

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

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A FOOL AND HIS MONEY.

Mrs. CARRIE NATION is not the only woman whose exploits furnish material for newspaper press despatches and for editorial paragraph writers. Miss ELIZABETH KABURICK of Carlinville, Ill., bids fair (blonde, if we are correctly informed) to be a close second to the distinguished female apostle of muscular prohibition. It is true that Mrs. NATION started first, or at least got into print first, with her picture to illustrate the print, and, up to date, seems to have created a more strenuous reign of terror. She has also the advantage of superior age; which, however, in the case of a woman, is usually considered a rather doubtful advantage. Miss KABURICK is only 21, but she knows a great deal, for one of her age.

Miss KABURICK is not, perhaps, exactly what is commonly called an ornament to literature, but she certainly is a lady of letters. She has received, during the past few months, letters in great numbers from all parts of the United States; and they are coming still, by every mail. They come by mails and from mails.

That Miss KABURICK is entitled to the celebrity which she is fast achieving is proved by the circumstance that almost everyone of these almost innumerable letters which she receives from her gentlemen correspondents, contains a proposal of marriage. Not so many were the suitors who laid siege to the heart of PEN-ELOPE, in Ithica, during the long absence of her errant, if not erring, husband ODYSSEUS, as are the love-lorn swains who send to Carlinville epistolary proofs of their affection. Not so many were the suitors who came by land and water from far and near to woo fair PORTIA, in Belmont, as are the ardent lovers whose tender missives are transported, with all their transporting passion, to Miss ELIZABETH KABURICK at Carlinville.

Yet she languishes now in jail in Springfield, the capital of Illinois. We mention this lamentable circumstance in the charitable hope that some one of her hundreds of devoted admirers will hasten to her relief by furnishing the \$1000 bail for lack of which his heart's beloved languishes in durance vile.

What offence has this much-wooed charmer committed, or is she alleged to have committed, that thus she is haled to prison by the hard hands of hard-hearted and unfeeling men? Nothing in the world, so far as we can learn, excepting that she has advertised in all the "matrimonial" and "personal" column papers of the country, for a husband; describing herself as not only beautiful, but rich; and that she has engaged herself in marriage to all her suitors, at any rate, to all of them that suited her, in respect to financial possessions; and from each one has solicited, seldom in vain, certain sums of money, sufficient to procure her wedding trousseau, and pay her travelling expenses to the home of the expectant bride-room.

We hope it is too plain to need lengthy statement, that the brautious and accomplished Miss KABURICK is not rightly to be blamed. That she accepted so many proposals proves only the gentleness of her loving heart, which could not bear to inflict pain by refusal. That she advertised for a husband proves no more than that she felt it would be unfair to bestow her hand upon any man in her own immediate neighborhood, without giving all unmarried men throughout the union an equal opportunity. As for the matter of

getting money from her fiances for her wedding trousseaus and travelling expenses, therein she showed her good sense. Not having had the pleasure of meeting these men, she rightly judged that a good way of testing their sincerity would be to ask each one for a small remittance. Surely, no young lady ought to be expected to marry a man who is so poor, or so downright mean, that he cannot or will not pay out a few dollars to get her.

An Army Kitten.

One evening toward the close of the war, while Union soldiers lay in camp on a hillside near the Staunton River, in Virginia, the cry of "Halt! Who goes there?" from a sentry, started every loungee to his feet; and several of the more curious ran to the guard-line to find out what the trouble was. A minute later all knew that the night visitor who had been challenged was no enemy. A little girl, about ten years of age, holding a white kitten in her arms, came forward into the light of the fires, conducted by two soldiers, who had told the sentry to pass her in, and who looked as proud as if they were escorting a queen. The whole regiment gathered, including the colonel himself, to look at the child and hear her tell her story. A very short story it was, scarcely a paragraph; but there was matter enough in it for a full chapter. She lived near by, with her father, who was sick and poor; and they were Northerners, she said, and "Union folks." Her mother was dead and her brother had been killed while fighting in the Federal army. She "wanted to give something," and, when the Union soldiers came, she thought she would bring her pet kitten and present it to the colonel.

The colonel took the little girl in his arms and kissed her, and said he was not a bit ashamed of his weakness. He accepted the kitten with thanks, and its innocent donor was gallantly waited on to her humble home, loaded with generous contributions.

The white kitten was adopted by the regiment, but continued to be the property and the special pet of the colonel; and when the war was over he took it home with him. Like the white lamb that stayed and fed with the victor after the battle of Antietam, that little creature, during its short but stirring army life, was a daily inspiration to better feelings and thoughts, in the presence of all that is worst—a living flag of truce gleaming among the thunder clouds of human passion and strife.—Watchman.

Odd Bits of News.

The city of Grand Rapids, Mich., has expended nearly \$300,000 for improvements during the past year.

New York city has the most expensive water works plant in the country. It has cost up to date, \$115,526,748.

Germany has a life insurance association of hotel keepers which in seven years has paid over \$300,000 to the families of members.

A handsome yacht lying for the winter near Vancouver, B. C., was recently sunk through the weight of snow accumulated on the deck.

Out of 304 towns in England and Wales one third maintain one or more public baths. They are crowded by factory and shop hands.

The amount of pension money to be paid out this year is not definitely known, but it will considerably exceed the sum paid out last year.

Chicago has the only municipal pawnshop in the country. Paris and other European cities have had them in operation many years.

Foreign exports at New Orleans last year reached a total of \$142,000,000, the largest on record, and an increase over the previous year of \$45,000,000.

Gifts to educational institutions, churches, libraries, art museums and charities in the United States, the past year reached the total of \$60,264,030.

Hogan Was Pleased.

Little Leo (after visiting the Zoo)—'Say, Pop, can you tell me why seals eat fish on Friday?' Hogan (in surprise)—'Sure, they don't do they?' Little Leo—'They certainly do!' Hogan—'Well, O! always heard that they wor th' most intelligint av animals an' now O! believe it!'

Young and Old Men That Board.

Let us impress upon you that we replace the neck band on your shirt when it is worn out. Darn your socks, sew buttons on your garments, repair your shirts, when it needs it, all free. No saw edge collar, sent out by us. Uspar's Laundry, Dyeing and carpet cleaning works, Telephone 58

'Hello, Barnes, old fellow! Can I borrow \$5 to day?' 'Can't say, old man, I'm sure. I don't know how many of your friends you haven't asked yet.'

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Love's Completion. "Here at last I shall rest with thee," my own, "With thee in Christ shall rise again" to see; The glory of our King upon His throne, More glorious than earthly Kings can be. At love's sweet dawn I gave thee a red rose, My heart therein was buried in a prayer; That here through life its petals might disclose, Love's sweetness in our cup of daily care. That flower in its graceful freshness bloomed, Within the Court of Britain grand and old; Until I saw its treasured leaves entombed, In the last urn its beauty here might hold. For love's completion still has by the way, Its rose of sorrow broken in the storm; And many a tear must fall it while we stay, That in it, all earth longings we transform. That early rose by thee my own was pressed, And laid upon the altar of life's dream; There by love's guardian angel sweetly blest, To calm the billows of time's sweeping stream And now that flower stem itself at last, Where long some lonely leaflets still have grown, White low the night clouds gather o'er it fast, Will soon in loves immortal land have blown. In fairer scenes in regions far beyond, The mau oleum where we both shall lie; Complete shall be the Eden hallowed bond, And love's perfection there our souls supply, I hear the murmur of the great white throng; Waiting and singing in the meadows green; There let me walk with thee and join their song, Who once on England's throne was England's Queen. New York Jan 1901. Cyprus Golds.

The Man at the Bench.

Where the factory wheels are turning And the yellow globe-lights burning, And the steam-mechanic whistles piping, Till the great machines are drenching, While the big machines are pounding, Cutting, stitching, stitching, rounding, Few behold the lifeline tussle Of the man behind the bench. Oh, the heart of trade is beating, And the hours of labor flying, And our pocket stands inspection Ere the dealer comes to buy; Though the lightning speed demanded Of the worker horny-handed Might excite an impetuous objection To the superintendent's eye. He, poor mortal, has his crosses In the high and mighty bosses, For he must withstand their choler And detect each little flaw; Now within his office blinking He is thinking, thinking, thinking How to top an extra dollar From the payroll that we draw. There are evil days behind us; When our stock was assigned us; Union rules and profit-sharing Marked the turning of the tide; Yet the boss in his position Knows the ill of competition While his men might shrink from bearing It they knew the other side. Though our shoulders may be bending With onward fate contending, We have soulful aspiration That no sordid toil can quench; Wealth insists in crowding o'er us; For and talent, passing in and out, But the backbone of the nation Is the man beside the bench. —Peter Grant.

Life and Death.

My neighbor's windows smile across the lot, And, through much dust and leisure we have not, For friendly calls, set off, across the way, Between our homes, we friendly greetings say, And ask of mutual cares that fit each day, When by some kindly chance, Each meets an answering glance. A cheerful life speaks through each window pane From morning light till slumber falls again Upon her bosom, passing in and out, The children dance with merry bound and shout, And slower feet, that ever go about, Each the appointed way Of duty day by day. Gentle of heart and full of kindly cheer Is my good neighbor; blest to know her near, And feel assured her welcome waits for me, If I should call, and pass in and out, From care I find, so I can go and be Close to her pleasant smile, And sweet low voi awhile. Its tones of late have held a harmony, A deeper music than the melody Of daily life—awhile ago one went Out from the house, and passing in and out, As street and trolley for her; in one were blent Their lives through joy and pain; He went—nor came again! But for the loved ones left she walks her way Of kindly life, with cheer from day to day; Yet in her smile there seems a distant gaze As if she saw the "parting of the ways" Of life and death; and in her voice, the lays That heavenly lyres repeat Give earthly echo sweet. They close her blinds! They drape beside her door The fresh green fronds so short a time before They placed for him she loved; she does not stand Now weeping by his bier, but, hand and hand, They walk together in the heavenly land Where "entered into rest" They live, forever blest! I look across, and brush away the tear That speaks my loss. Let not the shadow, near The homes she left bereaved, hide from our sight A glimpse of her dear smile, now full of light With longing satisfied; O! ye, despite Our sob, may our hearts hear Her voice in psalm clear! Isidor D. French.

The Old Church at Cindad Juarez.

For ages there has the old bell hung, Calling the brown-skinned devotees With the wakening clang of its iron tongue To meet their God in their bended knees. The generations have come and gone, Old cycles faded at new ones' dawn Yet the old bell ever swings on and on, Tireless through all the centuries. The beggar in rags and scoundrels old, The don in his jacket laced with gold, The Senorita with siren eyes, The old senora in sombre guise, The caballero in gaudy dress, The young muchacha of rayen trees, Ever swinging, Ever ringing The old bell calls and along the street The worshippers move on reverent feet To the black robed priest at the altar's side, With sins they'd confess and sins they would hide. For ages there has the old bell hung, Calling the brown-skinned devotees With the wakening clang of its iron tongues To meet their God in their bended knees. The generations have come and gone, Old cycles faded at new ones' dawn Yet the old bell ever swings on and on, Tireless through all the centuries. —James Barton Adams.

Inhuman Documents.

Here's a samal that belonged to Cæsar's mother And a slipper from the ma of Bonaparte; This rod of birch, believe me, is none other Than caused the Kaiser's childish tears to start. This ferule whacked the father of His country, Lord Nelson left the ravor of His crew, The cane here shown 'tis sad, had the effrontry On Willie's Shakespeare's frame to lignify tap Then down with the legends and myths of the past, From Balaung to foam Approate. We're getting so cold reason at last— These padded the seats of the mighty! —

ROYAL BAKING POWDER ABSOLUTELY PURE Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

MASTER OF THE VERY. Stole a Man's Stocking off His Foot Without Disturbing His Boot.

'Talking about slick thieves,' said Capt. Lavin of the Chicago stockyards police station, 'the uncrowned king lives out in my district. If he had as much brain matter as he has ingenuity, and as much daring for big crimes as he has for small ones, a Sherlock Holmes couldn't get within a mile's walk of him in a thousand years. You smile.

'Ask the boys who keep a watchful eye over the unsophisticated stock raisers who the man is they fear the most. They will tell you it is Moses Kliniski. He is afraid of turning a big trick, but when it comes to getting a watch chain, an overcoat, some trinket or the spare coins in a stockman's pocket Moses beats any light-fingered artist in the country.

'During the live stock show Moses stole a stocking off the foot of a Canadian who had a pen of Cotswolds on exhibition, stole it when the fellow had his big cow hide boots on, and never disturbed the boot of the foot that the stocking was on, and the fellow was wide awake when it was done. One of my men caught Moses while he was getting away with his goods.

'There were half a dozen people around within a few feet of the sheep breeder and Moses when the thief committed. This is no fairy tale.'

'It was one of the big days of the show,' continued the captain. 'The Canadian was busy talking to some Western people about his breed of sheep. He was sitting on a bale of hay, Moses was shambling through the sheep section. How he escaped my men and got inside is something that he alone could tell. He edged up to the group around the Canadian. One of my plain clothes men caught sight of him, and he noticed that Moses was busy with his hands.

He could not see what the fellow was doing and waited. In a few moments Moses dropped something into his overcoat pocket, drew out a ball of red yarn. He walked Moses back to the group and, holding out the ball of yarn; asked if any of the men had been touched.' They looked and shook their heads negatively.

'The next morning the Canadian came over to the police station. Moses had been run in on general principles, and I asked the caller what happened to him. He held up a red sock. 'The Jew stole the other,' he said to me. 'See here,' and he put his cowhide boot on a chair in my office and pointed to a little hole in the toe. 'Yesterday afternoon that fellow stole my sock through this hole. He unravelled it and wound it into a ball. One of your men caught him, but I did not know the yarn belonged to me until last night, when I pulled off my boot and found the sock was gone.'

'Moses admitted the theft. He said he saw a bit of the red sock through the hole in the toe of the boot, and he noticed it was a good quality of yarn and, taking the blade of his knife, he started the ravelling knowing that the man was too busy talking to pay any attention to the loss of a sock.'

ON A JAPANESE RAILROAD.

Much Eating and Smoking Mark the Journey of the Natives.

The second and third class railroad carriage gives the foreigner an opportunity to study the life of the Japanese people. On entering the first thing one notices is that white lines are drawn across the glass windows and upon inquiry the information is elicited and some of the people who travel in the cars are unused to glass, which perhaps they have never seen before and that they are apt to put their heads through if there is nothing to indicate that a substance bars the way.

In cold weather all Japanese travellers carry rugs, for the cars are heated merely by long steel cylinders filled with hot air and laid on the floor. Since the passengers are always pulling open the windows Japanese cars in midwinter are a menace to the health of every individual who has become used to an even temperature within doors.

The smallest incident of travel is enough to break the ice, and if a person has a wrong ticket or has lost anything it is a matter of interest and solicitude for everybody else. Many of the passengers are apt to behave with the same unrestrained freedom as in their own homes. If they are starting on a long journey they at once

proceed to make themselves as comfortable as possible. A rug is spread out on the seat, for they are very particular never to sit on anything that is not perfectly clean. Then they shake off their gets, or wooden clogs, and curl their feet up underneath. The next thing is a smoke, in which both men and women indulge, sometimes lighting cigarette after cigarette, but more often they use the tiny pipe, which never contains more tobacco than a wisp the size of a pea, and affords one, sometimes, two puffs to the smoker. The ash is then knocked out on the floor, and another wisp stuffed in and lighted from the smouldering ash which has just been thrown away. This is kept up, off and on, for hours.

When not smoking, eating is going on. At every station there are vendors of the little mandarin oranges. Every passenger buys a dozen or more, and eats them in a short time, throwing the skins about the floor. Boys pass by with tea in tiny earthen pots, a cup placed over the top and this may be purchased for three sen (a cent and a half,) and the tea pot is left in the car.

Besides leaning out of the car windows to buy these the passengers have little wooden boxes filled with lunch. In the upper part is closely packed rice, in the lower are all sorts of little pickles, and bits of cake. Attached are two wooden chopsticks.

The Japanese throw all sorts of refuse about, and from the appearance of a car after the passengers have been in it a little while, one would imagine that the people are very untidy in their way of living. Porters enter at some of the stations and brush up whole pans full of refuse, and on some lines of the road, a small boy in a spruce uniform comes to the car door at each stop, with a clothes brush in his hand makes a deep bow to the occupants, and inquires if there is anything that they want.

Government Baking Powder Tests.

The Royal Baking Powder is an old candidate for favor with the housekeepers of the Dominion. Its patrons will be pleased to know that the recent Government report giving the analyses of baking powders sold in the Dominion show the Royal to be the purest of cream of tartar powders, the most healthful in character, and of greatest leavening strength.

It is shown that the art in baking-powder making is to give a pure and healthful powder, of highest leavening power, which will keep indefinitely without losing its strength. These two qualifications—effective keeping and highest strength—it is impossible to combine in a powder except with the use of chemically pure ingredients. The report states that the only entirely cream of tartar powders which came up to this standard were the Royal and Cleveland's.

The Mule on Snowshoes.

It is said that the late Jock Darling, the most noted hunter and trapper ever known in Maine, once brought a young deer out of the deep snows of the woods by fitting snowshoes to its feet, and there have been instances of dogs wearing the moosehide, but not until Wednesday of last week, so far as the records show, did any one in this part of the world ever see a mule on snowshoes.

The snow that came last week was only an ordinary fall, but the gale that succeeded it piled up big drifts, shutting out many towns from all communication with the outside world. Bingham, in Somerset county, had been without mail for a week when, on Wednesday evening, the mail carrier, Henry Caswell, arrived from The Forks with four sacks slung over a mule's back.

The mule, Pete, is a diminutive animal, tough and strong, but, going as mules generally go, utterly unable to wade through the high ridges of snow between The Forks and Bingham. So Caswell, after studying the situation a bit, decided to fit snowshoes to Pete. The plan worked all right and the little mule, seeming to appreciate the situation, allowed the shoes to be fitted without objection.

The shoes were made of oak frames, wove with stout mosseside, about half the width worn by men and without the usual long shank behind. Pete came along on his snowshoes as well as Caswell on his, and the two were welcomed with shouts of approval by the people of Bingham. The return journey, twenty-four miles, was made in the same way.