

PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, JAN. 14th

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

SYMPATHY IS NEEDED.

It almost seems as if Mr. GEORGE ROBERTSON, the ex mayor, is growing weary of the stagnation of life as an ordinary citizen and that he proposes to ask the people of St. John to send him to the provincial house as a supporter of the EMERSON-TWEEDIE government. Without discussing for one moment the wisdom of such a step it might be well to glance back and recall the days when Mr. ROBERTSON was before the people as a candidate for Parliament at Ottawa. At that time he was supposed to be the choice of the government party—the conservative party—then in power. But even with that support he was unable to defeat Mr. JOHN A. CHESLEY who came out as a sort of an independent but forgot all about it when he was elected. How curiously things change. Now Mr. ROBERTSON is said to be willing to come down to the level of local politics and to oppose the old friends who tried to send him to Ottawa. Perhaps it is also fitting that an arbitrator under the Dominion Government should be a candidate of the local administration. Now how would it answer for Mr. JOHN A. CHESLEY who is an arbitrator under the civic government to come out and oppose his old opponent? Stranger things have happened and this would surely fit in to complete the cycle. The dangers of the deep sea are as nothing compared to those that apparently surround Mr. ROBERTSON at the present moment. As ex-mayor he is looked upon as a sort of outside guard where civic interests are concerned. Promoting a dry dock scheme he wants subsidies from the federal, provincial and civic governments, and some of the gentlemen composing these interesting bodies seem disposed to exact a quid pro quo and have invited Mr. ROBERTSON to devote a portion of his attention to the affairs of the public.

The credit for this move seems to have fallen upon the willing shoulders of Mr. WILLIAM PUGSLEY, who, if report is not again astray, seems also willing to add to his experience in the election field. We need not tell the people that this able lawyer's career in this particular has been a varied one. He seems to be the bete noir of the conservative party, who did not hesitate to blame him—as one of the independent candidates—for their defeat in St. John at the last federal election. Though upon that occasion Mr. PUGSLEY contributed his deposit to the coffers of his country he retained his high spirits and imagination and now comes forward with his winning but dangerous smile to mingle in another election turmoil. Not satisfied with thus pushing the fortunes of the independents Mr. PUGSLEY is credited with endeavoring to persuade his colleague, Mr. D. J. McLAUGHLIN, to also try his political fortune and to again court the favor of a fickle public. Mr. McLAUGHLIN does not make his mind up in a minute. He took longer than that when he became an independent and it may be that he has concluded since that time that he has had enough.

And yet with much sympathy should go out to any gentlemen in such distress and dilemma brought about through their anxiety to serve the ungrateful public!

A day or two after the opening of the year a schedule of the police, court offences for 1898 was published and if we compare the total of that year with that of 1897, we find that there is a slight increase. Still

it is hardly fair on this account to conclude that there has been an increase of crime in the city of St. John for 1898. As a matter of fact the number of minor and trivial offences, violations of city by-laws and so forth, make up very largely the total of offences in our city. There has been no serious crime, no murders nothing of that shocking nature that mars the good name of any community. A careful comparison of the tables for the two years will undoubtedly show that offences of any importance and more especially offences that may be classed as crime are very much on the decrease in St. John. And this would not appear to be an argument in favor of increasing the police force.

The resignation of the President of the exhibition association will be a severe loss to that corporation. For years Mr. PITFIELD has devoted his wonderful energy and ability to the service of the exhibition and it has been largely through his efforts that the show has continued to be an annual one. He may fairly claim a rest now because he has done his part toward founding an annual exhibition. The duties of his office were arduous and every one knows that no matter how capable a man in that position may be he is liable to be the subject of much unjust criticism. However, Mr. PITFIELD's course was such that few had any reason to find fault with his actions, and the great majority of the exhibitors in the Maritime Provinces have only praise for him as the president and head of the exhibition association of St. John.

New York has a poison case that is puzzling the police of that city very much. Of course the experts connected with the police force have "clues" but so far the evidence they have obtained is not strong enough to warrant them in making an arrest. Perhaps before this paragraph is read they may have done so. The circumstances of the case are such as to confuse those who have anything to do with the detection and punishment of crime. The method of the poisoner was deliberate, and his or her tracks at the present time are so thoroughly well covered as not to leave a trace of identity. It will be curious if such a mystery as this should mark the opening days of 1899.

HALL CAINE, the English novelist, who has been doing a lecturing tour in the United States has gone back to England and has made some very pleasant remarks regarding the people of the great republic. He says: "I love America because it is big and because its bigness is constantly impressing the imagination and stimulating the heart," and he bestows the doubtful praise that the Americans are "most child-like in their national character, the easiest to move to laughter, the readiest to be touched to tears, the most absolutely true in impulses and the most generous in applause."

There Are Two McLeans. It seems that up in Victoria County in the town of Andover there is a gentleman by the name of H. H. McLean, who is quite well known, not only by the people of that town and county but also to travelers who happen that way, because he is very generally connected with the daily life of Perley's Hotel. More than that he sometimes goes by the name of "Colonel", and perhaps it was this combination of circumstances that has led a number of people to confound him with the recent rumour that Colonel H. H. McLean was liable to be a candidate for the suffrages of the people in Victoria County at the provincial election, that it is supposed will come off in a short time. No doubt Mr. McLean of Andover is far better acquainted with the people of Victoria, their wants, their hopes and their aspirations, than is Colonel H. H. McLean of the Fusiliers of St. John, but it is not always the best man who gets the nomination, and if the government party makes up its mind that a non-resident by the name of McLean is better than a resident by the name of McLean then the resident will have to take a back seat.

A Very Handsome Diary. Mr. A. W. Masters, the General Manager of the London Guarantee and Accident company with offices at Chicago has sent a diary bound with Russian leather to PROGRESS. The diary contains complete maps of the Eastern, Southern, Western and Central States and much information that is very useful to a man in every day business. Mr. Masters' friends in the Maritime provinces will be glad to learn of his success as manager of the London G. & A. Company which now is strongly established in the United States.

Wanted. A few new stoves for the Electric Street Railway cars.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Where Alice lives, Where Alice lives beside the sea, And by a flowing river; There is a double charm to me, For which I thank the giver. I would be where the waters glide,— And sing to her at eventide.

The Clown of the Regiment, We could dim the clown of the regiment, the very first day that he came. To camp with us out in the desert, and he seemed to grow proud of his name. He'd say a word for a comrad, a "Cheer up" for those who were down; And a joke, just as old as the mountains, was fresh as it fell from the clown. He knew all the songs ever written, and the officers used to care for him. When he trilled us a comrad ditty that kept half the camp in a roar. When we were all weary of marching, there was a smile on his face. He could not go back on his nature, and men of that order are scarce. Well, day after day we were nearing the spot where the enemy lay. We knew they would struggle like brave men, and never go sneaking away; So most of us moved along cheerful; the only soldiers that curse!

Who's the Bashup? He must see the doctor. Where's the Bashup? He must see the doctor. He should have his share of the fighting, and not cross the desert in vain. So they gave up the search, and next morning the clown was back at his post. Smiling and cheerful as ever, but looking as white as a ghost. No officer asked him a question, though some glanced at him as they passed. For the prophet had come on to meet us, and the nozzles in thousands were massed. Then the clown feebly stroked his old rifle, and glanced at his bygone as well. His eyes shone as bright as a woman's, his voice was as clear as a bell; And I stared at him, and wondered how he could be so jovial when The others looked rather anxious, and a calm settled down on the men. 'Tain't always, you know, that a joker has more than his portion of pluck; But his eyes, with his eyes on his fuzzles, heaped blessings and thanks on his luck. We formed and got ready to meet them, and the clown had his shoulder to mine; There wasn't a rifle more steady than his in the whole of the line; There wasn't a step any firmer; nor eyes with a steadier glare; There wasn't a face more rejoicing when the bayonets were listening bare. And when the mad host began charging, as only the Devils can, I saw his gaunt figure grow straighter, and the clown looked a glorious man. His cheer rang as high as the others; I heard it all the while he was firing; and he answered it with glee. Then cheering gave place to grim silence, and all of us looked at the foe. They came like a wave over the desert, fierce men who had banished all fear; Their rifles flashed fast, and their bullets hissed and whizzed in our ears. The cries of the dying rose skyward, the desert was reddened with blood. Then flashed as one flame all our rifles; the hiss of the shells, the terrible gun; The hissing of shells and the rattle of Maxims were blended as one; And the first of the wads, rushing onward, stood still for a moment and fell. But through the white smoke came the others, more fierce than demons of hell. On, on, through the torrent of bullets, on, on, ever nearer our line; On, on, covering death in the madness that comes when the battle light shines; And faster than ever our rifles flashed onward the pitiless lead. Till the hosts of the desert were flying o'er hillocks of dying and dead. I look for the clown and I saw him; his cheek to his forehead pressed; His eyes with new fire were gleaming; and blood trickled down from his breast. His finger curled once on the trigger, his rifle flashed death, and he cried: "We have beaten 'em boys—this is glory! then he said with a groan at my side: "Thank God for that bull's—" he muttered; "old death has taken his own. 'Tis better than dying of fever; the boys'll think well of the clown. Then he sighed like a man very weary, looked just for a moment around. And, dropping his still smoking rifle, his hands on his head, he said: "He died, and—well, that's all the story; he died and we buried him there—"

In The Good Old Days, In the good old days, in the spacious days, when the Christmas feast began, There was a good clean air between house and house, good faith between man and man; To the lonely houses the men came home, and the doors were strong and shut To shut a man and his friend in, and to shut the foreign out.

Now the snow is trampled by million feet the world is lighted and loud, And Christmas comes to a hurried host of neighborly men in a crowd; And the holly and the mistletoe are in the shops, and the holly and the holly and the holly are brought by the tradesfolk now. The wind no more between house and house blows free and free and sweet; The houses are rammed all in a row, and squeezed in a narrow street; We know not the breed of our Christmas beef, nor the brew of our Christmas beer. Yet we sit round a table and eat our toast—though it comes but once a year.

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A Complaint From Halifax.

To THE EDITOR OF THE PROGRESS: An item in the Halifax Evening Mail of the 28th. December goes on to say that the local firms find it very hard to get goods at the freight sheds and yards and that shippers are grumbling at the facilities afforded at the deep water terminus. What seems a great wonder is that those people have stood it as long as they have. All the room they ever had is one West India wharf and a coal wharf which does hardly give the employees around the freight yards room enough for their own safety. In regard to the New Wharf instead of it giving more room it will give less for general purposes, and when the elevator is finished, it there ever is any grain to ship, they will be worse off than ever they were unless they adopt the balloon system instead of a "gutter railway" and then it that fails, the government better make an application and tax the citizens for another \$50,000 and if they cannot do better they had better build a siding out at the three mile House, so as the business men can get goods by hauling them into the city, JOHN HAY. HALIFAX, JAN. 8, 1899.

A DESERTED MARBLE TOWN.

The Gold Discovery That Built Bridgewater is a Canadian Wilderness. 'Up in Ontario,' said J. W. Wheatley, a civil engineer of Montreal, 'there is a deserted town called Bridgewater, which is built entirely of marble. About twenty-five years ago a farmer's wife was searching in the woods for a pig that had strayed from the family pen. In a particularly dense part of the woods she found a spring of crystal water. Being thirsty she stooped over to drink. As she did so she slipped on a round stone which rolled from under her foot and fell into the water. Attracted by the peculiar color of the stone, she fished it out and took it home. It was found to be a twenty-pound nugget of almost pure gold. Bridgewater at that time was about forty miles from the nearest railroad, and the site of the town was a howling wilderness. But such was the effect of the accidental discovery of gold that within six months the wilderness had blossomed into a bustling, substantial city of 5,000 inhabitants and more a-coming. They came from every quarter. There were old forty-niners from the Pacific slope, amateurs from England and the United States, prospectors from every field. Shafts and tunnels were driven by hundreds. In sinking a shaft one mile south of the town, on the claim of B. Flint, a life Senator of Canada, a vein of white marble was found. At the suggestion of Senator Flint, who wanted little or nothing for the material, the town of Bridgewater was built solidly of marble. It has even to this day a court house, school, church, hotel, stores and private dwellings constructed wholly of white marble. One mile north of the town are an abandoned grist mill and an axe factory whose foundations are built of marble. While the town was booming the entire country adjacent was prospected. Some of the shafts and tunnels driven were more than 100 feet in depth, but remarkable as it may seem, there was never sufficient gold found by the prospectors collectively to pay the cost of a single mine in the district. Still, the earlier disappointments only increased the virulence of the gold fever, which laid hold of the farmers around Bridgewater with a particularly tenacious grasp. In fact, so excited did they become that many of them actually employed armed guards to prevent trespassers from picking up the loose gold which they imagined existed on their places in vast quantities. The place where the original nugget was found by the woman in quest of a pig was christened Aladdin's Cave, and land in its vicinity sold for fabulous prices. One farmer whose farm adjoined the cave sold five acres to an English syndicate for \$100,000 cash. The syndicate spent another \$100,000 in developing the claim, but never obtained a single ounce of free gold. In all it mined about 100 tons of quartz. In return, the syndicate received a bill for about \$375 smelting charges over and above the value of the gold in the quartz. It was the last shipment of quartz, for the cost of hauling, shipping and smelting was in the neighborhood of \$150 a ton more than the rock produced. One old Irishman at Bridgewater, Patrick Kehough by name, received an offer of \$125,000 cash for his farm, which consisted of 100 acres of rock piled, barren land. He promptly refused the offer, holding out for \$150,000, which he never got. To-day one could buy the

property for almost anything over \$1 an acre.

'Within a couple of years it became patent to all that mining in Bridgewater would never pay. So silently, one by one, the prospectors stole away from their marble residences, to be followed shortly by the owners of the marble stores, leaving the once thrifty town to settle down to a lonely, weed-choked and futureless desuetude.'

TOMCAT AGAINST COYOTE.

How an Undaunted Feline Won a Battle for His Life. A Boire man passing over the sagebrush plains near Meridian the other day was treated to an exhibition that was as strange as it was interesting. It was a battle between a cat and a coyote. Plainly the night's prowling over the prairie had netted the coyote nothing in the way of a good, square feed. When first seen he was stealthily gliding about, his nose to the ground, searching as he always is, for something to appeas his insatiable appetite. He was surveying the surroundings from a slight knoll, when there appeared on the scene a great tomcat—a burly fellow—who also seemed on a quest for breakfast, some toothsome morsel as a cottontail or a grouse. When Tom hove in sight the coyote smiled a satisfied smile. Tom had not at first seen the coyote; in fact was not aware that a foe was near until the first charge, when the coyote sprang at him. But, quick as a flash, he parried the first thrust and squared for action. The coyote plunged into the battle, intent on bearing down his antagonist with brute force alone, and this probably saved the day for Tom. This time Tom got in a left swinging blow on the coyote's jaw, letting first blood; then jabbed with his right, bringing the coyote to a stand. The coyote went to his corner under a sagebrush, bleeding. In the second round the coyote sprang into the fight much as in the first and with about the same result to him. The cat uppercut him as he rushed in, then, swinging, mauled him with left and right until the air was full of brown-grey hair. The round was furious throughout, with honors clearly for Tom. The coyote might have been counted out if the gophers that watched the fight had been counting. He deliberated long before coming for the third round, but his belly ruled his mind, and to the scratch he came slowly. Tom was ready, and rushed this fight. He crowded the coyote and backed him over the knoll, planting a left or right whenever or wherever he pleased. Finally after much sparring, Tom got in the deadly knock-out blow. The fight was his, but he took no mean advantage. When the coyote was down he stood over him, giving more than the limit of time for him to come up, but Canis latrans had enough. He slunk away to his sagebrush, and Felix domesticus, his back still up, with his head over his shoulder to see that he was not made the victim of treachery, sidled off to continue his hunt for a nice young cottontail.

Sweet Enough. Nobody can pay a prettier compliment than the Irishman when he chooses. His tongue and wit are never nimble than when he employs them in the service of 'blarney.' A young professor from Dublin was entertained over night by an American professor at his summer home on the coast of Maine. At breakfast the next morning the little daughter of the house, who sat next the young Irishman, saw with amazement that he put no sugar in his tea. 'Wouldn't you like even one lump of sugar in your tea?' she asked, solicitously. 'My papa likes three lumps.' 'Since you have looked into the cup, my little maid, the tea is quite sweet enough,' responded the young professor, gallantly.

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Tactics. 'How do you expect to vote?' inquired the stranger in North Carolina. 'Well,' was the answer, 'we'll decide that when we give the ammunition. We haven't made up our minds whether we'll vote by squads or platoons.'—Washington Star.

A little girl sat gazing fixedly at the new bonnet of one of her mother's visitors, until the caller smilingly asked:— 'Do you like it, my dear?' 'The child innocently replied:— 'Yes—I do. Mamma and Aunt Milly think it was a perfect fright—but it doesn't frighten me a bit.'