

PROGRESS.

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AWAITING THE EXPLORER.

Officers of a fish commission steamship recently returned from a long cruise say that, with the exception of the Fiji and Tahiti groups, nearly every island in the South Seas is "mischarted"—located, on charts, miles distant from its true position. The fact reminds us that there are still vast tracts of the earth's surface of which geographers have no exact information.

Recent years have yielded material additions to our knowledge of the north polar region, but the expedition now preparing will readily find untrodden fields. As for the south polar region, maps of it are mainly imagined. If the unknown portion were transferred to the north polar region, it would not cover Europe, Asia and North America down to the sixty-five degrees of north latitude, including the northern half of Alaska.

Africa is not so "dark" a continent as it was fifty years ago, but north of the Congo there is territory little known, and even in the Congo State there are many wide, unexplored tracts between the watercourses. The southern part of Madagascar is unknown also.

In Asia, there is still mystery in Tibet; the eastern half of the Himalaya system is known only in incomplete outlines, and in the southern part of Arabia is a great un-surveyed territory assumed to be a desert. Australia, the island continent, has untravelled deserts, too, and the maps of the older colonies show many blanks that geographers have yet to fill.

Portions of South America—the Peruvian Andes, the peaks in Bolivia, the mountain chains in southern Venezuela and Guiana, and regions in Brazil and Northern Paraguay—are as unknown, in an exact scientific sense, as anything in Africa. Even on our own continent there is a wide field for exploration, in the far northwest and in Alaska, in Labrador, and between the great lakes and rivers of the north.

It will be a good many years yet before any young scientist, aglow with the passion for travel and discovery, will be able to complain that the world holds nothing new.

"WHAT GOD HAS WROUGHT."

The peril of the foreign refugees in Peking, their defense, their rescue, the diplomatic questions which are pending—all these things the newspapers have described and explained; but behind all this rises something mightier still.

It is this: that the day of christian martyrdom has not passed; that men and women of our own blood, bred in our little country villages and educated in our common schools, have laid down their lives not only for their faith, but for the privilege of carrying their faith to others. We read of STEPHEN stoned by the mob, of christians thrown to the lions in the Roman amphitheater, of the death of JOHN WILLIAMS in the South Sea Islands; and besides those pictures dim with age we find this other picture of supreme sacrifice in our own day, vivid with contemporaneous suffering, glowing in the light of nearness and affinity.

The deaths of many of the missionaries have been accompanied by tortures too horrible to recount, yet hardly was the news received when other devoted men and women were offering themselves as volunteers to go out in the places of those who had fallen.

Is their faith fanatical? Is it fruitless in results? Let us turn to a scene in besieged Peking for our answer, and listen to the one hundred and fifty Christian

Chinese girls who felt the strain under which their teacher was suffering, and comforted her with these words: 'We know that you are troubled about us, but we are praying and we are peaceful. If God is willing to spare us, we shall be glad; but if we must die, it will be all right.' Or let us recall that Chinese schoolboy who blistered his hands in helping to build the breastworks, and when some one pitied him, replied: 'It is not my hands but my heart that hurts. I think of these foreign soldiers coming away out here to fight for us and being killed by my own countrymen in no decent sort of warfare. It is that which makes me sad.'

These may be little things; but it is written that the young man "whose name was SAUL," and who guarded the clothes of those who stoned STEPHEN, became the great apostle to the Gentiles.

HABIT.

'My boy there hasn't a habit—not a habit of any kind,' was the remark of a proud father one day. What he meant was that his son did not use tobacco, drink whisky, or do anything of that kind. His use of the word "habit" is not uncommon, although it is incorrect.

PLUTARCH said: 'Habit is second nature.' WELLINGTON added: 'It is ten times nature.' Every person, it is often remarked, is but a bundle of habits. A great many of the physical and mental actions of our lives are purely habitual. We arise in the morning and dress mechanically, without considering which article of clothing we shall put on first, almost without any mental attention to the physical movements necessary for dressing. Our minds may be in the South Sea Islands, while our nervous system, through what we term the force of habit, attends to the dressing for us.

A learned college professor who has made a special study of "habit" says that the great thing in all education is thus to make our nervous system our ally instead of our enemy, by giving to it the care of as many details of daily life as possible. In other words, we should let habit attend to all the ordinary affairs, and so save our mental strength for other things. "There is no more miserable human being," the professor remarks, "than one in whom nothing is habitual but indecision."

Absent-mindedness is not to be desired, but it is still less desirable to compel the mind to decide each time which sock shall be put on first. The happy man between the two is to select the best way of doing the ordinary routine thing of every day life, get into the habit of doing them in that way, and then let the nervous system carry out the programme.

The Bills Were in Order.

There is always more or less doubt at election times whether the money that is handed out to some workers is actually spent or not and two candidates in the recent contest had practical evidence of this fact not very long ago. They were in the shiretown of a neighboring county, and to pass the time engaged with four of their friends in a game of forty-fives. The stakes were light, "just enough to make it interesting," and at the end of a few games they started to settle up preparatory to taking the train. All of them had money but none of them appeared to have any small change. A bye stander, who had worked with a great deal of zeal during the election and who was known to have handled considerable funds, volunteered to change the bills and to the surprise of the candidates the money he produced were new one dollar Dominion bank bills numbered consecutively. He may have had a preference for new money, and spent his own on election day but the circumstances appeared to them to be very curious. It is said that after the 7th of November there was plenty of money placed in the savings bank and in many instances the bills were numbered consecutively.

It was unfortunate that Mr. Croker was compelled to go to England to gamble on horse races instead of staying at home and suppressing wickedness, as he desired.

You are always hearing of the 'nameless' longing in a woman's heart. If she is single, it is for a lover; and if she is married, it is for money.

A girl in Virginia died of old age at 20. But, odd as this case is, it is an improvement on the more frequent one of giddy youth at the age of 80.

A New York man of 80 has been a vegetarian for 45 years. and still death has not come to his relief.

'He made his money out of oil wells.' 'No wonder, then, he's such a bore.'

Chateau Beaucourt, Epinal, Forfeited, Oct. 20, 1900.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Phantom Ship.
It is off the harbor of Poughkeepsie town,
That twice in the run of a year
A ship is seen in a burning flame,
And wide from it others steer,
And shrink from the sight in fear.
Two seamen out of a foreign barque,
Anchored within the bay:
Put off one night to the ghostly craft,
And after they told their tale next day,
Their speech for ever then fled away.

The form of a sailor a trumpet blew,
A tube from the burning ship;
A spectre of flame he stood in the bow,
With a wild and deathlike glare,
And he cried "O the dead beware!"
"This is the Phantom ship of fire,"
Of the flame that never goes out;
But is doomed to float here twice a year,
In the darkness to drift about,
And watch like a risen scout.

We were of all seamen a gallant crew,
And we sailed out of old Bordeaux,
Laden with French and with Spanish gold,
Hid away in the hold below,
Which we all of us helped to stow.
Sailing for Louisbourg all went well,
Till mutiny on the sea,
Broke out with a wild unearthly yell,
And we murdered them all but three;
Two of my mates and me.

We launched the boat, with our blood stained gold,
And we set the ship on fire;
When the magazine with a mighty shock,
Spread devastation dire;
And destruction of all entire.
Down went the hull and our laden boat,
With us and our golden store,
And here in the deep sea sand it lies,
And twice in a year near shore,
We haunt the waters for ever more.
—CYRUS GOLDS.

Brooklyn, 1900.

The Test That Failed.
Lenora sang high in the choir
While Roy sat in the pew below;
Her clear voice thrilled with sacred fire—
He listened with his heart aglow.
He had not told his love as yet,
But at the last he had to let
His stream flow out in gushing rhyme.

The olden golden tale he told,
And of her charms he wrote with ease;
Her voice with Melba's he compared,
And ended up with lines like these:

"I love you for your voice's powers;
I know it for the fact is true
That I could sit for hours and hours
And listen while you practice."
And she believed each word he wrote,
And sang a rapture song of joy;
Then sent a little loving note
That to her arms soon brought fond Roy.

She sang for him. Oh, how she sang!
I really cannot tell on how,
And then she said, without a pang,
"For just an hour I'll practice now."

She did, she took him at his word
Her voice soared high and sank to low;
Roy really trembled while he heard
Twelve pages of collegio.

His head was dazed, his heart was crazed,
But just as he knew just what to say,
Her wondrous execution praised,
And kissed her as he went away.

Alas! he could not stand the test,
For him her voice's charms were o'er,
Instead of church he seeks for rest,
And to her house he goes no more.

Young man, be careful what you write
When rhyme too loses your fancy's free;
Be satisfied when meals delight,
Nor solve the kitchen's mysteries.

Young woman, never risk the test
To take a love at his word,
When what he vows—von should know best—
Is undeniably absurd.
George Birdseye.

When Mary does her thinking.
When Mary does her thinking
'Tis twilight and the sun
Is tucked to bed beneath curtains red
And a deep, deep, one by one,
From far-off, pearly spaces,
With glad lights on their faces,
Some smiling and some winking,
White Mary does her thinking.

The day, with song and laughter,
With happy work and play,
Gilds swiftly by on wings that fly—
The great, glad, golden day;
And like a bubble,
With not a grief or trouble
The hours to vex and weary,
So light seems little Mary.

But when the sunset splendor
Floods all the glowing west
And sinks and fades to opal shades,
A twilight dream of rest,
Then to a slower motion
Moves Mary,—some sweet potion
Has set her brown eyes blinking,
And Mary does her thinking.

Far thoughts, mysterious, tender,
Great thoughts, majestic, wise,
These come and go with ebb and flow
In little Mary's eyes,
As close she sits by mother—
By her and by no other—
Sweet thoughts, tender, wise,
The while she does her thinking.

If I could spend a twilight
Beneath Mary's curls,
And closely heed and clearly read
The thoughts of little girl—
The gladness and the beauty,
The sweetness and the duty,
The rhyme, and rhyme, and reason—
Oh, what a happy search.

But only just my fingers
Can creep beneath her hair—
A mass of golden wealth untold—
And sweetly melt there
The clinging ringlets under;
And so I sit and wonder,
While the stars are twinkling 'neath the moon,
And Mary does her thinking.
Ida Whipple Benham.

Lullaby, 1900.

Sleep, baby, sleep!
As the shadows creep,
Father is off on the hills away,
Chasing the roil ball on its way;
Soon he'll come home and bring to thee
A trophy due for his baby to see,
So sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Sink to slumber deep!
For you must grow as fast as you can,
To chase the gold ball like a man;
Your father is champion of the game,
And yours 'twill be to surpass his fame,
So sleep, baby, sleep!
—Gertrude Rogers.

'He suggested that possibly I might learn to love him,' said the spinster.

'Yes, of course,' returned her dearest friend. 'Doubtless he realizes the truth of the saying that "One is never too old to learn."'

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AUNT SALLY'S SILK DRESS.

She Gave the Minister a Few Points on the Benefits of Black Silk.

A writer in the Christian Observer tells of two women who, in the early part of this century, lived in Virginia. They were noted for their common sense, and many of their sprightly sayings are quoted and enjoyed to this day. They were both Methodist, and their house was a place of resort for the clergy of that denomination. Of one of the women, known as Aunt Sally, the following story is told. She had a black silk dress which she was accustomed to slip on when she attended church. It seems that once, while conference was being held near her house, a Methodist minister, who had enjoyed her hospitality and was saying good by, ventured to remonstrate against her use of costly apparel.

"Well, Aunt Sally," said he, "you have been very kind to me and my wife during our stay at your house, and we appreciate your kindness. We shall never forget it. But, my dear sister, before parting with you I must say that it has troubled my wife and myself very much to see you a devotee to the fashion of the world. I notice with pain that you wear your silk dress every day to church, contrary to the rules of our order, and I hope that hereafter you will refrain from such a display of worldly-mindedness. I also hope you will pardon me for calling your attention to it."

"My dear brother," said Aunt Sally, "I did not know that my plain black silk was troubling anybody. It hangs up there behind the door, and as it needs no washing, it is always ready to slip on when company comes or when I go to church, and I find it very handy.

"But, my dear brother, since you have been plain with me, I must be plain with you. Since you and your wife have been staying here, I and my cook have some days had to stay at home and be absent from church because we were doing up the white dresses of your wife that she might look well at the conference. Pardon me for explaining, and when you and your wife come this way, call again."

A Rattlesnake Trap.

Rattlesnakes were the most dangerous wild animals with which the early settlers of New Jersey had to contend. They were very numerous, and their bite, if not treated properly at once, was generally fatal. In "Stories from American History" F. R. Stockton cites an incident which gives an idea of the abundance of rattlers in the new colony.

In a quarry, from which the workmen were engaged in getting out stone for the foundations of Princeton College, a wide crack in the rocks was discovered, which led downward to a large cavity; and in this cave were found about twenty bushels of rattlesnake bones.

There was no reason to believe that this was a snake cemetery, to which the creatures retired when they supposed they were approaching the end of their days; but it was, without doubt, a great rattlesnake trap.

The winding, narrow passage leading to it must have been very attractive to a snake seeking retired quarters in which to take its long winter nap. Although the cave at the bottom of the great crack was easy enough to get into, it was so arranged that it was difficult, if not impossible, for a snake to get out of it, especially in the spring, when these creatures are very thin and weak, having been nourished all winter by their own fat.

Thus year after year the rattlesnakes must have gone down into that cavity, without knowing that they could never get out again.

Respectfulness and Self-Respect.

"The cabman and conductor would be kind to you, but they would not be respectful," quotes Mr. Howells in his recent reminiscences of James Russell Lowell, in mentioning the little ways in which Mr. Lowell, on his return from the "comfortably padded environment" of London, found America less comfortable than the country he had left.

No doubt, kindness in deed is more than respectfulness in word. Nevertheless, Mr. Lowell was not the only American who, returning from England, has missed the smoothness, ease and pleasantness in the conduct of the small affairs of life with which English respectfulness has much to do. At its best, it is the good manners of

the uneducated; at its worst, it degenerates into servility.

One of the many unexpected discussions arising from the South African war touches this matter in its military aspect. The ready deference of the uneducated English private toward his officers, has induced in some of the officers an attitude of kindly but arrogant personal superiority. But the colonial soldiers, although obedient and well-drilled, and although they fully accept their officers' right to command them, regard their right as professional only. They do not consider that it implies a superior manhood.

They will not endure bullying or swaggering or slanging, and they resent superciliousness. They are, in short, like our American soldiers, respectful and self-respectful; and the reluctant authorities have found that instead of greater independence impairing their usefulness, their greater initiative has made them more valuable than the machine like, home trained Tommy Atkins.

As a result, there is a growing opinion that England's semipaternal, semicontemptuous attitude, which has cheerily tickled them the world over as "absent-minded beggars," plucky but irresponsible, is neither wise nor fair. Tommy himself accepted it, but it was not good for him; now his spirited colonial cousins repudiate it entirely, and England agrees that they are right.

The Bright Side of Things.

'He declares absolutely that he will look only on 'the bright side of things,' and his mother and sister declare that they have never seen him low-spirited or in a bad temper.'

There are many people to whom cheerfulness is an easy virtue. They are none too numerous, and they ought to be grateful daily that a healthy mind, a light heart and a vigorous body make it easy for them to see the bright side of things.

But the young man of whom the St. Louis Globe-Democrat speaks in our opening sentence is a hopeless cripple. To him cheerfulness is not the mere effervescence of high animal spirits nor the overflow of good health, but the expression of religious peace. It is the attitude of a spirit that has met pain and disappointment, and has conquered them.

When Johnnie Walsh was four years old his trouble began. It was rheumatism and for some years he hobbled about on crutches. But hip disease set in, and the original trouble grew worse and Johnnie took to his bed.

For eight years he has lain there, slowly and steadily losing the use of arms and legs, and suffering also in more recent years a partial loss of sight, so that the comfort of reading long at a time is denied him. His mother and sister have little time to read to him, and if he were inclined to grow morbid or impatient he has abundant opportunity.

'Yet, let no one go to Johnnie with words of pity. He will laugh them away,' says the reporter. Indeed, his strong will and gentle spirit bring others to him, both for comfort and for counsel. Children throng about him to hear Bible stories and fairy tales; people who read little are instructed by his descriptions of new inventions and of foreign lands; and all are cheered and helped by his patient, Christian spirit.

He is twenty-two years of age, and was carried to the polls this fall to cast his first vote, for Johnnie has a man's interest in politics. He is a member of the church, also, and when, at long intervals, he is able to be carried to church, he treasures the experience through succeeding months.

'No one can talk long with Johnnie without finding out that he is a very earnest christian,' says the reporter, and he adds, 'A visit to Johnnie is a cure for the blues. His affliction has been turned into a blessing, and his presence breathes sweet peace and comfort.'

Cheer by the hymns which he loves, the crippled boy has written others of his own, which his friends delight to hear from him. It is not the accuracy of rhyme or meter that makes these verses musical to those who know their author but the spirit which they breathe of strength and gentle trust.

'There is no silver lining to this cloud,' says many a man whose affliction is less than half that of this brave lad. In serene faith and helpful affection Johnnie Walsh has found the bright side of a very dark sorrow, and this has brightened not only his life, but the lives of many others.