## PROGRESS.

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#### SIXTEEN PAGES.

## ST. JOHN, N. B, SATURDAY, JUNE

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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. Inexcusably violent, they were the only means the Chinese knew to protect them selves. Yet the powers of the earth stand over the prostrate empire, all of them demanding compensation for injuries, some of them eager to lop off and appropriate territory under various pretexts-as indemnity for losses, as punishment for acts of violence, or as security against future outbreaks.

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. "China's weakness lies in her adherence to tradition . . . Worthless officials are numerous, and good men few." In adapting China to Western methods, the surface only of things has been studied "and not the kernel of Western wisdom." The failure to reform is a result of "our obstinate belief that literary excellence is the criterion of merit, and that government can only be carried on by close adherence to precedent."

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. The emperor commanded all his ministers at home and abroad, and other high officers, to study "Chinese and Western modes of governing," and to report upon the reforms that are needed to restore the prestige of China.

To this hopeful movement may be added the apparent awakening of the real Chinese public spirit and a popular demonstration against the convention with Russia, which the government pluckily refused to sign.

It is understood that Mr. Wu, tla Chinese minister at Washington, has prepared a comprehensive memorial in com pliance with the Emperor's decree. His keen insight and wide knowledge will be of the greatest service, joined as they are to excellent judgement and unfailing tact. It is well for China that although 'good men are few' they are not altogether lacking.

PREVENTION OF TYPHOID FEVER

Typhoid fever, being a disease that always requires the personal attendance of a physician, may be properly referred to in a paper for Progressreaders 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 excrets of persons suffering from the disease. Freezing does not in any way im. pair the vitality of the bacillus of typhoid, so that from a river or pond may convey the disease to consumers hundreds of miles perhaps, from the source of infection.

Milk has more than once been the means of conveying the disease. Fortunately

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. Epidemics of typhoid tever traced to dairies have in most cases been due to the bottles having been washed with water from an intected well or pond.

Oysters that have bedded in bodies of water which receive the contents of sewer age pipes have likewise been the means of conveying typhoid fever. Only oysters eaten raw or on the half-shell can carry infection to the consumer, since cooking destroys the bacillus.

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 dis-

Among the chief ways of preventing typhold 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 al ways 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 partsken 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 distin-



guished descendant of a Loyalist Joseph Law.ence who was well known in this city and province and his name is an honored one. His bistorical knowledge has been of invaluable benefit to New Brunswick and the honor conferred of erecting a memorial to his memory is a creditable 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 sobribuet of the British soldier. A popular notion har ep. ing up that the name is peculiarly the idea of Rudyard Kipling, then which nothing could be further from the truth, although it is not to be deried that Mr. Kipling more than anybody else, has made the nick name

In point of fact the name originated with the B. lish War office, which issued pocket manue's in which the soldier's name, age, date of enlistment, term of se. .. ce and other details were entered. The method of filling in the form was explained by the employment of a fictious name, and instead of the legal 'John Doe' or 'Richard Roe,' the combination 'Thomas Atkins' was adopted.

From this circumstance the name came to be applied to the soldier as a type, ve. 7 much as duing our Civil War the Confederates were commonly addressed by their Union opponents as 'Johnnie Reb.'

King Edward's Luck.

King E tward has had eight brushes with

1. While a schoolboy at Oxford a boat in which he was rowing was overiaized. He saved Fimselt by swimming ashere.

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 vigmost milk dealers are aware of the neces. I orously 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 com. pletely recovered.

6 Oa 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 Wil-A pure water supply is rightly looked liam of Germany, he was hnnting stags, and two of them charged upon his horre. 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 spon of the citified sort,
With a natty duck suit and a big black cigar, And he said that his with was to land all the fish
That would rise to a fly in the brooks near and far His rod was of steel, and his splinter new creel As nished the natives that lived thereabout, While his brilliant-hued flies filled them all with surprise. He had every device for the taking of trout.

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

Half a mile up the brook this bot sport overtopk A barefooted boy with a cut willow pole, Who clearly was bent-from the way that he went-For the head of the brook-the town fisher men's

They both angled away through the war n summer day,-Went wading through riflies or casting in pools Worked over the shouls and dipped into the holes. Chasing minnows ahead of them, schools upor schools.

The city man's flies loitered oft for a rise On the edge of a riffi , with counterfeit squirm, While the small country lad, with what tackle he Depended alone on the succulent worm.

Both forn on the bushes and tired all out; And the small farmer youth, to be honest for sooth Confessed he had landed all day not a trout, But the smart city chap took his creel on his lap, And emptied out strapping big fish by the score I'm no liar," he said, "but I've got on the dead

They returned to the town as the red sun went

"Three hundred and twenty, perhaps a few more, The lesson, good friends, that this plain tale intend In its roundabout fashion to try to impart, Is: Don't always take every old country take
Of a "swell city fisherman" s' y') heart. No matter what kind of fine tackle you find In a fisher man's hands, you will have to allow That the fellow who'll get the fish out of the wet, Be he bumpkin or dude, is the one who knows

# The Herlth-Food Map.

His eyes are balls of polished steel: His lungs are snonges dried; Mis blood is bouil on concentrate In veins of leather hide.

When hre led in play; His hair is like piano chords— Some chords are lost, they say. His heart's a little globe of punk-

His muscles creak like pully ropes

A house of constant gloom, For love can never burn within, Because there isn't room. His appetite has dwindled down To fit his little food,

And bread is 'so much wood.'

Till , uit is 'water in a poke'

Hot apple ta: s and pumpkin pies-He reads of them aghast; And waffl s brown and chicken stew Are 'terrors of the past.'

Ard, smiling, com his vests he slips A tiny box of tin, With capsules brown and pellets pirk All rattling within.

Inen, with a culp, he swallows down His dinner from the can-This product of the beath-food school, The Concentrated Man -Aloysius Coll.

## Americanized.

l love my Transatiantic brother well, I hate his foes infernally; With conscious pride I feel my bosom swell When he greets me traternally. Yet might it not, I sometimes ask, befall That his loved presence might begin to pall.

His kodak on my privacy intrudes, His beef fills to satiety. His canned goods crowd what late were solitudes, His heiresses Society. is his-one drop of sweet in bitter cup-Tis his alarm that wakes my servants up,

His oil my lamp, his cora my belly fills. He builds me my machinery And boards that tell the praises of his pills Ado. a my native scenery While in the Tube - so Yankeefied we areide perforce in his triumphal car.

He who wins our races, teaches us to ride-Tis true, I'm very sure it is-Our markets find ril stocks are dull beside His versatile securities: And near at hand, I hear, the period is When all our ships and shipyards shall be his.

He fills my cosmos, and I can but see, As every I'm and Jer can. Soon I. my kin, race, clime and land may be Essentia ly American. And I may own, of comfo t quite bere. That there is nothing really English left.

## 1 wo Gods.

A boy was born 'mid li tle things, Between a little world and sky-And dreamed not of the cosmic rings Round which the circling planets fly.

He lived in little works and thoughts, Where ittle ventures grow and plod, And paced and ploughed his little plots And prayed unto his little God. But, as the mighty system grew.

His faith grew faint with many scars; The Cosmos widened in his view-But God was lost among the stars.

Another boy in lowly days-As he -to little things was born, But gathered lore in woodland way i, And from the glory of the morn.

As wider skies broke on his view, God greatened in his growing mird; 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 great, He dreamed for it a greater God. Sam Walter Fcss.

Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

obeyed.

MERELY AN EYE WASH

The Chemical View of Tears Differs From the Poetical View.

Tears have 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. Nothing cleanses the eye like a good, salty shower bath, and medical art has followed nature's law in this respect, advocating the invigorating solution for any distressed condition of the optics. Tears do not weaken the sight, but improve it. They act as a tonic on the muscular vision, keep ing the eye soft and limpid; and it will be noticed that women in whose eyes sympathetic tears gather quickly have brighter, tenderer orbs than others. When the pupils are hard and cold, the world attributes it to one's disposition, which is a mere figure of speech implying the lack of balmy tears, that are to the cornea what salve is to the skin or nourishment to the blood.

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 nerve fibres about the glands vibrate more early. causing a downpour from the watery sac. Men are not nearly so sensitive to emotion; their sympathetic nature—that term is used in a medical sense—is less developed, and the eve gland is, therefore, protected from shocks. Consequently, a man should thank the formation of his nerve nature when he contemptuously scorns tears as a woman's practise. B tween man and monkey there is this essential difference of tears. An ape cannot weep, not so much because its emotional powers are undeveloped, as the lachrymal gland was omitted in his optical make up.

## 'The Queen Of Queens.'

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. One, belonging in the latter class, was discovered by a passenger on a London bus, and the story of the find, as the Academy prints it, is not without a homely interest.

A few days after her majesty's death, as a Londoner was clambering up to the top of an omnibus, a newsboy came running down the Strand flaunting a placard on which was written in big black, letters:

'The King Thanks London.' The bus driver, a middle-agged man with a weathes 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 ner 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 had a reply from the king, I did, thanking me for the poem.

'I shall get that letter framed,' he con tinued. 'Some of our chaps wanted me to send my poem to the papers. No?' He shook his head and rubbed the off herse with the top of his whip. 'You see, I did not want to make myself-er-popular. And I'm sure a man like 'im wouldn't like

'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 to 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

Its First Use. 'Maria,' said a business man, residing in

his horses.

the suburbs, to his wife, 'you have been wanting a telephone in the house for a long time. The workmen will come and the way to Heaven by walkin' in et.'

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

Late in the afternoon there was a call at the telephone in his office down-town. Putting the receiver to his ear, he recog-

nized 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

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. Yet at any moment he may be expected to perform a picturesque action in a truly British

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. Suddenly one very tall fellow began to rise. First he got on his knees, then he straightened up on his feet to his full stature, and stood in that spray of lead, the only target on the field.

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 drawled 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 drawled 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, Raggie, 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 praich, 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

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

But a man should be specially fitted for the ministry; he should have the university training necessary for the preacher who

should guide orhers,' 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 P'

'Yes, yes.'

'Well, squire, do you remember the other day you wus 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'l Mary what a was called-'pon the map, mind—she wouldn't 'ave been able to tell 'ee. But li'l Mary showed yob the way up through the woods. You knowed the way 'pon the map, but li'l 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