

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

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THE AUSTRALIAN PARLIAMENT.

The first Parliament of the new Commonwealth of Australia has been opened with special pomp and ceremony.

The tariff question was the chief issue in the elections, which took place late in March. Should duties be levied with a view to protecting home industries; or for revenue chiefly, with some regard to protection; or for revenue solely, without regard to other considerations?

There are thirty six senators in the parliament—six for each of the states forming the federation, little Tasmania having as large a representation in the Senate as New South Wales or Victoria.

The result of the elections was to give a free trade or low tariff majority of six in the Senate and a protection or high tariff majority of five in the House of Representatives.

Next to the tariff, labor questions are likely to be prominent. The Labor party, which secured eight seats in the Senate and sixteen in the House, knows what it wants, and will be an aggressive force.

TWO SIDES OF ATHLETICS.

Much that was said by the teachers of physical culture at their recent convention in New York deserves a wider audience than the gathering of specialists to whom it was addressed.

The mere statistics are interesting. Physical training in some form or other is now provided in two hundred and seventy American colleges, by the public schools of three hundred cities and in about five hundred Young Men's Christian Association gymnasia.

Of the effect of this awkward interest in athletics, the most eminent of the instructors present spoke with cordial praise; but he also uttered a word of warning.

'Bicycling, lawn-tennis and golf,' he said, 'have been especially valuable to our women. They have done more to overcome the evils of tight clothing than a whole century of preaching and lecturing on the subject.'

may be so conducted as to develop a fine character and manly spirit.

On the other hand, the tendency to allow fashion rather than sense to dictate the choice of outdoor exercise, the encouragement of professionalism, and the enthusiasm which overrides good manners at public contests are some of the evils on which stress was laid.

The last point is not only an evil in itself, but it breeds a worse one—unfairness and brutality on the part of the players. When college girls hiss the attempt of a visiting basket-ball team to make a goal, and when college men enrage their players by cries of 'Down him!'

The honor and wholesomeness of public athletic sports are as much in keeping of the spectators as that of the players.

Doctor NAGUSNA, the Japanese bacteriologist, has made a formal proposition that all civilized nations unite in an organized effort to rid the world of rats.

The electric street railroad is little more than ten years old, and yet a man whose business it was to investigate all the lines which were first put in, says that almost nothing of what he then found is in use to day.

THE NEXT EDWARD.

Will Probably Come to Canada to Meet His Royal Father and Mother.

Little Prince Edward of Cornwall promises to begin his travels earlier than his father or grandfather did. If reports be true, he may accompany his aunt, the Princess Victoria, to Canada, to meet his parents returning from their worthy trip.

The Canadian Pacific Railway company is building a train of luxuriously-equipped cars for the purpose of conveying the Duke and Duchess of York and party.

One Exception.

'I have a stupid lot of students this year,' said the professor of chemistry, gloomily. 'Here's a paper which shows plainly that the boy who wrote it doesn't understand that expansion and contraction are contradictory terms.'

'They aren't always,' said the professor of economics, quietly. 'Now in my classes I find it necessary to state explicitly the fact that the constant contraction of debts is sure to result in their expansion.'

Holiday Excursion.

The Canadian Pacific Railway are offering great inducements in the way of excursions for Victoria Day. On that day special trains will run from the city to suburban points as far as Welsford, while the charge will be but one fare for the round trip.

Hoax—Wigwag is crazy on the subject of golf, and his wife is equally insane over auction sales.

Joax—Yes; and the funny part of it is they both talk in their sleep. The other night Wigwag shouted, 'Fore!' and his wife immediately yelled: 'Four and a quarter!'

Wouldn't you like to be an author? Oh, it takes too long to become an author; but, say, I wouldn't mind being a literary fad for awhile.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Men who Shift the Scenes. Ye cruel men who shift the scenes, Do mercy play no part In your hard lives, have ye no means Of grace, no soul, no heart?

Beneath the dread oppressor's feet The leading men doth lie, And vainly for his life entreat While you stand idly by. Should you but rush upon the stage And boldly intervene, The knave would bow forth his rage And vanish from the scene.

The heroine, most fair to see, In the villain's power, But did you come to set her free In this most trying hour? Not you, devoid of chivalry, You see her bathed in tears, For all your help, that girl would be In that man's grip for years.

You see a man, on murder bent, Sneak up behind his friend, You're well aware of his intent; A word from you would send The smooth detect on his track. And had him safe in jail, You only smile and turn your back, Nor grow so much as pale.

When tyrants fight the brave and true, As you have seen them do, From your commanding point of view In your rickety loft, You let the curtain be drawn, When on its tide might stem By simply stooping down to throw A sup r down on them.

Stage villains of the deepest dye Are 'round you all about, And you ne'er lift a hand to try To put the rascals out. You look like honest farmers in Your jumpers and blue jeans. But ah! I know you're men of sin, Ye rogues who shift the scenes.

From the Frog Ponds.

I like to walk at dusk along the meadow road, and hear The hylas from the chilly ponds a-singing loud and clear, To see the moon a shining down upon the sodden field, And smell the musky odor that the waking rootlets yield.

The dark of hemlocks by the brook a-dressin' of When Wilson thrushes sitting in their branches sing their lays, An' darting o'er the butternuts the meadow lark shake catch the chirp' insects of the grass that dew an' sun shine hatch.

I listen as I walk along and seems to me I hear The whispering of the growing things a coming sharp an' clear Along the darkened meadows where the icy pools are dead, And silent save for cooerics of the hylas clear and shrill.

I hear the daisies asking if 'tis time to look about, The buttercup are stirring and their shoots are looking green, The meadow rue is pushing up a blade of slender green, And down among the brown old grass the lily sprout is seen.

The dead brown grass that yesterday was frozen stiff and cold Will push aside tomorrow for the young blades a-growing bold, For all the mud stems to wake and stir as soon as spring, Is heralded where hylas in the ponds so loudly sing.—J. Ois Swift.

Miscellaneous.

It was winter in all the world, The meadows in winter, When I leaned my ear to a south hillside And heard the rootlets stir; All earth was thrilling and murmuring Like the shell-sons of the Sea, And I heard the breathing and whispering Of things beginning to be.

Softly I stole to the elm-tree's bole, Lo, the sap was shouting within, And the tree a tremble from root to soul, O'each tip with the combed green; And listening low to the garden bed, I caught the sufficed mold, And bulbs were dreaming aloud in red, And purple and cloth of gold; With the soft little snowdrops' maiden dress Weaving itself out of earthiness.

Then down I knelt by a frost-bound stream As still as a dead bird's wings, And the water was murmuring under the ice A million musical things, And I heard the merrymurings I And when in the graveyard a face ice-set I sought, where dead faces be, Lo, under the sod and the icy wet The lips were smiling in violet And the eyes in anemone, Where the mortal dust was visibly Putting on immortality.

Last, I came to a frozen face, Where the city-cold faces are, The ice of its eye, as I snivered by, Thawed into a sudden tear, And the chill mask quivered beneath that heat Till the cold lips opened apart, Then soft though I—"Spring even here, At work in the frozen heart!"

In an Old Book Stall. Here for a song you may command Old books well thumbed and hoary; Along the grimy walls they stand, Times of immortal story. And out of reach, on loftier shelves Beyond our small ambitions And slender purse, dwell by themselves The costlier "fine" editions.

There let them rest till Croesus comes; We really do not need them, Content to banquet on the crumbs, We buy our books—and read them! The one that bears the marks of use, Back broken, worn and shattered, Is dearer that its leaves are loose, Its poor frame rent and tattered.

This grim old keeper of the stall Finds these dead things in leather And sheep and cloth and parchment—all Close squelched together; And few, alas! besides ourselves Who probe about the portals, Seek out along the dusty shelves The names of these immortals.

Here where the city's life goes by, Where wheel and wagon rumble, Vapors in their cerements they lie, The lofty and the humble, Dust unto dust—but from their sleep Come bright, immortal flashes; Their spirits into being leap; From out their crumbling ashes.

They are not dead, these silent tomes; They die not, save in seeming; Far from these bookish catacombs They live the world with dreaming. And each that some small message gives, Or makes or high endeavor, Puts off mortality, but lives And works its will forever! Joseph Dana Miller.

Do you believe Hamlet was mad? No; but I think he would be if he could see the way some men play him.

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COL. HUGHES IN ACTION.

What He did at the Battle of Faber's Pit—Commended Officially.

Lieut. General Sir Charles Warren, in his report of the battle of Faber's Pit, Grigoland West, on May 30, 1900, says: 'Section 16, Lieut. Col. Hughes, who was at the main farmhouse with the scouts, on hearing the firing, and seeing the horses stampede, got together a few of his men and rushed into the kraal, opening a brisk fire on the ridge where the Boers were in the diamond washings, until they were obliged to cease fire by the Yeomanry advancing out in front of them.'

In section 23, Lieut. Col. Hughes, A. A. G. Intelligence Officer, Major Ogilvie, 'E' Battery, Royal Canadian Artillery, and Capt. Mackie, Warren's Scouts, are named as being particularly worthy of mention for the excellent services they performed in their respective spheres during the day.'

NEW FORT AT HALIFAX.

War Office Plans to Make the Harbor Impregnable.

Extensive improvements in the fortifications of Halifax are planned by the Imperial authorities, although the officers of the garrison are, as usual, extremely reticent. It transpires the war department will construct at the very mouth of Halifax harbor one of the strongest forts in the world. The new fort will exceed in proportions York redoubt, which is second only to the one at Gibraltar. The new fortress will be armed with 12-inch disappearing, quick-firing guns of the latest type. It is stated that it will be located at or near Sambro, at the point where all vessels entering Halifax harbor must take their bearings. This fortress will be of the utmost strategical value, for no hostile fleet could pass it without being disabled.

Little Stories of The Queen.

Since the queen's death the English papers have been full of incidents illustrative of her character. While her husband lived she was extremely jealous of his precedence on all occasions of ceremony, where it was sometimes contested by court officials. Raikes's Journal quotes the Duke of Wellington as giving an instance of her persistence in this matter:

When the sister of the present Duke of Cambridge was married the royal guests went into the vestry to sign the register. The King of Hanover was resolved to sign next to the queen and before Prince Albert; but the queen saw him crowding up behind her, and suddenly ran to the other side of the table, wrote her name, and put the pen into her husband's hand with a smile of girlish triumph.

Her memory of name and faces was

wonderful. The Globe tells of a young lieutenant who had performed a gallant act which passed without official notice.

When the naval brigade was reviewed by the queen a year ago at Osborne, and the officers of this man's ship passed her, she asked if he were present; and to his amazement she beckoned him to come to her side, and thanked him for the example he had set his men and the service he had rendered to her.

Her eye was as keen to detect acts of injustice as acts of bravery, and she never suffered them to pass without rebuke. The bandmaster at Windsor once ordered two hours of Sunday practice. Two members of the band, being strict Methodists, protested that Sunday work was against their conscience, whereupon they were discharged. The story was told to the queen, who, when the band played that evening, sent for the master and asked for the two missing men. He replied that he had discharged them, and gave the reason.

'Reappoint them at once,' said the queen. 'I will have no persecution for religion's sake at Windsor, and I will have no more Sunday practicing, either.'

It was the fact that this great ruler was so good a woman, wife, mother and friend that won for her the ardent love of millions of people, all over the world.

Strange Inventions.

'I never look into the newspaper but what I see something that's perfectly ridiculous,' chuckled Aunt Maria Holley as she laid down the evening sheet and addressed her constant companion Lucy, the tortoise shell cat.

Lucy blinked encouragingly, but made no intelligent comment.

'Here's a man, Lucy,' continued the mistress of the house, 'who's invented a talking doll, and toy critics that'll make all sorts of noise suitable to their shape and kind. I read a long piece about him in a magazine a while ago.'

'Well, there's a long article in this paper that I can't read the fine print of till I get my specs back from being mended, but the heading's in good big type, and what do you suppose it is, Lucy?'

Lucy hazarded no opinion, and her owner was obliged to proceed without reply.

'Brown's Patent Invalid,' said Mrs. Holley, shaking with laughter as she bent over her single listener. Did you ever hear anything like that, Lucy Holley? Isn't that the best-ill? A patent invalid, when here's folks in this very town that's spent all their substance trying to get over being sick.

'I should like to know the expense of one of those patent invalids, I declare!' said Aunt Maria, with a final gasp of amusement; for if they've got cough attachments inside, and maybe groans, and jints that swell, and so on, 'twould be real diverting to me when I have my rheumaticky spells, and I could lend it around among others, too. Well, well, what will they be inventing next, I wonder? It's a world of changes, Lucy, and no mistake!'

And Lucy, poor thing, was unable to tell her mistress the difference between a person who was an invalid and a patent that is invalid.

Hymns Up to Date.

An old gentleman of eighty-two whose occasionally cynical speeches are always tinged with good humor, was asked his opinion of modern church music.

'It's all very fine,' he said dryly, 'and I like to hear it; but there's one thing I've noticed. It may be just chance, but I've noticed it a good many times.'

'When I was a boy the people went to two services a day and sometimes three and they sat on hard seats with straight backs, and they sang with all their hearts.'

My God, the Spring of all my joys.

'Now the congregation lean comfortably back in softly cushioned pews and listen to the choir singing.'

Art thou weary, art thou languid?

I may be mistaken, but it comes home to me every now and then that hymnology is changing to suit the times.'

Mistress—I wouldn't hold the baby so near the tiger's cage, Nora. Nora (the nurse)—There's no risk, mum. The tiger is a manester, and the child is a gur-rul.

Doctor—His circulation is abnormally sluggish.

Mother—Well, you see, doctor, he will forever be readin' them blood-curdling dime novels!