

PROGRESS.

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Subscribers who do not receive their paper Saturday morning are requested to communicate with the office.—Tel. 95.

TERRITORIAL EXPANSION.

GEORGE FRISBIE HOAR has long been a name for Massachusetts republicans to conjure with, and his utterances have hitherto been regarded as the oracles of old. What will they do with his latest, to the effect that "if the United States takes over the Philippines under the treaty of peace the downfall of the republic will date from the administration of WILLIAM MCKINLEY." That is strong language and yet, in a measure at least, true. Our neighbor having now added to itself colonies will be in the effect a kingdom without a king. There are those who believe that this was the intention of the founders of the republic and in this event she has simply fulfilled her destiny. That the ultimate result of this "land grab", growing out of a war waged for humanitarian reasons solely and not for territorial expansion, will be for the benefit of civilization and the world at large, we at least cannot doubt. There will also be an immediate benefit to us as colonizers. Hitherto, the United States, ignoring its inability to cope with its own internal racial troubles, has been our severest judge and most unreasonable critic in any seeming mistakes in our foreign policy. It now has colonies of its own, with people of other tongues, habits and prejudices; with no idea of protest other than the shedding of blood; without gratitude for favors done or benefits bestowed, and it will now have less time to devote to criticizing Great Britain. We, with our centuries of experience, will be more lenient in judging this great nation in her colonial experiment than she in her inexperience could ever hope to be to us.

A SUGGESTION FOR A RESERVE.

Imperial ideas are very much in evidence these days. The leading newspapers of the old country as well as those of the colonies are advocating a closer union with the mother country and it almost seems as if imperial federation in a modified and practical form will be realized in the near future. The circumstances of today are not as they were years ago. The opponents of that idea, which was then put forward in a very vague and shadowy way, may now see their way clear to give it a certain support, but to show how closely the attention of the people is given to the imperial idea it is only necessary to read a communication in the "Army and Navy Gazette" printed recently, which advocates strongly an "Imperial Colonial Reserve Force." Starting out with the declaration "that it is time for our great colonies to wheel into line," the writer, who was formerly a Canadian officer and served in the 1885 campaign, suggests that a certain number of volunteers should be enlisted in Canada, Australia, New Zealand and the Cape for service in the Imperial army, and he says the only way to do this is to invite a number in each colony to register their names for, say, two year's service in India, Egypt, or elsewhere. In some instances whole regiments will register their names: so much the better. To make a start 5,000 might be registered in Canada and 5,000 in Australia, with 2,500 at the Cape and the same number in New Zealand. Each should receive a nickel badge with the arms of his colony and his number, suitable to wear if he wishes. The Intelligence department would prepare a soldier's book of reference for these men, with maps of England, and the Nile and India, and circumstances of climate. This would be necessary in view of the education

and standing of the men who would be accepted on presenting them. It would be more than probable that more than 5,000 would offer themselves, for the position of each man considered worthy to enter this corps would be an enviable one in Canada. Then the suggestion is made that reserve pay for 5,000 men at 6d. a day, or £50,000 a year should be shared by the mother country and her colony, which would give the supervision of Imperial officers when the regiments so formed muster with their officers. "The men would regard as of great importance the liberty of changing their habitation if they chose to go to another colony, or to go to England, always remaining on the reserve list and drawing 6s. a day pay.

Thus an English reservist could emigrate to Canada or Australia, or an Australian could try the mines at Klondyke or go to England or the Cape, and yet not alter his position with regard to the Empire. The officers in charge of Imperial Reserve Forces could attend to all that, for the men, being provided with official printed envelopes could communicate with them wherever the Union Jack flies.

A BRUTAL EXHIBITION.

It is pretty generally conceded that the manly courageous characteristics for which the Anglo-Saxon race is noted, are largely due to our love of sports. As far back as we can trace the people who have encouraged physical training have been the rulers of the world. The endurance and pluck which have shone forth from the pages of our history, from Crecy to the fall of Khartoum could only have been shown by a race accustomed to all sorts of sport, from single-stick to golf, polo and bicycle riding. Therefore it comes hard to speak a word against any sporting contest lest we be accused of ignorance or ingratitude. But it is against such abuses as the recent bicycle tournament at Madison Square Garden that one must protest. It is a question whether money or fame as a record-maker and breaker can offset the terrible strain put upon the system in a six days' race. There can be little pleasure to the spectator in a broken exhausted fellow creature pushing pedals until he faints and falls from his wheel. Yet we hear of wives who so far lose their humanity in the excitement of watching this pitiful sight, that they experience naught but an impatient scorn when the fainting man belongs to one of them. When we with our superior civilization applaud such an abuse of sport, how much better are we than the Spaniard enjoying his bull fight?

Brain and Braun are an incomparable team and Britons may be forgiven a great deal of pride in their race when we consider what they have to show for both sides. The past few years have given us the works of KIPLING and KITCHENER as representatives of both and their equals are not to be found in any other nation. The achievements of men like KITCHENER, young, brave Englishmen who leave home to fight plague, pestilence, prejudice, famine and heat as well as barbarous tribes, were never so well sung or told as they are told by KIPLING. The men who avenged GORDON, are descendants of the men of Alma and Lucknow, are companions in arms of the men who took Lungbuapen and who fought the famine after the manner of SCOTT, HAWKINS, and MARTYN in KIPLING'S great story "WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR." A little boasting may be overlooked in a nation that in peace or war can produce men equal to the emergency and who do their work without any particular thought of reward.

Is it any particular credit to individual or nation to be anxious for peace when all the emoluments thereof fall to that individual or nation? Two commissions have recently been sitting to decide vexed questions between the United States and two other countries. The one has completed its labors, the proceedings of the other have been little less than farcical so far. Yet both results springs from the same cause, the arrogance of the United States. Spain had no alternative but to yield to her conqueror however unjust her demands, but Canada is not in that position and cannot afford to give all and get nothing, simply because the United States demands it. It is a question whether it deports with our dignity to attempt to parley further when the attitude of the United States is so manifestly unjust.

Staying Book-keeping.

The general value of the study of book-keeping is greatly enhanced when it is taught by means of facsimile business transaction, or in accordance with the Laboratory Method in use at the Currie Business University of this city. The method introduces a large body of practical business instruction and practice not included in book-keeping as ordinarily taught in the business colleges.

WHO WILL BE MAYOR?

Desirable Aspirants for the Position are Scarce at the Capital.

FREDERICTON, Dec. 14.—Who will be the next chief magistrate of Fredericton? is a question not a few citizens are asking at the present time and one few seem to be able to answer. The present incumbent of the office, Mayor Whitehead, does not seem to have much of a banking for civic politics, and somehow or other the impression has got abroad that he will not again be a candidate for the office. His Worship's private business affairs award pretty nearly the whole of his attention and he is not able to give that percentage of his time and talent to the city that the responsible position which he holds calls for.

For some reason or other the office of mayor of the capital city of New Brunswick is not regarded as a sinecure and those who in the opinion of their fellow citizens are best qualified for the position, are usually the ones who will have nothing to do with it, even if assured an election by acclamation. Then again the salary of \$200 per annum is not sufficient to induce an active business man who places a value upon his time to make the sacrifice that would be expected of an occupant of the mayor's chair.

As the date on which the citizens are to choose a chief magistrate is yet nearly four months off it is possible that a citizen may be found in that time who would be willing to take the reins and whose candidature would meet with popular approval but at present it must be confessed the prospects look rather dubious.

To be sure we have the redoubtable John Hamill on Reid, the vanquished of last year, who without much coaxing would consent to allow his name to be put in nomination. John Hamill, though pretty well along in years, is still active and energetic, and considers himself amply qualified for the magistracy. Although his opinion of himself in this regard is hardly shared by all of his fellow citizens still his well known courage and perseverance and success as a showman, have won for him lots of admirers who would like to see him mayor for a term just for the fun of the thing.

John Beadle Gunter, is the name of another well known citizen who might render valuable assistance in the solution of the problem which the citizens will be called upon to solve in March next. John Beadle has served as an alderman and as he taken a very active interest in civic matters would no doubt be willing to dignify the mayors chair with his presence. John Beadle was a candidate for alderman at the last election and by a combination of circumstances coupled with an array of hostile ballots, sustained defeat. This circumstance may possibly have lowered his prestige somewhat with the electors but it has not detracted in the least from his energy and aggressiveness. He has still plenty of go in him, and could put up a pretty sharp fight with almost any kind of an opponent. John Beadle as Mayor would make things hum, and he could be counted on to preside at the meeting of the council with dignity and impartiality.

So far the brace of Johns are the only persons whose names are breathed in connection with the chief magistracy, but time has been known to work wondrous changes and it is possible that between now and polling day, other aspirants may appear on the civic horizon. We can live in hopes at any rate.

HE KNOWS A THING OR TWO.

A Man Who Looks for Cold Weather Because of Blue Goose Bones.

The cold snap the middle of the week brought out all the weather prognostications that were ever heard of. All the old signs of a long hard and cold winter were brought out and burnished up to date, and as everybody usually has signs of their own there is no scarcity of prophecies. Most everybody is agreed though that this is going to be one of the longest and hardest winters we have had for years. There is a pretty good prophet residing on Brussels street, and his weather prognostications are largely governed by the long string of goose bones he has in his position. A few weeks ago he dried the goose bone for this winter. Said he the other day:

"We are in for the coldest, longest and hardest winter we've had for the past fifteen or twenty years, just mark my word for it. Now look at this bone; it is very nearly all blue and that means cold weather. You see this bone means an early and hard winter to continue late in the spring, and its bluer than any bone for years.

"Would the bone of a goose killed last spring show the same marks? Why of course it would. I have tried it often and all the geese killed in one year have the same colored breast bone. They vary

Christmas Annuals, all kinds, at McArthur's, 90 King street.

little for the same year but no two years are alike. I have great faith in these bones and they never deceive me. If I take a goose say about the middle of November I can always tell what kind of a winter we'll have. When the blue marks branch out in lines around the edges of the bone that means an open winter until January. This year the blue is solid away out to the edge almost. That doesn't mean an open winter from November to March. How do I dry the bone? Why that's easy and any one can do it. Get a goose from last spring, roast and carve it, gently scraping the meat from the bone. Let the bone dry naturally and then watch how the blue covering will develop all over it. I can't tell you why it is so, but it's a never failing test just the same. Then there are other things we can't explain. We know when the wild geese fly south early like a wedge in the sky that it means an early cold winter. They have the instinct to get away from the cold but whether a blue breast-bone is the basis for that instinct I cannot tell. I was out in the country yesterday and the old folks told me that they noticed that the musk rats along the streams this year were building their houses much higher up on the banks of the creek than last year. That means that the little animals are expecting floods and snows and they want to be safe. Old weather prophets here also noticed the unusual size the weeds grew this fall, and that is an unmistakable sign of a hard winter."

Sheldon's Newspaper.

The Rev. Chas. M. Sheldon's books, now so universally read, make it plain that that writer's hopes of the regeneration of the world lie in getting individuals more and more to do their daily tasks on Christian principles no matter what the sacrifice involved. In the best known of his books, "In His Steps," he clearly looks to the newspaper, carried on upon Christian principles, as largely the hope of the "coming kingdom." In looking about him for a newspaper upon his model, he seems to have hit on the Montreal Witness, to which he has addressed a letter, part of which we quote:—

"I have read the Witness with much interest. I cannot say that I know of any other daily paper in the United States that is conducted on such high Christian principles. I wish I did, for if ever we needed such a paper in our country we need it now.

"Let me express to you my appreciation of the Christian heroism and consideration which make a paper like the WITNESS a possibility. I have always believed it possible for a Christian daily to succeed. You have proved that it can. So much of the ideal newspaper in 'In His Steps' is therefore real.

"I pray that you may continue to be blessed in your work. I do not know a more glorious opportunity for building up the kingdom on earth than by means of Christian journalism. I take the greatest pleasure in sending the copies of the Witness to newspaper friends of mine for their inspection.

"Very cordially yours,

"CHARLES M. SHELDON,
Topeka, Kansas.

An Entertaining Insurance Company

One of the most unique and entertaining of presentations is half a dozen cards fastened at the corner which contain the figures 1 to 6 so arranged that one person can tell the age of another by quick and certain calculation which though mystifying at first is as simple as it is ingenious. To Mr. Robert Johnson, one of the energetic agents of the Great West Life Assurance Company, PROGRESS is indebted for its cards which remind one constantly that the hustling company of the west is very much alive at all times. Mr. Johnson has proved this already and the business he has written ranks in amount among the "leaders" of the year.

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.

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Just a Guess.

"Er—h'm!—my dear children," rather pompously began old Mr. Tubman, standing before an assembly of school children he had been asked to edify. "I have been requested to say a few words to you, and I am solving with the hope that a brief

Agony's life of one who has trodden wheels along the highway

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of existence may be of profit to you who are just entering that highway. "I was seventy-four years old last March, four years beyond the three-score and ten allotted to man for his years upon earth. During all those years I have—but, before I tell you the few and simple but potent rules of life which I have always followed, how many of you can guess who it is that I have been permitted to live so long in this beautiful world? And the dear little innocents replied in one voice, 'Because the good die young!'

EVOLUTION OF THE COAL CART.

And a Look Ahead to the Time When it shall be seen Only in Museums.

In the evolution of the coal cart that vehicle has developed from the old single-ton dump cart to the big five-ton wagon, and the majority of the wagons used nowadays, of whatever size or form of construction, are equipped with a delivery chute, single length or telescopic, by means of which the coal is delivered direct into coal holes or cellarways. There are, nowadays, great coal wagons with side delivery ports, which do not have to back up to the sidewalk, but are unloaded sidewise.

All these things, however, apply only to the delivery of coal to a lower level by gravity. Where coal is still taken up it is carried in the old ways. In business or other establishment where coal is used in stoves it is shovelled into boxes or barrels on the sidewalk and then hoisted up. But this way of taking in coal is now seldom seen. As the old fashioned hoisting apparatus with its dangling rope has now been almost universally superseded by some form of elevator, so has the use of stoves in the establishments to a very great extent been superseded by steam heaters, where the coal is burned in the cellar and the resulting heat sent up in the pipes.

In dwellings, more and more, the custom now is to get fuel for cooking purpose and more or less for heating also, piped in the form of gas. There are now plenty of families that have ceased entirely to buy coal. Living in flats they get steam heat for which the coals bought and burned by the owner, while for their cooking they burn gas. It seems reasonable to suppose that in the not very distant future the use of gas for fuel will largely increase; that private consumers at least will, for all purposes—use fuel in that form, and that the coal to produce it will be burned economically at your central stations and the gas fuel piped to the consumer. In that case even the highly developed nineteenth century coal wagon would practically disappear from residence parts of the city. Looking still further into the future, it seems possible that the day may come when far greater economies yet will be practiced, when the coal will be burned in great plants at the mouth of the pit and the product of gas be piped to centres of consumption. Then will the coal wagon disappear from use and be no longer seen save as an interesting exhibit in the museums.

Translated.

A rather impecunious individual, who often indulged in the reprehensible habit of sponging on his friends, sent a request to an acquaintance for monetary assistance to tide him over a difficulty. His friend, who had frequently assisted him in similar cases, was getting tired of these repeated applications and replied that he could not comply with his request at present, but would direct his attention to an excellent French proverb, which, if he would follow it out might be of much value to him ultimately. The said proverb was, "Pas d'elle yeux, Rhone que nous." The hard-up one, not being conversant with the French idiom, had to consult another friend who had some pretensions to linguistic attainments, and who, seeing the joke immediately translated the sentence into "Paddle your own canoe."

Hicks: "Bowers has been telling me some of his war experiences."

Wicks: "And you believed all his yarns?"

Hicks: "Oh, yes; they were so uninteresting I'm sure they must be true."

Willis: "Putting a pin in a person's chair is an old joke."

Wallace: "Yes, but it hasn't lost its point yet."

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