

PROGRESS.

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A Talk With the Mayor.

Progress representative had a chat with Mayor Sears about the Indian relief fund on Thursday and the facts that his worship gave shows that much arduous work has been done, the expenditures made with great care and the accounts of the receipts and disbursement have been carefully kept.

The mayor is chairman and treasurer of the fund but he has always made it a point not to make any important payments without consulting either the alderman or the clerk in which the applicant lives or the clergyman to whose church he or she belongs.

The city grant of \$2500 has all been expended except a few dollars but a considerable portion of the sum given by the British bank and the citizens still remain in the Bank of B. N. A. The sum is about \$1,500. Now how to distribute this with fairness to all parties is a difficult matter in the opinion of the mayor. He has offered relief in all cases wherever the same has been recommended by a north end clergyman or an alderman who has inquired into the circumstances, but he says that there are many applicants who do not need relief but who think they have the same right to a share in the funds as their neighbors. For example, a man who had \$1500 insurance on his property was far more pressing for his share of relief than a neighbor who had not a cent on his small house and furniture—who was too poor to pay the premiums and was poor to poverty after he had lost his all. Yet the insured man kept pressing his claim until, finally, the committee gave him \$25 to replace her clothes.

Some of the ministers have helped the mayor out by giving him all the information they had and telling him and the committee who they had assisted by the churches would not do this and the committee was at a loss what to do because they knew hundreds of dollars had been subscribed for the members.

One minister who has given all the aid possible to the committee said at Christmas that some of those barred out needed assistance and he made so good a case that he got \$150 to spend as he thought best. He turned in the account next week and the same has been attached to the check stub showing just how the money was applied.

The mayor says he is at a loss how to dispose of the rest of the fund, but thinks he will hand it over to a small committee of north end citizens who will dispose of it as the occasion arises. The accounts of the fund so far as it has been spent will be made up as soon as possible and submitted.

That Sleigh Drive Fracas.

A man who refused to give his name, but who he claims was the person "meant" in an item published in last week's issue of this paper headed "Wanted to Show His Science," called at PROGRESS office Wednesday and wished that some sort of an explanation be made of the fracas in the car sheds Thursday morning after the conductors and motormen's sleigh drive. The man says he was the person who fought with the motormen alleged to have been so brutally treated and claims that both out at Newcomb's and coming in in the sleigh he was struck by the other fellow, but took no notice of the blows for peace sake. He most particularly asserts that his treatment of the injured motorman was provoked, although those who were "in at the finish" have their own opinions as to the fairness of the big fellow's fighting tactics. At any rate one man less is working on the street railway service and the whole service is down good and hard on that one man.

Happy Idea That Did Not Win.

The Neptune Rowing Club carnival on Wednesday night in the old Victoria was a success as it always has been. The attendance was splendid and costumes many and in the main original. The promoters of the carnival had announced the judges beforehand a course which was subjected to criticism which did not less in when the awards were given. A good majority of the spectators were much pleased with illustration of the happy phrase. "The Home Guards, four young ladies, graceful skaters, were happily costumed in the British colors wearing a small Union Jack

forage cap. Each carried a small Canadian flag. On the top of each staff was the motto, The Home Guards. The idea was clever and appropriate and was admirably carried out, the four young ladies skating in line perfect alignment keeping time to the music and otherwise bearing themselves as model guard should.

Poor old battered Ladyship could not have been better represented than she was and the phrase placard carried "im engaged to Buller" was at once suggestive and mirth provoking.

Manager Armstrong deserves a lot of credit for the management of his work, the splendid music provided by his own band and the comfortable quarters enjoyed by his patrons.

Stampeding Theatre Goers.

St. John people get the credit of being most appreciative of any good thing in the line of theatricals or opera, but there is certainly one thing they have yet to learn and that is to be polite enough to keep their seats in the Opera House until the drop of the curtain in the last act. It is noisy ill-mannered jumping to the feet and preparing to leave, while the supposed last lines are being spoken by the players has been particularly indulged in during the last few weeks and especially last week. The Valentine Company is undoubtedly the finest seen in St. John for many years and their audiences are growing larger each week, but to have their work marred at the last moment by an almost general rush for the door, as if the roof were about to cave in, has been a source of much discouragement and annoyance to them, although these dramatic ladies and gentlemen have refrained from making any announcement to that effect. Friday night week ago the anticurtain stampede was so annoying that the players had to stop speaking and frequently individual members of the company had to suspend talking their "lines" to let some badly bred boys, or perhaps older ones, have their little linguistic fling in the seats overhead. In Halifax the audience sits the performance contentedly out and then loyally rises to the music of the National Anthem, only preparing to leave when the last notes of it are sounded, but here in equally loyal St. John, the thoughtless class dominate and everything is spoiled before the show is over. There are lots of street cars running, even after a late performance, the Fairview busses are bound to wait, and the ferry does not leave till nearly 11.30, so there is no good reason why such an annoying disturbance should be so invariably made. Surely the Opera House management can remedy this long standing defect! A notice such as the "No Smoking" placards would bring it about, even if the measure is somewhat heroic.

Judge Tuck Knows Them Both.

During the progress of a little legal squabble, Clarke vs. Miller, in the Circuit Court on Tuesday last the opposing counsel, Hon. C. N. Skinner, city Recorder, and Hon. Wm. Pugsley, M. P. P., indulged, as legal gentlemen often do, in a passage of words not exactly up to the gospel standard of brotherly love. Hon. Pugsley accused Hon. Skinner of having very suddenly and for convenience sake changed his mind. Chief Justice Tuck from his bench ruled that Mr. Skinner had a perfect right to do so if he had so desired, whereupon the honorable M. P. P. hotly suggested that it was not the first time the Recorder had seen fit to do so. This fired Mr. Skinner, but before he had time to answer the dash of sarcasm His Honor observed that as far as the "changing of minds" was concerned there were a pair of them and they had better shake hands on it. Needless to say the sacred silence of the chamber of judgement was considerably shattered.

Told What He Thought of Them.

One evening last week the congregation of the most influential Presbyterian church in the city met to elect officials for the ensuing year, but they did not escape the wrath of one of their most prominent brethren whose name was not down for any of the church offices so liberally distributed. This was an unusual thing too, for the staunch member in question had enjoyed honorable, but uncommemorative positions as

the Kirk's official list for many a twelve month as well as some of the chief positions of respect in the denomination provincially, including that of Moderator of the St. John Presbytery. No wonder that he was ruffled at this seeming show of thoughtlessness, nor did he mince words with his church-going brethren and sisters in letting them know it. Boldly he spoke forth his mind and good wholesome Scotch comment was it. The dissatisfied member seemed to keenly appreciate the lack of appreciation of his past devoted services and his words told it clearly.

"Just Like New York."

A stranger arriving in St. John by rail way and leaving the depot any of these evenings would at first be led almost to think that he had struck New York. Instead of modest little St. John for a while before his uplifted gaze towers the gigantic grain elevator with its hundreds of

electrically lighted windows, growing smaller toward the top, and volumes of smoke pouring from the skyscraping chimney in the rear. It has only been a short time since the monster granary has had its lighting apparatus in running order, and nowadays as soon as it grows dusk the tell-tale ones are pressed and for miles around the big building shines out a thing of beauty. To those not used to such sights the effect is imposing; in fact characteristic of the great American metropolis, with its whole blocks of towering structures aglow.

PROGRESS CONTENTS TODAY.

- PAGE 1.—Illustrations and articles on this page.
- PAGE 2.—To Reduce Pauperism—Mr. E. A. Smith's able plea before the Women's Council last evening in behalf of the Associated Charities movement.
- PAGE 3.—The Chinese of St. John. This paper read by Mrs. J. N. Goldie before the Ladies Association of the Natural History Society Monday last. Mrs. Goldie is Superintendent of the local Chinese mission.
- PAGE 4.—Editorial—Wind up the relief and aid fund—What the mayor of the future will be—Current comment—Poetry—Kipling on "Bob."
- PAGE 5.—Society in the city—A ray ball in Frederickton by John M. Wileys.
- PAGE 6.—Society from Halifax and Nova Scotia. Personal notes from many towns and cities.
- PAGE 8.—St. Stephen correspondence and stories of Jerry Simpson the New Brunswicker who was a Kansas congressman so long a time.
- PAGE 7.—Sussex correspondence and from many places in New Brunswick.
- PAGE 9.—The Turnbull Hospital.—A full description and history of the Home for Incurables which opens in April next.
- PAGE 10.—The Weather's Freaks. Excesses gets at the inside facts in the weather clerk's office and finds out more about this remarkably easy winter.
- PAGE 10 and 11.—A new story—The Secret of a Picture—In two instalments—This is the first instalment.
- PAGE 11.—Bright talk from clergymen suitable for Sunday Reading.
- PAGE 12.—Henry M. Stanley describes the opportunities for exploring that still remain in the world. A most interesting article.
- PAGE 13.—What is being done in the world of fashion. Notes of women's doings and work.
- PAGE 14.—Famous British Reverses. Battles England has lost and the results.
- PAGE 15.—Short story and births marriages and deaths.

They Want Damages.

It will not surprise many of those who were present at the fire which destroyed the tannery of Messrs Peters, to learn that the firm is not satisfied that the most was done that should have been done on that occasion to protect their property from destruction.

The comment of the immense crowd there was not complimentary to the water supply, and yet it was not understood why there should have been any scarcity at that part of the city. Later in the evening there was an abundance of water but that was after the engine had turned on to supply from another part of the city.

It appears that Messrs. Peters learned after the destruction of their tannery that

owners were not notified then Messrs. Peters have a good claim.

A Bewildered Chinaman.

A Chinaman boarded a Paradise Row car at the transfer junction late the other night, but his extremely limited knowledge of the Anglo Saxon tongue procured for him a tour of the branch electric line and return, all for the one fare. With a continuous smile on his face and an occasional attempt at peering out the thickly frosted windows he sat contentedly in the trolley vehicle; not making any move to get out as the various "washee shops" were passed in turn. When the conductor questioned him as to his destination he mumbled a mixup of sounds, far worse than a Boer military command. Consequently the Celestial was carried as far as the head of King street and then the motorman hit upon a clever idea. He invited the knight of the tub and flatiron into his caboose and as each Chinese laundry was passed stopped the car and presented it to his pigtail companion for identification. At last the right place was found on Brussels street near Haymarket Square and with the most gracious of Oriental bows and scrapings the "heaten" stepped overboard and into his abode, just as an elderly-looking Chinaman peered out the laundry door anxiously enquiring as to the whereabouts of his uncited charge at that unbecoming hour of the day. At least, that is what the car passengers thought he was saying although none of them would swear to it.

But She Kept on Washing.

There was a slight fire the other day at noon in the kitchen of the Tremont House on Charlotte street, and the crowd followed the firemen in the alleyway to the rear of the hotel, surrounding the back entrance and peered in the ground floor windows. Well there was nothing very new about this, but the indefatigable efforts of a washerwoman in the kitchen to get her washing finished was a source of much amusement to the crowd. Despite the presence of the rubber coated fireman and the horrible hose, she rubbed away on the washboard without lifting her head and as unconcerned as if she was all alone, and nothing of an exciting nature was going on at all. All the rest of the hotel help was in a panic. It may have been that this nery mistress of the soap and washboard saw the golden opportunity afforded to advertise herself as a hustler, or maybe she was turning out some linen for that day's dinner table at a steam laundry gait, who knows? At any rate her laboratorial exercise under such peculiar circumstances made many smile.

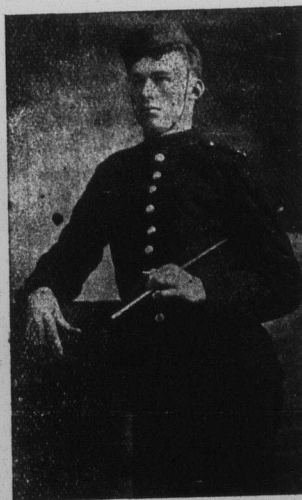
A Mysterious Cable.

A good story is being told of a cable that came to a shipping concern from their London agents announcing the capture of Spion's Kop. The cable read "Spion's Kop Captured." Now the clerks of this concern are busy people and, all intent upon freights, charters etc. they thought this was a code cable, the same as many they are constantly receiving. So out came the code books but no meaning could be made out of the words. The head of the firm was consulted, then his brother, but the meaning was no clearer. At last another gentleman connected with the office dropped in and learning what was the difficulty read the cable.

"Can't you read English?" he said with a laugh, "Buller has captured Spion's Kop." The joke was too good to keep and it was out almost as soon as the news was sent to the bulletins of the evening papers.

An Advertising Without Charge.

Mr. Bell, and his black sheep, who were in town last week, were the subject of a conversation by a couple of young ladies in Yarmouth. Mr. Bell tells the story of the conversation to the Yarmouth Times as follows: "He was standing near the Royal Opera House and overheard a couple of young ladies conversing. One asked the other, 'Have you seen the black sheep?' 'Which one?' replied her companion. 'The Times says that Mr. Bell, whose complexion is very swarthy,' 'was greatly amused at the jokes at his expense.' The same remark was made by a couple in Annapolis, but the meaning was of a different nature than what the Times suggests.—Annapolis Spectator.



BERT FINNAMORE.

of Frederickton, aged 21, makes a model type of a soldier. He was for several years a 1st. battalion redcoat and also with the Artillery. He went away with the Newcastle Contingent for South Africa.

about it that they even offered to share in the expense of the suit.

However the matter has not reached that stage and it may not. Those who claim to know something of such things say that the city does not guarantee to protect property from fire and that a claim for damages is absurd. On the other hand it is said if the supply of water that has been on the street was withdrawn or lessened and property

Umbrellas Made, Recovered, Repaired, Dressed 17 Waterloo.