

PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, FEB. 4th

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

THE UNIVERSITY.

Mr GEORGE W. FOWLER of Sussex has a parting shot at the University and the Educational system of New Brunswick as he retires from provincial politics. Mr. FOWLER thinks the University is not doing the work it should and while many will agree with him they are not disposed to take the same radical measures as Mr. FOWLER proposes. Criticism of the university has done much good in the past and it may not be amiss in the future. The action of Mr. FOWLER in the house last winter had the effect of rousing the graduates to action and the remarks made at that time had a most beneficial effect. We understand that considerable work has been done in the province during the long vacation months and there is no doubt that the presence of an old graduate and former professor as superintendent of the schools in this city will be for the benefit of the University.

In order for the institution to do the work it should there must be more students. The revenues must be increased and as no wealthy graduate has seen fit to remember his alma mater to any extent the only source of additional revenue seems to be tuition fees.

Large and successful institutions of learning are usually in large centres of population, and the day may come when, if the University cannot become in a manner self supporting, the idea of its removal to St. John might receive favorable consideration.

THE CHURCH AND THE SALOON.

Some subject of controversy is never lacking. Now they are discussing and comparing the influence of the church and the saloon in New York. That erratic individual, DR PARKHURST, is loud in his praise of the saloon and it seems that he bases his good opinion upon the fact that generous free lunches are provided for all of the patrons of the bars. How little the doctor knows about it. The saloon keeper does not give anything away for nothing. If he provides a lunch it is to attract people to drink rather than to eat and the man who made a practice of patronizing the lunch counter and did not contribute his quota to the dispenser of beer would soon learn of the fact.

The rector of St. George's church takes a hand in the argument and says that as there are bound to be saloons the only way to remedy the evil is to make them better. And that suggestion draws forth some sarcastic comments from the New York Sun to the effect that the rector had better start his model saloon and if by making it "good" he can attract public favor he will soon have lots of imitators.

It will puzzle many people to discover much affinity between the church and the saloon and as for comparing their influences; that would seem to be out of the question altogether.

The effect of explosives is largely influenced by the immediate position of the explosive. It is said that if the dynamite, which exploded accidentally at Mispec a short time ago, had been on the ground instead of being in the air, as the unfortunate man held it, the result might have been very serious to life and property. The condition of the ground also influences the effect. As an illustration of this:—Last March a magazine containing 300 quarts of nitro glycerine exploded, and much

damage was done by the shock in the village of Welsville, New York, about one mile distant. A week later another magazine in the same place, containing 600 quarts of nitro-glycerine, exploded, but although the shock was felt much farther away than before, no damage was caused except in the immediate neighborhood of the magazine. An explanation of the difference in the effects of the two explosions is suggested by the fact that when the first occurred the ground was firmly frozen, but at the time of the second explosion a general thaw had occurred.

The murderer of Mrs. ADAMS and HARRY CORNISH of New York has not been found yet. And the impression is growing that the police do not want to arrest the man whom they think is guilty. This leads a New York newspaper to offer \$5,000 for his arrest.

Postmaster MULLOCK is having a great time with stamp speculators. He issues a strange kind of stamp and then recalls it and the speculators rush for the few that have been issued. Somebody is making a dollar out of it but it isn't the taxpayers.

Doukborbor small pox does not appear to resemble the type that our forefathers used to fight against. The course of the epidemic seems to have been checked very quickly at quarantine in Halifax.

An inquiry for old notes brings out the fact that in the colonial days there was a six dollar bill issued. And there is a man in Philadelphia who has one.

Maritime province men are to be found in all professions but a Halifax lady is perhaps the first to become a manager of a life insurance company.

The leader of the government honored St. John with personal attention. The convention call appeared over his signature.

There is a newspaper in the United States called the Silent Worker. It is published in the interests of deaf mutes.

The first of February reminded us that winter is with us still for it ushered in the second cold snap of the year.

Will Remove to Charlotte Str. et.

One of the bright and attractive stores of King street will not be there after the first of May. Mr. W. C. R. Allan will vacate the premises occupied by him for some years and take a store on Charlotte street. The stand chosen by Mr. Allan is one of the best on the street and there is no doubt but that he will do as large if not a larger trade up town than he does where he is at present. Messrs. T. B. Birker & Sons will remove their business offices down stairs after Mr. Allan's removal.

They Come in Battalions.

Messrs E. L. MacDonald, Alms, A. Co.; L. N. Schofield, Stewart, K. Co.; M. Gibbon, Collins, K. Co.; Geo. S. Robinson, Cambridge, Q. Co.; A. W. Currie, Eel River Crossing, N. B.; B. B. Jordan, Simonds; Wm. Duplisse, Westfield, also fifteen young men and women from the city, have entered the Currie Business University during the past month.

The St. John Street Railway Co.

Have had the upholstery in all the street cars cleaned by the great carpet renovating process of UNGAR'S LAUNDRY, Dyeing and carpet cleaning works.

He Told Him How Old the Barn Was.

The old practice of badgering witnesses has almost disappeared from many courts, but in some it is still kept up—sometimes, however, to the damage of the cross-examiner. Lawyer S— is well known for his uncomely habits. He cuts his hair about four times a year, and the rest of the time looks decidedly ragged about the ears. He was making a witness describe a barn which figured in his last case. 'How long had the barn been built?' 'Oh, I don't know. About a year, maybe. About nine months, perhaps.' 'But just how long? Tell the jury how long it had been built?' 'Well, I don't know exactly. Quite a while.' 'Now, Mr. B—, you pass for an intelligent farmer, and yet you can't tell me how old this barn is; and you have lived on the next farm for ten years. Can you tell me how old your own barn is? Come, now, tell us how old your own house is, if you think you know.'

Quick as lightning the old farmer replied:— 'Ye want to know how old my house is, do ye? Well, it's just about as old as you be, and needs the roof seeing to about as bad.'

In the rear that followed the witness stepped down, and Lawyer S— didn't call him back.

Very Necessary.

We are not surprised at the report that there is an active volcano in Alaska. At this season of the year anything in Alaska has to be active to keep warm.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Flying Blackbird. Flying along my blackbird goes, Making for Oakville town; A white house there full well she knows, Just as the sun goes down. She whistled twice for Maggie Jane, There in the old front door; Until to whistle at last we've vain For Maggie could come no more.

The Oakvale river a mile this side, Of the hills where the hamlet stood; One storm mad day was a torrent wild, A thundering mighty flood, The bridge as the darkness gathered nigh, Sagged down where I had to cross; I saw a woman and heard a cry, And that was my night of loss.

I pulled up in time to save my train, And to see the bridge sink in; With an awful farewell scream of pain Sounding above the din. She came to warn me across the stream, On the bridge to my sinking end,— There in the headlight's brilliant gleam, No mortal hand could lend.

The biddis went down with a crash and roar, In the centre where she stood; Sixty feet to the waves and I more, And she sank in the heaving flood We found her after a dreary week, So cruel a sight to see; I could only gasp, for I could not speak, In the agonizing rending me.

Battered, disfigured, blackened and drown'd, My beautiful bride I knew; Alas that the faithful where-ever found, Should suffer for proving true. From a lonely grave on the red pine hill, At the river just in sight; I can only look when I cross there still, To the home land ever bright.

And I never cross there but I find, With black-bird speeding on; The scene of that sorrowful day is my mind For the glory of life is gone. No one comes down to the white cot gate, And blackbird seems to say; "I cannot whistle, I cannot wait;" And we keep on our weary way.

CYPRUS GOLDB.

Indirection.

Fair are the flowers and the children, but their subtle suggestion is fair; Rare is the rose-burst of dawn, but the secret that clasps it is rare; Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain that precedes it is sweeter, And never was poem yet writ, but the meaning outmastered the meter.

Never a daisy that grows but a mystery guideth the grower; Never a river that flows, but a majesty scepter the flowing; Never a Shakespeare that soars, but a stronger than he did unfold him, Nor ever a prophet foretold, but a mightier seer hath foretold him.

Back of the canvas that throbs the painter is hinted and hidden; Into the statue that breathes the soul of the sculptor is hidden; Under the joy that is felt in the infinite issues of feeling; Crowning the glory revealed is the glory that crowns the revealing.

Great are the symbols of being, but that which is symbolized is greater; Vast the create and beheld, but vaster the inward; Back of the sound broods the silence, back of the gift stands the giving; Back of the hand that receives thrill the sensitive nerves of receiving.

Space is as nothing to spirit, the deed is outdone by the deed; The heart of the wooer is warm but warmer the heart of the wooing; And up from the pit where these shiver, and up from the height where these shine, Twin voices and shadows swim starward, and the essence of life is living.

To a Birthday.

What boots it if our natal day Has not forever come to stay, But year by year slips one away? What dells if here and there appears A strand of silver from the years, And little creases where the tingles tears?

Have flowed in bitterness, Although tears are not always since we know That smiles to little wrinkles grow. What difference if the years go by As white clouds in a windy sky, If those we love are ever nigh?

The years are very kind. They pass With equal speed for sad and lass, From cheerful song to requiem mass; And though they bring us age, foolishness, It must be happy as the youth; If we may know in living truth,

That hand in hand in smiles or tears, With those we love we meet the years; And always hear the voice that cheers; And always look into the eyes That see for us the blindest eyes, That finds for us the dearest prize.

What boots it if our natal day Has not forever come to stay? Since passing with it all time ends, Are all the birthdays of our friends.

A Sailor Once Again. For rather more than thirty years Our Uncle's been ashore, And his stripes have been absent been Where often seen before. But soon our ships, just as of old, Will every sea explore, Our Uncle Sam's A sailor once again!

The Yellow Sea, the Red, the Black, The Cans and the White Sea I often see the flag that flew Our Uncle's flag; And all the nations of the earth Shall learn, and learn aright— That Uncle Sam's A sailor once again!

And though he's been so long ashore He's quite at home at sea; And quick as quick to trade as fight He'll surely prove to be. Let cargo follow cruisers close All around the world, for we, "Our Uncle Sam's A sailor once again!"

How He Won Her. Young Joseph Green was fain to win A little Missie Green; But when he wooed she tossed her head, And wore an awful frown.

"No, sir," she said, "the man I wed— I do," desire a saint— Must have enough brain in his head To learn to draw and paint. He set him down no more to think— He thought he'd wed to him. A happy thought! "With pen and ink I'll gratify her whim." On wing of love he quickly flew, And reached his little's side. "My darling, write me a drawing do!" "Oh, yes," she quickly replied. Within his sheltered arms she came; Put hers around his neck. What think you was it, that he drew? A landscape? No—a cheque!

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

WONDERFUL SHEEP DOGS.

Stories of a Breed Brought From New Zealand to the West in 1875.

'The most celebrated breed of shepherd dog ever known in the West,' said J. H. Bristol, the old time sheep man of Fort Collins, Col., 'were those bred from a pair of New Zealand dogs brought to Colorado in 1875. I had several of their pups on my ranges and could fill a volume with instances of their rare intelligence and faithfulness.'

'I remember one pup in particular. He was only six months old when he was sent out one day to work on the range. At night when the herd was brought up to the corral we saw at once that a part of the herd was missing. There were 1,600 head in the bunch when they went out in the morning, but when we put them through the chute we found that 200 were missing. The pup was also missing. Well, a hand turned out for the search. We hunted all the night and all of the next day, and did not find the lost sheep until long toward night. But there they were, all herded in a little draw, about five miles from home, and there was the faithful dog standing guard. The wolves were very plentiful in those days, and the dog had actually hidden the sheep from the animals in the draw. The poor fellow was nearly famished, as he had been for thirty-six hours without food or water. From that day he became a hero, but was so badly affected by hunger, exposure and thirst, and subsequent overfeeding and petting, that he died not long afterward.'

'This same pup's mother was an especially fine animal. One night the herder brought in his flocks and hurried to his cabin to cook himself some supper, for he was more than usually hungry. But he missed the dog, which usually followed him to the cabin for an evening to have her supper. The herder thought rather strange of it, but made no search for the dog that night. But when he went down to the corral the next morning he found the gate, open and faithful dog standing guard over the flocks. The herder in his haste the night before had forgotten to close the gate, and the dog, more faithful than her master, had remained at her post all night, though suffering from hunger and thirst.'

'On another occasion this same dog was left to watch a flock of sheep near the herder's cabin while the herder got his supper. After the herder had eaten his supper he went out to where the sheep were and told the dog to put the sheep in the corral. This she refused to do, and, although she had no supper, she started off over the prairie as fast as he could go. The herder put his sheep in corral and went to bed. About midnight he was awakened by the loud barking of a dog down by the corral. He got up, dressed himself and went down to the corral, and there found the dog with a band of about fifty sheep, which had strayed off during the previous day without the herder's knowledge; but the poor dog knew it, and also knew they ought to be corralled, and she did it.'

'Another good story of this same dog: One day she was sent out with a new herder to an outlying ranch, some fifteen miles distant. That night she came home, and by her actions told us that there was something wrong at the ranch. Well, we mounted our broncos and went over to the ranch, and very soon found out what the matter was. The new herder was simply a tramp, who, as soon as he had got a good feed, had lit out and left the sheep uncared for, saved by his more faithful companion, the dog.'

'One time we had a tenderfoot come to work for us, and the boys had filled him so full of hair raising stories that he never went out on the range without expecting to be either eaten by bears or scalped by Indians. One day he came running to the house, all out of breath, declaring that he had seen a bear. We laughed at him and sent him back to the range. A few days afterward he came in again, more scared than ever, and said it was a bear that time sure. Well, we took our guns and a foxhound and went out, and, sure enough, over on a hill we saw a large black animal. It wasn't a bear, but we couldn't make out exactly what it was. We sent the hound and the shepherd dog that was tending the herd out on its trail, while we followed on foot. The dogs chased the animal over the hill out of sight. Soon the shepherd dog came trotting leisurely back and took her place with the herd again. Over in a gulch we found the hound standing over a dead animal, which upon examination we found to be a big black Mexican sheep. Now, that shepherd dog, as soon as he found it was nothing but a sheep, had given up the chase and returned to her flock. She knew it was not game and of no account, while the hound had followed the trail and killed the sheep.'

LOOKING AFTER VOTERS.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE)

He too is a liberal though he used to be ranked as a conservative. Those who remember Mr. McKeown's course in provincial politics, may perhaps be surprised to find him supporting what he used to oppose. His present willingness to run may be a result of the federal party whip.

The city ticket of the opposition was easily chosen. The four who have carried the standard of the party for years will do so again. Dr. Stockton, Dr. A'ward, Mr. William Shaw, and Mr. C. Berton Lockhart have been chosen as candidates. There were two other names submitted to the convention—D. J. H. Morrison and A. W. Macrae, but the old members were chosen. Three of them at least have always been returned by large majorities. Mr. Lockhart took the place of his partner Mr. A. C. Smith and has not faced the electors as yet but he is pretty well known in the city and will no doubt poll a good vote.

The county convention won't meet until Monday night, and the chances are that Mr. A. W. Macrae and Cour. Dean of Musquash will be chosen. Cour. Dean has measured strength with the support of Surveyor General Dunn in the western end of the county in municipal affairs and his success places him to the front as a possible candidate. Mr. Macrae has spoken in many places in the county and is no stranger to the voters there.

Carleton and Westmorland held their meetings on the same day as St. John and the news they sent seemed to please the opposition men in this city. This was particularly true of Westmorland the ticket chosen being regarded as especially strong. Mr. Sumner is the present opposition member but the names of Messrs. Black, Melanson and Humphrey are well known in the county.

York county put up two new men on the government ticket in the persons of Alex. Gibson Jr. and John Campbell a man with a large interest in the county. The Gibson influence was with the opposition at the last election but federal influence has made it possible to change it the other way this time. The fight will be an interesting one, well worth watching.

Mr. Dibley of Carleton county who has gone over to the opposition side has found two men to run with him in Messrs. Fleming and Hay. Both of these are well known in the county and if Mr. Dibley can hold his personal support the complexion of affairs in Carleton may be changed. They say that Mr. Pugsley is booked for Kings. He is 'in the hands of his friends,' and his experience as an independent candidate at the last federal election don't seem to daunt him in the least. If he and Mr. McLaughlin should get to Fredericton they may have a chance to carry out some of the ideas they advocated as independents. Mr. Fowler retires and his letter to the electors indicates that he has ideas of his own and means to stand by them.

PROGRESS is disappointed in not having one or two engravings that were thought to be in its possession, namely those of Dr. Stockton and Mr. McKeown. The enterprising publisher who borrowed them might have a search for them.

On Business.

The lawyer was trying to serve his client by throwing suspicion on a witness in the case.

'You have admitted that you were at the prisoner's house every evening all this time?'

'Yes sir,' replied the witness.

'Were you both interested in any business?'

'Yes sir,' answered the man unhesitatingly.

'Ah! now will you state to what extent and what the nature of this business was in which you and he were interested at his house?'

'Well, I've no objection to telling. None in the least. I was courting his daughter.'

'We would have had a pleasant evening if it had not been for one of the most insufferable little youngsters who was ever allowed to sit up late.'

'Why, what was the matter with him?'

'Oh, he is one of those children that say "the smart things that tickle us so much when we read about them in the newspapers and that drive us distracted when we have to listen to them."

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