

## PROGRESS.

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## SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 11

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

## IT WAS UNIQUE.

Two prize fighters were arrested in St. John this week by the Chief of Police. What the idea was for the action, or just what has been accomplished is still a mystery. The men arrested were discharged the following day, the prosecutors refusing to prosecute. Chief CLARK stated in open court that he had no desire to have the men heavily sentenced or fined. He attributed his action to the fact that public sentiment demanded that these sparring institutions, so called, should cease. The position taken by the Chief of Police is, the least to say, rather unique. If the arrest was made in the public interest then the public interest also required that the police should guard those interests to the full extent of the law. Whether the arrests were proper proceedings or not, may be questioned but having been made and on the sworn information of the chief it became the duty of that officer to see that the case was fully prosecuted. The wholesaler as it presents itself to the public view cannot be regarded as anything more than a farce and it in the future more arrests may occur for similar behavior it is a little hard to understand how the chief could take any serious action after the precedent he established this week. Police Magistrate RITCHIE has on more than one occasion criticized the police force and it would seem that he had much justification for so doing. He did not occupy the position on the bench when the prize fighters were arraigned, but it is safe to say that had he been present the case would not have been so easily disposed of. No fault is to be found with the men arrested as far as the termination of the case is concerned. The fault is with the police entirely. The chief has no right to put the law into effect unless he intends to see that the law is carried out.

## TWO POWERS.

The recent visit of the Italian naval squadron to Toulon and the attendant ceremonies recall the visit of the Russian fleet to the same city several years ago. On that occasion the impulsive Frenchmen embraced Russian sailors in the streets, and the French press went wild over the alliance with Russia. There have been predictions that the latter naval demonstration would have political consequences similar to the earlier, and that Italy would help to form a new Triple Alliance by becoming a party to the existing alliance between France and Russia.

No such result is probable. It is true that there is dissatisfaction in Italy with the present Triple Alliance, or Dreihund, in which Germany and Austria are partners with Italy. The present Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs, before he assumed the responsibilities of office, led in the attacks on the Triple Alliance on the ground that it cost Italy much more than it was worth. Moreover, there are close sympathies of temperament between the French and Italians. Half a century ago they were on terms of enthusiastic friendship. But many things have happened in this interval, and for twenty years Italy has been associated with Germany,—the traditional enemy of France,—and with Austria Hungary, in the alliance which was one of the crowning achievements of Prince BISMARCK'S adroit diplomacy. They have not been altogether prosperous years for Italy, but the blame

for that does not rest with the alliance. It is to be ascribed rather to the heavy debt which Italy accumulated during her unification, and to costly colonial adventures.

The Triple Alliance runs by ten year periods and the present period does not expire until 1903. The German Chancellor has recently declared that the Triple Alliance was never more solid than it is, today, and there seems no good reason for impugning his sincerity. Italy wants concessions from Germany and Austria in commercial treaties which are pending, and it may be that she thinks that a little coyness regarding the renewal of the Dreihund will help her to get what she wants.

## STILL A POWER.

The shelves of second-hand bookstores in large cities afford many a curious and illuminating glimpse into the past; but no record which the books upon them disclose is plainer than that of a great change in religious sentiment and standards during the last half century.

What are the books which burden the five cent counters? 'Inquiry into the Fatal Error of Socinianism, and its Refutation'; 'A Trumpet Blast Against Unseemly Dress'; 'Sermons on the Present Grievous State of the Church'—these are examples of a class of titles common in American homes seventy-five years ago. Now they are rarely found outside the literary orphan asylums.

Does it mean that people have ceased to read religious books? That they have lost interest in religious things? Not at all. Rather that their interest is deeper and more vital, but finds expression in religious books of another kind, and in different ways.

The old books were doctrinal, argumentative, polemic; the new are stimulating and humanizing. The old were largely negative, warning the reader what to avoid; the new are positive, and point the way to what he should do. The professed aim of the old was to prepare him for death, the new lay emphasis upon life. The most widely circulated book of recent years is purely religious in motive and character.

In the religious and in the secular press, too, there is evidence of a similar change. The religious papers have broadened their scope to include much that was formerly regarded as outside their field. The secular papers on the other hand, finding that the actions of religious bodies and the work of the churches have a deep and constant interest for their readers, give liberal space to such matters.

The response to requests for aid for worthy objects disarm suspicion of religious coldness. Charity was never more prompt or more generous than it is now. The Easter collection of a single New York church was more than one hundred thousand dollars. The rector merely mentioned some special need of funds, and the money was in his hands. Men do not give thus to a cause in which they have lost interest.

An interesting and unusual ceremony will take place in Quebec next month, when a suitably inscribed bronze tablet will be placed by the Sons of the American Revolution upon the spot where the brave General MONTGOMERY fell, on December 31, 1775, in his ill-fated attempt to capture the citadel. The ceremony of unveiling the tablet to the American general will be followed by an international exchange of courtesies and a banquet; and it is safe to predict that, although the city held out successfully against the fathers, it will capitulate to the sons.

## Reason for Surprise.

A Glasgow gentleman recently recommended to the notice of a city merchant a young fellow who was looking for a clerkship. Some few days later they met again and the gentleman asked if the selection had proved a wise one.

'Not at all,' replied the merchant. 'Dear me said the other. 'I thought he would have suited you down to the ground—so full of go.' 'Yes,' responded the merchant, 'he was too full of go. Why, he's clean gone and a thousand pounds of my money, too.' 'You don't say so! Why, I thought he was exactly the fellow you were looking for.' 'So he is,' was the reply—'so he is.'

My guess concerning An Englishwoman's Love-Letters' ought to attract great attention. What is it? I believe Omar Khayyam wrote them.

'Ninety years old today! Well, Mr. Skimms, tell me what habit you think has most contributed to your long life.'

'Oh, I ain't got no habits nary a one: on'y I've chewed tobacco ev' since I wuz 10 years old.'

## VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

## The Forest Litany.

Lord, when beneath the trees we go  
Where all Thy sweet wild wood-folk grow,  
The buds and boughs seem praying low,  
Remember, Lord, and love us.

'By every leaf that springs to birth  
To share our plenty, bear our death,  
Remember Thou wast born on earth:  
Remember, Lord, and love us.'

'By every night, when skies are deep,  
And solemn stars above us sweep,  
Think on Thy nights of earthly sleep;  
Remember, Lord, and love us.'

'By every dawning, fresh and dear,  
When choiring birds sing round us clear,  
Think on Thy mortal washings here—  
Remember, Lord, and love us.'

'By suns that shine with cruel stress,  
By winds that vex us and oppress,  
Remember Thine own weariness;  
Remember, Lord, and love us.'

'By springtime days when joy is rife,  
By winter nights of storm and strife,  
Remember, Thou hast lived earth's life,  
Remember, Lord, and love us.'

'By all our slow decaying saith  
Of doom drawn nearer with each breath,  
Think how Thy life went down to death;  
Remember, Lord, and love us.'

So have we heard their prayer steal through  
The morning sun, the evening dew—  
Will Thou not hear us pray now too?  
Remember, Lord, and love us.

## The Message.

I lie at ease in the valley,  
More blessed than song can say,  
Beholding the skies and earth;  
The beautiful hills of May.

They are pink where the orchards flower,  
They are white where the dogwoods sway,  
Or blue where the violets cover  
The beautiful hills of May.

They are low that the heart may love them,  
They are far from the throng that may stray  
They are near that the feet may climb them  
The beautiful hills of May.

Though better than song be silence,  
Yet, I the song could convey  
To December news of the beauty  
That blooms on the hills of May.

## The Carrier Dog of Berlin.

He goes between the shafts all day,  
Dear, patient, burden-bearing fellow  
In every street I pass him—gray,  
Or brown, or black, or ugly yellow.

He drags along the flinty road  
A little cart, which, low and narrow,  
Seems yet a disproportioned load;  
Or, happy chance, the slightest barrow.

Beside him, sharer in the strain,  
A fellow-toiler goes, the master;  
He lends a hand, and shouts a cheer,  
To check his breath or urge him faster.

About him sport, with leashed air,  
King Charles and Terrier, bound and terrier;  
He eyes them with a patient stare,  
More sober he, as they the merrier.

Some wistful feelings may arise  
At so much play while he is working  
Yet in his thoughtful yellow eyes  
No shade of discontent is lurking.

But still between the shafts he goes,  
In quietness his mind posessing  
He lives his life, and living knows  
That comfort lies in acquiescing.

## Pegasus Up to Date.

Ascend, My Love, and take your place  
With queasily air, and matchless grace  
And up to legal-limit pace  
Along the highway, straight and clear;  
Of peril entertain no fear,  
While by your stately side I steer  
My brand-new motor car.

No monarch 'er was half so proud  
As I, when through the gaping crowd  
I tread my way with hoofsing loud—  
An automobile star!

At lessened pace the hill we scale,  
Then madly dash adown the dale;  
A cloud of dust denotes the trail  
Where whizzed my motor car!

The engine throbs beneath our feet,  
And just as fast my heart doth beat;  
My joy is perfect and complete—  
But why this sudden jar?

I beg you, dear one, not to frown;  
By rail we must return to town;  
Alas! My nose has broken down—  
So has my motor car.

A. J. Wilson.

## The Ghost.

Like thee skate with tawny eye  
I will steal thy couch and sigh;  
Soundless toward thee will I glide,  
With the shadows of night-tide.

I will give to thee, my own,  
Kisses ice as the moon,  
And carresses of the snake  
In the dank and slimy brake.

When shall come the livid morn  
Thou shalt find my place forlorn,  
And the spot where I have lain  
Cold till evening shall remain.

Others by their tender wiles  
Seek to win thy love and smiles;  
I would rule thee by the night  
Of cold horror and outright!

## The Loom of Dreams.

I broider my life into the frame;  
I broider my dreams my poetry;  
Here in a little lonely room,  
I am master of earth and sea,  
And the planets come to me.

I broider my life into the frame;  
I broider my love tread upon tread,  
The world goes by with its glory and shame;  
Crowns are battered, and blood is shed;  
I sit and broider by dreams instead.

And the only world is the world of my dreams,  
And my weaving the only happiness,  
For what is the world but what it seems,  
And who knows that but that beyond our guess,  
Sits weaving words out of loneliness?

## To Carnegie the Philanthropist.

Idlers call you good and great,  
Or your lordly gifts they prize;  
But you earned the workman's hate.

He remembers ninety-two,  
When his blood ran red for you  
And your greedy, grasping crew.

When he prayed to you for bread,  
And a stone you gave instead  
With a pound or two of lead.

Do you think that books to read  
Will atone for brutal greed?  
Shown in hour of direst need?

Do you hope by gifts of gold  
To reclaim the soul you sold  
Now you're grey and old?  
Do you think that wealth you spend  
Makes the workman call you friend?  
Bah! he'll curse you to the end!

## ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

## News of the Passing Week

Judge King of the Dominion Supreme Court died at Ottawa this week.

Ex-Mayor Robertson has returned to St. John from England. He speaks encouragingly of the new Dry Dock.

The prospect of a New Brunswick Maine baseball league being formed looks bright.

The Dominion Supreme Court has decided against Simeon Jones in his case to recover back taxes paid the City of Saint John.

Parliament has decided to pay Prince Edward Island \$80,000 per annum in lieu of its claim arising out of its entry into the Canadian federation.

The New Brunswick government has made the following grants for exhibitions to be held this year. Fredericton \$2,500 Sussex \$8,000, Carleton Co. \$8,000 Madawaska \$5,000 and Westmorland \$4,000.

Fort Massey Presbyterian church, Halifax, has extended a call to the Rev. W. J. McMillan of Lindsay, Ont.

It is reported that the Nova Scotia Steel Co. have sold out to a syndicate of foreign capitalists.

The Maritime Prohibition Convention closed its session at Truro this week. The meeting passed a resolution against the Gothenburg system.

Principal Mullins, Dr. Bridges, Miss Clara Bridges and Miss Lillian Nicolson have been asked by the Director of the School system in South Africa, to visit that country for the purpose of establishing schools there.

It has been decided that the Molineux case will be argued before the New York court of appeals in June. Ex-Senator David B. Hill will argue the case for the district attorney.

The Akouphone Co., of New York city was incorporated Tuesday, with a capital of \$700,000 to manufacture instruments to enable the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak.

The military captive balloon with two men in the car which ascended at Cologne, Sunday afternoon, broke loose in a gale and was lost to sight in the clouds, has descended safely. The occupants of the car were not injured.

On April 30, the house of Joseph Parton at Hurdville near Larry Sound, Ont., was destroyed by fire and five children were burned to death. Tuesday Parton was arrested there on a charge of murder, it being alleged that he deliberately cremated the children. Parton is 70 years of age.

News that the protected cruiser Newark is to be rebuilt at the Charlestown navy yard, was received Tuesday at the yard in the form of an official order from the Navy department. The Newark is now on the way to New York from Hongkong. It is expected that the work will cost between \$300,000 and \$350,000.

Sir Alfred Milner, the British commissioner, addressing a mass meeting in Cape Town, Tuesday, said that there was absolutely no reason for the anxiety felt in some quarters lest any change be introduced in South Africa that would in any way weaken the imperial policy. Such a change was impossible. Great Britain had made up her mind and would carry out the policy she had laid down.

The board of naval officers submitted its report on wireless telegraphy to Admiral Bradford, chief of the naval bureau of equipment in Washington Tuesday. Although the findings are not made public. It is known that the board reports on the entire feasibility of the system and recommends that it be adopted. There is no finding in favor of any particular system, but a general treatment of all systems.

Two serious demonstrations occurred Tuesday in the strike of the textile workers at the Paugasset mills at Derby, Conn. At noon Mrs. Ambrose Griffiths, who has been teaching the girls who have taken the places of the strikers was set upon by several hundred women, led by two of Mrs. Griffiths sisters and was followed to her home amid cries of 'scab' and the tooting of horns.

A despatch from St. Petersburg dated May 6, says: 'The agitation against the government continues, especially among literary and educational circles, some of whose representatives are said to be secretly agitating among the laboring classes. Many arrests and domiciliary visits have been made in this and other cities and the police are extraordinary active. The correspondence of several foreign newspaper correspondents and of members of the diplomatic body has been secretly examined—many letters never reaching their destinations.'

The 900 members of the Stone Workers Union will not go out on a strike, at Gloucester, Mass., Wednesday. As the result of conferences held Tuesday, with the granite companies officials, slight concessions were made by the latter and taking in view the fact the granite industry is in a poor condition at this time that the demand for granite is slack and prices have been low for the past two years, the cutters decided to accept the propositions submitted by the companies. In the main the agreement makes a slight increase over the wages paid during the past two years.

Miss Ethel Bonnie, daughter of G. W. Bonnie, an employe of the State penitentiary at Leavenworth, while gathering mushrooms near Lansing, was struck on the back of the head by an unknown man, presumably a tramp and rendered unconscious, after which she was assaulted and her body thrown into an old well. The young woman regained consciousness and reached the surface. She stated that she had caught a glimpse of her assailant and would be able to identify him. Searching parties are scouring the country. The assailant will probably be burned at the stake if caught.

Tony Sangeorge, a shoemaker, and a man supposed to be Sylvester Getto, were working in Sangeorge's shop in New York Tuesday afternoon, when a man who was unknown to them called and had a pair of shoes fixed. He offered in payment a bill of large denomination. Sangeorge pulled out \$200 in smaller bills, whereupon the man said he would get his bill changed and buy a pint of beer. He returned with the beer in a few minutes and when the shoemakers drank it they were almost at once made unconscious. The man fled with Sangeorge's \$200, Getto recovered, but Sangeorge was taken to Bellevue hospital in a dying condition.

'That new clerk has gone back to the country.'

'What for?'

'Oh, the roosters crowing over in that commission house across the street made him homesick.'

## THAT HACKING COUGH.

One of the meanest things to get rid of is a hacking cough. There is apparently no cause for it. No soreness, no irritation at first; but the involuntary effort of the muscles of the throat to get rid of something is almost constant. Of course, with many coughs is a habit, but it is a bad habit, and should be stopped. When you realize this and try to stop it, you find you can't, for by that time there is an actual irritation, which will never get better without treatment.

It is a curious thing that nearly all treatment for cough actually makes the cough worse. Then, too, most medicines for cough have a bad effect in the stomach. This is especially true of so-called cough remedies that contain a narcotic. The true treatment for cough is one that heals the irritated surfaces. This is what Adamson's Botanic Conga Balsam does. It protects the throat also while the healing process is going on. When this remedy was first compounded our old men were young boys and all this time it has been doing a steady work of healing throats. The most obstinate hacking cough will quickly show the effect of the Balsam. People who have been trying for years to break up the mean little cough will find a sure friend in this old-time soothing compound made from the bark and gums of trees. All druggists sell Adamson's Botanic Balsam. 25 cents.

## CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 55 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

WANTED SALESMEN to travel with most complete line of Paints, Colors and Varnishes on the market. Jewel Refining Co., Paint Department, Cleveland, Ohio. 3-16-01.

HUSTLING YOUNG MAN can make \$60.00 per month and expenses, perm. honest position, experience unnecessary. Write quick for particulars, Clark & Co., 4th & Locust streets, Phila., Pa.