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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEB. 24

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

WHERE PRINTING COSTS MONEY.

The city of Boston has its own printing plant and it appears that it is an expensive luxury. If the fathers of the hub received their printing as cheaply as it is done in St. John the necessity for running such a civic establishment would not be apparent. The present republican mayor does not like the way this department has been managed in the past and it seems as if some effort would be made to run the municipal printing plant on a business basis with the idea of making it pay its running expenses. The task is difficult, it must be admitted says the Advertiser. Judging from some of the recent achievements of the printing plant, it can charge for ordinary documents at the rate that might be demanded for an edition de luxe. Yet the city council does not seem disposed to abolish the whole institution as yet, and therefore the mayor will probably give it a trial under the most favorable circumstances to find it in any possible way it can be made to pay expenses. A good many people think that Mayor HART has undertaken a hopeless task, but at least he has the courage of his convictions, and he is about to apply to the legislature for authority to make the attempt.

Of course if he does this he will have to reorganize the office clear through, just as he has been reorganizing other city departments, with a view to cutting down their pay roll and trying to operate them on something like a business basis.

THE SOLDIER IN BATTLE.

News letters and official reports from South Africa contain so many stories of military bravery that the world is compelled to wonder anew at the mystery of the human quality which is most conspicuous in battle. That the stories themselves are untrue, or that the facts are exaggerated, is extremely improbable; reports of extraordinary bravery of detachments and individuals will not be doubted by men who themselves have been "under fire."

The conduct of soldiers in action has been the subject of numerous explanations, none of which explained. It is the fashion of all nations to idealize their soldiers into men who became heroic through love of country and faith in the justice of their cause, but no view, whether casual or careful, of any body of troops will be rewarded by the spectacle of men of more than average human quality. Whether conscripts or volunteers, white, black, brown or yellow, soldiers' faces are very like those of civilians. Nor can their deeds in war be attributed to savagery of nature, for soldiers of the field are quite as peaceable and kind hearted as home bodies. In the days of solid military formations it was said that soldiers fought because they were pressed upon the enemy by the human mass behind them; when solid columns and squares were abandoned and men fought in lines only two ranks deep it was explained that they stood up to their work because any attempt to run would be stopped by the swords and bayonets of the "file closers" who stood behind each and every company.

But all the old-fashioned fighting methods have been ignored in South Africa, and as they have been for a quarter of a century by the British in India, yet the common soldier raised to the responsibility of an individual fighter, and with the individual fighter's chance to skulk,

lights even more bravely than his kind did in older days.

He used to have the incentive of loot and license should his side conquer, but even that is now denied him. When armies were recruited principally from the prisons, the slums and the highways, the bravery of the common soldier was attributed to callousness, apathy, and the lack of any incentive to live. When men followed only leaders of their own choosing bravery was supposed to be a result of hero-worship, yet the modern soldier will follow any stranger, of any rank who manifests willingness to lead. A full stomach, preferably with some alcohol on it, was supposed to be conducive to bravery, yet soldiers on half rations fight as bravely as any others.

Military bravery cannot be explained by the theory of fatalism, for soldiers as a class are not fatalists. Neither is it due to abnormal natural courage, for the soldiers are recruited from among all classes, including the gentlest. It does not come of temporary insanity caused by extreme mental and physical strain, for never are soldier's faculties more alert and well "in hand" than when in battle; the excitement at the beginning of an engagement is so great that a compensating calmness inevitably follows, and quickly, too. Possibly satisfaction at having an opportunity to do the work for which he has been trained is a partial cause of the soldier's bravery in action; the man who has learned any other trade spends half his waking hours at it, but the soldier who has given one hour in twenty four of his term of service to actual fight is a rarity.

Still, despite all theories and explanations, military bravery remains one of the most mysterious of human qualities, and the men who can best exemplify it are as powerless as any others to explain it.

HOW IS THIS FOR REFORM?

They are trying to stop the ringing of bells in Boston on the ground that it is injurious and annoying to the people. It is contended that the practice of ringing clanging, discordant, tuneless bells is a relic of the days when newspapers were few and the ordinary means of communication were excessively slow as compared with modern conditions. The practice has been kept alive in some American communities chiefly in New England, for reasons which apparently nobody can explain. Yet admittedly there is plenty of medical authority for the assertion that the practice is excessively harmful to many sufferers from nervous troubles. Some day one of these victims will sue the city for the injury and agony caused to himself or herself by noisy bell-ringing. It is easy enough to make out a case of that kind and probably the courts would uphold the plaintiff. When that happens, the bell ringing nuisance will probably end.

This is pretty far fetched but we can expect almost anything from some of the people in Boston who are looking around all the time to discover some fault finding topic.

Smallpox Patient Better.

Smallpox patient Allard is getting along nicely in the epidemic branch of the General Public Hospital, so is his mother, who was quarantined. The young man is rapidly improving, although the authorities have not as yet given him any satisfactory answer as to when he shall regain his liberty.

The Political Colonel.

Perhaps as striking a specimen as Canada can furnish of the political colonel—the bane of our Canadian militia system—is Colonel Domville, who has been acting in parliament the part of common scold against his heretofore superior officer, Major-General Hutton, a man whose Canadian career, whatever may be the much secreted circumstances of his departure, has certainly been resplendent; and who has perhaps done more to pull together a system honeycombed with political colonialism than any other man since it was founded—Montreal Witness.

Changed the Place.

It is said that Jared Sparks, chosen president of Harvard College in 1849, yielded promptly and courteously to the opinions and wishes of the faculty where no important interest was at issue; but wherever the welfare or honor of the college or its individual members was concerned, he adhered immovably to his own judgement.

A case in point, says Doctor Peabody, in his "Harvard Graduates Whom I Have Known," occurred when Kossuth was making his progress through the country. Mr. Sparks was one of the few who were disinclined to pay him homage. The then usual spring exhibition, normally held in the college chapel, was at hand, and it was understood that Kossuth would be present. The faculty voted unanimously, or nearly so, to hold this exhibition where the commencements were held, in the First Parish church.

Mr. Sparks declared the vote, but add-

ed: "It is for you, gentlemen, to hold the exhibition where you please. I shall go to the chapel in my cap and gown at the usual hour."

The vote, of course, was reconsidered.

A Distinction With a Difference.

Prospective Client: "You give legal advice here, don't you?" Old Lawyer: "No, we sell it."

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

A Woman's Work.

When breakfast things are cleared away The problem that is upper For the again sits down to think of something appetizing. The dinner she must soon prepare, Or give the cook directions, And ponder is the relief she feels When she has made selections.

When dinner things are cleared away The problem that is upper Is just the same with one word changed—"What can I get for supper?" She wants to give them something new, And ponder is the relief she feels Till choice is made, and then begins The work of preparation.

When supper things are cleared away Again her mind is worried, For then she thinks of breakfast time, When meals are often hurried. She ponders over it long until The question is decided, Then bustles 'round till she makes sure That everything's provided.

That "woman's work is never done" Has often been disputed, But that she's worried is a fact, And cannot be refuted. The worry over what to eat Is greatest of these questions, And glad she'd be if some one else Would make the meal suggestions.

The Worst Teacher.

That teacher was the worst we ever tackled: He wasn't so very tall, and he was light;—It is best to lay your egg before you've cackled, Though we never had a notion he could fight.

For he acted sort of meechkin when he opened up the school,—We sort of got the notion he was it—and we tagged good!

We gave him lots of jolly in a free and easy way, And showed him how we handled guys as got to actin' gay.

We showed him where the other one had torn away the door. When we lugged him out and dumped him in the snow the year ago.

And soon's we thought we had him scared, we sat and chawed and spit, And kind o' thought we'd run the school—concludin' he was it.

It worked along in that way, sir, till Friday afternoon,—We hadn't lugged him out that week, but 'owed to do it,—on.

That Fri' morn'g about 3 o'clock, he said there'd be recess, And said, "The smaller kids and girls can go for good, I guess."

And he mentioned smooth and smily, but with kind o' greenish eyes, That the big boys were requested to remain for exercise.

And when he called us in again he up and locked the door, Shucked off his coat and westin', took the middle of the floor.

And talked about gymnastics in a quiet little speech—Then he made a pass at Haskell who was nearest one in reach.

'Twas hot and swift and sudden and it took him on the jaw, And that was all the exercise the Haskell feller saw.

Then 'jumpin' over Haskell's seat, he sauntered up the aisle, A hittin' right and hittin' left and wearin' that same spe.

And when a feller started up and tried to hit him back, 'Twas slipper-slapper, whacko-cracker, whango-bump-crack!

And never, sir in all your life, did you see slippers whizz In such a blame, chain-lightnin' style as them 'ere hands of his.

And though we hit and though we dodged—or maybe we tried to and tried, He simpered 'round that room and licked us all with ease.

And when the thing was nicely done, he dumped us in the yard, as in the yard, He checked the padlock on the door and passed us all a card.

And this was what was printed there, 'Professor Joseph Tate, Athletics made a specialty and champion middle weight.'

That teacher was the worst we ever tackled, He wasn't so very tall and he was light,—It is best to lay your egg before you've cackled, Though we never had a notion he could fight.

—Holman F. Day.

The Old-Time Chimney.

These here steam-het buildin's Ain't a-suttin' me! Want the ol'-time chimney With the sparks a-flyin' free!

'Taters in the ashes— Fine as fine kin be! Fire jest a-tellin' The old-time tales to me!

Want the ol'-time fire— Chimney just so wide— Fam'ly in the middle, An' room on either side!

Fiddle in the corner— Watchdog on the mat; Gray girdle smokin', An' possum top of that!

Take yer steam-het buildin's— Don't keer fer yer steam: Want the ol'-time chimney War! I love to dream!

Tit For Tat

He'd popped the vital question, her answer had been prompt; And on his breast was glued her little head, While through their love-thrilled bosoms the god of rapture rumped.

As swiftly on the happy moments sped, The darting up her glances to mingle with his own This query at her darling one she shewed, Her accent half a dove coo and half a doubtful moan:

'Am I the only girl you ever loved?' He swallowed a lump that arose in his neck, His face wore a second hand's wash, His voice seemed a sad, unavailable wreck, Re-usable to banish the hush.

And into her eyes came a flicker of pain, Her lips pursed in questioning pout, And quick'y she fired the same query again, Her bosom a riddled with doubt.

Then came an inspiration like lightning from the skies; His heart retreated to its usual place, He sent his counter glances deep down into her eyes.

The hot, rose-tinted blushes quit his face, Like retentive music the painful sentence ran And struck her pinky ears with cruel spat, As quietly he asked her: "Am I the only man You ever loved that old conundrum at?"

She snuggled again awfully close to his breast; The heat of her blushes he felt Clear through his shirt front and reversible vest Till he thought they would blister his belt, And he grinned like a fiend from adown the dark stair.

Where the red fire unquenchably burns, And they handled their subs'quent sparking affairs Without going behind the retrains.

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

CROWD JOINED IN THE DRINK.

A Barroom Invitation That Was Misunderstood and Had to be Explained.

The usual crowd of loungers was in the bar room of an uptown resort the other night when a man who entered by the front door and glanced about the place, finally nodded to an old man seated at one of the tables. The new comer went straight up to the bar ordered a drink and then turning around to his friend called out:

"What will you have, fellows?" The crowd was all attention in a moment and a procession was immediately started in the direction of the bar. Everybody lined up, gave his order, and looked pleasant at the man who had called out. During this time the new comer and the old man, to whom he had nodded were having a quiet little chat. Finally both men clinked glasses and raising them to their lips, the whole crowd doing likewise while some said "Here goes" and others "Your best health sir." The man addressed did not appear to heed the expressions of good feeling extended by the men he had invited to drink. Slowly the crowd left the bar leaving the two friends together and then the man threw down a five dollar note on the bar. The bartender laid down just \$3 change.

"Here," exclaimed the man, "haven't you made a mistake?" The bartender began to count up the different drinks ordered when the man stopped him with:

"Say, I didn't ask that mob to drink." The bartender insisted that he had used the exact words used by him in doing so. But they were mistaken and so were you. I only asked my friend here, Mr. Fellows, to drink.

"Well, I'm sorry," said the bartender. "You left out the Mister, and said what sounded like fellows, so the crowd joined. The man saw the joke was on him and his friend, the old man, enjoyed it especially but he raised a laugh when he said with assured dignity:

Hereafter, young man always address me in a crowd as Mr. Fellows, and you'll save money."

Not Worried About the North Pole.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain did not have a very merry Christmas of it. He is held chiefly responsible for the war and England's unpreparedness, and although Englishmen say little at the best of times, and absolutely shut up when things are going badly, Chamberlain knows right well that the voters are "laying for him." He will not be hampered in the conduct of the business by word or deed, but when it is all ended he will be held strictly to account and have to pay to the uttermost farthing for any act of omission or lack of skill that he may have committed or shown, and he, better than any man in England, knows that. Therefore it was a very inopportune time to approach him for his support toward another expedition in search of the North Pole, and a certain number of enthusiasts did not long ago. After listening in grim silence to what they had to say, Chamberlain readjusted his eyeglass and calmly gazed upon the deputation for a telling time, then said: "Gentlemen, I am informed that the North Pole is in a place where it will keep sweet for a reasonable length of time. I am trying to discover Pretoria. Good day."

His Address.

The following, from an English paper, will be enjoyed by speakers who have found themselves called upon to address audiences already wearied by excessively long speeches: A certain man was invited to speak at a local gathering, and being nobody in particular, was placed last on the list of speakers. Moreover the chairman introduced several speakers whose names were not on the list, and the audience was tired out when he said, introducing the final speaker, "Mr. Bones will now give us his address."

"My address," said Mr. Bones, rising, "is 551 Park Villas, S. W., and I wish you all good night."

A Clever Teacher.

An incident which occurred at a private school in Louisville, and is narrated in the Courier-Journal, illustrates, among other things, the unwisdom of judging by first impressions. A new teacher had just taken the girl's class in English. On the first day she told the class that she would not give a regular lesson, but that each girl might write down all the slang she knew and bring that to the next day's recitation. Several girls who had brothers, and the

rest who knew other girl's brothers set these young men to work. The result was marvellous. When the class was called next day, there was not a girl who could not show two closely written pages of slang expressions. The teacher looked at them.

"Very good," she said. "Now translate them into English."

The new teacher had no trouble in win the respect of her class.

Mr. Choate's Use of an Old Story. In this era of new ideas and startling inventions, old jokes still retain their youthful vigor. Nor are they confined to minstrel performers and monologue artists on the vaudeville stage. No less a wit than the Honorable Joseph Hodges Choate the law partner of William Maxwell Evart and the present Ambassador from this country to the Court of St. James, recently found a very old joke useful and appropriate.

A reporter called to see him. "Mr. Choate is a busy man," said the clerk.

"So am I," responded the reporter. "Let me take in your card?"

"Never mind the card. He knows me." Without further parley he opened the door and confronted Mr. Choate, who was talking with a visitor.

"Good morning, Mr. Choate," said the reporter cheerily. "I am a reporter."

Mr. Choate looked at the intruder curiously. "Take a chair, sir," he said quietly.

"I want to see you about this story," showing a clipping from the Morning—

"Ah!" returned the lawyer with his peculiar, gentle chuckle, "I'm glad to see you. Please take two chairs."

It was an old, old story, but Mr. Choate did not hesitate to use it.

Empress Elizabeth's Palace.

If it be true, as announced by a Vienna paper, that an Englishman has bought Achilleion, the lovely villa which the late Empress of Austria built at Corfu, for two hundred thousand dollars, he has certainly obtained a bargain, since the place cost a million dollars. Built almost on the spot where Ulysses is supposed to have been rescued, it was the Empress's whim to surround herself with reminders of classic incidents. Thus her own particular rooms were arranged in imitation of those said to have been occupied by Penelope and Helena; even her bed was made according to the "Odyssey." The place is famous for its beautiful terraces and its wealth of sculpture.

Albert Edward's Neat Compliment.

The Prince of Wales is—occasionally, at least—clever at paying a compliment. In connection with the fitting out of the American hospital ship Maine, he was surrounded by a number of American ladies, including Mrs. Bradley Martin, Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, the Duchess of Marlborough, Lady Randolph Churchill, Mrs. Ronalds and Mrs. Arthur Paget, when he said, "I have the greatest faith in the good the ship will do; American girls have healed many an Englishman's wounded heart."

Beware Ye Exodians!

A Sydney, C. B., magistrate, is constantly receiving enquiries concerning delinquent young men who have fled from the scenes of former credit to begin anew in their adopted town. He has on his list a variety of names and characters some of whom have arrived, and some of whom he awaits. The last complaint was made by a widow who keeps a boarding house in a central town of Nova Scotia—familarly known as "The Hub"—against a young man who "jumped his hash."—Inland Reporter, (C. B.)

His "Load" Staggered Him.

At Pictou on Saturday a blind horse harnessed to a wagon load of whiskey, walked over the railway wharf, dragging his burden with him. The horse and man were rescued after a period of painful suspense.—Moncton Transcript.

Sydney Get In There.

Twelve drunks adorned the cells between Saturday and Sunday nights, and the usual fine was imposed by Stipendiary Moseley this morning. Wanted—a central lock-up.—Sydney Record.

"Oh, Edgar, it's delightful, this being engaged, and nobody knowing anything about it! All my friends are envying me for it!"

Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired Duval 17 Waterloo.