

PROGRESS.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS

Glad and Sad Side of War.



LD Loyalist St. John awoke on Thursday to find that the true and devoted camp of Ladysmith, away off in South Africa, had been relieved by General Buller's forces after one of the most remarkable sieges in the history of war. It was long hoped-for news and came tumbling upon the surrender of Cronja with wonderful enthusing power. Then within a few hours came word of Colesburg's evacuation by the Boers and General Clement's capture of that place, this glorious intelligence being supplemented by inspiring despatches from Mafeking, which told of Col. Baden-Powell's stout resistance and successes against his whiskered besiegers. It was almost too big a budget of glad tidings and the town became intoxicated with it. Schools were dismissed, business, save in the ribbon and bunting line, was paralyzed and throughout the city the people were in an ecstatic state of joy. Inside of a few hours the town was simply swathed in red, white and blue, every business house, innumerable private buildings, public structures, and harbor shipping being decked lavishly in honor of the new turn of the war tide. The late jubilee in honor of Her Majesty was the only event of recent years which, from a decorative standpoint, outclassed the Ladysmith celebration.

What with eight special editions of a morning newspaper, the town in a fever of excitement, a blinding snowstorm in progress, and red, white and blue decorations everywhere in evidence, the first of March 1900 will long be remembered, as having come in like the lion—the great British Lion—always comes in, even if the preceding circumstances are not very promising.

A PROGRESS representative, in order to view St. John in gala attire from the viewpoint of a bird, was permitted to climb to the top of Trinity church steeple, which vantage spot was arrived at after no small amount of effort. A committee composed Messrs. I Northrup, Hoyt, Dr. Seammel, Frank Kinear and E. Littler, had just finished the arduous task of letting to the boisterous breeze four immense British flags averaging 25x12-1/2 feet in size, and fastened to long stout poles which projected from the lofty pinnacle like giant arms. The bursting forth of this bunting from so conspicuous a place sent long series of pleasant thrills through the British beings of the townsfolk.

St. John lay below. From the western window—a veritable port-hole—the harbor was indistinctly visible through the snowstorm, but flags floated in a maze of coloring on the ships. The Prince William street establishments presented a most unusual appearance in their wealth of loyal emblems—a rare spectacle on this staid old commercial thoroughfare which however stood firm to the traditions of its revered namesake. King street, Dock street, Douglas avenue afar off, the centre of the city, South End and Carleton were uniform in their dress of flags and banners. Hurrying crowds dotted the streets as cheer upon cheer soared even as high as the towering upon height upon which PROGRESS stood.

Then noon came. No sooner had the clock machinery a few ladders below ticked the five minute warning when a hush seemed to fall over the town. St. John was filling its lungs for a united outburst. It came. The tugs at the wharves started the uproar with their whistles, closely followed by the reverberating boom of the artillery on the Barrack Square. Then the chimes beneath started in to peal forth their praises of Buller, White et al, aided in the chorus by the loyal bells from many other churches. North End and its steam whistles sent forth its contingent of sound as did also the brazen throats of West Side. When at its height what an unmusical but yet truly glorious hubbub it was! No heart, however disinterested could hold out against such an assault of loyalty and enthusiasm. The world, the flesh, the church, yes and even the much-abused devil joined in it and all were glad.

And in the afternoon! Did the town ever go so wild, its safe to say it never did. Mayor Sear's proclamation of a half holiday was the move fitted to let the hilar-

ious populace vent its anti-Krugerisms. By two o'clock the principal thoroughfares with their closed stores were blocked with humanity. It was a hey-day, rollicking conglomeration of people, such as never before presented themselves in this old town in such a role. Nobody was abashed and old men, young men, and to quote the Irish ditty "girls who were not men at all," took part in the upheaval. Some 313 pro-

would probably have had the effect of ending the war. The President was accompanied by his faithful spouse, represented by the renowned Master Linkletter, the only too well known newsboy. Mrs. Kruger was becomingly arrayed in red flannel with a court train of sail cloth trimmed with green sacking.

The Neptune Rowing Club turned out in a big sleigh drawn by four grey horses,

not having a good ear for bass drum management, so he resigned in favor of "Dutch" Irvine, the sporting editor of the Telegraph. The band played all the well known and popular airs, "Soldiers of the Queen," "Rule Britannia," "Auld Lang Syne," "The British Grenadiers," etc.

If the morning was uproarious and the afternoon more uproarious, the evening was certainly most uproarious. Only at

Victory was something more for national history and Ladysmith's wonderful siege, an item of note for the world's history.

O! it was a great day for the British, and St. John is British!!

The sad side.

Amid all the rejoicing of the early week, despite the fact that loyal St. John was wrapped up in a field of bunting and that the hearts of the people were thrilled with satisfaction at the recent achievements of British arms, yet there was a darkened home on Paddock street where none of this spirit of jubilation entered—the home of the late Corporal Fred W. Withers.

A weeping mother and deeply affected sisters were bearing in sorrow part of that price paid for the triumph of Monday, the loss of a dutiful son and loving brother. Everything was sadness in the cosy home and had the late hero's remains reposed within the house the solemnity could not have been more pronounced. Mrs. Withers, the first St. John mother to experience the horrors of war in their truest sense, prayed God for a speedy termination of the bloody strife. Her heart was wrung with anguish and for the sake of other parents she invoked this Divine aid. She was not complaining of her son's determination to serve his Queen and Country, but his unexpected death in the Praedburg fight has naturally overburdened her heart.

Could his body only be brought home, could she but press her motherly lips to his, the load of anguish might be lightened, but buried far from home, six thousand miles away, amid strangers, added greatly to the sorrow. Another son, Sam, was also about to enter the battle zone, and in an acute sense of anxiety, Mrs. Withers referred to him.

Truly the sympathies of all St. John went out at once to the bereaved family on Paddock street as soon as the fateful news arrived. Callers condoled the weeping ones, clergymen visited them, sympathizing friends and strangers sent messages from all over the province, and in every way possible almost the loved ones of St. John's first South African hero were shown that the daring deed in which Corporal Withers participated had won for him their deepest respect, admiration and love.

Corporal Fred W. Withers was not susceptible to the influences of a sensation. He did not join the local contingent in a flush of excitement, but coolly and determinedly had his name listed to battle for Her Majesty. He was chosen orderly, or rather clerk, for Col. Vidal at the recruiting headquarters in St. Andrews Rink, because of his qualities as a soldier, his earnestness and his honesty. He was a whole-souled fellow, enthusiastic in military matters and a young man who feared God as well as honoring the Queen—a model volunteer indeed.

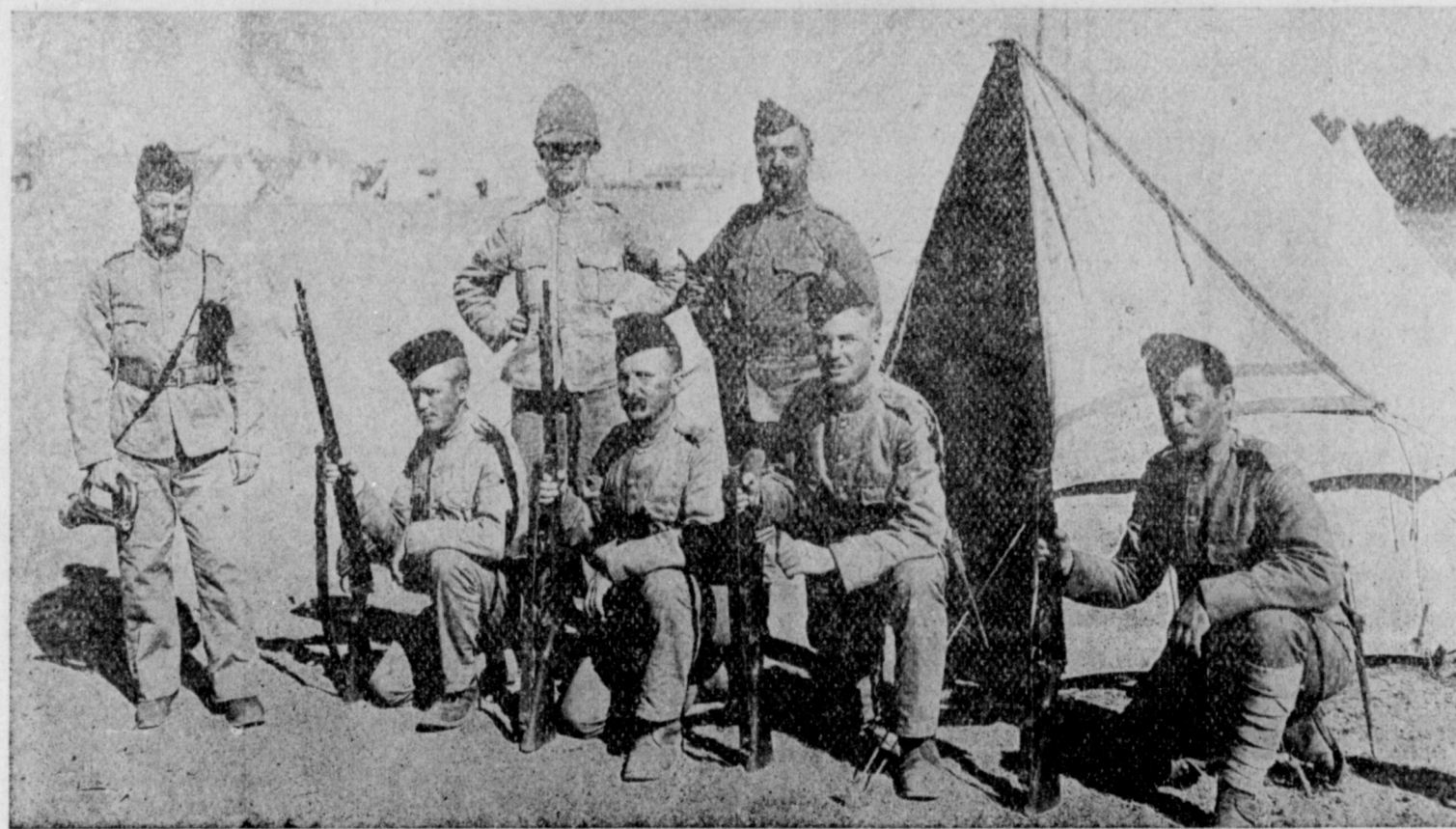
A Few Stray Notes.

The beautifully illuminated open air electric put on the streets in the early evening by the St. John Railway Co., was hailed with unbounded delight and the people were deeply gratified with this expensive token of allegiance. The open car had to be fitted with a motor from one of the winter cars and its lighting consisted of 160 incandescents. The electric sign "Ladysmith" and V. R. in red and blue lights was a beautiful get-up, and reflected no end of credit upon the company's expert electrician. The Temple of Honor Band played aboard the car as it traversed the town.

Chief Clark and Officer Campbell shone with particular brilliancy from the upholstered depths of a stylish sleigh during the celebration. Officer Campbell had his Victoria Cross, won in the Fox episode, pinned to his chest.

Knocking off hats was a favorite pastime as the afternoon wore on. A strange chappie with a brand new Derby in front of the Victoria Hotel was a victim. He got "weal angry," and threatened to "slap the offender's face."

The country people who came to town with their produce thought they were in the wrong city, or that a civil war was on, but when the situation was taken in the rural brethren were as deep in the patriotic



ST. JOHN BOYS AT THE FRONT.

PROGRESS today places before its readers a reproduction of a photo taken on the veldt in South Africa, in which five St. John men, Bugler Holland, the late Joe Johnston, and Jim Johnston both of Erin street, Ambrose Pelkey of City Road and Sergt. Geo. Polkinghorn, are shown. John McDermott is the soldier with the puttee wounded about his leg and the soldier with the helmet is a Royal Munster Rifle—an Irishman. Bugler Holland is in the hospital with a bullet hole in him, Sergt. Polkinghorn is yet unscathed and in the picture is standing with the Irish soldier. The central soldier kneeling is Jas. M. Johnston wounded, and the one out to the left is Joe Johnson, killed. Ambrose Pelkey wounded, is the right hand figure. The sad news of Johnston's death arrived Thursday casting a gloom over his home and many others.

sions or thereabouts, wandered about town until midnight as well as a whole convoy of sleighs in all their moods and tenes, crammed with highly hilarious booting humans. The on-lookers joined in with these in singing "Soldiers of the Queen" "Rule Britannia" and other suitable and seasonable songs. While the heartfelt enthusiasm of all cannot for a moment be doubted, yet with many their exceeding spirit can be otherwise attributed. Who says it was not a day of rejoicing? and by the way where were the pro-Boers?

One of the chief features of the day's celebration was a "commando" of Indian-town Boers, who bore a striking resemblance to the genuine article. Armed with all sorts of weapons, from revolvers to flintlocks dating from the beginning of things. They were certainly a very seedy lot of soldiers and raised lots of amusement along the route. The "commando" ran short of ammunition on King street, and started a demonstration in front of both W. H. Thorne's and McAvity's, but without much success, so the Royal Bugtown Fusilier Guards retreated in good order toward their "laager."

Next in order was a detachment of the Amazon portion of the forces. These were arranged in a strange and fearful manner in remnants of bed quilts and anything else that was handy.

Their forces were at times scattered, but they managed to keep the field despite that their raiment became rather dishevelled and soiled. They were followed by a gorgeously equipped dump cart, model several years back, bearing in its luxurious hold a lady of a dusky cast representing Lady Smith. She was chaperoned by Lord Smith, who being of a singularly retiring and modest disposition has up to the present been kept very much in the back ground. This time however, he graciously consented to appear out in full court regalia, and to protect her ladyship from the insults of the vulgar mob.

Other attractions were the two rival bands of juveniles, one hailed from North End and the other being recruited wherever recruits could be found. These were marshalled by Master Bond bearing on a stick a bundle of rags supposed to represent President Kruger which, had that much maligned Oom Paul seen it,

and containing the Vic's Own Band. The bass drum was run by Bob Armstrong whose brawny Arm—strong as it is, became at length unequal to the task, besides Bob

PROGRESS CONTENTS TODAY.

- PAGE 1.—A glance over this well filled page gives you its contents.
- PAGE 2.—A portrait of Her Majesty the Queen, the Prince of Wales Prince George and his son and heir. An interesting account of Rhodesia and the mines there.
- PAGE 3.—A portrait of the late Lieut. Cooke of Moncton who died in African service. Musical and Theatrical notes.
- PAGE 4.—Editorial—The relief of Ladysmith—England is all right—Notes and Comments. Joys and Woes of other places. Poetry—original and selected and local matters.
- PAGE 5.—City society—The Fancy dress ball at the Institute with names and description of costumes—Many other personal notes.
- PAGE 7 and 8.—Society from Halifax, Fredericton, St. Stephen, and many places in the Maritime provinces.
- PAGE 9.—A budget of interesting items decidedly local including:—"Hel-o" Girls were busy. The "Last Car" crowd. Where are those St. John Boers? J. Noel Scovil of St. John in Paris. How do you pronounce C-r-o-n-j-e. Good times for millmen. A Rare Treat indeed. An Indian town Landmark. Another "Court's Block." PROGRESS pressmen celebrate.
- PAGE 10 and 15.—The second half of that delightful story "The Silence of Gwyneth."
- PAGE 11.—Sunday Reading and carefully selected miscellany.
- PAGE 12.—Scenes from the battlefield—a descriptive article dealing with the South African campaign. A description of Pretoria's defences.
- PAGE 13.—Frills of Fashions and women's page.
- PAGE 14.—Suicides at the great gambling place Monte Carlo. General items.
- PAGE 16.—A cleverly written military story "The Revenge of Murphy."

Umbrellas Made, Ripped, Repaired Dual 17 Waterloo.

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