

PROGRESS.

PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, at 29 to 31 Canterbury street, St. John, N. B. by the PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY (LIMITED.) W. T. H. FENNETT, Managing Director. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

Remittances.—Persons sending remittances to this office must do so either by P. O., or Express order, or by registered letter. OTHERWISE, WE WILL NOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SAME. They should be made payable in every case to PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO., LTD.

Discontinuance.—Remember that the publishers must be notified by letter when a subscriber wishes his paper stopped. All arrears must be paid at the rate of five cents per copy.

All letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

Letters should be addressed and drafts made payable to PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO., LTD., ST. JOHN, N. B.

Agents in the city can have extra copies sent them if they telephone the office before six p. m.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JAN. 20

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

THE UNDERWRITER'S WARNING.

There is a good deal to be said on both sides of the question of fire protection. The notice of the underwriters, which appears in this paper and has already been generally read in the daily press is not couched in language calculated to soothe the feelings of the aldermen. We have learned from experience that some of our civic representatives are somewhat touchy and quite easily irritated and the gentlemen connected with the insurance business might have taken a hint from recent events and been more politic. But they rushed to their fate and now, if we may judge from the speeches that have been made upon the subject, there is just a possibility that St. John may have an insurance department added to its already somewhat cumbersome civic machinery.

It is quite natural that the fire underwriters should wish St. John to be as thoroughly protected from fire as possible and their risks lessened. They demand that the water pressure shall be increased and, if the statements of the engineer are correct, this would involve an enormous expense. It has been pointed out—and there is no doubt a great deal of truth in the statement—that the portion of the county from which St. John draws its water supply is being rapidly stripped of its woods and this will naturally affect the quantity of the supply. Where then is the water to come from, Loch Monomd Lake appears to be the only place and it is within the memory of a large number of people that the city gave away an important concession not long ago in connection with this very body of water. It is little wonder that the aldermen are alarmed at the prospect of another bill for land damages. Their unfinished experience at Spruce Lake has been most unpleasant and they will hesitate before going ahead so blindly again.

If St. John becomes a large city—as we hope to see it in a few years—the necessity for an increased water supply would be apparent but the urgent need of the extension does not appear just now. The city has placed a pumping station at Silver Falls and the absence of complaint on account of scarcity of water on the higher levels has been noticeable this winter. Now, if the fire department is brought up to the standard recommended by the chief of the department the underwriters would no doubt be satisfied. We need a chemical engine, or two of them for that matter, also an improved ladder truck and, some say, another powerful engine for the south end. With these additions the people could depend upon greater safety than ever.

The West End was never so well protected from fire as it is to-day, and when the new water main is opened the underwriters should be able to take up the question of a reduction in the rates of insurance in that section. When the North End of the city is rebuilt, who will say that the danger of such a fire as took place there last summer, will not have greatly diminished?

The underwriters should bear in mind the fact that the fire department has been improved in many respects in a few years. The men are more comfortable, the engine houses are more modern, there is another salvage corps and a better supply of hose than has ever been in the possession of the department. It is not strange therefore at the implied threat in the notice of the fire underwriters should raise a breeze of indignation. If it succeeds in

making the aldermen act every one will be pleased.

THE JURY LISTS.

It is doubtful if Sheriff STURDEE ever gave a thought about the religion of the men he summoned to serve on juries, but now that his attention has been directed by the Freeman to the fact that fewer Catholics are asked to do jury duty than their numbers in the community entitle them to, he will no doubt give more citizens of this persuasion the benefit of his attention after this. While jurymen are very necessary this duty of citizenship is not sought after by the active man of business. One dollar a day will not pay him for absence from his business and there are plenty of men who have requested the sheriff not to call upon them. There are other citizens, however, with nothing much to occupy their attention who are willing and, in many cases, glad to serve their country in this way and at the same time add to their income. Those who attend our courts must have been impressed by the fact that the same men are present in the capacity of jurymen session after session. Sometimes the name of "professional jurymen" has been applied to them. The work is congenial to them and it is contended by some that experience in the jury-room is of use to a man in arriving at a fair verdict. Be this as it may the sheriff will no doubt make a note of the reminder especially when he considers, as the Freeman says, that he is "an appointee of the provincial government which owes more or less to its Catholic supporters in this city and throughout the province" and in the future will "remember the voice of the people as expressed in February last and seek to put Catholics on rather than keep them off the lists."

"PEACE WITH HONOR" AGAIN.

If the minutes of that "Peace with Honor" meeting are placed upon the records of the city the historical society of a hundred years hence will have plenty of fun at the expense of the council of today. The discussion at the council meeting yesterday was not conducted in that calm frame of mind that one might expect. There is no doubt of the opinion of the people regarding the course pursued by Aldermen CHRISTIE and MILLIDGE. In spite of His Worship's assertion that the requisition was not presented to him these aldermen were obstinate in their contention that the meeting was legal and the minutes should be confirmed. They went even to the extent of overriding the Mayor's refusal to put the motion of confirmation. But having refused to put the motion confirming the minutes the mayor would have been equally justified in refusing to accept the motion to overrule his decision. The willingness of Alderman CHRISTIE to abide by the views of the people is well assumed. His narrow escape last year from defeat by a gentleman who has had nothing to do with politics does not argue well for his chance today. He is the most powerful man at the council because he is chairman of the two important and large spending departments—public works and water supply. Still this fact should not exempt him from paying the ordinary courtesy to the mayor of the city. His favorite expression that he "could not be bulldozed by the mayor" was coined soon after Mr. SEARS was elected to the office and his use of it has been frequent since. The case should be reversed however. It is the aldermen who tries to do the "bulldozing" and it is little wonder that the mayor objects. It is time the last word was heard on the "Peace with Honor" business.

PROVIDE FIRE ESCAPES.

The citizens are indebted to A. D. MCGOLDRICK, as chairman of the safety board, for directing the attention of the building inspector and the chief of the fire department to the fact that the large public schools are without proper fire escapes. They should be provided at once. Think for an instant what an awful thing it would be if a fire should start in one of the lower rooms in the Victoria school. Pupils are no doubt accustomed to fire drill but the little ones who now attend that building of many stories would be easily panic stricken. We do not wish to alarm the parents but this appears to us something that should not be neglected. The cost of placing suitable escapes on all the school buildings would not be great but at any rate that should not enter into the consideration of the question. For years an iron ladder has been on the side wall of the Victoria school that a level headed fireman would hesitate to descend, much less young children.

The duty of the trustees is plain and if they do not see to it that fire escapes are provided the building inspector can compel them to act. The chairman of safety did not confine his remarks to the condition of the school buildings but reminded the officials that they should inspect the opera house, hotel,

and all places where a fire is likely to cause loss of life. Now that the subject has been brought up it should not be allowed to drop.

"Do you ever notice," asks the Lewiston Journal, "when travelling on a steam railway that every lawyer of prominence, no matter where he may reside, always has a pass? The fellows that draft the bills for our rural legislators and subsequently interpret the laws are carefully looked after by corporations likely to be the subject of legislation." In this country every lawyer is not a politician but those who are, are not forgotten by the railways. We know of representatives who travel on a pass from New Brunswick and Nova Scotia to Ottawa and return on these magic bits of paste board and yet draw their mileage regularly. It was not long ago that an M. P.—he is no longer one—rented his annual pass regularly until it was taken from him!

They have a curious way of doing things in France. A short time ago in order to preserve some appearance of decency they arrested a caricaturist as he pictured Queen Victoria being spanked by PAUL KRUGER. The charge was outraging public morals but the court acquitted the accused on the ground that in spite of the grossness of the satire, it did not have the obscene character which would justify the charge.

The greatest possible attention should be paid to the outbreak of small pox in the province. It seems already to have spread to several localities and so far no effort has been made to prevent its introduction into the largest city in New Brunswick. We have daily trains and mails from the infected districts and yet there is no inspection of passengers or disinfection of mails. Surely this is negligence.

Congratulations to Mr. H. A. MCKEOWN upon his introduction into the government. There is not much money in being a "forcastle" member, but it may be a stepping stone to something better. His best friends will hope there is no necessity of an election on account of it.

Lawyers and judges often consistently differ in their opinion but what must be said of the New Jersey Recorder who held that Sunday shaving was a necessity and then fined the butchers for selling meat on the Sabbath. There are many people who think meat a necessity.

Hon. A. S. WHITE is no longer attorney general. The office will not suffer from the fact but it does not give the roads and bridges of the country greater attention than he did the law business of the crown the people will soon find a substitute.

Popular Skating Resort.

The effort of Manager Tufts of the Queen's Rink to keep his skating establishment fully up to the times and a most desirable place to attend, for even the most particular ladies, is being fully appreciated by the general public as the increasing attendance at that rink would indicate. Poor ice is indeed a rarity at the Queen's and this fact alone assures it of unbounded patronage. The dressing rooms are well kept and commodious and a corps of attendants look after the wants of those skating. Parents recognize the Queen's as a rink where they can send their children with perfect safety and in the evenings the delightful music of the Artillery band under Prof. Horseman makes the hours of especial pleasure. Central, and run on purely up to date principles the Queen's is becoming more and more popular and with its Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday band programmes and Friday night hockey matches, it still maintains its past record as a most enjoyable resort. On Monday evenings the society folk have the rink for their Monday Evening Skating Club, and this coming Monday they will hold a carnival. Now that hockey has taken a boom once more and games with the sister city teams are being arranged, the Charlotte street skating rink is frequently the scene of great hockey enthusiasm, but even last night's big games did certainly not reach the high pitch of interest, which will be attained when the Winter Portites and the would-be Winter Portites get chasing the rubber.

Her Children Were Her Jewels.

The advantage of keeping cool under trying circumstances was illustrated by the conduct of Mrs. Joseph Pulitzer when she found herself enveloped by the smoke of her burning residence. Instead of giving way to her emotions, she calmly went to the chambers where her children were located and conducted them from the burning house in safety, while her companion and the governess gave way to fright and lost their lives. Some very choice objects of art were destroyed by the fire, three fine portraits of Mrs. Pulitzer, by Carolus Duran, Leon Bonnat and Munkacsy, re-

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

pectively, being among them. There are some rare bronzes and tapestries, too, among the missing, but quite likely Mrs. Pulitzer's jewels will be recovered from the ruins. These include a diamond necklace, bought at the sale of the French crown jewels for which Mr. Pulitzer paid \$120,000, and Mrs. Pulitzer's famous pearl necklace, valued at \$150,000.

Never Sated. The traditional attitude of the pessimist toward all things is represented thus in a dialogue with a Georgia farmer, reported by the Atlanta Constitution: 'How do you like this weather?' 'Not much; I'm feared it's goin' to rain.' 'Well, how's times with you?' 'Sorter so so—but they won't last.' 'Folks all well?' 'Yes; but the measles is in the neighborhood.' 'Well, you ought to be thankful you're a livin'.'

A Boston Herald Joke. The elopement, some time ago, of the Princess Chimay with the gypsy who bore the name of Janos is now followed by the announcement of the forthcoming wedding of the Countess Chimay to Count Hunyadi. This conjunction of names is something quite laxative.

The Missing Link. We're getting very chummy with old England, yes, sirree! We speak of ties of blood that none can sever; The poets tell us we must clasp our hands across the sea, As brother men, forever and forever.

Of Lexington and Concord, and likewise Bunker Hill, We've ceased to speak with fervid exultation. While 'rebels' such as Washington produce a sudden chill. Whenever they're dragged into a conversation.

'They say' that England helped us out in our affair with Spain, Stood ready with her men and ships to back us; The bluff she made, they tell us, was sufficient to restrain The other nations eager to attack us.

And now, 'they say,' we're paying back the mighty debt we owe, For while we cannot fight those Afrikanders, We try to have Victoria feel in some way, 'don't you know?' We'd love to give her foes some underhanders.

Whenever we hear the Boers have piled the British in a heap, Our depth of grief we can't refrain from showing; We gather on the common, where our tears like rain we flow, Until the frog pond fills to overflowing.

We're glad to see our mighty lands in loving conjunction, And know our words have not a speck of frost on; Perhaps some day proud England's child, Miss Canada can coin A quarter for street car fares in Boston.

The Man With the Hoe. THE OTHER SIDE. Lo, here I stand, the independent man, The first of men, who won, when Times was young, By strength of arm, from Nature's places up; And needful thing for those who looked to me.

And down the lagging acres subtle brains Have multiplied inventions numberless, Evil and good, but none to supersede My trusty hoe. While thrones have risen and gone To darkness, it shines brighter than of yore When forged by Tubal-cain.

Ye bookworms pale, Why point at my slant brow and rugged hands? Why wonder at my tattered bent and wry? When on me rests the burden of the world With your own feeble selves? Great Atlas I, King, nobles, millionaires, all base on me, I, self-sufficient, have no need of them; They, should I leave them, soon would starve and die.

Ye pinched and pent in cities, look at me, I breathe the dewy freshness of the earth In open fields resounding with the song And jubilation of bird and beast—while ye Jostle each other in the smoke and grime For leave to labor at the beck of gold.

Ye herding flocks, come out where there is room; Come out, and all the earth's waste places up; Make howling deserts laugh with running brooks, Turn pathless woods to green rejoicing fields; Do the vast loneliness plains with cheerful homes, Work for yourselves—live healthily, content, On your own land's productions. Doing thus, The last cursed anarchist will pass from earth.

After the Battle. It was out in the rain and the wind and the groans I tended the wounded, for an I friend; I thought with myself that the very stones Of the grim veldt side, If they could, would have cried, 'Doctor! don't touch them; let death make an end!'

And presently, propped by a boulder gray, A gray and arid old Boer I saw: His who a right hand had blown away; But quiet and calm. He was reading a Psalm From a blood stained book of the ancient Law.

'Make haste and help me,' the old Psalm ran, 'Deliver me! haste to help me, Lord! Let those who seek my hurt to a man Be put to shame. That so Thy name Be great upon all who trust Thy word.'

'Poor am I, Lord; Thou knowest how poor; This hand shall never hold a sickle again, Lord, succor me!' groaned the gray beard Boer; 'I carry not a home! To take a home! Lord, haste Thee, and help me out of this pain.

And there, as he prayed in the rain and the wind, The gray old Boer from the Orange Free State The man who had fought for cattle and kind With his sons, and sons'— Some less than their guns To free his land from the men of their hate—

Caught by the Camera. Biography machines were busy during the Dawsey celebration in New York, and many unconscious persons had their pictures taken. Now that the pictures are being exhibited, faces are sometimes recognized with mixed emotions. One such case is related by the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Among the treasures displayed by a biograph man in the Crescent City is a series showing a crowd of spectators surging along lower Fifth Avenue. The figures in the foreground include a chubby young man in a Scotch cap, holding a box camera in both hands and evidently taking snap shots at the throng. He appears at the lower right-hand corner of the scene, crosses rapidly toward the left, and just before the film ends, turns his face so that he is looking directly at the people in the theatre, and smiles.

This individual was immediately recognized as a young man whose abrupt departure from Orleans not long ago was the cause of great grief among numerous creditors and overconfident friends. He passed as a newspaper correspondent, and developed a good deal of talent as an alround 'beat.' When his counterfeited presentment flashed into motion on the biograph screen a deep groan went up from victims in several parts of the theatre. Most deeply grieved of all who saw the first exhibition in New Orleans was a man himself in the photographic line. He not only recognized the chubby young man, but he recognized the camera in the young man's hand as one stolen from him just before the youth so hastily started for the North.

O'Connell's Courage. Daniel O'Connell, the famous Irish agitator and orator, had a contempt for physical danger. On a certain occasion as his only surviving son has recently narrated in Temple Bar, a meeting had been convened, and a large crowd assembled in a room on the first floor of a building in a small city in Ireland.

O'Connell was about to address the people when a gentleman, pale with fear, made his way to the platform and hoarsely whispered: 'Liberator, the floor is giving way! The beams that shore it up are cracking, and we shall all fall through in a few minutes!' 'Keep silent,' said O'Connell; then, raising his voice, he addressed the assembly:

'I find that the room is too small to contain the number who desire to come in, so we must leave it and hold the meeting outside the building.'

At this a few rose and went out, but the majority retained their seats. Then O'Connell said: 'I will tell you the truth: you are Irishmen, therefore brave men. The floor is giving away and we must leave this room at once. If there is a panic and a rush to the door, we shall all be precipitated into the room below, but if you obey my orders we shall be saved. Let the twelve men nearest the door go quietly out, then the next twelve, and so on till all have gone. I shall be the last to leave.'

His instructions were obeyed to the letter, and he waited, patient and calm, till all had gone out in safety. Then he walked quietly across the sundering, cracking floor, reaching the door just as the shattered beams gave way. And thus, by the force of his strong will, a terrible accident was averted.

Yes—What. A good story is going the rounds at Harvard College, concerning a last year's graduate; a dutiful son and an industrious student, yet withal a somewhat literal youth. At the beginning of his concluding year, father, who was just setting out for Europe said to him:

'Now, Harry, you get your degree, and I'll send for you to come over and travel all summer.'

Harry was delighted. 'Father,' said he, 'I will.' He studied faithfully all the college year, and in June went through, with flying colors. Then he cabled his father:

'Yes, what?' But the father, alas! had forgotten his impulsive offer. He mused over the message, wondered, and then cabled back: 'Yes, what?'

The son was in turn perplexed, not being a well trained lad, he did not remain long in the dark, and fired by duteous zeal cabled back:

'Yes sir.' Letters of explanation followed, and he is now making the 'grand tour.'