PROGRESS.

PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY,- LIMITED.

Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, at 29 to 41 Canterbury street, St. John, N. B. by the PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY (Limited.) W. T. R. FENETY, Managing Director. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN N. B SATURDAY, JAN. 7th

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

RESOLUTIONS OF THE SEASON.

The first days of 1899! The new year is well upon us and we are face to face with the new duties and responsibilities that come with it Much will depend upon the way we face them and start out to fulfil the obligations which they will impose upon us as men and citizens.

New resolutions are always associated with a new year and it is just as well that they are. No doubt many—very many of them—are broken, no doubt many of them are made idly with no intention of endeavoring even to carry them out but some of them are made and kept; and right and wrong are more heavily balanced than they would be if no resolutions had been made.

As the old year approaches its end men and women begin to look backward; to take a retrospective glance over their lives, the way they have spent the hours of each day and they are dissatisfied. They have not done what they could. The opportunities for their own good, for the good of their fellow beings, that were presented to them they did not take advantage of. The more they reflect the greater their regret and they resolve to open the new year by "turning over a new leaf." Is not the mental effort connected with such a resolution of great benefit in itself? Anything that suggests reflection and self examination must leave its impression upon ones character and may effect a change of living that will be of infinite advantage.

There are so many kinds of "new resolutions" that it would be impossible to enumerate them here. Some of them are of a most serious character and others so frivolous as not to be worth mentioning. The man or woman who resolves upon making home life brighter, more congenial, happier for those in the family circle makes one of the highest of all resolves. The keeping or breaking of such a resolution may mean the happiness or unhappiness of many people and therefore the responsibility is the greater.

Some man, who has been used to his social glass and enjoyed it concludes that there must be other ways of passing his leisure moments quite as enjoyably as gossiping with his fellows over a glass of liquor. So he resolves to go "on a keg"—to drink no more, at least in the manner in which he has done—and for a month or two he declines all the cordial invitations of his friends to be social in the way he used to be. He is in constant danger however of breaking this resolve because it may be a dozen times each day he meets a different friend who asks him "to join him". It is hard to resist this sort of informal sociability but that is nothing compared to the restlessness of an unemployed evening and the endeavour to resist the desire to see old associates and cordial companions once again. But the man who resists long enough will find that as the weeks pass the tempting invitations will become fewer and the memories of the pleasant hours he used to spend fainter, and less attractive. Other avenues of recreation will open themselves and ere another year begins he will wonder at the difference in his life and in his circumstances. This it must be said is a partial picture of one of the few resolutions of long life. But the owners of those of short life must not be discouraged—the man who can abstain from smoking, drinking, swearing or any other habit for any length of time has won a victory—a small one it may be true but still a victory.

It is said that the man who looks back upon his past life and says "I have nothing to regret" has lived in vain. The life without regret is a life without gain. Regret is but the light of fuller wisdom, from our past illumining our future. It means that we are wiser to-day than we were yesterday. This new wisdom means new responsibility new privileges; it is a chance for a better life. But if regret remains merely "regret" it is useless, it must become the revelation of new possibilities and the inspiration and source of strength of strength to realize them. Even omnipotence could not change the past but each man to a degree far beyond his knowing holds his future in his own hands.

If man were sincere in his longing to live his life over he would get more help from his failures. If he realized that he waisted golden hours of opportunity let him not waste other hours in useless regret but seek to forget his folly and to keep before him only the lesson of it. His past extravagance of time should lead him to minify his loss by marvelous economy of present moments.

Their are many people in this world who want to live life over because they take such pride in their past. They resemble the baggars in the street who tell you they "have seen better days.' It is not what man was that shows character; it is what he progressively is. Let man think less of his past virtue and more of his future.

The Belgian government is following out a scheme of technical education which has some admirable features. In many rural centres of the country gratuitous instruction in dairy work is provided throughout the summer to the peasant population. The course usually lasts three months, and is open to all girls over fifteen years old. For girls of a somewhat higher social position, for the daughters of tenant farmers and small proprietors—for the very class, in fact, for which neither in England nor in this country has any practical provision whatever yet been made—a system of agricultural colleges has been organized, which cannot fail to exert a far reaching influence on the future prosperity of Belgium. The daily life in these colleges is singularly healthy and attractive, alternating as it does between theoretic work in the class rooms and practical work in the farm or garden. Dairy work, poultry raising, bee-keeping, fruit and flower growing are thus all brought within the sphere of a woman's activities.

A witness in the United States district Court at Covington, Ky., fell asleep and snored while he was waiting to be called to the stand. When roused from his slumbers he protested, and was sent to jail for twenty-four hours. In future he will no doubt be careful to doze in public only when in church. There is no punishment for that.

'It is not often,' says The Springfield Republican, 'that we have a chance to repay Greece for the debt we owe to Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, but 'Charley's Aunt' has just been translated for the benefit of the Athenian public which is getting a little tired of 'Prometheus Bound and 'Antigone.'

The French population has not shown the usual falling off for 1898, not because the births have increased, but because the death rate has been lower than ordinarily. It is well that the anticipated revolution did not occur before the census was taken. Otherwise the results might have been different.

Bellamy Storer, counsel at Brussels, believes that the rate of progress in the Congo Free State is faster than that in any other part of the world Its commerce has increased more than 800 per cent. in three years, and railways now under construction will give a much larger growth.

The Holiday.

There was no dearth of the beautiful to greet the New Year, and though Sunday was very disagreeable Monday was all that could be desired as an ideal holiday. It was a little too cold for pleasant driving however and the livery stables did not reap much of a harvest. Everybody went round muffled to the ears, and the greetings which didn't freeze on the lips had to be pretty warm indeed.

Good Perfumery.

The Eden Perfume Co. of Parrsboro N. S is sending out a small packet of their good goods. It is a very powerful perfume and a small sack will scent up a whole bureau drawer—See their ad. in condensed column.

A Rug Cleaned Free

By the great carpet renovating process. When you get it home you will see what we can do with your carpets—Carpets also dusted without the aid of straps or chains. UNGAR'S LAUNDRY DYEING AND CARPET CLEANING WORKS. Telephone 58.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Cat Show.

Hear the purring of the cats—
Stately cats!
What a gorgeous aggregation of Maltese aristocrats!
How they purr-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r
In their ornamental cages
As you gently stroke their fur
Like a practiced flatterer
And require about their ages—
Kept going time, time,
In a sort of feline rhyme,
To the purring from these pampered pets that pine on Persian mats—
From the cats, cats, cats, cats,
Cats, cats, cats—
To the pur-r-r-r-r-r-r-ing of the cats!

Hear the howling of the cats—
Yowling cats!
What a weird horrage and longing lingers in their sharps and flats!
In the startled air of night
How they scratch and screech and fight!
How their fleece echo in glare!
How they howl!
How they hiss and growl and swear
And hold their swelling tails in air,
And caterwaul!
Oh, from the surrounding flats
What a gush of blasphemy, washbowls, old shoes, old hats,
And bed slats,
And brickbats
These cats have dodged! See the cats,
That smirk and simper to your pats!
Are they good for catching and dispatching
Any rats, rats rats?
Oh, rat! rats! rats! rats!
Rats! rats! rats!
What's their record when it comes to catching rats?

When You're Away From Home.

When you're feelin' blue ex indigo, when you're away from home
En faces ain't familiar on the new streets that you roam,
You'll find them all a-fadin' en they'll disappear from view,
When you run acrost a feller from the same ol' town ex you.

If you hain't been the best of friends it softens up your heart,
You feel a warmin' to him that'll kinder give a start
To a long en lastin' friendship that you'll allus cart aroun',
With a good word for the feller from the same ol' leetle town.

You'll find his voice soun's sweeter ex he mentions some ol' name
Then it uster when you'd meet him airly mornin's in the lane;
En when you say good by en part, ex somehow folks must do,
You hate to leave the feller from the same ol' town ex you.

At the Turn of the Road.

Where the rough road turns and the valley sweet
Smiles bright with its balm and bloom,
We'll forget the thorns that have pierced the feet
And the nights with their grief and gloom,
And the sky will smile, and the stars will beam,
And we'll lay us down in the light to dream.

We shall lay us down in the bloom and light
With a prayer and a tear for rest,
As tired children who creep at night
To the love of a mother's breast.
And for all the grief of the stormy past
Rest shall be sweeter at last—at last!

Sweeter because of the weary way
And the lonesome night and long,
While the darkness drifts to the perfect day
With its splendor of light and song.
The light that shall bless us and kiss us and love us
And sprinkle the roses of heaven above us!

A Scottish Lover.

Oh, sweet my maid as morning air,
When birds and dewy flowers awake;
With lip and cheek so very fair,
And eyes as clear as Kathrine's lake!

But wide and deep the waste between
Fair Scotia's lovely land and me;
Her grand old hills stand bare or green,
But nevermore those hills I see.

I fondly dream of Helen Mar,
And Flora, of McIvor's race;
For she my lost, my only star,
Has all their worth and all their grace.

But never can she be my bride;
No more we meet as day goes down;
Oh, nevermore by sparkling Clyde,
And never 'neath ben Lomond's crown!

They Come in Battalions.

Messrs E. L. MacDonald, Alma, A. Co.; L N. Schofield, Stewarton, K. Co.; M. Gibbon, Collins, K Co., Geo. S. Robinson, Cambridge, Q. Co., A. W. Currie, Eel River Crossing, N. B.; B. B. Jordan, Simonds; Wm. Duplissie, Westfield. Also fifteen young men and women from the city, have entered the Currie Business University during the past three days.

Holds High Carnival.

The ice absorbs all attention just now and the healthful pastime has a large number of devotees than ever this season. Events of the future in this line of amusement are the usual hockey contests and two carnivals one by the Neptune Rowing club and another by the Kennebecasis Yacht club, both of which promise to be very elaborate in arrangement.

Useful Calendars.

The calendars for 1899 seem as a rule to be more useful than ornamental, though that does not detract from their value. This office is in receipt of many for which thanks are returned to the donors.

Australians Disappearing.

At the close of the last century there were supposed to be 1,000,000 aborigines in Australia. There are now less than 100 000, and among them are still some cannibals. The men are sad specimens of humanity, being under-sized, with bushy whiskers and hair which grows to a considerable length, never kinky, but course and tangled. The expression of the face is repulsive and the whole counteance course and brutal.

Conjugal Affection.

'Did ye be atther a-hearin', Mrs. O'Sullivan, how Mrs. Ahearn and her husband wuz always at shtrike one wid another?'

'Quarrelin', be they, the creathures! Me and me Patsy, now look! niver had a word of throuble since marriage. Oi shtruck him a good shtroke today, but 'twor the safe part av the broom I gave him, the darlin'!'—Judge.

Just a Hint.

He: 'There is a limit to everything, you know.'

She (looking at the clock): 'Yes, even this night can't last for ever.'

THE absolute purity of the ROYAL BAKING POWDER makes it pre-eminently the most useful and wholesome leavening agent known. It contains no lime, alum, phosphate or ammonia, leaves no acid or alkaline residuum in the food, and its use always insures pure, light and sweet bread, biscuit and cake which are perfectly digestible and wholesome, whether hot or cold, fresh or stale.

Royal Baking Powder has been analyzed by the Chief Health Officers of Great Britain, Canada and the United States who recommend it for its wholesome and economic qualities.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

A FOOT BALL STORY.

The Player Performed a Great Feat, but Didn't Know It.

Harper's Round Table contains a capital football story, in which the following vivid description of the sensations of a contestant in a game between the Harvard and Yale teams is given by one of the Harvard players.

'As the play was started I was shot forward, tipping the opposing guard completely over, and we all went down together. I can only remember scrambling savagely over two men, jumping wildly from one man to another, with the ball just ahead of me under the legs of what seemed to be a thousand people. Then I heard a wild, unearthly yell. Nothing like it had ever come to my ears before, and I remembered wondering what it could be. It swelled and grew with each moment. Now it died away; now it spread out stronger than ever. I had a queer feeling of wonder if I were still playing the game. Nobody seemed to be near. Then a black-faced fierce-looking figure rose up in front of me. I must get out of his way at any cost. I moved aside and thrust my open hand straight into his face, caught his hair and ear, and scrambled all over him. He seemed to be the only one out of the game except myself, and the maddening feeling that I had made some mistake lent me the strength to throw him rolling away on the ground.

"There was that same wild, exultant yell again. It swept over the field as I have seen a cloud of dust sweep up a street. And then all in a moment I knew the cocaine had given out and my strength was gone. I got a swinging blow on the head and lay quietly down with the feeling that I was tired out.

"Still there seemed to be no explanation for my being alone, and I started to get up, saying between my teeth, 'Get 'em low!'

'Oh, Jimmy, my boy! Jimmy! Jimmy! cried a voice, and an arm went round my neck and lifted me up.

'Low, Jack, l-o-w!'

'Oh, Jimmy,' said Jack himself, holding me up. 'It's over, and—look at the crowd!'

I could scarcely see, but over to the right somewhere there was a wave of red color that swung back and forth Then I looked up at the faces about me, and they wavered, too.

'Peter,' I cried, with tears rolling down my cheeks—for the life of me I couldn't help it—'Peter, get me up! I'm all right. We'll stop 'em yet. They can't get over that line.'

'He's gone,' said somebody; 'he's mixed. Take him over to the house.' But I couldn't let them take me off now. It was too critical a time.

'Why don't they go on with the game I'm all right, I tell you'

'Go on, man, go on? Why, don't you know where you are?'

I looked up and saw goal posts over my head, and the next instant there was another wild, wavering, cheer and a ball went sailing over the cross-bar.

'What is in, Farragut?' I asked.

'Good heavens,' said some one near by, 'he doesn't know! Why, man, you've run the 130 yards of the field through the whole team, and that's a goal from the touchdown."

All That Fun.

A newly married husband gave his wife a bicycle for christmas, and occupied his holiday teaching her its mysteries in the large empty garden. She was not a light bride. He, like all the uninitiated, held both her weight and the wheel's in his straining hold on the saddle. She didn't fall, and she appreciated the gift, so she rode at intervals nearly all day. That night, when her husband was bathing his aching hand and arm with arnica, she inquired tenderly if he had hurt himself anywhere, He answered evasively. Then she kissed him in the jolliest holiday spirit and asked if he had a merry Christmas? The inaudible reply was not in the normal bridegroom's vocabulary.

'Isn't it queer?' said the bride sweetly; 'from the way you happen to be looking, I should think you couldn't have enjoyed yourself a bit if we hadn't had all that fun with the bicycle.'

Welcome, but—

The dweller in large towns, accustomed to the conveniences and enjoyments of modern metropolitan life, is apt to forget that his friends in the country are of necessity somewhat more primitive in their ways of living. A busy merchant in London, after spending several consecutive minutes in severe cogitation, finally decided to send to his sister residing in a very small and remote country village a Christmas present that should possess for her not only the merit of novelty, but should be of practical value. He carried out his intention, and in due time received the following note of thanks:—'DEAR CHARLES,—Your gift of a dozen incandescent lamps, with necessary fixtures, has been received, and we tender our sincerest thanks for the kindly spirit that prompted it. We shall be very careful to follow directions, and will 'remove the mantles from the cases with great care.' In fact, we shall not have occasion to remove them at all for the purpose of 'attaching the lamps to the chandeliers,' until we have the chandeliers, and we shall not likely to have these until there are gas works here which improvment, at our present rate of village growth, will come along some time in the year 2898.—Yours gratefully, MARIA.'

As to Lord Kitchener.

The following is a perfectly genuine "essay" on Lord Kitchener, vouched for by a clergyman, who states that it is the production of one of his pupils:—"Lord Kitchenur of Surder is a irish man but his parents lived in Suffolk when he was born, altho he is irish he is brave and has no shame. he went to Egipt to find Gordons corps. Vengens, vengens he cried and he had so much vengens that he killed all the karoons and made a frenchman go home very quickly, a war of terribel blood will now come with france and pretty soon there will be no french maps in schools as no country will be left. the ladies all love Kichenur and my mother says she wishes she could get hold of him it is nice to be brave as you can go to feasts and eat awful like Kichenur.'

Reason Enough.

Even a lawyer, who is generally supposed to know exactly what to do with his tongue, may have a slip occasionally. In a certain court, not long ago, one of the counsel demanded permission to introduce the testimony of two witnesses who had not been duly cited.

'Do you suppose,' said the judge, 'that they will materially assist us in getting at the facts of the case?'

'I think so,' answered the lawyer. 'I have not had an opportunity to communicate with them.'

An audible smile ran round the court room.

'Let them be called at once,' said the judge, and the smile considerably increased in volume.