

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 13

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

A GOOD ILLUSTRATION.

There died suddenly in London the other day a writer who may not be entitled to a place among the greatest of English novelists, but who certainly deserves to be classed among the most lovable and useful of Englishmen.

Sir WALTER BESANT was interested in every worthy undertaking and a leader in many helpful works; but he will best be known and longest remembered as the author of 'All Sorts and Conditions of Men.'

The story of this book is an interesting one. It presents the hard life of the people of the East End of London, and tells, in the form of a novel, of the ideas and ambitions of a young mechanic who has had a better education than his fellows, and uses it for their advantage. Through his efforts as related in the novel, a great central building, a 'People's Palace,' is erected in the East End where the social life of the people can express itself; where they can study and read, see fine paintings, hear good music, have their games and athletic sports, and in general, meet life on a higher plane than is possible in their own unattractive homes.

To this tale the author curiously enough gave the somewhat cynical subtitle of 'An Impossible Story.' He was the most hopeful of men, but he saw clearly how much was to be done, and doubtless at the time he wrote had small thought that his dream would be realized within his own lifetime. Yet there stands today in that same East End, and for years has stood, a 'People's Palace,' in which has come to pass all that the dreamer dreamed. The 'impossible story' has become not only a possibility, but a fact.

In the largest, truest sense, Sir WALTER BESANT built the People's Palace as surely as he wrote the book which gave it its name, and from which the public gathered its first knowledge of the need of such an institution.

It would be hard to find a better illustration either of the power of a good book, or of the readiness of people to give when their eyes are opened and their hearts are touched.

No one believes that medical science has reached the limit of its possibilities. Much good may come, therefore, from Mr. Rockefeller's latest gift, the purpose of which is to be found an institute for medical research. The work of the institute will be carried on by eminent physicians acting under the auspices of the leading colleges. The discovery of a cure for cancer or cerebrospinal meningitis, or better methods of treating less terrible diseases, or indeed, anything which will lessen pain and save life, is an ambition so noble as to deserve every assistance. It is to the everlasting honor of the medical profession that so many doctors have given their time and money to such work. No one will appreciate Mr. ROCKEFELLER'S gift more highly than the physicians to whom it makes more of such work possible.

The collapse of the bridge on the Central railway whereby Driver Nodwell lost his life, adds another to the long list of such accidents, which unhappily have been altogether too numerous in this province. That some steps should be taken towards the prevention of similar disasters in the future is a universal opinion. Indeed most people think that something should have been done long ago. If there were a bridge inspector these misfortunes would

not occur. As it is to lay some of the bridges in this province are no doubt condemnable and another accident may be reported at any time. Life is precious and railways owe it as a first duty to the public to see that their roadway is in the best possible condition and the government should be held responsible in seeing that the different companies protect the lives of the travelling public. It is hoped that some active measures will be taken immediately in this connection.

The trial races of the big yachts would seem to establish beyond much doubt that the Constitution the new defender of the Cup is superior in every way to any craft yet built by the Americans, while on the other hand Shamrock II, this year's challenger has proved a great disappointment. By logical reasoning the British boat can hardly be expected to meet with success. The Constitution has defeated the Columbia which last year beat Shamrock I, and the latter has proved her superiority over the new Shamrock. Unless some vast improvements can be made in the next yacht, the result cannot but as regarded as a foregone conclusion.

Last Sunday was one of much interest to the different christian denominations in this city. The Rev. JOHN READ who for the past five years has been the much respected pastor of Centenary, bade farewell to his congregation. During his pastorate, Centenary's career has been one of progress, and the removal of Mr. READ from St. John is to be regretted. The same day the fifty-third anniversary of the ordination of very Rev. MGR CONNOLLY to the priesthood was celebrated. MGR CONNOLLY has had a long and highly successful life as a priest, and people of all denominations join in wishing the distinguished gentleman many more years of active and useful service.

Why do the railroads charge lower fares when large crowds are going to one place, as to a great exhibition, and why do hotels take the same occasion to raise their charges? The reason is simple, little as we like the fact when we are confronted by the hotel bill. Hotel accommodations are limited in amount and cannot be increased at great cost; railroad facilities permit almost unlimited expansion of business at a small increase of expense, and consequently at a reduced average cost. A large demand for a book lowers its price; a large demand for the feathers of a certain bird has an opposite effect.

The King's Daughters which closed its convention here this week, had a most successful meeting. From the reports received and addresses delivered, it is evident that this society has done some grand work in the past and is more capable than ever of accomplishing much in the future. The different delegates present in St. John this week represent one of the greatest christian organizations in Canada. They have shown great enthusiasm in their work and their power of doing good is unlimited.

The attendance thus far at the Pan American Exhibition would tend to show that that great undertaking will prove highly successful from a financial standpoint at least. Some two millions have already attended the big show and as only eight millions are required to pay expenses it is safe to predict that unless something unforeseen happens, the latter number should be easily reached. The last two months of great exhibitions have always proved the most successful, so that by the end of October it will be found that the visitors will not fall far below some ten millions.

This has been a great season for strawberries. Never have they been cheaper and the persons who have not indulged in the beautiful fruit are few and far between. If all other berries turn out as plentiful, it will be a record breaking summer.

Lord Minto will be gladly welcomed to this city. He has proved no exception to the excellent governor generals Canada has had since confederation.

An American paper speaking of the recent yacht races thinks that the independence is slow in following the flag of the Constitution.

St. John daily papers are devoting much more space than formerly to the doings of the Police Court. Is the reading public taste becoming more degraded.

The American is not now exclaiming, 'Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness,' but 'Oh to be in St. John during this hot weather.'

Another July the Twelfth has passed into history.

Umbrellas Made Re-covered, Repaired Duval 17 Waterloo

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TO DAY

Death. To live, to die To see the great unknown. I wonder if when we are dead We'll know who's right, who's wrong: The end of life Is wrapped in darkest night; Will the effulgent sun arise On an eternal morn? We all must die. But shall we live again? Does death but mean eternal sleep, Or will we wake at dawn? And if we wake Will all our hopes be true? Have we beheld immortal truth With only human eyes? My ears have caught, When all was still as death, A song by fairest aneas sung— It might have been a dream. Brotherhood. That plenty but reproaches me Which leaves my brother bare. Not wholly glad my heart can be While his is bowed with care. If I go free, and sound and stout While his poor fetters clank, Unstated still I'll still cry out, And plead with whom I think. Almighty; Thou who Father be Of him, of me, of all. Dost thou together, him and me, That whichever fall, The other's hand may fall him not— The other's strength decline No task of succor that his lot May claim from son of Thine, I would be fed, I would be clad. I would be housed and dry, But if so be my heart be sad— What benefit have I? Best be whose shoulders best endure The road that brings relief, And best shall be his joy secure Who shares that joy with grief. Prayer. With the sky be blazing with the sun, Or grey with bitter snow it may not shed, I look abroad, and seeing woe is done, And woe is suffered, this is woe I've said. Of all Thy creatures underneath the sun— All suffering—pity 'orses for they know No rest or pleasure till their day is done; From pain through pain to dreadful death they go. The 'ot sun marks the summer—who shall care If some few beasts along the gutter lie. And the crowd gapes the while they struggle there Until the butcher comes and lets them die? Fog turns the streets to grease; a little rain Will make them slippery as a sheet of glass, When 'orses fall I know my 'ain were vain, And do but murmur softly as I pass: Though thus they escape the ghastly ship that goes Laden with spout 'orses from our English shores, And juckless boats are taught no restraint of woe, Before they glut the Dutchman's with their gores. Lord out of all Thy creatures 'ere below, It is these 'orses suffer 'neath the sun. From pain through pain to grisly death they go. O give them rest before their day is done. Poor Girl. She may not tell me that her love Is all for me, Poor girl! The world has put a seal upon Her lips, and she, Poor girl! Must wait and speak! She may Not come with arms outstretched and say She yearns to be mine own for aye— Poor girl! But she has eyes wherein the glow Of love may lie, Poor girl! And she has lips from which may come The long, sweet sigh, Poor girl! A thousand ways she has to show Her love for me—to let me know With out exactly saying so, Poor girl!

Pilgrims From Mecca With the Holy Carpet. Once a year, in the spring, a special caravan, escorted by Egyptian soldiers, and accompanied by numerous pilgrims, leave Cairo for Mecca, in charge of the holy carpet. This carpet is sent by the Khedive of Egypt to Mahomet's tomb at Mecca, where it is hung until brought back by next year's pilgrims. It is then given to such a mosque in Egypt as the Khedive desires to honor. To make the pilgrimage to the prophet's tomb, and by doing so to receive the title of 'Haji,' is the Mahomedan's chief ambition, and thousands go every year, but only to find that a visit to the sacred shrine fails to bring peace or happiness to the heart. A missionary in North Africa says that those who could afford to go from there were much envied, and as the boys talked about it, the gist of their conversation was, 'How nice to be sure of a good place in Heaven, and be free at the same time to do evil in this world.' Mr. Liley, of the North Africa Mission, obtained permission of the captains to distribute gospels in Arabic among the pilgrims travelling to Mecca by an English line of boats. In almost every instance the men accepted the gospels, which were doubtless, read during the journey, if only to beguile the weary hours of travel. Mr. Liley writes: 'I would earnestly ask God's children to pray for blessing on this effort, that those pilgrim readers may be guided by the Holy Spirit to see their sinful state in the sight of a great and holy God, and the heavenly ransom provided for them.—Christian Herald.

Mamma—Come, boys, you wasn't quarrel that way on Sunday. Willie—But, ma, this a religious discussion we're having. Wilton—They say He bought a 'dead-game sport'. Hilton—He is. He buys a lot of beers and bucks from the guides and tells the people down home that they are the trophies of his prowess. Teacher—Johnny, who was 600 returned to in the line; 'In the line' death rode the 600? Johnny—Why, er—ah—oh—why— they were dentists.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER ABSOLUTELY PURE Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

News of the Passing Week.

Up to July 7th, nearly two million people had attended the Pan American exhibition.

Pierre Lorrillard, millionaire and famous turkman, died at New York last Sunday.

By the collapse of the Wasson bridge on the Central railway last Saturday, Driver Wm Knodell lost his life.

The Royal Artillery paraded to St. John's church last Sunday under command of Col. Jones.

Prince Hohenlobe, formerly German Imperial chancellor died at Switzerland, last week.

In the International cricket matches the Canadians won one game; lost one, and drew two.

The Court of Enquiry on the lost Armenia, held that the captain was free from all censure.

Sydney Locke of Lockport, N. S., on Monday night shot his three children during a fit of despondency. He is one of the leading citizens of the place and a Municipal Councillor.

Hon. G E Foster has refused the nomination for Addington, Ont., to fill the vacancy caused by Mr. Bill's death.

J W Bell, M P, a leading member of Parliament representing Addington, Ont., died at his home the later part of last week.

Lt. Col. Humphrey has been appointed district staff adjutant for Nova Scotia.

Arthur D. White son of the U. S. German Ambassador committed suicide at Syracuse, N. Y., Monday afternoon.

Arthur Murchie son of the mayor of St. Stephen, N. B., died the first of the week.

The high court of the I. O. F. opened in annual session at Sackville on Tuesday.

At a meeting of British Liberals confidence was voted in the leader, Campbell-Bannerman.

Hon. Mr. Murlock reached London from Australia the first part of the week.

M. S. Tribune arrived at St. John on Tuesday last.

It has been decided that the Duke of Cornwall will present South African medals when he visits St. John and Halifax.

The steamer America was sold at auction on Tuesday to John E. Moore for \$4 700.

Lt. Col. Vidal is to inspect the St. John 62nd on October 19th.

Sydney, Australia, had a two million dollar fire Wednesday.

The National Division Sons of Temperance opened in session at Charlottetown. P. E. I., on Wednesday.

By a collision of trains on the Chicago and Alton railway near Norton, Mo., the middle of the week, sixteen persons lost their lives.

The Sanford baseball team was badly defeated in all games played in the maritime provinces.

The American indemnity claim against Turkey amounting to \$95,000, has been paid.

Expensive Loss Of Temper. Mr. D. of Boston, a devotee of the wheel, was not long ago visiting in one of the small towns of western Massachusetts.

He was taking a spin about its streets shortly after his arrival, when he was run down, as he afterward declared, by a negro, and knocked off his bicycle. The fall not only ruffled his dignity and his clothes, says Harper's Magazine, but broke his skin and his wheel.

These combined injuries made a breach in his placidity, and he picked up a stone and threw it with accurate aim at the colored man and brother. This intraction of the peace resulted in his arrest and in his conviction in the local court of justice.

'I fine you five dollars,' said the judge. 'Have you anything to say?' 'Nothing,' replied D., unmollified, 'except that I wish I had killed the fellow.'

'The rest of the case,' said the judge, 'rejoined his honor.'

His temper was not improved by the recent deposition of justice was the bitterness of his rejoinder was plainly apparent.

'Conversation seems to come high in this court,' he observed.

'Five dollars for contempt,' promptly responded the bench. 'Have you anything more to say?'

'I think not,' answered the defendant. 'You have the advantage of me in reparation.'

Payment of the lines closed the case.

Kissing and Non-Kissing Families. The New York Sun Says that kissing among relatives goes by families, and it is quite true that certain households are known to all their friends as 'great kissers'.

The members, men, women and children, kiss each other the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night, and on any other occasion that they consider sufficiently emotional.

Still one may go too far the other way. A woman who came of a kissing family married a man who came of non-kissing family. At one time her husband went to the railway station to meet a son who had been absent from home for two years, and on his return the wife said:

'What did you do when you first saw Jack? Did you kiss him?'

'No-no,' faltered the husband and father 'of course I didn't kiss him.'

'I'll tell you what he said to me,' volunteered the son. 'He said: 'Well, Jack, was your train on time?'

'I see that a pearl necklace has just been sold in Paris for \$84,130.'

'Strange how tools with money will throat away.'

'The new telephone editor is a humorist.'

'Well?'

'He heads an account of the Cannibal Islanders eating the German scientists 'Trouble in their midst.'

She (after they have walked three miles without saying a word being spoken)—Aw, say John, that's art very quoisit. Has now fur to say?'

He—What mum aw say? Aw dunno know.

She—Say that the loves me.

He—It's a rest sayin' aw love thee, but aw dunno loike tellin' loies.

'Doesn't that remind you of a Raphael?'

asked the art enthusiast.

'No,' answered the cold blooded critic. 'It reminds me more of a raffia.'

'Jedge,' said the colored prisoner, 'is I expected ter tell de truth?'

'Why, of course, you are!'

'Well, den, des go ahead and sentence me tust!'

Baker—Old Bally is getting ready for the fly season.

Jones—What is he doing?

Baker—Having his head tattooed with a design of a spider's web.

'Charity, in heaven's name!' cried the man. 'Not for myself; for my family, sir. My children have been without bread for a week, and my wife—'

Here he choked with emotion.

'—hasn't entertained since day before yesterday, actually.'

I pressed \$100 into his hand; a pitiful sum, to be sure, but it would at least buy trappé for a small informal.

'If you die first,' said Mrs Drear, 'You'll wait for me I know.'

'Oh, yes, I've always had to dear. Most everywhere we go.'

'What is your name?' asked the city directory enumerator.

'Cotton,' answered the man of the house.

'Any children?'

'Eleven.'

'I suppose we shall have to let it go,' said the enumerator, putting down the figure, 'but it looks like padding the census.'

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