

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 9

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

IS THIS THE REASON?

We, in the loyal city of St. John have been wondering not a little why our sister city, Halifax, has not taken advantage of the opportunities afforded by the good news from South Africa and celebrated in splendid style the victories won by Lord Roberts. People who are here when these events occur express their surprise and admiration at the celebrations made. It would almost seem as if Halifax had the means to outdo us in these efforts. With the imperial army and navy represented there besides the local militia, the city should be able at an hour's notice to make a splendid demonstration. Perhaps the explanation is given in a letter to PROGRESS from Halifax, which requests the publication of an article which was written by a resident of that city and appeared in an American publication. Our correspondent says:

I send it and ask that you give it publicity, as it shows what sedition can foment in our midst, by one whose principals are socialistic. I know not what blood runs in his veins, but think it would be better for letting out, and this callow youth pilloried by public scorn and derision.

This is the article complained of: "Since the commencement of this business in the Transvaal, the Canadian press has distinguished itself in several directions. It has gone rabid with imperialism; it has persistently set up false standards before the people; it has deliberately closed its columns to the free exchange of thought, when the war would be discussed; it has dealt in bogus cablegrams announcing alleged British victories; it has set the pace in fury and fanaticism; it has prostituted and defiled itself and the people; it has thrown overboard all considerations of decency and of ethics and has made itself the synonym of shame. Without a single rag of honor to cover its hideousness, it has the effrontery to stalk through the land, waving a piece of scarlet, frothing at the awns, naked and unashamed.

"Time was when the Canadian press was noted for stolid, unenterprising stability. It was respectable and slow. Venality was not its chief characteristic. Today, it is a reeking sewer of opinions writ for hire, of abject toadyism, of yellow loyalty and frenetic fanaticism. The soul, as Carlyle would say, has quite gone out of it. It is the meanest that affronts God's universe, devoid of loyalty, while preaching loyalty. Ill fare the land that would rely on its jingo press, for it lacks every instinct that would be of service. It is a vendible thing, shamelessly selling itself. It can only crouch and cringe. It is a vendor of inflammatory untruths, a pander to the lowest passions of our race. But here is where the iron enters—that this vile thing is the lineal descendant of a press through which in days gone by, men fought and won the battle of liberty and progress. Let us lead no sanction to apostles of retrogression! Yet at times I would break up our web perfecting presses, relinquish our linotypes and go back to the Washington hand press and the case and the stick, could we, by so doing, escape from the mesh of hypocrisy and lies, and get back a little of the earnestness, a tith of the manliness, some faint glimmer of the tender grace of that dead time.

"It is on account of newspaper influence that in all the cities of Canada, gangs of young men and boys frequently march through the streets, making purple jackasses of themselves before high Heaven and playing, whistling or singing some heathenish composition in which Kruger is killed, damned, blasted, annihilated by word or mouth. Students of the universities, too,

whom the example of learning has not made wise, perform similar antics. Royalty of medieval form is rampant. So mean, so poor, so stunted is the spirit of the people that they will believe a lie—knowing it to be a lie—rather than face the facts and see themselves for one moment in error. The newspaper press has been, and is, the most potent factor in bringing about this state of national degradation. One pities the people; but one finds the whole vocabulary of invective ineffectual to express a tith of one's wrath in regard to our purient press.

"And they call this British patriotism! There have been men whose deathless names are given in imperishable characters in the Pantheon of the universe, men who cared only for doing right and who scanted our English language by using it in their advocacy of truth. These, I would take it, have made the Anglo-Saxon race a great people. Let us not name them while there strut upon the stage the pretty generals and commanders of this decadent time, idolized by the daily journals and eulogized by a pulpit that is a hissing and a disgrace.

"The influence of the press on the morals of the people for good is great; it can blast and stultify and degrade. At its inception it was good, a strong force making for enlightenment. Now, 'Like sweet bells jangled out of time and wild,' it shames its ancestry and grates harshly, hatefully on the ear. It is a worm worried mass of corruption that smells to Heaven in its rank offence."

A. M. MUIRHEAD.

Much regret is expressed at the inability of the St. John and Halifax exhibition people failing to come to some agreement so as not to clash with the dates of their shows. Our association seems to have done its part in making advances and propositions to the Nova Scotia people. Their lack of success is somewhat surprising. Perhaps the impression prevails in Halifax that few New Brunswickers attend the show there and that it will make but little difference to them if our exhibition goes on at the same time. We are not so independent: we like to see our exhibition as successful as possible and for that reason want all the people who can attend, Nova Scotians included. But then they know where the best show can be seen and they will come anyway.

Congratulations to the young ladies and gentlemen who gave such a splendid entertainment this week. Their efforts will be appreciated by the families of the men in South Africa.

The Auditors Are Critical.

The report of the auditors of the city accounts bring to light many things that are unpleasant. The lack of system in the police office calls for a somewhat critical paragraph in their report. They say that the fine in that famous tailor case, when the English solicitor for trade was fined a hundred, has not been accounted for. If PROGRESS is not mistaken Mr. Ruel was the lawyer for the Englishman and he gave his check for the amount of the fine. The magistrate received it and the check was paid but has not passed to the credit of the city yet. The auditors comment upon the looseness of the system of discharging prisoners. A man may be fined \$20 on Monday and be discharged on Tuesday and no payment noted. From their point of view this is just right but they lose sight of the fact that the discretion of the magistrate is to be considered. If the man has a family depending upon him and the circumstances of his offense are considered the judge may let him go without any payment whatever. Still the suggestion that there should be some proper form of discharge is a good one and will no doubt be acted upon.

Relieved His Embarrassment.

Sir Henry Irving is known to be a very generous man, and would be robbed right and left, it is said, if it were not for the protection afforded by his business manager, Mr. Bram Stoker. For instance, says a London correspondent of the St. Louis Globe Democrat, Irving recently received a letter from a man in Paris who told of his marked likeness to the great actor.

At first the stranger wrote, it was a pleasure to be taken for so distinguished a man, but in time the novelty wore off, and he had been both annoyed and embarrassed by the continual necessity of explaining that he was he, and not Sir Henry. The letter concluded by mentioning that five pounds or ten pounds would be of considerable service to him. Would Sir Henry remit by return of post, and thus in a measure atone for the annoyance to which the likeness had subjected him?

Irving happened to read the letter to Bram Stoker, and then said that he thought he must send the man something, not ten pounds perhaps, but—

"If ye'll let me, I'll answer the letter for

you," said Mr. Stoker, who has an Irish accent to match his Irish wit. A few days later Irving said:

"You answered that letter, Mr. Stoker?" "I did, then, and I wrote him advice of a friendly nature, besides the money I sent to him."

"You sent him money, ha! I hope it was enough."

"'Twas then," murmured Stoker, beaming, 'and the letter to boot. Shall I tell you what was in it? Well, then, it was half a crown I sent to him,—half a crown is sixty-two cents,—and I just wrote him that since it was his likeness to you was vexin' him, well, then, to take it and go and have his hair cut.'

Reflections of a Splinter.

Happiness is a matter of temperament rather than of circumstance.

A man who is impervious to tears and pleading will melt like wax at the touch of indifference.

A Bohemian is a person to whom the luxuries of life are necessities and the necessities luxuries.

JOYS AND WOES OF OTHER PLACES

Must Be a Hokey Pokey Cart.

(Springhill Advertiser.) Simpson's wagon is certainly the creme de la creme of the town.

When It Rains, What Then?

(Island Reporter, Sydney.) The utter stranger fancies that money can be picked up in the streets of Sydney. We are certainly blessed with lots of "dust."

Slump in Sausages Expected.

(Annapolis Spectator.) To-day is the last day for paying in dog taxes. If the tax is not paid in by to-day, the Chief of Police is authorized by the by-law to destroy the dog.

Chief Clerk is Needed There.

(St. John's Advocate.) The fire cracker celebration of Empire Day was by far the most elaborate ever known here. It was in every respect equal to a Fourth of July noise in the American cities.

Another Church Scrap in Montreal.

(Exchange.) Rev. G. Osborne Troop, Rector of St. Martin's Montreal, has issued a circular stating that the pews in the church must be free. The finance say they must not be free. Mr. Troop will resign if the church upholds the committee.

Worse Than Lynch Law.

(St. Andrews Beacon.) Some of the Southern railroads are planning to plant a lot of boers in the southern states. The colored population of the South have enough troubles of their own now without adding these negro-haters to them.

Boer Delegates are Conquerors.

(Boston Herald.) The Boer envoys are to be congratulated upon one great achievement. They have succeeded in extracting some politeness and courtesy from New York's little Dutch mayor. It is the first sample on record.

"Choice Language" all round.

(Newcastle Advocate.) Is it not about time a curfew bell ordinance was introduced in this town? We think that Newcastle surpasses any other town in the province for noisy boys. Darkness has no terrors for them. They are out on the streets at all hours and indulge in all sorts of mischief and devilment, not to say a word about "choice language" for which they "take the cake."

A Sweet-Toothed Desperado.

(Chatham World.) Two men, after eating all the ice cream and cake they could swallow at Miss Staple's one evening last week, tipped out of the shop when the attendant was in the back room and scooted. A third man, who had been in their company, was subsequently interviewed, and said one of the ice cream sneaks was the captain of the schooner Florence May. The owners of the schooner had better look out for him. The man who will rob an ice cream saloon will steal anything.

Mrs. Smith Starts an Avalanche.

(Restigouche Telephone.) Mrs. E. A. Smith, St. John, who so pleasantly entertained our citizens with her lectures last week struck the core of public opinion when she said that a town like Campbellton, and such a large and intellectual audience as that which filled the building on the evenings mentioned, were deserving of a more spacious and improved public hall. Why do not some of our money men invest in the erection of a building that will be a credit to the town and at the same time a financial remuneration to the proprietors.

Astonishing Solar Discovery.

(Annapolis Spectator.) W. H. Moody took considerable trouble to secure a snap shot of the sun's eclipse on Monday, and on developing the plate was more than surprised at the result. While astronomers and others have been spending years in trying to locate the nature of the inhabitants of Mars, by a lucky chance Mr. Moody has been the first to secure the necessary information. The plate developed a handsomely furnished sitting-room and old Sol, as if ashamed, is seen hiding his face in the folds of a sofa cushion. Unknown to the operator, an exposed plate had been left in the camera.

A Popular Idea Exploded.

(Truro Times—Guardian.) The publisher of a newspaper has one thing to sell and one thing to rent. He has the newspaper to sell, and the space in the columns to rent. Can any one inform us why we should be expected to give away either one or the other? He can do so if he chooses, and he does, as a matter of practical fact, furnish a great deal of space rent free. But it does not follow that he ought to be expected to do it. It ought to be recognized as a contribution exactly as would the giving away of sugar or coffee by the groceryman. But strange to say it is not looked upon in that light at all, yet everybody knows that the existence of a newspaper depends as much on the rent of its space and the sale of the paper as the merchant's success depends on selling his goods instead of giving them away.

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VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Moor Leeb, Among the lonely hills it lies, Deep, dark and still; And mirrs back the changeful skies, The sun, the stars, the bird that flies, The broad brown-shouldered hill.

The world's wide voice is silent here; The cuckoo, the wren, the thrush, the dove, The thrush that makes earth sad and dear, Lie all beneath its ken.

And only he who comes from far, Seeking the deep Communion sweet with sun and star, Knows of the calm and joys that are In its vast stillness sleep.

For here the eternal soul holds speech, Yet makes no sound; With naught but clouds which one might reach The black flood, the untrodden beach, And barking gulls around.

Time and the things of Time are not; The path we tread, the world's end here and thought Can neither see nor dream of aught Save man's own heart and God. —Robert Bain.

The Smillex's Gal, Over yon across the mountain, Kinder nuzzled up in a hollow, Stans the habit what my heart is, An' my feet they etch to follow, Fur I know the gal an' I know she stan's waitin' An' I place all round that with glory she fills; The rainbow, the fabres' the sweeties', An' the smillex's gal in the hills.

All the gals air sort o' purty, Fur she's different kin o' sweetness; But this gal she's got all kin's An' she's got 'em to comp' eteness; The fellers all luv her, fur how can they he'p it When the heart that comes nigh her, hit shadders An' thrills; The sweeties', the neates', the brighties', An' the smillex's gal in the hills.

She's a chile-ice of her feller's, An' I reckon that I know 'im; Ary uthers of he tries hit 'Bout she settin' up'll show him; Fur I know she's luvvin' an' true as she's purty, An' so good that the thoughts of her banishes ill; The brighties', the lighties', the smarties', An' the smillex's gal in the hills.

The Bookman, For many a year he grubbed among The stalls where antique tomes lie piled, An' then alone when for a song, He bought some prize, he ever smiled; Staring at titles o' his eyes Stanted aloft in eager looks, As if he stood in Paradise 'Neath trees of knowledge hung with books.

So long the reflex dull of calf, As Caspian ride on lidless, lay wing'd; That it is leather now by half, And Time's deep tooling we can trace. Volvums grew human in his care, While he their form and semblance took, Till an s'ood on the shelving there And in the armarial lolled a book.

But books and men will fray and fade, Or, in some sunless chamber laid, They warp and mildew into aere; The living leaves grow sere and wan, The back knows many an ache and crook, Till into Limbo's flung the man, And to the grave is born the book.

Who knows—yon pile of ragged leaves May when some critic fluds it there, Be gathered up like golden sheaves And garbed in beauty past compare. Even the faintest of words He find Between its margins broad and white, Some heavenly Grollier yet may bind The bookman's soul in covers bright! —George Seibel.

The Bride of June.

There's a flutter of excitement in her breast, There's a timid sparkle in her pretty eyes; She is like the little birdling in its nest, Finer its untired wings before it flies. She can see a rosy future in her dreams, With the roses of love her heart is all attune; All the world is hers for a tender song they croon, To the maiden who will be a bride in June.

How the passing days are laggard in their flight; Seem to move along on lidless, lay wing'd; Seem conspiring to delay the glad delight Of the morning when the wedding bells will ring. 'Round her couch at night the Cupid angles hum, In her dreamy ears he tender song they croon, And the most delightful visions ever come To the maiden who will be a bride in June.

There's a glint of joyous triumph in her eyes As her girly chums gaze at her wistfully With their bosoms almost clogged with envious sighs; Wishing they were playing in such luck as she; And they tell to her how the rosy god of love Has conferred upon her head a special boon And she coos her sweet responses like a dove— Does the maiden who will be a bride in June.

Chawley comes to see her nearly every night, Comes to tell the time-worn story o'er and o'er, As if his heart is ever dancing with delight As they rapturously near the golden shore, Oft they walk together slowly arm and arm 'Neath the silvery glories of the sweet May moon And existence seems to be a music charm To the maiden who will be a bride in June.

Never comes a vision of domestic snags, Never comes the darkening shadow of a fear That they yet may quarrel like Kilkenny cats Ere they've worked in double harness for a year. Never comes red-ribbon of the honeymoon— Future cares and present raptures never blend With the maiden who will be a bride in June.

From Kipling's "Recreational," Before Examination, Spirit of mem'ry—during exam,— Mem'ry of elusive dates, Beneath whose weight we cram and cram— (Uphold us all ye gracious Fates!) Elusive mem'ry! bide with us yet— Lest we forget—lest we forget.

During Examination, The tumult and shouting dies— (The tumult of recess, I mean)— Still in our ears those ringing cries Sound loud as ever on the green. Composure staid be with us yet— Lest we forget—lest we forget. And now the questions are on the board, Dread searchers of our knowledge's store; Ah! by that fourth one are we 'dored! To the fatal fourth—no need to more— Swift 'scaping mem'ry, linger yet For we forget—lor we forget.

After Examination, Far called, our mem'ries swept away, Deep sunk in Hope in misery's mire; Gone all our pomp of yesterday— 'Tis one with Nineveh and Tyre, Ye kindly Fates, share our hard lot, For we forget—lor we forget. —C.H.S.

AUTOMOBILE AND COWBOYS.

The Former did not Prove a Success When Used in Roping Steers.

Is that the picturesque figure of the Western Plains, the cowboy and rough-and-ready rider, to be replaced by an inanimate contrivance of iron, rubber and gasoline? We trust not, in spite of a story which the New York Sun tells of the more or less successful introduction of an automobile on the Texass range of Mr John G. Kenedy, in Nueces County.

A "runabout" vehicle of extra strong build was tried by the proprietor and his foreman, and was voted a complete success. No more horses on that ranch! In a comfortable seat, with the speed of a thousand cattle at command by the turning of a lever, henceforth the cowboy would prod the weary steers homeward.

This exultation was checked, however, by the furious stampeding of the first herd of cattle that caught sight of the new machine.

Across the broad ranch, reeking not of barbed-wire fences, went the herd. A number of properly mounted cowboys succeeded in overtaking the cattle several miles away, and after a long chase finally turned them towards home. After that horses were driven in front of the machine until the cattle ceased to fear it.

Then came the supreme test. It was necessary to round up certain steers, and some of the cowboys wanted to try the experiment of roping them from the seat of the automobile.

The animals were driven into the walled enclosure. John Fisher and Harry Towles two of the best ropers on the ranch, were chosen to ride. Towles was to do the roping, his mate to act as motorman. When the steer was roped, the machine was to be brought to a quick stop.

Fisher put the machine to its best "road ing gait" as it entered the corral. The steers made for the other end, the machine close upon them. The wild creatures, cornered, flew back by their strange looking pursuer.

Instantly the lariat was flung out, and settled over the horns of the animal aimed at. The "horse end" was attached to the front axle of the vehicle.

Fisher failed to stop the machine. He tugged in vain at the lever. Something was wrong. At the last moment, the rope being secure, Towles seized the steering gear and managed to avoid a collision with the opposite fence.

The wild procession, led by the runaway automobile, sped rapidly across the corral again.

By a desperate trick of steering the machine was run out into the open, the steer dragging behind, the involuntary tail to a comical comet which was certainly out of its orbit.

Away across the pasture sailed the runaway, until some cowboys riding up saw the difficulty and cut the steer loose.

Even then the men in charge showed their grit by sticking to the fractious vehicle until after a breakneck ride of about fifteen miles they managed to work the shut-off lever and became once more plain American cowboys willing to rope steers in the good old way from a bucking bronco.

Setting Horse Right.

"It's a libel to say that the summer girl flirts with 'Tom,' 'Dick' and 'Harry,' remarked Maud.

"Of course, it is," answered Mamie. "The idea of even being introduced to people with such ordinary names! I should not think of flirting with any one except Reginald, 'Claude' or 'Algernon'!"

An Annual Job.

Young Wite—"I wish you would take a day off and help me bring up all those jars of fruit I put up last summer and find some way to get rid of the stuff. It's all spoiled as usual."

Husband—"What's the hurry?" Young Wite—"I want the jars to put up more fruit."

Shirts, Collars and Cuffs.

Pliable, finest, cannot be excelled. One shirt and collar for a trial now. Uggars Laundry, Dyeing and Carpet Cleaning Works. Telephone 58.

Nevada Dailies.

In the December issue of the American Newspaper Directory for 1899 not a single newspaper in Nevada gets credit for an issue of as many as 1,000 copies. There are nine dailies in the State.