

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 3,

OUR EXHIBITION.

The arrangements for the annual exhibition are being arranged with every attention to detail that has made these events so highly successful in the past. The coming event promises to be attended with considerably more eclat than those of previous years, and the citizens generally are evincing a deep interest in the work. Space is being rapidly taken up in the various departments, the fact that no entrance fees are being charged, no doubt being appreciated. Instead a small price per square foot is being asked, the amount to vary according to position. It is to be hoped that the citizens will cooperate with the management in making this exhibition the most successful that has ever been held.

Few writers have left so many books behind them as Mrs. MARGARET OLIPHANT, who in her seventieth year has just ended a prolific literary career. As she herself must have realized, her extra-voluminous legacy is not destined to be durable. It is true that her novels—which have gained her the name of "a female ANTHONY TROLLOPE"—are far from being the makeshift product that LYDIA LANGUISH dotes upon; and yet with all their literary precision and nicety they scarcely rise above the mediocre. Mrs. OLIPHANT's memory will be most cherished for her genial labors in writing of the great and picturesque cities of Italy and Scotland, for her quietly learned biographies of CERVANTES and St. FRANCIS of Assisi, and for her motherly review of "The Literary History of England in the End of the Eighteenth and Beginning of the Nineteenth Century." She was at work upon the history of Blackwoods when she died. Her merit was as a literary worker not as a literary light.

Cats are no longer regarded as despised creatures to be victimized by small boys and permitted to live only on tolerance by their elders. Like the end of the century woman, they are at last beginning to achieve some of the rights for which they have been clamoring for so long, and perhaps when they are accorded equal rights with their natural foe of the canine race they will cease to bemoan their fate about the streets and to hold indignation meetings at the midnight hour and display similar anarchical proclivities. That they have already made rapid strides toward the desired end is proved by the fact that they have recently held their "annual convention"—in other words cat show—in Manchester England, at which some magnificent specimens of the feline race were on view. There is no limit, scarcely, to the advance of this end of the century.

It is estimated that there are 1,000,000 blind people in the world, or one to every 1,500 inhabitants. Latest reports show 23,000 blind persons in England, or 870 for each million inhabitants. Blind infants of less than five years, 166 for each million; between five or fifteen, 283; between twenty and twenty five 422; between forty five and sixty five 7,090 for each million. Russia and Egypt are the countries where the blind constitute the largest proportionate number of total population, in Russia on account of the lack of experienced medical attendance, and in Egypt because of ophthalmia due to irritation caused by movements of the sand by the winds.

Australia, which has led in many socialistic experiments made by the state, is now considering the question of state medicine. The president of the Queensland medical Association proposes that the country be divided into medical districts, under doctors

paid by the state to look after all the inhabitants and that the money for the purpose be paid for by a poll tax of two dollars a year. This would enable the state to pay fifteen hundred dollars for the lowest medical salaries. A new South Wales labor league has declared that "the practice of medicine should be a national service."

Is it right to make a dog work in harness? Belgium answers yes, England no, the United States is indifferent, and France is deliberating. The French law against using dogs as beasts of burden is often violated in some of the provinces and a movement has been started for a repeal. Belgians say their draught dogs are quite jolly; but if the dogs could vote on the subject, they would be apt to approve the English view.

Cubans who have read of the "race riot" at Key West and of the pitiful cry of the governor of Florida for help from the United States army, must not let a little thing like that abate their yearning for the American system of home rule. Taking the country over the United States are at least as peaceful as Cuba; but, of course, there will be local rows now and then.

The Prince of Wales has lent his countenance to a new hat, which as described is none other than the grandfather's hat of a past generation; and the swell youths who would have scorned to wear that venerable headgear while it lacked authority will now doubtless frantically don it when decked with a foreign label.

Professors of Paris medical colleges, finding the freight on bodies from the provinces for the use of students, a heavy drain on their resources, have been shipping them as smoked bacon, the freight rate for which is much less. The discovery has put all France into hysterics.

The last German census show the population of that country to be nearly 53,000,000, with an increase of five per cent in five years. This increase is greater than in almost any other country, the population of which is not added to by immigration.

The interest taken in the voting contest for naming the park is not very great, but Rockwood continues to lead by nearly a thousand.

Being a man brings its own penalties in Germany. In that country there are one million more women than there are men.

A TWO WEEKS ENGAGEMENT.

The Miles Ideal Stock Company Will Play for Two Weeks.

Mr. Frank Lee Miles who last season deservedly made so many friends in this city as business manager of another popular theatrical company, is this year at the head of an organization that is everywhere meeting with wonderful success; several members of the company have been specially engaged from Keith's theatre, Boston. Miss Eva Williams being one of the daintiest soubrettes on the stage. She and Jack Tucker form one of the strongest comedy elements ever seen in the maritime provinces. Messrs. Howson and Jimerson the modern troubadours furnish a whole entertainment in themselves. The performance is continuous and there are no tiresome waits between the acts. The company has recently been playing under the auspices of Knights of Pythias lodges, Mr. Miles holding an office in the grand lodge of the United States while all of his men, with one exception are members of the organization. Michael Strogoff, always popular here, will be the opening bill and a change will be given nightly. Popular prices will prevail and no one should miss an opportunity of witnessing the clever productions promised.

Victor Staub.

Pianist, first prize at the National Conservatory of Music, Paris, 1888. First prize at the International Competition, Berlin, 1895.

Paris, 4th, February, 1897. Dear Sir:—You ask my opinion about the Pratte piano which you have at home. I find it excellent in every respect; it is a real artist's piano, on which one can play with the greatest ease any kind of music. The touch is very light and responsive, and helps the pianist wonderfully to overcome the greatest technical difficulties.

As to the quality of the tone, it is simply delicious; the pianist can really make the piano sing. It is one of the best pianos I ever saw.

(Signed) Victor Staub.

An Old Story.

Harpar's Bazar notes a clever bit of dialogue between two young fathers of Brooklyn. They met on the sidewalk as they were wheeling their babies on a pleasant Sunday morning. The papers are making a great ado about horseless carriages, said the man. 'Yes,' answered the other. 'Just as if they were anything new!'

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Waning Moon.

The waning moon slips softly down,
The white cloud resting high;
The dark woods by the silent town,
Where last we said good bye,
The wind stirs the lotus leaves,
I hear the roses call;
As still they climb the homestead eaves
Inside the gateway wall.

It is the hour we held most dear,
To serenade and song;
But that farewell we could not bear,
We knew must be life long.
The anthem of summer night,
Steals o'er the lilies four;
Where lingers like a ray of light,
A spirit in the air.

A song of roses, o'er the hills,
In moonlight dies away;
My soul with sadness dark it fills,
As night comes after day.
The shadows deepen as they move,
Far down the distant glade;
The poet sings, the tears of love,
In death alone are stayed.

Now near the waning moon one star
Of hope shines earthward yet;
Though from my love I wander far,
My heart shall ne'er forget.
The parting scene as daylight grew,
Behind the purple sea;
Beloved ever fond and true.
My star, I follow thee.

The waning moon its pathway lone,
Forsaking ever tells;
Our brightest scenes are soonest flown,
With our last farewells.
Ever the true heart's warmest thought,
Of life and love sublime;
Will mock the happiness it taught,
Until the end of time.

CYRUS GOLDE.

Buttercup Brook, June, 1897.

When Mother Looks.

I remember such a lot of things
That happened long ago,
When me an' Jim was six years old,—
An' now we're ten or so.
But those that I remember best—
The ones I most can see—
Are the things that us'd to happen
When mother looked at me.

One time in church, when me an' Jim
Was snickerr'd out loud—
The minister was prayin' an'
The people's heads was bowed—
We had the biggest kind of jake
About a bumblebee,
But things got quiet rather quick
When mother looked at me.

And then there's some times when I think
I've had such lots of fun
A-goin' to swimmin' with the boys
Down there by Jones's run,
But when I get back home again—
Just 'bout in time for tea—
There's a kind of a dill-dill feeling comes
When mother looks at me.

That time when I was awful sick
An' the doctor shakin' his head,
An' ev'ry time he come around
His eyes was wet an' red,
I member her hands on my face
How they used to feel so good,
Somehow the pain seemed easier
When mother looked at me.

It's funny how it makes you feel—
I ain't afraid of her,
She's 'bout the nicest person
You'd find most anywhere;
But the queerest sort of feeling,
As queer as you can be,
Makes ev'rything seem different
When mother looks at me.

Letchworth Smith.

The Bos's Story.

We borrowed some nails from the joiner's beach,
A hammer and cross-saw, too,
And sadly reduced McCarthy's fence
As the good ship Rover grew.
Her lordly mast was the old pear tree,
Her rigging was a pine-tree;
And we built her and launched her, and sailed to
Fejee.

On a Saturday morning in May,
And all that summer, com's rain or shine,
To a wide world's end would we sail,
Loading with guns from the Kafir mine,
Harping on the polar whale.
And the pirate and savage of cannibal climes
We slaughtered in many a row.

Ox, the gallant ship and the glorious times!
And where are my shipmates now?
The Captain, a chief of renown is he,
Though dullard's may fear or sneer;
When duty calls o'er the untired sea,
He is skilful and swift to steer.
Oh, staidness and strong, with the glad heart of yore
Outward and godward forever more,
With the star gleam of truth for your guide!

The cabin boy, oh, his merry eyes!
And the stir and the fun he made!
Ah, the coolies know where the sabib lies,
And a bullet hole in his head,
Wandered far from the track, you see,
Yet kingly of heart and hand,
He went to 'tend the sick and sorrowing,
And the down hill road was grand.

And at work at his father's bench the mate
Lodged out on the old-time street,
Where grown to k pass with plaid gait,
And the children's lively feet.
'But the world is growing old,' says he,
'We have no such boys to-day
As the madcap rogues who sailed with me,
That holiday mornin' in May.'

—Maggie Clark.

The Same Old Way.

A dancing, a-glancing,
The sunbeams out of heaven landing
The tide beneath green shadow tracing
With a sweet delay,
Wild voices through the forest falling,
The wood-thrush to the wood-thrush calling
The same old way.

A blowing a blowing,
In showers of dew each low bough throwing
In storms of fragrance round your going
With to-and-sway.
Murmur of bees in blossom swinging,
And children's cries more sweet than singing
The same old way.

A blowing, a blowing,
The roses on their red stems blushing.
Before they close, with soft airs hushing
The dying day.
And all the woody ways discover
Down glimmering depths a lass and lover
The same old way! —Harper's Bazar.

Mathematische Thermometer.

I know of a restless young lass,
Who lives in a house made of glass;
And from her location
Marks each variation
Of hot and cold waves as they pass.

When heat is announced, she will spring
To quickly make note of the thing,
'Is very surprising
That simply by being
So true a report she can bring.

To self elevation inclined,
She has such a volatile mind,
That in every season
A suitable reason
For frequent depression she'll find.

Her temper mercurial thus
Creates every winter such a fuss
That in conversation
All sirs of the nation
Are slighted, this maid to discuss.

—Jalia M. Colton, in Christian Advocate.

NO COMPLIMENTARY TICKETS.

But in Spite of this An Alderman's Friends Got In Free.

HALIFAX, July 1.—The public grounds Commission make thousands of dollars annually out of the evening concerts given at the beautiful resort. Indeed it is largely from this revenue that the commissions are able to make the place so lovely. The public fountain, that was unveiled last week, cost \$3,000 alone, and it takes annually about \$7,000 a year to keep up the gardens. Such being the case it is rather mean for people to try and beat the commission by seeking free admission to the gardens.

In this connection an alderman from a central ward is blamed for passing in many of his friends without the necessary 25 cent paste-board. This alderman is accused of standing on the side walk and with a lofty air motioning to the gate-keeper to allow this one and that in free, while the thousands of poor citizens not favoured with his acquaintance had to pay for themselves and families—for a man does not go to the gardens alone. The commissioners are on to this alderman and it may be that he will publicly be asked for an explanation. It is a standing rule that no free tickets are to be given to the commission, and if anyone gets one it is by the breaking of the rules by somebody.

FATE OF A GENERATION.

Out of 1,000,000 People Only 223 Live to be 100 Years Old.

In answer to the above question one of the leading statisticians of England has recently compiled a number of interesting figures showing that out of every 1,000,000 children born yearly in Great Britain only a small percentage reach middle life.

Several thousand come into the world with such feeble constitutions that they do not survive more than a few hours. During the first five years of life scarlet fever carries off 17,000, whooping cough 15,000 and infantile cholera 200,000. Before the sixth year is reached death has claimed at least 250,000. From this time on, however, the generation makes steady progress, and during the next five years only 34,000 fall by the way. Between the ages ten and fifteen only a few deaths occur among children, but from fifteen on consumption and other inherited maladies become active. Out of 28,000 deaths occurring between the ages of twenty and twenty-five more than one-half are due to consumption. Typhoid fever gets in its deadliest work when its victims are between twenty-five and thirty. Between these ages overwork carries off several hundred, and violent deaths, including suicides, accident and murder, not less than 1,700.

But this time barely more than one half of the generation is left, and between the ages of thirty-five and forty 27,000 fall prey to consumption. During this period diseases of the heart, kidneys and other internal organs of the body make their appearance with great fatality. Between the ages of forty-five over 31,000 deaths occur, most of them due to consumption. Cancer usually asserts itself during this period with fatal and steadily multiplying results. Only 300,000 of the generation enter their sixty-fifth year, which number, during the next decade, is cut down to 169,000. At ninety-five only 2,000 are left and when the century mark is reached only 223 are living. Within the next ten years the last remnant of the generation is extinguished. —Atlanta Constitution.

ROPING IN GROOM AND BRIDE.

A Policeman Interferes With an old Cheshire Wedding Custom.

Of the many marriage customs which still survive in many parts of rural England, the one peculiar to the county of Cheshire, of roping a wedding party, is certainly interesting, though it was the subject of magisterial investigation at Sandbach Petty Sessions yesterday. Three men named Dodd, Dackworth, and Burrows were summoned for obstructing the highway at Betchton, a village two miles from Sandbach. Last Saturday a rustic beauty was united to her faithful swain at that village, and the happy couple were driving away from the church, down Betchton hill, when the observance of the marriage custom peculiar to the neighborhood brought the carriage to a sudden stop. At the horse's head stood Dackworth and Burrows holding the ends of a rope across the road. While the liberal display of rice and old shoes enables the friends of brides and bridegrooms elsewhere to speed the newly wedded couple, in Cheshire it seems to be the custom to delay their departure till they pay their 'footing.' The driver was at no loss, for it was part of the custom not to proceed till those inside had given the rope-bearers a shilling each. Another villager named Dodd saw no reason for his exclusion from the benefits of the custom, since, after Dackworth and Burrows had received the coin, he promptly fixed up another wedding rope across the highway. Once more had the carriage to stop, and the funds of the couple to delay the expenses of the honeymoon [were the poorer by another shilling. Unfortunately, however, a police officer, who happened to be driving in the neighborhood, was a highly interested



spectator of the proceedings. He caused Dackworth, Burrows, and Dodd to be summoned, and they were fined, the two first named half a crown each and Dodd five shillings.

TONG-PAK-SUK AND THE DEVIL

A Legend as to How Their Methuselah Got the Better of Him.

The Koreans have an interesting legend concerning the manner in which Tong-Pak-Suk, the Methuselah of their mythology, got the better of Satan. Tong lived 1,000 years and acquired great wisdom. The later years of his life were spent in fishing, but not wishing to diminish the stock of fish in the river, he used a straight piece of wire instead of a hook. Thus he was able to enjoy the excitement and pleasure of fishing for several centuries without catching a single fish.

Realizing that sooner or later the devil who did death's errands would be looking him up, he changed his name and abode with each generation, and thus eluded him. In the mean time the evil one disguised himself in a flowing Korean robe which covered up his tail, concealed his horns under a mourner's hat three feet in diameter, and wrapped his legs in curious padded stockings, so that he easily passed for a native. He heard that Tong was fishing in the Hau River. So he collected a quantity of charcoal and washed in that stream. This, of course, blackened the water, and Tong, being surprised and annoyed, went up to discover the cause. Finding the devil washing the charcoal, he asked what he was doing. The devil replied that he was trying to make it white.

Old Tong in his astonishment was thrown off his guard, and said: "I have lived in Korea hundreds of years, and, of course, have met many fools, but I never saw a big enough fool to try to wash charcoal white."

The devil at once knew his man, and unfolded his tail by way of exhibiting his warrant of arrest, seized Tong and hurried him along in the direction of the dark portal through which all mortals must pass.

On the way the devil, being in good humor over his success, chatted pleasantly with Tong, who ventured to ask him what he abhorred and was most afraid of. The devil made a fatal blunder—one which might have been excusable for a mortal, but was most stupid for a devil—he told the truth. He said that he hated and feared but four terrestrial things—a branch of a thorn tree, an empty salt bag, a worn-out stray sandal of an ox, and a particular kind of grass that grows in Korea—the fox-tail—and that when these were put together he could not go within thirty feet of them. In return the devil asked Tong what he most feared. Tong being wise and experienced, lied and said he was in mortal terror of a roasted ox head and mackalee—a kind of beer.

Shortly after this exchange of confidence Tong noticed that they were passing a thorn tree around the roots of which fox-tail grass was growing, and, curiously enough, under it was an old salt bag and a cast-off ox sandal; so making a sudden spring from the side of the devil, he gathered up the bag, the grass and sandal, and hanging them on a branch of the tree his charm was perfect. The devil could not come within thirty feet.

Of course the devil used every inducement to get Tong to come forth, but the old fellow stuck to his post. At last the devil went off and got a roasted ox head and a cask of mackalee and rolled them in to Tong, confident from what he had told him that Tong would be driven outside the magic circle. But when he saw Tong eating heartily of the beef and drinking the mackalee with gusto he realized that the game was up and despairingly departed.

Tong's long life was due to the accident by which his page in the Book of Fate stuck to the next one, so that his name was overlooked. When ultimately the complaint was made that Tong had been living too long, it took the registrar of the lower regions 340 years to hunt up his name in the archives.—Chicago Record.

1867—1897.

39 Years of Confederation.

To enable the people of Canada to celebrate by an outing Canada's 30 years of Confederation and advancement, the Intercolonial Railway of Canada will issue between all stations excursion tickets at first class single fare (adding sufficient to end in 0 or 5) for the round trip on June 29th, 30th, and July 1st, good for return July 5th, and also to Fort William, Sarnia, Windsor, Ont., and Sault Ste Marie and all points in Canada east thereof.

The Only Machine in Town

For doing up ladies' shirt waists, is just being put in by us. We guarantee them to look like new. Ungar's laundry and dye works.