

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 24.

LARGEST IN THE WORLD.

The largest floating dock of its kind in the world is now being constructed in England, in the Paillipine Islands, at the order of the Spanish government. The dimensions of this vast structure as given are a length of 117 feet over the pontoons, and a depth of 38 1/2 feet. The dock when in position, will rest on six pontoons each about 14 feet deep, these being of iron, while the sides of the dock will be of steel. The arrangement of the pontoons will also be such that should one of them be damaged, it can easily be removed and floated on the dock for repairs. Powerful pumping engines will be fitted so that a vessel weighing 12,000 tons can be lifted in about two hours. The maximum length of the vessel which the dock will accommodate will be 500 feet.

On some aspects of the problem of the extent pertaining to the universe of space, light is being thrown which challenges scientific attention and increased research. Evidence it is declared, is gradually accumulating which points to the probability that the successive orders of smaller stars which continually increasing telescopic power is bringing into view, are not situated at greater distances, as the prevalent theory assumes to be the case but that we are actually cognizant of the boundary of the universe. This indication not yet definitely elaborated, is acknowledged to lend a peculiar interest to various questions growing out of the motions of the stars, and the opinion is expressed that quite possibly the problem of these motions will be the great one of the future astronomer.

Thanks to the encouragement which Emperor WILLIAM has accorded to the practice of duelling, it is now being adopted by the medical profession in Germany. A couple of physicians summoned in consultation became involved at the bedside of the patient in so vehement a dispute with regard to the character of the malady and of its treatment that they concluded to fight the matter out. The conflict took place on the outskirts of Bonn on the Rhine, one of the combatants receiving a bullet in the chest which killed him instantly. This may be said to constitute altogether new departures in what is known to laymen as "medical etiquette."

The recent Danubian floods have apparently been as destructive as those of the Mississippi, and left as many people homeless. Twenty thousand inhabitants of Galatz in Moldavia have been drowned out by the deluge, the severest recorded in that region within the century. With its tale of earthquake and flood and various forms of calamity and ruin around the world, the current year has taken quite a prominent place, but has several months left in which to redeem its reputation. It is quite time it set about it.

Up to the year 1804 the Bible had only been translated into thirty languages. Most of these besides the English were dead languages. But now, by the latest statistics, the number of versions of the Scripture in 1895, is 381, so that the Bible within about 90 years has been translated into some 350 languages. These translations comprise those of all the great non-Christian nations, so that nine tenths of the world now have the Scripture in their own tongue.

A recent statement, based on good authority, affirms that between twenty-five and thirty million birds are annually imported into England alone for decorative purposes, and that the supply for Europe

requires not less than one hundred and fifty million. Adding fifty million for America it makes a total of some two hundred million bird sacrificed annually on the altar of fashion.

The medical men of the province were in session in St. John during the week and among the instructive and interesting subjects dealt with was a "Report of a Case of Pylorotomy for Carcinoma with Gastrojejunostomy," read by a Fredericton physician—and the doctor still lives. If the disease is anything like its name the medical men must have a pretty hard time of it occasionally.

The Scott Act people have two suicides to their credit so far this month, that of a Moncton woman some months ago, and now a man in Charlottetown suicides rather than give evidence in a case in which the anti-liquor people were concerned.

A tea house at Rockwood Park will be a welcome institution to the thousands who visit the place weekly. Considerable care, however, will have to be exercised in order to prevent the privilege from being abused.

It is now roughly estimated that in the college and university graduations for this year about one half of the entire output are women. Fifty years ago only about one half of one per cent of college graduates were women.

The gold fever is again raging with all its old time virulence. The new fields are not easy of access, and its not easy to live after you get there; tea is one dollar and flour two dollars a pound.

The suburban resorts were a little late in beginning business this season, but they are in the full swing now, of a rushing trade.

The next great event of importance to which the citizens are looking forward is the exhibition.

The irrepressible tourist is very much in evidence these days.

Is Alaska a good place to spend the summer?

A Good Laugh.

If you wish to be thoroughly amused a visit to the Opera house next week is the surest means to adopt. Rice's Comedians will occupy the stage, and a week of pure unadulterated fun may be expected. Every actor is a star in his part and the plays given are the special property of the company. The specialties are all bright and new, and free in every particular from anything vulgar or suggestive. The vitascope will show some new and wonderful pictures a direct electrical current having been put into the Opera house in order to prevent the flickering motion so often seen in these machines. The company promises some interesting productions.

Where Times are Hard.

HALIFAX, July 22.—"Times are hard," "money is close," is the cry heard on every side in this city. Yet when a circus comes here, which has travelled all over the United States and much of Canada, at the close of the first night's performance in this city the manager, after counting up the receipts, rubs his hands cheerfully and says "This is the best house of the season." The canvas was packed and the police had to order the stop of the sale of tickets. So much for a city where "times are hard and money is close."

They get Hard up too.

Just to show how desperately hard up the angelic little matinee masher often gets an incident in this connection which happened only a couple of evenings ago might be cited. He was one of that crowd of nursery dudes who make their headquarters a King street photo supply establishment and in order to keep an engagement was seen flying around from one friend to another endeavoring to get a street car ticket cashed.

A Charming Trip.

In these warm summer days a delightfully refreshing and healthgiving trip is the journey to Digby in the elegantly furnished and comfortable Prince Rupert, to points beyond via the D. A. Railway. Every mile of the trip is one of pure enjoyment, and tourists cannot afford to miss the opportunity of thus seeing some of the finest scenery in America.

Suburban Travellers.

The Intercolonial Railway will run the train leaving St. John for Rothesay at 18.30 through to Hampton on Wednesdays and Saturdays, arriving there at 19.30, returning will leave Hampton same evening at 21.30 and arriving at St. John at 22.20. This will continue during July and August.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Lover's Brook in July.
The drooping willows bending low,
Above the lover's brook;
Embrace the waters as they flow,
In many a shady nook.
And underneath the leaves in green,
There blooms a wild rose tree,
Where sweet July has made a screen,
And Emel walks with me.
The deep brook seems to understand,
Why I adore the place;
When on her auto-harp at hand,
She plays with gentle grace.
For by the rush of waters clear—
And cool beneath our feet,
The chords I love when she is near,
Makes summer doubly sweet.
And when by lover's brook she strays,
And I stray down there too:
As often in these July days,
I am most sure to do,
Her auto-harp has such sweet strains,
Of melody and song;
The brook takes up the soft refrain,
And carries it along.
The gliding brook in merry glee,
Grows brighter since she came;
The tamarack and smush see,
The sun has redder flame.
The buckwheat there on yonder hill,
Its new white robe has found;
Since Emel's harp to do her will
Responds with sweetest sound.
The lover's brook has balmy shade,
Of silver birches tall;
And fragrance in the spicewood glade,
Where tinkling fountains fall.
But when I there at set of day,
Walk by the wild rose tree,
If Emel meets me in the way
'Tis paradise to me.
CYPRUS GOLDBE

Wild Rose Nook, July 1897.

All Masks off.
"The twelve of life's deep midnight" rings
For us the fatal hour.
Yes; we must hear the word it brings
From the Almighty power.
For good or bad, or right or wrong,
I'll keep our masks in place.
'Till we are forced among the throng
His trumpet call to face.
We sing, we dance, we love, we hate,
We realize no fear
Of failure of our joys; too late
Perchance, O sad, we "All masks off."
We sin, repent, relapse, amend,
To anguish look above;
But he who made us is our friend,
Our Lord, and speaks in love.
Still, "as ye sow, so shall ye reap,"
Ah! God grant we'll rejoice
In record clean, when, stern and deep,
We hear Jehovah's voice.
Love's Passing.
Underneath the hawthorn tree,
With its boughs all pink with dawn,
Aloft in its nest, from a jark's brown breast,
We learned that love was born.
Underneath the white birch tree,
When the spring flet new and strange,
Green leaves quivering, sunlight shivering,
We guessed that hearts would change.
Underneath the apple tree,
Love's pale petals softly flying,
Our eyes were wet as they sadly met,
For we knew that love lay dying.
Underneath the maple tree,
With the sunset caught in a whirl of leaves,
Came the cry of a thrush through the evening hush
Mourning for love mid the sheaves.
Underneath the willow tree,
That trails its boughs in the sighing stream,
I sit here alone and the branches moan
Of a love that's flown like a dream.
Three Days.
So much to do; so little done!
Ah! yesterday I saw the sun
Sink beamless down the vaulted gray—
The ghastly ghost of yesterday.
So little done; so much to do!
Each morning breaks on conflicts new;
But eager, brave, I'll join the fray,
And fight the battle of today.
So much to do; so little done!
But when it's o'er—the victory won—
Oh! then, my soul, this strife and sorrow
Will end in that great glad Tomorrow.
Sobs and Smiles and Faith.
I sob—and feel that life's deep sorrow
Is more than I can bear;
I fear and later lest to-morrow
Hold more than just my share.
I smile—and think that life's dark meaning
Seems not so dark to-day;
I hope, and hasten to the gleaming
Of flowers on my way.
I trust—and know that life's great trials
Are great because I doubt;
I feel and find that they are dial
To point God's wisdom out.
Characteristic of the Sex.
Mr. Meekton had been out several minutes later than usual the night before, and there was a decided chilliness at the breakfast table. The silence was suddenly broken by his wife's remark:
"Look at these senators and representatives. See how they have lingered and talked over the tariff!"
"Now, Henrietta, you surely can't think of holding me responsible for that."
"Not personally, but it shows a trait that is common to your kind. It shows how a man will grasp at anything as an excuse for not going home when he ought to."
A Vigorous Protest.
"I see here," said Mr. Dooley, laying down his paper, "that there's a man out in th' hooty-cooty college on th' Mid-way that believes in corporeal punishment fr' childer."
"I seen that," said Mr. Hennessy, "an I'd like to have him here. I'd go to th' flare with him. I'll bet he's nearsighted an' is afraid o' cows. I niver knowd a man that wanted to club little childer that wasn't. I had me own share of hoistin' whin I was a kid an' I sware that if iver a ma-an laid hands on a child iv mine I'd introjooce mesil to him by means iv a pickax."

THE BABY'S BOTTLE OF RUM.

It had been charged to the heir apparent for a century.

The inflexibility of Russian official orders has resulted in many queer and needless fixtures in the official system. The story is well known of the sentry who was put on guard over a rose in bloom in the imperial garden in the seventeenth century. The rose and its bush disappeared, but every day for a hundred years a sentry mounted guard over the spot, because no one had ordered the service discontinued.

A story quite as ludicrous is now told of a discovery made by the Empress Catharine, mother of the Emperor Paul, who was assassinated in 1801. Catharine, at one time, was inspired by some passing whim of economy to scrutinize the imperial housekeeping accounts. In them, among other queer things, she found that 'one bottle of rum daily' was charged to the Naslenik, or heir apparent.

As her son, who was then a young man, had never given any sign of intemperate habits, the empress was greatly astonished. She went over the accounts to see how long he had been addicted to this practice, and found, to her still greater surprise, that the expenditure went back to the day of his birth—and indeed, far beyond it.

The heir to the throne had not only been charged with drinking over thirty dozen bottles of fine Jamaica rum yearly ever since he was born, but for a long time before that. The empress, it is hardly necessary to say, made a thorough investigation of this strange matter, and with the aid of an antiquarian, she at last reached the original entry.

A century or so before, the imperial physician had prescribed, for the Naslednik of the period, 'on the account of a violent toothache, a teaspoonful of rum, to be taken with sugar.' This dose was given for several days in succession; and the nurse or steward in charge had deemed it more fitting to the imperial dignity, as well as more profitable to himself or herself to purchase a new bottle of rum every day. No one had ever given the order to discontinue this purchase, and it had gone on for a century, the rum having constituted out of the court steward.

The empress submitted the discovery to her husband, who at once declared that the method of keeping the accounts should be thoroughly reformed, and such abuses ended. He carried out his threat.

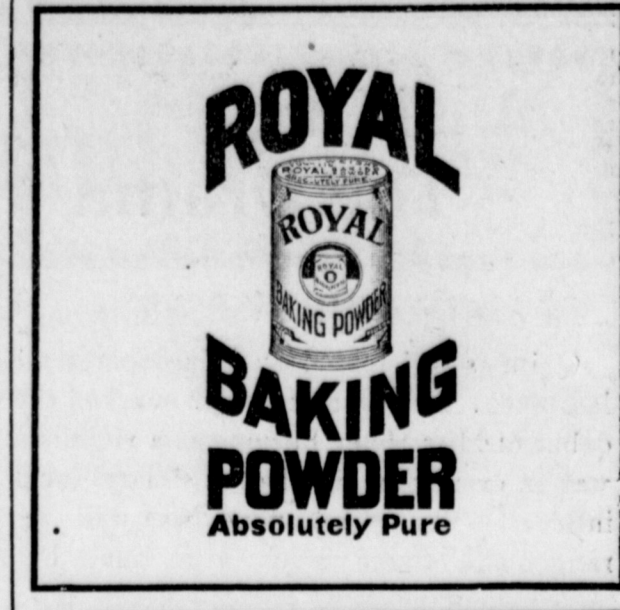
OLD-TIME SWEETNESS GONE.

Melasses is now Made Into Rum and Brown Sugar Can't be Bought.

The old-fashioned melasses is rapidly disappearing as an article of commerce, said a prominent grocer, 'and in its place have come a number of syrups, which are more costly and by no means as satisfactory, especially to the little ones, who delight, as we did when we were young, in lasses on their bread. Most of the melasses goes into the distilleries, where it is made into rum, for which, notwithstanding the efforts of our temperance workers, the demand is constantly on the increase, especially in the New England States and for the export trade. The regular drinker of rum will take no other liquors in its place if he can help it. It seems to reach the spot more directly than any other dram. The darker brown sugars have also disappeared, and they are not likely to return, owing to the methods of boiling and the manufacture. Granulated sugar is of the same composition, as far as saccharine qualities are concerned, as loaf, cut loaf cube, and crushed, and differs from them only in that its crystals do not cohere. This is because it is constantly stirred during the process of crystallization. The lighter brown sugars taste sweeter than the white, for the reason that there is some melasses in them. Housekeepers have difficulty these days in finding coarse, dark sugars, which are always preferred for use in putting up sweet pickles, making cakes, and similar uses. As they cannot get brown sugar any more, it may be well for them to remember that they can stimulate brown sugar by adding a teaspoonful of melasses to each quarter of a pound of the white granulated sugar. This combination does as well in all household receipts that calls for brown sugar as the article itself, and beside it saves them a great deal of hunting for brown sugar, which, as said before, has disappeared from the market.'

Business Man's Talk to Farmer.

'No,' said the hardware man to the farmer, as he tied up the package of nails in the paper, 'as you say, people talk about the low price of what they sell, and don't say a word about the low price of what they buy. Take those nails, now. What do you suppose those nails would cost you ten years ago? Just about six cents a pound, and now you can take the lot of better goods at 3 cents and the extra wrapper thrown in. That's not much, you say. Not so much on a little lot of nails, perhaps, but 10 cents isn't much on the bushel of potatoes you brought in just now, and that's all the difference in price from ten years ago and yet you grumble at the low price. It's not the pound of nails that hurts me. Everything in my store has gone down the same way. Your wheat and hay and chickens and butter and eggs bring you substantially the same prices they did ten years ago. You farmers forget that you have things to



buy as well as things to sell. Want to buy a plough this year? There's a dandy for \$12. Ten years ago I'd have asked \$16 for it. There's \$4 saved to you at one clip. There's a better planter than the one I sold you ten years ago for \$60—a whole lot better. Take it along for \$40. Remember that binder you bought of me ten years ago for \$189? Must be worn out, eh? I'll sell you a 60 per cent. better one to-day and throw off the \$89. You farmers don't know when you are well off.'

A Pearl Farm.

There is said to be only one pearl farm in the world, but that pays its proprietor handsomely. This farm is in the Torres Strait, at the northern extremity of Australia, and belongs to James Clark, of Queensland. Mr. Clark who is known as the 'king of the pearl fishers,' originally stocked it with 150,000 pearl oysters. Now 1500 men—200 of whom are divers—and 250 vessels are employed in harvesting the crop. 'I have been fifteen years engaged in pearl fishing,' Mr. Clarke told a correspondent of the Melbourne Age. 'My experience has led me to the belief that, with proper intelligence in the selection of a place, one can raise pearls and pearl shells as easily as one can raise oysters. I started my farm three years ago, and have stocked it with shells which I obtained in many instances far out at sea. My pearl-shell farm covers 500 square miles. Over most of it the water is shallow. In shallow water shells attain the largest size. I ship my pearls to London in my own vessels. The catch each year runs, roughly speaking, from £40,000 worth up to almost five times that amount.'

Why He Was Like the Venus de Milo.

He was in love with a young woman who lives on the West Side, and who never failed to entertain him on the occasion of his frequent calls, but the affair is broken off now.

On the occasion of his last call he took particular pains to make himself attractive, his avowed attention being to tell his beloved of his adoration for her. They sat for some time in the parlor of her home, and then started for a stroll in the moonlight.

After walking several blocks, during which time neither one had said much, the young woman suddenly stopped.

'You remind me of venus de Milo,' she exclaimed.

Thinking he had at last made the desired impression, he smiled and thanked her for the supposed compliment. It encouraged him, and he proposed on the spot, but his suit was coldly rejected.

On his return home he consulted an encyclopedia, and was deeply chagrined to learn that the Venus de Milo was without arms.

How he Made a Saving.

'That mine in Tuolumne county is costing me a mint of money,' said a local capitalist to one of his employes. 'I wish you could figure around and see if you can't make a saving somewhere. If you can I'll raise your salary \$50 a month.'

'But suppose I can't make a saving of \$50 a month?' inquired the young man.

'Well, I've tried to figure it out myself, and can't find where I can save a cent. If you can, you are worth \$50 a month more.'

'All right, sir; I'll look into it.'

The young man went over all the accounts, but he could not find where he could cut down a single expense. Finally it occurred to him that he was drawing \$25 a month for acting as secretary of the mining company. 'I've found a place where you can save \$25 a month,' he informed his employer the next day. 'I've cut off that salary of \$25 a month we've been paying the secretary for doing nothing.'

He got his raise.—San Francisco Post.

'By the beard of the Prophet!' said one of the palace attendants, 'this war with Greece has turned the Sultan's head. He isn't afraid of anybody, now.' 'Full of fight, is he?' 'That's right. This morning he was on the point of sending an ultimatum to the cook.'

It is suggested that a tax of a dollar is laid on each bicycle—the proceeds to be used for highway improvements. There is something to be said for this, but a ten-dollar tax on 'scorchers,' to provide a tunnel for their use would meet with much more enthusiastic approval.—Boston Journal.

Ladies, wear your shirt waist; so it; send it to us to be done up. It will look perfect if done at Ungar's Laundry and Dye Works. 'Phone 58.

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