

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ST. JOHN, N. B. SATURDAY AUGUST 10.

ONE HUNDRED AND FOUR.

"The days of our years are three-score years and ten; and it by reason of strength they be fourscore years: yet is their strength, labor and sorrow." So wrote the inspired singer, and such is the experience of mankind. Now and then a scientist comes to the conclusion that the normal period of man's life should be not less than a hundred years, and that all born in health and living proper lives should reach that age.

Usually, too, when one has journeyed so far there is a isolation from his or her fellows. The old friends and associates have passed away, and it is too late in life to form new ties.

The most remarkable instance of a really happy exception to the rule is mentioned in another part of this issue. Should Mrs. BLIZZARD, of Queen's county, live until next Friday, she will have reached the great age of one hundred and four years.

Still more remarkable is the fact that her faculties are well preserved, that her bodily health is good, and that ten of her sons and daughters are living to "rise up and call her blessed."

H. H. HOLMES THE HORRIBLE. H. H. HOLMES is guilty of one of the crimes with which he is charged hanging would seem to be much too good a fate for him. Up to date he is accused of having murdered eleven persons, and there it is a strong belief that this is only a partial list.

HOLMES is now in jail in Philadelphia, waiting to be sentenced to a conviction for having conspired to defraud an insurance company. It will not be worth while to sentence him on this charge, however, if a title of his other crimes can be proven.

HOLMES is accused, in the first instance of the murder of BENJAMIN F. PITZEL, who had conspired with him to defraud an insurance company. This man had his life insured for \$10,000, and the plan between the two was to get a body to be passed off as his, the money to be shared by the conspirators.

's still alive and had every confidence in HOLMES. He had taken one of the children from St. Louis to Philadelphia to identify her father's body, but she never reached home again.

HOLMES had an extraordinary building in Chicago, known as the "Castle." It was built under his direct supervision and had all sorts of dark rooms, tanks for gas, furnaces, etc., in the basement.

The next typewriter was EMILY CIGRAND, who likewise disappeared in the Castle. The motive in this case is supposed to have been fear that the girl might at some time disclose what she knew about HOLMES.

JULIA CONNOR, who was an assistant of the fellow in his schemes, also disappeared in September, 1892, and with her disappeared her child. Another employee in the Castle, a girl named VAN TASSELL, is also among the missing.

The Castle appears to be a veritable Golgotha, for all sorts of bones have been unearthed in the cellar. In most cases, however, HOLMES seems to have dissected his victims and had their skeletons mounted by his private articulator, a man named CHAPPELLE.

Despite of all that has been found, however, the actual evidence of murder has not been found, so as to convict HOLMES, unless it may be in the instance of the children in Toronto. In the other cases, so far, there appears more of a moral certainty than positive proof.

The contention that the Canadian Bisley team should be composed of men who have some title to be called Canadians appears to be sound. The fact that the Queen's cup was won by HAYHURST, an Englishman who was a brief sojourner in this country, and who made his name as a marksman before he came here, proves nothing for Canada or Canadians.

Had Another Wet Day. If the rain of last Sunday afternoon did not encourage the opponents of Sunday excursions, nothing in the world can. It came down so hard as to prevent even a dodging out of town between showers, for the first shower lasted for five hours.

Sare Bernhardt drew a large audience to a Paris civil court lately, where she was sued for not paying a horse dealer's bill. She said that she always destroyed receipts, but that she had paid this one, and being asked if she would swear to it, said "Je le jure," and won her case.

Sare Bernhardt expects to pass the summer in an old ruined castle on the Atlantic coast of Brittany, where she hopes to lead the life of a barbarian—and with no more clothes than a peasant woman would need. She comes to America in October.

W. K. Vanderbilt, jr. has imported a horseless carriage from Paris. Doubtless the rage will soon begin. In the meantime the faithful American horse is going to Paris in cars and will furnish visits to Americans with rich soup and picnic goods, as they take in Parisian wonders.

Authorities differ as to the rate of growth of the human hair, and it is said to be very dissimilar in different individuals. The most usually accepted calculation gives six and a half inches per annum. An Englishman's hair, allowed to grow to its extreme length, rarely exceeds twelve or fourteen inches; whilst that of a woman will grow in rare instances to seventy or seventy-five inches, though the average does not exceed twenty-five or thirty inches.

proposes to try the experiment of having himself buried alive, with the idea that he will be in like good condition when resurrected ten days later. He proposes to have himself covered with clarified butter, so as to seal all the pores of the body, be placed in a hermetically sealed coffin and buried six feet under earth.

From Scott Act Moncton comes the story of a bar-room fight and the death of one of the participants. According to the verdict of the coroner's jury, there was no visible cause of death, and nobody is to blame. The other fighter has accordingly been exonerated.

The verses entitled "Newcastle, Miramichi," which are published in this issue of PROGRESS, appeared in the Union Advocate earlier in the week, the writer having, apparently, sent a copy of the manuscript to both papers.

The idea that a signal flag on this earth might be seen by the inhabitants of the planet Mars is not repudiated by Sir ROBERT BALL, the great astronomer, who even goes so far as to give the dimensions the signal should have.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

The leading article in Donohoe's Magazine for August, is entitled, "The Jesuits and the Republic," by Michael J. Dwyer. It strongly opposes the idea that the Jesuits are doing otherwise than aiding to build up American character on lines essential to the well being of American institutions.

McClure's Magazine for August, has a fine variety of contents. All interested in the Chautauqua movement will be glad to read a very full and well illustrated article on Bishop Vincent and his works.

Whatever is—is Best. I know as my life grows older, And mine eyes have clearer sight, That under each rank wrong, somewhere There lies the root of Right;

After the shower, the tranquil sun; After the snow, the emerald leaves; Silver stars when the day is gone; After the harvest, golden sheaves.

After the burden, the blissful morn; After the flight, the downy nest; After the furrow, the waking seed; After the shadowy river—rest.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Newcastle, Miramichi. I've been back to our birthplace, Ned, to Newcastle, Miramichi— Back to the dearest spot, earth holds for you and me; Where boyhood's memories linger like spirits of the air.

The old town still queens the hill, her arm on the cliff below, While the course of the mighty river, bends round her like a bow;

Was the swimming good in the Cove? Do you think I am still a boy To go swimming like a duckling because the water was high?

Far away in the world of the past, When I sit in the twilight alone, I see, as I looked on it last, The beautiful face of Luone.

The Golden Side. There is many a rest on the road of life, And many a rest on the better land; If the querulous heart would wake up, The sunny soul that is full of hope,

Better to hope, though clouds hang low, And to keep the eyes still lifted, For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through When the ominous clouds are rifted.

Whatever is—is Best. I know as my life grows older, And mine eyes have clearer sight, That under each rank wrong, somewhere There lies the root of Right;

After the shower, the tranquil sun; After the snow, the emerald leaves; Silver stars when the day is gone; After the harvest, golden sheaves.

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LORD ROSEBERY.

Incidents in the Early Life of the Late Premier of Great Britain.

It was under the shadow of the ivy-covered ruins of Barnbougle Castle that Lord Dalmeny made his first speech. The occasion was a volunteer review on the 5th of September, 1851.

Of his Eton days there are faint memories. The late Lord Randolph Churchill, who was among his contemporaries, could tell how his grave demeanor obtained for him the name of the Counsellor.

The little things of life interest Lord Rosebery. Although not whimsical, he is particular about everything about him; even about the position in which a table may be placed.

Will the coming woman be a bearded Amazon and the coming man a weak and hairless freak? We are told by the anthropologists, the physiologists, and other "ists" that the coming man will be as bald as a billiard ball, and that his face will be smooth as that of a babe.

When you are run on the coconut plan, the "poor" milkman will be rich no longer, but the milk will.

There are two things most people dread, the maturity of a chicken and that of a note.

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HUXLEY AND THE BISHOP.

The Scientist had a Good Retort Ready for the Learned Ecclesiastic.

Anecdotes of Huxley are now in order, and it is related of the British Association meeting in Oxford in 1860, when the battle of the "Origin of Species" occurred, that he rather got the best of Bishop Wilberforce during the discussion.

Huxley, when his time for a reply came, had this to say: "I asserted, and I repeat, that a man has no reason to be ashamed of having an ape for a grandfather."

What Water Can Do. The effect of the hydraulic power, which is now used for the purpose of removing masses of earth, well-nigh passes belief.

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