

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JAN. 27

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

THE RELIEF AND AID FUND.

The city has decided to send a bill to the legislature to make a change in the fund of the Relief and Aid Society fund. Exactly what that change will be nobody can tell but public opinion demands that something shall be done.

The immediate disposition of this fund is not an easy matter. For nearly a quarter of a century certain people have been assisted—and the public would be surprised in many cases if the names were given—and yet the plea is set that it would be a shame to deprive these beneficiaries at this date of their annual income from the relief fund.

This is a somewhat extraordinary condition of affairs but it is the standard taken by a number of trustees of the fund. If it prevails, then St. John stands in a unique position so far as fire relief goes. But right here another argument comes in. The fact that we have such a fund is said to have prevented outside places from contributing to the aid of the Indian town fire sufferers.

The future of the street car is discussed in a very pessimistic fashion by Mayor CARTER H. HARRISON in the Saturday Evening Post of Philadelphia. He says:—The street railway as known today, a thing of iron rails, of dangerous overhead trolleys, of small cars and smaller stockholders, will pass to an oblivion it should have reached years ago.

MAYORS' PRESENT AND FUTURE.

The Mayor of a great American city, Chicago, has given his opinion as to what a chief magistrate will be in the future. Of course he has the Chicago of the future in his mind but at the same time many of his remarks are applicable to the heads of every city. For the city of Chicago, however, in 1950 he sees at its head a mayor absolutely free from care as to the routine business of the municipality.

The tendency of the times appears to be insistence that this Mayor of the coming years shall be not only politically sound and strong, but he must be morally pure, in private as well as public life. He will belong to one of the two great parties; he will not emasculate his political opinions;

he will and should have certain quasi confidential offices in the municipality to bestow upon his friends and his supporters. but he must have been tested as to his capacity to resist the bribe-giver, and a corrupt private life will bar him from a political career.

This is quite a large programme and if but a portion of it is carried out Mayor HARRISON may be satisfied. The chief magistrates of New York and Chicago are men with tremendous influence and patronage and they require the qualifications noted above in a greater degree than the mayors of small cities. Still the first citizen of the smallest town should not be open to any reproach.

We can say in St. John, perhaps, that our mayors have been fairly representative men but we have made the position such that it is not attractive to the best men in the community. In a sense it has been a stepping stone to other representative positions. Federal and provincial members of parliament have become acquainted with the people in the city council. In former days a mayor had considerable power. He was considered responsible in a great measure for the acts of the board. He granted all licenses and in many ways controlled civic affairs. The office today is the same only in point of salary. The mayor is chairman of the council, the dispenser of dog and coach licenses, the executive head of certain bodies and there his power ends. But not his duties.

FRANCE'S EXPOSITION.

As the date of the opening of the Paris exposition approaches the interest in the wonderful fair increases. Paris is very much alive to the situation and is preparing for a great rush of visitors. The war in the Transvaal is the most serious check that the great event has had and Frenchmen are not politic enough to soothe the angry feeling toward England. Without England the exposition cannot be a success and to expect that country to be enthusiastic toward France, where disgraceful caricatures of her Queen are tolerated, is exacting too much from a generous and forgiving people. French officers are fighting against England in the Transvaal. French diplomacy is striving to bring about continental interference in the struggle, the French press is bitter in its denunciation of everything English—why then should Englishmen, Canadians or other residents of the Empire hurry to the French capital and assist in making this great national demonstration a success?

It is not probable that the war in South Africa will be ended when the exposition opens and, if it is not, Englishmen will not like feeling going to a semi-hostile country while her sons are on the battle field.

The future of the street car is discussed in a very pessimistic fashion by Mayor CARTER H. HARRISON in the Saturday Evening Post of Philadelphia. He says:—The street railway as known today, a thing of iron rails, of dangerous overhead trolleys, of small cars and smaller stockholders, will pass to an oblivion it should have reached years ago. I question, if we find the durable street paving so necessary now to all cities, whether street railways will use rails at the end of another twenty-five years. The automobile with its free use of all paved ways will drive the street car out of rails into unrestricted use of the streets. With the disappearance of the rails we will have an end of the corrupt and bothersome franchise questions. The streets will come back to the people literally.

It is said that New York is the only large city without alleys. The alley of to-day in the average large city is a disease breeder. It is a place used for the concealment or storage of waste matter with little care as to what municipal ordinances demand. Crowding of population is beginning to give the alley a higher value. Good paving, electric lighting and thorough drainage make it attractive and useful for the small stores and places to which the avenue is too expensive.

It was stated a few days ago by Director WISELY that St. John could furnish its own electric street lamps for \$65 a year. In this connection it is interesting to note that the 8000 street lamps in Chicago cost \$68.52 a year. Two years ago each lamp of 2000 candle power cost \$90.65 per annum.

He Patented in St. John.

It is safe to say two thirds of the people of St. John are familiar with the name of Sydney Chidley. They may not have known the man nor even seen him, but samples of his art, as left in this city will keep him fresh in the minds of all. In San Francisco a couple of weeks ago this famous scenic artist died and was buried. He

was 63 years old and an Englishman. Though educated for the legal profession his natural bent was for painting. When the St. John Opera House was being prepared for its grand opening Mr Chidley was busily engaged here painting the scenery. The interior situations, shady groves, seascapes, terraces etc., the theatre goers of this city are now so familiar within. In the O. H. performances are creations of the dead artist's brush, also the big drop curtain. "Naples." Many weeks were spent in fitting the theatre with "real estate" but since Mr. Chidley's work other scenic effects have been added. In the vicinity of \$4,000 was paid the deceased painter for his labor in this city.

THE CASE WAS DISMISSED.

A Naval Officer Who Gave His Reasons For Feinting a Boer.

The air brake inspector of the Intercolonial was inclined to back up the Boers ten days ago. He talked whenever he got a chance and those who know him will make up their minds that he must have done a good deal of it.

His name would indicate that he is of German or Dutch descent and it may be only natural that he should side with his ancestors but, on the other hand, he is an employe of the government and should have kept his mouth shut.

A naval man in Halifax was talking to him in one of the hotels in that city and listened to his Boer argument. He became very restless over the talk and opinions of the inspector but did not enter eagerly into the discussion until the Boer man began to deny religion and ridicule the idea that there was a God. This was too much for the sailor and he politely requested him to step up to his room for a moment when he would prove to him that there was a God. The fellow laughed at his assertion but finally accepted the invitation and went looking for proof. He found it for as soon as the officer could lock the door he proceeded to give him a sound thrashing. The Boer sympathizer cried for mercy and finally shouted 'Help, Help, My God, he's killing me.'

'I thought you said there was no God. Now you're in a hole you're calling on Him. You're like all unbelievers.'

The case came up in the police court and in defense the officer said. 'He denied my God and insulted my Queen and country; I did my duty and beat him.'

The case was dismissed.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Kipling of Lord Roberts.

[Lord Roberts, the late commander-in-chief of the British forces in India and now commander of England's army in South Africa, is familiarly and affectionately known as "Bobs," not only by "Mr. Tommy Atkins," the high private of the "thin red line," but even among his fellow-officers. The Prince of Wales bade him good by, when he started for the Boer war, with the words, "God bless you, Bobs!" Kipling put the poem below into the mouth of the British private. It was first published some six or seven years ago, but recent events give it new interest. The reference to Lord Roberts' well-known hostility to drink in the army recalls the fact that when the Empire recognizes that she must fight for her life she selects men as her leaders whom she understands. War Department at Washington would pronounce "long haired."]

There's a little red-faced man, Which is Bobs, Rides the tallest horse 'e can, Our Bobs, If it bucks or kicks or rears, 'E ca'n sit for twenty years, With 'is 'ole round both 'is ears— Can't yer, Bobs?

If a limber's slipped a trace, 'Ook to Bobs, It a marker's lost 'is place, Dress by Bobs, For 'e's eyes all up 'is coat, An' a bugle in 'is throat, An' 'e will not play the goat Under Bobs.

'E's a little down on drink, Charlain Bobs, But that keeps us enter Clink-(chian gangs) Don't it, Bobs? So we will not complain Give 'e 'is water on 'is brain, If 'e leads us straight again— Blue-light Bobs.

If you stood 'im on 'is head, Father Bobs, You ca'n spill a quart o' lead Enter Bobs, 'E's been at it 'is 'ole years, An' amassin' souvenirs In the way of slugs and spears— Ain't yer, Bobs?

What 'e does not know o' war, Gen'ral Bobs, You ca'n ast the shoo next door— Can't they, Bobs? Oh, 'e's little, but 'e's wise; 'E's a terror for 'is size, An' 'e does not advertise— Do yer, Bobs?

Now they've made a bloom'n' Lord, Outer Bobs, Which was but 'is 'ole reward— Weren't it, Bobs? An' 'e'll wear a coronet Where 'is 'elmet used to set; But we know you won't forget— Will yer, Bobs?

Then 'ere's to Bobs Bahadur— Little Bobs, Bobs, Bobs! Pocket-Well-ton an' arder— Fightin' Bobs, Bobs, Bobs! This ain't no bloom'n' 'ole, But you've 'elped 'is soldier's load, An' for benef's bestowed, Bless yer, Bobs!

Are You An Absent-Minded Beggar?

When you've shouted "Happy New Year," when you've done your swearing off, When you've finished up your 20th century biz You will not go there's a fellow with a rasping sort of cough— He's the New Year's bill collector—that he is. He's an after-money beggar, his tenacity is great. But you and me must take 'im as we find him, He is out on active service, wiping something off the slate. And he tries to leave receipts behind him, Shoe bill—drag bill—bill for a new straw hat! Think of the nerve to hand in a bill like that today! This is the month they've got to come—you can't get away from the bill collector. He'll be here for your purse for credit's sake, and pay—pay—pay.

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Pulling Teeth In Old Times.

Some of the most interesting books in any great library are the quaint old volumes which have come down from earlier centuries. The Congressional Library at Washington, among thousands of such works, possesses one on surgery, which was translated into English and published in London, in 1649. It had been written seventy years before by a Frenchman named Ambroise Pare, who was the greatest surgeon of his time. In the preface, which is dedicated to Henry III., 'the most Christian King of France and Poland,' the author says:

'For God is my witness, and all good men know that I have labored fifty years with all care and pain, in the illustration and amplification of chirurgery; and that I have so certainly touched the work where at I aimed, that antiquity may seem to have nothing wherein it may exceed us, beside the glory of invention; nor posterity anything left but a certain small hope to add something.'

To the reader of to day it will look as if posterity had added a great many very large things to the surgical attainments of this wise man. In the matter of pulling teeth, perhaps the best known of all surgical operations, the directions of Ambroise Pare are as follows:

'Therefore for the better plucking out a tooth the patient shall be placed in a low seat, bending back his head between the tooth drawer's legs; then the tooth drawer shall deeply scarify about the tooth, separating the gums therefrom with the instruments.'

If the tooth is then loose, it may be shaken out; otherwise, various three pointed instruments are recommended for use. The learned author says that unless the tooth-drawer knows his business well, he is liable to force out three teeth at once, 'oftentimes leaving that untouched which causes the pain.'

Of the author's rules of surgery some remain good, while others would now be pronounced worthless. Here is a fair sample. 'You shall comfort the patient with hope of recovery, even when there is danger of death.' This is another: 'Grief is good for none but such as are very fat.'

Doctor Pare's whole book is an impressive reminder that the progress of knowledge has been in the direction of simplicity. All his directions, like those for tooth-pulling, would now be regarded as extremely and unnecessarily complicated.

The First Corinthian.

An elderly woman the story goes, called at the City building a few days ago for some aid out of the contingent fund. When asked what her claims for any of the money were she exclaimed, 'Shure me eldest boy went away with the first corinthian!'

New Crimes.

Every point of view which affords an extended retrospect, makes plain the wonderful progress of civilization to which this century has contributed so much.

The United States member of the international Prison commission finds such a point of view in the penal laws which the states of the Union have enacted during the last few years. He imagines Draco and Solon, the great lawgivers of the Greeks, making a tour of our prisons and reformatories, and asking the various inmates what offences they had committed.

A man in a Virginia jail replies: 'I killed a partridge on the second of February.' A Massachusetts druggist says: 'I sold cocaine without a doctor's prescription.' In Tennessee a man is found to be serving a term of three years for killing fish with dynamite; a Wisconsin baker has had to pay a fine and spend six weeks in jail for sleeping three nights in his bakery; a New York man tampered with an automatic ballot machine; a California nurse neglected to report to a doctor that the baby's eyes were inflamed.

'I was convicted for watering a bicycle path,' says an Ohio tree sprinkler. 'I tapped a telegraph wire,' states another; 'and I sold kerosene that was not up to the fire test,' declares a third.

If the old law givers were to extend their tour of investigation still farther, they might learn of men fined or imprisoned for dropping advertising matter in letter chutes; for gambling by means of 'slot machines'; and for countless other offences the very means for committing which were unknown one hundred years ago.

Thus the statute books record the march of civilization, proclaiming the increased

richness of life, and suggesting opportunities and responsibilities unknown even to the preceding generation. Young men of today are apt to hear much about the growing fierceness of competition and the increasing difficulties of making a living; but the student of progress will not need to go far into the past to find an answer to the argument.

Left in Sleeping Cars.

The sleeping car is one of the conveniences of modern life. It permits commercial travellers and others, who have to go from city to city, to do their business by day and their travelling by night. Thus no time is lost; and to save time seems to be the great American idea.

But the sleeping car has some disadvantages, besides being for most people very uncomfortable. It is a great place in which to lose things. When the porter rouses the occupant of a berth who wants to get out at a way station in the early morning, the passenger, in his hurry and sleepiness, often leaves some article behind him. This is so common that the railroads have adopted a system for the collection and return of such property. The porters, the conductors, the strippers and the cleaners, each in turn search the cars and any articles tucked away in the berths, under seats or carpets, or behind steam-pipes, are taken to the nearest terminal station. If not called for promptly, they are forwarded to head quarters.

Near the Grand Central Station in New York is a lost-article bureau, into which things come from all points—from Seattle to Bangor. The list of articles on hand awaiting owners usually includes purses, jewelry, railroad tickets, wearing apparel and sleeping-gowns. Sets of false teeth are said to be quite commonly left in the cars, while on one occasion the porter found a wooden leg. An excited nursemaid once left a baby behind in the sleeper; the little fellow was well taken care of by the trainmen until restored to his parents.

Many things lost in the cars can never be found. Sometimes an absent-minded man will wear off the wrong overcoat, but will be so well satisfied with the exchange that he will say nothing about it, while the other man may be clamoring loudly, but in vain, for his own coat.

'Tight Money and Speculation'

The 'tight' money market, of which so much has been heard recently at Eastern financial centres, harmed speculators in stocks far more than it did men engaged in commerce. The explanation is simple. When money is in plentiful supply, men borrow it freely and buy stocks with it. Prices rise; profits are realized; more money is borrowed.

Then the rates for money go up; the banks call in the loans which they have made; there is a rush to turn stocks into money, and prices go down as rapidly as they rose. Those who lose the fictitious profits, and those who bought to late and had no profits to lose, imagine that a calamity has happened; but general business is not even seriously affected unless the depression in the stock-market is grave and long continued.

Much of this agitation arises from the widely extended practice of speculating on 'margins.' The man who buys shares on a margin does not really buy them at all. He does not own or expect to own them. He practically bets a certain sum per share that the stock will rise. The small payment which he makes on the shares is virtually a wager.

When a stock which sells for one hundred dollars a share advances ten dollars, the man who has really invested in it makes ten per cent on his investment by the rise in price; but the man who has put up a margin of ten dollars on it makes one hundred per cent, on his money. He has taken ten times as much risk as the other. On the other hand, if the price drops ten dollars, the real investor loses only ten per cent and has a solid value left while the speculator on margin has lost all that he risked.

So it comes to pass that the speculator on margins is the first to feel the squeeze of a 'tight' money market.

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