

PROGRESS.

PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, at 29 to 31 Canterbury street, St. John, N. B., by the PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY (Limited), W. T. H. FENNETT, Managing Director. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

Remittances.—Persons sending remittances to this office must do so either by P. O., or Express order, or by registered letter. OTHERWISE, WE WILL NOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SAME. They should be made payable in every case to PROGRESS PRINTING and PUBLISHING CO., LTD.

Discontinuances.—Remember that the publishers must be notified by letter when a subscriber wishes his paper stopped. All arrears must be paid at the rate of five cents per copy.

All Letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

Letters should be addressed and drafts made payable to PROGRESS PRINTING and PUBLISHING CO., LTD., ST. JOHN, N. B.

Agents in the city can have extra copies sent them if they telephone the office before six p. m.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 30

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

THE PROPER SPIRIT.

What a pleasant and agreeable condition would exist if the representative men of the country could assemble from time to time and without political animus or bias discuss what is best for the country and agree upon such measures as they considered of benefit to all? If, for example, they would meet as the gentlemen representing boards of trade and municipal bodies did last week to talk over the summer steamship service. There was no reference to politics in that gathering but each and everyone seemed to be actuated by the best motives. Self interest was absent but the best interests of the community obtained great prominence. This must have been impressed upon all who took part in the discussion as well as upon the people who read the partial reports that were printed. The notes of discordance so familiar in a political assembly were not heard; the best of good feeling prevailed and the result was an increased hopefulness that something might result in the end from such a meeting. What a good thing it would be if all our public affairs could be considered in the same spirit?

COMPLIMENTARY EXCHANGE.

Some weeks ago the Editor of the Chatham Advance printed some pointed remarks about the editor of the Telegraph. They were not couched in diplomatic or complimentary language, and the season for them was probably the fact that the St. John morning paper in question had reprinted some rhymes from the Chatham World which, to say the least, did not flatter the editor of the Advance. The reply to the observations of Editor SMITH was delayed and did not appear until Monday of this week when Editor Hannay indulged in some philosophical remarks, of which the following are a few extracts:

We observe by the published reports of the conference of an important religious body recently held in this province that a clergyman of that church who was suspended last year for indulging too freely in stimulants, has been restored to his position as a clergyman, after having repented of his folly and made due submission. We congratulate the denomination in question on the good sense and spirit of justice which has dictated this action. However great the offense of a clergyman it cannot well be too great to be expiated if he sincerely repents of it. Ministers are but men and very frequently the qualities which make them great pulpit orators and exponents of the doctrine of the gospel are those which render them subject to temptations to which coarser natures are not liable. It is difficult for a human clod to enter into the feelings of a man with a large sympathetic nature, who has over-wrought his brain and weakened his ability to resist temptation by reason of his efforts in the cause which he has at heart. To say that a man of that kind should be destroyed forever for a single fault would be to set up a standard of action grossly unjust, and not only unjust but foolish, because if that standard had always been maintained some of the best men would have been lost to the church. We hope that similar results will follow in the case under consideration, and that a quarter of a century hence no low black guard, whether he stands in the pulpit or sits in an editorial chair will be able to drag down and humiliate him by publishing the follies of his youth. Fortunately the good sense and spirit of justice of the people place such malicious individuals in their proper category as the serpents of the human race.

The italics are ours. The supposed nearness of elections make rumors plenty. Among what is said is that the minister of railways will run for York but then Mr. GIBSON, jr. is also spoken of; that Mr. FERRIS may contest Queens and that Mr. FRANK WOODS may oppose him. Mr. ELLIS is reported to wish to run again and as against that Mr. BLAIR's friends are crying his nomination. Mr. HAZEN was spoken of as an opponent of Col. LUCKER but the leader of the local

opposition says he does not wish to retire from his present field. Mr. EMMERSON it is said will be requested to stump the province again before he gets his judgeship. What next?

The streets of the city must be attended to. What is the matter with the department anyway? The appearance of the King Square fountain is due to recollection for delay and neglect. It is all very well to make excuses but the people are tired of them.

Poor unlucky Harvard! To have victory in your grasp and then lose it was hard lines. But then you won two races and should be content.

The Circus has come and gone and the longing of the small boy is satisfied. By the way there wasn't a great deal to satisfy him this time.

Welcome home JOHNSTON. You did not come with any flourish of trumpets but you are none the less welcome for that.

A SPLENDID RECOGNITION.

Messrs. James Buchanan & Co., Donate One Hundred Guineas to the D. R. Association. Appreciation of the action of Canada in sending volunteers to South Africa has come in an unexpected way from one old country firm that is well known all through this country. PROGRESS refers to Messrs. James Buchanan & Co., the well known distillers of London and Glasgow who this week forwarded a check for 100 guineas to the Dominion rifle association through their maritime province agent, Mr. M. A. Finn. This generous gift was the result of a letter of introduction that Lieut. Col. McLean carried from Mr. Finn to Messrs. Buchanan as well as the fact that the latter gentleman was born in Canada and thus felt a greater motive to do something for Canadian riflemen.

THE FOLLOWING CORRESPONDENCE IS SELF EXPLANATORY.

Dear Col. McLean—With reference to the very generous offer by James Buchanan of London, England, through you, to contribute the sum of 100 guineas to the prize list of the Dominion Rifle Association, I am directed by the executive committee to state that it is with much pleasure that they accept Mr. Buchanan's very handsome contribution. The amount will be awarded as prizes in the grand aggregate match, which will this year be known as the "Buchanan Grand Aggregate Match," and the match is the most important of the aggregate matches on the programme. Will you kindly communicate this proposal to Mr. Buchanan and obtain his approval to the match, and at the same time assure him of the appreciation by the association of his generosity? Will you kindly, when the amount of the contribution is received from Mr. Buchanan, forward the same to the treasurer of the D. R. A. Yours truly, (Sgd.) W. E. HODGINS, Lt. Col., Secy D. R. A., Lt. Col. H. H. McLean, St. John, N. B.

Dear Mr. Buchanan—Enclosed please find letter from the secretary of the Dominion Rifle Association. You will note that the association has decided to have the "Grand Aggregate" match called "The Buchanan Grand Aggregate Match," and that your contribution of 100 guineas will be awarded as prizes in that match. The match is as stated by the secretary, one of the most important matches on the programme. I was in Ottawa last week, and the members of the Dominion Rifle Association fully appreciate your generosity in offering such a large sum. The offer is especially appropriate this time when rifle shooting has become of vital importance. I remain, yours faithfully, (Sgd.) HUGH MCLEAN, James Buchanan, Esq.

Springfield Changed Hands.

The steamer Springfield which runs between St. John and the head of the Bellefleur, has changed hands and the controlling interest has been purchased by Miss Beatrice E. Waring, who will act as managing owner in future. By desire of many citizens a change has been made in the time of this steamer's sailing on Saturday. Instead of leaving Indian town at 12 o'clock on that day she will in future leave her wharf at 2 o'clock. The Saturday trip is single fare for return journey.

We Respectfully Solicit a Trial.

With our present facilities, our work cannot be equalled. Duck skirts, shirt waists and all summer wearing apparel, done to look like new work, delivered when promised always. Ungar's Laundry and Carpet Cleaning Works. Telephone 58.

London Fog.

A London fog brings out hundreds of thieves, but it also brings out men who are wanted by the police. A detective told a representative of the press about two curious instances of thieves being caught in this way.

We had been on the lookout for an week for an American swindler who had stolen bonds in his possession. The inspector who had the warrant at last declared that the man must have got out of the country; but one densely foggy night the inspector happened to be in a quiet street not far from Bedford Square, when a stranger, against whom he nearly ran, said: 'Can you tell me precisely where I am?

I've got mixed up, somehow.' 'Follow me and I'll show you,' said the officer, and he did show him—to the police station; for the man was the very one he had been looking for.

In another case a sergeant, in one of the thickest fogs ever known, politely helped a lady in distress near the Kennington road. The lady couldn't even recognize her own house among several all alike, and the sergeant, on her behalf, knocked at a door and was answered by a man.

The lady did not live there—but an hour or two afterward I arrested the man who had come to the door. He was a German baker, the head of a large firm, and we had been seeking him for months. A well-dressed gentleman, in a south-eastern suburb, was helped in a fearful fog by a poor man who, eventually with his charge, took temporary shelter at a police station.

The gentleman explained that he had just arrived from Canada, where he had been for thirty years, and that he was now looking in this, to him, strange locality for a brother. Explanations followed, and the man who had helped him turned out to be the brother for whom he was looking. I heard the story from the sergeant, who present when the examination took place.

The Senator's Reason.

According to the Washington correspondent of the Chicago Record, there is a man in the Senate who can write equally well with both hands. Sometimes he uses one and sometimes the other. One of his colleagues, after watching him awhile one day, said: 'Senator, I did not know that you were ambidextrous.' 'Yes,' retorted the senator, 'I have to be in order to keep the run of this Senate.'

JOYS AND WOES OF OTHER PLACES.

"Yellow Journalism." (Caricature Advocate.) A couple of gentlemen went trout fishing on Wednesday but without much success.

More "Dough" for Sydney.

(Springhill Advertiser.) James Ross, baker, will shortly remove his business to Sydney, C.B. We wish him success in his new field.

A Misplaced Letter's Bad Break.

(Annapolis Spectator.) In a recent issue of a provincial paper containing a report of a political speech the speaker said: 'The masses believed him. Through a typographical mistake it read: 'Them asses believed him.'

Another Cape Breton Boom.

(Port Hawkesbury Bulletin.) A Chinaman is opening a laundry in town. This is a good omen, as a Chinaman is seldom known to open up business where the prospects for success are not good.

That Chestnut Government Phrase.

(Wolville Acadian.) The weather during the past few weeks has been beautiful. This is Canada's "growing time."

Cheaper to Live Than Die.

(Chatham World.) With good flour at \$3 a barrel, as advertised by Mr. McLachlan and lumber at its present high price, no true economist will die of his own accord, because bread is cheaper than coffee.

Now for the Sea Serpents.

(St. Andrews Beacon.) The summer girl is coming, with the same engaging smile as of yore, the same old love light dancing in her eyes, the same old story of undying devotion on her ruby lips. But trust her not, young man, trust her not; she's fooling thee.

Wanted—A Miss Mary.

(Apple River Cor. Amherst Gazette.) There was a pie social at Mr. Silas Lunn's on Saturday. The amount of the proceeds is not known at present. It is said there was a great confusion of voices which would be very natural to a community like New Salem where there was such an aversion to ministers and ministers' salaries. Will foolishness cease in a christian land. Is the laborer, not worthy of his hire?

Awfully Naughty Boys.

(Miramichi Advance.) The yacht club, on race days should have an officer at the finish post to prevent rude boys from saying such things as: "What excuse will you have Saturday?" "Do you know anything about the 'flying start'?" "There'll be nothing in tomorrow's Sun about this race." "Did you get any codfish?" "Where have you been all the afternoon?" "Put some 'grease paint' on her." "You was too fly on that 'flying start'."

Methodists in a Hot Place.

(Chatham World.) It is a curious coincidence that a hot wave reached Moncton with the Methodist conference. But then clergymen are at least accustomed to mention a hot place.—Transcript. Not at all. They long since ceased to mention it in their sermons. It lives, like election and predestination, in the creeds, but, like them, it is rarely mentioned in the pulpit.

A "Roast" for the Select Classes.

(Campbellton Events.) In every town there are people who think themselves select. Bathurst has a good many, Dalhousie has her share and even cosmopolitan Campbellton harbors a few such. These good people are a most unwelcome leaven in such a community for the set the light headed aping them till in the end we have all the distinctions of a large city with nothing to offer as an excuse for such a state of affairs. Are we to base this uppishness on family? Pshaw! people with the best blood in their veins are often the very ones to keep it from the public. Are we to make it money? Surely not when the best instincts of the race rebel against such a standard. Are we to make it learning and culture? If we should we don't, so that question is disposed of. The fact is that a select circle in every town set up arbitrary standards and run the social machine after their own freaks of fancy.

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

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

The June Egg. Thou stupid blackhead, blundering in my face! Is not the great world wide enough, but thou Must quit the dusky night where thou'rt at home To dazzle at my lamp and burn thy wings; To blind thy gozzie eyes with too much light And banish thy delish head against everything? Thou meddling fool! thou'rt ever out of place. No meetings' free from the disturbing buzz; No child too timid for thy scaring hum; No lady's nerves too strong nor hair too fine For thee to tangle it with scratchy claws— There in my ink again!

How like we art! This dazzling room to thee— Why that's the sunlit world; and we poor men Do bang our heads 'gainst every wall of it. And wonder why we ache. Oar blundering feet Trip roughfoot over metres that twinge in pain; We meddle daily with the mysteries To lighten timid souls with buzzing talk Of laws of unknown things, and life and death; And many a page lies stained with thoughts in more rude Than beetles legs could draw and less intelligent. And yet from out the gloom of our first flight. The primal twilight of our ignorance 'Twas shining of a light that called us in.

Parlor fellow blunderer! Mine's the fault, Impatient of the things I do myself. The fashion only altered. Blunderers both! The one with open book and bruised heart, The other with his broken wings and feet. Thre I'll blow out the light, it troubles thee; A d here's a bit of wood to dry thee on. Rest thee a moment till thy dazed head clears. Then, there's the window open go in peace— And may the gentle God who made us both, When next I blunder in His mighty face, Do so with me, me.

Circumstance.

Where is thy power, O circumstance, That thy dread crotch, a human soul, As destiny may cease? What chance Or might doth fix thy stern control?

May we not do, shall we not dare. If your command does say 'no'? Shall life sink aimless in despair, When thou dost mock the prayers we pray?

Are you merciless? Far beyond Your menace rises dantesque will, Which dares to break your cruel bond, And nobler destiny fulfill.

A coward he who owns your thrall, And yields his life to your dictate. Who hears and heeds your divine call. He is the master of his fate!

The sea that bars us from the shore, Itself shall bear us safely there, The winds contention, bear us o'er Wild waters to a haven fair.

And e'en from circumstances adverse, The earnest, faith-ful soul may wrest True victory and from her cause. Win patience that shall make him blest.

A Straight Tip.

Oh, young friend, in thine hour of eee, If on this paper you should see And look for something to appp Take our advice and now be yyy Turn thence to us your longing iii,— Your feet, your hands, your ears, your nooo, Your mind your heart,—from all your wooo; You'll find our training of some uuu, Without it you have no exqqq. Attend at once, make no delaaa— An Eastman schooling always paaa— A name that dies not nor dekkk. Shorthand Journal.

The Bill-Board Artist.

There are many sons of genius in this city of the West. Verse and music, in the sciences and art; We are proud of their attainments, think they are the very best, And there isn't one with which we'd care to part. In the great array of talent housed within our city walls.

None the almost universal joys affords As the truly gifted artist in the daubed-up overalls, The man who paints the signs upon the boards.

As the trolley cars are rushing through the very busy street. What an eager crowd of rubbernecks they bear! At the unassuming fellow who is holding down a seat On the swarming platform they in wonder stare. How the eyes of all the ladies most approvingly expand.

As well as those of their bewhiskered lords, While gazing at the wonders from the del., artistic hand Of the man who paints the signs upon the boards. He might never take a prize in the Parisian salon, Never figure in the high artistic swim, But in finding his vocation as a brush phenomenon He takes the cake, and that's enough for him. He's content to be the idol of the many passers-by, To attract the notice of the startling hordes, As he wields the hairy brush and makes the gaudy colors fly.

The man who paints the signs upon the boards. There are many rare attractions in this peerless town of ours. Magazziners of the eye that can't be beat, But in catching our attention none possess such a drawing power As the very colored pictures on the street. We may point with admiration to attractions simply grand We may revel in the pleasure each affords, But we bow to the creations of the free and easy hand Of the man who paints the signs upon the boards.

Gentle June.

What she's perched for the reaping; Woke the wild rose from its sleeping; Touched the corn with its fine and yellow; Kissed the apple, made the plum mellow; Lit a golden harvest moon— Gentle June.

A Message to Kruger.

To employ a district messenger-boy in the large cities costs thirty cents an hour and the boy's expenses. A sixteen year old Brooklyn lad named Smith sailed from New York in March bound on the longest, and therefore the most costly, journey that a district messenger ever undertook. When he arrives in New York again the charge for his services will be several hundred dollars, and that sum does not include travelling expenses. Smith went to Pretoria, South Africa, to convey to President Kruger a message of sympathy, signed by more than twenty thousand Philadelphia, New York and Boston school boys. 'But suppose you get to Pretoria and

find that Oom Paul has been sent to St. Helena?" asked the superintendent of the district telegraph company. "What will you do?"

"Take the message to St. Helena," said Smith. In fact, the boy delivered his message to President Kruger at Pretoria on May 29th. Tears are said to have stood in the old man's eyes as he received it.

Smith made what the telegraph dispatch calls "a manly little speech," to which Kruger replied in fitting terms, thanking the "Liberty Lads" for the sympathy they had shown. Then he shook hands with Smith in a fatherly manner, wishing him a safe return.

Several Americans, including United States Consul Hay, were present at the interview.

Many of us are acquainted with the time honored anecdote of the minister whose buckwheat cakes a bounteous parishioner flooded with molasses, till he ventured to protest. 'Oh no,' she answered, generously continuing to pour 'there can't be too much molasses for the minister!'

The wife of a good Boston deacon (he was the founder of the Youth's Companion) was more considerate. She was a notable hostess, whose guest room, the 'Prophet's Chamber,' had been occupied by many famous clergymen.

There was nothing she delighted in more than piously petting these good men, who were supposed to be too intent on spiritual matters to take much earthly care of themselves. She tended them, she mended them, she gave them presents if they were poor, she knitted comforters for them if they were consumptive, she administered honey syrup if they were hoarse, she scolded and dried them if they got their feet wet or forgot their umbrellas. she gave them such dinners!

But she learned that some things can be too good for the minister. It occurred to her once, shortly before dinner, to ask a distinguished divine if there were any special dish he fancied.

'Oh, no, Sister Willis,' was the genial but disconcerting reply. 'Anything will do for me—anything but ham and chicken. I have been travelling for the last week, and every family I have dined with has given me ham and chicken! Anything else would be acceptable—anything I am not particular.'

Poor Sister Willis! Ham and chicken were the chief dishes of the coming dinner. A messenger was hastily dispatched for beefsteak, and the guest never knew of his narrow escape from one more meal of the loathed delicacies.

Indian Compositions.

New 'composition' stories are furnished by two young Indians, whose efforts in this difficult line are reported by the Southern workman.

The subject assigned to the first boy was the life of General Armstrong. Referring to the general's boyhood among the idolatrous, ancestor-worshipping natives of the Hawaiian Islands, he wrote as follows:

'The people of the Sandwich Islands worshipped the idols of their aunt's sisters. The second boy a member of the same class writing upon a different phase of the same subject, got the city of Washington confused with the men for whom the city was named. Referring to the retirement of General Armstrong from the service after the war, he said:

'When General Armstrong finished the war, he wrote to Washington and asked him if there was anything more he could do for him.'

'You seem to be very confident of the success of the novel you are about to publish' suggested the critic.

'Well, rather,' replied the publisher. 'You see,' it a purpose novel by a young girl and deals with subjects of which she really ought to know nothing. I don't see how it can fail.'

He—I think you handle the mandolin, Miss Lillian, better than any other girl I ever saw.

She—Why, you never heard me try to play it. Mr. Wixley.

No. That's why I admire the way you handle it.

Magistrate—You are charged with talking back to an officer, sir; have you anything to say? Prisoner—Dayvil a word yer honor; O've sed too much already.