

PROGRESS.

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SABBATH INCONSISTENCIES.

Sabbath observance, or rather its non-observance, is frequently coming to the front in one form or another. We have had examples of it in St. John without number. Only a short time ago a barber was fined for shaving a customer on Sunday and the result is that it is next to impossible now for any one to get shaved by a professional on the Sabbath day. Now, acting upon the suggestion of Judge FORBES, the chief of police has laid information against those cigar dealers who keep open on Sunday and their case is before the court. The information is made apparently under an old statute which made it an offence to perform servile labor on Sunday. But that particular law does not define servile labor and the only exception it specifies is work of necessity and mercy.

No one will pretend for a moment that it is necessary for a man to smoke on Sunday. At any rate, if he must smoke he can buy his cigars on Saturday, but the word "servile" may quite properly, in our opinion, be held to mean servant. According to WEBSTER it means "of or pertaining to a servant or slave; befitting a servant or a slave; proceeding from dependence; hence man submission, etc." This meaning appears to be quite plain and it bears out the contention of some that when the proprietor of a cigar store sells cigars himself it can hardly be possible, for him to be doing servile labor, but if, on the contrary, any employee of his served him on the Lord's day then the employee would be liable for breaking the servile labor law.

But if this ancient law is put in force what is likely to be the probable result? Who can say that it is either a work of necessity or of mercy that the street railway cars shall run on Sunday and all the employees connected therewith compelled to do such labor? Neither would it be necessary for coaches to ply their usual vocation on Sunday. Travellers who are able can walk from the trains to their destinations, but how much more is it unnecessary for private coachmen to drive their masters and mistresses to church and wait upon them all through the Lord's day. Under the law even the sale of a postage stamp cannot be called a legal act and yet how many of them are sold upon the Sabbath. If it is illegal for cigar dealers to keep open upon Sunday and sell cigars surely it must be against the law for the hotels to dispose of them and yet what would the stranger think who asked his hotel clerk for a cigar on Sunday to be refused because the sale of it was against the law?

There is a moral rigidity about this attempt at Sabbath observance that is almost painful. It might be well to proceed slowly and upon other lines. If the people must be educated up to the old puritanical idea of Sunday, the plan of instruction should be carefully prepared. First of all it might be well to enlist all the officials in the good work and select the greater evils to start with. These might be said to include such useless diversions as drinking either hard or soft drinks; then, when the town becomes absolutely dry upon the sabbath, the inclination for excursions might be checked, for example, by serving notices on all steamboat employees that they must not work on the Sabbath, or by warning off the bus drivers on King Square that they must not sell a ride to any person who wants to go to the cemetery or to the park or in fact anywhere else that can be reached by the natural means of locomotion.

What greater harm is it for LOUIS GREEN

to sell a cigar on Sunday than it is for ALD. HAMM to hire a team for the Sabbath? To go a little further it is absolutely necessary that domestics must perform servile labor on Sunday. The mistress, if anxious to comply with the law, might take her place on the Sabbath. What a revolution that would be!

THE COST OF CABLEING.

Readers of the newspapers now a days form but little idea of the money it is costing the press associations and the large newspapers of the United States for their war telegrams. The expense is enormous and yet if all the stuff we read as coming from the Philippines or from Cuba did actually come over the cables no newspaper or association could stand the strain. A vivid imagination is absolutely necessary to any man employed upon an American paper at the present time. Elaboration is an art that has been diligently cultivated. The reporter who can make a readable column out of a ten word cable message is appreciated while those whose imaginations are below par are detailed to study maps and distances, the habits and life of the native islanders and to weave that into the matter that fills the newspapers of the United States to-day. But it is interesting to note what it does cost to send cable messages in these days. To send ten words from New York to Manila, for instance, costs \$23.50, or \$2.10 per word beyond London. This is the commercial rate. Newspaper despatches go for about half this sum, but even so, the cost of bringing a column of news from the Philippines mounts up to nearly four figures. Even from a point so near as Curacao, which became for a short time the centre of news interest, the commercial rate by the cheapest route is \$1.98. These two samples will give a fair intimation of the immense sums being expended by the newspapers in gathering information about the war.

It may seem at first thought that \$2.35 is a large sum to pay for sending a single word from New York to the Philippines, but when one reflects that such a message travels 20,000 miles, and that it must be received and transmitted over a score of different lines or branches, he is more likely to come to the conclusion that it is very cheap, all things considered. From New York the cablegram goes first to Halifax, and from there by another loop to Heart's Content, Newfoundland, where it dives beneath the Atlantic to reappear on the coast of Ireland and be again forwarded to London, which is the great centre of cable and telegraphic communication for the whole world.

From London to the East there are two great routes. The first, via either the Eastern or Indo-European Company's lines, will take the message across the Channel and overland to Marseilles, or by the all water course around the Spanish peninsula, stopping at Lisbon; thence through the Mediterranean to Alexandria, across Egypt by land, down the Red Sea to Aden, through the Arabian Sea to Bombay, over India by land, across the Bay of Bengal to Singapore, along the coast to Hong Kong, and across the China Sea to Manila.

The other route from London is even longer and covers a much greater part of the journey by land. It takes the message from London by the lines of the Great Northern Company across Russia and Siberia to Vladivostok, and thence along the China coast to Hong Kong.

In its long voyage, occupying from three to twenty-four hours, according to its urgency, the message has crossed or skirted a score of countries, representing almost as many different nationalities, and yet the sender may rest assured that it will be transmitted with promptness and secrecy, and at a fixed and known charge. This assurance is provided by the Bureau of International Telegraphs, which has its headquarters at Berne, Switzerland. It was inaugurated thirty years ago for the purpose of collecting, arranging, and publishing information on this subject, regulating accounts, and guaranteeing the interest of senders and receivers. It brought order out of the chaos previously enveloping international communication by wire, and has made it possible to cable to any part of the world as easily as one sends a telegraph message from his office to his home.

The tendency of the American woman to unpunctuality was prominently displayed at the recent Mothers' Congress in Washington, where allowances of half an hour had to be made for the opening of sessions and the arrival of speakers. At a reception given the delegates by Mrs. McKINLEY, many of them arrived too late to see her, although the hours had been distinctly noted in the invitation. "It is the fashion to go to Banelagh after it is over," HORACE WALPOLE once wrote to a friend; "the music ends at ten, the guests

arrive at twelve." Unpunctuality may not be one of the seven deadly sins, but the person who lags behind a stated hour shows that she considers her own convenience before that of others.

Never before was a war so written up and overwritten. There are cable despatches which cost five dollars a word, and it is estimated that American journals spend in the aggregate for war correspondence a hundred thousand dollars a day. Indeed, millions would soon be eaten up by the fleets of steam-yachts and tugs manned by reporters, sketchers and photographers, fluttering about among the battle-ships and plying between the Cuban coast and the mainland. And it costs a pile of money to manufacture countless columns and pages of "news" out of mere rumors and guesses, or to beat a few drops of facts into iridescent froth enough to flood half a dozen daily editions.

HE ENJOYED THE PLAY.

Even if He Did Annoy Those All Around Him.

There was a queer mixture of an audience at the Opera house on Monday evening. It could hardly be called the typical popular price audience either, for it was a very free and easy one and everybody enjoyed themselves in the way that seemed best suited to their particular idea of what constituted a good time. There was a restlessness everywhere from gallery to orchestra, and the number going out between the acts was unusually large. The play—"The Man-of-War-Man," attracted a good many sailors, and their jolly good natured faces were seen everywhere. They were not above the little weakness either of going out between the acts, and they did it with a beautiful disregard of any inconvenience they might be causing those who sat near them.

One of these a great broad shouldered fellow entered into the spirit of the play so thoroughly that he was a source of amusement to every one in his vicinity. He made audible criticisms on the different characters and led off in the applause when ever Mr. Shea made a point against his opponents. At the beginning of the second act his breath was almost as loud as his applause and in order to tone it down a little he had recourse to that unalloyed remedy—the peppermint lozenge. The mixture wasn't agreeable to the man's neighbors, and heads were turned in opposite directions. He wasn't selfish either for he turned to a very dignified lady on his right, who was accompanied by a very dignified looking gentleman, with a friendly "have some?" "No thank you," was the chilling response. Nothing daunted the sailor turned his attention and the paper bag, to two ladies on his left.

"Do you like peppermints? Have some?" said he.

"Oh thank you," was the prompt reply "we are very fond of peppermint" and the bag and its contents were quickly transferred from their obnoxious owner's possession into that of the ladies who awaited an opportunity when the sailor was not looking to deposit them under the seat. The joke however was turned upon them later in the evening; at the end of the second act the seaman procured more lozenges and was left in undisputed possession of them the rest of the evening.

Renewing Old Acquaintanceship.

Mr. W. S. Baldwin, formerly of this city but now of Augusta, Maine, spent Sunday and Monday renewing old acquaintances and making new friends. Mr. Baldwin was in the employ of Mr. G. F. Fisher when here but now conducts a business in Augusta. He has been 17 years in Maine and in accent and manner differs little from the typical New Englander. But while he carries the Stars and Stripes his remembrance and affection for the Union Jack is shown in the flag button he carries. He was accompanied on his trip, which was mainly pleasure with a little business thrown in, by a friend, Mr. James Wade, who belongs to the civil service of Uncle Sam. This was his first visit to St. John and his preconceived ideas got a rude shock when he looked the town over. He enjoyed the visit and those who met him had equal pleasure in making his acquaintance.

Old clothes dyed to look like new, Hosiery mended free to you, Curtains 25c per pair, And you quickly ask me, Where? At Unger's Laundry & Dye Works 38 to 34 Waterloo St. Telephone 58.

When the color of the hair is not pleasing, it may be beautified by using Hall's Hair Renewer, a preparation invented to restore and improve the hair and its color.

There are more blind people among the Spaniards than any other European race.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

The Call of the War Trumpet.
The war trumpet sounding abroad,—
Its shrill note with clear echoes fill;
The mountains beyond the blue ocean,
Its blast sweeps the valley and hill;
It summons all nations to follow,
The footsteps of destiny still.
The reign of the tyrant no matter,
What color or form it may wear;
It may be a purple robed kingdom,
A nation sunk high to despair;
Or luxury crowned with corruption
Alarmed as its doom draweth near.
When woman degrades like Herodias,
And banquet and revel inflame;
A nation that stood as a giant,
May sink into sorrow and shame,
And a kingdom despoiled of its glory,
Exist but in shadow and name.
Today the proud eagle forth flying;
Screams loudly the wild note of war;
Since conflict at home is self righted,
Its banner of stars leads afar;
Aggression its fierce talons forcing,
Its glory to make or to mar.
Be its swift flight for freedom from bondage,
To lift the down trodden to life;
To grapple the slave driving monster
Whose blood reddened lash is yet rife.
In the slains of the children of sorrow;
God speed thy hand strong in the strife.
God strengthen thine arm till oppression,
Deserving thy vengeance shall fall;
And the suffering sorely, unshackled;
The merciful blessed shall call.
The whole world arising shall cheer thee,
For God giveth freedom to all.
But ever if guiding thy banners,
Dust leadeeth the greed that commands,—
The death of the slain of the vanquished,
To spoil them of dwellings and lands;
Remember distress shall overtake thee,
Injustice requital demands.
Who takes up the sword of destruction,
Tahamantly heartless in wrong;
Themselves proving treacherous minions,
Shall be but a byword and song;
For sooner or later swift judgment,
Is His to whom judgments belong.
Battle Hill, June 1898. CYRUS GOLDB.

A Variation.

An angler with a costly pole
Surrounded with a silver reel,
Carven in quaint poetic scroll—
Jointed and tipped with finest steel—
With yellow flies,
Whose scarlet eyes
And jasper wings are fair to see,
Whose bubbles beam
Down murmuring eddies wild and free,
And casts the line with sportsman's pride
Where the fish "teeth the bushes glide."
A shock-haired boy with birch-wand light,
Pronced somewhat like a fish's spine,
And on the end a bit of white—
The common kind of grocer's twine—
With naught but great
Ground worms for bait,
Tramps to the water full of glee,
His hat beneath
Observe the wreath
Of smiles most beautiful to see,
While he casts in the plashing brook
A banded pin—his only hook.
The angler with the costly pole
Comes homeward full of airy grace—
If nature brills the trout's soul
It doesn't blossom in his face.
The former has twenty-three
Fishes that speckled in the sun.
The shock-haired boy
Is reft of joy—
He's caught what's known as "nary one,"
The rod and reel have won today—
Somehow it sometimes works that way!

Some Other Day.

There are wonderful things we are going to do,
Some other day;
And harbors we hope to drift into
Some other day;
With folded hands the oars that trail,
We watch and wait for a favorite gale
To fill the folds of an idle sail
Some other day.
We know we must tell if ever we win
Some other day,
But we say to ourselves there's time to begin
Some other day;
And so, deterring, we loiter on,
Until at last we find withdrawn
The strength of the hope we leaned upon
Some other day.
And when we are old and our race is run
Some other day,
We fret for the things that might have been done
Some other day;
We trace the path that leads us where
The beckoning hand of grim despair
Leads us ponder out of the here,
Some other day.

The Missing Path.

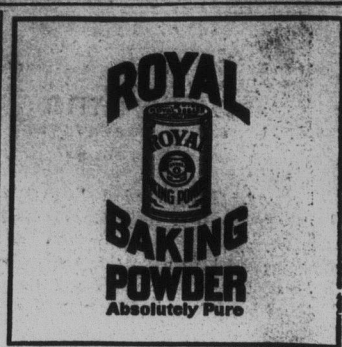
Why should it seem so pleasant, the path we missed
Today?
With flowers fair and fragrant that ran along the
way;
The sky all bright above it; the breezes balmy
sweet.
Why should it seem so pleasant, the path we fain
would meet.
Why should it seem so pleasant, although we could
not see
Its living lines of beauty unfolding full and free?
Well we knew each winding would our weary feet
revive,
Gliding upward, onward, through the realms of life
and light.
Why should it seem so pleasant, the path we missed
today?
Blossoming fresh and fragrant as the blossoms of the
May?
The sky all bright above it, the breezes balmy
sweet.
Why should it seem so pleasant, the path we fain
would meet?
—Cora C. Bass.

The Sun.

The sun is like a candor-ple
Suspended in the air;
It is too hot to eat; that's why
I think they hung it there.
The sun has naught to do but shine
Upon the earth all day;
But it can't shine these shoes of mine,
It doesn't shine that way.
The sunshine lies upon the street
And covers up the gloom,
But you can't push it with your feet
Nor sweep it with a broom.
Each night the sun sets in the west,
I think to rest to night;
At setting, as old men is best
Because she hatches eggs!

Love and Friendship.

Love and Friendship came this way
By our village's other day
Friendship wore a cloak of gold,
Rich and full with many a fold,
Ever had but bows and arrows,
And he aimed at men and sparrows,
Ever slinging, ever gay.
"Gammer, gammer, answer true,
Watch of us may end with you!"
Some chose Love, that laughing fled
Ere the morning clouds were red,
While who so had Friendship hidden,
Ofttimes found young Cupid hidden,
Peeping that same mantle through.



HAS THE PRIZE YET.

H. H. Allingham is Doing Something Toward Lacrosse Out West.

Many people will remember the genial H. H. Allingham who a few years ago was in the C. P. R. telegraph office here and used to take such an interest in lacrosse. In fact he introduced the game here. Ill health sent him to Vancouver where according to the Vancouver World he has the lacrosse fever again. The following article which appeared in that paper along with an engraving of the cup will interest many.

The Province to-day is able to give the intermediate lacrosse league boys an idea of one of the trophies they are to battle for this season.

The cut herewith given represents the famous Nelson cup, which was fought for a number of years by crack clubs in the maritime provinces.

The cup originally was presented by Messrs. H. A. Nelson & Sons, the well-known wholesale sporting goods firm of Montreal, for competition among the lacrosse clubs of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

The Union club, of St. John, N. B., of which H. H. Allingham, now of this city, was honorary secretary, won the trophy. Shortly after winning it they disbanded and lacrosse givingway to the baseball craze which at the time swept over that part of the Dominion, the cup reverted to Mr. Allingham. It is on behalf of Nelson & Sons that he now puts it up for competition here.

The cup is a very handsome one and is well worth working for. It will no doubt prove a great incentive to the Vancouver juniors, who already have laid pipes for capturing the trophy.

STIMBED BY THE BUGLE.

When Jonny Reb Heard the Bugle He Treated a G. A. R. man.

An old man came cantering across the avenue last week, and, accosting a G. A. R. man, asked some pertinent questions about enlisting. Where he had kept himself would have been hard to tell, but he looked pretty much as though he had spent the thirty or more intervening years between the last war and this in grubbing for goffers. He excitedly exclaimed that the bugle did it all. He had uncomplainingly gone the rounds of his humdrum life. When war was declared he read the papers with great interest, but no thought of taking an active part presented itself. He came to town the day before to see about an old war claim, and, as he paddled down the avenue, passed a good many men in soldier clothes, having no lingering fondness and no tender memories of the color, they failed to impress him. A band or so passed him on the way, and though he stepped a trifle livelier when they played "Dixie," and the perspiration trickled down his face as he struck a trot with "Yankee Doodle," when they sent "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," floating down the avenue, he just stopped and took off his hat. It was when he neared Market Space that real patriotism struck him, when the bugle sent its merry, cheery call reverberating across the way. He had not heard it since he was a soldier in gray, and floods of memories rose up and waited him over to Market Space. He was quite out of wind from doing a double quick march when he landed up against the old G. A. R. man and began his interrogations. After the man in faded blue had answered all patiently, and tried to dissuade him from presenting himself for enlistment all to no avail, he finally said:

"Look here, partner, I've done all I could for the Union, and you done all you could again! I was only right because I come out best. If you all had, why, you'd a-been right. We ain't got much longer here in these ranks, noway, and 't'pose we just send a schooner adrift to the health of the boys in the present conflict."

Over the way they went, as chipper as the rawest recruit, and felt better for being able to serve their country by a wholesome union of good wishes.

No Peace After the War.

Dorothy—It's all right for you to sit there and say you hope the war won't last long, but you wouldn't feel that way if you were in my place. I shall have to go away from here just as soon as hostilities cease.

Frances—Why, what on earth do you mean?

Dorothy—I'm engaged to four different brave fellows who are at the front; now, that's what I mean.