

# PROGRESS.

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## FOR GOLD AND DANGER.

### FREDERICTON YOUNG MEN START FOR THE WEST.

And Thence Will go to the Land of Gold and Front-Thrill Equipment and Their Send off—Incidents of the Parting at the Station and Fredericton Junction.

FREDERICTON March 7.—The Yukon fever has attacked New Brunswick. The alluring stories of the country of gold, and the fabulous fortunes that have been made have fired the blood of the youth of this province and the imagination of many a young man conjures up bright visions of far off Klondyke with its untold wealth of shining gold, and into his daily toil there is woven a fevered dream of the time when commonplace cares may be laid aside and he may embark upon the perilous, toilsome journey to this wonderful el dorado of the ice bound North.

The other side of the picture very seldom obtrudes itself. There is little room for cruel facts in the bright fairy tale, and the awful hardships, privations and almost complete isolation from all the influences that makes life attractive are forgotten, or if remembered, only serve to increase the fascination that has ever surrounded a venture of this kind. Not everyone who goes to the Klondike can come back a millionaire, but the outward bound gold seeker, in whose veins is raging the thirst for the yellow metal is rich in hope—in fact a multi-millionaire in that respect. He will not be one of the unlucky mortals against whose names the blighting word "failure" is written. It is known that only one out of every thousand persons who go to the Klondike strikes rich luck, but that every man confidently expects to be that one goes without saying.

As has been said the fever has extended to this province, which last week started its first fully equipped delegation on what is earnestly hoped may be the road to fortune. If good wishes can accomplish that then the success of the expedition is assured. The young travellers—for they are all in the first flush of early manhood—leave, in every case desolate hearts in the family circle, and a very general regret in their own particular locality, for no place can afford to lose such men as made up the party which Tuesday March 1st, began the first stages of the journey to the Yukon country.

What a day—in fact what a week it was for the celestial! For days nothing else was talked of, even the performances of the provincial law makers now in session, palling into the smallest kind of insignificance beside the great event. As the day for departure drew near the desire to "give the boys a good send off" increased, and in fact one would think the staid old capital had adopted that phrase as a motto so frequently was it passed from lip to lip. "We must give the boys a good send off" was the universal watchword, repeated in a tone that made it quite apparent that "the boys" had grown very near to the hearts of their fellow citizens.

What a memory that last day will be to the travellers; and how often it will be lived over in imagination. Long before the hour of departure many hundreds assembled at the depot to wish the hopeful exodians God speed and good luck. There was an air of hilarity pervading the crowd, but it didn't require a very close observer to see that it was fictitious and was assumed by every one for the express purpose of making every one else think they were enjoying the situation immensely. But they weren't though, and this became more evident as the time for good byes hurried along. "The air was full of farewells" and the grief of the parents and other relatives of the departing gold seekers had the effect of subduing even the most disinterested. There were some pathetic scenes at the depot that day. Here an old father and two sisters clung weeping to a big broad shouldered fellow, who while tears dimmed his own eyes talked brightly of his return, and made brilliant plans for the future. Near this group stood a white faced girl with eyes steadfastly fixed on the ground, and a young man whose eager expectant face designated him as one of the expedition. They conversed in undertones, but it did not need any vast amount of imagination to guess the theme of their conversation.

The whole scene was affecting and perhaps the feeling on the part of the spectators was one of relief when the train drew into the depot, and the Klondyke party entered the car fitted up especially for their convenience. A moment later the

train moved out amid the waving of hats, tear wet handkerchiefs and the ringing cheers which formed a part of "the send off to the boys."

A large number of friends accompanied the young men to Fredericton Junction where a wait was made for the express. Here a little incident occurred that showed that the travellers felt deeply the parting from home and kindred.

To beguile the time of waiting everybody went across to Sheehan's hotel and very naturally little groups were formed

W. Graham of Prince William and George Amiraux of Richibucto.

The other party has among its numbers Walter Chestnut, William Stranga, J. M. McElvaney, J. Farrell, W. W. Hubbard, A. C. Tabor, Walter Sewell, A. Cropley, J. Bebbington, T. Burpee, H. Bridges, J. P. Mitchell, Bruce McFarlane, J. McGrath, P. McGrath, J. White.

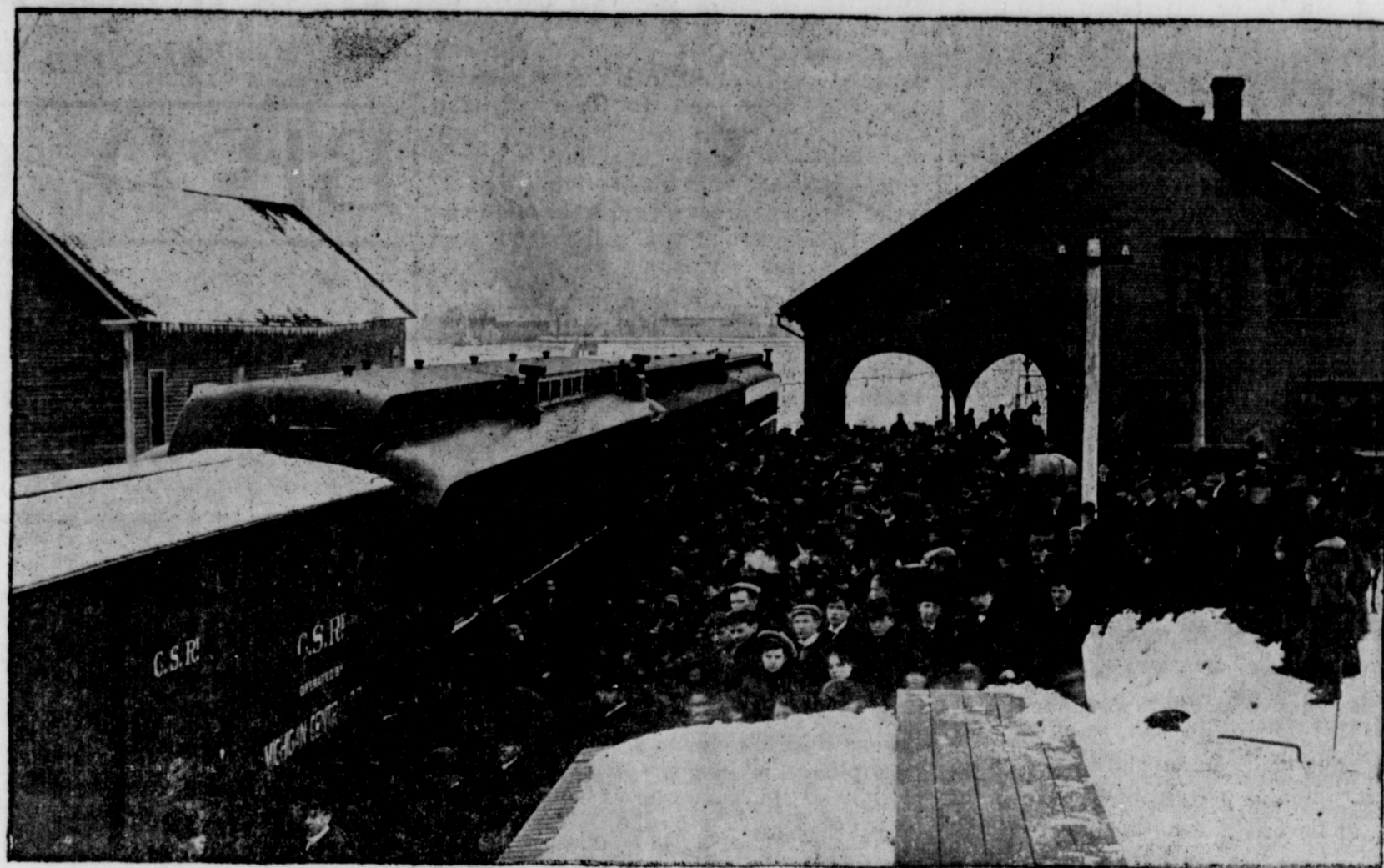
The travellers reached Vancouver on Wednesday of this week and are to sail by steamer "Islander" next Wednesday, the 16th. The steamer will convey them to

## ANDY IN A SNOW STORM

### AND HIS MEETING WITH A LONG LOST UNCLE.

With Hunger as an Excuse on Ash Wednesday Mr. Hunter Appropriates the Steak of a St. George Clergyman—Incidents of a Long Blockade.

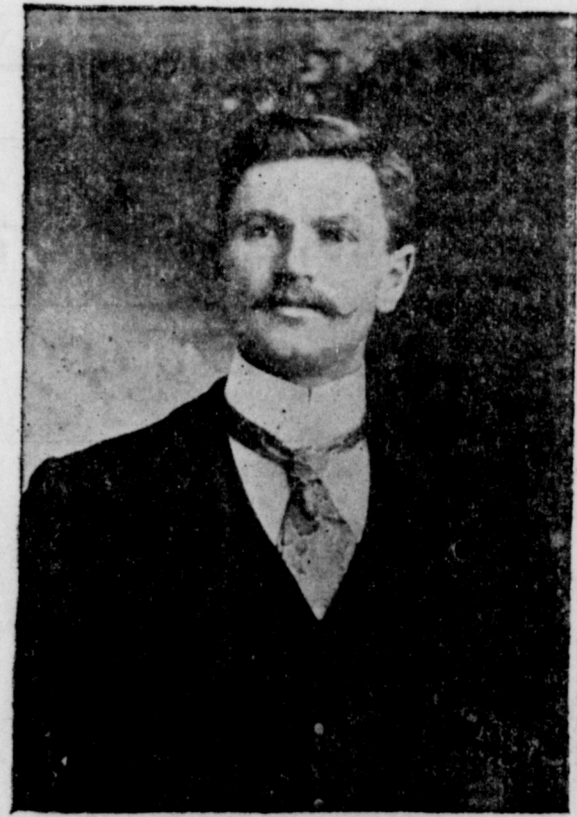
"Andy" Hunter tells a good story of a recent blockade on the Shore Line railway. It lasted four or five days and the chief of the Best Eaters was in it all the time. Incidentally it may be mentioned that



Scene at the Depot On the Day of the Klondyke Expedition's Departure.

everywhere in which it is needless to say one or more of the fortune seekers was a central figure and many were the plans discussed. Softly they crept out to the little knots on the piazza, in the sitting room and office the sound of music; at first nobody paid much attention to it but as it grew gradually louder a hush fell on every group. The boys, who were shortly to resume their journey hurriedly left their friends and went to look after some forgotten task, while some one made a rapid descent upon the organist. She was playing "Home, Sweet Home." The boys couldn't stand that.

Finally the time of waiting was over and as the train moved off those left behind peered out into the darkness to catch a glimpse of the friends who were waving farewells from the car platform and



MR. GEORGE BLACK, Leader of one of the N. B. Klondyke Parties.

windows. The Yukon party was speeding on its way.

This is the first fully equipped party that has left New Brunswick, and every arrangement was made for the comfort of those of whom it was composed. A specially fitted up tourist car was provided by the C. P. R. the entire distance from Fredericton to Vancouver.

The expedition consists of thirty men from Fredericton and other points. Six of these go direct to the Yukon as an exploring party, and are backed by a syndicate of Fredericton and St. John men. The others will remain in Vancouver for the present. The party is composed of two distinct companies made up as follows. That known as George Black's company includes Mr. Black of Fredericton, W. W. Boddy of Prince William, George Pinder of Temperance Vale, Samuel Hoskins, of Lake George, George

Fort Wrangel and from there they expect to take the ice via Sikeen river to Telegraph Creek. They are provisioned for eighteen months and have a complete outfit for the same period of time. Along with the party are twelve horses—two for each man—a steam engine and boiler for thawing.

A pleasant little break in the journey occurred at Montreal, when the Fredericton students who are attending McGill University, met and entertained for a day, the young men from this city, who are on their way to the Klondyke. They accompanied them to the depot and gave them three hearty, encouraging cheers as they left, their colonist car attached to the Winnipeg express.

On the Sunday before their departure from Fredericton Dean Partridge made the expedition a subject of discourse, and gave the young men many words of kindly advice and sympathy to carry with them into their new and untried life. He spoke of the temptations to which they would be exposed, and asked them to remember in the hours of darkness and trial, the old home and the loving hearts that were following their fortunes in the far off north; many were moved to tears during the sermon, and an occasional sob was heard throughout the church.

From time to time PROGRESS hopes to tell of the boys in their search for gold, and in the meantime they will have the heartiest good wishes for unlimited success in the golden Yukon.

### Death of Contractor W. L. Prince.

W. L. Prince was a well known contractor and a good citizen. He was enterprising at all times, made work for his employees when times were dull, and was the busiest of the busy when the building trade was rushing. He died on Tuesday morning, and those who had seen him on the street only a few days before were shocked at the sad intelligence. But pneumonia is no respecter of persons, and Mr. Prince, who had but a few days before returned from a trip to the west was its latest notable victim. He will be missed in every circle in which he moved. As a churchman—a vestryman of Trinity—he was of much assistance to those with whom he was associated. With much regret it may be added that the health of Mrs. Prince since her husband's death has occasioned her friends the greatest anxiety.

### Progress Prize Competition.

In next week's issue of PROGRESS will begin an interesting competition. Everybody should look out to get a copy as there will be money in it for the successful competitors. Teachers and scholars of the Public Schools will be sure to be deeply interested in it.

the section man he was impressed with the fact that the supply sent out by a Charlotte county wife was most generous.

"What have you in the pail?" he demanded.

"Grub for the day" was the prompt reply.

"Let's see it" asked Andy, and as he inspected it he remarked "Tea, doughnuts, sandwiches; That'll do first rate," and to the astonishment of the section worker he carried the pail into the passenger car, whistling cheerfully. In a few moments the sorrowing lady had a hot cup of tea and something to tempt her appetite.

Not satisfied with this contribution to the larder, Hunter sought the section man again and inquired if there was any one living near.

"Yes, about three miles off," was the reply.

"What's his name?" asked Hunter.

"Dan Hunter" replied the section man. "For the honor of heaven," exclaimed Andy, "is my uncle Dan living so near me as that. Away I go," and, accompanied by a friend, he started to find the habitation of his namesake. The snow was deep and their progress so slow that when they arrived at their destination the evening was far advanced and the house closed. Nothing daunted, Andy knocked loudly.

"Who is there," was soon heard from the interior.

"Is that you, Uncle Dan?" shouted Andy.

"I'm Dan Hunter," was the reply, "who are you?"

"Your nephew, Andy Hunter from St. John out in a snow storm, let me in."

The bolts were drawn in a jiffy, and the two tired travellers entered. Soon the dying embers of the fire blazed up under fresh fuel and then Mrs. Hunter appeared upon the scene and a good supper followed.

In the meantime "Uncle" Dan was trying to trace the relationship between himself and this stalwart nephew. He had able assistance from him and finally the family connection was traced through "Professor" Hunter who was well known in St. John but never as a relative of "Andy's".

A good night's rest and breakfast and "Uncle" and nephew parted with mutual regret, assurances of eternal friendship and the latter's promise to promote a company to purchase a mineral spring the old gentleman had upon his farm.

To the train again and from thence by team to St. Andrews and then to St. Stephen completed Hunter's experience on the Shore Line in the recent blockade.

### THEY TAKE WIVES ON SIGHT.

A Trinidad Missionary Has a Match Making Wife.

An interesting circumstance was related by Rev. Mr. Morton, of Fairville, in his lecture on Trinidad in St. John's Presbyterian church the other night. Rev. Mr. Morton is a Creole having been born in Trinidad though his father the founder of the Presbyterian mission in that fair island is a Nova Scotian.

Rev. Mr. Morton told of the work done by the Presbyterian missionaries and teachers among the East Indian coolies in the island. A difficulty which they had to contend with resulted from the converted coolies marrying heathen girls which had a tendency to draw them back to their old faith. Mrs. Morton, the mother of the lecturer solved the difficulty by establishing a sort of marriage exchange. She gathered about her a number of East Indian girls, educated them, taught them sewing, housekeeping, &c., and prepared them for the responsibilities of matrimony, and generally civilized and christianized them. Then when any of the young christian coolies wanted a wife he would call on Mrs. Morton, look over her girls probably through the intercepting medium of the lattice around the verandah choose the one that seemed most comely in his sight and marry her.

One of them came from a long distance having probably spent all his little wealth in making the journey. He saw Mrs. Morton and said that he had heard of one Jane who was good looking and he wanted her. Mrs. Morton replied that Jane had a very bad temper and if he would wait a year when he came again she would have improved in that time. But the young traveller could not wait. He had not seen Jane but he wanted her and if he could not have her he would take Mary Ann. So Mrs. Morton had to give him Jane.

The marriage exchange has a humorous aspect, but also a most useful one.

"Andy," who has always been a red hot tory, assigns as a cause of the storm and subsequent blockade the visit of a party of grits to Lepreaux to see who would build the new lighthouse there. But that may be mere partizanship and unworthy of consideration.

When the train finally got stalled it was some miles from any habitation and the passengers and trainmen proceeded to make themselves as comfortable as possible. The cheerful face and consoling remarks of Hunter as he moved about and took charge of affairs must have been a perfect panacea for the blues.

It was Ash Wednesday and everybody should have fasted but that was not agreeable to the mind or the stomach of the big electrician. He had discovered something under a seat, a suspicious looking parcel with the name of John Hopkins on the printed label. "Now what could be coming from my neighbor Hopkins except something good" soliloquized Andy, "and it is addressed to 'Father' Lavers of St. George; and this is Ash Wednesday. He can't need this to day and we do. I think this is our meat"; and with this plausible excuse for his action he opened the parcel and found a liberal supply of excellent steak which he bore triumphantly through the cars and displayed to the astonished but delighted passengers.

How to cook it was the next question, but the inventive genius of Hunter surmounted this obstacle in short order. He made a broiler out of some of the wire he had among his baggage and soon the passengers were enjoying the delicious meat. Of course "Andy" was anxious to find all the Roman Catholics he could in the car but he found only one, Councillor Horgan, who said he would wait until after 12 o'clock before he had his share. "Perhaps you will" quoth Andy "in my opinion you'll wait a good deal longer than that," and so it proved, for when Ash Wednesday had disappeared so had the steak.

Meanwhile the trainmen were doing their best to get the train moving and they succeeded in a measure, for their next stopping place was opposite the factory of Messrs Dunn Bros. There was abundance to eat there and the sausages tasted all the better for being fried in a heap in a tin pail. That with the contribution of a section man's pail provided sustenance for the party.

But when the section man arrived he brought some sad information for one party on the train—a lady, who was going to see her dying father. Her father had died before she could reach him.

When Andy saw the generous pail of