

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR

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NAMING THE PARK.

The voting for the Park still continues in a desultory sort of manner. The interest which would naturally be expected from the citizens in this matter is certainly not overwhelming, tho' this may be due to the fact that the votes are perhaps a trifle high. Considering that there is comparatively little expense attached to the voting contest it would perhaps have been as well to have placed the sum at fifteen or twenty cents, with half tickets for children. In a year when there were not so many demands upon the citizens the amount now asked would certainly have been considered small, but as matters stand, many are debarred from giving their mite toward the completion of what promises to be one of the finest pleasure grounds in the lower provinces, if not in Canada, the far-famed Halifax gardens not excepted. Rockwood seems so far to stand highest in public favor and there is no good reason why any other should be given the preference. Sentiment certainly should not be allowed to prevail with the result of conferring a name that would convey neither a compliment to the Queen, or a distinctive name upon the Park.

Out of 5,000 criminals recently examined 90 per cent. were found to have deformed fingers and it would thus appear that such persons are as misshapen in body as in mind. A medical authority writing on this matter says: "Thieves are found to have long thin fingers, a wide space separating the first and second and the little finger crooked. In murderers the fingers are short and thick; the thumb is long and the hands altogether powerful. In cases where excessive brute force has been used the little fingers on both hands have been found to be weak and deformed; knotty fingers are prominent where craftiness is exhibited. Among habitual criminals, especially burglars, the fingers are found to be thicker at the tips than near the knuckles." Deformity, of course is not a proof of wickedness; it is only a suggestion. SHAKESPEARE is found the hint that the tendency to criminality, may be the result of deformity rather than of innate depravity. He makes hunchback RICHARD say of himself: "Then since the heavens have shaped my body so, let hell make crooked my mind to answer it." The natural repugnance with which men and women are accustomed to look upon unfortunates whom Nature has branded with marks of singularity or monstrosity, may breed an answering repugnance among unfortunates who are what they are without their own contriving, and who result the injustice as best they may.

One of the most important medical reports that has come from the Old World is the statement that Dr. SMIRNOW of St. Petersburg, has discovered a new method of obtaining a diphtheritic antitoxin of therapeutic value. The Russian scientist has a process of electrolysis by means of which virulent broth cultures have been rendered antitoxic. Experiments with this electrolytic antitoxin have proved successful in the case of animals and it may soon be tried on human patients. The cost of preparation of the Behring antitoxin has mulitated greatly against its general use; but this new remedy, if efficient, will be cheaply manufactured.

Professor DUSSAUD of Geneva, Switzerland, announces the discovery of a system whereby the deaf can be made to hear. The apparatus is known as the microphone and it consists of an exceedingly sensitive phonograph connected with a microphone. The speaker talks into the phonograph and the words are transmitted to the deaf person through the microphone.

Professor DUSSAUD expects to have his invention perfected for the Paris exposition in 1900 so that large audiences of deaf persons may listen to lectures.

The city of Paris is making a sanitary record of every building in the city. Since March 1894, 35,000 houses have been described and it is expected that the register will be completed by 1900. It contains for each house a record of the drains, cess pools, and wells and of the plumbing; a record of whatever deaths from contagious diseases have occurred in it and of all disinfections and analyses of water, air or dust.

Commenting on the statement that KIPPLING's salary of \$5,000 for reporting the Cretan war "would be a pretty fair salary for a beginner in reportorial work," a New Hampshire paper gravely calls attention to the fact that KIPPLING is not a beginner, but has done local, edited telegrams and written editorials. All right then; he is entitled to as much pay as the rest of us.

Statistics from various sources report that in the United States there are 1,118,000 women stenographers earning annually about \$60,000,000. That in France there are 2,150 women authors and journalists, and 700 women artists. Among the writers 1,000 are novelists, 200 poets, 150 educational writers, the others writers of various departments.

In his recent researches in regard to rinderpest, the destructive cattle disease which has wrought great havoc in South America, Dr. KOCH, has discovered that by using the bile of an animal that has died of rinderpest to inoculate a healthy animal, the latter is rendered immune to the pestilence for some months at least.

A man in Toronto ran over a dog the other day and received a severe fall from his bicycle. Ever since he has been seeing things double. This is much cheaper than the usual way of producing such effects.

A lady in one of the western provinces advertises in a local paper that she "will not be responsible for any debts which her husband may contract." The new woman is beginning to strike back.

Chemists express the belief that the coming oil will be made of sunflower seed. It is a perfect substitute for olive oil and will be so cheap that it may be used on the poor man's table.

A despatch from New York says "gold has become a drug on the local market." There seems to be a fine chance for some enterprising young man to enter the drug business.

The strangest newspaper in the world is published at Athens. Its contents are written in verse even to the advertisements.

LAND OF FRUIT AND FLOWERS.

Wonders and Beauty of the Santa Clara Valley, California.

The wonderful resources of the Santa Clara Valley are so well known that the very name has become, in a measure a household word with Californians. One could not be introduced to this wonderful valley at a more auspicious season than the spring. Every inch of its thousands of acres is a show of blossoms of every description. The fruit orchards are a mass of fluffy white, the nearest semblance of snow that the dwellers of this valley know. The Santa Cruz Mountains on the west and the Coast Range on the east. The rivers as they come from the mountain heights bring down rich alluvial soil and keep the fertile ground well moistened, and against the long dry months, when it raineth not, the far-sighted farmers have built immense reservoirs, from which, through well-constructed canals, they irrigate thousands of acres of fruit orchards and vineyards. The special climatic conditions have made this valley the fruit garden of California. Grapes, figs, olives, prunes, cherries, apricots, pears, peaches, almonds—all grow to equal perfection, and are picked, canned and shipped all over the globe. San Jose, the queen city of the Santa Clara Valley, is called the Garden City. It is fifty miles south from San Francisco, and about its pleasant homes all kinds of semi-tropical plants flourish, such as callas, luchsias, heliotropes, and geraniums, the latter growing over house walls in a very fascinating sort of way. Every known variety of rose grows after its own sweet will, till one is lost in admiration at this, daily flower show.

Chinese Sweets. Chinese are said to possess secrets in the preparation of sweets that astonish our most accomplished confectioners. They know how to remove the pulp from oranges and substitute various jellies. The closest examination fails to reveal any opening or incision in the skin of the fruit. They perform the same feat with eggs. The shells are apparently as intact as when the eggs were newly laid, but upon breaking and opening them the contents consists of nuts and sweetmeats.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

The Voice of the Lilac.

O the fragrance deep in the purple hue,  
Of the beautiful lilac's bloom;  
So sweet in its veil of pearl fringed dew,  
Netted in nature's blue.  
A voice it brings me on wings far flown,  
From the light of a summer land,  
From a sweet soul singing the old love tone,  
Where the blooms the lilac stand.

O the voice of the lilac of long ago,  
Though it calls you here in vain;  
Has sadness our spirit forever know,  
In the silence upon us laid.  
It speaks to me still love soft and low;  
In the same sweet accents yet;  
As its blossoms are swinging to and fro,  
In the field we can ne'er forget.

O ever the scent of the lilac sweet,  
Shall tell me though never more;  
You stand with me where its branches meet,  
And your absence its leaves deplore.  
The promise for aye, the whispered vow,  
And the heaven within my soul;  
Still keep you mine though never now,  
Our prayers can our love control.

And the heart of the lilac has a sigh,  
And many a hidden tear;  
And often at night a wakened cry,  
In this blossoming time of year.  
My breaking heart must alone respond,  
'Till it ceases to beat for good;  
'T never affection can cease to be fond,  
That is warmed in its warmest blood.

I mourn that a faithless faith like thine,  
Should have led you to doubt the way—  
True love is led by a light divine,  
Though darkness may cloud the day;  
Though you could go your love must come,  
To me in the lilac's breath;  
And stay me here till we meet at home,  
Over the bridge of death.

CYRUS GOLDB.

Gettin' Religion.

I ain't much on religion, nor prayer meeting beside,  
I've never jined the church at yet, nor ain't been sanctified;  
But a tender sort of feeling draws me nearer to the  
Since I got a peep of heaven through a pair of trustin' eyes.

Time was when robbin' moved my thoughts above  
This sinful world;  
No preacher's words could stir me up, in wrath an'  
I'm fery hurried;  
But lately I've been drifting nigher to the better  
land,  
And the force that leads me upward is a little  
dimpled hand.

Seems like the bad thoughts sneak away, with that  
wee chap hard by;  
And cuss words that were handy once won't come  
when he is nigh;  
Fact is, it sort o' shames me to see those clear  
blue eyes  
Look at me (when I'm gettin' riled) in pity an'  
surprise.

I don't know much of heaven or angels an' such  
things,  
But somow, when I picture 'em it ain't with  
harps and wings,  
But with yeller curls all tangled, and tender eyes  
that shine.  
An' lips that's soft and loving, like that little chap  
of mine.

Then, when he folds his dimpled hands in his little  
bed at night,  
An' whispers "Now I lay me," why, there's some-  
thing ails my sight,  
An' my throat gits sort of husky when he blesses  
me, an' then  
I'm dead sure I've got religion by the time he  
says "Amen!"

The Disappointed Goldenrod.

Pleasant judge of my surprise one day,  
'Twas in the woods, the month was May,  
To see, in yellow beauty dressed,  
Some goldenrod—I do not jest.  
'Come, tell me, goldenrod," I cried,  
'What do you hear in the fresh May tide?'"  
The pretty flower raised up its head,  
And looked at me then quietly said,  
'I tire of hearing all the trees,  
The birds, the squirrels, the very breeze;  
In autumn praise the flowers of May,  
'They're fairer far than you," they say.  
'We know," their argument is strong,  
'Because we're here, the whole year long!"  
I've got permission for myself,  
Who boasts of getting in it first,  
They call the violet; and to look  
At bloodroot blossoms by yon brook.  
The mandrake, too, I wished to find,  
Who boasts of getting in it first,  
'And what do you decide?" I said.  
The autumn beauty tossed its head,  
'I think them weak and pale and small;  
My flag for spring—give me the fall!  
Prey what are these to autumn's dower  
Of aster, mint and cardinal flower?  
Straightway from home I'll take my way,  
And never come again in May."  
My eyes unclosed; still flowed the stream.  
The flower was gone. Was it a dream?  
Caryl B. Storrs.

Rainy Days.

On rainy days I take my pipe and set  
Upon the porch and dream that by the hour.  
The rain drops, pattern downward, seem to get  
The fowls to praise for the gentle shower.  
Upon the fence the partridge stands upright  
As slides his whistle shrille through the haze,  
An, circling, chimney swallows sink from sight,  
On rainy days.  
All sounds rise low an meller, like the tone  
Of preachers readin of the ritual, while  
A peterbird swings on a limb alone,  
An geese across the wood slat slowly file.  
Up from the kitchen, on the apron worn,  
My flag for spring—comes in a song of praise,  
And then my soul flings heavenward on the hymn,  
On rainy days. —Will T. Hale.

Good-Bye.

"Good-bye" is a solemn word, dear friend,  
'Good-bye" is a solemn word;  
Shall we meet again?" is the thought conveyed,  
As we echo the parting word.  
I clasp your hand in mine, dear friend,  
I clasp your hand in mine;  
'The friendship's pledge of faith and trust.  
The hand that is clasping thine.

"Good-bye" is a sacred word, dear friend,  
For the loved of earth must die;  
I may never hear you say again  
The parting word, "Good-bye."

Thine Eyes.

Thine eyes still draw my soul unto thine own;  
Although our hands have strangers grown,  
And lips have never dearer known,  
Thine eyes all other loves dethrone—  
Thine eyes with passion flowers sown.

All that the tyranny of life denies—  
Heart-broken vows, un-iced replies,  
Visions that with forbidden rise—  
Live in the nearness of thine eyes—  
Thine eyes too tender to be wise!  
—Harper's Bazar.

A Chance in a Life Time.

He got his first coupon last week. We  
will give it to you. Start now on the 30  
to get the shirt. We dye and clean in 3  
days only, at Ungars's Laundry and Dye  
Works. 'Phone 58.

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

QUEER SLIPS OF THE TONGUE.

Funny Mistakes of Languages Picked From Various Planes of Life.

A transposition of two or more letters, or the mistakes of hasty punctuation, after a miscellaneous comic literature that, from its absurdity, is worth collecting. Take for instance this extract from a bride's letter of thanks: 'Your beautiful clock has been received and is now in the drawing room on our mantelpiece where we hope to see you often.'

The literature of advertisements is sometimes as humorous as the sayings of the funniest men. In the far west a man advertises for a woman 'to wash, iron and milk two cows.' A rather ghostly humor surrounds the announcement of an enterprising undertaker, who says in the daily paper:

'No person who has once tried our airtight caskets will ever use any other.'

'A dry goods firm put a placard in the window which read: 'Bargain sale now going on. Don't go elsewhere to be cheated come in here.'

A complication of curious advertisements results in the following:

'Wanted—an organist and boy to blow the same.'

'Wanted—A boy who can open oysters with a reference.'

'A lady desires to sell her piano as she is going abroad in a strong iron frame.'

'Widow in comfortable circumstances wishes to marry two sons.'

'Bulldog for sale; will eat anything; very fond of children.'

A dentist advertises: 'Teeth extracted with great pains.' There is a delicious humor in the description of "a young man who sold peaches with red hair.'

The mistakes of speech are sometimes amusing to all except the embarrassed speaker. For instance, that of the insignificant youth who was introduced to a distinguished lady, and completely transposed the meaning of his elaborate address when he bowed low and said: 'I think, madam, you have had the pleasure of meeting me before.' Or that of the charming elocutionist who thus rendered the climax of the heroic poem she was reciting: 'Go, your liver loves,' said Cromwell, 'Curlew shall not ring tonight.' And the mishap of the smart boy of the village, who spoke his piece before a large audience, beginning thuswise:

Under the spreading blacksmith tree  
The village chestnut stands.

Then come the slips of reversion tongues, when it is wicked to laugh, and worse not to, for who could preserve a normal gravity on hearing the hymn 'Conquering kings' given out as 'kinkering congs.' or the 'fig tree' transposed into the 'wig tree,' and not feel a sinful inclination to laugh? And the parson who took for his text 'Bow not thy knee to an idol,' and read it to his congregation 'Bow not thine eye to a needle,' must have been chagrined to see the smiles follow, and not know why. So with another of the cloth who intended to read 'This world is all a fleeting show,' but by a slip of the tongue rendered it thus: 'This world is all a floating shoe.'

One can imagine the embarrassment of the grand lady who, finding a stranger in her pew, asked him haughtily if he intended to "occupaw that pie." An Oklahoma editor expressed his thanks for a basket of oranges in this strain: "We have received a basket of oranges from our friend Fred Bradley, for which he will please accept our compliments, some of which are nearly six inches in diameter.—Chicago Times-Herald.

RAILROADS IN RUSSIA.

Six Thousand Miles of Railroad now Being Built in the Czar's Dominions.

The State of Illinois has 10,600 miles of railroad, Iowa 8,500, and Michigan 7,500. The three States—Illinois with a land area of 56,000 square miles; Iowa, with a land area of 55,000 square miles, and Michigan with a land area of 57,000—have collectively 26,200 miles of railroad, or more than the empire of Russia had, according to the last official reports, which showed that the beginning of the present year the total length of railroads open for traffic in Russia was 25,975 miles of which 15,230 miles belonged to the State, exclusive of 945 miles of the Trans-Caspian railroad, which is in the hands of the Minister of War. The area of Russia in Europe is 2,100,000 square miles, and of Russia in Asia, 6,400,000 square miles, a total of 8,500,000 square miles. This, deficiency of communication, however, is being, if not rapidly, at least steadily, overcome, and it is computed that there are now 6,000 miles of roads in course of construction, and it is estimated that by the end of the century there will be something like 32,000 miles of railroad in the Russian empire, two-thirds belonging to the state.

The growth of the railroad system in Russia, modestly begun in 1837, has been very rapid since 1890. The first road constructed was sixteen miles long, from St. Petersburg to Tsarskoe-Selo, and in 1840 this was the only line in the empire. At that time the United States had in operation 2,800 miles. In 1850 the mileage of Russian Railroads had increased to 300 miles, and in 1860 it was still less than 1,000. The railroad mileage of the United States in the same year was 30,600 miles. In 1870 the mileage of the Russian railroads was 7,000 miles; in 1880 it was 14,000; in 1890 it was 19,500. It has since increased with such rapidity that as



stated, it is expected that before 1900 there will be 32,000 miles of railroad in Russia, though of course, these figures compare poorly with the totals in the United States, where there are now 180,000 miles of railroads. One difficulty from which the railroads of Russia have heretofore suffered severely has been the lack of freight business. In other words, the Russian railroads have been run chiefly for passenger traffic; the profits of which are relatively small and the expenses of which are inordinately large. Up to twenty-five years ago the railroads of Russia carried twice as many passengers in a year as they did tons of freight, though gradually the disparity between the two has been lessened, and since 1880 the proportion of freight carried has been materially larger than heretofore. In the United States about 70 per cent. of the railroad earnings are from freight, and this is the chief item of profit in operation on all the lines. The Russians are beginning to utilize their railroad facilities for the transportation of freight to greater extent than was formerly the case with them, and as a result of this, managers of the various lines have found it profitable to extend them.

YOUTH IS OUT OF DATE.

Middle Age is now in Fashion—Now Rag of Being Forty.

There is no mistake about it! To be young, to be in the first faint flush of premiere jeunesse is no longer either admirable or enviable. The fashionable age for a successful society woman in London now is between 30 and 40. A man to be thoroughly appreciated in that charmed circle known as 'the best set' can range in years from 35 to 50. Just at present the doctrine of middle ages is being preached, and from the inmost centres of Mayfair exclusiveness to the outer circles of rank bohemianism the men and women who are the most popular are those who have 'lived.'

I don't know why or wherefore this strange inversion of fancy has occurred. Somebody says because the young men and girls of the present day are older and more world-worn than the men and women who have passed the first stages of real youth. Certain it is that the conditions of life at this end of the century are not calculated to keep the spring time fresh in the hearts of its girls and boys. The doctrine of middle age is being preached with exceeding vehemence at two of the most fashionable theatres in town—at the St. James's Mr. Pinner's 'Princess and the Butterfly' or the 'Fantastics' is pursuing its erratic career with immense success, while Charles Wyndham at the Criterion is personifying 'The Physician,' by Henry Arthur Jones, with his untailing cleverness. In both these plays (studies of social life each of them) the chief interest centres about men and women who have left the 'white muslin' stage and crept out to the once dreaded precipice of maturity.

And it is in fashionable real life as it is within the artificial glamour of the stage. The women of whom we hear the most in London have certainly no longer any claim to be considered young. They are frankly middle-aged, and they seem to glory in it. There is the Countess of Warwick—passee we would have dubbed her in other times. She is still beautiful, but he who runs may read her age in Debrett's Peerage. Then there is that still lovely dowager, the Countess of Dudley, a grandmother, but with as many moths fluttering about the light of her blue eyes as would satisfy many a debutante's heart. She is going to marry again, so they say, and she is still a beauty. Lady de Grey is another instance of the apotheosis of middle age. The most talked-about woman of her time is this tall Countess, and one of the most envied. She holds the future as well as the past of Italian opera in London in the hollow of her slender, aristocratic hands. What she says or suggests at Covent Garden Opera House 'goes,' and when she is displeased the very gods tremble.

Not Transferable.

The theatres in Japan have a novel method of pass-out tickets, which are positively not transferable. When a person wishes to leave the theatre before the close of the performance, with the intention of returning, he goes to the doorkeeper and holds out his right hand. The doorkeeper then, with a rubber stamp, imprints on the palm the mark of the establishment.

A Devoted Bicycle Cat.

There is a cat in Danville, Pa., that is a victim of the bicycle craze. Being unable to pedal himself, this feline takes his rides perched on the shoulders of bicycle riders and never misses his hold after being placed in a secure position. When a boy starts for a ride the cat follows and meows pitifully until assured that he is to take part in the sport.