

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

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AFFAIRS IN CHINA.

A writer in the Nineteenth Century Review gives us a better idea of internal affairs in China than it has been possible to obtain from other sources. Our habit of speaking of China and the Chinese people as if they were distinct entities is all wrong. This is an error at the bottom of many of our mistakes and confusions. We may use the word China as a convenient expression to denote a certain vast portion of the earth's surface, but in no more exact sense. What figures as China on the map is a number of districts often separated from each other and from the centre by immense distances, differing widely in climate, resources and configuration, inhabited by people of largely varying race, temperament, habit, religion and language.

The Mohammedans of whom there are 30,000,000 regard the Buddhists as irreligious foreigners. "The inhabitants of the central and northern provinces," says Mr. KEANE, "scarcely regard those of the extreme southeast districts as fellow countrymen at all." A native of Shanghai was heard to say, "There were seven Chinamen and two Cantonese."

A man from Tientsin and a man from Canton can no more talk to each other than can a Frenchman and a Dutchman. Moreover, their exists a virulent race hatred.

This curious inter hatred is conspicuous where Chinese from different parts of China meet together, as, for example, in Bangkok, or on the plantations in Malaya or the Dutch Indies. Savage faction fights are of constant occurrence. Consequently it is easy to raise a force of Chinese in one place to fight Chinese in another.

It is because there is no such thing as "China" that the military caste of the Manchus, comparatively infinitesimal in numbers, have been able to impose their rule upon the enormous masses of Chinese. Thus it is unwise to predict anything of China as a whole, or to believe that what suits one part will necessarily suit another.

Over the heterogeneous and conflicting masses of China there has never been any effective central control, and what control there has been has steadily grown weaker. The "Vermillion pencil" makes a faint mark in the south, while in the southwest it has little but an academic influence, and on the Tibetan borders none at all.

And the corruption, which is the fatal curse of China, is directly due to the fact that there is not and cannot be any central authority to exercise control over local officials, or, in the absence of this, to pay them. The Chinese people, in the language of physics, is a mechanical mixture and not a chemical compound, and therefore it is irresponsible to the action of any single agent, and incapable of exhibiting any common property.

A GREAT UNDERTAKING.

The Trans-Siberian railroad will be completed at the present rate of working in about two years, the cost probably considerably exceeding the original estimate of \$173,500,000. Some of the engineering features are of particular interest. There are many bridges on the line, the Siberian rivers generally running northward into the Arctic Ocean, or across the line. The most important bridges are those crossing the Irtysh the Obi, the Yenisei and the Selenga rivers. The first two of these are about 2,700 feet long, and the third and fourth each about a mile in length. The Obi bridge is a fine structure of steel on stone piers, 80 feet below the ordinary water

line and fifty feet above the flood line. The other bridge mentioned are of the same type of construction. There are 1,429 wooden bridges to be replaced with steel and stone structures. The whole of the third and fourth sections are to be relaid with heavier rails and rebalasted. At present the ballast is insufficient and the rails are held down by spikes on the inside only in gains in the wooden crossings. Stations are about twenty-five miles apart, one siding being at each. The line is of course single track. In rate of construction the Trans-Siberian road is far behind the work on some American roads notably the Union Pacific. Ten and one half miles a day was the record speed of construction on the American road, while 3 3/4 miles a day is the best speed the Russians have made. In all its 4,000 miles at length the highest elevation the road crosses is one of 3,608 feet in the Yablonoi (Apple) mountains.

THE MONEY FRO OUR HEROES.

Treasurer McLeod Says There is yet About \$900 to be Made up.

Mr. Howard D. McLeod, local superintendent of the Savings Bank, who is the treasurer of the Contingent Fund, is a most systematic man, just the kind of an official a newspaper fellow likes to talk to. He has all his figures at his fingers ends, and refuses no information whatever.

With regard to the money the people have subscribed for our New Brunswick soldier boys Mr. McLeod says it amounts to about \$21,250, each county coming nobly to the front in building up this aggregate.

Still there is not quite enough funds to allow each of the 186 New Brunswickers to their beneficiaries, their 50 cts. per day until Sept. 1st. With the money already on hand and the \$2000 the city has guaranteed there still remains a shortage of some \$900 or more, which can certainly be easily made up before Sept. 1st.

It speaks well for the loyalty of the New Brunswick people that for so long a period as the war has lasted each and everyone of the volunteers from this province has received a half dollar per day as their gift. Nobody has given grudgingly, and it will be seen how easily the small deficit can be met before the remaining month or so is spent.

And little do the general public know how much their generosity is appreciated by the soldier boys and families who have suffered financial losses by the removal of one of their number to the seat of war. In regular payments widowed mothers and indigent fathers have received their son's money, greatly lightening the burden cast upon them by the temporary loss of their breadwinners. Of course a great many of the soldier boys did not consign their allowance to anybody, and it still remains to their credit in Treasurer McLeod's hands.

Bruce MacFarlane of Fredericton who came home the other day, had his full pay coming to him. On Tuesday he called and got it and it would have done your heart good to see his big face beam when \$120.50 in cold cash was handed over to him.

Nine hundred dollars is not much money when it is considered that over \$21,000 has already been subscribed, and a few public entertainments of some kind would soon make it up. Perhaps an excursion or two, possibly the overplus of the Grocer's Picnic, maybe a patriotic ensemble in one of the theatres, or something. Our boys are surely not going to be allowed to come home after all the hardships of these weary months of fighting, to receive a "short envelope."

The Eight Boy Got In.

"Over the fence is out," used to be an unwritten rule with the small boy in his scrub baseball game, but down around the B. & A. grounds or about the Shamrock's field "over the fence is in," quite in. A hundred or so juvenile enthusiasts, who are "shy" just the price of admission, every day there is a game, hang outside the four fences of the big enclosure and wait their chance to capture any balls that may be batted outside the limits. The reward for returning a ball is free admission at the main gateway, provided of course the horsehide covered sphere is presented in lieu of the usual gate fee.

In the course of a usual nine innings the average "deadhead" admissions number about a dozen. Last Wednesday when the Harvard team was playing the Alerts a foul tip carried the ball out on the public street. An esger watching youngster captured it, and was about to run to the gate with it when a burly fellow, good and tough, snatched it from him and proceeded toward the wicket himself. But the small boys on the top row of the bleachers saw the transaction from over the fence and set up a howl against the big fellow, and when he entered the gate they advised ticket-taker Coughlan to put him out and

let the boy who got the ball come in. They pointed out the right chap and amid cheers and jeers the ragged urchin made his grand entry and the tough slouched into the oblivion of the fence's uninteresting side.

A Clergyman in Disguise.

One of our city clergyman, who is just now enjoying his vacation, tells of an amusing experience he had with an up river resident a short time since. He was travelling on one of the steamers and struck up a conversation with a long whiskered individual who turned out to be quite as talkative as he was profane, at least the emphasis he placed upon his words were not according to the best grammatical or moral rules. As the clergyman was of a very offhand disposition and dressed in clothes like the ordinary being the up river resident did not for a moment suspect him of being a reverend, hence his flow of blue language. When it was discovered that the stranger was to get off at the same landing as the man with the luxuriant chin tresses, there was mutual rejoicing, for both had had an enjoyable talk on the way up, the cuss words excepted of course. But what was the horror of the countryman to find his new found friend in the district meeting house pulpit the next Sabbath expounding the gospel, and it was his place as deacon of the church to introduce him. A flood of regretful memories came back to him and ever since he has been in sackcloth and ashes.

JOYS AND WOES OF OTHER PLACES.

They're Not the Only "Blowers."

(Sydney Record.) Two Bohemian glass blowers have arrived in town and erected a tent on Charlotte street, in front of the Sydney hotel.

The Journalistic Worm May Turn.

(Union Advocate.) If the Advocate criticized some people half as much as they criticize it, we would get out before we are thrown out.

That Gastronomical Impediment.

(St. Andrews Beacon.) If that man is a public benefactor who can make two blades of grass grow where but one grew before, how much greater a benefactor is the man who can evolve a boneless shad!

This Yellow Line After This.

(Annapolis Spectator.) Tommy Atkins is heretofore to be clothed in Khaki uniform, and the red coat is only for dress occasions; so farewell to our historic "thin red line" of the battle fields of other days.

Ethereal Beings There.

(Millvale Cor. in Oxford Journal.) As there has not been much news from this part of our great atmosphere, I concluded to send a few sketches for your valuable little paper.

A Confirmed Journalist.

(Union Advocate.) C. Bruce McDougall of the I. C. R., Moncton, is going into the newspaper business again since the Railway News. He has ordered a new plant from the Toronto type foundry and will branch out about the first of September.

Shaky on the Temperance Question.

(Bridgetown Monitor.) The Methodists at the Parrishore Conference, were not solid on the temperance question. By a narrow majority they resolved to vote only for pronounced temperance candidates at the coming election, but after a rather spirited discussion this resolution was declared ultra vires and the assembly adjourned unpledged.

Moncton's Chief is Harmonious.

(Moncton Transcript.) Chief of Police Tingley has tendered his resignation as leader of the First Baptist church, finding that he has not time to devote to the leadership of the choir. Chief Tingley in conversation with a "Transcript" reporter said: that he regretted exceedingly to find it necessary to do this as his relations with the choir and congregation of the church had been most pleasant in all respects.

Springhill is not the Only Place.

(Springhill Advertiser.) We have learned that on Saturday night last one of our townsmen called a policeman for protection from a man who had insulted him on the street, but instead of gaining the protection sought for, was told, "that if you don't go away and hold your tongue, I'll run you in." Can this be true?

A Newspaper Gives a Tip.

(Chatham Commercial.) Policeman Dickeson and Hannah raided one of the saloons on Water street Saturday evening, and secured about 100 bottles of ale. The stuff had just arrived and was packed in a barrel marked "oatmeal." It should have been labelled "sugar" as a barrel of oatmeal is lighter than a barrel of ale.

Queen's Prerogative Usurped.

(Chatham World.) One of the Chatham school boys, it appears from our report of the examinations, has knighted Cecil Rhodes. But the title thus conferred will scarcely be recognized at court, where he will still be known as Mr. Rhodes. Our young friend the essayist was probably misled by a newspaper, more than one of our exchanges being in the habit of referring to the South African magnate as 'Sir' Cecil Rhodes.

Editor as a Nomenclologist.

(Annapolis Spectator.) The name Loyalist for one of the new Furness line steamers, now about completed, was first suggested by S. D. Scott, editor of the St. John Sun, who receives the prize of \$25. Twenty-four different persons sent in the name "Loyalist," but Editor Scott was the first and was awarded the prize. It is understood that a Halifax person has been awarded the other prize for the name Evangeline, but the name is not yet known, as the agents there sent in the letters unopened. 359 names were suggested in all.

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VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Great Poets and an Old Ballad.

A clever contributor of the Chicago "Times-Herald" recently undertook to say how some great poets would have rendered the immortal ballad of "Jack and Jill." "Wordsworth," he says, "would have been pleased with the simplicity of this story, though it would have troubled him to have said it so tragically. Doubtless he would have said something like this:—

He dwelt within a lowly cot, Beside a towering hill; A boy who shar'd his simple lot With his loved sister Jill. One day, they wandered forth full gay, To find a mountain rill, At eventide they made their grave By this unlovely hill.

Milton, indeed, used it as the theme for an immortal epic, and with his weary head upon his hand he wrote:—

O' Jack's great fall from that high eminence, From which fell also his companion Jill, While they were climbing hither to a spring, In hope that they might quench their sparkling cup O' water, and so quench their parching thirst, Sink heavenly music.

Tennyson would have sighed as he sang:—

Rich sunshine fills the vale and hills, Two tender children, girl and brother, Sate on the bank from the high spring A cup of water to their mother. 'Tis children, here! we hear her faint voice crying, 'Tis mother, yes,' the children answer, Heing, heing, heing.

O fate! O death! They feel thy breath; For as they climb the rocky slope The brother slips, the sister trips, And shattered is the mother's hope. 'Come, children, come,' we hear her sad voice crying, 'Come, children, come,' the echo answers, Dying, dying, dying.

The Earth.

Town poets twang their lyres and sing, They praise my love's looks; Elymed catalogues of flowers they bring That they have learned from books; They know the name but not the face, 'Tis many a wild-wood flower; They could not find its growing-place Nor guess its blossoming hour.

They sing my flowers, my rose and may, My flax and poppy, and my clover, The kind of things I make in play They in their rhyme-wreaths twine, They miss the love I love to weave, 'Tis in my gown's hem lurk; They do not note the splendid seeds I use when I'm at work.

I make the corn; the wine, the oil, To keep men glad and strong Across the fields, green by my toil, Man drives his flock along. A clock falls from my hands and Time's, Where man's false steps have passed, And all his errors and his crimes I hide with grass at last!

In Town.

Oh, Cupid, my lad, what talks we've had, And still are to have hereafter, Of the wonderful spell we know so well In Margery's hair and laughter; Of the slim white wrist that my lips have kissed, And the sweep of her soft silk gown: Oh, Cupid my lad, my heart is glad With Margery here in town!

Oh, Cupid my lad, no words can add To the infinite charm about her; In the light of her eyes suspicion dies, And where is the man could doubt her? The sun larks there in her rippling hair And her eyes of deep, deep brown; Oh, Cupid my lad, one can't be sad With Margery here in town.

Oh, Cupid my lad, in whiteness clad At the door of the waltzing circle, When we meet at last my heart beats fast, All else in the wide world hating; They write from the shore, 'Isn't town a bore?' Poor boy, are you not cast down? Oh, Cupid my lad, they must be mad! Why Margery's here in town! —Guy Wetmore Carryl.

The Old Oak Tree.

The sweetest thing on earth to me Is the south wind in the old oak tree: It moves the branches to and fro; The shadows dance on the grass below.

The leaves move lightly in the air, Their rustle seems a whispered prayer.

Deep in the tangled grass I lie Seeing out glimpses of the sky.

So thick the green leaves are above, So light, so soft the breezes move.

I wonder not that men have stood Before some giant of the wood.

And made it of their prayers a shrine, Declaring it their soul divine.

The Pilgrim.

Where is the haunt of Peace, The place of all release— Tell me, O wind—the House of sweet repose?

'Night's dusky tent is spread For tired head and hand, And very fragrant is Night's orchard-close.'

What of the soulless deep, Those shining plains of Sleep Whence the adventurer returns no more?

'Sleep is a golden sea, With billows great and free, But still they bear the swimmer back to shore.'

Nay tell me farther yet, Where no swift waters fret, Where rose and violet Engarland not, nor even blooms the May— Tell me, O Wind, for you must know the way!

'Death's black pavilion stands In the Unshaped Lands, And in Death's garden all the flowers are gray.'

To a Younger Sister.

Possahs some busy bee may hum From when those dirty verses come. Or yet, perchance, a conscience true May whisper who 'talks back' to you! Ah, let that voice a story tell Oh one who loved you long and well; Who saw your childhood's tender green Burst in the bud of sweet sixteen.

And upward reach until it stood The perfect flower of womanhood! Then may the lilies of the vale Blow home to you on every gale, And Cupid sweet fair eyes strow Where'er your gentle footsteps go! When sailing over Life's great deep May Love your every voyage keep. And bring you safe thro' storm and brine Back to this loyal heart of mine.

Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired Duesal 17 Waterloo.

A NOISY RENDEVOUS.

Charlotte Street Residents Complains of a Carpeter Shop.

There is a carpenter shop on Charlotte between Duke and King—a very respectable neighborhood—which the residents are complaining of, although nobody has yet spoken to the authorities about it, being undesirable of publicity in the matter.

The neighbors claim this shop is a rendezvous for young men in the evenings and on Sundays, especially on the Sabbath. The boys and young men who frequent the place are of good families, but make it a loafing place, and it is said, even more than that. Last Sunday two girls, about in their teens in age, were seen to enter the shop, and also to come out again. They had their Sunday School books with them, but they did not go to Sunday School.

PROGRESS has been asked to mention these facts in hopes that the frequenters of the shop may know that their unseemly noises and actions at night and on Sundays are not at all appreciated by those living in the immediate vicinity.

Grievances on Lancaster Heights.

And still the residents up on Lancaster Heights have a grievance. A man named Maxwell has for some time been conducting a beer and cigar shanty on that piece of roadway near the reservoir. This locality is very pretty indeed and the introduction of the beer emporium has certainly not enhanced its picturesqueness. But if it has not added to the beauty of the neighbourhood it has certainly made it a more popular place for a certain class of people. These men and boys congregate at the box-like shop and game for beer and cigars, masking night hideous with their brawling. The respectable neighbors having suffered from these unusual noises for several weeks notified the Fairville authorities. Four weeks after the complaint was laid the proprietor of the beer shop was fined the magnificent sum of twenty dollars, although three serious charges were made against him by the people. Of course \$20 was an easy amount and now the non-licensed shebang is going in full blast again as disturbing as ever. The residents now threaten to tear it down, if the authorities don't act.

A Demonstration Somewhat in Advance.

A young lady in St. Martins is favored with the warm friendship of a young business man in St. John who sometimes goes there upon matters of trade and—it may be—of sentiment as well. The people living there obtained an idea a few days ago that the pleasant association that existed between the parties had culminated in the usual way and that the time had come for them to show how friendly a reception country residents could give any young couple under such circumstances. What give rise to this suspicion is not rightly known and no reason has been assigned as yet save the long and pleasant drive that had taken place between St. John and St. Martins. Nevertheless their appearance upon the doorstep of the young lady's residence in St. Martins was the signal for such a demonstration as usually falls to the lot of a blushing bride and bridegroom. The confusion of the young man was perhaps equalled by that of the lady. But many a jest has turned out in earnest and—who knows?

Can't Keep The Heathen Down.

In spite of the Boxer atrocities and in the face of that alleged fan-tan episode the heathen Chinese seems to thrive in this town. The latest evidence of his prosperity is in the spick and span delivery wagon and horse of the Sam Wah establishment in Carleton. The wagon top is gaily decked in yellow letters, telling all about Sam's washe shop, and the horse too is of a yellowish hue. A regular pig-tailed Oriental does the driving in a fashion quite his own, in fact a most unique style of dangling the ribbons. But he manages to pilot his charger through the maze of teams and car tracks nevertheless. A steam Chinese laundry will be the next step no doubt.

Mayor Hamilton of Halifax.

Mayor Hamilton of Halifax has been making friends in St. John this week. He has been a marked man as he stands six feet four inches without his boots and can look down without ill intent upon his lesser associates. If he returns to Halifax with as kindly a feeling toward St. John and its people as the acquaintances he has made here have for him his visit must indeed have been agreeable.