# PROGRESS; SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1895.

## 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. Subscrip-tion price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

All Letters sent to the paper by persons having panied by stamps for a reply. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed energy and a stamped and addressed enevlope.

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

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A mouncements under this heading not exceeding five li es (about 35 words) cost 25 cents each inser 10n. Five cents extra for every additional

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

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

SIXTEEN PAGES. A VERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640.

## ST. JOHN, N. B.SATURDAY, OCT. 5

SUCCESS CROWNS THE WORK. The exhibition is over, and the strangers within our gates have departed with a bet. ter impression than ever of industries and resources of the city and province. They have seen the best and in all ways most successful display of the kind ever witnessed here or in any part of the maritime province. It has been so from every point of view, in respect to the quantity of exhibits, the quality of them, and the patronage by an appreciative public. On these points there has been no room for argument.

however, there is every indication that the anticipations of the most sanguine will be realized, and that not only will it be known as the best exhibition but by far the best paying one. While the exhibition has surpassed all

previons affairs of the kind, it is to be hoped that it will maintain that record only until the next one is held, and that each succeed ing exhibition will be in some degree an advance upon those which have preceeded

it. There is no reason why this should not be so, and many reasons why it will probably prove to be the case. Exhibitions are, of themselves, educators of those who take part, and the art, science and mys'ery of exhibiting in the best way is gained by experience. The experimental stage in St. John is past, and it now only remains to build in future on the solid foundation already laid. Success is a grest encourager in all undertakings, and there has been no lack of it in this instance. The next exhibition, whenever it

may be, is likely in many ways to eclipse that which has just been held. When such a project is again mooted, the voice of the pessimist and doubter will not be raised again in protest. We have seen what we can do, and have fith that we

can do it again.

#### HOPS AND HUMBUG.

A truly religious war seems to be raging in the far off state of Washington, with bug exterminator as weapons in the one hand and the prayers of the self-righteous on the other hand. The cause of the confl ct is the hop-not the dance of that designation, but the plant which beautifies and adorns alike the garden of the wealthy and the home of the humble-the bumulus lipulas, or common hop of commerce. To the ordinary individual the hop is rather a graceful climber with its luxuriant

green foliage, and the household hop vine is highy esteemed in the various latitudes in which it is 80 easily cultivated. The fruit of the hop is the flower the reof, gathered by pru- ty is not to be measured alone by his efforts dent New Brunswick farmer's wives before the late September frosts have had a chance to rip. This hop fruit, dried and put away, is useful for many purposes. It is the basis of the best kind of yeast. it is a favorite ingredient for poultices, and it is a prime factor in the making of beer. For this latter purpose it finds its best market, and readers of PROGRESS who may have visited the great hop plantations of such parts of the country as northern New York can realize that it is a very important industry. Those who drink beer or have triends who are addicted to beer, look upon the hop with a friendly eye, in view of the fact that the most destruction kind of beer is not made of hops, but from substitutes which chemistry supplies, and which are infinately more evil in

affirmative. At the time of this writing, fruits of the earth and all growing crops VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TOD 1Y in their season.

It is no wonder that the question is now and again raised whether the churches are losing their hold on the people. There would be no longer room for doubt were there an epidemic in the land of such blind spiritual guides as the gentlemen of the Seattle conference.

It will be seventy years, next Monday, since the great Miramichi fire. It swept upon Newcastle, from the forest, during the evening of Friday, the 7th of October, 1825, and in three hours had destroyed that village and the settlements in the vicinity. There were many at that time who believed the calamity to be a direct token of Divine displeasure at the people, but as so many wicked places in the province have grown and flourished since that time, the theory is not generally accepted in these days. Besides, there is no evidence that the people of Miramichi were any worse than the people of any other place at that time, and the reputation of their descendants within the memory of those now living has been anything but bad. They are, indeed, as a class, the very best of fellows, as everybody knows who has been there.

Some of the United States papers are telling of a remarkable family group in Indiana, consisting of a man aged ninetyseven and his nine children. The total aggregate of their ages is 671 years. This is by no means as remarkable as the case of Mrs. BLIZZARD, of Queens county, New Brunswick, who is now one hundred and four years old and has ten children, the total aggregate being 805 years, or on a average of seventy-three years for each member of the family of eleven. The group picture of this family, published in PROGRESS about two months ago, need not fear a rival as a representation of a remarkable family.

No man in modern times has builded himself a more enduring monument than Louis PASTEUR, whose death was announced this week. His work in the cause of humanAfter Tears.

In robes of gold and crimson fringe, Sad autumn walks the hills: And I am saddened too Laurene, Silence my spirit fills. Still in my soul your sweet face dwells, For truth's immortal years: Though leaf and bud and blossom fade, Hope smiles above our fears; And love is sweetest, after tears.

Why do the night clouds ever sing, Their rain songs down the earth; And o'er the chords of breaking hearts Test true affection's worth ? In trembling fe r the sweet leaves fall. Fate's chill the gray sky wears; 'Illl down the bright vale's golden crest, The fragrant morn appears; So love is sweetest after tears.

The world's bright face is not my love, With streams of Autumn rain: True hearts must have their grief Laurene, So mine the deepest pain. After night sweeping storms dear heart.

The whole sky smiles and clears; The mountain wrapped in darkest clouds, A crown of glory wears; And love is sweetest after tears.

This pathway walking to the shore, When tides slip out to sea; Leads me in solitude along, For thou art not with m :.

And here without thee sweet L urene The sea its burden bears; The silence of wet rocks and sand, It's flowing sorrow shares;

And love is sweetest after tears. God's angel messengers still come,

Though hidden from our sight: And sweet souls parted, waiting here, Commune in inward light. Love's dreams fly far on silent wings, Across this wide world's care's; Thrice welcome guests to you and me. Oar dreary absence cheers; And love is sweetest atter tears.

Your voice sings softly o'er the sea, Your prayers my spirit seek; You tell me still the same sweet things," That once you loved to speak. To you dear soul for ever true, F.delity declares, Love pure and deep through grief will grow.

Until life's rest it nears; And still is sweetest after tears. CYPRUS GOLDE.

Sea Girt Cliff, Oct. 1895.

### She and Her Parents.

There's a house a few miles from the city I frequently linger outside;

#### THAT CHINESE BABY.

Some of the Ceremonies that Follow on it Arrival in Montreal.

There is great rejoicing at the Lauauchetiere street Chinese Hotel. San Kee, Montreal's most prominent Chinaman, has a son and heir, says last Tuesday's Star. It came into the world yesterday, and is the first pure Chinese baby ever born in this city. Sin Kee's face is therefore wreathed with smiles, and his uncles and his cousins are congratulating one ano her and telling tales of "old times" in China. "Ab," said one old fellow, "When Yip Kee in Canton had a son born to him we had great feasting and blowing of horns."

Immediately after San Kee received the announcement of his son' birth he set censers and sticks of burning incense under pictures and scrolls in different corners of his apartments. In all probability he will give a dinner to his friends within a month's time. It isn't every day that a Montreal Chinaman has a son, and San Kee, like a true Chinaman, belives he has now a substantial reason to make merry.

On the third day after the birth of Chinese child the nurse washes it before an mage of the goddess of children and immediately after being washed the binding of the baby's wrists takes place. In regard to this there is great diversity of practice. Some families simply bind around each wrist one or more ancient cash by means of red cotton cord; others put around each wist a loose red string, as though it were a ring. Well-to-do families provide several silver toys and hang them around the wrist. The string used is generally about two feet long, each end being put about the wrists, leaving about one foot o loose string between them. Sometimes a ring of red tape or ted cord is worn for several months. When soiled the tape or cord is exchanged for a clean one. The ancient cash is used as a charm in order to keep away evil spirits : the silver itoys are designed as omens of good relating to the tuture life of the child. The wrists are thus tied together in order to prevent the child from becoming naughty for disobedient. If a child grows up tractious and hard to control, it is said that its mother could not have bound its wrists properly at its birth.

It is Mrs. Burton Harrison. Mr. Kipling is supposed to be the best paid, as he is said to get thirteen cents a word ; but Mrs. Harrison has bea'en this record with "A Bachelor Maid," for which she was paid thirteen and one-third cents a wor l.

#### POLLY ROSE TO REMARK.

The Result Was That an Engagement Came to an Abrupt Ending.

Parrots are all right and very amusing unless they happen to be too intelligent. They are charming creatures so long as they will repeat only what you teach them. but when they begin to think for themselves and to voice their thoughts the matter changes complexion and may end as seriously as did an affair at Stemford, this State, the other day.

One of the brightest and most a tractive young women in that town is the cwner of an unusually precocious parrot; incidentally, she thought a great deal ol a young farmer of the neighborhood, so much, in fact, that they were betrothed. But this young farmer has always hated parrots, and that has been the one sore point between him and his promised wife. He has especially bated the parrot in question, and has repeatedly warned the young lady that the thing was not so green as it looked. and that it would surely cause trouble between them. We can easily believe that the bird, being beloved by his mistress. was always at hand during these little talk ... and it is as easy to believe that no wellordered, intelligent parrot would put up long with such slighting remarks as the young farmer was in the habit of making. It memory serves aright, the bird did once rebuke his mistress' sweetheart, but very mildly, simply calling him a "sassy thing." On that occasion Polly was promply punished by his mistress, who snapped his head with a piece of whalebone aud covered his cage with paper for an entire day. This was added insult, but nothing was to be done except to wait patiently for an opportunity to get even. The opportunity soon

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A tew nights ago the young farmer entered the house of his life's light and asked for the flime. She was prinking, but would be down in a short time, and would Frank try to make friends with Polly? So Frank turned into the room where Polly sat on his perch munching a cracker and crooning a jungle ditty. Extracting a chocolate caramel from his pocket, Frank moved toward the cage. There are tides in the affairs of men, and likewise parrots ; and this bright, it green, pet realized that the flood of his tide had come. "Hello, young Hayseed!" he shouted. There was a moment of intense silence. Then the cage was struck to the floor and the room was filled with feathers and hair. A moment later Polly's mistress entered the room. The remainder of the story is best told in the newspaper dispatches. "Some one his taught this parrot to call. me a young hayseed," answered her lover, flushed and angry, "and I will not stand it." "Dil you hurt poor Polly ?" picking up tee maimed creature. "I tried to kill the thing." The young woman vigorously upbraided her lover, and, hurriedly slipping her engagement ring from her finger and handing t back, said: "A man who loses his temper on such slight provocation cannot. be my companion for life. The engagement is broken and you need not call again "-Buffalo Courier.

In the light of these results, the management may well teel sati fied with having accomplished so well what it undertook to carry out, but no amount of planning and purposing would have availed had not the manafactures, merchants and other exhibitors so heartily responded and shown such a friendly rivalry to outdo each other in their respective l.nes. So common was this spirit, however, that the best of general effects tollowed, and made the total of the display a harmony such as could not fail to attract the visitors. The spirit of emulation led to a uniformity of good effect without monotony of detail. There avas an absence of marked contras's in this line or that, and every exhibitor seemed to feel proud of his exhibit and not afraid 'ti having it compared with that of his neighbor in the same class of industry. If his neighbor took more mace then he did and had more wares to di rlay, he prided himself that his arrangemei of the smaller quantity was more calcu . ed to please. As to the visitors, they seemed to admire all there was to be seen.

As an advertisement for the individual exhibitor the exhibition must show more than usually good results, and especially to th;se who have made newspaper advertising a feature of their business. There is no advertising medium like the press, and when men keep themselves before the public in print week after week, exhibitions do them vastly more good than they can possibly do those who not so advertised. The reason for this is simple enough. The public have become familiar with their names, and get a great object less in when they see their exhibits. As people continue to see certain names in print, week after week in the future, the mamory of their excellent dis. play will have no small effect in bringing new business to the doors of these wise advertisers. On the other hand, a man that not been heard of by the public until they see his display gets but a transient benefit, and unless he follows up his by keeping his name advantage and business to the front through the newspapers, is apt to drop out of sight again. Splendid as the advertisement at the exhibition may be, the people cannot be expected to keep it in mind unless persistently reminded of it by judicious advertisements in the future.

As an advertisement of St. John, the affair must prove an unqualified success. The meretemporary gain from the presence of so many visitors is not, of itself, a small consideration, but the effect will be felt in other ways in the future. Coming after a be carried so far by any assembly of men

their effect upon the human system. Hop growing is a great industry in most parts of Washington state, and a hop harvest gives imployment to a large number of men, women and children. The hops, when gathered, go largely to the breweries, to the evident perturbation of many peo-

ple who do not consider that the beer would be made just the same if there were no hops to be had, so long as the chemists could provide adulterants. These people appear to be in the majority in some of the churches, for in some instances hop-growers are excluded from church membership. Despite of such opposition, however, the cultivation of the hop has been continued and the industry has flourished as does the grape growing industry in other places. This season the hop louse has been unusually busy, and its ravages have threatened serious loss to hundreds of hard working farmers and the many hundreds of people usually employed on the picking.

This, to a large number of people, means as serious a calamity as the failure of the potato crop would be to an eastern farmer, and one would suppose that such a prospect would, at least, excite the sympathy of "all who profess and call themselves Christians" in that part of the world. It seems, however, to have had quite another effect. At a conference of a religious denomination held in Seattle, last week, "it was announced that the hop crop was being greatly damaged by lice, and a curious representation of a chubby bamfervent thankgiving was offered." So say the despatches. Doubtless, in connection with this thanksgiving, were supplications

that GOD would vouchsafe to so utterly curse the harvest that nothing would be left for the unfortunate farmers to gather. of cranks, ignorance and prejudice, could d as a voligious hady Ignorance

to cure the dread affliction of hydrophodia, but his entire life has been a record in the interests of his fellow men. His death, at a little more than the alloted age of threescore and ten, removes a benefactor from the world, and one whose well directed life would, from a mere human point of view, have deserved to be prolonged for many

years to come.

The London Daily News innocently remarks, that the engagement of the DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH and Miss VANDERBILT 'gives additional support to the theory that the principle of equality is doomed in America," It is evident that the News man has but a dim idea of whe condition on social life on this side of the water if he thinks the principle of equality has ever had any existence in the United States, ou'side of the Declaration of Independence.

Mrs. LANGTRY, at the age of forty-four s trying to get a divorce in a California court, and in case she succeeds, it is said, will be married to SIR ROBERT PREL, who is only twenty-eight. By this arrangement, she will get the title she wants and he will get the fortune he needs. Such a marriage, however, can hardly ald lustre to the historic name of the bridegroon.

A New York medical expert, Dr. J WILSON GIBBS, claims that CORBETT the fighter is by nature and temperament a coward. However that may be, there seems little doubt that he is a good specimen of a blackguard.

#### When the Baby Arrives.

Now, in passing by the carved oak door of some handsome country villa, should you chance to see, fitted over the brass knocker, a embroidered medallion of linen edged with lace, know by that dainty sign that the family therein are the prouder and happier for an addition to their circle. If the addition is a girl child, the odd lace and linen mat will be all white, and nearer inspection of the object is rewarded by the exquisite needlework it displays. In the center of the oval of finest Dutch linen is embroidered the coat of arms of the house. al! worked about with hearts and darts and bino. Around this is trilled the finest old Dutch lace, and the whole is crisply starched, mounted on white silk, and hooked over the krocker. In case this medallion is mounted on pink silk, know that a boy has come to rejuice the hearts It seems incredible that, even in this age ol his parents; for this is all done quite according to a pretty old Dutch custom lately brought back into use by the decendants t the foundary of New Amsterdam on the

f is the home of a maid who is pretty. A maid I would like for my bride. fear that I never shall win her-My passion is hopeless and mute; I'm sure that her parents would skin her If they thought that she smiled on my suit.

Her eves are the purest and brightest That ever encouraged a hope; Her + in is the softest and whitest That ever shed luster on soap; Her hair is the richest and goldest That ever a hair dresser dressed; And her parents are su ely the coldest A heroipe ever possessed

Her voice, it's mezzo soprano Would make even Patti af, aid : And the way that she plays the piano ruts Rubinstein quite in the shade. More perfect she is than perfection; Resign her I can't, and I won't ! And she looks upon me with affection; But her parents-oh' bother them !- don't

They intend her to marry a title; They want to address her, invis vital, They've made hes me out of the race. Nor do I, in theory, blame them; She's worthy a duke, I aver. It's true I'd be-puzzled to name them A duke who is worthy of her.

Oh, I know she's beyond and above me; deserve to be hung, I'm aware. For presuming to think she could love me; But I don't al gether despair. For my heart-undergoes an expansion When I think, what I'll tell you about, Of that night th. I f called at her mansion, And her parents, God bless them, were out. When I think of the way she received me, Of the way, and the words that I spoke; the way that she blushed and believed me; Of the six perc: we solemnly broke; Of the mutual hopes we confided As we blended our voices in song. And that rapturous kiss we dividedwell, her parents can go to Hong Kong ! - Idler

### Lovers Still

His hair as wintry snow is white. Her tr mbling steps are slow; His eyes h ve lost their merry light. Her cheeks their rosy glow; Her hair has lost its tints of gold. His voice its joyous thrill; And yet though feeble, gray, and old, They're faithful lovers sti

Since they were wed, on lawn and lee, Of thid the daisies blow, And oft across the trackless sea, Did swallows come and go. Oft were the forest branch-s bare, And oft in gold arrayed; Off did the lilies scent the air. The roses bloom and fade.

They've had their share of hopes and fears, Their share of bliss and bale, Since first he whispered in her ears A lover's tender tale Full many a thorn amid the flowers Has lain upon their way; They've had their dull November hours As well as days of may.

But firm and true through weal and woe, Tarough change of time and scene, Through winter's gl.om, through summer

Their faith and love have been. Together hand and hand they pass Serenely down life's hill, In hopes one grave in churchyard grass May hold them lover still —Chambers' Journal.

The Reaper's Dance.

The work is done, the fields at rest. In decent sheaves the barley stands, The lads and lasses call the tune That starts their feet and jpins their hands ! And here's the battered violin, That came from Ireland all the way To fill the green with happy sound And make a tripping end of day. Joy, her cheeks as a rose, is high, Grass for the floor and a ceiling of sky Stars for his state, Beauty for mate, Love, with love at his breast, goes by !

The fiddler stops. And now a strain, As if regretting vanished Jane, Comes swiftly from the gliding bow With hear:break, heartbreak in the tune ! At last the mood of merriment

Amongst the many singular observances relating to children the ceremony called "passing through the door" is about the most important. Mr. Cheefung, who was spoken to concerning it, says that some families have it performed regularly every year, others every third year, and others every second year. A day is usually spent in it observance. Soveral priests come to the residence of the lad's parents and ar-

one upon another. On the top table they place ceasers, candlesticks and various images of their gods, also hanging up painted pictures of goddesses. the principal one being "Mother." In a convenient part of the room is placed a table, having upon it plates of meats, v getables and fruits. After everything is properly arranged, one of the priests rings a bell while chanting his formulas, another beats a drum, another strikes his cymbals together. The object of all this is to invite certain goddesses to be present to bless the child. A portable door of bamboo wood is built purposely for the occasion in the middle of the room, and after the passing through of the child the priest and the father, which generally takes place at sundown, the door is removed and burnt.

The ceremony called "Going out of childhood" is performed when a child at tains to the age of sixteer. It is very similiar to the ceremony of passing through the door."

At the age of sixteen a boy emerges from boyhood into manhood and a girl from girlhood into womanhood.

Sam Kee's boy should felicitate himself that he is born in Canada and not in China, for Chinnse laws, though very good for fathers and mothers, are not at all fair to sons and daughters. It's nice to be a grandfather in China, but one can't help pitying the poor grandsons. It seems that, although a boy becomes of age when he has reached his sixteenth year, and then becomes amenable to panishment if guilty of a crime, yet he still remains under the control of his parents, and must subject his will to their will and continue to obey them implicity-and this even. from sixteen to sixty. Such is the doctring of the laws of China. No matter how old, how educated, how wealthy-except he has become an officer of the Government and while he is serving the Emperor-he must render prompt and unquestioning obedience to his father and mother. The time never comes when a man, while his parents are living. may engage in the

#### Secure Agaiast Burglars.

A Bangor citizen, who is much afraid of burglars, has a maid servant who isn't a bit afraid of them, and an incident occurred a tew days ago that has increased and intensified their respective feelings in this regard. The citizen could not impress on the girl the necessity of locking the doors, barring the windows and [scattering burglar alarms of various kinds, about the premises, so decided to impersonate a burglar and give the girl a much-needed scare. He carried out his scheme very cleverly last week, but as he was groping about the kitchen in the dark the maid ponneed on him, seized him by the throat, and pounded him vigorously before he could make himself and his mission known.-N. Y. Sun.

#### Some Comps Often Do So.

A medical journal says that in the continued use of the eyes, in such work as sewing type-setting, book-keeping, reading, and studying, the saving point is in breaking off work at short intervals and looking round the room. Tais may be practised every ten or fitteen minutes. By doing this, the muscular tension is relieved the eyes are rested, and the blood supply becomes better.-Ex.

#### A Flattering Testimonial.

The terse testimonial of Mr. Sutton Clarke in Messrs. Price and Shaw's advertisement speakes for itself and is a further endorsement of a carriage manufactory that has a splendid reputation for excellent work. A carriage that was bought more than four years ago and without a cent of

he exhibition will have the effect of a tonic in various lines of industry, and like the best kinds of tonics, will not be followed by a reaction. The success of the exhibition this year will render the work of arranging for	that hops are not essential to beer making, but they do render it less harmful, while they are also used for other and undoubt- edly beneficial purposes. Reasoning on the same line, some men must also wish for	Hudson River. The covering of the knock- er was, in these good oid days, meant to an- nounce the safe arrival of a new prospect- ive citizen or citizens to interested triends and neighbors, and to warn visitors to rap softly with their knuckles instead of with the booming knocker.—Demorest's Maga-	Young love is speaking in the dance ! Hope, her cheeks as a rose, is high, Grass for the floor and a ceiling of sky ! Stars for ois state, Beauty for mate, Love, with love in his arms, goes by !-Nor- man Gale.	pursuit he chooses, or may keep his earn- ings for himself, or spend them as he pleases, unless he has their consent, and His wages are given to them.	A Great Varlety of Cloths. Messrs Manchester, Robertson and Allison are showing a great quantity and
hibitons, and the proposal to hold one this year did not meet all the encouragement it deserved. The success of it from a finan- cial point of view was a problem which which many were disposed to answer in	such men, however, is that they do not stop to reason. If they did so, they would see that only their failure to grasp the import of their words saves them from	rope proves that in 1610 the average heigh ot man was 5 feet 9 inches. During the following 100 years this average decreased to 5 feet 7 ½ inches. In 1790 the average was only 5 feet 6 inches, and in 1820 it was but 5 feet 5 inches. At the present	What most would pront us he knows, And ne'er denies aught good to those, Who with their utmost strength pursue The right and only care to do What pleases God. If this be so then, world, from me, Keep, if thou wilt, what pleases thee. But there my soul be well content	A Henepard Hannort	Bad Times: Save Money. Every crystal uniform, every crystal pure; every particle of Windsor Table Salt all salt, all salty salt; scientific manu- tacture gives you that; never cakes. Try