

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. FENNEY, 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.

Discontinuances.—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, FEB. 10

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

OUR INTEREST IN THE WAR.

Observing the intense interest and enthusiasm of so many of the people in the war that is going on in South Africa a stranger must be impressed with the loyalty toward the mother land in this Canada of ours. The success or failure of each general at the front is looked for as eagerly in St. John as anywhere in the British Empire. The fact that we have not the same facilities for getting information, that what does reach us is several hours later than London hears it does not affect us, save to make us more impatient to know what is going on at the front. Nothing is talked of so frequently and earnestly as the war movements in South Africa; the success of Buller's attempt to advance, the gallant defence of Ladysmith or the probabilities as to what those dashing generals, FRENCH and McDONALD may accomplish.

With such a feeling existing, it is but natural that men should not tolerate those who are favorable to the Boers, who lose no opportunity to argue upon their side, and claim that the war was unprovoked and unjust. These sentiments are very properly termed disloyal at this time and those who express them must bear the consequences. It is not too much to say that the merchant who openly expresses himself as a Boer sympathizer, might just as well go out of business.

There is no doubt that too much of this feeling exists in St. John. We hear of it every day. These are plenty too ready to repeat, and in many cases exaggerate, pro Boer expressions. They do harm because they create bad feeling and, exaggerated as they may be, are sure to injure the man using them in the first place. All of us may not be able to agree but when popular feeling is excited it is unwise sometimes to disagree with it in so pronounced a fashion as many have done of late.

THE POLICE ASSOCIATION.

Those who subscribed to the police fund will be glad to note that some business method has been associated with it at last. A meeting of the policemen has been held and trustees elected. A statement of the fund was also submitted and this must have been a source of much gratification to those present. It amounts now to between six and seven hundred dollars but \$150 has been spent, one officer receiving \$100 and another \$50. Considering the size of the fund these grants appear to be large but no doubt there were special circumstances connected with the cases. Some general scheme of aid for those sick is now proposed and this is what is needed. The pay of a policeman does not permit him the luxury of idleness, frequently when he is unfit for duty, and as the city has apparently established the rule of half pay in all such cases the necessity for sticking to their posts seems to be very urgent to many of the men who have large families.

But if regular relief is to be given to the men some plan of assessment should be prepared. A certain portion of each man's wages should be set apart for the fund, and experience would soon determine what amount this should be. If the idea of four dollars a week relief is carried out a patrolman who is getting \$1.45 a day would receive about nine dollars a week instead of ten—his regular wages. This, of course, includes the city allowance of half pay.

If some such plan as this were carried out with system and correctness the police force would have a greater attraction for

good men than it has at present. There are seven days of work in the life of a policeman. He has no Sunday to rest. He must work at night half of his time and perhaps more; he cannot escape the rigors of the storm; rain or shine he is expected to be on duty. The monotony of his task makes it even more difficult. For all this he gets \$1.45 cents a day—not an extravagant sum by any means. Whenever age comes upon him, unless he has managed to save from this pittance, he is unfit for any task except perhaps that of janitor or watchman. It, as in some cities there was a pension fund he would have something to look forward to—a period of retirement and comfort when he arrived at a certain age. Under all these circumstances any effort to improve the lot of the policemen should be welcomed by them and approved of by the citizens.

THE BARBARA FRIETCHIE INCIDENT.

The BARBARA FRIETCHIE flag incident that has been told again and again in poetry and prose has lost its pleasing features in the light of facts at this late day. WHITTIER'S poem has been recited wherever the English language is spoken and there is no doubt that the stirring and patriotic lines have done their share of good among the young people. But now Mrs. JOHN H. ABBOTT of Maryland says that it is time the many stories were set right and the facts stated, and so she writes that, "The flag owned and waved by BARBARA FRIETCHIE is a silk one, and is now in my possession, having become my property at the death of my mother, who was the niece and heir of Mrs. FRIETCHIE.

"I stood by the side of Aunt BARBARA while the troops passed her house, and while many of the soldiers shook hands with her asking her name and age. She did not present a flag to anyone that day, but the following morning, Sept. 14 as she stood at her door or window, Gen. RENO dismounted, and after taking her by the hand and asking her age, asked to be permitted to enter her house and have a short conversation with her, as she was the oldest person he had ever met. He was invited in, and by her was handed a glass of her home made currant wine. Then he asked to bring in and introduce his son or younger brother (we do not remember which.)

During his call Gen. RENO expressed a great desire to buy her flag, which she could not grant, but gave him a cotton flag which she had at hand. I have always thought it a smaller flag than the one his son describes, but I may be in error. When, later in the day, intelligence reached our town of the death of G. N. RENO no one mourned it more than Aunt Barbara and from that time until her death, three months later, she frequently expressed deepest sympathy.

"There seems to be no end to the discussions concerning BARBARA FRIETCHIE. Articles amusing and disgusting have been written, some containing grains of truth, others entirely the product of the writer's imagination. We have carefully avoided replying to any, but in this case deem it necessary to correct the error, and therefore repeat the statement that the silk flag waved by Barbara FRIETCHIE which occasioned the writing of the poem is now in my possession."

GIVE ST. JOHN FAIR PLAY.

If the STRATHCONA horse are sent to South Africa via Halifax the government will lose prestige in St. John. The attempt is being made to persuade us that the decision rests entirely with STRATHCONA but it is absurd to say that if the government recommended St. John as a port of departure, STRATHCONA would not accede to it.

St. John has a right to be named as the port of departure for at least one of the contingents. Quebec had her share, which was quite proper and since then Halifax has sent two steamers (and will send a third) with nearly 1200 men that formed the second contingent. Now when St. John asks for the STRATHCONA horse to be shipped from this port all manner of excuses are made, the weakest of which is that the matter rests with STRATHCONA. If the decision rested entirely with that gentleman it is not likely that he would ignore the terminous [of the Canadian Pacific Railway of which he is so large a stockholder. He knows what St. John is to that road, and he cannot fail to see what an advantage it would be to this port to have the STRATHCONA horse, recruited in the west, depart from St. John.

More than that the Canadian Pacific should use all the influence it has in favor of St. John. We have not sought aid from the government to build our wharves and equip our port but have spent the money from the city treasury and the Canadian Pacific has the use of the facilities thus provided. Some recognition of this enterprise, and of the fact that St.

John is a well equipped port should come from the government and now is the time for it. In order that no obstacle shall be in the way the Bridge company has offered to remit all tolls on the cars bearing the contingent which of course must come by the intercolonial since armed troops cannot pass through Maine. The Mayor, the board of Trade and the citizens have made every effort to obtain the departure of the Horse from this port. At this writing the decision has not been made but the chances seem to be in favor of Halifax.

A REASONABLE REQUEST.

It is just about as absurd for the council to expect the police department to be run without some funds on hand as it would be for a merchant to expect his employes to travel and do his work without money. It is a common occurrence for an officer to be sent out of town. The interests of justice demand it and it is unfair to expect the chief or any one else to put his hand in his pocket and advance the expenses. It seems an easy matter to get over. Why should not a certain sum of money be left with the chief or Mr. HENDERSON, the clerk of the court, for use in case of emergency? The argument that the police would always be on "wild goose" hunts if the funds were handy need not apply because if the money was in Mr. HENDERSON'S hands his judgment could be depended upon. The eagerness of any officer might lead him to search for criminals in territory where perhaps he had no business but it seems to us that the suggestion we have made would prevent such errors.

According to an observant European correspondent the young Queen of Holland has passed through an arduous ordeal of late. She has been deciding upon a photograph to go upon the Dutch postage stamp. The news must be received with satisfaction therefore that Queen WILHELMINA declares herself satisfied with the latest portrait which is to adorn the coin of her majesty's kingdom. She is only a woman, after all, and merely wanted to look her prettiest on the postage stamps which the faithful Dutch must lick, or on the money which circulates in all the far corners of her realm. It must be admitted the Queen's head has a jaunty, saucy pose, and her young profile has far more symmetry than is seen in the dies which she insists on discarding. The artist has trimmed down the royal ear without any regard to truth; but, then, it is the privilege of portrait painters to "idealize" and see what is best in their subject. The young Queen is a pretty girl, despite some irregularities of feature, and she is no fool. Therefore, she appreciates her good points for all they are worth, and tries to gloss over the bad ones.

The "Queries and Answers" column of the New York Sun is one that usually demands respect for its correctness and brightness but the reply to the Query "What is the war between England and the Boers about?" cannot be included for commendation. Here it is:

The war in South Africa is over the question, Shall the Boers govern their country as they want to govern it, or shall alien residents who do not want to become citizens govern it? The acuteness of the discussion previous to the war was due to the facts that the Transvaal is a very rich mining country, and that the alien residents are more numerous than the Transvaalers themselves.

The war in South Africa is not for territory or riches but because British and American people who had lived there for years were grossly imposed upon and not permitted the privileges of citizenship. They had taxation without representation and if the Act remembers it was just such an unwise act that lost the American colonies to England over a century ago.

Halifax should come to St. John and get a share of our enthusiasm. It may be that we are not used to such military displays as our friends over there but we can give our Canadian volunteers a royal send off. The frigidity of the atmosphere in Halifax the day the soldiers left was, we are told, something depressing. Why, at the Victoria rink Wednesday night when a two line telegram was read of BULLER'S probable success the cheers could be heard a mile.

Small Principle in This.

Its surprising how many well-to-do people take advantage of the free vaccination, a privilege which in reality is only for the poorer classes. It's not an uncommon sight to see these days men of business and fellows earning good salaries call at the various vaccinating stations and receive their little dose of serum free.

A Noisy Night Prowler.

A man who must either have been a drunk with a "crying jag," or an out-and-out lunatic, made noise, or rather early morning, extremely hideous Thursday with the most unearthly howls as he paraded Union and Brussels streets. It was about 3 o'clock in the morning that he started in

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

to shout and cry, the noise being heard blocks away. People jumped from their beds thinking murder was being done, and many a frosty window was hoisted to find out what was the trouble. The disturbance lasted for fully ten minutes. In the meantime no policemen were in sight although the blood curdling screams and howls of the night prowler woke up the whole locality.

Dr. Smith on Deck.

Dr. J. M. Smith, the North End dentist has signified his intention of once again offering himself for alderman in Landsdowne Ward. This is Dr. Wm Christie's strong hold, but the genial doctor of dentistry feels confident that he can unseat his opponent this year. Last election the contest was a close one, although Dr. Smith was confined to his home during the campaign.

A Pretty Calendar.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt calendar for 1900 is a beautiful example of the lithographer's art and represents a child in rosy health, no doubt an Abbey's Salt baby.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

Little Boy Blue's Date.

Beside the fence that flanked a dense and rustling A farmer's boy with vicious joy performed upon a horn. The vagrant airs, the fragrant airs around the flock flight before the fragrant airs that noisome archaic ayed.

He played with care The Maiden's Prayer, he blew God Save the Queen, Die Wacot an Rhein, and Auld Lang Syne, and Wearing of the Green, With fiddle toots, and bra' at toots, and shrill chromatic scales, And uterly inutile toots, and agonizing walls.

The while he played, around him strayed and calmly chewed the cud, Some thirty-nine assorted kine, all ankle-deep in mud. They stamped about and tramped about that mud till all the troop Made noises, as they rumped about, like school-boys eating soup;

Until at length they tried their strength upon the fence forlorn, The railing cleared, and then careered, carousing through the corn, And viciously, maliciously went prancing o'er the loam. That landscape expeditiously resembled harvest-home.

"Most idle ass of all your class," the farmer cried with scorn, "Alas! my son, what have you done? The cows are in the corn!" "Oh, brat!" said he, "Oh, drat!" said he. The cowherd seemed to roat.

"My friend, it's worse than that," said he, "the corn is in the cows!" The Moral lies before our eyes; when tending kine and corn Don't spend your noons in tooting tunes upon a Or, scolding and nosing, and with energy immense Your cows in y take a railing, and the farmer take offense.

—Saturday Evening Post.

The Friendly Hand.

When a man ain't got a cent, an' he's feelin' kind o' blue, An' the clouds hang dark an' heavy, an' won't let the sunshine through, It's a great thing, O my brethren, for a feller to do it right, His hand upon your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way.

It makes a m in feel carious; it makes the tear-drops start An' you sort o' feel a flutter in the region of your heart. You can't look up an' meet his eyes; you don't know what to say, When his hand is on your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way.

O the world's a curious compound, with its honey an' its gall, With its cars an' bitter crosses; but a good world aft'r all An' a good God must have made it—leastways, that's what I say When a hand rests on my shoulder in a friendly sort o' way.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

That Good Little Boy Next Door.

They say he's the best little boy in the town, He never does anything wrong; Though he wears an old jacket that's faded and brown, And say that he's never been known to frown, And he's as good as the day is long, And if I am ever so tired or play, And I leave all my toys on the floor, They make such a fuss, and they always say That my things had better be given away To that good little boy next door.

He must be a drea'fully good little boy, If he's like what I've heard them say, He loves to bring in the cows at night, And thinks it's silly to play with a kite, And would rather study than play, No matter how hard I try to do right, It's just no use any more; For it's: "Oh, don't, Teddy!" from morn'ing till night.

And: "Teddy, I wish you were half as polite As that good little boy next door." Why is it I hate to go after the cows, And study at school at day? Why is it I always break my toys, And can't get along without making a noise? And why do I like to play? But if I'm not anxious to pick up the chips, Or sleep on the garret floor, Or rock the baby on rainy days, They always speak of the willing ways O that good little boy next door.

I often watch for that good little boy That I hear so much about; But I never see his face at the door, Or hear him talking, and then, what's more, He ever seems to come out. But I think if I knew him quite well, you see, And coaxed him to tell me, or Watched how he does it, it seems to me, That some day or other I really might be Like that good little boy next door.

"Ship me somewhere east of Suez." Was the missionary's plea, "For these heathens in Kentucky Are too violent for me!"

Handsome and Interesting. The calendar issued by the Manufacturers Life Insurance Association of which Mr. J. Otty Sharp is provincial manager, is one of the most useful and interesting that has come under PROGRESS' notice. It is the map of the world with the British Empire in deep red. The steamship lines, more especially the route to South Africa are of great interest. The map and calendar have been much sought after and Mr. Sharp says that he has far more applications than he can supply.

His Warning. 'Beware,' said the sage of Kohack, addressing his callow nephew, 'of the girl who is studvin' elocation. She may have the most soulful sort of blue eyes, hair as yellow as scrambled eggs, a voice of liquid honey, and all this and that and so on; but all the same beware of her as you would of the deadly yew tree of the tropics or the equally deadly whiff tree of this latitude.

"A woman without the slightest trainin' in vocal athletics can jaw a husband sufficiently to wear the flesh off of him and break his spirit till his bump of hope becomes merely a dent. So beware of the girl who is armed with elocutionary experience.—Judge.

His Modest Yearn. 'Pardon me, madam,' said the weary traveller, addressing the mother of the leather lunged boy who had been howling for the last half hour with the persistence and continuity with which the water used to come down at Ladore, in the Third Reader, and is doubtless still coming down, 'out can anything be done to pacify and—er—er—entertain the baby? Is there—ah—anything that would please the little fellow?'

Yes, sir,' was the ingenious reply. 'He wants to have the train run over a cow.'—Harper's Bazar.

An Easy Task. 'The society blue book,' said the conscientious one, thoughtfully. 'I should think it would be an irksome task to at tempt to decide who should go in and who remain out. I suppose that the blue book editors take into consideration the people's family and social position and worth.'

'Not at all! They have a much simpler way of deciding who belongs to society. 'May I ask what?'

'They simply ask if one is able and willing to pay the price of the book.'

A British Reconnoissance. 'My Lord, said one of the officers in the war balloon, 'you don't observe any traps, do you?'

'Traps?' said his lordship, the captain, gazing around him in the circumambient air. 'No; I'm sure there are no traps up here!'

They descended and reported to the general in command, who soon afterward found that the simplest, though not the most satisfactory way to discover a trap is to walk into it.—Puck.

A Warning. Hon. Arthur Balfour—"Reverses, my dear Mr. Bull! They were 'inevitable' or 'almost inevitable!'"

John Bull—"Rubbish, Mr. Balfour! It's your business to make them impossible, or 'almost' impossible!"—Punch.

Reversed. 'What! eighty years of age, and in love?'

'Yes; you know he is old enough not to know better.'

A Simpler Method. Not long ago an old lady of Boston remarked to her grandson: 'Speaking of yacht-races, how long has that cup been in this country?'

'Oh, since 1851, I believe he answered. 'And those Englishmen coming over here after it all the time?'

'Yes.' Gracious! I should think it would be cheaper for them to club together and buy a new cup!'

'What is your idea of a statesman?'

'H'm; well; a statesman is a politician who gets what he wants without letting his own party know where he got it.'

'What do you know about this affair?'

'asked the court. 'Nuthin', sir, yer 'anner,' replied Mike. 'I'm the policeman on the beat.'

Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired Duval 17 Waterloo