

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 29

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

CHRISTIANITY.

Says an exchange: Do you call those progressive euchre gamblers, theatre-goers, ballroom dancers, pleasure seekers, fashion mongers, who are members of churches, Christians? Christians! What have they in common with Christ? Where is the "mind of Christ," where the "spirit of Christ?" It is these bastard "Christians" who make the name and the profession agreeable to the world, the flesh, and the devil, and odious to sin sick, suffering souls. Such people are foul leper spots on the church.

This is pretty strong language. A Christian reading such paragraphs might be tempted to ask whether such remarks as those quoted above come from a true religious heart. The day has gone by when men can boast of an upright mind who call their fellow men all manner of names. Euchre parties, theatres and the like may be all wrong, but they give no one the right to trample on those who patronize such amusements. The most respected of this country's citizens attend theatres, balls and card parties and to say that they are unchristian is expressing a very one-sided and bigoted opinion. Religion can never be advanced by such methods. Even the ministers of the gospel differ themselves as to the wrongness of certain pleasures. It is not so much in the amusement itself that the wrong exists, but to the extent any such amusement may be carried. It is difficult to see how any evil exists in an innocent game of cards or the attending of a first class opera or theatre. If the game is made one of gambling or the theatre debased by bad drama the case is different. But this may be said of almost everything. Athletic sports are harmless but they may be made bad if the element of betting is allowed to enter. Even Christianity and the preaching of the gospel may be made wrong if carried to extremes. More than one individual has been sent to the lunatic asylum by too much religion. There is not a thing in life that cannot be made bad if people so desire. Christianity is the promotion of the gospel in a broad and true spirit. If a man cannot go to a first class theatre without evil entering his mind, quite probably the same man cannot enter a church without finding some wrong even there. Recreation and pleasure are needful to all and what are proper and what not proper must ever form a difference of opinion.

Russians are noted for skill in diplomacy. That may be the reason why JEAN DE BLOUCH, Russian councillor of state, has expressed in an elaborate essay the opinion that Great Britain's failure to suppress the "rebellion" of the Boers is due not to lack of military skill on the side of the British, or to the presence of that quality on the Boer side, but is due solely to the changed conditions which modern inventions have brought about, under which war must be carried on. He enumerates smokeless powder, long-range guns, and rapid firing, as things that enable combatants to kill one another while they are invisible, inaccessible, and indefinitely scattered hither and yonder. Without doubt, these things have made, as he says, the old military manoeuvres and tactics absurd. But his explanation fails to explain. His failure is ludicrous. Or is the wily Muscovite poking fun at the British, while solemnly seeming to be making excuses for them? Does he mean to imply that KIPLING's dear friend "BOBS," and KITCHENER, and the other British commanders, did not know, when they began the war, that arms and ammunition had

undergone any changes since the Duke of WELLINGTON's time?

It is now said, upon authority, that Rev. JOHN KELLER, who was murderously assaulted by an enraged husband, will have a church trial. Some people will scoff at the announcement, claiming that, whether innocent or guilty, KELLER will be vindicated, as a matter of course, in a court composed of, or at least controlled by, clerical associates. That is not at all a matter of course. A great many clergymen have been convicted on similar charges by ecclesiastical courts and expelled from the ministry. A strong argument could be made to show that the whole truth is a good deal more likely to be brought out in church trials than it is in trials carried on under civil law.

When Mr. CARNEGIE discovered that an old school mate of his was the engineer of the train which was carrying him from Edinburgh to London, CARNEGIE climbed on to the engine, made himself known, and heartily shook the grimy hand of his former Scotch playmate. This true story, cabled from London, will remind many of Dickens' readers of a somewhat similar incident related in "DOMBEY & SON." Only Mr. DOMBEY was not quite so cordial.

Wheeler and Howard interviewed.

Gen. Joe Wheeler is good to the interviewer. He talks out without reserve, as if speaking to a friend. He is modest, as his manner, even meek looking, and certainly no one at sight would imagine that this gentle, genial, kindly man was a hero of some of the bloodiest, grimmest battles of modern times.

Gen. O. O. Howard, who commanded one of the wings of Sherman's army on the famous march to the sea, and who bore Lee's first shock at Gettysburg, is another of precisely the same type. No one could be simpler, kinder or gentler. In fact it seems to be the rule with men as with steel that the hardest knocks produce the best temper. Old army officers and old physicians are apt to have a broad minded charity and a hopeful, sunny love of their kind which is rare elsewhere. They reverse the rule of the witty French cynic: 'The more I know about men the better I like dogs.'

The last time I interviewed Gen. Howard it was on the subject of answers to prayer, and I thought I had him. In his famous fight with Stonewall Jackson the Union forces were defeated, so I inquired of Gen. Howard:—

'You prayed before that battle?' 'Yes,' he answered. 'And Jackson was a praying man. He prayed also?' 'Yes,' he assented. 'Then how was it he gained the victory? Did that mean that the Union cause was wrong?'

Very gently the good old general replied: 'Both our prayers were answered. Jackson prayed for immediate victory and for the ultimate triumph of our cause. We both got what we prayed for.'

To Win do Your best Every Day.

It is difficult to determine what is success. A knowledge of the way to attain it is not so difficult. Summed up, it is just this: Do your best every day, what ever you have in hand.

The principle failures in business, are a lack of definite plan, shiftlessness, trying to find some new way to suddenly leap into a high position, instead of patiently plodding along the old roads of industry and integrity.

I. O. R. Exhibit at Pan-American.

Perhaps one of the most interesting exhibits at the Pan American Exhibition is that of the Intercolonial Railway, consisting of fine specimens of mounted fish, game, etc. The exhibit is located in the Canadian Government building, near the East Amherst street entrance. Mr. W. H. Carnall, taxidermist, of St. John, N. B., has arranged the exhibit, while Mr. William Robinson, General Travelling Agent, is in charge to welcome visitors.

Their Harvest.

From all reports the carpenter is now enjoying his harvest, and the supply is not necessary to the demand. Heavy building operations are in progress in Fredericton and all along the river and St. John carpenters were seldom more occupied. His shows a good state of affairs, for new buildings show an advancement throughout the country.

Band Concert.

The second of the series of band concerts was given Wednesday evening by the City Cornet band on Hazen avenue. The night was a delightful one and a great number enjoyed the music. These concerts are quite an addition to the many attractions of St. John the present summer.

VERSE OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Summer Now has the year come into its glory, 'Tis the bright life of its busy and bliss; Every day tells a wonderful story And promises hours far sweeter than this The hum of bees and children's laughter, The song of birds and of rippling streams— How we shall miss and long for them after, How they will echo through all our dreams. Think not of the white snows falling Of shortened days and nights grown chill; Summer is Queen and her voice is calling— Listen, and love her, and do her will. Ninette M. Lywater.

Bliggerson's Degree.

Thomas Henry Bliggerson Longed for a degree, 'Like to sign This name of mine With a tail of LL. D.' Said he, 'Or a Ph. D., or a plain A. B., Or any old letter would give me glee.' And he gave away All his cash one day To a school and a college and a library.

Thomas Henry Bliggerson Looked for his degree— Watched the mail Till hope would fail For a note to give him glee He fully expected he would be At once created an X, Y, Z Or an L. L. D., Or a plain A. B.; But the poor man wasn't even 1 2 3.

Henry Thomas Bliggerson Now has his degree, You see, His establishment Bears mystic letters three You see, There was no more cash in his treasury, And he went down into bankruptcy So the credit men, With a large fat pen, Write 'H Bliggerson C O D.'

Coming Men.

A dreaming schoolboy of today Wished Time might turn the other way, And bring the quaint old-fashioned rule When wise Ben Franklin went to school, And find the clever schoolboys, too, That Franklin, Jay and Adams knew. He wished his school-days had begun With Marshall and with Jefferson; For they were boys, Time heard him say Worth making friends of, any day.

Old Father Time looked kindly down, And smiled away the dreamer's frown. 'How do you know,' said he, 'that they Were wiser than the boys today? How do you know, my lad but you Already know a boy or two Of sturdy brain and steady eye, Who shall be Franklins by and by? Or others, quick to take the lead, Who may be Adamses, indeed? How many boys you know and see Shall Otises and Marshalls be? Who knows? Your comrade, later on, May be another Washington. So bear you not, at school or play, To greet the boys that live today, As the proud lads you wished to know, Who lived a hundred years ago.'

A Dream of Luxury.

If I had a million dollars I would surely take my ease. I would go where'er I listed and I'd wear what'er I'd please. I wouldn't wear stiff bosome shirts nor collars strong and high, Intended greatly to impress the casual passer-by; I wouldn't wear my well made coat nor patent leather shoes, I'd change the style of hat that I habitually use; These stern decrees of custom which so hold me in their power— If I had a million dollars I'd discard them in an hour. I'd get myself a pair of shoes a long ways off from small, And if I found some cool ploughed ground, why, I'd wear a great big bit of straw with overhanging brim, And look just like the hired man while a swapping yarns with him. I'd only have one gallus and I'd wear a gingham shirt, And I'd make long trips to Nowhere underneath the rustling trees— If I had a million dollars I would surely take my ease.

Growing Old.

Old—we are growing old, Going on through a beautiful road, Finding earth a more blessed abode, Nobler work by our hands to be wrought, Freer paths for our hope and our thought, Because of the beauty the years unfold We are cheerfully growing old! Old—we are growing old, Going up where the sunshine is clear, Watching grander horizons appear, Standing firm on the mountains of truth, Because of the glory the years unfold We are joyfully growing old!

Old—we are growing old, Going in to the garden of rest, Where the rose and the amaranth blend, And each path is the way to a friend, Because of the race that the years unfold We are thankfully growing old!

Old—we are growing old? Life blooms as we travel on, Up the hills into fresh, lovely dawn; We are children, who do but begin The sweetness of living to win, Because heaven is in us, to bud and unfold, We are younger for growing old!

A Talented Young Singer.

Miss Edna Showalter, the phenomenal young girl soprano, who is now making her first appearance in the British provinces with the popular American comedian, Mr. Charles Cowles and who, this week has been seen in St. John, is very favorably known in musical and theatrical circles in New York. Miss Showalter's home is here, her father being a member of the editorial staff of the New York Journal. From her earliest childhood Miss Edna has evinced a remarkable talent for music, and within the past few years her voice has developed into a lyric soprano of quite remarkable range and quality. She has had the advantage of voice training by some of the best Metropolitan teachers, and great things are predicted for her if her voice continues to develop, as it doubtless will. Her repertoire now includes some of the most difficult selections from Verdi's operas which she renders in pure Italian, having studied the language as well as the music of Italy. She is now but twelve years of age, but would be judged by a casual acquaintance to be an intellectual young miss of fifteen.

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

News of the Passing Week.

David B. Henderson, president of the House of Representatives was the guest of honor at a banquet given in London this week.

J. Pierpont Morgan has given a million dollars to Harvard University.

The examinations for dental registration under the N.B. Dental Act were held in St John this week. Two gentlemen took the examination.

David Cameron, son of Mr. James Cameron was drowned while swimming in Courtney Bay on Wednesday.

Thirteen persons were killed and fifty seriously injured in the wreck of the Washburn nine miles west of Peru Ind on Wednesday.

Early Sunday morning last Adelbert S. Hay son of the U. S. Secretary of State was killed by falling from a third story window at Yale College.

A true bill has been found by the grand jury against Earl Russell for bigamy and the earl will not be tried by the House of Lords. He is the fourth lord to be tried by this house in its whole history.

A cloud burst on Sunday in Virginia drowned about 75 and destroyed millions of property.

Young Nelson charged with obtaining money under false pretences was acquitted by a St John jury on Wednesday.

Rev Chas. L. White of Nashua has been elected President of Colby College.

The Lusitania of the Elder-Dampster Line went ashore at Seal Cove, Nfld. Wednesday and has become a total wreck. The five hundred passengers were landed in safety.

NEW THE KING AS "TEDDY"

A Characteristic Story About Edward VII. in His Younger Days.

Some sixteen years ago a small boy was trudging up the sands at Cannes, dragging behind him a toy yacht which had failed to sail on the ruffled waters. Somewhere in the distance the little chap's nurse was busily talking to a gentleman's valet. So the boy sat down on the sand and proceeded to make himself thoroughly miserable. As he was engaged in doing so a shadow fell across the sand at his feet, once more to talk to the boy. He started with the time worn phrase of 'What's your name, my boy?'

The boy looked up and recited his names. The word 'recited' is used advisedly, as he was blessed with eight names, being the eldest son of his family. After the eight names were enumerated, each checked off on a chubby finger, the boy asked: 'Well, what's your name?'

The gentleman laughed. 'Oh, they call me 'Teddy' in London.'

'Why, my second name's Theodore, and they call me 'Teddy' sometimes,' exclaimed the boy.

'Then we'll be the two Teddies a Cannes,' said the gentleman, and passed on.

Of course, the nurse, duly excited, informed the small boy that the gentleman was the Prince of Wales.

This did not apparently impress the boy, for when he saw the gentleman passing down to a yacht's gig a day later he called out to 'Teddy,' and was answered by a smile and a little chat, while an impatient yacht owner waited for the coming of his royal guest.

That evening a smiling and obsequious landlord mounted to the door of the suite occupied by the boy's mother. He bore a salver, and on that salver was a large box of bonbons, in which a simple card said that 'Teddy sends little Teddy some bonbons.' Shortly after this the boy and his mother passed on down the Riviera to Nice, and the little boy quite forgot 'Teddy.'

But four years later, in the company of a tutor, the boy, who now considered himself quite grown up was passing through the corridors of the Hotel de Ruz, in Paris. As he did so he passed a large group of people who were laughing and chatting gaily with a gentleman in their midst. A face from out the past sprang up in the boy's mind, and he swiftly crossed from his

tutor's side over to the group. 'Hello, Teddy!' he said, looking up at the gentleman. For a second the brows were knitted, and then the older Teddy answered:

'Well, of all people! Here's little Teddy from Cannes,' and forthwith he must be told all about the four years between.

He laughed to the group that here was a youth who had names enough to gain him admittance into the 'Almanach de Gotha,' and begged the boy to repeat them.

The two Teddies saw each other quite frequently during that year for both were in England then, and the country house where the smaller Teddy stayed with his folks was but a little way across country from Sandringham, and grooms frequently found their way across the country with little presents of game and, now and then, a box of French bonbons for Teddy.

There should be an interesting sequel to this unique acquaintanceship; for Teddy the younger, who is getting into manly appearance, is coming over with his tutor to stay, it is said, near Sandringham this summer. It will be interesting to learn if he again encounters the King in his leisure hours. He has outgrown sweets by this time, probably, and will find cigarettes more to his liking.

Our authority for this interesting and characteristic story of our good natured king is a foreign journal which declares that the anecdote is absolutely authentic.

A Good Idea Suggested.

Alderman McGoldrick's idea that the firemen should be permanently engaged is not a new one in a sense, but it is the first time perhaps that an alderman of the city has had the courage to propose such a plan to the common council. There is no more reason why the policeman should be permanently engaged than the firemen. Both of them have important duties to perform; the official of the law in protecting life more particularly and keeping order and the firemen in protecting property and frequently looking after the lives of the citizens. In many cities smaller than St. John the fireman are well paid and looked after with great care. In those places they appreciate their services while here the paltry sum of one hundred dollars a year for some of the force and the volunteer efforts of others are not esteemed any too highly.

Faith Not Without Works.

One of the most popular as well as most energetic clergymen of the London East End is the Rev Richard Free, who to stimulate the spiritual courage of his flock, has published the advertisement in the Topical Times:

'If any West End church will pay us for our work, and allow the payment to go to our little church of St. Cuthbert, here in Millwall, we will give them a thorough spring cleaning.'

'I have thirty men, women, boys and girls, who will scrub, sweep, dust and polish to their own hearts' content and that of their wealthier friends in the common faith, and will do it gladly for the sake of their little church.'

'And I believe, with the experience I have acquired, I can not now beeswax and polish a floor or varnish chairs with anybody, and my wife is A1 at painting and decoration.'

Knew the Ropes.

'I suppose,' said the tenderfoot to Two Tooth Thompson, 'I suppose that you are what we easterners call a 'bad man.'

'Well, I don't exactly know,' replied Mr. Thompson, 'but I'll say this for my self. I don't need no guide when I'm huntin' fer trouble.'

The Pullman Company at Chicago are arranging the details for a pension department for employees after they reach the age of sixty. The company has from twelve thousand to fifteen thousand persons in its employ, about seven thousand of whom are colored porters on sleeping cars.

We Would Like to Have

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 58.