

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JAN. 13

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

THE BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA.

It is pleasant to note that one of the oldest institutions in the country, the Bank of Nova Scotia, is in such a prosperous condition. Few banks in the world can make such a showing as found in its annual financial statement printed on the preceding page. Halifax has several well known banks but the Bank of Nova Scotia stands pre-eminent for prosperity and enterprise. It is to Eastern Canada what the Bank of Montreal is to Montreal and the west, though even now the far seeing directorate, recognizing the splendid prospects in that country, have established branches at important points.

We in St. John have been happily situated for the past few years with respect to this sound financial institution. Its business has been and is in good hands and the management has been at the same time prudent and progressive desiring and obtaining the favor of the business community. We have watched its business increase with pleasure and few if any branches of this institution can say that they possess so entirely the confidence of the people among whom they are situated.

TAKE WARNING IN TIME

There is too much sympathy for the Boers in this city and its expression has been tolerated with an everness of temper that is surprising. The fact that such a feeling exists is most regrettable and is calculated to excite bitterness and animosity that should be absent in as small a community as ours.

All of us are subjects of the Queen and as such we are bound to be loyal and sympathetic, ready to heed her requests or obey her commands. It is not fitting therefore that such expressions as have been heard and reported, sympathizing with the national enemy, should have been made.

We do not expect to find the Queen's enemies in any part of her dominion outside of South Africa and when we hear of men calling for cheers for the Boers on the public street, as reported in another part of this paper, a feeling of indignation, resentment and disgust comes over one. So far, no action has been taken and no conflicts have arisen in consequence of these disloyal expressions but the day may come when many Canadians will find a grave in Africa, fighting in defence of the empire and when that happens it will be prudent for the Home Beer to keep his mouth shut

IN A BAD WAY.

The civic politics of Fredericton must be in a bad way, for the Gleaner speaks with no uncertain sound in reference to a recent speech of Ald. FARRELL'S. That gentleman reminds us somewhat of an alderman or two here in St. John, but it is quite evident that he has gone even further than they have. It seems that, according to the Gleaner, Ald. FARRELL practically ordered the mayor to accept the resignation of Ald. MCKENDRICK when it was offered and that plain spoken journal says:

But he has gone too far this time. The public will stand a certain amount of Hoolyism. For reasons best known to ourselves we, the citizens of Fredericton, have been content to allow ourselves to be managed by a gang of machine politicians and law-breakers; and these men have elected Ald. FARRELL and his gang to run the city. But it has come to this that the city, if it is to retain any self respect and any respect from other places, must make a clean sweep of this local Tammany. We have had too much of them and their methods; and they imagine that our acquiescence in their base born policy indicates that we approve of them. It would not be quite true to say that Alderman FARRELL was suffering from a swelled head, for that

would fall short of the truth. He had come to think of himself as dictator and sole dictator in the town. The Mayor and the Council exist only to register his wishes. What he says he thinks must necessarily go. How he has been led to over-estimate himself so is a question into which we shall enter at another time. The fact is that he imagines that he is "the only pebble on the beach." His actions show that he despises his colleagues, and despises the electors, who have placed him in office. He thinks that he has made his position so secure that he can reveal his utmost thoughts. But there is one certain end to such procedure. No rude bully can long retain office in this town, and a rude overbearing bully Ald. FARRELL showed himself to be when he attacked Ald. MCKENDRICK as he did. The public knows both of these men and will be quite competent to judge between, and their verdict will not be in favor of the bully.

After concluding that Mayor SEARS' famous "peace with honor" message appears to have been quite harmless, the St. Croix Courier says, "from the attitude of the council towards the mayor during the year, it is evident that many members of that august body are of opinion that the city should have a new mayor. To many outsiders it appears that there is as urgent a necessity that the city should soon possess itself of a new council."

Those who saw Mayor SEARS at the departure of the soldiers for Halifax and heard his speeches and calls for cheers for the volunteers could hardly believe that he was the man a portion of the council wanted to impress the people as disloyal.

The Fredericton Gleaner says "The fate of Mayor SEARS is, we fancy, already settled." It is quite evident that gentlemen differ from this opinion unless the Gleaner means that he is to be St. John's mayor another year.

Shut out From the Institute.

The securing of the Mechanics Institute to give a send off to the troops on Monday night was a happy idea on the part of the Mayor, but it was thought of at a late hour and perhaps this was the reason that the instructions his worship gave to the chief of police to look after the entrance and see that only aldermen and their friends entered by the private entrance to the platform was not observed very well. In fact the one alderman who should not have been turned back was asked in a polite way to make room for people with badges (which by the way, could be bought for ten cents each on the street.) He was not very well pleased at the idea of going out to face the bitter cold again inasmuch as he was suffering from a severe cold but he went out, waited for awhile and then left, and as had for an explanation from them who were in a better position to give it. It did seem ridiculous that the alderman who has charge of the civic buildings and of the police should have been shut out from the said building on the night of the soldiers farewell.

Candidates for the Mayoralty.

Alderman Macrae says that he will not be a candidate for the mayoralty this year and Mayor SEARS tells PROGRESS that he proposes to run again. These are authoritative statements. The name of the deputy mayor has been connected with the chief magistracy for some time without his consent and he wishes to make this announcement so that his friends will not be deceived. The offers of support he has received are of a most flattering and encouraging nature but he says, he told Mayor SEARS some time ago that if he ran again he would not oppose him and he does not intend to do so. Mayor SEARS told PROGRESS this week that he intended to be a candidate and it is said that one of his opponents will be Mr. James Moulson.

A New Weekly Paper.

The Freeman, a new weekly paper, appeared last Saturday. It is an eight page, five column paper, independent politically and devoted to the publication of special articles and the interesting topics of the day. The Freeman presents a bright appearance, is printed from new type and with Mr. W. K. Reynolds as its editor and publisher, promises to be very readable.

Handsome and Up-to-date.

The Telegraph calendar this year was in the popular vein, having engravings of Capt. Jones and Lt. McLean and Kaye, on the front as well as a group engraving of St. John's portion of the contingent. This is the first group of the sort that has been printed and it is little wonder that there is a demand for a calendar so popular and so up-to-date in other respects.

In making your New Year a happy one call us up and we'll call around for your bundle and you will be satisfied. UNGARS LAUNDRY, DYING and CARPET CLEANING WORKS, 28 to 34 Waterloo street, Phone 58.

Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired Duval 17 Waterloo

POEMS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Bugler Boy of Elandsblaatje.

'Twas hard to hear the bugle for the shrill O'fading bugles, shrill and piping shrill; A carnival of Death and bloodshed at its height, The rocky slope full of patting fall-in men; White high above the rocky tubes pipe led.

Ridge after ridge, a cascade downy bright; Stand followed stand, men filed a Briton held, Save when a sign of mist and eddied him beneath The eager, onward feet of his heroic mates, Or bursting projectiles, gaspily story told.

Higher still higher the climbing heroes pushed, Fall in the weep of his shot and shell; Struggling with superhuman art and nerve, 'Gainst fearful odds, 'gainst frantic men— A second Balacklavah—nun ch ill.

Finally the furthest ridge was reached, The stubborn enemy exposed to equal chance, When from the right by swift and certain move The Gordon High and his merry to the charge! But why their retreat, their momentary trance!

Deceitful foe, as cunning as a thief, Has sounded well the British call, "Retire!" Obedient, though with a hiss of sigh, The Britons stay their bravest and their swords, And waiting anxiously for their chosen words; Sustain with fearful loss a withering fire.

"Retire be damned," a boyish bugler cried His bugle smartly sounded "Charge!" once more; And on to victory he led the noble band, Nor did a single Gordon stay his hand, Till every Boerish unit ceased to roar.

'Twas a gallant French, noble fight, As full the hearts of England's sons with joy; Though victory secure and also uncertain was; Until the foe's "Retire!" call, his line call "Retire!" Was countermanded by that tiny bugler boy.

W. H. G.

An Old Song. There's a ball of o' quaint love longing That often I learn to hear, For it sets the memories thronging And wakens a by-gone year.

The words were but simple and pretty, With a tender and true meaning; Yet I swear, by the time that I die, Still holds my heart in thrall.

It was sung by a girl whose face shone Like a new-grown rose in the sun; But she and her young man's passion Lie quiet in grave yards unrun.

It was not the music, I fancy, Nor the story—but just the way She sang and the yearning love Wrought by a dear, dead day.

At times they will play it to me Now—but my heart sinks low; It isn't the same that drew me There in the long ago.

I miss the melody, 'tis by the key— The spell of her voice and song; I wish for a washed-up oyster, For a magic of yore I long.

For the place where the voice would waver And a sob rise up in the throat, For the little pathetic quaver That washes away my note!

The Hot Baked Bean. O! a dainty thing is the hot baked bean, And I creep right to the spot In the wintry time, when the fresh and green Of garden truck is not.

He must be a dapper and dainty of bile Who scorneth the soggy dy-brown; As it comes to the table, all making the while, With a sab' of rich pork for its crown.

Food for an emperor, with appetite keen, Spare his bronco again, for there, wind-borne, he feels Assurance most sweet of the bean. Quickest of all moves of that day, I ween, Are moved at the call of the hot baked bean.

When'er there occurred a fire vacuum In the maiden of Boston's interior, Fall well doth she know the corr. of pabulum And scorneth all brands inferior.

The hot-baked bean and the hot-baked bean, And give her a pleasure serene, There's naught fills the vacuum under the vent, Like the brown sugar on top of the bean.

Food for an emperor, with appetite keen, Spare his bronco again, for there, wind-borne, he feels Assurance most sweet of the bean. Quickest of all moves of that day, I ween, Are moved at the call of the hot baked bean.

The Old Books. They are gray with the gray of ages, Borrowed, and begged, and sold; They're a kind of salt and sage; They're a kind of salt and sage; They're a kind of salt and sage; They're a kind of salt and sage.

And I feel in the library's shadows, When he leaves his white shadow, The breath of forgotten m'adows And the centuries over me; And when twilight bells are calling— When the day with trials is o'er— There are ghostly foot-steps falling Faint on the library floor.

Singers, and saints, and sages— In the dim of a game we trust, But they will cover our pages, As every corner by, with dust. For here, in the library's shadows, Where the faded and dimly see, I roam in forgotten m'adows, With the centuries over me!

Behind the Scenes. Behind the scenes the kings and queens Are made, behind the scenes; A tired girl, against the scenes, Behind the scenes.

The final act is on, and lo! The loving heart of Romeo Must crack with miser and woe; The noble Paris, too, shall die.

And tears spring up in every eye; Then shall a while no sound saint Are seen, behind the mask of pain, Behind the scenes.

Don't go around and boast about Your sweating on New Year's day; Don't get upon the feet and shout That you say, drive a Vee away. He may turn to mock at you, So mercifully without delay— A man against to little who Is forced to sw. arch, anyway.

The slight lover led a heart, A man against to little who Is forced to sw. arch, anyway.

Teacher—Now what is an executive assembly? Johnny (who has been reading dispatches from the south)—It's a lynching.—New York Commercial Advertiser.



PEN AND PRESS.

The Pictou Standard comes out in new form and promises to be more valuable than ever. Editor Dennis thinks that the provincial papers copy too much from foreign publications and, so far as he is concerned is going to remedy this in the Standard.

The Sun says that after this its Saturday issue will be twelve pages. This is another slip for the new management of the Telegraph to combat when it gets to work. In the meantime the Sun's readers will profit by the enterprise of the publishers.

The Monitor celebrated the appearance of the Freeman by enlarging and this is favorably commented upon by the Globe who says that few papers can enlarge so often when so young. Editor O'Brien publishes a number of letters from prominent Catholics appreciating his enterprise.

The press of the Daily Telegraph has arrived and workmen are preparing a foundation for it. Another typesetting machine is also here. Truly St. John is a great town for newspapers.

D. Judge of Calendars.

This is the season of the year when the business man on entering his office trip over a pile of calendars, finds another bunch on his chair and has to lift a dozen or so before he can open his desk. All day long queer looking individuals keep poking their unshaven faces in at his door and dropping more calendars on his head, his desk and his lap until the office overflows with them. The advertising calendar habit seems to grow with the years. Some time ago it was almanacs with which the people were flooded each new year, various patent medicine proprietors issuing the little pamphlets setting forth the phases of the moon and the other information of a chronological nature deemed necessary to human happiness. But the pictorial and highly colored calendar has taken the place of the almanac to a large extent. Every insurance company, railroad company and printing and engraving firm of any pretensions seems to feel called upon nowadays to get out an annual calendar.—Akron (O.) Beacon Journal.

Beecham.

Among those who made the highest bids for the original manuscripts of Rudyard Kipling's poem, 'The Absent-minded Beggar,' sold for the benefit of the wives and children of the British reservists ordered to South Africa, is Mr. Beecham, of St. Helens, England, who offered \$525. Mr. Beecham's name is familiar to every newspaper reader in America, as he is proprietor of the famous pills which bear his name. In addition to being a lover of things artistic, he is also a public spirited man. The great manufacturing center of St. Helens, of which his enormous factory is one of the largest industries, recognized his good services to the town by electing him, recently to the mayoralty, backed by the unanimous petition of the municipal council of St. Helens. Without doubt that executive ability which has assisted him in building up his vast enterprise will be of great service to his fellow townsmen.—American Druggist, New York.

Terry's Testimonial.

Miss Ellen Terry was lately implored by a lady hairdresser for a testimonial for some hair wash, and consented to supply one. Imagine the surprise of the hairdresser when she received a large portrait of the actress as Marguerite, with the traditional long plaits supplied by the wig-maker, with this autography underneath: "Ellen Terry after one application of Miss Blanke's hair wash."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

'I'd like to marry a lawyer.' 'What for, Arbells?' 'He wouldn't be always arguing with me.' 'How do you know?' 'Lawyers never argue without a fee in sight.'

'England, Germany and America,' mused the diplomat. "What a grand combination they would be together." "Just like a tugboat engine," said the great lumber merchant. "In what way, sir?" "Triple expansion."

Eminent handwriting expert (on witness stand)—The writer of this note is a bunco-steerer by instinct. Eminent attorney—Explain to the jury how you arrive at that conclusion. Eminent handwriting expert—Because he invariably makes a dash after every 'J.'—Canadian Peewee.

In connection with the interesting article that appeared in the December issue of the Canadian Home Journal, from the pen of Mrs. Clementine Fessenden, entitled 'Some Royal Signatures,' it will lend an added interest to this absorbing topic for our readers to learn that Mr. Henry J. Morgan, Editor of 'Canadian Men and Women of the Time,' writes from Ottawa to the Scottish American Journal as follows:

"In reference to the statement made in your Canadian notes, November 1, that 'there are now three Canadian peers, namely those of Lord Mountstephen, Lord Strathcona, and the Baroness Macdonald of Earncliffe,' permit me to point out that in addition thereto, there are no less than three peers and one peeress whose present titles were obtained for services rendered to the Crown in Canada. These are Baroness Dorchester, Earl Amberst, the Marquis Townshead and Baron Seaton. There are also sitting in the House of Lords at the present time six peers who are natives of Canada, namely, the Earl of Erroll hereditary Lord High Constable of Scotland and Knight Mareschal of that kingdom, the Earl of Egin and Kincardine, the Earl of Albermarle, the Earl of Stamford, Baron De Blaquiere (Great Alnagar of Ireland), and Baron Halliburton, of Windsor, Nova Scotia. The Earl of Carnwath is the son of a Canadian mother, and Baron Carew, Viscount Dillon, and Viscount Hill possess Canadian wives. Viscount Milton, the son and heir of Earl Fitzwilliam, is likewise a Canadian by birth, as is also Colonel the Hon. Matthew Aylmer, the son and heir of Lord Aylmer so long a resident of Canada. From the above it will be seen that the Dominion is more fully represented in the second branch of the supreme legislature of the empire than is generally supposed."

When Should Girls Wear Veils? At what age should a girl begin to wear a veil? There is as much difference of opinion on this point, it seems, as on that other vital question, 'When should a girl put her hair up?' Men seem as much to regret the donning of a veil by a girl as they do the putting up of hair. Whether it is because it stamps the wearer as coming to womanly dignities, or because it hides something of a pretty face, there is no knowing; but most probably it is for the latter reason.

But there are many uses to veil. It is now and then recommended for weak eyes it is excellent as a slight respirator for girls with delicate chests; it keeps the skin from chapping in rough weather; and be it said, it really does in nine cases out of ten enhance the beauty it half conceals. A girl may wear a veil when she puts up her hair. The one fixes the date for the other. A girl with her hair down her back and wearing a veil, looks rather absurd, except in most exceptional cases.

A young lady walked into a draper's, and, after selecting a piece of cloth, asked what it was worth. 'Four kisses per yard,' said the polite clerk. The young lady stood abashed for a moment, and replied that she would take four yards. The cloth was cut off, nicely wrapped up, and handed to the fair purchaser, who received it with a smile, and said, 'Send the bill round to my grandmother, she will settle it.'

Bank cashier—This check, madam, isn't filled in. 'Isn't what?' 'It has your husband's name signed to it, but it does not state how much money you want.' 'Oh, is that all? Well, I'll take all there is.'

'Do you think a young man should marry on a small income?' 'Oh; I can see no objection to it, if he has reached an understanding with her father.'—Philadelphia North American.

'The cause of his death,' said the physician, 'was heart failure.' 'That was what I supposed,' replied the young man. 'Most of us die of heart failure; but what I am anxious to learn is, what caused his heart to fail.'