

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DEC. 9

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

SCARCITY OF WAR NEWS.

The press censor in South Africa is the target for some very unpleasant remarks at the present time. The newspapers are indignant and sarcastic and the people, who are interested both in their friends at the front and in the success of the army of the empire, are becoming daily more impatient over the scarcity of news.

Metropolitan dailies, English and American, have made the greatest preparations to give their readers the latest war news. They went to great expense to secure the services of the brightest and most fearless war correspondents and now to find that they cannot get any satisfactory news from them is indeed disappointing.

There is one cable from Natal and another from Debboga Bay. The former is used by the British government and crowded as it is with official despatches the opportunities for the correspondents are limited. Their messages must be confined to 300 words daily and these are often delayed in transmission. Before they are sent however, the censor locks them over and the editors blue pencil is nothing compared to his mutilation. No information can be sent that could be cabled back to Pretoria by the Transvaal agents in Europe and be of any advantage to the Boers. The news of the arrival of transports has even been delayed because the Boers could easily calculate how strong the reinforcements would be and about how long it would take for them to reach the front. The propriety of suppressing such information cannot be doubted but it is a difficult matter to convince the British public of the fact.

The war seems to have just begun and our Canadian soldiers are well to the front supporting that dashing general Lord Methuen. It is quite likely that there will be another great battle before his relict column reaches Kimberly and the Canadians will probably be among the reinforcements to reach him before that. There are no more rivers to cross before the diamond city is reached but the position the Boers have taken up is of great natural strength and it will require the same qualities of courage and stubbornness to drive them from it as were noticeable at Gras Pan and Modder river.

The story of how a score of Englishmen tried to swim and ford the river in the face of a galling fire must have stirred the hearts of every loyal man and the attempt, though it failed, must rank with the heroic deeds that brighten the pages of the history of the British Army.

There is plenty of news in South Africa but we cannot get it at present. We must be content with the descriptive letters of correspondents—the pen pictures by such men as STEVENS and RALPH who are both on the battle field.

A SMALL MATTER.

The terms of the exemption from taxation asked for by the Messrs. PETERS have been made public. They are such to surprise those who thought, when such a privilege was asked of the city, that an expensive building would be erected for the purpose of an industry considered worthy of exemption. It transpires now that the arrangement with the council only requires a structure costing \$10,000 and an industry employing twenty five hands!

The assessment last year on the property that was destroyed and the real estate was less than \$9,000. The taxes on this, including that for schools would be less than \$150, and it can easily be seen that the saving to Messrs. PETERS by securing ex-

emption will not be more than \$100. This is not a large sum and the loss of it will not effect the city nor is it likely to be of any great benefit to Messrs. PETERS, but the principle of exemption will be established and this will mean a great deal to the city in the future. The legislature will have to pass a bill authorizing the exemption and if the aldermen are unanimous in the matter there is no doubt of its passage unless the people awaken and oppose it by petition and otherwise. The buildings must be erected by May next and as the legislature will not conclude its labors in all probability until the middle or end of March the time allowed for the construction of the buildings is not long.

Since the above was written the action of the Council bears out our contention. The article referring to it will be found on the first page.

Under the caption of "A Canadian Thiel" the Chicago Tribune publishes an editorial article stating that the Mail and Empire of Toronto is stealing its special war news service and publishing their special cables representing them to be the product of their own enterprise and procured at their own expense. The Tribune does not make the expose in a half hearted way but has taken the trouble to send marked copies of its issue containing the article to every newspaper published in Canada.

A Surprise for Politicians.

The news of the overthrow of the Manitoba government came as a surprise to people interested in politics in St. John. Nothing else was talked of on the streets at a late hour Thursday night. Even war news was lost sight of for the moment. Leading conservatives who retained kindly memories of their old national policy chieftain, Sir John, rejoiced that his son Hugh John Macdonald seems to be following in his steps.

The Struggle With B.

Every baby has struggled with B; sometimes the struggle lasts for years, sometimes the victory is doubtful for the end. And this is a survival. And there is a general weakness in this respect all across the Central European plain, from Poland, through Russia to Paris. The Poles turn the pure Slavonic R into sb; the Prussians and Parisians pronounce it as gb, saying bghet for beet and amougheuse for amoureuse and so on. This late reconciles the victors and vanquished at Sedan. Across the Channel the same consonant gives trouble. We have all heard of a class of people who are supposed to say 'Weally dear boy, and so on, and all the Saxon area in England has this disability. It comes across the Atlantic, and New York and Brooklyn have invented a new evasion of r. worse than anything Chinsman, Pole, Prussian, Parisian or cockney have ever attained. They say 'foyst, thoyd,' for 'first, third,' and 'boyd, skoyt, noyse, oyth doyt, boyt,' for 'bird, skirt, nurse, earth, dirt, birth,' in all of which a Scotchman, for instance, would pronounce a pure r. In their case, I think, this is the influence of the Dutch of New Amsterdam breaking through, but whatever it is, it is horrible, and should be stopped by legislative intervention.—New York Sun.

Natural Soap.

Near Ashcroft in British Columbia are a number of small lakes, whose shores and bottoms are covered with a crust containing borax and soda in such quantities and proportions that when cut out it serves as a washing compound. The crust is cut into blocks and handled in the same manner as ice, and it is estimated that one of the lakes contains 20,000 tons of this material.

Try and be Convicted

That our laundry work cannot be surpassed. Neckbands replaced, hosiery darned all free of charge. Ungar's Laundry, Dyeing and Carpet Cleaning Works, 28 to 34 Waterloo street. Phone 58.

Miles—Where is your friend Jiggs now?

Giles—He's gone to the spirit land.

Miles—Indeed; it's strange I never heard of his demise.

Giles—Oh, he isn't dead. He visiting relatives in Kentucky.—Chicago News.

'It must have taken lots of nerve for him to laugh and joke with the doctors while they were taking his leg off at the knee. Didn't he seem excited?'

'Well, I thought he talked in rather a disjointed manner.'

'Didn't you shoot anything at all, John?'

'Yes; I got a fine bag of game, but it was stolen from me on the cars.'

'Well, never mind, John; you've brought home a brand new story.'—Indianapolis Journal.

They say his wife has money.

'Well, that isn't his fault. They've only been married a short time.'

POEMS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

To Rudyard Kipling
Prophet of brown and bravery!
Bard of the fighting man!
You have made us hush to a God of Steel,
And to fear His church's ban;
You have taught the sons that the bullet sings—
The knell and the crowning cry of kings;
The never denied appeal!

Prophet of brain and handicraft!
Bard of our grim machines!
You have made us dream of a God of Steam,
And have shown what his worship means;
In the clanking rod and the whirling wheel,
A life and a soul your songs reveal,
And power as I might supreme.

Bard of the East and mystery!
Singer of those who hush;
To the eastern clods which they call their gods
And with God-like fees endow;
You have shown that these heed not the suppliant's
Prayer,
Nor the prayers of the priest and devotee,
Nor the vestal's futile vow.

Singer, we ask what we cannot learn
From our wise men and our schools;
Will our offered slain from our gods obtain
In the reward of fool?
Will our man-made gods be like their kind?
If ye bow to a clot of clay enshined,
Will we pray our prayers in vain?

A Century From Now.
If you and I should wake from sleep
A century from now,
Back to the grave we'd want to creep,
A century from now,
We'd wish such a startling change,
Find everything so wondrous strange
We'd hurry back across the range,
A century from now.

A woman forty, fat and fair,
A century from now,
Married with grace the Speaker's chair,
A century from now,
The Cabinet may be a flock
Of girlish, gay of hat and frock,
Who talk, but who won't mend a sock,
A century from now.

The people all will flit on wings
A century from now
(Not heavenly, but patent things),
A century from now,
They'll soar a city day and of fear
On pillars of a chainless gear
And change their flippers every year,
A century from now.

There'll be no restaurants at all
A century from now,
The home will have no dining hall
A century from now,
The chemist all our wants will fill
With food in tablets, and to still
Our thirst we'll simply take a pill,
A century from now. —Pearson's Weekly.

A Happy Philosopher.

I like the weather rainy and I like the weather dry,
I like the word "an" like the plan the Ruler runs it by!
There's mebbe drouby seasons in some fair and
don't you spout!
While a streak of dew wet weather blights another,
like as not,
But I do love eat's roses that the little thorns
don't hurt!

An' life to me is somethin' more than droudry an'
dirt;
God tunced my taste to sweetness, so I shun the
bitterness
An' find so much of honey I'm a-robbin' of the
bees.

I've found that corn fields stunted till they
wouldn't pay to shock
Will yield in this season lots o' nubbins for the
stock,
An' the shrivelled wheat that rusted, one o'
Nature's weather tricks,
Will do a sight toward feedin' all the hungry hees
an' chivvies
So what's the use o' whinin' if the run of things
don't suit,
You get to smil' the blossoms though some insect
has bit 'em!

I reckon life's so happy I can wander where I
please
An' find so much of honey I'm a-robbin' of the
bees.

A happy life's dependent not gumption or on grit,
But just the plain philosophy of make-the-best-of-
it!
Of course I ain't denyin' Borow's stalkin' through
the land,
But her sister, Joy, is with her, an' a-holdin' of
So write me down as happy, in the summer, spring
or fall,
An' even storms o' winter doesn't ice the blossoms
So I jes' keep on a huntin' in the fragrance of the
frezzy,
An' I find so much of honey I'm a-robbin' of the
bees.

The Wind's Word.

Wind in the winter tree
What is the word you bring?
"Listen," the wind replied,
"I'm a messenger dear
Sent to the youthful year
Telling of birds that hide
Waiting the first faint sound
Of a light out on the ground,
And he call that sets them free;
Telling of birds that wait
Close to the southern gate
For the earliest coming
Of a softly fingered spring
On the fairy life of spring.
This is the word. And see,
Starring this rocky ledge
I set a periwinkle pledge."
Thus the Wind answered me.
And lo, a flower at my feet
Suddenly showed; and then
I breathed in the fragrance sweet
And knew it was Spring again!

—F. D. Sherman.

A Mother's Touch.

A wanton heart—thus did I move at first—
The momentary whom her son's Desire appears;
No shame betrayed; regret unaided; she fears
Not, quaffing Life's hot Wines with Sensuous thirst
An unloved lot—I almost said retired;
For 'twas he, the Beauty, Grace and Wit
With open hand; most dangerous gift to fit,
Her story told, I wondered much and long,
How she, when fallen so, could yet, withal, appear
So womanly; her eye undimmed; no tear;
Nor e'en excuse made she for wooing wrong.
'Tis pictured never thus in tale and song,
She hinted not of change for future life,
And spined contentment as a happy wife;
In such a sphere she never could belong.

And, so, I knew her thus as time went by,
The joyous seemed always and smiling; satisfied
To seek her pleasures through acquaintance wide;
No shadow on her face; not care, nor sigh,
Was less than happiness could imply?
A sweet career—not man's, nor passionate—
This touch of love unthought (Come it too late?)
Tear stained her cheek, gave to her life the lie.
—Brenton A. Macnab.

Alone With The Dream.

Yellowed leaves and a dusty cover—
Dim and gray with the dust of years.
It was the gift of a long lost lover—
A gift of love and a gift of tears.

A withered rose and a leaf of clover
From the beautiful gardens far away.
Is the dream of love so quickly over?
What does the heart of the woman say?
She hears the bell of the May-time ringing;
She sees the May with its blossoms departing.
These were songs of her lover's sighing,
But the dust is over the lover's sighing.

Her first sweet love!... He is calling—calling
To the beautiful, vanished past;
Tears on the time worn pages falling?
The woman weeps o'er the dream at last!

And was there never on earth another—
A dearer love than the maiden one?
Kissing her lips, a child cries: "Mother!"
The book is closed, and the dream is done.
—Atlanta Constitution.

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ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

THE REGIMENTAL DOG.

How the Cavalry has Sometimes Played Important Parts.

More than one regimental pet has entered into the history of his country. In America the list is naturally headed by Old Abe, the Wisconsin eagle, which survived the fiercest battles of the Civil War and lived to enjoy an honored old age in the Capitol of its native state. The armies of Europe have had many pets, among which should be remembered a poor dog which followed the eagles of Napoleon a thousand leagues and more to Moscow, but did not survive the ruin of the Grand Army. A sergeant of the Imperial Guard tells of the dog's last battle.

A few days after the awful passage of the Beresina, I noticed a man marching in front of me much bent, apparently overwhelmed by the weight of a burden which he bore on his shoulders. The burden was a dog, and the man an old sergeant named Daubenton. I asked him if the dog were to eat.

"No," he answered, "I would rather eat Cossack. Don't you recognize Mouton, the regimental dog? His paws are frozen, and he can't walk any longer."

Then he told me how he would have joined the vanguard of the army which had recently been destroyed, if he had not been saved through his devotion to the dog.

The evening of the day we had arrived at Wilna the poor dog had had his paws frozen, and this very morning the sergeant had decided to leave him to his fate. But poor Mouton got an idea that he was being deserted, and howled so piteously that the sergeant determined to take him. Hardly had he started, however, the unfortunate dog fell forward on his nose, and Daubenton then fastened him across his shoulders over his knapsack. It was in this position that he rejoined the handful of men who formed the rear guard under Marshal Ney.

Suddenly, as we walked along, some one shouted, "Beware of the Cossacks!" A melee ensued, and some of the enemy bore directly toward us. Daubenton was fortunate enough to see the foremost of them in time to defend himself but Mouton, barking like a good dog, embarrassed his movements.

The man wheeled round, but at a distance, seeming to fear a musket-shot. As neither of us attempted to fire he inferred that we were without powder, and advancing upon Daubenton, he struck him a blow with his sword. Daubenton parried the blow with his musket, but the man instantly gave him a second one on the left shoulder. This blow hit poor Mouton on the head. The dog howled enough to break one's heart. Although wounded, with frozen paws, he leaped off his master's shoulder to run after the man; but being fastened to the straps of the knapsack, he pulled Daubenton down and I thought everything was over with him.

I dragged myself on my knees about two steps ahead and took aim, but the priming of my gun did not burn. Then the man, shouting savagely, threw himself upon me, but I had time to get under a wagon and present my bayonet at him.

Meantime the dog, howling and barking was dragging off Daubenton sideways. Fortunately the sergeant was able to disentangle himself, and seizing his gun, he cried to me:

"Don't be frightened, don't stir!"

He fired. The ball struck the Cossack under the right arm and he fell from his horse. A French soldier seized the animal by the bridle.

"Stop, you rascal!" cried Daubenton.

"That's my horse. I killed the fellow."

But the other man escaped amid a rattle. Then Daubenton called out to me:

"Look after Mouton! I am going after the horse."

The last words were scarcely out of his mouth when more than four thousand stragglers of all nations came on me like a torrent, separating me from him and from Mouton, and I never saw them again.

European Alliances.

The possibility of any European alliance against England, or of interference with England in the South African war is no longer seriously discussed. The settlement of the Samoan difficulty is in evidence of German friendliness, and the visit of the German Emperor to England is further proof. The fact that he took with him the Baron von Bulow, the German Minister of Foreign Affairs, indicates that his visit was prompted by something more than family affection. A few days before he went to England, the emperor had a brief conference with the Tsar of Russia.

at Potsdam. The purpose of this meeting is not known, but it is generally interpreted as increasing the probability of the maintenance of peace. No alliance against England could amount to much which did not include either Germany or Russia.

MET THEIR DEATH.

A Famous Landmark Gone Which Many Travellers Will Miss.

A landmark which will be missed by many people, within New England and without, was recently swept away by fire. The quaint old building known as the Willey House has stood in the middle of Crawford Notch, New Hampshire, ever since 1793, and in 1826 it was witness of a terrible disaster still held in remembrance.

Samuel Willey, Jr., the innkeeper of the day, was living there with his family. Early in the summer the household was startled by two successive landslides, which fell from the flanks of Mt. Willey so close to the inn that they seemed to threaten its destruction. A long drought ensued through the months of July and August, followed by a south wind which heaped immense masses of clouds upon the mountains.

On the night of August 28th a deluge of rain fell, washing out the sides of the ridges, flooding the valleys, and inflicting great damage in all the adjacent towns. All the bridges over the Saco River were swept away, and the Ammonoosuc was swollen to ten times its usual width.

The first traveller who forced his way through the chaotic ruin in the Notch found the Willey House deserted, with the doors unclosed and the Bible lying open on the table. He gave the alarm in Conway, and the people who came up found the bodies of Mr. and Mrs. Willey, two of their children, and two hired men, buried in the slide and sadly mutilated. The bodies of the other three children were never recovered.

The family had evidently left the house in apprehension of the rising floods of the Saco, and retreated to a point farther up the mountain, where they were overtaken by the avalanche and swept to a fearful and united death. Had they remained in the house they would have been safe, for it was not moved by the water, and the slide parted at a great rock behind it and reunited below, leaving the house unharmed.

A Good showing.

Mr. J. S. Currie, the manager of the Situation Department of the Currie Business University, is meeting with great success in placing students in good situations. The following is a list of positions recently filled, the majority of which were secured through the Situation Department.

Miss Mabel Lingley of Westfield, with L. G. Higgins & Co., Wholesale Boot & Shoes, Montreal.

E. L. MacDonald of Alma, with Sydney hotel, Sydney, C. B.

Annie G. Laskey, city, with Nice & Nice, Counsellors-at-Law, Boston, Mass.

Chas. A. Seely, city, with Peabody Foundry, city.

Geo. N. Duffy, city, with Mt. Morris bank, New York city.

Laura Parker, Aylesford, N. S., with Chas. W. Boyer, Mechanical Engineer, Somerville, Mass.

W. J. McGuire, city, with Alfred Heans city.

Gertrude McGowan, city, with A. A. McClaskey & Son, Confectioners, city.

Myrtle Waring, Amherst, with Cumberland Pork Packing Co., Ltd., Amherst, N. S.

Arthur Abbinate, Hillsboro, with Duferin hotel, city.

Fred Patterson, city, with F. C. Colwell & Co., Confectioners, city.

Millie Williams, Kingston, with Armington's grocery, Worcester, Mass.

Ethel Wheaton, Norton, with Excelsior Life Ins. Co., city.

Ethel Matthews, Clarendon station, with E. R. Chapman, barristers, City.

Howe Cowan, city, with Confederation Life Ass., Co., city.

C. T. Gard, Hopewell Cape, with E. J. Armstrong, printer, city.

D. I. Buckley, Corn Hill, with F. E. Williams, grocer, city.

Bertrand Beckwith, Sheffield Mills, N. S., with Duferin hotel, city.

A Paradox.

French omnibus lines seem to be very much like certain street cars which ply on the less frequented lines in American cities. A Parisian paper records this dialogue between a would be passenger and an employe:

'How often do the omnibuses leave for Saint Cloud?'

'Every ten minutes.'

'How long shall I have to wait for one now?'

'Oh, only about a quarter of an hour!'

Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired, Duval, 17 Waterloo.