

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 19

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

ENGLAND'S ASHANTEE WAR.

England's war in West Africa with the Ashantee is exciting considerable attention now that the Boers are retreating to their mountain passes. The cause of the difficulty with the Ashantees is incidental to the transition through which they are passing from a condition in which taxes were paid and trade was carried on in kind and with cowries to that of a money-using community. The taxes, since the British administration has taken over the country, have been rigorously exacted in money, especially the obnoxious hut-money, which has been the cause of nearly all the risings against British authority in Africa. The present Ashantee trouble has its origin in this cause, though the Golden Stool plays a part in the matter. The Ashantee contention appears to be that taxes are only leviable by an occupant of the Golden Stool, but this is only another way of saying that they refuse to recognize the authority of the British Governor to demand or receive taxes. The plea of the absence of the Golden Stool is simply a subterfuge. The real point is that besides being partly unable and partly unwilling to pay the taxes imposed by the British authorities, the Ashantees are still loyal to the old native dynasty, cruel though its exercise of power was; and they may have thought, after hearing of the British defeats in South Africa, that an opportunity presented itself for throwing off the British rule.

They have also not forgotten the causes that led to the great war of 1873-74 and its results. The trouble then arose out of the transfer by the Dutch of their rights to Elmina and the surrounding territory, which they held under a lease from the King of Ashantee, dating back to the last century, to the British in exchange for the settlement of Acheen in Sumatra, held by the British under similar conditions from the Sultan of that country. Under the treaty of lease the Dutch were pledged, if ever they gave up the Elmina settlement on the Gold Coast to hand it back to the king of Ashantee, but those who made the transfer to England in 1872 were either ignorant of the existence of this stipulation or disregarded it, and when the then King protested against the breach of the agreement he was referred to the British Government. Receiving no satisfaction from it he took the matter into his own hands, and with an army estimated at sixty thousand men marched into the disputed territory to maintain his right of access to the sea. But smallpox and the British Snider rifle, aided by the defection of some of the tributary and allied tribes, ended his power of resistance and a treaty of peace was signed in 1874 which brought the country virtually under British control. It was not, however, until 1896 that the British Government finally accomplished its purpose of abolishing the semi-independence of the country and turning it into a Crown colony. King Prempeh, the last of the Ashantee Kings, is now a British prisoner, but the emblem of sovereignty, the Golden Stool, has not passed to his British successor, which gives the astute leaders of the present revolt against British rule the justification for disputing the legality of its acts.

Some of the Ashantees are armed with modern rifles, and they are said to have several machine guns. Their want of training, however, renders these last a doubtful value in their hands, and the French Government, through whose territory arms and ammunition were being smuggled into Ashantee, has prohibited the trade in arms

on their coast during the continuance of the troubles. The relieving force, which has been sent up from the coast to raise the siege of Kumassi, has by last reports met with a check, which will encourage those tribes that have hitherto held aloof to join in against the British. It is however only a question of time how soon the rising will be put down, though the rainy season, when military operations will be exceedingly difficult, is at hand. A sufficient force of Aasussas, the best material for soldiers in West Africa, with a stiffening of blue jackets and the West Indian troops will no doubt soon be on the ground and marching to the relief of the besieged governor and garrison. The great difficulty at present is the transport of supplies, but this is being overcome by the employment of women carriers. Meanwhile, orders have gone out from England to hurry on the prolongation of the railway that now runs from Sekondi on the coast to the gold mines at Tarkwa to Kumassi, a total distance of 141 miles, and the sum of \$25,000 per mile has been provided to cover the cost of its construction.

ADVICE TO POLICEMEN.

In some American cities the mayor has a good deal to do with the police force. Unlike St. John, mayors over the line have a good deal of power and they seem to use it with discretion. Mayor FARLEY of the big city of Cleveland did not think it beneath him to give some good advice to four new policemen. He was not too serious about it but there was an air of sincerity about him when he gave them his pointers that convinced them he meant what he said.

"Don't get a policeman's gait," said the Mayor, "Most policemen walk in such a manner as to be detected as far as they can be seen. Don't acquire this gait, but walk up briskly like any other person, and when you get to the next corner stop and take a rest if you are tired. Try and catch the fellow who is hiding behind the tree instead of giving him warning by walking with the old policeman's gait."

"Whiskey and quinine have cost many a good officer his job. Don't touch it. You might as well expect to get a dose of iron by putting a lot of nails in milk as to get good out of whiskey and quinine."

"Another thing; if you want peanuts to eat, buy them; don't go along the street and rob a poor vender. A policeman has no more right to take a man's wares than any other citizen. Your duty now lies with the city. If you have any connections that are going to hamper you in the performance of your duty you had better resign, for you can't serve two masters."

The exhibition authorities at St. John and Halifax find that they have a railway to deal with and that even "the peoples road" will not carry freight free one way to two big shows at the same time. The telegram sent the minister by the attorney general of Nova Scotia for the exhibition commission was quite independent and equivalent to the declaration that they did not give a rap for the railway and its rates. Perhaps they do not but all this seems to savor of obstinacy. The St. John management appears to be agreeable to almost anything consistent with the success of the show.

Baseball is a good game when it is well played but the young men who cater for the money of the people of St. John must be careful to give them a good article. They will not patronize anything that disgraces the game and such an exhibition as we had this week may be forgiven but it will not be forgotten.

Power From the Earth's Heat.

'A distinguished scientist has seriously suggested the sinking of boilers deep enough to use the earth as fuel,' said a prominent engineer of this city.

'That sounds fantastic, in view of the fact that a depth of 12,000 feet would be necessary to boil water, but a scheme of the same sort was urged with great energy back in the 608 by a Washington inventor named Forain. If my memory is correct, Forain was a man of considerable means and a mathematician of ability. The internal heat of the earth is supposed to equal about one degree to the 100 feet of penetration, but he claimed to have discovered that the percentage was very much greater and increased in compound ratio after a certain depth was reached. He figured out an elaborate table and proposed to sink a huge shaft with accumulators at the bottom, from which unlimited steam would be supplied to the surface. All that was needed was a few million dollars capital to pay for the digging and the plant, and he immediately set to work to raise the amount. Forain succeeded in interesting a number of people of wealth and formed a joint stock company, but meanwhile his calculations were assailed by scientists and it was shown pretty clearly that the figures were

incorrect. He replied with great bitterness and the consequence was that the scheme went to pieces in the shock of controversy.

'What became of Forain I don't know. If the problem is actually solved, I suppose he will be fished out of the limbo of cranks and visionaries to take his proper place in history.'

Dry Good Clerks are Quaking.

A dry goods man was heard to say a few days ago that before many months had passed, the dry goods stores about town would be open every evening, at least he thought things were tending that way just at present. A big King street concern has signified their intention of keeping their new-gent's furnishing department open in the evenings. This, it is quite probable, will force another big firm to open their gent's furnishing department, or more likely the smaller stores nearer the top of the hill. Dry goods can be sold from the same stores when the smaller concerns open up, and then follows the whole trade. The dry goods man who thought these thoughts only offered them as a possibility, for a little stability of purpose on the part of the predominant firms would break the combination completely up.

JOYS AND WOES OF OTHER PLACES

Neither Will St. John.

(Campbellton Events.) When the soldier boys come home—we won't do a thing to them, Oh no!

Queenie Toronto is a Good Girl.

(Exchange.)

Toronto has now a population of 200,000 and boasts of having more universities than distilleries more colleges than breweries, more churches than bar-rooms.

Wrest Wry Wreathing.

(Bridgetown Monitor.)

Mr. Minard Graves is running his vinegar plant to its full capacity, and is turning out eighty gallons of prime cider vinegar per day. He finds a ready sale for his manufacture, the bulk of it being handled by a St. John firm.

That New "Red Patch."

(Sydney Record.)

A street on Job Dobson's estate, west side, was named Pretoria yesterday, commemorative of the occupation of the Transvaal capital by Lord Roberts.

In the Hard Cider Country.

(Wolville Acadian.)

The Kestville Chronicle's allusion to the need of more policemen in Wolville on the 24th is very timely. According to report it was found necessary to make 23 arrests in that town, while in Wolville there was no disorder of any kind.

Not Yellow Journalism This Time.

(Gold Hunter, N. S.)

During the time of the eclipse, a woman at White, burn mines was ironing some white clothing belonging to a child. Why the goods became yellow she couldn't understand. Taking the articles to the door she became more perplexed. She finally concluded to give him another good washing.

Pretoria not on Their Alarm List.

(Campbellton Events.)

The good news of the taking of Pretoria was heralded by the vigorous blast of a mill whistle on Tuesday morning, and the fire brigade, mistaking the message, hustled into harness. Fortunately these latter were too loyal to be vexed at their unnecessary exertions.

Whew!

(Cape Breton Advocate.)

The man who steals or switches ballots is a public enemy and his life is dangerous to the state. If he cannot be tried by drum head court martial he should be condemned by bill of attainder and flogged to death.

New Way of "Whooping Her up"

(Exchange.)

The holiday business has been overdone of late, and we suggest that no more be taken for a few weeks. The temptation to whoop instead of work has been great, but this is a practical age, there is work to be done, and we shall honor the Queen and ourselves more by attending to business than by playing.

Custodian of a Mummy, Perhaps.

(Events.)

On returning to the armoury, Lieut.-Col. Busted, to the general regret, announced that he was sending in his resignation as commanding officer of the corps.

This Scheme Wouldn't Work in St. John.

(Exchange.)

Rev. J. G. Bond, editor of the Wesleyan, the Methodist organ in the Maritime Provinces, and Rev. Mr. Couricue, editor of the Christian Guardian of Toronto, the Upper Canadian organ, will exchange positions for a couple of months this summer. Rev. Mr. Bond will go to Toronto about the end of June and Rev. Mr. Couricue will come to the Maritime Provinces about the same time.

Shortcomings Attribed For.

(Restigouche Telephone.)

Newcastle made up its undermottoedness by having a big celebration on Thursday, on the report of the capture of Pretoria. There was a big procession, the Orange Band and the C. M. B. band united in playing God Save the Queen, and Paul Kruger was burned in effigy opposite the Waverley hotel.

Another Editorial Duel.

(Restigouche Telephone.)

To read the threat of the editor of Events to "wade in" once more, unless we cease discussing certain public questions not to his liking, one would think he had done some damage the last time he "waded in." He adds that he always thinks of a dog fight when an editorial progress is in question. Drop the dog fighting tactics that were so prominent that memorable day when you did "wade in" before, and discuss the questions on their merits and for public benefit brotner.

"How time flies". "Well, it's fly time."

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VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

THE UNION CLUB MYSTERY.

Vocation.

If I might choose my simple lot Far from town and quite forgot, All in a sheltered nook and warm, 'Tis I would have a violet farm.

No daffodils should up entice, Nor hyacinths with their breath of spice, The tulip with her veined hood For me should wither where she stood.

Instead of sheep upon the sward, The modest violet I should herd; Instead of golden heads a row, Should see my violet harvest blow.

Under an arch of wild, wild cloud, Below an opal mountain bowed, All in a humid nook and cool, With winds and waters beautiful.

What airs across my farm should fare! 'Tis sweet where pinks and roses are, But pinks and roses hide the face Before a violet peopled place.

No shortest day of all the year Should fade without a violet's cheer, Invisible sweetness hid within And folded up in swatches of green.

Though white and purple babes be born With Daffodil his flaming horn O'er quiet hills and vales shall sound, And stir the sleepers underground:

What country hills can equal mine, With violets for my flock and mine, With violets for my corn and store? What would a mortal wish for more?

Under a mountain pany dark, Loved of the eagle and the lark, And set too low for fear of harm, 'Tis I would have a violet farm. —Katharine Tynan.

In the Smoking Car.

There's the big meerschaum, with the little man Half hidden behind its bowl, Who puffs away as hard as he can, As it were to save his soul.

'Tis the violet for my flock and mine, With violets for my corn and store? What would a mortal wish for more?

Across the aisle is the rank, old clay In the mouth of a 'man' who smokes away With a grim pugnacious air, And he adds to the filth on the floor beneath Without removing the stem from his teeth— He hasn't the time to spare.

There's the red-faced man with the dark Key West Who reads as he speeds to town, Letting the ashes fall on his vest, And dribble from there on down.

It's the violet for my flock and mine, With violets for my corn and store? What would a mortal wish for more?

By the door is the man with the sickly cob; Ah, hear it gurgle and sigh and sob, And alas, how it treads and chokes! It's the violet for my flock and mine, With violets for my corn and store? What would a mortal wish for more?

There's the "Henry Clay" and the "Chester A." And the "Bobby B" and the "Little Mack"; There's the "Admiral D" and the "Queen of May" And the "Soldier boy who never came back"— The good cigar and the rank cigar Under common conditions meet And from end to end of the reeking car Foul fumes of the cigarette.

With contentment pictured on every face They breathe foul fumes in the filthy place. Easily puffing away— And if they were forced to congregate there As pigs in a pen to breathe such air, The devil would be to pay! —S. E. Kiser.

Early Rising.

Had I the time and strength to spare, I'd show how better far with wealth, I'd uncoiled Nebraska air For those in sickness or in health.

At evening when the cow called Spock We milked—I go in weather fine And let the cool winds fan my neck And whistle through these lungs of mine.

And at the early peep of dawn, Before the world would call it day, I start and with but little on And 'at the air as cows do hay.

Alas for him who lies in bed And wakes the echoes with his snores, Until the sun high over head, Drives him to rise and do the chores.

Great loss is his in many ways— He never sees the rising sun, He doesn't live out half his days, His health is never No. 1. —Nebraska State Journal.

Canadian Born.

We first saw light in Canada, the land beloved of God, We are the pulse of Canada, its marrow and its blood, And we, the men of Canada, can face the world and brag That we were born in Canada beneath the British Flag.

Few of us have the blood of kings, few are of courtly birth, But few are vagabonds or rogues of doubtful name and worth, But all have one credential that entitles us to brag That we were born in Canada beneath the British Flag.

We've yet to make our money, we've yet to make our fame, But we have gold and glory in our clean colonial name, And every man's a millionaire if only he can brag That he was born in Canada beneath the British Flag.

No title and no coronet is half as proudly worn, As that which we inherited as men Canadian born; We count no man so noble as the one who makes the brag That he was born in Canada beneath the British Flag.

The Dutch may have his Holland, the Spaniard have his Spain, The Yankee to the South of us must South of us remain, For not a man dare lift a hand against the men who brag That they were born in Canada beneath the British Flag. —Pauline Johnson (Indian poetess).

I've allus notised, fellers, It's a risky thing to do To kakkalee accordin' To how thing looks to you.

The man 't talks the nice' Don't help you up hill; The one 'at prays the loudest Don't allus pay his bill.

Sometimes the biggest fishes Bites the smallest kinds o' baits; An' mighty ugly wimmia Can make the best o' mates.

The smartest lookin' feller May be a reg'lar fool, You're allus kicked the highest By the meekest lookin' mule.

THE PERSON WHO BROKE THE WINDOW WAS A WOMAN, BUT THAT'S ALL.

To a certain extent the mystery overhanging the breaking of the Union Club window is cleared up, in fact sufficient evidence has been secured to cause the withdrawal of the "ad" which promised a \$20 reward to the person who furnished information as would lead to the identity of the glass smasher. There are yet a great many people who have not even heard of the incident. It was on the night of Pretoria's celebration the big plate of glass was broken, by whom nobody knew, for the instant the Club men and servants had reached the sidewalk after the crash there was nobody in sight, nor did a search reveal anybody.

The deliberate breaking of the window was more than the clubmen could stand and a reward of twenty dollars was offered for the apprehension of the culprit. It was several days before the officers of the Club received any inkling as to the person who threw the stone. Then they found out that it was a respectable lady well known to many of them, and the case dropped.

A young lady was going home from work when she saw the woman in question deliberately dash a large stone through the heavy plate glass, and make off quickly, but very coolly. The lady was identified later, and nothing of a prosecuting nature has transpired in the matter. It is understood the reward was paid, its payment being insisted upon by the clubmen, although the informing young lady was not anxious to take it. The solution of the mystery was very thankfully received by the members of the Club, who have since hushed the matter up entirely.

They Refuse to Pay Taxes.

The gentlemen who have to do with the assessing of property and the collection of taxes in Rothesay are sorely puzzled at the action of one or two managing ship owners who refuse to pay taxes on the property of the vessels, the companies for which have their head office in the parish. Of late years it has been a favorite place of those who seek incorporation for companies of any size to name some outside place such as Fairville and Rothesay as the location of the head office. This means that their capital stock is only liable to a very small rate of taxation. They do not pretend to do any business there but carry out their books and hold an annual meeting in the place. The city of St. John loses the taxes on these joint stock companies and now PROGRESS understands that one managing owner who has always paid the taxes on his line of ships refuses to do so any longer because another managing owner does not pay. The authorities are at a loss what to do. They do not want any trouble and yet the question is a serious one for them because the assessment is made up and the parish cannot afford to lose the amount.

Sad News From the Front.

The sadness of war came home to St. John this week when the unexpected news of the death of Capt. Charles F. Harrison was cabled to his friends. He went to South Africa as transport officer and has been well to the front all the time. Enteric fever attacked him but his friends at first were led to think that his illness was but slight and that he would be on duty again in a short time. This was not true, his condition grew worse and this week he passed away, another Soldier of the Queen who gave his life for his country.

Military life was congenial to Capt. Harrison. He was in the Northwest at the time of the North West rebellion and when the news that Canadians might go to South Africa went out he was one of the very first to volunteer.

With those who knew him—and who did not in St. John—he was a great favorite. His genial good fellowship made him welcome to all gathering whether large or small. Letters received from his friends in South Africa show that the same measure of popularity attended him there. His friends in St. John will miss him greatly and for this reason their sympathy for his family is all the greater.

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