PROGRESS, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1899.

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B, SATURDAY, NOV. 18

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

EXHIBITION AFFAIRS.

The management of the exhibition has submitted the annual statement and it is disappointing to know that there is a deficit again. In spite of a splendid attendance and generally favorable conditions the re ceipts did not come up to the expectations of the management There is something wrong so newhere. The blame for the loss must rest on the management. The people did their part. The attendance was

water of St. John is contaminated by dead | POEMS OF YESPERD IY AND TODAY. leaves and other refuse. Perhaps this cannot be avoided very easily but certainly the city should be able to prevent the dumping of manure upon the meadows that slope to the lakes. How can we expect to be tree from disease under such conditions? The note of alarm sounded by Dr. BAYARD is timely and should lead to energetic and prompt action.

A dispatch from an American college town tells how the refreshments and other necessaries for a conversazione to be given by the young lady students were captured and appropriated by the sophomores. According to the account there was a lively contest between the students and yet none of the professors are mentioned as resigning!

The trials of newspaper men are many and some of them seem to have come under the attention of the local gentlemen of the press while journeying toward Beaver Harbor on Sunday. And yet their struggles pale into insignifiance beside those of our own chief of police.

ANOLD TIME ADVT.

A Man who was Jack of all Trades and who Understood Phonetic Spelling.

PROGRESS has been handed an old time advertisement that the owner of it thinks is worth reproducing. So it is. In brief it "takes the cake."

Mouse Traps and Other Sweet : meter.

The following advertisement is copied from the Fairfield Gazette of September 21, 1786, or ninet;s ven years ago, which paper was "printed in Fairfi ld by W. Miller, and F. Fogrus, at their printing office near the meeting house."

Beards taken, t ken of, and Registered by ISACC FAC-TOTUM.

Barber, Peri-wig maker, Surgeon. Parish Clerk, School Master, Blacksmith and Man-midwife.

SHAVES for a penne, cuts hair for two pense splendid, grants were generous, and yet in and oyld and powdird into the bargin. Yonng The Sunday Paper.

[As related by Brother Will.] Father reads the war news. Mother reads the peris That g ves rules for making Pillow-shan's and tarts; Sister reads the co umns Where they tell about Clubs and teas and dences And who's coming out.

Aun: Jean reads the poems, It they teil of love; Once she had a fellow Who has gone above ! Poer old, foolish aunty! Deesn't know we know-Kind of sad to hear her Sigh and sniffle, though.

Father scolds the British-Telis us war is wrong; Says the weak may be as Worthy as the strong : Save that war is brutal. Sws it isn't fair-Re ds and grunts and bammers Or his rocking chair.

Mother reads directions Of a lot of kinds, And declares they're foolish, But she always finds Time emough to save them For some future day-Never lets a single Item get away.

Sister says that none of Those whose names appear On her page are leaders In the social sphere! Encers at what they're doing, Laughs at each affair, And is mighty sorry That she wasn't there.

E ch selects a section; News of war for dad; R cipes for mother, Poems that are sad For Aunt Jean, while sister Grabs "Society Leaving nothing but the Sporting page for me!

The Stepchildren.

When the children's mother three months had died, Their lather took him another bride; She thrust them hard with her foot aside, She was sullen and surly. She stinted and starved them day by day,

She drove their pleading with blows away--They that had been so merry and gay Borrowed late and early.

Late in the night they whispered low; 'Forth to our mother we needs must go; She will love us and fondle us, well we know; She has food for the giving." Tis of three little children with naked feet,

That stole downstairs and along the street, With tiny faces so scaled and sweet.



SOUTH AFRICAN BLACKS.

It is Never Known | ow the Tricky Flack Men Will Act.

The course of action which the blacks of the Trannsvaal may pursue in the present South African war is a matter of serious conjectule to Boers and British alike. Each in their dealings with the natives have left rankling memories. Each are looked upon as intruders and oppressors, and that desire for retaliation should come with the opportunties which the present complications offer, seems neither unnatural nor improbable.

The whites of the Transvaal are outnumbered by the blacks three to one. In Natal the proportion is twelve to one, and according to the computing of Bryce, the disproportion existing in other territories -British, German and Portuguese-is much greater.

Writers on South Africa divide the blacks into two classes, non-tribal and tribal. The former have settled habitations, have attained some degree of civilizations, and for the most part are nominal Christians. They are orderly and in dustrious. In speaking of them, Bryce says: 'Some of them till the land for themselves, while others act as herdsmen or laborers for farmers, or as workmen in various trades for white employers.'

It is not from them, however, that trouble and danger are apprehended, but from | week before, that keeps the indifferent their tribal countrymen. Of these-ranging in degrees of civilization from the comparative to the utterly savage-there are, He can cheerily sing, with Frank Buckit is estimated, about six millions.

Great Britain's military prestige is to large degree in his hands

A Game for Both Saxes and All ages.

Golf is the one outdoor sport in which persons of all ages may engage and find relaxation. Children, with sets of clubs little more that toys, can potter about without interfering with their elders. They are animate hazards merely, over which the good player sends the ball soaring far and true. Woman readily acquire a fair game, while many who play with the best are gray-baired men who renew their couth in the daily match on the links. Still, to play the game for all that is in it, as a competitive sport, the golfer must be a trained athlete. To win a golf chamship is a test of muscular powers as severe as to strive with succes on the cinder path or the tootball field, while as a proof of will-power, the self concentration of the golfer is conceded to tax the nerves as much as to ride a steeplechase or to gallop with the ball through a melee at polo.

At thirty-five, a professional golfer in Great Britain is spoken of as old in regard to the championship class. It is a compensation of the game that, although a golter may not be capable of an entire round in championship scoring, there is always s hole or two to be made on each outing in a par four or five strokes. It is the striving to do this, to equal on one day

at a certain hole the score made the day or golfer buoyed up with enthusiasm. To one

the face of all this Manager EVERETT comes to the front again with the story of a deficit. Some excuse is put forward that additions were made to the building but that plea is somewhat worn. The fact seems to be that the management is not corn, bleeds On the lowes Term-Glisters and up to the mark. That it is unpopular is no secret. The merchants of St. John were not enthusiastic over the big fair and never will be so long as the present management remains. Mr. EVERETT has undoubted ability to do certain work but we have always contended that his particular forte is not the management of exhibitions. The task is not an easy one. Energy, activity and ability are required to make a show what it should be. We have prid dearly for sympathy-now let us have some value for our money.

OLD-FASHIONED HONESTY.

No matter how clever a man is, he is never so clever that he can afford to do wrong. The man who can play the game of dishonesty and "win ou." must be shrawder than Almighty God. There are many young men-and old men, too, for that matter-who have been unfortunately fortunate in cunning crookedness; an unlucky luck has favored them in their incursions into dishonesty; they have concluded that they are nimble enough to dance all around slow-striding justice. O.d-fashioned honesty is for the stupid commonality-not to them, the favorites of genius. Personal purity, large honor beyond the commercial requirements, justice deeper than the statute they regard as old-fogy notions. The rord to wealth and tame by the ol i route is too long; they are adroit enough to "cut across lots" and wise enough to cover up their trail.

It may sound like old style preachment to remind these complacent foxes that the bloodhounds of Nemesis can track even them. There is a word in an old book that sounds to the respectable, to the elegant and to the successful, as well as to the lout : 'Be not deceived ; God is not mocked : for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap "

There is a growing tendency to shade down the evil of detrauding a government or a corporation and of swindling the public by means of governmental or corporate agencies. The presence of these artificial units has done much to confuse the moral sense. It is for this reason that men need to be reminded, insistently, that no devices | Transcript. of complicated human machinery have ever changed in the least degree the sure operation of those laws of reward and retribution that a e inwrought by the Creator of the race. The high minded youth who would keep his self-respect needs to remember particularly that we are not to abstain from wrong because it may possibly injure ourselves or others eventually, but we are to abhor the unclean and questionable deed because it is absolutely certain to blur, to vitiate, and, if persistent-Punch. y repeated, to destroy the moral vision.

ladys genteely Edicated, Lamps lited by the year or quarter. Young gentleman also taut their Grammer language in the neetest manner, and great care takin of m rels and spelin. Also Salme sing. ing and horse Shewing by the real maker !--Likewise makes and Mends All Sorts of Butes and Shoes, teaches the Ho ! boy and Jewsharp, cuts Par is at a penny a piece. Cow-til-lions and other dances tau: at hoam and ab:ode. Also deals holesale and retale-Pirfunerry in all its branchis. Sells all sorts of stationary wair, together with clacking balls, red herriss, ginger bread and coles, scrubbing b.ushes, trycle, Monce traps and other

sweetemetes, Likewise Rednuts, Tatoes sassages and other gadin stuff. P. T. I. teeches Joggrely, and then outlandish kind of thing ----- A bawl on Wednesday and Friday. All pirformed by Me. IBACC FAC-TOIUM.

-Bridgeport Standard.

Quick Work at Indiantown.

Contractor George McArtaur has made marvellous progress with the Indiantown school building. He had until next June to complete the job but the mason work is almost done now. The walls will be 60 feet high and they are up 54 feet now. Had not the weather interfered some what the building would have been all ready for the roof this week.

Forgets be has no Promises to Fulfil.

'I suppose you are at least glad the worry and toil are all over,' said the sympathetic ci izen.

'The worry and toil aren't over, by any means,' answered the unsuccess'ul candidate. 'I've got to bustle harder than ever to find something to be thankful for before Nov. 30 -- Washington Star.

Her Chief Commodity.

Government Attache-'Another European Power wants coaling stations of us.'

Li Hung Chang-'So ? Wonderful how China has been forging to the front lately. Notwithstanding the demand, I believe she will be able to supply the world with coaling stations.

A Suggestion.

Editor-'Well, young woman, if the story suits me, I will pay you \$15 for it.' Young Lady Author (persuasively),-"Oh, come, now. Buy it without reading it and I'll let you have it for ten.'-Brooklyn Lite.

In the morning at the police station-'You say your name is Wellington Montgomery. Last night you told the officer in charge that it was John Brown.' For reasons which need not be explained, I could not pronounce my own name last night; so I took an easy one.'-Boston

To the dead went the living.

And so as graveward their way was set, The dear Lord Christ una vares they met: He saw them wend on the grasses wet. Holding fast one another. And where are you . oing my angels all, My three little argels so very small ? We go to the churchyard to seek and call And to find our mother."

"Come forth, thou mother! thy children cry." 'How c .n I come? no strength have I, My heart is cold and my blood is dry. And my limbs do wither." 1. the Lord I still make thee strong o tend thy lit'le ones safe from wrong; I will give thee life for a seven-year-long, Then come thou back hither.'

The saven years now are well nigh past. Bu the mother's joy it is overcast: She sobs and sighs like a wintry blast In the blue May weather. "What ails thee, mother, what it's thee so?" "I soon must leave you; 't's time I know." "Weep no more, mother, we all will go Hand in hand together.

Hand in hand we will pass and pace To the shadowy churchyard dwelling place, With happy heart and with smiling face, Though no bells be ringing; One shall carry the hyssop rare, One shall carry the taper fair, The last and youngest the Book shall bear; We will go home singing."

Icebergs.

No port lamps gleams along our sides, No human look at raises glass To scan our sea or sky.

No admirals above our decks mid guns and gunners stand; In hidden sheath to send the sound Of warlike, stern command.

Yet all the navies of the world Our bows in vain assail; We fear no smoking battle-tower. That thunders through the gale.

By captains gray our path is marked, By sailors white and old; For as the phantom rockets glare And phantom bells are tolled.

In misty, unremembered ports Our beacon lights were set, By hands long gone from mortal view, By forms that men forgot.

And we may wander on our course Till time at end shall be For in our breasts are locked the hulls Of ships once lo t at sea.

The Master's louch.

"He touched h r hand, and the fever left her " He touched her hand, as he only can. With the wondrous skill of the great Physician, With the tender touch of the Son of Man. And the fever pain in the throbbing temples Died out with the flush on brow and check. And the lips that had been so parched and burning Trembled with thanks that she could not speak, And the eyes where the fev r light had faded. Looked up, by her grateful tears made dim And she rose and ministered to her household, She rose and ministered unto Him.

"He touched her hand, and the fever left her." Oh, blessed touch of the Man divine! So beautitul then to arise and serve Him. When the lever is gone from your life and mire It may be the fever of restless serving, With heart all thirsty for love and praise, And eyes all aching and strained with yearning Toward self-set goals in the future days. O it may be a fever of spirit anguish, Some tempest of sorrow that goes not down, Ti 1 the cross at last is in meekness hited And the head stoops low for the thorny crown. Or it may be a fever of p in and anger, When the w unded spirit is hard to bear. And only the Lord can draw forth the arrows Left carelessly, cruelly rankling there. Whatever the fever. His touch can heal it: Whatever the tempest His voice can til; There is only joy as we seek His pleasu., There is only a rest as we do His Will. And some day, after life's fitful fever, I think we shall s-y, in the home on ligh, "If the hands that he touched but did is bidding How litle it matters what else went is !"

Among them are numbered the Basutos, who cherish bitter enmity against the people of the Free State for baving ousted them from hereditary possessions, and the savage Matabele, whose hatred of the Englishengendered by memories of sanguinary defeats in 1893, when maxim and rifla with shield and assagai-is evan more intense.

neither age nor sex will be exempt, and often get so inflamed and blistered that horrors added to a conflict which all lovers of humanity deplore, seems not unwar. ranted.

THE BRITISH COMMANDER.

Some Personal Characterestics of Sii Red vers Buller, V. C.

The list of field-marshals in the British army is headed by the queen's cousin, the Duke of Cambridge; and her son, the Prince of Wales, is second. Her son-Inlaw, Prince Christian, is first among those who hold the rank of general; and her son the Dake of Connaught, is third.

It is needless to say that no one of these is ever called upon for active service in the field. Whan there is a war, great or small a trained soldier is chosen, and it is the British policy to give opportunity to as many as possible te distinguish themselves. Lord Wolseley won his repute in the Ashanti war and in Egypt; Lord Roberts in India and Atghanistan ; and Lord Kitchener in the Sudan.

Now the command in South Africa goes to Sir Redvers Henry Buller, the twelfth on the list of generals-a man who has seen service in Chins, in Canada, and in the Asbanti, Kaffir and Zulu wars. He can append a long string of letters to his name-'K. C. M. G.,' 'G. C. B.,' and the more than all the rest, 'V. C.' For Sir Redvers won the Victoria Cross by two most conspicuous acts of personal bravery on one day during the Zulu campaign.

He is not a young man, for he has passed his sixieth birthday. Nor is he a popular commander in the usual sense of that term. He is tall and powerfully built, and looks the soldier he is-a commander will stop at nothing, and who expects the men under his command to exhibit the same cool bravery that characterizes him.

His manner are abrupt and his disposition is combative. The story is told that be had a controversy with Lord Charles Berestord, during the Nile campaign, as to the proper channel to be taken in descending a cataract. Sir Bedvers carried his point and the steamboat passed the

who takes his go fing in this proper spirit there is a compensation even in missing. land's angler.

"Much for my sport I cannot say, Though, mind, I like the fun."

Canadian Contingent.

Conspicuous among the numerous boxes sent to South Africa for the use of the Canadian contingent were two large tin cases, marked Foot Elm. Those who have played bavoc among the warriors armed not had any experience in long marches know nothing of the misery endured by the soldiers, owing to their feet becoming Thus, fear of bloody reprisals, in which | tender from sweating and chaffing. They walking is almost impossible. Foot Elm has been so successful in relieving these troubles that the authorities very wisely secured a supply for the entire contingent. It is doubtful if any article ever became more popular in so short a time as Foot Em. It seems to be just what the people were needing, and Messrs. Stott & Jury, of Bowmanville, Ont., certainly deserve credit for their enterprise in placing so valuable a remedy on the market, and we are glad to see that there remedy has been included among the supplies for the use of the Canadian contingent.

Her Stipulsion.

That there are still people untamiliar with the telephone, is proved by the recent experience of a New Hampshire man. He wished to have telephonic connection between his house and a new one built for bis son's summer residence. The best route took the w.re over the cottage of an old lady, to whom he applied for permission to make the slight use of her roof that was necessary. The old lady gave her consent, but made a firm stipulation at the same time

"I'm willing you should run wires over my root and hitch 'em wherever you see fit." she said pleasantly, "provided you don't use 'em after nine o'clock at night. That's my bedtime, and I'm a light sleeper at best, and the noise of folks talking two magic letters which he doubtless prizes overhead would be sure to keep me awake."

Exhibition Stock Pictures.

The stock pictures which Mr. W. H. Hickman obtained at the International Exhibition can now be obtained from Harold Climo, Germain St., St. John.

Mr. Climo also has the negatives of the photograghs which were taken by Mr. Hickman at Camp Sussex and prints of these can also be obtained from him.

Any Holes in Your Socks?

"Is it hard to propose to a girl?' asked the novice in affairs of the heart. 'Sometimes it's a good deal harder not to propose,' returned the man of worldly experience, thoughtfully. 'It's always well to be on your guard.'- Chicago Post.

First Bystander-'Ah! they be noble boys, them sodjers, goin' an dyin' for their country.' Second Bystander-'Shure, an' isn't that the way they make their livin ?'-

He-'What would you do if I should

There is too much truth is the blunt die and leave you?' She-'Leave me statement of Dr. Bayard that the drinking how much ?'-Tid Bits.

Ab. Lord! Thou knowest us altogeth r. Each heart's sore sickness, whateves at be; Touch thou our hands! Let the fever leave us, And so shall we minister unto Thee!

The World's Chivalry.

"A knight. Who reverence his conscience as his King; Whose glory was redressing human wrong; Who spake no slander, no. oor listened to it; Who honored his own works as if his God's; Who led a sweet life in chastity; Who loved one only, and who clove to her, And worshipped her by years of noble deeds." -Tennyson cataract safely. 'You see,' said Sis Redvers, mine was the right course.

'Oh,' replied Sir Charles,' 'it was my choice, too. I only recommended the other because I knew you would oppose whatever I said.'

It his soldiers do not love him he was their respect and admiration. The eyes win Markbam's latest poem. A dose of of the whole world will be upon him from soothing syrup might have prevented it .-the moment he lands at Cape Town, and Norristown Herald.

Wouldn't be if you sent them to us. All hosiery mended, neckbands replaced, repairs made free. Best laundry in town Ungar's Laundry, Dyeing and Carpet Cleaning works, 28 to 34 Waterloo street. 'Phone 58.

A Connecticut student has met with a terrible mishap. Owing to an injury to the spinal nerves, he cannot play in the football team as he cannot remember sig. nals. All his memory is good for his col. lege s'udies - Balimore American.

'A Cry in the Night' is the title of Ed-