

WAS THAT RACE SOLD.

SOME HALIFAX PEOPLE INCLINED TO THINK IT WAS.

Others say Lynch wanted to get even with his backers for previous shabby treatment—The Races Discussed in Detail—Some Suspicious Circumstances.

HALIFAX, Nov. 8.—Was the race sold? That is the question that is agitating the mind of the sport loving fraternity of this city at the present time, over the recent scull race between Harry Vail of St. John and Mike Lynch of this city. There are many of the opinion that it was sold, but no one dares to make a public statement that it was, as that would be a very difficult matter to prove. Those who have formed such opinions stick to them strongly, and nothing can make them believe that it was otherwise. To say the least they were many suspicious circumstances connected with it, and when one puts them all together they have to come to the conclusion that everything was not all right. No one has anything to say about Vail or that he had any hand in the matter, but it is the other side that the onus is on. It would be unfair to accuse Lynch of any wrong doing, as in the past every race that he has rowed was on the square, but still there is something in the minds of a large number that the last race was not rowed on its merit.

It will be remembered that PROGRESS some weeks ago, told how the backers of Lynch had treated their man, and at that time the oarsman made the statement he would never sit in a boat again for them. It was known that threats were made that the backers would be got even with some day, and it is this thought that has struck the minds of the public. The opportunity offered, and the day has come and gone. The combination was roasted without a doubt, and the pockets of many of the Lynch admirers were made empty by the outcome of the race.

When the match was made Lynch was not satisfied with the percentage that he was to receive in case that he won the race, and it was not until the very last moment that he consented to row for the amount offered him by his backers. It was a costly event for many of the sports, as not a few of them lost their hundreds which they were obliged to place at great odds to get it all out.

Previous to the race being rowed, it was freely circulated about that Lynch's brothers were betting all the money they had on their relative, but since then inquiries have been made about these bets, and the man has yet to be found who staked one cent with any of them.

Then again Lynch was prevailed upon by his brothers, and in fact by all of his relatives not to row the race when he did, but notwithstanding all those appeals, he rowed and met defeat.

What led the public to believe that the race was sold, was the presence of his father and one of his brothers in a boat at the turning point, just at the very moment when the mishap occurred. It seems strange no doubt for them to have been just at this place when the oarsman was thrown into the water. They were never there before, and why were they there this time, is what the public would like to know. It is claimed they are always on hand in case of an accident, but if this be so, then thanks to their better judgment, Lynch it is said cannot swim a stroke, and if the rescuers had not been there, then perhaps the outcome would have been far more serious than it was.

It is to be hoped that everything was run on the square, and that public opinion will come around and take a different view of the matter in the course of time. It is just such circumstances as these that tend to kill public sport. No matter who wins or loses, either one party or the other, is bound to be dissatisfied with the result, and there is generally more or less unfavorable comment from those who happen to have come out on the wrong end.

One St. John man, who is a relative of Lynch's and who frequently has occasion to go down to the bottom of the sea, came over with a pocket full of money and bet it on Vail, and as a result he was able to fill two pockets, with luscious dollars. He must have got the tip that it was going his way beforehand.

Since Vail has been there he has made a good impression on all, and he is particularly well liked. Every person speaks well of him, but that is more than they do about Walter Myers who loaned the St. John man his clasper shell to row in. The sports of this city have anything but kind words for him. He refused point blank to loan the same boat to a Halifax man, and to think that he would turn around and loan it to a St. Johner is something more than they care about discussing in public at the present time. The boat of course is his own private property, and he is at perfect liberty to do just as he likes with

it, but they claim that if a man from Halifax was to go over to St. John and ask for the loan of a scull boat to race one of their own townsmen he would receive such a reception that he would never go there anymore. Experiences in the past, they say, have taught them that, and it is doubtful if any changes have come about in recent years.

After the race was over strenuous efforts were made by Lynch's backers to get on another race with Vail, but the latter politely told them that he was not going to make any more matches for this season. He however has changed his mind since then, and he will give his opponent another chance to win back his lost laurels. The result is awaited with interest, as there is much speculation as to whose "turn" it will be this time.

FROM SLAVE TO EMPRESS.

A Little Slave Girl Changed Into an Empress of 400,000,000 Slaves.

Fortune has played many strange tricks in her time, but she was never in a more mischievous mood than when, by her magic she changed a little slave-girl into the Empress of 400 million slaves and the focus of the world's eyes of today.

Her life-story began half a century ago, in the stormy days of the Taeping rebellion, when the out kirts of Canton, where the little Yin Ling lived, were ravaged by lawless bands, and no life was safe. Here she lived with her parents and young brother in the direst poverty, glad if she could get a modest share of the daily bowl of rice and many days lacking even that.

Her father, Li Tzun, belonged to the poorest grade of Chinamen; and when even the rich were reduced to poverty his family was in danger of absolute starvation. It was at this crisis in the family fortunes that Yin Ling, then a pretty girl of fourteen, be sought her father to sell her as a slave that there might be one less to feed, and something to feed the rest on.

After a long struggle and many tears, the parents decided to part with her and one day Li Tzun taking his daughter by the hand, walked into Canton and knocked at the door of a great general, a cousin of the emperor.

The bargain was quickly concluded, and Yin Ling began her life as a slave, becoming in time sewing maid to Tidoo's wife.

A year passed, and the girl slowly blossomed into a rare beauty, which, allied with a sweet disposition and great intelligence, won the heart of her master and mistress, who became so attached to the winsome slave, that they adopted her as their own child.

Tutors were engaged for her, and her mind quickly developed as her beauty had done, until her fame spread as that of the most beautiful and attractive girl in Canton.

Tidoo, who was in high favor with the Emperor, was anxious to give his Royal master a present of great value in return for some step in promotion, and reluctantly he decided to hand over to the Emperor Yin Ling, who thus took her place among a thousand slaves in the Imperial palace. Here again her great beauty carried all before it. The Emperor fell under her spell, and made her his wife, giving her a rank inferior only to that of Tsi An, the titular Empress. The young slave-girl is now Empress in all but name. The Emperor himself was her abject slave, and the greatest in the land prostrated themselves at her feet.

Her crowning glory came when a son was born to her, and she received the title of 'Tsi Thi' and the rank of Empress. When the Emperor died Yin Ling, who had developed a strength of character as rare as her beauty, made short work of the Board of Regency, and mounted the throne in the company of her seven-year-old son.

By this time her parents had died and her brother, who was a simple farm laborer, was brought to the palace and dowered with the income of £25,000 a year. The later history of this marvellous woman is known to the world; and that she retains her vigour if not her beauty is proved by her recent coup d'etat, in which she quietly deposed the Emperor and took the Imperial reins again into her own hands.

The New Brunswick Magazine.

The November number of "The New Brunswick Magazine," equally with the foregoing, establishes its claim to the popular favor it is receiving. Indeed, in quantity, if not in quality, it surpasses its past issues, giving sixteen pages more than the subscribers would have a right to expect. With its fifth number, the publisher informs us, it has "a much larger patronage than was ever gained by any of the provincial magazines of the past in a much longer period." A similar publication in Maine, The Bangor Magazine, had a like success, beyond that attained by any purely literary adventures. A work of local or provincial annuals will usually engage a list of patrons in any place. This among such publications is, however, of superior literary quality, and engages some of the best talent in the Maritime Provinces.

In the present number Rev. W. O. Raymond, M. A., continues his papers entitled "At Portland Point," and James Hanway appears with his third paper on "Our First Families," of whom the leading names are Blanchard, Lambert, Le Blanc, Babin, Brun and Bourc. W. K. Reynolds, the editor, gives an interesting account of the "Queer Burglar," who found too close quarters in the chimney of the Bank at St. John, in 1848. One of the most attractive of this group, and the most disheartening to reflect on, is that entitled "A Misplaced Genius," by Percy G. Hall. It suggests many thoughts, could we here express them. We trust the city of St. John may soon mark that grave located at "No. 1061, Juniper Path, Rural Cemetery," preserving the name and memory of Robert Foulis, who, in default of a wider fame and more substantial recognition, reflects credit upon, and deserves well of, the city of his adoption. A memoir on, with a portrait of the venerable Sir John Campbell Allen, "In the Editor's Chair," "Notes and Queries," "Provincial Chronology and Bibliography" and "The Early Name of Rothesay," make up a full and readable number. There is a promise of a special illustrated Christmas Number.

Frankly Telling it Over.

He is a young man, whose unbounded assurance has ever been his chief characteristic. When he proceeded to talk to the practical old gentleman about marrying his daughter he was evidently prepared for the usual question: "Do you think you can support my daughter in the style to which she has been accustomed?" The parent spoke this phrase with the air of a man who thinks he has uttered a poser. The suitor looked him in the eye. "Let's talk this thing over," he said. "Do you think your daughter is equal to making a man a good wife?" "Yes, sir. Her mother and I are both practical people, and we have given her a practical education. She can not only read Greek and play the piano—she practices three hours a day—but she can get a good dinner and make her purchases in market as intelligently as an experienced steward. Moreover, her abilities with the needle are not confined to fancy work. She's a treasure, and we don't propose to have any misunderstandings about her future."

"You were asking me if I thought I could support her in the style to which she has been accustomed." "I was."

Well, I could. But I don't propose to. After she marries me she's not going to practice three hours a day on any piano. nor cook dinners, nor take back talk from market people. She's going to have all the sewing done outside the house, read what she enjoys, whether it's Greek or Choctaw and go to the matinee twice a week. It's time that girl was beginning to have some good times in this life."

Who Lives Longest?

"What class lives longest?" said an old insurance officer, responding to an inquiry. "Well, it is said that you can't be in a safer place than the church—that is to say, the clergy are at the top of the list in the matter of longevity. This is no doubt in part due to the fact that their sacred calling prohibits many of the irregularities by which laymen shorten their lives. Next to clergymen come gardeners and farmers, then come doctors, then lawyers, and after them school teachers. Curious to say, painters and musicians come a long way down the list. People talk of the healthiness of London. The countryman, however, lives much longer than the Londoner; but then the Londoner and the inhabitant of small residential towns have a great advantage over natives of manufacturing districts, where the death rate is highest of all. No; the working man does not live long, even when he has an outdoor life. The mental worker lives longer than the manual laborer. Brain they say wears longer than muscle. And, of course, the brain-worker escapes many of the evils that tend to cut short the lives of manual laborers."

Smelling Fire 800 Miles Away.

Many people must at times ask themselves this question after reading some of the remarkable occurrences and discoveries of the present day, and the question would seem very appropriate when told that a fire had been smelt by persons 800 miles away, or when informed that, by the latest substitute for a smith's forge and bellows, thrusting a piece of iron into cold water made it red hot.

The facts as to this feat of long distance fire-smelling are recorded by a gentleman resident at St. George's Island, Bermudas, which is about twelve miles distant from Hamilton, the capital of the islands. One day heavy smoke was seen to be rolling up from that place, which was thought to be on fire. A telegram was sent there inquiring about it, but the reply came that there was no fire at Hamilton as had been supposed. In a short time St. George's Island was enveloped in smoke and there was a decided smell of burnt pine. When the next New York mail arrived it was learned that there had been a huge forest



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fire on the other side, the smoke and smell of which had reached a distance of 800 miles.

Good Goods, Well Advertised.

Going the rounds of the press is an item stating that the Royal Baking Powder Company is the largest advertiser in America. Of course, the business itself must be an enormous one to justify so great an expenditure in publicity. There is no fallacy more dangerous than that success can be gained by advertising an article of indifferent merit. But, given an article of the high-st quality like Royal Baking Powder, which when the house-keeper has once used she finds if she desires the best food she cannot do without, then the greatest measure of success is attained by keeping it continually before the public. Great merit and good advertising are both essential to make a product a great success. The Royal Baking Powder possessing the first, its proprietors have wisely used the second, and the result is apparent throughout the land. The Royal company believe that there is no medium for advertising like the newspapers, since in these enlightened days everybody reads them.

New Receipt for Cooking Bass.

Here is a new receipt for striped bass tried last week at a well known local resort: Take a three-pound bass, open and clean it; cut a piece of stale bread half an inch wide the length of the fissure, and placing it just inside; close the lips of the cut, and sew up with needle and thread. Take a larding needle, and with fat pork lard the fish well, and then squeezing the juice of half an onion into a wineglassful of good claret, make an incision in the back of the fish and pour in the wine. Sprinkle with pepper and half a pinch of salt; cover with a piece of buttered paper and cook in a moderate oven for fifty minutes; melt two ounces of butter in a saucepan, thicken with flour, beat the yolks of three eggs, add a tablespoonful of sherry to the juice of half a lemon, mix slowly, constantly stirring with the butter, pour over the fish and serve. Have the dish hot and plate ditto, and when serving reject the piece of bread from the interior of the fish.

Dancers Greatly Differ.

'Good dancers are, of course, born, and not merely made by persistent practising,' remarked a gentleman connected with the ballet, recently. 'For all that, I am sometimes surprised to find how helpless are some really capable performers, without someone to invent dances for them. I know more than one who, if asked to give a different dance to a tune they have been using, could not do so in any circumstances. On the other hand, some performers seldom do their steps in the same sequence for two nights running, and they dance better when thus untrifled. It is just the difference between an actor who 'gags' and one who cannot introduce anything into the author's lines on the spur of the moment to save his life. To show you that there are natural dancers, there is one lady now playing who, at a moment's notice, executed a most successful dance without ever having had a lesson in her life.'

About Lord Dufferin.

Probably no man living has filled such a wide range of high offices and won so many distinctions as Lord Dufferin. Although he only took a pass degree at Oxford, he is now a doctor of four Universities. He has won the coveted Knighthood of St. Patrick and the Grand Cross of the Bath, the Star of India, St. Michael and St. George and the Indian Empire, in addition to a Marquisate and Membership of the Privy Council. He has been ambassador at the Courts of Russia, Turkey, Italy and France and Governor-General of Canada and of India. Lord Dufferin has been a Minister of the Crown as under-Secretary for India and Chancellor of the Duchy; and has also earned a reputation as a writer, speaker and scholar which would more than satisfy an ordinary ambition.

A Good Watch Dog.

At sea, as most people know, time, instead of being reckoned by hours, is divided into 'watches' of four hours each. From four o'clock to six, and six o'clock to eight there are half divisions, nautically termed 'dog watches.' In an insurance case the counsel asked an old sailor at what time of day a certain collision occurred, and received the reply, 'About the middle of the first dog watch.' In summing up the case the barrister enlarged upon the information thus imparted as follows: 'You can imagine, gentlemen of the jury, the care which existed on this occasion, when,

as appears from one of the plaintiffs own witnesses, this valuable ship and her cargo, and the lives of passengers and crew, were intrusted to what, gentlemen?—why, to the mere watch of a dog!

When Birds Begin to Sing.

An ornithologist, having investigated the question of at what hour in summer the commonest small birds wake up and sing, states that the greenfinch is the earliest rarer, as it pipes as early as half past one in the morning, the blackcap beginning at about half-past two. It is nearly four o'clock, and the sun is well above the horizon, before the first real songster appears in the person of the blackbird. He is heard half an hour before the thrush; and the chirp of the robin begins about the same length of time before that of the wren. Finally, the house sparrow and the tomtit occupy the last place on the list. This investigation has altogether ruined the larks reputation for early rising. That much celebrated bird is quite a sluggard, as it does not rise until long after the chaffinches, linnets, and a number of hedgerow birds have been up and about.

His Brain Bell.

'You know,' said a man who writes things for a living, 'there's a bell rings on the typewriter when you get to the end of the line to warn the operator that the end has been reached and he must stop and take a fresh start. I have no bell in my brain, but I have something there that tells me with no less certainty when I have done my stunt, and it is time for me to stop for the day. And I sometimes wonder if the gentle reader doesn't think that my brain bell ought to ring earlier.'

Top (to young man at front door):

'Haven't I told you, sir, never to call here again?'

Young Man: 'Yes, sir, but I haven't called to see the housemaid this time. I am the water-rate collector.'

Top (in a milder tone): 'I see. Will you please call again?'

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