

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 6.

THE GOOD OF THE PROTEST.

If those who are inclined to belittle the aim and efforts of the independent party will think for a moment and consider why these men are working, they will not charge them with anything but patriotic motives.

What have they to gain from a personal point of view? Nothing.

What are they spending their money and their time for? Nothing, except what they consider to be the advantage of the city.

There is no "buddle," in it for any man. They have "no axes to grind" but if the efforts they are making will result in justice being done to St. John if the independent protest will call the attention of the government to the fact that St. John can never be ignored with impunity in the future, will any one say that good has not been done, will any one say that the independent movement has been in vain?

THE CHURCH AND BICYCLE.

The church and the Sabbath school, all over the land, are up in arms against the bicycle, because, they allege, of the tendency that vehicle creates among the young to seek country lanes and shaded roads on the Sabbath. A cry goes up from many pulpits that the church is going to be deeply injured—Christianity become a dead letter and morality a thing of the past if the desire to keep away from places of worship which the bicycle has brought into existence is allowed to reach a greater intensity. It is seen in this city of St. John that hundreds of youths go to the country on Sundays; now who were perched from doing so previously, because they could not walk, neither could they pay the hire of a horse; but the desire was there to get away from the city to some place where there was more "elbow room." The bicycle has provided a means of fulfilling that desire, of accomplishing that object, hence we find the cause of alarm of the churches and Sabbath schools. But it may be asked were those who now go wheeling on the Sabbath marked for their strict Sabbath going propensities? Did they observe the Sabbath according to orthodox rules or regulations, according to Bible teaching, before the bicycle came to aid them in Sabbath breaking? It will be found in a great majority of cases that they were not; that they were seldom in church; and other places than the Sabbath school claimed their attention on Sunday. In this country, on this continent, wheeling is reaching great proportions and thousands engage in the pleasure and pastime. They must not be judged as were morally than those who own a horse and carriage, yet no one has charged that the ownership of a horse and vehicle was a mark of ungodliness and depravity. The man who takes an airing on Sunday behind a high stepping Cleveland Bay has not up to the present been a mark for the scorn of the church goer. He has not shown any expressed desire to trample down all the traditions and observances of the Sabbath, and it is generally found that he is no worse than hundreds of those who cannot afford to take a drive out, but who remain at home in bed or who cluster in some square or other lounging place and talk about their neighbors. If all people who did not go wheeling on Sunday attended the church and Sabbath school then there would be cause for alarm at the growth of the bicycle fever, but this is not the case; and it comes down to this in this country whether it is a greater sin to go wheeling on the Sabbath than to loaf round the house, reading perhaps not the best Christian literature. We believe it is not. We believe wheeling has not in this country reduced the number of church goers, or Sabbath school pupils to any appreciable extent. But in Europe it is entirely different. There the workers find it difficult to get a holiday at all, and Sunday has become with them a day of pleasure and recreation. Not only is the bicycle brought into requisition but games of ball and all kinds of athletic sports are indulged in. Sabbath observance has be-

come a thing of the past, and it is rare to find a worker who goes to a place of worship, unless out of curiosity, more than half a dozen times a year.

It is not so bad as this in Britain among the workers. It is far removed from this in America or Canada. On this side the Atlantic Sabbath observance has been generally the best. Our forefathers observed the Sabbath and their children have followed in the way set for them. But the bicycle is said to be the entering wedge that is to make this country as bad as France, and for this reason the churches are up in alarm. They do not raise an outcry at the evil that is now amongst us, but they dread that which is to come. They see in the bicycle that which will tend to base ball playing on the Sabbath, to cricket, to boating, to horse racing, etc. This is what the churches see in the future, and if they see correctly the bicycle must be looked on with some alarm; but it is almost certain their fears are groundless. Canada can never become a country where the Sabbath is not held in deep respect, where the precepts and teaching of the Bible respecting Sabbath observance will not be loyally and faithfully observed. In the contest with Christianity the bicycle cannot rule, it will be held in check, its tendencies are bad, just as readily and easily as other aids to crime.

The awful storm which last week brought ruin and desolation to the city of St. Louis is a sermon which scarcely needs any enforcement. In the presence of such destruction the most careless cannot but feel how fragile is the thread which binds mankind to existence. The scientist will set to work to theorize and dogmatize regarding the possible material causes of the phenomenon, changes in thermic, electrostatic, meteorological or astronomical conditions, the destruction of forests etc.; and this is as it should be. No friend of progress can fail to rejoice in every addition, however small, to the knowledge of this universe in which we live. St. Louis is a strong, rich city and is independent in a corresponding degree. She has suffered an awful blow but her people are of the right sort and in a short time all traces of the storm will be obliterated, that is all outward traces. Mayor WALBRIDGE deduced all offers of assistance from the other states feeling that the city was amply able to look after its own affairs.

Some one of a not very practical turn of mind regrets the presence of asphalt roads in parks, squares and public gardens, and their inferiority to the shaded lanes, and thinks it would be well to keep as close to nature as we can in those places. Nobody in his senses looks upon the "keep of the grass" sign with a loving eye because the delight of tramping on the velvety carpet is instinctive in every heart, and yet nobody would want to see the signs torn down because in that case there would be no grass to "keep off." Of course it is too bad that innocent instincts cannot be gratified but without roads how long would a park square or garden last. If even for one day the people of this city threw of their urban self restraint and returned to primitive freedom it would not take many hours to reduce King Square to a very barren spot. It is beautiful and restful to the senses because the citizens pay due regard to the conditions which make it so.

A few days ago in Georgia a negro who was on trial for violence upon a white woman was taken from the court room by six hundred men and hanged to a tree. Lynching in that part of the world for such crimes has always been defended upon the ground that the process of justice through the regular channels was so slow and uncertain that the guilty person was likely to get free. In the case mentioned there was not the slightest possibility of an acquittal for the evidence which proved the negro's guilt to the mob would have convicted him in court. Most of the men connected with the lynching are known to the officers of the court and if they are not punished in some way the people of Georgia will certainly be accused of countenancing murder and defiance of the courts of law.

The methodists who have been holding a conference in Cleveland, O., had a distinguished visitor one day during the session in the person of presidential candidate MCKINLEY and when he was presented to the conference it is said the applause was deafening. "Three times it died away, and three times it was renewed; it was the greatest ovation of the conference." Of course no one can find fault with these good people for combining religion and political enthusiasm by way of variety. There are, however, some who, if they had been presented to them, would have been accused of all sorts of dark designing. At any rate it would mean political death to the candidate here in Canada.

Hon. A. R. DICKEY, Minister of Justice was elected in Cumberland N. S. by a majority of 840 votes at the last election. Few men have risen so rapidly in national esteem as Mr. DICKEY. His parliamentary career has been comparatively brief, and although but a young man he has filled the offices of Secretary of State, Minister of Militia, and Minister of Justice; his public and private life has been particu-

larly free from anything that could reflect in the smallest degree upon the constituency that gave him to Canada; his record as a man and a politician is stainless, and even those who differ from him politically acknowledge the unflinching honesty and manliness of his character.

A morning contemporary attributes the phenomenal increase in the population of Cumberland Co. N. S. from 1881 to 1891 to the development of the coal industry at Springhill. This no doubt is true to a certain extent, for the government policy has certainly developed and protected Canadian industries, particularly its coal interests; and the people of Cumberland who wish to see the good old county go on improving and increasing in population will certainly look to it that the causes which led to its present prosperous condition are safely guarded in the future as they have been in the past.

Madame CALVE tells the Paris papers that "America is a Fairland" and indeed it has proved a veritable one for the thousand dollar-a-night soprano. The unfortunate managers who pay these exorbitant sums probably think otherwise, but the fact is that the "all star" opera has almost injured the cause of the lyric drama in America and opera will never become much of a factor until a more reasonable expectation and taste shall be cultivated. The high priced stars have evidently killed the goose that has been keeping them supplied with golden eggs.

Cuba does not seem to be greatly exercised over Spain's talk of sending 50,000 troops to Weyler by the end of September. The Cubans are aware that Spain has not that number to send and they also know that long before September there will probably be no WEYLER. It is almost time for the Madrid government to recall all the Spanish mercenaries from Cuba and give up trying to down the unconquerable spirit of independence which is pervading the country.

Every young man ought to take an interest in politics—that is, study the public questions of the day from an unprejudiced standpoint, vote on election day according to his conscientious judgment of what is the best platform and who are the most trustworthy candidates. The average ward organizer, however, is not the best atmosphere in which to develop these principles, as it usually intensifies partisanship at the expense of patriotism.

The learned meteorologist may spread his information of cyclones and tornados through many volumes; but when either of them get properly under way his scientific knowledge doesn't seem to be of any practical use to those who unfortunately happen to be anywhere in the neighborhood of the breeze.

The London papers interpreted the dispatches concerning the St. Louis disaster to mean that the steamer St. Louis had foundered with one thousand souls on board. The details as published were a wonderful example of the power of imagination.

The political button forms an important part of the decoration of the coats of both men and women this season. As there are only three designs manufactured "you pay your money and you take your choice."

If Colonel TUCKER had committed his little piece to memory the other night the effort would have been better. One page at a time seemed to be about as much as the gallant colonel could manage.

Cyclones and tornados would possibly be among the luxuries admitted to Canada if free trade with the United States were established.

Booklyn, N. Y. is away ahead of any other city in its record of trolley killings. It has reached the 150 mark.

The Ladies Wear Badges.

Not to be behind their sisters in the United States and Upper Canada the ladies of St. John are wearing silk badges of different colors according to the shade of politics represented by them or their friends; even the pretty young school girls vie with one another in their display of silk. There is no telling how far this fad will reach for at a mayoralty contest of this city some years ago the young ladies came out with parasols, dresses, gloves and trimmings of their favorite color. Blue seems to represent the liberal party this year, while the conservatives are pink. St. John's tint, the independents. In view of the political badge popularity an interesting young man in this city has got out three styles of them with portraits of the respective candidates and appropriate mottoes printed thereon.

The Popular Ben Leonard.

Under the management of Mr. S. H. Barker the Ben Leonard house is very popular with the public. There is every reason why this should be so for Mr. Barker has spared no pains to make his guests comfortable. His personal attention to them is appreciated and their wans are always promptly and carefully attended to. A splendid table completes the excellency of his house, which, situated as it is must get a large share of those people who wish to spend a pleasant day in the country.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Lunch Time.
You were so beautiful to me,
A d'over the far green hill;
The pleasant road to school I see,
You walking briskly still.
When midday came by sun o'er head,
Cast on our dial down;
I gave to you my town white bread,
And you gave me your brown.
The life of the farm house old,
The gift of higher hands;
That brown bread dearer far than gold,
Or fruits of foreign lands.
I told of buttercups and fields,
With clover blossoms white;
Of all good things the dairy yields,
And many a sweet home night.
Our Eden was that greenwood spot.
What recked we of the map,
Who taught the school we wondered not,
Our faces he would scan.
A sharp blow on the hand was law,
If ever we were late;
But how you smiled when soon we saw
His profile on my plate.
You know the school the field the brook.
The beach tree's welcome shade;
Where we two found that leafy nook,
While all the others played,
Hand clasped in hand a promise led,
A blith a little row;
A greeting when you took my bread I
And you gave me your brown.
We were in love it was our June,
We had its morning roses;
But ever here of time and tune
A higher hand disposes.
He sweet the red wild roses grow,
The marguerite and pink;
And "loves me, loves me not," came true
Just as we love to think.
In that green nook the dead now rest,
The school house is no more;
A culvert spans the bright brook's breast
We loved and play of yore.
Dear Maids through all the country round,
I seek you now in vain;
Love's greeting on the old school ground,
Will never come again.
O tears that filled your hazel eyes,
That last school day of ill;
The falling leaves, our last good byes,
How often I recall.
I hear the brook the rustling tree,
The flowers greet me still;
And from the woods still calls to me
The lonely whip-poor-will.
The master's sleep is deep and still,
The scholars far and wide;
Have parted since you crossed the hill,
And set down by my side.
The dear school days long since have fled,
Strange faces fill the town;
Since I to you gave my white bread,
And you gave me your brown.
GUYNA VINE MAY 1896. CYRUS GOLDIE.

The Wood
With hickory dog wood, and the maple here;
And there the oak and hickory;
Lime, poplar, and the birch tree, far and near
As the east eye can see.
Wild glider, wahoo, with its roan ball-rooms;
And brakes of bittern of a willow green;
O' mandrake flower betwixt.
Deep gold green ferns, and mosses red and gray—
Moss for what matted mycete's white feet?
And cool, and calm, a carcase far away,
With ever falling beat.
Old logs made sweet with death; rough bits of bark;
And tangled twig and knotted root;
And rustling splashes, and great pools of dark;
And many a wild bird's fate.
Here let me sit until the Indian dusk
With copper colored feet and moccasins;
Sowing the wildwood with star fire and musk,
And shadows blue and brown.
Then side by side with some magic dream
To take the forest and the lake;
Half-roofed with vines; led by a firefly gleam,
That brings me home again.
MADISON CAWEN.

A Tryst.
My love is a foot in the sodden heather;
Her brown locks bring the breath of the sea;
And the sun with its hot lips of sunshine weather,
As far as a flower the hours of the day.
And her heart is a hive of wilding blisses,
Of sweets enough for a life and a day;
She comes to me and a tryst of kisses
Her mouth all moist with the salt sea spray.
And my idle love lets the brown sheep wander,
While her head leans back and my heart beats free;
And together we claim the whole sea under
(A sail for her and the gull for me.)
My rose has a roof that the wild grass thatches;
And the sun with its hot lips of sunshine weather,
As far as a flower the hours of the day;
Nowhere in the world is a heart that matches
The heart and the faith that she gives to me.
And we pledge our troth by the happy heather,
By the honest hue of its blossom-time;
And the brown sheep's bells that we hear together
Shall one day ring as our wed time chime!
Edward A. Villington Valentine.

Voyaging in the Future.
Beneath the world, in a tremendous haze,
Drifts on like a vision of memory days.
After from the battle of mast and of sail,
We steer for the stars that are radiant and still;
Or we drift in the abysses that tranquilly flow,
Where the birds are the only companions we know.
And the clouds sail between
It and me and so green.
We're aloft! we're aloft on our flying machine.
The vapor that crowd where the yellow moon
Dreams
Are gilded and carved into castles of dreams
The silence which reigns to make perfect the night
Yields alone to the heat of the motor's fire.
As we buoyantly rise let the storms come and go;
Their thunders shall instantly rattle below.
Though fierce be their mien,
We shall ride all serene.
We're aloft! we're aloft on our flying machine.

"If Love Were All."
(THE PRISONER OF ZENDA)
If Love were all! How smitten at the start,
"Alas, is Love not all in all?" we cry,
And lost in wretched egotism try
Only to heal the individual smart.
Then as Life's summons from our dreams we start
And seek, Life's great stakes also idly pass us by.
Want labor nearest to our hands may lie,
So haltingly, did our nobler part.
Love is not all for us; perchance some few
Love leads by the hand to higher way—
Or what matter since for us he is not king?
And come, more blessed yet, their labor through,
Still in the golden glory of their days
Shall garner love at a ripe harvest time.
—The Philistine.

Completeness.
I said, yesterday I had fed,<
I loved you truly
In every part, mind, soul, and heart,
Nor was it said unduly.
Yet more than that which was before
Is that which holds me.
And so today, again I say
Love wholly now enfolds me.
But O, if one least whit I grow
Here, sweetheart, now my tender vow,
I'll love you more tomorrow.
J. Edmund Cooke.

Shah Nasred-Din has been gathered to his fathers and Shah Mirzafer Ed-Din Mirza Valad reigns in his stead. Naib Es Sultanah is sulking and Zil Es Sultan may dispute the succession. Hence there is apprehension at Teheran, Isfahan, Buzfush, Shiraz and Bagdad.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

THEY PREFER THE SIDEWALK.

Monoton Streets are Completely Under Bicycle Rule.

The bicycle microbe has reached Monoton and taken complete possession of the city! He is a voracious insect and devours all before him; the army worm in his late visitation was not a circumstance to him and even the seven-year locust could never compete with him in a fair race, with no favor shown to either side.

The bicycle microbe haunts the earth, and curiously enough the person he attacks is quite in accord with him, and wants it too, so between them there does not seem to be much room in the world for the pedestrian. "Progress" remarked in a brief editorial note last week, that the cyclist was having things pretty much his own way in these days, and some time we should be hearing of an ordinance compelling people who persisted in walking to wear bells. I fancy this referred to St. John and vicinity; but if the "Progress" scribbler wants to see a city which is really under bicycle rule let him his himself to Monoton with all speed, and if he is young and agile, be long to an athletic club, and is an expert sprinter and hurdle racer he may possibly get back to the office without any more serious mishap than a sprained ankle, and the experiment will be worth the ride because he will have ample material for a startling article on the bicycle question.

"A bell" did you say; oh, brother of the pen, one bell? Why nothing less than a whole string of cow bells attuned to every note of discord known would serve to check the Monoton wheelman in his wild career; and a necklace of cowbells weighing half a pound each, is a safeguard few people care to carry, even if they are strong enough; it is a conspicuous sort of decoration, and is not warranted to be efficacious either, the bicycle being a sort of car of juggernaut which goes over everything in its way.

We have heard a great deal about the "bicycle stop" and the "scooter's hump" but before long we shall have additions to the cycling vocabulary in the shape of the bicycle skip, the bicycle dodge, and the bicycle shuffle, for the pedestrians of Monoton must surely contract these peculiarities of gait from their constant efforts to avoid destruction at the hands of the festive cyclist who seems to whirl through space with the silence, the velocity and everything but the grandeur, of a comet.

In short the world has no use for you in Monoton unless you have a wheel, and if you are such a back-bone as to prefer walking you had better stay at home and indulge your old fashioned fancies by promenading in your own back yard, as you are only an obstruction to the more advanced portion of the population, and therefore much better off this streets.

I cannot exactly liken the excitement of crossing Main street to bravery the dangers of Broadway or Piccadilly, but at the same time it is an undertaking fraught with unseen dangers, and not to be entered upon lightly any more than the matrimonial estate; for you are never of sure an evening when a silent steel will not suddenly shoot out of the obscurity and grind you into fragments. If the rollicking wheelman would be satisfied with the street one would not mind so much, but he won't, he wants the sidewalk also, and so do his sisters and his cousins and his aunts as well as his wife and his sweetheart. So I can see nothing before the hopeless walking gentlemen and lady but to adopt the custom of walking the fences with the aid of a balancing pole.

Now and then a brief paragraph appears in the daily papers containing a mild warning from the city marshal cautioning bicyclists from riding on the sidewalks, which the wheelmen and wheelwomen read, smile over, and utterly disregard as usual, and as the marshal probably expects them to do, otherwise an example would certainly be made and these arrogant beings taught to respect the rights of others. Of course he may not have the power to do so, but if not, it is high time that the necessary authority was put in his hands. It is only a short time ago, that a wheelman and his lady friend rode calmly down the sidewalk on Main street past the Brunswick hotel, and through the busiest portion of the city in the middle of the afternoon, neither of them provided with a bell or a whistle, and quite untroubled by scruples as to the inconvenience they might cause others, or apprehensions of police interference. Nothing is more common than to meet bicycle parties composed of half a dozen members of the first families riding placidly three abreast on the sidewalk of the side streets, and unless the pedestrian is very agile in scrambling out of the way disaster is certain and it is never the cyclist who suffers. Even at night, on the darkest street, and when he is behind you the Monoton wheelman seldom takes the trouble to call out leaving the whole responsibility of saving himself from instant destruction to the pedestrian.

The matter is a very serious one, and I am glad to see that the City Council have at last taken it up, and have decided to frame a by-law regulating the speed of bicycles, compelling the use of bells and lights and also dealing with use of the sidewalks by bicyclists. This is a step in the right direction and the thanks of the minority who walk are due to the council. It is high time the haughty cyclist was taught that pedestrians have some rights and made to respect them. It is also proposed to tax bicycles, and though this seems to be rather an extreme measure when one comes to think about it the keeping of a gentle and harmless dog has a penalty attached to it, and why should the silent, but dangerous steed be exempt? GEOFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

DON'T PAY FOR THEIR CLOTHES.

Gay Young Men Who Dress Well but Don't Like to Pay up.

HALIFAX, June 4.—The political parties are now engaged in a life and death struggle over the tariff and other questions. There are some young men engaged in a life and death struggle with their tailors respecting payment for suits of clothes which they obtained on credit but which to be honest they should have paid for at the time they took delivery of the goods. Some of these chaps have a sort of dual fight with the tailors for they keep two at bay most of the time, one of these, who had a better experience the other day, was a commercial traveler who is exceedingly fond of a fair official in the city hall. This young man owed a little account to Norman L. McDonald, who had fitted him out nicely.

The amount was only \$18.75 but the youth did not want to pay the tailor. Accordingly Mr. McDonald issued a capias, and his money was forthcoming. James A. Halliday another tailor who heard of his competitor's good fortune in collecting the money borrowed the idea and he also immediately issued a capias, for the more respectable amount of \$58.20. The impecunious commercial traveler was arrested, and after deep thinking and close calculation he came to the conclusion that he would pay over the cash. He did so, Mr. Halliday was made happy, and that night doubtless both he and Mr. McDonald had pleasant dreams.

PLUMBERS WHO LIKE CIGARS.

They took five boxes but were obliged to return them promptly.

HALIFAX, June 4.—Plumbers like good cigars as well as other people. So does Mr. J. E. Roy, one of the most enterprising and prosperous real estate owners in the city. Some days ago two plumbers were sent to his house to repair a tank, and were engaged in the upper part of the residence. There they found not only the tank in the pipes which they were in search, but they discovered a number of boxes of good cigars.

"What is the matter with taking a box?" said one of those plumbers to the other. "So they took one and another and yet another, till five boxes had disappeared. Soon after the great diminution in the stock of the fragrant weed was noticed, and the bold plumbers were suspected. Their employer laid a trap for them, not one of these sammy contrivances to which they were accustomed, but one which resulted in the discovery of the fact that they had stolen the boxes of cigars. Only a few of the cigars had been sent up in smoke by the gay plumbers; the remainder was returned to the owner and Mr. Roy then decided not to take proceedings against them. Plumbers have no right to make heavy demands on a man's stock of cigars; their only prerogative is to take all they can get in the way of charges from unwary or unfortunate customers.

THE DOGS BARK ON.

A Halifax Lady Request the Police to Quiet Troublesome Canines.

HALIFAX, June 4.—What strange demands are sometimes made on the members of a city police force! A year ago Chief O'Sullivan was worried by an American who had his quarters in the south end and who wanted the chief to stop cock-crowing which disturbed him in the early morning hours. He was indignant that nothing was done to mitigate the nuisance and he publicly expressed his feelings. The chief has just received another letter on the subject of dog-barking, this time from a north-end lady Mrs. H. S. Marshall, of Gittington street. Mrs. Marshall begs the chief to send a member of the force up to quell the barking propensities of her neighbor's dogs.

She says she is a poor sleeper and that the canine disturbers of the night's stillness are too much for her. No blue-coated officer will be sent up, the poor woman may make her mind up to that. She had better get a shot gun and take the law into her own hands. This appeal to Chief O'Sullivan and the statement of her grievance to him in this matter will bring no remedial measure. It is ultra vires of his jurisdiction.