

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ST JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JAN. 30

PREMATURE BURIAL.

English newspapers have lately been giving a good deal of space to a discussion of the extent to which premature burials possibly may occur, and of the methods of averting them. Attention has been directed to the subject by the publication of a book one of the authors of which was himself buried alive while the other had a ghastly experience of the kind in his family. The examples of premature interment collected by the writers have produced the deeper impression, because particular pains have been taken to authenticate them, and because they are distinguished carefully from the phenomena of disturbance, sometimes observed on opening a coffin which may have been due to the generation of gases.

Of course none of the many sensible persons who have discoursed lately upon the matter assumes that premature burial is a frequent occurrence; on the contrary it is universally admitted to be rare. Yet if there were only one case in ten thousand interments, the one case would be attended with circumstances of horror, the mere thought of which appals the imagination and suggests the misgiving that our semi-civilized forefathers may have been wiser than we in respect of their prolonged and assiduous watching of the dead. To this day, the Parcae as we know, expose the corpses of their friends on the so-called Towers of Silence, where the flesh is picked from the bones by vultures; and instances have been verified or bodies thus exposed being restored to animation by the onslaught of the birds; one of the objects of the slow mode of cremation practised by Romans of a certain rank in pre-Christian times was to afford a chance of rescue in the event of suspended animation; a chance which would have been destroyed by premature interment.

At the present day in civilized countries it is, or should be, customary to wait several days after the fact of death has been certified by the medical attendant before the body is committed to the grave and even before recourse is made to the embalming process. But can the certificate of a well qualified physician as to the fact of death always be accepted as absolutely trustworthy? That is the point upon the discussion in the London journals has turned principally. There seems to be grave doubt as to whether any of the usual tests can be looked upon as entirely unerring. For instance can a person be pronounced dead because he has ceased to breathe? On the contrary, there are hundreds of recorded cases where no sign of breath could be detected yet the patient lived. Is the complete stoppage of the heart's action a decisive criterion? There are cases where the hearts of men supposed to be dead have given no indication of movement to the trained, expert ear or touch, or even to the stethoscope, and yet it has been proved eventually that life was not extinct. Is the state of the blood a faultless index? Not so. You may open a vein and find the blood congealed and yet you may discover by and by that you have been operating upon a living subject. Neither reduction of the body's temperature nor the stiffening of the frame is an infallible verifiator. Galvanism may fail to produce a muscular reaction, and a bright steel blade, plunged into the tissues may when withdrawn show no sign of oxidation and yet death may not have been present. Nor, finally is putrefaction or decomposition an absolutely unmistakable proof of death, for it is well known that portions of the human frame may mortify in the living. What then is the scientific definition of death? It is the destruction of the body. That is to say, death is a condition in which animation is not present; which does not admit of reanimation;

which is followed by the dissolution of the tissues.

The authors of the book which started the discussion contend that unfrequent as are the cases of premature interment, there are enough of them to call for some changes in the law regarding death certification and treatment of bodies before burial. They advocate the establishment of public mortuaries where bodies could be kept without inconvenience or injury to health till the proofs of death become indisputable. An experiment of this kind has been tried in Europe; but out of many hundreds of bodies committed to the mortuary hall, not one came to life. The advocates of the institution would reply that the proportion of premature interments is not one in hundreds but in many thousands. In the absence of such precautionary establishments which could only be constructed and maintained at enormous cost, it might be expedient to revise the old custom of watching the dead incessantly before burial, and of not burying until signs of discomposition had appeared, not sporadically, but over a large part of the surface of the body.

DR. RAINSFORD'S PROTEST.

A former Toronto clergyman, Rev. Dr. RAINSFORD of New York is winning considerable notoriety by his sermons against "costly and luxurious entertainments" on the ground that "this is not the time for such affairs," since they "furnish texts for homilies on the heartless extravagance of the wealthy, in the face of poverty and desolation." In other words Rev. Dr. RAINSFORD would have all such gaiety and its consequent expenditure cease, because as he says "the lines between the two classes—those who have wealth, and those who envy them were never more distinctly drawn." Perhaps the well meaning clergyman did not pause to consider that the greatest injury that can be done to the property of a community comes from enforced or voluntary economy, on the part of society. If in every city and town every family should begin to cut down its expenses by a small fraction only, the sum of the loss to trade and labor would be so vast that it would bring disaster to business and industry generally. If the rich, more especially, should cut off all "extravagance" the consequence would be an appalling increase in "poverty and desolation." The traders whose business it is to supply the luxuries now demanded by the rich, would be driven into bankruptcy. A great social event always puts a vast amount of money into circulation among the poorer classes. On the other hand would things be better if people should suppress such events vigorously, on the Rainsford plan, and confine themselves to direct charity? Indeed it might be said that such a course would be sure to bring serious and lamentable troubles on great numbers of people. There is no use of wealth that would spread poverty so quickly. It would be far better for those who are able to keep on being merry.

The time is approaching when candidates for mayoralty and aldermanic honors will be numerous enough to shake hands with every voter in town. No positive assurance has come from any candidate that he proposes to run for the mayor's chair but the friends of Mr. CHARLES McLAUGHLIN have been quite active in gathering the sentiment of the people regarding his nomination. We understand that his candidature would meet with much favor. He has had much experience in civic affairs as an alderman, and should fill the office of greater honor. This city has been fortunate in its choice of chief magistrates. Mr. GEORGE ROBERTSON has the stamp of approval of a third term bestowed upon him as his predecessor Mr. F. W. PETERS also enjoyed. The sentiment of the people favors a change after his length of service and as one of the principal canvasses of Mr. ROBERTSON and his supporters when he opposed Mr. PETERS was that the latter was seeking a fourth term, it is not probable that he will be in the field. As least it would not be consistent.

The statement of the Halifax Banking Company, which is represented in this city by Mr. JAS. G. TAYLOR, for the year 1896 is at hand and shows that the profits for the year were \$57,051.42, or something over eleven per cent. on the capital paid up. Of this \$35,000 was for dividends of June and December, and \$25,000 carried to the reserve fund. The balance carried over from 1895 was \$7,963.68. The reserve fund now amounts to \$325,000, and the deposits on call and subject to notice over \$2,500,000. The loans and bills discounted amount to over \$3,000,000. The statement should prove a very satisfactory one to stockholders and the public generally in the Maritime provinces. There are fourteen offices of the Halifax Banking Company in Nova Scotia and two in New Brunswick. If all of them have won the same favor from the business pub-

lic as the St. John branch the directors and management are to be congratulated.

While the sad event upon the I. C. R. near Dorchester this week is to be deeply deplored, there is still much cause for thankfulness. Though two bright, useful young lives were sacrificed, the escape from death of the other passengers and employees on the wrecked train seems truly miraculous. The road upon which the accident occurred is one the safest in the Dominion and has been comparatively free from mishaps, and there will doubtless be some definite explanation of the recent accident forthcoming.

The verdict of the SULLIVAN jury appears to be just. No person who followed the evidence could doubt what the result would be. And yet the sentence of death will come with a shock to many who do not look upon capital punishment with favor. Of course no alternative was left the judge who has given the prisoner a reasonable time to prepare for his awful fate but the day will surely come when the judge will be able to exercise discretion between capital punishment and imprisonment for life.

Captain General WEYLER is certainly the costliest of modern warriors, taking into view what he accomplishes against his country's enemies. Recent reports from him records his burning of a whole village of three hundred houses. Perhaps even some Spaniards may regret that he managed to escape the ambush which immediately after that affair was prepared for him. He is a very expensive luxury for Spain.

HE HAD TO GIVE UP HIS CIGAR.

But the Deck Hand Smoked One In Spite of the Rules.

One of the regulations governing the Carleton ferry prohibits smoking in the lady's cabin on either steamer. A few days ago a young man who is a stranger to St. John and who was not aware of the rule in question boarded the ferry at the west side with a fragrant cigar in his mouth. He entered the lady's waiting room without removing his Havana and settled himself for a comfortable smoke and ride over to the other side. He was not left long in quietness however for suddenly the door opened and one of the ferry hands burst in upon him. "You must stop smokin' in here or get off the boat," said the deckhand.

As the boat was at that time part way across the harbor the young man could not see how he could very well leave the boat just at that moment but he did not communicate his impressions to the deck hand, who would not listen to any reason and on whom argument was wasted. He also noticed that the deck hand was pulling on an ancient T. D. but that did not appear to make any difference; the young man with the good cigar had to go out of the waiting room while the deck hand smoked in peace. The ferry employe may have been acting within the bounds of his authority when he ordered the passenger to stop smoking but the passenger is not by any means satisfied, and fails to see the reason why his smoking should have been stopped while the other fellow smoked on in peace.

THEY GAVE SHORT WEIGHT.

The Law However Intervened and Brought the Bakers to Terms.

HALIFAX, Jan. 28.—The bakers of this city have been brought up with a round turn by the society for the improvement of the condition of the poor, and Mayor McPherson. The law requires that a loaf of bread offered for sale shall weigh two pounds, and be stamped with the initials of the baker. For some time the Halifax bakers' loaf, in defiance of this law, has been becoming lighter and lighter till now it weighs very little more than 1½ pounds. A month ago the bakers raised the price of bread from 4 to 5 cents per loaf. This was too much for human endurance and the result was that the authorities took action. Mayor McPherson ordered the police to keep their eyes open and report any case of short weight in bread, when the law would be allowed to take its course.

This brought the bakers to their knees and they petitioned the mayor to defer putting the law into active operation till the beginning of February, alleging that they had sold many tickets on the old basis and that they could not get larger pans etc., before that date. This request was granted, and the police are being held back for a week. Recorder MacCoy is having a bill introduced into the legislature making the maximum penalty for short weight loaves a \$10 fine or 10 days in Rockhead prison. The old punishment was confiscation. The police will be doing a work that meets with popular approval when they commence their campaign against all short-weight bakers.

Go to Spencer, 74 Germain, and learn to dance.

THE OFFICERS WERE NOT AROUND.

Consequently the Offenders Escaped Without Punishment.

The S. P. C. A. is a grand society and no branch seems more thoroughly in earnest, or more jealous in protecting helpless dumb creatures, than the Moncton society. No well authenticated case is too trivial to be dealt with, and the smallest and meanest creature is sure of redress for its wrongs if it lies in the power of the society to obtain it. But unfortunately the officers are not numerous, neither are they omniscient, and thus many people who richly deserve to be punished for the manner in which their animals, escape detection.

It is a matter for regret that none of the S. P. C. A. officers happened to pass Victoria rink last Monday evening, for they would have discovered a case well worthy of their attention, had they done so. On the night in question the thermometer varied at different points, from eighteen to twenty degrees below zero, but for at least an hour and a half a sleigh stood outside the rink, while the savages who owned the helpless creature amused themselves with the healthful and invigorating exercise of skating. Just outside the rink the wind had a clear sweep direct from the North pole, to judge by its temperature, and though there are plenty of sheltered spots in the lee of the building, the owners of this horse hitched him to a post where he was exposed to the full fury of the wind, and left him there unblanketed to shiver and freeze, while they enjoyed themselves and kept their bodies in a glee of heat by skating. Who these people were, I was unable to discover or I would gladly publish their names, in order to prove to the public that all savages do not wear war paint and feathers, or have copper colored skins. But I would respectfully suggest to the officers of the S. P. C. A. that they occasionally walk past Victoria rink on a cold night night find out for themselves who the offenders are, and if possible publish them for their cruelty.

GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

The Formal Opening.

The Board of managers and officers of the Halifax School for the Blind have issued invitations to friends of the Institution throughout the provinces for a reception to be held upon the occasion of the formal opening of the new building on Thursday evening February 4th from 8 to 11 P. M. The charity is one of the most deserving in Canada and the energy and devotedness of those connected with the institution have made it possible to extend its operations and good work by enlarging upon the former premises.

SMALLER CALIBRE RIFLE WOUNDS

Effects of Hard-Nose and Soft-Nose Bullets on Game of Several Kinds.

Hunters have given the 30-calibre smokeless powder rifles a pretty thorough trial during the last year, and most of these are satisfied with its work on game in cases where a soft-nose bullet was used. A hard-nose bullet from the 30-calibre rifle, it appears, when it hits a deer passes through, leaving a "pin-hole," and causes the deer to run all the faster. With a soft-nose bullet, that curls over on hitting the flesh, the effect is usually deadly.

W. T. Carlin tells in Recreation about shooting a grizzly bear with a soft-nose bullet of 30 calibre. One shot hit the bear in the shoulder and smashed both shoulders to pieces. The shock congested the blood clear back to her hams. And another shot in the head broke the bones into sixteen pieces, besides splinters. An elk, shot through the shoulders, leaped up and fell dead. The bullet hit no bones, but stopped under the skin on the far side. Antelope shot almost anywhere in the body fell within twenty yards, seldom stopping the bullet. The holes the bullets made were small at the entering point, but where the bullets came out one could frequently put a doubled fist into the wound. Commonly the wound was two inches across.

A single hard-nose bullet fired from a Mannlicher rifle at a rhinoceros passed lengthwise through it, killing it, and then through another one's shoulders, killing it too. Tigers shot through the body sickened at once, when a soft-nose bullet was used, while deer of all sorts were knocked down by the force of the bullets, and not often were able to get to their feet again.

The bullets that mushroom come out in different shapes. Some fly to pieces, only shreds of the metal coating remaining on the battered butt, the lead being found in tiny splinters, scattered in the flesh in the path of the bullet. Some bullets curved back, looking like toad-stools with rounded tops, but these hit no bones. The bones are shattered and they distort or smash the bullets.

Lots of Them Were Made.

What? New resolutions at the New Year, it's not too late to make one now. Change your laundry and take advantage of what we give you free. Ugar's Laundry & Dye Works. Telephone 58.

Chairs Re-seated, Cane, Splint, Perforated. Duval, 17 Waterloo.



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.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Your Hand In Mine.
A LIFE ETCHING.

Your hand in mine a moment long,
Before the altar seals a vow;
We've met to take a morning walk,
The sun shines brightly now.
From life's great throng together we
Have come, how strange, as one to be,
The orange blossoms sing and sigh,
On restless wings the moments fly;
How gaily strikes the happy bell,
Who lives in love have all things well.

Your hand in mine 'tis noon my love,
A golden glory gilds the sky;
The sunbeams all around us fall,
In warmest love they linger nigh.
While earth and music with us stay,
How short has been the passing day;
The fall blown roses whisper low
The brightest morning's come and go;
The dreaming mid-day summer bell
Just echoes round our golden spell.

Your hand in mine 'tis evening love,
They all are gone who bore our name;
Two lie at rest in blessed sleep,
The others take the way we came.
Your hand in mine the dream was sweet,
The journey love is just complete;
The aspidochelone breathes low in prayer,
Love taketh her of all earthly care;
At twilight sounds the peaceful bell
What comes in starlight who can tell.

Your hand in mine night comes my love,
The moon, the mid day and the fall—
Of darkness at the past scene's close,
A few short steps and that is all.
Across the stream we see the light,
Your hand again my love good night;
The white robed lily folds its hands,
To bloom again in brighter lands,
At midnight strikes the calling bell
The day is ended love farewell.

CYRUS GOLDBE.

When the Regiment Passed.

There was din in the street, there was rushing of feet,
At the drum and the thrum of a far-away drum,
Every eye in the town watched a road winding down
By meadows of ripening, yellow wheat,
Every being was filled with the beat that had thrilled
And whirled as it stirred like the wings of a bird
Through the sunny air clear, glowing near and
more near,
Till all other sound in creation was stilled!

Then swift came the gleam of a mountainside
stream,
Which quivered and grew like the stars, like the
dew,
Like the sun's darting glance where little waves
dance,
Like a glittering river that wound from a dream.

O it broadened and spread like a vibrating tread
In unison beat through the dust to our feet!
O it drew every hue, from the heavens' calm blue
To the poppies' red blood through the wheat field
shed!
Then a plume floated white, and they broke on our
cur
With a bugle note clear, they drew near, and a
cheer
Burst from us; then dumb at the roll of the drum
As they reached us and touched us, and dumb with
delight,
We drew nigh, we pressed nigh, our hearts throbbing
high,
(O the tumult of joy in the heart of a boy!)
Women crowded about, and a flag floated out,
And we uttered a shout that rang up to the sky!

(Ay, it rings for me yet! Can I ever forget
That thrill and that joy in the heart of a boy?)
Then, a barefooted throng, we marched proudly
along,
Knowing naught of farewells or of eyes that were
wet,
Heeding only the beat of the drum and the feet
Treading onward to war, growing faint, growing
far,
Seeing only the track, dust unclouded, whence
back
Looked never a man to that village street!

How we lingered around, listening low for a sound,
Till the thrum of the drum was a clover bee's hum!
How we marched a retreat through the still village
street,
And followed the footprints which covered the
ground!

And when weary at last, how we happily cast
Ourselves down in the wheat, talking not of defeat,
Heeding not the wild red where crushed poppies
were shewn,
Or the thunder and dread closing round, closing
fast;
But shut us by the rim of our dim mountains' shade,
We gave them but glory and fame unsurpassed,
While for us was the hour—when the Regiment
passed!

—Virginia Woodward Cloud.

Gray and Silver.

I had a love; dark-haired was she,
Her eyes were gray,
For sake of her across the sea
I sailed away.

Death, sickness, tempest and defeat
All passed me by;
With years came fortune, fair and eel,
And rich was I.

Again for me the sun looked down
Familiar skies;
I found my love, her locks had grown
Gray as her eyes.

'Alas!' she sighed, 'forget me, now
'No longer fair,'
'I love thine heart,' I whispered low,
'And not thy hair.'

—C. E. D. Phelps.

Lamp-light.

Dear little lady, so tumbled and sleepy,
Kneeling at dusk with her head on my knee
Lamp-light is dim, and the shadows are creepy,
Dear little lady, and, ah, sad me!

Saying a prayer that the angels must soften—
Ah, little lady, could only it be!
Time was when I prayed, too, often and often,
Longing for one that we ne'er shall see.

Dear little lady, till play days are over
Kneel here at dusk as my tired knee!
Ne'er could you know what is under the clover,
Dear little lady, but, ah, sad me.
Foot Wheeler in New York Press.