

PROGRESS.

PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, at 29 to 31 Canterbury Street, St. John, N. B., by the Progress Printing and Publishing Company (Limited), W. T. H. FENNEY, Managing Director. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, MAR 11th

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HOW TO DEAL WITH THEM.

A good many suggestions have been made as to how to get rid of the man who drinks to excess and not a few have looked forward to the absolute prohibition of the drink that intoxicates but, so far, success cannot be said to have attended any of these well meant endeavors. Only a few days ago the intelligence was flashed from the wild and uncultivated west that the proposal had been made in one of the State legislatures to make the man who drank a criminal as well as the man who sold it to him. This might seem a harsh measure and according to the ideas of some temperance people an unnecessary one because, they are rather of the opinion that the man who drinks enough will become a criminal anyway.

Inasmuch as the evil is one of the people's own choosing, it is suggested that a popularly elected body for the control of the drink traffic would have the effect of doing away with as much of it as, in their later experience of it, they found to be desirable. Some say that the evils of the traffic are almost entirely due to the bad quality of alcoholic liquors on sale in the public houses, and would have us believe that by the prevention of adulteration and by the enforced maturing of spirits we would be rid of drunkards. Others again say that no more need be done than simply to enforce the law as it at present exists, and drunkenness—at least in public—will soon be a thing of the past. A certain number of persons, would impose total prohibition upon the drunken community, whether the public wish it or not; and these are not averse to a sacrifice of the opportunities of the many in order to save the drunken few. Lastly, there have always been some who have insisted that the only way to deal with drunkenness is to remove the drunkard. All attempts to deal with the question may be classified under one of three proposals: those which put restrictions upon the kind of liquor to be offered to the public, those which would put more restrictions upon the opportunities of the public to obtain liquor, and those which would put greater restrictions upon the drunkard. One is inclined to one or other of these methods according as one regards a moderate use of alcohol as desirable or not, and according as one interprets the principle of the liberty of the individual subject.

Perhaps it is true that the scientific men of the country and the medical profession have on the whole most strongly advocated the restriction of the drunkard. They have been telling us for many years now that there is a stage in drunkenness when the vice becomes a disease, when the drunkard should be called a patient, and when he can no more be held capable of choice or of self-restraint in the matter of drinking than an epileptic can be supposed capable of staying off a fit by an effort of will. Accordingly, it has been the constant recommendation of science and of medicine that the drunkard should be taken prisoner and segregated for a season in spite of himself. The value to the community of the removal of the drunkard from its midst is not to be measured only by the happy release which is bound to be felt when a most undesirable class of persons disappears. Nor is the gain to be regarded only as a relief to the ratepayer by the removal of an incubus on the town. Even if all drunkards were summarily removed by death the gain to society would not only be here and now. Posterity might perhaps be considered to have gained even more than the generation

from which the drunkards have been taken: for one of the worst features of the habit of excessive drinking is that it is in some sense hereditary.

A ROMANCE IN HALIFAX LIFE.

Two Young men who Admired the Same Young Lady.

HALIFAX, Mar. 9. Society in "dear, dingy, old Halifax," is composed of so many different "sets," that in setting forth the true story of an incident in the life of Beatrix —, I am in a quandary as to what particular strata of society she belongs to.

Halifax, the stronghold of the British in America, is preeminently "English-you-know," consequently, the military set is the most swagger, although the Government House, is regarded as the inner temple, by the more conservative members of society. At a Militia ball, for example "things" get decidedly mixed—and very enjoyable to the observer, of a philosophical nature, [is the scene presented at such a function (as the local reporters dearly love to designate these affairs). All sorts and conditions of men, are here to be seen, one may hobnob with the Governor, the General, or any of the local celebrities, and you may also meet your butcher, baker, and candle stick maker.

On the visiting list at Government House, Miss Beatrix —'s name does not appear, although she has, many a time been the belle of such mixed affairs, as a Militia ball or a rink party, where social prestige does not seem to be closely defined. Personally, Beatrix is most charming, medium in height, and as graceful as fashion demands; her chief claim to beauty lay in her unique coloring, such a delicious cream tinted complexion, the bloom of youth crimsoning her cheeks and lips, while soft masses of nut brown hair, and dark eyes—not the dark, flashing sort that send an electric thrill through one, but a soft dreamy brown, that steals one's heart away, unawares, completes one of the fairest works of nature—a beautiful woman. Like all beautiful girls, Beatrix possessed a large circle of admirers, and until the Spring of 189—did not seem to favor any particular one, when the right man appeared on the scene, having been transferred from a branch to headquarters, and instantly won the coveted prize.

After a period of close companionship, he was no longer seen with Beatrix, his place being filled by an artist, supposed to be a German-Jew, one of three brothers, who had opened a studio in 1890. Two of them had left Halifax for the great Republic across the border, some years later, leaving the joint business to the youngest of the trio.

During their sojourn in Halifax, although fathers and brothers consorted with them, they did not as a rule introduce them into their homes. Much curiosity and comment had been caused by the intimacy of Beatrix and the artist, and after a three month's courtship, the engagement was announced greatly to the astonishment of all her friends.

They made an ideal couple, she so winsome, he so darkly handsome, attired in a costly fur-lined coat which suited his dark beauty to perfection. He did everything in his power to win Beatrix, if costly gifts and flattering terms of endearment can replace, honest, sterling worth.

Beatrix's sister gave a ball in her honor at which the engagement had been publicly announced; a week later a paragraph appeared which caused quite a flutter in society:—"The engagement announced last week, has for obvious reasons been declared off: the bride-elect's father having been informed of an incident in the past life of the prospective groom." Rumour said that the young man and his brothers were members of that dire order—the Nihilists.

Seated before the large, open fire-place, in their room at the Adelphi, were the two rousing men who found favor in the eyes of Beatrix. They were room mates. The artist was evidently amused at a marked paragraph in a newspaper, that had been mailed to him, by some unknown person. As he read it aloud, his companion remarked, "That letter to the old man fixed you. Lucky the Doukhobors arrived from Russia."

"Ha! ha! ha! a Nihilist!" said the artist, as he lounged peacefully in the big chair. In the fire-lit room his companion could not see the expression of his friend's face, but he felt the fascination of his every movement.

"Well, the scheme worked all right, I've won the bet, you see, and 'he continued airily, 'no hearts broken; of course it was rather expensive, still the diamond ring, did the trick."

Rising, he condescended his fur-lined coat, which he added considerably to his prestige; "Ta-ta old boy, I am going to promenade your Broadway, never do to wear the willow." Going softly out, he left his friend alone in the gathering shadows, that flitted across the fire-lit room, seeming to take strange shapes and fancies. A one—with his conscience.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Nightfall. When the long dark shadows deepen, Where the passing twilight blends, With the silent darkness falling, As the long day's labor ends, 'Tis a picture of the closing, Of a journey well nigh past, Of a well lived life proclaiming The best keeps till the last. There's a pale face on a pillow, With a saintly smile and sweet; In the solemn nightfall resting, On that life in Him complete, There is agony of body In the dark life ebbing fast, But unshrinking faith assures us, The best keeps till the last. When we take the white hand trembling, With the aching pulse and slow, And the patient spirit whispers, My beloved I must go. When before the death drum chilling, Sweeps the cold and sulen blast; Still the true heart trustful stetheth, The best keeps till the last. At nightfall when the faithful part, Who came through storm and shine, And o'er the path of earth world lie, Our Father draws the line, Obediently we yield and say, By some way over cast; Though separated love lives on, The best keeps till the last. The Germanum, March, 1899. CYRUS GOLDB.

At the Set of the Sun. At the set of the sun, When our work is done, With all its tangled web; When the clouds drift low, And the streams run slow, And life is at its ebb. As we near the goal, When the golden bow Shall be broken at its fount; With what sweet thought Shall the hour be fraught? What precious most shall we cherish? Not the flame of the sword, Nor the wealth we have stored In perishable things of earth— No life way we have trod With the intellect broad. Though that were of precious worth. Nor the gain we seek'd through the hearts we have grieved, And left unloped by the way; Nor the laurel of fame, While, for worldly acclaim, We toiled in the heat and the fray. Ah, no! 'tis not these Will give our hearts ease, When life sinks low in the west, But the passing sweet thought Of the good we have wrought, The saddened lives we have bled.

And the love we have won, And the love beckoning From His side far and dim; Leave out the light, Shining into the night, The night which leadeth to Him. Huntin' Time is Comin'. Huntin' time is comin' For the pheasants are a-drummin' An' the chestnut burrs are turnin' on the south side of the tree. An' the "whicker, whicker, whicker," Of the raptur' screamin' flicker, Comes a-driftin' from the mountain-top across the creek to me. The bobwhites are a whistlin' An' the "haws" are a-hootin' As they "swoosh" all the country underfoot. The buzzards are a-turbin' An' my hungry hawk is yearnin' For the whir of his bar, of guns and the broom s'gs covered leaf. Why 'twas this very mornin' That I had a sign, a warnin' That the squirrels are here a-cuttin' wherever mast is found. For I found when I wasn't tryin' A hickory nut-bell lyin' Fresh cut and eaten hollow right in the foot-trod ground. Lord, I'm glad this time is comin' For there's lots of fun in huntin' Thro' the autumn woods a-dreamin' an' a huntin' all the day. Whea a feller's kinder lazy, An' the golden days are passin' An' the whirpin' wind has conjured all the troubles far away. Yes, the time is comin' For pheasants are a-drummin' An' the chestnut burrs are turnin' on the south side of the tree. To the woods my thoughts are turnin' An' my hungry heart is yearnin' For the woods, where man is master and his every thought is free.

The Stopping of the Clock. Surprising falls the instantaneous calm, The sudden silence in my chamber small; I startle, lit my head in half alarm— The clock has stopped—that's all. The clock has stopped! Yet why have I so found An instant feeling a most like dismay? An instant feeling a most like dismay? For it has ticked all day. So many a life beside my own go on, And such companionship unheeded keep; Companionship scarce recognized till gone, And lost in sudden sleep. And so the blessings Heaven daily grants Are in their very commonness forgot; We little heed what answereth our wants— Until it answers not. A strangeness falleth on familiar ways, As if some pulse were gone beyond recall— Something within a right of linked with all our days— So the clock has stopped—that's all. —George H. Coomer.

A Winter Idyl. See! the gull's graceful winging O'er the ocean, maddly bounding; And the tern's screaming, crying, 'Mid the bellows, foam and sounding, Lest to north winds, tooming, crashing And to breakers, seething, dashing— 'Tis old Neptune in the sea Playing with his symphony. Hark! the snowbird low is chirping 'Mong the snow-flakes, whirling, flying And the owl is hooting, burking, In the forest, roaring, rickling, Lest to woodcock's axes falling, And to larks, bounding calling— 'Tis the season of the year— Coasting window panes of time. —William L. Sea Ballou.

How Like the Sea. How like the sea, the myriad-minded sea, Is this vast world of ours, so vast, so deep, So full of mystery! I feel, can keep Its secrets, like the ocean, and so free, Free as the boundless main. Now it may be calm like the bay or of some sweet child asleep, Again its seething billows surge and leap And break in fulness of their ecstasy. Each wave so full the sea, which came before, Yet never two the same, 'tis imperative, And then persuasive—the cooling dove; Encroaching ever on the yielding shore— Ready to take, yet tender still to give— How like the myriad-minded sea is 'lovel

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HIS "GOOD" CHARTER.

How the Ranchman Made the Freighters Pay Toll.

The wagons of the freighters were, in the sixties, the only means of transporting goods across the plains. During the dry season it was easy to ford the little creeks, but in the spring, when the snow began to melt and run down from the mountains, these streams, transformed into raging torrents, were too dangerous to pass through. Temporary bridges were then built by the ranchmen, who compelled the freighter to pay toll. Their toll, however, was lawful only if they had received a charter from the territorial authorities; then they might charge such toll as they pleased. The price for each team of six yoke of oxen and wagon was determined by the ability of the freighter to pay, varying from five to twenty dollars.

Colonel Isman and Colonel Cody (Buffalo Bill) in their book, 'The Great Salt Lake Trail,' tell an amusing story of a ranchman who, although without a charter, enforced the payment of toll on those who crossed his bridge. In the spring of 1866 two trains, travelling in company, drew near to Rock Creek, over which a ranchman had erected a bridge. The train in the lead was in charge of a man known as Stuttering Brown, because of an impediment in his speech. As they neared the bridge, Brown rode back to the other wagon-master and said: 'B-b-billy, wh-what are you g-g-going to do about p-p-paying t-t-toll on this b-b-bridge?'

Billy answered that if the fellow had a charter, they would be compelled to pay; otherwise they would not. Brown rode back to the bridge, where the ranchman stood to collect his toll in advance—five dollars a team. Brown had twenty wagons,—his friend twenty-six,—and he refused to pay the one hundred dollars demanded. 'Why won't you pay?' asked the ranchman.

'Y-y-you n-h-haint g-g-got a ch-ch-charter.' 'Yes, I have, and I'll show it to you,' said the ranchman, 'it you'll go back with me to the ranch.'

Brown went,—it was only two or three hundred yards,—and in a short time returned to the train. The other wagon-master asked if the charter was all right. 'Yes,' answered Brown. 'I've settled, and you'd better pay up.'

After crossing the bridge, Brown now and then broke out into loud laughter, but not until the train had camped would he disclose the cause of his hilarity. At supper he said that when he rode to the door of the ranch, he sat on his mule and told the ranchman to trot out his charter, and be quick about it. The man went in, and soon returned, shouting: 'You stuttering thief, here it is! What do you think of it?'

Brown looked up; the ranchman was pointing a double-barrelled shotgun, with both triggers cocked, straight at his head. 'Is that your charter?' asked the wagon-master. 'It is,' answered the ranchman. 'What did you do, Brown?' inquired his friend. 'N-n-not much. J-just t-t-told him th-th-that's good, and settled.'

An Egg Trick.

Mr. Wardner exhibited a paper in which was an article on the Klondiker and a portrait showing a Frenchy looking man with a big diamond in his shirt front, swell cut of clothes and a stovepipe hat the Prince of Wales would have been proud to wear. Mr. Wardner laughed as he looked at the picture again and related some anecdotes of 'Switwater Bill,' the man who had struck \$5,000 to the square foot on bed-rock. 'Bill' had the second best claim on the Yukon, and was so self-important on his return that he kept a private secretary through whom the reporters had to interview him. He married the sister of Gussie L. More, a vaudeville dancer who danced in a tent in Dawson. 'Switwater Bill' paid her attention, but got mad at the dancer and married her sister. The dancer was very fond of eggs while in Dawson, and after their quarrel 'Bill' bought up every egg there was in the place, paying \$1 apiece for them to the number of about 400, and then ate his meals near her so as to enjoy her annoyance at not being able to have her egg orders filled. While he was eating his fill of eggs in a tantalizing way she had to be content with bacon at \$25 an order.

Found in the Philippines.

Vegetable gems are among the queer things that are found in the Philippines. The bamboo is empty normally, but once in a while there is found in the bamboo stem a gem which presents the appearance

of an opal. Again, the milk in the cocoon is generally considered its only contents. The really ripe nut, however, is filled with a white spongy mass, which, when exposed to the sun and carefully pressed, has developed the presence of small spheres with much the lustre of the pearl.

A Spanish Caballero.

An incident, told by a correspondent of Harper's Weekly, who writes from Manila, shows that there are Spaniards who possess what Burke calls 'the chastity of honor.'

In the middle of the grounds stand General Anderson's headquarters. As we went up the steps a tall man, rather shabbily dressed, preceded us. We noticed his military bearing, and were told that he was the captain of one of the Spanish men-of-war which lay with projecting spars at the bottom of Cavite Harbor. Following his footsteps, we of necessity overheard what he said to the general's aid: 'Senor, I borrowed, some time ago, two hundred dollars from Admiral Dewey to pay off my men. I have come to repay the debt.'

'He turned his profile toward us, and we noticed how thin he looked. He must have starved himself to collect the money. With a very straight back, he counted out the Spanish bills, and turned to go. 'Will you not take a receipt?' asked the aid of General Anderson. 'Never from an officer,' answered the gray-haired old gentleman, with a courtly, old-fashioned bow. Here at least is a true Spanish caballero.

Incomes From Photographs.

Many actresses and beauties make very fair incomes out of the sale of their photographs. Few of the public have any idea of the sums paid by photographers for 'sole selling rights.' Dickens is credited with being the first notably to exact a fee for the privilege of taking his portrait. A photographer kept bothering him for sittings, and Dickens asked and obtained fifty guineas as an honorarium. On learning this, Fanny Kemble refused to sit for less than £20, and then Ada Cavendish demanded and received £300. Mary Anderson towards the close of her career used to receive 100 guineas a sitting, and Mrs. Cornwallis West, at the height of popularity, had nearly half as much again.

Recently a firm of Parisian photographers arranged with Sarah Bernhart for a series of fifty sittings at fifty guineas apiece; and for the privilege of taking the latest snapshot of Mrs. Langtry a firm of West-end photographers had to pay £500.

The Clock That Cost £40,000.

In the list of artistic treasures owned by the late Baron Rothschild mention is made of a 'Fitzwilliam clock.' This is the famous Louis XIV clock, which for generations was one of the most valued heirlooms at Milton Hall, near Peterborough. It is said to have been sold to Baron Rothschild by Mr. G. C. W. Fitzwilliam, the present possessor of Milton, for £40,000. An exact facsimile, however, which is said to have cost £40,000, now stands in Milton Hall, in the position where the original clock stood.

All's Well That Ends Well.

There was a little bit of a love feast at the common council Thursday when the aldermen began to explain their position on the school trustee question. It is really a surprise that anyone voted for Mrs. Smith judging from the remarks made. However on the principal of all's well that ends well everything is lovely now. On motion of Alderman McGoldrick Mrs. Dever was reappointed.

Business Education.

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