

PROGRESS.

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A KING'S OPPORTUNITY.

Never in the history of the British nation and we might say never in the history of any nation, has a monarch ascended a throne, where so much respect and confidence were placed, as in the case of the new king, EDWARD VII. When VICTORIA became queen it is true that people held Her Majesty in the highest regard, but being youthful and her character and mind yet untried, the future was one of uncertainty. Not so at the present time. The new king brings to his high position a fountain of knowledge, experience and wisdom. He is a man ripe in years and one who understands the feelings and desires of his subject. This belief is felt not only at home but abroad and therefore he stands in the position of undertaking great things, as would be beneficial to the Empire and the world. In this connection there is a very general feeling that no man could do more to terminate the war in South Africa. The Boers are an educated class in many particulars, but the one great characteristic of their make up is obstinacy. There is nothing so hard to drive out of a Boer's head than an idea once formed and the idea is strongly formed among this class of people that the surrender of South Africa territory to the British means loss of liberty. This impression is formed on erroneous grounds, and it has been formed altogether from a lack of knowledge of the British form of government. As soon as it can be shown the Boer that the Anglo-Saxon will give him greater privileges and more liberties than he has ever had under KRUGER, he will lay down his arms willingly. King EDWARD is the one being who has the opportunity of teaching the South African this. A peace commission appointed at his request would have little officiality in submitting terms acceptable both to Britain and to Boer. On such an occasion as this comes his sole opportunity for direct action concerning matters usually within the province of his ministers and parliament alone. By acting to avert further war the King would begin his reign more auspiciously and with a higher place in history than could be secured in any other way. He could pay no better or nobler tribute to the memory of the great Queen, in whose chair he is to sit. One word from him to day would go far towards ending the war in South Africa.

THE "FRENCH SHORE" QUESTION.

Newfoundland is in the anomalous position of a British colony with a "French shore." British sovereignty over the island is not disputed, but under the treaty of Utrecht, almost two centuries ago France acquired certain fishing rights on the eastern and western shores.

The precise extent of these rights has been in dispute for many years. As France interprets them, they give her the exclusive right to catch and dry fish along eight hundred miles of sea board, and to control that portion of the coast for half a mile inland. Ten years ago she extended her claims to the canning of lobsters. England disputed the claim, and, pending a definite settlement of the dispute, a "modus vivendi" was agreed upon, by which the existing lobster factories, colonial and French, were to continue operations, but no others were to be established. To legalize this arrangement, the Newfoundland parliament passed a bill giving British naval officers power to adjust all disputes which might

arise. These officers have had what must have been at times the distasteful task of temporarily enforcing French claims, which their own government had not conceded, against needy colonial fishermen.

The modus vivendi expired on January 1st. The Newfoundland government renewed it a year ago because it was reluctant to raise a difficult question when England was fully occupied in South Africa; it refuses to renew it for another year. The whole question is thus reopened. Unless some new arrangement is agreed to before the fishing season opens in May there may be collisions between colonial and French fishermen, with serious consequences.

The colonial population along the shore is in great destitution because its natural means of support are so curtailed. It is of the utmost importance to Newfoundland that the French rights should be extinguished. France cannot be expected to give them up for nothing; but if the French and British governments approach the question in a friendly spirit, it ought not to be impossible to find some adjustment which will satisfy France, while it gives the unhappy Newfoundlanders a fair chance.

New York state, a time ago decided that it would be to the advantage of the young to have hung on the walls in the school houses suitable pictures. To carry out the plan the university of the state was requested to prepare a list of one hundred pictures. After the selection was made the next step was the submitting of the list to a committee of seventy five for approval. This committee consisted of men of all classes and creeds. Why such a large number was chosen is not apparent, but it was clear that among so many there would be much difference of opinion. The result quite justified the anticipation, for by the time the committee got through their work, but few pictures remained. Paintings on religious subjects were thrown out because they would offend the Hebrews. Further it was decided that the nude should have no place in the list and so such famous pictures as the Venus de Milo had to go. War pictures were rejected on various grounds and so on through the whole category. The result was that the list remaining embraces little that is of interest save pictures of landscape and architecture, as pointed out by a New York paper, both scarcely appeal to children. The pictures that are expected to impress a child's mind must relate to something that he understands.

Historical Chairs.

There is no doubt several persons who possess articles of furniture as well as other articles of historical interest and the stories heard in this connection are various and numerous. The new king has several mementoes in Canada, but the late Queen very few. This is owing to the fact that the former once visited this country and he could not have done otherwise than leave remembrances. A family in Fredericton Progress learns is the owner of his most historical arm chairs. These chairs were once the property of the late Duke of Kent, the father of Queen Victoria. The late Duke at the beginning of the last century lived in Halifax, as Commander of the British forces. Before his return to England he parted with some of his furniture and among other purchasers the father of the late G. E. Fenety of Fredericton, became the owner of the two above mentioned chairs. These chairs have remained in the Fenety family ever since and are of much valuable interest on account of their historical connection. In parting with the chairs the Duke made the remark at the time that he did so with considerable regret, as he and his wife had used them so many years at their private dining table.

"Has she accepted you?"
"Well, not in so many words, but what she said amounts to the same thing."
"What did she say?"
"She advised me to be economical and try to save up a little money, instead of buying flowers and theatre tickets."—Chicago Post.

The Northwestern Elevated road of Chicago, which has been in operation six months, reports an average daily traffic of 46,606 passengers for that period, and in the last three months an average of 50,404.

A prominent medical journal says the best treatment for nervous dyspepsia, is at least three weeks of absolute rest in bed in some institution away from home, with a full diet.

The oldest bonnet was found upon an Egyptian mummy—that of a princess who was interred about 2000 years before Christ.

The present debt of Chicago is \$28,832,157. In 1892, before the Chicago fair, the debt of the city was \$12,476,000.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Asphodel, Flower of Life.
Blooming in old England's homes for years,
Outliving brightly every changing scene;
I lay you dripping with an Empire's tears,
Upon the tomb of England's greatest Queen.

The light has all gone out of Britain's sky,
Her sorrow doth the midnight darkness tell;
Go where Her Majesty in State doth lie,
And sing Eternal Life my Asphodel.

Take ye my flower as ye wind along,
O great procession bearing forth the dead;
And let its leaves immortal have their song,
Then lay it reverently above her head.

With muffled music and the tolling bell,
The solemn pageant where great mourners tread,
There to all trembling souls your message tell,
His lives beyond our requiems o'er her bed.

CYRUS GOLDBE.

New York.

The Coon's Swear-off
I dance all day
An' I'm in 'er fun,
An' I est de possum
When de possum well done,
Ei dat am wicked
Do yo' blame dis coon;
Gwine to swear off soon,
Gwine to swear off soon.

I chaws ma bacon
An' I will drink rum,
Kase I done fo' got
Dat de New Year's come
Ma boss says dough
Excuse dis coon,
Ei I ain't swore off
Gwine to swear off soon.

Gwine to swear off, say
Bout next July,
When de mule gets stubborn
An' de sun weeds got high,
An' de sun shines hot,
Fo' to plague dis coon.
Ei I don't do it den,
Gwine to swear off soon.

Night in the City.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The evening shadows blacken all the town,
The weary husband home-ward takes his way
In fear his waiting wife may call him down!
Behind the billboards on the vacant lots
The hold-up crooner with his base of sand,
And clowns crowd round the complacent jockpots
Sit anxious men with pictured cards in hand,
And lovers stroll beneath the starlit skies
And feed each other's ears with honeyed lies.

The arc lights spit and sputter overhead,
The noisy trams roll along the street,
The big policeman of the moon's track
Swipes across from the sidewalks through his hat,
Within the washy house the snowy shirt
With spray from puckered mouth Wun Lungee
wets,
And pickers pick cigar stumps from the dirt,
And later we will get in cigars' t's,
And o'er his irragrant greasy, steaming can
O' mystery stands the hot tamale man.

In moisture joints where glasses click we hear,
As through the dimly lighted streets we walk,
Men curse expansion o'er their lager beer,
The tired barkeeper closes and locks his door,
And heebers, flash with cash of candidate,
To drink with them the red-nosed ronderers press,
And in their slany eloquence dilate
Upon the beauties and sacredness
And ask the bummers to do all they can
To land their pure, unspotted, honest man.

The night creeps on, the hackmen at the call
Their sleep barked eyes with chilly fingers rub,
Then sweep away with rattling wheels to haul
The men with sagged legs home from the club,
The tired barkeeper closes and locks his door,
The bums themselves to ten cent beds betake,
The weary cop in darkened hallway snores
And dreams of cines he sees not when awake,
The wicked town relinques his sins
To catch a nap before the day begins.

Seafarers.

The traders that hail from the Clyde,
And the whalers that sail from Dundee,
Put forth in the season on top of the tide
To foster the risk and to lose from the sea,
To ply in the lanes of the sea.

By fairway and channel and sound,
By shoal and deep water they ply,
Guessing the course by feel of the ground,
Or chasing the drift of the flow—
Norwest, in the track of the flow.

And we steer them to harbor afar,
At hazard we win them abroad,
When the coral is furrowed by keels on the bar,
And the sea floor is swept by the Lord,
The anchor's dredged by the Lord.

To the placid, palm skirted bay
To dress the air with perfume and forlorn
We follow the courses the admirals drew
In the days when they doubled the Horn,
When Drake lost the mouth of the Horn.

And what of the cargo ye bring
For venture ye bore overseas?
What of the treasure ye put forth to wring
From the chances of billow and breeze?
In spite of the billow and breeze.

Oh, we carry the keys of earth,
And the password of Empire we bear!
Wherever the beaches held promise of worth
We established your sovereignty there,
We planted your flag over there.

And the querdon for blood we have shed?
The glory that haunts your name?
Oh, a grave where the dippy is dim overhead,
And the aftermath tribute of fame,
A chip from the bottom of name.
—Perceval Gibbon.

Result.
Out of the old world's error,
Out of its loss and pain,
After the passing of terror,
Cometh the whole world's again.

Right for a time must languish
And cease to be a mocking word,
But strengthened by awful anguish,
Reason shall speak and be heard.

It shall speak to each land and nation,
Saying 'Put by your guns!
Hence forward let arbitration
Settle the strifes of your sons.

"The world is too old to be fighting
As it fought in the days of the Hans—
There are better ways to be righting
Its wrongs—put by your guns."

It is writ on those fields of slaughter,
The lesson we waited for,
It is blazoned on land and water—
Lol war shall be slain by war.

Pneumonia Prevalent.

Pneumonia was never more prevalent in St. John than it is at the present time and the ravages made by this dread disease is very widespread many families have sustained losses during the past month. The season has been a most trying one, especially to the poor, with the high price of coal and the changeable weather, their fight with disease has been a bitter one. It was a hard day for many in St. John where the piece of coal went up.

Manhattan—I wonder why it is that so many society women go on the stage?
Broadway—Perhaps, it is because they are crowded out by the actresses that marry into society.

Simple Literary Questions.

The Irishman who inquired at 3 post-office for a letter, but refused to give his name, may be able to sympathize with the woman in the following story from the Pittsburg Bulletin:

Two well-dressed young women approached the desk in the reading room of a large library. One of them took a memorandum book.

"Can you tell me how many yards—oh, that's the wrong list!" She said, hastily bringing forth another slip of paper. "Here it is. Will you please tell me who is Rudyard Kipling's favorite author?"

"I am unable to tell you, never having heard that he had one," answered one of the librarians.

"Dear me!" said the young woman, in a tone of irritation. "It's one of the questions for our next club meeting. Well, which one of Thackeray's books brought him the largest income?"

"That you can probably find out by consulting a book the number of which I will give you," said the official.

"Oh, I can't stop to look it up!" the young woman said, hurriedly. "I thought you would tell me at once. Well, there's one thing more Bessie Cummock, my cousin in Manchester, had a splendid book when I was there last year for the anecdotes of famous people. I can't remember the name of it, or who wrote it, but it was about so big," illustrating with one finger on the desk, "and it had a dark green cover. Now can you tell me what it is? Some day, when I have time, I'd like to get it out. Of course you must have it in the library."

For the third time the attendant was obliged to confess her inability to give the desired information. The young lady looked at her with a piercing gaze and turned away, saying to her companion:

"There! That just shows what all this talk about their being examined for positions in public libraries amounts to! Three perfectly simple questions, all on literary subjects, and she couldn't answer one of them!"

Close Buying.

Some women are good mathematicians, others are 'weak in figures.' The Baltimore Sun tells of one who prided herself on her economy and close bargaining. Her husband used to banter her sometimes about what he called her 'stinginess.'

One day Mrs. S., as she may be called for convenience, invited her husband to go to market with her and witness her prowess in the line of close buying.

At the market Mrs. S. made several purchases, and then at one stall inquired the price of eggs.

"Sixteen cents a dozen" she repeated. "That's too much. I am sure I saw them for less somewhere this morning."

She dragged her reluctant husband after her from one stand to another, still inquiring the price of eggs, and always receiving the same answer, until she was near the upper end of the market. Here she found a dealer whose eggs were fifteen cents a dozen.

"There, I told you so!" she exclaimed to her husband. "Those other men were trying to get the advantage."

Turning to the salesman, she ordered half a dozen eggs, gravely handed him eight cents in payment and went away, well satisfied with her shrewdness.

Her first doubt came when Mr. S. quietly asked her how much she had really saved by the transaction.

Since then she does not like to hear her husband speak of her economies.

New Welding Process.

In the new process of welding invented by Doctor Goldschmidt of Essen, a compound called 'thermit,' made of aluminum and certain metallic oxides, is employed to obtain an extraordinary degree of heat. With the aid of a melting-pot, rails and pipes can be immediately welded at any place. The pot being filled with an inflammable mixture and ignited, a few spoonfuls of thermit are added, and the temperature quickly rises as high as 3000° Centigrade. An aluminum oxide is then poured on the part of the rail, or pipe, to be welded, and the work is done, so quickly that the pot is cold and can be taken into the hand after being emptied.

Electromagnetic Brakes.

Among recent inventions of general interest is the electromagnetic brakes for street cars. In the form known in England as the Newell brake, it consists of a horse

shoe electromagnet suspended on spiral springs, and hung in such a manner that the poles of the magnet are directly over the rails. When the magnet is excited, the poles are forced downward so that the shoe of the brake grip the rail. By a system of levers connecting with the wheel rim hand brakes of the car, the reaction of the shoes of the electro magnetic brake in gripping the rails increases the pressure of the hand brakes also. The new brake is not actuated by the current which drives the car, but by an independent current derived from the momentum of the car, and the interruption of the driving current, instead of preventing the action of the brake, causes it to act automatically.

Fined For Selling Alum Baking Powder.

At Bradford, on Thursday, Walter E. Sugden, grocer, Wakefield road, Bradford, was summoned for selling adulterated baking powder. Mr. Herbert Hankinson, deputy town clerk, who prosecuted, said the inspector called at the defendant's shop and purchased samples of baking powder. There were two kinds on sale. The article described as the best was sold at 21. for 4 ounces, and the cheaper kind was sold at 21 for half a pound. The cheaper sample when analysed was found to be adulterated with 20 per cent of alum. The use of alum in making bread was injurious to health, and it was used as a cheap substitute for tartaric acid. Alum in bread liberated the gas and made the bread rise, but it was injurious to children. The Bradford Corporation were determined to put a stop to these adulterations, which pressed especially hard upon the poor. The defendant said that he purchased the baking powder ready made up in packets, and did not know that it was adulterated. A fine of £2 and costs was imposed.—London Grocer, Dec. 15.

The Velocity of Light.

The latest determination of the velocity of light is that announced by Monsieur Perrotin before the French Academy of Sciences on November 5, 1900. It was obtained by the Fizeau method, in which the rate of rotation of a toothed wheel, between whose cogs the light passes on its way to a distant reflector, furnishes a means of measuring the speed with which the light moves. In this case the distance between the stations was nearly 12 kilometers, or a little less than seven miles and a half. The deduced velocity was 299,900 kilometers per second. This is 40 kilometers greater than the estimate of Newcomb, and differs about as much from the measurement of Michelson at Annapolis in 1882. Michelson used the Foucault method, in which a revolving mirror is employed, and his result was 299,853 kilometers per second.

Fantastic Work of an Earthquake.

The great earthquake that shook India on June 12, 1897, was remarkable for the curiously distorting effects it produced upon standing objects. Similar effects have been noticed from other earthquakes, but seldom to so striking an extent. In a report of the Geological Survey of India there is an illustration showing how this earthquake twisted a lofty monument at Chibatak. The monument was an obelisk of brick, coated with plaster, more than 60 feet tall and 12 feet square at the base. About six feet on the top were broken off and thrown to the south, and nine feet more were thrown to the east. Then a piece 20 feet in height was separated, 23 feet above the ground, and twisted in a direction opposite to the motion of the hands of a watch but without falling.

Victoria's Stores Of Gold.

The colony of Victoria, the smallest division of the continent of Australia, has produced, during the last half century, more gold than any other country in the world, with the exception of California. Mr. James Stirling recently informed an audience at the Imperial Institute in London that there is a gold-mine at Bendigo in Victoria which has reached a depth of 3,434 feet, and that deep leads of gold exist over an area of about 400 miles. Victoria also possesses extensive coal-fields.

Teacher—What made you so late?

Tommy—I had to wait for me mother to wrap up a bundle for me to leave at Mrs. Brown's.

Teacher—Surely, it didn't take your mother nearly an hour to do that.

Tommy—Yes'm. You see, the paper she was wrappin' it up in had a love story in it.—Philadelphia Press.