

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DEC 16

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

THE MAYOR AND THE COUNCIL.

Mayor SEARS has been indulging in letters to the press. The luxury is one that few can afford, a conclusion that his worship will no doubt agree with in time. Apart from the merits of his dispute with the council it is not pleasant to see our chief magistrate airing his complaints in the newspapers. If he has fault to find with the treatment the aldermen give him it seems to us that the fitting place to express his opinion would be in the council chamber.

The act of the council in talking advantage of his temporary absence from the council chamber to pass a resolution removing an important matter from the consideration of the general committee, of which the mayor is chairman, of which the Board of Works, of which Alderman CHRISTIE is chairman, was neither courteous nor creditable. Before putting such a motion the deputy mayor should have asked those members in the adjoining room to return to the council chamber. He did not follow the usual course in neglecting to do this and the resolution has therefore a back door flavor that is not agreeable. There are many people not in agreement with the mayor who condemn this act of the aldermen.

To have this followed by the unusual course of presenting a testimonial to deserving and brave men through the treasury board instead of the chief magistrate marks the disrespect of certain members of the council toward the mayor. This has not been unobserved for some time, but what can be gained by such a contempt of propriety is not easily seen. The ambition of an alderman should not interfere either with his sense of what is nice or what is due to the gentleman who has been selected by the citizens to preside over the deliberations of their civic rulers. The attempts on the part of the chairmen of the treasury and works to ignore and minimize the mayor have been passed over in the past but the discussion that was provoked by the bill of Messrs. STANTON BROS., for the repair of the fountain, that was held over, apparently for that purpose, as well as the dock and presentation matters, indicate that the opponents of his worship in the common council have determined to lose no time in their efforts to humiliate him.

THE FORTUNE OF WAR

The war news this week has not been of an encouraging character. On the contrary the British have suffered two serious reverses, one in which the forces of Gen. GATACRE fell into an ambush and nearly 700 men were forced to surrender and the other the failure of Lord METHUEN to drive the Boers from their position at Modder river. The great strength of the enemy's position at this point, and their superiority in numbers makes this reverse the less surprising but it is hard to understand how the enemy succeeded in deceiving the English until they were within the deadly range of 200 yards and then in close order to receive the destructive fire of thousands of riflemen. The correspondents say that hundreds fell in one minute. The tactics of the Boers are full of surprises. They dare not face the disciplined soldiery of England in the open and so they are following the tactics of the red Indian of America. From concealed positions of any kind they await the British and perhaps after an effective volley or two flee to another shelter. The bold and open tactics of the British have not been successful. They must meet

raft with craft and in order to do this faithful and well informed scouts are necessary. To know at all times the position and number of the enemy should not be impossible with such assistance but it seems as if the disaffected Dutch farmers cannot be depended upon.

The news from the seat of war is so meagre that we have no means of knowing why this happened or that was done, but the information that we have shows conclusively that the Boers are fighting in a desperate manner for existence and that the conflict is likely to be prolonged. There can be no question of receding on the part of the British. If necessary, hundreds of thousands of men are ready at her call and the might of her empire must be shown now. The wonderful spectacle of 70,000 men being sent 7,000 miles in so short a time has elicited the admiration of the world with the exception, perhaps, of the French people, who seem bent upon goading the British lion. The warning of Secretary CHAMBERLAIN for the press of that nation to "mend their manners" is a timely one and no doubt will cause some reflection across the channel.

We in Canada are naturally much interested in the fortunes of the Canadian contingent. The volunteers from this colony are within the sound of the guns and we can well imagine their eagerness to get near the enemy. That they will give a good account of themselves we have no doubt. The demonstration that marked their departure from Canada and their reception at the Cape must make them eager to show that the confidence their fellow colonists have in them is not misplaced. We cannot hope to welcome all of them back. Some of them will doubtless fall before Boer bullets but those who do so will be but a part of the sacrifice for the empire, and a portion of the duty of her children in defending her.

PRETTY GIRLS DISPLAY.

Suitable and Pretty Gifts That can be Bought at Allan's.

Allan's White Pharmacy 87 Charlotte makes one of the prettiest displays of Christmas gifts in the city. The windows are handsomely dressed with ebony, olive, and rose wood brushes, mirrors and military sets, perfume atomizers, velvet brushes, soap boxes, sponge bags, etc. The interior of the store presents a beautiful effect, three large cases being laden with most attractive Christmas perfumes ranging in price from \$1.00 to \$5.00 comprising such makes as Atkinson, Pinaud, Roger & Gallet, Crown Perfume Co., Colgates, Grassmith, Violet, Bourjois and other celebrated makes. Ladies and gentlemen's dressing cases, manicure sets and triplicate mirrors in beautiful designs are shown in another case. Mr. Allan makes a specialty of choice Havana cigars, displaying them in gift packages at 10, 25, 50 and \$1.00 everything is marked at lowest prices and Mr. Allan's stock of useful gifts is well worthy of inspection.

Attractive Fancy Work.

One of the centres of attraction this holiday season is the ladies art needlework store, 89 Germain street, where Mr. Harrison Kinnear the proprietor and his staff of obliging lady clerks, are kept busy attending to the wants of ladies who prefer doing their own work on gifts for their friends, while in the parlor of the same store, Mrs. H. D. Everett has arranged a large assortment of needlework and painting on different articles, marked at prices which will ensure a speedy sale.

Two Newsboys.

The fellow-feeling that marks one of the tenderest spots in human nature is often most pronounced among great men. A writer in the Century tells this new anecdote of Faraday.

The great physicist and his friend Hoffman were walking one day together through the streets of London, where both were then professors, when Faraday stopped a newsboy and bought a paper. Hoffman asked him why with his house supplied regularly with all the papers he needed, he stopped to buy a paper from a boy in the street.

Faraday replied: 'I was once a newsboy myself and sold papers on the street.' It was a fitting explanation.

Naval Courtesses.

The wrongs of Ireland have lately been increased. The man who tells the story of this last injustice is an Irishman—no other than Sir Thomas Lipton.

Just before the yacht Shamrock sailed for this country she lay at anchor in Southampton harbor. One morning as Sir Thomas was pacing her deck, he noticed with some anxiety a quartet of bargemen rowing their clumsy boat dangerously close to the challenger's delicate sides.

'Hi, there, my men!' he cried. 'Keep away a bit, will you?'

One of the bargemen rested on his oar and scanned the yacht critically.

'Wot do ye call that ere thing ye're standin' on?' he demanded.

'This,' replied Sir Thomas, courteously, 'is the yacht Shamrock.'

'Bill,' sniffed the barger, turning to his mate on the next thwart, 'e calls 'er the Shamrock—another bloomin' binjustice to Ireland.'

POEMS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

Love's Own.

Love gathereth the tender lambs, And when we hear the call, It is not strange that we should pray Not all from us, not all, This is our bon hold pet, In sweet affection grown, Yet still he seeketh far and wide All kindly for his own.

Ours from him so His from us, He has a right to claim,— The gentlest lamb of all the flock Who in most anguish came, And blessing His dear name for them, We try to let them go; The jewels of His diadem We know He loves them so.

O Father "open thou our lips" That here in darkest days; When these lie still in raiment white, "Our mouth show forth Thy praise," O strengthen us with Thy sweet grace, When thus our joy has flown; To lean upon the cross and say, His right, He loves His own.

So shall we strive through blinding tears, By little hands we press; To say o'er their unbroken sleep, It is His tenderness, For ever here in sorrow's earth, The seed of love is sown; He gives a smile for every ear And still He takes His own.

CYRUS G. LEE.

Trekking.

(Song of the Boer Women)

I. Trekking! trekking! trekking! I will never the trek be done? Will never the rest, will never the home be won, and forever woe? Are we only a mass of the jungle scot for the fleeing prey? With a hair in the bush at midnight—on the veldt, a trackless way? Ever the word is "onward"—ever our white train goes Deeper and deeper northward beyond the grasp of our foes— Deeper and deeper northward our fathers went before— But the door of the veldt is closed— is closed!— Where can we trek to more?

II. Trekking! trekking! trekking! thank you we love not our home? Think you my father prized not the farm of the yel-low loam? And mother—I see her weeping beside my brother's bed. The cattle—they seem to be standing dumb in a brute despair With a longing look at the pastures—they feel the trek in the air; Even old Yk sees broken—he turns from the tempting bon— I see him there in the corner, manlike, brooding alone!

III. Trekking! trekking! trekking! through the Zulu-land we go, The midnight tiger stalking us, and ever the savage foe— Before the savage foe to meet, the "redcoat" foe behind— What have we done to be blown about like a leaf upon the wind? Ah, over the Vaal we shall find our peace—over the rushing Vaal— The Lord has led us to rest at last—blindly we followed the trail; The land He promised is ours to keep—is ours forever to keep— Piet, what noise is that in the fold—think you a wolf at the sheep?

IV. Trekking! trekking! trekking! I have trekked till our tall strong men Have sworn an oath by our father's God, we shall never trek again! The doors of the northward veldt are closed—the doors of our heart are strong; They shall open their lock to a brother's knock—but not to the threat of wrong! There is the gun you father bore when he climbed the high hill— 'Tis yours, Piet, to bear it row with your father's fal hand will— For the land is ours—the land is ours—If ever a land was won— You go at the dawn, you say, my son? Yes—go at the dawn, my soul!

—John Jerome Ronney.

Voices of the Winter.

O I list to that wild lamentation Arise on the frost-spangled air, That volume of sharp exclamation All arising with spangles of snow! O I list to that sobbing so mournful! The crown has been snatched from the king! The voice that was erstwhile so scornful Has lost all its jubilant ring!

'Tis the wail of the ice men, the cut-of-ice man the sock-up-the-price man who goes on deck! His glad smile have quit him and laughter don't fit him since old King Lear hit him a slash in the neck!

O I hear ye that rollicking whistle, Picked up in the gayer of keys? As sharp as the sting of a thistle It pierces the frost-laden breeze, O I hear ye that glad anthem winging From heart just unloaded from care— That song so exultingly ringing In happy rag-time on the air?

'Tis the song of the coal man, the jubilant coal man, the fill-up-the-hole man with diamonds in his eye! He's never here when winter is scowling and people are howling for lump, but ad slack.

Give ear to that beautiful chorus That rises in ripples of glee, Till all of the wintry air o'er us Seems bursting with glad melody? O I say it is one they are trilling, As cut from their souls they are spilling The very quintessence of joy!

'Tis the song of the plumber, the happy old plumber, and ain't he a hummer close up to the band? His lips are but voicing his glad soul's rejoicing as pipes snap to bursting on every hand.

And hear those snatches shooting From tongues of the sinner and saint! Profanity's hurts they are toothing Without even a show of restraint! From lips once accustomed to parting Alone for that kissing and prayer Now vividly, sharply are darting Red streaks of the highest grade swear!

'Tis the swear of the people, the winter-struck people, to see others reap all the fruits of their toil; the cash crop of summer the coal man and the plumber now joyously gather from labor's rich soil.

He Sleeps 'o.

He never tired—him dat sleep What' col' de gravey'd shadders creep; He never feel'd winter snow, Or cash de wolt howl at his do'. He never toss, dar, on his bed, Henry ter des one crust er bread! He safe tum all de storm dat blow, He sleepin' so—he sleepin' so!

He done fergit, de whole world' roan', How rich man hol' de man down, How dat he feel de liss on road En fall down, trumb' on de road! He dunno dat he got me bes He 'er had, in res—sweet res! He safe tum all de storm dat blow, He sleepin' so—he sleepin' so!

ROYAL BAKING POWDER ABSOLUTELY PURE Makes the food more delicious and wholesome ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

AN EXTENSIVE INDUSTRY.

The American Laundry and the Work it Furnishes.

To the vast majority a laundry seems an uninteresting and unromantic place, and few pay a visit to an establishment of this sort with the idea of being entertained or interested, and yet a little while spent in one is productive of both pleasure and profit. Decidedly the most modern and best equipped institution of the kind in this city, or in fact, in the lower provinces, is the American Steam Laundry on Charlotte street, of which the Godsoe Bros. are proprietors. PROGRESS visited the establishment this week and was agreeably entertained by being shown through the different departments by Supt. Geo. Boyd. In the wash room many large boilers filled with foamy suds receive the articles brought in and washes them thoroughly without the slightest injury to the most delicate fabric. The American makes its own soap, so that there is no doubt as to its excellent quality, and it contains nothing that can injure the linen or clothing it cleanses so effectually. The washes go through fourteen waters, which necessitates an immense supply always on hand and of it there are 3000 gallons of hot and 2000 gallons of cold always in reserve.

All flannels and silks are given the most careful attention and in order to guard against shrinking all articles in this line are washed by hand, each color being given a separate tub. This is one great feature in which this laundry excels, and so well has it sustained its reputation in this respect that this line of work is daily increasing.

Very few people know what the doing up of a shirt involves. It looks so easy, and yet it requires the combined work of five or six persons and as many machines before the article is ready to be worn. The American makes up 25 gallons of starch at one time, and after a shirt leaves the drying room and has gone through a starching process it goes to an employee who presides at a bosom ironer heated by gas; after the bosom has been ironed to glass like smoothness the shirt goes to another machine where the yoke and neck band are ironed, a third does the body ironing, a fourth the sleeves and finally the entire shirt is gone over by hand with a flatiron in case the machines have missed any portion. Then the folding is done and the garment is ready for the wearer. The collar and cuff machine turns out work with wonderful rapidity, and there are practically no complaints such as are heard in connection with the work of so many laundries regarding torn and defaced articles. The up-to-date, modern equipments of the establishment guard against all such accidents. In regard to standing collars, they are taken in charge by an expert and so well is the work of ironing and finishing done that there are seen no rough and saw-like edges which are so unsightly and uncomfortable. The starches used are flexible finish but firm and pliable, which prevents the cracking of neck-bands and collars. The drying room has all the latest improvements and is one of the interesting departments of the laundry. The immense mangle has eight operators and has a record of doing 920 napkins in twenty minutes, and has done 11,000 pieces in one day.

The American has forty employees, and so extensive has the patronage become that in the past year the management have had to double the capacity of the office. Everything, even the seemingly unimportant, is done systematically and there is none of the confusion and bustle so often seen in places of this kind. The American numbers among its patrons, the Royal, Dufferin and Victoria hotels, Union club, Elder Dempster, Head Line, Donaldson, Manchester, International, Furness, Dominion Atlantic, line of steamers besides numerous small hotels, boarding houses and barber shops. Mr. George Boyd of Boston is the efficient and obliging superintendent of the American and since his advent over a year ago he has introduced the present system of washing and ironing which is making that laundry so popular with the public.

No Resemblance.

It costs nothing to be ordinarily polite, even under adverse circumstances, and it generally pays. A passenger in a sleeping-car, who was tired and sleepy and wanted to go to bed, called out to a man who had

just enter the coach and was hurrying through it:

'S-y, isn't it about time to have these births made up?'

'What do you take me for?' angrily replied the other, stopping and coming back. 'Do I look like a sleeping car conductor, sir?'

'No,' slowly rejoined the tired passenger looking up at him wearily. 'You do not. I beg your pardon. My observation is that a sleeping-car conductor is always a gentleman.'

SHOOTING AT HAILSTONES.

This Means of Preventing Damage to Crops is said to be a success in Europe.

The idea of destroying storm clouds including tornadoes, by firing canon at them has been laughed at in this country, and experiments in this line have not been successful; but the scheme is taken more seriously in some parts of Europe, and even some of the scientific journals assert that it is practicable, and cite impressive instances to prove it. The following statements for example, are taken from Globus, one of the best known geographical publications of Germany.

'On May 30 last, the Minister of Agriculture in Italy suggested that the experiment be tried of destroying hail clouds by means of canon discharges. He fortified his suggestion by copious quotations from Prof. Edward Ottavi's book on 'Destroying Hailstorms in Syria by Means of Canon Discharges,' the third edition of which has just appeared. The Italian Government thereupon placed at the disposal of land owners the power in one of the Government magazines at a low price until the end of October, this year. The result was that many firing stations were established in regions where vineyards were peculiarly liable to damage and the results have been most gratifying.'

This seems to prove that the theory of destroying hailstorms by means of cannon is not a humbug. Furthermore, the theory and the demonstration of its value are by no means new. Arago tells of a fleet anchored, in the seventeenth century, in Cartaena, South America, which by bombarding storms repeatedly prevented them. In the eighteenth century a French sailor also destroyed storm clouds in this manner at his country place in the neighborhood of Macon. In Germany experiments were made in 1865. In Italy the theory has been tested on a much larger scale and the experiments there extended as far back as the sixteenth century.

Prof. Bombicci, of Bologna, was one of the first to discuss the matter scientifically. In recent times, however, the decisive tests have unquestionably been made in Styria, Austria.

The Burgomaster of Windisch-Feistritz, in Styria, has a very large and fine vineyard on the south slope of the Bachan Mountains. He sustained enormous losses every year from hailstorms. In 1896 he erected twelve shooting stations on the property, distributed over about two square kilometres. They were placed on the highest elevations. Each station had ten heavy cannon, handled by six men. Each charge consisted of 120 grams of powder. As soon as a hail cloud approached shots were heard from all the stations. The Vienna Imperial Meteorological Society thus described the procedure: 'Heavy black clouds move forward from above the Bachan Mountains. At a signal shooting begins at all the stations, and after a few minutes the forward movement of the cloud ceases. Then the clouds open as if a canal divided them, and gradually disappear. Not one stone falls. The experiment was tried six times in 1896, always with the same result. Since then fifty-six stations have been erected around Windisch Feistritz, and it has paid well to support them.'

The question is of great importance to Italy, where certain districts are regularly visited by hailstorms. This summer 70 stations were erected in the province of Treviso, 30 in Padua, 260 in Vicenza, 20 in Verona, 135 in Bergamo, and in other provinces stations are constructing under the supervision of Prof. Ottavi. The cannons used were brought from Styria, where a special industry in the manufacture of this article has developed. In Italy, also, some firms have begun to make the so-called 'Hungarian cannon.'

Robby—Pa, this book says St. Peter has the keys of heaven! has he? I believe so. Bobby—Is he the janitor, pa?