

## PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAR. 3

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

### THE RELIEF OF LADYSMITH.

The suspense is over. Ladysmith has been relieved and the Empire rejoices again over a great success for British arms in South Africa. BULLER'S task was gigantic. For weeks he was opposed by a superior force securely entrenched in a country naturally strongly fortified. To drive them from their fastnesses in the hills, to cross a river and find a pass to the beleaguered city was almost impossible, yet the gallant general, in spite of these great difficulties and though repulsed again and again found his way to the garrison of the gallant WHITE in Ladysmith and raised a siege which had lasted four months. At the time of this writing the details are meagre but the glorious fact remains that the brave garrison was not called upon to lay down their arms with their comrades within gun shot of them.

The reports that we have been receiving from day to day of the retreat of the Boers were true without a doubt and it may be expected that they were able to take their great guns with them. They cannot afford to lose any artillery if they propose to defend Pretoria, the forts of which, we have understood from time to time, have been deprived of their great guns so as to bring them to bear upon Ladysmith. If they have been successful in their undertaking then we may expect another stand before the British army settles down before the Transvaal seat of government.

That grim old general CRONJE, held out before ROBERTS as long as he was able and we may be sure when he ordered the white flag to be hoisted there was nothing else to be done. He has been described as the most inveterate enemy England has among the Boer leaders. How much greater than most have been his humiliations; General ROBERTS received him as a gallant opponent and congratulated him upon his defence. But at the time the same thought must have been uppermost in the minds of British and Boer. "Majuba has been wiped out." The stain that CRONJE caused to rest upon British arms for years when he and his sharpshooters surprised the gallant COLLEY at Majuba hill, killed him and practically annihilated his force, was obliterated on its nineteenth anniversary when he and his thousands with guns and supplies laid down their arms to the commander in chief in South Africa.

Canadians are proud of the fact that their own brothers had a part in this great event, in fact were leading the forces in the charge upon the enemy when the token of surrender was raised. Their conduct, their dash and courage received the unstinted praise of Lord ROBERTS a few days before. He must have thought well of them to give them the position of honor in the final and desperate charge upon the Boer defences. The evidence of correspondents say that their spirit and dash were irresistible and that but for imperative orders they would have charged right into the Boer laager. That our boys were made of the right metal we knew here, but it was another thing to show the world that the Sons of Canada can fight by the side of the best soldiers in the Empire.

### HAD NOTHING TO FEAR.

It is a poor rule that will not work both ways. If the partial successes of the Boers inclined the Dutch in Cape Colony and Natal to join issue with England's enemies the striking victories of the English arms should make them hesitate. We hear now

that the reason for this war was the tyranny of English officials but that story is so lame that it will not stand. We in Canada have had some experience with English officials. Some of them have come here with a mistaken idea of the country and the people, but they soon became acquainted and governed themselves accordingly. In the days before Responsible government it was difficult to obtain the ear of the imperial authorities but since then the will of the people has been law and the officials understand that. We have only one English official in Canada now and he represents the Queen. He depends upon the advice of his ministers who represent the people and any departure from that course would be dangerous. So it is in South Africa. The same method of self-government applies in the English colonies there and the same measure of liberty.

The relief of Ladysmith, while a great satisfaction to the British Empire, has additional importance since it will check the attempt to bring continental influence to bear upon England to discontinue the war. The Russian nation is only too anxious to get England so engaged that she can make headway in India and China; France views the march of England with a jealous eye and Spain weak and unprepared as she is to take any part does not forget the attitude of England in the Spanish American war. We can well believe on the other hand that the United States has not forgotten this fact and it is unlikely that she would permit the unfriendly European nations to make it unpleasant for the mother land. Italy too with her strong navy and Japan are friendly and the German Emperor has shown that he does not share the prejudices of his people. So if it comes to a fight the strong and intelligent nations of the earth will be found more than a match for the jealous Frenchman, the vindictive Spaniard and the wily Russian. England had nothing to fear and today with her strong and loyal colonies at her back she is more powerful than ever.

Sympathy must go out to our aged collector of customs, Mr. J. R. RUELL. He is intensely loyal and it is said that the excitement of the good news may have something to do with his sudden illness. He is so closely identified with the contingent funds as treasurer, and has done so much for this city that it is difficult to spare him even for the short time we trust it will take him to regain his usual health.

Mayor SEARS deserves great credit for his energy in directing the celebration Thursday. He was prompt in proclaiming a half holiday and the citizens were just as prompt in responding. The meeting at the institute the celebration in the evening, the procession etc., all went without a hitch, and his worship was as happy as a school boy.

Fredericton did not do badly. St. John people who were there on Tuesday say that they had no idea so much enthusiasm could be bottled up in so small a place.

Congratulations to the Telegraph upon its enterprise Thursday morning. But—eight editions?

The pro Boer is dead. St. John air is not healthy for him.

Is not this indeed the city of Loyalists.

### How Bobby Beat the Drum.

"Bob" Armstrong is always chock full of ideas and Thursday he and his Victoria rink band did the town in grand style in a big sleigh. The big drum was beat to all the patriotic tunes the band could play, and when the drummer got tired "Bob" took a hand himself. He had plenty of muscle but nothing need be said about his skill. At any rate his crowd made lots of fun. The mayor made a speech from his sleigh and the crowd cheered, the band played, the small boys yelled as loud as possible. The Vic was very much in it.

### The Occasion was too Glorious.

"What's the news," asked a prominent provincialist who having arrived late Wednesday evening was late getting to breakfast Thursday morning. "Ladysmith has been relieved" was the prompt reply. "What!" was his astonished exclamation. "I would have waited all night for that news." Now look boys said he turning around it is a long time since I've taken a drink but I'm going to open a few quarts of mumm to the old girl. Come and join me." And he was but one of the many.

### More Loyalty Than Liquor.

Everybody was good natured Thursday. There were lots of people "glorious" but they made no bones of it, said they had an excuse and that was all there was to it. And how they did sing. The saloons tried to keep order but it was not possible. All agreed that their customers had more loyalty than liquor aboard but just enough of

the latter to make them happy and wish everybody else to be the same.

### Detective Mirrors.

A mirror may now be regarded as something more than a promoter of vanity, since it is often set to do the work of a detective.

By well-arranged mirrors shopkeepers can watch their customers, even when they turn their backs on them. Thus they save their costly stock, and avoid giving offence to honest buyers. One jeweller in the west end of London has caught several well-dressed culprits simply by the aid of the looking-glass.

Owners of street corner coffee stalls find the detective mirror very useful. Petty pilfering goes on briskly around such stalls. One London coffee stall owner declared that he used to lose a dollar a week in this way. Now he has mirrors fixed to the back and sides of his stall, and when his back is turned he can still watch his customers and protect his interests.

A book-stall clerk told a similar tale. The theft of magazines and books represented a serious loss to the firm until adroitly placed mirrors proved an effective check.

### The Suburban's Confession.

Hicks: 'Is it true then, that you're living beyond your station?'  
Wicks: 'Yes—two miles.'

### VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

#### The Names of the Dead.

Give us the names of the gallant dead,  
In the slumber of peace who lie;  
Place them in columns overhead  
Of Roberts, Buller and French they led;  
The higher heres who fought and bled;  
Who went on the field to die;  
Who marched to their graves with fearless tread,  
Honor the names of the dead.

Give us the names of the gallant dead,  
Where their hurried trench was made;  
Where flowers will bloom above the head,  
And the green leaves over them all are spread;  
Like coverlets warming a welcome bed;  
In the kopje's silent shade,  
To warlike glory where they were wed,  
Honor the names of the dead.

Give us the names of the gallant dead,  
Their history plain to see;  
No home-stayed talkers but those instead,  
Who followed the foot till the ground was red;  
With bodies torn to a trackless shred,  
Ah there are the men for me.  
The stood like a long thin line of thread,  
Honor the names of the dead.

Give us the names of the gallant dead,  
When the ray grass decks the plain;  
Who into the flim of the furnace sped,  
With a Briton's courage of soul and tread;  
And charged in the awful rain of lead,  
Rallied and charged again,  
Charged with never a breath of dread,  
Honor the names of the dead.

#### CYPRUS GOLDS.

Vega's Advice to His Son.  
My son, I bid you buy few books,  
But read the few with care;  
Your own loved language study much,  
And read your Latin rare.  
To many write in other tongues  
Who do not know their own;  
They better use, as Greeks have done,  
Their native tongue alone.

With diligence regard the thought  
That books, forsooth, contain;  
And all that seems of most worth  
Let marvellous de ain.  
Should your misto, use ever be  
To give your strength to rhyme—  
Which God forbid—then think of me,  
Devote it little time.

The less of verses you shall make  
The more you'll be esteemed;  
So learn of men who much have made—  
It little hath redeemed:  
The smallest hours it yieldeth me,  
And but a narrow bed,  
A garden small, and flowers few,  
A table poorly spread.

My Old Kentucky Home, Far Away.  
The sun shines bright on my Old Kentucky Home,  
The voters are boozey and gay;  
The Rye is ripe and the Bourbon is in bloom,  
And the shotgun make music all the day.  
The stone jar rises to kiss the waiting mouth,  
And the upturned eyes gladly play  
On the soft blue skies of the sunny, sunny South,  
And my Old Kentucky Home, far away.

Put a shirt of mail underneath your Sunday coat,  
Wear an armour plate under your vest;  
That is the smallest way when a man goes out to vote,  
And the Goebel gang is there to protest.  
Oh, there's gay old times when elections come  
around.  
There is music to 'live'n the day,  
The sexton's spade stabs the Dark and Bloody  
Ground,  
In my Old Kentucky Home, far away.

The black smoke pours from the chimney of the still,  
The fragrance of corn is in the breeze;  
It rises up until tears of angels spill,  
And the Man in the Moon has to sneeze.  
The "Red Dog" shines in the bottle on the shelf,  
The sneezes around it play;  
When your throat gets dry pull the cork and help  
yourself  
In my Old Kentucky Home, far away.

The feud man hides in the corner of a knoe,  
And waits for a shot at his foe;  
Then the foe's soul goes a-kiting to the hence—  
To the land where they don't shovel snow.  
The coroner comes to 'investigate the death,  
And jags up comfortably gay;  
And the verdict is that he died for want of breath,  
In my Old Ken-ucky Home, far away.

Weep no more, my lady,  
Weep no more, to day;  
Because things have changed in my Old Kentucky  
Home,  
In my Old Kentucky Home, far away.

Lytic of the Milkman.  
Huslin' out at four o'clock, sir, with a dozen cows  
to tend.  
—How'd ye like to be the milkman?  
—So chillin' in the tie-up that your hands will sear  
the hand.  
Oh, don't ye sort of yearn to be the m—man?  
With the winter wind k—ootin' round a corner of  
And ev'ry cow a-shiver and a shake from stea to  
stern.  
It sets a chap to te'l'in' that he doesn't e'ave a daro.  
—And that's a sassy feelin' for a milkman.

With a blizz'ard on the docket and the snow a-fallin'  
thick.  
How'd ye like to be the milkman?  
—As still as a skeeler rolled inside a feather tick.  
Oh, don't ye think it fun to be the milkman?  
And out before it's daylight with your nose a-turnin  
blue.  
And findin' as you shovel you're the first to flound-  
er through.  
It makes you love your business and your neighbor  
I tell you.  
—Oh, this lovely, lovely job of bein' milkman.

# ROYAL BAKING POWDER

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Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

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## GLAD AND SAD SIDE OF WAR,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE FOUR)

mud as their toway friends were in the loyalty mire.

It was truly stimulating to see the venerable Court House with its myriad lights, and made one believe we really had a big victory, or else these dignified structures would not be so gay.

The offer of \$500 for the identification of a pro-Boer all day Thursday, was not taken up. Not one of this prolific race could be found.

St. John saved herself for the Ladysmith outburst, and she must have saved herself mightily sparingly, for there was no end to the demonstration while it lasted. That's an Irish bull.

Among the surrenders of the week were:—General Cronje to Gen. Roberts, the city of St. John to General Buller, the British Empire to Queen Victoria and a lazy Charlotte Street lounge, who had been making observations of the grape vintage when it was decidedly lurid. One of Chief Clark's "bat"—tallions is credited with this capture on Thursday.

By the time the drygood stores closed, at one o'clock, not a vestige of red, white and blue could be had, nor were there any flags.

Thursday's newspapers were so full of good news that everybody veldt they must have a kopje for a souvenir.

A regular English bulldog with a silk Union Jack served around him, was typically British, and the ugly-looking canine was loudly cheered.

That King street merchant, near the foot, who refused to close his store, didn't do much business. His flags were not even purchased, and there was a demand for them too.

Col Geo. West Jones knows how some people like to celebrate, and his generosity at his place of business gave him an abundance of callers.

### CHRIS. NICHOLS INDIGNANT.

Because so Few Attended His "Benefit" For the Second Contingent.

Mr. Chris Nichols called on PROGRESS this week with a grievance. He is well known about town not only in his capacity as a tonsorial artist but as a member of the Fusiliers and orderly to the colonel, Mr. H. H. McLean. He is also a member of the A. O. F. and it was as such that he made an attempt to follow the fashion and raise some war funds. Here is where his grievance comes in.

Those who went down King street the first day of the week saw that Hall's building on the corner of Germain was gaily decorated with flags and the reason was explained when the cotton poster was read and it was learned that a dance and supper were to be held there for the "benefit" of the Second Contingent. Whatever smile the orthography might have produced good wishes must have been extended to the entertainment, even if one was not fortunate enough to have an invitation.

There were however 250 invitations out. They were sent by a committee of which Chris was chairman. More than that, to use his own words "the decorations were first class" also the dining room which was furnished with "first class silver" and so on to the end. "Now how many" demanded Chris of PROGRESS "do you suppose were there."

"I have no idea," was the non committal reply.

"Just one dozen ladies and five gentlemen" responded Chris with an indignant air, "That is encouragement for you to do something for your country. No they would rather go dressed up like fools for a masquerade and pay 60 cents a piece than come to my dance and help out the fund for the poor soldiers. I belong to the 62nd Fusiliers, yes, sir, but if you ask me to go to South Africa to morrow I will refuse. For why, Because the people of this city do not appreciate brave men, else they would help out my dance and supper. I was under \$30 expenses and I took in \$5. I am \$25 out of pocket unless the members of the committee help me out. This is too much and I want you to give it to the people good and let them see just how they have treated me."

### The Girl With the Hammer.

The advantages of a substantial education for women are demonstrated with peculiar force by an item which we take from the Bangor News.

A barn in Aroostook went unshingled because the farmer who owned it was too infirm to climb to the roof, while one of his sons had gone to the war in the Philippines, and the other to the Klondike.

The other day, however, the farmer's only daughter came home from the normal school, and shingled the barn as well as any man in town could have done it, and she didn't once pound her fingers, either.

### One Ahead.

Mrs. A. was having one of her houses cleaned, preparatory to letting it to a new tenant. Assisting her was a "cleaner" who proved to be very inefficient.

Finding a room which was supposed to be in order still very dirty, Mrs. A. swept it herself. Then she said to Bridget, whom she met in the hall:

"Why, Mrs. Ryan, I thought you said you had swept the front room, and here I have got a whole dustpan full of dirt out of it."

Nothing disconcerted, Bridget responded with a beaming smile:

'Did ye now, ma'am? I got two.'

### She Knew.

Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, says that when he was abroad he did a great deal of parish work in Rome.

After holding a service in the English church outside the walls, he overheard one Englishwoman say to another:

'Who was the bishop who preached today?'

'The bishop of Mimosa,' she replied. 'He comes from South Africa, you know.'

### The Bride's Quandary.

Mother (to bride-elect): 'What, frowning on your wedding day?'

Bride: 'I'm in a puzzle. If I go to the altar smiling, people will say I'm simply crazy to get Charlie; and if I look solemn they will say I already regret the step. What shall I do?'

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### JOYS AND WOES OF OTHER PLACES.

#### The Hockey Eye.

A closed optic is no uncommon sight around town just now. The lively game of hockey is the 'brusier.'—Annapolis Spectator.

#### More Money Than Wood.

The Outlook says the cordwood famine in Middleton is becoming serious. The scarcity of money is not to be compared with it.

#### No Pie in the Hat.

There are 1063 boarders at the Dominion Iron and Steel Companies dining room at Sydney. Six hundred and fifty can be accommodated at one sitting.—Sydney Advocate.

#### Joy to Burn in Parraboro.

The news of the relief of Kimberley and the snow arrived together, which caused the greater joy in this county is difficult to tell for the scarcity of the beautiful had created a serious situation for our lumbermen.—Parraboro Leader.

#### The Seasons are Too Fast for Halifax.

A lady who has been visiting in Halifax says she was surprised to see the straw sash hat so much in evidence just now with the smart set.—Moncton Times.

#### Canning in Canning.

The Kerr Evaporating Co., whose manufactory is in Canning, is working night and day on imperial government orders. They shipped some four tons in one lot one day last week and there is more to go.—Wedge.

#### Making Eyes for Jays.

This is the last year of the 19th century, and still there are thousands of educated persons who make J and I in the same way, or so nearly alike that nobody can tell one from the other. We suggest that they swear off at the close of this century and reform. There would be great joy in printing houses over this reformation.—Chatham World.

#### Some Ancient History.

Rev. W. J. Ancient, M. A., Diocesan Secretary, came to town yesterday. This brave person's name is a household word in Nova Scotia because of his heroism in saving lives from the wreck of the ill-fated Atlantic, on April 1st, 1873. Mr. Ancient was then rector of Terrence Bay. He received medals and watches from sundry societies as tokens of their appreciation of his self-sacrifice.—Annapolis Spectator.

#### As Journalistic Gulliver.

The Events reporter walked over the B. C. R. the other day to report developments.—Campbellton Events.

#### Pay, Pay, Pay, for the Sake of P's.

An exchange tells its readers how to "mind their p's" in the following pointed and pertinent paragraph: Persons who patronize papers should pay promptly for the pecuniary prospects of the press have peculiar power in pushing forward public prosperity. If the printer is paid promptly and his pocket book is kept plenteous by prompt paying in peace, his paragraphs are more pointed, he paints his pictures of passing events in more glowing colors and the pursuit of his paper is a pleasure to the people. Paste this piece of proverbial philosophy some place where all can perceive it.