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PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES. ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JAN. 5

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ELECTING A PRESIDENT.

Although it is already decided that MR. MCKINLEY is to be President for soother term of four years, he has not yet been elected. The election will take place on Monday, Jan 14, when the electors chosen by each state will meet at the respective state capitals and cast their votes.

In the theory of the constitution, electors of President and Vice President are state officers. Consequently every state

and influential parishes. They never open the morning paper to see their names in the head-linec and their sermons in the news columns. Year after year, in pati ence and with smiling faces, they answer the countless petty calls upon their strength and sympathy; and when at length they fall, others, who know all the cond tions, all the hardships they must face are yet willing to step into their places and carry forward their work.

The theme of the country preacher may be simple, his speech sometimes uncultured, bis learning often slight; but the spirit of his faithful and ill-paid service is divine. Under the rusty old broadcloth is a figure most nobly digrified, most rarely beautiful.

The Nova Scotia coal strike has been averted and this removes the opportunity for some of our local coal dealers to equeeze the last cent out of the poor people of this city.

BEAUTIES OF A GLACIER.

Scenes in the Canadiaa Rockies Likened to Vision of a Glorified City.

The fascination of a glacier are as witching as they are dangerous. Apostotlic vision of a crystal city glorified by light 'that never was on land or sea' was not more beautiful than these vast ice rivers, whose onward course is chronicled, not by years and centuries, but by geological ages says A. C. Laut, writing in the New York post of the Great I'licil'iwaet, Asulkan and Bow River glacial regions of the Rocky Mountains of British Columbia. With white domed show cornices wreathed fantastic as arabesque and with the glassy wa'ls of emerald grotto reflecting a million sparking jewels, one might be in some cave nous dream world or among the tottering grandeur of an ancient city. The ice pillars and silvered pinnacles, which scientists call seracs, stand like the sculptured The thing you fashion out of senseless clay, marble of temples clumbling to ruin. Glittering pendants hang from the rim of bluish chasm. Tints too brilliant for artists' blueb gleam from the turquois of crystal walle. Rivers that flow through valleys of ice and lakes, hemmed in by hills of ice, shine with an szure depth that is very infinity's self. In the morning, when all thaw has been stopped by the night's cold, there is deathly silence over the glacial fields, even the mountain catarache fall noiselessly from the precipice to ledge in tenuous, wind blown threads. But with the sising of the sun the whole glacial world breats to life in neisy tumult. Surface rivulets brawl over the ice with a glee that is vocal and almost human. The gurgle of rivers flowing through subterranean tunnels becomes a roar, as of a lushing, angry sea, ice rip no longer holds back rock scree loosened by the night's frost, and there is the reverberating thunder of the falling avalanche.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Ladies Sin.

It was a lovely lady. With manners of the best; ble was finely educated. She was exquisitely dressed. With a topic philanthropic, She arose to fill her place On the programme which was builded For to elevate the race. She arose with highest purpose, Her noble best to do-There were seven other ladies Upon the programme, too.

The lady read her paper Till her hearers wore a frown-The chairman was a lady-She would not ring her down; And when the chainman hinted That her limit long was o'er, The lady with the paper Asked for just a minute more! The hearers all were ladies, What could the bearers do? There were seves other ladies Upon the programme, too. And those seven other ladies Had to summon grace sublime, To smile and wait in silent state While the speaker stole their time.

Eight papers in a two hours' space Gives each a clear amount; Could not the lady read the score Of those who also claimed the floor ? Could not the lady count ? Did she imagine that her theme Was the only subject there, Or that her treatment was the best, And no one wished to hear the rest ? Was it that she forgot their feeling Who had to lose what she was stealing, Or that she did not care?

To think one's own all adequate Is ignorance indeed; To push yourselt while others wait Is indeness beyond meed, To iske what other people own Is stealing pure and pla'1-And when our ladies calmly rise And do this thing with open eyes, What qualities remain? -Charlotte Perkins Stetson

The Statue.

he matble waits immaculate and rade; Beside it stands the sculptor, lost in dresms. With vague, chaotic forms, his vision teems. Fair shapes pursue him, only to elude and mock his eager fancy. Lines of grace And heavenly beauty vanish, and, behold ! Out through the Pa ian luster, pore and cold, Glares the wild horror ot a devil's face.

The clay is ready tor the modeling. The marble waits : how beautiful, how pure, That glesming substance, and it shall endure, When dynasty and empire throne and king Have councied back to dust. Well may you pause, Oh, sculp'or-a", st 1 and, before that mute, Unshapen surface, stand in resolute 1 Awful, indeed, are art's unchanging laws.



THE BISHOP AND HIS BORSE.

How the Animal K pt the Re d on an in dian Visit.

Bishop Whipple of Minnesota, in his 'Reminiscences,' gives an interesting account of one of his many visits to Sioux Missions. The thermometer was thirty six degrees below zero, and there were indi cations of a severe storm when he reached New Ulm at noon. He stopped at the house Robert, a French Indian trader. When I told Mr. Robert that I had promised to be at the Mission next day and reminded him that Indians call men liars when they do not seep their word, he made a quick inspection of me, looked at my horses and said :

Bishop, with that buckskin suit and fur coat you'll go through all right, only I'l give you three pairs of moccassins to put on in place of your boots. One never know what sort of storms will come up on the prairies. In the first seven miles of your journey you will find three houses, but none after that for twenty three miles. Let your horses out at their best speed when you reach the prairies. You can easily follow the road, as the grass will be high on either side.'

Without a moment's delay I pulled on my moccasins and started, driving at a rapid speed until well out on the prairie. Then suddenly I discovered that the grass had been burned before the snowfall, and ly greetings of the other regular attend-

the full weight of his slender body, stretched out his bands.

K.

'Teke hold of my hands, paps. I'll steady her ! I'l get you !'

'And by his help I succeeded in climbing into the bost.

' 'You saved my life, Robbie.' I said, as soon as I could speak. His face was deathly in its pallor, and two great tears dropped on his chock, but he answered :

'Ne, I didn't. I didn't have anything to do with it. You got out yourself.' And from that day to this the child has never been willing to hear the matter mentioned. If any one speaks of it he slips out of the room.

'But,' added the father, 'my grown-up boy went to Santiago. His officers and comrades often speak to me of his conduct as a soldier, and of his efforts in camp to save and help his fellow sufferers from wounds and fever, and when they congratulate me on his record, I say in my heart, 'Yes, I ought to be very happy and proud, for I have two heroes, though one of them is only eight years old.'

TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF.

Elisha's Neighbors Puzzled Over the New Contury.

Mr, Billings settled himself comfortably in his favorite chair beside the stove in the E.ocery store, and retr-ned the neighbor-

may have its own peculiar customs and regulations concerning the meeting of the electors. But the electors must all meet and vote on a day specified by act of Congress, and the method of their certifying the result of the vote is also prescribed by personel law. In Practice, the customs in the several states have gradually approached uniformity.

The electors, having been chosen and having received certificates of election, usually assemble at the state-house on the Saturday before the election, and organize by the choice of a president and secretary. On the day fixed for the election they give their votes, and in most states they vote both by ballot and viva voce. The state in some cases provides elaborately engraved ballots, and as the elector drops his ballot in the box he uses some such form as this :

'I cast my vote fer WILLIAM MCKINLEY of Ohio, for the President of the United States.'

When the votes have been counted and the result has been declared, certificates are prepared, sigued by each elector, and scaled securely. One of the certificates is sent by mail to the President of the Senate; one is transmitted to him by a mess enger appointed for the purpose who makes the journey to Washington in order to deliver it; the third copy is deposited with the judge of the district court for the distruct in which the electors assemble.

The law provides that the states may pass laws to verify the choice of electors in case the result is contested ; and it also establishes rules for settling disputes that may arise in connection with the counting of the votes. Fortunately, there is no queztion of either kind this year. The count takes place on the second Wednesday in February, which this year will be the thisteenth of the mouth.

COUNTRY PREACHERS.

There was a conference of Methodist ministers at Nortolk, Virginis, recently, at which the members made reports of their work during the past year, and told what their salaries were. One man had received nothing. Another man had an income of twenty-six dollars. Many, without a thought of complaint or reproach, reported sums so piticily smell as to be almost beyond belief.

The conditions are not peculiar to that

Neptune Rowing Club Carnival.

The fifth annual carpival of the Neptune Rowing club will be held at the Victoria rink, Monday evening January 14th. The managements of the club and the rink are making preparations to outdo previous efforts, and it is more than probable the coming one will be the most successful carnival yet undertaken by the Neptunes, although every previous effair of the kind under the same direction has scored a first rate all round success.

The Rowing Club will donate fifty dol lers in gold for pizes. Of this amount, twenty dollars will be for the best representation by a group of five or more, ten dollars for the second best, and five dollars for the third best group. Five dollars will go to the most original costume among the ladies, and the same amount to the most original costume among the gent'emen, while five dollars will form a special prize to be awarded at the discretion of the judges. Several organizations have signified their intention of competing for the team prize, and no less than thin y of the Neptunes will present a special auraction on this line.

That Dog Fight.

Were you at the dog fight the day after New Year's out on Sandy Point Road ? All the dead game sports were there. The battle was between a State of Maine carine and a St. John bull pup. The dog from the land of Uncle Sam, won. It was a great 20th century sight. Jack was

Transformed to marble shart outlive y And, when no more is known your race or name Men shall be moved by what you mold to day. We all are sculptors. By each act and thought, We form the model. Jime, the alisan, Stands. with his chisel, fashioning the Ms 1, And stroke by stroke the masterpiece is wrought.

Angel or demon ? Che se, and do not err ! For time but toliows as you shape the mold, And figishes in marble, stern and cold, That statue of the soul the character. By wordless blessing or by silent curse, By act and motive, -- so do you define The image which me copies line by 'ine, For 'he great gallery of the universe. Ella Wheeler Wilcoz.

The Gobblers Fortune.

One day in fall a turkey, With besting proud and buoyant, Beheld a placaro, reading: 'Mother Goose. Clairvoyaat.'

No supersititious nonsense Troubled this goboler's head. 'To hear my fortune, good or bad, I'll just drop in.' he said.

Soon he had crossed the witch's claw With a kernel of bright red co.a. "Alas!' she cried, 'You'll soon regret The day that you were bo.a!

'Your line of life is ver ; shou; It shows a near demise Beware of lorking dangers, Of a sudden, quick surprise.

'I see a dark man plotting, But you'll escape his sna "e, Only to fall the victim Of a treacherous maiden fz'r.

With smiles and honeyed phrases, And viands in a pan, She'll lead to an ambush Of an armed and murd'rous man.

'The ides of chill November Beware, ere 'lis 'oo late. You will soon join society Upon a china plate!'

Sir Gobbler le't, regarding not The warning of the shrew. A'as for him! A sck! Alas! Her warnings all came true.

A Mountain Lake.

O limnid "stener! in your plac'd soul Are mingled all the songs that brooks have sung When, years and years, the shargy hills smong, they babbled of their trials, with foamy terrs, Until all wearied, having reached their goal. You softly soo hed their sorrows and their fears.

like sentinels the stolid mountains stand Abont you, d es't in garbs of gorgeous green; At early dawn their min ored shapes are seen, in sb mmering outline, painted by 'he sun, Upon your face, athwart the gleaming spid; Nor fade from view ratil the day is done.

A fitting figore of ele: ap' yest You typing the chr igele fate of man When, h ving coursed mot ality's brief span Adow a the hills of Time his 1'e shall end, And all his doings, be they barned or blest, Forevermore, with other deeds, shall blend. John A. Foote.

A Fin-de Stec'e Product.

Who draweth nigh with with joy al dance And laughter in her sunlit glance Whose wicheries about her cling, More stiong with each successive spring What happy maid with cheek aglow And what eye alight? Ah ! say it low! It is the baby's gr nomamma!

The grandma that we used to know-It seems not many years age -A goodly drme with bag and cap, 1d sairning needles in her lap, Hath she become the ai. , sprite That fisshed briore our dazzled sight Our lit le daughter's gre idmammag there was nothing to defiae the road. I ants.

knew, by the hard stubble which showed itself where the snow had been driven off last night of the old year. 'Somethin' by the wind, that I was hopelessly out of | Find o' solemn 'bout it, too, when ye stop the track.

in, had obliterated the road over which 1 had come as completely rs it had the stretch feel serious. People laugh 'bout New before me. In passing through several of Year's resolutions, but I maintain it's a the coulees with which the prairies abound my horses were breast deep in the snow.

A starless right came on, and with the wind sweeping the snow first into almost impassable diffs and then leveling them to the bare ground, I had to contess myself lost.

Suddenly Bashaw stopped. I was confident that the wise fellow had slack a landmark, for he knew as well as I did a better holt on my temper this year. that we were lost.

tinguish in the darkness something under the snow that looked like a huge snake. It proved to be an Indian (rail. The Indians always wa'k in single file to avoid an ambush, and in the loom of the prairie these trails are several inches deep.

Bashaw followed it, and when his mate wer inclined to tu a out he put his teeth

into his neck and forced him into the path. Mr. Hinman was so sure I had started

that he kept a light in the window of the agency, and when Bashaw saw it he leaped like a hound from his kennel. When we reached the Mission and Bashaw, comfortably stalled, turned his great eyes upon me, his whichy said as plainly as words, 'We are all right now, master.'

Saved His Father's Life.

The new voice tells this story of the covrage of a boy, the son of a resident of New York. Their summer home is near a lake, in wrich the tather and the eight year old son delight to fish.

One day last summer, when the two were out fishing, the boat gave a sudden lurch, and the tather, who was standing at the stern, lost his balance and fell backward into the water, which at that point was fally thirty feet in depth. He could not swim, and the boy Laew it.

No other bost was in sight. To scream helplessly would have been the natural expression of a child'site; but not a word or sob embairassed the swift thought of the curly head or the swift action of the little sunburnt hands. Instead, he grasp-

'Yes,' he said meditatively, 'this is the to think of it. A year past an' gone, an' The wind-stoim, which had already set a new one-mebbe the last some of us'll ever see-jast beginnin'. It makes a man good thing for a man to pull up now an' then an' start fresh; an' the first of the year seems the most natural an' fittin' time to do it.'

> 'Makin' any res'lutions yourself, 'Lisha? asked Nathan Hobbs, good naturedly.

'Yes, sir, I am !' replied Elisha, defiantly. 'I'm makin' one, anyway, an' I don't care who knows it. I'm resolvin' to keep He that ruleth his spirit is better than I jumped from the sleigh and could dis- he that taketh a city,' the Book says. I've had my failin's that way, as some of ye know; but now we're beginnin' a new year an' a new century, too, I'm goin to turn over a new leaf.'

> 'What was that you said 'bout a new century ?' asked old Eben Cook, from his seat in the corner.

'I said now that we was beginnin' a new century I was goin'-'

'What you 'alkin' about, 'Lisha? The twentieth century beg." a year ago. Tomorrow'll be nineteen hundred en' one, won't it?'

'Course 'twill; but ain't 'one' the first number there is? An' don't that meke tomorrow the first day of the new century?'

'Not by a long shot, 'less I've forgotten how to count. It don't take a bundred an' one years to make a center /, does it?"

'No, but it takes more'n ninety-nine. S'pose I was to begin with one, an' count

'Hold on a minute,' interposed Judson, the storekeeper. 'Let's say that Bill, here, owed me a hundred do"ars an' started to pay me in dol' bills, callin' out 'one,' two,' 'three'--'

'Well, s'pose he did.'

'No, Jud,' suggested Seth Gibson. Here's the way I heard that feller up to the academy put it : How old is a man on his one hundredth birthday ?'

'Good land and seas!' shouted Mr. Billings, as he rose excitedly to his feet. 'If he didn't how any mor'n this c'lection of hand-picked lunkheads he wouldn't pass tor mor'n six or seven, at most. It's a waste o' breath talk'n' to ye. My ol' sorrel mare's got more sense than the whole passel of ye !' and he staned for the door. 'What was it 'Lish's was rayin' 'bout New Year's res'lutions?' McPherson asked the storekeeper, as the door shut with a bang. But Judson was too intent on his argument with Gibson to reply.

conference or to the Methodist church. There are men in other parts of the country and in all the denominations serving, like these, for smaller wages than the hod carrier or the crossing-sweeper earns. They are the county preachers who make up the rark and file of the army of the church, and do the hardest of the work. It is they who hold the remote outposts of civilization against religious ignorance and unbelief; who break the bread of life in little backwoods churches and gather their congregations in cross-roads schoolhouses. They beg zealously for missionary funds, they plead earnestly for money to build colleges and assist other churches; but of their own needs they say little. They never receive "calls" from rich

ere with a wad. Billy S .-- was one of the spectators and held some good Canadian which he parted with in bad taste. The story goes that the authorities had wind of the fight but did not take action.

Curling.

Our curlers are doing some fine work this winter, and the game seems if possible more popular than ever. Both the Thistles and St. Andrews have increased their membership considerably, and every evening the rinks present a lively scene. There are many good corlers in St. John, and they will give a good account of themselves before the season closes.

Ohairs' Be-seated Orne, Splint, Perforeted, Duval, 17 Waterlee.

What sunshine melted all the snows ? When tu.ded the sear leaf ') 'he rose ? What pi celess a chemy of youth Creates this m'racle ? Forse sib, Doth Time himself, enamored, stand, Take back his allows from the hand Of baby Madge's grand mamma ?

Oh, who can work the wonder out ? Your withered crone was good, no doubt; We will most tenderly emualm Her in those hou 's of amber ca'm. If always with us there may stay The Landma of our better day-Or: fin-de-siecie grandmammas ! -Ada Foster Murray.

Neck Bands Replaced.

Hosiery darned, reprirs made all fee why do you go elsewhere with your laundiy, when we do the best work and do so many things free. Try us now, Ungars Work. Telephone 58.

ed the oars and pulled the drifting boat to the spot where his father had disappear ed.

'When,'-to quote the father's own words,-'after what I suppose was a few seconds though it seemed an age, my head rose above the water, I saw that "ttle fig ure grasping the oars, and a childish, death white face bent in such strained and intense watching as I can never forget.

'H id on, papa, I'll get you cut ! Keep up paps, I'm coming !' and he bent to the Voter. cars and in a minute was at my side. 'Half-blinded and exhausted, I tried to grasp the boat, and came near capsizing it believing that he thoroughly understood Laundry, Dyeing and Carpet Cleaning in my clumsy effort, when he braced his his own arguments, and they regarded him feet against the side, and throwing back as a genius."

"How did he acquire the reputation of being such a brilliant man?" inquired one

"By means of his convincing manner," answered the other. "He got people to

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