

PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEB. 12th

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

AN EXHIBITION GRANT.

If we are to judge by the paragraph in the speech from the Governor at the opening of the legislature Thursday, St. John is likely to obtain at last some permanent recognition of the efforts of its exhibition association, to sustain and conduct an exhibition of a provincial character. In the words of the speech "the active and continued interest of a large portion of the progressive business element of St. John in a provincial exhibition has been brought to the notice of my government, and should the plans matured by the association in charge involve particular and substantial recognition of agricultural exhibits without lessening the usual display of the products of other industrial arts, a bill authorizing financial assistance on the part of the province will be submitted for your approval."

This is more encouraging than anything that has yet been promised to the association. Delegation after delegation has impressed the claim of the association year after year upon the government and varying transient success has been met with. Now something permanent is looked for. The request of the association is for an annual grant and \$5,000 is the sum named.

As a matter of fact the prize list of the association has been much greater than that and all of it—practically all—has gone to the farmers of the province. The agricultural industry has reaped the benefit and the city has been paying the bills. It is conceded that this cannot go on any longer. Citizens may be generous for a year and put their hands in their pockets to make up a deficiency but they cannot be expected to do it again and again. The government has very properly taken the matter into consideration and it will be a step in the interests of agriculture throughout the province if they make the grant asked for and provide for it by the necessary legislation.

If the exhibition does not succeed in getting a permanent grant it can hardly be expected that the men at the head of its affairs will continue any longer to bear the brunt of their conduct. They have, at much expense of time and labor, carried along the work of the exhibition for years and it is high time that their labors were made easier. The city and the citizen's generally have done much to help them—though perhaps not so much as they might have—but in so doing they were only helping themselves. Exhibitions are, no doubt, a great advantage to any community—in fact anything that tends to draw large crowds for any time to any place, may be considered a material benefit to the people but apart from this there are the educational advantages, the benefits of instruction and comparison which must be apparent to every thoughtful observer.

GO SLOW, ALDERMEN.

And now some of the city fathers want to spend more money and install a police alarm system. It will only cost a few thousand dollars, say those who advocate it. Only a few thousands for this, only a few thousands for that means something in the end, gentlemen. St. John can get along without a police alarm system for the present. The city is not a disorderly one, and such a system is not a necessity. There are many things that are needed worse than that. More than that, the taxpayers will feel that their interests are better guarded if the city fathers go slow just now. Capital expenditure has been very heavy these past few years and pay day will come. Interest is increasing yearly and will increase until after the water works from Spruce Lake to the West side are renewed. Surely an undertaking of that importance is enough to have on hand at one time. Ar-

guments showing that the new system will mean a saving to the city should be carefully considered. They show greater gains on paper than they will be in reality and are always to the front when any new scheme is proposed.

The heroic death of District Chief EGAN of the Boston fire department and his men was the most appalling event of the week, Mr. EGAN was in St. John a couple of years ago and spent a fortnight here. He was well known to Chairman of Safety Mc.GOLDRICK and Chief KERK before this, and they undertook to show him the city and surroundings and of course did the honors thoroughly. He took a trip up river and he was charmed with St. John. In his recent trip to Boston Ald. Mc.GOLDRICK saw the dead hero and the latter had intended to pay St. John another visit, this season, but the path of duty led him to the grave.

Death has been busy in the ranks of our citizens this week and the names of I. CHIPMAN OLIVE and WILLIAM RAINNIE are no longer numbered among the living. Few men were better known in the community, none were better liked. Mr. OLIVE's acquaintance with the merchants in this city was of that character so suitable to his cordial nature. He was esteemed and will be regretted by all who knew him. And those associated with Mr. RAINNIE in his arduous and responsible work on the railway say the kindest things of him. Those who knew him socially could not fail to esteem and respect him.

SORNES AT THE CARNIVAL.

Some of the Things Seen and Heard at the Polymorphian Carnival.

The scene at the Victoria Rink on Wednesday night reminded one of the former days of ice sports when the popular old rink used to be filled with thousands at the carnivals, races and sports held there. The carnival was conceded on all sides to be most successful one and to have never been surpassed in the history of the rink. There were over 2000 people in the rink and there were about six hundred people in costumes and every one a good one. Being gotten up by the Polymorphian Club who are, of course, experts in costuming, its success in this respect was assured. All nations and all sorts and conditions of people were represented on the ice enjoying the intoxication of skimming around on the glare ice to the music of the band.

There was a steam syren thrice emitting fantastic sounds, a party of weather beaten life-boat men in oilskins with a fully equipped life boat; a party of Klondike gold seekers with their sled and outfit, an ostrich and various animals from the menagerie; a party of sorry looking emigrants regaling themselves with bologna; the three mu queeters of the bus direct from the Quartier Latin; sparkling beauties representing all nations. Spanish, Mexican, A'stian, Japanese and all the others; gay cavaliers, crusaders, knights and couriers resurrected from the middle ages; young maiden beauties representing flowers, the seasons, professions, the fairy world and the ganzy butterflies; swarthy Indian girls and gypsies; a large contingent from the colored four hundred; athletic sun-burnt raiders and everything else.

There was a Viking in full warlike uniform and Father Time looking as though he had just stepped out of the pictures of him. Uncle Sam was burlesqued in thorough style, and the Yellow Kid was as Bowersy like as could be.

A pilot was noticed wandering around aimlessly with a pair of snow shoes and a dark lantern. He was tramping out over Halifax harbor in the fog looking for the Lake Superior. He also had a pick axe to chop her out of the ice. Then there were the Frozen Harbor Hockey Suggers, otherwise known as the Crescents of Halifax, looking very badly scarred and adorned with all sorts of inscriptions.

It was a very merry occasion and the fun waxed warm. The clowns, the man with the dancing bear, the coin sports, the immigrants and others created lots of sport and when the Italian with the bear told his menagerie to "kiss-um that girl two times" there was great consternation among the frightened maidens.

There was music there beside the band, Sweet Rosie O'Grady, You Can't Play in our yard, Two Little Girls in Blue, Sally of our Alley, There'll Come a Time Some Day, The Only Pebble on the Beach and other popular melodies.

It was so interesting for the 1500 spectators that they remained the whole evening watching the sport while the skaters who were having so much fun that wet feet resulting from the abundance of water on the ice did not deter them from skating every ban l to the twelfth and last.

What a Wonderful Difference

In my linen line since I have been sending my laundry to you remarked a gentleman to us the other day, anybody will notice this if they patronize us. Ungar's Laundry & Dye works.

THESS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Cutter and "The Fly." (A Smuggler's run on the Bay (as told in Rhythmic Phrases.)

Oh! The cliffs are steep off Pokeshaw and steeper at Grand Anse And the reefs are sharp and treacherous off New Bandon.

For we led the custom officers a devil of a dance, Before we found a bloomin' place to land on.

We sighted the white cutter at dusk off Pabebiac, Just as we rounded Clifton lights, and murky was the sky.

But she didn't get a glimpse of us until we had to tack To escape a reef that crossed our bow and nearly wrecked the Fly.

She rounded the sea gull, and came flying down the wind, Nearly wing-a-ring, across the Bay to Clifton. While we struggled on a lee shore a landing place to find.

Thinking somewhere we might let the schooner drift on. But the rocks were sunk and sharp like the eye teeth of a shark.

And we had to lit her nose against the smother. It was touch and go, you bet, for our gallant little bark

But we got at last to windward of the cutter We raced along like mad, passed the ships on Bathurst bar,

And the cutter kept in shore toward Pettit Rocher, But she tacked off Church Point rocks and came outwa d like a star,

By the way they piled on sail they meant to rush her, We thought sure we were gone as she crossed us at Bell dune.

When we tried to make the mouth of Jacquet river. For again that Cutter white spread her wings out like a loon.

With every stitch of sail that she could give her. A puff of smoke went up from her bow just as she turned.

And a round shot passed our stern and ricocheted But the Fly held on her course, and the dashing waves we churn'd.

To her shot a signals now we gave no heed. By the way the wind was blowing now we hoped to make Carlisle,

On this tack we could outsail her and were feeling very gay,

So we stretched across to Quebec shore and nearly gained a mile.

When our flint jacks came flitting ring, and we found we'd broke a stay.

Our hearts were in our boots, as we bore off on the wind. While our gallant boys upon the boom all lay,

Though we lost a vantag; gained, yet fortune still was kind,

For our job was soon full drawing and we steered for Pierce Bay,

The night shades now were down, and no stars were in the sky,

But twinkling lights began to show on points all round the coast.

The cutter held on gamely, but as bravely sailed the Fly,

And the white waves curled around her sides, and from her bows were tossed.

In the shadows of the Quebec cliff we changed our course once more,

And South now west across the bay came tearing on the gale,

We thought to land at Pokeshaw yet, and get the stuff ashore,

Our men were posted on the cliffs and swore they would not fall,

But when we sighted Salmon Beach, we saw way down the bay,

The side lights of the Cutter flashing on the dark waves bright,

So inside of Clifton Bratwater we dodged and straight away,

Sunk our casks deep in the Basin, without noise or show of light.

Oh! the oaths that Naval officer and his Lieutenant swore.

When they boarded us at day-break, away off Point Marcel,

And found our tidy schooner, with some nets and nothing more.

The story of that chase by night is one they seldom tell.

Oh! the cliffs are steep off Pokeshaw and steeper at Grand Anse

And the reef is sharp and treacherous off New Bandon.

But the stuff was just as good, my boys, as ever came from France,

Although it never had the customs brand on, Eh, eh.

Alaska.

Six sleeps in a sleeper from Montreal.

And a moon or so from the end of the line.

And you stand at the foot of the great white wall—

That is white with the snows that fall, and fall,

Or the cedar dwarfed and the drooping pine

That grow at the feet of Alaska

Old and wrinkled and cold and gray,

With her white pall pulled o'er her stony breast;

Fronting and frigid and far away,

She has ever stood as she stands today.

In the desolate wastes of the wide Northwest—

Stands that hoary old woman—Alaska.

Unmolested for thousands of years,

Isolated, remote, and lone;

Her hard face glacial with frozen tears,

While over her shoulders and in her ears

The winds of the North Land sail and moan,

In the ears of old Mother Alaska.

A party of prospectors passed that way,

And they thought the old face had forgotten its brow.

And, pausing, they pulled her white robe away

And found her treasure: "Ah, 't'st que c'est ça?"

Said the French Canadian, kneeling down

At the feet of old Mother Alaska.

They told their story and men went wild,

And panted their chests and jined the race.

The old croon'nged her gold and smiled,

And the gold mad men of the world beguiled

With a promise of fortune in that far place,

At the feet of old Mother Alaska.

But O, the rivers are wide and deep,

And the north wind breathes with a killing breath;

And over the mountains so rough and steep

The old dread "aper shall come and reap;

For the little folks joined in

When grandma lost her glasses.

When grandma lost her glasses, why

We hunted low and hunted high,

An' I every cranny any size

Was peered into by youthful eyes,

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