

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

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THE WOES OF CHINA.

When society finds a man prostrate, bleeding, helpless, surrounded by rapacious enemies, the spectacle excites pity, and efforts are made to assist him, to set him on foot, to restore his manhood, to remove his almost justifiable rage against the world by proving to him that the world is, on the whole, benevolent.

Does the world so treat China? In the last analysis all the atrocities of which the government and people of that country have been guilty were so many acts of defense against intrusion by its neighbors.

Meantime China has learned something. A decree of the emperor issued in January is a frank and humble, and a most pathetic confession that much of the evil that has befallen the country is due to inefficient government, which in turn is the result of bad methods.

To perceive and to confess so much is a first step, but a long step, toward amendment, even though, as seems in this instance to be the case, one shrinks before a task of such magnitude as the reform of centuries-old abuses.

It is understood that Mr. Wu, the Chinese minister at Washington, has prepared a comprehensive memorial in compliance with the Emperor's decree.

PREVENTION OF TYPHOID FEVER.

Typoid fever, being a disease that always requires the personal attendance of a physician, may be properly referred to in a paper for Progress readers only from the point of view of prevention.

It is well known that typhoid fever is a water-borne disease, and is commonly taken into the system in drinking water which has become contaminated from the excreta of persons suffering from the disease.

Milk has more than once been the means of conveying the disease. Fortunately most milk-dealers are aware of the neces-

sity of cleanliness in the preparation of milk for shipment. In most modern dairies the bottles, before being filled, are subjected to the sterilizing effects of steam.

Oysters that have bedded in bodies of water which receive the contents of sewerage pipes have likewise been the means of conveying typhoid fever.

A pure water supply is rightly looked upon as one of the greatest essentials to the healthfulness of a community. Many foods—salads, for example—cannot be cooked or subjected to the effects of a high temperature, while, on the other hand, washing them in infected water may render them the means of conveying disease.

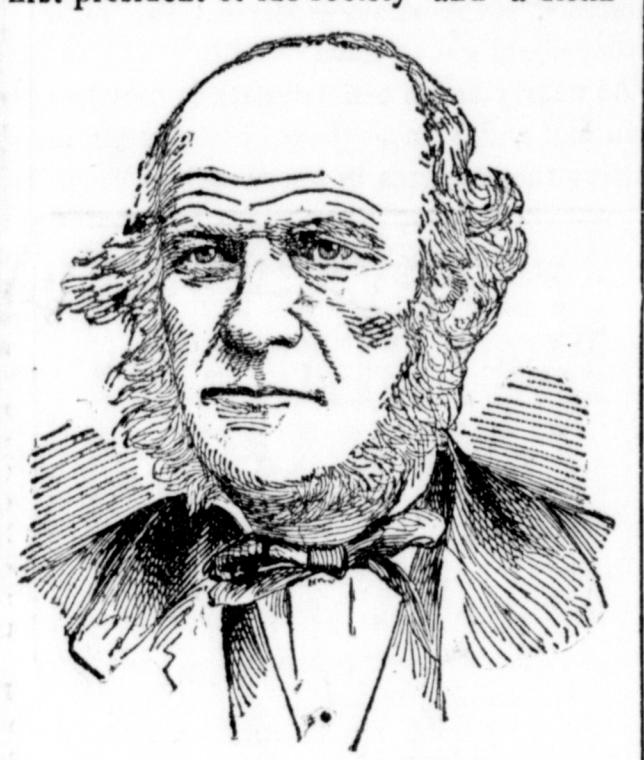
Among the chief ways of preventing typhoid fever must be mentioned the care of the stomach itself. It seems highly probable that the natural juices of the healthy stomach are able to destroy many germs of disease; but the number which any stomach are able to digest, and thus render its owner safe from attack, must always be uncertain, and it is not desirable to test its capacity in this direction.

The fact that only certain persons out of a number who have partaken of food or drink infected with disease germs may suffer is explainable on the ground of their different general physical condition, or of the varying states of their digestive organs.

Boiling or cooking in any form destroys all germ life; and food or drink about which there is a question of typhoid infection should be subjected to one of these processes before it is taken into the stomach.

Joseph W. Lawrence

On Sunday, May 19th, a most interesting ceremony took place in Trinity church in this city. Dr. Bayard, president of the Loyalist Society unveiled a tablet to the memory of Joseph Wilson Lawrence the first president of the society and a distinguished descendant of a Loyalist Joseph Lawrence who was well known in this city and province and his name is an honored one.



As to 'Tommy Atkins.' Certain persons in England, and notably George Meredith, the novelist, have gone into print to explain their dislike to 'Tommy Atkins' as the sobriquet of the British soldier.

In point of fact the name originated with the B. Fish War office, which issued pocket manuals in which the soldier's name, age, date of enlistment, term of service and other details were entered.

From this circumstance the name came to be applied to the soldier as a type, very much as during our Civil War the Confederates were commonly addressed by their Union opponents as 'Johnnie Reb.'

King Edward has had eight brushes with death. 1. While a schoolboy at Oxford a boat in which he was rowing was overturned.

2. Upon returning to England in 1860, after his visit to the United States and Canada his voyage was so delayed by storms that warships were sent out in search of the warship Hero.

3. In 1871 an attack of typhoid fever threatened to result fatally. His life was despaired of, but was saved through vigorously rubbing him with brandy.

4. In 1875 while tiger shooting in India, a tiger sprang upon the prince's elephant. His life was saved by Colonel White of his suite, who killed the beast.

5. In 1898 he slipped and fell on a stairway, sustaining an accident to his knee which threatened to make him lame for life. Within a few months he had completely recovered.

6. On April 4, 1900, while en route to Copenhagen he was shot at by a half crazed youth named Sipido at the Brussels railway station. Two shots were fired, both of which missed their mark.

7. While on a visit to Emperor William of Germany, he was hunting stags, and two of them charged upon his horse. The horse reared and throw him to the ground. He was only slightly bruised.

8. He missed death by about 10 seconds on the Shamrock, Wednesday, May 22, 1901.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Two Fishermen. Oh, he was a spot of the clipped sort, With a natty duck suit and a big black cigar, And he said that his wish was to land all the fish That would rise to a fly in the brooks near and far.

He started at dawn, ere the last stars were gone, For the head of the brook where the fishing was fine, 'I will not do a thing but bring back a big string,' He observed with a wink that was large and benign.

They both angled away through the warm summer day, Went wading through ripples or casting in pools, Worked over the shoals and dipped into the holes, Chasing minnows ahead of them, schools upon schools.

They returned to the town as the red sun went down, Both torn on the bushes and tired all out; And the small former youth, to be honest forsooth, Confessed he had landed all day not a trout.

The Hermit-Food Man. His eyes are balls of polished steel; His lungs are sponges dried; His blood is bouillabaisse concentrated In veins of leather hide.

Hot apple pie and pumpkin pies— He eats of them in great abundance, And with his brown and chicken stew Are terrors of the past.

And, smiling, from his vests he slips With capsules brown and pellets pink All rattling within.

He who wins our races, teaches us to ride— 'This sure, I'm very sure I'll be— Our markets find all stocks are dull beside His versatile securities;

He fills my cosmos, and I can but see, As every Tom and Jerry can, Soon I, my kin, race, clime and land may be Essentially American.

Two Gods. I. A boy was born 'mid little things, Between a little world and sky— And dreamed no of the cosmic rings Round which the circling planets fly.

Another boy in lowly days— As he to little things was born, But gathered lore in woods and ways, And from the glory of the morn.

As wider skies broke on his view, God greatness in his growing mind; Each year he dreamed his God anew, And left his older God behind.

He saw the boundless scheme dilate, In star and blossom, sky and clod, And as the universe grew, He dreamed for it a greater God.

Its First Use. 'Maria,' said a business man, residing in the suburbs, to his wife, 'you have been wanting a telephone in the house for a long time. The workmen will come and

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

MERELY AN EYE WASH

The Chemical View of Tears Differs From the Poetical View.

Tears carry their functional duty to accomplish, like every other fluid of the body and the lachrymal gland is not placed behind the eye simply to fill space or to give expression to emotion.

The chemical properties of tears consist of phosphate of lime and soda, making them very salty, but never bitter. Their action on the eye is very beneficial, and here consists their prescribed duty of the body, washing thoroughly that sensitive organ, which allows no foreign fluid to do the same work.

The reason some weep more easily than others and all more readily than the sterner sex has not its difference in the strength of the tear gland, but in the possession of a more delicate nerve system.

The passing away of the great and good Victoria of England was followed by many memorial poems from all conditions of people and all classes of poets—major, minor, and poets for that occasion only.

'The King Thanks London.' The bus driver, a middle-aged man with a weather-scarred face, turned to the passenger.

'Not many 'as been thanked by him personally like I have,' he said. 'How was that?' asked the passenger.

'When the queen died—poor old lady, I see her many a time driving in and out of the park—I wrote a poem and sent it to him at Osborne, and in three days' time I had a reply from the king. I did, thanking me for the poem.

'I shall get that letter framed,' he continued. 'Some of our chaps wanted me to send my poem to the papers. No?' He shook his head and rubbed the off horse with the top of his whip.

'Did it take you long to write?' 'No. I thought about it for three days going up and down the road, and then wrote it out at night. I didn't make it harrowing. People have enough sorrow at home. It wasn't more than ten lines. The last two lines was:

'Not gone from memory, not gone from love, But gone to our father's home above' 'And what did you call your poem?' 'Oh, just 'The Queen of Queens,' he said, brokenly, and his eyes dropped to his horses.

'Maria,' said a business man, residing in the suburbs, to his wife, 'you have been wanting a telephone in the house for a long time. The workmen will come and

put one in today. Call me up, after they have gone away, to see if it works all right.'

Late in the afternoon there was a call at the telephone in his office down-town.

'Putting the receiver to his ear, he recognized the voice of his wife, pitching in a somewhat high key.

'Is that you, James?' she asked.

'Yes.'

'Will you please go out right now and mail that letter I gave you this morning?'

He had forgotten it, of course, and he obeyed.

A Target For Lead.

The British officer, says Julian Ralph in 'An American with Lord Roberts,' is likely to be a high and mighty person when you meet him first, but he softens in time into an exceedingly good fellow.

At the Battle of Dreefontein several officers were under a shower of bullets that came like water shot out of a needle bath. They were all pressing their bodies down, as if they would have liked to press them into the earth.

He fumbled for his eye-glass, found it, contorted his cheek as a man does to fit such an ornament into his face, and then drew out:

'Aw, I say, I wondah where these bullets are coming from!'

He continued to stand and stare at the kopje where the Boers lay, and presently he drewled again, while the air was tattered with shot and buzzing with noise:

'Aw, I say, can any of you fellahs see where they come from?'

The other fellahs squirmed and wriggled as if they were going to get up and help him look, but not one raised his head or his body an inch.

'Get down, Reggie, you silly fool!' said one. 'You're doing what the Boers want, and that isn't playing the game.'

At that Reggie adjusted his glass anew, and after one long, hard stare at the invisible enemy, slowly returned to embrace his mother earth.

As the Miller Put it.

The squire, for what he believed to be excellent reasons, did not approve of the miller as a local preacher, and one day he spoke his mind about it, with an enlightening result, which the Sunday Magazine chronicles:

'John,' said he, 'I don't like the idea of your going about preaching.'

'I don't preach, sir,' replied the miller, who was a Cornishman.

'But you conduct service, and go into the pulpit, and take a text and explain it. You must know that you are an unlearned man. I want to consider whether a man ought, with so few advantages as you have to take upon himself the responsibility of teaching others. Suppose you make a mistake.'

'Aw, sir, I've thought of that. I do pray God every day to guide me with His Holy Spirit.'

'But a man should be specially fitted for the ministry; he should have the university training necessary for the preacher who should guide others,' persisted the squire.

The miller looked at the wall above the squire's desk, for they were in the squire's library. 'Is that the map of your estate, sir?' said he.

'The squire assented. 'I s'pose you do know that map purty well, don't ee? Every road, and every pathway, and every waterway?'

'Yes, yes.'

'Well, squire, do you remember the other day you was down to the mill and you asked my Mary to show you the pathway through the woods? I've been thinkin' tes like this 'ere. You knowed that road 'pon the map. If you'd ask li' Mary what a was called—'pon the map, mind—she wouldn't 'ave been able to tell 'ee. But li' Mary showed yob the way up through the woods. You knowed the way 'pon the map, but li' Mary knowed the way by walkin' in et; and I don't know the way 'pon the map so well as some people; but, bless the Lord! I do know the way to Heaven by walkin' in et.'