

PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, MAR 18th

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

MAKE THE EXPLANATION.

The chief of police can hardly complain that PROGRESS has worried him much of late about the state of the police fund.

Yet he must not think we have lost sight of it. He has had months since we first made the inquiry, in which to state to the police force and the public just how much money there is in the fund, how much it has increased by the accumulation of interest and in what bank it is deposited. His silence is a tacit refusal to comply with our reasonable request. He has not given an explanation. His position as chief of police is one of responsibility. He is chief guardian of the property of the citizens. Is it unreasonable to ask him how he has guarded the property—the police fund—of the men on his force?

We trust not. We think not. Still under some pretence which has not been given to the public the chief of police remains silent upon a matter which, if explained, might place him right before the public upon a matter which is important to him and to the men under him.

The recent talk about changes in the head of the police force has we believe arisen mainly from the fact that the chief is not anxious to either work in harmony with those about him and his obstinacy in ignoring such simple requests as an explanation of the state of the police fund. He is making a mistake if he thinks the people are not interested in the matter. The longer the explanation is delayed the harder it will be to make.

AN IMPOSITION.

For several years an Australian lady, named Miss GRIFFEN, has been engaged collecting stamps from all parts of the world by means of what is known as a chain letter or snowball, the proceeds of which are supposed to form a fund for the foundation of a ward in a Sydney hospital. Probably many of our readers have received a letter from some friend asking the recipient to make three copies of it forwarding them to three reliable friends, who each in their turn make three copies, and so on ad infinitum. At the same time you are requested to send some used postage stamps to Miss GRIFFEN in Sydney. Of course you say, "Well, it will do no harm, and it may do good," and so you comply with the request contained in the letter. It never occurs to charitable disposed people that the chief benefit derived may be pocketed by the author of this delightful epistle. According to Truth an official representative of the New South Wales Government has described the collection to be a swindle. The chain letter is frequently varied. Sometimes it refers to an anonymous individual who has agreed to erect a ward in the hospital if a million stamps are collected. "Innumerable as are the variations of the letter which we have seen, this is the first time we have come across the "philatelic friend." Most of the idiots who have been keeping the snowball rolling have converted him into a "philanthropic friend"—something very different. Then we hear that Miss GRIFFEN's father, Mr. J. G. GRIFFEN, has been for years a stamp collector, and, more or less, a stamp dealer. It is his correct one begins to see daylight. This precious 'chain letter' is dispatched all over the world, and in half-a-dozen different languages, for the purpose of bringing in by the million the postage stamps of all nations to Miss GRIFFEN in the sacred name of charity. Mr. GRIFFEN, the philatelic friend, buys them—or such of them as are worth buying at any price that seems good to him, and Miss GRIFFEN hands over the proceeds to the hospital.

At the present moment, this snowball

letter is circulating in all parts of the United Kingdom and the Continent of Europe, in the British Colonies and North and South America. It has been translated into French, German, Swedish, Russian, and Spanish, and probably into many other languages. It has been copied and re-copied by countless thousands of thoughtless fools. It must have sent millions of postage stamps into the collection of Mr. and Miss GRIFFEN, and the mere transmission of these stamps to Australia must have cost hundreds of pounds. And for all this world wide labor and all this expenditure of money, extended now over several years, the Sydney Cottage Hospital can only show as the proceeds handed over by Miss GRIFFEN, the sum of forty-eight pounds!

The police magistrate's views on the question of a policeman's conduct are not usually open to criticism but in the recent case before the police court he admitted the evidence of a number of witnesses regarding the expressions of officer JOHNSTON some time ago. This does not seem to us either fair or necessary and would seem to indicate that the officer was rather on his trial than the prisoner. No one will uphold an officer for making disparaging remarks about any class of citizens when on duty but to have something he might or might not have said months ago brought into a case at the present day has the appearance of looking for evidence that is not relevant. If religious questions must intrude into the police court as frequently as they have of late, then it is time there was a change somewhere.

A GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION

Of the Steamer Castilian Grounded on the Yarmouth Coast.

'I was asleep when the steamer struck and the shock awakened me, but I merely thought a heavy wave had struck us, until Captain J. J. Riley an old experienced seafarer, formerly on the Allan Line and now manager of the Mannheim Marine Insurance Company in Montreal, came to my room, and quietly said: 'We are on a rock.' I asked him if there was any danger, and he said 'no not at present,' and that the passengers were not being aroused. He said he would let me know if there was any necessity for getting out. Soon after, the steward came quietly into my room and said: 'You had better get up sir, and pack your clothes in case there should be any necessity for leaving the ship.' In this way every care was taken as to the safety of the passengers and at the same time all alarm allayed. Refreshments were served, and later on in the day we had luncheon. A boat had been sent at daylight to the land for assistance, and rockets were fired at short intervals all through the day, but nothing was heard from them until the middle of the evening when the tugs arrived. The grinding noise caused some anxiety, and the shaft of the steering gear, running up through the saloon and music room, was thrown and bent, cracking off some of the wooden casing. Later the deck in the dining-saloon was thrown up. This was supposed to have been caused by the swelling of the grain in the forward hold. Things were a little alarming, but the coolness and discipline among the officers and crew, ably assisted by Captain Riley, allayed fear. Too much praise cannot be given to the latter gentleman, who thought of everybody but himself, and was a power in time of need. One of the ladies, too, by her courage and spirit, kept up the others, and there was never anything approaching a panic. It was a sad sight to see the dead sheep being thrown overboard. A large number of them were drowned in the forward hold, both the forward compartments being filled with water.

In the afternoon the boats were launched on one side and brought round to the other side and the passengers were all told off to the boats they were to go in. Then the welcome sound of the rescuing steamers' whistles was heard and we broke into hearty cheers. I have no idea what led to the accident, but I can only say that we all wish to express our deep appreciation of the conduct of the veteran captain and his brave crew for their conduct after the accident. During the forenoon Lord Archibald Douglas a reverend gentleman who has been out in the North-West of Canada as a Jesuit missionary, held a religious service on the deck. It was a service conducted by a Roman Catholic clergyman, but his fervent prayer, Bible reading and brief address savored of no sect and the passengers and crew, representing Protestants and Catholics, Christians and Jews, reverently joined in what, under the circumstances, was one of the most impressive services they had ever attended.

When the winter snow is melting and the furrow is a-shakin', An' there's a-a along the fences where the drips have broke the rails; When ye smell the spruces an' the brakes on every wind that blows, An' hear along the mountainside the hounds a-follerin' trails; Then ye better put yer frock on, for the workin' days are here; An' there's no time left for dreamin' in the mornin' o' the year.

When the cows are standin' in the yard, contented-like, a-chevin', An' the rooster flaps his wings an' crows upon the barn-yard gate; When the wind is a-blowin' an' gusty an' the showers are a-brewin', An' nature's wipin' off the snow like figures on a slate; Then it's time to hang the buckets up an' tap the trees a-shakin', For the sun is a-crowdin' winter out an' shovin' summer in.

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Chair Re-seated, Cane, Splint, Perforated, Duca, 17 Waterloo Street.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Radyard Kipling. Crooned by the songs of the night swung pines, Strong sapped with the dew fed oak; Rocked where the sea face of Briton shines, Kindred of stalwart folks. Strong arised humanity reaches forth, The strength of her soul to you, From the spice lipped south to the checked north, Her heart to thine own is true.

From the arate east to the ruby west, Through Atlantic's sap hire foam; The earth's great nations spread their best, To give you a grand "At Home." This if the gay world proud and strong, Shall follow after thee; To find the laight of thy song, 'Tis but they cross to be.

This land of the sturdy maples old, Rooted through the ice and snow; Rooted through vines of twisted gold; Where the rock lashed rivers flow; Cliff steeled forts where the mighty deep, Beats its brave heart in vain; Dashing 'till tired it sinks to sleep, In its musical wild refrain.

This Canada, sends to you tender thought, From her man'y strong limbed soul; Prayer in the sorrow the Lord hath wrought, Where the dark waves round you roll; His holy comfort our hearts implore, To you and the left of thine; His hand hath opened and closed the door, Your jewel is in His shrine. CYPRUS GOLDE.

Ivy Hall, Mar. 1899.

"Patrick." Of all the names under the sun This illustrious history's pages, There's none that can equal Patrick, Though borne by posies or sages.

And if you don't write it in full, Or you'd rather have Percy or Matt, Just cut it in two in the middle And then you'll have fanciful Pat.

In Galway a man catches herrings, Whose whiskers and shoulders are broad He is the great man at the bar, sure, The pride of the Claddagh's Paul.

With a boy I was coasting the Shannon, I asked him the name of his daddy, He gave me a comical look; Laconic his answer was—"Paddy."

A big breasted boatman in Kerry, Who talks with a musical brogue, And rows to the Isle of Valencia, They call him there Paudrig bullogue.

You've read of the wild Lochinvar Who smashed and came in through the door, And whipped off the bride on his shoulder, That rascal was Phadrig Crohoore.

Who hunted the soldiers in Ulster Before he met half-naked and mad? The name of that northern hero Recorded was Paudrig MacFad!

Of course you heard tell of the man Who married Miss O'Leary, 'Twas a merry old jig on the pipes—Rolling Paudrig O'R. Party.

A bonchall from Blarney I know, A fellow so witty and chatty; His name is Patrick and yet The girls always call him "dear Patty!"

I know a great orator now, And often I wonder if that's he—The boy with the long raven hair The schoolmaster's son little Patsy.

Then here is to Erin's great name, May it flourish all over the world! And in her own little isle Let her emerald flag be unfurled. —Edward Cronin.

The Gaffer. See the gaffer on the links, Muddy links. See him rise his d'yer high For a careful mighty try, That will split the rzure sky—So he thinks.

See the club plough up the ground, Frozen around. Hear the profane gaffer roar, For he knows his bloom'n' score Is increased by just one more In that round.

See him make another stroke, Careful strike; See the s'nder driver fall, See it hater toward the ball But—'e's m'used it, that is all; Holy smoke!

Did you hear the gaffer's speech, Has'y speech? See him hit it this time—wough! He's advanced it ten yards now, But (e beats rothing, anyhow; (More rash speech.)

Now he's kes another stick, Pretty stick; Strikes a vicious, heavy blow, Clu's stops short—m're car-b, you know; See him take his bar and go; Cowardly trick!

See the atmosphere turn blue, Very blue; Hear him roid the ambient air; Smash his clubs and rant and swear That he'll quit the game for o'er; Wouldn't you?

See his caddie leer and grin, Cursed grin! See the swirk upon his face When they start to leave the place; To murder him in such a case Is no sin.

The Mornin' o' the Year. When the winter snow is melting an' the furrow is a-shakin', An' there's a-a along the fences where the drips have broke the rails; When ye smell the spruces an' the brakes on every wind that blows, An' hear along the mountainside the hounds a-follerin' trails; Then ye better put yer frock on, for the workin' days are here; An' there's no time left for dreamin' in the mornin' o' the year.

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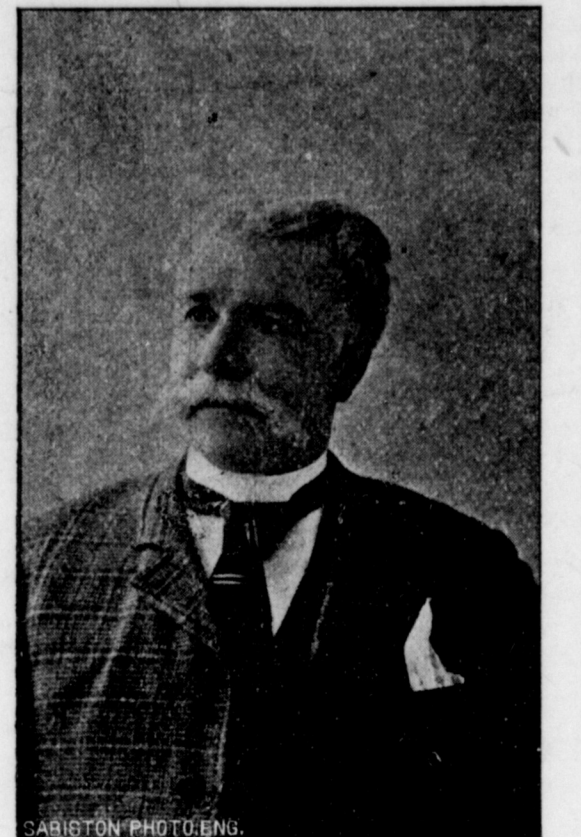
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ROYAL BAKING POWDER ABSOLUTELY PURE Makes the food more delicious and wholesome ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

MR. KILPATRICK'S BURGLAR.

A Midnight Comedy With that Officer in a Leading Role.

Officer Napier and Sergeant Kilpatrick thought they had found something which would redound to their glory last Sunday night. It was about midnight that officer Napier was coming up Charlotte street when through the opening of a small cellar window in a drug store not far from the corner of St. James street, came sounds of a nature inconsistent with the hour. Bending down the officer saw a light and asked who was there but received no reply. Instead of that



Mayor Beckwith-Fredericton.

Elected Alderman for Kings Ward in 1890 and 91. Elected Mayor in 1892, 3 and 4, and then re-elected. Again elected Alderman for Kings Ward 1896 and 97, and then retired. Elected Mayor in 1899.

the light went out with a swish and everything was still. The guardian of the law scented something but thought he had better wait until Sergeant Kilpatrick came around that way which he presently did. The Sergeant immediately hunted up two more "patrol" men and they surrounded the building whilst he divested himself of his coat, vest and shirt in order that he might be small enough to go through the window which was rather a small one. He found that he could not do it so he took off another shirt and even then found it was such tight work that when he was about half in he couldn't get one way or the other. After a few minutes of great exertion he managed to get hold of some projection on the inside and so pulled himself in. But just here a fairly good sized bull dog which up to this time had been slumbering peacefully in a corner of the cellar, started forward to see if he could help, and there is no doubt he did, because the sergeant came out of the window a lot quicker than he went in. It is even said that a needle and thread were in demand to make a whole article of the officers trousers. One of the patrolmen was dispatched to the owner of the store's home on Broad street to inform him that there was a burglar on his premises. The druggist could not repress a laugh, although he was awakened from a sound slumber, as he told the astonished "cop" that it was all right. He had left the man there the night before being a friend from the country who had come to the city to go to work Monday morning. It seems that the fire had burned low during the night and the man had gone to the cellar to get some coal, which was the noise that awakened Officer Napier's detective instinct. When he heard the policeman call he had blown the candle out as he did not wish to attract attention at the unseemly hour.

When Sergeant Kilpatrick had dressed himself the officers resumed their respective beats, but with something other than the beauty of the night to ponder upon.

Nearly Half a Century a Policeman.

Sergeant Hipwell has been at work again in the police court for a few days and while he shows the effect of his recent long and severe illness there are many who think and hope that he will complete his half century in the city service. He has been a policeman for forty-seven years and during that time he has not lost a day on account of illness. His is a remarkable record and one that may well influence the council to grant the request that the Sergeant makes for full pay during the period of his illness.

Where We Keep Our Mud.

A commercial traveller who is noted among his friends for the good stories he has to tell and the inimitable way in which he tells them, regaled his friends with one the other day that is rather flitting to this city. The teller of good stories was in Halifax a short time ago and while standing at a very dirty, muddy crossing for a moment an English officer approached. The latter was dressed for an evening call, and was carefully picking his way through the mud when he happened to step upon a bit of unseemly ice and fell. Eye glasses flew one way, hat another and the unfortunate officer's clothes when he picked himself up were hardly in condition for a social call.

He surveyed himself ruefully for a moment and turning to the traveller whom he knew he remarked: "Halifax is always a kin a'out St. John mud, but gad, sir, it isn't as bad there as here. 'Alifax spreads it all over her streets while St. John keeps the bloom'n' stuff in the harbor."

Business Education.

Broadly speaking, a business education is one that educates for business. Few people realize the amount of special training that is requisite to equip a young man or woman for entrance into business life. The Currie Business University of this city will send free to any address a beautiful catalogue giving valuable information relative to the above subject.

Well Known to Many People.

Many of the readers of PROGRESS who knew Mrs. Harriet Gibson, the colored cook at the Dufferin will regret to hear of her death which took place Tuesday evening from pneumonia. She was also well known to members of the Union club where she was until Mr. Willis took charge of the Dufferin.

Mr. Cameron's Millinery Opening.

Mr. Chas. K. Cameron announces his millinery opening for Thursday the 23rd, and to continue the two following days. Mr. Cameron has always something novel and attractive to show the people and those who want first choice will be sure to be on hand.

This is a Great Offer.

Any person sending a new subscription to this office with \$4.00 enclosed can obtain PROGRESS for one year, and the Cosmopolitan, McClure and Munsey magazines for the same period with only one condition,—all of them must be sent to the same address.

A Good Dinner

Or good stuff for any meal can be procured from R. F. J. Parkin's meat store on Union St. The famous Dunn's Hams, Bologna and Sausage are for sale by him. For further particulars we would refer you to his advertisement.

Curtains and Blankets 25 per Pair.

Carpets dusted or renovated on the floor, cleaning and dyeing done at the shortest notice. Sheets, collars and cuffs a specialty at UNGAR'S LAUNDRY, DYEING AND CARPET CLEANING WORKS, Telephone 58.

A Cure For Sea-Sickness.

Bright red spectacles, accompanied by internal doses of calomel, form a new German specific against sea-sickness. Sea-sickness is due to lack of blood in the brain, while red glass sends blood to the brain with a rush. By looking at one point for some time through the red glasses the patient is cured.

Occasionally.

'I'm sorry for Jack; he hasn't been the same man since Miss Marbleheart rejected him.'

There are a great many girls who claim their hair is naturally curly, but no married woman makes the claim. Marriage has many effects on a woman, and the funniest is its effect on her hair.

'Can you tell me the way to the painless dentist's?'

'Yes go down that little street, then turn the corner, and listen till you hear a shriek.'

If a man's death attracts attention as much as three days, his greatness cannot be doubted.

Nature supplies all her children with brains, but she can't compel them to use them.

Professor Proctor asserts that one hundred million people lived and died in America before Columbus' discovery.

Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired, Duca, 17 Waterloo Street.