

## PROGRESS.

PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAR. 31

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

## FOOLISH ARGUMENTS.

There may be good reasons why the city council should not regard with favor the proposition of an exhibition grant but there is no excuse for delaying their decision. If they do not intend to give a grant they should say so at once and not shift the responsibility to the new council. Exhibitions are not the work of a day and the gentlemen connected with the association must begin to prepare at once if an exhibition is to be held. The remarks of Ald. CHRISTIE in connection with the application were somewhat peculiar as no doubt they were intended to be, but they did him no credit. The reasons for his opposition to a grant were not sufficient. If he was as careful of the funds of the city when larger projects are under consideration the people might think that he really was working in their interests. But the Spruce Lake expenditure and the scandalous bargain he advocated and carried through with the Lancaster pulp mill are too recent reminders to make us think that Alderman CHRISTIE is very desirous of saving the funds of the city.

The gentlemen who are associated with the exhibition association are not working for money. This enterprise is not a private one but is intended to benefit the city and province. The legislature has recognized this fact and has made a grant. The people of this city must benefit very largely from the presence of the thousands of people who come to see the show. The statement by Ald. CHRISTIE that the city people spent more money than the visitors in entertaining them and to show their hospitality had in many cases slept on the floor, is ridiculous and shows the poverty of his arguments against the grant. The preparations made by the merchants for the exhibition rush and the additional trade they do is sufficient answer to Dr. CHRISTIE. As it is now the application will be referred to the new council and it is possible that Ald. CHRISTIE may not be in a position then to vote against it.

## CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

In five states of the union the death penalty is forbidden by law. Two or three legislatures are discussing the subject now and all the arguments are being thrashed out again. The advocates of the change insist that capital punishment is brutalizing; that it does not act as a deterrent to crime; and that it defeats the end of justice by making juries reluctant to convict when they know that a verdict of guilty will carry with it the death sentence. Such a case as that which recently occurred in New York, where a convict, sentenced to life imprisonment for murder, was proved innocent and pardoned after serving twenty-two years, is cited as evidence of the irreparable wrong which would have been done, if the death sentence at first imposed upon him had been carried out.

On the other hand, it is argued that the death penalty really does deter from crime; that statistics show that, through the abuse of the pardoning power, the average term of life imprisonment has been reduced to confinement for only ten or twelve years; that the increased prison population, where the death penalty is abolished, puts a heavy burden on the public; and that convicts under a life sentence are a dangerous charge, because they can murder their keepers without incurring any heavier penalty than that which they are already undergoing.

## HOW TO RAISE FUNDS.

So many different plans have been carried out to raise funds for this or that object that it is surprising to note an original idea that proved successful in Wheeling, West Virginia. The Kings daughters of that city, to raise money to assist in the erection of a building for a day nursery announced that one day would be a "rubber" day. Advertisements were inserted in the newspapers announcing that certain stores would provide barrels into which persons could deposit rubber goods of any character for the building fund of the day nursery. The school children were interested and barrels were provided at all the schools. For a week every boy and girl in town had been gathering rubber for the day nursery. When the collection closed last night it was found that tons of rubber of every description from bicycle tires, rubber shoes, rubber coats, balls, even down to rubber bands, had found its way into the barrels. The women expect at least \$1,000 will be realized. The rubber has been contracted for by a Cleveland concern. In their enthusiasm many pairs of rubber shoes that had seen but little wear were thrown into the barrels by passersby. It was a great success, and an old iron and rag day is in contemplation.

Why cannot such an idea be carried out in St. John?

Many of the hunters of the west are laying aside the rifle for the camera, and they find it more difficult to get a snap shot at big game than ever. The reward they claim is greater, as they obtain some thing that will remind them in later years of their chase, while if they had succeeded in killing the animal they would have had nothing but the fleeting pleasure of making a good shot and the memory of their prey's dying struggles. In the words of one hunter his trail is no longer marked by bleaching bones and the scent of carrion.

Mr. Robinson Tells His Story.  
TO THE EDITOR OF "PROGRESS".—Referring to an article which appeared in last Saturday's PROGRESS under the heading of "Two Obtrusive Agents" I beg to state that aggressive injustice has been done me in the article in question. I am the representative of a Nursery firm for the Maritime Provinces. Mr. Mellday was appointed Local delivery agent last year and there being money in his hands the firm had repeatedly written him to send their balance which he had collected for them, but receiving no reply I was instructed to call on Mr. Mellday and have a settlement with him. Not knowing the exact location of Mr. Mellday's residence I asked Mr. Quinn to accompany me, to show me the place which Mr. Quinn did. This would be about 8 o'clock in the evening I knocked at the door and it was opened by Mr. Mellday himself, I said "How do you do, Mr. Mellday?" He said "How do you do, Mr. Robinson, glad to see you." We shook hands, and he invited us in, I introduced Mr. Quinn, Mr. Mellday saying he had met Mr. Quinn before shook hands with him and asked us both to be seated. I then showed him the letter I had received from the firm and the order for the balance in his possession, and asked for a statement of the accounts. He admitted that there was a balance in his hands due to the firm. We then talked of the stock and about an order that was down twice in the order book, he stating that he had called on the gentleman who gave the order. I said there must be some mistake about this order. All at once without any provocation Mr. Mellday became excited and ordered us out of the house and made violent gestures at me. Neither Mr. Quinn nor myself in any way molested him but both quietly left the house. Mrs. Mellday called us back and said that she was sorry for the way her husband had acted.

This in short is a correct statement of the whole occurrence. Thanking you for the use of your columns to make this explanation which I deem necessary in justice to myself and the firm I represent.

B. J. ROBINSON.

## An Unrighteous Jew.

The police have alighted good and hard on a Jew named Samet belonging to West End who is known to have exorted money from poor and ignorant immigrants at Sand Point. One foreigner bought a loaf of bread and two packages of cigarettes and tendered a five rouble gold piece equal to \$2.50, or thereabouts. His change was fifty cents according to Samet's way of figuring, but after a while the friends of the immigrant's heard of these unjust dealings and sought to put an end to them.

The case was investigated and Chief Clark went over to Carleton and adjusted matters. The complainants did not want to push the case against Samet, so he luckily escaped, although it is said he has frequently practiced his little game on the

foreigners who know nothing of our currency.

## Brussels Street's Jubilee.

The jubilee of Brussels street Baptist Church which is now being celebrated will continue until Tuesday. In the fifty years of its history this well-known church has had the following pastors, Revs. Samuel Robinson, Timothy Harley, W. D.



REV. F. H. WARING.

Everett, Wilcox, Dr. Hopper, B. N. Nobles, H. G. Mellick, W. J. Stewart, Dr. Carey, and the present incumbent H. F. Waring, whose picture is here shown. Individually and denominationally the church has been a strong factor and today is in a sound state numerically, financially and spiritually.

## A Liveryman With a "Pail".

A case in which a Waterloo street livery stable keeper and one of his hired men figured found it way into the local court last week but, nobody outside of a few officials knew anything of it. Even the alert dailies were obliging enough to "kill" the story, because of the offender's all round strong pull. The trouble arose over five dollars in week wages owed the hostler and in the jumble of words which ensued the boss stableman jibbed his servant in the face with a pitchfork. With the blood trickling down his face an information was sworn out at the police court. However that ended it. The liveryman has a fat purse and is an obliging fellow.

## Barkie's Summer Trip.

Mr. W. S. Harkins dropped into town Thursday, shook hands with everybody he met—for who does not know him?—and mingled pleasure with business in arranging for his summer tour here. He says he has a lot of the "best things that ever happened" and he proposed to spring a few of them on St. John people. He opens on the 21st of May in the Opera House, plays two weeks, then probably a week between here and Halifax, two weeks there and a return trip. He will be sure of a cordial welcome all along the line.

## JOYS AND WOES OF OTHER PLACES.

Something New to Science.  
(On a street in Cor. Woodstock Sentinel.)  
Two good trucks have been scraped on the ice and it is kept warm by the sp. ed.

Annapolis is Distinguished  
(Annapolis Spectator.)  
Annapolis enjoys the distinction of being the sportiest poker town in Nova Scotia.

Higgate Car Co. has a Sensation.  
(Higgate Co. Sentinel.)  
The young "grr" of this neighborhood are greatly excited over some animal which "they say" has taken up its residence under the school house.

One Argument in Favour of Newspapers  
(Annapolis Spectator.)  
Our paper is not the best in the world, but if you can show us that it is not worth two cents, we will eat the next issue. First you read it, then you spread it over something, then clean your lamp with it, and then use it to start the fire; and if that doesn't make it worth two cents, at the present price of lumber, why don't take it.

His Boer Fever Checked.  
(Yarmouth Times)  
It is said that on the night of Lady Smith's celebration, in Amherst, a masked party went to a very prominent pro-Boer, roused him up, took him out and stood him on a new tank, with only his night clothes on, until he consented to sing "God save the Queen," and they made him sing it lustily too.

Tobacco Chewer's Accommodations.  
(Chatham World.)  
The Co. musical, as an item of the "improved" light sing of Masonic Hall suggest amongst other "improvements" necessary having a few cuspidors placed at different points for the benefit of tobacco chewers. Then, and not till then will Chatham have an amusement hall fit for ladies to attend.

They're Laying For the Weather Clerk.  
(Nova Scotia Paper.)  
Three people are complaining of the lack of sleighing in that town this winter. Six days of "the beautiful" is all they claim. Annapolis, to date, has had thirty-nine annual sleighing days against twenty-seven for the same period last winter.

Spring Poetry Freshet is On.  
(Harvard Advertiser.)  
The crop of spring poetry is ripe, and is a full one. Almost every day the Advertiser office is sought by some aspiring bard who timidly professes his first attempt. In most parts the "poems" are sadly lacking in sense and sentiment, while in rhythm they are often absolutely bereft of the most jangling vestige of a jingle. The editors desire to say that already more poetry has been accepted than can be used this season, and would like to intending contributors that, while they are duly grateful for the favors offered, in most part gratuitously, it is their opinion that the county to run would afford

## ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ABSOLUTELY PURE  
Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

a better market for this particular kind of country produce, even if not for any other.

## No Tobacco for Our Boys.

(Exchange.)

Many people who sent tobacco to the troops in South Africa were disappointed to learn lately that a duty of from two to six shillings per pound would be levied at Cape Town or Durban. This high tax the men could not be expected to pay and thousands of pounds of the weed will therefore lay around loose.

## Miramichi Enterprise.

(Miramichi Advance.)

Now is the time to place your orders for cemetery work and avoid the spring rush. Adv.

## Another Enoch Arden.

(Lunenburg Progress.)

Some years ago, while fishing on the banks of the Miramichi, a man met his wife, leaving a widow, Mrs. McLean, who afterwards married Enoch Arden. A resident of one of the districts above Bridgeville. To them were born two children and they lived happily together until a "fascinating fellow" appeared on the scene. Eventually he went away and then she exhibited sadness of heart. It was not long however, before she received a letter. As she read her eyes brightened and her blood coursed with fresh vigor and sunshine was everywhere. The words that thrilled were from the pen of the fascinating fellow. Among many other things under date of Feb. 19, 1899 he said, "I have been looking for you to come over." In closing he instructs thus: "When you write address your letters to Halstead, Maine." She did not wait to write. She flew taking the children and most of the household furniture. At the time of her departure her husband was working in the woods here. She is now settled in her new home across the line.

## VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

## A Hint of Spring.

There's a hint of spring  
And it's coming pretty soon;  
I'll sit a day in April  
And I'll keep it up through June.

The sun'll come a-strakin'  
Crost the valleys and the hills,  
With the roses all in bloom  
And the shivers and the chills.

I'll loaf around the gardens  
And I'll root among the trees,  
A-cosin' and persuadin'  
With a mighty power to please.

Till the earth will be in color,  
With the roses all in bloom  
And the trees in leaf, and Nater  
Injoyn' of the bloom.

I'll hatch a feller workin'  
In the house or out of doors,  
And I'll start the tired feller  
Cosin' out all his pores.

I'll make his eyelids heavy,  
I'll set his brain on dreams  
Of the cool and shady places  
By the quiet running stream.

Then's the time to go a-fishin'  
For the last time is best,  
'Cause a fish ain't hardly human,  
And it never wants to rest.

By the ripple of the water,  
Makin' music all the day,  
He can stretch out where he shady  
And just fish his life away.

It's the sunshine time, the fishin' time,  
The lazy time that's best,  
When a feller don't want nothin'  
But to soak his soul in rest.

## A Tale of "Whoo."

X. MINING.

Good-by, old horse, we'll turn you out  
To roam o'er hill and plain;  
We've bought a horsecarriage and  
We'll never need you again;  
We'll napkins, oil or gasoline  
We'll ride from morn till dark,  
And on a "Sunday afternoon"  
So pulling through the park.  
You're hardly worth a piece of pie!  
Good-by, old horse, good-by!

Y. MINING.

Come here, old horse, we need your pull  
To get us home to-night;  
Tub away, stinking, pulling thing,  
In not perched—quies.  
Ten miles from home it tugged and fumed  
And thus he returned to go;  
I was a case of whos!  
If you'll return, so will our joy,  
Good boy, old horse, good boy.

Feudin' Hens.

Chick, chick,  
Hens and hen-licker!  
Pepper their grub and they'll lay for ye quicker.  
There's nothin' smells better than steamin' bran mash;  
When I pound on the basin them hens makes a dash  
And they'll crowd and they'll gobble, they'll sneeze  
And they peck.  
—A-gubbin' it down till they're full to the neck.  
They're full so that I wun and declare  
It's good for my appetite watchin' 'em there!  
—And if blackie are done by the time I go in,  
I'm apt to pull up and clean out the whole tin.  
I'm long, s't, on grub, a believer in feedin'.  
Every hen that I've got is so puffy, by jing,  
She can't tuck her noddle around under her wing;  
And she's eatin' and drinkin' and breakin' her fast,  
She'll always hop down for a turn on the nest.  
—One egg per hen daylong—one egg every night!  
And they're livin' like ladies on mash and chopped meat.  
With all the red pepper and corn they can eat.  
Chick, chick!  
They're makin' no kick,  
And if nothin' don't split I'll be rich puffy quick.

An Old Story.

I was nineteen, she twenty-eight,  
When first I saw her lovely face,  
Her fairy form of luscious grace.  
I knew that I had met my fate.  
When, as I saw her golden hair,  
Her carmine lips, her cobalt eye,  
I mistook with a force and sure  
"Ye gods, but she is passing fair!"

She twenty-eight and I nineteen!  
I took to gloves and neckties bright  
To find more favor in her sight.  
Of my affections she was queen;  
Alternate hope and dark despair  
Would mount or tumble in my breast;  
She spoiled a good deal of my rest—  
I said that she was passing fair.

She twenty-eight, I twenty-eight!  
I see the powder on her cheek;  
Her form has angles more than grace,  
Her eyes are blue, but not quite straight.  
I really thought my love would last,  
But I often wish I had my impulse.  
I thought that she was passing fair—  
And so she was—but now she's past.

## EAST END BOYS AT WAR.

The Boers and British of a Peaceable Neighborhood Fight in Maragat.

History started in to repeat itself to a certain degree in the vicinity of King street (east), Leinster and Princess streets one day toward the latter part of last week. About a hundred and fifty boys, some small some larger, resolved themselves into opposing forces, British and Boers. The more southerly fellows, that is those boys who lived beyond Princess street, were the Boers, and the Princess streeters, the "royal" Leinster and King street easterners were marshalled under the folds of the Union Jack. Then the fun started.

Well, it would be highly proper to call it fun either, for before many manoeuvres had been made by the forces, fighting in real earnest was in progress. Sticks and stones succeeded less dangerous weapons and hand to hand scuffles were common. If Victoria Crosses were given for boyish pluck in such scraps the medal mint would have to work over time to supply the demand from this source. The fighting blood of the juvenile fraternity was up, and self-imagined "little Bobs," Kitcheners, Baden-Powells, Cronjes and Bothas, were vying with one another in the struggle. The forces swayed to and fro. First one street corner would be captured, then some prominent front stoop was either evacuated or occupied, and for quite a while a din of boyish voices, full of earnestness, filled the air.

Had it been other than war time in national history the righteous parent neighborhood would have risen to the occasion and scattered the puerile armies, but just these days the lusts of battle have gained more or less the upper hand in even the most peaceful persons, so the boys were allowed to fight it out. One man however a customs official and prominent in Y. M. C. O. affairs, appointed himself a mediator and sought to bring about peace terms, but the lads wouldn't have it, and the next seen of the philanthropic citizen was his spare limbs in fullest action enroute to his home, a small detachment harassing him in his retreat.

Through sheer exhaustion and windedness the boys let up in their bodily harm doing, and returned to their civilized laagers and urban camps, some with black eyes, others scratched, scarred and bruised, while a boy belonging to Orange street has his scalp split a few inches. It is said the fracas was witnessed by a high judicial dignitary and the local Magistrate, wisely nothing attempted to quell the disturbance.

History thus doubled up on itself in the matter of street battles on Pitt street for as many as ten and twelve years ago just such boyish wars were carried on, only perhaps with more danger. Those days the territory occupied by the contestants extended from Queen street to Marsh Bridge, and whole window sashes were broken in. The occurrence of last week brought back old time happenings to many young men of today, veterans of these erstwhile warlike days.

## April Fool's Day.

Tomorrow will be April Fool's day Look out.

## Mr. Moody's Little Joke.

Comparatively few people knew the humorous side of the late Dwight L. Moody; yet among the neighbors and friends of his boyhood he was known as a "good deal of a wag," and a hearty laugh was a benediction to him.

One of his old friends, Mr. George G. Rockwood, of New York, then his summer neighbor, standing with him one day in front of his home at Northfield dwelt with great enthusiasm upon the beautiful view of the Connecticut River and the rolling uplands presented from the spot.

It is one of the finest stretches of landscape in the entire state, and all who have seen it have admired it greatly.

"Yes," said Mr. Moody, "that's the only fraud I ever committed. When I purchased this place, the poor fellow who owned it went off and left the view, and never came back for it."

## Ought.

Rich Widow—Despite our short acquaintance and the fact that my youth has flown you still make this proposal of marriage to me doctor?

Doctor—You have made on my heart an impression that time can never—

Widow (coldly)—H—m, and I had always able to live by your practical