

PROGRESS, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1895.

LETTERS FROM NANNARY.

No. 4.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—This golden city in many ways is a strange and curious community, somewhat different indeed from nearly all the other cities in the land over which the glorious stary banner waves, standing unrivalled and alone in the sense that here it is we find ourselves on the extreme western edge of a mighty continent, the jumping off place, where the Orient, the Antipodes and the sweet scented blooming Islands of the great Pacific are brought so near to us by the flight of the big ocean steamers that come and go in a magnificent procession of marine loveliness through the portals of the charming bay and harbor known now to the civilized and commercial world as the Golden Gate.

he was and what he always intends to be the same in dress, in manners and in habits, with only some good ideas tacked on what he was from the beginning and which he thinks will last him until he shuffles off "this mortal coil," or takes it with him to wherever he may be consigned after he has done the double shuffle. The Chicago board of trade, the Stock or Produce Exchange in New York, with other added bedlams rolled into one, is but a mild hum of voices compared with the noisy jabber of the celestials on board, and those on "terra firma." It is pandemonium for a while and the chink of the Mexican dollar is hushed in the cheerful war that is all around us. They are all apparently talking in one breath, and at the same time, they shake hands with themselves as they bid each other good bye. The China cooks and sailors on board do not seem to mingle in this busy scene, they are standing silently at their posts awaiting the word of command from their white lords and masters, who are here and there and everywhere with bright eyes and bronzed features shining in unison with the brass buttons on their blue coats or the gold band encircling their caps. As the time for leaving approaches the big mail wagon tumbles down to the scene, the big sacks of white winged messages are thrown on board and then there is a moment of hush and silence as if all the greetings and farewells were exhausted, the plank is pushed ashore, the whistle screams, the big lines are thrown off, the yellow water is churned into muddy lusc and the big steamer, chastened with sorrows and lighted with sighs with good and evil, joy, and gloom smiles, and tears, glides gracefully out from the docks and with her form turned towards the Golden Gate she is soon lost to sight to memory dear, as she goes speeding on towards the far off quiet with numbers of people who can well be spared and with many thousands of bright American dollars in the clutch of these Asiatic pests who have found that a great free country enacts laws that may on the surface appear unjust but are nevertheless necessary to keep them somewhat in check from flooding these golden shores and stealing away some of the wealth and consequent glory of a great and free republic.

THE PAPER WAS PINK.

And That Was Why All the Visitors Wished to Examine It.

It was a very solemn-looking man who strolled into Progress office a few days ago. That is, he was solemn-looking for about three minutes after he came in. Then his eye kindled, and a wave of joy swept over his countenance. He saw a pink sheet on the editorial desk, and made a grab for it. Then his face changed again. His expression was an angry one then. But he put the paper down, and said nothing.

"You thought it was the—" said the Progress representative, with a sweet smile. But the solemn-faced man was gone.

The next visitor was an old man, with a benevolent expression which suffused all his face. He too, saw the paper, and eagerly clutched it. "Where did you get it?" he asked. But he soon put the pink paper down again.

"I didn't think that of you," said the Progress writer. "I didn't think you'd read the—" "I'm not reading it, am I?" said the old gentleman, sharply. This query could not be truthfully answered in the negative, and so the scribe allowed the old gentleman to go out in silence. But the writer could not suppress a smile.

That pink sheet lay on the editorial desk all day long, and every visitor who saw it, no matter what sort or condition of man he was, would grasp the paper eagerly. But each man seemed to overcome temptation, and put it down again. And yet the expressions on the faces of these people were not those of men who had gained a victory over themselves. The signs pointed to their countenances were invariably those of disappointment.

The paper was the last number of the War Cry and Official Gazette of the Salvation Army in Canada and Newfoundland. This paper is not generally pink. There was—not a blood-and-thunder, but a blood-and-fire illustration on the cover, that, at a little distance, when the paper was folded, strongly resembled another unofficial Gazette which is even more popular than the organ of the Salvation Army, so degenerate is this age.

She Smiles All Day Long.

One of the War Cry representatives has been travelling through the land of Evangeline. His description of some of the Canning contingent will be of interest to the many Annapolis Valley people who know them. "The first one in Canning to testify," says the biographer, "is Mother Rafuse. As you view her massive form, you observe there is just 225 pounds of salvation." A man well known in several towns of Nova Scotia is "Brother Oscar Vaughan," whom the War Cry describes as "the smallest man in Canning, exactly forty-eight inches high, who simply compels you, by his look and manner, to listen to him as he tells that although he is only a small man, he was once a great sinner." But surely the most pleasing character found by the Salvation Army man on his travels was "Smiling, Susie," or Sister Maling, who has walked two miles to meetings." Sister Maling smiles all day long.

Our Annual Mid-Winter Sale of

WHITE=WEAR

For LADIES and CHILDREN is now on.

NEVER HAS IT BEEN POSSIBLE to show such values in Cotton Underwear as in the present season. Prices of materials are at the lowest, and the wonderful rapidity with which skilled labor turns out quantities of beautifully made garments, on the constantly improved electric power sewing machines, is the great factor which has cheapened the cost of production, and thus enables us to place a Ready-Made Garment before our patrons at the bare cost of materials. We are showing a magnificent range of Ladies' Underskirts, from 35c. to \$4.00, but particularize the illustration

AS BEING OF Exceptional Value.



Full Size, Good Cotton, Yoke Band, 10 INCH TUCKED CAMERIC FRILL. At 75c. With Embroidery Frill at 95c.

Ladies' Drawers, 23c. to \$3.45. Chemise, 25c. to \$3.25. Nightgowns (special prices for this sale), 45c., 60c., 90c., up to \$6.25. Corset Covers: High, Round Low, Square and V Neck, 30c. to \$1.80. Sizes 32 to 44 inch Bust Measure.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

THE FRESHEGGS STILL FRESH.

Time Does Not Withers, Nor Custom Stale Their Infinite Variety.

The other night, roaming about, in company with that old-rare-about-town dog, the Spratborough hotel setter, we chanced upon our facetious relative, Johnny Freshegg, furtively emerging from the darkened portal of a well known, down town billiard room. You see! Johnny is reformed,—just for the present—having lately graduated from College street with distinction, and carries his unaccustomed sobriety rather uneasily. This, too, because he is looking for a partner in life and can scarce trust himself to wander abroad at unseemly hours or to be seen in questionable resorts. lest the maiden of his choice should take the alarm and shun his attention. N. P.

Her dowry may be \$60,000 and the old gent's will is certainly not yet signed.—Consequently, the sly rogue, immediately on perceiving ourselves, with that ready wit which is so characteristic of the family, beckoned us aside, and with many reiterated requests for the most stringent secrecy regarding his movements, informed us of a certain one, Crackshins Doubletongue Merry, a jovial youth, whom he had detected transgressing the "golden rule."

"You know, old man the unusual position I am in at present, will not permit me to attend to the matter myself," said the rascal, as he coolly surrogated the task of berating the offender to ourselves. We, Sardonious Freshegg, own first-cousin to Johnny of that ilk, smiled aloud and regretted those days gone by of pistols and coffee, feeling we would be better engaged in hammering our flint, in the cold, gray, early morning; whilst cousin Johnny measured off the distance. But in these degenerate, 19th century days, we are compelled to forego the more satisfactory method of dealing with such gentleman; and, instead, must, perforce, settle them by more modern tactics; at long range, with a fusillade from a magazine—or a weekly. Charity, which proverbially begins at home, compels us to state that the individual in question has been freely pre-ambushed, through the persons of others, to be a jot more prodigal of the fairest virtue, which covereth so many deficiencies; otherwise, he had not been subjected to the sharp-pointed styles of the lurking Freshegg? Oh, Merry! You are execrably droll, a monkey in his cups is not half so amusing! You are, beyond all people, excessively clever, and equally conscious of your own superiority and the inferiority of others. When you choose you can be brilliantly agreeable, for your conversation is frequently pointed and epigrammatic; whilst you are imaginative and have some penetration! But, the contempt you have for the understanding of the generality of your acquaintances, makes you indifferent to please; and, your want of consideration incapacitates you for appreciating the feeble efforts of less gifted men! Not that you cannot be gracious when it serves your turn; for you are possessed of a certain modicum of tact and pleasantry, which have gained you a host of what are popularity termed friends; persons with whom

you are more or less intimate, who are always ready with a welcoming shout on your appearance amongst them;—friends of the cup for the most part, whose goodwill is dependent on your expenditure amongst them and determined by its cessation. You are a merry grig in truth and free of speech! Yet not a low of your intimates feel sufficiently safe in entrusting you with their affairs; present yourself to a gathering of your kindred spirits; and, at once the confidential talk is silenced and caution prevails. Such is your repute, such is your reception! You have learned it; and, like the infant in a well-known advertisement, "still you are not happy!"

An uneasy, restless creature of varying moods who can, at one moment, indulge in the most fascinating jocularity with; and, in the next, bark the shins of your inoffensive friend; forgetful of the commonest decency of temper. Still you are not always so very communitative. Your genial, wagging, harmless tongue has failed to inform us of the rencentre between yourself and the antique Swallow—we hear, on that occasion, you blanched, squirmed, equivocated and showed some dread of the patriarch's uplifted staff! Of your thrilling experience in the place du Rio and the masterly generalship you exhibited—being, as we are told, the suggestor of the rear-window route—we have up to this heard nothing from you; but there are other channels of information open to our inquisitive ken. Sh—! a, threatens to shoot the meddling doctors, does he? he'll be of good heart and do not fear; like the coon, if you will "come down" he won't blaze. Remember, too, old Sh—a is a prodigious fine marksman; so, out with "the ready;" don't be stingy. It may be a matter of some moment to you, but you can give a note for it you know!

Again, what would we not have given to have beheld you, at that hour when the earth yawns? But, so! We reserve that. The manly of your friends, proceeding on that occasion is inconceivable. Faugh! Even the relation of the occurrence is too horribly ghastly. But what a rare treat it would have been for your avuncular relative of the Kirk Witness to gloat over? You did not appreciate the joke. Oh! No! By the beard of Silenus, no! You would have it him; and, yet, you can, with great glee, "thoroughly ventilate," as the newspapers say, the shortcomings and mistortunes of your unlucky acquaintances.

"I'm on couldst regard with feelings bill he put on extracted, the puny Little-squirt awrithe! But can you smile, when others smile with me, To see yourself in the mirror?" (From the "Wragging Rhymeester.")

We know you cannot. Hear the great Pinder once more; that noble philosopher writes: "Great souls dwell only with what is good and do not stoop to quarrel with its opposite. \* \* \* The backbiting tongue waits upon the illustrious actions, soiling what is bright and beautiful, and giving honor to the low." He prays; "that his tongue may not be like any of those"; and that "when he dies he may leave his children a name unsullied." A singularly christian sentiment from a Pagan; wherein the present-day-christian may find food for reflection. "Take it to yourself my friend, you need it!" as do we all. Consider your friends as well as your enemies! Try cultivate a more generous appreciation of others and a more modest opinion of yourself! Set a watch upon your words! In fine; be not like one of those elderly, unyoked "weather vessels," whose fecundity of information approaches the marvellous; whose lack of charity and ceaseless, odious babble evoke so much discord, within the narrow precincts of hum-drum Spratborough, and who rock not the pain they inflict on so many gentle natures. Be warned—it is unmanly to gossip. THE FRESHEGGS.

Man came into our office the other day with a parcel. "I see you advertise 'UNGAR MAKES THE OLD NEW,'" he said. "Yes sir," replied our wide-awake office girl, putting on her best Sunday smile, thinking she had a dye works customer for us. "Well," said he, opening the parcel, "here is an old pair of boots I would like to have made new." The girl fainted, and in the wild excitement that ensued, we regret to say that the perpetrator of this most outrageous hoax disappeared.

We have not as yet located the man, but are still dyeing at our old stand. And in the matter of clothes (only) UNGAR still MAKES THE OLD NEW.

UNGAR'S LAUNDRY and DYE WORKS,

St. John, N. B., Halifax, N. S. WE PAY EXPRESSAGE ONE WAY.

FORTIFY YOUR SYSTEM

against PNEUMONIA and LA CRIPPE by using

ROYAL EMULSION

For Chest, Lung and Bronchial Troubles it has never been equaled.

A WELL-KNOWN CANADIAN PHYSICIAN STATES:

I cheerfully recommend the Royal Emulsion; I have suffered from a yearly attack of Bronchitis but this year, for the first time, I have escaped and I attribute it to the use of ROYAL EMULSION.

Sold by all Druggists, 50c. and \$1.00. Wallace Dawson, CHEMIST, Montreal.

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From Constitutional Weakness, Imprudent or Unavoidable neglect, Exposure, or Culpable Indiscretion

Your Health is

Broken Down,

and you need a TONIC MEDICINE, you cannot afford to experiment on yourself with untried remedies.

USE

Puttner's Emulsion,

which for the past twenty years has been endorsed by the leading Physicians of the Maritime Provinces as

GREAT HEALTH RESTORER.

Thousands have proved its incomparable excellence, and so may you. For sale by all good Druggists at 60c. a bottle.