

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 2

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

THE UNIVERSITY CENTENNIAL.

The centennial exercises at the University this week have been of an interesting and notable character. Men eminent in learning from many universities on this continent assembled to do honor to the event and in the manner in which the anniversary was celebrated does credit to the gentlemen who made the arrangements for it. There was but one marring feature—the sudden death of Dr. RAND, a man who has done much for education in this province. He was one of the men who carried our free school system into effect and for that reason must always be held in grateful remembrance.

The university has come through many trials and tribulations to the one hundredth year of her existence. She has sent some of the ablest men in Canada from her halls and contributed not a few to the best colleges in the United States. For some years criticism has been freely indulged in regarding her methods and while some of it has been harsh and uncalled for there is no doubt that the attention directed by this means to the institution has not been without its good effect.

The valedictorian this year pointed out some things that he thought might be beneficial to the college. The need of greater publicity was touched upon and the staff urged to get in closer touch with the people. The chancellor has tried this for a year or two and one result has been a much increased attendance.

The Centennial is notable for the effort to erect an engineering building. This is one of the best signs of the progress of the institution. When under-graduates endeavor to assist the college in this way the interest they feel in their alma mater must be strong indeed. In this case they have caused old graduates to think and to contribute so freely toward their object that the large sum required to erect the building has been almost wholly subscribed.

That the second century in the history of the University of New Brunswick may be marked year by year with just such efforts is the sincere wish of all her graduates. They have stood aloof too long, permitting their alma mater to depend upon public aid. The day may come when she will not have to do this but it will only be when her sons and daughters take a lively interest in her welfare.

THE BRITISH SUCCESS.

The interest of Canadians in the war in South Africa was shown more than ever this week when the great event—the occupation of Pretoria—was imminent. No one dared to hope that this would be accomplished before the close of the week yet Lord ROBERTS once more surprised the British Empire and added to his splendid reputation by pushing forward with unexampled rapidity and arriving at the gates of the Transvaal capital almost as soon as Johannesburg had surrendered. The mobility of the Boers is no longer spoken of—the rapid march of the British colonial soldiers is the one theme of continental critics—those jealous observers of the English in South Africa. At the time of this writing while Pretoria has not actually surrendered it is not expected that the Boers will defend it. The flight of KRUGER must have disappointed those sturdy adherents of his who have followed his advice and warred with the greatest of powers. They had implicit confidence in his ability to carry them through the contest with success. They had no fear of losing and indeed for a time after the beginning of hostilities the odds of battle were

with them. When the forces of the empire gathered and were led by competent generals there was a difficult tale to tell. The relief of Ladysmith and that gallant garrison at Mafeking were two of the great features of the war. The Canadians have done more than their share as a part of the force of LORD ROBERTS and the glory they have won has made Canada proud of them.

No one will regret the fact that the war seems approaching its close. The loss of life has been enormous and the expense far greater than was expected. LORD ROBERTS' tactics has prevented the destruction to life that was so familiar when METHEUN and BULLER led and his success has justified them. There is no doubt that detached portions of the Boer army will fight for some time but the backbone of the irresistible is broken.

THE FAMINE IN INDIA.

The missionaries from India, in attendance upon the recent Ecumenical Conference in New York, declared, in a published statement, that the present famine situation in India is of "unparalleled and indescribable gravity." This is the deliberate assertion of men and women who know the country thoroughly and have witnessed the distress of the people in previous periods of scarcity.

More statistics give an inadequate idea of so appalling a calamity. Yet when it is remembered that the stricken provinces contain a population of sixty millions, four fifths of whom are dependent on agriculture; and that, at last accounts, five and a half million persons were receiving aid from the government, it will be seen that the situation is not exaggerated.

Famines, more or less acute, are so frequent in India that famine relief has been reduced almost to a science by the government officials. As soon as famine conditions are seen to be approaching the machinery of relief is set in motion.

The present government of India is working energetically; but no government can support, through months of famine, such a vast population. Thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands, of people must die of starvation unless private charity, on a large scale, supplements the government relief. The war in South Africa has drawn so heavily upon the resources and charities of England that less aid than usual can be expected from that quarter; and this is true also, to some extent, of the British colonies. This makes more urgent the need of assistance from other countries.

It is not as subjects of Queen Victoria, but as suffering helpless human beings, that the stricken natives of India appeal to the sympathies of the Christian world. They need generous and instant aid, and that aid will be most effectual if it takes the form of money. Large sums are needed, but the smallest contribution, if made promptly, will help in keeping at least one person from starvation.

ROYALTY OF AGE.

The present month witnesses the birthdays of two royal personages in circumstances unusual, touching and noteworthy. On the 6th, the Crown Prince of Germany reached his majority—eighteen years. He is a youth of proud and worthy ancestry; he has been educated with sedulous care; he is said to be of unspoiled nature and princely bearing. Transpose the figures of his age, and on May 24th they expressed the age of his great-grandmother, Queen Victoria, queen and empress, the chief personage in Christendom. In the fullest and noblest sense of the term, she, too, is "of age."

The Victorian Era has been the period of the evolution of the public school, the greatest achievements in education, in science, in the arts, and in the civilization of the world. It has seen the enfranchisement of man; the revolution of the condition of women, of convicts and of the insane. Philanthropy has thrown wide her gates; natural and applied science has altered the world's whole conception of earth and its products of life and its possibilities.

It is futile to conjecture what the age of Prince Friedrich Wilhelm will bring forth. Suffice it, that however kingly his state, every marvel of science, every transformation wrought in the intellectual world will belong more to him than to the humblest boy or girl who reads these lines. No longer do invention and discovery wait at the feet of kings.

A PROSPEROUS YEAR.

If the year 1899 was remarkable for its business prosperity, it was no less noteworthy for its charities.

Never in any twelvemonth since records have been kept, in this or any other country has so large a sum been poured out for the helping and uplifting of mankind as was bestowed last year in the form of gifts and bequests to colleges, libraries, hospitals, churches and other institutions. The recorded total is

sixty-two and three quarters million dollars to which may fairly be added at least two million and a quarter more, in small donations—the little gifts of which the left hand of the giver never knew.

Not only is the size of this cheerful to contemplate, but in several other respects it invites favorable comment.

First the amount of money bestowed in the form of direct gifts was greatly in excess of that left by bequest. In other words, rich men did not wait until death had robbed them of the power longer to enjoy their wealth, but gave of their possessions while they could still follow the course of their benefactions, see that their wishes were regarded, and advise concerning the fulfilment of their plans. This course is not only most sensible from a business point of view, but it also ensures the giver a larger share in the pleasure of his benefactions. It makes him part and parcel of the good he does, and so leaves him a better man. The knowledge that people of large means are more and more coming to adopt this course is not the least attractive characteristic of last year's charitable record.

Another point worth mentioning is the growing disposition to give anonymously. It shows, better than anything else could show it, a sincere and personal interest in the noble aims for which the gifts are made, and an absence of the self interest which seeks advertising and the praise of men.

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JOYS AND WOES OF OTHER PLACES

Hallifax Ahead This Time.

(Halifax Echo.) The ash carts started on their rounds last night.

Ye With Unhappy Lots, Attention!

(Springhill Advertiser.) Parties wanting their lots fixed up, can have them done by applying to Ralph Turner, at moderate rates.

A Long Distance View.

(Windsor Tribune.) The Sydney club have moved into the top floor of the Commercial bank of Windsor block. The rooms have a magnificent view of Sydney harbor.

Big Drop in Drugs.

(Bridgetown Monitor.) Much good medicine was wasted in Dr. Armstrong's office yesterday. Several long shelves, almost completely filled with bottled drugs and medicines, that were but slightly touched to a supporting cabinet, toppled over.

Hall Carried Female From Germany.

(Exchange.) In the mails recently received in Milwaukee were the ashes of a lady that city who died while visiting Germany and was cremated there.

But What's in a Name?

(Exchange.) Jay Gould of Shubenscade, is now on one of the Nelson's Liniment teams. This week he is doing Hants county, and report says he is meeting with good success. No doubt 'Jay' will make a good agent.

"The Deserted Village."

(Halifax Echo.) It is estimated that there are 1,400 vacant houses in Halifax. The large number of houses built in the suburbs during the past few years is said to be the cause. Most of the vacant houses are in the city proper, and are either held for high rentals or are out of date as dwellings.

The Penalty of Fame.

(Miramichi Advance.) The schooner formerly known as the Gaspar Embree, which has been lengthened and rebuilt during the past winter and spring, was launched from the Miller foundry yard yesterday morning, and renamed Baden-Powell.

Editorial Woes.

(Annapolis Spectator.) Editing a newspaper is not a nice business. If we publish jokes peep 'e say we are 'rattleheaded.' If we don't we are an old fossil. If we publish original matter they say we don't give them selections enough. If we give them selections they say we are too lazy to write. If we remain in the office we ought to go out and hustle. If we go out then we are not attending to our business. If we don't go to church we are heathen. If we do we are a hypocrite. If we wear old clothes they laugh at us; if we wear good ones they say we have a 'pull.' Now what are we to do? Just as like as not some will say we stole this item from our Exchanges.

The Soldier's Pet Gone.

(Butler's Journal.) There has been very much fuss made about the soldier's bear, Bridget, who recently "took a slope" to the land of shadows—the Union Jack has been hung at half mast at the barracks and she has been buried with military honors, while a certain Mr. Brown of the school has "immortalized" her in a "poem."

We essayed a poem on the above mournful occasion but our feelings overcame us and we could not finish it. It runs thus to the tune of Beulah Land: The soldier's bear is Lord knows where. There but remains her hide and hair— They planted her upon the Square And now the soldiers scrape do wear.

"There Were Others."

(London Punch) "Pleasant month of May!"—we faint Scan the calendar, and say— "Lo! we greet you once again, Pleasant month of May!" Then your azure skies turn grey. Stinging hail and drizzling rain Come to mar your sunny way. Justly then may we complain When your ill-timed jests you play; From such pleasantries refrain— Pleasant month of May.

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VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

When the Honeysuckles Bloom.

Oh, what scenes arise before me, Oh, what airy visions gleam Pure, mysterious, lovely, holy, Fairer than my fondest dream And these visions drift around me, In sweet light, in sweeter gloom. A my soul is filled with rapture When the honeysuckles bloom.

O what melodies surround me O what liquid music floats In the tree tops, in the grasses, From the song birds tender throats And the streamlet, rushing gladly From the dark cave's rocky tomb Since in freedom's joyous cadence When the honeysuckles bloom.

Oh, what odors fair allure me, Oh, what fragrance passing sweet As the sweet shrubs bees for kisses In their woodland, shy retreat. And the heart leaves, as I crush them, Yield the loveliest perfume. Oh, what truth Jehovah teaches When the honeysuckles bloom.

And 'twas in this lovely season, Fairest of our sweetest earth, That my spirit found the treasure, Only treasure that it worth. Then the spirit bought my spirit Out from sin's funeral gloom. And my Savior speaks the clearest When the honeysuckles bloom. —Elise Beattie.

Going to The Country.

We are going to the country. Come along, my little child; Through this breeze, easy summer you're to run a trife wild. Bring your waxen, flaxen dollies, and your dearest queerest one, And your little brittle dishes and your saucy squirrel, Ben. Wash your rosy, posy fingers till they're very clean and neat, Put your shiny, tiny slippers on your agile, fragile feet. Hop and pop into the lightest and the brightest of your frocks. Tie your rattle-ramble hat upon your blowing flying locks. Skipping, tripping to the station, where the luggage van is piled Yes, we're going to the country. Come along, my happy child.

The Oriole.

In blossom time the oriole flings Out to the air his audacious wings; His breast that swells so joyously, A fragrant is of sunset sky In recess at the treetop swang, Fragrant, and with such colors hung As no' were two bright nocturne there. He waits his sweetheart of the air Knowing the love tryst will be kept. Ere many skies have gleamed or wept He'll hear her voice, with answering chime.

What mural painting there is seen! Ivory, pale rose and tender green, And brown of bud, and glint of dew, Such fragrance in each dainty hue; With turfy floor and cushioned bole, The orchard for the oriole! Yet, each tint of the apple tree Is far less glorious than he, Lending to him a glow in re-fer; Young Vanity makes that his care In blossom time.

How lustily he tells his cheer! To strike her com'g listening ear! His passionate expectancy Transmutes his soul to melody. The notes that to his call have come Sound all in vain their deeper hum, And lost upon the flowing air Their drowsy, twilight nocturne there. Soon shall he come from southland far To where the scented petals are, Beneath the bridal roof of blue. And me with thee, and you with true. And kiss with bliss, will ever rhyme, In blossom time, in blossom time!

Cotton, Mule and Nigger.

Summer time is here agin See dat grass a-growin' Git up by de peep of day, Keep dem ploughs a-goin' Stir de dirt! Grass grows like am, Comes right whar you 's jes' nowbin Faster dan de craps dat's in, Keep on ploughin', hoein'!

Chop dat cotton to er stan' Watch it, wuck it, hoe it, For de craps needs every han, Make dem hoes jes' go it. All de rows keep dar an' clean Nethin' growin' in between; If you'se fat, you'll soon be lean Hoein'! Fer I know it.

Chop dat cotton, slize dat hoe, See dat grass a-growin' Make a craps and den you'll know Things dat's worth a knowin' Grass an' weeds don't want no start, Dey is sure to do tsar part, Dey has got de very art— Growin' while you'r hoein'!

Cotton crap don't give no res' To de mule er nigger, Sweat an' toil dar very bes', Den dey cuts a figger. In de round-up of de craps, If de year brings no mishap, Dey fills up a mighty gap Cotton, mule and nigger. —William Lunde Hill.

Mrs. Langtry Sails.

Mrs. Langtry and her company sailed last week for England. The New York papers of last week referred at length to an episode that threatened to mar the closing of Mrs. Langtry's American tour. Some of the unimportant members of the company took offence because they could not have exclusive steam boats to return or something of that sort, and they threatened to leave in a huff. Fortunately actors were in New York to fill up the company but they were not required, for when the Britons saw the Americans at the wing watching rehearsals and ready to go on they decided they would finish the season as it was.

"Pa," said the senator's little son, "what is a nemesis?" "A nemesis, my son," replied the senator, "is a female office seeker for whom you have foolishly promised to use your influence."

Talk on a Base Ball Field.

If there is much base ball like that played on Wednesday the game will have a speedy death in this city. The Alerts and Roses met on the Athletic grounds and victory perched again on the banner of the former. They seem to form a stronger team this year than last and one noticeable feature was the harmonious way in which they worked. The Roses on the contrary were under no capable direction apparently. The pitcher would roast the catcher and the latter would get in his reply to those fielders who told him to play better ball. He made some rank mistakes and no doubt annoyed the friends of the Roses, but such talk on the ball field does not go and the best heads in the Roses know it. O'Neill put in an appearance on second base and played with much of his former dash and spirit. It was his first game however, and he was not in his best form. Since that game the Roses catcher has returned to his home and for the game to-day McLean of Fredericton is announced as the backstop of the North End team.

A Celebration Incident.

"Take it down," "Take it down" was the cry raised by several people Thursday morning when a young man tried to place the Stars and Stripes among the Union Jacks on a King street business house. He didn't make any answer but kept right along and the result was that the crowd below became impatient. They had read of the great reception given the Boer delegates in Boston and they were not in a mood to look at the Yankee flag. By this time other employees in the establishment were looking out of the windows up stairs and one of them of a practical turn of mind dropped a large wad of wet paper upon the decorators head. He vanished at once and the incident raised such a laugh that the flag was forgotten.

Two Stories by Joseph Jefferson.

Joe Jefferson was asked by 'Success' what he considered the most amusing experiences of his stage career, particularly in connection with his famous 'Rip Van Winkle.'

'The most amusing incident connected with this play,' he said, 'was the receipt of a letter from a citizen in a small town where he had played the night before. He said he had enjoyed the performance very much, and would not have missed it for anything in the world. It might be unusual he said, for a stranger like him to write his thanks to so distinguished an actor,—those are his words, not mine,—in appreciation of the smiles and the tears of a whole evening; but that, while he was thoroughly disinterested in the matter, he felt under an obligation, and would like to make some reparation and some return for the favors he had received as an auditor. 'I am the inventor,' he wrote, 'of a patent spring bed, and I would like to send you one of these beds as a present; all I would ask of you is just simply, when you wake up in the fifth act, you would say that you wouldn't have felt so bad if you had been sleeping in one of Dunk's patent spring beds.'

But by far the funniest experience of his road life was furnished by the late W. J. Florence, with whom Mr. Jefferson was starring the New England circuit of one-night stands. Mr. Florence loved to be called out to make a speech before the curtain. One night, in a Connecticut city, he was called out and said:—

"Ladies and gentlemen: it is to you that I owe all the success I have attained in my profession. It was the early encouragement that I received here that prompted me to go on with my professional work. I was here a boy; I know you all; I recognize you all; and I can never forget the kindness that has been showered upon me by the people of Hartford."

A man in the audience shouted: "This is New Haven, Mr. Florence."

"It thus behooves an actor," said Mr. Jefferson, in telling the story, "not only to be prepared in his speech, but pretty well satisfied in what place he is acting."

'It is all over between us,' said Miss Dinsmore firmly, to Mr. Dolley. 'Take your ring.'

'Keep it,' replied Mr. Dolley mournfully.

I couldn't think of such a thing. It is my invariable rule to return the ring when I break an engagement.'