

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 23

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

AN IMPORTANT CONFERENCE.

In point of members the conference summoned by MAYOR DANIEL to consider the possibilities of the summer steamship service did not perhaps come up to the expectations of those who have a keen interest in the project, but the gentlemen who did put in appearance at the first session on Thursday afternoon were probably followed by others.

Every business man has a keen interest in the subjects discussed because if from the facts produced it seems possible to provide sufficient freight for a summer service it will not only mean a great deal to the port of St. John but will be a great stimulus to the agricultural industry. In the end this is what New Brunswick must depend upon, unlike Nova Scotia we have no vast wealth in our coal and gold mines. True we have grand forests but the lumbermen will say that they are not inexhaustible. One thing however, we will always have in abundance and that is splendid sections for agricultural purposes. The farmers complain that they have no market. The days of reciprocity are over and the United States markets are practically closed against them. The idea of the present conference is to see if enough produce cannot be supplied to keep a steamer on the route all summer between St. John and the old Country. This is accompanied by the cold storage project which Mr. PUGSLEY explained. Of course such a warehouse would be necessary in the event of such a service and the governments are quite ready with their offer of assistance to assist its erection.

The commissioner of agriculture in dwelling upon the possibilities of the province saw through rose-colored spectacles. At the last census the products of the province were worth only \$7,000,000. He thinks they should be worth 27,000,000. This is a wonderful increase and one that every one hopes could be realized. Still the present prospects are not assuring.

Mr. PUGSLEY'S idea that the increase must come from the dairy may not be so far astray. The farmer who can conduct a large dairy business with success and profit must necessarily farm largely in other directions. He says that since the cold storage warehouse has been in Montreal the expansion in the butter and egg trade has been 80 per cent. One of PROGRESS exchanges notes that—"half a million dollars is a large sum of money to be invested in so small and apparently insignificant a commodity as eggs, yet that represents approximately the value of the eggs being placed in cold storage warehouses of Kansas City this spring. The season is now at its height, and before the close about 120,000 cases, each containing thirty dozen eggs, will be laid away for next winter's use. This is a much larger quantity than was ever stored here before. Last spring about 80,000 cases were stored in Kansas City warehouses. The increase is remarkable for the reason that few dealers made any profit in their venture last season, while the majority lost \$2 to \$3 on every case stored. One explanation of the increase is that outside dealers and speculators are looking with more favor on Kansas City as a storing point and as a market where they can dispose of their holdings most satisfactorily."

The increase in this trade in the Western States has been wonderful and it is only fair to suppose that what has been done there can be done here.

At the hour of writing this the subject of pulp manufacture had not come under discussion but it was on the programme.

Mr. MOONEY will no doubt give the conference some interesting facts about this industry which is almost new to New Brunswick. Our opportunities here are quite as good if not better than in Maine for the production of pulp and paper and whereas it was true once that the sawing of logs was the greatest industry of this state that is a past glory, and Maine is today the pulp and paper state. New York stands first in the production of pulp and paper at this time, but in 1901, Maine now second in the list, will become the first State in the Union in the extent and value of its pulp and paper industries.

There are now in operation in Maine mills producing 1,835 tons of pulp and paper daily, the output of white newspaper being about 475 tons. This paper capacity will be increased next year by the completion of plants now in process of construction to about 600 tons daily, while the aggregate production of pulp and paper combined will be increased to 2,500 tons. This will make Maine first in the industry, New York second, with Wisconsin, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and Ohio following in the order named.

Including the mills now in process of erection, there is invested in the pulp and paper industry in Maine about \$30,000,000. Six thousand hands are now employed, with a payroll for labor (salaries of officers not included) of about \$15,000 a day. Next year the number of hands will be 7,000 and the payroll \$17,500 a day. The logs consumed this year will be cost \$2,500,000, and the product will be worth \$18,000,000. Next year more than \$3,000,000 worth of logs will be needed, and they will be turned into pulp and paper worth \$20,000,000.

One of the mills now being erected is the largest in the world. It is at Millinocket, seventy-five miles north of Bangor, and will cost \$4,000,000, will be 900 feet long and 450 feet wide, employ 600 men, use 50,000,000 to 60,000,000 feet of logs and burn 50,000 tons of coal annually, and turn out at first 450,000 pounds of white newspaper daily, which can be increased to 850,000 pounds.

These are facts that must impress the gentlemen who are interested in this steamship service. The two mills almost at our doors can provide a certain amount of cargo but not enough and the people will watch with much interest the results of the conference that endeavored to cope with the difficulty of providing cargoes.

How hard it is to understand these politicians, GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT said as plainly as a man could that he did not want and would not accept the nomination for vice president of the United States. Now we see him nominated with great enthusiasm and, to quote the despatches "his name is on every lip!"

The Shiplaboring Shift. The shiplaboring fraternity were at it again hammer and tongs this week, which proves that the old sore has not thoroughly healed. Like the cat with nine lives this controversy, or rivalry, still seems to exist between the old Shiplaborer's Union and the new Shiplaborers Society. The latest trouble seems to have been started by an unfaithful few belonging to Carleton who were members of the younger organization. Coached on to action, it is said, by the old Union they seceded from their fellow laborers to join in the ranks of the rival crowd who in turn were to strike for an increase in wages, provided sufficient men were drawn off from the new Society to make it impossible for them to step in and take their work while they were striking. It was also promised the unfaithful ones that Stevedore Cameron would join their forces and place his two steamers in their hands to load. But the whole thing fizzled out, the new society showed remarkable resourcefulness, and Stevedore Cameron refused to desert, so many of the bolters have sought reinstatement into their own organization, and the old Union scheme failed to a very great extent.

An Old National Player Dead. The telegram that told the friends of Joseph O'Shaughnessy of his death at Great Falls, Montana did not give them any information further than that Joe was one of the old National base ball players and was well known in all the cities of sport. He has been away for thirteen years and was at one time in Missoula, Montana. His brothers Robert and Edward are in this city and are anxiously awaiting further particulars. Joe was 81 years of age.

A Suggestion. There is a city bye law which forbids merchants from sweeping refuse into the streets. It is enforced sometimes and should be always. PROGRESS suggests to Sergeant Caples who has the Prince William and Water street beat that he suggests to the janitor of the ferry building

that the street is not the proper place for sweepings of the building. They are put out with daily regularity. It might be quite in order for the city to report itself on this occasion.

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A Formidable Correction.

The proper spelling of Welsh names is a matter known only to experts, and it gives much trouble to English post-officials, who are able in many cases to make only a guess, so to speak, at the spelling of place names. Sir Herbert Maxwell, in an article in an English magazine, gives an amusing example of this. On March 2, 1883, the following telegram was landed in for delivery at the post-office of Chepstow:

"Going to Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwilyllgodrogoch. Shall be at home by four-thirty."

The postmaster, thinking that there was "more than a fair pennorth" of consonants in the name, referred it to his surveyor, who wrote back:

"It is an attempt at the name of a village in Anglesey, but is evidently not written by a Welshman; the spelling is incorrect, and but for the joke of the thing, the ordinary abbreviation—Llanfairwl—would have been better. The name, correctly written, I give below: Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwilyllgodrogoch."

JOYS AND WOES OF OTHER PLACES.

Owa Up and Look Pleasant.

(Restigouche Telephone.) What cyclist run over the dog last evening.

"Canada's Growing Time."

(Chatham Commercial.) Elgin, Albert Co. boasts of a woman who has given birth to five children within sixteen months. The woman's name is Dobson.

"Good Night" is out of Place Now.

(Cape Breton Advocate.) The almanac informs us that there is no real night in this month, only daylight and twilight, the days being sixteen hours and fourteen minutes long.

A Great Name Disgraced.

(Exchange.) A New York dog named Dawey suicided because he was licked by another dog. If this dog had not a reputation to sustain he would have taken his licking like any ordinary canine.

Not so Much "Beer" in Canada.

(Exchange.) The consumption of tea in the United States in 1899, was an average of a little more than one pound for every individual; in Canada the average consumption was something more than five pounds per head.

Kruger's "Bitter End" Defined.

(St. Andrews Beacon.) Kruger says he will fight to the "bitter end." If there can be any more bitterness in acre for the boer president! must be in the "sour apple tree" that the boys sing about.

Civilization's Onward March.

(Queens County Gazette.) Mr. John Balmain one of Scotchtown's enterprising young men is making great improvements on his farm he lately purchased. He is refuting one of the barns in a modern and civilized manner. He evidently intends that his domestics will be comfortable during the cold blasts of winter.

Look Out for Nautical Editorials Now.

(Chatham World.) The first yacht race of the season will be sailed off Chatham, Thursday afternoon, for the Gov. Fraser Cup and club prizes. Spray is rigged last Saturday, and has been out sailing Oriana was out on Wednesday. Maude is nearly ready, with new rigging and improvements. She and Oriana are now rigged with spreaders for their masthead shrouds.

Campbellton's "Corner" on Snow.

(Campbellton Events.) We have seen the last of the snow this week but wish to leave it on record that snow banks existed in our Northern counties till the middle of June though the weather has been as warm as in Florida. On Heron Island snow banks have remained along the shore till this week the full force of the sun beating down on them.

Why That Prophecy Misarrived.

(Chatham World.) President Kruger promised to stagger humanity, at the fall of Pretoria, but his men drank up or carried off all the stagger juice, and so the promise of prophecy failed. In these days prophets should always see to it that the materials necessary for the fulfilment of prophecy are provided.

A "Homemade" Boer Cut Short.

(Halifax Mail.) A pro-Boer cheered for Kruger on Tuesday evening, and he was promptly knocked down. The matter was reported to Police Officer Mont, and likely legal proceedings will be taken. The affair happened on Upper Water street. The man in question had been warned regarding his pro-Boer utterances. On the evening in question, when Halifaxians were celebrating the entry of the British into Pretoria, the man referred to was shouting "Hurrah for Kruger!" He waved his hat in defiance to those who requested them to desist. He was then promptly sat upon. One man struck him a blow in the face which knocked him down, and second laid him out unconscious. It was reported to Police Officer Mont, that the Boer sympathizer had been sent to the hospital suffering from his wounds. The officer made enquiries at the hospital, but found that the man had not been admitted to that institution. He had been carried to his home and a doctor summoned. He was badly punished, and it will be some time before he will be able to leave the house. One of the cuts on his head required six stitches.

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VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

The Month of Love and Roses. A song of roses on the way, Floats up the distant vale; Love leads them here awhile to stay, And tells our hearts a tale. The sweetest tale that e'er was told, Under the rose he tells; The charm which charms us more than gold Is in Love's mystic spells. Thy voice is in the roses too, Thou sweetest rose of all I hear it's music fond and true, To me in beauty call. The roses sing as if they knew, How sweet thou art my own; What else could summer roses do But sing to me alone. O mouth of love and roses fair, I've waited long for thee; Your fragrant breath is in the air, By many a red rose tree. O bring my love and lay her hand, Her warm white hand in mine; Thy heavenly flower of all the land, My spirit's hallowed shrine. CYPRIUS GOLDB.

Faenchlog Lled. See the man Mew the lawn I Note his fine display of brawn I See him shed his coat and vest Longing, too, to shed the rest; Mark the mower's handle pressed At his belt Where a welt Groweth with his growing zest I Note his brow Dipping brow, As the mower dull doth plough Through the high, neglected grass, Leaving here and there a mass Quite untouched, and easy pass To some branch, Prostrate branch. That he did not see, alas I See him then Quickly stop, Fevered head to wildly mop I Mark him as he hurries the bough To his neighbor's yard; Note how his machine doth plough Up the sod, Yielding sod, While he curses roundly, wow I Mark the stone, Cursed stone! And the old, worn, hidden bone Hear the clashing loudly ring I Hear him sulphurous mournings fling I See him then in anger wing To the town, With a frown, To hire a man to do the thing!

The Scarlet Tanager. Where shines the water-lily, like a star at eventide. Upon the slough's dark water, with the lotus at its side— Where the cypress-trees, like Trappists, stand silently all day, And the boles of giant oaks uplift in colonnades of gray— There often with his flute-song, when the dew is on the leaves, The tanager, a scarlet flame, his web of beauty weaves. Oh, the deep woods know his coming; all still, all still to hear, And the lily and the lotus breathe softly, "He is near." As he glows, a splendid flower, on a golden-dappled screen, With his image in the water like a ruby set in green— Ah, then his magic, crystal flute is blown among the leaves Until his heart is captive in the web of song he weaves.

"Two Ideas of Love." I met a lady debonair Who liked my looks and stopped to chat, Her j wels rare, her hair so fair; Her hat—oh, my I as big as that I She tilted up my chin like this; I never made the least demer. Her big eyes shone; she spoke of love; "And what is love?" I asked of her. REFRAIN. To take the kisses and leave the sighs, To keep a faith unsteady; To dwell a while in paradise, But leave when you are ready. To treat a heart like a precious gem, And then like a worn-out glove; Why, that's the way that I deal with them; That's MY idea of love. I met a handsome monsignaire, So full of swagger, air and dash; He looked at me with killing stare, And lightly curled his fine mustache. He winked and smiled at me, just so; Said: "Come, my darling, don't be grim; By love I love you, don't you know." "And what is love?" I asked of him. REFRAIN. To march a swaggering into town, With the banners proudly flying; To win the heart of a village belle, And leave her soon a-sighing; To set the hearts of a hundred gals A fluttering like a dove; To tell it all to your soldier pals— That's MY idea of love.

Angel Ministries. God keepeth not His angels All in heaven; The ministries of some To earth are given; And oft the shades That seem to mar life's day Are but their shadows, Falling on our way. By every troubled soul Some angel stands And stretches forth Her gentle pitying hands.

Census Taker (in Kansas)—Where were you born? Householder—Have I got to answer that? Census Taker Yes, it's the law. Householder—You won't tell tell the people in the next house? Householder—I was born in Missouri. "Why did your cook leave so suddenly?" "She baked two cakes last Saturday—one for us and one to take to her married sister. When she wasn't looking I exchanged them and took for our use the one she had intended to give away."

JAPANESE WEDDING STAMPS.

Poetical Designs to Commemorate the Recent Imperial Marriage.

The new stamps issued in Japan in commemoration of the wedding of the Crown Prince are now reaching this country. The principal decoration of these stamps needs a Japanese explanation before it can be comprehended, and even then a great deal has to be taken on faith, since to most people the legend surrounding the design looks like so much cordwood.

In the oval frame is pictured a low table spread with paper, the place where all Japanese marriages are solemnized. The table is decorated with bamboo stalks and plum twigs and blossoms, and at each corner rises a spray of pine. The pine and the bamboo being evergreens represent that in which there is neither variability nor shadow of turning; the plum on the other hand stands for that which buds, blossoms and fruits for the good of man. The decorations of the paper table cover are the crane and the tortoise; of these the bird is symbolic of 1,000 years and the turtle 10,000 years. Here sit the bride and bridegroom and pass each other cups of sake to the number of nine, and so they are married, for the nine drinks together symbolize the perfect Japanese marriage.

This in Japan is the emblem of wedlock, and for that reason it has been reproduced in the commemorative stamp issue on the wedding of the Crown Prince. At just such a table sat he and his bride, and the stalks of bamboo and sprays of pine and the blooms of the plum all joined in wishing them both all health, wealth and happiness without changing, and the crane and the turtle fixed a sort of generous time limit to all the good wishes by suggesting that it might possibly come to an end five or ten thousand years hence.

That is the way the Japanese set forth the meaning of the picture on the new stamp and for confirmation they point to the legend, which they stoutly aver is a statement of the name of the prince and the princess and the date when they sipped the nine cups of sake.

His Beginning.

Years ago there was a cold night in the latter part of December at Brattleboro, Vermont. There has been many freezing nights there before, but on this one something happened.

A young man, Larkin G. Mead, attracted by the beauty of the great white stillness, went out of doors, and slowly, yet with much delight, modelled a figure, which in his mind, stood for the Recording Angel writing down the events of the year just dead. All night the statue grew, and the sculptor threw on water at intervals to freeze it into hardness. He was alone and happy.

The next morning the neighbors awoke to find the snow angel, pen in hand recording their history upon a snowy scroll.

Local history says that this bit of work decided the future of the young man who did it. He resolved to become a sculptor and went abroad to study. Well known as his work afterward became, perhaps he took no such pleasure in it as in that little bit of modelling under the cold Vermont sky.

Paid in Full.

A working sense of fun is a good thing to have, for sometimes, if the humor of a situation cannot take the place of cash, there is no compensation at all. A case in point, as the Londoner prints it, is that of the late H. D. Traill, an English literature.

One of Mr. Traill's earliest journalistic commissions was to write a series of articles in a paper edited by a lady well known thirty years ago as a strong advocate of "woman's rights," on the anomalies and injustices of the law relating to woman's property.

The articles were duly written and published, but the remuneration agreed upon was not forthcoming. After repeated but fruitless demands for payment, Mr. Traill brought a suit against the lady, who successfully invoked against her contributor the very law she had engaged him to attack.

"John," she asked, do you ever play poker for profit?"

"No," he replied, thoughtfully, "the game serves as my way of being charitable."

Hamfat—They say there's money in clothes. Rialto—But not in mind, me boy—not in mine!