

THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND

SOMETHING ABOUT THE FOREMOST WOMAN OF THE AGE.

Her Daily Life, Amusements and Allments—She Kept Her Word. "I Will be Good."—The Simplicity of Her Tastes and Lack of Magnetism.

At the laying of a corner stone at Derby, England, recently, the Queen took part in the ceremony, which was witnessed by thousands of people. Foster Coates gives a graphic description of the occasion, and adds some very interesting facts of the daily life of her majesty. He says:—

The queen sat well back in her open carriage that was drawn by four horses, and listening with an apparent air of weariness to the Niagara of words directed at her. It was at this moment that I had a good opportunity to see her. I was quite near the royal carriage, and for ten minutes had a chance to look steadily into the face of one of the greatest women in the world. Mine were not the only eyes riveted upon her. The soldiers, the military bands and the various dignitaries who graced the occasion were of no account alongside the queen. Every eye rested upon her. She bore the scrutiny well. Steadily she gazed at the man who happened at the moment to be speaking, but it was a cold, solemn, stony stare. There was no warmth in her manner or magnetism in her presence. She seemed to be tired of it all, as well she may be, for during the fifty odd years of her queenship she has received tens of thousands of addresses, and it would not be surprising if they sometimes palled upon her. For ten minutes the speech making lasted, and then came the time for the queen to reply. There was only a brief pause. The stout old lady moved about in her seat, leaned forward, and in low tones read from manuscript a brief reply.

Only those within two or three feet of her could hear her words, but there was no hesitancy in her voice. There was no nervousness during the entire five minutes that the reading occupied, and when she rolled up her manuscript and leaned back in her seat, there was a deafening roar of applause that spoke well for British patriotism and love for the queen. The laying of the stone occupied only a few moments, and the trowel that was used was presented to her majesty as a souvenir. Perhaps the whole proceedings occupied half an hour. Then there was a blare of trumpets, a ringing of bells, and the bands broke forth into martial strains, as the outriders heralded the moving off of the royal carriage. The roadway was again strewn with flowers, and many times during the ride back to the depot was the carriage stopped to allow some one to offer a token of love in the shape of a floral greeting. One little child, certainly not over five years of age, attracted much attention by stepping boldly out of the line and offering her majesty a handful of forget-me-nots. This was not down on the programme, evidently, for the little one seemed by her dress to be a child of a workman, and her action attracted much attention. But she was spick and span in a white apron, and the loveliest of black curls fell gracefully over her white shoulders. Even the queen seemed to be taken off her guard for a moment, for the little child was unable to hand the flowers into the carriage, and there was a moment's conversation with the queen, and then the little one boldly threw them at her majesty, and scampered back into the crowd. There was another round of applause, and the child, seemingly afraid of what she had done, began to cover her face with her white apron as if to cry. Those who were near heard the queen say to her in a low voice, "I thank you, my dear," and as she drove off she kissed her hand to her in a motherly, loving way. When the royal party arrived at the depot the members went immediately to a special train and were soon whizzing away back to Windsor castle, while the residents of Derby continued to make things merry, and will tell to future generations about the visit of the good queen to their lovely country.

Queen Victoria is now 72 years of age, and to all appearances bids fair to live a score of years more. Those who are near to her say she is in perfect health. And they also add that she has not the remotest idea of abdicating the throne in favor of the Prince of Wales—a story that has been periodically circulated in the American newspapers. Unless all signs fail, the queen will remain on the throne until death shall call her to another land, where kings and queens, beggars and peasants, shall stand before the Great White Throne on an equal footing. For a woman of her age, the queen manages to do a great deal of work. It is a mistake to suppose that she does not know what is going on in her own dominion. She does not bother with the details of state affairs, but she knows everything of importance that is transpiring, and, besides, she is an appreciative reader of the newspapers, and thus gets information from a variety of sources that perhaps her ministers and courtiers might not care to give her.

And yet with all her opportunities, the foremost woman of the world, the queen is said to be far from happy. From the time she was a child there seem to have been spells of morbidness that overshadowed her life. Her mother seems to have been a most loving one, but her childhood was not by any means as tranquil as it appeared to outsiders. The sense of responsibility rested heavily upon her even when at the age of eleven it was revealed to her that she would one day be queen of England. It has rested heavily upon her ever since, and the deaths in her family have only added to the sombreness of her life. There is a story that it was not until she was eleven years old that it was made clear to her what her position was to be. Then her governess purposely put a genealogical table of the royal family into her history book. The little princess gazed earnestly at it, and by degrees seemed to comprehend what it meant, and that she herself was soon to wear the ancient crown of England. She put her hand into her governess's as she looked up into her face and said solemnly: "I know now; I will be good," and she repeated it again and again, for even at that early age she seems to have understood that the immorality and faithlessness of her predecessors were beginning to blight the land. During all the years that have gone she has been good. It has been her motto through life. On one occasion, when Melbourne was prime minister he brought a document to her to be

signed, and urged it on the ground of expediency. She looked up quietly and said: "I have been taught to judge between what is right and what is wrong, but 'expediency' is a word I neither wish to hear nor to understand."

And so she has been conscientious in the fulfillment of her political duties, and when to this is added her love for her family and people it is not strange that she is so popular. Only her morbidness seems to take possession of her. The English people have justly complained that she does not lead society as she might do. And it is only of late that she has been seen much in London. When she is here now, she goes to the opera occasionally, but rarely to the theatre, and while she is very fond of amusements of all kinds she prefers the quietness of Windsor for her own entertainment, and frequently invites player and singer folk there to be her guests. She has been on the best terms with all the great men and women of her own land. In an interview with Carlyle she quite charmed that old philosopher by her gentle manners. But of all the stories that are told about Victoria, none are so truly characteristic as that old one when she summoned Jenny Lind to sing in private in Buckingham palace. It may have been spite or jealousy, but at any rate the pianist did not play what was set down in the music, and Miss Lind found it quite impossible to do herself justice. The queen's ear detected that something was wrong, and at the conclusion of the song when another was about to be begun, she stepped up to the piano and said, "I will accompany Miss Lind," and did so, while the great singer flooded the room with melody.

A queen is only human after all. Victoria has aches and pains the same as the rest of us. She had an unusually severe attack of the grip, and she knows, as we poor mortals, the disagreeable effects of it. She sometimes has the gout, and is troubled very often with rheumatism. When she moves about she leans heavily upon her cane or upon the arm of an attendant, an alert and devoted Scotchman, who seems to anticipate her wishes. She cannot go up two stairs at a time as she may have done when she was a girl. Going up stairs now is a painful operation. She is compelled to ascend backward and very slowly, and she does but very little walking. Her life is a very simple one. I am told she arises about 8 o'clock and breakfasts very simply in her own apartments about 9. Perhaps Princess Beatrice or some member of the royal family who is staying at the castle may join her, but it frequently happens that she breakfasts alone in quietness, and the guests take their places in a dining room set apart for them. The queen never invites any visitor to breakfast with her. Those who are fortunate enough to receive an invitation to break bread with her majesty are asked to dinner, an elaborate affair at which there is never a smile, seldom a joke, and only such conversation as the queen may care to indulge in. About 10 o'clock the mail from London is brought to her majesty, and with her secretary, Sir Henry Ponsonby, she begins her day's work.

About two hours are consumed in this, and by 1 o'clock the queen's messenger is off to London with letters and despatches to the ministers. At 1 o'clock comes luncheon, another meal at which visitors are never present, and after this comes a drive, a slow walk round the gardens, perhaps a visit to some of the poor and sick in the neighborhood, and at 5 o'clock tea is served, very often in the open air. And it is not an unusual thing for the queen and her visitors to sit at tea while holding umbrellas over their heads. Like a true English woman the queen does not mind the rain, snow or fog, but she cannot take the long walks that she used to do, nor can she bear the fatigues of long rides or audiences with many people.

Between 5 o'clock and 9 the queen has time to read the newspapers, and attend to such other private affairs as her fancy may select. At 9 o'clock dinner is served. This meal sometimes lasts until 10.30 o'clock, very rarely until 11. It is described as a slow, stupid affair, but gorgeous in the matter of table linen, glass-ware, and gold and silver plate. The food is substantial, well cooked and of the best, but fancy dishes have not yet entered into the queen's bill of fare. At 11 o'clock the queen retires to her private apartments, but before going she says a few words to each of her guests, and leaves them to such amusements as they may care to engage in.

And so the days go by. One differs but little from another. The queen spends most of her time in the Highlands, although the castle there is far from being as comfortable as Buckingham Palace. Those who are bidden there receive a queenly welcome—hospitality that reminds one of the olden times. The queen's children and her grandchildren sometimes make her long visits, and she is never so happy as when the little ones are playing around her knee. She is teaching her children's children the good old fashioned ways of homely dress and housekeeping, and in her own daily life and in her attire gives a splendid example to follow. The domestic arrangements of the castle are such that there can be no extravagance. The English people pay the queen nearly \$2,000,000 annually for her maintenance, and this she spends with a free, though not prodigal, hand. She knows the value of a nimble sixpence quite as well as do some of her loyal subjects. The household expenses are directed by the master of the household, Sir John Cowell, through whom every order must be given for supplies. There is no waste anywhere. Even in the matter of dressing, her majesty is simplicity itself. Her gowns are usually of rich black silk, and her boots are described as made of heavy, thick leather, that will stand plenty of walking and rain and mud. Victoria has been a model housekeeper, as well as a model mother and queen. No higher tribute could be paid to her. She has kept her promise—"I will be good." Her years on earth are not many. But she sits calmly in the twilight of her glorious life, with her face turned toward the rising sun. She has performed her part well. There need be no fear in her soul. And while the shadows fall around her, if her thoughts go back to her girlhood days, she will recall her words, "I will be good." And may we not wish that the one who will follow her may follow her noble resolution?

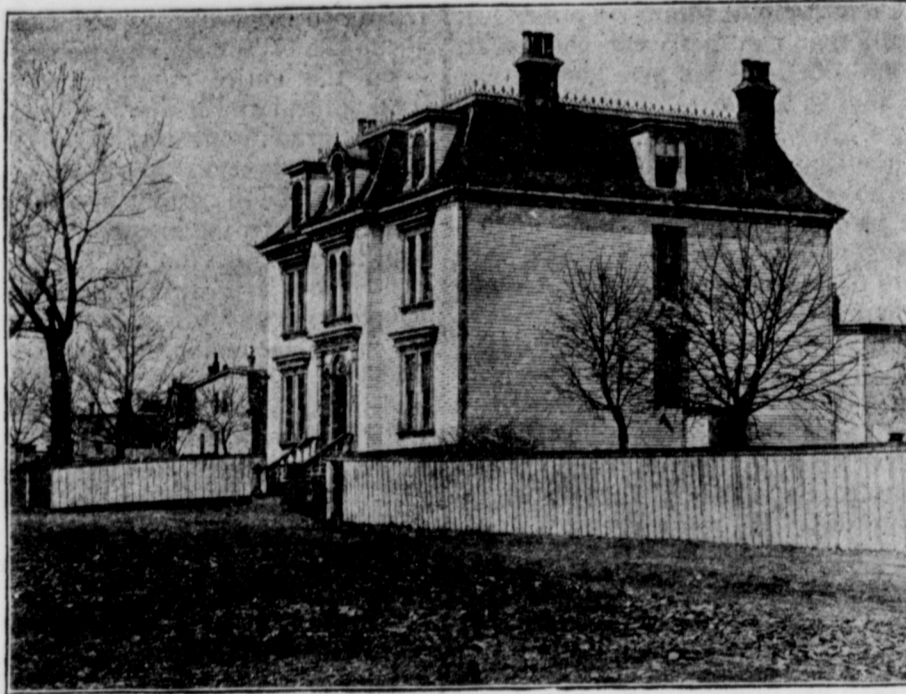
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HOMELIKE AND QUIET.

THE SUCCESS OF THE HALIFAX CHURCH HOSPITAL.

How the Idea Originated, and the People Who Have Carried It Out—Wherein It Differs from the General Public Hospital, and Its Advantages Over Home Treatment.

During 1889 attention of a few active workers of the church of England was called to the need of a hospital where patients coming to the city from different parts of the province for medical advice or treatment, and desiring to avail themselves of the skill of the physicians and surgeons of Halifax, but whose circumstances did not require them to accept the accommodation provided in the Public Hospital—a place where residents of the city also who needed rest and treatment outside of their



THE CHURCH HOSPITAL, HALIFAX.

own rooms, could find comfortable and home-like apartments with skillful nursing at moderate charges. It was decided to attempt the establishment of such a hospital.

To further the project a meeting was held in January, 1890, of the city clergy interested in the subject—and representative laymen from each city parish—presided over by the Lord Bishop, when a committee was formed to solicit subscriptions for establishing an hospital, and guarantees for annual payments for three or five years towards meeting deficiencies in the income derived from patients.

It was understood from the first that when sufficient funds were secured to warrant the undertaking proving a success—the bishop would provide nursing sisters of the church of England to take charge of the work. At a meeting of subscribers in September, 1890, a general committee was appointed, also a ladies' committee to assist. The hospital is now under the immediate charge of the Sisters of St. Margaret, Boston, Mass., a branch of the well-known sisterhood of the same name at East Grenstead, Sussex, England. In addition to St. Margaret's home at Boston, a large institution of a similar kind, they have had charge for 20 years of the Children's hospital in the same city; also of a general hospital in Newark, N. J., for the last ten years, and for two

years of another general hospital in Jersey City, N. J.

In August, 1890, the opportunity presented itself of securing nurses, and temporary premises were taken on Queen street. A committee of ladies was formed somewhat earlier, who undertook the furnishing of the hospital in the names of the parishes they represented. The wards were named St. Pauls, St. Lukes, St. Georges, St. Marks, St. Stephens, St. Matthias and subsequently others named St. Philip and St. James, at the request of a lady who furnished it individually. The house on Queen street was soon found to be inconveniently small and otherwise unsuitable, and in November, 1890, the hospital was removed to St. Margaret's hall, on College street, the building now illustrated. It is spacious, with large and airy halls and rooms, fronting to the south on Dalhousie college grounds, and having a view of the

ocean beyond—a beautiful sunny situation away from the noise and bustle of city life, with accommodations and conveniences for patients of either sex. There are eight rooms furnished for patients, each having an open fire place and a pleasant aspect from the windows.

Though the hospital is under church management and provided primarily for its members, no distinction of creed is made. The house is made as home-like as possible and any one coming may be as private as in their own homes and yet have all the advantages of a hospital and be more comfortable than in an hotel or boarding-house. The patient selects and pays his or her own physician or surgeon and has equally free choice for religious ministrations. Ample facilities are provided and special attention given when operations of either a simple or elaborate nature are necessary. Friends of patients may visit them at any time after 10 a. m., subject of course to the doctor's approval.

A special feature is that there are no physicians or surgeons officially connected with the hospital, and one recommendation in particular is worth noting: that if they advise their patients to go to the hospital, they may freely continue in attendance upon them, and select their own consultants, without their being interfered with or superseded by any of their professional brethren.

THE RUSSIAN JEWS

Driven Out of Russia and Not Wanted Anywhere Else.

The ancient tradition that the Jews are condemned to wander forever, separated from each other and shunned by the rest of mankind, is today being terribly exemplified in Russia.

There can no longer be any doubt that the czar has formed the settled purpose either to banish the enormous number of Jews who dwell in his dominions, or to subject them, if they remain, to new cruelties and persecutions added to the old. The whole world has been horrified by the late accounts of the severities to which the Russian Jews have been subjected. Recent decrees have forbidden Jewish artisans, mechanics and tradesmen from entering Moscow, and measures have been taken to banish from Moscow the Jewish tradesmen and artisans, about 14,000 in number, who already reside there.

Thousands of Jews have been expelled from their homes in the villages to what is called "the pale"; that is, the districts designated as those to which Jews must confine their residence. Those who have lived less than eight years in villages must leave them, and move into the towns selected by the government. Many other restrictions and hardships, reported every week, are being inflicted in Russia on the unfortunate race. Jews have been forbidden to observe the Hebrew Sabbath (Saturday), and to close their shops on that day, and are compelled to shut up their shops on Sunday. There are probably two principal reasons why this relentless persecution has been entered upon and is being savagely carried out. One is the inveterate hatred, not only of the government and the orthodox church, but of the great masses of the people, both to the Jewish race and to the Jewish religion. The other is, that the Russian Jews, though generally of a low order of civilization, have been thrifty, have practised usury among the shiftless and intemperate Russian peasants, and have prospered in spite of the restricted sphere of their occupations.

The first appears to be the principal motive at the present time. There can be no doubt that the czar's tyrannical course has been instigated and encouraged by the leading spirits of the Russian orthodox church. As a consequence of the persecutions, Jews have been pouring out of Russia, and seeking new homes in Western Europe and America, by thousands, during the past two months. So numerous have been the Jewish emigrants to English shores, that the English government has taken alarm, and is adopting measures for restricting it.

A wealthy Austrian Jew, Baron Hirsch, is said to have devoted no less than fifteen million dollars to aid the exiles and settle them in new homes, and has devised an elaborate scheme for establishing them in colonies.

The exodus of the swarms of Jews, for the most part unskilled and poverty-stricken,

has its serious aspect for the United States. There is evidence that the English and other governments threatened with their incursion are attempting to divert the stream of Jewish emigration to this country and to South America.—*Youth's Companion.*

How It Is in Japan

"The Japanese are nothing if not progressive," said L. J. Bruce who has just returned from the Orient and who is now at the Occidental. "American customs are coming into vogue over there, and even our methods of flirtation, with some slight modifications, are becoming popular. The Japanese maiden is exceedingly coy, and it is difficult for a foreigner to gain an entrance to society, but flirtations are by no means uncommon. How? Well, if a young man sees a pretty Japanese girl on the street he may follow her at a respectful distance. Presently he will impart an elderly woman to whom he must impart the information that he has lost his heart and is miserable. The old woman will ask what has become of his heart, and he must point out the girl, at the same time slipping a quarter into the former's hand. She will disappear, and in a few moments return with the information that if he will be at a certain fashionable tea-house on the following day he may recover his heart. The pretty maiden will appear with a chaparron, and the young man is at liberty to address her. She will probably meet him often in this way, but always with a protectress, whose vigilance is never relaxed. If the aspiring youth is circumspect he may eventually call, and so gradually work his way into society."—*San Francisco Call.*

Journalism in Turkey.

Constantinople is amply provided with the means of disseminating news and information. Even in this polyglot place, the home of the dragoman, whom the Tower of Babel would have left undismayed, no one can read all the newspapers. Ten languages are required to give expression to the industry of the reporter and the reflection of the editor. If Turkish, French, Greek, Hebrew and English do not suffice the ardent inquirer may quench his thirst in Armenian, Bulgarian, Italian, German or Persian. There are published in these languages twenty dailies, ten weeklies, one bi-weekly, two tri-weeklies, one bi-monthly and three monthlies.

The alphabet is not a sure guide in the language employed. One Turkish paper is printed in Armenian characters and another in Greek, while the two papers which use Hebrew types are in the Spanish language. Judged by the press one would suppose that the most important foreign languages in Constantinople are French and English. There is no newspaper published exclusively in English, but the two most important dailies are combined English and French.

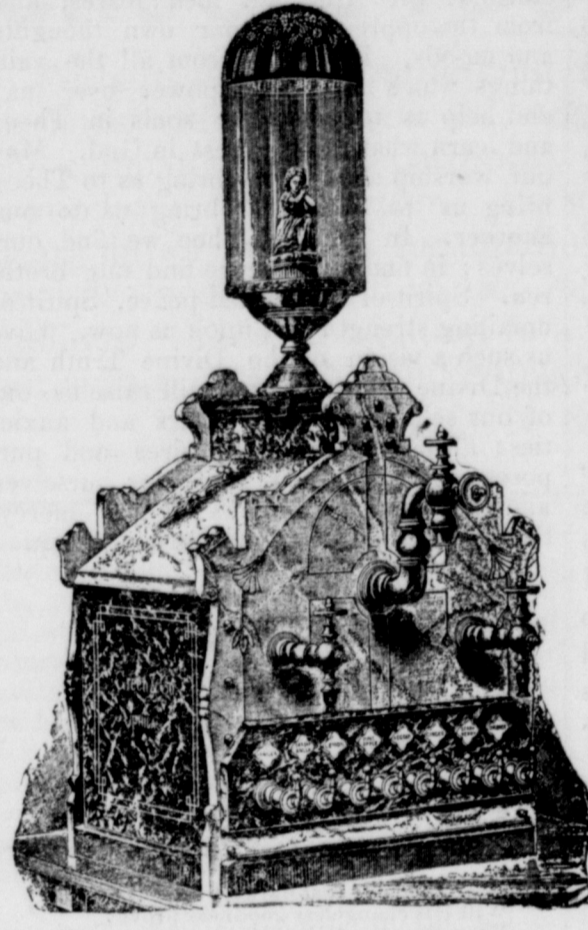
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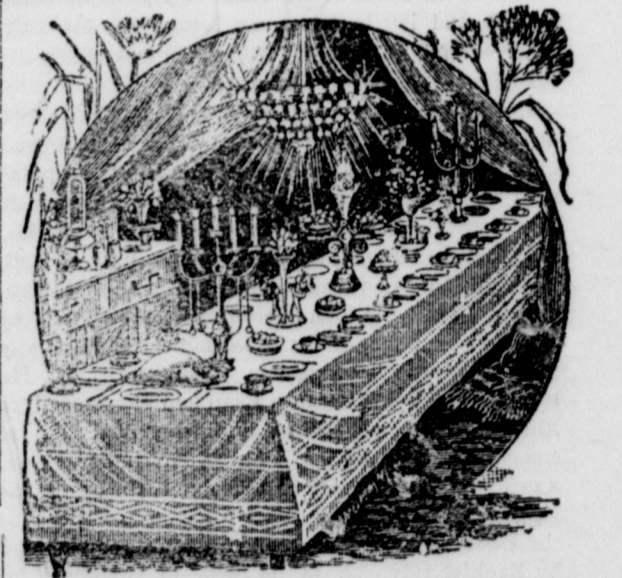
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