# PROGRESS: SATURDAY, MAY 18 1901.

# PROGRESS.

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## SIXTEEN PAGES.

# ST. JOHN, N. B, SATURDAY, MAY 18

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## THE AUSTRALIAN PARLIAMENT.

The first Parliament of the new Common-wealth 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 view to protecting home industries; or for revenue chiefly, with some regard to protection; or for revenue solely, without regard to other considerations ? This was the question upon which the parties divided, and they were known respectfully as High Tariffists, Low Tariffists, or Free Traders, according to the principle for which they stood. There are thirty six senators in the parliament-six for each of the states forming the federation, little Tasmania having as are comparatively rare. large a representation in the Senate as New South Wales or Victoria, just as with us Navada has as many senators as New York. There are seventy five members of the House of Representatives, arportioned by population. Senators and represenatives were chosen by the same electors, and on the same days, but the senators on a general ticket, while the representatives in most instances were elected by districts. Tha result of the elections was to give a free trade or low tarriff majority of six in the Senate and a protection or high tariff majority of five in the House of Represent. atives. This close division, with the margin in the Senate on one side and in the House on the other side, of the most important question which the parliament will have to consider, suggests a possibility of such conflicts of policy as have occurred in this country when the Senate and House were controled by different political parties. The Australian premier, Mr. BARTON, and all his colleagues are protectionists. Next to the tarriff, 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.

may be so conducted as to develop a fine VERSESOFYESTERDAY AND TODAY character and manly spirit.'

On the other hand, the tendency to allow fashion rather than sense to dictate the choice of outdoor exercise, the encourage. ment 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-untairness and brutality on the part of the play ers. When college girls hiss the attempts of a visiting basket-ball team to make a goal, and when college men enrage their players by cries of 'Down him!' 'Kill him !' and fair spectators along the side lines applaud the sentiment, the spirit of antagonism has passed bounds.

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

Doctor NAGUSNA, the Japanese bateriologist, has made a formal proposition that all civilized nations unite in an organized effort to rid the world of rats. His own government, he declares, stands ready to bear its part and the suggestion has called forth a remarkably unanimous verdict of approval from the doctors of many lands. Ways and plans have not yet been formu. lated, and it is in that direction, of course, that the greatest difficulty lies. Whether or not rate can be exterminated, or anywhere near exterminated, is a question yet to be determined. But in any event their numbers can be enormously reduced, and the certainty with which the spread of the bonic plague in India and in Hawaii has been traced to rats makes even a reduction in numbers worth the effort it requires.

The eclectric street railroad is little moresthan 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. Practically all the tappliances of eclectric railroading of that time have gone to the scrap heap, so rapid have been the improvements in this new field There is always an experimental stage in new inventions, during which changes take place rapidly. Then experience sifts out the best, the forms of machinery become established, and after that improvements

## The Mea who Shift the Scenes.

Ye cruel men who shift the scenes, Does mercy play no part In your hard lives, have ye no means Of grace, no soul, no heart? Ye wink at crime and mock at woe, And laugh at shameful wrongs; Knee deep in blood your ways ye go, And whistle rag time songs!

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

The hereine, most fair to see. Is 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, Sneek up behind his friend. You're well aware of his intent; A word from you would send The smooth detective on his track. And land 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 oit Frem your commanding point of view In yonder rigging loft, You let the craven ary go, When you its tide might stem By simply stooping down to throw A sup r down on them.

Stage villians 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 far mers in Your jumpers and blue jears. But ah ! I know you're men of sin. Ye rogues who shift the scenes.

### From the Frog Ponds.

like to walk at dusk along the meadow road, and hear The hylas from the chilly ponds a-singing loud and To see the moon a shining down upon the sodden clear, field And smell the musky oder that the waking rootlets yield. The dark of hemlocks by the brook a-dreamin' o the days When Wilson thrushes sitting in their branches sing their lavs An' darting o'er the buttercups the meadow lark shall catch The chirpin' insects of the grass that dews an' sun shine hatch brock is laughing to itself, devoid of any sleep



### 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, Griqualand 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 obiiged to cease fire by the Yeomanry advancing out in front of them. At the same time Captain Parkin and a troop of 23rd Yeomanry, took possession of the south end of the same kraal, and acted under the orders of Col. Hughes. By holding this kraal, they prevented the rebels getting hold of it from the direction of the cemetery. At this time the rebels began to run away from the south side of the garden, and were in doing so exposed to our fire, but Col. Hughes supposing them to be our own men, ordered Capt. Parkin and party to cease fire, and they thus escaped. Col. Hughes then decided to out. flank the enemy, and with some of the Yeomanry and some good shots of various corps, he drove the enemy up beyond the direction of the cemetery, thus getting in line with Col. Crowley, and bringing his right shoulder up he took Venter's men on

wonderful. The Globe tells of a young lieutenant who had performed a gallant ect 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 htm to come to her side, and thanked him for the example be 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 stonce,' 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, wite, mother and triend 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 ridecklous,' chuckled Aunt Maria Holley as she laid down the evening sheet and addressed her constant companion Lucy, the tortoise shell cat.

## 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 o'her 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 gymnasiums. The North American Turnerbund has three hundred gymnasiums and there are several hundred others in army and navy posts, police stations, missions, fire engine houses and industrial schools; while thousands of clubs foster such special interests as bicycling, boating, golf, tennis, baseball and tootball. Of the effect of this awkard 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. For men, boxing, football, and other antagonistic games have done a great deal to lessen the evils of refinement and sentimentality, and they literary fad for awhile.

## THENEXT NDWARD.

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

Lattle Prince Elward of Cornwall promises to begin his travels earlier than his father or grandfather did. If reports be true, he may accompany his sunt, the Princess Victoria, to Canada, to meet his parents returning from their worthy trip. The king's personal popularity appears to have descended to the presumptive who is familiarly dubbed 'King David.' Stories of his child prattle are eagerly read, while the doings of his parents, even while they are visiting distant parts of he empire only excite perfunctory interest. It will be next to impossible for the present generation to speak of the Duchess of Cornwall as Princess of Wales. The globe circling tour may eradicate this teeling, but it is impossible to deny its existence. The king's wisdom in insisting on the Australian trip in face of the opposition of the queen and duke and duchess becomes daily more apparent.

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

#### One Exception.

'I have a stupid lot of students this year, said the protessor of chemistry, gloomily. 'Here's a paper which shows plainly that the boy who wrote it doesn't understand that expansion and contraction are contradicto. y 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 cont action of debts is sure to result in their expansion.

### Holiday Excursion.

An' rushing off the melted snow to pool so dark an' deep You wonder where the trout can be that played in them last year. But wait! And summer suns will shine and they will soon be here.

I listen as I walk along and seems to me I hear The whisp'ring of the growing things a coming sharp an' clear Along the darkened meadows where the icy pool lie chill And silent save for concerts 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 look ing out 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 growing boid. For all of nature seems to wake and stir as soon as

spring Is heralded where hylas in the ponds so loudly sing. -J. Otis Swift.

#### Miracles,

It was winter in all the world. The meadows in miniver, When I leaned my ear to a south hillside And heard the rootlets stir; All earth was thrilling and murmuring Like the shell-song of the Sea, And I heard the breathing and whispering Of things beginning to be. And the mi lion voices of the grass Saying 'We, too, shall be coming to pass.'

Softly I stole to the elm-tree's bole, Lo, the sap was shouting within, And the tree a tremble trom root to soul Of each tip with the coming green; And listening low to the garden bed, Up through the stiffenen mold And bulbs were dreaming aloud in red And purple and cloth of gold; With the soft little snowdrop's maiden dress Weaving itself out of earthliness,

Then down I knelt by a frost-bound stream As still as a dead bird's wings. And the water was laughing under the ice A million musical things, Mad Midsummer murmurings ! 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 shivered by, Thawed isto a sudden tear, And the chill mask gaivered beneath that her fill the cold sips broke apart; Teen soft thought I-"Spring even here, At work in the frezen heart ! Grace Ellery Chauning

#### In an Old Book Stall.

Here for a song you may command Old books well thumbed and hoary; A long the grim; walls they stand, Tomes of immortal story. And out of reach, on loftier shelves Beyond our small ambitions And slender purse, awell by themselves The costlier 'ficst editions.'

There let them rest till Croesus comes; We really do not need them. Content to bat quet on the crumbs, We buy our wooks-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 Tends these dead things in leather And sheep and cloth and parchment-all Close sepulchred together; And tew, alas ! besides ourselves Who prowl about the portals, Seek out along the dusty shelves The names of these immortals.

their fisnk, and drove them away to the south.'

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 nam ed 'as being particularly worthy of mention for the excellent services they performed in their respective spheres during the day. General Warren's report has been strongly supported by Lord Roberts himself in his despatches to the secretary of state for war.

## NEW FURT AT HALIFAX.

War Offic 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 en. tering 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. Sergt. Major Westwood, Royal Engineers an ex pert fortress contractor, who arrived recently from England, was ordered by the Imperial authorities to superintend the construction of the work. The Imperial authorities have decided to erect new barracks and to construct other important works in Halifax this summer. Plans were sent to Halifax contractors. The plans prepared by the military authorities call for married soldiers, quarters for officers of the Royal Engineers and Royal Artillery, quarters for ward master and a gymnasium. The gymnasium building will be the finest in Canada. It will cover a large area of ground and will be constructed on the citadel slope. It will contain swimming baths, shower baths, dressing room, etc.

### Little Stories Of The Queen.

Since the queen's death the English papers have been full of incidents illustra. tive 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 Raike's Journal quotes the officials. Duke of Wellington as giving an instance of her persistance 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 Al bert; 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 s nile of girlish triumph. Her memory of name and faces was

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 critters that'll make all sorts of noises suitable to their shape and kind. I read a long piece about him ia a magazine a while ago.

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

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 vou ever hear anything like that, Lucy Holley ? Is'nt that the beat-all? 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 j'ints 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 ot 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.'

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 tar as Welstord, while the charge will be but one fare for the round trip. This affords a pleasant outing at some of our popular resorts.

Hoax-Wigwag is crazy on the subject of golf, and his wite 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 Here where the city's life goes by, Where wheel and wagoo rumble, Wrapped 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 fill 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 Dans Miller.

No; but I think he would be it he could see the way some men play him.

Mistress-I wouldn't hold the baby so near the tiger's cage, Nora. Nors (the nurse)-There's no risk, mum. The tiger is a maneater, 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!

Do you beli-ve Hamlet was mad?