

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. by the PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY (Limited), EDWARD S. CHAMBERLAIN, EDITOR AND MANAGER.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST JOHN, SATURDAY JAN 4

THE LOYALTY OF SILENCE.

It has long been a common reproach—whether just or not—that women have no genius for friendship. They have been accused of inconsistency and disloyalty; and if there has been a friendship between women which was not short-lived the cynics have put a label of eccentricity upon the friends.

A better day is here Education and a clearer sense of proportion have brought women to set a higher value on genuine friendship. One of the best of recent novels, Mrs. HUMPHREY'S 'WARD'S' 'ELEANOR,' depicts a friendship between its two heroines which stood fast against a racking strain; and no one finds the picture false to life.

Friendship has its duties as well as its joys. There is one offering which we are bound always to lay upon the of friendship—that is a loyal silence. We may outgrow a friend; we may disapprove a friend or—the pity of it—we may even quarrel with a friend; but for honor's sake, let us not speak unkindly of a friend.

It has come to pass recently that a man whom ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON loved and counted among his seven friends has published in an English magazine a review of STEVENSON'S biography. In the review he sets forth in his incisive style many of STEVENSON'S faults and more of his weaknesses. He is as coolly critical of the man as if STEVENSON had never poured out his heart in letters to him, or sat far into the night talking with him, pouring out a young man's expansive but fascinating egotism.

There may not be in the review one word that is not true; but that it should have been thus set down in print marks the writer as having an ideal of friendship which even women as interpreted by the cynics might disown.

WORDSWORTH etched for us years ago the picture of such a man, and it is memorable today.

CONNECTING THE OCEANS.

The new Hay-Pauncefote treaty removes the diplomatic obstacles which hindered the construction of a canal across the continent, in Central America. The report of the canal commission presents the judgment of experts that the Nicaraguan route is the best. The attitude of Congress promises prompt action. So the connecting of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, which has been a dream of adventurous spirits for centuries, approaches realization. The enterprise, when begun, will have behind it the resources of a great nation; and the canal, when completed, will be the property of the United States, operated and controlled and its neutrality guaranteed by the United States alone.

That one nation should spend two hundred million dollars, and probably more, in building a great public work in the territory of another nation is unprecedented. It is justified by the fact that the new waterway will bring the commerce of the Pacific coast ten thousand miles nearer the ports of the eastern coast. At present the distance by water from San Francisco to Cadiz is less than the distance to New York. The cutting of the canal will end this anomaly, and in proportion to the length of the waterway will save to commerce a greater distance than any other canal that has been or could be built.

The canal will promote general peace and international commerce. It will be open to the ships of all nations on equal terms, and will lighten the cost and lessen the time of transportation for all.

The day which witnesses the turning of the first spadeful of earth on the canal and

the day on which the first vessel passes through it will be historic days for the United States and for the whole world.

Little One's Nursery.

'A nursery is where the foundation of a child's life is laid, and I think every mother ought to study the right surroundings of comfort and cleanliness as well as education,' says a mother in Good Housekeeping. 'I happen to know of two cases where babies were killed because of ill protected cribs. Nearly all the cribs in the market have railings just wide enough for a tiny head to go through.'

'The little ones I knew were literally strangled to death by this happening during sleep, and it terrified me into making baby's bed very safe. I made pads that fitted snugly inside each rail. Next I gave attention to a baby's pillow. It is thin and not too soft. Downy beds and pillows are all very well in poetry, but not so well in reality, for baby perspires enough without them. People think it must mean extra work to care for the pretty muslin slips and curtains about the crib. I do not think so. I have two sets, and they are changed every week. The bedding is light, but warm, and is pinned tightly at the bottom, so that kicking will not pull it off.'

'I have decided views about leaving a baby in a room alone at night. Some mothers do it; they think it is hardening, that it makes a child brave, independent, not afraid of the dark and all that sort of thing. I cannot make myself feel that way. Babyhood is so short, so sweet and so lovingly dependent on a mother's tender care that it ends all too quickly.'

'I want my little girl to feel that mother is near her day and night. I believe, though, that the child's nursery should not be the mother's dressing-room. The clothes of a grown up person absorb dust of the house and street that is not found on the dainty white garb of a little child. I have a separate dressing room from the nursery, and nothing finds its way into the little one's own room except the purest and cleanest things. I do not believe the average mother gives thought enough to the purity of a child's atmosphere. I believe in having everything that surrounds baby washable, and in washing it as often as it is necessary.'

'After the cleanliness of a nursery comes orderliness. The real nursery must have daily spells of the most terrible disorderliness when one has to walk around Noah with his family and all his live stock out for an airing, when half a dozen dollies have a tea drinking right in a doorway or when every book in the nursery library is on the floor.'

'Then I say, let the grown up step warily, for baby's rights just then are as large as her own. Only when play hours are over and bedtime is near everything has to be cleared away. Then is the time for the first lesson in tidiness. Daisy is only three years old, but after her play she knows it is one of her little duties to put each toy and book in the place where it belongs. Every cupboard, shelf, or bureau drawer is within her short reach, and when everything is in its place she comes running to have 'mamma see how nicely things are put away.' Mamma is never too busy to go. I realize so well that the training of these baby days means the foundation of life habits.'

The Business Side of Fashion.

The commercial side of fashion is a thing which an observant visitor to Paris can hardly fail to notice. The whole city is more or less given over to the service of dress. It is estimated that about fifty thousand costumers and their assistants are at work in the city. A glance at the books of some of the big houses proves that Paris is all she claims to be in the world of dress.

Queens and princesses order their choicest gowns there; the wives of the sultan and the women of the mikado's court wear on special occasion dresses created by the artists of the great Paris houses; and belles of South America are their most extravagant clients.

To adapt their work to this foreign patronage, the models who stand try on and show the superb costumes are chosen to represent the average type and figure of women of different nationalities—German, American, Spanish.

Some of the dresses are created in modest ateliers, or shops, others in apartments which do not in the least resemble a business establishment. Places like Paquin's are almost theatrical, with their spacious rooms and well dressed attendants.

Those women who achieve success in attracting and retaining customers sometimes receive from three to four thousand dollars a year. The profits of a popular establishment are large, but much depends upon the personal characteristics of the

assistants. Tact, experience and good taste are absolutely essential.

The dressmakers of Paris take the greatest pains to keep themselves informed of the fluctuations of fortune of their clients, so many of whom are persons well known to the public; and the credit of patrons is always carefully noted. In fact, a little, select detective force has these matters constantly in charge.

If Paris is the center of fashion, all France assists in the production of the materials used. Whole towns, such as Lyons, Amiens, Roubaix and others depend for their prosperity on the making of the goods used by Parisian costumers. Taking the country all through, the New York Tribune estimates that no less than one million four hundred thousand masters and work people are engaged in supplying fashion with its materials; and since caprice is always the chief element of fashion, these industries are subject to constant change.

NEW YEAR'S OF OLD.

Historic Events That Have Fallen on January 1.

Since the birth of Jesus of Nazareth the beginning of the year has been variously fixed at Dec. 25, the anniversary of his birth; Jan. 1, the anniversary of his circumcision; March 25, the anniversary of his conception, and on Easter Sunday. In the British Isles the date most preferred was Dec. 25, and it was not until after Hastings that the present day was chosen. William the Conqueror was crowned on Jan. 1; whether because he honestly deemed the date, which was then in use in Normandy, the most convenient, or whether he wished to thus signalize his victory, the day was then first used, and has since been used.

The day is set aside for feasting and merriment all over the Christian world. It is said that in Paris over \$150,000 is spent on sweetmeats alone, while it is far from uncommon for a man to expend on one New Year's present as much as one fifteenth of his income. In Scotland so universal is the custom of giving up the entire season to the duties of the trencher and the cup that the day is known as 'Daft day,' a touching allusion to the state to which, after morning has come, the majority of the celebrators are reduced. New Year's eve is known as Hogmanay, supposed to be derived from the old Saxon hog night, the time for killing hogs for eating and sacrifice.

In the rural districts of England there existed until a very late day a custom which probably came from the Greeks, on down through the Romans and the Germans, of eating on this day a species of sacrifice cake known as God cakes—small, triangular buns half an inch thick and filled with mince meat, while the famous Boxing day, with its attendant custom of 'Stephening,' are all through the isles the chief event of the rural year.

Americans in spite of the fact that the day is less distinguished than Christmas day, owe many of their choicest privileges to events which transpired on New Year's day, says the Cincinnati Enquirer. It was on the 1st of January, 1776, that Washington unfurled at Cambridge, Mass; the first Federal flag, the original emblem of thirteen stars. In 1779 the first Society of Universalists met at Gloucester, Mass; and Major General Benjamin Lincoln, commanding the Continental forces in the south established his first post at Purybury, on the Savannah river. In 1781 occurred the mutiny at Morristown, N. J; the most formidable movement of its kind in the military annals of the nation. Some 2000 of the New Jersey troops of the line, angered by the repeated negligence of congress, grounded their arms and refused to fight until some further provision could be guaranteed toward their maintenance and pay. It was indeed a crisis in the conflict, as the outcome of this bold move must either intimidate or encourage the entire army, all of whom were suffering from much the same causes as their brethren from New Jersey. General Wayne saw at once that it was not for him to personally deal with this question and sent Colonels Stewart and Butler to intercede. These officers conferred with the ringleaders at Princeton, and while the conference was on General Clinton sent two British officers to coax the mutineers over to the other service.

On New Year's day, 1815, during the second day of the battle below New Orleans, the British made the most of their three assaults and lost the flower of their army. From this day until 1862 from some strange freak of fate, which seems to bunch her important events on certain days, few things of note occurred. But in 1862, the second and most critical year of the civil war, congress enacted something which will forever be memorable to many political economists—the suspension of specie payment until further

notice. Just how such a huge machine managed to exist until New Year's day, 1879, when specie payment was resumed, will be a matter of endless comment among the economists of the future.

CURVE THE NERVES and you will control almost every disease that flesh is heir to. The foundation of health is a perfect stomach and good digestion—these right and you are assured plenty of nerve force, perfect circulation and pure blood. South American Nerveine is a wonder worker—gives nerve force—makes rich blood. Its a veritable Elixir of Life.—Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.

'As we grow older our tastes change,' remarked the observant person. 'I remember when I was a boy I couldn't bear the taste of cabbage.'

'And now?' asked his friend.

'And now,' continued the observant one, 'I can smoke my wife's Christmas cigars and never turn an eyelash.'

PILL-PRICE.—The days of 25 cents a box for pills are numbered. D. Agnew's Liver Pills at 10 cents a vial are surer, safer and pleasanter to take. Cure Constipation, Sick and Nervous Headaches, Dizziness, Lassitude, Heartburn, Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, and all troubles arising from liver disorder.—Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.

Jack Potts—My wife always complains about my losses at poker.

Bob Flush—But isn't she correspondingly glad over your winnings?

Jack Potts—I suppose she would be if I should tell her of them.

HOW LONG HAVE YOUR KIDNEYS BEEN SICK?—Here's South American Kidney Cure evidence that's convincing; 'I am a new man—three bottles cured me.' Five bottles cured me of Diabetes. 'I never expected to be cured of Bright's Disease, but half a dozen bottles did it.' 'I thought my days were numbered, but this great remedy cured me.' It never fails.—Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.

Mrs. Malaprop—That's young Mr. Jenkins. He's engaged to be married you know.

Mrs. Gabbie—Indeed? And is that the young woman with him now?

Mrs. Malaprop—Yes, that's his fiasco.

DOCTORED NINE YEARS FOR TETTER.—Mr. James Gaston, merchant of Wilkesbarre, Pa., writes: 'For nine years I have been disfigured with tetter on my hands and face. At last I have found a cure in Dr. Agnew's Ointment. It helped me from the first application, and now I am permanently cured.'—Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.

Poor, Brave Things.

In the heart of the slums of London is a mission, or guild, called the 'Guild of the Poor, Brave Things. This odd band was suggested by Mrs. Ewing's 'Story of a Short Life.' Only persons who are cripples or afflicted with some painful or incurable disease can become members. Suffering is the necessary passport to this unique society. Their motto is, 'Laetus Sorte Mea,'—Happy in My Lot,—and their guild hymn is, 'The Son of God goes forth to war.' Their badge is a scarlet ribbon.

There is probably no more pathetic sight in London, perhaps few more so in the world, than a meeting of this club. From out of dark alleys the young and the old, having mustered their pitiful strength, drag themselves to the assembly-room. It takes some of them an hour to crawl a block; but they make no sign of distress, although beads of sweat may stand upon the brow. Smiles, joyousness, hope courage—these are the brevets of rank in this beautiful guild.

A pompous, short-sighted official who came to attend a meeting blurted out, 'Why, God bless us, there isn't anything the matter with them! They're all laughing. In his experience frowns, tears, complaints and irrefulness were the only sure signs of pain.'

One afternoon, while a guild tea was in progress, a poor little wail of a girl was seen disconsolately hanging outside the palings, peering eagerly in. A sympathetic passer by stopped and said, 'Well, my little girl, and what is the matter with you?'

'Please, sir, that's just the trouble; there ain't anything the matter with me.'

What cripple, what child or man in bond to physical torture, would not join this brave guild? With those courageous sufferers pain teaches the value of joyous sympathy, and misery is forgotten in good cheer.

There is work for the most helpless invalid to do, and lives that are crippled need not necessarily be wasted.

Such courage is godlike, for it is inspir-

ed by the example of the Master of suffering Himself.

Doctor Abbott And Baseball.

By a ludicrous mistake a notice from the captain of the Harvard University baseball team was sent to the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott. Doctor Abbott is one of the university preachers, and his name appears in the catalogue next to the baseball player for whom the summons was intended. The card he received read:

'I. Jones is anxious to have you come out for fall baseball practice.'

Doctor Abbott sent the following letter to Doctor Elliot, the president of the university:

'Dear Doctor Elliot: I am very much gratified to find from the enclosed postal card that I have been selected for the fall baseball 'squad.' Do you suppose my work as university preacher will interfere with this latest appointment?'

'Moreover I am not quite sure that my record and standing as an undergraduate makes me eligible for the nine. Do you suppose Captain Jones has looked this matter up thoroughly before selecting me? I should be extremely sorry to have any suggestion of professionalism attach itself to the nine for the coming season through my selection, and I should like to have the manager and the captain understand that I am quite ready to withdraw from the 'squad' if it is for the interest of Harvard athletics that I should do so.'

'I should have preferred to be in football!'

'Yours sincerely, Lyman Abbott.'

'500 PEOPLE BADLY BENT' have in effect used these words in speaking of the curative qualities of South American Rheumatic Cure—'My legs were crippled—My hands were disjoined—My joints were swollen—My back was bent double—My pain was excruciating—Bedridden for years.' This great remedy has been the heaven-sent agent that worked a permanent cure.—Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.—

'I once invented a flying machine' said the thoughtful man.

'Did you have any better luck than other inventors in that field?'

'Yes. It didn't take me so long to find out that it wouldn't fly.'

NO HEART TOO BAD TO BE CURED.—Testimony could be piled high in commendation of the wonderful cures wrought by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. No case stands against this great remedy where it did not relieve the most acute heart suffering inside of thirty minutes. It attacks the disease in an instant after being taken.—Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.,—

The Best Works.

A story is told of one of the old time pillars of a New England church who held out firmly for a long time against the innovation of an organ, but when he finally yielded, did so without reserve.

From violent opposition he became the most strenuous of all the congregation as to the fitness of the instrument to be purchased.

'Seems to me you aren't very consistent,' said one economical brother reproachfully. 'Here a month ago you couldn't speak harsh enough about organs, and now you go to advocating extra expense in getting the best that's to be had.'

'See here,' said the deacon, grimly, 'if we're going to worship the Lord by machinery, I don't want to putter round with any second-rate running-gear!'

“77” FOR GRIP

Grip is the concentration of Colds, Coughs, Influenza, Cough, Sore Throat, rolled into one. Congestion of the head—running at the nose and eyes; dry, hot, swollen, sore throat; it next creeps down on the chest—cough, hoarseness, difficult breathing, and pain often down to the stomach and bowels; chills up and down the back with lumbago and soreness. The prostration caps the climax, and you feel too sick for anything.

If you have all, or any of these symptoms, take '77'; it restores the circulation, starts the blood coursing through the veins, and 'breaks up' the Cold.

At all Druggists 25 cents or mailed on receipt of price. DOCTOR'S BOOK MAILER FREE. Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicines Co; Corner 111th and 12th Sts., N.Y. York.