

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPT. 1.

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

SUNDAY DAY OBSERVANCE.

The Lord's Day Alliance is anxious that the people shall not have the impression that they are opposed to street cars running on Sunday and through the president, a somewhat lengthy statement has been sent to the city press defining their position. Mr. FOTHERINGHAM, the president of the Alliance, defends the Sunday law in a general way and thinks all good citizens will support its enforcement.

In one sense, Mr. FOTHERINGHAM is right. Law should be supported but he must admit that there are some laws that cannot be enforced. More than that they never were intended to be enforced. If necessary plenty of cases could be cited to prove this. Editor STEWART recalls one that is still on the statute book under which at one time a small boy was sentenced to be hung for stealing a loaf of bread.

The present Sunday law is inconsistent and some of its provisions are ridiculous. These will be best discovered the Alliance President thinks by enforcing the law. Perhaps he is right but there is a danger that the disgust of the people may influence the legislators to strike out the good as well as the faulty section of the statute.

St. John is not a bad city Sundays and yet visitors must think that we need an iron hand to keep us down when they read the press of today. Probably there is no city of the same size in America where the Sabbath is better observed. The people are orderly and quiet; the police have practically nothing to do and yet the Alliance would make it appear that legislation was necessary to make us better. It is an offence now to sell soda water or cigars; it must be an offence, we presume the legislators to strike out the good as well as the faulty section of the statute.

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PREMATURE BURIAL.

The psychic Research company is the name of a somewhat benevolent corporation who is trying to grapple with the perils of premature burial. The editor of the Journal of suggestive Therapeutics which appears to be the organ of this new society or company wished to awaken public interest to a grave danger threatening the community. Grave danger is a somewhat suggestive phrase to use but no doubt the jest was unintentional. Such solemn matters could not be considered in a spirit of levity. The fear of being buried alive has never troubled the people generally to any great extent and there does not appear to be any great opportunity for the company in question. Still with that willingness to give a helping hand to do anything that may benefit mankind we are glad to draw attention to the perils of premature burial, something which Dr. WILDER of Newark says "constitutes a real menace to the public welfare. The necessary precautions to be observed in guarding against this danger are pointed out, among which may be mentioned keeping the corpse in a warm bed for at least thirty six hours after the supposed death has taken place. Dr. WILDER places little reliance, apparently, upon physicians' certificates of death, and quotes several ghastly examples to support his position."

THE SCOTT ACT.

The interest in the Scott Act seems to have almost died out. In 1898 there were no applications to have it put in force and in 1899 there were but two, in Brome, Quebec and in Westmorland. It was defeated in the former and carried in the latter. The act has been submitted to the people in nine cities and 73 counties. It is in force in one city (Fredericton) and in 27 counties. It was submitted to the people four times in Fredericton, N. B., and carried on each occasion. Westmorland voted on five times and carried it each time. Charlottetown voted on it six times, carried it three times, rejected it the fourth, adopted it on the fifth and rejected it on the sixth occasion. Lambton voted on it four times, carrying it the first time, defeating it the second, carrying it the third and defeating it the fourth. Halton carried it on the first and second voting but rejected it on the third. Stanstead sandwiched a carry defeated it on the two occasions it has had the opportunity to vote on the Act.

The appointment of Mr. CLARENCE FERGUSON as clerk of the county court, to succeed the late Mr. MONT McDONALD will meet with general approval. Mr. FERGUSON is well adapted to perform the duties of the office moreover he deserves recognition from the party he has served so faithfully.

There are 275 electric light companies in Canada and the number of arc lights in use in 1898 were 10,389 which in 1899 increased to 10,962. In 1898 there were 463 615 incandescent lamps in use and in 1899 546,642. This shows an increase of about 20 per cent in incandescent lighting.

According to the Canadian year book there are 58 telephone companies in Canada and 38 have made returns to the department at Ottawa. There are 82,219 miles of wire and 19 out of the 38 companies report 114,953 381 messages sent.

In all Canada the increase of churches since the last census show the Baptists to have added 324, Roman Catholics 301, Church of England 415, Methodists 322, Presbyterians 411 and other denominations 55.

The year book gives the number of insane in all Canada as 11,224 of which 612 are in New Brunswick and 447 in Nova Scotia. Ontario has 5,733 and Quebec 3,441.

In the active militia of Canada there are 8,007 officers and 3,146 staff sergeants and sergeants, 30,485 in the rank and file and 3,736 horses.

ALMOST BLACKMAIL.

If That Indiantown Horse "stealing Case is True.

Magistrate Ritchie handed down a just decision on Tuesday in the case of the two North End boys, Johnston and White, whom police Officer Hamm, John Ferris and a man named Dunham tried hard to convict of stealing a horse and carriage. The magistrate said the boys were innocent of the crime and the strenuous efforts of the aforesaid men to claim financial remuneration for their loss of time and wear and tear of the horse and team were in vain.

Everybody in Indiantown knows how young Johnston and his chum White took the horse from Ferris' barn on Albert street about three Sundays ago to drive to Milkish, White's home, for some clothing. Ferris was up river at the time and Officer Sol Hamm, who lives nearby was caring for the horse. When the policeman found the equine and carriage missing he at once assumed that it was stolen and finally "landed" the miscreant lads coming home from Millidgeville way. They were at once arrested and locked up. White next morning was handcuffed to a common drunken tough and paraded to the city police court from the North End station.

When the boys appeared before His Honor young Johnston, a mere child, told he had been working all his holidays for teamster Ferris, helping him handle the river freight at the steamers and during its delivery. For this he was allowed the exceptional privilege of now and then driving the horse. He said Ferris had promised to lend him the horse and carriage on the Sunday in question and without fears of being discovered and wholly innocent of any wrong doing he took the horse from its stable and likewise the carriage.

To all the magistrate's questions the boy gave ready and straightforward answers, proving at least to those about his innocence of any crime.

However when John Ferris came home from up river he disclaimed any knowledge of promising to lend the horse to the boy who had been helping him freely so long. Then terms of settlement were mooted. It

is said Ferris wanted a big price for the misdeed or else he would push it in the courts. Then Officer Hamm put in a claim for \$25, which afterwards dwindled to \$10. Dunham, the man who drove Officer Hamm to Millidgeville, boasted that he was to get a \$5 out of it. This alleged wild attempt at securing funds from the poorly circumstanced parents of the frightened boys, brought the father of young White to his senses, and he secured a lawyer to plead his son's case. Mr. G. H. V. Belyea was retained and had no difficulty in proving to the court his client's case.

A great many Indiantown people are indignant to think that a money settlement was tried on the parents of the culprits, who were as innocent of theft as a babe. And many think this was tried because young Johnston's father was reported to have received the insurance of his son "Joe" who was killed at the battle of Paardeberg. Mr. Johnston himself is an invalid and the sight of a police officer and well to-do man pushing a bottomless case against a pair of innocent boys because their parents would hand over their price, was not a very pleasing one.

Judge Forbes Dinner to Masons.

It was a happy idea of Grand Master Judge Forbes when he called the visiting masons together in the assembly rooms of the Mechanic's Institute and asked them to break bread with him. The gathering of about 120 persons was a very agreeable one and the speeches that followed the feast were enjoyable indeed. When such gentlemen as Judge Skinner, Mr. Hazen, Mr. Ellis, Chief Justice Tuck, Judge Ritchie, Past Grand Master Whitlock are at their best, the listeners can have a pleasant time. The chairman was his social self at all times and spared no effort to make the evening a memorable one. Recorder Skinner's response to his request to toast the legislature, was indeed a happy effort. Mr. Skinner evidently reads the "Births, Marriages and Deaths" in the news papers and had noted the announcement of an addition to the family of the leader of the opposition. It seems that Messrs Humphrey and La Forest, followers of Mr. Hazen in the house, were guilty of a similar offence recently and this was the text for a very mirth provoking sentence or so from the humorous recorder. He did not spare the surveyor general either and this gentleman's reply invited such a rejoinder from Mr. Hazen that those present enjoyed heartily. All the speeches were good and the evening will be remembered with great pleasure during the year. Judge Forbes was re-elected grand master unanimously during the day and his speech of thanks was one of the efforts of the occasion.

JOYS AND WOES OF OTHER PLACES.

Yankees Annexing Nova Scotia.

(Bridgetown Monitor). Besman's Mountain, near Digby, one of the highest points in Nova Scotia, has been purchased by an American syndicate as a site for a huge modern summer hotel and cottages.

But There are Others, eh Girls?

(Springhill Advertiser). Geo Ros, J. P., presented us with a box of gooseberries grown in his own garden the Junction Road. They were as large as any we have seen for a long time.

Tramps Never Get into the Celestial.

(Fredericton Gleaner). At the Police Court this morning a tramp run in last night was given an hour in which to leave town—an offer which he accepted with unwonted alacrity.

Great Recuperative Ability, Like Fitz.

(St. Croix Courier). This time ex-President Steyn is reported dead from wounds received in battle. Judging from the number of times he has recovered from suicide, there's hope for him yet.

This Home is Near Halifax—Enough Said.

(St. Andrews Beacon). Poor Mrs. Dewey is eternally "putting her foot in it." She is catching it from the American newspapers now because she coaxed the admiral into buying a summer home under the British flag. But Mrs. Dewey shows good judgment in seeking a climate where she can escape from a possible lynching and where anarchism has never succeeded in obtaining a foothold.

Coleman's Frog Outdone.

(Newcastle Advocate). John Connell who gave Fred Coleman, Fredericton, a frog, that made the genial Barker house proprietor famous, has at present a frog which is said to be the largest in Canada. Mr. Connell says the raniid enjoys his daily ride on the back of Bart-bozge's tame moose.

"Spooning" Alternative.

(Annapolis Spectator). Some of the young women around town becoming tired of spooning without the presence of the much maligned males, started out the other evening for a night's sport. Nothing more serious happened than the manipulating of "tick-tacks" on the windows of peace living citizens. One of the latter is very wrathful over the affair, and threatens all sorts of disagreeable things.

The Telegraph has a Rival War Authority

(Newcastle Advocate). The question is: 'Who started the story about the massacre of the ministers at Pekin? But, it is a question that will probably never be answered. They are safe and the world is satisfied. Another question naturally arises; 'Would they have been massacred if their governments had not sent their dogs of war?' We think not. This Chinese business seems to have been hyperbolized from first to

last. As far as we can learn, previous to the commencement of hostilities, the Pekin authorities barred nobody's exit or entrance. It seems to us that foreigners should be asked for an explanation as well as the Chinese.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

The Empress Dowager.

In the turbulent Land of the Jasmine,
Of the queue and the almond eye,
A lady rules (and you bet she rules it)
And makes it just as she pleases.
Though she isn't the hub of a woman's club,
New woman and all that game,
She's an unadorn'd Feminine Autocrat,
And she gets there (you bet!) just the same.

When she wants a thing done in her happy realm,
Be it murder or war or Jos',
She never lacks friends to accomplish her ends,
And it's easy to see who's boss;
Though she's much like the queen who a thousand years back,
Ruled the room as imperial dame,
She can give cards and spades to your up-to-date maid,
And she gets there (y u bet!) just the same.

She isn't so much on the platform spiel,
On ballot-box talks and all that,
Nor does she appear in a masculine gear,
In trousers and brother's stiff hat;
She's too much engrossed with affairs of her own,
(Some neat little tricks I could name),
To worry or vex with the woes of her sex—
But she gets there (you bet!) just the same.

She isn't emancipated at all
Like dames of our civilized climes;
What she doesn't know about Herr Max Nordau,
Wrote a Nordau's books many times,
She's 'down-trodden, shackled, the servant of man
Oppressed with her heritage, shame'—
But in spite of her fate I'm constrained to relate,
She gets there (you bet!) just the same.

She doesn't talk much on her natural right,
But she'll stand for a row in Pekin,
And her ladies like Kate in Slavonia sate
Detesting what Peter should do,
Or that naughty Kate of the Medical line
Brought nations to glory or shame,
And in spite of the spite of her sex,
She gets there (alas!) just the same.

For she is a relic of years gone by,
When ladies like Kate in Slavonia sate
Detesting what Peter should do,
Or that naughty Kate of the Medical line
Brought nations to glory or shame,
And in spite of the spite of her sex,
She gets there (you bet!) just the same.

Pilot, Lan' de Boat!

De win' blew soft from de heavenly sho',
Pilot, lan' de boat,
On 'back soon carry de loads no mo',
De han' on deck an' dey all done gwine
To hit de bank wid de long tow line
De de ranson' chillun all rise and shine,
Pilot, lan' de boat.

De roostles stan' in' 'roun' de long stage plank
Pilot, lan' de boat,
Soan de han' on de bank 'er to de Zion bank,
Pilot, lan' de boat,
De bright sho' crowd' with de angel ban'
Come down to de levee fo' to see us lan'
De'll tell us 'bout de wif a welcome han'
Pilot, lan' de boat.

She's loaden' down wid de poo' los' sheep,
Pilot, lan' de boat,
De cat's in' de swim' an' de watehs deep
Pilot, lan' de boat,
De wheels poun' hard on de watch's breast
De sun gwine down in de fiery west,
We're in de port of eternal rest,
Pilot, lan' de boat.

We're all dead weary, fo' de trip was long,
Pilot, lan' de boat,
De deck han' singin' de landin' song,
Pilot, lan' de boat,
De toil and sorrow ob de trip am past,
De flag done lower' from de jacks' mast,
We climb de levee and we make her fast,
Pilot, lan' de boat.

De steam's shut off an' she's roun' in' to
Pilot, lan' de boat,
De cap'n singin' wif de coal black crew,
Pilot, lan' de boat,
We hear de tink of de engine bell,
De waves wash de landin' from de ol' boat's swell,
Fa'well, ol' riveh, bid you long fa'well,
Pilot, lan' de boat.

The Kiss at the Door.

In the days of the lance and the spur,
When the hero went forth to the fight,
Oh he carried a token from her,
Whom he worshipped as lover and knight.
And when fierce surged the battle around,
And when close pressed the merciless foe,
'Twas that token that drove off despair
And gave victory's strength to his blow.

Not a hero of knight hood am I,
But a warrior in industry's strife,
Where the lance that I wield is my pen,
And the lady I serve is my wife.
Yet to token of the noble day,
Full as precious as any of yore,
And it stoutsens my heart for the tray—
'Tis my love's morning kiss at the door.

For his faith will the martyr endure,
By the sunset the artist's inspir'd
At the blast of the bugle and fife
Is the soldier to gallant'ry fired,
But whatever may others exalt,
For myself I shall ask nothing more
As a prompter word for deeds
Than the kiss that I get at the door.

When it's hot, mighty hot,
Don't believe it if your neighbor says it's not
Very hot:
Always keep your old thermometer located at a spot
Where it's hot, hot, hot!
Fail to notice that it's hot,
And be sure your every thought
Shall be centred on some subject that is hot,
'Tis in boiling, seething hot—
Hot, hot, hot, hot, hot!
Take your coat off and your collar off and swat
Any man who tries to tell you that it's not
Half as hot
Here as where the happy, Hottentot
And a lot
Of your other fellow creatures have to squat
In the shade of the palms, where ice is never,
Ever brought—
Where a cold is never caught—
Fan yourself and keep a-going on the trot—
Keep complaining that it's hot,
Keep declaring that it's hot
To imagine that it's not
Beastly hot,
Hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot—
Always tunc and fret and bother when it's hot!

A Mother.
It rained all day the day she died,
And she thought it sweet and fair;
She said the sunlight kissed her hair,
And then she slept, all satisfied.
It rained all day; she woke again,
And whipered that the sky was blue.
Ah, me! thank God, she never knew
How cold and dreary fell the rain.

So like her life! It rained all day,
And yet she thought it all was bright;
She loved and toiled thro' day and night,
She never thought the skies were gray.

Mrs. Brown—'I must be going back to the city at once. I've had three letters from my husband in two days.' Mrs. Gray—'Why, you poor dear! I know just how you feel. Two would be suspiciously attentive—but three! I really am afraid has been doing something very reprehensible.'

Newlywed—Does your wife ever threaten to go home to her mother?
Oldboy—Why, my boy, I wouldn't consider that a threat.

THIS COLUMN FOR PLAIN TALK.

A City Court Case.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS. I was one of the audience at the city court, held on Thursday last. A case, the last one, on the docket, was tried. The plaintiff sued to recover the sum of \$25, and his testimony was that, he had given this sum to the defendant for the benefit of her son, some five years ago. The plaintiff further stated that he had agreed to advance, altogether the sum of \$100, but owing to having heard as he was sitting in his room, a conversation in another room, in the house in which some members of the family, including the young man, who was assisted, that it was a fine thing to pull so much out of the old fellow, a general laugh following at the old fellow's expense, had such an effect on the old fellow, that this sum was all that he gave of the \$100, he had promised.

The \$25 was given to the defendant for the use and benefit of her son to be returned to the plaintiff in due course. The plaintiff did not take any written obligation from the defendant, at the time he gave her the money, trusting to her honor, that the sum would be returned. This promise of the defendant the court held, did not constitute a lawful contract and as there was no contract a nonsuit would be entered for the defendant.

This shows how necessary it is in dealing with people who have no sense of honor to secure a binding contract with them. Having obtained this judgment on a technicality defendant walked out of the court with an air of nobility all her own. Having done a pretty smart thing. A LISTENER.

A Deed! From Ella Mitchell.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: In reference to the letter published in last week's issue of PROGRESS, I wish to say that I can defy the policemen or any other person to say that I drank any strong drink during the last two years. About insulting people on the street, I never made a habit of doing so, if I did, I would not expect any more chance than others. I think it the Lower Cove Resident would sweep his own doorstep clean, and not "Rubber-neck" others there would not be so much unnecessary talk. Thanking you kindly for your valuable space.

ELLA MITCHELL.

Other Reforms More Pressing.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS—I am not surprised Mr. Editor that the ladies of the Womens Council are disgusted with our dirty streets. We men agree with them and believe that improvement should begin at once. Let us accomplish something in this direction before we begin our crusade upon expropriation. We have so many reforms more pressing than this that I think we might well table it for a time.

CITIZEN.

Enjoying Life in St. John.

Thomas F. Hannan is one of the visitors from the Eastern States who is having a pleasant time in St. John. An old time friend of his, Mr. Keefe of the Dufferin, is looking after him and making him acquainted with many people. Mr. Hannan is an expert on the Mergenthaler type machine and was called from an excellent position in the Boston Herald to look after an outfit in Pawtucket. He likes St. John and has found the weather cool enough to suit him perfectly.

Joseph McNamara who will be remembered as an old Shamrock base ball player and likewise interested in other sports is visiting his relative Jack Powers again this summer. Joe looks much the same as ever and it would seem that the labor in the City hall in Boston is not hard enough to worry him much. With him is Mr. John Leahy, secretary to Congressman Fitzgerald of Boston. Mr. Leahy does not know St. John as Mr. McNamara but he gives promise of getting quite thoroughly acquainted.

Mr. W. F. Harrison's Death.

The death of Mr. W. F. Harrison was a shock to those old friends of his who had seen him out on Friday and did not realize that the nature of his illness might call him from earth at any time. He has figured prominently in the last half century of St. John and was ever popular with his large number of customers and the people generally. The death of his son Capt. Harrison in South Africa called forth a large measure of sympathy only a few months ago and now Mr. Harrison's death has added to the sorrow of those who held both of them as near and dear.

"Willie" she exclaimed severely, "why did you go to the jam jar while I was out?" But Willie had taken his lesson from Mahomet and the mountain.

"Because the jam jar wouldn't come to me," he answered promptly.

Chairs Re-seated, Spikes, Forfeited, etc., Duval, 17 Waterloo.