

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEB. 16

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EDWARD THE SEVENTH.

In a stable and well-ordered popular government a change in the head of the state takes place without public convulsion or disturbance. "The king is dead; long live the king!" is the terse form in which the French express the idea that there is no break in the sovereignty. The phrase means even more than that in a monarchy in which the king is merely a representative of sovereign power, but not the possessor of absolute power.

Nevertheless, the transfer of the scepter from the hands of Queen VICTORIA to those of EDWARD the Seventh will introduce a momentous change in the political and social life of Great Britain—a change not of form, but of that indefinable quality which we call tone. The queen was a strong character, and she impressed her personality upon statesmen, upon the court, upon the common people.

King EDWARD also is a strong character. Heretofore he has been obliged by filial duty, as well as by the obligations of political propriety, to subordinate himself to his mother. But he has become, in spite of the limitations upon his power of thought, speech and action, the most popular man in the kingdom. He is a lovable man, with wide human sympathies. Tact, the one quality most needful for a sovereign who is expected to follow the advice of ministers responsible to Parliament, he possesses in a high degree.

Consequently, although the British nation mourns its illustrious queen, it may with good reason look forward to the new reign in the hope that, although different, it will be glorious. In the matters which are under the king's control or influence, royalty will be more prominent than before. There will be more state ceremonies than there were after the queen became a widow, the court will be gayer, the people will oftener see their sovereign.

Yet it will be a long time before they or the world will forget the good old queen

A QUEEN'S MARRIAGE.

The marriage yesterday at The Hague of her royal majesty Wilhelmina, Queen of the Netherlands (which kingdom we shall, here, for convenience, call Holland) was an event of greater interest outside of her own country than it would have been if there were no other reasons for giving heed to the topic than such as arose from the bride's exalted station and attractive personal qualities.

Some part of the extraordinary interest may fairly be attributed to the striking way in which the royal marriage at The Hague is set in contrast with royal funerals in London. It is more than the contrast between the most joyful and the most mournful epoch in our common human life. It is more than the contrast between a nation in tears one day and a nation in smiles the next day, with royal representatives of neighboring nations in attendance at both the August ceremonies. The contrast is most impressive in reference to this marriage of the young queen of Holland when compared with that marriage of the young queen of England which took place more than half a century ago. Victoria then had but just been crowned, as Wilhelmina was a little while ago. In everything but that broad space of time which separates them, the two royal marriages seem wonderfully coincident.

After all, that which makes the marriage of Queen WILHELMINA a theme on which high-thinking people the world over like to

dwell is, more than anything else, the interest which attaches to the kingdom of Holland as a nation having a great past and in the present filling a role on the world's stage that is very far indeed from insignificant.

People who measure nations by armies, navies and treasuries, naturally reckon Holland unimportant. Judged by such a standard, Queen WILHELMINA is a ruler of a second or a third rate power. But there are other standards. And there is power which does not consist in warlike equipment.

If Holland were today a decadent nation, though we should still speak respectfully of her on account of that great history, we should be obliged, nevertheless, to withhold unstinted salutations. No past, however great, can command full homage unless that past is joined by unbroken links to a noble present.

It is not too much to say that while the kingdom of Holland certainly does not hold a relative rank among the powers of the earth nearly equal to that which she possessed in the mighty days of DE RUYTER and WILLIAM of ORANGE, the difference does not mark a decline, or even stagnation, in Holland, but only disproportionate advance in rival nations. Holland is a more powerful kingdom today, judged even by the military, naval and pecuniary test, than she was when, as a members of the Triple Alliance, she did her full third share in curbing the insolence of the Grand Monarch, and in delivering the Protestant Reformation from the danger of being strangled almost in its cradle.

It seems to be in order again to remind all whom these presents may concern that what are called, in popular language confessions of murder, are usually about the most trifling of all sensational trash. Anybody who has an itch for notoriety can gratify it with the utmost ease and cheapness, also with entire safety to himself, by confessing that he it was who committed whatever mysterious killing may happen, at any moment, to be an uppermost topic of current curiosity. The temptation to get one's name into the newspapers underneath many big headlines by this expedient, is a temptation which people with a certain order of imperfectly developed intelligence cannot resist.

The peanut seems to be playing the part of "civilizer" in some of the foreign possessions in tropical Africa. Traders give a negro a bushel of nuts for seed on condition that he returns four bushels from his crop, and since the yield in good years is twenty-fold, the black man generally has a surplus which he can sell at the rate of a shilling a bushel. From a single station in Senegambia there was shipped, in 1898, twenty-nine thousand tons. Small boys and scientists have long been in agreement touching the value of the peanut; now statesmen also will have to do it honor, since it seems likely to lead the native African into the paths of agriculture.

Early in the eighteenth century ISAAC WATTS wrote a noble hymn, beginning, "O God, our help in ages past." It has been a comfort and an inspiration to countless minds. When the first governor-general of the federated Australian colonies, the Earl of Hopetoun, took his position, preparatory to the administration to him of the oath of office, a choir of a thousand voices sang the hymn which WATTS gave to the generations. Thus in a time and a land far distant from that in which the poet wrote, the hymn fulfilled its mission.

Chinaman Aster Their Scalp.

For some time past Song Wah, a son of land of rice and starch has been conducting a washee—washee business on Charlotte, near St James street. He has lately been annoyed by some very bad boys in that vicinity. Forebearance on the celestial's part in time gave away to a spirit of revenge. The crash came on Wednesday night of this week when two young men persisted in plagueing the Chinaman and throwing missiles at him. John became enraged and picking up a small sized axe chased the young citizens to their respective door ways on Britain street. John's way of getting justice savors much of the land of the Boxers, but he thought it was the only way he could obtain redress as the policemen on the beat did not seem able to cope with the miscreants who had taken possession of his premises.

Fast Skaters.

The match races between Parker and Duffy are occasioning much interest among the sporting fraternity, each have now won a race and the third one is excitedly looked forward to. Both are very fast skaters and give a fine exhibition of speed and endurance. Both have numerous friends and backers and consequently excitement runs high.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Shadows of Darkness. The Queen of peace has passed away, She has life's second birth; Dark shadows fall across our way, There's evil on the earth. Great nations stand and look aghast, The night clouds show no star; The signs of strife are rising fast, Soon comes the world's great war. The lust of greed and gold is great, It overcomes the good; About the highest seats of state, Cain seeks his brother's blood. The fire of the Lord goes out, On altars dark with tears; Where angry men in madness shout, And Angels stand in tears. The flaming sword of Eden's gate, Shall be unsheathed anew; And Prophets, Priests and Kings of hate Give way to teachers true. Religion on the earth long bound, In cruel chains and fire; Her cry of freedom shall resound And every soul inspire. Great faith can never bud and bloom, 'Till unity of soul; Around a dead past's sullen tomb, Shall welcome love's control. The secret, haunts of unbelief, Where virtue seemed to reign; Shall there disown their vanquished chief, Who ne'er shall rise again. The spirit's sword is sharply drawn. It shall go through the earth; Before the great Millennial dawn, When peace at last has birth. Then faith shall rise o'er mammoth's greed, And to the Son of Man; Shall be Himself His people's creed, As when His day began. The tyrant's crown from off his head, Shall fall before the blow; And truth long slain and left for dead, Shall resurrection know, True spiritual light shall shine, In every gladdened heart; Directly from the source divine, The Lord's own counterpart. CYPRUS GOLDB. New York.

Sunday Afternoons. From the window of the chapel softly sounds an organ's note, Through the wintry Sabbath gloaming drifting shreds of music float. And the quiet and the firelight and the sweetly humming tones, Bear me dressing back to boyhood and its Sunday afternoons; When we gathered in the parlor, in the parlor stiff and grand, Where the haircloth chairs and sofas stood arrayed, a gloomy band, Where the queer oil portrait watched us with a countenance of wood, And the shells upon the whatnot in a dustless splendor stood. Then the quaint old parlor organ, with the quaver in its tongue, Seemed to tremble in its fervor as the sacred songs were sung. And we sang the homely anthems, sang the glad revival hymns Of the glory of the story and the light no sorrow dims. While the dusk grew even deeper and the evening settled down, And the lamp lit windows twinkled in the drowsy Old and young we sang the chorus and the echoes told it o'er In the dear familiar voices, hushed or scattered evermore. From the windows of the chapel faint and low the music dies, And the picture in the firelight fades before my tear dimmed eyes, But my wistful fancy, listening, hears the night wind hum the tunes That we sang there in the parlor on those Sunday afternoons. —Joe Lincoln.

A Muscular Musician. Our Jane has always had the craze To play as Paderewski plays, And that she has acquired his ways We have evidence bombastical. For our piano wildly quakes With daily epileptic shakes The while she therapeutically takes Her exercise gymnastical. No sooner doth she get her pose Than she each trained extensor throws Upon the keys with blows on blows Surprisingly herculean: She pivots here, she pivots there, Lands knock out punches everywhere, Till the floor creaks all the while, 'E'en to the vaults certulian. Crescendos on crescendos chase For a moment of the keyboard's face, And when with tutti forza brace She climbs the heights vociferous, We mount our wheels and ride away Ten miles beyond her maddest play, Yet do we hear at close of day, Her volleying sonitons.

In at the Birth. There was quite a commotion all over the west When Bryan's new paper was born. A breeze from the south rose and blew at its best When Bryan's new paper was born. The ominous clouds in the heavens took flight. The little stars twinkled and gave out more light Than ever they did, on that glorious night When Bryan's new paper was born. The tall ghost of Jackson was seen but not heard When Bryan's new paper was born; And Jefferson's ashes were visibly stirred When Bryan's new paper was born. The earth for a moment abandoned all strife, Fierce enemies brieft the hatchet and knife. And Liberty struck for a new lease of life When Bryan's new paper was born. 'Twas wisdom at last without any alloy. When Bryan's new paper was born; All nature rejoiced with a fullness of joy When Bryan's new paper was born; Great comfort it brought to the man with the plough— But bibles remarked with a sorrowful brow, 'O what in this world will become of me now?' When Bryan's new paper was born.

The ice seemed to melt in the Loup and the Platte When Bryan's new paper was born; Friend, J. Sterling Morton smiled blandly therat When Bryan's new paper was born; I was not a prophet—so let us all wait For final results in the nation and State; But everything seemed to be doing first rate When Bryan's new paper was born. In Winter. When the north winds blow with might, Rushing out from frozen skies; When the frost lends sharpest bite, When the snow the deepest lies; Then my fire gives taut for taut, Louder crackles, fiercer burns; At its voice of fire the gusts Wisterlike to summer turn. So for me a fireplace trace, In whose glow red mines I see Gnome and elf my bidding do, Delving after wealth for me, And a book where knights of old, Face and damose ride for— Work your worst, O kites of cold! Rage O demons of the North.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER ABSOLUTELY PURE Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

Keeping the Waiters Honest. Travellers in Mexico find much to be desired in the matter of hotels and restaurants, unless they happen to be admirers of Spanish-American cooking. To obtain a homelike cuisine, a recent visitor from New York became a daily patron of one of the numerous 'American restaurants,' presided over by a Missourian, who, avowedly, had not moved to the sister republic altogether in pursuit of health. His business had thrived to such an extent that in a few months he found himself employing perhaps a score of waiters, representing fugitive Spaniards, 'greasers,' Indians, ex-cowboys, half-breeds, and other specimens of the human family not famous for exactitude in accounts.

During meal hours the hawk-eyed Missourian seemed to keep a vigilant watch over every part of the place. No reckoning was made of the articles furnished a waiter, whose habit it was, when a patron had completed his meal, to jot down a slip of paper the charge for each dish served, as represented by the empty plates on the table.

Collecting the sum due, the waiter would hand memorandum and money to the proprietor, who sat perched in his serie behind the counter. The Missourian would then aim his vision at the table, however distant, and pretend to verify the tally. After this he would scrutinize the waiter in a manner meant to penetrate his very soul, move his lips as if computing figures, loudly strike the bell in his cash register and deposit the coins in the till.

The New Yorker, one day, happened to look into the register through the open top, thought it strangely lacking in 'works' and spoke to the restaurateur about it. 'Gosh!' said he. 'How did you get onto it that the thing has no innards?'

'Any one with a knowledge of mechanical affairs could see that with half an eye,' was the answer.

'I suppose that is so,' continued the proprietor, 'for it hasn't a thing inside it but the bell, and I had that put in. But the empty case is just as good for my business as if it was a sure enough register.'

'How is that?'

'Well, it keeps my waiters honest. They're wonderfully impressed with anything out of the ordinary that comes from the States, and are so positive in their belief that their is something magical about this contrivance that I picked up at an auction,—something that would tell in a second if they were holding out on me,—that I get every cent coming to me. I'll bet this old thing is worth a hundred dollars a week to me. Anyway, I don't want to be in business in Mexico City without it.'

Good Advice. Mr. M. B. Thrasher, in his little book called "Tuekegee," quotes some sound sense in the frequently repeated advice of Booker T. Washington to students, either his own or of other schools.

Learning is of no use to you unless it makes you better able to live. The knowledge you require from books is of no use only as you apply it. Young man, use your geometry in helping your father lay out his cotton rows, your chemistry in showing him how to raise better crops. Young woman, use your chemistry in helping your mother to cook and wash, your skill in embroidery to assist her in the family mending.

Young man, when you go home from school tonight, put on your overalls and say:

'Father, go and sit in the shade and rest, while I hoe the crop or do the milking.'

Young woman, tie on an apron and say: 'Mother, you must be tired. Sit down and rest while I wash or iron or get the supper.'

Fit for Fat. The diners at a popular New York restaurant are said to have had the privilege of witnessing an amusing little incident one evening not long ago.

An Anglicized young man seated himself at a table at which there was only one other person, a writer well known throughout the country, but evidently a stranger to the new comer.

The writer is a man whose dress is always fastidiously neat, but by no means fashionable in cut or expensive in material. When the young man took his seat, the writer glanced up at him, and seeing that it was no one whom he knew, returned to his study of the bill of fare. The young man languidly placed his

monocle in his eye, and screwing up his face to keep the glass in position, treated the other guest at the table to a prolonged stare.

The stare ended abruptly, however, for suddenly the writer looked up. Quick as thought he seized an empty tumbler, and applying it to his right eye, stared gravely through its bottom at his vis-a-vis.

The monocle was dropped in a very few seconds, and then the tumbler was replaced on the table. But the young Anglo-maniac's face was crimson, while that of the writer remained grave and unmoved, and through the dining-room rustled the sound of something that suggested repressed merriment.

Do Not Misquote Figures.

Some advertisers are using the Inland Revenue Department's recent official report upon baking powders to show the comparative strength and qualities of these articles as they are sold in the Dominion. It is not fair, however, either to the Analysts or to the public in making this use of the official figure that they should be misquoted, as it is alleged has been done in some instances.

The following figures are copied from official report printed by the Canadian Government and show correctly, as per that document, the relative strength value of the baking powders named. The analyses in all cases were made by the Government Analysts:—

Table with 2 columns: Name of powder, Percentage of available leavening gas. Includes Royal, Cleveland's, Dearborn's, Imperial, and Magic.

These tests should set the baking powder question at rest.—Montreal Pharmaceutical Journal.

Curling Champions.

The St. John Thistles and the Fredericton Curlers stand at the head of the game in New Brunswick. Both clubs have had a very successful season, each losing but one game. The Thistles defeated the Fredericton men in this city and Thursday the latter turned the tables on their opponents at the Celestial. The two clubs should now play a third game for the championship of the Province.

Miss Murray's Death.

By the death of Miss F. E. Murray, St. John loses one of its leading advocates in all good works. Her life was given up to christianity and no death could have been felt more among the women christian workers of this city. The deceased died very suddenly this week and the news of her death has a severe shock to her many friends and the city generally.

Young and Old Men That Board.

Let us impress upon you that we replace the neck band on your shirt, when it is worn out. Darn your socks, sew buttons on your garments, repair your shirts, when it needs it, all free. No saw edge collar, sent out by us. Uagers Laundry Dyeing and carpet cleaning works, Telephone 58.

Not Any For Him.

Cholly—Old chappie, why don't you have a pair of these rubber heels put on your shoes?

Tweddy—It would be too much trouble to keep them inflated, deah boy.

Interesting.

'Did you have an interesting literary club meeting, Alice?'

'Oh, yes; every woman there was working on a new pattern of battenberg lace.'

Lucky the Boss Was Out.

'Is the boss in?' asked the stranger, entering the drug store.

'No,' replied the absentminded clerk, 'but we have something just as good.'

Father—I shouldn't like to see you marry that Mr. Pincpenny.

Daughter—Why, father?

Father—Well, I've noticed that he's very close.

Daughter—Why, father, how did you notice that? Surely you haven't been spying on us?

Miss Swelltop—Our piano is somewhat in need of tuning, but will you not play for us, count?

Count Spolatro (absent-mindedly)—Weeza pleasure. Where ezza da handle?

'How did your daughter's voice scare that burglar so?'

'She got off her college yell at him.'