

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 6

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

TRAINING THEIR EYES.

There used to be a popular game which consisted in covering a dozen or more small articles with a pan or basket, then the cover was raised long enough to count ten, and the quickness of observation of those present was tested by seeing how many of the articles each person could name after the cover had been replaced.

It was one of those diversions which educate as well as amuse. It taught the eye to seize things at a glance, and often made people acquainted with inabilities which they had not suspected.

Something like this game may have to be made apart of the training of British soldiers. Gen. Sir FREDERICK MAURICE, commanding at Woolwich, has issued a general order to his subordinate officers urging them to "teach their men the use of their eyes." He points out the superiority of the Boers to the British in ability to see quickly and accurately and to notice small details, as shown in the war in South Africa.

This superiority he attributes to the better training which the South Africans had secured in the pursuit of wild game and the occupations of farming and grazing in an open country. The same kind of training is, of course, impossible for the British soldier; but General MAURICE believes that by drilling him constantly to notice the most minute details of his surroundings the general accuracy and scope of his observation may be much improved.

The experiment will be watched with interest. It has always been recognized that races bred to outdoor life, and individuals given to such occupations as botany, ornithology or the chase, are generally possessed of keen vision, and take cognizance of matters which escape the ordinary eye; it has been left for the present generation to employ artificial training in conferring such powers.

The rights of a striking workman were clearly and concisely stated the other day by a New York magistrate who was hearing a case of assault. "You may work for whom you please," he said, "as long as you please, and leave whenever you please. If you can do better or get more money, you have a perfect right to do so. But every other man has the same right to sell his labor for what he sees fit, to work as many hours as he pleases and to accept whatever compensation has been agreed upon between he and his employer. The law does not permit you to interfere with him." If every striker would keep this simple statement in mind, labor troubles would at least be free from violence.

Toronto is making great preparation for the coming visit of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall. The programme being arranged is an extensive and interesting one. No less than ten thousand children are to take part in the music festivities arranged for the occasion. In this respect St. John may well follow. This city can gather a fine array of young singers. Judging from the beautiful music rendered by some of our church choirs and the fine renditions rendered by our youthful amateurs, there should be no trouble in mapping out a programme that will do credit to all concerned. Those who have the arranging of the reception to the royal visitors may quite properly give the matter consideration.

The bestowal of the freedom of the city and the tendering of a banquet by leading

citizens to R Stuart SOLOMON were grateful tributes from St. John to a man who deserves well of all Canadians. Many stories can be told of Mr. SOLOMON'S kindness to our soldier boys in South Africa and his visit to this country is welcomed by all.

Those who predicted some warm weather this summer have had their prophecy pretty well fulfilled. This week the hot wave that has spread over the entire country for several days, has been very severe and American cities especially have suffered much. St. John has had a fair share of heat, but compared with other places, the inhabitants have little ground for complaint. The cool evenings have been a blessing and as a summer resort St. John can well boast of its beautiful climate.

A New York newspaper remarks that "ferries come and ferries go, bridges rise and bridges fall, but tunnels last forever." There is a scientific truth in the observation. Of all works of man earthworks—plain earth-mounds sodded over—are the most enduring. A properly constructed tunnel is essentially a work in earth, and so almost as permanent as the great globe itself.

The Church of England Synod of this Province opened at Fredericton on Tuesday last. From the reports published of its proceedings, this denomination like other christian organizations, shows a past year of much progress.

Dominion day was a great day for the Bay Shore. Picnic parties were very much in evidence. This fine spot seems more popular this season than ever and it is a pleasure to note that the best of order has thus far been maintained.

The King's Daughters have been meeting here in convention this week. The society is one of the best in existence in the world, and may their gathering prove beneficial to humanity.

Watch now for summer tourists. The hot weather will drive many to the land "where breezes blow"

Outside The Prison Gate. The following is the substance of a true story recently told by a gentleman who had been one of the prison commissioners of the State of Connecticut:

"Some thirty years ago when I was passing the state prison at Wetherfield, I noticed the gate open and a man come out. The tears streamed from his eyes and he stood perplexed.

"Where now, my friend?" I asked cheerfully.

"I am walking to Hartford; come with me." It was a warm day in early May. The poor convict opened his heart to his new acquaintance and told him what had brought him to the penitentiary. It came out soon that the convict had made shoes in prison.

"I think I know a man," said the gentleman, "who will hire you in his factory, and if I were in your place I would not slip a word about having been in prison."

"You have been very kind," said the released prisoner, turning away with quivering lips; "I must say good-by. I can no longer live and lie. I promised God last night in my cell, that when I came out I would be an upright man and take the consequences, and I will keep my word."

"Forgive me for tempting you at the outset," I said. "Come on."

"I saw my friend, the manufacturer, and told him the whole story. He had a little talk with my man, and made a bargain with him. That night, just as the shop was about to close, we three went into the workroom.

"Here is a poor fellow who was discharged from the state prison this morning," said the proprietor. "I am going to give him a start in life by taking him into the shop; he begins work tomorrow."

"There were indignant glances among the men, and one spoke up hastily: 'I shall leave if he stays! I will not work with any jailbird!'

"Very well," said the employer. "Any one who wishes to leave will have a bill of his time in the morning."

"Only the one man who had objected left.

"Ten years later the 'jailbird' was the owner of that manufactory, and the man who would not work with him was one of his journeymen.

"That ex-convict is now a state senator in one of the New England legislatures. He said to me today:

"I tremble when I think what the result might have been had an evil man instead of a good friend met me outside of the prison door."

Chairs Re-seated Ours, Splendid Parlor, etc., Duval, 17 Waterloo.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Angel of Patience. To weary hearts, to mourning homes, God's meekest angel gently comes; No power has he to banish pain, Or drive us back our most agon; And yet in tender love our dear And heavenly Father send him here.

There's quiet in that angel's glance, There's rest in his still countenance; He mocks no grief with idle cheer, Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear; But life and woe he may not cure He kindly trains us to endure.

Angel of Patience, sent to calm Our feverish brows with cooling palm; To lay the storms of hope and fear And reconcile life's smile and tear; The throbs of wounded pride to still And make our own our Father's will.

O thou who mourest on thy way With longing for the close of day; He walks with thee, that angel kind, And gently whispers, "Be resigned; Bear up, bear on, the end shall toil The dear Lord ordereth all things well."

The June Bridegroom. They sing about the bonny bride That mark the month of June; They tell us of their many charms And of the honeymoon, But not a word of him who seeks His matrimonial doom, So here's a line in favor of The June bridegroom.

His costume isn't written up— Nobody gives a thought To whether he's supplied with ties; How many ties he's bought, Or whether his rousers is large, But mostly they presume To size up all the dollars of The June bridegroom.

The only notice he receives Is when somebody observes: "He's shaky at the knees;" But all the talk is bride-ride, No pipe has the room To mention with encouragement The June bridegroom.

Our Land. What land is that which welcomes him Who flees despair and follows Hope? What land is that which first he sees Above the high Atlantic slope? That land is ours! It queens the main! And ours it ever shall remain!

What land is that which furthest wades Far in the deep Pacific plain, And welcomes first the east-bound ships, That speed with Oriental gain? That land is ours—from main to main— And ours it ever shall remain!

What flag is that which proudly waves Above the happiest and the best; O'er seas of soil and lakes of land, The widest Empire in the West? That flag is ours! It bears no stain— And ours it ever shall remain!

And shall we shut our eyes to that Fair promise in the future life, And all our splendid birthright as The hungered hunter Esau did? Not so! We've got a soul to save— What's ours shall ever so remain!

The Storm. The squadroned troops of the Storm King rolled Up from the dark'ning west; With rumble of chariot wheels untold, And glancing of towering crest, And deep in the wood the bugle heard And waited with drooping head, While out from the tree the twittering bird, Into the thicket sped.

With flashing of many a signal-light, And mutter of martial drum, He brought the conquering hosts of Night, And the sun was overcome, From hill and valley along his way Were stricken the bones of heat And not a leaf or twig or spray But blessed his hurrying feet.

Till the work was done; and down the sky He passed to the distance dim, And drew his pennant, fluttering high, Beneath the horizon's rim. And deep in the wood the bugle's face Was covered with dewdrops o'er; The sun peeped out from his hiding place; And the redoubt sang once more.

The Hidden Gold. The unexpected charm of little things, Like wind, from hills of sooty clow brings A breath of melody so pure and sweet The heart takes up the music on its strings.

"When I behold a happy man a while, Whose raiment stops the guess of guile, I see some chubby babe of long ago Raubing its dimples into this—his smile.

"Too light a kiss to leave so sweet a breath I Kook at the rose. How will it leave its wreath Of purple pride, its perfume and its soul?— Wrapped in a seed—tho' tiny urn of death.

"Forgotten in the valley, soon or late, That urn is spilled into the hand of Fate; 'Tis the blood on fire, as red or white— And white or red, that has meant Love or Hate.

"Would you fortell the color of the rose, Unmindful of the changing bud that grows Lilt up the mother's soul, and in her face There read a mother's answer—far she knows.

"O heart that will not listen to the song Of little birds! O eye that will not long Fly the sweet pea, whigged, but soared in flight, What brothers have you in passing throng?

"Another race for other words that gleam The silver planets and stars that seem Forbidden gold, if gathered to the reach Of our desire, would meet into a dream!" —Aloysius Cell in Ainslee's

Unfortunate Dash. This is the way the editor of the local paper wrote it, after the convention had been held and the candidates nominated.

"The ticket, without an exception is composed excellent men for the respective offices for which they have been named."

And this is the way, through some blunder of the compositor and contributory negligence of the proof-reader, it appeared in print, to the editor's horror the next day:

"The lot, without an exception, is composed of excellent men—for the respective offices for which they have been nominated."

Only one of the candidates came to see the editor and demand an explanation, and the unlucky dash cost him several hundred dollars.

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ROYAL BAKING POWDER. ABSOLUTELY PURE. Makes the food more delicious and wholesome. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

News of the Passing Week.

H. M. S. Tribune is to arrive in St. John next week.

The Kings Daughters convention opened at St. John on Wednesday.

Newfoundland by its annual budget shows a surplus of \$258,000.

The wife of Bishop Potter of New York died suddenly on Sunday morning last.

Gen Gomez, chieftain of the Cubans, is on his way to interview Pres McKinley.

Gen. Shatter a distinguished officer in the late Cuban war has announced his retirement.

Hector McKenzie will succeed the late Andrew Allen as president of the Merchants Bank.

O'Brien, the Minto murderer, has been convicted and sentenced to hang at Dawson City on Aug the 23.

The Kingston, Jamaica, Chamber of Commerce wants England to send 3,000 Boer prisoners there to farm.

A big fire at Stillwater, Me., Monday, destroyed three factories and twenty-four dwellings.

The Conservatives of Nova Scotia held a political picnic at Halifax on July 1st which was addressed by Messrs Borden and Monk.

A committee of the House of Lords has recommended a modification of the King's Coronation oath.

Capt. Jenkins of the St. John police force was on Monday appointed deputy chief.

There were eighty seven deaths in one day this week from the heat in New York city.

Rev. F. W. Murray has been elected moderator of the New Brunswick Presbytery.

The steamship Armenia which ran on the rocks at Negro Head, near St. John, has become a total loss.

The Church of England Synod opened its annual convention at Fredericton on Tuesday.

In the big Varsity boat races, Yale defeated Harvard and Cornell won the inter-collegiate contest.

On Wednesday the old Shamrock defeated the new cup challenger in a trial race.

Bishop Rogers of Chatham celebrated his fiftieth anniversary into the priesthood on Tuesday last.

Fire destroyed stables and wharves at Boston on Wednesday the loss being estimated \$100,000.

The death is reported at Ottawa of Mrs. Wade, widow of ex-speaker Wade of the Nova Scotia Legislature.

The strike of the track and coal men of the Maine Central terminated the middle of the week.

The Maritime Medical Association opened at Halifax on Wednesday with an attendance of ninety four.

Wednesday was the warmest day this summer in St. John, the mercury reaching eighty one at 4 p. m.

The York county liberal conservatives have selected Dr. McLeod as their candidate in the coming bye-election against Mr. Gibson, liberal.

Dr. Bannet, one of the oldest Presbyterian ministers in Canada died at St. John last Saturday and was buried on Tuesday.

The freedom of the city has been conferred by St. John on Mr. Stuart Solomon of South Africa in recognition of his favors to Canadian troops.

Private Harvey and Reddin of the Infantry school who served in South Africa were discharged at Fredericton last week.

Mrs. Edward Stars has presented Mrs. M. Colgan with a handsome clock in recognition of the latter's services to her son who is a newly married drawing.

Seven boys were killed and one was seriously injured Monday afternoon by a single bolt of lightning in Chicago.

State Department officials at Washing-

ton assert that a treaty for the acquisition of the Danish West Indies Islands by purchase will be submitted to congress next winter.

Francis G Babcock, formerly a prominent New York politician, is dead at Ellsworth, Kan., aged 70 years. He made the nominating speech at the convention which nominated Cleveland for Governor of New York.

The remains of former Gov Hazen S of Pingree, Michigan arrived in New York Monday on the steamer Zealand in charge of his son, Hazen S. Pingree who accompanied his father to England.

The statement of the public debt issued in Washington, Monday, shows that at the close of the fiscal year, June 30, 1901 the debt, less cash in the treasury amounted \$1,044,739,120 a decrease during June of \$17,737,374.

The Earl of Selborne as lord of the admiralty announced in the house of lords Monday in London that hospital ship Maine, which was fitted out by a committee of American ladies for the use of the wounded and sick in South Africa and which was later sent to Taku where she took on board wounded and sick men of various nationalities, had been presented as a free gift to the British.

Lord Stratheona and Mount Royal presided Monday night at the Dominion Day dinner in London, given at the hotel Cecil, London, and attended by 300, the company including Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Aberdeen and other former Canadian governor generals, Sir Louis Davies, David Mills and Sydney Fisher and the other Canadian ministers now in London. Gen Ian Hamilton, Rear Admiral Douglas, Gilbert Parker and other well known men.

During the races at Kiel there occurred a circumstance which has not hitherto been noticed. During the race in which the royal yacht was entered, a small German war vessel crossed the starting line in front of the competitors. Emperor William noticed the action and ordered the captain of the vessel to 24 hours' arrest. The captain obeyed but the next day he resigned his commission in the navy.

The annual mobilization of the troops of the garrison and the attack and defense of the city by sea and land took place at Halifax, Monday. The land attack failed at all points and the torpedo boats attempting to enter the harbor were discovered and shelled by the forts. The umpires decided that the defense won all the operations. With the completion of new batteries suggested by the manoeuvres of a year ago now under construction Halifax will be an almost impregnable position.

Maid of Athens Brings Suit. One of the most remarkable breach of promise cases that have ever been brought before the courts is about to be tried in Athens, writes our correspondent.

The plaintiff, a young woman from the village of Marcopoule, some 35 miles from Athens, bases her claims upon an ancient custom of the village, which, it is held, will influence the jury in her favor.

The custom, which has the force of law in the village, is as follows: On certain fete days the villagers assemble on the green, when dancing is indulged in. Any girl wishing to marry drops her handkerchief, and the swain who picks it up is bound to marry her.

In the case in question, the young man, who picked up the handkerchief by accident, had never seen the girl before.

When acclaimed by the assembled villagers as the prospective husband of the girl, he demurred; hence the action at law.

The young girl is decidedly good looking, and his lack of taste in not taking her for a bride is much commented on in the village.

Not the Real Article. "Miss Whiff encourages your attention, doesn't she?" "Yes, but I'm only a side line."

Your laundry work; we will give you ever attention, anything you would like done, ask for it and it will be attended to. No saw edge collars and cuffs allowed to go here, all as smooth as glass. Our flexible pliable finish is well liked.

Be one of a great many who are getting satisfaction in their laundry work. Ungar's Laundry, Dyeing and Carpet Cleaning Works. Telephone 68.