

## PROGRESS.

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## MR. DOBSON'S IDEAS.

Mr. GEORGE H. DOBSON of Sydney, Cape Breton, is surely a bold man to attempt to induce the ocean passenger steamers to forsake Montreal, St. John and Halifax and to make his town their Canadian terminus. He has many arguments in favor of his contention but none of them at the present day are strong enough to overcome the influence of the larger cities. Very properly it has been pointed out that even passenger steamers carry freight and that the long rail haul to Sydney would be a distinct disadvantage. Freight will seek the nearest port. That is Portland and Boston's advantage over St. John and Halifax and more particularly the advantage of St. John over Halifax. There is not enough passenger travel in Canada to warrant fast passenger steamers going to the nearest port where no freight can be had except that which comes by a long rail haul. It would be a difficult, almost an impossible task to divert American passenger travel from the ports of New York and Boston. Mr. DOBSON'S pamphlet is interesting and instructive, showing much research and a varied knowledge of steamship travel and speed. But it will require something more than this to divert travel from the present routes.

## AN UNDEVELOPED COUNTRY.

There is no doubt that there will be splendid chances for enterprising Englishmen and Americans in the Philippine islands when that country is free from Spanish domination. The article that we print on another page of this issue gives much information about the islands and the industries carried on there. Some of it is new, much of it is surprising and apt to fire the imagination of adventurous commercial men whose main object in life is to make riches hastily. An American consul who lived for years in Manila gives an interesting description of the native people in a recent interview. He says that the greater part of the natives—probably 75 per cent.—on the island of Luzon in and about Manila are of several race mixtures. Their original ancestors were the Tagals and the Spanish. Sometimes there is a strain of Malay in these people. They are known in Manila society as mestizos. A few mestizos are rich. The mestizo women, from 15 to 25 are, are positively about the most bewitchingly attractive in the world. They age early and are blase at 30. The English call them human butterflies. I have heard visitors in Manila for the first time go wild over the striking beauty of the mestizo girls that one sees on the promenade of the Luneta. The eyes of the Philippines are great, languishing, dreamy, shaded by long lashes and set off by a profusion of the blackest hair that ever grew. Hair is the chief glory of the Philippine beauty. It is long, rich, thick, made glossy by the care bestowed on it. He describes the women as graceful and coquetish with great fondness for dancing at which they are wonderfully adept.

The manufacture of cigars in one of the greatest industries of this wonderful country. One small town has 35,000 men, women and children at this industry and that is but one of many. Wages average the ridiculous sum of 15 cents a day. No wonder Manila cigars are cheap! But this industry is controlled entirely by the Spanish and contributes much to the revenues of the government. It is related that two brothers of General WEYLES, the Cuban butcher, went to Manila, engaged in this industry and in a short time were

so rich that they have been able to live like princes in Spain since that time.

It is a curious fact that all the people use tobacco, women as well as men. Mr. SHERMAN says that church is the only place where smoking is not indulged in. At the opera the men will walk and smoke between the acts in the space behind the boxes and balconies. Finely dressed, seemingly well-bred men and ladies in full evening dress enter the theatre and smoke as they go. In the privacy of their home men and women smoke from the same box of cigars or cigarettes. One of the odd sights to a stranger is that afforded by a balcony in front of an aristocratic residence filled with fashionably gowned Spanish women, the mother and her daughters and nieces, all smoking cigarettes or small cigars.

The action of the merchants of Charlotte street in stopping the relaying of the pavement there is certainly to be commended. The work was not nearly as necessary as it is in other parts of the city. Again and again the citizens have protested against the condition of the Marsh road as far as the one mile house and of the Westmorland road to Kane's corner. These protests have not availed much if anything. The condition of the roads is worse to-day than ever it was and no effort has been made to repair them. There is certainly something lacking in the administration of the street department. Let the aldermen take a sensible view of the matter and inquire into this neglect. It is nothing less than a disgrace to the city to have an entrance to St. John in such a condition as the Marsh road is, and this is especially apparent after one has passed over the splendid macadamized portion constructed by the government.

It is interesting to note at this stage when it is proposed to utilize the power at Grand Falls, that the same idea is being carried into practical effect in many parts of the world. Among the proposed applications of power at long distances from its source is the lighting of the interior passages and chambers of the Great Pyramids by electric currents generated at the cataract of Assouan, several hundred miles away. The same power is intended to operate pumping stations and cotton-mills along the Nile. In San Francisco it is proposed to obtain 10,000 horse-power, for use in that city, from the water now running to waste on the slopes of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, 110 miles distant.

Just think of this—the value of the wheat and other bread stuffs, exported from the United States the last year amounted to about eight times the revenue of Canada. The year is about a parallel in the enormous shipments of corn at the same time with these great exports of wheat. The exports of corn in May were nearly 27,000,000 bushels, which is more than in any previous month on record, and for the eleven months the total is about 193,000,000 bushels. Adding oats, rye and barley, the total value of bread stuffs sent from the United States to other countries during the crop year just closing will amount to more than \$300,000,000!

What is our exhibition association doing. It is surely time that something was heard about its plans for a show this fall. Advertising is necessary to success in an exhibition. There cannot be too much of it. Announcements cannot be made too soon or too regularly. The people will soon be looking for news of what is going to take place and they will expect to get it before they decide to come to St. John. By the way the prize list of the Halifax exhibition is out.

## No Docked Tails There.

The following from Halifax may be an object lesson to dealers in horses and admirers of docked tails. An officer recently arrived wanted a charger, and a citizen undertook to provide one. He produced a very fine mare at a cost of \$200, with a certificate as to soundness. On being taken to the officer the dealer was astounded by his saying it will not suit. "Why not?" he asked. "It is a splendid animal." "Yes," said the officer, "but its tail is docked, and the Queen's regulations prevent us from using it. Her Majesty's orders are that horses with docked tails are not to be used in the service." The result was, as Haligonians are not admirers of docked tails, the mare was eventually sold for \$60, a loss to the dealer of \$140.

Old clothes dyed to look like new,  
Hosiery mended free to you,  
Curtains 25c per pair,  
And you quickly ask me, Where?

At Ungar's Laundry & Dye Works 28 to 34 Waterloo St. Telephone 58.

## VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Johnny B. to Sammy E.  
Says Johnny B. to Sammy E,  
Don't you recall the time a' wee,  
When over board went lots of Tea,  
In Boston Harbor by the Sea;  
When once there came a Tax from me,  
That did not seem like Pax to thee.  
Now Sammy strange it seems today,  
The tide has turned the other way,  
And by the trains from Canada,  
Where still my little flag has sway,  
And waves as ever free and gay  
Tea flies to you without delay.  
Now, Sammy, still my happy son,  
I'll see you have your little fun,  
And pop off not a single gun,  
But send you tea chests by the ton,  
And you will learn how things are done,  
With Pax laid up and War begun.  
Now all your china teapots keep,  
And put your tea leaves on to steep,  
While over here we smile and peep,  
At you across the plunging deep,  
And 10 per cent. must even creep,  
O'er painted Lajun's long asleep.  
Your youngsters Sammy have their knacks,  
Their Father had a little axe,  
And for the truth was never lax;  
So now they'll take your leather whacks,  
And even if it breaks their backs  
On all their Tea they'll pay their Tax.  
O Eagle of the starry west,  
You've spread your wings and left your nest;  
Your struggles now your might will test,  
But sometimes spirits in unrest,  
Who venture far in glory's quest,  
Lose all the peace they once possessed.  
Winchcap, June 13th. CYPRIUS GOLDB.

## An Invitation to the Woods.

Are you broken with the din  
Of the street,  
Are you sickened of your thin  
Hands and feet?  
Are you bowed and bended double  
With the weight of care and trouble,  
Are you spectral with a skin  
Like a sheet?  
Take your body and your soul  
To the woods,  
To the tonic and control  
Of its moods,  
Where the flowers gleam and quivers,  
Where the only roads are rivers,  
And the trunk-line bears the whole  
Of your goods.  
Play the hunter—win the crown  
Of your class;  
Bring the duck and partridge down  
As they pass;  
Stalk the deer among the tangles  
Where the sunlight elicits and spangles;  
From the amber deep and brown  
Haul the bass.  
You shall breathe the pungent air  
Of the firs,  
Till your blood shall make you dare  
When it stirs.  
Let the camp-cook with his kettle  
Make you fat and full of mettle;  
You must take the forest fare—  
No demurs.  
You shall see the stars ignite  
In the dew,  
And the golden morning light  
Dazzle through;  
Mark the rosy dawn forsaken,  
And the silence only shaken  
By the rattle of your slight  
Birch canoe.  
Oh! the sunsets and the break  
Of the day,  
When the vapors from the lake  
Swirl away;  
Oh! the clouds in snowy ranges,  
With their gold and ruby changes,  
And the fading flake by flake  
Into gray.  
Oh! the mist about the stones,  
How it shines,  
And the squirrels dropping cones  
Out of pines!  
Oh! the sunsets on the summit,  
And the jay that bugles from it—  
Of the vigor that stones  
These are signs!  
You shall waken blithe and bold  
As a cork  
From a bed that is not sold  
In New York;  
You shall thrive and grow no thinner,  
On a chunk of bread for dinner,  
With a jack-knife and a cold  
Piece of pork.  
Oh! the triumph of the hound!  
Oh! the joy,  
When the rapid spins you round  
In his toy!  
When you race with birch and paddle,  
And the stern-wheel for a saddle,  
You shall feel yourself as sound  
As a boy.  
—Archibald Lamont.

## Where the Sandman Gets his Sand.

The Sandman, O the Sandman,  
When he rises into the town,  
Then all the little children  
Drop their pretty eyelids down.  
They know when he is coming  
For his power cannot withstand,  
But still they always wonder  
Where the Sandman gets his sand!  
He gallops through the country  
And he gallops through the street  
But the busy little children  
Never hear his horse's feet.  
They never see him scatter  
What he holds within his hand,  
And that is why they wonder  
Where the Sandman keeps his sand!  
He rides o'er beds of poppies  
And he rides o'er fields of hay;  
And sure he gathers something  
As he gallops on his way.  
To lay upon the eyelids  
Of the children in the land,  
Who rub their eyes and wonder  
How the Sandman gets his sand!  
But early in the morning,  
When they wake as fresh and new  
As pretty little rosebuds,  
With their faces washed in dew—  
Oh, then they are so thankful,  
All the merry little band,  
That in the wide world, somehow,  
The good sandman finds his sand!

## June.

From the Boston Courier.  
Welcome sweet month of bud and bloom,  
Of glowing sun and rare perfume,  
Of richer rugs from Beauty's loom  
And divers more attractions!  
We list your reinaugural tread  
With dubious look and shake of head,  
Tremulous, lest you, too, mean to shed  
On us dire liquefactions.  
Drenched with aquatic overplus  
That May and April dumped on us,  
And wondering what weird animus  
Inspired such copious washes,  
We peeks-boo at you with shy  
Misgivings of our weather eye  
And question if we may put by  
Our gus and mackintoshes.  
From eyes of our umbrellas we  
Impudently look up to thee,  
And beg thy pleasure it will be  
To check these pueril phases.  
Fling up the storm-god's waterspout,  
And old Aquarius knockout,  
That we may united shout  
Glad-voiced thine olden praises.

## TANTALIZING THE SLEEPLESS.

Comments by a Sufferer Upon one Poem for Avoiding Insomnia.

'I belong to the modern noble army of martyrs,' said a young woman. 'I'm an alleged brainworker. The results don't justify the title, perhaps, but that isn't the point. The work I do is generally classed as brainwork, so let it go at that.'

'Well, whether it's because I worry because I don't tax them enough, or because I haven't enough exercise, it is a fact that there are times when I don't get enough sleep. Or I think I don't, and that amounts to the same thing. Consequently I always hail with joy any advice on the subject of overcoming insomnia. At present I have such a valuable fund of information along this line that I can almost put myself to sleep by counting the methods which I have tried and found wanting.'

'The other day I was waiting for a train at one of the railroad stations, and as I stood there I looked over the display of reading matter on the news stand. My heart leaped within me when in a certain table of contents I saw the title, 'Mental Control of Sleep.' My train was just rumbling up, so I didn't have time to take a peep at the article and find out whether it would be of any use to me. I put down my 20 cents, took up my magazine and ran for the train.'

'I read the article on my way downtown, and I was so mad that I accidentally kicked the old gentleman next to me, which somehow made me feel better, though I doubt if it did as much for him. You see, it wasn't the first time that I had read one of that same brand of insomnia articles, and I wanted my 20 cents back. If there is one thing more irritating than another to a person who has courted sleep unsuccessfully, weary night after weary night, it is to be told, as, for instance, in the language of this article the other day:

'Instead of taking one's cares to bed, one should dismiss them the moment one begins to undress. Thinking is voluntary. The current of thought can be stopped by an act of the will as promptly and almost as mechanically as the water can be turned off at the bathroom faucet.'

'Slang or no slang, that makes me tired. This turning off thought when every nerve of your body and brain is buzzing away is about as sensible as to try to turn off a thunderstorm by plugging a hole in a village switchboard. The man who wrote this article, however, doesn't think so. This is what he says about people like me:

'The trouble with us when we say we "can't stop thinking" is really that we do not want to. Like the self-deluded victims of bibulous indulgence, the man that "cannot stop" could stop if he would. There is no limit to the power of an intelligent will. Humboldt could live and be sane and useful on an allowance of two hours' sleep out of the twenty four. Edison once remained awake for seventy-two hours in order to complete a mental task. Such feats, however, are but little harder than that of going to sleep at will, which Napoleon, with Europe on his shoulders, was able to do. Almost any business man would pronounce them easier; but sleep, being normal, should be far more readily enjoyed than dispensed with.'

'The New Testament—, among other admirable things, is a good and simple exposition of healing philosophy—gives a recipe for the cure of insomnia. The New Testament tells you what to employ—a better medicine than any drug—"Take no thought for the morrow." Stop thinking, that is to say, and go to sleep; if there is some weighty decision to be made the hour will find you equal to it.'

'Now what do you think of that? Of course, it is not necessary deliberately to worry and think and plan after one goes to bed. But I like the cheerful way in which he says, "Just stop thinking and go to sleep." I don't believe anybody can make the mind a perfect blank.' That's a favorite phrase.

'I wager one thing, either the writers of such articles have never known personally the terrors of insomnia, or they have happily recovered their nervous equilibrium, and have forgotten what they went through. As for me, I have suffered from sleeplessness; I have recovered, but I have not forgotten. And my advice to those who are still suffering is this: Turn off the faucet of thought, as the gentleman suggests, if you can. Take lots and lots of our-door exercise. Drink some hot milk before you go to bed. Go out of the city if convenient—or inconvenient. Be just as happy as you possibly can be. The last bit of advice may seem a little of the nature of one about turning off thought. It isn't however. There is a good testimony to the contrary. Consequently, my prescription is: Country nights, exercise, hot milk and happiness. And I've been through the mill.'

Told by a real est agent:  
'I have learned of a cure for insomnia. That is, I have heard what cures one man. He was here enquiring for a house to rent. I went with him to look at several. One on the list suited him with the exception that the walls of the bedrooms were not papered. I finally agreed to paper them. Then he said he must select the paper. I agreed to that, and when we went together to look at samples I saw he was very particular, and in reply to my inquiry he said: "It means a good deal to me. I must



have paper on the wall that I can twist into fanciful combinations. I must have figures in it that will count just so much in my calculations. There must be outlines which I can form into faces that I like. If the paper does not contain such figures, I could never go to sleep; I would worry about my failure to see what would be agreeable, and that would keep me awake.' 'He had not found what he wanted when I left him.'

## DIFFICULT TO INFLICT PAIN.

A Physician Relates an Experience of His Student Days.

The doctor smoked slowly on his cigar. It was plain that he had something to say. 'I was thinking of my early college days, he said, 'and of a peculiar incident that happened very soon after I begun my studies. The professor was instructing the class one day on the corpuscles of the blood. In order to get some fresh blood for microscopical examination each student was ordered to tie a rag around his forefinger and strike the top of the finger suddenly with a needle, with sufficient force to draw blood. Seems easy doesn't it? Do you know there wasn't a man in the class that did not fail at its first attempt. It was funny to watch some of those embryo surgeons poise the needle with a determined air and lance it in within a hair space of the flesh and there stop dead others tried to force the needle in slowly but paused very shortly, with an expression of pain commensurate to that of an amputation. I myself gave it up as a bad job, and hacked a cavity in my thumb with a penknife found it easier. The fact that we were very young and inexperienced is no explanation for this peculiarity, as I have since found by personal test. Almost everybody exhibited the same repugnance to inflicting pain in that manner. Try it yourself.' The other man tried and succeeded on the fourth trial.

## The In an Out of Hawaii.

'In Hawaii they have one very unique custom in regard to debt,' said Mr. O. W. Sturgis of Oregon. 'Any stranger can get credit almost from the time he sets his foot on the islands, but so long as he owes a dollar he is not permitted to leave the country. A man who gets hopelessly involved in debt down there had as well make up his mind to become a citizen for life—he can only escape by liquidating. This law has always been strictly enforced, but in the event of annexation to the United States the islands may get a new system of laws that will repeal the existing statutes.'

## Zera Semon Coming Again.

Zera Semon is coming again and the advertisement elsewhere will give the particulars. Semon has always done a good business in St. John and no doubt will do so again. His shows are generally worth all he charges to see them and as the public wants the worth of its money every time this is what pleases. Tuesday the 28th is the opening day. The usual presentations will be made to purchasers of tickets.

## Fashionable Millinery.

The Parisian Millinery Store is sho some of the prettiest hats of the season. Among them being the finest quality of short black Manila sailors now so fashionable in New York. This store has justly earned for itself the reputation of having the latest and most fashionable millinery, keeping abreast with New York styles.

## A Good Dictionary for Three Cents.

A dictionary containing the definition of 10,000 of the most useful and important words in the English language, is published by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. While it contains some advertising, it is a complete dictionary, concise and correct.

In compiling this book care has been taken to omit none of these common words whose spelling or exact use occasions at times a momentary difficulty, even to well educated people. The main aim has been to give as much useful information as possible in a limited space. With this in view, where nouns, adjectives and verb are all obviously connected in meaning, usually one only has been inserted. The volume will thus be found to contain the meaning of very many more words than it professes to explain.

To those who already have a dictionary, this book will commend itself because it is compact, light and convenient; to those who have no dictionary whatever, it will be invaluable. One may be secured by writing to the above concern mentioning this paper, and enclosing a three-cent stamp.

## Not a Gift.

'Julia,' said the old gentleman, reproachfully, 'if I am not mistaken you gave that young man a kiss.' 'I did no such a thing,' returned the young woman with emphasis. 'It was a trade.'—Chicago Post.