

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

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

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL OF THE READERS OF PROGRESS.

TALK FROM PROF. BELL.

Prof. BELL of telephone fame has been telling a newspaper man in Boston what he thinks of the situation of England at the present time and the feeling of loyalty in the colonies.

Mr. BELL may be an authority on electricity but his observations about England and the colonies will not add to his reputation.

"The English have a hard nut to crack there. Things are looking very serious. So far as I can see, Great Britain must depend upon her colonies for her salvation. In them I see her only hope. If they become enthused, take up the cry of empire, make the cause their own, feel that the fight for their right, stand shoulder to shoulder with the English, raise colonial armies and give freely, England and the empire will be saved. The empire is at stake.

"Yes, England is on trial, and she did not expect it. If she fails, and things do look dark, she must go under. She will be a prey to the armies of the Continent. Australia and Canada, her great colonies, will declare their independence, and without them she will be nothing. This last is a truth that has never been brought home to England before the events of this last month. She sees it now and fights for existence.

"The real feeling in Canada is annexation with us. If anything should happen whereby England goes down, Canada will come over quickly. There is a loyal pride in them, naturally. Ontario, for instance, has a great deal of that intense loyalty to the British Crown, but I find that the maritime provinces look upon the United States as their best friend. They can never separate while England holds her supremacy. Nova Scotia from her position, holds the key to Canada, and it would never do to have her anything but Canadian. The Canadian feeling in regard to the Boer War I can show you easily by telling you that from the island of Cape Breton only one man joined the Canadian contingent. You are aware, of course, that Quebec did not do her share in making up that contingent. There is a great deal of dissatisfaction and disloyalty in that Province; the French do not like the Canadians or England too well. There can be no independence. Separated from England, Canada would turn to us.

Mr BELL is an American but he has resided in Cape Breton a part of the year for some time. He is rich enough to wander where he will when the climate of his adopted home does not suit him and he does so. But, situated as he is in this little corner of Canada almost at the jumping off place we fail to see how he can get such an impression as he conveyed to the Boston journalist. The press of Canada do not give him any such notions and his assertion that the maritime provinces regard the United States as their best friend is so false that it is hardly worth contradiction. The maritime provinces are more closely associated commercially with the states than Ontario but this business sentiment has nothing of disloyalty in it. There never was a warmer feeling toward England in the maritime provinces than at the present time and notwithstanding Prof. BELL we believe there exists in Cape Breton as much as in any other part of Nova Scotia. When one thousand men are selected from the whole of Canada, the number that each province could send was small indeed and many a young man who wished to go to the front knew that he could not be accepted. Nova Scotia supplied her share of the contingent and if but one of them came from Cape Breton the circumstance can be easily explained by reason of the great distance that place was from the recruiting station.

As an American Prof. BELL would naturally wish that Canada might throw in her lot with the United States but his hope can never be realized. If ever the time comes when Canada has need to assert her independence she will not hesitate to do so. There never was less desire for annexation in Canada than at the present time.

There has been some criticism of the course of PROGRESS in publishing the affidavit in a case before the equity court in which a supreme court judge is interested. We fail to see why this should be. The documents were on file and were public property. That they were startling we will admit but that was all the stronger reason for their publication. The appointment of a man to be supreme court judge does not exempt him from the laws of the land. On the other hand there will be unanimous agreement that the men who administer the laws should be above reproach, above suspicion. When they are not the judiciary must suffer.

THE BULL'S TURN TO TRIUMPH. Sometimes They are Better Than the Cruel Matadors. Generally speaking, there can be but one end to a Spanish bull-fight, the death of the bull. It is with a certain satisfaction, therefore, that one reads a story told in Andalusia and reported in Pearson's Magazine—the story of a bull that had a fair chance.

There was once a gentleman of noble blood, so the tale goes, who bred a famous race of bulls among the mountains. Not so very far away was a bull ring. One day the managers of the ring received an offer from the owner of the herd. He informed them that he had two bulls in magnificent condition which he was willing to send down for the forthcoming spectacle, and he appended a proposal.

"If these bulls are killed," he wrote, "I will bear the entire expense of the corrida—about six thousand dollars. You then shall have four others from my herd, and I will pay the matadors and their respective troupes. If these bulls are not killed, you must be responsible for the whole cost as usual."

The proprietors of the ring accepted the offer with enthusiasm. They said horns did not grow on the bull which their matadors could not kill. And a Sunday was set aside for the trial.

On the appointed day a crowd invaded the Plaza de Toros. An hour before the time named on the posters every seat was filled. The two bulls had been driven in on the previous evening. They had been seen and approved by the usual official; they were perfect from their craning horns to their delicate hoofs. As the hour approached the excitement grew tense.

The trumpets sounded and the matadors appeared, clean-shaven, rigid-mouthed fellows, accompanied by their attendants, and circled round the arena. The people were half blind with the fever of expectation. At length the president gave the signal, and the first of the two bulls thundered out into the ring of sand and sunshine.

Groups of capeadors with their colored cloaks were waiting for him. He promptly charged the nearest, who made a pass with his cloth and swung aside. It is usual for a bull to follow the moving flap of the cloth and to disregard the man, but this bull would have nothing to do with the cloaks flourished in his face; he made steadily for his man and gored him.

This was an awkward departure, and in a few minutes the bull cleared the ring. He took no notice of anything but the men and the horses. No skill, no artifices could keep him off.

Now it happens that the whole practice of bull fighting is built up on the theory that a bull can be "played" with a cloth. This particular bull could not be, the foolishness of that line of conduct having been diligently instilled into him by his proud owner. He had been taught to make for the man. Matadors would be fewer if all bulls were trained in that way.

"How does it happen that you didn't marry old Robinson's daughter?" "Oh, the family was dead against it." "But what about the girl?" "Well, you see, she happened to be one of the family."

"Ella," said Marien, as they were seated on the verandah of their country house, "I went fishing with George this morning." "Did you? What did you catch?" "I caught George."

After the hero leaving stage of a young lady's life is past, the fool with money is the ideal, and finally the common man and common sense are accepted.

The following is taken from an account of a cattle show: "Pigs were an average class, and Mrs. D. and the Hon. Mrs. M. T. took leading places."

"I say every man has a right to his own opinions." "Of course; but the trouble is, he is always trying to force other men into partnership with him."

"Your uncle died of a complication of diseases, did he not?" "Either that or complication of doctors; I am not sure which."

POEMS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

A Good Lesson for the New Year;

In speaking of a person's faults, Pray don't forget your own; Remember, those with homes of glass Should never throw a stone. If we have nothing else to do But talk of those who sin, 'Tis better you commence at home And from that point begin.

You have no right to judge a man Until he's fairly tried; Would you not like his company You know this world is wide. Some may have faults—and who has not? The odds are well as you're; Perhaps you may, for aught we know, Have fifty to their one.

I'll tell you of a better plan, And find it work full well, To try your own defects to cure Before of others tell. And though I so anxiously hope to be No worse than some I know, My own shortcomings bid me let The faults of my neighbors go.

Thou let us all when we commence To slander friend or foe, Think of the harm one word may do To those who love us so. Remember, curses sometimes, like Our chickens, "roost at home;" Don't speak of others' faults until We have none of our own.

Since Willie goes to school, The cat Lies dozing in her nook; There are no starting screeches that Make all the neighbors look; Her flappings are all piled away. No books bestrew the floor; But I have found a hair to-day, Deep-rooted, glistening and gray That hid itself before.

Since Willie goes to school I hear No noise on his way; Nor am I called to help my dear Make horses of the chair; A sense of peace pervades the place, And I may be a fool To shed the tears that streak my face, But a boy is in my baby's place, Since Willie goes to school.

A Song of Women Our lips shall sing the victory, Your vengeance for defeat; Our good we bring with willing hands, Nor come with lagging feet. With voices brave and kindling eyes, We aim our men to fight, And when the last farewell is said— We stand and face the night.

At night the little lamps go forth To seek the newly slain, The broken-in-to house of life, That shall not stand again. England! O splendid name! for thee We pray we have our part, Nor keep but woman's heritage— Tears and a breaking heart.

Sweet Angel, Whispeth Low, We're all going rise to de shinin' sho', Sweet angel, whispeth low! Won't we eh walk on our feet no mo', Sweet angel, whispeth low! On golden wings we're a gwine to fly Froo de peary clouds ob de golden sky. Deen no no mo' weop an' we' no' sigh, Sweet angel, whispeth low!

We tote a harp an' we strike de strings, Sweet angel, whispeth low! An' we all keep step w' on' golden wings, Sweet angel, whispeth low! Around de moon an' around de sun We fly in de snow-white robes we won, An' sing hallelu, do yo' hea' me' hon? Sweet angel, whispeth low!

Dis life ain't nuffin' but half a day, Sweet angel, whispeth low! Eternally comin' an' it come to stay, Sweet angel, whispeth low! When we're at our soar from dis vale of tea, An' a century pass on its runnin' gears, Won't be breakin' us 'time ob' a million years, Sweet angel, whispeth low!

Won't be no sinnin' on de golden sho', Sweet angel, whispeth low! All be cake-walkin' on a red-hot flo', Sweet angel, whispeth low! De black coats teller in de land of pain, Whis' de cullin' an' de roasin' de 2 on plain, Whis' de green grass grows in de heabenly rain, Sweet angel, whispeth low!

No room in glory fo' de hosts ob sin, Sweet angel, whispeth low! St. Petah wa'chin' an' dey can't sneak in, Sweet angel, whispeth low! Cit' down at de white de bridegroom wa', Repeat, poe' simeh 'fo' it git too late, Secu' yo' tickets fo' de golden gate, Sweet angel, whispeth low!

Sleep. Nox that the charge is won, Sleep in the narrow bed; Now it is set of sin, Sleep 'till the trump of God. Sleep.

Sleep. Fame is a bugle call; Blow a past a crumbling wall; Bats ties are clean forgot; Captain and lowly man; Sleep shall outlast them all. Sleep.

The Fleasible. I like the man who faces what he must With sleep triumphant and a heart of cheer, Who fights the daily battle without fear; Sees his hopes fail, yet keeps unflinching true; That God is God; that somehow, true and just His plan work out for mortals. Not a far Is shed when fortune, which the world holds dear, Falls from his grasp; better with a crust Than living in dishonor; eat and not, Nor let his faith in man; but does his best, Nor ever murmurs at his humbler lot, But with a smile and words of hope gives zest To every tier. He alone is great, Who by a life heroic conquers fate. —Sarah Knowles Edilton.

"My Own." My own—the dictionary makes The name of the words appear A little thing—it only takes A life or two to make them clear, "Peculiar" belonging to, "My special property alone." Will that description do for you, My own?

But the dictionaries lack a heart, A lexicographer is stern, And it requires another art The phrase's real intent to learn. Though a number of things are fit A hundred times, as they are pronounced We could explain it better, still My own.

Strength and Grace. The oaks are green, the laurels gay, The little birds sing the bright old day; The pines are a green and gay as they, And all of murmuring song.

The oaks are bare, the laurels stark, The birds to warmer lands have flown; The pines are green and singing—Hark! Their song makes sweeter morn.

For summer rich and winter lean, O pine tree, stalwart, straight and strong, Give me the strength that keeps thee green, The grace that gives thee song.

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

SOME HOTEL REGULATIONS.

A Sample Menu Card is Also Included in the List for Guests Benefit.

PROGRESS has received a unique list of rules and regulations for a New England home or hotel. It is the work of a theatrical advertising genius but it shows up the difficulties of hotel management in such a way as to amuse all who have had the experience of the road. After stating that the "home" or hotel has been arranged especially for the theatrical going public the regulations say:

On arrival each guest will be asked how he likes the situation and if they say the house ought to have been placed nearer any particular place in town, the location will be immediately changed.

Corner front rooms, up one flight, for each guest.

Baths, gas, closets, hot and cold water, laundry, telegraph, fire alarms, restaurant, billiard tables, theatrical and daily papers, coupe, sewing machine, grand piano, city directory, dictionary, a clergyman, and other modern conveniences in every room.

Meals every minute if desired, sent up brought up, or shot up the slide, as there is a slide and speaking tube in every room connecting with the dining room.

English, French, German, Russian, Hebrew and Boston dictionaries furnished every guest to make up a bill of fare as desired, without regard to the bill of fare afterwards at the office.

Writers of any nationality or color if desired.

Every guest will have the best seat in dining hall and the best waiter in the house.

Artists playing at any theatre, unable to put in an appearance at meal time, will have their meals sent to their dressing room at the theatre by a full grown waiter with button hole bouquet, full dress suit and hair parted in the middle.

Any guest not getting his meals red hot, or experiencing a delay of fifteen seconds after giving his order, will please mention the fact at once, and the waiter and the cook will be immediately blown from the mouth of a cannon in the hotel yard.

Washing allowed in rooms. Ladies giving an order to "put me on a flat" will be put on one at any hour of the day or night.

Children will be welcomed with delight and are requested to bring hoop-sticks, base balls and bats, hawkeys and drums to bang the carved furniture, especially provided for the purpose, peg tops to spin on the velvet carpet; they will be allowed to bang on the piano at all hours; in down stairs, carry away dessert enough for a small family; and make things as lively as possible. Special balustrades for "sliding" purposes.

A discreet waiter, who belongs to the Masons, Odd Fellows, Sons of Malta, E.K.s, Knights of Pythias, R. O. M.'s, M. D. K.'s and G. G.'s and who was never known to tell the truth or time of day, is especially employed to "rush the growler" and sneak in milk punches, hot toddies, eye openers and cigarettes to the ladies' rooms, mornings and evenings.

Dogs allowed in any room in the house, including the w(h)ine room. Gentlemen can drink, smoke, chew, gamble, tell shady stories, stare or new arrivals, or indulge in any other innocent amusements, in any other part of the hotel.

The office clerk has been carefully selected to please everybody and can lead in prayer, play draw poker, match worsteds, shake for drinks at any hour, day or night; play billiards; make a fourth at euchre or whist; amuse the children, know every railroad and horse car line, time and distance; flirt with every young lady; puts the gloves on with anyone; and can answer questions in any or all languages at once, without turning a hair.

The landlord is always pleased to hear that some other hotel is "the best in the country."

Parties leaving baggage check at the office will receive their trunks in their rooms immediately.

All bills payable in silver, quarters, dimes and nickles preferred.

A Sample Bill of Fare.

- SOUP. Mock Herring, Sponge, Ox Eye, Cork, Theatre Was'bone. FISH. Red Herring, Blind Herring, Scald Herring, Cross-eyed Herring. COLD DISHES. Broken Ice, Mashed Ice, Cold Ice, Baked Ice, Raw Ice, Iceburg.

ROAST.

Buffalo, a la Robe Saucé, Antelope, a la Capre Saucé, Gander, a la Goose Saucé, Turkey, stuffed with Rubber Shoes, Scared Cow, a la Hoof Saucé, Spring Chicken, 17 years old.

GAME. Don Pedro, Old Sledge, Pitch, Casino, Old Maid, Tsg, Policy, Keno, Faro, High Low Jack, Poker, Whist, Pool.

ENTREES. Old Maid's Lip, Vinegar Saucé, Curtain Lecture, Old Woman Saucé, Mother-in-law Tongue, Sop-in-law Saucé.

VEGETABLES. Corn, Fried Corn, Boiled Corn, Hard Corn, Soft Corn, Corn Cob.

PASTRY. Apple Pie, fluted, machine made, Custard Pie, i.e., handed, Round Shouldered Pies, Saw Dust Pudding, a la Pine Saucé, Salsary Pudding, a la "Ghost" Saucé, Rubber Pie, Goodyear's patent, Sponge Pie, Cut Bias, Leather Pie, with Buckles, Flaxseed Fadding, Mucilage Saucé, "Star" Pudding, Swelled Saucé.

DESSERT. South Boston Bolivers, Yeast Cake, Corn Cakes, Tea'rie, Deor Jam.

FRUITS, NUTS &c. Peeled Onions, Osgo Oranges, Mandrakes, Sour Grapes, Red Flannel Caramels, Suffolk County Gum Drops, Hash, Boiled Acorns, Doughnuts, Snow Br'ls, Horse Chestnuts.

LIQUORS. Ice Water, So. Water, Hot Water, Cold Water, Salt Water, Fire Water, T'w'o Water, Water.

CIGARS. Two fo'rs, Tee-fo'rs, Ten-ers, Long Nines, Kapoies, Heavenly Bliss, Suckles.

Extracts From Sectarian's Diary.

MONDAY.—A half gill to wash away the effect of a dry sermon.—3d.

MID DAY.—A gill to wet ma lips for dog whistlin', bein' oot after sheep.—2d. Foregatherin' w' the neebors.—tw' a gill's.—6d.

Mar dog whistlin' a gill.—3d. TUESDAY.—A wet mornin' a gill.—3d. (there bein' some holes in ma plaid. Dog whistlin' through the day, twa gill's.—6d.

Conrolin' w' Jack Macdonald over the loss of his wife, lower gill.—1c. WEDNE DAY.—Market day, Foregatherin' w' s'x gill's, 6d.

Dog whistlin' two gill's.—6d. Gill w' foak I had n'ae mind o' what- ever.—3d. Gill w' the man that sang "Auld Lang Syne"—3d.

THURSDAY.—A gill to try and bring to mind whaur I peeled my knockles in a poleetical argument.—3d. Introducin' Jock Macdonald to a likely lass to make his second w'f's, twa gill's.—6d. Sundry dog whistlin' twa gill's.—6d.

FRIDAY.—Among the sheep. Fortifyin' myselt for Jock Macdonald's wife's funera in the afternoon, twa gill's.—6d. Another on the road, to keep myselt free greetin' for the pair.—3d.

Dog whistlin', a gill.—3d. The funeral, s'x gill's.—1s 6d. SATURDAY.—To keep the mist oot o' ma plaid the holes no bein' mendit yet) a gill.—3d.

Giein in the banns for Jock Macdonald's marriage lower gill.—1s. Dog whistlin' and foregatherin's, three gill's.—9d.

SUNDAY.—The Sawbath day. A wee drop to clear my throat for cryin on ma dog, a gill.—4d. Another drop at M Luckie's when the bells were ringin' for the kirk.—3d; and some brandy so as not to be takin' the smell of whuskey into the kirk.—4d.

A drop to digest the sermon, twa gill's.—6d. Miss Gushington.—How did you feel when you found that the ship would surely go down in ten minutes? Captain Salted.—"I felt for a life preserver."

"Yes," erid the philosopher, "it is not so difficult to get something for nothing, but when one gets it it is not worth the price."

A village humorist was asked to suggest a motto for the new grocery, and he prothist—"Honest tea is the best policy."

A barister hung on his office wall a card with the inscription: "Those who call on business make it brief."

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