

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

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HIS FUTURE CAREER.

King Edward the Seventh succeeds to one, who in many respects was the greatest sovereign the world has ever had. It is evident then that the position to which he has just attained is no easy one.

It is certainly a pleasant thing to note that these who prophesy a good career for the new King, base their prophecy not so much on past training and education.

The Prince of Wales from the outset understood his limitations. Never once did he attempt to bring out the old bogey of the royal prerogative, although he spoke and acted constantly in the name of the sovereign, who only reigned.

For forty years the Prince of Wales made speeches for the Queen. For six months of every year he has had a list of engagements for every day in this fatiguing never-ending work.

The world expects, in fact, a many sided King. One who would specialize himself and become a man of literary pursuits or absorbed in art, or a man of science would be a failure.

We may expect in the future the same tact and wisdom that is a part of the tact and the same prudent views of men and affairs that forty years of public life have given the King.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY, the writer, who is able to speak perhaps with better judgment than others, in a lengthy article concludes with the remarks that "he undoubtedly has made himself very popular by his frequent presence and genial ways at all manner of public entertainments and ceremonials which had anything to do with

charitable or educational purpose. He has encouraged literature, art and industry by readiness to take a part in every public gathering, which had to do with the promotion of such objects.

On the whole I am not inclined to indulge in any dreary forebodings about the reign."

Basing our belief then on the history of his life as Prince of Wales, may we not all feel confident that the new King will reflect credit on the British Empire and that at the end of his reign all may join in saying well done good and faithful Sovereign.

Women as sovereigns have often been extraordinarily successful. There is some thing in the traditions of history and the influence of events which in a mysterious way prepares great nations to submit to the sway of a woman, even when others of her sex of the same nationality are exposed to all the disabilities of tradition and custom.

A judge in Crawfordsville, Indiana, has disfranchised fifty voters who were found guilty of selling their votes at the last election. "It is a fundamental principle of law," said the judge, "that an agent who has betrayed his trust can be removed and the power invested in him revoked.

Professional Eaters.

One of the most striking customs of the past that are preserved by the Indians of today is found among the tribes on the Devil's Lake Reservation in North Dakota.

From time immemorial the Devil's Lake Sioux have adhered to an old custom in regard to the treatment of a guest. According to their etiquette, it is the bounden duty of the host to supply his guest with all the food he may desire, and as a rule the appointment set before the visiting Indian is much in excess of the capacity of a single man.

But by the same custom, the guest is obliged to eat all that is placed before him else he grossly insults his entertainer. It was found that this practice would work a hardship, but instead of dispensing with the custom, the Indian method of reasoning was applied, and what is known as the professional eater was brought to the front.

"While the guest is supposed to eat all that is placed before him, it serves the same purpose if his neighbor assists in devouring the bountiful repast, the main object being to have the plate clean when the meal is finished.

"It is not always practicable to depend upon a neighbor at table to assist in getting away with a large dinner, and in order to insure the final consumption of the allotted portion, visiting Indians call upon these professional eaters, whose duty it is to sit beside them through a meal and eat what the guest leaves.

"The professional eaters are never looked upon in the light of guests, but more as travelling companions with a particular duty to perform.

"These eaters receive from one dollar to two dollars and even three dollars for each meal where they assist. It is stated by the agent at the Devil's Lake Reservation that one of the professional eaters has been known to dispose of seventeen pounds of beef at a sitting. That they are capable of eating an almost fabulous amount, I myself can testify."

"What are you folks in the country preparing to do the year?" inquired the business man. "The summer boarder, as usual," replied the candid farmer.

THE BOYS OF THE OVERLAND.

Long rails of steel in the sunlight glisten, The winding trains through the valley roll, The hardy settlers no longer frown For India yells with a fear of soul!

All dead are the echoes of long whips snapping, Held firmly in drivers' buckskin hands, The great wheels over the bonniers rattling Or biting their way through the drifting sands,

Ah, those were the days that tried men's metal, That tried the bottom of nervy steeds, When the Mustangs all were in silken fetters, The wheelers, swings and the dancing leads.

Some lie 'neath the sod of the old Platte valley A death-sickness that knows no dream, Near the trail where they oft an Indian sally Threw cutting silk to their frightened teams!

The lines o'er the backs of a flying team When the reds were waiting on every hand For the boys who drove on the Overland!

The Lighthouse Children.

I'dy we rowed across the bay, The tide was calm, and the wind was fair, We drifted in past the jagged rocks, To the lighthouse, and anchored there.

In the lonely brightness of sea and sky It seemed like some far enchanted isle, Where the footsteps of man had never been, And good spirits kept watch the while.

Along the sands, and the upward path, To the lighthouse door we made our way; There in the blinding shadows sat Three children at happy play.

There was no one else, on the island's space No other mortal, from sea to sea; The winds and the waves and the skies were all— And the suburban children three.

Unstartled, fearless, a lovely group! Brown cheeks, brown eyes, and brows tangled curls— And the suburban children three.

We were friends as soon as we smiled and talked, We were children too. For a long sweet hour We sat on the sands and played with them, In the shade of the lighthouse tower.

"Father and sister had rowed to town, And love, and soft them; yet not far, so near, A lonely mound showed a lone soldier's grave."

Oh, strong, pure faith! She had given them life, And love, and soft them; yet not far, so near, Was the yearning strength of the mother's heart, Ta at her children could not fear.

The wild waste seemed like a hollow spot, And we lingered till the sun went down, Nor pushed from the shore till we saw, at last, The boat coming back from town.

And often I think of that golden day, The lighthouse rising against the sky, The lonely grave, and the small brown hands That waved us a last good-bye!

The Dustman.

The dustman comes with a cart by day And carries the bins on his back, But at night he goes in a hood of gray And a mantle of misty black.

In the dusty street, in the downy grass He solemnly steps on his way, But you never, never can see him pass, For he keeps in the shadows gray.

He calls to the dear little sleepy heads, "It's getting exceedingly late, Did you know it was half past eight?"

In an old inn, A jolly old landlord and a blizng fire— Without the snow—the sleet, Let the bleak winter wreak his heart's desire!

While fast the shadows of the night are falling No comfort shall we lack; For is not Falstaff from a corner calling: "Sirrah, a cup of sack!"

It is no time for grief—for melancholy; Great tales there are to tell, The "Suzanna Knight" drinks with the friar jolly— Not from Saint Dunstan's well!

Care is a river, but we've crossed the ferry To where the bright fields bloom; Chaucer comes in with tales of Canterbury: Room for the old man—room!

He scarce hath told the tale—sweet in the telling, Ere a glad eye discerns A gentler guest: a chorus glad is swelling: "For God, here's Bobby Burns!"

Was ever yet so wonderful a party? Dash down, O Wint'ry rain! Chink glasses, O my masters! drink ye hearty Until we meet again!

The Grip's Own Remedy.

I said to the grip: "O grip, cold grip, You're a terror, beyond a doubt, And whoever you touch with your clammy clutch Is a luck if he ever gets out."

I said to the grip: "O grip, cold grip, You are haunting the homes of men, And you made such a wreck of my last old neck That I haven't felt well since then."

I said to the grip: "O grip, cold grip, Is there any specific remedy, And you made such a wreck of my last old neck That I haven't felt well since then."

Then the cold grip lifted its icy head And, with a shrill voice said: "Stay two weeks in bed And you'll live—but you ought to die."

Chairs Re-seated Oano, Epitaph Personal ed, Duval, 17 Waterloo

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

SEDGWICK AND THE FORAGER.

The Way a General Punished an Infraction of Rules.

As the veterans at a recent G. A. R. reunion were sitting about the camp-fire the two following anecdotes were related by men who were eye-witnesses to the occurrences, during the spring of 1861.

Shortly after General Grant was appointed colonel of the Twenty-first Illinois Regiment, a few ruffians in his command attempted to instigate a mutiny. He could easily have had them put in irons, for a majority of the regiment were well disciplined; but he was also a stranger to his men, and knowing that they were watching him closely, he resolved to give them a lesson they would not forget.

Instead of intrusting the punishment of the mutineers to other hands, he stripped off his coat, and seizing one of the ringleaders gave him a sound thrashing, after which he dealt with two others in the same manner. Then he sent them to the guard-house, and had no further trouble in maintaining discipline.

This story was told to illustrate the fact that an example of personal courage and firmness will often make a deeper impression upon men than any number of words, inspiring them at once with fear and admiration.

Another story in the same line being called for, a scarred old veteran, who claimed to have been one of the "five hundred soldiers halted on the road," related an anecdote of General Sedgwick, or "Uncle John," as the old soldier called him, who was killed at Spottsylvania Court-House on May 9, 1864, while commanding the Sixth Army Corps.

During the Maryland campaign of September, 1862, strict orders that had been issued against foraging along the line of march. The peach crop was ripe, and the sight of the wayside orchards heavily laden with delicious fruit proved a great temptation to the weary soldiers. But orders were orders, and must be obeyed.

One striding hot day, while the troops of his division were halted for their noon day meal, General Sedgwick, unattended by his staff, came riding down the line. His clothes were dusty and travel stained, bearing no insignia of rank, and he looked more like a wagon master than a major general. In an orchard beside the road he espied a private of artillery, comfortably seated on a high branch, eating peaches. Leaving the turnpike, Sedgwick rode to the foot of the tree and called out, gently but firmly:

"My man, come down from there!"

The artilleryman looked down, and seeing only what he took to be an officious wagon master, laughed and continued his meal.

"My man, come down from there, I say!" repeated Sedgwick. At this artilleryman became angry.

"Well, I will come down," he shouted, beginning to scramble from his perch, "but you'll be sorry for it, you cheap mule driver!"

Although the artilleryman was not of Sedgwick's command, five hundred soldiers of his division out on the road were interested spectators of the scene. The general was a large man, but as the culprit dropped to the ground it became apparent that he was the taller of the two by several inches, and a man of tremendous physique.

Sedgwick gave him time to recover his feet, and then, as he rushed forward, swearing volubly, the general's arm shot out and the soldier fell over in a heap. He was up again in an instant, angrier than ever, but only to receive another blow, which sent him down once more. After this operation had been repeated several times, he grew weary of the struggle, and lay quiet on the ground.

"Now, my man," remarked Sedgwick, mildly, "go back to your command, and don't let me find you disobeying orders again."

So saying, he mounted his horse and rode away, followed by the cheers and laughter of his troops. After he had gone the artilleryman slowly rose and limped over to the road.

"Who is that chap?" he demanded. "That is Major-General John Sedgwick, replied some one.

"Well, you fellows are lucky!" said the vanquished forager. "I wish I belonged to your division. There's a man that's fit to go into action with."

Why Does Sap Ascend. Prof. S. H. Vines, president of the Sec-

tion of Botany in the British Association, referred in a recent address to the force by which water is raised from the roots to the topmost leaf of a lofty tree, and remarked that it must be regretfully confessed that one more century has closed without bringing a solution of the old problem of the ascent of the sap.

Alcohol and Health.

Few questions at the present day are capable of arousing more bitterness of dispute than that concerning the effect of alcohol upon the human system. Some assert that its daily use in moderation is, if not essential, at least beneficial to health, while others hold that the word moderation is inapplicable to the use of wine even in the most minute quantities.

Science, which is impartial and seeks facts alone, without regard to their possible application, does not hold to either of these views in its entirety, but inclines rather to the side of the total abstainers. It does not regard alcohol as a food in the sense that it can be taken regularly as a substitute for the albumens, the fats and the starches of ordinary food; but it does say that it may act as such, in the absence of other food, for a short time, and that its use may in an emergency be life-saving.

This is practically placing alcohol with the drugs—substances which may be useful in sickness, but are injurious in health; and that is really where it belongs.

It is a common belief that a drink of whisky or brandy is warming, but the reverse is the fact. Alcohol dilates the blood vessels of the surface, and so makes the skin feel warm, but at the same time radiation of heat from the surface is increased and the temperature of the body is lowered. The action of alcohol is also to lower the vital processes by causing a slow oxidation of the waste products.

For these two reasons it is often a useful remedy in fevers, especially as it may spur up the heart to increased action for a time, and so enable the system to tide over a critical period. It may even be useful to prevent a cold when the body has been chilled, provided the exposure is passed, by restoring the equilibrium of the circulation. But in these and other cases the remedy is employed to meet an emergency—a very different thing from its habitual use.

The very fact of its interference with the oxidation of the tissues of the body causes a depression of the vital forces, and so of the resisting power of the organism to invasion by disease germs. And here practice supports theory, for it is a fact of common observation that under equal conditions of exposure the habitual drinker almost always succumbs sooner than the abstainer.

New Century Jokes.

Mr. Dyker lights, to Pat, who is scorching—"Pat, that 's a rather rickety wheel to be riding over the cobble stones so recklessly."

Pat O'Hoolahan (perspiringly)—"Arrah! Oi know it ser. Oi'm hurryin' as fast as iver Oi can, so as to get home before it do break down under me."

Mr. Van Pelt—"I understand your house caught on fire out at Drearydale, yesterday. Was it much of a conflagration?"

Mr. Hempstead—"Yes. A law should now be enacted making it illegal for a hunter to shoot more than two guides."

Mr. Easypayments—"No; as we don't publish a newspaper out at Drearydale it wasn't even an 'incipient blaze,' but just a small, plain fire."

Mr. Midwood—"It is only fair limiting two deer to each hunter in the Adirondacks."

Molten Wood.

Forest Inspector DeGall of Lemur, France has invented a substance called 'molten wood.' It is produced by submitting wood to a process of dry distillation and high pressure whereby the escape of gases is prevented. After cooling, the mass resembles coal, except that it is without organic structure. It is hard and can be shaped and polished. It is said to be a perfect non-conductor of electricity.