

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUG. 25.

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

KINGS AND QUEENS CITIES.

Colonel DOMVILLE is nothing if not original. He has such an interest in Kings county that he will do anything he can for its residents, who send him to parliament. The St. John and Kennebecas rivers and that large body of water known as Bellisle bay are in part or wholly in Kings county and it is very necessary that there shall be public wharves for the accommodation of the people. In days past when Mr. DOMVILLE was introducing himself to Kings county people there were few steamer trips on these waters. A line plying between Fredericton and St. John and perhaps Grand Lake comprised the steamer service on these great inland streams. Today this is different. Many steamers find their way to these rich agricultural districts and provision has to be made for embarking and disembarking.

Through the efforts of Col DOMVILLE, representing Kings County in the Commons at Ottawa, and the local members, Messrs WHITE, PUGSLEY and SCOVIL, representing the county at Fredericton, grants of money have been made for this purpose and this week these gentlemen have started to consult with the people along the river front and ascertain what wharf accommodation is necessary and where the best locations are. This is practical and will appeal to the electors who have the interests of the county at stake. The men who are not forgetting what is due their constituents will not fail to remember what is best for the country at large.

In striking contrast to the efforts of these gentlemen is the attitude of Mr. FOSTER, though he is no worse than some of his conservative friends—in the county of York. This county—one of the most important in New Brunswick—took this refuge politician into its good graces and sent him to Parliament when he was at a loss where to go for a constituency. He has repaid this service by ignoring the constituency. He can make speeches at Ottawa, go west in his own interests, but he has not found time to say much to the people of York. Perhaps it was in anticipation of the action of the voters of this county that Queens has offered Mr. FOSTER a nomination. It would be strange indeed if this hope of Maritime Conservatives should have to look around for a safe place in what they are pleased to think is a tory province in federal politics. Some of his friends think that Queens is the best place for him. They are depending upon the plausible promises of the county council organizer, HORTON B. HETHERINGTON, but they will learn that the local issues that decided councillors elections do not prevail on a federal or a provincial contest is on. When the people of Queens prefer HORTON B. HETHERINGTON to LOCKWOOD FERRIS—a name honored for a century in that county—then it will be time for the latter to inquire why he should bother with politics.

CANADA FOR CANADIANS.

One of the most encouraging signs of Canada is the fact that Canadians are bound to do the business of Canadians. The time was when we wanted life or fire insurance we thought of an American or an English company before we did of a Canadian concern. The difference today is well illustrated by the life insurance record. The share done by Canadian companies of the whole life assuring of Canadians was in 1879 a little over one third (38.58 per cent), grew by 1889 to one half (53.94

per cent), and last year had crept up to be nearly two thirds (62.49 per cent) The resolve of the Canadian people to give the preference to their own institutions is therefore marked and likely to continue to grow. For several years to come the companies who represent safe life assurance are likely to do a much larger aggregate.

Sir ROBERT TOUT, the Chief Justice of New Zealand, is a life long teetotaler, and was leader of the temperance party in his political days. Curiously enough, it has fallen to his lot to decide when a man is drunk, within the meaning of the act. A publican was fined for selling liquor to a man "alrealy in a state of intoxication." He appealed, and the Chief Justice has decided that these words meant the state in which, through intoxicating liquor, a person had lost normal control of his mental and bodily faculties. In the case under review the person was capable of asking and paying for more drinks, and it could not be assumed that a man was thoroughly drunk when he could either ask or pay for more. The appeal would be upheld and the conviction quashed.

Sir ROBERT was lenient in his judgment. He and our police magistrate would not be likely to agree upon this question. How many men are charged with drunkenness and fined for the offense who are able to find their way home if let alone?

That widely read publication, the Monetary Times, has a list of the big fairs to be held in Canada this fall and gives the dates. Halifax has a place among them but there is no mention of the St. John show.

NEW BANKING BRANCH.

Merchant's Bank of Halifax at Chubb's Corner.

Another monetary institution has been added to St. John's list of business houses in the branch of the Merchants Bank of Halifax, which opened on Monday morning last under the efficient management of Mr. Arnaud. The directors of this influential bank had contemplated instituting an agency in this city for several years, but the opportunity did not afford itself until the present. The St. John branch makes the 43rd the Merchant's Bank of Halifax has in Canada and United States. At New York and Havana are the two American branches.

Situated in the Chubb building, at famous old Chubb's corner, the offices of the bank concern are as conveniently situated as any in town, and at the hands of Contractors Bates, Flood and others have been made come up to all the requirements of a first class money house. The bank's furnishings are of real oak with oxidized copper fixings—a most delightful combination to the eye. Three large plate glass windows supply a flow of light at all hours of the day, and the painters worked wonders in tinting the walls and ceilings. Iced effect glass is used ornamentally.

Manager Arnaud's private office is beautifully furnished and decorated, while the whole establishment bears evidence of un stinted expenditure and richness. Taylor's safes and vaults are used.

The first week's business of the new branch has been highly satisfactory and citizens generally hail with satisfaction the advent of another reliable banking company in town with officers who are both courteous and obliging.

He Hoods His Business.

The ways and means of collecting bad accounts, as practised by the constables of St. John are numerous as gumdrops in a candy factory, to use a good sticky term. We have all heard of the money extractor who collared "his man" at his child's funeral last year and of similar despicable pieces of constabulary strategy. A North End constable, however, has a new dodge. He hangs around a Main street barber shop every Saturday night, hoping to catch the men he is looking for. He knows they get their hairdressing and shaving done at this particular shop and stations himself outside the door like a wooden Indian in front of a cigar shop. The consequence is the conscience-stricken patrons of the barber, fellows who are apt to have a constable running after them, keep away off and get their shaves somewhere else. And the barber is kicking like a mule. His softest threat is that the anatomy of the constable may possibly be slightly deranged; if the aforesaid collector fails to pitch his tent elsewhere this evening.

An Involuntary Excursion.

That Mill street grocery express driver, who accepted his friends invitation to come aboard and have a drink at the "Prince Rupert's" wharf last week won't do it again. While tarrying over the wine the greyhound of the Fundy slipped her cables and swung into the stream. Epilepsy hovered dangerously near when the driver discovered his predicament, but there was no way that he could get ashore. Close connections had to be made with trains on the other side of the water, so touching at the wharf again would be out of the question altogether. He journeyed to Digby and straightway wired back home to his em-

ployer to send somebody down to the wharf for the team. This was done and in the evening the first man off the "Rupert" was the driver. He didn't enjoy his trip a bit he says, so don't say anything to him about it, for these are dog days remember!

Half-Soled the Sidewalk.

Every once and a while we read of some exceptional feat of workmanship, but the job done by George Barker, the Sydney street shoemaker, this work carries off the plan for uniqueness in his line of business. For some time, a dangerous hole has menaced the safety of pedestrians directly in front of Barkers' shop. The cave-in was not very large, but big enough to take in a good-sized foot and wrench the owner's ankle. The people who mend the sidewalks did not pay much attention to it, so the shoemaker himself put on his thinking cap. He had made shoes for deformed feet and boots for horses, but to half-sole a sidewalk was a new thing to him. But he did it. A goodly piece of heavy leather was produced and with the necessary filling in and padding, the sole was nailed to the sidewalk. Whether or not Mr. Barker intends sending in his bill at the next Board of Works sitting is not known.

A Dark Moment Indeed.

One evening this week during a performance of the Morrison Company at the opera house a charming young lady, the very life of a pleasant little theatre party, extracted her troublesome false teeth during the dense darkness of a scenic shift. But the lights gave no warning and burst boldly forth, displaying the fair Miss with her pearly molars in hand and a look that spoke volumes. In her excitement she tried to articulate a few appropriate tunny-isms minus the dental aides, and the extremely flat failure she made of it robbed her of the attention she received before she was injudicious enough to shift part of her physical features in the transient gloom.

Has Gone For a While.

John McDonald of the city market and part or whole owner of the beautiful Jardine property at the one mile house has left the city for the time being. Rumor has it that there is more than one reason for his somewhat sudden departure, but, so far as PROGRESS can learn, it was not because he was in financial difficulties. His legal man of business told PROGRESS that while he was absent from the city there was no reason that he should be away. Some business speculations he had been in did not turn out as well as he expected and he became discouraged and made up his mind to go away and try his fortunes elsewhere. There was not much doubt but that he would be back however.

JOYS AND WOES OF OTHER PLACES.

Where the Shirt Waist Man Shines.

(Newcastle Advocate.) The shirt waist man is all the rage now. The hay fields are full of them.

Must Be a Rarity There.

(Springhill Advertiser.) The party who took away the cat on Saturday night, Aug. 4, is requested to return it to the owner and save further notice.

We Can't Believe It.

(Montreal Herald.) The new shirt waist man, when he sees a mouse is said to scream like a hot locomotive.

That's Just It.

(New York World.) The British Colonies are offering volunteers again, this time for service in China. All wars look alike to them.

New Woman No Good.

(St. Andrews Beacon.) We have seen the 'new woman' and we can't say that we think much of her. The 'new man,'—the 'shirt waist man,'—is an individual that we feel more like welcoming.

A Canadian Gene Wrong.

(Sussex Record.) The Record has received the initial number of Mr. Clarence Spooner's paper the Frontier News published at Eastport, Me. It is Democratic politically and favors Bryanism, bi metalism and Boers with a customary fling at England in its editorials.

A Sacreligious Suggestion.

(Digby Courier.) "The watering cart is a good thing, but many are asking why it is not run on Sundays. It would be greatly appreciated by the church goers who have to pass through clouds of dust every Sunday morning.

The Baby Eroke Him Up.

(Annapolis Spectator.) They do have some funny things happening now-a-days. A merchant at Annapolis was somewhat perplexed on receiving the following order: "Please send me a sack of flour, 5 pounds of coffee and 1 pound of tea. My wife gave birth to a large baby girl last nite, also 5 pounds of starch and a fly trap. It weighed ten pounds and a straw hat."

A Bald Headed Vocalist.

(Springhill Advertiser.) "My Wife And I." A solo by 'Bald Head' was given about daylight on Sunday morning last. It was beautifully rendered, in fact in a masterly style and would have no objection to an encore. So try it again.

Chairs Requested Gone, Splish, Perforated, Duval, 17 Waterline.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

Fishing and Wishing.

Three little folk by the meadow brook With a line of twine and a bent pin hook, And an eager, earnest, serious look, As if they were conning a lesson-book, Sat resolutely fishing!

But either the fish were wondrous wise, Or they had the sharpest kind of eyes For they wouldn't bite, to the great surprise Of the little folk, who said with sighs, "Let's play the game of wishing!"

"I wish," said Tom, "for a pot of gold, With every minute that has been told Since the day the earth was young or old; I'd have more money than I could hold, See what I set by wishing!"

"I wish," said Ned, "that 't ships at sea And all that is in them belonged to me, And all that has been, or ever will be; My wish is the best, don't you agree, And worth a day of fishing!"

"I wish," said Moll, with a toss of her head, And a pout of her lips that were cherry red, "You'd get your wishes just as you said, And give them to me—now, Tom and Ned, I've got the most by wishing!"

And all day long in the wood and shade The four little fishers folk sat and played, And oh, the millions of money they made, Though never a dollar of it was paid, Was worth a year of fishing!

"Don't Worry."

At sun-up, in the terrific heat, A man began in accents sweet, To say:—"I wouldn't feel the heat, Don't worry."

And every person whom he met He'd stop and murmur:—"Hot? You bet! But to keep cool—no, don't forget, Don't worry."

He'd greet them with a pleasant bow, And say:—"How are you, a yho? You're looking well—now, tell me, now, Don't worry."

At last the men he worried so Said they'd give him a little to add fro, And answered all his yells with "Oh, Don't worry."

His epiphany was very neat:—"Good friend, don't worry at the heat Where you are now. Keep cool and sweet, Don't worry." —Baltimore American.

The Chinese Dragon.

I beheld the world around me With a proud and languid sneer, For a poppy chain has bound me And I would linger here. While your humorous pretensions Old experience recall— Science, politics, inventions— I am weary of them all! Hold your breaths while powder flashes! Speeds the missile on its course; See your murderous steam toys dashing; Daily with electric force, I grow wise, but weak and halting, Smile that things so vain and small You, like children, are exalting. I am weary of them all! Let the Bear and Lion gambol; Cubs can be but cubs at best. Let the new fangled electric amble Timidly by your feet. Tinsel'd glory and dominion Won by buffets in the brawl Forget your city's opinion I am weary of them all. —Washington Star.

A Brook.

Once there was standing by a public street A small white cottage of the common kind, With yard, shed, stable, driveway, all complete— About such things the land you'll find. But at the back, through banks of nodding green, There ran a brook whose like you've never seen!

Of crystal clear it was through all its line— This is, our line, between the neighbor's walls— So we could see each stone and pebble fine And heaps of stones that rapids mane and falls, They dipped with head and wing in the clear tide And bits of stuff that flashed with diamond light.

It danced, laughed, babbled, sang the whole day As if to be a brook was perfect bliss, Robins and sparrows seemed to think so, too, And lingered near, none of the joy to miss; They dipped with head and wing in the clear tide And plashed the drops about in circles wide.

Sometimes a little fish went running by Ah, wasn't that a sight for children eyes! Sometimes a bug like thing or dragon fly Darted along to give us a surprise, And sometimes a green frog let off a croak As if to frighten us and play a joke.

There was a little bridge where one could plump Face down and watch droll flies flit to and fro, What perfect bliss to make the minnows jump! When they came nosk up, in schools below! And there, just there by that deep shadowed pool, The garden toads would sit to blink and cool.

Snapweed grew rank in clumps with blooms like gold; We made neat catdrips of the dangling things! Be sure 'twas hard to make the hump things hold— We always had to tie them on with string! And then the seed pods—a prolific crop! What fun to nip their tips and make them pop!

Coarse, common weeds trailed in that stream because Silver or gold in answer to demands, Skilled alchemists were we—though skipped by fame— With wealth uncounted passing through our hands! Oh, do the waters of that brook still flow Through that old town? Pray tell me if you know. —Laura Garland Carr.

The Winner.

She couldn't golf, this summer girl, She couldn't swim or row; She didn't dance, she couldn't sing,— So strange that she should know! She couldn't play lawn tennis, And she'd never chalk a cue; She wouldn't play croquet, because She wore too large a shoe.

She wouldn't shoot, she couldn't climb, She didn't ride a wheel; She wasn't fair to look at, And she'd never cooked a meal She couldn't do all these, and yet,— Oh, wondrous heart of man! She locked the matrimonial prize Ere oyster tide began.

And know you how this summer girl, Who couldn't do a thing, Won out o'er all the other girls Of the matrimonial ring? Because she went a-fishing With her smelling-bags of book, And with her scream or wriggle Put worms on her own hook. —Maudie E. Smith Hymers.

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"What's the difference between knowledge and wisdom?" "Well, it takes knowledge to build an automobile but it takes wisdom to run it."

She—Isn't it nice to have folks comment on how well you are getting on in business?" He—"unless they spoilt it by adding 'they can't understand it.'"

PEN AND PRESS.

The Educational Review has entered upon its 14th year and Editor George A. Hay is bound to keep it at the front of educational publications. The number for August contains 28 pages and contains many valuable suggestions for teachers for beginning the work of a new year.

The Quebec Telegraph has issued a souvenir number that is copiously illustrated and gives a good idea of the present appearance and resources of the ancient city and its future prospects. The Telegraph is to be congratulated upon its enterprise.

Messrs. A. McKim & Co., advertising agents, have issued a revised list of Canadian newspapers for the benefit of advertisers. No doubt such publications are of some value, but they do a great injustice to those publications who do not take the trouble to file an affidavit regarding their circulation. The publishers of a newspaper list then guess at their rating and frequently the guesses are away off. Still the enterprise of Messrs. McKim is to be commended and as they promise to issue their list from time to time errors may possibly be corrected in future issues. Illustrations of the office of this wide awake concern, show to what an extent the business has grown. The time was when the large advertisers who wanted to reach the Canadian public sought American agencies, but Canadians are learning to do Canadian business and PROGRESS is glad to note that A. McKim & Co. can get the English and American business from their competitors across the line nine times out of ten.

A Dude Who "Blocks" His Way.

A few weeks ago PROGRESS told of the wily ways of those people who make it a point to evade paying their way into base ball games, theatres and other places of amusement. Since the publication of that article a well known city dude and masher has distinguished himself by "blocking" his admission to the B-y Shore picnic grounds. He poo-hooded the idea of paying his way into the Rose Festival, assuming perhaps because the grounds were open fields that he did not have to pay. So he sauntered along the fence pulling at his luxuriant moustache, until he came to an opening. When the attention of the crowd was attracted in another direction the dude who wouldn't pay slipped through. Then he strutted and ogled as if some pre-historic upheaval had placed the picnic grounds there especially for him. His red carnation and light brown hat were in evidence everywhere, except at the booths where you had to swap current coin for what you got.

"One Night in June."

Mr. Eugene Powers has dramatized a story from the song, "One night in June." Mr. Powers can lay claim to originality and ingenuity in contracting such a clever piece from or little groundwork. Mr. Powers, however, makes a mistake in having a clergyman for a prominent character; as, rightly or wrongly, the fact remains that the general public do not like to see their spiritual advisers portrayed on the stage. The people say nothing but they stay away and in this case it is not necessary the hero should be a minister of the gospel. Mr. Powers is to be congratulated on his success as an author, for his "One Night in June" has decided merit, and gives great promise for the future. We would make a suggestion to Mr. Powers, in all kindness, and that is this: whenever "One Night in June" is performed he should, by all means, play the light comedy part himself.

"Anyhow," said Miss Wellalong, loosening abundant tresses and running her fingers through them, "they can't say I haven't plenty of hair—and the glory of a woman is her hair."

"You bet!" exclaimed her scapegrace brother. "Go on sis. It makes me feel patriotic to see you do that."

"Patriotic?"

"Yes, to see you waving old glory."

"I can't understand it," he said with a hopeless little quaver in his voice. "I can't understand it. Why do the women have their skirts made 10 inches too long, and then hold them up 10 inches too high?"

For he had not yet learned the folly of attempting to understand the eternal feminine.

Gladys—Papa, do you suppose that the Parisians will understand my French?

Papa—I can't say, Gladys; if you speak French as fast as you speak English they won't even know it is French.

"Have you ever seen the door of congress?" inquired the ambitious youth. "Oh, yes," said the traveler; why? "I merely want to know whether it's marked 'Push' or 'Pull.'"