

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUG. 17

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

THE CHINESE INDEMNITY.

When the Chinese government, early in June, agreed to pay the full indemnity demanded by the powers, the next question was the manner in which payment should be made.

China could not borrow the money on her own credit. Precisely as an individual whose commercial rating is not good needs a strong indorser to his notes before he can realize money on them, so the bonds of China must be guaranteed by some other nation.

It was proposed that the powers should guarantee the bonds jointly. The plan was favored by the powers whose credit is poor because it promised the best possible security with the minimum of risk.

The only alternative was that each power should guarantee its own share of the bonds, and market them as it chose. But when this plan was decided on, a new difficulty arose.

Japan then withdrew its claim, choosing to suffer the loss rather than prolong the negotiations. So the long deadlock was broken.

CRISPI.

The death of SIG CRISPI, the eminent Italian statesman, was not unexpected. For several days past cable despatches have indicated that the end was only a question of very brief time.

SIG. CRISPI was indisputably a man of no mean talents for government. He was prime minister of the Kingdom of Italy at a critical epoch, when the responsibility of his share in the triple alliance made Italy's position abroad increasingly difficult to maintain.

Very serious accusations were made at one time, not remote, against SIG. CRISPI's personal integrity.

He was charged with using his great office for illegitimate gain, and with having profited connived at the dishonesty of government bank officials; whereby vast sums of money were lost by depositors and stockholders.

Probably it is impossible for foreigners, at any rate for people in another hemisphere, to pass judgment on the question of CRISPI's guilt or innocence, without liability to error, through lack of knowledge in reliable detail.

Care in the wording of a will is something which can never safely be neglected. A man who died lately in New York left his house "with furniture and contents," to his wife.

Sober business men are saying that we have come round again to the day of small profits. As a matter of fact, that day has a ways been here and always must be.

"The sound of a kiss is not as loud as that of a cannon," remarked the Professor at the Breakfast Table, but its echo lasts a deal longer. Lately it seems to last before it begins.

At a recent college occasion in India Lord CURZON, the viceroy, told the young people that 'to be without education in the twentieth century would be as if a knight of the feudal ages had been stripped of helmet, spear and coat of mail.'

The Talcott Girls.

A young minister, recently settled over a Massachusetts parish, has already learned the lesson that age is not a positive but a comparative term.

His parishioners are scattered over a large area and he has not yet seen them all, although he has made as many calls as his other duties permit.

She was delighted to see him, and when he arose to go, after a long call, she told him how much pleasure he had given her. 'Now I want you to see the girls,' she said, earnestly, 'the Talcott girls.'

'I certainly will try to go there soon,' said the young minister, and when he met one of the deacons of the church on his way home he spoke of the old lady's request.

'I think I don't know the girls by sight,' said the young man, 'but I didn't wish to hurt the old lady's feelings by saying so. Where do they sit?'

'In the last pew but one in the gallery,' he said. But I hardly think you would recognize them as girls. Miss Emily is sixty-one and Miss Frances sixty-three, according to the records.

A Clerical Wit.

After a church conference held a few days ago, two brother ministers had a friendly tilt, regarding the meaning of a certain passage in one of Shakespeare's plays. They could not come to an understanding and one of them remarked jokingly: 'Oh, well, brother, I will ask Shakespeare when I meet him in heaven!'

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

News of the Passing Week.

State comptroller of the currency in Washington has declared a dividend of 25 per cent. in favor of the creditors of the insolvent South Danvers National bank of Peabody, Mass.

The Court Circular, London, announces that King Edward, when receiving Count Von Walderssee in audience at Homburg invested him with the military grand cross of the order of the Bath.

John Fitzsimmons, a laborer, aged 40 years, met a terrible death at Brookfield, Colchester county, N. S. Monday. He was eating his dinner, when a piece of meat lodged in his throat.

Charles White, James Whitney, and Edgar Lane were drowned in the Galup rapids, near Ogdensburg, N. Y., Monday afternoon by the sinking of the private yacht Rhea. Whitney, who was the owner of the yacht, had as guests on board the boat, Lane and White, Hugh Raney, the Misses Whitney and Misses McParson.

Gov. Longino, Jackson, Miss., is in receipt of a letter from circuit Judge Larkin of Greenville, announcing it is to be his purpose to hold a special term of the circuit court of Washington county on the second Monday in September for the purpose of bringing to justice the assassins of the Italian murderer at Erwin in Washington county last July.

The government at St. Johns, N. F. has received an intimation from Mr. Chamberlain, secretary of the state for the colonies, that the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York will visit New Foundland Oct. 21.

The four-masted iron bark Drumalis' Capt. Whalen, from Liverpool, G. B., for New York with a cargo of 2,000 tons of chalk struck on Cape Ledge, two miles off Cape Sable, near Barrington, N. S., at 9 o'clock on Sunday night during a dense fog and will probably become a total wreck.

The pope in Rome was informed of the death of Signor Crispi only Monday morning. He exclaimed: 'Providence has evidently really decreed that I shall be the last of my generation to go. Well, Crispi was a good fighter.' A few moments later the pope was on his knees at his prie dieu, praying for the soul of his ancient enemy.

The government was defeated in the house of commons, London, Monday night in the course of the debate on the factory bill. The House supported by 163 to 141 a proposal opposed by the government that textile factories should close at noon instead of 1 o'clock p. m., as now. The opposition and the Irish members cheered wildly.

Ass't. Postmaster John G. Pole and his family while attempting to cross a mountain stream about six miles from Lexington Va., were swept down by the waters of a cloudburst, Sunday afternoon, and three daughters, aged from one to eight years, drowned. Mr. Pole and a daughter about three years old escaped. The bodies were recovered.

The Plant line steamer Halifax, which was beached almost under the walls of Fort Warren, Boston, after being on a ledge off Minot's Light Monday morning, was fast aground on an easy bottom at night. After all the passengers and much of their baggage had been landed at the company's wharf at noon, a fleet of lighters and tugs was sent down to salvage the cargo preparatory to an attempt to get the steamer afloat.

Civil Gov. Taft will in the immediate future reduce the police force of Manila by one-half. At present there are 1300 policemen for the city whose population only numbers 250,000 souls. The governor considers 600 policemen sufficient. In the event of serious trouble the military forces will be called upon. Gen. Ludington, quartermaster general, has arrived on the transport Grant. He will probably

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make a tour of the islands. He says he is immensely gratified with the record of his department in the Philippines and in China.

Last week Dr. Sinclair, of Halifax spent four hours with Sydney Locke, at Shelburne, making an examination as to his insanity.

Mrs. Shepherd, New Glasgow, saved her little boy from drowning, but she sank in the water and was drowned.

The Halifax Board of Trade has a proposal before it to abolish the 21st June holiday, by merging it in the 1st July. 21st June celebrates the founding of the city. It is inconvenient to have two holidays so near each other.

At Amherst a young man by the name of Trenholm was seriously injured by the bursting of an old muzzle-loading gun Thursday.

800 or 900 horses will be shipped to South Africa this month. Large quantities of hay also will be exported to the same quarter.

The Dominion government lobster hatchery at Caribou, N. S., this season has put out 100,000,000 lobsters along the coast of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island.

There have been destructive forest fires in Cumberland County and elsewhere in Nova Scotia.

The barn of Angus McKenzie, two miles from Truro, was burned Thursday by incendiaries. The season's hay cut was lost, also a horse, harness, wagon, etc. Uninsured.

Arctic fishermen have arrived at Vardoe, bringing eight survivors of the exploring ships Stroemmers and Familien, both of which were crushed in the near Nova Zembla. Their crews managed to reach a small island and with exception of six men who attempted to escape to the southward and have not since been heard of were rescued after 14 days.

Telegrams from Rome say nothing like the heat which is scorching Italy has been known within living memory. The vineyards in whole districts have been shriveled up and ruined to the very roots.

The carpenters of Winnipeg have struck, between 400 and 500 going out.

New and important discoveries of iron have been reported to the department of crown lands as having been made in Thunder Bay districts, to the east of Lake Nipigon. Two distant veins have been found.

At Sturgeon's Falls, Ont., Thursday, an explosion of dynamite resulted in the killing of these men and the wounding of several others. The dead men are all Italians.

At Flesherton, Thursday Mrs. Wm Buchanan and her six-year old daughter fell into an old well and both were drowned. The family had only recently taken up their residence on the farm and were unaware of the existence of the well.

On the Fraser river there is one of the great salmon runs on record. All the canneries are stocked up with as many fish as they can handle, and the big canneries are working over time.

The companies promoting railway lines through Muquodobit, eastward towards Guysboro, and from New Glasgow to Guysboro, have combined.

Corporal Golding of the Royal Canadian Regiment was found drowned in Halifax harbour Monday. He took cramps while swimming.

Halifax custom receipts for July decreased \$8,500, as compared with July 1900 They were \$109,158.

Bernard McLeod, the four-year old son of Doctor R. G. McLeod was drowned at North Sydney a few days ago. He was playing with another boy about the same age, near the slip and accidentally fell in.

Do you believe in short or long engagements? asked Miss Frocks of Miss Kittish. Short engagements and plenty of them, was the reply.

The maid was shampooing little Dorothy's hair. Dorothy, where does your mamma get her hair shampooed? Generally at home.

And what does she do when she doesn't have it shampooed at home? Oh, she sends it to the cleaners.

To a Turquoise. Paludal, glum, with misdirected legs, You hide your history as you do your eggs, And offer as an excuse one crack Much harder than the shell upon your back. No evolutionist has ever guessed, Why your cold shoulder is within your chest— Why you were contented with a plan The vertebrates accept; from fish to man, For what environment did you provide By pushing your internal frame outside? How came your ribs in this abnormal place? Inside your rubber neck you hide your face And answer not, To science you're a sphinx— A structural epitome of missing links; And when decapitated, still swell And kick and claw and scramble just as well. But I'll not plague thee. Even here I find A touch of fellowship that makes me kind Sometimes a poet who has lost his head Will keep on scribbling when he should be dead.

To a Heroine. There was a time when you, fair maid Wore languishing and gentle, Your heart quite ruled your head And you were sentimental; You had the most enchanting way Of falling in a swoon Just as the hero on the scene Slept—not one wail too soon, A trifle frivolous you were Perhaps a bit flirtatious, But gentle to the last degree, And fascinating—gracious; No more in ringlets curl your hair, For curls are out of fashion, And with them fading, too, has gone; You now fly in a passion.

At the mere thought of sentiment; The dead now rules the heart Since novel writers, one and all Have given you the part. O tell the writers of to day We're tired of blunder houses, Of ladies fair in man's attire; Of massacres and fuses; Give us an old time love affair With maiden sweetie coy, We want a tender loving girl And not a rough tomboy. We're tired of the dashing maid, We want a girl who wears curls, We want a girl with fluffy hair And lovely, big blue eyes. A little sweetheart made for love, A man of proper size, A novel full of sentiment— Not history in disguise.

When Katie Plays. When Katie plays the violin I tremble and go daff! It isn't that the music whirrs My senses in melodious swirls, But her dimpled cheeks show Such graceful handling of the bow— She's mistress of her craft, When tucked beneath her saucy chin Taen I adore the violin. When Katy plays the violin The parrot in his cage Goes into spasms as the strings Express unutterable joys Then from a nerve sublime he dares To mimic those select features, By shrieking on his rage. The cat and dog increase the din, But I adore the violin. When Katie plays the violin It makes a dreadful noise! But oh, those dear artistic charms, The music of her dimpled arms, There's invitation in her face, Her head thrown back with reckless grace— A kiss in equivoque. Now I've confessed—absolve the sin— Why I adore the violin.

Specialist—Your nerves are affected; you need exercise; walk to business every day.

Sick Man—I do walk to business every day.

Specialist—You do? Well you ought to have more sense—that's what ails you—overstrain. Now, behave yourself rationally and ride every day—\$10, please.—Chicago Record

Miss Elden—There are so many fast young men nowadays.

Miss Youngly—M'm—yes; you do seem to have difficulty in catching o.e.

Mr. Hardhead—I saved a big pile of money today.

Mrs. H.—That is lovely! How? Mr. H.—Instead of suing a man what he owed me I let him have it.

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