

PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY DECEMBER 28, 1901.

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SOMEWHAT EMBARRASSING.

How Obedience to the Law Sometime Affects Business Establishments.

It is quite proper to obey the regulations of the board of health and get vaccinated but this has in many cases in this city caused considerable inconvenience.

It has especially been so in Prognosis office. Compositors who hold a composing stick all day cannot do so if they have sore arms and for this reason the capacity for work in this office has been limited for some weeks. If Prognosis had type setting machines as the others are favored with this difficulty could be overcome but the number of compositors in the city is limited and men or women cannot learn to set type in a day. To those who have asked why the sign of Prognosis has been temporarily reduced let it be the explanation.

Once, during a dry season in China, the late Li Hung Chang called on Minister Conger, and spoke of the weather.

'Yes,' said Mr. Conger, 'it seems to be dry everywhere. It is dry in America, too. I read in one of our papers the other day that in many places in the West the people were praying for rain.'

'What I said the earl, 'do your people pray to their God for rain?' 'Oh, yes,' said the minister, 'they often pray for it.' 'And does their God send it when they pray for it?' asked the earl. 'Yes, sometimes their prayers are answered, and sometimes they are not.' 'All the same the Chinese just say "I said the earl with a grain and a chance.'

General Ballington Booth of the Volunteers of America, tells a story of a prayer-meeting held in New York on the East Side during the recent mayoralty campaign. In the midst of a prayer he relates, one pious brother said: 'Oh, Lord, we pray that the Democrat party may hang together in the coming election. "Amen, answer prayer, Lord," put in a Republican who was near. "But I do not mean it as the Republican brother means it, Lord. I pray that we may hang together in command and accord," continued the Democrat. "Amen, Lord," again said the Republican, "any word, as long as they hang."

A correspondent of the "Canadian Gazette" (London) relates the following story to illustrate the abnormal development of the late Li Hung Chang's bump of curiosity.

'One day I was unwise enough to tell him that it was possible to tap the telegraph wires at any point along the line. This got me into a nice mess, for Li insisted on stopping the train in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, and although Le Fung Lee pointed out to him that the tapping might interrupt the transcontinental business of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, he was determined to see Mr. Joseph Baker (an expert telegrapher who accompanied me) tap the wires. The obliging Baker, to my surprise, willingly consented and entered his consent with an agile pole-climbing and spectacular manipulation of wire. You came down the pole with a most plausible story of what the operators at the end of the line had said to him, but he afterwards confided to me that he had only fooled the old man. Li, however, was delighted and talked of wire tapping until he heard about a type-writer we had on board. Then Mr. Baker was kept busy for half a day explaining to His Excellency and the equally interested members of his suite the intricacies of the writing machine.

Lord Kelvin once paid a visit with a friend to some well known electrical works. They were situated near the workshops by the river and the man of such intellect and scientific attainments was naturally curious to know the details of the plant and machinery, and he turned him in his role of layman, and professionally, he pointed out to the man on the point of inspection that the man was an amateur who was not a student of electricity kept him silent. When the tour of inspection was completed, Lord Kelvin quietly turned to the man and asked: 'What then, is electricity?' 'It was a power for the man, who, as I mentioned, demonstrated that he was an amateur. "Well, well," said Lord Kelvin, "you are the only man I have met who is not a student of electricity and who could be so ignorant of the nature of the power."

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Tim was no sooner in the saddle than he was hunched over heels in the stirrups, and came down so hard that the breath was almost knocked out of him. 'Murphy,' shouted the sergeant, when he discovered the man spread on the ground, 'you dismounted!' 'I did.' 'Did you have orders?' 'I did.' 'From headquarters, I suppose?' with a sneer. 'No, from headquarters.' 'Take him to the guard-house!' ordered the sergeant.

N'T BE ALARMED.

There is Nothing in the So-Called Small Pox Situation to be Afraid of.

Christmas this year was uneventful even uninviting to those who lived outside of the city.

The reasons hardly need to be spoken of but the weather was disappointing and the prevailing epidemic seemed to have alarmed the people through the provinces to such an extent that they failed to make their usual annual holiday visit.

All this had its effect upon business and yet in spite of the unfavourable conditions some merchants reported trade as good as usual.

Too much has been said about the small pox situation.

The facts have been enlarged upon and exaggerated and there has been so much acrimonious discussion in regard to the action of the board of health that the public generally throughout the province have become fearful when there was in reality no occasion for any particular alarm. The cases that have been reported with one or two exceptions are the result of residence in the immediate vicinity of those who had the disease.

Few indeed of those who have been vaccinated have contracted small pox and yet there seems to be a great fear of contagion. This may be due to the fact that St. John has been especially free from such epidemics for many years; that the city has been regarded of late as one of the healthiest spots on the continent and even the board of health was somewhat unprepared for the appearance of small pox. Still when it did come the general impression is that the gentlemen of the board have done their best, and while not infallible, are entitled to more praise than criticism.

Where he went for it. Albert was sent down town by his mother to get some horse-radish which she needed for her pickles. After quite a long absence he came back to find his mother and father sitting on the bench in front of his mother. 'Why, mother, I went to every heavy stable in town, and they didn't have a bit,' answered Albert, with a weary sigh.

O, ya Woman's Will. He was a very shy young man, and the mother to get some horse-radish which she needed for her pickles. They were seated on a bench in front of his mother. 'How do you pronounce K-i-s-s-o-o-she asked. 'K-i-s-s-o-o-she asked. 'Oh, in this instance the "i" is not sounded,' he replied. 'Then that would be "Kiss" she murmured. 'And he did, although he was a very shy young man.'

Public vehicles in Paris are allowed to carry only as many passengers as can find seats. After that number has been admitted no one is allowed to enter. The explanation will serve to introduce an incident reported by a correspondent of the "Fitzburg" Dispatch.

A crowd of men and women, each with a numbered ticket, showing the order in which they were to enter the next street car, stood at the Place de l'Etoile station when the down town car arrived.

Surveying the crowd, the conductor cried out: 'Only three places in the car! Who has ticket No. 1?' 'With that Mrs. Blank of Chicago, the stoutest woman in the American colony approached holding up the ticket called for. 'Step aboard, madam,' said the conductor, ringing his gong bell. 'Wait! Wait! I've No. 2!' called a little Frenchman. 'You're too late,' replied the conductor. 'Every place is taken.'

At one of his public dinners, said Mr. Stephens, Wheeler in his story of the ameer's life, 'an excited native rushed into the midst of the assembly and prostrated himself in front of the ameer. "Sabib," he gasped, "the Russians are coming!"

'From what direction?' are they visible?' asked the ameer, without changing his expression. 'From yonder hill,' replied the native. 'Climb that tree and watch until they come,' was the royal command.

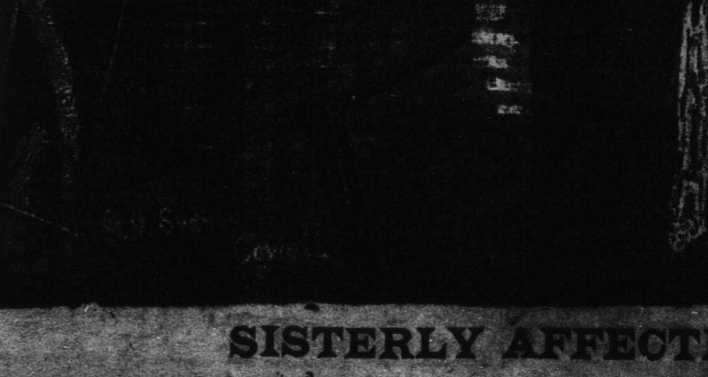
The native ascended to the topmost branches, and was forced to remain until he dropped to the ground.

'Political upholsterers'—whom Addison described as 'grave persons'—may see in this anecdote evidence of the ameer's full confidence in Russia's intentions toward Afghanistan; it is more probable that it was a manifestation of that grim humor which was of the 'quaint Oriental stripe with which the "Arabian Nights" have made us familiar.

The colonel was entertaining some of his friends with stories of his life, saying: 'The Detroit Free Press' and 'the talk' turned to the inflexibility of 'Tim Murphy' case.

'Murphy had lentled in the cavalry service, although he had never been on a horse in his life. He was taken out of drill with other raw recruits under command of a sergeant, and as such would have secured one of the worst bunkers in the whole troop.

'Now, my men,' said the sergeant in addressing them, 'no one is allowed to dismount without orders from a superior officer. Remember that.'



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