

PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, MAR 4th

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

MORE REFORMERS.

And now the spelling reformers are at it again. This time the West has broken out with the fever and it has it bad. At a meeting of the superintendents of schools in Columbus, Ohio this week a report of the spelling Reform Committee was read. It commenced in accordance with the suggestions of the American Philological Association and the British Philological Association, that the final e be dropped when it does not indicate the lengthening of the preceding vowel; that i be substituted for ph and gh with the sound of f; that silent gh be dropped and that spelling representing the etymology be adopted in certain words, e. g.: sovrain, forein, sithe, iland.

Why spelling should teach etymology has never been made clear. It is trouble enough to learn to spell without being compelled to dig into etymology by the way. Etymology itself is a more or less uncertain and fickle pursuit, which varies in its conclusions with something of the beautiful irregularity of English spelling. If the g. in sovereign offends anybody let him pluck it out, but there seems no absolute necessity that he should pass over Early English and French forms and revert to the Italian spelling and a form that that is now purely poetical. The privileges of the poet should not be abridged. Let him keep his sovereign for the dock steward and his sovran for his ode on the Atlantic. It is worth while to take the trouble to write iland for the sake of showing that you are more learned than the person who took it into his head a few hundred years ago to insert an s so to annex it to isle? Isle is a thoroughly respectable word and any word might be proud to be connected with it, and when the world and the Perage are full of false genealogies why should the decent claimed by a word be put under the microscope? The etymologists are too proud. The reading of old dictionaries and works of philology ought to take them down a peg. What do they know about Basque and Etruscan anyway? Wait until the sediment is off etymology before you begin to tear good English words to pieces.

Personally we don't care how anybody spells unless he is spelling for Progress in which case he will have to spell according to our rules and regulations and leave his volunteer spelling at home. Some more or less arbitrary spellings there must be, especially of new words, as to the old ones, it is a safe rule to stick to the old forms adopting the new ones only when they seem to be sanctioned by the best usage. In spelling as in pronunciation a tolerant conservatism should be cultivated. Variations grow, but it is unnecessary to cultivate them. The spelling of most words is fixed, and they should be spelled as they are spelled and not as they might be spelled on etymological and historical grounds. For our part we would not give up even the tough old digraph gh, one of the worst old sinners in the language.

The English language is not carried on for the sake of saving. It is rich enough to keep any quantity of silent letters and combinations of letters. Its spelling may be eccentric at times and there are hundreds of reformers who are sure that they could have made it mu h better, and are all the time calling conventions to revise it; but there it is and there it will remain substantially. The people who undertake to tinker the English language as if it were a bicycle are full of that, but they sometimes

have an air of imagining themselves to be the lo'e thing.

The publishers and spelling-book makers may amend as they please and the boys and girls may have all the joy they can get out of the reform movement, but we are sure that there are several millions of grown up persons who have learned to spell with more or less difficulty and considerable expense, and who are not going to put in the new spelling. Not a single gh will they part with. They don't want good spelling made too easy.

AN ANIMAL SUNDAY.

Those ladies and gentlemen who are aiming at better Sunday observance will be interested in the terse sentences of a well known writer, ELLA WHEELER WILCOX. She pleads for an "animal Sunday." "Did you ever" she asks, "look into the faces of the horses you see on the street and note their different expressions? They vary as much as do the faces of human beings. Well groomed, well cared for carriage horses have an alert, proud spirited expression. A horse which is driven with a short check has a strained, restler, impatient look in his eye. The absolute hopelessness, the dull despair in the faces of overworked, badly-treated horses, is enough to touch the heart of a sympathetic observer. Cats are the most sensitive, nervous, cleanly animals in the world. They are intensely affectionate and devoted to people they love as well as to places; although of course there are cats who are born ingrates and tramps, just as there are men of this sort. When a cat which has had a good home is left to run in the streets and alleys, or is dropped in some field or strange door-yard, its mental sufferings are beyond description. Yet scores of thoughtless people go on their outings every spring, leaving their cats unprotected for. Every being possesses the divine spark, and when we learn to think of horses, dogs and cats as creatures of Him who notes each sparrow's fall, the world will be the better. There ought to be a Sunday set apart called the "Animal Sunday." Ministers ought to talk to their congregations about the duty we owe animals."

It is not at all probable that Mrs. GEORGE who killed GEORGE D. SEXTON, a brother of Mrs. MCKINLEY, will ever be convicted of murder. From this distance it looks like "justifiable homicide" on her part, but if she is not acquitted, it will be that the MCKINLEY pull is too strong to allow a wrong to be righted. The man who shoots his wife's lover should no sooner receive leniency at the hands of the law than the woman who is wronged by a cold blooded libertine, and this one had every provocation to avenge herself on the man she shot down. Her sex will sympathize with Mrs. GEORGE, even if the jury fail to see the way to do so, and knowing the facts of the case, must wish her safely out of the meshes of the law.

Over in Chicago the other day one man called another a liar and he was fined twenty-five dollars. It would seem that the offender does not belong to the commissary department of the American Army.

The mercurial French ought to find M. CONSTANS a good name to hitch on to. He is one of the coming men over there.

They seem to be fairly gone on Lord CHARLIE BERRSFORD over in New York.

And still the odds are in favor of Mr. PURDY keeping his seat till the end.

A Chance for the School Children. Every little while fresh ideas are cropping up in the minds of business men and the benefits arising from them, are generally pretty well distributed. Just now the Welcome Soap Co. are offering a splendid inducement as will be seen by reference to their advertisement on the fifth page of this paper, and it is the attendants at the public schools will exercise their talents to the advantage of their purse the neat little sum of \$25.00 will be the reward of the boy or girl who writes the best essay or composition on "Soap." Even the second or third or any of the other prizes would well repay any of them for their time and trouble not taking into consideration the experience gained.

This is a Great Offer.

Any person sending a new subscription to this office with \$4.00 enclosed can obtain PROGRESS for one year, and the Cosmopolitan, McClure and Munsey magazines for the same period with only one condition,—all of them must be sent to the same address.

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VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Master Makes it Good. I never enter on a day, Of toil what e'er it be; Unless at first while I pray, A blessing go with me, And whether hard it be and long, O brings me just my food; My soul will sing its grateful song, The Master makes it good. The turmoil and the eager strife, Of man may close me round, And all the bitter ends of life, In every form abound. Said in my trustful faith and hope, As martyrs strong have stood; With want send woe though called to cope, The Master makes it good. When deep design and wrong o'erthake, My daily efforts all; And hardest burdens others make, Fill up my cup with gill. Though all things fail 'till I at last, A heavier am of wood; And in such work my day is past The Master makes it good. O weary soul bowed down with grief, And many a crushing cross; When day or night bring no relief, And all things end in loss. That soul must bear its awful load, O'er mountain, field and flood; Though long and rugged be the road, The Master makes it good. So when some dark bereavement falls, And in a silent room; A voice of love from heaven calls, Or me to bide the gloom; Though left in grief alone to bear, More anguish than I would; And sorrow sheds her saddest tear, The Master makes it good. CYPRIUS GOLDB.

A Song of Devon. I was wanderin' dro' the thicket, hot and wet, and All to once I yeard a cricket set to drummin', drummin', drummin'. Her buzzer so jolly and neighborly I laughed, I zimm'd 'twas engine dreshin' wheat to home in Devonshire. Here us has noice no snow, Like in rutty Devon. Oh, to h a tte cattle low, Water melis in Devon! "Hark the herald angels sing"— Mother with her Christmasing, By a' a' sidin' rine-amin' O, our pond in Devon. Now the winter days be come, you beside the barn Red the dresser, make her hum, fea with yellow corn. Red the field, and green the bank, sun in mist so-eddy. Frost in air and smok' lieth low,—and I lies here so-watun. Shorter grow the afternoons (Rich be-bonny the fishy). Early shine the winter moons (Rick's beside the fishy). Far along the howlets whoopin', O' milkmaid catched coo-p, coop, coopin', Sweet red cows to farmyard troupin' (Rick's beside the lunny).

Home-brew'd zider soft as cream, blaze of ashen logs. Our little maids like cherubim round the fire-dogs: But her away—I could ha' cried, 'twas jast a-goin' I seed on so distinctly when I yeard yon cricket drum.

Here there be no winter days, Same as home to D-von. Never see the wood fire blaze (Jolly and of Devon). Be the niggers call me "Z'r"— Oh, to be a laborer, Back again and good cheer— Back to jolly Devon! —Edward A. Irving.

These Mornings. The strain of the winter In them! Yes; not the pain Of the spring And the kiss Of the sunshine: The I z' source O the fishing pole And the shady green O the grassy bank By the clear waters That bubble and smile Into the face of the blue sky Above them; The ech of bluebirds Far to the south. And the sweet suggestion Of the R. bird's note; The smell of the new grass Growin' and the promise of Bud and blossom On bud and tree: The tinted irracance Of the warbling Of the crocus To burst from their yielding bonds. As they sit at ease, But their silence Is lying and warm, And the still brown earth Is eloquent Of their coming. The mantle of white May fall again, And the cold hard hand Of the frost shut down, But the earth And the air and the sky Are alive, And fill'd with The unheard music of spring, These Mornings. —W. J. Lampton.

Let us relegate the poets, let us smite the faithless bard Who is sending in bad metre to the papers by the yard. He is the who spreads destruction where-soever he may go! O beware! the reputation of a wilderness of woe. If he be re of some one dying, he will write a doleful screed Of the "pangs of dissolution," for the dead one's friends to read. He will paint a dismal picture of old Gabriel and his harp, And a ghastly, grim reunion on the resurrection morn'. He will picture heaven up yonder, far above this vale of sin. With its gate of pearl, fast bolted, that a few can enter in. And he writes of harps and halos, hoarded for the favored few, In a rhymeless production that would make an enemy of you. 'Tis the only of a poet 't' rhyme is his desire, First to know if it's afflicted with the "poetic disease"; Then he ought to choose a topic full of hopefulness and light, Set the metre in order, and bear down with vigor. If the rhyming is imperfect, if the rhythm is something worse, If his thoughts refuse to follow the sweet harmonious of a verse: If to rhyme the rules of syntax must be steadily profaned. Then the poet is no poet, and he ought to be re-strained. Chair's Re-seated. Cane, Splint, Perforated, Duval, 17 Waterloo Street.

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A TRIP TO GET MARRIED.

A St. John Man and Woman go to the Border to get Spliced. There were two passengers to the border last Saturday who went away on a mission which was not strange to either of them. They went to get married and as one was a widower and the other a widow the situation can be understood as not being in any sense novel. They say that pity is skin to love and so it must have been in this case. The groom of to-day when the former husband of his bride was ill was constant in his attendance, and his sympathy went out to the bereaved widow when her life partner passed from the sorrow of this world. Nobody thought at that time and there is no doubt that he did not think himself that anything would come out of meeting in this fashion but an ordinary acquaintance but the unexpected happened and on Saturday last the widow became a wife and the gentleman who has tendered his sympathy to her first husband became her second supporter. Of course it was a surprise to their friends. It has never seemed necessary to go out of this good town to find a clergyman who is willing for a small consideration—and sometimes none at all—to make a man or woman happy by uniting them in the bonds of matrimony. There seems to be some doubt about the bride's christian name which at one time was Mary but is now said—by the newspapers—to be Martha.

A MASTRFUL GIRL.

A Laughable Little Comedy in a Family's Daily Life. A little comedy of family life—in which a new servant-girl figures as heroine—is presented by the Chicago Record. Harrington, one of the characters, had been absent for three weeks. When he rang the bell at his own house, the new girl, who had never seen him, opened the door. "Is Mrs. Harrington in?" he asked. "No, sir," answered the girl. "Well, I guess I'll wait for her," said the master of the house, and he put his foot over the threshold into the hallway. "Excuse me, sir," said the girl, "but no one's at home. I can't allow strangers to wait in the house." Harrington took in the humor of the situation. "All right," he answered, with a smile. "Just tell Mrs. Harrington that a relative called," and away he went. A half hour after his departure his wife returned. "Has any one called?" she asked of the girl. "Yes, ma'am; a gentleman." "Did he leave his card?" "No, ma'am; he said he was a relative, but he looked more like an agent for cleaning powder than a relative. He wanted to wait inside, but I didn't like his looks, so I didn't let him in." "Quite right," remarked Mrs. Harrington; "it is just as well to be careful. Besides, I have no male relative who is likely to call at this time of day." Mrs. Harrington barely had her wraps off before her husband, who had whiled away his time at the barber shop, put in his appearance again. "Has Mrs. Harrington returned yet?" he asked of Ella, who answered his ring. "Yes, sir; she just got in." "Hand her my card, if you please," he said. "I think she'll remember me." Mrs. Harrington stepped out of the dining room just as her husband, followed closely by the servant girl, moved out of the vestibule and into the hall. "Why," she cried, "when did you get in?" The servant misunderstood the meaning of the exclamation. "He got in when I wasn't looking, ma'am," she said. "He goes out again now, if you say so." "You may let him stay, Ella," said Mrs. Harrington.

Egyptian Medical Tattooing.

An Austrian scientist tattooing upon the body of a priestess who was embalmed in the eleventh Dynasty—about 3000 years B. C.—linear blue marks which he at first supposed were for ornament, but which he afterwards concluded were the result of some vigorous applications of remedies. The marks were both below and above the umbilicus, those below running almost horizontally, while those above it ran in a vertical direction. The surgical measures were evidently taken a long time before the death of the woman, and were perhaps intended to cure her of some pelvic trouble, chronic pelvic peritonitis or what not. This method of introducing drugs into the body is still practiced in Egypt, and the writer was able to collect

details of ninety-seven cases in which it was employed. In most of them the tattooing was done upon the temples for the relief of headache or neuralgia, but in other cases the scarification was made upon the hands, feet, shoulders, knees, buttocks, neck, or abdomen. The technique of this treatment is as follows: From three to seven needles, which are bound together in a bunch, are thrust obliquely into the skin. When blood begins to flow from the punctures thus made, a mixture of milk and soot, to which the juice of various plants has been added, is rubbed into the wounds.

A Counter Breeze.

The land where they make least trouble about a house on fire is perhaps Korea, possibly because there is about the house very little to burn. When several dwellings are on fire in danger, however, even the Koreans think it time to bestir themselves. Then the king sends out a hundred or more soldiers, who calmly view the fire, and offer to help if necessary. Should they really decide that it is necessary, they set to work in what would do Western eyes seem a novel manner. They usually bring along with them a ship's anchor fastened to a long thick rope. This anchor they fix in the burning beam, and fifty or sixty men at a time pull at the rope in order to bring the beam down. It is when the sparks resulting from this operation are driven by the wind across the street that a peculiar and characteristic method of protecting property is resorted to by the Koreans. The owners of the endangered houses, with their friends, male and female, says a writer in the Westchester, procure ladders and climb up on the roofs, standing in rows upon the upper edges of the structures. Then the men strip off their coats, and the women their large cloaks, and using them as fans, wave them rapidly in order to create a counter-breeze, and drive the sparks away. The sight is a strange one, and could be seen nowhere else but in Korea. While the fanning is going on, prayers are offered to the spirit of the fires and the spirit of the wind.

Had an Idea.

"Do you know what conservatories are for Willie?" asked his uncle. "Rother!" replied the boy promptly, and then, turning to his sister, asked: "Shall I tell them, Annie?" "That being the first intimation his sister had had that he had been in or near the conservatory the evening before, naturally she blushed.

His Own.

"No," said the fair girl, "it's no use. You don't come up to my ideal." "Perhaps not," he answered. "But I don't care if I can only get anywhere near my own." "Your own?" she questioned. "What is your ideal?" "You," he whispered.

A Great Nation.

An old gardener at Duddington was showing an English stranger the beauties of the loch and Arthur's Seat, and when the moon came over the side of the hill, wound up all by exclaiming— "There's a moon for ye! Oh, we're a great nation!"

Theory v. Practice.

"It seems to me," said the bachelor, "that I would let the child's inclinations determine what he should eat. Let Nature guide him."

Opening His Eyes.

He: "Do you know that for the last hour I have been watching for a good chance to steel a kiss from you?" She: "Indeed? Don't you think it might be well for you to consult an oculist?"

His Theory.

A: "I wonder why 'The Seasons' are represented as women?" B: "Because you're never satisfied with them, no matter what kind you get, I suppose."

The Poet (insouciantly).

"Don't you think we could make a good couplet?" She (cooly).—"I'm not averse."

A Genius is a man who never makes the same mistake twice.

Business Education. Broadly speaking, a business education is one that educates for business. Few people realize the amount of special training that is requisite to equip a young man or woman for entrance into business life. The Currie Business University of this city will send free to any address a beautiful catalogue giving valuable information relative to the above subject.

Chinese coinage in the shape of a knife has been traced back as far as 2210 B. C.