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PRICE FIVE CENTS

## A ROUGH EXPERIENCE

THE ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG ENGLISHMAN.

Who Went to the Scenes of Gold and Ice in Search of Adventure and Gold—He is Willing to Give Good Advice to Any Who Think of Going There.

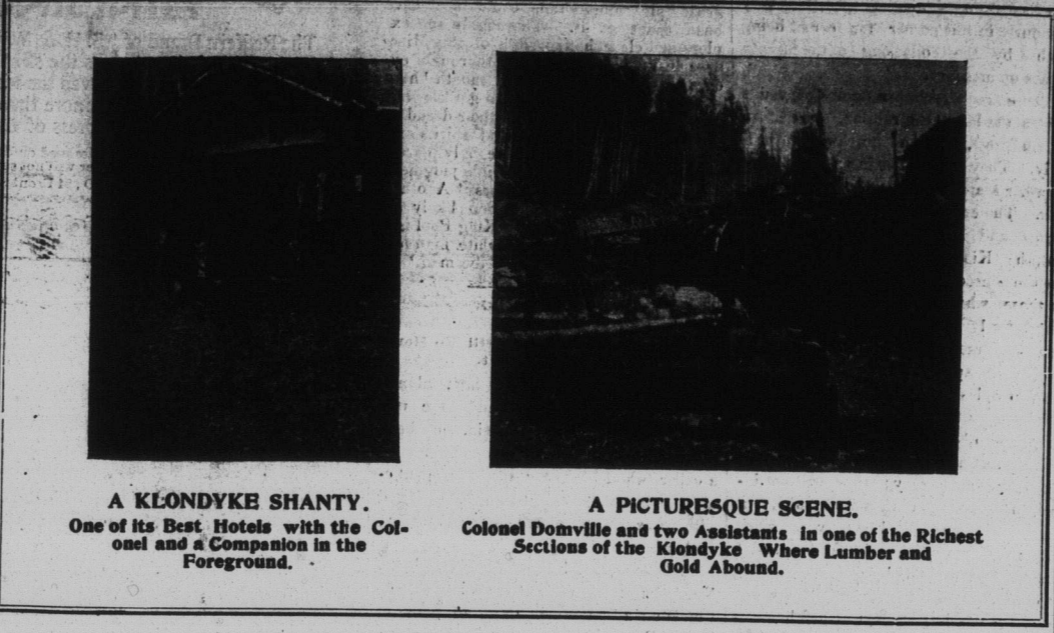
Progress was able a few days ago to have an interesting talk with an English gentleman, who for nearly two years has been roughing it in the Klondyke. Perhaps it can be truly said of him that he has seen all that there was to be seen in that new, rich and rugged country. When he went there he had a partner and both of them were rather in search of adventure than for gold. Well connected in England, well educated, powerful men and athletes, they sought with true Britons love of adventure and danger, the northern country of ice and snow where gold in millions was said to be, and where the hardships and dangers of mining incited brave spirits to venture.

This gentleman is at present staying in the city and he said to PROGRESS that while he had a natural distaste for being interviewed and for having his name figured in the newspapers as a returned Klondyker, he would be glad indeed to know of anyone who had any intention of going there in the spring, or to see anyone who had friends there and to give them all the information that he possessed regarding that rich country and its dangers. So if any of those who read this article wish avail themselves of this opportunity of obtaining Klondyke information, PROGRESS would be glad if they would call at this office and get the address of this gentleman.

His idea of the Klondyke in a general way may be had from a brief statement which he gave to the editor of this paper. "I do not propose," he says, "to say anything about the different routes to Klondyke as they were two years ago or even a year since. So many men have written their experience that it would only be a repetition, and the greater facilities that will exist this spring for all kinds of transportation will make the journey one of comparative comfort always supposing that you have the needful. But the question is will it pay for the trouble and outlay to go there? A great many have started to go with the idea that they have only to get to Dawson City and pick up as much gold as they wanted. How far from the truth that is some of those that have returned could tell you, and there are many more there who would like to return, but have no means to do so. I do not for one moment say that a man cannot earn a living in the Klondyke, but, I do say that a man who can make a good living there can do so in almost any part of the world with a good deal more comfort. Of course we know that, comparatively speaking, there has only been a small part of the country prospected now, but a man with a limited capital must be very sanguine to risk his all in prospecting new ground with so many chances against him.

The man that thinks of going this spring who has no interest there and has not been there before might be wise to give it a little more consideration before he makes a start. He must remember that Dawson City is not quite so pleasant a spot to live in as he has been accustomed to, even if he came from a rough part. Typhoid fever was very common there last summer and with an increased population and scarcely any sanitary arrangements it is likely to be worse next. He must also remember that the price of food is a little different there, and that he will have to work for \$1.00 an hour when he can work, and there are a great many hours when he can do nothing. In the winter there are three or four hours of light only, to say nothing of the intense cold. Of course we hear of nearly every one that has made a pile there, but scarcely anything of those that have made none, and nothing at all about those who have lost their lives in the attempt, and I think that if the truth was known that the percentage of those who have bettered their position by going to dig for gold in the Klondyke would be very small—indeed less than five per cent.

The narrator bears with him the marks of at least one trying ordeal which cost him the thumb and forefinger of his left hand and some well nigh costing him his hand and arm as well. In some way while prying off a portion of a ledge of rock his hand became caught and his thumb and



A KLONDYKE SHANTY. One of its Best Hotels with the Colonel and a Companion in the Foreground. A PICTURESQUE SCENE. Colonel Domville and two Assistants in one of the Richest Sections of the Klondyke Where Lumber and Gold Abound.

finger were crushed to a shapeless mass. He had to go 75 miles to see a doctor and for sometime it was not considered possible to save his hand.

His partner did not escape so easily but succumbed to the hardships of the climate and died. Still this Englishman is going to try it again in the spring though it is doubtful if he would do so if he had not interests then that require his personal supervision.

## THE UNITED LABOR PARTY FIZZLES

A Straggling Band of Two-by-six Oranks Who Hope to Reform the World.

HALIFAX Jan. 12.—Of organizations for the protection of labor, Halifax had not a few in days gone by, and one and all have culminated in disillusion and defeat. The latest movement on the part of the proletariat is now sprawling its misshapen proportions before the public as The United Labor Party, and for drivelling idiocy exceeds all its predecessors. Its platform, lately circulated, may be compared only to a torchlight procession of maniacs through the dim-lighted corridors of Pandemonium.

It is a lineal descendant of Mr. Dempster's Protective and Aid association, so-called, presumably, from the fact that it never protected or aided its members in the slightest degree, but the idea of the U. L. P. is larger, and its projected avenue to the Millennium are lighted up with more fanciful pervasions of common sense than the Butler-Dempster scheme could afford.

The several meetings which the party have held have been graced principally by the presence of Mr. J. T. Bulmer of Police Court fame. None can deny the popular character of Mr. Bulmer's oratory, his felicity of phrase and the unabashed manner in which he violates the rules of propriety and common sense. "Down with Capital, Capitalists, Capitalism," is the burden of Mr. Bulmer's melody, and the professional and capitalist classes are held up for execration, while according to his own showing the gifted orator is a mere parasite, a robber, a man who consumes much and yet produces nothing. To such a pass does Mr. Bulmer's learned dialectic lead us,—yet we are very far from considering Mr. Bulmer a useless or unprofitable citizen. That which amuses has always its utility.

Doctor T. A. Wallace is also shining light with the proletarians. His gospel seems to diverge somewhat from the legal friend in the peoples cause, and he is less inclined to get up on his hind feet and howl. The doctor, while swallowing the platform of the party, gives one the impression that he still entertains some mental reservations. We trust those reservations will be a seed in good soil that they may multiply some thirty, some sixty and some a hundred fold. It is the general impression that the genial disciple of Aesculapius has let his philosophical speculations for the nonce run away with his good sense, but is expected to regain his sanity.

Of the other lights of the party, little can be said. One Mr. Blois, a student at college, generally speaks at the ghost dances, and orates like a minister at a prohibitory caucus. At every meeting held so far by this would-be-political-party, there has sat, uncomfortably in the chair, a young man remarkable chiefly for his

extreme tallness and his thirst for the gore of the capitalist. Mr. Muirhead, (to emulate the poet, in thus giving to airy nothing a local habitation and a name" is known as the National Secretary of the U. L. P. and has a faith that is almost pathetic, in the ultimate triumph of the socialist programme. We would not do Mr. Muirhead the injustice of analysing his philosophy, knowing as we do that he should not be held responsible for utterances jested uncomfortably out while under the hypnotic influence of Mr. Bulmer's phrasology and Mr. Wallace's analytical peregrinations.

It is not thought that the party will fulfil its threat to put a man in the field next election. If its members progress much along present lines there won't be enough of the party outside Mount Hope to fight a good sized team, let alone the political institutions of sane, law-abiding people.

## AT HIS FATHER'S FUNERAL.

A Halifax Man Arrived on an old Score in The Cemetery.

PROGRESS has a letter from Halifax which contains some statements which are not only remarkable but almost incredible, but regarding the source from which it came, there can not be any doubt but that the assertions made have considerable foundation in fact. It seems that a short time ago a civic official, who had not been appointed very long, passed away from the sorrows of this earth and left several near relatives at home and abroad who in duty bound prepared to follow him to his last resting place. One of his sons lived in the United States and had done so for some time. When he went away he was not in affluent circumstances, and like many another man was unable to pay all his bills, so as a matter of course he left them unpaid. One of his creditors happened to be a merchant who is now—and perhaps was then for all PROGRESS knows—an alderman of the city. He is not only one of the city fathers but is also a considerable champion of the Law and Order League, and figures among what might be called the church-going portion of the community.

This merchant or alderman, had a judgment against the absent son of the deceased civic official in question and from what happened afterwards it would almost appear he was hiding his own nose to spite the other. No doubt unconsciously of his intentions the son came home to attend the funeral of his father, and learning of the fact the alderman had the necessary papers prepared for his arrest. Now comes the strange portion of the story which it will be hard to believe of any man. It is said that the officer who was instructed to serve the papers was also told to arrest the debtor at the grave of his father. It is also stated that the officer protested against such a move, but the creditor insisted. Nothing would satisfy him but that the man should be arrested at the cemetery. His instructions were carried out. What happened after this so far as the creditor is concerned is not stated but it is quite possible that under the circumstances a settlement was reached.

PROGRESS correspondent grows indignant over the affair and says that such an action can not be expected from a man who goes out of his way to see that the local liquor dealers comply with the law,

but who is blind to the fact that there is illegal selling right in his own neighborhood. This has nothing to do with the case however, but is merely a side issue. The legal right of any man to collect a debt as best he can cannot be questioned, but there are few men who would not prefer to lose an account rather than take proceedings at such a time and at such a place as are noted above.

## THE COLONEL AFTER HIM.

Mr. James of London, England is Sued for Slander.

When Mr. Trewartha James of London, England, stepped off the train on his arrival in St John he was greeted by the Deputy Sheriff with a writ for his arrest. He was a surprised man but he did not lose all his coolness but like a sensible gentleman secured the services of a lawyer and tried to get out of the clutches of the law. He was sued for slander and the gentleman who took the proceedings was Colonel James Domville, the former manager of the Klondyke Yukon Stewart Pioneers. The Colonel does not talk much about his action but it is understood that he was not satisfied with certain remarks made by Mr. James in London in connection with his management of the company.

The amount of damages Colonel Domville claims is not stated but Mr. James had to furnish bail for \$5,000. To do this it was necessary for him to cable to England but satisfactory arrangements were made and Mr. James has the same liberty now as any citizen. He is stopping at the Dufferin hotel and getting acquainted with the local members of the company. Captain Ferris dined with him on Thursday and was no doubt able to give him much information about the country he was going to.

## He has the Correct Time.

The smile of good humor that usually belongs to the face of Jack Power faded into one of amazement when a few of his friends marched into his place of business the first evening of the week and presented him with a handsome marble clock which possesses such admirable arrangements connected with the striking apparatus that the owner will never need to be reminded of the proper hour of rising or retiring. Jack is no speechmaker but his hearty "Thank You Boys" expressed as much as he could have said in an hour. The clock was a large and handsome one procured from Messrs. Ferguson & Page and will be ornamental as well as useful in the cosy home of Mr. and Mrs. Powers.

## A Scenic View.

The fire fiend ravaged one of Nova Scotia's prettiest and most picturesque little towns Thursday, but amid the real regret there is a cause for thankfulness that its deadly work was confined to the business portion of the city and while in a financial sense many families may be practically ruined yet it is good to know that none were left homeless and houseless.—Bridgewater is one of the quaintest towns in Nova Scotia, and contains many beautiful residences, and has of recent years become quite a summer resort for Americans who seek change of scene and atmosphere in Canada.

Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired, Duval, 27 Water Street.

## SLANDER'S DARK WORK.

INJURES THE REPUTATION OF A YOUNG BUSINESS MAN.

How the Story Began to Circulate and the Lack of Foundation That it has—Some Facts That will Counteract Many of the Absurd Lies Afloat.

The start of a story—who can trace it? A short time ago an attempt was made to poison a well known clubman of New York. The poison was received and did its deadly work but the first victim was not the clubman. A woman died first and the clubman was the next victim. Ever since the police have been trying to find out who sent the poison but so far they have not succeeded. If they could only trace the origin of that poison and find out who started it on its deadly mission the rest of their work would be easy.

There are other kinds of poison besides cyanide of mercury (which was the particular poison used in New York). Perhaps they don't destroy lives but they ruin reputations and it is just as hard to find out who starts a slander as it is to ascertain who sends poison.

A sample of this slander poison has been scattered abroad lately. To judge from the talk it has created there must have been a pretty liberal sprinkling of it because reputations do not stand before it for an instant.

When, a day or two before Thomas A. Linton, the confidential clerk of Mr. O. H. Warwick, was about to start for England in the interest of his employer, he little thought that a check for \$28 that he signed in payment of a personal account would be used as a lever to cast a reflection upon his integrity.

Yet such is the fact. Mr. Linton had a power of attorney from O. H. Warwick which he had used for years in the business of the concern when called upon to do so. In common with the other employees of the firm who could afford to do so he allowed that portion of his salary that he did not require to accumulate to his credit and at the time that he drew the check in question there was something like \$500 to his credit on salary account. So when he was approached the day before he went to England and asked to pay an account of \$28 he went into the store of the firm where he owed the bill and drew a check for the amount marking it "T. A. Linton's account" and signed it "O. H. Warwick" under his power of attorney. In the hurry and bustle of departure Mr. Linton says he forgot to mention the matter at the office of Mr. Warwick but when he did think of it he remembered that the check spoke for itself and so he gave himself no concern over the matter.

And nothing was said about it apparently until lately. Some two months ago Mr. Linton's friends say he saw an opportunity to go into business for himself and he notified his employer Mr. Warwick of the fact. The latter was naturally annoyed over the matter and it is stated withdrew the power of attorney from Mr. Linton. Many business men will perhaps agree that such a course as this was justified inasmuch as Mr. Linton was about to start on his own account but it seems to have been about that time that injurious stories began to circulate about him in connection with his relations with Mr. Warwick's store.

The most serious of these stories made Mr. Linton out a defaulter to a considerable amount. [It is a satisfaction for PROGRESS to state that there is no truth whatever in this story. At the end of the year, instead of being indebted to his employer in any way, Mr. Linton had a balance to his credit on salary account alone of \$700. This amount has since been paid him and this of itself would be ample refutation of any such scandalous story.]

Further than this Mr. Linton is still with Mr. Warwick and will be until the first of May if he or his employer do not come to any other conclusion. He has been in his employ for nearly 20 years and the regrettable feature of it is that now when he proposes to start out for himself some one should be so maliciously interested as to endeavor to destroy his reputation for integrity.

## 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.