

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from its office at 111 Canterbury street, S. J. B. Sawyer is proprietor and Editor.

40 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.

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

Discontinuation. - Except in those localities which are 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.

Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 35 words) cost 25 cents each insert. Five cents extra for every additional line.

Remittances should always be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. The former is preferred, and should be made payable in every case to EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher.

The 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.

Halifax Branch Office, Knowles' Building, corner George and Granville streets.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 13.

MAKE YOUR OWN CHOICE.

Whether we will follow the advice of the Tax Reduction Association and select the gentlemen in a few months have selected for us our new common council, or whether we will exercise our own best judgment and vote for the best men nominated by both sides is the question that a good many citizens are thinking over. It is well that they should give it careful thought because much depends upon the choice they make. Perhaps it is not too much to say that the association this year has not the same opportunity to arrest the attention of the citizens. There are many people who think that the work they have done should satisfy them and that while not ceasing to be an association they should be content to be regarded as a sort of a watch-dog—a guard against the inclinations of boodlers. This indeed would be a responsible position, but the T. R. A. are not content with that, they wish to go forward, and in attempting to do so we fear that they have gone backward—at least in their methods. Their intentions no doubt are as praiseworthy as ever but in our opinion they have made such grievous errors and blunders in their efforts to complete their arrangements for this year that it is very doubtful indeed if the citizens will give them the same individual support as they received on the last occasion. Tuesday will tell the tale and unless the signs change the next council will not all fight under the T. R. A.

LET THEM WRITE POLITICS.

An event of great interest in Canadian journalism is the publication of an issue of the Toronto Globe solely the work of women. For one day all the male members of the editorial and business staffs of that paper are to be discharged and their places filled by women. The ladies regularly employed on the Globe are to be retained. This is, as already intimated, a matter of exceeding interest, but the Globe robs the event of what would make it of unique interest by creating the provision that the paper shall be non-political. On ordinary occasions the Globe, as is well known, has very decided opinions as to politics. In fact, a good many people would withdraw the subscription to the Globe were not the paper political. And now when the women are given a chance to show what kind of a Globe they can get out, they are hampered by a restriction which prohibits them from doing the very thing which would serve to make the woman's Globe of most vital interest—which is the most characteristic part of any other Globe.

It would be an entertaining journalistic and political event if the two leading papers of Toronto—the Globe and the Mail and Empire—would give their managements into the hands of women for a week, during which time the political issues of the day would be freely discussed from women's as well as from liberal and conservative standpoints. Then some idea of the eligibility of women for the ballot might be obtained.

The Arabian legend of the giant in the bottle is familiar to all. Here is a modern exemplification of it: A Harvard professor, whose proudest dream was that of advantageously crossing the European moths with the American silkworm, allowed his one solitary imported caterpillar to escape. The result is that the commonwealth of Massachusetts is now petitioning the United States congress to rid the land of an insect which has already destroyed the trees within three hundred and fifty square miles of territory and threatens the whole country. Several thousand dollars have already been expended with very little result in endeavoring to rid the state of the pest. The Harvard professor did not manage to make a new insect, but he has been the cause of there being an interesting colony of the European moth established in the New

World which seems to be increasing and multiplying by geometrical progression.

The dates of the exhibition are announced from September 21 to October 4. The work so far has been of the most successful nature. The city has given its grant, the province has pledged its aid and it now remains for the citizens at large to back up the efforts of the exhibition association and to make this fair a crowning success. The business men of the city, the professional men, the classes and the masses should all unite to make the show a great success. Let St. John do its best, let it show the people of the maritime provinces and of all Canada that we can give an exhibition that will be creditable to our city and to the province. Too much publicity cannot be given to the announcement—too great attention cannot be given to impressing the people abroad with the fact that we are going to have one of the greatest and grandest shows ever in this town of ours this fall.

There has, fittingly enough, been no incumbent of the post laureateship since the death of TENNYSON, and now another of the ancient offices of England is vacant—that of censor of the stage. There does not seem to be any pressing need for this censorship, which is about as absurd a thing at the present time as could be imagined. The chance nominee of the Crown has had the privilege of finally condemning, or mutilating to suit himself, a dramatist's work without a word of explanation, and with supreme judgment, from which there can be no appeal. There must be a good many people in England who would like to have that position. One holder of the office seemed not to rely altogether on his own judgment, however, for recently a comical representation of the Sultan of Turkey was forced off the boards at the request of the Turkish ambassador.

One of the most entertaining contributions to the study of the silver question is the discovery made by a Cincinnati merchant while selling a dozen solid silver spoons. The purchaser told him that he would pay him in silver, and so gave him silver dollars enough to pay for his purchase, remarking that he had given the merchant more silver than the merchant had given him. The merchant would not be convinced that such was the case until he weighed the silver, when he was startled to find that the bullion in the spoons weighed so much more than the bullion in the dollars that the market valuation of the silver in the spoons was over the market value of the silver in the spoons just \$2.40. The labor on the spoons was not taken into consideration.

It has been said by enemies of the present president of the United States that the literary excellence of his messages and other writings that come from his hand is due to his gifted sister, ROSE ELIZABETH CLEVELAND. To show how unfounded and untrue the insinuations of his opponents are, it is only necessary to quote the following remark recently made by the president to one of his friends: "Every message that I have written to congress since my marriage, and every important state paper of any description, has been submitted to Mrs. CLEVELAND before it was sent out. My wife has excellent taste as to style and force of words, and I am indebted to her for a great deal of valuable assistance."

Queen VICTORIA has been reported ill for some time past, and a few days ago there was a report on Wall street that she was dead. "The rumor," says a New York contemporary, "was the most curious thing that ever happened in that ever curious street. The story was, of course, exciting because of the complications that might arise on the death of the Queen, but it did not happen to effect the market." An investigation demonstrated that the report had its origin in Canada. A Montreal newspaper had announced the death of Mrs. PARAN STEVENS and had spoken of her as "Queen of the Victoria"—the Victoria being a Montreal hotel.

The Ninety-Five Club is a new woman's society recently formed in Chelsea, England. It is strictly non-political, its aim being to help the progressive movement in local and municipal affairs. Members address envelopes, conduct local canvasses and read papers on such questions as the unification of London, the work of the common council and the equalization of the rates. Work is the basis of honorable membership, and the performance of a certain amount will entitle a member to a certificate something like the reward card of youthful days. They hope to counteract some of the confusion of local elections.

The Kansas courts have decided that persons who commit crimes under hypnotic influences are not responsible for their actions. Now it will be in order for a divining science to be invented which will show whether or not persons who commit crimes do so under hypnotic influence. As there is not yet such a science, many guilty people will probably go free in Kansas, and yet, as the power of hypnotism is now undoubted, how is one to know who

is really guilty? The question is one of the important and perplexing ones of the day.

There is a male teacher in a New York grammar school who is determined that in this age of woman, downtrodden man shall have some of his rights, at any rate. For years the position he holds had been filled exclusively by women, and the fifteen young ladies who are the other teachers in the school have declared a boycott against him. They will have nothing to do with him, but he declined to be moved by their indifference, does his work to the satisfaction of the principal and is likely to remain where he is for some time at least.

The day of discovery is not yet over. ARCHIBALD STUART, a young Scotchman, visited the region about the source of the Saguenay river a short time ago, and found large areas of valuable timber and great tracts of land eminently fitted for village, where there was supposed to be only a howling wilderness. Even in the British Isles some of the lakes are unsurveyed. None of them were systematically sounded until 1893, when the work was begun by Mr. CUMBERLAND, and he has not yet finished his undertaking.

Rev. Mr. CLEVELAND, of Watertown, N. Y., is as "serene and resolute and still, and calm, and self-possessed" in the face of opposition as Rev. Mr. LITTLE, of Saxsex. The Watertown clergyman has been asked by a majority of 38 to 1 to resign his pastorate, but refuses to do so. Mr. CLEVELAND is a brother of the president, and the republican press discovers in his disinclination to resign a family characteristic.

There is one priest in Quebec that is as worthy as any canonization as ST. VALENTINE. He has induced four hundred couples of French extraction, who were too poor to get married, to go from Michigan to the province of Quebec. He is providing each couple with a farm, and intends to marry them all on one day.

The memorial which Bostonians propose to erect to the memory of FRANCIS PARKMAN is one in which Canadians should be interested. This tireless American has done much for Canada in the line of tireless historical research. His books on Canadian history are more interesting than most novels.

The following exciting item is from the Lakeville correspondence in a Kings Co., N. S., contemporary: "On Monday evening, April 1st, Lakeville presented a scene of unusual activity. The cause of all the above commotion was the lecture to be given by Rev. Mr. BROWN in the Presbyterian church."

The church of England clergymen of Great Britain refrained during Lent from taking part in any movement or meeting and even from reading books having any references to controversial subjects—that is, if they obeyed the dictates of the Lenten pastoral of the Archbishop of York.

MARK TWAIN'S hands were recently photographed, and copies sent to each of four experts in palmistry. Only one of these discovered any trace of humor. But MARK, according to the testimony of some of his schoolmates, had his hands long before his humor.

Is the Bank of England honest in not paying as near as possible fractions of a penny? In the case of dividends on government stock, the fractions have in the course of years amounted to £140,000, which amount was lately paid over to the exchequer.

Governor MITCHELL, of Florida, seems to have come to the conclusion that he is not alone sufficiently powerful to prevent prize fights in his state, and has called upon the legislature to pass a law preventing their re-occurrence.

The French intend to reduce Madagascar to the condition of a French colony. The first time they intended to do this was nearly three hundred years ago, and they have been trying it at intervals since.

A leading Boston paper gives the Queen some titles she probably never received before. They are "Her Royal Majesty the Queen" and "Her Royal Highness the Queen of England."

The Massachusetts senate is considering an amendment to the constitution by which the presiding officers of the legislature shall be elected by the people on the regular state ticket.

A United States consul in Germany has discovered the prospect of a profitable trade for his country—that of shipping horses for Europeans to eat.

Salt is not a salt, carbolic acid is not an acid, and now the United States department of agriculture have decided that the peanut is not a nut.

Ex-Secretary of War LINCOLN says that it is a little early yet to discuss the silver question.

Philatelic Philanthropy. Saint Ludron, a Christian village on the banks of the Congo, colonized by negroes educated by the missionaries, is the product of postage stamps. More than 40,000,000 used stamps were collected in Brussels, from the sale of which the money needed was obtained. The Congo Free State gave the land.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Before Counting.

"Hark, love!" his morning sings the heart,  
Of a valley lily-white;  
Covered in the earth apart,  
In the darkest dark of night,  
Before its coming sings to me,  
How each leaf and pearl bell grows;  
How it soon awakes will be  
Watching for me with the rose.  
Man follows, guitars and flutes,  
Sing behind its sweet green sprays;  
Mingled with the strains of lutes,  
Wind sweeps in love's dream wrap days.  
"Come, my love!" I hear them call,  
Post, here thy harp lay down;  
Stared narcissus, hyacinth,  
Heliotrope; give these a crown.  
Winged across the violet seas,  
Love's white roses flying go;  
Calling in the twilight breeze,  
In the pink sky's tender glow.  
O poet, sing of love and spring,  
Blossom new and bud in tune;  
Bluebirds seek with outspread wing,  
Seek thee with the songs of June.

O ye green leaves come with voices,  
Solitude and surly and sour;  
Come your hymns of glory sing me,  
Last an I in man's world throng.  
Daffodil with golden banner,  
Blow your trumpet call, and come;  
Pansy, for you I am keeping  
In my dreaming heart a home.  
What is that new song, sweet Pansy?  
"Now you're jealous of the rest?"  
Don't you know, you dainty mortal,  
I love you the very best?  
"Don't I love the valley lily?"  
Yes, dear heart, but don't you see  
How the lily of the valley  
Loves you just the same as me?  
There is sentiment, my darling,  
In the valley lily's cup;  
Hearts of lovers love the pansy,  
Thoughts you have for them made up.  
Hark again, love! that's the lily  
Of the valley calling you;  
Love the post, sweet faced pansy,  
Till him still your heart is true.  
Pansy Porch, April 1895. CYRUS GOLDB.

Love's Resurrection.  
At every dawn of Easter-tide,  
When graceful lilies bloom;  
My love wakes up in hymns sublime,  
Out of a distant tomb.  
"So as by fire" some hearts are tried  
Or a sweet soul borne away;  
But beautiful forms of love abide  
In my soul on Easter day.  
She comes love crowned from snow-clad sleep,  
Herein in raiment white;  
Earth's darkest tomb could never keep  
Her sweet face from my sight.  
The stone is rolled away, the seal  
Thereon is gently broken;  
Upon my cheek her tears I feel,  
I hear her last words spoken.  
Death hath no chains the soul to bind,  
True says the sacred story;  
And every Easter still I find  
Love's resurrection glory.  
Pansy Porch, April 1895. CYRUS GOLDB.

A Father's Message.  
[The news of the sudden death of Seymour Black, who died at Mount Allison University in March, 1894, was called to Mr. Francis Tupper, who broke the news to the father, Hon. Hiram Black, who was also in London. On the morning of Good Friday the cablegram was received from Mr. Black: "I am in God's hands; my thoughts are of home."]

From the mother lands  
A message speeds under the foam:  
"I am in God's hands; my thoughts are of home."  
My thoughts are of home."  
A father's message comes in the dark, written in  
words of light;  
His thoughts were of his saddened home through  
the long and cheerless night;  
Calumnies came with the dawn: "My grief is o  
God, and the ways of God are right."  
For the sunlight of God pierced the cloud of his  
woe, and the star of the morning smiled;  
It was the morn of the direful day of the death of  
the Saviour;  
Who when a child had the heart of a man; when a  
man, the heart of a child.  
And the father who mourns for the manly lad whose  
soul was undivided,  
With the chastened heart of a manly man to his loss  
is reconciled,  
And places his hand in the hand of God, with the  
faith of a little child.  
In his grief he sends a message of comfort from over  
the sea,  
And the days of his mourning are hallowed in turn  
by the heartfelt sympathy  
That is borne through space on the whispering  
waves of the heart's telepathy.  
If it dark; no one understands;  
But the moments will come—  
His boy is in God's hands,  
For the Father has called him Home.  
HARRY ALBRO' WOODWORTH.

The Poets and Easter.  
That first Easter morning, when, weeping and spent,  
They found the tomb empty, the rock portal rent;  
Still down the long ages its glory is poured,  
As we scatter our songs at the feet of the Lord.  
And still "his our comfort that death-darkened eyes,  
In Jesus asleep shall with Jesus arise."

Mrs. M. E. SANSTARR.  
Oh when the strife of tongues is laid  
And the heart of hope beats loud  
When the prophets prophesy of ill  
And the mourners come and go,  
In this sure thought let us abide,  
And keep and stay our heart,  
That Easter Day and Easter Day,  
Earth's heaviest day and happiest day  
Were but one day apart.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.  
See, those Easter lilies laid  
On the cross begin to fade,  
If the one who bore them thicker,  
If a faith that will not wither;  
If he hath within his bosom  
Love to God and man in blossom;  
Though his dearest hopes decay,  
Health and riches pass away,  
Usen crosses he can dress  
And give life Easter cheerfulness.

FLETCHER BATES.  
Christ is risen, and once again  
He has burst the cruel chain;  
Honored wrong and aged crime  
Fare before his light sunline;  
Narrow creed and party strife,  
Bounds of sin and error flee—  
Christ is risen and man is free.

B. G. COLLINS.  
This is the beauty of our Easter morning  
In him humanity may now arise  
Out of the grave of self, all baseness soaring;  
The holy radiance of his glorious eyes  
Illumines every where uplifted faces;  
Touches the earthly with a heavenly glow  
And in that human light all human graces  
Unto divine beatitudes must grow.

LUCY LARCOM.  
Easter Lilies.  
O ye dear and blessed ones who are done with sigh-  
ing,  
Do Easter lilies blow for you today?  
Do the shining angels through heaven's arches  
fly  
Bear the snow-white blossoms on your breasts to  
lay?  
Once on Easter morning glad we gave you greeting—  
Gave you fair flowers, singing "Christ is risen to-  
day."  
Hands were clasped together, hearts and lips were  
meeting;  
Earls and we together sang a roundelay.  
Now—yet why repine we?—ye are done with sor-  
row,  
Life and Lent are over, with their prayers and  
tears;  
After night of watching, came the glad tomorrow,  
Came the blessed sunshine of eternal years.  
JULIA C. DONN.

AN OLD ST. JOHN EASTER.

WHEN MADAME LA TOUR DE-  
FENDED THE FORT.

The Basest Man and the Noblest Woman in  
History—Poems and Novels Their Deeds  
Inspired—Where is the Real Side of Fort  
La Tour?

When people are engaged with their  
Easter devotions tomorrow they should  
remember a famous Easter in St. John two  
hundred and fifty years ago. On that day the  
most heroic woman in all history was  
paying her devotions with her follow-  
ers in her home here and her very act  
of devotion proved her ruin. On that day  
she arose with as high hopes as will any-  
one tomorrow, but before night had fallen  
her spirit was quelled and a few days later  
she died of a broken heart.

It was the Easter of 1745 that saw these  
events enacted, scenes that have taken their  
place in history as being worthy to be kept  
always fresh in the minds of men and  
worthy to be placed before the young as  
incentives to them to seek nobility of char-  
acter.

That Easter Sunday saw Madame La Tour  
bravely defending her fort that guarded  
the mouth of the St. John from the attack  
of her husband's rival D'Aulnay Charnisay  
of Port Royal. There had long been a feud  
between the two chiefs of Acadia and twice  
before the fort had been attacked. Some  
years previously D'Aulnay had blockaded  
them but La Tour and his wife escaped  
in the night to Boston. There he waited  
or another chance and early in 1745 while  
La Tour was away, and the garrison was  
but a handful under command  
of Lady La Tour defending the fort he re-  
turned to the attack. On his first bom-  
bardment he was repulsed and he could  
take the fort only by treachery. While the  
garrison was at worship on Easter Sunday  
morning in their little chapel we made an  
attack. A faithless Swiss sentinel allowed  
them to approach without giving the alarm  
and the enemy were on the parapets be-  
fore the defenders knew of their approach.  
They fought so vigorously, however, that  
D'Aulnay found he would be repulsed and  
purposed honorable terms of capitulations.  
These Madame La Tour accepted and then  
her enemy perfidiously broke his vow.  
He hanged all the garrison and so insulted  
the brave woman that she died a few days  
after.

Thus were brought together on that  
day the noblest woman and basest man in  
history. The episode was a remarkable  
one and tragic in the extreme. The romance  
of Lady La Tour was one of the most  
attractive that color the pages of Acadia  
history and it has been made the subject  
of many poems and novels. Whittier im-  
mortalized her in his beautiful lines that  
tell her story. Harriet V. Cheney, an  
American novelist, some decades ago  
wrote the story of "The Rival Chiefs."  
"Constance of Acadia" was another novel  
published in Boston a few years ago. But  
the best of all the tales of the life of  
Catherwood's romance, "The Lady of  
Fort St. John," recently it is published a  
picturesque portrayal of the episode and an  
ideal presentation of Madame La Tour's  
character.

People who visit the city seem to place  
more value upon and take more interest  
in the La Tour story than the citizens of  
St. John do themselves. It is one which  
they should make themselves familiar with.  
There should be some memorial of Madame  
La Tour here, something to commemorate  
her heroism.

There has been some question as to the  
site of Fort La Tour. Some historians  
claim that Fort Dufferin was the site and  
others place it near Portland bridge on  
the point opposite Navy Island. But the  
more generally accepted theory places it  
on the Carleton side on the point that  
reaches out toward Navy Island and it is  
supposed to be on the very site where  
Fort Frederick was afterwards. The fort  
remained in the possession of the French  
for over a century after Lady La Tour's  
death, but in 1748 an expedition set out  
from Boston and captured the place. The  
fort was rebuilt probably on the same  
foundation and it remained a British mil-  
itary port for nearly a century.

From maps that were prepared at the  
time some idea of Fort Frederick may be  
obtained. A survey of the harbor was  
made in 1761 and this shows the position  
and outline of this fort. That plan of  
Carleton that was made in 1785 shows the  
ruins of the fort which had been abandoned  
in 1768. The fort covered the great part  
of the point and surrounded the slight  
knoll that is there. A small part of the  
embankment still remains. It is near  
the house of Samuel Belyea and is on the  
right hand side of Middle street just where  
the cross street is.

These plans, for a glance at which  
Progress is indebted to Mr. Hurd Peters,  
the city engineer, show that the fort was  
a square one with bastions at each corner.  
The bastions had three faces so as to  
command the walls. The entrance to the  
fort was on the end side of the fort and  
was protected by a wedge shaped earth-  
work. The fort was probably about 150  
feet square.

About twelve years ago some city work-  
men while excavating them unearthed the  
remains of a couple of hearths and some  
charcoal. They also found a rusted  
sword, an axe and the jawbone of an

immortalized her in his beautiful lines now  
in the possession of Mr. Geo. Harding of  
the chamberlain's office and the sword he  
thinks is French, though it is so rusty that  
it is hard to tell what the name is. On  
King street opposite Mr. Correll's house  
a graveyard was discovered some five  
decades since and it is supposed to be the  
repository of the bones of the Frenchmen  
who garrisoned Fort La Tour.

During the first portion of this century  
the point was occupied by a British garri-  
son but at last they were removed and  
squatters took possession of the point. For  
some years it was the scene of shipbuilding  
operations and Mr. Olive had his yard there.  
Then the British authorities claimed the  
property and it was settled by the prop-  
rietors of lots then paying compensation  
and receiving grants direct from the crown.

MR. SAWYER'S RESPONSIBILITY.  
He is Head of the Reading Department of  
the Youth's Companion.

That peer among the young folks' journals  
of America, the Youth's Companion, of  
Boston, Mass. numbers in its staff two  
rising literary men who are well known to  
this city. They are Mr. Craven Lang-  
stroth Betts, who is a New Brunswick-  
er, and Mr. Walter L. Sawyer, who though a  
Maine man, was connected for some years  
with St. John journalism and was one of  
the editors and originators of Progress.  
Mr. Betts has entered various fields of  
literary effort and has essayed with success  
tales and poetry. He is a student of the  
Persians and has published one or two  
editions de luxe with Persian subjects.

Mr. Sawyer's bright and vivid style is  
familiar to the early readers of Progress  
and he has many friends in this city. In a  
letter which he wrote some time ago he  
tells how magazines are made, especially  
the one with which he is connected and  
where he has the honor to be chief of the  
reading department.

The staff of the Companion numbers  
twenty-five persons and nine of these are  
employed in the manuscript reading divi-  
sion of the editorial department. Mr.  
Sawyer took charge of this division in  
December, 1893. It is his duty to assign  
all the manuscripts received by the journal  
to the readers and to see that each  
receives proper consideration, to fix the  
amount paid to each one accepted; to  
write or dictate the correspondence pertain-  
ing to those rejected; to read all impor-  
tant offerings; to "cultivate" promising  
contributors and to keep the paper in touch  
with old ones and, in brief, to maintain  
the traditions of the house of unflinching  
courtesy and generous dealing. It will  
thus be seen that his duties are responsible  
and when it is known that about 12,000  
manuscripts are received yearly it will  
be conceded that they are arduous.

He has written for a large number of  
journals, including Bloor's Magazine,  
Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly, Kate  
Field's Washington, the comic journals,  
etc. He has also succeeded in penetrating  
the charmed circle of the great magazines  
as the Century a year ago accepted a story  
of his entitled "The Kinds that Cared."  
But his administration work ties him down  
pretty well now and give him little time  
for purely literary writing.

Mr. Sawyer has been connected with jour-  
nalistic and literary work for about sixteen  
years. He commenced with a Portland  
(Me.) paper at seventeen years of age.  
Three years after he went on the Wash-  
ington Post as editorial writer, his political  
articles having attracted the attention of  
the owner, Hon. Silston Hutchins. Then  
he was assistant editor of the Portland  
Evening Advertiser and night editor of the  
Washington Post. In 1885 he spent  
several months in booming a cooperative  
colony to be located in Mexico and the  
three years following he was in St.  
John with the Telegraph and Progress.  
In 1889 he became assistant editor of the  
Boston Sunday Times and in 1892 he  
joined the staff of the Youth's Companion.

No "Old Home."

The condition of those people who were  
not brought up in the country, and who  
consequently have no "old home" to go to  
to, turning their backs upon the turmoil of  
the city, is well represented by a little  
scene reported in a Parisian paper: In the  
St. Lazare Station a man meets a  
friend hurrying with a beaming face, to  
get a train.

"Ah," he says, "are you going away?"  
"Yes, I'm going to spend a few weeks  
at my birthplace—my old home."  
"Happy mortal!" exclaims the first  
man with a sigh of envy.

"Why—are you unable to do the same?"  
"Unable, man! I was born in Paris."

Railways in the Alps.  
A railway to the top of the Jungfrau  
has at last been authorized by the Swiss  
Government. It is to go up the interior  
of the mountain in spiral tunnels, such as  
are used on the St. Gothard line, to a  
point twelve hundred feet from the sum-  
mit. Thence the mountain will be bored  
and provided with a lift, carrying travel-  
lers to the peak. A narrow ridge at the  
top will be levelled by blasting, and on the  
space thus secured a hotel or restaurant  
will probably be built. And now engi-  
neers are also thinking of a railway up the  
Matterhorn.

Carrier Pigeons.  
Since the practical demonstration of the  
value of the pigeon post during the siege  
of Paris in 1870, it has been widely adopted  
in Europe. The whole German frontier  
is connected by pigeon post with the  
military headquarters and with towns in  
the interior. Great Britain does not use  
it. Russia, however, has 3,000 birds along  
her Polish frontier alone.