

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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"A NEW CZAR REIGNS."

The dreary death-bell tolls above the solemn streets of St. Petersburg. After all, how weak was the Autocrat of all the Russias in the hands of the Autocrat of Death!

It was not by a sudden treacherous lunge that Death laid his great adversary low. The Czar had been watchful. But the strain of this very watchfulness hastened the triumph of Death.

And yet it was not only the anxiety of watching the manoeuvres of enemies that hastened his death—that undermined his constitution so that an accident was sufficient to cause his decease.

To be an autocrat of the Russias is no sinecure. A czar has to be his own premier and secretary of state. To be a successful monarch in Russia, one has to master the affairs of many departments.

ALEXANDER III. mastered all the departments, even those which, as, for instance, the Asiatic foreign ministry, are sometimes overlooked by a Russian ruler. The Czar was an exceptionally powerful man physically. And as he was a conscientious worker, he had need to be.

The dead Czar was not only conscientious in the routine of his work; he was also a conscientious ruler. But he was by no means as broad a man as his father, whom the Nihilists were crazy in killing.

OUR PROVINCES IN FICTION.

A Charlottetown gentleman, Mr. R. B. NORTON, sends a well-deserved criticism of a story from the Youth's Companion which was copied in a late number of PROGRESS.

'a dangerous thing' for anybody. 'Ice-boats' with sails, skimming along at a much livelier rate than that of ten miles an hour, are not imaginary creations of a VERNE, but are as real as the telegraph. They are, however very different things from the 'ice-boats' of Northumberland strait.

Another thing that Mr. NORTON points out, is that the part of the strait where the ice-boats cross is nine miles wide, and not twenty. This is such a well-known fact in these provinces that the story-writer's ignorance on this important part seems well nigh unpardonable.

The principal argument brought forth by the Telegraph in an editorial the other morning in favor of having Canadian readers treating of Canadian subjects was that one of the Royal Readers told a story of a duke and a boy who was driving a cow, whereas in this country we have no dukes.

But at last the astute visiting journalists began to go in for something different than the ordinary line. Then it was that they acquired large supplies of miscellaneous misinformation about these provinces.

It is not foreign writers alone, however, who give outsiders wrong accounts of these provinces. A few years ago there appeared in the New York Independent a story entitled 'The Witch of the Ardois Hills,' which was wildly astray in its topography and geology.

Don't you think you men might sometimes regard unfair women as being interesting? I know we are not considered as interesting, but I do think this fallen woman is having an undue share of attention. All the new books are about her, all the plays, and now all the public interest and the newspapers.

very little about these provinces, and to think he "knew it all." It was written by a brilliant New Brunswick journalist, who spent the most of his life in the lower provinces. It was copied without comment by several papers in the immediate vicinity of the places mentioned.

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The heirs of the "money-lender of Kimberley," one of whom is a St. John man, have found out, after seventeen years, that they are his heirs. If Mr. NEIL MORRISON and the others feel that perhaps, after all, they will not get the money, they may be encouraged by the fact that the last will and testament of the late THADDEUS STEVENS, who died twenty-six years ago, has just been pronounced valid by the court of last resort in Pennsylvania.

At the close of the last of ALEXANDER III.'s annual visits to Denmark, which were his chief relaxation from the cares which killed him, he was saying good-bye to his favorite nieces, the daughters of the Prince of Wales.

Among all the mass of contributions to the English press which have followed in the wake of the recent purity crusade in London, the following note written to the Pall Mall Gazette by "An Ordinary English Girl" is the most refreshing:

Pointers for the Board of Health. A correspondent asks PROGRESS to call the attention of the Board of Health to the fact that scarlet fever is quite prevalent about Brussels and Erin streets and that many of the cases are not placarded.

You may seek advice in buying a horse, or a watch, or a business, but when it comes to clothes you don't consult anyone, except, maybe, your wife—she generally thinks as you do, so that doesn't count.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

A Trip to Mars. I've been on a flying trip to Mars, Having a charming time; And a goddess up there ordered me To tell it on earth in rhyme.

From "Marguerite." But her soul went back to its child time; she saw the sun o'erflow With gold the Basin of Minas, and set over Gasperaux;

PUGILISTS OF THE SEA.

"Killer Whales" Attack a Cow Whale and Her Calf. An attack made by three killer whales upon a cow whale and her calf, in a lagoon along the coast just south of here, recently, says a San Diego, (Cal.) despatch, was one of the most exciting fish fights ever observed here.

Killer whales interfere with the affairs of men at times. Instances are reported where bands of killers have attacked the carcass of a whale as the whalers were towing it to the ship, and forcibly carried away the dead fish.

WHY THEY STRUCK.

Workmen who Objected to Sitting Around and Doing Nothing. It has been customary for many people to consider the southern laborer as slow, lazy and shiftless, yet a writer in the Engineering Magazine says that no stranger could enter one of the mills or pass a day in the pine-timber woods without surprised by the vigor with which work is performed.

There was a murmur in the camp and in two days there was a general strike. Called upon for reasons, the spokesman stated the case of the men: "We all just doan like dis yar gwine ter wuk at seben o'clock. Wha'de use ob sittin' aroun' ter two hours in the mawnin' 'to gwine to wuk? We jus' ain't gwine to stan' it, dat's all."

Worm-Turning in Court.

A well-known barrister relates the following story with great gusto. Some time ago he had under cross-examination a youth from the country who rejoiced in the name of Samson, and whose replies were provocative of much laughter in the court.

A Retrograding State.

The population of Vermont was 330,551 in 1870, 232,286 in 1880, and 332,422 in 1890. In other words, the state has been practically stationary for twenty years, and during the decade preceding 1890 the gain was only 136 souls.

towns and rural communities, of course, lost ground, and the extent of the loss is illustrated in such facts as that during this period the number of farms shrank from 35,522 to 32,573, the total acreage from 4,882,588 to 4,795,636 and the improved acreage from 3,286,461 to 2,655,943, while the unimproved acreage increased from 1,596,127 to 1,729,703, and is now larger than in 1850.

A COUNTESS WHO SELLS PAPERS.

Early every morning, a little woman of 50 or thereabouts, sets a small table on the sidewalk in front of the Post Office Building on Washington street, in Brooklyn. She spreads out upon the table a great bundle of newspapers and proceeds to sell them. She is a quiet little woman. Usually she wears a gaiter. Her dress is taded and thin; so is she. Everything about her indicates pinching poverty.

Now there is nothing unusual in all this. There are many other faded and pinched little old women in Brooklyn and New York, and some of them sell newspapers. But the little old woman is one of those interesting people who have a history. She was countess, once, and is a grandniece of Pulaski, the great Polish patriot, who fought for America in the Revolutionary War and fell gallantly at the siege of Savannah.

Her full name is Josephine Suffcenka Iarozka. Her story, as she tells it, begins when, a young Polish girl, she married Count Paul Iarozka and went to live in St. Petersburg. She had a high social position there. It was almost a generation ago that she was happy in a Russian capital for many years.

By-and-by she and her husband began to disagree. She does not say what caused the quarrel, but she says it was no fault of hers. Finally she left him. Then her husband retaliated in a manner that some people might call peculiarly Russian or Tartar. They had a son, a bright youth, and the father caused information to be sent to the government that he was in a conspiracy against the crown.

To watch a ship's crew in the most exciting moment of clearing for action is to realize the value of discipline in its most perfect development—the result of the constant practice that gives faultless precision. When bugles sound the call and the boat-swain's mate's pipe shrill echoes the men wherever they may be, whether on watch or asleep in their hammocks, assemble at their allotted posts with marvellous celerity. There is a momentary tramping of feet between decks, a rattle of arms, and then silence so profound that any word of command can be distinctly heard fore and aft along the deck of even such a ship as the "R-pulse."

The other day Mr. Toole entered a dairy, and in his most solemn manner addressed himself to the man as follows:—"I will take a boy," looking round at the sleeves. "A boy, sir?" asked the dairyman, fairly puzzled. "Yes, or a girl," answered the actor.

Treasures of the Kremlin. The czar recently gave orders, at the suggestion of Russian scholars, that the underground rooms of the Kremlin at Moscow should be searched for hidden treasures. It is hoped that in them the famous library of Ivan the Terrible may be found, which contained more than eight hundred Greek and Latin manuscripts unknown to the western world.

Mrs. Dooley whose husband is out of work—Sure it's the continted woman you should be, Mrs. Mooney, wid yer husband wid a life job as night watchman at the warehouse. Mrs. Mooney (excitedly)—Continted, is it? An' that warehouse full of open hatchways! An' him walkin in his sleep!

After the Fight. First Philistine—"Goliath had no business to fight, anyway. He was out of condition." Second Philistine—"Yes. Didn't expect it to come off for five years. Did you have much on it?"