

PROGRESS.

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

REVIVING A MYSTERY.

There are few who do not remember the famous trial of LIZZIE BORDEN for the murder of her parents at Fall River. The interest in the case was world wide and the circumstances surrounding the crime were such as to warrant it. The BORDENS were rich, moved in the best society and the two daughters were popular belles. The trial was a very sensational one but after a series of investigations and legal fights the case could not be proved against LIZZIE BORDEN. Her remarkable coolness at the trial and the calm manner she conducted herself was the wonder of all. She and her sister are still living in Fall River today in a handsome new residence such as is fitted to their means. Their fortune is \$350,000.

It is not a strange thing that in spite of the acquittal of LIZZIE BORDEN there should be many people who think her guilty and who shun her and her sister on that account. Still in spite of that they have remained in their native place and are trying to live down the odium that surrounds them. But the question naturally arises why if she was innocent did she ever stop trying to discover who murdered her parents? With a large fortune the best detective skill in the world was at the disposal of the daughters.

In 1892 a noted funeral was held in this town of Fall River. In the coffin were the remains of father and stepmother, backed to pieces with an axe. The solemnity of that fearful day still hangs like a pall over all belonging to the unfortunate BORDEN family.

Mr. ANDREW J. BORDEN, the father of LIZZIE, was numbered among the wealthy and influential men of the city. Besides owning valuable farms and real estate in town, he was president of the Union Savings Bank, a director of the Merchants' Manufacturing Company, of a safe deposit company, of the Troy Cotton and Woolen Manufactory and other money making enterprises, besides a large and prosperous undertaking concern in Fall River. Just before his assassination he had built one of the finest business blocks in the city. The BORDENS came from one of the oldest and most representative New England families, and a noted trait for two hundred years of all bearing the name has been fearlessness and unbending will when pursued or pursuing.

Now it is suggested that the daughter is about to give the town a library and to fit up a reading room in connection with the job where she was so long during the progress of her various trials.

LIVING IN MONTREAL.

A correspondent who wrote and asked about the cost of living in Montreal, was given an answer which is interesting inasmuch as the same conditions seem to exist here. "The cost of living in Montreal, as elsewhere, varies according to the station in life, and it is therefore impossible to fix on any sum as the average. Seven dollars a week, however, is a very small sum for two to live on, and it would require the most rigid economy and considerable courage and self denial to get along on such a small income. With nothing else to depend on, one would have to live in the poorest quarter of the town and be content with the plainest and simplest of food, and there would be very little left for clothes and other expenses, while luxuries would be altogether out of the question. Existence would, of course, be

possible, but it would be merely existence and nothing more. The unskilled labourer in Montreal gets a dollar a day, and as he is unable to save money on such wages you can imagine that living on this sum would be anything but comfortable. Rents in the city are pretty high, and while they are considerably cheaper in some of the suburbs, the cost of car fare has to be taken into account. If you have any idea, therefore, of coming to Montreal on a salary of seven dollars a week, take the advice that Punch gave to those about to marry—don't."

The stories of small pox and cholera scourges that we sometimes listen to now as existing in days gone by appear to us very dreadful but we doubt very much if their effects upon the human family have been nearly as serious as the grippé epidemic. This is one of the serious ills of the present day. Its wide spread prevalence and the suffering it causes appear beyond the reach of medical science. The number of deaths in the British houses of Parliament was larger last year than it has been since 1891 and many of the 49 deaths are attributed to influenza. In this city at the present time the epidemic is very serious.

Many persons will regret that young EGAN ever disturbed the meetings of LEWIS KING, for on account of it, some matters were brought into the police court that had far better have remained outside its precincts. Any speaker who departs from the limits of moderation and makes statements that are calculated to offend any portion of the community is not likely to be encouraged any length of time, but it seems to us that the investigation of the disturbance of his meeting might well have been conducted in a different manner. The reports of the proceedings at the police court and the remarks of the magistrate could hardly fail to arouse some feeling in the minds of many people who perhaps never heard of KING and his remarks. Now the latter has got such an advertisement that there won't be any doubt about the size of his meetings.

SCRIBBLES FOR FEBRUARY.

The features of Scribners Magazine for February are such as to interest all who like to read the best things that are written. The second series of Roosevelt's papers on the Rough Riders in Cuba promises to be as interesting as the first instalment. He writes in a terse, vigorous and personal way and his descriptions will not only appeal to all the Rough Riders and their friends but to every patriotic American. Some of the other features of the number are Senator Hoar's Reminiscences of political events for the past 50 years: a good story by Joel Chandler Harris and another instalment of the letters of Robert Louis Stevenson giving his impressions of Edinburgh. Many other articles make up an interesting number. Scribners may be had at all the book stores.

The New Brunswick Magazine.

The New Brunswick Magazine for February is out in good time and the contents are such as appeal to those interested in provincial history. A new and interesting contributor appears in the person of Dr. I. A. J. Clark who writes of a section of the North End as it was half a century ago. A series of papers is promised on militia matters by Colonel Munsell who has been connected with this branch of service for over thirty years. The magazine is for sale at all bookstores for 15 cents.

A Good Tonic.

A unique reminder that Fifteen year old Four Crown Scotch Whiskey is the best to drink comes in the shape of a stone sponge cup from E. G. Stovill, the wholesale tea and wine merchant, 62 Union St. Four Crown Scotch is very effective as a tonic for invalids, and incidentally it might be said that it is a pleasant beverage for anyone.

They Come in Bait House.

Messrs E. L. MacDonald, Alms, A. Co.; L. N. Schofield, Stewart, K. Co.; M. Gibbon, Collins, K. Co.; Geo. S. Robinson, Cambridge, Q. Co.; A. W. Currie, Bel River Crossing, N. B.; B. B. Jordan, Simonds; Wm. Duplax, Westfield, also fifteen young men and women from the city, have entered the Currie Business University during the past month.

This is a Great Offer.

Any person sending a new subscription to this office with \$4.00 enclosed can obtain Progress for one year, and the Cosmopolitan, McClure and Munsey magazines for the same period with only one condition,—all of them must be sent to the same address.

The St. John Street Railway Co.

Have had the upholstery in all the street cars cleaned by the great carpet renovating process of UNGER'S LAUNDRY, Dyeing and carpet cleaning works.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

Lily Ready for Skating.
When Lily takes her skating shoes,
And to the door of the gym,
Though the people listen on the stairs,
Love's lamp the brighter burns,
I take my chance with her to walk,
The dearest can have mates;
And we two have our charming talk,
When Lily takes her skating shoes.

Down through the pines we know a road,
S closed in a dell,
Of that smooth ice we both are fond,
How good it is to walk,
There is the old tree lying still,
Where Lily sits and waits;
And turns her head to see if I will
When I put on her skating shoes.

I would not draw too close a strap,
Around that luteal night;
Nor have the least of a mishap,
So make the pressure light.
Blue velvet cap and golden hair,
Her smile my soul elates;
Sweet summer fills the wintry air,
When Lily sits and waits.

And when away we swiftly glide,
Around the spruce lined shore;
I think I could by her sweet side,
Skate on forever more.
And what we say we never tell,
I only ask the fate;
To give me her I love so well,
My Lily with her skating shoes.

The hands off quick to grasp my own,
When Lily is like falling;
The sweetest touch that ever was known,
My soul is still recalling,
I hold that hand no dearer than all,
In this wide world's estates;
Tast all through life she may not fall,
When still with me she skates.

Fond O' Mine Jan. 1899.

Lily's Love.

I lean'd upon a slender reed,
And dream'd it strong as oak,
But in my hour of direst need,
Beside me, my weight it broke.

I set an idol in my heart,
And thought it most divine;
Like clay it crumbled all apart,
And left an empty shrine.

As Jove's mortals his withered gourd,
My broken reed I ween;
And what my heart had once adored,
Is shattered fragments seen.

Nor thought that life, however brief,
Should have some grand, high aim,
And brooding over selfish grief,
Should bring a pang of shame.

But slowly from my deep despair
I waken'd to better life,
And found with others I must share
Their sufferings and strife.

Now, on a wondrous staff I lean,
Whose strength ne'er failed me yet,
And on my reed I set a strain,
No graven image set.

The Master of the House.

He cannot work, he can't speak,
N'thing he knows of books or men;
He is the worst of the worst,
And has no strength to hold a pen.

He has no pocket and no purse,
Nor ever yet has owned a penny;
He has more riches than his purse,
Because he wants not any.

He rules his parents by a cry,
And holds them captive by a smile—
A despotic strength through infancy,
A king through lack of guile.

He lies upon his back and crows,
Or looks with grave eyes on his mother,
What can he mean? But I suppose
They understand each other.

Indoors or out, early or late,
There is no limit to his sway;
For, wrapped in baby cloth of state,<
He gives more orders all day.

Kisses he takes as right and true,
And Turk-like has his slaves to dress him;
His subjects bend before him, too—
I'm one of them, God bless him!

Winter's Ne'er so Weary.

The winter's ne'er so weary
But his sweetest night of my dearie
Can make the winter blossom as the spring;
For the thought of her is sweetest spring;
Than a song in sweetest meter—
For the smile of her has taught my heart to sing!

The winter's ne'er so dreary
But his sweetest thought of my dearie
Can make the winter blossom as the spring;
For the thought of her is sweetest spring;
Than a song in sweetest meter—
For the smile of her has taught my heart to sing!

O golden bees! bring honey
From the fragrant fields and sunny
O birds! be not so weary on the wing
Till earth grows glad to greet her—
Till love kneels to her to meet her—
For the love of her has taught my heart to sing!

Indoors at Night.

As the ale and snow go driving past,
There's a rattle in the old trees ticked and bent,
The clouds hang low o'er the firmament,
But the household gathers safe and warm,
Folded close from the freezing storm;
And the dear ones are cozy indoors at night.

And when shutters are closed and curtains drawn,
And the fire burns on the hearth and the
Sweet words are spoken, good night are said,
To the one who is tucked in the little bed,
(God's grace watch over each curly head)
Then with book and talk and the dear old
We have lived since the days when we were young.

We will fill the hours with love's delight,
Cozy and happy indoors at night.

His Idle Dream.

He went into a store to buy a hat;
A pretty maiden at the counter there
He eyed her as she bowed to him a look
That thrilled him from his foot unto his hair.

He handled fifty books, for which he cared
No more than if they'd been the meanest dirt;
He laid aside the one he most desired,
And he had become an awful flirt.

A slave hung on the wall behind him and
There in a flash he saw his mirrored face;
Some scot up in his nose he'd chance to land—
In seven seconds he had quit the place.

The New Man.

He has a brand-new overcoat—
A brand-new suit as well;
A new hat and a new head,
He looks extremely well.

He has new shoes, new stick, new gloves
All in the newest style;
His walk is new, his pose is new;
He has a brand-new smile.

He's new all over, in and out,
Excepting at corners;
You know him now, for he's the man
Who's on his way to get it.

Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired,
Duval, 17 Water Street.

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

COMMON COUNCIL COMMENTS.

The Mayor Will Have to Pay.

That little bill of Mayor Sears for \$22.85 for entertaining Lord Herschel at the Union club which the treasury board refused to pass was the cause of some sharp remarks at the council Tuesday. The Mayor explained that it was part of the cost of the entertainment he had been directed to extend to his lordship and he thought the treasury board showed a narrow spirit in refusing to pass it. This brought forth a violent speech from Ald. Christie against what he thought was "a great piece of presumption" on the part of the mayor in criticizing the treasury board. He declared that if he had been mayor such a bill would never have been presented to the council. He didn't mind paying for driving and for champagne etc., but he did object to the bill from the Union club. Chairman Robinson called Alderman Christie's remarks and the account was hrown out.

That Vicarious Salary Committee.

Those civic officials who want an increase of salary must be tired hearing of that "salary committee." It seems to be the pigeon hole for all applications for an increase of salary. No, there was an exception not long ago when Mr. Chesley of the assessor's office applied. He got his raise, but ex-ald. Jordan who is now a clerk in the water office had his application sent to the "salary committee." Ald. Christie made the motion and Ald. McMulkin reminded him that it was a poor rule that wouldn't work both ways. He didn't move that Mr. Chesley's application be sent to the "salary committee." But such apt retorts as this don't jar Ald. Christie.

Alts. Millidge and Pardy Win.

The persistence of Alderman Millidge in regard to those arbitrators, accounts was rewarded this week when the council voted that they should go to a judge to be taxed. Alderman Christie and Robinson wanted them paid at once but the majority of the board agreed with Mr. Millidge though at the committee he only had Ald. Pardy to stand by him. So, as it is now, Mr. Chesley's little bill of some hundreds and some smaller accounts of several other arbitrators will have to undergo further criticism. The bills came near being paid off hand before the first of the year but that was put a stop to and the people can thank Aldermen Millidge and Pardy for it.

Hard Rocks for Taxes.

Ald. Millidge has often laid it down as a matter of law that there can be no relief extended by the appeals committee to taxation on real estate. To get around that must have occasioned him some thought of late. A lady living in St. John's ward petitioned for relief from taxes and the proposition suggested by the alderman was that while it was not possible to give the relief as asked for still the city might acquire the right to get rock for its streets from a certain portion of the property taxed. Ald. Millidge was very much in earnest and yet the council smiled.

"Bug Brigade" or "Army Worms."

Dr. Frink gets \$120 a year for looking after the health of the city horses, examining those about to be purchased etc. But he claims that he should be allowed \$25 for examining what Ald. Tuttle calls the "bug brigade" and Ald. McArthur the "army worms." The treasury board didn't see it in that light and the majority of the council agreed with the report. Ald. Christie said the inspection was a farce because in many cases good horses were put up for inspection and poor ones substituted the next day.

After the Chief Again.

The chief of police, in answer to a letter from the common clerk repeated that little piece of fiction that special officer Lee had been made a regular to the Mayor Gilson's place and his letter brought forth the ire of Alderman Christie again. He characterized the chief's action in "kissing Sullivan on the cheek" and "outrageous conduct" and incidentally he discussed the chief's "quibbling," winding up with the hope that next year things would be different.

A Useful Calendar.

From Baird & Peters the well known wholesale merchants comes a very handsome calendar. The large lettering makes it very convenient. It was executed by the Maritime Litho. Co., of this city and is a credit to them.

IN A LAND OF FREEDOM.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE)

she has cast in her lot with the Donkshobors and they are very much attached to her. The six or seven hundred little folks of the party were all remarkably good looking and very affectionate in their manner towards one another. Was one little creature tempted to wander out among the people in the sheds he or she was quickly followed by a small brother or sister and drawn back into the family circle, or else followed closely by the self appointed guardian. Everybody was impressed with the children's ease of manner and graceful ways. The slightest attention was acknowledged by a deep bow from even the smallest of them. After such a long and tedious voyage a little peevishness might naturally have been expected from the youthful travellers, but strange to say there was not the slightest sign of it to be found anywhere; and there was no crying or fretfulness among them during their stay here. The little folk seem to have made just as favorable an impression as did the older people.

On Monday night the sheds presented a curious sight, and when the weary people lay down for a brief rest while waiting their turn to go on board the cars the scene resembled that of a great sheep fold. Other groups stood around and indulged in some affecting leave takings, for in some cases members of families were separated though as a rule an effort was made to keep them together when possible. By day-break Tuesday the sheds were deserted, the Donkshobors were on their way west, and tired C. P. J. R. men, officials, agents and others who had looked after the immigrants in so capable a manner took a hard earned rest.

Everybody is familiar through the newspapers with the history of the Donkshobors, and there is a general opinion that they will make very desirable settlers. They are moral and peace loving and are physically well suited to endure the hardships which must naturally fall to their lot, for a time at least. Never before did so large a company land in any country at one time, and the event excited the deepest interest all over the world.

Flashes of Fun.

The Comedian: "There is no doubt, my boy, that 'hunger is the best sauce.'"
The Tragedian: "Very true—but, ye gods! we have nothing to go with it."

"I never refuse advice, however humble the source."
"Do you always act on it?"
"No; I pass it on to the next person I meet."

"Paw," asked this little boy, "didn't you say in your speech that you expected the map of the world to be changed soon?"
"I think I did," said the orator.

"Then what is the use of my studyin' jography?"

"A point," explained the man in the restaurant, "is something so small that it can't really be seen."

"Oh, sir," explained the waiter, "we don't call 'em points, we call 'em tips, sir."

"I say, Maud," said Mamie, "did you see Mrs. Jinkles' new vase?"
"Yes; isn't it perfectly horrid?"
"I don't know yet. I haven't found out whether it is modern and perfectly horrid, or antique and perfectly lovely."

"Well," said her mother, "£3 a week is pretty expensive for a flat like this. At that rate I don't see how you can hope to keep the wolf from the door."

"Oh, we don't care if it does reach the door," said the bright young matron. "Charlie says it could never squeeze into any of the rooms."

"I never could get the hang of these things," said the sporting reporter who had been commissioned to write up a wedding. "What's the matter now?" asked the authority on etiquette.

"Should I say the bride was married to Alonzo Jones, or simply that she married Alonzo Jones?"

"It depends entirely on her age," answered the authority on etiquette. Under twenty one a girl is always married to the groom; over that age she simply marries him."

"How did this happen?" asked the surgeon, as he dressed the wound in the cheek and applied soothing poultice to the damaged eye.

"Got hit with a stone," replied the patient.

"Who threw it?"
"My—my wife," was the reluctant answer.

"Hum! It's the first time I've heard of a woman hitting anything she's aimed at," muttered the surgeon.

"She was throwing at the neighbour's hens," explained the sufferer. "I was behind her."