

PROGRESS.

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ST JOHN, SATURDAY, JAN 11

POPULATION AND ARMY, FRANCE.

The stationary or decreasing population of France has long been a subject of deepest interest to French economists; and those of other countries have instanced it as a sign of national decay and degeneracy. Its importance as a factor in France's military position has been considered, too; but this has been increased recently by the proof of the inability of the country to provide men enough to permit of a contemplated increase of the army. By the law of 1899, the infantry of the line was to be increased by about one fourth of its former strength, but so completely has this proposed augmentation been proved impossible of completion that the peace footing of the French Army has had to be revised, and the old figures restored.

By the law now shown to be incapable of enforcement, a fourth battalion of four companies was to be added to each of the 145 regiments of line infantry, but a year's attempt to raise these new organizations showed the following discouraging result at the end of 1900; ninety-three regiments had a fourth battalion of three instead of four companies; twenty two regiments had only two companies in their additional battalions; sixteen had only one company, and three had been filled to the new strength authorized. The government decided to complete the new battalions slowly, after it found that they could not be raised at once, and planned to fill the battalions of fifty four regiments during 1901; but it was impossible to do even this, and some seventy nine new and partly formed battalions have been broken up as impossible of completion.

An addition to this failure of the plans for the infantry, the cavalry and artillery arms are also affected, and in November last the peace strength of the former was reduced by fifteen men in each squadron, a loss of seventy-five men to each regiment; reductions in the artillery were also made necessary by the failure of recruiting.

Significant as a stationary population is economically, it is especially important to France because of her military responsibilities as an ally of Russia and an enemy of Germany. Just as the French have had their military deficiencies borne in upon them, Germany has learned of her increasing strength.

Three years ago, it is pointed out, the supply of trained soldiers in France was some 140,000 greater than that of Germany, and the latter country, by increasing its army yearly by 14,000 men, expected to equal its rival in ten years. But so large have been the numbers of German recruits and volunteers that two years from now the necessary 140,000 men will have been trained, and Germany will stand on an equality with France in the matter of men with a thorough military training.

Recent figures show that about one marriage in every four marriages in France is childless. The question is, How shall this state of affairs be changed? It is urged that alcoholism is largely responsible for the existing state of affairs; that hygienic conditions account for them; and it is suggested that patriotic French people may improve matters by employing in certain positions only married men with at least three children; that taxes be reduced for such men; that cheap houses be built for them; that additional taxes be imposed on houses where there are fewer than five children, with special reference to those landlords who prefer a 'woman with a dog, a cat and a parrot' to families with children. Many other suggestions are made, all requiring a general unanimity of opinion among the French that is hard-

ly to be looked for, and a period of time that will not be measured by single years.

A 'FREE SHOW.'

The financial statement issued by the directors of the Buffalo exposition shows that the great majority of the people who went to the fair were admitted free. Rural visitors, who were willing to pay good money for admissions, were charged full rates. The average visitor to the fair went in free. Of course, the managers of the fair knew that they could not run it successfully on any other basis. The admission fees were charged really by the various exhibits along the midway. It is upon these peculiar side shows that the modern American 'exposition' now depend for its financial returns.

It seems all the stranger therefore, that reputable newspapers in this section are already giving free advertisement to another freak-show exposition which is to be held out in Missouri, on lines very similar to the malodorous Buffalo affair.

Science and Witchcraft.

Monsieur Santos-Dumont, after having circled the Eiffel Tower in his dirigible balloon, received the official congratulations of his native country.

'On behalf of the President,' cabled the Minister of the Department of Industries of Brazil, 'I congratulate you upon the brilliant trials you have made with your air ship. Through your discovery of a solution long sought for, you have added to the glory of Brazil, and completed the work of Bartholomew de Gusmao, our illustrious fellow countryman.'

Who was Bartholomew de Gusmao? That illustrious Brazilian is certainly a stranger to most of us.

Curious indeed is the contrast afforded by the careers of the two Brazilians, the two inventors, the two balloonists, Santos-Dumont of to-day, and Gusmao of the town of Santos, born in 1685. Monsieur Santos-Dumont has received for his invention admiration, felicitation and a prize; a street in Paris has been named for him, and his image in gingerbread—last test of popularity!—is sold in sidewalk booths and at country fairs throughout France.

Bartholomew de Gusmao had no such fortune. His invention was made while he was still a young man, in Portugal, where he had obtained his education for the church. He was laughed at, but a woman, the Princess Elizabeth of Brunswick, believed in him, obtained the patronage of the king, and enabled him to make a public trial of his machine. He launched himself in it from a towers in Lisbon, and flew or drifted safely across a portion of the city and a large square, where he made his descent.

'The flying-ship flew triumphantly!' declared his patroness; and he was promptly nick named the 'Flyer' and the 'Flying Monk.' He was even granted a royal concession protecting his right of manufacture—a patent, we should call it, but its term would astonish a modern patent office, for infringement was punishable by death. For several years he worked hopefully to improve his promising machine; then suddenly there were whisper, suspicious, terror, and he was thrown into prison and half-starved there, under an accusation of witchcraft in having formed an unholy alliance with the devil and the powers of the air.

The brethren of his religious order procured his escape, but he died soon afterward of disappointment and a broken heart. The drawings and description of his machine which survive are too unscientific to be comprehensible; the secret of it is hopelessly lost; another Brazilian in a safer country has taken up the work where it was dropped by his unfortunate predecessor.

Startling Announcement.

Perhaps the most startling announcement of modern times is the statement that the serial rights of 'The Man from Glengarry' have been sold to the publishers of the Family Herald and Weekly Star, Montreal and that it will be immediately commenced in serial form in that wonderful paper. As may be imagined. The price paid is large for the story. 'The Man from Glengarry,' is undoubtedly the best story of the year. Every one should read it. It is cleverly constructed and beautifully written. No man or woman in this country will now want to admit that he or she has failed to read Ralph Connor's great book, for the Family Herald is regularly taken in upwards of one hundred thousand homes, and it has secured the prize, for 'The Man from Glengarry' is a prize indeed and a rich one.

Mother (ultra English)—Yes, Robert, 'the king can do no wrong!' Bobbie—Shucks! Then there can't be much fun bein' a king!

VERBS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

A Song From Exile.

Round the marsh-land rims, I know,
The foaming spray-willows blow,
The whitethroat flaps his old refrain,
And through the budding copes go
The whispers of the April rain,
The soft an-urru of the rain,
That calls me to come back again.

About the breaking of the day
The robin pipes his roundelay
Across the leafless maple glade;
And black against the clear sky
The rancous blackbirds hurry by,
On some disreputable raid.

Upon some slope that fronts the sun
I think the trilliums, one by one,
O open to greet the rippling rain;
The potent April rain, that weaves
Enchantment round the springing leaves,
And calls me to come back again.

When evening settles, faintly cold,
With all its best of sunset gold,
The frogs' unceasing shrill delight
Marks where, beneath the mirrored sky,
The ripples of the water lie
Unruffled through the brilliant night.

At dawn across the gleaming grass
Spring's jubilant processions pass,
Led by the music of the rain;
At dawn the tiny tree-tops trill
Their fairy flutes invisible,
That call me to come back again.

In every woodside nook, I know,
The violets and snowdrops blow,
And dandelions up the lane;
And rattling through the copes go
The whispers of the April rain,
The ancient magic of the rain,
That calls me to come back again.

The White Knight.

The silver birch's rind has cast
A powder light as frost;
And round and round, like milky veins,
The grapevine threads are crossed.
The hoiden has pinned a plume
To the edge of her stiff gray hood,
And willow and sedge and oak bend low
To the White Knight in the wood.

A shrill east wind the forge-blaze fanned,
Where the ice-smith wrought anais,
And clear and fine as the finest pearl
Are the links of his armor-chain.
His pace is swift, and he travels well,
Where the lonely gorges wind,
But his step is still, on the forest-sill,
And the White Knight's quest is kind.

No poniard-point of the grim North King
Who stalks from the black beyond
Can smile, through the sweep of his broad, pure
shield.

The brake's most helpless friend,
The tender things of the wood are held
In a long and a peaceful spell,
Then, at the snarling blast of force and fast
For the White Knight guards them well.

An Interrupted Fish Dinner.

An Oregon bear who wanted a fish dinner felt that his desire was in a fair way to be satisfied when he found a large sturgeon washed up on the bank of the Columbia River. Two eagles had claimed the prize, by right of discovery, but the bear at once tried to dispossess them. The results, which are described by a Swedish fisherman who saw the battle, were a disappointment.

One of the eagles had flown to her nest with pieces of the fish, and the other was picking away at the remnants when the bear came tearing through the brush.

Bruin walked straight up to the feast, but the eagle was not to be scared away. He flapped his wings, and stood on the defensive. The bear paused a moment, and then rushed at the eagle. The bird eluded him, and soared into the air, screaming for his mate. She came swooping down from the nest and joined forces in an attack on the bear, which was so busy tearing the sturgeon that he paid no attention to the royal birds until they sank their talons into his flesh.

The howl of rage which bruin let out then showed that he had been 'both pained and hurt.' He reared up on his haunches and clawed savagely at the birds, which whirled easily about him. One would make a dash at his face and eyes, while the other would hit him in the back of the neck like a bolt from a catapult.

For ten minutes or more the bear 'stood up to the scratch'; but by that time he had had scratching enough, and began to show signs of wanting to get away.

As soon as he was on all the four the eagles were upon him, and he had to get on his haunches again to use his paws effectively. The blood was streaming down his face and showing in great spots all over his glossy hide, but the object of the eagles appeared to be to get at his eyes, and he seemed fully aware of it.

He was very anxious to get back to the cover of the brush, and the eagles were just as anxious to prevent him. Every time he turned towards the bushes they would plump down on his head and try to sink their talons in his eyes, and drum his ears with their strong pinions.

It was nearly half an hour from the time the bear came out of the brush before he was able to drag himself back under its friendly cover, and he was the most dilapidated-looking bear imaginable.

The eagles flew to a tree and smoothed their ruffled feathers, and congratulated each other on the outcome of the struggle. Then, as their young were calling for more breakfast, they resumed their work of carving and serving the sturgeon.

You mark my words, cried the beautiful girl's mother, with the truculent pessimism peculiar to age, so sure as you take this step you will repent at leisure.

Oh, hang it! I must put up with that, answered the pretty one, pettishly. Even that would be preferable to contemplating some other woman repenting at leisure with him.

WHEN ONE EXPECTS SWEEPS.

Sketch of Stockholm Life.

[Written for PROGRESS.]

He looked very miserable and dejected, the Notary and Advocate Stilstrom, as he strode along New Street gesticulating unconsciously. He could not have looked more unhappy, had he been elected director of the bank of Christiania, or a returned North Pole explorer. An old friend crossing the square, grasped him by the arm, and led him with gentle force into a nearby cafe, where he sat down on a divan and partook of a pale yellow drink, which begins and ends with g. After a while he was able to rage and swear, as cultured Swedes are in the habit of doing and began to tell his deplorable tale.

After moving from the country and his wife had gotten their city home in perfect order, a telegram came from an aunt in Norrland, saying that she was to arrive that afternoon. She was an honored aunt, a rich aunt, a very wealthy aunt indeed, and they had consequently prepared a particularly fine dinner. It was like giving a sprat for a mackerel. All was gladness and bright with hopes. Just as a delicious odor from the cooking pervaded the air, giving the neighbors a pain in the stomach, they came. The chimney sweeps! they were to sweep the chimney and fire-places that day—that and no other. Mrs. Stilstrom declared that she had not heard a word about it not even a cat had whispered sweeping. She pleaded, she cried—in vain! Only the statement that the black demons could not go in the drawing room before her husband came home, as he had the key with him, gave her two hours grace. See you to the landlord. Could not an other day do as well? For the Aunt's sake! It would be quite impossible to make everything clean and tidy again by time she arrived. No absolutely impossible! He could do nothing. There was no alternative. But why had he not said anything about it? Yes he had sent word—She had not received the message. And so the dinner preparations were discontinued, the fires were put out, furniture piled together and covered, papers laid over the carpet and the home was once more a chaos. Dinner was out of the question. Stilstrom was telephoned for, and had to go out and order a dinner at a restaurant for the whole family. They all took a street car and went to 'The Phoenix' to dine. Stilstrom himself got off at the central to welcome the Aunt. He met her but she looked very displeased when he told her that they were to dine out. That was not necessary! Had they nothing to eat at home? Did they not live together? She would not be the means of adding to their expense! Did he have such a large income? The talk about the chimney cleaning was only an excuse—why should it just be on the day that she came? She did not believe a word of it. She could very well go to an hotel, moreover, she would feel far better by taking a cup of tea and going to bed, than to eat a grand dinner. He begged and he coaxed, but he did not get the old lady with him. She promised however to call on them the following day. He went alone to 'The Phoenix,' where the half famished family were waiting. Great sorrow prevailed. Eat however they must, and in the evening after listening to the music, drinking coffee etc. returned home. Stilstrom's pocketbook lighter by 15 dollars. When they went in, found to their great astonishment that the sweeps had not been there at all. Everything was as they had left it. They were almost frantic. When should the horrid creature come? The landlord was sent for, and was as much surprised at the condition of affairs as were the tenants themselves. But he knew nothing. So they retired for the night and dreamed, the Notary and his wife, that the Aunt had married a chimney sweep, and had a score of black children. Next morning they awaited with great anxiety the coming of the Aunt and the sweeps. The aunt came first. When she understood that the sweeps had not been there, she smiled mockingly. She had thought as much, it was only a farce. But, good heavens, if they did not want to see, and have her there, they could say so plainly! However she had other relations in Stockholm. So curling up her nose she sailed away. Yes, alas! for the bright hopes. There was a great confusion after she had gone. Stilstrom gave vent to a great many expressions, most unchristianlike, about sweeps, landlords and Aunts also. Finally he boarded the whole family at a pension, and hired a man to sit in the hall at home to await the sweeps. He himself engaged rooms at a seaside resort, as he was not sure whether the home should be fit to be occupied this side of Christmas. Rent he did not mean to pay, but he was puzzled as to whom he should charge the damages for the dinner,

his Aunt's legacy and the man's wages. In dark moments he saw everything in black, and was afraid that he himself should have to stand 'the costs.' This was probably a very bright idea. Whether the sweeps have been there yet or not, the gods only know, but it is rumored that Stilstrom has been taken to a sanatorium. He likely 'see's sweeps.'

W. S. H.

The Cause of Nervous Headache.

This most distressing and common malady doubtless has its origin in some unbalanced condition of the nervous system. Probably the simplest, safest and most efficient remedy is Polson's Nerviline. Twenty drops in sweetened water gives immediate relief, and this treatment should be supplemented by bathing the region of pain with Nerviline. To say it acts quickly fails to express the result. Sold everywhere in large 25c. bottles.

Drugging Will Not Cure Catarrh. This loathsome disease is caused by germs that invade the air passages of the head, throat and lungs, and can be cured only by inhalation of medicated air. Stomach medicines, atomizers, snuffs are inefficient, because they fail to reach the cause of the trouble. Catarrhoxone is successful because it is inhaled to every part of the breathing organs, and has power to kill the germs, heal the inflamed tissues and prevent droppings in the throat. Catarrhoxone treats more than one thousand square feet of the mucous surface with every breath taken through the inhaler, and affords instant relief. It perfectly cures Catarrh Asthma, and Bronchitis. Sold by druggists. Two months treatment. Price \$1.00. Small size 25 cts., or by mail from Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

Preserving Valuable Manuscripts.

The original manuscripts of old books and old records are exceedingly valuable and are preserved with great care, for if destroyed of course they cannot be replaced. They can be guarded from fire and from overmuch handling, and now an additional safeguard has been found in Japanese silk.

Its use, says the Washington Star, has removed a fear that has long existed in the minds of librarians that there was no way out of it, and that the rare old manuscripts would simply have to have their day, and then dry up and return to their original elements. Happily the use of a silk of extreme thinness and transparency has settled the question of the life of these manuscripts for the next two or three hundred years at least. By that time some other method may be discovered.

This silk is thinner than the thinnest tissue-paper, the threads being finer than spider-webs. It is pasted over the manuscript so firmly that it keeps off dust and air and yet is so transparent that it does not interfere any more with the appearance of the ordinary plate of glass. It strengthens the manuscript so that the danger of handling is reduced to a minimum.

The library of Congress is now engaged in examining and protecting all of its old manuscripts with this silk, and while it is an immense task, it will probably be completed within the next few years. This silk is by no means costly, and unless a person is somewhat expert in the matter of old manuscripts they would be unable to recognize the fact that the silk had been used.

Bramble—I made a good bargain with Jones just now.

Thorne—What was it?

'I'm to let him have the exclusive use of my automobile and he's to pay for half the repairs.'

'Mister,' began the beggar, 'it's pretty hard to lose all your relations and—'

'Hard?' snorted the crusty individual. 'Why, man alive, if they're poor relations it's impossible.'

"77"

WHAT IS IT?

"77" is a small bottle of pleasant pellets that fits the vest pocket, handy to carry.

WHAT IS IT FOR?

"77" is for Grip, Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Catarrh Pains and Soreness in the head and chest, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, General Prostration and Fever.

WHAT DOES IT DO?

"77" breaks up Colds than hang on and do not yield to ordinary treatment.

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