

PROGRESS.

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Subscribers who do not receive their paper Saturday morning are requested to communicate with the office.—Tel. 95.

MINISTERS' CRITICISM.

Ministers seem to be distinguishing themselves lately along rather undesirable lines. It is presumable by unfair to declare that they seek notoriety, as Dr. J. M. BUCKLEY and T. DEWITT TALMAGE are already too well known to need any introduction to the public yet one is tempted to think of those who make bids for notoriety when considering the latest utterances of these gentlemen. "PASTOR FELIX" is not far wrong in terming Dr. BUCKLEY's criticism of the "Christian" an overdose. It has apparently slipped the Doctor's mind that the lowest implications in "The Christian" do not begin to equal the best to be found in some books regarded as classic literature. We need not deplore the book so much as the conditions that make such a story a more or less true picture of life.

The condemnation of any book by the critics of any country is no longer sufficient to damn it. We have heard not only of puffs being paid for, but also of critics being paid to condemn books. Our age is so surely an age of deceit that we must take counsel with our own opinions before daring to trust the expressed opinions of another.

It may be true as Dr. BUCKLEY claims that HALL CAINE "has never seen any experience of genuine, unselfish, rational, fervent piety." Dr. BUCKLEY must admit this article is not always easy to find. What are we to think of the "genuine, rational, piety" of the man who says "Evolution is of the devil and those who believe in it are his followers?"

This is the purport of Dr. TALMAGE's latest pulpit utterances—Let DARWIN, HUXLEY, SPENCER and all the other great men of the past and present, tremble for their fates. The "genuine, unselfish, rational, fervent, piety" of the great Brooklyn divine has placed them where they belong. Those who have found evolution not incompatible with a broader, better, truer religious life than heretofore known, have been strangely blind to the horned head and cloven hoof of their leader.

How is it that so much good has resulted from the extension of his doctrine? Will the "genuine, etc, piety" of such men and leaders as Dr. TALMAGE assist the world to a better life than is lived now. Will this piety blind the eyes of men like HALL CAINE and prevent them seeing the terrible blot on our civilization which start up hideously black in every large centre of the world?

In Halifax there is an ever increasing growth about the war articles in American magazines. We are so accustomed to great military achievements that even KITCHENER stirs our pulses and fills our pages for only a few weeks at most. We soon drop back into our usual complacency and simply add the Sirdar's name to our long list of heroes. It is natural, therefore, that we should feel somewhat irritated over the long drawn out stories of the late unpleasantness between Spain and the United States. Their exuberant rejoicings almost make one feel that despite their confident tone, they hardly expected to win our safety. Else why this great fuss over a war so slight that similar affairs almost daily transpire in some part of our empire and are unnoticed by the nation. For our part the idea that the Anglo-Saxon race could ever be worsted by the decaying Latin race was so preposterous that it never occurred to us. Hence we cannot fully appreciate the continued excitement about the war. All

the subscribers and occasional buyers alike are entering their protest against a surfeit of war articles.

Do nations never learn lessons from the mistakes of other nations? It would almost seem not, else Canada would not be making a bid for settlements of Russian Jews and Galicians. For a new country we have problems enough to work out, without adding to our race problems. Slow growth from within, made up of elements that naturally assimilate, is better than rapid growth from without, made up of almost wholly indigestible elements. We have only to cast a look at the state of things over the border to have proof of this. The United States has certainly had phenomenal growth, but it is composed chiefly of alien elements, and only once in a hundred times does the real American sentiment obtain expression even by ballot. We do not need to fasten upon ourselves a limitless legacy of evils, by encouraging heterogeneous immigration. Posterity will not condemn us for leaving vast tracts of country unsettled, but we are inviting condemnation by starting race problems which will not have reached the difficult part of their solution during our time.

One American paper naively remarks that Lieutenant HOBSON received offers from two publications of \$5,000 for a description of the sinking of the "Merrimac." The canny officer by a judicious arrangement through his lawyer managed to secure \$6,000 from one magazine and the article will duly appear. This is patriotism bought and sold in the market and literature manufactured for the highest bidder.

The Hon. J. W. LONGLEY has secured some undesirable notoriety lately. His book, which should have given him a place among Nova Scotian authors, and which is undoubtedly the result of earnest thought has brought him fame chiefly as a poor grammarian. What a cruel fate for a budding author!

THE DIVES MUST GO!

The Halifax School Board Means Business This Time.

HALIFAX, N. S. Nov. 30.—The members of the school board are on their mettle and mean business! The resorts on that popular thoroughfare, South Brunswick street are to be exterminated if it can be done by force,—I mean of course, police force, about which there is not anything very dynamic when requested to move something in which their interests are concerned. It is to be hoped however, that the "force" will be used, and to good effect.

At the city council last evening the matter was discussed, a communication from the school board requesting the police commission to take the bull by the horns and do its duty. Quite a breeze was the result of this unlooked for mild purgative. It was provocative of speeches and several aldermen gave expression to their thoughts quite freely and forcibly! Notably Alderman O'Donnell, who by the way is quite a figure; unique and picturesque as Halifax alderman go. If anyone has a practical knowledge of the keepers of these "hovels,"—as one newspaper calls them, that same person is Ald. O'Donnell for if current reports are to be believed, he has had some of his property, let to this class of tenants! Be that as it may, Alderman O'Donnell has a big heart under his broad and expansive bosom and if his clothes do not bear the mark of the best tailor, nor even "reform fit," he has a great deal of horse sense hidden under his peaked cap, which now and then comes out.

In this matter the alderman has set himself on record as champion of good morals. He declared before the council that this particular street was never in worse condition than at present. He contended that the police could close up these places, which were now dens of rotteness. He also claimed that the liquor laws were openly violated.

One feels like patting the alderman on the back—it it wouldn't raise too much dust,—for his fearless stand. He has no doubt knowledge of the matter, and is in position to speak. The question was pretty well discussed, the unanimous opinion being that the street must be cleared out, the police commission being requested to take immediate steps to that effect. Thus the good seed sown by Commissioner Bell has taken root. It is to be hoped that the police commission will do their duty, and do it fearlessly.

Halifax citizens cannot afford to have the fair name of their city tarnished by the low resorts scattered along one of its most popular thoroughfares. Had the police been alive to its duty, the growth and expansion of these brothels might have been prevented to a great extent. It is rather late to lock the door after the equine quadruped has been absquatulated, but the

police always appear when the danger is over. If South Brunswick street is restored to its pristine beauty and feminine virginity, Alderman O'Donnell may be able to squeeze in at the pearly gates without a pass.

Hate off to "Neddy." CALIPH.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Love Too Late. Far off in the dim and desolate past— That shoreless and sorrowful sea, Where wrecks are driven by waves and blast, Scattered, sunken, and lost at last, Lies the heart that was broken for me— Poor heart!

Long ago broken for me. My loves were glory and pride and art— Ah! dangerous rivals three! Sweet lips might quiver and warm tears start, Though an artist pines for a woman's heart? Even that which was broken for me? Poor heart!

Oh, she was more mild than the summer winds, More true than the star with twilight twinned, Was the woman against whose love I sinned, The heart that was broken for me— Poor heart!

Cruelly broken for me. I told her an artist should wed his art; That only his love should be; "No other should lure me from mine art," I said, and my cold words chilled her heart, The heart that was broken for me— Poor heart!

Hopelessly broken for me. I spoke of the beautiful days to come, In the lands beyond the sea; Those years that must be wearisome To him whose patient lips were dumb; In silence it broke for me— Poor heart!

Silently broken for me. My dreams were dreams of summer-time, My life—it was victory! Fame was bright garlands to crown my prime, And I had hoped in that radiant time, The heart that was broken for me— Poor heart!

Patently broken for me. But my whole life seemed as the swift years rolled, More hollow and vain to be; Fame's boom, at best, is broken and cold; Oh, I would I have given both fame and gold For the heart that was broken for me— Poor heart!

Thanklessly broken for me. Sick with longing and hope and dread, I hurried across the sea; "She had wasted, as though with grief," they said, Poor child! poor child! and was long since dead; Ah! I died for the love of me— Poor heart!

Broken so vainly for me. Weighed down by a load too heavy to hold, She did unnumbering; And I, remorseful and unconsoling, I dream of the wasted days of old, And the heart that was broken for me— Poor heart!

Dead and buried for me. And my soul cries out in its bitter pain, For the bliss that can never be! For the love that can never come again; For the sweet, young life that was lived in vain; And the heart that was broken for me— Poor heart!

Dead and buried for me. —E. Burke Collins. She Never Was a Boy. When I came home the other night With an ugly look 'n' eye That I had got into a fight, Poor me, come next to cry, But when I told pa how it was He clapped his hands for joy And told me 'd' me bully,' cause Once he had been a boy.

'Boys will be boys,' I heard him say; 'They want to be otherwise, And the one that I arns to fight his way Is the one that wins the prize; When I was his age fightin' was My greatest card, jay—' But ma, she kept on cryin', cause She never was a boy.

My golly, but I'd hate to be A girl with floppy hair, And I says prin as A. B. C. With dicit, es too clean to wear! When ma was small I s'pose she was 'Reel checked and sweet and coy—' But, oh, the first that missed her 'cause She never was a boy.

True Solace. When the world and its jungle seems all wrong And the road is weary and rough and long, And the heart grows heavy for lack of song— Man has his pipe.

When your friends forsake you one by one, And riches and fame will no be won— Man has his pipe.

When the woman says she'll have none of you A d' marries the other (they always do!) And your mind gives way to the devil's blue— Man has his pipe.

When dusk beset y u, morning and night, Though the sun be ever so small and slight, And your purse strings hang in a dismal plight— Man has his pipe.

Oh, the golden weed that soothes you and cheers, Calms you, dispels all worries and fears! Woman has naught but her briny tears— Man has his pipe.

A Woman's Hand. A woman's hand! so weak to see, So strong in guiding power to be! Her plans, so delicate planned, That you can hardly understand The strength in its fair symmetry, A hand to set a national free, O curb a strong man's tyranny— By simple gesture of command— A woman's hand.

O, man, upon life's troubled sea, When tempest tossed by fate's decree, Though fortune hold the contraband, Hope on! for thou shalt win the land If somewhere is stretched out to thee A woman's hand.

Might be Worse. They sing of melancholy days, the saddest of the year, And tell us in pathetic verse th' aforesaid days are here; To requiems to the dying flowers they mournfully give birth, And say 'we've nothing left at all to beautify the earth. Can they not see the ornaments old Nature deigns to send, The treasures which to autumn days such floral beauty lend? For have we not, when other flowers meander up the flume, Chrysanthemums and football hair in simultaneous bloom?

Fashoda. What! Roused at last? The curs have barked too loud, With patient dignity he long has lain, Too honest for unmeaning snarls, too proud To notice mean affronts; but now his mane Rises in anger round his massive head, His eyes are opened wide with fixed stare, While from his mighty throat a thunder dread Roars a defiance to the foes that dare To brand the Imperial lion in his lair.

Now, hounds of France, a wider circle there; And thou of Asia, join not in the fray— Rugged, unwieldy, subtle Russian bear— Or many a d' ally wound and ragged tear Shall tell the world what gains' been brought to bay.

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ELECTRIC LIGHTING NOVELTIES.

A Portable Lamp That Can be Used Safely in Looking for Gas Leaks.

Some novelties in electric lighting arrangements have recently been introduced into the market. One of these is a portable light such as a housekeeper might like to have for making excursions into the cellar, hunting for burglars in the dead of night, or for rummaging in closets or dark attics where any other sort of light would carry with it a danger of setting fire to the house. It could be used in safety for looking for a gas leak under circumstances where the usual seeker carrying a lamp or lighting matches is apt to be landed in a hospital immediately after finding the leak. The lamp is a little cylindrical affair with an electric glow light at one end and the battery which supplies the current hidden in the cylinder. A touch of the finger makes the lamp glow, and it ceases to give light as soon as the finger is removed.

Another handy lamp is one for night use in bedrooms, which is adapted to take its current from the ordinary dry batteries that are in common use for ringing call bells and such purposes. This can be put up permanently beside a bed or set in a chair with wires connecting it with the battery. For the workshop a clever new arrangement is a socket for an incandescent lamp, which conceals the windings of an electro-magnet and has its core extending through and beyond it at the top. The current going to the lamp energizes the magnet, and the workman can hang his lamp up anywhere where he can find a rod, a pipe or a plate of iron to press it against. The magnet will hold it there as long as he wishes. For household use there is a new lamp which contains two separate filaments, each fed by its own wire in the socket. Each filament may be of eight-candle power, in a lamp for an ordinary sixteen-candle power socket, or of double that or more, as required. A turn of the button in one direction lights up one filament, or turn in the other direction lights up both, doubling the power of the light. With only one filament glowing, only half the current is used—that is, taken when both are lighted.

Some manufacturers have begun to make fancy bulbs for the incandescent lamp, ornamenting them with pretty patterns by means of the sand blast or making the lower part of the bulb white in the same way and thus reducing the glare of the light thrown downward. Since the business of repairing burnt-out lamps has grown to such large proportions and the work is done cheaply the investment in fancy bulbs for the household could not be looked upon as an extravagance. A foreign manufacturer makes a bulb covering of a spiral of glass wire, the purpose of which is to reflect and refract the rays of light emitted by the filament within in such a way as to make the whole bulb appear to glow instead of one's seeing only the brilliant line of the filament itself.—N. Y. Sun.

UTILIZING MARSH GRASS.

The Wiry Fiber Can be Converted into Binding Twine.

There is a theory prevailing among many good people that nothing in all creation exists without some useful purpose, but we are a long time finding out what some things—mosquitoes, for instance—are good for. Marsh grass in another item in creation which is generally supposed to have been intended to pester farmer folk. It remained for a Chicago man, Mr. George A. Lowrie, to discover its utility. He has invented a machine by which wiry fiber can be converted into binding twine.

Wilson K. Chisholm, of Cleveland, Ohio, passed through Chicago recently on his way to open a second shop for its manufacture. The first was established at Oak-kosh about a year ago, and swamp grass twine was first used by the farmers of the Northwest in binding their wheat during the recent harvest. The experiment turned out so well that work was immediately begun upon a plant in St. Paul, which will be in operation in a few weeks and will be capable of producing 30,000 tons of twine a year. Until now the farmers have been compelled to burn their marsh grass every season and import material for binding twine from our new colonial capital, Manila. Now the factories at St. Paul and Oakkosh are prepared to contract for 50,000 or 60,000 tons of it a year, and this amount will be increased as the new grass twine comes into common use among the farmers. It is tough but pliable and can be cured in the open air without much labor. The difference in price represents the difference in the cost of the raw material—that is, the value of the wire grass in the swamps of Wisconsin and of hemp imported from Manila. The cost of labor in the factory is the same. This fall the new fangled twine has been selling for one third the price of the Manila article.

It is proposed to build a factory for the purpose of weaving the twine into mats, window curtains, carpet linings, bagging for cotton bales, coffee sacks and everything else that jute is now used for.

Russia as a Land of Learning.

Russia has the third largest library in the world. This great collection of books was begun in 1714 by Peter the Great who

ROYAL Baking Powder. Made from pure cream of tartar. Safeguards the food against alum. Alum baking powders are the greatest menaces to health of the present day.

named it the Imperial library. It has 1,200,000 volumes and 26,000 manuscripts. The principal contribution to it was the Count Zaluski collection consisting of 260,000 volumes and 10,000 manuscripts. Year by year the library is increased by the acquisition of thousands of volumes, and with similar progress Russian writers are steadily adding to the native literature of the empire. It was the fashion not so many years ago to look upon the Russians as barbarians, but the world has since learned that Russia is great in science, art, letters and general culture.

His Future Wife's Name.

He was a chatty kind of a conjurer, and was anxious to open the evening's entertainment merrily. So he stepped forward to the front of the stage and said:— 'Ladies and gentlemen, if there is in this audience any young man who would like to know the name of his future wife, if that young man will kindly stand up, I will undertake to tell him, and this is no guessing competition. Now, will any single young man kindly stand up?' Up jumped a young man in the centre of the room. 'Thank you,' said the conjurer. 'Now, do you wish to know the name of your future wife?' 'I do,' said the young man. 'Well,' said the man of magic, 'I always like to do things in a proper business fashion; will you kindly give me your name?' 'Yes, certainly,' said the young man; 'my name is James Jackson.'

Smallest Island in the World.

Rockall is, perhaps, the smallest island of the world. It is situated in the Atlantic over 300 miles west of Scotland and is a mere rock about 60 ft. high and 225 ft. round, rising from a reef of sand. The rock is basalt and granite, very magnetic. It is haunted by sea-birds, and the mackerel of the surrounding seas are very fine. Of course, it is never inhabited, and is very seldom visited owing to the difficulty of landing on it.

For Xmas Trade.

D. McArthur's store on King Street is a pretty busy place these days, and the entire staff of employees is kept busy night and day opening up new goods for the holiday trade. Mr. McArthur has an unusually elegant and large stock of fancy goods, books, toys and souvenir gifts at prices that defy competition. All the Xmas numbers of the magazines and papers are in stock; the Toronto Globe is out with one of the handsomest holiday numbers ever published in Canada. It is accompanied by five elegant pictures.

Zera is Coming.

The old time favorite Zera Semon begins a weeks engagement at the Mechanics Institute on Monday Dec. 5. Mr. Semon will have all his former attractions many new ones, and the press of the towns he has visited this season pronounce his show better than ever. Zera has many novel sleight of hand tricks that are delighting his audiences the gift giving feature of his show is as lively as ever. The regular prices prevail and there is not the slightest doubt that the coming engagement will be one of the most successful he has ever had in this city.

Studying Book-keeping.

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