

PROGRESS.

PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, at 29 to 31 Canterbury street, St. John, N. B. by the Progress Printing and Publishing Company (Limited), W. T. H. FENNEY, Managing Director. Subscription price is two dollars per annum, in advance.

Remittances.—Persons sending remittances to this office must do so either by P. O., or Express order, or by registered letter. OTHERWISE, WE WILL NOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SAME. They should be made payable in every case to PROGRESS PRINTING and PUBLISHING CO., LTD.

Discontinuance.—Remember that the publishers must be notified by letter when a subscriber wishes his paper stopped. All arrears must be paid at the rate of five cents per copy.

All letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

Letters should be addressed and drafts made payable to PROGRESS PRINTING and PUBLISHING CO., LTD., ST. JOHN, N. B.

Agents in the city can have extra copies sent them if they telephone the office before six p. m.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 27.

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

PERSONAL INFLUENCE.

The only responsibility that a man cannot evade in this life is the one he thinks of least,—his personal influence. Man's conscious influence, when he is on dress-parade, when he is posing to impress those around him,—is woefully small. But his unconscious influence, the silent, subtle radiation of his personality, the effect of his words and acts, the trifles he never considers,—is tremendous. Every moment of life he is changing to a degree the life of the whole world. Every man has an atmosphere which is affecting every other. So silent and unconsciously is this influence working, that man may forget that it exists.

All the forces of Nature,—heat, light, electricity and gravitation,—are silent and invisible. We never see them; we only know that they exist by seeing the effects they produce. In all nature the wonders of the "seen" are dwarfed into insignificance when compared with the majesty and glory of the "unseen." The great sun itself does not supply enough heat and light to sustain animal and vegetable life on the earth. We are dependent for nearly half of our light and heat upon the stars, and the greater part of this supply of life giving energy comes from invisible stars, millions of miles from the earth. In a thousand ways Nature constantly seeks to lead men to a keener and deeper realization of the power and wonder of the invisible.

Into the hands of every individual is given a marvelous power for good or for evil,—the silent, unconscious, unseen influence of his life. This is simply the constant radiation of what a man really is, not what he pretends to be. Every man, by his mere living, is radiating sympathy, or sorrow, or morbidness, or cynicism, or happiness, or hope, or any of a hundred other qualities. Life is a state of constant radiation and absorption; to exist is to radiate; to exist is to be the recipient of radiations.

There are men and women whose presence seems to radiate sunshine, cheer and optimism. We feel calmed and rested and restored in a moment to a new and stronger faith in humanity. There are others who focus in an instant all your latent distrust, morbidness and rebellion against life. Without knowing why, you chafe and fret in their presence. You lose your bearings on life and its problems. Your moral compass is disturbed and unsatisfactory. It is made untrue in an instant, as the magnetic needle of a ship is deflected when it passes near mountains of iron ore.

There are men who float down the stream of life like icebergs,—cold reserved, unapproachable and self-contained. In their presence you involuntarily draw your wraps closer around you, as you wonder who left the door open. These refrigerated human beings have a most depressing influence on all those who fall under the spell of their radiated chilliness. But there are other natures, warm, helpful, genial, who are like the Gulf Stream, following their own course flowing undaunted and undismayed in the ocean of colder waters. Their presence brings warmth and life and the glow of sunshine, the joyous stimulating breath of spring.

There are men who are like malarious swamps,—poisonous, depressing, and weakening by their very presence. They make heavy, oppressive and gloomy the atmosphere of their own homes; the sound of their children's play is stilled, the rippling of laughter are frozen by their presence. They go through life as if each day were a big new funeral, and that they were always chief mourners. There are other men who seem like the ocean; they are constantly bracing, stimulating giving

new draughts of tonic, life and strength by their very presence.

There are men who are insincere in their heart, and that insincerity is radiated by their presence. They have a wondrous interest in your welfare,—when they need you. They put on a "property" smile so suddenly, when it serves their purpose that it seems the smile that must be connected with some electric button concealed in their clothes. Their voice has a simulated cordiality that long training may have made almost natural. But they never play their part absolutely true, the mask will slip sometimes; their cleverness cannot teach their eyes the look of sterling honesty; they may deceive some people, but they cannot deceive all. There is a subtle power of revelation which makes us say: "Well, I cannot explain now it is, but that man is not honest."

Man cannot escape for one moment from this radiation of his character, this constant weakening or strengthening of others. He cannot evade the responsibility by saying it is an unconscious influence. He can select the qualities that he will permit to be radiated. He can cultivate sweetness, calmness, trust, generosity, truth, justice, loyalty, nobility,—make them vitally active in his character,—and by these qualities he will constantly affect the world.

Men and women have duties to others,—and duties to themselves. In justice to ourselves we should refuse to live in an atmosphere that keeps us from living our best. If the fault be in us we should master it. If it be the personal influence of others that, like a noxious vapor, kills our best impulses, we should remove from that influence,—if we can possibly move without forsaking duties. If it be wrong to move, then we should take strong doses of moral quinine to counteract the malaria of influence. It is not what those around us do for that counts,—it is what they are to us. We carry our house plants from one window to another to give them the proper heat, light, air and moisture. Should we not be at least as careful of ourself?

To make our influence felt we must live our faith, we must practice what we believe. A magnet does not attract iron as iron. It must first convert the iron into another magnet before it can attract it. It is useless for a parent to try to teach gentleness to her children when she herself is cross and irritable. The child who is told to be truthful and who hears a parent lie cleverly to escape some little social unpleasantness is not going to cling very zealously to the truth. The parents' words say "don't lie," the influence of the parents' life says "do lie." No man can isolate himself to evade this influence as no single corpuscle can rebel and escape from the general course of the blood. No individual is so insignificant as to be without influence. The changes in our varying moods are all recorded in the delicate barometers in the lives of others. We should ever let our influence filter through human love and sympathy. We should not be merely an influence, we should be an inspiration. By our very presence we should be a source of strength to the hungering human souls around us.

An Experiment.

Tremois lifted his chin from his chest and his eyes from the toe of his shoe and sighed dolefully.

"I don't believe she'll have me," he said for the dozenth time.

"Why should she?" she asked, argumentatively.

"Why?" I asked reflectively.

Tremois glanced at me. "What can she see in me?" he demanded.

"True," I replied, "what?"

Tremois regarded me doubtfully.

"Its crass presumption in me to dare to love her," he asserted.

I nodded an enthusiastic assent.

Tremois glared at me for a full minute.

"She is so lovely, and pure, and—and beautiful, that for a rough, crabbed, worldly fellow like myself to want to marry her seems almost like an insult," he said.

"It is," I agreed.

"Found you?" cried Tremois, hotly. "I'm as good as you are."

"Undoubtedly," I observed, in as sarcastic a tone as I could manage.

"And I'll propose to her this very night, if you do think I'm too big a coward to," Tremois announced, bitterly, as he hastily departed.

Well I suppose I'm out a wedding present, but I've proved my theory, which is that the self-abnegation lovers indulge in is simply unconscious hypocrisy.—Pack.

Snakes as Rat-Catchers.

Snakes, twelve or fourteen feet and as thick as a fire-engine hose, do the work of cats in Manila. The only way to get rid of rats seems to be to buy these reptiles, and this is simple enough, for one often sees the natives carrying them about, the hoars curled round bamboo poles to which their heads are tied.

Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired Duval, 17 Waterloo.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Room for You. There is no height however great, No scene however grand; No gilded pillars of state, In which you may not stand. There is no golden note of fame, Her clarion muffled true; Forbid to sound afar thy name, There still is room for you. There is no cloud wrapped steep of time, Though lost in night and storm: No realm of lofty deeds sublime, That may not feel thy form. No path of glory in the past; Known only to a few; Wherein thy lot may not be cast, There still is room for you. What they have gazed whose will is strength Whose hearts are brave and strong; Awaits you purpose crowned at length, Great deeds to art belong. There's no such feeble word as fail, Faith, noblest deeds can do; Though all the hosts of hate assail There still is room for you. Undaunted heart and soul and mind Can reach the topmost stones; Though not a footprint you can find, Climb that great steep alone, The grandest sight man ever saw, Is still thine own to view; Eternal energy is law, There still is room for you. The jeweled ladder still is reared, Where fame and glory rise; The great of earth have never feared, To climb it to the skies, The same ladder beyond the night, In realms of softest blue; And in that sweet celestial light, There still is room for you. CYPRIUS GOLDE.

Townfolk Twain. In a vision that fell with the falling day, I tread the lanes and the paths of yore; And the village green where I used to play, And the village folk, I see once more. Ah, ye are there by those purple bars— My townfolk twain, of those childhood hours! The tall professor who hunted a star— And the little woman who tended flowers! He lived in a big house up on the hill, A long way back from the village street; And she in a cot with a crumpled sill, Set down in a tangle of meadow-sweet. There were morning glories up to the eaves, There were rich red roses down to the gate; There were house-keeping robins among the leaves, That called if the four-o'clocks slept too late! I met him at times on my schoolward route, And shivered a bit at his frosty bow; And he saw me at all I am much in doubt, Or thought me a sheep or a moody cow! But was there a moment before the bell? I stopped at the gate where the lilacs grew, For a sprig of her southernwood to smell, Or a crimson rose with a heart of dew! Butterflies, bumblebees, birds and boys, And the little girls in shakers quiet, Frolicked about her with revel and noise While she beamed on us all like a dear old saint. O cool, white lilies! O starry phlox! O portulaca and larkspur blue! O beech and hollyhocks and hollyhocks— And pansies! How well I remember you! I've heard he discovered some mislaid spheres, Some stellar juggles brought to bay; And a comet due in a thousand years In the latter part of the month of May! I know the world of cheer For sorrowing souls that her path way crossed; For her heart was a garden where all the year Love's green plants flourished, untouched by frost! You'll read his name in the text-books writ, With a learned treatise on solar spots, But hers! Ah, the children remember it! I know the world of cheer For sorrowing souls that her path way crossed; For her heart was a garden where all the year Love's green plants flourished, untouched by frost! I remember he gave me some sage advice, The moonlight let for my home afar; And the benediction of a smile precise, As warm as the beams of a polar star! But she! Ah, she broke with a tender hug On my neck, and she kissed me on the cheek, And left on my lap for a railway rug, An armful of fragrant, feathery weed. —Emma Herrick weed.

Communion. Across the hill's the moonlight trails Her filmy robe of snow, And clasp her pearls where rubies gleamed Scarce but an hour ago. Quaint shadows on the landscape lie, And quiver in bars of light Fall earthward from the starry dome, And bridge the solemn night. I sit alone—yet not alone, For down the lowly sea, And past the woodland's haunted shade, They come and sit by me: They come—a vast and viewless throng, And closely round me press; I hear again the tender tone, And feel the soft caress. The cool, sweet lips I used to love, Again to mine are prest, And softly round my weariness Descends a holy rest. They come from southern sun-kissed isles, From prairies broad and free, From rugged lands of rock and pine, To keep their tryst with me. Some come with taint of earth and sin, And some have craly given, Torough grace, a later blossoming Beneath the dew of Heaven. Yet each brings back some vanished charm Some tender touch or tone, Some hour we lost in converse sweet, Some joy for ever flown. And so with grateful hearts we say, These sweet communions given, As foretastes of the blissful hours We'll share with them in Heaven.

A Songlet. When the early robin singeth, And the buzzing bee the wingeth, When the happy yellow clingeth to the bleachers at the game; When the daily rainlet droppeth, And the feeble furnace stuppeth, When the building vermine toppeth every tree— A sweet spring has come! When the tiny grasslet sprouteth, And the locusts gaily shouteth, When the pretty maiden pouteth and for shirt waits oth declaim; When the sweet pea seedlet groweth, And the Kansas cyclone bloweth, That's when every body knoweth that the balmy spring has come! When the first willow buds arrive, And the spoony young man driveth, When the rustless man cometh to a fishing trip proclaim; When the nautical Tabby nowleth As up in the fence she prouteth, When the ocean toilsman screweth we're aware that spring has come! When the sarsaparilla cometh, And the guttar softly stummeth, When the lonesome poet hummeth in the hope of the world-wide fame; When to work nobody leanteth, And the lusty maiden cleanteth, All the house, it merely meaneth that the joyous spring has come!

ROYAL BAKING POWDER ABSOLUTELY PURE Makes the food more delicious and wholesome ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

A THOUSAND HOMELESS.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.) made paupers, homesteads wiped out, cherished spots eliminated, and so many detailed sorrows and sadnesses that one was almost hardened by the overbearing numbers of unpleasant scenes. In the back streets where the hard-working men lived with their families the blow came very severely and it may be some time before new buildings will succeed those consumed.



MISS MABEL EATON, With the W. S. Harkins Co.

The above is a portrait of Mabel Eaton the beautiful and clever young actress who for two seasons has been W. S. Harkins leading lady. Miss Eaton, who in private life is Mrs. Wm. Farnum, is achieving quite a name for herself and gives promise of taking a leading place on the American stage. She has all things in her favor, youth, beauty and a most charming personality, which renders her a great favourite with all who have met her in a social way. Miss Eaton is thoroughly wrapped up in her profession, and her excellent work bears the impress of conscientious painstaking study.

During the progress of the fire falling buildings broke down telephone and electric wires, suspending communications both verbal and as far as the cars were concerned. The writer just finished talking over the McAlary Co. phone when the building was enveloped in a scathing flame and later was driven from the telephone in Inspector Waring's home by the close following flames. All St. John was on hand to aid the needy. Some Shyllock teamsters demanded unheard of prices before removing goods and they got them, but it can be said to the credit of hundreds of city merchants that they did nobly by their distressed fellow citizens by lending teams and assisting in other ways. The firemen with martyr like perseverance fought an up-hill fight from the start and once again demonstrated their bravery and endurance.

As distant Trinity in the distance rang out the midnight hour on Thursday, the writer stood on the ruins of Public Steps and viewed by moonlight the remains of Indian town. It was a sight sadly beautiful, and if not sure of the spot on which standing one would be led to believe he or she was in an entirely strange country, a dug-out city, a Pompeii perhaps. Far to the south the bridges at the falls glistened in the silver sheen, across Indian town harbor all was natural, but confining the vision to the north towards Milledgeville and Pokiook and to the surrounding tracts of bare land, a new territory has been born, new in its state, and giving full scope to the eye for thousands of yards around.

TALKS ABOUT GLASS MAKING.

W. H. Willis, a St. John Boy in one of the Pittsburg Factories. One of the many interesting spots in and around "Pittsburg" are its numerous "glass factories" which are situated on the south side and in a few of the surrounding towns. Few manufactured articles have more importance than glass. Without it

the sciences of chemistry, physics, astronomy, and botany, not to mention its domestic uses would be almost impossible. There are four principal kinds of glass manufactured here: Bohemian, used for chemical apparatus where high temperatures are required; window or plate glass; bottle glass, a variety which is impure and is given a greenish tinge by salts of iron; flint glass used for the lenses in optical instruments, cut glass ware and for paste or imitation diamonds.

On entering a factory the visitor is just taken to the "mixing room" where the different ingredients are stored and are mixed in quantities that will make, when fused, the kind of glass desired. The mixture is then ready for the "tanks" which are made of the finest fire-clay and have small openings only at either end.

After the fires have been started under the tanks, they are never allowed to go out but kept burning during the season, which is generally nine months. This is very easily done as nothing but gas is used in all the factories.

When the glass has become melted which is usually takes from twelve to sixteen hours it is worked out through one of the small opening by a skilled workman called "gatherer" who gathers the right quantity on the blow pipe—which is a hollow iron rod five or six feet long—and hands it to the blower, who rolls the hot mass on a smooth surface to get it near the shape required, then swings it around in the air, blowing mean while through the rod and thus fashions it as desired into bottles, flasks etc.

It is then handed to the "cutting off boy," who cuts the bottle or flask, from the tube with a pair of shears, it then passes to the "furnishing boy" who puts it into the "glory hole" until the glass becomes sufficiently melted to allow it to be worked or finished into the proper shape required it is now handed over to the "carrying in boy" who takes it to the "Annealing oven" where the glass is allowed to cool for several days. After being taken out of the oven, it is stored in a packing room where each piece is tested for flaws, by a number of girls, before being packed ready for shipment.

For some wares such as common goblets the glass is run into moulds and stamped by machines which finish them all ready for the annealing oven, these machines generally finish 5000 goblets or fancy bottles in a day, while a blower averages only 2000 per day.

Cut glass is prepared at great expense by subsequent grinding. The preparation of optical lenses is a most intricate process and only one or two of the factories in the United States have success in that line. W. H. WILLIS.

He Travelled in a Cage.

A gentleman with a very singular episode in his life has just died in China. This was M. Piry, the father of the Chinese Customs service, which he entered when it was first formed by the consuls at Shanghai in 1864. M. Piry was a Frenchman by birth, and in his boyhood went to sea. Being shipwrecked on the Korean coast, he was taken by the natives and despatched to the king at Seoul as a great curiosity. The king possibly desiring to send a rare and strange present to his suzerain in Peking, but poor Piry in a cage and sent him overland to the Chinese capital to the emperor. The latter, after detaining him some time, sent him down to Shanghai to the foreign consuls, who gave him a post suited to his age in the newly established customs, and there he remained until his death.

To Prevent Tiring the Eyes.

People who complain that their eyes get tired while engaged in some close pursuit, such as writing or sewing, might try the ingenious invention of a journalist, and placed on the market by a Glasgow company. Finding that his eyes became so tired that he could write only with difficulty he hit upon the plan of having some stripes of colored papers pasted on his desk close to the inkstand, so that every time he wanted a dip of ink his eyes fell upon these colored stripes. The result was surprising, and the inventor claims by this simple device he not only avoided the use of glasses, but also improved his sight.

An American liner spends something like \$3,000 a day when on a voyage—the income of a millionaire many times over. Chairs Re-seated, Cane, Splint, Perforated, Duval, 17 Waterloo.