

**PROGRESS.**

PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, at 29 to 31 Canterbury street, St. John, N. B. by the Progress Printing and Publishing Company (Limited), Edward S. Carter, Editor and Manager. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

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**SIXTEEN PAGES. ST JOHN N.B. SATURDAY. DEC 7.**

**SUNDAY SALOONS IN NEW YORK**

The question whether saloons where intoxicating liquor is sold in the city of New York shall be permitted to do business during all or a portion of Sunday, is fast becoming the most absorbing topic in that city. It is also attracting great attention throughout the state, because an act of the legislature will be required to make such permission legal. Naturally, people outside of New York state are interested, inasmuch as the recent victory in the city achieved by the anti Tammany forces was deemed to be of national importance.

The most stubborn single fact to be considered is that Mayor-elect LOW, District Attorney-elect JEROME, and many other principal candidates on the reform ticket, pledged the German voters that in case the reform ticket was victorious at the polls, Sunday beer should be granted. There is no doubt about this, and no dispute. The pledge was given openly, explicitly and repeatedly. Rev. C. H. PARKHURST D. D., so long president of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, and anti-Tammany leader, says, over his signature, in a recent issue of the weekly paper called Christian Work:—

On the 24th of October, in Bohemia Hall, he (SETH LOW) practically served notice on the public that, in case of his election, saloons would be open all day Sunday. He was at this meeting subject to a catechization that he would certainly have been very glad to be protected from, but he practically promised them an easy enforcement of the law; and if he had not, he would not have been elected.

This is even a greater concession than has been heretofore generally understood; because the usual promise was for only partial Sunday opening. Moreover, Dr. PARKHURST's report reads as if SETH LOW did not stop at saying he would use his influence to get the law modified, but went the distance of making his Bohemian Hall listeners expect that in the event of failure to secure such legislative relief, he would if elected, connive at a non-enforcement of the existing law.

The Outlook, in its latest issue, gives considerable space to the subject of Sunday liquor sales in Greater New York. Its editorial comment is devoted to urging the justice and necessity of submitting the question to the voters in the city; not, however, as a unit, but by wards or election districts. A somewhat radical change in the present law would be required to bring this about. Local option is now permitted in the rural communities of the state, but not in the metropolis. Even in rural communities, however, there is no local option on the Sunday saloon question.

Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, whom we judge from internal evidence, to be the writer of the editorial on this subject in the Outlook, lays emphasis on the point that the Sunday liquor question is now, and always will be settled by the prevailing sentiment of each locality, law or no law. This amounts to saying that the new mayor could not close the saloons on Sunday if he tried, in those quarters of the city where the prevalent sentiment is in favor of keeping them open. How far this view fairly exculpates Mayor Van Wyck, in respect to that matter, and some other matters, is a question which Dr. Abbott does not attempt to answer.

In another part of the Outlook there is a symposium made up of letters from prominent clergymen, in which a variety of views on the general topic is presented. Rev. Dr. E. D. McCONNELL, rector of Holy Trinity church, Brooklyn, says:—

I am not able yet to see my way to approve of opening saloons at any hour on Sunday.

Rev. D. H. GREER, rector of St. Bartholomew's church, New York, who lately declined the bishopric of western Massachusetts, says:—

This is a big and complex question, and I confess that I am not able to see, as yet, the right answer to it. In the interest of the working man, and more particularly the working man's wife and children, I should be sorry to see it (Sunday) secularized by the opening of the saloon.

Rev. A. P. DOYLE, editor of the Catholic World, says:—

The city will become (under such local option as Dr. Abbott calls for) on account of this multiplication of saloons in localities, like a leper's body, fair and beautiful in some parts, but in others rotting into decomposition.

Rev. D. P. MORGAN, of the church of the Heavenly Rest, says:—

I have come to the firm conviction that the wisest thing we can do at present is to open the saloon for an hour and a half, or so, say from 12:30 to 2 p. m.; so that the working man may be able to have his 'dinner beer.'

The differences of opinion among good people, on this exceedingly perplexing question, are so wide, and the feeling so intense, that calm onlookers are forced to fear that two years hence Tammany Hall will return to power, and the recent glorious victory of honesty and decency over corruption and villainous unpeppable will prove to be temporary, if not mainly barren. This is the dilemma, that if no permission is given for the sale of intoxicating beverages on Sunday, beer-loving voters, without whose votes Seth Low would surely have been defeated, will refuse next time to mark their ballots for the reform ticket. If some concession is made to them, either by law or by winking at the evasion of the law, it may be found impossible in 1903 to unite the anti-Tammany forces.

**THE CARLETON FERRY.**

There is a great deal of complaint from teamsters using the Carleton ferry of being delayed in crossing, chiefly because the smaller boat is on the route. This is the fault of the management of the ferry service. There are two steamers belonging to the service, a large one and a small one, the large one being used in the summer time and the smaller one in the winter. There is no reason however, why the larger boat should not be in the service all the time, except for a month in spring and fall for repairs when the traffic is lighter. But the wonderful management of this service takes practically six months to repair each boat every year. There is no reason for this dilly-dallying except it is to give one or two men and the superintendent a steady job. The boats should be repaired when needed as quickly as possible and be ready for emergencies instead of the city having to hire tugs if anything happens a steamer a fifty dollars per day as happens quite often.

**Mr. Munsey and His Newspapers.**

Is the young Napoleon of the magazine publishers also to become the young Napoleon of the newspaper world in this century?

It would almost seem so from the way in which Mr. Frank A. Munsey is getting control of great newspaper plants. Following the purchase of the Washington Times Mr. Munsey has purchased a controlling interest in the New York News, and may follow it by the purchase of other newspaper plants in the larger cities until he owns a cordon of them extending almost across the continent.

The action of Mr. Munsey in this particular serves to emphasize the recently expressed opinion of Henry M. Alden, the accomplished editor of Harper's, that the magazine of the future, and indeed of the present, is to be governed by news considerations. The tendency has been obvious for a good many years, and there was a time when Mr. Alden himself did not feel pleased to be told frankly, when he asked what a friend thought of Harper's—a friend who had known the magazine ever since its first year—that its ambition seemed to be to rival Munsey's.

Yet now it is confessedly the truth, Mr. Munsey publishes we do not know how many popular magazines most of them very much alike. He has not been content to own only those in this country following the original Munsey with the Monthly Jr., the Puritan and so on, but he has purchased and rejuvenated several English magazines so that they don't know themselves? And yet, though he has made the 10 cent magazine universal, he is not satisfied, but must own some newspapers, just for fun and as a means of disposing of his surplus income if for no other reason.

The New York News—which is hardly known above 14th street in that city—is said to be worth \$1,000,000 based on its

earning capacity and its profits this year will be close to \$100,000. It is said that Mr. Munsey has plans for controlling a chain of newspapers in the large cities, and if he can manage them as successfully as he has his magazines his title as the Napoleon of the press may be well deserved.

**VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY**

**The Winner.**  
She had long been considered the frostiest thing In the city and county by far, And he who spruced might place all his bets On a rude and terrible jar.  
With her nose elevated this maid walked the streets, And noticed no man by the way, 'Till a creature, with masses of hair on his head And clad in a sweater right gar,  
Approached her—O dear, her heart pit-a-pat Beneath her waist ruffles did go, And she caught her sweet breath with a cute little gasp, And blushed swift man led the snaw  
Of her brow, and she smiled, and the creature it grinned, And they wandered afar from the town, And when all alone, his arm 'round her waist, He made what they call a 'touchdown.'  
He placed her fair head on his broad manly breast, And called her 'the sweetest wot is,' And the way she clung to him would make any vine, Go out of the tree-twining biz,  
She called him her hero, her own ootie toots, And a lot of such goo-gooing gush, And for the one thousandth and twentieth time, Her face stopped a grand 'ceaire biz.'  
She declared she had never before met a man Who seemed such an ideal complete, From his hayrick of hair on his head minus brains, To the tips of his side-spread feet.  
Thus did this fair maid lose her manner so cold, As she clung ever tighter to him, And vowed that the chances of all other girls With her dearie were a mighty blamed slim.  
What was it to her if his face had been broke, And his nose kicked around to his ear, And his eyelids caved in and his liver jammed on—  
Clear out of his natural sphere?  
What was it to her if some one had jabbed Their arm through his eye-socket galore? What was it to her if he'd cut on the field, A bucket of bones and of gore?  
What was it to her if my man had trod On his features with howlings of joy? What was it to her if my man had used His hair-burdened head for a toy?  
No, it mattered to her not a single small bit, For such she could easily deride, When her hero had played through a game of football, And come out on the strong winning side.

**Brilliant Naval Spectacle.**

On the return of the Duke and Duchess the seamen of the welcome fleet "joined hand to hand round the ship's sides, and waved their hats in the air."—Daily Telegraph.  
The British tar has always been a thing of joy to me, So 'handy' and so genial, As breezy as the sea.  
It is his pride that nothing he Doth set him el, to do Is but undone—or badly done— As is the case with you.  
So, welcoming the Duchess home, He thought, the other day, "This is a job to tackle in, At an official kind of way."  
Therefore, when came our future Queen, Each man had got the tip To clasp his fellow's hand and stard Encircling the ship.  
Then they waved hats—not with their hands, But sure as eggs are eggs, Each stood upon his sturdy head And waved with sturdy legs.  
"This is," they said, "symbolical Of what she's bent to see, For sure a the antique in Things upside down must be."

**From the Turkey's Point of View.**

A turkey sat on the topmast limb Of the very tallest tree, And, roosting bliss, indulged himself In this soliloquy:  
"Perhaps his thing of giving thanks Is what it ought to be, But I am here to say it does Not look that way to me."  
"They send a proclamation forth To say that thanks are due For all the blessings they have had, From every point of view."  
"They say the whole world ought to take One day at least, to show Its heart-felt gratitude because A few streams of blessed dew."  
"I fail to see where I come in With all those things that bless, And why I am in any way A form of thankfulness."  
"And as to giving thanks myself— Well, really, I don't see Why I should give a single thank, Would you, if you were me?"  
—WM. J. LAMPT N.

**News of the Passing Week.**

At this week's meeting of the Bank of New Brunswick directors arrangements were made for the annual meeting in January, and the usual half-yearly dividend of six per cent was declared.

Miss Maud Fairall has gone on duty in the bank as stenographer and typewriter.

The many friends of W. K. Allen, ex-M. P. P., who, accompanied by his brother, T. Carleton Allen, went to Boston last week to consult a specialist with regard to his throat trouble, which had been pronounced cancer, will be delighted to learn that there is strong possibility that he is not attacked with that disease after all, and that the prospect for his recovery is quite encouraging.—Gleaner.

Some time Monday night the store on King street occupied by Louis Graen and recently gutted by fire, was entered and seventeen hundred cigars were stolen.

The stock in trade of Paddington & Merritt was sold in small lots by the Sheriff this week.

Business is booming at Sand Point this year. Seven hundred and eighty one horses were put aboard the S. S. Monmouth in 2 1/2 hours on Monday which is probably a record.

It is rumored that negotiations are about to be opened between the belligerents in South Africa for either peace or armistice. It appears to be certain that the Boers are tired of the war, and the latest news from South Africa received by Mr. Kruger is said to show an increasing want of ammunition, arms and provisions on the part of the burghers.

Lord Strathcona, who has been confined to his house with a severe cold for some time, is seriously ill. He is unable to leave his bed or to do any business.

Mr. John F. Fitzpatrick a well-known commercial traveller, died at Halifax Tuesday evening after a week's illness from pneumonia. He was aged 25 years, was prominent in hockey circles and visited St. John on several occasions with the Crescents, and refereed games here.

Subject to the consent of the Imperial authorities, the new contingent will be known as the Canadian Mounted Rifles. Major Hamilton Merritt will be second in command. Capt. Lackie, of Halifax, who went through the South African campaign with Strathcona's Horse, will, it is said, get a captaincy in the Mounted Rifles.

An Indian canoe, containing one man, two women and three children (one infant) was capsized in Vancouver harbor this week. The man and one woman were drowned. The other woman, seizing a child under her arm and grasping the infant in her teeth succeeded in swimming ashore through boisterous icy water. The children, however, succumbed to the effects of exposure. No greater feat of heroism and swimming strength has ever been seen.

Five St. John boys are stowaways in the steamer Baroda, Capt. Davies, which sailed for South Africa with hay on Tuesday afternoon. Their names are Thomas and James Rogers, sons of Pilot B. Rogers; Thomas J. Stone; Harry Doherty, son of Pilot Joseph Doherty, and Samuel Murray, son of James Murray, boatman. None of them are over 16 years of age, and all were employed either at learning trades or were in stores. Their parents are much distressed and an effort may be made to have them sent back from St. Vincent or St. Helena.

Hartwood, the home of James Boyle, milkman Red Head, was burned to the ground Tuesday afternoon. The house was owned by J. D. Hazen, M. P. P. It was insured in the Commercial Union for \$500. Mr. Boyle lost all his household effects, also \$800 in cash, which was in the building. The barns were saved and so none of the stock or farming machinery suffered. The fire is supposed to have caught from a stove.

The British and the Boers. BY DOUGLAS TROLY.

The only British Correspondent Allowed Within the Boer Lines.  
The futility of war as a political argument has received convincing demonstration in the present slowly expiring conflict in South Africa. Britain went to war with the two Republics to secure the settlement of South Africa. In the third year of the war she stands face to face with a more complicated problem, a stronger and more consolidated opposition and a less amenable population than at the outset. War has proved a crooked path to settlement. War, to effect anything, must be real, must be earnest. To accomplish anything it must be waged as Kaiser Wilhelm urged his soldiers to wage it in China. A declaration of war is a license to kill one's country's enemy. Any departure from that's

a trespass upon the gentle demesnes of politeness and aestheticism.

Much is being written and much asserted concerning the cruelty of the South African concentration camps. But they are a necessity of the case. Had this been real war, instead of dilettante campaigning, every acre of land in South Africa would have been laid waste by the troops passing over it—first, by the Boers retreating before the British; secondly, by the British seeking to corral a light footed enemy depending entirely upon the country for his sustenance.

As it is, the British have brought the women and the children of the Boers into camps, have fed them, have nourished them, to the best of their ability have lightened the burden of war for them. Undertaken as a war measure, the plan has worked for the good of people seeking to live in a battle wasted territory. Those who have denounced these camps are women and hysterical laymen, to whom a cut finger was sufficient excuse for fainting. The condition is bad, is horrible to contemplate, but is inseparable from war.

Lord Kitchener is no kid-gloved warrior, but there is no delight for him in suffering. I have campaigned with him too long not to know that none in the army will welcome more heartily the day when the women can return to their homes, the children to the healthy veldt, the men to their flocks and their oxen. It is to speed that happy day the present misery is necessary. So long as the Boer was free to farm today, to fight tomorrow, he could accomplish nothing. An enemy who had to glance at the implement upon his shoulder before he would name his occupation for the day—soldiering or husbanding—would tax the energies of a Minerva. Lord Kitchener is but a man in uniform.

The Boers may end the situation tomorrow, but they have the courage of their convictions. Meanwhile, if the statistics I have received from Brussels are to be credited, there were in the month of June 85,410 people in the camps, of whom 777 died, equivalent to an annual mortality of 109 per 1,000; in July there were 93,940, of whom 1,412 died, equivalent to an annual death rate of 180 per 1,000, in August there were 105,847, of whom 1,878 died being equal to a yearly mortality of 214 per thousand.

Such figures need no comment. They speak against war as no advocate for peace spoke at The Hague Conference. But they assert nothing against the soldiers, only against those busy politicians on both sides who manufactured the war.

Lord Salisbury has said that, as he would, he could tell things would set the whole British nation smiling. Profound humor is rarely satisfying, but it may be presumed the British Prime Minister had in mind a little scheme for the concentration in camps of all the Kaffirs in the war-stricken area. When that is done the war is done. The Boers cannot live without food; such as they have comes from the natives and from sudden descents upon their enemy's stores. Remove the Kaffir and the Boer must starve or surrender. It is no nice alternative, but it is war.

It is because of that I was recently informed by an aide-de-camp to H. R. H. the prince of Wales that the best opinion in South Africa dated the end of the war in March, 1902. More satisfactory, to my mind, was the news I recently received from Boer refugees in Holland that the war would end in May, at the beginning of the next South African winter, when fodder for horses was exhausted, when the nights were cold and beds on the open veldt were uninviting.

The question is, will the Boer men of family and the British men of heart stand so long the constant, unavoidable, wholly deplorable mortality of the women and children in the camps? The Boers will, because they have steeled themselves to it. It is more doubtful if the British will. Lord Salisbury has protested against the eminent men of his nation who write and speak publicly as though they were engaged to the enemy. He is justified in his protest. Who ever of use war possesses as an argument rests on its absolute finality.

A digger in a western Australian town consulted a doctor and then went to get the prescription. "How much?" he asked the chemist.

"Well let me see. There's seven-and-sixpence for the medicine and a shilling for the bottle. He hesitated, as it uncertain.

"Oh, hurry up, boss, said the impatient miner. "Put a price on the cork and let us know the worst."

Kweery—How's your baby?  
Nupop—Alas, its no longer mine!  
"O, my! Not dead?"

"No, but we're living with my wife's people at present, and its our Mary's baby now."

Boy—Hello, ele gurrk! We're gwine ter celebrate Thanksgiving up ter de house tomorrow, an' I expects to see you up dab.  
Turkey—Oh, go on. You cant stuff me.

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