

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

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

THE ELECTION PETITIONS.

No doubt there will be some regret among politicians and perhaps among people in general that some arrangement could not have been arrived at where by there would have been no election protests. Political contests nowadays cannot be conducted, it seems, without some infraction of the election law, enough in almost any case to give an opportunity for a protest. The immediate friends of Dr. McLeod in York claimed that he used neither money nor any other kind of influence in the campaign which he conducted against Mr. Gibson, but those who are acquainted with that somewhat peculiar constituency know better than that, and that if Dr. McLeod himself was not cognizant of the fact that money was used, those who supported him are not equally ignorant. Still in spite of this he persists in carrying out his ideas of purity, patriotism and prohibition and in so doing has brought a great deal of trouble on his conservative friends through out the province. Ten petitions in all were filed, four against the conservatives and six against the liberals. So far as we can learn there was no intention to file any, not even in Kings county where the evidence submitted in the recount would give reasonable grounds for a protest, but now, unless some understanding can be arrived at there is every likelihood that New Brunswick is not through with the federal contests yet.

WOMEN RULERS.

The two most populous empires of the world today are ruled by women. They are, however, very different empires, and very different women.

Queen VICTORIA, in the eighty-second year of her life and the sixty-fourth of her reign, continues to exercise a benign sway over Great Britain and Ireland, the swarming millions of India, and the numerous patches of continents; or island territory which are painted red on British maps. She is queen through the affections of her subjects quite as much as by constitutional prerogative. She has administered the powers of the throne with gentle consideration; and her influence has always been felt on the side of peace, not only in the affairs of England, but in other courts whose rulers are connected with the queen by ties of blood.

The Empress Dowager of China, if her sinister influence is not exaggerated, is chiefly responsible for the recent massacres which have shocked the world, and for the reckless attacks upon the legations at Peking which have brought China into conflict with the rest of the world. Cunning, superstitious, narrow and cruel, now setting up and now deposing emperors, now promoting and now decapitating court officials, she is one of the most appalling and inscrutable forces recently operative in human history.

Two other women are exercising royal authority. One is the Queen Regent, MARIA CRISTINA of Spain, guardian of the interests of the boy king ALFONSO, who has won from the Spanish people, in times of adversity, a regard which they did not manifest for her in more prosperous days.

The other is young Queen WILHELMINA of the Netherlands. She ascended the throne of her kingdom at the same age at which Queen VICTORIA began her reign. In the circumstances of her approaching marriage also, there is some resemblance to the love-match of Queen VICTORIA with Prince ALBERT. The young queen is pretty, sensible and well educated, and

there is a suggestion of firmness in her features which conveys the impression that she will not be unregarded in councils of state.

The amount of freight that is coming to St. John over the Intercolonial railway now, is the very best evidence that the arguments of the conservative party were all wrong. The steamship people say that the road is doing remarkable well, in its initial effort to provide cargoes for the vessels. The grain trains are arriving promptly and the new elevator, which during the election campaign was termed "a monument of incapacity" is doing excellent work. The train men on the government road are more than pleased at the extra work they are receiving and the additional pay in consequence of it; all of which goes to show that St. John will not lose anything from the fact that two railways are bringing freight from the western country for shipment to Europe.

A Request For Help.

Miss Hicks, head nurse at the Hospital and Women's Home of the Salvation army on St. James street, sends an urgent appeal through the press for assistance in carrying on their rescue work. She says that there are nineteen women and twenty one children at present in the Home and that they need help. The institution is one that should be helped and Miss Hicks request couched in the following words will no doubt be well acceded to by many.

"While enjoying the bountiful fare that this season brings may I plead that our Citizens will remember us in our effort to lift the fallen, rescue the degraded, and care for the sick in their hour of need. We are specially in need of clothing for the women and children. Donations of gifts and clothing will be thankfully and gratefully received."

An Attractive Exhibit.

The store of W. Tremaine Gard, 48 King street, is one of the attractive places in the city for intending purchasers in this the holiday season. Mr. Gard has too well known a reputation for the fine classes of goods he has in stock without attention being called to it. This year his display surpasses any of previous seasons and one may feel assured that an article purchased at this well known shop is worth its value. Mr. Gard has a very fine assortment of sterling silver and plated ware, opera and eye glasses, walking canes, cameras, photo frames, bronze ornaments, gold pins and pencils and one endless variety of the most fashionable and reliable goods suitable for holiday gifts. Intending buyers will find themselves well repaid by calling in and having a look at Mr. Gard's stock. The prices are very low and reasonable and to cash customers exceedingly so. Don't forget the number—48 King street.

He has a Choice Stock.

Mr. E. G. Scovil of Union street, whose advertisement of Pelee Island wines and other goods carried by him, has appeared in the columns of PROGRESS for many years, is as ready as ever at this season to supply the public in general with the very best. His stock of teas is always complete and it is hardly necessary to speak of the reputation that he has won in catering to the wants of the public so far as choice wines and liquors are concerned. A considerable portion of Mr. Scovil's trade is what is known as a family trade and the very finest goods are necessary to supply the wants of those who have been his patrons for so many years.

Neck Bands Replaced.

Hosiery darned, repairs made all free, why do you go elsewhere with your laundry, when we do the best work and do so many things free. Tidy us now, Ungar's Laundry, Dyeing and carpet cleaning work. Telephone 58.

New Use for Liquid Air.

In Germany a furnace has been invented intended for burning low class fuels, such as lignite and peat, and in which the combustion is intensified by turning into the fire the gaseous mixture obtained by the evaporation of liquid air. The nitrogen is first set free and the residue, containing at least 50 per cent of oxygen, is sent into furnace.

A Bar of Iron.

A metallurgist has calculated the various values that a bar of iron may acquire in being put to different uses. Made into horseshoes it becomes worth \$12; into table knives, \$160; into needles, \$355; into blades for penknives, \$3,180; into button buckles, \$4,500; into watch-springs, \$25,000.

"Harriet, you ought to give me my choice of Christmas presents once in a while."

Well, Harry, I'm willing: do you want a lamp shade, a sofa pillow, or new lace curtains?"

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Under the White Down.
Under the white down lushed and still,
Memories holy the night dreams fill;
Where summer blossoms lie.

Ever to me they softly call,
Waking under there snowy fall;

To slumber is not to die.
Under the white robe o'er my soul;

Is a flower no death can o'er control.
Under the white down pure and cold,

Flowers dwell in their wintry fold;
Singing on in their sleep.

Listening to our Christmas cheer,
Safe by many a wood and mead.

Vigils of love they keep.
Under the green leaves fresh and fair,

My heart to Heaven goes out in prayer.
Under the white down far and near,

Flowers lie to our homes most dear;
But the golden bells of time;

Ringing to us of love and peace,
Are nought to the songs that never cease;

They hear in a brighter clime.
So out of our hearts on Christmas night,

Responses rise to a world of light.
—CYPRIUS GOLDB.

Christmas.

Hark throughout Christendom joy bells are ringing;
From mountain and valley, o'er land and o'er sea,
Sweet choral melodies pealing and thrilling,
Echoes of ages from Is'ra'el's vale;

Christmas is here,
Merry old Christmas,
Gift-bearing, heart-touching, joy-bringing Christmas.

Day of grand memories, king of the year.
In volume majestic deep anthems are pealing,
Hymns heavenly swell on the air;

Christ-bearing, life-giving, soul-saving Christmas,
Day of fond memories, king of the year.
Tender remembrances softly are stealing

Over the soul of the weary and worn;
Mists of the past, full of balm and of healing,
Soothing the sorrow of sad and forlorn;

Christmas is here,
Many-voiced Christmas,
Grief-soothing, heart-cheering, hope-bearing Christmas.

Day of sweet memories, king of the year.
Day of the poor, bring Jesus the lowly,
Bearer of burdens and giver of rest;

Comforter, Saviour, Redeemer most holy!
Christmas is here, time, eternally blest;
Christ-bearing, heart-cheering, hope-bearing Christmas,
Faith-raising, love-bearing, all-blessing Christmas,
Sweetest and holiest day of the year.

Christmas Carol.
It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold:

"Peace on the earth, good will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King."
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still thro' the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unrolled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world.

Above its sad and lonely plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

But with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;

And an an, at war with man, bears not
The love song which they bring;
Oh, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bent with pain,
Who sob in the clinging snow,
And still the weary road,

Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
Oh, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

For, lo! the days are hastening on,
And yonder breaks the dawn;
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;

When peace shall all over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

—Edmund Hamilton Sears.

Christmas Old and new.
The century nears its closing year,
Yet Christmas bells are full and free
As when the home halls rang with cheer
And grandpa kept the jubilee.

The stockings by the chimney deep
Were like your own, my pet of three,
O'er the wool from white faced sheep
And buckled high above the knee.

The chimney, oh, it was so wide
'T would hold the gifts for fifty boys,
And Santa had an easy slide
When he came down with grandpa's toys!

The toys were not the dainty stuff
Your fingers grasp with childish glee,
But homely and a trifle rough,
When grandpa was a child o' three.

A "comforter" dyed green and red,
A knitted cap and overshoes,
Of seasoned hickory a sled,
Perhaps a ball too big to lose.

But grandpa liked the Christmas then
And what old Santa brought to him
As really as the little me
Who see bright trees in parlors dim.

For love is love the great world o'er;
God's love the Bethlehem story tell
From year to year, from shore to shore,
Wherever rings the Christmas bells.

The Holy Night.
One star burned low within the darkened east,
And from a stable door an answering light
Crept faintly forth, where through full hours of
night

A woman watched. The sounds of day had ceased,
And save the gentle tread of restless beast
There dwelt a hush profound. The mother's sight—
So hidden by her base took no fright

When shadows of the beam, that caught the least
Of light, seemed shapened to a lengthening cross;
She only saw a crown made by a fleece
Of golden hair. Naught pressed pain or loss,—
To her, the pivot of the swinging sphere
Lay sheltered in her arms so warm and near;

A mother's heart proclaimed Him "Prince of
Peace!"
—Edna A. Foster.

The Aurora Australis.
During the recent trip of the Belgica in
the Antarctic more than 60 observations of
the aurora australis, the southern counter-
part of our northern lights, were made.
The appearance of the light resembled
that presented in the Arctic regions. But
the maximum frequency did not occur dur-
ing the months of the long polar night,
and the phenomenon was most intense at
the time of the equinoxes, when the sun is
perpendicular over the equator and day-
light is simultaneous at both the North and
South Pole.



PAIN WITHOUT SUFFERING.

A Physician's View of a Phenomenon of the Use of Anaesthetics.

"Pain is a great mystery," remarked a physician of this city who had a fondness for the recondite side of his profession. It is claimed by certain theorists that people who are placed under the influence of an anaesthetic for surgical operations really suffer everything they would otherwise, but forget about it when they return to consciousness and a good many ingenious arguments are advanced to support the proposition. It is rather a ghastly idea, and I am glad to say that the real evidence is all the other way, but it is a pretty well-established fact that certain anaesthetics—ether, for instance, and nitrous oxide gas—will sometimes prevent suffering without destroying consciousness of pain.

"That sounds like a paradox and is somewhat difficult to explain without becoming more paradoxical still. The effect of the anaesthetic, in the strange cases to which I refer, is to render pain pleasant. While apparently insensible, the patient is fully conscious of everything that is going on and the nerves respond as readily as ever, but instead of producing physical discomfort the effect is exactly the reverse. I have encountered several anomalies of that kind and one quite recently. The subject was a middle-aged man whose foot had been injured in an accident. I had to amputate the two last toes, and the operation, which was under ether lasted about twenty minutes. When the man recovered from the influence of the drug, he tried to tell me about his sensations but although he struggled hard, he could find no words in which to express them. 'I felt all the pain,' he said, 'but somehow it didn't hurt me. Then it wasn't pain,' said I, endeavoring to draw him out. 'Oh! yes it was,' he replied, earnestly, 'but I liked it; I didn't want you to stop.' He repeated a number of things that had been said during the operation and it was evident that he had been conscious all the while—at least conscious of his surroundings.

"The other patients seemed to have had practically the same experience and encountered the same difficulties in making themselves understood. They were trying to express the inexpressible. Such instances are, of course, rare, but they are familiar to almost every surgeon in general practice. Explain them? I don't attempt to."

Boys in a Bookstore.

A true story is told in the family of a certain Boston bookseller which has to do with the holiday time. Just before Christmas the little boys of the household were told that, as a treat, they might go down to their father's place of business and look over the books. It was a treat, indeed, in anticipation, for reading was their chiefest joy.

The day came, and joyfully did the little lads take their way down town. They were turned loose in the big establishment among books big and little. There were children's books and delightfully illustrated ones for happy older folks. There they were left to their own devices, and presently forgotten.

When the time for lunch came round, their father remembered with a start that two little guests were with him.

He looked about; they were nowhere to be seen. He made his way round the crowded shop, and finally came upon them in an unoccupied corner, industriously reading. One had "Swiss Family Robinson" and the other "Robinson Crusoe."

"Did you get tired of looking round?" he asked.

One boy glanced up shyly. Evidently he felt that he had not been quite equal to the situation, but he must tell the truth.

"We found these 'most the first thing,' he said, 'so we sat down and began to read.'

"But you have those at home!"

"Yes, papa, but we like them best."

Queer little souls, so very like grown up humanity! They had been bewildered by the riches about them, and so had returned to the familiar and dear.

Tides in the Stars.

Professor Campbell of the Lick Observatory reports that the star called Xi Geminorum, which has long been known as a variable, is in reality double, but its two components are so close that no telescope is able to separate them, and their

existence is proved by the shifting lines in the spectrum. The variations in brightness, he thinks, can only be due to the attraction between the two stars raising immense tides in their molten or vaporous globes, which, through the effects of compression or otherwise, displace the spectral lines.

What Frightened Him.

While crossing the Isthmus of Panama by rail, some years ago, the conductor obligingly stopped the train for Mr. Campion to gather some beautiful crimson flowers by the roadside. It was midday and intensely hot. In his "On the Frontier" Mr. Campion tells a peculiar story of this flower-picking experience.

I refused offers of assistances, and went alone to pluck the flowers. After gathering a handful I noticed a large bed of plants knee-high, and of delicate form and a beautiful green shade. I walked to them, broke off a fine spray and placed it with the flowers.

To my amazement I saw that I had gathered a withered, shriveled, brownish weed. I threw it away, carefully selected a large, bright green plant and plucked it. Again I had in my hand a bunch of withered leaves.

It flashed through my mind that a sudden attack of Panama fever, which was very prevalent and much talked of, had struck me delirious.

I went 'off my head' from fright. In a panic I threw the flowers down, and was about to run to the train. I looked around; nothing seemed strange. I felt my pulse—all right. I was in a perspiration, but the heat would have made a lizard perspire.

Then I noticed that the plants where I stood seemed shrunken and wilted. Carefully I put my finger on a fresh branch. Instantly the leaves shrank and began to change color. I had been frightened by sensitive plants.

Hibernation of Mosquitoes.

If the mosquito has any friends among mankind, they may rejoice in the assurance given by Dr. L. O. Howard of the department of agriculture, that this cosmopolitan pest does not necessarily perish with the oncoming of winter. On the contrary, mosquitoes have been observed in the latitude of Washington to hibernate, adult specimens living from November until the succeeding April or May with all the powers of torment unimpaired, although their activity is suspended in winter. The mosquito needs but little food, and it is the female that thirsts for blood, the males contenting themselves with water and vegetable fluids. Doctor Howard ascribes the fact that mosquitoes are often found upon dry prairies, many miles from water, to the longevity of the adults of certain species, which enables them to survive seasons of drought. Railroads have been responsible for the transportation of mosquitoes into regions where they were previously rare. Their power of flight is not great, and it is believed that they are not distributed far through the agency of winds.

Met on A Screen.

One of the happiest uses served by that wonderful and many-named invention, the moving-picture machine, appears in a story told in the London Music Hall.

A party of gentlemen were watching the pictures, when in one of the South African scenes they recognized an officer friend. The wife of the officer, on being told of this, wrote to the manager and asked that this picture might be put on on a certain evening, when she would purposely journey from Glasgow.

She had not seen her husband for over a year, but at last observed him in a group—on the screen of a cinematograph!

An Animal That Secretes Camphor.

Prof. O. F. Cook of Washington reports the surprising discovery of camphor as an animal secretion. The animal concerned is a myriapod, resembling a worm, or small slug, and scientifically known as polyzoni-um rosabum. It lives in the humus of moist, undisturbed forests. When handled it gives off a very distinct odor of camphor, and ejects a milky fluid which possesses the smell, flavor and taste of ordinary camphor. Professor Cook thinks the camphor is secreted instead of the prussic or hydrocyanic acid found in other myriapods as a means of defense.