

PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JAN 15th

A VERY GRAVE CHARGE.

A remarkable charge has been preferred against the New York Herald and its proprietor, JAMES GORDON BENNETT. It is nothing less than that Mr. BENNETT has been bribed by the Spanish government at Madrid to support and uphold the cause of Spain against the Cubans in the United States through the New York edition of the Herald and in France through its Paris edition. The charge is a serious one but it is supported by such evidence and such a chain of circumstances as to make it appear well founded. No reader of PROGRESS needs to be told how great a paper the New York Herald has always been considered. In enterprise and fearlessness it has ever been in the van of American journalism and it seems almost incredible that a newspaper apparently so prosperous should accept any sum—no matter how large—to espouse a cause with which the American people have no sympathy. But the facts are presented in the New York Sun in a lengthy letter signed by J. DE ARMAS, who makes the charge and supports it in a most systematic and convincing manner. He notes at the start that on the 20th day of November the evening edition of the Herald—the Evening Telegram—announced its suspension on the ground that it did not pay and that two days later, on the morning of the 22nd the Herald said the publication of the Telegram would be resumed. But what happened in the meantime? The Spanish cabinet met on the 21st and agreed to the terms of Mr. BENNETT and on the following day the minister of the colonies contributed a long article in defence of Spain to the columns of that widely circulated paper. Then the Spanish journals spoke and in unmistakable terms. The principal government journal in Madrid published the following comment which is very significant.

Several days ago the New York Herald showed some inclination to return to its former policy with regard to Spain and the affairs of Cuba, abandoning the cause of the insurgents, in whose behalf the Herald had made lately an active campaign. We can state now that the change is beyond doubt, and we congratulate the Spanish people. Mr. James Gordon Bennett, proprietor of this popular daily paper, was absolutely foreign to the publication in the Herald of the articles in favor of the insurgents. With full authority we assert that he has protested against them and ordered his staff to write more in accordance with the duties imposed by neutrality and the friendly relations between Spaniards and Americans.

"The Herald will return to the good policy and never desert it," says Mr. Bennett in a dispatch we have seen and of which the Government has also notice. Last Sunday, according to this commendable attitude, the Herald published an article protesting against an aggressive policy on the part of the United States toward Spain. Mr. Bennett also has sent telegraphic orders to the special correspondent of the Herald in Madrid to give all assurances to the Spanish Government of this new attitude of his newspaper. Mr. Hussey Fife, the Herald's correspondent, has an appointed interview to-morrow to that end with Senor Sagasta.

One other newspaper of influence made this significant comment:

The contract of bribery is signed.

The correspondent of the Sun does not give the terms of the contract, but he says that up to the present time \$1,000,000 has been spent by the Spanish government, to further the cause of Spain against the Cubans in the United States, and he insinuates that the largest portion of this has been paid to the Herald. But he does name a specific sum when he says that Mr. BENNETT gets \$25,000 a year for booming the gambling establishment at Monte Carlo, and he points to articles booming that gambling resort as a place for invalids in which are quoted the opinions of physicians that the excitement of play is good for many diseases of a nervous character!

In commenting editorially upon this remarkable accusation, the Sun repudiates Mr BENNETT as an American and says that he has been so long in Paris that he is a Parisian, and American editors have no reason to blush for him.

Halifax is stirring in the direction of tourist travel and an association similar to that in St. John is thus early at work. There should be no rivalry between these two bodies. Rather should they work in concert and strive to make such attractive pleasure trips through these maritime provinces as would induce tourists to visit any and all points recommended to them. Funds are being arranged for in the sister city and no doubt St. John will find it necessary to get money from some source ere active work begins. But a

curious suggestion has arisen in Halifax to supplement the natural attractions of the place by the erection of a vice regal residence for their excellencies the governor general and his lady and this draw a crowd of eight seers curious to know what style the representative of her majesty puts on in the Dominion—and as a writer in the Halifax Echo says: "No doubt the presence of the vice-regal party would draw many people of wealth and high social standing to Halifax to bask in the sunshine of aristocracy and incidentally to sniff the cooling breezes from these picturesque shores."

The uttermost parts of the earth have never been so sought out as at present, and the Antarctic is now attracting attention as well as the Arctic. A Belgian expedition sailed a few months ago for the Antarctic region and the Royal Geographical Society, London, has determined to take upon itself the responsibility of organizing a private expedition to the same, though the expectation is that government aid will contribute to the success of the important undertaking. All that is claimed to be known of the Antarctic at present is that no approach to the South Pole nearer than 720 miles has ever been recorded; icy barriers exist which eclipse those of the North Pole, and mountains have been discovered of lofty attitude, some of these being volcanoes. Further, the surface is covered with snow at all times of the year; no human being has been met south of 56 degrees, no vegetation of any account beyond 68 degrees and no land quadruped is known to exist beyond 68 degrees.

St. John has several literary offices in its gift at present in the shape of library commissionerships and school trusteeships. They may not always have been considered literary positions—in fact it would be impossible to consider them as such if one should give all the members of the boards the careful consideration they deserve but that does not alter the fact that they should be. Perhaps the most important position to fill is that of chairman of the free public library commission. Such men as Editor SCOTT of the Sun or Editor GEORGE U. HAY of the Educational Review would be perfectly eligible for such a position but the query is would they be willing to undertake so arduous a task?

Just think of it! A woman who is fortunate enough to own a sealskin in the United States—that wonderfully free country—cannot go outside of its borders with it in her possession without registering it. A few days ago two ladies walked across the line on the bridge between Detroit and Windsor but when they returned they had to doff the sacsques they wore over and leave them in the hands of the customs officers. And one of the ladies said she had worn her seal garment ten years!

The estimable Telegraph must have had Yukon on the brain last Sunday evening, for Monday morning two descriptive articles on the gold region appeared in its issue. They were exactly alike but one was from the Boston Herald, the other from the New York Herald, one was on the first page, the other on the last, one was illustrated, the other was not.

New York is in a state of excitement—when is it not?—over the attempt to reduce the 400 of "Society" to 75. And the queen of the social kingdom, Mrs. ASTOR has decided to resign and permit some one else to take the throne of fashion. How embarrassing all this must be and what a scramble there will be to get within the circle of 75.

The Youth's Companion has a most interesting article in its New Years number by Mr. GLADSTONE on ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM and PROGRESS takes pleasure in calling attention to it as well as to the comment on the same by PASTOR FELIX, our clever literary contributor, in his "Notcher on The Stick" on another page of this issue.

The sound of merry sleigh bells filled the air this week for the first time since winter began.

Her Affections Are Worth \$5,000.

HALIFAX, Jan. 13.—Miss Craven of this city, has brought an action for damages against Rev. Mr. Williamson, a grey presbyterian minister, who while a college man at Pine Hill engaged her affections, but soon after turned out to be a married man. The presbytery of Lunenburg asked for his resignation of the pastoral charge of Clyde and Barrington, and they received it, yet it appears the Rev. gentleman is still on the scene of his ministry, a bone of contention to the people of his religious persuasions. The plaintiff claims \$5,000 from the Rev. Mr. Williamson.

The medicinal properties of Hall's Hair Renewer to invigorate the scalp, remove dandruff, restore the hair and its color, surpass anything of its kind.

TALK OF OUR NEIGHBORS.

The Boys Will Soon Know. It was reported to-day that E. Frances Byron, formerly Mrs. Percy Lear, was in the city.—Halifax Paper.

A Coal Shute for an Elevator.

Just think of it! A port with the prestige of Halifax having to shovel its export grain through a coal chute! It is indeed humiliating! After all the glittering promises of the politicians has it come to this? We have asked for an elevator and we must, perforce, be content with a coal chute?—Echo.

An Authority on Preachers.

The Parish Magazine of Halifax says: "The Very Rev. Dean Carmichael, of Montreal, who is placed by Rev. J. De Soyres, of St. John, on the list of the five best preachers in Canada, ranking with Bishop Courtney, Bishop Baldwin, Bishop Du Monhn and Bishop Sullivan, will preach in St. Paul's church on Sunday morning."

What's the Matter With our Chief?

Since their first visit to Halifax, says the Echo of that city, the governor-general and Countess of Aberdeen have always remembered the chief of police, who is now in receipt of a Christmas card dated Government House, Canada. The card is a folder and on one page are the words: "To wish you the old wish with all kindly greetings of the season, from the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen—Christmas, 1897." On the other page are the lines:

"A kindly thought with a word of cheer And a true God-speed for the coming year."

Why not Move to St. John.

How shall we be entertained during the winter? asks a Halifax resident. All of us don't skate and some of us don't curl, and when we take these two out of the list of amusements there is precious little left. The Academy is void of dramatic attractions and the musical attractions are few and far between. We have not even a good course of lectures which might be made the best of all entertainments. I wish some enterprising man or society would undertake to organize a series of popular lectures. It wouldn't pay, somebody will no-doubt suggest. I beg to differ. If the right speakers are secured, if their subjects are such as appeal to the public, if the course is properly advertised I have not the slightest doubt that the venture would be successful, financially and otherwise.

Recalling John Howe's Father.

A recent death at St. John, N. B., that of Mr. John Howe, ex-Postmaster of New Brunswick, recalls to a venerable friend some reminiscences. \* \* \* Old people, still living, remember well when the Post Office was kept in the house on the east side of Barrington street, opposite our present City Hall (where Cogswell, the jeweller, now is), and some have a vivid recollection of the Postmaster, Mr. John Howe, the father of John Howe lately deceased. He was a large man, both tall and stout, with manners and demeanor somewhat haughty and pompous. Mr. Howe, the Postmaster of that day, was an old-fashioned Tory of the most pronounced type, and, like most others of his ilk, regarded his younger half-brother Joseph—just then commencing his reform agitation—as a deluded young man, altogether on the wrong track; an estimate, by the way, which the robust but deluded Joseph was wont to enjoy with an amused and good natured smile.—Doosticks in the Halifax Recorder.

How Ald. Neady Got Even.

HALIFAX, Jan. 13.—There was much amusement at the last city council over the break in the combination between Ald. Hawkins and Ald. O'Donnell. They are united in everything because bound together in hostility to the city engineer. They would cut his official throat if they could, but what are two among eighteen aldermen? The break in the combination at Tuesday's meeting of the council was made manifest over two notices of reconsideration. One was a notice of reconsideration by Ald. O'Donnell of a vote for \$50 increase to the salary of H. S. Rhind, in collector Theakston's office. Hawkins failed to second the motion about caretaker Spellman and because he had failed O'Donnell, O'Donnell failed him. Consequently neither found a second. There was much laughter over the situation among the aldermen who caught on to the little affair.

A Handsome Reminder.

The handsome pocket diary sent out by the London Guarantee & Accident Company is a courteous reminder to its friends and patrons that the company is not un-mindful of the New Year. An old friend of many of the readers of PROGRESS, Capt. A. W. Masters, is manager of the limited States branch with headquarters at Chicago and the convenient pocket companion will be more appreciated on that account.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

True Life is Living Right.

The One who saw His work was good Who knoweth all the way; We mortals cross the stormy flood, And see us day by day. Gives all alike an even chance In darkness and in light; To see us onward we advance, True life is living right. He gives us here in sorrow's hour, No more than we can bear; If trusting in His mighty power We hold His presence dear. In pride of wealth or golden fame, In dark temptation's night; Despite of riches rank or name, True life is living right.

By godless ways of fraud and wrong,

To rob the simple poor; To crush the weak when we are strong, 'Till sin lies at our door To revel here in lust and wine, Though crowned with jewels bright; We prove whereby false lights we shine, True life is living right.

A little while the path of crime, May dazzle with its ray; But retribution bides its time, The truth has final sway. A little while the world may bend, Before the evensong; At last must come the bitter end, True life is living right.

Why struggle with the inner man, Whose warning voice we hear; When studying some evil plan, That yet will cost us dear. Then with our better selves within, We surely lose the light; We find at last though oft we win True life is living right.

The hair cloth and the girle rough, The inmost seal may claim; Is for this tenting out enough, It shuns the path of shame. It is the raiment suited best, Before the robe of white; For saints and martyrs have confessed, True life is living right.

The widow and the orphan's cry, The cruel tyrant's reign; The prayer of agony on high, Ascends not up in vain. With selfishness rapine and greed, A brother's chance we blight; But still will live this deathless creed, True life is living right.

Altoast.

Beneath a tender morning sky Loop sweeps of placid water lie And fair, green meadows that unfold Rich brooklets of blue and gold, Where buttercup and violet Lit their sweet heads, all dew wet, And soft, deep grasses gently wave Their shadows in the glassy wave.

Adrift upon the sunny tide With idle ear at rest, I glide, Fanned by some balmy gale it sighs Through the far gates of paradise, 'Till birds that sing, by woods that lift Their soreheads to the dawn, I drift And weave into my waking dream The glories of the sky and stream.

Cool shadows drop from arching boughs; Cool waters murmur at the foot of trees; Great lilies nod and meadows bloom; I float through spaces still and dim. Fast little isles of reed and sedge, Fast bowery knots of scattered thorns, Thick blossomed to the water's edge And blushing like the conscious morn, Past quiet homes that nestle low Amid the pleasant fields, go Far as the wandering waters stray My happy fancies drift today, And waste as the tide ebb'd, I leave the cares of life behind. —Emma Alice Browne in New York Ledger.

The Boy Musician.

He laid the bow across the strings Gezily; he loved them, it would seem; And when he was in his face—and then The violin began to dream.

"When skies are gray, are gray," it sang, "When keen the wind whistles through the hills, The dark world is big with hope, For morning waits behind the hills."

"Life is sad, is sad," it sang, "What then?—the saddest things are sweet: Life, love and death—our heritage— In them all pain and gladness meet."

"And round this dark, bright world," it sang, "The winds of God blow all the time, Calling the soul to farther heights,— Pause not, for thou hast strength to climb."

He laid the bow across the strings And sweet and clear the music rang. He was the dream's interpreter, And yet he knew not what he sang. —Martha Baker Dunn.

If I Were Dead.

If I were dead, and death were sleep, How softly would the years go round! My slumbers would be calm and deep. Without a stir, without a sound, Beneath the summer's dewy ground, Upon a soft and downy bed, I'd lie, till on earth's withered breast, The ashes of the ages fled, Would heap above me and would keep My slumbers ever sound and sweet; No more to long, no more to weep, No more in pain my heart to beat; In rest and comfort, comforted, Forever dead.

If I were dead, and death is change, How bright would be the break of dawn! I'd greet a wonder sweet and strange; I'd meet the loved ones who have gone; I'd find the simple minds of old, Or better hearts, of larger brain; And all the ages that have rolled Would open up their store of gain; I'd reach—but this I cannot tell, For these are things were never said; They are but feelings which up-well, Immortal, from the shore, the bed, Of our deep being, waking out To land, beyond the sea of Doubt— A shore that glimmers on ahead For all the dead. —J. A. Edgerton.

The Wreck.

What have the tides brought up on the shore? Here, a spray of seaweed; there, an oar: Here, broken timbers; nothing more? What have the tides brought to the shore?

Aye, look—and shudder—the rocks between, With head bent downward, a face is seen, Swaying under the waters green; And still the wild waves rush between.

Sad is the picture the story tells— Almost in sound the city's bells: A useless rudder; surging swells; That—the story—the picture tells: For nature has power to make, or mar, How moan the waves o'er the harbor bar! Through the black darkness, shines no star— Near to safety, and yet—so far.

What have the tides brought up on the shore? Here, a spray of seaweed; there an oar: Broken timbers, and something more— Brought the tides to the rocky shore. —Martha Owen Colcord.



PARRSBORO.

[Progress is for sale at Parrsboro Book Store.]

JAN. 12.—Miss Nellie Cannabell and Mr. Frank Cook were very quietly married early this morning at the residence of the bride's father Mr. W. W. Cannabell. Rev. E. H. Howe performed the ceremony. A crowd of friends were at the railway station to see the happy young couple off on their bridal trip.

Mr. Pineault, for some time organist and choir leader of the R. Catholic church, has, to the general regret, removed to Springhill.

A tea in the school room was provided for St. George's Sunday school at 6 o'clock last Wednesday afternoon. Afterwards each member of the school received a gift from the hands of Santa Claus himself from a richly laden tree. Games participated in until going home time brought to an end their delightful Christmas festival.

Misses Mamie Fullerton, Vida Howard, and Bessie Gow went to Sackville last week to attend the Ladies College.

Mr. and Mrs. Munro of Kingston paid a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Price at Christmas. Mrs. Smith of Windsor and little daughter Geraldine are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Evitts. Since her arrival Mrs. Smith has been quite ill.

Misses Maud and Nellie Gillespie have been visiting friends at Amherst and Truro respectively. Dr. Frank Gillespie left for Baltimore on Monday where he will take a post graduate course.

Mr. Halford Tucker has returned to Dalhousie college. Mr. Medley Smith left last week for Mt. Allison. Capt. D. Mahoney is spending the winter with his family.

Mr. E. Brownell came home from Ship Harbor to spend Christmas with his family. Mr. N. C. Nordby spent a part of last week in St. John. Mr. James Day and a number of boys attended the Boy's convention in Moncton. Mrs. Alloway of Springhill is the guest of Mrs. Alkman.

Miss Hattie Spencer has returned to Halifax. Capt. J. Corbett, having met with a painful accident, left his ship at Vancouver and is now at home.

I WAS PAST RECOVERY.

Doctors said so, but South American Nervine has no Hopless Cases—It Nurses Back to Health and Never Fails.

"For fifteen years I was a victim of dyspepsia. At intervals I was confined to my bed and my life despaired of. I consulted many doctors, with little or no relief—thy proclaiming my case past curing. South American Nervine was brought to my notice. I procured a bottle. The first few doses gave me great relief. Its effect on me was wonderful, and I think it the greatest cure in the market to-day for stomach disorders." Mrs. D. McArthur, Dundalk, Ont.

Taking it for Granted.

It is not wise to jump hastily to a conclusion, but this reflection generally comes after one has jumped. A man who was sitting at the dining-table in the long saloon of a Mississippi River steambot, waiting for the fried chicken he had ordered, suddenly took a small note-book out of his pocket, wrote something in it, and showed it to his wife, sitting in the next seat. The wife read it, smiled and he replaced the note-book in his pocket. On looking up, he was surprised to see that a bald-headed man, who sat on the other side of the table, directly opposite, was regarding him with a scowl. He was still more surprised when this bald-headed passenger sought him on the hurricane-deck of the steamer an hour later and said, in a tone of indignation:

"I know what you were writing in that pass-book a while ago. You were directing that lady's attention to this right eye of mine. I want you to understand, sir, that while it may look peculiar, it is not a glass eye, sir!"

"My dear sir," replied the other, in astonishment, "you never were more mistaken in your life. That lady is my wife. She happens to be deaf. I was asking her if she didn't think the cook was waiting for that spring chicken to grow a little bigger before he killed it. Now that I notice your eye, however, I can see that it does look very much like a glass eye."

Flowers Answered God's Purposes.

A certain young widow of Indianapolis who had just changed her weeds for brighter hues gave a dinner party not long ago. The rooms were decorated with a great profusion of flowers. Roses in masses were on the mantels and the dinner table fairly blossomed—in fact, the abundance of flowers was unusual. One of the guests could restrain her curiosity no longer, and when the dessert was brought in said: "Well, Mrs. Blank, you're rather spreading flowers tonight." "Yes," replied the fair widow brightly, "but tomorrow I am going to take them out to Crown Hill and put them on poor Tom's grave."

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