

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER,.....EDITOR

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A MODERNIZED FORM.

PROGRESS appears to its readers today in a somewhat altered and more modern form. The tendency, or rather the fashion of the times in newspaperdom is to approach as convenient a form as possible and that best suited to readers and advertisers. The most successful dailies which were for many years issued as "blanket" sheets of four pages have become modern and now, with the advent of improved machinery and better taste, appear in a more compact and convenient form. For almost six years PROGRESS has been printed on a six column page which, while generally satisfactory has been open to the objections of patrons that the pages were too large for their number to do them full justice. This size has also made it impossible to fold one paper within another so that each number would be in one complete form. In its present size it will be possible to do this when the negotiations pending a proper folding machine are completed. For these reasons the form of PROGRESS has been modernized somewhat, and we trust our readers will agree, improved. Advertisers will certainly consent that upon whatever page they are placed they will have a more commanding position while those readers who are partial to the form of such excellent journals as the Youths Companion, London News &c. will, it may be, wish that the modernizing had been carried a step farther and PROGRESS issued on that size sheet. Our neighbor, the Messenger and Visitor, will, we understand, appear in something akin to that form when issued next week, a fact which speaks well for its enterprise and determination to keep abreast of the age in journalism. Such changes come around all in their own good time and we hope the day is not far distant when PROGRESS will be able to appear when the occasion demands with a cover and as many pages as a complete folding machine can fold, paste and trim.

ITS MEANING UNKNOWN.

A learned society is rather unfortunate, to say the least, when it is unable to tell what its name means. This is the dilemma of the Royal Geographical Society of Australasia. It asked the International Geographical Congress in London, last year, to give an answer to the question: What is the true definition of the term Australasia? The Congress, being very busy with other matters, had no time for this conundrum, and the question is still unanswered.

The Australian geographers decline to accept the British definition of the word, as given in the imperial statute, which declares that "the term Australasia shall signify and include New Zealand and Tasmania as well as Australia." Why, ask the Australian geographers should New Zealand, Fiji, New Caledonia, and the other islands of the south seas be excluded? In fact no geographical societies and few writers accept the given definition; but confusion arises because everybody uses the word according to his own idea of what it embraces. The Australians themselves here tried in vain to reach a common understanding. A geographical conference at Melbourne, ten or twelve years ago, argued the question, but failed to attain any conclusion, and none has been arrived at since, though the great society with its branches in all the leading colonies said in its memorial to the London Congress that "we consider it a matter of daily increasing importance."

The fact is, there are few accepted boundaries for parts of the world considered in a geographical, instead of a political sense. What is the geographical, the so-called natural division between Europe and Asia in the South-East? One famous

authority says it is the Manytsch depression north of the Caucasus; another that it is the line following the crest of the Main Caucasus range, and still another that it is the southern boundary of Transcaucasia; and a recent publication which deals with the matter, gives three determinations which deal with the total area of Europe, according as one or another of these boundary lines is accepted.

There is no agreement even as to the number of continents, for some distinguished writers recognize only three, Euro-Asia, Africa and America; and when they talk of the great diversions of the land surface the number varies from five to eight according to the different writers. Perhaps in only one respect is this a matter of importance. When a writer or speaker refers to a region it is highly desirable to know how much of the earth's surface he includes under the name.

Until a half century ago there was much confusion in books and atlases with regard to the names and extent of the various oceans. The Royal Geographical Society of London appointed a committee, in 1845, to settle these matters and the conclusions reached by the committee, with some modifications, were generally accepted and have proved advantageous. There is much less confusion with regard to the names and extent of land surfaces, but such as exists is not likely to be remedied unless some authoritative tribunal takes the matter in hand, and the rest of the world accepts its decisions.

A NEW INTOXICANT.

While the enemies of alcohol in its various forms are exhausting their ingenuity in devising methods for suppressing its use as an intoxicant, the ingenuity of people who crave this sort of stimulus is equally active in finding new means of gratifying their craving. There is an old story of a town in Europe where sulphuric ether was habitually imbibed as a substitute for whiskey; the morphine fiend and the chloral fiend are well known to the medical profession; and laudanum cock-tails are a not infrequent pick-me-up. Now comes news from a Connecticut town that cocaine snuff has become the rage with its inhabitants, and that they are wasting their substance and ruining their health by its use. The latest new intoxicant is described as being composed of cocaine, sugar of milk, magnesia, and menthol, or peppermint extract, and applied to the nostrils like tobacco snuff. It was first compounded by a physician as a remedy for catarrh, but, having been found also to possess also exhilarating qualities the use of it has spread to all classes of the population. One working man is said to spend as much as \$5 per week upon it and the town druggists cannot supply the demand. Among its victims are children of tender years and hundreds of factory work people. Where it is consumed to excess it produces sleeplessness, hysteria, and finally paralysis. An appeal to the legislature is talked of for suppressing the evil but meanwhile it rages with great violence. Here is a new field for reformers and philanthropists to work in, as soon as they shall have succeeded in suppressing the use of alcoholic drinks. And by the time they have finished with cocaine and snuff, something newer and more popular will have been invented, so that they need never be out of a job.

Dr. GOSPODEEN DERISENKO, a Russian scientist, who is the latest to believe he has discovered a cure for cancer, now reveals the basis of his remedy to be swallow-wort. This poisonous plant of the milkweed species has already been used in medicine and some slight degree of credibility is given to Dr. DENISENKO's theory by the fact that the saffron colored juice of the swallow-wort has long been used by peasants to rid themselves of warts. Still to be taken internally an entirely new problem must have presented itself as the juice contains two poisons; and in the effort to neutralize their toxic effect Dr. DENISENKO can scarcely have preserved the juice's true medical efficiency as an anti-toxin.

Dr. FREDERIC A. COOK who is to lead an expedition next year to explore the practically unknown Antarctic zone, may be justly termed the pioneer in the new revival of interest in the new Antarctica. Although the BULL cruise resulted in a successful landing on one of the islands of the South polar region and three other European expeditions are now in course of preparation, to Dr. COOK belongs the honor of having been the first in this day and generation to turn his eyes towards the South pole.

The transfer of the remains of LOUIS PASTEUR from his late resting place to the magnificent tomb in the PASTEUR Institute took place last Saturday with very little ceremony. The great scientist had before

his death, expressed the modest wish that the occasion should be private. The removal took place upon practically the seventy-fourth anniversary of the illustrious chemist's birth—December 27, 1822. A national funeral was decreed for this founder of the modern science of bacteriology by President FAURE and his funeral took place at Notre Dame on Dec. 31, 1895. France wished to enshrine his ashes in the Pantheon but he chose to be buried in the little garden of the PASTEUR Institute.

A few days ago the Brazilian government was reported to have discovered documentary evidence to prove that neither England nor Venezuela was entitled to the Guiana territory for which they are contending, but that Brazil alone was the real owner of the disputed tract; now the cable brings the news that Brazil has magnanimously resigned her claim. Neither the assertion nor the renunciation of a claim which has been permitted to slumber for three centuries can be considered a matter of serious moment; but the simplicity of the Brazilian officials who conceived the idea of resurrecting these musty proofs of title are amusing.

M. ANDRE THEURIET the poet and romancer who has been seated by the French academy in the vacated chair of ALEXANDER DUMAS, will be best remembered outside of France as the friend and editor of that strange girl MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF. Some of his verses are engraved above her tomb. The academy crowned his poems when they were first gathered into a volume, but he began writing verses nearly forty years ago. He is now a white haired man of sixty three residing in what is said to be an ideal country house just outside of Paris and is mayor of the Commune of Bourg-la-Reine.

While Major MCKINLEY was out sleighing at Canton, O., on Christmas afternoon he saw some boys with their sleds, and called out to them "Hitch On!" It might be remarked that this is a singularly appropriate cry for a president-elect. To aspirants for a place in the Cabinet, the words will sound sweet indeed. To office seekers in general, the simple monosyllables will seem very dulcet and melodious. The Canton small boys should have photographed that invitation on the spot, for it is an historic and precious slogan, that sweet "Hitch on!"

THE CLOSE OF A MERRY DAY.

A Young Man Met a Stuffed Stork and Demolished it.

While many residents of the city celebrated Xmas by getting considerably under the influence of the ardent—a custom more honored by the breach than by the observance—very few of them had the same experience as one of the clerks employed at Sand point. This particular gentleman went on a good time with a number of friends one evening recently. As is usual on such occasions wine flowed freely, a fact not calculated to increase the young man's clearness of perception or vision. During the evening in question he partook of several glasses of liquor and when the time came to go home was pretty well jugged. His friends noting his condition and wishing to enjoy a joke at his expense quickly relieved him of his watch and spare cash, stripped him of most of his clothes and sent him to his boarding house in the small hours. The proprietor of the boarding house, by the way, was an enthusiastic student of natural history and one of his dearest treasures is a large stuffed stork which adorns the front hall. The stork was a marvel of the taxidermists' art fearfully and wonderfully made. A few days previous it had suffered the loss of an eye and was at once sent to the taxidermist to have the missing member replaced. It was returned on the same evening after his Christmas. And when the young man opened the front door with his latch key he at once discovered the stork. Then came trouble. In his hazy condition he thought the bird was some monster come to torture him and he at once proceeded to make things lively for it.

A mix up followed in which his storkship was decidedly worsted inasmuch as he got his long slender neck broken short off. The next morning the landlady waited upon her pugnacious border with a bill of repairs and he realized that his fun had not ended.

A Mistake in the Title.

A little boy of seven years attended a performance of Little Lord Fauntleroy in the Institute this week and upon his return home he described as well as possible the interesting little play. His mother's amusement may be imagined when he informed her that "Fauntleroy's mamma didn't want to give her little boy up to old God Haversham." He was evidently unacquainted with the titles of nobility.

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Wanema.

Far back in unwritten ages, when only the light canoe
Had learned the course of the river, and the flow of its waters bite
When only the Red man's wigwam varied the landscape green
And only the Indian children gave life to the forest scene,
A fierce war had raged but was ended. The Mohawks accepting defeat
Had fled in dismay to the river, and hurriedly beat a retreat.
Wamagon, the chief of Meductic, looked scorn on the fleeing foe
As high on the bank of the river, he proudly stalked to and fro.

"Wanema," he called, "come, Wanema," and up from the forest glade,
In response to his call, came bounding—a beautiful Indian maid.
"Wanema, my child," he repeated, as his daughter flew to his side,
"I have sworn by the victory given, to make you next moon—a bride.
"Your brave is the mighty Oadaga," a warrior of muscle and might
"He prays to the gods and has power, to win us success in the fight."

Wanema stood silent and troubled—she loved not Oadaga, the seer
And her heart throbbled with passionate anger, but never a tremor of fear
Till she thought of the Mohawk captive, she had left but an hour ago,
And she sighed "I am false to my father, I have given my heart to the foe."

So the days sped on and Wanema still tended the wounded brave
Till her pity was changed to adoring and love was the solace she gave.

"Wamagon my father is ruthless—if they send not your ransom today
My Mohawk—your fate will be torture—you better had died in the fray
Yet listen! Wanema will save you. Tonight will be gloomy and dark
And you must steal down to the river, where I shall have anchored my bark."

"Wanema! Wanema, my princess I never shall leave you alone
You bid me depart and forget you; is the heart of your lover a stone?
"Come with me Wanema!" he pleaded "Come with me or here I will stay
They will wed you next moon to Oadaga and myself, I care not if they slay."

She was won; when the day turned to darkness and the tribe of Meductic slept.
The Mohawk and maiden in silence, down to the river crept.

Ah welcome its musical ripple, as it seemed to murmur farewell.
But a wild laugh of scorn and derision echoed o'er water and dell.

"Oadaga, the seer knows your secret, your bark is afloat on the tide
"Wanema shall never wed the Mohawk, nor yet be Oadaga's bride.
"Here, here, ye shall stand forever, till the river shall cease to flow."
"Or the boat flings back to its haven, and anchors itself below."

"And here I shall stand and guard you, till time shall have ceased to be,
The heart of the haughty Wanema, will throb in the heart of a tree."
And still by the mighty Oadagouidi they wait for the turn of the tide

Till the curse of Oadaga is ended and the Mohawk can claim his bride
Three trees, tall, majestic and stately—their giant heads haughtily rear;
For two are the maid and the Mohawk—the third is Oadaga, the seer.

LILY JORDAN

Woodstock, N. B.

The Red-Topped Boots.

To the last my memory wanders
To the happy childhood days,
Bringing joyous recollections
Of its sports and childish ways;
But one moment seems the brighter
And my memory longer stops
At the time I wore so proudly
Boots with red morocco tops.

Fleeting time in quick succession,
As the years rolled swiftly by,
Brought new scenes and new enjoyments,
Changing as the moments fly;
But of these my memory wearies,
And their view I gladly drop,
Just to see those boyhood treasures—
Boots with red morocco tops.

Proud I walked to school in winter,
Braving snows and piercing cold,
Richer than the envied miser,
With his hoard of shining gold,
And it seemed—perhaps 'twas fancy,
That the world in wonder stops
Just to gaze for but a moment
At those red morocco tops.

How I thought I was the envy
Of the boys across the way,
With their boots, so plain and clumsy,
That they'd worn for many a day;
How I felt 'way up above them,
And to play would never stop,
Just because my boots were finished
With a red morocco top.

Years may bring us many a lesson
But we fail to heed the best
If we think that wealth or station
Makes us better than the rest;
And the one who proud and haughty,
With the humble never stops
Is more foolish than the schoolboy
Proud of boots with flaming tops.
—Con R. Norton, in Chicago Inter-Ocean.

All Foreigners.

The Philadelphia North American quotes the saying of a man who is disturbed about the future of his native land.
Mr. Banner—the foreigners are getting an awful hold in this country.
Crosby—They are, indeed. Why, I read over a list of men naturalized by the court yesterday, and every one of them was a foreigner.

A Life-Saving Dog.

How a mongrel "good-for-nothing" dog a cur of the streets, saved a man's life, was lately recorded by the Louisville Courier-Journal as a part of the news of the day.

Louis Carr was painting the rear of a vacant house in Louisville. As the noon hour approached he was at work at the very top of his ladder, just under the eaves. Being in haste to finish his stint, and not wishing to spend time to go down and move the ladder he stretched as far as possible to one side.

Just then he felt the ladder slipping away from him, and as the only means of saving himself he dropped his brush, and seized the gutter with both hands. Down went the ladder, and there the painter hung thirty-five feet from the ground.

He shouted for help, but no one heard him; no one but a small dog which came round the corner in response to his cries.

Evidently the dog took in the situation at once. He barked furiously, winding up with a long howl. Then he ran out of the yard and across the street to a police station. There he barked again, and then ran back to the yard. These manoeuvres he repeated two or three times, till the policeman began to see that something was the matter, and followed him to the rear of the house.

Then it was but the work of a moment to put up the ladder and rescue Mr. Carr, who was all but ready to drop from exhaustion.

No owner could be found for the dog, and Mr. Carr of course adopted him as his own.

'A Mail-Car.'

An amusing story is told by the New York Tribune of a woman who resented what she supposed was an exclusive privilege granted to men.

A determined-looking woman tried to get on a street-car in Philadelphia the other day, when it made a momentary stop on account of a blockade; but the conductor said to her:

"Take the next car, madam; we can't carry passengers."

"What's the reason you don't?" she inquired, at the same time making an effort to scramble aboard just as the car started up.

"You can't get on; it's a mail-car!" shouted the man on the rear platform.

"The idea!" muttered the woman, shaking her green umbrella at the rapidly disappearing conductor, to the infinite delight of a number of spectators. "A male car, and you won't let women ride on it! I'll report you at the depot—see if I don't!" and she made a mental note of his number.

New Method.

A man who was for some years in the log and lumber business on the shores of Lake Michigan tells a little incident illustrative of the Irishman's unwillingness to acknowledge his ignorance of any subject.

One day a young Irishman applied for work.

"Can you raft and boom logs?" asked the lumber merchant.

"Av coorse, sorr," returned the unemployed, with cheery promptness.

"Well, then," said the lumber merchant, "go on the gap above the railroad bridge and boom all the logs you find with my mark. Any of the raftsmen will tell you about the mark, the locality of the gap, and so forth."

The Irishman hesitated a moment, and then with an ingenuous smile, he said:

"I'll be ather goin' directly, sorr; d' you boom the logs as we do in the old country, I dunno? Is it wid a shovel ye boom 'em, sorr, or how?"

Better Left Unsaid.

Perhaps most persons make occasionally what is known to the vocabulary of slang as 'a bad break,' and breaks of this kind are usually hard to mend.

Aunt Clarissa had come from a town a considerable distance away to Spend Thanksgiving. The weather was inclement, and the visit had to be restricted to home of her married niece.

"It is too bad, Aunt Clarissa," said the niece, when the time for leave-taking came, "that you have had no chance to go about and see things out-of-doors. I do hope that when you come to visit us again it will be warm weather."

And it did not occur to her until the next day that Aunt Clarissa had talked of returning in a few weeks to spend the Christmas Holidays.

An Artistic Case.

Besides adding excellence to their instruments, the Pratte Piano Co, endeavor to give grace and beauty to their cases. In the west window of their warerooms, 1676 Notre Dame Street, they have now on view a piano of a somewhat antique design, in beautiful satin wood, an appearance of refinement seems to follow its presence visitors are always welcome. There is always something interesting to see, for the musician and any-one interested in the progress of Canadian manufacture.