

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPT. 12

President CARO of the republic of Colombia evidently believes in the power of the press—and fears it too, for he has suppressed nearly all the leading journals in the country, so that there is not now a newspaper in the republic that dares to find fault with his administration. The papers would probably have succeeded in making it mighty unpleasant for him if he had not got the advantage of them by suppressing them.

Mrs. MARY ELIZABETH LEASE, of Kansas is a stateswoman of unequalled vigor of determined speech. She is still for war but she isn't satisfied with the condition of the BRYAN campaign, of which she is one of the most conspicuous leaders. It is a sad fact that it is too often the fate of genius to be lonely; and this illustrious stateswoman will not be reasonably contented until she has a party of own, consisting exclusively of herself.

"Those whom the gods destroy they first make mad" is a saying that Mr. BRYAN of silver fame should keep before him just now. He is getting mad. His last speeches show plainly that he is losing his temper, but the man that started out with a crown of thorns and a cross of gold and a burn-down-your-city speech, oughtn't to get mad, unless he has begun to see that he has made a mistake and is getting mad at himself.

The passing of the fur seal is engaging the serious attention of those interested in the matter. It is estimated that the pelagic catch in Behring Sea will not exceed thirty thousand seals this season, although there have been about seventy vessels at work there. It is natural to think that the sealers want to get as many seals as possible until the season is over; but this should certainly not be permitted. It is a clear case of killing the goose that lays the golden egg.

The convention which met in Dublin a few days ago was a most notable one. Two thousand delegates assembled and the countries represented included not only Great Britain and Ireland but Canada, the United States, Australia, and South Africa. So far as is known the gathering was harmonious, though of course there was not wanting that fiery element always to be found in any large gathering. The results of the convention will be far reaching and it is to be hoped will succeed in healing the dissensions of the Irish party.

People with red hair need wish no longer to deceive themselves by calling it by some other name. Red hair, the genuine brand, has been vindicated before the peoples of the earth. Several of the most prominent fire-tongued men in the great political battle that is being waged in the United States are also fired topped; in fact the color seems to be especially potent at present. The Albany Times Union sums up the situation thus:—"Let red hair hold up its head, stand on an end if it wish, protrude itself wherever it may, become as conspicuous as possible, and be no longer abashed, for at last it is vindicated before the peoples of the earth."

TINY is dead and London is in tears, or rather was in tears, for an hour or two. Amid the depressing circumstances and the general gloom, it was no doubt comforting to think of this grand opportunity which TINY's death affords to ALFRED AUSTIN the poet laureate. He can knock out "La Mort d'ARTHUR with La Mort de TINY" and make a world weep, which would naturally be a more prouder achievement than simply moving one city to tears. Who is TINY anyhow? Just the littlest yellow dog in the world. From the tip of his nose to the tip of his tail he measured exactly four inches. He could go to sleep comfortably in the hand of a child. In canine parlance he was a toy terrier. His appetite was always delicate but he ate too much of some particular dainty the other day and indigestion followed. His physician thought he could pull him through, and nobody expected a

catastrope; but the unexpected arrived. Now TINY has glass eyes and a skin full of stuffing; and in this condition his late owner Sir ARCHIBALD MACLAINE presented him to the London Zoo. It now only remains for the world to wait in patience for the coming poem from the pen of the laureate on "La Mort de TINY."

In a day or two St. John will have an opportunity of extending hospitality to several of the brightest and cleverest women on the American continent. The occasion which calls them together promises to be a most interesting and memorable one and will assuredly mark an era in the history of the Women's Council of Canada. This the twenty fourth Congress of the A. A. W., is the first to be held outside the United States and St. John is honored in being the first city to welcome to Canada so distinguished a body. During the congress subjects of deep interest will be discussed by some of the most talented and thoughtful women of the age and this interchange of ideas will undoubtedly promote harmony of thought and action among women interested in the advancement of their own sex. A cordial welcome to St. John awaits the distinguished visitors.

PETER WHEELER has paid the penalty of the awful crime he committed last January. The murder of ANNIE KEMPTON was one of the most brutal and cold blooded in the annals of provincial crime, and never was justice more promptly and deservedly administered. The bravo with which he met his fate was thoroughly consistent with his behaviour from the moment when in the gray light of the January morning he made his pretended ghastly discovery. It is hard to reconcile WHEELER's last statement in regard to the time at which the murder was done, with the theory of the crown; in fact the two cannot be reconciled. While it is difficult to believe that a man on the brink of eternity would tell a deliberate falsehood, it is almost equally difficult to believe that the crown could make so grave a mistake. The latter fully proven, would be serious indeed. The time is not, as has been asserted, a minor consideration, but is a most important one; future convictions upon purely circumstantial evidence would naturally be regarded with a greater degree of distrust and suspicion than such cases have ever been.

Notwithstanding the fact that Italy is in future to maintain a squadron on the coast of South America, and that King HUMBERT, so says a recent report, is to send a representative to Rio de Janeiro to demand satisfaction for the claims of his government against Brazil, there is little danger of any serious trouble between the two countries. Without doubt the tension in their relations has been increased by the recent riots in Brazil, during which Italians have been killed or wounded, and the anti-Italian meetings which have been held in various cities. The demands of Italy have incited Brazilian resentment, and this, in some cases, is expressed by bad treatment of the Italian residents, and that, of course, increases the claims for indemnity. If however there should be any more serious hostilities between the two countries Italy would be seen to be far stronger in her naval forces and equipments. Her population is twice the size of Brazil and her army is many times larger than Brazil's. A discussion of this point, is however, premature for consideration in the dispute between these countries, which is eminently one for pacific solution involving as it does principles of indemnity to be settled in accordance with easily ascertained facts. At a late date there was every prospect of a satisfactory adjustment of the difficulty.

While the difficulty in the Spanish Pacific Colony is slight compared with the insurrection in Cuba, yet it cannot be regarded as trivial. The official acknowledgement that the rebels are so strongly posted that it would be imprudent to attack them before the arrival of re-enforcements is significant and a few days ago came the news of the capture of the Governor of one of the largest and most important of the islands. It is true that the present uprising appears to be concentrated, the chief stronghold of the rebels being in Caribe but for that reason the wider spread of the insurrection through a group which has millions of people would become very serious. Spain had used the Philippines much as she has used Cuba, as a sheer source of revenue for herself. More than a century ago she made a government monopoly of the tobacco crop, which is a leading product, and by laws requiring the districts to furnish certain quantities of the leaf, practically compelled the inhabitant to devote himself to that at the Government's arbitrary price for the leaf. Capitation taxes, too, are levied on the natives as well as on European residents, though on the former they are less heavy. The revolt in the Philippines is very much less well fitted out than the Cuban in numbers organization and resources, but the Islands are at a much greater distance from Spain, and will call for forces that she needs desperately elsewhere just now.

Chicago has had a snub, and a polar snub that. And from China! It is pretty safe to say that Chicago will never use any more fire crackers of the Chinese brand on the fourth of July. For years the Eolian

city encouraged and protected within its limits a Chinese population that could not live elsewhere in the great republic to the south. For many years those who had the god of the almond eyed heathen at heart sent their work into the Chinese laundries while their own nationality suffered from want of employment. The police department of the city of blizzards thrived on the proceeds of fines collected from the opium joints in the Chinese quarters. It was a fact that the newspapers all over the United States were not backward in discussing, that the department encouraged the celestial game of bung loo and then swooped down upon the heathen at his game, with bad financial results to the heathen. An effort was even made to woo Chinese trade from the empire direct, but the scheme failed, through no fault of Chicago's it may be incidentally remarked. Everybody knows how when the white city was in all its glory, the people of Chicago lingered longer about the Chinese theatre in the Midway than they did among the exhibits proper and they went broke on Chinese wares while native manufactures were not given even a passing glance. And yet after all when the Grand Old Man of the Chinese empire the man next to the throne in Peking, who is on the alert for those things which may eventually benefit his country and cause his countrymen to throw off the sleep of ages, makes a tour of the world he shies at Chicago and insists upon being put off at Niagara Falls. He comes to Canada instead to find out how much our railway magnates are worth and to admire one of the most gigantic railroad schemes that ever was projected. He has deliberately refused to give Chicago a sight of his peacock feather or his yellow jacket. And Chicago! No doubt there will be furious raids on bung loo, and the opium joints will suffer during the winter. The laundry business will be divorced from the hogocracy and the name of LI HUNG CHIANG will be written beside that of Benedict Arnold. The peacocks will be ostracized and the name of the Chinese emperor cut out of the city's patrons. And poor Li goes on in his interrogative course sublimely unconscious that he has made himself disliked in one important city in the United States.

The Tenderers Made a Mistake. HALIFAX, Sept. 10.—Hardware contracts and coal contracts have been engaging the attention of citizens for some weeks past. Another coal contract may now be added to the list of those that people can talk about. It was that for the gardens commission. It seems that there were four offers of coal, and the contract is a fairly large one. The tenders were opened by the commissioners and found all to be equal. There was some question about one of them, and the tenderer was telephoned to for information. The firm consulted a copy of their offer, and at once telephoned a reply to the commission. While thus consulting the offer the firm are said to have noticed that their tender was for "short tons", whereas they had intended it to be "long tons". Before the commission adjourned a second telephone came to them that "short tons" was a mistake and that "long tons" was what was intended. The commission refused to accept the change in the tender though by so doing they would have saved about five tons on the whole contract. Besides that they agreed "to keep mum" about the affair.

Didn't pay his Liquor Bill. HALIFAX, September 10.—An alderman who posed as a temperance candidate in 1891, who does so still, and who is yet in the council with an increased majority had a disagreeable experience the other day. It seems that notwithstanding his temperance professions in 1891 the candidate obtained a supply of liquor from a nearby brewery. This beverage formed an excellent campaign "argument" for the candidate. But the liquor it appears, was not paid for. Since then, all those years, the brewery has been pushing for the price of the liquor. The other day, becoming desperate, they threatened to take proceedings at law for the recovery of the amount. This would look bad for a temperance alderman, so an intimation was privately given him of what was coming. Then he paid up to avoid publicity. Who was this "temperance" candidate, who used liquor that was not paid for in his contest of 1891?

Late Correspondence. An explanatory letter from The Horton Fire Ladder Co., of Halifax, in regard to an article which appeared last week in the Halifax correspondence of PROGRESS, reached this office too late for publication in this issue, but will receive due attention next week. Apohaqui and Sussex social letters were also too late for this week.

Charlottetown Exhibition. The Intercolonial Ry., will issue for this exhibition from all its stations in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Cape Breton, tickets at Special Low Rates on September 14th, and 15th, good to return the 22nd.

It is said that the forthcoming production of "Cymbeline" at the Lyceum theatre, London, will be the tenth Shakespearean production that Henry Irving has made since 1878 when he assumed the management of that theatre.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Retrieved. The blushing roses softly swang, Before the night dew's falling; Sweet incense through the leaves where sang, Bright birds their love notes calling. One beaming star's enquiring eye, Looked down on the crescent shining, Lured down and listened from the sky, Some happiness divining.

The loving west wind softly sighed, O'er beds of sweet white clover; To serenade a coming bride, And lead her to her lover. On that sweet night in balmy June, All nature round us waited; And sank into a happy swoon, When two fond hearts were mated.

We leaned upon the rustic gates, The gamine vine twined o'er us; There lay the laughing God creates, Like Paradise before us. Deep silence wrapped the setting sun, All save our own hearts beating; And two souls mystically one, Momentous words repeating.

And when she said a for ever love, Her inward joy confessing; To all the stars in skies above, Where lighting down God's blessing, And ere the darkness veiled the land, From every tree and flower, Earth sky and sea in music grand, Rang out love's mighty power.

The earth was glad for she was near, The all of life that God could give; The hearts best language in a tear, To tell us why 'tis sweet to live. O in the soul's emotion then, What raptures bliss to love is given; To thrill our inmost being when, Our arms enfold the gifts of heaven.

One Life at a Time. If the dead came back— If in some shadowy glen th'ir forms might meet us, Or from some wandering winds their voices greet us, Or in all earth's strange or common places, We might have hope to see the dead, dead faces. Hope by keen eyes or hearing to discover The father, sister, husband, wife or lover, From death come back.

Life would be all a watching and a waiting, A standard tiple at the mystic grating, A pleading for the blessed shapes to linger, Straining to touch them with a doubting finger, Chattering wildly of the past, and snoring Wildly for pardon of our evil doing Before they died.

Their pardon, lacking God's would still content us; We should walk blindly in the way they sent us; Follow no unseen Christ, nor seek the portal Of that unseen, faith-couraged life immortal. We should be sure to slight if out of heaven To our crude eyes so crude a boon were given— Our dead come back.

And soon, distracted with this double showing, Half earth, half heaven, our doubtful senses know— Labor would languish into dreams and fancies, The world would grow less real, nor heaven come nearer. Our dear ones be no happier or dearer, Should they come back.

No happier, ah, no! How selfish-hearted Who wishes back their blessedly departed, Back from their sunny peace and swift-winged power, Into the cares that clog and woes that lower, Just that our faithless, fretful eyes may view them A few brief years before we shall go to them, When we are dead.

Ah, God knows best, one life at one time giving, Sparing to fret us with a double living, A clash of mysteries, two worlds, two missions, And all the strange and masterful conditions My prayers I turn to praise, O God in heaven, That to their will this boon Thou has not given— My dead come back.

A Song of Faith. There's a joy that comes out of the past time, Like a star in a cloud shadowed night; And it lingers with all to the last time, And beautifies life with its light.

Though time in its changes diurnal, Dim the beauty of another's night, Star like from the darkness eternal, That joy will arise? Though we dwell in the ways that are lowly— Where bloom not the flowers that are sweet; In paths that the Master made holy By the print of His beautiful feet.

That joy shall make sorrow seem lighter, And take from affliction its sting; And close to the life it makes brighter 'Is tendril's will cling! And what is that joy and its mission? What kind stars looked down on its birth? Does it seek us in every condition? Does it reach to the ends of the earth?

O friends, from each other divided, It is this: In far sunlight and shade, When the joys of the years have subsided, We shall meet and clasp hands. Why wander in pathways uncertain, Where no rose and no lily invites? Why shudder to ring down the curtain And stand in the blaze of God's lights?

Time tells in his starry evange's, And take from the heart its sting; And close to the life it makes brighter 'Is tendril's will cling! And what is that joy and its mission? What kind stars looked down on its birth? Does it seek us in every condition? Does it reach to the ends of the earth?

The Intercolonial railway will issue for this Great Exposition, from all its stations, at first class single through fare on September 11th, 15th, and 16th, and at special low rate of \$10.00 on the 12th and 14th.

The commissioners in charge of the design and construction of an electric railway to the top of snow-clad Jungfrau, in Switzerland, have offered an international prize of \$6,000 for the best solution of certain detail problems in the construction of the road.

Alternating current trolley lines, which are destined to supersede the present continuous current trolley, on account of attendant economic of operation, especially on long distance interurban traffic, has received its first application at Lugano, Switzerland.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.



THE SALT INDUSTRY. How the Useful Article is Manufactured in Michigan.

The existence of salt springs in the lower peninsula of Michigan was known to the Indians long prior to the advent of the white man in the country, and they were resorted to by both Indians and wild animal made numerous reservations of lands which the brine of these springs was undertaken at several points at an early day. So well known was this fact of the presence of salt springs, that the general government made numerous reservations of lands, which were supposed to contain salt deposits. By the act of admission of Michigan into the Union, the state was authorized to select seventy-two sections of salt land, or land where the presence of saline springs indicated the occurrence of salt deposits. On the organization of the geological survey the state geologist, Dr. Douglas Houghton, made an examination, with the view to the selection of these lands, and in 1838 reported the results of his observations. Still these examinations were limited to surface indications, and no extended experiments were made to probe the coast far below the surface.

However, borings were finally undertaken in several localities, resulting generally in such a good measure of success as to stimulate still further trials, developing such gratifying results, especially in the Saginaw Valley, that in 1859 the first company was organized for the manufacture of salt since which period this industry has reached its present stupendous proportions adding greatly to the wealth and reputation of the state, and especially to the growth of the cities and the region in which the business is carried on.

The origin of these deposits is not known; whence the waters lying so far beneath the surface derive their saline property there is no apparent means of determining, nor is the boundary of the surface known beneath which these deposits of brine may be found. The Michigan salt group has a wide extent in the state, although thus far the greatest successes have come from the Saginaw valley. Where the lowest horizon is found in the salt group the brine is found to be the strongest, greatest in amount and best in quality. It is for this reason that salt wells in the Saginaw valley have proved it to be more valuable than elsewhere. It is the region in which the greatest depression occurs. The salt group here lies at a depth reaching to more than a thousand feet below the surface of the lake. At what depth below the surface of the lake this brine is found the writer is unable to state. One thing there is an apparent certainty, that the supply of the brine is inexhaustible. The extent to which the manufacture of salt in Michigan may be carried on is one of cost and demand. The brine may be assumed as existing in quantity far in excess of our ability to diminish it.

Of the two modes of securing the evaporation of the water, either by the application of solar or artificial heat, the latter is the method mainly resorted to in the Saginaw Valley. Solar evaporation is affected by exposing the brine in shallow wooden vats. Such vats as are used are about eighteen feet square and six inches deep. They are supported on posts above the ground and are provided with a roof which is readily moved on the vats or off from them to cover the brine from the rain or to expose it to the sun, as required. The process is begun in March, and the contents removed in July, the product of the second filling is taken out the first of September, and the third and final removal occurs the last of October. The annual product of a single salt vat of this size is fifty bushels.

A kettle block contains fifty or sixty kettles set close together and in rows enclosed in stone work or brick work. A launder connects with a cistern kept filled with brine, and runs along between the rows of kettles, and from this launder the brine is drawn out into the kettles by opening a lateral spout. When seventy per cent of the water has been boiled away, the salt is dipped out into a basket or sieve to allow the water to run out of it, after which it is emptied into a bin, where, after a sufficient time—about two weeks—it is ready to be put into barrels. But the greatest advance in the way of cheapening the cost of the salt production has been achieved by the use of steam to evaporate the brine. For this purpose the exhaust steam of the great mills in the Saginaw region is used.

Pans are also made use of, a so-called pan block consisting of a "settler" pan, and packing room enclosed in the same building. The brine is drawn from the settler into the pan, to the bottom of which the fire is directly applied, making the evaporation very rapid, and causing the salt to form continuously. The salt business in Michigan has swollen from the manufacture in 1860 of 4,000 barrels to 3,967,286 in 1895.

The estimated capacity of the 113 firms now engaged in the manufacture of salt in this state is 5,950,000 barrels per year.

Miss Featherstonhaugh, Prof. of the Piano Montreal, has selected and purchased a Fratte Piano for her own use.

QUEEN OF ALASKA.

The Title Earned by a Good-hearted Woman in the Key North. A Queen has been visiting Seattle for several days past and few persons have been aware of the fact. Not a real crowned Queen, ruler of nations, or one who has a court filled with brilliantly dressed subjects, but the woman who has sprung into local fame as 'The Queen of Alaska.' She is Mrs. Aylward of Napoleon Gulch, eighty-five miles from Fortymile creek, a tributary of the Yukon. While the career of this woman is not as remarkable as that of many another noted person, still the fact remains that four years ago she was a servant, and now she is a lady whose wealth would place her among the higher classes if she so desired. In brief her history is as follows:

Soon after the great Seattle fire of 1889 Miss Bridget Manion was a cook at the Yeeler residence, on James street, between Third and Fourth avenues. In the course of events she went with Capt. Healy and his family to Fortymile Creek, where he is now in charge of the trading post. She was four years ago last July. That was only the housekeeper, but with Mrs. Healy was the first woman to go into that frozen country. There were plenty of men there who had not seen a white woman for a long time, and, as she was single, her hand was sought by them in marriage. Not being of the marriageable nature just then, she kept on working at very good wages, accumulating a small fortune.

After Miss Manion had been at Fortymile for a year and nine months, Mr. Aylward was successful in gaining for a wife the first lady of the land. At that time he had located several claims which were paying well. Together they worked the claims, which was not very hard, as the gold was picked up in nuggets. It was at about this time she won the name of 'Queen.' Prospectors were entering the country, and at times were very short of supplies, and during the months when work was out of the question they always found a welcome at Napoleon Gulch. Many a man owes Mrs. Aylward a debt of gratitude for having cheered his dark hours.

Last May she left the little home in the gold region and started for the coast. During the week of Aug. 10 she reached San Francisco. Of course her clothes were not of the latest fashion, and in company with a friend she was fitted out. While there many of the ladies of the city, whose husbands had gone north in search of gold and to whom she had been a friend in the hour of need, called on her and expressed their thanks. Since then she has visited Tacoma, and is now in Seattle, the guest of old friends.

After visiting friends in this city Mrs. Aylward will leave for Boston, to spend a month or more in that city, and then will cross the Atlantic to old Ireland, where her mother now lives in the town of Galway. Returning from there, she will again leave for her Northern home, there to remain with her husband for several years, when they will have acquired an independent fortune, and then they will seek the more civilized world. Mrs. Aylward has with her many nuggets which she has individually picked up on the claims. She has a necklace, made of nuggets, which she wears around her neck, and also a valuable bracelet.—Seattle Post Intelligencer.

DUDES AS HEROES.

An Incident at El Reno that Disappointed a Governor of Oklahoma. A former Governor of Oklahoma was in town a few days ago, and some New York men were entertaining him. An incident started the conversation on dudes, and how, sometimes, they had been agreeable disappointments.

"We never had any real dudes in Oklahoma that I ever heard of," said the former Governor. "There was one, come to think of it, who got mixed in the shuffle somehow. I was in El Reno one day, and while sitting on the piazza of the meanest hotel that was ever run anywhere, Col. Wade, son of old Ben Wade, you know, who was in command at Fort Reno, and who was in El Reno everyday, said to me: 'Governor, there goes a dude.'

"I nearly fell from my chair in getting up to see the creature. But there he was as he had been pictured. Col. Wade said he had heard that a dude would sometimes astonish people by some extraordinary, great or heroic act which entitled him to consideration. I never believed it, but as Col. Wade was an officer I let it go.

"While we were looking at the creature we saw a woman trundling a baby wagon along the sidewalk—the only one in town, I should remark—and a minute later we saw a runaway team coming in the direction of the mother and child and the dude. A runaway team in El Reno, gentlemen, has the right of way. On came the team. It was within a few feet of the woman and child when I saw the dude raise his hands, and—

"Saved the child!" exclaimed one of the New Yorkers. "Saved nothing!" replied the former Governor of Oklahoma, in disgust, "the damned assay fainted on the spot; and I says to Col. Wade: 'I never took any stock in the yarns about dudes being heroes, and now I know I was right.'