PROGRESS.

VOL. XIII., NO. 681 ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY DECEMBER 28, 1901. PRICE ONE CENT

Board of Works 8 May 1901

SOMEWHAT EMBARRASSING.

How Obedience to the Law Sometime Affects Business Establishments.

It is quite proper to obey the regulations of the board of health and get vaccinated but this has in many cases in this city caused considerable inconvenience.

This has especially been so in PROGRESS office. Compositors who hold a composing stick all day cannot do so if they have sore arms and for this reason the capacity for work in this office has been limited for some weeks. If PROGRESS had type setting machines as the dailies are favored with this difficulty could be overcome but the number of compositors in the city is limited and men or women cannot learn to set type in a day. To those who have asked why the size of PROGRESS has been temporarily reduced let this be the explanation.

Anecdotal.

Once, during a dry season in China, the late Li Hung Chang called on Minister Conger, and spoke of the weather.

'Yes,' said Mr. Conger, 'it seems to be dry everywhere. It is dry in America, too I read in one of our papers the other day that in many places in the West the people were praying for rain.'

'What!' said the earl, 'do your people pray to their God for rain?' 'Oh, yes,' said the minister, 'they often pray for rain.' 'And does their God send it when they pray for it?' asked the earl. 'Yes sometimes their prayers are answered, and sometimes they are not.' 'All the same like Chinese joss, hey?' said the earl with a grin and a chuckle.

General Ballington Booth of the Volunteers of America, tells a story of a prayer-meeting held in New York on the East Side during the recent mayorality campaign. In the midst of a prayer he relates, one pious brother said: 'Oh, Lord, we pray Thee that the Democrat party may hang together in the coming election.' 'Amen, answer prayer, Lord,' put in a Republican who was near. 'But I do not mean it as the Republican brother means it, Lord. I pray that we may hang together in concord and accord.' continued the Democrat. 'Amen, Lord,' again said the Republican; 'any cord, as long as they hang.'

A correspondent of the 'Canadian Gazette' (London) relates the following story to illustrate the abnormal development of the late Li Hung Chang's bump of curiosity. 'One day I was unwise enough to tell him that it was possible to tap the telegraph wires at any point along the line. This got me into a nice mess, for Li insisted on stopping the train in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, and although Le Fung Loo pointed out to him that the tapping might interrupt the transcontinental business of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, he was determined to see Mr. Joseph Baker (an expert telegrapher who accompanied us) tap the wires. The obliging Baker, to my surprise, willingly consented and entertained His Excellency with an agile pole-climbing feat and a spectacular manipulation of wire. Joe came down the pole with a most plausible story of what the operators at the end of the line had said to him, but he afterwards confided to me that he had 'only fooled the old man.' Li, however, was delighted, and talked of wire trapping until he heard about a typewriter we had on board. Then Mr. Baker was kept busy for half a day explaining to His Excellency and the equally interested members of his suite the intricacies of the writing machine.'

Lord Kelvin once paid a visit with a friend to some well known electrical works. They were escorted ever the workshops by the senior foreman, a man of much intelligence and an enthusiastic electrician. Entirely unaware of his visitor's identity, he minutely explained the details of the plant and machinery, and lectured him in his role of layman quite professionally. Lord Kelvin's friend was on the point of intervening several times, but an amused sign from the great master of electricity kept him silent. When the tour of inspection was complete, Lord Kelvin quietly turned to the foreman and asked: 'What then, is electricity? This was a poser for the man, who, somewhat shamefaced, confessed that he could not say. 'Well, well,' said Lord Kelvin gently, 'that is the only thing about electricity which you and I don't know.'

A congressman who had instructed his doorkeeper to say to all undesirable callers that he was in the bath and could not be seen, was recently visited by a constituent with a grievance to exploit. He called every day at the house, but no matter at what hour he presented himself he was invariably informed that the congressman was bathing. 'I must see him,' he finally said one day to the servant; 'my business is most important; I'll wait until he is through with his bath.' 'Dat's no use,' replied the negro butler; 'gen'leman done waited foe hours de udder day; he wa'n't through den.' Whereupon the disappointed constituent is said to have written this upon his card: 'You may succeed, if you persevere, in getting your body clean one of these days; but if you should spend the rest of your life in a bath-tub it would not purify your conscience or your political record.'

Equal to Three.

Public vehicles in Paris are allowed to carry only as many passengers as can find seats. After that number has been admitted no one is allowed to enter. The explanation will serve to introduce an incident reported by a correspondent of the Pittsburg 'Dispatch.'

A crowd of men and women, each with a numbered ticket, showing the order in which they were to enter the next street car, stood at the Place de l'Etolle station when the down town car arrived.

Surveying the crowd, the conductor cried out: Only three places in the car! Who has ticket No. 1?

With that Mrs. Blank of Chicago, the stoutest woman in the American colony approached holding up the ticket called for.

'Step aboard, madam,' said the conductor, ringing his go ahead bell.

'Wait! Wait! I've No. 2! called a little Frenchman.

'You're too late,' replied the conductor 'Every place is taken.

Asiatic Humor.

The Ameer, Abdur Rahman Khan, after a succession of ups and downs that included the composition and publication of his autobiography, recently died a natural death in his own country of Afghanistan. 'Work,' he said in his 'Life,' 'has been my watchword,' but believing, no doubt, that all work and no play will make an Ameer a dull boy, he took his fun wherever he found it.

'At one of his public dinners,' said Mr. Stephens, Wheeler in his story of the ameer's life, 'an excited native rushed into the midst of the assembly and prostrated himself in front of the ameer.

'Sahib,' he gasped, 'the Russians are coming!'

'From what direction are they visible?' asked the ameer, without changing his expression.

'From yonder hill,' replied the native.

'Climb that tree and watch until they come!' was the royal command.

'The native ascended to the topmost branches, and was forced to remain until he dropped to the ground.

'Politicial upholsterers'—whom Addison described as 'grave persons'—may see in this anecdote evidence of the ameer's full confidence in Russia's intentions toward Afghanistan; it is more probable that it was a manifestation of that grim humor which was of the quaint Oriental stripe with which the 'Arabian Nights' have made us familiar.

Imperative Orders.

The colonel was entertaining some of his friends with stories of army life, says my the Detroit Free Press, and the talk turned to the inflexibility of Tim Murphy's case.

Murphy had enlisted in the cavalry service, altough he had never been on a horse in his life. He was taken out of drill with other raw recuits under command of a sergeant, and as luck would have it, secured one of the worst buckers in the whole troop.

'Now, my men' said the sergeant in addressing them, 'no one is allowed to dismount without orders from a superior officer Remember that.'

Tim was no sooner in the saddle than he was hurled head over heels in the air, and came down so hard that the breath was almost knocked out of him.

'Murphy,' shouted the sergeant, when he discovered the man spread on the ground, 'you dismounted!'

'I did.'

'Did you have orders?'

'I did.'

'From headquaters, I suppose?' with a sneer.

'No, from hindquarters.

'Take him to the guard-house!' ordered the sergeant.

Didn't Recognize It.

A distinguished member of the United States judiciary has discovered that he still has something to learn in the direction of agriculture.

He bought a farm as a summer home for his family, and finds especial delight in walking about the place, commenting on the condition of the crops, and in many ways showing his interest in his new possessions.

One evening during the summer he was strolling over the farm. The hired man had cut the grass during the day,—a very thin crop,—and had left it lying on the ground to dry. The judge saw it, and calling his man he said:

'It seems to me that you are very careless. Why haven't you been more particular in raking up this hay? Don't you see that you have left little dribblings all around?

For a minute the hired man stared, wondering if the judge was quizzing him. Then he replied:

'Little dribblings? Why, man, that's the crop

N'T BE ALARMED:

There is Nothing in the So-Called Small Pox Situation to be Afraid of.

Christmas this year was uneventful even uninviting to those who lived outside of the city.

The reasons hardly need to be spoken of but the weather was disappointing and the prevailing epidemic seemed to have alarmed the people through the provinces to such an extent that they failed to make their usual annual holiday visit.

All this had its effect upon business and yet in spite of the unfavourable condition some merchants reported trade as good as usual.

Too much has been said about the small pox situation.

The facts have been enlarged upon and exaggerated and there has been so much acrimonious discussion in regard to the action of the board of health that the public generally throughout the province have become fearful when there was in reality no occasion for any particular alarm. The cases that have been reported with one or two exceptions are the result of residence in the immediate vicinity of those who had the disease.

Few indeed of those who have been vaccinated have contracted small pox and yet there seems to be a great fear of contagion. This may be due to the fact that St. John has been especially free from such epidemics for many years; that the city has been regarded of late as one of the health spots on the continent and even the board of health was somewhat unprepared for the appearance of small pox. Stilll when it did come the general impression is that the gentleman of the board have done their best, and while not infallible, are entitled to more praise than criticism.

Where he went for it.

Albert was sent down town by his mother to get some horseradish which she needed for her pickles.

After quite a long absence he came back home tired and empty handed.

'Well, where is the horseradish? asked his mother.

Why, mother, I went to every livery stable in town, and they didn't have a bit, answered Albert, with a weary sigh.

Only a Woman's Wile.

He was a very shy young man, and the girl—well she was like most girls.

They were seated on a bench in Moor park, Preston.

'How do you pronounce K-i-s-m-e-t?' she asked.

'Oh, in this instance the 't' is not sounded,' he replied.

'Then that would be 'Kisme' she murmured.

And he did, although he was a very shy young man.

SISTERLY AFFECTION: