

PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, FEB. 11th

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

SUNDAY OBSERVANCE AGAIN.

JAMES GORDON FORBES, judge of the county court, has called the attention of the Evangelical alliance to the fact that Sabbath desecration is on the increase and as an evidence of this he draws attention to the fact that the mail steamers have changed their day of sailing to Sunday. The alliance is always glad to hear from the judge. He is a valuable and earnest member of their body and his suggestions are always timely. They have not however proved to be popular. The people have an idea, rightly or wrongly, that they would not be any better if the sale of soda water and cigars was stopped on Sunday and perhaps steamship passengers would not feel any safer on a voyage if there ship sailed on Saturday instead of Sunday.

We agree with the judge that Sunday might be better observed, and that it should be more of a day of rest than it is; but our idea of the manner of accomplishing this will probably differ from his. The employees of the man who can afford his coachman and several servants should be permitted to enjoy the Sabbath rest as they wish. It is not necessary to drive to church or elsewhere on the Lord's day and the reverend gentlemen who belong to the Evangelical Alliance might well impress this fact upon those members of their congregations who are apt to forget that the Sabbath is as much a day of rest for the poor as it is for the rich. There are abuses of the Lord's day of this character and we believe that if the Alliance would turn its attention to them they would have no reason to complain that their efforts were "pooched."

BANK CLERK MUSSEN'S CASE.

There was great interest in Upper Canada over the case of the bank clerk MUSSEN, employed in the Merchant's bank of Canada who was arrested for stealing \$5,000 of his charge. It was denied that he was both ledger keeper and teller and that this made his peculations easier. To set these statements right Mr. JEO HAGUE the manager has written a letter to the press in which he refers to the manner in which the young man lived and the probable cause of his theft. The moral of his remarks is very obvious.

MUSSEN was not both teller and ledger keeper. The books were posted by another office, and the work of both was checked by others every morning. In view of this it is needless to say that an extraordinary amount of cunning was displayed in carrying on the defalcations.

He was not known to be a speculator. He took most singular care to conceal it, and neither in his bank account nor in the letters or telegrams that came to him or went from him, or any intercourse he might have with brokers (for he rarely had any while he was at his post) was there the slightest indication that he was a speculator.

As to his style of living, it was well known that he was one of the heirs of the large estate left by his father, and it was concluded that his income from it must be considerable. But at times it was surmised that he must be trenching on the capital somewhat.

MUSSEN did, undoubtedly, lose money in speculation outside on Montreal, and his late is a terrible warning to any in like circumstances. Two years ago he was in a responsible position, with a considerable income, good prospects, and no small amount of inherited means; to-day he is stripped of everything, bankrupt.

both in means and character—and unable to hold up his head in a community where his family have had an honorable record for fifty years back.

BISHOP COURTNEY ON LENT.

Lent will be here next week and the observances usual to the penitential season will begin on Wednesday. Bishop COURTNEY of Nova Scotia appears to have taken the opportunity to give his hearers some advice upon the rules of Lent which differs in some measure from those which are generally understood. It was not necessary, he told the congregation, for them to abstain from their customary luxuries, and he advised them to be cheerful at all times. If any man was a smoker, he need not deprive himself of his cigar or pipe. If anyone was in the habit of taking a glass of wine, he or she could take it, provided, of course, that it was used in moderation. If they wanted to play the piano, he said it was no harm to play it in Lent. Attendance at the theatre was not proper in Lent. His Lordship gave his hearers good advice in regard to their home devotions and church attendance. He told them to inquire into church history for the purpose of finding out exactly where the Church of England stood between the Roman Catholics and the dissenters, and declared that until the millennium, no matter what people said, the Anglicans should endeavour to draw the Romans and dissenters into their fold.

A GOOD THING FROM THE "SUN."

Campaign Opportunities That Seem to Be in Abeyance.

The Telegraph publishes a few columns of reflections made on Mr. George W. Fowler in other years by certain conservatives. The Telegraph will probably go on to furnish more matter of this class, for instance:

The eighteen charges of personal and political dishonesty preferred by Mr. McKeown against Hon. A. G. Blair.

Mr. McKeown's opinion of Dr. Pugsley as expressed in 1890. The Telegraph's opinion of Mr. McKeown as expressed then and later.

Mr. Hannay's remarks on "Slippery Bill."

Mr. Hannay's observations about Mr. Reynolds when the latter was editor of Progress.

The retort of Mr. Reynolds, in which he relates the experience of Mr. Hannay as the editor of an undertaker's organ in New York.

Extracts from a drama written some years ago for the Sackville Post, setting forth the merits of Premier Emerson, represented as a member of the law firm of "Shyster & Shark."

The poem called "Jubilate."

Mr. Hannay's gentle remarks on Traitor Ellis.

The references of the same gifted writer to the capacity of a certain legal gentleman not wholly unconnected with the Telegraph, and rather active in this campaign, 'to lie in the service of any master for a fifty dollar fee.'

The Telegraph's remarks about Mr. George Robertson when the latter was a candidate for Ottawa.

Mr. Hannay's opinion of 'the silly Telegraph.'

In Hard Circumstances.

The family of J. H. Callahan McCarthy, the west side poet is reported as in very destitute circumstances in a hovel on Winter street. Business has not been as brisk as usual in the poetry trade this winter and the poet himself has fallen very ill. McCarthy is a well known character around town, and the charitably inclined will have an opportunity of extending a little help where it is needed. There are a several small children in the family, who are sadly in need of necessary clothing and food.

Parents.

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Still They Come.

G. Matheson & Co. of New Glasgow, N. S. sends PROGRESS a neat little calendar. This enterprising firm has worked up a good business in building marine engines, boilers, small steam boats, barges, etc.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

A Val-entine To Laurence.

Our royal month has come again,
And long my love to you;
Gone forth my heart, for life is vain,
Without your presence here;
This day of all the happy years;
Of eighteen lusty ones;
Blest thought by fast to you my dear,
My sweetest Val-entine.

I greet you fair most winsome year,
I rise to write obeying;
The day I come my love drawn near,
I make no long delaying.
No rose in summer's fragrant arms,
Can half compare with mine;
The rose that has far sweeter charms,
Is my true Val-entine.

The blisful day no soon doth come,
That I love's song must sing;
Alas! flowers will be dumb,
When I my notes bring.

The kiss that lovingly doth wait,
In patience half divine;
Bestow me in the hall at eight,
My sweetest Val-entine.

Smaller Corner, F. B. 1899.

The Pri-soner.

"Queen of the waves, thy gliding shallop steer,
Where lingers echoes to thy strains awake;
The winds a d waters hush thy melodies to hear,
The very skies are bright for thy sake."

A captive's song thus floated on the air,
From grated window of a sea-girt keep;
As he he beheld the sunset fair
Sail by his prison, on the shining deep.

"In this old, silent cell, I pass my years
Of soiled youth and strength, no longer free;
My only joy is when thy sail appears,
Long for thee as for my liberty."

"The limpid flood, with royal p'de displays
Thy queenly form in mirrored counterpart;
What is the power thy canvas most obeys?
Is it the scyph, or the tender heart?"

"With ardent hope's my glowing pulses bound,
For even thou may'st burst my prison door;
Rejoice by three he said a door come to hand,
Thee follow joyfully forevermore."

"Toon stayest now thy course, perhaps to shed
A tear of pity for my helpless pain;
But, like my hope, alas! too quickly fled,
Lean patient and I pine alone again."

"Is this delusive fancy, false delight?
But not thy hand, goddess hither, I can see;
A star of life, thou risest on my sight,
To morrow thou wilt shine again for me."

"Queen of the waves, thy gliding shallop steer,
Where lingers echoes to thy strains awake;
The winds and waters hush themselves to hear,
The very skies are brighter for thy sake."

The Barn-Yard's Southern Corner.

When the frost is white on the fodder-stack,
The haws in the Thorburn withered and black,
When the near fields flash in the diamond mail
And the hill silences or outline pale,
Oh, merrily shines the morning sun
In the barn-yard's southerly corner.

When the ruts in the cart-road ring like steel,
And the birds to the kitchen door come for their meal,
And the snow at the gate is lightly drifted
And over the wicket chainly lifted,
Oh, merrily shines the morning sun
In the barn-yard's southerly corner.

When the brimful bucket steams at the well,
And the axe on the back knot sings like a bell,
When the pond is loud with pecked starlings' calls,
And the horse stamp in the littered stalls,
Oh, merrily shines the morning sun
In the barn-yard's southerly corner.

When the hay lies low on the wide barn floor,
And a sharp sun pulls from the stable door,
When the pitchfork handle stings in the hand,
And the pitchfork handle stings in the hand,
Oh, merrily shines the morning sun
In the barn-yard's southerly corner.

The steers, let out for a drink and a run,
Seek the warm corner one by one,
And the headlong sheep, in their dusty white,
Now at the straw in the thinnest light,
When merrily shines the morning sun
In the barn-yard's southerly corner.

Charles G. D. Roberts.

Somebody Else.

Who's Somebody Else? I should like to know.
Does he live at the North or South?
Or is it a lady fair to see.
Whose name is in every one's mouth?

For Meg says, "Somebody Else will sing,"
Or, "Somebody Else can play."
And Jack says, "Please let somebody Else
Do some of the errands to-day."

If there's any hard or unpleasant task,
Or a dull thing to do,
Or a dull thing to do,
Now isn't it very true?

But if some fruit or a pleasant trip
Is offered to Dick or to Jess,
We hear not a word about Somebody Else.
Why? I will leave you to guess.

The words of cheer for a stranger's aid,
This Somebody Else will speak;
And the poor and helpless who needs a friend,
Good Somebody Else must seek.
The cup of cold water in Jesus' name
Oh, Somebody Else will fill,
And words of love for a broken heart
Brave Somebody Else will fill.

There are battles in life we only can fight,
And victories, too, to win,
As somebody Else cannot take our place,
When we shall have entered in;
But if Somebody Else has done his work,
While we are away from heaven,
'Twill be only fair if the blessed reward
To Somebody Else is given.

When my Ship Came in.

My ship came in one day,
Two loads to the r's
And I could scarcely keep away
Uit I they fuled the sails

And then leaping aboard,
For I wanted to see
Just what a yellow, golden board,
My ship had brought to me.

But sorrow's current deep
Flowed o'er me as I gazed;
As one watched from a long
I stood there, half amazed

My ship was filled with tears
And laughter—this more rare;
'Twas a flood with hope and fear,
And cease labelled "Are."

There were some grains of gold,
Some copper coins like mine;
But oh! the truth must now be told,
My ship was not a prize.

And disappointment with
Was all my legacy;
For all the things I'd set at naught
My ship brought back to me.

To the Robins!

Foot little preach r, to usle-s and unfed,
Thou art the prophet of despair,
Making our greatest elms and poplars bare
Thy pulp it for a sermon wise in word,
Blides so readily for the public head;

Thou dost not, whose face we tell and care,
The oem as of the dusty thorn-chairs,
Where dost thou fly, blisk in thy crest,
Thou dost not, whose face we tell and care,
Thou dost not, whose face we tell and care,

Even this wilderness of weary days,
Fearing the remedy for saddest ills,
Is ending in exhortation, and sweet trails
Of open country meadows and in the ways,
Of peace, and freedom, and the grassy hills.

—Archibald Lampman

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WILD HORSES DYING OUT.

Fencing in Texas has Destroyed the Roaming Herd of Former Times.

The wild horses which used to roam the Texas prairies are about all gone. I asked an old resident what had become of them, and he told me that only a few remained, and that they were in the large pastures, and that they were being killed as often as a shot could be had at them. I asked him the reason for this destruction, and he said that they were worthless in the first place, and that in the second, they stole other horses which were good and carried them off with them. He informed me also that of all the wild animals a horse or mule which had formerly been under the dominion of men was the wildest when once it became a part of a wild herd. The stations of the wild herd were always ambitious to keep their "bunch" filled, and would steal a mare or horse, or even a mule, from the settlements or cow ranches when the occasion presented itself. When once a tame horse or a mule got with a wild herd he became the wildest and most cunning of them all. As the wire fences went up the territory of the wild horse contracted. Finally all that remained were in the large pastures.

I was told that before the pastures came it was the custom to "walk down" the wild herds and reduce them to servitude. One man I met here told me how this "walking down" was done. He said that the wild herd which one was determined to capture always had a certain range. This range was known from men who scouted on the prairies. For instance, one man may have seen the "bunch," for that is what the herd is called, up near some particular point in the northwest of the Panhandle. Another ranger may have seen the same "bunch" fifty miles southeast of where the first man saw it. Others may have seen it along the route between the two points.

Thus it would be concluded that the range was between the two points mentioned. Four or five men would enter the expedition to walk down the "bunch." A man would be stationed every twenty or thirty miles along the range route, and then the "bunch" would be started. For the first day the wild horses would scamper off, throwing their manes and tails to the breeze, making a sight that would tempt the desire of those pursuing them to capture them, for there is nothing prettier in the world than a troop of wild horses at a distance. They look prefection when they throw up their heads and snuff the wind and then scamper away. I have seen one or two bunches myself. The man who starts them on their trips follows them for a day on a pony, taking his time. His place is taken by the second man about nightfall, presuming that the bunch was started in the morning. The second man following them all night, for the hunt is made when there is full moon, so that the bunch can be tracked at night as well as during the day. On the morning when the third man takes the trail, the stallion, or master of the bunch is behind the herd, biting and kicking the lagards in it. The third day, or even the evening of the second day, finds the bunch strung out in a straight line, each following the other in Indian file. They are getting very tired.

They are allowed no time to eat or drink. The pursuer, knowing that they are tiring, forces them, and thus the chase continues for about five days, when the whole herd is so tired that it is easily taken.

But, to aid my informant, when the work is done and every horse taken, the pursuers are always unanimous in their verdict that the game was not worth the labor expended, for the horses taken are a messlely set and never good for anything.

'Creasing' means shooting the animal just below the mane, not long enough to break the neck, and yet low enough so that a shock sufficient to bring down the animal will be inflicted. It requires the best marksmanship to do this, and as the distance at which the shooting must be done is usually great, very few animals have been taken in this way.—Galveston News.

Lord Palmerston as a Man.

A writer in Chambers's Journal makes the following addition to Palmerstoniana which shows the great man in the role of a successful Square of Dames:

Always vain of his appearance and proud of his power to please, Lord Palmerston never quite gave up his harmless attentions to young married ladies. Remonstrating with him on this habit, one of his serious relatives, a lady, began by describing it, as ungentlemanly; it was also, she said, contrary to religion; finally, she urged, "it can never answer."

Then came the incorrigible reply of the

gry veteran: "As to the first point, that is a question of opinion. I think it most gentlemanly. As to religion, I admit the practice of the churches differ. As to its not answering, your ladyship misunderstands the facts, for it never fails!"

Not Given to Sentiment.

Many authentic instances are on record as to the indifference of a certain class of convicted criminals to their punishment, even when it entails the extreme penalty of the law. It would, however, be difficult to find, for utter callousness and levity a parallel to the following:—

"A man was sentenced to death, with a strong recommendation to mercy. Earnest endeavours were made to reprieve, with the great result that one was granted. The prison officials to whose charge the convict had been committed entered his cell and informed him of his good fortune. With no outward sign of emotion beyond a grin, the wretched man remarked jocularly:—

"I've heard it said as how 'No noose is good news,' and I'm hanged it is ain't."

The Right Man to Marry.

A certain admiral used to relate that a pretty girl on a Mississippi steamer was anxiously sought in marriage by five of the passengers. Viewing them all with favor, the girl applied to the captain of the boat for advice in making her selection.

He suggested that she should keep overboard, after he had made arrangements that would make injury to her impossible. She did as he said. Four of her suitors promptly went in after her, and united in bringing her safely back to the deck. "What shall I do now?" she perplexedly inquired of the captain. "I don't rightly know miss," he answered, "but it seems to me I'd take the dry one."

A Woman Fixed Thanksgiving Day.

According to the Boston Transcript, it was a woman who was the means of having a definite day in the year set apart for the national observance of Thanksgiving. Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale, a Boston woman, and editor of the first woman's magazine published in this country, worked for twenty years to accomplish this end. Time did not damp her courage, but rather increased her insistence. She wrote to governors of states and to presidents of the United States. At last President Lincoln adopted her suggestion in 1864, when there was reason to rejoice over the success of the North in restoring the union.

Right or Under.

A new Wales Country school teacher recently gave a boy a question in compound proportion for home work, which happened to include the circumstances of men working ten hours a day in to order complete a certain work. Next morning the unsuspecting teacher, in looking over the little pack of exercises, found "Jim's sum unattempted, and the following letter enclosed in the page:

"Sir: I refuse to let Jim do his sum you gave him last night as it looks to me to be a lot of 'S' but sitem enny sum not more than 8 burs he is welcome to do but not more. Yours truly,—Abram Blank, Senr.

All He Knew.

Old Doctor: "Has anyone been in?" Student: "One gentleman called. Said he wanted to know what to do for a cold. He hadn't time to wait, so I told him everything I knew."

Old Doctor: "Humph! That couldn't have been much."

Student: "Oh, I know more than you think. I told him to bathe his feet in hot water, take a pint of lemonade, sponge with salt water, remain in a warm room, bask the face in hot water every five minutes, sniff up hot salt water, inhale ammonia, or menthol, take a tea-grain dose of quinine, and lots of outdoor exercise."

Clocks Without Hands and Faces.

In Switzerland they are making clocks which do not need hands and faces. The clock merely stands in the hall and you press a button in its stomach, when, by means of the photographic internal arrangements, it calls out "half-past six" or "twenty-three minutes to eleven," as the case may be.

In a Frightful Street Case.

"Goodness, Tom! Did you notice what a freezing look that girl gave you when she tumbled into your lap?" "Freezing? I should say so. She was a Leglander in more ways than one."—Judge.

Ambiguous.

Professor of Chemistry: "If anything should go wrong in this experiment we and the laboratory with us might be blown sky-high. Stop up closer, gentlemen, so that you may be better able to follow me."

The St. John Street Railway Co.

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