

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1900.

The Institute Meeting.

The scene in the auditorium of the old Mechanic's Institute on Monday night last when so many hundreds of loyal British sons and daughters gathered en masse to say farewell to St. John's second contribution of soldiers for Her Majesty was one indeed never to be forgotten. The enthusiasm displayed in bidding adieu to the first contingent was no more intense than that which permeated the hearts of those under the roof of the historic building on Carleton street on this latter occasion, and which found expression in frantic waving of colors, patriotic songs and incessant applause. Now that a week has almost elapsed since the chief facts in connection with that inspired gathering are pretty well known, but outside of these there were many amusing incidents. A spirit of good natured talkativeness seemed to seize upon some of the more humorously inclined in the vast audience and at times the remarks from these persons were given recognition by the crowd in no uncertain manner. They were really laughable.

It appears that one of the contingent Robert McTear, had worked for Mrs. Whetzel, the ice dealer, prior to his donning the Queen's red, and from all corners of the house the poor fellow was bombarded with such calls as "How would you like to be the ice man?" "Mamma the ice man's come!" "Great opening for your business in Africa Bob!" etc.

"Bob" took it all good naturedly but the king-pin joke was sprung when Col. Jones was reading a letter from his brother Fred written at De Aar Junction. The colonel had reached that part of the interesting narrative which told of the oppressive heat, 117 in the shade, when one of the wags before mentioned sung out, "Tell Fred to wait till the ice man arrives, Colonel!" An uproar of laughter followed.

When Dr. John V. Ellis was called upon to speak and was edging to the front of the platform a gallery voice with a sincere ring, asked half-whispered, "Are you with us John?" This caused another good laugh.

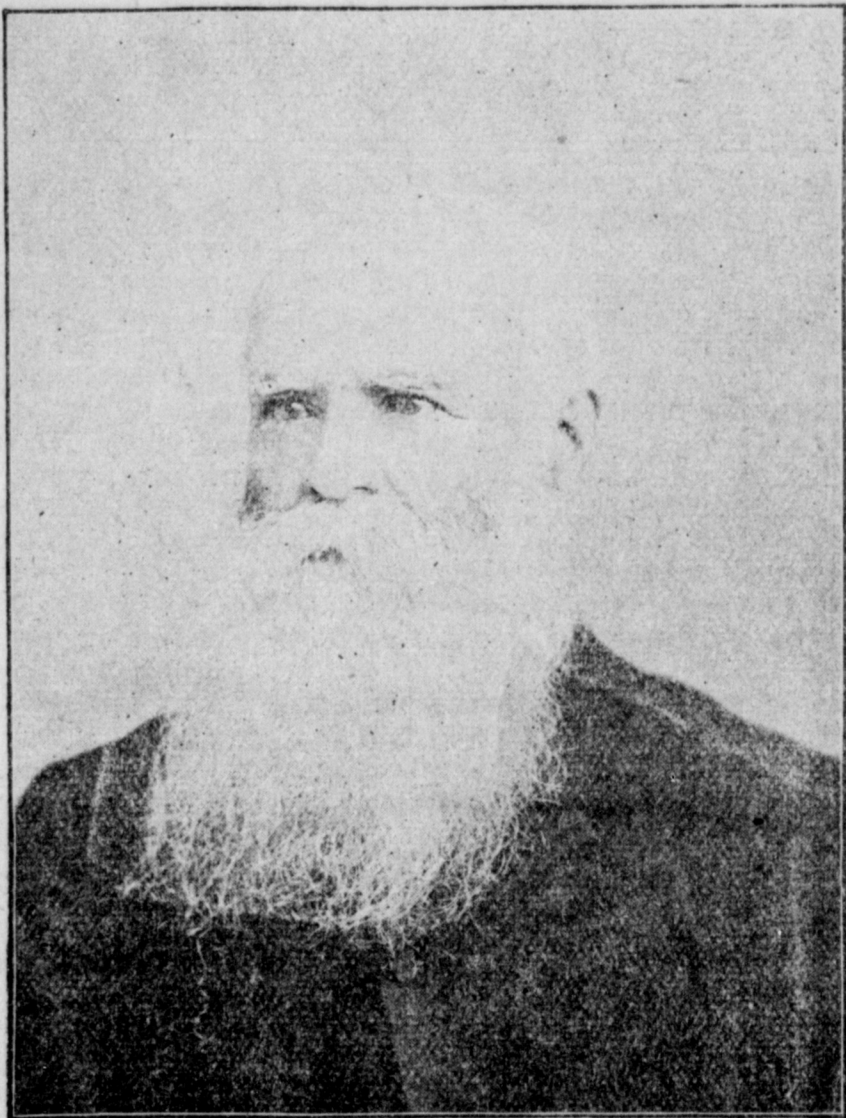
In presenting the sovereigns Mayor Sears found he had only seventeen gold pieces for eighteen men. He was about to give the eighteenth man, D. A. Morrison, a five dollar bill when a bystander tendered the needed sovereign. His Worship for a few moments apparently forgot to pass the paper money to the man who supplied the gold and when spoken to about it seemed to hesitate. The whole situation which was becoming awkward was most delightfully relieved by a funny fellow who boldly suggested "What we have we'll hold!" And once again the aged timbers of the Institute thrilled with mirth.

Bandmaster Jones was kept busy by the audience marshalling his musical forces. The crowd would have nothing but "The Soldiers of the Queen" and on the least provocation this popular song was started up, band or no band. Speakers had to assist and everybody give way to that song when the spirit of loyalty found lodgement in the musical tongues of those present. Rich and poor, plebeian and patrician mingled in the demonstration, which will go down in local history. The many speeches of ex-captain Bervey Armstrong and Major Borden, and the unwonted ardor of the men about to plunge into the uncertainties of war, and Father Davenport's outburst of loyalty evoked the wildest hurrahs from the crowd and though it was zero weather outside, and the people were pretty well frozen before and after the meeting yet the send-off at the depot was a grand tribute of loyalty which would

undoubtedly gladden the hearts of Imperialists the Empire over.

Unfeeling Matinee

The unfeeling manner, in which a party of St. John's best bred young ladies criticised one of the lady members of the Stock Company in the Opera House during last Saturday's matinee bordered on actual cruelty. A talented actress, but whose proportions are



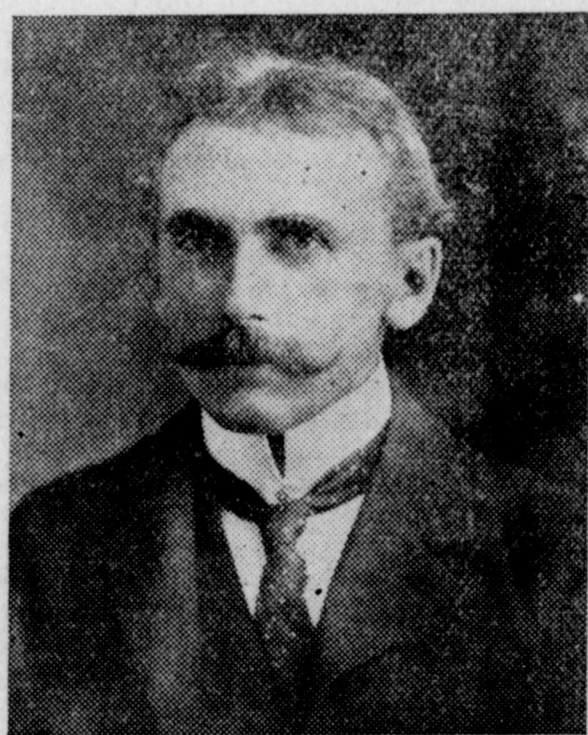
DR. J. V. ELLIS, M. P.

not as gigantic as some of her critics, and who was at times placed in marked contrast to her overtowering lover in the east, was the cause of all the hilarious merriment. Though the lines being spoken called for everything else but outbursts of laughter yet the annoying wave of haw-haws from the unfeeling and thoughtless matinee girls, must certainly have been a stinging cut to the talented and well-mannered members of the excellent company now on the O. H. boards as well as being a source of disturbance to those who looked at the situation in its right light.

NEWMAN FOR BRUSSELS ST. BAPTIST.

Rev. Mr. Waring Preaches His First Sermon and Outlines His Course.

After nearly a year without a permanent pastor the congregation of Brussels street



LIEUT. ARNOLD.

Lieut. A. H. Arnold joined the 8th Hussars in 1898 as provisional second lieutenant. He holds a certificate from the Royal School of Cavalry at Toronto. Some months ago he was promoted to first lieutenant. Lieut. Arnold is a skilled horseman and a good all-round cavalry officer, besides being a splendid rifle shot.

Baptist church have secured the services of Rev. H. F. Waring, a St. John boy; son of the late John Waring, of Millford, N. S. for over three years. Mr. Waring is a young man of marked ability, a graduate of Acadia University and a preacher, whose particular style is rather dramatic. His text in his initial sermon was from Ephesians 6: 19-20, "And for me that utterance may be given unto me, that I

may open my mouth boldly, to make known the mystery of the gospel * * * * For which I am an ambassador in bonds: that herein I may speak boldly, as I ought to speak."

A very large congregation greeted the



MAYOR SEARS.

new minister at both services last Sunday, and through the week the social and prayer gatherings were especially well attended. Brussels street church people feel imbued with new life and zeal, now that their pulpit is filled to their satisfaction and already earnest preparations are being made for a grand celebration of the church's fiftieth anniversary in March next.

A striking feature of Mr. Waring's first sermon was his heartfelt appeal to his new flock for their co-operation and prayers. He said he would never preach with the intent to aim personally at those before him, but would doubtless cause some of his hearers to have some smarting conscience pangs. He wanted those who were disposed to criticise him to substitute their criticism by prayer in his behalf, and if such course were pursued everything would go along successfully and peacefully.

Mr. Waring lives at No. 24 Paddock, with his wife and infant child.

Mrs. Kruger.

Everybody knows with what witty care England's great leader was looked after by Mrs. Gladstone. Africa's sturdy old patriot has also a devoted wife, who watches his public utterances perhaps as jealously as Mrs. Gladstone did those of her husband.

When the executive council is discussing state measures in the reception room Mrs. Kruger generally sits in a little room just across the hall, and although to an ordinary observer her mind seems to be entirely occupied with her knitting, she knows everything that is going on in the opposite room.

Mrs. Kruger is a very important personage in South Africa, even if she does look after her own cooking and live in the most unostentatious way. She is a member of the celebrated Duplessis family, which is related to Cardinal Richelieu. She is the mother of fourteen children, seven of whom are living.

Poultney Bigelow's Tart Retort.

Poultney Bigelow, the author and traveler, whose new book on German affairs is a matter of some moment in the world of letters, was a schoolmate for several years of the Emperor of Germany, with whom he has ever since been on friendly terms. At one time thoughtless people chaffed him concerning his comradeship until he became tired and irritable at the remarks of the kind. It culminated at a dinner in a New York club, where one of the guests told a story of personality. It the pause which followed Mr. Bigelow remarked:

"You remind me of—"
 "Not the Emperor William," interrupted the facetious story teller.
 "Oh! no," replied Mr. Bigelow quietly; "the Kaiser is a gentleman."

"I thought you intended to go into society drama."

"I did," replied the ambitious young woman, "but I found I only had money enough to equip myself for burlesque. Clothes are so costly, you know."

"Do you enjoy the holidays?"
 "No. We have had so many invitations out that I feel as if I had been participating in a 6-day turkey-eating contest."

Letters from the Front.

Recent mails have brought many letters from the boys at the front and prove of great interest to their friends in this city and throughout the province. PROGRESS has received the following for publication and the letter from Mrs. Veeder, an American lady now in South Africa, shows the feelings of the United States people there in regard to the struggle between Great Britain and the Boers:—

THE OAKS, WELLINGTON,
 Cape Colony, South Africa.
 Dec. 5, 1899

The enclosed letter was given to me by

uncertain sound as to the bond of friendship that unites these two powerful nations. All we who live here under the British flag hope for a speedy end to this war, and hope that these gallant boys may return to their homes, and that all Canada and America will turn out to do them honor.

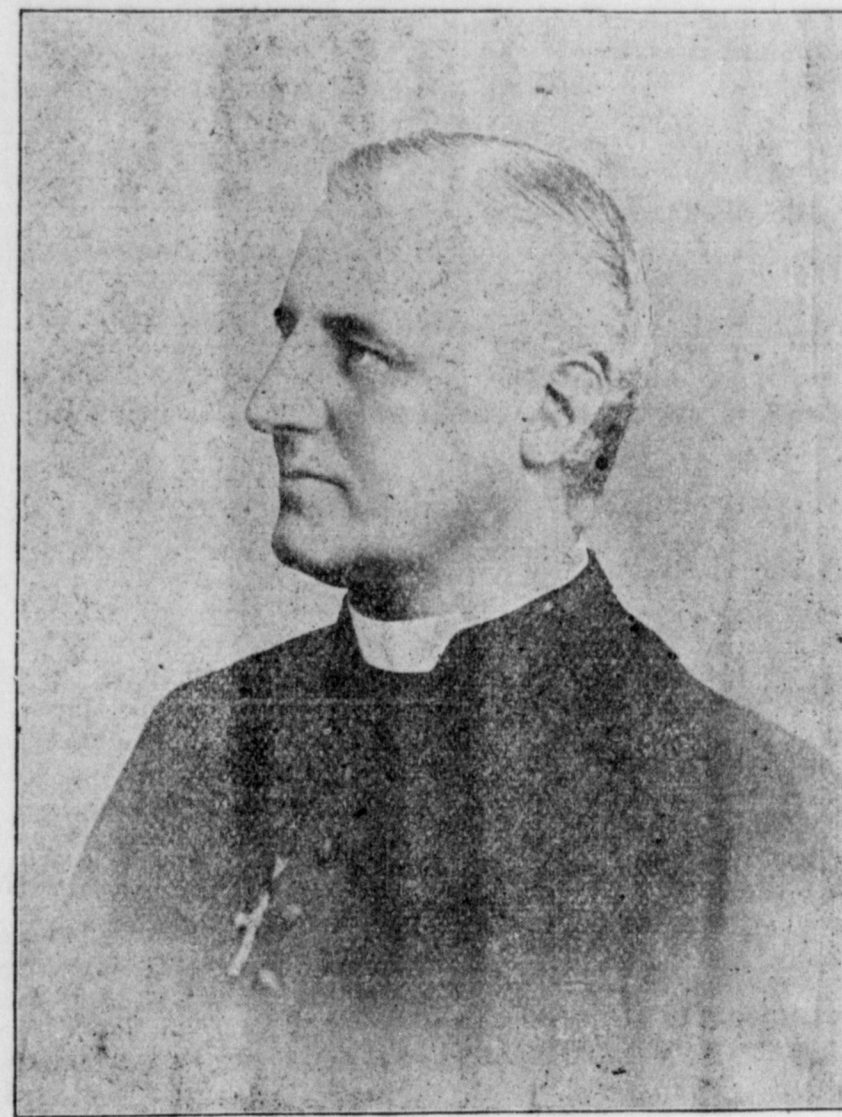
With kindest wishes, very sincerely yours,
 MRS. ELLA S. VEEDER.
 Formerly of Boston, Mass.

Mr. G. B.'s Letter.

GREEN POINT CAMP,
 Cape Town, Nov. 30, 1899.

DEAR WALTER,—I must write you a

line before we leave for the front. I write this in the Soldier's House Tent. We arrived yesterday in the bay and came up in the afternoon. We were cheered by the Gordon Highlanders (aboard a transport), and we cheered them. I never seen such fun in all my life, and to think it was real, as to see the boys throwing cents on the wharf and the blacks fighting for them. We were received by the Cape Garrison Artillery. After we came ashore we were marched up to camp. Here I see all kinds of soldiers and the corps we read about, but they are all dressed alike in khaki.



REV. J. M. DAVENPORT.

Mr. Alex. Globe, one of the Canadian volunteers, to mail for him, as he could not leave the line while the company were receiving their rations. After leaving Cape Town this is the first stop the troops make; here they stay long enough to feed and water their horses. Naturally all loyal people had a great desire to see these brave fellows who have come so far to help their brethren in this war for equality and justice.

Myself with several other Americans were at the station to give these brave boys a welcome and hearty God speed, as we felt they specially belonged to us, who had recently come from the United States. To all appearances the men were in the best of health and spirits, and were anxious to get to the front. A number of us have taken the names of some, and hope to be able to follow them, hoping to show them



LIEUT. PARKS.

Another Hussar officer who so wanted to serve the "Widow of Windsor" (that he gave up his stripes and entered the ranks. He is son of Mr. J. H. Parks the large cotton mill owner and was up to a short time ago connected with the Crow's Nest Pass Railway engineering staff.

kindness. It was a goodly sight to see so many with their Bibles and to hear the good record their chaplain gave of them. We judged many of these were university boys as they gave their college call and sang the "Maple Leaf" as the train pulled out.

A gentleman of our party held in his hand an American flag, and as it caught the attention of the men whirling past, the shouts that rose from their throats gave no

Among the corps here are the Scots Guards (going to the front tonight), Grenadier Guards and Gordon Highlanders. Fifty of the latter left this afternoon; all they take with them being great coats, haversack with towel, soap and hoddie. I was talking to several men that were up in Durban and came down wounded. The wounded are coming in continually. The Boer prisoners are in the county prison alongside the camp here, some two hundred in number. One fellow was shot right through the left cheek and out the right, and never hurt him any to speak of. Another prisoner, who is almost better now got shot in his breast and out his arm; he showed me the sweater he had on and the hole.

On Dec. 1, we boarded the train for the front, and this part of the letter is written on the train as it may be the last time. We got a great cheer as we left Cape Town. Last night we were in town and had a great time. The soldiers more than treated us good and praised us. The Gordon Highlanders left for the front last night. A great many that were wounded came down to the hospital, and as they are now pretty well fixed up are doing duty about camp. This is a fine country and as we pass along we see the white houses, here and there a mud hut and fine plantations. There are high mountains of rock in front of them. Two of the Frederickton school chaps went out last night and did not turn up, but as we were leaving they were brought in in charge of the guard. I must now close as we are going to supper. Good bye, ALEX.

The following letter has been received from Wm. Swatridge the contingent then being stationed at De Aar. Under date of Dec. 4, he writes as follows:—

"I have been very well since I left home. We arrived on Wednesday and are now about 500 miles from Cape Town and we don't know when we will be fighting. We expect to start for Kimberley in a day or two, and then go with Gen. Buller to Pretoria. He said he would have his Xmas dinner in that place. We did not get what they promised us on the boat. I was satisfied, but some of them that thought they were getting ill-used were saying what they were going to have in the papers when we get home. Minard Foster is in the same tent with me and wishes to be remembered to his friends. Give my best wishes to all the boys and the T. of H. and T."