

PROGRESS.

PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, at 29 to 31 Carterbur street, St. John, N. B., by the PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY (LIMITED), EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR AND MANAGER, SUBSCRIPTION price is 1.00 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 arrearsages 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. 12

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

KINGS COUNTY CONVENTION.

The supporters of the local government will meet to day to elect a candidate for the local legislature. The convention will, no doubt, be representative and there should be no difficulty in selecting a candidate who will be easily returned. The defeat of the liberal candidate in the federal contest has possibly made the opposition party more hopeful of success than they would be otherwise, but, on the other hand, the tremendous majority of Hon. Dr. PUGSLEY in September shows that the local government is stronger than ever it was in Kings county.

It is very likely that a candidate will be chosen from the upper end of the county. Several names have been mentioned but that of Mr. ORA P. KING seems to obtain most favor. Mr. KING is well known in the municipal affairs of the county and his profession has brought him in contact with the leading men in every parish. There is no doubt that he would be accepted but whoever is the choice of the convention should receive the undivided support of the local and liberal party of Kings.

A MILLIONAIRE'S POSSESSIONS.

The appraisers' list of the property owned by the late CORNELIUS VANDERBILT discloses some novel and interesting facts.

As appraised for taxation, Mr. VANDERBILT'S estate amounted to about seventy-three million dollars, twenty millions "real" and fifty-three millions "personal." In the list of personal property were named about seventy different classes of securities. Fifty of them would sell for more than their face value. Six or eight of the holdings that are worth less than par represent shares in enterprises undertaken for the general good, which probably were never expected to pay a dividend. With possibly one exception, there is not a share of "wildcat" stock in the list. Mr. VANDERBILT bought no gold bricks.

Although Mr. VANDERBILT'S income from his personal estate was about seventeen hundred thousand dollars, five thousand dollars a day, it is important to remember that this represented less than four per cent. interest on the fifty-three millions—another proof of the judicious character of his investments. The more "gilt-edged" a security, the smaller the net return it makes, as a rule. Mr. VANDERBILT preferred not to sacrifice permanent value for the mere possibility of larger gains.

Many people picture to themselves a millionaire who is greatly interested in railways and similar enterprises and a bold inveterate speculator. It is true there are rich men who hazard great sums; but substantial fortunes, those that are perpetuated in a family, are built up as Mr. VANDERBILT'S was, by sure and steady gains. He could afford to "take chances"; yet it is impossible to conceive him giving a second thought to the wild schemes which—because they promise large dividends—charm hard-earned dollars out of poor men's pockets. And these are things for poor men to ponder.

DIGNITY AND HUMOR

It has taken centuries for the world to learn that the man who professionally makes us laugh may be respected. The court fool, the strolling jester, the buffoon were despised; there is a lingering reluctance to acknowledge dignity in the humorist.

Great men, men great in other ways, may be droll or witty incidentally—that is different. Even then there will be admir-

ers who are uneasy in their laughter. Some excellent citizens of the republic used to wish that ABRAHAM LINCOLN would not make jokes. Many more appreciated his jokes, but would have thought it nonsense to say, what all historians now admit, that his humor was in truth part of his power.

Today we begin to realize how precious a quality is true humor—twin to charity brother to wisdom. Lately, too, we have had new reason to perceive with what noble characteristics it may be allied in its possessors. Our own Mark Twain, long a source of wholesome merriment to his countrymen, has become also an object of serious pride, for his gallant and successful struggle to meet obligations which he might legally have disregarded, but which he felt rested upon his honor.

The late Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN, we learn, was struggling with a cruel malady while he composed "Pinafore," fainting from pain between bar and bar of the merriest music. Shall his courage be less honored because he made us laugh?

"As the crackling of thorns under a pot so is the laughter of the fool," and it is most readily evoked by tolly, cruelty and vulgarity. Not so the laughter of the sane and sensible. It cheers, it refreshes, it illuminates, it leaves man friendlier toward man. Those who have the art to call it forth are benefactors of their kind.

Free Gas.

Much has been said and written of the offensive odors arising from the Gas house sewers in the south end. The people of Lower Cove have made a strong protest without avail. The citizens in higher attitudes are now putting in their plea that the city should intervene and in some manner prevent the continuance of this offensive odor. The board of health should do something in this matter as there is not the least doubt that much of the typhoid and other form of fever during the summer months was due, in a great measure, to this much-dreaded and very offensive offal.

A Composition.

It is the custom of the teachers in the public schools of Washington, says the Record, to take the pupils of the younger grades to the National Zoological park at least once every term for the double purpose of giving them a day of recreation and a lesson in natural history. Upon their return the children are required to give the result of their observations in writing. Here is a sample from a bright minded 11 year old whose father occupies a high official position.

"Lions always walk except when they eat and they grow. Their roar is terrifying to men and other beasts when heard in the forest but when they are in cages it sounds like they was sorry about something. Their tails are not so long as the monkey's according to their size but keep swishing all the time and the seals can make just as loud a noise and have more fun in the water. They are cats no matter what you think and their size has nothing to do with it and they think without talking. Once a donkey a lion's skin and went around bragging about it, but the other donkeys got on to him and killed him because he talked so much. That showed he was a donkey. Keep still when you are thinking."

"Have you fastened the windows, dear?" she asked, as they were about to retire for the night. "No. What's the use? I gave you the last dollar I had to buy that new winter hat, and we needn't fear burglars." "But they might sit down on the hat, you know."

He Found One.

In rather dense weather a vessel was making up the Channel. The pilot (an Irishman) was in charge of the bridge, and the skipper leaned beside him on the rail.

"Pilot," asked the skipper, anxiously, for the second time, "are you quite sure you know all the rocks hereabouts?"

"I do, sorr," was the cheerful reply, "every wan, and," as the ship struck heavily, "begorra, that's wan of them!"

An Indiana court has decided that husband and wife are two, and that if the husband gives his note to his wife, he must pay her just as though she were a stranger. The domesticity of the twentieth century is evidently going to take on a serious aspect for the believer in the old theory that husband and wife are one, and that one is the husband. With courts ordering husbands to pay wives the money borrowed from them, a new terror is added to the perils of matrimony.—Baltimore American.

"I don't know where my next meal is coming from, Mister," said the tramp to the man with the baggage, who was moving along West street in New York. "And I don't know where my next meal's going to," said the stranger, as he hurried to board the outgoing ocean steamer.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

When May Has Tea at Five,  
The sky is always cheerful,  
Although the early day,  
Is looking dark and fearful,  
And everything as gray,  
The afternoon is ever bright,  
And hopes deferred revive;  
And all the gloom is filled with light  
When May has tea at five.

Sometimes when sad and lonely,  
In dismal dark and rain;  
And all the prospect only,  
Is full of doubt and pain;  
A d d r i s we can ne'er forget,  
Keep one but half alive;  
All wish in a magic spell,  
When May has tea at five.

Her day is most delightful,  
Of all such days we keep;  
The week till then is frightful,  
Small like the hours creep.  
But as her day draws nearer,  
What bliss I then derive;  
From knowing life is dearer,  
When May has tea at five.

A hundred friends may bow and smile,  
A hundred shake my hand;  
But for a moment they beguile,  
While May is simply grand.  
She knows it through no word I speak,  
Though with my will I strive;  
But I am happier all the week,  
When May has tea at five.

—CYRUS GOLDBE,  
Providence, R. I.

The Wind in The Evergreens.  
When the drifted snow has hidden  
Roads and fences from our sight,  
And the moon flows through the heavens  
Like a frozen tain, at night,  
Flooding all the rigid stretches with a ghostly,  
Dunish light,  
I like to lie and conjure  
Up old half forgotten scenes,  
As the savage wind goes howling  
Through the sighing evergreens.

There's a cottage I remember,  
With an orchard in the rear;  
There's a winding pathway leading,  
To a spring that bubbles near—  
Ah! the dapper that drank from bears the rust of  
many a year!  
There's a peach tree near the window  
Of the room where oft I lay  
In the long ago, as I listened  
To the wind howl away.

When a range of snowy mountains  
Stretch along the winding lane,  
When the gently sloping meadows  
Like a frozen plain,  
Has become an icy plain,  
What a joy it is to snuggle under quilts and count-  
erpane,  
And hear the peach tree creaking,  
At the corner where it leans,  
While the wind goes madly shrieking  
Through the mourning evergreens.

When the remaining cattle  
Stand in bedding to their knees;  
When the sheep are warmly sheltered,  
When the horses are at ease,  
And the kittens in the kitchen are as happy as you  
can be,  
When father's work is ended,  
And mother sits and sews,  
There's a wondrous mystic music  
In the angry wind that blows.

Ah! the rambling little shepherds  
Wear herbage, so they say;  
The horses are no longer  
Archling at the fragrant hay;  
Beneath the old-time kitchen stove no happy kit-  
tens play,  
And out behind the village church,  
A mossy grave-stone leans  
Above two mounds of earth which the wind  
Sighs through the evergreens. —S. E. Kiser.

The Blackthorn Blossom.

Have you ever seen it—the blackthorn blossom  
Snowy white on the dusky bough,  
No hint of green, where it may blossom,  
The buds are bare as the trees are now?  
My vision beams with ne'er a care in,  
My face with gladness all aglow,  
How often it charmed me in the gleam of rain—  
The blackthorn blossom white as snow.

Up the green hillside where hawthorn hoary  
Leaned o'er many a fairer ring,  
The snow was the first to tell the story  
Of love eternal as it did by spring.  
House sparrows mad o'er their mates were  
quav'ling,  
The crown lark sparrow chirped below,  
But above in yellow the potent you'll find  
Flooding with me in the snow.

Hard and high rose the hawthorn hedges,  
But here and there the gaps between  
Illuming the spruce-tops, shies and edges,  
The freshly opened buds were seen.  
On old mossed stones the shamrocks shining  
Spoke to a heart untouched by we,  
Of budded woodbine above the hemlock ring,  
And rough among them the blessed snow.

Oh, days departed! no more forever  
May I my home in Ireland see,  
But for time, not fate, nor seas can sever  
One happy memory from me.  
No mistle-crowd may my song entom,  
In vain may my numbers flash and flow,  
But what came I—hile the blackthorn blossom  
Spreads out before me, white as snow. —Moses Teggart.

The Vice Above.

Lost on the drift,—and where the fell clouds flow  
The steep above him looms,  
And strong winds out of distant regions blow  
The snow in strange plumes  
And yawns the gulf of the crevasse below  
In sapphire glows and glooms.

Aloof the precipice there is no way  
That he may surely tread;  
Slight in his foothold on the slippery stay  
That trembles to his tread;  
And chill and terrible the dying day  
Falls fast about his head.

Could he but hear some lowing of the herd,  
Some mountain bell rang clear;  
If some familiar sound one moment stirred  
To guide him, lost in fear!  
He dares not move—some beckoning, leading word  
A! could he but hear!

In those waste places of the earth and dim  
No star shines forth at all—  
Through awful loneliness and frigid dim  
He gives one shuddering call,  
While horror of great darkness seems to swim  
And hold him in its pall.

Then, like blown breath of music in the height  
A cry from far and low;  
He thrills, he springs, he gathers all his might,  
He feels new pulses glow!  
His Father's voice—he needs no sense nor sight,  
He knows the way to go!  
—Harriet Prescott Spofford.

The Unsatisfy'd.

Aint no satisfyin' folks!  
This here life's a hummer:  
When it snows  
An' when it blows—  
"Good Lord, send the summer!"  
Aint no satisfyin' folks!  
Hot sun fires a splinter;  
Then you hear,  
Both far an' near:  
"Good Lord, send the winter!"  
Folks are awful hard to please;  
Life—there's little in it;  
Come to die—  
You hear this cry;  
"Good Lord, wait a minute!"

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

ADDRESS TO MAJOR GOOD.

The Words of Welcome With Which His Worship Welcomed the Gallant Officer.

It is with great gratification that as mayor I convey to you my heartfelt welcome home with which every citizen of St. John greets you today—both those who belong here and those who belong to other parts of the province. The manner in which you, in company with the other forces in Canada who volunteered for active service in South Africa, have borne yourselves through the terrible privations and hardships of a most arduous campaign, as well as your gallantry and successful operations in action with the enemy, have filled us with pride and gratitude—have brought honor to yourselves—have placed Canada in a higher position among the nations than she has occupied before, and in one short year have done more to cement together in one real bond of brotherhood and union the various portions of our great empire with another, and especially with the great mother-land, than all preceding events added together. We have read with the greatest satisfaction the laudatory words in which your great commander, Earl Roberts, expressed his high appreciation of the manner in which the Canadian troops have borne themselves under his command, and I am sure you must feel honored to have so thoroughly earned his commendation. Major Gen. Smith-Dorrien also issued an order in which he stated that "He cannot allow the R. C. D. and D. battery and C. M. R. to leave his command without thanking them for the grand work which they have performed for him in the Belfast flying column. In eight of the last nineteen days they have been engaged with the Boers and have proved themselves splendidly brave mounted troops, and it has afforded the major general much pleasure to be able to send to the field marshal detailed accounts of their feats of arms and I have been able to bring to the especial notice of the commander in chief five officers and seven non-coms, and men for distinguished conduct in the field during those operations."

If you naturally feel proud to have earned words of such high commendation from your commanding officers I am sure that your fellow countrymen are just as proud of you—for what you have done in South Africa you have not done for yourselves alone, but your prowess on the field has reflected an undying lustre on this country in whose name you went, and the glory of your achievements will always remain among the brightest and most cherished possessions of the history of our beloved dominion. We feel as a people that we are safe while we can command the services of men like you, who, urged by the patriotic impulse of love of Queen and country, have gone unostentatiously to the field of battle ready to lay down life itself if necessary to uphold the honor of the flag and keep it unsullied no matter who may be the aggressor.

Our city is honored by your presence and welcomes you with open arms, and asks those of you who are passing through to accept its hospitality and be its guests while you remain. I have only to add that I hope your future lives will in all respects be happy, useful and successful, as has been your campaign in South Africa.

A Serious Sequel

True Christmas stories of the latest date can only be told after Christmas. There is in Detroit a model bachelor. Do not jump at the conclusion in this case that it must be the mayor, for there are quite a respectable number of model bachelors in Detroit.

The one we are talking about gave a Christmas dinner, inviting in a multiplicity of relatives and friends of both sexes. They were industriously going through the meat course when a telegram was brought in. This model and wealthy bachelor is so accustomed to receiving appropriate messages on Christmas that he merely waved his hand to the stern-faced uncle at his right and said: "Read it; read it out."

The uncle is a man of business, and did not stop to first glance the message over. In a voice that would grace the stump, he read: "Merry Christmas. Got the ring, and it's a dream. Playing in Chicago this week."

The name signed was of a favorite actress. The bachelor went white and speechless. The uncle scowled so that he couldn't tell whether he was eat-

ing light meat or dark. One aunt seized the old-time smelling bottle at the girl's, and another shook her cork-screw curls furiously as she left the room with a bow that belonged to the first half of the century. Some of the foolish cousins tittered while their elders rebuked them, but it was the bright niece of sixteen who flashed a woman's intuition.

"Why, uncle Charley," she laughed, "somebody is trying to play a joke on you." And that was all there was to it. A bachelor who had not been invited framed the scheme and worked it, but there were some of those relatives who were not to be convinced, and changes in several wills are anticipated.

General Wolsley Oily a Strip Loco.

It is pleasant, says the Saturday Evening Post, to come across old warriors who, having fought in many climes against many people are still hale and hearty. The other day one of England's veterans, Field Marshal Sir Frederick P. Haines, celebrated his eighty-first birthday.

Just sixty-one years ago he began his career as a warrior, and fifty-five years ago he went through his first campaign, seeing most of the fighting that took place in the Sutley campaign of 1845. Almost the first time he smelt powder he was desperately wounded.

His next campaign was that in the Punjab in 1849, and later he fought through the ill-managed Crimean. Twenty years later he was made Commander-in-Chief in India, and was specially thanked by Parliament for his tact and energy in the Afghanistan operations.

The old warrior is hale and hearty and still has an opinion of his own. It is told of him that a dictum of Lord Wolsley's was quoted against one of his own. Sir Frederick rapped his cane on the floor and shouted: "Wolsley! Wolsley! A clever lad. I'll admit, but a mere striping yet sir, a mere striping!" As Lord Wolsley is only sixty-seven, that settled it of course.

Household Hints.

Bruised clothes kept among furs frighten moths away.

Never let a child sob itself to sleep.

Sponge black silk with spirits to revive it.

Whiting and lime juice cleans ivory knife handles.

The busy housewife should get an hour's sleep in the afternoon.

Apply arnica to a bruise if the skin is broken. If broken wash the bruise and apply vaseline.

A stitch in time saves nine.

Lemons stowed separately in dry sand keep fresh.

Cut glass needs scrubbing with warm water and soap. When the dirt is removed rinse it well with warm water.

An egg beaten up in milk is a good pick-me-up.

Soot covered with salt is easily brushed up.

When grease is spilt on wood, cold water should follow.

Dry hair turns gray sooner than moist tresses do.

Sufferers from dyspepsia should not drink while eating.

If your clothes catch fire, instantly roll on the floor.

A hot bath taken at night affords refreshing sleep.

When you want to cut whalebone, warm it by the fire.

Crawl out of a room where there are smoke and fire. If possible, hold a wet towel to your face while escaping, says the Boston Sunday Journal.

Brief From Billville.

The R-publicans we banished six days before the election are slowly returning home. A cordial welcome to all! What we want to do now is to build up the town.

Our losses on the recent election were not great—consisting of one bridle cow and seven friends. We are now back to business with "Welcome" over the door.

Now that the country has settled down for four years we extend the glad hand of forgiveness to all our enemies who won money from us.

Major Jones, our late leading Republican, died two hours after we went to press. We will try and locate him however in our next issue.

Night in Chicago.

Conductor—"Why didn't you stop for them three fellers that signaled?"  
Motorman—"I got me week's salary in me pocket, and you bet I aint takin chances like that!"