

ON A MALTESE VESSEL.

HOW THE CAPTAIN AND A TUNISIAN REGARDED ENGLAND.

Their Hatred of the Red Coats Who Hold Gibraltar—An Interesting People Seen in their Homes and Abroad, by an Observant Traveller.

The Latin races dwelling to the north of the Mediterranean and all those of oriental extraction to the south and east, look upon the English occupation of the island of Malta and the two contiguous lesser islands of Comino and Gozo in much the same spirit as they regard the occupation of Gibraltar by the English.

That is in an evil and vengeful spirit. The fact could have had no clearer illustration than in the sentiments expressed by the captain of the coaster upon which I made my way from Majorca to Malta, and by the only other passenger besides myself upon the odd little brigantine upon which we sailed.

My companion passenger came aboard at Tunis, where we touched to land Majorcan wine, making up our part cargo of wine for Malta with Tunisian hides and wheat in curious little brown sacks, which were tied in the middle and stowed away in the hold criss-cross, as you would lay dumb-bells each upon the other.

Our crew comprised six half naked and barefooted Maltese sailors with cotton trousers, crimson scarfs certainly thirty feet long wound about their waists, ugly sheath-knives in these, and no other clothing whatever save tiny tasseled caps resting jauntily upon the crisp and curly hair of their hard little heads. They were little, wiry fellows, the best sailors in the world, it is said, with snapping, beady eyes, sharp, short noses, thick lips, splendid teeth, and altogether as merry and sunnynatured a lot as you could find sailing upon any sea.

The captain was of Spanish extraction and Maltese birth. He had been a fisherman of Valetta; had saved his money; had got an education at the free English schools of Malta; and from the vocation of port pilot had come to own the craft which he commanded. In his little cabin were many good books, both in Spanish and English, and his surroundings in his tiny sea home were as pleasant, and certainly more evident of education, refinement and good taste than you will often find in cabins of the most pretentious sailing vessels.

His wife, Teresa, and nine children, the latter grading in size from an infant in arms to a lad of eleven as regularly as a set of ten pins, and nearly as naked, cooked for and waited upon us, lending a hand at light seawater duties whenever required with wonderful agility, adding pleasantly to the picturesqueness of the every-day life of the tiny vessel, and providing those blessed of all sounds at sea, the voice of women and the prattle of children, ceaseless, tuneful and winsome as ever make melodic the sunniest home of city, hamlet or vale.

Not the least picturesque object on board our brigantine was our other passenger, who with the dried hides, which he resembled in visage, had been taken on at Tunis. He was a Tunisian merchant trading between Tunis and Malta. We all treated him with much consideration because his flowing robes and white burnoose, which took up a good deal of room, gave this otherwise measly looking man a most important appearance, and, unconsciously, I presume, because he owned the hides and wheat. Then too, he was very bland and agreeable, a peculiarity of all Moslems when they are found one mile away from home.

You will notice this characteristic if you travel much about the Mediterranean. In their own homes, streets and shops there are no more imperiously grave, imperturbable and soddish humans than Turk, Arab, and Moor. But let them once turn their faces towards Christian ports and profit, and their manner and bearing at once change. They seem to have suddenly become ready-greased with graciousness for all trade and social exigencies. Their striking habiliments no longer comport with their reputed dignity of character. The bags on their heads and their ample robes and sandals suggest the harlequin. Neither Yankees nor Jews are a match for them in the subtle shufflings and diplomacies of trade. In fact they are the "Dilly Gammons" of the Mediterranean.

In the long, languorous days and glowing evenings of our lazy sailing they were both, the Maltese captain and the Tunisian merchant, more to me than weeks' of desultory meetings of their kind in their own lands. They were both intelligent, companionable, and both spoke English fluently. Their true feelings and opinions came gradually and surely out of the confidential companionship sea voyages universally impel. They represented, in heredity, education and feeling the implacable and endless religious and race war between the people of the Crescent and the Cross. The forefathers of each had doubtless been slain defending the banners of one or the other. They typified Christian Europe pitted against Infidel Africa and Asia.

But all race and religious hatred was blent in a common hatred of the English masters of Malta.

To reach the sentimental reason of this I constantly espoused the English cause. To the Maltese captain I pointed out his own successful career and reminded him delicately that he would have remained an ignorant and impoverished fisherman but for this very English rule which he resented.

"Si, si, senor," he would sadly reply; "but I would not have had the devil of greed set to work in my heart. I am now more hungry for a great ship than I was at first for a little felucca."

"But has not the condition of your 150,000 fellow-countrymen of the islands been vastly improved?"

"My fellow-countrymen grieve over the passing away of the old things they loved. A little higher wall to one's patch of ground, another room or two added to one's home, a little more finery in one's ears or on one's back, or a little more coin clinking between the fingers, do not make pleasant folk better

or happier. They cannot become like their masters. They learn only to envy them and to be ashamed of themselves and each other. I would give my brigantine and all but—Teresa and the ninas (children)," the captain would conclude with an indescribably pathetic and loving gesture of protective fondness, which included all the romping curly-heads on shipboard, "to live in a hut by the shore and see the red-coats no more forever!"

The grief of my Tunisian fellow passenger was of a different sort, though it was none the less real and poignant; but it was mitigated also by the fanatical belief that some time the Mussulman faith and folk will prevail and rule all lands.

"Christian pillage and despoliation," he would feelingly say, "have been the real motive of every so-called holy crusade and expedition against us, whom you call Infidels, but who alone worship the one true God. The English have profited greatest by conquest under cover of pious pretence."

I called his attention to the fact that, with the exception of England's quasi occupation of Egypt to secure payment for monies advanced by English capitalists in connection with the Suez Canal scheme, and the recent establishment of a trading post at Cape Juby, on the west Morocco coast, or hold, a foot of soil to which any Mussulman race had the slightest possible hereditary right.

"Ah, but Gibraltar!—Malta!" This would be uttered in passionate exclamation and with his face as hateful as a fiend's.

"They were once ours, with Andalus, and gave us the empire of all Africa and supremacy upon the Mediterranean."

"Surely, but only through invasion and butchery," I replied, harrying him a little. "Simply for pillage the Berber invader, Tarik, took Gibraltar and overran southern Spain, in 711; with the same purpose your Berber ancestors, in 798, took possession of and held the Balearic Islands, for 450 years; and about a thousand years ago you seized and held Malta until the Normans dispossessed you. Moslem rights were not deprived by your expulsion from lands where you did not belong."

"But our imperial Barbary is cut into pieces. We are no more a mighty people. Our temples and our treasures are gone!" he passionately retorted.

"We are at Malta, senor. Would you look upon sleeping Valetta from the sea in the early morning?"

Such was the cheery call of our captain as we approached the most famous island of the Mediterranean. When I reached the deck our craft lay a league distant from port, almost imperceptibly moving towards the white island and whiter city over a rippleless sea, with sails scarcely filled by the faintest of breezes which merely whispered of the morning; for the sun seemed to stand a tremendous globe of crimson on the sea-horizon, away over there between Greece and Crete.

My eyes never before beheld so transcendent and radiant a scene. The whole bosom of the sea seemed enveloped in a downy mantle of pearl, gold and crimson, which, lying low upon the water, showed countless matchless changes of color, and possessed the added marvelous effect of lifting all discernable objects to an unwitting altitude.

Our brigantine, with other craft here and there about us, appeared to ride upon an opalescent, intangible yet palpable surface of softly flaming cloud. Though Sicily lay sixty miles to the north, its short-line lifted vertically, and not in mirage, showed strangely near, with the huge cone of Etna like a spear-head of silver above.

And on this morning, as we slowly glided into the eastern of the two ports, and the ideal gradually resolved into the real, the mind, following the imagery of the cameo, its setting, and those who wrought, loved to linger on the thought that those who had built had left their miracle of labor silent and still, as a ghostly and stately housing for all who came. Utter silence brooded over the vast bleached battlements. Escarpments, terraces, bastions, entablatures and huge flat roofs were lifeless and still. The shipping was flagless, apparently creless, and still as though graven from onyx into the picture. Not an oar stirred the mirroring harbor. Not more still or pregnant with mystery is the Libyan Sphinx than was every strange object upon which the eye might rest. Not a thing having life stirred or was visible, save when our craft swung around and tugged gently at her anchor, the rays of the sun shooting over Vittoriosa's ramparts, struck like golden spears upon St. Elmo's bastions. They routed a myriad of drowsy jackdaws, which rose in flocks and hoarsely screamed. This was our only welcome to Malta and impregnable Valetta.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

A Dog Who Played Dominoes.

While many of the feats were being performed, M. Leonard snapped a whip violently to prove that the animals were so completely under discipline that they would not heed any interruption. After many other performances, M. Leonard invited a gentleman to play a game of dominoes with one of them. The younger and slighter dog then seated himself on a chair at the table, and the writer and M. Leonard seated themselves opposite. Six dominoes were placed on their edges in the usual manner before the dog, and a like number before the writer. The dog, having a double number, took one up in his mouth, and put it in the middle of the table; the writer placed a corresponding piece on one side; the dog immediately played another correctly, and so on until all the pieces were engaged. Other six dominoes were then given to each, and the writer intentionally played a wrong number. The dog looked surprised, stared very earnestly at the writer, growled, and finally barked angrily. Finding that no notice was taken of his remonstrances, he pushed away the wrong domino with his nose, and took up a suitable one from his own pieces and played it in its stead. The writer then played correctly, the dog followed, and won the game. Not the slightest intimation could have been given by M. Leonard to the dog. This mode of play must have been entirely the result of his own observation and judgment. It should be added that the performances were strictly private. The owner of the dog was a gentleman of independent fortune, and the instruction of his dogs had been taken up merely as a curious and amusing investigation.—Youatt on the Dog.

HOW FORTUNES WERE MADE.

The Experiences of Men Who Knew How and Where to Advertise.

"If you have \$10 to spend," said Barnum, "spend one for the article and the other nine in advertising it." The old man knew a thing or two when it came to advertising. Barnum said to me some years ago: "I can out talk anybody on earth but the printer. The man who can stick type and talk next morning to thousands of people while I'm talking to one, is the only man I'm afraid of. I want him for my friend."

Stories about the gaining of publicity are many and sometimes interesting. The owner of a patent medicine once told me the anxious time he had. He was the inventor of a cure for all ills and this much could be said in its favor, that it did nobody any harm. He succeeded in interesting a capitalist who gave him a very large sum to spend in advertising. This sum the medicine man, knowing nothing of advertising himself, placed in the hands of an advertising agent and told him to go it. The agent went it. He advertised in about every paper in the country. In an appalling short time the money was gone and there was nothing to show for it except files of papers. Meanwhile the medicine man had not sold an extra bottle of his medicine in spite of this fearful expenditure in advertising. He cursed the man who first told him that advertising was a short cut to fortune. He went with trembling to the capitalist to tell him that the game was up and the cash gone. The capitalist had departed southward and would not be back for a week. Before the capitalist returned the tide had turned. Orders began coming in from all sorts of unexpected places. Then the big wholesale men began to send in for the stuff, and the long and short of it is that that medicine firm today has an income that probably no prince on earth enjoys.

Sometimes success is due to a fluke. The owner of one of the most successful agricultural papers in America got his start through a mistake on the part of the advertising manager of a big daily paper. The agricultural man had a paper on which he was unable to spend much money. It would perhaps grow, and then perhaps it would go under. He wrote a liner advertisement for the daily with the largest circulation and sent it in. The cost would be but a trifle. His writing was not the most legible and the advertising manager read the phrase "one time" to be "one page." The farmer man was horrified to open the big daily next morning to see a whole page taken up with liners consisting merely of the name of his paper and the price. Yet, when the bill for the page came in, he had the money to pay for it, as the sale of the paper had increased to such an extent, so he said nothing about the error.—Detroit Free Press.

HOW IT FEELS UNDER WATER.

The Experience of a Diver in Getting Bodies from a Vessel.

"I had my greatest experiences in the two years before the war," said an old diver recently. "The time I went down 168 feet, the deepest I ever got was in 1860. A vessel went down east northeast of Point Judith, and the captain's wife and daughter were drowned. I went down after them. They talk to me now of going down 500 or 600 feet, but I don't believe it. After the first hundred feet the pumps won't supply a man with air, except inside his helmet. Before that it will circulate around his body. When it only reaches his helmet his clothes begin to cling to him, and his pores flow out all the water in his body. It is a terrible sensation. Now, I got down to this vessel, and started to descend into the companion-way. At the first step I began to feel numb all over. It was the pressure of the water above me, and as I'd been told about it I went back on the deck of the sunken vessel and climbed into the ratlines. I hadn't gone up more than three steps before I felt better. Then I went back again. You can continue this right straight along and go deeper each time. When I felt numb again I went upon deck and climbed into the rail. I was all right in a minute, and then went into the companion-way again. All this time the vessel was waving from side to side with the swell under the water."

"Now, it's queer, but there's something about bodies under water. Did you know that if you went into the cabin of a vessel where one was that it would start toward you, almost as if it were alive? It is that that makes the shock so terrible. You can't avoid them. They come as if they wanted to be taken away. Well, the captain's wife and daughter were in the stateroom at the foot of the stairs, and I had to open the door. I took some blocks and braced my whole weight against the door. I weighed 200 pounds, and the suit weighed 265 more. I knew there'd be a terrible shock, so I got all ready. The door gave way at last, and broke into kindling wood like a flash. The concussion of the water flung the bodies toward me like lightning. I shut my eyes, and reaching out to grab the bodies, caught the woman's as she flew toward me. I signalled, and was taken up. Then I went down to hunt for the little girl. I found she had come out when her mother did, and floated under the cabin table. Why, that table was set just as when the vessel sunk, and there was food on the plates at that very time. I was pulled up with the little girl."

The Weight of Injustice.

One of the Moorish kings of Spain wished to build a pavilion on a field near his garden, and offered to purchase it of the woman to whom it belonged, but she would not part with what her fathers had owned. The king then seized the field, and the poor woman complained to the cadi, or judge, who promised to do all in his power to help her. One day, while the king was in the field, the cadi came to him with an empty sack, and asked permission to fill it with the earth on which he was standing. When it was filled he asked the king to help him to put it on his horse. The king laughed and tried to lift the sack, but soon let it fall, complaining of its great weight. "It is, however," said the cadi, "only a small part of the ground which thou hast wrested from one of thy subjects. How, then, wilt thou bear the weight of the whole field when thou shalt appear before the Great Judge laden with this iniquity?" The king felt the reproof, and not only restored the field, but gave the woman the building he had erected, and all it contained.

Have the Chinese an Army.

During a journey I made in 1876 from Peking to the great wall of China and back, I did not see a single soldier, in the modern sense of the word, although in the capital I passed many of the kind we see on fans and screens, dressed in quilted morning gowns spattered with eccentric flowers and monsters.

Their arms were spears, bows and arrows; and they lounged and squatted about the doors of palaces in a manner at once lazy and insolent. Rumor says that China has today excellent troops, armed with repeating rifles of excellent make; but a friend of mine, who was many years military attache in Peking, says that he, at least, has never discovered them. There may be, he thinks, here and there a well-equipped company or so; but to say that China has an army in any serious sense is, according to him, a violent stretch of the truth.—The Speaker.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

UNLIKE ANY OTHER.

As much for INTERNAL as EXTERNAL use.

In 1810

Originated by an Old Family Physician.

Think Of It. In use for more than Eighty

Years, and still leads. Give

Every Traveler should have a bottle in his satchel.

From Rheumatism, Scurvy, Catarrh, Bron-

chitis, Asthma, Cholera Morus, Diarrhea, Lameness,

Soreness in Body or Limbs, Stiff Joints or Strains,

and all in this old Anodyne Liniment will find speedy cure.

Every Mother should have Johnson's

Anodyne Liniment in the house for Croup, Colds,

Sore Throat, Tonsillitis, Croup, Cuts, Bruises, Cramps

and Pains liable to occur in any family without

notice. Delays may cost a life. Relieves all Summer

Complaints like magic. Price, 25 cts. post paid. 6 bot-

tles, \$2. Express paid. I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.

A Talk About Printing.

Job Printing is a comparatively new department with

PROGRESS.

We have always had a certain amount of job printing plant and used it in making our newspaper as handsome and attractive as possible, but a complete outfit was not ours until recently.

We have a new and complete plant now, suitable for all kinds of printing, and are open for orders.

We believe in doing work as well as it can be done and our aim will be: First, to turn out good printing—nothing that we will have cause to be ashamed of so far as the mechanical work is concerned. The reputation won by PROGRESS as a handsome, well-printed newspaper will also be the reputation of "PROGRESS Print," for that will be the name of the job department.

If you are in business, it goes without saying that you must have printing—little or much of it.

We would like to do some of it for you. If you want it well done we will give you satisfaction. We don't ask for it on the plea of cheapness—our prices will be reasonable, but we are not in the business to cut rates. Quotations will be given cheerfully, but don't expect that they will always be lower than those of other printers.

Our **Stock** is new, varied and good—bought at the lowest figures and all suitable for the times.

Our **Type** is new, the latest style of letter and the handsomest assortment we could select.

Our **Presses** are new and the best.

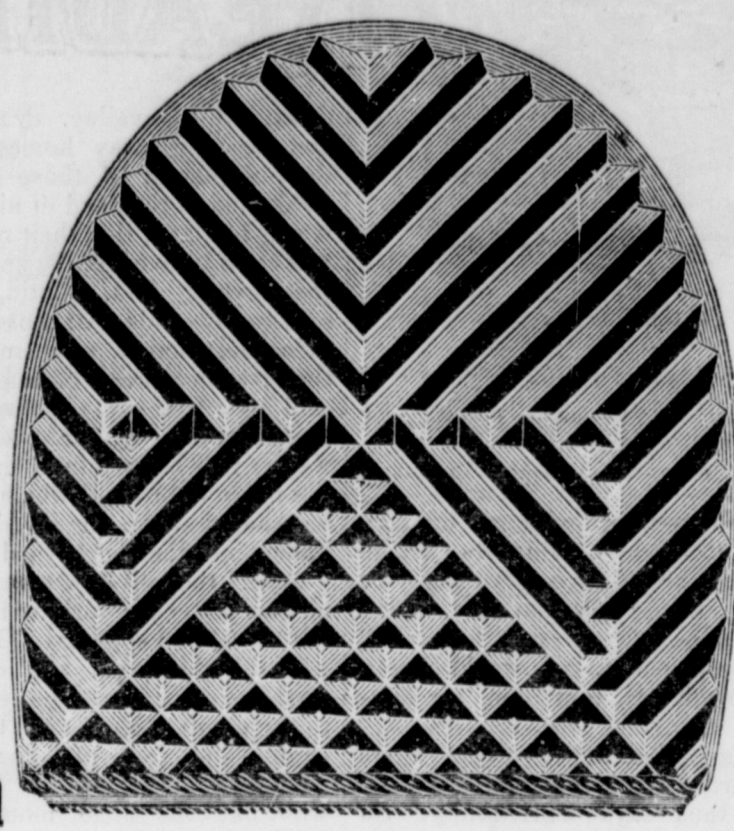
Our **Workmen** are acknowledged the equal of any in the Province—and that is saying a good deal.

We cannot fail then to do good printing. Have you any to do? Write to us, or call. We will be glad to hear from you or see you.

PROGRESS PRINT.

You are making
A wrong impression
Wherever you go.

If
this
is
not
the
Pat-
tern



on
your
Rub-
bers
and
Over-
shoes

IMPERIAL SUPERPHOSPHATE. - POTATO PHOSPHATE.

THE PRIZE CROPS. 1st Prize for Potatoes, \$600.00, taken by C. Pickard, Sackville.

This is to certify, that I the undersigned, assisted Mr. Lund to measure one acre of Potato land, and assisted Mr. Bower in checking and weighing the Potatoes taken from said acre, on which we used 5 barrels of your Special Potato Phosphate only, and find the crop four hundred and thirty-one bushels, 27½ lbs., (431, 27½). About three quarters of the Potatoes were Beauty of Hebron, the remainder Black Montan. The Hebron grew at the rate of about 400 bushels to the acre, and Montan full 600 bushels to the acre.

[Signed] C. PICKARD.

Affirmed before me this 13th day of Nov.

1891, at Sackville.

[Signed] CHARLES E. LUND, J.P.

This is to certify, that I have this day parted off one acre from Mr. Charles Pickard's potato field, and marked the bounds of the same for the purpose of a prize competition.

Dated at Sackville, 26th Sept., 1891.

[Signed] C. E. LUND, D. L. Surveyor.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

Provincial Chemical Fertilizer Co., 89 Water St., St. John, N. B.

The Travelers Insurance Co.

OF HARTFORD, CONN.

IS A LEADING LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

And issues Life and Endowment Policies, best in the market, World-wide and and non-forfeitable.

IS ALSO THE ORIGINAL ACCIDENT COMPANY OF AMERICA, Is the largest in the World, and only large one in America.

The claim payments of this company for a SINGLE MONTH usually exceed the ENTIRE SURPLUS of all other accident companies. Please note the fact when offered "cheap insurance," that The Travelers pays claims, as cheerfully as it accepts premiums, without discount, immediately on receipt of satisfactory proofs.

The Best is the Cheapest!

Moral: Insure in the Travelers.

T. B. & H. B. ROBINSON, Agents, - 103 Prince Wm. St., St. John, N. B.

Famous Fiction by the World's Greatest Authors!

A CHARMING SET OF BOOKS,
EMBRACING

Ten of the Greatest Novels Ever Written
BY TEN OF THE

GREATEST AUTHORS WHO EVER LIVED!

If you will study the biographies of the great authors of our day, you will observe that in most instances their reputations were made by the production of a single book. Let but one work that



is really great—one masterpiece—emanate from an author's pen, and though his future efforts may be trivial in comparison, his name will live and his works be read long after the author has passed away. A well-known New York publishing house has issued in uniform and handsome style ten of the greatest and most famous novels in the English language, and we have perfected arrangements whereby we are enabled to offer this handsome and valuable set of books as a premium to our subscribers upon terms which make them almost a free gift. Each one of these famous novels was its author's greatest work—his masterpiece—the great production that made his name and fame. The works comprised in this valuable set of books, which are published under the general title of "Famous Fiction by the World's Greatest Authors," are as follows:

EAST LYNNE, By Mrs. Henry Wood.
JANE EYRE, By Charlotte Bronte.
JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN, By Miss Mulock.
ADAM BEDE, By George Eliot.
THE WOMAN IN WHITE, By Wilkie Collins.
LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET, By Miss M. E. Braddon.
VANITY FAIR, By W. M. Thackeray.
THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII, By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton.
THE THREE GUARDSMEN, By Alexander Dumas.
PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE, By Charles Reade.

Each of these great and powerful works is known the world over and read in every civilized land. Each is intensely interesting, yet pure and elevating in moral tone. They are published complete, unaltered and unabbreviated, in ten separate volumes with very handsome and artistic covers, all uniform, thus making a charming set of books which will be an ornament to the home. They are printed from new type, clear, bold and readable, upon paper of excellent quality. Altogether it is a delightful set of books, and we are most happy to be enabled to afford our subscribers an opportunity of obtaining such splendid books upon such terms as we can give.

Our Liberal Premium Offer! We will send the ten great novels above named, comprising the splendid complete set of "Famous Fiction by the World's Greatest Authors," also PROGRESS for one year, upon receipt of only \$2.50, which is an advance of but 50 cents over our regular subscription price, so that you practically get this beautiful set of books for only 50 cents. Subscribers desiring to take advantage of this offer whose terms of subscription have not yet expired, by renewing now will receive the books at once, and their subscriptions will be extended one year from date of expiration. We will give the complete set of books free to anyone sending us a club of two new yearly subscribers. This is a great premium offer—a great chance for our readers. Do not miss it. Perfect satisfaction is guaranteed. Address all letters.

EDWARD S. CARTER,
Publisher PROGRESS,
St. John, N. B.