

A LAND OF SUNSHINE.

PICTURESQUE PALMA, A CITY OF THE BALEARIC ISLANDS.

Its Massive Walls, and Quaint Old Houses, Its Sunshine and Its Song—Where the Loveliest Home Is Charming In Its Court.

(Progress Special Correspondence.)

In these days of strong and swift steamers plying between England and all Mediterranean ports, it is but a voyage of two nights and a day from Gibraltar to the city of Palma, the capital of the Spanish dependency and province of Balearic, comprising the Balearic Islands; or, if you are wintering in southwestern Spain, you may journey in a night from Valencia or Barcelona to this least visited and most beautiful of all Mediterranean regions.

Your steamer is seldom out of sight of some huge or tiny Mediterranean craft, and there is always consciousness of pleasant nearness of other human interests and a quiet and restful sense of companionship upon this great land-locked sea, although it is longer than the Atlantic is broad between Newfoundland and Ireland. I have never known or felt on other waters. However treacherous the Mediterranean has been to others, I have never seen its face save in its blindest, sweetest mood; when its skies were fair, the sunshine above it mild and loving, its airs zephyrus and drowsy, and its face as blue and smiling as a rift of June-day heaven.

The city of Palma is built upon the ruins of the old Roman town founded by Quintus Cælius Metellus, who conquered the island with galleys "plated with ox-hides and skins as a protection against the fatal strokes of the Balearic slingers."

Ruled in turn by Vandals and Goths, the islands eventually fell into the hands of the Moors, shortly after southern Spain became prey to the hordes of Genghis Khan.

Curiously the people of the islands reached their highest prosperity under their African rulers, who taught them all the arts and crafts of piracy, until the Balearians became masters of and spread terror over the entire Mediterranean. The islands were thus merged into a clear yet terrible commonwealth, whose power was often courted and employed by neighboring sovereigns. The accumulation of treasure was enormous; so great as to invite cupidity of invasion and even to "holy" crusades; until Don Jayme I, King of Aragon and Count of Barcelona, in September 1229, sailed for Palma with a fleet of 150 galleys and 18,000 men, principally Catalan peasant warriors.

Palma fell. The males of the mixed race of pirate Moors and Balearians were butchered, sold as slaves, or banished to the African coast. The women became the slaves and wives of the Catalan peasant warriors. The islands were partitioned off among the followers of Don Jayme I, founding a titled land-holding aristocracy, existing to this day, as proud, rich and noble blooded as Europe ever knew. The then independent kingdom of Balearia, under eventual vassalage to Pedro IV., of Aragon, was finally merged with Aragon into the Spanish dominion. With mothers of pure Balearic and Moorish blood and fathers from the sturdy, sluggish and over-contented Catalan stock, tinged and tempered by a matchless climate and fruitful soil, the 700 intervening years have moulded a race fine in physique, supple of limb, cheery of temper and heart, melodic of speech and tongue, fair to look upon and truly good to find and know.

Having left the beautiful, sleepy, sunlit bay for Palma's streets, you have entered a city of nearly 70,000 souls, where Italy, Spain and Algeria seem to have formed a charming composite in architecture and people. The hugeness of walls is every where remarkable. Everything is constructed as if for eternal lasting. No street is beautiful, but not one fails of a picturesque quality that is often weird and grotesque. Every structure possesses in some portion, and frequently in the most unexpected position, some wonderful and ornate ornamentation. Tiny squares with wimpling fountains are set in all sorts of odd corners. A huge church may tower on the one side of each of these. At a corner may stand, or project from a curious and seemingly unnecessary wall, a massive carved facade or gargoyle from which the water is endlessly flowing. At another side a mass of vines and verdure, capped to the sight by far domes or spires, is only visible. Outjutting at another spot, the angle of some huge building seems to have pushed its way half across the plaza and with its galleries, balconies and tremendous overreaching roof is ready to pitch headlong into the open space beneath. While another sunny side shows only a roof of red tiles sloping like a tent cover, unpierced by a single aperture, from an interminable height wholly to the edge of a stone cloister-like porch beneath.

In all open spaces are palm-trees. And these, rising from courts, lifting their spreading fronds high above roofs from darkened thoroughfares, often leaning like the tower of Pisa, out of quaint old courts, and here and there being preserved by an entire building constructed around them, lend a dreamlike, mystic, almost lonesome and pathetic coloring to every massing of structures upon which the eye may rest. To me, the palm, whether I have seen it in southern Spain, in Sicily, in Morocco, in Algeria, in Cuba, or here in Palma, whose name had its origin in the former extraordinary number of palm-trees upon the island, has always been an emblem of dolorous isolation and inexpressible loneliness. It hints of the camel, the Bedouin, the desert. In art, in story, in fact, it ever suggests the endless hopelessness and impossibility of the barriers between the races that subsist upon and rest beneath it, and those who know and love the maple, beech and oak.

It is a city of steep ascents and ill-paved streets, but of winking old bits of curious architecture, and perhaps as lovely and splendid interiors as any Moorish or semi-Moorish city can show. All the houses retain features of Moorish taste and evidences of medieval forms of habitations and living. They are not higher than three or four stories at best. More have but the ground floor with an upper one, and an attic called a *porcho*. Invariably the entrances to the interior are studies in carved arabesques and fanciful Moorish designs. Balconies are as universal and as huge or as lace-like and fragile as in

Granada or Seville. A marked peculiarity of all structures is their huge projecting roofs, spread out into pent-houses and frequently most fascinatingly worked out and decorated. And the lowliest home in all Palma is charming in its patio or court—that loveliest of all interior arrangements around which Moslem or Christian home can be built.

Every one of these courts is a place of beauty, sunshine and song. In every one there is the melodic sound of water from running jetty or fountain. In every one, whether glittering with splendor marble columns and daintily wrought arches or softened in tones with mossy stone and crumbling tiles, there are waving ferns and flowers. Vines clamor wantonly over entablature, arch and balustrade. The alcobas of all living in these abodes are within the sound of friendly calling voice. And not one is without birds of gay plumage and birds with endless songs.

Only when the feast and processional days come is Palma a gay and brilliant city. At all other times it is sunny, restful, slumberous and almost silent. Its street folk are the same as of any other southern Spanish city. There is greater content here. No one is in a hurry. Among the lowly folk there is less excitability; greater good nature, and the latter is of the gentle not uproarious sort. Here, as in Madrid, is your lechero or milkman who drives his cows in from the country and milks for you before your door. The dulcero or seller of sweets, with his songful call by day and his tinkling bells by night, is here. The cochero or cabman with comfortable landaulet and pretty diligence will serve you faithfully without guile. The mercantile or notion peddler, the aquador, or water-seller, the regatero or huckster who has the sociable habit of entering shop or home with his donkeys and paniers, the zapatero or tinker whom I have found to be Spanish Gipsy, are all here in their lazy, pleasant picturesque ways.

By day Palma seems to the stranger to be continuously experiencing something like a soft dreamlike buzz of activity in all human affairs. Perhaps it is the reaction after some great business tension, you ruminate. But no; each day is as the day before it. Everything is gently done. No one is astir before ten in the morning. Then the pretty market attracts beves of beautiful women and maids. This is followed by the noontide siesta. The shops are bright and brilliant until evening; but everything is quiet and restful within. In the evening the cafes are ablaze with light; the parks and passeos are thronged with gay caballeros and lovely señoritas. Still there is a hush and tranquillity in all sounds and seemings. As the night advances, in every quarter of the olden city is heard the mandolin and guitar, tremulous, pathetic, sweet; like the echo of real tones rather than the vibrant notes themselves. Zephyrus breezes pulse from Africa's shores. The shipping rocks gently upon the star-mirroring bay. Go where you will, all is life until long after midnight, but tender and subdued as if the witchings of the tropic airs lulled to repose yet withheld from sleep. And at last as the centinelas of the fortresses upon heights have chanted answers to their challengers with: "Ave Maria Purissima!—La una, y to do sereno!" you seek your couch in sweet old Palma of the Isles, your heart giving back the centinelas' answer that "All is well!"

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

"IF I WERE A MAN."

A Woman Recites Some of the Noble Things She Might Then Do.

Now, if I were a man, and I am grateful that I am a woman, except when it rains, and I have a mull, a couple of books, an umbrella, and a skirt to take care of, and the umbrella won't stay straight, and the books will slide downward, and you have to let your skirt down into the mud to straighten things out, then I think that to be a woman is "muddling well as far as it goes," but I would like to be a man and wear—jackets.

But if I were a man I would get rich, or no, not so very mercenary, but fully appreciate the value of money.

Then I would not talk about woman's wagging tongue, and then tell the latest piece of gossip.

Then, just because I was trying to get rich, I would not be mean and stingy.

Then if I were married, I would have a home; not at the newest and most fashionable apartment house, not at a boarding-house, not with my mother or my mother-in-law, but a real home, which I would try to make brighter every day for the little woman who took care of it.

I would tell my wife I would not wear darned stockings before she wasted a whole morning darning them.

I would take her to the theatre every week and buy her flowers and candy for Sunday.

I would not call her extravagant just because she wanted a new hat and gown every season when she had plenty that looked just as good as new to you.

I would not be the kind of a man known as a "dude," who spends his time standing on corners, ogling and making disrespectful remarks about woman, a miserable individual who has no faith in woman or belief in goodness.—*Music and Drama.*

Reporters are Gentlemen.

Don't tell a newspaper reporter, when he calls on you on business, things which you do not wish him to print. He does not call for information for the fun of it. He is there on business. When you meet a reporter socially, don't say to him every time you open your mouth, "This is not for publication."

If you really have information to give, either give it cheerfully and frankly or refuse with firmness, but don't try to be clever and attempt any "funny business." If you give the information frankly you will in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred be accurately reported and respectfully treated. If you refuse firmly and politely your reticence will be respected. If you try to outwit the reporter by an effort to mislead him or by direct misrepresentation, you are sure to make a mess of it, and wish that you had been better advised.

Disabuse your mind of any foolish impression that the newspaper reporters are malignant persons, trying to stir up trouble in the world. They are, as a rule, the opposite of this and have as high an idea as other men of the relative advantages of contentment and strife.—*The Oregonian.*

THEN AND NOW.

How Conditions Have Changed Within Sixty Years or So.

How funny the rising generation of young men would feel if they should be dropped back into the early thirties and do what their fellows of that day did. In 1830 there were only two kinds of coal in practical use. That is, charcoal and sea coal, the latter imported; very little of it comparatively was used, wood being the common fuel. Getting in the winter's wood in the fall was no small matter. Logs four feet long, sawed once and piled up, filled the woodshed and were split into sizable sticks when used. Wood fires were the order, and with their back-logs, fore-sticks and brands, blazing up finely, made the sitting very cheerful. All the stores in that day had stoves of various patterns and kinds. I remember a few years before 1830, when a little boy, my uncle took me with him down to State street to see them burn what he called stones. It was a pot of anthracite coal; it was burning briskly not far from where the old pump was situated. I can see it now in my memory, and the crowd of lookers on to witness the experiment. Who supposed then it would ever come into general use—hundreds of millions of tons produced annually—and completely take the place of wood as fuel?

In 1830 friction matches were unknown or just coming into notice; at the homes and in the stores the fires were all lighted by sparks in a tinder box, which were common everywhere. It was a small round tin box, three or four inches in diameter; some rags burned to a tinder was kept in that box with a smothering plate on top of it; a flint and a small bar of steel were kept in the box; when a light was wanted the flint was struck against the steel and the spark ignited the tinder and then a match was lighted by it. Not the friction matches of today, they are a later institution, the matches of those days were round bundles of small sticks, each bundle about four inches long and one and one-half inches in diameter, with each end dipped into brimstone; poor old women used to make and sell these matches; the price was generally two cents a bunch.

Oil lamps of various patterns and sizes were used for lights. Gas and kerosene were unknown; whale oil was generally used winter-strained and summer-strained. The filling and cleaning of those in the stores was the work every morning of the youngest apprentice. The boy in the retail store opened the store early every morning, made his wood fire in the stove, starting it with his tinder-box and matches, as mentioned above, and then swept out his store and dusted everywhere, and many an old and retired merchant now living at his ease will remember when he began his mercantile life in this way. There were no railroads then; travelling was done by stages. About 1835 old things began to pass away, railroads began to be constructed, gas began to do the lighting, and has come into general use. The post office was a small affair.—*Exchange.*

THE MAN DRESS MAKER.

Worth an Englishman; But has Not Had an Order From the Queen.

Charles Frederick Worth began life as a printer, but an instinctive dislike to soiling his fingers as well as his inborn gifts led him to exchange his apprenticeship for a position in the great dry goods house of Swan & Edgar in London. There he developed and perfected his appreciation of the production of the French milliners and dressmakers, superintending the unpacking of every case of pattern garments that arrived, and speedily becoming an authority in all matters connected with stylishness, cut and tastefulness of trimming. But Paris alone afforded a field for the full exercise of his talent, and to Paris he accordingly went. He became member of the firm of Gagel & Co., in that city, and imparted to the productions of that house a stamp of style and elegance exceeding anything ever before known in the annals of Parisian fashion. At that time the second empire was in the height of its prosperity. The Empress Eugénie, then in the prime of womanhood and the full perfection of her incomparable beauty, was delighted with the dresses invented for her by the brilliant young Englishman who knew so well how to combine perfect taste with striking originality. Worth speedily became the dressmaker par excellence to the imperial court. Its reigning belles, the Princesses de Metternich, the Princesses Anne de Murat, the Comtesse de Brigode, and countless others, became his clients, and sought not only his creations in the way of gowns and wraps, but his counsel as well in all matters connected with the toilette. It was at one time the custom for the great ladies of the day to drive to his establishment full dressed for a dinner party or a ball, and to submit the fit and flow of their customs to him for a final supervision. It is a singular fact that the most celebrated of all the Parisian dressmakers should have been born in England, the reputed land of feminine ill taste in dress. Also in view of his origin, it is curious to note that the only queen in all Europe who had never ordered a toilette from him is the lady in whose dominions he was born, namely Queen Victoria.

"La Grippe."

Since reports from various parts of the country show that "La Grippe" is not only among us, but everywhere prevalent, and often from its complications very serious, hence we would recommend two of the most highly endorsed yet simple and efficient remedies known, Humphreys' Specifics numbers One and Seven. Hundreds of people taken with cough and influenza and symptoms of what is now termed "La Grippe" have been speedily and permanently cured by them. Number One allays the Fever, Pain and Inflammation, while No. Seven cures the Cough, Hoarseness, and Sore Throat. Hundreds of publishers, having found these Specifics of priceless value in their family, never hesitate to recommend them to their many readers. Hear the unsolicited testimony of a few: Chicago, Ill., Western Broker—I find Humphreys' specific are invaluable. Several severe cases of la grippe in my family have been cured by a few days' treatment. Hammon, N. J., Atlantic Mirror—I have used Humphreys' Specific No. seven with marked benefit, and am always glad to recommend its use. Waverly, Ohio, Watchman—For fevers and colds, Humphreys' Specifics are invaluable.

Typewriter's Stub Fingers.

"Typewriter's stub finger" is the name of the newest affliction on the books of the doctors. The first to realize this terrible result were the pretty young typewriters of the fairer sex, who beheld with horror the loss of their long, tapering fingers, upon whose charm they had so prided themselves. Instead of their sweetly moulded fingers tapering gracefully to the tips and aristocratically curling, what was their consternation and chagrin to be struck with the fact that long hammering upon the little round keys had effectually flattened out their finger tips and given each particular digit, above the top joint, a grotesque and vulgarly stubby appearance.—*Phila. Record.*

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A Talk About Printing.

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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.

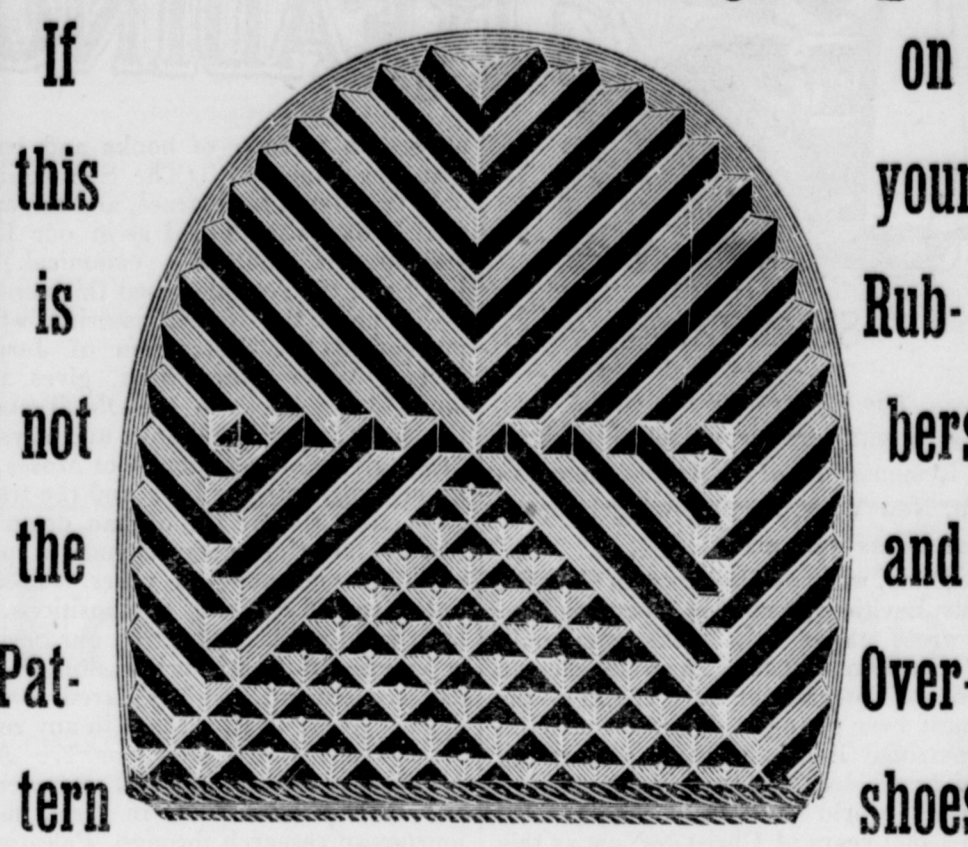
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This is to certify, that I the undersigned, assisted Mr. Lund to measure one acre of Potato Land, and assisted Mr. Bowser in checking and weighing the Potatoes taken from said acre, on which we used 5 barrels of your Special Potato Phosphate only, and find the crop four hundred and thirty one bushels, 27 1/2 lbs., 40 lbs., 27 1/2 lbs. About three quarters of the Potatoes were Beauty of Hebron, the remainder Black Mountain. The Hebrons grew at the rate of about 400 bushels to the acre, and Montanas fully 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.

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

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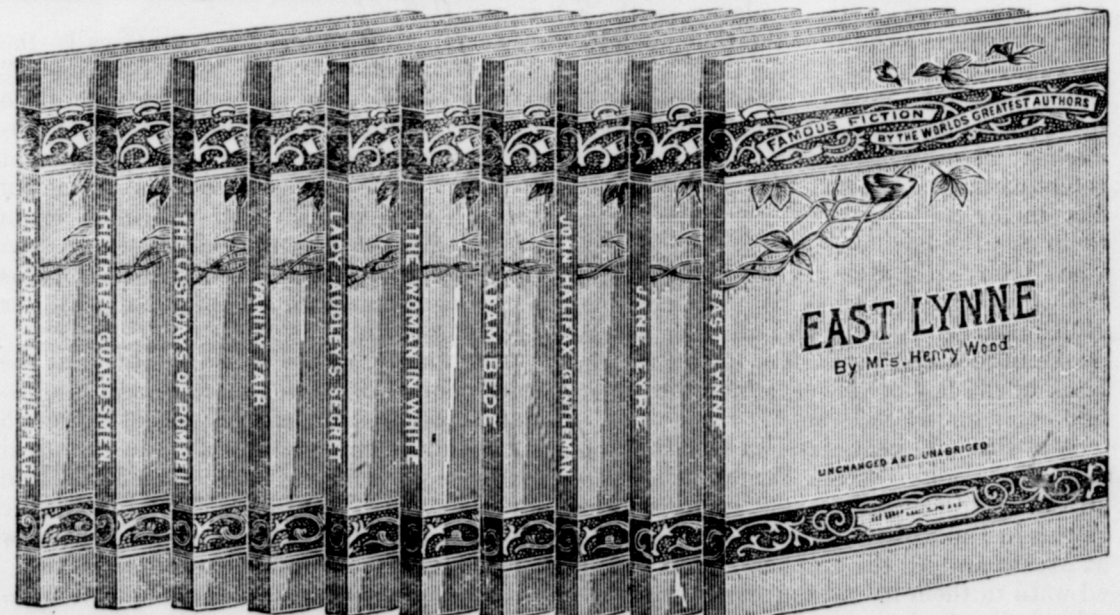
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