

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR

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ST JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEB. 1.

PARTIES IN CIVIC POLITICS.

The idea of carrying party politics into municipal elections is one that has never received any encouragement in this part of the world, nor is it likely to prevail in view of the results in cities in the United States. In New Brunswick, in particular, federal politics are kept just where they belong, in federal matters, and do not even extend to the provincial legislature, despite the efforts of a few to bring about a different state of affairs and have the local elections run on purely party lines. The result is a composite local government which has good men of both parties in the administration, and it is probably a very much better government than if the men were chosen for the color of their coats instead of for their personal ability. It may be that, in time, the party line will be more clearly drawn in local politics, but the time does not seem near at hand, nor is there any reason why it should be hastened. Whatever may happen, the party line should never be drawn in municipal affairs, and if it ever is there will be another and very undesirable condition of things in civic government.

In Boston, for instance, a civic election, which puts a new party in power means a general overturn in municipal government, the mayor and alderman are elected because of their political belief rather than with respect to their individual fitness, and thus it happens that all sorts of men get at the board, many of whom in the past have shown in their presence there the evils of such a system. There is a general turn over, too, in civic affairs, and no matter how eminently fitted the holder of a position may be to best serve the citizens he has to vacate his place for some hustler who has worked for the successful party. We want nothing of the kind here. When offices are held by good men, they should not be disturbed to give place to untried men, nor should public office be a reward for a man who has no better claim than that of being a ward heeler. The latter class of man is usually just the kind who ought not to be put in a position of public trust, though in party politics he is generally the man who gets there.

The idea followed out in the municipal elections in St. John is a good one. Men are elected because they are believed to be competent, and wholly irrespective of their political affiliations. When there is a ticket it has reference to purely local issues, and when the end is attained the party goes to pieces. Thus it was that when the Tax Reduction Association took up the platform which PROGRESS had time and again pointed out to the people, the ticket was elected with a rush. The Association, however, attracted too many cranks within its circle, and when it tried to make itself into a party to control elections a second time it was snuffed nearly out of existence. The abolition of ward elections has given the council a good class of men, but each of them stands on his merits in the eyes of the citizens, and thus no party cry can have the effect of carrying chaff along with the wheat in any election. Each man, including the mayor, is chosen because of his presumed fitness for the place, and as long as this principle is followed we are likely to have a good average of civic rules. Certain it is we would have a much worse class of men were the successful candidates merely picked up to serve the interests of a party.

A CHANCE TO EXPERIMENT.

Tomorrow will be Candlemas day, an ecclesiastical festival of great antiquity and importance, a day of frequent mention in the English laws and local customs and a date which is supposed to be in the nature of a half-way milestone in the journey through the winter. It is probably from the latter point of view that the day has an interest for the majority of the readers of PROGRESS. They want to know where they are and how much more cold weather they are likely to get. The only safe pre-

diction that may be made in this respect is that they will probably get quite as much as they want.

So far, the people of this part of the world have had little of which to complain in regard to the rigors of winter during the last two months. It has been an exceptional season in respect to the absence of both snow and cold, and there is an idea that, in accordance with nature's law of averages, much the hardest part of the winter is yet to come. There is an old saying that Candlemas day should find the farmer with half of his wood and half his hay which he provided for the use of himself and his stock during the cold season, and it is probable this is true of most of the farmers this year. They should, indeed, have more than half, for as heavy fires have not been required as in ordinary winters, nor have the cattle required to consume as much food to fortify themselves against the inclement weather. If February and March should be proportionately mild, the thrifty granger will have a pretty well stocked barn and woodshed even on the first of April. This is a matter of practical interest with him. If he is a believer in old adages, he can satisfy himself on the subject tomorrow.

First of all, we have been told from a "time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary" that

If Candlemas day be fair and clear There'll be two winters in the year.

This, it is true, may be a delphic oracle and "paler to us in a double sense." There are two winters in each calendar year, whatever kind of weather there may be on the second of February. One is the winter which the year finds on hand on the first of January, and the other is the next winter which is likely to start about the middle of the next November. As commonly interpreted, however, the adage means that whatever the winter may have been like up to Candlemas day, there will be enough cold and snow to be the equivalent of another winter before the springtime comes. This is plain enough to understand, and it is likewise important if true.

There is another method of prophecy, which puts the matter more definitely and affords an excellent opportunity for studying animal nature and testing the supposed ability of certain creatures to foretell the character of the seasons, a work in which even the traditional old Indian and the weather-wise WIGGINS do not always meet with success. The theory is that at noon, solar time, on Candlemas day, the ground-hog, who has been asleep in his burrow during the last month or two, comes out of his hole and looks around. If the sun is shining so that he can see his shadow, he knows that a great deal more cold weather is to come, and he therefore goes back into the hole and goes to sleep again. If he cannot see his shadow, he knows that the worst of the winter is over, and accordingly starts out to take advantage of any bargains in provisions that may come in the early spring trade, much as the ladies abandon their homes a month or two later to attend the auctions of household effects around town.

Now PROGRESS has no authority beyond tradition for this statement in regard to the habit of the ground-hog, and is not even quite certain that the ground-hog is really the right animal to be named in this connection. Other burrowing animals have been mentioned by writers on the subject, but the ground-hog or woodchuck—the Arcetomys Monax of commerce—seems as likely a creature as any of them. It is undoubtedly more likely to get out of a hole at this season than are some who are esteemed wisest but are also in a hole—MACKENZIE BOWELL and his cabinet, for instance. Be that as it may, the ground-hog will be well worth watching tomorrow, which happens to be a leisure day with many who would have no time for scientific observation were Candlemas on another day of the week.

The experiment is a simple one. First find a hole with a ground-hog in it, and then go there at the right time and watch. If the creature does not come out at noon, there has either been a mistake about the hole or the tradition. If he does come out and look for his shadow, it is safe to say that the weather for the next two months may be pretty clearly foretold by his conduct. Care should be taken to get a hole where the growth is not so thick as to prevent a shadow from being thrown. A hole in an open field gives the best kind of a chance accurate observation.

Should residents in the rural districts avail themselves of this opportunity for an experiment, the value of the tradition in regard to the ground-hog, will be fully settled, and the relation of that animal to the climatology of the county will form a new topic for the consideration of scientists. PROGRESS will be glad to hear from any readers who make the experiment.

The town of St. Henri, Quebec, has had a verdict of \$1,500 recorded against it in a suit brought by a widow for damages due to the death of her husband. The man who lost his life saw a broken fire alarm wire lying on the street one morning and thinking it was dangerous to the public twisted one end of it around a pole. When he went to secure the other end, the electric current, probably from some other live wire which it crossed, knocked him dead. When suit was brought, the town pleaded

that the deceased had shown contributory negligence, but the court held that while this might have some force under the English law it was no defence under the Quebec civil law. The town had been guilty of gross negligence in allowing a death dealing wire to remain over night within the line of public travel and must pay for its neglect. The decision seems a common sense one, but the fact that damages are allowable in such cases will probably not do much to encourage the public to pick up live wires on the street.

When one reads of a crime so near our doors as the brutal murder of a girl at Bear River N. S., there is a satisfaction in remembering that there is no uncertainty in the administration of justice in such cases in this country, when a criminal's guilt is clear. At the same time, one can understand how, in parts of America where the administration of justice may be tampered with, lynch law is the natural outcome of a public desire for justice. Were there any doubt that the murderer of this girl would be hanged, it convicted, there would be nothing strange in the people taking the law into their own hands, and whatever the press or the pulpit might say to the contrary the lynching of such a brute would be approved in the hearts of the people. Fortunately, there is no need for such an extreme course in this part of the world; it is easy to realize that there may be under some conditions in the South. The perpetrator of such a crime should have no mercy given him, and if the law were not sufficient to give him his due he should get it apart from the law.

If there had been a horse race at Bear River this week, the daily papers might have thought it worth while to send representatives to get the details. As there happened to be only a most mysterious murder, with a basis for columns of story by a competent newspaperman, the papers were content to depend on whatever might happen to come over the wires. The Sun, however, finally woke up to the emergency and did send a man.

It is refreshing to learn that slugger CORBETT has at last had a fight which required the exercise of something more than his jaw. He undertook to hit a fireman who forbade him to smoke in the dressing room of a Philadelphia theatre, and the slugger not only got a sound punch in the face, but was thrown down stairs for his freshness.

If the pen is mightier than the sword, the pencil is sometimes mightier than the pen. BERNARD GILLAM, the cartoon artist of The Judge, recently died leaving an estate worth \$250,000. This is considerable for any newspaper man to save out of his salary, but GILLAM not only drew pictures but drew a salary of \$25,000 a year, with a percentage of the profits of the paper.

For a matter which assumed such prominence for a while, the question of standard time seems to have dropped out of sight in a mysterious way. Perhaps the public are waiting for Ald. MCGOLDRICK to move or a plebiscite, while the alderman is probably waiting to see how the Fredericton council is going to unfasten the knot it has tied around itself.

The prevailing epidemic around the city of late has been the measles, and it has invaded all ranks. Those who stand on the grammatical ground that measles "is" prevalent, have had it in their households just the same as the great majority who assert that measles "are" prevalent.

One of the things to be thankful about in connection with the Manitoba school question is that the papers which strive most to provoke religious animosities are those which are least read by the people and whose opinions carry little weight even where they are read.

The Fine Art Society of London has purchased the manuscript of "Yrally" and keeps it locked in a glass case. It would have been a good thing for morals, and no hurt to literature, if it had taken this step before the manuscript got into the printer's hands.

The man who wanted to get a liquor license in Carleton is probably now of the opinion that the new industry would not fill a long felt want, if the voices of the citizens are an index of public opinion.

Only the reinstatement of Mr. McBEATH would restore to the appraisers' office the status in quo ante bellum, though the placing of Mr. HAMILTON there would bring about the status in quo ante KELLY.

It would look as though some of the sympathy so liberally bestowed on the suffering Armenians, might be transferred to the famine-stricken people of Newfoundland.

There is no doubt that JAMES KELLY is an appraiser—a praiser of CLARK WALLACE and C. N. SKINNER.

This is the day to decide whether you are going to get a move on you for the first of May.

One on the Husband.

The husband (during a quarrel)—You're always making bargains. Was there ever a time when you didn't? The wife—Yes, sir, on my wedding day.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

She LI mb There are many lovely and gifted little girls in town but none more talented than Miss Gladys Evelyn Maxwell, the youthful and only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Maxwell, writes the St. Stephen correspondent of PROGRESS. She is an extremely clever child of twelve years, with a picturesque face, large dark eyes, with a wealth of golden hair. She is talented in many ways but particularly with her pen, having already written several articles and little poems that are truly remarkable in a child so young, and are so full of graceful ideas, that I feel sure will be interesting to the many readers of PROGRESS. A poem "When the World is Prettiest," is her best but too long to give, so I only present a short one, which was written when visiting in the country last summer.

VIOLETS Oh the day is breaking sweet, And the violets 'neath my feet, Nod their pretty heads at me Each seem to say, I see; I see; "Pretty violets," then said I, "Ye are blue, as bluest sky, Wet with dew from sky so fair, Pure and fresh as morning air, Then I stepped, and plucked a few Blue and white, all wet with dew. Filled with perfume sweet and rare Blooming forth in morning air.

SUMMER. When summer comes and the roses bloom And the days with their long, long hours, How pleasant it is to sit in the house And watch the lovely showers.

When the drops come pattering on the grass, And in the when the shower is o'er, How pleasant it is to watch the clouds pass, And the sunshine, come once more.

Agatha's Hymn By The Sea. O'er bright glory heaven, Reflected along the deep sea, There's a hymn you forever are singing, O whisper its sadness to me.

O tell me lone heart of the ocean, With stormy gales breaking to tears; The dark burdened dream of thy spirit; That never in language appears. I sing low to thee, O turbulent sea; Thy mystery whisper to me.

The love of God comes to me ever, Over the wild surging breast, The hearts that some day must be broken, In vain look around them for rest. But when on the crest of the billow, I see the white banners of peace; I know there's a region beyond thee, Where tears of the sorrowful cease. I sing low to thee, O grief saddened sea; Thy mystery whisper to me.

CYPRUS GOLD. Hillcrest, Jan. 1896.

A Remembered Flower. I slept where the roses of summer, Sang songs to a beautiful lake; Green sedges bent over my slumber, I prayed I might never awake. A lily from Eden eternal, The heavenly aidant of love; An angel pearl crowned with perfection, Came softly to me as a dove.

One bellflower the world has, Completely it envied her grace; The light and the beauty of heaven, Shine down through the stars to her face. The depth of the blue sky in silence, Her love charming eyes make serene; A paradise flower transplanted, Is very asphodel, memory's queen.

Her pink silken robe is a marvel, Concealing perfection in mould; No Belvedere form of Apollo— Could half her pure nature unfold. The glistening gold gleaming tresses The rich plait o'er reaching her waist, In a bow of blue long waving ribbon Sets Cupid's heart beating in haste. Her sweet face uplifted to heaven, O marvellous splendor of light; How hallowed her pale chiseled features, Angelic in eloquence bright. Love's hand in her own, its lips pressing, New wine of oams soiled her heart, Will be roses whose loveliness lingers, Long after life's summers depart. O dreamy veiled forehead of beauty, O psalms of the angels of God; Your spirit of peace re-adorning it, With love of that bliss born above. Evangels of angels immortal, No flower than this is more fair; In all the great Eden celestial, With fragrance enchanting the air.

CYPRUS GOLD. Eden Hill Woods, Jan. 1896.

Love Much. Earth has enough of bitter in it; Cast sweets into its cup whenever you can. No heart so hard but Love's last may win it. Love is the grand principle of our man. All hate is foreign to the first great plan.

Love much. Your heart will be led out to slaughter. O a silters built of envy and deceit. Love on, and tread upon the water; It shall be cast in leaves yet at your feet. Unheavened manna, most divinely sweet. Love much. Your faith will be destroyed and shaken. Your trust betrayed by many a fair false lure, Remount your faith, and let new trusts awaken; Though clouds obscure them, yet the stars are pure; Love is a vital force and must endure.

Love much. Men's souls contract with cold suspicion. Shine on them with warm love, and they expand. 'Tis love, not creeds, that from a low condition Leads mankind up to heights supreme and grand. Oh, that the world could see and understand! Love much. There is no waste in freely giving; More blessed is it even than to receive. He who loves much, alone finds life worth living. Love on, through doubt and darkness, and believe. There is nothing which Love may not achieve. —Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Down the Stream. Love! It began with a glance, Grew with the growing of flowers, Smiled in a dream's trance, Rocked not the passage of hours. Our passion's flood rose ever, Flowing for her and me, Till the brook became a river, And the river became a sea.

Grief! It began with a word, Grew with the winds that raved; A prayer for pardon unheard, Passion in turn uncurved; The bridge so easy to sever, The stream so swift to be free! Till the brook became a river, And the river became a sea.

Life! It began with a sigh, Grew with the leaves that are dead; Its pleasures with wings to fly, Its sorrows with limbs of lead. And rest remaineth never For the wearier years to be, Till the brook shall become a river, And the river become a sea. —Lord Houghton.

WHY BLUNDELL DEPARTED.

A Smash-up on the Road Completed the Smash-up of His Fortunes.

HALIFAX, Jan. 30. The way of transgressors is not pleasant. This, Edward Blundell lately a checker for the I. C. R. at the deep water terminus has found to be a fact, for he got into trouble and is now a "departed" citizen. Here is his brief story: Blundell is a married man, but that did not prevent him from hiring a team and taking a young woman out the road for a drive. The flying hours were spent at a well known wayside house. At midnight they were crossing the common when a collision occurred. Blundell's horse which was not the property of the livery man who hired it out, was killed. The young woman was hurt and her escort became alarmed. He ran for help. In the meantime two newcomers passed along and seeing the woman alone in the team, and her condition, gallantly took her into their carriage and drove to Dr. Finn's office for advice. Blundell came back and saw an "aching void." The fair one was sent to the Victoria hospital where her wounds were so slight that in a day or two she was discharged.

Meanwhile the owner of the team, and the livery man, too, were after Blundell for damages. What added to their trouble was that Blundell's name was on notes discounted by Moore & Moore, the wholesale merchants, who recently failed. With so great an incoming force of claimants for the contents of his depleted purse Blundell naturally decided that it would pay him to be absent from this city by the sounding sea, and he betook himself without further cogitation to the realms of President Cleveland. This case constitutes a manifold warning, but the story is so plain it is unnecessary to recapitulate the lessons it teaches.

Colonists Who Are Not Wanted.

HALIFAX, Jan. 30.—This city has long been a dumping ground for cattlemen from Atlantic steamers, and for paupers from other quarters. The last trip of the steamer Grand Lake from St. John's Nfld. brought an undesirable addition to our population of another kind from that to which we have been accustomed. Ellen Luke was a passenger. Her story was that a citizen of St. John's had given her \$20 to make her home Halifax rather than remain in Newfoundland's capital. Mayor McPherson, superintendent Dow, and chief O'Sullivan heard of the case and that the woman's \$20 was gone. They interviewed steamship agent Wood asking him to send his passenger back and his reply was that he was willing to do so if the woman felt agreeable. Small weight was attached to her inclination in the matter on the part of the civic authorities, but she made no strenuous objection, and back to the ancient colony she started by the steamer which sailed on Tuesday. It is not always so easy to get clear of undesirable fellow-citizens both the Halifax authorities and the enterprising St. John's man have found out.

BOOK AND MAGAZINES.

McClure's Magazine for February, in addition to the feature of the Life of Lincoln, contains a number of very readable papers. That on the Fastest Railroad Run Ever made, by Harry Perry Robinson, gives the account in such careful detail as to make the record one of great value. It is fully illustrated. Excellent, of course, are the engravings which accompany Will H. Law's paper on A Century of Painting, dealing with the work of Constable, Turner, Romney, Spie, Hoffner and Lawrence. Murat Holstead tells his personal recollection of the Tragedy of Garfield's Administration in graphic language. The short stories, an attractive feature of McClure's include one, and a good one written by Ian MacLaren in readable English, so that a Scotch lexicon is not needed. Anthony Hope tells the last of his Zenda stories, in which the Princess Oara really finds out the meaning of love. The Touchstone, by R. L. Stevenson is brief and with a moral. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' installment of Chapters from a Life, brings her reminiscences down to the beginning of the civil census. McClure's is a cheap magazine at 10 cents and a good one at any price. S. S. McClure, Ltd., 30 Lafayette Place, New York.

PEN AND PRESS.

The Chignecto Post has celebrated two interesting events—its anniversary and the advent of new management, by the publication of a creditable special number which is issued in 32 pages of magazine form, illustrated and containing much letter press interesting to its readers. "Robert's poetry of the Tantramar" is the leading special sketch, from the pen of Mr. H. A. Woodworth. Then there are articles of a local and commercial nature. Mr. McCready can be congratulated upon his first effort outside the usual lines of weekly journalism.

The Female Business Editor

A very funny episode at Smith College last spring, when the new senior girls took charge of the college monthly magazine, was occasioned by the peculiar idea the business editor had of typesetting. One day this enterprising young woman went into Northampton to instruct the printer as to what she wished him to do. "You can set up your type immediately," she said, "as we are in a great hurry for the magazines." "Yes, miss," said the printer,

"but—but where is the copy?" "Do you know the articles we're going to publish?" "Yes, miss," rejoined the printer. "Oh," said the business editor, "the articles aren't all written yet. I'll let you have them just as soon as they are, of course; but in the meantime you can go on setting up your type can't you? I thought you could get that much ahead." It was some time before the printer could persuade the "business editor" that before "setting up the type" the copy must not only be written but handed over to him.—Washington Pathfinder.

Women Will Drive.

Mrs. John Stetson of Boston thinks that driving will be the chief amusement of the coming woman. She believes that the new woman, as well as the old-fashioned woman, can find few things in this life more enjoyable than a spin behind a good horse or team, and that, if she holds the reins herself, she will quickly learn that it adds immeasurably to her pleasure. The exhilarating effect of the swift motion, the bracing air filling the lungs and sending the blood dancing through the veins, the trout-like pull on the lines that communicates to the reinswoman something of the spirit of her horses, the absorbing interest felt in overcoming the little difficulties of the road, in negotiating abrupt turns and in meeting and passing other vehicles—well, there's nothing like it according to this enthusiastic horsewoman, and it is an "old woman" who started on the drive she will come home a "new woman" physically.

Geese and Turkey Race.

A gentleman once laid a wager with George IV. that geese would beat turkeys in a race. The King thinking that such a wager was already as good as won, willingly made the bet, and the gentleman was left to choose time and place and distance. Being well acquainted with the habits of the birds, he accordingly choose for the time the evening just before sunset, and for the place the road outside the city walls, and a mile for the distance. The time came and each appeared with his flock of birds, and the race began. Long ere the end came the sunset, and immediately, to us to their instinct, as soon as the sun had quite disappeared all the turkeys flew up into the nearest tree to roost, and no persuasion could induce them to budge an inch further, and the geese, which had been slowly toddling on behind, quietly cackled in, the winners.

Not Afraid of Burglars.

A short time ago a gentleman, whose sister was staying with him, came in late from a party, and was surprised beyond measure on observing a white figure prowling about the back of the house. On going to investigate he discovered his sister standing outside the back door with a cocked revolver in her hand. As she was explaining to him that there was a burglar within, the door opened and a man emerged carrying a sack over his shoulders. The man, the girl, and the revolver speedily made him prisoner, and in a short time he was comfortably ensconced in jail.

When the man came home he said to his sister: "Why on earth didn't you go down through the kitchen?" "How stupid," the brave girl replied, "don't you know the kitchen's full of mice?"—Pearson's Weekly.

Electrolysis.

Electric street car companies in Tacoma, Wash., are to be required to repair all damages to water pipes caused by electrolysis. In repairing one of the principle avenues in the city, along which runs an electric street car line, it was found that more than one-half of the surface and connection pipes, running from the water main to buildings, had been so eaten away by the electric current ground through the rails as to be useless. The pipes were replaced by the city at a cost of more than \$1,000. All franchises hereafter granted will contain a clause that the company shall repair damage thus caused.

A Curious Find in Siberia.

Among many curious finds is the discovery of a stone in Siberia, erected about 732 A. D., by a Chinese Emperor to a Turkish Prince. Taking this as an object of study, Professor Heikel, of the University of Helmsingfors, from the Chinese text has worked up the Turkish inscription, which is an exact translation of the Chinese. From such data Professor Heikel has found a key to an ancient Turkish alphabet. The Chinese inscription is remarkable inasmuch as it gives the opportunity to study the history of the empire at an early date.

Confidential Information.

The overworked bank cashier who was in need of a vacation had written to the agent of a steamship line to this effect: "I am thinking of taking a trip to Central or Southern America. Please acquaint me with particulars relative to rates of fare, &c., to and from the various ports usually visited by tourists at this season of the year." The answer came by telegraph: "[Private and confidential] One of our steamships will leave for Honduras next Wednesday. Shortest and quickest way out of the country."

Farriery in Saxony.

In Saxony no one is permitted to shoe horses unless he has passed a public examination, and is properly qualified. A great school at Dresden has students from all parts of the world studying "farriery." This includes not only shoeing horses, but their care and treatment—a provision that saves a great deal of money for farmers and others owning horses.

Smelling Parties.

"Smelling parties" are the latest and sweetest diversions in some Maine villages this winter. A score or more bottles, containing odorous or maldorous substances, are provided, and the contestants are required to determine what each bottle contains. The person making the most correct guesses gets the prize.

Captains in the English army get as large a salary as Colonels in that of France.