

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER,.....EDITOR

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ST JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 10

AMENDED DIVORCE LAW.

North Dakota will no longer be a popular hunting ground for irresponsible married persons who desire to obtain decrees of separation. The Legislature has taken action regarding this important matter and by an overwhelming majority the members of the House voted to alter the existing statutes so that a person seeking a divorce must be able to prove that he, or she, has resided at least one year in the state. Heretofore the only condition has been that the divorce seeker prove himself or herself to have resided three months in the commonwealth. The result of the very iniquitous statute was that any married couple suffering from a little family quarrel found an easy way to sever the bonds of matrimony. Unhappy wives and husbands from all parts of the American union journeyed to North Dakota, "settled down" for ninety days, and at the end of that time secured divorce papers. The conditions were such that divorce was made very easy; and nothing could be more vicious in its effects on a nation of homes and of respectable married people.

RANAVALONA III, the Queen of Madagascar, seems to have more difficulty in establishing a comfortable reign than even her sister in royalty LILUOKALANI. This estimable dark lady, the third, has just been pecked off, bag and baggage, to a near by island, where she can think black thoughts if she likes of the French who are responsible for her journey; for RANAVALONA is about to enjoy that royal privilege, enforced exile, and she expects to spend a long time at it if her health does not give out. She has been struggling against fate and French worship for some months; ever since, in fact, the French protectorate was declared, but her efforts to hold her own were destined to early collapse and now she has sailed away with her dusky court to try life on an island.

Lieutenant ROBERT E. PEARY has reiterated, with added emphasis, his remark on a recent occasion that with \$150,000 he could probably reach the North Pole. His new plan is based on the establishment of a colony of Eskimos at some point not farther than 350 miles from the Pole. By this means he would expect to be able to avail himself of the most favorable conditions. Meanwhile Explorer JACKSON in Franz Josef Land intends this summer to seek a northward passage along his newly discovered Victoria Lake. If NANSEN's present view of an open sea around the pole be correct, however, it would seem to be impossible for any land expedition to succeed in attaining the pole itself.

There have been many unique manifestations of the new woman recently, but none that contains such an infinite variety of amazing prospects as that reported from Minneapolis. In that enterprising city a saloon is to be started of women, for women and by women. There is to be a woman proprietor; there are to be women "bar-keepers," and only women patrons will be allowed within the portals. Every liquid known to mankind will be served, in addition to all the brands of obnoxious cigarettes. At present this project is only in embryo and if the good repute of the city is not to be sullied it will remain in that condition.

At Rochester, N. Y. a freshman who was hazed by sophomores is reported to have become a raving maniac. The young man was of a delicate constitution and the brutal treatment he received turned his brain. A despatch telling of the matter said that "the authorities of the university are distressed and some arrests may be made." This seems a very mild way of

putting it. Hazing should be made a penal offence by legislation on the matter. It is all arrant nonsense to say that it cannot be stopped. It can be stopped in any institution by the right men.

Two hundred people at a meeting called for the purpose of discussing the arrangements for the jubilee celebration shows a regrettable want of enthusiasm on the part of the citizens generally. It is all very well to talk about perfect faith in the committee but unless the people themselves become thoroughly interested and enthused the event is not like to be the great success that all loyal Canadians would wish to see it. Get the citizens interested by all means.

According to figures set forth in a Madrid dispatch, GUERRITO the king of the torreadores earned \$61,200 in the last season of seven months. During that time over 6,000 horses and bulls to the value of \$300,000 were butchered in order to furnish entertainment on Spanish holidays while the number of persons killed or crippled exceeded in number the bulls that entered the arena.

The tubular boiler, which has been looked upon as a modern invention, is found to have been known, in principle at least, to the people of an ancient Pompeii. It is well known that the Romans used hot water pipes for heating their villas, so that our progress in the art of living is not so great as is sometimes fancied.

A learned pig of almost superhuman ability is astonishing the natives of a town in the upper provinces. The pig solves mathematical problems after the manner of a lightning calculator, and in all operations connected with the square root he is said to be particularly brilliant.

When a person falls asleep the order of surrender to the spell is: Light, taste, smell, hearing, touch. The sense of touch is the highest sleeper and most easily awakened, then hearing, then sight, while sluggard taste and smell awaken last.

The girls of one or two American universities have adopted what they term the "bear walk." Things will not become really exciting around the halls of learning, however, till the girls adopt the bear hug.

The offer of fifty thousand dollars to Doctor NANSEN for the exclusive right to publish the account of his exploration in the icy north is justly regarded as a substantial tribute to the value of cold facts.

The frequency with which European powers change the arms of their soldiers must be as fat a thing for KRUPP and his brethren as the changes in school text books are for the school book people.

There is nothing so very remarkable in the statement that the Prince of Wales smokes \$3 cigars. There are men in St. John who smoke \$3 cigars. Three dollars a box.

A number of newspapers in the United States are saving President MCKINLEY a great deal of embarrassment and worry by pointing out the many difficulties that confront him.

It has been remarked that sensational journalism is "as old as the shame of NOAH and the murder of CAIN." But in those days it was not a daily infliction.

The French Scientist who pronounces aughing a disease may be right. Many a man has become a physical wreck by smiling too often.

Anglers are getting rods and bait flasks ready for the trout season.

Have you voted for "Rockwood."

HOW THE FIGHT GOES.

The Various Candidates are Making an Excellent Canvas.

The citizens are only now becoming thoroughly interested in the civic battle that is being waged, and pretty stiff canvasses are being put up by the candidates and their friends for the mayoralty and aldermanic seats. Various claims are put forth for the different men all of which constitute good arguments and a good canvass. In the mayoralty contest, it is said that Mr. McLaughlin's star is in the ascendant in the North End; but on the other hand it is well known that despite the sentiment against fourth term men Mayor Robertson's chances for re-election are by no means dark. Messrs. Sears and Hall are fighting every inch of the ground and if they loose it will not be the fault of their friends or themselves. Mr. Sears friends claim a large Carleton vote for him. In the aldermanic race it is more than likely that many of the old men will be returned.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Chippie Chip. Chippie chip is a dear sweet child, And I am Saie Sue; We love to play together all day, As little girls often do. Chippie is eight and I am nine, We both can read and write; We always sit together in school, And in summer we dress in white. Chippie Chip's home is with her aunt, Because her mother is dead; We often go, where she lies low, With roses above her head. Her name for true is Rachel Wood, And mine, Naomi Stone; But Chip and Saie suit us best 'Till we are older grown. We play in summer and go for walks, And she reads to me after school; All about rusting grain in fields, And breezes blown fresh and cool. All about clover tops and bees, And streams that can dance and sing, Sunshine waking the whole earth up, And the robin's flying wing. She says a spirit tells her things, And we are his flowers too; Who made the woods, the seas the clouds, And all the sparkling dew. He made them all for love of us, To brighten all the way— We walk together while we live, And she knows what they say. I love to hear her read all that, And talk that way to me; She must have eyes that see within What I can never see. I just love clothes and things to eat, To wear my pink silk dress; My new felt hat and buckle shoes, And gloves, I must confess. She says we are like tender grass, And all we eat or wear, Comes from the earth the Father made, And we are in his care. She says it is His blessed love, That gives us all we get; And then I say, well Chip I pray, That you may be his pet. CYRUS GOLDB.

Hyacinth Window. Feb. 1897.

Grains of Comfort. If fortune doesn't smile on you, And trouble seems to pile on you, For all its worth; Don't think that you're the only wight For whom events don't come just right Upon this earth— There are others! If luck has naught to bring you, And fate does not a thing to you, And you are blue; Just ponder o'er some other wreck Who stopped a cyclone with his neck— Worse off than you— There are others! If some one doesn't come to you To pay a certain sum for you, Don't file a kick; For you are not the only guy Who gets the dew to zero eye That makes the ice think— There are others! If a maiden fair goes back on you, And she makes an attack on you, 'Till you're broke up; Remember, many a trusting fool Has puffed the pipe till it went out, And then woke up— There are others! If she becomes a 'sis' to you, And blows a farewell kiss to you, Just hold your ground; Consume yourself by thinking that Your voice still penetrates your hat, And look around— There are others! Baltimore News.

Cry of the Dreamer. I am tired of planning and toiling In the crowded hives of men; Heart weary of building and spoiling, And of spoiling and building again. And I long for the dear old river Where I dreamed my youth away; For a dreamer lives forever, And a toiler dies in a day. I am sick of the showy seeming Of a life that is half a lie; Of the faces lined with scheming, In the throng that hurries by. From the sleepless thought's endeavor, I would go where the children play; For a dreamer lives forever, And a toiler dies in a day. I feel no pride, but pity For the burdens the rich endure; There is nothing sweet in the city But the patient lives of the poor. Oh, the lit-e hands so skillful, And the child mind chided with weeds The daughter's heart grows willful, And the father's heart that bleeds. No, no! from the street's rude bustle, From trophies of mart and stage, I would fly to the wood's low rustle, And the meadow's kindly pace. Let me dream as of old by the river, And be loved for the dreamer's sake; For a dreamer lives forever, And a toiler dies in a day. —John Boyle O'Reilly.

Mr. Vanwart in the Field.

Mr. John W. Vanwart is out as a candidate for Duke's Ward. His requisition has been largely signed by many influential citizens, residing in that part of the city. Mr. Vanwart is a most successful business man and if elected he will no doubt be most energetic in looking after the city's interests generally but more especially that portion of the rate payers he will represent. His friends in Carleton and the North End are making a good canvass and his chance for being elected look very bright.

Getting Ready to Move.

Mr. H. G. Marr of Union street is kept very busy these days attending to his numerous customers and getting ready to move. He is selling many of his goods, at the lowest prices, and ladies who visit his establishment today are sure of wonderful bargains.

Cleanliness of the head usually insures a good growth of hair. An occasional application of Hall's Hair Renewer will aid to keep the hair of a natural color.

HE DIDN'T GET A CENT.

The Insurance Company Didn't Want His Certificate.

HALIFAX, April 8.—The high-priced Halifax physician who practically wanted the whole insurance policy as the fee for making out a death certificate has come out at the small end of the argument after all. The party to whom the the policy was made payable, an Amherst man, not to be beaten by the grasping doctor, and having taken legal advice and found he was in 'the hands of the Philistines,' as stated in last week's PROGRESS hid himself away to the head office of the company in the United States to see what terms he could make to get the money independent of the high-priced Halifax medical certificate-maker. His trip has been crowned with success for the insurance company agreed to take a certificate from the two consulting physicians in the case in lieu of that from the doctor whom the policy provided must make it out. So now he who wanted everything gets nothing. It is not to be supposed from this incident, that it is a particularly dangerous thing for a man with insurance politics to die in Halifax, for there is probably not another doctor in this city who would thus act, and even if there were it is possible to get ahead of such men in one way or another. There is probably no city in Canada where the needy receive so much gratuitous medical attentances through the institutions like the dispensary and Victoria hospital, and where the doctors independent of these give more free services. The Amherst man interested in this case thinks, however that one such doctor as he who figures so prominently in this affair is quite sufficient for a town twice the size of Halifax.

THE REAL GLADSTONE.

The Grand Old Man has a Very Imposing Personality.

Mr. Gladstone is an embodied expression of England's greatness; the most eminent representative of a nation over whose territory the sun ever shines. Such an imposing personality commands universal attention. We know that he is a scholar of superior attainments. We know that he is not only a believer in, but a defender of, Christianity. We know that he is a philanthropist, for his earnest and indignant words in behalf of the prosecuted Armenians have thrilled the world. We know that he is a statesman of supreme endowments, and one of the most notable conversationists living. Few men can compare with him in knowledge, experience, reminiscence, brilliancy. He has known all the men and women most worth knowing for the last two and a half generations. What a school to have graduated from!

But in all this astonishing superiority we do not find the real Gladstone until we recognize the moral motive of his life—the manspising of his character. Perhaps the following simple story may help us to do this: During his last premiership one of Mr. Gladstone's house-servants was in great distress because of the increasingly bad habits of her son. Drink and evil companions were rapidly running him, and he seemed to be drifting irrevocably beyond her influence. The good woman had spent much time in prayer, and was longing and seeking for some way by which her wayward child could be saved.

In her distress she thought of her master. It seemed presumptuous that she should unburden her sorrow to him—the great man, burdened with the cares of state, the master of England, India, Australia, Egypt and the great oceans—and tell him her trouble. She was ready for any ordinary endeavor to save the wanderer, but ought she, could she do this?

Maternal love finally prevailed over fear, and the poor woman ventured to approach the Prime Minister's study. Her knees trembled and her heart sank. She knocked timidly and then went in.

"Please sir, I have come to you because my boy is going to the bad, and my poor words have no weight with him. I made bold to come and tell you, hoping perhaps you might speak to him. No one can do what you can do. Forgive me, sir, but I had to come!"

The cry of supreme distress was sufficient. Mr. Gladstone threw immediately from his mind all affairs of state, and after a few words of sympathy, and in the hope that possibly he might save an erring soul, said, "Send him right in. I will speak with him," and waited patiently until the bold-eyed lad slouched into the room. The young man was somewhat abashed, but seemed resolute and almost defiant.

"Sit down, my lad," and let us talk together for a few moments," said the premier with the same courtesy that he might have extended to one of his Cabinet. In a few minutes the boy was disarmed by the great man's gentle manner. He expected to find a scolding judge; he discovered a tender man. Advice was followed by remonstrance. Then, when he had become responsive and was almost moved to tears, Mr. Gladstone said:

"Now let us kneel down to pray." The kindly action, the interest, the earnest prayer were too much for the young prodical to withstand. He arose from his



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.

knees and left the study, let us hope a saved man. Viewing a scene like this, we feel that we know Mr. Gladstone and the sources of his motive in life. The pattern of his greatness is the Man of Galilee. Who was friend and brother to all mankind.

THE STORAGE OF FURS.

A Dealer's Advice to Women Who Wish to Care for Them at Home.

'Furs are easy enough to keep during warm weather,' said a storer of furs the other day, when approached on the subject. 'If ladies would only use a few simple preventives they could keep them home as well as we can in our storerooms. Of course a fur garment is better hung up than folded away in a box or trunk. First, because there is less danger of crushing and wrinkles; second, because moths can be more readily seen at their work. The best plan is to select a dark closet and have it papered all over, top and bottom, with tar paper. As its surface is sticky, it should be covered with a second coat of paper to prevent the clothes coming in direct contact with the tar. For this second coat I find newspaper as good as anything that can be used. Perhaps the smell of printers' ink helps the tar do its work, or it maybe because newspaper is porous and allows the tar odor to come through more readily. Before hanging in this closet, all garments both fur and wool should be carefully beaten with a slender cane. Here is the great secret of keeping furs. It is in cleaning them before they are put away. If a moth or a moth egg goes into the closet with them the damage is only partially prevented. While the egg will hatch, the moth only lives for a short while and cannot increase during that brief life. I have known these little insects to spoil the beauty of an elegant garment. So the greatest care should be taken to beat and comb furs clean before storing them away. For this purpose a fur comb should be used, or a slender, strong cane, that will reach the skin itself. The safest plan is to remove the garments from this closet about once a month and give them a thorough beating. Some persons hang them to the sun on these occasions, believing that the sun destroys moths and moth eggs, while, as a matter of fact, it hatches the eggs, and, like any other heat, makes the moth thrive.

'Where only a chest or trunk or, as is sometimes the case, only a pastboard box is to be had, then the management is different. After the cleaning process, which is always the same, it is best for the chest, box, or trunk to be lined with tar paper after the same manner as the closet. But where this is not practicable any of the numerous moth preventives may be used; though sold under different names, their ingredients are about the same. They should be carefully sewed in bags to prevent contact with the furs, as they invariably leave spots on dark-colored skins. The odor can be overcome by a thorough beating and hanging for several hours in the wind or open air, that is, where the furs have been removed and beaten during the season; otherwise, the odor is hard to get rid of.

'Some dealers use the fumes of sulphur to clean furs already attacked by moths, but that should be a last resort, as it discolors the garment and necessitates its being redyed. Many of the old-fashioned preventives have some virtue in them, as sasaparilla, china root, &c., and can be used to advantage by people in the country where they are easily obtained, but persons in the city have better means within their reach.'

Easter Excursion to Boston, via the all Rail Line.

Tickets on sale April 13, 15, 20 and 22, good for return within twenty days from date of sale, at \$9 each from St. John, St. Stephen, and St. Andrews, and \$10 each from Fredericton. Trains leave St. John at 6 30 a. m. 4 10 p. m.

Send Along the New Address.

PROGRESS will be glad to hear from those who intend making a change of residence this spring. When sending the new street and number include the old address too. A list of removals will be published in this paper.

We are in Business to Please You.

Curtains 25c., blankets 25c., pants pressed 25c., suits 50c. Try our dyeing and cleaning. Satisfaction guaranteed. Ungars Laundry and Dye works. Phone 58.