

PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DEC. 11.

TO FIT THE CRIME.

If there are any young St. John men who object to getting married let them keep away from Argentina. The government alarmed at the steady decrease in population, has passed a law, which in effect taxes unmarried people. The law reads as follows: "People of marriageable age of either sex who refuse an offer to wed without reasons which are considered valid in law, shall not be permitted to marry thereafter without the permission of the government. They shall moreover pay an indemnity sum of not more than \$500 to the person whose offer they have refused." Young men and women under twenty years of age are exempt from this law and can marry whom they please, but from twenty to twenty-eight, the law, if they are not married at twenty, takes them in hand, and the men are obliged to pay a heavy tax if they remain single. In Argentina, women propose as well as men, so an unmarried young man between twenty and twenty-eight in that country has a troublesome time. Not only is he made to pay a tax for being a bachelor, but if he refuses a proposal he has to pay the proposer a fine. It would seem as if a person might make quite a fair sum in that country by making a few judicious proposals to persons one knew didn't want to marry. This law has been in operation just a year, and already quite a few persons who preferred single blessedness have had to pay for the privilege.

Chicago's experience in street paving is a story of misdirected energy. It is only a duplicate, of course, of conditions elsewhere, but it seems the more startling in Chicago because of the larger sums wasted; and within the last eight years the western city has expended for pavements over \$32,000,000 and yet it has the unenviable distinction of having the most poorly paved streets of all the large cities in the world. The result is ascribed more to ignorance than to venality. There has been some stealing, Chicago papers admit that in a matter of fact way, and one of them estimates the thefts at 10 per cent of the appropriations. Another 10 per cent is estimated as affording some return for the investment, while \$900 in each \$1,000 is regarded as having been thrown away on poor work. Through incompetent engineers and incompetent inspectors, the city funds have been used to enrich the contractors while poor paving remains as a tax on commerce and a menace to health.

Great Britain is now building eighty nine war vessels, France is a close second with eighty three, Russia is now working on thirty nine, peacemakers, Italy on thirteen, and Germany on nineteen but the large proportion for the German navy will greatly enlarge the Kaiser's operations. Explosive bullets have been long excluded from civilized warfare as barbarous, but Britain is congratulating itself upon a war missile designed to convert head-ben Africans and Africans from the error of their ways, which simply means murder, expanding from a clean round hole at the point of entrance to a rugged chasm three or four inches in diameter.

After a lapse of about 2,367 years, a voting potsherd bearing the name of THEMISTOCLES has been discovered, it is said, by German excavators in the aeropagus. Until now only three other such "ostraka" or potsherds containing the names of men of lesser note, have been found at Athens. From the term "ostraka" has come the word "ostracism". THEMISTOCLES was banished in the year 470 B. C.

A Maine humorist announces his intention of appealing to the next legislature for the amendment of the game laws, limiting the number of guides or fellow sportsmen who may be shot by deer hunters, to not exceeding three in any one season by any one hunter. He says this is an amend-

ment greatly needed for the preservation of guides, who are now threatened with extinction.

The editor of an Upper Canadian paper says very sweetly: "As we sit and watch the beautiful moon send forth its beautiful light to beautify the forests and hillsides and to adorn the rippling streams and silent lakes, it inspires us with thoughts of impressive joy to see the beauties of creation by which we are surrounded." That sound's like one of the premonitory symptoms of chills and fever.

A town in Illinois with four thousand inhabitants, has never had a saloon. The Mayor receives a salary of fifty cents a year, the remuneration of each of the councilmen is half that amount and no fees are accepted; and last year the combined salaries of the Mayor and city fathers were given to help a needy widow pay her taxes.

The Countess of Aberdeen and her little Victorian specialty do not seem to have made much of a hit in St. John. It is only one of the frosts with which it has been everywhere received.

A codfish taken off Mantucket carried a gold watch in his stomach, presumably he might know when his time had come.

Fashions latest degree is that the fair sex shall match their eyes in the gems they wear.

Bicycle Ophthalmia is the latest addition to the ills that worry mankind.

The night school promises to be a great success.

Are we going to have a green Christmas?

THE BEAVER LINE SEND OFF

It was late in the day when the manager of the Beaver Line thought it possible to extend the courtesy of a luncheon on the Steamer G. Lilia to the citizens of St. John and yet in spite of that, the function came off Monday afternoon with remarkable smoothness and all the enthusiasm and success that anyone could have wished for. More than one hundred and twenty citizens, with some invited guests from other points, sat down in the spacious and elegant saloon of the G. Lilia and, but for the haste and hurry incident to the affair many other citizens, officials and business men would have been glad to have enjoyed the hospitality of the first mail steamship to the port of St. John. But when the mails carry invitations and they are issued Saturday evening for a luncheon Monday at 1:30 is it any wonder that some of them did not reach their destination until an hour or two before the affair came off? Some people are easily touched, others are always busy unless notified long enough in advance, and, again, there were omissions but still the company that gathered Monday afternoon was representative in every sense of the word. The state, the church and business in all its branches had representatives and all of them first of all enjoyed the social intercourse and banquet and later listened with even greater satisfaction to the facts and figures and the hopeful predictions looking toward the future of the port of St. John. There were many speeches, some of them excellent, all of them remarkable. No person arose to speak without some distinct thought in his mind, something his neighbor had forgotten and something he could enlarge upon. So there was truly a feast of fact and reason and a flow of soul. While those times honored toasts the Queen and the Governor General may be passed over it will not do to slight the grand reception given to that warrior consul, General Warner, who in the absence of the present representative of the United States, Mr. Myers, did all justice to the neighboring republic and its relations with Canada. Then Mr. Ellis followed with one of his happy speeches. He spoke to the Parliament of Canada and no doubt would have impressed his hearers much more had he been able to make some definite statement regarding the intentions of the administration he supported. Mr. Hazen was eloquent and witty and got a great reception. Surely no better proof could have been afforded of the non-political character of the gathering! If Hon. Premier Emmerson intends to carry out all he promised in his remarks then St. John can surely count upon an ally she has not expected. He spoke without his notes and in that form is a much greater success than he is with them. Mr. Emmerson's figure and striking countenance do much to commend the attention of his audience. His colleagues Messrs. White and Dunn and Mr. Shaw spoke briefly but to the point. Mayor Robertson had a good deal to say some of which many present had heard before but all of it interesting upon such an occasion. Truly in real-

ity the Mayor has earned the title of "Almighty Voice" for his stentorian tones resounded throughout the salon and not a syllable was lost. But of all the speeches which attracted the most attention was Foreign Freight Agent Corbett's of the C. P. R. who in a dramatic and eloquent fashion dwelt upon the possibilities before St. John. He did not draw upon his fancy but upon facts and live ones at that for he produced a telegram received while he was at luncheon offering a quarter of a million bushels of grain for shipment which had to be refused. Such statements as this stirred the audience and produced an honest enthusiasm even greater than the generous supply of champagne brought forth. Then Messrs. Boswell and Timmerman made important speeches in the same line and in fact disclosed more of the knowledge and policy of the Canadian Pacific railway than has ever been done before at any gathering.

It was a happy idea on the part of the Beaver Line and no doubt the C. P. R. to obtain the presence of one of the biggest shippers of grain in Canada, Mr. Carruthers, to help respond to the toast of trade and commerce. President Fisher of the Board of Trade did his part well and it was a fitting close to his term of successful presidency of such a body that on the last afternoon of his office he should respond to such a toast at such a gathering. Then followed the local and humorous—at all events the most entertaining—speeches of the afternoon when Chairman Christie of the Board of Works, H. D. Troop and Aldermen McGoldrick and Daniel took up the part of eloquence. The two former were brief but the chairman of Public Safety struck that happy vein that was thoroughly in accord with his listeners at that hour. He was both earnest and humorous. Chairman of the treasury board Daniel lost no time in making his remarks and they were vigorous as well as brief. Sure it would be unfair to omit the songs and ditties which enlivened the gathering the former being contributed by Messrs. Buck, Mayes and Sutherland and the latter by Mr. W. E. Vroom. All of them made splendid selections suited to the place and the occasion.

AN EVENTFUL LIFE.

Sarah Edmondson a Missionary Among the Western Indians.

From the Black Hills of Dakota Sarah Edmondson, old, crippled and moneyless, walked to the home of her girlhood at West Franklyn, Ind. She has spent the best years of her life doing missionary work among the Indians of the West without pay from church or State. Disappointed in love when only a school girl, she left the scene of her first sorrow for new lands and new people. Going to the far West she began missionary work among the wild tribes of the Rockies. She has devoted her life to the work, and now, penniless, she returned to her home, where she expects to die. The only relative she has living is a sister at West Franklyn, Ind. Her sister has long thought her dead having received no word from her for almost twenty years. When she first saw her Saturday she did not know that the wrinkled old woman walking up the path to the house with the assistance of a cane was the sister whom she had not seen since she was a rosy-cheeked school girl. The old woman soon made herself known and the two sisters were again united. With her gray head on her sister's shoulder Sarah Edmondson told the story of her eventful life. How she had devoted herself to the spread of the gospel among the Indians, how she had lived upon food furnished her by the tribes and worn the skin robes given her by the squaws. The woman still had with her the Bible which she carried from her home when she left. The back is off and the leaves are dirty and torn. She had carried the Bible through her travels. She has found consolation from its teachings when wrapped in her blanket on the prairie or crouched in the wigwam of an Indian chief. She has never allowed it to leave her hands, whether marching or sleeping. Sarah Edmondson is now the centre of attraction at her old home. The friends of her girlhood are now old and gray like herself. Though 75 years old Sarah Edmondson still retains her memory. Her eyesight is good. She is crippled several years ago in a railroad accident and has never fully recovered. She will spend the rest of her life at the home of her sister.

Letting Him Down.

"I am a self-made man" grandiloquently announced the pompous person, smiting his swelling chest impressively. All that I am I owe to myself and my own unaided efforts." And so on, to considerable length. "Parjon me!" ventured the modest man; but what is your weight? "Two hundred and ten pounds, sir," was the reply. "All solid, self-made man!" "Ah! yes; exactly! Do you know, by the way, that the estimated weight of the earth is about 6,049,836,000,000 tons?" "I have heard so, but what has that to do with me?" "Why, excuse me! But don't you see how impossible it is that the earth should tip every time you take a step?"

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

One Thousand Dollars Reward. For a torn straw hat and toe out shoes, And the voice of a wild rose cov; I'd give this sum nor more refuse, For these and the face of a boy. A scamp of a boy in white shirt sleeves, Roaming the meadow sweet, Where daisies opened their snow white leaves, The scent of the morn' to meet. For clover red in the sun kissed dews, The torn straw hat and toe out shoes. To be in the spring time fair and free, As the river's onward flowing; Where the wary grise kept watch of me With a darting glance and a knowing. To whip the foam of the leaping stream, And land the fly caught treasure, And lay my length in the grass and dream, Of many a boyhood pleasure.— I'd give this sum for this and the news, Of the torn straw hat and the toe out shoes. Yes all this sum for the blossoms white, The bloom of life's luxurious day; Waving their hands with pure delight, In the fresh new morn of May. The touching song of the robin's mate, In the broad pines on the hill; No song of a lover now up to date, Has ever so clear a trill. For these I would give it and nothing lose, With the torn straw hat and the toe out shoes. What is the music of silver lutes, To the chords of the oars and wheat, Tuned to the wild wind's magic flutes The old time musical treat. Sweet was the scent of the new mown hay, In the golden summer's prime; With one who his long steed gone away I have missed since that hallowed time. Ah, find me then the faintest clues, The torn straw hat and the toe out shoes. Yes all that sum for a gift in gold, To walk where the willows bending; There pointed leaves in the lane of old, Were a dream of joy unending. How fond in memory still I tuck, Of the birds in the stillness singing The wild arbutus white and pink, The past from its slumber bringing, For these and the twilight's fading hues, The torn straw hat and the toe out shoes. How gay was the birch tree's silver vest, In the hollow of hemlocks green; It was so lovely to see them dress, And rest in the charming scene. Once more a clasp of the folded hand, Of a school girl now asleep. Dreaming of love in the angel's aid And a promise I have to keep. Ah could I that morning of summer choose, The torn straw hat and the toe out shoes. CYPRUS GOLD.

In Stellar Deep.

In stellar deeps the midnight silence broods, Worn with the day, the earth low lying sleep, While thought invades the eternal solitudes— The stellar deep. Fleets, from a port beyond th' explorer's ken, Mystic move, great armies of lights Up from the ether voids unknown of men. And cross the night. A pathway sown with thistle-down of stars, A pathway white as th' ether had trod One whose wings' feet shed' were in their flight, Mounting to God. Brides and wags from rolling sphere to sphere, Span the blue seas of science, shore to shore, An arch of triumph o'er the primal dark Forever more. I tremble as a child that finds a door, And with swift, curious hand throws open wide, Into a vast, unpeopled corridor, Where shadows glide. Immeasurably Thy surge unconfined Bullst the sense with strong, booming shocks, Hurling the little wreckage of the mind Upon the rocks! O thought, return! Thy engulfing billows toss Thy mad, mad crew, their helpless prey! O Reason, halt! Thy chart and compass vain To find the way! One envy more— I wait upon the strand— And while my soul her awesome vigil keeps, Faith finds safe anchorage, in sight of land, In stellar deeps. —Emma Herrick Weed.

December Bloom.

Over the border with tresses blowing, Summer swept with her violet train, And the distant light where her torch was glowing Was lost at last in the drifting rain. And months have waned since the tall rose-mallows Their lamp of flame in the garden lit, And wend-blossoms, blowing on sloping fallows, With amber strands of the sun were knit. The milkweed opened its pointed dippers And cast its mist on the frail quail breeze; The balsam, losing his satin slippers, Stole out of sight, lest he should freeze. Out yonder, redder than ripened cherries, You see, etched deep on the frosty blue, The clustered coral of holly-berries, The fiery jets of the wind wahoo; And in the west, when she sky grows mellow With sunset light, through the dusky trees Red and-blossoms, blowing on sloping fallows, Tinkets of tufted and pink sweet-peas. —Hattie Whitney.

Within the Secret Chamber of my Heart.

Within the secret chamber of my heart A Searcher hides; He speaks, I speak Him and say "Depart!" Yet He abides. When the sun shines I deem it holiday, And think to sing; He waits for me and calls, "This is the way: Walk thou therein." Thereafter, when my sky is black with storm And wild with tears, I think that I can surely see His form And feel His tears. And when I question, weary unto death With the long life, Who art Thou, Lord? gently He answerseth, "I am thy life!" —Margaret Evans.

The Promise.

The sunset falls upon the land to-night, With all its wondrous splendor, joy and peace, No whisper that the glow can ever cease In one fair hope concealed within its light. The stars appear, and on the heavens write An added blessing, with the day's release; And thus the darkness can itself increase The faith that lives behind all human sight. Yet, standing near the new made grave, O friend, It is not from these scenes I gain in trust; It is there all, my heart must still attend. The sentence, "Earth to earth and dust to dust;" "In thinking of thy soul, through all the space I hear, "Thy servants, Lord, shall see Thy face."

With a Red Rose.

This rose of love I sent thee, Its grace and charms attend thee, Its sweetness it shall lend me, If in thy breast it lie; Think that now I do love thee, My tenderness above thee, Broods ever,—let this move thee, Thy rose of love am I.



A HARVEST OF HUMAN HAIR.

Millions of Pounds Every Year Get Tangled Up in Commerce.

Perhaps there is no staple article about which less is known by the average person than the human hair as an article of commerce. It will doubtless surprise many when it is stated that the dealers in human hair goods do not depend on chance clippings here and there, but that there is a regular hair harvest that can always be relied upon. It is estimated that over 12,000,000 pounds of human hair are used annually in the civilized world for adorning the heads of women. In New York city alone over four tons of this class of goods are imported yearly.

'Not a lit of the hair used in this country,' said a New York dealer to the writer, 'comes from the heads of American women and is, fully, as fine in shade and texture as the imported article. We had a big harvest during the craze that the fair sex had not long ago for having their hair cut short. Many thousands of women who then had their locks sheared have since bitterly regretted it, as in many instances their hair has grown so slowly that they have been compelled to wear a wig or a switch since the fashion changed. After the majority of women reach the age of thirty the hair seems to partially lose its vigor, and it cut it will not grow long again.'

'Two-thirds of the hair now-a-days use, false hair more or less. The decree of fashion, or the desire to conceal a defect or blemish, or a chasm, is the reason, of course. One woman, for instance, has a high forehead and wishes to reduce it in appearance. Another has worn off the front hair by continuous frizzing, and would like to conceal that fact. Both make use of a front or top piece, with a choice of many styles.'

'Ladies' wigs cost from \$20 to \$200. Half wigs, top pieces and switches, from \$10 to \$50, according to quality.'

'The largest supply of hair comes from Switzerland, Germany and the French provinces. There is a human hair market in Merlans, in the department of the lower Pyrenees, held every Friday. Hundreds of hair traders walk up and down the one street of the village, their shears dangling from their belts, and inspect the braids which the peasant girls, standing on the houses, let down for inspection. If a bargain is struck the hair is cut, and the money paid on the spot, the price varying from 60 cents to \$4 in my country.'

'A woman's hair may grow to the length of six feet. And I know a lady who has been offered and refused \$500 for her crown of glory, which is over six feet long. A single female hair will bear up a weight of four ounces without breaking, but the hair thus heavily weighted must be dark brown, for blonde hair breaks under a strain of two and one-half ounces. There are some 2000 importers, manufacturers and dealers in human hair in the United States.—Washington Star.

Put Out by a Crow.

A peculiar accident happened recently to the engine on passenger train No. 1 at McArthur Junction. As the train was speeding along through the darkness the engineer and fireman were startled by a crash in front, and then the headlight went out. They thought at first that a stone had been thrown into it, but an investigation showed that a big crow had flown straight into the light, shattering the glass. The light threatened to explode and finally burned out. The crow, which had broken its neck, was fished out in a badly singed condition and was hanging up in the roundhouse the next morning.—Ohio News.

A Sentiment From Bismarck.

A young English woman once petitioned Bismarck most pathetically for his autograph, declaring that a few lines of his handwriting would make her happy for life. So the chancellor wrote on the first page of the book: 'Beware, my child, of building castles in the air, for they are buildings which we erect so easily, yet they are the most difficult to demolish.'

Positively All Done by Hand.

All open front shirts done by hand with the New York finish. It is picturesque—Try it. UNGAR'S LAUNDRY and Dye Works. Phone 58.

Luxuriant hair, of uniform color, is a beautiful head-covering for either sex, and may be secured by using Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.