

PROGRESS.

PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, at 29 to 31 Canterbury street, St. John, N. B.

Remittances.—Persons sending remittances to this office must do so either by P. O. or Express order, or by registered letter.

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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 occurred on Tuesday last has proved the greatest shock the British Empire has sustained for a century.

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 world.

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.

"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, worship—these are the great institutes of human life—

which of them has not the miraculous touch of the Son of God availed to fill with a richer meaning and to endow with an enhanced preciousness? Nor can we fail at this hour, when a whole world stands watching by a deathbed, to remember how wonderfully all these lines of movement have converged toward what will be known as the Victorian age.

All centuries of coming time cannot revoke the advantages of having sixty-three years of Christian womanhood enthroned in the palaces of England.

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.

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, a 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.

Any clergyman, Justice of the Peace or other person who can perform marriages and who marries 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, bosomy darned. Repairs made All Free.

His Estimate.

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," answered the salesman, responding likewise to the yawn.

Her Answer 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 plank of wrapping string in his beans."

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 knife said to the tenant (a newspaper man), "If you stir you are a dead man, I'm hunting for money."

"Let me get up and strike a light," said the poet, "and I'll hunt 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 Plain Truth.

"I peruse," said the obituary writer, "you wish me to say in conclusion that you would not call her back again?"

"Yes," replied the old man; "might's well be candid."

His Contrary Ways.

"All the clerks in this book store detest that man."

"Isn't he a good customer?"

"I should say not! He's always coming in here and wanting to buy some book we haven't got."

No 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 are 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 hasty.

Silas—In what way?

Cyrus—Why, Crawfoot sent her after the doctor and she stopped to price tombstones on the way.

"Mamma," queried little Ethel, "what 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 the rain through."

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Our Last Farewell.

We only looked our last farewell, The word was never spoken;

The cloud of tears on that last kiss, Our trembling souls containing;

From that embrace when we withdrew Reluctant and unwilling;

The light grows dimmer, overhead the sky Draws slowly earthward,

The winter wood.

Tall gums and poplars arched in white, And, written fine, bird heretypers that tell

The path is lost: the old familiar way A thing of memory: the shallow stream

All delicate feathery things find here a place With not a breath to mar their loveliness;

The light grows dimmer, overhead the sky Draws slowly earthward, and a little fake Comes trembling down as if it dared to break

Winter Fun.

Fun to hear the noise it makes, As the wind goes by;

Fun to see them dropping down, All so soft and light;

Fun to note the chickadees, In their garments warm,

Fun to hear the "ting-a-ling" Of the merry bells.

Fun to set up giants tall, Images of snow;

Fun upon the long hillside, With the sled and sleigh;

Fun to skate upon the ice, Frozen smooth and thin;

Sights and sounds and merry plays, Jolly every one;

The Shortest Day.

Delicate blue as in mid-May The sky blomed on the shortest day.

The crowded streets less soiled were Because the sun was so far.

The fresh clear blue paled into gray, The laden horses took their way

Fi-aside Song.

Come, share with me the single-look, While witty winds are high;

The frost flowers blossom on the world, But in this fi-aside gloom

So share with me this perfumed bower, And ravening storms def;

A Bit of Philosophy.

Though men may hear the dollars up In golden gleaming piles,

The dollars, and the joy they bring, The jewels and the wine,

No pockets—for the shrouded has No need of pocket's more—

'Tis well, if haply there may be A tear stain on his cheek.

'Tis well—for on our balance sheet No dollars have a line,

Penelope—And you say they are engaged? Patrice—Yes.

Patrice—Have they any tastes in common? Well, yes; they chew the same kind of gum.

O'Lefferty—O! want another alarm clock. Dealer—Another! Why, you brought one yesterday.

O'Lefferty—Yis, but devil a bit did O hear it this mornin'. Faith, O! want wan t' wake me up in toime t' hear th' uther wan.

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

Queen Victoria's Career.

The Princess Victoria was born in Kensington Palace on the 24th of May, 1819, and was the only daughter of Edward Duke of Kent, and Victoria Marie Louise, Princess of Saxe Coburg, and sister of Leopold, King of Belgium.

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

Willful 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 mothers of a future sovereign;

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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 playing with his infant daughter.

Fortunately in Prince Leopold they found a warm, generous heart and protector who stood by them in all their future difficulties. He was a wise, kind brother and uncle, and over the education and training of his niece he watched with all the keenness and interest of a statesman, and the sublime tenderness of a father.

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