

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR

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HAVE THEY DECLARED UNION.

Although no confirmation has been received of the rumors that the Cretons had established a Provisional Government at Retimo, unfurled the Greek flag, and, after having declared the union of Crete and Greece, had invited King George to take possession of his new domain, yet the Grecian Monarch seems not altogether disinclined to act upon the invitation to enlarge his kingdom if his inclination be reflected in the royal decree just published ordering all available Greek warships to be put into commission for service in Cretan waters. The enfranchisement of Crete from the rule of the Porte would probably not be beyond the power of the Greek navy, assisted by the Cretan revolutionists and the union of Greece and Crete is ardently desired by the people of both countries. The difficulty lies in the possible objection of the Great Powers to the plan. The Powers are responsible for much misery in Southeastern Europe. But for the Powers the Roumanians, Servians, Greeks, and Bulgarians would soon make an end of the rule of the Turk in Europe.

The London Economist gives some figures which show how great has been the "slump" in South African securities. For ten representative South African companies the fall from the highest point in the year amounts to no less than about one hundred and seventy-three millions of dollars; and the decline has been equally marked in the Westralian shares. The companies show a depreciation in the market value of the shares which reached the startling sum of twenty three millions eight hundred and twenty thousand dollars, making a total of nearly two hundred million which has been lost to the shareholders in a few enterprises. When the great number of these corporations is considered and that most of them are largely capitalized it can easily be seen that the "Slump" has been big enough to cause the most serious alarm.

Care does not seem to shorten the lives of British premiers. Mr. GLADSTONE by completing his eighty-seventh has broken the record of modern times which had been held by Lord SIDMOUTH, who was over 86 when he died, as was also EARL RUSSELL, The Duke of Wellington died at 82, Lord PALMERSTON and EARL GREY at 81. Of the other prime ministers of Queen VICTORIA who are dead EARL BEACONSFIELD'S age was 77, the Earl of Aberdeen 76, the Earl of Derby's 80, Viscount MELBOURNE'S 69, and Sir ROBERT PEEL'S 62. Mr. GLADSTONE and Sir ROBERT are the only two premiers who were not peers or did accept a peerage from the Queen.

A new dynamite projectile is attracting attention. The remarkable feature of the new missile of war is that the shell is filled with frozen dynamite which will not explode until it pierces the object at which it is discharged. A slow burning fuse sufficiently insulated from the charge, prevents premature explosion while the shell is in flight. The entire principle rests, however upon freezing of the explosive. The preliminary test there proved very encouraging and military experts will be deeply interested in future experiments which are to be made against plate and fortifications.

India is a very uncomfortable country. This year is worse than common. Drought makes every road a river of dust; other rivers are dried up. Grain is poor as well as scarce, and garden products are sapless. If the traveller eats meat or fruit, he is threatened with cholera; if grain or vegetables he is reminded that the bubonic plague chiefly affects vegetarians. Fish is forbidden by taste as well as by prudence. Milk must be rigorously eschewed and

butter is not less baneful. Bread and tea are both poor in India and water is always dangerous.

The first fatal accident due to a horseless carriage has yet to be recorded. On the road from Mount Carlo a horse attached to a light carriage seeing a motor vehicle approaching took fright and the conductor of the latter turned his carriage from the road to avoid a collision thereby driving it against a stone wall. He received such severe injuries to the brain that he died. The friends of the victim have had the driver of the horse arrested. The case is interesting as it will probably establish the status of a motor carriage on highways.

A writer in a recent issue of La Patrie was recently greatly shocked to find an advertisement in a daily contemporary asking for a "second-handed guillotine in good condition." He will, however, probably acknowledge that the joke is on himself when he learns that "guillotine" is the technical name of a machine used by book binders for cutting the edges of books.

A product called "wire glass," which, it is asserted, presents an effective barrier against fire, consists simply of a mesh work of wire embedded in a glass plate. Even when licked by flames and raised to a red heat it does not fall to pieces and it not only resists the heat of fire but also the shattering effects of cold water poured over it while it is yet glowing hot.

The Arizona mail clerk who this week killed one of a pair of train robbers who held up a train, put the territory to the cost of a funeral but saved it for the greater expense of trying the miscreant and maintaining him in the penitentiary for a term of years.

Some accident insurance companies refuse to grant a policy to the "bicycle girl." The reason is not that she is supposed to ride worse than the "bicycle boy," but that her claims for trivial and small injuries are too persistent.

The barbers of New York City have asked the state legislature to pass a bill changing the name "barber" to "tonscr." This change may satisfy the barbers but how will the "tonsorial artists" regard it?

Medical scientists are now puzzling over the case of a boy who can hypnotize himself. It is evidently not so easy as it looks but lots of persons seem to possess the interesting peculiarity.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS must be pretty near the pinnacle of literary greatness. A baby wolf in the Boston zoological garden has been named for him.

Western courts have decided that a drug store in which soda water is sold is not a place of public accommodation and amusement.

The final relegation of the horse to obscurity might possibly be delayed a few years by providing him with rubber shoes.

They Got a Surprise.

The voting contest in connection with the Police and Firemen's sports on Monday night last was a great success. There were about 10,000 voting tickets sold of which Mr. Chas. Brown the North End district engineer received 5280. It is said that the North End ladies were bound to have that sewing machine come to their part of the city, and that is the reason so many South End people got a surprise when the ballots were counted.

At Popular Prices.

"Parada" for which elaborate preparations are being made will be continued throughout next week. It is to be hoped those in charge will fix the admission at popular prices, otherwise it may not be the success that is anticipated by the promoters. The citizens are having numerous calls upon them just now.

"Everything for the Garden."

Seems a broad term for any firm to adopt, yet the widely known seed house of PETER HENDERSON & Co., 35 & 37 Cortlandt Street, New York, supply every want of the cultivator, both for the greenhouse and garden. In their handsome and comprehensive catalogue for 1897 (which by the way is their "jubilee" number, the house having this year attained its fiftieth year), will be found offered, not only "everything for the garden," but all things needful for the farm as well. Our readers will miss it if they fail to send for this gorgeous catalogue, which may be had of PETER HENDERSON & Co., this their "jubilee" year, free, on receipt of 10 cents (in stamps) to cover postage and mailing.

Nine Miles Up.

During the experiments lately undertaken at Paris for the exploration of the upper air, a free balloon, carrying self-recording instruments, attained an elevation of 49,200 feet, or nearly nine and one-half miles and recorded a temperature of 76 degrees F. below zero.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Drummer Boy at Marengo. Marengo's plain ran red with blood Of Victor's veterans slain; Against that force and fiery flood Lannes' legions strove in vain.

Napoleon, with that old gray cloak Drawn round his meagre form, Dashed madly through the blinding smoke, The genius of the storm.

A drummer boy had tramped all day To keep his place among The flying columns of Dessaix, On whom the battle hung.

The chieftain marked the weary lad With torn and bleeding feet, And at the sight his heart grew sad, "Up, boy: sound the retreat!"

"Nay, sire," a flush did not burne Upon that boyish brow, "That beat I never yet have learned, Desaix ne'er taught us how.

"But, sire," his ardent eye grew large With courage half divine, "They say that when I beat the charge The dead fall into line.

"I beat it on old Tabor's slopes Till the atabais grew dumb; At the Pyramids the Frenchmen's hopes Rose with my rattling drum!

"I've beaten it when lips that bled Gaped out a parting cheer; Ah, I can almost wake the dead; Sire, may I beat it here?"

Napoleon's piercing glance was bent Full on the dauntless boy, And flashed there through his wonderment A gleam of pride and joy.

"Go, beat it then! Advance, advance!" The clarion call rang out, And the gallant grenadiers of France Took up the battle shout.

"Beat on, brave boy!" an long and loud The warlike music din'd, Till fled the Austrians like a cloud Before the wrathful wind.

The battling hosts that met that day Fignments of fancy seem; Napoleon, Victor, Lannes, Desaix, Mere phantoms of a dream.

But still in Piedmont and Savoy, When booms the sunset gun, 'Tis told that by a drummer boy Marengo's field was won!

Annie's Roses

When Annie's summer roses wake, In their white winter tomb; And wear again for her sweet sake, The freshness of their bloom, Her thoughts will turn to them and hear Them say as day grows dim; This is the hour when he drew near, Send some of us to him.

And ever when she hears them sigh, And on love's perfumed wings; They bring again fond scenes gone by, And all earth's sweetest things Some sunny memory will rise, Out of a red rose new; And ask her with its pleading eyes, It still her heart is true.

When Annie's roses fall asleep, And dream beneath the moon; Of melodies they still must keep, In some remembered tune, The fragrance on the air that seems, Like love's enchanting spell; Will answer in those balmy dreams Beloved all is well.

Perchance another heart may know, That conversation sweet; Or through the roses where they grow, Draw near with noiseless feet, And as they sing their songs again, With sweet refrains of old; 'Twill be the sobbing of the rain, In songs of—

CYPRUS GOLDBE.

Hyaline Window. Feb. 1897.

Homesick.

Well, I'm livin in Chicago! Rattlin' town it 'pears to be, But I ain't quite ack-limited, droll sensations pes; City folks is mostly pleasant, city work pays fairly well, Still there's somethin' hitches somewhar, an' what 'tis I cannot tell.

Boardin'-house is new an' tony, Little dishes round your plate, Smirkin' gals to fill your orders whilst you pick your teeth an' wall, All the vitties brought in courses; city people eat by rote, So set an' try to swaller with o' chokin' in my throat.

All at once I lose my bearin', things around me fade away, An' I see a roomy kitchen right afore me plain ez day, Cellin' low an' winders narrer; willow trees clost by the door an' dryer, Clock tickin' on the mantel, cat a-sleepin' on the floor.

Table spread an, breakfast ready, Father settin' in his chair, Bill an' John an' Tot and Cissy with the kids all gathered there, Knives an' forks an' tongues a-goin', jakes a-flyin' gayly round, Politics an' fried potatoes, roasted till they all browned!

Coffee smells too good fer drinkin'! John he ground it in the mill; Cissy made the flaky biscuits, left the bakin fire to Bill; Tottie fried the sags an' taters, father watched her with a smile, An' the kids fetched cream an' butter, cuttin' cappers all the while!

How their faces beam an' glisten! How their voices rise up higher, Tl my eyes can't keep from winkin' an' my throat gets dry an' dryer, Then I put myself together, knowin' I've been astray, Some one asks me, "What's the matter?" an' I don't know what to say!

Mebbe I'm a gettin' billions! There's a sinkin' in my heart, When I see an organ grinder grab his crank and "Home Sweet Home," is common music; surely there is somethin' wrong, If a feller feels like cryin' at the playin' of a song!

Mebbe life's a field of battle—I ain't spoin' fer the fight, City elbows tech me kindly, city ways air gay and bright; 'Lectric cars go whizzin' past me! tall old buildin's scrape the sky, But thar's somethin' hit hes somewhar, an' I can't say what er why! —Chicago Inter-Ocean.

CHARGING THE HOSTILES.

A Brave Little Fellow Rides Through a Band of Indians.

In St. Nicholas, Gertrude P. Greble, has a story of frontier life called "Danny and the 'Major.'" Danny was the 7-year-old son of an army captain, and the 'Major' was a favorite horse. One day he was riding him in company with his friend, a Scotch corporal, when the horses of the post were stampeded, and the corporal was thrown and injured. Danny started to ride for assistance and this was his experience:

Away to the north a cloud of dust marked the recent passage of the herd. On every other side swept the tableland, empty and placid and smiling. And beyond, to the south stood the fort and home. Danny took heart, settled himself in the saddle, and put the Major into a smart canter, holding the reins firmly, and trying to recall the corporal's instructions as he rode, thinking with an ever-recurring pang of his friend's condition, happy that the distance to the necessary succor was diminishing so rapidly and totally forgetful of the of the anxiety which had agitated the veteran before the accident that had separated them.

Suddenly, at the end of some fifteen minutes of tranquil riding, as the Major galloped along the edge of the timber which fringed the bluff, there was a loud crashing in the bushes, and a gayly decorated war-pony scrambled through them, his rider grunting in surly surprise; while at the same moment, from the thicket beyond, three other half-naked figures appeared and lined up in the path which led to safety.

The child's heart stopped beating. His frontier training told him that all that had gone before, even the tragedy which had darkened the afternoon, was as nothing compared with this new and awful danger. In a paroxysm of terror he tried to stop the Major—tried with all his small strength to turn him aside towards the open plain, to check his mad plunge into the very arms of the enemy. But for the first time the horse paid attention neither to the beloved voice nor to the tiny hands pulling so desperately upon the reins.

Whether it was the sight of an old and hated foe, or whether the wise, kind heart of the animal realized the full extent of the peril of which the child was as yet only half aware, it would be hard to say. But little Dan found himself going faster than he had thought possible—and faster—and faster—till the tawny, sun-burned plain, and the pitiless smiling sky, and the nearer, greener foliage of the willows, and even the outlines of the dreaded savages themselves became as so many parts of a great rushing, whirling whole, and all his strength was absorbed in the effort to retain his seat upon the bounding horse.

And so, like some vision from their own weird legends, straight down upon the astonished Indians swept the great bronze beast with its golden-haired burden! Down upon them, and through, and away—till by the time they had recovered from their amazement there was a good fifty yards between them and their flying prey! And that distance, hard as they might ride was not easily to be overcome!

After that first wild rush the Mayor settled into a steadier pace—a smooth, even run, so easy to sit that the lad relaxed his clutch upon the animal's mane and turned his eyes to the horizon, where gathering swarms of savages showed like clusters of ants against the slope of the hillside. In his track, with shrill, singing cries, like bounds upon a trail, came his pursuers. And far to the south there was a puff of white smoke from the walls of the fort, and a moment later the first heavy, echoing boom of the alarm-gun thundered across the plains!

HE MANUFACTURES DIAMONDS.

Prof. Moisson Uses Carbon and Iron and a Crucible Furnace.

Referring to the recent lecture in New York of Prof. Henry Moisson, the French scientist, who makes diamonds, the Evening World says:

Prof. Moisson told how he had discovered the composition of diamonds by reducing specimens of diamonds to ashes.

The scientists found out by the process that in all these diamonds, save one very pure green gem from Brazil, there was iron, while the Cape diamonds came from earth that contained lime and graphite.

Granite is the effect of great pressure. As cast iron increases in volume, passing from the liquid to the solid state, he was led to believe that if an element of carbon were enclosed in a globule of cast iron that was cooling it would be subjected to the requisite pressure. He had experimented to ascertain the different stages through which carbon passes and had obtained pure carbon—graphite—by very high temperature.

High temperature alone, however, would not yield the crystallized form of carbon known to commerce as "diamond." Heat at sufficient pressure would, he believed, and he at last succeeded in proving it.

In order to obtain a heat sufficiently great and at the same time measurable, he devised a simple electric furnace, and there it was before his audience.

It consisted of two clay bricks, one



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one eighteen inches square on the surface and a foot thick, with another above it half as thick. In the lower brick was a hollow large enough to contain the scrucible, while two carbon electrodes connected with a battery entered the cavity, which was sprinkled with magnesia to prevent the formation of calcium carbide.

In the crucible were placed soft-iron filings and charcoal. The furnace was covered up and the current turned on. In three minutes the indicator showed that things inside the little furnace were 2500 degrees hot. The clay was boiling and flaming before their eyes. Prof. Moisson carefully laid his hand on the top brick and kept it there—just to show that the heat didn't come through.

At the end of ten minutes the little wizard turned off the current, lifted the cover, the under side a white mass of flame, and dropped it in some water. He took the crucible with tongs and dropped it into cold water.

When the crucible was cold he broke it and took out an ingot as big as a common bullet. He explained the process which he must go through to eliminate the iron, in which was imbedded the crystallized carbon—the diamond.

Then the slender Frenchman spoiled it all by telling his audience that he had never been able to make a diamond larger than one millimetre in diameter and of no commercial value, but he hoped later on to produce a regular "searchlight." Then the sign "Diamonds made while you wait" will become familiar.

He told a lot of interesting things about diamonds. He said the little black specks found in diamonds, called "crapauds" in France, "pogs" in New York, which detract from the value of the stones, were the first proof to him that he had got on nature's track.

He said that when cooling the crucible in molten lead (!) the crystal takes the shape of a rectangular figure, but when mercury is used in cooling the crucible the diamonds are octahedron.

These latter, like similar diamonds found at the Cape fields, split when exposed to the air—an additional proof to Moisson that diamonds are produced by pressure. These pressures are principally expansion power.

LOVE-MAKING IN MEXICO.

Custom Raises Obstinate Barriers Between the Woovers.

"As a rule no one is received in an exclusive Mexican home unless his social caste is equal to that of the family he desires to visit, and then he must needs be presented and vouched for by a friend in whom the household has implicit confidence," writes Edward Page Gaston of "A Pair of Lovers in Mexico" in the February Ladies' Home Journal. "A suitor, therefore, is not admitted to the residence of his inamorata on her invitation alone, for the portero, in charge day and night of the great doubly-bolted zabuan giving entrance from the street to the inner courts of the house is under instruction to admit no one except by order of the parents of the seniorita whose audience is being so eagerly sought. The young gentleman may earnestly pound upon the massive brass knocker for hours, seeking admittance, but his knocking will not avail. So he and the lady of his choice must do their distant love-making in the public view and hearing until such time as the stony parental heart shall have melted sufficiently to grant him admission to the family circle. Inside of the domestic citadel the lady meantime warmly pleads the cause of the unhappy one without, extolling his constancy and the many other good qualities which she has proved her faithful admirer to possess. The day is at last victoriously carried, by one means or another, and the lovers are allowed the privilege of the parlor; but they are never left alone, for the old system of chaperonage is still rigidly in vogue.

If the attentive lover desires the company of his chosen one to the opera, or upon a coach drive, he must include an invitation begging the presence of the father or mother, or more properly, of the whole family. Mexican families are, unfortunately, given to the prompt acceptance of such invitations in a cheerful body, and the result is that the son-in-law-to-be and the destined bride, when they appear in public, find themselves mere members of a large box-party at the play, or a full coach-load of company for all of which gayety the young matrimonial aspirant pays the bills. The sanctioning presence of the family gives formal announcement that there is a wedding on the tapis."

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