PROGRESS.

PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUB-LISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, at 29 to il Canterbury street, St. John, N. B. by the PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY (Limited.) Ed-WARD S. CABTER, EDITOR AND MANAGER, Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in

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Letters should be addressed and drafts made payable to Progress Printing and Publishing Co., LTD., ST. JOHN, N. B.

Agents in the city can have extra copies sent them if they telephone the office before six p. m.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B, SATURDAY, JAN. 26

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

THE QUEEN'S DEATH.

The death of Queen Victoria, which oc curred on Tuesday last has proved the greatest shock the British Empire has sustained for a century. Her illness was concealed from her loving people until the end was near and the world noted the physicians bulletins with the grestest anxiety until Tuesday evening when her death was announced.

The sorrow of all nations evidenced by their sincere message of condolence accompanied by cordial expressions of praise for the late monarch gives some idea of the shock her death has been to the

She has been described in the most elegant terms by the ablest men in all lands, and the English language has almost failed to do justice to the queenly woman and the womanly queen who has gone from us. We give some ides of her life in other columns, but what articles can do justice to the eighteen years of her girlhood, and the three-score and more years of her reign. As one has said:

"Of the great departments of human life, is there a single one to which Christ's word of power has failed to give a deeper tint and richer flavor? The family, the nation, science, art, literature, worshipthese are the great institutes of human life -which of them has not the miraculous the Son of God availed with a richer meaning and to with an enchanced preciousness? we fail at this hour, when world stand; watching by a deathbed, to remember how wonderfully all these lines of movement have con verged toward what will be known as the Victorian age. These three score years and three last passed-what miracles have they seen, what mighty works beheld! And at the centre of the group of leaders, ringed about as by a nimbus of discoverers, founders, pioneers, masters of state. craft, missionaries, theologians, conquerors in many fields, both of action and of thought, has stood a woman, a simplehearted woman, a mother of children and of children's children, Queen and loyal wife.'

All centuries of coming time cannot revoke the advantages of having sixty three years of Christian womanhood enthroned in the palaces of England. QUEEN VIC-TORIA's example has been so thoroughly on the right side that all scandal mongers in all nations in more than six decades have not been able to manufacture an evil suspicion in regard to her that could be made stick. She is a woman of many

It is quite within bounds, we think to say that the death of no other monarch who ever reigned has produced such world-wide, genuine sadness as will be felt on account of the death of the gracious and beloved QUEEN VICTORIA. Her reign is not more remarkable for its extreme length than for its exceeding wisdom, prosperity and honor. She has a high, secure place in the roll of the world's beneficent rulers, who have won the devotion of their own subjects and the admiration of all peoples. Her greatness is the natural development of her womanliness, which has been pure and every circumstance of her long character is the illustrious element in her influence and She has represented, and will continue to represent, the highest type of a constitutional monarch, the world's model of excellence in that the rain through.'

form of government. None of her predecessors on the throne has had a sounder understanding of the English constitution, a safer intelligence of its administration, 9 more resolute purpose to promote the true welfare of the nation.

RADICAL LEGISLATION.

In the state of Wisconsin there are some radical legislators. There was a remarkable marriage law passed in 1899 and at this session a bill has been introduced which provides that no persons can marry who are suffering from true or hereditary insanity, insanity caused by vicious habits or the use of drugs, consumption and various other diseases which are named in the bill Every person who wishes to marry is required to go before an examining board of three surgeons to be appointed in each couny of the State by the county judge, and must pass an exam ination before a marriage liscense can be issued to them. In addition all male candidates for matrimony who are under 25 years of age, and all temale candidates under 18 years must produce a written consent of their parents before they can secure a license.

Any clergyman, Justice of the Peace or other person who can perform marriages and who mirries any couples who do not produce a certificate from the examining physicians of his county is to be fined not more than \$500 or confined in prison not more than one year.

Chicken Teeth.

Any saw edges on your collar? None on ours. Our modern machine finishes the top of your collar the same as the side. Neckband replaced, bosiery darned. Repairs made All Free. Try us, Ungar's Laundry Dyeing and Carpet Cleaning Works. Telephone 58.

The casual customer at the literary emporium looked at the long rows of books on the shelves and yawned.

'By the way,' he asked, 'what is Marie Corelli writing about now?'

'I think she's writing about two books a month,' snewered the salesman, responding likewise to the yawn.

Her Auswer Clear,

'Madam,' said the new boarder, as he drew a piece of cord from the dish, 'you should be more careful. One does not fancy a thank of wrapping string in his

But the landlady only smiled and said: 'Remember, Mr. Highball, they are string beans.'

Ray of Hope for Poet.

A Chicago burglar entered a North side house and drawing his knite said to the tenant (a newspaper man), 'It you stir you are a dead man, I'm hunting for

'Let me get up and strike a light,' said the poet, 'and I'll bunt with you.'

An Uncomfortable Seat.

Morrell-Every rose has its thorne. For instance, a man may reach the very pinnacle of fame and still be unhappy.

Worrell-That's not surprising. Did you ever sit on a pinnacle?

The Pisia Truth.

'I persue a said the obituary writer, you wish me to say in conclusion that you would not sail her back again ?'

'Yes,' replied the old man; 'might's well

His Contrary Ways.

'All the clerks in this book store detest

'Isn't he a good customer ? ' 'I should say not! He's always coming

in here and wanting to buy some book we

Ne Plus Ultra.

'Maud, I don't know much about that young Mr. Peduncle. You seem to have absolute confidence in him.'

'Mamma, I would eat mushrooms of his selecting!'

Robust.

'I hope you ale feeling better this morning,' said Mrs. Fosdick to her husband. 'You slept well last night.'

'I feel like a new woman,' replied Mr. Fosdick.

Woman of Business Instinct. Cyrus-Crawfoot's wife is too basty.

Silas-In what way? Cyrus-Why, Crawfoot sent her after the doctor and she stopped to price tombstones on the way.

'Mamma,' queried little E hel, 'what | clock. are the stars in the sky for?"

'Each star is a world like ours, dear,' replied her mother.

'Why,' exclaimed the astonished Ethel, 'I thought they were just little holes to let t' wake me up in toime t' hear th' uther

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Our Last Farewell. We only looked our last farewell, The word was never spoken; Our sorrow was too deep to tell. Our hearts at last were broken. The hand clasp then in silence given, Shall be again with joy in Heaven.

The cloud of tears on that last kiss. Our trembling souls containing; Strewn rose leaves on the graves of bliss Left here no light remaining. But still that last the first shall be. Bet ween us in eternity,

From that embrace when we withdrew Reluctant and unwilling; The agony we only knew, But death has strength for stilling. Our never in love's sorrow here, Shall be love's life for ever there.

CYPRUS GOLDE. Providence, R. I.

The Winter Wood Tall goms and poplars arabe qued in white, And, written fine, bird hieroglypus that tell Where in this frost-flowered stillness sparrows And splendid cardinals robed in crimson light.

The path is lost: the old familiar way thing of memory: the shallow stream Where many a lily used to lie and dream, A chair, long-linked, of broken white and grey.

All delicate feathery things find here a place With not a breath to mar their loveliness; The meanest bush wears here an angel's dress. The lowliest weed is draped in priceless lace.

The light grows dimmer, overhead the sky Draws slowly earthward, and a little flake Comes trembling down as if it seared to break The sleep of silence with its falling sigh.

-Ingram Crockett.

winter Fun.

Fun to hear the noise it makes. As the wind goes by; Fun to watch the pretty flakes, Dancing in the sky.

Fun to see them dropping down, All se soft and light; Covering the cold earth, brown, With a blanket white.

Fun to rote the chickadees, In their garments warm, Gayly flit among the trees, Heeding not the storm.

Fun to bear the "ting-a-ling" Of the merry bells Pleasant are toe thoughts they bring, As their music swells.

Fun to set up giants tall, Images of snow; Eyes, and ears, and nose, and ail, Fashioned so-and-so.

Fun upon the long hillside. With the sled and sleigh; Fun to take a jolly ride Oa a coster gay.

Fan to skate upon the ice. Frezen smooth and thick; Bither, thither, in a trice-As the birds as quick.

Sights and sounds and merry plays, Jolly every one; Oh, the merry winter days Are the time for fun

The Shortest Day.

Delicate blue as in wid-May The sky bloomed on the shortest day. Red sunlight struck on Grimy walls, And on the grey of m of St Paul's And made it rather gold than gray.

The crowded streets less sordid were Because the sunset was so fair. Less wearily the crowded wains Crawled by, the streaks and stains O! mud took color from the air.

The fresh clear blue paled into gray, The laden horses took their way Across the bridges lamp-beset. From Paul's to Clement's b 11-notes met-The sunset on the shortest day.

-Nora Hopper.

Fireside Song. Come, share with me the ingle-nook, While wirtry winds are high; A couch, a screen, a pleasant book, A glimpse of wood and sky; And let the world go by, my dear,

And let the world go by ! The frost flowers blossom on the wold, But in this fi e-lit gloom One does not guess the world is cold-Nay, counts it all abloom! For Love is in the room, my dear,

For Love is in the room! So share with me this perfumed bower, And rayening storms defv : The sweet spell deepening hour by hour

Of our captivity! And we'll let the world go by, my dear, We'll let the world go by ! - Emma Herrick Weed.

A Bit of Philosophy.

Though men may heap the dollars up

In golden, glesming piles, Though they may back beneath the light Or fickle Fortnne's smiles, Yet, when Death beckons unto them, And murmurs, come with me,' They're just as dead that day, my boy, As you and I will be.

The dollars, and the joy they bring, The jewels and the wine. Must linger ever on this side-They cannot cross the line, The poorest, meekest of us all, And he who is most proud, Are on a level, for there are No pockets in a shroud.

No pockets-for the shrouded has No need of pocke's more— But all his deeds—the good the bad— They all have gone before. And when he fares to Heaven's gate His future fate to seek, 'Tis well, if haply there may be

A tear stain on his cheek.

'Iis well-for on our balance sheet No dollars have a line, But every one of sorrow's tears Like gleaming] we s shine, And all the smiles that we have coa xed To drive ou misery

As you and I will be. -Josh Wink. Penelope-And you say they are en-

gaged ? Patrice-Yes. 'Have they any tastes in common ?'

O'Lafferty-Oi want annither alarum

'Well, yes; they chew the same kind of

Dealer-Another! Why, you brought one yesterday. O'Lafferty-Yis, but divvil a bit did O

hear it this mornin'. Faith, Oi want wan



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Queen Victoria's

Career.

a few months old her father died, closely

followed by his father, poor old King

George. The Duke of Kent's death was

caused by getting his feet wet while play-

ing with his infant daughter. He caught

a severe cold, which, settling on his lungs,

carried him to his grave, leaving his wife

and child in comparative poverty for their

rank. The Regent afterwards, George IV.

was not on good terms with the Duke and,

in fact, is said to have acted abominably

to the widow and orphaned Princess.

Fortunately in Prince Leopold they found

a warm, generous heart and protector who

stood by them in all their future difficul-

ties. He was a wise, kind brother and

uncle, and over the education and training

of his niece he watched with all

a stateman, and the sublime tender-

ness of a tather. And this great

love and sympathy was mutual, and grew

larger and continued as the young Prin-

cess grew up, and was crowned Queen and

chief confidents and advisers. The posi-

tion of the Duchess of Kent at the time

was a painful and trying one, but she heroi-

cally taced all family frowns, and set her-

celf to the task of a long self-denial, so

that her young child should be reared and

educated, above all, as an English Prin-

cess, whose future was even then not so

bright. Though the little family could

have lived cheaper and well on their small

income in Germany, the Royal brave-

hearted mother decided to give up family,

keenness and interest of

The Princess Victoria was born in Kensington Palace on the 24th of May, 1819, and was the only daughter of Edward Dake of Kent, and Victoria Marie Louise, Princess of Saxe Coburg, and sister of Leopold, King of Belgium. The Royal Family of this eventful period was not as history tells us, in a very happy or prosperous state. As a very able writer has said, 'seldom before or since has there been less comfort in the prospects of the House of Hanover.

King George III was in seclusion, bowed with incurable disease; and of all his large family, fitteen sons and daughters, most of whom were still living, not one had a successor to come after them, as a legitimate to the Crown.

Wilful young men, brought up in a house which, though virtuous, was dull, by arbitrary parents making little allowance for youthful fancy, they had either plunged into dissipation, or had fixed their choice upon unroyal ladies who could not be received as their lawful wives, possibly seated on the throne. Her uncle Leopold mothers of a future sovereign; and was to the day of his death one of her the sole hope twenty years of the Royal House had been the Princess Charlotte, the only child of most unhappy marriage, but in herself a sweet and promising young woman, with many claims upon the tenderness and sympathy of the nation. So lon as she lived, all national requirements were satisfied on the point of heirship. She married wisely, and had a brief, happy life with Prince Leopold. But in little more than a year happiness ended, the young household was broken up, and all these beautiful hopes were at an end. Princess Charlotte died, and the Royal House found itself childless. There were still many brothers, it is true, but they were beyond their prime, and all unmarried except the two eldest, who had no surviving children. The situ ation was a startling one, all the more for being so unexpected; for the happy marriage of the Princess Charlotte seemed to have settled matters in the most satisfactory way. Within a few months of her death, however, several marriages took place in the Royal Family, the important of which was that of the Duke of Kent, the fourth son of George III. Of all the Royal

children born in 1819 the Queen Alone Was of English Birth. Her tond father often boasted in holding her up to visitors, "Look at her well. She will one day be Queen of England." The little daughter of the Duke of Clarence, who stood next in succession to the throne, was born in Germany, as well as the Duke of Cambridge. The children of her uncle, King William IV, all died, even those born after the birthof the Queen. In a letter of her mother's mother, the old Duchess of Saxe-Coburg, written on bear ing of the birth of Princess Victoria, she says: 'Again a Charlotte, destined, per haps, to play a great part one day, if a brother is not born to take it out of her hands. The English like queens.' No happier augury could be uttered over the cradle of a sovereign, and nothing more The English have cause to like queens, for England has never been greater, more famous, or more full of genius than when her monarchs were women. And though George III, with bis domestic virtues, had been a popular king, he was the only one of his race who had any pretensions to this name. The House of Hanover had not been beloved. It wanted a woman to concilliate and charm the heart of the nation, and to call forth that chivalry which is so strong an auxiliary of loyalty. Princess Charlotte had already done something. She had made herself dear an sacred, if by nothing else, by her death. The country had mon ned for her as for the child of its hor . and now again there was hope in its present fortunate shape—reborn. The Princess Victoria's Training,

however, was very different from the irreg. ular, unhappy education of her unfortunate cousin and predecessor. Except the splendid prospects, there was nothing

happy in the external circumstances among

which her life began. When she was only

fiends and comfort for the interests of her child. And nobly in after years were her great sacrifices repaid by the love and affection of her daughter. The Duchess returned to Kensington Palace, and there the early days of the Princess Victoria were spent, having for companion her halfsister, Princess Feodora, afterward Princess Hohenlohe. They often visited Claremont to see Uncle Leopold, and, as the Queen horself tells us. "These Were the Happiest Days of Her Childhood," The Duchess of Clarence on the death of her second daughter, wrote to the Duchess of Kent in words most touching, "My children are dead, but yours lives and she is mine, too?' The Princess was being cared for by the best of mothers. A few years later, when she was nine years old, Sir Walter Scott states in his diary that he had dined with the Duchess of Kent and had been presented by Prince Leopold "to the little Princess Victoria-the beirapparent to the House as things now stand. This little lady,' he adds, 'is educated with much care, and watched so closely that no busy maid has a moment to whisper, 'You are Heir of England!' I suspect it we could dissect the little heart, we should find that some pigeon or other bird of the air had carried the matter. She is fair, like the Royal Family.' She was brought up with the strictest economy and regularity, as children of much lower position rarely are, and was taught at an early age to restrain her expenditure within the limits of her income, even when that income was but a child's pocket-money. Miss Martineau, gives us, in her sketch of the Duchess of Kent, an

anecdote current at the time, which

illustrates the carefulness of the training

better than it does the abstract statement

which precedes it, that the Princess "was

reared in as much honesty and care about

money matters as any citizens' child." Very

few citizens' children we believe, ever

were or could be so rigidly guarded from

the extra shilling of expenditure. 'It be-

came known at Tunbridge Wells that the

Princess had been unable to buy a box

the bazaar she had bought presents for

almost all her relations, and had laid out

her last shilling, when she remembered

one cousin more, and saw a box priced

halt a crown, which would suit him. The

shop people of course, placed the box with

the other purchases, but the little lady's

governess admonished them by saying,

'No; you see the Princess has not got Continued on Page Eight.