

PROGRESS.

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Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, at 29 to 31 Carterbury street, St. John, N. B. by the PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY (LIMITED), EDWARD S. CANTER, EDITOR AND MANAGER, Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 25

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

THE BRITISH BUDGET.

Increased taxes are never popular, and a responsible official who proposes them must prepare to encounter a storm of criticism. It is fortunate for the British ministry that it has, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, a man of too unyielding a temper to be swerved from the path of plain duty by fear of unpopularity.

"I ask for no cheers, and I expect none," said Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, when he faced the House of Commons after the Easter recess, and prepared to unfold his budget. "You have had your feast. You have all, Liberals and Tories, been mad for rioting and expenditure. Now comes the reckoning."

A large part of the burden of the war in South Africa must be shouldered upon posterity in the form of an increase of the national debt; but the chancellor intimated his purpose that the present generation should bear its full share. To that end he recommended an increase in the income tax, a duty on sugar and an export duty on coal, and Parliament voted all three. There was grumbling, of course; the brewers and jam-makers did not like the duty on sugar, and the coal operators protested against the coal duty, but to no purpose.

The chancellor's impartiality shows itself in the distribution of these burdens. The income tax is a searching one. It strikes all incomes above one hundred and sixty pounds a year. It already took five per cent. As the chancellor dryly remarked, it is calculated 'to bring home to the country the virtues of economy.' The sugar duty is meant especially to reach the people who are not touched by the income tax—the great working masses; and the export duty on coal, in part at least, will come from the foreign consumer. Unpalatable as the budget was, there is a general disposition to concede that the chancellor dealt with his difficulties boldly and fairly.

"CANNED SUNSHINE."

An English scientist has predicted that the valley of the Amazon will be the center of civilization in the coming centuries and that England and Scotland, most of Canada, and all New England, will become hunting grounds, homes for elk and deer. Taking this as a starting point, Dr. EDWARD EVERETT HALE whimsically demands that the Northern States begin to send their invalid wards to spend the winters in the sunny Southern States, instead of shutting them in close rooms, in gloomy institutions, and warming them with the "canned sunshine" that is stored in coal ard wood.

There are obvious difficulties in the way of this amiable design; but, aside from the scientist's prediction and the clergyman's proposition, a curious suggestion lurks behind Doctor HALE's words. "Canned sunshine," which comes in various forms and takes many names, is truly indispensable; yet it is possible that some of us use too much of it.

This is the age of out-of-door athletics, and physical reliance on coal and wood is the least of our offendings. In the region of the intellect, in the fields of knowledge, fancy, sentiment, reflection, are we not somewhat too dependent on the 'canned sunshine' we find in books? The men who made the books sought their material at first hand. Even if other men, recorders of experience, may have supplied facts and figures, it remained for the masters to verify them by their own understanding of life, and charge them with the vitality of their overflowing minds.

One of the differences between genius and mediocry is that genius takes nothing for granted. It goes to the top as well as to "the bottom of things," and explores all the space between. In so far, even we every day folk may humbly follow it. We shall make a serious mistake if, instead of observing nature, we content ourselves with reading about her; or if, while weeping over a moving tale, we neglect to relieve the poor family in the next street.

This mission of the masters is to show us the way of approach to nature and human nature—but their "canned sunshine" must be used to light, and not alone to warm. Wise men, and poets as well, are they who cherish the seeing eye, the meditative mind and the sympathetic heart.

WORKING OUT THE SOLUTION.

Even before word came of the capture of AGUINALDO, which was followed by his making an oath of allegiance and issuing a manifesto counseling his people to lay down their arms, readers of the daily news knew that conditions in the Philippines were steadily improving.

It is possible now to say that organized resistance to the United States in the islands has ceased; but that is only a negative way of putting the matter, and in the face of so much that is positive, it is inadequate. The Taft commission was working steadily to establish civil government even while the sporadic fighting was going on, and now that hostilities have ceased, civil government is a fact. The civil authority superseded the military on the fifteenth of this month.

Although the fifty thousand soldiers now in the archipelago may have to remain for some time, their duties will be those of a police force, and their efforts largely directed to enforcing the will of the Filipinos themselves.

The codes under which the cities and towns will govern themselves were framed by the commission after free discussion with the best class of natives. The suffrage is restricted to men twenty-three years of age, who are owners of two hundred and fifty dollars' worth of property or payers of fifteen dollars in taxes, and can read and write either Spanish or English.

A general school system has been established and more than a million of dollars appropriated for teachers salaries, four hundred thousand for school buildings, two hundred and twenty thousand for text books and supplies, twenty five thousand for a normal school, and fifteen thousand for a trade school in Manila.

The outlook for a satisfactory solution of this difficult problem which the United States has had to face is therefore extremely good. If so much has been done in the face of armed resistance, much greater progress should follow the advent of peace.

The Police and Their Busy Week.

This has been a busy week for the police. The criminals seem to have broken loose and made trouble for the officers on all hands. One charge is so serious that it will require the most careful investigation. The evidence so far has not been made public as the examination is private, but the sympathy of all who have known and respected the young man's parents have gone out to them in heartfelt fashion.

The chief of police is away and yet the force wags along, does its duty and keeps up its reputation without apparent effort. The grant of the council toward the expenses might in the end prove a paying investment since the city might be saved the salary that now goes to that official. One morning there was nothing to report and the fact that there was a clean sheet was not displeasing to Capt. Jenkin's who is in charge of the force during the absence of the Chief.

An Old Favorite Again

The friends of W. S. Harkins are glad to see him again in the city and to know that his company will appear in the New Mechanics Institute Monday evening. Mr. Harkins needs no introduction to the public. His plays are good and he says his company is excellent. What more is necessary?

Elzible, Platable, Finest

Is what we are giving to our customers, no saw edge on your collars either. Shirt waists, skirts, and all ladies' fine wear handled by expert ironers. Try us. Ungars Laundry, dyeing and carpet cleaning works. Telephone 58.

Life Near the Equator.

The Reverend Father Grison of Stanley Falls, Africa, writes that Europeans have a very inaccurate idea of tropical temperatures. He passed eight years at the equator on the Pacific coast, he says, and never saw the mercury above 85°, while at Stanley Falls the maximum is 90°, and the nights are deliciously cool. On the other hand, there are frequent tempests of indescribable violence, and Father Grison has counted 66 lightning flashes in one minute, the thunder being continuous, and has seen 10 thunderbolts strike within a radius of a few hundred meters in the space of two hours.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Entomological Entrees.
An able entomologist,
M. Dagobert, was treating
Parisians to a lecture on
The Joys of Insect Eating!
In course of which he nacked his lips,
As quietly he boasted
That he had tried a hundred kinds—
Braised, minced, fried, raw and roasted!

Two little boys dropped in from play
At their grandfather's house, one Winter day,
Smiled at the apples that grandmother brought
Them.
And spoke their thanks, as their mother had taught
Them;
But little Will glanced at his apple, poor lad,
And saw that 'twas finer than that Dan had,
So, quick as a wink, he turned to his brother,
With "Take this one, Danny, and I'll take the other."

Off and On.
We've put away the overcoat
A dozen times or so,
Imagining that chilling winds
At last had ceased to blow.
We've placed it in the cedar chest,
Where in the ne'er case dismay,
And left relieved because we thought
For months it there would stay.

A Knight of the Bobby Horse.
He rode away with flashing eyes
To fight in distant lands;
His charger was a coal black steed,
His sword was in his hands.
"I may be gone a hundred years,"
He said, "and so, farewell!"
The papers I shall send to you,
My valiant deeds will tell."

On a Dog Dreaming
A dream having frightened my slumber,
In my rearing limbo's mellow shine,
I sit in a chair unaccustomed,
For Tracy is sleeping in mine.

Love Letters of a Schoolboy.
The grass is green, the sky is blue,
Honey's sweet, and so are you,
I feel all throbbly when I see
You look across the room at me.

How a French Nobleman Secured Work and Fortune.
Monsieur Brillat-Savarin, in his Memoirs of his time, gives the history of several of the French nobles who fled to England to escape the guillotine. Among those who found themselves penniless and without profession of craft by which to earn their bread was a Comte d'Albignac of old and noble family.
On day, while seated in a cafe in London, three or four young English noblemen sat down at a neighboring table to dine. Presently one of them came to him and said, "Monsieur, I have heard that all Frenchmen excel in making a salad. Will you do us a favor of mixing one for us?"



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D'Albignac hesitated, but then gaily sat down with them and prepared the salad. He had great skill. The men ate with enthusiasm, and exchanged cards with him at parting. But one of them with the card pressed a sovereign into his hand.
D'Albignac trembled with rage, but a quick second thought kept him silent. He was a nobleman. None of his race had ever earned money. But why should he not earn money? He had this little art: why not use it to make his bread? Was it not more honorable than to live, as many of his fellow refugees were doing, on the charity of their friends? He bowed to the company and put the sovereign in his pocket.
The next day he was asked to go to a large mansion where a dinner-party was to be given, to dress the salads. His salads became the fashion. He was summoned to every large entertainments, and his skill enabled him to charge large sums. He remained in London for a few years, and then with his savings, returned to France, bought a small estate in Limousin, resumed his rank, and lived comfortably for the rest of his life.

This little story touches upon a vital point of difference between our own and European social habits. No American, whatever his birth or income, feels himself degraded by earning money. The danger on our part is quite different. We are apt to forget that there is high and noble work to be done in the world which does not bring in money. Such work may well be undertaken by men whose income is assured. If more of them would give their time and effort to science or to politics instead of to the amassing of hoards which they do not need, the whole nation would grow stronger and purer.

Savage Moose.
A moose story, exciting in detail if not incontrovertibly true is related in the New York Mail and Express. Two hunters were in the Maine woods looking for deer when they had their similar adventure, in which, according to their own version of the affair, they acted purely in self defence.
When near Dead Stream they heard sounds as of a terrific struggle in the bushes, and on going to investigate, were astonished to find two large bull moose, engaged in deadly combat. Unhappily the men somehow attracted the attention of the moose, whereupon both animals turned furiously upon the intruders. The men fled, closely pursued by the moose, and C, finding that they were in danger of being overtaken, turned and shot one of the brutes dead in its tracks, as he supposed.
The hunters then scrambled into the top most branches of a tree. And then they were surprised to see the wounded and supposedly dead moose struggle to its feet and rush forward again as fiercely as ever.

Finding the hunters well out of reach, the moose gave vent to bellows of wrath. Finally one trotted off into the woods, and the other, the wounded one, went off a little distance and lay down.
After waiting a while, the two hunters cautiously descended from the tree and set off through the woods toward home. Their movements aroused the resting moose, who had evidently been watching them, and he made a wild rush after them.
Once more the hunters took to trees, and presently their pursuer was joined by two more large bull moose. All night long the three tramped and bellowed about the trees in which the luckless hunters were perched, their teeth chattering with cold and their limbs aching with cramp.
At daylight the brutes gave up the siege and trotted away. As soon as they disappeared the two men slid down from their

comfortless perches and made for home, which they reached without further adventure.

The dead body of a bull moose was found in that region a week later, and is supposed to be the one that C. shot. At last accounts a game warden was after the evidence in the case, looking to the arrest of the hunters for killing moose in close time. Should the case come to trial, the interesting question will be presented whether a man is justified in shooting a moose in self defense, as C. says that he shot this one.

Getting Over it.
The food supplied to the apprentices in Uncle Sam's navy, particularly when in port, is plain and unstimulating in quality and none too abundant in quantity. Uncle Sam does not believe in pampering his young sailors by over-feeding, and most of them spend a considerable portion of their pay in adding to the stock of provender furnished them by the ship's cook.
A boy who may be designated as Jimmy Short, for short, thinking life on shipboard would be a picnic, enlisted as a naval apprentice.
"How is Jimmy getting along?" inquired a neighbor one day.
"Poor boy!" replied his mother. "He writes us that he is so homesick he can't eat half the grub he gets in his kid—what ever that may mean."
A few weeks later the same neighbor dropped in again.
"How is Jimmy doing in the navy by this time?" she asked.

"Poor boy," answered Mrs. Short. "He wants us to send him a box filled with the kind of vitals he used to turn up his nose at. He says he believes he could eat as live ox at one meal!"
As an instructive afterthought it may be suggested that perhaps a judicious amount of starvation is a good cure for acute cases of homesickness.

A Complimentary Idorsement.
A farmer was travelling to London in quest of legal advice, and during the journey became impressed with the belief that he had left behind certain important papers. As he made a hurried investigation of his bag, he said:
"If I did leave those papers behind, I'm a fool!"
He continued the search, and a moment later exclaimed:
"I'll bet it'll turn out I'm a fool!"
For the third time he rummaged through the bag, and as he reached the last bundle he repeated:
"Yes, sir, I believe it'll turn out I am a fool!"

Now the travelling British public greatly resents any disturbance of its solemn silence, and a man on the other side of the compartment, who had listened frowingly to the farmer's definition of his own status, looked over his newspaper and said, with sarcastic interest:
"Oligins me, sir, by laying a little money that same way for me."
The proposition was not accepted, partly because betting is immoral, and partly because the farmer felt that his companion would have a sure thing.

A BOOK FOR MOTHERS.
Containing Much Information as to the Care of Children, and the Treatment of Ills That Commonly Afflict Little Ones—Given Free.
"Baby's Bottles; A Message for Mothers," is the title of a very handsome little pamphlet just issued by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company. It is devoted entirely to the care of infants and small children and tells the other how to aid her little ones in the emergencies of every day life. It describes the ills that commonly afflict children and tells how to treat them. This little book is one that should be in every home where there are infants or small children. All mothers who send their name and address on a post card to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., will receive a copy of this book free of charge. Mention the PROGRESS when writing.
Up-to-Date Improvements.
The wine rooms of Mr. Peter Mahoney of the North End have been entirely renovated and since their completion with steel ceilings and walls, oak finish present a pleasant and attractive appearance. Mr. Mahoney keeps an unusually quiet and up to date place and stock he carries is as good as can be had in the market.