

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from its new quarters, 29 to 31 Canterbury street, St. John, N. B. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

Discontinuances.—Except in those localities where it is easily reached, Progress will be stopped at the time paid for. Discontinuances can only be made by paying arrears at the rate of five cents per copy.

All letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for reply. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

Circulation of this paper is over 13,000 copies; is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

Copies can be purchased at every known news stand in New Brunswick, and in every news of the cities, towns and villages of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island every Saturday, for Five Cents each.

Remittances should always be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letters. The former is preferred, and should be made payable in every case to EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher. Halifax Branch Office, Knowles' Building, George and Granville streets.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640.

S. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DEC. 8.

THE LATE FRANCIS BAIN.

The recent death of FRANCIS BAIN, of North River, P. E. I., has brought forth surprisingly little comment from the press. And yet he was a man who should be especially honored by his countrymen, for it was for the benefit of his countrymen that he confined his labors to a small part of the globe, whereas he might have gained a world-wide fame among all classes of people had he been more cosmopolitan.

As it was, he was well and favorably known as a scientist of genius by the world's scientists. The fact that he confined himself within narrow limits may not, after all, limit his fame in coming years. The Reverend GILBERT WHITE confined the observation from which grew one of the most celebrated of all works on natural history within the narrow limits of the village of Selbourne.

AUDUBON himself could not have written a better account of the birds of any particular district than FRANCIS BAIN did of the birds of Prince Edward Island. The Natural History of Prince Edward Island, from his pen, is one of the most entertaining of text-books. As a botanist, he was a recognized authority on the wonderfully varied and beautiful flora of this part of Canada. His botanical lectures were inspiring. As a geologist he was highly commended by Sir WILLIAM DAWSON, and by his son, Dr. GEORGE DAWSON, of whom Sir WILLIAM said he knew far more geology than his father. Mr. BAIN was the discoverer of a magnificent fossil, to which was given his name. The Dominion government appointed him geologist for the Prince Edward Island tunnel survey. As a botanist, and geologist, and natural historian, he has contributed numerous articles to various scientific magazines, and many equally good to the press of Prince Edward Island.

He was not a college-bred man. "His only teachers had been woods and hills." But they are, after all, the teachers that tell the secrets that lie nearest to Nature's heart. "Unfortunately," said a friend to PROGRESS, speaking of Mr. BAIN, "his early life was spent on a farm." Unfortunately? It is a great misfortune for a man not to have spent part of his early life on a farm. Early life on a farm is the making of poets and scientists. Early life on a farm is oftentimes the making of men who are farmers all their lives, but are none the less poets and scientists from being continually engaged in what WASHINGTON called "the noblest occupation of man." It is true that LONGFELLOW had some grounds for his assertion:

Man have no faith in five-spun sentiment Who put their trust in bullocks and in bees, but this is no by any means always so. It is five spun sentiment that throws a glory on the gifts of God, and makes life worth the living.

Whether or not FRANCIS BAIN would have been greater had he spent more of his life indoors, it is certain that he was great. It is unnecessary to speak of him outside of his scientific life. The true lover of nature is always a true lover of men, and a true man.

INCONSISTENT REFORMERS.

Chicago reformers of either sex do not seem to be remarkably consistent. One of the things that the strikers struck about last summer was the "social distinction" made by Mr. PULLMAN in refusing to allow brakemen on duty to luxuriate in parlor cars, and in giving "PULLMAN cars" passes to the higher officials of the railway and not to the lower ones. It was not at all seemly for the strikers to charge Mr. PULLMAN with undue "social distinction" in a matter which would seem to have called for no complaint, when the American Railway Union itself, only a week before the strike, voted down a resolution to strike out of their constitution a clause restricting membership in that body to railway men born of white parents. This certainly seemed a far more unchristian case of social distinction, especially when the pretensions of the American union were considered.

Now it is the Woman's Club of Chicago, which has been loud in clamoring for the rights of its members, and has recently proved that it is not, after all, a consistent

upholder of "equal rights." The question when they showed their inconsistency is like that of the strikers, the old one of race prejudice. "At a recent meeting," according to a contemporary, "the club got into what in a masculine assembly would be termed a row, in trying to decide whether the celebrated colored lecturer FANNY BARRIER WILLIAMS should be admitted to membership." The only objection to Miss WILLIAMS was her color. There was a considerable majority against her. That there was, at this meeting, something which "in a masculine assembly would be termed a row" is, to a certain degree, cheering, as showing that the women who formed the majority of voters were not the only determined members of the society.

The person who starts a successful society for the reform of reformers will be the greatest of them all.

It is with pleasure that PROGRESS follows the suggestion made by a mark around a paragraph in a copy of the Brockton, Mass., Enterprise, which recently reached here, and copies the paragraph, which refers to a Thanksgiving meeting of the Sons and Daughters of the Maritime Provinces in Friendship Hall, Boston. There were, some years ago, people in New England States who seemed ashamed of the place of their nativity, because that place happened to be in the maritime provinces. Their United States companions, knowing little and caring less about these provinces, were wont to be very sceptical as to the possibility of any good thing coming out of Nazareth. But some provincialists in the New England States who were proud of their native land, held an entertainment at which some of the glories of their home-country were shown to their New England friends.

A play was gotten up which made the provincialist who pretended to be a native of the States an object of ridicule and contempt by both Canadians and Americans. It is wonderful what good a little judicious ridicule and a little judicious advertising will do. The Sons and Daughters of the maritime provinces are respected by their United States companions, and better still, are respected by themselves and their countrymen in Canada. The people of the States are realizing that much of the brain power that exerts such a beneficial force in their country was originally nourished in the maritime provinces and other parts of Canada. Moreover our country is now the resort of more American tourists than it ever was before—another thing for which we have, to a great measure, to thank the Sons and Daughters of the Maritime Provinces.

The Victoria Home Journal is an outspoken vindicator of an outspoken press. In its last issue, the editor gives expression to his views on "personal journalism"—so called by some literary periodicals—as follows:

A great deal has been said about personal journalism, and many astute newspapers pretend to deprecate the habit of indulging in such groundless ethics. To the ordinary mind, it will appear that the press that abuses this "unethical" diet does so through habit or policy, and, instead of being controlled by exalted motives and high principles, dare not tell the truth. This abstention from "personal journalism" often relieves the newspapers from telling the most disagreeable truths. Yet a keen and proper sense of responsibility to the public should compel publicity of facts where they border on the lives and property of honest men. Hundreds of illustrations might be cited of men engaged in various pursuits founded on an illegitimate base, it shown up in their true aspect, would spare the feelings and pocket-books of countless and unsuspecting individuals.

The Chatham World seeks to justify itself for a mistake which it made some time ago, and PROGRESS brought to its notice, by pointing out that the London Times lately made the same mistake. "Now," says the World, "the literary editor of PROGRESS will be after the London Times with a sharp stick." On the contrary, PROGRESS will be cautious in criticising the Times, as its London contemporary can defend itself by citing the precedent of the Chatham World.

The Manchester ship-canal, which aroused much interest here on account of a Nova Scotia vessel being the first to enter it, is undoubtedly convenient, but it cost considerable money. The corporation of Manchester guaranteed the interest on the debentures, and there will now be a tax of 1s. 7½d. on the pound in all rentals, in addition to the existing taxation, to meet the liability.

A leading scientist has just discovered that nitrate of cobalt is an absolute specific for prussic acid poisoning. The great difficulty in regard to the practical utility of this discovery is that a strong dose of prussic acid kills in about a minute, and a minute is in most cases apt to be too short a time in which to find the nitrate of cobalt bottle.

IGNATIUS DONNOLLY has decided to permanently leave the mazes of politics in order to have time to give more attention to the cryptograms of literature.

Emperor WILLIAM has taken a leaf from Lord ROSEBURY's book. One of his horses won \$53,000 this year.

Christmas Cards, Art Calendars and Booklets. Lowest prices. McArthur, 90 King street.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Voice Within. I could not tell where the music was, Or why it should follow me round; Full of a beautiful melody, Enchanting in every sound.

Sweet notes of a minstrel's golden harp, Still whispering softly near; The weird and wonderful murmuring, In the sorrowful heart of a tear. My soul sang free in a language sweet As every note of the tune; Lulling my inward ear with the charm, Of a wind swept lake in June;

The stungle of life might bitter be, And the spirit seem rent in twain; But the marvellous music compassed me, Till the struggle lo! all its pain. One night as all fell lay wrapp'd in sleep, That music voice became; And sang to me such a heavenly hymn, As an angel alone could name.

"I am the breath of a life divine, In the spirit's eternal elme; I echo the songs of the Eden land, Over the hills of time. "Lover's anthem I chant to your inmost self, The self that is not your own; The harmony of the light on high, Revealing its hidden tone.

True nature's child must a poet be, By mountains and fields and floods; From the earth and the sky his music comes; And he is Jehovah's God's." O touch the chords of the soul of love, 'Till all the world shall cry; Immortal music he brings to us, His heart is beyond the sky.

Life's storms of sorrow and trials keen, May beat us hard in the race; But our souls rejoice when he sings to us, By the fount of immortal grace. O poet, sing as a happy child Goes singing about his home; Sweet hymns of a solitude unexplored, No mortal may ever roam. As in the vast blue dome of space, God's angels unite his plans; Oe hand of the poet the Father holds, The other hand is man's."

Willow Glen, Nov. 1894. CYRUS GOLDBE.

After All. We separated, you and I, To say no more what we had said; Only to look our last good-bye, And living, being as if dead.

We might have been together still, If love could destiny control; But yielding to a higher will Must test our fortitude of soul.

And yet though each must take the way In life that leads us far apart; We know we never can gainstay The language of the inmost heart. Perchance for love that cannot die, Our sorrow may, like besting gold, For some sad life where night clouds lie, Wings of blessed peace unfold.

Never where green leaves laughing sing, The glory of the heart's summer day; Shall we in splendid roses bring The treasured words we longed to say.

Never again, true heart of mine, Can we our twilight coming see; But who knows in the realms divine What greetings wait for you and me. Aspen Vale, Nov. 1894. CYRUS GOLDBE.

The Price of a Kiss. Where the ranges dip down to the plain at their base, In the lap of the gully lies "Tressider's Place," And the dancers are rioting it merry and bright For the honor of Kitty, his daughter, to-night.

With a clatter of hoofs and a jingle of bells The troopers ride, and the ucerment melts, And men stand aghast, who were laughing before, At the glitter of steel, as they crowd to the door.

Tom Govan, lone-hunted, is captured at last, And the days of his riding and rading are past; They bring him, a prisoner, half naked and stark, And to rest there the night is the favor they ask.

In the stable they lash him to post and to ring, For the strength of his arm is a marvellous thing, Then they join in the dance and the night wanes apace, And there's laughing and loving at "Tressider's Place."

But Kitty creeps out and stands weeping apart, For the love of Tom Govan that lies at her heart, For in good and in evil, through sin and through shame, The love of a woman alone is the same.

But a form is beside her, a voice at her ear, The voice that of all the best wishes to hear—"Tis the trooper who first ran her lover to earth, And whose love she had treated with scorn and derision."

"Kate," he whispers, "to-night bid your love good-bye. If he leaves he re-to-morrow Tom Govan will die, But just smile on me kindly and give me one kiss, And to prove how I love you I'll give you—see—"

He holds up his hand and he shows her a key— One latch in the lock and Tom Govan is free— He would barter his honor, with traitors claim kin, For one smile from the woman he never can win.

She falters a moment, then raises her face, Puts her hand in his own—"You may kiss me," she says. "When you're both far away," and he toys with her hair, "You might give me a thought—if you've any to spare."

There is saddling and mounting at "Tressider's Place," For of Tom and his sweetheart no man finds a trace— But One lies on the grass, a revolver he grips, And 'tis the smile he bought, maybe, that's still on his lips. —E. R. Epinaise, in Sydney, (Aus.) Bulletin.

The Wild Ride. I hear in my heart, I hear in its ominous pulses, All day, the commotion of sinewy, mane-tossing horses; All night in their stalls, the importunate tramping and neighing.

Let cowards and laggards fall back; but alert to the saddle, Straight, grim and abreast, vault our weather-worn galloping legion, With stirrup-leads to the one gracious woman that loves him.

The road is through dolor and dread, over crags and morasses; There are shapes by the way, there are things that appeal or entice us; We are knights, and our souls are but bent on the riding.

Thought's self is a vanishing wing, and joy is a cobweb, And friendship a flower in the dust, and glory a snare; Not here is our prize, nor, alas! after these our pursuing.

A dipping of plumes, a tear, a shake of the bridle, A passing salute to this world, and her pitiful beauty; We hurry with never a word in the track of our fathers.

I hear in my heart, I hear in its ominous pulses, All day, the commotion of sinewy, mane-tossing horses; All night in their stalls, the importunate tramping and neighing. We spur to a land of no name, outracing the storm wind; We leap to the infinite dark, like the sparks from the anvil. Thine, O God! All's well with Thy troopers that follow. LOUISE IMMOEN GUINNY.

The Eternal Hills.

The path that leads to "the eternal hills" Is rugged, steep, beset with many ills. And he who would a footing surely hold Must onward firmly press, be fearless, bold. At every turn is seen a brighter way, Alluring joys which tempt the weak to stray. But prayer dispels the vision from the sight, The pilgrim sees the distant holy light. Each weary day beholds a triumph won Through the inspiring power of God the Son, And as the times and seasons onward roll Trusting in God each weary laden soul With firmer step, with love abounding strong, Hears the faint echo of the heavenly song. FENO.

A Divided Duty. My brother bids me bind my hair With ribbons of Yae blue; But all my heart's with Harvard fair— Ah, what shall I do?

Can I, dissembling hide my pain If Yae should win the toss? Or grieve, 't' though a lover's gain Should prove a brother's loss? Then, fade and droop, ye azure bows, If points are lost to Yae, The while my cheek with crimson glows, And tells another tale! —Life.

"FILOSOFY AND FOLLY." By Jay Bee.

'Tis the uncertainties of life that make it worth living.

'Tis also the certainties of death that make it worth dying.

Never grumble at your wife's fondness for dry goods, while your own desire for wet goods is still unappeased.

Many a home's social aspect is marred by the so-called social glass.

The nude in art is immoral only to the evil minded.

A straw shows not only the way the wind blows but also the way the ale goes.

The innocence of childhood is altogether too soon supplanted by the misceal progressiveness of time.

Secularism disappears when charity knocks at the door of largeheartedness.

One could preach more in half an hour than one hundred could practise in half a year.

Making the most of present opportunities ensures more happiness than all the speculation as to what we would do if we became millionaires.

Remorse is to the quickened conscience what gangrene or mortification is to the physical structure.

What did your friend die of? Oh let me see, I think it was "Bronchitis-asthmaticus Tamore-stitis" or "Pulmonitis-obscuro-computaribus." Thanks, I can't mention it, don't you read the weekly health reports?

Poetical prose is no worse than prosy poetry.

Do you believe in woman suffrage? Decidedly not, many a woman's suffrage begins with her marriage.

A fruitless task—gathering "muck oranges."

A gentleman with better ideas than language with which to express them, said the other day, that he would like to go to a certain entertainment but for the fact that he had an "invasion" to the person's "exception" also that too much "responsibility" "revolved" upon the parson anyway.

The defunct elephant has his "Saratoga" packed away, and will not visit Tasee any more.

Say pa! What's Ratio? Oh! go to bed child. Ratio was a son of Ho-ratio.

"A cup of cold water in charity gives in more commendable than ostentatious almsgiving."

As art deteriorates by attempting to improve upon nature, so does our individuality by affecting characteristics unnatural to ourselves. Therefore be natural.

The inability to appreciate a joke denotes the absence of one of the best parts of our nature.

"Cold water" is the damper which some people throw upon the exhibition of lightheartedness.

True lightheartedness is like a duck's back, the water rolls off.

The realisms of our dreams would entail more annexes to our asylums.

A thermometer life—one of ups and downs.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

The Christmas Book Buyer is always beautiful. It is especially beautiful this year. The best illustrations of the best books of this season are reproduced. The most of the pictures from the Harper holiday books are, however, the same as appear in the Christmas number of Harper's Magazine. Some others might have been furnished, one would think. Although there are more pictures in the Christmas number of the Book Buyer than in the other numbers of the year, the letter-press is scarcely as entertaining.

There could scarcely be a Christmas present more likely to be appreciated by the careful housewife than a copy of "The Little Helpmate," by E. M. Tree, steward of the Union club, of this city, late of St. James' club, Montreal. There are a good many valuable receipts in it that are of use not only at Christmas time, but also all the year around. Mr. N. W. J. Haydon of St. John is the publisher.

PEN AND PRESS.

Presumably it is Dr. Ross that PROGRESS thanks for three copies of the Sydney, (Australia) Bulletin. The Bulletin is a lively paper. Its cartoons are by an American—some say he is a Canadian—L. Hopkins, who used to do work for Our Little Ones and the Nursery. They are daring and, for the most part, admirable. Dr. Talmage's attitudes have received the attention of Puck, Judge and Jingo, but nobody else seems to throw into them the grotesque picturesqueness of Mr. Hopkins' caricatures. The poetry in the Bulletin has the swing of the bush. A poem from its columns is reprinted in another one of ours. The paper has a dash about it that is startling, but not offensive, like that of some of the other Australian journals.

Bargains in Photograph Albums at McArthur's Book Store, 90 King street.

NEW XMAS GOODS. Are being daily Opened at C. FLOOD & SONS. and in variety and choiceness have never been excelled in Canada, and we hope our friends and customers in St. John and throughout the provinces will appreciate our efforts to always give them the largest and best assortment of Choice Holiday Goods to select from. We mention a few of the many articles which will make a choice and appropriate Xmas Present. Solid Silver Brush, Comb and Mirrors, Onyx Tables, Smoker's Sets, Ladies' Dressing Cases in Silver and Leather, Princess and Banquet Lamps, a very choice assortment. Also our assortment of choice China, cannot be equalled, and we have today opened a large assortment of Royal Hanover B. Hemia and Vienna Ware, which are all new and choice. We have a large assortment of Choice Gift Books, also all the new Juvenile Books including The Boys' and Girls' Annuals. "Leisure Hours," "Sunday at Home." In addition to our assortment of atractive goods we have lots of inexpensive goods including Dolls and Games. All last season's goods at much reduced prices. C. FLOOD & SONS.

INDIAN SINGERS.

Their Vocalization is Crude, but Highly-Appreciated by Their Fellows.

In an address delivered in Washington, D. C., upon "Indian Music," Miss Alice Fletcher stated that the music of the Indians is solely and simply vocal. Their songs are compositions which have in them nothing borrowed from instruments, no artificial instigation. An Indian melody never serves two sets of words; there is no instance where people have a custom like our own of singing the different stanzas of a ballad to the same tune.

A large proportion of Indian songs are entirely without words, syllables being used to carry the tones. Perhaps the most striking peculiarity of Indian music is the lack of definite pitch among the Indians. The Indian starts his song where the natural quality of his voice and his present mood renders it easiest for him to sing it. A tenor will naturally sing upon a higher pitch than a bass; a soprano will differ from a contralto. The pitch of a song depends upon the individual.

With the Indian there has never been anything we should call vocal training—any drill as to pitch. Some Indians, like some white people, always sing flat; while some Indians, like some of us, have what we call natural musical ears, and they sing in tones surprisingly near to our standards. Such Indians are recognized by their fellows as musical leaders. They are considered the best singers, men whose services are sought and paid for on occasions of festivity.

A Fine Toy Store. The advertisement of the Bazaar which appears in this issue is worth a careful reading, as everybody will want to know, for the next two weeks, where to buy the newest toys, dolls, games, Christmas cards and celluloid callendars. All should visit the Bazaar, which is situated at 91 Charlotte St., nearly opposite the Dufferin Hotel, and there they will find an entirely new stock of Christmas goods to select from. This store is in charge of Mr. E. I. Nixon and his staff of young lady clerks will be only too pleased to attend to the requirements of those who favor the bazaar with a call.

Holman & Duffell's Line. There appears in the advertising columns of PROGRESS this week an invitation to its readers from Holman & Duffell to call and inspect their assortment of Caristm's novelties. These gentlemen have launched out this year in a different line from their old business and have made a careful and select purchase of Christmas goods. They have on their counters such goods as are bound to attract the eyes of both old and young.

To Xmas Buyers. If you live out of town and cannot find just what you want at your own stores, do as Daniel & Robertson suggest! Write to them and have the privilege of returning anything not entirely satisfactory.

Without Argument. An exchange prints a story which may be commended to the attention of all public speakers who have the dangerous gift of fluency.

A young lawyer talked for several hours to a jury in Indiana, to the weariness of all who were obliged to listen. At last he sat down, and the opposing counsel, a white-haired veteran rose to reply. "Your honor," said he, "I will follow the example of my young friend who has just finished, and submit the case without argument."

With that he took his seat and the silence was oppressive.

To Prevent Frosted Windows. All of us know what a nuisance a steam or frost covered window is in cold weather. A very thin coat of glycerine applied to both sides of the glass will prevent any moisture forming thereon, and will stay until it collects so much dust that it cannot be seen through; for this reason it should be put on very thin. Surveyors can use it on their instruments in foggy weather, and there is no film to obstruct the sight. In fact, it can be used anywhere to prevent moisture from forming on a surface.

A Highland Minister's Illustration. The necessity of being cautious in the use of illustrations is shown by the following extract from a Highland minister's sermon:—"My friends, you think we have great trouble here, and that if you were to go into another parish you would leave all your troubles behind you. No!—no, indeed! There is trouble everywhere, my friends! Did I not once hear the great and good McCall say, and say truly, 'If I took a man and put him into a barrel and closed both the ends, still he would have trouble! Yes, ind, ed, my friends! yes, indeed!'"

He Had Power Over the Wind. The first windmill in Germany was built at Windsheim. The Augustine monks at that place desired to build one such as they had seen in Italy, but the lord of the manor forbade them, declaring that the winds belonged to him. The monks applied to the Bishop of Utrecht, who promptly laid down the fundamental principle that no one had any power over the winds of his diocese but himself. He gave permission to build the mill, and it was erected in the closing years of the fourteenth century.

Not Wholly So. "False one," he said, "Would that I never had wed you. Your teeth are false, your complexion is store made, your hair is another's. You are wholly false."

"No, not wholly," she replied, "I have a mind of my own, as you well know." And he was forced to admit the bitter truth of her statement.

The Bank Safe. A little financial trouble, which caused the closing of a bank in Arizona, is accounted for by the following notice, posted on the bank doors: "This bank is not busted; it owes the people \$36,000; the people owe it \$55,000; it is the people who are busted; when they pay we'll pay."