

PROGRESS.

PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, at 29 to 31 Canterbury street, St. John, N. B. by the PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY (LIMITED.) W. T. H. FENNEY, 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, NOV. 12th

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

VAIL AND HIS VICTORIES.

PROGRESS' Halifax correspondent makes some statements to-day in his article on boat racing that would probably have been modified, if not omitted altogether, had he written what he did in the light of the last race rowed by VAIL and LYNCH. It seems to us that, viewed from the distance that St. John is from her sister city, there was a great deal of manly straightforward business about the three races. The regrettable feature connected with them is that there seems to have been some statements made that were intended to reflect, or made to reflect, upon the sporting fraternity of this city. These statements purported to come from VAIL himself, and even his denial and the re-assertion of them by the newspaper man who interviewed him does not remove the disagreeable impression that was made when they were first stated. St. John as a rule is never anxious to deny any of her sons, either when they are victorious or defeated, but it was truly a surprise to read the statement that VAIL made about those who supported boat-racing and other athletic contests in this city, because those in this city did not have the idea that VAIL represented St. John in any sense in the race with Brennan. It is quite true, though very many in Halifax didn't believe it, that a number of generous people in this city raised the necessary \$150 for VAIL's first stake and the recollection of that should have prevented him from making even any assertion that would give a newspaper man a ghost of a reason for such a despatch to this city as he did. It is all over now and so are the races. VAIL has won two over LYNCH, who is supposed to represent the superior single scull talent of Halifax. St. John may congratulate him as a New Brunswicker on his success over the resident of another province, but they are not at liberty to claim him as a successful son and representative to this city.

BEAUTY NOT APPRECIATED.

"Should Nurses be Plain" was an interesting subject discussed at a convention of four or five hundred clubwomen a few days ago. The subject did not appear to be one of those upon the programme and the discussion simply came up in an informal way, by accident as it were, but leading, however, to some of the liveliest speeches that the members of the club were privileged to listen to. One lady was particularly hard on the white capped young women who are supposed to alleviate the sufferings of the sick and carry out the instructions of the physician. Her experience, it seems, had proved that a pretty nurse in one house, supposed to be attending the mistress of the establishment was quite competent to talk to the husband at the breakfast table and so attractive that he did not mind prolonging the morning meal beyond its usual limits. This she felt to be wrong; an injury to the wife and a temptation to the husband that the ladies of the organization to which she belonged should protest and guard against in the future. Another lady's objection to the attendants of the sickroom seemed to be their type of womanhood and she said, "Ladies, do demand a higher type. These nurses go into our hospitals to study. Oh, my friends, so do our sons go into the hospitals as internes, and we want to have women there who will not lead our sons astray." Whether the tribute that followed this was one of laughter is not stated, but one lady who took it seriously came to the rescue of her sex and she said that she thought it was a slur upon one of the noblest bodies of women in the country. "I did not think," she said "that I had come to a woman's meeting to hear the old story of EVE tempting ADAM. If the poor sons of the hospitals wait for trained

nurses to corrupt their morals, they will go spotless to their graves."

The discussion was such a remarkable one in many respects that it attracted a good deal of attention, and it did not reflect the greatest credit upon the intelligence and spirit of those ladies who were so severe in their denunciations of the pretty woman in the sick room.

What a world this would be if beauty of face and grace of form were bars to such professions as are open to the gentler sex? It may be true that those who are so richly endowed by nature stand a better chance in the matrimonial market, but until they are ready to espouse matrimony, their plainer and jealous sisters would even deride them from earning their own living. If the ladies in this particular club who object to pretty nurses in their household would go down town to the offices of their husbands they might perchance see prettier faces than they found in the sick room. Now-a-days there are many positions in the ordinary business office that women can and do fill with great acceptance. It seems to us though that skill in her profession is not the only requisite for a woman in the sick room. A cheerful and, if possible, a lovely face does much to alter the atmosphere about an invalid. And the man or woman who cannot appreciate such gifts of nature and prefers to look upon a plain and homely countenance hardly deserves the ministrations of a nurse.

HE GOT THERE ON TIME.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

fortunately for Colonel Marsh, he is firmly convinced that he knows his place in a procession. Colonel Marsh on the contrary is just as firmly of opinion that the learned city clerk does not know his place, and there the matter hinges.

Notwithstanding the pronounced views which he entertains on the question Mr. Beckwith, knowing that the early bird is liable to catch the worm, does not believe in taking any chances. So when there is a turnout he makes it a practice, to put in an appearance at the place of rendezvous a little ahead of time, to guard against a possible encroachment on his rights. He did this on Tuesday and captured the prize to the chagrin of the worthy police magistrate, who as above stated had to content himself with a subordinate position.

Giving The Burglars A Trip.

A provident and business-like man, on leaving Manchester for a holiday with his family, placed a placard just inside the hall door couched in the following language:— "To burglars or those intending to burgle. All my plated jewellery and other valuables are in the Safe Deposit Company's vaults. The trunks, cupboards, etc., contain nothing but second-hand clothing and similar matter too bulky to remove, on which you would realize comparatively little. The keys are in the left-hand top drawer of the sideboard—if you doubt my word. You will also find there a cheque to bearer for £10, which will remunerate you for the loss of time and disappointment. Please wipe your feet on the mat, and don't spill any candle-grease on the carpets."

A Bridge of Coffins.

When the British forces were marching to Peking in 1860, after the capture of the Taku Forts, one of the rivers became so swollen with the heavy rains that it was rendered almost impassable. While in this quandary a bright idea suddenly struck one of our officers. Being well aware that the Chinese generally order their coffins years in advance and keep them on the premises, and also that they are perfectly air-tight, he consulted with his brother officers, with the result that orders were given to search all the houses of the village, and collect every coffin. With the aid of a few empty casks, the soldiers constructed a pontoon bridge of coffins sufficiently strong to bear the artillery, and the river was thus passed in safety.

A Striking Case of Coincidence

A remarkable case of coincidence is mentioned in 'The Lancet.' The subject is a man of sixty, who has had six accidents chiefly fractures of the limbs, all of which occurred on the same date in various years, viz, August 26th. At the time of the first fracture he was ten years old; other place when he was thirteen, fourteen, and fifteen, and sixteen respectively. After this last he vowed that he would never work on his fatal day, but guard himself instead, against all contingencies. Exactly twenty-nine years after the accident that so determined him, he actually forgot, went out to work, and broke his leg. And now, before leaving his house in the morning, he makes very sure that it is not by any chance August 26th.

Following the Rough Rider's Fortunes.

"In my house," said a voter, "where they used to keep the war map hung up so as to be able to follow intelligently the course of the campaign in the war with Spain, they've got hung up now a picture of Teddy Roosevelt. The war is over, but they're following the political campaign now, and looking forward to a victory for the rough rider in that."

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Our Sweet all Salutes. My Vestal Virgin of our Sweet all Salutes, That hallowed season of our fortunes quest, We took the crimson pathway fringed with gold— The waves along the Beau Se Jour our steps carressed. You were my vestal virgin and my saint— Walking in glory with me as the blessed do, Whose chaste affection like a twilight star, Fills our sad heart, with love for ever true. Our souls were glad, but leaves were sad, And we felt in their silent fall ing, The breath of that fateful 1st farewell. To the soul that is so appalling. We parted enraptured with life and love, And the beautiful words we said. Now all saints bring me my saint again, O thou of the blessed dead. Eyes that are closed and lips long sealed, Silent and hushed and still; My vestal virgin I welcome thee, In the light of a higher will. CYRUS GOLDBE.

The Maples, Nov. 1.

Before it is too Late.

If you've a gray-haired mother In the old home far away— Sit down and write the letter You put off day by day. Don't wait until her tired steps Reach heaven's nearby stairs— But show her that you think of her Before it is too late.

If you've a tender message, Or a loving word to say, Don't wait till you forget it, But whisper it today. Who knows what bitter memories May haunt you if you wait— So make your loved ones happy Before it is too late.

We live but in the present, The future is unknown— Tomorrow is a mystery. Reach heaven's nearby stairs— The chance that fortune lends to us May vanish while we wait. So spend your life's rich treasure Before it is too late.

The tender words unspoken, The letters never sent, The long forgotten messages, The wealth of love unspent. For these some hearts are breaking, For these some loved ones wait— So show them that you care for them Before it is too late.

King Wheat.

You may tell of your armored cruisers, And your great ships of the line; And swift or slow may steamers go Across the billowy brine. Like thunder from the cannon boom To greet their flags unfurled, And for an hour they have the power To rule the frightened world.

From ocean shore to ocean shore Lies lines of gleaming steel And night or day, we hear always The ring of rushing wheels. The iron bands have left the plain, And Indian tents are furled. Nor steam nor hand at wealth's command Can rule the busy world.

But where the hillside rises fair In terraces of green, And on the plain, where wind and rain Sweep o'er the fields of golden sheen, Where sturdy yellow stalks arise, With banners hoisted unfurled, Here you may greet the great King Wheat. The ruler of the world.

Oh, hills may shake and vales resound Beneath the flying car, And driven by the wind's a-beam Our ships ride fast and far; Cities may crumble 'neath the guns Which guard our flag unfurled, Yet all shall greet—at last— King Wheat, For harner rules the world.

Heart Graves.

Are there only graves 'neath the churchyard flowers? Or in the crypt and vault in this world of ours? Nay: there be graves of a depth untold. That are not covered by churchyard mould.

If the kind, green earth holds not all our graves, Say, do they yawn beneath seething waves? Not so! The graves are deep and wide, That are not hid by ocean-tide.

Then where do they lie, if they may not be In the fresh, green earth, or the deep, dark sea? In earth or in water these have no part; They are carried deep in each human heart.

Every year as the months slip by, Some hope springs up but to droop and die; Then we haste to bury our dead away, In its dark heart-grave from the glare of day.

Every man as he lives his life, Has some joy crushed in its fevered strife— Some cherished aim or high desire Withered and blackened in the world's fierce fire.

The truth and love that our manhood craves; Often fade and fall into early graves; As he sires the future from his dearest, We bury them all in our aching hearts.

Though the graves of earth be deep and wide, Though they cluster close 'neath the ocean tide, They are naught to the graves with bitter tears, We bury the hopes and the joys of our years.

The Baby on the Train.

Everybody restless, Grumbling at the dust, Growing at the cinders, Pictures of disgust.

Axle hot and smoking, Train delayed an hour, How the faces lengthen, Sullen, wrinkled, sour.

Sudden transformation—vanished Passengers in smiles— Scowls and frowns have gone— What is it beguiles?

Grimy face and fingers, Mouth all over crumbs, Smearly wrist contrasting Pink and clean-sucked thumbs.

Round head nodding, bobbing, Blue eyes full of fun, Wind-blown tresses shining Golden in the sun.

Everybody cheerful, No remarks profane, Magic change effected;— Baby on the train.

Cash.

Oh, the wind from the north shakes the leaves from the trees. There's a chill in the air and it's going to freeze. What a comfort to-day is the thought of the old

Sad but glorious days, when I feared not the cold; Of the calm, restful days that I plead for in vain— Now the song of my heart is a hollow refrain, Just as joyless and cheerless as music can be, Like the heart-rendering moan of the piteous sea.

Now the loss of a stove is a serious joke On the one who is flush or the man who is broke; But that grief isn't half as distressful to bear. As the letters from men having pencil to spare. It has troubled me now for a wearisome spell What to do with the men having burners to sell.

Every man in the lot is supplied with the best, Most attractive and cheapest cold stoves in the West; And they all are so glad at my loss, it is quite hard to task not to cry when I read what they write. They are all very kind men to the sad and bereft, But they all sell for cash, and that's where I get left.

Why is a pretty girl like UNGAR'S LAUNDRY? Because she always pleases the gentlemen. 28 to 34 Waterloo street. Phone 58.

THE QUEEN'S FRIEND.

A Little Incident of the Queen's visit to Netley Hospital.

Near Southampton, in England, stands Netley hospital, the huge home built under the Queen's especial patronage for the soldiers of the British army sent home wounded in her wars, it is jokingly asserted that if the whole army were to be sent home Netley would be big enough to shelter them all. It is the very abiding place of health and comfort.

It stands with its countless wings on a high grassy plateau, in the full sunshine overlooking the glistening waters of the Solent. Inside are an army of surgeons and nurses, and every appliance for the cure and ease of the invalid soldier.

A few months ago the queen visited this hospital, and was pushed in her chair through the crowded wards, stopping now and then to speak to some poor wounded fellow.

At last, at the sight of one pale-faced lad she stopped before his cot, and asked a question concerning him of the governor. He had been shot through the lungs in Africa, having thrown himself before his captain to defend him, for which act of bravery he had received the Victoria cross.

The queen looked at him in silence a moment, as if questioning how she could farther recognize his valor, and then extended her hand to him.

"Good-by, my friend," she said. Her chair was rolled away, and the queen's visit was over; but the young sergeant was thereafter a marked man among the other patients. Many of them had won crosses and decorations; but the queen had laid her hand upon this man and called him—friend. As long as he lives, Englishmen will respect him who gained this honor.

"Sorter Promise'ous Like."

On a certain farm in the north considerable damage has been done to the fences by early morning trespassers in search of mushrooms. The other day a twelve year-old youngster, the son of the one and only socialist in the neighborhood, fell into the farmers' clutches. The latter offered to release him if he would promise not to offend again; but the youngster was the son of a socialist, and held 'views.'

Father says, he remarked calmly, 'as them 'ere mushrooms, is as much our'n as your'n. You didn't sow 'em! They grew promise'ous like.'

'Oh, that's it, is it?' retorted the farmer. 'Very Weel, here's summut else in t' hedge as I didn't sow, and yo' can hev the benefit on't.'

With which he cut a serviceable switch from the hedge and administered a thrashing to the youngster.

'Noo then,' he remarked, when he had finished, 'just you trot off 'ome an' tell your father as Aw've a duck-pond on t' farm. Aw niver sowed that, nar dug it ayther, for that matter. It coom sorter promise'ous like, and it 'e'll just stroll round Aw'll see as 'e get his share o' that!'

The socialist made no claim.

In a Treacle Trap.

The tragedy actually took place in Liverpool. He was wearing what is known as a 'top hat,' and one many sizes too large. Entering a shop where, amongst other delicacies, treacle was vended, he asked to be supplied with so many pounds of the same.

'Have you got anything to put it in?' asked the shopkeeper.

The customer, with an abstracted look common to forgetful people, replied he had not, but, as though the ingenious idea had just struck him, added, 'Never mind; put it into this,' at the same time handing his old chapeau.

The grocer sniggering at the ridiculous situation, proceeded to weigh out the treacle, and then bent forward to count the change for the sovereign the buyer put down. An instant later and the 'customer' had fixed the vendor's head within a sticky prison.

'Stop thief!' the latter screamed, but before he could grope his way to the street, the eccentric purchaser had possessed himself of the contents of the till and walked leisurely away.

The treacle ran down to his ears, and passers-by were too much amused at the grocer's 'strange freak' to promptly render 'first aid.'

Apologised For.

A little time ago a wholesale firm received the following from one of its out-of-town customers:

'Please to let me no the Price of A good Charrage.'

No member of the firm, nor any of its employees, could tell what was meant by a 'charrage' and the dictionaries failed to throw light on the meaning of the word. Finally, the letter was returned to the sender with a polite note asking for a definition of the word charrage.'

In reply came the following lucid explanation:

'Dere Cirs.—The letter was rote by mi clurk, me Being Buzzy, an' I Reegrit that his ignorantz shood make you so much Trubbel. He is a pore Boy, hoo you must eggcuse on account of his not Having went to skool but little; therefore He speled the word rong. It is 'Karridge, instead of charrage.' Please eggcuse his ignorantz, and lett me no what a 2 sete 2 hoarse, kovered Family Karridge will cost.'

The 'ignorantz' of the clerk was excused, and the price of the 'karridge' duly sent.

Housekeepers

have been vexed when using cream of tartar and soda to find their work uneven. If sometimes good, at others the biscuit and cake will be heavy or sour or full of lumps of soda that set the teeth on edge. Flour, eggs and butter wasted. This is because the cream of tartar is adulterated or cannot be used in the proper proportions.

Food always sweet and light can be assured only by the use of Royal Baking Powder exclusively. Royal is absolutely pure and healthful and does even work at every baking.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

They Never Took Mustard.

An Englishman, fond of roaming about the world, says that he was once on a large steamer, where he had for his fellow-passengers many Brazilians and Portuguese. It was the first time that he had encountered individuals of either nation, and he was curious.

'What sort of people do you find them?' he asked the captain one day, as they paced the quarter-deck together.

'Well, sir,' he answered, 'they're a queer lot, and that's the truth of it!'

'How so?'

'For one thing,' said the captain, 'they all of them, man, woman, and child, squeeze their feet into boots that it gives a man the cramp to look at.'

'And what besides?'

The captain turned short upon the speaker, as if the second development of nationality was really almost beyond his patience.

'When they eat roast beef, sir, they won't take a bit of mustard with it. Now, that's a fact!'

Wasn't a Flyer.

In the course of a running down case heard in a county court recently, plaintiff stated that defendant, a cyclist, was riding about fifteen miles an hour. This estimate, however, was considerably over the mark if the rest of the evidence was to be relied upon.

'He worn't riding no fifteen moiles an hour,' said one important witness. 'Why, for more'n three moiles he'd been riding alongside o' my carrier's cart.'

'And how fast might that travel?' demanded the plaintiff's solicitor.

'Oh, a lang way in a lang while. You see my 'oss ain't so young as 'e wor!'

'What age is he?'

'Risin five an' twenty,' was the reply; 'an' for the last ten year 'e ain't been 'actly a flyer. However, 'e goes fast enough fer me. Yo' see, it doan't pay to go tearin' across country at mebbe six moiles a hour wi' a dozen baskets of eggs on t' cart.'

Verdict for defendant, with costs.

Such Ballast is Best.

Experiments conducted with a view to finding out the most suitable material for ballast in railway construction prove that gravel, with a fair amount of pebbles mixed with it gives the best results. In some countries broken stone is used, it being claimed that this is not nearly so dusty in use. At the same time the noise of trains passing over rails thus laid is considerably increased. All sorts of tests are employed in such investigations, the material being subjected to countless heavy blows, and tried dry, soaked with water, frozen by artificial means, and partially thawed.

Some Will be Disappointed.

It is scarcely conceivable that the publishers of the Family Herald and Weekly Star, of Montreal, will be able to supply all comers with their beautiful premium picture, "The Thin Red Line," the most thrilling and life like battle picture in the annals of the British Army. The picture is reserved for Family Herald and Weekly Star readers. None others can have it. It is said by those who have seen the scramble that the rush for the picture is phenomenal.

Teaching Business.

If any of our readers are at all skeptical as the feasibility of teaching business in the school room exactly as business is done by the best houses in this community, the management of the Currie Business University extend to them a cordial invitation to visit their school and see the students at work. Such a visit could serve to settle the matter once for all.