

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APR. 6.

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

JAPAN AND RUSSIA.

Whether Japan is talking too much, or not, is a question that cannot be decided at this distance without knowing how much, if any, secret backing up that plucky little island empire is getting from other powers. But we suspect that whatever aid and comfort Japan thus receives is more delusive than reliable. We are afraid that if worst comes to worst those other powers will find that they have pressing engagements elsewhere, and will leave Japan to confront alone the rugged Russian bear.

The empire of the Mikado is no match, by land or sea, for the empire of the Czar. This is said in all friendliness to the plucky little bantam, which crows perhaps somewhat too loudly, but is wonderfully attractive and deserving of admiration nevertheless.

It is true that Japan has made a degree of progress within these 20 years past to which history presents no parallel. It is true that Japan very lately thrashed China so badly that the empire of 400,000,000 people got on her knees and sued for peace to the empire of 40,000,000 people, and was glad and grateful to get peace on the latter's terms. It is true that Japan's army and navy, as well as her churches and schools, and factories, and railways and bridges, and even her homes, have lately been reconstructed on the best American and European models.

All the same, and all the while, it remains true, too, that Russia is by land incomparably the most powerful warlike nation on the globe, and that by sea she compares favorably with any single nation of Europe excepting Great Britain. Russia has many more than 100,000,000 people. She can place 10,000,000 armed men in the field tomorrow.

Wherefore, though it may possibly be good policy on Japan's part to 'raas' the bear, if the lion and the (French) eagle other beasts and birds of prey approve, it will be wise to keep out of the reach of Adam Zad's paw, which, as Mr. Rudyard Kipling has feelingly described, does not leave much of a beauty spot on the countenance over which that paw passes.

THE SICK MAN OF AFRICA.

While the European powers are busy in China, and England has trouble of her own in South Africa, France little by little is edging in on Morocco. English naval authorities have called attention to this point before now. They point out that it is necessary that Morocco must be maintained in its integrity as a Moorish empire, or Gibraltar will become almost valueless. The building of the French railway in Algeria has to an extent diverted the caravan trade from Morocco to Algeria. To protect this railroad France has been stretching out to the west, encroaching little by little on the Sultan's domains. Scientific expeditions, equipped largely with the weapons of modern warfare, have been launched into south-eastern Morocco, and this has finally resulted in a gain to Algeria of a belt some 150 miles wide from the desert to the coast. Now, the trade returns from this section of Africa cannot repay France for the money and men which she is constantly expending in patrolling and protecting this territory, but if she hopes that ultimately Morocco may fall into her grasp the game may be worth the candle.

A glance at the map of Africa shows the strategic importance of Morocco from the Mediterranean standpoint. France has been accused before this of purposely stir-

ring up the desert tribes in order to get an excuse for still further inroads into the Sultan's territory. To day she is fighting the Hani Menia tribes below Figuig, a caravan junction well within the limits of Morocco. It is predicted that before long it will be found that France has been obliged to fortify Figuig for the sake, she will say, of protecting her own towns in Algeria. The Sultan of Morocco is generally looked upon as a hopeless young man, who will see his territory torn from him without much effort to protect himself. It remains, therefore, for Europe, or rather for Great Britain, the English naval authorities say, to check any further advances which threaten the integrity of the Moorish empire. France has done her work quietly, and while the trouble has been going on in South Africa she has pushed her campaigns vigorously. The future of British maritime supremacy may some day rest in the control of the gates of the Mediterranean. Now would seem to be the time to check France, and not allow her to gain a further foothold in northwest Africa by means of what has been called 'the ever shifting, ever advancing frontier of Algeria.'

CLOSURE.

By refusing to leave the House of Commons when a division was called for, forty or fifty Irish members of Parliament recently created a disturbance such as that historic chamber has rarely witnessed. The ground of their refusal was the application of 'closure' to a measure which they desired longer to debate; and as they persisted, it became necessary to summon the police and remove them by force.

On the last day of the session of the United States Senate one of the members defeated the river and harbor bill, a measure which carried appropriations of about fifty million dollars, by talking it to death, in other words, by prolonging his speech until the hour of adjournment.

The two cases are interesting as showing the difference in the customs of these two deliberative bodies.

In the House of Commons, when the party in power decides that a bill has been sufficiently debated, or that further discussion is intended merely for delay and obstruction, the leader moves that the question be put. It rests with the Speaker whether or not the motion shall be entertained; but if it is entertained and carried, further debate is shut off. That is 'closure.' The same end is reached in the United States House of Representatives by the operation of the 'previous question.' In the Senate there is no limit upon debate whatever.

The question which is the better way has often been raised and much debated. On the one side, it is urged that full and free discussion is the only assurance of sound legislation; on the other, that no one man or body of men in a minority should be permitted, by 'filibustering' under cover of the privilege of debate, to defeat the will of the majority. All that has resulted from the discussion so far is that each deliberative body follows the course which it considers best suited to the accomplishment of its own business.

Reports of the famine in Shensi, China, disclose conditions quite as terrible as those which have drawn the charity of the world to India during the last two years. No crops can be expected this year because the drought prevented sowing. Meantime, men and women fall in the fields and are devoured by wild beasts; and while China faces the penalties of the outrages committed by the Boxers against the foreigners, the only hands stretched out to help those starving peasants in Shensi are the hands of foreign missionaries.

The defense is now made more complete by a provision to keep mosquitoes from introducing germs of disease into the huge reservoirs which have been cut out of the side of the rock. Each tank is rendered mosquito proof by means of gauze wires. The millions of gallons of water, which a siege would render an important resource, may be reckoned among the assets of defensive works which are a symbol, the world over, for impregnability. Not even the mosquito will be permitted to capture the stronghold.

Mr. Bustin's Whereabouts.

While it may be hardly fair to conclude that Superintendent Bustin of the Reformatory has gone away with a woman whom he has been seen in company with the circumstances point strongly in that direction, Mr. Irvine, the secretary seems to have no doubt upon the subject and the boys confined in the institution took advantage of his absence to give the hard worked police a good chase around town.

'Do you want to hire some boys?' 'What can you do?' 'Well Billy kin sing an' I kin whistle, an' we'd liven yer old office up a whole lot.'

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Banners of the Glory of the Lord, No cause have we ever for mystical dreams, Nor need we sage science explore. To learn what the lights are whose loveliness gleams When the great north realms open their door. On their lance pointed arms as they swiftly advance And their many hues splendor afford What see we as upward and onward we glance, But the glory that loveth the Lord.

I see with the insight in silence revealed, From the glory celestial and grand; From all but the past for ages concealed, All the light of the heavenly land. All the lights of the North at the great trumpet's blast, When it swings out the pearl jeweled gate; The banners of glory their Lord that march past; Are born by his servants of state.

There out of the Temple of Jasper and gold, And the gilded foundations spring forth; The colors whose splendor the banners unfold, As Aurora moves out of the north. How brilliant are they as the dancers are seen, As a flame in their beauty they go, The blue of the same 'twixt clasping the green The carbuncle flashes to snow.

The sapphire follows the sardius red, The emerald and chalcidone shine; And by the blue sardius the chrysolite led, Keep the topaz and beryl in line. The chrysolite leadeth the sardius o'er Where cornelian tints border their glow, They show forth in dances and streamers galore, The glory we gaze on below.

Entrancing the sweep the vast acres of space, The twelve gates of pearl plate unite; In magnificent glory before the high place, Of Jehovah the father and founder of light. The crackle upending in many a ray, Of an opaline crystal and roseate glow As merrily meeting they cradle the day, In the luminous garments they show.

O never I gaze on that glistening fold, Of the tale bannered lance plants in one; But I think of the hosts of the northmen of old, Who watched them when daylight was done. Who saw their gay marches and pink 'twixt hues, Their tremulous glances on high; But I see away through them the beautiful views, In the city of God in the sky.

Where the obelisk points to the far starry zone; In the land of the still midnight sun; Where the pyramids saw the North star through a cone In the dawn of the earth days begun; These banners of glory the woot of the Lord, He has marshalled through long vanished years, Forever they honor His will and His word, Man cometh and disappears. N. Y. Observatory. CYPRUS GOLDBE.

A Soliloquy

The folding-bed raised up his head, And opened his mouth a-yawning; 'I'm sick of double life,' he said, 'From nightfall until dawning.' He cracked a bit, and muttered, 'Ouch! Would I be so unstable, Had I been born a permanent couch, Or an undivided table?'

'From morn 'till night,' through dark to light, Two dreary duties claim me, By day I am a bookcase dignified, At night a bed the name I bear. I trouble least in some sad hour, My task forgot, I should entangle my terrible dual power— That's why I act so wooden.

'Pray, don't blame me, Hereditic Is what makes me so shifty. I had a two-faced forbear, he Was made by a Puritan deity. He was a settle, firm and brown, To rest on him none was able. And when you turned his flat back down, He turned into a table.

'My forbear got reposed 'n state In a New England kitchen, Forewarnings of my dual fate, This ancestor was rich in. And with varnish and veneer, With gilt and gildesplendent, With knobs and scrolls your eye to cheer— I am his true descendant.'

So the folding-bed raised up his head, And opened his mouth a-yawning; 'I'm sick of double life,' he said, 'From nightfall until dawning.' He cracked a bit, and muttered, 'Ouch! Would I be so unstable, Had I been born a permanent couch, Or an undivided table?'

Days. A dull day, a drear day, A day of mist and rain That, 'tis among the sodden trees And whimpers at the pane; Ghim within and chill without— My ever, my only dear! Bright the day had been for me If only you were here.

A gay day, a May day— All the world aglow— Whisper of a wind aplay, Green of earth below; Song of bird and bloom of sun— My ever, my only dear! Bright the day had been for me With only you not here.

The new day, the blue day When you come again, Shall we care for sun or shine, Care for gloom or rain? Love with and love without— My ever, my only dear! Word of you and smile of you And all of Summer's here. —Theodosia Garrison.

Dancin' Round About Seguin. When the breakers roar like lions As they dash upon the rocks, An' the white gulls, breastin' ether, Rise in lively snowy flocks; An' the waves are racin' shoreward 'Zif each one was bound ter win; Then I like to see the whitecaps Dancin' round about Seguin.

With the combers soothin' sand heeps Along the edge of Popbam beach, An' the children diggin' cellars In the sand above their reach, With the bathers jumpin' rollers That are comin' in 'o' sea, There's all the world of happiness Along the shore for me. With the summer sails a-driftin' Along the line of outer blue, An' the pleasure boats a-skimmin' In the nearer waters, too, With the fishes slowly pullin' Up the traps among the rocks, Or the feller with the shotgun Poppin' harmlessly at hawks— Tell yer there is fun in bein' Where the sun an' waters meet, Gettin' bronze upon your forehead An' the salt upon yer feet! When the waves are racin' shoreward 'Zif each one was bound ter win, Then I like ter see the whitecaps Dancin' round about Seguin. J. Otis Swift.

Chairs Re-seated Once, Spilt, Perforated, Dues, 17 Waterloo.



THE SPREAD OF DISEASE.

Many Maladies are Carried About by Pet Animals.

The subject of the relationship between the diseases to which man is liable and those from which animals suffer is very interesting and important, and will well repay the study now being given to it by physicians and veterinary surgeons. These diseases may be divided into three classes—those equally affecting both man and animals, those special to man, but which may also be caught by animals, and those belonging to animals, but which may attack man if he comes in close contact with the sick animal.

Of those equally affecting both man and animals the best known is tuberculosis. Some physicians insist that the tuberculosis of cows is not the same as that of human beings, but most are of the opinion that the difference between the two diseases are only such as might be expected to exist in view of the vital differences between the two classes of beings.

Another disease common to men and some animals is smallpox. In this case there seems to be more difference between the disease in man—smallpox, and that in animals—cowpox and horsepox. Yet that the two affections are closely related is shown by the protection against smallpox that is afforded us by inoculation with cowpox, or vaccination.

Diphtheria and scarlet fever are shared with us by various animals, and it has been asserted by certain English physicians that those diseases may be conveyed to children in the milk from sick cows. However this may be, there is little doubt that cats, rabbits and perhaps other domestic animals, can acquire diphtheria from sick children, and can in turn transmit it to healthy children.

The plague is a disease common to man, monkey, and rodents, and is so equally shared by them that no one knows whether it was primarily a human disease or a rat pest.

Among the diseases belonging especially to animals, but which may also be contracted by men, are hydrophobia, anthrax or malignant pustule, glanders and foot and mouth disease.

Some of the parasitic skin diseases are also transmissible from men to animals, and the reverse. A very common example of this is ringworm, which is not infrequently introduced among the children of a family by the cat.

Canton's Water-Clock.

The famous clepsidra, or water-clock, of Canton is housed in a temple on the city walls. In 'Chin; the Long-Lived Empire,' Miss Scidmore tells of a visit paid to this famous temple.

We went into a sort of rubbish-room and sat down to wait until the expected bargaining should be concluded and we were free to enter some further halls, the supposed splendid Temple of Time.

'Lady, jump down. Lady sitting ancient water clock,' said Ah Poll, our swaggering parrot of a guide; for three big earthen jars on successive shelves beside us, a fourth and lowest one with a wooden cover constituted the whole clepsidra, and we had unwittingly sat down upon a quarter section of all time.

The water descends by slow drops from one jar to another, the brass scale on a float in the last crotch telling the houses as it rises. Every afternoon at five o'clock since 1321, A. D., the lowest jar has been emptied, the upper one filled, and the clock thus wound up for another day. Boards with the number of the hour are displayed on the outside wall, that the city may know the time.

Fell Half a Mile.

Mr Birkbeck was one of a party of enthusiastic tourists assembled at the top of the Col de Miage to see if it were possible to ascend Mont Blanc from that direction. He had stepped aside for a moment, and when he did not return his comrades followed his tracks, and looking down over precipitous slopes of snow and ice, descried him nearly half a mile away at the foot of the slope near the head of the Glacier de Mi ge.

It was evident that he had fallen and his friends went to his assistance as soon as possible; but it took nearly two hours and a half to reach him. Between the place where he began to fall and the place where he stopped there was a difference in level of about seventeen hundred feet. A contributor to the Leisure Hour tells

the story of the fall as given by Mr. Birkbeck himself.

At the place where he lost his footing the slope was gentle and he tried to stop himself with his fingers and nails. The snow, however, was too hard for this, and he went on slipping. Sometimes he descended feet foremost, sometimes head first. Then he went sideways, and once or twice he had the sensation of shooting through the air. He came to a stop at last at the edge of a large crevasse.

When he was reached it was found that almost half the skin had been taken from his body by abrasion.

The Judge's Narrow Escape.

A Southern judge, who is a man of much dignity and presence, lost his father in infancy, and as a small boy, often received correction at the hands of a darky on the place, in whom his mother had great confidence.

This trust was well placed, and the boy grew to manhood with a strong affection for 'Uncle Rast' firmly planted in his heart. As years went on the old negro took an evergreen pride in the successes and honors which came to young Mars 'Gene, but usually tried to hide his satisfaction from its object.

'Well, Uncle Rast,' said the judge one day, after a particularly brilliant speech at a dinner had been printed and landed far and near, 'how did you like what I said on the school question at that dinner last week? Did you approve of my views?'

'Um m,' said the old colored man, blinking up at the tall judge, 'I reckon you know well 'nough, Mars 'Gene, dat if yo'd said diff'rent your ole Uncle Rast would 've been jess ready to spank you!'

Only the Men.

Children, says a writer in the Spectator, have a strange sense of justice. They have been taught to sympathize with the sufferings of animals, and to show them an unvarying kindness. Human beings, on the contrary, are divided, in their minds into the two classes of good and bad. The good are to be rewarded, after the manner of fairy tales; the bad are to be punished.

Ronald's father one day gave an animated description of a bull-fight, meaning thereafter to point a moral. But the lad was delighted.

'Wouldn't you like to see a fight, daddy?'

'Why, no, my boy. Surely you wouldn't want to see cruel men baiting the bull? You wouldn't like to see poor horses gored to death?'

'No,' said Ronald, with the thoughtfulness of eight years, 'I shouldn't like to see the horses hurt; but,' he added, after some reflection, 'I shouldn't mind seeing those men gored, though.'

Sufficient Contrast.

A noted woman went to a photographer's one day to sit for her portrait.

'I want you to print one or two photographs from the negative without retouching it,' she said. 'But let the others be finished in your best style.'

'May I ask your reason for that?'

'To be sure,' she replied. 'A manufacturer of cosmetics wants me to furnish him my 'before using' and 'after using' portraits for an illustrated advertisement in one of the magazines.'

To the credit of the photographer be it said that he refused to lend himself to the scheme, and the woman went elsewhere.

A Literal Construction.

In a school for colored children there was a little boy who would persist in saying 'have went' says a contributor to the Christian Endeavor World.

The teacher kept him in one night and said: 'Now while I am out of the room you may write 'have gone' fifty times.'

When the teacher came back he looked at the boy's paper, and there was 'have gone fifty times.' On the other side was written, 'I have went home.'

Carpets, Curtains and Blankets.

Your attention in your house will soon be drawn to the above articles and knowing as you do our splendid facilities for handling them, we sincerely trust you will not forget Ungar's Laundry Dyeing and Carpet Cleaning Works. Telephone 858.

The gentleman who came into this office purposely to state that King Edward was a Norwegian because he is a VII King, met with a cold exterior.