

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUG. 3

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

A NOBLE WOMAN.

By the death of the Dowager Empress VICTORIA of Germany this week, another break has occurred in the illustrious and royal family of Great Britain. Slowly but surely the great family of our late beloved Sovereign is growing less. Princess VICTORIA, Princess ALICE, Prince ALBERT and Prince LEOPOLD have joined the great majority. The empress who died on Monday last was the eldest child of VICTORIA and has been pronounced the cleverest and ablest of the late Queen's many gifted daughters. Married at an early age and moving to another country she was perhaps the least known of the Royal family in Great Britain but though little acquainted with the subjects of the mother country, her fame as a noble and inspiring woman and wife was world wide.

It is said that her power, when Empress of the Great German Empire, was stronger than that of any woman who has ever occupied this important position. During the short time that her husband was on the throne, his influence was keenly felt by the people, and many were the changes brought about through her instrumentality. These changes were not as a rule popular with the German public, as they savored too much of the English, and the English at that time were not beloved to any great extent by the persons over whom the Empress ruled. Nevertheless almost all of her innovations were in the line of progress and civilization and had her reign been longer there is no telling what upheavals may have occurred. On account of her radical measures she never became very popular, but in dying she has left behind her the memory of a noble woman, one who was never afraid to act when she considered she was in the right. In the time of duty, in her devotion to her husband, in the bringing up of her sons, and in doing this, she showed the outcome of her early training, and was a daughter of whom the late Queen felt justly proud. She has passed away, mourned keenly by those who knew her best and respected by all.

PASSING OF BOOKS.

Something too much for sober truth is said about the passing of the books that were all the vogue a little while ago. Smart critics ask why "Robert Elsemere" no longer gets attention from the pulpit. They want to know how it comes to pass that a generation of readers has arisen that knows not "Fribby." They point with a significant smile to the oblivion into which have sunk "The Heavenly Twins," and "The Kreuzer Sonata." They even pityingly allege that "David Harum" is already more than half forgotten. And they want us to infer that these literary sensations, all of comparatively recent date have gone to keep company, in the shades, with "Two men in a Boat." And that the reason for such quick despatch is that these ephemera of the power printing press have really no literary merit. Such critics point, for confirmation, to the steady demand which absorbs new edition after new edition of DICKENS, SCOTT, THACKERAY Mrs. STOWE, and HAWTHORNE. Contrast, we are told, a vogue built on high pressure advertising and sensationalism with an abiding fame which bids defiance to time.

But it may be that all the books which have had phenomenal success within the past fifteen years, but are now seldom heard of, will have a revival 10 or 15 years hence. Wait and see. There are signs of a GEORGE ELIOT revival, though her

works went almost wholly out of fashion, for a time, soon after her death. More people read COOPER'S Indian Tales last year than during the preceding 10 years. Besides, it may be said with plausibility that what hinders a present vogue for these obsolescent favorites we have named, is the rapid and constant succession of new novels possessing great power.

THE BOY KING.

Next year the regency in Spain will come to an end. On May 17th next ALFONSO XIII, will attain his majority, which in Spain is sixteen years, and his mother, MARIA CRISTINA will surrender to him the authority which she has exercised during his boyhood.

Recent pictures of ALFONSO show a delicate, serious and intelligent face. It suggests a boy who has not had his proper share of outdoor pleasures, and upon whom the responsibilities of life have fallen prematurely. The impression made by ALFONSO'S picture is confirmed by what is known of his life. He is physically frail, and his time has been spent mainly with his mother and his tutors, although he has had some military instruction. He is now acquiring familiarity with public affairs. He attends all the meetings of the Cabinet, and he is moving about among his future subjects more freely than formerly. This acquaintance with his people will be good for a boy who has led a secluded life, and it is to be hoped that it will awaken among them a personal loyalty which will help the young king in the dangers before him.

Spain is disturbed by the conspiracies of the Carlists; by the restlessness of the Catalan provinces, which desire a larger measure of self-government; by the agitations of trades unions, socialists and anarchists, and by clerical intrigues and anti-clerical riots. Food is high, taxes oppressive and wages low. There is respect for the throne, but little real affection for it. The people take only a fiftal interest in public questions, but they break out readily in rioting when they are angry. There is no well-led, well-knit party to sustain the government's policy; no statesman of commanding influence upon whom Alfonso may lean. For a boy of sixteen, coming to the throne under such difficult circumstances, one could wish more firmness about the mouth and a little more fire in the eyes.

BIG EXHIBITIONS.

The attendance thus far at the Pan-American exhibition at Buffalo has not been nearly sufficient to pay expenses, but the managers are hopeful. They expect a great increase in the number of paid admissions during the next eight or ten weeks. They point to the records in proof that at Philadelphia, in 1876, at Chicago in 1893, and indeed at all other big fairs, national or international, the bulk of the attendance came in the last one third of the season.

The facts are undeniably as cited. But it has not always been the case that the later weeks made up in throngs for the absence of patronage during the earlier weeks. At New Orleans, at Atlanta, and at Omaha, the attendance was very much less, even in the closing weeks, than the projectors of those exhibitions confidently predicted. It is true that the exhibitions just mentioned did not claim to be international in scope; but then, neither did they involve so large an expenditure as was connected with the more ambitious fairs. There are natural reasons why people are more inclined in the later months to visit such attractions than in the spring and early summer. But there are other reasons of a different kind which come into play. It is a very pertinent question, for one thing, whether the big fair business is not becoming overdone.

Some "soulless corporations" of the "wild West" have lately given a practical demonstration in good morals. An attempt was made in Omaha to conduct Sunday exhibitions. It came to grief because the railroads entering there refused to increase the Sunday work of their employees. It is their policy to decrease rather than increase the number of Sunday trains. The wise among even the irreligious admit that the weekly rest day is profitable both for capital and for labor.

The Vicar of Wakefield gave his daughter all he had—his blessing. A more tangible legacy was made in the Philippines on July 4th, when General MACARTHUR turned over the military to his successor. 'I bequeath to you all my troubles,' he said and General CHAFFEE has already entered upon his inheritance.

You seem to have a lot of relations. How do you keep track of them?

I read the obituary column in the papers every day.

Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired
Dove 17 Waterloo.

News of the Passing Week.

Dowager Empress Frederick of Germany eldest daughter of the late Queen Victoria died on Monday evening.

Andrew Carnegie has offered the City of Montreal \$150,000 towards the establishment of a library in that city.

The first of the week, Mrs. F. L. Packard of Stoughton Mass. a bride of three months met her death by drowning at River side.

The death occurred at St John the latter part of last week of William Pugsly, father, of the Attorney General of New Brunswick. The African Methodist Episcopal Conference closed its session at St John on Monday. The meeting showed the denomination to be in a flourishing condition.

The Philadelphia Cricket club easily defeated the Halifax Wardens at Halifax this week, winning by 39 runs with an inning to spare.

A terrific explosion at Philadelphia on Monday, blew up five buildings and killed many persons. Fire added much loss to the horror of the occasion.

Mr. Geo. Robertson M. P. P. has announced to the press that the St. John Dry Dock is now, an assured fact and that its construction will forthwith be proceeded with.

Among the prominent Boers reported to have been killed this week was Steyn, a cousin of the former president of the Orange Free State and a prominent dache of the Boers.

West Newton, Pa., was visited by one of the largest conflagrations in her history Saturday night. The loss will reach \$100,000 with little insurance.

Abram L. Littlejohn, D. D., L. L. D., bishop of the Episcopal diocese of Long Island, died suddenly Saturday at the Grey Lock hotel Williamstown, Mass., from apoplexy. He had been there a week on a vacation.

The Reuter Telegram Co., London, has received the following despatch dated Aug. 4, from Curacao: 'Advices from Curacao say that 6,000 revolutionists were defeated after 30 hours' fighting July 29 and July 30, with a loss of 800 men, the government loss being 300.'

An Erie freight train while switching in the yard in Corning, N. Y., early Sunday, overturned a car of naphtha, which exploded setting fire to three other cars loaded with naphtha, and destroying all four. Half a dozen yard offices and buildings were also destroyed.

A Pan-American special heavily laden, and a regular train collided a few miles east of Lockport, N. Y., about 1 o'clock Sunday morning on the New York Central. The dead are Thomas Hyland, engineer, 50 years old, Rochester, leaves a widow; Geo. Webb, trainman, 30 years old, of Syracuse. None of the Passengers were injured.

American and European residents assert that the demeanor of the Pekin populace is constantly becoming more unfriendly and that as the allied troops depart the Chinese resume their old habits of jostling and cursing foreigners in the streets.

At the athletic contests of the quartercentennial celebration at Colorado Springs, Colo., Saturday, Candieras de Foya a Ute Indian, broke the world's record for 100 yards, making the distance in nine seconds flat. The professional record was 9 3/5s, and the amateur record, 9 4/5s.

After one of the greatest yacht races ever seen between cup candidates the Columbia again proved herself mistress of the seas by defeating the Independence by 40 seconds in a 20-knot breeze over a 30 mile triangular course off Brenton's Reef lightship near Newport Saturday. The race was one of the fastest and closest on record as both yachts averaged nearly 11 knots an hour over entire course, which included ten miles of windward works.

The free and easy way in which the Sunday laws have been violated was brought to an abrupt termination at Lawrence Mass Sunday by Mayor Leonard. As the result of a complaint made by Mayor Leonard over 20 bar-rooms were visited by the police. In seven of these places which have been scenes of disorder and of conduct undermining the Sabbath day raiders found evidence of illegal liquor selling.

The British torpedo boat destroyer Viper struck a rock off Alderney in the English channel and is a total wreck. There was no loss of life. The Viper the only vessel in the British navy fitted with turbine engines. During her speed trials in May and June she attained 30 1/2 knots and was

pronounced capable of doing 31 knots. At that she was handled by an inexperienced crew and her builders believed, she would attain 34 knots.

The Rev. Wm Jeffrey, of St. Marys, one of oldest episcopal clergymen in the Province, died on Tuesday aged 81 years.

Hon. Mr Fisher, Minister of Agriculture returned home to Ottawa, this week, from the old country.

The Bishop picnic was held at Torryburn on the 6th instant and was as usual largely attended.

In a drunken row at Torryburn on Tuesday, Deputy chief Jenkins and Sergt. Campbell of the St. John police force were badly injured.

The Knights of Pythias of St. John observed their Decoration day on Wednesday. A number of graves were visited and decorated with flowers.

Corporal Goulding, of the Royal Canadian regiment, while bathing on the beach at McNab's island, near Halifax, N. S., Monday evening, was taken with cramps and drowned before assistance could reach him. The body was recovered.

Although no division was challenged at the third reading of the King's declaration bill, Monday evening, in the house of lords London, it is generally believed that no further attempt will be made to pass it, either at this session or the next.

Maude Adams' new play, written by J. M. Barrie, the author of the Little Minister, is to be called Quality Street. The manuscript has been delivered to Miss Adams, who will return to New York next Tuesday. Mr. Barrie will arrive during the latter part of September in time for rehearsals of the new play.

The exposition building at Kansas City Mo., erected during the boom of 1887, at a cost of over \$200,000, was destroyed by fire Monday afternoon. A boy among a crowd which had gathered to watch a large circus that had pitched its tent across the street, set fire, in a spirit of mischief, to some rubbish on the floor. In a moment the flames had leaped beyond control, spreading almost instantly throughout the entire building which occupied a half block square. No one was injured. The efforts of the firemen were directed to save the surrounding property.

M. Santos Dumont, the Brazilian made another unsuccessful attempt Sunday afternoon in Paris to win the prize, 100,000 francs, offered by M. Deutch of the Aero club for a dirigible balloon. He started from the grounds of the Aero club the Parc d'Aerostation, at St. Cloud, and headed for the Eiffel Tower. When over Longchamp the guide rope got caught in a tree. M. Santos Dumont got clear, but finding that he could not cover the course within the time limit, he returned to St. Cloud eight and one-half minutes after the start, having covered about half the distance to the Eiffel Tower.

One of Kelly's Tricks.
'King' Kelly, the \$10,000 beauty, was perhaps the most resourceful ball player in a way that the game has produced, said an old-time fan recently. 'To turn a trick on the enemy, especially at a critical moment, was his delight, and he won many. One of his cleverest pieces of strategy was a game in Chicago back in the 80's. It was in the last half of the ninth inning, Chicago one run ahead, the opposing team at bat, two out, a man on first and Kelly playing right field. The next batter hit safely to right. Kelly was seen to stop the ball, draw back his arm quickly, as if to brow to second base, when the ball slipped from his grasp and was thrown some distance behind him. There was a groan from the stands, a shout of triumph from the opposing team, gnashing of teeth and cuss words from the bleachers at Kelly's awkwardness. The base runners, seeing the ball thrown away, kept on running with visions of victory in their heads and a good joke to tell on Kelly. Suddenly there was a hush and then a wild yell of joy from the stands. Paying no attention to the ball he had thrown behind him, Kelly had lined a ball straight to Pfeffer on second, and the runner had been dumfounded to find the ball waiting for him as he ran down from first. It was the third out, and the game was over. Of course there was a great howl from the opposing club, who accused Kelly of substituting an old ball, but the 'King' showed them that the ball he had thrown over his shoulder was only

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a mud ball that he had been amusing himself by making, thinking that it might come in handy some time.

Intermezzi.

Mid crowded ways and hurrying feet
Of strangers thronging down the street
Within a cloud-rift we descry
A quiet space of evening sky;

Then from the jostle and the din
Our soul retires a while within.
And happy for a moment knows
Of the wide heaven's serene repose.

So dearest, in the busy day
My thoughts to you will take their way,
Yielding at once the foremost place,
To the known vision of your face;

Than hopes as calm as evening's light,
As fresh as dawn's awakening might,
And consolations in the skies.
Like stars among the twinkling lights.

Pilgrims.

Love held my hand; and yet, as faint to part
His gaze yearned onward, to the path
untried.

'Thou hast no place,' I said, 'save in my heart;
Thou canst no refuge find, but at my side—
Nay—what should tempt thy restless feet to roam?
Know'st thou not, sweet, I am thy world,
thy home?'

Then, as we faded apace, our journey on,
My mind o'er-filled with swift and varied thought,
Lo! from my hand Love's clinging hand was gone.

And Love had vanished from my eyes that sought
Him vainly, and with tears. Fair flowers
spread
Where Love's dear feet had stepped, but
Love had fled.

I walk alone. If there be earth or sky
How should I recs, who look not right
nor left?

If good or grace—I pass them blindly by—
Of hopes to seek, of power to find,
Knowing too late my poor vaunt to recall
Love was my refuge, house, my world,
my all!

The Health Food Man.

His eyes are balls of polished steel;
His lungs are sponges dried;
His blood is brilliant concentrate
In veins of leather hide.

His muscles creak like pulley ropes
When hurried into play;
His hair is like piano corpus—
Some chords are lost, they say.

His heart's a little globe of pink—
A house of constant gloom—
For love can never burn within,
Because there isn't room.

His appetite has dwindled down
To fit his little food,
Till fruit is 'water in a poke'
And bread is 'so much wood.'

Hot apple tart and pumpkin pie—
He reads of them against,
And waffles brown and chicken stew
Are 'terrors of the past.'

And smiling, from his vest he slips
A tiny box of tin,
With capsules brown and pellets pink
All rattling within.

Then with a gulp, he swallows down
His dinner from the can
This product of the health food school
The concentrate! man!

Artist—Mrs. Fourhundred wants a Scripture text emblazoned on her dining-room wall. What would you suggest?
His Friend—Prove all things, hold good that which is fast.

'I admire Mr. Greenstuff immensely.'
'Why; he doesn't think so!'

That's just why I like him; because he has sense enough to know I can't tolerate him.'

Little Elmer—Papa, what is the hand of Providence?
Professor Broadhead—The hand of Providence, my son, is what we usually see in the misfortune of others.

Bizzer—Those safety pins are great inventions.
Buzzer—Are they?
Bizzer—You bet; our baby swallows one every once in a while and we never fix a him—

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