

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ST JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUG. 22

The shiny, mourning face of the vacationist who has had to return to work is seen everywhere.

Twenty dollars or thirty days is the cost of a kiss in New Orleans. New Orleans isn't much of a town anyhow.

An Ontario paper remarks that that part of the country hasn't had a good, solid rain since early Spring. Neither has New Brunswick, but we have several liquid rains this summer.

"Sleep on your back" shrieks a medical paper. It is needless to say that there were several nights lately when people would have been delighted to oblige the contemporary.

One of the most disastrous effects of the hot wave in New York was the loss of many valuable horses. A reliable computation put the loss at a quarter of a million of dollars.

The boom question has almost entirely disappeared before the important one of the bicycle versus the coast. It is said that fair riders of the wheel are gradually becoming less strait-laced.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN says the president of the great republic to the south of us is simply "a hard man." Mr. BRYAN is after the \$50,000 hired man's job, however, and there are others who wouldn't throw it over their shoulder.

The people who are exciting themselves, during the silly season, by the propriety or impropriety in men and women clothed from head to foot, the old bathing suit chestnut to the contrary, going under the waves together have possibly had no experience of a good, strong hot wave like that which swept over St. John last week, otherwise they would find that the great thing is to have waves to go under without any reference to conventionalities or unfittness. These over scrupulous individuals should apply the proverb which imputes evil to him who thinks evil.

There is considerable romance connected with NANSEN's unexpected meeting with Explorer JACKSON amid the icy waters of Franz Josef Land; and the general dramatic effect is heightened by the fact that it was due to the barking of a dog, who for so long has well held the claim as man's devoted friend. The returned hero of North Polar fame has especial cause to pat the shaggy heads of the Eskimo dogs affectionately hereafter. In order to satisfy the demands of hunger among the pack his own dogs had to be killed one after another. It is a strange reflection as to what might have happened to NANSEN and his solitary companion had JACKSON lost all his dogs as well.

Within two months two famous women have joined the great majority and strange to say both had exerted considerable influence upon American politics and national life in the last half century. Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE who died recently and Miss MARY ABIGAIL DODGE who wrote under the non de plume of GAIL HAMILTON, whose death occurred a few days ago, both began their famous careers in the National Era, the old organ of the Abolitionist movement in which Mrs. STOWE published "Uncle Tom's Cabin." GAIL HAMILTON's greatest influence was exerted through JAMES G. BLAINE whose wife was her cousin. Mr. BLAINE proudly acknowledges the intellectual sympathy which existed between his brilliant relative and himself; he bore testimony to the aid she rendered him and made her his literary legatee as well as biographer. Her career was a unique one, being of, rather than in, politics.

It is said that as a result of the late hot wave in the United States 10,000 people perished. The newspaper reported cases do not tell a twentieth of the mortality. It was worse than war and burned city and country alike. Physicians say that it will be some time before the death records cease to show the terrible after effects of

the ten days of unprecedented heat, particularly in the case of invalids and hospital cases. A sad feature was the burial of so many of the New York victims in homeless graves, as, owing to the overworking of the hospital staffs and the calling in of outside help there was much unavoidable confusion in handling the cases, and the clothing of many of those who died has been misplaced or confused with other clothing. Owing to the swiftness with which decomposition sets in such cases the only certain method of identification is by the clothing. A photograph of a sun stroke case is said to be of little value because of the change in appearance and the official description is next to impossible to make distinction, except in cases where the victim has some marked physical peculiarity.

A celebrated English physician and writer says that seven out of every ten sound and reasonable people ought to live to be 110 years old, and assuredly would if they took proper care of themselves. The fact that there have been centenarians and that some are still in every country is proof that human machinery is capable of lasting as long as the physician mentioned says it should. New Brunswick has several who have started on the second century and it is few can live so long, why should not the many be able to reach equal fullness of years. Very careful examinations have been made to discover the secret of the exceptional longevity, the methods of life, the regimen, and the peculiar physical constitution of the centenarians; but the difference between them and most of their neighbors in these respects does not seem to be very great. At any rate no facts have been obtained which will render the attainment of such longevity easier. Some of the centenarians are remarkable for their abstemiousness and the care they take of their health, but the great majority have been found to live like the rest of people who do not wilfully throw away their stock of vitality. They have reached the great age without any special effort to reach the distinction; they naturally possess constitutions capable of great endurance but in that particular they are not peculiar. Many of their contemporaries who died at a much less age would have been passed by any life insurance examiner as having an equally long expectation of life. The physical machine of the dead was as good as that of the living according to scientific tests applicable by a physician. It would then seem that there is some ground for the assertion that the existence of centenarians, few though they may be, is sufficient evidence that equally long life is not only possible for all who have sound constitutions, but ought also to be the rule. It is proved beyond any dispute that life can last very much longer than the run of men keep it, and that of itself it is good for the 110 years which it is claimed the majority of people with good constitutions should live.

Several Halifax People who Object to Paying dog taxes.

HALIFAX, August 20.—There is no use disguising the fact that a man cannot keep a dog in this good old city of Halifax without paying a tax upon the canine. This truth has been proved before, and this week it was again attested to. The police made their usual tour of investigation for delinquent dogs and they have found many whose owners tried to enjoy the luxury of keeping a dog without contributing therefor to the city the small compensation of \$2 per canine. The rich man's house, as well as the poor man's cottage, was examined, and the dog that was found with no evidence of annual payment to the civic exchequer might have immediately seen his owner's name reported to Chief O'Sullivan. The next step was the issuing of summonses to these owners to appear in the city police court along with the ordinary cases of "drunk and disorderly". Here are the names of some of the men who were ordered to appear before his honor Stipendiary Fielding:

Thomas Robinson, F. Dwyer, Frank Marsden, John Hill, H. M. Wyde, Thomas Murphy, Arthur Gilpin, John Hogan, John Selway, James Morrow, W. F. Pickering, Major Treaton, Thomas A. Arthur, Chas. Roche, J. Wainright, Fred Tomkins, Arthur Tremaine, Chas. J. Curran, W. B. Slayter, W. R. Slayter, George Monaghan, William Shaw, Henry Pelenge, Wm. Rideaway, A. C. Hawkins, M. D. Henry Rogers.

The first batch were arraigned on Tuesday and as a result of the trial H. M. Wyde was sentenced to pay a fine of \$1 or to serve a period of 30 days confinement in the city prison. Curran and Tomkins shared the same fate, Dr. W. B. Slayter, Major Treatman, Arthur Tremaine and John Hill were remanded, and the case against W. F. Pickering was dismissed. The others did not appear and the machinery of the law will be duly put in motion against them. When it stops they will probably be sorry they did not make their peace with the law of the land in the first instance while yet they had a chance. The police have another batch of these dog-ordinance violators who will be trotted out before his honor as soon as arrangements for doing so are completed.

The city reaps quite a harvest from this dog tax. If a man pays in time he gets off with \$2, but if he defers till a blue-coated policeman drags him up to the court, then he is called on for \$4 and costs, suffering in addition to the extra pecuniary outlay the indignity of an arraignment in the police court. To some of "the society swells" who have been thus treated this ordeal is specially displeasing.

THAT HARDWARE SCANDAL.

Where Did the Price List Come From is Now the Question.

HALIFAX, August 20.—There is no doubt about it, the hardware contract affair has developed something of a good sized scandal. Not that the amount at stake is a great matter, for it has been shown that the city loses nothing; but the reason it loses nothing simply appears to be that H. H. Fuller and Co. and Ald. Musgrave caught on to the situation. The mystery of the first price list in the board of works office on which Black Brothers were being put, and which was \$88 higher than Fuller's tender, has not been cleared up. It is yet a mystery of the most decided character. Had Ald. Musgrave not started his investigation when would that bogus price list have been taken away and how long would Black Brothers have been drawing the advanced figures? Ald. Musgrave thinks it might have gone on all summer, and there is no one who can say it would not, and the city thus have been out to a considerable extent.

Where did that unclean price list come from, and how was it that Black Brothers May and June bills agreed with it? That is a conundrum which the combined wisdom and detective skill of aldermen and lawyers have not been able to solve. The origin of that price list no man can disclose, except that Clerk Reilly says Engineer Johnstone gave it to him. Johnstone denies this.

Mayor McParson was a terribly enraged man all this week. He found it impossible to speak civilly to Ald. Musgrave who brought the charges. At the first meeting of the committee the mayor was a picture of unbridled rage. Musgrave stood it well. All Riddan, et the committee meetings, assumed the role of a sort of defender of his worship in opposition to Ald. Musgrave who was his assailant. Ald. Hamilton, and specially Ald. Foster kept as far away from the active hostilities of the fray as they could. Ald. Foster was chairman and did his best to keep the angry passions of the mayor and any other possible fighter within due bounds, and he well maintained the impartiality of a judge.

"Where did Reilly get that list?" is what people are saying now about the streets of Halifax.

High Class Instruction at Mount Allison.

The Mount Allison ladies' college, the advertisement of which may be seen in another column, is the oldest Protestant institution in the maritime provinces devoted to the work of the higher education of young women. It was established 42 years ago, and has an interesting and inspiring history which shows that it has always been in the van of educational progress. During the past few years this institution has been advancing by leaps and bounds. Since the erection of the musical conservatory five years ago hundreds of students have been attracted to its walls where they have enjoyed many of the highest musical advantages our country affords. The calendar for the current year announces the engagement of a splendid staff of conservatory teachers, every one of whom has had the advantage of residence and training in the great musical centres of the world. A handsome stone building erected at a cost of \$26,000 was opened two years ago for the reception of the Owens magnificent collection of paintings and models. Students may here pursue the study of art under the direction of one of Canada's most distinguished artists. The college maintains in the literary department the highest character for excellence. All grades of literary work are taught by efficient and experienced teachers. It also provides a christian home where, under its fostering care and ennobling influence, the daughters of our land may receive that culture of head and heart which shall best fit them to discharge rightly the duties and responsibilities of life.

Afraid of Losing Him.

They were from Nova Scotia or some of the rural districts of this province. They were four in number, two young men and two young women. They were visiting Saint John probably for the first time, at least that is the way they looked. They had paired off and were going down King Street the other evening quite unconscious of acting in anyway to attract attention and it is quite likely they would not have cared if they did. The leading pair of the quartette were promenading arm in arm after the most orthodox method but the other pair who followed closely behind, marched along hand in hand, just as they probably had often done in their native wilderness. Their sweet trust in each other and their love suggested at once a beautiful romance, but the friend always at one's elbow, and of a more practical turn, sug-

gested that she was afraid she might lose him in this great city if she were to let go. It was a wonder her experience did not tell her he would be safe enough if she had put a bell on his neck.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Lullaby in Acadie. Out of a window in heaven above, An angel let earth-ward a ladder of love; Descended and came with a cherub of light, To our arms on a clear October night.

A love song too did the angel sing, Folding beside us its snowy wing; This is the baby the angels miss, Transported here with a parting kiss.

We took the heavenly cherub in, Sent by the angel our love to win; To all that is beautiful here and new, To all that is lovingly pure and true.

A gleam of light in the dark night's gloom, From the angel's face came into the room; And the baby slept when to us it came From heaven, into a world of shame.

But the tear on its sweet face brought a smile, When the angel said "but a little while;" But a little while we will leave you here, Some day we will come for you baby dear.

That was the angel's song, this one is ours, Sung to "Greenville" true sweeter than flowers; Mothers are singing it all through the land, Beautiful baby song—they understand.

Rock a bye my darling baby, Angel baby go to sleep; Mother's foot is on the cradle, Mother's love is true and deep.

Mother loves her darling baby, Baby sees the angels keep; Watch and sing to mother's reel, Sleepy baby, sleeping, sleep.

Bye bye, my sweetest baby, Father too is coming soon; Father come and see the baby, Sleeping like a rose in June.

Mother rocks her baby singing, Father comes and takes a nap, Baby dars are ever wailing; Sleepy baby, sleeping, sleep.

Bye bye, my darling baby, Face is on her closing eyes; Soon enough come later trials, All too soon come cares and sighs.

Mother's baby soon will know them, With the sun life's changes creep; Mother too was once a baby, Sleepy baby, sleeping, sleep.

Little Ab Sid. Little Ab Sid, Was a Christian kid, A cute little cuss you'd declare, With eyes full of fun And a nose that begun, Right up the roots of his hair.

Jolly and fat Was the frolicsome brat, Paying through the long summer day And braiding his hair, The same as used to, In China-land, far away.

Once over a lava That Ab Sid played upon, A humble bee flew in the spring, "Melton butter!" Said he, with winking eye, "Me catches and pull off um wing."

Tan with his cap He struck it a rap, This insect on humble bee, And put its remains In the seat of his jans, For a pocket there had the Chinese.

Down on the green Sat the little seedling, In a sty! that was strangely demure, And said with a grin That was brimful of sin, "Me mashes um butter!"

Little Ab Sid, Was but a kid, Nor could you expect him to guess, What kind of a bug He was holding so snug In the folds of his loose fitting dress

"Ki ya, Ki vip pe!" Cried Ab Sid, as he Rose hurriedly from the spot, "Ki pi!" "Yuk a kan!" Dan um Mel can um— Um butterfly berry much hot?"

Song of a Southwest Kansan. O tell me, my friend, oh tell if you know, Of a land or a time where establish grow, Where squashes and beans will rise and will thrive, Where everything looks as if it's alive, Where the earth is green with growing herb, Where bugs and grasshoppers never disturb.

Where the fruit hangs down in bunches on trees, And is not blown off by the passing breeze; And where the fields are ripe with the golden grain, And the grass is wet with the falling rain; Where a cabbage is raised and turpentine look fine, And the wheat comes up one year out of nine.

Where ninety degrees is thought to be hot, Where stock has shelter in pasture and lot; Where the rain comes down to water the grain, And all nature sang in gladness and mirth; Where blasting hot winds are a thing unknown; O tell me, my friend, I'll try to do you good, Where farmers get on what they've eaten, And feel like singin' and prayin' in meetin', And praise the Lord for what he's given, And feel it's a joy to be livin'!

And a layin' up coin for a rainy day, To be used by them when they're old and gray. I tell you, my friend, if you're living there, And you have enough with something to spare, You're the man to be the better land; As mortals will get, or can often stand, If you think I'm wrong, do please come out here, And at six to farming for about a year.

On the breeze of years ago was blown, To the arms a spreading elm uplited, To the wind side had drifted the snow, Then on bed of earth and mosses thrown.

In a soil, the dust of decades drifted, Coughed upon that giant trunk it grew, Where the softened sunlight penetrated, Nature's sweetest lyric it translated, Softly as the healing heavenly dew.

Each confessed, E'en observed, how true and vine were mated, When the spring with gentle hand had pressed, To all who seek when a hungry sparrow cries, O'er the soaring limbs in beauty creeping, Vine and tree joined in a verdant crest.

Latent power within the other's keeping, For the sap that lead add tendrils drain, On the old tree was the vine dependent, While the mantle autumn made resplendent, O'er the sinner limb the vine had laid, Lesson plain, Service sweet returned makes love transcendence.

Delayed Blessings. In God's great storehouse, safe from moth and mold, Lie treasures, vast, of greater worth than gold. None empty-handed leave the gate of heaven, Wilder God's pity is than seas or skies; In one great garner held back blessings wait, Faith's humble prayer to Him is access sweet; He answers, sending blessings always meet.

Times the time for which we seek and pray Comes not perhaps as we would choose the way; We see one step, no more; He sees the rest. And sendeth that He knoweth will be best. Sometimes we ask when overborne with care, For things pertaining to the morrow's share; "Not yet, my child, wait until by and by, Tomorrow's needs tomorrow will supply; The gift may not be what we hastily choose, Not ours are His thoughts; He all-seeing views End from beginning, step by step he leads, And every moment gives what most is needed, In one great garner held back blessings wait, Delayed, but not refused; it is not fate, 'Tis God's own hand that shapes our ends, In His good time; what He deems best He sends.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report. Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

AN EARLY MORNING RACE. A Janitor and Hotel Clerk Test the Merits of Their Horses.

The Marsh road was the scene of a horse race a few mornings ago that was none the less interesting because its conditions were novel. The principals in the event are both well known young men about town. One is a clerk in a city hotel while the other, a well known janitor, has a horse which he thinks is about as speedy as any flyer he knows of; and the hotel man can frequently be seen holding the reins over a stylish grey mare.

On a recent evening last week while both gentlemen were in the hotel office in company with several friends, the conversation turned upon horses and horse racing and quite naturally the janitor said his horse was as good a road horse as any he has about. In fact he went so far as to offer to wager the hotel man \$10 that his horse could beat the hotel man's in a race on the road.

Not to his surprise his offer was at once accepted and \$20 was soon placed in the hands of a mutual friend. It was agreed to hold the race the next morning at six o'clock on the Marsh road. The conditions were that both horses should be started at the Marsh bridge and when the word go was given, were to be hurried into a gallop and headed for the three mile house.

The man that covered the distance between the bridge and McEvoy's first, would of course win the race.

When the morning arrived the hotel man was first on the scene in a light rig ready and eager for the fray. The janitor soon after appeared driving a sulky. A starter was chosen and both teams lined up. When the word was given the janitor's horse took the lead and for a time it looked as though his rival would be badly beaten and so he was, though not by any distance to boast of. In fact the finish was so close that another race is talked of.

The horse that won is not a handsome animal but possesses such powers of endurance and gameness that her joint owners are quite willing to back her for any reasonable amount.

POSSIBILITIES OF WATERMELONS.

Deserts which are both tempting and refreshing at this hot season.

What can be found more tempting and refreshing at this heated season than a cut of watermelon? The blending of the beautiful green, white, pink, and brown shades makes a picture that attracts the artist's eye besides pleasing his palate. And when one can secure the melons home grown they form a delicious dessert.

To be good, melons should be very cold and it one's principles are not against the use of a little wine it is a great addition. The melon may be plugged. Cut a small piece from a cold melon, pour some champagne or sherry into the heart of the melon replace the plug, and leave the fruit at least an hour longer upon the ice. When it is time to serve the melon take it from the ice, wipe the outside with a cloth, and place it in the centre of a platter. A honey-suckle vine, grape leaves, or any fresh green will be found ornamental to put on the outer rim of the platter. With a sharp knife cut through the middle of the melon in long points, letting the knife go half way through the fruit each time. Pull the sections apart, letting the ends fall back, showing the fine coloring of pulp and seeds in sharp spikes on a bed of green. Serve with a tablespoon, taking out the pulp in oval-shaped balls.

Watermelon ice or sherbet is exceedingly nice. Cut a ripe watermelon apart, take out the pink part, rejecting the seeds, and with a silver knife cut the pulp into small pieces. Put this into a packed ice-cream freezer. Squeeze the juice from one large lemon and make the juice into a thick syrup by stirring powered sugar with it. Turn the juice into the freezer and stir with the melon. Cover the freezer and let the melon remain twenty minutes, turning the better around every three or four minutes so that the pulp shall freeze evenly. It should be like snow, not a solid mass. Stir in a little sherry and serve in sherbet glasses for a desert on a hot day. This is particularly nice for a cooling refreshment on a veranda on a summer's evening.

Watermelon as a surprise, or baked watermelon, as it is commonly called, makes a delicious summer dessert. Cut the melon in halves and with a dessert spoon take out the pulp, by putting the spoon in and turning it around, cutting the fruit in symmetrical egg shaped pieces. Place the cut pieces on a compote dish or platter and keep in the ice box until they are very cold. Take the whites of as many eggs as are needed, add to them a generous pinch of salt, and beat them until they are very light. Dry them and stir in a small spoonful of powdered sugar for each egg. Thicken cover every part of

the chilled melon with the meringue, letting it come down to the edge of the dish. Place the dish on a board at least an inch in thickness and keep it in a moderate oven just long enough to lightly color the meringue and serve at once.

A handsome dish is made thus: Cut the watermelon in squares, round, or any shape you may fancy. Perhaps one of the easiest shapes is triangles. First cut out the melon in thick slices, then cut each slice in quarters, and cut the rind and white part off in one piece. That will leave triangular pieces. Put them into a refrigerator until they are cold. If the melon is wanted quickly, pile the pieces in an ice-cream freezer, pack the freezer, and let the melon remain long enough to become cold. Make a meringue as in the above recipe. Take out the pieces of cold melon and arrange them on a cold platter, heap a spoonful of the meringue in the centre of each piece of melon, and return to the refrigerator.

A delicious pickle may be made with the white part of a watermelon rind. Cut the green rind off as thin as possible, scrape off the soft part and cut the pieces into finger strips.

Wash and put them in a preserving kettle. Dissolve an ounce of alum in one gallon of hot water and pour it over the rinds. Let them stand on the back part of the stove half a day; let them lie in clear water until they are cold. Boil together one quart of vinegar with two and one-half pounds of brown sugar; skim and then add one ounce of stick cinnamon, half an ounce of whole cloves and the prepared rinds which have been drained, and cook half an hour. Put into jars and cover.

A SACRIFICE TO SCIENCE. Prof. Otto Lilienthal and His Experiments with Flying Machines.

Prof. Otto Lilienthal of Berlin was experimenting with his flying machine last week when the balance of the apparatus was lost and scaling to the ground so injured the inventor that he survived the shock only twenty-four hours. The line of experiment in which Lilienthal had distinguished himself was that known as scaling flight. His machine had great wings, which, however, had not the amplitude of movement, common in wings as we understand them, and they could be trimmed rather than flapped. His method of sailing was to get on some moderate height where there was a more or less precipitous side, and jumping off, glide gently down on an aerial incline until he could safely make a landing, his legs being below the body of the machine and free for precisely that purpose.

His experiences were of many kinds, and he contributed many facts to the sum of our knowledge of conditions of equilibrium in the air. While his motion was in general downwards, still this was not always the case, for on encountering currents of air he would be lifted more or less, so that his downward progression was through a series of curves of which the convex side lay below. On one occasion, when his apparatus was struck by a propitious gust of wind, it is said that he even rose to a greater height than that from which he started. This and other matters gave him great encouragement and he had just constructed a larger machine for his experiments and was looking forward to exceedingly important results.

Those who know about the action of the air have urged against his methods the argument that in encountering adverse gusts of wind there would be a risk of upsetting the machine, in which case it would scale from side to side as does an ordinary sheet of paper when let drop freely through the air, but it appears that Lilienthal, hoping to overcome this difficulty, had arranged for some kind of ballasting device which would make his means of aeronation less dangerous. The accident occurred, however, with his old machine, which was not so fitted. The meagre details of the accident seem to show that the conduct of the parachute, for such it really was, was very nearly that predicted, for the machine turned several somersaults and then scaled to the ground, a motion which, as everyone knows who has flown kites, is exceedingly rapid as the ground is near.

Lilienthal had chosen a venturesome method of research, for it involved in every experiment the carrying of a human body, but in this he had always the courage of his convictions and did not hesitate to be himself the man who was to run the risk. No very serious accident had occurred, although as in our own Blue Hill experiments along the same lines an occasional minor fall was experienced.

Lilienthal's idea was quite different from those of the majority of the inventors of the day. He sought to make the wind carry him by trimming his machine according to the needs of the occasion, while others seek to propel aeroplanes by mechanical action of a propeller or paddles upon the air. Others made machines which they tried to have lift themselves first of all and they hope to be able to improve them as to include a navigator in the equipment, while Lilienthal started out with an apparatus which was to do from the beginning the desired thing, and it was his aim to have this machine at times under the direction and control of his navigator. He was modest in his claims and kept steadily at work along what seemed to him the best of lines of research giving up his life willingly in the end, that the cause of science may have some gains.

—Boston Transcript.