

THE LATE OSMAN DIGNA.

LAMENTABLE DEATH OF A GREAT ARAB GENERAL.

The Glory of his Death Only Exceeded by His Frequency—Sketch of his Career and Main Proclivities—His State of Health Now Delicate.

It is a sad occurrence when a man of eminence is cut down in the midst of a career of wide and varied usefulness. Even when that man holds a government office our grief is only assuaged by the conviction of how much better we could fill that office than the deceased.

The readers of PROGRESS, therefore, must have been pained to learn from the daily press last week that Osman Digna, son of Mohammed Digna of Khordofan,



and brother of the Mudir of Dongola, had passed away. The deceased, at the time of his departure, was chief sheik and bottle dervish of the Osmanli tribe of Arabs and grand duke of Gizeh. It is hard for us to realize that Osman is no more.

It is hard for us to realize that he is no more, from the fact that he has been no more so often before. The papers have told us a dozen times within the past ten years that Osman was defunct.

Osman Digna's parents were poor, but they possessed lots of sand. It may be said in fact that they had the whole Sahara desert. There is reason to believe that he was born in extreme infancy. In this respect he differed from some of our local politicians who have only reached that state by slow and painful stages. He first saw the light of day in the night-time at Abou ben Darlur in 1828.

Osman was elected a dragoman by his tribe in 1858 and a sheik in 1864, but the election was protested by Abdul McKay, in one of Abdul's sober intervals, on the ground of his being a non-resident of Dongola. Whereupon Osman hastily performed a surgical operation on Abdul, which materially affected his wind-pipe and subsequent happiness.

Osman Digna was one of the greatest generals of the age. His magazine was protected by baggy trousers of the high-neck and short-sleeves pattern, terminating, for want of material, at the chin. Towards the English he bore a terrible hatred, and, as janitor of the pyramids, he swore that he would scalp every bald-headed man close to the spinal column who attempted their removal. They were an heirloom put up in the family bone-yard by old Uncle Cheops, and he did not propose to have them lugged off. It was at a picnic given by Abd-el-Kader under the pyramids in 1870 that Osman Digna was first killed.

We say first killed because the papers said so, and they ought to know. But being rendered thus defunct at the outset of his career, and with the bloom of promise on his brow, did not discourage Osman. He stuck to the dragoman business faithfully for the next ten years, in which period he was unfortunate enough to be four times killed and twice buried by his excited and thoughtless customers. After that the papers kept his obituary standing and trotted out the corpse now and then. It is to be noted that Osman, through all his career, had a special hobby for the study of wind-pipes, which often got him into trouble.

Soon after this, as the pay of dragoman was small, he enlisted as lieutenant under the late Mahdi, in order to carry out his favorite pastime of exterminating the English. There is cause to believe that the job hung heavy on his hands. Sometimes he exterminated them and sometimes they exterminated him. He was killed by General Graham, so the papers said, at Sinkat in 1884, and again by a volley from the marines at Trinkitat in 1885.

This would have disheartened almost anybody but Osman. But no, he hurried up the Nile to engage in the siege of Khartoum, and reached there in time to be shot down by the garrison when the place was stormed by the Mahdi. Osman was not to be suppressed in this summary fashion. The papers reported him at Abou Klea in the following spring, where he was again killed by Gen. Wolsley and planted where he fell.

During 1886, Osman appears to have attended strictly to business, and on the untimely death of the old Mahdi was elected by acclamation to that position. It was in this capacity that he ran short of

THE GREAT NUMBER OF CURES EFFECTED BY

grub at Sinkat and sent the following offer of capitulation to Gen. Graham—

Handwritten Arabic script, likely a letter or document related to the military or political events mentioned in the text.

Such a degrading proposition was scornfully rejected by the British, whereupon Osman attacked the works at Suakim and was killed and interred in the Red Sea on the following day with full naval honors. Those who officiated say that while he was game in life, he was still more game in death.

Nothing daunted, Osman soon resumed the field, and for the past five years has been coursing the desert, with occasional intermissions for funerals, on his fiery Arabian dromedary far from the haunts of men. The other day, however, owing to a mutiny in his tribe, Osman had the additional misfortune to be murdered and laid to rest once more.

THE PRINTER AND PUBLISHER.

A Revival in the Union and an Inclination to Even up Matters.

The typographical union is coming to the front again in St. John. The membership is increasing and more interest in printers' affairs is being shown.

This is, no doubt, a matter for congratulation, both from the standpoint of the compositor and the publisher. Union men do the best printing in the world. It is very rarely that one can find a first-class workman who has not belonged or does not belong to the union.

The "plate matter" trouble that thinned the ranks of the union men some time ago has about disappeared. The paternal government has taken sides with the "comp." or the plate concerns of Upper Canada, and put such a duty upon American "boiler plate" that it is too expensive to be profitable. Talmage's sermon is about the only stuff—apart from emergency matter—that comes to the morning dailies now and that, Progress understands, cannot be obtained in any other shape.

Progress and the Telegraph have always been union offices, and the men on the Sun and Globe are also members of the organization. There is a little agitation just at present for an increase of wages among the day hands working by the piece. So far as Progress understands it, their argument is based upon a slip of their own which failed to look after the matter when the nine hour system came into operation. The "piece day workers" claim that they should have a corresponding increase. Before the nine hour system came into operation the week hands thought the "day piece" hands had the advantage. It seems a hard matter to even up.

If the union comes to any such decision Progress will be more affected by it than any other paper. It is the only office that employs any number of men on day piece work. Mr. Geo. W. Day had two or three working on the same system on the Visitor, but last Saturday they concluded that there was not enough "fat" in the job for them and failing to agree with Mr. Day on the new scale of prices, they agreed to take a vacation and look for another job. As it is now the compositors work nine hours a day, earning 25 cents per 1,000 ems; in the morning newspaper offices they work all the way from nine to thirteen hours, and earn 30 cents per 1,000 ems. But there is a great difference in the matter—that of the morning papers is nine tenths "solid" brevier, while Progress contains about equal parts of "leaded" and "solid" bourgeois, and more non-pariel, usually most of it "leaded," than all the daily newspapers combined. Printers will understand these terms far better than many of Progress readers, but the latter can form a good idea of what is meant by

A PITIFUL INCIDENT.

Parting With the Dead—Carried Away by the Train. What a sorrowful old world it is! Today we look with half-wondering eyes upon the comfortless grief of another, tomorrow, perhaps, our own may be blinded with tears, and we feel that no one ever suffered as we suffer.

Upon getting off the train at a little country station the other day, I was startled by a "look out there!" and a long, rough boy was lifted from the baggage car and deposited upon the platform to wait for the branch train. The driving rain was beating upon the bare boards, and the wind lifted the ropes that lay along the sides. One fancied the poor dead heart within must shudder to hear the storm rage around it. There was something so unappealingly

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OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

THE BOY MEMBER OF THE HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY.

The Son of a Popular Man He is Popular Himself—A Successful Business Man as well as a Politician—His Record in the County.

The bright and genial face presented to the readers of Progress this week is that of Westmorland's "boy legislator" in the house of assembly, Joseph A. McQueen. It is a face that will interest many. For the ladies it possesses the added value of being that of a single man. Joseph is a son of Angus McQueen, the present sheriff of Westmorland, who during twelve years occupied a seat in the house of assembly, for one half of which period he was a fore-castle member of the King government. Few, if any men, have enjoyed greater popularity in that county than the sheriff; none have deserved it more.

Born at Point de Bute on the 10th of November, 1862, the subject of this sketch has hardly had time for a career either long or notable. He was educated in the public schools, finishing with a two years' course at Mt. Allison, and, upon his father being appointed sheriff, succeeded to the large trading business conducted for many years by the latter at the Point. He at once gave evidence of excellent commercial ability. In April, 1889, he opened a branch store at the Port Lawrence dock of the marine railway, and in May, 1890, another branch at the Tidnish end of the road. He has carried on a large and successful trade in hay and lumber for the St. John and other local markets. During the last seven years, it may be mentioned, Mr. McQueen has handled over 12,000 barrels of Nova Scotia apples, the greater portion of which were sold in England.

For some time past Mr. McQueen has been quite an active politician in his own locality. In dominion affairs he is a liberal. At the convention of the local government supporters on the 12th of January last at Moncton, Mr. Killam and Mr. McQueen were nominated to contest the county for the seats made vacant by the unseating of Messrs. Powell and Stevens. Though recognizing that the personal sacrifice involved was not small, Mr. McQueen felt that his party had strong claims upon him and he at once accepted the nomination

lonely about it all. What must it have been to the woman who stood, with tear-filled eyes, watching the boy that held, perhaps, the better part of her own life? Heaven knows it is hard enough to bear, when tender hands gently bear the dear one to his last long rest in nature's bosom, watched to the end, by loving, longing eyes. How much more terrible to see the worshipped body carried by heedless strangers, and left in storm and sunshine, to wait some passing train. Surely this is a "sorrow's crown of sorrows."

Al! well! each one must "dree his own waird," and time, the healer is sure, though he is, in some instances wofully slow. CHEOPS.

The Cup That Cheers. The East Indies commenced tea culture in 1860. In 1864 two and a half million pounds were sold and consumed by the British Isles. In 1890 over one hundred million pounds were used, showing by the vast increase the popularity of Indian teas. A very superior quality—RAM LAL'S PURE INDIAN TEA—for sale by J. S. ARMSTRONG & BRO., 32 Charlotte street.

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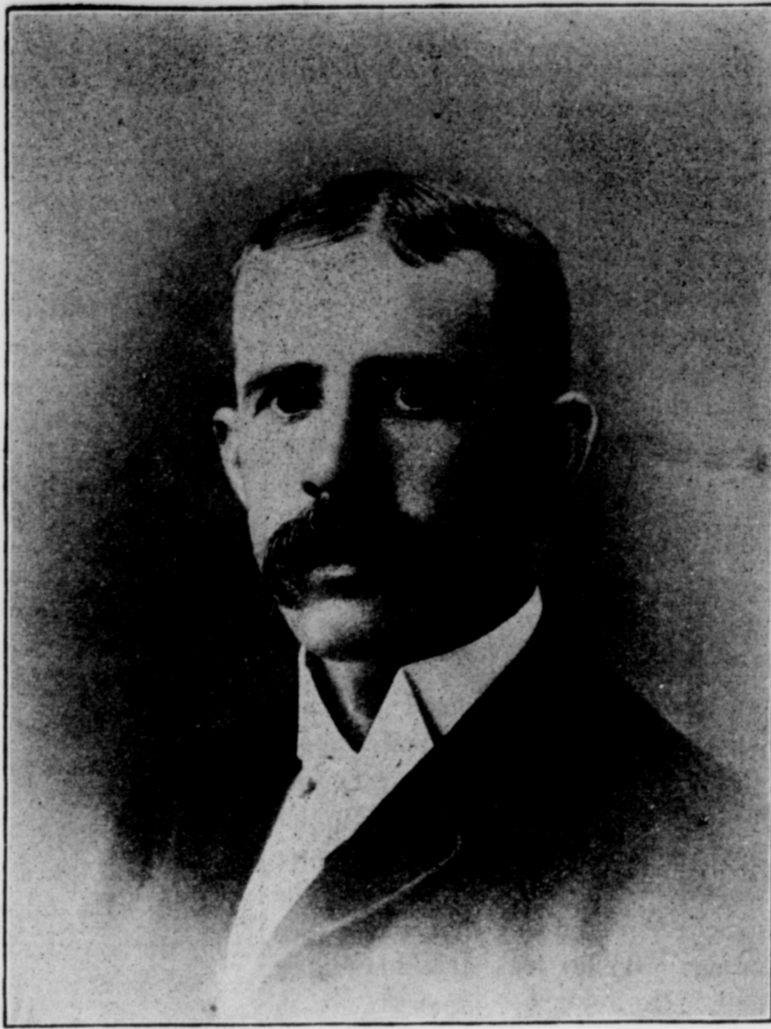
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Election day proved to be a day of Arctic rigor for the opposition.

It is merely justice to say that the personal popularity and manly, straight-forward canvass of Mr. McQueen added great strength to the ticket and resulted in large measure to his being placed in the proud position of the head of the poll. In the parish of Botsford and his native parish of Westmorland, where Mr. McQueen was more generally known, the government nominees ran ahead of the opposing team by 500 votes. The vote which Mr. McQueen received in the parish of Westmorland was the largest ever secured there by any candidate save one, and that was his father in 1878. In the parish of Botsford the vote cast for him was the largest ever thrown for any candidate, except Mr.



JOSEPH A. MCQUEEN, M. P. F.

Melanson, who, in 1890, occupied the enviable position of being supported by both parties in the contest.

With the French population of Westmorland, Mr. McQueen, by reason of his own honorable reputation, as well as that of his father, is exceedingly popular. No better proof is required of this assertion than the fact that he is the first straight liberal who has been elected in any contest in Westmorland during the last 13 years.

Mr. McQueen has the happy faculty of making friends and keeping them after they are made. As a debater he is as cool as an old stager. Ignoring the arts of sophistry he goes right to the point and does so with more effect than many speakers of greater experience. There can be little doubt, barring accidents as one would say, that he has a bright future before him in the business as well as the political world, if indeed these two things are compatible.

His friends say that "Joc" comes naturally by his political gifts on both sides of the family. His mother was a daughter of the late Joseph Avard who, in his generation, was a man of great influence in Westmorland and a keen debater.

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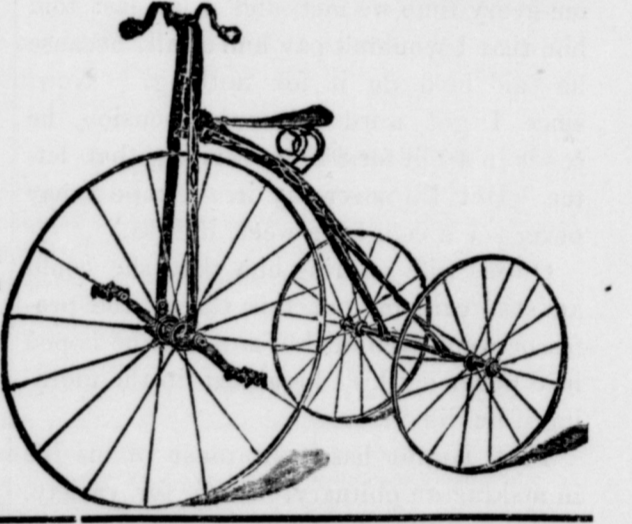
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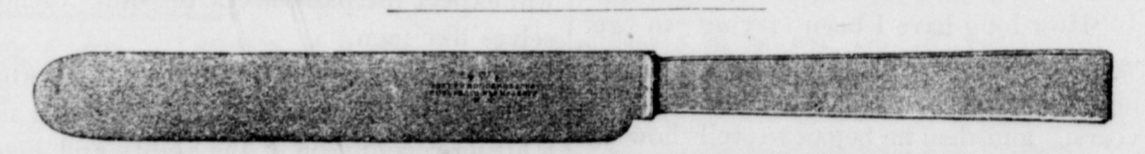


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