

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR

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ST JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEB. 20

BICYCLE NOT TO BLAME.

It has been demonstrated lately that the screwed up condition of the countenance known as the "bicycle face" is not at all the result of bicycling particularly, but is induced by any violent demand on the muscles. An article on the muscular contraction of the face in a recent issue of La Nature illustrates this fact by presenting a picture of a young man in the act of jumping a hurdle. "During the jump" says the article "the entire body leaves the ground and for the time being floats through the air like a projectile. The effort of giving the impulse provokes a contraction of the muscles of the entire body; the trunk and the extremities of the body, form at the moment of leaving the ground but one rigid unit. The picture shows the body at that moment and it reproduces the full effort and the complete contraction. As the jump was rather high the violence of the effort is well accentuated in the jumpers expression he looks as if he were in great distress, and as if he were about to break into tears.

The execution this week at Missouri of ARTHUR DUESTROW, for the murder of his wife and child in St. Louis about three years ago was simply the meting out of justice to a criminal whose atrocious misdeed demanded the extreme penalty. But the law's dread penalty in this instance had been invested with exceptional importance in the public mind by reason of the fact that the criminal was a millionaire—the first to die upon the scaffold in the United States. While it is perfectly true that the worldly circumstances of the malefactor had properly little or no bearing upon his awful crime, in a legal sense at least it is just as well that the attention of the whole world should be concentrated on his case; for it certainly marks the triumph of justice over every technicality and it has furnished an impressive demonstration that the dollar is not always mighty enough to stay the hand of justice.

Mr. JAMES MORTON who arranged the first bicycle race in England some thirty years ago has written a letter to a newspaper published in the Transvaal, where he now lives, giving some interesting particulars of that event. It was at the annual gala of the United Friendly societies at Crewe that the races took place and Mr. MORTON who was a delegate suggested the race, because he thought that cycling was likely to become in the course of time, a national sport. There were four entries but only two men rode, their machines having wooden wheels and iron tires. The second man protested against the prize being awarded to his competitor, as he had a couple of steel spikes screwed into the tire of his front wheel in order to get a good grip on the grass, but his objection was over ruled.

A recent issue of a Greenville, Kentucky, paper had the following letter of correction from a reader: "I desire to make a correction of the account published in your last week's issue relating to my marriage. It was stated that when I was married I had on my World's Fair sox. This was a mistake. I did not have on my World's Fair sox at that time, but wore a pair of cotton sox that were presented to me by my grandfather, Col. Jacob Leigh. My grandfather, who was a soldier of the war of 1812, had worn them at the battle of New Orleans, and he gave them to me as a relic.

The examination of CECIL RHODES before the Parliamentary Committee which began in London this week failed to realize the expectations of sensational disclosures. The statement read by the witness contain-

ed no facts that had not become generally known. Mr. Rhodes' comparison of the movement in aid of the Johannesburgers with the Greek incursion of Crete put into epigrammatic form the irreconcilable difference between the Dutch Afrianders and the British South African colonists. The raid, which appears to the former as a crime, is extenuated as an act of patriotism even by those among the latter who formally admit the criminality of the raiders. In these opposite points of view lies the danger to South Africa.

It is not generally known that the manufacture of chamois leather is a difficult process occupying some three months. The wool being removed from the sheep and lamb skins of which it is made, the skin is split by special machinery and in the inner portion is converted into chamois leather by various processes. At the final stage the skin is smoothed by means of a very fine circular knife worked by hand which produces the soft feeling so well known in good chamois leather.

Somebody is evidently trying to boom the "Parads," by writing anonymous letters to the papers condemning the "mad gipsy dance." Fanaticism may carry some persons to extreme lengths, but hardly so far as it seems to have done in this case. The effort to boom the entertainment in the way mentioned has the virtue of originality so far as St. John is concerned though it is an old dodge in the larger American cities.

The municipal council of Paris keeps a cart for the purpose of hauling away the numerous bombs and other infernal machines frequently dropped in that city by vengeful anarchists and murderous cranks. Recently the council appropriated 7500 francs to keep the "voiture aux explosifs" supplied with pneumatic tires in order to minimize the possibilities of an explosion while carting the missiles through the streets.

There is an ominous suggestion in the fact that in a town in Nova Scotia a perscription clerk is called BURY, while the undertaker goes under the appropriate cognomen of KNEELE. And to make matters worse, if possible, the principal physician of the village is named COFFIN.

An English firm has recently applied asbestos to the manufacture of shoes for workingmen employed in foundries and smelting works. It is asserted that the new shoes, besides being more comfortable, cost less than leather shoes and wear indefinitely.

Rev. Dwight Moody in a recent sermon remarked "Heaven is a city like New York" And now the good people of the American Metropolis accuse Mr. Moody of trying to work up a boom for the other place. It is hard to please everybody.

According to the annual report of the London Fire Department there is an average of ten fires a day in the great city. During 1896 there were 106 lives lost by fire and no less than 400 false alarms maliciously given, are recorded.

A foot ball game was recently played in the city of Mexico and the Mexican papers were a unit in declaring the sport was "too brutal and degrading." Mexico seems to draw the line at bull fights.

The centenary of the high hat is at hand but the tall feminine theatre hat will never reach its centennial anniversary if the masculine element can help it.

By the aid of a glass a sailor says he recently saw a turtle as large as a man of war. It is pretty certain that it took more than one glass to do it.

A Pleasant Place for Residence.

That Rotheray, nine miles from St. John, is a most pleasant and charming village for residence has been proven beyond doubt. Either for a person residing in St. John wishing to make their summer residence there or for a person making it their permanent home, there is no more beautiful spot. Rotheray has many advantages—it has two schools for girls and one for boys, beside the public schools. It has a church of England and a presbyterian church—a large summer hotel and is much frequented by citizens of St. John as a summer outing spot, and has first class train accommodation. In our advertising columns a splendid property in Rotheray at present occupied by Mr. C. H. Carman is offered for sale. It would make an ideal home for one who wished to do a little farming, as it contains six acres of land under cultivation, and the house standing on rising ground gives a grand view of the Kennebecasis. The whole property is in excellent order and will be disposed of at a low figure.

Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired. Duval, 17 Waterloo.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Visiting Day.

The morning suns was shining clear and bright, Half way the shades were raised towards the street Through all the wards the suffering at night, Was lessened, for the loved ones soon would meet. The visitors would come today they knew, No nurse so weary that she could not smile; And early there the matron tried and true, Lingered beside each cot a longer while.

Kind friends were coming, and dear hearts bowed low, Were saddened as they entered at the door; For some they knew ere long must sinking go, And they should find them in the ward no more. Ah, there were faces pale, and slender arms— Twined round some loving neck with whispered prayer,

That He who life's wild sea of sorrow calms; Would take the burdens they no more could bear. There were too children crippled from their birth, And orphaned in life's early morning light, That some kind nurse in sympathy's true worth, Took faithful care of both by day or night. None sought to see them save in His dear name, Who in such scenes a might divine would prove; And laid His hands upon them when He came, And took them in His blessed arms of love.

Inside a corner screen a mother weeps, In silent anguish through her night of pain; The surgeon's knife its skillful science keeps, Sometimes to save a human life in vain. And here perchance has been that saddest deep, The same which here some souls for years must find The invalid with anguish keen must reap, The gentle patience of a willing mind.

To all of these and sons and daughters to, The longed for time brings fragrant flowers fair; When gracious hands their lovely zits renew, And Easter lilies soothe the heart of care. Thus here again on visitor's sweet day, Through all the Hospital new life had passed, And welcome voices found fond words to say. Till came the parting moment and the last.

Through all the hours until the twilight's close, With voices now subdued to murmurs low; The weary ones more pray for brief repose, And dream the roses sing of long ago. The shades are lowered and the lamps turned down Night nurses come their watchful posts to fill; A silence settles o'er the distant town, And save for some sad moaning, all is still.

CPRAUS GOLDB.

Hyaclnth Window, Feb. 1897.

The Modern Novel.

Them novelists who write to-day, w'y, they hain't got the trade, There ain't a one that knows just how a story should be made; Not one who understands the thing, not one who does the job. An' not a one who sings himself like o' Sylvanus Cobb.

Ab, o' Sylvanus Cobb, my boy, w'en he was on the deck, We had a story teller then of giant intellect. The hero of a story now he don't git in no row; No Julius, an' no Piratus, an' no villains, anyhow. The hero of to-day is tame; hain't got no whiz an' whirr! Sets still an' lets some other chap go in an court his grr!

The novelists who writeto day have all mistook their job; Not one has got the glor'us gift of o' Sylvanus Cobb. Sylvanus took his hero where a hero ought to go, In scrapes an' awful dangers where he seemed to have no go. He drowned him, shot him, scalped him, but every reader knew Sylvanus knew his business well and he would pull him through. He bruised him, banged him, buried him, an' did a han'some job. But still he left the chap was safe with o' Sylvanus Cobb.

He'd git the chap in dungeons deep, with soldier's To fill his body full of shot if he should once git out; Sylvanus was too shrewd for that, and allus had in stock A subterranean passageway through which the chap could walk. An' though he s'ashed an' slaughtered him, he understood his job; We knowed that we could trust the man with o' Sylvanus Cobb.

We'd see the hero's funeral, we'd hear the parson We'd see his coffin in the tomb, all neatly packed away. But that didn't worry us a bit. Above the yawnin' We knowed Sylvanus still was there, an' he 'ad power to save. We'd leave him in the grave content, an' we didn't out agin. We knowed Sylvanus knowed the trick to git him out agin.

While Sylvanus led his hero we were not a bit afraid, Though he marched ag'in an army, an' he faced a cannonade; Though a who's should cave in on him, though a whirlpool sucked him in, We all trusted to Sylvanus to produce him sound ag'in. An' Sylvanus allus done it. Oh, he understood the job; We knowed that we could trust the man with o' Sylvanus Cobb.

Give me them good ol' days of guns, of snakes, an' gappin' jaws, Of wolves an' racin' catamounts, with blood upon their paws; W'en six-foot heroes courted girls that they had snatched away into clay. From out a bloody bandit's clasp, an' tramped him I wish we had some writers now who understood the job. Some writers who could sting themselves like o' Sylvanus Cobb!

With One Exception.

I'm a man who's most unbending, Who so relies On woman's follies, never ending— Woman's wiles. I'm a chronic woman-hater, Who would ne'er to woman cater, Yet there's one who proves me traitor When she smiles. Woman's time with utter folly She beguiles, And there's something melancholy In her smiles. I can take her mental measure, Proves she lives for naught but pleasure, But there's one who seems a treasure When she smiles.

You may hear me often try to ridicule, With suggestions woman fly to Some good school; At the sex I'm ever railing, But I find I have one failing— When she smiles I cease my railing, As a rule.

You may think in what I'm saying I but drool; That, in fact, while thus inveighing, I'm a fool; But I tell you most sincerely I'm a woman-hater clearly, And this one exception merely Proves the rule.

—Chicago Post.

If Your Pants

look shabby send them to us. We sponge and tailor press them like new for 25c; full suits 50c. Ungar's Laundry and Dye works, Waterloo street.

GEMS HAVE DISEASES.

Some Precious Stones Lose Color, Fade and Die, Chip and Crack.

Gems have diseases just as men and women do, with this difference, that the infirmities of precious stones can rarely be cured. Some gems deteriorate, grow old, in other words, and gradually become lifeless. Pearls are most subject to this fate, and no means have been found to restore them to life.

Among infirmities to which precious stones are liable is one common to all colored stones, that of fading, or losing color when long exposed to the light. The emerald, the sapphire, and the ruby suffer the least, their colors being as nearly permanent as colors can be, yet experiments made a few years ago in Paris and Berlin to determine the deterioration of colorless gems through exposure showed that even these suffered, a ruby which had lain for two years in a show window being perceptibly lighter in tint than its original mate, which was kept in darkness.

The cause of the change are not very clear, even to expert chemists, but it is evident that the action of the light on the coloring matter of the gem effects a deterioration, slow but exceedingly sure.

In the case of the garnet and topaz the change is more rapid than in that of the ruby and sapphire, but there is a curious difference in the result in topaz and garnet, for while the latter grows lighter, the former appears to become cloudy and dull in hue, losing much of the brightness characteristic of a newly cut gem.

For ages the opal has had the unenviable reputation of being the most unlucky of gems, and it is believed that the jewelers themselves were originally responsible for some of the superstitious and hard luck stories connected with it, since to the polishers and setters it is one of the most troublesome gems on their list.

Microtonists say that the prismatic colors and fire of the opal are due to myriads of minute cracks in the body of the stone, the edges of which reflect the light at different angles and give the hues so much admired. A stone full of cracks is liable to split any time, and disasters of this kind, especially in the process of grinding and polishing, have occurred so often that every gem polishing house has its store of hard luck stories in connection with the opal.

After the gem is set and sold the load is taken off the mind of the manufacturer and transferred to that of the wearer. Opals that have successfully passed the ordeals of grinding, polishing and setting do not often crack afterward, but it is best not to expose them to even moderate heat involved by the wearer sitting in front of an open fire, for the opal is composed principally of silicic acid, with from five to thirteen per cent of water, a combination which renders them very treacherous objects. The idea that they bring disaster to the wearer may be dismissed as superstitious. Of all precious stones, however, the opal is most open to be deceived.—New York Herald.

A Valuable Invention.

Letters Patent have been granted on the 27th of January last to Mr. Antonio Pratte, of the Pratte Piano Co., for improvement in sounding boards and rounding board frames. The effects of these improvements are:

1st. To produce a richer tone.

2nd. A more prolonged vibration of the strings, or what is called an increased singing tone.

3rd. Much more strength than in the ordinary frames (on which the sounding board is glued), thus preventing the displacing of the rounding board when the tension of the strings is applied on it, although that part of the piano constructed according to this patent costs many times more to make them in the best piano, the Pratte Piano Co. are now building all their pianos with these improvements without extra charge.

Anybody calling at their Warehouses, No. 1676 Notre Dame Street, Montreal, will be gladly shown all the details of this important invention.

Abandoned to Their Fate.

The spirit of the Parisian beggar is well illustrated by an interview with one of the veteran members of the fraternity. He has complained a good deal of the cold lately, and is undoubtedly old, and has for some time been trying to arrange matters to retire from business on the competence he has gained in it. The other day, therefore when the mercury had taken a sudden drop, he said to an old patron: "Well, I don't care; after next summer I am going to give up the business." "But what about your customers?" asked his patron. "Well, I'm sorry for them," said the old man, "but they'll have to get along the best way they can!"

One Little Difficulty.

It takes a mechanical mind to understand a machine, and mechanics are amused at the ready notion of some people that they fully comprehend an apparatus of which they have not grasped the first principle.

Such a person was lately heard 'explaining' a motorcycle, or self-propelling carriage, to some admiring friends. He told them what everything was 'for,' and then he added, frankly: "The only thing about it that bothers me is the question how it goes without a horse!"



Celebrated for its great leavening strength and healthfulness. Assures the food against alum and all forms of adulteration common to the cheap brands. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

Act at Travel.

Prof. S. P. Langley is reported as saying in a recent interview that, having proved both theoretically and practically that machines can be made to travel through the air, if he had the time and money to spend, he believed he could make one on a scale such as would demonstrate to the world that a large passenger-carrying flying-machine can be a commercial as well as a scientific success.

AMHERST.

[Progress is for sale at Amherst by W. P. Smith & Co.]

FEB. 17.—On Wednesday last Messrs. A. R. Borden, C. L. Purdy, Dr. McQueen, Dr. McCully, C. L. Benedict, W. H. Robinson, A. G. Robb, J. M. Curry, H. W. Graham, J. R. Douglas and E. N. Rhodes issued invitations for an "at home" which comes off this evening, consequently society has been on the qui vive during the week preparing for the brilliant event which as near as can be present be ascertained will be a dance of unusual magnitude. The large store recently occupied by J. B. Gass has been very artistically draped with bunting galore and presents a most inviting appearance. The musicians come from the capital and Mr. Calhoun of the Terrace will attend to the supper, so just now the outlook is very promising for a charming success. Of the elegant gowns destined to appear, more anon. The patronesses are Mrs. J. A. Dickey, Mrs. D. W. Douglas and Mrs. N. A. Curry. A number of guests have been invited from other towns and many I hear will add eclat to the affair.

The drawing card at the Aberdeen rink on Saturday night was the Hockey match between the United Bankers of Halifax and our home team who came off victors, the score being eight to 1. Next on the rink programme is a carnival for next Wednesday evening which will have as a prelude a hockey match by a number of young ladies, who are practising daily and without doubt will be a delightful feature of the evening as it will be decidedly unique.

A large party of skaters came from Moncton on Friday evening. After enjoying a few hours at the rink, they went to the Terrace for supper before taking their homeward way.

On Thursday Mrs. Calhoun mother of Messrs. William and Walter Calhoun died at her home after a short illness. She was well and very favorably known and will be sorely missed by a large circle of friends and the public in general. The funeral took place at the Terrace on Saturday, Rev. V. E. Harris conducted the service assisted by Rev. J. H. Macdonald. The remains were taken to Hillsboro for interment.

Miss Fanning of Mount Allison, Sackville, was the guest of Mrs. D. W. Douglas over Sunday. Miss Annie Black spent a few days in Moncton visiting friends.

Mr. D. W. Robb has returned from a short business trip to Montreal.

La grippe or something closely akin in the way of colds seems at present to be all prevailing prominent among present victims is our stalwart M. F. Mr. H. J. Logan also Mr. J. M. Townsend G. C. with a host of others.

The marriage of Mr. C. O. Davidson of Amherst to Miss Flo Ripley of Truro took place the first of the week. After a short wedding trip they will return to Amherst where they will reside.

Miss May Townsend of Halifax is paying a visit to Mrs. A. R. Dicke.

Miss Fitzmorris is the guest of Miss Kathleen Coates, Crescent avenue.

Miss Fannie Everett who has been visiting her uncle Rev. Dr. Steele and Mrs. Steele went to Truro on Wednesday for a short visit, before returning to her home in St. John.

Mrs. T. Sherman Rogers and Miss Adda McCully went to Boston last Wednesday for a six weeks visit.

Mrs. C. R. Smith was in Halifax last week. Mr. F. S. Hanford was in St. John last week to attend the funeral of his brother Mr. Chas. Hanford. Miss McMullin of Truro was the guest of Miss Hillson last week.

Miss Lily Harris of North Sydney is visiting her sister Miss Maizie Harris at the Rectory.

Mrs. Biden went to St. John last week to attend the funeral of her niece Mrs. McLeod.

Mrs. Fred Christie and Miss Anna Christie have gone to River Herbert to visit relatives.

Mrs. DeWolf of Fort Greville is visiting Mrs. Page, Eddy street.

FATHURST.

FEB. 17.—Mr. Jno. Ferguson, Mr. Jno. Creaght and his little daughter were guests of Mr. T. D. Adams this week.

Mrs. A. N. DesBrisey, entertained a few friends on Thursday last.

Miss Bell Mullins spent a few days in Newcastle last week.

The whist club met at the residence of Mrs. J. F. Barry on Monday.

Mr. P. J. Burns returned home on Saturday. The bachelor's social which takes tonight promises to be a great success. We hope to give a description in next week's issue.

Mr. A. Roy of Montreal is in town. Mr. Fred Bishop who met with a slight accident last week is we are happy to say able to be out again.

Messrs. J. Morrissey and Daly of Miramichi were in town on Saturday.

Mrs. D. T. Johnston and Mr. Earl went to Chatham on Tuesday. We understand that the members of the choir of the R. C. church are preparing for a concert which takes place next month. Mrs. Lee Young returned to her home in Caracquet on Saturday. Mrs. James Ferguson, who has been spending his winter in Dalhousie, returned home last week.

Agents Wanted. Active boys or agents are wanted in Campbellton, Newcastle, and St. Andrews to sell PROGRESS Apply at once to the publisher.