

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCT. 14

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WAR IN THE TRANSVAAL.

The declaration of war made by the Transvaal against the British Empire was to be expected after the bold ultimatum sent to London by that little republic on Wednesday. England's reply was abrupt but to the point and the declaration of war followed. Now both parties are pushing their troops to the border and fighting is no doubt going on at this moment though the telegraphic accounts are of course very meagre. A strict military censorship is being exercised over all dispatches that are sent from South Africa and it is not likely that England will permit distorted and sensational accounts to be sent out for publication. This will, no doubt, give full swing to the imaginations of the men connected with yellow journalism, who will not scruple to print anything that will make a sale for their papers.

It will not take the Boers long to buy all their available forces to the front and it may be expected that the English and Cape troops will act on the defensive until reinforcements can be hurried from the mother land and the colonies. In the meantime sharp fighting may be expected. The only hope of success the Boers have lies in prompt action. They would be foolish to wait until England was prepared for them and then make their fight against tremendous odds. They are no doubt acting on the assumption that they have the peace loving Gladstone to deal with and that one or two victories at the start will make the English recognize their absurd claims. They will find out their error too late. The question of supremacy in South Africa must be settled now. Great Britain cannot afford to retreat if she would retain her empire. The wise and venerable PAUL KRUGER seems to have lost sight of these facts and to have plunged his little republic into a war from which she cannot emerge save as a dependency. And the Orange Free state will share her fate.

Now that war has been declared the time has arrived for Canada to show what she is made of and to send such a contingent to aid England that there will be no doubt of her readiness at any time to assist the motherland. It is stated, at this time of writing, that Mr. TARTÉ, the French minister of public works, will oppose such a move and will resign if it is made. Let him resign then. The people will support any government that will help England. If TARTÉ'S suggestions are listened to Mr. LAURIER may as well hand in his own resignation for just as soon as parliament meets the members will invite him to step down and out. LAURIER is a Frenchman and as such is acceptable to the English but TARTÉ will not be permitted to dictate their course in this matter—not for an instant. His recent utterances in his own paper, La Patrie, are not those of a loyal French Canadian. His interview in Figaro, the great French newspaper, reprinted throughout Quebec, gives one a painful impression and must have made the best of liberals regret that there was a man in the cabinet who could represent to France that two millions of French Canadians had such a keen interest in her affairs that they wanted a direct press service between Paris and Canada. Such utterances may have passed without comment by themselves but followed up as they have been by TARTÉ'S opposition to the Canadian contingent suggests a spirit of disloyalty that the people of this country will not sympathize with. That cry was

raised against the liberal party once and they cannot afford to hear it again.

The Orange Free state has cast in her lot with the Transvaal and if one is conquered the other will share the same fate. The South African Republic, the President of which is the redoubtable OOM PAUL KRUGER, has an area of 118,642 square miles, and a population variously estimated at from 400,000 to 700,000. The great majority of these are blacks. Over 120,000 are Dutch, who rule the country, and there are about 20,000 Englishmen and Americans, called Outlanders, or foreigners, who are working the mines, managing the enterprises, and getting most of the wealth that is left after the Boers exact what they can in the way of oppressive taxes. Between the Dutch and the British is an inherited animosity coming from the wars between Holland and England centuries ago. Ever since the Dutch settled in South Africa the feeling has increased.

When England went to the Dark Continent the Dutch settlers kept moving northward in order to get out of their reach. Finally they passed beyond the Vaal River, hence the name Transvaal. There the Boers set up their own Government, and in 1852 were recognized as independent. Great Britain, however, got closer, and in 1877 it annexed the country, making the protection of the Boers from the Zulus the excuse. In 1880 the Boers rebelled from this domination, and the revolt culminated in the battle of Majuba Hill, February 27, 1881, in which the victory of the Boers was complete. Gladstone and the Liberal ministry had not the hardihood to continue the war, and Great Britain acknowledged the independence of the South African Republic, except as to its foreign affairs.

Since then the events belong to the current history of the times. The Boers have increased the exactions upon the Englishmen and Americans who have been developing the country, and have made it so that the men who control the property and the wealth have very little to do with the Government, because the laws of officialdom keep a foreigner waiting seven years before he can vote. It is the conflict between the bright, progressive, educated Anglo Saxons and the stolid, bones, determined Dutch farmers, who have suffered wrongs and who see in the British plans their own downfall.

A curious contrast has been drawn. Sixty years ago the Dutch in caravans moved from the English. It was known as the "Great Trek." This year the English women and children have been fleeing from the Transvaal because they feared the Boers.

There seems to be no reasonable doubt that eventually, in some way or other, the country of the Boers will be brought under the British flag. Mr. Chamberlain, the constructive genius of the present Government is determined that it shall be done, and troops are being hurried to Africa. This is the policy of absorption but it by no means gets the approval of all the English people. Right Honorable JOHN MORLEY, the greatest of the Liberals, in a public speech declared: "There could not be a more insane attempt at human folly than a war that would bring added burdens. We do not wish to be a pirate Empire, and a war with the Transvaal would mean deep dishonour."

In standing so long against such overpowering odds, PRESIDENT KRUGER, with all his brusqueness has shown himself to be a historical character; and, while the Boers will no doubt lose the game in the end, there must always be admiration for their sturdy resistance.

The stakes are worth millions. If the Outlanders, backed by the British government, win, they will soon control the government, as they can outvote the limited number of Boers who are allowed the franchise, and with Great Britain's suzerainty admitted, the Transvaal will become a British dependency. It is for this reason that PRESIDENT KRUGER is insisting that Great Britain shall abandon all claims of suzerainty, the very point Mr. Chamberlain will not yield.

Canadians are naturally interested in every conflict in which the mother land may engage. The people of this country are ready at any time to give assistance if it is required. Other colonies of Britain have already offered to furnish troops and their offer has been accepted. Because the government of Canada has not yet done so an attempt has been made to make political capital out of their inactivity. Now that war is declared there is no doubt Canada will offer to do her share. This country differs from New South Wales and Australia inasmuch as it is situated in another hemisphere and there does not appear to be any need of her assistance. But if England is inclined to make this petty war an object lesson to the other great powers

—to show them that the Empire is prepared to stand solidly together, then that is a different matter, and Canada should lead the procession. Still its nothing to get excited over. The enterprise of a big newspaper, prompted no doubt in part by the desire to make political capital out of the matter, has gathered patriotic messages from many parts of Canada in favor of a Canadian contingent going to the war. As a rule politics and patriotism are not allied but in this case we think one is being made the tool of the other.

AMUSING RACE REPORTS.

Commodore STEWART, the editor of the Coastham World, is an undoubted authority on yachting matters. He has often scored the gentlemen on the St. John press for their reports of yacht races and now, from his editorial sanctum in the north, he is pouring sarcasm on the "specialists" of the great New York newspapers who are doing the Shamrock-Columbia races. He calls their account "stuff" and says: "It is a choice extract from one of the articles that is enough to make a horse—or a horse mackerel—laugh—"Both took in their spinnakers and eased their sheets." This was a truly wonderful manoeuvre. It is to be inferred that the yachts, with spinnakers set, had sheets aboard, and were sailing on the wind! Wonderful yachts they must be! And when spinnakers were in sheets were eased! This was the first time in the history of the sport that the phenomenon was ever seen—that is, if the reporter describes what really occurred.

Here is another gem from the reports—"Columbia wore about with her helm hard down." The reporter is describing a gybe around the mark.

This was another startling feat, never before performed. Did any other craft, from the days of Noah to the present, ever gybe with her helm hard down? Peculiar boats, these America Cup racers!

The reporter speaks of Shamrock as "a wonder," merely because she holds her own with Columbia, which is hardly sufficient justification for describing her as such, but he would be truly justified in calling Columbia a wonder after seeing her perform the feat of gybing with helm down.

Among many columns of gush and rot we find a startling description of what is described as "C. OLIVER ISABELL playing the limit—no more reckless piece of courage ever seen in an international race." We find, on looking to see what great feat had been performed, that Columbia, behind Shamrock and with an overlap on her, gybed around the mark instead of going outside of her, thus giving the chances of fouling the buoy or the other boat. If the reporter had only known that the Columbia was entitled to room for turning, and that a collision would have disqualified Shamrock and not Columbia, he would have spared the reading world this gush about reckless courage on Mr. ISABELL'S part. It was Shamrock, not Columbia, that was in danger, and she was forced, to render a foul impossible, to make so wide a turn that Columbia had the weather berth when sheets were flung for the return trip.

The way these writers of picturesque nonsense get mixed up on the sails, and the queer names they invent for them, forcibly remind yachtsmen of experiences with green crews, who have to be told to "haul on that rope there," "untie that line at the foot of the up-and-down pole ahead of you," etc. They tell us of "ribbitagalls," "ballon topsails" and various other unknown sails, until one wonders why the writers had not learned the anatomy of a yacht's rig before undertaking to describe races of so much importance. Nothing sadder in descriptive yacht race writing has been seen since a local paper told us that the forestay of a Miramichi yacht fouled the tack of the jib and the mainsheet jumped over the gaff and caused the topsail to shake and the yacht to come up in the wind and stay there several minutes before repairs could be effected!

We sympathize with Mr. STEWART. The next best thing to seeing a good sporting contest is to read a graphic and correct account of it. Yachting experts will agree with him that some wonderful things have come over the wires about these races but then the demand for yachting reporters in New York must have been out of all proportion to the supply. Few, if any of them have the same opportunity to become acquainted with the sport as the Commodore-editor from the noble Miramichi, and next year, those news papers that buy news from the associated press should unite in a request that Mr. STEWART be invited to undertake the work of sending forward a correct report.

Halifax has got the yacht race between VAIL and LYNCH and yet no one here has yet indulged in any porky expressions regarding them. Still when it is considered that St. John money is backing VAIL and St. John men had a great share in making the race, the following statement from a Halifax paper cannot be considered quite in order.

It was thought that when it came to the fine point Vail would come here, as he has rowed several races here and has many friends in Halifax. He always got a "square deal" here, and the chances are that so far as Harry himself is concerned he would swim row here than in New Brunswick.

If these are VAIL'S sentiments he managed to conceal them while in St. John.

A certain HATTIE SWEENEY of Digby, charged with concealing the birth of her child, was kept in jail four months before she was tried and then because the jury did not find her guilty the judge was very indignant and hoped the next jury he met in that county would respect their oaths. We are more lenient in St. John for, according to a somewhat common report, an infant found in an open field in this city is not considered to be any evidence that a crime was committed since no effort has been made to find the mother. In these late days such happenings as these are not considered worth bothering

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about but it seems quite a dangerous state of mind for the public to indulge in.

Mayor SEARS' telegram to the Montreal Star sums to have aroused the wrath of a good many people. They seem to forget the fact that he stated his own opinion and not that of any body else. The council did not agree with him and so the aldermen placed theirs upon record. But that does not warrant the Moncton Times in calling the Mayor of St. John an "incident."

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Paul Kruger. Deep, untroubled eyes that seek the ground The obvious path to trace; The glint of form of Lincoln, crowned By Cromwell's crosser lace; Colours of the blue of a count's cut, That makes each mighty limb; The ship's less holds the ready but Of Europe's jesters trim.

So much the crowd can see; the rest Asks critics clearer-eyed; So rough a scolded leaves unguessed By faith through the hide inside; The roachman will, the sube brain So frankly doomed to wage With Dostoy's still clutching main The hopeless war of Age.

His hindred are a rugged brood That nurse a dying fire; The sons of Calvin's bitter mood, And sterner than their sire. By faith through tracks clear steered, Lost miles of lonely sand, Far from the intrusive world they feared They found the promised Land.

By such grim guardians tutored well His paragon child of are; The white-tail of the flint-guzzle, The hood's path he knew; The camp surprised dawn, the rush Of feet, the crackling smoky, When on the electric line's perch hush The sudden affair broke.

Nay, once, 'tis said, when Vail in flood His path he traced the number's way, And 'mid his swiftest current stood A wound'd buck at bay, While some before the breeze drew back, A d some before the wave, Straining that current's loamg track, The mercy-stroke he gave.

A steam more rapid and more wide His strength has stemmed since then— Calves on the paddling team to guide The stark will of men— Case-pretended to so new a trade, Unleashed and unshoed, The cloud-bred wish peasant made, No less, a rein, and ruled.

Yet, though that realm he self sustains, Against an empire's might, And with retiring skill maintains The so mequetraught, Whose foes have him for friend; Each fall triumph brings more near The inevitable end.

Happily the hoarse-voiced gurs must close The long debate at last, For the coming future can compose Its quarrel with the Past; Notless, our English, unashamed, May greet a Roman true O'er our own stubborn metal framed, For she is iron, too. —London Spectator.

The Border Bullock Dray.

Oh, it's shift along, you bullocks, down the ranges but and brown. For wool is up and rising still away in London town, And the bustling city buyers, they would sign their scrips away For faces like we carry in our jolting bullock dray.

Oh it's creak! creak! creak! that is what the axles say To the teamster tramping westward down the dusty road; But you n'ustn' need their creaking, for with such a precious load You sh'ld make a border record for the back/look road.

With the wemhat range before us and another Twenty bales of Bogen wool are bound to miss the train, So it's move along, you leaders, or that lazy skak-Will rouse the very devil in this patient bullock man.

And it's creak! creak! creak! but the pace is awful slow, For we sh'ld have passed the mallee flit a half an hour ago; And the driver w'ld curse us if he knew his precious load Was a mile, at least, behindhand down the back/look road.

With his buttocks out to starboard and his muzzle to the dust, Or off side pole's skalking and you're swearing fit to bust; And your morals drop to zero, while you curse that pole's brand, And watch the wagon sinking nearly axle-deep in sand.

With it's creak! creak! creak! yes, you wish they'd creak again, For you've run into the doldrums on a dry and dusty plain, And it strikes you rather sudden standing staring at your load, That it's mostly dust and blowflies down the back/look road.

But your throat's dry with cursing and your lips begin to crack, And you know that Murphy's shanty lies a league along the track; So you trail your whip behind you while you take the roller's side, Where you print the tush commandments on that stubborn bullock hide.

Oh, it's creak! creak! creak! you are wader way again, There's nothing like a bullock team for raising dust So, it's geeff Dan and Traveller, and shift along the road, We shall never reach the township with our back/look load.

When the wool is landed safely and you're on the homeward track, You feel a kind of sorry for that offside bullock's back. For it's something worse than hades on a b'izing For poor half stuffed poles in a jolting bullock dray.

With it's creak! creak! creak! but the wind has made a change, You can hear the banjo twanging down along the phantom range, You can see the station children racing out to meet the dray When they sight the bullocks swaying down the back/look way. —Fall Mail Gazette.

A VISIT TO MOUNT ST. VINCENT.

An Institution That is a Credit to Those in Charge of it.

A short time ago, while in Halifax, a PROGRESS representative drove out to Mount St. Vincent in company with Alderman McGoldrick of St. John, whose daughter, Miss Kathleen is at ending the institution. This was the first visit of either to the place and it was only natural that they should be surprised at what they saw while there.

A more beautiful situation could not have been chosen for such an institution and it is little wonder that all the young people who are receiving their education there should so reluctantly to leave when they have finished their course. The situation, of course, is not the only reason for this but it will account, in a certain degree, for the satisfaction of parents.

To describe this institution in detail would take up too much space and yet to do it justice in a few paragraphs is almost impossible. The first impressions of a visitor cannot fail to be favorable and so it was with us from St. John. The drive approaches the entrance by a graceful curve and when it is reached one must stop involuntarily and ask himself just why the entrance was fashioned in that way. The coach or barouche can drive below a spacious portico and if the weather is inclement, perfect shelter is afforded until the house is entered.

On the day that we called, Mother Fedelis, the superior, and Sister La Salle, were somewhat at leisure having given the young ladies an opportunity to spend one day at the exhibition. So they had time to explain what they were doing, the success the institution was meeting with and to show us through the different rooms.

One could not fail to be impressed with the manner of these two ladies—their ability was evident—and if their pupils could go into the world with but a portion of their gracious dignity and courteous bearing, their parents might well be satisfied.

Al though something like a hundred pupils are in attendance, there is but one from St. John, and, if the writer does not err, that is all there is from New Brunswick. It is difficult indeed to give the reason of this. Parents cannot be informed of the advantages of the institution or else they would be glad to send their daughters there, where the best instruction is to be had.

We were shown into a large number of music rooms—there are twenty-five in all—as well as into the assembly hall, the refectory, the class rooms and the dormitories. The absolute cleanliness pervading every room was somewhat remarkable; the glossy varnish seemed to have been but just renewed. It is hard to say what impressed us most—the pleasant dormitories or the sunny class room. Where everything was so perfect it would be difficult to particularize. And as we were leaving, the bathing enclosure of the school was pointed out on the shore of Bedford Basin, where a high board fence surrounds a splendid and safe bathing spot.

There is a small chapel in the building, but arrangements are being made to add another ell and this will afford more room for this and other purposes.

Mount St. Vincent is but half an hour's drive from Halifax, and a visit there will repay anyone who is interested in such a splendid institution.

Back From the Yacht Races.

St. John men who went to New York to see the Yacht races are coming home. They all had a good time but as for yacht races—it is not safe to say much about them. T. P. Regan, Dr. Maher and Mr. Harry Smith are among those who have experienced the delights and tasted the entertainments of the metropolis.

Here is a Georgia boy's composition on "Poetry": "A poem is a thing which has rhymes at the last end. A poem also has feet, but some poems don't stand steady on 'em. Poets mostly has long hair, because times is hard and it's cheaper to let it grow. Poets used to live in garrets on a crust of bread—when the baker wou'dn't credit 'em. Now they live on the ground floor where they can escape easy when the bailiff is after 'em. My father says poetry makes the world better, but my mother says it ain't the kind he writes. Poets have a monument when the die, as people want to weight 'em down so's they can't come back."

Chairs Re-seated Cane, Splint, Perforated, Duval, 17 Waterloo. —Fall Mail Gazette.