

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOV. 11

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

UNIVERSITY TROUBLES.

The trouble in the University is not ended yet. The Senate gave the dispute most careful consideration and adjourned from time to time to permit the faculty to meet the students and to remit in a measure the too severe sentence that was passed upon the offenders. The professors, however, refused to do this in any satisfactory way. It is true that instead of expelling the five seniors they altered the sentence to suspension until the Easter term, but anyone who is acquainted with college life knows that a student has but little hope of passing the terminal examinations when prevented from attending lectures.

It seems to us that the Senate was quite right under the circumstances, in giving the matter still further consideration and the resolution that was passed stated the case exactly. In it they indicate that they were unable to induce a majority of the faculty to "make such alterations in the punishment as would, without in any way impairing their dignity or detracting from their authority, have the result of effectually enforcing discipline in the future and at the same time permit the five senior students to take their examinations, and if successful in so doing obtain their degrees at the next session, and without in any way extenuating the offence that has been committed, in view of the fact that the members of the faculty are not unanimous in approving of the sentence that has been imposed; that the students under suspension have apologized humbly for their conduct both verbally and in writing, and have promised to observe strictly the authority of the faculty in the future, and in view of the fact that very serious results will accrue to these students now under suspension from enforcement of a penalty involving so material an interruption of university studies and that no charge was previously made against any of the students during their college course for which they were called before the board of discipline, have come to the conclusion that the interests of the university will be best served by reducing the sentence of suspension imposed upon the members of the junior and sophomore classes so that it will terminate upon the 15th of November instant, and by reducing that imposed upon the five seniors so that it will terminate upon the 1st December next."

This appears to be a very reasonable view to take of the difficulty. The senate is the supreme authority in connection with the institution. They have the right to review the acts of the faculty the members of which they appoint. They alone have the right to expel a student, it is confidently asserted, and therefore the faculty went beyond their powers when, in the first instance they sent five students from the university under that ban.

One would think that such sticklers for discipline as some of the professors have proved to be, would only be too ready to submit to the judgement of the senate and abide by their decision but much to the surprise of many, while the matter was under consideration the announcement was made in the press that if the verdict of the faculty was altered the three professors who voted with the chancellor would resign their positions! And when the senate came to the conclusion noted above the resignations of the three professors were handed in. That of the chancellor has not been received yet.

These gentlemen, who expect the students to submit to their authority, are not setting them the best of examples in thus

showing their disapproval of the conclusion the senate has reached. It must be remembered that three of their colleagues on the board of professors did not share their views and this fact had no doubt something to do with the reduction of the sentence. It is not probable that the professors resignations will have any effect upon the decision that has been arrived at.

The resignations of some of the students must not be regarded too seriously, though some regret must be felt for the apparent lack of esprit de corps in the institution.

A NEW METHOD OF SUBSCRIBING.

The Fredericton City Council have voted down a resolution to donate the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars to the Transvaal Fund. Those voting against the resolution, however, have put themselves on record by minute of council, to grant an allowance even as high as one thousand dollars should it be found that the money is really needed. Had this novel way of making a donation been acted upon in all quarters what a saving would have been effected and what philanthropic and loyal citizens we New Brunswickers would have proved ourselves! This reminds me of a somewhat similar vote made by the city council of the Capital some twenty years ago when St. John was scourged by fire. They then voted the sum of five thousand dollars for the sufferers to be paid over should the money be required. PROGRESS understands that the amount was never asked for. But Fredericton got the credit just the same.

IT WAS MARKED O. O. D.

Why a Fredericton Man had to pay for a Supposed Gift.

There is a young drug clerk in this city whose mistake in a certain particular has caused much amusement among his associates. The proprietor of the establishment has a very particular and long friend in Fredericton who visits St. John perhaps once or twice a year and who is always an honored guest in his friend's family. The regular visit took place two or three weeks ago, and during it the Fredericton man contracted a severe cold which seemed to cling with more or less persistency to his lungs which have always been a trifle weak.

"I'll fix you up all right" said the St. John druggist on the day of his friend's departure. "I'll send you by express tomorrow or next day half a dozen or so bottles of cod liver oil, and I want you to take every bit of it."

The Fredericton gentleman, while fairly comfortable is not any too well off in this world's goods and so he accepted the offer in the spirit in which it was made. When therefore a few days later he got a large parcel marked c. o. d. and had to hand over \$7.50 he wasn't quite so sure of his friend's generosity.

In the course of a day or two the St. John man found himself \$7.50 richer than he should have been and he began to investigate the matter. Finally he discovered that the clerk who had sent the parcel had misunderstood the word the proprietor had written upon the parcel. The latter had marked "cod" in order that the clerk might know it was cod liver oil and would exercise care in shipping it to its destination, the Fredericton man got back his money.

About That New Island Hotel.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS:—Some months ago an article appeared in the news papers of Charlottetown, P. E. I. asking why they did not build a new hotel for the tourist trade, "that the Davies House was not good enough for travellers." Well, the Davies House is all right, but the idea of some people about a new hotel is most absurd. If they will only look at matters in a business light, and inquire of Mr. Davies, if he had not the commercial trade, where the Davies House would be or any other first class hotel? As we all know when people wishing to go boarding on the Island are required to pay more than five dollars per week they generally stay at home or grumble about having a new hotel thinking that the small prices can support a first class house.

Prepare for Positions.

It is as foolish to take a position before one is qualified to hold it as it would be to journey among strangers with no money to meet expenses. Young people should prepare for positions by taking a course in a first-class business school. The Currie Business University of the city is a high-grade institution and many young people are securing positions through its situation department.

DYING AND CLEANING of all descriptions done at shortest notice. Don't forget that out laundry work is the best. Telephone or postal and we'll call at once. 28 to 34 Waterloo St. Phone 58.

POEMS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

Love is a Lyric.
Sweet roses down the crimson sky,
Their blushing love leaves throw;
And in this twilight you and I,
Behold the garden where they lie;
Another kiss before they die;
Laurens but give me; so,
Oae purple star comes out on high,
To bless you ere I go.

And back! that music wafted still;
Across the rose tipped sea;
The heart of passion comes to fill,
The blood red fire along the hill,
While here its glow our spirits thrill;
Night's length from all else free,
No anxious thought shall bar our will,
Till day dawn, king must be.

We sentry not the world's alarm,
At time's night folded door;
Our word is here afar from harm,
The heart but whispers to the arm,
Thy shelter is love's blissful charm;
Life's lesson ever more.
True love doth all dark fear disarm,
Be us its richest store.

Autumn Leaves, Oct. 1899. CYPRUS GOLDS.

Autumn.
Oh, the wheat is wearing whickers
And the corn is wearing silk,
And the stalks are waving tassels all so fair;
And the bright red miller
Is-a-grinding at the mill,
And the coos give butternut,
And the thistle-down is blowing in the air.

And the argus-eyed water
Is-a-peeping from the hill,
And the fox says, "Wont' you twist me into wine?"
Is-a-grinding at the mill,
And the pua'kia is a pua'kia at the vine.

And once more 'tis in the summer,
For the weather's smoky blue,
And the little ones are swaying on the gate;
The meadow and the corn
Are both making music,
And the off-beat's seeking o'er the State.

And we hear the loud exhorters,
For it's now campaigning time,
And the chickens are a-laying very low,
And the harvest moon gives quarter,
To all those with a dim
And lovers stroll in gentle breezes blow.

And Jack Frost his nest has feathered,
And the squirrels are in a creak,
And the thrasher's arm is heard throughout the land,
And the nuts will soon be gathered,
And 'twill have a bucking load,
And nature's music beats the Rossa band.
And the elder press is grinding
All the new crop of fruit,
And the farmer takes his swine unto the fair,
And we see the good churning,
While the prices follow suit,
And the thistle-down is blowing in the air.

The Song of Des Ioy.

We are the Children of Events,
From Tampa Bay and Golden Fleece;
Swift impetuous that pay no rents,
Rough riders over ditch and fence,
We settle where we pitch our tents
From the mountains of the West and blue,
We are the children of eve is
From Tampa Bay and Golden Fleece.

Blotch-hatted, buckled up in Buck,
We nick the sunset for our own;
We tug and balance nip-and-tuck
The European powder true
Put fire in the breeches of our muck
And disrespect the Torrid Zone;
We are the children of Pluck
From Honolulu and Ladron.

We sniff the savor of the seas,
Light-hearted, hearted, prodigal,
World hungry for antipodes;
We scale the storerooms with ease
From Philippines to Caribbees,
And swelter in the chaparral.
We sniff the savor of the seas,
Light-hearted, hearted, prodigal.

The dubious doctors may debate
Why trade winds travel as they do;
We ride the saddle flaps of Fate
To rise above the hurdle gate,
And have a chance to contemplate
From elevated points of view
The coddering doctors in y deate
Why trade-winds travel as they do.
—Charles Ferguson.

Give Peace.

I pray the gods to spare me
From this fierce love of mine,
Whose sorrows tend as I fear me,
Whose joy is as poisoned wine.
God heads! I take back your pleasures,
Take back my art divine,
And from your hearts own treasures
Grant peace and rest to mine.

The Companion for the Rest of 1899.

During the remaining weeks of 1899 THE YOUTH'S COMPANION will maintain its fresh and varied interest for young and old by presenting articles from the pens of eminent men and women and stories by the most gifted writers of fiction.

Among these contributors will be Frank R. Stockton, who presents a droll story, "The Wolf and the Wheelbarrow;" James Bryce, author of the "American Commonwealth," who offers "Hints on Reading;" W. D. Howells and Jane Barlow, each of whom contributes a serial story; Bret Harte, who recalls an early California experience in "How I Went to the Mines;" Mary E. Wilkins, who tells of "Sereny Maria at School;" and Henry M. Stanley, who under the title, "For Life and Liberty," relates a thrilling adventure of his travels in Darkest Africa.

The November and December numbers containing these features are given to every new subscriber for the 1900—volume free from the time subscription is received, in addition to the COMPANION'S exquisite Calendar for 1900—the last Calendar of the century and the most beautiful one ever given to COMPANION subscribers.

Illustrated Announcement Number containing a full prospectus of the volume for 1900, will be sent free to any address. THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, 203 Columbus Avenue, BOSTON, MASS.

A Bachelor's Romance.

'I came pretty near getting engaged once.'
'Why didn't you?'
'The day I made up mind to propose to the girl a man came along and asked me to go fishing.'

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
ABSOLUTELY PURE
Makes the food more delicious and wholesome
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

MINE'S LAST PANTHER.

The Boy who Kill'd the Animal Used the Rose a Missionary Used on a Lion.

The last panther seen in the Maine woods was killed twelve years ago by Oibury Snow in the old limestone quarry, a mile back from Lincolnville Beach. The quarry had been blasted into the south side of a high hill until it formed a pocket, one-fourth of a mile long and thirty rods wide. Before the Civil war the lime business gave employment to a good number of men; but after the Rockland quarries had put in a railroad for transporting the rock to the kilns, the cost of hauling used up the profit and the work was abandoned. Ten years later the place was given up to bushes. Owing to the fact that new lime rock grows very hot when exposed to bright sunlight a German resident of the town had put up a greenhouse under the cliff, where he raised mammoth cucumbers. The farmers who had apples to dry and the fishermen who had lately dipped their cotton coats in boiled oil to make them waterproof always brought their goods to this side of the sunny wall to hasten the curing process.

It conditions had not been just as they were the last panther in Maine would have been alive to-day and Oibury Snow the boy, never would have lived to grow whiskers. One Saturday afternoon in November, 1887, the Snow boy took his father's muzzie-loading gun and went up the hill after partridges. The day was cold and raw, with a keen wind blowing in from the sea. He tramped about in the woods for an hour without finding anything worthy of shooting, after which he made a detour around the cliff and put his back against the sunny wall of the old quarry to get warm. It was so comfortable there in the sunlight and away from the wind that he went to sleep with his gun on his arm and his school cap in his hand. Attached to a projecting stone four feet above his head was a very heavy ciltain coat which a fisherman had lately dipped in oil and hung out to dry. The boy said he did not know just what it was that woke him up. When he was wide awake his hair was badly gummed with the oil that had fallen upon him from the dripping coat. Looking aloft to find out who had been playing a joke upon him his vision recognized the guilty garment and went further up until it rested on the limb of an overhanging beech tree, where a great rusty yellow animal was crouching and making his tail go just like a mad angle worm, as the boy described it.

The Lincolnville Snows are of old fighting stock and the boy was stamped with the family trademark. He knew the animal was a panther, the most dangerous beast in the woods of America. Unless he contrived some method to outwit and kill it he felt sure the animal would make short work of him. While he sat there thinking the panther had crawled further along the limb so as to avoid the projecting ledge when it should drop upon its prey. The boy remembered reading in some Sunday school book a story of a good missionary and a very bad lion that had met somewhere among the mountains of Africa. Above him was the lion ready to spring. Below him was a vast distance of empty air terminating at the bottom in sharp stones. The missionary took off his hat and coat, draped them upon his alpenstock so as to make it resemble a scarecrow in need of repairs and beckoned the lion to come on, whereupon the indolent king of beasts did come on and then went on to the stones that were waiting for him a mile or so below. The boy made up his mind to imitate the missionary. He lifted the yellow sticky oilskin coat from the ledge on the end of his gunbarrel and began to retreat backward in the direction of the greenhouse, hoping thereby to draw the fire of the panther to his decoy and thus afford time to get inside the building.

The panther was not reluctant to accept the challenge. Making due allowance for the moving figures below, it shot from the limb, striking the oilskin near the shoulder the outstretched paws of the beast entering the sleeves of the coat as if the animal was trying to put it on. As the gun was knocked from the boy's hand he rushed to the greenhouse and shut himself in. He heard the panther as it went spitting and snarling about the quarry and thanked the good missionary for the respite which the ruse had afforded.

As the panther was still growling and making a great noise outside, the lad

pushed the door ajar to find out what was going on. His gun lay where it had fallen. Beyond the gun, among a bed of dry leaves was a moving, sputtering something, as big as a molasses hogshead, but of a shape such as no man ever saw. The panther had pushed its four legs through the sleeves of the coat until the body of the garment had come up against his breast. When the gummy surface of the coat had come in contact with the hair of the panther the two became one. After that the frantic animal had floundered about and coated its body and legs with dry leaves until it was helpless to fight or run away. Though the conduct of the missionary afforded no precedent for the act, young Snow took advantage of the situation and placing the muzzle of his gun at the panther's ear bored a hole in its skull and filled it with brains with bird shot. A few days later, the fisherman who owned the coat met the boy on his way to school and gave him a hearty whipping for meddling with property that was not his own.

A CUNNING PATRIOT HENRY.

An Episode Which Illustrates that Dogs can Talk.

'Every time I see this pond,' said the older of the two sportsmen, 'I think of something that happened here a good while ago—something that convinced me dogs can talk.'

The two men were sitting on the veranda of a little country hotel in New Jersey, over looking a small lake. Both were widely known among lovers of dog and gun, the older man especially, being regarded as the most expert trainer of hunting dogs in the State.

'Beside the fifteen or twenty bird dogs in my kennels at the time,' the elder man resumed, 'I had a big mongrel—a cross between a St. Bernard and a mastiff. He had a bad disposition, and unless I watched him was constantly bullying the other dogs. No one of them was a match for him in a fight, and he knew it and terrorized them.'

'I generally took some of the dogs down here to the lake for a swim every day. One morning I brought a young Irish setter and the big mongrel. The setter had hardly entered the water when the mongrel followed him. He seized the setter by the neck, and in spite of his struggles held him under water. All my shouting hadn't the slightest effect on him, and finally I had to leap in myself and pull the mongrel off, to save the setter's life.'

'During the day all the dogs were chained up. After supper, when I let them out for their usual evening run, I noticed that the setter took no part in the gambols of the other dogs. He ran first to one and then to another until he had visited more than half the pack.'

'Each dog that he approached stopped his play and went around growling, and with his tail erect and stiff. Then, all at once, as if some one had given a signal, every one of them started for the mongrel and began the worst fight I ever saw.'

'Not one made any mistake. Not one bit any other dog except the mongrel; but him they would literally have torn to pieces if I hadn't rushed in with my heavy whip and driven them off. As it was, the mongrel was a mass of cuts and tears, and bits of skin were hanging in a dozen places. I saved his life, but he was never good for anything afterward. If the smallest cur came up to him and growled he would put his tail between his legs and slink away.'

'What that Irish setter said to the other dogs in the pack I don't know. Nobody but the Creator of dogs could tell that, but that he said something, and that the other dogs understood him, I never had the slightest doubt. It must have been a sort of Patrick Henry oration—an appeal to fight it out and throw off the yoke of the oppression. At any rate, it was effective.'

THE CANADIAN TROOPS.

Canada to be Kept Well Posted.

On board the Sardinian troopship, which carried our boys, was a special correspondent of the Montreal Daily Star, fully equipped for his work. He carried a complete photographic outfit. He will be mounted, and will have a mounted orderly on the field. The Star correspondent's sole duty will be to keep the Star in close touch with the troops on the field of action. He carries the necessary papers, duly signed by Hon. Dr. Borden, Minister of Militia, and instructions cabled specially from the War Office by the Secretary of War that will enable him to furnish the Star with news that Canadians will know to be reliable.