

PROGRESS.

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A HIGHER STANDARD OF MORALITY.

It is claimed that "society" in New York, the metropolitan centre of the United States, is purer than it was in the days of the simple life of the fathers and grandfathers of the present generation. And the reasons assigned for this is that vice does not flourish "in a crowd and the glare of light." It is stated that any man whose memory goes back over the social occurrences in New York for a generation past can recall easily the whole number of notable instances of scandalous immorality which has any existence outside of mere gossip and malicious inference. They can be counted on the fingers of one hand, yet during that generation the whole circle of the society of wealth and brilliant fashion as we now know it has come into being. The social transformation in New York, so far as concerns that element of its population, has been complete.

Before then there hardly existed in the town a private house which made possible the grandeur of social display now requisite to satisfy the standard of sumptuous and elegant entertaining. As compared with hundreds of houses of this time the residences of the richest and most important socially were narrow and bare of luxurious appointments and costly decorations. The domestic service in the most imposing establishments of that day was relatively and even actually small and inexpert. Liveries were almost unknown, and such men servants as were employed were usually coachmen, who performed also the functions of general utility men. Equipages were simple and few, and the standard of expenditure even among the most lavish was frugal as compared with the outlay of every family which has now any distinction in the grander world of fashion.

All that is so well known to the older generation that for them the recapitulation of such facts as we have related savors of the commonplace. Meantime, the composition of the circle about which fashion gathers has been transformed not less completely, and its tone and character have changed radically. The great majority of its present members were wholly without fashionable eminence a generation ago. Very many of them comes from families which were then restrained by religious habit and scruple from taking any part in the world of gayety. They were baptist, methodist and presbyterian families, which had been taught to regard such pleasures as of the earth, earthly, unbecoming a life directed by obligatory religious principle and totally foreign to it and subversive of it.

Subtract that element from the society of which we are speaking, and it loses a large part of its present most brilliant constituents—the boxes at the opera would be depleted of many of their most conspicuous occupants. They come of progenitors who were as familiar with the prayer meeting as they were horrified by the playhouse, and by the exposure of physical charms which is conventional in fashion—simple, God-fearing people, frugal in their ways and serious in their occupations.

This very self restraint laid the foundations of the material accumulations upon which their descendants have builded their present luxurious state. They saved their money, did not even know how to expend it, having cultivated none of the innumerable artificial wants which have become veritable necessities for their children. At that time one of the founders of one of the

greatest fortunes of the present was asked by an old friend why he did not give himself more latitude in expenditure, for he lived with comparative modesty, although his accumulations had become large already. He replied that his wife and himself could not expend any more money than they did; that they had everything they wanted, and did not know how to spend any more. A few thousands a year was all they could get rid of, for that much money bought all they cared for. They had no expensive tastes to gratify, and they were wisely unwilling to disturb the placidity of their lives by hunting after them.

That was the prevailing tone in the New York of a generation ago. Life was very simple, and a social entertainment which satisfied the contemporary notions of magnificence was a rare and notable occasion, though by the side of social functions which take place now on every night of the gay season it was only bare and parsimonious frugality. As compared with the few women servants who ministered to the richest families of that time the households of the luxurious fashion of this day swarm with man and women servitors each expert in duties subdivided into many specialties. The neighborly intercourse which made up of old the chief social diversions has passed out of vogue entirely.

Now, all this social transformation has occurred, all this luxury, this lavishness of display, this comparative prodigality of outlay has come in, without any accompanying deterioration in conventional morals. It may be even said that there has been coincidentally an improvement in the outward moral behavior, resulting in a decrease proportionately in the number of flagrant scandals, for the reason that the safeguards afforded by the far wider publicity in which fashion now moves makes breaches of morality so much more liable to exposure. Vice does not flourish in a crowd and the glare of light. It needs seclusion and darkness and intrude more easily into quiet lives whose monotony is tempered by its irregular variation than into those passed in constant excitement and under the public criticism now invited by fashion.

We speak merely of superficial propriety and not of any outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace, for it is questionable if that grace is not shut out from a society which depends for its existence on the gratification of the senses and receives its animating impulse from pure love of the world. The plain living and high thinking of the saints and philosophers belong to another sphere.

New Year's resolutions are in order now. Let each one make exactly as many as he or she is able to keep. Otherwise it is better to make none at all.

A Christmas Day Amusement.

Perhaps a sparring combat is not the most suitable amusement for a Christmas afternoon but as Monday was only the official holiday the contest which took place in the Institute could not be called out of place. Clever clean sparring such as Littlejohn and Harvey gave pleases a St. John audience which has all the British love for hard bitters. Mr. Keefe, the referee, was a model of fairness and the men and the audience were thoroughly under his control. There was hard hitting and black eyes given but neither party was hurt beyond what was natural in the ninth round when the referee stopped the bout and declared Littlejohn the winner. The latter seemed cleverer and stronger than Harvey who took his punishment so gamely as to excite the admiration of the audience. Harvey is a much older man than his opponent and it is said trained below his fighting weight.

A Valuable Spaniel Gone.

A well known spaniel owned by Conductor James Millican has disappeared and its fate is probably that of other clever canines who get to be well known. This spaniel was particularly intelligent and used to go to the store for the newspapers and carry them home in his mouth. "Donovan" will be much missed in the neighborhood where he was so well known.

Re-Opening of Currie Business University.

The graduates and students of the Currie Business University of this city have been meeting with great success during the past year in securing good positions, which is largely due to the fact that there is a situation department in connection with the school and an experienced man in charge of it. This institution will re-open Jan. 3rd.

This Is a Great Offer.

Any person sending a new subscription to this office with \$4.00 enclosed can obtain PROGRESS for one year, and the Cosmopolitan, McClure and Munsey magazines for the same period with only one condition,—all of them must be sent to the same address.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Kootenay Prospector.

Lay it there in the shadow. For God's sake don't call that him! That bundle of frozen clothing we found in the drift ain't Jim Not the Jim as I knew—my partner—Jim, fit and strong as an ox! That thing without muscle or movement and as limp as my sodden socks! Leave that alone in the shadows, an' pile a log on the fire. Jim's gone, I guess, where the sparks go, a'climbing higher and higher. Not that they get their neither. That log sucked in bygone springs when it budded where the yellow snowdrops grew; And now it's goin' to rot— but ish and a feeble sunlight and a breeze. That wavers away toward heaven an' goes out, of course, in the dark. Climb in! Is that all we're made for? Like the armies of the air, the pine Which climb an' climb on a savor from the gulch to the timber line? Not on— in a million gets there, when they do they see them! Whittened, withered, wind-twisted, corpse trees in a winter sky! Prospector! That's what they call it; hard labor an' hunger an' cold. That's what prospectin' is, mate; a hunt for a devil, Gold! Gold that buys women and whiskey—hands shaky an' eyes; 't dim. An' a lot of manners to suck you dry, but never a pal like Jim.

That wasn't the way as Jim talked. Not that way, the way Jim thought. He worked 'em he loved the labor; he was born to fight so he fought. He loved the hardship, the dang'r, the black canon or shifting side— I've seen him laugh at the risks he took, at the very place where he died.

An' it was a game worth playin'! Alone—at the heart of the world, Where the mighty snowsides thundered and the long grey vapors curried toward Creation's hold. When we m'r pigmies ventured to storm Creation's hold, Staked our lives on the blindest bluff an' played the most die. Climbed to the throne of Morning; sank shafts to the roof of Hell— Till the hot air scorch'd our faces an' water hissed as it fell. Worked like men in the daytime, slept 'neath the sweet-breathed tree, Lulled by the d d o o e of the foaming creek an' the song of the chickadees. Think of them, for our comrades, the Faces of Earth for foes, There's one of us down in this battle, an' another don't care when he goes.

They laughed in our face in the cities; the fat snout of a back East— Thought we were both of us lanky, something half-man, half-beast. Cities! My God, we build 'em. Do you mind how Rossland o' e? Do you mind the first log shanty we built among the mountains? Do you mind how two years later their iron horses raced From North and South the boundary line to the west coast? And now there are twice three thousand, where then there were not but three, Though devil's one in Rossland town has heard of Jim or me.

Do you mind the fire at Kaslo or the storm that drowned her out? We warned our hands at the blazing shacks and built in a waterspout. Do you mind—well, of course you mind it, and that, my God, is the end, Nervous, voiceless, sightless and deaf to the voice of the world. No! No! It is not the reason. I see that the heavens are far, But I don't believe that the sparks go out—I know that they reach the stars.

The Maiden And The Star.

Under the shade of a mighty oak A bright-eyed maiden sat and dreamed, While just above, through the leafy boughs, The silvery rays of a planet gleamed; She thought of the future years so bright, Nor dreamed that a shadow would mark their flight.

The seasons passed—and ruthless Time Spread o'er her life his blighting pall, And she saw the hopes of early years, Like the leaves of autumn droop and fall. Each fairy dream was fading fast, And she wept o'er the memory of the past!

Under the shade of the mighty oak Again the maiden sadly dreamed, And once more through the leafy boughs The silvery rays of the planet gleamed; It rased from its peaceful home above, And spoke to the mail in tender love!

"No longer mourn the joys of earth— But seek for a home beyond the skies— And thy soul, from sin and sorrow freed, Shall dwell in the light of Paradise! Voices call from the spirit land, 'Come, number one of our shining band!" "Brighter and brighter is that blessed home The bulwary notes of glory roll— Celestial beauty shall greet thee there, And peace and sweet peace fill thy wearied soul. But ransom thy spirit from the coil— Hasten and enter the golden gate."

The maiden replied, "I come! I come!" And stretched her arms to the pleading star, While on the wings of the quiet night Music came floating from afar; And when she awoke her spirit bore Up to the "bright and shining shore."

The Dying Year.

With solemn swell Of parting knell, O year, 'tis well, To herald forth thy flight! At midnight hour, From belfrey tower, With startling power, Peel out thy last good night.

In measure done, To farthest zone, Send forth alone Thy holy, farewell prayer! Thy children weep, Thy gear like keel! And now they sleep Without thy parent care?

Ah, yes! I good-night! What'er delight With pleasure bright The parting year has given, Is ours to press With soft caress, To love and bliss Till earth awakes in Heaven.

Whatever it brought Of grief unthought, To hearts unau'ght By blessings to be wise Must be endured With an unshorn, Those hearts areured To him who hears our cries.

The good deeds done, Beneath the sun, The virtues won, O'er self, to signal pride, By sacred hand, Re-ordered stand, In heavenly land, Where all can see our deeds.

The Invaluable Thanksgiving.

For the sweet peace Thou givest day by day For the calm faith which I kneel and pray, For Thy best presence leading me a way, I thank Thee, Lord!

For the void filled by Thee within my heart, For the sweet peace Thy promises impart, For the strong will to follow where Thou art, I thank Thee, Lord!

Up the steep hill I climb as Thy command, Through the lone vale I feel Thy guiding hand, In the hot desert 'neath Thy shade I stand, And thank Thee, Lord!

Soon the deep water I shall cross to Thee; Then, the long journey o'er, Thy face I'll see, And the sweet voice I'll hear in eternal, To thank Thee, Lord!

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A NEW MEXICO EPISODE OF '80.

The Gun Play, in a Barroom, of a Bad Man From Nowhere

Where he came from or who he was nobody knew. He was not communicative, and nobody was tempted to ask him. That he was bad a' hands who saw him agreed when he rode in through the new town and began drinking in the saloons about old Las Vegas Plaza. You could read it in his burnt red skin and wide low cheekbones, and thin, straight lips and square jaw. It was just as plain that he was mean of disposition and bound to get mesner with every drink he took. He was tall and wiry of build and carried himself like a man who knew what it was to take care of himself in rough places, and it was an ominous sign that while drink brought an ugly gleam into his eyes, it did not freeze him a bit or make him talkative. It was the winter of '80, the year after the Atchison road came to Las Vegas, and toughs and desperadoes and gamblers from everywhere had flocked to the town, which was the biggest and hottest on the line of the New Mexico division. A bad man more or less did not count where there were so many, but there are kinds and kinds of bad men, and this one, by his appearance, was not of a sort for a peaceful man, and, above all a tenderfoot, to tip elbows wite.

'He had been drinking pretty steadily since 10 o'clock in the morning, and it was about 4 in the afternoon when I stepped into the Escudero saloon, where he was standing at the bar,' said Ellis Lyford, sometime of New Mexico, continuing his account of an episode which he prefaced with the foregoing personal description. 'I was new in the country or I might have remarked the circumstance that the saloon was pretty empty for that hour in the day. The bartender, in a white jacket and apron two cattlemen talking business at a table in one corner and the stranger with his elbow on the counter, were the only people there when I entered. I asked the bartender if a friend of mine had been in, and then, before going out called for a drink. I swallowed the whiskey and had turned toward the door when the stranger spoke to me.

'Have a drink,' he said. I caught the eye of the bartender, and he gave me a look which said 'Go away' as plainly as words could have done. 'Please excuse me,' I said. 'I have just had one.' 'You're making too much talk,' the stranger said, and turned to the bartender. 'Set out the stuff and a couple of glasses. The gentleman,' with a drawing sarcastic emphasis on the word, 'is going to do me the high honor to take a drink with me. 'The gentleman says he does not want to drink,' said the bartender, setting before him a whiskey bottle and a glass.

'The stranger filed the glass to the brim and, not taking his eyes from mine, pushed it along the counter toward me. I saw that he meant to go through with what he had started to do. It was his first outbreak since he had begun drinking in the morning, and all the homicidal devil within him which had been coming to the surface as he turned in the liquor, now had full control. He showed no excitement—only the cool, hateful deliberation which meant a thousand times more danger than any amount of tearing around and noisy bluff could have done. He had made no threat, had shown no weapon, but threats and weapons were needless to his meaning; all was implied in his look. Watching him, I was aware that the cattlemen had stopped in their conversation to look, and that the bartender, a fresh faced, boyish-looking young fellow, was pulling the bottle toward him as he wiped the counter with a cloth.

'So you'll not drink your whiskey,' said the stranger, with an ugly setting of his jaw and a drawing at the corners of his thin lips, as I shook my head. 'You'll take it this way, then,' and with a motion as sudden as a cat's he threw the whiskey into my eyes. As, blinded, smarting and halt knocked off my feet by the shock, I clung helpless to the counter a crashing sound was in my ears and a noise of the falling of flying glass, then the slam of a chair overturned in the corner where the cattlemen were, and the footsteps of men gathering about me. Somebody wiped my eyes with a wet towel and the bartender's voice said: 'Come with me. Here, step around a little, this way. Now straight ahead.'

— Chat's Re-nested, Cane, Splint, Perforated, Duval, 17 Waterloo Street.

'Holding my hand and with one arm around me, the bartender was guiding my steps to the back room of the saloon. He turned me aside once as we went, but not so quickly but that my foot tripped against something on the floor which I knew to be the body of a man. Then I heard him pouring water into a basin, and he said: 'Now, dip your eyes in this and keep them there till the doctor comes.'

'By the time the doctor came, which was in a few minutes, the smarting of my eyes was nearly gone, and I could see as well as ever. With my face in the water I had not paid much attention to the comings and goings in the room, but when I lifted my head and looked around I saw a crowd of men standing about a man stretched out on a plank laid across some whiskey barrels. It was the stranger who had thrown the liquor in my eyes, and he was as dead as Julius Caesar. A smash in the head with a whiskey bottle had settled him short, and it was the boyish looking bartender who had done the trick.

'I landed the bottle none too soon,' the bartender said to me afterward. 'He had his pistol half way out when he went down. Why should he wish to kill you? Ask me something easier. All I know is, some men get that way when liquor is in them. It'd missed him? Well I didn't mean to miss, or have him coming around afterward to pick up the quarrel again. I pitched baseball in a League club two years before I came West, and I knew what I could do.'

'Harry, I'm afraid you've cheated some Sheriff's officer out of a reward,' said Mysterious Dave Mathes, the City Marshal, to the bartender, when he came to view the dead robber. 'If there isn't an 'alive or dead' reward out for this fellow somewhere, I'm no judge of a human countenance. You've spoiled his looks some with that bottle. Say, Harry, don't you think 'would have been friendly to have given me a tip that he was looking for trouble? I'd have saved him up till we found out whether there was any market value in the galoot. There's a way of doing these things officially, you know, and we're setting up for a civilized community in Las Vegas.'

'Hoodoo Brown, the City Magistrate, was of Mysterious Dave's opinion. 'But it's too late now and it's no use crying over spilt milk,' he remarked, philosophically. 'There's nothing left for me to do now but impanel a jury to acquit Harry on grounds of self-defence, for killing this gentleman, name unknown, from nowhere. The joke is on the city officers, or on the corpse, and, pending a decision, the house will set up the drinks.'

'At never to my knowledge was found out who the good man from nowhere' was, and, in default of a name, his resting place is unmarked among the illustrious dead who have ceased from warfare and sleep their last sleep in Boot Hill Cemetery outside the old town.'

An Overtrained Dog.

A sorrowful-looking man entered the Sub-Treasury as soon as the doors were opened yesterday morning. He carried in his hand a small handbag, and his first query was for the man in charge of the department for redeeming mutilated money. He was ushered into the private office of the Treasurer, and hastened to tell his story. His name he gave as George Haines, his residence as Kipp street, and the source of his trouble as a hungry dog named Bingo. The evening before Mrs. Haines, who evidently knew the right time to approach such a subject, asked her lord and master for some Christmas money. Under the genial and generous influence of a good dinner Mr. Haines reached down in his pocket and carefully 'skinned' off a five dollar bill from his roll, which he tossed across the table to his wife with a princely air, Bingo the dog, as quick as a flash, leaped in the air and caught the five dollar bill in his mouth. He started to chew, and before it could be choked out of him the bill was in little bits. The Treasurer called an expert and the bill was pieced together. It was found to have been a note issued by a Philadelphia bank, and that institution promptly handed another one out in place of it.

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