

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 28.

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

ACCIDENTS ON ELECTRIC RAILWAYS.

We know something of street railway accidents in St. John, but considering the many steep grades the infrequency of such occurrences reflects credit upon the management. Forty persons were killed in Tacoma a few days ago evidently because sufficient precaution had not been taken, and when we think of the steep King street and Indian town grades the necessity for vigilance must impress itself upon us. The Tacoma disaster was occasioned by the car becoming unmanageable while running down a steep grade. The outer rail of the curve was badly worn. Under such conditions the brake equipment should have been perfect. According to The Railroad Gazette, duplicate brake apparatus should have been provided. The brake question, says our contemporary, is a question of life and death, on every trip down such a hill as the one on which this fearful accident occurred. The steam railways have in 60 years learned by costly experience to guard fairly well against crushing whole carloads of passengers at once, especially as far as derailment on grades is concerned. The Gazette, in making a comparison between the equipment of steam and trolley railways, says: "With an engine, a baggage car and two or three passenger cars, we may be careless with the brakes and still kill only a half dozen, where the same carelessness on a street car, run singly, will kill a score; with five men on a train familiar with and having some control of the (hand) brakes, recklessness is only one fifth as likely to be punished by disaster as when the whole braking power is in one man; with 100 passengers packed in a light frame 30 foot car a derailment is pretty sure to be more fatal than where 40 passengers are carried in a strong 60 foot car, with other cars and an engine in front of it; with the whole responsibility centred in one motorman elementary common sense would decide that the training of the man should be better than that of the ordinary brakeman, whereas the fact seems to be that usually it is not so good. It is perhaps brutal to consider the protection of human life on this mathematical basis, but repeated examples of transportation companies waiting until they kill a score of passengers before adopting safeguards which had long been known to be necessary seem to make it the only appropriate basis."

The superintendents of all electric railways cannot be too particular about the efficiency of their brakes and the condition of the rails on grades and curves. The Government should insist on every electric railway adopting the most approved equipment for the safety of passengers. The Government inspection of electric railways running along the country highways is even more necessary than that of the steam railways. It is to be hoped that safety on the electric lines will be secured at a less sacrifice of life than has characterized the development of the steam lines during the 60 years of their existence.

"FUNGSHUI," according to a superstition prevalent among the Chinese, are certain spiritual influences acting in particular places, which may be friendly to one person and hostile to another. Hence to a Chinaman, it is of the greatest importance that his home, and more especially his burial-place shall be in that particular locality where the "Fungshui" are most favorably disposed toward him. This superstition, or sentiment, is scarcely cherished among the Chinese, and the dis-

regard of it shown by foreign engineers and railway promoters in running their lines through places thus venerated is one of the reasons given in explanation of the present frightful condition of affairs in China. Of course it only explains; it excuses none of the atrocities that have excited the horror of the whole world.

A body of scientists recently discussed the age at which a child is most interesting. The general opinion finally fixed on two years as the time when the unfolding from babyhood to childhood exhibits the most constant and pleasant surprises. In connection with this scientific opinion, it is notable that photographers regard two years as the worst age to take a "time-exposure" picture. A younger child will, to an extent, "stay put," and so can be photographed; a child above that age respects such directions as, "Keep still for just a minute." The little two year old has all the alertness and activity of youth without being able to see the wisdom of listening to the artist's requests.

Dr. WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFS, in a recent article on Japan, speaks of the rapid growth of its already overcrowded population, and adds that the Japanese, who have heretofore been largely vegetarians, are now beginning to eat a good deal of meat. A meat-eating population makes greater demands upon the land of a country than does a nation of vegetarians. A piece of beefsteak represents the growth of an animal during many months in which it has been eating grass and other crops from a wide range of territory; a dish of oatmeal is man's direct use of a vegetable product.

THE SOUTH AMERICAN COUNTRIES used to be dismissed with a few lines in the old geographies, but now they keep the statisticians very busy. A training ship, carrying forty boys who will one day be officers in the navy of the Argentine Republic, visited this country last month. Within the memory of living men, the Argentine Republic had no navy—indeed, there was no Argentine Republic.

THE FIENDISH SCORCHER.

He is the terror of Main Street People and Frederictonians.

It is a wonder somebody is not killed every once and a while on the St. John streets by bicycle scorches. The police seem utterly negligent of this element of danger, but chase wildly after every horse that is driven at other than a moderate trot.

Main street, North End, is a favorite racetrack for the wheeling fiend. He starts at the head of the St. Lukes church hill and instead of "back-peddalling," or applying the brake on the steep down grade he struggles to put on more power, and with this increased momentum his wheel veritably sings its flash-like way to the foot of the hill.

Then the velocity of a train is maintained on the level stretch until the next hill is reached, and this too is traversed like a lightning express, to the terror of teamsters and street crossers, and the breathlessness of bystanders.

Bicyclists come from different parts of town to parade their speeding abilities before the crowds who traverse Main street, and especially in the early evening do they hold their whirlwind meets. A few evenings ago one scorcher got a nasty toss on account of a small obstruction, which under ordinary speed would easily have been overcome. The crowd said it served him right. An eight-year old girl was knocked down by another bent-over wheeler a few nights previous, while on the Baptist church hill on Main street, while an Indian town youth came very nearly "passing in his cheeks" as a result of a fall from his scorching apparatus.

But still they will do it. A few police court examples of some of these fiendish riders would have a wholesome effect on the vast majority of them. Or else the civic authorities might arrange with the owners of Moosepath Park to hold a frequent scorcher's day when all the speed-inclined enthusiasts of the noiseless equine might congregate and scorch one another to death—a new fangled Inferno, as it were.

Fredericton would make some generous contributions to this establishment if it were started, wouldn't you Fredericton?

So Say We all of Us.

The Presque Isle, Maine, Star Herald thus speaks of our friend, H. Price Webber, and it is a just tribute to "the man with the genial smile." "Mr. Price Webber, the well known and highly popular comedian and manager of the Boston Comedy Company, is spending a few days in town 'off duty.' Mr. Webber is as odd and unique and witty as interesting and entertaining a character as one often meets. A man of ready and original wit and humor, he is also

more than this; under the surface of his quaint, rich drollery, he is a man of much keenness of mind and serious thought and reflection. He has read a good deal, been a close observer in his knock-about career as a theatrical manager, and there are few who have the results of their reading and observation and experience so readily available for all purposes of argument and rejoinder as has Mr. Webber. Men have been known to run up against Price in matters of difference of views under the impression that he was a good deal under average size and easily brushed aside, and have left him convinced that he weighed a ton. To summarize Price he is a little man full of vim, with the pluck of a terrier, thoroughly honest chookful of sociability and good fellowship, and a man whose theatrical wares are all ways "all wool and a yard wide." Mr. Webber will fill an engagement in Music Hall, Presque Isle, covering the dates of the Annual Fall. Price Webber is in St. John at present n one of his serio-comic visits.

The Decline of the Drama.

The Lunenburg, N. S., Argus, has the following notice of a company which recently gave a performance in that town. This may open the eyes of some of the show managers, and give them a reason why they are not better patronized in some towns, sometimes.

"The Joshua Simpkins Co. performed here on Friday night to a full house. Dickens once wrote that 'America had a population of 30,000,000, mostly fools,' and we have no reason to doubt the correctness of the statement were it applied to Lunenburg. The whole show was the veriest rot. Not one sensible, instructive, entertaining act or word throughout the whole performance. Slang, profanity, and execrable music, constituted the whole bill of fare, and it was no wonder that the larger part of the audience was disgusted."

And the Chatham N. B. Commercial has this to say of Duffy's Jubilee, which exhibited there on July 19:

"An exceptionally large audience greeted Duffy's Jubilee, Thursday night. It was after nine o'clock before the play started, and as there was no orchestra the crowd grew weary and impatient. The show was anything but a refined one. The Company made a big scoop and that was all it wanted."

JOYS AND PAINS OF OTHER PLACES.

And the Circus Manager Sings.

(Campbellton Events.)

The pay car delayed its visit until after the circus.

Where's the Sheriff's Dunes?

(Campbellton Events.)

Break thieves are again at work. They are relieving some clothes lines at the east end of town of some valuable articles. Suspicion rests on certain individuals and a close watch will be kept on them in future.

Now He's Sorry That He Drank.

(St. John Courier.)

One young man wishes now that he had taken the advice of his friends to 'go home' on Saturday evening. His failure to appreciate the advice when it was given cost him a plunge in the briny.

Mint Juleps are Better, but—

(Springhill Advertiser.)

Don't drink too many ice cream sodas is the advice of the doctors, but it is a mean youth who will quote this advice to his best girl.

There's one Paper With a "Pull" Anyway.

(St. Andrews Beacon.)

The Senate threw out the government bill to reduce postage on newspapers, chiefly because it might work injury to the leading organ of the Conservative party, the Montreal Star.

Get Mad, and Don't go to Church.

(Annapolis Spectator.)

Talk about woman's rights! The girls can wear short waists to church, but if the men and boys were to seek an equal degree of comfort by taking off their coats, the preacher would read the riot act, and the sexton would promenade the aisles with a club.

Chatham's Subterranean Passages.

(Chatham World.)

Workmen have been very busy, of late, in relaying plank crossings. The planks are laid level with the surface of the road way, and in rainy weather they will be two or three inches below. It is when roads are muddy that crossings are wanted, and at such times Chatham crossings are out of sight. When there is no mud crossings are not needed. Our plank crossings are therefore, purely ornamental, and not at all useful. If they were laid two or three inches above the surface the owners of fast horses would have to slow up at them or be jolted, and so the old style of putting them under and continues. The money that is spent on such crossings is thrown away as the crossings are no good when crossing are needed.

The R-d Man's "Burden."

(Digby Courier.)

The selling of liquor to Indians and missions is not only against the law, but it is a particularly mean and reprehensible offense. The other day the Toronto Court of Appeal gave judgment in the now celebrated case of the Queen against Murdoch. The latter was convicted of selling liquor on the Brantford Indian Reserve, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment. He appealed to quash the conviction, and Mr. Justice Street, before whom the appeal came, decided that the punishment did not fit the crime, and increased the sentence to nine months. Murdoch appealed to the Court of Appeal, and on Friday last that court approved of Mr. Justice Street's action. The case is the first in Canada in which a sentence has been increased on an appeal to quash it.

Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired

Ducal 17 Waterloo.

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

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Discriminant.

Give me no colonial, give me no best-selling
For I'm told Emotional Studies are the only things
to read.
Questions of the Inner Ego by some stylish woman
write.
Analytic introspection of capacities is it.

Morbidly than Henry James', capabler than Meredith's.
See the Elementary Heroines struggling like Helenic myths!
Oh, the joy of knowing surely how an elemental
like
Is affected by emotion of an elemental kind!

Oh, the deep delight of learning just what's psychically true,
By impressive demonstration from a subtle point of view!
What extraordinary insights and reactions most complex
Follow elemental kisses from the elemental sex.

And ecstasy unspeakable through simple souls is sent
When the physical and physical are rebelliously silent.
And how deeply we Discriminating Readers have
The poetry of the Impalpable effectively employed.

So give me no more novels of historical import,
No frivolous romances of a wishy-washy sort;
No stories of adventure or tales of hidden crime,
For on these themes Discriminating Persons waste no time.

And through my baser nature all longingly may look
Toward Howells' new novel or Kipling's latest book;
Though in a thoughtless moment it seems to me I'd
To read of Tommy's Grisel or of Stringtown on the Foke.

Such desires I sternly banish, for I'm bound at any
Is my fictional selection I will discriminate;
And nothing written shall my literary palate please
But a Psychic impressivity in subtle harmonies.

Left Alone.

It's the loneliness house I ever saw,
This big gray house where I stay—
I don't call it livin' at all, at all—
Since my mother went away.

Four long weeks ago, an' it seems a year;
Somebody said to me, 'You're a boy,
An' I ache in my breast with wantin' her,
An' my eyes are always red.

I stay out-of-doors till I'm almost froze,
'Cause every corner of my room
Seems empty an' cold to me, an' I
An' I filled to the doors with a gloom.

I hate them to call me in to my meals,
Sometimes I think I can't bear
To swallow a mouthful of anything,
An' her not sittin' up there.

A-pourin' the tea, an' passin' the things,
An' laughin' to see my take
Two big lumps of sugar instead of one,
An' more than my share of cake.

There's no one to go to when things go wrong;
The way always so safe an' sure,
Why, not a trouble could tackle a boy
Till she could sit up an' care.

I'm too big to be kissed, I need to say,
But somehow I don't feel right,
Crawling into bed as still as a mouse—
Nobody sayin' good night.

An' tuckin' the clothes up under my chin,
An' pushin' my hair back an'
Till a boy makes run of before his chums,
But things that he likes, you know.

I can't make out for the life of me
Why she should have to go
An' her boy left here in this old gray house,
A-needin' an' wantin' her so.

There are lots of women seems to me
'Tat wouldn't be missed so much—
Women whose boys are all about grown up,
An' old maid smiles, and such.

I tell you the very loneliest thing
In this great big world to day
Is to be of ten whose heart is broke
'Cause his mother is gone away.

In Oulloo.

They're singin' the song of the girl in pink,
And the song of the girl in white,
But the singers a few who have praised the true
Goddesses of love and light;

The household fairy whom we all know,
And knowin' her love her the better so—
The girl in the garment of calico,
Dainty and sweet and bright.

The bloom of her cheeks, the light in her eyes,
Is her beauty and life of health;
An' day after day in a myd at way
Her sweetness is better than wealth.

For just like her mother in calico,
To their eyes and their hair and their ways debonair
So, in raptures of roses I pledge
Our dear girls in pink and in white;

To their eyes and their hair and their ways debonair
So, in raptures of roses I pledge
Our dear girls in pink and in white;
To their eyes and their hair and their ways debonair

Yet, deep in my heart I feel and know,
A colder feeling continues to grow
For the girl in the wrapper of calico,
Dainty and sweet and bright.

My Wishes.

I recall the tales of Grimm,
I was always fond of him,
From recesses rather dim
And I think the fairy tale
Ways not altogether bad
When they granted wishes ad libitum.

While the price one had to pay
Just upon a certain day
To surrender what one may
Call his soul.

If it seems unduly high,
Yet in certain cases I try
To think I'd rather like to try
On the whole.

I would take my wishes three,
Paying cheerfully the fee
(As you surely will agree
I should do.)

No Anathema I'd cast
On the folly of the past,
For my wishes, first and last,
Would be—you.

Young Storekeeper.

A six-year-old boy who had been left by his father, a village merchant, to keep an eye on the store while the father went to the post-office to mail a letter, was standing with much dignity on a box behind the counter when another urchin of about his own age entered.

"I'm keepin' store," he said, loftily.
"That ain't nothin' 'ard to do," retorted

the visitor, resenting the implied superiority.

"It's more than you ever done."

"I don't have to do it; but I could."

"Hub! What do you know about the store business, anyhow?"

"You talk as if a fellow had to know a whole lot."

"He has got to know lots more'n you do. Say, do you know what 'B. S.' means?"

"No."

"I do. It means six cents. Do you know what 'O. J.' means?"

"No."

"I do. It means eighteen cents. Do you know what—"

But here the senior proprietor of the establishment returned, just in time to prevent this ambitious young man of business from giving away the entire cost-mark.

Didn't Get His Money's Worth.

He came into the police office, his hands c'ined, his jaws knotted and his eyebrows swooping downward toward the bridge of his nose.

"Say!" he bawled in resonant tones.
"Well?" said the captain.

"How much do you charge in a case of assault and battery?"

"Ten dollars."

"You can kill the stuffings out of a man for that, can't you?"

"Possibly."

"Can a fellow pay his fine in advance?"

"Sure."

The visitor laid two fives on the desk.

"I'm going to lick a man bad, and I don't want any interference of the police while I do it." And he stalked out, muttering.

Half an hour afterward a man came in. Both his eyes were puffed and green, his nose sagged, his clothing looked like Chil-us Chilonides' before he acquired Nero's favor.

"Say," he said gently, "do you recognize me?"

"Can't say as I do."

"I'm the man who came in here half an hour ago and paid a fine in advance."

"Oh! Well, what do you want now?"

"Would you mind giving me \$9.95 back?"

Easily Arranged.

Patrick is a big policeman whose good humor and promptness in emergencies have endeared him to the people in the suburban ward over which he is guardian angel.

One day he noticed that a street workman was leaving an unsightly pile of dirt and gravel at the side of the road.

"Come, now, you can't leave that heap there!" said Patrick, sternly.

"Well, I've no place to put it," said the workman.

"You can't leave it here," persisted Patrick.

"What'll I do with it, then?" asked the workman, sullenly.

"Do with it!" echoed Patrick. "Dig a hole in the road, to be sure, man, and bury it!"

Rebuking the Doctor.

Doctor (weary with unsuccessful efforts to cure patient)—Well, I've just one more remedy to try in your case, and if this doesn't help you nothing will.

Patient—Why didn't your frankly tell me that in the first place, doctor? If nothing will help me, I could of taken that at the start and saved the expense of your attentions.

Mme. Chiffon's Turn.

"Is your collector honest?" asked Mrs. Dowdtown of her milliner merely as a matter of curiosity.

"I don't know" responded Mme. Chiffon. "I have sent her to you with my bills a dozen times and she has never yet given me the money."

F. K. Duck Orash.

And all other ladies wearing apparel done beautifully. Shirts, collars and cuffs look handsome after leaving our hands. Work delivered when wanted. Ungars Laundry Dyeing and Carpet Cleaning Work. Telephone 58.