admission I give place, I've always thought them quite a shallow waste of time and space.

I'd have you know, too, I'm an expert in matters such as this, For I've played postal battledore with many and And may a mile of melodious numbers; And just between ourselves, to this admission I give place, I've always thought them quite a shallow waste of time and space.

Today, however a letter came from her I hold supreme. And now I think a postscript is epistolary cream For this is how she did her latest specimen express "P. S.—I failed to mention I've concluded to say 'yes.'"

What is Life?

"What is life?" I ask the child, who romps through all the happy day, Without a care, without a cloud to mar the sunshine of his life. No thought has he of days to come, of sorrows and bitter strife. He looks at me bewildered first then answers, "Life is play."

"What is life?" I ask the youth, who looks up at the sky above, And sees therein the promise fair of all that earth holds dear to him. Naught reck he now of blasted hopes, of withered heart and eyes made dim By tears that come when hope is dead. He answers gayly, "Life is love."

"What is life?" I ask the man whose brave face no shadows lurk; Whose days are filled with healthful toil; whose plans reach out and compass all That man holds dear—"his duty's call That he is ever listening for. He answers promptly "Life is work."

"What is life?" I ask the sage, whose days are gliding like a stream To join the ocean near at hand. His life lies all behind him now; The world has lost its charm for him. He puts a thin hand to his brow, And seems to muse a while, and then he answers sadly, "Life's a dream."

G. L. Lyman.

Another Fountain Gone Wrong.

The Haymarket Square fountain has once more become an eyesight to the community and of little or no earthly use. The upper part of it from which cool, refreshing water for pedestrians is supposed to flow, is clogged up again, and the under part, where beasts are wont to slake their thirst, is in an elegant state of wreck. Heavy teams bumping up against it have moved the stonework about a foot out of place, and there it lies unrepaired and causing an incessant dribbling all over the

street. People who live in the vicinity and the Haymarket Square Polymorphian Club, who have tried to beautify the square, are desirous of having the fountain attended to, as it certainly is in a disgraceful state. Somehow or another our city council don't seem to be very ardent "cold water army" men, if we are to take the King Square, Haymarket Square and Carleton fountains as examples of their enthusiasm.

ONE OF PRICE WEBBER'S BAREST.

He Gives Progress an Account of His Loss of Identity in Nova Scotia.

I have never had much trouble in being recognized, but I once had an experience with a man which made me, for a time, at least almost doubt my own identity.

I was playing in one of the Nova Scotia towns a while ago, and was waiting in the office of the hotel for the landlord to lay out the rooms for the company, when a man, dressed in a rather seedy manner, came in and said to me.

"Are you with Price Webber's show?"

I said I was.

"You are one of the company, eh?"

I again answered in the affirmative.

He looked at me sharply and said:

"You are one of Price Webber's troupe—well, how is Price?"

I answered: "I guess he is pretty well."

"He is, eh? glad to hear it."

I said, "Do you know him?"

He grew very indignant and said: "Do I know him? Well, you wait till he sees me. He thinks more of me than any man alive. I used to go to school with him."

Seeing that my school days were passed in England, I could not help but wonder who this man could be, and although I have a pretty good memory, I could not place him.

Pretty soon he said:

"Have you been long with Price?"

I answered, "A little while, but I know him pretty well."

He said, "You don't know him as well as I do. We are like brothers."

I could not understand what the man was after, and said to him:

"You must be pretty well acquainted with Price. Would you know him if you saw him?"

"Would I what? Would I know him? You wait till he sees me, and he will say Gilkenson, my boy, I am delighted to meet you. Come and take anything you want; the best in the house is none too good for you."

I said, "You must know him thoroughly, although I never heard Price say he had any schoolmates in this town."

The man banged the table with his fist, and said:

"See here, if you want to keep your situation you want to be solid with me. You want to ask me to take a little something and then when Price comes he will take me to the show, and I will tell him after I see you on the stage that you are a good actor, and you will be all right for the rest of your days. You will be a fixed star, and I am the only man that can settle the business for you, for I have more influence with Price than any man on the face of the earth. He always sends to me for advice, and my word is law. If you about now, you are onto your job for all time."

I said:—"You must indeed know Price well. Of course, you would recognize him if you saw him?"

The man faintly gasped for breath, and his eyes blazed as he said:

"See here, don't be funny! don't be funny! Would I know Price Webber? I would know his skin on a bush! Do I know him, eh? You just wait till he sees me I tell you we are as close friends as two peas in a pod! Stand in with me and you are solid with Price."

Just then the landlord came in and said:

"Now then, Price, I will show you the rooms if you are at liberty."

The man who knew me so well opened his eyes to their widest extent, and said to me:

"Are you Price Webber?"

"Well," said I, "I thought I was, but you have made me almost doubt my own identity."

The man made a bolt for the office door, and as he made a very hasty exit, he remarked:

"I struck the wrong man. That settles it."

I told the story to the landlord and said:

"Never tell what you don't know; and what you do know, keep to yourself."