

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR

Discontinuances.—Except in those localities which are easily reached, Progress will be stopped at the time paid for. Discontinuances can only be made by paying arrears at the rate of five cents per copy.

Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, from its new quarters, 29 to 31 Canterbury street, St. John, N. B. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

The Circulation of this paper is over 13,000 copies; as double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

Remittances should always be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. The former is preferred, and should be made payable in every case to EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher.

All Letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

Copies Can be Purchased at every known news stand in New Brunswick, and in very many of the cities, towns and villages of Nova Scotia and Prince-Edward Island every Saturday, for Five Cents each.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUG. 21.

ANCIENT GOLD COUNTRY.

Ireland of prehistoric times was the gold country of Europe. In no other country at any rate, has so much manufactured gold of early ages been found, not less than four hundred specimens of Irish gold antiques being contained in the museum of the Royal Irish Academy alone, while the British Museum Gold Antiques illustrative of British history are entirely Irish. Trinity College, Dublin, has many fine examples, and there are large private collections. Native gold occurs in seven localities in Ireland, and the ancient miners may have had sources of supply that are now worked out or lost.

The undependable character of many of the mighty modern engines of war has been forcibly illustrated in connection with the late manoeuvres of the British fleet. Both the Mars and the Terrible, the former a monster of 14,900 tons were suddenly placed entirely out of the range of action by trouble with their cylinders. The truth is that naval construction of the present day is largely in an experimental stage. Sails have been discarded and engines can't in a measure be depended on.

To what extent flogging is still tolerated by English law is shown by recent prison returns, from which it would appear that no less than sixteen hundred floggings per annum take place in the local and convict prisons of the United Kingdom. Besides these, there are six hundred and seventy floggings a year in the military prisons, which means that the floggings of soldiers belonging to the army average about two a day.

French vessels usually bear the name of French provinces, towns, wines, victories, ideas or sentiment, but no French name, except, those of great men of French history. German ships bear the names of German rivers, poets states and characters in German literature. Spanish ships are almost invariably named after Spanish cities or the great commander of ancient Spanish history.

"It is a remarkable fact," says a contributor to Knowledge London, "that the two countries which are now competing most keenly with us in the industrial race—especially in those departments allied to engineering—are Germany and the United States; two which have for many years been in the van in the matter of providing facilities for education in matter pertaining to the industrial arts."

The English sparrow has spread far hence and increased rapidly. The farmers of Ontario are complaining that he is an unmitigated nuisance to them, and they insist that he should be exterminated as soon as possible. He drives away the insectivorous and ringing birds, and does nothing to compensate for their loss.

There seems still to be very much of a war in Cuba despite the protestations of Gen. WEXLER to the contrary. The insurgents seem to be doing about what they choose even the vicinity of Havana, and it would seem this day is near when Spain will have to withdraw from the Pearl of the Antilles.

At a meeting of farmers in England recently it was proved that one acre under glass exceeded 100 acres in producing a profit, and that the labor and cost was no greater in proportion to area than for 100 acres, excepting the original cost of the glass and fixtures.

While many people are digging into the earth in Alaska, there seems to be plenty

of others who are going the other way, to judge from the frequent reports of ascent for the first time of noted mountains in various parts of the world.

After all it is not so very remarkable that a Chicago man who recently failed for \$1,000,000 should have kept his accounts in his head. His creditors are now seeing dividends "in their minds".

Shanghai is being rapidly changed into a manufacturing town. Cotton factories are springing up in every direction, and the Chinese have the novel experience of smoke and screaming whistles.

Of the thousands of prisoners released from jails in India on Jubilee day, some have voluntarily returned to jail while others are committing burglary and other offences.

August seems to be as full of crime as July was, and July has hitherto had the record for suicides, murders and violent deeds.

Pennsylvania is to try the experiment of compulsory voting, the last legislature having passed a law to that effect.

A patent has been allowed by the British patent office for making gold.

These ideal vacation days are rapidly drawing to a close.

DR. SMITH BAKER'S MISTAKE.

Thought He was Talking to a Nova Scotia Audience.

Even among the best educated men and women in the United States today, there is a great deal of ignorance as to the geographical situations of our lower provinces and in fact Canada itself as a whole. They confound St. John, Que. and St. Johns Nfld. with this city and to hear of New Brunswick being in Nova Scotia is quite common even in our neighboring New England districts.

Dr. Smith Baker of Boston in addressing the Christian Endeavourers in Germain street baptist church last week repeatedly spoke of "you Nova Scotia fellow and sister Endeavourers." He spoke of "good old Nova Scotia roast beef," our "balmy and exhilarating Nova Scotia breezes"; and continued on in that strain until another platform occupant threw out the hint to be reverend speaker that he was not in Nova Scotia but New Brunswick. "Why, am I?" said the Dr. in surprise and it was some minutes before the vast congregation recovered itself.

Saturday Suburban Excursions.

The Canadian Pacific Ry will during August sell Suburban Excursion tickets on Saturday, good to return same day or following Monday at following low rates: to South Bay 25cts, Sutton 30cts, Grand Bay 35cts, Ingleside 40cts, Riverbank 45cts, Westfield and Lingley 50cts, Nerepis 60cts, Eagle Rock 70cts, Welsford 75cts. Suburban trains leave St. John 8.30, a. m., S. 12.45, 4.45, and 7.00 p. m. Returning leave Welsford 7.19, 8.45 a. m., S. 2.30, 3.40, 8.00 p. m.; Westfield 7.43, 9.06, a. m. S. 2.53, 4.39, 8.23 p. m. Arriving at St. John 8.20, 9.40 a. m. S. 3.30, 6.20 S. 9.00 p. m. S. means on Saturdays only.

Pig at Baseball.

A really amusing incident occurred during the progress of the Roses—St. John baseball match at Watter's landing on Tuesday last. The ball was hit away across the field into a pig pen. When the fielders rushed up to the enclosure to get the "sphere" he found his porcine majesty, the occupant of the pen, trying to masticate it. For some few minutes the player remonstrated with the pig and it was not until the latter had run all the way round the bases did he disgorge. Is it possible that the "in" side had the porker "bought"?

Too Late.

Amherst, Anagance and other society correspondence received too late for publication in this issue of PROGRESS.

High Class Comedy.

E. H. Sothern will produce "Change Alley," in New York next month. Mr. Frohman said: "After Mr. Sothern's season Mr. Pinero's society comedy, 'The Princess and the Butterfly,' will usher in my stock company. In this play Miss Mannering and Mr. Hackett will appear, together with Miss Julie Opp, the American girl who succeeded so well at St. James' Theatre last winter. Then a new play by Henry Arthur Jones, called 'The Trifler,' will be produced. We have also a new play by the author of 'Liberty Hall' and one by Messrs. Hope and Rose, on the plot of Anthony Hope's novel, 'The Heart of the Princess Odra,' and another play written by Edward Rose himself. Jerome K. Jerome is putting the finishing touches to a new comedy for the Lyceum. We shall also present an original comedy by Louis N. Parker, entitled 'The Happy Lite.'

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

I'll Come and See You.

I'll come and see you love some day, When all the world seems glad; Some summer more than ever gay, Though I perchance am sad. When flower bloom of every kind, To thought and memory known; The roses red we love to find, In bud and partly blown.

I'll come and see you when bright skies, Are in their softest blue; And with the earth beneath them vies To give you honor true. When lily hyacinth and pink Sweet heliotrope and musk, And purple pansies with me think— Of you, from dawn till dusk.

I'll come and see you love when all That golden and fame can give, When wealth and memories recall, The one for whom we live. When treasures of eternal art, Around these still are seen; And richest jewels set apart Adorn my stately Queen.

I'll come and see you love for then, With splendor round you cast, Such as was never seen of men, Through centuries long past. For you are dear of such sweet grace, No splendor could detract, The heavenly beauty in the face. I must have near my own.

I'll come and see you by and by, To ask when so you stand, That boon for which I live or die, Your heart love and your hand. Give simple faith triumphant test, One look to me confess; If with such stately grandeur blest, Your answer still is yes.

CYPRUS GOLDE.

The Elms, Aug. 1897.

Question.

Why is the king so sad, Father, why is the king so sad? More than his sire the king is blessed, The times are fair, and the land at rest; With the little price on the queen's fair breast, Why is the king so sad? He put the woman he loved aside, He steeled his heart when his true love cried, And took a princess to be his bride! And so the king is sad.

Why is the rich man sad, Father, why is the rich man sad? Fair on the hills his turrets glow, Broad is the manor spread below, Gardens and vine yards overflow, Now why is he so sad? His truth for a lordly price he sold, He gave his honor for yellow gold; It's all for the peace he knew of old! And therefore he is sad.

Why is the poor man sad, Father, why is the poor man sad? Health and freedom and love has he, A vine clad cottage beyond the sea, Where children clamber about his knee; Yet why is he so sad? He thought of the rich man's wealth and fame, He looked on his humble lot with shame; Into his life black envy came, And therefore he is sad.

Why is the priest so sad, Father, why is the priest so sad? Little he knows of worldly care, His place is found in the place of prayer, And honor and peace attend him there; Why is the priest so sad? He marks how the proud ones spoil the meek; His heart is hot, but his spirit weak, And the words that he would he dare not speak; And so the priest is sad.

Why is the world so sad, Father, why is the world so sad? Every day is a glory sent, Sunshine, beauty and music blend, Fresh from the gracious firmament; Then why is the world so sad? Alas for the evil ever done! Alas for the good deed not begun! Alas for our blindness every one! By this the world is sad.

Sing a Song.

If you'll sing a song as you go along, In the face of the real or the fancied wrong; In spite of the doubt if you'll fight it out, And show a heart that is brave and stout; If you'll laugh at the jeers and refuse the tears, You'll force the ever-reluctant cheers That the world denies when the coward cries, To give to the man who braves the skies; And you'll win success with a little song— If you'll sing a song as you go along!

If you'll sing a song as you plod along, You'll find that the busy, rushing throng Will catch the strain of the glad refrain; That the sun will follow the blinding rain; That the clouds will fly from the blackest sky; And the stars will come out by and by; And you'll make new friends, till hope descends From where the placid rainbow bends; And all because of a little song— If you'll sing a song as you plod along!

If you'll sing a song as you trudge along, You'll see that the single will make you strong; And the heavy load and the rugged road, And the sting and the stripe of the tortuous goad Will soar with the note you set afloat; That the beam will change to a trifling mote; That the world's hat when you are sad, And bright and beautiful whed glad, That all you need is a little song— If you'll sing the song as you trudge along!

WHITE FOLKS IN AFRICA.

They may Keep Fairly Healthy if They Live Properly.

"Africa was long dreaded on account of its climate," said Mrs. Nehne, a returned missionary, the other day. "Only a dozen years ago white persons were regarded as foolhardy who went there. There seemed nothing but death before the white pioneers and very many sacrificed their lives.

"Now it is quite different. Even white women can live in Africa for years. Still it is not fair to say that the climate has changed in the least. We must rather say that the whites have learned from experience how to counteract the climatic influence and are better able to live there now than formerly. Generally, if persons are careful and do not abuse themselves in any way, they have a fair chance of standing the wear and tear of tropical life; but a white person cannot live like an African native on the 'trot-hog-or-die' principle, but must gradually get used to the changed conditions. Many valuable lives have been lost because men and women expected to give and work like the natives; but alas! their mistake soon cost them their lives. Even the strongest were not able to stand it, and then the climate was blamed for it. Others among the officials and merchants

live immoral lives, drinking and carousing from morning till night. They, too, soon have to pay for their folly, and again the climate gets the blame.

The climate of the French Congo is, I believe, a fair specimen of Equatorial Africa. It is certainly trying to all. It seems strange to the white residents to be obliged to close their doors and windows right after sundown, at 6 o'clock. The heavy dew begins to fall then and makes everything very damp. The temperature varies greatly. From April to October, which is our dry time on the French Congo the thermometer is often down as low as 56° Fahr. during the night and early morning, but rises in the daytime to 88°, and even higher. This change is what produces most of the fevers and other illnesses occurring during the dry time.

The rainy season, or rather our summer time is warmer, and the temperature is more equable, seldom falling below 80°. The heat is most oppressive during the short dry spell in January. At this time a breeze is a very desirable luxury, but is often longed for in vain.

Still, with all the heat during the summer, one may enjoy fair health. The climate changes would not create such havoc if the houses of the whites were built differently and a fireplace or some other means of warming were provided for every room, so that the dampness and chill could be taken out of the night air. Most of the houses have no windows, but only shutters, and one is compelled to sit in partial darkness until the sun stands high enough to dry the dew and carry the dampness away.

Still, fevers will come to all, and the experiences of the newcomers are sometimes amusing to the older residents. Even the strongest are like babies during the first few attacks of fever, and everyone thinks he is surely going to die; but after a few attacks one finds that fevers are endurable after all, and that there is nothing like getting used to them. Plenty of blankets, plenty of hot tea, or coffee with juice, and an abundance of quinine are all that is necessary to bring speedy recovery if everything else is favorable.

Fever is often induced by eating pineapples or other fruit at an improper time. The morning seems to be the only proper time for eating fruit, and pineapples are not very safe for any one in that climate, especially when they are gathered in the hot sun.

The native food is very good eating for those who like it, but it is not possible to live on it in the native manner. At first one likes it, but one gets used to it, it compelled to do so. The staple food in our region is the cassava root, or 'meca,' as the natives call it. This root is sometimes twelve to eighteen inches in length and three to four inches in diameter, tapering to a point. The planting is done late in August, a few weeks before the heavy rains came on. The plants take root quickly. It takes the roots from twelve to eighteen months to mature, according to the soil and season.

When the roots have matured they are dug up, pared and then soaked in water for two days or longer, until they are soft to the touch. When the roots are soft they are taken out, washed, placed in baskets made of palm leaves and put into the store room ready for cooking. They are then scraped and cut into small pieces an inch long and a half inch thick and steamed. The steamer is prepared in a novel way. Into an iron pot pieces of bamboo are placed in layers two or three inches deep. Water is poured in so as to nearly cover the bamboo. Then leaves are put over this and on the sides. Small holes are punched through the leaves to let the steam pass. Now the steamer is ready and the pieces of cassava root are laid in until the pot is filled and it is then covered with leaves which are secured with splints of bamboo. Half an hour of steaming finishes the process.

Then the pot is removed from the fire and uncovered. Plates are ready and a bowl of clean water is standing near to enable the cook to wet her hands when handling the hot pieces. A native never eats anything hot.

"Another way to prepare the cassava is to make native bread of it.

Bananas and plantains grow in abundance, if they are properly cultivated. They are relished by natives and Europeans and formed a welcome addition to our table at all times, boiled, roasted or fried. Corn or maize is raised in some districts, but grows too sparingly to be of much account. Peanuts are plentiful and beans are grown also. A kind of sweet potato grows which differs from the American variety. It is white and not nearly so sweet. A small tomato grows well in Central Africa, but cabbage, lettuce, peas, and the vegetables we relish at home can only be grown during the dry season with a great deal of trouble.

Fish abounds in sea and river, and oyster beds, too, are found in some places. Game is plentiful—birds, antelopes, deer, and bush pigs. A native hunter can procure game easily, although white residents are not very successful. Fresh meat is far more healthful than anything sent to Africa in its place. Chickens and eggs can be bought of the natives and are quite cheap. Some of the natives eat monkeys and snakes. I have tried monkey and found it very good, but we drew the line at snakes and tigers.

Elephant and hippopotamus are very good eating, but rather coarse and tough. After all, when one gets accustomed to native living it is easy to get along with a



few things additional from Europe, such as flour, sugar, butter, and fruit, not to forget tea, coffee, and medicines. The natives have some very good medicines, but I never felt like trusting them, and we always preferred to doctor ourselves. With all its trials Africa is not nearly so bad a place as most persons think, and life there can be made comfortable in spite of the climate.

THE BEARS OF ALASKA.

There are Several Varieties of Them at the Service of Sportsmen.

In Alaska there are several varieties of the bear, including the polar or white bear, the brown bear, and the grizzly bear (Ursus horribilis.) In the colder months of the year, droves of polar bears may be seen as far south as St. Matthew's Island in Behring Sea, but that, when the ice begins to break up there, they strike out for the furthest north, as far as the Arctic Ocean. Their habits are of a maritime character; they are great swimmers; they do not mind a swim of from 150 to 200 miles if they can find an occasional iceberg to rest on. They are ferocious, and have no fear of any enemy, so that the sportsman who is fond of adventures with a spice of danger in them can find genuine happiness in hunting the polar bear, which, however, it must be said, has a habit of killing and devouring such persons as may seek sport at its expense.

The brown bear of Alaska is a huge and shaggy bear, varying in length from six to twelve feet and weighing from 800 to 1,500 pounds, and is a dangerous adversary, the terror of the natives. It is an expert fisher, with a good appetite for salmon in its season; and when the years run of that dainty fish is over it takes to the hills, where small game awaits consumption. The brown bear has been particularly useful as a road maker in Alaska, treading the river banks and plains in a purposeful manner, so that the traveller, by following its footsteps, will find the easiest routes to the hills and to the best fording places. Its habitat is believed to be believed to run as far north as the Arctic Ocean. As to its ferocity, the natives do not possess a monopoly of the stories. Yet there is an authentic report that some time ago two men killed seven brown bears in one day upon the main and adjacent to the island of Unge, and exhibited the skins in proof of their good faith. This story ought to give encouragement to those sportsmen who like a spice of luck as well as of danger in their sport.

It is hard to tell whether the grizzly bear of Alaska is more ferocious than the polar bear or the brown bear of that part of America. But some of the men who have travelled near Mount St. Elias say that the grizzly found there is unequalled for voracity, being fiercer even than the Rocky Mountain variety. The Indian will never attack it; he takes to flight at the sight of it. It has no fear of bullets. It is happy when it lies eyes on a human being; humanity is but provender for it. The natives believe that it possesses supernatural powers and can hypnotize the man who goes out to kill it. Yet, it is related that upon one occasion a party of two Americans in the Mount St. Elias region saw a grizzly at a distance eating fish upon the banks of a stream and determined to try conclusions with it. They got reinforcements by which their party was raised to the number of six. The six men raised their rifles and poured a volley into the body of the enemy, which thereupon rushed toward the firing party. As the animal approached they peppered it with their bullets until its life was extinct. The skinning of it was the next thing; and it was one of the members of the party of six who said: "When the skin was stretched out it looked to me bigger than the biggest bullock hide I had ever seen!"

That was an adventure for sportsmen who have no fear of danger, but rather like it. In truth, there is no part of the American continent where an adventurous can get livelier experiences in bear hunting than those which are to be found in Alaska. He can take his choice between the polar bear, the brown bear, and the biggest grizzly on earth. He can hover about Mount St. Elias, take observations upon the mainland near Unge, or go stalking among the ice fields which border the Arctic Ocean, some distance this side of the North Pole. There are yet lots of chances for sport in this country between Florida Strait and Point Barrow.

Mr. and Mrs. George Henschel will sail from Glasgow on the steamer State of Nebraska, Aug. 20. They will spend the winter season in America, as the London Symphony concerts, at which Mr. Henschel conducts, have been abandoned. On Oct. 13, at Brooklyn, Mr. and Mrs. Henschel will commence a song recital tour which will last until Christmas. It will extend to San Francisco, and a visit will also be paid to Canada.

Chairs Re-seated, Cane, Splint, Perforated Seats, 47 Waterloo.