

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 20

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

AN EXPENSIVE OBJECT LESSON.

In a few minutes Monday evening thousands of dollars of damage was done the streets of this city by the down pour of rain. The work that took months to complete was partially or wholly destroyed. This is the second time this summer that this has happened, and few will forget the rain of last fall which did a much if not greater damage.

In a city which has so many bills as St. John it seems impossible to provide against such effects while our present system of street construction continues. The people must know it by this time, and the council must know it by the several expert reports that have been before the members.

If any evidence is needed to convince them of the necessity for a change the storm effects of Monday surely provides it. Director Cushing could not have had a better argument to support his plan for the improvement of the streets. The expense of repairing the damage done would go along way toward paying the interest on a large outlay on the streets.

DISAPPOINTED MEN.

When the nurse appears in the doorway and announces, 'It is a girl, sir,' the young father to whom it is a first experience is usually delighted. At that time there is not room in his heart for any emotion except joy, nor has he reason for any other.

But if, as the years pass, successive nurses appear, only to repeat the same announcement, the news in time loses something of its joy compelling character. A little shadow of disappointment creeps over the scene, which not even the sunshine of the nurse's manner can dispel.

Even the humblest father can hardly help wishing that his name may be perpetuated by a son. When the father is a king, solicitous about the succession, the situation becomes interesting, and indeed, a matter of public concern.

Italy is trying to conceal her disappointment over the fact that the child just born to Queen HELENA and King VICTOR EMANUEL III.—their first—is a daughter. The Salic law is a part of the constitution of Italy, and the succession will not be secured to the direct line until the birth of a son.

The king of Serbia has also recently met with a domestic disappointment. But it is the Tsar of Russia who offers the most conspicuous example of thwarted ambition and hope deferred. The future of his own family certainly, and not improbably the future of the empire, depends upon his leaving a son or sons. Yet although he is now the father of four children, he has listened in vain for the hoped for announcement, 'A boy, your majesty!' The most servile of ministers can give no more than sympathy, and even a royal ukase does not affect nurses. The most autocratic of rulers, governing the most absolute of monarchies, has, therefore, lately had to bear his fourth disappointment, like ordinary men, with such show of philosophy as he could command.

The person next in line of succession, in case the Tsar leaves no male descendants, is the Grand Duke, the Grand Duke MICHAEL. If he is human, he must have smiled a little behind his hand when the latest royal princess was announced.

Mrs EDDY's doctrine that God is naught, that it does not exist, that there is nothing, that to believe in God is to believe in a sin, that at best it is but a negation—the absence of virtue, as darkness is the absence

of light—constitutes at once the power and the vice of Christian Science. Who would not be glad to believe that there is no sin in the world? Who would not rejoice to believe that in his own life sin can be vanquished by simply believing that it does not exist? Who would not rejoice to be thus freed from all fear of sin and its consequences, and all conflict with sin and temptation if only the deliverance could be real and permanent. This doctrine is not consistently stated nor logically followed out; but this logical inconsistency adds to its popular power, for when one revolts from the necessary conclusions he is calmly assured that they are not conclusions.

LORD ROSEBERRY has announced in the most emphatic terms that the reported betrothal between himself and the Duchess of Albany is untrue and purely fiction. His Lordship is probably correct. It does not take much to start some stories and the simple fact that ROSEBERRY had a private conference with King EDWARD, gave the gossips a chance to talk. His Lordship is a widower and the Duchess a widow and are quite friendly. This thought seems a sufficient basis to make social chat. It is the way of the world and the number is not small who know or think they know more about a person than that person knows about himself or herself.

MR BOURASSA of pro Boer fame has been talking to the British press. MR BOURASSA is quite original in his remarks and speaks out fearlessly and announces his independence of all political parties. His views will not be taken seriously nor can well informed men believe that the clever French-Canadian has faith in his own prophecies. It keeps the representative to the front and MR BOURASSA is not the only man in politics who seeks notoriety.

The resignation of Mrs. EATOUGH as matron of the Home of Incurables, is to be much regretted. The Home, being a new institution in this city had many difficulties to contend with in getting into working order, but Mrs. EATOUGH proved herself equal to the occasion and she may retire feeling that she has done her part well. The history of the institution so far is most encouraging and every day establishes the fact more clearly that it is a blessing in our midst.

Half a century ago a thin stream of Niagara Falls was first led aside to turn a grist-mill. Today a larger stream which diminishes seriously the amount of water which passes over the fall, furnishes almost half a million horse power. FATHER HENNEPIN was doubtless the first white man to see the mighty cataract. What Father Time will yet behold there passes all computation.

The presentation of a Loving Cup to Mr B. R. ARMSTRONG was a well planned and carried out arrangement. No doubt Mr. ARMSTRONG highly appreciates the handsome gift and is one that he can always look upon with pleasure and pride.

AT DIVINE SERVICE.

England's King is a Strict Church Attendant.

The easiest way to see the King is to go to church with him. When he is in London he always attends divine service at the Chapel Royal, St James' Palace; when at Windsor at St. George's Chapel, and when at Sandringham at St. Mary's. No man in England is more regular and punctual in his attendance upon divine worship than King Edward.

No matter whether he is at home or abroad, he never passes a Sunday without at least morning prayers and makes it a rule not to attend any service but that of the Church of England. Some weeks ago in a letter from Washington, I gave an account of his habits in this respect as Prince of Wales, and since he became sovereign he has shown an unmistakable intention to continue them.

The people of London who usually show great curiosity to see their king, let him alone on Sunday and allow him to worship in peace. It was a remarkable fact that last Sunday morning when there were at least 2000 people in the court yard of St. James' Palace listening to the music of the band at guard mount, not more than 50 or 60 people, and they were members of the household, were seated in the Chapel Royal, which opens upon that court. There is an outer entrance and an inner one from the corridor of the palace so that the king may reach it from his apartments in Marlborough House without going into the open air; but all the worshippers except the royal family and the ladies and gentlemen in waiting or that they are admitted at the public doors in St. James' courtyard.

It is a small and uninteresting church; perhaps there is none more so in all London. There is nothing attractive about it

except its severe simplicity. It is as plain as one of the Baptist chapels in South London. The windows are set in ordinary glass without shades or hangings, and need cleaning badly. The altar is an ordinary table covered with crimson cloth, upon which the cross of St. George and the three plumes of the Prince of Wales are embroidered in gold. The only ornaments are a large collection plate and two brass vases holding bunches of snowballs. There is no crucifix or cross, but over the altar is a fine painting of the Madonna, by Rubens, which, however, is too large for its place.

There are sittings for about 300 people—long pews running on either side of a single aisle to the wall. The first pew within kneeling distance of the altar rail is occupied by the king and his family, who prefer to sit with the congregation than to use a gallery of handsomely carved oak, which projects from the palace wall and was intended to insure their privacy.

At 9.30 o'clock while the king, queen and Princess Victoria partook of the communion administered by the R. v. Mr. Shephard subdean of St. James, the outside doors of the chapel were closed and locked.

A little group of people gathered there to await their opening. They were plainly dressed, serious persons, who did not look distinguished, but may have such, because appearances are very deceitful.

Most of them came on foot although several of them drove up in carriages that bore coronets upon the panels of the doors. On the minute of 10 o'clock an old verger in a black gown, bearing a long staff, opened the doors to admit all who desired to enter. Then he closed and locked them. As soon as the little congregation was seated the verger opened a side door that leads into the palace and a little choir of twelve boys and men entered, singing the processional hymn.

The choir boys were dressed in a livery of red and gold. Two men wore the usual surplices. Each had a band of crepe around his left arm. The minister followed them, with his assistant, one taking the pulpit and the other the reading desk.

Immediately behind them came King Edward VII dressed in a black frock suit and carrying a silk hat in his ungloved hands. Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria, both of whom are taller than the king, followed quietly after him and he stood aside to allow them to pass into the pew. The queen wore a gown of black, a small black bonnet and a crepe collar, as simple a costume as you could imagine. That of the princess was similar, except that she wore a black silk hat instead of a bonnet.

Both are beautiful women, and the queen although past 50 years of age, looks young as her daughter. Her figure is girlish, and graceful, her abundant blonde hair is without a sign of gray her complexion is fresh and pure as a child's, and she stands and walks with the firm erectness of an athlete.

The Princess Victoria is a little taller than her mother, but not so plump. Her face is purely English, according to the artists' ideals, although her father is of German ancestry, and her mother is a Dane. One would find it difficult to decide which is the handsomer, but no one can look upon the Queen of England without being convinced that she is a woman of intellect, refinement and amiable character.

The royal party was attended by a lady in waiting, also in plain black, and three gentlemen in ordinary mourning dress, who occupied the second pew back from the king, leaving one pew vacant between them. The first was a man of enormous stature, a large head and a striking face, with a heavy stock of hair and a long gray beard. The second was Captain Telford, an aide-de-camp of the king, a young man with large nose and slight mustache. The third was Sir Frances Knollys, the king's private secretary, a gentle man of medium height, alba, with a gray moustache.

The king uttered the responses to it in a firm, distinct voice, and the queen and princess also followed the service carefully. They bowed their heads when the dean read the prayers to 'Edward, our sovereign lord, and Alexandra, our sovereign lady,' and one might imagine that their responses were more frequent than usual after the special prayer to God to protect and preserve the life of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York while exposed to the dangers of travel on their journey around the world.

Both the king and queen sang the hymn—at least their lips formed the words, although their voices were inaudible because of the choir. One of the hymns was especially appropriate, the second stanzas reading:

What are the monarch, his court and his throne?
What are the peace and the joy that they own?
All that the blessed ones, who in it share,
All that they feel could as fully declare.

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At the close of the service, after the clergymen and the choir had left the chapel the king stood at the entrance of his pew and faced the congregation while his wife and daughter passed out before him. He brushed the dust off his silk hat with his handkerchief as he followed them through the private door.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TO DAY

The Old Fashioned Boy.

Oh, for a glimpse of a natural boy—
A boy with a freckled face,
With forehead white, teeth tangled hair
And limbs devoid of grace.

Whose feet too in, while his elbows flare;
Whose knees are pushed all ways;
Who turns as red as a lobster when
You give him a word of praise.

A boy who's born with an appetite,
Who seizes the pantry shelf;
To eat his 'piece' with resounding smack—
Who isn't gone on himself.

A Robinson Crusoe reading boy.

Whose pockets bulge with trash;
Who knows the use of rod and gun,
And wears the brook trout splash.

It's true he'll sit in the easiest chair,
With his hat on his tousled head;
That his hands and feet are everywhere
For youth must have room to spread.

But he doesn't dub his father old man,
Nor deny his mother's call;
Nor ridicule what his elders say,
Or think he knows it all.

A rough and wholesome natural boy
Of a good old-fashioned way;
God bless him if he's still on earth
For he'll make a man some day.

The Matron.

Why should you grieve that you're growing old?
Do you find the genial heart grow cold?
Do you find in your red-freckled face
The marks that time's soft fingers trace?
O, to your heart does it bring dismay
To see in your head a thread of gray?
Banish the thought; if 'twere always spring
No one could never a harvest bring;
Can the scarcely opened blossoms shoot
Compare with the bloom of the ripened fruit?
The passing of years needs no defense,
For they leave in full their recompense—
For, as by age is mellowed the wine,
In loving service are spirits made fine;
And charms matured, you'll find, in truth,
More strong to bind than the charms of youth.
In her girlish sphere a maiden sweet
May flower in all ways seem complete;
But, even when taken at her best
This simple truth must be confessed—
That in time of trouble, pain, or woe,
The joy of our hearts, to whom we go,
She who reigns as the sovereign there
Is the gracious dame with the silver hair.

Just Like the West.

One John Irvine, as he gives his name, sprang a surprise on the public a few days ago. It made people begin to think that St. John had gone back to some of its old time days or that the city had drifted somewhere out to the wild and woolly west. According to John's story he was a much abused man. Lead from one of the principal streets by an unknown character into a side alley, he was knocked down and beaten and cut and everything else that is horrible and blood-curdling and robbed of fifteen dollars. A terrible state of facts and right in the heart of St. John. But happily investigation does not bear out John's little tale. His remark that he was employee of Mr. Jas. F. Robertson was news to the latter gentleman. His statement of being the possessor of fifteen dollars is denied by those who know John best and so, the more the man's story is investigated the more the foundation drops out of it. John's worse enemy seems to be a name sake of his, sometimes called John Barleycorn.

No Fault Found.

No fault can be found with the Bay of Fundy on account of the Armenia wreck. Such disasters are apt to happen off of any coast. The bay and harbor have been exceptionally free of misfortunes and the same cannot be said of other harbors. As the small boy said the other day, the bay is all right, it has buoys and that's more than the Czar of all the Russias has.

Drunken Women.

The police court at the present time appears to have its full share of women prisoners. There is hardly a day goes by that some female does not adorn the police records. The number of women that it is found necessary to arrest on the ground of drunkenness is a deplorable thing and their number seems to be on the increase. How these persons come to be the purchasers of so much liquor should receive some attention. There is much room for some societies to get in mission-ary work. The sight of a drunken man is bad enough but when it comes to a woman, it is most pitiful.

Early Closing.

It is pleasing to note that the early closing movement undertaken by the grocers is meeting with success. The move is a most praiseworthy one and may well be followed by others. People will soon become educated to the fact that they will

have to buy their groceries earlier in the day and no hardship will be felt while the grocer clerk the early closing means much during these beautiful summer evenings.

Wants a Divorce.

Report says that well known Dan Taylor is talking considerably again about seeking a divorce. Dan is said to be very much displeased with his marital relations, claiming that his better half seeks too much of the society of her gentlemen friends. It all reports are to be believed there will be a warm time in certain well known social circles before long.

Our Baseballists.

With O'Neill, Howe, Curran, Embree, and Carter all of this Province, playing with the Halifax Standards, it looked very much as if the Alerts had been pitted against some New Brunswick team yesterday. It is gratifying to see that Halifax knows where to find good ball players when that city needs them. New Brunswick baseballists are becoming pretty well scattered and they are all giving a good account of themselves.

Becoming Popular.

The cruise of the R. K. Y. club to Fredericton this year was the largest yet held by the club some twenty-five yachts taking part. The sail was a delightful one though the weather proved somewhat of a warm nature. These trips seem to be growing more popular every year.

Advice to Mothers.

If your little boy or girl comes home with a sore throat, the first thing to do is to rub the throat and chest with Polson's Nerviline. Don't be afraid to use Nerviline freely—a whole bottle full wouldn't burn or blister the tenderest skin. Rub in until all taken up by the pores, and just before the child goes to sleep give him a glass of hot water into which 30 of Nerviline has previously been stirred. This is a sure, pleasant and speedy cure. Large bottles 25 cents.

A Fortunate Delay.

In 'Life and Sport on the Pacific Coast Mr. Horace A. Vachell relates one of his narrow escapes from a friend's bullet: My cousin and I had been camping and hunting for several days in a sort of Paradise valley. One day, during a long ride on horseback, we had seen a great many rattlesnakes and killed a few—an exceptional experience.

That night my cousin woke up and saw, by the light of the moon, a big rattler crawling across my chest. He lay for a moment fascinated, horror struck, watching the sinuous curves of the reptile.

Then he quietly reached for his six shooter. But he could not see the reptile's head, and he moved nearer, noiselessly yet quickly, dreading some movement on my part that should precipitate the very thing he dreaded. And then he saw that it was not a snake at all—only the black and yellow stripe of my blanket that gently rose and fell as I breathed.

Had he fired—well, it might have been bad for me, for he confessed that his hand shook.

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