

PROGRESS, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1895.

LETTERS FROM NANNARY.

No. 4.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—This golden city in many ways is a strange and curious community, somewhat different indeed from nearly all the other cities in the land over which the glorious starry banner waves, standing unrivalled and alone in the sense that here it is we find ourselves on the extreme western edge of a mighty continent, the jumping off place, where the Orient, the Antipodes and the sweet scented blooming islands of the great Pacific are brought so near to us by the flight of the big ocean steamers that come and go in a magnificent procession of marine loveliness through the portals of the charming bay and harbor known now to the civilized and commercial world as the Golden Gate.

Vancouver, in the adjoining territory of British Columbia, with its great Canadian Pacific railway, is of course an admirable and perhaps I might add, a formidable rival, but San Francisco is and (it no unfriendly earthquake throws her into the sea) will ever remain the proud and queenly city of the Pacific slope. To me, or to any unsophisticated tenderfoot or wise man from the past, the departure of a steamer from China and Japan is better than a full blown circus or a comedy actress in a tragic role. The other day when the genial sunlight of a bright June afternoon was flirting with the rough cobble stones and laughing at the small clouds of dust the cool and refreshing trade winds had hurried and tossed through the air with its sportive breath, we saw an unusual amount of bustle and commotion, as it were, among many of our celestial brethren who usually remain in the quarter of the city where they most do congregate, except on special occasions like the one we are going to talk about. Hurrying along over the flint pavements and wooden sidewalks in hacks and in express wagons or on foot, many of them burdened heavily with luggage, their bright eyes upon their backs with which they tempted fortune here, and were now returning with the products and golden rewards of their patient preserving toil to their once beloved flowery kingdom across the waving bosom of the majestic sea. Hundreds of others in holiday attire were going in the same direction to see them off. I took off my hat, so to speak, and joined in the interesting procession and followed the groups and stragglers of another and an older civilization than ours, just as the music loving African will chase a German brass band until his limbs grow weary in the march of a decoration day or fourth of July parade. We went with the crowd this time until the great big dock of the Pacific mail and Oriental steamship companies was reached. The pier is very large and smells a little of bilge water and the peculiar odor of these strange and interesting orientals. The wharf which is roofed over, is literally covered with merchandise taken from the yawning holds of a recent arrival that is there discharging her precious freight from far off India, China, Japan and the Islands of the Pacific. Big box-cars of the Southern Pacific road are being filled up by honest hearts and willing or unwilling hands with the treasures of the Orient preparatory to their long and weary journey to the east and Europe, where they are going to feed and clothe and enrich other mortals whose homes cannot supply or give them what their heart desires and their wealth can purchase in these prolific and far off lands. Mixed up with all this is the strange conglomeration of box and bag and barrel of the departing strangers. The big, our-masted iron monster of the deep the Gaelic of the O. S. S. Co., is fastened securely to the pier, the red cross of St. George is flying in pride and beauty from the mizzen-peak, and the starry banner floats in the breeze from the fore top, the big smoke stack amid spires is puffing smoke and from the sides the hissing steam mumbles impotently as it were, and scans the sea gulls that wheel and turn in rapid flight around the animated scene. The Chinese junk that ships over the ruffled waters or the fleet of big French and steel cruisers that are giving life and color to this beautiful bay only get a passing glance from the lively throng that are on the steamer's decks or on the pier to which she is so safely and securely moored and from which she will soon be loosed to buffet with the wind and waves in her voyage to the land of the Mikado and the Children of the Moon.

When he is whirling away his life and his own or other people's money in the pastime. We sigh and envy that fellow as our gaze is directed to a group "on familie" as the French say. The parents boxom and cheerful looking and the children light haired and happy, rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed and blonde-haired, evidently of a pure English type. The flowers that not only bloom in the spring but at all seasons of the year in this glorious climate are in their hands, in their button holes or on their swelling hearts. There stands a lovely looking woman in apparently what is called middle life; her face and form is beautiful her apparel rich not gaudy and she seems to be alone; we see a tear trickle down that rosy cheek and marvelled to ourselves why it was, but so it was and so we left it to find our glance upon the pale and thoughtful looking face of a gentleman in clerical garb who might have been bent on a trip of pleasure and information to new and strange lands or might have been a missionary going to be devoured by cannibals or to convert the heathen, when here at his very door there were thousands of them that he never heeded or thought of. But to return to our pagan friends, who are early on the scene, or in many cases a little tardy in finding a means of escape to their own domain across the stormy ocean's billowy waves. Their baggage was complex curious looking and of course mysterious—Lynx-eyed officials of Uncle Sam were every where and the narrow gangway where the Chinese went on board was zealously and carefully guarded. The necessary ticket and certificate to return if they wished to do so, had to be produced before their slippered feet touched the decks of the good steamer Gaelic. Old stachels that looked like those of a genial hayseed or of Cossack's army after a long march, were lugged on board, bundles wrapped in blankets, wicker baskets, queer old wooden chests, and iron and tin and all roped, were carelessly pushed on board; old tea chests which had brought many a pound of Oolong or Sou-chong to these shores and over whose steaming charms the tongue of idle gossip wagged to their hearts' content, were now going back from whence they came with handles skillfully fixed on them and filled full of what, heaven only knows, and to try and catalogue these packages and parcels and old trunks and boxes and relics of other days, or to endeavor to probe the mysteries and missions that were there enclosed would be a far more difficult problem to solve than that which Euclid ever contained. So we will leave them with their effects and turn once more to those on shore and their friends on board. Hundreds of these people lining the pier, some of them with stout canvas sacks bursting with Mexican silver dollars. In China their value is at least one-third more than it is here and these Mongolians have no flies on them any more than other people who consider themselves very smart and who know how to turn a honest penny as well as their neighbors. They are getting on pretty lively now, here is a Chinese family group, a boy and girl gorgeously attired the youthful contingent with their budding pigails braided with light colored silk in all the colors of the rainbow or in red, white and blue in honor of the "Molican Man" country whose dust they were shaking from their immaculate white stockings and brilliantly embroidered Chinese shoes that covered their pedal extremities. There goes a China "dude" with a origint smiling face, a costume like Joseph's coat and gorgeous to behold, close upon his heels a Mongolian aristocrat waddles on board with his magnificently attired wife clinging fondly to his side. Diamonds and precious stones gleam in sparkling beauty from her shapely white hand and from her jet black hair. Her tiny feet—so small or small enough to send Chicago women into eternity are encased in a dainty embroidered pair of slippers that a princess might covet but never be able to stick her royal feet into. She was tall and stately and I think the most beautiful celestial being I ever saw. She brushed by one of her more frail and poorer sisters who had proceeded her a few minutes before with a questionable grace and hauteur that a denizen of Nob Hill would show a "tough girl" in the lower walks of life or impropriety in this lively California metropolis. She lades from sight like a beautiful dream or vision and the circus goes on. We are all human and God made those poor people just as he did us and we wonder why at times they are treated so roughly by their white brethren who are dressed in a little brief authority flatter themselves that they are earning their salaries under what is supposed to be the best and finest government on earth. Of course there are good and bad, rich and poor, among this motley throng and we ask one of the officers on duty then what those four fellows did who are going on board hand and hand with graves upon their wrists and he answers, "Border jumper."—simply that and nothing more. There are quite a number of Japanese on board returning to their beautiful flower laden island homes. The females are in long skirts like the machine girl, and the male element are attired in clothes of the newest and most fashionable cut. They discard their oriental dress and manners on their arrival here and to a certain extent become one of us but the Chinaman never. He is just what

he was and what he always intends to be the same in dress, in manners and in habits, with only some good ideas tacked on what he was from the beginning and which he thinks will last him until he shuffles off "this mortal coil," or takes it with him to wherever he may be consigned after he has done the double shuffle. The Chicago board of trade, the Stock of Produce Exchange in New York, with other added billions rolled into one, is but a mild hum of voices compared with this noisy jumble of the collectors on board, and those on "terra firma." It is pandemonium for a while and the chink of the Mexican dollar is hushed in the cheerful war that is all around us. They are all apparently talking in one breath, and at the same time, they shake hands with themselves as they bid each other good bye. The China cooks and sailors on board do not seem to mingle in this busy scene, they are standing silently at their posts awaiting the word of command from their white lords and masters, who are here and there and everywhere with bright eyes and bronzed features shining in unison with the brass buttons on their blue coats or the gold band encircling their caps. As the time for leaving approaches the big mail wagon tumbles down to the scene, the big sacks of white winged messages are thrown on board and then there is a moment of hush and silence as if all the greetings and farewells were exhausted, the plank is pushed ashore, the whistle screams, the big lines are thrown off, the yellow water is churned into muddy huts and the big steamer chastened with sorrows and fought with sighs with good and evil joy, and gloom smiles, and tears, glides gracefully out from the docks and with her form turned towards the Golden Gate she is soon lost to sight to memory dear, as she goes speeding on towards the far off quiet with numbers of people who can will be spared and with many thousands of bright American dollars in the clutch of these Asiatic pests who have found that a great free country enacts laws that may on the surface appear unjust but were nevertheless necessary to keep them somewhat in check from flooding these golden shores and stealing away some of the wealth and consequent glory of a great and free republic.

THE PAPER WAS PINK.

And That Was Why All the Visitors Wanted to Examine It.

It was a very solemn-looking man who strolled into PROGRESS office a few days ago. That is, he was solemn-looking for about three minutes after he came in. Then his eye kindled, and a wave of joy swept over his countenance. He saw a pink sheet on the editorial desk, and made a grab for it. Then his face changed again. His expression was an angry one then. But he put the paper down, and said nothing.

"You thought it was the —" said the PROGRESS representative, with a sweet smile. But the solemn-faced man was gone.

The next visitor was an old man, with a benevolent expression which suffused all his face. He too, saw the paper, and eagerly clutched it. "Where did you get it?" he asked. But he soon put the pink paper down again.

"I didn't think that of you," said the PROGRESS writer, "I didn't think you'd read the —" "I'm not reading it, am I?" said the old gentleman, sharply. This query could not be truthfully answered in the negative, and so the scribe allowed the old gentleman to go out in silence. But the writer could not suppress a smile.

The pink sheet lay on the editorial desk all day long, and every visitor who saw it, no matter what sort or condition of man he was, would grasp the paper eagerly. But even man seemed to overcome temptation, and put it down again. And yet the expressions on the faces of these people were not those of men who had gained a victory over themselves. The signs painted on their countenances were invariably those of disappointment.

THE PAPER WAS PINK.

Time Does Not Withar, Nor Custom Make Their Infinite Variety.

The other night, roaming about, in company with that old-rare-about-town dog, the Sprathorough hotel setter, we chanced upon our fabled relative, Johnny Fresh-egg, freshly emerging from the darkened portal of a well known, down town billiard room. You see! Johnny is reformed,—just for the present—having lately graduated from College atreet with distinction, and carries his unaccustomed sobriety rather unasily. This, too, because he is looking for a partner in life and can scarce trust himself to wander abroad at unseemly hours or to be seen in questionable resorts. lest the maiden of his choice should take the alarm and shun his attention. N. B.

Her dowry may be \$60,000 and the old gent's will is certainly not yet signed.— Consequently, the sly rogue, immediately on perceiving ourselves, with that ready wit which is so characteristic of the family, beckoned us aside, and with many reiterated requests for the most stringent secrecy regarding his movements, informed us of a certain one, Crackskins Doubletongue Merry, a jovial youth, whom he had detected transgressing the "golden rule."

"You know, old man the unusual position I am in at present, will not permit me to attend to the matter myself," said the rascal, as he coolly surrogated the task of berating the offender to ourselves. We, Sardonious Freshegg, own first-cousin to Johnny of that ilk, smiled aloud and regretted those days gone by of pistols and coffee, feeling we would be better engaged in hammering our flint, in the cold, gray, early morning; whilst cousin Johnny measured off the distance. But in these degenerate, 19th century days, we are compelled to forego the more satisfactory method of dealing with such gentleman; and, instead, must, perforce, settle them by more modern tactics; at long range, with a fusillade from a magazine—or a weekly. Charity, which proverbially begins at home, compels us to state that the individual in question has been freely pro-amishened, through the persons of others, to be a jot more prodigal of the fairest virtue, which covereth so many deficiencies; otherwise, he had not been subjected to the sharp-pointed styles of the lurking Fresh-egg? Oh, Merry! You are excruciatingly droll, a monkey in his cups is not half so amusing! You, are, beyond, all people, excoimely clever, and equally conscious of your own superiority and the inferiority of others. When you choose you can be brilliantly agreeable, for your conversation is frequently pointed and epigrammatic; whilst you are imaginative and have some penetration! But, the contempt you have for the understanding of the generality of your acquaintances, makes you indifferent to please; and, your want of consideration incapacitates you for appreciating the feeble efforts of less gifted men! Not that you cannot be gracious when it serves your turn; for you are possessed of a certain modicum of tact and pleasantry, which have gained you a host of what are popularity termed friends; persons with whom

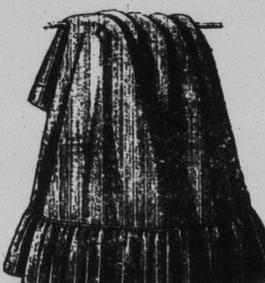
Our Annual Mid-Winter Sale of

WHITE-WEAR

For LADIES and CHILDREN is now on.

NEVER HAS IT BEEN POSSIBLE to show such values in Cotton Underwear as in the present season. Prices of materials are at the lowest, and the wonderful rapidity with which skilled labor turns out quantities of beautifully made garments, on the constantly improved electric power sewing machines, is the great factor which has cheapened the cost of production, and thus enables us to place a Ready-Made Garment before our patrons at the bare cost of materials. We are showing a magnificent range of Ladies' Underskirts, from 35c. to \$4.00, but particularize the illustration

AS BEING OF Exceptional Value.



Full Size, Good Cotton, Yoke Band, 10 INCH TUCKED CAMBRIC FRILL. At 75c.

Ladies' Drawers, 23c. to \$3.45. Chemise, 25c. to \$3.25. Nightgowns (special prices for this sale), 45c., 60c., 90c., up to \$6.25. Corset Covers: High, Round, Low, Square and V Neck, 30c. to \$1.80. Sizes 32 to 44 inch Bust Measure.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

THE TREMBLER STILL FREE.

Time Does Not Withar, Nor Custom Make Their Infinite Variety.

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you are more or less intimate, who are always ready with a welcoming shout on your appearance amongst them;—friends of the cup for the most part, whose goodwill is dependent on your expenditure amongst them and determined by its cessation. You are a merry prig in truth and free of speech! Yet not a few of your intimates feel sufficiently safe in entrusting you with their affairs; present yourself to a gathering of your kindred spirits; and, at once the confidential talk is silenced and caution prevails. Such is your repute, such is your reception! You have learned it; and, like the infant in a well-known advertisement, "still you are not happy!" An uneasy, restless creature of varying moods who can, at one moment, indulge in the most fascinating jocular wit; and, in the next, bark the shins of your inoffensive friends; forgetful of the commonest decency of temper. Still you are not always so very communicative. Your genial, wagging, harmless tongue has failed to inform us of the rencontre between yourself and the antique Swallow—we hear, on that occasion, you blanched, squirmed, equivocated and showed some dread of the patri-arch's uplifted staff! Of your thrilling experience in the place du Rio and the mastery generalship you exhibited:—being, as we are told, the suggestor of the rear-window route—we have up to this heard nothing from you; but there are other channels of information open to our inquisitive ken. Sh—, threatens to shoot the meddling doctors, does he? he'll be of good heart and do not fear; like the coon, if you will "come down" he won't blaze. Remember, too, old Sh—a is a prodigious fine marksman; so, out with "the ready;" don't be stingy! It may be a matter of some moment to you, but you can give a note for it you know!

Again, what would we not have given to have beheld you, at "that hour when the earth yawns?" But, no! We reserve that. The inanity of your friends, proceeding on that occasion is inconceivable. Laugh! Even the relation of the occurrence is too horribly ghastly. But what a ravine treat it would have been for your avuncular relative of the Kirk Witness to joke over? You did not appreciate the joke. Oh! No! By the beard of Silenus, no! You would have it mum; and, yet, you can, with great glee, "thoroughly ventilate," as the newspapers say, the shortcomings and mistertunes of your unlucky acquaintances.

"Oh, couldn't regard with fellars bil be Fullal caraced, the puny Littlequirt awrithe! But can you smile, when others smile with me, To see yourself in the miller?" (From the "Wriggling Rhymester.") We know you cannot. Hear the great Funder once more; that noble philosopher writes: "Great souls dwell only with what is good and do not stoop to quarrel with its opposite." * * * The backbiting tongue waits upon the illustrious actions, seeing what is bright and beautiful, and giving honor to the low." He prays; "that his tongue may not be like any of those"; and that "when he dies he may leave his children a name unswelled." A singularly christian sentiment from a Pagan; whereas the present-day-christian may find food for reflection in "Take it to yourself my friend, you need it! as do we all. Consider your friends as well as your enemies! Try cultivate a more generous appreciation of others and a more modest opinion of yourself! Set a watch upon your words!" In fine; be not like one of those elderly, unyielding "weather vessels," whose fecundity of information approaches the marvellous; whose lack of charity and ceaseless, odious babble evokes so much discord, within the narrow precincts of hum-drum Spentborough, and who rack not the pain they inflict on so many gentle natures." Be warned—it is unamaly to gossip.

Map came into our office the other day with a parcel. "I see you advertise 'UNGAR MAKES THE OLD NEW,'" he said. "Yes sir," replied our wide-awake office girl, putting on her best Sunday smile, thinking she had a dye works customer for us. "Well," said he, opening the parcel, "here is an old pair of boots. I would like to have made in."

The girl fainted, and in the wild excitement that ensued, we regret to say that the perpetrator of this most outrageous hoax disappeared.

UNGAR'S LAUNDRY and DYE WORKS,

St. John, N. B., Halifax, N. S. WE PAY EXPRESSAGE ONE WAY.

FORTIFY YOUR SYSTEM

against PNEUMONIA and LA GRIPPE by using

ROYAL EMULSION

For Chest, Lung and Bronchial Troubles it has never been equalled.

A WELL-KNOWN CANADIAN PHYSICIAN STATES:

I cheerfully recommend the Royal Emulsion; I have suffered from a yearly attack of Bronchitis but this year, for the first time, I have escaped and I attribute it to the use of ROYAL EMULSION.

Sold by all Druggists, 50c. and \$1.00.

Wallace Dawson, CHEMIST, Montreal.

WHEN

From Constitutional Weakness, Inappetent or Unavoidable neglect, Exposure, or Culpable Indolence

Your Health is Broken Down,

and you need a Tonic Medicine, you cannot afford to experiment on yourself with untried remedies.

USE

Pattner's Emulsion

which for the past twenty years has been endorsed by the leading Physicians of the Maritime Provinces as

GREAT HEALTH RESTORER.

Thousands have proved its incomparable excellence, and so may you. For sale by all good Druggists at 50c. a bottle.